

At The Playhouses



SCENE FROM TRIANGLE PLAY, "THE CAPTAIN OF HIS SOUL," AT THE FOLLY THEATRE—TUESDAY NIGHT.

The Precious Parcel

By WALTER JOSEPH DELANEY

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)
"A precious parcel, Miss Lane," spoke Hall Barton, secret service man. "It represents the best roundup of the department for ten years. See," and the keen-eyed, pleasant-faced sleuth flipped over half a dozen bundles of greenbacks and then rolled them up in three manilla paper coverings and placed the package in front of the pretty stenographer employed by the Merchants' bank of Woodville.
"What am I to do with it, please?" she inquired.
"Just lock it up somewhere and I will call for it in a day or two." Then his voice dropped to a whisper and the janitor, putting the package in order, failed to touch the import of the subdued tones.
The detective smiled, and Nellie smiled, too. She nodded her head intelligently and arose and placed the package in a drawer and locked it.
"I will have the cashier place it in the safety vault in the morning," she said, but her visitor did not seem in the least anxious about a package which, judging from the contents, represented a large surface value.
It was after banking hours, but Nellie had some pressing work that would keep her late at her desk. Mr. Gregory Valle and his son, Clinton, had gone to a bankers' convention at the county seat and would not return until later.
"Young Mr. Valle told me that I was to bring you a hot supper from the hotel when I come on watch duty at nine o'clock," the janitor said.
"Mr. Valle is very thoughtful," murmured the young lady.
"And he will call when the eleven o'clock train comes in to see you home safely, he told me."
Nellie fluttered and flushed. She more than liked Clinton Valle. It was a strange circumstance, her present environment. Gregory Valle, after operating his old established bank on a hundred basis for a quarter of a century, had decided to put in plate glass and marble counters and electric lights. Of course an up-to-date stenographer and typist must follow. Nellie Lane had been hired from the city and a jewel of industry she proved. At the very first Clinton Valle had fallen in love with her. Now Clinton feared and Nellie suspected that the precise and cold-blooded father would replace her with a successor to break up their budding love romance.
Not that Mr. Valle did not value Nellie at her true worth, but she was poor, and his son could take his pick among a choice bevy of heiresses, and money was the god of the old banker.
The janitor pulled down the shades and left the bank. He was to return in four hours. Nellie got out a great pile of papers and began to work. She was fully engrossed in her task, an hour later, when she started, paled and stared with a thrill at three men.
"Don't scream or stir, or get hysterics, little one," spoke their leader smoothly. "We're here to do a job and all you've got to do is to keep quiet. She's your special care, Jim," and tranquilly one of his pals slouched into a seat opposite Nellie, revolver in hand.
"We have three safe hours," resumed the leader. "Get out the tools. Of course the stuff is in the vault. Rig up the oxyacetylene torch and we'll burn out the locks."
Nellie was helpless to defy or baffle the cracksmen, but she thought hard. She knew that aside from the regular funds, the bank carried all the cash tax collections of the district, amounting to half a million dollars.
"What's the pleasing you?" projected the main burglar, as Nellie indulged in a gleesome chirp of a laugh.
"I was thinking you'll waste your time," replied Nellie coolly. "There are two more doors to get through and a double safe to—"
"Crack!" grinned the burglar.
"Yes," nodded Nellie. "Besides, you will spoil the beautiful locks and you look wicked enough to carry off a lot of stuff belonging to clients and all that. There's money enough lying loose outside here to satisfy any reasonable robber."
"You're an original one!" chuckled the admiring cracksmen. "I suppose you'll show us where this aforesaid money is!"
"I will," assured Nellie, promptly. "If you promise to go away and not try to get into that vault."
"And how much loose change do you let us gather up?" propounded the fellow sardonically.
"Oh, about two hundred thousand dollars. There's a key. Open that drawer over yonder and be satisfied with what you find."
The leader took one look at the package the secret service man had left with Nellie.
"Fellows, here's a royal fortune!" he shouted deliriously to his confederates. "Little girl, you're a jewel," and disappeared with his followers and the "fortune," in question. And Nellie with a placid smile resumed her work. She wondered how soon the looters would discover that the money in the package was counterfeit, just found with a gang the secret service men had broken up.
Nellie called up the police and told her story. She had saved the bank a heavy loss, that was sure, and Gregory Valle forgave her for being poor, which fact his brave-minded son took advantage of by asking Nellie to become his wife.

The Pepper Bomb

By Alice Verona Anderson

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)
"I'll never marry you while you wear that preposterous beard and great shock of uncut hair!"
Thus spoke Edith Harper, spinster of thirty, but girlishly fair for all that.
"And I won't go back on my word for twenty wives!" retorted Joel Bryson, five years her senior, bachelor, but not too old to love, and Miss Harper was the idol of his dreams.
"A foolish, silly boast! a wretched, braggart bet!" scolded the lady. "It shows how shallow you are, to have engaged in such nonsense. It evidences your obstinacy, making a walking sight of yourself, the laughing stock of the community."
"Don't go too far, Edith, or you'll reach the limit with my patience."
"That for your patience!" said Miss Harper, snapping her fingers derisively. "You have reached the limit with me already. Please refrain from speaking to me again until you consent to act and look like a civilized human being."
"That's enough," observed Joel. "We'll call quits right here and just now."
And thus they parted, and quiet, orderly, respectable Rossville took sides as to the merits of the particular phase of the case they championed. The feminine portion of the community favored Miss Harper. As the months went on Joel certainly forfeited all claims to manly beauty. His hair grew long and straggly. His uncut, thick and bunchy beard suggested a Russian dragoon. For words he would not clip a straying wisp. He had made a pre-election vow to never

of special munitions for the government."
Gossip expatiated on this theme in a decidedly animated way during the next week. The old barn had been surrounded with a high barb-wire fence. There were signs of "Danger!" "Keep Out!" and the like. Some machinery and ominous "Handle With Care" casks and boxes were admitted to the grewsome structure. A sallow-faced, dreamy-eyed individual abstractedly haunted the place, as if so engrossed in thought that he appeared utterly oblivious to extraneous objects.
"Who's your friend, Joel?" jocularly questioned an acquaintance of Joel's.
"He's an inventor," answered Joel, "and a good one."
"Inventing something for you?"
"He is—for me and the government," complacently advised Joel.
"What may it be, now?"
"A bomb."
"Shoo!—what kind of a bomb?"
"Well, I don't mind telling you. We call it the 'Pepper Bomb.' They've used all kinds of poison, shrapnel, fire bombs. The enemy's latest is the mustard bomb. We go them one better. It's my contribution to the war department. That is, if we succeed in perfecting a device that will blind an approaching army, and make the soldiers sneeze their heads off. We propose to make the service a free gift of formula and material."
It was four months later that Joel dismissed his hired inventor, and strolled the streets of his native village a proud and happy man. He might well be, for a little item in the local newspaper covering a dispatch from Washington recited the fact that "Joel Bryson of Rossville had contributed to the government a valuable shell which had stood all tests, and which entitled him to approbation of all patriotic citizens."
"It's a thousand dollars well spent," declared Joel. "I've done my bit, and now I'm going to pitch in and hustle for the approaching election."
It was Saturday evening just previous to that interesting event, when Joel about dusk went out to the barn that had been transformed into a workshop. He carried a lantern, and his thought was to gather up what was left of the powder used in the manufacture of the pepper bombs and set it off with a great flare in the town square to attract the people to the meeting of the Regulars.
Joel set the lantern down carelessly, never noting until too late that it had overturned. There was a blinding glare, a crash of breaking timbers, some flying object struck his head, and he knew no more. It was fortunate that three of his political adherents reached the house just as the explosion occurred. Prostrate and senseless, Joel was the center of great shooting masses of flame. He was singed in face and hands, his clothing was on fire in a dozen places. They hurried him to the hospital, and there for a week he lay, mostly unconscious.
Slowly, under more excellent care than he realized, Joel Bryson came back to sensibility and reason. He listened, awed, to the narrative of his peril and rescue. Then his hand happened to go up to his face.
"Why," he exclaimed with a great start, "my beard!"
"Burned off in the explosion; hair, too."
"H'm! Well, I shall have to let it grow again."
"No you won't," grinned the attendant.
"Why not?"
"The Regulars won the election."
"Glory!" fairly shouted Joel, weak as he was.
"Better than that. John Wilson, the candidate for village president, in recognition of your services to the government and your latest misfortune, vacated the candidacy in your favor, and you were elected."
"I wonder," said Joel, after deep thought, "what Edith will say now?"
"You mean Miss Harper?" murmured the clever attendant. "She has been here every day to see you. In fact, sir, she is now in the waiting room. Do you wish to see her, sir?"
"Do I—wish—to—see—her!" longed Joel in a delicious state of longing. "Oh, Edith!"
She seemed to float into the room, an ethereal angel of mercy and compassion. She was kneeling by his side, crying with joy.
"Edith, have you changed your mind?" he asked softly.
"Oh, Joel," she fluttered, "after all your suffering and your heroic service for the government, I'll marry you if your hair came to your waist and your beard to your feet!"



"We'll Call Quits."

tooth beard or head with razor or scissors until his party, the Regulars, were victors in the local political contest. The Regulars were beaten two to one at the polls.
Until the end of a year, Edith hoped that at the new election the favorite party of her lover might win the contest, and her erratic fiancé be restored to normal. Alas the Regulars were beaten three to one this time. Then came the climax, and her total banishment of Joel from her company and her thoughts. At least so Edith informed her friends, but she did not as well tell them of sleepless nights and tearful days. "You are beginning to look like a wild man," Joel's best friend told him, but Joel simply held his lips firm, and a certain grimace of heroism came into his set, resolute face.
"I'll keep my pledge, if I never shave again!" he said obstinately. "Maybe the Regulars may hit it next election. I'm going to continue to campaign for them. The war has come along, and I am injecting a patriotic phase into the local political struggle ahead of the other side, and it's going to help us wonderfully."
To mitigate her longing for the spurned love of Joel, Miss Harper devoted herself assiduously to knitting for the boys at the front and aligned herself with all the patriotic movements in which the feminine part of Rossville was interested. She saw Joel rarely, and then at a distance. She felt drawn closer to him, however, when she learned that he was devoting his time and money to encouraging enlistment and to providing for those who rallied for the cause. The patriotic feature, too, brought Joel into the arena in a new way, and the women's clubs were ardent in working towards an election for the Regulars at the next election.
"I see you—that is, our Mr. Bryson, is in a practical way," a lady friend observed to Edith one day.
"Indeed?" murmured Edith, and somewhat distantly.
"Yes, he has turned the old barn on his place into a sort of laboratory, and they say he is making some kind

of special munitions for the government."
Gossip expatiated on this theme in a decidedly animated way during the next week. The old barn had been surrounded with a high barb-wire fence. There were signs of "Danger!" "Keep Out!" and the like. Some machinery and ominous "Handle With Care" casks and boxes were admitted to the grewsome structure. A sallow-faced, dreamy-eyed individual abstractedly haunted the place, as if so engrossed in thought that he appeared utterly oblivious to extraneous objects.
"Who's your friend, Joel?" jocularly questioned an acquaintance of Joel's.
"He's an inventor," answered Joel, "and a good one."
"Inventing something for you?"
"He is—for me and the government," complacently advised Joel.
"What may it be, now?"
"A bomb."
"Shoo!—what kind of a bomb?"
"Well, I don't mind telling you. We call it the 'Pepper Bomb.' They've used all kinds of poison, shrapnel, fire bombs. The enemy's latest is the mustard bomb. We go them one better. It's my contribution to the war department. That is, if we succeed in perfecting a device that will blind an approaching army, and make the soldiers sneeze their heads off. We propose to make the service a free gift of formula and material."
It was four months later that Joel dismissed his hired inventor, and strolled the streets of his native village a proud and happy man. He might well be, for a little item in the local newspaper covering a dispatch from Washington recited the fact that "Joel Bryson of Rossville had contributed to the government a valuable shell which had stood all tests, and which entitled him to approbation of all patriotic citizens."
"It's a thousand dollars well spent," declared Joel. "I've done my bit, and now I'm going to pitch in and hustle for the approaching election."
It was Saturday evening just previous to that interesting event, when Joel about dusk went out to the barn that had been transformed into a workshop. He carried a lantern, and his thought was to gather up what was left of the powder used in the manufacture of the pepper bombs and set it off with a great flare in the town square to attract the people to the meeting of the Regulars.
Joel set the lantern down carelessly, never noting until too late that it had overturned. There was a blinding glare, a crash of breaking timbers, some flying object struck his head, and he knew no more. It was fortunate that three of his political adherents reached the house just as the explosion occurred. Prostrate and senseless, Joel was the center of great shooting masses of flame. He was singed in face and hands, his clothing was on fire in a dozen places. They hurried him to the hospital, and there for a week he lay, mostly unconscious.
Slowly, under more excellent care than he realized, Joel Bryson came back to sensibility and reason. He listened, awed, to the narrative of his peril and rescue. Then his hand happened to go up to his face.
"Why," he exclaimed with a great start, "my beard!"
"Burned off in the explosion; hair, too."
"H'm! Well, I shall have to let it grow again."
"No you won't," grinned the attendant.
"Why not?"
"The Regulars won the election."
"Glory!" fairly shouted Joel, weak as he was.
"Better than that. John Wilson, the candidate for village president, in recognition of your services to the government and your latest misfortune, vacated the candidacy in your favor, and you were elected."
"I wonder," said Joel, after deep thought, "what Edith will say now?"
"You mean Miss Harper?" murmured the clever attendant. "She has been here every day to see you. In fact, sir, she is now in the waiting room. Do you wish to see her, sir?"
"Do I—wish—to—see—her!" longed Joel in a delicious state of longing. "Oh, Edith!"
She seemed to float into the room, an ethereal angel of mercy and compassion. She was kneeling by his side, crying with joy.
"Edith, have you changed your mind?" he asked softly.
"Oh, Joel," she fluttered, "after all your suffering and your heroic service for the government, I'll marry you if your hair came to your waist and your beard to your feet!"

of special munitions for the government."
Gossip expatiated on this theme in a decidedly animated way during the next week. The old barn had been surrounded with a high barb-wire fence. There were signs of "Danger!" "Keep Out!" and the like. Some machinery and ominous "Handle With Care" casks and boxes were admitted to the grewsome structure. A sallow-faced, dreamy-eyed individual abstractedly haunted the place, as if so engrossed in thought that he appeared utterly oblivious to extraneous objects.
"Who's your friend, Joel?" jocularly questioned an acquaintance of Joel's.
"He's an inventor," answered Joel, "and a good one."
"Inventing something for you?"
"He is—for me and the government," complacently advised Joel.
"What may it be, now?"
"A bomb."
"Shoo!—what kind of a bomb?"
"Well, I don't mind telling you. We call it the 'Pepper Bomb.' They've used all kinds of poison, shrapnel, fire bombs. The enemy's latest is the mustard bomb. We go them one better. It's my contribution to the war department. That is, if we succeed in perfecting a device that will blind an approaching army, and make the soldiers sneeze their heads off. We propose to make the service a free gift of formula and material."
It was four months later that Joel dismissed his hired inventor, and strolled the streets of his native village a proud and happy man. He might well be, for a little item in the local newspaper covering a dispatch from Washington recited the fact that "Joel Bryson of Rossville had contributed to the government a valuable shell which had stood all tests, and which entitled him to approbation of all patriotic citizens."
"It's a thousand dollars well spent," declared Joel. "I've done my bit, and now I'm going to pitch in and hustle for the approaching election."
It was Saturday evening just previous to that interesting event, when Joel about dusk went out to the barn that had been transformed into a workshop. He carried a lantern, and his thought was to gather up what was left of the powder used in the manufacture of the pepper bombs and set it off with a great flare in the town square to attract the people to the meeting of the Regulars.
Joel set the lantern down carelessly, never noting until too late that it had overturned. There was a blinding glare, a crash of breaking timbers, some flying object struck his head, and he knew no more. It was fortunate that three of his political adherents reached the house just as the explosion occurred. Prostrate and senseless, Joel was the center of great shooting masses of flame. He was singed in face and hands, his clothing was on fire in a dozen places. They hurried him to the hospital, and there for a week he lay, mostly unconscious.
Slowly, under more excellent care than he realized, Joel Bryson came back to sensibility and reason. He listened, awed, to the narrative of his peril and rescue. Then his hand happened to go up to his face.
"Why," he exclaimed with a great start, "my beard!"
"Burned off in the explosion; hair, too."
"H'm! Well, I shall have to let it grow again."
"No you won't," grinned the attendant.
"Why not?"
"The Regulars won the election."
"Glory!" fairly shouted Joel, weak as he was.
"Better than that. John Wilson, the candidate for village president, in recognition of your services to the government and your latest misfortune, vacated the candidacy in your favor, and you were elected."
"I wonder," said Joel, after deep thought, "what Edith will say now?"
"You mean Miss Harper?" murmured the clever attendant. "She has been here every day to see you. In fact, sir, she is now in the waiting room. Do you wish to see her, sir?"
"Do I—wish—to—see—her!" longed Joel in a delicious state of longing. "Oh, Edith!"
She seemed to float into the room, an ethereal angel of mercy and compassion. She was kneeling by his side, crying with joy.
"Edith, have you changed your mind?" he asked softly.
"Oh, Joel," she fluttered, "after all your suffering and your heroic service for the government, I'll marry you if your hair came to your waist and your beard to your feet!"

of special munitions for the government."
Gossip expatiated on this theme in a decidedly animated way during the next week. The old barn had been surrounded with a high barb-wire fence. There were signs of "Danger!" "Keep Out!" and the like. Some machinery and ominous "Handle With Care" casks and boxes were admitted to the grewsome structure. A sallow-faced, dreamy-eyed individual abstractedly haunted the place, as if so engrossed in thought that he appeared utterly oblivious to extraneous objects.
"Who's your friend, Joel?" jocularly questioned an acquaintance of Joel's.
"He's an inventor," answered Joel, "and a good one."
"Inventing something for you?"
"He is—for me and the government," complacently advised Joel.
"What may it be, now?"
"A bomb."
"Shoo!—what kind of a bomb?"
"Well, I don't mind telling you. We call it the 'Pepper Bomb.' They've used all kinds of poison, shrapnel, fire bombs. The enemy's latest is the mustard bomb. We go them one better. It's my contribution to the war department. That is, if we succeed in perfecting a device that will blind an approaching army, and make the soldiers sneeze their heads off. We propose to make the service a free gift of formula and material."
It was four months later that Joel dismissed his hired inventor, and strolled the streets of his native village a proud and happy man. He might well be, for a little item in the local newspaper covering a dispatch from Washington recited the fact that "Joel Bryson of Rossville had contributed to the government a valuable shell which had stood all tests, and which entitled him to approbation of all patriotic citizens."
"It's a thousand dollars well spent," declared Joel. "I've done my bit, and now I'm going to pitch in and hustle for the approaching election."
It was Saturday evening just previous to that interesting event, when Joel about dusk went out to the barn that had been transformed into a workshop. He carried a lantern, and his thought was to gather up what was left of the powder used in the manufacture of the pepper bombs and set it off with a great flare in the town square to attract the people to the meeting of the Regulars.
Joel set the lantern down carelessly, never noting until too late that it had overturned. There was a blinding glare, a crash of breaking timbers, some flying object struck his head, and he knew no more. It was fortunate that three of his political adherents reached the house just as the explosion occurred. Prostrate and senseless, Joel was the center of great shooting masses of flame. He was singed in face and hands, his clothing was on fire in a dozen places. They hurried him to the hospital, and there for a week he lay, mostly unconscious.
Slowly, under more excellent care than he realized, Joel Bryson came back to sensibility and reason. He listened, awed, to the narrative of his peril and rescue. Then his hand happened to go up to his face.
"Why," he exclaimed with a great start, "my beard!"
"Burned off in the explosion; hair, too."
"H'm! Well, I shall have to let it grow again."
"No you won't," grinned the attendant.
"Why not?"
"The Regulars won the election."
"Glory!" fairly shouted Joel, weak as he was.
"Better than that. John Wilson, the candidate for village president, in recognition of your services to the government and your latest misfortune, vacated the candidacy in your favor, and you were elected."
"I wonder," said Joel, after deep thought, "what Edith will say now?"
"You mean Miss Harper?" murmured the clever attendant. "She has been here every day to see you. In fact, sir, she is now in the waiting room. Do you wish to see her, sir?"
"Do I—wish—to—see—her!" longed Joel in a delicious state of longing. "Oh, Edith!"
She seemed to float into the room, an ethereal angel of mercy and compassion. She was kneeling by his side, crying with joy.
"Edith, have you changed your mind?" he asked softly.
"Oh, Joel," she fluttered, "after all your suffering and your heroic service for the government, I'll marry you if your hair came to your waist and your beard to your feet!"

of special munitions for the government."
Gossip expatiated on this theme in a decidedly animated way during the next week. The old barn had been surrounded with a high barb-wire fence. There were signs of "Danger!" "Keep Out!" and the like. Some machinery and ominous "Handle With Care" casks and boxes were admitted to the grewsome structure. A sallow-faced, dreamy-eyed individual abstractedly haunted the place, as if so engrossed in thought that he appeared utterly oblivious to extraneous objects.
"Who's your friend, Joel?" jocularly questioned an acquaintance of Joel's.
"He's an inventor," answered Joel, "and a good one."
"Inventing something for you?"
"He is—for me and the government," complacently advised Joel.
"What may it be, now?"
"A bomb."
"Shoo!—what kind of a bomb?"
"Well, I don't mind telling you. We call it the 'Pepper Bomb.' They've used all kinds of poison, shrapnel, fire bombs. The enemy's latest is the mustard bomb. We go them one better. It's my contribution to the war department. That is, if we succeed in perfecting a device that will blind an approaching army, and make the soldiers sneeze their heads off. We propose to make the service a free gift of formula and material."
It was four months later that Joel dismissed his hired inventor, and strolled the streets of his native village a proud and happy man. He might well be, for a little item in the local newspaper covering a dispatch from Washington recited the fact that "Joel Bryson of Rossville had contributed to the government a valuable shell which had stood all tests, and which entitled him to approbation of all patriotic citizens."
"It's a thousand dollars well spent," declared Joel. "I've done my bit, and now I'm going to pitch in and hustle for the approaching election."
It was Saturday evening just previous to that interesting event, when Joel about dusk went out to the barn that had been transformed into a workshop. He carried a lantern, and his thought was to gather up what was left of the powder used in the manufacture of the pepper bombs and set it off with a great flare in the town square to attract the people to the meeting of the Regulars.
Joel set the lantern down carelessly, never noting until too late that it had overturned. There was a blinding glare, a crash of breaking timbers, some flying object struck his head, and he knew no more. It was fortunate that three of his political adherents reached the house just as the explosion occurred. Prostrate and senseless, Joel was the center of great shooting masses of flame. He was singed in face and hands, his clothing was on fire in a dozen places. They hurried him to the hospital, and there for a week he lay, mostly unconscious.
Slowly, under more excellent care than he realized, Joel Bryson came back to sensibility and reason. He listened, awed, to the narrative of his peril and rescue. Then his hand happened to go up to his face.
"Why," he exclaimed with a great start, "my beard!"
"Burned off in the explosion; hair, too."
"H'm! Well, I shall have to let it grow again."
"No you won't," grinned the attendant.
"Why not?"
"The Regulars won the election."
"Glory!" fairly shouted Joel, weak as he was.
"Better than that. John Wilson, the candidate for village president, in recognition of your services to the government and your latest misfortune, vacated the candidacy in your favor, and you were elected."
"I wonder," said Joel, after deep thought, "what Edith will say now?"
"You mean Miss Harper?" murmured the clever attendant. "She has been here every day to see you. In fact, sir, she is now in the waiting room. Do you wish to see her, sir?"
"Do I—wish—to—see—her!" longed Joel in a delicious state of longing. "Oh, Edith!"
She seemed to float into the room, an ethereal angel of mercy and compassion. She was kneeling by his side, crying with joy.
"Edith, have you changed your mind?" he asked softly.
"Oh, Joel," she fluttered, "after all your suffering and your heroic service for the government, I'll marry you if your hair came to your waist and your beard to your feet!"

New Breaking Bride.
The claim made for a new breaking bride is that it is so designed that it gives remarkable control over an unmanageable horse, because pressure can be exerted on certain of the animal's spinal-cord nerves. This simple head harness has a rope bit which will not injure the horse's mouth, no matter how tender it may be. At each end is a large circular guard. A strap attached to the bit extends up the right side of the head and then just back of the ears, and terminates in a pulley on the left side. Fastened to the end of the bit at the left side is a small rope which passes upward through the pulley and then back through a metal loop projecting from the end of the mouthpiece. An extension of this rope serves as a leading rein, the theory is that a pull on this rein causes the strap behind the ears to press down on a spot in the spine which is said to be so sensitive that the horse is soon brought into subjection.

TULANE

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, at 2 p. m.

High Class Attractions

LOEW'S CRESCENT

CONTINUOUS EVERY DAY, 1 TO 11
10 - BIG VAUDEVILLE ACTS - 10
16 - REELS FIRST RUN MOVIES - 16
Pictures begin 1 P. M. 3 Vaudeville Shows Daily, 3:30, 7, 9 P. M. 4 Shows Saturday and Sunday, 2, 4, 7 and 9 P. M.

Prices AFTERNOONS 5, 10, 15c
NIGHTS 10, 15, 25c
Sat. and Sun. Afternoons 10, 15, 25c
COME AND GO AS YOU PLEASE
Two Complete Changes, Sunday and Thursday Phone Main 2343

Orpheum

BEST OF VAUDEVILLE
MATINEE EVERY DAY 2:15-10c TO 50c. BOX SEATS 75c.
EVENING 8:15-10c TO 75c. BOX SEATS \$1.00

Foto's Folly Theatre

ATTRACTIONS FOLLY THEATRE
Week Ending Saturday March 30th
TUESDAY, March 26—"Captain of His Soul," Wm. Desmond, 5 parts; "Nine Lives," comedy, 1 part; "Holmes Travelogue."
WEDNESDAY, March 26—"Paul Explores," "Selected Pictures."
THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY, Closed on account of Religious Observance.
SUNDAY, March 24—"Mrs. Danes Defense," Pauline Frederick, 5 parts; "Fatty at Coney Island," Fatty Arbuckle 2 parts; "Fotos Folly Screen Telegram of Latest Events," 1 part.
MONDAY, March 25—"Her Sister," Olive Tell, 5 parts; "Charley Chaplin Comedy and Educational," 2 parts.

PORTOLA THEATRE

CANAL AND DRYADES STS.

High Class Motion Pictures

Pearce's Theatres

TRIANON

814 CANAL ST.

TUDOR

610 CANAL ST.

SEEDS

Flower Seeds and Vegetable Seeds

We Have the Kind That Grow
BEST PRICES IN CITY
Start Your War Garden Early
"You get what you ask for"
PETER RUPP, Druggist
Bermuda, Eliza & Verret Sts.

R. C. ROOT

Painless Dentist

BEST WORK \$4
TEETH Without Plates. LEAST MONEY \$4
Teeth, Full Sets, \$4.00
We make this great offer to introduce our Painless System of Dentistry into every home. Be sure you are in the right place. Payments arranged satisfactory. Gold crown, porcelain crown, bridge work, fillings. We save 95 per cent of the teeth. We give a written guarantee for ten years.
DR. R. C. ROOT
Main 766 635 CANAL ST., corner Royal

THERE'S A REASON

Our reduced interest rate of less than 7% interest, no down payment, gives us the higher grade risk and a choice of loans.
GREATEST HOMESTEAD SOUTH
"DIXIE"

ORPHEUM THEATRE.
Mme. Bernhardt's Two Roles.
"It was a great accomplishment for Mr. Martin Beck to offer Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in the Orpheum Theaters. A secondary accomplishment was the happy selection from her immense repertoire of "Camille" and "Champ d'Honneur" (from the theater to the battlefield). During her engagement here she will be seen in both selections, giving the Orpheum patrons an opportunity to witness Mme. Bernhardt's portrayal of a role in which she is still supreme, although "Camille" has been played by the world's



greatest actresses for over sixty years, and also a role that, if for no other reason, would command attention for its timeliness. Also these selections give Mme. Bernhardt both a male and a female role.

Bernhardt of the golden voice has not changed a bit in the last thirty years, if the unanimous verdict of a majority of her critics is at all accurate. The story of "Camille" is familiar; "Champ d'Honneur" less so. Playing the male part of Marc Bertrand, a French actor-soldier, Bernhardt is given every opportunity to display her mastery of dramatic technique and at moments rises far above any heights hitherto attained by her in the greatest of her successes. Bernhardt the Red Cross dog, and throw her whole soul into Paul Deroulede's verses, "To the Bearer of the Flag." When dying, the actor-soldier cries defiance to the Huns in a final "Vive la France," and at the close Bernhardt clutches the tricolor of France to her bosom.

Mme. Bernhardt will be supported by her own company from Paris upon the occasion of her New Orleans Orpheum engagement, which begins Monday, March 25, to continue for two weeks

TOM BROWN'S MUSICAL HIGHLANDERS AT PALACE
Headlining at the Palace for the last four days of this week, commencing Thursday and concluding with the Sunday night performance, will be Tom Brown's Musical Highlanders, billed as "a musical muse in kilts." A big feature of the new bill will be Olga and Mishka Co. in sensational classic and modern dances, assisted by Walter Slater, violinist. The balance of the bill includes Captain Jack Barnett and son, diminutive comedians, in "At the Little News Club"; Jack Corcoran and Joe Mack, original laugh creators, and The Ferraros, surprising clowns.

Each of Tom Brown's Musical Highlanders is a musician of ability and as skilled with the more modern instruments as with the bagpipe. Their program is a medley of the old and new song numbers on the modern instruments and the real old Highland Bagpipe selections on that famous and picturesque instrument. A number of vocal selections are rendered by different members of the group, some of which are comical and all of them well received.

One doesn't have to be told that Olga and Mishka are Russian. They hale from Petrograd where they were graduated with honor from the Imperial Ballet School into the Imperial Opera House Ballet, which is the ambition of all Russians who adopt dancing as a career. Olga and Mishka separately came to America, and here formed the union for vaudeville that has resulted in one of the best dancing acts in the "two-a-day."

Olga's beauty, control, flexibility and grace are perfect, while Mishka is a decidedly superior male dancer. They are assisted by Walter Slater, a violinist of pronounced temperament. The effect of expressing moods simultaneously in dance and on the violin is not only out of the ordinary but most impressive. In fact, as dancers, the Olga and Mishka Company leave little to be desired.

O. DORSEY

THE CLEANER AND DYER
SUITS CLEANED & PRESSED \$1.00
711 TECHE ST. ALGERS LA.

DANCING EXCURSION

ON THE NEW STEAMER
"SIDNEY"
Every Night at 8:30
Dancing Program Starts at 8 o'clock.
Telephone Aboard Main 4504

PALACE

THE HOME OF VAUDEVILLE
Iberville and Dauphine Streets
10 BIG ACTS 10
Of Vaudeville 10
and Photoplay Features
EVERY WEEK
Complete Program Change
Monday and Thursday
Prices 5c, 10c, 15c, 25c.



SCENE FROM TRIANGLE PLAY, "KEITH OF THE BORDER"

Smith The Sign Man

It pays to Advertise in the Herald