The News Scimitar

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DON'T FORGET—REGISTER!

How often within the recent past have the people of Memphis inveighed—and not without cause—against the conditions that were permitted to exist in their midst.

If the citizen who complains and denounces the officials were told that he or she is individually responsible the imputation would be resented.

Under the present administration the people are not to blame. The city administration was elected by the people upon a specific platform that pledged it to a definite policy. The administration has been unfaithful to every promise made to the people.

That was not the fault of the people. But if the people of Memphis fail to register; if they failed to pay their poll taxes as required by law in order to vote, and if they fail to go to the polls and cast their vote for the ticket that offers a cessation of machine rule; the ticket that promises good government; the ticket that has no ambition other than to serve the city and the people of Memphis to the best of its ability—if they fail in any of these things—then the fault will be their own.

It is to the women that this appeal is especially made. They do not want a repetition of the Haymarket riot; they do not want a repetition of the De Soto street riot; they do not want any of the things that savor of the worst condition of affairs that ever afflicted the name of Memphis.

The law requires of the woman only that she shall be registered to vote. The responsibility for the result of the municipal election in November will rest upon the women.

What are they going to say for themselves? Are they going to follow a few designing women who would erect a political machine as vicious and unscrupulous as was ever built by the hands of men, or are they going to vote for home, for fireside and for decency?

THE BAPTIST CAMPAIGN

The Baptists of the South are in the midst of a campaign to raise $75,000,000 with which to meet the increased demands the world is making upon the church.

Only Baptists are solicited for contributions to this fund, but the cause is so much bigger than the denomination that it may be assumed as reasonably certain that many persons of other denominations, and some affiliated with no denomination at all will count it a privilege to have a part in this wonderful work.

The war gave a renewed inspiration to the churches. It revealed to them the fields that are ripe unto harvest, and brought from them the lament that the laborers are few.

The churches of the land measured up splendidly to the responsibilities of wartime—some that were thrust upon them, and some that they sought out and assumed—and there can be no withdrawal from the advanced step they have taken without serious loss in prestige and influence.

The world has come to regard the church as a real, vital, living, active human institution. The church cannot draw the cloak of righteousness about itself and remain out of touch with the world—the common, everyday, workaway world—and perform its great mission.

Those wonderful heroes, Protestants, Catholics and Jews, who went into the thick of the fighting; who risked every danger and shared every hardship, that they might stimulate the living and comfort the dying, taking no thought of themselves, but consecrated wholly to the service of others, were the pioneers of a new era, when no man shall deny responsibility as his brother's keeper.

The spirit of jealousy has been supplanted by the spirit of co-operation, and the spirit of rivalry has been supplanted by comradeship in a common cause.

The field of opportunity is too broad for denominations to poach on each other's preserves. The need for teachers and missionaries in the mountain sections; the need for pastors and trained workers of every description is too pressing to be neglected longer. The war disclosed an alarming degree of illiteracy and a shocking disregard for disease. The people must be educated. Their minds and bodies must be cleaned, and they must be put in the right path and started in the right direction.

But the churches are not going to abandon the work they have had no much success with in the recent past. The people are expecting greater things than ever before. They set a high mark of usefulness during the war, and now it is proposed not to recede from that obligation which is just as imperative even in time of peace.

It is inspiring to observe the confidence that animates the leaders of a great denomination when it tackles a job of such magnitude. Nothing short of such sublime confidence could put a crimp in you—, and nothing short of the cause for which it is undertaken could inspire that confidence.

FAITHFUL TO THE END

The state public utilities commission could not in good faith do anything other than grant the Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph company the increase in rates applied for in 1918, as the outcome of the city administration.

The attorneys for the telephone company went to Nashville armed with documentary evidence that the city commission in Memphis had formally granted the identical increase the company asked the utilities commission to grant.

The city administration made a demonstration of opposing the increase. It argued that the city commission granted the increase with the understanding that the company had agreed to make certain improvements involving an outlay of a few thousand dollars. The attorneys for the company demolished that argument with the simple statement that the expenditure represented nothing more than the company would be required to invest whether the increase were granted or refused.

The News Scimitar was able to force the city administration to repudiate its agreement to advance the rates by aiding in the circulation of petitions which were signed by more than 2,000 property owners, demanding a referendum election, as guaranteed by the city charter. But it was not able to prevent the city administration from giving secret aid to the petition before the utilities commission.

The city administration continued to serve its masters, the public service corporations, even if it had the judgment to abandon the brazen attitude of open solicitude. Its service, as shown by the result, was just as effective, but the people were spared the humiliation of having it flaunted in their faces.

Oh, Man!—By Briggs

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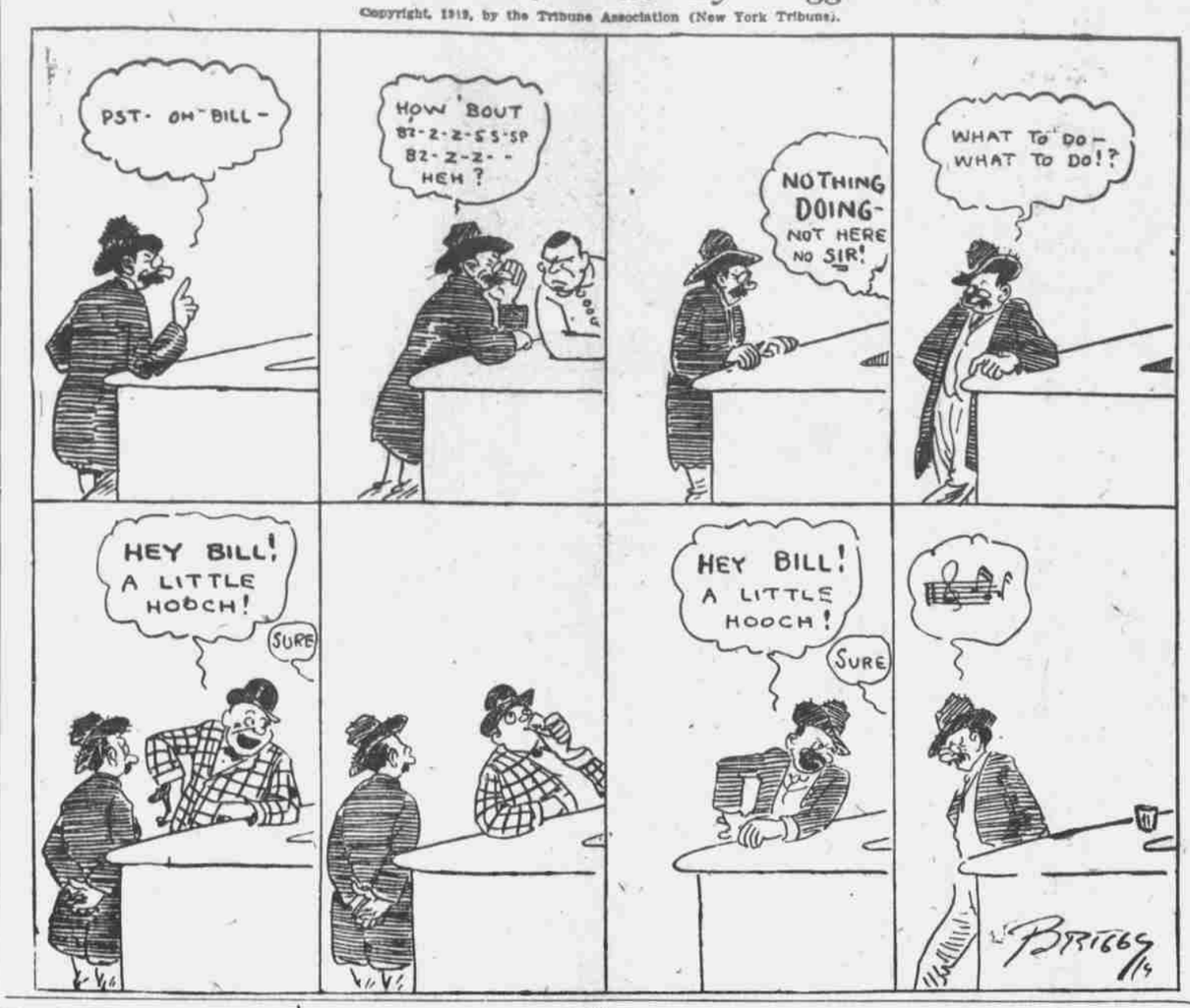

Food Profiteering Rife In Germany So Traveler Says

"You see that farm over there?" asked a food canvasser with whom I walked an hour or more one Sunday. "I stopped there and tried to buy butter. 'We haven't an ounce of butter to our names,' said the woman. 'Ah,' said I, just to see if I could not catch her in a lie, 'but I pay as high as 20 marks a pound.' 'In that case,' said the unverschamte, 'I can let you have any amount you want, up to 30 pounds.' I could not really pay that price, of course, being a poor man, working hard for nine marks a day. But when I told her I would report to the police, she laughed in my face and slammed the door."

It was easy to understand now why so many of those I had interviewed in my official capacity at Coblenz had expressed the opinion that sooner or later the poor of the cities would descend upon the peasants in bands and rob them of their hoardings. The countrymen themselves showed that fear of this now and then gnawed at their souls, not so much by their speech as by their circumspect actions.—Harry A. Franck in Harper's Magazine for October.

COULDN'T SEE SPECKS.

"I want you to clean my shop window," said Mr. Blinks to Muggins, the village champion window cleaner. "Do you think you can do it while I'm away for an hour or so?"

"Oh, yes, glad to do it," answered Muggins. And while Mr. Blinks was out he set to work with a will and completed the job with a vengeance.

"Muggins," said Mr. Blinks, entering the shop and glancing at the cleaner's work with approval, "you've done the job well. Why there isn't a speck or a scratch to be seen on the whole plate! Here's your money and an extra shilling."

"I'm glad you're satisfied with it," murmured Muggins, pocketing the money somewhat nervously.

"Of course I am. Why, I can hardly believe there is any glass there at all, it looks so clear."

"Well, there ain't," said Muggins, moving rapidly toward the door. "Me and the ladder fell through the glass just after we started."

SOME INFORMATION.

Three members of a local school's faculty recently have been married. There is without doubt a reason. Is it possible that the answer may lie in such answers as the following appearing on examination papers:

Helen of Troy was Henry VIII's finance after he divorced Katherine Aligone. A song has recently been dedicated to Helen.

Nero was a Greek orator, and was born in Rome, where he was elected empire. He took week-end trips to a place called Nerve (Gaul!).

Gettysburg was a famous detective. He was the first to discover Cleopatra's needle and to try to reform Egypt.

The Embargo was a war fought by the Chinese in Russia. It was fought in 1218.—San Francisco Bulletin.

OLD FLOOR IS GOOD.

When an old house in Pike county, Pa., was torn down it was found the floors of pitch pine, 160 years old, were still good, says the American Forestry Magazine, of Washington. The size amazed the carpenters for the planks were two feet wide and an inch and a quarter thick.

WHY SCHEME FAILED.

The secret has leaked out that the real reason why the farmers were opposed to the daylight saving plan was that they were not able to get the roosters to adopt it. The he-chickens insisted on going to work on the old schedule. In open defiance of congress, they refused to knock off the extra hour from their morning beauty sleep. So, under the new plan, instead of the roosters waking up the farmers, it became necessary for the farmers to wake up the roosters. This, quite naturally, aroused feelings of mutual antagonism. No farmer relishes the task of going out each morning while the moon is still riding high in the heavens, and cuffing a barnyard full of roosters off the perch. So there was nothing to do but repeal the law.

WASHERS FOR NUT.

A lone motorcyclist, hot, goggled, dusty and hatless, stopped at a wayside inn for refreshments and ordered doughnuts and iced tea. "Two washers for a nut!" cried the waiter on his way to the kitchen for the tea.—Everybody's Magazine.

The Wonderful Stories of "OZ"

By L. Frank Baum

The Scarecrow Wins the Fight

When the Nome King so angrily blew his shrill whistle, the army immediately filed out of the gold and silver doors in great numbers, and marched up a winding stairs and into the throne room—led by a stern featured Nome, who was their captain. When they had nearly filled the throne room, they formed ranks in the big underground cavern below, and then stood still until they were told what to do next.

Dorothy had pressed back to one side of the cavern when the warriors entered, and now she stood holding little Prince Evring's hand while the great Lion crouched upon one side and the enormous Tiger crouched upon the other side.

"Seize that girl!" shouted the King to his captain, and a group of warriors sprang forward to obey. But both the Lion and Tiger snarled so fiercely and bared their strong, sharp teeth so threateningly that the men drew back in alarm.

"Don't mind them!" cried the Nome King; "they cannot leap beyond the places where they now stand."

"But they can bite those who attempt to touch the girl," said the captain.

"I'll fix that," answered the King, "I'll enchant them again, so that they can't open their jaws."

He stepped out of the throne to do this, but just then the Sawhorse ran up behind him and gave the fat monarch a powerful kick with both his wooden hind legs.

"Ow! Murder! Treason!" yelled the King, who had been hurled against several of his warriors and was considerably bruised. "Who did that?"

"I did," growled the Sawhorse, viciously, "you let Dorothy alone, or I'll kick you again."

"We'll see about that," replied the King, and at once he waved his hand toward the Sawhorse and muttered a magical word. "Aha!" he continued, "now let us see you move, you wooden mule!"

But in spite of the magic the Sawhorse moved; and he moved so quickly toward the King that the fat little man could not get out of his way. Thump—bang! came the wooden heels right against his round body, and the King flew into the air and fell upon the head of his captain, who let him drop flat upon the ground.

"Well, well," said the King, sitting up and looking surprised. "Why didn't my magic belt work, I wonder?"

"The creature is made of wood," replied the captain. "Your magic will not work on wood, you know."

"Ah, I'd forgotten that," said the King, getting up and limping to his throne. "Very well, let the girl alone. She can't escape us anyway."

The warriors, who had been rather confused by these incidents, now formed their ranks again, and the Sawhorse pranced across the room to Dorothy and took a position behind the Hungry Tiger.

At that moment the doors that led to the palace flew open and the people of Ev and the people of Oz were disclosed to view. They paused, astonished, at the sight of the warrors and the angry Nome King, seated in their midst.

"Surrender!" cried the King, in a loud voice. "You are my prisoners."

"Go 'long!" answered Billina, from the Scarecrow's shoulder. "You promised me that if I guessed correctly my friends and I might depart in safety. And you always keep your promises."

"I said you might leave the palace in safety," retorted the King; "and so you may, but you cannot leave my dominions. You are my prisoners, and I will hurl you all into my underground dungeons, where the volcanic fires glow and the molten lava flows in every direction, and the air is hotter than blue blazes."

"That will be the end of me, all right," said the Scarecrow, sorrowfully. "One small blaze, blue or green, is enough to reduce me to an ash heap."

"Do you surrender?" demanded the King.

"HELP—HELP!" SCREAMED THE KING.

Billina whispered something in the Scarecrow's ear that made him smile and put his hands in his jacket pockets.

"No!" retorted Ozma, boldly answering the King. Then she said to her army:

"Forward, my brave soldiers, and fight for your Ruler and yourselves, unto death!"

"Pardon me, Most Royal Ozma," replied one of her generals; "but I find that I and my brother officers all suffer from heart disease, and the slightest excitement might kill us. If we fight we may get excited. Would it not be well for us to avoid this grave danger?"

"Soldiers should not have heart disease," said Ozma.

"Private soldiers are not, I believe, afflicted that way," declared another general, twirling his moustache thoughtfully. "If your Royal Highness desires, we will order our privates to attack yonder warriors!"

"Do so," replied Ozma.

"For-ward—march!" cried all the generals with one voice. "For-ward—march!" yelled the colonels. "For-ward—march!" shouted the majors. "For-ward—march!" commanded the captains.

And at that the private leveled his spear and dashed furiously upon the foe.

The captain of the Nomes was so surprised by this sudden onslaught that he forgot to command his warriors to fight, so that the ten men in the first row, who stood in front of the private's spear, fell over like so many toy soldiers. The spear could not go through their steel armor, however, so the warriors scrambled to their feet again, and by that time the private had knocked over another row of them.

Then the captain brought down his battle-axe with such a strong blow that the private's spear was shattered and knocked from his grasp, and he was helpless to fight any longer.

The Nome King had left his throne and pressed through his warriors to the front ranks, so he could see what was going on; but as he faced Ozma and her friends the Scarecrow, as if aroused to action by the valor of the private, drew one of Billina's eggs from his right jacket pocket and hurled it straight at the little monarch's head.

It struck him squarely in his left eye, where the egg smashed and scattered, as eggs will, and covered his face and hair and beard with its sticky contents.

"Help, help!" screamed the King, clawing with his fingers at the egg, in a struggle to remove it.

"An egg; an egg! Run for your lives!" shouted the captain of the Nomes, in a voice of horror.

And how they did run! The warriors fairly tumbled over one another in their efforts to escape the fatal poison of that awful egg, and those who could not rush down the winding stair fell off the balcony into the great cavern beneath, knocking over those who stood below them.

Even while the King was still yelling for help his throne room became emptied of every one of his warriors, and before the monarch had managed to clear the egg away from his left eye the Scarecrow threw the second egg against his right eye, where it smashed and blinded him entirely. The King was unable to flee because he could not see which way to run; so he stood still and howled and shouted and screamed in abject fear.

While this was going on, Billina flew over to Dorothy, and perching herself upon the Lion's back the hen whispered eagerly to the girl:

"Get his belt! Get the Nome King's jeweled belt! Unbuckles in the back. Quick, Dorothy—quick!"

Dorothy obeyed. She ran at once behind the Nome King, who was still trying to free his eyes from the egg and in a twinkling she had unbuckled his splendid jeweled belt and carried it away with her to her place beside the Tiger and Lion, where, because she did not know what else to do with it, she fastened it around her own slim waist.

Just then the Chief Steward rushed in with a sponge and a bowl of water, and began mopping away the broken eggs from his master's face. In a few minutes, and while all the party stood looking on, the King regained the use of his eyes, and the first thing he did was to glare wickedly upon the Scarecrow and exclaim:

"I'll make you suffer for this, you hay-stuffed dummy! Don't you know eggs are poison to Nomes?"

"Really," said the Scarecrow, "they don't seem to agree with you, although I wonder why."

"They were strictly fresh and above suspicion," said Billina. "You ought to be glad to get them."

"I'll transform you all into scorpions!" cried the King, angrily, and began waving his arms and muttering magic words.

But none of the people became scorpions, so the King stopped and looked at them in surprise.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Why, you are not wearing your magic belt," replied the Chief Steward, after looking the King over carefully. "Where is it? What have you done with it?"

The Nome King clapped his hand to his waist, and his rock colored face turned white as chalk.

"It's gone," he cried helplessly. "It's gone, and I am ruined!"

Dorothy now stepped forward and said:

"Royal Ozma, and you, Queen of Ev, I welcome you and your people back to the land of the living. Billina has saved you from your troubles, and now we will leave his dreadful place and return to Ev as soon as possible."

While the child spoke they could all see that she wore the magic belt, and a great cheer went up from all her friends, which was led by the voices of the Scarecrow and the private. But the Nome King did not join them. He crept back onto his throne like a whipped dog, and lay there bitterly bemoaning his defeat.

"But we have not yet found my faithful follower, the Tin Woodman," said Ozma to Dorothy, "and without him I do not wish to go away."

"Nor I," replied Dorothy, quickly. "Wasn't he in the palace?"

"He must be there," said Billina; "but I had no clew to guide me in guessing the Tin Woodman, so I must have missed him."

"We will go back into the rooms," aid Dorothy. "This magic belt, I am sure, will help us to find our dear old friend."

Editor's Note—Next week we shall learn "The Fate of the Tin Woodman," and of the return of Ozma's rescue party to the Land of Ev.

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Ye Editor Nods

Jolts and Jests Slipped Past The Blue Pencil

SAYS HE KNOWS HIM.

Dear Editor Nods—I have known Joe Williams from his boyhood, and no one can make me believe that he merely went up and voted in a Mississippi election. If there was an election going on, and Joe was around anywhere, he was a candidate for some office. I know him. OLD CITIZEN.

NOT PARALLEL CASE.

Joe Williams cites the Hascall case as parallel to his situation for having voted in Mississippi, and yet claiming to have been at the same time a bona fide citizen of Memphis. But Hascall was elected to office and declined to serve. Looks more like cross than parallel roads.

NEEDS DEFENSE.

One nice thing about Mr. Burleson is that every time recently we see his name in a newspaper he is defending his administration.

ADVICE.

Politics should not interfere with business. Therefore we do not hesitate to call the attention of the Citizens' league candidates to Mr. Breeden's rheumatism compound, in case the wet weather has a bad effect on them.

THE JUDGE KNEW.

Judge J. Ed Richards, of first division criminal court, was quizzing a venireman in the Frey trial.

"Judge, I'm deaf," said the venireman.

"When did you first become deaf?" queried his honor.

"I discovered it recently," the man replied.

"Yes, I guess you discovered it just about the time you got that notice to serve on the jury," answered the court, as he issued an official excuse, and the courtroom tittered.

ONE ON MAC.

Sam O. Bate's state's attorney, approached his first assistant, W. T. McLain, recently. "Mac, did I ever tell you why they call me Sam?" Bates asked.

"No," replied McLain, scenting a story. "Why do they call you Sam?"

"Because that's my name," softly replied Bates.

THE FOX.

A crafty young fellow named Bent,
Decided to live in a tent;
When friends asked him "Why?"
The slicker'd reply:
"It's cheaper than paying rent."

WHERE IS HE?

What has become of the old-fashioned man who, on occasions, would recite that touching poem, "The cocktail is a pleasant drink?"

INDOOR SPORTS.

Noon may find the courthouse almost deserted, but during the rainy weather one always can find a few county employes around Gus Lagomarsino's pool table.

IN BYGONE DAYS.

Which reminds of that noted barrister of bygone days, who, when asked by the chief justice of the state supreme court to approach the bar, almost annihilated the dignity of that august body by replying, "Certainly, your honor; I always approach the bar when invited."

YOU BET.

This is the time of year when one begins to question the veracity of the cold bath liar.

GOOD NAME FOR DOG.

A bucolic friend of the editor has named his pet spaniel "Prohibition." He found he was only 2.75 per cent spaniel.

ADVICE TO MALE HOUSEHOLDERS.

Buy sugar now, if you can, as you'll need two pounds, you know, for the manufacture of every five gallons.

Corn syrup does just as well as sugar, but does not blend quite as well with the hops.

If the brew goes dead after standing more than 72 hours add one more pound of sugar and a half a cake of yeast.

Malt extract has gone up a dollar on a case. Do your Christmas shopping now.

Leave out a few ounces of sugar to use while bottling. It's a good antiseptic for cut fingers when bottle necks break.

Do not throw away brew that has gone dead before bottling. Buy a roasting ear steamer, turn it upside down and distill a more fiery fluid.

In straining alcohol through cotton, first heat it as it filters better and has a better flavor. Add Angostura bitters, burnt sugar and serve cold.

Second-hand quart bottles are now quoted at 50 cents a dozen, an advance of 25 per cent. Pints, what few are on the market, have attained the figure of 35 cents the dozen.

SCHOONERS EXTNCT.

A certain soft drink stand, noted for the excellence of its near beer on draft, has run out of schooners of the 24-ounce variety. The boss says they don't make them any more.

If you have a German helmet and a schooner at home preserve them for posterity. They'll be valuable relics of a bygone age.

RELIEF.

No more about liquor until tomorrow.

M. A. C., NOT C-A.

A headline reads: "Mooney quits M. A. C. For Poultry Farm."

AN INJUNCTION?

Another headline runs, "Letts Fight Way Over Duma in Riga Battle."

WE'LL SAY "AROUSES."

Still another headline, thusly, "Poindexter Arouses Senate." We know a brand by that name if poured down the oesophagus is likely to arouse things deader than the U. S. senate.

Just a Moment

DAILY STRENGTH AND CHEER.
Compiled by John G. Quinlus, the Sunshine Man.

"I will speak with Thee."—Ezek. ii. 1.

Meet me alone, O Lord. Let me feel the awful dignity of my own soul. I am not so much afraid of Thy judgment day as of the general assize which men have figured there. I fear lest my sight of the crowd may dim the sight of my own importance. I have heard men say that my danger lies in my pride. No; it lies in my humility. I have not realized the possibilities of my own soul. I have viewed myself as a fragment of the race. I have thought myself a rag driven by the wind—impelled by a force behind me. I have sheltered myself under my own nothingness. I have blamed the past ages for my sin. I have called myself the victim of heredity; I have crouched behind the multitude. Bring me out from the covert of my fig-leaves, O my God.

It is amazing what difference heat makes on both mental and material objects. The only difference between ice and steam is, that the one has less and the other more heat. Now earnestness converts ordinary qualities into powerful and elastic forces. It enhances everything it touches, turns bricks to marble, and copper into gold. It changes liking into love, joy into ecstacy, and expectation into hope. It stamps on every virtue its currency, whether in heaven or in earth. Love, pity, kindness are all cold and worthless unless they bear the impress of a fervent spirit.—Dulce Domum.

TO PLANT TREES.

Of the Californians to recently be made members of the American Forestry Association of Washington are Mary E. Cameron, of Berkeley; E. Koerper, of Oakland, and Mrs. William Flager, of Modisto, all of whom are actively interested in the association's plans for reforesting France and Belgium. The association is receiving subscriptions from all parts of the country for this work.

Twice Told Tales

Ten Years Ago Today in Memphis.

OCT. 16, 1909.

The final result of the supplemental registration, counting the figures with those of the last registration, is the largest in the history of the city, a total of 18,034 persons getting papers to vote. The candidates for mayor for the coming election are J. J. Williams, E. H. Crump and W. W. Talbert.

W. W. Talbert in an open letter charges that J. J. Williams is registering a large number of negroes and is setting an example to bring the negroes in this section into politics again.

Jack Johnson, negro, heavyweight champion of the world, knocked out Stanley Ketchel, middleweight champion, in San Francisco in the twelfth round.

The Pittsburgh team, pennant winners of the National League, shut out the Detroit team, leaders of the American League, by a score of 8 to 0. The Pittsburghs have won four and lost three games of the world's series.

Figures of the world's series show that Hans Wagner, star batter of the Pittsburgh team has outplayed Ty Cobb of the Detroits.

Hon. O. P. Austin, of the bureau of statistics of the department of commerce and labor, in his address to the city club, predicted that Memphis would some day become a great manufacturing center.

Mayor Malone delivered an address in Trenton, Tenn., on the occasion of the opening of the Gibson county fair.

OPPOSE ENTRANCE OF JAP.

A persistent campaign of education and influence is to be inaugurated at once by Los Angeles parlor, Native Sons of the Golden West, against the entrance of Japanese under the "gentlemen's agreement," and to fight the economic aggressions of the Japanese now resident in California. A committee of ten leading Native Sons is mapping out the campaign which will be presented to the public at a mass meeting. Directly after the meeting a movement to push the campaign in every city and town of Southern California will be started.

The fact that Japanese births in Los Angeles county have increased from 138 to 1,411 annually in the last decade, the committee of ten feels justified in its assertion that the astonishing fecundity of the race, coupled with the traffic in "picture brides," constitutes a serious menace.—San Francisco Examiner.

THEATERS.

LOEW'S LYCEUM

CONTINUOUS 1 TO 11 P.M.

A Show Today of Wonderful Variety, Headed by

Wm. H. Lytell & Co.

In a One-Act Comedy,

"A Night At the Club"

4 OTHER LOEW ACTS

—and—

"THE SPLENDID SIN,"

A Story That Tugs at the Heartstrings, With

Madlaine Traverse

Superb in Emotional Portrayals

Matinees, 10c, 15c
Nights, 10c, 20c, 30c

Orpheum

THE BEST IN VAUDEVILLE

Phones 939.
Today, 2:15—Tonight, 8:15.

A Wholesome, Funny Trench Scene

Somewhere With Pershing

The Eminent European Illusionist,

LeRoy, Talma & Boscoe

Sherman, Van & Hyman

In Melodious Nonsense.

Al & Fanny Steadman

In "PIANO CAPERS."

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THE GLAD GIRL.

Based on Book of Same Name.
SEATS ON SALE NOW.
PRICES: Night, 50c to $2.00.
Popular Sat. Mat. Best seats, $1.

MOVING PICTURES.

PRINCESS

HIGH CLASS PHOTOPLAYS

Today Only

The Noted English Actor

H. B. Warner

—IN—

"The Man Who Turned White"

A thrilling spectacle of the Sahara desert, with its charm and dangers, and a romance that is seldom found.

Friday and Saturday

Virginia Hammond

in "MISS CRUSOE"