

The Blue Flame Screen Success in "The Blue Flame"

By BURNS MANTLE. NEW YORK.—(Special correspondence.)—"To be good is only to be forgotten," declares Theda Bara in "The Blue Flame"; "I'm going to be bad enough to be remembered for ages."

And yet, financially, it is so far enormously successful. In Washington, Pittsburgh and Boston, where I understand, the audiences accented the play much more seriously than they did in New York; the theaters were literally stormed by those curious to see the famous screen vampire upon the stage.

Theda is not a particularly vampish vaup in "The Blue Flame." In the first act she coos as sweetly as any ingenue, and with much the same "clonatory" effect. She is married to an atheistical scientist who does not believe in God and knows nothing of sirens. He has perfected in his electrical laboratory a machine that will recreate life. Give him a corpse, still warm, he boasts, and he will compete with God any day in shaping the destiny of a human being.

Outside a storm is raging. Across the way a church organ is playing hymns. Occasionally the life machine emits sparks, as though straining at the dynamo to give a taste of its power. Theda, after pleading with the agnostic to give up his evil theories and to embrace the great faith, accidentally touches the machine and thus attracts the lightning to her. She falls in a heap on the floor. Instantly the scientist realizes that the chance he has hoped for is his. Picking Theda up he lays her in the electrical chair and turns on the current. There is a hissing and a spitting. Slowly Theda begins to revive, but not before a blue flame, the size of a lady's glove and the shape of a cock's comb, drifts up the side wall. "See! See! It is her soul!" shouts an observer. "Nonsense," answers the scientist, and increases the current. Theda moves, breathes, lives, straightens her gown, smooths her hair and stands up.

Her voice has coarsened. Her manner has changed. Her eyes flash a consuming passion for conquest. "You think I'm cold, do you?" she shouts, referring to her husband's earlier suggestion that her religion was taking all the vamp out of her; "you think I'm cold. Well, all I want is a legal excuse, and I'll show you how cold I am. Kiss me, dearie." And the curtain is lowered.

After that the heroine without a soul loses her respect for the law. Young Donald Gallaher, as nice a boy as ever was in the first act, walks into her boudoir in the second act and is greeted with the significant words: "Did you bring the cocaine?" He did, and together they exchange snuffs. Then Theda insists that she must have \$85,000, and at once. To cut the story short, she ruins Donald, makes a wastrel and a thief, and finally convives at the murder of another pal, her husband's best friend, and finally assists in the strangling of her sister-in-law. And when husband finds her in Chinatown in the third act she cheerfully puts all the blame on him.

"You made me what I am today; hope you're satisfied?" she sneers, in effect. But, as you may have suspected, it is all a dream. In the last act Theda is her sweet, ingenuish self again, and when the wakened scientist acknowledges himself beaten she prettily assures him that "God works mysteriously. His wonders to perform!" Even in an Al Woods melodrama.

I am not familiar with the Bara of cinema triumphs. But from the few I have seen I am ready to credit the statement of her friends that she is more attractive on the stage than on the screen. Her voice is pleasant, her face pretty, her figure slight. She has had considerable stage experience, and though her recent coaching is evident, making her a little artificial and self-conscious, she is an actress of average competence.

Her first New York audience laughed freely at the play, but was kind to the star, and as she is said to own half the show she will probably make another fortune playing it. Mr. Woods has surrounded her with an expensive cast and a lot of scenery. Alan Dinehart is the husband, and the others include young Gallaher, Henry Herbt, Dewitt Jennings, and Thais Lawton.

The mystery of the Spinnelly costumes furnished one of the minor agitations of the week. The Spinnelly is a young French woman imported at considerable expense and with some trouble for the new "Midnight Frolic" on the New Amsterdam roof. The costumes were supposed to have left Paris with her, but she traveled by airplane in order to catch her steamer and the costumes were shipped by express. Consequently they were delayed, and her appearance on the roof was postponed a week.

But—and here the mystery enters—when Mlle. Spinnelly did finally appear there were still no costumes. A girdle, a pair of shoulder straps and a barely distinguishable air of apprehension was about all she wore. The roof crowd was worried. Could it be that the captain of the ship boxed the costumes with the compass, and then forgot them?

But the Spinnelly was not worried. She romped over the dancing floor with the natural abandon of little sister being chased by nurse from the bath. She danced, a little stiffly, but with enthusiasm, with Carl Randall, the best of the native leaders. And she sang prettily. Not loudly, for when the guests were still fussing with their dinners, and the "coloraturas" as G. Nathan calls them, were active, it was not easy to distinguish her small voice from the rattle of china and silver; but prettily.

AT THE THEATERS. Features portraits and names of actors: Raymond Hitchcock, Victoria Wynne (ORPHEUM), Rita Dane, Ann Myers (GAYETY), Ann Reader (COMING TO BRANDEIS), Alice Kemper (EMPRESS), and Alexander Carr.

the fleshly ensembles that make for it international reputation, but a little shy as to novelties or flashes of humor. Seeing it and the Spinnelly, the young visitors may safely boast that they have seen everything. The first of the early summer revues is called "What's in a Name?" Not much was expected of it, but to the Broadway crowd's delight it proved a pleasant surprise. John Murray Anderson, a young man whose previous training as a producer has been confined to the restaurant cabarets and the "Greenwich Village Follies," bravely stepped forth with this one and challenged no less an authority on beauty than F. Ziegfeld himself. And, what is greatly in his favor, he has had the courage to make the venture with a cast of principals practically unknown to Broadway.

Promised Joys at Omaha Theaters

RAYMOND HITCHCOCK will appear at Brandeis tonight, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, with a matinee Wednesday, in "Hitchy Koo, 1919," the best of the Hitchy Koo series. The show is a succession of unrelated scenes and numbers, in which Hitchcock moves in and out, now as Capt. John Smith in historical burlesque, now as a barber in hilarious rough-house scenes, now as the mayor of a rural community, and so on through a laughing and musical romp from the rise of the curtain to the end. There are 100 entertainers besides Hitchcock in the show, including the famous beauty chorus of "40 Under 20." Present in the cast are the famous Duncan Sisters, Rita Dane, Ruth Mitchell, Princess White Deer, Elaine Palmer, Florence O'Donohue, Mildred Keas, Josephine MacNeill, Savoy and Brennan, George Moore, William Holbrook Mark, Sullivan, Morris Black, Ursula O'Hara, Henry Linglin, Chief On-Ko-Mon, Chief Eagle Horse, Moonlight and many others.

THE BIRD OF PARADISE is firmly established in the distinguished character actor, Alexander Carr, who is to appear in the dramatic comedy, "An April Shower," a play which he wrote in collaboration with Edgar Allan Woolf. The heart interest of the play is the love affair between Carr and a vaudeville audience. Edith Clifford is to contribute one of the featured acts. Her vivacious court for much in the effectiveness of her performance, but it is her vocal endowment which especially endears her to music lovers. A musical fantasy, "The Rainbow Cocktail" will be another of the featured offerings. Originally it was produced by Hassard Street at one of the Loring theatres, where it created a sensation. The principals are Bruce De Lette and Helen Coyne.

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Hitchcock Loves an Artistic Dance Wherever He Sees It

"I DO not know of anything more beautiful in art than an artistic dance," said Raymond Hitchcock recently. "There is something about the airy grace and subtle movement that touches the heart and awakens interest, if not sympathy. It betokens health and spirits, which put color and snap into the face and eye and attract the observer. I should say, and it may sound odd, that the first and almost indispensable essential of a dancer is good health. A woman in good health has an advantage everywhere. It means a greater ease, a greater strength, a livelier expression and a more artistic grace. She is pretty sure to fill the eye as an object to look upon, which is a splendid beginning, and if she superadds a natural tact, grace and industry, you may depend upon it she will stand forth in a way to captivate. To accomplish this with the girls we have had with us for the last two years, I have given them a course of exercise which I call a "lung-bath." The girls are formed in pairs and asked to face ahead, raise their chins, bring out their chests, keep a loose knee and toe the stage. They are told to forget that they have any shoulders, for to think of them is to get the "militaire back," than which there is nothing harder or more ungraceful. "For the first series everything goes by count. The respiration is counted, so are the steps; and body, but, after all, as the princess wisely said: "With all the glory in Europe, I wanted to get back to my native land to be just an American girl."

BRANDEIS THEATRE. WHERE EVERYBODY GOES. Tonight's the Night Fun Runs Wild and Youth and Music Dance With Pure Delight. A National Necessity. Tonight Until Wednesday—Matinee Wednesday. RAYMOND HITCHCOCK.

Princess White Deer. FEAR to the north, in New York state, on the very line between the United States and Canada, is the town of St. Regis, the reservation of the Mohawk Indians. It was here that White Deer, the sensational dancing girl in the Raymond Hitchcock company, was born. Daughter of Little Deer, whose father before him was Running Deer, this Indian maid claims the best blood of all the northern and eastern Indian tribes for her grandfather was the last of the blooded, hereditary chiefs of the Mohawks. Educated on the reservation of her people, White Deer later went to school in Buffalo and later, in company with her mother and father, she toured in Europe for 10 years. Here her success was phenomenal, kings and queens, governors and rulers entertained her in royal style, and many of them heaped priceless presents upon her.

"HITCHY KOO 1919". Book by Geo. V. Hobart, Lyrics and Music by Cole Porter. 100 Entertainers 101 Per Cent Show. One and Only "HITCHY" and Chorus of 40 Under 20. N. B.—An eye opener in green fields of gayety, filling your veins with the wine of laughter, and taking the creek out of the hinges of tomorrow's work.

SEAT SALE A GALE. DON'T WAIT. PRICES: Evenings—\$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00. Wed. Mat.—50c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50. Three Days Starting Thursday, April 1st. Evenings, At 7 and 9—Saturday Matinees, at 1 and 3 P. M. A WONDER PICTURE OF TIMELY AND DRAMATIC INTEREST.

OLIVER MOROSCO PRESENTS THE BIRD OF PARADISE. THE EVER POPULAR HAWAIIAN ROMANCE. WITH RICHARD WALTON TULLY. THE THRILLING VOLCANO SCENE. Seats On Sale—Nights, 50c to \$2.00—Mat. 50c to \$1.50.

Sort of Hands-Across-the-Sea Situation in Filming Jack London's "Burning Daylight"

THAT the movies are drawing all parts of the wide world together was never better-illustrated than by the current production of Jack London's story of "Burning Daylight," by the Shurtliff company. This story of Alaska and New York, typical in every sense of the varied life of the American continent, and written by one of the most typical of American authors, is being filmed under the direction of an Englishman—or rather a native of England, for Edward Sloman, the director, passed a number of his earlier years in that country. But the admirers of London's works need not fear for Sloman's grasp of his subject or ability to understand its atmosphere. "Even when I was a lad in knee breeches on the other side," said Sloman, "I was unconsciously preparing for this work. One of the popular boy periodicals which I devoured weekly was the Ha-penny Marvel. In this magazine, which corresponded to the blood and thunder weeklies printed on this side to thrill American boys, I got to know Indians, frontiersmen, goldseekers, trappers, scouts and all the other heroic personnel of the western drama. I was steeped in the customs and lore of the wild west and no Yankee lad could have outdone me in knowledge of the history of American frontier life so far as the fiction stories truthfully depicted them."

ORPHEUM. THE BEST IN VAUDEVILLE. WEEK STARTING SUNDAY, MARCH 28. MATINEE DAILY 2:15—EVERY NIGHT 8:15. ALEXANDER CARR. and Company in "AN APRIL SHOWER". A Human Story by Edgar A. Woolf and Alexander Carr. HICKEY BROTHERS. SAM HEARN. EDITH CLIFFORD. RUDINOFF. ISHIKAWA BROS. "THE RAINBOW COCKTAIL".

GAYETY. "OMAHA'S FUN CENTER". DAILY MAT. 15-25-50. Evngs. 25-50-75c. \$1. The GOLDEN CROOK. Musical Burlesque. With That Funny Billy Arlington. Ladies Dine Matinee Week Days. EMPRESS. NEW SHOW TODAY. EVERETT'S MONKS. PAGE GRAY. AL CONRAD & COMPANY. A. HOSPE CO. PIANOS. TUNED AND REPAIRED.

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