

Broadway Sees Pure Man in Bare Innocence

By JAMES WHITTAKER. New York, Oct. 15.—(Special)—The fate of the French play in America is usually kindly. The fate of the American play in Paris is usually disastrous. A quick deduction would be that we are more elastic in our taste than the reverse is true. We are quite unelastic. We like none but American plays and see none but American plays. We buy, produce and successfully sell French plays, but not before they have been so devastatingly Americanized that their own authors would not recognize them. Our purveyors of theatrical entertainment are adepts in a form of literary mutilation called "adaptation."

The word "adaptation" covers many processes, from the introduction of "Baby" and "Blue" songs into the scores of Viennese operetta to the larding of the crisp and concise original of "Blue-Beard's Eighth Wife," with wordy Broadway witticisms. The French know no such mechanics. An American play in Paris is translated no more. It comes to the boulevards as Yankee as it left Broadway. "Peg de Mon Coeur" (the first word translated into English is "Peg," and you may guess the rest) is playing on the boulevards now and is being reviewed with some amazed comment. "How naive are our American friends," says one French critic, baffled by the marvelous innocence of Hartley Manners' heroine, "that they can find so much joy in this childish amusement." Judging us by our exported plays, the Frenchman judges us callow and uncouth. The clear-eyed virgin, of course, does not interest the French mind as exclusively as it charms ours.

Returning lately to Broadway with a mind somewhat warped, no doubt by contact with debasing foreign influences, I have found a percentage of truth in the critic's estimate of us. It may be the corrupt influence of Paris, but I have to admit that Winchell Smith's "Thank You," for instance—the blushing success of the Longacre theater—seems terribly, almost imbecilically pure. I venture—and you must pardon me an European sophistication of which Mr. Winchell Smith and some of his colleagues will doubtless cure me in a fortnight. Surely, I venture again, there is something almost indecent in the planorosity, unfeeling decency of all the adults in Mr. Smith's play. I have always thought the fig-leaf the most corrupt emblem. It seems extravagant that it should float, a guild banner, at full mast over the majority of our theaters. Under its flowing folds Mr. Winchell Smith labors in the Longacre to inculcate in us the truth that we'll be happier when we're better.

The final curtain of "Thank You," hit and Tom Cushing's new play falls on so conclusively a demonstration of the rewards of pure, sweet goodness, that I am sure that none of us that were there last Monday night will ever again let a day go by without five minutes of thought for mother, grandmother and Harold Bell Wright.

In "Thank You," Mr. Smith discussed the problems of piety in the modern life. Piety, in the person of the Rev. David T. hero of Mr. Smith's homiletic, is outrageously mistreated by the Sner, Snicker and the Snort, personified in the vestrymen of the Church of St. Marks in Dedham, Conn. The Reverend piety goes through one of those Broadway stage New England winters, despised and unwarded.

The matter of the unwarded makes Mr. Smith's most resonant scenes. When the wealthy New Yorker turns out at the second act, he is bitterly denounced by Dedham for starving his pastor on \$800 a year the feeling thrilled through the audience that Mr. Smith had hit another bull's eye. Indeed, when Actor Frank Monroe vociferates:

"But the Christians right here in America are the damnedest heathens of the lot,"

That better half of the audience whose noses proclaimed their Christianity's shrewdness rose on a masse and cheered. A large number of characters who only Mr. Smith could make relevant to his play are involved in the year of Dedham life which he portrays. There is a Paris niece of the Reverend who plays in very nice clothes by Edith King. Regardless of expense, there are also a nice rich boy, and his nice rich pa. And, of course, the vestrymen are Mr. Smith's meat, the very narrow of the success which doubtless will overwhelm John Golden, the lucky producer, with another inextinguishable record run.

The vestrymen run the whole gamut of funny clothes and New England accents. If you are a doubting farmer hand in Coban's "Vagabond," the quaint provincial of "Turn to the Right," or any of the deathless school of god darn comics, you cannot be disappointed by a visit to the "Longacre." They are all there.

At The Theaters. Advertisement for the play 'The Gopher Prairie' featuring Louise Dresser and Taylor Holmes. Includes photos of the actors and the play's title.

AT THE THEATERS. Advertisement for the play 'The Gopher Prairie' featuring Louise Dresser and Taylor Holmes. Includes photos of the actors and the play's title.

NEIL O'BRIEN Super Minstrels is in the second and last day of brief engagement at the Brandeis, closing tonight. The entire program has been arranged and produced under the personal supervision of Mr. O'Brien with the musical part and orchestra under the direction of E. H. DeLoach. Among favorites the company includes Jack (Smoke) Gray, Jack Weil, Pete Deitel and Joe Carroll, Bell and Annie, Gene Cobb, Gust Dantico, Fred Miller and Claude Root, Henry Maher, J. Lester Mahers, Tom Kane, Marshall, Charlie R. Wright, Tom Winton, Andrew Vait, Jimmy Johnson, Nyle Vera and William Richards.

"SMOOTH AS SILK," with Taylor Holmes in the role of "Bill" Mullane, an international safe operator, opens tomorrow night for three days, at the Brandeis theater. The same cast including Mike Deola and the other joyous brigade that played at weeks at the Cort theater in Chicago this summer are to be seen at the extension Opera House, and France theaters in New York are announced. This is a crook play that is said to have an originality and plot to recommend it, since the question is "Who did it?" as in so many crook melodramas, but "How will 'Bill' do it?" Mr. Holmes, well remembered for his "Banker's Boy" gives a role braced with philosophy and epigrams that gives him splendid opportunity to display an inimitable air that is peculiarly his own. With Mike Deola for his pal in crookery he has excellent contrast—Holmes, the talented master of cracking safes, and Deola, the cunning and crafty lawyer.

WILLARD MACK'S GREATEST MYSTERY COMEDY. Advertisement for a comedy production featuring Willard Mack's work.

WOMEN IN HERDS has something of the qualities of anything else—a play, a novel, a picture or a man—herds. They are uniform, nervous, messy and not a little bit dull. William Hurlbut's "Lilies of the Field," in the Elaw theater, is a somewhat incoherent dramatization of a feminine mob. It might be possible for a gallant critic to pardon Mr. Hurlbut the indifferent generosity with which he lavishes ladies on his cast. But it is quite impossible to forgive him the ruthless nonchalance with which he seizes on Marie Dore, most delicate of stage ladies, and literally sinks her person and her personality in waves of the laces, odors and rackets of others of her gender. It is a case of a lady lost among the ladies.

IN a gallery of smudged characterizations Alton Skisworth, as a dowager, "Lily," is the clear portrait. She is richly real and comic in her few moments. If the play deserves to live it is because of one scene in which the opulent Florette Ellwood, which she plays, reminds us about her former Philadelphia lovers and gets their names, qualities and addresses hopelessly mixed. She is gorgeously satisfied and unrepentant.

AMUSEMENTS. Advertisement for various theaters including Empress, Hamilton, and Gayer. Lists showtimes and featured acts.

Land of the Fee, Home of the Rave

(Continued From Page One.) gold deposits in this vicinity ptered out the town followed suit. We are shown the place where the first bull ring in America was built. The ring is still there, a coral of split logs.

There are no signs of the bull, although a sceptical passenger remarked the whole thing sounded like bull to him. Besieged by Boys. Arrived at the mine we a light and are besieged by small boys with boxes of "specimens" which they sell for a fee of 50 cents. These specimens are alleged to contain gold deposits. None has ever been assayed, the tourists' faith in the purveyors being so implicit that the claim is never questioned. The thrill at being able to own some real virgin gold works wonders among the travelers and for the boys.

The trip to the 1,300-foot level of the mine is made on an elevator attached to a huge steel cable. As one sinks rapidly into the dark, dank shaft of the mine one can't help but wonder should the cable break. Down in the mine one is shown just how gold is mined. One is also shown a black streak in the rock which is purported to be a gold vein.

Trip to Daylight. Expert mining engineers lecture, collect fees and tolerate the ravings of the crowd. When the electric drill starts its tattoo there is the ever-present "Oh!" chorus with more raving. The trip up to daylight is also thrilling. The mine owners, however, have done a gross injustice to the memory of Mary McKinney. Nobody explains who she was or how the

Cyphum. Advertisement for the play 'Cyphum' at the Brandeis Theater. Features Louise Dresser and Jack Gardner.

Matinee Daily, 2:15. Every Night, 8:15. Week Starting Sunday, October 16. LOUISE DRESSER and JACK GARDNER. In a Group of Songs by Juan Heves.

FLANAGAN & MORRISON. A Lesson in Golf. JEAN BARRIOS and CLAIRMONT BROS. Offers "Song Impressions". Skill, Laughs and Thrills.

ENGRAVINGS AND ILLUSTRATIONS MADE THE BEE WAY ARE MADE RIGHT. WE KNOW HOW. Advertisement for BEE ENGRAVING Co.

ENGRAVERS PHOTOGRAPHERS ARTISTS STEREOTYPERS ELECTROTYPERS. Advertisement for engraving services.

BEE ENGRAVING Co. OMAHA, U.S.A. Phone-Tyler-1000. Advertisement for BEE ENGRAVING Co.

HAMILTON Norma Talmadge in "Yes or No". Advertisement for the play 'Yes or No' at the Hamilton Theater.

mine happens to bear her name. The trip into Cripple Creek is uneventful. We pass through fields of gold mines in action. Cripple Creek is shorn of the glory of its brighter days, when murder was common and one could sit in any kind of a game from draw to fan tan. On the side of the street and a goodly share of the other are lined with empty buildings, a mute testimony of what used to be.

Sickening Thud. One walks expectantly as though at any moment the air might be punctured with the sharp staccato of six-shooter shots, to be followed by the sickening thud of a body falling lifelessly on the sidewalk. In Cripple Creek there are no more dead bodies hanging from the trees or lamp posts. A few "dead ones" sit in the doorways, while others, like ghosts, in the dark interiors of the curio shops move back and forth silently as they try to sell souvenirs to the tourists.

The tourists make haste to the nearest restaurant where for a fee of 75 cents one eats boiled potatoes, beef, corn and ice cream. The gold, so we are told, is almost gone from this vicinity. High wages have played an important part in the depopulation of the once thriving community. Wages and freight rates become so high the ore is not valuable enough to mine and there it lies. But Cripple Creek can eke out an existence for some time from tourists.

Start With a Fee. Pike's Peak at dawn, the cog road, the incline at Manitou, "the steepest in the world," where a college youth spins defensible yarns on the trip upward. He makes enough off his summer fees to pay his way through school in the winter. The train ascends at a slow rate and the grade is uncomfortable to those who are used to the plains. On top there is a "fleet" of burros

to ride and places of interest to visit. All that is needed to start something is a fee. Then there are the Cave of the Winds, Garden of the Gods and its quaint Hidden Inn, where a red-haired girl speaks very confidentially to the tourists relative to souvenirs, and whose tones usually get a rise out of the female companion of the male.

Among the very few "free" things in this vicinity is a portion of the Garden of the Gods which a public-spirited citizen recently willed to the city of Colorado Springs to belong to the city as long as it remained free to the tourists and public. When one is surfeited with raving and feeling one moves on to other pastures where the palms are out in glad welcome. In all parts of the country frequented by tourists and sight-seers a stranger can be spotted quicker by a native than measles can spot a school boy.

But, bless your heart, the west is not the only land of the ice and the home of the rave. The east takes it away from you just as quickly and efficiently as the west. Ask anybody who has visited Niagara Falls and kindred spots where honeymooners sojourn during their preening days. Just as Itching. While the west takes it from you with a genial western "howdy, stranger," the east holds out an effete palm, not quite so horny as his western brother's, but just as itching.

Then take the southerner. He can not be excluded from his place in the land of the fee and the home of the rave. This is demonstrated each winter at Palm Beach and other resorts. In the summer tourists can buy pieces of wood on Lookout moun-

tain which contain "bullets" alleged to have been fired during the "Battle Above the Clouds." It has been charged that boys and men are kept busy in the "off" season firing rifle bullets into the trees so they may be sold as souvenirs during the vacation season. On Lookout mountain one sits in the chairs used by famous generals in campaigns in and around Chattanooga during the Civil war. Men buy canes and pipes made of laurel. There are various sight-seeing trips; the battlefield of Chickamauga, national cemetery and others and the fee and the rave go hand in hand. Mammoth cave in Kentucky, is another mecca for ravers.

It is just as natural for Americans to pay their fee and then let out a rave as it is for them to eat beef in the west, grits in the south and beans in the east.

GIPSY SMITH Auditorium. Oct. 16th to Nov. 13th. Don't fail to hear this noted Evangelist.

Dick De Ford and His Famous Lincoln Orchestra. Will Play at Kelpine's. Sunday, October 16th. Admission 50c—Refreshments Free.

AMUSEMENTS. BRANDIS THEATRE TODAY. Oscar F. Hodges, Presents. NELO O'BRIEN SUPER-MINSTRELS. EVERYTHING NEW THIS SEASON. POPULAR PRICES—Matinee 50c-75c and \$1.00—Tonight 50c-\$1.00 and \$1.50.

3 DAYS October 17-18-19. STARTING TOMORROW. TAYLOR HOLMES SMOOTH AS SILK. WILLARD MACK'S GREATEST MYSTERY COMEDY. ORIGINAL COMPANY INTACT 6 MONTHS N.Y. DIRECT FROM 16 WEEKS CORT THEATRE CHICAGO.

Mr. Holmes will Give a Special Kipling Recital After the Wednesday Matinee. Prices—Evenings—Orchestra \$2, Balcony 75c-\$1 and \$1.50, Second Balcony 50c. Popular Matinee Wednesday—Orchestra \$1.00, Balcony 50c and 75c.

THURSDAY OCTOBER 20th, 8:15 P.M. LEOPOLD GODOWSKY Pianist in Concert. PRICES—Orchestra \$2.00, Balcony \$1.00 and \$1.50, Second Balcony 50c. WEDNESDAY-THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26 and 27. SAM H. HARRIS, Presents. THE COMEDY KNOCKOUT OF THE SEASON. Grant Mitchell (Of "A Tailor-Made Man" Fame) In a New Comedy "THE CHAMPION". Original Company and Production Direct from Cort Theatre, Chicago. Mail Orders Now. Seats Next Wednesday 10 A. M.