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 tion would be that we are more claslic in our taste. The reverse is true. We are quiite unclastic. 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 introduc-tion of "Baby, and "Blue," songs into the scores of Viennese operettas 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. 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 provoking come amazed comment. "How naive are our American friends," says one French critic, baffled by the mar-velous innocence of Hartley Man-rers' heroine, "that they can find so much joy in this childlike amuse-Judging us by our exported plays, the Frenchman judges us cal-low and uncouth. The clear-eyed virgin, of course, does not interest the French mind as exclusively as it

Returning lately to Broadway

with a mind somewhat warped, no coubt by contact with debasing foreign influences, I have found a percentage of truth in the foreign estimate of us. It may be the corrupt influence of Paris, but I have to ad-mit that Winchell Smith's "Thank You," for instance-the blushing new success of the Longacre theaterseems terribly, almost indecently pure. I venture-and you must perdon 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 glamorous, un-defiled decency of all the adults in Mr. Smith's play. I have always hought the fig-leaf a 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 bet-

The final curtain of "Thank You," his 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 its five minutes of thought for mother, grandmother and Harold In "Thank You," Mr. Smith dis-

cussed the problems of picty in the modern life. Piety, in the person of the Rev. David Lee, hero of Mr. Smith's homelitic, is outrageously mistreated by the Sneer, Snicker and the Snort, personified in the vestrymen of the Church of St. Marks in Dedham, Conn. The Reverend's fall with the problem of how this picty goes through one of those unpoised world is to contain both Broadway stage New England winters, despised and unrewarded.

"But the Christians right here in

America are the damnedest heathens McKay Morris, the doctor, works

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 inexplicable record run.

Women in herds have something of the qualities of anything else—cows, elephants, gnus or men—in herds. They are uniform, nervous, messy and not a little bit dull. William Hurlbut's "Lilies of the Field," in the Flaw theater, is a somewhat The vestrymen run the whole ga-

if possible, the meaning of her desperate cry: "I'm going some place that's fit to live in."

ther indignaties of the fine play that Harvey O'Higgins and Harriet light dialogue.

Ford have made therefrom, knows In the morganatic Maisie's apartited to a second control of the morganatic maisie's apartited to a second control of the morganatic maisie's apartited to a second control of the morganatic maisie's apartited to a second control of the morganatic maisie's apartited to a second control of the morganatic maisie's apartited to a second control of the morganatic maisie's apartited to a second control of the morganatic maisie's apartited to a second control of the morganatic maisie's and the morganatic maisie's action of the morganatic maisies and the morganatic maisies are action of the morganatic maisies and the morganatic maisies are action of the morganatic maisies and the morganatic maisies are action of the morganatic maisies are action of the morganatic maisies and the morganatic maisies are action of the morganatic maisies and the morganatic maisies are action of the morganatic maisies and the morganatic maisies are action of the morganatic maisies and the morganatic maisies are action of the morganatic maisies and the morganatic maisies are action of the morganatic maisies are action of the morganatic maisies and the morganatic maisies are action of the morganatic maisies and the morganatic maisies are action of the morganatic maisies and the morganatic maisies are action of the morganatic maisies and the morganatic maisies are action of the morganatic maisies are a Ford have made therefrom, knows itself as a remarkably fine place to ment of the first act we had a surflive in, with running water and seven feit of this light and wordy dialogue. live in, with running water and seven miles of cement sidewalk. It has not the gift's gic'n it to see itself as poor, aspiring Carol saw it. I have not read the Sinclair Lewis novel. If I am to judge by the axiom that good novels make bad plays, the novel must be pretty bad. For the play is very, very good, with one scene in its well planned succession of good scenes so perfect that your waning faith that words and acting are, after all, miracles is instantly revived.

feit of this light and wordy dialogue. Aphorisms on the pecuniary relations of the unmarital tumbled over good sach that for the same of the unmarital tumbled over and had none of that gross and satisfying solidity of vulgarity which so freshened the "Gold Diggers."

To Miss Doro falls the ungrateful task of being earnest and troubled among the band of untroubled unfortunates. She it is who must bear the burden of morality, while others trip lightly among their vices.

In a gallery of smudged charac-



bittered mind. The doctor's ideals are good sleep and good breakfasts. the ridiculous accompaniment of the nightly tooth brush and wool pajamas, the clash of the two ideals develops-to the point where the exasperated Carol accuses her patient spouse of the mental cowardices which are the town vice.

Then the telephone bell rings. The doctor is called out into a blizzard to make his way over a washed-out road to the scene of an accident and takes his task with the heroic stoicism which, we are told, is the common quality of all country doctors. The wife accepts this answer to her charge of cowardice, acknowledges her libel and scurries to make hot The scene has that final perfec-

tion of good theater writing, it is fair. You know the woman is right, but you also know that the man is not wrong. Out of it there develops logically and swiftly the final acts. There can be none but a tragic so-lution to Carol's dilemma in "Main Street."

Having failed to see the last act, happy ending. I can only hope there

I hope that there was no ending; the very best and the very worst plays have no endings. The last curtain of "Main Street" must inevitably poets and brokers without accident is still unsolved, and it' must give The matter of the unreward makes Mr. Smith's most resonant scenes. When the wealthy New Yorker turns up at the end of the second act and bitterily denounces Dedham for the acting its poster or \$200.

The acting is worthy the piece. Alma Tell, who always concealed starving its pastor on \$800 a year the Alma Tell, who always concealed feeling thrilled through the audience about her an indication that she was that Mr. Smith had hit another bull's about to become an acting person-eye. Indeed, when Actor Frank Monroe vociferated:

about to become an acting person-age, reveals the personage in sever-al moments of breath-taking

America are the damnedest heathens of the lot,"—

That better half of the audience whose noses proclaimed them Christianity's shrewdest critics rose en masse and cheered. A large number of characters whom only Mr. Smith could make relevant to his play are involved in the year of Dedham life twhich he portrage. There is a Paris ed that impulse—it must have been which he portrays. There is a Paris ed that impulse—it must have been niece of the Reverend who is played in very nice elothes by Edith King. Regardless of expense, there are also a stage full of hick comics.

in the Elaw theater, is a somewhat mut of funny clothes and New Eng-land accents. If you appreciate the farm hand in Cohan's "Vagabond," the quaint provincials of "Turn to the Right," or any of the deathless school of gol darn comics, you can-not be disappointed by a visit to the "Longacre." They are all there. When I left the National theatet on Wednesday night—and I hated to leave—Carol Kennicott, with her modish hat askew over tearful eyes, was leaving Gopher Prairie to solve if possible, the manning of her decrease of a lady lost among the ledge.

We learn, if we believe Mr. Hurl-but, that what goes on in one mor-"The Gopher Prairie," which was first labeled in Sinclair Lewis' "Main Street," and must now suffer the further indignatics of the fine play by ganatic apartment is very much like what goes on in another, that the ladies of clubmen's leisures are equality given to listlessness, lip sticks and

It is the crux of the play, this one scene, and may as well be told at once. Will Kennicott, the young doctor of Gopher Prairie, as ordinary neighbor-loving, town-boasting mortal as you and me, and his wife, Carol, a sensitive dreamer, are undressing and quarreling. The snubbing of her ideals which the young wife has suffered from unsympathetic Gopher Prairie Is turning into doubt of her husband in Carol's empentant.

dancing quartet of Scanlon, Denne brothers and Scanlon. At least the audience supposes her to be a woman; but she turns out to be a men, and a very clever impersonator. Jean Barrios offers "Song Impressions," to be introduced in this city for the first time. Skill, laughs and thrills are combined in the revolving ladder performances of the Clairmont brothers. Again the cartoon comfe, Aesop's Fabels, will be a screen feature. Topics of the Day and the Pathe Weekly will be other film offerings. NEIL O'BRIEN Super Minatrels is in the second and last day of its brief engagement at the Brandels, 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 J. H. Def Vecho. Among favorites the company includes Jack (Smoke) Grav. Jack Weir. Pete Detzel and Joe Carroll, Hell and Arliss, Gene Cobb, Nat Dantale, Fred Miller and Cloude Root, Henry Maher. J. Lester Habercorn, Tom Kane, Wally B. Meraercau, George Shone, Dan Marshall, Charles R. Wright, Tom Wigsins, Andrew White, Jimmy Johnson, Nyle Verne and William Richards.

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66S MOOTH AS SILK," with Taylor Helmes in the star role of "Silk" opener, opens tomorrow night for three days, at the Brandels theater. The same cast including "Mike Donlin and the other loyous brigands that played 16 weeks at the Cort theater in Chleago this summer and previous to that at the Lexington Opera House, and Frazes theaters in New York are announced. This is a crook play that is said to have an originality or plot to recommend it, since the question is not "Who did it?" as in so many crook melodramus, but "How will 'Silk' do it?"

Mr. Holmes, well remembered for his Bunker Hean." is given a role heaped with philosophy and epigrams that gives him aplendid opportunity to display gan inimitable air that is peculiarly his own. With Mike Donlin for his pal in crookery he has excellent contrast—Holmes, the taisusted master of cracking safes, and Donlin, the none-too-prilliant lawbreaker. Willard Mack, author of "Kick In" and a ther melodramus is responsible for "Smooth as Silk" Types which H.

which Mr. Mitchell starred for two seasons. The cast numbers 21 and includes Arthur Elliott, Frank Westerton, Gerald Hamer, Gordon Burby, Robert Williamson, Robert Lee Allen, Harold Howard, Horace Cooper, Robert Ayrton, Henry Warwick, A. P. Kaye, Tom Williams, Clara Verdera, Desiree Stempel, Phyllis Tillman and Adria Hill. Donlin, the none-too-brilliant lawbreaker. Willard Mack, author of "Kick In" and other melodramas is responsible for "Smooth as Silk." Types which H. M. Frasec, the producer, has carrefully selected, include Shiriey Warde, Jane Marbury, Joseph Sweeney, said to be the best villatt in show business; Ben Roberts, George Lyman. Elenor Kennedy, Royai C. Stout, John G. Sparks and Don Merrifield.

In his latest and most successful offering, Joe Howard comes to the Orpheum next week as the stellar attraction. Ed Janis, with his clever associates, are to present music, songs and clever dancing. William L. Gibson and Regina Connelli are te appear in Aaron Hoffman's new comedy, "The Honeymoon." The third special feature will be Nat Nazarro, with Buck and Bibbles in what he calls "a variety of varieties." The bill is rounded out by three other select Orpheum acts.

Land of the Fee, Home of the Rave

(Continued From Page One.) gold deposits in this vicinity petered

We are shown the place where the first bull ring in America was built.

The ring is still there, a coral of the lings, a mute testimony of the lings, a mute testimony of the lings. The ring is still there, a coral of to be. split logs.

There are no signs of the bull, al-There are no signs of the bull, al-though a sceptical passenger re-marked the whole thing sounded like punctured with the sharp staccato

Besieged by Boys. Arrived at the mine we alight and are besieged by small boys with boxes of "specimens" which they sell for a fee of 50 cents. These speci-

mens 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

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

Trip to Daylight.

Expert mining engineers lecture, collect fees and tolerate the ravings drill starts its tattoo there is the ever-present "Oh!" chorus with more raving.

The mine owners, however, have

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nine happens to bear her name. The trip into Cripple Creek is visit. All that is needed to start uneventful. We pass through fields something is a fee.

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 the sit of the

Sickening Thud.

of six-shooter shots, to be followed by the sickening thud of a body fall-ing 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, had been some and the nearest restaurant to the near the near

The trip to the 1,300-foot level of the mine is made on an elevator atthe mine is made on an elevator atmost gone from this vicinity. High tached to a huge steel cable. As one most gone from this vicinity. High wages have played an important sider with a shudder what would happen should the cable break.

The gold, so we are told, if a just as quickly and efficiently as the west. Ask anybody who has visited Niagara Falls and kindred spots where honeymooners so journ during their prenesting days. ore is not valuable enough to mine and there it lies.

But Cripple Creek can eke out an existence for some time from tour-

Then back to the Springs. Start With a Fee.

lege youth spins delectable yarns on

The train ascends at a slow rate done a gross injustice to the mem- and the grade is uncomfortable to ory of Mary McKinney. Nobody ex- those who are used to the plains. plains who she was or how the! On top there is a "fleet" of burros

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

Among the very few "free" things in this vicinity is a portion of the Garden of the Gods which a publicspirited citizen recently willed to the city of Colorado Springs to be-long to the city as long as it re-mained free to the tourists and public.

When one is surfeited with raving and feeing one moves on to other pastures where the palms are out in In all parts of the country fre-

a stranger can be spotted quicker by a native than measles can spot a

quented by tourists and sight-seers

The east takes it away from you just as quickly and efficiently as the

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 itch-

Then take the southerner. He can of the crowd. When the electric road, the incline at Manitou, "the drill starts its tattoo there is the steepest in the world," where a colof the brave. of the brave. This is demonstrated each winter

The trip up to daylight is also off his summer fees to pay his way through school in the winter.

the trip upward. He makes enough at Palm Beach and other resorts. In the summer tourists can buy through school in the winter. In the summer tourists can buy pieces of wood on Lookout moun-

to ride and places of interest to 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 sightseeing trips;

the battlefield of Chickamauga, nafee 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 in the west, grits in the south and beans in the east.

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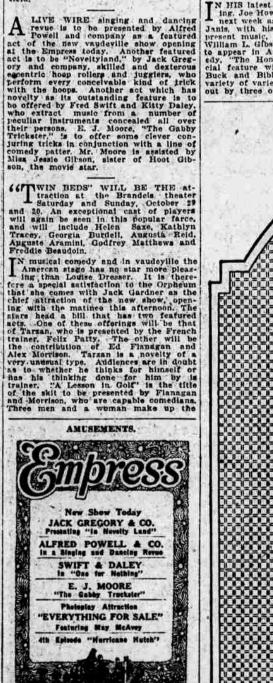
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