

THEATRE

Bert Leigh and Hazel Burgess, so well remembered for their splendid performances in "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," and "The Little Millionaire," are announced as coming to the Academy of Music on Saturday, November 18, giving a matinee and night performance, and presenting the latest New York success, "The Girl Who Smiles."

The first and also the third acts are laid in the country home of Paul Fabre, not far from Paris. Fabre, who is a widower, has only two children, a gay son, Paul, and his daughter Marie, who longs to see the world. Dechanelle, the artist, returns a brooch Marie has lost and she likes him well enough to spurn the suit of the silly chap who is her father's choice. Marie, with Pauline Legarde, her maid, goes to Paris to see more of life than can be found behind the high gates of her father's residence. "Call a motor," she says to the maid. Would that every one could motor out into the world instead of trudging along on foot.

The second act is laid in a garret of the Latin Quarter, where the aforementioned artist and composer, and Rudolf Tapine, a sculptor, live. Dechanelle paints Marie's portrait. Marie pays 1,000 francs for one of his paintings, purchased through the landlord to pay the rent and other things. The landlord gets tipsy and reveals her secret, with the result that the artist reproaches her. But they sing again, "Teach Me To Smile," a sweet, about-to-be-whistled, everywhere waltz duet, which they had sung in the first act. She discovers she loves him and her father is wreathed in smiles. Her ogre-like father appears and, of course, she clings to her artist lover and refuses to return to the House of Gloom. Finally a reconciliation takes place and

all is well with "The Girl Who Smiles."

"NOBODY HOME." If you want to laugh, sing, dance and have your blood tingle with joy and happiness, the place to go is the Academy of Music on Wednesday, November 22, where John P. Slocum brings to this city for the first time the season's great musical comedy success, "Nobody Home." This smart piece has struck a new note in musical comedy and gives us hope for big things along those lines that will be welcome. The book is the collaboration of Guy Bolton and Paul Rubens and the music is by Jerome Kern. All three have succeeded in creating novelty and as a consequence, their production is an immense success. It stayed almost an entire season last year at the Princess and Maxine Elliott theatres.

"Nobody Home" is one of those properties that could be played with or without music and still score a hit. The story is there and can be traced to the end of the play. It relates how an apparently unsophisticated Englishman, Freddy Popple, comes over to this country to visit his Americanized brother and gets into a peck of trouble by taking up an actress who is out of town. The situation creates all manner of complications of a dramatic and farcical nature, which, however, are all cleared up by "Freddy," who turns out to be very much of a man after all, and quite equal to the occasion. A host of interesting characters are used to provide one of the best stories ever used in connection with musical comedy.

The dancing numbers are said to be the very last word in terpsichorean effect and the songs are a dream of harmony and syncopated dash. The most whistleable numbers are "Bed, Wonderful Bed," "Any Old Night," "In Arcady," "You Can't Take a Sandwich to a Banquet," "Another Little Girl," and "The Magic Melody." Mr. Slocum has provided a truly remarkable cast, including Charles McNaughton, who created the leading comedy role in the English production, the vivacious Frisco DeVere, the very spirit of musical com-

'SEND 'EM TO ME IF THEY WANT TO LEARN ABOUT IT'

Declares Wilmington Man Whose Weight Jumped From 112 to 121 Pounds in Two Weeks After He Started on Tanlac.

"Tanlac is the finest medicine I know of, and in two weeks' time it has restored my health and increased my weight from 112 to 121 pounds. If anybody who suffers wants to know more about Tanlac from me, just send them to me and I will tell them all about it." The speaker was E. F. Southerland, of 114 Grace street, this city.

Mr. Southerland, at present, is engaged in construction work for the Norfolk-Southern Railroad, and good health and strength is a necessity with him. He said: "I had suffered from kidney ills for some time. Dull, aching pains attacked me in my back, and it was sore through my whole body and, at times, would be slightly swollen. I was in a weak, run-down condition and lacked energy. My appetite was nothing to speak of and the little I did eat failed to do me any good. I was losing right along in weight and strength, but managed to keep up. Too, my liver was sluggish.

"Since taking this Tanlac, however, I have an appetite for everything. My kidneys are normal and I don't suffer from pains. I am much stronger and feel so much better in every way. Why, I can enjoy the use of tobacco again. "Tanlac has done more for me than any medicine I have taken, that's why I recommend it," he ended, enthusiastically.

Tanlac is sold in Wilmington only at the Bellamy Drug Store; Acme, Acme Store Co.; Burgaw, C. L. Halstead; Southport, Watson's Pharmacy; Rocky Point, A. N. Rhodes & Co.; Supply, G. W. Kirby; New Bern, Bradham Drug Co.; Magnolia, W. L. Southall; Faison, Faison Drug Co.; Pembroke, G. W. Locklear; Snow Hill, J. T. H. Harper; Vineland, R. B. McRoy & Co.; Whiteville, J. A. McNeill & Son; Verona, G. W. Humphrey. Each town has its Tanlac dealer.—Advt.

edy; William Blaisdell, Edna Temple, Roy Torrey, Helen Jost, John Paulton, Lew Christy, Marion Langdon, Rance Carrington and a host of the prettiest singing and dancing girls to be found in America. A special feature of the performance is the dancing of Heas & Bennett, who created nothing less than a sensation in New York the past season. The musical score will be interpreted by a special orchestra, which will have several instruments seldom heard outside of the larger cities.

VICTORIA'S NEW SHOW.

It is seldom that a theatre can boast of picking two such winners as last week's attraction at the Victoria. Two weeks in succession, but the Victoria management believes that it has done so in presenting for the week Mack's Progressive Girls, who have just completed one of the biggest weeks in Raleigh, N. C.

Mack's Progressive Girls is an all-star musical comedy aggregation, presenting a new repertoire of bright and spicy musical comedy plays, and will appeal to the very highest class of patronage. Of long experience in musical comedy work, every member of the organization is a finished star in their own respective line, and will no doubt make new attendance records at the Victoria during the coming week.

Mack's Progressive Girls is known far and wide as the big song show, presenting more late song hits than any show on the road, and with a nifty singing and dancing chorus, really funny comedy artists and some of the prettiest and niftiest costumes ever seen here.

For tonight ladies will be admitted free when accompanied by the holder of a 30-cent ticket, and the crowds will no doubt assume capacity proportions.

"A FOOL'S PARADISE"—ROYAL. Tuesdays of recent weeks have been special events at the Royal, and on these days the management is booking "open," selecting the very biggest features on the entire film market.

For tomorrow another epoch-making production has been booked, an Ivan production in six massive reels, "A Fool's Paradise," written and directed by Ivan Abramson, and starring those emotional artists, Paula Shay, Joseph Burke, Jack J. Clarke, Christine Mayo and James Cooley, one of the greatest casts ever assembled.

To use the words of the author: "However stubborn a fool may be, let us teach him his faults to see; For fools may live and yet not learn; They know not folly's path to turn." Therefore "A Fool's Paradise" is the master stroke of genius in presenting on the screen a tremendous problem drama, one that cannot help but have a strong appeal to every one in any audience who has a pulsating heart.

"an earthly paradise." The completeness with which this prediction is reversed is a strong feature of this tremendous story. It is a screen drama of surpassing power, directed and written by a genius, and every patron of the Royal should see it tomorrow.

CALENDAR OF SPORTS FOR THE WEEK

Monday. Close of Autumn meeting of Maryland Jockey Club, at Pimlico, Md. Annual meet of West Virginia Fox Hunters' Association opens at Big Swell Mountain, W. Va.

Arizona State trap-shooting tournament opens at Phoenix. Joe Haley vs. Johnny Ritchie, 10 rounds, at Cincinnati. Sailor Carroll vs. Kid Marlow, 20 rounds, at Victor, Colo.

Tuesday. Opening of Autumn meeting of the Southern Maryland Jockey Club, at Bowie, Md.

Annual meeting of National Association of Professional Baseball Clubs, at New Orleans. Jack Britton vs. Ted Lewis, 12 rounds, at Boston.

Joe Rivers vs. Joe Thomas, 20 rounds, at New Orleans. Bob Moha vs. Billy Miske, 10 rounds at New York.

Roger O'Malley vs. Bobby Grant, 10 rounds, at Barberton, Ohio.

Wednesday. Meeting at Chicago to organize American Automobile Speedway Association. Benny Leonard vs. Johnny Dundee, 6 rounds at Philadelphia.

Joe Borrell vs. Butch O'Hagan, 15 rounds, at Marleville, R. I. Eddie Wallace vs. Matt Brock, 10 rounds, at Detroit.

Thursday. Annual automobile race for the Vanderbilt Cup, at Santa Monica, Cal. Battling Levinsky vs. Carl Morris, 15 rounds, at Kansas City.

Friday. Annual tournament of Midwest Bowling Association opens at St. Louis.

Michigan Intercollegiate cross-country championship at East Lansing. Saturday. International Grand Prizes Automobile race, at Santa Monica, Cal.

New England intercollegiate cross-country championships, at Boston. Annual show of Boston Terrier Club of New York, at New York City.

Southern A. A. U. cross-country championships, at Easton, Pa. Football—Yale vs. Princeton, at Princeton.

Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge. Cornell vs. Massachusetts Aggies, at Ithaca.

Syracuse vs. Colgate, at Syracuse. Army vs. Springfield, at West Point. Navy vs. Villanova, at Annapolis. Pennsylvania vs. Michigan, at Ann Arbor.

Indiana vs. Florida, at Bloomington. Northwestern vs. Purdue, at Evans-ton.

Illinois vs. Chicago, at Urbana. Iowa vs. Iowa State, at Ames. Minnesota vs. Wisconsin, at Minneapolis.

Kansas vs. Nebraska, at Lawrence. Vanderbilt vs. Auburn, at Birmingham. Georgia vs. Georgia Techs, at Athens. Alabama vs. Tulane, at New Orleans. Sewanee vs. Tennessee, at Chattanooga.

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is completely washed out of the system by the celebrated S. Ivar Mineral Water. Positively guaranteed by money-back offer. Tastes fine; costs a trifle. Delivered anywhere by our Wilmington Agents, Elvington's Pharmacy, Cor. 2nd and Princess Streets.

ROYAL

TOMORROW

Ivan Film Productions Present

THE EXQUISITE EMOTIONAL ARTISTE.

PAULA SHAY

With James Cooley, Christine Mayo, Joseph Burke, and Jack J. Clarke, in

"A FOOL'S PARADISE"

THE SIX REEL PROBLEM SCREEN DRAMA

One of the Notable Screen Epics of The Year.

VICTORIA

ALL THIS WEEK:

Mack's Progressive Girls

An All-Star Musical Comedy Company.

A Gigantic Song Hit Show

A Great Singing and Dancing Chorus.

Niftiest Costumes yet! Presenting All New Musical Comedy Hits.

Ladies Free Tonight

Under the Usual Conditions.



ANITA STEWART SAYS -

THE GLORY OF PIONEERING "Billow prairies spreading afar, Vanishing hills where all my loved ones are. Shall I return while 'tis day, Or shall I enter upon the unknown way."

This song of the pioneers must have helped them greatly when they were dubious whether to continue on their hard way or return home to loved ones.

Three cheers for the brave men who sacrificed homes and loved ones, journeying into the far wastes for civilization's sake. When we celebrate the birthdays of the great men of our country let us not forget the unknown heroes who died alone and unknown on the great plains in order that civilization might extend into the far West.

While both Washington, "The Father of His Country," and Lincoln, "The Savior of His Country," deserve unlimited glory, neither of them had hardships surpassing those which may pioneer endured in their struggles on the great wastes.

Were it not for the pioneers who braved the dangers of the wild, traveling on horseback and in prairie wagons, riding far into the night and camping by some forest's edge until early morning when they might again continue their hard journey, the great western cities would be wild plains. They would be for us no wonderful Yellowstone Park or Sunny California. The United States would extend half way across the continent only as far as the great mountains which we love so well now we have conquered them.

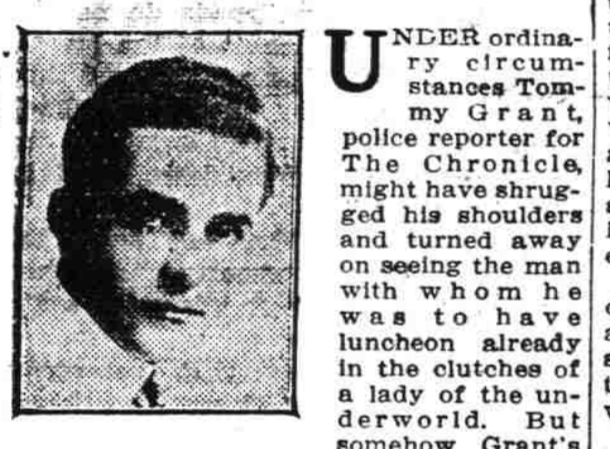
Hats off, we cry, to the brave men who performed the daring feats which have made all this possible. We envy the honor given every man or woman who has done anything for the betterment of our wonderful land. No play can be taken from them, while we, enjoying their achievements, are disappointed that we can not show our mettle like them.

But cheer up. We can be pioneers in a different sort of way—in studies and research and social betterment. So there lies some glory for us too, without the hardships, perhaps, but with the same opportunity to win the admiration of posterity.

THE MAN FROM YUKON

An Adventure of Grant, Police Reporter By Robert Welles Ritchie Story by Redfield Ingalls

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UNDER ordinary circumstances Tommy Grant, police reporter for The Chronicle, might have shrugged his shoulders and turned away on seeing the man with whom he was to have luncheon already in the clutches of a lady of the underworld. But somehow Grant's heart had warmed at once to the big, simple-hearted Swede.

His meeting that morning had been ludicrous enough. The reporter had been walking up Broadway in search of a story when he had seen some one hang out a freshly laundered shirt to dry on a flagpole outside a window in the particularly elite Hotel Croesus. Scouting some feature story, he had promptly obtained an interview with "Porcupine Peterson, Yukon," who had insisted on being shown the sights on his own plethoric bank-roll. So the appointment had been arranged for the afternoon.

Tommy had returned to the Croesus at the hour agreed on, only to find Porcupine gazing with soulful bashfulness into the eyes of a smartly dressed and pretty young woman whom the reporter recognized at once as "Helen the Mouse," since her portrait graced the Rogue's Gallery at Headquarters.

"Get!" thought Tommy as he watched them from the café door. "The poor fellow won't have car-fare in the morning if her gang once gets holds of him. And he'll probably knock my block off if I try to put him wise."

Nevertheless, when Helen the Mouse excused herself just then and swayed languorously out into the lobby, the reporter seized the opportunity. But Porcupine was highly indignant. "She bane a perfect lady!" he declared vehemently. "I bane sorry to disappoint you, but ve skoll have our good time tomorrow. She bane show me how to vin on de horse-bus, and then I have a even bigger 'poke' for tomorrow." Grant expostulated, but Porcupine only got angrier. So when Helen returned a moment later he turned away with a shrug of disgust.

The young reporter started after them, then hesitated. Cadogan and his detectives would be on the ground in very few minutes, and since Grant had given the number of the "pool-room," they would undoubtedly raid that. Meanwhile he would become of the "telegrapher," and what exactly signified the brass pipe, like the pneumatic chutes in department stores, that was on the far walls of the latter's room? The man ought to be looked after.

To think with Tommy Grant was, in a crisis, to act. He went quietly to the door and tried it. It was open. He slipped inside, and without bothering about ethics, tackled the "telegrapher," whose back was turned, without warning. "The man uttered an oath, and a moment later the reporter had cause to congratulate himself on his action, for he whipped out a small, but wicked, automatic pistol, and was evidently fully prepared to use it.

Thereat Tommy dropped all finesse, shifted the half-Nelson he had secured for a jiu-jitsu arm-hold, and was just going to fracture the arm when the automatic clattered to the floor and the man yielded, half fainting. Breathing heavily, for it had been a lively tussle, the reporter secured the weapon, and a moment later had trussed up the sweating, evil-smelling crook with some handy twine and a length of gas-hose, binding him to a chair.

Then he dropped the pistol into his pocket and went to the window. Below, where stories down Cadogan and his men were just turning into the street, the chief of detectives looked up, and Grant waved his hand. They would go straight up to the fake pool-room on the fourth floor, and it was up to Grant to be there to keep Porcupine from getting arrested.

He was just turning to the door when a thud from the direction of the brass tube arrested his attention. He went at once to investigate, opened a panel and took out a short brass cylinder with buffers at each end. And this contained—Porcupine's "poke," the fat leather wallet still stuffed full of big bills! Grant whistled.

"And now if you'll kindly pass that over here—" said a soft voice behind him. The reporter started and turned, to face Helen the Mouse and a very business-like revolver.

"Come on," she said impatiently, and after a look at her eyes he obeyed. It was that or death.

The young woman backed out of the room, calmly ignoring the pines and threats of the bound "telegrapher," and locked the door behind her. At the same moment Grant heard feet pounding down the stairs and Porcupine's excited voice crying, "Das yolt, bane plinched!"

"Quick, the elevator!" Grant heard. Helen responded. He attacked the door, but it was securely locked, and he sprang to the window.

A ledge ran along the face of the building, and Grant stepped out on it without hesitation and made his way, hugging the wall, to the next window, which led into the hallway. It was open, and the reporter sprang inside just in time to be too late—the elevator was disappearing below the floor level.

"What's the matter?" cried Cadogan, half way down the stairs. "They're making a get-away," snapped Grant, looking wildly around. A reel of heavy fire-hose hung beside the window, and the reporter leaped for it with a shout of joy. "Here, brake this for me, and we'll beat them to it!" Cadogan cried out in horror as Grant seized the nozzle and got out of the window, but was too late to stop him. Grant took a firm grip of the nozzle with the hose trailing behind him, and dropped. He shot down with sickening velocity, the reel squealing above, and landed safely on the sidewalk just in time to halt with the automatic Porcupine. Felen, another lieutenant as they hurried out of the front door.

A few minutes later he was phoning his friend, Cadogan, chief of detectives. "Yep, regular old-fashioned wire-tapping swindle," he said swiftly. "Fake pool-room and fake telegrapher in a room underneath. Telegrammer is supposed to get the dope on the races a little in advance of the pool-room, so the come-on can have time to rush up-stairs and bet on a horse that's already won. Get me? There's some other monkey-business that I'm not wise to yet—I got this doing a little quiet burgling. They're going to pull it off right away, landed the sucker and everything. Yep, Helen the Mouse and her crowd. Can you come over and bring a few dicker? Fine! S'lone."

Grant had phoned from a booth in the hall-way of a small office building on a side street not far from the Croesus. He now ran quietly up-stairs again, the elevator boy was unquestionably "in" with the gang. He found a window-cleaner's ladder and used it to reconnoiter through the transom of the telegrapher's room. That gentleman was evidently just getting the "returns" on a "race," while Porcupine and Helen watched him eagerly. The big Swede had already "won" on an earlier race as Grant knew. And he smiled. Helen and her victim turned towards the door, and Grant slipped from the ladder and out of sight down the stairway just in time to escape detection. The door opened and the two hurried up-stairs towards the "pool-room."



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"Baltic" Overcoats—Close-fitting or loose-draping, which give you an overflowing money's worth in Manhattan-bred style and long-wearing fabrics \$15.00 and \$25.00

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