

THE ASHEVILLE GAZETTE-NEWS

Tuesday, January 6, 1914.



of most dealers-for 85 cents Each box contains twenty 5 cent packages.





COMING ATTRACTIONS. TOMORROW Matinee and Night 'Officer 666.'

"Officer 666,"

cess

That the tastes of the large army of amusement seekers in America are saning more and more toward plays

nearly every firm of theatrical producers. The public want to be amused rather than instructed, is the way they figure the situation, and the present season would seem to bear out this assertion. Take the hits of the New York stage during the past season. Ninety per cent of them were musical farces, comedy dramas, straight farces or musical plays, all constructed with the one idea-to create laughter.

"If you have a play that has good comedy lines and situations that say to would-be authors, "let us read it. If it contains bright lines-if it has speed and action-if it is clean. In short, if it has a punch in it we will



WEDNESDAY, JAN. 7. The Funniest Farce Ever Written

Officer 666

By AUSTIN MACHUGH New York and Chicago's Sensational Hit PRICES: Matinee 1.00, 75, 50. EATS ON SALE AT ALLISON'S-

first problems that Geo. M. Cohan produce it for you. In "Officer 666", which will be pre- seeks to solve when he has a play idea ented here at the Auditorium tomor- is an attractive title, and few men in row, matinee and night, is found a this branch of human endeavor have faree that contains all these desirable been more successful in their selecattriubtes. It was written by Augustin tions than has this famous young auattriubtes. It was written by Augustin tions than has this famous young au-MacHugh, an author heretofore un-thor. The matinee prices are 50 cents, large chintz covered chair, and in this the state of \$500 erature, guite apart from its sacred to barber shops and hair dressing parknown to fame as a playwright. That, 75 cents and \$1. The night prices run chair was the dead body of a white however, need not count against Mr. from 50 cents to \$1.50. Tickets for MacHugh. A man need not be the both performances are now selling at

author of a long string of hits to be Allison's. able to produce one more. It's the "Fred, dear, 1 feel it in my bones first one that counts. After that he may add to his string as fast as he is ableto turn them out. Get them prothat you are going to take me to the duced too, if he first writes one sucheater tonight."

'Which bone, darling?" "Officer 666" is an old title. The "I'm not sure, but I think it's my title of the play constitutes fifty per cent of its attractiveness. One of the 1 Duntin

of a farcical nature, is the belief of



NEE AND NIGHT

ody knows it sickens you to kill a chicken, and you let your wife do it. but she never eats chicken because she has to kill 'em. I guess I can stand anything you can, Ben Dale." Somebody tittered, and Ben Dale opened the door and entered the room. Billy Breen had reported truly.

In one corner of the dusty room was handsome four post bedstead whose silken covers had been tossed back as if the bed had been recently slept in. Beside the empty fireplace was a haired man. His head drooped to one side as if he slept, but there was a rigidity about his attitude that hinted at something else.

One hand hung over the arm of the chair, and the outside of the hand was streaked with blood. On the floor was a little wet spot.

Constable Dale touched his finger to the spot.

"Blood," he whispered hoarsely; "wet blood! It was done last night!" A shudder ran through the crowd. Then the postmaster nudged somebody, and they all turned and looked at Alvina Petty, who was trembling like a leaf and staring at the face of the dead man.

"I said it wa'n't no place for wimmen!" ejaculated Ben Dale as he straightened himself. "Who is it?" whispered Alvina

weirdly. "Who do you say it is. Ben Dale?

For the first time the constable looked closely at the man in the chair. Then the color forsook his fresh face, and he almost reeled. "Good heavens, boys-it's-it's old

Philo Blatcher himself!" "So 'tis!" breathed the postmaster.

"But we buried him twenty years ago?" protested somebody.

Then Alvina's voice, curiously re ressed to a whisper, caused them all to turn and stare at the little spinster who once had been known as the prettiest girl in Lyndhurst, but now. with her white hair and her pale, wrinkled face, looked older than her fortyfive years.

"This isn't old Philo Blatcher," whispered Alvina, still staring at the man. 'It is young Philo, his son

"Young Philo? You're crazy!" cried Ben Dale, pushing forward, "Wby, young Philo had black hair and"-"It is young Philo grown old." broke

in Alvins. "I ought to know!" Bilence followed her outburst. One man whispered to another that Alvina

had once been engaged to young Philo

Alvina had kindled a fire from the literature. contents of the wood box beside the hearth, and she had heated a pannikin in prison is "The Ballad of Reading

of water. There they were as sociable as anything and looking rather fundis," was also written there. These vent the hair from falling. annoyed at the intrusion of Ben Dale two books are among the saddest recand his companions.

ords in the history of literature. "I thought you was dead." said Ben It ought not to be forgotten that Dale when, after a hurried retreat, he one of the greatest letters ever writ. There is life, map and beauty where ventured to put his head into the room. ten was one of the greatest letters formerly the hair was dead, dull and "Not quite." said young Philo grim- ever written was penned in a dungeon brittle.

ly. "although that Chinaman almost in Rome. This is the Epistle of Saint in Shanghai and then when I prosecut- character, which is very hard to lors. ed him followed me here to get his re- beat. venge. Has any one seen him?"

won't commit no more murders." the good people of Lyndhurst it is cer- paper.-London Tit-Bits. tain that the discovery that it was not a murder at all, but that Philo Blatcher had returned home to marry Alvina Petty and open the old house that had been closed so many years, caused greater excitement.

Philo soon recovered from his wound. but he was very grateful to Billy Breen, whose adventurous spirit had been the cause of Philo's discovery. He might have died from loss of blood and his body have lain undiscovered for months had not Billy's hunt for icicles resulted in the finding of the man in the front room. So Philo Blatcher rewarded Billy Breen in a most substantial manner.

No one ever knew why Philo Blatcher had remained abroad for twenty years after his father's death; no one knew save Alvina, and she never told the story of the son who had made a great sacrifice to save the father's honor and that it had taken Philo twenty years to make restitution for his father's shortcomings in Lyndhurst. Now Philo had come home to receive his own meed of happiness.

So now Alvina reigns in the old Blatcher homestead. Instead of being the village seamstress she is the first indy in the village, and to the romance of the affair is added the mystery of the revengeful Chinaman who had crossed the ocean and a continent to take a lif ; and who in the end lost his own.

But to Philo Blatcher the best part of the story is that of Alvina's unwavering faith in him and the certainty that some day he would return to chaim her.

Phone Your Wants to 202.

master of the Greek language and Another remarkable poem written one should be deceived.

ginal dandruffff destroyer," that no

When you need a hair remedy, you Jail," by Oscar Wilde, whose remark-able and most somber book, "De Pro- es to kill the dandruff germ and pre-

You want one that will do it. Herpicide does it.

The hair becomes soft and lustrous.

ma

you

nos

der

spe Shi

sig

"81

lea

ten ing

the

185 the

Ho Ye

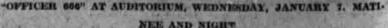
Applications of this wonderful pro-

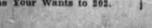
Send ten cents in postage or silver It is very seldom that a newspaper to The Herpleide Co., Dept R., Detroit "We saw him, and then he went un has been edited from the inside of a Mich., for a nice sample of Herpider the ice in the river. With the cell, but even this feat was accom- cide and a booklet telling all about channel flowing swift, he must be plished by the late lamented W. T. the hair.

down to Rivermouth by this time." Stead, who during the two months he Newbro's Herpicide in 50c and \$1 said Ben Dale grimly. "Guess he spent in prison for an offense which sizes is sold by all dealers who guarwon't commit no more murders." If the report of the murder aroused urticles and practically conducted his be refunded.

Smith's Drug Store, special agents.







Phone Your Wants to 101.