

NEW YORK PLEASSED WITH "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS"

NEW PLAY BY CYRIL HARCOURT A RARE AND WITTY PRODUCTION.

THE PLOT IS UNIMPORTANT

Five Plays In One Night at the Princess—"Kick In," A New Play of the Underworld—John Barrymore Starring in the Piece.

By Beau Rialto

(Written for the United Press.)

New York, Oct. 31.—As the name would imply, "A Pair of Silk Stockings" is replete with spice. The beauty of it all is that Cyril Harcourt, the author, has given the public a rare and witty performance without descending for laughs on the indecent showing in this particular "Pair of Silk Stockings." It's true, there's a bedroom scene, but even this the author has handled with consummate skill in developing every possible chance of delightful humor without bringing laughs that the laughers afterwards are ashamed they voiced.

The plot is of little importance. The scene is laid in the country home of a typically assinine baronet. Under this roof are brought together a divorced wife and the husband, and the former's erstwhile sweetheart. Also along comes the sweet little thing to whom erstwhile sweetheart is engaged.

Now the one-time husband and wife both regret the divorce. The husband is a member of the baronet's house party. The wife is forced to ask lodging of the baronet when her motor breaks down after nightfall. She is assigned the room just quitted by her erstwhile sweetheart, who doesn't want to arouse his host, so climbs into the bedroom through the window. In the meantime, the husband, bent on a reconciliation has secreted himself in the bedroom closet. He at first thinks he will witness a secret meeting between his wife and her one-time sweetheart. He hears enough to convince him that his wife still loves him.

Then he is taken for a burglar and the one-time sweetheart binds the erstwhile husband with the wife's silk stockings. However, the former sweetheart is discovered by his fiancé to have been in the wife's bedroom, and after the usual misunderstandings everything "turns out right." The members of the cast are without exception skilful, and each one has a real part in the piece.

The Princess Theater has opened with a unique change of policy. Five plays, all short ones, were represented on the opening night. Such short pieces were tried out last year with quite a degree of success, and there is no reason why they shouldn't go well again this season. The evening's performance affords an amusing change from the regular program.

It was with real regret that news was received recently of the death of Vanni Marcoux, the French opera singer, a victim of the great European war. Vanni Marcoux was a member of the Boston Opera Company, and his work was extremely popular there. He has been seen from coast to coast, and was one of the most delightful of the opera stars, both professionally and personally. He had what so many opera stars, even of first magnitude, have not—rare ability as an actor. His death, if the reports be true, is a great blow to the Boston company.

We'll have to "kick in" with congratulations to the gentleman who wrote "Kick In," a new play of the underworld that "kicked in" a few nights ago at the Longacre Theater. Willard Mack is the one to whom we have to hand the applause, and he is deserving of it, for in "Kick In," he has handed us the best play of the "crook" variety that has been seen since "Within the Law" made its debut.

Equipped with a cast that fairly sparkles with brilliancy the play

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COMPARISON WITH GERMAN INSULT TO ZULUS, HE SAYS

STORY OF TREACHERY ON FIRING LINE FROM PEN OF A BRITISH SOLDIER.

ATKINS USES HIS FISTS

Kaiser's Men Who Attacked Unarmed Trench Diggers With Bayonets Put to Rout By Middlesex Men—Company Turned Pugnists for Time.

London, Oct. 12.—(By mail to New York).—In a letter written to relatives here, Corporal N. Hastings, of the Guards accuses the Germans of treachery. He writes:

"If the papers were permitted to send their correspondents to the front, they would have something to say which would open the eyes of the world about the Germans. It is an insult to Zulus to compare these squareheads to them for treachery. Some of them fight fair and square but there are thousands of them who are devoid of all human feeling.

"Near the banks of the River Aisne they had been attacked and driven down by rifles and machine guns. A small number of the Northamtons were in a trench when 400 or 500 of the Germans held their hands up. The 'Cobblers' were ordered not to fire and an officer asked in French and English if they surrendered.

"They came on in skulking manner and some of them threw down their rifles. In every way they showed they were giving themselves up as prisoners. The 'Cobblers' were priding themselves on the capture, and the officer said 'We have a haul here,' as they got near the trench.

"When they were three or four yards away they poured a murderous fire at the poor fellows. They had not a dog's chance, and nearly all were knocked over.

"The devils then tried to get back, and ran for their lives but our battalion was soon after them. Before they got many yards a machine gun ripped them up and scores of them rolled over. Some of them got away but our battalion got them in the rear. Our lads were simply furious at such treachery.

Reading, England, Oct. 10.—(By mail to New York).—Caught weaponless while digging a trench, a British force in Belgium consisting of a Middlesex company put up a stubborn fight against a party of Germans, using only their bare fists, according to Private William Court, who has come home wounded.

"The Middlesex company was digging trenches," he said, "and was not equipped for fighting. All of a sudden a horde of Germans rushed on them. I never saw such a display of grit in my life. Those Middlesex men with their bare hands, went after those Germans who were charging with bayonets. One big Middlesex sergeant downed two Germans with his fists before a German bayonet got him. The boys fought bravely but the odds were too great and most of them were bayoneted."

would have to be worse than mediocre not go over with a bang. But as it is an unusually good drama, it landed on the opening night with such a decided thud that its success is assured.

"Chick" Hewes, a crook who has reformed and Molly, his wife, are the two principal characters. A former pal of "Chick's" steals a diamond necklace and appeals to "Chick" to aid him when he is wounded by the police. "Chick" hides him in the attic. "Chick" and Molly are then hailed before the police and grilled for information concerning the pal. They convince the police they know nothing and return to their home to find the thief has died. Then Molly's brother—a morphine fiend—confesses he took the diamond from the thief.

Molly and "Chick" have decided to send the diamond to the district attorney when a central office man appears. He promises to let them go free if they give up the diamond. They do and then he tells them he'll send them to prison for twenty years. He doesn't, but the audience is kept in suspense until the final act and in the meantime some highly dramatic situations arise.

One—a fight in the third act—is the greatest seen here in a long time. The fight is a real one, not an ordinary stage fight and the audience went fairly wild about it.

John Barrymore as "Chick" and Jane Grey as Molly are all that could be desired in their roles.

JOHNSON "GONE BACK." THERE'S NOTHING TO IT

THE VETERAN TWIRLER OF THE NATIONALS PITCHED FIFTY-ONE GAMES LAST SEASON.

SHERIDAN DEFENDS HIM

"Chuck" Deal, Prophet of Baseball—Predicted That He Would Play In the World's Series, and Made Good. Smith's Broken Leg Did It, Though.

By Hal Sheridan

(Written for the United Press)

New York, Oct. 29.—Ole' Walter Johnson, the big twirler who has been about three-fourths of Washington's pitching staff ever since he joined that club, has gone back, the critics told us last summer when several defeats were being chalked up against the Kansan's name. Well, if he has gone back we believe we'll hit the same trail after a slant at the league records for the season.

One is inclined to say "whataya mean, gone back?" after taking a look at the figures showing what the twirlers did in Ban Johnson's loop. Johnson worked in just fifty-one games during the summer. It takes some time for the meaning of that to soak in. Fifty-one games! And the average pitcher thinks he has done a great season's work if he has breezed through as many as thirty contests. Naturally, Johnson led all the twirlers in his league in that respect, the nearest to him being George Daus of Detroit and Lefty Baumgardner of St. Louis, who each participated in forty-five battles.

Next we'll take a slant at the strike-out column, picking it because Johnson's figures stand out in it like a white dove in a flock of crows. During those aforesaid fifty-one contests Johnson sent just two hundred and twenty-nine ball players—or persons drawing money as such—back to the bench mumbering that the umpire was blind or a robber or giving some other such excuse to his manager for his failure to clout one.

In strike-outs, too, Johnson naturally led all his rivals. "Dutch" Leonard, the big port-sider, who heaves for Bill Carrigan's Red Sox, was the closest to him and he couldn't see Johnson with a spyglass. Leonard whiffed one hundred and seventy men during the summer.

In pitching few-hit affairs, Johnson also looms strong among his rivals. Three times he gave up but three hits, four times he allowed four and three times five were gleaned off his delivery.

Another thing that the early records don't show and that is the number of games which were chalked up against Johnson as defeats in which his opponents nosed him out by one run.

Towards the close of last season, when his critics got to panning him rather severely, Johnson finally burst forth one day:

"I don't see where they get that stuff, I'm going back," he said. "True, I've lost more games this year than I usually lose, but if anyone has been following my work anywhere near closely he will know that I'm not altogether at fault. I've lost a lot of games by one run this summer. I'm not complaining against my teammates. They're doing the best they can. I'm not done by a lot and I'll show it before they count me out."

Charles Deal of Winkinsburg, Pa., better known as "Chuck" Deal, utility infielder of the Boston Braves, is being hailed as considerable of a prophet since he took part in the recent world's series.

One day during the world's series in 1913, when the Giants and Athletics were blazing away at each other a crowd stood in front of a bulletin board in Pittsburgh and watched the game. Frank D. Glover, a business man of that place was in the crowd and he struck up a talking acquaintance with a young man standing near him.

"It must be nice for those ball players to take part in a world's series," Glover said to the young man.

"Yes, I guess it is," was the reply. Just about that time there was flashed on the bulletin board the announcement that Fred Merkle of the Giants

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Foley's Honey and Tar Compound cuts the thick choking mucus, and clears away the phlegm. Opens up the air passages and stops the hoarse cough. The gasping, strangling fight for breath gives way to quiet breathing and peaceful sleep. Harold Berg, Mass., Mich., writes: "We give Foley's Honey and Tar to our children for croup and it always acts quickly." J. E. Hood & Co.

had slammed out a home run. A great cheer went up from the crowd. The young man turned to Glover and said:

"It must be a wonderful feeling that a person experiences when he makes a great play in a world's series."

"Well, it's something that will befall neither of us," Glover replied.

"Oh, I don't know about that," said the young man. "I have a good chance to get into one. I have been secured by the Boston Braves for next season."

"Is that so?" said Glover. "May I inquire your name?"

"I'm Chuck Deal of Winkinsburg," was the reply. And Deal made good when he got his chance. He would not have got into the series if "Red" Smith hadn't broken his leg, but Fate seemed to be with him. His double, it will be remembered, paved the way for him to score the lone run in the second game.

IMPORTANT TO ALL WOMEN READERS OF THIS PAPER

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney or bladder trouble and never suspect it.

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NOTICE

Valuable Tract of Land For Sale.

By virtue of a judgment of the Superior Court of Lenoir County, rendered at the June term, 1914, in a certain proceeding therein pending, wherein C. M. Jordan and wife, Sophia A. Jordan, Agnes A. Broadway, Mary Faulkner, James West and others were plaintiffs, and I, Frank Faulkner was defendant, I will sell at public auction for cash at the Court House door, in the city of Kinston, Lenoir county, North Carolina, on the 2nd day of November, 1914, the same being the first Monday in November, between the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock, p. m., the following described tract of land, lying and being in Kinston township, Lenoir county, N. C., adjoining the G. K. Bagby and W. C. Fields lands: Beginning at a hickory stump and runs north 15 W. 184 poles to a pine, thence N. 74 W. 68 poles to a stake in the back line, thence S. 21 1/2 W. 214 1/2 poles to the avenue, thence with the avenue S. 65 E. 21 poles to the end of the Old Lane; thence S. 75 1/2 E. to a stake in the Dunn line, thence with the said Dunn line N. 60 E. to the beginning, in the whole tract, 178 acres, more or less, the same being the lands conveyed to W. E. Faulkner on January 31st, 1870, by John Tull and wife, of record, in the office of the Register of Deeds of Lenoir County, N. C., Book 7, page 208.

There being excepted, however, from said described tract of land 44 acres, more or less, which was conveyed by deed, dated November 21, 1901, to I, Frank Faulkner by said W. E. Faulkner and wife, and is thus described: Beginning at a stake on the east side of the A. C. L. Railroad, in the Dock Wallace line, and runs with said railroad S. 64 W. 134 poles, thence 54 W. 27 poles to the County Road, thence with said County Road S. 81 E. 87 1/2 poles to a ditch, Phillips' line, thence N. 67 1/2 E. 74 1/2 poles to said Wallace corner, thence with said Wallace line N. 28 1/2 W. to the beginning.

The said lands are sold for division among the heirs at law of said W. E. Faulkner.

This the 29th day of September, 1914.

Y. T. ORMOND, Commissioner.

10-6-1 awk-4wks.

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