

THEATRE

The DeRue Bros. Ideal Minstrels which are to appear at the Academy today, matinee and night, shall always, as in seasons before, be clean and classic, and honest, with fair treatment to the public and truly advertised. This year, presenting an entire change of performance with all new vaudeville features. Not one stale or worn-out act presented and we feel confident that we shall please our friends to such an extent that they will pronounce us the one and only truly advertised minstrel company that visits your city this season, for we have gathered together the most expensive army of minstrel talent from American and European agents that was ever engaged under one minstrel management. Don't fail to see the street parade and hear the solo hand concerts on day of show. The matinee prices will be 25 cents for balcony seats and 50 cents for lower floor seats. The night prices will be from 50 cents to \$1. Tickets are selling at Elvington's Pharmacy.

VICTORIA HERBERT'S "SWEET-HEARTS."

Victoria Herbert's charming operetta "Sweethearts" with the lilting melodies that heralded it as one of the famous composers most sincere efforts, is soon to be heard in this city with a company of sixty artists, many of whom are familiar to the residents. No happier quartet could be brought together than Victor Herbert, Harry B. Smith and Fred De Gresac, who are responsible for the book of the play and with a capable company headed by Julia Gifford, the playing of "Sweethearts" in this city should prove one of the theatrical events of the season.

Although "Sweethearts" registered a most emphatic hit in New York, the company has never played this section of the country and the demands from local play lovers was so great that Mr. Herbert finally consented to arrange a road tour for this season.

The authors have woven a charming story around Victor Herbert music and loves old sweet song will be heard in all its intrinsic purity when the delightful prima donna Julia Gifford and her capable supporting company present the Herbert masterpiece in this city.

The scenic investiture will be in keeping with the magnitude of the production and the company will carry its own orchestra of male musicians to interpret the sweet melodies that made Victor Herbert really proud of his work. "Sweethearts" will be seen at the Academy of Music on next Wednesday. The sweet melodies that made Herbert really proud of his work, matinee and night. Matinee prices will range from 50c to \$1.50. Night prices will be from 75 cents to \$2. Tickets will go on sale at Elvington's Pharmacy Monday at 9 a. m.



JULIA GIFFORD

In "Sweethearts," Victor Herbert's Masterpiece, at the Academy of Music, Matinee and Night, on Next Wednesday.



A CUE FROM THE CROWDS OF THE CITY.

Of course when it comes to beauty there is nothing more entrancing than a stretch of primitive landscape where no evidence of man can be seen. There is, however, a certain fascination and thrill about the city with its towering sky-scrapers and the hurrying mass of vehicles and humanity in the narrow traffic-filled streets.

It is indeed wonderfully fascinating to sit at the window of a tall building and watch the purposeful sea of humanity beneath, and it is sure to instill within us a respect for the wizardry of mankind's aims and conceptions.

What marvelous things are accomplished. The airships which fly over the buildings every now and then, the trains running both above and under the earth, and the speedy motors—all the work of those beings. Each invention, each reform, each development is the work of one of those specks—a soul.

Did you never stop in the business of life to think of each individual who helps to form the moving mass of the city? Each and every one has a separate life, friends, sorrows, hope and destiny. To each a particular niche in the world belongs obscure perhaps, but exclusive. You are one of that mass. One such unit.

But the most wonderful part of it is that there is room for everybody to fit into the most congested community, the most complex society.

From my earliest childhood I can remember mother dear saying, "Remember, Anita—nobody can ever take from you what is rightfully yours."

At first the words meant little to me; but day by day they assume the proportions of a great, broad thought which I find helpful in my work and which is the greatest enemy to that foe, Discouragement.

And the thought is, "Success is mine if I but show the world I'm worth it."



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Operators are required to be courteous, and if their dealings with subscribers go beyond certain limitations they must connect the subscriber with a superior operator.

We take every precaution to see that operators do not engage in controversy with subscribers. Both operators and subscribers are human, and unpleasant incidents have been known to occur. These isolated cases are the exception.

The human element is difficult to regulate and control. This is why good telephone service depends so much upon the co-operation of all parties.

Stephen D. Lucas, District Manager.

SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CO.



THE HOUSE OF THREE DEUCES

An Adventure of Grant, Police Reporter

By Robert Welles Ritchie

Story by Redfield Ingalls

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It was just another of the ghastly barrel murders that New York has come to know so well, but to Tommy Grant, police reporter of the Chronicle, it would be as important as a case on Fifth Avenue until he had made certain that it was not "just a wasp."

Also it was the fourth or fifth in "The House of Three Deuces," as No. 222 Kenig Street, The Bronx, had come to be called.

Grant had come in the auto of his friend, Chief Detective Cadogan, and the two, having forced their way through the morbid mob at the door, were studying the crude barrel, lately bound with rope.

"The murderer's Latin," Grant pronounced in an undertone. "That was done with a knife."

Cadogan nodded and held up the piece of stained oilcloth that had covered the body. "I solved one barrel mystery with a piece of oilcloth," he remarked. "Maybe I can do the same again!"

"Maybe," said Grant noncommittally, and with help of the policeman on guard they forced the door beside the barrel.

The room that they entered was in wild disorder. A table, from which the oilcloth had obviously been cut, was overturned; chairs were flung about, and on floor and walls was gory proof of a terrible struggle.

Swiftly the two searched the sordid place, and presently Grant held up an eyelet with a bit of thread hanging to it.

"A woman's mixed up in this," he asserted.

"If you found a whalebone I suppose you'd say a whale did the murder," snorted Cadogan, a little sore at being forestalled. Grant said nothing, but pocketing the eyelet went to puzzle over a paper bag of white beans that had fallen on the floor near the wall cupboard and basket.

It was nearly empty. In the middle of the floor was another bean, and another lay by the door.

Just then the coroner arrived, and after he had finished his investigation they left, Cadogan to follow up his eyelet clue in neighboring stores and Grant to telephone his paper.

The good-looking young reporter returned presently, puzzling over the beans. Why had there been so few in the bag, since it must have been nearly full to burst in a fall? And why were there only two elsewhere on the floor?

Since the ambulance and its grim load had departed there was no crowd at the door of the House of Three Deuces now, though the policeman was still on guard, of course. Grant nodded to him, and was about to enter when his eye fell on something on the sidewalk. It was another bean.

"Well, by George!" muttered the reporter. "Just like the old fairy tale! I wonder it—"

He glanced searchingly up the street and suddenly, with a muttered word to the policeman from the corner of his mouth, started to stroll casually in the direction in which he had been looking. Presently he drew a newspaper from his pocket and began to read it with interest.

A minute or two he came up with and passed indifferently a dark, evil-faced young man who had been walking towards him with an appearance of mingled haste and leisure, going out of his way every few steps to crumple something underfoot. Grant turned and followed the fellow at a distance, and presently the man paused near the house of death.

The policeman glanced at him indifferently and away again, and the man got out a package of cigarettes and proceeded to light one. He fumbled with his box of matches and dropped it; stooped quickly to recover it, and turned back towards the reporter, who was seemingly absorbed in the sporting page. As he passed the man gave Grant a suspicious look and

put something in his mouth. The reporter strolled on to the house, and sure enough, the bean was gone.

Tommy Grant turned at once and followed the dark young man, who was now in very much of a hurry, for he never once looked back. After a brisk walk of several blocks he turned into a disreputable tenement. The trail was ended.

The reporter made careful note of the building and turned back, all but running. Very shortly he had reached the murder house, and there before the door was a disgruntled Cadogan with the roll of oilcloth under his arm, talking to the officer.

"Hey, chief!" called Grant, hurrying up. "Believe I've got your man!"

"What's the guy look like?" exclaimed the chief of detectives, turning.

Briefly Grant told him of the bean trail, and ended by urging that the reserves be called out at once and the tenement surrounded before the man could make his escape. At first Cadogan was inclined to scout the theory that Grant presented, but he knew the reporter from of old, and after a moment's hesitation he turned and they hurried to the nearest telephone.

Thence they went with all speed to the tenement.

They watched inconspicuously from across the street until an auto patrol wagon full of policemen sped up. In an instant all was orderly confusion. Cadogan gave a few crisp orders; the instantly gathering crowd of tenement dwellers was hustled back, and the bluecoats scattered to surround the building.

"What's the guy look like?" Cadogan demanded, feeling for his revolver.

"Regular gunman," began Grant; then hastily, "Here, I know him by sight; I'll go after him," and before the chief of detectives could stop him he had darted into the building and up the stairs.

Several open doors and curious, peering faces at the second floor showed that this was not the place, so Grant mounted the second flight. Here he paused, undecided. He was about to try the floor room by room, when a scream from behind a door near the hall window decided him. He rushed to the door and tried it; then stepped out of the window onto the fire escape. A moment later he had pulled up another window, through which came a second scream.

Inside the dirty little room a young woman was struggling in the arms of the man with the evil face.

At the same moment the man saw Grant. He dashed the girl aside with an oath and sprang, snarling at the reporter.

For a minute or two there was a furious fight on the rickety landing; then, with a preliminary cracking, the whole thing gave way. Grant clutched at and caught the iron ladder as he fell, and a moment later there was a hideous yell and a sickening crash and thud below.

The ladder, its basic support gone, swung sidewise like a pendulum, but it held. Grant watched his chance, kicked in a window beside him, and scrambled inside to the amazement and horror of an old man in bed. But the reporter did not stop for explanations. He tore open the door and ran through the hall to the room where the girl was. As he was trying to force the door Cadogan came bounding upstairs, and together they burst it in, to the accompaniment of another scream. But when they entered the girl had fainted.

Three-quarters of an hour later Grant was telling the story to Mansfield, the city editor.

"The girl is Tia Da Cappa, regular little beauty," he said. "Yep, got her picture. She'd been to see Tonio Palerni, the murdered man. A gunman called Lupu, the Wolf, had been trying to get her. While she was talking to Tonio, Lupu came in (this was at the House of Three Deuces); attacked Tonio and killed him. Tia grabbed some beans and put them in her pocket to make a trail while Lupu was doing the trunk act. Then Lupu dragged her off, terrified almost to death, and kept her locked up while he went out to establish an alibi. He came back, found the beans, and destroyed the trail. I saw him and—that's about all. We got there just in time."

"And Lupu?" asked the editor.

"Lupu's dead. The fall killed him." And Grant yanked the cover off his typewriter.

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Health and Hygiene

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Insurance Companies Find That Money Invested in Seals Brings Great Returns.

To enable their policy holders to live as long as possible was the sole reason for a large life insurance company buying last month 43,000 Red Cross Christmas Seals at one time. This firm made the statement that their action was dictated solely by business reasons, and that they could not for any reason claim any credit on the score for philanthropy. They believed it good business on the following grounds:

That presence of tuberculosis means a great financial loss to the community, and its greatest ravages are found among the poor.

That it is more logical to spend money to get rid of the disease than to reflect the cost of supporting its victims in an increased tax rate.

That the affliction of the bread winner of the family with the disease means lowered efficiency and less earning capacity, which in turn means a lessened power to provide the proper nourishment and environment to successfully combat its growth, and that his incapacity often throws his family upon the public charge.

That no one makes a profit upon a dead man but the undertaker, and he makes it only once, whereas a live man is a constant source of profit to every one with whom he does business, and the more alive and the more prosperous he is and the more business he does, the greater are the profits of those with whom he deals.

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