

FAVORITE MUSICAL COMEDY RETURNS—BUFFALO BILL'S SHOW—VAUDEVILLE—

MINTYRE AND HEATH
DELIGHT AT KEITH'S

Famous Funsters Win Laughs in Negroid Skit—Bill Full of Surprises

Two of the latest darlings you ever saw wandered in at Keith's last night and stayed the whole show fully half an hour.

One was Hannah Liverlip and the other said he was Jim Trigger. They started an argument which was begun twenty years ago without reaching any conclusion. Then it dawned upon those watching the proceedings that the combatants were none other than McIntyre and Heath.

"On Guard" is the spirit title of this negroid controversy and it's a safe bet that neither one of these veteran darktowners remember exactly when they played the first edition of the skit.

Hannah Liverlip calls on Jim Trigger on her day off. She's got all her sassiest clothes on and she makes a bit of a "sensation" heart of Jim. He keeps a distance, for he knows the power of Hannah's charms. She gives him the lazy eye as she reclines listlessly on a rustic bench and Jim begins to hear the first strains of the wedding march.

Add all the smiles and frowns and dubious draws of these two peers of negro comedy and you may get a faint idea of the general result. Laughs followed nearly every line.

The light and shade of every-day life is reflected in "Peacock Alley," a tabloid comedy by Lewis Allen. The scene is laid in a hotel. Familiar characters which give a high-class hostelry are introduced consistently. The story also serves to emphasize the good side of the so-called man of the world. It shows that his heart is often bigger than that of the individual who leads the perfect life in business and society.

Edward P. Bostwick, as a bibulous guest with good intentions, and Vivian Blackburn, as a widow looking forward to another romance, carried the honors of the sketch. They were supported by a very capable cast.

From the standpoint of real applause Ed Morton, one of our own natives, who subsequently deserted us for Wildwood, landed in first place. He sang more than a half dozen songs. He had a punch, but a kick as well. In speaking of Ed, of course, we must say he is a former sergeant of police from the Third and Delancey streets station. All the "knew-him-whens" were on hand last night. The remainder of the show went along merrily. Lillian Shaw "wallpapered 'em" with her character songs in a "hard spot" following McIntyre and Heath.

Cooper and Ricardo, in comedy and songs, did well in number three spot before the audience got properly seated.

Bernie and Baker (formerly Bloss and Bernie) made a very good impression on their first visit with violin and accordion harmonies. They will no doubt come again.

Jack Wyatt and His Scotch Lads and Lassies stirred 'em up to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and the Four Earles offered one of the most striking gymnastic acts seen here this season.

There were lots of striking incidents in the Pathe Newsgraph and many new perils in "Patria," J. G. C.

"Temple of Music"—Broadway
Many of the very latest ideas in the way of harmonies and musical combinations are shown in Willard's "Temple of Music," a novel act, which heads the show at the Broadway. The originator of this musical novelty has invented many other entertaining devices along the same line.

The act made a good impression and the selections offered gave a tinge of patriotism to the performance.

Davis and Walker, singers and dancers, and Three Willis Brothers, acrobats, were among other acts which appeared to advantage. "Her Temptation," with Gladys Brockwell as the star, was the photoplay feature.

"Junior Follies"—Cross Keys
The Junior Follies of Nineteen Seventeen opened last night for a week at the Cross Keys Theatre, making a decided hit with music, fun and pretty girls. The offering is a tabloid musical comedy in three acts and seven scenes, featuring Mabel Walker, supported by a cast of twenty-five.

Other worth-while acts which will continue the first half of the week include Abe Marks and company, Adrian, D'lier and Termini. The acts substituted for them the second half of the week will include Lane, Brown and Lane and George N. Brown and company. The moving pictures interspersed among the acts last night were both timely and amusing and the show as a whole was agreeable and well received by the audience.

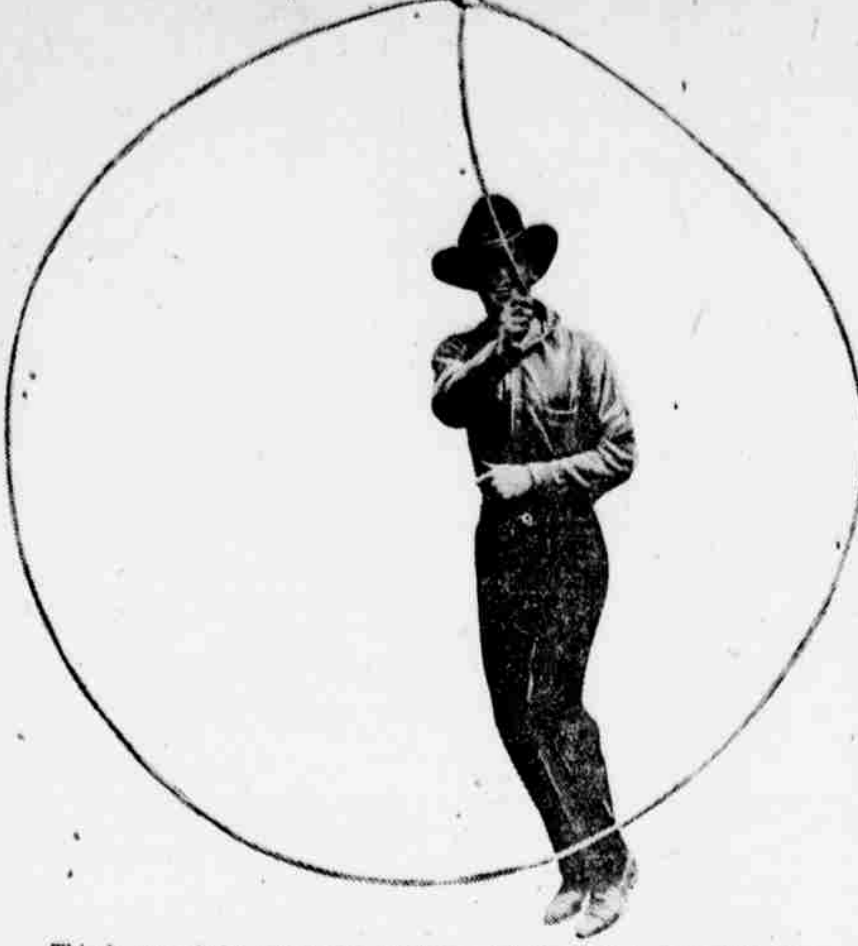
Minstrel Misses—Globe
That males have no corner or wit or humor was amply demonstrated at the Globe Theatre by Josie Flynn and her Minstrel Misses. Miss Flynn and her black-faced young ladies kept up a rapid-fire blast of wit from the beginning to the end of the act. There wasn't a slow moment in the whole show. The jokes were new and the repertoire was full of sparkle. The songs were excellent.

Other good acts were "The Cobbler's Christmas," Abe Attell; "The Fixer," Frank La Dent; Mudge, Morton and company; Rob Carlin; "Daintylind"; Clinton and Rooney; and the Four Jacobys.

"Flirtation"—William Penn
"Flirtation," a tabloid musical comedy, headed the bill last night at the William Penn Theatre. Attractive girls and excellent singing pleased the crowd not a little. Scarpio and Varvara, in a singing and piano act, also made a distinct hit. Their offering, while Jim and Anna Francis, comedy singers, were very white as good.

"The Witching Hour," a photoplay, which closed the bill, is taken from the play of the same name in which John Mason made such a success a few years ago. The story is that of the power of self-hypnosis and while weird could hardly be called gruesome.

SAYING "OH" SILENTLY



This is one of the star lariat twirlers with the Buffalo Bill Wild West show and circus which came to this city yesterday. The rope expert and other attractions are lodged at Nineteenth street and Hunting Park avenue.

BUFFALO BILL SHOW
MORE THAN WILD WEST

Side Show With All Regular Features Completes Fully Developed Circus

Frank Cruickshank, official divulger of publicity for the Buffalo Bill show, turned a weary eye toward the ring where flickering torches, sputtering forth yellow light, showed a group of real, live cowboys repulsing a villainous attack in the United States mail coach.

"That thing's fifty-six years six months and three days old; the horses were brought from the wilds of Arabia; the man driving the thing was brought up on the plains and killed eighty-four redskins before peace was declared."

The torches revolved until they shone straight into the eye of Mister Cruickshank. That eye looked honest, though weary. Still, the bird with the reins didn't look courageous enough to play fourscore and four Indians without some trouble, and his face was as smooth as though he'd been using a greasolene cleaning cream.

"MISS TOOTSI" BACK
IN SPRINGTIME GUISE

Wholesome Else Alder Gives New Grace and Charm to Forrest's Operetta

Miss Tootsi (which is to say Else Alder) has returned to us, this time in the guise of Rosika Wenzel, otherwise "Miss Springtime." Away back in the dusty days of September, 1916, when our minds were keen for fun and unfretted with weekly changes of bill, the Critics' Union voted "Miss Springtime" quite a jolly sort of show. We hardly knew how engaging it was then, for we had to be content with a second-rate prima donna, who breathed more the tedium of a colorless personality than the exuberance of the maiden April.

Miss Alder is so much an improvement on her predecessor that it seems shameful to make the cutting comparison. Miss Alder's wares of personality and training had been sampled by Philadelphia before: in the late C. M. S. MacLellan's "Around the Map." There she had to make numberless changes of costume, to display versatility. Now she is young and frankly, fragrantly girlish from 8:15 to 11:30. She is still wholesome and dainty and childish. She "picks up" the entertainment marvellously at the Forrest.

Not that "Miss Springtime" needed the mental cocktail after her season-long stay in New York. Except for a few slovenlinesses in enunciation (always the weak point of a musical comedy), this operetta, with attractive tunes by the composer of "Sari," and droll lyrics by Mr. Woodhouse, of "Have a Heart" fame, and a collaborator, is always bright and filled with a breeze of quiet individuality, and only occasionally, too, too sentimentally saponaceous. Mr. MacFarlane still sings well and exhibits no sense of character. Miss O'Leary still enchains her admirers (legion) with what to others is tiresome grandstand playing. Mr. Hazard still delights us with his agreeably eccentric manner and his purling tenor, of richest tin. And the Urban scenery? Is a joy to the eye that likes its radiant greens and oranges and purples interwoven into a shimmering and always congruous whole.

"One man's peach is another man's poison," according to a character in the play. Yet it is not difficult to believe that the entire male population of the United States sees peaches rather than poisons in the agile and nicely-trained chorus of girls. The suggestion of fruit is more than apt. Is not Miss Alder herself in her pink frock the embodiment of a strawberry-ice-cream fairy?

She sings well, and she knows how to pronounce the English tongue, better, one might add, than some of her American co-workers. Why is it that performers, spry, humorous, intelligent, must still cling to "ideas" and the baritone mumble that is condoned on the grand opera stage? Jed Prouty is about the sole exception in "Springtime." B. D.

Watson Is Patriotic
Billy Watson's "U. S. Beauties" are the call to arms, in a burlesque way, in local theatrical circles this week. The entertainment, which is new from a number of angles, is replete with patriotic specialties, and embraces a number of dances, songs and specialties in which Uncle Sam is the hero, by implication, if not actual reference.

THE IDEA WAS GOOD,
BUT THAT WAS ALL

"The Playshop," U. of P. Production, Doesn't Altogether Please at First Presentation

That's the trouble with these amateurs. If you rap them gently they raise that plaintive chorus that we're amateurs, and besides as a pinch-hitting dramatic critic, you're nothing but Al Demaree at the bat with the bases loaded; if you laud them, they refuse to speak to you on the campus the next day and turn out, in fact, to be nothing but miniature Frankenstein that try to outgrow their creator.

Such being the case, we'll proceed to say that the first public presentation of "The Playshop," the diminutive theatre started by students at the University of Pennsylvania to see what their ideas looked like behind the footlights and before a real audience, was hardly a success when the final curtain dropped at the Academy of the Fine Arts last night.

The idea was still there, and it is a mighty good one, but the construction of the plays and the production itself were not as good as might have been expected. The audience came either from social connections or from a desire to see something new in stagework, and outside of the first play on the bill (there were three of the little sketches) they saw naught but the usual sad attempt at epigrams.

The first play, "Man," a morality play by George F. Kearney, combined cleverly the use of epigrams to interrupt the action on the stage without taking away the sense of continuous action, while the shadowgraph was also used in making the play somewhat brighter.

But it was just the same as getting a group of children to play Strindberg or something of the sort. Epigrams grew lost in the shuffle, and several clever points were directed at the wings instead of the polite audience, who came, who saw and who didn't understand what it was all about.

"The Soul Cure" was indorsed by John Luther Long, but Mr. Long, perhaps, never read "Suppressed Desires," from which apparently much of the material on psychoanalysis is obtained by the author. We would advise this gentleman to study Freud and not the patent medicine ads, for in the recovery of the heroine's mother there was a marked resemblance to the "Gents: I take my pen in hand to tell you that I was in bed for six years before I took your valuable pills."

"The Great God Bull" had a clever climax, an obvious as Chaplin, but just as enjoyable. The caricature of professors was also good, that of Dean Quinn being especially gratifying apparently to students.

The acting was greatly responsible for the failure of "The Playshop" to "get across."

"Hello, New York!"—Casino
"Hello, New York!" is one of the very best burlesques seen in this city in many months. It made a decided hit at the Casino last night for the reason that it overflows with bright lines and is up to the minute in the way of ideas.

Lew Kelly and Lon Hascall are the chief funmakers, and they never miss an opportunity. The show is handsomely staged. There are seventeen scenes, including the interior of a submarine and many well-known views around New York.

MANN & DILKS
1102 CHESTNUT ST.

Ladies' and Misses' Suits of Tyrol Wool

Spring and Summer Models and Colors

The models, styles, colors are original, new and are not on sale elsewhere.

Also the New Hats

MANN & DILKS
1102 CHESTNUT ST.

SEARS, ROEBUCK AND CO.
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:
Please send me at once your free illustrated, descriptive book about the "Handy Volume" issue of the new Encyclopaedia Britannica, printed on genuine India paper. I want this so that I can learn whether the Britannica will be useful to me in my work and my home, and so that I can decide before all the remaining sets are sold whether or not I want to buy.

Send me full information as to the smallest monthly payment I will have to make for one of these remaining sets; also the lowest cash price.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Sign and Mail this Coupon today

After Wednesday, April 25th, we cannot send out any more of the illustrated books picturing and fully describing the new Encyclopaedia Britannica, "Handy Volume" Issue, printed on genuine India paper.

BECAUSE—by that date we will have left so few sets of the Britannica that the last set will be sold before people writing for information can receive literature, make up their minds, and get their orders to us.

Do not blame us if you suddenly realize that what we have been telling for weeks has come true, and that you cannot get a set of the "Handy Volume" Britannica, printed on genuine India paper, at any price.

For weeks we have been advertising that we must soon stop selling this great library of authentic, reliable world-facts because we cannot get any more sets from the publishers.

We have told why—because the war has stopped the manufacture of India paper—that two essential raw materials, flax from Belgium, Germany or Ireland and hemp from Russia, have been unobtainable for months and that no more can be had for years. Over and over we have stated that the last set of the "Handy Volume" Britannica possible to print on India paper has been manufactured and delivered to us.

Our stock of sets is now being depleted at the rate of over 1500 sets a week. The end of the sale is almost here. It is so close, the sets remaining are so few, that it will be useless for us to send out descriptive literature after Wednesday, April 25th. After that date there will be no time left for you to write for information with any hope of getting your order in time to get one of the last sets. Therefore—write today, get the free book that tells how the Britannica can be of practical everyday use to you. Then you can decide quickly and order at once.

In only a little while we must announce the last day we can accept orders for genuine India paper sets of the "Handy Volume" form of the Britannica with any hope of filling them.

It behooves every man or woman, boy or girl at all interested in this wonderful, practical, educational work to send in the above coupon at once.

Remember—the entire set (29 volumes) are yours to use and enjoy while you are paying for them. You only have to send \$1.00 with the order and \$3.00 a month (for the cloth binding) for a limited number of months.

In Philadelphia see and order at
GIMBELS
9th & Market Streets

Giant Pansie

Plants in bud and bloom, exquisite shades of color, flowers of enormous size.

\$1.25 per doz., 25 for \$2.25, \$9.00 per 100

English Daisies
pink and white in bloom.
\$1.00 per doz., \$2 per box of 25.

Forget-Me-Not
in bloom, \$1.00 per doz.; \$2 per box of 25.

Seed Catalog Free

MICHELL'S SEED HOUSE
518 Market St. Phila.