

**BRILLIANT SURPRISES
IN RED CROSS BILL**

Waiting for "Out There" Scenery—Great Artists "Fill In" With Vaudeville

The extraordinary menu of dramatic art served at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening for the benefit of the Red Cross was preceded by a vaudeville appetizer which rendered the occasion even more unusual than had been anticipated. More than 4000 persons had come to see the most lustrous aggregation of footlight stars ever assembled at one time since Joseph Jefferson revived "The Rivals" with the stage divinities of his day.

Including the proceeds of the auction sale of boxes and the souvenir autographed program the receipts of last night's performance of "Out There" totaled about \$23,000. There would have been equivalent artistic remuneration for this expenditure had Mr. Manners' touching Red Cross play, as originally billed, been the sole attraction. But climax was piled on climax with a prodigality that must remain memorable in the annals of the American theatre. The final curtain was not drawn until the small hour of 1 in the morning, after the vast audience had been regaled with an unprecedented "variety show," a brilliant presentation of a poignant war drama, patriotic addresses, and selections by distinguished vocalists.

The potpourri was occasioned by transportation difficulties, which delayed until 9 o'clock the arrival of the "Out There" scenery from Wilmington, where the matinee performance had been given. Burr McIntosh relieved the feelings of the audience, which had been for an hour patiently waiting for the curtain to rise. He craved indulgence for a series of misadventures, extolled the distinction of the phenomenal group of players all volunteering their services as a tribute to the Red Cross and added that he had some surprises to reveal while the long-awaited scenery was being set. There was no hyperbole in his forecast. The quality of the improvised vaudeville bill, which lasted a full hour, proved indeed a record. George M. Cohan was the first headliner. Of course he sang "Over There," and Caruso in his most melting mood never so moved and thrilled a Metropolitan audience as did the nimble "Yankee Doodle Boy" with his inspiring and pulsating war song.

Chauncy Kent offered "Mother March" in a voice well-nigh as fresh and dulcet as in the days of "Mavourneen." The splendor of supreme poetic inspiration was then disclosed in Julia Arthur's magnificent recitation of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," whose passionate patriotism is startlingly applicable in every line to the present conflict. The actress asked her auditors to sing the chorus, and they responded with a ringing fervor which fully justified Rudyard Kipling's endorsement of Julia Ward Howe's masterpiece as the most irresistible war song ever written. James T. Powers relieved the emotional tension with a set of his own verses, in which humor and patriotism were deliciously blended. Helen Ware recited "Larry O"; Eleanor de Cheneros sang "Come Back to Erin"; Percy Chandler and E. T. Stotesbury spoke for the war chest. Burr McIntosh told a batch of clever stories, concluding with a patriotic plea, and by that time the curtain, a full two hours late, was run up on "Out There."

Mr. Manners' play had been felicitously chosen. It tells the touching story of a London cockney girl, deservingly described as "Auntie Annie," who is passionately desirous of "doing something" for the cause of freedom. Her wish is eventually granted. She becomes a cleaner in a front hospital and a Red Cross nurse. Her spiritual development reacts on her sordid family with stimulating patriotic results.

The piece is rather loosely knit, but its personages are very vividly drawn and provide just the sort of opportunities in which an all-star cast may revel. Not an iota of these values was lost in the superb interpretation. Laurette Taylor's characterization of the little Camden town patriot was profoundly moving, instinct with humor, tenderness and fancy. The hospital types—an American, by George Cohan; an Irishman, by Mr. O'Leary; a cockney, by that gifted artist, O. P. Heggie; a Scotchman, by George MacFarlane; a surgeon, by George Arliss; a Canadian, by James K. Hackett, and a nurse, by Julia Arthur—were all genre gems. Notable performances in the London scenes were also given by Beryl Mercer, as Annie's gin-tipping mother; H. B. Warner, as her pugilistic brother; Helen Ware, as an East Side belle, and James T. Powers, as her comically earnest lover. The final act closed with a Trafalgar Square recruiting plea by Miss Taylor.

Two additional features composed an epilogue. Mrs. Fiske read a patriotic address, whose effect was unhappily marred by curtains impetuously drawn together before she had finished speaking, and Miss Cheneros sang the national hymns of Britain, Italy, France and America. The departing throng came near halting the first faint streaks of dawn. But the patriotic and artistic stimulus of the occasion was well worth the dissipation.

Franklin Baker, Jr., of Germantown, went home with the autographed program in his pocket. He had paid \$15.00 for it at Burr McIntosh's auction sale. H. T. C.

**"VILLAGE" IS ARTISTIC,
BUT ALSO HOOVERIZES**

**So Girl Who Disappeared From Home
Here Comes Back to Mother
and Food**

Margaret Hoye, seventeen-year-old stenographer, 325 East Chelton avenue, Germantown, is back home again after a dip into the artistic dirt of Washington Square, New York—the "Village" in which Bohemia rears a hydra head. The girl disappeared last week.

"I don't want to go home. I want to have an apartment in Greenwich Village; to have a green tea set; to wear bobbed hair and sandals and have a Pekinese poodle. Oh! Village—how I love it! So dirty, so good-natured and so artistic!"

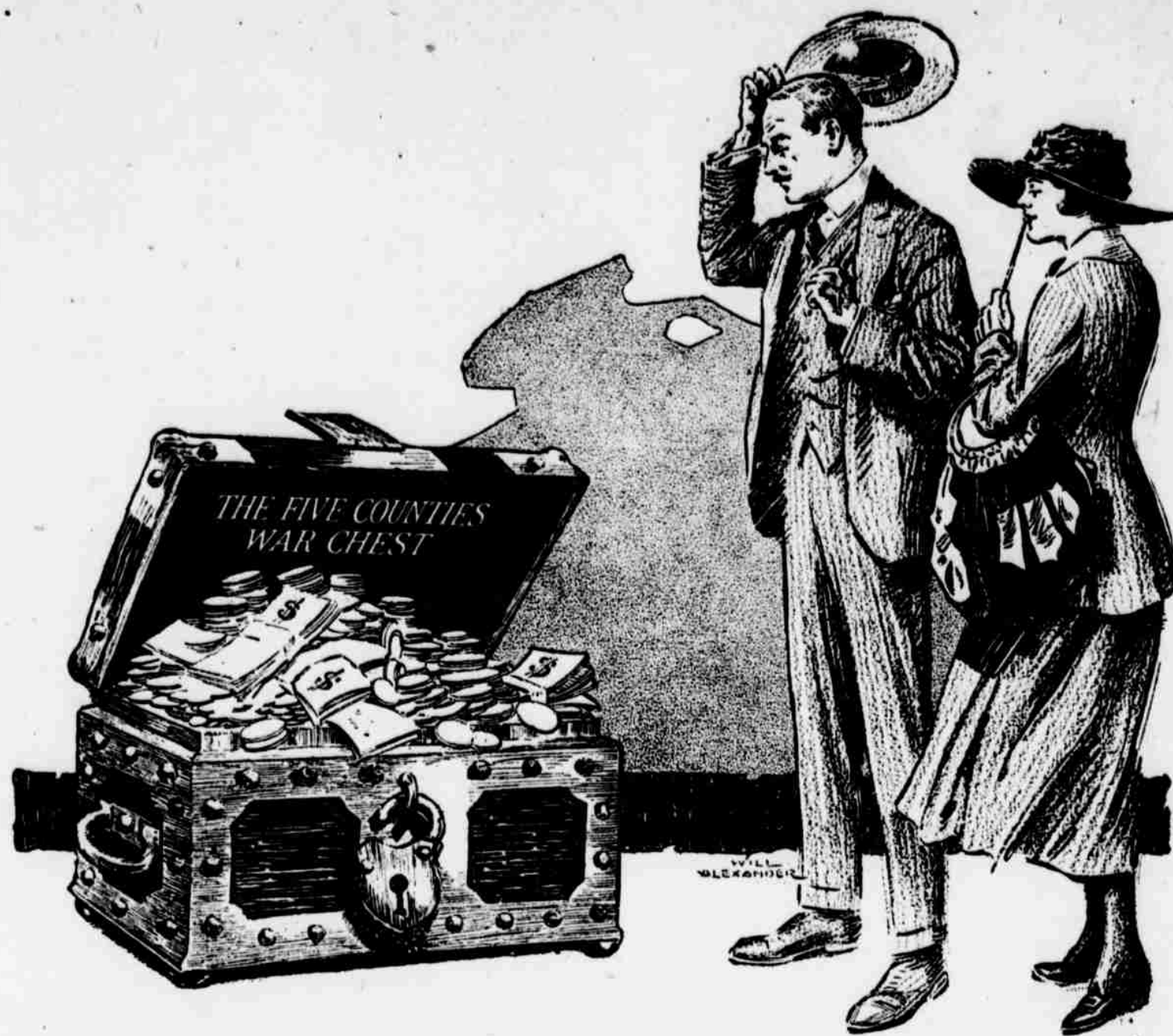
She held out her arms to the Village and thus bade farewell. Albert Walter, special agent of the Department of Justice, decided that Miss Hoye should return home with him, after he had located her at 49 Washington Square. She had left here without telling either her friends or her family of her sudden determination to establish herself in the artistic environs of Guido Bruno's little city of tobacco smoke, cigar restaurants, Russian novelties, verisimilitude, futurism—and starvation. Her mother had been frantic.

In spite of her entreaties, Special Agent Walter took her away. "And now that I've got to go back to Philadelphia," said Miss Hoye, "where I don't belong, I shall go right down into the cellar and talk with Fatsy—their dog, and the only one I've missed."

Then she confessed that she hadn't had very much to eat since her feet began treading the road to Parnassus, so Walter took her to a restaurant and they had a regular banquet. After that Miss Hoye announced that she was ready to go back to the barbarism of a good home and plenty to eat.

Fire Threatens Family

Awakened by the creak of his wife Morris Taley, 2610 South Third street, jumped from his bed this morning to find his room ablaze. Rushing into a room he found his two children, five years old, and Harry,



WHAT IS IT?

What Is a War Chest?

A community fund—in this case a Five Counties fund—providing money for authorized war relief.

For How Long?

For one year—it is expected. You give once a year to the War Chest.

What Area Will the War Chest Cover?

Five counties: Philadelphia, Montgomery, Delaware, Chester and Bucks.

What Is Its Advantage?

It takes the place of constant money-raising "drives" and "campaigns" for war-relief purposes.

Will There Be No "Drives," Then, For War-Relief Contributions?

No. The War Chest will take their place. Just as this week it takes the place of the Red Cross Campaign.

What Other Advantage Has It?

It saves you from constant calls; it protects you from possible unworthy war-relief schemes; it insures your money going where it is most needed for war relief.

How Does One Contribute to the War Chest?

By giving a definite sum each month for one year.

The War Welfare Council, Northeast Corner Broad & Chestnut Streets (1st Floor), Philadelphia