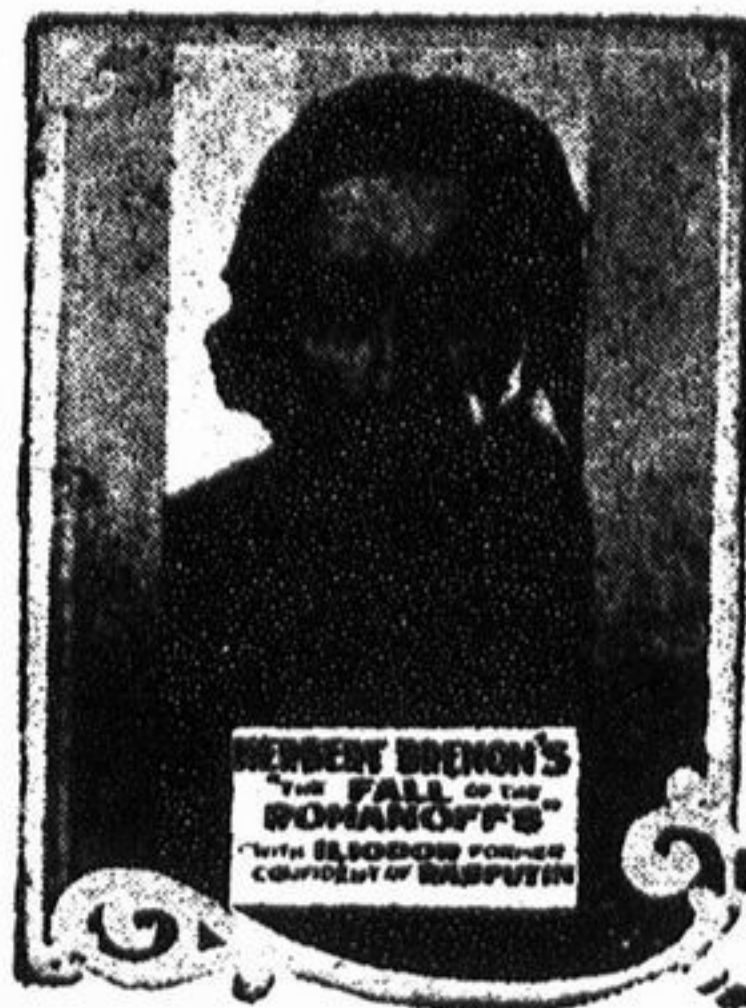




The characters in this production are:

- Nicholas II
Rasputin
Iliodor
Prince Felix
Grand Duke Nicholas
Wilhelm II, Emperor of Germany
Baron Frederick
Theafan
The Infant Czarwitsch
Axlender Kerensky
General Korniloff
and the Czarina.



THIS SATURDAY,

Special Matinee at 3:15

Herbert Brenon presents his elaborat production

'The Fall of the Romanoffs' with Iliodor.



HERBERT BRENON'S THE FALL OF THE ROMANOFFS WITH ILIODOR FORMER COMPANION OF RASPUTIN

'Over the Top'

By An American Soldier Who Went ARTHUR GUY EMPEY Machine Gunner Serving in France

When Lloyd recovered consciousness, he was lying on his right side, facing what used to be the entrance of the guardroom. Now, it was only a jumble of rent and torn sandbags. His head seemed bursting. He slowly rose on his elbow, and there in the east the dawn was breaking. But what was that mangled shape lying over there among the sandbags? Slowly dragging himself to it, he saw the body of the sentry. One look was enough to know that he was dead. The soldier's head was missing. The sentry had had his wish gratified. He had 'gone home.' He was safe at last from the 'whizzbangs' and the Alcindor.

every thrust home, and die like the men of D company should. When I give the word, follow me, and up and at them. Give them h—! Lord, if we only had a machine gun, we could wipe them out! Here they come, get ready, men." Just as he finished speaking, the welcome "pup-pup" of a machine gun in their rear rang out, and the front line of the onrushing Germans seemed to melt away. They wavered, but once again came rushing onward. Down went their second line. The machine gun was taking an awful toll of lives. Then again they tried to advance, but the machine gun mowed them down. Dropping their rifles and bombs, they broke and fled in a wild rush back to their trench, amid the cheers of "D" company. They were forming again for another attempt, when in the rear of D company came a mighty cheer. The ammunition had arrived and with it a battalion of Scotch to re-enforce them. They were saved. The unknown machine gunner had come to the rescue in the nick of time. With the re-enforcements it was an easy task to take the third German line. After the attack was over, the captain and three of his commissioned officers, waded their way back to the position where the machine gun had done its deadly work. He wanted to thank the gunner in the name of D company for his magnificent deed. They arrived at the gun, and an awful sight met their eyes. Lloyd had reached the front line trench, after his company had left it. A strange company was dimly crawling up the trench ladders. They were re-enforcements going over. They were Scotch, and they made a magnificent sight in their brightly colored kilts and bare knees. Jumping over the trench, Lloyd raced across 'No Man's Land,' unheeding the rain of bullets, leaping over dark forms on the ground, some of which lay still, while others called out to him as he speeded past. He came to the German front line, but it was deserted, except for heaps of dead and wounded—a grim tribute to the work of his company, good old D company. Leaping trenches, and gasping for breath, Lloyd could see right ahead of him his company in a dead-ended sap of a communication trench, and across the open, away in front of them, a mass of Germans preparing for a charge. Why didn't D company fire on them? Why were they so strangely silent? What were they waiting for? Then he knew—their ammunition was exhausted. But what was that on his right? A machine gun. Why didn't it open fire and save them? He would make that gun's crew do their duty. Rushing over to the gun he saw why it had not opened fire. Scattered around its base lay six still forms. They had brought their gun to consolidate the captured position, but a German machine gun had decreed they would never fire again. Lloyd rushed to the gun and, grasping the traversing handles, trained it on the Germans. He pressed the thumb piece, but only a sharp click was the result. The gun was unloaded. Then he realized his helplessness. He did not know how to load the gun. Oh, why hadn't he attended the machine-gun course in England? He'd been offered the chance, but with a blush of shame he remembered that he had been afraid. The nickname of the machine gunners had frightened him. They were called the "Suicide club." Now, because of this fear, his company would be destroyed, the men of D company would have to die, because he, Albert Lloyd, had been afraid of a name. In his shame he cried like a baby. Anyway he could die with them and, rising to his feet, he stumbled over the body of one of the gunners, who emitted a faint moan. A gleam of hope flashed through him. Perhaps this man could tell him how to load the gun. Stooping over the body he gently shook it and the soldier opened his eyes. Seeing Lloyd, he closed

them again and, in a faint voice, said: "Get away, you blighter, leave me alone. I don't want any coward around me." The words cut Lloyd like a knife, but he was desperate. Taking the revolver out of the holster of the dying man he pressed the cold muzzle to the soldier's head and replied: "Yes, it is Lloyd, the coward of Company D, but so help me God, if you don't tell me how to load that gun I'll put a bullet through your brain!" A sunny smile came over the countenance of the dying man and he said in a faint whisper: "Good old boy! I knew you wouldn't disgrace our company." Lloyd interposed: "For God's sake, if you want to save that company you are so proud of, tell me how to load that d—d gun!" As if reciting a lesson in school, the soldier replied in a weak, slingsong voice: "Insert tag end of belt in feed block, with left hand pull belt left front. Pull crank handle back on roller, let go, and repeat motion. Gun is now loaded. To fire, raise automatic safety latch, and press thumbpiece. Gun is now firing. If gun stops, ascertain position of crank handle." But Lloyd waited for no more. With wild joy at his heart, he took a belt from one of the ammunition boxes lying beside the gun, and followed the dying man's instructions. Then he pressed the thumbpiece and a burst of fire rewarded his efforts. The gun was working. Training it on the Germans he shouted for joy as their front rank went down. Traversing the gun back and forth along the mass of Germans, he saw them break and run back to the cover of their trench, leaving their dead and wounded behind. He had saved his company, he, Lloyd, the coward, had "done his bit." Releasing the thumbpiece, he looked at the watch on his wrist. He was still alive at "3:38." "Ping"—a bullet sang through the air, and Lloyd fell forward across the gun. A thin trickle of blood ran down his face from a little, black round hole in his forehead. "The sentence of the court had been 'duly carried out.'" The captain slowly raised the limp form drooping over the gun and, wiping the blood from the white face, recognized it as Lloyd, the coward of D company. Reverently covering the face with his handkerchief he turned to his "noncom" and, in a voice husky with emotions, addressed them: "Boys, it's Lloyd, the deserter. He has redeemed himself, died the death of a hero—died that his mates might live." That afternoon a solemn procession wended its way toward the cemetery. In the front a stretcher was carried by two sergeants. Across the stretcher the Union Jack was carefully spread. Behind the stretcher came a captain and forty-three men, all that were left of D company. Arriving at the cemetery, they halted in front of an open grave. All about them wooden crosses were broken and trampled into the ground. A grizzled old sergeant, noting this destruction, muttered under his breath: "Curse the cowardly blighter who wrecked those crosses! If I could only get these two hands around his neck his trip West would be short." The corpse on the stretcher seemed to move, or it might have been the wind blowing the folds of the Union Jack.

(Continued Next Week)

Self-Restraint Valuable.

For want of self-restraint many men are engaged all their lives in fighting with difficulties of their own making, and rendering success impossible; whilst others, who may be much less gifted, make their way and achieve success by simple, patient equanimity and self-control.—Samuel Smiles.

CHILDREN AS WELL AS GROWN-UPS WILL ENJOY 'A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS'

Film at Curtis Particularly Attractive to Young Folks who Flock to Theatre. Like Book Fairies Come to Life to Them—Battle and Swimming Scene Inspiring—Good Triumphs in End. Do you 'member the day they told you there wasn't any Santa Claus? How your heart sank and all the joy of living and loving seemed to go straight out of you? Then, you recollect, you straightened up, threw out your small chest, and brought yourself back to a new lease of your young life by saying to yourself, "Well, there are fairies, anyhow." Remember? One by one, each of us as we have grown to man's or woman's estate, has been forced to accept the cold-blooded person's word about Santa Claus, and to put away the blessed illusion as among childish things, but we all have retained our belief in fairies. We may think they have, but they haven't. Didn't Peter Pan put us all to the test? At any rate it remains that all that goes to make life beautiful and interesting is bound up in one way or another with our imagination. Now, ever since the cinema came into the reckoning of things the chief concern of the promoters has been to provide entertainment that should bring together children and grown-ups, and it has been the concern, too, of all the parents and guardians who look for their children's welfare. Children, like their elders, seek amusement, and it is a matter of vital importance how and wherein they find it. It remained for William Fox, the sponsor of the latest of pretentious picture productions to recognize that this "common appeal" should be realized, if it were to be realized at all, through an appeal to the imagination. So he figured that the successful picture of the future would be that which was best calculated to stimulate imagination along whole-some lines without sacrificing anything of the dramatic or without being too palpably "educational," and he presented "A Daughter of the Gods."

will not be denied. What is to be done about it? The cinema is on- answer in the broad appeal it makes to the imagination. "A Daughter of the Gods" demonstrates how possible it is to produce plays that are adapted to both young people and their elders. It would be difficult to say which element gathers more enjoyment from the play—the children or the grownups. From scraps of conversation one hears the advantages are even. You hear a group of children vying with one another in an effort to explain to mother that the gnomes are just like those in their book of "Grimm's Fairy Tales," and Boy chimes in with "Perhaps they're the very ones that bowled with Rip Van Winkle before they put him to sleep," and then, after another glance at the screen where the five hundred little, long gray bearded fellows are sitting with their arms about their knees, he clutches mother's sleeve with "Ge, I'll bet they are, don't you, mother?" All the children was enthusiastic over the little gnome villages, and father, mother, and children, all, follow with equal interest the peregrinations of the beautiful Anita through the harem scenes, the children gathering an impression only of the beauty of the wonderful marble halls, the fountains, the silken hangings, and the grace of the lovely women that wander around. Father takes a hand in explaining: "Do you see that cocoanut tree, that big one? Well son, it cost just \$200 to transplant that tree from its home in Arabia, and that old sentry box on the wall cost 2,000 perfectly good dollars to get it ship shape to make this picture." And then when a Moorish city is thrown on the screen, with its accompanying text, the Boy is moved to exclaim: "I shouldn't mind learning history if I could get all my lessons this way." Of course the whole family laugh over the chubby little Lee girls who take the part of the sultan's son and small Nydia, respectively, alternately gurgling with delight and crying with fear as the waves splash gently or threateningly about them. The swimming feats furnish no end of food for discussion. More than that, they have already been instrumental in swelling the list of pupils at most of the swimming pools. The desire to learn to swim becomes an obsession. When you watch Anita and mermaids or the shiny blacks who pursue her, each of them battling with waves that would feaze an ocean liner, you lose your breath—you are, in fact, gasping most of the time at Anita's perils when you aren't marveling that any one so athletic can be so daintily feminine. She appears and reappears. Miss Kellerman in the guise of Anita, always a charmingly graceful figure, here with the cruel, sardonic sultan who pursue her, each of them battling with waves that would feaze an ocean liner, you lose your breath—you are, in fact, gasping most of the time at Anita's perils when you aren't marveling that any one so athletic can be so daintily feminine. There are inspiring battle scenes, there is the scene in which the villainous looking crocodiles are turned into swans as they are about to eat Anita; there is the Witch of Badness and the Fairy of Goodness, and thru the whole piece, without taking a bit of the sugar coating off, runs the

moral—the triumph of good over evil. There is an atmosphere of our fairy tales about it all that makes it wonderfully alluring to the children and that loses nothing of its interest to the grown portion of the big audiences. Will be shown at the Curtis Theatre, Downers Grove, Thursday, Aug. 1st. 'FALL OF THE ROMANOFFS' TELLS TRUTH ABOUT RASPUTIN The true story of the disruption of the Russian Empire, the recent revolution, and the birth of Russian freedom and democracy is shown in Herbert Brenon's "The Fall of the Romanoffs," which comes to the Curtis Theatre Saturday, July 27. Its great strength is in its truth. With infinite pains Mr. Brenon has followed minutely every incident, every phase and every detail of the great drama as revealed to him by the monk Iliodor, a political refugee from Russia. Iliodor, generally known as the Russian Monk, is the former confidant of Rasputin upon whom rest the responsibilities of the worst of the weak Czar's crimes, his treachery, his disloyalty, and his tyranny. Rasputin was the uncrowned monarch of Russia. He was the real power behind the throne. Iliodor as his intimate friend and advisor was the one man in Russia, who was in a position to know to what length this impostor's unscrupulous nature carried him. In "The Fall of the Romanoffs," staged on a massive scale, replete with thrilling and historical incidents presented with typical Brenon skill and artistry, and containing enough action for any two photoplays, such questions as these are disposed of: Who was Rasputin? Where did he come from? How did he come to wield so powerful an influence over the Czar and the royal family? How could he, a rough peasant, come to settle questions of state? How did he dare to interfere with the destinies of a nation by negotiating for a separate peace with Russia, he an ignorant moujik, who could not read or write correctly? How did he meet his doom? Who killed him and why? Was his influence over women as great as reputed? Did he really possess hypnotic powers, and was he an evil as reputed has made him? The answers to all these questions are contained in Herbert Brenon's picture, and they are presented in the true version in "The Fall of the Romanoffs." THE FUTURE OF LIVESTOCK The West has long been the livestock center of the world. Now every animal is needed as never before. The livestock of Europe is being sacrificed by the millions to the God of war. All the livestock we can produce will be in good demand for years after the war ends. Herbert Hoover recently said, in addressing the National Milk Show: "We will have to replenish the depleted herds of Great Britain and Europe. We will need to supply the whole world. We must maintain the present great potential strength of our herds; if once lost, it cannot be re-established in a generation. The first reserve in meat and dairy products is the maintenance of our herds."