

MUSICAL COMEDIES HERALD
HOT WEATHER IN NEW YORK

"June Love" Succeeds "Mary" at Knickerbocker and "Just Married," Another of the Bedroom Farces That Were Such Success Last Year.



Marie Marceline in "Good Times"



Doris Keane

BY ELIZABETH LONERGAN.
NEW YORK, May 14.—(Special)—The first summer shows have opened up for hot-weather runs. At this time of the year musical comedies and farces take the place of the heavier sort of entertainment, as if to tell that summer is coming slowly but surely.

"June Love" succeeds "Mary" at the Knickerbocker. The heroine is a charming little widow who is searching the world for a wild lad to make her forget she has ever been married before. She meets him on Fifth avenue and hands him a rose, then, as if by magic, he disappears to turn up at a golf tournament as the champion. "Golf and love do not mix well, but in 'June Love' they do, and the widow's wish is granted. There are many catchy airs in the little comedy, and an excellent cast headed by Elsa Alder and Johnny Dooley. Bertie Beaumont, an eccentric dancer who has appeared at the Orpheum, doubles as an Egyptian dancer and a "vamp" and made a great hit with the audience. Lois Josephine and Clarence Nordstrom are also featured members of the cast. Charlotte Thompson is author of the story and Otto Herbach wrote the music. "June Love" seems destined for a long stay in town.

"Just Married" is another of those bedroom farces that were such a hit last year. This season has not seen the many. The first act suggests "The Night Boat," because it is on a steamer. The staterooms are all mixed up with there are the usual complications with people getting in the wrong rooms. Vivian Martin, of picture fame, is the heroine of the show and Lyman Overman the hero. Other members of the cast are Dorothy Mortimer, seen last in "Nightie Night," John Butler, Isabel O'Madigan, Purcell Pratt, Elizabeth Gerety and Jess Dandy. Jules Hurling and the Shuberts put on the production, which is by the authors of "Nightie Night," Adelaide Mathews and Martha Stanley.

The Shuberts also presented Will Hodge in a new play, destined for a place on Broadway next season. It is called "Beware of Dogs," and had Mr. Hodge in double role of star and author. The supporting company included Mary Lawton, Lucille La

REPAIR YOUR OWN MOTORCAR
AND THEN GIVE THING AWAY

Minor Breakdowns on Road Can Be Remedied, Perhaps, if Certain Rules Are Followed Intelligently and With Patience.

BY JAMES J. MONTAGUE.
The Motorist's Handbook.
THE motorist can save time and expense by making his own repairs. All that is required is the ability to find out what the matter with the car and a knowledge of the way to fix it.



buretor, which is usually on the left side of the engine.
Tap it gently on the back and request it to be firmly to say "ninety-nine."
If it refuses to say "ninety-nine," try to get it to say "eighty-eight."
If it still remains mute, suggest any other numerals that occur to you. In case there is no response, take the lid by unscrewing several small screws. These you may throw away, for you will never find them again when you go to look for them. Remove from the top of the buretor whatever it has been choking on, send into town for more screws, replace the lid and proceed on your way.

Congested Transmission.
Congested transmission results from the intrusion into the long metal box just behind the cylinder of extraneous matter, such as small wrenches, oil cans or parts of thermos bottles.
After putting on a diving suit, which it is always wise to carry while on tour, pry up the floor boards with a crowbar, remove the cover of the transmission box with a light charge of nitro-glycerine and look for the extraneous matter.
The first thing you will find is a heavy deposit of small shards of steel, which are merely broken gears. Put these carefully back, for without them the car will have a steady and quiet sound, which in a short time will get on your nerves.
Reach down through the encircling grease with your hands till you find any object that has nothing whatever to do with the mechanism of the automobile. Remove these with a pair of your diving suit, being first to come out also, put them back and restore the lid. If, after this operation, the car refuses to run or makes a harsh, grating sound, another can be purchased at very reasonable cost.

Fracture of the Differential.
The differential is the squish-like bulb that grows on the rear axle almost between the wheels. Its purpose is to make one wheel go faster while the other goes slower or, on the other hand, to make one wheel go slower while the other goes faster.
If this didn't happen, the car, while you were rounding a corner, would pivot on one of the wheels and start back the way it came, which, unless you happened to forget something before you started, is embarrassing.
Fracture of the differential may be caused by getting too close to a corner and running over a hydrant. To remedy consists in again putting on your diving suit, being first to come back under the car, removing 16 bolts with a wrench and looking into the differential with a lens.
If there is any grease left in it the fracture is negligible. If the grease is gone, find the fracture, call it with the putty, put in new bolts (the old ones will have been lost) and start again. In case you can't start, you may be able to give the car to some passerby, but in that case you must be careful not to let him suspect that there is anything the matter with it.

Enlarged Brakeband.
Enlarged brakeband sometimes occurs while you are running on the level. If it does, you can tie a rope around the band and take a taxi to where you are going.
If it happens on a hill, while you are descending, the only safe thing to do is to shut your eyes and pray.
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BLANKETS SENT HARDING

President Returns Thanks but Says Nothing About Price of Wool.

WALPOLE, N. H., May 14.—The Cheshire county farm bureau has issued a presidential chit by sending a pair of fleecy bed coverings to the White House. These were manufactured from wool sheared from sheep raised on the hills of New Hampshire.
In a letter accompanying the gift State Senator Fred O. Smalley said: "You will be interested to know that the farmers had practically their entire 1920 wool crop converted into blankets, about 500 pairs in all. These blankets, by the way, are the old-fashioned kind, such as our grandmothers used to make. By sending a pair to the White House, we are able to obtain a price of about 40 cents a pound for the raw wool, which was better than no market at all."
President Harding's reply said: "I have read with a great deal of interest your letter, and am especially pleased to have the blankets which you were good enough to present to me on behalf of the Cheshire county farm bureau. Please let me assure you and your associates that I am very much gratified by this evidence of your good will."

JAPANESE WOMEN REBEL

Speech of Baron Fujimura Brings About Indignation.

TOKIO, May 14.—Many Japanese women are in feminine rebellion over the refusal of the house of peers to adopt the bill granting the women of Nippon the right to attend political meetings and to form political associations. Their leaders are especially exercised over the speech of Baron Yoshiro Fujimura, who strongly opposed the measure.
The baron is reported as having said that he was against the measure on the ground that women are not fit to participate in politics from the biological point of view and also from the point of view of social welfare. He added: "By allowing women to participate in political discussions, the Japanese family system will be destroyed."
The Society of New Women, which has been advocating the bill for three years, held an indignation meeting and appointed a committee to visit Baron Fujimura and demand an explanation of his remarks. Also it was voted to continue the agitation for emancipation.

Canada Pays Bounty on Iron.

VICTORIA, B. C.—The provincial government has entered into an agreement with the Coast Range Steel company, Ltd., to pay a bounty of \$3 a ton for all pig iron manufactured from iron ore found in the province and \$1.50 per ton for pig iron manufactured in the province from ore brought in from British Columbia.

METEORIC RISE TO FAME
WOMAN SCULPTOR'S REWARD

Mrs. Sally Farnham, Whose Statue of Simon Bolivar Is Her Big Work, Is Also Mother of Three Children.



Simon Bolivar, Largest Statue Ever Executed by Woman, Surveys the World.

JUST after the recent unveiling of the heroic statue to Simon Bolivar, the great South American liberator, in Central Park, New York, this is one of the incidents that the president of the United States witnessed.
"Sally! Sally!" pleaded a little boy, having hold of the skirt of Sally James Farnham, the sculptor of the statue, as she stood in the grandstand looking with somewhat misty eyes at her masterpiece.
"Sally!" repeated the youngster, still more urgently. "May John come to my house for dinner?"
"Oh—" The sculptor looked down

STUDENTS LAUGH AS MAYOR BAKER PANS "BILL" HAYWOOD

Russian Anarchist's Name Taken for That of Famous University of Oregon Track Coach.

NOTHING more amusing has occurred for a long time than a recent speech by Mayor Baker of Portland to a bunch of University of Oregon students at Eugene. His subject was "Americanism" and he was intensely earnest as he lamned the insidious I. W. W., the syndicalist and the anarchist until the welkin (whatever that may be) rang.
Among the boys to come in for a terrific "rapping" by his honor, the mayor of Portland was "Big Bill" Haywood, leader-in-chief of the I. W. W., formerly a resident of Chicago, but now commonly reported to be sojourning in the city of Riga, Russia, owing to a little misunderstanding with his uncle, Samuel.
And as Mayor Baker stammered out "Big Bill" Haywood, there coursed over the benign countenances of divers and sundry students a broad grin, and, ever and anon, a ripple of suppressed laughter could be heard.
Amplified at this peculiar thing, Mayor Baker hesitated slightly, looked from side to side of the room and apparently tried to make out what the laughter was about. Then he started in again, assigning "Big Bill" to oblivion—and again the tittering was heard.
After the meeting adjourned, a friend explained to the mayor that many of the students, not being so fastidious as he with the chief of the I. W. W., thought the mayor was laboring "Big Bill" Haywood, Oregon's noted athletic coach, as evidenced by his laughing.

Judge George T. Reid of Tacoma, assistant to the president of the Northern Pacific railway was "among those present" in the council chambers the other day when the mayor and his committee were discussing the railroad terminal question and when Commissioner Bigelow was declaring himself plainly on certain points.
"I think while we are at it, we may as well ask for block Y to be kept clear of all obstacles," announced Mr. Bigelow. "It's one of our trading points, if you please, we may as well call their bluff, to be right plain about it."
"It's plain enough," replied Judge Reid, "but not a very nice way to put it."
Mayor Baker scored one during the terminal talk when J. B. Ziegler, more familiarly known as "common user," insisted upon injecting certain phrases into the project.
"You are continually speaking of a plan," said the mayor. "I don't know that we have adopted any particular plan as yet; in fact, the child isn't born—and we don't know whether it's going to be a boy or a girl."

William F. Woodward, a school director who recently brought about a change whereby better and, at the same time, lower-priced milk to be provided by the dairymen for consumption in the schools, was worried for a while concerning a point that was brought up by the milk men, who declared that too much butterfat is not conducive to the best development of children; skimmed milk, they said, was highly valuable in this connection.
"For a time," said Mr. Woodward after the subject had been decided satisfactorily to all, "I almost thought the public might accuse me of complicity in an attempt to ruin

in them than in her art. Her oldest son is Edward James Jr., who is an aviator and made a special flight from Cuba to witness his mother's triumph. Her daughter, Miss Junior Farnham, was also present at the unveiling. Her little 10-year-old son John was just as much the center of attention as his mother and showed the statue to all his playmates, proud of his mother's achievement.

Mrs. Farnham's other claims to pre-eminence is the fact that she is one of the few instances of a person, man or woman, taking up sculpture or any other art in adult years and carrying it toward the highest goals, both financially and artistically. When she decided to become a professional sculptor—Mrs. Farnham prefers to be called that instead of sculptress—she was well past the age when most others begin such work.

She began her work in 1901, when she was convalescing in Roosevelt hospital, New York, from a severe illness. She never admitted to her friends of being a professional sculptor as she whittled away the long hours of her sickness. Not only did she have no professional pretensions, but she thought that she had no talent. She now says laughingly that she must thank her sickness for developing her latent ability.

It came about in this way: The patient was quite exhausted one day by the amusement offered her by her hospital surroundings and she was utterly disgusted with the sameness of the daily round of routine.
A friend chanced to place some modeling clay in her hands. Mrs. Farnham found that life was not as uninteresting as she had thought. Before she realized it she became greatly interested by the stuff in her hands. She shaped it and reshaped it into all sorts of figures and found that other patients, as well as she herself, were not displeased with the results. The only tool available to her was an orange stick, but it was quite suitable for her purposes.

Mrs. Farnham recalled, just then, that when she was a child she had the trick of carving with a scissors, cutting out of blank paper all manner of men and women, of elephants and giraffes and other animals. She was pleased for her accomplishment, although she never took it seriously. She recalled that she could pick up a piece of paper and, using nothing but her fingers, could tear out a perfectly recognizable portrait of the person sitting opposite her. And, as memories kept crowding themselves—one has lots of time when one is in bed—the patient turned to her when she remembered how one of her teachers took offense at a caricature which Mrs. Farnham, as one of the pupils, had made of her.

It is hard to describe her emotions as she realized that here was the inevitable something which she had been seeking all her life to express. And she was happy, though ill in bed, as her mind was made up she would be a sculptor when she once got about again.
With most folks in approximately the same position as Mrs. Farnham the decision is more easily made than executed. But with her it became an inflexible resolve to succeed, because she felt that this was the goal she had been seeking all her life.

So Mrs. Farnham soon after she was discharged from the hospital opened up a studio. When this happened it never occurred to her to relax in her domestic duties because she was taking up professional work. She took the combination of a matter of course and set about to obtain commissions as if she did not have several kiddies to take care of.
During her first professional year she cleared more than \$20,000.

Canada Has Large Incomes.
OTTAWA, Ont.—Eleven individuals in Canada paid income taxes on incomes of \$20,000 or over during the last fiscal year, according to the announcement made in the house of commons. Altogether 122,588 people paid income taxes in 1918. Of this number, 12,774 were farmers. The total number paying income tax during 1917 was 24,730, as compared with 40,825 in 1915, and 48,156 in 1913.

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Gorgosaurus Gigantic Beast of Paleozoic Times.
Scientists Snooping Around Ancient Habitat Find Enlightening Footprints.

NEW YORK, May 14.—Best minds of the American Museum of Natural History agree that the Gorgosaurus, a gigantic beast which lived way back in paleozoic times, ran when in a hurry, on its hind legs.
Nobody ever saw a Gorgosaurus, but scientists snooping around his ancient habitats have found enlightening footprints and other evidence that he once lived in what is now the Canadian province of Alberta. They show that this carnivorous dinosaur used all fours in ordinary traveling, but being spurred to high speed, the big fellow got up on his hind legs. Accordingly, a Gorgosaurus skeleton recently acquired by the museum from the Red Deer river beds of Alberta has just been mounted in his running pose.

In explaining the probable habits of the Gorgosaurus, Dr. W. D. Matthews, curator of the museum's department of vertebrate paleontology, pictures the prehistoric monster in chase of a couple of unwary duck-billed dinosaurs that have carelessly wandered from the banks of rivers and lagoons which served them as

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