

end is further looked after by Virginia Futrelle, Nannette Flack, Jack Lambert, Arthur Geary—singing very, very earnestly—and Joseph Parsons. The two best songs of the show come close together in the second part—"Just Like a Rose" and "Hello, Imagination."

Marceline is back, helping the elephants with their tricks, and not doing much more. Bob Pender and his troupe from England present their stilt pantomime, which is rather meaningless, and a pair of foreign entertainers called Kara and Sek offer a pretty bad ten minutes. But these spots, it may be safely predicted, will all be ironed out before many days have passed. Generally speaking, "Good Times" is the Hippodrome at its best and should have no difficulty in entertaining the Hippodrome's two million patrons.

'GOOD TIMES' REVEALS HIPPODROME AT BEST

Newest Spectacle Offers a Memorable Picture in Jeweled Towers, and Good Specialties.

GOOD TIMES, an extravaganza in three acts and fifteen scenes, by R. H. Burnside; music by Raymond Hubbell. At the Hippodrome.

PRINCIPALS—Belle Story, Arthur Geary, Nannette Flack, Virginia Futrelle, Joseph Parsons, Robert McClellan, Agnes Mack, Miriam Miller, Ferry Corwey, Kara and Sek, Max Teuber, the Hannefords, Joe Jackson, Four Roses, Abdallah's Arabs, Platov and Mlle. Nataile, Dorothy Gates, Berlo Sisters, Helda Strauss, Gladys Comerford, Dorothy Clark, Florence Gast, Violet Brasley, Elizabeth Coyle, Charles Strong, Thomas Colton, Arthur Hill, Pender's Comedians, William Williams, Joseph Frohoff, Albert Froom, the Brothers Byrne, Al Harrison, Cissie Hayden, Eddie Russell, Charles Ravel, Thomas Keenan, William Weston, Powers's Performing Elephants, Albert Alberts, Harry Ward, Robert Reano, Michael Morris, Robert Rosaire, William Stanely, George Becker, Timothy O'Connor, Matthew Ettore, Leo Post, George Davis, the Four Nelsons, Marceline.

The Hippodrome in the presentation of its sixth annual spectacle since Charles B. Dillingham took over the direction of its destinies, adheres in the main to the policies which have made it celebrated. Pre-eminently a home of spectacle, it offers several striking vistas for the eye—the final picture, with jeweled towers flanking the Hippodrome tank, is particularly memorable—but someone has also had the courage this year to pay a good deal of attention to detail. The result is not only half a dozen or more good specialties—with even a little attention to humor now and then—but several gorgeously costumed ensembles which help to make the new show quite one of the best which the Hippodrome has ever offered.

Of the high spots of the new entertainment, nearly all have been a part of previous Hippodrome shows on one occasion or another. One of the exceptions is a new comer from England, named Ferry Corwey, a clown with musical leanings, who does not need the red nose and yellow wig of the English 'alls to make him a success with American audiences. His drolleries earned him the foremost ovation of the evening last night.

The audience also welcomed Edwin Hanneford and Joe Jackson vociferously, and, although both adhered rather closely to the turns which have made them familiar, they are entitled to their places near the head of the list. Hanneford and his equestrian family have learned one or two new things about horses since they were here last, and Mr. Jackson now performs his cycling slightly assisted by a messenger boy, but in most respects they are the familiar and welcome comers.

The diving girls also registered strongly with last night's audience—and not entirely because of the temperature without and within. It was either Dorothy Gates or Anna Mack who took the hair-raising jump from the roof last night—they are to alternate with this stunt—and in addition, a dozen or more daring damsels offered lesser dives. The chorus—large parts of it, at all events—walk down into the water as of yore, not to come up until the final curtain some five or ten minutes later.

There is an interesting and attractive number called Shadowland, which opens the show—it would perhaps be more generally appreciated a bit later—and there are the toy scenes, the colorland scenes, the flower scenes, which make the Hippodrome. At the Hippodrome a song is never merely sung—it is illustrated profusely. Girls spring from spots where no one expected them—unless, perchance, one has attended other Hippodrome shows—and choruses pour forth from 176 throats. The representatives of all nations come on, and innocent strips of silk are transformed into American flags.

Belle Story is present and doing much of the singing this year, and the vocal