LEEDS FIGHTS OF LONG AGO.

REV. S. CHADWICK RECALLS TEMPERANCE BATTLE.

"To me, the most striking thing about the Leeds Wesleyan Mission (the 50th anniversary of which is being celebrated) is the continuity of spirit there," said the Rev. Samuel Chadwick to a "Yorkshire Evening Post" reporter.

Mr. Chadwick was at one time minister at Oxford Place, and he was a redoubtable fighter in the temperance cause in Leeds thirty years and more ago. He sees great changes in the city now.

"Yes, we had a great fight of it for ten years," he says. "From 1894 to 1904. It was both an evangelical and a temperance battle. Then there came the Licensing Act of 1904, an Act which we had dreaded a good deal, but which has not, in its results, I think, justified the fears we entertained.

"We were not fighting for Prohibition so much as for a better Leeds. There are vast changes since then. Leeds, like other great cities, is a far more temperate place now. This city has been wonderfully fortunate in its public men; they have served it well. Both men as the late Sir George J. Cockburn have left behind them monuments of work well done for the common weal.

"One does not hear so much of temperance agitation now, and it is because the battle ground has shifted. We who campaigned a generation ago were the advanced skirmishing line of an army whose main body, it has since transpired, consisted of economic forces. These are now playing their part, and public opinion is increasingly on the side of those who urged reform."

The current interest in the Sunday evening street parades—following the agitation for the opening of cinemas on Sunday—was discussed with Mr. Chadwick. Then street parades are no new thing, he said. They existed in the 'nineties.

"Do not make the mistake," he said, "of thinking that more sober and industry among young folk are indications of mischievous conspiracy. The very opposite may be the case. Young brought up in middle-class surroundings feel liable to make too little allowance for young folk who really have nowhere to go except the streets. And when they are there it does not follow that they have any evil aim. And many of those young people have no doubt been to church or chapel earlier in the evening."

Mr. Chadwick expressed himself as wholly opposed to the opening of cinemas on Sunday. He was very glad, he said, to hear that Leeds had not so far adopted the proposal.

PRISON PREFERRED.

SEVEN TIMES IN GAOL RATHER THAN PAY WIFE.

A separation order against William Grimshaw, a Shelbourn chimney sweep, under which he owes his wife £207 maintenance arrears, was revoked by the Southport magistrates on the ground of the alleged misconduct of his wife, Judith Grimshaw, Hawkesshead Street, Southport.

The wife denied the allegation. She said since that order for £3 a week was made in June, 1925, her husband had paid her only £2. She had had husband in the County Court for the return of furniture, but, rather than pay, he went to gaol seven times.

William Grimshaw said he had gone to prison seven times rather than pay his wife for what was his own.

The magistrates would not make an order for the £207 arrears.

A vixen with a fowl in its mouth was killed by a train near Bletchley.

TOSSING THE PANCAKE.

ROUND LEEDS HOUSES OF AMUSEMENT.

RETURN VISITS OF "NO NO NANETTE" AND OF TWO SUCCESSFUL REVUES.

Coming out of the Leeds Grand Theatre, last night, a woman said, "If you hadn't seen it before, you'd think you were seeing it for the first time, wouldn't you?" The bill may have been deliberate, or due to exhilaration of the moment, but certainly "No Nanette" comes up as freshly on its third visit as if this were its first, and the urge to be happy is as irresistible as if orchestra, artiste, and audience alike were just getting on terms with the tune, instead of greeting one that has already had a large amount of hair wear and tear.

The fresh interest of artists and orchestra in their work last night was notable, and one insists on the orchestra's part because it is certainly a very large one. Cora Goffin is again Nanette, and if, in different tones, sometimes Dilly and sometimes Jimmy has appeared, the more important comedy role, according to the differing comedians who have played the two parts, one can only say that last night Billy Leonard and George Morgan seemed to strike a nice balance, and to share the honours pretty equally. There was again a large audience.

H. P. J.

MERRY EFFICIENCY.

"The Babes in the Wood," at the Theatre Royal, continues at a steady pitch of merry efficiency. Nora Delany continues to make us believe in a character we once created for ourselves. She has just the personality we wanted in Robin Hood, and is just as picturesque. The Babes (Queenie Tillett and Alice Tyrrell), whose piety is intermingled with the other nursery favourite, make a fine foil of Sammy (Reg Bolton), who threatens, but, childlike, gives way to a rather humorous kind of contrition. With her own variation upon the dame tradition Marion Dawson is invaluable, and Tom Price, Irene North, Percy Cahill, and Ethel Earl all help to maintain a high standard.

H. H.

BACK TO BROAD COMEDY.

"Too Many Cooks," the Archie Pitt revue at the Empire, exploits a line in broad comedy that never fails to set the laughter of the men of music-hall patrons, and throughout the show last night the merriment was maintained. The revue is not extravagantly or elaborately staged, nor is there anything new or novel, but it boasts, at any rate, a coherent story and several very good comedy sketches (and there is no artist as they say of films). Most diverting of all is the "All at Sea" episode, in which the occupants of two adjacent, well lit, cabins, set down on the stage and seem to roll from side to side in traditional pantomime style, have an uproarious time.

The comedy is in the safe hands of Douglas Wakefield, with an infectious little laugh, a red nose, and a chaplick manner, and Billy Nelson, a hardly little fellow who fumbles as well as any acrobat. Ronald Green, as Mr. Cook, and the rest of the company are all well cast.

H. S. P.

"THAT'S ALL THERE IS."

Having said that that accomplished comedian, Charlie Higgins, is still the one shining light in "Out of Bounds," which is at the Hippodrome on a return visit in revised form, one is driven to adopt the title of the final number, "That's all there is." At any rate, it is nearly all there is, for, throughout, he is the outstanding artist in the show. When he is on the stage—and he is seldom off—the fun is fast and furious.

Outside the realm of comedy, the other elements of the show can be described as only average, excepting the chorus work of the Hudson Girls, an exceptionally clever combination. But the revue as a whole can be summed up in the two words, "Charlie Higgins," and those who want two hours of hearty laughter are sure to get it.

P. S.

CITY VARIETIES.

"Bumpus" is the City Variaties, though hardly a stimulating revue, nevertheless it is quickly amusing. Both of the scenes are sixty that over, and Ernie Dillon employs an individual comedy style. He is best in the final and entertaining sketch, "Bumpus," Miss Berling scored success as a singer, and the work of the minor principals and chorus is commendable.

H. J. B.

NOEL COWARD AGAIN.

A COMEDY OF RURITANIA AT HUDDERSFIELD.

"The Queen was in the Parlour," rating not bread and honey, that's much too old fashioned for a modern young man like Noel Coward. "The lady's farewell supper to her lover, on the night before she is to be married for reasons of state to Prince Karl of Zalger, consisted of iced champagne and cigarettes.

This exotic repast is characteristic of the play. We have a princess prompectively summoned from a life of irreproachable love in Paris to assume the heavy fetters of state, and with convincing insistence she, her latest lover, her faithful old general, and her state-provided husband all tell the world that they are puppets of fate, and do their best to behave as such.

Mr. Coward has sought the most popular approved authorities for the atmosphere of this "modern romantic comedy," the influence being clearly traceable of those vivid historians of Near Eastern affairs, William Le Queux and Anthony Hope, with morals for monarchs as delineated by Victoria Cross and Elinor Glyn. The dialogue is essentially Mr. Coward's own, liberally adorned with his heats and priceless adjectives, while there are occasional epigrams, as, for instance, the queen's "How impossible real life is." To illustrate the truth of her profound remark, she addresses the rebellious rabble from the balcony in her nightdress as "You absolute idiots," while her husband-to-be advises them to go home to bed. This terse way with rebels so pleases the mob that they sing the national anthem and disperse, while the hidden lover shoots himself in the adjoining bedroom.

This remarkable experiment in a new medium by one of our foremost playwrights was presented for the first time in the North of England at the Theatre Royal, Huddersfield, last night, at the head of a most efficient company is the accomplished actress, Frances Carson. She looks her part, she acts her part too well, and she is persuaded to snatch a night of happiness before her state marriage, is obviously a part giving the widest scope for displays of passionate emotion alternating with regal aloofness, and Miss Carson came through a trying ordeal triumphantly. The audience loudly acclaimed her. Walter Pearce, as the prince, was a commanding figure of the tender-standing man behind the royal puppet, Cecil Landeau was a rather night clubish lover, and Marie Claverley gave an excellent comedy study of the English spinster secretary.

H. G.

CHILLED MEAT NOT LABELLED.

"There is nothing more important at the present time of high prices than that customers should be informed what it is they are buying," said the Grimsby Stipendiary Magistrate, fining Julia Turner, butcher, £10 for exposing chilled meat for sale without labelling it as imported.

The defence was that the matter was an oversight, without intention to deceive.

DANCING MAD.

Four Gateshead girls who were alleged to have committed extensive thefts of clothing to enable them to indulge their craze for dancing, were fined £5 each and bound over at Newcastle.

Two were aged 18, one 17, and one 16. When previously before the Court their parents said they were "dancing mad," and the police-inspector stated that, soon after their arrest, he found them dancing the Charleston in the cell.

MYSTERY OF BLAZING VESSEL.

LINER'S VAIN SEARCH FOR LIFEBOAT.

LIVERPOOL, Tuesday.

"It was a really magnificent sight," said Sir Auckland Geddes, one of the passengers on the Cunard liner Caronia, who arrived at Liverpool to-day, describing the ship's attempt to succour a blazing steamer in the Atlantic at night.

About four hours after the Caronia left Boston she was attracted by the glare of a mystery ship in the open sea. "We came upon what appeared to be a big three-masted schooner blazing from one end to another," said Captain W. H. Hossack, commander of the Caronia. "She was just an inferno and terror was added to the scene by explosions from time to time.

"When we got up to within warm range of her we found a Dutch steamer on the spot. We joined her in searching for members of the crew, and for a couple of hours we circled about the blazing steamer trying to sight a lifeboat. We could find no trace of human life, so finally at ten o'clock at night we left the blazing wreck.

As he resumed his voyage Captain Hossack sent a wireless message to New York and Boston, and was informed by return that they had no news of any steamer being on fire, or of any persons being rescued. Some of the Caronia's passengers surmised that the blazing steamer was a mystery ship engaged in rum running.

LEEDS PICTURE HOUSES.

Scala.—"Up in Mabel's Room" cannot be described as a "lofty" production. There is nothing "highbrow" about it. The frequent appearance of a certain article of feminine underwear caused one gentleman in the pit, the presence of a large size in laughs, to break into such peals of mirth that the whole house followed his lead.

Although the story is fairly frisky, it is not risque. One hinges on the point of being frightfully shocked, but something turns up to spare one's blushes. Everything turns upon the possession of, or the search for the intimate article of feminine underwear which a maid-servant describes as "feminine fiddle-sticks."

And this is a fitting description for the film, for it is all "feminine fiddle-sticks" from the first "shot" to final fade-out. Scenes in Mabel's bedroom, with all the characters in full pursuit of the intermittentable garment, or of each other, are played at a lively pace by a very capable company headed by Marie Prevost.

"The Waltz Dream," relatedly for another wind, is one of the very few films which will stand a second scrutiny. Together with an exceptionally musical setting of Oscar Straus's melodies, admirably played by Mr. Calamaro's orchestra, it forms delightful entertainment. In the vocal prologue, Ruby Wolger renders the theme song very effectively.

L. M.

Majestic.—"The Crown of Lies" will not make the heads, or hearts, of admirers of Pola Negri uneasy as to the fate of the New York servant girl, born in Sylvania, who is taken to her country by a party of excited Royalists to impersonate a Queen whose throne has been usurped by a wicked count.

One knows from the first that the servant girl will succeed and bring peace and prosperity back to the country by defeating the usurper who has been grinding the noses of the poor. The surprise comes at the end when, weary of a throne, she decides to go back to America with the honest-to-goodness hero—a motor salesman.

It is quite interesting melodrama of the Ruritanian school, well dressed and with picturesque mountain settings. Pola Negri wears the royal robes with distinction and Noah Beery is, as usual, a fascinating "heavy" man.

"The Road to Happiness" is the rather commonplace tale of a deserted baby found by a Parisian cabman who grows up to womanhood, meets with temptation and eventually finds her father—a millionaire.

The setting is superior to the story. Pictures of Paris and people at a fancy dress ball are the outstanding features of the production.

Lil Dagmar, who made an impression in "Red Heels," is at her best in the comedy scenes.

L. M.

Briggate Picture House.—"The Island of Despair" is a melodrama of familiar brand. For the hero we have Rhodes, a woman-hater, so it naturally follows that he is of the strong and silent type. And then his outlook changes—he adopts Christian principles and turns hale into love. But just when the girl is learning to love him he discovers he has leprosy, and away he sails to the Island of Despair, leaving her lady love in desperate straits—her brother being accused of murder. Then Fate, that much over-worked plot solver, steps in, and the girl is cast up on the island with her brother and the villain.

Of course, Rhodes really hasn't leprosy, a naughty red spider bit him instead, and at the 59th minute of the 11th hour he stops the girl marrying the villain, after their escape from the island. All very nice in its way, with its complement of thrills and dramatic incidents. But Matheson Lang has been seen in much better plays.

There is a comedy.

Coliseum.—For those who like green limelight, dark shadows, mysterious Chinamen, more mysterious bungalows, and a strong Eastern atmosphere, "The Chinese Bungalow" (previously noticed) is the thing to see. And through it all moves Matheson Lang, the inevitable yellow man. Plenty of incident and a quick-moving story.

The last instalment of "Fighting Hearts."

Tower.—"The Princess and the Clown" is yet another of these exotic Ruritanian romances about which the thing most to be admired is the beautiful setting and dress. The honours for acting easily go to Charles de Roche, for his interpretation of a dual role—that of the King, a lover of the arts and quiet ways, and that of the clown, who rises to great heights as leader of the people successfully impersonating the King.

Lupino Lane is very funny in a comedy.

Assembly Rooms.—A "rather different" film adaptation of the story of "Nell Gwynne" (previously noticed), with Dorothy Gish as the orange girl, and a very funny comedy, featuring Bobby Vernon.

NEW MOTOR THRILL.

RACE UP SPIRAL TRACK OF SEVEN-STOREY GARAGE.

Something entirely new in the way of motoring competitions was witnessed by Parisians (writes the London "Daily Telegraph" correspondent) when a group, including some of the best-known French drivers, engaged in a motor-race from the street to the roof of a seven-storey building. In order to gain the roof they had to follow a track some 700 yards long by thirteen yards wide, with seventeen right-angled turns.

The scene of this interesting exploit is a new garage built at a cost of 12,000,000 francs, and planned so as to accommodate cars on seven floors above ground and one below, the various floors being reached by a broad track which encircles the building in the form of a spiral.

The race was won by a Sonachal, which covered the distance from the street to the tennis courts on the roof at a speed of about 25 miles an hour.

The aim of the track may be judged from the fact that in pairs three competitors were running abreast and taking the turns at a speed which sent a momentary thrill of terror through the spectators perched on benches at the corners of the higher storeys, but the whole affair passed off without accident.

"CHIEF TRAVELLER."

CARAVAN-DWELLERS' TRIBUTE TO DEAD LEADER.

Known as Chief Traveller amongst his fellow caravan dwellers in Hampshire, Dorset, and Wiltshire, Noah Hughes has died at Christchurch at the age of 75.

During the week-end his body lay in state in a cottage, and some hundreds of wanderers visited it to pay their last respects to their chief, some travelling from as far away as Leeds and Bristol.

"Noah was the chief because he was the oldest of his sex," Mrs. Hughes told me. "We have had 15 children. Nine are living, and three have presented me with 36 grandchildren."

Noah is succeeded as chief by his brother Sam, aged 75, of Bristol.

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The prize of £100 in the first competition was won by Mr. Thomas Wilkinson, 66, Low Road, Hunslet, Leeds.

For the next round, played Saturday, March 5, another £100 will be awarded—this time to the competitor who correctly forecasts the results of the four matches. This £100 must be won, and further prizes of £100 each will be offered for the semi-final and final rounds.

F.A. CUP.—SIXTH ROUND.
Played Saturday, March 5.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO.

In the Coupon given below write the number of goals you think each team will score. Scores on March 5 only count.

In the event of any match being unfinished the competitor will be decided on the number of goals scored when play ceases.

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Fixtures for the sixth round of the Sixth Round Competition will be published in the "Evening Post" every night until March 4.

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU WISH.

IMPORTANT.

Coupons must be enclosed in an envelope. Write on the envelope "Football Coupon" and address on the back of the envelope exactly your name and address. Coupons will be opened by the Competition Judge and if found to be correct, entered in the competition. Coupons which are not in an envelope, or which are not properly addressed, will be disqualified. Coupons which are not in accordance with the rules of the competition will be disqualified.

No coupons will be accepted after the stipulated delivery of last coupon.

Employees of the Yorkshire Conservative Newspaper Company, Ltd., are not eligible to compete.

CLAIMS.

Keep copies of your forecasts and compare them with those published in the "Evening Post" on next morning. A postcard to the Editor, "Yorkshire Evening Post," will receive prompt attention if you think that any error has occurred. Claims must be made within 48 hours. Address: "Yorkshire Evening Post," 32 Boar Lane, Leeds.

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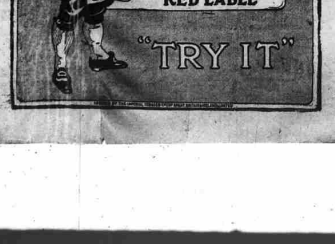

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