

"Checkers" at The Grand.

"Checkers" interrupted a run of musical comedy at the Grand Opera House and was greeted like a long-lost brother at both performances. The matinee audience was the largest since last winter, and standing room was sold in the evening.

It's the same old "Checkers," and it's interpreted by very largely the same company, so that the quality of the acting is up to standard. Hans Robert, as the willy, likeable hero who forsakes his old ways and tries so hard to make good in the humdrum lines of every day life, all for the sake of a girl, fairly earns his half dozen recalls at the end of the third act, and last night the audience was not satisfied till the curtain was raised once more to allow him to "make a speech." Dave Braham is an exceptionally good "Push Miller." His tout's dialect is just the kind of talk, nasal twang and all, that you could have heard at The Meadows any day of the seventy-three last summer.

A feature of the show is the way the secondary parts and character roles are taken care of. George Miller as "Judge Martin" is a thoroughly natural, familiar type, and George Merritt is mighty good, both as "The Colonel" and later in the play as "Uncle Jerry." "Uncle Jerry's" laugh is a wonder. Robert Craig, as "The General," does an ataxic walk up the stairs in the first act that is worth the price of admission. Later he appears as one of the village comedians. "Arthur Kendall" is acceptably played by John C. Brownell. Helen Ormshee plays "Pert" this year and is a welcome addition to the cast.

The race track scene is as well handled as ever. The settings in this act and in the first, the hotel scene, are worthy of note. Incidentally in the hotel scene, watch the elevator on the left side of the stage.

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