While performing as strong man in a circus, Trainor, a rough-and-ready type of man, marries Mimi Keene, a tight-rope walker, known on the bills as Mimi La France. They have a child. To get money for a home, Trainor turns mining prospector, and after eight months of hardship, makes a rich strike in gold ore.

To protect his claim, Trainor has bank attorneys draw papers leaving the mine to his wife, and, in the veent

the event of her death, to his ild. It is understood that his

child. It is understood that his wife's brother, Keene, shall never be able to touch the property.

Before Trainor can write his wife of his good fortune, he is killed by an explosion. His mining "pal," Donovan, sets out to find the circus with which trainor's widow is travelling. Trainor's widow is travelling.

CHAPTER I-(Continued.) THE MYSTERY OF THE SPOTTED COLLAR.

The caravan was at that time 290 miles to the south, about to turn in asked, when the simple funeral was for the winter. But Donovan found it, over. By mistake he ambled into the men's dressing tent. A young man with to the corner of his lips laid his hand on Donovan's shoulder,

"How'd you get in here?" "Why, I walked in," said Donovan cate it, an' all that.

"Suppose you walk out again?" "Keep yer hair on, bub. I'm here on business. I'm lookin' for Mimi La again. Frang, 's they call her outside. She walks tight rope."

"Well, I'm her brother. What do you want with her?"

"So ye'er Trainor's brother-in-law?" fire lighting his eyes. "Do you come from him?

"Y' don't say so! Well, kind o looks like him."

"Here's my sister now." not able to discern, under the richly fare of his niece. yellow glare of the lamps, the air of

She ran instantly to the baby. "Here's a man from John, Mimi," said the brother carelessly.

The young woman rushed over to It was not a happy thought. it rich? Did he want her to quit and abstract, but sin the concrete. go to him?

Donovan began to swallow with Trainer had always talked of Mimi, from his hands. Mimi, Mimi, until his Celtic ears had

tired of the name. She was a good wife and a good mother, for all that she was a circus performer. And here he was, aiming to break her heart! Still, there was a bit of cynicism in his makeup. The new fortune might console her.

But it did not. On the contrary, when, half and hour after learning of the death of the man she loved, she mounted the wire, a vertigo scized her, she lost her balance and fell, and by the time the men had laid away the big top she was dead.

For the first time in his wandering, futile life Frank Keene felt his throat contract and an unbidden moisture fill his eyes. After a fashion he had loved his clean-minded, loyal little sister. And now she was gone, leaving him with a baby on his hands, more adept in dealing from the bottom of the deck than from the top.

"How much is the mine worth?" he

"Lord knows," said Donovan; "but it's th' biggest strike in 20 years. But shrewd dark eyes and a sinister twist it's goin' t' be tied up till this little chick's 18. Don't ye worry, though. Th' lawyers'll see to it that ye git enough t' take care o' th' child, eddi-

> "What's the name of the mine?" "Same as th' kiddie's-Zudora." The two separated, never to meet

The years passed. Keene dabbled in all manner of shady trades and finally drifted into a lucrative business. It was not only the easiest, but the safest way—to attract gulls and Last night he played a difficult conthe safest way-to attract gulls and "Trainor?" said the young man, a pluck them. He set up as a Hindu to the prodigy type of planlst. In the mystic, a Swami. He told fortunes, greater part of the first movement the plano is executing delicate embroideries did crystal gazing, resurrected souls, "Yes. An' my message is to his and as a by-product played detective with more or less success. He rarely practiced this latter game except have kept it in the swing of the orchestra's weaving. In the combined and antimos the combined antimos the combined antimos the combined and antimos the comb among his favored gulls. It was a simple matter to instruct some of his confederates to rob certain of his Donovan saw a slight woman of clients; it was equally a simple matter pretty figure and comely features. She to recover the stolen objects-for a came through the flap which sepa- suitable reward. Keene eventually rated the women's dressing tent from became known to the cult as Hassam the men's. She looked a bit tired and Ali, and under that name his fame careworn. The old miner, having had grew. The checks from the Zudora but little to do with women folk, was were now applied wholly to the wel-

The child grew. Her education be distinction which marked Mimi gan. She gave promise of great Trainor as different from her kind, beauty, even in the lank and gawky The Keene family had come from age. Her uncle often found himself good stock, but had fallen in evil days, vaguely speculating over her future. There was in his mind a thought, nebulous but insistent, and as often as he repelled it as often it returned.

Donovan and began shaking his hands. Hassam Ali had begun to love gold, own "Egmont." It is now exactly the bright, shining metal; not in the weeks since Doctor Muck led began shaking his hands had begun to love gold, own "Egmont." It is now exactly weeks since Doctor Muck led "Eroica" symphony here, but Donovan and began shaking his hands. Hassam Ali had begun to love gold, touch it with his fingers was trans- That port; no symphony of Bach's was difficulty. How was he going to tell half so fine as the chink-chink of the He wanted to run away. He coins, the eagle and the double eagle, gracious spirit, except fos the allegretto. could now readily understand why as they fell upon each other, slipping

Continued Tamerrow.

# PHOTO PLAYS

The second episode of "Zudora," which is now running as a serial story in the EVENING LEDGER, was shown yesterday afternoon and evening at the Knickerbooker, Somerset, Hoffman House and Lafayette Theatres. The episode is called "The Mystery of the Sleeping

House."
The small American town near New York where the mystic and his ward live, strangely enough, has become the scene of an Indian tribal foud. Wor-shipers of the elephant-headed god, Ganesha, have selzed in a battle, shown interestingly and with realistic fidelity on the screen, the princess of the tribe that worships the brass ape. ffanuman, because their lender wishes her in mar-riage, and because the lady and her cohorts dislike him this seems the easiest way to graffy his desires. Taking their slephant-headed dol with them they journey to America and establish them-

journey to America and establish themasives in a large house.

Once there they find that their rites,
ceremonies and practices are being seriously interfered with by a tendency to
collapse into a state of temporary come,
to fall into involuntary sleep. The marrisge ceremony is no more begun than
all concerned, including the unwilling
bride, fall to the floor with heavy-lidded
eyes. Parplexed and frightened, with
their leader as spokesman, a delegation
from the tribe call on Hassam All, the
mystic detective, is seek his advice.

From an upstar's window Zudora sees
them come and she rushes down and them come and she rushes down and joins in the discussion. She claims the right to solve the case and her demand a finally granted by her uncle, so the tribesmen blindfold Hassam Ali and Endors and take them to the mysterious

elseping house.
Once in the house they witness a wonderful caremanial procession, the beginning of another attempt to consummate ing of another attempt to consummate he marriage service. Just as the resuctant princess and the vilialnous chiefalp, who holds her prisoner, come to a
sult before the priest, the whole comany is seen to be struggling to keep
ser area open. All soon fall aslesp,
formula All alone struggling to a winare and breathing in anough fresh air
bloop neath.

Managembils John Storm, Zudore's sweet-

anwhile John Storm, Zudora's awestsamehils John Stores, Zudore's aweetrt, ups sent at insusage to the ward of
seam All by a carrier pigeon. He and
sea have been accustomed to exging measages this way daily, and
the gets no anaway he becomes
test. Tambing in her house he ina far hey of Hammen Air's Bladu serwell hawing where the is, the
tel have your Stores to the house of
test have your Stores to the house of
test ages at part and they selve
and five thim told a cell. The uextin the daily found guilty at work-

Inside, Storm is seen watching, at first with surprise, then with alarm the wall as it creeps gradually towards him. He knows that very soon it will crush his life out. Soon Storm tries to crush his life out. Soon Storm tries to force the wall back, fails, prays for help, and despairs. Slowly the wall closes in

From the Hindu servant Zudora learns where Storm has gone. Rushing back to the secret house, she manages to dis-cover in the subterranean passages beneath the mysterious house a den of the tribesmen, who worship the brans ape. among them the lover of the captured princess. At first when she intrudes on their sanctum they are determined to kill her, but she makes them understand that she wants to help them. She leads them upstairs, where they are set upon by their reawakened enemies, and once more she rushes below. There the one tribesman left on guard she persuades to distill a potion of the famous lotus leaf brew which has caused the strange, mysterious

sleep. Like steam, it pours into the great halls above, and all fall saleep. Rushing upstairs, Zudora wakes the brass ape tribesmen only and leads them to where the slave is turning the wheel that is contracting the wall on John Storm, and just in time she fings the door open and her exhausted lover falls

THE LUBIN BALL

When the new map of Philadelphia is drawn it will show another city within the boundaries of this one named Lubinville, now known as 20th and Indiana avenue. One day last week the Lucin natives held a meeting and decided that it was about time to hold a big party, just as people in either towns did. Then the town crier went forth calling out the good news. Some of the villagers proposed to invite the world and his wife, so that they might see what the Lubinites really looked like. Another meating was held, and Joseph Smiley and Kempton Greene were chosen to look for a suitable place in which to hold the party. After several days' searching they nesceted the Eagles' Temple, at Broad and Spring Garden streets, and decided to hold it tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock. There will be a program of about 10 sats of vaudsville composed entirely of Lubin players, to be followed by a ball.

THE FILM HEEO SPEAKS it was about time to hold a big party.

The Filch HERO SPEAKS.
"I have been mixed up with hero stunts in the making of photoplays until I resily feel I am one," said a member of a film company. "Of course, all have heard the eld story of the actors who say they feel themselves to be a certain character because they have played the part so long, but where is there an action of the indoor stage that equals that of the great stage of nature, in the spead even."

"It's the open air that does it. When I've ladged reacus the girl who was being carried away by the bandit satride the racing heres the air was good to make fait distinctly heredize. I think I insuched like a firm. The almosphere in the playwright says is in his play indoors in for a fact in the play indoors.

La Gioconda" With Caruso

at Opera House Tonight The second performance of opera he Metropolitan Company will take place at the Metropolitan Opera House tonight, when Mr. Glorgio Polacco will conduct Ponchielli's "La Gioconda." Enrico when Mr. Glorgio Polacco will conduct Fonchielli's "La Gloconda." Enrico Caruso will make his drat appearance of the season as Enso. Mme. Destinn will sing the title part of the "matry one." Mmes. Maizenouer and Duchene, and Messirs. Amato and De Segurola will be the supporting stars.

The opera is of the Verdi school and the music is of the sort which demands fine singing throughout. Speaking of it, recently, Mr. Caruso said that it was one of the operas in which no amount of good acting could make up for poor singing.

acting could make up for poor singing. According to the New York critics of the performance of this opera last week, Mr. Caruso is in fine voice this year, and there is no need for him to act at all. His voice alone is enough, Mr. Amato's Barnaba has also received high praise, as a sinister and powerful piece of work The opera deals with the complicated love affairs and intrigues of two mem-bers of the Inquisition in Venice, in the

17th century. It is based on a play of Victo Hugo, "The Tyrant of Syracuse," and is full of melodramatic happenings and emotional crises. The composer, Ponchielli, is known for this one opera throughout the world, although he composed at loast five others. The music is metodious and moving in the dramatic climaxes,

The first ballet of the season will be seen in tonight's performance. The en-tire coros will do "La Furiana" and "The Dance of the Hours." Meners. Begue, Audisio and Reachiglian are the other bers of the singing cast.

Bauer Plays With Symphony

The program of the Hoston Symphony at the Academy take night was all of a plece. A fine air of high and serious intention marked the work of conductor, orchestra and soloist. Doctor Muck conducted first the second symphony of Brahms. Then Rarold Bauer played, with the orchestra, the third concerto of Beethoven, and the program ended with the Beethoven overture to Goethe's "Egmont." All of it was done with irreproachable excellence. proachable excellence.

Mr. Bouer has trod the way of all great planists and of the few great ones now living. Year by year he has diminished in virtuosity and grown greater in poetic eloquence, in true feeling, in making his technique an instrument and not an end. He was never an advertised prodicy; his reputation grew steadily as an artist and as an artist alone. That is perhaps the reason why the topmost gallery was not crowded last night. There is nothing

Rauer kept it in the swing of the orenes-tra, making his instrument a necessary complement of the whole.

It is not that Mr. Bauer ever lacked technique. The perfection of each sep-arate note, the sureness of phrasing, the finely intelligent reading of the score which he made last night, are all proof that in a question of technique Mr. Bauer is with the made as the property of the score with the masters. But he knows that the great thing is to make each separate tem of feeling felt, just as it is necessary to give each note its place. His accents n the cantabile passages were made with artistic rightcousness, and his fire in the rendo was gloriously stirring. Dector Muck's part in the concesso was

of less fine. The modulation of orcreatral tones which he accompliance, always thinking of the music and not of orchestra or soloist, was perfect. And when, on two occasions, he awang the orchestra into the stride of the plano, after a long cadenza, the effect was of such surpassing beauty that it was always to much to bear.

memory of its splender has not died out. made the intellectual melodies of Brahms seem almost patheti-cally unreal. Melodies there were, but they were not rich, not informed with And admitting that in its graciousness there is a touch of life, there remains the distinction that Brahms' dance is a the distinction that Brahms dance is a hallet, an intellectual diversion, pretty to look at, but it does not draw the feet of the hearer into its awing. And to dance one should listen with the feet, not with the egr. When Beethoven wrote

not with the ear. When Beethoven wrote dances, they were human, like the foxtrel. Brahms' dance is a ballet. It was this mental quality of the symphony which tinged the whole evening and removed it by an appreciable step from the former triumphs of the Boston Symphohy. Of Dector Muck's graceful, powerful feading there is no need to say again what is so well known—that it is one of the highest pleasures vouchsafed that It has been said that the Boston It has been said that the Boston Symphony is the finest single instrument given a man to play upon—and Doctor Muck is the happy man who deserves that honor. But the orchestra was not at its noblest last night, except in the concerto. Even the stressful "Egmont" did not lift it to abnormal heights. And one has learned to expect the very highest from learned to expect the very manest from these players. That explains why their sustained and even glory was not so ef-fective last night. They could do the mosale of raindrops in the symphony, and the powerful emotion of the "Egmont." but they had no music which called for partection of feeling as well as for perfecerfection of feeling as well as for perfec-

## LITTLE LOST SISTER" PLEASES AT WALNUT

White Slave Play Improved by Introduction of Comedy Bits

Greatly improved, since it was last pre-sented in this city, by the addition of several aprightly bits of comedy, the "Little Loat Slater" was presented at the Walnut last night. It is frankly a "white slave" play and combines the downfall of a little country girl, fured

downfall of a little country girl, lured to the "white lights" by a fake marriage and the efforts of the reformers to stamp out vice in a great city.

In the role of Elsle Welcome the "Little Lost Slater," Miss Cecilia Jacques was very convincing. Another role that was extremely well enacted was that of Mary Randall, the woman reform leader, which was played by Ross Wildwood. was played by Rose Wildwood

Revolve.

Lloyd Haminond as an extremely funny Irishman, furnished many lengths that relieved the sombreness of the general theme of the piece. Lew A. Warner was seen to advantage as John Boland, while the rest of the cast played their roles in a fluished and capable manner.



FRANCES STARR-"The Secret"-Broad.

blaze murder, his nostrils are distended.

his lips curied back, as is the hyena's

"You-you-you wouldn't kill me for-fo

hysteria scizes her; she seeks escape

lady of the apartment.

# 'Today''—Adelphi

Today human nature is even as it was when a choice morsel is in view. resterday and yesteryear and 59 centuries ago. So "Today," the play shown at the THIS?" asks the ashen-faced girl. Then Adelphi last night, might just as well have been named "Tomorrow" or "Janu- Behind a portiere the murder is enacted. ary First." Human nature is immutable, Wagners totters out-staggers to the teleunchangeable, and "catty" girls with in- phone, ordinate desire for dress and the pleasures of life, and a penchant for getting them, no matter what the cost, have ex- ments," he ground, and the telephone Frances Starr proved herself an efficient, isted and will exist. The theme of the crashes to the ground. George Broadhurst-Abraham Schomer play is not new-but then, what theme is? but the authors added as absurd and It is the old story of the triangle-the hus- unjustified an anti-climax as ever spoiled band, the woman and the-husband.

Based on the play by Schomer, "Style," and father of the murderer, summoned by the owner of the apartment, burst into the redolent with vague hints of things gone "My poy." shrieks the mother, and redolent with vague hints of things gone before. Nowhere can you place your dainty finger tip upon any one thing, yet you know instinctively that the author orchestra into the stride of the plano, after a long cadenza, the effect was of such surpassing beauty that it was almost too much to bear.

The concerto came in the middle of the program, but it sent the Brahms symphony into far oblivion, and made it very hard to listen even to Beethoven's own "Egmont." It is now exactly four weeks since Ductor Muck led the "Eroica" symphony here, but the "Eroica" symphony here, but the middle of the total to be accorded to Ethel Valentine's conceptions this speech and that scene—from this stuation and that climax, is "The Easiest Way." You get theatric whiffs, soupcons of other dramatic tables—the aroma of another's chef-d'deuvre.

Yet "Today" has its elements of origin—the such a strength of the Adelphi and on the program, but the first honors must be accorded to Ethel Valentine's conceptions this stuation and that scene—from this speech and that scene—from this situation and that climax, is "The Lasiest Way." You get theatric whiffs, soupcons of other dramatic tables—the aroma of another's chef-d'deuvre.

Yet "Today" has its elements of origin—the such as a conded to Ethel Valentine, the unsavory Lily. Miss Valentine's conception of the frivolous, empty-headed wife is superb. It is so true to life, so aston-shingly faithful to Lily as to elicit only praise. Not pretty, she nevertheleas is of the toy type, which many men find so enthralling. Her voice, pitched in a proper of the superb. It is so true to life, so a proper of the superb. It is superb. It

ality and strength, thin as it is, buttered over four acts. Lily Wagner, the young wife, clothes-mad, seeking luxury the 'casiest way" when bankruptey overwhelms her fool husband, is the central figure of the play. She is so delightfully obnoxious and objectionable, so charmingly outrageous and such a-well, what the English would call a "rotter"—that the character limned by the authors is worthy of unstinted praise. It is seldom that so unsympathetic and unworthy a character proves itself so interesting a

psychologic study.

The first three acts of the play meander sions in haphazard manner. The action develops slowly. Relentlessly, the catastrophe approaches. Teu feel it impending. You hunger for the denouement. It is clever theatric carpentry. Then, in the long-expected fourth act comes the crash of human elements, the upheaval of human emotions, the recrudescence of the cave

Lily's asinine husband has become renting agent for a fashionable apartment house. A woman tensut of commercial instincts suggests to him that he might meet the original of the pretty photograph on her table if he will close one eye to her-commercialism. Wagner recognizes his wife and through the woman, makes

his wife and through the woman, makes an appointment with her.

Four hours later she arrives—gossipy, gay, the buiterfly. Wagner has turned off the light and the woman introduces him to his own wife as "Mr. Fortune."

"Oh. you are crushing my hand," you hear Lily say in the gloom. "There, that's better. How romantic, Mr. Fortune, to meet thus in the dark." The owner of the spartment, switches on the light. Inly crashes back into a table, her kness give under her, the light of death agony is in her eyes. The man's eyes

MODERN DANCING

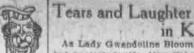
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MISS MARGUERITE C. WALZ



in Keith Bill As Lady Gwendeline Bloomfield, a titled out neglected wife, Miss Ethel Barrymore made her appearance at Kelth's yesterday in a one-act play, "Drifted Apart." Miss Barrymore, if a bit more mature, is as charming as ever, and, while the forte of this favorite comedienne may not be tragedy, she wept quite realistically and succeeded in drawing tears from the more tenderhearted in the audience. The play-let, old fashloned in character, shows a husband and wife who have drifted apart. whose intimacy results usually in bicker-ing and cross-accusation, and who go their own ways—the husband, effectively played by Charles Dalton, dining usually with a certain duchess, the wife with an aged baronet. Troubled with insomnia, Sir Geoffrey

seeks sleep in the nursery not used for three years, since the death of the child. His seeking repose there causes Lady Gwendoline bitterly "to remember," and promptly seeks an understanding.

Dramatically, at the proper moment, in uite the old-fashioned way, Lady Gwenoline by mistake opens's package in which are the dead baby's shoes. Teara-husband and wife fall into each other's arms—reconciliation.

While this playlet is lugubrious, it is a

delight always to behold Miss Barrymore for she exerts an appeal and charm all her own. And in this, her brief vehicle. she makes the most of her dolorific opportunities.

By far the funniest feature on the Keith bill is Chick Sale, who gives "A Country School Entertainment" all by

himself. In turn he portrays the teacher, a country rough-neck, an angular country girl and two members of the country of hourd. His to one of the most excellent pieces of character work in current vaudeville. Claude and Fannie Usher appear as a

brother going the fast way and a little sister trying to save him. It is too had the little sister must go blind to save the brother, whom she "loves belter than her eyesight." And "I love you better than my life," declares -lerry, the redeemed brother, as the curtain goes down, leaving us in doubt as to whether he re-

Fay and Florence Courtney are really funny in a grotesque, garrulous, almost gruesome way. Indeed, their antics are as fascinating as cathedral gargoyles or the poems of George Sylvester Viercek. Others on the bill are Brooks and Bowen. laugh-provoking black-face comedians; El Cotta, who does acrobatics on the xylophone: the Glessons and Fred Houlihan, with music and dances, and Arthur who is truly extraordinary as an

# A Morbid Study

in Feminine Jealousy To portray the part of a beautiful innocent ingenue, a deserted flance, a devoted, trusting but betrayed wife, or a more grossly tricked grass-widow is comparatively easy to an actress of even comparative ability. But to portray the character of a thoroughly reprehensible woman, malicious, persistently evil, and to bring forth the pathetle, appealing "Po-lice headquarters," he gasps. "A tragedy of her own execrable misdoingswoman was killed at the El Rey apart- this requires art. And by this test, a really great actress last night at the

Then and there was the end of the play, Broad. Miss Starr takes the unlovely, ungraclous, unpleasing role of Mme. Gabrielle a stupendous scene. The German mother Jannelot in "The Secret," by Henri Bernstein, as it is adapted by David Belasco. Mme. Jannelot is the wife of Constant Janualot, enacted with dignified restraint by Montagu Love-a devoted; trusting husband. There is a sister, Marie, who gives to Constant much joy. That any one can give joy to her husband arouses in Gabrielle a bitter, vicious, malignant jealousy. Pretending to be her friend, Gabrielle, by her devices and lies, allen-

ates the sister from her husband. Throughout this play we are constantly reminded of the old fable of the spider and the fly. Only while the spider foland the fly. Only while the spider fol-lows its direct venomous instincts, Ga-

petulant key, grates on the car, yet it's timbre was made for the role. Her nysteric outbursts will be recognized by most married men as charming in their mances and emphatic in their irritation. Mr. Breese did not look the part and was afflicted with a most awful wig. In the 'big scene' he acted well—it was not his fault that he had to speak the 'tag' in the anti-climax. Of the others, praise must be given to Margaret Robinson as Mrs. Garland, Liby's temptress; Louise Sydmeth as Mrs. Wagner, the devoted mother: Bernard A. Reinold as the jolly father and Grace Thorae Coulter as the lady of the apariment, brielle, being a woman, is indirect, subtle, but eventually deadly nevertheless. We have seen Francès Starr before. We know that Frances Starr can charming, engagingly lovely parts. see her create the character of this woman, treacherous, scheming, poisoned by jealousy, determined upon the un-happiness of every one, evokes—not contempt of the character, but admiration of the consummate ability of the actress In Miss Starr as the leading lady of "The Secret" we again behold the art of Belasco and of the Belasco training. So profound is one's admiration for the

## THEATRICAL BAEDERER

ADELPHI- Today," by Beorge Fromburst and Abraham Schomer, with Edmund Bress and Ethel Valentine.

BROAD-Frances Start in "The Sected," by Henri Bernstein.
KEITHE-Ethel Barrymers in a one-act playint. "Drifted Apart."
WALNUIT—"The Little Lest Sister," dramatisation of novel by Virginia Brooks.
CONTINUING.
FORREST—"The Queen of the Movies," mu-

FORREST—"The Queen of the Movies," missical comedy, with May De Souss. An aged professor inaugurates an anti-moving pieture campaign, whereupon the "Queen of the Movies" sets about upon the undeing of his reputation. Replate with awinging songs.

SORE."
GARRICK-"Potash and Perlimitier," drams-disation of Montague Glass' famous stories. Scintillates with laughter, breest with sood-nature. An inpulsely human play, appeal-ing to the average everyday being. ing to the average everyday belies.
ITTLE THEATRE—"Rindle Wakes," by
Stanley Houghton. First production in this
city of play which created a sensation in
London. A girl having been compromised
refuses to marry, thus challenging the offe
code and asserting the independence of the
new ferminism. Helendidly acted.

VIV. With Inter' mureat comedy, with I.YRIC-"High Jinks," musical comedy, with book by Otto Haustbach and music by Ru-douth Frim), starring Stella Maybaw. A rellicking evening a entertainment, Itali of fun and song.

perfectness of this art that one's only regret is in not seeing the charming actress in a role more en rapport with her inherent characteristics.

Beside the slater, Marie, there is Gabrielle's dearest friend, Henriette Durand. Henrictte has been in love with Charlie Ponta-Tulli, Charlie Ponta-Tulli is admirably portrayed by Robert Warwick. Gabrielle, by her lies, alienates the two. Henriette then falls in love with and marries another and Gabrielle, jealous of the happiness of husband and wife, invites the former lover to her house so the three shall meet. To the husband Gabrielle says that Henriette is Jealous of his friendship with Charlie. 'To her own husband she has made sinister insinuations regarding Henriette's infatuation for Charile, Into Henriette she instila the poison of suspicion. Henriette and Charles, however, have it out in the second act. Charles, still loving Henriette, insists upon the truth and they find they have been separated by the lies of Ga-brielle. Enter Henriette's husband as they hold hands.

As a Frenchman would, the husband makes a scene. They must separate! A llaison is indubitable! Gabrielle's suggestions have made him certain of this. Then enter Constant, and Gabrielle, unable longer to contain the overwhelming jealousy that has obsessed her, confesses all.

"And to think I wanted a child by this "And to think I wanted a child by this woman, that I regretted we had no child she would have poisoned a child by the venem of her nature," Comtant declaims. Gabrielle is abject. But before she can be forgiven, as the rules of drama demand, Constant must reunite field fellowing and her husband, which he does by expending the control of the control o plaining that he has "lived with a fiend." The two reunited, he takes Gabrielle inthis arms and promises to help he his arms and promises to help

his arms and promises to help he change her nature.

"The Secret" is a gripping play, a play that, while it is in no sense an adequate expression of a common phase of life, still is symbolic of a comflict of human nature. We assume "The Secret" has benefited by the Belasce adaptation. That Gabrielle is a common type of woman we cannot admit. For she t, as Constant says, a fiend. It may be slight the still a strength of every woman temperament. Its expression, however, as found in Gabrielle, is, fortunately, in real life, extremely rare. real life, extremely rare.

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