SOME IMPRESSIONS OF "THE CRITIC"

JOHN ERLEIGH SCHOOLMASTER

A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING

By CLAVER MORRIS Author of "John Bredon, Satistiar."

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY E MARCHIONERS OF WIMBERLEY (Anne). She has been a widow for seven

years. The present winder, her son Guy, wanguiss OF WIMBERLEY, her son Guy, aged 12, who is about to go to a public school.

JORD ARTHUR MERIET, his uncle, is discussing the important matter with Lady
Wimberley. He is the younger brother of
the late peer and hele-presumptive to the

Iddy Wimberley is most anxious for Guy to go to Narpirce, which is a smaller and pumper school cultic close to the Wimber-leys' home—Monksitter, The hendmaster,

Lady Wimberley is most anxious for Gny to go to Marytree, which is a smaller and pumper school guite close to the Wimberleys home—Monkailver, The headmaster.

JOHN ERLINIAL, is a great friend of hers Erleigh hos practically made Harptree, is greatly impressed with Erleigh's character.

He telds the headmaster that it is necessary that One should be very carefully looked after as he suspects that schemes are afost for kidnaphing the bay. It would be worth some ane's while to get rid of him, he says. One aftempt has already been made unsuccessfully at Nr. Pameras Station. The head footman at Monkailver is a detective who has been emogred to watch Guy, though Lady Wimberley is ignorant of this fact.

Erleigh promises to look after Guy, "as if he were his owns of the sound of the service of the

CHAPTER VII-(Continued) Shall I light up, my lord?" said Bar-

"Yes. Any news?" "No, my lord. Of course, my hands re tied, in a manner of speaking. I sn't do much while I'm brusning your

You can be dismissed any time you Well, I think the day after tomorrow,

ord Arthur left the window and seated himself before the fire. Barker turned up the electric light and drew the blinds

and curtains.

"Have you told Mr. Erieigh, my lord?"
he queried.

"Told him what?"

"Told him what?"

"That his sister is a friend of Mr. Dick Meriet's, and that she was living under another name—until quite recently."

"No. Barker. I don't quite see—well, to tell you the truth. I'm afraid of doing anything to worry his sister-in-law—until—I am quite certain that this Mrs.—Travers is up to mischief."

Barker shook his head.
"I'm afraid," he said, "very much afraid."

afraid."
"Yes, but we must have proof, and
even then you know that I wish to avoid
telling Lady Wimberley that her son has
been in any danger. She would never

have another moment's happiness or peace of mind." "Still, my lord, I think-you'll parden me saying so—that it would be best to be quite open with her ladyship. And don't you think it would be better to persuade ber to take the young gentleman away

from Harptree?"
"Impossible, Barker, unless we have

something definite against Mrs. Travers. Resides, we can look after him better if he's at Harpiree."
"But think of the woman's opportunities, my lord—the sister of the headmaster—able to stay in the house as long and as often as she likes. Then there's that man

Nertigan. I'm not at all satisfied that he's not an old friend of Mrs. Travers."

Lord Arthur laughed. "You jump at conclusions," he said. "You made inquiries and found out that he only came to see Mrs. Travers to find out her hunter," address and that he telegraphed. to see Mrs. Travers to find out her brother's address and that he telegraphed to Erleigh in the morning."

has theories.

There is a great deal too much theory about this business for my taste. The only facts we have at present are that an attempt was made to kidnap nephew three years ago, and that Mrs. Travers happened to be at St. Paneras Station at the time. From what I have seen of Mrs. Travers I should say that she is not at all the sort of person to be mixed up in any criminal enterprise." Barker laughed. "Appearances are de-ceptive, my lord," he said, "but still I'll admits—"

There was a knock at the door, and Mr. Purvis, the landlord, entered. He was atout, and tall and clean shaven—a retired butler who had saved a good deal of Well, Purvis?" said Lord Arthur as

"A lady to see you, my lord."
"Well. you needn't look so worried about it." laughed Lord Arthur. "Who is she?"

"Name of Mrs. Travers, my lord-no cand-says she wants to see you on most

"Very well, Purvis, show her up."
The landlord turned, his face expressing obvious disapproval. His tenant was not in the liabit of receiving lady visitors

his chambers. What does this mean, Barker?" queried Lord Arthur. "Can't say, my lord, a fresh move in the game, I suppose."

"Well, you'd better clear out at once. I'll send for you if you're wanted." Barker withdrew, and a minute later Mrs. Travers was shown into the room. She were a handsome must and stole of white fox and looked radiantly beautiful. "I hope you don't mind me calling o see you," she said as they shook

hands. "I'm delighted. What a wretched day, an't it? Come and sit by the fire." Mrs. Travers smiled, took off her furs and laid them on a table. Then she seated herself on a chaif by the fire and held out her hands to the blaze. "Of course, I ought not to have come

here," she said, after a few moments of silence. "Only business of the most urgent importance-a matter that I could not wirte about-has brought me here." "I am very pleased to see you," he said mechanically. "Very pleased, indeed," That was true enough. He was glad to see her. On a black and dull October day like this the mere sight of any thing so fair and radiant as Mrs. Travers was a pleasure.

"It's rather a difficult matter to speak about," she said nervously, "but-but-She paused and twined her hands together on her knees, and stared at the fire. Her face was grave and troubled. "Well!" he said kindly.

"You must look on me as a friend—one who wishes you well—all of you, Lord Arthur. If you have any influence over your sister-in-law-you have, haven't you?"

Well, I dare say I have a little." he "Then I implore you to try to persuade her, Lord Arthur, This marriage can never bring her happiness. It must

not take place. Lord Arthur Meriet frowned and looked intently at Mrs. Traver's face. The woman was gazing at the fire and seemed

very distressed.
"I'm afraid," he said after a pause,
"that I cannot interfere in the matter."
The tone of his voice made her look up at him, and an eager light came into

er eyes.
"You do disapprove of the marriage?" "You have disapproved she said quietly.

of it all along?"

He smiled. "Well. Mrs. Travers," he said, "of course, there is a certain difference—in position—your brother, a most distinguished man, of course—still—well. I should hardly have thought the objection would have contracted. objection would have come from his

family."

"Oh, please don't misunderstand me, Lord Arthur; it is of your sister I am thinking—well, not exactly, but of both of them. I am sure, quite sure, that they will not be happy."

Lord Arthur nodded. He suspected the routh, and was ashamed of his suspected.

Lord Arthur nodded. He suspected the truth and was sahamed of his suspicions. This woman, in league with Dick Meriet to do some injury to the young Lord Wimberley, would shrink from her task Wimberley, would sarried from her take if the two families were united in marriage. She thought she could do her work more easily if the marriage did not take place.

"I must confess," he said after a pause,
"that you've rather taken my breath
away. I thought you seemed so pleased
that day you called at Monksilver. What
has happened since to make you change
your mind?"
"Nothing Lord Arthur nothing Fee

your mind?"
"Nothing, Lord Arthur—nothing, From
the very first I foresaw difficulties, But,
of course, I had to pretend to be pleased,
All along I've been against the marriage. You yourself see that it can never be a success. My brother is wrapped up in his work. Lady Wimberley doesn't understand how dull her life will be—she

manterpiece. "Still, I don't understand,
Mrs. Travers, why you have suddenly
come to me about all this."
"I have come to you," she replied, because I—I feel you're the sort of man that can be trusted to do what is right,

to use his influence for good."
"You are very kind," he muttered.
Then he laughed. "Look here, Mrs.
Travers," he said, "please be frank with me. There is some definite reason why your brother should not marry, my sis-ter-in-law. I disapprove of the match myself and should be glad if you would rother's address and that he telegraphed of Erieigh in the morning."

"Yes, my lord—that's true enough—still one never finds out anything unless one as theories."

"There is a great deal too much theory bout this business for my tasts. The "Anything definite" she said slowly. "Anything definite" she said slowly.

"Against my brother?"
He flushed. "Well, I didn't mean that exactly," he stammered. "But you see, one could not really break off the engagement unless there was some definite rea-son for doing so-something that would prevent my sister-in-law from marrying

your brother. "There is Lothing against him," said Mrs. Travers hotly. "He is one of the best and kindest and most honorable of men. But this marriage will mean un-happiness for him and for Lady Wim-berley. You can see that and I can see

We must do our best to make it im-He scrutinized her face with those clear, "Well, Purvis?" said Lord Arthur as the man came forward with a solemn face. "What's the trouble?"

"A lady to see you, my lord."

"Well, Purvis?" said Lord Arthur as steady eyes of his. She was an enigma so far as he was concerned. He could not believe that she was acting a part, that she was anything but what she appeared to be a woman who was genuinely anxious to save others from unhappiness. He could not, at that moment, believe any evil of her.

"What do you suggest?" he said after a pause. "Why have you come to me and told me your views on the matter?" "I want you to use your influence—"
"Oh, that is all nunsense," he broke inabrupily. "Of course, Lady Wimberley
would only becausey with me if I told her
I did not approve of the marriage. It
would not prevent her from marrying
your brother."

your brother." "I thought," she faltered, "I had hoped





BPOAD—"Diplomacy," with William Gillette, Blanche Estes, Marie boro and a strong cast, Sardon's famous old play "molernized" by Mr. Gillette, and a good deal length ned and diluted. Good acting compensates.

JARRIUCK Potash and Perimuiter. Mon-uague Ghas' popular stories of the clothing trade made over litte the season's most heartily amusing comedy.

TTLE THEATRE-"The Critic," Sheridan's matire on the rehearsal of a poetic drama.



Opera, "The Magic Flute," Metropolitar pera House, S o'clock, Banquet, New England Society, Bellevue-Hanquet, New England Society tratford; 6 o'clock. Feed and Grain Dealers, Bourse.

"SUZI" AT THE ADELPHIA "Suzi," the tuneful Viennese musical

omedy which came to the Adelphi last night with an excellent cast, including Jose Collins, Tom McNaughton and Connie Ediss, was reviewed in this place yesterday from its last performance in New

derstand how dull her life will be—she has had such a different sort of life. And then the boy? You don't know my brother—how stern he is, how unlikely to favor Lord Wimberley—a mother's darling; the boy is sure to lend to trouble."

"H'm, yes," said Lord Arthur, stroking his mustache and looking at a portrait of Lady Wimberley that stood on the mantelplece. "Still, I don't understand, Mrs. Travers, why you have suddenly had not expected anything this sort. He was moved to pity, as most men are moved, at the sight of a beautiful woman in tears. He said nother than the street of the sort ing. He merely looked uncomfortable.
"I can't tell you the truth," she sobbed.

"If I could only tell you the truth you would see how impossible it is that they should ever be happy."

"Come, Mrs. Travers," he said gently.
"Can't you take me into your confidence?
I promise you that I will not betray it." She rose to her feet, and resting her arms on the mantelpiece looked down at the fire. Her shoulders quivered. She seemed to be shaken by a storm of

"If you know anything that my sister-in-law ought to know," he said sternly, 'anything serious-it is your duty to speak.

She did not answer him, but she turned and looked at him. Her face was very white; her blue eyes were dimmed with tears. It was impossible, he thought, that she could be acting. She was in the grip of some terrible secret—something she dared not tell for her brother's sake. "Why don't you go to Lady Wimberley ourself?" he suggested. "It is a matter

or her ears alone perhaps a matter you can talk over better with a woman."
He wished to be rid of her now, wished to put an end to the scene. He found it—he could not tell why—exceedingly nainful. This woman was nothing to him, but he felt most unaccountably sorry for her. He was sure now that ahe had nothing whatever to do with the plot against his nephew. She was possibly in the hands of that scoundrel, Dick Beriet. "Please go to Lady Wimberiey." he

said gently. "I am sure if she knows that you wish to save her from unhappiness—she is kindness itself—you will find it easier to speak to her than to me."

She clasped har hands tightly together and looked at him for a few seconds without speaking. Then she laughed harship. harshly

narshly.
"I will go from here, at any rate," she said. "I-I ought never to have cometit was unwise on my part-i did not see I should have to explain. Of course I ought to have seen that."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.) (Copyright, 1914, by the Associated News-





"ORREDST-"Ben-Hur." The familiar spec-tacle of the persecuted Jew, from Lew Wallace's novel. The chariot race remains its "big scene," See above.

KEITIUS Beesle Clayton, Sam Chip and Mary Marble add a diversified bill. See

satire on the renearsal of a local state of the satire of the satire see above.

WALNUT—"The Traffic," by Rachel Marshall, Another "white slave" play of the familiar patiern. Second and last week.



SALLIE CRUTE Of the Edison Photoplay Company.

Writing in Harper's Weekly, of which he is the editor, Norman Hapgood com-ments thusly on "Morgls and Movies":

Moral questions are best handled by public opinion. They are bungled by politicians. A vast new art, with direct appeal to millions, must involve moral influences. The moving picture is the most amazing art-form of our time. In impress upon national life, the movies are comparable to the school and the newspaper.

In 1909, Mayor McClellan, of New York city, suddenly shut tip all the moving picture houses. He took this course on no stated principle of what was allowable and what was not; simply on an impression of harm being done. The hig manufacturers who send films all over the country acted premptly. They saw their business, national in its scope, certain to be ruined if it were to get out of key with American morality, and thereby to be constantly interrupted by police power, after millions were invested. They went to Charles Sprague Smith and John Collier of the People's Institute, as men prominent in popular edu-cation, and asked them to decide, before films were sent out, whether they were permissible. Hence arose the National Board of Cettorship. It is a stirring example of successful voluntary co-operation between vast business and the ethical sense of the nubile. It has grown in life with the public. It has grown in life with the growth of the business. It has not been exacting. The business has pros-pered and the public has been pro-

A threat to the continued success of such co-operation is offered by the butting in of politicians. Onlo put into practice last September a law by which three paid employes undertook for that State the work done by about 145 representative citizens for the Na-tional Board of Censorahip. A repeal bill will be presented next month Three political appointers, examining 500 to 600 films a month, after a large and especially competent national board has passed the films, represent a wanton and absurd officialdom.

How little the National Board, after five years of co-operation, now needs to interfere with the manufacturers is shown by the figures for October. "Eliminations" are nearly always comparatively slight and changes in-

of arbitrary politicat tenorance for well-informed, tolerant, careful and disinterested criticism.

Illustrating the tolerance of the Nauling police at other constituted authori cause the figure of Truth is nude,

her first appearance in motion pictures in the Famous Players' production of "Wildflower," is now at the Pacific coast studies of the Famous Players, appearing in a film adaptation of Frances Hodgson Burnett's play, "The Pretty Little Sister of Jose," the former famous starring vehicle of Maude Adams.

SYNOPSIS.

Zudora is left an orphan at an early age. Her father is killed in a gold mine be ing of the east half an hour after beauty and the least half an hour after beauty of the east half an hour after beauty of the east half an hour after beauty mother—e tight-rope walker with a circus—is selsed with vertigo, falls and is killed.

Zudora and the fortune from the mine, which later grows to be worth \$20,000,000, are left to the guardianship of Frank Keene, a circus man and the brother of Zudora's mother. Zudora. giving promine of great beauty, reaches the age of 18. The uncle, who has set himself up as a Hindu mysile and is known as Hassam All, decides in his greed that Zudora must die before she comes into possession of her great fortune, so that it may be left to him, the next of kin, and he prevails upon the girl to leave her money in his hands three years longer and to say nothing to any on about the fortune.

Hissam Ali seen an obstacle to his scheme in the person of John Storm, a young lawyer, for when Zudora has takon a faino, and he ecommunds his girl to provide the fortune.

Hissam Ali seen an obstacle to his scheme in the person of John Storm, a young lawyer, for when Zudora has takon a faino, and the communds his girl to make the semmands his girl to provide the faint of the hand of his nicce. At first the crystal gazer will not listen to the proposal, but Zudora instats that if she cannot harry Storm she will marry no one.

"Well, well," said Hassam Ali, "If you take such a siand, I'll compromise. Solve Jy next 20 cases and you can marry him; fall in a single case and you can marry him; fall in a single case and you can marry him; fall in a single case and you can marry him; fall in a single case and you can marry him; fall in a single case and you must renome him."

Zudora, using the knowledge gained from association with her uncle, unravels two baffling cases, both at the risk of her life. Storm neceives a letter from his mother, who lives in the South, informing blut him and with the market of

CHAPTER IV-(Continued)

Zudora's love was like a shield. The barb bounded off harmlessly. John Storm

was a clean man, in thought and in life,

She had not passed through this peculiar schooling of hers without being able to

read between the lines. She was abso

lutely certain that love could not blind her to any defects in John. All Hassam

All accomplished by his innuesdo was to

enlarge that smoldering suspicion which was over in her heart.

A good many of us are near sighted

mentally. It is easier to judge things in the distance than close at hand. While the general world knew that Hassam Ali

was a miser, Zudora was quite ignorant of the fact. Had she definitely known of his inordinate love of gold, her subse-

quent miseries might have been avoided

o some extent. Storm went South immediately. The

sorn went south immediately. The home was simple and comfortable. There were two or three bits of antique furniture which had been saved from the wreck. It was night when he arrived. The country railway station had, with its usual nondescript crowd of idiers, witnessed his arrival; and the news traviled outsity. He recreated that he had

cled quickly. He regretted that he had not come secretly and gone about his in-

vestigations unobserved. But the dam age was done, and proved conclusively that he was not cut out for a detective. He was greeted fondly by his parents;

and they repeated with elaborations what

SYNOPSIS.

tional Board as compared with the strict-ness of police caprice by a few individuals may be instanced the suppression of the Annette Kellerman pictures by the po-lice in Chicago; the chopping to pieces of the "Merchant of Venice" in order not to allow Shylock's behaviour to cast any possible aspersions on the Jews; the for-bidding of all scenes, however gay and farcical, that could be construed as ridities; stopping "Pagliacci" altogether, and the practical certainty that "The Hypo-crites," highly thought of by the National Board, will be suppressed in Chicago be-MARGUERITE CLARK IN "THE SISTER OF JOSE."

Marguerite Clark, who recently made

A GREAT MYSTIC STORY BY HAROLD MACGRATH

PINIE

'Puff's First Play,"

pretty justly reflect that if this first Irish "play within a play" is still true to theatrical life 120 years after its birth, the induction and epilogue of "Fanny's First Play" may go on for a century or two themselves.

Here is Shoridan at his Irish best, Nothing is sacred, not even the playwright-manager of Drury Lane, who made a name and fortune at 2l. He is poking fun at himself and the risk of sending plays to a theatre run by a playwright, even as Shaw starts the critica talking about himself in "Fanny." Calling that habit which characters have of supplying the exposition by long and illuminating dialogues "disinterested curlosity," away Sheridan goes righting through all the pet Sheridan goes rioting through all the pet conventions that made up drama a cen-tury ago and that will probably make up

drama a century hence.

In spite of the considerable time since "The Critic" was last acted professionally in Philadelphia, what a very familiar piece it seems. We know it all beforeiar piece it seems. We know it all beforeland, because we know what Barrie
called "the dear theatre." Managers
"paper" first nights today; in the days
of "The Critic" "they always filled the
house with orders to support it." A
Maude Adams in knickerbockers and wig,
Sir Fretful Plagiary, playwright, "made
it a rule never to look into a newspaper."
In those days every enterprising author
introduced "love interest" into the historical drama "to supply a deficiency of
the times." Ladies, rejoicing in "sort
of poetical second sight," described for
the audience romantic happenings "of
stage" just as they do today.

There were even "uplifters" in those

There were even "uplifters" in those days, people who thought that "the "the theatre, in proper hands, might certainly be made the school of morality, but now, I am sorry to say, people seem to go there principally for their entertainment." And principally for their entertainment." And there were press agents. Puff—who turned author because of his talent for lying—was one. He knew the "puff direct—the puff preliminary—the puff collateral—the puff collusive—and puff oblique or the puff by implication." He even practiced that most popular of modern arts, running a play down as immoral in order to bring out the "S. R. O." sign, "Ay, that is always the way at the theatre. Give these fellows a good thing, and they never know when to have done and they never know when to have done with it." Perhaps the company at the Little Theatre laid on a trifle heavily and put in a scene or two that the books

had been recounted to him in the letter

"Humph!" muttered Storm, "I want a good look at this thing. And some one is

"An imaginary grievance," she added.
"Who could possibly have a grudge

to the help?"
"You never can tell," said old Mr.

Storm, digging into his pocket for his What time does it generally appear?"

"O, any time between aundown and midnight."

"All right. I'll take a shetgun and go nunting for Mr. Ghost this very night,"

Storm declared wrathfully.
But he wasted his time: also the night following nothing came of his vigit. The

third night he was called to the door in

an embedded builet. Subconso maly h

(Continued Tomorrow)

MIKADO AIDS SALVATION ARMY

TOKIO, Dec. 21—The Emperor and Empress have given \$1500 to the Salvation Army, according to a public announcement. This is the first time that importal recognition has been given to the organization in Japan.

phoned for Zudora.

against you two, who have done hing to make life decently worth while

"Puff's First Play,"

Or Sheridan a la Shaw
Bernard Shaw would get a lot of satisfaction out of the Little Theatre's production this week. Not only the fun of laughing at Sheridan's "Critic" and rejoiche in the continued dominion of Erin over the land of comedy. Shaw might pretty justly reflect that if this first Irish.

The wind whistles—the moon rises—see.
They have killed my squirrel in his case!
They have killed my squirrel in his case!
An exister may be cromed in love! Who says
A whale's a bird? Hal Did you call, my leve?
Then the scenery which Dangle and
Sneer applauded from their box while the
audience roared. Even a German couldn't audience roared. Even a German couldn't object to the turnipy grand dama who ruled the waves firitanically on the curtain. As for the back drop, with He painted cows and stationary smoke, the Drury Lane artist must have had a forewarning that the scene painter for "Bust" was going to show Philadelphia real painted sailboats the same night at the Adelphi.

All this talk about the foibles of Blueridan's day and our own, this rearing bus-

All this talk about the folbles of Bheridan's day and our own, this roaring burlesque of poetic tragedy that ends with a
paredy of our own pageants just as much
as of Inigo Jones' masques—the River
Thames, with his two banks in greet,
"one crowned with alders, and the other
with a villa"; what a vision it gives you
of the long procession of the drams.
Back stretches the oldest of the arts, pasknickerbockers and powdered wigs, bank
verse and mad Ophelias, confidants and
heroes, like Don Ferolo Whisherandos,
hangers-on who puff and hangers-on who
sneer, mack heroics and herole mackeries,
and the audiences that worshiped it all,
one, two, 20 centuries ago as they do
now. A wonderful art, the theatre'st it
can withstand Sheridan's libes, even its
own stagnant reality, and still keep the
thrill that touches a thousand hearts
whenever that fourth wall rises. whenever that fourth wall rises.

KEITH'S-VAUDEVILLE

Vaudeville de luxe would be a just title for the show at Keith's this week. It has everything that's good, from Bessie Clayton down to Max Tork and his canine pupils. "The Queen of Terpischore," as Miss Clayton is justly called, is a show in herself. With her surcalled, is a show in herselt. With her sur-rounding company of six players and dancers, she provided a unique freat in the way of originality, too, by not per-mitting a dull moment in the course of her artistic act. While she and her agile partner were making changes, the au-lience was sevenaded by a cabinet show partner were making changes, the audience was serenaded by a cabaret show, which Miss Clayton carries as a side line. The danseuse was ably assisted by Lester Sheehan.

Next in the way of real honors came the set of Sam Chip, and Moore Came the set of Sam Chip, and Moore Machine.

the act of Sam Chip and Mary Marble in a picture book play, "A Dream of Holland," by Herbert Hall Winsiow. Comedy, dancing and originality com-bined to make this one of the best sets seen at Keith's this season. Johnny Dooley and Yvette Rugel, two

Philadelphians, had what vaudevillans term "a hard spot," but they more than held it, and their nevel act, which combined a little of everything in the way of comedy and song, scored a solid hit. Black-face Eddle Ross and his banje, also a brown derby, sneaked on the stage quietly, and in a few moments was fast friends with all present. The audience liked him so much that they hated to let him so. Others who scored solids were him go. Others who scored solidly were Louis and Grete Brunelle and Harry Stephens in a miniature musical comedy: It was downright serious, no laughing matter. The help were declaring that the Jarrow, who borrowed money from the audience and made them believe black was white, and the Alpine Troupe. The pictures this week are in keeping with matter. The nerp were declaring that the mystic hand was the warning of the world's end. Not a few of the poorer class of white folk were accepting the hoax as a zerious affair. Some of the negroes were even going so far as to kneel down to the hand (from a safe distance) and intone prayers. the show.

BEN HUR RETURNS

"Ben-Hur," which began its entertain-nent in Philadelphia at the Forest last ment in Philadelphia at the Forest and night, has lost none of its charm, its thrills of gorgeous beauty in the 18 years it has enjoyed public favor. If anything, it is even more beautiful than ever.

The remance of Ben Hur is too well the remance of Ben Hur is too well the remance of the history. Every going to get a ratiling good kicking be-fore I go back to town. Why the dick-ens should they pick out our hill for their tom-foolery?"

known to go into its history. Every school girl or boy knows the romance of lien-liur, the son of the wealthy Prince "Father says it's because some one has a grudge against the family," said his galley slave for the accidental killing of a Roman, his fight for supremacy and his success in the end.

The costume and scenic embellishments

The costume and scenic embeliabments of "Ben-Hur" are more striking and beautiful than ever, and the scenes of eld Rome, Jerusalem, the Vale of lithnen and the Grove of Daphine, as seen last night, are unexcelled.

Richard Buhler, in the title role, takes his cast of costaling to the costaling

his part exceedingly well. Other members of the company are John Milton, Walter M. Sherwin, Lesile Stowe, George Sudenham, Cassius M. Quimby, Herbert De Guerre, Charles Canfield, John Hagan, Cecil Sully, Virginia Howell Mary Condon, Alice Haynes, Maud Ream Stover and Martha Boucher. don, Alice Haynes, Mand Martha Boucher.

time to see the hand flicker for a moment and then vanish. He rushed toward the hill, but found nothins. He began to grow very angry. He admitted, the little time he saw it, that it was grewsome enough. It was eight or ten feet in height, with a shadow in the palm, like CHESTNUT ST. OPERA HOUSE Home of World's Greatest Phetpole's Atta. I to 5, 10 &15c. Evga. 7 to 11, 19, 15, 25c POSITIVELY LAST WEEK THE SPOILERS

an embedded builet. Subconso: usiy he seemed to recognize something vaguely familiar about the shape of the hand. He did not go into the village, but prowled around in the vicinity where the hand appeared most frequently. There was no evidence of phosphorescence, no footprints except these made by the Preceded by Keystone Comedy Pictures. Beginning Monday Afternoon, Dec. 28. THE CHICAGO TRIBUNES

MOTION PICTURES OF THE negroes some two or three hundred yards below the hill. John was puzzled and irritated at the same time. This joke EUROPEAN WAR

TAKEN UNDER DIRECTION OF THE BELGIAN GOVERNMENT Coming HALL The CHRISTIAN

irritated at the same time. This loke was being perpetrated by some one who had brains. Meanwhile the crops tay ungathered and were beginning to rot in the fields. Something must be done in a hurry, size he would be compelled to send to the city for emigrants, who would doubtless take to their heels after the same manner as the negroes. So he telephoned for Johann MARCUS LOEWS

NICKERBUCKER

Mariact and 40th bits.

Mathers all Scale in except Boxes.

Evenings all Scale life except Boxes.

19 Big Vealures!—Chango at Bill Mon. and

Thurs.—Vaudeville and Photoplate
Famous Thanhauser Film, EUDORA

SOMERSET THEATHE TODAY
THEY O'HEATHE
On Life's High Seap.

WALTON CHELTENAYS TODAY
MARTIN CHCZZLEWIT
HETTY MONSE.

OTHERS.

HEAVEL MORSE. OFFICERS.
Hills of Kentucky Gamekeeper's Danglitus
Bronche Billy, Keystone, Others.

SNOODLES' DIARY: HE INVESTIGATES A VITAL QUESTION







