A TALE OF RED

A SMASHING STORY OF LOVE AND POLITICS

By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

Author of "Get Rich Quick Wallingford."

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SYNOPSIS.

Molly Marley, daughter of the president of the Ring City Traction Company, attracts the attention of Boss Sledge, the political owner of the city, a bluff, straightforward, domineering man, who announces his intention of marying her almost at first sight. Molly, assisted by her friend, Fern Burbank, is carrying on a flirtation with Bert Glider, of the Maryland "Gliders," and her father favors this young man. Sledge invites himself to Molly's party, and hearing that she likes red roses sends her all the red roses in Ring City. Meantime a group of promoters come to Ring City with the intention of starting a "phoney" traction line in opposition to that of Marley's company. Sledge, thinking of Molly, discourages the project, but keeps the promoters in hand. Bert Glider, hearing of the new line, goes in for real estate along the proposed line. On the morning of the party Sledge proves himself a valuable friend by rescuing Molly's dog from the pound. He offers to match his own dog against Molly's, and Molly, hating his brutality, has to admit that he is a fine fellow and "no piker."

Tom Bendix, Sledge's lieutenant, explains that the promoters, headed by a Mr. Boxam, want a "phoney" franchise, which they can sell at a clear profit to the older company. Sledge advises life insurance as a good grafting operation. Then he orders more red roses, and fearing that Bert Glider has a chance with Molly, orders Bendix to "edge in" on Glider's business. He goes to Molly's party, makes himself both scarce and popular and only emerges when a group of darky songsters, engaged by him, begin to sing under the Marley veranda.

Sledge orders Marley to break up Bert Glider's chance with Molly and threatens to ruin Marley if he refuses. By telephone Bert proposes and Molly accepts. Sledge involves Bert in a business deal, depending on extending the old car lines for an amusement park, then tells Bert that he'll "smash" him if Bert becomes engaged to Molly.

CHAPTER XIII—(Continued).

"Marley isn't, anyhow," affirmed her father, still intent upon worldly progress. "Idle capital is the cause of poverty, I heard him say once. Do you know, Carrie, that we have $6000 of idle capital tied up in this home?"

"I'm nervous about it," she argued. "Of course, if you want to mortgage the house, and buy $4000 worth of stock, and trade it in for $6000 worth in the reorganization, and sell $4000 worth of it, which would leave you $2000 worth clear, and take up the mortgage again right away, I wouldn't mind running the risk for a couple of weeks, but—" She stopped, confused and humiliated by her husband's laughter.

"Why, Carrie, you couldn't buy a share of this stock for love nor money, after this morning's newspaper articles," he told her. "The very headlines make it impossible. Look! 'Don't sell your stock. Street railway holders enriched today by 50 per cent.' No, Carrie, this opportunity is lost. It is the next one that we must plan for. Let me read you a little paragraph:

"'Ben Sledge, when seen last night, announced that this was only the beginning of the immense street car development which this city would see in the next year or so. To carry out the extensions, which the rapid growth of the city will require, may necessitate a second reorganization and expansion, and probably a third. Investors who have supported the corporation in the past, and those who are in on the present reorganization, are very fortunate.'

"You see, Carrie?"

"See what?" she asked, worried.

"That now's the time to invest," he relentlessly argued, as did his kind all over the city that morning. "Every reorganization will give bonus stock to the old investors, and two of them will more than double our fortune. Now listen, Carrie. We have $3000 worth of stock. If we buy four more, we'll have $7000. A second reorganization would make it $10,500, and a third one would make it more than $15,000.

"Fifteen thousand dollars' worth!" she repeated in awe. "Honestly, Henry, I don't see how it could be possible."

"I've tried to tell you!" he expostulated, "but you don't even see how our $2000 has stretched into $3000!"

"Maybe not," she sighed.

"Of course not!" he agreed, suppressing his contempt for her feminine lack of logic. "It has, though, and in the same way our 7000 would stretch into 15,000. Then, if you said so, we would sell 4000, take up the mortgage, and have $11,000 worth of stock that would bring us in $770 a year dividends. That's nearly $15 a week, without working a stroke."

"Are you going to mortgage the house?" asked Mrs. Peters faintly, her hands straying aimlessly for her coffee cup.

"I think we'll have to," decided little Henry Peters gaily, as he rose from the table. "An opportunity never gives but one invitation. Idle capital is the source of poverty."

Mrs. Peters looked with sorrowing fondness around the little dining room, much as if she were about to bid it good-by. There was a rag carpet on the floor. Near the window, cluttered with magazines and a bit of embroidery and a sheet of Jessie's violin music and Mrs. Peters' sewing spectacles, was a sewing machine, over which hung a bird cage, framed in by clean dimity curtains. In the corner was Minnie's baby buggy, which the grandchild had outgrown. Minnie always talked of taking it out of their road, but Mrs. Peters was not anxious to see it go. On the mantel-shelf, beneath which the stovepipe entered the chimney, was a blue-faced wooden clock, through a crescent-shaped clear space of which the moon grinned whenever it was time to wind the heavy weights.

A picture of a beautiful, red-faced girl, abnormally healthy, drinking a glass of Elixir Tonic, hung to the right of the clock, framed in a splendid imitation of mahogany; and nine excessively pretty calendars, some of them dating back half a dozen years, added their touch of warm color to the decorations. It was not an extensive apartment, but it was cheerful and comfortable, and it was home! It saved them rent. It was a roof over their heads. It was their own.

"You see it, don't you, Carrie?" Henry persisted, as he put on his derby, and gave his gray beard a parting touch with the comb which dangled at the end of a string under the glass near the door.

"Yes, maybe," she admitted, with a sigh. It had taken them 15 years to save the money for this home.

Jessie, who had been reading the papers with thoughtful brows, now ventured a question.

"But, father," she said, "will there be an undivided surplus every time there is a reorganization?"

Henry looked at his presumptuous daughter severely.

"That," he explained, "is one of the legitimate chances of business."

Only briefly disturbed by this unpleasant incident, little Henry Peters, looking remarkably like the cartooned personification of The Common People, hurried to catch his car. A tall young man, who, on the back platform, had kept his eyes glued to the house from the moment the car had swung in sight of it, helped drag little Henry on, and greeted him with an effusive cordiality surprising when one considered how little there could possibly be to make the two men sympathetic.

"Good morning, Mr. Peters," said the tall young man, guiding little Henry affectionately into the comfortable corner by the rail. "How's Jessie—and Mrs. Peters?"

"Fine, Dicky," replied Henry. "In fact, we're all feeling fine this morning. There's happy news for us in the paper."

"What's that?" politely inquired Dicky Reynolds. "The street-car company reorganization," replied Henry promptly, allowing the information to be dragged out of him with no unseemly protest. "I have some stock in that, you know."

"Congratulations," cheered Dicky. "That gives you a present of just half more than your holdings."

"Best investment in the world!" boasted little Henry, accepting a cigar. "If I had put all my savings into this stock when I was a young man of your age, I'd be pretty well fixed today. You should buy in on it."

"I'm not ready," replied Dicky, wavering between his fixed plans and a desire to please one so influential in certain quarters as little Henry Peters. "I have a little over $6000, but there's a house I'd like to buy up in Willisburg, where I'm making a pretty fair success of the firm's branch. The house is worth $5000, and I expect to use the other thousand in furnishing it."

"Don't do it," urged Henry. "Idle capital is the cause of poverty. I made that mistake in my youth. I tied up all our savings in a home, and now I have practically nothing."

"A home is something," objected Dicky, with a smile. "I'd rather have a home, and the right kind of wife in it, than a pocketful of money."

"Why not have both?" urged Henry. "Invest your money in good safe stock, and let the dividends help you pay for the house. You see it, don't you, Dicky?"

"I see that house," insisted Dicky. "It's picked out and I know it's a safe investment. Stock isn't, always."

"It is, where you have a keen business man like Frank Marley back of it, and a powerful man like Sledge supporting it," argued Peters.

Dicky threw away his cigarette and buttoned his coat. His corner was approaching.

"Sledge might change his mind," he laughed. "I don't like to bank my entire resources on the support of a professional thief like Ben Sledge."

"You're mistaken in him," quickly defended Henry, swelling up his chest with generous thoughts. Sledge is the workingman's friend.

CHAPTER XIV.

The workingman's friend did not attend the reorganization meeting of the street railway company. He was too modest a man to urge his personality upon a corporation in which he held no great amount of stock, so he gave Tom Bendix a proxy for his little 50 shares, and allowed the balance of his hundred thousand dollars' worth to be voted by his attorney, John Tucker, in that astute gentleman's own name. Instead, Sledge, with an accurate foreknowledge of what would go on in his absence, took a little outing, pausing, more or less incidentally, at the home of Frank Marley.

Molly, when his name was brought up to the pink boudoir, in which she and Fern spent most of their unoccupied time, considered very soberly whether she was home or not.

"I wouldn't be, urged Fern. "I'd tell him to leave his red roses and go away."

"Did he bring some roses, Mina?" asked Molly, with a sudden snicker.

"Yes, Miss Molly," answered Mina, her own eyes twinkling. She was a small, red-cheeked, yellow-haired German girl, with a supernatural knack for taking care of fluffy finery "A large bunch. He has also a large paper box, which looks like breakfast food. He gave me five dollars."

"But, Mina!" began Molly, shocked.

"I know I mustn't, Miss Molly, but he made me."

"You know he did, Molly," giggled Fern.

"He says that he has something special for you," added Mina, grinning.

"You'd better go, Molly," half shrieked Fern, getting ready to cram her handkerchief in her mouth. "He may have a hundred for you, or even a thousand."

"I'll have to find out," suddenly decided Molly. "Tell him I'll be down in a few minutes, Mina," and having nothing to complete about her toilet, she sat down solemnly and watched the little Dresden clock for five minutes.

"Brought some stuff for Smash," Sledge informed Molly, when she joined him in the library. "Mike says it's great," and he handed her a gaudy pasteboard box.

"I'll tell Smash it's a present from Bob," she thanked him, calling Mina to take his roses from him and put them in a vase.

"Got time to take a ride?" he suggested.

"I'm afraid not, just now," she politely regretted.

"I want you to look at a house," he told her. "Senator Allerton's place. Eighteen rooms, six baths, garage, 12 acres of grounds."

"I'm sorry I can't go with you," Molly replied to that, suppressing the flash in her eyes. "You know my friend Fern is still visiting me."

"I ought to brought a bigger car," he chided himself. "She's a nice little party. If you don't like this place, I'll hunt another one. You'll have the swellest house in town, Molly."

Molly laughed gaily.

"Nothing doing," she informed him in his own vernacular, unable to avoid the issue any longer. "I told you in the first place, Mr. Sledge, that I'd never marry you; and I meant it."

"I heard you," he returned easily. "Do you like fountains in a house?"

"Indeed I do," she laughed. "I want a marble swimming pool, and a sunken garden, and outdoor sleeping rooms and a pipe organ in a two-story music room.

"That's the talk," approved Sledge, delighted to hear her express a preference. "I guess we'll have to build. Say, Molly, do you like that electric light out in front?"

"It's a hideous thing," she admitted, glancing at the gaunt pole and the swinging arc, which had always offended her. "It's glaringly bright on the front porch, where we don't want it, and dark as a pocket back by the garage."

He turned immediately to the telephone and called up the electric light company.

"Say, this is Sledge," he stated.

"Send up some men to Frank Marley's. Move the light from their front gate to the alley. Right away."

He hung up the receiver and turned to Molly.

"They'll be here in thirty minutes," he promised. "I had the city buy that vacant property across the road last night. It's to be a park. I'm goana plant it full of red roses."

"You mustn't do those things!" she cried, now in acute distress. The humor of it was gone.

"Who says I mustn't?" he wanted to know.

"I do," she told him.

"Why?"

"I don't wish to be embarrassed."

Sledge chuckled.

"You'll get over that," he prophesied. "Say, who sprung that engagement on the Blade?"

"That's the last thing you ought to mention to me!" she flared. "I won't talk about the Blade, nor anything that was ever printed in it."

"All right," he indulgently chuckled, "Just so there's nothing in it."

He left the house apparently satisfied, while Molly stood at the window with a half-chagrined smile, looking at the ugly vacant property across the street, and trying to imagine it flaming with red roses. No doubt there would be trellised bowers and winding paths and all that sort of thing. She ached to suggest some freakish landscape features, but dared not, because she knew they would be carried out with startling promptness.

Sledge walked into the Occident, and found Bert Glider waiting for him. Bert had sad eyes this morning, and a loose droop to the corners of his mouth, and was paler than usual, but he was groomed with exceptional care, and his life had been saved by a conscientious barber.

"You've given up the idea of having the new hospital built on that River View Hill, haven't you?"

"Sure," said Sledge. "It's too far out."

Bert smiled. He knew why the River View property was too far out. It could not be sold to the city for enough money, while the four blocks of worthless tenements which the gang had been quietly buying up could

ROSES

"How much do you want for it?" asked Bert.

"Fifteen thousand," grunted Sledge.

Again Bert smiled. When the site had been talked of for hospital purposes, the Blade had stated that it would be bought for seventy-five. Also, he remembered that Pelican, who was strongly mentioned for Governor on the reform ticket, had been almost hydrophobically in favor of the River View Hill location.

"How long will you hold it for me at that price?" he asked.

"What do you want it for?"

"An investment."

"Two days."

"Thanks!" acknowledged Bert, rising. "You haven't changed your mind about the Ridgewood extension?"

"Naw!" returned Sledge. "You're protected; so is Marley."

Quite satisfied and even elated, Bert walked out. He had evolved a beautiful plan for taking advantage of Sledge's coming downfall. He would form an operating company to buy up all the sites which, like the River View Hill location, would be of enhanced value when the Sledge gang was turned into a political nonentity by the revival of the public funds scandal. Clever? He patted his mustache with marked approbation. Molly would appreciate his stroke.

The yellow-haired bartender, who had just come on for the noon rush, carried Sledge's stein of beer in to him, and laughed as he set it down.

"Bert had a fine dill on last night," he observed.

"Hunh!" commented Sledge, reaching out for the stein and turning to his favorite landscape.

"Celebrating," Blondy went on. "Think I'll have to snitch on him a little, Chief. He's passing you a double X."

"Naw!" protested Sledge.

"All right, maybe you know," insisted Blondy. "Just the same, he claims the girl's wearing the ring. It's a secret engagement, until he can throw the hooks into you on that Porson property—and some others. Some others."

"Souse talk," judged Sledge, but nevertheless, he looked at Blondy speculatively.

"There's two kind of souses," stated Blondy, out of his long experience. "Bert's is the other kind."

Sledge looked through the hole in the gate for a long minute, then he put a fresh rose in his buttonhole, and went to the telephone.

Molly Marley tried to evade coming to the telephone, but Sledge impressed Mina so much with the importance of his message that Molly consented to talk with him, mainly because she had determined to stop his annoyance.

"Hello!" she said rather crisply into the telephone. She was surprised at the rumbling harshness of the return voice.

"Well, I'm wise," Sledge bluntly informed her. "Pretty Bert has babbled."

"What do you mean?" she inquired, surprised out of her intention of taking the conversation into her own hands.

"He got stewed last night," explained Sledge. "He was celebrating and spilled it."

"I don't understand," faltered Molly.

"Come off!" scorned Sledge. "Pretty Bert blowed the whole works. He picked out the Occident to do it. You're still engaged."

"Suppose we are!" retorted Molly angrily. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Smash him," stated Sledge. "I told him I would."

"You better not," warned Molly, furious with every male human being in the world; Bert and Sledge in particular.

"He'll be smashed in five minutes," Sledge informed her.

"I dare you!" threatened Molly.

"You're a corker!" chuckled Sledge, delighted with the defiance in her voice. "You goana get back at me; hunh?"

"Bert will!" she promised. "He can put you in the penitentiary, Mr. Sledge."

"What!" he rumbled. "That pinhead! Goodby."

"Wait a minute!" she hastily stopped him. "What are you going to do?"

"Call up the Blade."

"The Blade!" My name mustn't go in the paper."

"Sure not," Sledge comforted her. "They've already got their orders about that. I'll just tell 'em the new amusement park will be on Lincoln road. The Ridgewood avenue extension's off, and so is Bert."

"And so are you if Bert tells what he knows about the public funds investment!" she triumphantly told him. "You'll go to the penitenitiary!"

"I'm goana find out," he said.

CHAPTER XV

The Governor's ball being considered by common consent the first social gun of the season, after which lesser social lights might presume to shine with authorization, everybody who was anybody made it a point to be there and compare artillery. They made it a special point this year, since Governor Waver's term was expiring, and a share, at least, of the Governor's social glory would flicker out with his office.

Molly Marley, in the first breathing moment after the grand circle of introductions, led Fern about the stately modern mansion with an air of proprietorship, for this was her second visit, and she displayed with glee the conservatory fountains, the marble swimming pool, the pipe organ, the outdoor sleeping rooms, and the sunken gardens, all of which she had mentioned to Sledge the previous day. She had not known until afterward that she had had this very place in mind.

"It's a dream," declared Fern, with awed enthusiasm. "Wouldn't you like to own a wonderful place like this, Molly?"

"It isn't worth the moral price," judged Molly, looking about the beautiful grounds with a sigh of admiration, nevertheless. "It would be nice, though, after all," she finally admitted.

"Mrs. Waver doesn't seem to enjoy it," wondered Fern. "She hides as much as possible, I think."

"She has never overcome her fear of using the wrong fork," guessed Molly. "That wasn't nice, Fern," she quickly added. "Mrs. Waver is a good, sweet woman, like my own mother, but I don't believe she is quite comfortable in all this magnificence. Governor Waver, on the other hand, likes it, and consequently looks as if he belonged here."

"That's the trouble with most marriages," observed Fern, from the depth of her 21 years of wisdom. "They're so unequal. It's perfectly ghastly, Molly, for either a man or a woman to marry beneath their own capabilities of expansion."

"What does it say on the next page?" laughed Molly.

They were winding up out of the quaintly lighted sunken gardens, and they both stopped to admire the coldly severe beauty of the big white marble house as it lay gleaming in the moonlight.

"That there's no danger of that with you and Bert, you lucky girl," replied Fern, with a queer note in her voice, at which Molly wondered. "Bert's a dandy fellow. It makes me hopping mad, on your account, when anybody knocks him."

"Has The-Lord-help-the-absent-member Club got at him, too?" asked Molly, with a smile. "I thought only women were eligible for discussion."

"They take anybody," dryly commented Fern. "But, after all, it is you who are up."

"Me!" gasped Molly. "Tell me the worst about myself."

"You've made a sensational hit," giggled Fern, "and that's enough to send you to the electrical chair any place. However, they're taking it out in pity."

"They must hate me, then!" Molly felt assured at last of her success. "But why pity?"

"Bert," responded Fern. "He isn't here."

"He telephoned me this afternoon he might be late," said Molly with a slightly worried air. "What of it?"

"Common malice, on view in the cloakroom, has it that he is at the present moment unpresentable," stated Fern, and waited. "It would be absurd if it were not so mean. I gave one a piece of my mind about it—the feather-chinned woman with the purple condolence ribbons fastened on her cerise chiffon with brass furniture tacks."

Molly howled at the description.

"Wow!" she gasped. "That's Mrs. Senator Allerton. What did you say to her?"

"That she seemed so happy to believe the worst, and that——"

"I'll give you my little spangle fan for that, as soon as we go home," promised Molly.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

GOVERNOR'S WARNING TO SENATE ON LOCAL OPTION BILL PRAISED

Placing of Responsibility for Measure and Social Legislation on Upper Branch Called Brumbaugh's Master Stroke.

[FROM A STAFF CORRESPONDENT.]

HARRISBURG, April 8.—Governor Brumbaugh's action in putting it up to the Senate leaders to assume full responsibility if his local option bill is defeated, is regarded as a wise move by the members of the Legislature today. The Governor, by that action, will force Senator McNichol and other Republican Organization leaders, who are openly opposing local option, in the position of publicly associating the Republican party in Pennsylvania with the liquor interests, if they defeat local option.

The Governor also placed upon them the responsibility if his child labor and workmen's compensation bills are defeated or emasculated in the Senate.

The child labor bill is now in the upper House, and will probably be reported out of the Senate Judiciary Special Committee—the "pickling" commmittee—next week. The manufacturers are making a strong fight to have it amended in that committee so as to provide for a 54-hour week. The original program of the Senate leaders, with the exception of Senator Vare, was to do this.

The workmen's compensation bills have been made a special order on third reading next Monday night at 9:30 o'clock in the House. This will throw those bills into the Senate on Tuesday of next week.

"With the child labor bill through the House and the workmen's compensation bills assured of passage in the lower branch," said Governor Brumbaugh, "three of the big platform issues, if local option passes the House, as I expect it to, will be put squarely up to the Senate."

UP TO THE SENATE.

"It will then be up to the Senate to act. The responsibility will be upon that body. I am satisfied that the Senate will meet that responsibility as it should.

"The demonstration was the most convincing kind of evidence that the citizens of this State, regardless of party affiliations, want local option. When it is considered that 85 per cent. of those who received the invitation to the conference responded and came to Harrisburg from virtually every county in the States at their own expenses, the strength of the sentiment for the passage of the local option bill can be guessed.

"The people want local option because they recognize that it will provide for them opportunity to exercise their inherent right to pass directly upon the liquor question. They recognize that this is the question involved, and not the 'wet' and 'dry' question. In the next few days and as a result of the demonstration, sentiment will crystalize more than ever. The news of the demonstration will penetrate in all corners of the State; it will reach the cross roads; the corner groceries and blacksmith shops in the interior districts and then the Legislators will hear of it in certain terms."

The local option bill will probably be reported out of the House Law and Order Committee next week. Most of the members of that body are now in Pittsburgh with the House Appropriations Committee.

O'NEILL'S STAND.

J. Denny O'Neill, of Pittsburgh, chairman of the Republican Local Option Committee of Pennsylvania, has issued a statement, in which he makes it plain that if local option fails to pass a new State-wide political organization may be formed. His statement follows:

"At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Republican Local Option Committee of Pennsylvania plans were laid for completing the State organization and organizing in the 67 counties for the purpose of assisting in the passage of the county local option bill, and for the further purpose of conducting campaigns in the various counties after the law has been enacted. This Executive Committee was elected by the State Committee at the conference Monday night and was authorized to complete the organization.

"The plan of organization was submitted to Governor Brumbaugh and received his indorsement. It is proposed that the committee make every effort to secure the co-operation of the organizations of the Republican party in the various counties of the State. Failing in this, the only recourse will be to form another organization to conduct the local option fight in the county. The large delegations from all the counties of the State attending these conferences reflected the tremendous local option sentiment that is sweeping across Pennsylvania from Ohio to the Delaware.

"In the light of the unprecedented demonstration yesterday in favor of local option in the Chestnut Street Auditorium, at the morning and evening conferences, at the hearing before the Law and Order Committee in the House of Representatives and on the steps of the Capitol while the hearing was in progress, there is no longer any doubt that the county local option bill will be passed by the House and Senate at this session of the Legislature."

CITY-WIDE ORGANIZATION TO FIGHT FOR LOCAL OPTION

City-wide organization to continue the local option agitation here until the Legislature will vote on the issue has been begun. The Philadelphia "dry" forces are planning to co-operate with the Central State Organization, whose formation was announced last night at Harrisburg by J. Denny O'Neil, chairman of the Republican Local Option Committee of Pennsylvania

The Philadelphia leaders in the local option fight are confident that, with the impetus given the movement by the demonstration in Harrisburg, their work of canvassing the legislators to obtain support for the Williams bill will be made easier. With the delegates who went to Harrisburg Tuesday as a nuceleus, the Philadelphia local option organization will renew its canvass of the legislators and, at the same time, lay plans for making Philadelphia a saloonless city when the Williams bill has passed.

Temperance workers, regardless of religious affiliation, participated in an anti-liquor parade through the streets of Kensington last night, when the 20th anniversary of the Lighthouse, 152 West Lehigh avenue, was celebrated. Four hundred men, including members of the St. Michael's Total Abstinence Club, and representatives of the Y. M. C. A. marched down 3d street to Dauphin, to Front street, to Lehigh avenue and back to the Lighthouse.

The Lighthouse, which is directed by Mr. and Mrs. R. R. P. Bradford, began work 20 years ago. At that time it was very unpopular in the district. The anniversary celebration will last until Saturday.

THE PHOTOPLAY

Scene from the new Lubin serial, "Road o' Strife," showing the novel way of producing captions. The usual way is to throw them on the screen between scenes, distracting the attention of the spectators from the film.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The Photoplay Editor of the Evening Ledger will be pleased to answer questions relating to his department. Questions relating to family affairs of actors and actresses are barred absolutely.

Queries will not be answered by letter. All letters must be addressed to Photoplay Editor, Evening Ledger.

"Road o' Strife," the new Lubin serial by Emmett Campbell Hall, in which Mary Charleson, Crane Wilbur and Jack Standing are featured, promises to attract the attention of every one interested in the photoplay, not only through the novelty of the story and its remarkable list of stars, but by the revolutionary way in which the writer and director have made use of captions throughout the serial.

The old method of using leaders showing conversation bearing on the working out of the plot, such as "Give Me Those Papers," "I Never Saw Him Before," etc., has been entirely done away with in the "Road o' Strife" serial. There is no break at all in the story as it is unreeled on the screen. The captions mystically appear and disappear while the action of the play is going on; in other words, a method is employed whereby the words to be conveyed to the mind of the spectator are done so without his consciously reading them.

In order to accomplish the illusion, as used for the first time in "Road o' Strife," the spectator is tricked into unconsciously using his eyes for his ears, and in accomplishing this apparently impossible feat he is still permitted to think he is devoting his attention exclusively to the action. The whole scheme is accomplished with utmost simplicity, and yet so effectively as to produce almost the effect of audible speech by continuing the action while the necessary caption is being shown. No one form has been followed—every caption has been carefully considered and brought on and taken out in accordance with its individual characteristics—some dissolve in and dissolve out, others appear abruptly and slowly fade, while others merely flash on and instantly disappear, as a sharp explosive "No." In a nutshell, the idea is this: The author and director have undertaken to visually approximate sound effects.

Albert Capellani Joins World Film

Albert Capellani, the famous French director, is the latest addition to the staff of the World Film directors. His reputation has preceded him to this country, he being best known in America because of his production "Les Miserables." Mr. Capellani was born and raised in Paris. His picture experience covers 12 years, that time being spent with but two companies. For five years he was director with Pathe Freres, and for seven years he was managing director and producer with La Societe de Auteurs et Geunsde Lettres. For the last few years Mr. Capellani has devoted himself exclusively to the production of big plays in which the foremost artists of Europe were engaged. He scored successes with his picturizations of the stories of Victor Hugo, Zola and Alphonse Daudet.

Real Mob Seen in "The Devil"

Word got around the California beach cities, Santa Monica, Ocean Park and Venice, recently that there was "something doing" at Inceville. A crowd of more than 2000 persons, acting on this tip, traveled to Sulphur canyon that night and watched Thomas H. Ince superintend the taking of the hades scene in "The Devil." At first it looked as if Mr. Ince would have to call the reserves in order to control the mob, but by the use of a little diplomacy he soon had more than 200 of the outsiders working for him in the picture.

The Chicago Censor's Work

The following rejection and cutouts were ordered in films inspected by the Chicago Municipal Censor Board at the City Hall:

CUTOUTS.

"A Marriage of Convenience" (Vitascope): pouring oil on steps and setting fire to house; intoxicated woman.

"The Bliss of Ignorance" (Pathe): subtitle, "Our Creed Is Death to All Plutocrats"; shooting man; final death struggle.

"The Tale of a Shirt" (Pathe): man holding up woman's underwear.

"The Power of Prayer" (Alhambra): flash long gambling scene.

"Ima Simp, Detective" (Balboa): entering window and stealing money.

"The Hawk and the Hermit" (Paragon): shorten gambling scene; shooting man.

"Light-fingered Syd" (Alhambra): snatching package.

"When Love Took Wings" (Keystone): entire kitchen scene showing man pouring water down trousers.

"Burglars by Request" (Royal): burglar entering house; gagging and binding of men; paying money to policeman.

"The Taking of Luke McVane" (Kay Bee): two scenes of man concealing cards; sheriff shooting man.

"Ambrose's Lofty Perch" (Keystone): extracting arrow from man's back.

"Thorns of Passion" (Standard): man taking child from crib and leaving house through window; three scenes of gypsies with child; two scenes of snake crawling to child; burning child's arm; two scenes of binding girl's hands; binding girl to animal; all scenes showing girl being dragged by animal.

"The Law of the Open" (Powers): close view of stamped envelope.

"The Rustle of a Skirt" (Victor): entire scene of objectionable oriental dance.

"Night of Terror" (Standard): placing bomb; all scenes of man in torture "iron maid" after he is put in; three torture scenes; shorten dead body scene.

New Vitagraph Feature

In "In the Days of Famine" a Vitagraph feature just completed by Director Theodore Marston, James Oliver Curwood, the author, laid his scenes in the far Northwest, and wrote of the stirring experiences of the men of the Hudson Bay Company. The actual filming of the principal scenes occurred in the Adirondacks, where Director Marston and his company spent three weeks, and it is asserted they secured some of the most beautiful winter scenes imaginable. An unlooked-for bit of realism was added to a thrilling episode when James Morrison, the hero of the story, accidentally fell over a precipice while going after an Indian who had stolen his equipment. Fifty Esquimo dogs, in five teams, the greatest number ever used in one picture, are a feature of a searching party formed to find the hero, supposed to have been lost in the snow. Besides Mr. Morrison, Dorothy Kelly, George Cooper and Donald Hall were prominent in a powerful cast.

Odds and Ends

Tonight will be Lubin night at the Hotel Majestic. All good Lubinites are expected to attend.

At the Frankford Theatre last evening the Evening Ledger flashlighted the audience. Copies of the photograph may be obtained from Manager McGuire, of the theatre.

The Eureka Theatre, 2941-43 Market street, has been sold by Balrest & Co. for the Eureka Amusement Company, Inc., to Gersham B. McIntosh for a consideration not disclosed, subject to mortgages of $28,500. The property is assessed at $25,000.

Answers to Correspondents

C. H. B.—No, to the first question. Watch the Photoplay Baedecker, published every Monday in the Evening Ledger.

Interested One—If you will read the announcement at the head of this column you will note that we do not answer queries relating to the personal affairs of actors. Sorry we cannot oblige you with the information you seek.

Mildred—Owen Moore can be seen in Paramount films. Yes, Mary would probably send you her photo if you mailed her a quarter to cover its cost and the return postage. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are featured in Essanay's production of "Graustark."

Harriet—Write Anita Stewart and Norma Stewart, care the Vitagraph Company of America, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Herbert—We know of no company that accepts handwritten scripts. Handwriting is often almost illegible, and consequently typewritten scripts are insisted upon.

"What's Doing Tonight?"

Manayunk Board of Trade, Manayunk; 8 o'clock. Free.

Commercial Exchange directors, Bourse; 8 o'clock. Free.

Lancaster Avenue and 52d Street Business Men, Lansdowne avenue and 52d street; 8 o'clock. Free.

Haddington Board of Trade, Girard avenue and 60th street; 8 o'clock. Free.

Logan Improvement Association, Broad street and Windrim avenue; 8 o'clock. Free.

Germantown Improvement Association, Germantown; 8 o'clock. Free.

Dinner of Philadelphia Club of Printing House Craftsmen, Adelphia Hotel; 7 o'clock.

Dinner of Corinthian Yacht Club of Cape May, N. J., Adelphia Hotel; 7 o'clock.

Lecture on "Rapid Transit Problems in Philadelphia," by H. H. Quimby, Franklin Institute; 8 o'clock. Free.

Homer Medical Society, Hahnemann College; 8 o'clock. Free.

First clinic on chiropody, under auspices of Temple College, at the Garretson Hospital; 8 o'clock. Free.

Minstrel show and dance by Shanahan Catholic Club, St. James Hall, 38th and Chestnut streets.

Single tax debate, 1503 Walnut street; 8 o'clock.

Brewerytown Business Men, 2800 Girard avenue; 8 o'clock. Free.

PHOTOPLAYS

EMPRESS MAIN ST. MANAYUNK
WHERE THE PRICES NEVER CHANGE
The Most Talked of Picture in Philadelphia
THREE WEEKS
Charles Chaplin in the Keystone Comedy, THE THIEF

FRANKFORD THEATRE
MARGARET AND FRANKFORD AVENUE
MARIE DRESSLER & CHAS. CHAPLIN in
"Tillie's Punctured Romance"
And Other Pictures

GARDEN FIFTY-THIRD ST. AND LANSDOWNE AVENUE
ALICE JOYCE IN The White Goddess

IRIS THEATRE—TODAY
Kensington & Allegheny Aves.
By request
Robert Warwick in THE DOLLAR MARK
Booked Thru Exhibitors' Booking Office

JEFFERSON TWENTY-NINTH AND DAUPHIN STS.
Vivian Martin in The Arrival of Perpetua

TULPEHOCKEN THEATRE TODAY Germantown Ave. & Tulpehocken St.
MABEL TALIFERRO IN The Three of Us

Chestnut St. OPERA HOUSE Home of World's Greatest Photoplays
Afternoons—1:30 to 4:30—10c, 15c, 25c
Evgs.—7:30 to 10:30—10c, 25c, a Few 50c
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STARTLING PRODUCTION
The Avenging Conscience
TWICE DAILY AT 3 AND 9 P. M.
PRECEDED BY COMEDIES

GLOBE THEATRE
MARKET AND JUNIPER STS.
COMING—NEXT WEEK
TWICE DAILY—2:30 AND 8:30
THE PHOTO-DRAMA UNUSUAL
HYPOCRITES
SEATS NOW ON SALE

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE
MARKET STREET ABOVE 40TH
Pleasing Pictures in Endless Variety.
Charles Chaplin in Hushing the Scandal,
His Trysting Place and other Keystones
DAILY AT 2, 5c. EVENINGS, 7 & 9, 5c., 10c.
Tomorrow Lew Dockstader in DAN

THEATRICAL BAEDEKER

ADELPHI—"Peg o' My Heart," with an excellent cast. Hartley Manners' popular and amusing comedy of the impetuous young Irish girl and what she does to a sedate English family. First-rate amusement..8:15

BROAD—"The Shadow," with Ethel Barrymore. The story of a woman who recovers from long years of paralysis to find her husband and her best friend lovers. Miss Barrymore exceptional; the play, not............8:15

FORREST—"Paradise Prison." The annual production of the Mask and Wig Club of the University of Pennsylvania. Charles Gilpin has written the music. The "book" satirizes reformed prisons and puts some of their vagaries on the stage...................8:15

GARRICK—"The Argyle Case," with Robert Hilliard and Albert Bruning. A return engagement of the familiar detective melodrama, in which Mr. Hilliard hunts down a daring gang of criminals by the approved methods of Mr. Burns....................8:15

LITTLE—"Monsieur Poiret," with Ralph Herz. A comedy of a pianist and an American woman with "violent souls." Thin and vapid 8:30

LYRIC—"The Hawk," with William Faversham. Tense play of a husband and wife who live by cheating at cards. The drama comes from the discovery of the knavery by the wife's lover. Mr. Faversham, as always, distinguished.......................8:15

WALNUT—"The Dummy," with Ernest Truex. A detective comedy, in which Barney, the slum boy, turns sleuth and defeats a band of kidnappers. A "two-dollar show" at half the price..................8:15

VAUDEVILLE.

KEITH'S—Evelyn Nesbit and Jack Clifford in modern dances; Joseph Jefferson and Company in a sketch by William C. de Mille; Will Oakland and Company, in "At the Club"; a Burton Holmes travelette; Harriet Burt, singer; Roy Cummings and Helen Gladyings, singers; Mme. Busse's troupe of toy terriers; Swor and Mack and Hearst-Selig motion pictures.

NIXON'S GRAND—Hugo Hansen's musical comedietta, "The Fashion Shop," with Blanche Latell, of "Naughty Marietta," and Earl Corr; "Can Jimmy Come In?" with the Van Brothers; Mr. and Mrs. James Kelso, in "Here and There in Vaudeville"; Wroe's Buds, song and dance; Morris Golden, comedy violinist, and "Sweetie"; Gaston Palmer, pantomimic juggler, and laughing motion pictures.

GLOBE—Mme. Dorse and her Imperial All-Star Opera Company in excerpts from grand opera; Miller and Lyles, colored comedians; the Six Musical Gormans, instrumentalists; Sidney Baxter and Beatrice Southwick, on the wire; Lear and Fields, chatter and songs; Jack Barnett and Son, lilliputians, and Chields and Rogers, in cowboy diversions.

WILLIAM PENN—The Pekin Mysteries, magicians; Kirk and Fogarty, singer and comedian; the Moscogny Brothers, in "Fads in Vaudeville"; the Seven Little Darlings; Harry Holman, in "Adam Killjoy"; William H. Gracey and Charles Chaplin, the film comedian.

CROSS KEYS (Second half of week)—The Sierra Sunbeams, the Four Atwells, the Ruth Richardson Company, in "Moving Day"; Joe Fondeller, with an accordion; Lewis and Chapl and the Great Richards.

NIXON—Porter J. White and Company, in "The Visitor"; "Little Miss U. S. A."; the Gallerini Four, Brown and Barlowe, Miss Maurice Wood, the Brightons, and Richard Carle in the movies.

STOCK.

AMERICAN—"The Misleading Lady," with the resident company. The very amusing comedy of the "strong man" and the feminine fascinator, lately seen at the Broad.

BURLESQUE.

GAYETY—"Hello Paris," with Florence Tanner. A miscellaneous musical melange.

DUMONT'S—"The Jitney Bus," "The Four Crazy Fiddlers," "The Panama Exposition" and other travesties.

TROCADERO—Tom Miner's Bohemian Burlesquers, with Billy McIntyre.

CASINO—"The Social Maids" in a varied program.

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