ARTHUR V. JOHNSON

Lubin director and film star.

answered the call of the motion picture

when Katherine La Salle, who has appeared in some of the foremost Broad-

way productions, was engaged by Ka-

Miss La Salle has had a long profes-sional career. Her most notable tri-umphs were scored when she appeared

Mind:" In "The Yellow Ticket," in which

ing role, and more recently, opposite

John Mason, in "Big Jim Garrity."
Guy Coombs plays the leading male role opposite Miss La Salle. It is interesting to

note that immediately upon completing her engagement with Kalem, Miss La Salle was given the leading role oppo-

ADELPHI-"Peg o' My Henrt," with an ex-cellent cast, Hartley Manners' popular and amusing comedy of the impetious swing frien girl and what she does to a sedate English family. First-rate amusement. 8.15

AMERICAN—German repertury from the Irv-ing Place Theatre, New York, with Rudolph Christians as director. All performances ex-cept Friday evening and Saturday afternoon a musical comedy of the great war, 'Immer Feate Druft.' Friday evening, "Flachsmann

la Erzieher". Saturday matinee, "Die Spanlache Filege

BROAD—"She's in Again," an American ver-sion, via England, of "Ma Tante Honfleur," a French farce by Paul Gavault. The usual complications, made more amusing in the last act than in the others. . . 8:15

Self-Schriffe San Carlo Opera Company in a week of grand opera, after the standards displayed in its engagement at the Garrick For the repertory and casts see music de-partment. 8.00

GARRICK—"The Little Cafe," with John E. Young. A return engagement of the suiskal play by Ivan Caryll and C. M. S. McLeslen about the watter who was a man about two after 19 cafe.

LYRIC-"The Blue Bird," Maeterlinck's fairy-inle allegory, back for one more visit in Philadelphia. The piece remains an enter-tainment quite as pleasant for grown-ups as for children. Opening tonight.

ROSS KEYS (first half of week)—"The Gar-den of Mirth." Clark and McCullough, Harry Bulger, Alf Ripon, Scotch ventriloquist, and the Nichol Brothers, on the roller shates.

BURLESQUE.
CASINO-The Auto Girls: Simonds and Lake's company, in 'In a Millennaire's Jall. 'with

company, in 'In a siling and the sam Green Harry Seymour.

JAYETY The Crackerjacks, with Sam Green and Charley Brown, in a musical offering, and Charley Brown, in a musical offering.

DUMONT'S-Dumont's Minstrels, in "Burnem and Balley's Great Circus," and a new bur-league, "Good Servants Supplied."

Photoplay Baedeker

CHESTNUT STREET OPERA HOUSE-At the

HESTNUT STREET OPERA HOUSE—At the Chestnut Street Opera House, beginning this afternoon, Mrs. Leslie Carter will be seen in a spectacular film production of "The Heart of Maryland," by David Belasco, "The Heart of Maryland," by David Belasco, "The Heart of Maryland," which serves to introduce the actress as a screen star, also served as her initial starring vehicle on the stags a number of years ago. Four performances daily will be given, at 1 and 8 in the afternoons and at 7 and 9 in the evenings.

PARK THEATRE—Monday, "A Man's Prerogative," Mutual Master Picture; Charles
Chapim in "His Trysting Flaces"; Tuesday
first time in Philadelphia, "Salambo"; wondeful scenery, gorgeous contumes and s
superh cast of principals; Wednesday, "A
Man and His Mate"; Thursday, "Exploits o
Elaine," No. 15; "The Vengeance of Wi
Fang," Charles Chaplin in "The Jilne;
Elopement"; Friday, "The Commuters"
Gaturday, "Alice in Wonderland."

In The Face with the Seas, No. 6, "The RIS Monday, "Black Box," No. 6, "The Criminal Code," "Law of the Open", Tuesday, "Elains, No. 11, Belle Ritchie in "Under the Table," "Bliter Sweet," "Life's Sorrow"; Wednesday, "Trubadore," Robert Edson in "On the Night Stags."

"What's Doing Tonight?"

Woodland Avenue Business Men's Associa on, election of officers, Odd Fellows' Hall condiand avenue and 71st street; 8 o'clock

Colors, by pupils of the National School of Flars by pupils of the National School of Sociotic Parkway Building; 8 o'clock.
Alliance Francaise, Acorn Club, 1818 Wainut street; 8 o'clock.
Presbyterian Social Union, Believue-Strationed; 6 o'clock.
House and School Association, Norwood, Pa.:

15 o'clock
Peace meeting, Philomusian Club, 3944 Waltrainer, a o'clock. Free
Carotval. P. O. S. of A., Frankford and Lagh availies: 8 o'clock.
Recital and dance for West Philosophia
omangathir Headital, Bitz-Cariton; 8 o'clock.
Javina Prigrams Fathers Day exercises,
one-och Intrael Bringagine.
Baron Dr. Elleck Countities. Mercanific

the New York Manhattan Opera

THEATRICAL

BAEDEKER

site John Barrymore in "Kick In."

opposite Edmund Breese, in

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

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

Educational "Movies"

"L'Illustrazione Cinematografica," semi-monthly periodical of the motion picture trade, published in Milan, repropicture trade, published in Aliah, reproduces in a recent number an article by C. A. Mor, entitled "The School of the Kinematograph and the Kinematograph in the School." It is a plain but thorough and convincing, argument for the projecting room in the school. In a brief philosophical consideration, based upon the principle that "the senses are the only channels through which the intellect can be reached, a principle of didactics, draws, or ought to draw, the line of con-duct in our educational system," Mr. Mor shows the importance of the objective lesson, where, through the observation of the material thing. "the pupil's curiosity is fostered, his attention stimulated, his mental energy intensified—where the designed result—the development of the mind. is insured." mind-is insured.

mind—is insured."

Heretofore the objective lesson was not practicable when the teacher had to acquaint the pupil with phenomens which nature does not display within the immediate vicinity. Country life and agricultural subjects could not be brought to the city school. Urban conditions and activities, in their most vital aspects and activities, haves lay beyond the sphere of activities, in their most vital aspects and multiple phases, lay beyond the sphere of the country school. Arctic regions and tropical climes could not be exhibited in the temperate zone. It is true pictures, prints, charts, magic lantern slides illustrate in the schools subjects taken from ethnography, geography, history, industry, navigation and almost any other noteworthy topic, but such illustrations must needs be fragmentary and isolated incidents, deprived of all the realism and vitality of the natural phenomena and of the logical succession of details, the historical connection of the various phases throughtour the normal development of the scheme. Action, life, truth, that is the purport of the kinematograph, that is its powerful contribution to instruction in general.

The author shows the influential aid which the motion picture is called upon to give to the better understanding and greater appreciation of the ethical quali-relay; that must adorn man in his relation be heldimself, his family, his country and be heldimself, his family, his county and races, anity in general. As he points out races, saluable assistance in the teaching of dash alces, he reminds the reader of the they we that in this country the kinematoon theoh has given "the first splendid evice of its helpfulness in the instruction of biology, medicine and radiative."

nally, he insists upon the benefits to Siderived from the motion picture in the that (ching of composition, that most po-look it factor in the development of men-energy. The essence of the art Bes not consist in mere grammatical and orthographic correctness, but mainly in the analysis of the facts, in the practice of discernment and discrimination; it lies beyond service imitation and the ruts of

the beaten track.
"Today it is the free theme, analyzed in its parts, unfolded in every particular through the efforts of the pupil, ju-diciously guided by the teacher. And who does not see what an incalculable aid the motion picture offers to this most im-portant exercise of mental education?"

Mr. Mer's conclusion is pitched to the more sentimental diapason of his native country, but his enthusiasm becomes con tagious when he declares that "educators atrive w'th promising emulation to make of the kinematograph a 'working program,' an instrument of culture and pop-ular education; an art which may at some time open new horizons to the easer minds of our students, be the source of KEITH'S-Nora Bayes, Beatrice Herford, James and Bonnie Thornton, Harry Fern and company in 'Veterans' Bert Errol, fe-male impersonator: Kajlyama, ambidextrous Jap; Nonette, violinist; the Lunctt Sisters, the Robert De Mont Trio and news movies. new sentiments, of a new and exalted ideality of civilization along the everascending road of human solidarity; an art that is a school of comfort, of relief,

art that is a school of comfort, of relief, of encouragement in the aspiration of a better intellectual and humane life, and art that is a school of politeness and mornility, of toth and of great."

"The Goddess"

Prophesies of great future achievements have been prevalent since the beginning of man. In the olden times, they were told in the market places and passed from mouth to mouth, from seneration the remaining of the control of the from mouth to mouth, from generation to generation. Later, when these prophe-sies began to be fulfilled, the printing press, followed by the harnessing of lightning, aided the wise men of the cen-turies in proclaiming their visions of great inventions and improvements on the printed page of the daily newspaper or in books.

Gouverneur Morris has embodied in his wonderful story, "The Goddess," which the Vitagraph Company is preparing for the screen in serial form, visions of marvelous inventions and discoveries that will revolutionize existing conditions, and glance into the future, fifty, a hundred, even a thousand years hence.
It is "The Goddess" in the person of

Anita Stewart, who directs and controls every living thing on earth and com-mands and encompasses the great achievements that flash on the screen from the visions of Mr. Morris' brain. Ralph W. Irce has been working on "Tho Goddesa" for the last two months, and every possible item that will facilitate the production or embellish this masterhas been used in its filming. Besides Miss Stewart, Earle Williams and Paul Scardon are the most prominent of a powerful cast. "The Goddess" is scheduled for its initial showing on Mon day, May 19, when the first two parts will released as one episode

Selina Tubbs, who has made a study movie actors by their first names. Her mother continues to do the family

It's as easy for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle as it is for the trap drummer to ring in the telebell effect at the proper time.

phone bell effect at the proper time.

While young Henry Fulton was studying his correspondence course in the art of motion picture acting yesterday, his mother fell down the cellar stairs with a bucket of coal.

The way was long, the night was cold.
The minsterel was infirm and old.
If guess I'll stop, the going's slow—
The minstrel entered a picture show!
—Scott Down-to-Date.

Mary Alden Finds Old Patient

Mary Alden was an apprentice nurse in a New York hospital before she went into moving picture work, and her cheerful uality brought sunlight into the lives personality brought sunlight into the lives of many a desperately ill patient. Recent-ly she was studying at first hand police and hospital work in Los Angeles in or-der to get just the right stmosphere for

the newspaper plays she appears in.

When a hurry call came in one afternon for the ambulance she was allowed to go along and sat on the seat with the bulance, and all the way back Miss Alder butased the unconscious patient's head.
When they reached the hospital and the
man came to the surgeon said, reassuringly "Fou'll get well, old man."
"Of course I will. Here's my old nurse."

the patient answered; smiling up at Miss

The acteum shook her head interace. I think," she said.
"No mistake at all," the other insisted "When I left the hospital in New York

I gave you that pin you have on."
-Why, so you did," the Mutual star ex-claimed. "Luccall you now." Marries Get Staff blacking star of the legitimate stage Calledia high school John Drissell, Girls'



By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE, Author of "The Lone Wolf," "The Brass Bowl," Etc.

A pause ensued while Authority con

he clouded horizon of Sally's doubt and perplexity. Surely it were strangely in-consistent with her role of adventuress

to permit this man to escape, now that

destiny had delivered him into her un-

most staggering surprise of that most sur-

Had she schemed deliberately to strike

him dumb in consternation, her success must have afforded Sally intense satisfac-

tion. Since she hadn't, her personal con-

sternation was momentarily so overpow-ering as to numb her sense of apprecia-

minute neither of them moved nor spoke, but remained each with a blank counte-

nance reflecting a witless mind, hypno-

Uzed by the stupefaction of the other.

Then, perhaps a shade the quicker to recover. Sally fancied that her victim's

jaw had slackened a bit and his color faded perceptibly; and with this encouragement she became herself again, col-

dismayed, before recognition dawned upon Blue Serge, and, with it, some amused appreciation of her effrontery.

Even so, his first essay at response was nothing more formidable than a stam-mered "I beg your pardon?"

She explained with absolute composure

"Oh!" he replied stupidly. She nodded with determination and glanced significantly aside, with a little

toss of her head, toward the middle of

there," she observed obliquely, dissem-bling considerable uncertainty as to what a central office man really was, and

"If you go to Boston, I go," she per-

His countenance darkened transiently with distrust or temper. Then of a sud-

lifted a quizzical eyebrow, his lips

emplated was checked by the accents of

onjurer Blue Serge whipped a bill from

his pocket and thrust it beneath the wicket, not for an instant detaching his gaze from Sally. "And quick," said he; "I'm in a hurry!"

Grunting resentfully, Authority pro-

seeded to issue the reservations, thus af-

fording Sally, constrained to return with-out a tremor the steadfast regard of her burglar, time to appreciate the lengths to

which bravado had committed her. And though she stood her ground without flinching, her cheeks had taken on a hue of bright crimson before Blue Serge,

There's a central office man over

take both rooms, please, I'm

lected, aggressive, confronting him

"I said, take both r

dsted stolidly.

parted.

So that for the period of a long

dinary stateroom-all I got left."

'Good enough. I'll take-

rupulous hands!

Sally Manyers, 27 years old, out of work and desperate, in locked out on the roof of her house, in New York. Driven to seek shelter by a storm she tries the trap-door of other houses and finally enters the house of a rich familia.

CHAPTER IV-(Continued). BLACKMAIL

But a covert glance aside brought rompt reassurance; after all, the gods were not unkind; the policeman was fust then busy on the far side of the avenue, hectoring humility into the beart of an unhappy taxical operator who had, presumably, violated some minor municipal ordinance.

Inconsistently enough-so strong is the habit of a law-abiding mind—the sight of that broad, belted, self-sufficient back, symbolic of the power and sanity of the aw, affected Sally with a mad impulse to turn, ball the officer, and inform him of the conditions she had just quitted. And she actually swerved aside, as if to cross the avenue, before she realized how difficult it would be to invoke the law without implicating herself most damn-

Recognition of that truth was like receiving a dash of ice water in her face; she gasped, cringed and scurried on up Park avenue as if hoping to outdistance she had been little better than the puppet of emotions, appetites and inarticulate impulses), her mind had resumed its

normal functioning proved that what she had conceived in an hour of discontent and executed on the spur of an envious instant could never-more be undone. What had been planned to be mere temporary appropriation of an outfit of clothing—"to be returned in good order, reasonable wear and tear excepted"-was one thing, safe-breaking, with the theft of heaven only know what treasure, was quite another. As to that, ireasure, was quite another. As to tolk, had she not been guilty of active complicity in the greater crime? How could she be sure (come to think of it) that the stout man had not been the lawful caretaker rather than a rival housebreaker? She had indeed begun to be adventuress

The police were bound to learn of the affair all too soon; her part in it was as certain to become known; too late she was reminded that the name "Manvers" indelibly identified every garment aban-doned in the bathroom! Before morning certainly, before midnight probably, Sarah Manyers would be the quarry of a

lamorous hue and cry.
Appalled, she hurried on aimlessly, now and again breaking into desperate little jog trots, with many a furtive glance

over shoulder. But the city of that night were a visage new and strange to her, and terrifying. The very quietness of those few resintial blocks, marooned amid ever-rising tides of trade, had an ominous accent All the houses seemed to have drawn together, cheek by jowl, in secret con-ference on her case, sloughing their disdainful daytime nose and following her ment and contempt. Some (she thought) leered hideously at her, others scowled, others again assumed a scornful cast; one WALNUT—"The Shepherd of the Hills." A second visit from the dramatization of Hardeld Bell Wright's novel. Opening toand all pretended to a hideous intelligence, as though they knew and, if they would, could say what and why she fled. It was as if the storm had been a pernatural visitation upon the city, robbing it of every intimate, leaving it inhumanly distorted in an ob-

of abominable enchantment. With the start of one suddenly delivered from dream-haunted sleep, she found herself arrived at 42d street, and safe; none pursued her, nothing in her manner proclaimed the new-fledged malefactor; she need only observe circumspection to escape notice alto-gether. And for several moments she remained at a complete standatill there on the corner, blocking the fairway of oot traffic and blindly surveying the splendid facade of Grand Central Station spellbound in wonder at the amazing discovery that Providence did not always visit inconfinent retribution upon the heads of sinners—since it appeared that

the who had sinned was to escape scot-With this she was conscious of a floodwith this see was conscious of a hoos-ing spirit of exultant impenitence; the deadly monotony of her days was done with once and for all. It mattered little that—since it were suicidal to return to the studio, the first place the police would search for her—she was homeless, friend-less, penniless; it mattered little that she was hungry (now that she remembered it) and had not even a change of clothing for the morrow; these things would some

ow be arranged-whether by luck or by virtue of her wit-they must!
All that really mattered was that the ommonplace was banished from her ways, that she was alive, foot-loose and fancy-free, finally and definitely comitted to the career of an adventuress!

Paradoxically, she was appalled by con-templation of her amazing callousness; outlawed, declassee, she was indifferent to her degradation, and alive only to the joy of freedom from the bondage of any Elopement": Friday, "The Commuters", flaturday, 'Alice in Wonderland." SEFFERSON-Monday, "Unite the Darkness"; Tuesday, 'Damon and Fythins' Wednesday, Low Dockstader in 'Dan', Thursday, Julius Steger in 'The Fifth Commandment'; Friday, Comedy day, 'Droppington's Family Tree," Charles Chaplin in 'The Fatal Mallet' Saturday, '\$20,000,000 Mystery, Charles Chaplin in 'The Champion.

LEADER-Monday and Tuesday, Wallace Eddinger in 'A Gentleman of Leisure', Wednesday, 'The Girl of the Golden West', Thursday, Valli Vallt in 'The High Road', Friday and Saturday, Faramount, the great ralinoad drains. 'Rule G.

EMPRESS-Monday, Tom Terries in 'The Mystory of Edwin Drood,' Charles Chaplin in 'In the Park'; Tuesday, 'From the Valley of the Missing,' Charles Chaplin in 'His Musical Career'; Thursday, 'When Broadway Was a Trail'; Thursday Chaplin in 'The Face on the Barroom Fioor' Saturday, 'Across the Facific,' dwe-act Biansy production: Charles Chaplin in 'The Face on the Barroom Fioor'.' Saturday, 'Across the Facific,' dwe-act Biansy production: Charles Chaplin in 'The Face on the Barroom Fioor'.' Rise-Monday, 'Hack Box,' No. 6. 'The Comming Code,' 'Law of the Open' Pues-

certain social status.

Now, as she lingered on the corner, people were passing her continually on their way over to the terminal; and one of these presently caught her attention a man who, carrying a small exford handbag, came up hastily from behind, started to cross the street, drew back barely in time to escape annihilation at the wheels of a flying squadron of taxi-cabs, and so for a moment waited, in im-patient preoccupation with his own concerns, only a foot or two in advance, but wholly heedless of the girl. Sally caught her breath sharply, and

her wits seemed to knit together with a sort of mental click; the man was Blue Serge, identified unmistakably to her eyes by the poise of his blue-clad person the same Blue Serge who owed his life to Sally Manvers! In another instant the way cleared and

the man moved smartly on again, with every indication of one spurred on by an urgent errand—but went no more alone. Now a pertinacious shadow dogged him to the farther sidowalk, into the yawning vestibule of the railway station, on (at a trot) through its stupendous lobbles, even a pertinacious shadow dogged him to the platform gates that were rudely slammed in his face by implacable destiny in the guise and livery of a gateman. At this, pausing a little to one side, Sally watched Blue Serge accost the gate-man, argue, protest, exhibit tickets, and finally endeavor to bribe a way past the barrier. But the train was already pulling out. With a shake of his stubborn head uniformed guardian moved on, and ruminating on a power of pent profanity, Blue Serge turned and strode back into the waiting room, passing so near to Sally that their elbows almost touched

tion of her existence. But that in itself was nothing to dis-may or to check the girl in her purpose, and when Blue Serge a minute later ad-dressed himself to the Pullman bureau she was still his shadow—an all but open savesdropper upon his communications with the authority of the brass-barred

without his rousing to the least recogni-

wicket.
"I've just missed the II'l9 for Boston,"
she heard him explain as he displayed
this on the markle ledge, "and of
Em out my berth reservation.

without troubling to verify them, seised and change and turned squarely

Can you give me a lower on the mid-"No," Authority averred with becoming 'Now that's settled," he inquired ami-

The better to cover her lack of a ready answer, she made believe to consult the mellow orb of the four-faced clock that rises above the bureau of information.

"The Owl train leaves when?" she asked with a foely graculative air. "An upper, then?" "Nothing left on the midnight."
"Not even a stateroom?"
"I told you nothing doing."
"Well, then, perhaps you can fix me up for the Owl train?"
"Walt a minute."

asked with a finely speculative air. "One o'clock."
"Then we've got over an hour and a
half to wait!" suited his records; not a long pause, but one long enough to permit a wild, mad inspiration to flash like lightning athwart

"How about a bite of supper? The station restaurant is just down stairs—" "Thank you," she agreed with a severe

little nod. Lugging his bag, he led the way with the air of one receiving rather than conferring a favor, "Curious how things fall out," he ob-

"Owl train? De luxe room or erserved cheerfully, "lan't it? "I mean your popping up like this just when I was thinking of you. Coinci-If Blue Serge failed promptly to nominate his choice, it was only because Miss Manvers chose that juncture to furnish him-and incidentally herself, when she had time to think things over-with what was unquestionably for both of them the

dence, you know."
"Coincidences," Sally informed him conscioualy, "are caviar only to book critics. There's nothing more common n real life." He suffered this instruction with a mild-

rising night. Peremptorily plucking a blue serge ly anguished smile. sleeve with the brazenest impudence imaginable, she advised her victim: "Take both, if you please!"

That's true, I presume, if one knows anything about real life. I don't go in for realistic novels, you see, so can't say. But you're right one way: it isn't anything extraordinary, come to con-sider it, that you and I, both headed for Boston, should run into each other here. By the way," he added with a casual air, "speaking of coincidences, it sort of triple-plated this one to have your friend from central office hanging round so handy, didn't it? If he's in sight, why not be a sport and tip me off?"

"I don't see the necessity," Sally re turned, biting her lip, "yet."
"Not from your point of view, perhaps
from mine, yes. Forewarned is fortunate, you know.

"Certainly not." "Well, of course, one can guess why. "Can one?"

Why, forgive me for calling your bluff, it wouldn't be safe, would it? Of course, I'm a sure-enough bad man-and all that. But you must be a bird of my feather, or you wouldn't flock together so unceremoniously." Sally opened her eyes wide and adopted

a wondering drawl known to have been of great service to Miss Lucy Spode. "Why, whatever do you mean?" "Good!" Blue Serge applauded. "Now I know where I stand. That haby stare is the high sign of our fraternity—of blackbudge. Only the mility war succeed. blackbirds. Only the guilty ever succeed bad you didn't think of that in time. "I don't follow you," she said truth-fully, beginning to feel that she wasn't figuring to great advantage in this pas-

sage of repartee.
"I mean, your give-away is calculated to cramp your style; now you can't very well cramp mine, threatening to squeal. "Oh, can't I?"
"No. I know

den the man was shaken by a spasm of some strange sort—the corners of his mouth twitched, his eyes twinkled, he I know you won't go through with it; not, that is, unless you're will-ing to face Sing Sing yourself. For that matter, I don't see how you're going Authority and the tapping of an impera-tive pencil on the window ledge. "Say, I'm busy. Which are you going to make Boston at all tonight, after that break, unless you go on your own. I don't believe I'm scared enough to stand o take now, de luxe room or-"
"Both!" With the dexterity of a singe for being shaken down for your transportation

> a growing trepidation and muttered sullenly, "What makes you think I'm afraid---" come!" he chuckled, "I know

> you hadn't any lawful business in that house, don't I?"

"How do you know it?"
"Because if you had I would now be going peacefully with the kind policeman

instead of being a willing victim of a very pleasant form of blackmail." (CONTINUED TOMORROW)

A TALE OF RED ROSES

A SMASHING STORY OF LOVE AND POLITICS By GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

Author of "Get Rich Quick Wallingford." Convright, 1914, the Bobbs-Merril Company.

CHAPTER XXXVI-(Continued).

"Miss Peters," announced Mina, gloating once more over her handlwork as she surveyed the handsome Molly and the pretty Fern. "Have her come right up," directed

Molly, brightening, and waited with an expectant smile, which changed to a look of concern when she saw the poorly con-cealed traces of tears in Jessie's eyes. "What's the matter, Jessie?" she asked, stepping hastily forward, and Jessie, for-getting, or not seeing, that painfully fluffy

edding gown, threw herself dismally into Molly's arms.
"They didn't want me to come!" she gulped. "But I had promised you, and

licky said I might."
"Where is Dicky?" asked Molly. "He went on down-town on an errand. He'll be back after me in half an hour." "Why didn't they want you to come?"

asked Molly anxiously.

"On account of your father."
"Father:" gasped Molly. "What about

'Don't you know?" wondered Jessie, half

crying again.

'Why, no, child," worried Molly. "What is it? Tell me," and she heard Fern slipping quietly out of the room. She led Jessie over to the couch, and all forgetful of her shimmering satin, with its beautifully uncreased folds, sat down. "It's the street-car stock," Jessie ex-

plained. 'Dicky just came out to the house with the news. There is to be no consolidation. The old tracks are to be torn up three years from now, and nobody would have the stock for a gift. And it's Thanksgiving Day!"
"That's only some wild rumor," Molly assured her, wondering, nevertheless, at this new and strange turn of financial

gossip. "Even if it were true, though, how is father to blame?" "I don't know, except that my father's like a maniac about it all, and forbade me to come near this house." Molly held her closer.

"Dicky brought me, though. He said that he didn't think Mr. Marley was the thief, and that if he was, you weren't; and that if I wanted to come I was com ing. He's a good Dicky, Molly," and here Jessie cried a little more just on account of Dicky's goodness.

"It isn't father's fault, it's mine." con-fessed Molly, aghast, as she began for the first time to fully realize the hun-the first time to fully realize the hundreds of real sufferers in this high-handed game which she and Sledge had played. "Mr. Sledge wanted to marry me, and I was engaged to Bert. He broke Bert. Then father said he had money enough for all of us; so Sledge tried to break father, and I don't know how many people besides us have had to suffer for that. It's Sledge and I, Jessie—not father."

father."
"Sledge is a besst." charged Jessie whemently. "He is the most cruel and vicious man in the world. I think. Dicky says he should be killed."

"I suppose I am lucky," agreed Molly, putting her arm more lovingly about her friend. Bomehow, she did not like to let go of little Jesale.

There was a knock at the door, but it was friend by him in Maberly's candy store yesterday, and I was actually afraid of him for fear I would annoy him hy telns in his way, and he might turn around and he rough to me."

Molly laughed soffly at the idea of any your fathers in the deed house, and Bary's in the library, rulling his thumbs.

Sledge's being rough to little Jessie Peters.
"Why, he'd be so gentle to you as to

be ridiculous," she said. "Not even Dicky could be more gentle." Jessie straightened immediately.

"How absurd!" she laughed. "You don't know Dicky, Molly. He isn't like other men. Why, when we found that we had lost every cent we had in the world, and would be in debt besides and would even lose our home, father blamed mother for signing the mortgage, and has been cross with her ever since he got into difficulties, and there isn't a better father than mine. But Dicky! Why, when the West End Bank failed, because it held too many street-railway securities, and Dicky lost the \$5000 he'd.
saved to buy us a home, do you know
what he did? He took me to the theatre and patted my hand all through
the show, and told me how young we
were, and how much money we were
soing to make and how happy we'd be
even if we didn't and he wouldn't hear even if we didn't, and he wouldn't hear to father's having us postpone our wed-ding for a minute. Why, Molly, he can't do without me and I can't do without him. It's wonderful!" Molly patted Jessie's shoulder thoughtfully.

"I guess you and Dicky love each other very much." she suggested. "I don't know how to tell it," confessed Jessie shyly. "Love is such a tremen-dous thing. Molly. It ories."

Molly was startled into ellence. What was this thing that she was doing? She was entering on the most serious rela-tionship in life as the termination of a game, in which love, such as Jeszie knew, had had no part: in which even romance, to which every girl is entitled at least once, had been made subservient to hustness, to stock manipulations, to real es-tate deals and to stubbornness. The only one who had been at all romantic and she smiled with a trace of humilia-tion as she remembered it, was big coarse

"You're going to be very happy, Jes-e," admitted Molly, refusing to own she was envious. "I'm so happy I'm selfish," replied Jessie, comfortably. "I've even forgotten to sak why you were so insistent this morning upon having me come over at such an exact minute."

wanted you at my wedding," smiled "Molly!" excisined Jessie. "That's why ou and Fern are all in white. Oh, and came over in my old blue tailored

"That's lucky," laughed Molly. "You know the old rhyme: Something old and something new something borrowed and something blue."

something blue."
"I shan't be something blue," declared
Jessie. "I'm too happy for that, and so
are you. You're a lucky girl, Molly,
Yeu have everything in the world; friends
and morey, and a pretty home and everything you want, including the man you
love."

"I suppose I am lucky," agreed Molly, putting her arm more lovingly about her friend. Homehow, she did not like to let go of little Jessie.

There was a knock at the door, but it was Fern who stood there in place of Mina.

spectably quiet. Jessie, you come down with me. I'll send up Mr. Merley, and when he and Molly start downstairs you're to play the wedding march, while I back Bert up under the chandeller. Now, everybody to their posts."

She flew down the stairs and hurried back to the den. A moment later they heard a shiek and, running to the den, they found Frank Mariey sprawled on the floor, with Coldman's check crumpled in his nerveless fingers. in his nerveless fingers.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MOLLY STARTS FOR A DRIVE. A loosening of his collar, a dash of cold water into his face, a sip of brandy, restered Frank Marley to consciousness, but he was an old man. He seemed vistbly to have shrunk in his ciothes, and the fiesh to have sagged in his cheeks. He tried to smile bravely, when they set him in his chair, but the attempt was a pathetic failure.
"I guess I'm out of the game," he con-

fessed. "My heart's bad." Molly took up the telephone.

'T'll call Doctor Brand," she anxiously decided.

"Ten't" he begged, stopping her with his hand. "It isn't physical, it's mental. I've lost my nerve. Molly, Siedge wins. "How can that be?" she puzzled, unable comprehend it. "You even showed ma

"Here it is." said Bert, who had picked ft from the floor, and was smoothing it out.

"Worthless!" Marley groaned, at sight.
it. "I can sue for it, but they'll beat me."

Bert edged in between Molly and Fern,
so that he could stand directly in front
of Marley, and see his face.

"Do you mean to tell me that our whole

plan has fallen to the ground?' Marley nodded miserably. "How did it happen?"

"I don't quite understand," wavered Marley. "I haven't the details, but by some trick Siedge has secured 50-year franchises for every street in the city, including mine."
"How does that affect you?" persisted

Hert, his eyes falling again to the check, That document looked so much like real money that he was inclined to be-lieve it rather than Marley.

"Affect me" protested Marley, warmed into a triffe more of life as he explained. "It renders my street railway company a junk heap. We lose everything."

"But the sale," insisted Bert,
"Invalid, Coldman claims he was not authorized to act." Bert ripped out an oath. "I suppose that if the sale had been

profitable one you never would have heard of the invalidity." Marley smiled, and shook his head.
"Then all our plans are off," discovered The Porson tract is unsalable for enough to clear its own mortgage. Your stock and mine are worthless. You lose

made to give you control. We haven't money enough to go into business, and we can't go back East. Molly, it looks like a postponement!" Jessie Peters edged closer, and slipped her arm around Molly.

this house. I am stuck for the loan I

"Not on my account," protested Marley, fumbling at his collar, and he arose feebly to adjust it before the mantel

Molly, seeing that he wavered, hurried to his support. He turned to her, and put his hands on or shoulders.
"I'm sorry, Molly," he said simply,

looking into her eyes with more fondness than he was in the habit of showing "We can stand it," she comforted him

"After all, it's only just. I feel so much less wicked if we suffer with all the poor people we have helped to ruin." A short laugh from Bert interrupted her, and she turned to him with a rising flame in her eyes; but little Jessie Peters

had caught her hand, and was looking up into her face.

The minister, a tall chap who had won the hammer-throwing medal in his last year at college, had withdrawn discreetly to the parlor when the conversation had

begun, but now came back apologetically. "I am sorry to urge you," he observed, "I have a brief appointment, but I can return." "I don't know," heritated Molly, glancing at Bert. "Wait just a minute."
The thin butler, who was now crosseyed, came through the hall to the front hesitated Molly,

which he opened and a second later he was sitting in the umbrella rack.
"Say, youse!" bellowed the voice of Sledge, as his huge bulk, followed by Tommy Reeler, slammed back through the hall, filling the perspective like a ferry crowding into her dock. "Is it

Fern was the first one to recover from the shock. "No," she said meekly, but her eyes danced of the devil as they met those

of Tommy Reeler.
"Then it's off!" yelled Sledge, and grabbed the startled Molly by the wrist. Bert endeavored to throw himself in between the two, and to face Sledge, but that experienced old ward leader, who had not forgotten the training of his early days, gave him a quick elbow in the pit of the stomach, and Bert doubled up in the middle like a jack-knife, and dropped heels up on a couch, clawing for breath, while Sledge, as resistless as an auto dray, dragged the struggling Molly steadily toward the front door.

Opposite the library he met with an unexpected defender. The tall young preacher threw himself upon the big boy bodily, avoided the pile-driver elbow, grabbed Sledge around the neck with his steel-like left wrist, and with his right fist poked him in the jaw. Sledge shook his head and spluttered, as he would in a shower bath, but never let go of Molly's wrist, and plodded on toward the front door, trying to force off the clutch of the tall young minister with his mighty left

The minister, whose heart was particularly in his work, because this was the first opportunity he had ever enjoyed to wallop a man in a righteous cause, in-dustriously stammed Sledge on his other jaw, and the smack was like a kiss at a country dance. Tommy Reeler, who had been clearing

the legs of the limp butler out of the path of progress, now sprang on the minis-ter's back, and pinioned his busy arms from behind, while Sledge steadily dragged them all toward the front door, with Molly now screaming, and Mina, her arms about her mistress' waist, jerking "Mina!" cried Molly, "Let go! You're pulling my arm in two!" The weight of Tommy Reeler told at

ast. The minister's hold on Sledge's neck loosened, and he and Tommy tumbled back with a thud into the middle of the parlor, rolling under the very chandelier which was to have been the pivot of the wedding. Tommy, who had risen to be a hose contractor largely through muscular will enlived. through muscular will, enjoyed a lively tussle with the young minister, but luck favored him, and he landed on top. "Now, you behave!" he panted, with

his hand at the minister's throat, his fist held in convenient range

his fist held in convenient range for microscopical scrutiny. "I don't want you to start anything with me, because I daren't punch a preacher."

With as steady a progress as if he had been marching behind a hearse. Sledge dragged Molly out of the hall, and across the porch, and to the door of his waiting limousine, into which, he pulled her with the same careful force as a man landing a particularly game bass. "Home, Billy!" he chuckled to the driver.

(CONCLUDED TOMORROW.)

DANCING

The C. Ellwood Carpenter Studio TWELVE EXPERT INSTRUCTORS who teach the dances you see others dancing and as they dance them. 1123-CHESTNUT ST .-- 1123

instruction communica at 10 A. M. and our-

3000 KIDDIES CIRCUS GUESTS OF MR. GIMBRI

Great Day for Shut-Ins Provided by "Big Brother" of Little Ones.

Once in a while the children when parents will never again "juck them he at bedtime and the little ones who has a bedtime and the little ones who has

at bedtime and the little ones who are been robbed by an inscrutante fate of the power to run around and climb trees at "shinny" up telephone poles ones it iong while they get a glimpse of hapsiness brighter than the sort misforten has taken away from them.

Today is one of those times. The thousand children of the orphanages at foster homes of Philadelphia visited decreus. They had seats put where the could see everything that was going to with the best places of all reserved for the little chaps who are lame and car play ball, and the girls who can't reswith their dolls as other make-base with their dolls as other make-base. with their dolls as other make-bene

mothers do. mothers do.

Ellis A. Gimbel is the "big brother" she thought of what is probably the best at around world's championship way bringing smiles to the faces of a cure shut-in kiddles and sunshine into the

hearts. The firm of Gimbel Brothers knows how to make the day the red-letter fets of the year, because they carried out the same kind of a program a year ago, ast today figured as expert takers-to-the

working with Mr. Gimbel was the hannum & Bailey publicity man, with a hear as big as his descriptive adjective. To will easily understand just how these he men feel about the affair if you real the household joke about grown folk with take children to the circus. They and the scores of persons whose motorcars carried the children this afternoon got a men the children the childre circus on a large scale. the children this afternoon got as me pleasure out of the whole entertainment

pleasure out of the whole entertainment as the children.

Clowns and pinksilk-clad actors were cavorted about the rings for the childrent benefit. (Goodness me! If you don't be not to a circus every year, you can't be not just how many rings they have now days.) All the animals and gilt warm and smell of sawdust were there in the and smell of sawdust were there in fell force for the visitors. Perhaps the best part of it all was that they were ne than mere visitors. They were home guests. Why, last year the management held up the triumphal entry so that the Brothers, would not be deprived of any thing at all that goes with the modern B. & B. (biggest and best, or Baroun a Balley, as you may prefer to read in show. By way of additional divertisshow. By way of additional divertis-ment there were 15 barrels of candy and popcorn and almost anything else that the palate of childhood may crave.

FATALLY STRICKEN AT DANCE Mrs. Laura R. Coane Succumbs to

all.

This is the very realest circus day of

Sudden Illness. Laura R. Coane, wife of Robert Coane, of the firm of Patterson & Coun-iquor merchants, who was taken ill while attending a supper and dance Saturday night at the Bellevue-Stratford, died ye

terday in an apartment of the lots. Acute indigestion is thought to have been the cause of her death. Mrs. Coane, with her husband, had es-tered the bullroom at the Bellevue-Sint-ford, having come from a theatre party when she fell fainting in a chair. She lived in apartments at the Rittenhaus Mrs. Coane leaves three childre Charles E. and Robert Coane, Jr., and Miss Elizabeth Coane. The funeral av-

Miss Elizabeth Coane. The fur rangements have not been made. Injured Dog Bites Master Howard S. Lee, 1932 Alder street attempted to rescue a valuable pet people dog when it dashed beneath the font wheels of a circus truck as the par as passing at Broad and Parrish stre this morning. The wheels had passed out the dog's body and, mad with pain when his master tried to drag him from the path of the rear wheels, he bit Lee hands, tearing the flesh in a score

places. Fannie Driper, 65 years old a Negress, of 2946 Edgeley street, fainted at the sight of the accident and was re-Joseph's Hospita moved to St. fused to be treated until he had taken his dog home, when he returned to St. Joseph's Hospital and had the wounds cauterized. Dies During Park Auto Ride Relatives of William H. Macoun, II years old, 1919 East Cumberland street rode several miles in Fairmount Park is an automobile with the man, yesterd unaware that he was dead. He had been taken on the outing in the belief that the air would benefit him. At 19th street and Girard avenue his continued slices aroused the curiosity of his companies.

Speeding to the office of Dr. Richard U. Stretch, 1633 North 18th street, that learned that Macoun had been dead for time. Death was due to stom trouble. 96-year-old Clergyman Honored The Rev. Dr. David Tully, the older Presbyterian clergyman in active pasters work in Pennsylvania, received a hab-some bouquet of 96 rosss when 16 preached his 96th birthday anniversal sermon in Calvary Church, Highian Park, yesterday. He preached to William Lodge, No. 273, Independent Or of Odd Fellows, of Manca, on the oss sion of the 98th anniversary of the form ing of the order in America. The practitation was made on behalf of the local

by J. Milton Lutz, a former Asse man from Delaware County. Held for Beating Taxi Drivers Eugene Holt, also known as "Redili was arraigned before Magistrate Men at the 19th and Oxford streets police si tion yesterday and held under 1670 belief for a further hearing, accused of besiles up two taxicab drivers after riding about

town in their machines the greater part of Saturday night. Holt is a puglist PHOTOPLAYS Chestnut St. OPERA Bome of Wester House Greatest Photopian 4 TIMES DAILY Afts., 1 & B—Evgs., 7 & 9—10c, 12c, 25c

Mrs. Leslie Carter in "The Heart of Maryland" NEXT WEEK-GRAUSTARK EMPRESS MAIN ST.

TOM TERRISS in The Mystery of Edwin Drood CHAS. CHAPLIN IS

In the Park KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE MARKET STREET ABOVE 18TH DAILY AT 2, 5c. EVENINGS, 7 & 2, 5c.
"The Man Who Found Himself Chas. Chaplin in

Unto the Darkness

The Jitney Elopement PARK RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIX ST.
Matiners 2:15. Eyes. 1:15
Mutual Master Picture
"MAN'S PREROGATIVE"
Chas. Chaplin in "HIS TEYSTING PLACE LEADER FORTY-FIRST STREET AVENUE WALLACE EDDINGES IS "A Gentleman of Leisure JEFFERSON TWENTY NINTE AND

TRIS GHENNATON AND ALLEGHENV AVENUES
BLACK HOX, No. 2
WHY CHEMINAL COPN
E-S OF THE OPEN