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Cracs H. E. Cuaris, Chairman. P. H. WHALET......Executive Editor ZOHN C. MARTIN..... General Business Manager Published daily at Postic Labour Building.

Broad and Chestnut Streets
Press Union Building
170-A. Metropolitan Tower
202 Ford Building
409 Globs Desnocrat Building
1202 Tribuns Building
8 Waterico Piace, Pall Mail, E. W.

SUBSCRIPTION TERMS

BUBSCRIPTION TERMS

Ly carrier, Dailt Only, els cente. By mail, postpold

side of Philadelphia, except where foreign postage

required Dailt Only, one month, twenty-five cente;

thr Only, one year three dollars. All mail sub
ppilons payable in advance. Notice-Subscribers wishing address changed must give old as well as new address.

KEYSTONE, MAIN 3000 Address all communications to Evening Ledger, Independence Square, Philadelphia.

ENTREED AT THE PHILADELPHIA POSTOFFICE AS SECOND-

CLARS SIAIL MATTER. THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULA-TION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR MAY WAS #8,614.

PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, JUNE 14, 1918,

The man who would raise a crop of corn must run his chances with the crows.

Justification for Italy

FIRE Italian Green Book presents Italy's case so strongly that the reader wonders not why she entered the war, but how she ever had the patience to keep out of it so long. In Italy's war with Turkey, Germany and Austria insisted on their rights under Article 7 of the Triple Alliance so vigorously that Rome was compelled to forego important military enterprises, which would have shortened the contest and saved millions of lives. Yet both Germany and Austria seemed to ignore utterly Italian interests when rushing into the present cata-

Baron Sonnino pointed out in his communication of May 3, denouncing the alliance with Austria, that Vienna "during the mimmer of 1914, without making any previous arrangements with Italy and without giving her even the slightest warning or heeding the advice sent by the Italian Government, presented Serbia, July 23, with an ultimatum which was the cause and point of departure of the present European conflagration."

In spite of this flagrant violation of the solemn agreement with Italy, a real neutrality was maintained for months, during which period every effort was made to secure proper compensations from Vienna. That capital, however, introduced delay after delay of the most trifling sort, with a stupidity worthy of the diplomacy which has characterized Teutonic diplomacy in all negotiations during the last year or two. There was nothing left for Italy to do but fight, and that she has been doing with a heroism and an efficiency which have already enhanced her reputation and promise to add considerably to a history already rich in glorious achievement.

The Centre of Medical Education

THE alertness of Philadelphia's medical men is once more demonstrated. The war in Europe has made it impossible for American medical students to go abroad for postgraduate work, where every facility has been offered for the training of specialists and the special training of general practitioners. The Philadelphia physicians and surgeons are are in this city opportunities for post-graduate study as broad and as comprehensive as in any European capital. They simply need co-ordinating and adjusting in such a way as to serve the convenience of students.

It is to bring about such a co-ordination of the work that an association of more than 100 of the most distinguished medical men of the city has been formed. Those who know the members look forward with confidence to the accomplishment of their purpose. They and their predecessors have made this city the centre of undergraduate medical instruction with six great medical schools. They can arrange for advanced work with equal success.

Runnymede, 1215-Waterloo, 1815 THIS week furnishes two notable and sug-

L gestive centennials.

At Runnymede, England, seven hundred years ago tomorrow, King John, with the sword of the barons at his throat, signed the Magna Charta of English and American liberties. Seven centuries ago the Anglo-Saxons dealt the first blow to that myth of "divine right" which has led a great race into dishonorable conflict today; for Europe is now settling on an international scale the same question Runnymede decided for England.

The other centennial has still more direct and fascinating analogies. One hundred years ago a great military dictator faced a united Europe and went down before it at Waterloo. Then, as now, it seemed as if liberty were triumphing over despotism; yet there is this disquieting thought for us to remember. In spite of Napoleon's autocratic and imperialistic background, he it was who represented the great progressive legacy of the French Revolution, and his vanquishers were the ones who put the real despotism back in the saddle-or tried to. In somewhat the same way Europe may even now be fighting a form of industrial, intellectual and artistic civilization which it may ultimately come to adopt. But it is certainly fighting for the essentialiberty to adopt it or not, as it pleases. Free progress, and not a forced progress, is a real

A Greek Theatre, but a Small One

IF THE Greek plays at the University Botanical Gardens last week made one thing clear to every one present, it was the singular fitness of that wooded spot for the building of a permanent open-air theatre. Here, within 15 minutes of the City Hall and under the protecting shadow of a great place of learning, is a bit of woodland shaped atmost by nature as an amphitheatre. On all sides greenery shuts out the modern city. No wonder such an ideal location has caused Recorder Nitzsche to offer plans for a theatre, among other buildings, to be located in Woodland Ravine!

But those performances made another point clear which has something to do with Recarder Nitzsche's plan. The fact that a goodly portion of the seven or eight thousalul apactators at each performance heard that the proposed theatre should be built to | rest, as well as the special

accommodate not 15,000 people, but 5000 at the most.

The theatres of old Greece, by crowded seating arrangements and stretching indefinitely uphill wherever rocks or grass gave a footbold, accommodated far more. But the theatres of old Greece were served by actors better trained for their task than ours. The important thing is to build such a theatre as will let us hear the lyrics of Euripides, as we could not hear them last week. Mere size cannot affect the financial aspect; more performances is the answer to a small seating capacity. But the right size means the keenest and fullest satisfaction, instead of pleasure only half achieved.

Compromise Housing Law

THE new housing law is confessedly a A compromise with lawlessness. It is, therefore, not so good a law as that nullified by City Councils. It is, on the other hand, considerably better than no law at all. It assures better housing conditions in Philadelphia than those now existing. It is a forward step in comparison with anything we have yet had, although it is a backward step in comparison with what we might have enjoyed had Councils performed its sworn duty and made effective a statute of the Commonwealth:

The Governor is a practical man and be has acted as a practical man should. The same influence which had controlled Councils had also a half-Nelson on the Legislature. That body was prepared to Co whatever the gang wanted it to do. The Governor interposed his veto to kill the first disgraceful bill passed by this Legislature. He compelled the nulliflers to meet decent citizenship half way. This in itself was a triumph when the subserviency of Harrisburg is considered. It is also, in a manner, a triumph for those determined men and women who in the most discouraging circumstances never slackened their energies in fighting for this particular reform.

It was the privilege of the EVENING LEDGER to give wide publicity to the disgusting conditions which required attention, to expose the conspiracy of nullification which prevented the law from being made effective, and to arouse the public to the necessity of doing something. Mr. Connelly, whose word seems to be law in Councils, gives assurances that proper appropriations to make the law operative will be made. That was one of the conditions of the compromise. It may be anticipated, therefore, that there will be better housing hereafter in the congested districts. Better housing means better citizens, and more of them, too, if the health records are not

Trying to Make a Traitor of a Judge

HECTORING Judge Lindsey seems to be the most popular sport in Denver, year in and year out. Now they want to put him into fail because he refuses to betray the confidence of a child whose mother was accused of murder and acquitted.

The genial Judge declares that he is ready to go to the Supreme Court to establish in this country the principle that to violate the confidence of a child, "or even to be made to testify to any confidential relation between the Judge and a child in the Juvenile Court is contrary to public policy."

He probably will not have to go to so high a tribunal to establish a principle so obviously just and fair. Public sentiment has a way of deciding public policy in the United States, and in cases of this sort it is not often that high courts are in disagreement with the people.

Flag Day

ON THIS anniversary of the adoption of the Stars and Stripes every patriotic American is saying to himself: And the star-spangled banner, oh long may

O'er the land of the free and the home of the bravel

No More "Dutch Courage"

No MORE "Dutch courage" for the German soldier! That is the burden of Admiral von Mueller's letter to the German Association. Light wines or beer if the drinking water is not pure, but schnapps or any stronger drink, never. The necessity of conserving bodily strength and spiritual morale dictates that such beverages "may under no circumstances be given to the troops,"

Great Britain takes a still more definite step to protect its "industrial soldiers." By orders in council, the board to control the liquor traffic within certain prescribed areas is authorized to regulate the hours of sale, to prevent "treating," and even to prohibit sale altogether. Still further, the board is empowered to take over the management of saloons in areas where munitions of war are made and to sell liquor without license in factories doing Government work.

England seems to take the firmer and more farseeing position in this vital matter of the relation of drink to efficiency. It has in its hands the power to prohibit, and the still more important power to nationalize and clean up the liquor traffic if it is more desirable. Europe is furnishing America with some laboratory experiments that ought to be of prime value to the legislators over here who are tinkering with the drink-trade.

The old "grads" are being boys again just for a day.

When Russia needs locomotives it knows where to come to get them.

As to a stadium, what the town needs now is not words, but deeds.

The German attempt to prove that Uncle Sam is a liar is not progressing very satisfactorily.

If Marconi has been able to stall an aeroplane motor by wireless waves of electricity, the Germans would better watch out.

One way to prevent the defalcation of trusted employes is to co-operate with the Director of Public Safety in closing the gambling houses.

If a woman is not fit to preside over a high school for boys, perhaps the logical sex will admit some day that a man is not fit to preaide over a high school for girls.

Old metaphors are inadequate when speaking of the Rockefeller babies. The latest one was born with a whole table service of silver next to acting cugat to convince every one in its mouth, knives, forms, platters and the CAN LITTLE WILLIE BECOME A GENIUS?

Yes, Almost, If His Parents Go About It in the Right Way-They Must Look to Willie's Mental

By ROSS HOLYOKE

Can genius be manufactured? Can your future Shakespeare, by a simple little quirk in his education?

It is every mother's dream, every father's fancy. There lies little Willie in his crib. All sorts of potentialities reside in Willie. Hs may become a great builder of bridges. He may write great poems, win great battles. Or he may die in the electric chair. Which will it be? Every fond parent has his hopesnny, has his convictions, Is not every little Willie the brightest boy that ever toddled? Does any little Frankie or Georgie utter such bright remarks? The father of little Willie is an authority on this subject, and he emphatically says not.

Yet as little Willie grows-closer and closer to manhood, what is that manhood to be? Will he keep up his bright remarks and become a great sage?-or just an average successful corner grocer? There lies the hitch Little Willie in his crib is after all only a guess. Or he has been up to now. Until today you never could be sure of Willie. Even where Willie really has grown up to be a great man, the fact is often discovered only after Willie has been dead for con-

"Bliffkins" in Letters of Fire

Now all this is changed. You may confidently hope for the best in regard to Willie, More in that, you may make deadly sure of his becoming a credit to the family. By following simple directions William Bliffkins may go to bed any night and make sure that William Bliffkins, Jr., will one day wake to write the family name in letters of fire across the sky. This is spoken on the authority of the new psychology.

And after all it is very simple, very plausible. It rings true, Psychology says that every human being contains one complete subconsciousness, given free with his life. This subconsciousness carefully and automatically stores up every impression, every experience encountered by the owner thereof from his earliest days. The conscious memory may not retain these impressions, but the subconsciousness does, down to the last detail. Everything that passes through the eye, the ear, the nose, is dumped forever into this subcellar of the mind. Most of these impressions lie there unusued. A few of them creep up into the conscious memory and stick there. Some of them only creep up when you are asleep, and scare you dreadfully. But they are there all the time, nevertheless. And the man of genius is only the man who has learned how to fish up useful matter from his mental cellar and put it together effectively. So, at least, the new psychologist says.

It stands to reason, too, when you listen to his argument. Most men of genius were regarded as fools in their boyhood. Scott was always at the foot of his class. Darwin was the despair of his father, who wanted him to be a minister. Balzac's papa trained him to be a lawyer, and worried nights about his boy. And why this apparent stupidity? Only that the boy, deliberately or not, is devoting all the resources of his mentality to stock that cellar of his with all the impressions he can gather. He is too busy with that to bother his conscious mind with learning dates in history or the names of English kings.

When the man of genius is at work, he scarcely needs to work his brain at all. He just dreams, and up come the impressions his mental cellar. Coloridge wrote "Kubla Khan" from a dream. All he had to do was to rhyme it, and there it was. Goethe often woke from a sort of somnambulistic state in which he wrote poetry without even taking the trouble to be awake. Great mathematicians have had excruciatingly difficult problems solved for them by their subconclousness, and while their real brain was enjoying the comforts of sleep. In other words, genius consists simply of having a well-stocked cellar. And, of course, knowing how to use it.

Stocking Up the Cellar

But as every human being is presented with one of these mental cellars at birth, what simpler than to teach him how to fill it well, and then utilize its contents. Find out what chiefly interests little Willie, and then slap that to him with all your might. If Willie displays an early aptitude for flowers, perhaps it means that he has an eye for color and will become a painter. Take him gently by the hand and walk him out into the country and let the landscape soak into him. Show him the subtle differences between the noses of your friends. Help him to gather all the details essential to his craft. Soon he will let go your hand and forage for impressions on his own account. And be sure you give him his head. The little budding genius will know better than you what to put into his cellar.

Or you might put a pen in his hand, and study if he have an inborn aptitude for its use. It may well be that he is destined to be a great poet. Next try a saw, Engineering or architecture may be his forte. But once you have detected his true bent, throw everything you can into his cellar that can be of any practical use to him afterward. Show him the Brooklyn bridge. Let him hear sweet music. And above all be sure you do not interrupt those moments when he sits and seems to be thinking of nothing. Those are the dreams of henius. He is listening to the impressions awirling round in his cellar.

You see, we have never properly harnessed up our subconsciousness. Anybody can do it. The man of genius is what he is only because all untaught he has learned the trick of making his subconsciousness do his work for him. It seems to be a willing worker, once you have learned how to drive it.

The new psychologist will tell you how to set to work. You will find this matter far from being a joke. Because you may do harm as well as good with the subconactousness of your darling Willie. For instance, never threaten Willia with the policeman when he is naughty. Later in life that idea of the policeman may stalk up out of the cellar of his mind and give him the fixed idea that a policeman is waiting for him round every corner. He will have a "bug," a manta, that may plague him all his days. Even if you think it villgar to have a genlus in the family, you cannot be too careful of the subconsciousness in your little Willia.

TRUTH

And justifies itself by uniformed ways.

VACATION PLANS ARE NOW DECIDED UPON



## BILLIONS OF WASTE IN YEAR'S CROPS

Uncle Sam Could Maintain a Standing Army of a Million Men If He Cashed In His Waste Food Products. The Wonders of Thrift.

By B. W. CURRIE

pouring in on us from the sizzling vortex of Europe there never was a better incentive in this country to study waste, particularly the waste of our bountiful products of the soil. Government forecasts indicate a \$12,000,-000,000 crop yield for 1915. To apply the word "bumper" to such a yield would sound almost as silly as prefixing the adjective tiny to a mammoth. When we pyramid our totals to billions even superlatives are without force or significance. Indeed, we have come to a period of top-totals that defy the arts and crafts of word jugglers and madden the painstaking and conservative statistician. It is only when we strive to reduce vastness to simple everyday terms that we get anywhere.

So it must be with our study of food waste. Of course, we must use some figures, and we must add and subtract, multiply and divide. Only by so doing may we pry into the little nooks and corners and out-of-the-way crevices that need cleaning out and reforming. It is due to the sweeping out and conserving of the last crumbs in millions of cupboards that Germany is enabled to defy a world of enemies and obtain security from starvation and want.

Burning Up Money

Never before in the history of our national development have we had a better opportunity to study ways and means of stopgapping our enormous wastes of food products than in this unprecedented year of plenty. We are told that our expected 960,-000,000 bushels of wheat will market the selves without waste because of the needs of the warring nations. Unless the Dardanelles has been opened meantime this wheat will bring war prices. The farmer should obtain slightly better than \$1 a bushel; the railroads and steamship companies will earn millions hauling it. But there will be waste, many millions in waste. Thousands of tons of straw will be burned in the field, straw that would be husbanded down to the last stalk in Germany or France for cattle food, for bedding. Innumerable uses would be made of this byproduct under the impulse of war-made thrift. Its intrinsic value would run well into the millions.

There is an even greater waste of corn products, an annual waste of \$200,000,000, according to one student of the value of byproducts, and this includes only the estimate of field waste, the abandonment of the cornstalk to the processes of decay and evaporation. The more progressive farmers are reducing the waste year by year. The invention and perfection of the silo has accomplished vast savings. The sile is a cylindrical tank for the storing of chopped cornstalks and other fodder crops. The fermentation of juices in the silo acts as a preservative, and the silage is fed to stock during the winter months. Thousands of these instruments of conservation have been built throughout the corn belt during the past few years, and the progress made in this direction alone will accomplish a huge saving. Nevertheless, there are hundreds of thousands of farmers who will not or cannot build siles or resort to other saving devices that are forced upon the peasantry of Europe by economic conditions, or else have become ingrained habits due to war-made thrift.

Given the continuance of favorable conditions this summer we should make our first \$2,000,000,000 corn crop. This is our premier crop. The value of just one year's yield represents 50 per cent, of the total value of all our farm property in 1850, and the waste of the byproduct of this crop within the last 20 years will, it is estimated, total beyond the two billion mark. There are some statisticians who reckon that scientific conservation of corn byproducts would add at least \$500,000,000 a year to the value of this crop, or sufficient to support our Federal Department of Agriculture for 20 years.

Teaching the Boys and Girls The bulk of our corn crop is converted into meat and milk and eggs, but there is great additional waste in the various processes of conversion. The application of business efficiency or so-called acientific first aids in these processes are as yet in their infancy, but have struck out with great forward strides within the last 10 years.

WITH object lessons of war-made thrift | thermore, poultry and eggs provide only one item in the conservation of waste that is

primarily due to the invention and develop-

ment of cold storage aids. Every perish-

able food product is included in the long The \$40,000,000 loss in spoiled eggs referred to could be saved merely by banishing the roosters from the flocks when their services are no longer important. Infertile eggs keep twice as long as fertile eggs without the aid of cold storage. We are teaching these essentially important facts to 100,000 boys and girls in our schools and

colleges today, whereas a decade ago such

knowledge was regarded as "scientific

pabula" for scholars and indoor specialists. Our potato crop does not begin to rank up with our cereals in point of wealth of yield, yet the annual waste from this crop scales into the millions. Take the Maine potato crop alone, which is not more than per cent, of our national crop of nearly 500,000,000 bushels, and listen to what one conservationist has to say on the subject of

The annual Maine shipment is 35,000 cars. The average waste is 20 bushels per car or 700,000 bushels. The average freight from Maine to New England and New York points is 15 cents a bushel, or \$105,000. The extra labor employed because of this waste mixed all through the cars is at least \$5 per car, or \$175,000. Here is a total waste of \$280,-000 without giving any value to the potato

culls. And this is only one tiny possibility of the stoppage of waste. There are other potato States where the waste is vastly greater. Two years ago when potatoes were selling for 80 cents a peck in Los Angeles millions of bushels of spuds were rotting in the ground in the San Joaquin Delta of California, more millions were rotting in the Walla Walla district of Oregon. If our annual waste of staples runs into

the hundreds of millions so does the annual waste of fruit products.

Home-canning on the farm of what we would have to list otherwise as waste food products will save to the nation, say the Government specialists, at least \$100,000,000 annually. The American housewife could add \$200,000,000 more to that by the exercise of thrift and intelligent management in the kitchen. The German Government has thought enough of just this one phase of thrift to issue what amounts almost to an edict on thrift to the German housewife, and from what we have observed of the German housewife in the past there was the least possible necessity for such a caution.

It would simply be heaping up superfluous evidence to list all of the products of the soil and estimate the loss in waste of each separate product. Nor is it possible to work out an exact equation for any one product. At the best we would have to deal with constantly fluctuating approximations. What we can determine, however, beyond peradventure of doubt, is the fact that our waste of food products runs into the billions and that it would not require any burdensome exercise of thrift to cash in this waste for sufficient dollars to support a standing army of a million men.

GRATITUDE OF THE UNIVERSITY

To the Editor of Buening Ledger: Sir-I take this opportunity to express to you the gratitude of the University of Pennsylvania for the splendid treatment which you mave to the Greek plays. We deeply appreciate your kindness and your generosity.

It may be of interest to you to know that the venture was a financial success and that the manager and various members of Mr. Granville Barker's company have declared them-

the mains, will be a success of the underto all the members of your staff who is any
way contributed to the success of the undertaking?

THE HAWAHAN PEOPLE

THE HAWAIIAN PEOPLE
To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—Apropae of the infinite pathos of the
paychic wound uncovered in the EVENING
LEBGER'S article about Jean Duff, the modal
for Breckentidge's "Lantern Glow," permit a
line of appreciation of the Hawaiian race.
Before the white man came and brought his
liquor, and disease, and greed, this race, said
by anthropologists to be allied to Arabians,
not negroed, lived on their island happy and
wigorous.

Mentioning eggs, which readly, come to us by the corn byprefinot routs, the Department of Agriculture estimates an annual loss of \$40.000,000 a year from spoiled eggs. Were it not for the advances made with cold storage facilities this loss would be tripled. That is a fact that should be hammered into the intellects of certain superhented reformers who go off half-cocked in their actions upon colf storage menupolies. Fur-

the bitter language of a descendant of Rilaum, They turned our eyes toward their Creator and went through our pockets. When we turned them down again and came to earth, we found most of our island kingdom mortgaged except the volcano."

the volcano."

Sad people, plaintive as your songs, disappearing in the language of your queen, "like mist before the sun." To those who know you and your emerald islands like jewels upon the breast of the Pacific "Alaho." May you return, Jean Duff, to the land "where the min is always shining and the people always good."

WILLIAM S. McCLURE Philadelphia, June 11.

"MY PRESIDENT"

"MY PRESIDENT"

To the Editor of Evening Ledger:
Sir—As an Englishman of almost 20 years' residence in this country, I wish to thank you for your most able and fair editorial in today's issue referring to the last note sent by President Wilson to the German Government mainly about the Lusitania incident.

I am not naturalized because, to alter somewhat a well-known quotation, "It is not that I love America less, but that I love England more." Nevertheless, if anything could induce me to change my nationality it would be so that I could say "My President," not only on Mr. Wilson's account, but because I believe

Mr. Wilson's account, but because I believe, with a wide acquaintance here, that at the present time he represents the opinion of 19 per cent. of the American people.

I remain still with the highest regards for American ideals, AN ENGLISHMAN. Philadelphia, June 11.

TREED From the Baltimore American.

The first woman student in the course of forestry established at a prominent college married another student in time to receive their graduation degrees together. This is one of the few instances in which Cupid has been detected taking to the woods.

IN THE "ZOO" Exiles, they tread their narrow bounds Behind the iron bars. Where'er they turn, the hand of man Their straining vision mars, Save only when at night they gare Upon the friendly stars.

See! there a golden eagle broods With glazed, unseeing eyes That never more will sweep the snews Where blue Sierras rise: And there, sick for his native hills, A sullen panther lies.

Roams he once more unfettered where Eternal ice-floes sweep? Does that gaunt tiger keep? Such wistful eyes the hartbeest turn

What dreams of silent polar nights

youd their cramped domain; They seem to see the yellowing leagues Of wind-swept veldt again And look! a springbok lifts his hes As though he smelled the plain. Exiles, they tread their narrow bounds

Behind the Iron bars, For thus the ruthless hand of man Each God-made creature mars. But oh, what hungry eyes they raise Up to the friendly stars! -George T. Marsh, in Scribner's Magazina

AMUSEMENTS

25c SPECIAL REDUCED PRICES FOR 35c ALL THIS WEEK STARTING TODAY MATINEE Gentry Bros. Famous Shows 2:15 P. M. TWICE 8:15 P. M. TODAY—STH AND MARKET STS.
TUESDAY—29TH AND SOMERSET STS.
WEDNESDAY—YORK ROAD AND LOUDEN ST.
THURSDAY—CHELTEN AVE. AND ANDERSON
ST., GERMANTOWN
PRIDAY—19TH ST. AND HUNTING PARK AVE.
SATURDAY—SOTH ST. AND CHESTER AVE.
PREE STREET PARADE DAILY

B. F. KEITH'S THEATRE HYAMS and McINTYRE IN "THE QUAKERESS" W. HORELIK ENSEMBLE: LADY SEN MEL BUBTON HOLMES TRAVELETTE: JAMES DIAMOND & SHEYL BRENNAN, and GOMES

Stanley

In a The Stanley

Stanley

In The Stanley

Thurs. Friday, Saturday, Hazel Dawn as Clarles Saturday, 10 A. M., Special Children's Program

GLOBE MARKET AND JUNIFER PROTOFLAYS II to H MAX PIGMAN "MY BEST GIRL"

ARCADI Photoplays—Continuous 10 A. M. to 11:30 F. M. BLANCHE SWEET m "STOLEN GOODS" FORREST WEEK All Seats, 250
TWICE DAILY 2:18 and 8:15
Natural Color Life-Size Motion Pictures FIGHTING FORCES BUSINESS GARRICK LAST 100, 150 THE JAMES BARNES DEPOSITION

THRO CENTRAL AFRICA GRAND CHASE & CO. IN THE CHASE & CROSS KEYS MEL DAILY, SILE-100 JA ST VAUDEVILLE MAINTER Photoplays Woodside Park THEATRE DIES. BILL "The Time, the Place, and the Gin TROCADERO " STATE OF THE PARTY AND INC.