DIVERSE PRODUCTIONS AT LOCAL PLAYHOUSES AND SOME INTERESTING PHOTODRAM

NEW YORK SENDS US AN EVENING OF FUN

The Washington Square Players Appear at the Little Theater in Five Merry Plays

Bhakespersan tercentenary, by Philip Lates Arthur E. Council, by Arthur F. EUGENICALLY SPERKING, a council, by Arthur Cooline, and the Council Council

America's most remarkable theatrical adee in many, many years is the theater lays, players and scenery created by lington Square Players, first in the box Theater on the upper East Side, started as stark amateurs, acting the of plays they wanted to in the way they and it meant, in general, acting the of thing Broadway never gives us and g us odd and suggestive productions t equal parts simplicity and "pep"—at cents a seat. The result was natural a success of sensation. It has meant rain letting down of standards and a tin cock of the eye toward the box, but it has brought them untold as and fams that spreads even unto d street. After a single performance last season the Washington Square ers returned to the Little Theater last for a week's engagement, playing to

rers returned to the Little Theater last it for a week's engagement, playing to rowded and enthusiastic house. It is not to adelphia. The Washington Square ers themselves acted Mr. Goodman's sing and sippy little comedy, "Eugenic-Speaking," when they were here on previous visit and acted it better. Our Stage Society gave us Maeterlinck's "Miracle of St. Anthony" and Philipler's broad and pungent burlessue. "He. heir previous visit and acted it better. Our was Stage Society gave us Maeterlinck's are "Miracle of St. Anthony" and Philip foeller's broad and pungent burlesque, "Heema's Husband," but without half the finish indeed these two were the best portion of ast night's entertainment so far as a conded performance went. On the other hand, our Philadelphia artists gave "Heena's Husband" a much better setting. But nothing we have done here and nothing less that the Washington Square Players.

lena's Husband" a much better setting. But nothing we have done here and nothing else that the Washington Square Players showed last night could stand beside Lee Emon's delicately conceived background to the beautiful and whimsical adventure of St. Anthony, the lady from the dead and the mourning relatives. None of the acting in Sparto-Germanic satire on "scraps of paper" and such like was out of the common, but Maxwell Parry, Elizabeth Patterson and Samuel Jaffe in "St. Anthony" were exceptionally good, and Raiph Roeder's saint was a figure from medieval murals, full of a singular spiritual beauty.

Mr. Roeder also did the second best piece of acting of the evening in his sporting nobleman in Schnitzler's "Literature." It is a delicious comedy, brimful of wit and teeming with fun over the literary sets of Vienna and Munich. The climax, when the two parted lovers discover that they have used their own love letters verbatim in their two "disguised" autobiographic novels, is delectably ingenious.

The other novelty on the bill was "A Road House in Arden," second historical satire by Mr. Moeller, this time treating pretty fancifully—and with a pretty fancy—good Masters Bacon and Shakespeare and their pursuit of the wench Immortality to the road house in Arden, kept by Master Hamlet and Mistress Cleopatra Hamlet, his wife. It isn't so merry a comedy as "Helena's Husband." but it is a good deal subtler and finer in spots. "Helena" suggests that Mr. Moeller would make about the hearest possible approach to a W. S. Gilbert, if he could find an American Sullavan.

All in all, a merry bill. If you like short All in all, a merry bill. If you like short plays, go , to the Little Theater. If you sont—and you go—you will. K. M:

Theatrical Baedecker

GRACE LA RUE IS HIT OF BILL AT KEITH'S

Hermine Shone and Co. in Allegorical Playlet Also a Bright Spot of the Show

Did you ever hear of instantaneous and you may understand what it means.

Some persons may call it magnetism; others would say it was wonderful technique; but, regardless of what the painfully stereotyped definition might be, Miss La Rue received such a cordial handshake from the audience that she made her departure with much difficulty after she had sung nearly a dozen songs, which ran all the way from grand opera to musical comedy.

her departure with much difficulty after she had sung nearly a dozen songs, which ran all the way from grand opera to musical comedy.

Her gowns and her songs, her style and her smile, were all original. Best of all, towering above her talent was that element of superior refinement which is popularly known as "class."

Miss La Rue, who has reigned for some time in musical comedy, sang the kind of songs which gives one food for thought. What appeared to be the most popular of all was one called "Where's the Boy For Me." Her success lies in the fact that she was inspired with a sincere desire to please. Another delightful act—in fact, one of the best seen here this season from an allegorical standpoint, was "Mary Ann," presented by Hermine Shone and a very capable cast of players. It served to show the many stages of a girbs life from the cradle to the altar. The idea was conceived by Ralph Dunbar. Harold Clark and Emmet Devoy wrote the book, which fairly teems with last-minute wit and philosophy.

When it came to laughter, the Avon Comedy Four was the fun trust. This time it was a restaurant in which they dished out no end of crisp sayings, which were mixed with commendable harmony.

Maleta Bonconi, a "celebrated European virtuoso," proved that she was worthy of the announcement. She brought us back to the days of peace and happiness, and was accorded an ovation.

The porcelain model effects of Maria Lo and company were artistic, and Arthur Deagon demonstrated the fact that he has the right to be a musical comedy star. His poker song, set to operatic music, is undoubtedly the best comedy melody heard at Keith's in many a day.

Burley and Burley, "qualint comedians," have a lot of ability, which seems to run wild. It would bring better results if confined to acrobatics instead of talk. The act needs Americanizing. Booth and Leander, presenting "The Cyclist and the Nu," was more "nu" than cyclist and would fare better if there were a more equal division. The Danube quartet of acrobats was worthy of the name. The p

Ocean Beach-Globe

"A Day at Ocean Beach," a miniature musical comedy, proved an excellent head-liner at the Globe last night. There are the usual number of specialties, catchy songs and dances. The act is well staged and the cast a capable one. Lasky's Three Types, a posing novelty, was also well received.

The remainder of the bill included: The

ceived.

The remainder of the bill included: The Melody Four, singers and dancers; Eva Wescott and company, in a comedy sketch; the Four Vanders, revolving ladder specialists; Tom Grim and the Henry Sisters, in songs and dances; Josephine Leonhardt, comedienne; Davis and Peters, in fun and songs, and Kurtis's Roosters.

Melody Monarchs-Nixon Grand

The "Melody Monarchs and Maids." a company of seven superior instrumental and vocal artists, was the headliner at the Grand. This is one of the brightest musical acts in present-day vaudeville. The versatility of the artists and the fine quality of their effost immediately won the audience. The company showed itself to be as adept in the classics as in modern music. The beauty of the maids and the splendor of their costumes contributed to the splendid effectiveness of the act.

Other creditable attractions were Brown The "Melody Monarchs and Maids,"

Other creditable attractions were Brown nd McCormick, Owen and Moors, Orren nd Drew, Clover Leaf Three and Less aldos. The pictures this week are unusually good. There will be a prolonged performance today on account of the elec-tion and the returns will be announced on

COMEDY DRAMA SCORES AT WALNUT STREET THEATER

Miss Nancy Boyer, Philadelphian, Applauded in "The Woman

Miss Nancy Boyer, a young and talented Philadelphian, played the leading role in "The Woman Who Paid," a comedy drama in four acts, given at the Walnut Street Theater last night before an audience that was delighted with the performance.

Miss Boyer plays the part of California, a winsome lass in Lonesometown, a mining town in the Lower California; and in the first act she is found earning her living at "Mollie's eating joint," where her winsome ways endear her to the miners generally, and to "Lucky" Valentine, a gambler, in particular. Unfortunately for her, the gambler knows her supposed brother to be a thief. To prevent the gambler from carrying out his threat to expose the boy she consents to marriage, but it transpires that it was only a mock ceremony.

But later she marries a United States Senator, played by Fred Tidmarsh, a power in politics, and in the second act he is fathering a bill to suppress gambling, when the gambler (who is also in politics now) demands its withdrawal. He makes another threat—this time he will tell the story of California's past. By this the gambler and Reene, California's companion (an ex-sweetheart of the Senator, and still in love with him), connive to produce the brother, who is supposed to have been drowned in a wreck. California makes a midnight engagement and is discovered, thanks to the companion, a villainess well if a trifle overplayed by Jane Stuart.

California is cast off, unheard. Mollie Mann pays a timely visit and takes her home. It all ends happily.

STRONG SOCIOLOGICAL PLAY

SEEN AT KNICKERBOCKER Home Without Children" Well

Acted by a Capable Cast

Women who place selfah ambition above
the ideal home life furnished an excellent
theme for Robert McLaughlin in his new
race-suicide play. "The Home Without
Children," which was offered here for the
first time at the Knickerbooker Theater
last night. It will be remembered that
Mr. McLaughlin is also the author of "The
Eternal Magdalene," which was successfully
received in this city earlier in the seasen.
Margaret Walker adopts the illegitimate
child of her nices. Florence Walker, during
the absence of her husband, thereby saving
the niece from diagrace and fulfilling the
earnest dealire of her husband for a son.
James Cranston, Mrs. Walker's brother, is
the child's father. While abroad, Cranston
learns that the woman he wronged is heir
to an immense fortune, and on his return
ho proposes marriage. Florence accepts him,
thinking that his better mature has been
touched. The child dies. The mother, in a
dramatic scene, tells of the true situation.
Mrs. Walker is denounced by her husband,
and then admits the grief that her theomplets life has caused her.

Anna Doberty gave a careful and comprehensive portrayal of Florence Walker, Acted by a Capable Cast



LAURETTE TAYLOR Who returns to the Broad November 13 with a new play by her husband, J. Hartley Manners, called "The Harp of Life."

THE "POTASH" PLAY IS CUT TO MEASURE

1916 Style of Cloak-and-Suit Dramaturgy Just Fits Hebraisms of Abe and Mawruss

Once it was the cloak-and-sword drama now it is the cloak-and-suit drama. One thrilled the pulses to swifter beat; the other touches to constant smiles and prompts the Perlmutter play it may be said that it is both better than its predecessor and not so good. That is to say, Roi Cooper Megrue has melodramatized the Montague Glass characters and racial peculiarities just as extensively and much more obviously than did the late Charles Klein. It is to say for another thing that he has kept up the ripple of appropriate dialogue which is not only the zest but the substance of the entertainment, and has introduced the sentiment and heart interest at intervals not too frequent to make one forget that after all this is an entertainment and not something designed

entertainment and not something designed to uplift the drama.

There is nothing in the piece that the Drama League could take offense at, even though it does not illustrate any too well the academic distinctions of the three unities and the fivefold division of the classic drama. But it is hardly designed for the edification of the drama leaguers, but for the honest seeker after a good laugh, multiplied every minute or two. Even the lowbrow can enjoy the Hebraic but for the honest seeker after a good laugh, multiplied every minute or two. Even the lowbrow can enjoy the Hebraic humors of Mawruss and Abe without a book, and the highbrow, if he cannot forget that this piece has no smack of the Globe Theater about it, can realize from the standpoint of characterization, homely comedy and lines that are "good" the psychologic exactitude of East Broadway and the impulses of just plain folk running a cloak and suit business in what is unfolded on the stage.

a cloak and suit business in what is unfolded on the stage.

The 1916 model of Potash and Perlmutter is not merely literal in depiction of character but natural. In plot it is melodrama of mild type. Mr. Megrue is probably responsible for the expedients of plotting which have done service in many a ting which have done service in many a play; the delicious drollery of the lines is no doubt Mr. Glass's contribution. Some of the melodrama is of a threadbare sort that would not be permitted in a garment in the showrooms of the firm, and some of it is very crude indeed. But, curiously enough, this does not impair the interest of the piece as it passes, and one would be churish indeed if he tried to analyze the proceedings, so rich in laughter, according to the Aristoindeed if he tried to analyze the proceedings, we rich in laughter, according to the Aristotelian formularies. The plot hinges on the dissolution of the concern in an attempt to blend East Broadway's primitive code of business with the buccaneering finance of Wall street, the flasco that ensued, and the providential disentangling of twisted skeins. This plot, a mere framework, matters little, the humor and good humor matter a lot. They are richly present to be enjoyed.

Very justly Barney Bernard is "featured" as Abe; every move, every accent is in the part essentially and organically. Charles Lipson is a fair foil as Mawruss, and the many other roles are satisfactorily filled.

W. R. M.

Phun Phiends—Penn
"The Phun Phienda," portrayed by Stephen and Brunell, proved a breesy and delightful headliner at the William Penn Theater last night. With music, comedy and dancing in good combination, the sketch promptly won the applause of the audience. The McDonald-Rowland Company, with pretty girls and music above the average, was another of the evening's attractions. The photoplay during the first half of the week is "Old Folks at Home," starring Josephine Davis and Sir Herbert Tree.

Latest returns of the election will be read tonight from the stage.

Mother Goose-Cross Keys

Mother Goose—Cross Keys

There is lots of fun for the kiddles and
the grown-ups as well in "Mother Goose
and Children," the 'abjoid musical comedy
which heads the bill at the Cross Keys. The
music is catchy and the up-to-date nursery
rhymes which deal with present day affairs
fit in well with the comedy. The act is
presented by a cast of twenty-five.

Other good acts on the bill were Dorothy
Richmond and company, Suras Trio, Tasmania Trio.

Mollie Williams-Casino

Mollie Williams—Casino
Two musical "buriettas," "The Halloween
Party" and "Bome Sanitarium." were features of the show presented by Mollie Williams's own company last night at the
Casino. Miss Williams scored an individual hit in her artistic dance entitled
"The Dance l'Enticement,"
Good olio acts were presented by Teddy
Burns, Roscee Aills and Simon Myers and
others. The costumes and scenery were
much much above the average, while the
chorus was all that could be desired.

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Not a had metaphor for the latest "Passing Show," which the New York Winter Garden has been sending us in instalments for several years. Brilliant pigment is indiscriminately splashed over the whole entertainment. It is a positive triumph of unconnected thoughts, and there is a general air of jumbledness (no other word will convey the exact state of affairs) to the various specialties that might cause Miss Gertrude Stein, the futurist author, to bits her lip and hunt for new methods. The creator of "Birds Are Mexico" and "Why Are There No Oysters Closer?" might well envy a librettist who has made Romeo the object of Shylock's hatred, and put six maids playing the "Meditation" from "Thais" on violins into a 1216 version of Shakespeare's "Trollus and Cressida."

The mixture is not annoying at any time. It may be thought crude, inept, hurried, what you will, but it doesn't bore. Even the mildest matters are carried off with a rush and a hustle that keep eyes out front opened, and prevent suburbanites from missing the last curtain. And there is Ed Wynn, whom nearly everybody got to know, in "The Follies" and vaudeville. Mr.

Wynn, whom nearly everybody got to know, in "The Follies" and vaudeville. Mr. Wynn makes his entrance quietly, by sit-ting in a box and watching a fellow player ting in a box and watching a fellow player get several "hands"—an unprecedented act in stage circles—and he progresses, with unflagging simpers and gesticulations of his popular sort through many phases, the neatest of which are a comical automobile scene and a "traveltalk." The motto of his garage is "the best are none too good." "Get up." he commands his stupent motorcar, "Here's a customer"; whereupon the insensate chariot arises, like a mule, to its wheels or feet. "Why buy Plantain Skid Chains when we will repair your auto for \$666 after you have skidded?" a sign pleads with the onlooker.

In traveloguing his audience to Berlin,

pleads with the onlooker.

In traveloguing his audience to Berlin, Paris and London he hits off to the life the eccentricities of the platform voyagers in a monologue impossible to reproduce. That alone makes "The Passing Show" a show which shouldn't be passed up.

Travesty is scantly represented. This is too bad, for there are rich chances for pointed fun in that kind of mockery. "The Heart of Wetonah" proved the most amusing, though Philadelphia knows nothing of the play. Individual lampooning fared better. Belle Ashlyn, for example, came out of the varieties to repeat her wonderful Queen Victoria mimicry, with a new and droil one of Mme. Bernhardt, and there were fairly good sketches of Wilson. Hughes and Roosevelt, with some very pallid political talks and a worse than pallid "preparedness song," written by Clifton Crawford.

Our old friend, Herman Timberg, danced wildly and well, and imitated Jolson finely and Fields poorly. The Ford sisters danced eccentric steps capitally. Young men with jags danced with lampposts. Ma Belle and a lot of girls danced ballets. The orchestra sandwiched the "Caprice Viennois" and "Madama Butterfly" with rags. Veritably it was holiday in the suburbs of Sigmund Romberg's soul last night, despite jokes about Villa and lady boxers. B. D.

MARY AND DOUGLAS DIVIDE THE HONORS

wright, has been slashed right and left in parts, with a censorial cracked infinitive for good measure. Yet it holds right up to the olimax; offers an interesting puzzle to the spectator and is quite the cleverest bit of plotting divulged for a long time. Miss Clayton plays, with appealing intelligence and great personal effectiveness, two roles. The mental smash comes when the separate identities are disclosed. We think the management of the Regent should have left their patrons guessing by omitting the two names from the program. The acting is generally capable, Mr. Blackwell's especially so.

To back up this feature, the theater has a Keystone, "Haystacks and Steeplea," with Gloria Swanson. It is diverting, though

RUBY—"Leve and State." For, with Bertha Kalleh. Story by Mary Murillo, directed by James. Vincent.

An impossibly childish tale of duplex home wrecking. Broker-villain and lady-friend go through some weird thefts, Res and impostures which would embarrass no-body but a happily married hero and heroine of the screen who just had to get into penury and the diverce court in order to prepare sufficient misery and justification for our enjoyment of the murder of the broker-villain by the wife-heroine in "his rooma." That climax, of course, is just as efficacious in reconciling the hero and heroine as the transparent knaveries had been in parting them.

Mme. Kallich wastes her name and her art on this silly disblerie, while Stuart

Mme. Kalich wastes her name and her art on this silly disblerie, while Stuart Holmes is rather fittingly cast as the broker-villain and simpers villainously or villains simperingly, whichever way you care to have it. The Lee kids again demonstrate their value as natural, unaffected little children. One of them, incidentally, has to get infantile paralysis to prevent complicating the plot.

For some unexplained reason the Palace Theater did not display Lasky's "Witchcraft," with Fannie Ward, which had been scheduled. Instead, Vivian Martin in the charming Morosco photocomedy, "Her Father's Son," was shown. At the Victoria was seen "Fifty-Fifty," with Norma Talmadge and J. W. Johnston. It is a dramatic Fine Arts-Triangle film.

Minstrels_Dumont's

President Wilson was praised by the blackface comedians in song and jest at Du-mont's show last night. Vic Richards's rendition of "If You Want to Meet a

Miss Pickford, at Stanley, and Mr. Fairbanks at Arcadia; Regent's Clever Film

By the Photoplay Editor

STANLET—"Less Than the Dust," Arteraft. with Mary Pickford Story by Hector Turnbull, directed by John Emerson.
"Little Mary" is to be congratulated on having acquired, temporarily, a real director, who can bring out all her old charm rector, who can bring out all her old charm and mobility and still keep her within the frame, with no undue emphasis on her stardom. Now, if she will only please get a real scenario! "Less Than the Dunt" is a passable plees of patchwork, which gives her a chance to be cute, to shed a tear or two on a page of Laurence Hope, to look foreign and fascinating in the rags of a sword-maker's adopted daughter, to change into a prettily gowned English girl; in short, to pull all the dear little tricks out of her bag of talent, to the immense delight of her many followers. But as a story it simply is not drama, being the lightest of character-comedy, with momentary flashes of action such as the rebellion, unfortunately subdued in the early part of the film.

film.

Mr. Emerson's expert producing sense keeps the picture above the average. His artistic hand is seen in such bits of color and arrangement as the lamp-lit Indian street at night—toned in pale green and yellow—and in the rich and soft interior of the English home. He also has handled the good cast acceptably. Yet what a pity to waste skilled players like Mary Alden and David Powell on their slim roles! But—"Little Mary" is still "Little Mary." And the crowds will go to see her.

ARCADIA—"American Aristocracy." Fine Aris
Triangie, with Bougias Fairbanks, Story by
Anita Loos, directed by Lloyd Ingraham.
Having successfully had aphasia, been a
bouncer in a dance hall, slain "greasers"
with a machine gun, lived in a tree, fought
a company of actors, and gotten his picture in the papers, in various movies, redoubtable Mr. Fairbanks is now preventing
the shipment of gunpowder across the doubtable Mr. Fairbanks is now preventing the shipment of gunpowder across the Mexican border, by means of hydroglane, scrapping and caterpillar-chasing. That is part of the plot of his latest. It sounds muddled in the telling, but is smooth and amusing on the screen. The story is developed more slowly than is the Fairbanks wont; it is not as exciting as others he has done, yet it is a brisk and characteristic feature, and will be generally enjoyed. Dynamic Douglas as an entomologist provides something quite fresh in the way of parts, and he is gracefully supported by Jewel Carmen, whose blonde daintiness shows to advantage in some exquisitely photographed outdoor scenes; the artificial ones to advantage in some exquisitely photo-graphed outdoor scenes; the artificial ones are poorer in lighting.

Note, also, that the Arcadia has a lively Keystone, "A Tugboat Romeo," with "Wal-rus" Conklin.

REGENT—"The Madness of Helen." World-Brady, with Ethel Clayton and Carlyle Black-well. Story by Emmett Campbell Hall, di-rected by Travers Vals. Theophilus J. Censorboard attempted to Theophilus J. Censorboard attempted to mar the best narrative of the week-and

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