NEXT WEEK: "THE BRAT," LYRIC; JOAN SAWYER, KEITH'S; "A ROYAL DIVORCE," WALNUT



WHEN Bernard Shaw was an obscure todaying plane accompaniments and criticizing art salons he noted an evanescence in the enjoyment of pictures. Many years later he chiecied this pictures. Many years later he chiseled this bit of philosophy into a cynical epigram that seldom falled to provoke laughter and inspire reflection whenever "Man and Superman" was staged. In the course of that still delicious comedy, John Tanner observes that a wife in the home, however attractive she may be, eventually excites no more special interest than the very finest pletures on the walls, however admirable they are. Domesticity may resent those flippant Shavian remarks, but art will have a hard time proving that familiarity does not breed indifference.

ot breed indifference. Let the householder or apartment tenant consider how seldom even the favorite pictures of his "living room" stir him with the same interest engendered when they were new. His retina but not his mind registeres existence. Art collectors with mansions packed with masterpleces pursue their eager hunt for new works. If satisfaction in the old ones is unremitting why is the chase sastained? As with all good rules, there are of course exceptions to this one, but in the main there is at least a modicum of fruit in the preposition that of truth in the proposition that the charm of a picture in the ordinary home, private museum, public gallery or on the stage somewhat fades with prolonged acquaint-ance. Surely every art surfeited traveler realizes that brief visits to the Leuvre or the Prado are best. Heturn engagements to art surines may be paid with delight. "It is the length that kills," said Robert Louis Stevenson once, in a different connection. But the verity of his observation but the receipt of his observa-. . . .

LL this is by way of prelude to second A thoughts on the first night here of "The Willow Tree." The essence of that offering is a beautiful picture. The fable presented is thin and reminiscent. Let whoever doubts this last reread his "Pygmalion and Galatea," The scenic picture claims our attention—claims it too long. Compressed into one or even two acts, the triteess of the plot machinery could be con-oned. Joy in so exquisite a setting is intense when the curtain rises. It is dissi-pated, like interest in home art, as the eye's registration on the imagination grows weaker with the passing hours. Fancy, declares a writer whom the reckless Shaw has conscientlously sought to surpass.

is engendered in the eyes, With gazing fed; and fancy dies in the crade where it lies.

There you have the whole theory in three lines. Obviously, John Tanner must have known his Shakespeare! "The Willow Tree" writers seem to have ignored him, for had they heeded his tip their product might have

FAIRYLAND IS MADE REAL IN FILM PLAY

"Jack and the Beanstalk" Attuned to Spirit of Youth

"Jack and the Beanstalk," a picturization of this ancient and immortal fairy tale by the William Fox forces, with its delightful children, its eight and a half foot giant, its castle and its walled city, built solely for this production, which represents an outlay of half a million dollars, will be the unique attraction at the Arcadia next week. Though the picture is essentially for children, grown-ups are likely to let go of their reserve toward the fairy world and mount the beanstalk heights of the "make-believe" realm with the same degree of spellbound interest as the youngsters.

The story has been coupled up with a nodern prologue and epilogue, showing how modern prologue and epilogue, showing how the two little tots, after listening to the tale of "Jack and the Beanstalk" told by their seriously afraid of the Atlantic crossing. tion of their dream then ensues, constituting the story proper, and later they are awakened by the parents' searching party. The prologue furnishes the spectator with delightful comedy and there are plants of those new 'unsinkable' life preservers and a staunch bottle of 'Dutch courage' should assist me materially in confronting the U-boat menage."

"Goodby and good luck" closed the interview. It was appropriately stated to the interview. delightful comedy and there are plenty of smiles throughout the main story. They are caused by the little boys and girls made up and attired in adult fashion. They are said to be charming young actors. Francis Carpenter and Virginia Lee Corbin play the barte of Levis and Princes Barring respective. parts of Jack and Princes Regina, respectively. Violet Radeliffe is the villatinous Prince and Carmen Fay De Rue the bearded King of Cornwali. J. G. Tarver, who is said to be eight feet six inches tall, is the giant. His bloodthirsty destruction of the village in Cornwall is a feature of the picture. The photography was furnished by Frank Good. The directors are C. M. and S. A. Franklin.

Penn Theatre Eight Years Old

The William Penn Theatre will next week celebrate its eighth anniversary. When the house opened its doors eight years ago the management made the promise to the people of West Philadelphia that only a high grade of entertainment would be pre-sented each week and the piedge has been ville acts at popular prices. "WILLOW TREE" BLOSSOMS SKETCHED BY AN EVENING LEDGER ARTIST

been a footlight gem, small but infinitely

As it is, let not these reflections be mis-As it is, let not these reflections be misconstrued as anything so inconsiderately
heartless as a broadside of condemnation.
"The Willow Tree" has branches of beauty
that are unlikely to be rivaled on our
stage this season. No Philadelphian with
lofty ideals of footlight art should omit a
visit to the Garrick while the current bill
is proffered. The only pity is that not quite
all the high aims of the authors have been
realized, for there are few playmakers extant that have the progress of the theatre
more sincerely at heart than J. Harry Benrimo and Harrison Rhodes. . . .

THE former has a keen sense of situation And an instinct for comedy which served him admirably in "The Centleman From Mississippi," on which he collaborated with Thomas A. Wise. But "Benrimo," as the playbilis tersely denominate him, is a unique figure in stageland. Bacially of Moorish blood, tracing his ancestral line back to the picturesque "Casa Bomba" of Fex. he is through fraid and the stage of the stag Fez, he is through training and experience an electrician, a stage director, a facile character actor, a playwright and an Orientalist. In the last two aspects he was delectably represented by that marvel of imaginative dramas, "The Yellow Jacket," the composition of which he was a part-

ner of George C. Hagleton.
In the lore of the old vanished Chinese San Francisco, Benrimo was deeply versed.
As a boy he visited Japan. There he beheld the graceful fountain of Nikko, that is so effectively imitated in "The Willow Tree" set, and began his acquaintance with the fascinating domestic architecture so realistically reproduced in the present play A few hours before "The Willow Tree had its premiere here this week, the writer found both Mr. Benrimo and Mr. Rhodes busily engaged in perfecting the allure-ments of one of the most enchanting scenes ever revealed in this locality.

"This house," declared the senior play-wright, as he noiselessly slid forward its delightful paper doors, "is, save for the absence of a fourth wall, perfectly habit-

able. In fact, it is not a stage house at all, but a real oriental dwelling. In fash-loning this play," he continued, "I have drawn upon my early memories, on the San Francisco chapters of my life and on my studies of Eastern subjects, which have been my hobby for many years. Naturally there may be defects of oriental detail in the piece, but not, I believe, of spirit. of my Japanese friends have assured me of the atmospheric fidelity attained, something which these same experts failed to find in portions of 'Madam Butterfly.' Above all. they have appreciated our treatment of the Nipponese temperament, which I and they maintain has been so melodramatically misrepresented in unfair, lurid plays like 'The Typhoon,' in which the oriental characters are absurd'y set forth as conspirators and are absurdly set forth as conspirators and spies. But you mustn't quote me," he interpolated, 'as claiming that "The Willow Tree' is the first sensibly sympathetic oriental play. The First Born,' with which I was associated some two decades ago, had the right flavor and so did Chester Bailey Fernald's The Cat and the Cherub,' which held the store at about the which held the stage at about the same period.

"In a few days," he went on, as he manipulated his own special electrical apparatus that illumined the flawless sky by to this set on which I have expended for London, where I shall supervise the English production of 'The Willow Tree,' and a tree of the control of the Willow Tree,' and afterward I shall supervise the English production of 'The Willow Tree,' and afterward I shall dip down to Madrid, where I shall stage the Spanish version of the piece, by Mendoza, who so admirably made the Castilian version of 'The Yellow Jacket,' which ran for several months in the Spanish capital. The date of my homecoming is undecided. I have learned much from European stage directors, notably in Berlin and Moscow, and I intend to survey the theatrical field as thoroughly as is pos-

view. It was appropriately spoken, for by this time the gifted Americo-Moor should be several days out at sea.

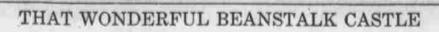
TN "The Rescuing Angel" Billie Burke's I numerous admirers seem to have found her appeal unchanged by a two years ab-sence from the footlights, but unquestion-ably she has previously had better vehicles for its expression. Clare Kummer's play is light and slender, but its airiness is some-times perilously near to simple vacuity. The entimental passages appreciably handicap the evidently intentional whimsicality of the piece. In proportion as they are differently keyed will the effect of the unpretentions

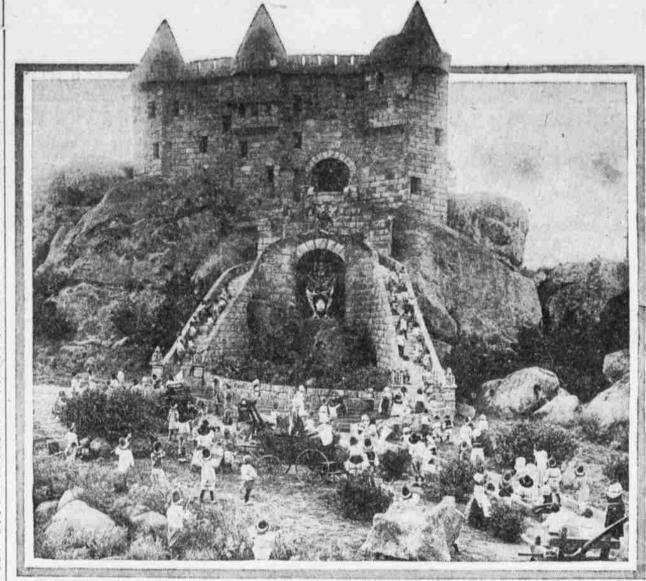
keyed will the effect of the unpretentious play be enhanced.

Little remains to be said of Fred Stone in "Jack O'Lantern." A plethora of praise grows monotonous, and there is not much save laudation that may fairly be written of this huge and hugely diverting extravaganza. Not since "The Red Mill" has the nimble star comedian been so happily placed, Never in his career has his fantastic art shone amid such respiendent surround. agrade of entertainment would be pre-ed each week and the piedge has been it. This theatre was the first in the to present the real headline vaude-acts at popular prices.

placed, Never in his career has talknassed art shone amid such resplendent surround-ings, such intelligent stage direction and so lavishly kaleidoscopic an exhibit of fun and beauty.

H. T. C.





The giant's lair in William Fox's "Jack and the Bean stalk" film, to be shown at the Arcadia, makes concrete the most delectable flights of childish fancy.

drama dealing with events preceding the

REGENT—"The Spy," with Dustin Farnum, Monday and Tuesday; "Their Compact," with Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, Wednesday and Thursday; "The

STRAND-"Double-Crossed," with Pauline

LOCUST-Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,

with Mary Pickford. All week.

BELMONT—Sessue. Hayakawa in "The
Bottle Imp." Monday and Tuesday; Mary
Miles Minter, in "Her Country's Call,"
Wednesday and Thursday, and Edna
Goodrich, in "Queen X." Friday and Sat-

VAUDEVILLE

Play, first half of week, "The Foolish Factory," William Grew, the Tannean Brothers, Cook and Rothner and "Their

Gillon, Charles Horn, Pielson and Goldle, Norris and Ormonde, Three Bartos, lat-ter half of week.

MISS COPALINN WAIDE as The Street Singer

KEITH'S-Joan Sawyer, in an expert dis

Frederick, first half of week, "The Sun-set Trail," with Vivian Martin, latter half

roles, latter half of week.

latter half of week.

of week.

THEATRICAL BAEDEKER FOR THE COMING WEEK

NEW ATTRACTIONS

LYRIC-"The Brat," a comedy by Maude Fulton, who enacts the title role. The play is said to present a touching study of a street waif. In the supporting cast are Edmund Lowe, Percival T. Moore, Ruth Holt Boucicault, John Findlay, Frank Kingdon, Helen Stewart and Gertrude Maitland.

CONTINUING ATTRACTIONS

GARRICK—"The Willow Tree," a Japanese fantasy with exquisite stage pictures by Harry J. Benrimo and Harrison Rhodes. Fay Bainter enacts the leading role with compelling charm. The company includes Malcolm Fassett, George W. Wilson and FORREST-"Jack O' Lantern," resulendent

cutrayagama, with agile Fred Stone in the title part. Tinkling music by Ivan Caryll, Superb stage direction betrays the expert hand of R. H. Burnside. The production is one of the emphatic successes of the season.

BROAD—"The Rescuing Angel," a light comedy by Clare Kummer, with lillle Burke portraying the titular role. Among the excellent actors in the cast are Fred-erick Perry, Robert McWade and Claude Gillingwater. Staged by Robert Edmund

ADELPHI-"The Thirteenth Chair" continues its career of deserved success. Bay-ard Veiller's mystery play is admirably acted by a cast headed by Margaret Wycherly and including Harrison Hunter,

Eliene Van Biene, William David, George Graham and Saxone Morland. METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE—"The Wanderer," Maurice V. Samuels' Biblical play, staged by David Belasco and acted by a brilliant stellar cast. Is now an established Philadelphia success. Among the chief interpreters of this elaborated staged offering are Nance O'Neil, James O'Neill, Charles Dalton, Sidney Herbert, Lionel Braham and Frederick Lewis.

AT POPULAR PRICES WALNUT—"A Royal Invorce," a standard historical drama by W. G. Wills and G. G. Cellingham. Napoleon Bonaparte and Josephine are leading characters, the Empress of France being enacted by Eugenie Blair, star of the production.

ORPHEUM-"The White Feather," a melo drama of the great war, presenting an ex-citing contest between the secret service forces of Britain and Germany, will be submitted by a capable cast. The play has won success in London and New York. FEATURE FILMS

STANLEY-"The Man From Painted Post," a new Arteraft picture, with Douglas Fairbanks in a role replete with breezy and muscular comedy situations. Assisting film players are Sam Brownwell champion bucking bronco rider; John Judd, Tommy Grimes and H. A. Strick-land. All week. ARCADIA-Jack and the Beanstalk," a

Fox film, presenting the enlivening adventures of a favorite fairy tale hero. The production is said to have been made upon an exceedingly elaborate scale. All

week.

"PALACE—"Come Through," with Herbert
Rawlinson and Alice Luke, first half of
week, "Rasputin, the Black Monk," a film

BROADWAY-"Every Woman's Problem, with Phyllis Gillmore and company; "Wedding Bells," musical comedy; Eddie Borden and Sir James Dwyer, Georgia Comedy Four and "The Spy," with Dustin Farnum, photoplay, first half of week. Kitty Francis, in "Ambition"; Hale and Norcross, McCleilan and Carp, Pepper Trio, "The Silent Sellers," photoplay, last half of week.

OLONIAL-Mullen and Coogan, Farrell Taylor Trio, Beatrice Diamond, Three Hickey Brothers, Allison, comedian; the Schmettans and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," photoplay.

Russian revolution and introducing Mon-tague Love and June Elvidge in leading INON-Garry McGarry, in "The Garde of Aloha"; Stanley and Burns, Skipper and Calstrup, Six Youngsters and "North of Fifty-Three," photoplay, with Dustin VICTORIA-"The Whirlpool," with Ethel Earrymore, first half of week. "A Rich Man's Plaything," with Valeska Suratt,

GRAND-Will Oakland and company, in singing specialty entitled "Danny O'Gil, U. S. A."; Morris and Campbell, In "The Ave-ate-or": Maude Ryan, comedienne Kamazawa Boys, Japanese equilibrists Cooney Sisters, Bert and Lottle Walton Ghost-House," with Jack Pickford and Louise Huff, Friday and Saturday,

BURLESOUE CASINO—Mollie Williams and company, in a burletta in two parts, respectively en-dued "A Day at Atlantic City" and "The Belle of the Cabaret." Numerous spe-cialties will be introduced by a cast that includes Billy McIntyre, Earl Sheehan and May Sheridan,

rROCADERO-"The French Follies" com pany, in a melange of music and fun-making. Lens Daley and Harry Fields are the leading entertainers. Attractive dancing acts will be special features.

COMING ATTRACTIONS OCTOBER 8.

play of modern dancing; Fanny and Kitty Watson, Bert Leslie, in "Hogan in Mex-ico": El Brendel and Flo Burt, Winston's Water Llons and Diving Nymphs, Rae Eleanor Ball, violinist; Anna Ford and BROAD-Barrie's "A Kiss for Cinderella," with Maud Adams.

GARRICK—"Cheating Cheaters,"

KEITH'S—Cressy and Dayne, Els and

French, Hans Kronold.

George Goodridge, Lamb and Morton and motion pictures of "The Retreat of the Germans at the Battle of Arras." OCTOBER 15. FORREST-"The Grass Widow." GLOBE—"Texas" Ritchie and company, in an exhibition of strength feats; "The Bachelor Dinner," a musical playlet; Johnny Neff, musician; Hans Robert and KEITH'S -- Lucille

OCTOBER 29.

GARRICK—"The Boomerang. FORREST—Ziegfield Follies." NOVEMBER 19. BROAD—"Captain Kidd, Jr."

Johnny Neff, musician; Hans Robert and company, Jones and Graniey, the Walthour Trio, Jack Marley, Harry and Augusta Turpin and Panashaska's Pets. WILLIAM PENN—Kitty Francis and company, in a revue entitled "Ambition"; Schwartz Brothers, in "The Broken Mirror"; George W. Barry and Maude Wolford, Hendricks and Padula and "The Moth," with Norma Talmadge, photoplay, first half of week. "The Foolish Factory." William Grew, the Tannean NIMBLE ALIKE IN DANCING AND DRAMA

Compact," photoplay.

EMPRESS—"Going to the Wedding," with
Edmunds and Leedham: Charles Horn
and company, Bradley and Ormonde and
"In Again, Out Again," first half of week. Maude Fulton, Author of "The Brat," Used to Tango in Vaudeville "In Again, Out Again," first half of week.

"Poor John," a musical act; Cahn and
Bohn, Georgia Comedy Four, Huske and
May. latter half of week.

CROSS KEYS—"Love in the Suburbs," a
playlet; Billy McDermott, "Forward
March," musical farce; McCloud and
Carp, first half of week. "Marriage
Bliss," tabloid musical play; Peters and
Gillon, Charles Horn, Plelson, and Goldie.

Maude Fulton, author of "The Brat," which will be the Lyric's opening bill on Monday night, was selected for the title part quite by accident. It was during the tour of the popular

dancing team of Rock and Fulton that Miss Fulton conceived the idea of writing a play, Up to this time she and Mr. Rock had been partners in an act which had toured the ountry for years and yhich made them a uch sought-after vaudeville team on the

When her play was completed she cast about for a producing manager. It hap-pened that Miss Fulton was in California at the time, in fact, she wrote her play while in the West. She naturally called on Oliver Morosco, who is the only theatrica producing manager the West has and who is located in Los Angeles. Miss Fulton submitted the manuscript of "The Brat" and Mr. Morosco accepted it with the understanding that he would give her an answer as to its merits or demerits within a very short time. Mr. Morosco immediately read the script

and was so impressed with it that he read it a second time. In reading over the play he could map out the characters and the performers that he would like to cast in the play—all except the part of the "Brat." He corresponded with Miss Fulton and re-quested an interview. On her way down Broadway in Los Angeles Miss Fulton met the manager, and as they were going toward his offices and theatre a little urchin yelled, "There goes the brut!" She turned around, and much to her amagemen beheld the same dirty-faced "kid" she had found fighting with a "brat" some months before—an incident which had given her

found fighting with a "brat" some months before—an incident which had given her the idea for her play. Miss Fulton explained the circumstances to Mr. Morosco, whereupon he said. "That same boy has tipped me off as to the incumbent of the title role, she must be Maude Fulton."

Miss Fulton was taken unawares, as she had never dreamed of playing the part of the "Brat," but after much persuasion on the part of Mr. Morosco she concluded to create the character in reality, as well as words, provided Mr. Morosco would produce the play within the next two months. This arrangement was readily agreed to. "The Brat" was produced for the first time on any stage at the Morosco Theatre in Los Angeles three weeks later, and Miss Fulton made the hit of the piece. Her performance was acclaimed by all the Los Angeles papers as extraordinary, as it was the first straight, comeny work that Miss Fulton had ever done during her stage career. The long New York run of the piece is now stage history.

The Wanderer

By WILLIAM A. PAGE

STNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS,
Jether, the son of Jesse and Huldan, of the
tribe of Judah, during the time of King Solomon, 3000 years ago, is unhappy at home,
where he is a shepherd boy. He forms a
friendship with Tola, and on the latter's advice persuades his father to give him his portion of the paternal estate. Then he and Tolaset out for Jerusalem, where they go to the
house of Nadina, who gives him her daughter
Tisha as a handmaiden. They quarrel over a
necklace Tisha desires, which Jether refuses
to buy. Nadina chides Tisha, telling her that
Jother holds her cheaply. Tisha vows to be
revenized, and when Jether is half intoxicated
she prevails upon him to forswear the God
of Isruel and proclaim allegiance to Ishiar,
the Habylonkin god of love. Then a company
of her friends arrive and they plunge into
revelry. Scon afterward Pharis, a rich sea
captain, is introduced to Tisha by her mother.
To Jether's dismay, the girl quickly shows partiality for the newcomer and agrees to go
with him on a voyage. All his money gone,
and hope of getting more is lost.

CHAPTER XIX THE infurlated Nadina, her face distorted with rage, plucked the golden chain worn by Jether around his neck and tore it from

"Who art thou that should wear a golden chain when thou dost owe me for much good food and wine?" she cried. "Thou shalt be my slave, and work."

Jether looked at her piteously. "Work? What is there here that I can What do I know of work done in the ity? Oh, thou city, thou hast taken from no all that I had and made me what I

am. Curse thee, city."

Nadina sneered. "And I curse thee for all my misfortunes," she cried, angrily. "Thinkest thou that thou art the first young fool to lose all in the big city? No. nor will thou be the last, for sooner of later the city doth attract all who seek fame and fortune. But what hast thou lost compared with me?"

Carried away by her emotions, Nadina ontinued wildly:
"I had a daughter that brought me much wealth. Now Pharis the sea captain hath carried her away and paid me not a single slickel. On thee I have lost the price of much good wine. Already I have thy golden chain, but now thou wilt pay me with thy robe, thy golden sandals, every-thing. They'll sell for something. Give me this—and this—and this."

With one strong grasp she pulled the rich embroidered cloak from his shoulders, and with a push sent the boy headlong upon a mass of soft silken cushions. With an-other grasp she pulled the boy's tunic from him. Another talon-like clutch took off first one sandal and then another, and there Jether lay in his nakedness, with only a loin cloth to protect him.

"Take them, thou heart of stone," murmured the boy, as one after another the garments were stripped from him.

"Thy ring," demanded Nadina. But Jether clenched his fist firmly.

"Nay, that thou shalt not have. It was my mother's, and she placed it there." Nadina leaned over the prostrate figure and jeered.

"The ring is worn so thin I care not. Now, get out of my house—go forth a beggar and beg thy way back to thy father's home, thou fool," she cried, taking the bundle of garments into the house. Jether, his heart filled to overflowing with remorse and penitence, cried out to God for mercy.

Almost as though in answer to his prayer came the duil rumbling of thunder. A sud-den tropic storm, gathering force and in-tensity, had come upon Jerusalem without warning. A blinding flash of lightning, a terrific crash of thunder, brought Jether to his feet. Another crash of thunder and another blinding flash came with the rain another blinding hash came with the failt-a terrific downpour, which best with fury upon his bare skin. He sought for shelter—but there was none except the house of Nadina. Jether staggered blindly toward the house, only to have his way barred by a giant Nubian slave, who stood within the doorway and motioned him back into the storm.

He went to the idol of Ishtar, as though o seek shelter from the storm beneath the dtar-but drew back instinctively.

Meanwhile the rain and the storm in-creased in intensity, and a blinding flash of lightning revealed to Jether the imsive figure of the prophet, who had down wee on the house, standing beneath the shelter of the arched gateway.

The prophet's long hair was wet with rain, his white beard was swept by the wind, and he seemed a gaunt, wild, half-starved figure. The man raised his staff into the air.

"Fare thee forth, my son," he said, com-mandingly, yet kindly. "Naked thy mother brought thee into the world. Yet the Lora God watched over thee. Naked this woman ends thee into the storm. Will not the Lora Jether shivered in the storm and shrank back before the holy man.

"His sword hangs over me, for I have sinned, and this is my punishment," he fat-

tered.
"What hast thou done to invite His wrath?" cried the prophet as the storm increased in violence and another flash of lightning rent the sky.
"I have denied Him," sobbed Jether, hys-

"I have denied Him," sobbed Jether, hysterically.

"Thou hast denied thy God?" thundered the prophet. "Then behold his anger."

He waved his staff. At the same moment a giant ball of fire seemed to rend asunder the very garden in which they stood. A terrific flash of light blinded Jether, and the crash of thunder seemed to shatter his eardrums. He turned just as he realized that the shaft of lightning had struck the idol of lightar and in one had struck the idol of Ishtar and in one burst of flame had destroyed the thing of stone and wood which the idolaters of Babyon had worshiped in the place of the one and only God.

Jether, with a cry of terror, fell upon his knees and reached out his arms supplicatingly toward heaven. "I know His wrath," he cried, piteously.

Novelised from the play of Maurice V. Bamuels, at the Metropolitan Opera House

(Copyright by William Billott, F. Ray Comstock and Morris Gest.)

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Jether, the son of Jesse and Buldeh, of the gave one long agonized dry:

"There winned and I am guilty. Forgital and Forgital Properties."

The fury of the storm increased, and with it the boy's terror. He buried his factory of the storm of the properties and gave one long agonized dry:

"Mother"

"Mother!" And in the distance, through the att high alive the fury of the winds and crashing of the thunder, could be heard inspired voice of the prophet as he cr

"A doom upon the city-a doom upon city. God's wrath upon those who were the graven images—God's wrath is up ye all, sinners and idolaters, ye who do the living God. A doom upon ye all,"

CHAPTER XX

TN THE house of Jesse all was sadners. Huldah came and went, but her heart and her thoughts were elsewhere. Naomi worked upon her embroidery and did the usual household tasks with the assistance of the faithful Rissah, but there was a subdued atmosphere in the household with never a sound of laughter or gayety. Stern old Jesse never once mentioned the absent son, and it was an understood thing benon, and it was an understood thing be-tween the three women never to even slide to the erring Jether in the presence of the uged patriarch.

Only Gaal dared to speak of Jether, and he only once, for the remark called forth these words from Jesse:

"I have but one son now, Gaal, and thou art he. The boy whom once we loved is dead—speak never of the dead."

Yet even Jesse was not able to banish entirely thoughts of the absent boy, which came to him ever with the fall of night, for one day he came to Gaal in great excite-ment and said:

"On the way from Hebron I met a man on the roadside who said a stranger in the village had passed with tidings of our Jether."

"Our Jether?" repeated Gaal, scornfully. "I know not," replied Jesse, sorrowfully,
"I have sent a messenger to try and overtake the stranger and ask him for news
of Jether in Jerusalem, but I know not if
my message reached him."

"Then come thou into the house and rest, my father. Thou are much wearied. "Nay, if the stranger comes with tidings of Jether," answered Jesse, "I must await him here."

Gaal endeavored to persuade his father to re-enter the house and let him deal with the stranger, for he feared what these tidings might be and he wished to hear

them first. "Let me await the stranger, father. Perhaps his tale is one of lies to gain a gift from thee. Let him meet my questioning."

Jesse gazed at him searchingly. "Is mine understanding no longer clear? Say naught unto thy mother. Much as t hope I have been taught to meet calmly with disappointment. I will go within to the mother, but if the stranger comes send for

And, though Gaal promised to do so, he promised himself that he would forthwith stroll down the road toward Hebron in an effort to find the stranger and bid him continue on his journey without visiting house of Jesse.

Before Gaal could go far his avaricious eyes detected several bits of wool upon nearby brambles in the fields, where sheep had strayed and thorns had torn their wool. Thus it happened that as Gaal stepped one side in the gathering dusk he did not notice a figure clad in rags and sackcloth, with a mero piece of hemp tied around the waist in place of a girdle, and leaning heavily upon a staff, pass along the road toward the hills which overlooked the hospitable home of Jesse.

The newcomer appeared to be the verient beggar clad in the least garments which possibly clothe a human being. The sandats upon his feet were fragments of leather. His hair was long and matted, his face covered with dirt and grime and upon his legs were many scratches and sores. He could scarcely stand yet with falleries. could scarcely stand, yet with faltering steps he gained the eminence overlooking the home of Jesse, and sighed with relief. Yet there was pain in the sigh also.

The beggar came closer to the house and slowly descended the hill. He paused when but a stone's throw away and sank upon a rock, wearled to exhaustion.

"How still it is!" he murmured. "As if death were about-or is it peace? In the days of famine upon the land, when so many are starving, is it possible here, too, they suffer? And yet, while I hunger, I fear to go forward. Should father see me I could not face the fire in his eyes. Or are those eyes forever closed in sleep and is my brother Gaal now the master here? And my mother—does she still live and six with sad eyes looking at the place where I was wont to sit at table? And gentle Naoni—is she perchance now the wife of I was wont to sit at table? And gentle Naomi—is she perchance now the wife of Gaal? I dread to go forward and find out the truth, yet if I turn back now I shall starve. But could I but see my mother from afar, only for a moment, secretly, so that she might not know! There they all sit and eat, no doubt, even the meanest servant, while I would grasp at what they would throw to the dogs. But I may not ask. I will but see my mother once and then go back to the wandering, to the chilling nights beneath the open sky and to the hungry days of bitter roaming warramine rageth. Back to this and on only until I fall and let the dust blow over ma. Bet, O God, let me once see my mother face!"

The wanderer arose, and slowly and pain-

The wanderer arose, and slowly and painfully made his way toward the house From within came the lights which indi cated that the evening meal was about begin. By the well the wanderer dropp from exhaustion just as he was about soothe his parched lips with a drink cooling water. And so Rissah, coming cooling water. And so Rissah, coming to the well, found him. "Thou poor old man," exclaimed Rissah. "Wouldst drink?"

Jether nodded. She filled a cup and he drank feverishly. "Hast traveled far?" she inquired.



"A beggar and in rega, I am sorry," aski

