THE SECOND BULLET

By ROBERT ORR CHIPPERFIELD

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THIS STARTS THE STORY

A dinner party is being held at the home of Colonel and Mrs. Ledyard. It is attended by their daughter, Beatrice; her friend, Bebe Cowles; Cornelius Swarthmore, Wendle Braddock and Mrs. Hartshorne. Mrs. Hartshorne suddenly leaves after a discussion relating to Zenas Prall, the former president of a bank, who was sent to prison for conversion of the bank's funds. A few days later she is found dead in her home. Beatrice admits that the woman was murdered in her mother's home and that she had her servants remove the body in the middle of the night to the woman's own home. Paul Harvey, a detective, takes a room at the house of Mrs. McNab, follows her to a lonely house, where he discovers Prall, who, after admitting that it was Mrs. Hartshorne who caused his ruin, but denying responsibility for the murder, dies. Harvey continues his investigations.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

THE fast express which bore Paul Chicago-ward that afternoon seemed fairly to creep, so great was his impatience. A brief visit must be paid to the old gambler to round out the details of his ultimate report to Chief Burke and then a longer journey lay before him—a journey vague in possibilities, impelled only by what Paul himself would have termed a "hunch," yet fraught, to his newly awakened optimism, with a rosy promise of successful termination. The self-distrust with which he had viewed his first theory that the motive for the murder lay between Beatrice Ledyard's jealousy and Cornelius Swarthmore's fear of exposure, and his later premonitory doubt that in Zenas Prall he had found the author of the crime, had alike vanished from him with the new phase of the investigation.

A chance remark of the lugubrious comedian during their interview on the previous night had made clear to Paul much that had been obscure from the first, and provoked a train of thought so undreamt of that he mentally gasped. Had he from the inception of the case ignored blindly what appeared now as its most glaring obvious clue or had he willfully followed the line of least resistance and drifted on the crest of events which had practically presented themselves to his attention?

He was fatigued mentally and physically with the strain of the prolonged chase, but returning confidence and enthusiasm brought renewed strength and his journey's end found him in an aggressively buoyant mood.

The great stone house in which the retired gambler lived was flanked by the most aristocratic of neighbors and bore in its severe dignity no resemblance to the flamboyant establishments the proceeds of which had made its possession possible, nor did the erect, white-haired, austere gentleman who presently faced Paul in the somber reception room conform to his preconception of Chris Waterford's personality; but he plunged into his subject without hesitation.

"Mr. Waterford, I've come to you at the suggestion of an old acquaintance of yours, former Police Commissioner Phillips, of New York. He told me of your professional reputation for squareness and generosity in the conduct of your business and he said you would be able to give me the information I require, if any one could."

The austerity vanished in the quick genial smile which lighted the older man's face and seemed to bring a glow even to the faded, vacant eyes.

"Phillips told you that, did he? He fought me hard in his time, but he always fought fair. Sit down, Mr. Harvey. You are from the department yourself?"

"From Eastopolis," Paul amended. "The chief of police there is very anxious to learn what he can of a woman identified with the sporting world a few years ago. I understand from Commissioner Phillips that you have a marvelous memory for faces and names and in all probability you encountered the woman we are seeking. She was very quiet and refined in manner, with a delicate, almost spiritual face; medium height, brown hair, bluish-gray eyes with a small v-shaped scar near one temple——"

"Annie Halsey!" interrupted Waterford. His smile had disappeared and a stern expression gathered about his firmly molded lips.

"That was her name," Paul announced quietly.

"And she is in trouble at last?" the other asked, shaking his head. "I knew it would come sooner or later; I warned her! But the yellow streak was there from the beginning and she couldn't be on the level even with us. 'Quiet and refined in manner' was she? I paid for that refinement, Mr. Harvey; took her when she was a green, gawky, raw-boned country girl with nothing but that saintly face of hers to recommend her and had her educated and trained to pass for a lady. I had no altruistic motives; I saw possibilities in her which might have brought much patronage to my establishments and I put up the money as a good investment. It paid dividends, too, for a time, but she wasn't contented with the percentage she got from the house. She was avaricious to the point of mania. She stooped to every cheap trick of the trade to gain her ends. I'm glad you know from Phillips how I stood, but I'm not denying that my profession is overrun with grafters and welchers, and Annie learned from them fast. There are born crooks like that, you know, who would rather cheat than win on the level—and Annie was one of them."

"What do you know of her origin, Mr. Waterford? We want to get as complete a line on her as we can," Paul explained.

"I found her waiting on the table in a hotel in Peoria eleven years ago." The other laughed shortly. "She wasn't the florid, assertive type that hit you between the eyes, but there was an attraction, a charm about her that had every one, from the drummers to the night clerk, crazy about her. I was always on the lookout for new material, a fresh face with brains back of it to bring increased popularity to my games, and I studied her. She told me that she had run away from a little farm near Galesville on the bank of the Mississippi, where she was born, to travel and 'be a lady,' and her early experiences hadn't daunted her. Annie Halsey was her real name, too; I made discreet inquiries before I proposed a business arrangement with her because I couldn't afford to have any complications crop up later.

"I figured that if, slatternly and ignorant and uncouth as she was, she could yet attract without effort the admiration she was receiving from all sides in that sphere, she would be a splendid asset to me when she had the proper schooling and learned how to make the best of herself. She was adaptable and clever, quick to pick up ideas and make them her own. I thought that three years would turn her out a big drawing card for me.

"I put my proposition up squarely to her and she jumped at the chance. As a matter of fact, I had underestimated her ability to learn, for it was less than three years when she was finished and ready for work. Two years in a convent in Canada and a few months' travel and grooming with the wife of a friend of mine and she was the daintiest, smartest little lady in the world!"

"Just what was her line of work, Mr. Waterford?" asked Paul.

"High-class stuff. She traveled around alone with a maid in style, had a boxing acquaintance with me, and whenever she landed a new admirer—and they came in droves—she'd steer him into a game. And the games were square, Mr. Harvey; don't make any mistake about that. I built my reputation on that fact, and it stands. No man was cheated under a roof of mine, and nothing compelled him to play unless he felt inclined. But my judgment had been good; Annie certainly had a way with her!

"Things went on swimmingly for over a year, and then I noticed that Annie was pulling a few little stunts on her own that weren't in our contract and looked pretty much like blackmail to me. I warned her I wouldn't stand for it, and she promised to drop the dirty work, but she had taken up with the crooked crowd on the sly to learn from them and she took to every cheap trick like a duck to water. Looking back now I wonder that she didn't try to double cross me, but I think she had a certain amount of awe and respect for me, and knew she couldn't put it over. I wasn't afraid that she would marry or get herself tangled up in any foul love affair, for I thought I had gauged her character accurately, and that she was too cold-blooded and avaricious to let a passing sentiment run away with her good sense.

"It came, though. I had forgotten that she was a woman, and when it hit her she fell for it hard. An impecunious actor, too, without enough to keep her in shoe-leather, but he was handsome in a dark, clean-cut sort of way and crazy about her! She was swept off her feet, but I knew how long it would last with a woman of her type and I couldn't hold her to our agreement.

"The devil himself couldn't, when she once made up her mind to do a thing, and I had to let her go.

"She married him—Jack Bennett, his name was—and I wasn't altogether sorry, for I had caught her working too near the deadline again; pulling a swindling trick, and I knew I would have to get rid of her if I didn't want trouble on my hands. When they once begin to go crooked they go quick and I couldn't afford to have the reputation of my game as a square one lowered by having her resort to just plain thievery!"

Paul controlled an impulse to smile at the other's virtuously indignant tone, and queried: "Did you run across her again after her marriage?"

"No, only once. She grew tired of him as quickly as she had become infatuated and led him a dog's life; she kept in touch with some of the crowd and I got the particulars from them. Finally she divorced him and the poor fool went off and drank himself to death somewhere while she drifted back into the game again. She came to me and offered to resume business on the old basis, but I couldn't see her. I was afraid she would pull something that would get us both into trouble and I wasn't taking any chances. That was about five years ago, more or less, and she took up with Jimmie Bayard's crowd and began playing the liners and the swell resorts. I lost track of her completely after that, and never heard a word until today."

"This husband of hers, did you ever meet him?"

"Oh, yes. Likable chap, enough; not the average lady-killer type, in spite of his good looks. He appeared to be superior to the line of work he was engaged in, too, and out of his class. There was something foreign about him, like the fellows you meet knocking about the continent, although his name was good, plain American."

"Have you any idea where he came from?"

"None. He might have been Italian or Spanish or South American or a mixture of all three, to look at him. I studied him to see what his game was when he first began trailing after Annie at French Lick, for you never can tell what these vice-crusaders will try to put over on you next when they are on an anti-gambling rampage. But he was dead on the level. I could see that it was his morals as much as anything else that first attracted Annie; he was dreamy one minute and fiery the next, and she had been used to the airy persiflage of sports and men of the world for so long that the boy's very intensity awakened her curiosity and interest. I never heard him talk much about himself, but he was a lot too good for her; steady going, didn't drink then, or touch the cards. I heard that he did some sort of acrobatic comedy work on the stage and he looked like an athlete in spite of not being husky. But it was Annie about whom you wanted information and not her husband. I could tell you more about her if I had kept in with the old crowd, but I cut most of them out when I retired. Then my eyes went back on me and I've lived pretty much alone."

There was an unconscious note of sadness in the old gambler's tone, but no trace of self-pity, and Paul felt an impulse of genuine sympathy and understanding borne of his own physical handicap, slight as it was, but he held himself firmly to the issue before him.

"We have a fairly complete record of Annie Halsey's activities after she joined forces with the Jimmie Bayard crowd," he observed. "Did you ever hear any reference made to her sister-in-law, Jack Bennett's sister?"

"No; didn't know he had one," Waterford responded. "As I told you, I never heard anything about his people or where he came from.

"I've told you all I know and if it's not a department secret—my man reads the newspapers to me, and I find that he skips a lot—will you tell me what you've got on Annie?"

"If you will answer one more question, Mr. Waterford." The younger man paused. "You said just now that when she left her husband, he went off and drank himself to death somewhere. Are you sure of that? Did you learn of his death from any authoritative source?"

"No, but he went all to pieces; drank his head off, lost his position on the stage and went down and out. One of Annie's old friends met him some months later and told me that he was a mere shadow of what he had been. I wanted to help him out and tried to find him, but he had disappeared. You can't want him for anything; he never worked with her on any crooked graft, I'll bank on that."

"Nevertheless, I do want him," Paul retorted.

The sensitive ear of the blind man caught the significance in his tone.

"What is it?" he asked sharply. "Has Annie tried to implicate him? What are you after him for?"

"For murder," Paul replied. "I am afraid he is implicated very gravely and without any effort on the part of the woman you call Annie Halsey. She is dead, Mr. Waterford, and I am looking for the man who killed her."

"Dead!" The other repeated aghast. Then a light of comprehension broke over his sightless eyes. "Eastopolis—the Hartshorne murder case! Poor Annie! I guess it was as good an end for her as any other, though I don't believe Jack Bennett had anything to do with it. So the rich Mrs. Hartshorne was Annie Halsey! Well, she played for high stakes, didn't she, even if she did hand out a crooked deal. She could not help it, I guess; the yellow streak was there!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Boy Shot by Accident Recovering

Frank Campagna, twelve years old, 625 Bainbridge street, who was shot in the chest and arm yesterday while playing with some companions on a farm near Moorestown, N. J., is said to be resting easily and out of danger at the Pennsylvania Hospital. The accident occurred, it is said, while sevboys were playing with a rifle, which was accidentally discharged. The police in New Jersey are trying to discover how two shots came to be fired accidentally.

"I. U. T. C. E. R. N. O. S.?"

Sunday School Scholars Trying to Guess What These Letters Mean

"I-U-T-C-E-R-N-O-S."

The meaning and the answer?

Both are to be made known at a rally day service tomorrow afternoon in New Berean Baptist Sunday school, Fifty-ninth and Pine streets.

Samuel B. Fares, secretary of the County Sunday School Association, will speak. F. Nevin Weist, cornetist, and George E. Kilpatrick, superintendent of the Sunday school, will contribute to the program.

Four weeks ago cards were given out with three letters on them, but no name or address. The following week other cards bearing the letters shown above were distributed. Last Sunday each scholar received one of these letters, to be returned tomorrow and pasted on a background so as to form the word which now has the congregation guessing.

OPERA GEM TO OPEN SEASON

Gatti-Casazza Promises Attraction "That Will Never Grow Old"

A seasoned opera, but one of great popularity, will be the attraction when performances are resumed at the Metropolitan Opera House, Tuesday, November 25.

Giulio Gatti-Casazza, general manager of the company, declined to give the name of the opening opera. "It will not be an antiquity," he said, "but one that has stood the test not only of its birthday, but also of more recent years. In fact, I think a hundred years hence it will still be in the repertoire of every self-respecting opera house from New York to Central Asia."

FIREMAN TWICE COMMENDED

Guido V. Colona, a hoseman of the fire company at 1528 Sansom street, has been commended twice within the week by Director Wilson. Once was for bravery in action October 11, when he risked his life to capture two armed men who held up and robbed the jewelry store of MacQueen & Co., 1427 Walnut street, and again for presence of mind exhibited when he saved a boy from being struck by an automobile October 15.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

By DADDY

The Great Brown Dragon

(Peggy, Billy and their schoolmates, turned into monkeys by Rollo's Dream Stick, are trapped in a tree by the Great Brown Dragon. Billy and Rollo trick the dragon into fighting a dummy stuffed with thorns, and while he is struggling with it, the others escape.)

The Lightning Flash

"HIS-S-S-S-S-S! Ouch! Ouch! His-s-s-s-s-s-s!" The Great Brown Dragon crushed the prickly boy with all his might, and the harder he squeeze the mace thorns he drove into himself. He quickly became as full of

He circled silently back to the left

holes as a pincushion, but he was so mad that he went right on squeezing and hurting himself the more.

"Flee to the left," whispered Rollo to Billy. "I'll follow in a minute." Then as Billy joined Peggy and the others in swift flight to the left Rollo darted around to the right and screamed shrill taunts at the Great Brown Dragon. "Fight! Fight for your life! Prickly boy is cutting you to pieces. He will kill Brown Dragon! Fight! Fight!"

That made Great Brown Dragon put all his strength into his powerful folds, and he crushed the bundle of thorns until his own skin was punctured in hundreds of places.

As for Rollo, he circled silently back to the left and soon caught up with the others.

"Great Brown Dragon will be mighty sore and furious after his fight," he chuckled. "He will want revenge. That's why I've made him think we've gone to the right instead of toward the left.

By this time the storm was raging wildly. The jungle grew dark, the rain fell in sheets, the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, the wind blew, the trees shook and swayed.

"We must seek shelter or we will perish," cried Billy.

"My hiding place is near. Come there," screamed Leaping-Light.

They struggled on through the driving rain and tearing wind to where four great trees stood together. High among the branches was hidden a nest as large as a small house.

"Welcome to my home," cried Leaping-Light, and all rushed in out of the storm. There they seemed safe and secure.

"This is fine," exclaimed Smiling Teacher. "Here we can——"

She did not finish, for just then a great flash of lightning lighted up the nest. It showed to their startled eyes that others were already there. Crouched around the walls were monkeys—wild monkeys of Chatter-Chee's tribe.

Rollo and Billy sprang to the front to protect their companions. The wild monkeys bristled and prepared for battle.

But before another move could be made Leaping Light gave a glad cry.

"Father! Father! These are my friends! They saved me from the Great Brown Dragon." And the answer came quickly from the leader of the wild monkeys:

"The friends of Leaping-Light are the friends of Clinging-Tail and his braves. Greeting, friends!" It was Clinging-Tail himself, the monkey who had aided them when they had first met Chatter-Chee's tribe.

Then there was a glad reunion and much excited chattering. Leaping-Light told of her rescue by Rollo and of the trick played on the Great Brown Dragon. Clinging-Tail told of Chatter-Chee's search for the children in another direction and of how he himself had come secretly to aid them if he could.

Leaping-Light sayly led Rollo to her father.

"This is Rollo, my chosen mate," she said.

"Hu-hu! Chee! Chee! May you happy be!" chattered Clinging-Tail, and that is the way he gave them his blessing.

Then as the rain poured down outside the wild monkeys told strange tales of jungle life and the children told memory stories of their own homes far away.

(Next week will be told their further adventures in Monkey-Land and of their search for the magic door to the way back home.)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

IN THE TWILIGHT

By ELIZABETH McNAUGHT

THE early dusk was falling as Doctor Carroll shook his long lank form from the enveloping coat and dropped into a chair beside his desk. It had been a hard day, and he was tired. His shoulders sagged a trifle, and as he stretched his long legs out in weariness the week members ached. But yet far more depressing than any mere physical weariness was the dull heaviness that oppressed his spirits. It was not of recent date, either; he had felt it ever since the first medical unit had sailed to foreign shores on their errand of mercy.

Earnestly and hopefully he had made application to be accepted, but politely, yet firmly, he was made to realize that war was no place for damaged goods. This was bad enough of itself, but when the flood of his heart gave him a buried kick, an understanding pat on the shoulder and set sail to do her bit, he knew his cup of bitterness was overflowing. Still, one must go on, no use being a quitter, and between the dispensaries, the hospitals and the countless demands of the office, there was little time for brooding.

Now they were coming back! The city was wild with enthusiasm in welcoming back these supermen and women who are ever to be found where the brutality of their fellowmen wages the fiercest.

He finally arose and closed the door none too gently, and as he sat down again he felt a little ashamed of himself for not having recognized the operator's friendly little smile. Still, it was all put on, he told himself; it was her stock in trade just as the anxious mother of an ailing baby too poor to pay a fee will carry the child in to him and smile with a plea in every smile that he take an especial interest in her offspring.

Suddenly he realized that it was dark, switched on the light, and began washing up preparatory to going out to dinner.

The house was very quiet by now, all the others having gone forth to their many interests. Even the smiling operator had given place to a youth whose rasping monotone was all that broke the stillness. These were the lonely hours of Doctor Carroll's busy life, and, paradoxically, for every other man in the house these few hours were the most pleasant of the whole day, their moments of leisure, alone with their own.

At last he strode out, and his limp was more perceptible than usual. Wonder of wonders, the headlights on his car were on. He had forgotten them entirely. It sure was uncanny to receive such service, and he must remember to reward the long, lanky youth with a tip when he returned.

He reached for the door of the car, but simultaneously he was almost blinded by the glare of light that shot suddenly from within. Too startled for even thought, he saw the small foot spring back from the switch, a soft, white hand touched his an instant as it snapped open the door of the car, and before he knew it a dainty figure in white linen, with a blue cape thrown jauntily back from one arm, displaying the insignia of the cross, tumbled unceremoniously into his arms.

"Howard," and her smiling, happy face was very close to his, "I've come back to you just as I am. I really didn't mean to appear spectacular, but I just couldn't believe I was home until I saw you, and as I lacked the courage to run in on you in your office, I just stepped in here and waited, and I thought to goodness you'd never come."

"But, Helen," and in his voice lurked a volume of eagerness, "you surely don't mean you're going to pass up all the opportunities you must have had over there and come back here to a fellow who couldn't even don a uniform?"

"That's just what I do mean," she answered very promptly; "that is, of course, if you still want me." She knew in her heart and read it in his face that he did, so she went on in the voice of a woman who understands all things. "Don't you think I know you would have been right over with me if you could? That one thing stood out so clearly between the lines of every letter you wrote to me, and, believe me, dear boy, there wasn't a fellow in uniform over there who could ever take your place in my heart."

"Very well, colonel," said Doctor Carroll, raising his arm in true military salute, "I am yours to command." The twilight deepened into night, and, well, as every one knows, a sedan car with a well-behaved lighting system is one of the greatest little places in the world for a welcome home reunion.

The next complete novelette—"The Glance of Love."

SEE ANNOUNCEMENT DAILY IN THE PUBLIC LEDGER AND EVENING PUBLIC LEDGER
PHOTOPLAY PRESENTATIONS FOR WEEK OF OCTOBER 20 TO OCTOBER 25

Subject to Change	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
ALHAMBRA (s) 12th, Morris & Passyunk Av.	Tourneur's The Life Line	Tourneur's The Life Line	Tourneur's The Life Line	Wallace Reid in The Lottery Man	Wallace Reid in The Lottery Man	Wallace Reid in The Lottery Man
APOLLO (s) 52d and Thompson Sts.	Anita Stewart in Human Desire	Anita Stewart in Human Desire	Billie Burke in Peggy	D. W. Griffith's Let Katy Do It	Blanche Sweet in The Unpardonable Sin	Blanche Sweet in The Unpardonable Sin
ARCADIA (s) Chestnut below 16th St.	Billie Burke in Sadie Love	Billie Burke in Sadie Love	Billie Burke in Sadie Love	Billie Burke in Sadie Love	Billie Burke in Sadie Love	Billie Burke in Sadie Love
BELMONT (s) 52d above Market St.	Vivian Martin in The Third Kiss	Vivian Martin in The Third Kiss	Vivian Martin in The Third Kiss	Robert Warwick in Told in the Hills	Robert Warwick in Told in the Hills	Robert Warwick in Told in the Hills
BLUEBIRD (s) Broad & Susquehanna Ave.	Geraldine Farrar, The World and Its Woman	Geraldine Farrar, The World and Its Woman	Geraldine Farrar, The World and Its Woman	Viola Dana in Some Bride	Florence Reed in The Woman Under Oath	Herbert Rawlinson in A Dangerous Affair
BROADWAY (s) Broad and Snyder Ave.	D. W. Griffith's Broken Blossoms	D. W. Griffith's Broken Blossoms	D. W. Griffith's Broken Blossoms	Rex Beach's The Girl From Outside	Rex Beach's The Girl From Outside	Rex Beach's The Girl From Outside
BROAD ST. Auditorium, Lozan (s) Broad St. sh. Reckland	Guy Empey in The Undercurrent	Guy Empey in The Undercurrent	Norma Talmadge in The Way of a Woman	William Farnum in Wolves of the Night	William Farnum in Wolves of the Night	Viola Dana in Some Bride
CAPITOL (s) 722 Market St.	Tourneur's The Life Line	Tourneur's The Life Line	Tourneur's The Life Line	Madge Kennedy in Strictly Confidential	Madge Kennedy in Strictly Confidential	Madge Kennedy in Strictly Confidential
CEDAR (s) 60th St. and Cedar Ave.	Sessue Hayakawa in The Dragon Painter	Sessue Hayakawa in The Dragon Painter	Mutual Special The Other Half	Mutual Special The Other Half	Wallace Reid in the Valley of the Giants	Wallace Reid in the Valley of the Giants
COLISEUM (s) Market Bet. 59th and 60th	Billie Burke in The Misleading Widow	Billie Burke in The Misleading Widow	Charles Ray in The Egg Crate Wallop	Charles Ray in The Egg Crate Wallop	Vivian Martin in The Third Kiss	Vivian Martin in The Third Kiss
COLONIAL (s) Gin. and Maplewood Aves.	D. W. Griffith's Broken Blossoms	D. W. Griffith's Broken Blossoms	D. W. Griffith's Broken Blossoms	D. W. Griffith's Broken Blossoms	D. W. Griffith's Broken Blossoms	D. W. Griffith's Broken Blossoms
EMPRESS (s) Main St., Manayunk.	Tom Mix in The Wilderness Trail	Tom Mix in The Wilderness Trail	Constance Talmadge in Veiled Adventure	Mary Pickford in The Hoodlum	Mary Pickford in The Hoodlum	Mary Pickford in The Hoodlum
EUREKA 40th and Market Sts.	Emmy Wehlen A Favor to a Friend	Sessue Hayakawa The Gray Horizon	Catherine Calvert Claiver of Katherine Bush	Anita Stewart in Human Desire	Anita Stewart Human Desire	Frank Keenan in The World Aflame
FAMILY (s) 1311 Market St.	Leah Baird in The Volcano	Gladys Brockwell in Chasing Rainbows	Special Cast in The Other Half	Sylvia Bremer in The Moonshine Trail	Vivian Martin in The Third Kiss	Mrs. Charles Chaplin Forbidden
FAIRMOUNT (s) 26th St. and Girard Ave.	Charles Ray in The Egg Crate Wallop	Sessue Hayakawa in The Dragon Painter	Alice Joyce in The Winchester Woman	Wallace Reid in The Lottery Man	Marguerite Clarke in Widow by Proxy	Florence Reed in Her Game
FRANKFORD 4719 Frankford Ave.	D. W. Griffith's Broken Blossoms	D. W. Griffith's Broken Blossoms	D. W. Griffith's Broken Blossoms	D. W. Griffith's Broken Blossoms	D. W. Griffith's Broken Blossoms	Bessie Barriscale in Her Purchase Price
FRANKLIN (s) Third and Fitzwater Sts.	Fannie Ward in Twin Pawns	Mabel Normand in Upstairs	Sessue Hayakawa in The Dragon Painter	Harry Carey in Ace in the Saddle	All-Star Cast in The Price of Innocence	Leah Baird in The Volcano
56TH ST. THEATRE (s) Below Spruce St.	Mary Pickford in The Hoodlum	Mary Pickford in The Hoodlum	Mary Pickford in The Hoodlum	Mabel Normand in When Doctors Disagree	Rex Beach's The Crimson Gardenia	Rex Beach's The Crimson Gardenia
GREAT NORTHERN (s) Broad St. at Erie Ave.	Anita Stewart in Her Kingdom of Dreams	Anita Stewart in Her Kingdom of Dreams	Anita Stewart in Her Kingdom of Dreams	Theda Bara in La Belle Russe	Theda Bara in La Belle Russe	Theda Bara in La Belle Russe
IMPERIAL (s) 60th and Walnut Sts.	Mary Pickford in The Hoodlum	Mary Pickford in The Hoodlum	Mary Pickford in The Hoodlum	Dorothy Phillips in The Right to Happiness	Dorothy Phillips in The Right to Happiness	Dorothy Phillips in The Right to Happiness
JEFFERSON 20th and Dauphin Sts.	Fannie Ward in Common Clay	Virginia Hammond in Miss Crusoe	Bert Lytell in Easy to Make Money	H. B. Warner in The Pagan God	E. Lewis Production Love and the Law	Tom Moore in Heartsease
JUMBO (s) Front St. and Girard Ave.	Shirley Mason in The Final Close-up	Norma Talmadge in The New Moon	Marguerite Clark in Girls	Elsie Ferguson in Witness for the Defense	Tourneur's The White Heather	Tourneur's The White Heather
LEADER (s) 41st and Lancaster Ave.	Charles Ray in Egg Crate Wallop	Charles Ray in Egg Crate Wallop	Billie Burke in The Misleading Widow	Billie Burke in The Misleading Widow	Vivian Martin in The Third Kiss	Vivian Martin in The Third Kiss
LIBERTY (s) Broad and Columbia Ave.	Olive Thomas in The Follies Girl	Anita Stewart in Human Desire	Dorothy Dalton in The Market of Souls	Vivian Martin in The Third Kiss	Robert Warwick in Told in the Hills	William Russel in Sacred Silence
LOCUST (s) 52d and Locust Sts.	Tourneur's The Life Line	Tourneur's The Life Line	Tourneur's The Life Line	Marguerite Clark in Widow by Proxy	Marguerite Clark in Widow by Proxy	Marguerite Clark in Widow by Proxy
MARKET ST. THEATRE (s) 858 Market St.	Theda Bara in La Belle Russe	Theda Bara in La Belle Russe	Theda Bara in La Belle Russe	Dorothy Phillips in Destiny	Dorothy Phillips in Destiny	Dorothy Phillips in Destiny
MODEL (s) 425 South St.	Bushman and Bayne in Daring Hearts	Bushman and Bayne in Daring Hearts	Justin Farnum in A Man's Fight	Gladys Brockwell in Broke Commandments	George Beban in Hearts of Men	George Beban in Hearts of Men
NIXON (s) 52d and Market Sts.	Stuart Holmes in Love, Honor and ?	Stuart Holmes in Love, Honor and ?	Stuart Holmes in Love, Honor and ?	Robert Rawlinson in The Carter Case	Robert Rawlinson in The Carter Case	Robert Rawlinson in The Carter Case
OVERBROOK (s) 63d and Haverford Ave.	Gladys Brockwell in The Sign	Mary MacLaren in The Point on the Current	Anita Stewart in Human Desire	Anita Stewart in Human Desire	Albert Ray in Be a Little Sport	Tom Mix in The Wilderness Trail
PALACE (s) 1214 Market St.	Pauline Frederick in Bonds of Love	Pauline Frederick in Bonds of Love	Pauline Frederick in Bonds of Love	Pauline Frederick in Bonds of Love	Pauline Frederick in Bonds of Love	Pauline Frederick in Bonds of Love
PARK Ridge Ave. & Dauphin St.	Fritzi Araquette in Woman Under Cover	Theda Bara in La Belle Russe	Bessie Barriscale in Her Purchase Price	Sessue Hayakawa in The Dragon Painter	Guy Empey in The Undercurrent	Mae Murray in Twin Pawns
PRINCESS (s) 1018 Market St.	William Russell in Sacred Silence	Jack Pickford in Bill Apperson's Son	Tom Moore in Heartsease	Virginia Hammond in Miss Crusoe	Creighton Hale in The Thirteenth Chair	Stella Talbot in The Price of Innocence
REGENT (s) Market St. below 17th.	Mildred Harris Chaplin in Home	Mildred Harris Chaplin in Home	Mildred Harris Chaplin in Home	Dorothy Phillips in Right to Happiness	Dorothy Phillips in Right to Happiness	Dorothy Phillips in Right to Happiness
RIALTO (s) Gtn. at Chelten Ave.	Anita Stewart in Mary Regan	Constance Talmadge in Happiness a la Mode	Elsie Ferguson in Witness for the Defense	Wallace Reid in Valley of the Giants	Alice Brady in His Bridal Night	Pauline Frederick in The Fear Woman
RIVOLI (s) 52d and Ransom Sts.	Rex Beach's The Spoilers	Rex Beach's The Spoilers	Rex Beach's The Spoilers	Rex Beach's The Spoilers	Rex Beach's The Spoilers	Rex Beach's The Spoilers
RUBY (s) Market St. below 7th.	Florence Reed in Woman's Law	Stella Talbot in Price of Innocence	Monroe Salisbury in Sundown Trail	Corinne Griffith in The Climbers	Special Cast in The Other Half	Charles Ray in The Egg Crate Wallop
SAVOY (s) 1211 Market St.	Jack Pickford in Bill Apperson's Son	Corinne Griffith in The Climbers	Billie Burke in The Misleading Widow	Jane Novak in Woman of Lies	Anita Stewart in Kingdom of Dreams	W. S. Hart in Money Corral
STANLEY (s) Market above 16th.	Constance Talmadge in A Temperamental Wife	Constance Talmadge in A Temperamental Wife	Constance Talmadge in A Temperamental Wife	Constance Talmadge in A Temperamental Wife	Constance Talmadge in A Temperamental Wife	Constance Talmadge in A Temperamental Wife
STRAND (s) Germantown Ave. at Venango	Douglas Fairbanks, His Honor the American	Douglas Fairbanks, His Honor the American	Douglas Fairbanks, His Honor the American	Douglas Fairbanks, His Honor the American	Douglas Fairbanks, His Honor the American	Douglas Fairbanks, His Honor the American
VICTORIA (s) Ninth and Market Sts.	Harry Houdini in The Grim Game	Harry Houdini in The Grim Game	Harry Houdini in The Grim Game	Harry Houdini in The Grim Game	Harry Houdini in The Grim Game	Harry Houdini in The Grim Game
WEST ALLEGHENY (s) 25th and Allegheny	Wallace Reid in The Valley of the Giants	Wallace Reid in The Valley of the Giants	Billie Burke in The Misleading Widow	Billie Burke in The Misleading Widow	Norma Talmadge in The Way of a Woman	Vivian Martin in The Third Kiss

The theatres marked (s) obtain pictures through the STANLEY COMPANY OF AMERICA, which is a guarantee of early showing of the finest productions. All pictures reviewed before exhibition.

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Carmania .....Nov. 8, Dec. 13
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Mauretania.Oct. 28, Nov. 22, Dec. 16
NEW YORK to PLYMOUTH, HAVRE and SOUTHAMPTON
Royal George .....Nov. 5, Dec. 3
NEW YORK to PLYMOUTH, CHERBOURG and LONDON
Caronia.....Nov. 1, Dec. 6
NEW YORK to PLYMOUTH, HAVRE and LONDON
Saxonia.....Oct. 25, Nov. 26
NEW YORK to PIRAEUS
Pannonia .....Nov. 12
NEW YORK—L'DERRY—GLASGOW
Columbia.....Nov. 8, Dec. 6
PHILADELPHIA to LIVERPOOL
Verbania .....Oct. 28
PHILADELPHIA to LONDON
Vennonia .....Oct. 26
Philadelphia-Bristol (Avonmouth Dock)
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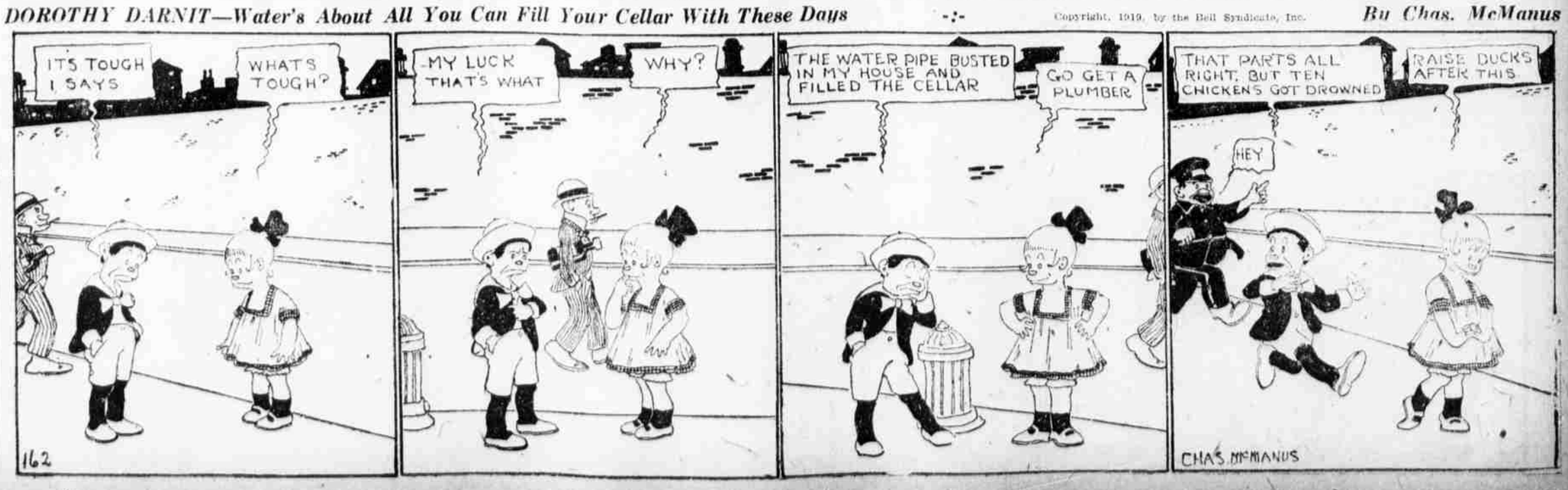
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