A DAUGHTER OF TWO WORLDS

A Story of New York Life

By LEROY SCOTT

Author of "No. 13 Washington Square," "Mary Regan," etc.

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THE STORY STARTS THE STORY

A daughter of two worlds is the history of the life of Jennie Malone, daughter of "Black Jerry," proprietor of Pekin Cafe, in New York. Everybody knows Black Jerry. Ten years before this story opens he had killed his wife, Jennie's mother, a woman who had suffered unspeakably in trying to make an honorable man of her husband. He overhears the remarks of some visitors to his place—What becomes of kids that have crooks for their parents and that live among crooks? What chance do they have? This starts him thinking about Jennie's future, and he plans to give her a chance. Jennie at the piano with Harry Edwards is all unaware of the arrangements that are being talked over by her father and "Uncle George" to give her a "chance." She sends Harry Edwards away and wanders down to the cafe room. She is immediately caught from behind by "Slim Jackson" and swept out into the dancing space. "Finish this out with me," Slim says, "and show this bunch how it ought to be done." Later "Slim" tells her of his dreams, in which she figures as his companion, but she tells him that she would not marry him if he were twice as big as his biggest dreams.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES

THEN his dark mood passed, and he laughed softly. "I'm going to marry you all the same, Jennie. Just now all I want is a kiss."

A kiss was an ordinary matter; she had let Harry Edwards kiss her without thinking much about it other than that she rather liked it. But Slim she continued to fight with the same determined energy. Presently she wrenched her right hand free. It still clutched the money he had given her—and drove her fist into his reaching lips.

He loosened her and fell back at the pain of the unexpected blow, and swore in a suppressed voice. She ran up the stairway, and then realizing that she was not being pursued she turned and called down in a taunting whisper:

"That's the gentlest kiss you'll ever get from me, Slim Jackson!"

With his whispered answer there came a soft laugh. "I like you all the better for you pep, Jennie! And just remember we're going to the top together, you and I!"

He laughed softly again and disappeared into the cafe. She mounted the stairs to the landing, paused a moment to arrange her dress and hair and to regain an even breath; then casually she opened the door and stepped into the sitting room where Harry still awaited her.

Jennie Faces an Ordeal

JENNIE closed the door behind her and crossed the room in a manner that was the perfection of the usual. Harry laid aside the magazine he had been reading and stood up.

"You were gone a long time to be talking to a mere father," he grumbled good-naturedly.

"Dad'd gone out, and I waited for him in his office, and even yet he hasn't come back." Her next words were spoken as if the idea had just come to her, though she had thought of it while regaining her breath outside the door. "Harry, I need some money, need it now! and I don't like to ask dad for it. I wonder if you could loan it to me?"

"Sure," was the prompt reply. "How much?"

"Twelve dollars and a half."

"Will that be plenty?"

"I don't need a cent more."

He counted the amount and handed it to her. She took it in her left hand, the other hand a ready holding the like amount she had received from Slim Jackson.

"Thanks, Harry; you're a good boy, and if you don't mind, I wish you wouldn't say anything about this. I don't want dad to learn I've been borrowing."

"I'll not say a word—of course not."

There was a vase on the piano containing artificial roses. She removed the flowers and into this she slipped the two sums she had collected, then seated herself and once more began playing "Oh, Night of Love."

"Come on, Harry, let's sing some more," she suggested. "Soft, so as we won't wake auntie."

They were still singing when half an hour later the door from the stairway opened, and Black Jerry entered followed by Uncle George and a solidly built man who carried a derby hat. Black Jerry walked to the piano and glared at Jennie, his dark face fiercely set, his black eyes blazing.

Jennie rose. "What's the matter, dad?"

"Curse you!" Jerry said huskily, and his right arm swung with spasmodic swiftness, and his open palm cracked against Jennie's cheek. She toppled sidewise, her outflung, saving hands striking a wild discord as they came down among the piano keys.

"You big brute, you!" cried Harry, and let drive at him.

But Jerry, seemingly without having looked at him, caught his lunging arm by the wrist, holding him helpless.

Jennie came to her feet and pushed between the two men.

"Keep out of this, Harry!" she ordered. "He's got a right to hit me if he wants to. Dad, what's that for?"

"For that phony Morrison check—that check you forged!"

"Dad—I don't know what you're talking about."

"Lies don't go between you and me, Jennie—get that!" Black Jerry gritted at her. "You tell the truth. You might as well, for Casey here has the goods on you."

Jennie looked sharply at the man from headquarters, trying to pierce to the knowledge that might lie behind the professional mask of his heavy, noncommittal face. But she said nothing.

"Tell her, Casey," Jerry commanded.

"Sorry about this, Jerry," Casey said apologetically—"but you know I gotta go through with anything that's put up to me." He stepped toward Jennie. "I suspected you from the first, though I didn't tell your father so. I'd already learned how clever you were at imitating other folks' handwriting. Well, I got something on your father's cashier, never mind what. I put the screws on him tonight, and he told me he'd seen you, when you thought he wasn't about, take the original Morrison check out of the cash register—and then about an hour later he saw you slip it back. And then I have the testimony of the grocery store where you cashed it; the owner says you're the party that shoved the check across. And I have a lot more evidence."

"He's got you—I know it," Jerry growled at her. "And it's going to be a lot easier all around if you come across clean."

She considered the situation rapidly for a moment, gazing from her father to the detective. Then, "all right—I did it," she admitted sullenly.

"Jennie, I'm surprised at you!" put in Uncle George. "The forgery was clever work, all right, but all the rest was pretty rotten, Jennie—pretty rotten." He shook his head sadly. Uncle George, in the days before his retirement, had been an artist; and at this moment his dominant feeling was an artist's impatience with clumsy work.

"How'd you get the check?" demanded Jerry.

She remembered Slim's request and her own promise. "Mr. Morrison was drinking, you know, and he must have dropped his checkbook. I tore out a check, and then a waiter gave the book back to him."

"Anybody in the game with you?" inquired Casey.

Again her answer was guided by Slim's request: "No, I did it all alone."

Once more Black Jerry's wrath surged up. And in Jerry's inchoate, inarticulate soul a sense that a wrong had been done, a law broken, was no element in his wrath. The few who knew Jerry most intimately knew him as a "straight guy"; but for him there was no right or wrong—the sole meaning of this to him was that something had happened which was violently contrary to his interests and his desires for Jennie.

"You damned little fool!" he burst out.

Again he raised his hand. She stepped swiftly back; the angered palm fell to his side, clenching and unclenching.

"Don't be too sore, dad," she argued rapidly. "You're not going to lose anything." She turned and lifted the artificial roses from the jar on the piano, recovered the money and held it out to her father. "I heard you say you were going to square this case. There's the twenty-five dollars—I haven't spent a cent of it. Take it and square that Mr. Morrison."

He looked at her grimly. "Mr. Morrison won't be squared."

"But I thought—"

"So did I, but I just learned that Morrison don't care about the money. He's sore and wants to prosecute to the limit."

"Then—then—" Jennie stopped, bewildered.

Casey moved to her side. "Sorry, but I guess you'll have to come along with me."

"You mean—I'm pinched?"

"Yes. Better put on your hat and coat. We'll be going right over to the women's night court. We got a taxi waiting below. I don't want to make a scene if I can help it."

She hesitated, still bewildered by the turn events had taken. Her glances shifted about the four men, then rested on Harry. The young man was staring at her with loose jaw, taken aback by the revelation of her forgery and by the manner in which a little earlier she had secured a loan from him and by her easy prevarication concerning that money.

Jennie turned and went into her bedroom and presently she re-entered dressed to leave; and in another minute she and her father and Uncle George and Casey stepped out upon the sidewalk—a cold rain was misting drearily down—and Casey was pressing her before them into the taxicab. She was thoroughly frightened. Suspense and vivid apprehensions shot her wildly through. What was about to happen? Courts—prisons! What would the judge do to her?

But frightened as she was, even so her self-confidence did not all desert her. She sat up very rigid in her corner and listened to the talk of the men as the car jolted over granite-paved streets. She learned that Uncle George had already telephoned a lawyer to be waiting at the Jefferson Market Court. Black Jerry and Uncle George, with occasional advice from the friendly central office detective, discussed what would be the wisest procedure, whether to have an immediate trial or waive examination and have the case held for the Court of Special Sessions.

"Better have Jennie stand trial onight," argued Uncle George, who had the wisdom of long experience in such matters. "That'll give her two trials: two chances—see? The judge tonight may be easy on her and let her off. On the other hand the worst he can do is to hold her for Special Sessions."

To that Jerry agreed.

"And, of course, the wise thing is for her to plead guilty and throw herself on the mercy of the court," Uncle George went on. "And you, Jerry, you'd better keep as much out of it as you can—you can't help much; and I'll do the same. We'll leave it up to the lawyer."

The car stopped and they all got out into the rain before a dingy red building. Overhead an elevated train went thundering through the night.

"Understand what you're to do, Jennie?" queried Uncle George.

"Yes," said Jennie.

At the last moment the old man could not forgo giving further words to his provoked artistic sense. "It was raw work, Jennie, awfully raw work—but remember—keep your head in there."

She felt Casey slip a hand under her arm, and guided by him she went up through the wide portals of the building, across the rear of the courtroom and through a passage into a grimy chamber in which some ten or a dozen women lounged about awaiting trial. For all her sense of impending personal disaster Jennie looked her fellow-prisoners over quickly. A few were bedraggled, hats awry, with skirts rudely dissociated from waists, and others had high-colored, bold-eyed faces. Circumstances had acquainted Jennie with a wide area of life, and she knew what these women were charged with. She was not shocked; this was the way things were; but she drew apart from the others with instinctive repugnance.

She was not nere long. Casey had promised expedition and ten minutes later he led her into a great, high-ceilinged room that to her alert eyes seemed a small, packed theatre. She heard an official in brass buttons call her name and she was pressed up before a long, counter-like affair behind which, beneath a drop-light, sat a man in black robe who did not even look up—so that all Jennie saw of her judge was his black shoulders, a hand that rapidly signed endless documents and a luminous bald head. She heard the official mechanically chew out a speech with remarkable rapidity and unintelligibility, ending with "Are you ready for trial now?"

"Yes," quavered Jennie.

A man who had appeared at Jennie's side spoke up quickly, persuasively.

"Your Honor, my client admits her guilt and we stand perfectly ready to make immediate restitution of the amount which she came into illegal possession of. Your Honor, the defendant is only sixteen; what she did was her first offense; and she did it in one of the irresponsible moments of childhood without realizing the gravity of her act. I therefore suggest to your Honor that you permit us to make restitution, and that you severely reprimand the prisoner and dismiss her and give her another chance upon her definite promise—"

"Judge, I won't stand for anything of the sort!" declared a voice on the other side of the bailiff—a voice Jennie knew to be Mr. Morrison's.

At this the magistrate for the first time looked up from the papers he had been signing. He had tired, blase eyes with tiny purple folds beneath them and wrinkled skin where full jowls must once have swayed.

His faculties, trained to quick observation, instantaneously noted three points: first, that Jennie was young and well-dressed and pretty—obviously this was an affair differing from the disorderly cases which constituted his nightly grind; second, that a city press reporter was pushing near; and third, that out in the audience was a group of uptown ladies, perhaps wives of important men, such as every night appeared in court seeking sensation. The magistrate instantly sensed a chance for publicity; few things help so well to establish the reputation which leads to higher judicial positions as frequent and striking appearance in the papers.

"I'll see what there is in this case," he said. "Officer Casey, take the stand."

Casey did so. Eyes on him, Jennie hardly breathed, but Casey made his testimony as lenient as he dared. He even referred to Black Jerry merely as "Mr. Malone," and to the Pekin merely as "a restaurant."

Jennie was then ordered to the stand. Sitting on high at the magistrate's elbow she was a tremble with fright—stage-fright and the more fundamental fear as to what was going to happen to her. Her eyes swept out over the crowd; she saw her father and Uncle George sitting obscurely in the back seat of the court-room; and nearer to her she picked out the pale face of Harry Edwards.

She pulled herself together and faced the magistrate, her quick wits having come back to her. She was afraid, but she acted more afraid than she really was, and also more contrite. In response to the magistrate's questioning, she made her confession just as she had made it a little earlier to her father and Uncle George, leaving Slim Jackson entirely out of the affair.

"You know what you have been guilty of?" the magistrate demanded with impressive severity when she had ended.

"Yes," answered Jennie.

"You have been guilty of forgery. You are a young girl and I hope this will be a lesson to you. Are your parents living?"

"My father is, sir."

"Is he in court?"

"I think not, sir."

"Officer Casey"—severely—"why didn't you notify this girl's father to be in court?"

"I believe he is here, your honor," Casey had to admit.

The magistrate gave Jennie a sharp glance. Then he spoke to his bailiff.

"Find this girl's father and bring him to me."

A minute later Black Jerry was pushed through the gate in the railing and up before the desk. At sight of him the magistrate stared.

"Why, it's Jerry Malone!—Black Jerry!" he exclaimed.

He saw that the reporter was leaning eagerly over his desk and that the uptown ladies were excitedly attentive. He was a judge who roared righteously from the bench when effective and safe opportunity was offered; and this was developing into an unusual chance for desirable publicity. His tired, routine voice sounded out sharply, clearly, so that it reached throughout the courtroom.

"Black Jerry!" he repeated. "That changes the case entirely! Jerry Malone—the notorious, the infamous Black Jerry!" He fairly hammered Jerry with his words.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

THE DAILY NOVELETTE

By PEARL B. MEYER

SUSIE'S TAXI RIDE

"CORNED beef hash, coffee, apple pie a la mode," rattled off Joe as he slid into his chair. Grabbing a paper napkin, he spread it neatly before him and grinned into the face of the waitress.

"Can't you be original for once?" she queried good-naturedly. "I'd love to bring you something else. Don't you get tired of the same old stuff?"

"Never," she glided away.

It was not for nothing that he timed his arrival at the restaurant every evening shortly before closing hour. After the dinner rush was over, it was possible for a waitress to exchange a word or two with a diner. There was also the bright prospect of walking home together.

"I wonder how those things ride," mused Susie somewhat later as they were jolted in a taxicab homeward along.

"Easier than a truck, I guess," returned Joe facetiously. Joe spent the greater part of the day manipulating one of the latter.

"It must be fun to have enough money so you can hop into a taxi every time it rains," laughed Susie. "Some life!"

"Didn't you ever ride in one?" Joe asked earnestly.

She shook her head.

"I never did either," he confided, a speculative gleam in his eye.

Susie tugged at his arm. "My goodness, look at that hat!"

"I'd like to buy it," commented Joe, peering through the show window before which she had halted.

"A swell one, you bet. The queerer they look, the more they cost." Susie giggled at her own wit.

For the remainder of their walk, she was conscious of a certain amount of inattention on Joe's part, not at all flattering. When they parted, she felt distinctly piqued by his manner.

"By-by," he said shortly, and left her.

"What's got into him. I'd like to know?" she muttered indignantly.

Barren days followed. The full hour in which Susie's day culminated became a hollow thing, haunted by shadows of happier moments. Joe had ceased to appear for his dinners. Every time Susie received an order for corned beef hash and coffee, or pie a la mode, her heart thumped painfully. She tried to think if she might have offended him. Sometimes she had laughed at him, and criticized his crudenesses, but she had certainly done nothing to drive him away. Her ready smile faded from her lips as nearly a week passed without a sign.

Then—it was Saturday evening—Joe appeared and came rapidly toward her table. His whole being radiated satisfaction.

"Hasn't missed me much," thought Susie grimly, as she avoided his glance.

"Same old feed," he exclaimed blithely, shoving up his chair.

"Order, please," said Susie coldly, as if she had not heard.

Joe stared. "Huh?" he queried.

With averted face she pushed the bill-of-fare toward him. He looked down, then up at her again. Her profile froze.

"What's the matter?" he asked, a cloud settling over his brow.

"Nothing that I know of, Mr. Drake," replied Susie icily.

"Bless my soul if I know what I've done," he muttered and gave the order.

Susie sailed away to bring his dinner. Then, contrary to her custom, she left him. From a distance she watched. Once she saw him glance back and open his mouth, as if to address her. Finding himself deserted he turned quickly to his plate, as though fearing some one might have observed him. His shoulders drooped pathetically, and he did not eat with his usual appetite.

Suddenly an idea occurred to her. He might have been sick. A wave of color flushed her shamed face. As quietly as possible she glided across the room to her accustomed place near his chair. He must have been listening for her, for he instantly turned

"How about a little taxi ride, Susie?" he queried, with assumed indifference.

Susie swayed forward. "A taxi ride!" she echoed. "My goodness, Joe!"

"I'll wait outside," said Joe briefly, as he left the table.

The chauffeur seemed bent on pitching them out, on colliding with every other vehicle on the street; but Joe and Susie knew no fear. They leaned gayly forward, watching other folks walk. If the jolting happened to throw her against Joe's thrilled shoulder, neither seemed to object.

At length, as they passed one of those wheeled monsters commonly called "dog wagons," a man standing in the door waved jovially. Joe returned the greeting.

"That's where I've been eat—." He bit off the final word in confusion.

Susie gasped. "There now," she cried. "You've been saving up on dinners for this blow. That's just like you." There was a mellow fullness in her voice as she turned glowing eyes on him. Her hand fluttered above his like a butterfly eager, yet fearing to alight. Joe settled that instantly, and captured the other hand with it.

"You see, Susie, I couldn't take anything out of the 'home fund' in the bank" he whispered. "I didn't think of your not understanding." He laughed. "I guess I felt as if you must read my mind."

The taxi gave a violent jolt. Susie's head landed against Joe's shoulder. She was blissfully silent for a while. Suddenly she sat erect.

"Is that thing counting up what it costs?" she exclaimed, pointing.

"Yep," Joe replied tranquilly.

She leaned forward and poked the chauffeur in the back. "I want to get out."

Joe stared in amazement as the taxi halted. Susie sprang to the curb.

"We'll walk back," she said firmly.

Arm in arm, in that happy state of mind when it matters not whether one walks or rides, they sauntered on.

"You're a funny one," demurred Joe. "I thought you wanted a ride."

"What?" she exclaimed, "squander money on a taxi when we might put it in the 'home fund'? I guess not!"

The next complete novelette—Coffee and Cupid.

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

BY DADDY

"THE RAJAH'S ELEPHANT"

(Peggy and Oo-la-la, riding Pindar, the giant elephant, seek the stolen riches of Rajah Mir-Bubu. They are guided by a dog to a cavern in the misty, mysterious hills, where they find a crowd of Hindus gathered around a heap of jewels.)

The Sacred Wooden Elephant

OO-LA-LA was so amazed when he saw the great pile of gems in the cavern that he nearly fell off the head of Pindar, the giant elephant.

"The rajah's stolen jewels," he whispered. Pindar nodded his mighty head and in doing so almost shook Oo-la-la off.

"How can we get them back?" asked Peggy. Hundreds of Hindus were gathered around the mass of gems, and every Hindu had in his eyes a greedy look that promised trouble if any one tried to take the jewels from them.

"Trickery is the way!" breathed Pindar loudly. "Oo-la-la must use the trickery of his magic."

"I know a secret way into the cavern," sniffed the dog. "Perhaps that will help you get the gems and perhaps it will help me get back my lost half ear from Ramda-Kin."

With the elephant still holding tightly to his tail, the dog led them farther up among the misty, mysterious hills. He came to a large opening in the rocks and halted: "Here is the secret entrance," he sniffed. "It will take us to the grotto of the Sacred Wooden Elephant."

As the dog and elephant paused, the sound of whimpering cries came from close at hand.

"Babies are crying," whispered Peggy. Just then, however, a bit of the fog blew away, and they saw near the path a large cage mounted on wheels. In the cage were dozens of monkeys.

"Let us out," they moaned. "We are being carried away to circus prisons. Let us out before the fog lifts and our captors drag us away."

"Humph! I've heard of those circus prisons," snorted Pindar. "Of course, I'll let you out, Little Brothers." With that he grasped a bar of the cage with his trunk. A sharp twist and he tore it out, leaving a hole through which the monkeys swarmed to freedom.

"Thank you! Thank you!" chattered the monkeys. "Maybe we can do as much for you some day."

"Maybe you can, Little Brothers, and maybe you can do it right away," snorted Pindar. "Climb on my back and come with us to help get back the rajah's jewels."

The monkeys climbed to the elephant's back and Pindar again took hold of the dog's tail. Thus they moved into the entrance and crept slowly along in the dense darkness. They came at last to a large grotto overlooking the big chamber in which the Hindus were gathered. A huge form stood at the end of the grotto, as if on guard.

"An elephant," whispered Peggy.

"The Sacred Wooden Elephant," answered Oo-la-la. "It's an idol."

And so it was—an elephant idol made of wood with a golden howdah such as that on Pindar's back. The idol was so large it filled the end of the grotto, blocking the view into the large chamber. Oo-la-la slid to the ground and crept forward to get a better look.

Pindar also wanted to see what was going on. He found that the huge wooden elephant was on wheels and pulled it back to a place where the dark passage widened out. Then he moved forward and stood still and silent where the idol had been. In the dim light at the edges of the great cavern he looked exactly like a wooden elephant.

Oo-la-la, leaning forward to see into the cavern, happened to send a bit of stone tumbling down. In an instant dozens of Hindus whirled around and looked up. Oo-la-la could not dodge back in time to hide. He knew that if he tried to flee the Hindus would rush into the grotto and the whole party would be caught. His quick mind decided on a bold trick. He gave a loud shout:

"Behold, all you Hindus, I am Oo-la-la, the mighty magician! I have come to work my magic among you!" With that he leaped from the grotto to the floor of the cavern and strode toward the glittering heap of gems in the center of the crowd.

(Tomorrow will be told how the Hindus see magic of a kind they had never dreamed of.)

DOROTHY DARNIT—She Let Danger Have the Car More Than Half the Time

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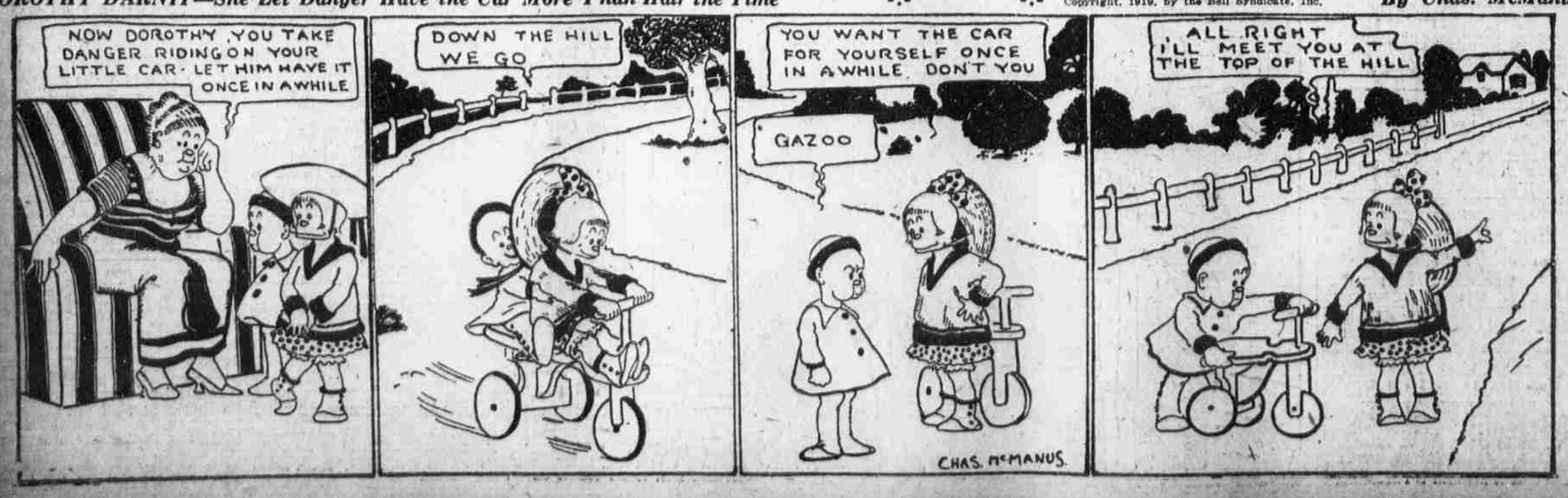

TARASOVA GIVES FOLK-SONG RECITAL

Russian Singer, Assisted by Max Gegna, Cellist, Delights Audience at Metropolitan

Nina Tarasova the Russian folk-song singer, gave one of her characteristic entertainments at the Metropolitan Opera House last evening before a good-sized audience, most of which seemed to be at home in the language of the singer and enjoyed the recital immensely. Miss Tarasova was ably assisted by Max Gegna, the well-known cellist.

As Miss Tarasova sang entirely in Russian, with the exception of a clever little child's song entitled "The Big Brown Bear," which she gave in English with a charmingly piquant accent, it is useless to enumerate the English titles of her songs. They ran the entire gamut of the human emotions and were all rendered with a sincerity that went far toward giving those who were not able to understand the words an excellent idea of the meaning of the song or the ballad.

In her songs—or rather interpretations—Miss Tarasova pays little attention to singing pure and simple, concentrating all her attention on the dramatic possibilities of the poem and using the music merely as a background, which, after all, is the original manner of singing folk song and carries out its first purpose namely, that of telling the story. Her voice is of pleasing quality, rather low in pitch and capable of great dramatic expression. She also has considerable ability as an actress and her manner of giving the songs was received with intense pleasure by the audience, who repeatedly recalled her after the several groups.

Mr. Gegna showed himself to be a most excellent cellist, with a strong leaning toward his native (Russian) folk song, one of which he used in each of his two groups of numbers thus supporting Miss Tarasova's program and giving it unity. He has an excellent technique, but it is in his beauty of tone that he especially excels. For his first group he played the Col Nidrei of Bruch, a Russian folk song, "Forgotten," and the Elfindance of Popper, and on his second appearance he gave a Russian folk song and the brilliant Hungarian rhapsody by Popper. This last is a difficult number, both for the bow and for the left hand, but Mr. Gegna easily overcame these and displayed withal the same volume and beauty of tone which marked the earlier numbers.

PROMOTE INDUSTRIAL PEACE

Mining Congress Program to Be Acceptable to Capital and Labor

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 20.—(By A. P.)—As a means of allaying industrial unrest, the American Mining Congress in session here today, was asked to appoint a committee to investigate methods in use at plants where labor troubles successfully have been combatted, and to prepare a program acceptable both to capital and labor.

The resolution was presented by C. O. Bartlett, of Cleveland, who asserted there were about thirty such plants in the United States.

Retroactive tax legislation was opposed by A. P. Remstedt, of Walllace, Io., formerly member of the advisory board of the revenue department of the United States Treasury, who spoke on "federal income and profit taxes as applied to mines."

Mothers Sell "White Elephants"

"White elephants" are being sold today by the Philadelphia Mothers' Club to raise money for club extension and philanthropic work. White elephants in case anybody should be misled, are household articles in which the family has lost interest; but which are to valuable to throw away. The bazaar combines antiques with modern goods useful and fancy articles, card parties and dancing and continues from 2 to 10 o'clock, in the Philomusian Clubhouse. Mrs. Edward V. McCauliey is in general charge with a large departmental committee.

U. S. Sweater Sale Begun

Sweaters and flannel shirts were put on sale today at the ordnance stores, Seventeenth and Ludlow streets. Other articles offered range from overalls to kitchen utensils.

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Alhambra 12th, Morris & Passyunk Ave. Mat. Daily at 2; Evgs. 6:45 & 9. JOHN BARRYMORE in "RAFFLES"
APOLLO 52D & THOMPSON STS. MATINEE DAILY MITCHELL LEWIS in "CHILDREN OF BANISHMENT"
ARCADIA CHESTNUT Below 16TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. IRENE CASTLE in "THE INVISIBLE BOND"
BLUEBIRD BROAD STREET AND SUSQUEHANNA AVE. D. W. GRIFFITH'S "BROKEN BLOSSOMS"
BROADWAY Broad & Snyder Ave. 2, 6:45 & 9 P. M. EUGENE O'BRIEN in "SEALED HEARTS"
CAPITOL 722 MARKET ST. 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. BRYANT WASHBURN in "WHY SMITH LEFT HOME"
COLONIAL Gtn. & Maplewood Aves. 2:30, 7 & 9 P. M. VIVIAN MARTIN in "HIS OFFICIAL FIANCEE"
EMPRESS MAIN ST., MANAYUNK MATINEE DAILY IRENE CASTLE in "THE FIRING LINE"
FAIRMOUNT 26th & GIRARD AV. MATINEE DAILY D. W. GRIFFITH'S "BROKEN BLOSSOMS"
FAMILY THEATRE—1511 Market St. 9 A. M. to Midnight KENNETH HALLEN in "THE TREMBLING HOUR"
56TH ST. THEATRE—Below Spruce. MATINEE DAILY GEORGE WALSH in "PUTTING ONE OVER"
FRANKLIN THIRD & FITZWATER ORGAN MUSIC GERALDINE FARRAR in "THE WORLD AND ITS WOMAN"
GREAT NORTHERN Broad St. at Erie 2, 7 & 9 P. M. PAULINE FREDERICK in "BONDS OF LOVE"
IMPERIAL 60TH & WALNUT STS. Mat. 2:30, 7 & 9 P. M. OLIVE THOMAS in "THE SPITE BRIDE"
LEADER 41ST & LANCASTER AVE MATINEE DAILY HOUDINI in "THE GRIM GAME"
LIBERTY BROAD & COLUMBIA AV MATINEE DAILY HOUDINI in "THE GRIM GAME"
333 MARKET STREET THEATRE 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. E. K. LINCOLN in "VIRTUOUS MEN"
MODEL 425 SOUTH ST. Orchestra 10 A. M. to 11. MADELINE TRAVERSE in "SNARES OF PARIS"
OVERBROOK 63D & HAVERFORD AVE ANITA STEWART in "HER KINGDOM OF DREAMS"
PALACE 1214 MARKET STREET 9.45 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. "THE MIRACLE MAN"
PRINCESS 1018 MARKET STREET 9:30 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. D. W. GRIFFITH'S "BROKEN BLOSSOMS"
REGENT MARKET ST. Below 17TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. CHARLES RAY in "CROOKED STRAIGHT"
RIALTO GERMANTOWN AVE. AT TOMPKINS ST. TOM MOORE in "LORD AND LADY ALGY"
RUBY MARKET ST. BELOW 17TH 10 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. SPECIAL "THE OPEN DOOR"
SAVOY 1211 MARKET STREET 9 A. M. TO MIDNIGHT JUNE ELVIDGE in "THE POISONED PEN"
STANLEY MARKET ABOVE 16TH 11:15 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. GERALDINE FARRAR in "FLAME OF THE DESERT"
VICTORIA MARKET ST. AB. 9TH 9 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. "WHEN BEARCAT WENT DRY"

The NIXON-NIRDLINGER THEATRES

BELMONT 52D ABOVE MARKET KING BAGGOT in "THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME"
CEDAR 60TH AND CEDAR AVENUE BRYANT WASHBURN in "WHY SMITH LEFT HOME"
COLISEUM MARKET BETWEEN 59TH AND 60TH BILLIE BURKE in "SADIE LOVE"
FRANKFORD 4715 FRANKFORD AVENUE NORMA TALMADGE in "THE NEW MOON"
JUMBO FRONT ST. & GIRARD AVE. Jumbo Junction on Frankford "El" BRYANT WASHBURN in "LOVE INSURANCE"
LOCUST 52D AND LOCUST STREETS Mats. 1:30, 3:30 Evgs. 6:30 to 11. W. S. HART in "JOHN PETTICOATS"
NIXON 52D AND MARKET STS. 2:15, 7 and 9. HERBERT RAWLINSON in "THE CARTER CASE"
RIVOLI 52D AND SANSOM STS. MATINEE DAILY JOHN BARRYMORE in "RAFFLES"
STRAND GERMANTOWN AVE. AT VENANGO CHARLES RAY in "CROOKED STRAIGHT"
WEST ALLEGHENY 28th and Allegheny ENID BENNETT in "STEPPING OUT"
BROAD ST. AUDITORIUM Broad & Rockland MAURICE TOURNEUR'S "THE LIFE LINE"
EUREKA 40TH & MARKET STS. MATINEES DAILY NAZIMOVA in "THE RED LANTERN"
JEFFERSON 29TH AND DAUPHIN STS. MAT. DAILY GLADYS BROCKWELL in "CHASING RAINBOWS"
PARK RIDGE AVE. & DAUPHIN ST. Mats. 2:15 Evgs. 6:45 to 11. DOROTHY PHILLIPS in "THE RIGHT TO HAPPINESS"