

Holiday Attractions of **REAL MERIT**  
At Admission Prices of 10c and 25c

## Christmas Day at Both Theatres

Grand Theatre Christmas  
Matinee Starting at 1:30 and Night.



Richard Barthlemess

Who of you who have seen "Way Down East" can't remember its star, **RICHARD BARTHEMESS**. His Greatest picture since that time is

# TOL'ABLE DAVID

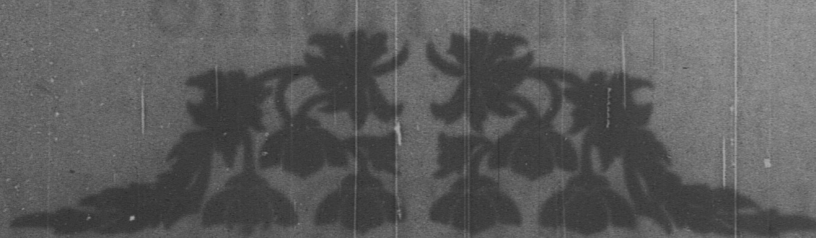
Seven thousand, one hundred and eighteen feet of film portraying picture scenes that will remain in your memory for years to come. Showing with good comedy, "Splitting Hairs."

Majestic Theatre, Christmas  
Matinee at 1:30 and Night

House Peters and All Star Cast in

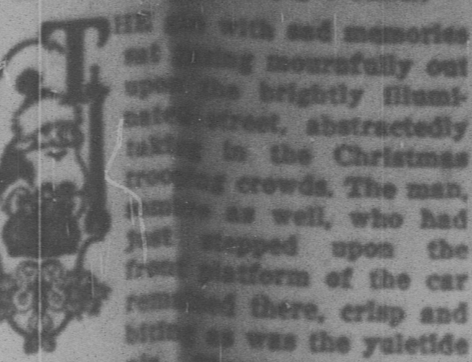
# HUMAN HEARTS

Dedicated to the Mothers of the World.  
Jimmie Aubery in "Tenderfoot Luck"



### One Christmas Eve

By Alvin Jordan Gorth



THEY sat with sad memories and longed mournfully out upon the brightly illuminated streets, abstractedly talking in the Christmas evening crowd. The man, a young man as well, who had just stepped upon the front platform of the car, looked there, crisp and bright, as the yuletide air.

There came the call of an intercom, and Ada Wilton at the last moment blighted the name and hurried to the door. As she alighted Randall Petrie started, stared, made a movement as if to hasten after her, but the door closed and he saw the figure of the young woman he had ever loved swallowed up in the fast receding waves of alternate light and darkness.

"Of what use would she scarcely welcome me," he spoke under his breath. "We are parted by her will—she must have meant it to be final."

He entered the car and sat down in the seat the girl had just vacated. It was an old story to his weary soul, the one love romance of his life. He had met Ada Wilton at her mother's home in the quiet little village

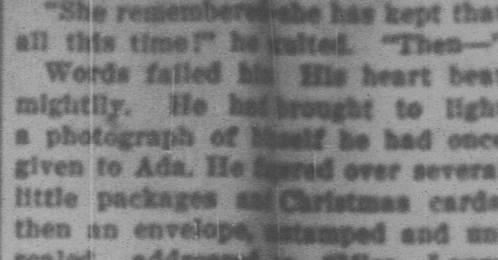


of Brocton, had not confessed his love. A decisive misunderstanding to his proposal was caused by an interruption. The next morning Petrie was suddenly summoned by a relative in another town. He had expected to be gone only a few days but his sojourn ran into months. When he wrote Ada, there came no reply. A third letter was returned to him marked, "Refused." He had later made inquiries regarding her to learn that she and her mother had moved to the city, and he gave her up as lost to him. As the car stopped for new passengers Petrie moved to make room for one of them. He pulled something in his seat. A small hand bag. His quick senses discerned its ownership. He left the car at the next stop. Like some miser guard of a treasure he hurried into a public restaurant and sought its remotest corner. He held something that had belonged to Ada! A string of pearls was given to her by her father on her wedding day, her residence. He opened the hand bag. A green shawl, a card in a little pocket. Petrie drew it out.

"She remembers she has kept that all this time!" he muttered. "Then—"

Words failed him. His heart beat mightily. He had brought to light a photograph of himself he had once given to Ada. He flipped over several little packages and Christmas cards, then an envelope, unopened and unsealed, addressed to "Miss Laura Deane, Brocton." Instantly Petrie recalled a close friend of Ada. It was no prying instinct that caused him to withdraw the envelope. One line perused, his dazzled eyes refused to leave the written signs.

"Your discovery that it was not Randall Petrie, but a relative of his name who led such a wild, evil life, the report of which caused me to strive to forget, comes in late to bridge the mistaken past, but oh! Laura! how can I ever repay the injustice done?"



Some way, some day, he must know of my fateful error, for I love him more than ever, because of the cruel wrong I have done him."

"I had hoped to be able to save up enough to make him a present of a victrola this Christmas," ran one paragraph, "but I find I must wait until her birthday. You know how she loves the old songs."

Randall Petrie pressed his lips to the signature, to him the dearest name on earth, memorized the address written below it and left the restaurant in a glow of hopeful purpose and faith.

"Ten twenty-three, Heather street"—he opened the distance as if borne on wings. A new meaning to Christmas Eve had come to him.

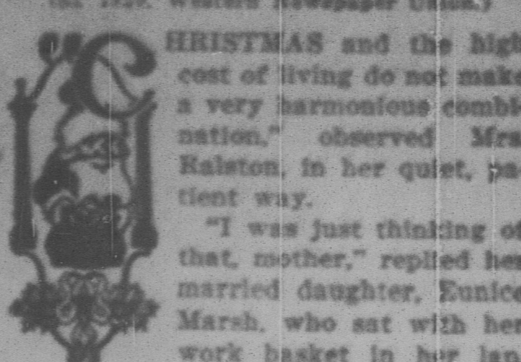
"I have brought a last hand bag," he spoke as his summons at the door of the house he sought was opened. And then he paused. There stood before him Ada. She waved, welcomed by the unexpected messenger. Impulsively his hand reached her. She did not draw from his proffering touch.

In a torrent of words he could not control, without evasion or attempted apology, Randall Petrie told of the contents in the handbag that had led him here to her. Was he welcomed with a low, tender cry like to that of a tired child, finding a safe haven of rest at last, Ada's head sank to his shoulder.

"And the surprise for mother?" whispered Randall excitedly. "It shall be here: the first thing Christmas morning, at the next old songs she loves, and oh, my treasure, may I include the Wedding March?"

### A Christmas Stocking

By Bertha Emsend Ridgeley



CHRISTMAS and the high cost of living do not make a very harmonious combination," observed Mrs. Ralston, in her quiet, patient way.

"I was just thinking of that, mother," replied her married daughter, Eunice Marsh, who sat with her work basket in her lap, her needle threaded with mending yarn, and rounding one of her husband's stockings at the heel.

"There! that is done, and I hope it will pass muster as half respectable pinned up to Aunt Mary's mantel."

Mrs. Ralston sighed, and Eunice did not act any too cheerful. They were lovable, generous souls, and until the past year or two had never known what it was to skip and watch the corners closely. The mother picked up the stocking Eunice had placed on the table.

"Come to think of it, Eunice," she said, "we can do better than that. Just run up to the storeroom. Here is the key. You'll find father's clothes and things as they were when he died."

The last years of John Ralston's life had been full of anxiety and struggle. There was a mortgage on the old homestead, and at one time it seemed a foreclosure could not be avoided. Then in some way he secured the money to pay it off, and fortunately it was clear of encumbrance when he died. That was just a month after Eunice married Randall Marsh.

Her heart warmed as she thought of the loyal, whole-souled man, who had come into her life at a critical time. It had been generally supposed that Randall had some little means, for he was industrious and thrifty, but when Mr. Ralston died Randall stepped into his place, practical, hard working and self-sacrificing.

The tears fell as Eunice reached the storeroom, and lifted the top of the fancy box she had herself covered, in which her father had been accustomed to store his extra clothing. Randall himself had made the receptacle, and together they had given it to Mr. Ralston on his last birthday. Eunice removed some articles of apparel tenderly and with care, placed them on a chair, and discovered some handkerchiefs and three pairs of stockings rolled up neatly. She took the top pair, undid it and with satisfaction noted as it unrolled that it was new and whole.

"Why, what can this be!" she uttered, as an envelope fell from the released folds. Her wonderment increased as she picked it up and found it unsealed and inside a written page and a peculiar looking key. Then with staring eyes, breathless, stirred to the depths of her soul, she read:

"After I am gone see that this letter and key are given to Randall Marsh. It has been a secret he made me promise never to divulge, that he gave me money to pay off the mortgage. Poor, noble hearted fellow! he had saved the \$2,000 to build a little home, and gave it freely to benefit us all. Mouth by mouth I have saved what I could, and have placed the money in a safety deposit box in the City bank, where there is nearly the amount he gave me."

Eunice with difficulty suppressed a great cry of joy. She could scarcely refrain from rushing downstairs and revealing her marvelous discovery to her mother. As she reflected how much this generous donation would mean to them all, in a transport of happy tears she sobbed forth her love for the worthy helpmate who had so well fulfilled his duty to herself and her family.

Eunice was alive with half-suppressed excitement all that evening. She waited when they had reached Aunt Mary's until her mother and the others had placed their little gifts in the stocking hanging a card with Randall's name. All alone, she slipped the precious envelope and slipped it into the stocking.

"A necktie, gloves and a pen knife. That from aunt. Something always useful. A letter, not a card of greeting, no! Why, what does this mean?" spoke Randall March, and read it as they all gathered about the fire place, and then he knew. "Eunice! how could he want to actually bludge me like a culprit detected at the revelation of a sleeping secret of years."

"It means that I have the dearest, most noble husband in the world!" cried Eunice, her arms about him, her lips raining kisses. "Oh, my heart, and my tears are! And who in the world today honors the bloodings of Christmas more than you?"

## GRAND AND MAJESTIC THEATRES

### Holiday Week Program.

Saturday Night, December 23rd

### "Yellow Men and Gold"

Gouverneur Morris' great story, produced by Goldwyn. Conflict, plunder, mystery, thrills, love and quite a bit of fun enter into this powerful drama of the Spanish Main. The stars are

**Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix**

who will be remembered by the local people as the stars in "Dangerous Curve Ahead" and in this picture they promise to be equally as good. Showing with a corking good two reel comedy

Buster Keaton in "COPS"

TUESDAY, Dec. 26, WM. FARNUM in "PERJURY." This is not a program picture, but a big special guaranteed attraction.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 27. A First National super attraction, featuring Hope Hamilton, a new star that is attracting large crowds in the city theatres in "STAR DUST." Also a news reel and comedy.

THURSDAY, Dec. 28. TAKE NOTICE. Mark Twain's famous comedy-drama, "A CONNECTICUT YANKEE in King Arthur's Court," and a good comedy.

FRIDAY, Dec. 30. IRENE CASTLE in "SLIM SHOULDERS." This production recently was screened to large audiences in Johnstown and Altoona. Comedy also.



Norma Talmadge

SATURDAY, Grand. Special. NORMA TALMADGE in the best ever, "THE WONDERFUL THING" Comedy. News Reel.

SATURDAY, Dec. 30. MAJESTIC. Starting of Pathe's greatest serial, Ruth Roland in "The Timber Queen." Clyde Cook Comedy "The Esquimaux," and a good Western Drama.

NEW YEARS DAY. Helene Chadwick and Richard Dix in "THE DUST FLOWER" and Mack Sennet comedy, "Be Reasonable," at the MAJESTIC, matinee and night.

NEW YEARS, at GRAND, matinee and night, with comedy and news reel, House Peters in "THE STORM"

### A few of the Attractions Coming in January

- Jan. 1. House Peters in THE STORM.
- Jan. 4. Fox's gigantic super-special, THE QUEEN OF SHEBA.
- Jan. 5. THE STREAM OF LIFE.
- Jan. 8. Rudolph Valentino and Mae Murray in THE DELICIOUS LITTLE DEVIL.
- Jan. 10. MOTHER O' MINE.
- Jan. 17. OVER THE HILL.
- Jan. 18. Eugene O'Brien in CHANNING OF THE NORTHWEST MOUNTED.
- Jan. 24. Eric Von Stroheims two million dollar production, FOOLISH WIVES.
- Jan. 26-27. D. W. Griffiths DREAM STREET.
- Jan. 31. Geo. Arliss in RULING PASSION.

Save this program. It will Act as a Guide to Shows You Want to See.