

# Theatres

## May

Picture Game

Wiles and What

rated actor will be seen to advan-

as a motor speedster and a hero

around daring.

sel Dawn sent a big shipment of

to blossoms to the famous Players studio from the

from part of Georgia, where she

engaged in doing a big film un-

the direction of Frederick Thom-

to be called "The Peud-Gel,"

it reaches the Paramount Pro-

name.

rymore—John Barrymore has

party at the Palace on Wednesday

of the firm of Williams,

and Riter, whereby he comes

Mr. Williams's management

the next five years. An unusual

ture of the agreement is that Mr.

rymore is not to be started or

measured more than a regular

performances of "Justice" and of

to follow it.

Jasper," the talking dog, gave a

last week in honor of Nora Bayes

her pekinese, Kellie. "Jasper,"

presented Miss Bayes with a

quet of flowers.

CURTAIN FLASHES.

Virginia Pearson has originated a

use for the beauty patch. She

shows tiny silhouettes of her friends,

and wears them upon her cheek. It is

particularly choice tribute to one's

of dinner partner.

Producer David Wark Griffith recent-

entertained Governor and Mrs. Hiram

T. Johnson at his California studio.

the governor was amazed at the ex-

ansiveness of said studio.

The picture players at Universal

city recently added one of the young-

est of professional dancers to their

staff. She is eight-year-old Lena Bas-

sett, and she has been nicknamed

Pavlova Junior.

Le Cafe de la Pie qui Chante

Under the auspices of the French

Club, in aid of the Allies' Hospital

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS HALL,

Wednesday, May 3, at 8 p. m.

TICKETS 25 CENTS.

There will be a musical programme,

gay costumes and special dances.

HOUSE

AL GOVERNMENT PICTURES

PREPARED"

TUESDAY NIGHT

EE ON TUESDAY

25c ALL SEATS RESERVED

50, 25c Now On Sale

Splendid Metro Production

E" WITH PETROVA

MM. PETROVA

HER CAREER as a highly temper-

mentary of the screen, Mme. Petrova has

character to her perfect artistry.

comes on the Metro programme, the

of a woman who has been much

week solace by making the men whom

brilliantly victims of her plans. She

is a woman who has been much

though greatly impressed with the

the like for mankind in general repels

him. But again her heart is softened

and she is robbing his fiancé of his

and "Vampire" unless these true and

to the conclusion of the picture and

sumptuous story that is most dramat-

layers Co. Production

NALDSON Frae Auld

Scotia

and Laddie in Kilts

GS AND GAELIC GAGS

utes of Old Country Fun

ANIMAL CARTOONS

No Man"—Emmet

Corrigan

# The Broad Highway

"Which We Call Life"

Copyright 1911, by

Louis Brown & Co., Boston

(Continued from Saturday.)

ago. And, pray, why leave the Hol-

Myself. Because she is a woman—

Pro. And you love her?

Myself. To my sorrow.

Pro. Well, but woman was made

for man, Peter, and man for woman—

Myself (sternly). Enough of that—

I must go.

Pro. Being full of bitter jealousy.

Myself. No!

Pro. Being a mad, jealous fool—

Myself. As you will.

Pro. Who has condemned her un-

heard—with no chance of justification.

Myself. Tomorrow, at the very lat-

est, I shall seek some other habita-

tion.

Pro. Has she the look of guilt?

Myself. No, but then women are

deceitful by nature, and very skilful

in disguising their faults—at least

so I have read in my books—

Pro. (contemptuously). Books!

Book! Book!

Myself (shortly). No matter; I have

decided.

Pro. Do you remember how willing-

ly she worked for you with those slender,

capable hands of hers?

Myself. Why remind me of this?

Pro. You must needs miss her pres-

ence solely; her footstep, that was

always so quick and light—

Myself. Truly wonderful in one so

modestly formed!

Pro. And the way she had of sing-

ing softly to herself.

Myself. A beautiful voice—

Pro. With a caress in it. And then,

her habit of looking at you over her

shoulder.

Myself. Ah, yes!—her lashes a lit-

tle drooping, her brows a little wrin-

pled, her lips a little parted.

Pro. A comfortable inn is "The

Bull."

Myself (hastily). Yes, yes—certain-

ly. Pro. Ah!—her lips—the scarlet

whiteness of her lips! Do you remem-

ber how sweetly the lower one curved

upward to its fellow? A muttonous

mouth, with its sudden, bewildering

changes! You never quite knew which

to watch oftenest—her eyes or her

lips—

Pro. (hoarsely). Excellent coun-

ting at "The Bull!"

Pro. And how she would berate you

and scold at you! Master Epictetus!

Myself. And dry-as-dust philosophers!

Pro. And she called you a "creak-

ture."

Myself. The meaning of which I

never quite fathomed.

Pro. And, frequently, a "pedant."

Myself. I think not more than four

times.

Pro. On such occasions, you will

remember, she had a petulant way of

twisting her "soulder" towards you

and crowding, and occasionally stamp-

ing her foot; and, deep within you,

you would say, "How does she do it?"

Pro. But that is all over, and you

are going to "The Bull."

Myself (hurriedly). To be sure—

"The Bull."

Pro. And, lastly, you cannot have

forgotten—you never will forget—the

soft tumult of the tender bosom that

glowed under her battered head—the

city of her hands—those great scalding

tears, the sudden, swift caress of her

lips, and the thrill in her voice when

she said—

Myself (hastily). Stop! that is all

forgotten.

Pro. You lie! You have dreamed

of it ever since, working at your

anvil, or lying upon your bed, with your

eyes upon the stars; you have loved

her from the beginning of things!

Myself. And I did not know it; I

was very blind. The wonder is that

she did not discover my love for her

long ago, for, not knowing it was there,

how should I try to hide it?

Pro. O blind, and more than

blind! Why should you suppose she

hasn't?

Myself (stopping short). What? Can

it be possible that she has?

Pro. Didn't she once say that

she could read you like a book?

Myself. She did.

Pro. And have you not often

noticed a smile upon her lips, and

noticed her eyes?

Myself. Many times.

Pro. Have you not beheld a thin-

gled mockery in her look? Why,

poor fool, has she not mocked you from

the first? You dream of her lips.

Were not their smiles but coquetry

and derision?

Myself. But why should she deride

me?

Pro. For your youth and—inno-

cence.

Myself. My youth! my innocence.

Pro. Being a fool I gain, didn't

you boast that you had known but few

women?

Myself. I did, but—

Pro. Didn't she call you boy

boy?—and laugh at you?

Myself. Well—even so—

Pro. (with bitter scorn). O boy!

O innocent of the innocent! Go to,

for a bookish fool! Learn that lovely

ladies yield themselves but to those

who have wooed often, and triumphed

as often. O innocent of the innocent!

Forget the maudlin sentiment of thy

books and old romances—thy pure Sir

Galahad, thy "very perfect gentil

knights," thy meek and lovely lovers

servant ladies on bended knee;

open thine eyes, learn that women

love only the strong; that the king

of the ready tongue; kneel to

her, and she will scorn and contemn

you. What woman, think you, would

preside the solemn, stern-eyed purity of

a St. Elizabeth (though he be the king

of the quick-witted gaiety of a

demigod Lothario (though he be but

the shadow of a man)? Out upon thee,

palmed student! Thy tongue hath

not the trick, nor thy mind the nim-

ble for the winning of a fair and

lovely girl. When 't well enough in

## CHAPTER XXIX

In Which Charman Answers My

Question.

"Peter!"

"Yes."

"I wish you wouldn't."

"Wouldn't what, Charman?"

"Stir your tea round and round

and round—it is really most-exasperat-

ing!"

"I beg your pardon!" said I humbly.

"And you eat nothing; and that is

also exasperating!"

"I am not hungry."

"And I was so careful with the ba-

con—see it is tried—beautifully—yes,

you are very exasperating, Peter!"

Here, finding I was absent-mindedly

stirring my tea round and round again,

I gulped it down out of the way, where-

upon Charman took my cup and re-

filled it; having done which, she set

her elbows upon the table, and, prop-

ing her chin in her hands, looked at

me.

"You climbed out through your win-

dow last night, Peter?"

"Yes."

"It must have been a dreadful

light squeeze!"

"Yes."

"And why did you go by the win-

dow?"

"I did not wish to disturb you."

"That was very thoughtful of you—

only, you see, I was up and dressed;

the roar of thunder woke me. It was

a dreadful storm, Peter!"