


By Flora  
MacD. Denison

# CHANTECLER



**MAUDE ADAMS IN CHANTICLER,  
THE FAVORITE OF ALL HER  
PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS PRO-  
DUCTION.**

conquest of the Game Cock's physical courage by the moral courage of Chanticleer. Faith and a new strength got from withstanding his people's foe, saves him from death by hire as assassin; but the effort leaves him weak and spent. Faith in his fellow creatures is dead. Even his song is gone, the song that made the sun to rise. Chanticleer feels that he is no longer of use to his people. Broken and discouraged the goes with the Golden Pheasant to the forest.

This Golden Pheasant is a bird of rare plumage, brilliant and beautiful. Two birds of golden color.

comes on apace; the Golden Pheasant  
exults at her approaching victory; the  
sun bursts in the heavens; and day is  
born without Chantecleer's crow. Then  
comes the great crisis in Chantecleer's  
life. His faith almost dies—suddenly  
another Nightingale sings: "There  
must always be a Nightingale in the  
forest;" to which Chantecleer answers,  
"And in the soul a faith that lives,  
however oft its slain." Chantecleer  
realizes that while he may not create  
the light he can proclaim it to a sleep-  
ing world. He sees that there is an  
even greater faith than the faith one  
has in to-morrow—a faith in many

certain goes down for the last time on one of the most fascinating plays I have seen. Just the old, old, love story fantastically garbed in fine feather. Just the gamut of life and love and all that goes to make it great and small. The shadows throwing into vivid high light the brighter spots on life's journey. We not only got our money's worth from listening to Maude Adams and all the other trained birds, but we overheard such an interesting conversation back of us that I felt like the old Irish woman who called out: "Leave the curtain down or ye'll interrupt the conversation back of me."

to let the world know it. So Bacon never wrote Shakespeare, neither did Shakespeare write Shakespeare, but there lived co-temporary with these men one brilliant star—Marlow—supposed to have been killed as according to history but according to the judge's theory, for which he claimed originality, Marlow had really killed the supposed assassin.

Marlow's admirers "mixed the bodies up," claiming their friend Marlow had been killed by someone unknown and then justified him into retirement and for twelve years Shakespeare's plays came thick and fast and started all

Another interesting bit was that our old friend Robert Mantell was discussed, the judge expressing his opinion that Mantell was undoubtedly the greatest living Shakespearian actor on the stage to-day.

There was a good discussion on the question of the Bible in schools. At the convention of the National Association of Teachers and, it appears, also by the principal of the School, and a little of a Peterboro school, said "It is the textbook that molds the pupils." One would think while there are such questions of immorality in the Bible, that one would have hesitated to place it in the hands of children, and the responsibility for the

THE THREE KEYS By FREDERIC ORMOND  
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Forthwith Morris obediently hurried from the office, leaped into the car-

POOR COPY

rest, what is far more than all the  
you have saved my honor. I  
**Continued Next Sunday.**

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happen. Honest.  
Yet here—right  
mother, not the  
The Sunday Worl  
you, but the wide  
mother went into  
was so intent on

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