

ft nobleman, is accused of kill-
ing his wife's brother that the
evidence against him is so far
from convincing.

After Sir Hubert has been ac-
cused by the jury and acclaimed
his hysterical friends; after
Ware has agreed to forgive
his mottled past, pay his debts,
try to love him for the pain
has suffered as an innocent man
accused, Sir Hubert up and
tosses that he did in fact do the
deed.

and, having become heartily
amed of it, and convinced that
gentleman has a right to live
er the circumstances, he swal-
s a pill of poison and dies from
age center to downstage near
footlights.



Marguerite Clark
The Great Graft

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS
PLAY MAKES PHOTO-
PLAY PHANTASY

Universal Film Company Stages Fairy
Story of Woods and Imaginary King-
dom in the Three-Reel Rex Comedy,
"The Kingdom of Nosedland"

Extravaganzas and fantastic per-
formances are staged in the theaters
Europe and London every year
the holiday season. Great sets
are always constructed for these pro-
ductions, and the story plots usually
concern animals, fairies and beautiful
peas. Two of the greatest of these
Christmas play successes were "The
Beauty and the Beast" and "Blue-
bird," and these afterward toured
America.

Everything which has ever been
done in the legitimate theater is be-
ing repeated by the film companies.
The Universal have just completed a
beautiful Christmas play, of especial
interest to children. There are three
acts of fun in the "Kingdom of
Nosedland," a story which concerns
imaginary people and their re-
spective length of nose. If a citizen
of this land has a small nose he is
considered very common and bour-
geois, but if he has a large nose, he is
labeled an aristocrat.

Now, as it happened, the king had
a son with a very snubby nose. The
king's wicked brother-in-law stole the
king's son and daughter. The little
prince was brought up in the woods and
lived for a host of animal friends.
When with shaggy hair, a huge
ad, a tiger and the monkeys guard-
ed her welfare until the witch planned
to foil the plotters. Prince Charming
discovers the beautiful girl who has
grown up in the woods, the throne is
restored to its rightful owners, and all
turn out happily. Elsie Albert plays
the leading role in "The Kingdom of
Nosedland."

Read the Great Photo Story

GRAFT

Now Running in this Issue

DO YOU REALIZE

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Means to Calgary

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every amusement center of the
world constantly searching for the
latest novelties in any line of en-
tertainment.

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most modern theatres in every
large city in America and England.
It brings to Calgary every week
the same High Priced Acts and
Living Vaudeville Stars that ap-
pear in the big cities of New York,
Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San
Francisco and fifty others.

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Night Tuesday Matinee and
Night, and Wednesday Matinee
and Night

Get the Orpheum Habit

IN THE THEATRICAL WORLD



LOUIS JOSEPH
VANCE

GRAFT

Each Episode Suggested by a Prominent Author
Serialization by HUGH WEIR and JOE BRANDT
Produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company
(Copyright, 1915, by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.)

SECOND EPISODE

The Tenement House Evil
Suggested by LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
Author of "The Lone Wolf"
And "Nobody"

Dudley Larnigan, district attorney
of New York, attacks the liquor and
vice trusts. He is killed by an agent
of a secret society, the committee of
fifteen. His son, Bruce Larnigan, is
elected district attorney and takes
up the fight. Bruce is in love with
Dorothy Maxwell, whose father is
head of the insurance trust.

BRUCE LARNIGAN had won the
first battle in his fight against
the fifteen, a mysterious graft
syndicate which, composed not
of cheap politicians, but of great busi-
ness men, had strangled New York in
its nefarious grip and was planning to
spread its activities to cover the whole
country. But Bruce had no illusions.
A final and desperate attempt to beat
him on election day itself by attempt-
ing to prove that he had accepted a
bribe from the liquor interests to se-
cure lax enforcement of the law had
failed, thanks to his own cleverness
and partly to the help of Dorothy Max-
well, his fiancée.

But Bruce knew that the real fight
was only just beginning. The graft
syndicate was entrenched in power. It
had warned his father, Dudley Larni-
gan, that death would be his reward if
he did not desist from his efforts to ex-
pose its corruption. It had made good
the warning, and Bruce had sworn not

only to finish his father's uncompleted
work, but to avenge his death as well.
To Bruce, Stanford Stone appeared
to be a great capitalist, a distinguished
financier, a man justly honored by the
community and worthy of respect and
confidence. Yet Stanford Stone was
the head of the graft syndicate. It
was Stanford Stone who had decreed
Dudley Larnigan's death and Stanford
Stone who had led the assault upon
Bruce himself. Moreover—and this
Bruce did not suspect, either—a per-
sonal motive lay behind Stone's enmity
for him, for Stone was in love with
Dorothy Maxwell.

Bruce had determined that his first
move must be to strike at the evils of
the tenement house district, which his
father had been planning to take up.
"I want the man higher up," he told
his mother. "I know there is one, and
it is he that I must get. I don't know
yet who he is, but I'm going to find
out!"

He was at home when he said that,
leaning over his mother's chair. And
even as he spoke a tiny dart whistled
by his ear and was buried in the back
of his mother's chair. So faint was the
sound, so tiny the missile, that his
mother knew nothing of it. Bruce got
it out and found that around the dart
was wrapped a note. He read it. It
was brief:

"Warning: Stop investigating the
tenements. The Fifteen."

Bruce smiled rather grimly; there
was a drawing of a skull on the note,
whoever had thrown the dart might be
within sight. But no suspicious char-
acter of any sort rewarded his search-
ing glance; instead he saw Dorothy
Maxwell and Stanford Stone approach-

ing the house. They looked up and
waved to him.

"I certainly didn't expect to see either
of you!" said Bruce, laughing.
"Have you seen any suspicious looking
character around?"

"No one except you—you look pretty
suspicious!" laughed Stone. "Why?"

"Nothing—no matter," said Bruce.
"Come in and see my mother, won't
you?"

"I'll tell you why I asked you that
question, Mr. Stone," said Bruce when
they were alone. "Look at this."

He handed him the note, first draw-
ing a line through "The Fifteen."
"Only fourteen now," he said. "I got
rid of Murphy! I'll run them down
and get even with my father's mur-
derers!"

Outside they separated, Bruce and
Dorothy to go downtown, Stone to
hurry to his office, his face set in lines
of grim determination. He strode rap-
idly toward his office. And there he
called a meeting of the fifteen. Anton
Dow, head of the tenement house trust,
appeared, angry because of newspaper
stories about Bruce's determination to
get the man higher up in the tenement



"Look at this," said Bruce, showing
Stone the letter.

evils. Dow knew, as Bruce did not,
that he himself was the man higher
up, and his nervousness was uncon-
cealed.

"We've got to strike at him before
he can hit us!" said Stone angrily.

"Our whole position is menaced by
this one man. Dow, you are the one
chiefly interested. You own some
property in the tenement district of a
—well, a questionable sort?"

"I suppose I do," said Dow. "I'm
not responsible for my tenants."

"Well, trap Larnigan with a woman
in one of your houses."

"Te-es—that can be done," agreed

Dow, after a moment's thought. "We'll
plan the details later, Stone."

There was more talk, and then Dow
had to hurry home to lunch. Dow was
a model father and husband. He was
devoted to his wife, and his love for
his two children, Harold and Lillian,
knew no bounds.

And meanwhile, even while Dow
played with his own children in his
luxurious home, Bruce and Dorothy
were seeing other children in a house
that was also owned by Dow. But this
house was a tenement that disregarded
law and decency alike. There were
no fire escapes; the heating system
was out of order, and there was run-
ning water from only one tap on each
floor.

Dorothy and the woman's two chil-
dren went to look over the building.
Bruce, sickened, went to the street.
Other children came to talk with him,
and he sat down on the stoop and
played with them. Across the street
was a saloon, and from this emerged a
burly, ill-favored man, at the sight of
whom the children shuddered.

"Here, you! Beat it! We don't
want no dude reformers down this way
—see?" said the fellow, whom Bruce
recognized as a cheap ward politician
named Black.

Bruce smiled, took out a pad and
made a note. Black shook his fist in
his face and, turning, made a signal
that set several roughs across the
street in motion. Bruce started to rise;
Black knocked him down, and the
gang came tearing over.

"Kick him till he's a stiff!" yelled
Black.

But a sudden and remarkable inter-
vention came. A man came up, and
instinct the children flung themselves
upon him, covering him with their soft
bodies. The gang stopped; even their
brutality shrank from attacking the
children. Bruce had time to draw his
revolver and raise the weapon in his
hand. Black turned and ran; the gang-
sters drew guns and looked for shel-
ter. But the children's screams had
brought the police, and Bruce was safe
for the time.

From that moment Bruce went to
work with redoubled energy. And
Dorothy, painfully impressed by what
she had seen, had helped by trying to
do what she could for the tenement
children. She knew she could not do
much for the whole city, but in that
one house she improved conditions
vastly. One night she was visiting the
Dows, old friends of her family, and
described the class she had established
for the children of the tenement
house.

"And to-night," said Dorothy —
"to-night we're going to have a
Christmas tree for them down there."

"I'm going down now to give out the
little presents."

"Mother, can't we go and see?"
cried Lillian.

"Oh, yes—please!" echoed Harold.

Mrs. Dow hesitated. But they plead-
ed so eagerly that she gave in at last,
and Dorothy took them with her. On
the way she stopped and telephoned to
tell Bruce and ask him to join her.
His voice as he answered was excited.

"I'll come if I can—as soon as I
can," he said. "Dorothy, I'm on the
trail at last, I do believe! Tonight
I've got a chance to get the evidence
I need."

What had happened was that that
afternoon a woman had come to Bruce
in his office, a woman whose profes-
sion no one could mistake.
"Say," she said, when she was with
him alone. "You want to get the
goods on all this tenement stuff, don't
you?"



"There's one of your houses—burning
up!" he cried.

you? Well, you come down to my
place to-night, and I'll see that you get
it. You've got to come to the house."

Bruce laughed at her.

"Do I look as easy as all that?" he
said. "Do you suppose I can't recog-
nize as obvious a trap as that?"

"Aw, I knew it wasn't any use!" she
said. "I told them you wouldn't come.
But I'll get the devil—the main guys
go in to be there."

"What?" said Bruce sharply. "He
is, eh? Well, that might make a dif-
ference—"

He hesitated, questioned her sharp-
ly. But in the end he decided to go—
taking certain precautions.

The time came, and Bruce, still hesi-
tating a little but determined to face
the risk that he saw could not be
avoided, went with the woman to her
house. The whole thing filled him
with disgust; the woman herself and
the girls he saw in her house revolted
him.

"You see, you can find out what's
going on here," said the woman. "It's
plain enough—my God, what's that?"
There was a thunderous knocking at
the door. Heavy blows fell against it,
and it came crashing in. A squad of
police followed.

"They double crossed me—the
joint's pinched!" screamed the wo-
man.

Abruptly Bruce saw what had been
planned and went white. But just as
a policeman stepped up to him another
man in plain clothes appeared.

"Officer, leave Mr. Larnigan alone,"
he said. "He's here to get evidence.
Arrest the woman—no one else."

"Yes, Mr. Commissioner," said the
man, saluting.

This was Bruce's counterstroke. He
had arranged for the police commis-
sioner to accompany any raiding party and
told him his plans in advance. His re-
putation was safe.

But now a new factor came into
sight. Anton Dow, furious at the frus-
tration of his plans, suddenly appear-
ed.

"Arrest both those men!" he cried.

"Anton Dow!" cried Bruce. "So you
are the main guy here! You are one
of the Fifteen—one of my father's
murderers!"

Dow realized his mistake. But he
tried desperately to secure Bruce's ar-
rest. Only a sudden commotion out-
side the house checked him.

"Fire!" yelled some one at a win-
dow. "In the house across the street!"

Bruce tore over to look. Flames
were pouring from the door and the
lower windows of the house, which
had no fire escapes! He understood
the full horror of it in a moment.
Dorothy was there! He turned franti-
cally to Dow.

"There's one of your houses—burn-
ing!" he cried. "No fire escapes! Dor-
othy Maxwell is there, trying to help
the children you oppress! And with
her are your own children!"

Dow, stricken, never doubting, col-
lapsed. Bruce raced to the street.
The policemen followed. Firemen
were arriving. Ladders were going up.
Bruce knew the window where Dor-
othy must be. He was up the first
ladder and found her with the two
Dow children. He brought them to
safety and then helped in the work of
rescue. Dow, stammering, incoher-
ent, came to Bruce.

"I've been wrong—I've been a sinful
man!" he said. "But I see my wicked-
ness. I will reform every building I
own. And tomorrow morning I will
give you evidence against the rest!"

"Come to my office at 9 o'clock,"
said Bruce.

Neither said that Black, lurking
near by, heard. Neither knew that
Black got word to Stanford Stone.

Bruce was up all night. On Christ-
mas morning, when he had done all he
could for the fire sufferers, he went to
his office to wait for Dow. He looked
at the clock—3:30. His mother called
him up. She begged him to come to
her at once—said that she must see
him. He hesitated, then scribbled a
note. "Dow," it read, "I will be back
at 9:30. Wait."

Princess

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Christmas Songs, Special
Dances, and a Real, Live,
Santa Claus

A Special Big Christmas Offer-
ing of Photographs,
including

THE GREAT VITAGRAPH
FEATURE

"An Unknown Girl"

Your Christmas Will Truly Be
a Happy One If You Spend It at
the Princess

Outside his office he met Dorothy.
"I was afraid," she said. "I wanted
you to come home."

"Come with me," he said with a
laugh. "I must hurry back, but I'll
have breakfast at home with you and
mother."

Dow came, found the note and sat
down to wait. He had gone to pieces.
The escape of his children had un-
nerved him. He glanced at the clock.
Nine o'clock.

In his own office Stanford, too,
looked at his clock. He watched the
minutes pass slowly till five had gone.
And at the fifth minute, when, as
Stone supposed, Dow would just be
beginning his revelations to Bruce, an
explosion shattered Bruce's room. A
bomb connected with the clock was
set off, and Dow was instantly killed.
Only an accident had saved Bruce
from sharing his fate.

Every man, woman and child in
Easton, Pa., is agog over the pres-
ence of Marguerite Clark in their
midst. The little star is busily en-
gaged in filming the Famous Players-
Paramount picture, "Still Waters,"
and recently held a reception at the
Third-Street theater at Easton to
which everyone for miles around who
could walk or ride came in state.

A. E. Thomas, author of "The Rain-
bow," is making a play from Booth
Tarkington's "Penrod." Mr. Tark-
ington's own new play, "The Ohio Lady,"
awaits the services of Miss Marjorie
Ramus, who has made a distinct
personal hit in the chief part of "Sadie
Love."

If You Are
Looking For

Graft

Read Our Great
Photo Play Serial

By

EIGHTEEN

Of America's
Famous

AUTHORS

IRVIN COBB

JAMES OPPENHEIM

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE

JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

JOE MITCHELL CHAPPEL

A. M. and C. N. WILLIAMSON

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

WALLACE IRWIN

LEROY SCOTT ZANE GREY

RUPERT HUGHES

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Prepare for a comedy treat; get ready for smiles, giggles,
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The Picture That Was Awarded
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1,000 FEET LONG 1,000 FEET

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THIS IS POSITIVELY ONE OF HER BEST

Go Where The Crowds Go

THE BIJOU

PROGRAM, WEEK DEC. 27

Wednesday and Thursday
EXTRA EXTRA
BROADWAY FEATURE

Did you ever cry from sheer happiness? Did you ever
laugh with a lump in your throat, while little thrills of joy swept
over you? Did you ever see a photoplay so sweet and whole-
some that the effect was that of a mental bath?

Were you ever so lifted out of yourself that you forgot to
think of your thoughts and to feel of your feelings? Can you
imagine a play so strong as to make you oblivious to your sur-
roundings, and yet so tender as to be comparable only to the
dainty fragile things of life?

Did you ever see a play so satisfying that you wanted to get
away by yourself and think about it; to live its scenes over again
in memory? A picture so "altogether lovely" you would rather
leave the theatre than to have your inward vision destroyed by
the next play on the program? That's

Hobart Bosworth

IN

FATHERHOOD

One of the Few Features to Receive the Honor of a Con-
tinued Broadway Run

Latest Comedy
"A Happy Pair"

Gaumont
War News

NOTICE—On account of the accident to Mr. Hobart Hen-
ley, the second episode of "Graft" will not arrive in Calgary
until Wednesday, December 29, and will positively be shown
on Friday and Saturday (New Year's Day).

Positively First Run
Photo Plays

Friday and Saturday

EPISODE No. 2

HOBART HENLEY GRAFT JANE NOVAK

IN THE

Tenement House Evil

EACH EPISODE IS A COMPLETE STORY

3 Part Added Attraction BILLIE RITCHIE 3 Part Added Attraction

Silk Hose and High Pressure

Here is the extreme limit of film fun. It begins with Billie fol-
lowing the "trail of the bottle," the arrival of the "De Souse Opera
Company," Billie's flirtation from a stage box with Louise, the bur-
lesque queen, the stolen midnight lunch, and when Billie is finally
cornered on the street he grabs a fire hose and keeps a bum actor
dancing on top of the stream of water forty feet in the air. There
is no let-up; not a dull second. The fun is fast, furious and un-
expected. Every movie fan in the land will laugh himself sick at
this hilarious comedy. Every fan will breathe a sigh of relief when
it's over, and they'll demand more "just like it." Not one fun
maker but two dozen for good measure.

A Hair Cut and Shave