

Flares and Flickers

There is a wealth of wonderful scenery of the snow wastes of the frozen northland in the picture, "The River's End," by James Oliver Curwood, a Marshall Neilan production, that will be shown at the Liberty theatre on next Wednesday.

The snow scenes were taken far up in Canada, where the snows lay many feet deep on the ground almost the year round. There are miles and miles of snow fields, stretching to the horizon and beyond to the land of the midnight sun.

Authentic record photographed by German official photographer from the deck of the kaiser's "pet" submarine—the U-35—during the trip on which she sank a hundred allied and neutral ships and took only six prisoners. Three reels of horrible facts. It brings before your eyes at Ye Liberty next Sunday.

No play has given the public a more decided insight into life as it is lived in the "Great Northwoods" than "The River's End," the first of Marshall Neilan's independent productions taken from the story by James Oliver Curwood and distributed by First National Exhibitors' circuit. The play will be shown at the Liberty theatre here on next Wednesday.

Mr. Neilan's superb touch as a director has brought out the life in the northeast, as also has the selection of the "location." The life about which we know little or nothing is brought home to us in a most vivid manner.

How do man-hunters trail their prey through trackless woods? A dramatic portrayal of how this is done is given by Vitagraph's new picture, "Pegeen," which will be the feature attraction at the Bligh theatre today.

For the first time in the history of film making a production has aroused dramatic reviewers of the country to the extent of writing a review of its every episode. The picture is "The Silent Avenger," just issued by Vitagraph with William Duncan the Sandow of the screen in the stellar role at the Bligh today.

A whirlwind musical comedy in miniature, a maze of songs, comedy and pretty girls is Billy Brandell's "Honeymoon Inn," one of the big features of the program at the Bligh today. "Brandell is just a young chap with the most modern ideas, whose latest work here has been "Some Baby" that was a triumph as to music, glee, gowns and setting, and "Honeymoon Inn" is said to

even surpass that. It has a cast of nine, seven of them ravishing, beautiful darlings of Broadway, and two lonesome men, fortunate individuals however to be surrounded by such a glittering array of feminine pulchritude.

Possibly the most humanly interesting phase of "The Bottom of the World," the Sir Ernest Shackleton South Polar expedition motion picture, which will be seen at the Liberty theatre for three days starting today is that which shows the endurance, Shackleton's ship, caught in the great South ice, and the futile efforts which were made to extricate her.

Random Trio, consisting of two men and a woman, in a versatile gymnastic turn. The body of the act is of an athletic nature, both male members of the trio being thorough artists in the gymnastic line, their routine of stunts being performed with a dash and precision as well as speed—At the Bligh today.

One has opportunity at the Liberty theatre today to take one of the most wonderful Antarctic trips ever made in history, without moving out of his chair. This may be taken as a measure of the vividness and realism of "The Bottom of the World," the Sir Ernest Shackleton South Polar expedition pictures.

The first picture made by Marguerite Clark since her return to New York from California, where she made five photoplays recently, is "Easy to Get," which will be the feature at the Oregon theatre today.

Walter Edwards was brought east with Miss Clark to direct the picture, which is a Paramount Artercraft.

Light is shed upon a little known and romantic angle of New York life in "The City of Masks," the picture at the Oregon theatre the latter part of the week. Robert Warwick is the star and is assisted by a capable supporting company, including pretty Lois Wilson as leading woman.

the Oregon theatre for three days commencing Tuesday next.

Owing to the number of long special pictures to be shown at The Oregon theatre this month there will be no Wurliizer concerts until July. Watch the newspapers for further announcements.

Pickford Divorce Will Be Contested

CARSON CITY, Nev., June 11.—Judge Langan granted today the application of Gavin McNab and Judge P. A. McCarran, attorneys for Mary Pickford Fairbanks, the motion picture actress, for leave to file a special appearance on behalf of Mrs. Fairbanks in a proceeding brought by Attorney General Fowler to annul her divorce decree from Owen Moore. Thereupon McNab and Judge McCarran gave notice that they will at Minden on July 10 move for an order, judgment and decree to annul and declare void the order for publication of the summons and for a further order quashing the service of the summons of Mrs. Fairbanks. They set forth that the court has no jurisdiction as it appears on the face of the complaint that each of the defendants are residents of Los Angeles. They also complain that Fowler's complaint is not verified in accordance with a designated Nevada statute.

Thousands of Accidents Reported in Year's Time

The industrial accident commission issued a statement yesterday showing that for the year ending on June 10 there were reported to the commission a total of 21,985 accidents. Of this number 20,514 were subject to the workmen's compensation act, while 868, or only 4 per cent were from firms that had rejected the act, and the remainder were accidents occurring on railroads or other public utilities not subject to the act. Included in the total number were 156 fatal cases, an average of one industrial fatality for every other work day during the year.

REVELATIONS OF A WIFE

The Story of a Honeymoon

A Wonderful Romance of Married GARRISON

CHAPTER 616

WHERE MAIGRE HID HER FATHER'S MESSAGE

When I had finished my careful inspection of the Chinese vase which had been left me as a precious legacy by my mother I decided not only that it was the very thing I needed in which to hide the important paper my father had entrusted to me, but that I could also continue keeping in it the perennially fresh blossom with which I had supplied it since my mother's death.

With hands that trembled from excitement I tried a little preliminary experiment. Into the bottom of the vase, through the slender neck, I pushed down with the button like knob of a hat pin a piece of absorbent cotton. Then I inserted into the neck of the vase one of the empty metal pencil cases I had bought of the spy masquerading as a peddler.

To my intense gratification it was not too large for the opening, and, thanks to the absorbent cotton, it came to rest on the bottom of the vase without any click. Shaking the vase also failed to produce any noise and I began to breathe more freely.

I filled the vase again with water, put back the flower, and then holding it to the light, looked it over carefully in the fear that some shadow through its wonderful coloring would betray the presence of the alien thing inside it. But its appearance was exactly the same as before. I was sure that no one would ever dream of looking inside it.

So far, so good. My next problem was the extraction of the pencil case whenever I should wish to do so.

The Very Thing.

To test it I took out the flower again, emptied the water, and turned the vase upside down to see whether by any chance the pencil case would slip out again, something I wished to guard against. But there was no sign of its appearance, and I proceeded to the last and most crucial step of my experiment, the thought of which had made the idea of the vase possible in the first place.

One of my favorite childish pastimes was experimenting with magnets of different kinds. Jack Hickett, my brother-cousin, who was the playmate of my childhood, shared my enthusiasm and many a happy and absorbed hour we spent with our treasures. Neither of us ever quite relinquished the childhood hobby, and Jack used often to bring me queerly shaped magnets he had picked up in his travels. Katherine Sonnot, his fiancée, and my friend, knew of this hobby which we shared, and when I had last seen her she had laughingly handed me a small parcel.

"Jack asked me to give this to you when I should next see you," she said. "If I couldn't have him collect something different from that stuff!"

Who Has Seen?

Her voice was full of playful scorn, which did not disturb me in the least, for I knew it was but teasing raillery. I drew from the package a magnet such as I had never seen before, a long slender bar with a queer looking cap or protector on the end.

"Jack says if you keep that protector on it the thing will stay magnetized for many a long year," his pretty fiancée said, eyeing the magnet with pretended disfavor. "Look at her, Lillian. She's just as pleased as if Jack had sent her a box of roses."

"He may keep the roses for you, my dear," I said placidly. "For my part I much prefer the magnet." "All right, little ducky ducky. Go pay wif nice play sing!" Katherine mocked, and the incident had ended. But I blessed Jack's remembrance of my childish predilection as I took the queer looking bar from my desk, removed the protector from it, and gently inserted the magnet into the vase.

Click! The sound told me that the metal case had been drawn to the end of the magnet, and in another second, magnet and pencil case lay upon my bed. Even with success assured I stood for a moment shaking as with a chill.

The remembrance of the imminence of Dicky's home-coming roused me. His train must be late, I thought, for to my excited imagination the time I had spent in experimenting with my vase seemed almost hours. I looked at my watch, and to my astonishment found that the whole proceeding had occupied less than five minutes. I still had five minutes before time for Dicky to come home.

Peeping inside the pencil case in which I had put the oiled silk inclosed message to be sure I had the right case I fastened it securely, put it into the vase, tilted the vase again with water, put in the carnation I had taken from it and replaced the vase upon my dressing table. Then locked the other pencil cases and the magnet securely in my trunk and turned to my mirror to see if my hair was disarranged.

Then it was that a slight scratching noise outside my door startled me, sent the color from my face as I stood confronting my image in the mirror.

(To be continued)

"Tell me truly why you gave up drink?" "Well, dear, the last time your mother was here I came home late and saw three of her. That shock cured me."—Detroit News.

Ye Liberty

NOT MADE TO ORDER

BUT THE REAL THING

"The Bottom of the World" is a remarkable succession of thrills, humor, pathos, and scientific interest.

SHACKELTON'S DASH TO THE SOUTH POLE



"THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD"

MORE THRILLING THAN MOST OF SERIALS
MORE INTEREST AND SUSPENSE THAN THE GREATEST DRAMA
MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MOST PICTURESQUE OF SCENICS

Vast white ice mountains, enormous floes, icy "Bad Lands" filled with impossible fields, floating bergs, and great gorges which smash ships and end the feeble attempts of men to press on, fill the picture.

PATHE NEWS-REVIEW AND

SNUB POLLARD and LITTLE SMOKE

IN "GETTING HIS GOAT"

COMING WEDNESDAY

In this first production from Marshall Neilan's own studios we guarantee our patrons one of the finest and most thrilling pictures they have ever seen

EXPECT MUCH—IT'S GREAT!



A wonderful story of God's great out-of-doors, a red-blooded story of strong men, both good and bad, in a terrific conflict of both good and evil forces.

Wm. Duncan

A SILENT AVENGER

Another Big Vitagraph Super With Danger-Daring and Duncan



WILLIAM DUNCAN

BESSIE LOVE IN PEGREEN. All For Joy

MUSICAL COMEDY

"HONEYMOON INN"

15—ROSEBUD CHORUS FROM A BROADWAY BOUQUET—15

RANDOW TRIO Spectacular and Unique Feats of Equalibrium

THE BIG SUNDAY SHOW



TOMORROW MONDAY

Two Days Only



Here Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Cecil B. DeMille's "Why Change Your Wife"

MARGUERITE CLARK

"EASY TO GET"

"Chicken A La Cabaret" Just For Fun



HAWLEY Plays The Latest "Dardanelles Blues"