

AT THE THEATRES

"Mongrel and Master"

This is a powerful political drama in three parts.

Woman's devotion or the lack of it, placed Frank Mitchell and Bill Denton in the wider path of life, where they shifted about, fought and taught each other the part of life which is wrong. It was easy to learn, to teach—they enjoyed it, they thought; so lived on as they should not have. They planned to pull a big job—rob one of the homes of wealth, and started out to get the lay of the land. They met a child of ten, a daughter of wealth, and as she passed them on the street Frank dropped a small tool from the burglar kit in his pocket. The little girl picked it up and called him back. She called him back and was curious about what the tool was used for. The child made a strange impression on Frank which Bill dubbed foolishness. She hoped that Frank was a good man, and in leaving him gave him a rose from the bouquet in her hand. That night in the wee small hours of the morning, they entered the mansion to steal. Frank was about to open the safe when he discovered the photograph of a child—the very same child he had met on the street. All the good in him came to the surface. He was saved. He wrote a note to the little girl telling that she had saved him and that he would be a good man as she hoped. He left the note with the guns and burglar tools on a chair, and went away driving his disgusted partner before him. Frank labored for years and studied law. Bill associated himself with a clique of rascals that bought and sold votes and made themselves rich on questionable contracts. The two men never met and the little child grew to womanhood. Her father became mayor through the votes of Bill and his gang, and Frank secured a situation in the mayor's law office. He met the girl, neither one thinking they had ever seen the other. It was not long before a strong and vital love was theirs. Then Bill fell in love with the girl and when she refused him he went to the Mayor and ordered him to speak to his daughter in his behalf. The mayor refused and Bill promised vengeance. He discovered in the meantime that Frank was his

old partner, and that he is the favored lover of the girl. Bill threatens to disgrace him by telling who he was. He also threatens the Mayor and the girl promises to marry Bill to save her father. But in the long run right wins out. The picture ends with Bill in jail and Frank and the girl married and everybody happy.

This extraordinary feature will be shown at the Grand, Sunday, Sept. 20.

POLAR RESEARCH.

Arctic and Antarctic Problems That Still Remain Unsolved.

The era of pole hunting is now happily over, and the best result of Peary's and Amundsen's athletic feats in the north and south is that the really important problems of the circumpolar regions can henceforth be attacked with a single mind. From a scientific standpoint enough work remains to be done in these regions to last for several generations. The antarctic has only been scratched, so to speak. Owing to the diverse scales used in school geographies the average man goes through life with badly warped ideas concerning the relative sizes of various parts of the earth's surface, and so probably few people realize that the antarctic continent is very much larger than Europe—in fact, about as large as Europe and Australia combined. Of this huge continent we do not know even the shape and location of the coast line, except for one long stretch south of Australia and a few widely scattered points elsewhere, while the whole interior, apart from a narrow wedge between Ross sea and the pole, is virtually blank on our maps. In the arctic a patch of a million square miles is still absolutely untouched. So much for mere surface geography; but, of course, modern polar research includes a wide range of nongeographical problems pertaining to such diverse subjects as geology, glaciology, meteorology, terrestrial magnetism, seismology, oceanography, zoology, botany, physiology, ethnology and archaeology.—Review of Reviews.

**Sure to Return.**  
One morning a merchant whose goods did not very strongly substantiate his advertising claims put out a new sign. He was pleased to see that a great many people stopped to read it, but directly he was puzzled and angered to notice that they all went on, laughing. There was nothing funny about the sign. It merely read:  
If You Buy Here Once  
You Will Come Again.

The merchant went outside in a casual sort of way and glanced at his sign to see what was the matter. Some one, no doubt a former customer, had added another line. It now read:  
If You Buy Here Once  
You Will Come Again  
To Bring It Back.  
—Youth's Companion.

**Colored Glasses.**  
Wearing spectacles to protect the eyes from the glare of the sun is a very old custom. The natives of the far northern regions long ago invented spectacles of wood with a very narrow slit in the center to diminish as far as possible the continual glare of the long arctic day. It is said that the Emperor Nero, who was an albino and whose eyes were therefore very sensitive to light, used amethysts or emeralds to shield his eyes.

**His Preference.**  
"Good gracious," exclaimed a vicar as he met a village laborer wearily pulling a loaded wheelbarrow. "It would be much easier if you pushed it."  
"Daresay," was the answer, "but I'm sick of the very sight of it."—London Telegraph.



**Perfect Manners.**  
"Here! You mustn't come here! Couldn't you see the board?"  
"Yes, sir. But we didn't read what was on it because it said it was 'private.'"—Comic Cuts.

**Phenomenal.**  
"Papa," asked Willie, "what is phenomenal?"  
"It is phenomenal, my son," explained Mr. Wisepate, "when a lawyer is content with a nominal fee."—Truth.

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BAFFLED THE BOOK AGENT.

**A Question That Moved Him First to Pity and Then to Fury.**  
Several years ago, when Vice President Marshall was plain Attorney Tom Marshall of Indiana, a particularly seely and down at the heel individual eluded the office boy and the stenographer and insinuated himself into the lawyer's back office.

"Mr. Marshall," he began glibly in that bland professional manner that makes one long for the good old days of blood, "I've heard a great deal of you as a church worker here, and I know you'll be interested in a new and absolutely up to date edition of the English Bible, full morocco bound, hand stitched, annotated," he hurried on, flipping the pages of his book, "and placed upon the market at a price which barely covers cost of publication, shipping and—"  
The attorney had been caught unawares at first, but now he found breath to inquire in his slow drawl, "Who wrote it?"  
The other paused to study his victim condescendingly for a moment. "Why,



HE FACED THE MAN IN THE CHAIR.

"I guess you didn't understand me, Mr. Marshall," he explained pityingly. "This is a Bible."  
"But I did understand," drawled the little man, his face calmly curious. "And I ask you, who wrote it?"  
The agent shifted his feet uneasily, ran a suspicious eye over the man at the desk, felt of his collar and cleared his throat in an annoyed way. "But, Mr. Marshall," he insisted patiently, "it's a Bible—B-b-b-b-e," he added hopefully, "Bible, you know."  
"Who wrote it?" demanded the future vice president, grave as a cast iron monument of one of the early Christian martyrs.  
The visitor's brow was moist now, and his eye searched the four corners of the room despairingly. With a last effort he braced himself, looked at his man again and, finding no encouragement there, retreated to the doorway. The knob under his fingers seemed to stir his faltering courage, for once more he threw back his shoulders and faced the man in the chair.  
"Why, you blithering, pin headed fool," he shouted witheringly, "it's a Bible!"—Lippincott's.

**Value of Money.**  
Wealth is no sinecure. Moreover, the value of money depends partly on knowing what to do with it, partly on the manner in which it is acquired.—Sir John Lubbock.

**Was at the Front.**  
A retired army officer was in his back garden one day when a tramp came round the end of the house. "I've been at the front," he began, "and"—The old officer beamed on him as he interrupted to ask: "Have you indeed, my man? And were you wounded?" "No," said the man; "no, sir, not exactly. But I couldn't make no one 'ear, so I come round to the back."

**Weakness of Moses.**  
There was no love lost between a certain pupil and the teacher of a colored school in Richmond. Moses thought the teacher was too critical, to which effect he expressed himself more than once, with the result that he had been disciplined.  
"You should never say 'I is,'" admonished the teacher one day during the course of a talk to her class.  
"Yes, teacher, I is payin' attention, 'deed I is," Moses hastened to say.  
"You should not say 'I is,'" again admonished the teacher. "I have told you a thousand times. You know the correct form. There are no exceptions to its use. Give me two examples at once."  
"Yessum," said Moses meekly. "I am one of the letters of de alphabet. I am a pronoun."—Harper's Magazine.

**Three Cups of Tea.**  
An open fire, blue tea things on the table and a tea kettle singing a little song of comfort are the proper stage settings for this little anecdote.  
An Irish hostess, when she asks if you'll have sugar in your "tay," holds out the bowl and absentmindedly goes on with her conversation or stirs the fire, allowing you to help yourself.  
An English hostess asks, "One lump or two?" and carefully drops the sugar into your tea.  
If you should ask a Scotch hostess for a little more sugar in your tea she would demand with a note of surprise, "And how ye stirred it yet?"—Chicago Inter-City.

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