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Dishonest persons are wrapping rank imitations to look like clean, pure, healthful WRIGLEY'S. These will be offered principally by street fakirs, peddlers and candy departments of some 5 and 10 cent stores. Refuse them! Be SURE it's WRIGLEY'S.

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The Lyndhurst Affair

The Story of a Son's Sacrifice

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It was on a crisp February morning that the dreadful news ran from lip to lip until the whole village of Lyndhurst was aroused from its drowsy existence.

On the outskirts of the village was the Blatcher place. It had been the show place of the town. The house stood well back from the street, with handsome maples and elms surrounding it. It had now long been vacant and was fast to decay. No one ever entered the grounds except boys, who are proverbially fond of deserted places.

A murder had been committed. Boys seeking to detach an enormous icicle that hung from the roof of the dilapidated house had been horrified to see the body of an old man sitting in an upper room.

"And there ain't nobody lived in the house for twenty years!" cried Simon Dale, the postmaster, as he led a curious crowd up the street toward the house. "There ain't been a soul there since old Philo Blatcher died and his son, young Philo, went to Asta or Africa or some other outlandish place. I expect young Philo's dead long ago, but there ain't nobody to take interest enough to find out, not being another relative. If he is dead I expect the property 'll revert to the state."

"But what about the old man that Billy Breen saw through the window?" insisted Asa Fitch. "How'd he come inside?"

"Mebbe some tramp that's been housing there. 'Twon't be no mystery when the constable gets around. Here he comes now."

The constable was the postmaster's brother, and so these two by right of high office in the village took temporary charge of the case.

Constable Ben Dale smashed a windowpane and gained entrance to the big house that had stood in the midst of large grounds, unattended, unvisited, for twenty years. The trees and shrubs had been untrimmed and grew rankly, almost hiding the house from the street.

When the constable unfastened the front door it was to admit a chosen few. How Miss Alvinia Petty managed to slip inside no one ever knew. But there she was, the only woman among half a dozen men, who tramped up the carpeted stairs, stirring the dust of years into a choking cloud.

"Tain't no sight for a woman," protested Constable Ben as he passed, with a hand on the knob of the front chamber door.

"Awful tender with women all of a sudden," sneered Alvinia. "Everybody knows it sickens you to kill a chicken, and you let your wife do it, but she never eats chicken because she has to kill 'em. I guess I can stand anything you can, Ben Dale."

Somebody tittered, and Ben Dale opened the door and entered the room. Billy Breen had reported truly.

In one corner of the dusty room was a handsome four post bedstead whose silken covers had been tossed back as if the bed had been recently slept in.

Beside the empty fireplace was a large chintz covered chair, and in this chair was the dead body of a white haired man. His head drooped to one side as if he slept, but there was a rigidity about his attitude that hinted at something else.

One hand hung over the arm of the chair, and the outside of the hand was streaked with blood. On the floor was a little wet spot.

Constable Dale touched his finger to the spot.

"Blood," he whispered hoarsely; "wet blood! It was done last night!"

A shudder ran through the crowd. Then the postmaster nudged somebody, and they all turned and looked at Alvinia Petty, who was trembling like a leaf and staring at the face of the dead man.

"I said it wa'n't no place for women!" ejaculated Ben Dale as he straightened himself.

"Who is it?" whispered Alvinia wildly. "Who do you say it is, Ben Dale?"

"For the first time the constable looked closely at the man in the chair. Then the color forsook his fresh face, and he almost reeled.

"Good heavens, boys—it's—it's old Philo Blatcher himself!"

"So 'tis!" breathed the postmaster. "But we buried him twenty years ago!" protested somebody.

Then Alvinia's voice, curiously repressed to a whisper, caused them all to turn and stare at the little spinster who once had been known as the prettiest girl in Lyndhurst, but now, with her white hair and her pale, wrinkled face, looked older than her forty-five years.

Blatcher and ever since his disappearance twenty years before she had acted queerly. Young Philo could not be more than fifty now, and this man looked much older.

Alvinia was speaking again. "He had come back home again after years of wandering, and on the very first night—see, the bed had not been slept in for many years, but he was going to use it—on the very first night he was killed—killed by an enemy. Some Chinese tracked him home and killed him!"

"You're crazy as a fool, Alvinia!" cried Ben loudly, as he grasped her shoulder.

"I'm not. I've got eyes and common sense and a heart!" cried Alvinia passionately. "See the blood on his hand. There is a wound in his shoulder here. In the side of the chair is a knife. See the carved ivory handle? It's a foreign knife! Where has he been lately—China? Maybe it's a Chinese knife! Look out in the snow for the tracks of Chinese shoes. Find out if anybody has seen a Chinese around. Hurry, Ben Dale, or he will get away!"

So great was Alvinia's energy that all within the room were imbued with her enthusiasm. In a moment they had scattered and left Alvinia alone with the man in the chair.

When she was alone Alvinia went and knelt there and said little hushed words that no one could hear, that no one ought to hear save the man for whom they were intended, and she thought his ears were closed to her voice forever.

But suddenly he sighed deeply. Alvinia screamed, but no one heard her.

Again he sighed, and this time Alvinia did not scream. She bent close to him and saw his eyelids flutter. Then she flew for restoratives. It is doubtful if any one save Alvinia knew where old Philo Blatcher had kept his Scotch whisky and Holland gin and Jamaica rum in the little corner cupboard in the west parlor.

Alvinia knew, and she brought a bottle and a crystal glass and gave the man in the chair to drink of the fiery liquid, holding his gray head against her breast as she coaxed him.

Presently he opened his eyes and smiled at her.

"I almost knew you'd be waiting for me, Alvinia," he said weakly, for it was indeed young Philo come home after his long exile.

They talked for a long time, and Philo sat up in his chair and Alvinia dressed the deep wound in his left arm.

When Ben Dale and the others came trooping back, they paused outside the closed door. Within the room they could hear Alvinia's voice talking. They heard her address some one as "Philo," and Ben Dale shook his head.

"Crazy as a loon," he told them, "although she was bright enough about guessing it was a Chinaman who'd done the job. Wonder what she'll say when I tell her we found him asleep in the old mill and how, when we tried to get him, he jumped into the river and was drowned. She'll go plumb crazy!"

But they were the ones who acted demoted when they opened the door, for there sat Alvinia Petty, pink with excitement, talking animatedly to the erstwhile corpse, who was sipping a glass of hot toddy as calm as you please.

Alvinia had kindled a fire from the contents of the wood box beside the hearth, and she had heated a panikin of water. There were as noticeable as anything and looking rather annoyed at the intrusion of Ben Dale and his companions.

"I thought you was dead," said Ben Dale when, after a hurried retreat, he ventured to put his head into the room.

"Not quite," said young Philo grimly. "Although that Chinaman almost made a job of it—robbed me of \$500 in Shanghai and then he prosecuted him followed me here to get his revenge. Has any one seen him?"

"We saw him, and then he went under the ice in the river. With the channel flowing swift, he must be down to Rivermouth by this time," said Ben Dale grimly. "Guess he won't commit no more murders."

If the report of the murder aroused the good people of Lyndhurst it is certain that the discovery that it was not a murder at all, but that Philo Blatcher had returned home to marry Alvinia Petty and open the old house that had been closed so many years, caused greater excitement.

Philo soon recovered from his wound, but he was very grateful to Billy Breen, whose adventurous spirit had been the cause of Philo's discovery. He might have died from loss of blood and his body have lain undiscovered for months had not Billy's hunt for icebergs resulted in the finding of the man in the front room. So Philo Blatcher rewarded Billy Breen in a most substantial manner.

No one ever knew why Philo Blatcher had remained abroad for twenty years after his father's death; no one knew save Alvinia, and she never told the story of the son who had made a great sacrifice to save the father's honor and that it had taken Philo twenty years to make restitution for his father's shortcomings in Lyndhurst. Now Philo had come home to receive his own deed of happiness.

So now Alvinia reigns in the old Blatcher homestead. Instead of being the village seamstress she is the first lady in the village, and to the romance of the affair is added the mystery of the man in the chair, and who in the end lost his own.

But to Philo Blatcher the best part of the story is that of Alvinia's unwavering faith in him and the certainty that some day he would return to claim her.

Majestic Theatre

TODAY AND TOMORROW
The Princess Girl Musical
Comedy Co.
—PRESENTS—

"The Suffragettes"
A MUSICAL SATIRE ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.
EXCELLENT CHORUS OF PRETTY GIRLS
PRETTY WARDROBE, CATCHY MUSIC

Gene Muller Trio
WORLD'S GREATEST HOOP ROLLERS
Ches Davis
BLACKFACE COMEDIAN

WRITTEN IN PRISON
Some Great Classics Composed While Authors Were in Durance

Byron's famous poem, "The Prisoner of Chillon," is supposed to be written by Bonnavard, the Genevian patriot, while he was incarcerated in the chateau of Chillon, on the shores of the lake. But the poem was really written at lightning speed while Byron was imprisoned by inclement weather for a night and a day in the neighborhood.

Nevertheless, some notable literary achievements have been really written in jail, undoubtedly the most outstanding being two of the world's greatest classics, "The Adventures of Don Quixote" and "The Pilgrim's Progress." If only those two books had belonged to the literature of captivity, they would have been sufficient to make that literature distinguished and immortal.

Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, whose life reads like a romance, and whose name is held in reverence by modern reformers, wrote a remarkable poem while he was lying in prison on account of his political agitation. This poem bears the remarkable title of "The Purgatory of Suicides," and when it was published it created a very considerable stir in the literary world, for it had emanated from the brain of a man who had begun life as a cobbler and had made himself master of the Greek language and literature.

Another remarkable poem written in prison is "The Ballad of Reading Jail," by Oscar Wilde, whose remarkable and most somber book, "De Profundis," was also written there. These two books are among the saddest records in the history of literature.

It ought not to be forgotten that one of the greatest letters ever written was one of the greatest letters ever written was penned in a dungeon in Rome. This is the Epistle of Saint Paul to the Colossians, a piece of literature, quite apart from its sacred character, which is very hard to beat.

It is very seldom that a newspaper has been edited from the inside of a cell, but even this feat was accomplished by the late lamented W. T. Stead, who during the two months he spent in prison for an offense which many people condoned and which a number admired, wrote scores of articles and practically conducted his paper.—London Tit-Bits.

Well Trained.
Miss Wilkins, the primary teacher, was instructing her small charges. "Name one thing of importance that did not exist 100 years ago," said the teacher.
Ralph Franklin, an only child, who was seated in the front row, promptly arose and answered:
"Me."—Harper's Magazine.

A CLEAN SCALP MEANS BEAUTIFUL HAIR

HERPICIDE
There is nothing "just as good" as Newbro's Herpicide. Some dealers will even go so far as to tell you they have something better.
That dealer has an axe to grind. You can't stop his grinding, but you can prevent him grinding it at your expense.
There is one sure, swift way to do it.
Go where you can get what you ask for.

You wouldn't be obliged to this very often, as fortunately the majority of druggists are honest and conscientious. Newbro's Herpicide has been so long and favorably known as "the original dandruff destroyer," that no one should be deceived.
When you need a hair remedy, you don't want one which merely promises to kill the dandruff germ and prevent the hair from falling.
You want one that will do it.
Herpicide does it.

The hair becomes soft and lustrous. There is life, snap and beauty where formerly the hair was dead, dull and brittle.
Applications of this wonderful prophylactic may be obtained at the best barber shops and hair dressing parlors.

Send ten cents in postage or silver to The Herpicide Co., Dept. H., Detroit, Mich., for a nice sample of Herpicide and a booklet telling all about the hair.
Newbro's Herpicide in 50c and \$1 sizes is sold by all dealers who guarantee it to do all that is claimed. If you are not satisfied your money will be refunded.
Smith's Drug Store, special agents.

AMUSEMENTS

COMING ATTRACTIONS.
TOMORROW,
Matinee and Night,
"Officer 666."

"Officer 666." That the tastes of the large army of amusement seekers in America are leaning more and more toward plays of a farcical nature, is the belief of nearly every firm of theatrical producers. The public want to be amused rather than instructed, is the way they figure the situation, and the present season would seem to bear out this assertion. Take the hits of the New York stage during the past season. Ninety per cent of them were musical farces, comedy dramas, straight farces or musical plays, all constructed with the one idea—to create laughter.

"If you have a play that has good comedy lines and situations that may to would-be authors, 'let us read it. If it contains bright lines—if it has speed and action—if it is clean. In short, if it has a punch in it we will produce it for you."

In "Officer 666," which will be presented here at the Auditorium tomorrow, matinee and night, is found a farce that contains all these desirable attributes. It was written by Augustin MacHugh, an author heretofore unknown to fame as a playwright. That, however, need not count against Mr. MacHugh. A man need not be the author of a long string of hits to be able to produce one more. It's the first one that counts. After that he may add to his string as fast as he is able to turn them out. Get them produced too, if he first writes one success.

"Officer 666" is an old title. The title of the play constitutes fifty per cent of its attractiveness. One of the first problems that Geo. M. Cohan seeks to solve when he has a play idea is an attractive title, and few men in this branch of human endeavor have been more successful in their selections than has this famous young author. The matinee prices are 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1. The night prices run from 50 cents to \$1.50. Tickets for both performances are now selling at Allison's.

"Fred, dear, I feel it in my bones that you are going to take me to the theater tonight."
"Which bone, darling?"
"I'm not sure, but I think it's my left one."



"OFFICER 666" AT AUDITORIUM, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, MATINEE AND NIGHT

AUDITORIUM

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MATINEE AND NIGHT
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"OFFICER 666" AT AUDITORIUM, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 7, MATINEE AND NIGHT