

THEATRE

THE WEEK'S BIGGEST BILL.

Today is the day when the bill is regularly changed at the Royal, but this time the change of show means something out of the ordinary, as it will present the famous Broadway Belles in one of the most unique and enjoyable musical comedy playlets that have ever been seen on the Royal stage.

Joe and Ethel Carr, heading this big show, are one of the biggest of the season at the Royal, and despite the fact that this is supposed to be one of the duller weeks theatrically in the entire year they are playing to remarkably good audiences at every performance.

Today's new bill will mean an entire change, and will feature some of the most famous Broadway Belles in the history of the theatre. This is a popular show—a new and original playlet from the Broadway. New specialties, new songs and new music, all up-to-the-minute Broadway successes will make this the biggest bill of the entire week, for today and tomorrow.

A ROARING FARCE.

Commencing today for two days the Grand theatre presents Marguerite Clark, one of the screen's fairest daughters, in a roaring farce entitled "The Amazons." This production was originally written by Sir Arthur W. Pinero and the screen version was arranged by the talented Frances Marion, who has been responsible for so many of the Paramount successes.

A typical Clark picture, "The Amazons" presents the winsome little star, at her best in a subject of rapid fire and hundreds of laughs. Never before has Marguerite Clark been given such an opportunity to display her own inimitable humor and various surprises are in store for

those who will visit the Grand theatre to see their favorite.

Joseph Kaufman, the director of various special pictures, has turned out one of the triumphs of his career in this latest subject, and advance reports indicate that "The Amazons" will add many new admirers to Marguerite Clark's already long list.

Frank Allen, the left-handed pitcher of the Boston Braves, has retired from the game in order to give his entire attention to his Alabama plantation.

GRAND

TODAY AND TOMORROW

MARGUERITE CLARK

In the First of Her Great Star Features

"THE AMAZONS"

The Play in which Billie Burke Captivated Broadway

Her Mother has no time for girls; Therefore she dresses her in trousers; But Marguerite liked it.

REGULAR PRICES:
Matinee 10c (Tax Extra) Night 15c

ROYAL

NEW BILL TODAY

JOE CARR'S FAMOUS

Belles of Broadway

In One of the Most Unique and Entertaining Musical Comedy Playlets of the Season

NEW SPECIALTIES — GORGEOUS WARDROBE

Matinee 15-20c Nights 20-30c

USE OF STEAM COAL.

Chairman Willard Urges That All Read Easily Obtained Pamphlet.

The following is issued by Mr. M. S. Willard, chairman of the county fuel administration, relative to the using of steam coal and on coal conservation generally:

"Users of steam coal should by all means procure a little pamphlet published by the Clinchfield Fuel Company of Spartanburg, S. C., called 'Suggestions for Conservation of Fuel.' The pamphlet was written by Mr. H. S. Bolton, the Fuel Engineer for this company, and is full of practical suggestions for the saving of coal.

"I have no doubt but that the Clinchfield Company will be pleased to send to any address a copy of the pamphlet. A careful study of the



MARY PICKFORD
In Her Greatest Arctcraft Production, "A Romance of the Redwoods," at the Grand Monday and Tuesday.

suggestions it contains will result in a considerable saving in cost of fuel and a greater efficiency in operation.

"There has also been published at the government printing office by the Department of the Interior a pamphlet giving directions for firing soft coal in power plant boilers." This pamphlet is illustrated and goes in

to the matter of consumption of coal in great detail and should be in the hands of every user of soft coal."

So he brooded over the matter. Night after night his wife heard him muttering as he tossed restlessly, unable to sleep.

"Tim!" once she called fearfully. "Well!" answered the man. "You are not thinking of that money, are you?"

"Of course not," replied Tim crossly. "Can't you let a fellow sleep in peace?"

Myra said no more. The money was not mentioned again for several days, but Tim knew that his wife knew that he was thinking about it constantly. Her eyes full of appeal followed him continually and irritated him by the growing dread in them, as his moods of abstraction became more frequent.

Saturday will be the Real Value Day of Our

WHITE GOODS SALE

Many new items of unusual worth will be added for SATURDAY.

- 36-inch Nainsook; White Sale price 22 1/2c. yd
- 30-inch Flaxon; White Sale price 19c yd
- 36-inch Flaxon; White Sale price 25c yd
- 36-inch Organda—extra quality—White Sale price 25c yd
- 36-inch Batiste; White Sale price 29c yd
- 40-inch Batiste; White Sale price 45c yd

Prices at Rehder's are always "A LITTLE LOWER."

J. H. REHDER & CO.,
215-17-19 North Fourth

SAVE—BUY—FOR—VICTORY

W. S. S.

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS.
Issued by United States Government.
FOR SALE HERE

CITIZENS BANK
Cor. 2nd and Princess.

CLEAN HANDS

BY WILL SEAT.

"Timothy Gates!"

Lawyer Brown leaned from his buggy as he caught sight of a man trudging slowly along the road to the village.

The young fellow turned at the call and answered without animation: "Did you speak to me, Mr. Brown?"

"Yes; jump in, Tim. I want to have a talk with you. That is, if you have the time."

"Time?" echoed Timothy Gates, climbing into the seat by the lawyer's side. "I have more of that than anything else. I wish I hadn't. What wouldn't I give to have a good job once more!"

The attorney gave him a keen glance.

"Things have not gone very well with you, have they?" he observed.

"No; they haven't," burst from Tim, tensely. "And, what's more, they don't seem liable to go any better. I don't believe that I've had more than ten weeks of steady work since my sickness two years ago. If it wasn't for Myra's taking in sewing we'd starve!"

"But you are among friends, and neighbors. I don't understand how such a state of things can pass off. I really did not know that it was so bad."

"There isn't work enough in this village for two carpenters," explained Tim bitterly. "Ed Gilmore slipped in and got the work while I was sick, so I am out of it. Lord! I wish I was out of it altogether!"

"Tim, what would you say if I were to tell you that someone had left you \$50,000?"

"Mr. Brown," cried Tim, turning upon the lawyer fiercely. "I am in no mood for jollifying."

"I am not joking, boy. I am in dead earnest. Abbey Johnson has left you \$50,000 in her will."

"Abbey Johnson—left me—\$50,000?" gasped the young man, staring at him in blank amazement.

"Yes; she never got over her fancy for you, it seems."

"But—but—oh, you can't mean it, Mr. Brown?" Tim pressed his hand to his brow dazedly. "It can't be true!"

"It is true," said the lawyer, briskly. "Come, boy, don't be so incredulous."

"Have you got it down in black and white?" demanded the young man.

"I have. I will show it to you presently."

"Thank God!" Tim drew a deep breath and covered his face with his hands. Pretty soon he looked up.

"Don't think me hard-hearted, Mr. Brown. I'm not rejoicing at Abbey's death, but—\$50,000! You don't know what it means to me."

"I can guess, Tom; but—"

"I wonder what Myra will say," broke in Tim, excitedly. "Abbey would speak to her after our marriage. Myra thought that she never got over it, but this proves that she did. Poor Abbey!"

"You were rather devoted to her, I suppose," admitted Tim, sheepishly. "Polks thought that I was going to marry her, and I reckon I would have if Myra hadn't come on a visit to her aunt. When she came I forgot about Abbey, and went clear over Myra. But it was kind of dumb on my part."

"Rather," observed Mr. Brown, dryly. "A woman seldom forgives a thing of that kind."

"Abbey has," remarked Tim in satisfied tones. "Although she told Myra that she would get even with her somehow. It's a sort of heaping coals of fire on our heads, isn't it?"

"Not exactly, Tim. You see, there is a condition attached to the legacy."

"Oh, of course," remarked Tim. "There always is, isn't there? It will be a mighty hard one if I can't meet it. Out with it."

"Tim!" The lawyer flicked an imaginary fly from his horse's banks. "Abbey left you that \$50,000 on the condition that you leave your wife absolutely."

"What?" shouted Tim. "Leave my wife? What do you mean?"

"Don't get excited, Tim. Remember, I am not responsible for the vagaries of a woman. I have the will with me, and you can read it for yourself."

He handed the reins to Tim, then drew from the inner pocket of his coat a document which he unfolded deliberately.

"Here it is," he said, running his finger down the page to the final paragraph. "You see for yourself."

"And further," read Tim, "I do hereby give and bequeath to Timothy Gates the sum of \$50,000 in cash, to use in such manner as he shall see fit, on the condition that he shall leave his wife—formerly Myra Thornton—absolutely, she having no part or parcel in such money. But if Timothy Gates remarries, then he may share with his second wife, or with their children, if there be issue to such marriage, the foregoing \$50,000."

"And further, if, after mature deliberation, the said Timothy Gates refuses to comply with the said condition, then is the aforementioned \$50,000 to be given to a charity hereinafter to be named."

The young fellow turned in fury upon the lawyer.

"Why didn't you tell me before?" he cried savagely. "What do you mean by tantalizing me with a glimpse of heaven and then dropping me into hell? You knew that I couldn't meet any such condition! You contemptible pettifogger! I've notion to break every bone in your body."

"Calm yourself, boy. It's hard lines, I know. I remunerated with Abbey but it had no effect. You don't have to leave your wife. Still, if you decide to do so—"

"I'll be hanged if I do!" roared Tim.

"I know just how you feel," Tim. Any man would feel the same way. I have declared the attorney. "In justice to Abbey, however, I must advise that you think the matter over before giving your decision."

"I want to say right now," interposed Tim, his voice thrilling with passion. "that I need no time for deliberation. I refuse absolutely to give up Myra."

"Well, Tim, I can't blame you, but we'll talk about it later. Go home and think it over."

"Yes, I'm going home," Tim swung himself out of the buggy and shook his fist wrathfully at the lawyer.

"If I had known what you wanted to tell me I'd never have got into that buggy. For heaven's sake, I would have told you to get out of there and get a lawyer's name every time; and a lawyer's name every time; and a lawyer's name every time."

"You are unjust, boy, but I don't blame you," was the attorney's comment as he drove away.

With a oath, Tim strode angrily

after him into the village. Turning into one of the side streets, he soon reached the little two-roomed cottage which he called home.

As he opened the door a woman looked up from her sewing with a casual glance, which changed to one of apprehension when she caught sight of his face.

"What is it, Tim? What has happened?" she asked quickly.

"For answer Tim flung himself into a chair with a groan. His wife threw aside her sewing, came to his side and slipped an arm about his neck.

"Didn't you get the job at Lankton's, Tim? Never mind! Something will turn up soon, I know."

"Myra! Tom caught her hands and drew her to him. "Abbey Johnson has left me \$50,000 in cash if I will leave you."

For an instant Myra stared at her husband, and then with a shriek she flung her arms about him.

"Tim! Oh, Tim!" she cried, and

were pinched and drawn.

Where had gone the beauty that had made Myra Thornton the belle of the village? Where? He had destroyed it himself by the hardships he had thrust upon her.

He groaned and bowed his head upon his hands in deep self-abasement. What a failure he was, and yet he had tried hard not to be. Life had been full of promise when he had led Myra to the altar five years before.

Things had gone all right at first, and then had come his illness. That had swallowed up their savings, and then—he groaned again as he thought of his fruitless endeavors to get steady work. Unable to bear the sight of his dejection, his wife went to him again.

"Don't take it so to heart, Tim," she said, laying her hands on his shoulders. "Everything will come all right soon."

"Myra!" exclaimed Tim, in agony

couldn't take it with her, and if I could have it with a provision I don't see why I couldn't without. What wouldn't I give for one month's freedom from money care! But I won't leave Myra! No; of course I won't."

So he brooded over the matter. Night after night his wife heard him muttering as he tossed restlessly, unable to sleep.

"Tim!" once she called fearfully. "Well!" answered the man. "You are not thinking of that money, are you?"

"Of course not," replied Tim crossly. "Can't you let a fellow sleep in peace?"

Myra said no more. The money was not mentioned again for several days, but Tim knew that his wife knew that he was thinking about it constantly. Her eyes full of appeal followed him continually and irritated him by the growing dread in them, as his moods of abstraction became more frequent.

"Tim, do you want that money?"

"Of course I want it," said Tim; "but I am not going to take it."

"What becomes of it if you don't take it?"

"It goes to charity," answered Tim briefly.

"When?"

"Whenever I choose," answered Tim shortly. "Lawyer Brown spoke to me about it yesterday. He said that I must decide soon now."

"Then, Tim, go to him at once and put the thing beyond your reach," pleaded his wife, going to him and twining her arms about his neck.

"We are both of us wretched as things are, and you don't want that money, Tim. Don't you see? She hoped to separate us. Abbey did it just to get you away from me. You do love me, Tim?"

"Of course I love you," said Tim, shaking off her clinging arms. "How many times do you want to be told that? I'll settle the matter to-day, since you are so keen about it."

He left the house hastily.

"She is right," he mused. "The matter might just as well be settled now as at any time. Still a fellow likes to know that he can put his hands on \$50,000 whenever he likes. He stopped suddenly.

"Why shouldn't I have it?" he asked himself savagely. "Myra would be a heap better off without me. I'm only a burden to her on things here. By George! I'm going to have a fling at that money."

"No," answered Tim. "I don't know, nor ever again. I'm going to be a man."

"What do you mean, Tim?" asked the attorney gravely.

"I mean," said Tim, "that I've had enough of that accursed money. I don't want any more of it, and I pay back every cent that I've used."

"But, Tim, it will be my duty to take the money over to charity."

"That is where it should have gone in the first place," cried Tim.

"You really mean this, Tim? Remember, there will be no further opportunity to change."

"With all my soul, I mean it," cried Tim with fervor. "I was mad when I gave the matter to your consideration, Tim? Remember, the separation must be absolute."

"Haven't I said that I complied with the condition?" cried Tim. "I don't see the necessity of discussing it. Give me the money and let me go."

At first the mere joy of having an unlimited supply of money served to dull whatever pang of conscience Timothy Gates might have had.

But as the glamour of his riches wore off, thoughts of his wife began to trouble him. Vainly he tried to suppress them by plunging into new and hitherto unknown pleasures, but his wife's face as he had last seen it—pale, worn, appealing, but loving always—came before him.

"What a contemptible cad I am," he soliloquized, with intense self-loathing. "When I had Myra I was not satisfied until I had the money. Now I have the money and I want Myra. Hang it, I haven't even manhood enough to be a first-class villain. I wonder how she is? I wonder how she looks? Why, as the thought struck came with sudden force, why should I not see for myself how she is? It is not breaking the condition just to see her, if she is content, then so will I be; but I must see for myself."

He asked immediately upon this resolve, Timothy found himself at nightfall in his native village. With one thought that of seeing his wife—he made, his way at once to

the cottage that had been their home. A light shone from the window of the front room and Tim approached a looked in.

Myra sat by the table busy with the everlasting sewing. Tim's heart contracted with a spasm of pain. He noted how wan and worn she looked and what furrows of grief and privation had wrought her face.

"And I have been rolling plenty," he thought, with deep disgust. "God! What a brute I am!"

At this moment his wife left her work all into her lap, and pulled her hand into the bosom of her dress. She drew forth a little locket with the watcher recognized as the one that she had given her on their wedding day. Tim choked as Myra opened the locket and pressed her lips to the picture it contained.

"My God! I can't stand that broke from his lips. I must get out of this!" An unmeaning exclamation, bitterly, he stumbled out of the room.

"Fool! Dolt! Idiot!" he cried in anguish. "I must have been mad give up a love like that. Oh, it on I could do it all over again; but it is too late. No, by heavens, not so late to be a man, and that what I'm going to be."

"Why, Timothy Gates," ejaculated Lawyer Brown as Tim broke in upon him. "What brings you here? I thought you wanted more money."

"No," answered Tim. "I don't know, nor ever again. I'm going to be a man."

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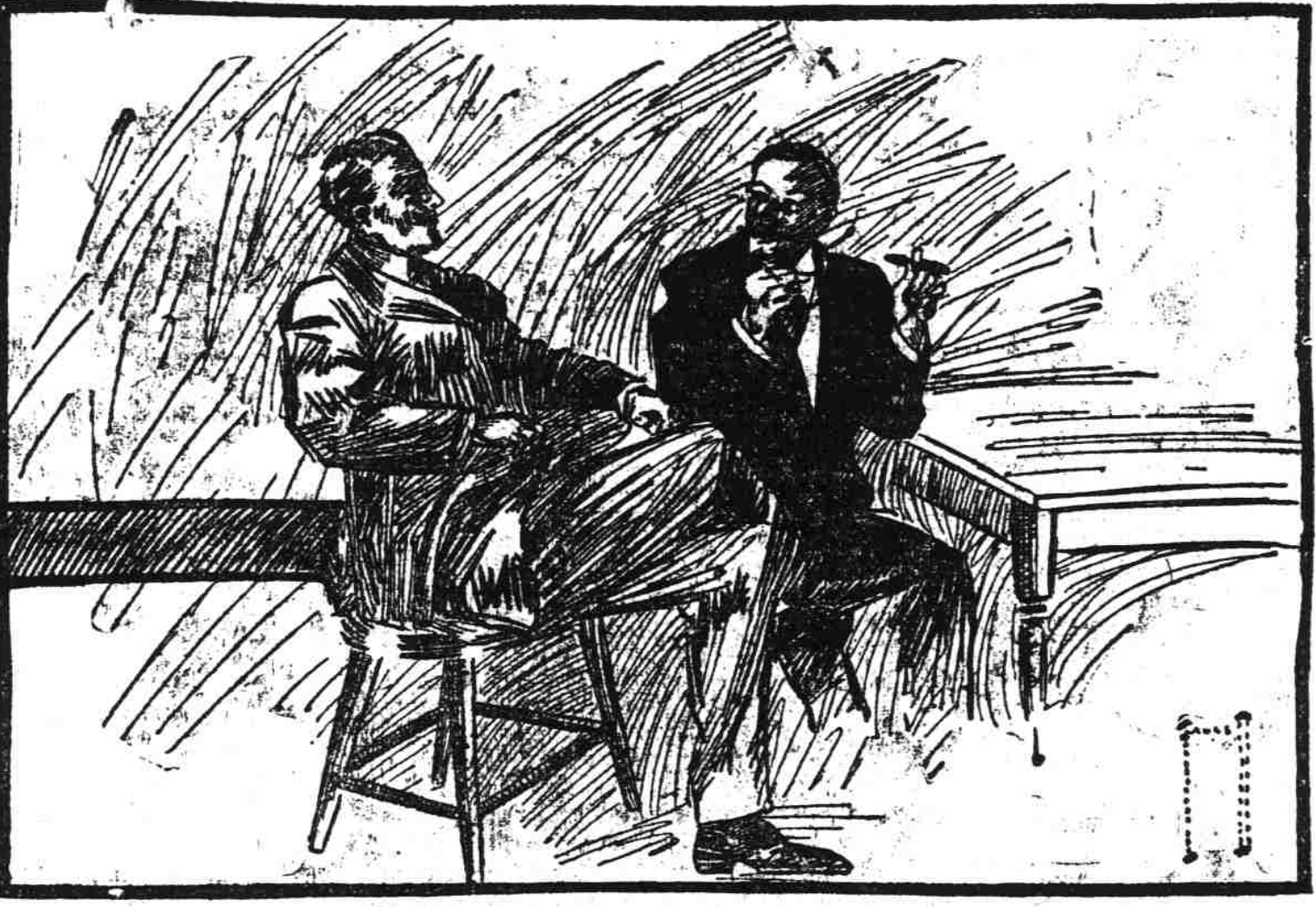
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"WHEN CAN I HAVE THAT \$50,000?"