THE CATLOW THEATRE

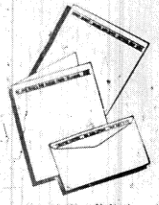
Fri.-Sat., Feb. 10-11
HOWARD C. ROBINSON in
SILVER DOLLAR
A drama that will echo down the ages
ALSO
LAST OF THE MOHICANS
Adventure and Cartoon
Admission 10c-30c

Sun.-Mon., Feb. 12-13
LUPE VELEZ and LEE TRACY in
The Half Naked Truth
BOSWELL SISTERS in
SLEEPY TIME DOWN SOUTH
Sunday Mat. 3 p.m.
Adm. 10c-25c to 6:30
Also 6:30 10c-35c
Mon. Adm. 10c-30c

Tuesday, February 14
A Thrilling Western!
ZANE GREY'S
Robber's Roost
GEORGE O'BRIEN and MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
Comedy and News
Adm. 10c-15c

Wed.-Thurs.-Fri.
Feb. 15-16-17
RICHARD BARTHELMESS in
CABIN IN THE COTTON
Picture and News
Also Comedy
DON'T PLAY BRIDGE WITH THE WIFE
Adm. 10c-30c

Saturday, Feb. 18
JAMES DUNN
BOOTS MALLOY
EL BRENDEL
in
Handle With Care
This for the whole family
LAST OF THE MOHICANS
Cartoon and News
Adm. 10c-30c



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Two Changes Announced in Locations of Tire and Battery Stations

[illegible] have been made in the tire and battery business [illegible]

[illegible] service station at [illegible] streets has taken [illegible] department [illegible] south of the [illegible] The company will [illegible] Goodyear tires [illegible] in addition to [illegible] and battery [illegible] will be a washing [illegible] business with [illegible] equipment. J. W. [illegible] of the gasoline [illegible] the new department.

[illegible] has conducted a [illegible] station at the above [illegible] to the Lamey [illegible] Main street. Mr. [illegible] with the agency [illegible] and Willard bat[illegible] is completely [illegible] battery charg[illegible]

Hess Fierce Fighters

[illegible] a recorded history [illegible] than the time of [illegible] entered long after, [illegible] engaged with other [illegible] modern Hungary. [illegible] in China un[illegible] Mongols and other [illegible] against whom China [illegible] Wall. Driven off [illegible] home in Mon[illegible] and won [illegible] house under Bala[illegible] the period of At[illegible] death the Huns [illegible] time, but later dis[illegible] as Avars and de[illegible] good leaders, Balmi [illegible] Charlemagne [illegible] ravaged their ter[illegible] tribes had another [illegible] under Arpad.

Prepare Child for School

[illegible] it goes to school he [illegible] sufficient amount of [illegible] able him to avoid [illegible] parity when he is [illegible] more sophisticated. [illegible] One hesitates to [illegible] but if this is [illegible] and though a dis[illegible] and natural phe[illegible] appear in nature no[illegible]

[illegible] in Fall?

[illegible] 631 W. Main [illegible] purchased last Thurs[illegible] from a load of hay. [illegible] which but he was [illegible] several days [illegible] and injured muscles.

Music Lovers Await Coming of Romberg's Far-Famed Operetta, "Student Prince"

[illegible] extraordinary fare[illegible] and in response to [illegible] Sigmund Romberg's [illegible] "The Student [illegible] the Grand Opera [illegible] this week only, [illegible] Feb. 12, with [illegible] day and Saturday. [illegible] cast alone is suffi[illegible] of this newest pro[illegible] musical gem, [illegible] the Messrs. Shu[illegible] returns to Chica[illegible] as a survival [illegible] cessful operetta, ever [illegible] background of an au[illegible] are George Has[illegible] the role of "Lutz," [illegible] play the "Prince," [illegible] "Kathie," John [illegible] will be heard as "Doc[illegible] in the cast are [illegible] Dona, Lorraine [illegible] Potters, Charles [illegible] Goldworthy, Joseph [illegible] Harvey and Robert [illegible] to the famous [illegible] there are the [illegible] and striking [illegible] with the delight[illegible] dancing that marks [illegible]

[illegible] scenery and [illegible] the current in[illegible] and to fairly ex[illegible] "Student Prince" [illegible] gamut of outlay, [illegible] to playgoers [illegible] piece will be of[illegible] its return en[illegible] popular prices."

[illegible] of Sigmund Ro[illegible] operetta is still full [illegible] begun, providing [illegible] half a dozen [illegible] while the story of [illegible] romantic enough [illegible] day.—Ads.

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BARRINGTON REVIEW
BARRINGTON, ILL

Lady Blanche • Farm •

Continued from page 3

away from spring cleaning," he said lightly, "and the second, when you had to go to an intelligence office and engage a maid. The third was when you tried in vain to crank the car on a cold day and I got home and found you nearly crying over it. What's the matter this time?"

"Bills," said Blanche briefly.

She gathered the fluttering sheets on the desk and gave them to him. Then, watching his face as he began to go through them, she suddenly burst out, "I'm sure I've tried to be careful! We have only one maid, instead of three or four, and an apartment instead of a house, like almost everyone we know. And I really don't spend anything on clothes compared to the other young married women I've met this winter. And we don't go to the theater or entertain much or—"

Something about Philip's silence halted Blanche. She decided that it was wiser to change the subject. "I had a letter from Paul last night," she said. "I meant to speak of it before. I guess he's rather fed up with Lady Blanche farm, too. At any rate, he wants to come to Boston for a week or so, and asks if it would be convenient for us to have him here."

Philip hesitated. He felt that the present state of his finances could ill permit him to give his brother-in-law the kind of a good time he would expect if he came to town. On the other hand, he was curious to see if the more favorable impression which he had gained of the boy at Christmas time would prove to be lasting.

"Of course, if Paul is coming to Boston, we must have him here," he said pleasantly.

Paul appeared three days later, and Philip, with his usual fairmindedness, confessed to himself that the boy was still more changed, and though differently, it was certainly not for the worse. He seemed much older, much quieter, and decidedly preoccupied.

"Yes, of course I'd enjoy going to the theater," he said a trifle absently. "Thanks awfully. Or anything else you've planned. First of all, though, if you don't mind, I'd like to go and see Mary. I—I haven't heard from her at all, except indirectly, since before I went to New York. Do you think she's had a pleasant winter?"

"Pleasant winter!" exclaimed Blanche. "Why, she's had a wonderful time! She's packed those few months pretty full, I can tell you! And I must say she's a great success. I don't believe she'll turn her back on it all a second time in a hurry! Mary is nice, there's no denying that, and awfully clever, too, and you'd never believe the difference good-looking clothes have made in her appearance."

"I'm glad she's had a good time," was Paul's only comment at the end of these and similar disclosures. "I want to see her myself."

"Well, let's go to the theater tonight, and you can go there tomorrow afternoon."

There was an amusing farce running at the Park Square theater and as the curtain went down after the first act and the lights came on, Blanche, wiping the tears of merriment from her eyes, gave Paul a sudden nudge.

"Look!" she whispered, "in the first box on the right!"

Paul turned in the direction indicated. The box contained six persons—a middle-aged man and woman, two younger men, one of them in khaki, and two girls. At the first glance, that was all Paul realized. Then it came over him that the two older persons were Mr. and Mrs. Adams, one of the young men, Gale Hamlin, one of the girls, Hannah Adams and the other—the one in white brocade, with the rose-colored velvet wrap flung over the back of her chair and the big bunch of orchids and lilies of the valley at her waist—was Mary Manning, whom he had last seen wearing a red knitted hood, and shabby little red wool mittens—

The theater seemed to be swaying, then everything blurred. He shut his eyes for a minute. When he opened them, the box was beginning to fill. Half a dozen extra men had joined the party, one in navy blue, two more in khaki, adding to its merriment. Hannah was entirely absorbed in the first officer, but Mary seemed quite equal to handling the others. Blanche kept whispering in his ear, as he watched.

"That blond man with glasses on is Hannah's fiance, Captain Merrill. They didn't intend to be married until fall, but since he's in the army, they've put the wedding ahead six months, now that war is declared. Mary's going to be maid of honor. Don't you want to go up and speak to her? You said you wanted to see her!"

"I'd have a fat chance of saying anything there now, wouldn't I?"

"Well, don't have one of your 'grouches' about it—"

Philip hastened to interrupt the exchange of fraternal compliments that seemed imminent. The following morning, immediately after lunch, Paul left Blanche's apartment and betook himself into town. Eventually he alighted from the street car, to find himself in front of a florist's window. He hesitated a moment, then entered the shop.

"I want some flowers," he said, a little vaguely, "something pretty. For—for a lady."

"Certainly, sir. Orchids, two dollars apiece? American Beauties, fifteen a dozen? Or gilt baskets, filled with white lilacs—just in—the boy was still more changed, and though differently, it was certainly not for the worse. He seemed much older, much quieter, and decidedly preoccupied.

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"I think Miss Manning would wish you to wait, sir. Will you come to the library? I'll tell her you're here, directly she gets in, sir—or Miss Adams, if she comes first, sir."

The library proved to be an enormous bay-windowed room at the rear of the house, overlooking the Charles river, lined with books to the ceiling and furnished in Cordova leather. Paul had never seen, hardly even imagined, such a room before. This was the kind of house—for Mr. Hamlin's, he felt sure, would be very like his sister's—that Mary could live in forever if she chose! Mary, whose chance for "advantages" had been no better than his! Mary, whom he had called a prude and a shrew and a jailor!

The clock chimed and struck, and struck and chimed again. It was after five when he finally heard Mary's voice.

"Someone waiting to see me? Who is it, Judkins?"

"The gentleman said he was your cousin, miss. I took him into the library."

There was a short silence.

"Thank you, Judkins."

"Shall I serve tea for you there, now, miss?"

"Please."

So they were to be alone—what he had hoped for so much! He heard her coming, lightly and quickly, up the stairs. Then she entered the room.

She was dressed in the dull blue color that she had always loved, a soft flowing gown, a large drooping hat. These were not the kind, Paul instinctively knew, that were hurriedly stitched after the children were in bed at night, or painfully created by Miss Sims, the village dressmaker, from a "paper pattern." But the change in her was far greater than in apparel alone. He could see that now, even more clearly than at the theater the evening before. She was rested, she was happy, all of her gravity seemed to have left her. Paul had never seen a woman so beautiful, so vital, so full of promise.

"Paul! When did you come? I'm ever so glad to see you!"

"Just yesterday. I'm staying with Blanche."

"How nice! Isn't her apartment pretty? And isn't Philip—well, just almost too good to be true?"

"Yes. I guess he is true, though. Blanche is lucky."

Mary sat down, pulled off her white gloves and took off her hat.

"Is everything all right at Lady Blanche farm? Of course, or you wouldn't be here! Are you going to stay long?"

"Only a few days."

"We must try and make them pleasant for you. Hannah is giving a dinner for me tomorrow—I'm sure she'll want you to come. And there are several good plays in town—"

"It's awful kind of you. But I'd honestly rather not be asked to dinner. I—I came just for—for rather a special reason."

"Yes?" said Mary, still lightly.

"I'm going to enlist."

Mary, pouring tea, did not answer.

"I—I've had a devil of a row with mother."

Mary handed him the cup. "You would, of course," she said quietly.

"Do you think I did wrong?"

"No—I don't think so. Tell me more about it."

"She's all right, physically, though she insists she's a nervous invalid. And she's all right financially, too, if she'll only be careful. We were in debt, rather, after Blanche's wedding, but I've paid that all up. I've used some capital of my own. Now she can keep Hod and Myra to work for her and have plenty of money left over for food and clothing and taxes and everything that I can think of—I've been over it all pretty carefully. I've told her she could have my share of our income, too, as long as I was gone. That's fair, isn't it, Mary?"

"I should think it was—perfectly fair. What branch of the service do you want to enter?"

"The marines. If they can't get into a scrap on sea, perhaps they will on land."

"Yes—I suppose Cousin Violet, when she saw she couldn't stop your going, advised the quartermaster's department or something like that?"

"How did you guess? I felt there were lots of other men who could go into that, men with families, I mean, or who weren't all right physically. There's nothing the matter with my heart; I found that out from David Noble before he left. It was David who first put the idea of going to war into my head. I've had plenty of time to think it over since, and I'm sure I'm doing the best thing. But I'm sorry to have quarreled with mother. Cousin Jane took her side, too, and your father. No one seems to know there is a war, in Hamstead, hardly. I tried to make them see how I felt. I couldn't. I'd made up my mind to go, anyhow, but I hated going like that."

"Yes," said Mary. "It must have been hard. And I'm—I'm sorry, Paul."

"Sorry I'm going?"

"Oh, no. I'm glad you're going. I'm only sorry they couldn't see that you were right to go and that it made your going harder. I suppose it is hard enough, anyway."

Paul put down his cup and came and sat down beside her on the sofa. "Mary," he said, his voice trembling a little, "I haven't any right to ask, of course, but would you tell me—Are you going to marry Mr. Hamlin?"

"No. I'm going home, very soon now. I'll try to make them see your side, in Hamstead. I don't know whether I can, but I'll try. And that there is a war. And that they must wake up and help to win it, if they don't want to perish in it."

"Would—would you marry me?"

For a minute the girl did not answer. She sat looking into the fire and in spite of its bright reflection, Paul thought that some of the lovely color had suddenly left her face.

"I—I thought," he went on, taking courage at not being instantly repulsed, "that if you would—we could have just a week or so together before I enlist. We could go to some quiet little place by the sea—neither of us has ever done that. And while I am gone, I could—I could remember it—and look forward to coming back to you, that way, again."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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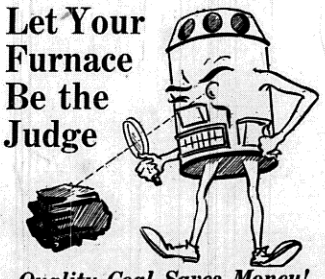

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