

The White Sepulchre The Tale of Pelee BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

CHAPTER I (Continued.) "Of course she is quite right," Constable went on, "but that doesn't make it any easier to bear. With all the impressiveness which comes of being twenty and a girl—that was the Madame's first voyage five years ago—she informed me that a man is a nobody, even if he has a billion, when he isn't of some use in the world. Exquisite little preacher! Such things were never thought of, nor spoken to, mortal man before! I explained my view, that having all the money needed, it was my privilege to play for culture instead of coin, to water my mental garden as a life pursuit, but she broke up all my arguments, beat down my ideals, I regarded my valisees as past and yearned to become an apostle of action instanter.

"I see I am entertaining you, so I'll finish. I went home, buckled the Madame to Brooklyn, and disappeared—took her at her word! I shall do it again some time. For two solid months I didn't hurt anybody's feelings, and earned seventy dollars and board, stoking. Good clean stoking. Bark and forth from Savannah to Boston in the bowels of an old coast liner, learning bunkers, ladies and fire-locks at first hand; specializing in coals and callouses. I made a fairly decent coal passer, and met Denny Macready down there in the dark—Denny, who now passes tea. Then I scrubbed up again and steamed the Madame down to Martinique, to tell Miss Stansbury all about it, and show her my recommendation from the third engineer. She was away in Europe. Her father says she will never be as beautiful as her mother. I thought, perhaps we might look in on Martinique on our way around the island. The statue of Josephine is there, you know.

"Your sentences are becoming uncomplex," Peter. "You are shirring the narrative," said Brown. "Well, I've been taking an annual course in old Pelee since then. Saint Pierre sits in the shadow of the volcano, and from a geological standpoint—

"I failed to discover the secret, Miss Stansbury," he said quickly. "Old Pelee has a big story for the right man, but I was unable to drag it forth. I had nothing to be proud of to tell you." "The ponies had gained the eminence of the Morne d'Orange. Ahead was the broad, white plantation house, where the Stansburys and Constable's uncle lived. To the right was the dazzling, sapphirine bay, where the Madame was moored among the shipping; behind and below the red-tiled roofs of Saint Pierre, and behind the city, back of all, La Montagne Pelee, hung like an emperor of the Romans, poised in the intense light of morning, and wearing a delicate white ruffling of cloud about his crown.

"It is different with most people," she replied. "They have so much to tell of little things. The silent man who is dreaming of big things all the time—think of a conversation like this when the island is glowing like a brazier!" "What is the meaning of this terrific outburst and the white steam in the gutters?" he asked suddenly. "Why, I supposed you understood—

"Understood what, Miss Stansbury?" "Why, old Pelee has been showering us with ash from time to time during the past ten days. It is the taint of sulphur that spoils the air. The city would have been white now, except for the heavy rain that washed the ashes away just before dawn."

Constable turned apprehensively toward the volcano. He had come into an inheritance of winged thoughts in the presence of the woman, but the news of Pelee's activity disordered the very root of things. Mrs. Stansbury was standing on the porch of the great house, whose walls, verandas and porticoes were cooled and perfumed by embowering vines. The driveway was bordered by Rose of Sharon hedges, and the gardens flamed with poinsettias and roses. There was a cool grove of mango and India trees at the end of the lawn, edged with moon-flowers and oleanders. Back of the plantation house wared the sloping seas of cane; in front, the Caribbean. On the south up-reared the peaks of Carbet; on the north, the Monster.

ders of Uncle Joey. He arrived within an hour, and his trip out to the Madame had not been futile, since he brought Breen with him. The latter seemed to divine at once the defective current between Mrs. Stansbury and his friend, and foretold a slight tension during dinner that evening by sprightly narratives of the voyage. He seemed to attract the attention of the elder woman, and to be stimulated by her close scrutiny of his face and personality. That evening, after dinner, the men moved out upon the veranda to smoke.

"This is second-hand air, Uncle Joey," Constable remarked. "I shut my eyes a moment ago and thought I was down among the steel mills of the lower Monongahela."

"You're the expert in Pelee, not I, Peter," the old planter answered. "April and May aren't our best months, but I never know such hot between rains as we are having now."

Constable moved out into the garden to look at the sky. In no way did he underestimate the seriousness of the time. In the south, low and to the left of the Carbet peaks, the new moon arose, but without the sharpness of outline peculiar to the tropics. It was an orange hue, instead of silvery, and barred, as if seen through a fine wire screen. A faint, low rumbling was heard from the north. It was like thunder, but the horizon above and around Pelee was unscathed by lightning. Miss Stansbury had been at the piano, but the music now ceased.

"How long is it since the mountain has had a session of grumbling, Uncle Joey?" Constable asked. "From time to time for the past ten days. Before that, twenty years, Peter."

"This is quite a novelty—this added egg moon," Constable added. "It's the ash-fog lying between. If there isn't a heavy rain in the night, we'll have a white world to-morrow."

Miss Stansbury appeared on the veranda, and moved out upon the lawn, where Constable was standing. "Are you really so greatly worried, Mr. Constable?" she asked in a low tone. "Why, the fact that Pelee is acting out of the ordinary is enough to make any one skeptical of his intentions. There are a few man-eaters among the mountains of the world—Kratatonk, Bandai-san, Cotopaxi, Vesuvius, Etna—chronic old ruffians, who eat your lungs. A thousand still are crocodiles, until cities have formed on their flanks and cities have built temples in their rifts. They have tasted blood, you see, and the madness comes back. Pelee is a suspect."

AMUSEMENTS AT THE CHICAGO THEATERS.

GREAT NORTHERN. "Wine, Woman and Song" is the alluring and seductive title of the offering in the Great Northern Theater, Chicago, and it is drawing capacity audiences at every performance, but the seductive title is not the only alluring feature, for there is Bonita, the beautiful star, who appears in gorgeous gowns and slugs and dances, and there is a large and well-trained chorus, which appears in many gorgeous spectacles.

AUDITORIUM. Tribune Hospital Benefit This Week. "His Honor the Mayor" The Attraction for This Worthy Charity.—Popular Prices for Entire Week. Persons who attend the performances of "His Honor the Mayor," at the big Auditorium during the week beginning with the Sunday matinee, May 24th, will not only see an unusually brisk and merry play, but contribute to a worthy charity. The big company, which is now on its third week of success, is headed by Harry Kelly, a spry comedian of original methods. Mr. Kelly is aided materially by Miss Madeilyn Marshall, who as the unsophisticated country lass, contributes a character quite as humorous as that of the star himself.

Buxton and beautiful Trilixie Frizzanza is much in evidence, and her popular topical songs are a pleasant and entertaining feature of the performance. Dainty Reine Davies, whose simple, beautiful gowns enhance her personal loveliness, sings a number of catchy airs, and her "Merry Widow" zelle in the waltz with Mr. Kelly, is a delight. Lora Lieb's "My Mary Ann" song and Florine Sweetman's "A Little Girl Like Me" are gems that will be whistled for a long time to come. Bobby Barry and Hugh Fay are exceptionally clever comedians. Tom Moore's sonorous voice is heard to advantage in the "coon" songs. John H. Pratt, whose powerful baritone voice is at its best, in the drinking song of "terrible to say, gaggle birth and education, and that alone he has wandered ever since, fleeing from his fellow-men as though some wild, fluid creature in the desert woods and on the most humorous comings and goings."

THE PRINCESS. Chicago's newest and most beautiful theater, The Princess, will be opened June 1, with a sumptuous production called "A Stubborn Cinderella," according to an announcement by Manager Mort H. Singer, who is also manager of the well-known La Salle Theater, the original Chicago home of musical comedy. The opening of The Princess Theater marks the beginning of a new chapter in Chicago theatricals. It is the first down town Chicago theater erected under the new building code which has been copied all over the world. The structure represents the climax of the theater builder's attainments.

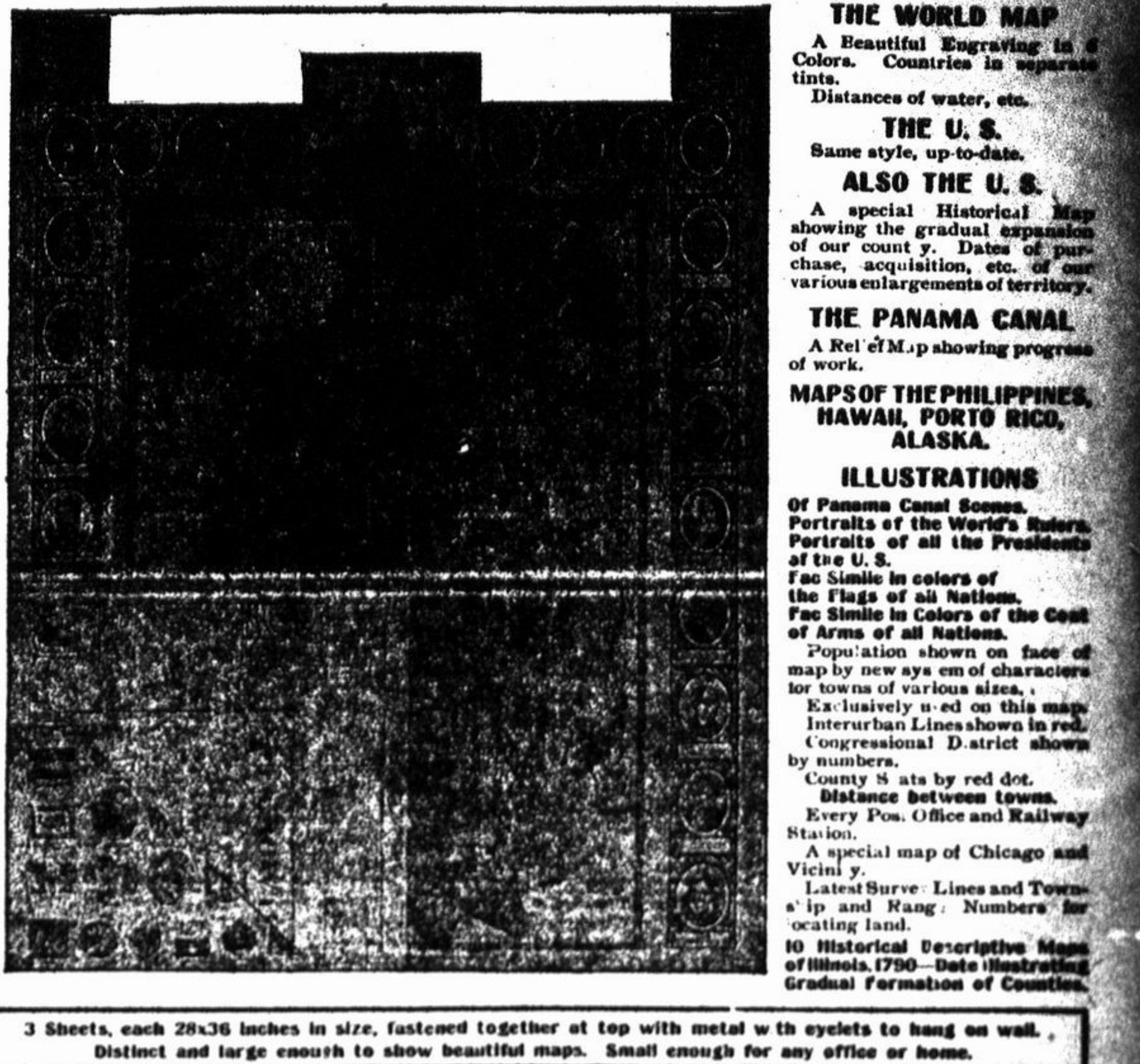
"A Stubborn Cinderella" is by Will Hough, Frank Adams and Joseph Howard, authors of "Honey-moon Trail." "The Girl Question," "The Time, The Place and the Girl," and other well-known La Salle successes. It will be in three acts, and will admit of gorgeous scenic display, the scenes being laid on the campus of the University of Chicago, in the mountains of Arizona and on the Pacific Coast. The last act will show the interior of the famous Coronado Beach hotel, California.

Jack Barrymore, brother of Ethel Barrymore, will head the new Princess Stock company. Miss Alice Dorsey, fresh from conquests in London, will be another member of the company. Jean Salisbury, Hazel Cox, James C. Marlowe, Robert Harrington, Dan Young, Allan Brooks, Fred R. Stanton, Charles Pinner and a chorus of forty will appear.

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W. Savage, William Lorraine, composer of the "Peggy From Paris" music, will be permanent musical director. The new Princess Theater is located on the east side of Clark street, just west of Jackson boulevard. It will seat 1400 persons. There will be twenty-five exits, and two passage ways will run on either side of the house from front to back. The house will be beautifully furnished in pearl gray and rose. The lobby will be hand-somely laid out in mosaic. The completed theater will cost \$225,000.

GARRICK. "THE FLOWER OF THE RANCH." The free air of the great West in the halcyon days of '49" is the atmosphere shown in the Joseph E. Howard Amusement Company's latest musical comedy, "The Flower of the Ranch," which will be seen at the Garrick Theater, Chicago, all summer, beginning Sunday, May 24th, with Joseph E. Howard and Mabel Harrison heading the company. Mr. Howard, than whom there is no more prolific playwright and musician, is responsible for the book, words and music of the opera. It tells a breezy Western story in a breezy Western way, and the musical numbers reflect the atmosphere of the time and locality, giving a swing and dash that attains immediate popularity. Mr. Howard has surpassed even his own work with "The Time, The Place and the Girl" and "The Girl Question" in "The Flower of the Ranch," and has written music that is really worth while. The company is a large one, numbering fifty people, and the principals were all engaged with a view to their fitness to assume the roles assigned them. The costuming is especially elaborate and the scenery genuinely unique. The Western atmosphere giving opportunity for display in this direction. The entire company and production comes direct from its run at the Majestic Theater, New York. Popular Garrick summer prices will rule. Evenings and Saturday matinee 25, 50, 75 and \$1.00; Wednesday matinee, 25, 50 and 75c.

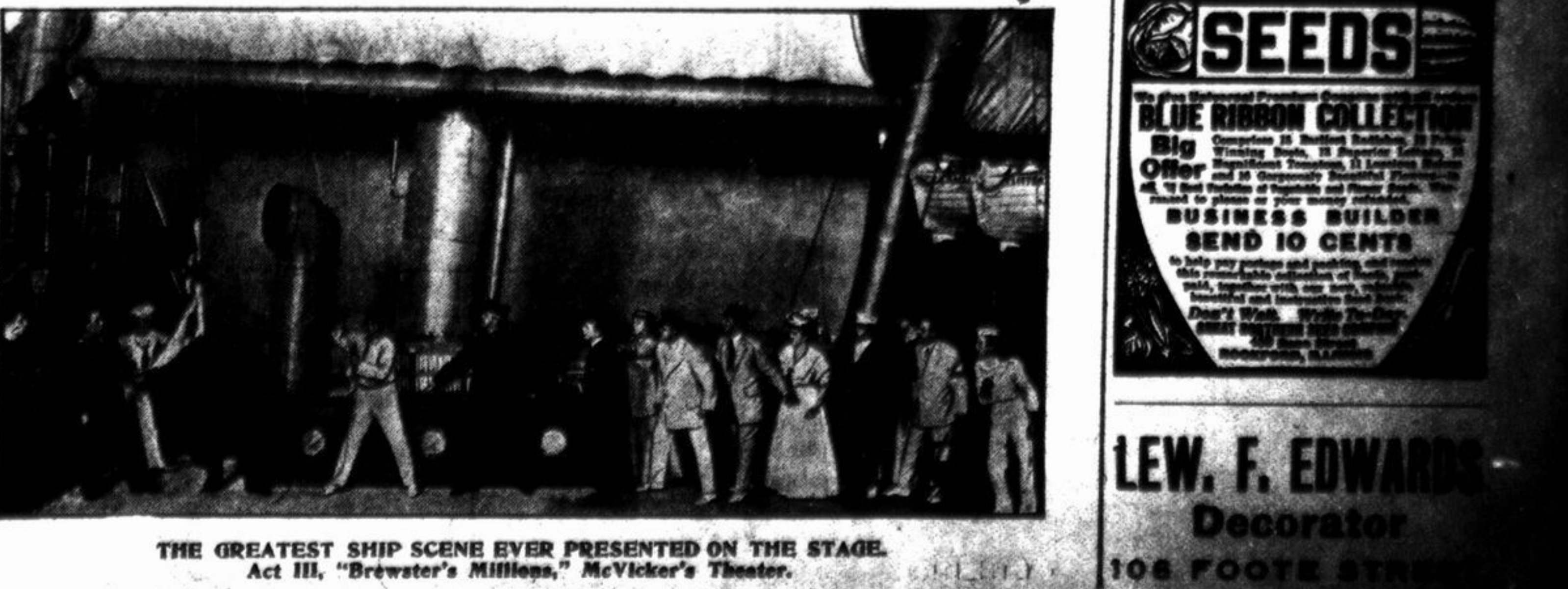
MEVICKER'S. "Brewster's Millions" will continue on its road of spontaneous meritment at MeVicker's Theater, with the usual matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. The success which has attended the return of "Brewster's Millions" was a foregone conclusion, for the reason that "Monty" Brewster did his own missionary work last season when the dramatic version of McCutcheon's fantastic story flag was the light of day. "Brewster's Millions" is the result of a unique and original idea. Most people find it a task to accumulate a million dollars in a year—strange as it may seem in these days of endless chain fortunes—but "Monty" Brewster has the rather hilarious occupation of spending that amount in twelve months. On this idea the play was founded. It is carried through four acts with increasing action and amusing situations, the great climax coming in the third scene with the great yacht and sea-storm effect, a piece of stage-realism that has been as much discussed as the play itself.

Edward Abalos, as the money spending Brewster, succeeds in draining every bit of humor out of his comedy scenes, and he is equally splendid in the more serious moods. Edith Taliaferro, a demure, attractive and winsome ingenue, plays the opposite role with rare good taste, and a sweetness that is appealing. The remaining twenty odd characters are in the hands of capable and experienced actors.

MAJESTIC. The principal star at the Majestic Theater, Chicago, for the week of May 25th is Della Fox, one of the most famous of all the comic opera singers, who has been associated with DeWolf Hopper and others in some of the greatest productions this country has ever seen, having entered upon stage work when she was scarcely more than a child. Della Fox is still in her prime and is proving throughout the country to be one of the most attractive stars now in vogue. Clayton White and Marie Stuart who are known as the most versatile favorites in vaudeville will appear in their wonderfully bright and amusing one-act play entitled "Cherries." The Columbia Repertory, a big and beautiful musical act involving seven artists, is conceded to be one of the strongest and most artistic acts of the kind now upon the stage. The Sisters Macarrie offer a very expert and interesting wire act which is full of daring and grace and quite away from that sort of acrobatics which has become tiresome through constant repetition. Alice Norton the alchemist who conducts certain popular scientific experiments on the stage, producing from raw material beautiful rubies and sapphires, is a very distinct novelty. La Sylphe is a graceful dancer quite justifying her name by her terpsichorean exploits, while Raymond and Coverly the funny men, may be depended upon for an interlude of up-to-date humor. Prindle's dogs in a novelty act quite away from the ordinary, form another interesting feature of a bill which also includes many other specialties.

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