

# Tonight 4 Acts Vaudeville Feature and Comedy

Bartlett Theatre, Highwood, Illinois

### PROGRAM NEXT WEEK

**Sunday** Tom Mix in "Fighting for Gold." Also 2-reel Sunshine Comedy.

**Tuesday** Ruth Rowland in "The Tiger's Trail." Also Pathe News, Cartoon & Comedy.

**Wednesday** Virginia Pearson in "The Liar." Also Mutt and Jeff.

**Thursday** Four Acts Vaudeville feature and comedy. Two shows, 7:00 and 9:00 p. m. every Thursday.

**Friday** Earl Williams in "Seal of Silence." Also Big V Comedy.

**Saturday** Marie Walcamp in "The Red Glove." Also International News and 2-reel Universal Comedy.

## Divorce Cured

By JOHN GREGG

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If ever any woman had cause for a divorce it was Edith—that is how Edith reasoned, anyway. Tom had been the neglectful husband, almost from their honeymoon. And quarrels! Well, it was almost more than she could stand. Everything she said he disagreed with. Everything she said she disagreed with, although she did not think of that part of it. She did not like his relatives, and he hated hers. His sister Argemine had made the second summer of their marriage miserable for Edith, and now Tom had a perfect right to put up with her brother Gerald. Gerald was a good sort, and was a much better brother than Tom was a husband.

The last straw came when Tom had refused utterly to publish one of Gerald's stories. Tom was head of a publishing house and could have easily marketed one of Gerald's many literary endeavors, and Edith was quite sure he would have done so had Gerald been any one save her brother. Their quarrel had been a long and heated one and that night Edith had cried herself to sleep. In the morning she came down almost ready to forgive, but the first sound that greeted her caused all the resentment to come back into her soul. Tom was lecturing Gerald scathingly.

"I won't have you sitting up writing stories until two o'clock in the morning in my house," Tom was saying. "It would be more to your credit, young man, if you got out and did some real work—something that would do some good in the world."

At this point Edith blustered in. Few women are beautiful when angry and Edith isn't included in the few.



Caused All Resentment to Come Back.

It was terrible, that is all we can say, and we might add that Gerald was the only one of the three that acted creditably. He retreated to his room, leaving Edith blustering and Tom gasping in an endeavor to find some rejoinder to her biting words.

When Gerald came down stairs, two hours later, Edith was still crying. "It's all ended," she sobbed on Gerald's shoulder. "Tom has telephoned for his lawyer and I have telephoned for mine. They will be here this evening to arrange for the divorce. It is better so."

At seven o'clock Edith was in an evening gown, seated in the library waiting the arrival of the lawyers with her husband, although they were not to be there until eight. She was fighting hard to keep back the tears, and as she sat there with just the tiniest tears glistening in her eyes she looked like a pretty little disobedient child trying to stick to it that she had not been naughty at all. She tried to brighten up when Gerald entered.

"Read this, Sis. It's my latest story," her brother said as he pushed forward a manuscript to her, and then passed out. It was just like Gerald to give her something to take her mind off her trouble, she reflected, as she tried to open the pages. If Tom had only been more like him!

Divorced! Edith was free. In her hands were the papers that canceled her marriage certificate. Somehow the feeling of freedom that she had expected did not come over her. It seemed odd to see Tom hailing a taxi and not offering his arm to assist her in. There he was, going away alone, perhaps she would never see him again, and he had not kissed her goodbye. Of course, he hadn't! He did not have the right to now. It felt funny to be hailing a taxi for herself, and the ride home felt horribly lonely.

How wearisome the house was, and how quiet! The servants had all gone away for the day.

Where was the large portrait of Tom that had stood in the corner in the library? Of course he had taken that away. How strangely unfamiliar was the aroma in the den! Flowers were on the table where his pipes had stood and a dish of candies replaced his ash tray. Who had given orders for those

changes? Why Tom, of course. He was always considerate in little things, for no one knew as he did what pleased her most.

The flowers were violets, too, her favorites. In the excitement she had not noticed that. It was good of Tom to remember them. How could he forget them—how could either of them forget them? Was it not in a wood purple with violets where first they had met? Were they not violets he brought with the ring that sealed their engagement, and had not her wedding bouquet been most of violets?

How beautiful had the violets seemed then! What a wonderful day it had been! What a wonderful lover had Tom been! What a wonderful husband had he started out to be! Why had he changed? The question startled Edith. The thought that perhaps she had been to blame for the whole thing came to her for the first time.

In a lonely apartment in a large hotel, sitting before a fireplace that had not been kindled, his head in his hands, sat Tom, the loneliest man in creation. That day he had lost his dearest possession, the most wonderful little wife in the world, and he had just realized that the whole thing had been his fault.

He had crossed Edith in her every little whim, just as she had crossed him in his, though he should have overlooked that. They had expected too much of one another. To make life happy one must give in to one's life mate, but neither Edith or Tom had surrendered to each other on even small points. It was a wonder they had not been divorced before.

What other woman would have put up with him as Edith had done? thought Tom in his lonely apartment. And what other man would have put up with her as Tom had done? thought Edith in the library of the lonely home that was hers by law, but belonged to Tom by rights. They had been ideally suited to one another had they only had the power of giving in.

Their tastes, their ambitions, their ideals were the same, so why had they not been happy? Thus they both thought. Gone was everything, the ambitions, the ideals, the little children they had dreamed of and the happy old age they had planned to have together. The hopes of a young lifetime shattered by a decree of divorce! There was no turning back. Divorced couples are only re-married in stories and moving pictures. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lester were no more. Mrs. Edith Lester and Mr. Thomas Lester survived. The rest of her life would be spent in dreaming of the love and happiness she had cast aside, and his would be spent in lamenting the wife and children that had been denied him.

"Oh, Tom—Tom, forgive me! It has all been my fault," Edith jumped to her feet and threw her brother's manuscript to the floor, tottered and

almost fell. Tom was right behind her and caught her in his arms.

"It isn't true, dear; you are still mine," he cried as he kissed her again and again. "The lawyers haven't come yet; let's start all over again."

"Gerald's story seemed so real," she sobbed. "Too real," he laughed, with an effort to shake off the feeling of depression that had crept over him. "He led me in here to read it over your shoulder. He's a clever kid; I think I'll give him that chance he wants in our fiction department."

"You darling!" Edith smothered further promises with kisses.

### LEFT THE TELLER GASPING

Misplaced Confidence in His Infallibility Cost Him Neat Little Sum of Forty Dollars.

Everyone feels an unholly joy when the cruel stepfather falls downstairs or when the harsh employer is knocked down by the clean-cut, athletic young machinist. And there's a kindred feeling in the story that an author tells in System, the magazine of business, to illustrate the need for telephone courtesy.

A bookkeeper, wishing change for petty cash, sent a check and memorandum to the bank. The amount returned was not correct. The messenger who had brought the change told her he had been served at window A.

The bookkeeper called the bank and asked for this teller.

"Is this the teller at window A?"

"Yes. What may I do for you?"

"I sent a messenger to you for change. The amount I received is not correct, and—"

The teller broke in gruffly: "We never make any corrections or allowances after anyone leaves the bank."

"Oh! thank you so much," was the sweet reply: "I am \$40 ahead. Good-by!"

### Wisdom of Defoe.

"And herein it is that I take upon me to make such a bold assertion that all the world are mistaken in their practice about women; for I cannot think that God Almighty made them . . . with souls capable of the same accomplishments with men, and all to be only stewards of our houses, cooks and slaves." This advanced doctrine, which in its climax sounds somewhat as if it were uttered in a present-day convention, according to the Outlook, was written, as is noted in a recent book on English literature, some 200 years ago, by Daniel Defoe.

### The Robin's Opinion.

Guinea Hen—"My singing evidently does not appeal to you?" Robin—"Singing! Suffering cats! What you mistake for vocal chords is merely a filing device."—Buffalo Express.

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### Nerves-of-Smell Note.

In spite of the vast mechanical improvements of the age, the best alarm clock is still the sweet perfume of ryeing ham and eggs.—Toledo Blade.

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