

**THE NEW PLAYS**  
**"The Great Pursuit"**  
*Isn't Exciting.*  
 BY CHARLES DARNTON

**E**VEN English authors may seize upon this particular time to make the most of their opportunities. But C. Haddon Chambers has made nothing new of his old play, "The Idler," by calling it "The Great Pursuit."

At the Shubert Theatre last night we saw only an artificial play. In spite of its title, "The Great Pursuit" leads only to the drawing room. Accordingly, we witnessed a play of supposedly good manners. "The Great Pursuit" may mean as little to you as it does to me. For the life of me, I could make neither beginning nor end of it. In one breath an Englishman had killed an American in Nevada, and in another he was quite innocent of any fatal intention.

This, in effect, is the play, if you, in imagination, can make a play of this kind of stuff. There is, you may be sure, the bachelor apartment in which the devoted wife plays her innocent part. The man who has loved

her through everything—including her very bad imitation of an old lady—finally goes to his mother. Before going any further, I must say that "The Great Pursuit" is not exciting.

Happily, Marie Tempest was in the cast, and when she and Cynthia Brooks made Gen. Merryweather a matter of discussion there was a bit of real comedy. Later, Miss Tempest tripped in and again walked off with the honors. She is a comedienne who can make the best of a bad play.

Phyllis Neilson Terry was as artificial as the play itself in the role of Lady Harding. Her idea of emotion was expressed in an upheaval of shoulders and an elevation of eye-

**The GIRL and the GAME**

**A STORY OF MOUNTAIN RAILROAD LIFE.**  
 By **FRANK H. SPEARMAN.**

Author of "Whispering South," "The Mountain Inside," "Whispering of Great Railroads," etc. Copyright, 1915, by Frank H. Spearman. Produced by Mutual Film Corporation. Distributed by Mutual Film Corporation. Now in show in the leading Motion Picture Theatres.

**CHAPTER XIII.**  
 (Continued.)

"You put the stick in the box, didn't you?" She nodded a half-frightened assent. "That," he continued stiffly, "was your business. Now you want to get it out, don't you?" She nodded once more. "That," he declared with much positiveness, "is my business."

A moment later, at the side of the bank, Helen, frightened to death, followed Spike through an unguarded door. He led the way hastily and stealthily to the vault, and Helen, with her key, opened Rhineland's door. It was while they were thus feloniously abstracting their own property that the watchman saw them. He turned in an alarm. At the police station where it registered, the Sergeant called out the men and they started on the jump for the bank.

Helen, in the interval, had taken the securities from the box and showed them to Spike. As they turned to leave, the watchman, reinforced by the officers, pounced down on them. Helen, desperate over the situation, upbraided the watchman.

A wordy discussion followed. But Helen and Spike were started for the station, where more development had already taken place. The victim of the hold-up, in response to the sergeant's message, had arrived, and on his hands and knees, Ward and Adams, paraded with others before him, was unable to identify Seagrave's retainers. In fact, he distinctly declared these were not the men that had eaten all his free lunch and robbed him.

The chief, refusing to be satisfied, continued to ask questions. His instinct concerning criminals seemed

to tell him that this pair were crooked, and, if not answering to one charge, should justly be left to await another. While this was going on in the office of the chief, Helen and Spike were ushered, with the complaining watchman, into the looking room. Helen demanded the use of the telephone, and in spite of the serious charge lodged against her demeanor satisfied the sergeant who was no criminal and he handed her the phone from his desk. She called Rhineland up at Seagrave's rooms.

When the bell rang, Seagrave told Rhineland to answer it, and from Helen at the station the latter learned of the plight she and Spike were in.

No explanation that Helen and Spike could make moved the Desk Sergeant in any degree. He had directed the officers to take the two to separate cells when a commotion was heard in the hallway and Rhineland dashed into the room. In the twinkling of an eye the aspect of everything changed. In Rhineland's the conscientious watchman recognized the president of his own safe deposit company, and when the great transportation magnate rushed up to Helen to extend his sympathy and nodded, as an old acquaintance, to Spike, the humble watch dog of the safe deposit vault gasped. He waited

just a minute, and in an audacious dash in the conversation between Rhineland and Helen, Spike started to get an attention. The watchman poked into the group to ask whether he had made a mistake.

"No mistake at all," said Rhineland hoarsely and reassuringly, and to the watchman's great relief. "You did exactly right. You didn't know these people. They had no business in there. But they were there not only to get my securities out of a box, but to get me out of a box!" The watchman stared. "So"—Rhineland turned to the Sergeant in explanation—"there's really nobody to blame, Sergeant, except that your men and you have a box of cigars coming from somebody, and it might as well be me as anybody else."

The Sergeant scratched his head. "This is the queerest mix-up I ever struck," he muttered, perplexed.

At Rhineland's suggestion he sent for the Chief. The moment the latter appeared everything was made right. Within his own room the Chief had a knotted problem. He had been trying in every way to extract some damaging admission from Ward and Adams, but, unable to do so, had reluctantly dismissed the pair, satisfied that if justice had her due the two would be behind the bars.

Just outside the police station Helen and Rhineland—Spike listening—were conferring as to what should be done in the awkward emergency facing them. How could they now save their property from Seagrave's eager clutches? They moved away together slowly, just as Ward and Adams, having got the real handbag from the Sergeant, walked out of the station. The two men encountered the halting and perplexed trio. Rhineland's roving eye fell on the bag as Ward passed him. He cried out and pointed. Ward and Adams turned nervously. "Stop, thief!" yelled Rhineland, making for them.

Seagrave's men recognized their victim. Away they dashed, Helen and the two men after them at top speed. Across a city street a block away the front end of a long freight train was rapidly pulling. Ward and Adams headed for it, and, outdistancing their pursuers, sprang for and gained the nearest box car. It drew away with them as Helen, Rhineland and Spike ran up too late.

Further down the line, at Santa Fe crossing, a Tidewater passenger train had slowed, and for this Helen, Rhineland and Spike made. By the excitement and speed were telling on Rhineland, who was not in the class and training of his companions. He weakened. Spike stopped to help him along, but brief interval Helen made the side of a coach as

the Tidewater passenger train picked up speed. Her companions could not overtake her, but Rhineland hastily chartered a passing automobile and away he went with Spike after the two trains. It was a triangular race, but the passenger train, on a parallel track, gained rapidly on the freight.

(To Be Continued.)

**Mrs. Vanderbilt May Buy Westinghouse Estate.**  
 LEON, Mass., March 22.—Mrs. Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt has signed preliminary papers agreeing to purchase about 400 acres of the Brakins Park property of the George Westinghouse estate. Titles now are being searched. Her purchase will include most of the land on west side of Laurel Lake, including the villa built by the late Mrs. Westinghouse and which it is understood Mrs. Vanderbilt is to tear down.

**COAL CONFERREES FIND WAY TO SETTLE DISPUTE**

**Solution May Come With Readjustment of Wages for Machine Mining.**

Anthracite operators and miners have found something upon which both agree a settlement can be made without resorting to a strike—the readjustment of wages for machine mining. The machine was in the experimental stage in the hard coal fields at the time the last contract was signed and no definite allowance was agreed upon that could legally be held binding.

The operators frankly admit that there should and shall be equitable compensation for machine mining, but whether it will be an hourly or daily allowance has not been determined. It probably will be a daily allowance. Discussion of this feature took up most of yesterday afternoon's session. To-day the miners expect to finish their side, after which there will be a formal discussion by both miners and operators of all the demands presented.

The operators will reject the 20 per cent. increase in wages, the eight hour day, and the "check-off," always, of course, leaving a margin for future discussion. As has been explained in The Evening World, it is expected that the miners will revise their figures on wage increase, just as they did at the soft coal conference.

**Burton Curios Bring \$1,727.**  
 More than 600 curios gathered by John E. Burton of Milwaukee, including Alaskan ivory, rare firearms, Indian baskets, blankets and pottery, coins and medals, Chinese, Japanese, Egyptian and Persian jewelry and other objects, brought \$1,727 yesterday at auction in the Anderson Galleries. Mr. Burton's library was previously sold there for \$27,000.

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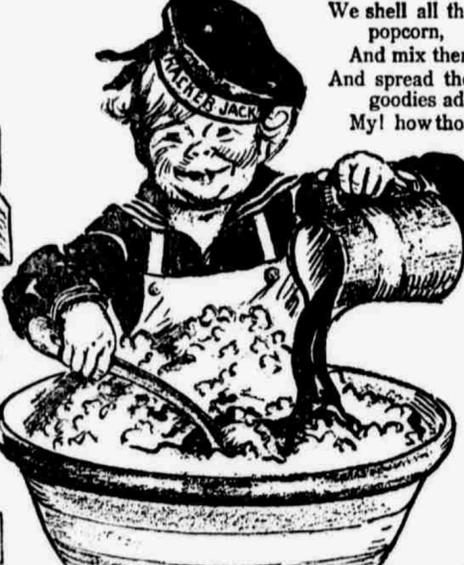


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