

AT THEATRES

"BIG TOWN IDEAS" AT THE REX AGAIN TONIGHT

One of the most delightful screen plays seen here this season fell to the lot of patrons of the Rex theater yesterday when Eileen Percy, the piquant comedienne, opened an engagement there in "Big Town Ideas," a William Fox feature which is entertainment plus in every moment of its rendition.

"In Big Town Ideas," Miss Percy enacts the role of a small town goddess of gastronomy, who fairly wins the admiration of all customers—especially men—by an art that seems to have been handed down from some expert "mamma" of ante-bellum days who knew just how to cook flapjacks "as is."

Miss Percy's "flapjacker" is located in a small railroad station, through which in time all the characters in the story pass. There comes a handcuffed youth with an officer on his way to prison; the members of a strolling troupe of thespians; the governor of the state, two high-class crooks who are principals in a big hand robbery, the lovesick swain and various other figures.

The handcuffed youth turns out to be an innocent man, with the Flapjack Queen finally accomplishing his release; and it is but natural that the first two things he does after he sheds his wrist hardware are to dispose of a luscious plate of "wheats" and marry the girl.

Miss Percy's work as the lunch counter girl was one of the most satisfying characterizations seen on the local screen in a long while. The play is filled with wholesome fun and quaint conceits.

"THE CHILD THOU GAVEST ME" AT REX THURSDAY

"The Child Thou Gavest Me," which is to be the attraction under the Rex theater for two days, starting Thursday, introduces a new production organization to the motion picture public. It is an independent unit known as John M. Stahl Productions, and the pictures made under Mr. Stahl's personal direction, will be presented by Louis B. Mayer.

The initial offering of this company according to advance reports, is one of the most dramatic stories ever filmed. The story evolved about a startlingly novel situation—one that has never been done before in film—and the suspense and tension throughout make this one of the outstanding achievements in movie history.

The cast is of all-ster calibre, including such celebrities as Lewis Stone, Barbara Castleton, William Desmond, Adele Farrington, Winter Hall and last, but not least, little Richard Hendrick, alias "Itchie," who has won his way into millions of hearts by his acting in previous pictures.

Despite his tender age—"Itchie" is only three years old—he in reality is the star of the picture, in spite of the unprecedented strength of the cast. In "The Child Thou Gavest Me," the little chap does not simply pose in one or two scenes, as is customary with child actors of his age; he is a part of the thread of the story and is "acting" all the way through it. And little "Itchie" is some actor.

"Itchie" has become so popular in the motion picture colony in Los Angeles, that directors are constantly bidding for his services, but his parents refuse to allow him to spend more than a day a week before the camera.

"THE RIGHT THAT FAILED" AT THE GRAND THURSDAY

Preliminary because of its quality of he-Americanism, Metro's new special "The Right That Failed" should enjoy a popularity without class limitations. It radiates certain ideals of manliness through the love story of an exceptional type that will no doubt coincide with the cherished standards of every member of the representative American family. At the same time the opportunity for humor has not been overlooked and in fact it is the predominating lightness of treatment attached to a theme full of possibilities for the comey writer that makes this feature the best in which Bert Lytell has starred for some time.

The introduction of the prize ring and the corresponding characters into pictures is a modern tendency that has probably never proved a greater success than in this feature. When a champion boxer finds that his great prowess which has won him unequalled recognition among men counts for worse than nothing with the one fair lady, the situation of his helplessness and miscalculations is picturesque and amusing to say the least. For the first time his fists are of no use. But the usual takes place and the feminine admiration for physical fitness is once more the conclusive factor in a three-angled love affair.

Bert Lytell, as the square-jawed, unpolished lover, gives an impersonation that will no doubt surprise many who have followed his work. He is fully convincing in registering a far greater ease in the bout than in the love arbor. Virginia Valli, it might be said is a personality and an actress who would inspire a vis-a-vis. Good direction, attractive settings and the comic illustrations increase the selling value.

"WHITE OAK" AT GRAND SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

William S. Hart's admirers will turn out in force when his latest Paramount picture of the west, "White Oak" is shown for the first time in Bemidji at the Grand theater Saturday and Sunday. "White Oak" is an excellent photoplay. It is full of action as any Mr. Hart has given us in two years. As Oak Miller, a gambler's man, he is at his best. The situations are thrilling and many of them are original and novel. Viola Vale gives excellent support to the star while the work of Alexander Gaden, Robert Walker, Bert Sprout and Helen Holley leaves "White Oak" little to be desired.

"LIFE" AT ELKO THEATER TONIGHT AND THURSDAY

Based on Thompson-Buchanan's successful melodrama which created a theatrical sensation in New York in 1914, "Life," a William A. Brady production for Paramount, will be shown at the Elko theater for two days beginning tonight. This melodrama picture was produced in New York recently and is declared by press and public to be one of the strongest pictures of the season.

The story has genuine heart interest and appeal and even the most blasé film fan will watch development of the plot with fervor. The production as a whole is a good one and the players enacting the various roles were with few exceptions quite convincing. The story in brief has to do with the conviction of an innocent man of murder and of his exonerated by his wife after many complications have been overcome.

The cast generally is of the best. Jack Mower, the leading man, is well known as an actor, he having appeared in many Broadway productions. Arline Pretty, the leading woman, is a noted stage and screen player who is not unfamiliar to Paramount audiences. Rod La Rocque, who has a heavy role in "Life," was seen to recent Paramount success. Others in the cast include Leeward Meeker, J. H. Gilmore, Ethingham Pinto, Curtis Cooksey and Geoffrey Stein.

"THE BRIDE'S PLAY" AT ELKO FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

There would be renewed interest in marketing if every woman could design as pretty a marketing dress as the one worn by Marion Davies in "The Bride's Play," a Cosmopolitan Paramount picture which will be the feature at the Elko theater next Friday and Saturday. When Miss Davies learned that she was to wear such a frock, she did not go out to buy one, but sat down and made it entirely from her own design.

"The Bride's Play" is a romantic picture of love, "wishing wells," quaint folklore and weddings. It was screened from the story of the same name by Donn Byrne under the direction of George W. Terwilliger. Wyndham Standing plays opposite Miss Davies. The cast is said to be exceptionally clever. The picture was created by Cosmopolitan Productions.

OLD TREE IN CITY OF LONDON

Mulberry Planted Four Centuries Ago Still Flourishing in England's Grimy Metropolis.

That a tree which has entered its fourth century of life should still be flourishing in the heart of the west end of London is an interesting fact, apart from its historical associations.

King James the First, anxious to promote silk production in the metropolis, planted many young mulberry trees from abroad, over an area of nearly five acres, where Buckingham palace now stands, and the Mulberry garden, if it did not fulfill royal hopes, provided a place of public amusement, to which the people—including Dryden, the poet laureate—resorted to eat tarts and otherwise regale themselves. A mansion erected nearby was called Tart hall, apparently from the local associations referred to, and from this mansion many works of art found their way into Horace Walpole's collection at Strawberry hill, as is set out in the sale catalogue of 1842.

Brig. Gen. Sir Douglas Dawson, state chamberlain, has just favored me with a letter in which he makes the interesting statement that in the garden of Buckingham palace there is a venerable mulberry tree, which bears a label to the effect that it was "Planted in 1609, when the old Mulberry garden was formed by James I."—London Times.

CALL TUESDAY UNLUCKY DAY

Members of the Greek Church Have Reasons to Look Upon It With Misgivings.

To most persons of western tradition Friday is more or less considered to be an unlucky day. Many of them prefer not to say this straight out, but they are a bit wary of starting any large enterprise on a Friday. The idea may come from the fact that for so many people Friday is held as a fast day and great interest in purely secular pursuits should be held somewhat in abeyance. The old Norse peasantry gave a different explanation.

"To begin a big thing on a Friday leads to a great temptation to break the Sabbath," is the way one old grandmother puts it.

To most members of the Greek church it is not Friday, but Tuesday that is the most unlucky day. The reason is clearcut and historical, for it was on this day that—a Tuesday, in 1453—Constantinople was lost to the eastern empire and passed under the control of the Turks.

Negroes Move to the Cities.

The negro urban population of the United States is now in round numbers, about 3,500,000, and even more when towns and villages of less than 2,500 inhabitants are included; that is, one-third of the negro population of the United States are now living in villages, towns and cities. The larger part of the increase in negro urban population has been due to migration. In the last five years some 500,000 negroes have moved from rural districts into the towns and cities. A large proportion, therefore, of the negro population is new to city conditions.—Southern Workmen.

One Place It Wouldn't Go.

"Dishers talk about cancellation of debts," said Uncle Eben, "may be all right for the big transactions, but I wouldn't like to see anybody try to start it in a crap game."



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Young Carlyle Wiburton Dale, or "Bill Dale," as he elects to be known, and of a wealthy store operator, John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway Switch, in eastern Tennessee, abandoning a life of ease—and incidentally a bride, Patricia Clavering, at the altar—determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Babe" Littleford, typical mountaineer girl. "By" Heck, a character of the hills, takes him to John Moreland's home. Moreland is chief of his "clan," which has an old feud with the Littlefords. He tells Dale of the killing of his brother, David, and of the fact that he, Moreland, is a coal operator, and a man named Carlyle. Moreland's description of "Carlyle" causes Dale to believe the man was his father.

CHAPTER II.—Dale arranges to make his home with the Moreland family, for whom he entertains a deep respect.

CHAPTER III.—Talking with "Babe" Littleford next day, Dale is ordered by "Black Adam" Ball, bully of the district, to leave "his girl" alone. Dale replies spiritedly, and they fight. Dale whips the bully, though badly used up. He arranges with John Moreland to develop David's coal deposits. Ben Littleford sends a challenge to John Moreland to meet him with his followers next day, in battle. Moreland agrees.

CHAPTER IV.—During the night all the guns belonging to the Littlefords and the Morelands mysteriously disappear.

CHAPTER V.—Dale arranges to go to Cincinnati to secure money for the mining of the coal. The two clans find their weapons, which the women had hidden, and line up for battle. "Babe," in an effort to stop the fighting, crosses to the Moreland side of the river, and is accidentally shot by her father and seriously wounded.

CHAPTER VI.—To get proper surgical aid, John Moreland, Ben Littleford and Dale convey "Babe" unconscious, to the city. Doctors assure them she is not seriously hurt. Dale meets an old friend, Ebbey McLevin, and his wife, married Patricia Clavering. Telling his father of David Moreland's coal, the old gentleman's actions convince his son of his father's guilt in the killing of Moreland.

CHAPTER VII.—It is arranged that "Babe" is to stay with Mrs. McLaughlin to be educated. Dale, refusing his father's proffered financial aid to develop the mine, interests Newton Wheatley, capitalist, who agrees to furnish the money. Dale realizes he loves "Carlyle."

CHAPTER VIII.—Returning to the Halfway Switch, Dale meets Major Bradley, lawyer, and real friend of the mountaineers, whom he engages as counsel for the company. A man named Gott, of evil reputation, tries to bribe to betray the Morelands by selling him the coal deposits, and telling them they are of little value. Gott draws a revolver to threaten him, but Gott draws a revolver. Dale is unarmed.

CHAPTER IX.—Gott enlists the aid of a turbulent crowd, the Balls and Torres, to make trouble for Dale's company. The Littlefords and Morelands agree to forget the old feud and dwell in harmony.

CHAPTER X.—"Babe" returns to her home, fearing she is a burden to the McLaughlins. Dale remonstrates, and she agrees to go back, for the sake of her education. Wayside by "Black Adam" Ball, Dale fights a pistol duel with the desperado, and Ball is killed. Dale is arrested and taken to jail at Cartersville. He doesn't see how his shot could have killed Ball.

CHAPTER XI.—There is much speculation as to who really killed Ball, the general opinion being that it was "By Heck," who had constituted himself Dale's guardian.

(Continued from last issue)

CHAPTER XII.

Jailed. Cartersville nestles close between the points of two outlying foothills, and it is a delightfully lazy and old-fashioned town. For the most part it is made up of gabled old brick houses, which have pretty settings of green lawn, roses, honeysuckles and trees. Even in the small business district, the streets are lined with trees. They have electric lights there, and water mains, a common school and a high school, a courthouse, a jail and a theater.

It was a little after nightfall when Dale and the other two men rode through the shaded streets. Dale noted that the people they met under the swinging lights spoke cordially and with marked courtesy to his companions. It was very evident that the officer and Major Bradley were in high standing in their home town.

Sheriff Tom Flowers drew in before a hitching-rack that stood in front of the courthouse, a great old wooden building with a clock in its tower. "We'll dismount here," said he. They did. The major took the reins of Dale's horse.

"I'll see that the animal is well cared for, sir," he said to Dale. "And as soon as I have seen to our horses, I'll be with you. I wish to talk matters over with you. Suppose I bring supper for us both, eh?" Dale thanked Bradley, and turned away with the officer. They walked a short block, and entered a low, square building of brick and stone of which the windows were small and high and barred with iron. Dale knew that it was the Cartersville jail, and his heart sank in spite of him. Just as death by violence had been entirely new to him, so also was this entirely new to him.

Flowers took a ring of heavy keys from the hand of the jailer, and led the way down a whitewashed corridor. It was not yet bedtime, and the other prisoners were still up; some of them were reading newspapers, others were trying to mend their clothing, still

feel like talking. Let's see, you gave your man Hayes orders to carry the work right along as though nothing had happened, didn't you? And the sheriff is to go back the day after tomorrow to arrest two or three Balls and two or three Torres, to see what he can find out concerning the dynamiting of the two buildings and the trouble—today was not a good time to make the arrests. Am I correct?" "Correct," nodded Dale.

Bradley regarded his cigar thoughtfully. "Now," he said in a low tone, suddenly lifting his gaze to the other's face, "tell me about the thing that brought you here. Don't omit even the slightest detail. Nobody can overhear you if you will hold your voice down. These walls are very thick, you see. Well, you may begin."

In carefully guarded tones, Bill Dale gave a straightforward account of the whole unfortunate occurrence. The major listened intently to every word of it, so intently that he allowed his cigar to go out. Often he stopped his client and asked him to repeat certain portions of the story in order that he might be doubly sure of a point.

As Major Bradley rose to ask the jailer to come and let him out, Dale muttered dolefully:

"Tell me, major: what do you think of my case? It looks rather bad, doesn't it?"

"Not bad enough to warrant your feeling blue over it, my boy!" said Bradley, showing his polished white teeth in a smile that was meant to be reassuring. "I think we'll get you out of it. Anyway, don't worry about it. Worry will kill a cat, they say! You didn't kill Adam Ball, John Moreland had taught you how to shoot pretty well; and if you took even half as careful an aim as you think you did, you couldn't have missed Ball's hat by so much."

"I have an idea, Dale," he resumed. "that if we knew who fired that third shot we'd know who did for Ball. It might have been done in order to save you. Ball was noted, I understand, as an unfair and tricky fighter. He might have been trying to trick you when he rose and fell groaning. Perhaps he meant to draw you into the open, that he might have a clean shot at you. Eh?"

Dale shook his head gloomily.

"Hardly possible, major. In that event there was nothing against the man whose bullet finished Ball, because he did it to save me; and he would have owned to it and prevented my arrest. A man who liked my life would like me well enough to confess and save me from suffering for it. I am sure of that, major."

"Ah, my boy," smiled the older of the two, "you don't yet know the mountain heart. Jail is a terrible thing to the liberty-loving mountaineer. But love of you, and love of fair-dealing, will soon overcome the fear of jail, and you will be freed—if I find I strongly suspect proves to be well founded. I'll leave you now, Dale. I'll see you in the morning, sir. Good-night!"

When his optimistic attorney had gone, Dale glanced once more at the to him miserable line from Dante's "Inferno," and began to remove his outer clothing preparatory to going to bed. He did not feel anything like so confident concerning the outcome of his trial as Major Bradley evidently felt. Then he became even more dejected, and he told himself that the major had spoken so reassuringly merely to help him keep up heart.

The night passed, and another bright summer day dawned, and in the Cartersville jail there was one prisoner who had not slept at all. Each of those long and heavy black hours had been an age to this prisoner to whom jail was so new.

At noon a furious windstorm, accompanied by such vivid lightning and blinding rain, sprang out of the west and began to sweep the countryside and out of the lowering wet gloom there came one to deliver Bill Dale. He was a mountaineer, young and stalwart and strong, and about him there was much of that certain English fineness that was so striking in his father. He entered the low, square building of brick and stone and stopped in the center of the corridor, where he stood, while water ran from his wet clothing and gathered in little pools at his feet, and looked to his right and to his left. Dale saw him, and cried out in surprise:

"Caleb!" Caleb Moreland walked straight, his head up and his shoulders back, a splendid picture of virile young manhood, to the end of the corridor. He gripped two of the door's hated bars, bars that had long been worn smooth by other human hands; he pressed his smoothly shaven, sunburned face against the iron, and smiled.

"How are you a-killin' by this time, Bill? It's some h—l of a place, ain't it?" Dale took a step toward him. "Well, a queen's boudoir is nicer. What are you doing here, Caleb?" "I've come to set you free," said Caleb Moreland.

Dale stared unbelievably. "But that is impossible, Cale. How could you set me free?" "Call Tom Flowers, and I'll sight ye."

Dale called, and the officer came immediately. Caleb Moreland turned from the cell door and faced him. "I've come here to own up to the killin' o' Black Adam Ball," began the young billman.

He swallowed, went a trifle pale under his tan, and continued bravely: "Bill Dale thar, he never done it. I am the one 'at done it. Bill he shot at Adam, but he missed—Adam had done shot at Bill fust, y'understand, Tom. But I didn't miss. I don't never miss."

"Now, sir," said the old lawyer, "I

MOVES ALTOGETHER TOO FAST

Writer Makes Complaint About Life That Will Be Echoed by Many No Longer Young.

Here is another new one already started and even on the second day we can seem to feel the finish just ahead of us. F. H. Young writes in Providence Journal. We shall have just time to save up for the summer vacation and then for another period of scrimping preparation for Christmas and first thing we know they will be handing around the 1923 calendars. That is really the most alarming aspect of life, after one gets to be about so old. It is this infernal and relentless speed of the passing years which steadily becomes speedier. It is only

young that is able to worry about love-measuring machines, the erratic conduct of the equator and the north pole, the speed of the moon and the speed of turtles and all these contemporaneous scientific matters.

And yet, science is just wonderful, isn't it? In Toronto the American Association for the Advancement of Science has just received a report from a professor at the University of Wisconsin which reveals a new speed record. The champion racing turtle in an event which included 163 entrants finished the mile in three years eleven months and nineteen days. All we can get out of this is the thought that we would like to have life move as slowly as it does for a turtle.

THE PIONEER WANT ADS BRING RESULTS

Advertisement for William A. Brady's production "LIFE" at the Elko theater. Includes text: Adolph Zukor presents a William A. Brady PRODUCTION "LIFE" at ELKO TOMORROW. Also includes a small illustration of a man and a woman.

Advertisement for Rex Thursday featuring Lewis Stone and Barbara Castleton in "The Child Thou Gavest Me". Includes a large illustration of the two actors.

Advertisement for Rex Today featuring Eileen Percy in "BIG TOWN IDEAS" and Tom Mix in "GO AND GET THERE". Includes text: WILLIAM FOX Presents EILEEN PERCY IN "BIG TOWN IDEAS" A COMEDY OF GASTRONOMY "GO AND GET THERE" Fox Sunshine Comedy MATINEE 2:30 EVE. 7:10-9:00 COMING SUNDAY Tom Mix