

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF "THE CRITIC"



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PHOTO PLAYS. THEATRE BAEDER. ADELPHI. BROAD. FOREST. GARIBOLDI. KRITIK. LITTLE THEATRE. WALNUT.

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"Puff's First Play," Or Sheridan a la Shaw

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JOHN ERLAIGH SCHOLMASTER

A GRIPPING STORY OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND KIDNAPPING

By CLAUDE MORRIS. Author of "John Bredon, Detective."

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY. THE MARCHIONESS OF WIMBERLEY.

THE MARCHIONESS OF WIMBERLEY. (Annie). She has been a widow for seven years.

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WHAT'S DOING TONIGHT

Opera, "The Magic Flute," Metropolitan Opera House, 8 o'clock.

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CHAPTER VII—(Continued)

"Shall I light up my lord?" said Barker.

"Yes. Any new?"

"No, my lord. Of course, my hands are tied, in a manner of speaking. I can't do much while I'm bransuing your clothes."

"You can be dismissed any time you like, Barker."

"Well, I think the day after tomorrow, my lord."

Lord Arthur left the window and seated himself before the fire. Barker turned up the electric light and drew the blinds and curtains.

"Have you told Mr. Erlaigh, my lord?" he queried.

"Told him what?"

"That his sister is a friend of Mr. Dick Merlet's, and that she was living under another name—until quite recently."

"No, Barker. I don't quite see—well, to tell you the truth, I'm afraid I'm doing anything to worry his sister-in-law—until I am quite certain that this Mrs. Travers is up to mischief."

Barker shook his head. "I'm afraid," he said, "very much afraid."

"Yes, but we must have proof, and even then you must be sure that you're telling Lady Wimberley that her son has been in any danger. She would never have another moment's happiness or peace of mind."

"Still, my lord, I think—you'll pardon me saying so—that it would be best to be quite open with her ladyship. And don't you think it would be better to send Barker to the house as long as and as often as she likes. Then there's that man Verigan. I'm not at all satisfied that he's not an old friend of Mrs. Travers."

"But think of the woman's opportunity. My lord—the sister of the headmaster—able to stay in the house as long as and as often as she likes. Then there's that man Verigan. I'm not at all satisfied that he's not an old friend of Mrs. Travers."

"Barker shook his head. 'Appearances are deceptive, my lord,' he said, 'but still I'll admit—'

"There was a knock at the door, and Mr. Purvis, the landlady, entered. He was stout and tall and clean shaven—a retired butler who had saved a good deal of money."

"Well, Purvis?" said Lord Arthur as the man came forward with a solemn face. "What's the trouble?"

"A lady to see you, my lord."

"Well, you needn't look so worried about it," laughed Lord Arthur. "Who is she?"

"Name of Mrs. Travers, my lord—no card—says she wants to see you on most important business."

"Very well, Purvis, show her up."

The landlady turned, his face expressing obvious surprise. His tenant was not in the habit of receiving lady visitors in his chambers.

"What does this mean, Barker?" queried Lord Arthur.

"Can't say, my lord, a fresh move in the game, I suppose."

SNOODLES' DIARY : HE INVESTIGATES A VITAL QUESTION

SURE MIKE! I'M SANTI. DON'T I LOOK LIKE MIKE?

GOLLY!

I GOT'CHA! I GOT'CHA YA SAID SANTI WUZ A FAIRY TALE, AN' WORE FAKE WHISKERS, AN' WUZINTH' REAL THING, BUT IT'S ALL WRONG, SLEW, IT AINT TH' TROOP!

I BETTER KEEP MY MOUTH SHUT IN TH' FUTURE!

IM FLABBERGASTED!

HONEST?

KRISTMAS KIDDING

