

# PANTAGES

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## 6 Feature Acts

PATHE'S WEEKLY

### Fighting at Vera Cruz

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# EMPRESS

SULLIVAN AND CONSIDINE  
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ALL OVER THE WORLD

All Next Week Opening Sunday Matinee, 2:30 P. M.

Dick Bernard and Company in

"THE ANIMAL STUFFER"

By Dick Bernard

A Classic of German Life and Character

ORVILLE STAMM

"The Boy Hercules"

4—QAIN'T Q'S—4

Rollicking Roysterers from Dear London

Frank—THORNTON &amp; CORLEW—Deborah

In "A Vacation Episode"

WILL MORRIS

"The Bum on the Bike"

THE MUTUAL WEEKLY

Opening Wednesday Matinee.

Moving pictures of the funeral services  
in New York in honor of the American dead  
from Vera Cruz.

## The Beverage De-Luxe

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### THE WRITER. (Continued from Page 7.)

an instance of cruelty or injustice. And though something always told him that it was neither wise nor dignified to notice outrages of this order, he would mutter to his wife: "Well, I suppose it is true—I can't write;" feeling, perhaps, that—if he could not with decency notice such injuries, she might. And, indeed, she did, using warmer words than even he felt justified, which was soothing.

After tea, it was his habit to sit down a second time, pen in hand; not infrequently he would spend those hours divided between the feeling that it was his duty to write something, and the feeling that it was his duty not to write anything if he had nothing to say; and he generally wrote a good deal; for deep down he was convinced that if he did not write he would gradually fade away till there would be nothing left for him to read and think about, and though he was often tempted to believe and even to tell his wife that fame was an unworthy thing, he always deferred that pleasure, afraid, perhaps, of too much happiness.

In regard to the society of his fellows he liked almost anybody, though a little impatient with those, especially authors, who took themselves too seriously; and there were just one or two that he really could not stand, they were so obviously full of jealousy, a passion of which he was naturally intolerant, and had, of course, no need to indulge in. And he would speak of them with extreme dryness—nothing more, disdaining to disparage. It was, perhaps, a weakness in him that he found it difficult to accept adverse criticism as anything but an expression of that same yellow sickness, and yet there were moments when no words would adequately convey his low opinion of his own powers. At such times he would seek out his wife and confide to her his conviction that he was a poor thing, no good at all, without a thought in his head; and while she was replying: "Rubbish! You know there's nobody to hold a candle to you," or words to that effect, he would look at her tragically, and murmur: "Ah! you're prejudiced!" Only at such supreme moments of dejection, indeed, did he feel it a pity that he had married her, seeing how much more convincing her words would have been, if he had not.

He never read the papers till the evening, partly because he had not time, and partly because he so seldom found anything in them. This was not remarkable, for he turned their leaves quickly, pausing, indeed, naturally, if there were any mention of his name; and if his wife asked him whether he had read this or that, he would answer, "No," surprised at the funny things that seemed to interest her.

Before going up to bed, he would sit and smoke, and sometimes fancies would come to him, and sometimes none. Once in a while he would look up at the stars, and think: "What a worm I am! This wonderful infinity! I must get more of it—more of it into my work; more of the feeling that the whole is marvellous and great, and man a little clutch of breath and dust, an atom, a straw, a nothing!"

And a sort of exultation would seize on him, so that he knew that if only he did get that into his work, as he wished to, as he felt at that moment that he could, he would be the greatest writer the world had ever seen, the greatest man, almost greater than he wished to be, almost too great to be mentioned in the press, greater than infinity itself—for would he not be infinity's creator? And suddenly he would check himself with the thought: "I must be careful—I must be careful. If I let my brain go at this time of night, I shan't write a decent word tomorrow!"

And he would drink some milk and go to bed.

—From the London Nation.

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