

Peg o' My Heart

The Story of J. Hartley Manners' Remarkable Comedy, Which Is to Be Presented Here by Oliver Morosco's Metropolitan Company, Told In Narrative Form by the Author.

ON June 1, 1912, Mrs. Chichester sat in her morning room in Regal villa, Scarborough, England, facing the supreme crisis of her life.

In her hand lay an open letter; beside her stood her son and daughter, panic stricken.

The bank containing every penny her dead husband had left her had closed its doors. They were beggars. She must live on charity the rest of her life with relatives she disliked and who disliked her. Tears were streaming down her face.

Her daughter, Ethel, took the calamity calmly. She would work or teach children—anything.

Alarie, her son, was indignant. What right had any bank to close its doors—especially that particular one? It ought to be made to open them again and at least pay them what they intrusted to them. They should do this even if they did not pay any one else.

Alarie could not understand any one causing him a moment's discomfort. That was the fault of his mother's training. At school and at college he had done just as he pleased. Provided with all the money he needed,

was of the cross roads. Ethel told him, too, she is at the cross roads. They are ruined.

In a sudden passionate abandonment he begs her to let him take her away out of her troubles. Go with him and when his wife sets him free he will marry her. For a moment Ethel shows she feels the temptation. Poverty to her is horrible. She almost yields.

Then another need follows, and she refuses. He pleads.

"No, Christ, not just now," she says. "Some time, perhaps in the dead of night, something will snap in me—the sick, selfish, luxurious me—that urges to be roused into action, and the yearning for adventure will come. Then I'll send for you."

"And you'll go with me?"

"I suppose so. Then heaven help you."

Just as he is about to press his cause Alarie burst into the room with a very dignified elderly gentleman whom he had found in the garden inquiring for

just before she died she wrote to Nathaniel Kingsnorth for the first time and asked him to help them. He replied, "You have made your bed, lie in it."

The remembrance haunts the dying man. He wants to make some arrangement. If that child is still alive he wishes to see her before he dies.

They make inquiries and find the child, now grown to young womanhood, is living in very poor circumstances—in the city of New York.

He sends money for her passage to England with a request to her father to let her visit him.

The father consents.

Before the girl reaches England however, Nathaniel Kingsnorth dies.

Now, to his will be directs that the sum of \$100 a year be paid to a lady of breeding and refinement who will undertake the training of the girl in the best traditions of the Kingsnorth family.

He also directs that the training should continue to the age of twenty-one if she showed any desire to continue the education necessary for her best gain and when she reached that age she should inherit the sum of \$20,000 a year.

If, in the judgment of his executors, she was not worthy of reward at the expiration of one year, then he must be returned to his father and the sum of \$250 a year paid to his executors with the exception of the

Mr. Hawkes thus lived Mrs. Chichester with the second deck experienced that unhappy fatal day.

It was Mr. Kingsnorth's wish that

the first lady to be approached on the

No insult could separate girl and pathetic pup.

other one of the most pathetic disreputable Irish terms it had ever been the distinguished Chichester family's misfortune to lay eyes on.

And this was her niece.

This was the creature Nathaniel desired her to train.

But for the prospect of abject misery she would have turned the little girl out of her house.

The thought of the thousand pounds a year restrained her.

"What is your name?"

"Peg, ma'am," replied the little red headed girl.

Mrs. Chichester sent for the servant. Take away those pearls and that dog," she said.

Peg clutched the little animal to her. "Not just Michael," she said. "You mustn't take Michael away from me. He was given to me by my father."

And so began Peg's career in London. It was a month of conflict.

She had only one bright little spot in the history of that wretched month—a friendship for an old friend of the family whom she only knows as Jerry.

"Jerry" brought her home one night to dance. The house was fast asleep.

Just as he was taking his leave of the bedroom footstep on the path outside her to hide he turned to the window and found Christian Brent looking in.

"Hi, Brent!" said Jerry. "Just come from the dance? I didn't see you there."

"None," replied Brent. "I was resting and just spelled here." He tried to pass Jerry and enter the house but Jerry interposed like a wall. "Come with me to the road," he said coolly. "The moon is bright."

They walked to the road where Jerry saw Brent's Mercedes car waiting at the hotel.

Jerry sat back home so sorry, then walked up and down the road, muttering the Chichester name as it wandered off into the distance.

Meanwhile Peg, the innocent Jerry and taken Brent away, kept quiet. Just as she got to the top of the hill appeared fully dressed and carrying a small traveling bag.

She ordered Peg down into the room and demanded what she was doing there.

Peg, divining why Ethel was there, asked her interrogator what she was doing fully dressed at that time of night.

"Were you going away with that man? He was here a minute ago and Mr. Jerry took him away."

"Then I take it you refuse?"

"Miserable."

Mr. Brent. Were you going away with me?"

Ethel leaped with fear and poured out her own wretched story. For the first time the two girls opened their hearts to each other and mingled their tears.

Roused by a falling receptacle, Mrs. Chichester and Alarie came down into the room and found the two girls.

Peg made up her mind instantly to tell Ethel. She declared that she had taken Ethel's hat and cloak and left to the dance with Mr. Jerry.

Mrs. Chichester was furious.

Later Peg was confronted by Jerry and clutched tightly under the hand the family.

brought up with the idea that he would never have to do anything for his livelihood, he came down from his university with a slight knowledge of grammar and a tennis racket he had won as runnerup in a tournament.

These were his only assets in life.

To be suddenly confronted with beggars gave him a thrill of discomfort he never thought he could have been made to feel. Taking courage from his sister's resolve, he decides to work, to preserve the family fortunes.

Into the pathetic family scene came Mr. Christian Brent, a man of distinction, of breeding and of wealth left alone with Ethel, tells her he was informed of his death; he was any one to wear mourning for him should she bear him of it. "They wouldn't feel any sorrow, so why lie about it?" he had said.

In his will he had not left a penny to any of his near relatives.

But on his bed of sickness, knowing the end was approaching, he spoke constantly of a dead sister, Augusta, who married years before an immigrant Irish agitator was cut off by her family and, after going through many conditions of misery, died three months after giving birth to a little girl.

his mother. He introduces Mr. Hawkes, a London solicitor.

Brent leaves them. Mrs. Chichester is brought down from her room, and for the second time that morning she finds herself face to face with a crisis.

The solicitor tells her that her brother, Mr. Nathaniel Kingsnorth, has recently died. In consequence of his silence toward his relatives no one was to be informed of his death; he was any one to wear mourning for him should she bear him of it. "They wouldn't feel any sorrow, so why lie about it?" he had said.

A man and a woman would save them. Mrs. Chichester decided for all their sakes she would undertake the task of training her niece.

The bigger gathered up his papers to go. The family looked at each other and the same thought struck them simultaneously.

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Mr. Hawkes sent for the car, and once again the unfortunate family are subjected to another shock. The footman, Jerry, a poorly clad little girl barely eighteen years old, with bright red curls gleaming from under a cheap hair-

clip, a gip and a nose ring under one eye, and clasped tightly under the hand the family.

GETTINJE SMALL AS CAPITAL CITY

CONSTITUTION OF MAIN STREET WITH ONE CROSS STREET IN MOUNTAINS

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 4. Describing Gettijne, the National Geographic Society's War Primer for today says:

"Gettijne, the capital of Montenegro, is the smallest of the war capitals. It is the snubbed capital city in the world and, moreover, it is the most squalidly placed of seat-of-cities, for it is practically only accessible by the airship and aeroplane. In order to get into this city, an army would have to ascend a narrow mountain road beyond the clouds, and after it got there would find nothing in particular to do other than to go sightseeing. There is nothing around Gettijne to hold onto. There are plenty of stones, fresh air and bleak fields. From the latter fruits are won only by unobstinate ploughing and industry."

"Gettijne consists of a main street and a cross street. On the cross street is the King's palace. This is a faltered, whitewashed Italian style, with an audience room about 15 feet square and red tiled roof. The main street is well kept, and is enclosed by two regular lines of whitewashed, stone houses, of one and two stories, many of which have stones on the ground floor. There is a factory for arms and ammunition in the village, and a higher school for girls which was founded more than twenty years ago by the Empress of Russia."

TRANSFERRING ROMANIAN WHEAT TO GERMANY

BUCHAREST, Romania, March 4. Nearly 45,000 carloads of grain, mostly wheat and rye, are stored at the Romanian railroad stations waiting transfer to Germany and Austria-Hungary. About half of the quantity is consigned to German mills.

A lack of rolling stock has operated against prompt transfers, but Germany has now met this problem

by an agreement to send 1,000 box cars which are to be used in transporting the grain.

It is said here that in view of certain concessions, Germany will in the future observe a more liberal commercial policy with Romania.

Many others of their profession were at the front, including two famous actors who have received the Iron Cross. "I am very well satisfied with them," the Kaiser declared. "They fight very well indeed."

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Daily News Want Ads must be accompanied by the CASH.

Present Potter County Courthouse



Potter County's courthouse, completed a most elegant one at the time of its erection only a few years ago, and quite adequate to cover demand till upon it coming for many years to come, is today in no small degree inadequate to accommodate the courts of justice within all the brief a period.

Hughes introduced the subject of the chief executive of the state. Mr. Kingsnorth was not made her acquaintance, with the conditions of the will.

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AVIATORS ABLE TO SEE BEYOND SKY

By RICHARD H. COOPER

PHILADELPHIA, March 4.—Aviators can see beyond the sky, according to Dr. James E. McConnell, who claims that they can see out of his eyes, and therefore he can fly without seeing.

Dr. McConnell, who has sold a million pounds of his eye-glasses to the public, claims that the eyes of aviators are trained to see through the atmosphere.

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can see through the clouds. One eye that fails will depart.

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