

PHOTO PLAYS



Breaking the Last Dramatic Commandment

There are nights like Monday when the theatres of Philadelphia display a sudden solidarity for the health of the dramatic editor, and, instead of demanding his presence at all, they supply nothing at all to drag him out into the wet. Perhaps it isn't fitting to return thanks by talking about the contents of a Broadway theatre, but here goes.

The theatre in question is the new Candler. Its contents is a play that succeeds—and succeeds tremendously—by defying the prime law of dramaturgy. Or, at any rate, "On Trial" defies what even the most iconoclastic have long admitted to be safe from their hammers—the dictum that on the stage, as nowhere else in literature, the writer's audience must be "in on the know." It has been taken for granted that one of the most popular tricks of fiction is impossible on the stage. The audience can't be allowed to see an unsuspecting character, or to witness villainy if he is to marry Ethel in the end. It must see and understand every step of the story, as well as know the true character of every person in the play. The detective story, with "Well, Watson"—and its explanatory appendix is simply impossible.

But now a young gentleman of 21 or thereabouts, Elmer Reizenstein, with an education in law instead of dramaturgy, has turned up with a play which violates that last relic of critical dogmatism, violates it beyond the shadow of a doubt and succeeds by that violation and by nothing else. It is manifestly not the story but the methods of its telling that makes the play. For the story is in the commonest balderdash of melodrama. A girl is deceived in her youth by a married man, who promises a wedding he can't fulfill. She marries another, and many years later her husband becomes a friend of the man and even falls under financial obligations to him. The man forces the wife to come to him at his country place under threat of "having the past" to the husband, and with the promise of security thereafter. The husband learns of his wife's rendezvous, but no more, and shoots the man. Circumstances point to robbery as well as murder. But the husband is acquitted—under that law which we have never had courage to write, though plenty to execute—when the man's secretary is shown to be the thief.

Such a bare and obviously melodramatic outline is galvanized into real interest by the curious expedient of telling it backwards, like any detective story. We start by seeing the beginning of the trial and the statement of what the prosecution intends to prove. We can only suspect the husband of guilt. They when the first witness is called, the testimony is enacted as an interlude, showing us what actually occurred. We see the murder committed. Another bit of court procedure brings up a witness whose story, likewise acted out in the past, shows us how the husband learns the fact that his wife has visited the man, and how he leaves, half-crazed and revolver in hand, to seek him out. A third scene in court introduces the wife's testimony, which, again acted out, shows us the scene of the crime many years earlier. Then a legal summing up, a debate of the jurors over a moot point, the tricking of the dead man's secretary into an admission of theft after the murder, and acquittal.

Save for the final clearing of the husband in court, the whole interest of the play centres in clearing him in the eyes of the audience. You wait eagerly each lifting of the veil of the past, each addition to your knowledge of who these people are and what the truth is. The interest in this business of turning time backward in his flight is so intense that each scene of revelation enacted is progressively less dramatic in substance than its predecessor.

Placing the best built, most violent and elacastic episodes first, and yet proceeding on to greater and greater intensity of interest. "On Trial" smashes a great many other supposed rules of play-writing beside the one about letting the audience into the secret. The obvious moral seems to be that Granville Barker knows what he was talking about when he said that a play was anything which could be made dramatically interesting in the theatre.

**KEITH'S—VAUDEVILLE**  
All the sincerity which marked her work on the legitimate stage is brought to bear by Blanche Walsh in the tabloid version of "The Woman in the Case." She presented it at Keith's last night with a strong supporting company and unfolded Clyde Fitch's familiar but gripping story in a manner which commanded heart interest until the drop of the curtain. In addition to the star, Marie Horton as the conscienceless woman of the world is deserving of special mention.  
Winsome Baby Helen, the miniature prima donna, sang and smiled her way into an instantaneous hit. She is one of the few child artists who can really sing, and is an additional treat because she never indicates, like many of the juvenile prodigies, that she is conscious of her cleverness. She won many laughs between her songs with a number of funny stories.  
With an artistic background savoring of

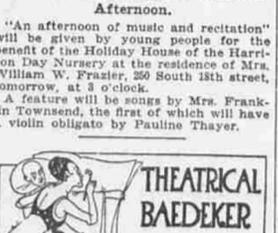


PAULINE FREDERICK Coming to the Garrick in "Innocent."

the land of romance, Marion Littlefield and her company of Florentine singers won hearty approval in echoes of grand opera and songs of today.  
Stuart Barnes told of the troubles of married men and those in love and the audience agreed with him, if laughs count for anything. Finnan and Edwards won new adherents with their skit on stage life. Muller and Lyles presented a misunderstanding of English, followed by a dancing boxing match, which enlivened the general proceedings. Others who pleased were Balzoni, a midget, who rode a manmoth horse; Charlotte Ravenscroft, the singing violinist, and Pipifax and Paulo in a novel acrobatic comedy.  
Deserving of special mention is the Pathé News Weekly, which includes up-to-the-minute topics which are especially of vital interest at this time.

**"Damaged Goods" at the Walnut**  
A good many theatrical diseases made some bad prophecies over Brieux's "Damaged Goods" when talk arose of producing it in America. The first discovery was that the play was moral, furiously moral and salutary. The second was that its apparently bare catalogue of the consequences of promiscuity became intensely dramatic by reason of its human importance as well as Brieux's art. The third was its popularity, based on the first two. The first year "Damaged Goods" did well in New York; the second, it did better on the road; and the third finds it making such successful return engagements to the popular-priced houses as brought it to the Walnut last night for the second time in four months.  
The performance last night was practically the same as that earlier in the season, unusually well balanced and effective as such third-year productions go. Howard Hall still takes the honors of the evening with his strong, even impersonation of the doctor.

**"AFTERNOON OF MUSIC" Benefit for Holiday House Tomorrow Afternoon.**  
"An afternoon of music and recitation" will be given by young people for the benefit of the Holiday House of the Harrison Day Nursery at the residence of Mrs. William W. Frazier, 250 South 13th street, tomorrow, at 3 o'clock.  
A feature will be songs by Mrs. Franklin Townsend, the first of which will have a violin obligato by Pauline Thayer.



**ADRIELI—"The Third Party,"** with Taylor Holmes and Walter Jones. A boisterous farce of the familiar triangular variety with a patent chaplain. Violent but amusing. Thoroughly entertaining. \$1.50  
**BROAD—"The Phantom Rival,"** with Leo Dirizichin and Laura Hope Crews. David Holman's production of Fenech's comedy of a wife who dreams of the return of her lover and a great variety of interesting men, and then finds the reality possible. Thoroughly entertaining. \$1.50  
**POLKIST—"The Girl from Utah,"** with Julia Sanderson, Donald Eric and Joseph Cawthron. Paul Ruben's English musical comedy of Mormons, old and young, in Leon. Book and music of uneven value, sometimes very good, indeed. Performance excellent. \$1.50  
**GARLUCK—"The High Cost of Loving,"** with Lew Fields. The German comedian in a "straight" farce, which deals with middle-aged gentlemen who find themselves all paying blackmail to the same woman for a "past" which never existed. First act delirious; after that, amusing. \$1.50  
**KEITH'S—Blanche Walsh** in "The Woman in the Case," the Florentine singer, etc. See review. \$2.00 and \$4.00  
**LYTIC—"Grumpy,"** with Cyril Maude, the best of English comedians, in a detective play of suspense and amusement, which raises the exploits of an old criminal lawyer, an amusing and gripping play, enlivened by singularly skillful pieces of impersonation. \$1.50  
**WALSH—"Damaged Goods,"** with same cast as that acted Brieux's powerful drama earlier this season. See review. \$1.50

Miss Ormi Hawley, of the Lubin company, has lost one of her most sincere admirers, and thereby hangs a touching tale. More than a year ago Miss Hawley received a letter from an 11-year-old boy in a Western city. He told her he had no father or mother, that he sold newspapers for a living, and said she made him very happy by "looking out for a movie and smiling at him." In a boyish way he told her that he wished she was his mother because she was so beautiful, and asked her if she would please write him a letter and send him one of her pictures.

Miss Hawley was so impressed that she wrote the letter and sent the picture. From then on the Lubin star and the newsboy corresponded regularly. He wrote all his little problems to her and she became a sort of foster mother to him. Two months ago the letters stopped coming from the West and Miss Hawley was unable to learn what had happened to her little friend. Then came a letter from the head surgeon of a large hospital in the city where the boy lived. Here is it:

Dear Miss Hawley—We have a small homeless newsboy here who has had both legs amputated as a result of having been run over by a motor-truck. He is a game little chap, but he is very much worried because he cannot go to the "movies" again and see you. He is unable to write and has asked me if I will please ask you to write to his legs and to cut your pictures out of the "movie magazines" and send them to him so that he can have them pinned on the screen by his bed.

Miss Hawley immediately telegraphed the boy and asked for an address. She is spare no money in making her little friend comfortable. She also sent him all the "movie books" and fairy stories she could get hold of and sent him still pictures of herself in almost every photoplay she had acted in.

A week later Miss Hawley received word from the surgeon that the boy was dead.  
"I was wonderfully brave for such a little chap," the surgeon wrote, "and he asked me if he died to return all your pictures to you, to give you his jack-knife, which I am mailing under separate cover, and to tell you to please always keep smiling the way you did at him in the pictures."  
**The Advertising Opportunist**  
A gentlemen's convention is being held in Wichita this week, and most of the advertising in the Wichita papers is directed to them. One theatre advertisement:

**FRIENDS! COUNTRYMEN! CATTLEMEN!** (Longhorns, Stockers, Feeders) Thoroughbreds! If you want to "round up" on a good night and "line" some time thoroughly enjoy yourself. Drop into the BLANK Where "You Will See Blue Ribbon Photoplays High-bred Actresses and Actors. No "Honey Canners" at this House. But what are "line" gamblers?"  
**A Fairly Good Excuse**  
Maurice Costello, the director-star of the "Vitaphone" Players, has a valet, a colored boy named Raleigh Martin Tut-bill, who, up to a short time ago, was a model personal attendant. It had been decided by Mr. Costello to use his valet in pictures when he wanted a colored boy to play a "bit," and to this fact is attributed the downfall of Raleigh. He is now considered himself a full-fledged moving-picture star, and all because he appeared in several scenes in the same picture. Shortly after the release of the picture in question, Mr. Costello noticed a change in his valet, who showed every sign of having contracted a swelled head.  
"Look out you don't scrape your head when going through the door," admonished Mr. Costello when replying him on an errand.  
"Now, Mr. Costello," said Raleigh, "if you had received as many manly notes after your 'bit' picture as I did, you would have been fussed up, too."

**Movie Eye Strain**  
Writing to a New York paper, a reader calls attention to what he believes to be a menace to eyesight, caused by indulgence in photoplays.  
"The enormous increase in the number of glasses being worn and in the number of optometrists now practicing can probably be attributed more directly to the moving-picture shows than to any other cause."  
"The constant flicker taxes the focusing muscles (ciliary); the marvelous photographic plate (retina) in the back of the eye has to telegraph messages to the brain far more frequently than usual; and last, but by no means least, is the effect of the white glare of the screen. As the optometrist well knows, this light is especially rich in the short ultra-violet rays, which are the most active and intense and consequently most irritating."  
"Every person who frequents the movies should visit an optometrist and purchase a pair of large amber lenses, preferably in spectacles. I prefer an amber tint, as it filters the light better than smoked or blue. As this suggestion will not be followed by every one, I hereby suggest that the movies be shown in yellow only where white was used before. A law to this effect should be enacted."

**U. S. Civil Service Tests**  
The United States Civil Service Commission today conducted examinations for the following positions: Sanitary engineer, open to men only, salary, \$2500; engineer of mine-safety investigations, open to men only, salary \$2000-\$2800; specialist in cotton testing, open to men only, grade 1, salary \$2400-\$3000; grade 2, \$1800-\$2400.



EDITH WYNNE MATHISON Star of the Lasky-Belasco film productions.

YOUR SASHWEIGHTS MAY WAIL WEIRDLY IN DEAD O' NIGHTS

**300 Revolvers of Murderers, Burglars, Yeggmen and Suicides Converted Into This Useful Form.**

Should you move into a new house very soon, do not be startled if, in the middle of the night, you hear cries of "Hands up," "Money or your life." It is possible, too, that you may hear a moan or a weird sound as you put the window down, but do not lose your nerve—even if there is no sign of danger. Just bear in mind that the sashweights in your window have a past; that the metal which compose them probably came from the revolver of a murderer, a burglar, a yeggman or even a suicide.

It is just possible that some one of the weapons which played a conspicuous part in some gruesome tragedy will not be able to shake off the memories of the past, even when converted into another form, and, as in Poe's tale of "The Fall of the House of Usher," may utter weird cries throughout the night.  
This all may happen as a result of the action which was taken by the Police Department today, when more than 300 revolvers and other weapons, used by murderers, highwaymen, burglars and suicides, were transformed into sashweights at the Philadelphia Sashweight Foundry, 224 and Dauphin streets.  
The smelting of the weapons was supervised by Walter Gilbert, chief clerk of the Police Department. Some of the revolvers which passed out of existence were the means of sending their owners to the gallows, and some sent to eternity the innocent victims of criminals, whose success depended on fighting on unfair grounds.  
Among the lot, too, there were several revolvers around which are woven tales of love and broken hearts. If one of the weapons could speak, it would tell how, on one Christmas Eve, a young mother, whom he married in his sophomore year, door to greet a sick brother, who came to spend the holiday and was shot down on the threshold by a jealous and drink-crazed husband, who mistook the brother for his wife's admirer, and some sent to the story of two lovers who killed themselves on the day named for their wedding because careless tongues revived a scandal.  
The object of the police in destroying the weapons is to be sure they never again will be used for criminal purposes.

**WHAT'S DOING TONIGHT**  
Billy Sunday sermon, tabernacle, 10th and Vine streets, Free.  
Irvin S. Cobb, lecture on European War, Academy Music, 24th street, Free.  
Lancaster Avenue Business Men's Association, Lecture by Professor H. W. Woodward on "Invisible Light," Wagner Institute, Academy of Natural Sciences, 1300 Race street, Free.  
For Block's Business Men's Association, Germantown avenue and 17th street, Free.  
Frankford Hotel, Free.  
Market and 2nd Streets Business Men's Association, 220 Market street, Free.  
Commissioners of Navigation, House, Free.  
Cottier Association of Century Wheelmen, Hotel Delaware Hotel, Free.  
Head Drivers' Association, Adelphia Hotel, United Presbyterian, South 15th street, Free.  
Second Circuit, Race street, east of 10th.  
Ridley Park Civic Association, Free.  
Woman's Democratic Club, 1005 Walnut street, 8 o'clock.  
Zionist mass meeting, 928 South 6th street, Benefit for Jewish immigration, Mercantile Hall, Organ Recital, St. Clement's church, 20th and Cherry streets, Free.

**MODERN DANCING**  
**FORD HARRIS**  
PRIVATE LESSONS  
CHAPMAN'S ATTENDANCE  
FIRST FLOOR, 311 S. BROAD ST.  
Phone, WALNUT 1192.  
**MODERN BALL ROOM**  
**Castle House Instruction**  
MISS MARGARET MEGARIDGE  
Private Studio.  
The latest dances.  
508 Pine St.  
H. D. WAGNER ACADEMY, 126 N. BROAD  
Dance & Mon. Evng.  
Private Lessons, Day or Evng. 7th and Dia. 388.  
Assistant's Dances Contest Tomorrow, Wed. 8 o'clock.  
CONTINUOUS DANCE SAT. EVG. NEXT.  
**FRED W. SUTOR**  
MAITRE DE DANSE  
1481 WALNUT ST. SUITE 4228.  
**THE DANSE STUDIO**  
23 S. 22d St. Phone, BALTIMORE 2770.  
PHILIP A. MCGOUGH



PAVLOWANA, NOTED DANCER'S CREATION, HAS STATELY SWING

This article is the seventh of a series on Anna Pavlova's new social dances and how to perform them, which appear on Tuesdays and Thursdays exclusively in this newspaper. These articles have been written by Mlle. Pavlova, who, as premiere ballerina assoluta of the Petropavlov Imperial Opera, is everywhere recognized as not only the greatest living dancer, but the greatest living authority on the art of the dance.

**By ANNA PAVLOWA**  
ARTICLE VII.  
The Pavlovana is the first of the new social dances which I originated last summer. Having in mind the creation of dances which would tend to make more complete the entire social dance fabric, I designed each dance to fill a specific purpose.  
I cannot say that any of these dances of mine is superior to the others, but I do feel that, combined, they will be found to exert a useful influence in the realm of society dancing and to be gratefully welcomed by both dancers and dancing spectators.

In beginning with the Pavlovana, which I shall describe in six articles, I wish to say that it is performed in two-four time and is of Spanish character. Though demanding many "open" positions, it is not difficult because it partakes of the so-called "fancy" elements.  
Consisting of five figures, which we may roughly divide into three sections, the Pavlovana begins with the dancers in an open position. The various steps require, first, a forward walk side by side, the inside hands clasped. Then follows a series of backward steps, first in "open," then in partially closed positions, and after this a formal salutation, performed by the lady as well as the cavalier.  
Progressing, the partners now execute a "walk-around" figure, with arms on hips, and commence the fifth figure with a turn by the lady under her own and her cavalier's arms. From this to the next step, which is a "half walk-around," is a simple and effective development, and with its completion the partners are prepared to resume the first step, starting the dance anew.

The start of the Pavlovana is made by the lady, with her left foot, and the cavalier with his right. Standing in full "open" position, side by side, the lady on her cavalier's right, they clasp hands and move forward in three stately steps, the first about 12 inches in length, the others of about 6 to 8 inches each. As the steps continue the dancers bring their clasped hands forward, gradually raising the arms to a point above their heads and before them.  
The count of "one," "two," "three," "four," is proper to use, even though the music is two-four time. And it proceeds in this fashion:  
Count 1—Lady: Long step forward on left foot. Cavalier: Same as count 2, forward on right foot, with dip.  
Count 2—Lady: Shorter step on right foot. Cavalier: Shorter step on left foot.  
Count 3—Lady: Same as count 2, on left foot. Cavalier: Same as count 2, on right foot.  
Count 4—Lady: Full pause. Cavalier: Full pause.  
Gradually straighten up on the last three counts, raising arms.

The salutation, which comes at the conclusion of this first figure, is really a part of it, because it serves as an adornment. It progresses into a salutation, in which the dancers face half toward each other and half in the direction they have been moving.  
The execution of the salutation, from the moment each dancer starts, takes two full counts; and the raising of the body from its saluting position to one of erectness occupies two additional counts. Therefore, the evolution requires four counts of the music.  
From her pose the lady starts a quarter turn to her left, lifting the heel of her right slipper and turning on the ball of the foot. As she does so, she allows her left hand and arm to swing down from above, and to describe an arc, which finally carries her hand behind her and somewhat above her head.  
In her swing to the left the lady carries her left foot back to a point about 12 inches in the rear of the right and right angles to it, the knees being bent. With both feet flat on the floor, the lady now drops her body, keeping the right knee as straight as possible. The posture carries the line of the body backward, from the waist down, but the torso is inclined forward, with the head and the right arm dropping naturally in front until the right hand rests gracefully in the folds of the skirt at the knee.  
The cavalier executes his part of the salutation with his right foot carried back and behind him, the leg bent; and with the left knee straight, the right arm up and back, the hand holding the lady's left hand, the left arm swinging straight down to the left and clear of the body. The lady looks straight down, in her part of the salutation, and the cavalier looks into his partner's face.

**SELECT PHOTOPLAY THEATRE CALENDAR**  
**IRIS THEATRE** Kensington and Allegheny Aves. **AS YE SOW** Five Parts ALICE BRADY  
**52d ST. THEATRE** 52d AND SANSON STS. **A FOOL THERE WAS** 4 OTHER PICTURES  
TODAY—MATINEES, 1:30, 3:45. EVENING, 6:30, 11  
**CHESTNUT ST. OPERA HOUSE** THE CHRISTIAN Second Big Month 4 Times Daily  
**REGENT** 1622-84 Market Street **THE GILDED FIDELITY** With W. M. PARSONS  
**TIoga THEATRE** 17th and Locust. Robert Edison in "THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME" David Belasco's Stirring Drama  
Matinee at 3:30. Evenings at 6:45 & 9 o'clock.  
Special Concerts by the Tioga Symphony Orchestra.  
**TULPEHOCKEN** Germantown Ave. & Tulpehocken St. **HIS PREHISTORIC PAST**  
**WINDSOR** Kensington and Frankford Aves. **JOHN BARLEYCORN** By JACK LONDON  
**GARDEN** 53d and Landis Ave. **KING OF THE AIR—Three Parts**  
**OVERBROOK** 65d and Haverford Ave. **THE LAST CHAPTER**  
**LEADER** 41st and Lancaster Ave. **Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch**  
**JEFFERSON** 30TH BELOW DAUPHIN ST. **THE RAGGED EARL** ANDREW MACK  
**GERMANTOWN THEATRE** Germantown Ave. and School Lane. Devoted to PARAMOUNT PICTURES Hear the famous Hope-Jones Film Organ.  
**THE RIDGE** Avenue 18th St. and Theatre—10th Ave. **THE SPOILERS** ALL-STAR CAST  
**BELMONT** 334 ABOVE M. S. 7, 9, P. M. **TODAY**  
**PERFORMANCES L. S. 7, 9, P. M.** **THE SPOILERS**  
**BELVIDERE** Germantown Ave. bet. Graver's Lane **STRONGHEART**  
**ROXBOROUGH** Manayunk and Conarso **WAR OF WARS—And Others**  
**TRAMHOUSE'S** GREATEST PHOTOPLAY **THE TWENTY-MILLION-DOLLAR MYSTERY** PETER F. GLENN, Representative, 902 FILBERT STREET

NO. 31—ASTHMA SIMPSON, THE VILLAGE QUEEN—OF COURSE, CON TRAFFIC HAD TO QUEER SIM SIMPSON'S ACT!!

**'MY GAL ASTHMA KNOWS SOMETHIN' ABOUT THIS CON TRAFFIC BUT HE MADE HER PROMISE NOT TO TELL. ITS UP TO ME TO MAKE HER BREAK THE PROMISE AND GIVE ME THE INFORMATION!**  
**ASTHMA! YOUR DAD IS GONNA ASK YOU A LITTLE FAVOR AN' I KNOW YOU 'AINT GONNA REFUSE HIM! TELL ME!—WHAT DID CON TRAFFIC TELL YOU?**  
**DON'T ASK ME FATHER**  
**WHY ASTHMA!! YOU 'AINT REFUSIN' YOUR POOR OLE POP WHAT BOUNCED YOU UP AN' DOWN ON HIS KNEE WHEN YOU WAS A LITTLE BEEY-ARE YOU?**  
**SNIFF! SNIFF!**  
**ASTHMA, KIN YOU STAND THERE SPEECHLESS WHEN YOUR POP IS DOWN ON HIS BENDED KNEE BEGGIN YOU TO SAY SOMETHIN' LIL' GAL—WHAT DO YOU SAY?**  
**AHEM!**  
**ALL I GOTTA SAY IS— IF YOU BAG THE KNEES OF YOUR TROUSERS YOU'D BETTER NOT LET MOM SEE 'EM !!!**