## PLETHORA OF NEW PLAYS AND MUSICAL COMEDIES DURING THE WEEK OF CHRISTMAS

Why I Go to the Picture
Show-By One Who Knows
Att. Travel., Hirtory. Romanee. Scienoe, Comedy. All
for No More Than the Tariff on a God Citiour. The Metro's Press Agent Waxes Dithyrambic

1
 He has (sweet thought!) a central location. He has a markedly
creditable roster of professional, trained artists, in addition to his laudably efficient and partially amateur chorus. And he has, I hope, a certain amount of local pride among Phila-
delphians to count on. Should that pride suffer a fall through pre-holiday activity, casual neglect or ignorance, it will be a strong,

Fry strong, indictment of the alleged love of music here. is watered. And no art is larger than the lowest step in its evolution. It takes a "Cavalleria" to illumine a "Rosencavalier,"



 And Cheerful Chauncey bursts the bands
Of time, while Sarah countermands
Lime's, while Sarah countermands
Lifders-strange immortal!
Ah, yes, the holidays are here,
And you and all the neighbors
Consume the fowl, and sip the beer
Of things theatrical Of things theatrical has no cheer:
Remember one who has ar, dear!


Pearl of the Army"


Sarah of the Golden Voice
Tells of Hospital-Theatre
Famous Actress's Memoirs Dieclose Experiences in 1870 When She Sheltered the Wounded

## As in 1916



History Awake at Last

 Fall of a Nation," Ince's "Civilization," the Brenon-Fox "A Daughter of the Gods," and now Grimous last night and which
came to the Chestnut Street Opera House was reviewed in these columns at the time of its New York production.
Griffit
( It displays almost ever virtue of that genius of the screen. Critics may quarrel with its fourfold stories told in rapid alternation. But they cannot find there the violent bathos of Dixon, the ethico-reigious sence
mentality of Ince, the confusion and boredom of Brenon. These mentainty of
lesser men achieve a certain distinction by the divinely accidental virtues of the film. Only Griffith is complete master of himself and his art.

It is this mastery which gives "Intolerance" the value as a
istorical document which the others haven't got. They all pretend to picture some distinctive age, but it is only "Intolerance" that grasps historical reality. Its attack on intolerance with a small "i" may not carry complete conviction, but its visions of Babylon, Judea and Paris under the Medici unmistakably do. The richness of their reality is superb. It demonstrates beyond all que
tion the great and significant power of the screen as a reoonstructor and humanizer of history.
structor and humanizer of history.
Textbooks and tomes have never succeeded in making us believe in the everyday humanity of another age. The screen makes the past live again. Our forebears become real, ther ance"-in all its magnificance and humanity-and you feel at last the actual existence of its people and its glories. History is
dead fable no more. -


