

**WIGS: "HAVE A HEART," FORREST; "BEAUTIFUL UNKNOWN," ADELPHI; FARCE, LITTLE**

**What Wig Will You Wear Today, Madame Pauline?**

Choosing Suitable Locks That Detach Is One of Statuesque Miss Frederick's Occupations in Posing for Films

"What color hair do you wish this morning, madame?"

"It is not an echo of the recent effort to reproduce the fad of wearing pink and blue wigs. It is merely Pauline Frederick's maid greeting her with the question as she enters her dressing room at the Famous Players studio to get up for the day's work before the camera. Incidentally, Pauline comes to the wig in 'Sapho' next week.

It is so much easier for an actress who wears so many roles to wear different wigs rather than attempt to powder her hair or rearrange it to suit the respective characters that Miss Frederick conceived the idea of purchasing several wigs of different shades, ranging from pure white to black. These are kept in her dressing room and are arranged by her maid to suit the character which she is playing on any given day.

It happens that in two of her more recent photoplays the star has played widely different roles within the same production. In 'The Moment Before,' an adaptation of Zola's play of the same name, she appeared as the white-haired duchess and as the wild gypsy, and in 'The Spider' she played both mother and daughter. Although these two roles are different in character, they actually represent two phases of the career of the same woman.

During the course of preparing this story for the screen, Miss Frederick might be called upon to play the duchess one day and the gypsy the next. So it behooves her to have the various wigs in constant readiness to meet the whim of the director.

"In the morning I may be a tottering old lady with white hair, and the afternoon

might find me a black-haired young gypsy girl fighting tooth and nail with my lover," explained Miss Frederick. "Now, if I were to powder my own hair for the old lady portion of my role, it would take me hours to get my tresses back to normal. And then they would be only brown, and not black.

"How much easier simply to slip off the white wig, erase the heavy lines on my face, put a coat of dark make-up in their place and put on my black wig. I can reduce the time required for a change like that by hours.

"And I do not think that it does the hair any too much good to be continually filling it with powder, removing it and then brushing the hair first one way and then the other. It seems much more sensible to coil my hair flat on my head and use the wig.

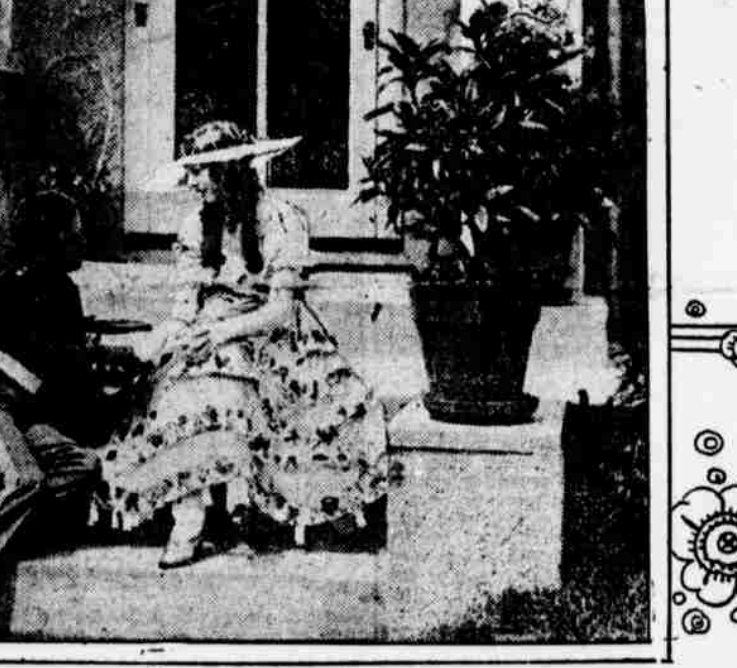
"Of course I do not always wear wigs. When we did 'Audrey' I was supposed to be a young girl in the woods with my hair flowing free. It would have been foolish to have worn a wig in that case, as it would be impossible to have made it look right. Furthermore, I really think it is good for the hair to let it hang like that, and I did not mind allowing mine to do so.

"Of course great care must be exercised in the selection of these wigs. They would be ineffective if each one was of markedly different texture. They were all selected with care, both as to quality of hair and coloring. Unless you have struggled with powder-infested hair, and tried to smooth out curly hair or curly straight hair, you can never appreciate what a tremendous saving in time and patience those wigs represent. Then, too, there is the matter of actual effectiveness to be considered, for though my hair is a reddish brown, it is not dark enough to be really effective as a gypsy hair.

"Please do not gain the impression that I wear a wig the greater part of the time I am on the screen. I only resort to the practice when it becomes valuable as a time saver and when I want to make an especial impression of some sort. In a great majority of my pictures I never even think of wearing any but my own hair. In 'Zaza,' 'Bella Donna' and many other photoplays I was totally without the wig-maker's assistance."

Miss Frederick doesn't say anything about "Sapho." Perhaps those who see the film can decide.

**PETS AND PETERS**



And last (but it should have been first) we see Anita Stewart in the midst of a domestic scene at her handsome home, The Wood Violet, supported by Brother George. The Regent will show her latest release, "The Girl Philippa," on Wednesday.

**NEW PLUMES FOR "MADE IN PHILLY"**

Many Philadelphians will remember "Made in Philly," which scored at Keith's last summer. They will be pleased to know that arrangements have been made for the production of the second edition of the local revue with its company of Philadelphia artists, which is to be presented as the big summer feature this year.

Last year's production was in the nature of an experiment. It proved such a success that this year it is proposed to make "Made in Philly" much bigger, more elaborate and better than the initial presentation. Frank Orth, a Philadelphia boy who wrote the book and lyrics for the first edition of the revue, has been commissioned to supply material for the second. He is at work on the book. Being a Philadelphian and a writer of songs and sketches, Mr. Orth is fitted for the work. He promises something that will make Philadelphians talk.

Orth is now playing vaudeville dates with William J. Dooley, another Philadelphia comedian, as partner, offering an original comedy skit by Orth, "The Fool Detective." Orth and Dooley will appear at Keith's next week.

**T. R. Would Make Them Salaam to Uncle Sam**

But It's Barnes, Not Roosevelt, and a Britisher, to Boot, Who Is Ready to Shoulder a Gun for America

**TROY BARNES** — "American boy!" — "Don't you believe it, Mr. Barnes, of 'Katinka,' temperamental, but not topographical, shattered that generally held belief one night this week. The interviewer was surprised into silence. Like every one else who has seen T. Roy perform in his pleasantly self-satisfied way, he had thought the comedian the most typical of all American musical comedy types. California, perhaps; but Great Britain, never!

However, Mr. Barnes (one bravely represses the notion of saying Master Barnes) not only gazed on the sun first in Lincoln, Lincolnshire. He actually isn't even yet an American citizen. He is going to be one, and he's perfectly willing to show his allegiance to this country by shouldering a gun (just as he did in vaudeville, only the real thing this time) and "make 'em salaam to old Uncle Sam." Hear him on this theme, and then never declare again that comedians haven't any sense of the serious:

"I first found out that I was 'British' when I tried to go back to England to fill a theatrical engagement. The authorities asked me a long string of questions about my birthplace, what I was doing in America, and so forth. You know the usual involved stuff. I was quite frank about it. Told them I'd been born in Lincolnshire and brought up in Surrey. As I'd come to this country with my mother (I was one of five small children, my age being nine), it had never occurred to me that I wasn't as American as anybody. The news that

I was a Britisher sort of knocked me over. You know me, how English I am? Everybody thinks I'm American. All my training and inclinations are United States, more or less."

"What are you going to do about it?" seemed the natural query.

"Do? Why, take out naturalization papers the first chance I get, of course. Don't let any of your readers think for a moment that I have any fear of going to war. I'd just as soon fight as not. But it's got to be on this soil. And whenever the time comes it'll find me ready and willing to get into it, and do my blameworthy bit — as I said, here, of the erstwhile Thaddeus Hopper, hero of mixed matrimonial adventures at the Lyric, is even more spotted with the variety of strange jobs than is usual with an actor. He picked up a card on his dressing table and proffered it with a laugh. "Want to see me in my beginning?" Well, there I am as a magician, card-trick artist, and the rest of the illustrious 'Katinka' card disclosed features unmistakably Barnesian, with the added information that his art was "Kewer, Kwaint, Kurious." The player got his start at church entertainments, palming castles. He still carries in his trunk such oddities as a drinking glass with no bottom on it, and a tin of soap. He formed indelible feats of disappearance with a half dollar.

He has "done everything" about in the U. S., principally in the West, from California to Chicago. Milestones in his progress have been "The Broken Bottle," "A Broken Idol" (which B. C. Whitney put on), and more recently "See My Lawyer." Mr. Barnes is married, has two clever-looking daughters (photographs on dressers last night), is crazy about chicken raising, likes to fish for trout, especially with Teddie Comedian Victor Moore, and likes to play golf, especially with "Ernie" Trux.

Although he thinks Philadelphia doesn't know him well enough yet, he is much smitten with the city, largely because it's like London, and would love to live in one of our suburbs. B. D.

**STRONG CAST FOR NEW FILM AT OPERA HOUSE**

Strength of cast is one of the assured merits of "Womanhood, or the Glory of a Nation," the big Vitagraph spectacle, which begins a three-week run at the Chestnut Street Opera House next Monday afternoon. Patrons of the photodrama of preparedness will see in leading characterizations Alice Joyce, Harry Morey, Peggy Hyland, Joseph Kilgour (who was impressive for a moment or two in "The Battle Cry of Peace"), Naomi Childers, the youngster, Bobby Connelly, and others of almost equal stellar importance.

The management has this to say about the production:

"The picture is the result of the joint literary effort of Cyrus Townsend Brady, famed as a novelist, and of Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, one of the leading spirits of the Vitagraph. It will be remembered that Commodore Blackton was the inspiration of that plea for preparedness, 'The Battle Cry of Peace,' but in 'Womanhood' he has surpassed every previous achievement and, through the assistance of Mr. Brady, has contrived a spectacle of vital interest and importance. Woman's influence in questions of the greatest moment in the theme of this tale of today and several women of force and character are concerned in the development of the story bearing upon the destiny of a nation. Expense was not spared in the preparation of this spectacle. The sentiments of 'Womanhood' have the indorsement of former President of the United States Theodore Roosevelt, who shows his interest in the production by appearing personally in two episodes, addressing an enthusiastic audience from an outdoor platform."

At the Garrick tonight there will be a general celebration of St. Patrick's Day in commemoration of the birthday of the patron saint of the Emerald Isle. Janet Beecher, of the "Fair and Warner" company, will give a party to the members on the stage after the matinee performance. Miss Beecher is a direct descendant of the Wyndham-Quinn, a famous old Irish family, and is an enthusiastic Irish patriot.

John R. Clemons, organist of the Garrick, will play all the Irish tunes he knows, in addition to a new overture recently written by Victor Herbert. Manager Charles C. Wananaker, of the Garrick, has arranged to give souvenirs at the matinee performance commemorative of St. Patrick. These are small Irish flags, shamrocks and other favors usually associated with the saint who drove the snakes out of Ireland. Admission tickets today will be green and the "green elevator" referred to in "Fair and Warner" will receive extra emphasis from the players.

**GREEN, GREEN, GREEN AT THE GARRICK TODAY!**

At the Garrick tonight there will be a general celebration of St. Patrick's Day in commemoration of the birthday of the patron saint of the Emerald Isle. Janet Beecher, of the "Fair and Warner" company, will give a party to the members on the stage after the matinee performance. Miss Beecher is a direct descendant of the Wyndham-Quinn, a famous old Irish family, and is an enthusiastic Irish patriot.

John R. Clemons, organist of the Garrick, will play all the Irish tunes he knows, in addition to a new overture recently written by Victor Herbert. Manager Charles C. Wananaker, of the Garrick, has arranged to give souvenirs at the matinee performance commemorative of St. Patrick. These are small Irish flags, shamrocks and other favors usually associated with the saint who drove the snakes out of Ireland. Admission tickets today will be green and the "green elevator" referred to in "Fair and Warner" will receive extra emphasis from the players.

**Those Monday Pictures THE EVENING LEDGER publishes every Monday an entire page of interesting photographs dealing with plays and players, currently seen in local theatres.**



THIS IS PURE VAN-ITY!

**BIG ORGAN FOR IMPERIAL**

The Master Kimball Organ, which the Imperial Theatre started to install a few weeks ago, is completed. The organ is one of the most superb instruments that could be obtained and will provide an artistic musical setting for films.

The organ is played by William C. Lovett, one of the best known musicians in eastern Pennsylvania. Mr. Lovett graduated from the University of Pennsylvania and from the Boston Conservatory of Music. He has been musical director and organist of Christ's Church, Tropic Methodist Episcopal Church, Christ's Methodist Episcopal Church, Thirty-eighth and Spring Garden Streets, and for ten years held the same position in the First Presbyterian

**ONE of the chief roles in Oscar Straus's new operetta, "The Beautiful Unknown," at the Adelphi next week, is portrayed by a young American singer who will make her debut in her own country.**

This young woman gives her name as Elnora Kerwin, but we are reliably informed that this is a nom du theatre. In brief, Elnora Kerwin is a mystery which makes what the baseball editor would call a double play of the fact that she is to essay the character known as the Beautiful Unknown. Even the voracious (and, of course, al-

ways voracious) newspaper representative of the attraction has been able thus far to glean but little of the personality and antecedents of the singer. On his own word for it, when he sought the young lady she was heavily veiled and noncommittal.

"Not until I have opened and have been approved by the Messrs. Shubert," was her reply to his interrogation. And this Chinese wall was sustained to every further question that he asked.

"You are a sphinx," she replied.

"I am a woman," she replied.

"You are too modest," she said.

"Be wise in time," she replied.

"But your voice is exquisite," he said.

"Tell me where and with whom you have studied."

"By advice of good counsel I refuse to answer," she said.

"I will go to J. J. Shubert," he said, "and get the whole dope about you by under-handed methods."

"Do your darndest," she replied.

And he caught a twinkle in her left eye, while her right eye seemed to wink through her oriental Miaphah veiling.

Off he shot to J. J. Shubert. And this is all he got:

"She came to us with a letter from Oscar Straus himself—we heard her sing and ran her through three of the most important scenes to see if she could act, and that was enough for us—we gave her a contract on the spot."

"But where does she come from and who is she?"

"You can search me," said the musical producer of the firm, "or why not try my brother?"

The P. A. caromed over to Lee Shubert.

"Who is she?" he muttered with hoarse dramatic intensity.

"What she?" said Mr. Lee. "We have a considerable collection today."

"Why, Miss Kerwin, of course."

"She is beautiful, isn't she?" he ruminated. "But unknown to me as well. Why don't you ask J. J.?" All I know is that she is a protégé of Arthur Nikisch, conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra—that she comes from a distinguished American family—and that she has lived her entire life abroad up to the outbreak of the war."

**PANTHEA DESCRIBES START IN MOVIES**

By NORMA TALMADGE

I am twenty years of age, and therefore much too young to write an autobiography. However, my short life has been a stage of many interesting and I might well say happy, occurrences, and of these I am quite willing to make you my confidant. I was born at Niagara Falls, where I spent the first ten years of my childhood amid pleasant scenes. Indeed, when I am in a pensive mood, my earliest and fondest recollections go back to the days I spent at the most beautiful spot in the whole world, the objective of all globe trotters, the origin of the slogan, "See America first."

Through force of circumstances our family moved to New York city. The contrast between Niagara Falls and this noisy city was indeed great. But as time wore on I soon grew to like my new home almost as well as my old one. At school—one of those little private schools where men are barred from the premises—I had a great deal of fun—pillow fights, night parties, secret smuggling of love letters and private theatricals. These were but a few of the many happy events of my boarding school days. And then my attraction for the stage! How I chose the "movies" as a profession is still a wonder to me. If I remember correctly, the nucleus of my ardent desire was formed at a "movie" shown six years ago, when I was so impressed by a picture I saw that I made up my mind to apply for a job the next day. Accordingly, bright and early Saturday morning (you see, I even remember the day) I was up just as determined as the night before. I was literally jostled on to the screen, for when I reached the studio numerous stage hands were vigorously shifting scenery and I was caught in a whirlpool of white-overalled humanity and scenic flats, with their backgrounds of gorgeous ornamentalations, embracing interior sets, and pushed into the heart of studio activity.

**Bernard Shaw on Vaudeville**

The real difficulty about variety theatres is that their standard of training, accomplishment and professional skill is so high, and the standard of stage effect so swift, intense and miraculous, that it is very much harder to come up to concert pitch there than in an ordinary theatre. Dancers, acrobats, jugglers and strong men are terrible people to compete with. They are trained to the last inch, skilled to the point of doing with ease and certainty things that are impossible to their audiences, things that seem superhuman. All this gives these performers amazing distinction. It may not occur to you to call them distinguished; but, if you are rash enough, immediately after one of their performances, to send an undistinguished actor or actress on the stage—somebody who would pass muster quite well in an ordinary theatre—the audience misses that distinction at once, and the actor looks hopelessly unskilled and unattractive. I love trained people. I hate sloppy people. Well, the only sloppy people you find in a variety theatre are the people you see padded into shapelessness for the purpose of being knocked down. No, depend on it, the variety theatres will smarten us all up, authors as well as actors.

**"REGARDS TO THURSTON"**

"Very Good Eddie," which ran for ten months in New York, and is now being presented on tour by three companies. His latest Princess production is "Oh Boy."

**WOULD YOU SOB? READ THIS**

"I must tell you," said Charlotte DeLong, of "The Princess Pat" company, which comes to the Knickerbocker next week, "of a Christmas experience. Last season I was playing in Washington, D. C., and, as is my custom, I paid a morning visit to one of the hospitals of that city. A tiny colored boy (no more than five years old) had been brought in early in the day, dying from injuries inflicted by a truck which had run over him. He was bright and intelligent over him. Despite the agony caused him by his mutilations, bravely strove to smile.

"My poor boy, what can I do for you?" I asked, bending over the cot. Instantly the light of a great, heart-expanding desire shone in the boy's eyes.

"Lady," said he (and every word added to his pain), "would you kiss me?"

"Who with a human heart could resist such an appeal? Of course, I kissed him, and the poor little fellow sank back on his pillow with a contented sigh.

"Later I was told that the boy had only a few minutes to live. He knew it, too, but all that diminutive hero, suffering and agonized, did was to smile and murmur, 'I don't care if I'm dying; do what you

**THIS GRAND DAME WOULD RIVAL POO BAH**

Ancestral pride was one of the many attributes of Poo Bah, the celebrated boast-woman of "The Mikado" and his glorious fact was that he traced his descent to an atomic primordial protoplasm. This was apparently the longest pedigree on record until the character of Mrs. Biers, the social climber in "The Family Tree," the satirical farce which will be produced at the Little Theatre Monday evening next, was evolved in the brain of Howard Shelley, the author.

Mrs. Biers is the type of woman who desires ancestors of distinction. The fact that she does not know of any does not deter her. For a consideration a genealogist agrees to furnish the necessary forebears. Figuratively he "digs them up" only to find that they are undesirable from a "social standpoint," whereupon his client insists that they be reburied, and "please omit flowers."

But their reinterment does not prevent the spreading of the scandal and the eventual turning up of a guileless farmer who is a distant cousin of the aristocratic Mrs. George Washington Van Schuyler Bing, president of the Daughters of Colonial Heroes. That lady's efforts to conceal the identity of the agriculturist and the vain attempts of her rival for the presidency of the society to resurrect the Bing family skeleton keep the incidents of the farce moving.

The henpecked Mr. Biers also gets the genealogical craze and insists that he is descended from Nero, Lucretia Borgia, Catherine of Russia and Bloody Mary. The astounded Mrs. Biers is completely cowed by this discovery and the haughty Mrs. Bing learns that she is a direct descendant of Captain Kidd. This startling statement elicits from the philosophic Mrs. Biers this speech: "Now, I know where my gold spoons went."

**MYSTERIOUS MAGICAL MANIPULATIONS**

**T. ROY BARNES**  
COMEDY MAGICIAN  
KWEER, KWAIN, & KURIOUS

Before he fully grew his "amic sense" that makes "Katinka" at Lyric enjoyable, T. Roy Barnes used to pass out cards like...