

# HEARD ALONG KINGSTON'S THEATRE ROW

## QUEEN'S DRAMATIC CLUB AT THE GRAND

On Wednesday night, November 29th, Queen's University Dramatic Club will present its annual Theatre Night production at the Grand Opera House. The Club feels that it has made a particularly happy choice this year in the play "The Importance of Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde, which was characterized by the author in his own apt way as "a trivial comedy for serious people."

"The Importance of Being Earnest," was first produced at the St. James' Theatre, London, on February 14th, 1895, and ever since has enjoyed a wide popularity among play readers as well as theatre-goers the world over. It is full of humorous scenes and abounds in those witticisms and brilliant epigrams for which Oscar Wilde is famous. Nor would it be true to describe the play as entirely "trivial." It has the faculty of making one think while one laughs. The cast is one of unusual excellence, and its interpretation of this masterpiece of wit and epigram should not fall to please the most exacting critics. Those who attend Theatre Night will not fail to be interested in the frantic eleventh hour attempts of the staid John Worthing and his gay friend, Algernon. Moncrieff, to be christened under the name of Earnest, in the domineering personality of Lady Bracknell, in the typically feminine battle between Gwendoline and Cecily when they find they are both engaged to the same man, Earnest, who really does not exist; or in the very determined courtship of the Reverend Canon Chasuble, a confirmed "woman-thriller," by the venerable Miss Prism. A very entertaining evening is promised to all who attend.

## AT THE GRAND THEATRE "REX" IN "HIS MAJESTY"

Are you a victim of fond parents to give you a name that is different? Some mothers and fathers ought to have to carry through life the awful titles they "wish" on their offspring.

In next week's comedy, "His Majesty," "Rex" is cursed with the first name of "Bunker" and his surname is "Bean." In addition he is cursed with a timid disposition. (strange, you say for Rex? We agree with you, but you see this is only in the play, and Rex is a great enough actor to make his public believe that he might be timid). Now I ask you... How can a man with a handicap of a name like that, and added to the name a shrinking disposition get anywhere in this busy world, even though he be filled with ability and ambition?

In this case, Mr. Bean, or "Rex," wished that he might know that in the days gone by, he might have been some great man, and that the present Mr. Bean was merely a reincarnation of said Napoleon or Caesar, and with that thought firmly planted he could, without a doubt, "Turn the World on its Axis." A grafting fortune-teller, learning of this secret fad of his arranged to sell him a mummy of one of his late lamented ancestors, one King of Egypt, which once in his passion transforms him from a timid, shrinking bus efficient stenographer, to one of the world's big business men. The fact that the mummy was made in someone's basement does not appear until after he has made his mark.

The name of the story, or the moral of the play, only goes to show that we are as big as we think we are, and also we are as small as we wish to imagine ourselves. This delightful comedy, while it carries a great lesson, gives every member of the Rex family a chance to step into the

spotlight of favorism. A new number, "Piano-Ville" will be introduced by the two kids, Joe and Gloria.

## PICTURE AT ALLEN'S HANDLES PROBLEM

### "What's Wrong With the Women?" Is Title of Movie Play.

Ever since Mother Eve imbedded her pearly teeth in the fabled apple, humanity has pondered from time to time the problem: "What's Wrong With the Women?"

Now comes a motion picture that sets for itself the same eternal question and comes pretty close to answering it—at least so far as the present high-powered, helter-skelter, flapperized generation of women is concerned.

It is called "What's Wrong With the Women?" was produced by Daniel Carson Goodman and will be shown at the Allen Theatre Thursday, Mr. Goodman, with the facility and understanding of the master storyteller, wastes no time in getting into the core of his subject. With bold and powerful strokes he rips aside the curtains that hid the whims, the foibles and weaknesses of the dynamo of ever-changing emotions—the Modern Woman. It is in no sense an attack on womanhood. It is in no sense preachy, although in its big treatment may be found a sermon that will shatter deceit and extravagance and weld closer together the bonds of love and human sympathy.

The story, which was written by Mr. Goodman, is a straightforward narrative dealing with the lives of a smart group of men and women in the glided strata of big town society. Women and men, too, plunge into the maelstrom of life unrestrained. Extravagance, folly, broken hearts and twisted souls. It won't do to reveal the plot.

## WALLACE REID A GHOST BREAKER

We have had strike breakers, trust breakers, broncho busters and brute breakers; but now we have "The Ghost Breaker," a new form of hero which Wallace Reid is making popular in his new Paramount starring vehicle of the same name, at the Strand beginning Monday, with Lila Lee, leading woman, and Walter Hiers featured with the star.

The picture, as the title implies, is a ghost story. It is not a "knock 'em down and drag 'em out" melodrama, but high class entertainment with adventure, mystery, intrigue, suspense, romance and creepy scenes with weird lighting effects in an old Spanish castle—all the elements that go to make up good melodrama and cause the spectators to sit on the edges of their seats and watch breathlessly each new development.

Mr. Reid has the active role of Warren Jarvis, a young American who shoots a man who has followed him from Kentucky to get him in a quarrel resulting from a revival of an ancient feud between the two families, and is then forced to flee New York to get away from the police. Seeking refuge in another room of the hotel where the shooting occurred, he tells his story to the fair occupant, who proves to be Marchesa Maria Theresa. She is a young Spanish heiress who has come to New York to find the plans of an ancient Spanish castle on her estate, which of late has been haunted by ghosts, who have become so bold as to spirit away her brother Carlos, a boy of ten. Warren offers to help her.

This brings into full swing scenes including Sister MacDonnell's sister, Mrs. Angus MacDonnell, of St. Paul, Minn., and her nephews, also of that city.

## REV. SISTER MACDONELL CELEBRATES JUBILEE

### Many Took Part in Religious Ceremony at Hotel Dieu, Cornwall.

Cornwall, Nov. 24.—An impressive ceremony took place at the Hotel Dieu Hospital yesterday to mark the golden jubilee of Rev. Sister MacDonnell, founderess of the hospital, as a member of the order of Religious Hospitaliers of St. Joseph. After fifty years of devoted service and self-sacrifice, twenty-five of which were spent in Cornwall, Sister MacDonnell is still taking part in the noble work of the institution, beloved and revered by the community.

Pontifical high mass was celebrated in the chapel of the Hotel Dieu by the Right Rev. Bishop Couturier, of Alexandria. His Lordship was assisted by the following clergymen: Rev. Duncan MacDonnell, high priest; Rev. D. R. MacDonald, Glen Nevias, and Rev. Ronald McDonald, Williamsstown. Deacons of honor were: Rev. J. J. MacDonnell, Lancaster, deacon; Rev. J. A. Huot, sub-deacon;

Among those present at the service were Dr. C. J. Hamilton, Dr. D. O. Aigue, Dr. Harold Mack, Dr. J. A. Taiton, Mrs. Nichol and Miss Dorothy Nickle. The members of the Nazareth Society, of which Sister MacDonnell was the organizer, attended in a body.

A number of relatives and friends from a distance were present. Rev. Sister MacDonnell received many gifts, including a gold lunette and gold candlesticks for the chapel. A number of gold pieces and flowers. The ladies of the Nazareth Orphanage Society presented a purse of fifty dollars in gold.

filled with dramatic action and genuine thrill. There is plenty of relishable comedy, supplied by Walter Hiers, who as a colored valet, does some remarkable feats in the Spanish castle when the ghost hunt begins. There isn't a dull moment in the photoplay, and each of the supporting roles, played by Arthur Carewe, Frances Raymond and J. F. MacDonald, are in capable hands.

## "THE DUMBELLS" GIVE AN INTERVIEW

With many doubts as to the outcome of a young lady reporter from the Montreal Star went after the "Dumbells" in quest of an interview. Here is how she tells it:

"It's publicity, Captain!" says the publicity man; but then, what else could you expect from him? No, it wasn't that. Then what was it that drew the crowd to The Dumbells, show after show? Was it Captain Plunkett's comfortable ro-tundness and his famous smile, or was it the boys who were just boys, and the appeal of the "girls"? And what made the boys stick to each other like glue? The shortbread that Bill Tennant's mother made when they played his old home-town? The Star reporter started to investigate.

"I'm going to interview the Dumbells, en masse," she announced casually to Captain Plunkett one afternoon. The brave captain didn't bat an eyelid. Interview the bunch en masse! He beamed his biggest grin, and wisely shook his head. Ah, he has learned a few things, has this Orillia lad who organized the Dum-

## STRONG PHOTODRAMA AT THE ALLEN ON MONDAY

There are a few trail blazers in the motion picture industry upon whom the artistic development of the silent dramatic art largely depends. They are precedent-makers, not followers. They do not do the usual thing. Routine, made-to-order plots never appeal to them. They follow no set formulas. They want novelty and originality. They are the creative directors who are achieving the really big things on the screen today.

## Grace Darmond in "THE SONG OF LIFE"

Such a director is John M. Stahl, who has the foresight and the courage to leave the "beaten track" and do things which others in the profession less able than himself have feared to do. And the success which has been enjoyed by some of his independent productions would indicate that courage and originality are not out of place on the screen.

Mr. Stahl again departed from usual custom. Instead of having an attractive young girl as the central figure in a photodrama, he has made the leading character of his latest production for Louis B. Mayer a woman well beyond middle age.

The picture is called "The Song of Life." It is a First National at Allen Theatre next week, beginning Monday.

The production is of the all-star variety. The chief character, that of the elderly woman around whom the plot revolves, is portrayed by Georgia Woodthorpe, a celebrated character actress, whose stage experience dates back to Edwin Booth in "Hamlet."

Other principals in the cast are Gaston Glass, of "Humoresque" fame, Grace Darmond, individual star of many pictures; and little Richard Headrick, diminutive favorite in "Playthings of Destiny," with Anita Stewart, "The Woman in His House" and "The Child Thou Gavest Me."

Ernest Palmer, photographer of "The Miracle Man," is chief of the camera work in "The Song of Life." John M. Stahl is the author of the theme which was developed for the screen by Bess Meredith, a scenario writer of note. Human interest is the goal which Mr. Stahl has striven for in his screen interpretation of the story. From the consummate skill which kept this element to the fore "The Child Thou Gavest Me" and "The Woman in His House" there is no doubt heart in its appeal.

"Producers are getting over the mistaken idea that just a few standard types of motion pictures can be successful," says Mr. Stahl. "It is a good sign, and it means that the artistic growth of motion pictures is going to make far more rapid strides in the future than it has in the past."

The Liberals know that many electors resent such appeals as were made by Senator Rufus Pope and Dr. Preston, Conservative candidates. The appeal, it is commonly admitted, is resorted to because the Conservatives are badly frightened as to the outcome and are now in the win-at-all-costs class.

David Findlay, Liberal candidate, issued a manifesto to the electors today, in which he states, after saying he regards the present problems of Canada as being economic and business considerations, that the King Government, although of the kind required in Canada, has not a straight majority in the House. His election, he points out to the electors, would give the Government a majority. He speaks of the fulfilment of the Liberal promises on the railway question.

They'll not talk to you when in a bunch," he warned her, "I'll get them to talk to you separately, you'll get more out of them." And so the reporter interviewed them separately—but not before she got their captain to give her some "inside information" about the organization and, incidentally, about the boys themselves. Sitting before his desk, smiling amiably, he talked away, for unlike his brother, Al, he was, as he expressed it, "the talker of the family."

The history of the organization—the formation of the Divisional Entertainment Corps at the front; the name from the 3rd Division code word, dumbbell; their fame as soldier entertainers, two weeks at the London Coliseum, followed by their tours as a regular theatrical organization—is common property now.

"We no longer consider ourselves in the amateur class," Captain Plunkett said. "We compete with legitimate productions, and we go at it Formerly either a bank clerk, farmer, designer, grocery boy, hotel clerk, jazz drummer, etc., and with few exceptions, all possessing some amateur theatrical training, there are several reasons why these boys did not go back to their old jobs after the war was over. As Alan Murray, he who became a "girl" because he could dance backwards, said:

"None of the boys ever dreamt of going back to their jobs. The mere thought of it filled me with dread." Then, seriously: "I guess we were most of us at loose ends, and there was no question about going back with the boys again. You see, we had got used to each other, living together as we did." And as another put it: "I couldn't see the boys

play my home-town and not join them!" Then, financially, they are generously provided for, all working together on a uniform salary and a cooperative basis. There are several who have been offered bigger prices by other theatrical managers because they are really the high-lights of the show, and there are others who, if the Dumbells were to close, might give up their theatrical ambitions, but so far, they are all sticking together.

Stage-door loungers looked up with curiosity as the Captain led the reporter back-stage during the matinee performance. A few minutes later, Jimmy Goode, the black-face comedian, walked past and gave her a long, cool look that made her wonder what on earth she was doing there! In a box-like corner, with trunks on both sides of her, and back drop in front of her, the Captain gave the reporter one chair and placed another for each boy as he came up to be interviewed. It reminded the reporter of a certain incident when a bunch of harum-scarum school girls trooped in, one by one, to the principal's awe-inspiring office to explain to the stern-faced teacher how their examination papers had mysteriously disappeared!

Al Plunkett, with his winning personality, gave the impression when he came up that he were a victim being led to slaughter. In The Prodigal's checked suit, with cap in hand, he sat down on the edge of the chair. "Tell me where you get that debonaire manner when you sing 'My Lady's Dress,'" began the reporter, trying to put him at ease.

Shy, almost scared-looking, he didn't know what to say, and only blushed the deeper as he smiled the Plunkett smile. Things weren't progressing at all, when along came a troop of curious lads, with the teasing Al Murray leading them on. Like the "girl" he is, he was chewing the prescribed bit of gum, and became talkative right away, introducing the rest to the reporter. Then turning again to her:

"What's Albert telling you now? Don't believe everything they tell you; most of it is bosh, anyway." He was making things easy by launching into a story of how someone in the wings was telling jokes while Albert was trying to sing on the stage one day, with disastrous results to the singing.

The atmosphere cleared and Plunkett got talking about his work. "I like it," he made a beginning. "I used to do amateur work at home—sang with my brother and did church work. I never had stage ambitions, but just stuck to it because we were all together in France. The sentiment of the thing, I guess, is what appeals to the audience," in answer to a question. "And then it is the combination of personality and work, for we all work for the interest of the show together, doing the chorus work with as much interests as the individual numbers."

Having delivered this seemingly long lecture, he was again fidgeting on the edge of the chair, when he heard his cue, and shaking hands with a relieved look, he was gone in a minute.

The Captain strolled along. "Well, how are you getting on?" he asked. The reporter confessed not very well, and begged him not to scare the other boys so! "Guess we'll have a hard job keeping them away" came the comment from one of the boys who had overheard the remark, and, laughing, the Captain went off for "Next, please!"

Some came looking plainly ill at ease, others, accustomed to interviewers, probably, talked quite easily of themselves, their ambitions, their hopes of the Dumbells laying the foundations of a real Canadian theatrical unit; and others yet, like Fred Fenwick, Jack Holland and Al Murray, got the reporter so mixed up trying to figure out who was who, that she didn't hear half what they were saying. Yet she could write a book, if she were to tell all she did hear!

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 With  
**LITTLE RICHARD HEADRICK,**  
**GASTON GLASS AND GRACE DARMOND**  
 A VERITABLE CARNIVAL OF MERRIMENT  
 With a Knockout at the Finish  
**"A WEAKENED PARTY"**  
 2,000 Feet of Laughs.  
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**STARTS MONDAY STRAND**  
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 A SURPRISING COMEDY ROMANCE, WITH A GREAT CAST OF FAVORITES  
 ADDED ATTRACTIONS:  
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**"WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WOMEN?"**  
 See It! Study It! Know for yourself the Truth about Modern Woman! Fantastic! Astonishing! Prophetic! Startling! Revelations of the heart and soul of Modern Womanhood. One picture you MUST SEE.  
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