

HEARD ALONG KINGSTON'S THEATRE ROW

"MIGHTY LAK A ROSE" COMING TO THE ALLEN

Director Searches For a Girl With Soul of a Musician— Gets Dorothy Mackall.

"Can the soul of a musician be transferred to the screen?" Edwin Carewe, who made

"Mighty Lak a Rose," the first National release at the Allen theatre, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday believes it can. And he declares he has accomplished the feat in this picture through the acting of Dorothy Mackall, a pretty young musician, who plays the part of "Rose Duncan." When Mr. Carewe began casting for the picture he looked about for an actress, as he describes it, "whose soul expressed music." More than two hundred young women applied to him. All were reject-

ed. The director was in despair. "I know just what I want," he said, "but I can't get the type. I want something never before seen on the screen. I want a girl who is a violinist—a good violinist—who has a musical soul and who will play the violin with such truth and sincerity that her spirit of music will make itself apparent on the screen. I know it can be done. All I want is the girl."

girl with wistful eyes and delicately moulded, expressive features. She played the violin. She was a pianist. She loved her music. Her whole life was wrapped up in it.

"You'll do," said the director after a few tests during which Miss Mackall acted and played a Stradivarius which has been handed down in her family for several generations.

Mr. Carewe is now delighted with his selections, for Miss Mackall has fulfilled his dream of transferring the could of music to the screen.

The play deals with regeneration through music. During the taking of most emotional scenes the music is furnished by an orchestra off the set, but in some of the biggest scenes the emotions of the actors are swayed by Miss Mackall's music. No other music is necessary.

Miss Mackall, although only eighteen years old, has worked in motion picture studios of England, France and America. She has been on the speaking stage as well as in pictures.

his servants "fat-faced fools and idiots," but is nevertheless loved by those servants who have grown old in his service.

If you know of such a person, then you know the human personification of "Grumpy," the famous stage character that has been brought to the screen by Theodore Roberts, featured in the title role of William de Mille's Paramount production of "Grumpy" which will be shown at the Strand theatre next Monday. May McAvoy and Conrad Nagel are also featured with Mr. Roberts in this photoplay.

Critics who have seen the picture declare it is the veteran's greatest motion picture characterization; superior even to Mr. Roberts' "Uncle Josh" in "The Old Homestead," lauded everywhere as the most lovable personage ever portrayed for the silver screen.

There are a million "Grumpies" in the country; perhaps ten million in the world. Yet, at heart, each of the "Grumpies" is the same—a beloved and loving old man, ready to give his life's blood to bring happiness to others; yet grouchy more through force of habit than temperament.

In "Grumpy," Mr. Roberts is the central figure in the hunt for the robber of a valuable diamond. How he follows a clue supplied by a gardenia with a woman's hair wrapped around the stem, and finally brings the culprit to justice and brings two loving hearts together, makes one of the most fascinating picture stories ever told on the screen. "Grumpy" is based on the famous stage play of the same name in which Cyril Maude starred.

RICH MAN, POOR MAN, BEGGAR MAN, THIEF—AND A GIRL AND HER VIOLIN—

What could be the bond between them? Driven like ships bound for the Port of Prince and Pauper. Was it the magic of her melody that came like a shaft of light to these people in the shadows? or was it something else?



Edwin Carewe presents **MIGHTY LAK A ROSE**
A Symphony of Life in the High and Low Places by Curtis Benton. Directed by Edwin Carewe.

Starting Monday **ALLEN** **BUSTER KEATON** IN "THE ELECTRIC HOUSE" He Never Smiles—But You'll Roar



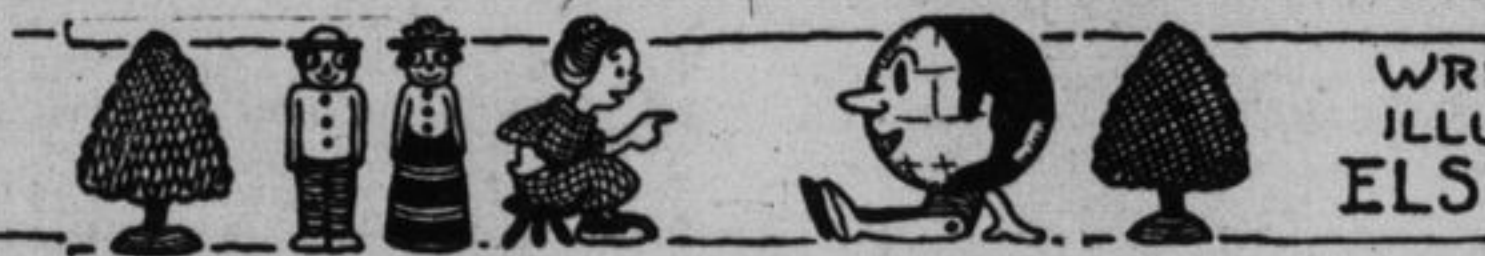
"Perhaps I can find her," said Anders Randolf, who appears in the production. He introduced Dorothy Mackall to the director. Carewe appraised her critically—a slender

GRUMPY IS A GROUCH WITH HEART OF GOLD

Theodore Roberts Has Big Role in Wm. de Mille's Picture "Grumpy."

Do you know any person who seems to be an irritable old grouch, but who really has a heart of gold? Do you know such a man; who calls

Listen, World!



WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY **ELSIE ROBINSON**

THIS TALK IS ABOUT YOUTH

Augustus Wimmer does not approve of Modern Youth. He has been telling me about it in outraged accents.

"They're a bunch of young upstarts!" snorts Mr. Wimmer. "Not an ounce of politeness or unselfishness amongst 'em. Don't know what respect is! And conceited—there's nothing you can tell them, nothing. They're positively lawless. Why, at that last party the children gave, the wife actually caught one of the young cubs with a flash of moonshine. You'd better believe I ordered him home. In fact, I've put my foot down on this whole business of turning our home into a madhouse. Agnes and Richard can find plenty of amusement without inviting a gang of apodtums. I won't stand it—that's all. Why, if I had acted that way when I was a boy—"

No, Mr. Wimmer wouldn't have acted that way when he was a boy. But it never seems to occur to the worthy gentleman that the main reason he didn't act that way when he was a boy was because the world wasn't acting that way when he was a boy. Augustus Wimmer often reminds his children that he was content to stay home and read instead of squandering his money in the movies; that he never jassed; that he didn't want to leave school and earn his living when he was sixteen; that he didn't nag his father for a flivver when he was a Freshie at High. Then he extends his remarks to include the ladies of his day. What wonderful women the world saw then! They didn't rouge or powder or go into business or get divorced! But now everything has gone to the dogs.

Of all these delightful facts does Mr. Wimmer remind his children. But he forgets to tell them that the main reason why he read instead of going to the movies was because there wasn't such a thing as a movie in existence. Nor had jazz or flivvers or man-size wages for juveniles been invented. For the same good reason, Mrs. Wimmer didn't carry a vanity box when she was sixteen. Nor did her Aunt Lizzie divorce Uncle Ben and go into business, although they fought like cats and dogs. You can hardly accumulate a divorce and a business career when they're as rare as alligator pearls at the North Pole.

BUT— Did Mrs. Wimmer dip her nose into mother's cornstarch box before she started for the Young People's Sociable? Ask her. Did young Au-

gustus rebel against the ancient family phaeon and raise Cain because he couldn't have one of those new red buckboards? Ask him.

Youth is Youth, whether it function in 1863 or 1923. With each springtime the sap rises in the tree. Always the same old urge sets it rising; always the sap is the same. But the tree differs. When the tree is young, the sap travels along sheltered branches, which no winds toss. The buds unfold in the old, old peace of the forest shade. But as the tree grows, the security is lost. The great tree thrusts itself beyond the sheltering growth. Storms toss its branches, and the sap within boils with the turmoil without.

The story of the growing tree is the story of Youth and the Human Race. Human nature hasn't changed, but we're doing different things with it. Once again the sap is rising, as it rose when Mr. Wimmer was a boy, but now it travels a vast-

ly different path.

The world was changing before the war came, but the war quickened the process a million-fold. Within a few months it had wrecked a social order which might have stood for a hundred years, and wrought industrial changes which would have been equally slow in maturing. Institutions to which men had clung for generations proved inadequate. Prejudices which we had preserved from our earliest tribal society were shown to be foolish and hampering in the pitiless glare of that bloody illumination. Overnight a world was made—and Youth did that re-making.

Youth actually fought that war, Youth which had never before been trusted with world affairs. Youth held the nation together at home while the war waged on. Age guided and planned, but Youth took the risks, Youth "put things over." Men who were almost children built the ships, ran the railroads, travelled

the air. And beside them worked girls of their own age, hitherto protected and relegated to the background.

Youth did all this. Not a new brand of Youth—the same old brand, but released from apron strings. And how did Youth emerge from such an orgy of power? It emerged conceited, lawless, impatient, hungry for excitement, and with precious little respect for the generations and the institutions which had gotten the world into such a mess. It emerged just as Youth would always have emerged had it been given such tremendous responsibilities, and such awful tools wherewith to handle the job.

For Youth has always been conceited, impatient and lawless, it given the chance. It has always, in its heart of hearts, had previous little use for the opinions and institutions of the older generation. But never before have events so conspired to prove the correctness of

Youth's attitude. Never before was Youth given such a chance to "erow."

It all seems most unpleasant, doesn't it, Pal? It does not endear us to Youth, unless the particular segment of youth happen to belong to us. But nevertheless, in those very qualities which seem so objectionable lie the glory of Youth and the hope of the world.

If Youth were not conceited, independent, impatient, lawless, foolhardy and contemptuous of past achievement, what would happen to the Human Race? Such things are only the boiling of the sap in the spring. Without the rising of the sap, there would be no new growth and the tree would rot and die. If Youth did not believe in itself, and feel that it could better the record of the past, Mankind would be blown as dry dust down the long aisles of eternity. Only by such assertion, and disrespect and disobedience do we progress.

May God pity us on that day when Age shall be able to make Youth obey its every command, when there shall be no more impatience with existing conditions, no more rebellion or defiance. For then we shall indeed be finished!

But does this mean that Youth should be allowed to roam loose from all decent restrictions, menacing society like a dangerous maverock? No. Nor will Youth want to roam loose, hurting and wasting. If Age will put aside its false pride and give Youth the companionship and respectful hearing which Youth desires.

For Youth does ardently desire companionship, and Youth will do great things if you will but perceive and salute the sacred fire which it carries in that flouting torch. But preachments drive it to sneering and desertion. Youth can love an equal, but it will acknowledge no peer. It will take no experience second hand, but it will share its adventures in friendliness if Gray Hairs will consent to be another adventurer on that friendly plane.

Next Week—This Talk is on Worry.



HEROINES OF HISTORY

Significant Incidents in the Lives of Famous Women.

By Mark Stuyvesant.

A Glimpse Into the Life of One Good Woman Louis XIV. Knew

Franciscoe D'Aubergne, known to history as Mme. de Maintenon, was born in prison. It is not known whether it was for her father's interest in the Huguenots, or for gambling, that he and his wife were imprisoned. But it was during their incarceration that the baby Franciscoe was born to them.

Shortly after her birth powerful friends successfully used their influence to have the d'Aubergne family released. Immediately upon being freed they hastened to the island of Martinique. But while there

d'Aubergne lost what little money he had left.

Franciscoe returned to France when she was 10 years old. Then followed years of precarious living and intermittent education provided by relatives.

At this time, Scarron, the deformed poet and satirist, was the vogue at the court of France. It was here that he met the charming Franciscoe d'Aubergne.

Being much attracted by her beauty and feeling a strong compassion for her poverty, he made her two offers. He suggested that he pay all of her expenses at a convent or that he would marry her.

Franciscoe chose the latter. He was repaid by her sincere devotion during the few years which he lived. And she benefited greatly by association with one of the brilliant minds of France.

Mme. de Maintenon was at the time of Scarron's death the favorite of Louis XIV. It was she who

obtained a small pension for the young widow.

Mme. Scarron soon cancelled her obligation to the King's mistress.

About this time Mme. de Montespan became the mother of a child by the King. Mme. Scarron took charge of the baby and brought up not only the first but several others of the favorite's children in secrecy.

It was in this way that the King met Mme. Scarron. He had the highest regard for her and appreciated her unselfish devotion to his children.

Her pension was increased to such a degree that she was able to purchase the estate of Maintenon, which was near the court and from which she took the name which identifies her.

Although Mme. de Montespan was extremely jealous of Mme. de Maintenon, it was purely an intellectual attraction which the latter had for the King. There was never the slightest hint of scandal connected with this splendid woman.

In fact, Mme. de Maintenon tried to interest the King in giving up his profligate life.

When the Queen and Louis was 48 Mme. de Maintenon was 53. They were soon married and spent the rest of their days in an admirable life in civic and charitable work.

In 1715 Louis died. His wife, who was 30 years old, retired to a home in St. Cyr, which she and the

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY
FOR THE RELIEF OF
Coughs, Colds, Croup
WHOPPING COUGH, HOARSENESS
BRONCHITIS
—SOLD EVERYWHERE—



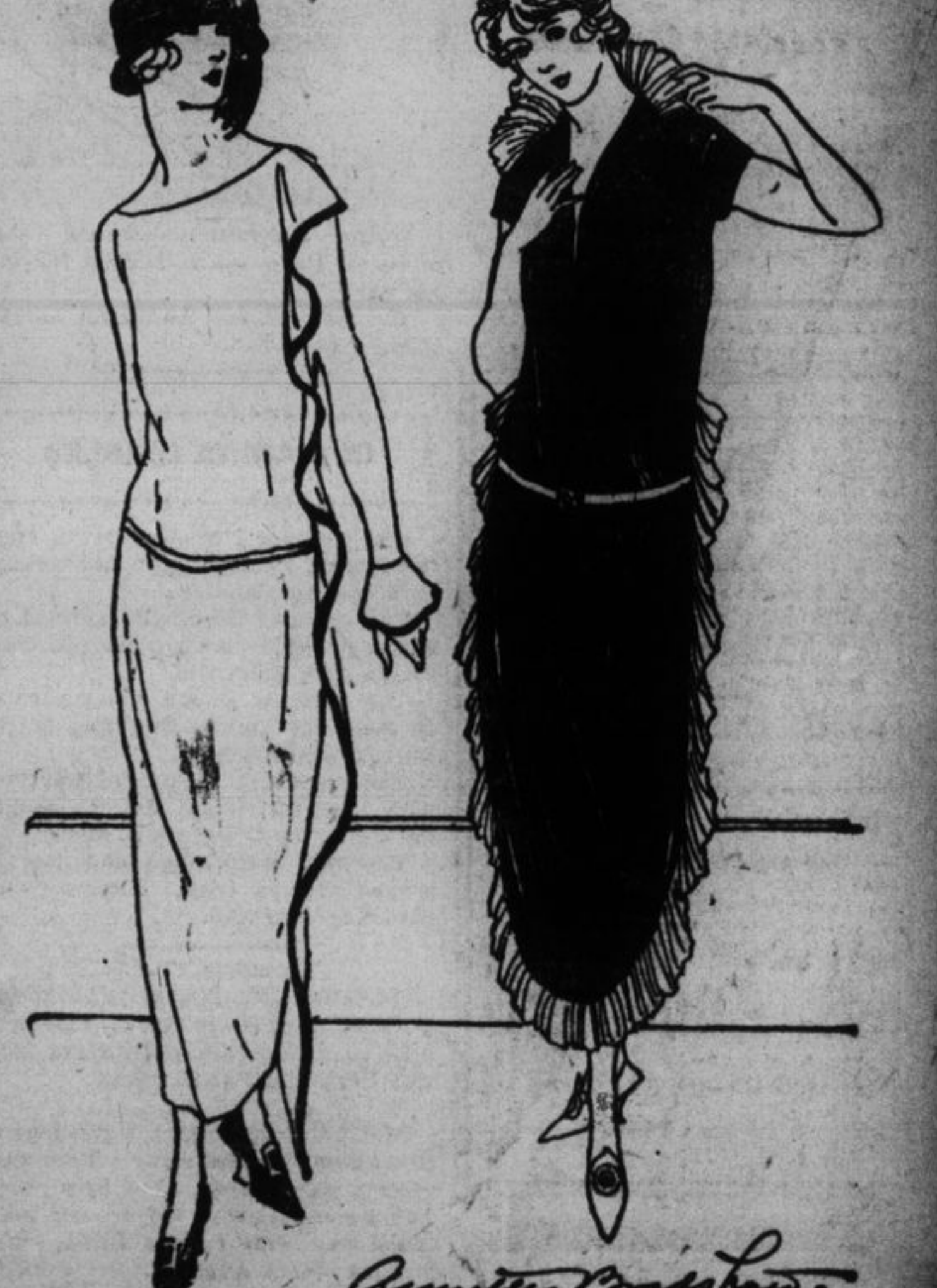
Mme. de Maintenon Aided the King. King had founded for poor girls of the nobility. Not only had this good woman been executed by shooting, ac-

GRAND THE LAST CHANCE TO SEE THE GREATEST SHOW OF THE SEASON
Prices 25c., 50c., 75c., \$1.
THE FAREWELL PERFORMANCE of the **CULTURAL VAUDEVILLE CIRCLE** TO-NIGHT
AN APPRECIATION
THE ENTIRE MEMBERS OF THE CULTURAL VAUDEVILLE CIRCLE beg to extend their deep and sincere appreciation to those who have favored us with their patronage.
You have given us a greater hope and inspired us for an increased endeavor. Next year we shall return to you with an improved and enlarged programme—so until then and forever more, we beg to remain,
Your faithful servants,
THE CULTURAL VAUDEVILLE CIRCLE
Per Tameo Kajiyama

GRUMPY
THEODORE ROBERTS
MAY McAVOY AND CONRAD NAGEL
ST-R-AND STARTS MONDAY
NO ADVANCE IN PRICES

THE NEWEST FRILLY FROCKS

Frills Now Run Gamut From the Filmy Sort to Substantial Type



A Braid-Edged Frill Trims the Red-crepe Wool-Crepe at Left.

This Black Satin Afternoon Frock is Trimmed with Frills of Sheer White Batil te.

By ANNETTE BRADSHAW

The frill has undoubtedly come into its own again. It appears in sheer tuck and laced versions on dressy frocks, and in more substantial form on frocks that are not for dress-up occasions.

Sometimes the frill is gathered, sometimes it is accordion-pleated and sometimes its fulness is introduced by tiny pin-tucks.

A few gathers give the necessary fulness to the side-frill that adorns the slim vesper-green wool-crepe

frock at the left. The frock is perfectly plain, and the frill at the side and sleeves is edged in darker green silk-braid. The little hat is of green felt with green feathers.

The other frock is for afternoon. The sheer white batiste makes a lovely contrast to the shiny black satin of which the dress is made.

Curved apron tunics adorn the front and back, each one being edged with a pleated frill. The straight underskirt beneath is practically invisible. A matching frill edges the becoming collar.

Firing Squad Thins Housing Commission

Moscow, May 5.—Eleven members of the Moscow Housing Commission have been executed by shooting, ac-

ording to an official announcement made yesterday. The men were convicted of bribery and corruption on April 14th, and were put to death by a firing squad Wednesday night, the executive committee of the Soviet having refused to accord clemency.

Who are more busy than they that have the least to do? Wit without discretion is a sword in the hand of a fool.