

# WHAT KINGSTON THEATRES OFFER NEXT WEEK

## CHARM AND COMEDY IN "THE LOVE PIKER"

Directed by E. Mason Hopper, With Charming Anita Stewart in the Leading Role

The latest picture in which Anita Stewart appears is the Cosmopolitan production, "The Love Piker," which will be the offering at the Allen theatre for three days, beginning Monday. This picture has an appeal that is bound to put it in the class of the season's most popular photoplays. It is a romantic love story with deep interests and abounds in pathos and comedy. It has a society background, but with a number of slum sequences for contrast. The situations are dramatic and filled with thrills, while the settings are ornate and beautiful.

Miss Stewart is one of the most popular of feminine screen stars and has many notable productions to her credit. She was starred by "Vita-graph" for a number of years and recently has made pictures for Louis Mayer and for First National. "The Love Piker" is her first picture for the Cosmopolitan Pictures by Goldwyn-Cosmopolitan.

"The Love Piker" is a picturization of a story by Frank R. Adams, one of the best-known magazine writers in the country and a novelist of note whose works have attracted much attention because of their realism and fidelity to life. E. Mason Hopper, who is esteemed by many critics to be one of the screen's half-dozen ablest directors, held the megaphone for "The Love Piker." Mr. Hopper is not only a director of wide reputation but is also a skilled craftsman in other arts—a scientist, inventor, accomplished chef, cartoonist, actor, writer, architect, and interior decorator. His ability to put real human nature and keen

comedy on the screen was illustrated in the two-reel Booth Tarkington "Edgar Comedies" which he produced for Goldwyn, and in "Brothers Under the Skin" made for the same company. In "Dangerous Curve Ahead" and "Hungry Hearts," also Goldwyn pictures, he demonstrated his mastery of dramatic acting on the screen. The adaptation of "The Love Piker" was made by Frances Marion who did a like service for "Humoresque" and who is generally regarded as being in the front rank of photoplay writers.

"The Love Piker" is the story of a snobbish, wealthy, society girl who falls in love with a self-made engineer, whose parents emigrated to America from Holland before he was born. The love story runs smoothly until one day the boy takes his fiancée down into the poor quarters of the town to visit his poor Dutch father who lives in a shanty, smokes a corncob pipe and is surrounded by his dog, cat and parrot. After meeting him the girl is almost on the point of breaking her engagement but finally decides to go through with it. However, when it comes to the wedding she knows she should invite her prospective father-in-law but hasn't the nerve. The dramatic strength of the story comes at this point, as the girl finally goes through a sort of regeneration and on the day of the wedding drives down to the shanty in her limousine and makes good by bringing the poor old father to the wedding.

The cast chosen for "The Love Piker" is practically all-star. There are four featured players in the support, namely, William Morris, Robert Frazer, Frederick Truesdell and Arthur Hoyt, all screen artists of distinction. The remainder of the cast includes Carl Gerrard, Betty Francisco, Winston Miller, Mayme Kelso, Robert Bolder, Cordelia Calton and James F. Fulton. George Barnes, one of the ablest and most experienced cameramen in



Anita Stewart and Robert Frazer in "THE LOVE PIKER"

At the Allen, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

number of high class elements in motion picture industry.

The story is simple and powerful, a love tale supported by glimpses into the life of Austria before, during and after the war. Several men who had lived for years in the famous old world capital helped in securing realism in the scenes of Vienna.

What the great world-war meant to the love affair of a high-born count and a poor girl of the Prater, the Coney Island of Vienna, is told dramatically in "Merry Go Round," the multiple reel screen feature coming to the Strand Theatre next Monday.

The cast includes Mary Philbin, Universal's big "find" of the year, Norman Kerry, George Hackathorne, Dale Fuller, Cesare Gravina, George Seigmann, Dorothy Wallace, Sidney Brady, Edith Yorke, Lillian Sylvester, Al Edmundson, Maurice Talbot, Fenwick Oliver and others of high professional standing—one of the big casts of the screen year.

The chief setting of the story is the Prater, where clown clothes and aching hearts and smiles covered the people of the famous American carnival centre, Coney Island, have proven interesting to many writers, and those of the Prater have the same faults, virtues and foibles. "Merry Go Round" is a cross section of a type of life familiar to the world in general through Vienna's fame as a gay capital in pre-war times.

**Grand Opera House—To-Night at 8.15**  
THE BIG MUSICAL, "LISTEN TO ME"  
SUCCESS  
PRICES—50c., 75c., \$1.00, \$1.50.

**STRAND GLORIA SWANSON**  
To-Night  
A ROLLICKING, ENTERTAINING PROGRAMME FOR SATURDAY NIGHT  
"BLUEBEARD'S 8th WIFE"  
HULL MONTANA in "ONE WILD DAY"

some wonderful acting and a fine interpretation of Dickens when he showed "David Copperfield." Unfortunately he left a bad taste in the mouth by complaining of the size of the house and that in a public speech. We can sympathize with his viewpoint, but he must learn that the Canadian public will not fall all over him because he appears to hail from the Mother Land. Forbes-Robertson, William Faversham, Sarah Bernhardt, Al Jolson, Harry Lauder, Irene Castle—and many others famous in their departments have honored our city with their presence without losing their tempers over small houses.

Irene Castle was very pleasing—what there was of her—but for the major portion of the evening we must thank Duke Yellman and his crack orchestra for their entertainment. One must admit that Mrs. Castle is wonderful, but she might have been a little more generous with her appearances. Miss Howard was nice—just that. We have always liked the presentations of Mr. Beers. He is a natural entertainer. The whole evening for us resolved itself into a mad desire to go behind the scenes and ask Irene this question: "How old are you?" And it would not have surprised us had she told us the actual truth. We had no doubts about "Listen to Me," which opened last night and is at the Grand again this afternoon and evening. When this production first came through some wise bird told us it was "punk" and we nearly missed it as a result. After we had seen it we swore eternal enmity to that fellow and last night turned up bright and early so as to be sure of missing nothing. "Listen to Me" is nearly three hours of delightful foolishness—and that's our idea of entertainment.

"The Exciters," with Antonio Moreno and Bebe Daniels, was one of the "movies" we ran across lately. It was good all right, but we were mightily disappointed at so tame an ending. We'd have liked Moreno much better had he stayed a crook and turned out to be a detective at the last minute. We thought we were seeing a reformer—but it wasn't. Miss Daniels seemed as disgusted as we were—but she had to give in to round off the picture nicely.

Although neither parties will issue a definite statement it is understood that the moving picture theatre managers and the local musicians are to come to an agreement shortly and that orchestras will once more be on the programme. This is welcome news to all of us.

## SUPREME LOVE STORY PICTURED IN STRAND FILM

"Merry-Go-Round," Screen Classic, One of Year's Best Productions.

Flimed at Universal City under the direction of Rupert Julian, who has made some of the outstanding Universal successes of past years, "Merry Go Round" embodies a

## FROM THE BACK OF THE HOUSE

Our first glimpse of this season was "Cinderella," a pretty little performance that was not quite rounded off when presented here. With a little shifting around in the cast and more experience it should develop into a very fair show. It carries one feature that always pleases lovers of burlesque—good-sized men impersonating girls.

Bransby Williams brought to us

The Most Diverting and Dramatic Chapter of Pre-War Life in Gay Vienna Since the Unforgettable "Merry Widow"

With MARY PHILBIN, NORMAN KERRY and A Cast of Rare Brilliance and Magnitude.

A MAD WHIRL OF LIFE, LOVE AND LUXURY

# THE MERRY-GO-ROUND

THE GREATEST LOVE STORY EVER TOLD, TENDER YET TRAGIC.

STRAND

4 DAYS Mon., Tue., Wed., Thurs.

PRICES: Mat., 10c., 25c. Evg., 25c., 35c. Tax Included

THE FILM DRAMA THAT ASTONISHED NEW YORK NOW STIRS A CONTINENT.

3 PERFORMANCES DAILY 2.30 and 8.

3 PERFORMANCES DAILY 2.30 and 8.

## A LIVE PICTURE, THROBING WITH VITALITY

Anita Stewart more radiantly beautiful, more deliciously appealing than ever in this splendid role of a society heiress who loved a poor man's son.



# "The LOVE PIKER"

WITH ANITA STEWART

SUNSHINE COMEDY "ROLL ALONG"

A-L-L-E-N

STARTS MONDAY

## "SOME RANCH"

The Adventure of Two Artists on the Prince of Wales Ranch.

The present visit of the Prince of Wales to his Canadian ranch has demonstrated how deep an impression his last holiday on a cattle ranch made on his mind. To a young man of his evident high spirits and joy of living the irksomeness of his appointed official life must often be almost overwhelming. Very little is known to the general public of the ranch which is now widely known as the "Prince's" but two years ago I was all unexpectedly allowed the privilege of both seeing and making sketches of his ranch whilst staying for a brief visit with the Prince's host on the occasion of his last Canadian visit.

The ranch itself is situated in Alberta 4,800 feet above sea level at the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. The buildings and ranch house are built of wood in a valley sheltered by a large grove of trees, at various intervals are arranged the stables, sheep and hog pens. In the foreground at a point nearest Bar U, is a large wooden barn, which at the time of our visit housed a magnificent pedigree bull which was resting after the long ocean journey preparatory to being exhibited at Western Agricultural Exhibitions.

In June of 1921, myself and a friend—also an artist—decided to embark on a sketching trip through Western Canada, which was to embrace amongst other places, the Régions at Banff, Lake Louise, and afterwards a visit to some point where we hoped to find the real honest-to-goodness cowboys as pictured a-la-movie.

On the train journey, my companion who was a war veteran, encountered Major General—, who on hearing of our quest gave us a letter of introduction to George Lane of Calgary, owner of Bar U, ranch in Alberta. Entraining for Calgary with our

full sketching outfits etc., we discovered that the Bar U, ranch lay about forty miles South so we took train to High River which is the nearest railway station. Certainly the town itself gave no evidence of cowboys or ranch life, after sundry enquiries we were directed to the home of Mr. Fleming, Supt. of the Bar U, who kindly phoned Mr. Lane at the ranch which we discovered lay twenty-five miles west of the nearest railway station. We motored out to the ranch where we were received by Mr. Lane, millionaire owner of the largest ranch in Western Canada controlling 100,000 acres of land, who although we were entire strangers to him, on learning our object, gave us full permission to do all the picture making we wished and go wherever we desired.

The topography of the ranch and of the day we arrived Mr. Lane's Chinese cook had had but another "little" to the Prince's own ranch, which directly joins Bar U, is rolling hilly country, very beautiful with its verdant green covering stretching as far as the eye can see, to the West however, the Rocky Mountains are plainly visible. Here we were privileged to see the largest herd of pure bred Percheron horses in the World and thousands of on his way out from Calgary. On this account, the first day we ate out in the mess-house with the cowboys and helpers at the ranch. The meal was served all in tin dishes with tin plates but scrupulously clean, abundant and finest quality. Mr. Lane also sat with us there being no difference made on reference on the part of the chinaman waiter. The cowboys chatted with Mr. Lane as freely (albeit respectfully) as the closest friends would. An amusing incident during the meal was the Hog-man falling on to the table during dinner, and he being covered with embarrassment at this disclosure, rushed out of the room presumably to replace the missing orb. At night we were kindly offered a guest room at the ranch house whilst Mr. Lane and his son who was home from college, slept upstairs. The Prince of Wales was the guest

of Mr. Lane in this same house on his last visit to Canada, and we were proudly shown the room His Highness occupied. On the outer panel of the door was pasted a piece of paper about three inches by five on which was typewritten

H. R. H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Doubtless not one of the old-timers and picnics who helped to build this rude dwelling house, ever dreamt it would some day house the heir to the throne of the mightiest Empire this old earth has seen. A man whom, accustomed to luxury from the cradle, turned his weary soul, with relief to this opportunity of respite from unending ceremony and pomp.

### The Bedroom.

No doubt the society matrons would gasp with astonishment if they could see it—just such a room as you would find in a ranch house anywhere, plain wooden walls, an iron stove in the centre, neat carpet and comfortable bed and a little furniture, but it is safe to say it is the most unpretentious room Mr. Lane's testimony that every minute of his stay was keenly enjoyed.

In answer to our natural curiosity concerning his distinguished visitor Mr. Lane recounted in a manner that left no doubt in our minds how highly the Prince was esteemed, several interesting recollections.

One of the escapades of the Prince that gave his host the fullest pleasure in the telling was how he climbed out of the window, (which was on the ground floor at 6 a.m.) before the rest of the household were up and went for a long walk over the hills.

We were further told how the Prince thoroughly enjoyed the gallops over hills and dates proving to the foreman and hands that he was an excellent horseman who rode for the sheer joy of riding and love of horseflesh in that exhilarating atmosphere.

One of the ranch foremen who lives close by with his family and who was a capable taxidermist told us how the Prince examined with tremendous interest the very many fine specimens of

his hunting skill, that were preserved and hung around the rooms of his delightful home, and listened enthralled to the stories of various experiences on the annual trips to the nearby mountains where big game of all kinds abound, promising his hearers that before long he would hope to join them on such a trip and that he would wish nothing better than to take this expert hunter as his personal guide. Doubtless this year will see the fruition of the Prince's hopes, vague and ephemeral as they appeared at the time of his expressed desire.

The Prince moved about amongst the employees on Bar U, with perfect freedom delighting everyone by his unaffected manner and manifested desire to learn all he possibly could of ranch life at first hand.

Speculation being aroused as to whether the Prince found his preconceived notions of cattle ranching shattered, we recalled how novels of "God's Country" peopled by trendily virile HE—MEN assisted by movies of Wild West life had helped to mould our opinions, only to prove entirely wrong in actual life.

The picturesque dress of the Cowboy Heroes we soon discovered had been supplanted by blue and faded overalls, whilst one rider more enterprising than the rest even wore horn-rimmed spectacles.

True, the virility and good horsemanship were as evident as ever and we were assured that at the annual round-up of the cattle for branding and culling, the well known costumes were more in evidence.

### Walking Was Safest.

We ourselves proved a constant source of wonder to the people on the ranch, who could not understand our desire to walk when there were mounts to be had for the asking. Our host begged us to accept a saddle horse apiece, but after seeing a cowboy thrown completely over the head of his pony, we decided that walking was a pastime too often unappreciated and furthermore as we had canvas, etc., to carry, we reasoned that we would not have enough hands left to manage our steeds.

That evening we sat on the verandah watching the wonderful sunset gild the green of a noble old tree, with olive and saffron shades reminding one of some Maxfield Parrish decoration, arousing even Mr. Lane to enthusiasm, though our own efforts to portray the landscape had met with little encouragement at his hands. Perhaps his greatest shock was received after I spent several hours making a sketch of a pile-driver that stood near the reservoir, seemingly it was past his comprehension that any person should travel from Winnipeg, to a ranch, and then sketch a pile-driver. The more I meditate on it the more I think he was justified in his view, however to retrieve his good opinion we went out and made some studies of horses and sheep that certainly interested him more deeply, and from the ensuing discussion my friend and I learnt more about blooded horses and cattle than we ever dreamed of previously.

One common misconception exposed was that the best cowboy, was he who made the cattle run or hurry. Nothing, we were assured, did more to reduce the value of a herd than the wild type of rider so frequently met with in fiction or on the screen.

This is not a recent development either but was a policy on Bar U ranch from the earliest days, any cowboy caught chasing the cattle was immediately discharged as incompetent.

Cattle we learnt have a marvellous instinct or smell for water, and when on a long trek would, in favorable winds, sense water seventy miles away in a certain direction and would move on irresistibly in that direction numbers of the vast herd often starving to death on the way when possibly water was to be found only three or four miles away in a different location, all efforts to turn them towards it would be futile, owing, it is thought, to the wind not carrying the knowledge to the herd.

At The Prince's Ranch. The next day directed by the Prince of Wales ranch house which lies about four miles west, both properties ad-

joining, skirting on the way a little river that provides some excellent fishing and climbing over some very deceptive hills that looked very low but had us panting heavily before we as slippery as glass and made our passage very difficult. At the top of the second hill we could see clear into the valley where the Prince's farm lay and we proceeded down and met one of the stablemen who kindly showed us over the barns and part of the stables. As Prof. Carlyle who is in charge was away, we were not permitted to enter the ranch-house, but judging from the exterior, it would differ very little from the one we were staying at. In the barn was a pedigree bull just imported from England, and around the barn many rolls of wire fencing that apparently was to replace some of the broken fencing.

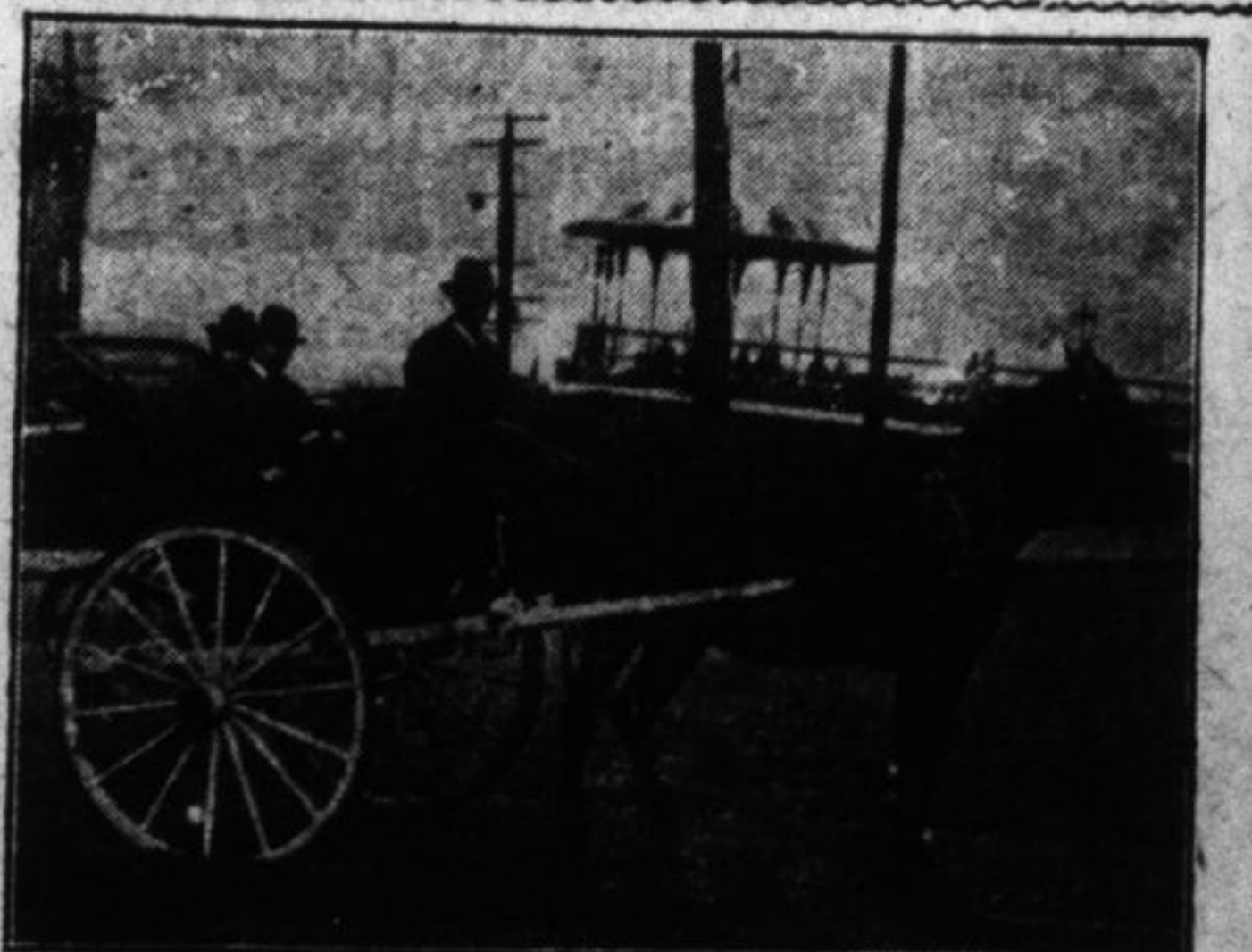
The weather by this time had turned very dull and we succeeded in making

a rapid sketch of the ranch buildings, then hurried back to Bar U, before the storm broke.

This was to be our last evening here before our departure, and we felt that we fully understood why the Prince of Wales decided to purchase a ranch in this vicinity, where nature is at her best, where sport and big game hunting abound, where the shackles and trappings of Royalty may be completely abandoned, and men may live as man to man, stripped of all artificiality.

Before we said adieu to Bar U, we were shown the visitors' book which probably contains more illustrious signatures than any similar book in Canada, headed by the signature of the Heir apparent, signed Edward P. W. whilst in the space allotted for the visitors' comments, he had boldly written "Some Ranch."

Every hero becomes a bore at last.



**QUEBEC'S OLD-FASHIONED CALECHE.** In only one city on the continent can be found the quaint French-Canadian caleches. They are patronized by thousands of tourists to the ancient capital, each year, who enjoy riding in the two-wheeled carriages.