

MOVIEFOLK THAT THE ARTIST MET AT THE EXHIBITORS' BALL



MISS KATE PRICE - REPRESENTED VITAGRAPH

MR. POP LUBIN WATCHING HIS BOYS AND GIRLS.

MRS. ABEL EINSTEIN - "THE LITTLE SUNBEAM"

MISS MABEL TRUNNELLE FROM THE KLEINE-EDISON STUDIOS

MR. EARL METCALFE AND MISS LILLIAN LORRAINE WHO LEAD THE GRAND MARCH -

MR. PETER LANG - DEAN OF LOCAL PHOTO PLAYERS

THE PATHE GOLD ROOSTER MADE HIS BALL ROOM DEBUT.

MISS VIRGINIA PEARSON (VLSE) ROSES FOR A STILL

MISS VIOLA DANA - EDISON

MISS MARY CHARLESON FORMERLY OF PHILA. NOW WITH THE EQUITABLE

HANLON

"THERE WAS THE ATMOSPHERE!"

Yes, the Exhibitors' Ball Was All It Ought to Have Been

Her mother named her Patricia, but they call her Patsy deForest up at Lubin's. It was she who gave the best idea of just what the Motion Picture Exhibitors' Ball was, when on Wednesday night, in Turngreende Hall, she yelled across the line of the grand march to Billy Heeves and said:

"This is the atmosphere." So it was. The darlings of the screen and the dear public were working together, and in their admiration for each other made an event out of a mere ball. It was a treat for everybody. The every-

day girls without a career went high into the field of happiness because they had a chance to meet their heroines (and heroes) and the folk who appear as a rule so silently found a lot to appreciate in ordinary people. It was really a mutual admiration society.

They said they would start at 8 and they did. They said they would stop at 1, and they did not. It was some party.

Dancing, vaudeville, table conferences over the glasses and the bows of the studio artists. If there is to be a single thing picked out as the best, one would have to say it was the formal appearance of the picture stars on the stage, just to say hello. They all did it so prettily, especially the girls. How demure and bashful and innocent of public acquaintance they seemed. One would have thought they really weren't used to meeting people.

There were no speeches. It was simply a question of looking and smiling one's prettiest. Then they drifted off into the grand march. That was at midnight. Lillian Lorraine and Earle Metcalfe did

the honors and the rest trooped happily behind. The D. P. only watched.

The dancing was immense. Such music! Here everybody was on the same ground, and the D. of the S. took full advantage of being able to be in some one else's arms without having to play at making love. And the men who make their living in ordinary ways were none too slow in realizing it.

It was a good chance, too, to pretend. Lois Meredith was taken for one of Philadelphia's society girls just come from Tony Biddle's concert at the Bellevue-Stratford. Many a girl, whose only experience in the moving-picture theatre has been got through the front door via the ticket window, was made happy because she was made to feel that she belonged to the fraternity, and one of them tried to kid Sam Spoodon into believing it. They said up there that Sam was the dean of publicity agents in the movies, and his kind of person is usually informed.

The press agents were much in the majority. There must have been three of

them to one of everything else, and they were in no wise backward about introducing themselves.

There was one very pretty person whom everybody was asking about. "Who does she play with?" they wanted to know. She doesn't play with anybody, but it isn't so confidential that one mayn't tell that "she" was Mrs. Abe Einstein, whose ubiquitous husband was at once in as many places as the 51 Stanley Theatres he represents. He paid absolutely no attention to his wife, but other people did.

Jay Emanuel, who ran the whole thing, was a much besieged man by the representatives of Pathe, World, Vitagraph, Edison and all the other studios, each of whom wanted him to know that his respective delegation of stars was the largest and the best. Jay is a diplomat. He agreed with them all.

The ball got better as it went along. When it started you could hear some young man say: "There, that's Frances Nelson; isn't she pretty?" or some young girl say: "Look! I see Arnold Daly," but that sort of thing passed, for soon