Japanese Actor Creates the Screen Role of Chan Wang in 'The First Born'

WILLIAM P. CARLETON in "THE INSIDE OF THE CUP" CRITERION

MISS AGNES AYRES in "FORBIDDEN FRUIT" RIVOLI

LOWELL SHERMAN in "WAY DOWN EAST" FORTY-FOURTH STREET THEATRE

RUSSEL SIMPSON AND MISS HELENE CHADWICK in "GODLESS MEN" CAPITOL

MONTE BLUE in "THE KENTUCKIANS" RIALTO

'Godless Men' and 'The Kentuckians Are Among Other Film Novelties.

Sessue Hayakawa, Japanese actor, will appear at the Strand this week in "The First Born," a Robertson-Cole special production. Hayakawa creates the screen role of Chan Wang, wistful, pathetic figure in Francis Powers's drama. The story begins on the picturesque banks of the Hoang-Ho River in China and weaves its way through the old Chinatown that San Francisco knew before the earthquake. The characters are interpreted by Miss Helen Jerome Eddy, Miss Marie Pavis, Wilson Hummel and "Sunny Boy" Warde. The direction is accredited to Colin Campbell. The special prologue to the main feature will be enhanced by Walter Vaughan, tenor, and a male quartet. The remainder of the film programme will include a new comedy and a scenic study.

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The Goldwyn production, "Godless Men," which is the feature picture at the Capitol, is announced as a drama of the Far Pacific. The theme is the tragedy of human hatred and the hero, a man hated and feared on all the seven seas, is looked upon as the hardest skipper who ever trod a deck. The story is from the pen of Ben Ames Williams and was published under the title of "Black Pawl." Russell Simpson, James Mason, Mrs. Frankie Lee and Helene Chadwick make up the cast. Reginald Barker directed. "Babyhood," a Kineto review of the various stages, colors, sexes and sizes of little ones, is another feature.

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"The Kentuckians," a Charles Maigne production for Paramount in which Monte Blue is the featured player, will be the principal screen entertainment at the Rialto. "The Kentuckians," from the novel of the same name by the late John Fox, Jr., was adapted to the screen by Wright Tuttle. The cast includes Wilfred Lytell, Miss Diana Allen and Frank Joyner. The Mambuti pigmies will be shown in the motion pictures taken by the Vandenbergh-Paramount expedition under the leadership of Dr. Leonard J. Vandenbergh. The pigmies are part of the third series of motion pictures shown by Hugo Riesenfeld, the two first instalments having been screened at the Rivoli in other weeks. A comedy will be another screen entertainment.

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Cecil B. De Mille's production for Paramount, "Forbidden Fruit," will begin its second and final week at the Rivoli because of the demand. Records have been established at the Rivoli by "Forbidden Fruit." No picture except "The Miracle Man" has played two weeks at that theatre. The Oliendorff Sketchograph "Seeing Greenwich Village" also will remain for a second week.

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D. W. Griffith's "Way Down East" continues at the Forty-fourth Street.

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"Over the Hill," the William Fox film, remains at the Broadhurst.

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"The Inside of the Cup," the Cosmopolitan-Paramount screen production of Winston Churchill's novel, begins the fourth week of its engagement at the Criterion.

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Miss Mary Pickford in "The Love Light" will be the big attraction at Loew's New York Theatre and Roof today and to-morrow. The programmes the remainder of the week will include Miss Gladys Brockwell in "The Sage Hen" on Tuesday; Enid Bennett in "Silk Hosiery" on Wednesday; Miss Constance Binney in "Something Different" on Thursday; "Curtain," with Miss Katherine McDonald, and "The Way Women Love," with Miss Rubye De Remer, Friday; Wallace Reid in "The Charm School" Saturday, and "Passion," with Poli Negri, Sunday.

MUSIC IN FILM HOUSES.

The musical part of the Rialto programme will have Hosmer's "Southern Rhapsody" as the overture number played by the orchestra under the direction of Hugo Riesenfeld and Lion Vanderheim. Miss Betty Anderson, soprano, will sing a Southern ballad and Edoardo Albano, barytone, will sing an aria from Rossini's "Barber of Seville." John Priest, organist, will play Prof. Firmin Swinnen's "Chinoiserie" as a tribute to his fellow musician at the Rivoli Theatre.

As a prologue to the Capitol picture Bertram Peacock will sing the "Credo" from the opera "Otello," by Verdi. John Wenger has designed the setting. The orchestra, under Erno Rapee, will play Liszt's "Thirteenth Hungarian Rhapsody," with a czymbalom cadenza. Mlle. Gambarelli, Alexander Oumansky and Simone Cochet will do a pantomime ballet to Victor Herbert's music, "Air de Ballet." The Capitol mixed quartet, including Misses Elizabeth Ayres, Louise Scheerer and Alva Bombarger and Peter Harrower, will do a Southern number comprising "Swing Along," by Cook, and "Mighty Lak a Rose."

For the overture the Strand orchestra will play Liszt's "First Hungarian Rhapsody," conducted alternately by Carl Edouardo and Francis W. Sutherland. The vocal attraction for the week will be Miss Selma Johansen, a Swedish soprano, who has just arrived in America. She is a concert singer of note in her native country. She will be heard singing "Wake Up" and "I Love Thee," by Grieg. Organ solos by Frederick M. Smith and Herbert Sisson also will be heard.

The Rivoli music programme will remain for a second week. The overture will be Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance," played by the orchestra under the direction of Frederick Stahlberg and Joseph Littau. "Love Is the Best of All," based on Victor Herbert's song of that name, will precede the feature. Miss Grace Foster, soprano; Miss Vera Myers and Paul Oscard, dancers, and the Rivoli sextet appear in this number. Francois Fetis's "Finale" in E flat will be played by Prof. Firmin Swinnen on the organ.

GRIST FOR MOVIE MILL

Plays and Novels to Be Screened for Paramount.

Among the representative plays and novels by leading American and British writers which Jesse L. Lasky, first vice-president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, announced last week will be produced as Paramount pictures this year, the first big feature will be a screen version of "Experience." George V. Hobart's stage play will soon be started at the Long Island studio under the direction of George Fitzmaurice. "Peter Pan" is to be made at the London studio under the supervision of Sir James M. Barrie himself. Other productions will be "The Wanderer," Morris Gest's spectacle; "Montmartre," a recent French production; "At the End of the World," a novelty with its scenes laid in Shanghai; "Peter Ibbetson," the Du Maurier story which the Barrymores popularized as a play. Other promised productions are "The Shulamite," Edward Knobloch's play; "Everything for Sale," an original story by Hector Turnbull; "The Lifted Veil," by Henry Arthur Jones; "Memories," an original by Knobloch; Booth Tarkington's "The Conquest of Canaan," "Cappy Ricks," "Uneasy Virtue," "Your Home Comes First" and "Gasolene Gus," a story by George Patullo, in which Roscoe Arbuckle will be seen.

Cecil B. De Mille's next production will be Leonard Merrick's "Laurels and the Lady." George Loane Tucker's "Ladies Must Live," on which production was delayed by his illness, has been completed. Belasco's "Is Matrimony a Failure?" will be an early production.

Others on the list are "The Hell Diggers," in which Wallace Reid will be seen; "Amos Judd," "Bella Donna," Hichens's story; "The Story of the Blue Room," by Cosmo Hamilton; "The Trouble With Women," Lucian Cary's *Saturday Evening Post* serial; Owen Johnson's "The Sixty-First Second," E. Phillips Oppenheim's "The Great Impersonation" and "Good for the Soul," by Margaret Deland.

Cosmopolitan Productions will make several pictures, among them Fannie Hurst's "Back Pay," Marie Corelli's "Vendetta" and "The Young Diana" and "Joan & Co.," in which Miss Marion Davies will play the leading role.

DRAMATIC ART IN MOVIES.

The modern photoplay is rapidly passing out of the period of bad taste and careless execution into a distinct plane of dramatic art, according to M. D. C. Crawford, a fashion expert and director of costume research in the Brooklyn Museum, in commenting on the beauty of costuming in Cecil B. De Mille's newest production for Paramount entitled "Forbidden Fruit," which opens at the Rivoli Theatre to-day. Mr. Crawford is also assistant editor of *Arts and Decorations*.

"The drama, in its centuries of history," said Mr. Crawford, "has passed through many changes, and as each period, or rather fresh potentiality, came into play it for a time diverted attention from the basic serious purpose of the art. So it has been with the movie—first the era of stunts, of mechanical absurdities, next the emphasis on personality and the appeal of the mawkishly sentimental. Now begins the last phase—artists have become familiar with technique; writers control the limitations, and we may soon reasonably expect 'inspired drama that could be produced in no other form.

"The Cinderella incident in 'Forbidden Fruit' is one of the delightful expressions of the cinema. A stage of plate glass produces a double image that adds to the suggestion of fairyland. On such a stage the action seems natural—glass slipper, pumpkin coach, fairy godmother, the Prince and Cinderella become again the real personages of childhood.

"Seldom does a costume designer have such an opportunity as Miss Claire West enjoyed. She had a free rein for her fancy—she could determine just how a fairy locked; what the prince of legend wore and how pumpkins could be personified.

"This single incident cost $86,000 to stage. This sounds a little like the old circus poster, but I introduce the figures to show what a great potential power the movies have. They are rapidly passing out of their period of bad taste and careless execution and disregard of tradition into a distinct plane of dramatic art."

Theodore Kosloff, the noted Russian dancer, who has turned his talents to the motion pictures, is credited with the idea of the Cinderella episode. It was his knowledge of the great Russian ballet which brought to the screen the massive crystal glass setting in which the ball scene is portrayed.

WRITES SCREEN SUBTITLES.

Work of Ralph Spence Said to Bring $300,000 Year to Him.

Some idea of the growing importance of motion picture subtitling may be gained from the announcement that Ralph Spence, production editor, has severed a four years' connection with William Fox and has incorporated a company that is to do nothing but edit photoplays for various producers. In four years Mr. Spence jumped from a reportorial job in a Texas border town to the limelight of Broadway, where he enjoys the reputation of being the screen's premier writer of humorous subtitles. Contracts signed during the past week are said to assure Mr. Spence of an income of more than $300,000 in the new year, this probably being the record for any screen writer.

It is said that Mr. Spence has written 45,000 comedy subtitles during the last four years, covering everything from Mack Sennett and Sunshine comedies to the features of R. A. Walsh, Harry Millarde, Charles Miller and other directors. In these latter productions he has proved his ability to edit serious subjects as well as the frolicsome films of the Sennett type.

Admirers of George Walsh will be interested in the fact that all of those funny things the athletic star has been saying on the screen since he attained stardom were "put into his mouth" by Mr. Spence. Those who laughed at the witty remarks of William Farnum throughout six reels of "The Joyous Troublemaker" owe a round of applause to Mr. Spence; also the funny quips handed out by Charlie Chaplin in revivals of "The Champion," "Work," "By the Sea" and the burlesque on "Carmen," When Fontaine Fox, the cartoonist, consented to the picturisation of his "Toonerville Trolley" cartoons he included in the contract that the subtitles should be written by Mr. Spence.

Mr. Spence is a movie star, but he uses ink instead of grease paint; he is a movie director, using the shears instead of a megaphone.

HOLMES ON "SPANISH CITIES."

"Spanish Cities" is the title given by Burton Holmes to the fourth photo story of his series to-night in Carnegie Hall. The same lecture will be given at a matinee to-morrow afternoon. Madrid, Barcelona, Toledo, Seville, as well as Granada and Andalusia all suggest bullfights, the fandango and cigarette smoking Carmens rather than the busy cities of wealth, fashion and business activities. Burton Holmes invites his audience to go to the real up to date Spanish cities. His trip takes them from the French border, through the beauties and grandeur of the Pyrenees, through Catalonia, until Barcelona is reached.

SCREEN SHADOWS

By FRANK VREELAND.

LOS ANGELES will not hold her premier position as a motion picture producing centre without a strong battle from Jacksonville, Fla., especially from the army camp near there, which is to be turned into a movie hothouse. Film producers have discovered that Hollywood hasn't a monopoly on all the best sunshine. The Southern city is said to offer almost the same diversity of scenery as the Western site of hectoc emotions, except for the riotous mountains of California.

Another strong factor in Jacksonville's favor is its relative nearness to New York, permitting of the taking of those views of the metropolis which are so essential when the young hero comes to Manhattan either to wrest a fortune from its cruel skyline in less than a reel or else to drown in jazz his memory of the gal who wouldn't take him unless he parted his hair differently. The Oakland water front can no longer masquerade as New York's playground for longshoremen, especially when a Gotham audience catches sight of a cop strolling in the background with a hat like a dog-catcher's.

Moreover, prints of new pictures can be shipped more quickly from Jacksonville to New York for a first showing, for, at the risk of incurring all the pent-up wrath of all the native sons, a picture isn't considered to have arrived even in California until New York has sat on it. Similarly, it has been discovered that Jacksonville is closer than Los Angeles to Europe. This is important in view of the fact that Europe seems to be convinced that its economic life won't revive completely after the war unless a brisk trade in pictures is done with America. And as a third determining element the Florida city permits of the shooting of scenes at Palm Beach, so necessary not only to give a picture a high finish, but also to let the feminine stars wear luscious apparel somewhere besides on the screen.

Several pioneer producers, mindful of these advantages, have already tried Jacksonville and found it to their liking, a city that wasn't liable to put any wrinkles in their brows or their pocketbooks. The local Chamber of Commerce is reported to be wishful to encourage the movie advent, not being deterred apparently by the reputation which parts of Hollywood have developed.

As a climax comes the news that a group of New York capitalists and screen producers have adopted the novel expedient of buying most of Camp Joseph E. Johnson, where on 700 acres devoted formerly to the arts of war the battle of grease-paint will hereafter be waged. In this area, which has been rechristened Fine Arts City by the Fine Arts Pictures, Inc., of New York, among the unoccupied barrack buildings and dining halls where the doughboys once learned how to be heroes with no cameras to snap them, there will arise with typical movie magic studios and attractive bungalows where heroes will register their $500 a week gallantry before innumerable cameras.

With twenty complete film "lots" this company, headed by Murray W. Garsson, promises the largest studio space of any producing centre in the world, including permanent sets where Western cowboys can shoot up the town when the grape juice is running strong; a ghetto where the pale little heroine can water her flowers with tears until it is discovered that she has a wonderful voice, which the spectators fortunately don't hear, and a Chinatown section where amid the simple hearted laundry clan the vampire smokes hop, eats ginger and otherwise makes herself alluring to the innocent Bay Ridge boy. Jacksonville distinctly menaces the supremacy of the Los Angeles school of culture.

The interchange of pictures with Europe noted above is to be started toward fever heat by Associated First National Pictures, Inc., presently with the release of "Gypsy Blood," starring Pola Negri, the Warsaw ballet dancer who tucked herself so adroitly into "Passion." Since "Passion" was the title for this tale of Mme. Du Barry, it is no surprise to learn that "Gypsy Blood" is the dime novel label for "Carmen." The same subject has been done before on the screen—with Geraldine Farrar, and much to her credit. Theda Bara—but apparently it has been thought capable of standing another treatment. In this new foreign picture it is to be hoped that Ernst Lubitsch, the director, has cured Mlle. Negri of her one glaring defect—a glaring smile—and that she doesn't act so strenuously with her gums.

Marc Klaw has received a print of "J'Accuse," the French made picture, and with it soon will do his share to help Europe from a comatose state into a celluloid state. This picture, which is not a reincarnation of the famous novel, was written and produced by the youngest director in Europe, and yet is said to have made the French and others turn pale with emotion at sight of it. King Albert of Belgium has viewed it, and altogether it is said to have reconstructed society very successfully. It will probably be at one of the new Klaw theatres that the New World will shortly rediscover the Old World cinematographically.

Other theatrical managers aren't likely for a while yet to follow Klaw's lead into the field of exhibiting, the Shuberts, for instance, being quite satisfied to stick to their legitimate and vaudeville ventures besides a few million other interests. Though they have a big slice in the Goldwyn company these managers feel that film exhibiting requires special talents, just like the lace collar business.

The striking effect of the crystal palace in "Forbidden Fruit," being repeated this week at the Rivoli, reveals something truly novel and artistically encouraging in the movies, while pointing the folly of hiring expensive colorists who have made a reputation by their brush work for the speaking stage to design elaborate scenes for a medium where a fine complexion is a dead loss. Large sums have been thrown away in the past in hiring designers accustomed to a different metier, though one would imagine the producers would realize that a painter, however notable, would be singularly out of place in a sphere where the most highly desirable tint is a bilious saffron.

Sensible ideas on this score are held by Basil Sydney, now acting in John Emerson's and Anita Loos's satire, "Wife Insurance," in order to gain a strangle hold on the secrets of the business and wear the spats of a producer himself eventually. Though he is one of the most prominent followers of Gordon Craig, he has filed away his ideas of stage decoration in the ash can temporarily. He is experimenting with colored lights before the camera, but solely for the purpose of discovering whether they won't give a sense of depth to the spectator, who sometimes would like to feel as far as possible away from the star.

Grant Mitchell, Headed for Law, Side Slipped Into the Theatre

Star of 'The Champion' Not Sorry He Did, He Now Admits.

Grant Mitchell was hauling what seemed to be most of his past out of his trunk before a performance of "The Champion" when THE NEW YORK HERALD reporter was shown into his dressing room at the Longacre Theatre, no naturally a query rushed to the lips as to whether the clean looking and intelligent star didn't find living out of a trunk and other inconveniences of a theatrical career something of a counterbalance to being acclaimed like a king or a Polar explorer. He hung up a pair of trousers while straightening out his answer.

"Of course there are many drawbacks to acting on the road," he said, "though fortunately I haven't been bowed down under many on tour—I suppose I should knock wood for that. I had very little one night stand experience, mainly with Lillian Russell in thte "Butterfly" back in 1906, and then you could hardly call it touring, for we lived in private cars and couldn't have had better hotels even if they'd been on wheels. The board we paid was very slight, and the food provided by the special chefs was excellent, so altogether my experience of the road hasn't made me an embittered man.

"Of course there's some difficulty in trying to festoon your clothes around the new dressing rooms. Many stars employ dressers, but they're more in the way than not, especially in small dressing rooms where there's scarcely room to draw a breath.

"The only dresser I ever had was a Jap who'd been valeting George M. Cohan in 'A Prince There Was,' and when I followed Mr. Cohan in that part I agreed to hire him for the finish of the engagement, which was two weeks, as I though I could stand him that long. He was very useful to send out to receive visiting relatives, who looked upon him with awe as a sort of ambassador, and accordingly raised me in their estimations. But he never could hold the mirror right, for instance, when I was fixing my hair, and I was glad when he automatically cancelled himself.

Miss the Home Life.

"You miss a settled home life, perhaps, but then in this era of long run productions you come to develop a circle of acquaintances in each large city, so that adding together your fractional bits of a home everywhere you almost have the complete article in a season's engagement. People remember me in Boston, for instance, and though they may come from the lowly walks of life and be elevator runners or tailors I find it rather agreeable to have them say to me on the street: 'Aren't you Grant Mitchell who played in 'A Tailor-Made Man?' It's pleasant to feel you're remembered with a friendly feeling by folks, especially when they don't greet you just to seek favors. Moreover, an actor can't dissipate too much of his energies in social life, for personally I find it rather exhausting mentally to try to entertain a friend at dinner so that he won't think I'm a bore or a congenital idiot."

Mitchell, who was graduated from the Harvard Law School and practised law in his home town of Columbus, Ohio, before he discovered that the stage needed him more than the bar did, said that the only way his distant relatives could explain his sudden freak in being the first of the family to stoop himself in the theatre and study at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts here was by assuring themselves firmly that his real aim was "to become a dramatist, which they considered at least a few degrees more respectable than making a spectacle out of myself for hire."

No Play in His Trunk.

"But I'm one of the few actors, I guess," went on the star, "who hasn't a play lurking in my trunk. The one play I ever wrote was a success only as a short story. After a vaudeville manager had accepted it enthusiastically and just as enthusiastically put off producing it, I happened to read in the subway one day that an evening paper was offering prizes for daily short stories, and after reading one of them I told myself if I couldn't do better than that I had no reason to be alive. As I had picked up the newspaper off the seat, taking a try at it would cost me nothing.

"So I went to my boarding house and turned the vaudeville sketch into a story, writing it out, to save a public stenographer, in my own handwriting, which has me puzzled sometimes. I sent it off and had it hurled back at me so quickly I decided that after one desperate effort they had given up trying to solve my chirography. So I merely changed the title, figuring their persistence had gotten them at least that far, had it neatly typed, and, just like a story itself, won the $25 prize for the week, which looked like money to me in those days.

"The night after it was published, as I came up the stairs of my boarding house, I saw my landlady, a six foot Scandinavian, waiting at the top as though ready to ambush the week's board. She proceeded to deliver three cracks that jolted the conceit out of me.

"'Did you really write that story in the paper?' was her first mortal blow.

"'Yes,' I said, trying to sidle away.

"'I suppose,' she said, 'you'd written a lot of 'em before this one was accepted?'

"I blushed for answer.

"'I understand from the paper,' was her final crusher, 'that they had other stories just as good, but they accepted yours because it just filled the space they had.'

"I fled."

FIRST ZIEGFELD FILM READY.

W. K. Ziegfeld's initial film production has reached the screen at last. After eight weeks of filming at the Peerless Studios, Fort Lee, and three weeks of titling and cutting, "The Black Panther's Cub," starring Miss Florence Reed and directed by Emile Chautard, has just been completed, and was projected privately last Thursday morning to the staff and board of directors of the Ziegfeld Cinema Corporation, the latter including Bob Fisher, Harvard coach; Charles E. Brickley, formerly All-America football star and now head of a brokerage firm; Charles Lanigan, formerly captain of Harvard's baseball team and now in manufacturing in Lawrence, Mass.; W. W. Clarke, Boston lawyer and theatre owner in Boston; Nelson Curtis, Jr., director of financial institutions in New England; Carl Flanders, formerly Yale football star and attorney for the Ziegfeld company, and S. M. Smith, well known mine operator of Boston and Washington.

Among those whom Ziegfeld chose for his cast in addition to his star, Miss Reed, are Tyrone Power, Earle Foxe, Norman Trevor, Henry Stephenson, William Roselle, Miss Paula Shay, Mlle. Dazie, Ernest Lambert and a score of others. The story was written by Ethel Donohor, a prominent stage writer, and the scenario prepared by Philip Bartholomae, playwright and author of "Very Good Eddie," "Over Night and other plays.

Mrs. Wilson More Active Socially; Band Again Plays in White House

President's Wife to Be Chief Guest at Congressional Club's Breakfast.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 29.

WITH the First Lady, and the lady who's going to be First Lady, and the lady who had hoped to be First Lady—not on her own account, of course, but simply out of wifely loyalty, since her husband wanted to be Chief Executive—all in town at once, Washington was in a good way to developing an aggravated case of community strabismus in the effort to keep an eye on each one of them and, incidentally, on a few other things and persons. And the funny part of it was that the lady who's going to be First Lady was not doing a thing from the social point of view, though she was busy as a matter of fact; and the lady who is the First Lady wasn't doing much, though she is sitting up and taking more notice in a social way than she has in months, while the lady who is not going to be First Lady was being made much of and feted within an inch of her life, and really cutting quite a figure in official socitey! Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Harding and Mrs. Cox all here at once!

Mrs. Wilson is becoming active socially at this eleventh hour of the Democratic regime. Her series of luncheons and teas seems to be gathering momentum. Her luncheon for the women of the diplomatic corps last week was a good deal more of a party than her Cabinet luncheon for Mrs. Marshall the week before. The latter event, being limited to the Cabinet circle and a few women relatives and close personal friends, was, in a way, simply an extension of the "family party" to which the White House has been so greatly addicted throughout the Wilson regime.

But the former, with the ranking woman of each of the foreign missions which make up the diplomatic corps here among the guests, and Mrs. Colby and Mrs. Norman Davis, wives of the Secretary and Under Secretary of State; Mrs. Roland Morris, wife of the United States Ambassador to Japan, Mrs. Henry White, wife of a veteran United States diplomatist, as well as Mrs. Cary Grayson, Mrs. J. M. Helm, Mrs. Wallace Radcliffe, Mrs. Rolfe E. Boiling and Mrs. Alexander Hunter Galt, asked to meet them, came pretty near to being a "state function." It certainly had "all the trimmin's," not only floral but musical. For a section of the Marine Band played in the White House corridor—for the first time in three years!

Mrs. Wilson to Be Chief Guest.

Now it is announced that Mrs. Wilson will be the honor guest at the Congressional Club's annual breakfast—served at noon—at Rauscher's on Tuesday, February 8. This breakfast is the club's prize party each season. Of course it is not the biggest; there won't be half so many persons there as at the reception on next Monday night for the Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall, or as there were at the club's dance for the season's debutantes last night, with Misses Priscilla Husted, Dorothy Mondell, Katherine Sutherland and Rosa-Maye Kendrick (Congressional and Senatorial buds, and hence "club daughters") as the special honor guests. The club gives a dozen bigger parties each season, but its breakfast is the one everybody particularly wants to be asked to. For it's a sort of annual "high jinks" or gridiron event, when quite an elaborate programme is usually prepared.

Now that the President is getting better Mrs. Wilson is very faithful in her attendance at the concerts. She goes to all the "regulars" and to most of the "extras" that promise at all well. And it is often the extras that are the most interesting—like the two of the La Scala Orchestra last week and the Chicago Orchestra concert on Thursday. The Toscanini concerts brought out as brilliant audiences as Washington has seen this winter, with the diplomatic and official sets turning out en masse—or should one rather say "en classe"?

Anyhow, they were all there, half the Cabinet women giving up their at-homes in order to attend the Wednesday afternoon concert, and the Italian Embassy folk entertaining in honor of their country's most famous musical organization, the La Scala Orchestra. Mrs. Wilson entertained Mme. Brambilla, wife of the counsellor (and Charge d'Affaires) of the Italian Embassy, in her box for one of these. And her guests say that she was particularly enthusiastic and full of reminiscences, since the orchestra had played in their honor when she and the President were in Italy during the peace conference.

This week it was the Chicago Orchestra's concert on Thursday afternoon in which society was especially interested. Mrs. Marshall Field entertained the entire orchestra at a buffet luncheon at her Sixteenth street residence just before the concert on Thursday, and had about thirty of the most influential women in Washington assisting her. Frederick Stock, the orchestra leader, was the special guest.

Mrs. Harding Busy Packing.

Mrs. Harding had warned her friends in advance that she would have no time for social doings when she came to Washington this trip. And she stuck to that in spite of temptations and arguments and a naturally friendly disposition. She had come here to pack and put her house in order—for renting or sale, according to circumstances—and she attended pretty closely to her knittin'. Not wanting to begin work on Sunday, she had luncheon with friends and then went to the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. George Christian, Jr., and spent the night.

Mr. Christian has been the Senator's secretary for a number of years and will continue to be the President's secretary, or rather the secretary to the President, to give him his official title, which seems to mean quite a different thing. More than that, the Christians have been their next door neighbors in Marion and their intimate friends for many years.

Mrs. Harding started in in earnest on her packing on Monday, but she found time to give the Washington photographers a chance. Also, escorted by her cousin, Mr. Kling, she went to look over the rooms which she and President Harding are to have at the Willard when they come up here from their Florida vacation just before March 4, and decided that that was as good a place as any to have luncheon. Probably before she was through she wished she hadn't, for she was recognized by so many of her friends that before she knew what she was in for the occasion had developed into an impromptu reception. However, serene in the consciousness of being suitably gowned—she looked very well in a blue street dress and a large black hat—she came up smiling. In the main Washington has respected her desire to be let alone, realizing that she really has a great deal to do. She, however, has dined with close friends occasionally.

Mrs. Cox, on the other hand, has been on the go ever since she arrived here last Monday. She and one-time Gov. Cox are guests of the Ansberrys while they are here at their home out on Woodland Drive. They gave a large reception for them on Monday afternoon.

On Tuesday they went up to the Capitol and listened for a while to the debates up there. Naturally they attracted a good deal of attention, and friends flocked around to give them greeting and to help Mrs. Ansberry tell Mrs. Cox—to whom it was not so old a story—all about it. They had luncheon up there—a jolly party, with Mrs. Borah, wife of a perfectly good aggressive and progressive Republican, playing hostess. In fact, while undoubtedly the presence of the former Governor and Mrs. Cox in Washington was an opportunity for a conference of the powers of Democracy not to be overlooked, there was no politics in the welcome extended to Mrs. Cox.

On Tuesday evening the Secretary of Agriculture and Mrs. Meredith entertained at dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Cox, and on Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Cox divided her time between Mrs. Colby, Mrs. Meredith and Mrs. Marshall.

If there was a political pow-wow it must have been at the buffet luncheon which the Attorney-General gave for Mr. Cox on Thursday—a buffet luncheon to which half a hundred prominent Democrats were bidden. Mrs. Palmer received the guests with Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Ansberry and Mrs. Atlee Pomerene—a trio of Ohio Democrats. On Friday Mrs. Joseph Davis had a luncheon for Mrs. Cox, and in the evening Mr. Cox was entertained at dinner by a group of newspaper men who had gone through the campaign with him.

The Coxes themselves say they are not here on a political errand but to see about getting passports preliminary to going abroad. They came to stay a fortnight, as I understand it, and it wouldn't be in the least surprising of Mrs. Cox were among those present at the Congressional Club's annual breakfast. Also it is quite within the possibilities that Mrs. Harding may be there, and with Mrs. Wilson also a guest it would be rather interesting to see those three at the breakfast together.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall to Sail.

The Coxes, by the way, are not the only prominent Democrats who are going abroad. The Vice-President and Mrs. Marshall are planning to go—but not until about the middle of May—the excuse for the trip being a big Masonic convention which Mr. Marshall wishes to attend. They will leave Washington almost immediately after March 4, having their reservations made for the following Sunday. But Mr. Marshall has undertaken a lecture tour and can't go abroad until that is over. Meanwhile they are almost submerged with invitations. Mrs. Marshall was at home on Wednesday as usual, but for the last time. Mr. and Mrs. Marshall, however, have a dinner and luncheon engagement every day up to February 9, after which they are accepting none. Moreover, Mrs Marshall is greatly interested in the plans for an inaugural charity ball for the benefit of child welfare work on the evening of March 4.

The ball is going to be the biggest possible success: there is no question about that. Everybody is taking hold with a will. They are, of course, disappointed that the Hardings seem to feel that having turned down a regular inaugural ball it wouldn't do for them to attend that. Mrs. Marshall had quite counted on Mrs. Harding—knowing how interested she was in child welfare work. But she says quite frankly that she doesn't believe the Hardings are to be persuaded. "You know, Mrs. Harding and I are pretty good friends, and I asked her personally and she seemed to feel that they could not. While I don't see it that way, there is nothing more to be said if they do."

"You know," she continued, "we're out for the Vice-President and Mrs. Coolidge now. The idea is that each of the outgoing Cabinet women shall entertain her successor," which is certainly a nice, friendly arrangement.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. McKeon came over from Baltimore for the dinner given by the Spanish Ambassador and Senora de Riano and remained a few days at the embassy and were among the guests at quite a number of events, including a luncheon which Mrs. Bromwell gave for them on Tuesday. In fact, there were several others from Baltimore here during the week. The Duchess de Richelieu, who came last week along with her sister, Miss Wise, to attend the dinner which Commander and Mrs. Robert Henderson gave at the Maison Dupont on Friday, has been the guest of the Edson Bradleys, or rather of their daughter, Mrs. Herbert Shipman, who was with them but returned to New York on Thursday, and was among their guests at their dinner on Monday night for the French Ambassador and Mme. Jusserand, and possibly for their dinner on Wednesday for the Spanish Ambassador and Senora de Riano and the Belgian Ambassador and Baroness de Cartier. Commander and Mrs. Henderson, by the way, had a tea at the Maison Dupont for Prof. and Mrs. John McMaster of Philadelphia.

The Belgian Ambassador's party for the Marshalls was a brilliant event, the dinner being followed by a musicale. They have staying with them Miss Katherine Connelly of New York, a niece of the Baroness de Cartier, and gave a dinner last Sunday for her and for Miss Katherine Mackay jointly. Moreover, they have cards out for a ball at the embassy on February 4.

There have been all sorts of entertaining for Miss Katherine Mackay, who has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Townsend for nearly two weeks. Senator Phelan gave a dinner and dance for her on Monday night.

Gen. Pershing had the first of his receptions last Sunday, and as predicted it was a popular party. Moreover, the event had the advantage of novelty, as it probably is the first time that a single man has set aside a day, or several days, in which to receive his friends. But so many people had asked the General when they could find him that he decided to stay at home for several Sunday afternoons and give them a chance. Mrs. Francis E. Warren, wife of Senator Warren, who is Gen. Pershing's father-in-law, acted as hostess for him while the tea table was presided over by Mrs. Grafton Minot—whom Pershing has watched grow up right here in Washington, the daughter of the late Augustus Peabody Gardiner, Representative from Massachusetts, and granddaughter of Senator Lodge—and Mrs. G. T. Marshall, wife of Col. Marshall, U. S. A. There are to be two more of these at homes—to-morrow and the Sunday following.

There were two particularly interesting benefits during the week—a ball, preceded by the Drama League's presentation of four one act plays, at the Hotel Washington on Tuesday night for the benefit of the Near East Relief, and on Thursday and Friday afternoons a tea and sale arranged by the American Women's Legion at the residence of the organization's national president, Mrs. James W. Wadsworth, Jr., with the hope of disposing of the articles made by convalescent soldiers—more especially psychopathic patients, victims of shell shock, &c., in the various hospitals in and around Washington.

At the Washington the Junior League cooperated with the Drama League in putting over a highly successful event. The ushers were all members of the Junior League, and the playlets were produced and acted, and two of the four written by members of the Drama League. So it is small wonder that society responded to the full capacity of the Salon des Nations at the Washington to the call for Near East Relief. When the curtain went up for the first of the little plays, "The Gift of the Magi," dramatized by Mrs. Albert Sydney Burleson, there was scarcely a vacant seat, and before it went down on the last of them, "Pearls," written by Mrs. John W. Thompson, formerly Miss Elizabeth Noyes, daughter of Mr. Rudolph Noyes of Washington (who also played her own leading role charmingly), standing room was at a premium.

An Interesting Programme.

It was really an exceedingly interesting little programme, well played, and what is more, unusual in society theatricals very well staged, so that everything went with precision, and there were none of the long waits which one has learned to expect in events of this sort. In "The Gift of the Magi" the leading role gave to Mrs. Paul de Hoff Reed, formerly Miss Elizabeth Boyd of Philadelphia, a granddaughter of the late Crosby Noyes of this city (founder of the *Evening Star*), an opportunity to portray widely varying emotions, which she handled very cleverly, supported gracefully in a minor role by her cousin, Mrs. John W. Thompson, whose real opportunity came later in her own clever little playlet. Next came an amusing condensation, or perhaps one should say "expurgation," of "Eugenically Speaking," which the Washington Square Players put on a couple of years ago. Miss Dorothy Dennett, a Washington girl, who has for the last three or four years been a star of college theatricals in the University of Wisconsin, played the part of *Una*, the very modern young woman, who not only reads her Bernard Shaw, but takes him seriously and tries to apply his philosophy to every day life. She did it most intelligently, while Mr. J. M. Curtin supported her with a character study of *George Corey*, the street car conductor, whom *Una* selects as her ideal mate, regardless of practical conditions, which alone was "well worth the price of admission."

Even more clever was Miss Nancy Gordon Jones in Roy Cooper Megrue's amusing little skit, "An Unlucky Star." Washington was interested, for Miss Jones had done it with very great success for the boys in the trenches overseas during the war, and her home town had heard the fame thereof, but had never had a chance to enjoy the performance. She has a charming stage presence and plays with professional finish, and, fortunately, she had effective support in Detlow Marthison and Addison Smith.

Last but by no means least was Mrs. Thompson's little play with the young playwright proving herself in the leading role and well supported by Miss Mildred Brown in an ingenue role, and Edwin Trushelm, was was amusing as Ben Brown. In fact, each one of the little plays was very well worth while, and the room had been filling steadily from the time of the first curtain, so that when the last went down it was crowded.

Mrs. C. C. Calhoun is the new president of the Drama League, and she of course had a brilliant party in a box with her. So did Mrs. Cabot Stevens, local head of the Near East Relief, although her expected guest, Princess Cantacuzene, who had been scheduled to come down from New York for the occasion, failed to arrive. It was on the whole a brilliant party.

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was here part of the week, chiefly on Y. W. C. A. business, with conferences every day and little time for her personal friends.

Younger Set Active.

The younger set is finding not only Miss Mackay and Miss Connolly good excuses for parties, but also Miss Virginia Harrison, who has been visiting the Oxnards, and Miss Antoinette Graves and Miss Alice Eno, nieces of Mrs. Charles Boughton Wood and Mr. William Phelps Eno, whom they are visiting. Miss Harrison has been the recipient of a good deal of attention during her visit here, and was herself hostess at a dinner and dance at Rauscher's on Tuesday evening. Mrs. Oxnard and Mrs. Sheldon Whitehouse acted as chaperons for the hostess.

Miss Anne Gordon, who is chaperoned in her mother's absence by her grandmother, Mrs. Montague, gave a dinner that night for Miss Katherine Mackay, taking her guests later on to Miss