

THE HOME  
THE WORLD

## NEWS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

THE MOVIES  
THE PLAYERS

Here are Related Facts and Fancies Concerning the Activities of Individuals and Organizations, the Home, Fashions and Other Matters.

MOTHERS' MEETINGS  
CLOSE FOR SEASON

Stone Church Society Holds Last Meeting Before the Summer Yesterday Afternoon.

A very fine outfit for an Indian boy at Whitfield Lake, Alta., was on exhibition at the Mothers' Meeting Society which held its closing session yesterday afternoon at St. John's (Stone) church. The outfit which is very complete includes quilt which have been made by the members, mittens and socks knitted by them, and warm articles purchased from money collected in mite boxes during the year. Several members of the congregation also made donations to the outfit.

Mrs. Andrews moved and Mrs. Keirstead seconded a vote of regret at the departure from the city of Mrs. Johnston, who has been such a valuable officer of the society. The motion included thanks to Mrs. Johnston for her work and helpfulness. The meetings have been well attended during the year.

After the business of the meeting, over which Miss Clara O. McGivern presided, was over the members listened with interest to a short talk on food conservation, illustrated by fine charts the first of a series of short lectures which will be delivered before many clubs and societies.

## PERSONALS

Miss Annie Barry, was a passenger on the outgoing Fredericton express last evening to spend a week's vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barry, Petersville.

M. Atkinson and R. C. McCullough, of Fredericton, are in the city. Thos. Lynch, accompanied by W. McDonald, of Fredericton, are visiting in the city.

## THE LONDON STADIUM

London, June 5.—A magnificent stadium is being erected for the purpose of staging boxing and other athletic contests for the entertainment of soldiers in England.

GIRLS! MAKE A  
BEAUTY LOTION  
WITH LEMONS

At the cost of a small jar of ordinary cold cream one can prepare a full quart pint of the most wonderful lemon skin softener and complexion beautifier, by squeezing the juice of two fresh lemons into a bottle containing three ounces of orchard white. Care should be taken to strain the juice through a fine cloth so no lemon pulp gets in, then this lotion will keep fresh for months. Every woman knows that lemon juice is used to bleach and remove such blemishes as sallowness, freckles and tan, and is the ideal skin softener, smoothen and beautifier.

Just try it! Get three ounces of orchard white at any pharmacy and two lemons from the grocer and make up a quart pint of this sweetly fragrant lemon lotion and massage it daily into the face, neck, arms and hands. It naturally should help to soften, freshen, bleach and bring out the roses and beauty of any skin. It is wonderful to smoothen rough, red hands.

## DEMONT'S CHAPTER

Fine Sum Collected For Maple Sugar — Socks For the Navy.

The sum of \$1,039.00 has been collected by the De Monts Chapter I. O. O. E. for the maple sugar campaign as reported at their meeting held yesterday morning. This is in addition to large quantities of maple sugar and honey.

Mrs. Walter Foster, vice-regent, presided at the meeting.

It was unanimously decided that the chapter would undertake registration work on June 22nd, working in co-operation with Sheriff Wilson.

Sixty pairs of socks have been forwarded by the chapter to the sailors in the royal navy.

Mrs. W. E. Foster was appointed representative of the chapter to attend the social service meetings.

A feature of the work of the chapter is the collecting of old gold and silver, which is sold to local jewelers and the proceeds handed over to the C. W. C. A.

95 PER CENT. OF THE  
WOUNDED GET WELL

At a recent meeting of the Académie de Médecine, Dr. Tuffier, professor de Paris, and chirurgien des hôpitaux, read a very interesting communication on this subject. As a consulting surgeon of the armies in the field he has been instrumental in effecting the organization of the medical services for the wounded, following the operations during the battle and confirming the ultimate results. He said that the French soldiers attained more than the assigned objective on the first day. The irresistible assault necessarily entailed a high proportion of severe wounds; in fact, although 80 per cent. of the wounded were evacuated at once 20 per cent. were found to be untransportable.

Figures on the various kinds of wounds are of interest, for this offensive was typical of big operations carried out with good artillery preparation, the best of organization and characteristic French dash. So far as the site of the wound is concerned, 16 per cent. were head wounds, 33 per cent. legs, 24 per cent. arms, 10 per cent. thorax, 4 per cent. abdomen and 2.6 per cent. spine. Twenty per cent. of the men suffered from multiple wounds. Shell fragments caused 72 per cent. of the wounds; bullets, 17 per cent. The general mortality among the wounded has been 5.18 per cent., due to hemorrhage, to shock and to the gravity of the wounds. Complicated gangrene had a rate of 3 per thousand, and tetanus of 5 per 10,000. The abdominal wounds were always the most severe. They caused 61 per cent. of the mortality; on the other hand, wounds of the thorax yielded the greatest number of successes (20 per cent. mortality). The fractures and wounds of joints comprised 77 per cent. of the sutures. The wounds of the soft parts gave most remarkable results (83 per cent. cured), so that after 45 days there remained in the army zone posts only 1.43 per cent. of the wounded.

These results, heretofore, unknown during periods of offensive of such intensity, were due to the best possible arrangement of well-organized surgical posts; the rapidity of the relief and the evacuation of the wounded to the special posts for each class of wounds, of which the need was well foreseen; the close co-operation between all the surgical services, which made use of the same technique and the fact that surgeons were able to follow their patients from the firing line back to the rear; and, finally, to the perfection of the technique of immediate disinfection of wounds, primary suture—immediate or tardy—and to secondary suture after chemical disinfection according to the Carrel method. For these data were are indebted to the Medical News of recent date.

MR. KIPLING ON THRIFT. "Savings represent much more than their mere money value. They are proof that the saver is worth something in himself. Any fool can waste, any fool can muddle; but it takes something of a man to save, and the more he saves the more of a man does it make him."—Rudyard Kipling.



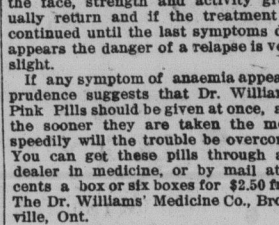
## PALE, DELICATE GIRLS

Does your daughter inherit a delicate organization from you? The anaemia of young girls may be inherited, or it may be caused by bad air, unsuitable food, hasty and irregular eating, insouciant out-of-door exercise and not enough rest and sleep.

It comes on gradually, beginning with languor, indisposition to mental or bodily exertion, irritability and a feeling of fatigue. Later comes palpitation of the heart, headache, dizziness following a stooping position, frequent headaches, and breathlessness. In a majority of cases constipation is present. There may be no great loss of flesh, but usually the complexion takes on a greenish-yellow pallor.

Cases of this kind, if neglected, become serious, but if taken in time there is no need to worry. The treatment is quite easy and simple. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are free from any harmful or habit-forming drug are just the tonic needed to remedy this wretched state of health. Though it is not noticeable, improvement actually begins with the first dose. As the blood is made rich and red the pallor leaves the face, strength and activity gradually return and if the treatment is continued until the last symptom disappears the danger of a relapse is very slight.

If any symptom of anaemia appears, prudence suggests that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should be given at once, and the sooner they are taken the more speedily will the trouble be overcome. You can get these pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



## VALCARTIER OPEN

Quebec, June 5.—Valcartier was opened today with the arrival of a large detachment of Montreal and western men and the encamping of the local drattees. Gen. Mewburn visited the camp this afternoon.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years Always bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

NERVOUS  
DYSPEPSIA

Accompanied by Exhausted Condition of the Nervous System—Health Restored and Aged Mother Greatly Benefited by the Food Cure.

Leguille, N. S., Mar. 21.—Nervous trouble is not confined to any age, and often people who look well are miserable on account of a feeble condition of the nerves.

When Mr. Morse had been cured of Nervous Dyspepsia by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food he prevailed upon his aged mother to try out this great restorative treatment. Her experience was equally happy, and so the good word is passed along to others to put this food cure to the test.

Mr. Judson H. Morse, Leguille, N.S., writes: "I am glad to be able to say a few words in recommendation of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, because I have found it so very good for me and others. I came by my nervous trouble much by inheritance and through my work. In '86 I was a nervous wreck, but the doctor and time put me on my feet again, so I got along quite well until five years ago. I got a gripe and put through an awful winter and summer, but a friend offered me some of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Pills to try, and I found them to help me at once, so I have taken a number of boxes since that time and still find them good. Mother is in her 80th year and has suffered a lot with neuralgia of the stomach and bowels, and was in a very bad state last summer, but I prevailed upon her to try the Nerve Food and it helped her even in her advanced years. The doctor called my trouble Nervous Dyspepsia. I know of many who have taken the Nerve Food with good results. Mother thinks your Ointment excellent also."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.75, at all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates and Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations only disappoint.

## HALIFAX RIOTER FINED

Halifax, June 5.—The sailor, John Smith, who precipitated the riot at City Hall on Saturday, May 22, was fined \$20 by Stipendiary Magistrate Fielding for resisting the police.



## REYNOLDS and WHITE

Comedy and Musical Novelty

JOHN CUTTY—Versatile Musical Genius

SKIPPER and KASTRUP Singers of Original Songs

VENGEANCE and THE WOMAN—Serial Drama

## OUR GUIDE TO THE MOVIES

How To Understand Them at a Glance

By Llewellyn Bronson.

The Rose-Bush Girl—When the girl, the honest, but nervous workman strikes. Night will fall—it cannot help it. You need wait no longer, for you know what will happen—the villain will set fire to the plant, the hero will save the heroine, who is working on the night shift, manhandling steel wheels for field artillery, and all will be well.

The Owl—See the owl in the tree. See him blink his eyes. He is being secretly prodded to make him open his eyes, as it is really daylight. But the owl represents night. Only one thing will happen. The dear little heroine will be crossing the pasture on an errand of mercy. Now comes the picture of the owl. Now on the screen is flashed the "Who-o!" of the owl. You know what will happen next. Next you never saw a movie. Next will come a picture of the heroine who, hearing the owl, will faint, giving the young man a chance to rescue her. Or it will be the comedy man who, upon hearing it, will fall to his knees and chatter a prayer. It's one or the other.

The Family Lawyer—See him in his musty office? Our heroine comes in, all in black. The lawyer lays a paternal hand on her shoulder and tells her that her father's wealth was all invested in a German liverwurst factory and that the principal and interest were eaten long ago. She is penniless. Being penniless, she totters forth in despair, orders her chauffeur to drive her to her palatial home at once, where her lover finds her in tears and now can marry her because she is poor.

The Dropped Letter—When the wife drops all after you may be safe that the suspicious husband will find and read it and at once discover her terrible secret. She has bought \$25 worth of pink lingerie and charged it up in her household account to soap, spaghetti and sugar!

The Sunbonnet and the Spats—Ah, ha! The plot now becomes thicker than a Heine's bean! Here we have a white marble bench out on the lawn, in the pale green moonlight. Back of it is an alfalfa tree or a wampus bush or some sort of expensive shrubbery. The man and the maid saunter out in full evening dress and sink—it's against movie rules to do otherwise—on the bench. In a moment he has her in his arms and is kissing her madly. It would make anyone mad to have to kiss her. Ha! The wampus bush parts and the deceived lover or wronged wife or camouflaged husband peers through! It's all off. The thick plot gets thicker from this right on to the final embrace and "Fide" at the end.

The Sunbonnet and the Spats—Always you will see a sunbonnet hanging over Pa's front gate with an innocent where in thunder do they get all of those innocent girls?—with an innocent girl under the bonnet at the same moment a devilishly handsome, tall young man comes up the road. Now you know the plot. You may go home, for only one thing will happen. He will lure her to the great city and her honest country lover will arrive and hand the man with the spats a blue eye just as he is about to ring a phony wedding ceremony on her!

The Big, High Board Fence—If you see one, with tall stacks beyond, all you've got to do is to wait for the villain to come along, sneak in and incite the honest, but nervous workman to strike. Night will fall—it cannot help it. You need wait no longer, for you know what will happen—the villain will set fire to the plant, the hero will save the heroine, who is working on the night shift, manhandling steel wheels for field artillery, and all will be well.

The Owl—See the owl in the tree. See him blink his eyes. He is being secretly prodded to make him open his eyes, as it is really daylight. But the owl represents night. Only one thing will happen. The dear little heroine will be crossing the pasture on an errand of mercy. Now comes the picture of the owl. Now on the screen is flashed the "Who-o!" of the owl. You know what will happen next. Next you never saw a movie. Next will come a picture of the heroine who, hearing the owl, will faint, giving the young man a chance to rescue her. Or it will be the comedy man who, upon hearing it, will fall to his knees and chatter a prayer. It's one or the other.

The Family Lawyer—See him in his musty office? Our heroine comes in, all in black. The lawyer lays a paternal hand on her shoulder and tells her that her father's wealth was all invested in a German liverwurst factory and that the principal and interest were eaten long ago. She is penniless. Being penniless, she totters forth in despair, orders her chauffeur to drive her to her palatial home at once, where her lover finds her in tears and now can marry her because she is poor.

The Dropped Letter—When the wife drops all after you may be safe that the suspicious husband will find and read it and at once discover her terrible secret. She has bought \$25 worth of pink lingerie and charged it up in her household account to soap, spaghetti and sugar!

The Sunbonnet and the Spats—Ah, ha! The plot now becomes thicker than a Heine's bean! Here we have a white marble bench out on the lawn, in the pale green moonlight. Back of it is an alfalfa tree or a wampus bush or some sort of expensive shrubbery. The man and the maid saunter out in full evening dress and sink—it's against movie rules to do otherwise—on the bench. In a moment he has her in his arms and is kissing her madly. It would make anyone mad to have to kiss her. Ha! The wampus bush parts and the deceived lover or wronged wife or camouflaged husband peers through! It's all off. The thick plot gets thicker from this right on to the final embrace and "Fide" at the end.

The Sunbonnet and the Spats—Always you will see a sunbonnet hanging over Pa's front gate with an innocent where in thunder do they get all of those innocent girls?—with an innocent girl under the bonnet at the same moment a devilishly handsome, tall young man comes up the road. Now you know the plot. You may go home, for only one thing will happen. He will lure her to the great city and her honest country lover will arrive and hand the man with the spats a blue eye just as he is about to ring a phony wedding ceremony on her!

The Big, High Board Fence—If you see one, with tall stacks beyond, all you've got to do is to wait for the villain to come along, sneak in and incite the honest, but nervous workman to strike. Night will fall—it cannot help it. You need wait no longer, for you know what will happen—the villain will set fire to the plant, the hero will save the heroine, who is working on the night shift, manhandling steel wheels for field artillery, and all will be well.

The Owl—See the owl in the tree. See him blink his eyes. He is being secretly prodded to make him open his eyes, as it is really daylight. But the owl represents night. Only one thing will happen. The dear little heroine will be crossing the pasture on an errand of mercy. Now comes the picture of the owl. Now on the screen is flashed the "Who-o!" of the owl. You know what will happen next. Next you never saw a movie. Next will come a picture of the heroine who, hearing the owl, will faint, giving the young man a chance to rescue her. Or it will be the comedy man who, upon hearing it, will fall to his knees and chatter a prayer. It's one or the other.

The Family Lawyer—See him in his musty office? Our heroine comes in, all in black. The lawyer lays a paternal hand on her shoulder and tells her that her father's wealth was all invested in a German liverwurst factory and that the principal and interest were eaten long ago. She is penniless. Being penniless, she totters forth in despair, orders her chauffeur to drive her to her palatial home at once, where her lover finds her in tears and now can marry her because she is poor.

The Dropped Letter—When the wife drops all after you may be safe that the suspicious husband will find and read it and at once discover her terrible secret. She has bought \$25 worth of pink lingerie and charged it up in her household account to soap, spaghetti and sugar!

The Sunbonnet and the Spats—Ah, ha! The plot now becomes thicker than a Heine's bean! Here we have a white marble bench out on the lawn, in the pale green moonlight. Back of it is an alfalfa tree or a wampus bush or some sort of expensive shrubbery. The man and the maid saunter out in full evening dress and sink—it's against movie rules to do otherwise—on the bench. In a moment he has her in his arms and is kissing her madly. It would make anyone mad to have to kiss her. Ha! The wampus bush parts and the deceived lover or wronged wife or camouflaged husband peers through! It's all off. The thick plot gets thicker from this right on to the final embrace and "Fide" at the end.

The Sunbonnet and the Spats—Always you will see a sunbonnet hanging over Pa's front gate with an innocent where in thunder do they get all of those innocent girls?—with an innocent girl under the bonnet at the same moment a devilishly handsome, tall young man comes up the road. Now you know the plot. You may go home, for only one thing will happen. He will lure her to the great city and her honest country lover will arrive and hand the man with the spats a blue eye just as he is about to ring a phony wedding ceremony on her!

The Big, High Board Fence—If you see one, with tall stacks beyond, all you've got to do is to wait for the villain to come along, sneak in and incite the honest, but nervous workman to strike. Night will fall—it cannot help it. You need wait no longer, for you know what will happen—the villain will set fire to the plant, the hero will save the heroine, who is working on the night shift, manhandling steel wheels for field artillery, and all will be well.

The Owl—See the owl in the tree. See him blink his eyes. He is being secretly prodded to make him open his eyes, as it is really daylight. But the owl represents night. Only one thing will happen. The dear little heroine will be crossing the pasture on an errand of mercy. Now comes the picture of the owl. Now on the screen is flashed the "Who-o!" of the owl. You know what will happen next. Next you never saw a movie. Next will come a picture of the heroine who, hearing the owl, will faint, giving the young man a chance to rescue her. Or it will be the comedy man who, upon hearing it, will fall to his knees and chatter a prayer. It's one or the other.

The Family Lawyer—See him in his musty office? Our heroine comes in, all in black. The lawyer lays a paternal hand on her shoulder and tells her that her father's wealth was all invested in a German liverwurst factory and that the principal and interest were eaten long ago. She is penniless. Being penniless, she totters forth in despair, orders her chauffeur to drive her to her palatial home at once, where her lover finds her in tears and now can marry her because she is poor.

The Dropped Letter—When the wife drops all after you may be safe that the suspicious husband will find and read it and at once discover her terrible secret. She has bought \$25 worth of pink lingerie and charged it up in her household account to soap, spaghetti and sugar!

The Sunbonnet and the Spats—Ah, ha! The plot now becomes thicker than a Heine's bean! Here we have a white marble bench out on the lawn, in the pale green moonlight. Back of it is an alfalfa tree or a wampus bush or some sort of expensive shrubbery. The man and the maid saunter out in full evening dress and sink—it's against movie rules to do otherwise—on the bench. In a moment he has her in his arms and is kissing her madly. It would make anyone mad to have to kiss her. Ha! The wampus bush parts and the deceived lover or wronged wife or camouflaged husband peers through! It's all off. The thick plot gets thicker from this right on to the final embrace and "Fide" at the end.

The Sunbonnet and the Spats—Always you will see a sunbonnet hanging over Pa's front gate with an innocent where in thunder do they get all of those innocent girls?—with an innocent girl under the bonnet at the same moment a devilishly handsome, tall young man comes up the road. Now you know the plot. You may go home, for only one thing will happen. He will lure her to the great city and her honest country lover will arrive and hand the man with the spats a blue eye just as he is about to ring a phony wedding ceremony on her!

The Big, High Board Fence—If you see one, with tall stacks beyond, all you've got to do is to wait for the villain to come along, sneak in and incite the honest, but nervous workman to strike. Night will fall—it cannot help it. You need wait no longer, for you know what will happen—the villain will set fire to the plant, the hero will save the heroine, who is working on the night shift, manhandling steel wheels for field artillery, and all will be well.

The Owl—See the owl in the tree. See him blink his eyes. He is being secretly prodded to make him open his eyes, as it is really daylight. But the owl represents night. Only one thing will happen. The dear little heroine will be crossing the pasture on an errand of mercy. Now comes the picture of the owl. Now on the screen is flashed the "Who-o!" of the owl. You know what will happen next. Next you never saw a movie. Next will come a picture of the heroine who, hearing the owl, will faint, giving the young man a chance to rescue her. Or it will be the comedy man who, upon hearing it, will fall to his knees and chatter a prayer. It's one or the other.

The Family Lawyer—See him in his musty office? Our heroine comes in, all in black. The lawyer lays a paternal hand on her shoulder and tells her that her father's wealth was all invested in a German liverwurst factory and that the principal and interest were eaten long ago. She is penniless. Being penniless, she totters forth in despair, orders her chauffeur to drive her to her palatial home at once, where her lover finds her in tears and now can marry her because she is poor.

The Dropped Letter—When the wife drops all after you may be safe that the suspicious husband will find and read it and at once discover her terrible secret. She has bought \$25 worth of pink lingerie and charged it up in her household account to soap, spaghetti and sugar!

The Sunbonnet and the Spats—Ah, ha! The plot now becomes thicker than a Heine's bean! Here we have a white marble bench out on the lawn, in the pale green moonlight. Back of it is an alfalfa tree or a wampus bush or some sort of expensive shrubbery. The man and the maid saunter out in full evening dress and sink—it's against movie rules to do otherwise—on the bench. In a moment he has her in his arms and is kissing her madly. It would make anyone mad to have to kiss her. Ha! The wampus bush parts and the deceived lover or wronged wife or camouflaged husband peers through! It's all off. The thick plot gets thicker from this right on to the final embrace and "Fide" at the end.

The Sunbonnet and the Spats—Always you will see a sunbonnet hanging over Pa's front gate with an innocent where in thunder do they get all of those innocent girls?—with an innocent girl under the bonnet at the same moment a devilishly handsome, tall young man comes up the road. Now you know the plot. You may go home, for only one thing will happen. He will lure her to the great city and her honest country lover will arrive and hand the man with the spats a blue eye just as he is about to ring a phony wedding ceremony on her!

The Big, High Board Fence—If you see one, with tall stacks beyond, all you've got to do is to wait for the villain to come along, sneak in and incite the honest, but nervous workman to strike. Night will fall—it cannot help it. You need wait no longer, for you know what will happen—the villain will set fire to the plant, the hero will save the heroine, who is working on the night shift, manhandling steel wheels for field artillery, and all will be well.

The Owl—See the owl in the tree. See him blink his eyes. He is being secretly prodded to make him open his eyes, as it is really daylight. But the owl represents night. Only one thing will happen. The dear little heroine will be crossing the pasture on an errand of mercy. Now comes the picture of the owl. Now on the screen is flashed the "Who-o!" of the owl. You know what will happen next. Next you never saw a movie. Next will come a picture of the heroine who, hearing the owl, will faint, giving the young man a chance to rescue her. Or it will be the comedy man who, upon hearing it, will fall to his knees and chatter a prayer. It's one or the other.

The Family Lawyer—See him in his musty office? Our heroine comes in, all in black. The lawyer lays a paternal hand on her shoulder and tells her that her father's wealth was all invested in a German liverwurst factory and that the principal and interest were eaten long ago. She is penniless. Being penniless, she totters forth in despair, orders her chauffeur to drive her to her palatial home at once, where her lover finds her in tears and now can marry her because she is poor.

The Dropped Letter—When the wife drops all after you may be safe that the suspicious husband will find and read it and at once discover her terrible secret. She has bought \$25 worth of pink lingerie and charged it up in her household account to soap, spaghetti and sugar!

The Sunbonnet and the Spats—Ah, ha! The plot now becomes thicker than a Heine's bean! Here we have a white marble bench out on the lawn, in the pale green moonlight. Back of it is an alfalfa tree or a wampus bush or some sort of expensive shrubbery. The man and the maid saunter out in full evening dress and sink—it's against movie rules to do otherwise—on the bench. In a moment he has her in his arms and is kissing her madly. It would make anyone mad to have to kiss her. Ha! The wampus bush parts and the deceived lover or wronged wife or camouflaged husband peers through! It's all off. The thick plot gets thicker from this right on to the final embrace and "Fide" at the end.

The Sunbonnet and the Spats—Always you will see a sunbonnet hanging over Pa's front gate with an innocent where in thunder do they get all of those innocent girls?—with an innocent girl under the bonnet at the same moment a devilishly handsome, tall young man comes up the road. Now you know the plot. You may go home, for only one thing will happen. He will lure her to the great city and her honest country lover will arrive and hand the man with the spats a blue eye just as he is about to ring a phony wedding ceremony on her!

The Big, High Board Fence—If you see one, with tall stacks beyond, all you've got to do is to wait for the villain to come along, sneak in and incite the honest, but nervous workman to strike. Night will fall—it cannot help it. You need wait no longer, for you know what will happen—the villain will set fire to the plant, the hero will save the heroine, who is working on the night shift, manhandling steel wheels for field artillery, and all will be well.

THE MOVIES  
THE PLAYERS

How To Understand Them at a Glance

By Llewellyn Bronson.

The Rose-Bush Girl—When the girl, the honest, but nervous workman strikes. Night will fall—it cannot help it. You need wait no longer, for you know what will happen—the villain will set fire to the plant, the hero will save the heroine, who is working on the night shift, manhandling steel wheels for field artillery, and all will be well.

The Owl—See the owl in the tree. See him blink his eyes. He is being secretly prodded to make him open his eyes, as it is really daylight. But the owl represents night. Only one thing will happen. The dear little heroine will be crossing the pasture on an errand of mercy. Now comes the picture of the owl. Now on the screen is flashed the "Who-o!" of the owl. You know what will happen next. Next you never saw a movie. Next will come a picture of the heroine who, hearing the owl, will faint, giving the young man a chance to rescue her. Or it will be the comedy man who, upon hearing it, will fall to his knees and chatter a prayer. It's one or the other.

The Family Lawyer—See him in his musty office? Our heroine comes in, all in black. The lawyer lays a paternal hand on her shoulder and tells her that her father's wealth was all invested in a German liverwurst factory and that the principal and interest were eaten long ago. She is penniless. Being penniless, she totters forth in despair, orders her chauffeur to drive her to her palatial home at once, where her lover finds her in tears and now can marry her because she is poor.

The Dropped Letter—When the wife drops all after you may be safe that the suspicious husband will find and read it and at once discover her terrible secret. She has bought \$25 worth of pink lingerie and charged it up in her household account to soap, spaghetti and sugar!

The Sunbonnet and the Spats—Ah, ha! The plot now becomes thicker than a Heine's bean! Here we have a white marble bench out on the lawn, in the pale green moonlight. Back of it is an alfalfa tree or a wampus bush or some sort of expensive shrubbery. The man and the maid saunter out in full evening dress and sink—it's against movie rules to do otherwise—on the bench. In a moment he has her in his arms and is kissing her madly. It would make anyone mad to have to kiss her. Ha! The wampus bush parts and the deceived lover or wronged wife or camouflaged husband peers through! It's all off. The thick plot gets thicker from this right on to the final embrace and "Fide" at the end.

The Sunbonnet and the Spats—Always you will see a sunbonnet hanging over Pa's front gate with an innocent where in thunder do they get all of those innocent girls?—with an innocent girl under the bonnet at the same moment a devilishly handsome, tall young man comes up the road. Now you know the plot. You may go home, for only one thing will happen. He will lure her to the great city and her honest country lover will arrive and hand the man with the spats a blue eye just as he is about to ring a phony wedding ceremony on her!

The Big, High Board Fence—If you see one, with tall stacks beyond, all you've got to do is to wait for the villain to come along, sneak in and incite the honest, but nervous workman to strike. Night will fall—it cannot help it. You need wait no longer, for you know what will happen—the villain will set fire to the plant, the hero will save the heroine, who is working on the night shift, manhandling steel wheels for field artillery, and all will be well.

The Owl—See the owl in the tree. See him blink his eyes. He is being secretly prodded to make him open his eyes, as it is really daylight. But the owl represents night. Only one thing will happen. The dear little heroine will be crossing the pasture on an errand of mercy. Now comes the picture of the owl. Now on the screen is flashed the "Who-o!" of the owl. You know what will happen next. Next you never saw a movie. Next will come a picture of the heroine who, hearing the owl, will faint, giving the young man a chance to rescue her. Or it will be the comedy man who, upon hearing it, will fall to his knees and chatter a prayer. It's one or the other.

The Family Lawyer—See him in his musty office? Our heroine comes in, all in black. The lawyer lays a paternal hand on her shoulder and tells her that her father's wealth was all invested in a German liverwurst factory and that the principal and interest were eaten long ago. She is penniless. Being penniless, she totters forth in despair, orders her chauffeur to drive her to her palatial home at once, where her lover finds her in tears and now can marry her because she is poor.

The Dropped Letter—When the wife drops all after you may be safe that the suspicious husband will find and read it and at once discover her terrible secret. She has bought \$25 worth of pink lingerie and charged it up in her household account to soap, spaghetti and sugar!

The Sunbonnet and the Spats—Ah, ha! The plot now becomes thicker than a Heine's bean! Here we have a white marble bench out on the lawn, in the pale green moonlight. Back of it is an alfalfa tree or a wampus bush or some sort of expensive shrubbery. The man and the maid saunter out in full evening dress and sink—it's against movie rules to do otherwise—on the bench. In a moment he has her in his arms and is kissing her madly. It would make anyone mad to have to kiss her. Ha! The wampus bush parts and the deceived lover or wronged wife or camouflaged husband peers through! It's all off. The thick plot gets thicker from this right on to the final embrace and "Fide" at the end.

The Sunbonnet and the Spats—Always you will see a sunbonnet hanging over Pa's front gate with an innocent where in thunder do they get all of those innocent girls?—with an innocent girl under the bonnet at the same moment a devilishly handsome, tall young man comes up the road. Now you know the plot. You may go home, for only one thing will happen. He will lure her to the great city and her honest country lover will arrive and hand the man with the spats a blue eye