

PLACE FOR
NERVOUS PEOPLE

"Yankee Girl" Tells of Her Exciting Experiences in California Film Studios

The life of a motion picture actress is a merry one," said the popular "Yankee Girl" at the Oliver Morosco studios in Los Angeles, "but anyone who has nerves are not of the best had better stay far away from the grinding wheels."

Miss Ring, who has at last been fitted into motion pictures, is appearing in a film version of her great success on the speaking stage, "Yankee Girl," a Morosco-Park picture. "I have already had the excitement during the short time I have spent out here than I have in any year of my life," exclaimed the star. "For instance, last week, I was staging a scene in one of the passes of Malibu Canyon, which called for my appearance at the wheel of a speeding automobile. I had a crash which I won't forget for some time to come."

Everything was set for the scene, and I started off in my big car. I was just hitting high speed when an engine machine appeared ahead of me and it had dropped from heaven; in fact, I went too far. The earth sank and began to slip under my wheels and it looked like I had been for the last time. I managed to get my wheel over, and with a fall under of gas charged broadside up the bank and into the other



The traction of the front tires was sufficient to pull me back to safety, and by a narrow squeeze I escaped with considerable damage to my machine, but without any broken bones among the occupants. Why, the very first morning I got to hot water. After getting up at 6 o'clock and waiting around the studio for the heavy fog to lift, we finally got under way. In fact, I got away to the extent of having a righteous but insistent motorcycle policeman stop me for 'doing over forty.' When I was arraigned before the court, it happened that the judge happened to be a warm, personal friend of mine, and while it was quite evident that he wanted to help me out of my trouble, he presumably could not help him in letting me off. On explaining to him that I was not responsible for the speed of the car—as I was not driving—he heaved a great sigh of relief and pronounced the case dismissed."

JANE NOVAK UNWITTING
CAUSE OF FEUD
BETWEEN DIRECTORS

Of course, it is a trifle saying, nevertheless it is the truth, that merit is the thing that wins in the long run, and that is the reason why Hobart Bosworth and Richard Stanton have been engaged in bitter, if friendly, warfare for the past few days in an effort to determine which of them was to command the services of Jane Novak in their respective pictures. Ever since her advent into the field of Universal City, Miss Novak has been playing leading roles in the Bosworth features, the latest being a serial story of the underworld, entitled "Painted Money." About the time of the completion of this feature Richard Stanton was assigned the task of producing the Universal's next serial feature, the sixteen installment story, "Drift." Accordingly he began casting his eye about the studio grounds in search of just the type of leading woman for the film, for he had not been in Universal City long. Naturally, he was unusually particular. He wanted a pretty girl, but she also had to be able to act. He wanted one who was able to wear clothes, but he wanted one who was not afraid of action that might soil said clothes. Then he spotted Miss Novak and saw her work. He settled it. He must have her. And forthwith he took steps to have her cast for the part. That was where the rub came; he had not counted up Bosworth.

The proposition was put to the latter director, who promptly refused to give it up. What? Let Miss Novak while she worked in thirty-four serials of film? Impossible! Not to be thought of. The persuasive ability of director General MacRae and others of the company officials was brought to bear and after days of argument Bosworth grudgingly gave his consent under protest. The result is that for the next two months or more Jane Novak will appear under the direction of Richard Stanton opposite Hobart Bosworth in the production of the "Drift" serial.

The managerial firm of Stair & Havlin is to be dissolved by the withdrawal of John H. Havlin. This firm for some seasons cut an important figure through its control of a big circuit of low price theaters. E. D. Stair, its senior partner, began his career in theatricals as the producer of a fair called "A Barrel of Money" in 1890. He is today many times a millionaire and is the controlling owner of the Detroit Free Press and the Detroit Journal.

May the Christmas Spirit fill the hearts of all our readers with gladness and good cheer of neighborly love and good fellowship.

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CHRISTMAS IN WAR TIME

(Written for The Standard by
REV. D. R. SHARPE, M.A., B.D.)

THE Gospel of Christmas—which is the Gospel of Christ—was never more welcome, more necessary, more credible than in this strange and solemn hour. A new light has fallen on the reality that lies behind the Gospel. That reality is the manifestation of the personal Divine Christ, Who being the Eternal

Son of God, became Man for our redemption. The great events of Christ's birth and Christ's death are inseparably linked. He who for our sakes consented to be born; for our sakes also consented to die. He was crucified dead and buried, and the third day He rose again. He ascended up into Heaven, and sat down at the right hand of God, from thenceforth expecting until his enemies shall be made

his footstool. He is on the throne today caring for that world which brought him down to die. We have not only his Gospel but his presence. God is not dead, nor doth He sleep. The wrong shall fall, the right prevail. With peace on earth, good-will to men. Recent events have shown in a new (Continued on Page Eight)

Jesus, Meek and Gentle, Son of God Most High



"... Bless thy little lambs tonight,
And tho' the darkness be near us, keep us safe 'til morning light."

A Prayer for the Soldiers and their Wives

By D. R. SHARPE, M.A., B.D.

WHETHER before Thee, Our Father, those who at the word of command, look death in the face and who, for the sake of honor, justice and liberty are making the supreme sacrifice. Help us to believe that they are good soldiers of Thine. Help them to see that their sufferings and their blood will, like the blood of noble martyrs be fountains from whence shall flow rivers which shall be for the healing of the nations. Open to them the sources of comfort, we pray Thee. May their own souls' enrichment be in due accord with their sacrifice. As the sufferings of Christ abound in them so may their consolations abound in Christ. Grant them vision to see beyond the present conflict the shining heights of Thy glory and Thy grace. May they feel that their sufferings are akin to Thine own and in this sacred comradeship may the battlefield become the mount. As they partake of the sacrament of suffering transfigure all their experiences in the light of the cross. Give them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.

Our Father, we yearn for our brothers who are in the trenches and who are preparing to go in. We would fain be near them at this time to pro-

tect them from danger and touch them with the tenderness of our love. We cast our cares for them on Thee and pray Thee to do better for them than we could do. In due time restore them to us and gladden our souls with their sweet sight. We remember before Thee, too, the loved ones into whose dear eyes we shall never look again. O God, in whom are both the living and the dead, Thou art still their life and light and joy as Thou art ours. Lay Thy hand tenderly upon them and grant that some day we may meet again and hear their broken words of love. Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends. Teach us to know that our brave soldiers and seamen are fighting not only for justice and liberty and peace but also for individuals. Help us to realize that they are giving themselves to guard the honor of their mothers, their wives and their sweethearts. Help us to see that we are not free to glory in their devotion until we share in their sacrifice, until we succor them by gifts, by love and by prayer. If we cannot go to battlefield or sea, grant that we may help as best we may those who have gone. And do Thou Father comfort them according to the exceeding riches of Thy grace and the exceeding greatness of Thy power.

We pray for the suffering womanhood of our Empire. For those brave souls who in surrendering husbands, sons and lovers have given the dearest possession of their lives. They know nothing of the joy of conflict or the glory of victory. They know only the weary monotonous strain of the Home Watch. Their suffering is incomparable. Strengthen them with the knowledge that they are the real custodians of the race and make them happy in the thought that they too are good soldiers of Jesus Christ. If their loved ones die in battle, speak peace to their souls. Lighten the hours of their loneliness with thy presence. Throw around their restlessness thy restfulness. Let thy love balm like summer warmth the sting of tears and the ache of pain. Drive from their lives the dull thought of the dreary stretches of the lonely road ahead which they must trudge without the sweet and helpful influences of their earthly loves. Do Thou illumine that path with thy presence and the sweetening influences of thy grace.

O God hasten the day when the sufferings of our people shall have accomplished thy purpose, and from the blood of our brothers may there spring a new day for humanity. We ask in the name of Him whose Birthday we now celebrate. Amen.



HIS LORDSHIP BISHOP PINKHAM
Anglican Bishop of Calgary, whose Christmas message to The Standard readers appears on this page.

Bishop Pinkham's Address

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

Did human ears ever hear words so full of love, joy and peace, as the angels chanted them to the shepherds, in the midnight silence above the plains of Bethlehem! And, they have been repeated all down the ages, not in the plains of Judea only but all over the wide world; till, in these last days, from north to south, from east to west, the Church of the Living God proclaims them; that, wherever sinning, sorrowing human beings are, they may receive the joy and consolation, the peace and strength such words convey.

Who was it whose coming to this earth the angels announced? Was it some supremely wise man; or, some great angel sent from God? It was infinitely more. It was the Everlasting Word of the Father, the only begotten Son of God, of whom St. John speaks when he says: "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by Him, and without Him was not anything made that was made."

Of Him it is said: "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." This is He of whom we say in the Apostles' Creed: "Jesus Christ our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the virgin Mary." It is of Him of whom we read that, "His mother brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn." He is a helpless little infant; yet, "He is the first-born of every creature." He is "God of God, Light of Light, very God of very God, begotten not created." "The brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His person." And from the bosom of His father He came, came to be a little child; to be a man; to be our Saviour and our Redeemer. He came to share man's lot with men; to be flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone; to be one with us, living our life, feeling suffering, tempted as any of us. And He accomplished all He came to do, and He has taken our nature to Heaven glorifying it, and telling us see that He wants everyone (Continued on Page Eight)



MAYOR M. C. COSTELLO
His Worship Mayor Costello extends to the people of Calgary, through The Standard, the best wishes for the festive season, and hopes that New Year, which will soon be here, will find all happier and more prosperous than ever, and all working together for a bigger and better Calgary.



REV. CANON MONTGOMERY
Pastor of St. Barnabas' Church, Hillhurst, writes an appropriate message on the Yuletide season.