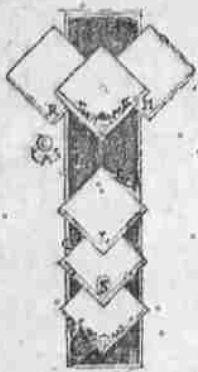


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A GAME WITH FATE.

Morey and Mystery! That's the big idea in "A Game With Fate," the Vitaphone Blue Ribbon Feature last time today. Harry Morey is seen in one of the strongest and most convincing roles in his screen career, not excepting that of Joe Carson, in "Within the Law." The story itself is a swift-moving love drama, an amazing murder mystery, a high class detective story of men and women of millions. And the picture is one of the most finished productions put out by Director Paul Scardon, exceeded by none in elaborateness of settings and beautiful scenes. Nor should it be overlooked that the story was written especially for Mr. Morey by Tom Terrell, widely known as director of Alice Joyce.

Also Chapter 6 of a "Fight for Millions." It's a thriller.

"Safety First" Tea Kettle.

A new tea kettle is supplied with an extra opening in the top through which it may be filled without the inconvenience and danger of being scalded by the steam generated when cold water is poured into the hot kettle. The second opening is a small one in front of the lid and is protected by a hinged swing cover, which may be operated by the thumb while the kettle is being held by the handle under the faucet.

Suspicious.

"Have you got a buyer looking after your interest?" "Nominally; but I rather think he has his eye on my principal."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Always the Way.

"The Perfect Husband is always married to some other woman and the Perfect Wife is always married to some other man."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Observer advertising pays.

LET'S HOPE SO, ANYWAY. When the Kaiser fled to Holland, Every Dutchman held his nose; For the Dutch don't like Limburger just about to decompose.

Wilhelm begged of Wilhelmina, Who's the queen of all the Dutch, "Make me safe from democratic revolutionists and such."

"I'm not safe at home or elsewhere, For this bolshevik bunch Have no love for me whatever; I'd be cheese for them at lunch."

"Now you're wrong," said Wilhelmina "If you think you're safer here, We've no place for cheese in Holland. Do I make my meaning clear?"

So the Kaiser doffed his helmet When "To hell with it!" said the queen, And proceeded then from Holland Seeking refuge more serene.

But there was no place for Wilhelm; Every place the Kaiser fled, He could hear the cry, "Let's hang him By the neck until he's dead!"

"By the neck!" The clapper smote him, As he hurried on again; He could feel the rough knot tighten; And a mob cried, "Vive Lovain!"

But at last he found a refuge, And perhaps it's just as well; For he took his Hun Gott with him, And they settled down in—just what you'd say yourself under the same circumstances.

Fair Warning.

Bob's brother, seeking revenge, had just grown in his sister's slippers after they had been cleaned. Later in the afternoon Bob discovered the mischief and as his sister was about to put on the slippers he came swiftly running toward her, crying out as he did so: "Don't put them on. There's a bird's nest inside and you'll kill the young ones!"

Butter Wrappers printed at the Butter Wrappers.

VERSAILLES IS HISTORIC SPOT

VERSAILLES, Nov. 16 (By Mail)—This is a great town for a peace conference. Although it isn't quite half as big as Toledo, O., in point of population, and has not nearly the hotel accommodations available in Salt Lake City, and has no convention hall in the class of the Auditorium at St. Paul, Minn., it has one qualification which absolutely puts these American cities out of the race for the world's greatest peace conference.

It has background. Background is as essential to a successful peace conference as is chili con carne to a Mexican carnival. It is expensive, and the right kind cannot be bought in any market any more the late war having used up the entire current output.

The historical background of Versailles, an ocean of blood, a cycle of scandal, a few billion francs, and a heartache that throbbled so powerfully that it jarred dynasties and empires off the earth.

Louis XIII, who was a goodly king, went hunting in the woods where now stands Versailles, one day about 1624. He had fine luck hunting, but at night he had to sleep in a hotel where there were some common folk sleeping, and sitting about talking politics. Sleeping in the same building with wagons and farmers was shocking to Louis, for Louis was a regular king. He decided to build a little chateau near his hunting grounds, where he could sleep in peace once or twice a year, for he had no automobile to take him back to Paris at the end of a perfect hunting day.

That chateau of Louis XIII, a very unbecoming but highly expensive house, still stands, with the magnificent Palace of Versailles built around it.

The palace itself could house 10,000 persons very easily, but it doesn't, and never did. It is used as a museum, and as a monument to the stupendous extravagance, effrontery and futility of monarchy. It is used also for peace conferences now and then. Usually, when two or more nations have struggled so long on the battlefield that all the common folk's money has been spent and the fortunes of the counts and dukes have been threatened, delegates of the belligerent nations have gathered at Versailles and signed a peace treaty. Now it is proposed that representatives of all classes of human beings meet here to proclaim the end of war and autocracy.

Louis XIV built most of the palace, much as it appears today. Louis XV made some changes and pretty much got lost in the big corridors.

Louis XVI did some more building and tearing down and improving. Napoleon neglected the great palace, and afterward remarked that he was sorry he hadn't torn it down while he had a chance.

Louis Philippe spent a few millions repairing and restoring the palace and grounds and carrying out some projects of his own in connection with it. And here it stands, ready to furnish shelter and background for a real peace conference.

Nobody ever will know how much the great palace cost France under the reign of its builder, Louis XIV. Louis became badly scared when he received the bills, because he had heard a good deal about some disturbers who were whispering that even a king had no right to spend so much money for a palace for to house his lady friends when the nation over which he ruled was starving. So

Louis did what many a purchaser of expensive hats has done since—tore up the bills and burned them before anybody could look them over.

The palace was not built with an eye to peace conferences or assemblies of democracies. Louis XIV didn't know about such things. But Louis had a lady friend, a Miss La Valliere, with whom he was trying to make a great hit. She was the same lady who wore the little decoration suspended about her neck, from which lavalieres (variously spelled and designed in these days) take their name. A certain Fouquet, Louis' minister of finance, also courted Miss La Valliere, and one night gave a big party to win her heart. He spent 38,000,000 francs on the party, but then he was minister of finance. He invited the king, and the king became wrath that a mere minister of finance should be able to give such a party and steal his girl at the same time. So Louis had Fouquet thrown in jail as a suspicious character, and decided to build a house that would knock Miss La Valliere's eye out, so to speak. Louis was a married man, of course, but then he was king, and in those days a king could do no wrong.

Both Louis XIV and his successors found that the palace was entirely too big for one lady friend, so they brought in several at a time, and yet managed to keep them so far apart that the royal half-pallings were few, indeed. Among the successors of La Valliere were the notorious Mmes. Montespan, Maintenon, Dubarry, and Pompadour.

Descriptions of the various rooms of the palace occupy many volumes, and descriptions of the gardens about the palace occupy whole libraries. But the room of chief interest at this time is the Gallery of Mirrors. It was here that King William of Prussia, ancestor of William Hohenzollern, was proclaimed emperor of Germany on January 18, 1871. And it is here that we may expect to see William Hohenzollern proclaimed nobody, 48 years later. In fact, many Frenchmen are so noxious as to hope that by January 18, 1919, either the peace conference or some auxiliary court may sentence the last German emperor for his crimes. It was here that a humiliating surrender was dictated to France by Bismarck, and it was here that the supreme war council of the civilized nations dictated its grim armistice terms that toppled over the throne of the Hohenzollerns in Prussia and the German empire. In this most extravagant room of this palace that is recognized as the supreme expression of irresponsible monarchy it is likely that the democracy of the world will be written into a permanent covenant and proclaimed to humanity.

This room is 237 feet long by 33 feet wide, and 43 feet from floor to ceiling. On one side 17 large windows look out upon the gardens. On the other side 17 large mirrors, the same size as the windows, reflect the glory of Versailles and the scenes of statecraft that periodically are enacted there.

Versailles may not have enough hotel facilities for the conference, but it certainly has the atmosphere, the background. And Paris is but ten miles away.

DR. CLAUDE H. VAN TYNE



Dr. Claude H. Van Tyne, head of the history department of the University of Michigan and one of the leading authorities on government in this country, who, on evidence of the National Security league, caused to be withdrawn from circulation a volume, called "Two Thousand Questions and Answers About the War." He characterized this book as "a masterpiece of pro-German propaganda."

If a man were to look another man over from head to heels when he meets him on the street as a woman inspects another woman under the same circumstances, he'd be knocked down.

Mender on the Mend.

"I understood you to say the other day that your wife was ill, but I suppose she is better." "I saw her this morning sitting by the window sewing," said one man to another. "Quite right," replied the other. "As you observed today she is as good as mended."

Butter Wrappers printed at the Observer office.

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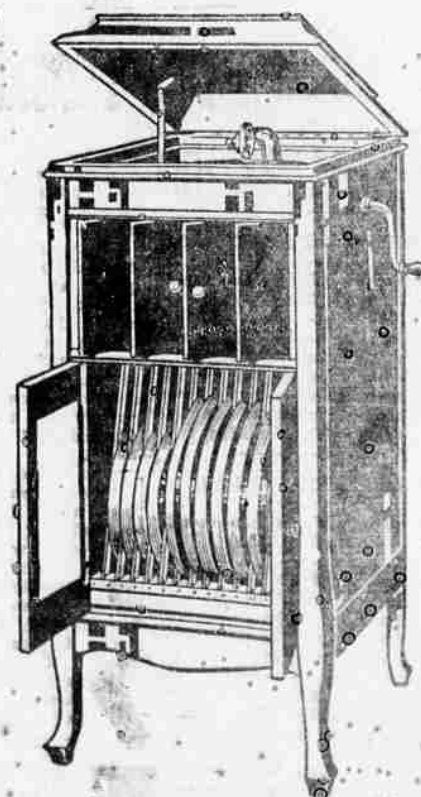
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