

SAHARA ATMOSPHERE CARRIED IN "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH"

Spectacular Effects, Including Sand Storm, Features of Robert Hichens' Drama of Desert, Which Will Appear at Heilig November 23-24-25.



Mary Anderson, Collaborator on Dramatization of "The Garden of Allah."

WITH true Sahara atmosphere, "The Garden of Allah," Robert Hichens' remarkable novel, dramatized by himself, assisted by Mr. Anderson de Navarro, will come to the Heilig Theater Thursday, Friday and Saturday, November 23, 24 and 25.

The opening curtain will disclose the desert just before dawn. Then a caravan of Arabs, Kabyles and Monzabites, with camels, horses, donkeys, goats and dogs, pass by. And as the sun peeps over the eastern horizon, a shiek dismounts from his camel and goes through the fantastic rites of the Mohammedan. This scene is entitled, "The Spirit of the Desert," and puts the audience in the proper frame of mind for what is to come.

The play proper begins on the veranda of the Hotel de Desse. Hitherto has come beautiful Domini Enfield in quest of peace. To the same place has also come Boris Androvsky, a trappist monk, in search of freedom and worldly happiness. Away in the distance stretches the desert—illimitable, misty, beckoning. And here Domini and Boris find in each other what each apparently has craved without knowing it.

From the desert, the audience is taken to a street in Beni-Mora. Strange people pass to and fro. There is music of the tinkling Arabian variety and much street fighting. Then comes the interior of one of the houses on that street, where a motley group of Arabs are enjoying the wild, passionate dances of the native girls. Domini and Boris chance to wander into this house and again they are mutually attracted.

Next comes the garden of Count Anteon, which, for sheer Oriental beauty, surpasses anything ever put on any stage. Here the strange behavior of Boris puzzles the count, who cannot recall where or when they have met before. It is here that Boris forgets everything and tells Domini of his love for her.

Four months have elapsed when the next curtain rises, disclosing the famous sand storm (of real sand) raging. A

Sarah Truax, Domini Enfield.



Howard Gould, as Count Anteon.

tent, picturesque in the extreme, comes as the wind screams and the sand whirls. Gradually the storm dies. Then Domini and Boris, now man and wife, are found spending their honeymoon on the desert. But it is Boris' fate that to this place should come Count Anteon and Father Roubier, who have become lost in the storm. And they bring with them the unhappy Boris a confession of who he is.

Desert at Night Shown.
The desert at night is the next scene, with twinkling stars which gradually fade away as the dawn approaches, and it is here that Boris and Domini with the true story of his past. Both then realize that they must renounce each other forever.

Next comes the Trappist monastery at El Langan, at the gate of which Domini and Boris part and she goes to seek comfort and peace without him. Edyth Latimer will be seen in the part of the wife, Domini Enfield; Lawson Butt as the Trappist monk, Boris Androvsky; Howard Gould as Count Anteon; and Albert Andrus as Father Roubier.

NURSES MORE RESTRICTED WHEN ONE WEDS PATIENT

Girls Must Appear Always in Uniform and Are Not Allowed to Speak to Soldiers Outside of Hospital Grounds.

By EDITH E. LANYON.
AT A NAVAL HOSPITAL, Oct. 2.—My three months on duty here are nearly at an end. My time is really up in less than a week, but I have been asked to stay on a little longer. My first week of overtime, alas, is to be put in on night duty in the unknown ward of "X," on the medical side. As "X" patients are notoriously lively, I shall probably have a strenuous week of it. I hear they are given to having sudden paroxysms, which need doses of brandy or peppermint, but never, never require a mustard leaf application! I will suggest the mustard leaf first.

"C" wards are very indignant to think I am taken away from them, and the impression of "B" is that I should have refused to stay longer unless removed to "B." It is really very amusing. They all get attached to their own nurses.

Patient Marries Nurse.
It is a great blow to the authorities that one of the patients quite recently got so attached to his V. A. D. nurse that they got married!

As they used to indulge in little surreptitious tea parties and meetings in town, she dressed in mufti, and consequently, unobserved, we poor down-trodden nurses are no longer allowed to go out unless we wear uniform.

Of course we can get special permission from the sister in charge, but it rather takes up one's time to go and get permission. I am annoyed, as I consider it is really very silly, that one's own individual clothes after being in uniform so long.

Neither are we allowed to speak to our patients in the ward, but in the grounds. It is rather amusing to see their understanding grin as we discreetly bow and pass by.

Comedy Concert Censored.
The events of the last week have been two concerts. One, given by the nurses for the nurses, was howlingly funny, and the other the same one repeated by request for the patients' benefit, but so carefully censored that it only succeeded in being just funny. However, they enjoyed it, and never knew what they missed, so that was all right.

The staff also gave an entertainment and birthday party, so we have been very gay and festive and all too early rising hell at 6:15 A. M. has seemed over all too early in the morning. Fortunately the clocks were altered back to real Greenwich time yesterday and we all gained an extra hour's

sleep and made up for lost time. The poor night nurses were very indignant, as all they gained was an extra hour on duty. It was my lucky star that saved me from being a night nurse until next Saturday.

Some Stay Only a Month.
It is very interesting to notice all the different nurses we get. Some haughty, some naughty, some gay, some sad, some lively, and some quiet, but all busy doing their very best for their country. We get a great variety these days, as a good many have come on duty for one month. They are the ones who cannot get away for more than a month at a time. A few that help in the dining hall come on for two weeks.

It is rather awkward having such short timers in the wards, because, as soon as they begin to grasp the routine of the work and find out where things are kept, they go and another novice comes. A senior nurse's life is not all beer and skittles by any means. Sisters cannot be everlastingly interrupted by endless chains of questions, so juniors discreetly come and ask senior, every blessed thing they want to know.

Nurses Object to Shifting.
We all did just the same when we were new at the work, so nobody really cares a bit. The nurses always get on very well together, and the ward sister generally values her own nurses and waits when they are taken away, which frequently happens. To me, for example, the utter disgust of surgical nurses transferred to the medical side is only equalled by the disgust of the medical nurses transferred to the surgical side.

One's outraged feelings on being torn from one's own patients are indescribable. The first few days one spends in describing the beauties of the ones left behind on "G" to the rather bored nurses on "H." Then one begins to know and appreciate the "H" patients. In about a week one may be heard holding forth that, "of course the patients on 'G' are all right, I always did like them, but I consider the patients on 'H' are altogether the nicest men in the hospital—the best behaved and the most anxious to help the nurses," and so on, until one is suddenly transferred to "K." Then "K" wears a halo on its head.

Now "C" is the apple of my eye. "Y" has been thrust upon me and I resent it. The patients are getting up a concert for the entertainment of the nurses this week, and we are expecting great things. A play and a "night"

ser" minstrel troupe are the least of the attractions we can get news of, but all of it is a dark secret.

My own particular patients have been rejoicing for the last few days in the possession of a graphophone, which blatantly howls out ragtime all day long. They simply adore it, but it is absolutely the limit to do dressings to ragtime. Each ward is to have it in turn, and "C" is sorrowfully expecting to have to part with it to "Z" in a few days. My sorrow is not really very deep, as one of our men has a flute which he is learning to play, we shall not be left in complete silence.

A comb and tissue paper band is also rather a popular form of entertainment in our ward. I love to see the men dancing to its strains. A badly wounded leg or an abscess in the thigh seems to be no handicap whatever. We have a Scotchman who can do a lovely hornpipe.

Last night being Sunday, the men had a "sing-song," and sang hymns and sacred music most beautifully. They certainly have good voices. I was on duty two stories up, but the sound of the songs kindly came up the granite stairs, and I heard them very well.

I am sure I shall miss all these

mercy, cheerful sailors when I leave the hospital.

We still hear a lot about the various strange kinds of work women are trying to do to release men to go to the front. One of our men indignantly told me yesterday he had heard that they were trying to use women as stokers at gas furnaces. He was awfully disgusted, because he said he was a stoker himself, and it was much too hard work for women.

The sister of one of our nurses is driving a motor ambulance at the front. Certainly not within the firing line, though.

One of my patients, a very charming boy of 17, is leaving tomorrow. When he was wounded by shrapnel on his battleship in the last big sea fight, his socks were shot to pieces and his kit got lost, so he is awfully glad to have two pairs from Portland to take away with him. He is quite anxious to rejoin his ship. He will be a great loss to the ward, as he is a most excellent worker and always made the coffee for the nurses' lunch. The table in the ward kitchen looked snowy white, due to the daily scrubbing he gave it. I shall be sorry to say goodbye to him. I must end somewhat abruptly, as it is 10:30 P. M., and "lights out."

SWEETHEARTS REUNITED BY LONG-LOST LETTER

Woman Who Sacrifices Happiness on Altar of Duty to Family Is at Last Rewarded by Faithfulness of Man She Loves.

BY MARY INEZ MARTIN.

ONE hears a great deal of love and story about "Love's Young Dream," but the experiences and results that follow the awakening from love's dream that come under the obdurate hand of the trained nurse tend to make her cynical.

A nurse holds her profession with the same sacred regard in which a physician under her notice, but the result of her disillusionment brings a skeptical smile when she hears the ardent avowal that "there is nothing half so sweet in life."

The outside observer does not suspect how many married lives there are, passing for happy ones, that are keeping up the most pitiful shame—their little god of love bruised and weeping or degraded to an unspeakable depth.

Business, school and school have been just a bundle of nerves, Isabel went to pieces at once and could not be of the least assistance, but she was praised and admired by the fond old parents because she brought an outside atmosphere that was refreshing to them. If she brought them a rose or told them a story they sang her praises to Mamie, who sat up with them through the long night hours, while Isabel slept undisturbed.

Wife Follows Judge in Death.
When the judge died his wife followed in a few weeks. Then the home was broken up, Miss Mamie was to take a little apartment and live alone, while Isabel hastened back to the warmth and glow of her own hearthstone. All the family possessions were to be divided between the two sisters, and I was retained to help them pack. Boxes, trunks, chests, bookcases, linen closets and everything else were emptied and overhauled.

In carrying an armful of books down from the attic I dropped an old volume of "Plutarch's Lives" and a letter fell out of it, which I handed to Isabel. "Why, how funny," she said, "here is a letter directed to my husband, all sealed and stamped. I wonder where it came from."

When at last we were ready to give up the house Isabel had gone to pieces again from "overwork," as she called it, and her husband had to come for

ried daughter, who lived in the city. Both the old people told me with delight about this promised visit, making no effort to conceal from Miss Mamie their pride in the fact that she was married so well and had such a pretty home, a fine husband and two beautiful children. Over and over they told me what a fine thing she had done for herself by marrying John Henry. Miss Mamie was promptly pushed into the background, in everything but the extra work and responsibility, when the married sister arrived, and was treated in return by that tolerant, overbearing manner the happily married woman is likely to accord to her less fortunate sister. And no one suspected what the strong, calm soul of the little old maid endured.

Being just a bundle of nerves, Isabel went to pieces at once and could not be of the least assistance, but she was praised and admired by the fond old parents because she brought an outside atmosphere that was refreshing to them. If she brought them a rose or told them a story they sang her praises to Mamie, who sat up with them through the long night hours, while Isabel slept undisturbed.

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ACTOR PAYS HIGH TRIBUTE TO CHARM OF MARY PICKFORD

J. Albert Hall Says She Is Most Beloved of All Stars Because of Her Simple, Unaffected Manner, and All Movie Folk Admire Her.



Mary Pickford and J. A. Hall.

"THE most beloved of all stars" is the way J. Albert Hall, who appeared at the Orpheum last week in "The Forest Fire," characterizes Mary Pickford.

Hall should know, for he supported Miss Pickford in three pictures and for three years has been active in the realm of the celluloid, appearing with various stars.

"Miss Pickford, although the biggest figure in the films, and the highest priced star of them all, is unpretentious, kind, pleasant, and as unassuming as a 25-cent extra," declares Hall.

"Everyone loves her, from the awestruck extra to the stars who might well envy the popularity of the girl who earned more than \$300,000 a year with Famous Players," continued Hall.

The Portland visitor is a firm believer in the merit system as the arbiter of stars of the future. Stage names will mean less and less each month, and real screen merit will count.

In connection with the recent signing of a Famous Players contract by Marguerite Clark, Hall asserts that she refused \$150,000 a year from a "flim" company a few months ago. He places the salary of Douglas Fair-

banks at \$2500 a week, William Farnum at \$20,000 a year and Mary Miles Minter at \$1000 a week. Mary stars work by the picture, at from \$5000 to \$20,000 a picture, covering periods of from five to 12 weeks of filming.

Hall tells an amusing story in connection with his engagement with "The Yellow Menace," a serial in which he played the role of the police captain, Kemp. William Stein and Director Aubrey Kennedy, of "The Yellow Menace" company, were lunching in the Claridge Hotel, New York, and continued a discussion of types for the serial as they left the hotel. As they reached the street Hall went by in his racing car, and Stein, after a glimpse of the driver, remarked, "There's a good type for the police captain."

"Why, that's an actor," he's Albert Hall," said Kennedy.

So the two started in pursuit of the actor.

Hall, believing the pursuers to be officers intent on making an arrest for speeding, made a runaway race of it until he reached Van Cortlandt Park, where a van halted his progress.

So he was captured, indulged in a good laugh at his own expense and then accepted the 24 weeks' engagement.

her to take her home. During the evening she handed him the letter we had found and as he read it I saw it gave him a shock, but "Where's Mamie?" was all he said.

Several hours later I saw Mamie and her sister's husband sitting on a pile of carpets in the deserted kitchen, and there they sat until long after the rest of us had retired for the night.

Old Love Is Recalled.
The next day Mamie, left alone, told me about it. Their discovery was so new and so tremendous she just had to talk it out with someone. The letter was dated 16 years before. Mamie, young and pretty, was loved by John Henry, but just at that time the old judge lost his health and his office at the same time. Isabel was still in school and must have the chance to finish her education. All this was explained in the letter with not the slightest touch of the martyr spirit.

Frankly and sincerely she assured him of her love and constancy and begged him to see the impossibility of her leaving home while the family needed her as they did now. She must work, she told him, and help out their shrunken income.

Isabel, given this fateful letter to mail on her way to school, had thoughtlessly slipped it into a book and forgotten all about it. John, waiting and longing for his answer, had at last taken Mamie's silence for her refusal, while Mamie, waiting in vain for John's answer, took his failure to respond as a withdrawal of his offer.

Meantime Mamie taught and worked and put Isabel through school, fitting her to teach also in order to share the care of their parents. But Isabel, while on a visit to the city, met John again and, thinking only of herself, married him.

It is three years now since the passing of the old parents and the resurrection of that letter, Miss Mamie, free at last from the need of teaching, and living in modest comfort, is regaining the youth she sacrificed on the altar of duty to an unappreciative family. A new creature has burst from the chrysalis of a shoulder shawl, spectacles and plain hair—warmed into life by the devotion of her gray-haired sweetheart, whose heart has never changed.

Love's Dream Comes True.
And Isabel? She never knew. With her weak heart and all her imaginary ailments, she succumbed to an attack of pneumonia before she guessed that when John, broken-hearted and hopeless, married it was in the hope of being able to help Mamie in her struggle.

If she did not love him enough to marry him and let him share her burden, he in his blundering way, thought by taking care of Isabel he might lessen her load, and through his wife help her as he could. But he had not reckoned with Mamie's pride or he would not have hoped to help in that way.

Now, as I said in the beginning, the most beautiful and wonderful romance I have ever known is being lived by these two people who have waited so long for love's young dream to come true. The sacrifice of her youth, the hardships of her life, the lack of appreciation on the part of her parents and the overbearing tolerance of her sister have left no trace of resentment or bitterness. A strong soul and well-balanced heart is never warped by outward conditions. What Mamie loved in John she could not cease to love.

though she felt he had willingly renounced her, and John's love for Mamie grew as he watched her uncomplaining sacrifice and courage. Consequently, under this supreme test of sacrifice and separation, these two souls have come out purified by the fire of suffering.

It is not the tinselled glory of "Love's Young Dream" after all that calls forth our faith and reverence, it is the full-orbed love that has stood the test of time and endured in spite of misunderstandings.

SECRET CLINIC IS SOUGHT

Birth Control Information Spread Secretly in New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1.—While the police combed the neighborhood in vain in search of the place, a secret birth control clinic, opened yesterday by Mrs. Margaret Sanger in the Brownsville section of Brooklyn, did a brisk business. Scores of women, mostly from the Polish and Italian districts of the vicinity, who had been informed of the secret address, flocked to the place, registered, paid their 10-cent fees and received verbal information.

Mrs. Sanger said she knew it would only be a question of time when the police would discover the location of the clinic and close it up, perhaps arresting all connected with it, but she said she wanted to get in as much good as she could before this came about.

Miss Ethel Byrne, a trained nurse, was in charge. A dinner will be given in the Brevoort Hotel on Sunday, October 23, in honor of Jessie Ashley and Ida Rauh, who are under arrest for disseminating information regarding birth control at a meeting in Union Square. Miss Ashley's trial will open on October 30 and Miss Rauh's some time in November.

Mrs. Amos Pinchot is chairman of the dinner committee, and others who will attend are Mrs. Frank Colburn, Mrs. Mary W. Brewster, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Poole, Dr. Ira S. Wile, Mrs. Elsie Clews Parsons, Mrs. Miriam Sutro Price, Dr. A. L. Gold, Mrs. Rose Pastor-Stokes and Mrs. Frederick C. Howe.

High Living Aids Surgeons.
PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 1.—Clinics held in many hospitals, attended by hundreds of members of the Clinical Congress of Surgeons of North America, in session here, were arguments for the simple life. It was the consensus of opinion among the surgeons that high living is responsible for more operations than is the life led by poor persons. The rich are more subject to cancer of the stomach than others, it was stated. Dr. M. E. Rehfuss, during a clinic at one of the hospitals, demonstrated some of the theories held by diagnosticians generally that cancer may result from too much protein, the chief elements in meats and some rich foods.

"The Woman Next Door"

The Victim of Many a Wagging Tongue
By Owen Davis

Featuring
IRENE FENWICK

Also
"The Scarlet Runner"

4th Episode—"THE HIDDEN PRINCE"

Featuring
EARL WILLIAMS

at the

GLOBE THEATER

WASHINGTON AT ELEVENTH

Sunday Monday Tuesday