

NEW BEDROOM BURLESQUE
SKIDS VERY CLOSE TO LINE"Innocent Idea" by Martin Brown Makes Fun of Theme of Many Plays
Such as "Up in Mabel's Room."

Constance Binney

BY ELIZABETH LONERGAN.

NEW YORK, June 12.—(Special.)—At last a burlesque on the bedroom farce that has played such an important part in Broadway theatricals during the past season or two has been offered. "An Innocent Idea," Martin Brown's new play which came into the Fulton theater, makes fun of the bedroom farce and will be enjoyed by many who have tired long ago of that sort of farce. Mr. Brown uses all the props of the bedroom farce that were found in "Up in Mabel's Room," "Twin Beds," "Breakfast in Bed" and many others. There are many amusing incidents and the burlesque on the farce comedy skits mightily close to the line at times. Robert Emmet Keane plays the hero, with Russell Milmore a "misunderstood" dramatist. The women include Florence Gerald as a hotel detective and Amy Ongley as a comedy chambermaid.

"39 East," which had a very successful season at the Broadhurst last year, returned to town from its road tour and took possession of the Shubert, which adjoins its former home. The show was to have closed in the time. It may run until a new tenant is ready. The cast is practically unchanged, with Henry Hunt and Constance Binney in the leads and Allison Skipworth, Lucia Moore, Edith Graham and Mildred Arden in their old roles. This story by Rachel Crothers tells of life in a boarding house and is full of comedy lines and situations. The scenes are laid in a New York boarding house just east of Fifth avenue, but the characters are typical of boarding houses in all parts of the country. Hence its popularity; it is an absolute picture of a certain class of boarding house, and nothing succeeds like a play that shows familiar conditions.

The announcement that S. L. Rothapel would assume charge of the Capitol did not cause the big surprise that was anticipated. It will be recalled that when the big theater first opened his connection with it was rumored, but later denied. Mr. Rothapel, well known in Portland, opened successfully the Strand, the Rialto and the Rivoli on Broadway. Just a few blocks from the Capitol. Later he resigned to go into the producing end of the picture business and then went to California. Since his return his name has been associated with many rumors of big things.

Mr. Rothapel has been called the "city of motion pictures" for he it was who first introduced the artistic settings for pictures and insisted upon the appropriate musical accompaniment—now an essential part of the up-to-date picture house. Mr. Rothapel, the director, made the announcement from the Capitol and three theaters for performance and expected that many of the Rothapels and their name is legion—will flock back to the Capitol. The house will be closed for a week to make necessary changes.

GIRLS CAN ENJOY VACATION
FOR WHOLE WEEK ON ONLY \$12

Y. W. C. A. Camps Provide Opportunity for Outing That Is Pleasant and of Only Small Cost.

WOULD you guess that a girl could spend a week in a woodsy place, swimming when she liked it, canoeing if she knew how, bacon-baiting when she could up easily enough, hiking across country when she felt particularly peppy, and lying around in cool, still places when she wanted to be quiet—that she could do all this to the tune of \$12 a week? Just that has been done and is being done by thousands of girls (over \$50,000, to be specific) this summer. The secret? Y. W. C. A. camps!

No longer is the fainting heroine and the delicate girl popular in the United States. It's the healthy, fresh-skinned, athletic girl with the "rouge" that won't come off on her cheeks because it's painted from the inside—that is the ideal today and that is why the summer camps are popular. Every girl would rather have a natural bloom on her cheeks than the 50-cent-a-box kind and she knows that the surest way to get it is by outdoor living, wholesome food and lots of exercise. She knows too, that this is the keenest sort of fun. So when summer comes and she has a week or two off from work she chooses a camp for her vacation trip. She does, that is, if she is wise, and so many girls are growing "wise" lately that all the camps in the country have waiting lists and disappointed inquirers.

Y. W. C. A. camps are run, primarily, for girls who work the year around in factories, shops, stores or

or dreaming is the most natural sport to indulge in there's the sunny beach shore, a blanket spread on the sand makes the laziest sort of a "chaise longue." Or there are queer, lonely places along the river's edge which the romantic soul can discover and keep as his sanctum.

Of course a third joy is the simple life one lives sleeping in tents or cabins with a wooden box for a dressing table and one eight-inch mirror for five or six girls, no wardrobe space other than the suitcase under the cot and no private bath except the basin on a stand. There is always a chance to pull your cot out into the open and sleep under the stars, and no one really knows the stars, so Stevenson says, who has not slept a la belle étoile. The food? One always accepts good eats as a part of the camp game, perhaps because one is so hungry that anything tastes good! But things are good when there's a special cook to prepare the food and the whole countryside to choose from in the matter of strawberries, cream, a few \$12 these days!

There are 153 Y. W. C. A. camps opening this month in all parts of the country from the Pacific to the Atlantic coast, accommodating over 50,000 girls during the season. In the New England states, and New York 32 camps give vacations to 10,000 girls in Ohio and West Virginia. 17 camps accommodate over 10,000 industrial girls in the west. Certain camps draw most of the mining districts. The cost of a week's stay in these camps varies from \$10 to \$12. There's not much in the way of fun, health and outdoor medicine that you can get for \$12 these days! Yet, to sum up this is what the Y. W. C. A. camps offer: Boating, bathing and swimming under trained instructors; tramps through beautiful secluded woods, picnics in the woods, bacon-bait, camp fires by the lake, baseball, basketball and all kinds of games; auto trips, sleeping-out parties. In unpleasant weather there are open fires in the halls and a place where stunts, concerts, dramatics, etc., are given. The trees and hills abound in birds and flowers and you can learn to know and enjoy them.

Increase in Population Declared to Be Menace.

Statistician Asks Whether Medical Progress Will Keep Pace With Birth Control That Earth Shall Be Provided Adequately.

LONDON, June 12.—The Bank of England is to be rebuilt. The governors and committee of directors of the institution for the last 25 years have considered the advisability of replacing the black, one-story "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" with a more modern and commodious structure. The inadequacy of the venerable pile to meet present-day needs has necessitated the establishment, since the beginning of the war, of six outside branch offices in various parts of London.

Established in 1691, the Bank of England is the oldest national bank in Europe. Millions of people throughout the world know the outside of the low, black building which for more than two centuries has been the empire's financial center. Its central part was erected in 1732-4, but the outer part which one sees from adjacent streets, dates from 1788.

The present building spreads over four acres of what is perhaps the most valuable real estate in the world, in the heart of London's world-famous center. At least once in December, 1825—it saved the country from bankruptcy. During the Lord George Gordon riots of June, 1780, it withstood a two days' attack by a mob, which was driven off by soldiers stationed outside and clerks and bank officials who mounted the walls.

Since that date the bank has been guarded every night by a detachment of 36 soldiers, who, commanded by an officer, march down from London tower and take up their positions on the roof at sundown.

A number of windows, which broke the blank solidity of the bank's outer walls, were closed with huge blocks of granite after the rioting, but their outline is traced by the remaining slits.

EAGLES INSTALL OFFICERS

Marshfield Aerie Owns Building and Is Prosperous.

MARSHFIELD, Or., June 12.—(Special.)—The Marshfield state armory is in possession of the 2d company coast artillery, following its dedication June 1 with a grand military ball. The function was given by the 2d company as a free event in appreciation of the gifts made towards securing the armory by citizens of Marshfield and the county in general.

The city of Marshfield donated the site and the county gave \$20,000. The state made up the balance, sufficient to put the building into condition for occupancy, although it is not completed.

The ladies of the Daughters of the American Revolution aided the coast artillery boys in the opening event at which nearly 1000 people were in attendance.

BULGARIA HAS NO ARMS

Foreign Minister Makes Reply to Bolshevik Complaint.

SOFIA, June 12.—The Bulgarian foreign minister today replied to a complaint from the minister of foreign affairs of the bolshevik government in Russia, protesting against the alleged delivery to the forces opposing the bolshevik troops of arms and munitions by the Bulgarians.

MISS MINTER, FILM STAR, IS
VERY SERIOUS ABOUT FUTURE

Performer Who Achieved Distinction Almost Before She Entered Her Teens Said to Be One of the Level-Headed Ambitious Ones.



Mary Miles Minter, that delightful child-woman today tells how dirty face and inquisitive manner started her career. The inquisitive of her future and thankfulness of her audience. Miss Minter is just starting on her own, but she achieved stardom almost before she entered her teens.

BY RAY W. FROHMAN.
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THIS is the self-revealed "fact" of a young picture actress, who insists that she is NOT a star and never has been—YET.

It was important, for Mary Miles Minter, unassuming as she is regarding her present film niche, heedless as she is concerning her brilliant past achievements on the spoken word, is a mighty serious about her FUTURE.

And it is a future woven of pride in her profession, earnestness, desire for service, a sense of obligation to the public—a future shot through with idealism.

Millions know her, like and admire the Mary Miles Minter of the screen as a sweet, pretty little girl with an abundance of blonde curls, a picture actress slightly bigger than a faint recollection, a little queen with delicate features and "endearing young charms."

Few know the intense, level-headed, appreciative, ambitious REALITY of the young picture actress. Her question as to her past, present and future.

Not even other picture stars know her, for she has been dubbed, she tells me, "the hermit girl of the screen," and says she "doesn't know them."

It was in Mary's own limousine, with her chauffeur-with-a-life-job, Jack Filizer, on the bridge, that I was whirled to meet the young heartiest star "on location."

En route I enjoyed the delightful company of her young friend, Mr. Charlotte Shelby, who has hair like Mary's only a trifling shade darker.

Here's a confession. I was also in the clutches of Harry L. ("Buck") Massie, her special publicity director, a reformed circus advance agent, as earnest as Mary.

"I was a Lanky ranch," the "old Universal ranch," amid woody country, with muddy roads, saplings, a young brook, Los Angeles sunbathing, fairy hills in the background, "in everything."

We passed a big circle of men, looking like a bunch of yuppies gathered about their campfire. They are "the bolsheviks" in Mary's current picture. With the bright sunbathing playing in its rival, her hair, Mary Miles Minter is in action in "exteriors," under the artistic direction of a keen-looking gentleman of distinguished appearance, William Desmond Taylor.

And that string-haired girl with watery blue eyes whom Mary is clutching is breezy Fritzle Ridgway, playing "a character without a character."

In a lull between "close-ups," Mary Miles Minter greets me with a shy little smile.

Eyes Mild, Voice Subdued. A pretty maid with blue eyes, features of static beauty, and a quiet composure of countenance betokening that she has lived much during her 17½ years—that's Mary. A refined looking little LADY, whose subdued tone of voice, reserve and cultured manner makes it no news at all when she tells me she was born in the south.

She looks like your—anybody's—"best girl."

She is wearing a little old fashioned frock of violet tint, with fluffy elbow, and fluffy ruffles at the southern exposure.

at Wallace's theater for "Cameo Kirby." Not announcing it to mother, my grandmother determined to take Margaret, all dressed up in a big blue serge, all fluffy ruffles, down there. But when she came out of the house I was playing in the street. I was "filthy dirty!" Yet I insisted and so there was nothing to do but take me along.

There were millions, simply millions of kids in a great room—with toes out, sashes, bows and things, their mamas poking them to sit up straight.

Arnold Daly Comes In. "Grandmother found a chair in a corner, took Margaret on her lap and told me to crouch down in the corner and not show myself. I was a 'disgrace,' a pig."

"My dress was filthy, and I still had my ball. All the kids had snipped at me when I came in."

"There was a beautiful little girl there who looked like a French doll. I thought she was a French doll. I begged grandmother to let me go to kiss her."

"Her mother looked at me and said: 'Oh, these little waifs—how do they let them in? And it wants to touch my daughter!'"

"Arnold Daly, who was playing there in 'The Irishman'—big red nose—green eyes, I gazed at him fascinated. All the kids carted, their mamas telling them, 'Now look at the gentleman, dearie—be nice.'"

"O-oh, grandmother, look at his funny nose!" I screamed, sitting on my haunches hidden behind that chair in the corner.

"Come here, little one—I'd like to talk to you," said Mr. Daly.

"Grandmother, mortified, almost wept."

Daly Makes Discovery. "Proudly I stepped forth, and looked him up and down, from his funny feet to his funny head."

"Come this way, little girl," he said.

"May I play with these?" I asked, looking at his make-up table from a high chair in his dressing room. I didn't know what grease paint was, but I was fond of color and smeared paint over my hands and face.

"What do you like to play?" he asked me.

"Hide and Go Seek, Pussay in a Corner, Ring Around the Rosey."

"What have you done, played on the stage?" he asked, annoyed.

"The child seems intelligent, but she can't tell me what she's played," he told grandmother. "She answers 'Pussay in a Corner.'"

"My child on the stage?" gasped grandmother. "Oh, no—Margaret is talented—not Juliet."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Daly. "She's engaged!"

"It was a pure freak. The family did not intend it. Mother didn't know it until a week before I played. She was horrified."

"Salary? Fifty dollars a week, and in two months it was \$55. I still have the first \$50 bill I earned."

"I never realized I was acting—it never occurred to me to play a part."

It Was "Steady Job." "From then on I was on the stage, winter and summer—except for a lay-off of one or two months at the outside."

"I have never sought a contract. 'Except for playing with Robert Hilliard in 'A Fool There Was' until my own engagement started, I originated all the parts played during my ten years on the stage."

"Between the ages of 5 and 14 I played with every star of importance on the American stage, except John Drew, including Mrs. Fiske, Leo Ditrichstein, Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, Bertha Balch and Ellen Terry, who came over one season."

"My next engagement was at \$85 a week with Madame Kitchin in 'What It Means to a Woman.'"

"In 1910-11, with Dustin and William Farnum, I played the title part in 'The Littlest Rebel' first in New York, then on the stage. We opened in Chicago—when I was 8, but was supposed to be 16 according to the law. I received \$100 a week."

First Film Accident. She played "The Littlest Rebel" for four years.

After last stage appearance was in a child part in 1914-15, in an all-star production, at the Forty-eighth-street theater, New York, of "The Woman of Today," with Rita Jolivet, Frank Mills, Alice John and Joseph Kilgore—"another triumphant failure."

Her first picture appearance, with Mary playing her last child part in pictures came about accidentally, despite her mother's denials. It was Gustave Frohman wanted a child to play the fairy in "The Fairy and the Wolf," the first production of the Frohman Amusement company—with Director George Irvine, all the ex-legitimate actors, producers, and even managers, all the way down to Daniel Frohman, friend and advisor of Mary, brought Gustave and his wife to tea at her house.

"I wanted to get into a studio and see it," says Mary. "I thought the actors first picture appeared to act! When Gustave Frohman took me to a studio, I was fascinated."

"I've got to play the picture—want to—love it, I cried."

"I was the child actress of the day—got the largest salary, played the biggest parts, had things my own way. Percy Helton, the boy actor of

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Welcome T. P. A.

the time, who played original parts with David Warfield and other Belasco stars, was the "waitress" who "How did it go? It's still going. Percy saw it in France, where he was decorated by General Pershing. It was a fine story, was produced beautifully and the director had a spark of genius. I was the only bad thing—don't see why I didn't ruin it."

"I haven't made any big pictures—I don't consider that I've made any pictures," declares Mary, earnestly. "All my long stage engagements were in heavy dramatic plays with renowned, artistic stars. They have given something, produced something. I don't consider that my playing in a few pictures makes me a star."

So, public, since you should "hitch your wagon to the star," why not to this wonderful, earnest, open-hearted actress who regards it as her sacred trust to give the public my very best?

Canny Scotch See Advantages of Leap Year.

Old Scotch Law Enacted in 1288 Gave "Maiden Ladies Right to Woo."

I took the canny Scotch to see the advantages of having a year come along every so often in which the girls could officially pop the question without being regarded as either reckless or indiscreet. It was money, a long year ago, 1288 to be exact, that the Scotch put the Lady's Proposal into their constitution or by-laws.

It appears the Scotch were particularly about this, for the matrimonial magistrates were authorized to clap a fine of ten pounds or five years in the old days on any bird who ran out and refused the faire dame who asked him for his heart and hand. The old Scotch law on the subject says:

"It is a statute and ordain that during the reign of his most illustrious magister, for ilk years known as lepe years, 'ik maiden lady' of ilk high and low estate shall have liberty to bespeak ye man she likes, albeit she refuses to talk to him in his lawful wife, he shall be mulcted in 30 same pounds or less, as his estate may be, except an awais gif he can make it appear that he is takethroth and ither woman he then shall be free."

This demonstrates apparently that the Scotch must have been rather fair and square with their early statutes, and also that they must have been bad spellers from modern viewpoint. Still, they were first over the bars with it, and not long after that John W. Walker was elected the first mayor of Dumfriesboro on a wet ticket.

Of the origin of the custom for women to woo instead of being wooed there is no satisfactory explanation, says an authority, so the Scotch cannot claim it.

Following the lead of the Scotch in this important matter, the French passed a similar law and in the 15th century the custom was legalized in Genoa and Florence. Leap year has been running in popularity ever since with ye faire dames.

Also it is set forth that the term "leap year" is more or less a nickname (more properly known as bissextile) and has nothing to do with the matrimonial jump the girls have been asked Harry or Hector to become their wedded husbands.

Liquor Tax Noted. OTTAWA, Ont.—The 7½ per cent customs war tax levied by the Dominion on imported commodities yielded \$40,580,316 during the 12 months ended March 31, 1920. Liquor duties collected during this period amounted to \$8,451,239 and tobacco duties to \$2,150,249. It is also estimated that during the year \$6,838,000 was raised from the tax on liquor from the war tax of 1 cent each on letters and post cards.

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