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Music by Loew's Star Symphony Orchestra.

Loew's STAR Theatre

"THE SCARECROW"

A Buster Keaton Comedy and many other pictures.



MOVIE STARS

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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There was a brilliant smile playing about Myra's lips as she turned away from the telephone. It was a smile famous throughout many lands, for Myra was one of those stars that twinkled the length and breadth of Almland.

At the other end of the wire, young Lord Gerald Rollins turned away with a heavy sigh. He had spoken the words that would permit an entire movie company to encamp in his wonderful ancestral home during the entire summer months. But Lord Gerald had been badly done during the war and money was scarce in his tweed pockets.

England had never looked more beautiful nor the gardens of Hill Hall more enchanting when the large company, bag and baggage, drew up under the vast gates and brought huge touring cars to a stop.

Lord Gerald was out on the porch to watch the arrival. It was all so new to him that he felt himself taking a huge interest in the proceedings.

Then, out of a great black touring car stepped Myra. Lord Gerald caught a swift breath. The little American movie star was exquisite to a degree quite disconcerting. She came up to him with frankly curious eyes. "You are Lord Rollins, aren't you?" she questioned, while her wide, intelligent eyes appraised and passed splendid judgment on him. "We are so glad to get here and are all weary—every one of us," including her entire company in a glance; "but your estate is wonderful—quite beyond my meager power of expression."

"You will appreciate a cup of tea?" Lord Gerald suggested, and led the way into the great hall, with its fine collection of rare old paintings; "then Perkins will show you your rooms."

"Lord Rollins," she said, with characteristic frankness, "if I could find a leading man like you for my hero I would pay him a thousand dollars a week. You are the living image of the lover in my story—at least the very type I want."

He surely recognized his own voice nor his own sudden leap into a world hitherto unknown.

"Topping salary! I say, Miss Dawson, would I be an awful dub at acting?"

"Lord Rollins!" cried Myra swiftly, "if you would consent to act with me in a series of five pictures, and perhaps more, I will make the salary three thousand a week. I shall want to advertise," she added. "Your name will be worth as much as any man's," she finished with her first touch of shyness.

"The die is cast," laughed Lord Rollins boyishly, and put out a too white hand—the war had left him a bit delicate.

The tea cart arrived, well laden with thin bread and butter, Devonshire cream and strawberries. The situation straightway became normal, for every one drifted in from various doorways, famished for tea.

Lord Rollins never forgot that first tea party when, under his ancestral roof, the entire Myra Dawson film company partook of his hospitality.

Myra was constantly on the alert for scenes, and the conversation jumped at random from English springtime to American skyscrapers, but ever and anon Lord Rollins found that his eyes were meeting the pair of brilliant ones belonging to Myra.

"Topping summer this will be," he found himself thinking, and for the first time since a bursting shell had flung him face downward on the battlefield Lord Rollins felt the warm blood dancing through his body with the sheer joy of being alive.

He proved neither a wonderful nor yet a too bad movie actor. His movements when under the scrutiny of Myra were a bit stilted, but she was most encouraging and splendidly helpful. Working with her was a pleasure far beyond any Lord Rollins had experienced. The novelty, the excitement and the occasional delightful love scenes through which he acted with Myra all helped to lead him back to the oldtime health and strength.

It was during the third reel of their second play, when, as per direction, he was pressing a smothering kiss on the fair heroine's left cheek, that Lord Rollins spoke not real but real love words.

"I love you, Myra," he said, while the camera man kept winding; "I have never loved anyone before—you will marry me—dear?"

"I love you, too," Myra told him softly, and her cheek turned more closely to the hero's, "but I cannot be the wife of an English lord. I am of very common birth, dear. My people worked for a living."

The entire company seemed suddenly to have drifted in and taken up front-row positions, as if scenting romance spelled with a large R.

"Dear heart," the young lord continued, unconscious of the interest of the audience, "you are talking utter nonsense—I love you—love you."

The crowd of players waited breathlessly.

Myra turned then and looked tenderly into Lord Rollins' pleading eyes. "We will continue our partnership, then, dear," she made answer.

The camera men stopped in the nick of time. The final love kiss was not nearly due in the reel, but apparently this one was.

It was perhaps the most notable wedding in Almland, and assuredly one of the happiest.

WON NAME

Humorous Description of "Wise Man of Gotham" in Gotham.

The phrase, "Wise Man of Gotham," came into being in a most peculiar manner. Gotham was a small town in Nottingham, far from the usual haunts of old England's highways. John, at the head of a goodly company, decided one day to go on a journey that would pass through the town. In those days the passage of a royal retinue through a village meant numerous hardships for the citizens. The king's guards demanded food for man and beast, and generally forgot to pay for it. In addition, horsebores, carpenters and other tradesmen were called upon to do various work without any return. The citizens therefore devised a scheme to turn their king from his path.

When his majesty came within a mile or so of the hamlet he met various citizens engaged in the most various and foolish pursuits. One was attempting to drown an eel, another attempting to drag the reflection of an early evening moon from a pond with the aid of a rope, another was building a fence around a cuckoo that had lit on a bush, and a fourth was attempting to sharpen a sword on a bit of cheese.

The king decided at once that the village was a gathering place of madmen, and ordered the route changed, and his troops and gentlemen passed around the supposed haunt of lunatics. From this came the local proverb: "More fools pass through Gotham than remain in it."

FOOD AT 18 CENTS A DAY

Laborer's Allowance Was Indeed a Mere Pittance During the Seventeenth Century.

In the early part of the seventeenth century the maximum wages a carpenter, stone mason or plasterer was allowed to demand was 600 a year. Blacksmiths and shoemakers were permitted to earn up to 550 a year. Tailors were limited to 450 a year. If they worked by the day and supplied their own meat and drink, stone masons and carpenters were allowed to demand as much as 54 cents a day; if the master supplied the meat and drink, the maximum daily wage was only 30 cents.

Women servants were graded in three classes, the maximum wages being \$20, \$15 and \$10 a year, respectively, for the first, second and third classes. These yearly rates, of course, were in addition to food and drink. A woman worker in the fields was permitted to demand up to 24 cents a day and food and drink, or 12 cents a day if she provided her own nourishment.

From these figures it would seem as if 18 cents for men and 12 cents for women was deemed sufficient to cover the daily cost of food and drink. Even after allowing for the difference in money's purchasing power then and now, it is obvious that the laborer of that epoch was willing to live on much less than is his descendant of today. Lee Merriweather in the Missouri Historical Review.

In Addressing the Stranger.

Every locality in America has more or less definitely defined nicknames for the residents call strangers when addressing them. In Philadelphia, for instance, strangers are addressed as "Mack." A Philadelphian wishing to ask the time from some one he didn't know would say: "What time is it, Mack?"

Out in Seattle the common name for a stranger is "Bo." This is probably due to the influence of the W. Lumber Jacks, mine workers and "blanket stiffs" all go by the familiar name of "Bo." The extensive use of this term has gradually been adopted by the more polite strata of society, that section, and is now considered good form.

In Denver they have the broad western "Bill." In Chicago it is "Jack." In the army "Buddy." Louisville it is "Colonel," of course. In Boston it is "Neighbor," while in New York one Broadwayite instead is "Ikey."

Pianos Require Fine Wood

There is no other industry for which a greater variety of fine timber is required, and none in which the wood must be seasoned more carefully than piano building. The varieties used are Canadian spruce, American oak, whitewood, Honduras mahogany, the best English beech. Soundings are made of Swiss pine, the "Alps excelsa," which is nothing but a millar Christmas tree. All this timber has to be seasoned in a special heating chamber, where it is subjected for days together to a powerful blast of dry air.

It was not until more than half the Eighteenth century had passed that the piano became popular.

In His "Ain't Comin'."

As a boy Sir James Barrie was despair of his teachers. In school he was marked down by them, and he led to an English school, Dumfries, where this was remembered and when, after achieving fame in tune, he returned for a visit to his native village of Kirriemuir. "Tyrum" of his books.

"Fair James" of his books. He was aye that that lady...

COMING

Week Commencing Monday, November 1, 1920 Matinees Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday DON'T FAIL TO SEE

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Free One Dollar Ladies' Coupon Ticket

THIS COUPON, with war tax and 10 cents, upon presentation at the Arcade Theatre Box Office, entitles any lady, or child accompanied by guardian, to a reserved seat for any Monday night or Wednesday matinee performance.

To Our Patrons

In taking over the management of the old Corinthian Theatre, it will be our constant effort to present to the theatre-going public of Rochester such attractions as are worthy of its approval and support. Realizing that the reputation of the theatre has suffered because of its former policy, we beg the kindly consideration of the public in our endeavor to make the house a refined amusement temple, free from anything of an offensive character, where all members of the family can enjoy wholesome and unsullied entertainment at popular prices. We wish it understood that the Arcade under its new policy, is not a burlesque theatre, but a family house, entertaining especially to ladies and children. We ask the confidence of the play-going public to the end that we may attain our aim, which is to make

The Arcade Theatre

Rochester's Foremost Family Theatre Rear of Reynolds Arcade

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With the opening of the fall season dancing is now in vogue. Music by Damon's celebrated orchestra during dinner and for dancing.

The Grill and Coffee Room with its enlarged space now open to accommodate new patrons who are seeking the choicest dishes at moderate prices.

Business Men's Luncheon 12 to 2 O'clock.

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His Wife's Request.

Three men about town had had a very good day at the races. Each vowed that he would go home and cheerfully obey the first request that his wife made to him. A bottle of wine depended upon the result.

The following night they compared notes.

"My wife told me, as I slipped on the cat's saucer, to break all the china dishes in the house, so I did," said No. 1.

"I happened accidentally to sit on the piano," said No. 2, "and my wife suggested that I should utterly ruin it, so that instrument will be heard no more."

Then No. 3 spoke. "I went for the top step that was not there and fell full length," he explained, "and my wife remarked that she would be pleased to see me break my neck."

"And—" queried his companions, breathlessly.

"Oh, I am paying."

Why is a Hoosier?

The Indianapolis News, replying to a correspondent, gives the following explanation of Indiana's nickname, the Hoosier State:

In the early days of the state the people were called Hoosiers. There is a wide difference of opinion as to why they were called Hoosiers. Meredith Nicholson, in his book, "The Hoosiers," says in the course of an extended discussion of the origin of the word: "Both Governor Wright and O. H. Smith were of the opinion that 'Hoosier' was a corruption of 'Who's here' (yere or here). It is also thought to be a corruption of 'hussar,' and other explanations are advanced."

An Eye Out for the Drinks.

If any reader thinks this little story is far-fetched he is right—we got it direct from distant Shanghai. A benevolent lady was giving a dinner party to a number of soldiers who had been half-blinded and otherwise wounded in the war, and during the repast the hostess was astonished to receive a glass eye rolling on a plate.

"It's from my pal, Bill," explained one of the guests politely. "He sent it up to see if there are any drinks at your end of the table, 'cos there ain't any at his."—Boston Transcript.

Concentration.

"I see where a woman had her husband haled to court for kissing her 300 times a day."

"Some women are hard to please." "Sure."

"It's evident this chap wasn't scattering his affections around the neighborhood."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Knew Her Letters.

Mistress—Why, Sarah, I'm surprised that you don't know how to read.

Sarah—Well, ma'am, Ah knows mah letters fus-rate so long's they stand in a row, but when they gets all mixed up into words, then, Ah'm beat.

Some Fan.

"A man on first and third," said he.

"Here's where we work the squeeze." "Oh, Charlie, dear, not right out here. It is so public—please."—Cornell Widow.

The Cause.

"In the camp the other day I came across a young soldier who was weeping so hard that I felt sorry for him."

"Was he reading a letter from home?" "No; he was peeling onions."

His Lack of Judgment.

"Bud, Buckover hain't got no sense worth mentioning," said a citizen of Sandy Mush. "Tuther evening he got into a fuss with his wife, and b'ez such'n or nuther didn't suit him, he began to yell and slash around with his revolver. Then he hooled out of the door and fired his gun in the air. Prob'ly he figured his wife would think he'd shot himself, and be sorry. But, about that time, Hamp Snickers came in at the gate, and nacherly s'posin' Bud was shooting at him, he pulled his gun and let drive, and shot Bud through the shoulder. If Bud had had any sense he'd a-recollected that a family row is like the feller said of charity—it begins at home, and ort to stay there."—Kansas City Star.

China to Have Air Mail.

China is responding to the call of the air and an aerial mail service will be established between Shanghai and Peking within the next few months if the plans of General Kihon, director of the department of aeronautics, are carried out. An extension of the mail service will be from Peking to Urga.

The plan is really comprehensive. Forty Vickers machines have already arrived. Sixty more have been contracted for. Chinese aspirants to flying fame will be trained both at home and abroad and foreign technical experts will be engaged until the Chinese feel competent to take over the service.

German Process Faulty.

Indigo dye was always made from the juice of the indigo plant until the Germans invented a way of making it synthetically. English manufacturers of serge have recently been testing the natural and the artificial dyes, with the result that the natural gives a depth of color from 5 to 20 per cent superior to the artificial. H. E. Armstrong, an authority on dyes, says the German process does not make indigo, but only one of the constituents of indigo, called indigotin.

Logical Reasoning.

Little Eva—Mother, what is a book-worm?

Mother—One who collects books and puts them everywhere and all over.

Among the guests next evening was Miss Sparks wearing many rings. Little Eva, very observant, suddenly cries out: "Look at Miss Sparks, mother; she must be a ringworm!"

Passing It Along.

"What is meant by an embarrassment of riches?" inquired the man who always wants to know something.

"I couldn't say, offhand," replied the delegate. "Ask some delegate whose campaign fund has been oversubscribed."

Pleasant Reminiscence.

"I suppose that as an unstructured delegate you were the object of some flattering attention."

"I was," replied the delegate. "I want to say it was one of those cases where ignorance is bliss."

Free to Kick.

Mrs. A.—Don't you ever visit in summer?

Mrs. B.—Never. My husband always wants to go where he can pay board and act disagreeable when he feels like it.—Boston Transcript.

The Idea.

"Many of the new theories of bringing up children show that the old ways were really pernicious."

"Yes, I understand that they are claiming the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that wrecks the world."