

# Trenton Will Step From Pages of History in Film Classic of the Revolution

## Historically Accurate Replica of City in Colonial Days Erected for Picturization of 'Janice Meredith'

By Harry J. Podmore

With the filming of "Janice Meredith," Paul Leicester Ford's romance of the American Revolution, soon to be released by the Cosmopolitan Productions with Marion Davies as the star, Trenton will take a leading place on the screen with such productions as "Little Old New York" and other notable photoplay creations.

Trenton of the Revolution will live again. The hipped-roofed dwellings, the quaint taverns, little shops and old-town landmarks have been resurrected. The slave market will be seen in full swing. The town "Tory," the hated Hessian, the British Dragoon, the staunch patriot and the typical characters of the Colonial period will add a touch of realism to the setting. General Washington, Colonel Rahl and other notable leaders of the time will step from the pages of history to play their parts as in the days of yore. The determined Continental and the mercenary Hessian will clash at arms in old King and Queen Street, telling in picture the story of a famous battle that came as a timely Christmas gift to a struggling nation.

The Cosmopolitan Productions have not only produced a picture of strong dramatic appeal, but also one with historic value. The producers were long engaged in intensive historical research. A special staff carefully studied the records of the Colonial period in Trenton's life and as a result the scenes of old Trenton and vicinity will appear upon the screen with extraordinary accuracy. This vast amount of material was placed at the disposal of the director, E. Mason Hopper, who is assisted

Joseph Urban, famous scenic artist and decorator.

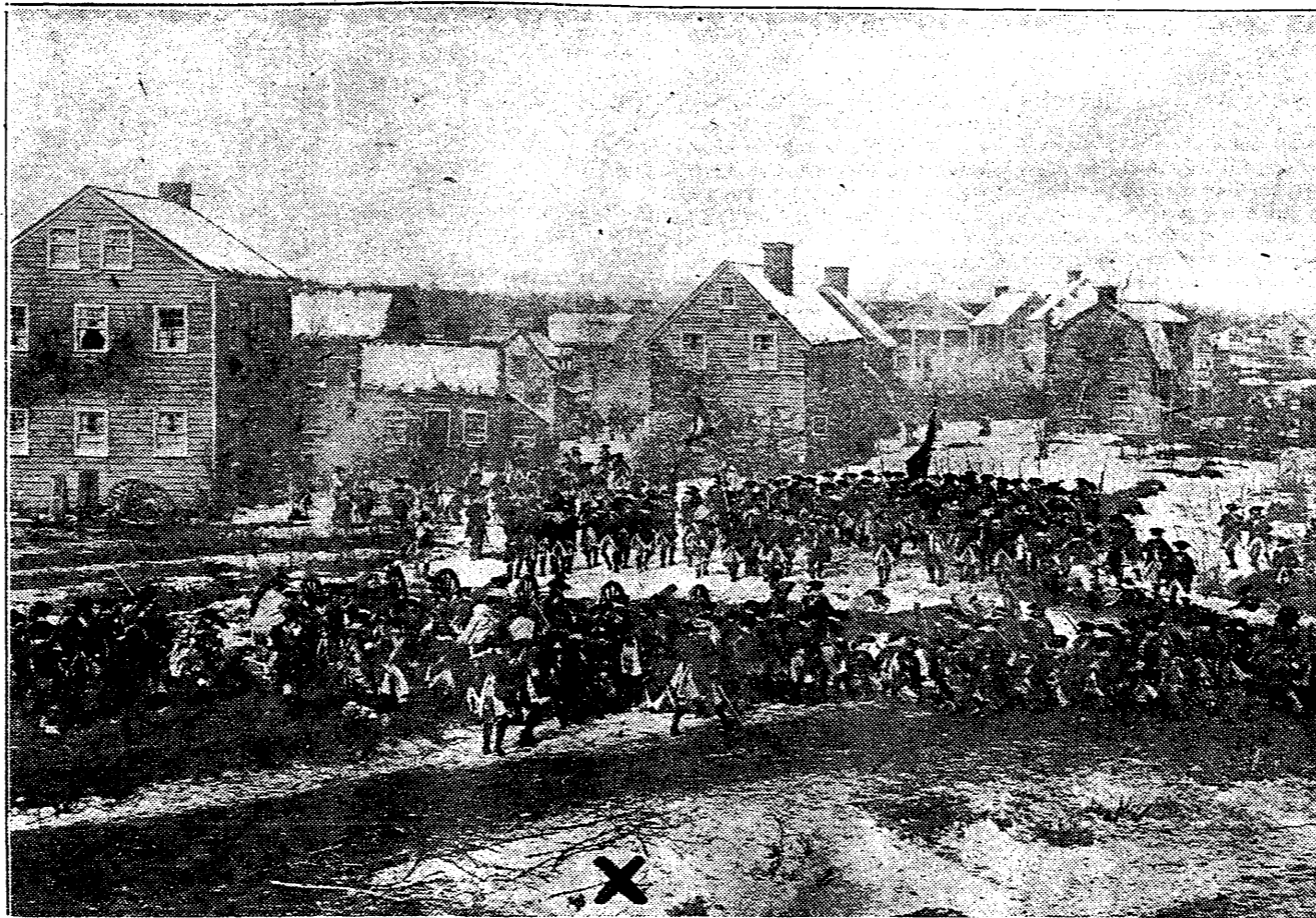
One of the most interesting and realistic scenes depicting old Trenton will be the battle at the "Five Points" where the Battle Monument now stands. This particular scene is worthy of special mention for the reason that it gives a vivid general view of the engagement looking down the two leading streets of the village from the high ground at the "head of town."

It is the morning following Christmas, December 25, 1776. The little up-town community appears to be deserted—hardly awakened from the slumber of a night of Yule-tide festivities. General Green's division, with General Washington at the head, enters by the way of Pennington road. Quickly the batteries of Captain Alexander Hamilton and Captain Thomas Forrest are placed in position at the points and are soon sweeping King and Queen Streets with cannon fire. Lord Stirling's brigade makes its famous charge down King Street driving the Hessians before and capturing the only two field pieces they managed to get into action. And so the battle continues up to the surrender of Col. Rahl and a triumphant victory.

The film battle scene is complete. The setting, which in a sense serves as a background to the greater part of the engagement, required the erection of a whole village on a large tract of land at Plattsburgh, N. Y., similar in topography to Trenton. In fact, a replica of Trenton in 1776 was constructed at great cost, special attention being given to the style of architecture of that period.

Concerning the battle itself, it is of further interest to note that more than three thousand people took part, including the Twenty-Sixth Infantry, stationed at Plattsburgh, a detachment of cavalry and three detachments of artillery from Fort Ethan Allen.

## Scene from "Janice Meredith" Screen Version of Battle of Trenton



Courtesy of Cosmopolitan Productions

Continental soldiers are depicted just as they are advancing to open the battle. The X indicates the present site of the Battle Monument. The street to the right of the house in the approximate centre of the picture is King Street, now Warren. The street to the left of this house is Queen Street, now Broad.

## Englishwoman Claims No Girl Is Fit To Be Wife Until She's Been Widow

Which May Explain Why Two-thirds of War-Bereaved So Easily Secured Mates, While Thousands of Single Girls Are Left in the Lurch.

LONDON, May 24.—According to an official statement, 20,000 widows, who lost their husbands in the war, have remarried. They constitute about two-thirds of the total number of British war widows.

The surprise contained in that piece of news, has led to much comment, and many prominent women have taken to studying the "widows' plight."

Lady Kitty Vincent, among others, expresses her views as follows:

"Why do men marry widows? Because man, as a whole, is incredibly and incurably lazy. The laziness of the housewife who provides tinned salmon instead of cooking good wholesome meat is as nothing to the inertia of the man who would rather take a 'ready-prepared' wife than one that he has to train himself.

"The average man is afraid of a girl. I am talking of the men of middle-age and of the men of those who are no longer boys. He has no time to explore the recesses of her unformed mind, and at the back of his own lurid, vague fear that he may be 'taught.'

"Naturally, he wishes to have the opportunity of learning to know the woman he proposes to marry, and even in these days it is impossible to do about as freely with a girl as with a woman who is her own mistress.

"Supposing that he has the opportunity of so doing, he is still very little in the course of many million years, and if a girl is inclined to be gay and a trifle careless of her reputation—well, it is all wrong. A girl is a girl, and she should behave as such.

"Besides, men are proverbially sheep-like. If one of his own sex has set the seal of his approval on a woman, presumably she is all right, and he will be incurring no great risk in following in the same path. A widow knows how to display her charms and attractions without running the risk of being thought to 'hunt' a man.

"Quite often they are staking their prey as carefully as any girl. But there is no mother lurking in the background, and it is the mothers who frighten the men. Women are like wolves when they run singly, but they are not much to be feared, but

when they are on the trail they hunt in packs, and then the hunted knows he is doomed.

"A widow knows that all other women's hands are against her, and that makes her reckless. She is more or less an outlaw, and so she is a law unto herself, but a girl has to rely upon the protection of her tribe. She dare not transgress the tribal taboos.

"As a perfect companion and comrade a widow is hard to beat. She has for a man all the allure and mystery to woman, and yet she possesses the careless camaraderie of one of his own sex. He feels towards her none of the obligations and restraints which hedge round his intercourse with a girl; in fact, as the popular phrase puts it, 'she can look after herself.' And so, as I said before, she offers for male laziness. She is the finished product.

"Very often, in fact, nearly always, a widow is really more attractive than a girl. Probably she has experienced sorrow, and that has taught her sympathy; and she will also have learnt to be unselfish. The young are so apt to be hard and egotistical, and to think that married life is all 'take' and no 'give.' A man wants a companion, not a mere business partner.

"On the whole it is not surprising that widows re-marry while thousands of surplus girls remain unasked and unwanted. It may be paradoxical, but no woman is fit to be a really good wife till she has been a widow."

## WILL STAGE CANTATA AS BENEFIT FOR BLIND

LONDON, May 24.—Coleridge-Taylor's famous cantata, "Hiawatha" is being prepared for presentation here shortly in opera form, conducted by the composer's son, Sir Hubert Coleridge-Taylor. The performance will include Coleridge-Taylor ballet music, hitherto never published or performed. A ballet of more than 100 dancers is being organized, including girls well known in society. The production will be staged at the Albert Hall for the benefit of the National Institute of the Blind.

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**MAY RUN LOTTERY TO ASSIST FRANCE**

(Special to Sunday Times-Advertiser)

PARIS, May 24.—France is again seriously thinking about a national lottery as a means of reviving her finances. There is the usual talk about it's being "immoral"—though it's hard to see why a straight-out-and-out lottery is worse than betting on the races, which the state fosters and even collects a rake-off from.

The writer has seen the national lottery at work in Spain and finds it admirable. At every hour of the day, whether you are eating your lunch,

buying a cigar, having your shoes shined or drinking coffee at a sidewalk cafe, little tagged boys come trotting up, pestering you with lottery tickets. You invest a couple of pennies and give the boy a few cents tip—which is all he gets out of the transaction, as he has to pay face-value for the tickets.

The next morning you consult the list of drawings and discover that if your number had been some other number, you would now be independent for life.

And if you are a Spaniard, you go on buying tickets all your life, and come very near winning a great many times. And the scheme is very inexpensive to the State, and keeps the citizens interested in the government, and everybody appears to be delighted with it.

## Many Titles of Nobility Are Founded On Nothing But Coincidence in Names But U. S. Heiresses Pay Well for Them

(Special to Sunday Times-Advertiser)

ROME, May 24.—There's bad news for American heiresses in Mussolini's order abolishing 200,000 titles of Italian nobility. We don't hear so much about American heiresses marrying foreign counts as we used to, but that's simply because it's an old story and no longer excites comment. The statistics are there to prove that the annual crop of American countesses, duchesses, princesses and marquesses is bigger than ever.

It's a wide-open secret, of course, that a large percentage of European titles rest on no authority whatever. The "fake count" of the old-fashioned musical comedy was no librettist's invention. Not many years ago a book was printed in France listing thousands of French titles that were pure frauds, and the author promised that there were other volumes to follow. It was just a sample. Before the book got into circulation, however, some of the rich "nobility" had a lone serious talk with the author, and he learned that it would pay him better to suppress it than to publish it.

Of course, there is a law against adopting a title for yourself, but if your name is Dupont and you come from Pontoise there's nothing to prevent your calling yourself Dupont de Pontoise, and in the course of time it would be spelled du Pont de Pontoise in the same way, if your name's Philip Duke and you live in Albany, you can very easily be (by a slight shift of the comma) Philip, Duke of Albany. Or you might be Prince of Brattleboro, or King of New York. Anyhow, that's how a lot of European titles originated.

## RELIGION INTERFERED WITH HIS FUN IN N. Y.

LONDON, May 24.—Addressing American newspaper correspondents at an Empire Exhibition luncheon at the Savoy Hotel, J. H. Thomas, Colonial Minister, gave his opinion of New York thus:

"Back in 1917, when I was on an official war mission to the United States, I had an opportunity of looking over New York with a very religious Scotch friend who was traveling with me. We fetched upon Fifth Avenue at 3 a. m., and our American escort asked my companion: 'Well, and how does New York strike you?'

"I only wish I'd known it before I got religion," my friend replied.

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## HOT WATER GEYSERS STRUCK BY DRILLERS

KLAMATH FALLS, May 24.—The fact that oil operators frequently get into hot water can be substantiated by a number of prominent witnesses.

For workers innocently engaged in enlarging an ordinary well of plain water to bring in a 90-foot geyser of water heated to 218 degrees, however, is something new to the drilling fraternity.

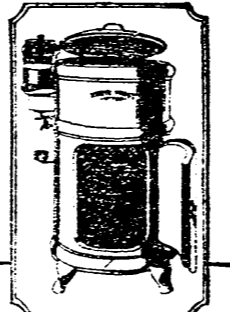
This happened recently near the town of Lakeview, Ore., northeast of here, where the Favell-Liley Realty Company had a crew of men seeking to increase the flow of hot springs at a new sanitarium site.

The widening operations at the springs progressed satisfactorily until the drillers had reached a considerable depth, when an ominous rumbling underground caused a hasty abandonment of tools and equipment. A high pressure stream of hot water shot into the air for 50 feet, and has been flowing since.

An attempt to widen another well on the same 20-acre tract produced even more remarkable results. The operation created "Young Faithful," an orthodox geyser that performs on exact schedule, shooting a 55-foot steam every six minutes.

The hand-made geysers of Lakeview are attracting many tourists with the opening of the vacation season, as they are on a main north-south highway.

The Realty company in charge of the property is now planning to utilize the tremendous pressure as a source of cheap power.



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## It Was Only a Dream But It Showed Him the Right Way to Get a Good Job

"Well, I guess I'll put an ad in the Times tomorrow for a job," said the youth drowsily, stretching himself in front of the fireplace. And in so doing, he dropped the classified section he had been reading to the floor.

It was close to midnight and the lounging room of the club house was deserted.

"You can't make a mistake on that," said a voice.

The youth stared. He had thought he was alone. The voice came from the direction of the big grandfather clock in the corner of the room. Sure enough, it was the clock talking.

"But for a Want Ad you wouldn't be here," went on the clock. "Ever hear the story of how you and all these other boys who hang around here came to have this club house? It's more interesting than half the stories you come in here to read in those magazines on the table. Truth, you know, is—"

"Well, nine years ago this ground the club house stands on was a farm. It was owned by Hiram Westcott, who came over from England. He brought me with him. Across the street where that row of stores stands was our cow pasture. The bank building on the corner is right over the old pond. Away back in the next block that new apartment hotel is going up on the best turnip field in this part of the country.

"When Hiram Westcott, the son, got the farm, it had dwindled down. The town was spreading out and he could sell pieces for so much to make it profitable to work as a farm. Finally the house remained. Twenty years ago he could have sold that for a good price, but he wouldn't, and as the years went by he still held on to it.

"Stores, hotel, apartment buildings went up all around it. His little old rambling story-and-a-half farm house, inspired him to keep the house, was the cause of his finally selling it.

"His eldest daughter's husband died, leaving her and her three small children dependent upon old Westcott. As she needed masculine protection, and the children some sort of a father, she came to live with him. But the downtown betterment, something far removed from cold commercialism.

"He had no definite ideas as to what he wanted, but he did know that a Classified Want Ad in the Times would bring him a big and varied audience, and he hoped that out of it he could sift the persons to whom he wanted the house to go.

"It might have been chance, but it seems more like predestination that his ad was seen by the leader of a group of young men of similar religious faith, who were looking for a site for a club house. When this young man came to him and the old man heard his ideals, he realized that his wish to keep inviolate the spirit of the old home, to preserve it as a home, was going to be fulfilled. As a club house, many generations of young men would seek it as a shelter when they came as strangers to the city, and would know it as their first home. There was no better purpose to which he could dedicate this house of sacred memories.

"Well, that is why you and all these other boys are here; and why the youngster who comes to the city knows that if he has a 'buddy' in this club, he won't have to sleep in the park all night, though he may have to sleep three in a bed; and why Hiram Westcott and his grandchildren are in California; and why—I suppose—I am still here. Excuse me a moment—"

Then he struck the young man by the fire started.

"Why, it's midnight," looking at the clock. "I must have fallen asleep and dreamed that story I heard today about how this club house started. A Want Ad did it—h-m. Well, if it was a real estate Want Ad that brought me here, I guess a 'Help Wanted' one can find me a job. I'm sure going to give it a chance tomorrow."

"But for a Want Ad you wouldn't be here."

"And now I will tell you the real reason why he refused to make money at the cost of his old homestead. It was pure sentiment. This was his house of memories. He had been born in it; his children had been born in it, had grown up in it and some of them had married from it. No matter how the external world about him changed, the four walls of this house, the familiar rooms and furniture, would never change, and he wanted no other home.

"He expected to die here—but he didn't. And curiously enough, that same love of his children that had



"But for a Want Ad you wouldn't be here."

streets, the lack of a yard for the children, made this an unsuitable home for them.

"So, after 50 years, he decided to sell the old home. But sentiment was not through with its role in his life. He was determined that if he must sell, he would pick the buyer. If he could not pass on or preserve those memories of the past, he could perhaps preserve the spirit of them. In other words, he determined that some part of the old house and the land itself must go into the building of something worthwhile, something that contributed to human