

Will Retire in Sixteen Months, Says Little Mary

By MAR TINEE. I sat waiting in the lobby of the hotel, destined to be honored by the presence of Miss Mary Pickford yesterday during her brief sojourn in town on her way to the coast. I became conscious of a timid conversation going on immediately by my left ear.

Well, she's not going to see her first, since we have been here since 9, and only just came. If you see her get up you get up and ahead of her. Uh huh.

When there came just the way-out of the room. We looked up, who should we see vanishing into the elevator but Little Mary, Little Mary's mother, Little Mary's sister, and Little Mary's niece, accompanied by a manager or two, and a nice comfortable air about them. Nobody would have dreamed that here was the Queen of the Screen and her retinue. Just then manager accosted me.

If you'll come up to the room—... We all chattered for a few minutes. I was talking with Miss Pickford and I was talking with the other end of the table. She's like the quietest, shyest, sweetest girl you have known. She's like the quietest, shyest, sweetest girl you have known.

After having talked fully of the first time she told me how she had first entered the thought of pictures. When Jack and Lotie used to beg mama for a nickel to go to a moving picture show I would fight against it. Some day, mama, I would say, some children are going to be kidnaped. You should not allow them to go to such places.

Her first conversation with Mr. Griffith, when she applied for a position at old Biograph studio must have been with hearing. Fresh from an engagement by Mr. Helasco, he had, spurred by varying finances, decided to make work in pictures for the summer. With the idea of the supremacy the "legitimate," she appeared at studio. Mr. Griffith—whom she did not know, was the first person she met.

"Well," Miss Pickford said. "Well—must stop the story." Excusing herself she disappeared for a few moments. After I saw my little friends on the busy morning away carrying huge telegraphed photographs, and "all yelled up on themselves," as the saying goes.

Now we were preparing to go in to see Miss Pickford whispered: "Sixteen months more—then I shall retire." "What?" I exclaimed. She nodded. "I've worked hard for years. I'm going to retire. I don't say I won't ever do another picture, but I do say I will work just when I feel like it, even though that might be only once in two years."

Now what, I ask you, will we do without our Mary if she makes good her word? There was no chance for further talk but in other than just general conversation. There is no doubt but that Miss Pickford is deserving of every bit of honor that is hers. She is a real person, worthy because she is genuine.

Marion Harland's Helping Hand. BY MARION HARLAND. Would Know Bible Students. I AM a young man of 28 and have often wished the companionship of young or middle aged men students of the Bible preferred; those of course, who make it a daily study and who are fond of church lectures on the subjects of the other things of existence.

SO LONG, MARY! Everybody'll Hate to See You Go—But The Folks Do Change Their Minds, So Here's Hopin'.

Program presented under the auspices of THE THURSDAY, CIVIC MUSIC association, and the board of education at the Harrison Technical High school by the American Symphony orchestra, Glenn Dillard Gunn conducting. GUY H. WOODARD, violinist, and DELLA THAL, pianist, soloists.

New World Symphony, first movement.....Dvorak Concerto in G minor for violin and orchestra.....Bruch Andante and Finale. Mr. Woodard. Allegretto from Seventh Symphony.....Beethoven Concerto in D minor for piano and orchestra.....MacDowell Allegro-Scherzo. Miss Thal. March Slav.....Tchikowsky The Star Spangled Banner.....Key



Mary Pickford TRIBUNE PHOTO BUREAU

Tribune Cook Book.

All recipes have been scientifically tested by Miss Edickson with current market materials and are indexed by her.

BY JANE EDDINGTON. Sassafras bark, 5 or 6 cents a roll.

Sassafras bark for tea and the powdered young leaves of the sassafras for soups. The Indians used the sassafras widely as a tea. This was frequently employed at weddings on account of its agreeable odor, and the tree for its medicinal virtues. The sassafras tea was used medicinally in the time of the civil war and also as a substitute for China tea.

Wash sassafras bark quickly and chip half a cup of it. Over this pour three cups of boiling water; let it draw ten or fifteen minutes. Strain and serve hot or cold. Sassafras Fondant. Wash a cup of sassafras bark and pour over it one cup of boiling water. Let it stand over night and in the morning strain off the water. Add to it two cups of sugar and from two to four tablespoons of glucose. Stir over fire until dissolved, then cook to 235 degrees, or fudge stage. Pour out in a thin sheet and work till light and smooth when cold. Then use for cream patties or other bonbons of apricot shade. The candy when cooked may be turned into tiny molds of any shape and used without working as clear candy.

Simply because you like a perfumed bath is no reason why you should buy high priced perfumed soaps. Buy Ivory Soap at a few cents per cake and follow the suggestion below. Not only will you have the desired perfume but you will enjoy the purest, cleanest, most refreshing bath that soap can give.

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Dr. Lyon's For The Teeth Powder ~ Cream. A refreshing traveling companion. Dr. Lyon's For The Teeth Powder ~ Cream. Prepared by a Doctor of Dental Surgery. Send 2c stamp for generous sample of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream. I. W. Lyon & Sons, Inc., 563 W. 27th St., N. Y. City

American Ear Is Unspoiled by Our Vogue of Ragtime

Program presented under the auspices of THE THURSDAY, CIVIC MUSIC association, and the board of education at the Harrison Technical High school by the American Symphony orchestra, Glenn Dillard Gunn conducting. GUY H. WOODARD, violinist, and DELLA THAL, pianist, soloists.

BY RONALD WEBSTER. It is one of the pleasures of devout music lovers to assert that ragtime has spoiled the ear of America for everything except ragtime. The general run of man, the idea is, proves incapable of perceiving the beauties of any rhythmic pattern except the uncouth approximations of Irving Berlin and his school of barbarians.

The whole theory is a myth. The American ear has not been spoiled by Irving Berlin any more than by Berlin, Germany. The ragtime dime concert has been proof positive. Acoustic programs have not been, but it would be a rash aristocrat who would damn them as trashy.

The MacDowell number on the program yesterday offered opportunity to demonstrate the American agility of ear. It is not a thing obviously sweet through its melody nor an appeal to quick emotion through obvious rhythm. It is not simple in any way.

The thousand persons in the Harrison High school auditorium, however, made no difficulty about it. They understood it sufficiently at least to enjoy it. And they demonstrated their enjoyment with loud and long clapping which brought Miss Thal back to the platform for an encore.

The soloists of yesterday were entirely successful. Mr. Woodard is widely known as a violinist—especially as a concertmaster—in Chicago. Miss Thal is not widely known yet, but she has learned how to please audiences.

The final dime concert will be given by Mr. Gunn's orchestra next Sunday.

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La Salle MADISON, NEAR CLARK NOW 9 A. M. TO 11 P. M. CONTINUOUS ALL SEATS 25c. "Beware of Strangers" Expose of Mann-Act Black-Mailers! Plain Truth About Wire-Tapping, Clairvoyants, Vice and Graft! Faded Flower Is Jealousy a Crime? Castle State at Madison St. Starting Today for 3 Days. GEORGE BEBAN His Sweetheart. KIMBERLY 705 E. 63RD ST. "Civilization" THE MILLION DOLLAR ADULTS 15c. CHILDREN 10c.

DEATH NOTICES.

ADOLPHUS—Vivie Adolphus, Feb. 11, at his residence, 5051 Sheridan, 70, beloved husband of Estelle E. Adolphus. Burial at Holy Sepulchre, Chicago, Feb. 12, 11 a. m. Interment private.

DEATH NOTICES.

JOHNSON—Mrs. Lucy E. Johnson, Feb. 11, at her residence, 1212 W. 42nd St., 78, beloved wife of James E. Johnson. Burial at Holy Sepulchre, Chicago, Feb. 12, 11 a. m. Interment private.

DEATH NOTICES.

MAHONEY—John Mahoney, Feb. 10, 1917, beloved husband of Margaret Mahoney, nee Schaff, copartner of Mahoney, son of Dennis and the late Bridget, and brother of James Mahoney, Mrs. M. J. Mahoney, Annie J. and Thomas Mahoney. Burial at Holy Sepulchre, Chicago, Feb. 12, 11 a. m. Interment private.

DEATH NOTICES.

SCHEFF—Marie Scheff, Feb. 9, at Oklahoma City, beloved wife of the late William Scheff, mother of Mrs. Helen Gray, Thelma and Henry Scheff. Burial at Holy Sepulchre, Chicago, Feb. 12, 11 a. m. Interment private.

DEATH NOTICES.

WOODLAND—George Woodland, Feb. 10, 1917, at his residence, 4212 Lake Park, beloved husband of Mrs. De Witt Brown and Mrs. Elizabeth Brock. Burial at Holy Sepulchre, Chicago, Feb. 12, 11 a. m. Interment private.

MOTION PICTURE DIRECTORY

DOWNTOWN JONES, LINICK & SCHAEFER'S La Salle MADISON, NEAR CLARK NOW 9 A. M. TO 11 P. M. CONTINUOUS ALL SEATS 25c. "Beware of Strangers" Expose of Mann-Act Black-Mailers! Plain Truth About Wire-Tapping, Clairvoyants, Vice and Graft! Faded Flower Is Jealousy a Crime? Castle State at Madison St. Starting Today for 3 Days. GEORGE BEBAN His Sweetheart. KIMBERLY 705 E. 63RD ST. "Civilization" THE MILLION DOLLAR ADULTS 15c. CHILDREN 10c.

Copy of Old Poem. V. E. E. asks for copy of the old poem, "Somebody's Darling." If the poem has not been answered I can send you a copy. Mrs. F. C.

WISCONSIN Avenue, South-West Station, at 235. UNDEVELOPED. POSTLEWAITE, GOLDEN RULE SERVICE and Golden Rule Print, 346 at the location, etc. and all suburbs, 184, Adams, Phone West 230. A. LANGE, Florist 25 E. Madison St. Telephone Central 3777—All Depts.