



HERBERT CORTHELL
To be seen at the Adelphi Monday night in "A Full House."

A Comedian's Start

Herbert Corthell, comedian of "A Full House," was born in a small New England town, not very far from Boston, and after leaving the grade schools his father obtained him an honorable, though not very lucrative, position in the office of a shoe factory. Tiring of this dull work, he asked leave to visit a friend in Boston, and while there was attracted by the bright lights of the old Boston Museum. Hanging around the stage of that temple of dramatic art, he was hired on several occasions for mob scenes and other supernumerary work. When he returned to his native town he boasted of his stage achievements and became quite a prominent figure. When visiting "troupe" came to town, usually the cheap repertoire companies, young Corthell was pointed out as an actor.

One day an humble repertoire company struck the village. It was Diamond and Wilson's organization, popular in the one-night stands a score of years ago. Wilson, the leading man of the company, was taken sick the day before, and there were no understudies in the little troupe. Diamond told his troubles to the hotel keeper, who at once sent for Herbert Corthell and introduced him as the actor of the town. The young man was given a part of 99 "sides" and told to be ready to play it that night. Corthell still trembles when he thinks of that night's experience. He no sooner came before the footlights than he was struck dumb. His knees gave way and his muscles contracted. As a last resort the part was placed in his hands and he read it in a feeble voice. But before the week's engagement of the troupe was over Herbert was himself, and he left town with the Diamond and Wilson organization as a full-fledged actor, with a salary of \$3 a week and his keep. Now Corthell owns a \$40,000 home at Bayville, Long Island, and carries his own car with him on the road.

ARE THE MOVIES DANGEROUS TRASH?

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They can carry a racing narrative of incident and adventure hurtling through scene after scene. They can give such a narrative both reality and beauty. They can show us real people in real places, from Spanish mountains to bull rings. They can give us not only beauty of nature, they can build, if their producers will only realize it, settings utilizing all the most effective qualities of the "new stagecraft." And they can light all this—as "Carmen" is lighted—with a beautiful simplicity, directness, warmth and richness of tone that the stage can't equal.

If most photoplay directors aren't doing this, it is only because the art is young, experimentation has been brief, and really talented and artistic directors are only beginning to work in it. They haven't yet learned all the richness of their medium, just as they haven't learned its limitations. When they do they will give us fiddling with "Peer Gynt." They will choose stories and plays like "Carmen," vehicles of pure emotion or beauty. They will film tales of romance and adventure, from "The Arabian Nights" to "Treasure Island."

Mr. Eaton contributes one big, suggestive idea in his attack on the movies: "Machinery made a new industrial problem; machinery has now made a new aesthetic problem. Both demand whole-scale readjustments and the best efforts that are in us." They do indeed. But both also demand the recognition that the machine in industry has opened up a future of comfort and freedom to the worker and that the machine in dramatic art is giving the wage-earner aesthetic entertainment at a price he can pay. It is creating the mass-art of the photoplay to balance the class-art of the theatre.

K. M.

TOUCHSTONE'S LAMENT

By WILL R. ANTISDEL

*In cap and bells I sport today,
Yet not therein my spirit dwells;
My heart is sad, though clad so gay
In cap and bells.
Under the motley ebbs and swells
The passion of a higher clay—
Ambitious, heartsick, rapt, by spells
Just as the passing mood has away,
Little this fool's-garb ever tells
Of noble thoughts or learning gay
In cap and bells.*

[Mr. Antisdel is the most erudite press agent who ever supplied dramatic editors with "learning gray" and "planted" bright stories in their columns. After more than a decade's service as music, dramatic and literary editor of the Philadelphia Record, he became manager for the American tours of Ermate Novelli. This season he is business manager for William Hodge.]

WHAT MUSIC DOES FOR THE MOVIES, AND SOME THINGS IT MAY DO

Without Music a Movie House Would Be Too Terrible to Sit In—Some Music Is Worse Than None

THE first thing that ought to be said about music and the movies is that the movies owe a lot to music, and so far music owes nothing to the movies. That is not a knock. Music is old enough to give away a little, and it is strong enough not to need any help.

Looking at pictures occupies only one sense—sight. Now the intense stare which you and I give to the screen is a little too much for us. If a picture were shown in dead silence, without any leaders, the silence and the suspense would be unbearable. We'd want to get up and yell. In simplest terms, the music goes our yelling for us.

Too often that is literally true. The loud piano, the organ pushed to the utmost, or the orchestra playing what the critics might call a tutti, fortissimo, are all mistakes, because they distract from the picture. But the well-regulated program, played by an intelligent accompanist, is a necessity to the success of a picture.

I say "intelligent accompanist" because the music must be only an accompaniment and should never have a special part of its own, except between pictures. To show what I mean, let me illustrate from a picture recently shown here, as compared with a song recital. The great song writers have realized the position of the piano and have subdued it at certain moments, let it sing out bravely at others and sometimes carried along the feeling of the song after the song is done. They have also known the value of letting the voice go it alone. In "The Iron Strain" (Triangle) there was a tremendous scene between two girls concerning a man. One of the girls was the man's wife, the other a jilted sweetheart. As the two fought (with fists, too), the music swept up, growing in volume and in effectiveness as the fight progressed. Then the sweetheart broke free from the other girl and swung around with a flood of words. You could hear her talk. You could feel the silence in the room as the man and his wife watched her, afraid to interrupt. You knew what she was saying and why she was saying it. And the total effect of this whole scene was due to the fact that the music had stopped—stopped absolutely.

Of course, that was an exception. Usually you have to blend music and action, as is done notably in "The Birth of a Nation." The choice of old Southern tunes and of Northern military tunes was dictated by history more than by fitness, although they are all admirable. But the use of the Walkyrie music, from the Nibelungen Lied of Wagner, is a positive inspiration. It is played whenever the Klan is shown flying over the countryside. It stirs the audience unconsciously. No one realizes that the music is helping the color and the action and the plot to excite him. But the music does help.

Some criticism of the use of "In the Hall of the Mountain King," from the famous Peer Gynt suite, has been made. This music is used in the scenes showing Petersburg and the burning of Atlanta (if memory does not play me tricks). The only answer is that if the music fits it ought to be used. Probably more people will associate the music with "The Birth of a Nation" than with Ibsen's play.

The great danger of music in the movies is that it tends to become stale. Every time a bride is shown the accompanist plays "Here Comes the Bride." Every time a queer hat appears you hear "Where Did You Get That Hat?" in the bass. Last year every love scene went to the Parisian tune, "Un Peu d'Amor" ("Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss"); and so on. That's a great pity, because the audience will eventually get tired, and because a fresh picture needs music to carry it over. The life of an accompanist, no doubt, is not a very merry one, although it may be exciting to watch Jack Dalton nine times a day come within half an inch of killing little Mary Pickstein. The accompanist has

to have plenty of nervous energy, a bright eye and an immediate control of his instrument and of his stock of music. No wonder he plays "the regular thing." It isn't his fault. What he needs is a substitute.

A number of the larger companies now issue programs to go with their feature releases. For example, here is Reel 4, from Kindling (Paramount). Maggie in House of Wealth draws "La Cinquantaine." Steve Gives Brooch to Maggie is shown with the "Henry VIII" dances of Edward German. And at the end, Maggie and Heine have visions of their future happiness in another country, and the orchestra or pianist plays appropriately the famous ballad, "A Little Gray Home in the West." When the music is so arranged, you know at least that there will not be a sentimental song when the husband quarrels with his wife, and that there will not be the thunder of horses when a man walks along the grass.

By the way, why should horses always



JULIA DEAN
At the Chestnut next week, in "Matrimony."

have the noise of their hoofs indicated while poor man has to walk in silence? Why should a revolver shot be fired and a man's voice be unheard? What is the logic of this, anyhow? Aren't the movies great because they are silent? Doesn't it spoil the effect a little to try to express every sound heard except the voice? The proper sphere for the music is to follow up and second the action. It ought never to do what the action fails to do. For this very good reason—that the producer ought never to try anything which isn't in the proper sphere of movie activity.

There is no need for a reform of the music end of the movie. It's good and all it needs is developing. And the producers, each in his own theatre, ought to tell the accompanist to go ahead and use his own judgment as to what is to be played. A little variety now and then won't hurt.

G. V. S.

Life is a comedy to the man who thinks and a tragedy to the man who feels.
—Horace Walpole.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
ONE WEEK ONLY, BEGINNING MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8.
BOSTON GRAND OPERA COMPANY
Pavlova Imperial Ballet Russe
In conjunction with the Monday and Friday evenings—"THE DUMB GIRL OF PORTICI," Pavlova, Lyne, Zenatello, Micaloff.
Tuesday evening and Saturday matinee—"MADAMA BUTTERFLY," Tamaki Miura, Leveroni, Martin, Chalmers. With "SNOWFLAKES BALLET," Pavlova and Ballet Russe.
Wednesday matinee (popular prices, 50c to \$2.50). Pavlova Matinee. PUPPENFEE, SNOWFLAKES AND DIVERTISSEMENT.
Wednesday evening—"L'AMORE DEI TRE RE," Villani, Ferrari-Fontana, Baklanoff, Mardones. With Gluck's "ORFEO" (ELYSIAN FIELDS), with Pavlova, Ballet Russe and Grand Opera Chorus and Mme. Gay.
Thursday evening—"CARMEN," Gay, Lyne, Zenatello, Baklanoff. With Original Bisset Ballet and Spanish Dances by Pavlova and Ballet Russe.
Saturday evening—"OTELLO," Villani, Leveroni, Zenatello, Baklanoff. With Pavlova and Ballet Divertissements.
Conds. Moranzoni, Jachia, Kuper and Schmid.
Complete Orchestra and Chorus of Boston Opera House. Scenery by Joseph Urban.
Subscribers to the Regular Opera Season may engage seats now. Regular sale opens Wednesday, October 27, at 1109 Chestnut street. Prices, \$1.00 to \$5.00.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC
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GERALDINE FARRAR
ADA SASSOLI REINALD WERRENATH
Harp Baritone
RICHARD EPSTEIN, Piano
Tickets, \$2.50, \$2, \$1.50, \$1. Boxes \$12 & \$18
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Wed. Afternoon, Dec. 15, PADEREWSKI.
Sat. Afternoon, Jan. 8, FRITZ KREISLER.
Direction C. A. Ellis, Symphony Hall, Boston, Mass.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC
Saturday Afternoon, Oct. 30, at 2:30
IN AID OF
Polish Victims' Relief Fund
PADEREWSKI
will make an address on
POLAND, PAST AND PRESENT
Followed by a
RECITAL OF CHOPIN'S MUSIC
Tickets \$1 to \$2.50, at Heppes.
All boxes sold at private sale

Academy of Music, Tues., Nov. 9, 3 P. M.
RECITAL:
Schumann-Heink
Reserved Seats, 75c to \$2.00, at Heppes.
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RICH Quartet—HORATIO Connell
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Tickets, \$1.50, \$1, 50c. Witherspoon Box Off.

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Tuesday Evening, October 26
United Singers of Philadelphia
Men's, Women's and Children's Chorus of 2100 Voices. Orchestra of 75 Musicians.
CONCERT
IN AID OF THE
German-Austro-Hungarian Relief Fund
MADAME DE SYLVA-SCHOEN
Mezzo-Soprano
AUGUSTA KOHNLE, Alto
Tickets—25, 50, 75 cents and \$1, on sale at Gimbel Brothers, Ninth and Market Sts. German Society Hall, Marshall and Spring Garden Sts.
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Song Recital by Marcia Van Dresser
Eminent American Soprano
PRICES—\$1.50, \$1, 75c and 50c
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