

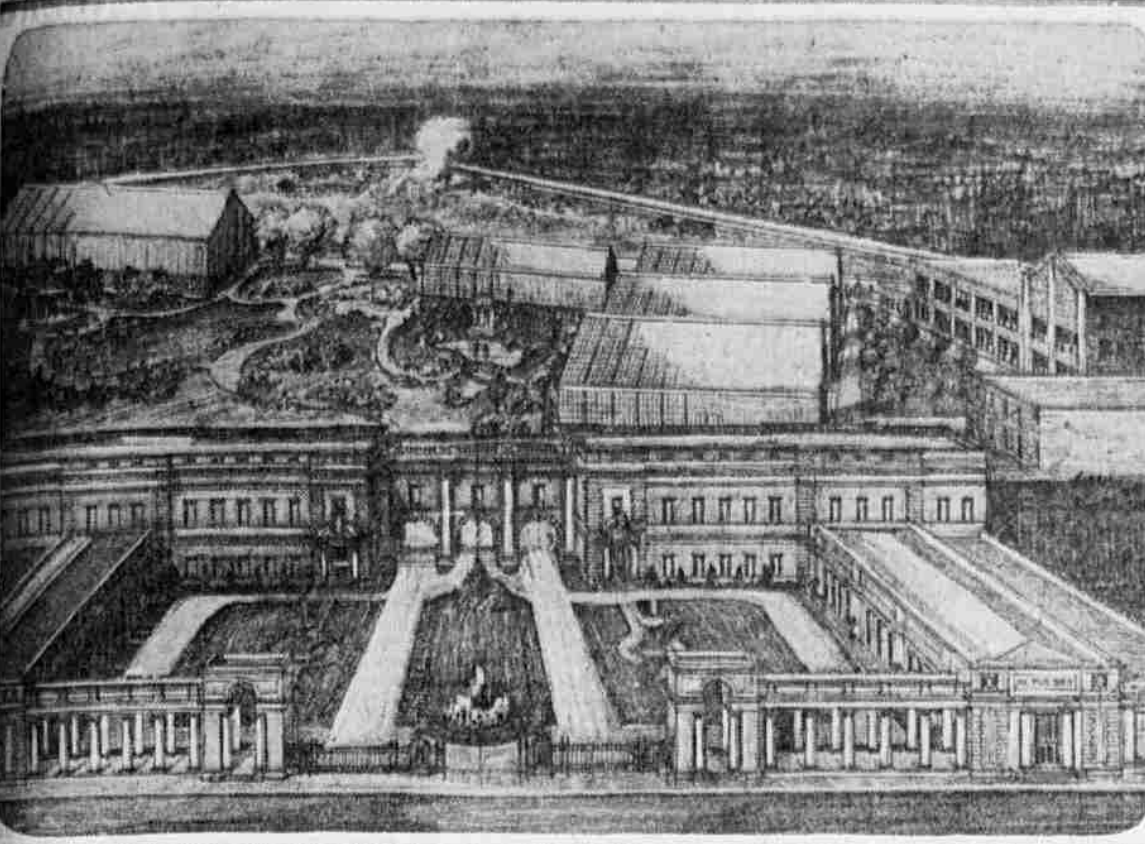


Evening Ledger

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY EVENING, JANUARY 15, 1916

PHOTOPLAY THEATRES DANCING MUSIC

FOX BUILDS A FILM CITY IN THE EAST



One more film city is to rise, this time in the East. The Fox Film Corporation has begun construction work on a 16-acre plot of ground near Corona, N. Y., where ultimately buildings, as shown in the architect's plans above, will house the studios and manufacturing plant of the Foxes. On this 16-acre plot there will be erected a large two-story administration building, five studio plants, each a complete and independent unit in itself; a factory for manufacturing much of the equipment required in the making and production of motion pictures; garages, concrete storage warehouses, a miniature hospital and adequate restaurant facilities for taking care of the 2000 or more people whose services will be employed daily by this company. A photograph of Architect Thomas W. Lamb's plans reveals the location of natural gardens, which will be planned by horticulturists; a lake with terraced and leveled sides for utilization in picture production and a large outdoor plain with horticultural setting for the taking of big water effects.

HOW AN INFANT INDUSTRY AND I GREW UP TOGETHER

The Star of the New Stanley Photo-play, "The Ragamuffin," Recalls Her Beginnings

By BLANCHE SWEET
As I look back over the last 10 years and compare the cheap little sets, the crude acting and photography, and the hastily written stories—mostly made up as we went along—with the elaborate productions, the painstaking attention to detail, the careful direction, the carefully selected casts and the scenarios demanded today, I feel much older than really am, and wonder what will happen in the next 10 years.

I was a stage child from the time I began to talk. I was born in Chicago, on June 18, 1896, and went on the stage when I was 3 years old, playing in support of Marie Burroughs in "The Battle of the Strong," with Hobrock Blinn and Maurice Barrymore. I was with that company for a year and then went with Chauncey Olcott for three years, again playing a little girl part.

The members of the company looked after my education, and every day for a certain number of years I was forced to study, whether I liked it or not.

When I was 9 years old I left the stage and went to a fashionable boarding school at Berkeley, Cal. The school was so strict that I never mentioned being on the stage, for fear that the teachers would snub me and the teachers would send me away.

When I had reached 14 I returned to New York and decided to go back on the stage. From a baby, I had loved to dance. Music seemed to thrill me and I could not keep my feet still, so when Gertrude Hoffman selected me as one of the children to appear with her in "The Spring Song," I was delighted. When vacation began after a long tour I went back to New York and was offered the position of leading woman, a child's part, in a play called "Charlotte Temple."

After "Charlotte Temple" I began to feel that I was an established actress and through Thomas Wise, the well-known star, who was then appearing in "The Gentleman from Mississippi," secured an introduction to William A. Brady, the theatrical producer. Mr. Wise recommended me for the leading feminine part in a second company of "The Gentleman from Mississippi." I was about to go on the road. I talked to Mr. Brady and was making a decided impression until, in an unfortunate moment, I fainted. Mr. Brady threw up his hands in horror and said, "Great heavens, Tom, can't you hire a leading lady that hasn't all her teeth yet?"

Indimayed by this blow to my artistic ambitions, I decided to go into the motion picture business.

Accompanied by a girl friend who had already played extra parts, I descended on the city. We believe the public are ready for it in musical comedy, if not yet, perhaps, on the dramatic stage, where conceptions of "reality" still bind us.

BURNING A \$15,000 FACTORY BY MISTAKE



That is what the Lubin forces did out at Tacony last week. The film under production, "The Gods of Fate," called for a factory fire and a railroad wreck. The latter was successfully negotiated at Altoona. For the fire, Lubin bought the factory whose gutted walls appear in the picture. It was there that the William Penn statue was cast many years ago. The intention was to light one corner of the building, let it burn four or five minutes and get all the close-ups of fire, smoke and rescues needed. But once the blaze got going, it insisted on finishing the job. Half a dozen fire companies were of no avail, the whole thing went up in smoke, and a "movie fire"—a thousand times more genuine than the stage kind—turned into terrible reality. The result was a particularly good set of pictures, taken at a phenomenally high cost. Daniel Carson Goodman, scenario writer, is happy. The V. L. S. E. people, who will release "The Gods of Fate" on January 24, are decked with smiles. Only the treasurer out at Lubinville wears a frown.

EATON SEES "THE ETERNAL MAGDALENE" AND OTHERS

The Others, Which Include Joseph Urban's Scenery and "Around the Map," Seem Superior to Two Acts of Dream-Sociology

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

"The Eternal Magdalene," a much heralded work, was written by Robert McLaughlin, a Cleveland newspaper reporter and local theatre manager, and was produced first by a stock company in the Ohio city. This production attracted so much attention that the play, which had previously been refused, was understood, by many managers, was now eagerly bid for by these same gentlemen. It was finally secured by the Selwyns, and by them has been brought to New York, with Julia Arthur in the title role, after making her first professional stage appearance since she moved more than a dozen years ago into Broadway and Boston. Of course, the appearance of Miss Arthur is a matter of moment.

But the play itself is of very little consequence, from any point of view. The play who said it should be called "The Eternal Magdalene," following the production in use at Oxford, was possibly a little severe. Yet it is impossible not to sympathize with him. That good actors should be employed and scenes how to achieve material so crude and undigested seems a thousand pities.

In the first place, the author, who is probably quite sincere, strives for an imaginative effect and knows how to achieve it only by writing a dream play. We have a manager who will not read the manuscript of a dream play, even if it should bear the name of Pinero or Barrie, and we tend to sympathize with him. It is the cheapest and most poverty-stricken way of achieving unreality and for any really serious purpose quite unconvincing.

For instance, the leading character in "The Eternal Magdalene" is a rich, pompous banker in a mid-Western city, who is backing "Gleason" (Billie Sunday, of course) in a great crusade to set up the segregated vice district and drive all the women out of the city. One of these women writes to him, cursing him, saying that she will live to see his chief, his daughter ruined, his wife disgraced, his friends not troubled by this episode, but sits down to his pen to prepare a final statement for the papers. Then he falls asleep, and dreams a couple of acts, in his dream the Eternal Magdalene comes to him, in the name of what he thinks is the daughter whom he wronged years ago—his daughter, in fact, is one of these women. He takes her into the house as a servant, and then disasters

follow. His son robs a bank, his daughter elopes with a married man, his wife dies of the shock, and incidentally one of the "blondelets" from the vice district comes in and defends her profession—or at least justifies it—by quoting statistics and mentioning a long list of famous practitioners, from Cleopatra down—a catalogue of the cities, from the old New York Sun would have dared honorably to call it.

Presently our smug friend wakes up to find it has all been a dream, but he is a new man. He tears up his statement to the papers, appears to think the dream is a revelation, and is broken up after all, and tells his daughter she may go to the theatre.

Now, of course, men aren't remade by dreams. In the first place, and audiences aren't persuaded by dreams. In the second, the dream is a possibility, but even there a somewhat doubtful expedient in a comedy such as "The Phantom Rival," or a bit of pathos like "Hamlet." But when you wish to show the remaining of a stubborn, powerful man, and when you wish to preach a social message into the bargain, the dream won't do. It takes either the shock of reality, or else the still greater shock of vision, not a dream. In the upheaval of character it is always a vision or a "conversion," not a dream, which accomplishes the result. The mind must know itself awake. This is so elementary that one can hardly forgive an author for not realizing the fact. Not knowing that, one directs anything he may have to say upon serious questions of human conduct. It is because authors come into our American theatre so ill equipped with knowledge and with style and technique, that our drama seems so second class to the foreigner.

Perhaps Mr. McLaughlin chose the dream aid in this play in order to give the supernatural flavor to the role of the eternal Magdalene. We've no quarrel with Mr. McLaughlin for trying to introduce the supernatural element. Indeed, he ought to be praised for trying to do something new. But, as a dramatic critic, we are concerned with results, and the result here is that he has neither written a play which is convincing as a human document, nor a convincing as a supernatural document. Anybody can dream about the supernatural—and wake up to resume life exactly where it was left off. Nobody can actually encounter the supernatural and be quite the same person again.

EVERY PLAYWRIGHT HIS OWN DRAMATIC CRITIC

The Author of "On Trial" Tells Why That Play Is—or Is Not—the Great American Drama

By ELMER L. REIZENSTEIN

NATURE did not destine me to be a dramatic critic. I have no heart; I lack discretion. When I go to see a play I cannot resist the temptation to tell all the world how bad it is. I do not consider the feelings of the pale young author munched his crust of dry bread in squallid garret (that, I believe is the traditional occupation of pale young authors); I do not think of the benevolent producer, who has exhausted his exchequer and his vocabulary of epithets in placing before an ungrateful public a work of art; I do not think of the actors, whom the failure of the play will mean an enforced return to the stimulating, but unremunerative pastime of detailing the flattering managerial offers, which their artistic sensibilities have prompted them to decline.

The milk of human kindness does not course through my veins. I have not learned the art of employing gracefully and convincingly such mild and treacherous adjectives as "agreeable," "pleasing," "interesting," "entertaining," "amusing." For me, rather, the virile and belligerent "brilliant" or "awful." Hence it is with some trepidation that I undertake to review "On Trial"—trepidation born of my warm personal regard for the author. My position is not an easy one. If I were to write what I really think of "On Trial" I should find my readers (I trust that the use of the plural is justified) divided into two camps: one would have fought it out, I would have found it out. I have wrestled with the good angel and (to my shame, he it written) won. My justification? None, except that (despite Voltaire's remark) I have fought it out.

Well, I have fought it out. I have wrestled with the good angel and (to my shame, he it written) won. My justification? None, except that (despite Voltaire's remark) I have fought it out. I have wrestled with the good angel and (to my shame, he it written) won. My justification? None, except that (despite Voltaire's remark) I have fought it out.

A Heavy Score With Conscience
On the other hand, if I should pretend to agree with what most of the other reviewers have said, I should have a heavy score to settle with my conscience. One alternative, starvation and gross misjudgment; the other, the ceaseless gnawing of the worm that never dies. I have wrestled with the good angel and (to my shame, he it written) won. My justification? None, except that (despite Voltaire's remark) I have fought it out.

I'm glad, though, that it is just 25 years. I have a fondness for round numbers. Now, if it had been 27 or 22 years, 8 months, I should never have been able to remember it. I have no head for figures at all. What excellent memories press agents have, though. I marvel at them.

I want to digress, right here, to say a word in praise of them. I arrogate the function merely because I want to see justice done to a much-maligned and underestimated race of men. Let me say, then, without qualification, that taking them by and large I have never met a more consistently optimistic set of folks than press agents.

From the press agent, then, we learn that "On Trial" is the biggest hit in 25 years. Now, why is it the biggest hit in 25 years? Is it because, as I have said, it is a great play? Not at all. Is it because it tells vividly a real-life story? I think that is the way the thing goes—I haven't my scrapbook handy. Not a bit of it. It is because it throbs with with-

ness, and in conjunction with the roof, was used as the studio.
People were packed in like sardines, all hunting jobs. Over in the corner, on a platform, Director Frank Powell was taking a scene for "A Corner in Wheat." Every one was making a fuss over the money spent on the production, but it was a very cheap little affair compared with the productions of nowadays.
One day we were working in the studio when Mary Pickford entered. She was the only one with a regular contract from the company, and had just been on a vacation to Maine. I remember exactly how we all looked at her and marveled she had a blue hair hat on and a simple blue dress.
Miss Pickford looked just as she does now, and, as she was the first person to be seen in the studio, she was the first person to be seen in the studio.

GEORGE MONROE, PHILADELPHIAN, DISCOVERS THE DICTIONARY AS A SOURCE-BOOK OF HUMOR

George W. Monroe, who combs a record of Philadelphia birth with his reputation as a comedian in "The Passing Show of 1915," manages to get a good deal of fun out of reading the dictionary. "Anybody," says Mr. Monroe, "who has not read the dictionary from end to end is the only one who is not a dictionary reader. In the first place, the dictionary reader will discover an extraordinary number of words which he will never meet with in the general course of English literature. Words which come from, or who uses them, or how they happened in the dictionary, is a matter of much curiosity to me. But the funniest thing about a dictionary is some of the definitions."
"One has to read page after page of 'Joe Miller's Jest Book' to come upon a real laugh exciter, but one doesn't have to go far in any of our dictionaries before coming on something that is as funny as an open switch. Let us, for example, take a standard dictionary. Turn to the definition of 'rot' and you will find this line, 'In the fast rot all four feet are off the ground twice during each stride.' In another dictionary you will find the following definition, 'A baked with something in it for food.' In another, 'Ambiguous: Left handed on both sides.' Here's another, 'Mezzotint: A manner of engraving by drawing on a rough surface and then the roughness.' Evidently the editor was an Irishman."
Needless for the press agent to say Mr. Monroe's hobby is collecting dictionaries. In his home he has several hundred of all kinds, ages and conditions.

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JOHN DREW'S NEW TAILOR



GEORGE MONROE AS HE WAS

JOHN DREW'S NEW TAILOR



GEORGE MONROE AS HE IS

IT IS seldom that the theatrical world is startled or even mildly ruffled by the appearance of a new playwright. A new play that has strength and some originality may come into view to interest and even enthrall one, but as regards its author it merely leaves a hope that he may labor to advantage again. The mere fact that he has turned out one commendable work proves little or nothing; he may never do so well again. There are so many cases in point.

But there came into bloom in England this season Horace Annesley Vachell, who had success as a novelist and had taken to writing for the stage. Hardly had the public ceased to applaud his first effort when another one from his pen appeared. It was rather good, so that play-goers began asking about the

author. Evidently he was no man of ordinary ability, and he proved this immediately by having two more comedies accepted and produced. Two of these plays have already been produced in this country, "Quinny's," which has been on sale as a novel, and "The Chief," the comedy in which that finished actor, John Drew, is to be seen at the Lyric.

Any man so prolific—he is likened to the late Clyde Pitch in his love of and ability to work—is certainly worthy of consideration.

Horace Annesley Vachell was born in England in 1881, and one is assured by his publishers that his family, on both sides, had produced "generals, statesmen, aristocrats." In their little biographical book about him, his publishers also print a picture of his destitute-looking father, and a picture of his English home, one of those fine, low houses sinking comfortably into luxuriant foliage, covered with ivy and faced by a magnificent open lawn.

In short, the type of house and landscape gardening that only 20 years of English mist and English muck can produce.

In shaping his literary career America played a large part. Graduating from Harvard, the young man was destined for the army, but instead of taking up his commission he remained in California, where he had gone on a visit. He bought a ranch at San Louis Obispo, and for two decades he was in active pioneer life between the Sierras and the sea. His brother joined him there and is still a member

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To Ada Rehan, 1860-1916

By JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY

HOW can I praise you? Were I asked to sing An empire's fall, the conquests of a king, I might undaunted, entertain the Muse, Might hope to win, nor greatly fear to lose, Might through the past with Alexander pace, Or tell anew the tale of Troy's catastrophe; But here, ah, here a happier task invites: That can behold the wild Miss Hayden curl; Her laughing lip, or love the Country Girl; Or, in the shade of Attic olive trees, Say homage to the Wife of Scythia; And with Petruccio kiss the silken shoe Of Katherine, the divine Italian shrew; Or tread the ways of Arden wood to find, How big-brain'd you the "Heavenly Kinsfolk" enough; Farewell! And when another age Delights to count the glories of our stage, The highest altar in the shrine of Fame Shall number with the noblest Rehan's name.

BESSIE BARRISCALE
To be seen at the Arcadia next week in "The Golden Swan," a Triangle production.



HELEN MacKELLAR
Coming to the Adelphi in "Sinners" next week.