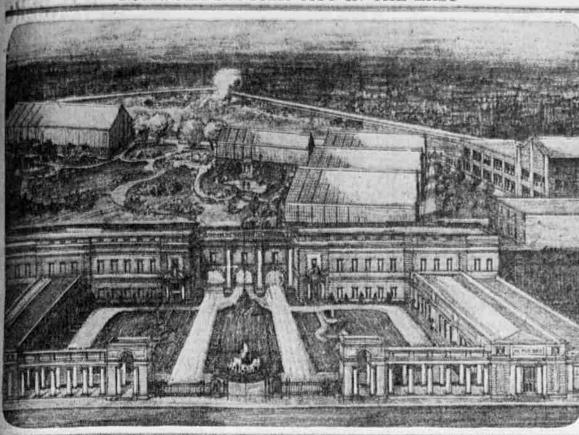
FOX BUILDS A FILM CITY IN THE EAST



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, L. I., where ultimately buildings, as shown in the architect's plans above, will house the studies and manufacturing plant of the Fox forces. On this 16-acre plot there will be erected a large two-story administration building, five studio plants, each a complete and in-dependent 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.

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 segregated district shouldn't be broken up after all, and tells his daughter she may go to the theatre.

our drama seems so second class to the

dream aid in this play in order to give the supernatural flavor to the role of the

eternal Magdalene. We have no quarrel with Mr. McLoughlin for trying to intro-duce the supernatural element. Indeed, he ought to be praised for trying to do

The scene (it is supposed to represent

Perhaps Mr. McLoughlin chose

person again.

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

HE Eternal Magdalene," a muchheralded work, was written by RobMcLaughlin, a Cleveland newspaper
orter and local theatre manager, and
sproduced first by a stock company
in the Ohlo city.
This production attracted so much patromage that the play,
which had previouswhich had previouswhich had previousthe Eternal Magdalene," a muchfollow. His son robs a bank, his daughter
elopes with a married man, his wife dies
of the shock, and incidentally one of the
clays in the clays of the play and the clays of the chips, as the old New York Sun would
have dared Homerically to call it. heraided work, was written by Robm McLaughlin, a Cleveland newspaper

which had previous-ly been refused, we understand, by many understand, by many managers, was now engerly 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, Miss Arthur for the role, Miss Arthur for the role, Miss Arthur for the role appearance since she indiancy and Boston. Of course, the appearance of Miss Arthur is a matter moment.

But the play itself is of very little consents from any rolly of view. The second of the second is a subborn, powerful man, and when you wish to show the remaking 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 vision.

soment.
But the play itself is of very little considered, from any point of view. The mic who said it should be called "The land Magdalene," following the propagation in use at Oxford, was possibly a little severe. Yet it is impossible not to marathize with him. That good actors the employed and good capital used the employed the emp 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 as well as with style and technique, that ms a thousand pities.

In the first place, the author, who is stably quite sincere, strives for an ima-naire effect and knows how to achieve only by writing a dream play. We has a manager who will not read the muscript of a dream play, even if it mid bear the name of Pinero or Barrie. at the tend to sympathize with him. It the cheapest and most poverty-struck of achieving unreality and for any serious purpose quite unconvincing. instance, the leading character in thistance, the leading character in Eternal. Magdalene" is a rich, a plous banker in a mid-Western who is backing "Gleason" (Billie ag, of course) in a great crusade to the segregated vice district and all the women out of the city. One best wemen writes to him, cursing a tall the women wites to him, cursing a tall the will live to see his a thief, his daughter ruined, his wife our problems. The daughter ruined his wife our proposed in the result of the segregated vice district and sall the women out of the city. One will be supernatural document. Anybody can dram about the supernatural and wake up to resume life exactly where it was a tilef, his daughter ruined, his wife our problems. was is backing "Gleason" (Billie addy, of course) in a great crussade to up the segregated vice district and the course of the city. One these women writes to him, cursing the waying that she will live to see his a thief, his daughter ruined, his wife Our pious friend is not troubled.

Our pious friend is not troubled as epistle, but sits down to his to prepare a final statement for the Then he fulls asleep, and dreams hen he falls asleep, and dreams of acts. In his dream the of what he thinks is the daughter woman he wronged years ago-his der, that is, S. o is one of these women. He takes her into the as a servant, and then disasters



BESSIE BARRISCALE The Gelden Swan," a mangle production.

ever see barberries in a lavender dish? The combination is wonderful. Then the dancers enter, and their gowns are either, the blue of the pervading radiance, or else the lavender of the flowers ten feet aloft. They do not dance, they flow about the stage. There is no spot turned on them, no glare of footlights, only the hush and mystery of the blue radiance.

The scene, dramatically of no importance, lasts but a brief time. Then we are back in the chaotic whirl of the play. But while it lasts it is a feast of beauty. But while it lasts it is a feast of beauty. We wonder if sometime a manager will not permit such a man as Urban to stage an entire romantic operetta in his own way and create what would amount to for us a new genus of stage entertainment. We believe the public are ready for it in musical comedy, if not yet, perhaps, on the dramatic stage, where conventions of "reality" still bind us,

HOW AN INFANT INDUSTRY AND I GREW UP TOGETHER

The Star of the New Stanley Photoplay, "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 I really am, and wonder what will happen in the next 10 years. in the next 10 years.

In the next 10 years.

I was a stage child from the time I began to talk. I was bern in Chicago, en June 18, 1896, and went on the stage when I was 3 years old, playing in support of Marle Burroughs in "The Hattle of the Strong," with Holbrook 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. 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 the other girls would stub me and the teachers would send me away. When I had reached 14 I returned to When I had reached 14 I returned to New York and decided t 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 as 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-imown star, who was then appearing in "The Gentleman from Mississippi," secured an introduction to William A. Brady, the theatrical producer. Mr. Wise Brady, the theatrical producer. Mr. Wise recommended me for the leading feminine part in a second company of "The Gentleman from Mississippi," which was about to go on the rend. I talked to Mr. Brady and was making a decided impression until, in an unfortunate moment, I smiled. Mr. Brady threw up his hands in horror and said, "Great Heavens, Tom, I can't hire a leading lady that hasn't all her teeth yet." her teath yet." Undismayed by this blow to my artistic ambitions, I decided to go into the motion

pictures. Accompanied by a girl friend who had

Accompanied by a girl friend who had already played extra parts, I descended on a studio.

We climbed three flights of carpetless stairs and entered the ballroom, which occupied practically the entire third floor,

GEORGE W. MONROE, who comwith his reputation as a comedian in

"The Passing Show of 1915," manages to get a good deal of fun out of reading the

get a good deal of fun out of reading the dictionary. "Anybody," says Mr. Monroe, "who has not read the dictionary from one end to the other has missed a lot of fun. 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 Enslish literature. Where these words come from, or who uses them, or how they happened in the dictionary, is a matter of much curiosity to me. But the finniest thing about a dictionary is some of the definitions.

finniest 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 deesn't have to go far in any of our dictionaries before coming on something that is as funny as as open switch. Let us, for example, take a standard dictionary. Turn to the definition of 'trot' and you will find this line, 'In the fast trot all four feet are off the ground twice during each stride.' In another dictionary you will find the following: 'Pie: A crust baked with something in it for feed. In another, 'Ambilevous: Left handed on both sides.' Here's another, 'Mezzo-tint: A manner of engraving by drawing

tint: A manner of engraving by drawing

on a rough surface and then removing the roughness.' Evidently the editor was an Irishman."

Needless for the press agent to say

THE DICTIONARY AS A SOURCE-BOOK OF HUMOR

GEORGE MONROE, PHILADELPHIAN, DISCOVERS

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 railread wreck. The latter was successfully negotiated at Altoona. For the fire, Lubins 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.

and, in conjunction with the roof, was used as the studio.

People were packed in like surdines, 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. 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 he had a blue beaver hat on and a simple

Moss Pickford looked then just as she does now, and, as she was the first per-

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

lack discretion. When I go to see a play I annot resist the temptation to tell all the world how bad it is. I do not consider the feelings of the pale young author munching his crust of dry bread in munching his crust of dry bread in squalid 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 expletives in placing before an ungrateful public a work of art: I do not think of the actors, to whom the failure of the play will mean an enforced return to the stimulating, but unremunerative pastine of detailing the flattering managerial offers, which their artistic sensibilities have prompted them artistic sensibilities have prompted them 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 treacly adectives as "agreeable," "pleasing," "interesting," "entertaining," "amusing," For me, rather, the virile and belilgerent "rotten" or "awful."

Hence it is with some trepldation that I unfertake to review "On Trial"—treplds on 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 plant is instituted divided into two plural is justified) divided into two lasses: The first a small group of lit-ral-minded individuals who would be-leve what I said and accordingly would refrain from going to see the play; the second, a large group of persons who nake it a point never to believe anything hey see in the newspapers and would therefore, mistake my candor for diffidence-a pale virtue, whose possession 1 violently disclaim

A Heavy Score With Conscience

On the other hand, if I should pretend to agree with what most of the other interviewers have said, I should have a Interviewers 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. Hydra-headed Scylla on the one hand, yawning Charybdis on the other. Imagine a tragic Lancelot Gobbo—a Lancelot Gobbo who is at once Hamlet and Macbeth—and you can conceive in a slight measure the task I have set myself. The choice, believe me, gentle readers, is not an easy one.

Well, I have fought it out. I have wrestled with the good angel and (to my

wrestled with the good angel and (to my sham be it written) won. My justifica-tion? None, except that (despite Voltaire) a man must live—that conscience must yield to the stomach. Farewell then,

principles, hopes, aspirations, ideals!
Sacrificed to the spectre Hunger!
Know, then, that "On Trial" is a great
play, nay, more, it is a phenomenal play, a gigantic play, a colossal play. You are all aware, by th': time (thanks to the activities of the press agent) that "On Trial" is "The biggest hit in 25 years." I deem that an intensely interesting fact. It seems to me rather remarkable that precisely 25 years should have elapsed since there was a bigger hit. I wonder what it was! My recollection of the the-atrical season of 1889-1890 are somewhat Perhaps some kind reader en me. What was the play rague. Perhaps some kind reader can mighten me. What was the play that scored such a tremendous hit in 1889 that for a quarter of a century it has rem-ined unchallenged? Mercy, that's a long time go. Why, Sarah Bernhardt must have been retiring from the stage just about

then! Fondness for Round Numbers

I'm glad, though, that it is just 25 years. I have a fondness for round num-bers. 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 fig-ures at all. What excellent memories press agents have, though. I marvel at

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 tak-ing them by and large I have nover met a more consistently optimistic folks than press agents.

folks than press agents.

From the press agent, then, we learn that "On Trial" is the biggest bit in 25 years? Now, why is it the biggest bit 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 realistic life story; it think that's the way the thing goes—I haven't my scrapbook handy.) Not a bit of it. Is it because it throbs with—with—

NATURE did not destine me to be a with whatever it is that makes a play throb (blasting in the next block, perthrob (blasting in the next block, per-haps)? Again no. What is it then? Read-er. It is simply this: It is because "On Trial" was taken from the "movies."

Trial" was taken from the "movies."
Surely that is apparent to even the most casual observer. Indeed the thing is so palpable that it is only the abiding dread of penury which inhibits me from making over my royalties to Edison or Ford or Marcus Loew, or whoever it is who invests in moving pletures. The plagiarism is obvious to the point of naivete. Reader, at bottom, I am an honest sort of person. I shall not dissemble: I shall tell you, without reserve, in what manner the moving-picture art is responsible for "On ing-picture art is responsible for Trial."

Thus did it befall: Some 12 months ago I saw the pictures of Captain Scott's expedition to the South Pole. "Here," said I to myself, "is a mine of dramatic material. Think of writing a play that shall, in every detail, be unlike the Captain Scott pictures!"

The idea was magnificent, stupendous, monumental! I set to work. It was no child's play (though I say so who should not), but I stuck to it grimly, bent upon vindicating the "movies." "On Trial" is the result. Whervin it has fulfilled my aim. modesty forbids me to suggest. Suffice it is to say that I was sufficiently skilful to make the source of my idea

I was greatly interested in learning that in "On Trial" I have employed a "cut-back." I haven't the faintest notion what a "cut-back" is, unless it refers to an evening dress worn by one of the ladies in the first act and for which I hasten to disclaim any credit.

Does It Revolutionize Drama?

For the rest, when I have told you that the technique of "On Trial" is destined to revolutionize not only the dramatic art, but the entire system of national jurisprudence, the science of deep-sea diving and the bricklaying trade; that the story is the most ingenious, the most inspiring, the most absorbing since Homer (I mean the Greek novelist, not Mme. Louise); that the characterization is nothing short of masterly; that the dialogue would put Shaw, at his best, to the blush, and that, on the whole, with the possible exception of the Panama Canal, George Stallings and—well, per-haps—wireless telegraphy, "On Trial" is quite the thing of the age. I have summed up the situation with a fair degree of accuracy. If I have understated the case it is because I want those of you who haven't seen "On Trial" to be agreeably surprised.

P. S.—Be sure to tell the young man in the Garrick box office that you went to school with me. He's an awfully nice chap, and he feels terribly disappointed



HELEN MacKELLAR Coming to the Adelphi in "Sin

Mr. Monroe's hobby is collecting diction-aries. In his home he has several hun-dred of all kinds, ages and conditions. GEORGE MONROE AS HE WAS

JOHN DREW'S NEW TAILOR

the supernatural and be quite the same play that has strength and some One of the latest musical comedies is originality may come into view to in-terest and even enthuse one, but as re-gards its author it merely leaves a hope "Around the Map," at the New Amster-dam, hook by C. M. S. McClellan, author of "The Belle of New York" and "Leah Kleschner," with music by Herman Finck, 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. Mr. McCleilan has done better work, and for all we know Mr. Finck has to. But the great fact about "Around the Map" is that the scenery has been devised by There are so many cases in point.
But there came into bloom in England
this season Horace Annesley Vacheli,
who had success as a novelist and had
taken to writing for the stage. Hardly Joseph Urban, and in one imaginative scene he has also been allowed to light the stage, without having his effects ruined by the conventional spot from the gallery or the equally conventional He has framed all his scenes with a false proscenium of jolly figured material

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 plays have already been produced in this country, "Quinney'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 Broad. Any man so prolific—he is likened to the late Clyde Pitch in his love of and ability to work—is certainly worthy of to work-is certainly worthy of consideration.

Horace Annesley Vachell was born in England in 1861, and one is assured by his publishers that his family, on both sides. had the public ceased to applaud his first cornt when another one from his pen appeared. It was rather good, so about him, his publishers also print a that play-goers began asking about the picture of him deer-stalking in Scotland.

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 land-scape gardening that only 200 years of English mist and English money can pro-In shaping his literary career America

GEORGE MONROE AS HE IS

played a large part. Graduating from Harrow, 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 Oblapo, and for two decades he was in active pioneer life between the Sierras and the sea, His brothor joined him there and is still a member

Continued on Page Four



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 disgrace:
But here, ah, here a happier task invites
The heart that worships and the hand that writes;
For here Ambition sets my heart ablaze For here Ambition sets my heart ablaze To be the laureled singer of your praise. So great a deed Ambition should not ask of luciless thymer. I renounce the task, Tear up my paper, fling aside my pen, And, most defected of the sons of men.

Yet, stay! Hope's flattering into Pids me reflect that though foredoomed to fail, My failure's but a question of degree.

For greatest bards must come to grief like me; Must, like me, halt, adventure and despair For lack of words to "praise that passing fair." Oh, happy generation that can see The dearest daughter of Melpomene Play all those queens of gracious carnival, From passionate Noney to enchanting Val; That can behold the wild Miss Hoyden curl Her laughing lip, or love the Country Girl; Or, in the shade of Attic olive trees. Pay homage to the Wife of Socrates. And with Petruchio kiss the silken shoe Of Katherine, the divine Italian shrew; Or tread the ways of Arden wood to find, How blest! In you the "Heaventy Rosslind." Enough, Farewell! And when another age Delights to count the glories of our stage, Delights to count the stories of our stage, The highest altar in the shrine of Pame Shall number with the noblest Rehan's name.