SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY

SPORTING WITH THE MERMAIDS



Which is simply the business of carrying the actresses in Annette Kellermann's new Fox film to the particular spots on the Jamaica seashore where they must act. The mermaid costume is worse than a hobble.

Life Is a Stage and the World Its Setting

Director of the Famous Players Talks of the Work Which Is Necessary to Nature's Wonderful Backgrounds

By HUGH FORD

I picture are inevitably linked together by many common ties, there is
at least one point at which they diverge
widely—the obtaining of settings. When at least one point at which they diverge the motion picture was new and naturally looked to its older brother for guidance, the studio played a very important part In the staging of picture plays. Borrowing the scene painter and the stage carpenter from the theatre, the motion picture producer proceeded to build and to paint the greater portion of his back

So, as in the theatre, the painted drop represented everything that the stage had ever called upon it to portray, from the vilage street to the exterior of a house or the very woods themselves. There was two reasons for tulk failure of the Im men to take advantage at once of the realism in settings which was offered by the mability of the motion-picture camera. One was the fact that the technicalities of moving picture photog-raphy did not develop to that point which permitted the use of the camera in matural sunlight for some time after the actual taking of moving pictures became of the early experimentation had taken place with artificial light and the newer elopment was not matured at once. The other reason was the fact that a great deal of trick work was indulged in during these early stages of the photoing these carly stages of the photoplay. Men were shown climbing up and down the fronts of houses with great ease and gusto. This sort of work must of necessity be carried on in the studio. The process was very simple. A canvas replica of the front of a building was painted and erected in the studio. Then, when the hes on the sidewalk had been photographed, the canvas was taken down and lad upon the floor of the stage, the cam-era being shifted to a platform from which it was tilted downward to focus upon the canvas. The man who was to be seen crawling up the front of the building would then proceed to crawl on building would then proceed to crawl on hands and knees across the canvas, his only peril existing in the possibility of setting splinters in his paims.

When the finished picture was shown, the public gasped at the sight of this man risking his neck by the daring feat of ascending the face of a building.

cending the face of a building. of ascending the face of a building.

The can fool the people some of the lime, but the trick work began to pall as the most guillible of persons learned to raille that it was far from a fact that "If you see it in the films it is true." Theugh many trick comedies continued to please, the manufactured thrill ceased in thrill. Meanwhile exterior photography, which first manifested itself in the picturity of express trains, race horses and automobiles, became more and more imes, became more and more im-

temebiles, became more and more important and the use of natural settings rapidly increased in vogue.

That was the parting of the ways, so are as backgrounds are concerned, between the theatre and the motion picture. Here realism stepped in, in the one case, and tilled a gap which must ever remain unfilled in the other. But the size was by no means taken in its entirety. At this time New York and New Jersey were the producing centres and California was as yet undeveloped from was as yet undeveloped from motion-picture standpoint. As a result

THOUGH the stage and the motion the Jersey woods served every conceiv-

of houses out in the country rather than use the real thing. Of course this method of obtaining atmosphere is still essential in some cases. Where one is reproducing some familiar tayern or a building which would un-

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PERSONALITY IS THE MAKING OF A STAR By OLIVER MOROSCO

greatest favorities on the stage may fall entirely when put into film. No matter how popular a star may have been on the stage, nor how great her success, she may be a flat failure in motion pictures. We may put her into one picture, belleving that her stage popularity will remain with her to the end; but as soon as that picture is released, we may learn, to our sorrow and heavy financial loss, through the cfficiency of the criticism blank system with which the Paramount Pictures Cor-poration obtain through their exhibitors the opinions of the picture-going public. that this star will not do for motion

On the other hand, some girl may come along who never has had any stage or screen experience whatever, but who has a pleasing personality and a natural aptitude for acting. She may score in a picture from the very first, and spring into national popularity within a year. Such a girl we call a decided find.

It does not apply to men as much as to women. As you know, there are far more popular women on the stage and screen than there are men. There are a few men who may class as "matinee idols," but for the greater part popularity clings to the women performers. Only occasionally does a man get into motion pictures who ranks high as a favorite. Dustin Farnum is one of the very few. That is why so many of the plays are

One of the prime reasons why the movie dramas have such a general level of trashy mediocrity is because the manufacturers, so far as we could figure it out from the files of the leading trade journals, were producing in America last autumn at the rate of about 6000 films a year.

autumn at the rate of about 6000 films a year.

There are not good story-writers enough, there are not good directors enough, there is not daylight and time enough in all the world to turn out half of 6000 movies in a year which can lay any claim to narrative skill and origin-manufacturers wake up to this fact, the sooner we "highrows" will stop telling them they are making pictorial dime novels.

novels.

It is safe to say that not one movie in 50 is written with sufficient care, rehearsed with sufficient care, directed by a man who isn't fagged physically or at least whose brain isn't buzzing with the piece he slaged the week before or the one he's got to stage the next day, and finally, that is cut with sufficient care.—Walter Frichard Eaton.

MY BRAIN-CHILD MARIE-ODILE By FRANCES STARR

the actor know so many sides of life? different recesses of character. Does he live the role when he plays it? How many absurd things have we read about "living" roles. Let us dispense with that im mediately.

Imagination is the principal factor in the creation of all things artistic, but if a painter were going to make a sketch of Norway, he would, I dare say, have seen what Norway was like. The painter might not paint a moonlight at night while the moon was shining, but he has looked hard at it and remembered it the next morning. With the accuracy of his memory, stimulated by his imagination. he creates the illusion of truth that we admire in his canvas. So the actor should know his "Norway" or see his "moonlight" and remember.

"Marie-Odile" came into my hands I imagined what a convent was like, but I was consumed with a desire to see it, so I journeyed into the cloisters and stayed there, all too short a time, for I found peace and happiness with the wonderfully human and kind sisters. I did not go there to imitate, I wanted to absorb their life, their ways, to store li lived their life as nearly as a visitor can I must confess that it appealed to me strangely and I dreaded the day of departure. The content, the simplicity of the sisters, the beauty of their faith, the concentration of their souls, made an irresistible appeal not only to my religious stress but to my loss of the beautiful. It sense, but to my love of the beautiful. It is the memory of that impression that went into the characterization of "Marie-Odile." How accurately my memory served me, in what degree my imagina-tion stimulated it, can only be judged if an illusion of truth is felt by those wh view it. Alas, that the actor cannot step back from his canvas and see his picture. All he can do is "feel" and trust to the

MRS. FISKE WINS COMEDY SUCCESS IN PENNA. DUTCH

America's Most Distinguished Actress Scores in Version of Helen Martin's Novel

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THE return to the New York stage of I the most versatile and most brilliant actress now playing in the English tongue recently attracted an exceptional audience to the Galety Theatre, and this audience was rewarded by an evening of exceptional enjoyment. Future audiences may not have quite so good a time, because that first assemblage was made up so largely of other players—and it takes observed to the full takes of the comments of th made up so largely of other players—and it takes player to appreciate to the full, perhaps, the extraordinary art of Mrs. Fiske. Moreover, there was in the air that night a rare feeling of expectancy before she appeared, and a warm glow of welcome after she came out, which made the evening memorable. Blanche Bates and Nazimova sat on one side of the theatre, applauding—and they know, Billie Burke sat on the other side, and she too applauded, even though it may be doubted—judging by her practice—whether she knows. Certain, it is that Mrs. Fiske has not looked stimmer and trimmer in many a year, and that not in a long while has she acted with such abundant vitality and such infectious good spirits.

good spirits.

She has had better parts to play. Her present role really makes very little demand upon her powers, though it is doubtful if any other actress in the country could have triumphed in it, except May Irwin, who, of course, would have played it quite differently. What, however, is a slight demand on Mrs. Fiske's powers may be a fatal drain on many another's. The first and the last impression one takes away from "Ersi-while Susan," her new play, is the impression of mastership. Stronger than any impression of the story, any impression of the character Mrs. Fiske plays, is this sense of a personality vibrant Just how our stage portrafts are created is always an interesting mystery to the layman. To conceal the "means" so completely that an illusion of truth is gained is the perfect art of acting. But how does the actor know so many sides of life; on her little shrugging shoulders. The players who rive us this sense in the the actor know so many sides of life." He cannot depend upon "inspiration" or a mastery of the a b c's of his art, known as "technique," to carry him into these laye been so satisfied of late with the "silent drama," that Mrs. Fiske actually swept back, after three years of absence. like a cleansing wind, and the grateful audience on that opening night simply rose to her joyously and uncritically, and

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FISKE O'HARA The popular Irish singing come-dian who returns to the Walnut next week in a new play, "Kilkenny.

BETWEEN THE BATTERIES



At work on "The Lure of Heart's Desire," Edmund Brecce, Virtus Scott, John Mahon, Evelyn Brent and Director Francis J. Grandon, of the Popular Plays and Players Company (Metro). Can you pick them out?

SCREEN SUBTLE AS SHAW By SHELDON LEWIS

one thing that gives me an excessive pain in the region of the well-known neck it is the assertion that the screen is an inadequate medium for delicate expression.

they are not clear as to just what kind of expression the screen pretends to. "You call the screen subtle!" they say, derisively, "and yet you admit Galaworthy, Strindberg, Barrie, Sudermann, etc."

"An intelligent man and woman might discuss the most urgent question of their joint lives," they rant on, "and only make apparent its import by the words they use, never gesticulating or changing their facial expressions enough to indicate the drama of their position. It happens frequently and with tremendous effect on the spoken stage, but what kind of screen drama would it make?" drama would it make?"

It wouldn't make any kind of screen It wouldn't make any kind of screen drama, I tell them. But that's just where they muff the big point. Motion pictures do not pretend to take the place of the legitimate stage. A motion picture is a pantomime whose field is the graphic depiction of stories whose action is in itself cloquent—and this leaves out is in itself eloquent—and this leaves only a very small percentage of contemporary drama. It's all very well to talk about the futility of screening the dramas of Shaw, Galsworthy, Barrie, etc., but our cells fail to recognize the disparaging critics fall to recognize the distinction between cold drama of the brain and the warm drama of the emotions. This ultra-modern drama is drama of the brain, and its very incisive analysis robs it immediately of that romance and aubtle personal charm that attaches to the dramas of the great majority of people whose expressions are the true mirrors of their emotions. Of course, it's impossible for the screen to register emotions in plays where people's brains usurp the places where their hearts should be those of the screen to register emotions in plays where people's brains usurp the places where their hearts should be ons. This ultra-modern dram There's not a single subtle shade of heart-felt emotion that can't be registered on the screen by a nuance of expression. Of course, it takes actors of intelligence and course, it takes actors of intelligence and sensitive perception, and of course there are few such, either in the spoken or silent drama; but then the spoken drama isn't condemned because of its interpreters, and neither should the screen be.

Clean Native Farces vs. Naughty Importations

The Author of "Baby Mine" and "Twin Beds" Tells Why, as a Business Woman, She Likes Clean Farce

By MARGARET MAYO

audiences and long runs. And I know it's impossible to film the plays of the that the only way to reach the large pubmost successful modern dramatists-Shaw, lie is by giving them something that amuses them, without at the same time

making them ashamed of themselves for being amused by it.

When I followed the success of "Baby Mine" with "Twin Beds," both of which the critics were good enough to call clean and wholesome, in spite of the fact that they were built about more or less built they were built about more or less inti-

IRELAND UEBER ALLES IN MUSIC, SAYS FISKE O'HARA

Dublin will be the mecca of musicians at no very distant date, is the prophecy of Fiske O'Hara, who comes to the Walnut in Augustus Pitou, Sr.'s new play, "Kilkenny," It is the belief of this young Irish tenor that before long our orchestras will be filled up with Irish musicians and most of our operas will be written by composers educated in the tight little

"And why not?" asks O'Hara, "Why is the son of an Irishman, and the leading is the son of an Irishman, and the leading composer of Great Britain today is an given most of the besmirched plays of ford. If you want to go back to first principles, since most of my critics will say that these men were educated in Germany, who was it first taught the Germans musical art." Look up ancient his- ye tory and you will find that it was the boasted musical culture of Germany is much damage: It has convinced the

"Since this is the case, why can't we again be in the lead? There is no reason at all and, by the way the art of music is now progressing I look for a charac-teristic Celtic school of music within a very brief period of time and for greater operatic works. Ireland has the greatest treasures of folklore in the world, most of which is still untouched and which would make the most magnificent grand opera or music drama librettos. Young Irish musicians of great promise are coming to the front and they will be followed, so doubt by even greater ones, so that no doubt, by even greater ones, so that in time I look for a composer to arise who will set some of the wonderful an-cient legends to music, just as character-istic, and which will bring the people from the four corners of the earth to see the productions that will be made in Dublin. There is nothing impossible in Dublin. There is nothing impossible in what I am forecasting, and the present rate of musical progress in Ireland makes it even possible that such an event will not be delayed many years."

WRITE clean farces because I'm a mate things, I was at once assailed with business woman and because I like big diences and long runs. And I know diences and long runs. And I know you can make such a huge success with these, why don't you try your hand at something a shade more—we'll call it 'French'—and have a farce that will run for 40 years?" And almost everywhere I have found people holding the theory that wholesomeness in a farce is a handicap.

The trouble with such people is that they deceive themselves. They theorize cynically, but in practice they have the same basic love of cleanliness that all the rest of its have.

Naturally enough, I have watched audiences—sometimes with my heart in my mouth, but always as closely as I could. I was an actress before I tried writing plays, and when you're behind the footlights trying to please them you're even nore agitated about it than when you're cout front."

And during these experimental observa-

tions of mine. I have invariably come to the conclusion about people gathered to-gether in the theatre-they love to laugh so much they'll laugh at anything that gives them half a chance, but they laugh more and longer and come back oftener and recommend more whole-heartedly, if what they have laughed at is clean.

Of course, any playwright knows that the world is divided into certain warring groups, not all of whom he can hope to please. There is a public for off-color "And why not?" asks O'Hara. "Why our leading light opera composer, Victor public would have liked "Twin Beda" much better if I had, as they put it, made the most of my opportunities.

Irishman born-Sir Charles Villiers Stan- the last ten years their fugitive vogue should imagine that with insinuating and suggestive farce a play wright could count on good-sized audiences for at least six or eight weeks. During that time you wouldn't be able to get your little finger into the theatre, because whatever else the public is or is not, it is lory and you will find that it was the list make the public is or is not, it is at least easer to get at its favorite entertainment. Then, however, the naughty and not only taught the Teutons music, but how to read and to write. So all the shot its bolt. It has, in passing, done this ficially minded lookers-on that a "big hit" is synonymous with a "double meaning You'll hear them say sardonically: "Suc and such a theatre is jammed to the doors every night-that's the way to make money. So and so knows the public so forth. They quote the placard of the King and the Duke in "Huckleberry Finn": "Great entertainment tonight— women and children not allowed to enter," and append the Duke's "If that don't fetch them, then I don't know Arkansaa." I don't know whether to laugh at them

or to cry over them. They are so piti-fully deluded. They are so unaware of the deadly "special public," which has wrecked more playwrights than anything else since the world began. They never dream of that great, unpretentious, wide-spreading public that stays out of "cliques." lives and loves normally, laughs joyously and at clean things—and makes a long run! The psychology of all this is very simple—people resent being made uncomfortable in the theatre, and

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WHEN SPARTA CRIED, "WE AND ZEUS!" AND TORE A SCRAP OF PAPER

TAST Friday Philip Moeler's stupenand Berlin, "Helena's Husband," arrived and brings it to Menelaus. at the Little Theatre via the Stage Society. It shared the same fate that followed its production by the Washington Square Players in New York, immediate fame and unending laughter. Portions of the playlet have already been printed in Vanity Fair and the Boston Transcript. Here is the final scene with the introduc-

tion supplied by the latter publication.
"At the beginning of the play, Helena of Troy is being beautified by her Nuof Troy is being beautified by her Nu-bian slave. Tsumu, a lady of much profes-sional efficiency and wide knowledge of life, who has "been so busy having chil-dren" that she hasn't "had time to get married." Helena speaks patronizingly of her Moo-Moo, officially known in state documents as Meneiaus, King of Sparta. Moo-Moo, it seems, fails to understand her, and has taken of rate to much read-ing and study with the royal librarian. ing and study with the royal librarian, Analytikos, who serves the kingdom also as a sort of unofficial prime minister. When her royal husband enters, Helena "convinces him in a thousand words that she is a silent woman," and pettishly goes off to her bath. "Will no one rid me of this pest?" cries the king in agony. But his simple brain gradually generates an idea—namely, that he would be rid of his wife if she were to run away from him. It becomes his royal aim to introduce some handsome stranger into her apartments and "manage to leave them alone

Then, as from the gods, a young shep-herd leaps over the halustrade. Analyti-kos is about to make ready the boiling oil which the law prescribes for such as enter the queen's apartments, but Monetogether. enter the queen's apartments, but Mone-laus restrains him, wishing to hear the stranger's tale. Having lately come down from the hills—the shepherd re-counts—he was munching an apple when he was stopped by three gipsles. Each begged the apple of him, and one offered him money, another wisdom, and the third a pretty girl. "Having been a long time in the hills, I chose the pretty girl." the youth explains. And now he is here, hoping for one glimpse of the beautiful Helena. The matter can easily be ar-ranged. Menelaus replies, discreetly with-drawing with the librarian. And when ranged. Menelaus replies, discreetly withdrawing with the librarian. And when
Helena enters. Paris needs but a few
soft and well-turned lines to convince her
that she is all wisdom, beauty and truth,
spiritually choked in this stuffy atmosphere, a mistreated and minunderstood
woman. Helena scribbles a few lines on
a piece of papyrus and pastas it on a
nearby shiald. Menelaus entera, rejoicing
in the success of his ruse and his nowly
gained freedom. Forthwith the slave,
Tsums, rushes in, bursting wigh the
happiness of evil news to tell. The play
than continues:

Tsumu points to the shield. Analytikos Li dously amusing satire of Sparta, Troy | tears the piece of papyrus off the shield

> Menciaus (reading)—"I am not a bad woman.
> I what I had to do." How Greek to
> lame fate for what one wants to do!
> Taumu prostrates bimaelt before the king.
> Taumu—A rumor dies through the city. He— Analytikos (anxiously)-Well? Well? Teamu-He-He-

Menciaus (furiously to Analytikos)-Rid ine of This crosking rates.

Taumu-Evil has fallen on Sparta. He—Analytikos-Yes-Yes-Menciaus (in a rage)-Out of my right, you erfidious Nubian.



ALEXANDRA CARLISLE

The distinguished comedienne, who will support E. H. Sothern, at the Adelphi, when Alfred Sutro's new comedy, "The Two Virtues," is shown there February 14.

Taumu-He was Paris, Prince of Troy!
They all start back. Analytikos stumbles into a seat. Menclaus turns pale. Tsumu leers like a black Nemesis. Analytikos (very ominously). Who can read the secret of the fates?

Menclaus (frightened)—What do you mean."
Analytikos—He is the son of Priam, King
Trey,
Taumu (addies forth the first Trey. Tsumu (adding fuel)—And of Hecuba, Queen the Trojana. (She rushes out to spread the Analytikos-That makes the matter inter-

Analytikos—That makes the matter international.

Menelaus—But we have treaties with Troy.

Analytikos—Circumstances alter treaties.

They will mean nothins.

Menelaus—Sofiliar than a scrap of napyAssithos—Circumstances and property.

Analytikos—Circumstances than a scrap of papyMenelaus—But I don't want her back.

Analytikos—Can you tell that to Sparis?

Remember the king can do to wrong. Last
night I dreamed of war.

Menelaus—No! No! Don't say that. After
the scandal I can't be expected to fight to get
her back.

Analytikos—Sparia will see with the eyes of
chivalry.

Menelaus—Soria will see with the eyes of
chivalry. Menefaus (fuming)—But I den't believe in Menefaus (fumins)—But I don't believe in war.

Analytikos (still obdurate)—Have you forgotten the oath pledged of old, with tilvases of thaca and Asamemmon, King of Mycenae. They have sworn it ever the time came to fisht and defend the queen—Menelaus tiltterly—I didn't think of the Triple Alliance.

Analytikos—the Saarta ask less of her king? Menelaus—Let's hear the other side. We can perhap arbitrate, Fesce at an price!

Analytikos—fome bargaids are too cheap.

Menelaus tas a tast desperate hope)—Bul I am a pacitiat.

Analytikos—You are Menelaus of Sparta, and Sparta a nation of solders. Here, put on your shield.

am a pactina.

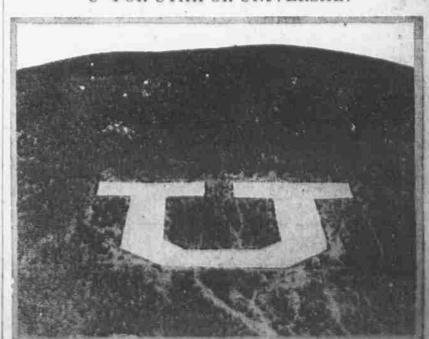
Analytikos—You are Menclaus of Sparta, and Sparta a nation of soldiers. Here, put on your shield.

A great clamor comes up from the courtyard. Analytikos steps out on the halomy and to greeted with shouts of "The King! The King!" Analytikos tadireasing the tang! The King! Analytikos tadireasing the best forevir tipos its. We did for seek it.

We will be a seek it. We are a peaceful innocent people. The king! the did in the seek it we seek the seek innocent people. We did not seek it. We are a peaceful innocent people for war. Thanks to our minuralized enciency the military system of Sparta is enciency to make the people. Manciaus the papyrus still in band, crawls over and attempts to stop Analytikos.

Analytikos not noticing him)—From a clear say the thunderboot has fallen. In the midst of connubial and communal peace the terrible news has reached the king. (Menclaus tigs at Analytikos toga.) Broken in spirita he is he is already pawing the groundlike a battle street impatient to avenue the wrong that has been done to our guiltiess nation. Never will we tay down our arms! (Cheers). Never until the queen is restored to Menclaus. (Menclaus aquirms). Be it a week a month, a year, rea ten years, in the end we will be victoriouz, we and Zeus, for the gods will fight oh our side. It loud cheer! Even now the king is bursting on further forward and then with bursting of quency. One hate we have and one alone! Hate of the head and hate of the hand, Hate of the head and hate of Troy. That has broken the curen for a moment's joy. Jove's thunder will shatter the Troyan throps. We have one bate and one alone? Troy! Troy!" Holmest and sweeks are thrown into the curtain will.

"U" FOR UTAH OR UNIVERSAL?



The above picture shows the famous natural "U" in the State of Utah, which the State slightly reinforced with concrete. It is within sight of the offices of the Universal Film Capporation that naturally, claims it as its own quite as much as the State's. The "D" is of huge dimensions occupying the fuce of a publish.



JACK ABOARD SHIP

The Jack is John, of the Barrymore lik, and he has just received his list royal anub in "Nearly a King," a Famous Players production, due at the Stanley the last half of next week.