AMUSEMENT SECTION

Evening Ledger

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 12, 1916

EATON SEES CREAM PUFF OF ROMANTIC LOVE BY CARPENTER

His New York Letter Describes the Philadelphian's Success, "The Cinderella Man"

"The Cinderella Man," a sentimental cream puff of romantic love, by Edward Childs Carpenter, of Philadelphia, which might easily have been rendered ridiculous by the acting (and probably will be when it reaches the movies), was produced in New York with Shelley Hull in the title part, and is on the high road to success. Never was the truth better illustrated that not what you do but how you do it marks the line between success or failure in art. The little bit more, and oh, how much it is! Mr. Carpenter, to be sure, skates perilously close at times to that edge where the one step more would precipitate him into absurdity. We are not sure that he doesn't even get one foot over now and then. But he is a man of taste and feeling, and manages to save himself—with Mr. Hull's aid. Shelley Hull, a young actor whom we have watched with interest for several years, in this play is coming into his own. His charm, his sincerity, his comic abilities, his nice feeling for romantic suggestion, his increasing command of voice coloring, are all here visible, and will be recognized by a wide public.


WALTER P. EATON

There is more than a touch of Mrs. Frances Burnett—she of the "Little Princess"—in "The Cinderella Man." It is a fairy story of actual life, a romance of reality. A poor little rich girl, who has lived with her divorced mother in Paris till the mother dies, comes back to her tremendously rich and terribly crabbed and cross father on 5th avenue. (He is a steel magnate, or some such ogre.) The poor little rich girl does want her romance, though, the more when her first suitor turns out to be after her money, and she packs him off. And she gets her romance, which is the play.

For next door to her house (no doubt in the rear) is an old shambles of a house where lives Anthony Quintard, in the garret, of course. Now, Anthony is just about the proudest, most cheerful, debonair, gentlemanly, fantastic poet who ever starved in a cold garret, neglected by a prosaic world and cut off by an unfeeling uncle because he wouldn't go into trade. Not a penny will Anthony accept from friends. Wrapped in a tattered bed quilt, he works at his libretto for the $10,000 prize, his only sympathizer being an old valet named Primrose who loves to wait on him (when he should be working downstairs), because once, before Primrose sank to his present low estate, he had served in a gentleman's family. That touch suggests Barrie!

Well, the poor little rich girl learns about the poor Cinderella Man, as she calls him, and she creeps across the roof of his window when he is out and starts transforming his garret, as the East Indians transformed the garret in "The Little Princess"—only she gets caught at it, and a naive and pretty friendship springs up between the Cinderella Man and his unknown benefactor, and she comes often over the roof for tea, ostensibly, but really that she may bring him food. Of course, she lies and tells him she is the companion of the poor little rich girl, for the proud fellow would not have anything to do with her if he knew really who she was.

But he has to find out at last, and love is stronger than pride, so that he wins the girl with all her millions, and wins the $10,000 prize as well, and doubtless it is a happy ending. Yes, it is a happy ending, because this is a fairy story, a sentimental romance of old-fashioned lace valentine texture—and in such stories a poet can write just as well on a million dollars as he can on an empty stomach. Perhaps he can, anyhow!

In the conduct of this unquestionably improbable and sentimental tale Mr. Carpenter has been less happy at times than the judicious could wish. It is a delicate task to tell a fairy story in a modern setting without seeming either ridiculous or crudely sentimental, after the fashion of the old-time "Fireside Companion" stories. There are moments when Mr. Carpenter doesn't entirely escape the

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THIS IS "LITTLE MARY"!

It takes a categorical statement to convince admirers of the familiar Mary Pickford that she has the dramatic versatility to play a little Italian waif as she does in the new seven-part Paramount release, "Poor Little Peppina," which comes to the Stanley next week.

MAKING FAIRY MOVIES IN NATURE'S WONDERLAND

Here in the tropical luxuriance of a Jamaica valley the Fox forces, under Director Brennon's guidance, have been making the monster production in which Annette Kellermann is to star. Above the roaring, tumbling stream crossed by rustic bridges, may be seen "Gnome Village," whence the little people went forth on quaint adventures.

Concerning the Art of Being a Real Comedian

A Famous Fun-Maker Finds Sincerity the Basis of All Great Comic Art Upon the Stage

By HARRY LAUDER

THE philosophy of stage persuasion can be told in one word—sincerity. I mean that a comedian, to be funny, must laugh with his audience if he would have the audience laugh with him. Many have held this to be otherwise. It has been put forth that art, not heart, is the element upon the stage. I have found it the reverse.

You have here in America one great character attached to the stage. He exemplifies more fully than any other one the truth of my theory. He is George M. Cohan. To know and study him off the stage is to understand his never-go-wrong appeal on it and in everything he touches of it. Cohan is, as you say in America, "on the level."

The day may be rainy, but George Cohan has in his memory the sunshine of yesterday and in his heart the sunshine of tomorrow. Mind you, he doesn't pretend the sun is shining today. But he knows the sun will shine tomorrow, and because he knows it he makes you believe it. That's why I say George Cohan is the greatest comedian in America—one of the greatest of them all.

He is square with himself, his audience and his own ideals. The reason that he can deliver patriotism thrills where another man cannot is not because he knows better how to, but because he feels that patriotism more. He can make you laugh because he would laugh at the same thing. He can make you weep, because he himself is toucned. That is the essential of stage greatness.

This is not so in other callings. A writer may be a grouch or a crab in his shriveled soul, yet a wit on paper. A painter may be a rascal, yet draw an ideal conception. But he does not face the public. He does not have to satisfy the studying, questioning eye of his fellow man, which divines and discerns beyond any make-up, beyond any grotesque transfiguration of chalkline or grease paint, and, reading, feels.

Material is the least of a stage worker's asset. If the soul be there it can color and mold any suitable tunes, steps or words. Pathos and comedy are twins to such a one—so nearly do they resemble one another that sometimes their own creator can scarcely tell which is which, when one enters and the other departs. There is no specializing in comedy or tragedy, except as certain vocal and physical characteristics may aid in compelling a plausible physical framework.

George Cohan is known as a professional American. I am known as a professional Scot. But it's not Cohan's Americanism and my Highland birth that specialize us. No nation has a monopoly of loving a lassie. I think I can do it as well in any language. And the Stars and Stripes are no better for romantic or dramatic purposes than the Russian Eagle or Erin's Harp on green. It's the unseen and potential force of patriotic sincerity that gave Cohan a tighter grip on your flag than Patrick Henry or a President.

The heart is international—universal. Emotions are common to us all. Entertainment is good, bad or indifferent—I mean entertainment delivered without tricks—in proportion to the degree in which the entertainer can carry his audience with him in the spirit and atmosphere of his theme. If one feels his stuff he has no limitations. Art has little to do with it. Some of our greatest artists are hopeless as actors. If one feels his stuff he is like a lawyer arguing for a client that he knows is innocent. He does not need to make up an alibi. He lets the truth run. But the man who feels and thinks black and talks and sings white must be superhuman to convince others, who are human and normal, of that of which he cannot convince himself.

I sang as well and entertained as well when I was a mule boy in a mine as I have ever done since, except that I have acquired a keener discrimination and a matured, experienced series of viewpoints. I made my fellow miserables laugh then, just as Georgie Cohan, they tell me, kept every one about him entertained before he took to the stage at all. Footlights cannot draw from within one that which is not there. They are more likely to work like X-rays and reveal what is.

They say I portray "The Saftest o' the Family" well. I should say it's a study in pity for a half-witted youth, the butt of every one. I do pity such lads. Just how I pity him I show when I commiserate with him on the stage. If my inclination in life was to kick him aside, I couldn't pity him while you looked on—you who might have a heart for pity—and win you. I wouldn't know how. I would have to imagine or imitate. You would know. How could I guess better than you know?

When I sing "I Love a Lassie" it is to be seen that I have loved a lassie. As you would say, she was some lassie, too, I'm tellin' ye. When I sing "A Wee Deoch an' Doris" I think of the many a night I hastened from the public house because my wife was waitin' in our wee bot an' ben for her late, bad Harry. Had I not cared what she thought, or how she waited, that song would not be for me. I would sing that old American song, "Please Don't Take Me Home."

I could point out, up and down and around a circle, all day long the reasons for my theory, and then, perhaps, I could not convince myself that only the laugh that's in a man can come out of him, and painting the lily white is easier than painting the thistle to feel like a daffy-down-dilly in the public's grasp.

PHILIP MERIVALE, ACTOR AND MAN

For a young man under 30, Philip Merivale, of the "Pollyanna" cast at the Broad, has accomplished important things as an actor. He was born near Mandipur, India, while his father was filling an important place in the British service. Educated in England, he was intended for the law. Ten years ago he was clerk in a barrister's office, when the lure of the stage altered his plans. His first appearances were in the company of F. R. Benson, and he toured the provinces in Shakespearean repertoire. His first opportunity in London came when Benson produced Greek plays at the Coronet Theatre. Next, he found himself with Frederick Terry and Julia Neilson, and later for several seasons with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, at His Majesty's, where he advanced to such important Shakespearean roles as Cassius, in "Julius Caesar." It was while under Tree's management that he played Romeo to the Juliet of Phyllis Neilson-Terry.

Merivale first visited America with Miss Terry's parents, when they appeared in "The Scarlet Pimpernel" and "Henry of Navarre." It was a brief tour, and he returned to London and was with Beerbohm Tree and Mrs. Patrick Campbell in the original cast of Bernard Shaw's "Pygmalion." When Mrs. Campbell brought this play to America he came with her for the part of Higgins, which Sir Herbert had created.

Wholesome Advice to "Film-Struck" Maidens

A Metro Star Tells a Bit of the Downright Hard Work That Lies Between Initiation and Success

By BEVERLY BAYNE

IN THIS article I want to emphasize the fact that a girl who is desirous of getting into motion pictures must first rid herself of the popular notion that acting before the camera is easy and mostly play. Just the reverse is the case. It is extremely difficult, and is very hard work. I have seen many talented young girls fail in a motion-picture career, merely because they were not physically able to perform the tasks set before them.

The erroneous idea which is quite prevalent is, that all one has to be able to do is to look pretty, and walk in and out of scenes. This is the natural observation one would make after seeing the finished product on the screen. As a rule, everything appears simple then. The hours and even days and nights of tedious toil to obtain a certain result—which appears quite simple on the screen—is not shown when the picture is presented.

I have known a director to work for hours rehearsing players in one scene, merely to get a certain effect. First, he would have one-half of the company doing just what he wanted, and then the other half would be all wrong. No sooner would the others get up in their parts, than some person—it might be a minor character—would spoil the whole thing. Then, when the director thought he had everything ready and ordered on the lights and the camera to be turned, his keen eye would observe that something or somebody was not just as he wanted them to be.

I have often rehearsed and rehearsed until I was ready to give up from fatigue. And, mind you, I am unusually strong and a tireless worker for a girl, as I take a daily course of physical training. Perhaps that is why I have been able to stand up so well under the strain. It often happens that even after a scene is photographed it proves to be wrong. That, of course, means it must be made all over again.

I recall a big scene, in which more than 200 persons were used, that had to be made four times. It was a scene in a story laid in the South 30 years ago. Something unforeseen happened to mar the picture the first two times it was photographed. We had worked in the boiling sun all morning and the director was wild because he had not accomplished anything.

Then, when he announced that it had to be done correctly the third time, threatening to discharge several of the minor chracters, we all kept our wits about us. Every one was going through their parts as smoothly as possible, and the cameras were recording the action. We were very near the end of the scene, when the director shouted for us to stop.

An automobile had dashed across the stretch of road, back of where we were acting, and it was caught by the camera's all-seeing eye. Of course, it spoiled the picture, as it would not do to have an automobile in a scene supposed to have been taken 30 years ago.

I mention these things at some length to correct the false impression that acting for motion pictures is child's play. I knew one dear little girl, who worked her way up to playing leading parts, whose health suddenly broke down and she was in a sanatorium for three months last year. She could not stand the nervous strain.

Another well-known star was out of the business for two years, following months of hard work in the pictures. So it behooves the girl who is not strong to choose some other profession than the silent drama. Of course, there are small parts that do not require a deal of physical endeavor, but one will never rise very high in the profession without an endless amount of hard work.

Another thing that works to the disadvantage of the average new girls in motion pictures is the patience required of them. Many are able to cultivate this patience, but it is often nerve-racking. You must be made up, properly costumed and always within calling distance. I have really heard more complaints about these long waits than I have about players being called upon to work too strenuously.

We all know how hard actors and actresses work during the last week of rehearsal before opening in a new stage production. Often many of them are on the point of prostration, and merely able to go through with their opening performance from the attendant excitement. After the opening, their nerves are restored, and if the production has a run, the remainder of their work is easy.

But in motion pictures, every day is a rehearsal day. It is not the easiest thing in the world to have a big scene to make, calling for all your strength and intense concentration, and go through it six or seven times before it is finally photographed. Then, no sooner are you finished with that scene than work is begun on another. You may have to run up and down stairs 30 or 40 times in one day, besides your other work, if the story calls for that sort of action.

Some of this hard work is offset by a pleasanter side. We often take long and invigorating rides in automobiles, yachts, boats, etc. I think if we did not have these occasional recesses, none of us could survive the work. But even then, at the end of a nice spin in an auto, we are often obliged to chase across fields, up steep embankments, over them, and do all manner of unusual and strenuous things. There is seldom a working day which will not find one sufficiently tired at night to enjoy a good, sound rest of from eight to nine hours.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF DRAMA, A NEVER-NEVER LAND

By E. H. SOTHERN

OLD ladies and gentlemen never cease to prate about actors, actresses and plays of the past—for the plays and players they see later in life can never appear to them quite the equal of those vividly remembered and hallowed ones of youth, when hope was new and life was fresh and beautiful. This is why the aged now lack the interest and attention which was freely given in their younger days. They go to the theatre with a pocket scale of dramatic weights and measures with which to test theatrical wares.

Max Beerbohm hit the nail squarely on the head when he said: "When a play becomes a classic it ceases to be a play; it becomes a mere pretext for comparative criticism. The play is dead, the stage is crowded with ghosts. Every head in the audience is a heavy casket of reminiscences. Play they ever so wisely, the players cannot lay those circumambient ghosts, nor charm those well-packed caskets to emptiness."

Albeit, the popular actor of today can coddle this delicious thought, can lay this flattering unction to his soul; no matter how great the actors of the future may be, they will not appear anything like so splendid as he does now to the young and enthusiastic. While the future is hidden, like an eye when asleep beneath its lid, time will surely bring the reward. The aged look on the past with regret, on the present with impatient dislike; while youth views the future with feverish hope, the present with joyous delight. This is as much a part of existence, of the regular order of things, as breathing is of life itself.

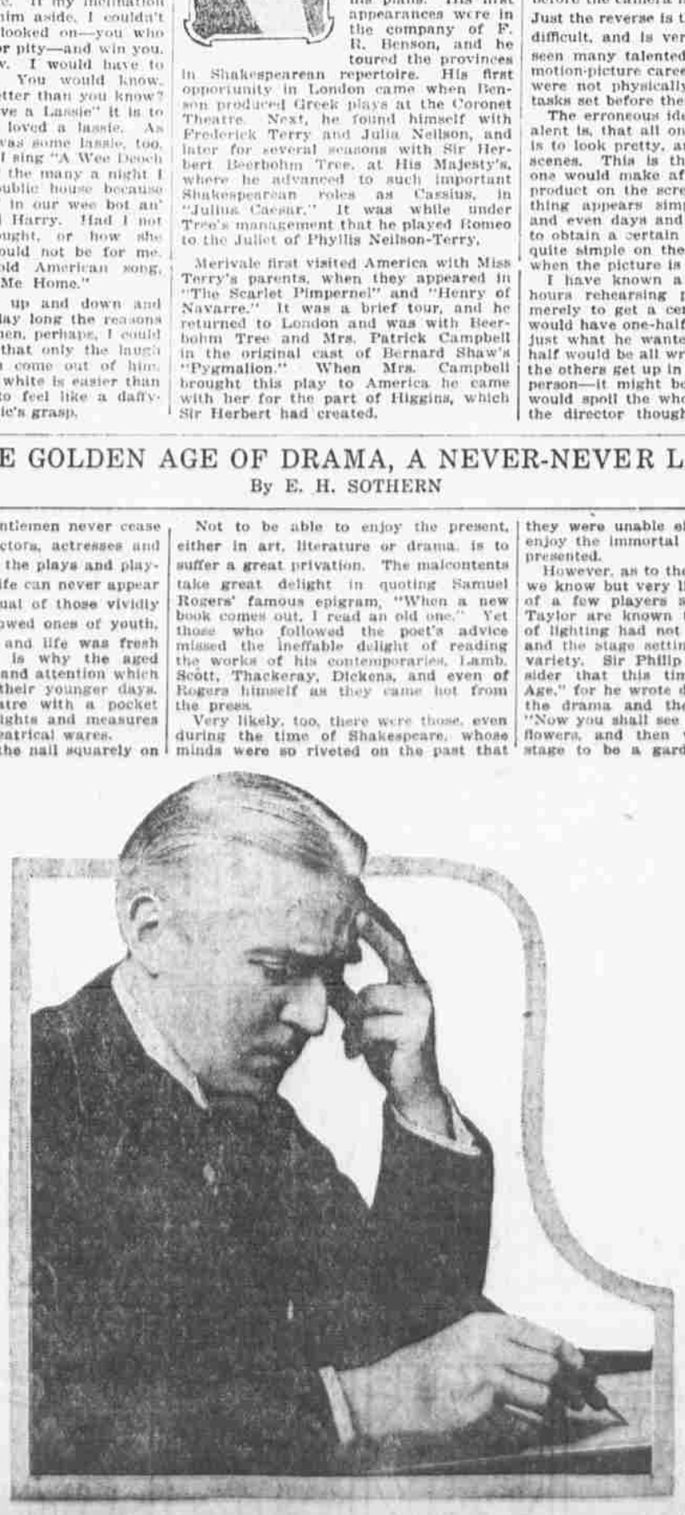
Not to be able to enjoy the present, either in art, literature or drama, is to suffer a great privation. The malcontents take great delight in quoting Samuel Rogers' famous epigram, "When a new book comes out, I read an old one." Yet those who followed the poet's advice missed the ineffable delight of reading the works of his contemporaries, Lamb, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, and even of Rogers himself as they came hot from the press.

Very likely, too, there were those, even during the time of Shakespeare, whose minds were so riveted on the past that they were unable either to appreciate or enjoy the immortal dramas as they were presented.

However, as to the acting of that period we know but very little. Only the names of a few players such as Burbage and Taylor are known to our age. The art of lighting had not yet been dreamed of and the stage settings were of a meagre variety. Sir Philip Sidney did not consider that this time was the "Golden Age," for he wrote describing the state of the drama and the stage of his time. "Now you shall see ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden. By and by we hear news of a shipwreck in the same place; then we are blamed if we do not accept it as a rock. Upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke; then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a cave, while in the meantime two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard hearts will not receive it as a pitched battle?" Surely this was not the Golden Age.

Garrick's time had long been referred to as the Golden Age, but for what special reason it would be difficult to understand. Garrick was undoubtedly a very great actor, as were others of his time; but, if anybody wants to learn to what low state the theatre of that age had fallen, let him read Churchill's "Rosciad," and then if the golden glow of the Golden Age is still upon him let him take down the writings of Aaron Hill and learn what he had today.

Fearful as a locust bane is the inability to enjoy the present, which will vanish all too soon like a star into a cloud.


E. H. SOTHERN

THE AMERICAN WHO CAPTURED THE KAISER

A Movie Tale of the Philadelphian Who Couldn't Resist Temptation

The next fellow who tries this will probably be boiled in oil. But here is the story told in the Photoplay Magazine of an American motion-picture man who snapped the Kaiser on one of his own battlefields. Literally grabbed his picture without his consent as though he were a divorcee coming off the boat at Hoboken. It was almost superfluous to say he was an American. A German would have died first; also he probably would have died afterward.

The nervy young person who pulled this high-handed affair was W. H. Durborough, photographer of the North American German war pictures.

There were about 15 correspondents in our party. We were in charge of two German staff officers who fussed over us like a couple of old hens with a brood of ducklings.

Warsaw had just fallen into the hands of the Germans and we got out there in time to see the final assault and the capitulation of the fortress of Nowo Georgievsk. For several days we saw the big Austrian howitzers pounding the thing to pieces. Then one morning an agitated orderly woke us to say that the fort had fallen and we were to start at once for the scene. It was a long way from Warsaw and we got out there about 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

I never believed they intended us to see it; but we accidentally bumped into the most majestic of military ceremonies—a Kaiser review. The troops which had taken part in the battle were assembling on the battlefield when we got there. It was a splendid picture. The fortress was on fire against the sky. Down one road filed a long procession of Russian prisoners marching to the rear. Down another road trundled the big guns that had driven the Czar out of Poland. They had finished one job and were on the way to the next battle. In the middle of a great hollow square of troops stood the War Lord leaning on a little cane addressing his soldiers. Behind him were his field marshals, Von Hindenburg, Von Baseler, Von Falkenhyn and his sons, Prince Eitel Fritz and Prince Joachim.

Of course, this was perfectly miserable stuff for moving pictures

Durborough begged our officer to let him slip in between the files and shoot a picture. The worthy captain looked as though he was going to faint at the suggestion. "Aw, just for a minute," pleaded Durborough, pathetically, but the captain had turned from him to a correspondent who had lit a cigar. 'One does not smoke at a Kaiser review,' he said in a thunderous stage whisper. Which shows what kind of a thing a Kaiser review is.

Finally the ceremony came to a close. "Adieu, Comrades," cried the Kaiser. "Adieu, Majesty" they shouted back. The ranks fell back; the square opened. The Kaiser strode back to his auto and climbed in. Spying Dr. Sven Hedin, the famous Swedish explorer, in the crowd, the Emperor beckoned him to the car. This was more than Durborough could stand. He suddenly broke away and we saw him running full tilt across the cleared space that the awe of the soldiers had left around His Majesty. Our captain was too much overcome to follow. The captain just stood waiting for an offended heaven to strike dead the impious wretch.

To the frozen horror of the whole German army, Durborough set up his machine about thirty feet away from the Kaiser's car and began grinding away for dear life.

The Kaiser looked up and took in the whole situation with quick, comprehending eyes. He laughed and lit a cigarette, talking a little while longer, we believe, to give the plucky Yankee boy a chance.

Finally the Emperor and Doctor Hedin shook hands; the chauffeur of the car threw in the hop and the imperial automobile started with a leap.

As it went by him, Durborough took off his hat and said with honest sociability, "Much obliged!" The Kaiser straightened up and one gauntleted hand rose to the visor of his helmet in salute to the American boy who had the nerve to snap an Emperor without asking permission.

Frohman's Office Boy

How Louise Closser Hale, writer as well as actress, first met Arnold Daly is told by William Rose in the February Theatre Magazine:

When she resolved to go upon the stage, Miss Closser, being still a young thing, went to Mr. Frohman's office, and steadied her nerves at the door by repeating over and over again, "Perseverance is the price of success" and such like bracing sentiments. In that way she got as far as the anteroom. There she saw an office boy sitting, with his feet upon the desk and a newspaper before him.

"Is Mr. Frohman in?" she asked.

"Naw," said the office boy without looking up.

"Then I will wait," said the actress. She waited an hour in silence. Then it occurred to her to put a simple question.

"When will Mr. Frohman be in?"

"He ain't goin' to be in," answered the boy. "He's in Europe."

When she joined Mr. Daly's company, last winter, Miss Closser told him the story.

"Were you that girl?" he said.

"Yes."

"Well, I was that boy."


HARRY LAUDER'S BACK

Yes, it is, and yes, he is—at the Lyric next week.