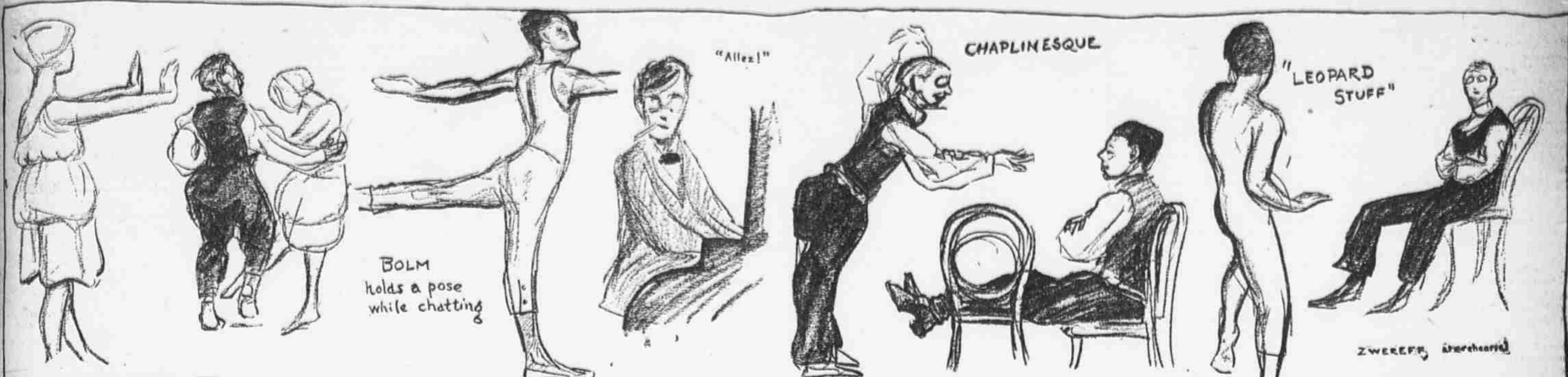


Evening Ledger

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 18, 1916

PHOTOPLAY THEATRES DANCING MUSIC

WHEN THE RUSSIANS ARE MAKING THEIR BALLETS—SKETCHES FROM THE REHEARSAL ROOM



Glimpses of the strange rehearsal scenes which precede the choreographic marvels of Serge de Diaghileff's Ballet Russe. During the first weeks of performances in New York, and to a considerable extent on tour, the principals have spent their spare hours working indefatigably at the intricate and difficult steps of their brilliant dances. Dressed in odd sections of old costumes, with a single piano for accompaniment and the ballet master's thumping cane to mark the time, they filled the low-ceilinged rehearsal rooms of the Century Theatre with strange noises and a stranger grace. Sketches by Samuel McCoy.

The Today and Tomorrow of the Photoplay Art

In Education by Art, Not Propaganda or Travogues, Lies the Future of the Movies, Says Fox Star

By BERTHA KALICH

I THINK I foresee a future for the motion picture that no one has ever predicted before as I intend to picture it. I see the motion picture not supplanting literature, but building and creating a great new literature of its own. Already the motion picture is a foe of ignorance. It can be made to banish ignorance. It can be used and will not be used later on in a propagandist sense; not as a studied and deliberate educator which would cause resentment among the people who saw it, but as an unstudied portrayal of the right things to do and the wrong things to do.

The motion picture, in its evolution, whether it deals with fiction or fact, will be wonderfully educational. If a picture is inaccurate now the picture public knows this quickly. If it shows wrong period costumes, wrong-period furniture or a confusion of two or more periods into the same scene there are hundreds of thousands of people in America who detect this instantly. An ignorant producer cannot exist for long. He is showing his picture, no matter who he is, for a time at least, to a partially intelligent and informed public. If he pictures ignorance, stupidity or excites ridicule for long, the producer ceases to exist. Therefore, those producers who do survive and grow in power will be those who are informed or who engage as advisers people of capacity to correct their deficiencies.

Correct pictures eventually must mean correct audiences. An uninformed or unlettered person who hears words spoken correctly or sees things done correctly cannot for all time remain uninfluenced by adherence to the United States. The part of others or by those he is able to see with his own eyes. You may talk forever to some persons without penetrating their consciousness, but you cannot hold a picture constantly before their eyes without having it shape their manners, customs or ideals.

These are influences that are bound to grow larger all the time in motion pictures. Men and women write novels, histories, works of travel and biographies, and millions of people read them in many languages. Novels today are in the main written by men in the United States, by men and women whose scenes and people are almost wholly imaginary. These writers travel more than they did in other days, but still they travel too little. They

nings (and endings) of those pioneers who introduced Ibsen, Hauptmann, Shaw, Gorki, Sudermann and others of their type to the American public were not marked by affluence or opulence. Most of these pioneers lost money, but they created tastes and liking for strong, sincere, earnest plays. They began the creation of a public for strength and sincerity and, once begun, the public built itself like the rolling snowball that enlarges as it travels.

The taste for grand opera was acquired. Operatic beginnings in America were humble and unprofitable. Subsidized at first by wealthy people for social profit, grand opera outgrew them, acquired a public that today makes it profitable. The love of good dancing was by no means widespread. Today it is extensive and a Ballet Russe can come to America and carry away a fortune.

In America we have watched the evolution of better books, somewhat better native plays, better music, increased culture and refinement, growth of mental breadth, a further extension of intellectual curiosity to learn the unknown things and better motion pictures.

Already there is an audience for sincere, big motion pictures. This audience is growing constantly. In time the members

CELLULOID, THE NEW ART MEDIUM

By H. B. WARNER

Because the motion picture is a new art, in my opinion it should be considered more seriously perhaps than the spoken drama. Our big film producers do not try to copy the stage. They have their own field, and are seeking its development along purely original and widely resourceful lines. I was glad to see so great a thinker as Hugo Munsterberg setting forth the postulate that the photoplay is not a copy of a play intended for stage production.

I am sure that the success of the Ince photoplays is due to the fact that they are written for the screen, without reference to the spoken drama. Of course, to write a play to suit some persons is the wrong method from the start, but it is possible to write a wonderful photoplay that will express some big principle and drive home some large truth in a way that cannot be forgotten.

Now, don't understand me as standing for that exalted attitude assumed by the playwright or actor who tries to deliver an intellectual knockout to helpless audience. If there is anything that will kill

self completely into any part that is assigned to him. If a play has a good story and gets anywhere an actor is contemptible if he does not jump at the chance to take that play and give it to the people.

Already in pictures we have begun to look for more thought and less speed. The people are beginning to guess shrewdly as to the value of photoplays, and more tricks of the camera will no longer satisfy them. The fact is that the men who stand today as the big producers of America are the ones who began, like Mr. Ince, from the very start to see to it that every photoplay of theirs contained a vital, gripping story.

If I were asked what was the most modern tendency toward improvement in photoplay production I should say that it lay in the matter of direction. The director is all-powerful, for he can make or break a story and the actor who is to star in it. An actor is immediately drawn to his director or repulsed by him. He soon develops an instinct for directors, so that the director who understands his work and brings to it a high conception of the story and an appreciation of the actor, will inspire the star. The unmasterful director dooms the play from the start.

The man with the microphone voice does not really control the situation nearly

The Play Shaw Forgot and Philadelphia Saved

The True Story of His Roaring Burlesque, "Passion, Poison and Petrification," and How It Wandered to the Quaker City

THERE are surprises in store for the man who ventures into De Lancey street, between 17th and 18th. Let him lay down 50 cents at the box office of the Little Theatre any Friday or Saturday night. Let him step inside and watch the variegated entertainment of the Stage Society. But let him beware of the final playlet. There are shocks in it.

Shock No. 1—A play by Bernard Shaw that almost nobody knows anything about, a play that is contained in none of his volumes of printed plays and for sale at none of the book stores.

Shock No. 2—An absolutely non-preachy, unyngentilic, irresponsible, devil-may-care burlesque.

Shock No. 3 (if he digs deep enough)—A literary mystery in which Philadelphia plays the leading part.

Hereinafter is set down the complete history of how and why the play was written, when and where the farce was performed, and yet more strangely, how the author disposed of the manuscript and then immediately forgot it. The burlesque "Passion, Poison and Petrification," by the Chelsea Shakespeare, George Bernard Shaw.

On July 14, 1905, in the Theatre Royal—in the Botanic Gardens, Regent's Park—was played for the first time on any stage whatsoever "a new, startling, pathetic, blood-curdling and entrancing tragedy, in one act, and ten mechanical effects, entitled 'Passion, Poison and Petrification,' by the Chelsea Shakespeare, George Bernard Shaw."

There were repeated performances of the farce and after the first one the manuscript was auctioned off to the highest bidder, who happened to be a second-hand book dealer in London, from whom it was secured by the late Robert Hoe, who was one of the keenest and at the same time one of the most intelligent collectors of his day. In 1911 Mr. Hoe's great library, containing monuments of our literature, was sold, and the Shaw manuscript fell into other hands.

After another tempestuous voyage or two there at last came to light these 41 pages of manuscript, which, by the way, are, as Shaw describes, written in a "joggy" manner, with a black lead pencil, the underlining being done with a red one. While there are many erasures and corrections, the manuscript is in a perfect state of preservation, and is now owned by the Rosenbach Company, of this city.

Two years after the production of the play, or in 1907, when Shaw desired this manuscript for purposes of his own, not being able to find it, he wrote a most strenuous letter to a firm of solicitors in

London complaining about Mr. Robert Hoe, of New York city, and intimating that that famous collector had "manufactured an edition" and was in consequence "no aptitudinarian."

So much for the manuscript, now for the correspondence!

Halfday, Llanbeder, Merionethshire, R. S. O. (until 30th September), 11th August, 1907. The MS. of "Passion, Poison and Petrification," was originally put on the market by me; and I had no idea that it had passed out of my hands. It has been published in America for copyright purposes. For collector's purposes, surely and originally, it is in my hands. I am sorry to hear that you have written to the effect that you manufacture an edition is no sportman.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. actually announced an edition without consulting me, and would probably have issued it if my publishers had not put their veto on the fact that the work was copyrighted in the United States. G. BERNARD SHAW.

This letter is addressed to Messrs. Stevens & Brown, Trafalgar Square, London, E. C., who, under date of August 13, wrote to Robert Hoe, Esq., of which the following is an extract:

We made two calls at Adelphi Terrace to see Mr. Shaw, and found him from home; left a letter for him, and on the 14th of August, 1907, we were told that he had acted as your agent in the matter of the manuscript. As we have told him that we acted as your agent, we are sorry to hear that you have written to the effect that you manufacture an edition is no sportman.

A copy of the text of the enclosed letter from Shaw is as follows:

Dear Sirs—I quite forget that the MS. of P. P. & P. was sold by auction at the competition of the Chelsea Shakespeare, and the title is quite valid, and I owe Mr. Hoe an apology. Yours faithfully G. BERNARD SHAW.

The first performance ever given in this country was by the Young Men's Hebrew Association of Philadelphia, on a Sunday night last winter. It proved highly successful and amusing, despite the lack of an adequate stage and the kind of scenery that the play demands. The existence of such a Shaw play was known only to a few, and that it was played by the Young Men's Hebrew Association was due to the suggestion of Prof. Thomas D. O'Boyer, of the University of Pennsylvania, an ardent admirer of Shaw, who had read the manuscript and laughed. The Stage Society production was the first performance in a theatre in this country.

The Stage Society production, designed by H. De Witt Weldon, in unique costumes. The piece is played between two huge posters on either side of the stage, announcing "Passion, Poison and Petrification."

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SHE WAS ALWAYS JUST A "PRINCESS" TRA-LA-LA

Miss Emmy Nicklass, who is the leading comedienne with the Andrea Dippel opera, "Princess Tra-La-La," opening at the Broad Street Theatre on Monday, has a few ideas of her own, both on life and the theatre.

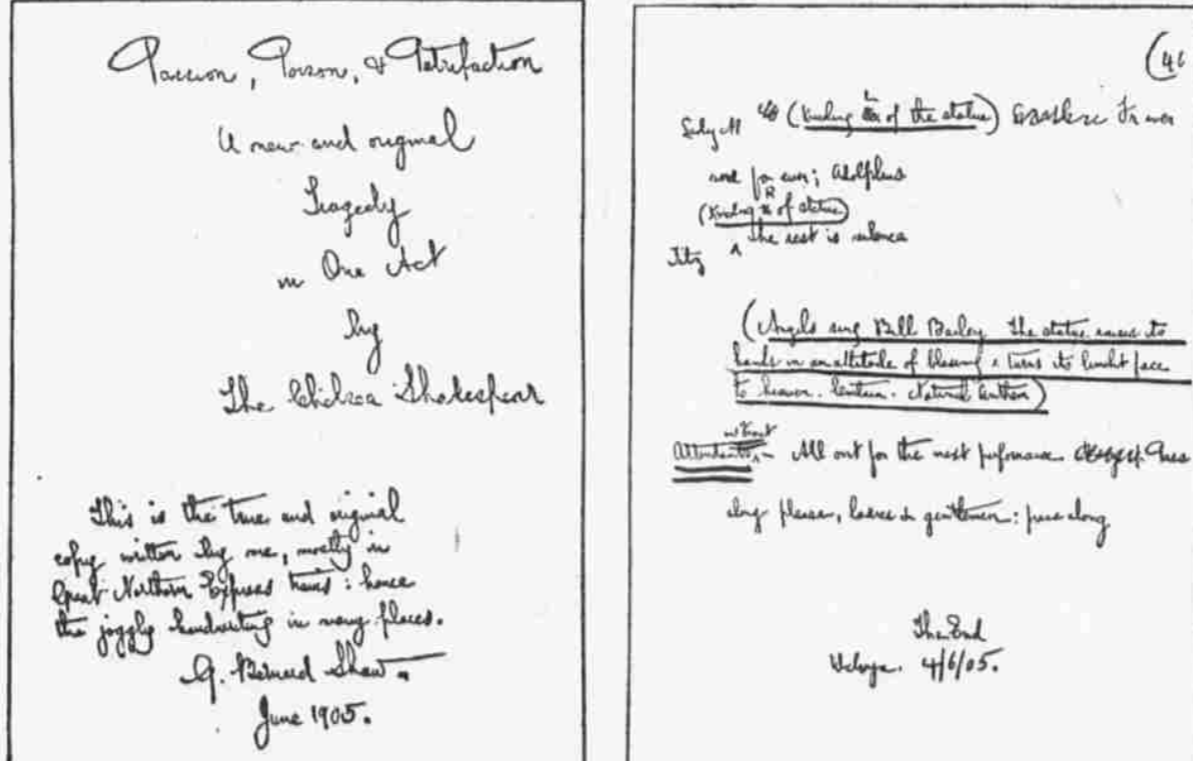
"You know," said she, "I am the daughter of Frau Nicklass Kemper, the German operatic singer, and although my father was a merchant in Berlin, and when I was a child, was a very much opposed to the idea of my going on the stage, I managed to get his consent eventually, although perhaps in a rather unusual manner."

"I was known as a child as 'weather vane,' because the children always said, 'There is a young woman who some day is going to leave home and go on the stage, no matter what her father and mother have to say about it.'"

"And it happened just about that way. One day, after a quarrel with my poor father over vocal lessons, I deliberately ran away from home and managed to get an amused manager to let me sing for him. I told him that I was an orphan, without a guardian, and that if he would be my guardian I would accept a position in his company and sing for him. This apparently tickled him so much that he took me at my word, and gave me a home to study for a child's part in a forthcoming production."

"It was not until I was actually studying my song that I let my father and mother know where I was. It didn't seem at all surprising to them, and they only tried to let me do as I pleased in the matter of going on the stage."

PHILADELPHIA'S OWN "G. B. S." MANUSCRIPT



The title page and a short scene, in Bernard Shaw's own handwriting, from "Passion, Poison and Petrification," a roaring burlesque now being acted at the Little Theatre by the Stage Society. The manuscript is owned by a local collector.

of this audience will represent the dominant type of picture-goer and great artists of the spoken drama will do great and worth-while pictures to be remembered. They will do pictures that year after year will be "revived." Just as famous and memory-provoking plays are now revived each spring. These pictures will not be stories of temporary or transitory value, but will be permanent contributions to a new type of literature—the literature of motion pictures.

pictures or the stage it is the writer or artist who thinks he is above the people and must preach down to them. An audience will quickly reject this insult. People will not be publicly patronized and lorded over.

as much as the quiet, artistic director who is willing to concede some intelligence to the men and women who are working with him, and who are as sincere in their desires for good results as himself.

No matter how well the director knows his business, he will, if he is truly wise man, be amenable to helpful suggestions, and he will always recognize what would be natural or unnatural to the man or woman called upon to play a big part.

WINTER GARDENING FROM THE INSIDE

By CLIFTON CRAWFORD

Laymen, even the theatrical people as a whole, have little conception of what a Winter Garden production entails. I shall never cease to marvel at the rehearsal—a bustle, a hustle, seemingly millions of gowns, hundreds of chorus girls, careful attention to scenery, musical number after musical number—all a huge conglomeration of things, day by day more things were added. Familiar faces disappeared and strange faces appeared in their places. The grill-

ing rehearsals, a hodge-podge of everything imaginable, then dress rehearsals and everything in a chaos. The curtain rises up for the overture at night without any one seemingly knowing their lines, and out of the humdrum and bustle there evolves perfect order. I could talk for hours of the wonders of the New York Winter Garden, of the marvelous work done by J. C. Huffman, director of scenery, of the masterful grasp and insight of J. F. Schubert has of all situations. I shall never cease to marvel at the wonders worked out on a first night of Winter Garden production. It was all so wonderful for words, more remarkable than a big circus, far in a limited space 300 people were doing many different things on cue, sometimes in total darkness. And when this organization took the stage I was even more amazed. In New York the play was built especially for its home—the Winter Garden. The road it is moved weekly, and we have to play on small stages, with but few hours to take it, hang and set about six carloads of material. The chorus and principals often are forced to revise their entrances and exits and work in a small space, as the production is often far too big for a stage, yet the ingenuity of the directors, the stage carpenters, property men and electricians seem always to overcome all this, and out of horrible disaster comes perfect smoothness. After being with a Winter Garden production, particularly one as mammoth as "A World of Wonders," I cease to wonder at the moving of an army, the taking care of sound, equipment, etc. for a single organization is quite as wonderful, considering the number engaged in the

A Dramatic Fable in Slang by George Ade

Being the humorist's speech at the dinner given William H. Crane in New York on the 50th anniversary of his stage life. Tonight, at the Adelphi, Philadelphia looks upon the veteran actor for what will probably be the last time, as Mr. Crane makes no secret—and no advertising either—of his intention to retire.

THE Drama is roughly divided into two parts—Tragedy and Comedy. Just now it is more roughly divided than ever before. According to all traditions of the legitimate stage, the only distinction between Tragedy and Comedy hinges on the Last Act. In the good old days, if most of the principals curled up and died in the last act, the play was a Tragedy. If they stood in a line and bowed, the play was a Comedy. Our guest of Honor and you, gentlemen, can recall the time when a Play in which some one was Shot, Stabbed, Assaulted and Battered and left Unconscious at Centre was a genuine Tragedy, entitled to come under the Observation of William Winter. Thanks to the Southern California School of Art, all that has been changed. Nowadays, when the Hero is Shot, the Play-house resounds with Shrieks of Laughter. When he is struck on the head with some Blunt Instrument and falls Unconscious the Large Lady seated Next to you goes into a Paroxysm of Mirth. If he is seen to disappear beneath the Waves, with Bubbles arising to mark the spot, the which he sank, the Film Exchanges announce that the Comedy is Sure Fire. Mr. Crane can remember when the Comedian received his training in the Library. Now he gets it in the Gymnasium. He can remember when Comedy was a Dramatic Treatment of the Confining Purpose, with a Happy Ending. He can recall a Later period in which Comedy was anything that would make them Laugh. I am wondering if he can revise some of his Quaint Old-fashioned Notions and accept the New dictum that Comedy has its headquarters Below the Waist-line.

However, we are not here to Brood over the Degeneracy of the times. Doubtless it is True that the Drama is having more things Done to it at present than Ever before. Real Tragedy is found Only in the New York Offices of the Producing Managers. The most Serious contributions to Current Theatrical History are the Statements from the One-night Stands. The gentleman who could not write Home for Money Five Years Ago is now writing Scenarios. The delirium seems to be at the most Acute Stage—temperature about 104. When the fever Breaks, the Patient is going to be very Weak, but probably he will be out of Danger. And so, in these times, when there are more Theatres than Delicatessen Shops and all you have to Do to be an Actor is to have your picture Taken, it is well to be Philosophical, knowing that Art is Long and Salary-Contracts are Short. At the risk of repeating what All the other speakers may say, I wish to assure Mr. Crane that He is respected by the men who try to write for the stage because he has Stood for Reputable Plays. He has proceeded upon the Theory that the Patrons of the Drama live at Home with their Own Families. He has stood for Home-Grown Plays of the Kind that strengthen the Self-respect of Americans. I know what Mr. Crane has Stood For, because I have written two Plays for him. It is because he is the spokesman of True Comedy and was the friend of the American play when it didn't have a Friend in the House that we are here to give him our Verbal Bouquets.

