A LITTLE THING LIKE THIS IS NOTHING



Up, up, UP goes Anita King's car when it leaps from the broken bridge in "The Race." That's easy. It's the landing that counts, as you may see just across the page.

Mr. Eaton would call wise I do not know,

but certainly a great many who are con-sidered wise by the general public are

Mr. Eaton modestly says on page 4 of

Thing," and ends it by the Hegelian para-dox that this "fearful play" is a "very good bad play," need be so modest about his capacity for "smashing."

Mr. Eaton says in conclusion that " "The

It is well that Mr. Eaton's father, as

he states in the dedication of the book I

tence both the third person singular and

By the way, I knew that kings and editors used "we" in alluding to themselves, but I was not aware that dramatic critics had also adopted that stately plu-

Mr. Eaton's grief over "smashing" me however "feebly," reminds me of the grief of the Walrus over the poor Oysters that

"I grieve for you." the Wairus said,
"I deeply sympathize."
With sols and tears he sorted out
Those of the largest size,
Holding his pocket handkerchief
Before his atreaming eyes.

It makes a touching picture, does it not?

to see more clearly during his painful task of "roasting" "The Fear Market." I seem to hear the final sob with which he threw

uside his pen after writing, with poignant regret, the last sentence damning it with faint praise. Heally, it does seem sometimes as if

Disrael's bitter words in "Lothario" were true (with the notable exceptions spoken of in the beginning of this article): "Tomorrow the critics will begin. Do you know who the critics are? The men who

The Scot's word for poet is "Makker" (Maker), and the greatest creations of the greatest poet are men and women. Now, what man or woman is without faults? And, therefore, how can our humble creations of faultiess? The answer is simple.

ions be faultiess? The answer is simplesey cannot! But the Supreme Creator is kinder to But the Supreme Creator is kinder to us and our faults than the dramatic critic is to our little creations and their faults. The Divine Critic says to his living works: "Do this and that specific thing

and mend your faults."

The dramatic critic says: "Presumptuous wretch! How dare you create a thing with faults in it?"

with faults in it?"

With facile sneers he proceeds to demolish the odious thing that dures have faults. His whole mental attitude as he indites the last spitchul sentence is:
"Ha! ha! ha! I've eaten the canary!
D—n canaries anyway! Fancy the presumption of a bird during to exist unless it he a phoenix!"

t be a phoenix!"

And now i am reasonably certain that

going every night.

the general public are

A Dramatic Critic Criticised by an Humble Playwright

The Authoress of "The Fear Market" Disputes With Walter Prichard Eaton Over His Review of Her Play

By AMELIE RIVES

PAIR play is the motto of the Anglo-Saxon, and "turn about is fair play," so venture to hope that the EVENING LEDGER, which printed on the 25th of March an article by Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton in regard to my play, "The Fear Market," will print this article by me in regard to Mr. Eaton regard to that of Mr. Eaton.

The dramatic critics, with some notable exceptions, smote me on the right cheek, and in silence I submitted to being smitten on the left also, but Mr. Eaton's blow comes "when patience has had her perfect wo"; and left me." Besides, even Scriptu. does not say that one must go on offeries oneself indefinitely to the smiton offering oneself indefinitely to the smiters without resistance.

Perhaps one reason why I feel like "answering back" in this case is because I have so much liked Mr. Eaton's book. "The American Stage of Today," and look forward to an enlightening criticism from him—something that would encourage, no matter how severely it might censure. When two friends of his told me that he intended writing a criticism of "The Fear Market" I was much pleased. "Now I shall have some constructive criticism of my play," was my thought; "something that will show me where the faults are and how to mend them." This sort of

"Fait' a are the wounds of a friend." and crit asm to be helpful should be always friendly, even when its friendliness is that of the surgeon's knife. And so cheerfully I took up Mr. Eaton's article in the EVENING LEDGER.

It began with large headlines that set forth a very bad pen in very bad taste, and it went on in the usual patronizing and facetious vein of newspaper criticism to which I have grown accustomed. He speaks of the plot of the play as "Princess Troubetzkoy's plotting," which he con-demned for lack of plausibility. This lack of plausibility he sets forth in an example as follows:

"For instance, the editor of the slimy paper will not let his daughter read his publication, for he loves her and doesn't many respects that it makes one grieve want her to find out what his business is. She, however, consumed with curiosity, is like to give."

living at a hotel where it lies on the newsstand But, of course, if she weren't told by her lover, the doubtless lawyer (sic) who is exposing her father, what the business is, the play would have to be all rewrit-

Now, from these comments one interest-ing, if regrettable fact, stands forth—the fact that Mr. Eaton believes that no girl is capable of keeping a promise, if the least temptation fall in her way. Sylvia (the girl in my play) has promised her father not to read a copy of his paper until he gives her permission. When I was a girl I made my father promises which I kept, though it was hard to keep some of them, and I am glad to say that the girls I knew then and the girls I know now have also the sense of honor which would keep them from breaking such promises.

he ended by devouring in that classic poem, "The Walrus and the Carpenter." The verse I am thinking of runs thus: Besides, Sylvia has lived in Italy since she was 5 years old, and even if she were such a little wretch as to want only op-portunity in order to break her word, such papers as that which Mr. Eaton alludes to as the "old Town Topics" are unknown in Italy. I speak with authority, for I have spent six months of almost every The grief of the devourer over his victim. I seem to see Mr. Eaton pressing away his tears with the critical mouchoir in order



MARIE ATKINS In "Bringing Up Father," at the

The Juliet Shelby That I Know By Mary Miles Minter

I don't think I shall ever become very conceited, because every time I start to be I get a hard knock. Either the director takes it out of me or my mother lectures really worth while become dull and wearime, so that whenever I am inclined to some in the telling? Why should not the think well of myself I can be sure there's think well of myself I can be sure there's

You probably don't believe a word about my age. I always hesitate about telling It when any one asks me, because it sounds as though I were proud of it, but in reality I'm not. I have always felt old, time I have never seen there a copy of that paper or heard it alluded to. It has been said that Sylvia must have seen her father's paper. The Arbiter, or heard of it from her American friends, the Sayres, but my friends in New York neither subscribe to Town Topics nor discuss it, unterest for the paper of the paper less (as in my play) they happen to be part, so why should I take any credit approached by one of its agents.

Mr. Eaton sums up his criticism by saying of "The Fear Market." "It is a very good bad play." This is like saying, "It is a very wet dry sponge," or "He is a very alive dead man." It is a paradox pushed to the extreme, such as Hegel uses when he says, "Nothing is the same as being." Both Mr. Eston and Herr Hagel. Register despair. Mother tells me to "cultivate repose of manner," but it doesn't do any good. I have to keep mov-ing all the time. Somebody once tried to compliment me by saying that it denoted when he says, "Nothing is the same as being." Both Mr. Eaton and Herr Hegel have certainly what Mr. Eaton generously implies that I have—"real intelligence." But these phrases of theirs to the average mind are hardly intelligible.

I take constant

I can manage my sister Margaret quite easily, and she is 16, but there's never any reason for demonstrating that fact. is what is happening to "The Fear Mar-ket," now in its 11th week. Whether the men and women who go to see it are what We are very different, but I don't believe we've ever had a serious quarrel, only sometimes at night, when I want the light left on to read by, and she wants it off so that she can sleep; we keep popping it on and off for hours.

I appeared first on the stage, you know,

his above-mentioned book: "I am a pretty feeble smasher." Now, I do not think that a critic who begins a criticism with the headline "So-and-so's Play Is a Fearful and I want to get back to it. My work before the camera is very interesting, of course, but I remain true to my first love. It is really all a matter of opinion, but to me legitimate stage work is the highest form of histrionic art. I suppose it's be-cause I was brought up to it. But there is one thing that I should miss if I gave up my picture work, and that is the traveling. I have gone to so many places and met so many nice people, all the way from Florida to the Pacific coast, that I really have a large number of friends. The people out West are the most hospitable that I have ever met. Still, I want have so frequently referred to, "taught him to be humble before the great prob-lem of our speech," for to use in one sen-

pitable that I have ever met. Still, I want to go buck to the stage.

The trouble is I'm too particular about parts. It is hard to find a play that suits the sort of acting I can do best, and want to do. A story like "The Littlest Rebel," in which I played with Dustin Farnum, the third person plural when referring to oneself, and to say "most that" for "most of that which" indicates the need of such can't be picked up every day. Margaret is cut out for comedy, but I prefer drama, but not of the gushy and sentimental kind.

DIRECTOR'S VALUE IN DIRECT RATIO TO PUBLIC'S WISH

The Final Verdict on a Director's Work Rests Not With Himself But His Audiences

By MARGUERITE BERTSCH

Marguerite Bertsch, the directoreditor of the Vicuoraph, who produced
"A Million Dollar Bid," "Captain Alvarez," "My Official Wife," "Uncle
Bill," "The Wrevek," "The Vengeance
of Durand," "Shadows of the Past,"
"The Painted World," "Mortmain,"
"The Cave Man," "The Dust of
Egypt" and "Salvation Joan," is now
an author-producer. She tells what
she thinks makes a good director.

Defining the good director should make clear what is wrong with the picture field today, or perhaps more fairly, what is wrong with those productions that are poor, mediocre, or that in other ways fall foul of success.

You see, I hold the director responsible for it all, since I do not class as directors for it all, since I do not class as directors those who merely put on a script that is given them. So often we hear a director explain a failure by saying that the manuscript from which he produced it was bad. We can understand this, but we cannot accept it as an excuse. Whatever manuscript may be given a director he must be able at once to analyze it for he must be able at once to analyze it for every element of strength or weakness, of failure or success. This accomplished, he must be able to so revamp his material that though for any not reach the heights for which it is nover ordained, it will, at least, get to as a success; for it is a director's roll duty to produce successes only. This requires that the director he an able pto oplaywright. Very few directors can write their own hig feature successes, but all should be able to fashion what is given them into at least a passe. what is given them into at least a pass-

In a popular art like that of the photoplay, I would value a director's work in proportion to its appreciation by the public. The public is what the photoplay director plays for. Where he wins their undivided interest and sympathy he has succeeded. Where he wearies them he has failed. There are good plays, to be sure, of mighty themes that fall to interest the public, and of these I would say "more is the pity." Why should anything that is fine and an interest equal to their importance. They say it cannot be done. That high art and the gallery can never be reconciled. They are wrong. There is no theme so fine but it can be made to appeal to the simplest mind. Two things only are necessary, two things that make the second great requisite of the good director. He must understand and love the simple mind. even as he must understand and love the thing that is fine. I know well that this is a bold statement, one for which I will be widely criticised. It does not matter. I know it can be done, just as stolidly as they know it cannot be done. It requires of course, a more exquisite knowledge of life and of human nature, a der under-standing of the recipient mir and of life's underlying truths, than most direc-

tors can bring to bear on its achievement. The third requisite of the good director is to create character and to infuse life into the characters drawn. To do this he must know man. Not man as he is presented to us in psychology, in philosophy, sociology, economics or even in history; these sciences give us the truths concerning man; they do not give us man. To director must possess, which knowledge will appear in his work as attention to and correctness in detail. Nor have I men-tioned that most essential requisits, a knowledge of his camera and an appreciation of the importance to his success of the work of his camera man. These points are so well recognized and do so stand to reason that I would class them all together as one big obvious requirement. Lastly, but not least important to a director's suc-cess is an instinctive or a cultivated ap-preciation of art; that feeling for what is fine in line and composition, in tone and values, that will make every moment of his picture an artistic production.

THEATRICAL producing man-A agers are asking in profound dismay what is the matter with the cities, and the small cities are replying tartly that there is nothing the matter with them, but a great deal the matter with the attractions sent out by the produc-ing managers.—Channing Pollock.

THE MOVIES THRIVE ON DISASTER



When the trick is pulled off just right and the cameramen of the Lasky forces are ready, the result may be a wrecked racer, but it is also an exciting film.

Tails, I Am a Singer"

In one of O. Henry's most remarkable and curious stories he narrates the ad-ventures of a young man who reached his destiny by three separate roads. Few are given that unusual privilege of taking three chances at their destiny; most of us have but one, and that one is a severe enough test of our discretion. John Charles Thomas, who is at present appearing with great success in "Alone at Last," which comes to the Lyric Theatre for a limited engagement, beginning Monday, April 17, realizing he had but one road to travel to his destiny, chose it by the simple and primitive method of tossing a coin. Which procedure, as the vernacular of Broadway would have it, was "passing lestiny by three separate roads. Few are

coin. Which procedure, as the vernacular of Broadway would have it, was "passing the buck" to fate. Thus it came about that from the precise moment that the head of a half dellar landed downward. John Charles Thomas began fils career as a singer instead of a doctor of medicine. Previous to this important and portentous moment, Mr. Thomas had sung and had conned the pages of the "Materia Medica" so that he was prepared to greet either side of the coin. either side of the coin.

either side of the coin.

However, Thomas would have been sorely disappointed had heads turned up, for it was his ardent desire from the time he sang in the choir of his father's church in a small town in Pennsylvania to become a singer. He had only taken up medicine at his father's solicitation and had entered on his studies in a half-hearted manner. Moreover, at this time the annual competition for a scholarship I take comfort, however, from some other remarks of Mr. Eaton in his book, "The American Stage of Today." On its first page he says: "Most that (sie) the newspapers chronicle is best forgotten. And the newspapers chronicle many things about the stage." On the second page he says: "A good play needs no critic. It goes on delivering its own message, and the wise man will prefer to see it, not read about it." That, I am glad to say, is what is happening to "The Fear Mar-The impressions that come to him so trivially from mankind he can send back again along the wire to mankind as it presents itself in what constitutes his audience. Thus far I have not mentioned the vast fund of knowledge in all fields that a light of success when he climbs the summit of success when he climbs the summit of success when he climbs the summit of the consideration. the Jungfrau every night, as Baron Franz, in "Alone at Last," but Thomas would promptly discourage any such state-ment, for he is very ambitious and de-termined to scale heights equally as high

The Third Generation of Drew

The third generation of the Drew famliy, so far as the American stage is con-cerned, is represented by Louise Drew, whose genuine distinction as a come-dienne may be gaup d by he sparking impersonation of the bogus French woman in "It Pays to Advertise."

The first of the Drews was John, senior, who came from Dublin and made his American debut in New York just 79 years ago. The son in time followed brilliantly in his father's footsteps. Louise, his daughter, made her debut in her father's company in 1902. She was edu-cated in Notre Dame Academy in Phila-

"Heads, I Am a Doctor; How Griffith, the Wizard of the Photoplay, Works

The Producer of "The Birth of a Nation" Has His Own Novel Methods, One of Which Is Quietness

I "The Birth of a Nation," who is D. W. Griffith, are of great interest to all who keep apace with what is done in the movie world. Not long ago some visitors miles away? The answer varies only in the wording. This is a typical sample: "My boy, he's a living wonder—the account of what they saw under his can-vas proscenium arch which kept the sun's rays from the players:

sible originality from everybody and never

rays from the players:

We were free to wander about where we liked and for as long as we liked—so long as we obeyed studio laws.

Chief of these is: Never step in front of a camera. That rule is obeyed even by the studio dogs, of which there are sure to be several. Most of these dogs have either to be led on the set—so thorough is their understanding of the rule ough is their understanding of the rule— or else rehearsed in the one scene till they know they belong there. The second law has purely local applica-

tion, and is not really a law at all. It is expressed by every one in about the same words:

On the hig orderly stage, crowded with sets and players and technical assistants, there is a dominant spirit that you cannot at once put your finger on. If you are used to motion picture studies you get a dozen impressions from a dozen different details, and they all dovetail into an in-

dividuality—the personality of the studio—which is sure to mirror accurately the personality of its director-general.

Looking for this man Griffith you wander from stage to stage of the Pine Arts atudio, up and down the paved streets of this miniature city, from the group of technical buildings in one corner to the technical buildings in one corner to the outdoor gymnasium in the court of the men's dressing room, or on to the great storehouses of furnishings and the shops. Everywhere you hear one name—Mr. Griffith. The big projection room is to be clear for his work at 5 o'clock—he suggested a certain kind of hanging for this projection room is to be clear for his work at 5 o'clock—he suggested a certain kind of hanging for this projection room is to the form of the suggested a certain kind of hanging for this

Renaissance drawing room, and so that kind will be found at all costs—Mr. Grif-fith saw it in rehearsal and let it go through, so it must be all right. That's a plece of business that Mr. Griffith suggested and it makes the scene. Mr. Grif-fith said to be there at 9 sharp and, you know, he mustn't be kept waiting.

The listening visitor becomes possessed by the conviction that this invisible di-rector is at least five men. How else is such ubiquity possible?

We stand among the quiet watchers behind the battery of cameras. Here are directors and assistant directors, operators and their assistants, players off duty or waiting for their entrance into the sc-Occasionally a bit of vigorous, high pitched dialogue from a set marks sharply the recording of some intense moment in play where the use of spepech will help the players to an accentuation of dramatic values, but for the most part voices are subdued to ordinary conversational tone.

There is none of the traditional shout There is none of the traditional shout-ing of directors—no fine frenzy at all.

These are Griffith directors. They use speech during the actual taking of a scene about as much as the leader of a symphony orchestra at a final rehearsal. A director is arguing with a somewhat

self-assertive player.
"Well, you know, Mr. Griffith liked it better done that way," he says, and the argument is ended.

We get it in bits like that every few minutes, and all the while we have one eye open for an extraordinarily agile man in shirt sleeves whom we expect to see con tearing across the stage, waving hands full of script and volleying orders (and prob-ably imprecations) like a human cyclons. Oh! we're sure we'll know him-when he

But nobody voileys and no arms are waved. This might all be a drawing room scene if it were not for the motley of costumes and the blazing of the California sun overhead. There is a little subdued laughter among the gathered knots of players behind the cameras and over there a group of women and girls—one is in crinoline and ringlets, another in modish evening dress and still another in the short riding skirt of the plains—are working an embroidery and—talking about D. W. Griffith.

"He seldom seems to see any one," says a veteran of the studios, "unless he has

a veteran of the studios, 'unless he has business to speak of. But he sees every-thing and seems to know everything. They say he is the quickest and surest judge of character ever. Just one glance and— he has your number."

he has your number."

This is disconcerting. We stiffe an impulse to escape while there is yet time, and begin to ask questions. We ask the same sort of questions of players and carpenters and cameramen and even of

THE methods of the man who made | directors. What sort of man is this Grif-

fith, who so strangely resembles a general on a modern battlefield, with his fingers constantly on a hundred communication lines and his person in an invisible dugout nearest thing to infallible that this game has produced. He knows every scene in all the ten plays constantly in production, he sees every set, he knows every player, he passes on every foot of film. And yet he encourages the greatest pos-

wants any of the credit-or the lime-But we found something else, and we had to come to it bit by bit during the general in his own hig workshop. These scenes we saw being made, these plays we saw coming into being, scene by scene, might or might not be produced directly under the director-general's eye. He might not go flitting from set to set all day long, as we had expected. But he was actually present in an even more complete and We conclude that he must be, not only because every one we speak to says so repeatedly, but because during one whole busy morning we falled to catch even a glimpse of the man.

He is there; every one says that, too. He is rehearsing, or directing, or consulting, or all three, here, there, or somewhere about; but you do not see him.

On the big orderly stage, crowded with sets and players and technical.

'Griffith Supervised" really means. It was our third day of watchful walt-ng and we had begun to receive casual ecognition as some undefined part of the nstitution. The agile arm-waving person

in shirt sleeves had not appeared, but we had seen and recognized many celebrities of the footlights and screen and were making mental notes on the rest. One individual had attracted our attention because of his odd behavior.
"That tall, forceful-looking actor in the

gray Norfolk suit." we commented to a neighbor, "seems to keep to himself a lot. He goes wandering through with that big man and talking, but he never looks around. We haven't seen him in make-up these three days and we don't remember his face on the screen. Nobody pays any attention to him, but he looks like somebody. What's his name?"
"Name!" exclaimed neighbor.

"Name!" exclaimed our neigh grinning at us, "his name's Griffith!"



JOAN SAWYER The graceful and finished dancer comes to Keith's next week.

FILMING AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS ARTISTS IN SILHOUETTE



C. Allan Gibert invented the silhouette movies now distributed by the Paramount. So what more natural than that Mr. Gilbert should bring his fellow artists and writers into the picture? From left to right, you can trace the outlines of Mr. Gilbert, James Montgomery Flagg, Owen Johnson, James Forbes, Mrs. Flagg, Mrs. Johnson, Irvin Cobb, Margaret Mayo and Edgar Selwyn.