

AMUSEMENT SECTION
Evening Ledger

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY EVENING, APRIL 15, 1916

PHOTOPLAY
THEATRES
DANCING
MUSIC

**A Very Bad Drama
and a Clever Review**

Walter Prichard Eaton Thinks "Margaret Schiller" a Pretty Poor Play, but Says Cohan Has "Some" Review

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

WHY G. M. Cohan, in his burlesque of the season's plays, let "Margaret Schiller" escape is hard to see, unless he thought that the task of burlesquing it was too easy. In fact, there are scenes in this latest drama from the pen of Hall Caine which could be beautifully burlesqued simply by hitting up the faces of the performers and emphasizing just a little more the emotions of the players. And this is the play in which Elsie Ferguson is spending a year of her precious youth, when she should be learning to act. We say learning to act intentionally, because in the role of Margaret Schiller, in this melodrama, playing in the big New Amsterdam Theatre, she shows that as yet there are a whole lot of secrets still sealed for her. In fact, at times she acts downright badly, and the harder she works to save the play, the worse she acts. We have no objection to her tackling melodrama; probably it would be a good thing for her, if she could tackle a good melodrama, under competent direction or playing opposite to Olin Stiller or Tom Coghlan, and if she could tackle it for a few weeks only. But to spend a season in this Caine rubbish is little short of a crime, for she is getting worse instead of better, and working harder and harder along wrong lines to save an impossible situation.

Margaret Schiller is a young German girl, living in the home of her uncle and aunt in London, after the outbreak of the war. Her father has been imprisoned, and died in prison, which has made her and her brother very bitter. We see them, with their old aunt, when the play begins. The aunt says it will be all right, because the uncle won't lose his job in the conservatory where he has taught the piano for 30 years. Presto, enter uncle. He has lost his job. Then they say it will still be all right, for they can live on son Frederick's salary. Presto, enter Frederick, and he has lost his job. Then Margaret says if there were only one way so she could get into the house of Sir Robert Temple, the Prime Minister, who is responsible for these cruel alien enemy laws, she'd fix him. Presto, enter a family friend who

THE BUG AND THE MAN THAT MADE HIM FAMOUS



Roy Atwell, comedian and poet, pursuing the winged germ that he has immortalized in a song he wrote into "Alone at Last."

NOTHING in "Alone at Last" at the Lyric Theatre draws so much applause as Mr. Atwell's little song about the microbe. He composed it and sings it, and it is not only the neatness of his versification but the timeliness of the topic which makes it so enjoyable to the audience. Here are those verses which Mr. Atwell sings:

In these days of indignation
It is oftentimes a question
As to what to eat and what to leave alone;
For each microbe and bacillus
Has a different way to kill us.

There are germs of every kind
In any food that you can find
In the market or upon the bill of fare.
And all your earthly troubles end
As the so-called deadly whiskey.

Some little bug is going to find you some day,
Some little bug will creep behind you some day,
Then he'll send for his long friends
And all your earthly troubles end
As the so-called deadly whiskey.

The lytic green cucumber
Gets most everybody's number.
While the green corn has a system of its own.
Though a radish seems nutritious,
Its behavior is quite vicious.

And a dachshund will be coming to your home,
Eating lobster, codfish or plain
Is all right with him, as long as it is
Not oyster sometimes has a lot to say.

But the claims we eat in chowder
Make the angels chant the louder.
For they know that we'll be with them right away.

Take a slice of nice fried onion
And your mind for a moment
Apple dumplings fill you quicker than a
Chew a cheesy midnight "rabbit."
And a grave you'll soon inhabit.

While sauerkraut brings on softening of the brain.

When you eat banana fritters
Every undertaker litters.
Every undertaker litters.
Every undertaker litters.

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**Keenan Keen on the
Magic of the Movies**

The Star of "The Stepping Stone" Analyzes the New Art of Expression and Finds Its Power Commensurate With the Theatre's

By FRANK KEENAN

THERE is no question of the drama in pictures equalling the drama in speech. The two will be commercial rivals for a long time, but neither will usurp the place of the other as an art. On the contrary, each will take its own place, forge its own path, be shaped by its own nature and limitations. So each will grow less and less like the other, except in the fundamentals—the general subject, humanity.

The eye appeal of pictures has peculiar power. The mechanism of its influence is curiously direct, physiologically simple. But words have their potency, too, and will always have. The spoken drama will gain in beauty and in appeal by being robbed of some of its effects for the making of photoplays, but in beauty, variety, size and naturalness of scenes the stage play can never compete with the picture. In swiftness and sureness in the development of certain kinds of situations it is again at hopeless disadvantage.

But it still has a profoundly important field all its own, and like a man robbed of sight, it will develop in unexpected and compensating ways. It will be better written, more expressive and better expressed than hitherto. And this last improvement will be directly due to the photoplay, which is reviving the almost lost art of vivid dramatic expression. For years we actors have been using word sounds to cover a multitude of deficiencies in our ability to express human thought and emotion by action. We have let the dramatist and the scenery do our work—or much of it—and have gone out after social recognition and other false gods.

In the olden days the actor's world was a world apart and whether it was a poor world or not, it kept him in living, vital touch with his art. He may have talked ridiculously in Shakespearean quotations and spouted and posed on the stage and off, but this business of acting was his life's devotion. The great Shakespeare was a vital inspiration to him and he went to the art of expression with a big reverence in his heart.

Much of that same impulsive devotion has come back to us again under the inspiration of this new and expanding art form—the photoplay. Under the tremendous impulse of the thing we are striving mightily and happily in isolated groups not unlike the old theatrical coteries. The photoplay is really demanding a little better than the best we have to give, and we are trying new experiments to meet new situations and making new discoveries that lead to still further possibilities. We are in it heart and soul. We out here at the studios, live and dream little but pictures, day and night. And what is demanded of film actors is chiefly ability in pantomime—the very thing that has so nearly disappeared from the stage. But it is not the traditional or conventional art of pantomime that is needed, but a subtle, delicate thing, new forged by the extraordinary requirements of the intimate, new art.

The present-day use of the "close-up" view on the screen, for example, is the equivalent of having the spectator within a yard or a foot of you, watching every quiver of a muscle while your face, unaided by even a whispered exclamation, tells the dramatic story. That is a real test of acting.

And that new-found art of expression many of us will sooner or later take back to the stage, where it will be no small factor in bringing about the revival of interest in the spoken drama that will come when the two sister arts have settled and accepted their respective and divergent ways.

As for the photoplay, despite the handicap of its humble origin in the nickelodeon—a handicap it is magnificently overcoming—it is a true and heaven-born art expression. It is not, as the bromide goes, in its infancy, but in vigorous young manhood—virile, impetuous, fearless and unscrupulous. It is an art of amazing potentialities that is developing at high speed. Many of us will gladly devote the rest of our lives to it and we will be richly rewarded.

DEMING AND HIS DOGS



The comedian of "It Pays to Advertise" makes it a rule to receive toy dogs rather than telegrams of congratulation on such occasions as first nights. Here he is in his dressing room at the Garrick with a small part of his hundred pets.



The Talmadge sisters, Norma and Constance, are surprisingly similar in facial expression, as the photographer has just betrayed. They are not twins, and there is a decided difference; but which is which?

**Can the "Anti-Suffs"
Find an Answer to
Mary Shaw?**

The "antis" are finding it difficult to obtain an argument strong enough to offset the practical example for suffrage afforded by Mary Shaw, the legitimate actress who has temporarily left the legitimate stage to present a one-act play called "The Dickey Bird" in vaudeville. Miss Shaw will be seen in this play at B. F. Keith's Theatre next week. Aside from the fame and popularity she has gathered through her career on the stage, Miss Shaw is one of the prime workers for votes for women, and one of the most active of American clubwomen and has found time for her propaganda and has worked for the cause without interference with her professional career or her domestic duties. For Miss Shaw is at one and the same time an ideal mother, a theatrical star of correct proportions and an indefatigable worker for the advancement of womanhood. In fact, all of Miss Shaw's work, regardless of its kind has been in the nature of uplift. The Central Federation of Women's Clubs, probably the largest women's organization in the world, having a membership of more than a million and a half, has entrusted its work to a group of committees. The Drama Committee is composed of three women, and Miss Shaw is one of the number. Her profession has helped her materially in her work for the federation. The theatre compels one to travel from city to city and Miss Shaw does so, she invariably addresses the local members of this organization.

In this capacity Miss Shaw has endeavored to increase the demand for an intellectual drama and to keep the classical perennial. Miss Shaw is also on the Advisory Committee of the National Board of Censors of moving picture films, an institution which is very similar to the Union League Club, but composed of wealthy women instead of wealthy men, made Miss Shaw an honorary member. It would seem that these activities would keep the average woman busy, but not so with Miss Shaw for she has already become a devotee of vaudeville and her appearance in "The Dickey Bird" is being recognized as one of the season's most important features.

The Musical Expression

IN THE various forms of the-
atrical entertainment, music is
paramount as the mode for ex-
pression and companion of another
art. In tragedy and comedy music
is used to heighten the effect of
a dramatic situation; in panto-
mime, to make clearer the inten-
tion to be conveyed by the actor;
music's fascination makes the bal-
let enduring and possible.—John
Philip Sousa.

The Wooing of Eve That Lost and Then Won

J. HARTLEY MANNERS is not relying on "Peg O' My Heart" alone to bring success either to him or his charming wife, Laurette Taylor, as all who have witnessed "The Wooing of Eve" at the Broadway will testify. Here is a portion of the dialogue which savors more of Sueton's "The Two Virtues" than of Mr. Manners' "The Success of a Few Seasons Ago." The first scene is between Eve and her newest admirer, Livingston, an American. It follows upon his proposal of marriage, and early affair with an ardent admirer who proved too ardent. The second, between Eve and her cousin Winifred, who is now engaged to said ardent one, speaks for itself.

Eve—My dear Mr. Livingston, one of the chief characteristics of our very remarkable people is that we like everything at first hand—news, houses, furniture and women at first hand.

Livingston—That's true.
Eve—I'm second-hand and not eligible.
Liv—Second-hand? What?
Eve—If I've been in love.
Liv—So have I—after all, what difference does it make?

Eve—Mine was rather serious.
Liv—Mine is very serious—now.
Eve—Oh!
Liv—How long ago?
Eve—Oh, years!
Liv—How many?
Eve—Twenty years—I was a girl.
Liv—If I'm very much in love?
Eve—Twenty years!

Liv—Engaged?
Eve—On the brink. Tattered.
Liv—What broke it off?
Eve—The old Adam that lies deep in all of us.
Liv—What a beautiful thing, the first glimpse of the aboriginal brute. Enlightening but un-pleasant.

Liv—American?
Eve—Oh, English.
Liv—Oh, what does it matter?
Eve—At the time.
Liv—At the time?
Eve—I thought so—then.
Liv—Treated you badly?

Liv—What a fool!
Eve—What a fool!
Liv—Any one who would treat you badly?
Eve—Thank you, Mr. Livingston.
Liv—Where is he?
Eve—I don't know.
Liv—Really?

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Chad's Prayer

From "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"

GOD, I hain't nothin' but a boy,
but I got ter ack like a man
now. I'm a goin' to run away now,
and I reckon you know it. I ain't
got no daddy and no mammy, and
I hain't never had none as I know,
but Aunt Jane here, she's been just
like a mammy to me. I'm goin'
now. And I don't want you to
think that I'm a-complainin' for
I ain't; and I'm tryin' to find me
some place where I can lay my
head here in this earth, and earn
my livin'; only it seems sort of
curious as you'd let me be down here
and nobody care for me except
my kin Melissa, who I'm goin'
with. But Thy ways is inscrutable,
leastwise that's just what the cir-
cuit rider says; and I ain't got a
word more to say. Amen.



If Herodotus Had Only Been a Camera Man!

A writer in a recent issue of Collier's delves deep to the question of "Selling the News by Film" and in the course of speculations, digresses into a discussion of the movie man's art.

THINK of the programs that a smart operator might have got together in the old days! Instead of reading dry history, our schools might now see some of these on the screen:

Athens, Greece—Phidias pins the first Marathon, 490 B. C.
Rome, Italy—Christians burn Rome during one of Nero's chamber concerts.
Thebes, Egypt—Wild scenes occur in the wheat pit when Joseph, a young broker, puts over the first corner.
Philistia—As the result of a barber's strike, Samson, the strong man, wrecks the temple and loses his life.
Ithaca—Ulysses, returning disguised,

wins the great matrimonial contest for Penelope by drawing his own bow after eight suitors fail.
Runnymede, England—King John signs the magna charta with three gold-mounted goose quills.
Troy, Asia Minor—After a 10-year siege the Greeks get Troy's goat in exchange for a wooden horse.
Westminster, England—Canute the Great, with the aid of the sea, calls his courtiers bluff.
London, England—Gallant Sir Walter Raleigh assumes office as head of the department of streets as result of famous cloak episode.
New York City—Fulton inaugurates the first Hudson River excursion line.
Thrace—Paris announces the verdict in the famous beauty contest.
Of course, there would have been

drawbacks. Nobody denies it. Imagine, for instance, keeping the lions off the cameraman when he found they didn't take a fancy to Daniel. It's doubtful whether the Roman Senators and mob would have kept out of range and given the machine a good clear view of Brutus stabbing Caesar. And, of course, if Pompey lost his eye, sight, Lady Godiva would probably have cracked the lens of any camera.
But what would such little accidents matter compared with a film of a choice line of martyrs in the Colosseum taken by special arrangement with the management? Or little Moses paddling round in the bulrushes, with Pharaoh's daughter in the offing? Or Cromwell prorrouting Parliament with the words, "Take Away That Bauble!" thrown on the screen? Such sights would be worth untold gold to us to-

day, even though they cost the operators such caustic comment as "Ye Moving Picture Chronicle" for January, 1906:

YE ANIMATED SPECTATOR.
December 18, 1905. No. 75
Guy Fawkes caught in ye act of setting off ye Popish Militants attempts to plant a bomb beneath Parliament.
"It might have been entertaining," to say of Mr. Fawkes' paces and to plant an operator at the proper time and place. It may seem public-spirited to have given the plot away to the authorities. But it looks more like commercial enterprise. The risk taken of frustrating the plans of both sides by the noise of the machine in operation was hardly sportmanlike in Englishmen."

THE censor says the attendance at motion picture exhibitions is becoming a mania. It is a fact that motion pictures supply a form of agreeable amusement at a nominal admission and, therefore, instead of being a mania is a necessity. This is plainly shown by the thousands and thousands of persons viewing them daily, and the motion-picture theatre instead of being simply a place of amusement is becoming a public institution.—Stanley V. Mastbaum.

**An Outdoor Movie
"Julius Caesar"
for the West**

The movies are doing their share in the Shakespearean anniversary celebration. Herbert Tree's "Macbeth" for the Triangle is an example of the screen art. But out on the coast they are doing still more. The movie actors are to act Shakespeare in the flesh. On May 19, at Hollywood, the stars of several movie companies are to give a production of "Julius Caesar" in the natural amphitheatre country. The cast will include Tyrone Power, as Brutus; Frank Keenan, as Cassius; William Farnum, as Antony; Theodore Roberts, as Julius Caesar; DeWolf Hopper, as Caesar's Doctor; Fatsheba, as Octavius; Courtney Foote, as Decius Brutus; Constance Collier, as Portia, and Sarah Truax, as Calpurnia. In the more minor roles a host of prominent motion picture players will be seen.

A natural amphitheatre in Beechwood canyon, outside of Hollywood, has been chosen as the scene of the drama. The spectators will be distributed over a vast auditorium, in which arrangements will be made to accommodate 30,000 persons. Walls, which rise sharply on all sides, will provide acoustics which will allow every spoken word to be heard.
In the centre will be a large space which will be used as the stage. On the canyon wall, to the right of the auditorium, will be the house of Caesar. To the left is the space where the gladiatorial contests will take place, and above it, on the left wall of the canyon, the inclosure from which multitudes of Romans will look down on the contests. A half mile down the canyon, in the rear of the stage, is an elevated plateau, which will represent the "palace of Philippus."
The action will be continuous. The close of one scene the lights will cut. They will then be flashed upon the actors, and then immediately will go on to the next scene. It is to be an effect something in the order of the "cut-back" of motion pictures. The battle scenes will be staged by one of the leading film producers, and it is to be so timed and directed that it will work its way from the background to the central stage at the moment of the climax.

The Censors Say!

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