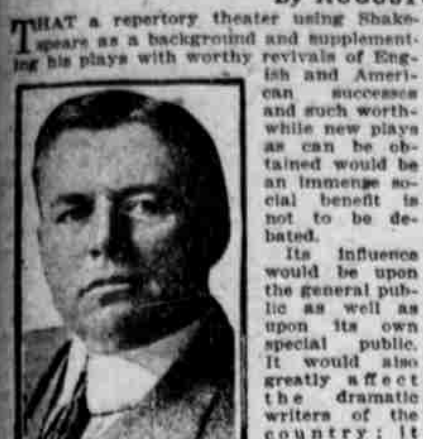


Next Week's Plays: "Rio Grande," at Broad; "The Girl from Brazil," at Lyric

Why America Needs A Repertory Theater

Some Reflections by the Distinguished Author of
"Rio Grande" and Head of the
Frohman Company

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS



developing the actors in its own engagements and, indirectly and slowly, the theatrical profession in general.

To contend that it would be self-supporting would be too optimistic. Sufficient excitement have been made along similar lines both by regular managers and by public-spirited citizens to leave the question in doubt. Such an enterprise would require some time a regular endowment, perhaps, annually decreasing, but of real importance to begin.

The question to be considered in launching such an enterprise would be perhaps not in the order of their merit, but in the order of their necessity: first, the least loss to the backers, and second, the policy assuring the widest influence.

On the practical side, it seems to me that good judgment would prompt the management of a permanent company of actors as a nucleus, not exceeding in number 15, to be assisted by players occasionally engaged, and, of course, re-engaged as often as possible. The smaller parties would be occasionally recruited from the senior class of the Sargent school, in which one finds excellent material equipped with everything except the practice that consecutive play gives, and ultimately senior students from a school that the theatre would establish for itself, alone or in co-operation with some excellent institution already at work.

WORDLESS SCREEN IS COMING, SAYS MISS YOUNG

That the so-called "silent drama" will never attain its highest form of expression until all wording matter is eliminated from the screen is the belief of Clara Kimball Young, whose new production, "The Common Law," will be first seen at the Stanley Monday.

According to Miss Young, the use of titles is rapidly dying out, and her greatest ambition is to produce the first real "silent drama," in which the only word shown on the screen will be the cast of characters.

"The best example of what a perfect motion picture should be," said Miss Young, in a recent interview, "is the French pantomime now playing at the Booth Theater, New York, 'Pierrot the Prodigal.' As I watched the performance of this unique creation I was impressed immediately with its message as to the possibilities of the photoplay. I left the theater determined not to rest until I find a scenario which can be presented upon the screen as 'Pierrot' in upon the stage, in a consecutive, unbroken story, so clear in its action that there need not be a single caption or title or explanatory note. We did not need the three paragraphs that are printed in the program to understand the meaning of each moment, each gesture. This was partly because of the pantomimists, partly through the charmingly descriptive musical score and partly because the story is one of the fundamental human emotions—family affection, passion, extravagance, repentance, forgiveness, heroism.

"There is nothing in all this that cannot be done in the photoplay. We have the players; we can have those written to accompany the picture, but thus far we have not developed the story, or scenario, which forms the basis of our work, to such a point of perfection that it tells itself. The silent drama does not literally fulfill its function—it is not really 'silent'—so long as any captions remain."

A PAIR OF PEACHES—By WILL A. PAGE

Being a confession by the press representative to whom the city owes all the remarkable publicity stunts "piled up" in connection with "Experience." Whether O. Henry suggested the episode or the episode suggested O. Henry, we leave to the reader's judgment.



"Is this a clingstone?" asked Passion tremulously.

hold up a performance until some one gave her a peach. Stagehands were immediately sent over to the Reading Terminal Market to see if they could find any peaches for sale, and in the meantime Miss Newell's appetite exceeded all bounds.

Impelled by one of those strange desires which physicians cannot explain and which baffles all psychologists, Miss Newell left the stage entrance herself, attired in the costume of Passion, and in broad daylight walked up to the corner of Race street, where there is an Italian fruit stand, where she found all the peaches she desired. She selected three large luscious peaches, ate one on the spot and then walked back to the stage door of the Adelphi Theater to continue the performance. Now, will some authority on abnormal phases of human life explain just what impelled Passion to demand a peach at that particular moment and interrupt the performance of "Experience?"

THE ONLY WAY TO LOOK DOWN ON "HIP HIP HOORAY"



What Staff Artist Hanlon saw from the electrician's bridge at the Metropolitan.

Hipping Around Behind the Hippodrama

EXPLORING the Hippodrome show, "Hip Hip Hooray" at the Metropolitan, is an exhaustive, not to say exhausting, job. You start with the whirling, churning, inexpressible ice machine in the well-exposed window on the Broad street side of the big building, and your adventure leads you through labyrinthine of gigantic props, queer lights, and drops and wings, and you wind up in the auditorium with a feeling of childish ennui—it is all so involved and carefully planned and enormous. Without the guidance of the willing press agent, you could never negotiate the tour, for he steers you through the back-stage tunnels and channels with the ease of a Cook's guide.

There are a great many wonderful things behind the curtain of the Metropolitan, but by far the most wonderful is the great plot of ice, which is treated with the gentle care one might bestow on a delicate baby. When the reporter and his guide arrived, stagehands were dusting off the surface, sweeping away the excess dirt and getting ready to cover over the frozen pool with a false stage, on which cavort Mr. Dillingham's minions before "Flirting at St. Moritz" begins in the last scene. It takes four days to "grow" this twelve-inch "bit" of ice, and it will last through the four weeks' run of "Hip Hip Hooray" here. The wear and tear on the surface caused by the skaters is supplied from the busy ice machine, but the body of the glacial mass remains firm. What is perhaps the most incident to this ice business is that it undoubtedly does make the theater cooler than usual. And when, at the close of the show, the false stage is taken off and the human birds-on-stee begin to preen their plumage preparatory to gliding on to the hyaline pond, a chilly breath rises from it that makes you gasp. But the human birds look relieved, and, with a rush and a whirl, they are off for their afternoon's frolic, testing the surface here and there, executing a pirouette or a pas seul, and then the curtain rises and the ice ballet is on, with the shimmering Charlotte waiting in the wings for the grand entrance.

But, earlier in the afternoon, before the

stars have dressed, there is plenty to catch the eye and the ear. The Metropolitan is an all strangely quiet for such a region, and the reportorial brain, used to shouting

REAL GRAND OPERA SCORE FOR "ROMEO"

The movies, or photoplays, as you prefer, were a long time realizing the central importance of appropriate musical scores for their features, but when they did realize it, they went at the problem both with brains and prodigality. "The Birth of a Nation" was probably the first enormous film to have a special score. Now every big production has one of its own.

In the case of Metro's "Romeo and Juliet," which comes to the Victoria all next week, it is promised that a setting of classical music such as never before has been attempted will be played by the excellent orchestra at that theater. The intertwining of the melodies, it is declared, has been done in the real grand opera manner. All the chief characters have their individual motifs, and the crises of the Shakespearean drama will be accompanied by stirring strains suited to the action. In preparing the score, the music of Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet," and the music of Tchaikovsky's symphonic poem of the same title have been drawn on and properly synchronized. The composers of the score are Irene Berge, once a pupil of Massenet in Paris, and Samuel M. Berg, an expert at the Metro studios in this sort of work. They were assisted by R. A. Rolfe, of the Rolfe studio, and himself a musician of no mean stature.

YOUNG SHE IS



TENOR IS KNIGHTED BY ITALY'S KING

Giovanni Zenatello, the dramatic tenor of the Boston-National Grand Opera Company, which will inaugurate the local opera season at the Metropolitan Opera House on Monday evening, November 13, was recently knighted by the King of Italy.

This recognition of the great artist's vocal attainments was made because of his having founded a musical conservatory in Verona, his native city, in which poor boys could be taught free. The money for the institution was raised by a series of open-air concerts. When Zenatello's generosity was brought to the attention of Victor Emmanuel he determined to ennoble him. This he did several months ago.

"grips" and fidgety flymen, was amazed at the clocklike regularity and (hated word!) "efficiency" of the management. There was no howling or yelling; everybody is a living cog in the Hippodromatic machine. The tall toy soldiers, men of parts, one might say, look on unawakened, while carpets are spread and the bridge, with its real, electric-light trolley car, is set up in a jiffy.

Members of the Kat Kabaret, with their monstrous feline heads thrown back for air, wander about, chatting in anything but catty tones with Boy Scouts and other cosmopolitan persons employed in the spectacle. And these mute, but not inglorious, actors are no less interesting than the big names on the program, though some of the latter are a fascinating lot.

For instance, Charles T. Aldrich, the man who changes his clothes with a wave of the hand, and who is jolly careful that no prying reporters catch him at his tricks. He is an elusive man, but the reporter did learn that he began his career with a tramp specialty something like Nat Willis' present one. Later he took to the pot-hat monologue, suiting his tale to his attire. He is the latter gradually got thinner and shabier. Then Mr. Dillingham discovered him, and sent him to London with "The Girl from Brazil," which starred Edna May. In the company were Montgomery and Stone, not starred. They made their first important hit then. Aldrich was successful in England, and he later went to the Continent, registering in Vienna, Petrograd, Paris and Berlin. It was coincidental that when he came back to "The States" it was to play in "Chin-Chin" against under the Dillingham banner, and with Montgomery and Stone. He never goes to see other magicians do their stunts, and his own he guards jealously and zealously. Not even the stagehands, apparently, know how he turns into a green-clad man from a red-clad one, and so forth. Maybe, the toy soldiers, who see everything with unshifting eyes, do, but they failed to give up the secret to the reporter. Even the willing press agent was in the dark.

DEMOCRACY IS FILM LAW

By WILLIAM FOX
(Producer of "A Daughter of the Gods")

Isn't that the movies offer better entertainment, but that every one is on a social par at the movies.

All we know is that the movie fan wants us to play upon his heart-strings, but a general result so far has been horrible discord. With all the millions and millions that have been poured into the industry we have only scratched the surface of the film's possibilities. If we ever strike the keynote of genuine heart interest the world will go mad with love for the movies.

The only big factor favoring the producer of big films is that he has the public predisposed in his favor. Most of the movies' success so far has been, thanks to its democracy, not to its pictures. The vast majority of which have been mawkish to the point of being sickening. This has been partly due to faulty direction and partly to the fact that the demand of the under class has been for something to make his blood boil rather than the heart interest blended with the beauty and the artistic.

Promoters of the spoken drama complain that we have hurt them. They say we've taken their gallery crowds from them; but there are more theaters in New York than ever before the movies have educated people who never went to the point of seeing pictures and spoken drama, too.

The spoken-drama theater is an aristocratic institution, the movie house is democratic one. The spoken-drama theater says to the man with a quarter to spend for entertainment, "Go down this dark alley and climb a long stairway to the gallery, you cheap skate." The movie house says, "Come right in the main entrance and sit anywhere you want to, maybe next to the man worth ten millions."

Donald Brian Wants Color Upon the Screen

Star of "Sybil," Delving in his Moving-Picture Experiences, Finds This the Greatest Lack



THE most recent Daniel come to judgment on the question of the movies (by the way, he's a Donald) has made a point that, somehow, hasn't been touched on by the million and one other advisers of that art.

It is, the correlation between natural color photography and skin texture. And it is a point worth emphasizing at a considerable length.

At the end of a long talk recently in his dressing room at the Forrest Theater, Mr. Brian, one of the three stars of the musical play, "Sybil," sprang his surprise on the writer. He had been telling about what the two moving pictures he had done had taught him, and he wound up with a very interesting dissertation on the Leaky production of "Carmen," with Geraldine Farrar. "I was in Los Angeles at the time the feature was shot," he went on. "Perhaps you recall the night scenes around the gypsy camp fire—the one where the cigarette girl turns up the card of death at the fortune-telling."

They were snapped on a big waste space behind the studios at 11 at night. The directors had planted Klieg lights (portable illumination used for location stuff) and real interiors, such as stores, all around, and the effect was stunning. It was a cauldron of color, a whirlwind of reds and

GEORGE HASSELL PATRON OF THE PLEASANT

When the dramatic editor talked with Marie Tempest and Graham Browne some ten days ago, the conversation turned for a moment on one George Hassell, whom Mr. Browne had tried to secure for the part of the butler in "A Lady's Name." It is very seldom that one actor praises another so warmly as Mr. Browne praised Mr. Hassell, and it is still rarer that a player makes a big reputation for really fine work from parts which in the main have been small and in musical comedy or the cheaper sort of farce. Yet Mr. Hassell has had only one really good role in Broadway productions—the Honorable George in "Ruggles"—and, well as he played it, the piece's failure prevented many from seeing his admirable creation.

Philadelphia has been lucky enough to see Mr. Hassell three times in two years—in "The High Cost of Loving," "Hands Up!" and "Ruggles"—and now it is to see him again, this time at the Lyric in "The Girl from Brazil." Behind Mr. Hassell's lighter work lies a long experience in stock. For many years he played a wide variety of parts, from heavies to heroes, with low comical and high comical and Mercutio through them. After that he was one of the mainstays of William Parke's fine season of stock in Pittsfield, Mass., a venture conducted at the request and with the backing of the town's leading citizens.

Possibly Mr. Hassell, his art, his avocations and his anecdotes may be accounted for by his cheerful dictum: "Good humor is a sort of spiritual predigestion food which makes people fat sometimes and always prolongs life." With him art is long and cheerful.

WHAT MANAGERS ARE PLANNING

As heretofore, Laurette Taylor is not to star it alone. She appreciates a good cast, and when Messrs. Tyler and Klaw & Erlanger present her at the Broad, November 13, in "The Harp of Life," they will surround her with the following able assistants: Violet Kemble Cooper, Lynn Fontanne, Frollet Paget, Philip Merivale, Dion Titherage and W. J. Ferguson.

"Chin Chin" is coming back. The date is November 27 and the place, as usual, the Forrest. Montgomery and Stone will, of course, be present.

The next play at the Garrick, following "Common Clay," will be "Potash and Perlmutter in Society," a continuation of the stage adventures of the Saturday Evening Post figures. The date is November 6, and Barney Bernard will play Abe.

Another "Passing Show," this time of the vintage 1916, will come over from the New York Winter Garden on November 6 to gladden the eyes of Lyric patrons. Ed Egan, Belle Ashby, Fred Walton and Herman Timberg are to escort it.

"Experience," having only three weeks more at the Adelphi, is going to open the big office at 6 a. m. Monday and keep it open till midnight. The reason is obvious.

purple and great, somber shadows, intelligible and shifting and pulsing with all the brilliant hues such a scene would have in real life. Later I went to the theater to see the photoplay. But the charm had gone. It was good photography; yes, quite good that it missed all the fire and fury that night in Los Angeles had. It was neutral.

"There, it seems to me, lies the most vital problem of the director. And, remember, the director is absolutely the master of things in the movie world. He makes. He sometimes makes. But he is THIS man who makes pictures fine and touching and beautiful—or confused and cluttered and pallid. Now, the director of the future must solve this problem of color. It goes right down to the heart of the whole art. So far, I must say I don't think much of the attempts to make our pictures other than gray or sepia or black-and-white paintings in motion.

"There is something far more important, in considering color, than mere actual reproduction of natural scenery. It is the pigment of the individual face. For not till we get genuine color-reproduction can we draw on most of the real artists of the legitimate stage. Since have gone before the lens and triumphed. Others have been in mind one case—a case that sounds incredible to the layman. Yet I saw it with my own eyes. Ethel Ferguson, an actress of rare accomplishment, is admitted to have one of the most lovely complexions I have ever seen. It is pure, even, creamy like I saw them. I take a test-picture of her. Developed, it made out a pale woman with a rough and blotchy epidermis. Such are the tricks of the camera.

"But don't you see that when we can photograph in natural color all such magical distortions will disappear? We can reproduce faces exactly as they are in life, and the store of actors, real actors, on increased immensity in the theater. But when the scope of the movie actors can be widened, as I see it, their scope is pretty wide already, with the exception of comedy. There you're restricted to just two sorts, the athletic, scrappy, racing, dashing Fairbanks kind, and the kind in which Mr. Chaplin excels—the kind where one gentleman uses an old pig friend of mine as a prop. Here's the dilemma. I want to have one of the most lovely complexions I have ever seen. It is pure, even, creamy like I saw them. I take a test-picture of her. Developed, it made out a pale woman with a rough and blotchy epidermis. Such are the tricks of the camera.

"And speaking of scrappy: I was slated for a fight in one of my films. I asked for Billy Eimer, a real pug friend of mine, as my opponent. He was to hit me a glancing blow, but in error, gave me a terrible wallop. It made me sore and we went at it in earnest. I was a bully battle, with realism and gore. And I don't know what that director said afterward? 'We'll have to retake that.' 'My surprise at that time wasn't an act to another experience I had, however. I came up to me and asked whether I remembered. 'I wasn't you a chorus girl with me in "Florodora." I was a chorus juvenile?' I asked. 'Yes, I was,' he replied. 'Today he's worth millions. His name is Mack Sennett.'"

B. D.

CURING AILMENTS BY USE OF MUSIC

It is practically a new conception to look upon music as having value in treating disease or mental disturbance, and when a reputable physician puts himself on record that the harmony of sweet sounds can be applied to the cure of tubercular consumption, the proposition is somewhat startling. But such an urge has been made on the assumption that major music is tonic to the emotions, at least in moderate quantities, and makes joy, animation, hope, happiness and courage. Its action may be compared to a strong dose, while minor music depresses emotional activity, the action being analogous to a bromide or a sleeping powder. It also is not generally suspected that there is any connection between political economy, as well as personal health, and the deliberate cultivation of that correctly balanced emotion of which music is the language.

All this lays much stress on the need of establishing free schools of music in this country, and as a propagandist for the movement, Dr. Alma Webster Powell will appear in Philadelphia shortly on the platform of the University Extension Society, basing her thesis on the proposition that music is a human need, increasing and decreasing with social pressure. It is her contention that music is a remedy in nerve disturbances, a preserver of the faculties and a restorative of normal rhythmic motion in the human body.

SHAKESPEARE A LA SCREEN



Francis X. Montague and Beverly Capulet, as the Metro has visualized Shakespeare's famous lovers with their own almost as famous hero and heroine, Bushman and Bayne. "Romeo and Juliet" will be seen at the Victoria all next week.