

NEXT WEEK: BROAD, LAURETTE TAYLOR IN "THE HARP OF LIFE"; WALNUT, "KEEP MOVING"

AN ALL-STAR TRIPLE PLAY



Jack Dean to Fannie Ward to Mabel Normand. It all arrived on a souvenir postcard with their greetings to Philadelphia film fans. Miss Ward and her husband, Mr. Dean, are to appear in the new Lasky-Paramount picture, "The Years of the Locust," at the Stanley Monday; but just how Miss Normand, of the Triangle forces, got into the picture is another matter.

Fannie Ward on the Trials of the Camera

The Stanley Star Talks of the Photoplay Inquisition of the Coast

Interviewing Fannie Ward, the Lasky-Paramount star, who will be seen at the Stanley Theater the first half of next week, is easy and difficult; easy because the former "Madam President" has so much chatty information on hand, and hard because the ordinary newspaper man's memory cannot hold all the studio and personal gossip which she offers.

But by simply excluding the "how do you do" and "my recollections" some interesting facts about her life behind the screen may be boiled down to fit journalistic space. For instance, Miss Ward throws an illuminating radiance on how the legitimate player feels when first confronted with the demands of the photoplay and its producers.

Asked if she was nervous when she first started work, she replied that she never was so frightened in her life. "By way of a tryout," she continued, "I was put against a black curtain and a piece of paper was held close to my face. Nobody told me what was behind that paper."

"Then I was instructed to smile and when I did so, the paper was jerked away and there I was facing the camera with the cameraman grinding away. That's what they call the 'acid test.' The acid is experienced then lasted all the way through my first picture."

"I remembered what Miss Ward had said about buying ten hats and I also remembered that she was reputed to have arrived at the studio with more trunks than are usually carried by a whole musical comedy, so I asked her if she liked to play 'dressed-up' parts."

"Indeed I don't. I like to be a ragged girl with my hair down my back. In 'The Cheat' though, I had to dress up and a funny incident occurred in connection with my clothes. When I first went over the story with Cecil De Mille I asked him what I had to wear. 'Manlike,' he said that all such little matters could be discussed later and that I probably had everything that would be needed."

"We planned to begin filming the introduction on Monday. At half-past five on Saturday night Mr. De Mille telephoned me to say that my clothes for the introduction would be very simple and that all I had to have was a tight black velvet dress. Surely, he said, I had such an article in my nineteen trunks. Any one but a man would have known that tight black velvet dresses haven't been worn for several years, but really he seemed disappointed in me because I did not possess one. I had to rush to the nearest dressmaking establishment and hastily have one made on the spot."

"Really, though, the clothes question aside, Mr. De Mille is the sort of director who keeps up one's faith in motion pictures. He does not make impossible demands on mem-

bers of his company and allows his players to act their scenes in their own way. 'Don't act De Mille, act yourself,' is his favorite instruction."

Unlike the fool and his money, Fannie Ward and her gown are not easily parted. The Lasky star is famous for her wardrobe, and she takes a personal pride in never being found unprepared for any emergency that might arise. When Albert Payson Terhune's story, "The Years of the Locust," was chosen by the Lasky company as a starring vehicle for Miss Ward, it seemed as though she would find that she had hoarded in vain, for the script of this picture called for almost every imaginable type of gown. One by one Miss Ward checked them off as she perused this script, until she had the following list: Morning negligees, four street costumes, afternoon gowns, tea gowns, ball gowns, opera cloaks, furs for driving and motoring, girlish frocks, riding habits, and all the hats, parasols and shoes that must accompany them.

Miss Ward looked over the list a second time to be sure of her ground and then loftily told the director that she was ready to start on any scene that he cared to name at once. "Give me time to send over to the house for my clothes and I will be with you in a jiffy," declared the star as she beamed upon the crafty man.

HONORABLE CHAPLIN BEHIND JAPANESE SCREEN



Here is the Japanese conception of the gentleman who will appear at the Stanley, Victoria, Palace, Arcadia, Locust, Alhambra Theaters, ad lib. Monday afternoon in his newest Mutual merry-merry, "Behind the Screen," a study of studio life. Japan has a curious conception of his avoirdupois, as the "close-up," as well as the side elevation, testifies.

London—Where Good American Actors Go

The Star of "The Harp of Life" Describes the Utopia of the Players, to Which She Brought "Peg o' My Heart"

By LAURETTE TAYLOR

SOCIALLY, every actor in England is a John Drew, every actress a Mrs. Fiske. Of course this unequivocal generalization is disproved, but what generally counts in any event, instances of an actor's long personae non grata in English society are sufficiently rare to be the rule-proving exception. Whatever his social station, a man is a cat; however mighty her title, a woman is a cat. Excepting cats and cats the social folk in London enjoy a standing in the community which, by contrast, emphasizes the fact that in America are still regarded as gnomes.

In other ways actors in London have a far better time of it than here. The kind of treatment accorded outside the theater is a measure of the general consideration given by "the management."

The reason I have decided to burst forth into print in this fashion is merely that it needs to be said somebody did. Most of the English writers who "do" America in one round trip of a five-day boat come back to London with the idea that the only way to sell their impressions to English readers is to follow the beaten track and repeat the American critics whose writings on England I have read seem identical with the same idea. Now I lived in London almost two years, and I feel at least I know what I'm talking about. While London is truly the actor's utopia, it is also the actor's purgatory. It is one or the other—the limit. This determining factor is just one thing—opportunity. If you are able to get an engagement (and if you like you) you find yourself arrived on

a plane unimagined by the most optimistic chorus girl in her rosiest dreams. Until your opportunity comes you suffer disappointments such as no rank amateur at home ever has to face.

We talk a great deal about Broadway in August with its hundreds of unemployed actors. Is there any rate of suffering and privation that has not been told about the American actor of genius who is forever being robbed of his chance to prove it? The truth is that New York offers a score of opportunities for every one that exists in London—so far as the theater is concerned.

It is much easier to break into the Bank of England than for an actor without a London record to break into a London production.

But for the actor whom London likes! In England there is not only no matinee on Christmas—there is no evening performance either!

Ever since I have been on the stage I have played two performances on Christmas Day until last Christmas in London. Even if the rest of the year proved barren of engagements, I always seemed able to lose Christmas at home.

The man in whose theater I played in New York is a devout Catholic. He followed his natural instincts a year ago and closed the theater Good Friday night. But such a storm of disapproval was poured down on his poor gray hairs he could not summon up courage enough to respect a day of such great significance as Christmas.

In London there have never been performances on Good Friday.

Actors in England are paid for every extra performance they give. At home we get just the same amount of salary, whether we play eight or ten or more performances in a week. The only time we don't get the same salary is when, frequently, our salaries are cut!

Every Saturday night in London a man from a wigmaker's calls and collects all the wigs worn in the production. The wigs are returned Monday oiled and dressed. This service the management pays for. Such a thing was never heard of in America.

Every actor in a London production has a dresser, at the expense of the management. This also is an unheard-of luxury "back home."

I was never more astonished in my life than I was at the beginning of my London engagement when I learned that the management buys stockings for all the women in the casts of all the plays produced here. That also was never done at home.

Of course, London favorites are spoiled. How can it be otherwise? To be a London favorite is to fit in that category of persons "who can do no wrong." And to my surprise, I discovered there are many such personages besides the King.

ABE POTASH IS NO FRIEND TO HIS COMPETITOR



By MONTAGUE GLASS

It is business as usual about making a friend from the fellow who buys goods off. Lots of ladies is going around in garments Mawruss and his manufactured which cost \$5 for workmanship, \$10 for material and fifty cents on account of some diet mignon which Louis Mintz, the salesman of the Hamwickeet Mills, blew us to and added to the cost of the piece goods when he billed them to us. Louis is such a good friend to us that we couldn't kick about it, so we don't buy from him any more.

No one returns goods on you so much as friends. In particular, I had a friend by the name of Harris Fashman who shipped us back a \$15 dinner gown which had a pint of ketchup soiled all down the front panel, and when we refused to accept it he got awful sore and said, 'Didn't we expect that his wife must eat like the same as anybody else?'

"When you make a friend from a customer, you should be sure to get from him a signed statement of his assets, otherwise you would sooner or later have to settle with for ten cents on the dollar, because a shabby retailer's best friend always show strong in his list of creditors. His enemies made him no mistake that he paid 'em all up months before he filed his position in bankruptcy."

Furthermore, if you allow a customer to be your friend he would take advantage of you in the game.

Take it from me, a competitor 'couldn't be a friend even on Sundays or legal holidays.

"From a customer also you should be careful about making a friend, because when you sell goods to a friend he thinks you are trying to stick him, and you think he ain't going to pay you, and usually you are both right. Also, against the more friends you've got among customers the more postage stamps you buy for mailing monthly statements, because, as my partner, Mawruss Fashman, always says, 'Old friends is always the slowest.'"

Incidentally, who prides himself that he knows a personal friend out of a customer should get a rubber stamp made.

THIS ACCOUNT IN OVERDUPLICATE PLEASE REMIT.

"He could not stamp a small writer's name that way."

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Old Operatic Wine Served in Novel Cups

Ghosts and Glories of Neglected Composers to Be Summoned Up at Musical Banquet Soon to Be Served

STANDARD-GAUGE opera is all right in its somewhat restricted way. That is why the Metropolitan is able to come here every year and do capital business with few novelties, relying as to financial prosperity for the most part on such favorites as "Madame Butterfly," "I Pagliacci" and the like, with the biggest stars in the leading roles. Once in a while Mr. Gatti's troupe, to be sure, does produce a real novelty—such as "Madame Sans-Gêne" or a Victor Herbert opera—and the Habit-opera organization, which is due at the Metropolitan next Monday, is to be counted upon always for either fresh importations or revivals of works practically forgotten.

In between the Debussy and Scriabin, the Leoncavallo and Wagner, lies a middle ground. And it is that ground, apparently, which the newly formed Philadelphia Grand Opera Company plans to explore during its forthcoming season. If one may judge in advance from the announcements, the management of the venture will present operas of tested worth and wide general appeal, not frequently attempted by the current companies.

For instance, one reads that "Don Pasquale" and "La Favorita," two of the best of the seventy operas written by Donizetti, will be in the repertory. Donizetti, with his scolding brass and symbolic cymbals, has almost been ostracized from Philadel-

phia musical circles since the days of the operative and opulent Oscar Hammerstein.

"Fra Diavolo," the sprightly, will serve to recall the name of Asher to many people who had nearly forgotten he ever existed. It, too, is on the list, as is "Ernani," Verdi's famous piece around which raged the battle of the red waistcoats, with the writer Theophilus Gautier as the perfect pattern of the romanticist major-general. During the season, which opens at the Academy, at popular prices, the evening of December 18, also will be heard such new-old things as "Cenerentola," one of Rossini's happiest concoctions, and "La Sonnambula," the Bellini bit, which is not so unfamiliar as the younger generation might think.

"Ruy Blas," by Marchetti, which will usher in the musical season of the Philadelphia company, has never been given in this city before. "Karma," by Ettore Martinelli, will also be another novelty for Philadelphia.

One of the new acquisitions to the personnel of the company is that of the comic basso, Vittorio Trevisan, late of the Chicago company. Mr. Trevisan is well known in this city, having appeared here in important roles with the Philadelphia and Chicago companies. Florence Wallace, the prima donna, has also been secured by the management.

Maude Cets "Experience" at the Adelphi

(By our own Alfred Tennyson.)

Come into this playhouse, Maude, For the curse of "fliv" has flown.

Come into this playhouse, Maude, Though the crowd will cost us a groan.

Oh, the "rep" of this show has been bellowed abroad; It's a beaut, or may I be blown!

All season us girls have heard Of "Experience" late and soon.

All season the six-sheets have borne the word Of this grand artistic boon;

Aunt Sarah considered this drammer a bird; Likewise Cousin Rose, who's no loon.



HOBART, AUTHOR OF "EXPERIENCE"

I said to my beau: "There is but one Theater where I can be gay. I wanta hear Mister Glendinning groan When he's sore on dance and play, And to see how he feels when his roll is gone And he has no cash to pay."

But he wouldn't take me, the beat! Said the tickets had all of 'em fed

To earlier risers. But come, and sweet, Since six we've been outa bed, Awaiting our turn in line for this treat.

(To box office man) I didn't quite catch what you said. "Sold out!" Unpossible! My my foot!

What we'll do is to wait for the next show.

THEATRE, AUTHOR OF "EXPERIENCE"

A Chance for Philadelphia

IF YOU want to generalize about it, the trouble with our dramatic output today is low art and high prices.

There are a good many possible cures, but the only one tried so far in Philadelphia has its own pet particular evil. The Little Theater movement, which has spread so widely over the country, may produce high art, but it also produces high prices.

There is only one way to make low prices sustain a Little Theater which gives good art. That is the use of amateur, or semi-amateur, actors and directors.

Philadelphia had a very small but very satisfactory sample of this last season in the Stage Society's work at the Little Theater. Now comes the news that the society is to grow up into a permanent institution. It will keep the Little Theater open every night in the week and present much the same type of entertainment as last year in bills running two weeks.

Now, the advent of the amateur does not mean the advent of bad acting. It means less polish, but it also means a greater enthusiasm and oftener a keener insight into the import of plays and parts. In fact, it means a fresher and keener point of view in everything, from scenery to audience.

In the case of the Stage Society it means at least a distinctly Philadelphian expression in dramatic art; the creation of a local dramatic institution from which a local drama may spring, and of a local audience that loves the best things of the playhouse and strives to make them possible.

The success of the Washington Square Players—first with their similar venture in New York, and next with their week of crowded houses here at the Little Theater—speaks well for the venture of the Stage Society.

But— The Stage Society must realize its responsibility. The Stage Society must keep to the novel and beautiful stage settings which local artists created for its last year.

The Stage Society must strive always and consistently to be distinctive and different; it must place itself on a different plane from the work, good or bad, of the five regular theaters of the town.

The Stage Society must do things the Washington Square Players haven't done—it must keep higher and firmer standards; it must develop distinctively local drama, and it must so cultivate and amalgamate its audiences that it will have a loyal body of self-governing playgoers, who will make the best choice of plays and the lowest scale of prices possible.

All this has been done in Germany. It can be done here.

K. M.

Two of the "Follies" comedians happen to be caricaturists, too. Here are their own-and-in opinions of each other. The stage doorman of the Follies, who lives in perfect amity.

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