

NEXT WEEK : BROAD, FRANCES STARR; GARRICK, NIBLO; FORREST, MONTGOMERY & STONE

Youth Is Old
in Experience
of the Stage

Ernest Glendinning Tells
His Views on Character
Work in the Theater

Interviews are supposed to be studied with interjections by the interviewee, but the talk we had with Ernest Glendinning, the star of George V. Hobart's morality play, "Experience," still running at the Adelphi Theater, thank you, with bright and arresting statements by the young actor that we are going to write it as if it were a monologue. Being an actor, he probably won't object.

Glendinning started the conversational ball rolling with the interesting remark that all parts are character parts. The interviewer had asked him if he had ever done character work, and quoted Bernard Shaw to the effect that "all one needs is to put on a white wig and dodder around the stage." "Bless you, yes," ejaculated "Youth." "I've played character roles often in stock, or should have, character in them. Take the husband in Margaret Mayo's 'Baby Mine,' which I played. I put so much eagerness and sincerity into the part that Edwin Milton Royce told me since I had quite ruined his enjoyment of the play. 'I like kids a lot,' was his objection, and 'I feel like the deuce to see that fellow take on as he did.'

"Incidentally, let me say that one of the hardest ages to look before the footlights is thirty-two, which I happen to be in real life. What brought that to my mind was your question as to how I came to be at the Winter Garden one season. Mr. Brady had put me out in a drama by Frederic Arnold Kummer called 'The Brute.' It is the story of the extravagance of wives, and the 'help' came when the husband actually exerted physical stress to impress his emotion on her. He was supposed to be thirty-two, and for the life of me I couldn't get a grip on the part; it was quite out of my line. So when it closed they shifted me to Fifth street and Broadway from the West, where we'd been. Supporting Gaby was something decidedly new, and while I don't care to think back often to my musical comedy career, there it was not unproductive. One can learn anywhere.

"How about your experiences with 'Prunella'?" The interviewer and the stout and beautiful press agent, who had just come up, asked in chorus. Mr. Glendinning then told how Winthrop Ames sent for him and asked him if he could do Pierrot in that pretty little fantasy by Granville Barker and Laurence Housman. "Frankly," Mr. Ames informed me, "I don't think you can." The preliminaries before I got the part were some of them harrowing. I overtook an engagement with the producer, and finally when we went to the Little Theater the climax of grotesquery which I thought then, came. There were about four of the footlights on; both staff and the chairs. My audience was Mr. Ames and the colored janitor. Despite all that, when I got through the try-out, Mr. Ames ran up to me and said, 'Glendinning, I was a fool.' You see he meant I had satisfied him in spite of himself.

The stout and beautiful press agent murmured something about an engagement for dinner, and toyed fretfully with his jewels, but the interviewer, being in a mental Oliver Twist mood, detained him and his star. "What else?" he demanded. "Well, vaudeville, for instance," replied the unruffled "Youth." "I was with Grace La Rue in the varieties, and I held your breath—really and truly recalled 'The Shooting of Dan McGrew.' That was before it became so hackneyed. I got it over before the audience had time to get bored. 'Speak a piece.' That was probably why they liked it. Landing in Chicago on that venture, I mapped out a dandy return trip to New York by way of London, which was joyous. But at the other end of that trip was Mr. Ames's letter in regard to Pierrot.

"My season with Mr. Ames taught me one fact—that acting has to be a business. 'Prunella' did thirteen weeks in the metropolis; but with any other manager would have been plenty. It starred. I am an actor, and can't afford to play a season of twenty-four weeks, with a twenty-eight-week lay-off. People inveigh against the 'commercial system.' Well, what is the answer when the best drama attracts no notice, and almost any venture outside the 'commercial' scope goes to the wall? Neither the interviewer nor the stout and beautiful press agent seemed so the talk ended—at least for publication. B. D.

'Vamp' Today, Woman Tomorrow

"VAMPS" or "chickens"—take your choice. That is the feminine side of the screen today.

If the lady is a brunette, she acquires morals to match. If she is a blonde, the cameraman crowns her with a halo of sunlit curls, and the scenario writer surrounds her with the moral and mental aura of a pink tea. If, like Mary Alden, she happens to be a fine actress and a woman of dignity and gains, as well as dark complexion, she may not "vamp" all the time; but she won't be very conspicuous in the starlight of the electric bulbs. The exceptions, such as Ethel Clayton and Gail Kane, are very few.

But what about the man of the screen? There are exceptions in that field fast enough; exceptions that prove the rule which I am trying to evolve. We have our J. Warren Kerrigans, our Francis X. Bushmans, our Wallace Reids—"pretty boys" all. But have we not "Doug" Fairbanks to boot, Owen Moore, Charles Ray and Bobbie Harron? And—by far the biggest and most promising side of the film situation—we have a predominant group of male players in W. S. Hart, Theodore Roberts, Tyrone Power, Wilfred Lucas, Holbrook Blinn, Frank Keenan, Tully Marshall, H. B. Warner, George Fawcett, W. H. Thompson—all men of mature experience of life and art, giving vivid, pungent studies of vigorous, interesting, worth-while men.

Feminists could doubtless account for this contrast easily enough: The women of the present day screen are designed merely to "please," whether morally or otherwise. The men are privileged to have a three-dimensional existence as creatures living for their own ends instead of those of the other sex.

But a simpler explanation would be to suggest that the photoplay is simply in the melodrama period of development so far as the women go, while it has developed just a bit beyond that on the male side of the question. The lack of villains to match the "vampires" is good evidence.

Mighty good evidence, indeed! For it is one portent of the fine future to which the screen art is bound. K. M.

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE LAND OF ENTERTAINMENT



Kindly note the wig. It is the historic coiffure of the strong man in "Samson et Delilah," as worn by Caruso at the Metropolitan Tuesday.

Frances Starr, of "Little Lady in Blue," due at the Broad, and her favorite mount.



"Girls will be girls." At least Vivian Wessell will—whenever she finds a mirror in her Lyric dressing room.

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This is the sort of thing that gets New Yorkers into their theaters at cut rates. The devil has yet to reach Philadelphia.

DON'T BE JEALOUS, DECLARES STAR AT KEITH'S

Jealousy is not only a handicap to happiness in this world, but to popularity, according to Dorothy Jordan, famous Broadway beauty and musical comedy star, it prevents one from being attractive. Miss Jordan knows the secret and says she is always willing to share it because it is a secret that every one could use. Miss Jordan has returned to vaudeville for another short season and will be the headline feature of the Thanksgiving week bill at Keith's. When asked what she did to become a popular beauty, she said:

"If I am attractive to people, it is because I have gained personality through not being jealous. Jealousy is the bug-bear of the American women. I have never seen anything like the way they allow it to play upon their nerves and perhaps to bring a storm of tears in its wake. Tears wash away more than a heartache, so do not indulge if you want to fight off Father Time."
"In the first place, jealousy lodged in the human breast and allowed full sway preys upon the whole nervous system. And when the nerves are all unstrung the sensitive system comes in for a general upsetting. The stomach is affected, the appetite goes, and the energy that should be expended upon the cares and problems of everyday life is absolutely given over to the 'green-eyed' monster. So much for this part of beauty's undoing. A woman who is subject to fits of jealousy is constantly expending herself to cold. Every jealous fit overheats the blood and is therefore very weakening, and as for facial characteristics, watch the jealous woman 'out' in her face and you will see cold, hard and restless, not tender and alluring as a woman's eyes should be. Watch the expression of her mouth and the lines in her face and you will see yourself if she can be attractive to any one. Her woman friends know her failures and laugh at her behind her back because she lets it dominate her, and as for being attractive to men, she has made this forever impossible.

E. H. Sothern brings the romance of "An Enemy to the King" to the Arcadia screen next week. The Vitaphone has supplied Edith Stograph for leading woman.



Annette Kellermann rides horses and rules the waves with equal ease. Here she is in Jamaica during the making of the Chestnut's film, "A Daughter of the Gods."

"HOLLIDAY" SPURNS AUSTRALIA FOR THE GARRICK

Fred Niblo, George M. Cohan's brother-in-law, who is coming to the Garrick next week in his relative's play, "Hit-the-Trail Holliday," has often appeared in Australia. He has presented several of Mr. Cohan's pieces there, and may do so in the case of "Holliday."

PLACE OF WOMAN IN THEATER AS WELL AS HOME

By PEGGY WOOD
(Note—Our readers will be interested to know that the writer of this article, who is an actress, is the daughter of the well-known Socialist, Eugene Wood. She is playing at the Lyric in "Girls Will Be Girls.")
In her march toward emancipation and independence, woman has been hampered to a great degree by an opposition which was allegedly based upon a desire to assist her and "save her from herself." Treacherous influences, desirous of retarding her progress, have attempted to frighten her with stories of dangers which threatened if she attempted to make the next step forward. Not only has woman been compelled to fight her avowed enemies, but she has also been forced to break down the masked opposition which, in the guise of friendship, endeavored to restrain her.

In the opposition to woman's demand for an equal right on the political field, the same influences which fought against her upon the economic field are met with. In fact, the entrance of woman into politics is meeting even stronger and more acrid opposition than did her appearance in the economic field, and for obvious reasons.

The bugbear, which is being conjured up in the hope that not only will woman be frightened but that many men who believe themselves chivalrous knights will oppose the enfranchisement of woman is that the ballot will pollute her. This objection is not a new one, though its form may be different from those which preceded it. For centuries woman has always been warned that the step which she was about to take would make her unwomanly and have a debasing influence upon her. The slogan that "woman's place is in the home" is only another form of the same objection.

The history of the theater, beginning with the time when woman first appeared on the stage, indicates that the same temper which is met with among the anti-suffragists today was prevalent at that time. The appearance of a woman on the stage in those early days was the signal for catcalls, insults and even rioting. The strolling players were considered little better than vagabonds and thieves, and a woman who was found in such company was considered no better than her associates. Despite the tremendous handicap, which verged upon a tremendous self-sacrifice, women continued to choose a stage career. As more and more women appeared upon the stage, the moral and artistic tone of the theater rose and the drama began to receive the respect which it deserved. As the years rolled on women took up work in fields allied with the theater, until today we find them ranking high among playwrights, producers, play readers, designers, costumers and scene painters.

The best dramatic art is the operation of a divanitary instinct for truth.—Bernard Shaw

Visiting Lockwoodville and Its Cheerful People

"Pollyanna" Has Nothing On the Yorke-Metro Studio. Buzzing With Vivacity, Good Nature, Activity and the Doings of Stars

By BENNIE ZEIDMAN
(Here is a chatty description of a chatty movie studio by the chattiest press agent and publicity man in the business. If you are interested in his work-stretch of the Yorke-Metro appropriation, you will probably be interested in "Big Tremaine," one of their productions, which comes to the Victoria and Regent the latter half of next week.)

"CORDON street," announced the jittney driver, and I hopped out of the Ford, paid my fare and proceeded to find the Yorke studio. The word "Metro" then commanded my eye, and upon investigation I learned that I had reached my destination. My first impression of the Yorke exterior was that of the home of an artist who was seeking a quiet environment, for surrounding this unpretentious studio were trees and a large lawn. Fred J. Balshofer, president and general manager, rushed by the

visitors' gate with a highly colored copy of Harold MacGrath's "Pigdin Island" under his right arm. I heard a pleasant feminine voice; it must be the one of May Allison. I mentally concluded, The strong sun was streaming through the large office windows; the office staff seemed to be full of business. It was then directed to the general manager's office. There a stenographer informed me that Mr. Balshofer had just gone out on the stage and that she would call him for me.

The office walls were covered with photographs of Harold Lockwood, May Allison and Lester Cuneo. A few minutes later I was confronted with the executive man of the plant. I recognized him as the erstwhile head of the New York Motion Picture Company, who later exploited a number of the screen stars, and who recently became affiliated with the Metro Corporation. We exchanged compliments and together started on a tour of the studio.

"There's Mr. Lockwood," exclaimed a child actress, Virginia Corbin, and we proceeded in that direction. There, as big as day, with a smile which I understand had earned for him the studio title of "Smiling Harold Lockwood," stood the hero of many Yorke-Metro appropriations, who introduced me to Lockwood, who, I might say, is the type nearest to Douglas Fairbanks in personality and mannerism. I have yet met in stage-dom. Perhaps that is why studio folk have likened him "Smiling," for Fairbanks also has a smile that is famous.

Lockwood told us how interested he was in his present story. "We are doing Harold MacGrath's novel 'Pigdin Island' and a great deal of the action takes place along the seacoast."

"This big combination lighthouse set is my home." The set fairly smacked of the seacoast atmosphere. I turned my head in an opposite direction, where I could see the back of a young girl, dressed attractively, surrounded by a group of studio people. They all seemed happy and their faces were covered with smiles. That must be May Allison, I thought, and I was right. A moment later I was introduced to her, who is sometimes called "The Sweetest Girl in Films."

"We became good friends," I was born in Georgia," spoke the fair May. "And in 'Pigdin Island' I play the part of a secret service agent, which, of course, makes me very happy."

"On the set, please," cried Charles F. Stallings, the well-dressed assistant director. May Allison apologized and obeyed the command.

"Are you waiting for me?" queried Lester Cuneo, who was made up as a banker. He was told that on account of a number of Lockwood's scenes with Miss Allison, he could go to the ball game. "Great," cried the villain of celluloidville as he pulled "adios" to those present. I watched with intense interest Harold and May as they portrayed a dramatic scene. I received the same sensation as though I was witnessing a stage performance, for they spoke their lines like stage veterans. To my left and right were located a row of dressing rooms, factory buildings, carpenter shops, etc. In a group watching Director and General Manager Balshofer rehearsing a scene I recognized Lillian Hayward, of Selig fame; Doc Pomeroy Cannon, who has appeared in many Fine Arts; Josephine Rhea, made up as a colored mammy; Andrew Arbuckle, brother of the famous Mackinn; Virginia Southern, the pretty screen actress, and William De Vaull, whom I have called "The Birth of a Nation" and in Griffith's latest spectacle, "Intolerance."

It is in this studio that the Lockwood-Alison Metro plays are being produced. I learned from Miss Allison that "Pigdin Island" was their third picture in this new studio. "For the exterior scenes we went up to Monterey, the most beautiful place I ever visited. We remained at Monterey for two weeks and had a glorious time," she smiled sweetly. "Lunch hour was then declared and as a guest of Lockwood's I seated myself in his new automobile. We discussed various topics, and I found him to be a brilliant individual. To my surprise, he finally drifted to a discussion of mythology. I then realized I was in the presence of a well-read actor, which made me think twice every time I wanted to say something, for fear I would go wrong on my grammage (if I did not say very much about my discovery). We lunched at a cafeteria close by, where we both carried trays and collected our food in small portions. Lockwood is very fond of alligator pear salad, in fact he ordered a second portion. Smiling Harold paid the check and we motored in the direction of the Yorke studio. He fastened his make-up a bit and announced his return. I heard a peculiarly exotic sound in the distance. Cameraman Tony Gaudin discovered an approaching cloud and informed Producer Balshofer that it would be useless to try to photograph in that light. "All right then," he replied, "Stallings, notify the company to that effect, please have every one on the set ready for work in about an hour."



May Allison acquires a new cameraman—temporarily—while making the Metro feature, "Big Tremaine," in which said film grinder, Harold Lockwood, will appear with her at the Victoria next Wednesday.

To Mack Sennett, Keystoneer

(If you comedies are seen frequently at the Stanley, Arcadia, Regent and Victoria.)

Great master, in your hours of leisure,
If such a thing e'er fall to thy lot,
List to a film fan's furious pleasure
In that which saves his brain from dry-rot.

Oft have I seen the ripe pies hurtle,
Smiting the stout girl on the eyeball.
Oft have I seen some human turtle
Gleelessly gargle some one's highball.

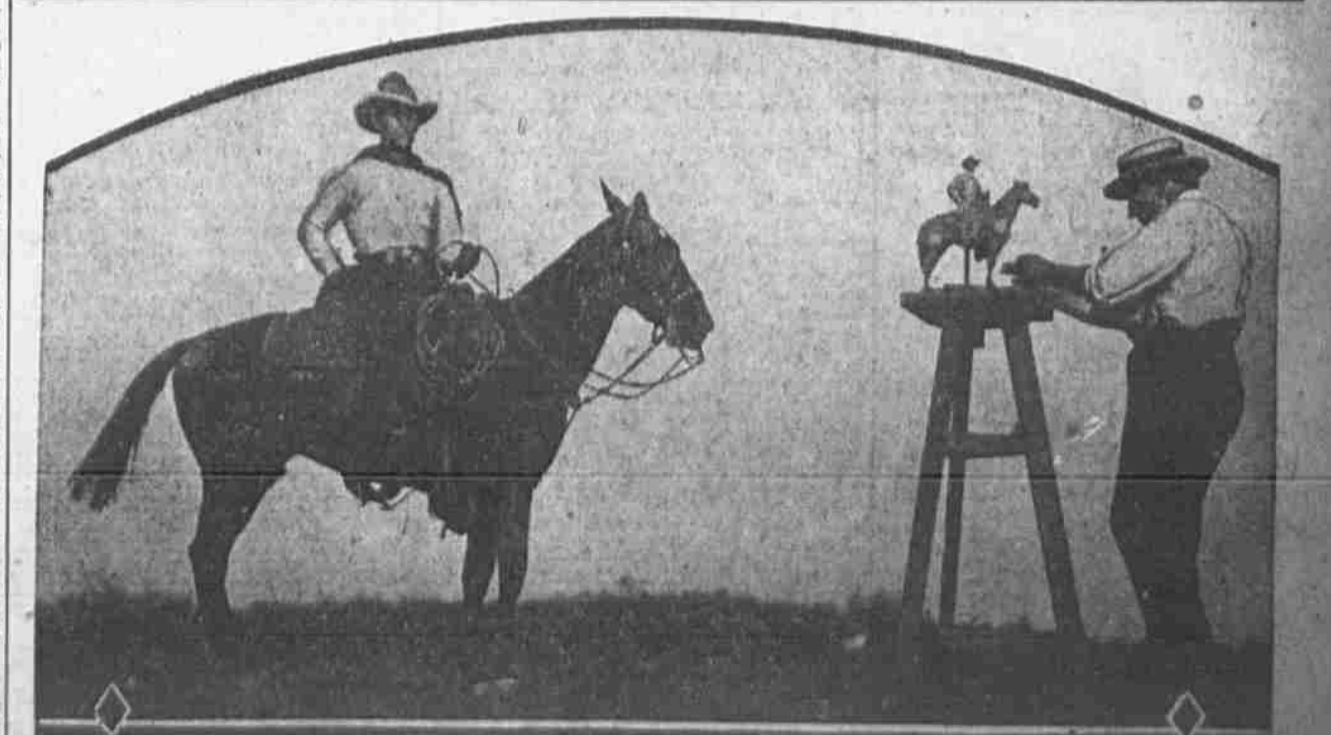
A boot directed at the stomach
Has drawn from me the jocos tear globe;
And "Fatty's" falls on hill and hummock
Equaled in wit the bitten ear lobe.

I caroled with rare delight, sir,
And shook with mirth from top to bottom;
When pie-weathered mimes made such a sight, sir,
The auditors exclaimed, "Dod rot 'em!"

Oh, art is long and chefs are fleeting,
And rare the genius that inspires 'em.
But yet I do not send this greeting
Merely because my mind admires 'em.

No, no, in language soft as butter,
I give you thanks with grateful cooing—
'Cause I can't hear the words they utter
Nor smell the noxious food they're stewing.

FRED STONE, COWBOY KING OF "CHIN CHIN"



Fred Stone posing for the famous sculptor, Prince Troubetzkoy, at the "Stampede" at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y.

IF FRED STONE ever leaves the stage as a refuge he is going to buy a ranch and raise cattle. Stone's hobby is throwing the lariat, and at his home in Amityville, Long Island, he has roped all the horses, cows and pigs on his farm. That isn't exciting enough for him. Every other year or so he takes a vacation on a western ranch and spends his time joyfully throwing long-horned steers, while his partner, David Montgomery, was spending an annual summer holiday which ended disastrously in an ingenious

discomforting exodus from Europe as a refugee when war broke out two years ago. Fred Stone was enjoying part of his vacation in an exciting way among his friends, the cowboys in Oklahoma, where they were some brave doings. On July 1, 1914, he arrived in Oklahoma, to take part in the annual "stampede" held there July 2, 3 and 4, at which silver cups and cash prizes were given for the best riders. Stone entered the roping steer and lasso rope-throwing contests, the first of which he won against all professional competitors. Last year at Cheyenne he won a similar contest.

Following his fine achievement in Oklahoma, Stone proceeded over to Texas, where, with 250 cowboys, he took part in a wild steer drive on the northern plains. The scamper extended over a distance of fifty miles, and the cowboys' activities were among the first five to arrive at the winning post, roping exactly a dozen steers on each.