NEXT WEEK: "A DOLL'S HOUSE," WITH THE STAGE SOCIETY PLAYERS AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

How McNaughton Snared the President's Chuckles

The Sidney Drew of Musical Comedy Tells of His Appearance in "Pom-Pom" Before Mr. Wilson; Also His Nearly-New Baby

THAT amusing chap who wanders through "Pom-Pom" at the Forrest Theatre is twice as garrulous off stage as on, and in case (oh, incredibility!) you don't remember his name, it is Tom McNaughton. Before the "foots" Tom looks like an elongated, legitimate version of Sidney Drew. In his dressing room, which is liberally sprinkled with cigarettes and oranges, he looks and acts like a darned nice fellow, with plenty of ideas. He is a regular person, quite that.

Mr. McNaughton is all excitement over his nearly new baby, born last summer. But he is even more torn up emotionally about the performance of "Number Thirteen," the idiotic policeman of "Pom-Pom," that he gave before the President of the United States a week or so ago. Corollary One: he is a great Wilson fan. Here are some impressions that he gleaned (and please recall that impressions of celebrities are hard to get, from the player's standpoint, because one is supposed never, never to look straight at the distinguished one while one is mumming):

"The President," said Mr. McNaughton, with that soft inflection of respect and vivid interest that the Irish-Welsh can emit better than any one, "struck me first of all as a gentleman. There is a dignity, a spiritual poise, to his face that brings up mentally a kindly English clergyman. You feel, straight off, that here is some one who wants to give you the kind word and the sound advice at the same time. And you feel that you'd take it. I've never heard Mr. Wilson speak. I only know him through his printed utterances. But, with that fine, fluent, delicately sympathetic face before me, I'd feel that I could trust him in any situation. You've studied faces yourself a bit, I dare say. You know how, in a restaurant or a bar, you glance around and say to yourself, 'Well, by Jove, there's a mug I wouldn't have anything to do with!' The President is just the other sort. I'd done 'command performances' before, one before the late King Edward. It's a ticklish job, because the irresistible impulse is to squint direct at the grand personage, you know. Stage etiquette forbids that, so we keep one eye on the footlights and now and then slew the other around toward the decorated box. I could tell just what amused the President, and what didn't. You remember my dynamite scene? I can tell you I was mightily proud when that got a big laugh from him. In my sneezing episode—the one where I caution Carl Gantvoort never to 'interrupt when one is brewing a sneeze'—mental suggestion 'got' some fellow in the first row, and he quite ruined my climax by cachooing loudly. I turned the trick by shouting, 'God bless you, old man; now we're both happy.' The presidential smile came along, right enough.

Mr. McNaughton, who is certainly the most nervous creature that ever donned green tights or snapped a musical comedy whip, at this point created what my learned colleague, F. L. W., would term a conversational lacuna, by biting viciously into an orange. He keeps two in his dressing room, and devours them, for throat-clearing purposes, at every performance. Then he went on with the story of his life, which has not been a sad one: "I've been playing in the States for ten years. We came over here, my brother Fred and I, and started with a vaudeville act. It was mostly talking, with some burlesque wrestling, and a climax of jiu-jitsu. Of course, 'jitu' wasn't very well known in America then, so our act didn't quite get over. Next, 'The Spring Maid,' three years. Next, vaudeville again. Next, 'Sweethearts,' one and a half years. Next, 'Pom-Pom,' sixteen months to date. Pretty fair, what, for steady runs?"

The comedian stopped work in "Sweethearts" with the rest of the company when the bird usually associated with babes began to hover over the house of Christie MacDonald, the prima donna. "And, bless you," he added, "what should happen to me but to find that I had a new daughter, myself! Tuneful little person, she is, too." (Baby, with mamma, who is Alice Lloyd, being sequestered on a houseboat in England, Father Thomas gets communiques from abroad). "They tell me when she hears a piano, she sings, and doesn't she just frown when any one says, 'Stop that noise?' No, I'm not musical. My only accomplishment in that way was 'The Three Trees,' built on the Wagnerian leit motif scheme. I thought it all out one night, writing the notes on my own theory, with a 'u' for up the scale and 'd' for down. Ever since the story of 'the preesety little rabbit' I've tried to do another 'music-drama.' Now I'm trying to evolve 'The Fish and the Married Couple.'"

Followed more interesting talk on such unconnected themes as building laughs, trying to act serious parts (and failing) and the boxoffice versus the big salary. The latter opinions were too radical to discuss here. Write to Tom, and get him to tell you what he thinks. B. D.

TO SHAVE OR NOT

That is the question for Tom McNaughton, whose face is equally at home with or without hirsute foliage.

WHAT MAKES YOU FEEL FAIR AND WARMER

Since the coming of "Fair and Warmer" to the Garrick it has occurred to many hotels and restaurants in central Philadelphia to place on their wine lists the "Fair and Warmer" cocktail. There was a lack of unanimity, however, on their part as to just how a "Fair and Warmer" should be made, and this induced the managers of the play to correct this sad state of affairs. When "Fair and Warmer" was running in New York city one of the Broadway restaurants made a specialty of a "Fair and Warmer" cocktail, so the formula was got from him and a lot of small cards were printed with this recipe for distribution among hotels and restaurants.

At present the Garrick is used every day at noon for religious services, and by some unknown means a quantity of these cards became mixed up with the hymn books and some of them were distributed before the horrible mistake was discovered. However, that isn't the point of this story, and what is here desired to be conveyed is how the cocktail should be concocted. The one that "Billy" Bartlet and "Blanny" Wheeler make on the stage would, except to a man of the strongest constitution, be almost fatal. It will be remembered by those who have seen the play that these two innocents are supposed never to have had a drink before in their lives, and they make the drink "entirely by ear." "Blanny's" and "Billy's" recipe has been printed here before.

For real drinking purposes, says the press agent, the official recipe is as follows:

One-half white of one egg.
Two dashes curacao.
Two-thirds jigger of whisky.
One-half pony grenadine.
Frappe with cracked ice and strain.

TEACHING THE KIDS TRAVEL LORE

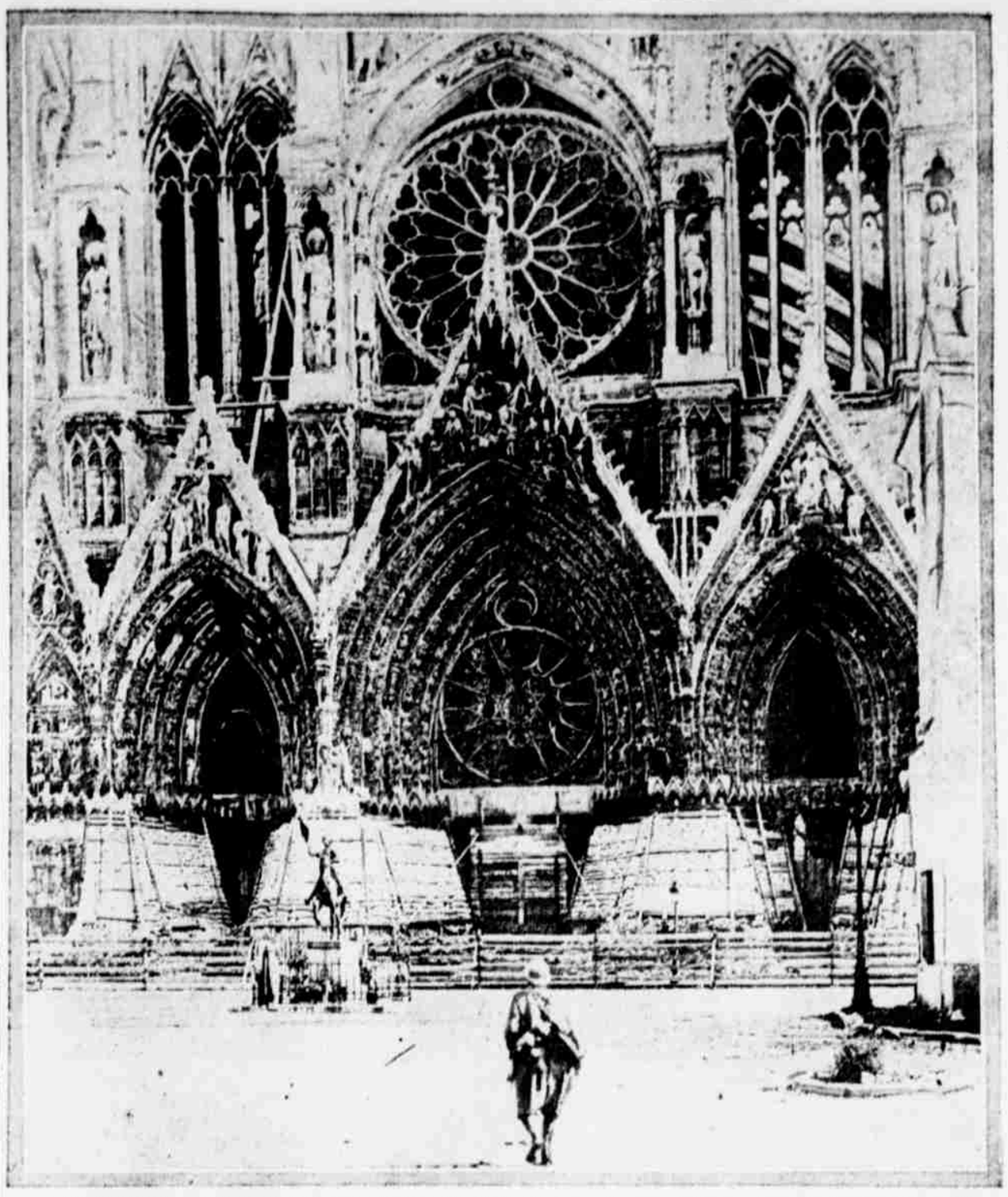
The Imperial Theatre has not lost sight of the fact that children constitute a large part of its audiences. It is, therefore, determined to realize its possibilities as an educational institution by teaching the boy and girl something worth while.

Travel is recognized as one of the great factors in education. It has been said that a trip around the world is better than a university degree. While this may not be true, it is certain that manners and customs of other lands can be learned more easily and more accurately through actual observation than from books.

Motion pictures of the travel class such as are shown at the Imperial fill the need for this element in education. Your child hears of the pyramids of Egypt, but does not realize their proportions until he sees a camel train passing their base or a white-robed Arab climbing up their sides. Through pictures the boy or girl can visit the snow-clad wastes of Alaska or the semitropical splendor of Central America.

These are only a few of the instances which might be cited to prove the motion picture one of the world's great educators and civilizers.

THEY LAUGH AT WAR'S TERRORS



For "they" are Sarah Bernhardt and the Cathedral of Rheims. Enemy shell may tear the heart of the noble structure or the heart of the great actress of the golden voice. France still fights, with a smile on her lips. Mme. Bernhardt is standing in front of the statue as a soldier looks on.

"Pearl of the Army"

(Note to readers—The story of "Pearl of the Army" has been given in scenario form in this newspaper every week. A new scenario has been published each Saturday. "The Colonel's Orderly" is the last installment.)

CAST

T. O. Adams	Ralph Kellard
Pearl Dare	Pearl White
Colonel Dare	W. T. Carleton
Major Brent	Theodore Friebus
Bertha Bonn	Marie Wayne
Toko	T. Tamamoto
The Silent Menace	(?)

Detectives, guests, butler, servants, valet, etc.

Subtitle—Pearl Dare has unmasked America's enemy, the Silent Menace.

Scene 1—(Alongside Government Building as per previous episode. Pearl bending over Silent Menace. Dare and others come in to Pearl. She tells them of her fight with the Silent Menace and indicates him.

Scene 2—Show foreground of all bending over the Silent Menace. Raise his head so that his face is distinguishable to the audience. The Silent Menace is Toko. All overwhelmed with wonder. Dare speaks.

Spoken title—"Toko! Continuing previous foreground Dare feels Toko's heart, indicates that he is alive. Full set—Gently take him up and carry him out. Pearl and Dare go with them.

Subtitle—A few days later Pearl learns that her father's orderly, T. O. Adams, who has been injured by the Silent Menace, is in no danger.

Scene 3—(Adams's room in Government hospital.) Doctor and nurse bending over Adams, who is seated in a comfortable chair. Full set. Pearl comes in, makes inquiries of the doctor regarding Adams's welfare. Doctor laughs.

Spoken title—"Does he look as though he were in any danger? The bullet just touched his scalp. I'm going to chase him out of here tomorrow morning." Pearl is delighted at the doctor's words. Registers tremendous relief and eagerly talks to Adams. Says how glad she is, takes up things, starts to exit. Show foreground.

Subtitle—Subsequently the injured Toko completely discloses the plans of America's secret enemies.

Scene 4—(Toko's room in hospital.) Show foreground of Toko in bed, delirious, telling all the plans of the Foreign Alliance. Show foreground of Dare, stenographer and others eagerly listening, the stenographer taking down notes. Show foreground of corner of room. Two foreign-looking men in uniform of hospital orderlies, pretending to be busy, listening to Toko. One stealthily draws a long, keen knife from the inside of his coat. Show foreground of Toko. Dare and others. Toko finishes speaking, sinks back. All register much interest. Foreground of the two orderlies at the end of room. One makes as though to do away with Toko. The other stops him and whispers.

Spoken title—"It is too late. He has told all. He must be allowed to die as befits his situation—by his own hand." Continuing previous foreground. Dare and spoken title.

Scene 5—(Adams's room in Government hospital.) Full set—Pearl turns, nods to doctor and Adams and exits.

Subtitle—Major Brent, who has been falsely accused of being the Silent Menace.

Scene 6—(Dare library.) Show foreground of Brent seating himself. Takes from his pocket Bertha Bonn's letter, which he has apparently read before, and rereads it. Insert close foreground of end of letter on screen. Same reads: "I can fight for you no longer, Thornton. If you want have Pearl Dare go to her. Here is the locket containing your photograph. May God bless and keep you. BERTHA."

Continuing previous foreground. Brent registers satisfaction. Rises. Full set—Pearl comes into room, passes through to study.

Scene 7—(Library.) Foreground of Brent gazing off toward study. Dissolve into:

Scene 8—(Dare library.) Foreground of Pearl and Brent seated, as in the eleventh episode. Brent has just proposed to Pearl and Pearl is answering him.

Spoken title—"I like you, Thornton, and admire you, but until this terrible creature, the Silent Menace, is captured I can have nothing to do with love. I have a suspicion who it is. Come to me the day he is taken and then perhaps * * *." Continuing previous foreground. Dissolve into:

Scene 9—(Dare library.) Show foreground of Brent. He comes to decision. He will hold Pearl to her promise. Exits out of foreground.

Scene 10—(Study.) Brent comes in to Pearl, who is seated. He stands beside her and starts to speak to her of love.

Subtitle—The manhood of Thornton Brent. Show foreground of the two. Brent is starting to speak to Pearl of her promise, gazes off. Show foreground of corner of room. A vision of Bertha shows in picture. She holds out her arms to him, appealingly. Show foreground of Brent. He turns away, tries to go on with his love-making to Pearl, but something within him prevents him. He has an inward struggle. Then he rises to his feet and says, firmly:

Spoken title—"I cannot do it. I cannot desert her. It is too contemptible." Continuing previous foreground. Pearl gazes at him in wonder. Brent paces back and forth, gesticulates and starts to explain that he does not love her, but that he wanted to marry her for her money. Continuing foreground. Pearl commending Brent for his manly course and telling him to go to Bertha. He hesitates, kisses her hand and exits.

Scene 11—(Bertha's boudoir.) Show foreground of Bertha seated with revolver. She is holding it in both hands and is gazing into the muzzle of it. She has taken it up thinking to shoot herself. Show foreground of the door. It opens and Brent comes in, steps forward and goes to Bertha. Show foreground of the two. Brent holding Bertha in his arms. He tells her of his awakening. Bertha is overwhelmed with joy and they embrace.

Scene 12—(Toko's room in hospital.) Toko in bed. The two orderlies come in. Toko recognizes them and speaks.

Spoken title—"You have been near? How much have I divulged?" Show foreground of the three. The orderlies answer him.

Spoken title—"Everything." Continuing previous foreground. Toko bows his head.

Spoken title—"Then it is the end—I must die." Continuing previous foreground, the two orderlies nod in agreement and surreptitiously hand Toko small vial. The orderlies exit. Show foreground of Toko. He glances at the vial that has been handed him, then looks about him. A vision of Pearl dissolves in. Toko gazes at vision of Pearl with hatred and fury. Realizes that this is the girl that has ruined his plans and resolves to kill her before he dies. He feebly crawls out of bed. Finds doctor's kit on table. Takes from kit a small, thin, very sinister-looking knife. Crawls to the door. Feebly looks it. Feebly crawls to window and exits with knife.

Subtitle—The trail of vengeance.

Scene 13—(Grounds of hospital.) Toko painfully crawls through picture, and exits. (The vengeful, crawling creature is very thrilling.)

Scene 14—(Adams's room in hospital.) Dare and several officers in picture near Adams. Dare speaks.

Spoken title—"And poor Ralph Paine. If he only had lived to know that his innocence had been completely proven." Show foreground of Adams. At Dare's words, he half starts up and cries out. Rises from chair and salutes.

Spoken title—"Then I beg to report, sir, that Captain Ralph Paine was not injured in the railroad wreck, he was a condemned prisoner and liberty was sweet. When the wreck occurred, he * * *." Continuing previous foreground. Dissolve into:

Scene 15—(Paine's compartment in train, as per second episode.) Paine and others in picture. The wreck occurs. Fade into:

Scene 16—(Wreckage nearby. Rain and lightning.) Paine comes into wreckage, gazing blankly about. Looks down at his feet. Show foreground of the body of T. O. Adams at his feet. Paine bends over the body of Adams. Fade into:

Spoken title—"The man was injured beyond all recognition, so Paine, dragging him into the picture. The wreck occurs. Fade into:

Scene 17—(Bush location nearby.) Paine has changed clothes with T. O. Adams and is finishing shaving. He has dressed Adams in his uniform and opening Adams's pocketbook, takes out cards. Insert close foreground of card in Paine's hands. Same reads: T. O. Adams, Monk's Corner, Nebraska. Continuing the scene. Paine throats cards into pocketbook, thinks again. Takes out piece of paper and hastily starts to write on it.

Spoken title—"So Paine wrote the last will and testament that was found on the body and placed it among the wreckage of his car."

Scene 18—(Wreckage of Paine's car. Rain and lightning effect.) Paine comes in, dragging the body of Adams. Puts it under beam.

Spoken title—"Then when daylight dawned * * *" Fade into:

Scene 19—(Wreck of Paine's compartment.) Pearl comes in, finds body, discovers paper. Picks it up and reads. Insert close foreground of paper in Pearl's hands. To my executors: If anything should happen to me I die innocent. I leave my entire fortune to be used in establishing my innocence and finding the person guilty of the crime of which I have been convicted. I make Pearl Dare my sole executrix.

RALPH PAINE.

Continuing previous scene. Pearl is overcome. Turns away from body. As she does so, dissolve into:

Scene 20—(Adams's room.) Show foreground Adams finishing telling story.

Spoken title—"So Ralph Paine 'died' and in

By GUY W. McCONNELL

Scenario by
GEORGE BRACKETT SEITZ
Author of "The Iron Claw," "The Shielding Shadow," etc.

PRODUCED BY PATHE

EPISODE XV—"The Colonel's Orderly."

(Copyright, 1916, by Guy W. McConnell.)

Don't Blame the Director! Blame the Movie Authors

Thus Charles Giblyn, Selznick Producer of "The Price She Paid," in Defense of His Fellow Craftsmen, Deluged With Impossible Scripts

By CHARLES GIBLYN

I HAVE read much recently from the outraged pens of story writers, who accuse us directors of every crime from assault and battery to mayhem and murder committed upon their manuscripts. It seems to me about time for one of us to take arms in our defense.

"The trouble with the great majority of people who think they can write for the screen is their utter lack of technical training and their inability to visualize their stories in the terms of the motion picture. They seem to think that any story that reads well or any play that makes a deep impression on the stage is suited to the screen. Such an idea is utterly ridiculous.

"One might as well say that all music is adaptable to the violin, piano and saxophone. Just as the skilled musician arranges his composition differently for the various solo instruments so must the writer do, who prepares an idea for a book, the stage or the motion pictures. The melody may be the same, but the accompaniment, the key in which it is played and the entire spirit of the composition must vary according to the medium through which it is to be expressed.

"In reading a book the mind has advantage over the eye. The written words conjure up images before the brain and we visualize each incident in a book according to our own individual imaginations. But on the screen we must show the story actually taking place. Our entire impression must be made through the eye alone. Many a great stage success owes its popularity to some big scene in which everything depends on a bit of tense dialogue and the tones of the actors' voices. But on the screen it must be the action that hammers home the drama and we use only those bits of dialogue that cannot be eliminated.

"No one can write a successful motion picture scenario who has not made a conscientious study of the art or has not had actual studio experience. The author who writhes in his chair at the picture theatre when he sees the child of his brain 'maltreated' by one of us directors would do well to attend the studio during the production of one of his pictures and let the director explain to him the necessity for the changes he is making in the original script.

"Where we are going to get our big picture stories in future I don't know. It is the greatest problem the industry has to face today. In the last two months I have read eighty-four books myself and loked over reports on a hundred others, and out of the lot there were not more than two or three that could even be considered as Clara Kimball Young productions.

"People are constantly calling directors' attention to this book or that and when we read the story we find that it does not lend itself in any way to motion-picture presentation. Some of the best books I have read lately are, after all, nothing but words.

"The only hope I can see lies in serious consideration of the art of motion-picture writing by the literary people of prominence who now look upon the films as a by-product of their work for the publishers and the theatrical producers. Of course, there may be any number of unknown authors who are capable of writing great motion-picture stories, but until they begin to think in terms of the screen the great percentage of their output will be useless to us. It isn't so much the question of originality of plot. This cannot be expected. There are only about a dozen original themes in literature. What we are looking for is originality in treatment, fresh ideas in character development, and, above all else, action, action, action, and then more action."

SHE WOULD ENTER THE VALE OF VAMPIRES

"All this talk about producing managers of musical comedies giving the chorus girl a chance to rise to speaking roles, should they display enough ability to warrant recognition, is all bosh," says Ethel Hendricks, brunette show girl of "Katinka" at the Lyric.

"Here I have been with Arthur Hammerstein for a whole season and not yet has he come to me and offered me a part such as I feel is my due; and yet when I signed with him he told me that it all depended upon myself as to what thef uture held for me. Now, after thirty-odd weeks with not a word from Mr. Hammerstein, all at once I get offers from representatives of two of the largest moving-picture concerns who have seen me in 'Katinka.' Both are equally sanguine that I am the perfect type for the work they require.

"I'll tell you all about it. You see, one of these movie concerns, the Do or Die Feature Film Corporation, states that there is an overwhelming demand for vampire types just now. Mr. Applebaum, the president (the president himself, mind you!) wrote me the letter stating that he had it on good authority that both Theda Bara and Virginia Pearson were rushed to death getting out enough pictures to satisfy the public's craving. Mr. Applebaum wanted me to decide at once, and suggested that the quickest way to come to an understanding would be to take dinner with him and talk matters over. And, speaking of this 'taking dinner' thing, the other movie man, Mr. Wrinkleski, of the Hydrophobia Art Screenings, suggested the very same thing. I suppose that their studios take up so much space that all their office business has to be done elsewhere. However, from their letters I conjecture that they must think I'm a good subject for photography, for both Mr. Applebaum and Mr. Wrinkleski stated that they would feature me in the first two pictures and in the third, I would be starred.

"I have it all figured out, should I accept one of the two offers, as to my remuneration. I shall insist that I play nothing but 'vampire' parts and that in each scenario there shall not be more than ten men that I am expected to 'vamp.' For while some men succumb much easier than others yet I have heard that there are a few still left sufficiently blase to require more wheedling and coaxing, and therefore that would be more or less of a nervous strain on me. I shall also insist that there never shall be less than ten men (of the Francis X. Bushman type preferred, with marcel wave included) and that I work on a strictly commission basis—that is, that I am paid so much per capita for each man that I have perfectly 'vamped' to meet the approval of the most critical 'movie fan' and the National Board of Censors. I figure that by piecework my salary will be increasingly larger.

"I'm not of a bragging disposition, but I just want to say that Theda Bara and Virginia Pearson want to look to their laurels after I once get started, for, if I do say it myself, I am the original 'Ambitious Child.'"

LOIS EWELL
Coming to the Adelphi in "The Beautiful Unknown."

DRAMA WINS FROM THE MOVIES

By LEE SHUBERT

The spoken drama has, after a season of more or less neglect, in consequence in greater part of the inroads of the silent drama, again come into its own. I do not mean to say that the moving picture has deteriorated or that the public has lost interest in it, but that it has become as critical of pictures as it has always been of the spoken drama. Meritorious pictures will continue, as do meritorious plays, to attract the public. Not in my memory have there been so many high-grade plays as at this time. This applies to musical comedy as well as to drama.

Three years ago it appeared that the moving picture had come as a blight to the spoken drama and that the latter would vanish from the face of the earth. In New York several of the more important theatres were given over to this new form of entertainment and the same is true of playhouses in all of the important cities of the country.

HELPING THE CINEMA-STAR TO SHINE

Director Charles Giblyn, of the Selznick forces, gives Clara Kimball Young some pointers on the art of "registering." [illegible] will be at the Stanley all next week. The other man is a member of the cast.

NO, THIS ISN'T LOUVAIN OR YPRES

Merely a smashing scene from "The Girl Philippa," adapted from Robert W. Chambers's novel, which Anita Stewart in the titular part, will occupy the Rialto screen [illegible]