

Magazine Feature Section

Child with Wonderful Eyes on Way to Motion Pictures



Lovely Girl, Not Yet 6 Years of Age, Already Is 'Camera Wise,' and Has Rare Talent.



EFFIE LAURRELLE SELLECK.
The "DIXIE DOLL"

THE motion picture world is about to be stormed, and forced to deliver, some of its gold and glory, and the force that is moving against the rampart of the industry with this end in view is an army of one little girl—not yet 6

years old—and all the weapons she will carry are a pair of deep blue eyes—eyes full of the innocence of childhood and the deep tints of the wood violet—eyes fringed with long silken lashes that sweep her baby cheeks—eyes that her mother says are so valuable that she carries an insurance of \$50,000 on them.

Effie Laurrelle Selleck, sometimes called the "Dixie Doll," because of her Dresden China prettiness, and always called "that lovely child"—by all who see her exquisite beauty, is the little maid who possesses the wonderful eyes. And she will march up to the staid gates of the movie world, press her determined way through the thousands that wait there armed with pulis and power, money and ambition—and train the battery of her baby eyes on the ponderous gates and demand admission.

That the gates will open—that the movie world will fall with little resistance seems a foregone conclusion; for no movie magnate, no director, however hard and calloused and used to saying no to aspirants for movie fame, can gaze into little Effie's wonderful eyes, become acquainted with her engaging personality and all around precociousness, and fail to be convinced that here is beauty and talent of such a rare order that it would be flying in the face of providence not to give this small maid a chance to win the hearts of the public through the medium of the screen, and incidentally win fat dividends for the studio employing her.

Mrs. Hazel L. Selleck, the mother of the beautiful little girl, says that while she has no especial desire to capitalize her small daughter's looks, she considers that she would be standing in her child's light if she did not make every endeavor to place her in the advantageous position that moving pictures will give her. And with this end in view she will take little Effie to New York and do all that she can to make a great motion picture star out of her.

Effie has already appeared in pictures in a small way. She is camera wise, and able to register her emotions in a telling manner. Even at her tender age she can register grief, sorrow, surprise, horror, pleasure—in fact nearly all of the pantomimist's tricks, with ease. And she is particularly proud of her ability to wink most cunningly with either one of her long lashes.

Mothers are notoriously proud of their children's physical perfections, and many times without cause other than the mist of love and pride through which their vision is strained; but Mrs. Selleck is neither hoodwinked nor handicapped in this respect.

Mrs. Selleck says she takes no special credit for little Effie's good looks. "She just grew that way. No special training or dieting, no system of beauty culture or regime was indulged in. The little girl has just lived the life of an ordinary child. She runs and plays out of doors when the weather is good, eats candy and chews gum, and thrives on sweets, which have never injured her digestion nor worked any harm to her complexion."

Another remarkable thing about the child is that she has all of her second teeth, which are strong and firm and white as ivory. Nature now and then gets in a lavish mood and creates a flower or a plant of most surpassing loveliness and perfection. And now and then she turns her attention to the human race—and makes a child as beautiful as a flower.

Part of the country has already fallen before the battery of Effie's remarkable eyes. The great Southwest, where she has lived with her mother for a number of years, capitulated long ago.

Leading Man Loses Job In A. H. Giebler's New Story BREAKING INTO THE MOVIES

THE French studio in New Jersey came to feel more like home to Myra Jones and me as time went on.

Madame, the general manager and owner, gave us the \$50 a week she had promised, but not until three instead of two weeks had passed. It was mighty fine when it did come, however, and enabled us to swell our bank account, which, in our eyes, was growing to enormous proportions.

"Show people," are notorious spendthrifts. The nomadic life most of them lead is not conducive to saving. But it was different with Myra and me. We knew the value of money; we had lived on so little when she was in the 5 and 10 cent store, and I was in the laundry.

We had scrimped and made every penny count till we knew how to save, and we did until we got the reputation of being stingy.

One day Myra said: "Kid, the bunch over at the plant have a nice name picked out for us. They call us the Tightwad Sisters."

This came about because we refused to loan money to every one who asked us. Most of the girls at the studio were broke two days after pay day, and were continually borrowing from one another. They soon found out that Myra and I were not good "touches," and hence the nicknames, but we didn't care.

Myra and I revelled in clothes for the first time in our lives. Before this we had always patronized the basement bargain counters of the big stores, but after we got our raise from madame we took a shopping trip, and when we got to Macy's, Myra said:

"Kid, here's where we take the elevator. I'm going to splurge and get things to fit this frame of mine if I have to pay two or three prices for them."

Myra was a strikingly handsome girl, and when she got the things on that she had splurged for she really did, to quote her own words, "cut some figger." She was dazzling in her new outfit.

becoming known. A number of producers began operating in Hollywood, a suburb of Los Angeles. The California films created a great stir in movieland. The photography was much better than could be produced in the East. The West Coast pictures were clear and sharp as a knife, and, in addition to this, the large number of sunny days made it possible for the players to work out of doors almost all the year round.

Reelless outdoor stages were built at half the cost of the artificially lighted studios of New York. There was no "static," the beta noir of the Eastern producers, in the West. Static electricity could not be guarded against in our climate; it would develop at any time and spoil many hundreds of feet of film and make necessary the restaging of whole scenes. Static was little understood at that time.

Madame talked things over with Mr. Merton, who was now high in her favor, and who was consulted about everything. He told us he would probably go ahead and make arrangements, and that we might get orders any time to pack up and hike out for the West. Everybody was wild to go except Karl Fisher, who told us some of his history that we had never known before, as his reason for not wanting to go.

"I can't go away and leave my sweetheart," he said.

"Yes, but she is going along," Myra said, in a clumsy attempt to tease me.

Karl actually blushed, for the first time since we had known him, I think. But he soon recovered his nerve.

All our excitement about California was for naught, however. Madame changed her mind. One day, not long afterwards, Madame called Myra and me, and Karl, and about a dozen others of the players into her office for a conference. Before this Myra and I had just worked in a haphazard fashion, one day we would be in a comedy, the next in a drama; one day I would be leading lady, the next supporting Myra or some other player.

Now, Madame proposed to organize two companies and put Myra at the head of one in slap-stick comedy, with Mr. Stephens as director, and Karl Fisher as leading man, and me as leading woman in dramas. A new actor was to be brought in to support me, and I was to direct my own company, bless my life, with the assistance of a Mr. Jackson, who was to be the character man. He had been a regular stage director, and a most excellent one.

My, how big we felt over this. And the best part of it was that we got another raise, and found ourselves signing the weekly pay roll for \$65. Oh, but we were climbing, and climbing fast.

parts by madame in one or the other of the dramatic companies. The wife was a much better performer than her husband. He was impossible.

Myra sized him up the very first day he came. "I'll bet he's a C. L.," she said.

The initials C. L. stand for a very inelegant but at the same time a most expressive movie term.

The good movie actor works in utter disregard of the camera, except when a close-up is being made, when he must stare it right in the eye. The regular stage player is accustomed to playing to an audience, and to him the camera represents the audience—and the first thing he must learn is to forget all about it and play to the other performers and scenery—anything but the lens. Good actors soon learn this, but your self-conscious and egotistical actor never does. He wants to be in the spotlight all the time.

An actor of this kind is called a C. L., which translated, means a camera louse. My leading man was a C. L. of the most pronounced type. He stilled and strutted and waved his arms—defects fatal enough in themselves—and he stared the camera out of countenance and screwed up his features and beetle-browed eyes in an attempt to make up for the loss of his speech, his one strong point on the regular stage. Madame released him after one week, and he left in high dudgeon, with many cutting remarks about the movies being a low form of art.

There I was without a leading man, and it looked as if I would have to go on doing my haphazard work, when Karl Fisher, who did not like to work in comedy, suggested that he be put in as my lead, and Myra, who was really the whole show in her company and did not need leading support, was to be allowed to work without a regular lead.

Madame adopted the suggestion, and Karl and little me became the heads of a dramatic company, which—if I do say it that shouldn't—made 'em sit up and take notice all over the country.

We got "all set" and made two little dramas the first week, and then one day two big animal cages rumbled into the lot and a half dozen animal trainers unloaded a black bear, a lion, two wildcats and a leopard into cages the painters had made for them just behind my dressing room.

Madame had caught the wild animal craze then becoming popular and proposed making a lot of pictures with me as a jungle queen!

For the first and only time in my experience in the pictures I was scared. I never could abide wild animals. Whenever I visited a zoo I always felt much better on leaving than on going in. I was afraid of big dogs, and cats gave me the creeps.

My uncle, with whom I lived for a while when I was a child, used to tell a story about taking me to a circus. He said the lion, which was old and blind and had to be fed on mush, roared, and I set up another roar and made more noise than the lion, and I wouldn't stop until I was taken home. He said I scared the poor lion so that it crept back in the far corner of its cage and hid its head in shame for being out-reared.

I took one look at the men unloading the animals and that was enough. I got the creeps and the shivers and didn't sleep a wink that night, and Myra comforted me with:

Answers to Motion Picture Fans

Sign your name, but give title to use in column. Address all queries to Photoplay Editor, care of this paper.

DELMAR—Lillian Walker is still working with the Vitagraph Company, but Mary Fuller is not working at all at present. J. Warren Kerrigan is 27, and is not married. Lillian Gish never appeared in a serial, nor is Herbert Lawton married to Agnes Vernon. Pearl White was born at White Plains, Mo., some twenty-odd years ago, and Priscilla Dean in New York City, 20 years ago. Priscilla Dean is never married. Ethel Crandin was born in New York City. Eugene Strong plays the part of "Bob Clayton" in The Crimson Stain mystery. Maurice Costello was born in Pittsburgh. Some players do and some don't give away their pictures.

BILL—Your three favorites, or their employers, are very stingy with their pictures. Arnold Daly has not been in pictures for more than a year. He is on the stage just now. Pearl White is 28, to be exact, and I am sure she would read your letter. Lillian Lorraine is 24.

W. M. MIKISH—J. Warren Kerrigan has left the Universal Company, with whom he has been working for several years, but he will get a letter addressed simply to Hollywood, Cal. It would be wise to send the customary quarter for the picture.

SWEETHEART—Creighton Hale, Famous Players, New York; Marshall Neilan, Lasky Company, Hollywood, Cal.; Bessie Epton, Selig Company, Los Angeles, Cal.; Henry B. Walthall, Essanay, Chicago, Ill.; David Powell, Artcraft, 729 Seventh avenue, New York. Bessie Epton was married recently to Clark Coffey. He is not an actor.

E. M. M.—The principal players in Neal of the Navy were: Lillian Lorraine, William Courtleigh, Jr., William Conklin, Ed Brady and Henry Stanley. Mr. King, in The Foundling, was Edward Martindel. Francis X. Bushman's middle name is not Xerxes, but Xavier; and his wife is Mrs. F. X. Bushman. She is not an actress. William Courtleigh, Jr., is 24, and he is married to Ethel Fleming. He was on the regular stage at last accounts.

VERA—You could probably get pictures by writing to Ernest Truex in care of the Screen Club, New York City, and Harold Lockwood, care of Metro, Hollywood, Cal. Grace Darling is the actress who plays the part of "Beatrice Fairfax," the newspaper woman. The real Beatrice Fairfax is not an actress. Have not heard of any Geraldine Gerald in pictures.

J. S. V.—The Birth of a Nation has never been distributed through any exchange, but the Epoch Film Company, New York City, put the film on themselves in the different cities and towns. Write to them and you may be able to make some arrangements with them to show the film in your theater. Henry B. Walthall is the leading male character.

MUSIC—Their religion is perhaps the only one thing that movie players are allowed to keep strictly to themselves. The Pickfords are of Irish-English descent. Jack is with Famous Players, 128 West Fifty-sixth street, New York. He has brown eyes. Alan Forrest is 26 and was married last fall to Anna Little.

ARLINE—Grace Cunard is 25 and Francis Ford is in his 30s. Neither is married at present. Jack Ford is not Francis' brother.