

FIRST WORDLESS INTERVIEW, RECORDED BY SPECIAL MOVIES



SO many aids to self-expression has she that it is one of the easiest assignments in the world to get a moving picture interview with a moving picture star. She can just reel off opinions all day. The strange part about this is that nobody ever had such an interview before—one with all the properties and a change of costume for every subject introduced. Miss Gertrude McCoy consented to be the subject of the first screen interview, and she was seen especially for THE SUN at the atelier of the United States Amusement Corporation at Fort Lee, New Jersey. As there were so many objects which suggested ideas in plain view, and so many obliging stage managers and scenario shifters at hand, it was not difficult for her to act and talk such a theme of the hour as "War and the Women." She became for the nonce a cast, and by swiftly changing pose and pantomime expressed concepts which followed closely upon each other through a summer afternoon in this first wordless interview.

The reporter for THE SUN asked Miss McCoy what, in her opinion, would be the effect of the present European war upon the status of woman, for many events are taking place on the other side; old social orders are passing, and new ways of seeing the varying facets of the chief crystal of life, woman, are being thrust upon us.

So Miss McCoy grew pensive and visioned her thoughts as herewith pictured and interpreted.



Men for centuries have been accustomed to think of woman as fitted only for hours of ease. Their ideal was a soft and languorous femininity. The English, especially, had visualized woman as a creature of fluffs, opening notes from admirers, telephoning from downy beds to her dressmaker, poring over the society columns of the morning newspapers and ignoring the accounts of great world events which fairly crowded themselves upon her father and brothers. Both in this country and in Europe men had come to regard women merely as adjuncts of an effete civilization; at least, such was the case when there came the trumpet call to arms; when the streets filled with marching hosts, and the flag took on a new meaning.

In this world crisis we have almost lost sight of the cause of woman suffrage, have we not? What has become of the suffragettes who thought that life was fuller if they looked at it from out of a barred window—one which never had glass to shiver? What, indeed, has become of the Vote Vestals who carried torches and flung stones and were dragged resisting to the jail, registering their martyrdom as they went? And yet, although we used to speak rather lightly of the ways of these weird sisters, they certainly did accomplish something by arousing the minds of the English. Who knows but what, after the last fighting is done and the trenches are ploughed in, "the Cause" may live again in a happier and a saner form?



War is the gathering of all the forces of the nation for a supreme effort. The firing line is the edge of the sword of Mars. Back of it is the great mass of metal which gives weight and direction and force to the glistening blade. Its edge may soon dull; and that the cutting power may be renewed other particles of that true steel which makes the State must be ground at the wheel of sacrifice. Woman also should serve her country when the war clouds lower, for she is indeed an integral part of the State. Not even all men can be on the firing line. They also serve who bring food and drink and push the ammunition laden tram. Leagues from the front are the great factories where munitions of war are made—where we see peresses of England and the fair women of France alike engaged in fashioning missiles of death.



We American women have in the last few months been deeply interested in the cause of preparedness, for we have ourselves gone into camps and tasted the rigors of military discipline. If war should come, should we not be willing to take our chances? Should we not show that manhood suffrage and womanhood suffrage both mean laying down our lives for our native land? In olden days, when this great republic was in the making, women moulded bullets and stood behind the stockade to take up the muskets dropped from the nerveless hands of fathers and sons who had fallen before the attack of the savage foe. We might perhaps even now emulate the example of Molly Pitcher, who at Monmouth sprang to her husband's place after he had fallen by the side of the cannon.



The women of the United States have experienced an earnest of war in their efforts to be of aid to the fighting men of Europe. In the quiet and seclusion of their homes they have with deft fingers been knitting stockings for the feet which have trod the torn roadways; they have been busy in making all manner of things which they think would add comfort to the hard lot of the soldiers in the trenches. So we have been learning what we could of emergency nursing and of the work of the Red Cross. Yet, as we sit in our homes in this land of peace and plenty, making bandages with which to bind the wounds of war, we must feel deeply the fate of those who are to lay down their lives or to drag out a miserable existence among the lame, the halt and the maimed.



Yet some of us have gone further in the expression of our sympathy for the cause of this or that nation beyond the water. The daughters of the best American families have journeyed to the distant battle fronts of the Old World, determined to offer every service which they could. Those who have wealth have given it without stint for the hospitals and for the support of the various units sent out by our American colleges and universities. Some of our sisters have done even more than this, for they have defied death itself and taken upon themselves every risk, as without fear they have gone hither and thither in the zone of war. In their earnestness they have not hesitated to approach the firing line and to stand behind the shell swept trench.