

IN THE CINEMA WORLD



CARROLL MCCORMACK
"OH, LADY, LADY!"

Caught for a moment between scenes at the great Goldwyn studios in Fort Lee, N. J., Mae Marsh was asked for the true story of her start in motion pictures. "The Beloved Traitor," the feature picture at the Strand this week, was in making and the slim star stood in readiness to begin the big moment of the drama. E. K. Lincoln and Bradley Barker were getting their positions for the smashing fight which happens in the last episode of the Frank L. Packard play. Mae Marsh would not be needed for a full twenty minutes. So she began to talk. This is what she said:

"Why it should be so I'm sure I don't know, but people always ask me when and where I was born. Then when I say 'In Madrid, of course,' they look at me blankly for a moment till I add, 'No, not Spanish, but straight American.' It was Madrid in New Mexico, and not the Madrid of Spain, where I first saw the light, and although few people have ever heard of the place, it is very dear to me.

"We had never heard of pictures there and of course there were none to be seen. When they did come to our town in the form of the old-fashioned nickelodeon it was my sister who announced that she was going to be one of those girls who play Indian and ride a horse and live in a tent when she grew up. Marguerite was always the wonderful big sister before we both grew up together. Now she's just as wonderful, but not so much bigger.

"In time we moved to Los Angeles, and there Marguerite did have her dream come true. She began to work regularly at the Biograph studio. It was a fascinating life to me as she described each day's happenings to us at the dinner table. Then I would go back to my lessons for the next day at school. I hated that school. A studio like Marguerite's seemed the only place to live and work in. When finally I got up courage enough to say that I'd like to act in pictures she only smiled in a superior way and told me I was too thin and my freckles wouldn't do at all.

"That cut me so much I washed my face in buttermilk behind a locked door every night to remove the horrid freckles. So time passed and Marguerite became more and more successful. She even had a picture of herself in a magazine! That was too much. So I went to the Biograph studio myself alone. No one paid any attention to me, not even to send me away. I wasn't even worth noticing. So I sat on a box in the yard watching the people take their pictures. Some made up and others in every day clothes. My greatest fear was that Marguerite would see me and send me home.

"By and by a man passed close to me and looked down at my face. He was only pitying me, I thought, so I looked away before he could see the big tears I felt about to trickle down my cheeks. But he didn't go away. Instead he asked me what I was waiting for and I told him, this time without keeping the tears back or caring whether he noticed my freckles or not. He said he'd help me—he thought he could put me into a picture just starting if I'd do just as he said and work very, very hard. It wasn't hard, though; it was just following his

orders. My mother was horrified when I told her that afternoon, but I begged and begged just to be given a little chance, promising to go back to school gladly if only she would let me see what the work was like, actually.

"You can imagine my sister's astonishment when she was told. She had been out on a location all day, so she had not seen me.

"What was the director's name?" she asked.

"They called him Mr. Griffith, I think," I replied.

"Mother consented to let me stay for a little time on account of Mr. Griffith having selected me. He asked her to let me remain a second week, when he gave me a real part, the leading lady, if you please, in 'Sands of Dee.' That picture has always been my favorite picture. And, of course, having got in, I stayed. Mother doesn't mind any more, and my freckles aren't even mentioned."

Douglas Fairbanks is being "sculptured" by Prince Troubetzkoy, the noted Russian sculptor. He is spending an hour a day at the studio where Douglas, in the makeup of a Westerner with his famous horse, has been posing for him.

Prince Troubetzkoy is making this statue as a tribute to his screen favorite. Almost all the celebrities abroad have at some time or other posed for Prince Troubetzkoy.

The real sensation of the past week among the scandal mongers at the Lasky studio in California has been the fact that old Bill Hart was seen in the act of pouring tea at a Red Cross banquet. Great fear was expressed that this famous exponent of Western characters will degenerate into a lounge lizard and run around with a rose in his buttonhole, and wear lavender kid gloves to adorn his trigger finger.

Elsie Ferguson is now utilizing all her spare time seeing interviewers, photographers, magazine people and newspaper writers. No one has ever been sought after as much as this Artcraft star, and the best part of it all is that she takes it all with a smile. She went so far the other day as to stop in the midst of her dinner and receive an interviewer who had dined out before he made his appearance and declined to dine with her.

Now it is "Doctor" Mary Pickford, with big round glasses and a formi-

dable blue bottle and an eye-dropper. The title and appurtenances were acquired recently at the studio during the filming of the drawing room scenes in "Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley." Miss Pickford's Artcraft feature following "Stella Maria."

Much night work was required for these scenes, and one morning, after a particularly arduous night's work, nearly all the members of the company appeared with what are technically known as "kleg-eyes." Miss Pickford herself was one of the victims.

Though not a serious malady, this



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is a painful affliction which lasts. As Miss Pickford explained: "I woke up about an hour after I retired and my eyes felt like balls of fire." This is caused, according to the medical profession, by minute accumulations of the eyelids from the invisible particles of carbon thrown off by the arc lamps used in lighting the scenes.

Several different lotions are used to relieve the pain and on the morning of the epidemic of "kleg-eyes" Miss Pickford administered to her hands, from the director, Marshall Neilan, to the klegingee dog carried by one of the society ladies, and which was also suffering from bad eyes. Miss Pickford had had the malady about a dozen times, but says the results have never been serious. And her remedy seems to be swift and sure.

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That was before the coming of the motion picture in its more advanced stages of production. To-day any girl in a community that is large enough to boast a motion picture theatre can see the very latest fashions almost as quickly as her sisters in the larger cities through the medium of the photograph, for every motion picture star prides herself upon wearing the most up-to-date costumes which she can find. Many of the stars, such as Pauline Frederick and Elsie Ferguson, have created international reputations as models before the reason of the elaborate gowns which they wear when playing society roles.

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wealth and refinement should look like thought the public didn't know any better. To-day he is mistaken. The public does know, not only those who come to the pictures from real homes of wealth, culture and refinement, but that big portion from homes where that wealth has been left out. The bric-a-brac school of direction is losing members every day. The change has been gradual, and, as will be explained, rightly so, but it has been steady and sure, until now there is creeping into the photodramatic business some art.

At the beginning of every Lasky production, as an example, there appear the words "Willfred Buckland, art director."

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Or, viewing the library of the wealthiest woman in the plot, a social dictator whose culture and good taste are supposed to be ne plus ultra, the first thing that hits the sense of the verities is a large white statue of the Venus de Milo reposing on a fluted pedestal of near oak. There is always a table cluttered with all the doodads that betoken culture to the uneducated director. The more figures

Washington never told a lie. It is not an untruth either to say that Thomas Healy's Golden Glades is perfection in restaurants. Besides catering perfect food you have Cula Crutchfield, the lassie king, and then there is Helen Hardick, with many wonderful stars of the skating world, and the glorious "White Hussars."

We find continually added attractions at the Golden Glades, and the first presented such world famous artists as Elsie and Paulsen, startling Apache dancers; Steele and Winslow, jazz skaters; Schmidt and Dallesorp, Lora Jean Carlisle and the intersexed show "On the Carpet."

If you ever tried that special Sunday night dinner for \$2 a person you would then know why the worth while public flock to Healy's Golden Glades.

Boy Pages Dog at Ansonia.

A curly haired young page boy passed through the long corridor on the main floor of the Hotel Ansonia yesterday whistling loudly. George W. Sweeney, managing director, happened to see the boy.

"Say, young man," he said, "don't you know it is against the rules of the hotel for any employee to whistle while on duty?"

The little fellow looked up at Mr. Sweeney and his face grew red. "I am not whistling, sir," he stammered. "I am just jingling the dog of a guest."

Murray's Roman Gardens.

Feeding 2,000 of the soldiers that participated in the parade on Friday was Pat Kynes' share of the fine efforts of the citizens of this city in taking care of the soldiers during their stay here. At the meeting of the Hotel Men's Association earlier in the week the congenial manager of Murray's Roman Gardens was appointed on the committee of arrangements to figure out how the hotel proprietors would handle 2,000 of the Camp Upton boys who had no families in the city. On the committee were Kynes, Harry Mark, Caldwell, Stanley H. Green, Thomas D. Green and Charles E. Gehring. Cards were printed and turned over to the Mayor's committee to be distributed to those from Yaphank who were entitled to them. Each card entitled the holder to breakfast, luncheon and dinner on Friday and breakfast on Saturday. The committee made a tour among the various hotels that took care of the boys and at each stop were greeted by cheering squads. When Kynes returned to his establishment his allotment of dining soldiers had just finished and the leader of the company arose and thanked Pat for his kindness and remarked that "the way they now felt they could march right on to Berlin."

Bandmaster Dan Caslar at Rehearsal.

In conformity with their policy of aiding as much as possible those members of its staff who have joined the colors Rehearsal's invited a delegation from the various encampments to participate in a Washington's Birth-

day dinner at their Columbus Circle establishment. In celebration of the event a special matinee of the "Jim-Jam Revue" was performed, in which the public was invited to participate. Bandmaster Dan Caslar, former orchestra leader at Rehearsal's and now connected with the 152d Depot Brigade at Camp Upton, brought his entire regimental band with him and a concert of rare excellence was given by them in the Four Hundred club-room of this popular establishment.

At the "Sunday Nights in Paradise," a name applied to the weekly gatherings over which Miss Alice King dominates, Nat C. Goodwin will be the guest of honor at this week's function. The ceremonies begin at 7 o'clock, and in addition to an excellent dinner several entertaining features are presented. Last week a rare old fashioned "amateur night" was in progress, and while the novelties for this week have not been divulged it is promised that they will be most interesting and fascinating.

George Heban's next Paramount picture "One More American" lays bare the pathetic side of political rottenness and graft practiced upon alabama.

"Missing" by Mrs. Humphry Ward, is to be translated for the screen and produced for Paramount by J. Stuart Blackton.

Pauline Frederick is finishing work on "The March of the Women" which has been adapted for the screen from the story by Count Tolstoy.

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