

### WHY THEY ARE ACTORS

FLORENCE NASH whose very toes talk and make you laugh, has a volume of verse, "June Dusk" upon the market. Poetry may not pay as well as acting. But good poetry has its price, and critics have praised Miss Nash's.

Of artists with pencil and brush there are many. Ann Murdock received honorable mention for two paintings, one in oil, one in watercolor, in Philadelphia a few years ago but found the stage more interesting than the studio.

The same with that daintiest of comedienne, Lola Fisher who started as an art student and penetrated well into the lines of the professionals before she exchanged the palette for the stage make-up box. Even after she was established as an actress she

it. The only problem was to find Barrymore.

Searching parties raked his regular anchorages in vain; then the little, strange places, and finally he was brought to light. For some reason the sketch was done in crayon instead of ink, and appeared in the paper as just one large and cloudy blob. "You're fired!" enunciated the editor with great clearness. And John decided not to argue.

He still draws, however, and Mr. Hopkins' staging of "Redemption" began with Barrymore's suggestive sketches. The art room door of any newspaper would swing wide for John, and there would be "Welcome" on the mat.

As for sister Ethel, few people beyond her intimate friends know how expertly Ethel Barrymore plays the piano. She herself admits that some

call of the stage, and still fiddles with no mean skill.

Rather more prosaic was the past of Barney Bernard whose first mark was made as a salesman for one of those fly-by-night stores that are always "Selling Out at Stupendous Sacrifice" and exhorting the public to "Buy Now Before Too Late." Mr. Bernard's salesmanship remains a classic, and his old job is still open when he wants it.—Theatre Magazine.

### MY DEBUT WITH MAURICE

By Florence Walton.

THERE have been so many striking moments in my life that it is difficult to single out a particular incident, but the one which afforded me the greatest thrill was when Florenz Ziegfeld came to me with the surprise that Maurice wanted a partner. Did I think I could give an exhibition with him that evening?

You, who have never been before the footlights, cannot even imagine the courage it suggested. There was my chance for success, but (if I failed, I had lost this great opportunity.

I shall never forget the encouraging words of Maurice, "Don't be frightened, just follow me." It will ever remain a charming remembrance. I obeyed and I have followed him ever since, except the months he has been abroad with the Ambulance Red Cross Service during the war.

This incident was the beginning of whatever success that has come to me, and the attachment that followed ended as things do in novels. We were married and lived happily ever after. Soon we went to Europe and danced together in all the capitals and Maurice introduced me to the fields where he had struggled as a boy and won the success of which he is proud. So from that happy moment we traveled and danced together, doing our part and if it has not been a great part, perhaps there is truth in the words of Robert Louis Stevenson: "There is no duty so much underestimated as the duty of being happy."—Theatre Magazine.

### IN THE DANGER ZONE

By Cyril Maude.

A COWBOY in Colorado once tried to make me dance by shooting holes in the floor around my feet. That was a long time ago, before I went on the stage, when I had gone to Denver to try to recover my lost health.

That was an exciting minute—or two—for me, but I don't think my heart beat as fast that time as it did one day last summer when I was on my way to England on a transport under convoy. We were nearing the other side and were right in the middle of the danger zone. We had been sleeping—what sleeping we did—in our clothes and wearing our life belts all the time for several days and kindly fellow passengers who had been across before had been telling us interesting stories of their own and other people's experiences "right over there where you see that white cap."



RALPH CLONINGER, AT THE SALT LAKE THEATRE NEXT TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY IN "PIERRE OF THE PLAINS"

made and sold to magazines a number of sketches of persons in her company, notably Lucille Watson and May Vokes. So if Arthur Hopkins lost his mind or something, and bade Lola begone, she could afford to "be calm, Camilla," with a side profession to fall back on. And of course it is almost too well known for comment that clare de la Paix gown is a successful song writer, skimming the golden cream from two arts with airy ease.

Lionel Barrymore had some pictures hung on the line in Paris, and as for brother John—well, before Jack Barrymore became the rising young actor he is, he had chosen art for his profession. Mr. Barrymore had a perfectly good job cartooning on the Evening Journal, which he held down with satisfaction to all concerned until the day of the Paul Leicester Ford tragedy.

Arthur Brisbane wrote a big story on the killing of poor Ford by his crazed brother and directed that Barrymore do the picture to accompany

concert singer would give her a chance as accompanist. Or failing that, she points out that good ivory-thumpers are at a premium in all sheet music shops. Ethel should worry if play-acting goes out of style!

Eleanor Painter, too, could make a tidy living as teacher of piano if anything froze up that glorious big voice of hers—which heaven forbids? She confesses that her early dreams were of teaching a kindergarten, and that if John Cort and all other managers turned against her, she would set up a kiddie school with a piano in the corner and defy the wolf and the rent-collector.

"I'd have no benches, mind," she stipulates. "We'd all sit on the floor together so we could hug one another as much as we pleased."

Music was the career Mme. Nazimova had marked out for her. She was an infant prodigy at the violin. She studied at one of the imperial schools in Russia and was heard in many concerts as a child. She kept up her music study long after she heeded the

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