

# DEMOCRACY OF FILM STUDIOS DIMPRESSES SIR HERBERT TREE



SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE AND HIS FRIENDS OF THE TRIANGLE FINE ARTS STUDIO.

LEFT TO RIGHT, TOP ROW—DOROTHY GISH, SEENA OWEN, NORMA TALMADGE; SECOND ROW—ROBERT HARRON, HARRY E. AITKEN, PRESIDENT TRIANGLE FILM CORPORATION; SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE, OWEN MOORE, WILFRED LUGAS; LOWER ROW—DOUGLAS FAIRBRANKS, BESSIE LOVE, CONSTANCE TALMADGE, CONSTANCE COLLIER, LILLIAN GISH, FAY TISCHER, DE WOLF HOPPER



TREE AS MACBETH



TREE AND CONSTANCE COLLIER IN MACBETH

By Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.  
My real initiation into the cinema brotherhood of California took place, I should say, one pleasant afternoon, some four weeks after my arrival at the Triangle studios, in Hollywood. It was quite interesting.  
I was walking along one of the principal streets, glancing into the shop windows, and enjoying a particularly balmy atmosphere, when I was suddenly seized from behind in a powerful grip, and a gag was thrust into my mouth. Of course I struggled violently, but it was quite no use. Two burly fellows had me, one by the arms and the other about the body, and all my efforts for freedom were in vain.  
My emotions may be imagined. All about me I saw persons going about their business, quite unconcerned as I writhed in the grip of my captors. Several individuals glanced at me and smiled, nodded to one another and evidently enjoyed the proceedings hugely. It seemed to me as though I must be having some astonishing nightmare, from which I should presently awaken, and find myself safe in bed at my hotel.

But nothing of the sort. It was dragged across the sidewalk, still uttering incoherent cries and trying to free myself, and thrust into an automobile which had been standing at the curb. My assailants piled in after me, the chauffeur threw on all speed, and away we went. In a few moments the pressure was somewhat modified, I got the gag out of my mouth, and shouted for help. A policeman ran out into the road and commanded the chauffeur to halt. As we came to a stop, my companions released me, and the chauffeur turned around, with a grin on his face. Just then another motor pulled up beside us, and a chap jumped out of it—a perfect stranger to me—and thrust a slip of paper into my hand. "Thanks, Sir Herbert," he said. "That's going to be a great 'hit'. If the check isn't enough, just say so. The check was for two hundred pounds. Cameras had been elicited away when I was bundled into the automobile, and again when I called the policeman. I had been aiding in the making of a picture for this man who I had never seen before. I told him the amount was highly satis-

factory, though the manner in which I had been called upon to earn it was somewhat disconcerting.  
But when I told people about it later on, they just laughed and said it was one of the customs of the country. Here is a true democracy, I thought, if ever there was one—the principles of social equality—couldn't be carried much farther, I am sure.  
Up to the time of which I speak, I had spent so much time at the Triangle studios and "on location" that I hadn't seen much of the town of Hollywood, and the remarkable events which are continually transpiring in its streets without attracting more than the most casual attention of the passers-by. Otherwise I might have been prepared for my own ordeal, and I might not have come near spoiling a scene for Miss Collier, a day or two later.  
I was noticing, this time, and happened to be just passing a bank, when Miss Collier came bursting out of the door, in tears, and pursued by a chap who was shouting at her and evidently annoying her greatly. You might think I would have sus-

pected what going on, but not a bit of it—I still had now grown accustomed to thinking of Hollywood as one vast moving picture stage. I pulled up, jumped out of my car, and was rushing to Miss Collier's side, when she called out: "Avaunt, Sir Herbert, or you'll crab my scene!"  
I availed, and after that they couldn't surprise me.  
Another most democratic institution of the film fraternity I discovered in a much shorter time after my arrival among the Triangle players. I must, it could not have been more than a day or two. We had been working all day, and then a large portion of the night, when our director kindly called a halt, about 2 a. m. I was feeling quite hungry. I supposed my fellow players must be in like plight, and lamenting with me our evident absence from any base of supplies.  
All of a sudden I found myself surrounded by red banana handkerchiefs. They were knotted together at the corners, like the bundle of a trumper, carried on a stick. Where they came from I had no idea. I had not noticed them previously;

they seemed to spring from nowhere. I was almost the only person who did not possess one. When they were opened, there were sandwiches of all kinds, tarts, cakes, fruit—excellent food, and how we did relish it, with the glorious appetites we had! That night I had to throw myself on the mercy of my companions, but after that I possessed my own red handkerchiefs, which my daughter Iris would fill and knot up for me whenever it looked as though we were off for a long ordeal.  
Then, the willingness to work, the absolute setting aside of personal comfort or ease, for the good of the work to be done—there again was democracy, in its highest essence. One day, I remember, I slipped away from the studio, for just an hour, to keep a luncheon engagement. I suppose it was because I was in such a hurry to get back, and not keep the company waiting, that I slipped as I was stepping into my motor, and fell, striking my head against the mudguard. I got a nasty rash under my eye, which bled rather freely. Nevertheless I hastened to the studio, staunching the blood as best I could

with my handkerchief.  
I did not ask to be relieved from work. I had seen too much of the willingness with which other players who had suffered injuries had let themselves be patched up, and gone right ahead with their work. A doctor attended to my wound; it was neatly covered with plaster and make-up, and I worked all afternoon and most of the evening with my face throbbing and smarting. No one thought I was doing anything out of the ordinary—and I wasn't.  
I had many other experiences during the film of "Macbeth" which impressed me deeply with the wonderful spirit of camaraderie which prevails among the players. The whole Triangle colony, consisting of about five thousand persons, rich and poor, great and small, connected with the Griffith, Ince, and Sennett studios, is just a great group of good fellows. That I have been privileged to learn there really is a place where such a spirit prevails is one of the reasons why I am glad to have been associated with the only film contribution to the Shakespeare tercentenary.

## GAMAS VALLEY

The two days 4th of July celebration is a thing of the past. There was a large crowd both days. Everything passed off pleasantly and everyone expressed themselves as having had a pleasant time.  
Mr. Street's uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Wadde of Mississippi, spent

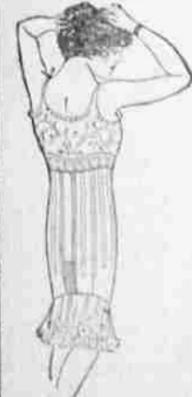
the 4th with him.  
Mr. and Mrs. Story Martindale are the proud parents of a new baby girl. Story is stopping high these days on account of the event.  
Hastur is on in earnest now. The rain delayed it some days.  
Mrs. Noble, daughter of Mrs. Wood, is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Chas. Smith.  
While cutting hay Thursday, Mr. Wipph's team became unmanageable and ran away. He was thrown

from the machine and received several painful bruises and cuts about the face. He was taken to Roseburg Thursday evening by Mr. Jones for medical attendance.  
Edna Smith is still quite ill at her home.  
Mr. and Mrs. Edmonds and children spent the 4th with friends at South Deer creek.  
Perry Standley, John Lehnheit, Best Nockley and wife celebrated in Ashland.

WILL SOJOURN FOR MONTH AT WINCHESTER BAY  
Mr. and Mrs. Earl Strong and daughter, Mrs. George Neuner and son and Mrs. H. Campbell and daughter, Helen, leave Thursday for Winchester Bay where they will spend a month enjoying an outing. The trip will be made as far as Scottsburg in Mr. Strong's auto from which place they will take the boat to their destination.  
Miss Saddle Persons returned yesterday morning from Portland where she has been visiting with her aunt for several days and left this afternoon on the stage for Melrose where she will spend a week or ten days with her sister.

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## A. J. EVANS