

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 LUCAS; LOWER ROW—DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, BESSIE LOVE, CONSTANCE TALMADGE, CONSTANCE COLLIER, LILLIAN GISH, FAY TINCHER, 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. I 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 bit." If the check isn't enough, just say so." The check was for two hundred pounds. Cameras had been clicking 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 whom I had never seen before. I told him the amount was highly satisfactory, 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 further, 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 motoring 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 suspected what was 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: "Aunt, Sir Herbert, or you'll crab my scene!"

I advanced, 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. In fact, 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 bandanna handkerchiefs. They were knotted together at the corners, like the bundle a tramp carries 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 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 bandanna, 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 gash 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 filming 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.

A NOTE FROM FILMDOM.

Valeska Suratt, prominent actress with the William Fox companies, is a distant relation of Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, who was executed in Washington, in 1865, for complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln. The members of the family have always had great doubts as to the guilt of Mrs. Mary Surratt, and have protested firmly that she was innocent.

"My grandfather, though," says Miss Surratt, "thought it advisable to change the spelling of the family name, and I was therefore raised to spell it with one 'r'. I have often been tempted to spell it with the two 'rs' again, as a sort of silent proof of my belief in the innocence of Aunt Mary."

Chloria Aikin, the Carrie Nation of motion pictures, is a great lover of flowers. However, through an unfortunate error she planted parsnip instead of nasturtium seed.

Valeska Surratt completed her work in the new William Fox film in two weeks. Her director, Rolland West, says this is the quickest time he has ever heard of for a star.

Pauline Frederick would like to meet the originator of that excellent phrase "Paddle your own canoe" face to face. She took his advice while in the Adirondacks last week and reports that the water up there is about two hundred degrees colder than ice—particularly when you take an involuntary bath. All Miss Frederick wishes to ask Mr. Originator is whether or not he has ever followed his own advice.

The Keystone company has put an extra watch on the outer portals of its Los Angeles studios to keep away spies.

While it is true there is no trick photography about Charlie Murray's whiskers, or Mark Swain's clever eyebrows, or Chester Conklin's salary, or Louise Fazenda's features, or Polly Moran's chewing gum, the Keystone company alleges that it has many trade secrets in the way of photographic effects which other companies are eager to duplicate, that hardly a day passes that somebody is not slouch-footing around to get next to the way in which the Keystone does things. If the thing keeps up a draw bridge will be installed, with counter-signs and passwords.

Four thousand eight hundred requests for autographed photographs were received by Charles McGish, the wonderful motion picture artist, in an hour and a half, and she has purchased a two-revolution press.

Thomas Meighan, who is seen in support of Victor Moore in "The Clown," always has something serious happen to him in every production in which he appears. In "Out of Darkness" he was overcome by the smoke and badly burned, and he still bears the scars of the burns he received in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." In "The Sowers" he was severely cut about the face with a Russian knot, and in the present production of "The Clown," while making scenes on the desert, he was forced to lay for several hours in the hot sand, was overcome by the heat and had to be carried back to the hotel.

Max Figman and his wife, Lolita Robinson, are to appear in woody Metro comedy releases. "Love Me, Love My Dog," is the first.

Big Companies Merge

The Famous Players Film company and the Lasky Feature Play company have been merged into the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, according to advices from New York, with a capital stock of \$12,500,000.

Co-incident with this news comes the information that Mary Pickford, reported to be on the verge of leaving Famous Players, will commence work this month for the new concern.

As both concerns had a 25-year releasing contract with Paramount, a fact that blocked the merger with Triangle, it is not thought that the new company will release through any other organization.

Hazel Dawn's favorite gown is well, to be frank, it isn't a gown at all. It's a pair of overalls which she donned to paint her porch at Amityville, while recuperating, as it were, from the effects of rehearsals of the Famous Players' production, "The Feud Girl," for Paramount Pictures.

Though Pauline Frederick has been a member of the Famous Players' stellar forces over a year and has learned about all there is to know concerning the art of screen acting, she has not learned everything there is to know about motion picture "properties." This she very clearly demonstrated by sitting on a papier mache replica of a fence railing in the studio. When Director Joseph Kaufman picked her up off the floor she declared that the only serious injury sustained was the ruffling of her dignity.

Charles Chaplin, Mutual comedian, aided materially in the raising of \$5,000 for the widows and orphans of France at a garden party held in Los Angeles. Chaplin appeared at the fête with several hundred autographs, which he sold personally, adding several hundred additional simoleons to the fund. Chaplin, before leaving for home, deposited with the finance committee a substantial check and said that if more was needed all they had to do was to let him know.

Round-Up Prospects Good

Pendleton, Ore., July 20.—With conditions practically insuring an attendance in excess of the great crowds of 1912 and 1913 when 75,000 people witnessed the exhibition the Board of Directors has dated the Seventh Annual Round-Up for September 21, 22, and 23, and made preparation for increased seating capacity in the bleachers and the greatest exhibition ever staged. The railroads have increased the territory included in the Round-Up special rates so that this year they will extend as far east as Salt Lake on the Union Pacific; Missoula, Mont., on the Northern Pacific and south to San Francisco and north to British Columbia.

The fact that the Round-Up is the biggest and practically the only attraction of national interest on the Pacific Coast this fall has caused the eastern and transcontinental lines to advertise it extensively and use it as a basis for western tourist business.

This will bring many additional thousands to the annual frontier show.

The show itself will be superior to anything heretofore staged. More and better bucking horses than ever will be up for the riders, the relay races will have not less than ten strings of four horses each and there will be more competitors from all over the west in the steer roping and bull-dogging.

More than a thousand applications for ticket reservations have been received which is the biggest number ever received at this season for any one of the former Round-Ups. Many noted people of national fame—many plate being present, of which Secretary of Treasury McAdoo has already assured the Round-Up that he will be present.

Oregon Delegates Put in Bid.

That Portland should get the meeting of the National Education association in 1918 is the opinion of O. M. Plummer, who has returned to Portland from New York where he went as a delegate to the convention and city superintendent Alderman, who is now on his way home. Portland was second in the choice for 1917.

Sawmill for Roseburg.

Kendall Bros. of Pittsburg, have agreed to build a saw mill and lease the railroad which the people of Roseburg are building to connect their city with a big timber belt.

Four Sons as Pall Bearers.

At the funeral of Mrs. Teetje Ohling, an honored pioneer of Albany, her four sons acted as pall bearers.

School Children as Gardeners.

Clackamas county leads the state by 80 per cent, in the number of school children engaged in gardening, according to the statement of School Superintendent Calavan of that county.

Carries Case to Supreme Court.

Mayor Best of Pendleton has appealed to the supreme court for a change of venue from the justice court in a charge against him of having used improper language in a public place.

Boys Take Long Walk.

Thirty-two young boys walked 36 miles in a day and a half on their return from a two-weeks outing near Lebanon. They were in charge of John H. Rudd, state secretary of boys' work of the Y. M. C. A.

Took Poison but Was Saved.

Mrs. Myrtle Johnson, aged 30, who was recently left a widow and with a child to support took laudanum on account of despondency. She sent her boy to a neighbor to tell what had happened and medical assistance arrived in time to save her life. Her home is in Milton which was the place of her birth.

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