

Signs of the Reel Prince

Thumbs Down; or, the Girl Who Wouldn't Register Horror

It Always Can Be Done But— There Are All Ways of Doing It!

DIRECTOR DENSILOW was in despair. For once his infatuation had proved itself futile, unobtainable sense. The picture ever which he had worked so hard and on which he had expended so much thought and enthusiasm had almost unobtainable sense that it was about to change its name from "Friszle" to "Friszle." A difference of only one letter, to be sure, but, ah, what a difference in the meaning! You see, it was like this:

"Friszle" was the title of an unusual scenario which Director Denslow had received with joy and thanksgiving. It had been an off season in plots. Everybody writing had selected some good old standby, furnished up—no others had furnished it unless times before—and sent it in as original. Pro-

had come and beholding in the uniformed one a man who had sometimes posed for him, caught said deliverer by the arm and told him the why and the wherefore and begged him to use his powers of persuasion to get the girl to accompany him, Director Denslow, to the studio.

To make a long story short the exotic one finally consented. Those of you who have pined as a hart after the water brooks for just one chance to show what you could do in pictures will hardly understand the attitude of Natalie Borzina—that was her name. She was not in the least thrilled. She said calmly she didn't like motion pictures—had only seen two in her life. With the same disturbing calm she bickered over her salary, raising her price 50 cents every time a sum was mentioned. However, a contract was finally signed and the actual work of taking the picture commenced.

Though Natalie, per contract, must be at the studio every day from 8:30 until 5, she was by no means continually on duty. After she was once made up, her time was her own—provided she kept within call—and she had plenty of opportunity to look around, to snoop, or—fall in love, which last is just what she proceeded to do. She fell in love with the star.

Now Blake Brown was a young chap, unmarried, full of the joy of life and an unrepentable flirt. The "new girl's" infatuation for him, therefore, as soon as he discovered it, flattered his vanity. Her beauty besides attracted him, and when not working he spent considerable of his time playing about with her. As for Natalie, she could think of nothing else. To be perfectly frank, under that luxuriant crop of unruly hair there was mostly nobody home, anyway. (At least we will be frank.)

And so dawned the morning of Director Denslow's despair. As far as looks went the girl was it. As far as anything else went she was an it. He could neither captivate, ridicule nor browbeat any intelligent lady for work. She was some common, middle when Brown was not about and non common when he was within range of eye or ear.

"And this, re gods, is what I've held the picture for!" Director Denslow groaned. But he labored on. And the day drew nigh when the big scene must be taken—and the scenario had it that Natalie must hold the center of the stage!

"Show horror!" groaned the director. "No, no—that isn't horror! You look like a dying calf. Weren't you ever in an earthquake or a stabbing or anything? Didn't anything ever happen to you? Don't you know the meaning of the word 'horror'?"

"A stabbing," Natalie replied calmly. "My father stabbed my stepmother. But it was all right. She had it coming."

"Good Lord," prayed Denslow, "give me strength!" And even as he prayed the inspiration came. He stopped work abruptly, announcing that the scene would be continued the following day. Natalie departed in search of Brown, who was not to be found, and went disconsolately home. Gradually the studio building emptied. The last to leave was Director Denslow, and he was merely whistling lybells.

Before the actors appeared in the morning he was on the job and deep in conference with his camera man. "When I turn my thumb down you're to crank," he ordered. "Now, no slip ups."

"No chance," the non-committal genius of the machine replied. He lit an inspirational cigarette. And the work was resumed, all but Natalie looking rather hopeless. Natalie smiled calmly. Hadn't Brown just kissed her stily behind a convenient door? What was this? Was the Italian girl really a genius in disguise? Was she of the dust that Denslow and her hardi-ards are made of? For she was registering horror—horrible horror! Those dilating eyes, those whitening lips, the sudden tightening of all the muscles of her soft young face, the clinching of the formerly immobile hands until the knuckles were white. And what was that? A trickle of blood? Yes, it was from the under lip, where her small white teeth had sunk suddenly. Director Denslow's thumb went down. The camera turned. The girl crouched—leaned forward, sprang suddenly.

"Camera!" shrieked the director. The camera stopped. The big scene had been taken. The picture was finished. And feeling for dear life were Blake Brown and a girl he had been passionately caring—at the psychological moment within plain view of the girl who wouldn't register horror.

The Frame of Public Favor



Alexander Gaden

ALEXANDER GADEN is now with the Gaumont Mutual Company. He was formerly with the Universal Company. He is a Canadian and was born in Montreal, February 25, 1888. Before going into pictures he was on the legitimate stage, where he

played in stock. The last production in which he was featured was "Madame X." About four years ago he decided to go into motion pictures, and since that time has been in a number of companies—Famous Players, Vitagraph, Life Photo, Universal and with

the concern which he now favors with his scintillating presence. Mr. Gaden's hair is dark brown in color, and he has eyes to match. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 170 pounds, and is an ardent suffragist. Now, girls, I guess you will go to see him act, won't you?

time in 1899. Two of her most popular photoplays are "Greta Green" and "Seven Sisters."

"When my sister and I were left, both pretty young, with just a little money in the bank by the death of our father," says Miss Clark, "we decided that we would not touch our capital, but would start out to make some more money, so that we would always have a little to add to it. That was how I came to go upon the stage, and we have our first little capital to this day!"

Her eyes are brown, her hair is a reddish brown—almost titian—, she is not married, has no idea of being married, and swears that she was never engaged to be married in her life.

Have you any trained rattlesnakes in

your home—a docile pet that will sit up and smile at the snap of a finger and eat out of the hand without taking part of a finger as lunch?

If you have perhaps you can rent him to J. Charles Hayden, who is producing "The Strange Case of Mary Page," in which Henry B. Walthall and Edna Mayo are starred.

An ambitious young man who lives in Baldwin, Kan., has offered the following scenario to Mr. Hayden, suggesting that Mr. Walthall and Miss Mayo be co-starred with the snake.

"Luke, a young man, is baggage agent and telegrapher at a country station. He is so lonely he catches a rattlesnake named Gus and keeps it around the telegraph office.

"After several years Luke (Henry

Walthall) gets a better job in the city and he lets Gus loose to race the field again.

"In the city Luke falls in love with a girl (Edna Mayo), who turns him down for a rich city fellow. So Luke returns to his old home town three years later and goes hunting. Out in the woods he hears a rattle. A snake is in the path, coiled to strike. Luke raises his gun to shoot. Before he can do so he hears the rattler rattle off 'Dash, dot, dot, dash, etc.' on his rattles.

"Luke stops astounded. The rattler has clicked off like a telegraph instrument the old call at the office where Luke worked when he had his snake. Gus. Luke looks at the snake, who wags his rattles happily. It is Gus!

"While in the telegraph office Gus had learned the station call. Now it saved his life.

"Luke, overjoyed, starts to pick up Gus. Gus twists away into the woods. (This will give suspense.) In a minute Gus returns, followed by Mrs. Gus and a lot of little Guses.

"Luke gathers them all into his arms and takes them home and lives happily ever afterward."

Mr. Walthall was shown the scenario. "At last!" he exclaimed. "For years I have heard about 'rattling good plots.' Now I have read one!"

Nat Goodwin is the oldest inhabitant of feature films and America admits it. He was the first star from the legitimate stage to appear in what is now called a feature film. It was "Oliver Twist" and he expected to make enough, or nearly enough, to retire from his characterization of the part of Peagan in the ancient film version of that famous story. Mr. Goodwin told the story the other day when waiting for a scene at the Mirror Films studio where he will be found working for some months to come.

"It was about four years ago," he remarked by way of reminiscence, "a year before the Famous Players began to put stage people in the films and star them. A man came to me with a wonderful idea. He proposed to put me in a picture and make a few millions. It was to be a big picture of several thousand feet, but as I did not measure dramatic effort by the foot in those days, it meant nothing to me.

"Well, we did the picture and I believe it had some success, but the day of the feature was not at hand and I, at least, did not make millions. It did add to the fame of Goodwin by heaping upon him what was at that time the somewhat doubtful honor of being the first legitimate actor to be starred in a photoplay.

"In those days we did not have the lighting facilities which we have now. If we had, I have no doubt we would have produced a much better picture. I never said much about being in a

moving picture at the time, because as the old English woman said when an earl proposed to her daughter, "it had never been done before."

The fact that Charles T. Horan, the Rolfe-Metro director, wears a light gray velvet hat, the envy of all his friends, and a fur-collared coat, resulted in his being taken for a duke not long ago.

Mr. Horan took Mary Miles Minter and the cast supporting her in "Rosa of the Alley" to Washington to make some exterior. He asked his co-director, Howard Truax, to take the cast to the hotel, while John Arnold, the photographer, went with him to get the locations for next day's work.

Accordingly, the two got off the train at Union Station, Washington, separated from the others, and no sooner had they landed on the platform, than two aggressive-looking men stepped up to the director and mumbled something. Mr. Horan was preoccupied, as usual, with vignettes, dissolves and what-not, and merely nodded absently.

Mr. Horan invited the cameraman to have a bite with him at the restaurant in the station. They sat at the counter and Horan, looking back, was amazed to see the man who had done the mumbled stunt in the station, and another, standing against the wall, keeping an eye on himself and Arnold. From that time on the two moving picture men began to feel strangely self-conscious. They left the restaurant, and the evening being clear, thought they would walk down the avenue.

The crowd that moves along Pennsylvania avenue at night would have been a good place to lose any ordinary pursuers, but not these two. They kept at a respectful distance, but they were there every minute, and Horan and Arnold were deeply concerned over the possibility of spending a night in the station-house, as suspects for some crime.

The situation was becoming tense, when a man of the same general type as the two came along in an auto and called to one of the men. The director and the cameraman stopped and heard the man in the car say: "You fellows are escorting the wrong person." They stepped up to the trio at the car and politely asked for an explanation. It turned out that his Excellency, the Duke of So and So, had been expected on the same train with his valet, and his Excellency was described as wearing a light velvet hat and a fur coat. The men belonged to the secret service.

A. de la Plaza, a famous matador of the bull rings of Mexico, and Anita Contreras, a Spanish beauty, play a most picturesque role in the splendid picture of life of the early days of California, entitled, "The Water Carrier of San Juan," which has just been produced at the American Film Company's studio by Charles Bartlett for release in the Mutual programme.

ANSWERS TO MOVIE FANS

Helen B.: Your baby must be a darling. I don't wonder you are proud of her, but I must say that if she were mine I would not think of putting her into pictures. Personally, I believe in the course of procedure is absolutely necessary to keep the wolf away from the door, I don't believe in allowing children to work at anything. They need to grow and develop naturally in a natural atmosphere, and no matter how clean the atmosphere of stage or studio, it is not natural. If you will send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, I will mail you a list of the various motion picture firms.

Persistent: My dear child, if your letters were received they were answered. Sometimes, you know, it takes a long time to answer questions on this page, as I have only so much space to devote to queries and must answer all that come in turn. Francis X. Bushman's wife is a nonprofessional. Mary Fuller is still in pictures. She is with the Universal company. Thanks for so much for your appreciation of the page. Mighty glad you like it.

Billy Co.: If you will write to Wallace Reid in care of the Triangle Company, 71 West Twenty-third street, New York, he will receive your letter.

Nellie Admirer: I have not the exact age of Marshall Neilan, but know him to be in his 20's.

Gertrude H.: In "Cabrira" the part of Maciste, the slave, was played by Ernesto Paganini. At the time of the presentation of the picture those who are a motion picture fan should know such a genuine black whom Gabriel d'Annunzio found walking along the wharfs one day. Recently a story has been circulated that he is white. The conflicting stories are each based on authority. Umberto Mozzato took the part of Fulvius Axilla. No trouble at all. Write again some time.

Patient Waiter: Too bad you persist in being anonymous, for I have not the slightest idea what your letter means. In order to play safe I will make no conjectures, but will merely inform you that Francis X. Bushman has been married for a number of years. He has five children. No, Beverly Bayne is not married. I suppose that one might be able to obtain photographs of the actors and actresses if you would write asking for them you enclosed 25 cents in stamps. Again, I do dislike anonymous communications.

Ruth: I have no personal information regarding the actor you mention. You might write to him in care of the Esmanay Company, 1333 Artye street, Chicago, and see if he will tell you about himself. It was not he you saw in "The Virginian."

Marjory: I received your votes. In "The Diamond From the Sky" there were 28 episodes. No, Charles Chaplin is not married.

Irma F.: I am glad you think I am nice, but I'll tell you a secret. I'm not Charles Chaplin's wife. I suppose it would be all right for you to become a moving picture actress when you get older if I were you. I would not do too much dreaming about the subject, for the field is much overcrowded at the present time. Better devote your energies to something else, I am thinking. Write to Anita Stewart in care of the Vitagraph Company, East 45th street, and Locust avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. She would probably answer your letter if you enclosed a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

You are a thousand times welcome. Ruth: I received your note. Pearl White is still living. John Bunny is dead. Victoria Forde is the daughter of Eugenia Forde. Grace Cunard is not married to Francis Ford. Ywekkum.

Told by the Stars on the Stars

Mary Pickford. "Little Mary Pickford was born April 8, and Arles is her planet. Her horoscope says that to be an Arles girl she should—

Be earnest and sincere. Have very active brains. (Bzz-Bzz-Bzz.) Be extremely active and do more music and dancing. Have an individuality, thoughts of her own, and always impress other people as being "somehow different."

Not allow anyone on earth to dictate to her as to what she should think or believe. Can be reasoned with but not coaxed or inveigled. Work best alone. Wear diamonds, because the diamond is her birthstone. If you were created to be a friend of "Little Mary" you must have been born between July 23 and August 23, or between November 23 and December 22.

Maurice Costello. That is the name of the sign under which Maurice Costello was born, having entered this world of sin, sorrow and motion pictures on the 22d of February. And Mr. Costello, in order to follow the signs of his time, should—

Be naturally inclined to question everything. Be always on the alert to learn whatever he can. Be industrious and persevering. Be extremely determined. Not be particularly religious, usually subjecting the spiritual to the material. Be inclined to despondency when things do not go right. Have manufacturing ability. Be nervous, exacting, severe and fault finding in business and domestic life. (O, Mr. Costello!) Have a pale complexion and sensitive skin and a full, round forehead. Be much upset or exhilarated by changes in the weather. Has for a birthstone the bloodstone, tenth street, and Locust avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. She would probably answer your letter if you enclosed a stamped and self-addressed envelope.

TOPIC OF INTEREST TO MOVING-PICTURE FANS

WHY are so many people less interested in their manners in a motion picture theater than they are in other places of amusement?

Did you ever hear of a man taking an evil smelling cigar butt into a legitimate theater? Do you see men and women hogging end seats in legitimate theaters or vaudeville houses or bear their shoes when courtesies are asked to move along? Do you see people wandering all over the theater or the vaudeville houses, heedless of the comfort of others, until they have found the seat they want?

Of course not. Yet these are daily occurrences in many motion picture houses. Why should there be one code for manners for the legitimate theater or vaudeville house and another for the motion picture theater?

Thoughtlessness rather than boorishness is the cause. In a motion picture theater, where the audience is constantly moving, the seat for a little consideration for the convenience and comfort of others is greater than in other places of amusement.

One of the greatest nuisances of the motion picture theater is the chatter-box. Photoplay houses are convenient places for people to drop into to chat for from inclement weather or to rest a while.

But the payment of 10 or 15 cents does not give anyone a license to chatter incessantly and make himself or herself a nuisance to everyone around.

You meet ignorant and inconsiderate chatterers in every place of amusement, but a whispering group of amusee neighbors is generally sufficient to produce the effect desired in a legitimate theater.

Unfortunately, such is not the case in the motion picture house. A poster, too often brings an abusive rejoinder even from people who ought to know better. It is all a question of good taste and common courtesy.

Incidentally the motion picture theater is not the proper place for a man to take his post-prandial nap. There is no need for people to appear ill bred just because they happen to be in a motion picture theater. A little consideration for the feelings of others and maintenance of their own self-respect on the part of photoplay patrons would save managers and make for much greater comfort and pleasure for all.

The despicable post who molests and insults women and girls in the smaller picture houses is becoming extinct. Habitual offenders are known to most managers, but better lighting of interiors did more than anything else to drive this pest from picture theaters.

Another thing which some motion picture patrons might remember with advantage to themselves and others is that ushers are provided to assist patrons. Ushers are human beings with human feelings as well as human failings. They are at least worthy of the same courtesy and consideration they seek to extend to the visitor.

Who is she? How old is she? What color are her eyes? What color is her hair? Is she married? Is she engaged? Where was she born? Was she ever on the stage? Does she prefer the movies or the stage? Is she the daughter of a theatrical family?

Shaves and bundles of letters have been written asking these and a thousand other questions about that extremely popular little screen star, Marguerite Clark, till the stress of them caused the editor of Photoplay Magazine to demand that there should be written an official account answering all questions once and for all. She is a singer as well as an actress. She was born in Cincinnati in 1887, so she is 28 years old, and is American to her heart's core. She went to school at Brown County Convent, in Ohio, and made her first stage appearance in Bal-

Adventures of the Silly Gallilites in Movie Land.



VOTE FOR THE PICTURE OF OUR FAVORITE PLAYER.

Mary V. McAlister received the highest number of votes last week. Her picture, therefore, will appear in The Frame of Public Favor next Sunday. Of the other players voted upon the following six are the leaders: Charles Trowbridge, Beatrice Mitchell, Darwin Karr, Hoope Peters, Gladson James and Lillian Glub.

THE BALLOT.

requests the pleasure of seeing the photograph of

APPEAR in the Frame of Public Favor One Week from next Sunday.