

What Would Henry Ward Beecher Have Said About THIS?

"Why, Margaret Beecher!" Exclaimed the Family Circle Just Because This Tomboy Granddaughter of the Famous Preacher Shoots, Swims and Plays Ball, and Now Wants to Be a Movie Star.

In camp last summer, on the shore of Lake Ontario, she made a specialty of bullseyes.

BY ETHEL THURSTON.

IT is well over 50 years ago that Henry Ward Beecher, outstanding ecclesiastical figure of the civil war period, sold a slave girl at public auction in the pulpit of Plymouth church at Brooklyn, N. Y. There are few living today who remember it. But these hoary-headed witnesses unanimously affirm that it was the theatrical, the dramatic about the enactment which caused the stir that followed. They agreed it was just as much a movie object lesson of what was then going on in the south as are the camera reports of current happenings one sees in the motion picture theaters.

For, after all, Henry Ward Beecher was an actor, not alone a central figure in the happily-ended tragedy of a disrupted people, but one gifted with rare histrionic ability. Those who studied his delivery declare that on the stage he would have ranked with Junius Brutus Booth, the great tragedian. He was a master of the art of controlling the emotions. It was perfectly natural for him to do and say the dramatic thing at the right time. He drew a fine line between burlesque and interpretation, between delineation and caricature. Most of which, unfortunately, passed without comment, because, in those days, one might have offended to have said that a clergyman was "theatrical." The stage was then observed from different angles.

Inherited Dramatic Talent.

All of which brings us to the central figure of this story—Margaret Beecher, granddaughter of the great pulpit orator. "Little Margaret," as her friends knew her, is in the movies today. She's making good. She's putting into her work the enthusiasm and spirit that her celebrated grandfather did in his. In short, she's a chip off the old block—quite a chip, too. But her friends say that it was all inherited. And there seems to be prima facie evidence, as a lawyer would say, of the truth of the statement.

But there are many who are asking what Henry Ward Beecher would have said about this motion picture adventure of one of his grandchildren. But there are even more who declare that what he would have said would have been of an approving nature. For he was the exponent of freedom of soul and spirit. He eschewed—more, he condemned—entanglement of any nature whatsoever. His great heart yearned to see a world quite free. It seems improbable that he would have permitted the dam of prejudice to have interfered with the current of the girl's ambitions.

Moreover, it seems wholly credible

that he would have taken pride in his granddaughter's profession, that he would have recognized in her the personification of those dramatic abilities with which he put the catch in the breath and the throb in the heart. It seems beyond the remotest possibility that he would have condemned her just because she finds in the movies proper vent for her enthusiasm and ebullience. In fact, she seems to be the embodiment of his idea of a Christian girl—a red-blooded, back-to-nature, out-of-doors young woman, too wholesomely engaged to think of evil, too interested in her profession even to know of such a thing. Her friends say she's just that kind of a Christian—just a sweet girl and a sort of "grewed-up" sister. Her pictures published on this page speak volumes of her character.

There is another strange analogy between the grandfather's dramatic ability and the granddaughter's choice of the motion pictures rather than the legitimate stage. She tells her friends she chose the former because the latter was not active enough. There it is again! Henry Ward Beecher sold that slave girl because preaching against slavery was not active enough. It did not have the punch. But the visualization of slavery did. And it was the same with little Margaret. She wanted some-

thing where she could get into action. And she got it—in her first picture. Margaret's first role was that of a wife in a Turk's harem. The director also was a man with lots of pep. He had his own ideas about action and required that his actors and actresses carry them out. So, when he called for the "wrecking" scene he cautioned the new "bride" to put action into it. He really feared she would not. He recalled her first visit to the studio, the day she got the job. She had entered and had waited two hours before anyone spoke to her, keenly observing what was going on but too reticent to ask for attention. He gave her the job principally because her patience appealed to him. But, after he did so, he feared that he had selected a girl without the necessary action.

But when he called for action in that scene! Well, it wouldn't have surprised Margaret's friends, who know how she swims and plays baseball and roughs it. But the director, well, he said afterward that she nearly took his breath away. Bruised and panting, disheveled and wild-eyed, the petite granddaughter of Henry Ward Beecher put all her enthusiasm into her action and the scene was what the motion picture men called a "howling success." And it was all due to little Margaret. She made a hit, consequently, right



They call her "Babe" Margaret because she slams out home runs just like another famous "Babe."

at the very start. She was given more important parts to play. Now

she takes leading roles. But even these do not satisfy her ambition. She wants to achieve as much distinction in the movies as her grandfather did in the pulpit and she is anxious to do so in the same wholesome and sincere way. And there are critics who already declare that her fame is the matter of a few short months. She has the face, the form, all the natural qualifications. Best of all, though, she possesses the rare spirit of Henry Ward Beecher.

The dramatic featured the Beecher family. Let us not forget Harriet Beecher Stowe, granddaughter of Margaret, sister of the preacher and almost as distinguished because of her epoch-making book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." She had in her the vein of the theatrical which her brother used in the pulpit. No more dramatic story of current history was ever penned than that famous book. It is still a good seller. Thousands still read it with enjoyment, even though its subject matter long has ceased to be a matter of moment. The south enjoys it as well as the north. For it was nothing more than propaganda—fore-runner to that mighty flood of inspired writing which appeared in this country as the result of the war with the Germans.

From earliest childhood little Margaret cherished an ambition to go on the stage. It isn't of record what her folk thought of it. But it was quite natural, after all, for her to seek the

limelight. Her father, another Henry Ward Beecher, is well known as an authority on athletics. Her uncle, William C. Beecher, is a prominent lawyer in New York city. It behooves her to attract the limelight to the Beecher name. What! To be a Beecher and not to be famous!

"I think I'll go into the movies," said little Margaret, a year ago, at her 15th birthday party. "Why, Margaret Beecher!" gasped the "family circle" in concert. "Why not," returned Margaret. "I can't be a famous minister like grandfather was. I'm not keen about being an editor like father, and I don't want to be a lawyer like my Uncle Bill."

So, she began her career. The great out-of-doors has been Margaret's playground. Her summers have been spent in a boys' camp in Canada, swimming, hunting, riding and fishing. There, dressed in sweater and knickers, she has played football, shortstop on the baseball nine, and has been ready to put on the gloves with all comers. Incidentally, one of her most cherished possessions is a glove used by Bob Fitzsimmons in the famous Fitzsimmons-Coghett fight. The glove was given to her father, Henry Ward Beecher, when he was a sporting editor and Margaret immediately appropriated it for her den, where it hangs amid college flags and pictures of American beauties.

When the picture people learned that most of her life had been spent in the open, that she was perfectly at home in the water, could turn hand-springs, double somersaults and ride like an Indian, they immediately became interested, for they realized she was wonderfully equipped for the movies.

After playing small parts in several productions, an opportunity, dear to the heart of this ambitious girl, presented itself. She met Edward Hemmer, former manager for Mary Pickford, and this discerning man predicted there would soon be another famous Beecher. That very day Margaret hurried home to tell her family that she was to be starred in a new company. Now her days are filled with joy. Well, shouldn't one be joyous, when one's dreams have been realized in one brief year?

City Boy Prize Farmer.

CALGARY, Alta.—The winner for the grand championship for oats and other prizes at the recent Chicago Winter fair, John W. Lucas of Cayley is an example of a city boy who has made good on an Alberta farm. While born and raised in Stratford, Ontario, he early had a desire to be a farmer. In 1903 the lure of an Alberta homestead proved too much, and he came to the west. Today he operates in the neighborhood of 1800 acres, and is a steady exhibitor to all exhibitions throughout the Dominion.

AULD ROBIN GRAY IN ONE REEL; J. J. MONTAGUE, AUTHOR

Jamie Comes Back With Sack of Gold but Auld Robin Beats Him to It and Teenie Weds for a Jugful.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.
Rewritten for the Movies by
JAMES J. MONTAGUE.
CHARACTERS.
Teenie
Jamie
Feyther
Mither
Auld Robin Gray

1. CLOSE-UP of Teenie and Jamie doing the sad farewell. Ship in the distance.
2. Teenie on shore, waving handkerchief and weeping. Ship moves slowly out of harbor.
3. Jamie in rigging looking sorrowfully to shore.
4. Teenie, bowed with grief, walking slowly through heather.
5. Feyther, Mither and Teenie in their little home. Feyther goes to cupboard, takes out bottle. Drinks. Subtitle: FEYTER MAUN HAVE HIS WEE BIT DRAPPIE.
6. Auld Robin Gray in his still-house in the heather, boiling up a mess of smoke. Barrels and bottles piled on every hand. Officer steps in. Robin hands him a bottle. Officer takes drink, and departs, with bottle. Robin registers resignation at loss.
7. Jamie on ship, slushing rigging.
8. Feyther, Mither and Teenie in cottage. Feyther goes to cupboard. Takes out bottle. Bottle empty. Registers horrified amazement. Subtitle:

"HOOT MON! THE WHUSKY'S GIE OOT!"
9. Mither runs to Feyther's side. Examines bottle. Turns it upside down. Tries to shake out a drop. Nothing doing. Subtitle: "THE WHUSKY'S GIE OOT! WHAT'LL WE DO THE NOO?"
10. Feyther, Mither and Teenie, still in cottage. Feyther walks about pausing to bite a piece out of the door jam. Mither shakes her hands despairingly. Teenie weeps.



11. Teenie crossing the heather—a jug in her hand.
12. Teenie enters Robin's still. Holds out her jug supplicatingly. Robin looks up. Subtitle: "WAD YE GIE US CREDIT FOR A LITTLE WHUSKY, SIR?"
13. Robin slacks the fire under the still. Rises and walks over to Teenie. Subtitle: "HA' YE NO SILLER, LASS?"
14. Teenie sinks down before him. Weeps and shakes her head pathetically.
15. Robin lifts her tenderly, and getting a bottle gives her a wee bit drappie. Tries to put his arm around her.
16. Teenie springs back and looks at him reprovingly.
17. Robin gazes at her keenly. Subtitle: "YE'D MAK' AN AULD MON A GUDE WIFE, LASS!"
18. Teenie runs out of still. Next three succeeding pictures take her over the heather and into the cottage. Jug in hand.
22. Feyther meets her eagerly. Takes the jug. Shows by its heft that it is empty. Makes as if to slam Teenie over the dome with it.
23. Jamie in America, digging for gold. Subtitle: "WHUSKY! WHUSKY! WHUSKY!"
24. Teenie in cottage tells in pantomime what happened in the still.
25. Mither soothes her. Subtitle: "WHY D'YE NO TAKE HIM, LASS. HE'S NO SO AULD!"
26. Feyther takes Teenie by the shoulder and shakes her. Subtitle: "AN HE'S GOT UNLEEMETED WHUSKY—DINNA FORGET THAT."
27. Teenie, Mither and Feyther in cottage. Feyther laboring with his thirst. Subtitle: "WHUSKY! WHUSKY! WHUSKY!"
28. Auld Robin Gray comes in with a full jug. Pours a little in a cup and tosses it off. Feyther watches him and tries to rise. Subtitle: "WHUSKY! WHUSKY! WHUSKY!"
29. Auld Robin looks at Teenie affectionately. Subtitle: "IF I GIE HIM A DRAP WEE YE GAE WI' ME TO THE KIRK!"
30. Close-up of Teenie, registering dismay.
31. Cut back to picture of Jamie and Teenie parting.
32. Feyther writhing on floor. Mither pleading in pantomime with Teenie.
33. Teenie turns to Robin. Subtitle: "AYE IF I MAUN, I MAUN."
34. Teenie and Robin coming from kirk. Feyther following with a jug and a bag.
35. Jamie in America discovering gold and shoveling it into a sack.

WIFE, LASS!"
36. Feyther, Mither, Robin and Teenie in cottage. Kegs and bottles piled on all the tables and chairs. Feyther, Mither and Robin with a pretty fair start, and hard at work at a loving cup, which Teenie, in tears, passes from hand to hand.
37. Jamie, with his bag of gold boards ship, homeward bound.
38. Jamie lands in Scotland.
39. Jamie reaches cottage door. Raps. No answer. Looks in through window.
40. Teenie starts back as if seeing an apparition.
41. Teenie goes to window and raises it.
42. Jamie tries to take her in his arms through window. She starts back. Subtitle: "WHAT'S WRANG, LASS? I BRING YE GOLD."
43. Teenie falls back in a chair. Subtitle: "TOO LATE, JAMIE; I MARRIED AULD ROBIN FOR HIS WHUSKY!"
44. Jamie leaps in through the window. Gazes on recumbent forms of Robin and Feyther. Shifts at jugs and bottles. Pours himself a stiff drink and disposes of it. Subtitle: "T'WAS WORTH THE SACRIFICE, LASS; I FORGIVE YE."
45. Jamie, his bag in one hand and a keg on his shoulders goes over the heather back to the ship for America. Fade out.
THE END.
(Copyright by the Bell Syndicate, Inc.)
Friesian Cow Sets New Record.
LONDON—Colton Secret III, a British Friesian cow, has set a new record for milk production in this country by yielding 10½ gallons of milk in 24 hours. In nine months she has given nine tons of milk, or 15 times her own weight.

WORLD'S LARGEST LAW BOOK TO HAVE ALL FEDERAL ACTS

Kansans Plan Volume of 2,000,000 Words to Contain All Laws of United States and Task Wails on Senate's Approval.

LAWRENCE, Kan., Jan. 22.—Revision of all the laws of the United States into a single volume of more than 2,000,000 words, making the largest law book in existence, was undertaken and carried through by two Kansans. This book is indexed.

Acceptance of the work is now before the United States Senate. It was approved by the house in a bill passed December 20.

The last revision of the federal statutes was made in 1875. For years the legal profession has been clamoring for a fresh revision.

The task proved to be huge. The material began with the revised edition of 1875 and ran through 23 other large volumes, the statutes at large, containing laws enacted since that time up to March 4, 1915.

The work of revision consisted of arranging all statutes of a general and permanent nature under common heads or titles, cutting out all obsolete matter, rewriting head notes and consolidating paragraphs.

Existing law was preserved in a general arrangement, codification and revision.

The task was carried out by the house committee on revision of the laws. For many years the work of this committee has been little more than nominal, but when Representative Little of the second Kansas dis-

trict became the chairman in March, 1913, he proposed revising the federal laws and publishing them in one volume.

The committee, composed of a dozen eminent judges and lawyers, gave its hearty approval. In the following June Dr. William L. Burdick, professor of law and vice chancellor of the University of Kansas, was appointed reviser of the statutes.

From then on until its completion last month Dr. Burdick was busied with the work. Ten advisers were engaged at various times, Dr. Burdick, however, being the only reviser to work through from beginning to the end and acting as senior adviser. Two other advisers were added later to speed up progress so that the revision could be presented to the present congress.

Cafeterias Liked Abroad.

The foreign department of the Y. W. C. A. is sending a cafeteria director to Beirut at the request of people there to open a cafeteria. She soon will sail from New York with other secretaries, who are to carry on girls' work in the near east. Constantinople and Smyrna also have asked for assistance in opening cafeterias. Countries in which such eating places have been started by the American Y. W. C. A. include Brazil, Argentina, Italy, Belgium, France, Czechoslovakia, Roumania and the near east.