

# How The Worst Voice In The World Made This Girl's Fortune



**Like the Nose of de Bergerac, Dorothy Green's Throat Would Make Angels Weep, for Its Music Was Like a Kilkenny Cat's. She Nursed an Abiding Fever for the Stage, but Her Fog-horn Voice Barred Her, and Turning to the Silent Drama She Won Fame in a Day**

**DOROTHY GREEN,** famed as one of filmland's fairest favorites, is at peace with the world after defeating a cruel fate that robbed her of a charming voice.

directors and the producers knew that they had found a star. They had found a perfect heroine in a girl who for the spoken drama would have been impossible!

Now Dorothy Green is one of the foremost Fox leading women. She was cast as principal support to William Farnum and built up a reputation with astonishing speed. In "The Wonderful Adventure" they pronounced the girl—the girl who hates her voice and fears it so that she is almost ashamed to pray aloud—divine. In "Her Mother's Secret" she is superb.

And more men and women commune with the deepest throbs and the sweetest thoughts of Dorothy in a night through the messages of her eyes than can hear the superhuman trills of Calve in a lifetime or the harmonious speech of Maude Adams in a whole career.

The fiction-conception of a Cyrano, who rose above the misery of a physical shortcoming and commanded the heart response of a world of lovers of the beautiful in theme and story.

Dorothy Green in real life, transcends that famous fairy tale of fantasy. She asks no background of sympathy for what has been taken from her. She faces the world with what she has left and it is enough—enough and resoundingly more.

The cinema has revolved many times and has unreled many weird and fanciful romances. But none that it has projected has more of heart interest, real heroism and modern poetry than its own pot of gold at the end of its own rainbow for little Dorothy Green, ravished of nature's precious gift, yet singing symphonies, lullabies, oratorios and love songs with her eyes.

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And, as years had accustomed her to do, she hesitated in fear of its effect.

But she had entered the portal of the world of silent speech. She didn't even have to use the wrecked chords.

The manager rose half out of his chair. His eyes never left her face.

"Do you want a job?" he asked.

Dorothy nodded that she did.

"Take this slip," said the manager, and he gave her a peremptory order on the director to put her to work.

Already she had entered the mystic land of voiceless communication.

The director didn't ask her many questions, either. He took a couple of keen looks, smiled and assigned her to a minor part in a picture under process of unfolding. Great! The girl whose every faculty had been developed for dumb expression, because for years she had hid the voice of which she was ashamed, was a revelation.

From her soul, through eyes shadowed with soft and silky lashes, she spoke the deepest thoughts that a woman may express. Her lips of gentle curl babbled in smiles, purred in romances, wept in despair, crooned in tenderness.

They gave her the principal role in "The Spirit of the Poppy," a sensational William Fox thriller. It is said that she achieved a masterpiece, though the censors shelved it because of the subject matter. But the



Miss Green after a day at the studios.

has a voice that squeaks and is pitifully cracked. It sounds like the rattle of broken crockery. It is an affliction. It is probably the most wretched voice in the world. But, for the camera stage, she is perfect.

Dorothy was born not so many years ago in a New York tenement. The sun looked in on her through dirty windows and so she thought the sun a dim and dusty thing, and it promised to shine little cheer into her future.

In tenements there lodge germs and bacilli, and these work their way into the throats of little girls who don't have enough sunshine, and they worked into the delicate throat of little Dorothy and the got sick and her mother wrapped a flannel rag around Dorothy's throat, which was sheer nonsense.

#### Surgeon Ruins Her Voice.

The throat grew sorer. They took her to a "dispensary." An interne, whose experience at surgery included watching a teacher in night school remove a carbuncle and another wizard set a broken ankle, stropped his knife and went at little Dorothy's throat. He started to remove the tonsils. He did. He removed a piece of the vocal chord with them.

When Dorothy's throat grew together, for childhood, it seems, can withstand a great deal, she started to express her joy at recovery. It was not a joyous expression. She started with a whisper and finished with a scream.

She shut her little ears with her little hands. Her mother jumped. The voice was wrecked—and forever.

All through her years at school and into the estate of long dresses and braids turned under Dorothy suffered the humilia-

tion of her poor, crippled voice. Wherever she went folks loved her, for she was fair as a tiger lily, with her brown, silky hair that curled lovingly and her deep eyes that had little reflecting pools 'way down near her soul.

#### The Awakening of Genius.

Go! with the happiness of life was Dorothy's life ambition—the stage. She grew bitter. Her heart longed for dramatic expression. She was full of it—she was alive with pathos and sentiment that died like the lovmaking of a Pierrot when she squeaked—words with her funny little hacked throat.

Then, one night, her mother took her to a "nickel show." Dorothy didn't know much about theaters. She had avoided them for two reasons—she couldn't afford much amusement, and, whenever she heard the actresses sing or talk with modulated and reverberating tones, it made her sad—it made her realize the extremity of her own misfortune.

She went rather listlessly to the "nickel show." She saw action flash on the sheet and she saw a girl—a girl not older than herself, not half as pretty, not one-tenth as gifted—register the thoughts and impulses and heart throbs that were burning in her own bosom. And she enunciated them without a voice.

It was the shrine of silent art. It was Mecca come to her—the little victim whom the tenements and the dispensary had robbed of the outlet for her inspiration.

A new hope was born that night. The girl walked in a new-found Paradise. There was room for her! The world had a place for her! Her born genius called to her. And she was ready.

Modestly the girl walked into a mana-

ger's office next day. The manager looked up gruffly, turned his eyes on Dorothy and held his eyes there. She was about to speak—speak in her little rattling voice.



YRANO DE BERGERAC had a nose that made the angels weep, but when he spoke the angels dried their tears and smiled as only angels can.

That was one reason why "Cyrano de Bergerac" was a great play.

But that was long ago.

The day of the Cyrano is past. The songs of the heart are now sung with the eyes and the throbs of passion and of emotion and of sentiment are now expressed with lips that move but do not utter.

That is why this story—that is why Dorothy Green.

Dorothy is the latter-day antithesis of Cyrano, and she points a moral of today as well as adorning a tale with a face as good to look upon as was Cyrano's melting voice to hear.

Dorothy—silently eloquent, wordlessly mellifluous, with music in her glances and poetry in her smile—now wins the multitudes, for she is a picture star.

#### Managers Would Have Laughed.

Like every other girl she nursed through childhood, into her adolescence and along to young womanhood, an abiding fever for the stage. In 1905 the managers would have laughed her out of their offices except as a candidate for a living picture model, to exploit the artful rather than the artistic. But this is 1915 and she is luminous despite her secret.

And this is the secret—Dorothy Green, an idol of the screen,