

Griffith Will Not Exhibit Pictures

D. W. GRIFFITH, motion picture producer, denies the report that he is interested in "buying, selling and operating moving picture theatres." Griffith says that the new company bearing his name, and to be known as D. W. Griffith Incorporated, recently organized under the laws of Maryland, is an expansion of Griffith's present producing operations and will confine its activities to "the producing of pictures, disposing of films, and the carrying on of a regular business of theatrical production, concerts, vaudeville and grand opera."

In a statement Griffith says: "I never have been and never expect to be interested in buying or operating theatres, or in taking any other steps which would give me control of the exhibition of motion pictures. I have always been and always expect to be a producer of photoplays and not an exhibitor of them—except, of course, at such times as I may wish to have supervision of the exhibiting of one of my own productions in connection with a special New York season, as, for instance, the coming season of 'Way-Down East' at the Forty-fourth Street theatre, New York."

D. W. Griffith Incorporated was granted a charter by the Maryland State Tax commission on June 30, with a capitalization of \$50,000,000.

In explaining the scope of the new organization, Griffith said: "Large funds are necessary to make motion pictures now. The upward trend of all costs in the more elaborate technique of the modern photoplay demands much capital. I have, heretofore, refused all offers of financing, even by large interests, because I did not wish the controlling authority in the nature of my productions to pass out of my hands. My purpose in this new company is to have the American public rather than a few rich men sharing in the profits from my productions. To achieve this end, stock will be sold to the general public."

Griffith further stated that should the time ever come when he would be compelled to yield his knowledge and work to further the profits of one or two individuals, he would then stop making motion pictures. The new corporation will in no way affect Mr. Griffith's present contract with United Artists, in which organization he is associated with Mary Pickford, Charles Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks.

Director Harry Beaumont this week commenced the taking of the picture "Canavan," in which Tom Moore will be starred. Naomi Childers will again support Moore and Sylvia Ashton will be in the cast.

A TOP a New York skyscraper at least one successful playwright finds quiet from the rush and bustle of the streets below, and finds inspiration, too, up close to the stars. Unable to get back to real nature, he has made his own natural playground to the best of his ability. Here he is with his wife in their "garden."



On the top of the Godfrey building at 729 Seventh avenue, New York city, Earl Carroll, writer of "Canary Cottage," "So Long, Letty," "Call a Taxi" and "The Lady with the Lamp," has built a \$50,000 bungalow for himself and his wife. There, far removed from the crowds, the song writer finds the quiet and solitude necessary for his work. The "Starlit Bungalow" as Carroll has christened it, contains every modern convenience dear to the heart of the suburbanite. There is a bubbling fountain, a babbling brook in which gold fish are

Finds Musical Inspiration In Kiss

NEWS of the forthcoming book of "Kissing," by Dolores Casinelli, the charming star of the movies, seems to have reached all corners of the globe, for she was recently the recipient of a letter from André de Croisset, the popular composer of the French boulevard, in which he stated his views on the subject at a musical angle.

"There is certainly a musical inspiration in a kiss," wrote M. de Croisset. "There is harmony and discord in a lip caress as well as on a musical instrument. Lips and souls must be attuned to one another to produce perfect harmony. Some kisses are staccato, some are tremulous, and others are like a moonlight nocturne. Kisses are not only messengers of love but messengers of the muse."

"Take Dvorak's 'Humoresque.' It contains all the emotions which a lover should feel while pressing the lips of his best beloved. It begins slowly, with tenderness; then, as the lips come in closer contact there is the suggestion of the spark of passion igniting the soul; then the soul devoured in flames. And then the melody returns to its tremulous beginning of tenderness."

"Music by Wagner always seems to me like a clash of souls. There is a certain tenderness, it is true, but with the outburst of passion comes the clash. It makes one think that the osculatory lovers are super-creatures. In his opera, 'Tristan and Isolde,' where the perfect lovers are entwined in one another's arms and their lips meet, the music is really marvelous. The kiss is actually there in tone, harmony and tempo."

"I think," comments Miss Casinelli, "that this is quite wonderful when you come to analyze it. M. de Croisset is one of the better known of the French composers. His music is well-known along that Broadway of Paris, the Boulevard des Italiennes, and he has supplied many of the big 'hits' sung at the Folies Bergere. At a recent concert which I attended in New York I let myself concentrate upon his idea and was really startled by the revelation."

Director Reginald Barker this week completed the filming of the Goldwyn picture "Black Paw," the Ben Ames Williams story of sea life. The final scenes—a fist fight aboard the deck of a ship tossed in a rough storm at sea—were declared one of the most thrilling scenes ever taken by the camera.

Why So Little Music in the Air? Is Talking Machine to Blame?

By N. P. Babcock

My home is in the vicinity of one of the city's large, populous high schools. Multitudes of boys and girls pour forth from it at various periods during the day for recreation or instruction in physical training. I cannot truthfully refer to them as silent or mirthless hordes, but that they are entirely tuneless is a fact that has impressed itself upon my attention.

Two years ago I should have been unable to pass any group of homeward-bound high school girls without catching from them an infection of "Bubbles" or "The Long, Long Trail." Some one or more of the group would be sure to have innoculated me. At that time, it would have been impossible to pass the school grounds at recess without knowledge that "Home Fires" were to be kept burning, and that things were certainly doing "Over There."

Today I hear neither the whistling of boys nor the humming of girls.

There is nothing strange about it, you say? The war is over, why should the old war tunes survive? They shouldn't.

but there was music in the air long before the war was dreamed of, and I cannot quite understand why so little of it now pulsates in our outdoor life.

ARE WE BECOMING "LISTENERS"?

Can it be that mechanical musical instruments in their abundance are robbing the younger generation of all ambition to make music for itself? Are we gradually losing the desire to express our emotions in tuneful outpourings from our own throats and lips, when phonographic "records" do it so cheaply and conveniently for us? Are we merely to become a race of listeners and, if so, may not listening after a time become wearisome and music lose its subtle influence upon our lives and character?

I am aware that this is a view entirely contrary to that held by many persons. The automatic piano and the phonograph are pointed to as blessings which bring music into the homes of the masses. But do they not also still the desire for musical expression in the breasts of multitudes? Is there as much home singing today as there was before their

invention? Has the whistling boy been stimulated or completely overpowered by the gramophone? Are there as many gaily singing Susans and Amelias about the household as there were in the past?

During the war, as we all know, there were a number of melodies that caught popular favor and, from the repeated hearing of which, unless one were totally deaf, one could not escape. I remember being haunted from all directions by the strains of "Bubbles," long before I learned its name. But this was equally true in older times of songs and melodies that had instilled themselves with a section of the public through the medium of light opera. For example, "The Merry Widow" waltz. You heard it everywhere. It was epidemic. Surely not one hundredth part of those who were familiar with that cloying melody had obtained their acquaintance direct from the theatre, nor does the agency of the phonograph explain the fact, because, for every music-making machine that existed at the time "The Merry Widow" was in vogue, there are now probably 20 such.

SOME OLD FAVORITES

Certainly, there are innumerable more phonographs in use today than when "Floradora" made its debut, and yet the catching air of "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," which became epidemic in that era, finds no echo among the outdoor throngs of the present, although a fine revival of "Floradora" has been in progress in the city of New York for several months.

Go back, if you please, to the days of "Pinafore." Can any other word than epidemic describe the vogue of "I'm Called Little Buttercup"? The only musicbox in existence at that time was a Swiss contrivance of metal pins and comb, and the automatic piano was unknown. If you wanted to hear a tune you had either to play, hum or whistle it yourself or get a sister or sweetheart to do it for you.

There has recently terminated, after a run of more than 100 nights, the production in New York of a Gilbert & Sullivan opera that is as much more melodious than "Pinafore" as can possibly be imagined. The theatre was thronged at all times. The press was unanimously enthusiastic, but I have failed to hear a single one of the many lovely gems of "Ruddigore" in train or lobby or office or upon any street corner.

If the universality of the phonograph and the automatic piano has not had a tendency to silence such poor music making pipes as nature has bestowed upon us individually, pray tell me, pretty maiden, and all the rest of you, what has?

E. Mason Hopper this week started filming the sixth of Booth Tarkington's "Edgar" stories at the Culver City, Cal., Goldwyn studios. This gives promise of being one of the most interesting of the series. In it will be used animals from the biggest zoo on the West coast.



SECOND
and Last
WEEK

Matinees
Every Day

The Prince Chap

THOMAS MEIGHAN

Thomas Meighan, cynical crook of "The Miracle Man"—the lovable flunkey of "Male and Female"—has a role entirely different in "The Prince Chap." An artist—a man, in a bunch of "wild Bohemians"—undertakes to raise an adopted, motherless baby girl. Thereby hangs the story—he loses the girl he loves yet he wins. "The Prince Chap" is the most universally-liked picture that we have shown in months, and you are assured of absolute picture-satisfaction.

ALSO THREE EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD FILLERS

Comfortably Ice Cooled



Nordstrom, Organist

MABEL NORMAND

The SLIM PRINCESS

Note—

1. THE STAR
2. THE AUTHOR
3. THE PLAY

You couldn't ask for more, and the combination results in perhaps the cleverest and the funniest comedy-drama ever filmed. It's one hundred per cent.

TEAGUE'S CONCERT

The Whistler and His Dog... Pryor
The Dying Poet... Gottschalk
Angel Face... Victor Herbert
Evolution of the Dance... Arr. Teague

At 1:30 Today

A show that we can blow up to the skies.

MAJESTIC

THEATRE

MANAGER - VON HENNING