

News Notes Gathered From the World of Stage and Screen

SOLDIERING IS DIFFERENT FOR MOVIES, HARD-BOILED BUCK LEARNS

Veteran of Thirty Years' Service Told He Didn't Know Drill.

By MAURICE HENLE.
New York, Jan. 15.—"On the eve of Washington's birthday, Feb. 22, 'America' the photo-drama of the War of Independence being made by D. W. Griffith, will have its world premiere at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre, New York."

That announcement just made, reminds us of a conversation we had with one of the "actors" in the film. He was a buck private, a hard-boiled member of the Sixteenth Infantry, and he had just returned to the army base at Governor's Island after participating in the filming of scenes of battles around Bunker Hill.

"They gave us a three-cornered hat," he mused, chuckling, "and a gun of the vintage of '76. An' a long-barreled blunderbuss that sounded like a powder house when it went off. I was tossed out in a uniform that made me look like two ends of the rainbow in a wrestling match, and, well, you believe it—a wig with a tent pole sticking in the tail of it to make it stand out."

"Here I was after 30 years' service being told by this movie generalissimo that I didn't know how to drill," he went on complacently, but still chuckling.

"Your supposed to be a general," this Griffith fellow told me.

"Of what?" I replied.

"A general of parts," he comes back, "an' you look like you lost most of the parts now."

He asks me if I knowed what a "closeup" was. "Sure," I answers, "arm inspection." And the face he made convinced me I wasn't right.

"Then he wanted Slim Pickens to register 'amusement.' And Slim bulged out his eyes and looked like a white horse chokin' to death on a hedge-apple. He looked so bad Miss Carol Dempster, the star of the film, screamed and almost fainted."

"Then Bill Gilhooly was told to register 'grief.' He telegraphed his features, extended his mouth, drew up his chin till his nose hung over and down like a red carrot hanging from a football."

"Well, the time came to lead my men up Bunker Hill. We were the Britishers and the Eighteenth Infantry was on top of the hill at the Minute."

"Everybody was talkin' about 'long shots' as though the old rusty tinclinks they gave us could see as far as long range. I confers it was all Greek to me, but we had a great time, and put up some tough fightin'."

That's that.

Last week Glenn Hunter's first Paramount starring vehicle, "West of the Water Tower," came to Broadway. Supporting the young actor were May McAvoy, Ernest Torrence, George Fawcett and Zasu Pitts.

Here again is the old story of forcing oneself not to make comparisons between two or the other, is nearly always bound to suffer. Whether it was Homer Cro's book this time or Rollin Sturgeon's movie remains a question.

Each individual opinion is as good as the next, depending upon the reaction each makes to the one reading the book or seeing the picture.

You simply cannot come to a movie house expecting a film to fulfill all the rosy pictures created in your brain through the reading of a novel. Considering the picture purely for itself, "West of the Water Tower" has real atmosphere. The carpentry work in building the immense sets for the mid-western town is perfectly executed. Direction is faultless. And the group of players may rest on their reputations very safely.

The story is too well known to bear repetition. It's as old as the world itself—the narrowest of narrowest small town against those things which are not according to the Hoyle of convention.

"West of the Water Tower" will find popular favor because of itself—not because it is adapted from a well known novel.

GUS EDWARDS HAS FINANCIAL TROUBLE

New York, Jan. 14.—Gus Edwards, actor, popular song writer and producer, has filed a voluntary petition in bankruptcy, listing \$78,000 liabilities and \$41,000 assets. The principal asset named was a breach-of-contract claim for \$20,000 against Eddie Dowling, an actor, and the "Sally, Irene and Mazy" corporation.

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Report Says She Will Enter Films



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The picture will stand forth among the best of several seasons for its fidelity, craftsmanship, tone and human interest. Seastrom is a self-reliant artist, careful of cheap expedients.

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His deftness in building and sustaining a mood will intrigue the dramatist. And the sticklers for story value will approve his close translation of Hall Caine's tragic clash between passion for justice and passions less exalted on the Isle of Man.

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