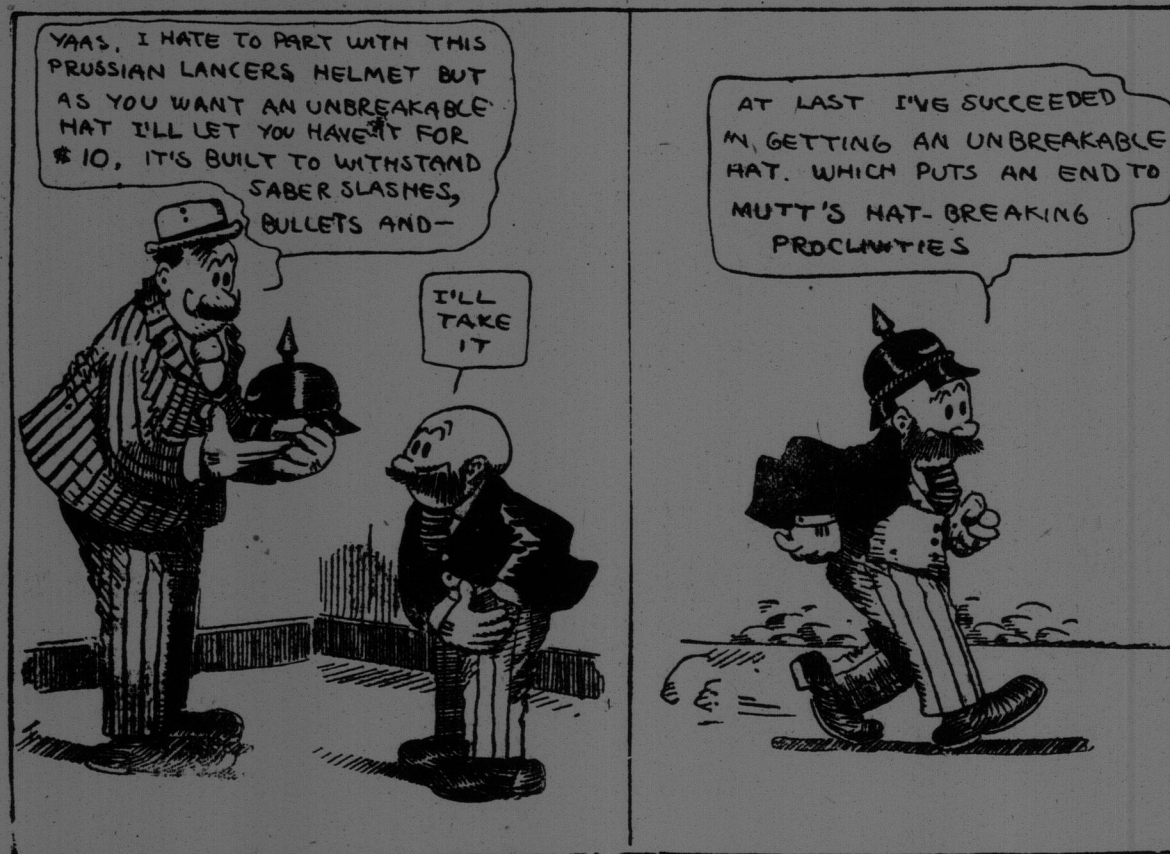
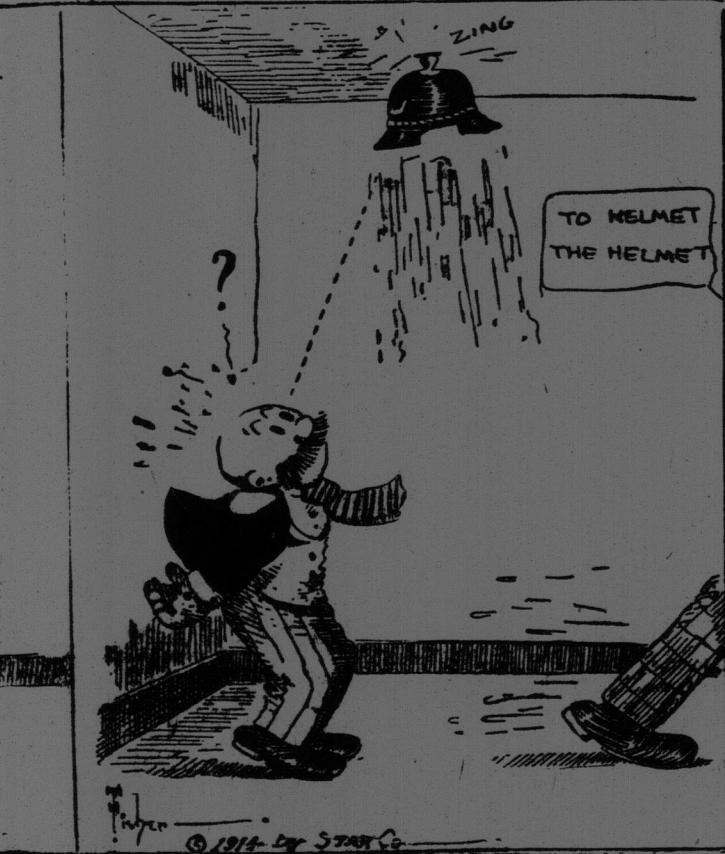


Even The War Helmet Vulnerable



By "Bud" Fisher



MIRROR TELLS OF FORMER ST. JOHNER

Bertram Harrison Manager Of Theatre in Northampton

HARKINS' LONG TOUR

Covered 30,000 Miles — Edward Mawson in He Comes Up Smiling — The Stock Companies and the Pictures

Including a fine picture of Bertram Harrison, formerly of St. John, a recent issue of the New York Mirror publishes the following:

Although professional interests engage him part of the time in New York, the most prominent theatre manager in Northampton, Mass., in Bertram Harrison, is a man who has been in the theatre for many years. By recommendation of Henry Miller and Professor Baker, of Harvard University, Mr. Harrison was asked to enter the interesting theatre situation in that city when the trustees of Northampton's municipally-owned theatre were seeking for someone specially qualified to direct and experiment, which it is hoped may become a distinctive and for America—pioneer example of civic support of dramatic art.

While this theatre aims to provide amusement for all the people, its environment is collegiate to an extent that must be adequately considered. Mr. Harrison combines fortunately both the experience and culture required in such a field.

He is a native of St. John, N. B., and attended school and college in Toronto. For a time he studied law, but his interest in the stage took him from this, and gave him experience in the various capacities of actor, manager and director. He was connected for several years with Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin in all their productions, and has personally directed productions for Madame Nash, Madame Bertha Kalich, Messrs. Frohman, Brady, Cort, and Shubert Brothers. With Miss Jessie Bonstelle as co-director, in 1912, he assumed the directorship of the Academy of Music, Northampton, where his personality, consideration for local preferences, and identification with city interests have made him liked and respected in a position that, through its unusual conditions, presents exceptional problems.

Paul Gilmore, supported by Kathryn Hutchinson, who appeared with him in St. John a few seasons ago, is meeting with success in stock on a circuit in North Carolina.

The tour of the W. S. Harkins players ended a short time ago, covered 30,000 miles and was most successful.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, at the age of seventy, will leave for New York on October 10 to begin a professional tour of the world, during which she will visit five continents. The tour, it is stated, will cover a period of twenty-six months, and fifteen weeks of the time will be spent in the United States. The tour, it is stated, will close her career on the stage.

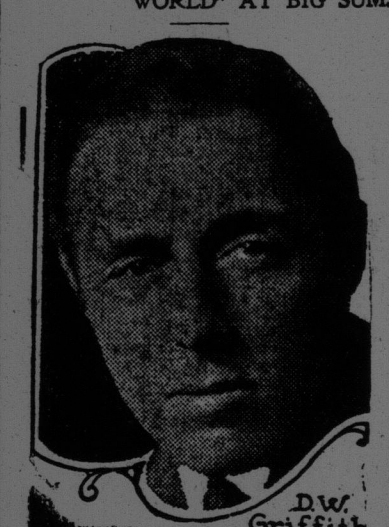
Madame Bernhardt has made several farewell tours. On the last one to America, which ended in May, 1913, the theatrical profession in America raised money for a gold wreath, which was later presented her in Paris.

Edward Mawson, in St. John with Jessie Bonstelle, is playing in Douglas Fairbanks' new show "He Comes Up Smiling," the opening to take place on July 6 in Atlantic City.

David Belasco announces David Warfield will again appear next season in "The Auctioneer" and that he will not have a new play until the following year.

The Gus Hill press bureau is authority for the statement that there will be five "Mutt and Jeff in Mexico" companies, four "Bringing Up Father" troupes and three other productions in preparation, including a play with a cast composed

INDEPENDENTS GET "BELASCO OF SCREEN WORLD" AT BIG SUM



Here is the man who stands out prominently in the business of moving picture producing. He has been called the "Belasco of the screen world."

When he was the director of the Biograph pictures, they were called the best in the business. But now the independents have captured him at a salary of \$100,000 a year. And he is directing the city's favorite residence was situated. Of course he was a mere boy then and because of an especially sweet treat was selected to sing in St. George's Chapel, where the queen worshipped.

Master Freddie rather got it into his head that this intimacy with royalty gave him some special warrant to take short cuts to school over the castle grounds. It was while thus proceeding one day that the queen scolded him.

John Brown, the hardy Scot, was accompanying the queen on a little drive in one of her pony carriages. Very soon they came across the scamping wee lad hurrying across a piece of green sward which was intersected by a driveway. On Her Majesty's order John Brown hailed the lad abruptly.

"Hey, ladlie, come here," called the Scotch attendant.

Young Melior, flushed with a mixture of fear and happy anticipation, obeyed the summons. Then the queen in a grandmotherly sort of way asked:

"Where were you going my little fellow, don't you know these are private grounds?"

Master Melior mumbled an affirmative reply and said he was on his way to school and did not wish to be late.

"It is well, lad," said the queen, "but when you want to cross these grounds again you must get permission. If all the little boys in the town did the same thing a sorry mess they might make of these nice flower beds and shrubbery, for some boys, you know, are not as careful as others."

Greatly relieved, and just as tickled into the bargain, young Melior stammered "Yes, Ma'am," and beat it back to the pulpit roadway.

"I got a licking for being late for school," said the visiting singer to the newspaper man, "but wasn't it worth it?"

A young Lancashire mill-wrecker had a mental relapse which resulted in his being sent to the county asylum. After he had been there a few weeks he was visited by one of his fellow-workers, who came across him in the grounds.

"Hallo, Benny!" said the visitor, "how's this gettin' on?"

"Oh, Ah'm goin' on first-rate, thank ye," answered the afflicted one.

"Ah'm very glad to hear it, lad," said the visitor pleasantly. "I suppose you'll be comin' back to work soon, eh?"

"Wat!" exclaimed Ben, while a look of great surprise spread over his countenance. "Leave a big house and a grand garden like this to come back to work! Mon, dost the think Ah'm wrong in my head?"

HE WAS SCOLDED BY HER MAJESTY

Frederick Mellor, Now at Local Theatre, Recalls Boyhood

EXPERIENCE AT WINDSOR CASTLE

Called to Task For Scampering Over Royal Enclosure on Way to School, Queen Victoria Excuses Him With a Little Advice

Frederick Mellor, of Mellor & DePaula, who is filling a singing engagement in a local theatre, has the proud distinction of being scolded once upon a time by no less a personage than Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria.

Mr. Mellor lived in the picturesque little town of Windsor, where Her Majesty's favorite residence was situated. Of course he was a mere boy then and because of an especially sweet treat was selected to sing in St. George's Chapel, where the queen worshipped.

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The Movies

Three brief years ago Thomas H. Ince, after spending twenty years on the stage as a light comedian, juvenile and singing comedian, found that he had been able to accumulate just \$7, a wife and a young son.

At the same time Ince encountered an actor—not such a very good one either—who had supported him in a vaudeville offering that had withered and fallen by the wayside because of popular and managerial indifference to its worth. This one-time vaudeville associate was garbed in the latest raiment; he drove his own automobile, and in divers ways he fairly radiated contentment and extended prosperity.

"How do you do it?" inquired Mr. Ince.

"The pictures," answered the richly garbed one.

"Then it's the pictures for me," exclaimed Ince.

The next morning he had a place with a New York film company. The remuneration at first was \$3 a day. And he paid \$3 a day in New York, Thomas H. Ince finds himself the vice-president and general manager of the New York Motion Picture Company, regarded as one of the ablest of the directors making films in the western country, and in charge of a force of about one thousand persons engaged entirely in making motion pictures in a studio that is one of the most complete in the world, and situated on the outskirts of Hollywood, a suburb of Los Angeles, Cal.

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FOR ROWING AND CRICKET HONORS

American Crews and College Eleven Away

CONTESTS WITH ENGLISHMEN

Two Crews For Henley and Haverford Cricket Team For Series of Matches — Intercollegiate Regatta at Poughkeepsie Next Week

New York, June 20.—The Harvard second varsity crew will sail today for London to compete in the English Royal Henley regatta July 1-4. The men are preceded by the Union Boat Club eight-oared crew for the same purpose.

The Haverford College cricketers are today setting foot on English soil for a playing invasion against the leading schools club teams of England. Haverford College, which is famous for its cricket teams, has sent playing combinations to the home of cricket four times in the last eighteen years and has always made a fair showing against English school and club players despite the fact that the American collegian is far more at home on the baseball diamond than the cricket crease. The initial invasion was made in 1896 and was repeated in 1900, 1901 and 1910. As in past years, the squad will be made up of the best of the college crew assembled at Poughkeepsie for the Intercollegiate Regatta next Friday a new record for the course is not improbable if weather and water conditions are right late in the afternoon.

Judging from the fast time made by the college crew assembled at Poughkeepsie for the Intercollegiate Regatta next Friday a new record for the course is not improbable if weather and water conditions are right late in the afternoon. The present record is held by the Cornell crew of 1901, which covered the course in 18 minutes, 22 1-3 seconds. Cornell crews also hold both the two mile varsity record and the two mile varsity four-oared time. The freshman eight record of nine minutes 11 3-5 seconds was made by the 1909 crew and the four oared figures of 10 minutes 01 second by the four which won on the same day.

With Mr. Gaskill, his own feature producing company, a pioneer in "evening-length" pictures, Mr. Gaskill has long been in the front rank of motion picture producers.

Sally Crute, of the Edison Company, recently purchased a summer home at Sound Beach, on Long Island Sound. It will be of interest to many to know that Miss Crute is an artist of no mean capabilities with pen and brush aside from her capabilities before the camera.

Bernard Daly, who has worked with Solax forces from the legitimate stage, thought after his first few weeks of picture work in entering the services of a studio that the life of a photographer was just "the life." Then followed one day of work in the open, which included a rough trip lying on his face on a flat car, a leap to the back platform of a passenger train, a ride on the cow-catcher of an engine, a long, hard ride up hill on a bicycle, and a trip hand-over-hand on a cable. All in all, he has decided that one-night stands are a bed of roses compared to some things, and that being the hero of a motion picture drama is not all it is cracked up to be.

Here is one that was told at a recent dinner by Senator Thornton of Louisiana, in demonstrating that there is always more than one way of getting around a difficulty.

One afternoon Hans and Fritz were strolling along the street when they came abreast of a laundry. Instantly Fritz stopped and began to study the characters on a sign that announced Sing Lee's excuse for being in America.

"Sing Lee makes you stop here, Fritz?" asked Hans, wonderingly. "Vot was you looking at?"

"It was looking at dat sign, Hans," was the smiling rejoinder of Fritz. "Can you readt him?"

"No, I can't readt him," answered Hans, glancing at the sign, "but if I had my horn here I couldt blow him."

Mr. Anshury, the superintendent of the penitentiary, was escorting a party of women visitors through the building. They entered a room where three women were busily sewing.

"Is they turned to leave the room one of the visitors said:

"What vicious looking creatures! What are they in for? They really look capable of committing any crime."

"Well," replied the superintendent, "you see, they have no other home. That is my private sitting room, and they are my wife and two daughters."

—Harper's Magazine

MRS. "BUD" FISHER

AUTO VICTIM, WAS A FOOTLIGHT FAVORITE



New York, N. Y., June 20.—Mrs. Pauline Fisher, wife of a famous cartoonist, "Bud" Fisher, of Mutt and Jeff fame, is now lying close to death in a New York hospital as a result of the automobile collision of which she was a victim recently. The machine in which Mrs. Fisher was riding turned turtle and pinned her beneath it.

Mrs. Fisher, before her marriage, was Pauline Welch, an actress who won many admirers by her flippant, fairy-like mannerisms.

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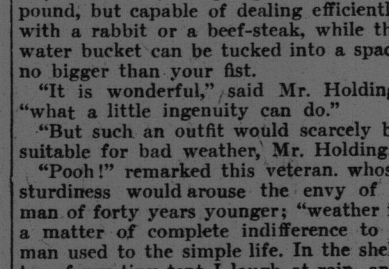
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