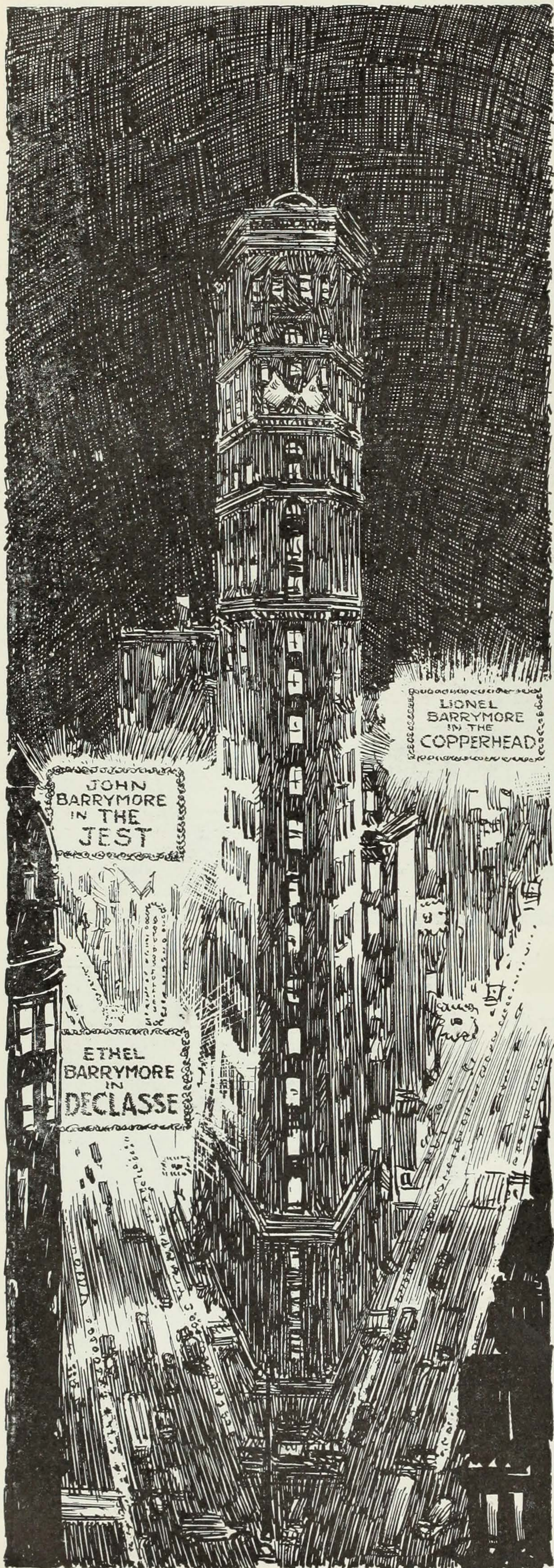


# Broad

The real story of "The Three Musketeers of the Rialto."



John

**I**T is a curious commentary on the strange tricks life plays upon us that the reigning family of Broadway is a disappointed trio—or was. Ethel Barrymore, who plays in tear-conjuring "Declasse" around the corner from a billboard bearing a critic's pious ejaculation: "God knows when we have seen such good acting!" wanted to be a pianiste. She says it was because she "had to have money at once" that she went on the stage.

Her elder brother, Lionel, the star of "The Letter of the Law," studied painting in Paris. He would a painter be! But in common with Sir Johnston Forbes Robertson, he found the returns slow and the landlord's demands rapidly reiterative. He sought the place of quick returns—the stage.

The youngest of the trio, he who still answers preferably to "Jack," wanted to be an illustrator. He drew strange pen and ink sketches of Dorean themes and treatment. He says he was "fired" from the newspaper that employed him. He says it blithely, for it was that fact that drove him to the profession that yields a weekly pay envelope. John Barrymore followed his disappointed sister and brother upon the boards. He, too, shines in stellar dignity in Richard III.

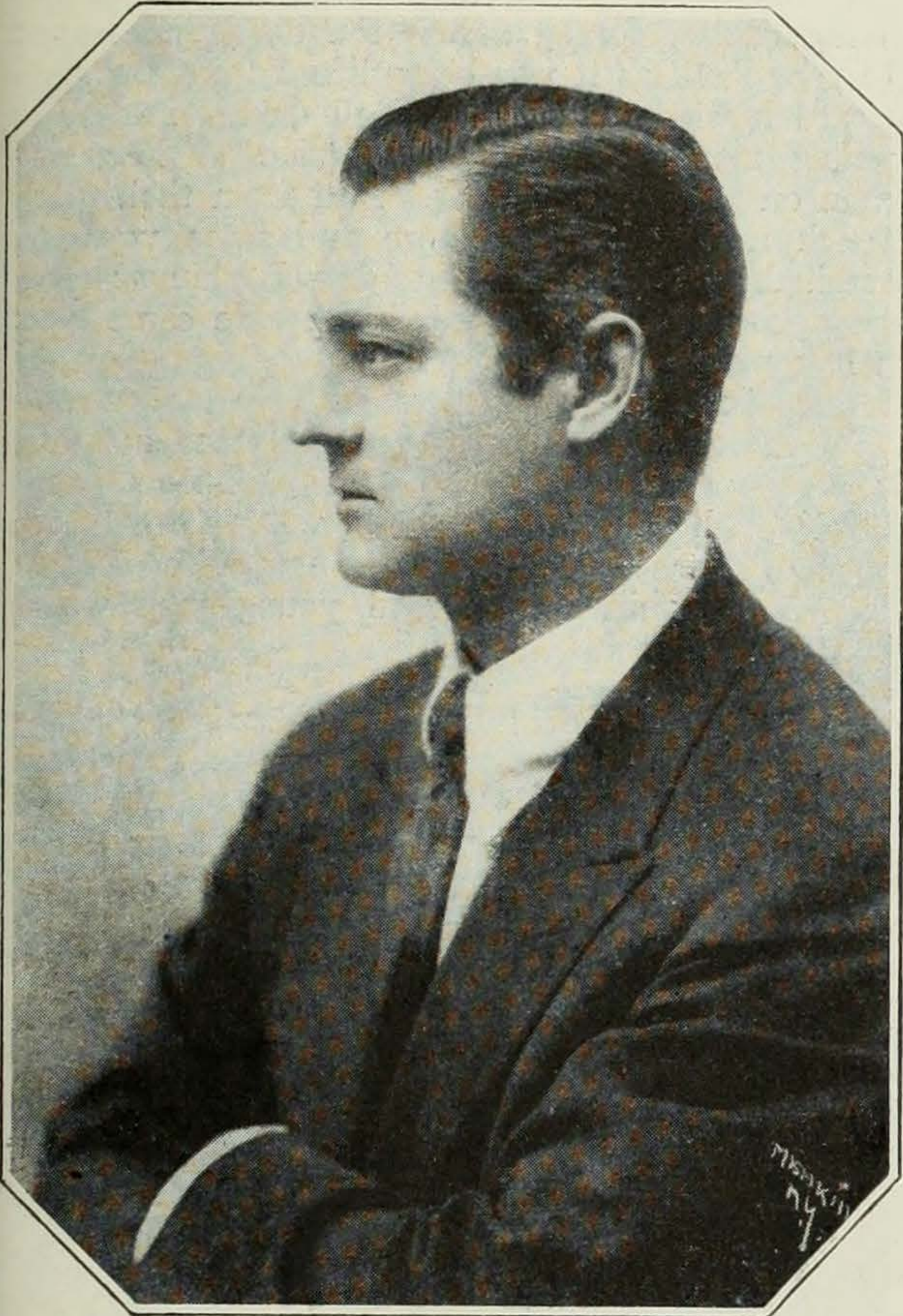
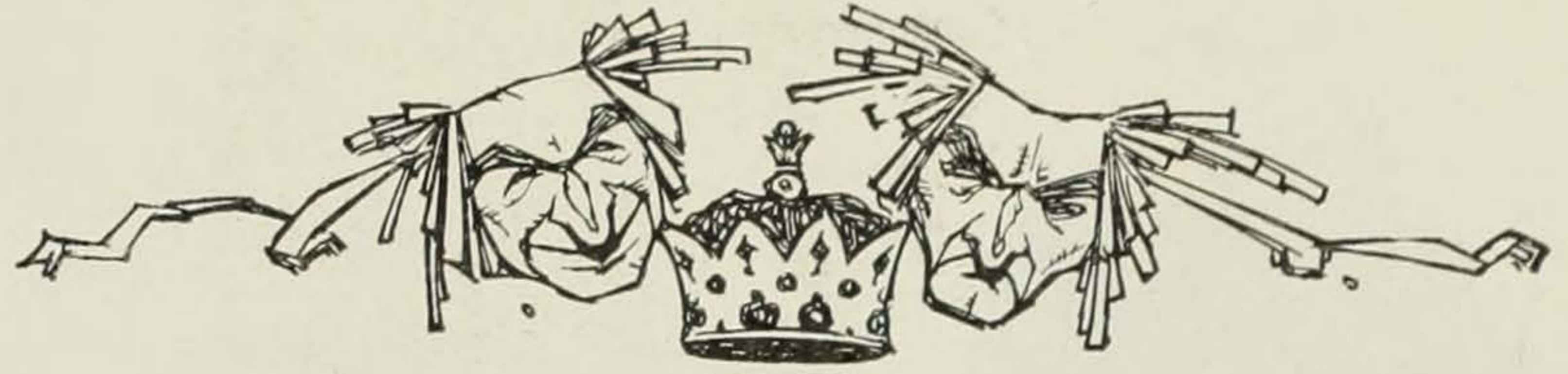
A distance of but four blocks separates the busy Barrymores, Ethel at her established theater home, the Empire; Lionel at the Criterion; Jack at the Plymouth. The three musketeers of the Rialto! "One for all and all for one!" Greater loyalty hath no family than this.

Turn the corner from the Empire and Uncle "Jack"—John Drew—playing in "The Cat Bird" turns a complacent glance down the street.

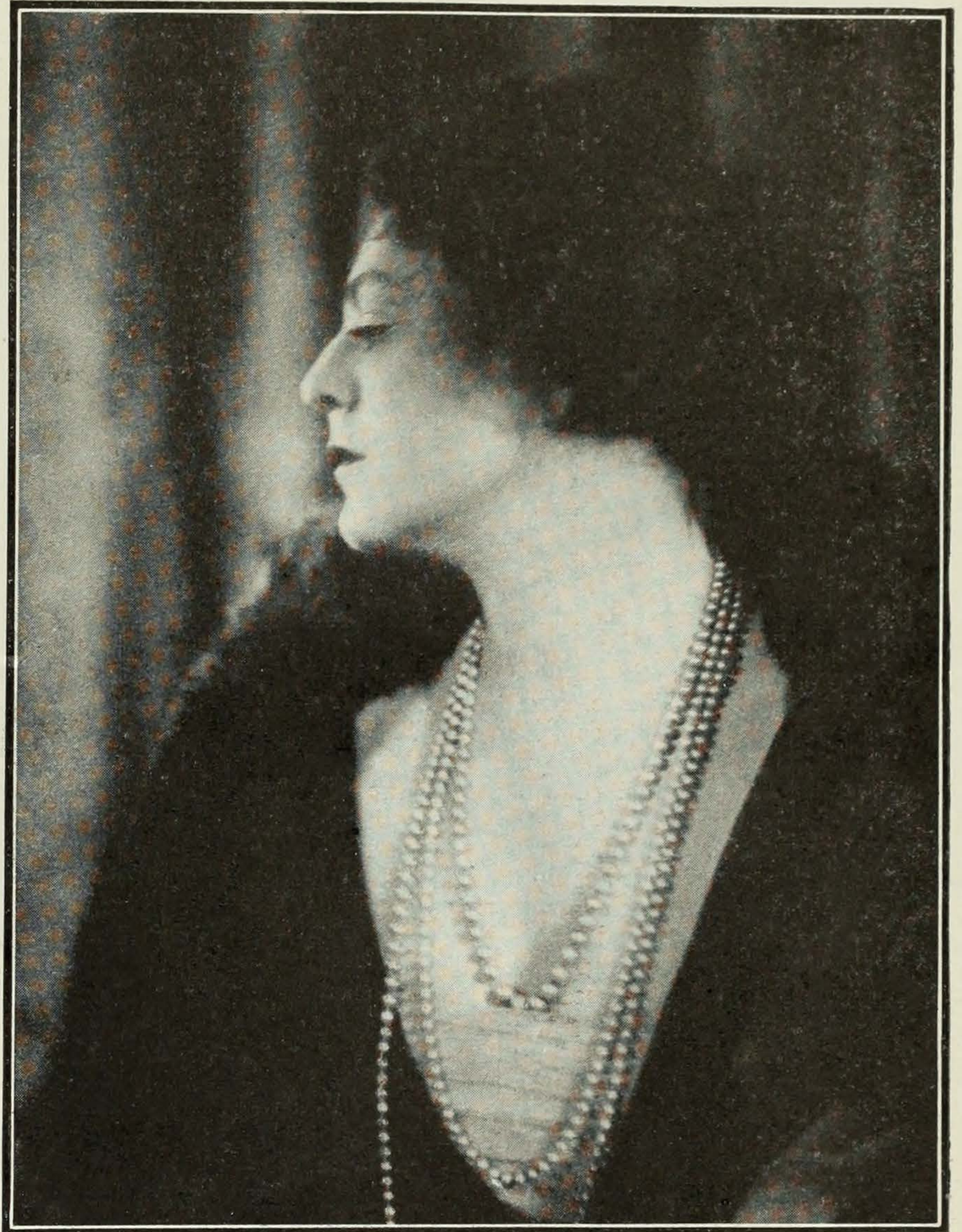
# way's Royal Family

By ADA PATTERSON

Decorations by R. F. James.



Lionel



Ethel

"Do you keep up with my youngsters?" he asked the Good Queen Bess of Broadway, Elisabeth Marbury.

"Of course I do, John," was the answer in Miss Marbury's high power delivery. "Haven't I seen them grow up? Didn't I all but see them born?"

The present generation of the reigning stage family wished to avoid sovereignty before it began. It was like a brood of princelets and princesses who wanted to sign away their rights to the crown. They were of a mind with De Wolf Hopper, who in a musical comedy weeps elongated tears, asserting the while: "I don't want to be king."

Backgrounded by three generations of actors, the urchins and maiden were early disillusioned. Not one of them wanted to buy grease paint and a rabbit's paw. They knew not only the glorious but the inglorious phase of a mummer's life. They were born and grew partially up in the period of individual management and frequent strandings. They wanted art, but they preferred other forms of it.

Ethel, the eldest, was the first to yield to the pressure of necessity and of fate. Because she had to have money at once she ceased her piano lessons at fifteen, bought the grease paint and made her way into and out of the stage door as a professional in 1894. The place was the Empire Theater. She entered reluctantly the play house in which a little more than ten years later it was her destiny to star. The play was "The Rivals." The chief players were John Drew and Maude Adams. She was fifteen then, or, more properly, fourteen and a half, for her birthday is recorded as August 15, 1879.

She was seventeen when first I saw her. She was playing

the customary maid, the only role that is the open sesame to the stage. She was in her uncle's supporting company, with Maude Adams, in "Rosemary." Her stage name was Priscilla. She wore a short, striped skirt, a tight, low bodice, and a starched cap. She was a plump and comely young person.

One less gifted with dramatic intelligence would have considered her part a colorless bit and made no attempt to inject vividness into it. But Miss Seventeen did. Hers was to make love to a ponderous, many-syllabled person. Standing at a table, at some work for her mistress, she turned her glorious young eyes upon the elderly object of her admiration and praised his pedantic speech.

"Your words r-oll and r-oll and r-oll," she said, naively tender. That was the first evidence of the since famous Barrymore drawl. The audience applauded her entrance and exit. It was not the first intimation she had received that she is a member of the royal family of the stage.

I met her first when she had returned from England. She had turned into her twentieth year and was already in her own



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"CELEBRITIES"

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NEAR 27TH ST.  
NEW YORK.

When he was 23, John was not known to the stage.



And how brother, Lionel has changed in 15 Years.

right a celebrity. She had gone to London to play *Miss Kittredge* in "Secret Service" with William Gillette, had toured the provinces with Henry Irving as *Annette* in "The Bells," and had played with the future knight at the Lyceum in London. She had been the *Euphrosyne* to Irving's *Peter the Great* in what was then the world's metropolis. London had discovered that she had beauty and distinction. It had stamped her with social success. The Duchess of Sutherland had taken her under her wide spreading, guaranteeing wing.

She came out of a rear room, the landlady's sleeping chamber, where the young woman had been paying a bill. She looked very tall and straight and slim in her white cloth suit. Under the broad brim of her wide hat she looked with a smile that was bewitchingly shy and girlish. She crossed the room with a slow grace that seemed almost motionless. She stopped to join the chat, but she said little. She never does. She has always seemed to me the almost wordless woman.

We lived in a theatrical boarding house opposite the Lambs Club on West Thirty-sixth Street. Maude Adams, who owned a mortgage on the house was an occasional tenant. Her mother occupied her rooms when she was on tour. Ethel Barrymore and her brothers lodged there when she was in town. Ida Conquest, who had followed Maude Adams as John Drew's leading woman, and was an artist in Boston before she became a Thespian, was her fellow lodger. Maude Hosford, who plays an anxious wife of a politician with Lionel Barrymore in "The Letter of the Law," lived there and heard Miss Adams read her lines in *Juliet* before the ingenue star dropped them upon Charles Frohman's listening ears at rehearsal. Lotta Linthicum was one of the lodgers, as was Gladys Wallis before her marriage and retirement. Kitty Brady Harris lived there briefly, too, ten years before she became the mother-in-law of John Barrymore. The landlady, a costumer and dressmaker, managed a business in the basement.

Naive and girlish was Ethel Barrymore in those lodging-house days. A memory picture remains of her sitting beside a window mending her lingerie. She had learned needle-craft at the convent school in Philadelphia. The incongruity of patching and darning while she sat in a glittering sequin-covered

black evening gown escaped her. Or if it didn't escape her she defied it with her slow, smiling dignity.

She was plying her needle not rapidly—she is of deliberate habit—but with precision, when some of us asked her whether we might wish her lifelong happiness.

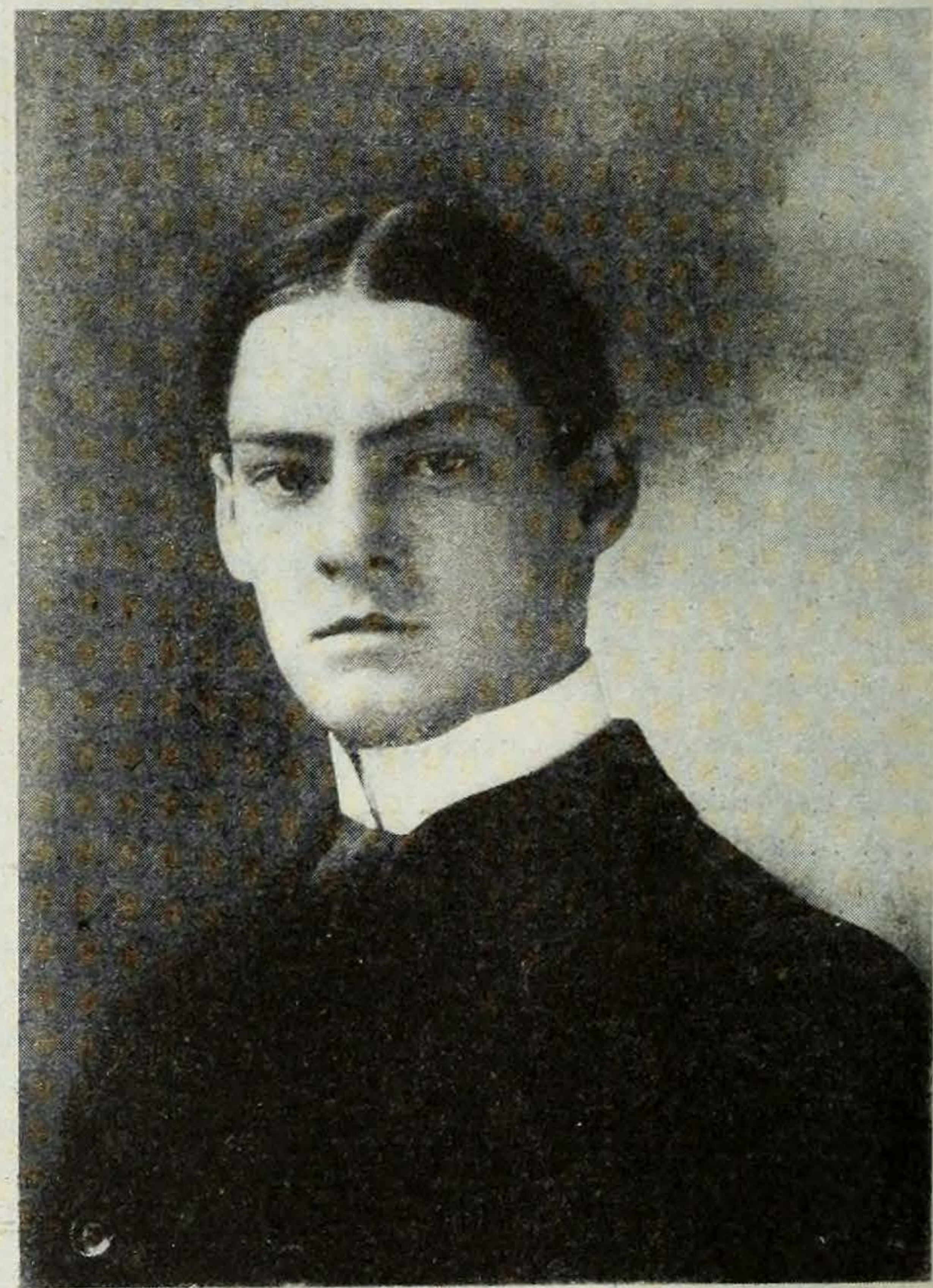
"Such a wish is always welcome," she answered serenely, "but what is the reason?"

"Your engagement."

"I'm not engaged. Mr. Blank seems to find me companionable. That's all."

The next Saturday she sailed for Europe. Mr. Blank, scion of a family of wealth and long antecedents, made a striking entrance. He arrived in a cab drawn by a horse that looked as if some sportive wretch had scattered a tub of soap-suds over him. The young man tossed a coin to the fast driving cabby, sprang across the dock and leaped upon the gangplank as it was being lifted from the ship. The steward howled as the plank fell on his fist. The eager young man staggered as he tried to keep his equilibrium on the moving plank. And from their place at the deck rail Ethel Barrymore and some voyaging friends smiled. Yet the ocean-crossing *Lochinvar* from New England did not win her hand. He came back from Europe alone and puzzled.

Inquisitive reporters sent by news scenting editors climbed often the steps and rang the bell of the old-fashioned brown stone house to ask whether Miss Barrymore was engaged to some new suitor. Their inquiries concerned young men whose



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names appeared in the society columns of New York and London polite prints. Occasionally a name known to the stage or to literature was coupled with hers. Usually she did not see the Mercuries from Park Row. She sent brief notes—"No thank you," or "Not this time." Now and then these repeated queries rasped her nerves. While she was playing in Buffalo, in "His Excellency the Governor," she telegraphed me: "Please, for friendship's sake, deny latest report that I am engaged. I don't know this man."

Nevertheless suitors thronged the small reception room of the lodging-house kept by a dressmaker. In this capacity, the fellow lodgers believed, came Richard Harding Davis. They

knew that his earliest visits had been paid to Maude Adams. But Miss Adams' vows to celibacy would not be broken. The novelist carried his disappointment to the youngest member of her company. Whether Davis' name was on the list in the Barrymore romantic archives we were not sure. But if it was they agreed to forget it, for Ethel Barrymore was a bridesmaid at his first wedding, when his bride was Miss Clark of Chicago.

When Bessie McCoy had replaced her in the domestic circle, Miss Barrymore was a frequent guest at their home at Mount Kiscoe. During that domestic interlude in her hard dancing life, Miss McCoy showed strong student propensities. While she sat with the library glasses slipping from her dainty nose, her once restless feet inactive, a book held before her in both hands, her husband exclaimed to their guest:

"I married a dancer, and look at that!"

In those days of many wooings it was said that Ethel Barrymore received at least one proposal of marriage a week. Some came wooing with gems. She showed us a magnificent solitaire ring.

"I shall have to write a note and send this back," she said.

"Why not accept it as a tribute to your art? I hear that is being done in London." I mentioned a musical comedy star who had invaded Mayfair and was receiving jewels by every messenger.

"But this isn't a tribute to my art." She grasped the shining thing with determination and went to the second floor back to write the letter.

Already, though she had not come into her dramatic own, she was admired of young girls. They studied her gowns and copied them. At a tea in a Fifth Avenue drawing room—for the Knickerbockers had followed the example of the Britons and Miss Barrymore was "invited everywhere"—a woman who poured the tea admired "the sweet simplicity and absolute charm" of her frock.

"I bought it for fifteen dollars," was her answer to the compliment.

Her superb height, her slow, graceful carriage, emphasized the beauty of the dress. These and her girlish slimness.

It can never be truly said of Ethel Barrymore

that her slenderness was a blessing that brightened for her only when it took its flight. I remember that she stood before a full-length mirror in the dining room surveying herself in a new peach colored taffeta and appreciatively stroking her hips.

"I am so glad my hips are flat," she said with admiring candor.



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Ethel was little different in 1906, when she played the title role in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire."

At this time, while she was ripening into twenty-three, Miss Barrymore was ambitious in a relaxed, serene way. Not tensely, aggressively, pugnaciously so, but wistfully, hopefully, in a minor key.

"I think I have played all the bad parts that were ever written," she said reflectively once at a gathering of the lodgers.

"What kind of part would you like to play?" asked an animated question mark among them.

"Any kind that is good. I would play a Hottentot if it were a good part," was her answer.

"Juliet?" asked the human interrogation point.

"No," she answered with a slight smile. "Rosalind."

Opportunity came in the guise of Mme. Trentoni in "Captain Jinks." The girl who wanted any good part welcomed the opportunity, in her gentle, unworldly way. But three generations of actor inheritance had made her sensitive to conditions. She mentioned the name of an actor who would play opposite her in one of the climaxes of the Clyde Fitch comedy.

"He intends to 'hog the scene,'" she remarked in her even manner. "I can see that coming."

It was characteristic of her that no tirade against the poacher followed. She had made a statement. That was enough. It is her habit.

Ethel Barrymore is of gregarious habit. She likes her kind. When some of the lodgers in what the newspapers familiarly termed "Maude Adams' Adamless Eden" had gathered together for a chat before they fell into dreams, the girl, coming home from the Garrick, would stop and tap on the door.

"Come in."

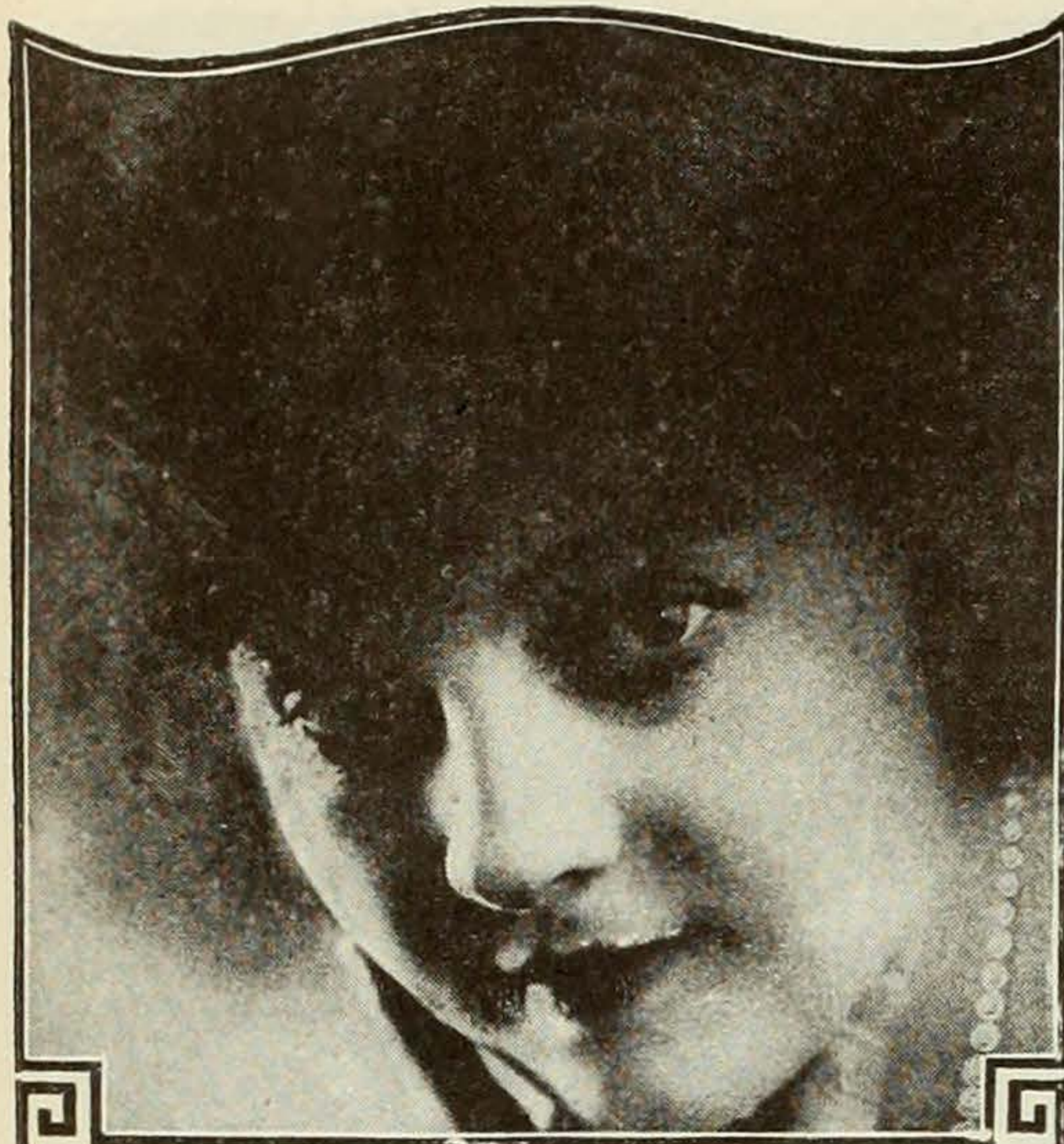
The door opened and her lovely face appeared.

"What's going on here?" she would inquire and would join the group for a chat. Occasionally the chats were pointedly

(Continued on page 120)

## Broadway's Royal Family

(Continued from page 33)



### —Not One Gray Hair, Now—

"And my hair was quite gray a short time ago!

"It was falling out, getting brittle and stringy. My scalp was filled with dandruff and itched almost constantly.

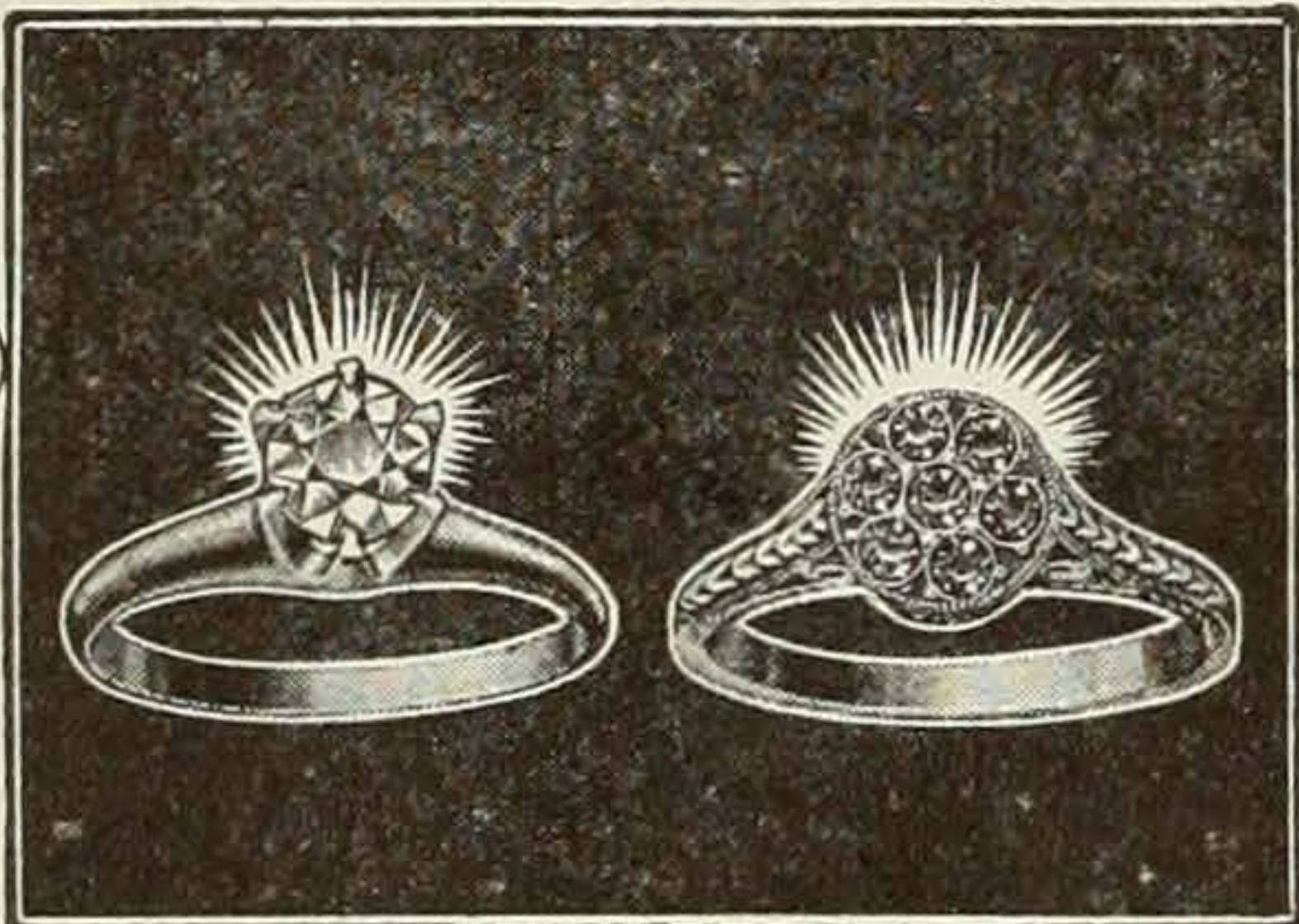
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personal, but Ethel Barrymore was never censorious.

She had returned from a week-end at a magnificent country estate. She told the story of the visit. She told us of the magnificence of the house, the splendor of the furnishings.

"But the hostess?" we asked.

"She is very charming, but she is one of the kind of women who is always expecting compliments and trying to extract them from the men. It is tiresome." She added critically: "But I shouldn't have said that."

Even the lodging-house cat, a huge, lumbering beast in a Maltese coat, that had been brought from England, was the object of her scrutiny and interest. I passed her one day on the stairs. She held the beast in her arms and admonished him.

"You are more like a dog than a cat. You must remember that you are a cat," he adjured. "We must all remember what we are."

Anyone of the horde of admiring girls she accumulated might have studied Ethel Barrymore as a model of tact. Her smile was always ready. If she said little she never said the wrong thing.

A whirlwind woman caught her up in a storm of enthusiasm.

"A girl who crosses herself when she speaks your name has been raised to a seventh heaven. She is transported because while you were away she rented your room. I think she said her prayers to your picture. You remember her of course? She says she knows you. Her name is Carey?"

The Barrymore smile and Barrymore graciousness were in evidence. Ethel sat on the edge of her bed and smiled and smiled. I, who witnessed the breezy call and the speaker's exit, was sure Miss Barrymore had known the woman who rented her room and slept in the bed made sacred by her. Not knowing the breadth and depth and height of her tact I was unprepared for her calm inquiry:

"Who the devil is Carey?"

Outwardly serene, the young actress whose future loomed larger and more brilliant than she knew was a victim of inward nervousness. She played *Mme. Trentoni* with firmness and authority while older members of her company marvelled at her poise. She would hurry home and order a cab.

"I can't sleep. I must drive and wear off this nervousness," she would say. Her cousin, Georgia Mendum, who had begun her stage career as maid in "*Catherine*," and who abode with her, was her companion on the sleep-wooing drives. Or one of her brothers, the big one Lionel, or the boy Jack, would climb into the hansom beside her to woo the air that quiets aching nerves.

In consequence she was not visible before noon. She breakfasted in bed on fruit and coffee. She ate an orange and sipped her coffee while reading her letters. There was a huge heap of the letters, invitations for the most part, but bills too, for she was the self-constituted treasurer of the family. Lionel was not then launched in his successful career. Jack was a slim, pale, handsome boy, an inveterate borrower of quarters.

Her father, who had transmitted to her his brilliance and good looks, was slowly dying in a hospital in Long Island.

"It's a shame that that girl should bear the heavy expense of Barry's keep at the hospital," said a Lamb looking out the window and across the street. "Let's do something for him ourselves, if only in memory of his jokes. They were priceless."

The offer was repeated to Maurice Barrymore's daughter.

"No," was her answer. "Thank you, no."

No one had the temerity to urge.

"It's like her. She's a thoroughbred," said one of the most famous Lambs. "Don't you remember her cross-continent funeral journey when she was fifteen? She had been in Southern California with her mother. Georgie Drew Barrymore was dying. She wanted her daughter with her. The boys were in school. Barry was playing in the East. The girl started back to Philadelphia alone with her mother's body. At every long stop she would get out and go back and stand beside the baggage car. She made the journey alone. When she arrived with the remains and persons talked to her about the experience she only said: 'Mme. Modjeska was in California. She was very kind to me.'"

Deep inborn reticence is one of her dominant characteristics. No dowager of Mayfair dislikes scenes more than does she. Our landlady of the memorable lodging-house had a peppery temper and a rebel tongue, as Miss Barrymore, with all other dwellers beneath her roof, knew.

Came the time when Miss Barrymore had prospered sufficiently to justify her in moving to ampler quarters. A servant brought the news: "Miss Barrymore is packing up to go away."

The landlady climbed the stairs. She rapped resoundingly on the door.

"I hear you are going to move, Miss Barrymore."

"Move? Not at all. I'm going to lie right here where I am for a long time," was the smiling answer.

That afternoon she arose and dressed and went for a walk. The walk ended at her new domicile. A half hour after her departure a drayman called for the trunk. The landlady, exasperated, climbed to the Barrymore door once more. Three trunks were packed, locked, strapped. On one of them lay a letter. Beside the letter was a box of the long stemmed roses which, as often happened, the popular young actress had not opened.

The landlady opened the envelope to find a check for her reckoning and a card bearing the message: "So sorry. But I hate to say Goodbye."

Out of this girl of soft speech and conquering smiles gradually evolved a definite woman, yet one in whom the girl's characteristics endured. One sees her at roof restaurants after a play. I saw her at a dance given by Blanche Bates at the Club de Vingt, where she did not sit out a dance. In the garage which Mrs. William Courtenay (Virginia Harned) periodically converts into a ball-room I have seen her sit long at the piano playing for a hundred of the Courtenay's dancing friends. She goes to teas for charity and teas for chat. She and Grace Weiderseim, the artist and creator of fantastic child figures, met and embraced at a Fifth Avenue home.

Daniel Frohman escorting Miss Barrymore said: "I want you two to know each other."

"O Uncle Dan," Miss Barrymore said with her fascinatingly dragging speech, "I know that girl. How I know her! We knew each other in school in Philadelphia umptyum years ago. She hasn't changed a bit except in length of skirts."

Mingling is obedience to her creed. "I believe that an actress ought to go everywhere and see everything and know everyone," she informed me. "She portrays life. To portray it she must know it."

Ethel Barrymore is quite capable of ad-

## REMEMBER

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## Broadway's Royal Family

(Concluded)

miring other women. And generous enough to express that admiration. Seeing Maxine Elliott in "Her Own Way," she said: "The Venus de Milo has found her arms."

Maxine Elliott's beauty is one of Miss Barrymore's enduring enthusiasms. Miss Elliott's midnight orbs being a subject of discussion, the question was raised about the reality of the dusky shadow that lies ever beneath them as though cast by their purple blackness.

"Certainly it is real." She spoke more quickly than usual and with more emphasis. "I have seen her wake up. I know she does not make up."

A survival of the girl Ethel Barrymore in the woman is her habit of rest. "The way to rest is to lie in bed. A doctor told me that. When I am tired I go to bed. And I stay there until I am rested."

A habit that has caused anguished folk to cry "anathema!" The habit of remaining in bed until rested cannonades her day's programme and rends her engagement book as the Huns rent the Cathedrals of France.

Very amiably she consents to pose for special photographs. The person who has arranged the appointment with the photographer arrives at the agreed upon studio. He and the photographer pretend to entertain each other with anecdotes, the while casting occasional furtive glances at the clock. A half hour passes. An hour. Another half hour.

"Ought we not phone?" asks one.

"Perhaps we should. There may have been an automobile accident. You know she has to come from her home in Mamroneck."

Anxious phoning. A British butler's voice answers with a butler's majesty.

"Mrs. Colt is still in bed. No sir. I cannot call her. She left word that she was not to be disturbed."

The recording angel would never enter in the celestial ledger the virtues "system" or "punctuality" after her illustrious name. If these were the keys to heaven she could never pass her celestial life in Paradise.

(In the July issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Miss Patterson will tell more of Ethel Barrymore's remarkable character, of her children and of her brothers, Lionel and Jack.)

## Just Speechless

ROY BARNES is working out on the T. Goldwyn lot in Culver City. When he isn't on the "set" playing he can be found with a group around him, telling a funny story of which the following is a sample:

"A man rushed into a wet goods place in Mexicali the other day, giving every evidence of having made a quick trip across the Mexican border. He ran up to the bar, and scribbled on a pad which he pulled from his pocket:

"Give me a drink of whisky."

"The bartender followed instructions and almost immediately the man wrote:

"Give me another drink of whisky."

"The second drink followed the first. Then the man wrote on the pad:

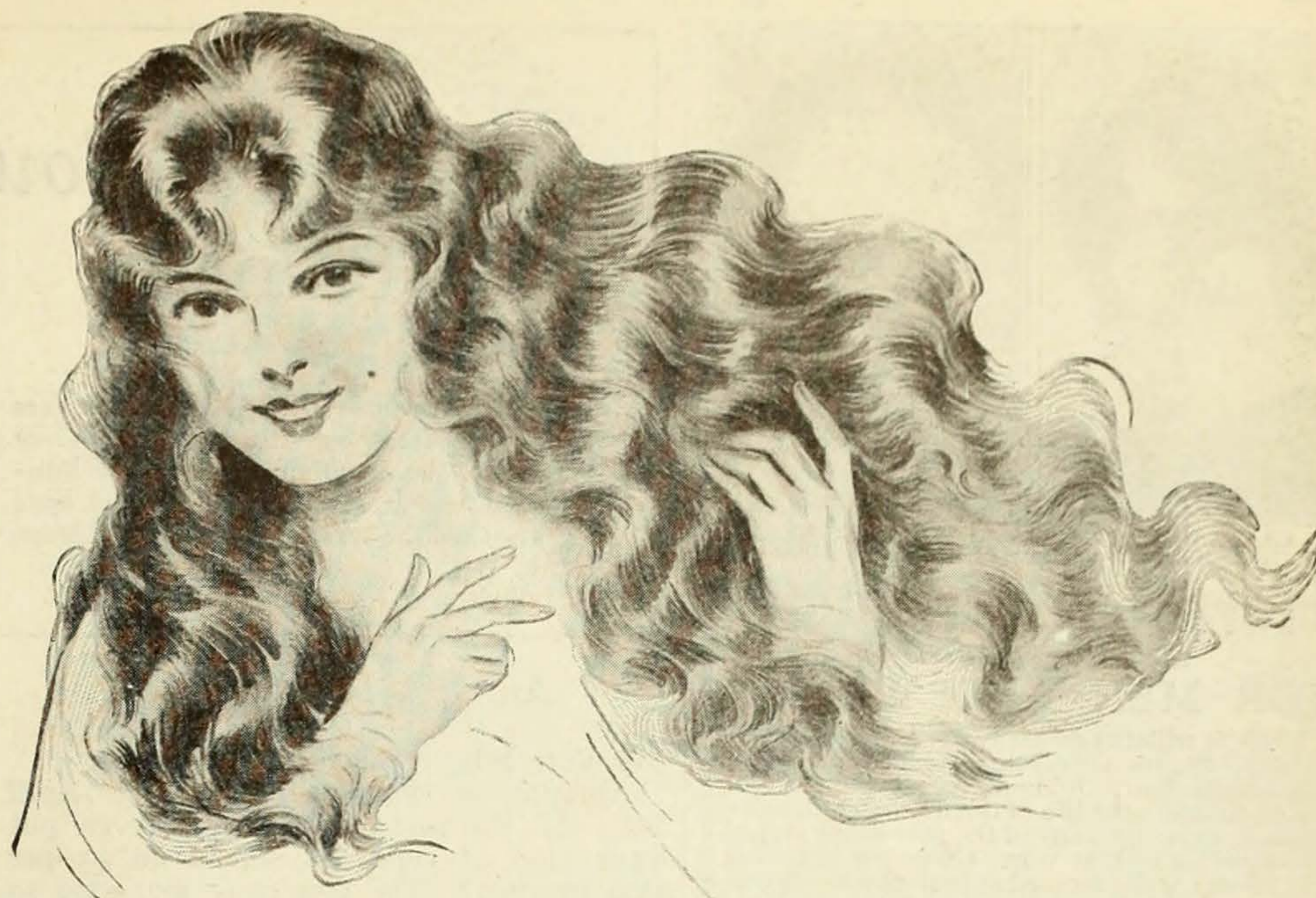
"How much do I owe you?"

"The bartender took the pencil and wrote under the question:

"That's all right. I don't want any money from deaf and dumb folks."

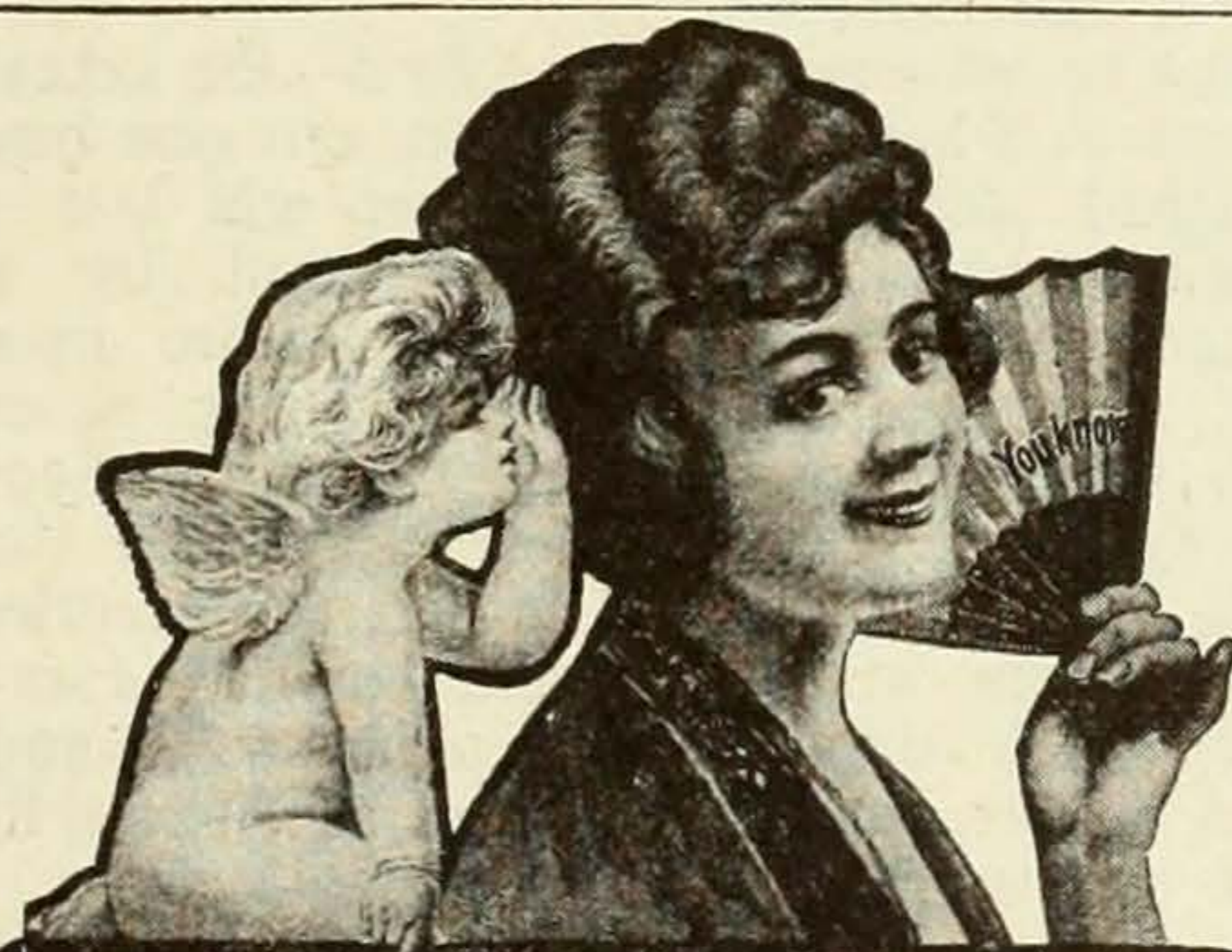
"The man made a desperate effort to speak and finally managed to say:

"Deaf and dumb nothing! I'm from Los Angeles and my throat was so dry I couldn't talk."



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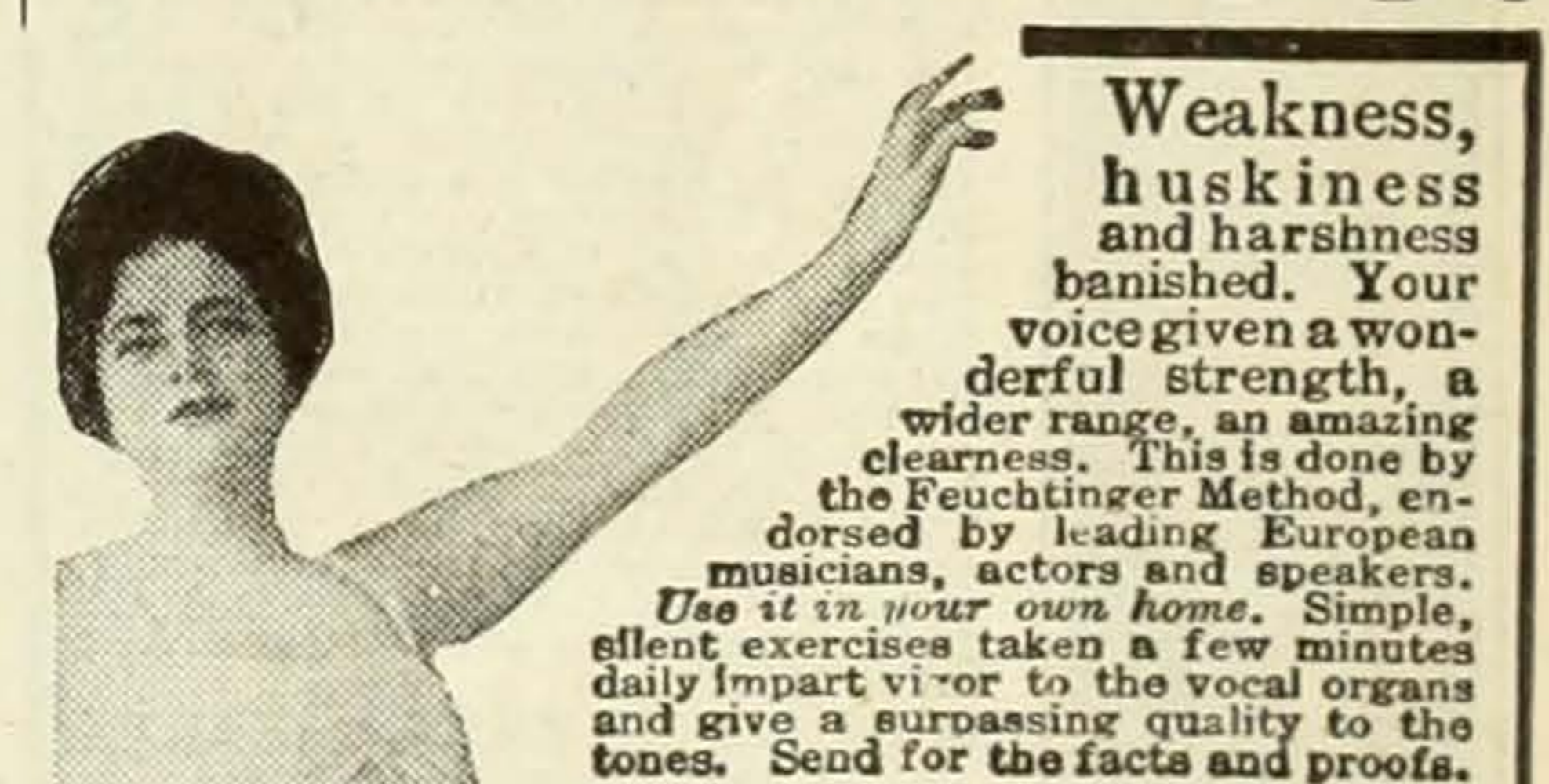
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