

Dorothy Dal

*The slogan was of the
othy was sensitive enough*

By John

ONCE upon a time, in the city of Chicago, Dorothy Dalton heard her mother say: "I Will." Dorothy was a mite of a girl at the time but the sound of the official slogan of the city of her birth had a musical ring to her ears and she distinctly liked it, even in her baby way.

This "I Will" was destined to play a very important part in the professional career of the Dalton girl. It manifested itself first, when, after a siege at a private school, D. D. got the idea into her pretty little head that she would like, better than anything else in all the world, to be an actress—a really, truly actress on the speaking stage. At the time motion pictures were not so popular as they now are and she paid less attention to them than she has of late years.

When Miss Dorothy's plan was laid before Pa and Ma Dalton, there was an instantaneous and pronounced parental veto to the scheme.

Then it was that the "I Will" came to the fore.

Dorothy merely informed her parents that she proposed to go on the stage, no matter what anybody—and this sweeping declaration, of course, took in Pa and Ma—had to say about it.

It was simply the "I Will" stuff sprouting in the youthful character.

Of course Pa and Ma gave in—gave in gracefully, if not gleefully.

Was Dorothy a success on the stage?

She surely was. At least Virginia Harned, with whom she first played, in a splendid stock company in Chicago, said she was—and then wanted Dorothy to sign her name on the historic dotted line for another season, but the young woman by this time had tried her histrionic wings and had made the rather astonishing discovery that she could fly—that these same wings were strong enough to carry her anywhere, so the opportunity to play a second season with Miss Harned was passed up. She went east into stock.

Evans studio

This face and the will behind it nagged after Tom Ince until he suddenly discovered he was sorry he had been wearing the protective "I Am Blind" sign.

ton's "I Will"

city of her birth, but Dorothy to take it personally.

H. Blackwood

Five theatrical years did Dorothy play in stock, in vaudeville with her own company and on the "big time," and in New York productions.

Then came an eventful summer when she was the leading actress of the Keith stock company, at Portland, Maine. This Keith organization as a rule only played four matinees a week and it was on one of her "off" afternoons that Dorothy Dalton went to see her first motion picture. It was Billie Burke in the Ince production of "Peggy."

Dorothy was captivated. It was a new phase of acting. She voted in favor of it by the time the first reel was half over. By the time the picture was finished, she had formulated another "I Will." This time it was a determination to become a screen actress—a star, if you please.

The only motion picture Miss Dalton ever had beheld, understand, was this Billie Burke one and it bore the Thomas H. Ince trade mark, therefore, argued the Chicago girl, Ince must be the only manufacturer of motion pictures in the world, and she forthwith sent him a telegram, merely addressing it to Los Angeles. This telegram announced with all the finality of Youth and Inexperience that Dorothy Dalton had made up her mind to go into pictures and that she had chosen Ince as the fortunate producer to procure her services.

The Ince answer was a bit disappointing and disquieting. It was to the effect that he had never heard of an actress by the name of Dorothy Dalton—and besides, he had no place for her.

Now mark the "I Will" character of the Chicago girl.

Was she discouraged? Not so you could notice it. She instantly sent in her resignation to the Keith management and wired to Ince that she was coming to California, to help him make motion pictures.

Three weeks later a dimpled young miss of just about twenty and two years showed up at Inceville. She had Thomas H. pointed out to her and with nary a show of nervousness or any of the kindred ailments, she went up to him and said "Here I am"—just like that!

Ince was compelled to ask for information as to the identity of his girlish visitor, and when he discovered it was the young lady who had wired she was coming all the way from Portland, Maine, he hemmed and hawed a bit before he told her that he was sorry that she had made such a long and tiresome trip but, really, you know . . . same old stall stuff that he had been

handing out to ambitious embryo Pickfords and getting away with it for a good long time, but it didn't seem to hit anywhere in the vicinity of Dorothy Dalton.

She only smiled upon Ince and said she'd be down the next day—perhaps there would be something then.

But there wasn't anything for her on the morrow nor for a good many morrows, but this didn't pique the Chicago young stock leading actress a bit. She continued to smile, flash a pair of wonderful dimples and an upper and lower set of dental furniture that apparently were well nigh 100 per cent plus, and then the inevitable happened!

One morning, Ince found an actress missing from his place of business. Sickness, temperament—no matter what the cause—it gave Dorothy Dalton a chance to show what she could do in front of the camera.

She didn't do a thing but photograph like the proverbial
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If you were a tadpole and I were a fish, wouldn't we feel honored? 'Tis said that the fish all rise to the surface when Miss Dalton hovers around.



Texas, the State of Excitement

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In California she lives in a bungalow by the sea, but she is saving her pennies for a country place on Long Island.

She is a very unusual musical comedy product, this young woman who talks Galsworthy, Ren Wolf, Bernard Shaw and Sime Silverman, all in a sentence, and she has great dramatic possibilities on the screen—possibilities which Dr. Davis is rapidly turning to practical use. Her fear is of getting fat, her hope is to see Jake Shubert directing a motion picture, her faith is in today, for you never can tell what the condition of the money-market is going to be tomorrow.

Her pictures, strewn around here, rather speak for themselves, except that they don't say that she has eyes like an Egyptian sky and brown hair.

"What do you think I ought to say?" she asked her approaching interviewer.

"Nothing," answered the interviewer, "for my space is used up, and if you start you'll talk all night."

Dorothy Dalton's "I Will"

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million dollars, and in fact she quite ran away with the honors of the picture.

Then and there the name of Dorothy Dalton was placed upon the Thomas H. Ince pay roll—and there it has remained until this day, even in the face of offer after offer at a salary that often made the young screen star blink and ponder.

"The Flame of the Yukon" represents the apogee of the Dorothy Dalton screen popularity, although it by no means reflects the actress in her best and most artistic moments. Still, it's the screen product that makes people who meet her for the first time open their eyes a bit wider as they exclaim: "Oh, yes—I saw you, in 'The Flame of the Yukon.'"

The Shadow Stage

(Concluded from page 104)

widow who invents a "late" husband. Her mythical spouse comes to life and causes much embarrassment. It is a gay little story, particularly adapted to Miss Kennedy's talent for spontaneous comedy.

"The Bravest Way" (Paramount)—Sessue Hayakawa in a role more domestic and less exotic than usual,—a Japanese gardener who sacrifices love to loyalty but eventually is rewarded.

"Vengeance" (World)—Montagu Love as a Swami who trails an idol's jeweled eye through five reels of mystic melodrama; Barbara Castleton's first World film but her role only demonstrates her ability to wear garden frocks charmingly.

"Confession" (Fox)—Sid Franklin puts new thrills into old melodrama; the murder, the man-hunt, the last-moment-pardon made absorbing through skillful direction; Jewel Carmen, charmingly plain-tive as usual.



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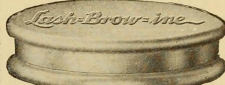
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