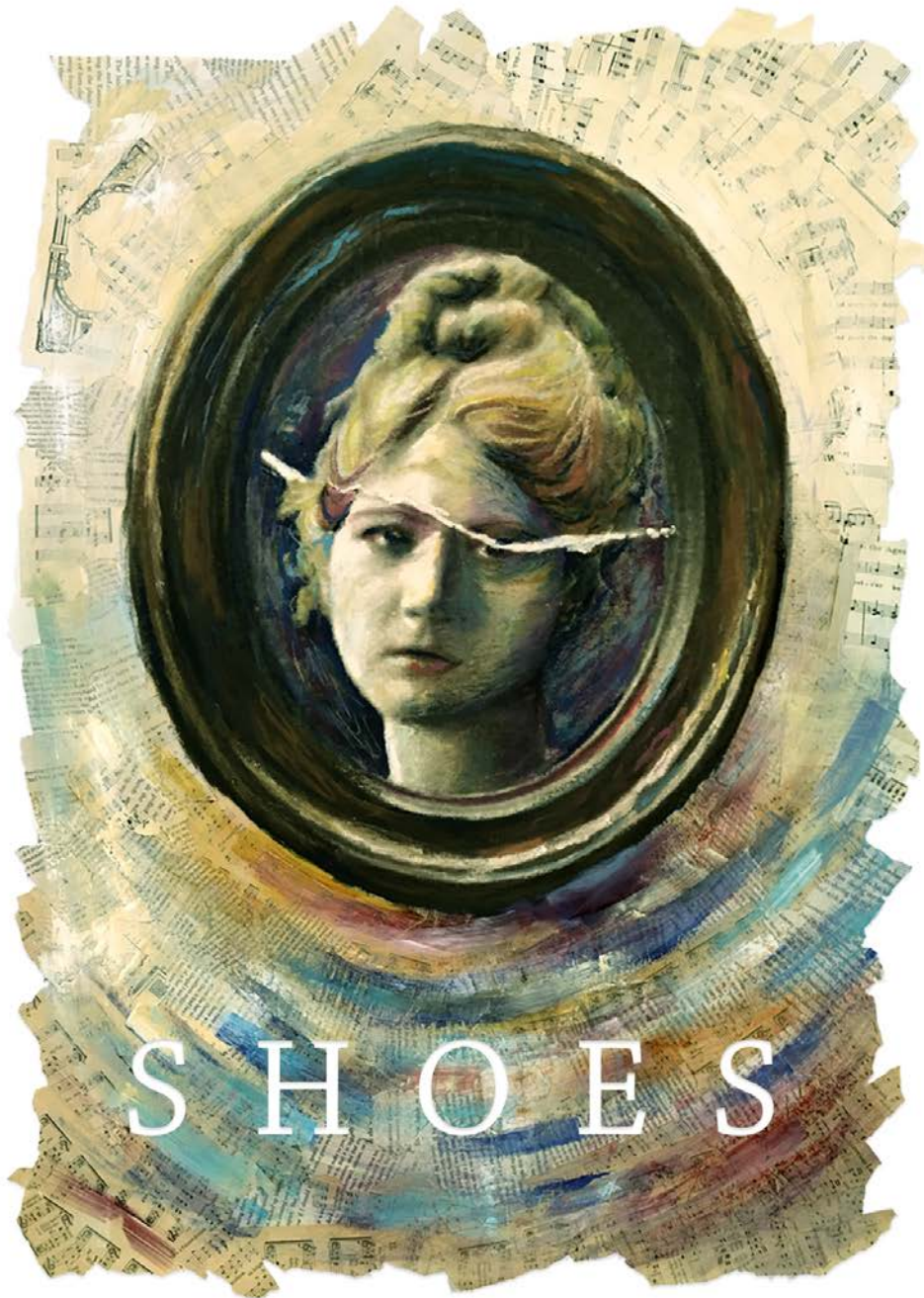

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THE MILESTONE CINEMATHEQUE



SHOES

A film by Lois Weber

Selected for the Library of Congress National Film Registry

"Brilliant." – Manohla Dargis, *The New York Times*

SHOES press kit

THE BLUEBIRD PHOTOPLAY

MISS MARY MC DONALD

IN

SHOES

ADAPTED AND PRODUCED BY LOIS WEBER

FROM THE STORY BY STELLA WYNNE HERRON

PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. SIEGLER AND S. NORTON

Director..... Lois Weber
Release Date 26 Jun 1916
Universal Picture No. 1710

Cast

Mary MacLaren..... Eva Meyer
Harry Griffith Her Father
Mattie Witting Her mother
Jessie Arnold Lil
William Mong “Cabaret” Charlie
Lina Basquette..... Youngest Sister

Production

Production Company:..... Bluebird Photoplays, Inc.
Distribution Company:..... Bluebird Photoplays, Inc.
Director:..... Lois Weber
Producer: Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley
Writer: Lois Weber
Photography: Stephen S. Norton, King D. Gray, Al Siegler

Based on the short story “Shoes” by Stella Wynne Herron in Collier’s *National Weekly* (1 Jan 1916).

Short story “Shoes” suggested by the book *A New Conscience for an Ancient Evil* by Jane Addams.

Copyright claimant Bluebird Photoplays, Inc. Copyright Date 2/6/1916

Filming started on April 1, 1916 / Completed on April 20, 1916 / Shipped to NY Offices on April 29, 1916
5 Reels. Social Drama.

Restored Version: ©2016 EYE Filmmuseum (Netherlands) and Milestone Films

Music Score by Donald Sosin (<http://silent-film-music.com/>) and Mimi Rabson (Mimirabson.com)

Run Time: 52 minutes

SELECTED FOR THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS NATIONAL FILM REGISTRY, 2014



There they were — her eyes, she knew them by heart

Restoration of *Shoes*

Archivist: Annike Kross, EYE Film Institute Netherlands

The photochemical restoration of Lois Weber's *Shoes* took three years and is based on three different source materials: two tinted nitrate copies from the collection of EYE Film Institute Netherlands (1150m and 85m) and one safety print from a shortened sound version called *Unshod Maiden* from 1932 (280m), held by the Library of Congress. The nitrate prints are affected by bacteria resulting in many white spots all over the images and severe nitrate deterioration. In the short sound version, the left edge of the image is cut off by the soundtrack. However, this print contains some short but important scenes, especially in the crucial last reel of the print. These are now reinserted to the film in order to reconstruct the most complete version.

The edited material was then scanned for digital restoration. The images were stabilized and most of the bacterial spots are removed to allow a calmer viewing experience. The only available intertitles were the ones in the Dutch print. These are translated back into English and digitally recreated, using the font of the Dutch titles as a reference. Finally, a black and white negative was recorded back to film, from which the new color print is struck, using the Desmet method, simulating the tints of the nitrate print. In 2016, thanks to film historian Richard Koszarski's lead, EYE and Milestone acquired a copy of the newly found original script and intertitles from Universal in their 1940s' 16mm microfilm files, with thanks to Jeff Pirtle and Janice Simpson.

Original 1916 Summary (from Universal's files)

Eva Meyer is a cog in the machinery of a Five & Ten Cent Store. For her long hours and hard work she receives the large sum of Five Dollars a week. For some time, Eva has wished for a certain pair of shoes displayed in one of the store windows. She passes the window every day and the shoes seem to almost belong to her. Life at home is a pocket edition of the day's work. Her father spent his time in reading lurid novels. Her mother's time is occupied by the care of several young children and there was little recreation to be found at home.

When Eva looks at her father lounging around and the family living upon her meager earnings, she longs for the strength to force him to care for his family. Her resentment against her father becomes an obsession. For several Saturdays the mother has promised Eva that she can have the Three Dollars necessary to purchase the shoes, but each pay night some unexpected bill comes in that has to be met and the purchase of the shoes is postponed. The third time this occurs, Eva bitterly complains but gets little comfort. Her mother agrees with her but is unable to do anything.

By this time Eva's regular shoes have become sadly worn, and she laboriously cuts out false soles from pasteboard to keep her feet off of the ground. [Page missing from summary: Finally, with no other alternative, Eva sleeps with "Cabaret" Charlie, a singer, in exchange for money to buy shoes. She comes home despondent, crying on the bed...] Her mother understands and takes the child in her arms.

Eva's story is only another illustration of a flower that should have had a fair chance to grow in the garden of life. The worm of poverty had entered the blowing bud and the flower was spoiled.

The father secures a job, and is angry that the family make so little of the good news.

With only a slight ripple on the surface, the river of life flows on, and little notice is paid to the wrecks of the craft that float upon its bosom.

FINIS

Shoes: An essay by Robert Byrne

“When the history of the dramatic early development of motion pictures is written,” declared *Motion Picture* magazine in 1921, “Lois Weber will occupy a unique position.” Lois Weber was not only America’s first major female film director, she was a true pioneer. She began her career when the longest films ran 20 minutes and directed her last feature a quarter century later in 1934. Her filmmaking concentrated on dramatic subjects and included more than 60 features and countless short films. But her greatest fame and most lasting impact came as a result of her “social problem” films, made between 1914 and 1921, which took courageous stands on controversial issues. Noted for their artistry and realism, her films raised the status of movie going, making it respectable for middle-class audiences.

The product of a deeply religious family and a veteran of the Church Army Workers, Lois Weber saw film not only as entertainment, but also as a medium for evangelizing about important social issues. In her 1913 lecture “The Making of Picture Plays That Will Have an Influence for Good on the Public Mind,” Weber described her use of film’s “voiceless language” to “carry out the idea of missionary pictures.” Abortion, birth control, capital punishment, religious hypocrisy, a living wage, child labor, prostitution, and white slavery were all topics that Weber addressed in her films.

Despite her emphasis on social issues, it would be a mistake to stereotype Weber as a woman on a soapbox. Her films were well scripted, well acted, highly popular, and financially successful. In 1915, Weber and her husband Phillips Smalley produced *Hypocrites*, which decried religious hypocrisy and featured the allegorical figure of “The Naked Truth,” portrayed by what one reviewer described as “a naked girl, about 18 years of age.” Although there were calls for censorship in some locales, the film was generally hailed as an artistic and cultural milestone. *The New York Evening Journal* described the film as “the most startlingly satisfying and vividly wonderful creation of the screen age.” In her 2006 book *Women Filmmakers in Early Hollywood*, historian Karen Ward Mahar cites *Hypocrites* as a landmark that helped legitimize film as an art form.

Weber was Universal Film Company’s highest paid director when she made her most controversial film *Where Are My Children?* (1916). Released during the same summer in which Margaret Sanger was jailed for promoting family planning, Weber’s film advocated birth control and also decried abortion as murder. Critics generally praised the film, with the *New York Dramatic Mirror* noting, “It is not often that a subject as delicate as the one which this picture treats is handled as boldly yet, at the same time, as inoffensively as is the case with this production.” *Where Are My Children?* sparked controversy and court actions across the country. One Pennsylvania censor declared the film “not fit for decent people to see” and banned screenings in the state.

Universal released *Shoes*, under the banner of its Bluebird Photoplay productions, on June 12, 1916, just one month after *Where Are My Children?* In *Shoes*, Eva Meyer is poorly paid shopgirl who works in a five-and-dime. She is the sole wage earner for her family of three sisters, their mother, and a father unwilling to find work. At the end of each week, Eva dutifully hands over her meager earnings to her mother. Eva’s salary barely covers the grocer’s bill and cannot provide for nice clothes or decent shoes like those of her coworkers. She becomes increasingly disheartened and begins to consider the uninvited advances of Charlie, a cad with clearly dishonorable intentions.

Weber adapted her script for *Shoes* from a short story by Stella Wynne Herron published in the January 1, 1916, issue of *Collier's* magazine. The film follows Herron's narrative closely, with dialogue from the story occasionally appearing verbatim in the film's intertitles. Herron's inspiration for her story came from social reformer Jane Addams's 1912 book on prostitution *A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil*, which Herron quotes in her epigraph: "When the shoes became too worn to endure a third soling and she possessed but 90 cents toward a new pair, she gave up the struggle; to use her own contemptuous phrase, she 'sold out for a new pair of shoes.'"

Film scholar Shelley Stamp asserts, "Weber's interest in the fate of underpaid retail clerks echoed many sociological studies of the era that investigated the 'problem' of young female wage earners." In one such study, social reformer Louise De Koven Bowen focused specifically on department store girls "surrounded by, and selling, the luxuries they crave for a wage compensation inadequate for a life of decency and respectability." According to Bowen's 1911 report, these daily temptations could lead to the girls' "moral as well as physical breakdown." Weber described the impetus for making *Shoes* in an interview given to *Moving Picture World* during the film's production: "I did missionary work in the slums of New York ... especially among young girls I know them and their problems, and not a few of my stories have been suggested by incidents recalled from those early experiences."

The motion picture press reacted positively to Weber's new feature but remained cautious about its commercial appeal. *WID'S Independent Review of Feature Films* praised "the splendid psychology of the development of the characters" but recommended eliminating one of the flashbacks that conclude the film. *Motion Picture News* appreciated Weber's realism but noted that "there is such a thing as being too realistic." These advance reviews may have tempered their endorsement, but the popular press lauded the film and its fledgling star Mary MacLaren. The Los Angeles *Times* described *Shoes* as "the greatest photoplay which Lois Weber has ever produced" and singled out Mary MacLaren's "perfection of acting." Louella Parsons declared *Shoes* one of the best films of 1916. The public apparently agreed, as *Shoes* was Universal's most-booked Bluebird production of the year.

In 1916, *Motion Picture Stories* declared Weber "the greatest woman director" and the *New York Dramatic Mirror* listed her as one of the top six directors in the entire industry. Today, she is less well known than many of her contemporaries. Only a handful of her films survive and even fewer are available for theatrical presentation. The only known original print of *Shoes* resides in an underground bunker in Overveen in the collection of the Eye Film Institute in the Netherlands. Like Eva Meyer's shoes, time has not been kind to this only surviving copy. By the time *Shoes* arrived at the archive, the nitrate film stock had deteriorated dramatically and the photographic emulsion was under attack by mold and bacteria. In 2008, the institute undertook a two-year project to restore the film digitally, creating the 35mm print premiering at this year's festival.

In 1913, Lois Weber described her desire to "raise the standard" of film and "bring back refined audiences." At a time when the courts had declared movies "a pure entertainment business" unworthy of First Amendment protection, Weber stood with the vanguard that was striving to bring cultural legitimacy to the medium. While some of the issues she explored may seem Victorian by today's standards, her groundbreaking work helped establish motion pictures as the definitive visual art of the 20th century.

Robert Byrne is President of the Silent Film Festival Board of Directors and a film preservationist and researcher who participated in the restoration of Shoes.

Shoes: Notes

DREAMLAND THEATRE ADVERTISEMENT, ELYRIA, OHIO, SEPTEMBER 16, 1916

50 PAIR OF RAGGED SHOES WANTED

Every child who will bring a pair of old ragged shoes (the more ragged and old the better) to the Dreamland Theatre, Monday afternoon, will be given a ticket good for admission to the theatre. Remember Monday afternoon and bring your old ragged shoes.

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD INSIST ON THEIR HUSBAND, SON OR DAUGHTER ACCOMPANYING THEM TO THE DREAMLAND THEATRE

Are you a Lazy Father? Are You a Slothful Mother?

We trust you are not one of these, but you who are parents are invited to see this Return Engagement of Greatest of all Problem Plays ever presented on the Motion Picture Screen.

SHOES

Beautiful Bluebird Photoplay Introducing the new star Mary MacLaren as the Shop Girl who was compelled by inexorable fate to "Literally Sell Out for a Pair of Shoes." Lois Weber's greatest production. A triumph in photoplaying. Three eventful weeks in the life of a half-Slave Shop Girl, driven to sin through no fault of her own. A lesson for every parent, a warning to every girl, a sociological problem.

In her autobiography, the famed silent film actress Lina Basquette claimed to be in *Shoes* and an article in a contemporary Motion Picture News backs her up. However, her memories are very unfavorable about the experience, perhaps because of the difficulties her own parents were facing at the time. It's very possible her views might have changed if the film had been rediscovered during her lifetime...

"SHOES" MAY BE A WALKOVER FOR "U" WHEN IT APPEARS

"Shoes" is the rather unusual title of a film play which is being produced by the Smalleys for Universal, with Mary McDonald playing the leading part. In the supporting cast are Mrs. Harry Davenport, Lena Baskette, the child dancer; William V. Mong and Harry Griffith.

The story was written by Stella N. Herron and adapted for the screen by Lois Weber.

On orders from the "front office," Lois Weber reluctantly placed me in a leading role in the tear-sodden melodrama succinctly called *Shoes*. This was the era of compact titles. Instead, it dragged on for five long-suffering reels. The star was Mary MacLaren, who never made top billing again. Pale and blonde, she was a sister of Katherine MacDonald, considered by many to be the greatest beauty of early silent films. Mary, on the other hand, was merely pretty. On and off the screen she had two expressions – pained and agonized.

In the opus of *Shoes*, I contributed a wooden, awkward, awful performance. I hated Lois Weber. She was female and looked a lot like Mama. No matter how hard she tried Madame Weber couldn't drag a good scene out of me. She even threatened to quit unless "the brat" was fired. But my ironclad contract had two-way power and so did my increasing fan mail from the Featurettes. I remained at Universal City in the cast of *Shoes*.

From Jane Addams' A NEW CONSCIENCE AND AN ANCIENT EVIL (1912)

Yet factory girls who are subjected to this overstrain and overtime often find their greatest discouragement in the fact that after all their efforts they earn too little to support themselves. One girl said that she had yielded to temptation when she had become utterly discouraged because she had tried

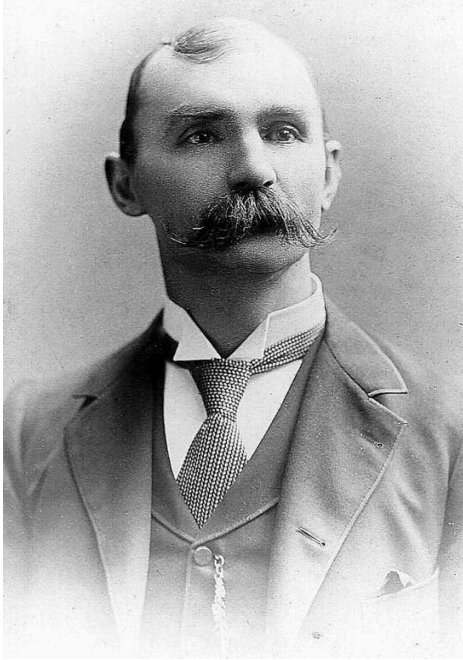
in vain for seven months to save enough money for a pair of shoes. She habitually spent two dollars a week for her room, three dollars for her board, and sixty cents a week for carfare, and she had found the forty cents remaining from her weekly wage of six dollars inadequate to do more than re-sole her old shoes twice. When the shoes became too worn to endure a third soling and she possessed but ninety cents towards a new pair, she gave up her struggle; to use her own contemptuous phrase, she “sold out for a pair of shoes.”

Usually the phrases are less graphic, but after all they contain the same dreary meaning: “Couldn’t make both ends meet,” “I had always been used to having nice things,” “Couldn’t make enough money to live on,” “I got sick and ran behind,” “Needed more money,” “Impossible to feed and clothe myself,” “Out of work, hadn’t been able to save.” Of course a girl in such a straight does not go out deliberately to find illicit methods of earning money, she simply yields to a moment of utter weariness and discouragement to the temptations she has been able to withstand up to that moment.

Lois Weber (1879–1939)

with major assistance from her great-grand niece Beverly Atkins

Born Florence Lois Weber on June 13, 1879, in Allegheny City (annexed in 1907 officially as the North Side, Pittsburgh), Pennsylvania, Lois Weber was the second daughter of George and Mary Matilda (née Snaman) Weber. George's parents, Salesius Weber and Elizabeth Koch Weber arrived by 1854 from Germany.



George Weber was born 1 Jun 1855 in Pittsburgh. He married Mary Matilda Snaman. George was the second of five children of Salesius and Elizabeth Weber both from Germany and our immigrating parents here. He married Mary Matilda in 1876. He, his father and older brother, Philip, were upholsters, and for a time, George managed a carpet cleaning business. He became very ill the last 8 years of his life and was crippled. Their youngest daughter Ethel supported the family as a court reporter. He died on October 14, 1910, in O'Hara, Pennsylvania at the age of 55, and was buried in Pittsburgh next to his mother and father. His mother Elizabeth preceded his death by one year.



Mary Matilda Snaman was born in March 1854 in Allegheny, PA. Her father, George, was 41 and her mother, Catherine, was 42. She was the 10th child. They had at least three children; my great grandmother, Elizabeth Snaman Weber Jay; Florence Lois Weber Smalley; and Mary Ethel Weber Howland. Per my grandmother, Marion Lois Jay, there was a son who died young, Herbert, who died about the age of 12, and a daughter, Lillian, who died as an infant. Mary Matilda survived her husband by 25 years. She delivered my great Aunt Dorothy Jay. She lived for a time in LA around the corner from Lois Weber for a time, but mostly lived in PA and FL. She died in 1935 in Miami, FL at the age of 81.
– Beverly Atkins

Lois had an older sister, Elizabeth Snaman Weber, born on April 9, 1877 and a younger sister Mary Ethel Weber, born on July 3, 1887.



Elizabeth Snaman Weber Jay. One of my very favorite photos of my (our) great Grandmother. About 1902, Pittsburgh.

My Great Grand Aunt Ethel Weber and her husband Lou Howland around the early 1920s. Perhaps a picture from a movie set, but they had means and might have been his plane. Uncle Lou was an assistant director in LA and an only son from a well off RR Official out of Chicago. He married my Aunt Ethel who was an actress, scriptwriter and secretary for Aunt Lois in the silent era. They owned their home outright in LA and they traveled abroad. This creature of flight very well may have belonged to Uncle Lou.
– Beverly Atkins



The Weber family was made up of skilled craftsmen in the trade of furniture makers and upholsters. George Weber, was an upholsterer and decorator at the Pittsburgh Opera House and his daughter Lois's upbringing emphasized the arts; she had a love for singing in the choir. At the young age of 17 she joined a (church army) group that toured the city's Tenderloin District with a street organ and hymnal to help change lives. The experience dramatically affected her as her later work reflected. Although her religious background is not known, Weber saw filmmaking as a mission to help people. It was her objective to improve the lives of both the audience and those working in her profession that drove Weber's directing career.

Weber started on the stage as a concert pianist and light opera singer. At one point when her father grew ill, she had to come home to help out the family. She offered to sing in her church choir, but was refused by the deacons because she had appeared on stage and was now disreputable. On her return to New York City, Weber atoned by doing charity work at missions and entertaining at hospitals, prisons, and military barracks.

In 1903, she was touring through the south when a piano key came off. "I kept forgetting that the key was not there, and reaching for it. The incident broke my nerve. I could not finish and I never appeared on the concert stage again. It is my belief that when that key came off in my hand, a certain phase of my development came to an end."

In 1904, Weber tried her hand at acting and was appearing in *Why Girls Leave Home* in Holyoke, Massachusetts, where she met her husband, Phillips Smalley. She was twenty-four and he was thirty-six. By his memory, he asked her to marry him the next day but the marriage took place four months later at her uncle David Weber's home in Chicago on April 29, 1904.

Lois Weber gave up the stage while Smalley continued as an actor and producer, traveling with the same theater company where the young couple had met. Unaccustomed to sitting idle, Weber soon began a new career writing and directing scenarios in New Jersey for American Gaumont Chronophones, operated by French filmmaker Alice Guy. Weber started directing phonoscènes — talking films — and was later joined by Smalley.

In 1908, she fully entered the film world with her first production, *Mum's the Word*. As film



historian Shelley Stamp in her *Lois Weber in Early Hollywood* quotes her, "I grew up in a business when everybody was so busy learning their particular branch of the new industry, that no one had time to notice whether or not a woman was gaining a foothold."

Beginning in 1910, Weber and Smalley worked with many film production companies, including: Reliance Motion Picture



Company, New York Motion Picture Company, and Crystal Film Company. Weber and Smalley stayed for a longer duration at Rex in New York City, the production company started by the former Edison cinematographer and director, Edwin S. Porter. It was there they first received praise for their work and also learned from Porter an artisanal filmmaking style which included involvement in the entire production — from the script to the shooting and editing, even to the developing of the negatives and the tinting. (This became their practice over the course of their film careers, even though the studio system was developing as early as 1920.)

Lois and Phillips had a daughter born on October 29th of that year. According to her great-grandniece Beverly Atkins, “Lois was very close to her older sister Elizabeth (Bessie) Weber Jay. “Elizabeth’s first child and my grandmother, is Marion *Lois* Jay. When Bessie’s first son was born, she named him William *Smalley* Jay. And when Lois’ first child was born, she named her Phoebe *Jay* Smalley. I find it interesting they inserted the married name of their sibling as a middle name of their first child. A sweet sentiment.” She suspects that they were godparents for each other’s child. Tragically, the happiness did not last long for the Smalleys as their daughter died in infancy. They had no other children.



In 1912, The Smalleys were put in charge of the Rex brand. Weber wrote one scenario a week, directing many of them as well. In February of 1913, a Universal company, Variety, was formed. This creation of Variety was Universal’s way of acknowledging that Weber was important to the film world. Weber and Smalley were now allowed a longer period of time to work on projects and were even assigned a second director to help.

Weber used film to express her own ideas and philosophies, including her concerns for humanity and social justice. Often compared to D.W. Griffith, the “Inventor of Hollywood,” Weber was one of the first few genuine auteurs, a filmmaker involved in all aspects of production. Anthony Slide’s book, *Lois Weber: The Director Who Lost Her Way in History*, includes a “teaser” article that articulates what type of artist Lois Weber really was:

Weber writes her own photoplays, puts them in story form, chooses and contracts her own players, operates a Bell-Howell camera on many of her own scenes, and plans her own lighting effects. Sometimes she shoots with a still camera, plunges occasionally into chemicals in her developing laboratory, and writes her own titles, inserts, and prologues. Weber knows how to operate a film-printing machine, is her own film cutter, splicer and editor; plans her own publicity and advertising campaigns for her finished pictures. Weber is her own business manager and signs all checks.

Weber worked at almost every job in the film world. Few men, before or since, have had as much control, or even dared to assume all of those responsibilities.

In an interview, Weber stated, “In moving pictures I have found my life’s work. I find at once an outlet for my emotions and my ideals. I can preach to my heart’s content, and with the opportunity to write the play, act the leading role, and direct the entire production, if my message fails to reach

someone, I can blame only myself.” In 1913 Weber described her use of film’s “voiceless language” to “carry out the idea of missionary pictures.”

Weber has been credited for a number of technological breakthroughs, including pioneering for the split screen technique to show simultaneous action, first featured in her 1913 film, *Suspense*. Weber was also the first woman elected to the Motion Pictures Directors Association. Weber was known to help budding actresses and to foster the career of other women at Universal. In her later years, Weber was one of the first in pioneering the notion to use film as an audiovisual aid in schools by creating films specifically for education.

After spending some time with Bosworth Company in 1914, Weber and Smalley went back to Universal in 1915 with the promise of being allowed to make feature-length films. In 1916, Weber made 10 feature-length films for release by Universal, nine of which she also wrote. Weber became Universal’s highest-paid director. Under one contract she earned \$5,000 a week, and a second contract awarded her \$2,500 a week plus one third of the profits from her films. Universal also supported her efforts to fight the National Board of Censorship and other state censorship bodies.

In February 1916, Weber and Smalley were transferred to Universal’s Bluebird Photoplays brand, where they made a dozen features. The Weber-Smalley films were singled out for presentation under the most superior of the various brand names that Universal utilized to identify its features.

Finally in 1917, Weber created her own, independent film company, Lois Weber Productions, in order to be able to have even greater creative control. She focused more on intimate stories about marriage and domesticity and concentrated on the lives and experiences of women, especially working-class women.

To escape the feeling that she was mass producing films — something she felt while working for other production companies — she branched out and shot on location (as opposed to shooting on set) as much as possible, and experimented with different techniques and styles.

In 1922, Weber’s output slowed at the same time her marriage to Phillip Smalley ended. She lost her distribution contract with Paramount because of her controversial films and F.B. Warren, her next distributor, was quickly priced out of the market by studio conglomerates then rushing to buy



up theater chains and control the market. It was about that time that she started having problems with gastric ulcers.

Weber re-marriage four years later to Captain Harry Gantz who also proved devastating as he strayed, took most of her fortune, and left her depressed, ill and alone. However, Weber still continued to produce work, creating five features over the decade, while Smalley never again worked in any creative filmmaking capacity other than acting — and even at that, did not get much work.

It can also be speculated that Weber’s films about

social problems and the complexities of marriage were not a mix for the high-flying jazz age. Like D.W. Griffith, their out-of-fashion morality might have led to their decline in production.

Her last work was *White Heat* (1934), which was her only sound picture and shot on location in Hawaii.

In November 1939, Lois Weber was admitted to Good Samaritan Hospital in critical condition from a gastric hemorrhage. The family now considers that it was Crohn's disease that afflicted her for years. Almost two weeks later, she died on November 13, 1939.

Beverly Atkins, great-grandniece of Lois Weber with Lois' grandparents.



Lois Weber Selected Filmography

Mum's the Word (1908)

The Fine Feathers (1912)

Suspense (1913)

The Female of the Species (1913)

How Men Propose (1913)

The Merchant of Venice (1914)

Traitor (1914)

Hypocrites (1915)

Sunshine Molly (1915)

Captain Courtesy (1915)

Where Are My Children (1915)

Shoes (1916)

The Dumb Girl of Portici (1916)

Hand that Rocks the Cradle (1917)

For Husbands Only (1917)

Tarzan of the Apes (1918)

The Forbidden Box (1918)

Borrowed Clothes (1918)

When A Girl Loves (1919)

Home (1919)

Too Wise Wives (1921)

The Blot (1921)

A Chapter In Her Life (1923)

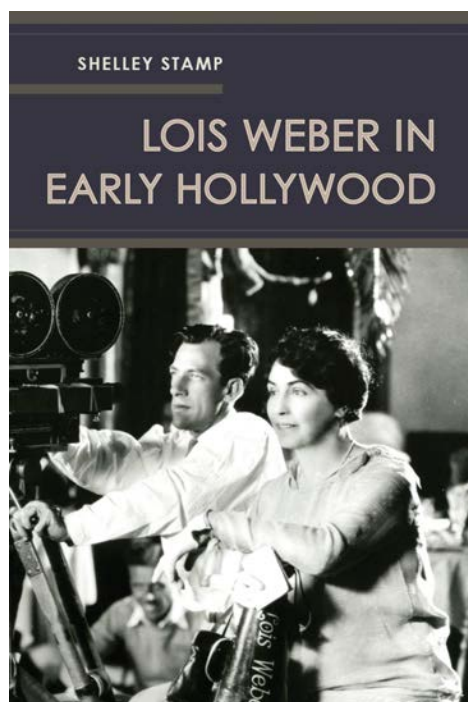
The Marriage Clause (1926)

The Angel of Broadway (1927)

White Heat (1934)



Lois Weber: An appreciation by Shelley Stamp



Once considered one of early Hollywood's "three great minds," alongside D.W. Griffith and Cecil B. DeMille, Lois Weber remains largely unknown today while her male peers have long been celebrated as the fathers of American cinema. Yet Weber's work as a director, screenwriter and actress demonstrates the extraordinary role that women played in shaping American movie culture. Of all the women active in the first decades of moviemaking, Weber produced the most sustained and substantial body of work, writing and directing more than 40 features and hundreds of shorts for close to 30 years. She was the first woman admitted to the Motion Picture Directors' Association in 1916 – as an exception to policy – and she was a member of the first Director's Committee at the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in 1927.

Weber is best known for the films she made on key social issues at Universal in the mid-1910s, when she was that studio's top director. If Griffith and DeMille sought to establish cinema's prestige by drawing on highbrow literary and historical material, Weber took an opposite tack. She seized upon the new medium's capacity to animate critical issues of the day. Cinema, she said, was a "voiceless language," able to engage popular audiences in the era's most contentious debates. Likening her films to a daily newspaper's "editorial page," she aspired to "deliver a message to the world" via celluloid. And that she did. Weber tackled subjects like urban poverty and women's wage equity in *Shoes* (1916), drug addiction and narcotics trafficking in *Hop, or The Devil's Brew* (1916), capital punishment and police brutality in *The People vs. John Doe* (1916), and the campaign to legalize contraception in *Where Are My Children?* (1916) and *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle* (1917). Though she fought censorship battles on many of these titles, Weber developed a reputation as a thoughtful, socially engaged filmmaker. One early observer noted that Weber could "deal successfully with subjects which other directors would not dare to touch for fear of condemnation."

Although she vowed to abandon such "heavy dinners" when she left Universal to form her own production company in 1917, Weber remained a trenchant critic of social norms. Her films on bourgeois marriage and domesticity, notably *Too Wise Wives* (1921), *What Do Men Want?* (1921) and *The Blot* (1921), provoke fundamental questions about changing sexual mores, traditional family structures, and a rising culture of consumption in the Jazz Age. In later films like *The Marriage Clause* (1926), *Sensation Seekers* (1927) and *The Angel of Broadway* (1927), Weber produced highly reflexive critiques of stardom and Hollywood's glamor culture, particularly its commodification of women.

Throughout her work Weber maintained a focus on women. Female protagonists were central to her films from the very beginning, whether the struggling wives, daughters and mothers she



played in her early short films or memorable characters in later adapted works like Portia in *The Merchant of Venice* (1914) and Fenella in *The Dumb Girl of Portici* (1916). With female characters at their center, Weber's scripts also grappled with issues close to women – marriage and domesticity, to be sure, but also sexual violence, domestic abuse, prostitution, unplanned pregnancy, and the sexual double standard. What is more, her social problem films made it clear that *every* issue, from capital punishment to urban poverty to addiction, not only affected women but necessitated women's engagement to create

social change.

An industry leader, Weber mentored many other women in early Hollywood – actresses, screenwriters, and directors alike. She demanded a place at the table in early professional guilds, decried limited roles available for women on screen, and protested the growing climate of hostility towards female directors in the 1920s. When a high-ranking studio executive proclaimed that women do not make good motion picture directors, Weber penned a two-part syndicated newspaper article calling for *more* female filmmakers. Compared to when she got her start in the industry, “women entering the industry now find it practically closed.” Where she had once commanded tremendous respect on any set, by the late 1920s she found that men were unaccustomed to working under a female director and sometimes even unwilling to do so.

In the final decade of her life, Weber tried against all odds to ensure her own historical legacy. Yet, even before she directed her last production in 1934, Weber was being written out of Hollywood history, cast aside in the first chronicles of American moviemaking that focused exclusively on pioneering male figures and valued women only as stars. Scores of women like Weber, who had been essential to early Hollywood as directors, screenwriters, producers, journalists and studio executives, were forgotten in an initial rush to “masculinize” and thus legitimate the newly powerful industry. Restoring the legacy of pioneering filmmakers like Lois Weber is a project that is long overdue.

Shelley Stamp, December 1, 2016
Author of *Lois Weber in Early Hollywood*

Mary MacLaren (1900–1985)

Although some people insist that she was born in 1896, according to the 1900 and 1910 US census reports, Mary MacDonald was born on January 19, 1900, in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Her father, W.A. MacDonald was listed as a hotel clerk and her mother was Lillian Agnew MacDonald.

MacLaren grew up with two sisters, Katherine (born December 1891) and Miriam MacDonald (born May 1896). Katherine MacDonald also became a well-known silent film actress. Miriam, also known as Marian, was the first to go onstage in 1914 and later appeared in one film — *The Turning Point*, a film that starred sister Katherine in 1920.

It's not known what happened to the father (though there appears to have been a divorce), but in 1911, the mother and three girls moved to New York. Mary and Miriam attended the Catholic boarding school, Convent of Holy Angels, in Fort Lee, New Jersey (now the Academy of the Holy Angels in Demarest, NJ) but their time there was short lived. Miriam (billed as Marian McDonald) was soon seen in one of the Winter Garden highly successful revue shows, *The Passing Show of 1914* that started in June. In October, the Garden's new show *Dancing Around* premiered and in it were Marion and Mary McDonald. This might be where Mary's birthdate was "changed" in order to appear on stage in New York as she was really only 14 years old.

Soon, the MacLaren women were traveling to the west coast as part of a production and after appearing in San Francisco, went down to Los Angeles. The young Mary MacLaren was performing at the Morosco Theatre when the famed film director, Lois Weber first saw her and set up a meeting.

To get her comfortable in front of a camera, Weber had Mary start her film career in 1915 with a small role as a maid in *Where Are My Children?* In one scene, according to an article at that time, the maid was supposed to slap a somewhat presumptuous young man. Mary's vigorous slap impressed the director. After that picture, Weber and MacLaren began working on *Shoes*, MacLaren's first real step into the world of film, as the star of the picture. It is unlikely that Weber knew that Mary was only 16 years old.

In 1917, MacLaren was in a car accident with another person. Near death for ten days, an operation on her forehead to lift the frontal bone saved her life.



CONVENT OF HOLY ANGELS IN
FORT LEE, NEW JERSEY
AS SEEN IN "GHOST TOWN"
1935

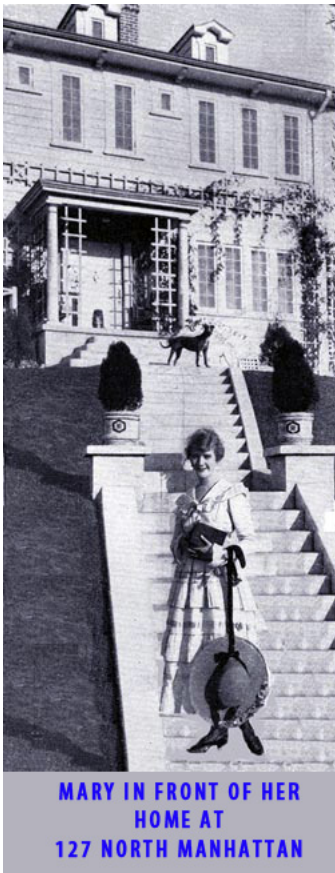


While at Universal, MacLaren went to court, asserting that her contract with the studio was unfair and grossly underpaid her for all of her hard work. When the judge saw the contract, he released her from it immediately.

Mary proceeded to appear in more than 130 films between 1916 and 1949, with her most famous roles in *Shoes* (1916) and *The Three Musketeers* (1921), with Douglas Fairbanks. In the course of her career, MacLaren appeared in seven of Lois Weber's films, two of which were uncredited.

It appears that the family stayed close for a while. In the 1920 census, the three sisters were living together with their mother Lillian at 127 N. Manhattan in Los Angeles, though once again, sister Miriam proves a question mark, for in November 1919 she married Horace Clyde Balsley (1893-1942). Balsley was a former member of the Lafayette Escadrille, an American unit that flew for France before the US entered WWI. He is known as the first American pilot to be shot down in WWI, in 1916.

So Miriam is counted twice in the 1920 census, both in LA and in Coronado, California. *Motion Picture* profiled the MacDonalds in March 1921 and mangled Miriam's surname as "Bosley", but provides an interesting portrait of the family before Katherine and Mary's relationship became irreparable. Little else is really known about Miriam. In June 1944 she enlisted in the WACs and died on December 22, 1973. What's known is that in later life, Katherine and Mary had a falling out and never spoke to one another again. [Thanks to Brian Aherne for much of this information.]



MacLaren was married to Colonel George Herbert Young from 1924 to 1928. They moved to India for a while. After they divorced, MacLaren came back to the United States. When MacLaren tried to find work in the film industry, she found it was hard to get a role, as sound now played a part in film, and she had to settle for smaller parts.

The 1929 stock market crash wiped her fortune out and MacLaren appeared in small and often uncredited roles from 1931–1948. A second, serious car accident left her in a cast from right wrist extending to her shoulder for two years, and ended her career for good. During her later years, MacLaren had a hard time with the neighborhood she lived in. In an interview with film historian, Richard Koszarski, she mentioned that she had been beaten and robbed on a number of occasions. In one instance, MacLaren welcomed a female boarder and in return, the woman robbed her of a few paintings, some of MacLaren's family heirlooms and tried to have her murdered on two occasions.

Supposedly, another boarder of MacLaren's was Jim Thompson and there is a story that he helped MacLaren write her book, *The Twisted Heart*. However, in the book itself, there is a dedication to James M. Cain, "who, out of the fullness of his generous heart, was kind enough to edit this, my first novel." The story is about a woman who marries her husband, moves to India with him, and then finds out he is homosexual.

Although MacLaren and her oldest sister Katherine were not on good terms, Mary did receive a \$10,000 inheritance when Katherine died.

However, her nephew embezzled most of it, leaving her with almost nothing. MacLaren spent most of her final decades in poverty.



In 1979, MacLaren was in the papers again as county officials sought to gain control over MacLaren's finances, claiming she was living in 'submarginal conditions' in the home she bought in 1917 with her earnings from *Shoes*. MacLaren went to court and blocked that effort, but in June 1983 she submitted to a partial conservatorship after conceding she needed 'a little bit of help' to clean up the rambling house, littered with debris and animal droppings, and pay her overdue property taxes. In December, the county auctioned away her home of 65 years, with the proceeds going to a fund to provide for her care. She was moved into the Virgil Convalescent Hospital in Hollywood.

Mary MacLaren died at West Hollywood Hospital on November 9, 1985. She is buried in Forest Lawn Memorial Park in Glendale, California.

Interview of Mary MacLaren with Richard Koszarski.

From *Griffithiana*. October 1991

Mary MacLaren was a minor star of the early feature film era whom I interviewed in 1973 while researching the women directors who were so prominent on the Universal lot during that period. MacLaren appeared in seven Lois Weber films (two of them uncredited) and four more for Ida Mary Park. She also made films for Tod Browning (who once stole a bar pin from her), but today even most specialists will know her only for her role as Anne of Austria in Douglas Fairbanks's production of *The Three Musketeers*. She was born Mary MacDonald, but changed her name to MacLaren when she started working in films. Yet her older sister Katherine, who had established a reputation as an artist's model in New York, continued to use the family name when she began her own film career in 1918.

By the time I spoke with her, MacLaren had earned a new reputation. She still lived in the same Los Angeles bungalow that she and her mother moved into soon after she signed with Universal, but the neighborhood had long since declined, and MacLaren's place was the most derelict structure on the block. To her neighbours she was now a crazy old woman whose house was infested by rats, and who was fighting efforts to have the vermin exterminated. (In the course of the interview she noted that she was born in The Year of the Rat, enjoyed communing with the creatures as they scurried back and forth along the wainscoting, and flatly stated, "I love rats.") A quick search of local newspaper clipping files revealed that MacLaren had not completely disappeared from public sight over the years, but her appearances in print during the 1950s and 60s were generally unfortunate. She had been involved in various minor altercations, and had been robbed and even beaten by a series of boarders and burglars. The photographs and other memorabilia she frequently referred to during the interview had nearly all been lost or stolen over the years. The image that still remains in my mind from this interview suggests a scene out of Clarence Brown's *The Goose Woman*, only transposed to a rundown Hollywood suburb in the last months of the Nixon administration.

Neighbors watched with vague curiosity from across the street as I set up my tape recorder to capture two hours of her rambling recollections of Lois Weber, Universal Studios, and a world of movie making which vanished long before most of the were even born. Even the films were long gone. Except for *The Three Musketeers*, the only time I had ever seen MacLaren on screen was in a one-reel burlesque assembled by Universal in 1932, a condensation of *Shoes* afflicted with a gag track and issued under the title *The Unshod Maiden*.

As is so often the case when interviewing Hollywood old timers, MacLaren's responses to my questions were long set speeches. These answers would drift away from the main point of the question and eventually settle onto some familiar anecdote or characterization. But since I was asking her to recall events which happened to her as a teenager over half a century earlier, I felt pleased to get as much as I did. The excerpts which appear here have been edited for reliability, and focus particularly on her impressions of Lois Weber, Phillips Smalley, and the production of *Shoes*.

Given the circumstances, can these recollections be considered at all accurate? In some instances, quite remarkably so. For example, MacLaren remembers the original source of *Shoes* as an article which appeared in *Collier's* magazine. A glance at the recent AFI catalogue covering this period reveals that it was indeed this magazine which supplied the story (and which Universal publicly reveals had in turn been adapted from a case history in Jane Addams's book *A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil*). But she placed the production of the film in September and October 1915, too early if we accept the January 1, 1916 publication date given by the AFI.

On the other hand, an article on MacLaren in Universal's house paper, *The Moving Picture Weekly*, published on June 24, 1916, gives a substantially different account of how Weber "discovered" MacLaren than the version given here. According to Universal, Weber picked her face out of a crowd of hopefuls hanging around the entrance to her office, then gave her a small roles in *Josa Needham's Double* and *Where Are My Children?* MacLaren did not recall the first of these films. Is one account correct, the other fanciful? Or is the truth somewhere in between, MacLaren being spotted by a scout at the Morosco Theater, told to show up at Weber's office, then picked out of the crown by Weber herself.

Do we privilege the newspaper account of this meeting, published soon after the actual event? Or oral history testimony recorded generations later, the ramblings of an old woman recalling her brief moments of teenage stardom? Clearly we need to examine as many strands of evidence as can be gathered, and be aware of the gaps and distortions that can easily infect even the printed record. The value of MacLaren's testimony lies in its subjectivity, its recollection of attitudes and emotions that survive only in memory.

For hard data we need to look elsewhere. In another part of this interview, for example, MacLaren quoted a Universal executive as telling her later, "Mary, your first picture (i.e. *Shoes*) made over three million dollars for the studio." On the face of it, the figure is ridiculous. But unless we feel entitled to dismiss the entire notion as a complete fantasy, the suggestion remains that the picture must have been considered a great success, one of Universal's biggest hits.

A surviving balance sheet for Bluebird Photoplays, Incorporated, dated January 21, 1917, provides a more objective account of the same phenomenon although one that still needs to be interpreted very warily). This document, which I discovered several years after interviewing MacLaren, corroborates her impression of the film as a financial success, while putting the scale of that success more clearly into perspective. Data is provided on the costs, and revenues, associated with all the 53 Bluebird features released up to that point. According to this account, the "cost of film," for *Shoes*, what we would all the negative cost was \$15,135.85. To this are added specific overhead charges and selling costs. There are various forms of income shown, including sales of posters and advertising materials. "Gross rentals," the producer's share of box office returns, is given as \$27,355.65. Bottom line profit on all this is \$2,457.35.

According to this balance sheet, only four of Bluebird's releases had yet to turn a profit, and two of those for marginal amounts only, *Shoes* was by far their most profitable film: after six months it had gained 2,075 bookings, while Bluebird's other product typically appeared on only 1,500 screens during a similar period. A relative success, but on paper at least a rather meager one. So why the anecdotal enthusiasm?

As the profit participants in *Batman* and *Coming to America* discovered, Hollywood has its own ways of accounting for profitability. Distribution expenses and studio overhead swallow vast amounts of cash. The figures given here are objectively correct, but insofar as they show a profit of less than \$2,500 for one of the most popular films of its day, they can hardly be said to constitute the whole truth. The same can be said of Mary MacLaren's testimony. She tends to recall what is still worth remembering. And if after so many years she may be a little fuzzy on figures and dates, she certainly hasn't forgotten who her friends were.

Mary MacLaren: excerpts from an interview with Richard Koszarski, Los Angeles, California. September 17, 1973.

In 1897 my father inherited a very large inheritance—I think it was something like \$250,000, his share of his father's estate...And my father said, "You know, I've always wanted to have my own hotel." So he bought his hotel, it was called the Arlington, it was right next door to the Alvin Theater in

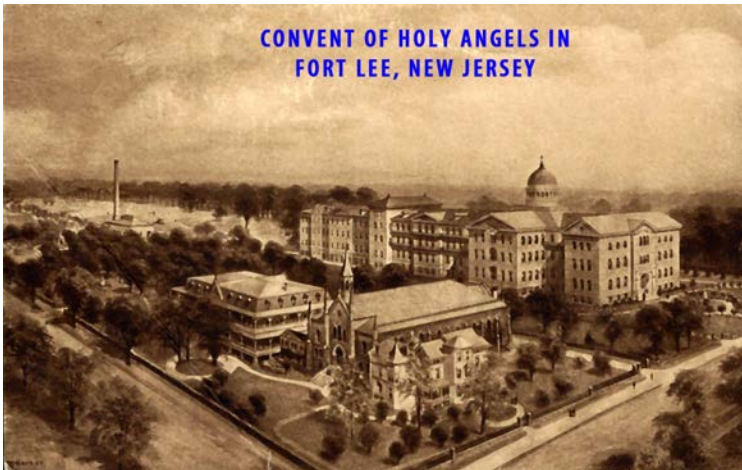
Pittsburgh. I have a complete set of dishes from my father's hotel—it's lacking only one piece, the cup—but anyways. I was born there on the 19th of January 1900 (sic) and my mother said that all of the famous people of the stage held me on their laps when I was an infant.

My father had known nothing about making money all his life. He was the son of a very rich man, not partial really to doing any work and people were taking from him here, there, and everywhere. He had become a periodic alcoholic. And the hotel was going to hell. So my mother divorced him, and the only thing my mother knew how to do was sew, so she became a dressmaker (she was studying to go on stage before she met her husband at Atlantic City).

And believe me, our lives were hazardous, to say the least. The utilities were always being disconnected, the gas being turned off, the telephone being turned off, and all these things.....

Now my sister's picture was being frequently published on different magazines and things in Pittsburgh, and it was always said: "Katherine MacDonald, the Most Beautiful Child in Pittsburgh," and so on. Well, there was a man who had gone to school with my sister, his name was Fred Jackson, very, very sweet and charming man, and he went at an early age to New York and immediately clicked as a writer. So he wrote my mother and said, "Mrs. MacDonald, why do you keep Katherine hidden away in Pittsburgh? Why don't you let her come to New York and take her rightful place, where people can see her?" So my mother let my sister see this letter and from then on the die was cast, and finally we pulled up stakes in 1911 and went to New York.....

Well, I was going to school, my other sister and I were going to Catholic boarding school in Fort Lee, New Jersey, the Convent of the Holy Angels...



So finally I persuaded my mother, "Mother, please let me leave school and go on the stage. Let me go into the Winter Garden." I was very ambitious to become a dancer. I was only thirteen (sic) when I left the Catholic boarding school at Fort Lee, New Jersey, and went into the chorus of the Winter Garden. That was pretty darn young, you know. Well anyway, they were afraid that the Gerry Society was going to do something about me because if they had

known that I was of such a tender age, you see, I would have not been permitted to be in the chorus at the Winter Garden. But fortunately they didn't find out.....

When I got home that night from the theater, I said, "Mother, the show is going to California—let's go!" Mother said, "How could we possibly do this? We have our apartment here." The dinkiest little apartment you ever saw! She said, "We have our furniture." I said, "Mother, let's break it up, burn it up, or give it away, but let's go to California." So within such a short time this wonderful thing began to work out for me. On the way to California, in the train (my mother would always have the lower berth, and I would have the upper berth, of course) I bought a magazine, *The Movie Magazine*, and in it was this article about Universal Studios. Well, from then on I could think of nothing but Universal Studios.....

So anyways, we played at the Morosco Theater for two weeks, then the show went to San Francisco. And this was 1915, during this wonderful World's Fair up there. And we played there, I think it was

for six weeks, which was simply wonderful because everybody, knowing that we were with the Jolson company—there was just nothing too much for them to do for us. The show started its backward trip to New York by the northern route, but my mother and I had fallen in love with Los Angeles.... We came down from San Francisco aboard a ship. And of course we were so broke by this time, we took a little apartment over in Bonnie Brae Street. We should have moved out towards Hollywood, you know, but we didn't really know enough about that. And there were only one hundred thousand people in the city of Los Angeles at that time. Think of that.

We were financially desperate and I went back to the Morosco Theatre (where she was hired by Mrs. Arthur, J.J. Shubert's secretary). So there I got work. Well, nevertheless, I would walk from the theatre to our apartment, this was a couple of miles, to save five cents carfare. We played two weeks at the old Morosco Theater down at Eighth and Broadway. I think it was *So Long Lettie*. And that was where Lois Weber and her husband Phillips Smalley came to see the show and they saw me. So they sent an elderly actor. He made an appointment for me to go to Universal Studio to meet Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley. Now I had a friend in the show...and she was a beautiful little girl about my age and she had the most gorgeous Titian hair you ever saw, and she was living alone with her mother, who was a widow as my mother was. So I thought if something good is going to happen for me I would like something good to happen for my friend. So I didn't go to the studio alone, I took her with me.

Well, we walked across the lot at the Universal Studio. You know the big pepper trees out there? Did you see those? And they have benches under the pepper trees. Well, as we walked across the lot there was a man sitting on each of these benches; one was Lon Chaney, and the other was Harry Carey. And Harry told me a couple of years later, "Mary, I saw you the first time you ever walked across the lot, with your beautiful little girlfriend." And he said, "I said to Lon, 'Which one's going to make the grade, the blonde or the red head'." And Carey said "I'll take the blonde." Which was me. Well, the little red head never made it, I don't know what happened to her.

But anyway. We walked over to Lois Weber's office, and she came out to greet us, and she had a magazine under her arm. She had just completed reading this very sweet human interest story about this little girl who had a drunken father, an over-worked mother, and a couple of little brothers and sisters, and she was working in a dime store. And it was really a tear jerker, you know, definitely. So Mrs. Lois Weber had just finished reading the story. She had the magazine, *Collier's Magazine*, under her arm when she came out and said, "Mary, I took one more look at you, and I decided right at that moment that you were the girl in this picture." So, to get me acquainted with being in front of a camera they made me a maid in this picture *Where Are My Children?* With Tyrone Power, Sr. And then a couple of months later they started to work on my first picture, *Shoes*, which was made in September and October of 1915, but not released until 1916. And then just as fast as they could assemble their stories we would go into another picture. I was Lois Weber's star from then on, you know, for quite awhile....



Eva held the shapeless shoes in her hand. They were falling to pieces. She felt the end had come

They both acted. They co-directed. They had many, many frequent consultations. She had such absolute respect and admiration and reverence for everything Phillips Smalley said. I think it was a pretty 50-50 proposition, you know... She was a very, very wonderful person, and her dear old husband, Phillips Smalley, there was just nobody ever like him, you know. They were just wonderful people, and wonderful to me.... You know, they were living in a beautiful little bungalow up on a hillside in Hollywood, and she would have us to dinner occasionally. She was like Mitchell Leisen later on, you know. Mitch Leisen was one of the real geniuses of the motion picture industry. And he did just everything, you know. He designed the sets, the costumes, and he was an absolutely wonderful man.... She was like that too. And both she and Phill were keenly interested in getting just the right thing for whatever it happened to be.

Well, you can imagine the tremendous success that my picture made. And of course I was working so hard, and I was so young, that I was just a complete wreck, really. I used to drive over Cahuenga Pass when it was just a cow pasture. And gypsies were camped at the side of the road. You know, in this one picture I worked all night, night after night in the rain, and I would come home so exhausted and throw myself across the bed upstairs and I wouldn't even take off my makeup, and I would go immediately to sleep.

They worked me so hard that I didn't have any time for much social activity. When I first went to Universal studio John Ford, as everybody knows, was a prop man. I had sort of a little crush on his cousin, Joe McDonough. And Jack Holt was there. One day when I was sixteen I became aware of the

fact that there was a very attractive man, his dressing room was right next door to me, and that turned out to be Rudolph Valentino. I was sixteen and he was twenty-one when we first met. And we became very, very close friends. I had really thought many times, if my mother hadn't been so strict with me I could probably have been the first Mrs. Valentino. But he was always [saying], "Mary, when are we going dancing at the Alexandria?" That was the place that everyone went in those days. My mother said "You are simply too young." and that's all there is to it, so I never did. Oh dear, these old memories being to crowd in my mind you know.

Lois Weber was very, very strict. And she gave me a bit of very poor advice. She took me outside one day and said, "Mary, listen. I'm going to tell you something. Don't ever dare let a man kiss you." Now wasn't that ridiculous? How could I possibly go through life without letting a man kiss me? I suppose she thought that these men around the studio were pursuing me, which really was not the truth at all. My goodness. She had very strict ideas about morality and everything, and she wanted to preserve me as I was. And of course, I had gone on the stage when I was thirteen years of age and in some ways I had learned an awful lot beyond my years....

There was something, I don't know, I guess they wanted to try me out with some other director. You know they thought maybe that Lois Weber was getting stale, or that I was getting stale or something....[Ida May Park] was entirely different from Lois Weber, who was a very fine lovely person, and really had my best interests at heart, you know. Ida May Park had none of that in her make up at all, and was only interested, in my opinion, in the money that she was going to get out of all this. And she really drove me. They called her Mrs. Simon Legree, and that was definitely her reputation at the studio.....She was definitely a slave driver, you know. She was absolutely, whole hearted, one hundred percent interested in directing her pictures, that is for sure. But there was no room let over to have any human interest regarding me. Now how she treated the other people, I would say, is just probably about the way she treated me. She was certainly a terrible, terrible slave driver and for that reason she did not at any time ever enjoy the popularity and respect that Lois Weber had from everyone.....

I wonder if it would be possible to find any of these old pictures and see them? There used to be a man named Stern, Herb Stern. And he had a copy of *Shoes* and he ran it, oh this is many years ago. But he's gone now. And so few of the people are left, you know....

THE REST OF THE CAST

Harry Griffith (1866–1926)

Born Harry Sutherland Griffith on July 19, 1866 in Indiana, Griffith was best known for his work on *Shoes* (1916), *Tammy's Tiger* (1916), and *The Greatest Power* (1916).

He married Katherine Griffith in 1897 and the couple had two children, Graham Griffith and Gordon Griffith, both who became actors themselves.

Harry Griffith died on May 4, 1926 in California, a few years after his wife's death.

William V. Mong (1875–1940)

William Mong, born June 25, 1875 from Pennsylvania Dutch parents, William Hushire and Louise Mong. He was an actor (known for Asian roles), screenwriter, and director. His career started in 1910 and he appeared in more than 190 films until 1939. He also wrote screenplays between 1911–1922 and directed shorts of his own between 1911–1918. Some of films include, *The Girl in Lower 9* (1916), *The Grudge* (1917), and *The Woman He Loved* (1922). Mong married to Esme Warde and they had one son. He died on December 10, 1940, in California.



Jessie Arnold (1884–1955)

Jessie Arnold was born on December 3, 1884, in Michigan. She was an actress known for a variety of works, including, *Cross Purpose* (1916), *The Light of Love* (1917), *The Dark Mirror* (1920), and *Brothers* (1930). Arnold died May 5, 1955, in California.

Mattie Witting (1863-1945)

Mattie Witting was born as Mattie Davis on March 9, 1863, in Iowa. She appeared in more than twenty films throughout her career, including *Shoes* (1916), *His Mother's Boy* (1916), and *The Pullman Mystery* (1917). Mattie was married to A.E. Witting. She died on January 30, 1945, in California.

The Crew



Phillips Smalley—Producer (1865–1939)

Wendell Phillips Smalley was born on August, 7, 1865 in Brooklyn, New York. He had four other siblings: Emerson, Evelyn, Garnaut, Ida, and Eleanor.

Smalley graduated from Oxford University before he went on stage to become an actor. In an ironic foretelling, Smalley's earliest credited Broadway role came in September 1901 with a bit part in the husband-wife production of *Miranda of the Balcony*. It was produced by Harrison Grey Fiske and starred his wife, the great actress Minnie Maddern Fiske. It was the first play in Fiske's newly leased Manhattan Theatre on West 33rd Street. The theater soon became home to the "Manhattan Company" whose players

included the well-known actors Tyrone Power Sr., George Arliss and John B. Mason. Smalley appeared as well in the Fiskes' next two productions: *The Unwelcome Mrs. Hatch* (November 1901) and *Tess of the D'Urbevilles* (May 1902). He also appeared in Harrison Grey Fiske's production of *Captain Molly* in September 1902 though Mrs. Fiske did not star. (Josephine Crowell also appeared in this play — she went on to have a very respectable career in silent film.) Fiske was known for his social advancements including the establishment of the Actors' Fund of America and fighting against the Theatrical Syndicate to break the stronghold they had in theater bookings across the United States.

As documented earlier, Smalley met Weber while on tour in 1904. Smalley's last Broadway appearance was in "The Yankee Tourist" (Aug 12, 1907 - Nov 24, 1907) just before he quit to join Weber in films.

Smalley acted in more than 200 films between 1910 and his death in 1939. In 1911, he became a leading man at Gaumont in New Jersey and began directing alongside Weber. Together they made more than 300 films until 1921.

It is commonly held now that Smalley contributed a lot to the films Weber directed. They worked together as a team. MacLaren stated that Weber often looked at Smalley for direction and respected him a lot. Weber often discussed crucial directional points with Smalley.

Weber and Smalley worked together in other ways as well; Smalley would act in Weber's pictures and Weber would do the same for Smalley. The two were a team.

It's significant to point out that after divorcing Weber, however, Smalley had very little work and none as a director or producer. He had a few roles in a number of films, but they were all small parts. He was married a second time to Phyllis Lorraine Ephlin.

Smalley died on May 2, 1939 in California and is buried next to his second wife in Forest Lawn Memorial Cemetery in Hollywood Hills.

Phillips Smalley Selected Filmography

Leaves in the Storm (1912)

The Picture of Dorian Gray (1913)

Flaming Youth (1923)

The Irresistible Lover (1927)

The Dice Woman (1928)

Romance of the Underworld (1928)

The Midnight Special (1930)

A Day at the Races (1937)

Bulldog Drummond's Revenge (1937)

The Lady Objects (1938)

King D. Gray— Cinematographer (1886–1938)

King D. Gray was born on March 9, 1886 in Danville, Virginia. Gray started working with Universal as a cinematographer in 1915 with *The College Orphan* starring Carter DeHaven and his wife Flora Parker DeHaven. That year, he also shot *The Mark of Cain* directed by Joseph de Grasse and starring Lon Chaney and Dorothy Phillips. That marked the start of a long collaboration with de Grasse and Phillips. Along with *Shoes* in 1916, he filmed many of Ida May Park's films for Universal including *Bread* (1918) *The Vanity Pool* (1918) and *The Amazing Wife* in 1919, all three starring Mary MacLaren. Gray worked exclusively for Universal through 1919. He shot *Midlanders* for ex-Universal directors Ida May Park and Joseph de Grasse in 1920. The film starred the beautiful Bessie Love. Gray then worked for many different indie producers/studios throughout the 1920s until he returned to Universal in 1932. There, he worked on some of his most famous contributions including James



Whale's *The Invisible Man* and Edgar Ulmer's *The Black Cat*. His last was *Night Life of the Gods*, in 1935. King Gray died mysteriously on June 30, 1938, in California, making the front page of *The Los Angeles Times*:

'Hollywood Film Cameraman Found Slain in Automobile.'
Gray had been shot in his car in front of the Hollywood post office on Wilcox Avenue. It is not known who shot or why they killed Gray. He was a hardworking man with a wife and two sons. In his hand was a letter from Pennsylvania with the heading "Dear Daddy," it is not known who wrote the letter and his family was at a loss to explain what it meant. The body had been slumped over in the car from eight to fifteen hours before anyone noticed anything out of the ordinary. Suicide was ruled out as there was no weapon to be found and robbery was also ruled out as a motive, as Gray's paycheck and some loose change was found in his clothing.

An article the next day gave the contents of that letter:

"Daddy Dear: Everything is quiet here. Please forward my trunk marked with white chalk Sans Souci, Canada. That is a camp on Georgian Bay, near Midland city. It will cost about \$9.50 — please check it and thank you very much.

"What are you going to do on the Fourth? There is nothing doing here. I am still praying to be with you soon. Love always, Babe"

An article on July 2nd came with more details:

JEALOUSY IS HELD CAUSE GRAY DEATH



*» Double Life of Cameraman Revealed by Hollywood Murder Mystery
 WOMAN'S STORY TOLD Third Woman Is Sought in Effort Find Solution to Slaying*

HOLLYWOOD, July 2. King D. Gray, 42-year-old cameraman who was slain as he sat in his automobile in front of Hollywood postoffice, attended a gay party with another man and two Women only a few hours before he died of a bullet in his chest, police said they were informed today. Captain H. J. Wallis of the central homicide squad said he was questioning the two women and the man but would not say what information he obtained from them.

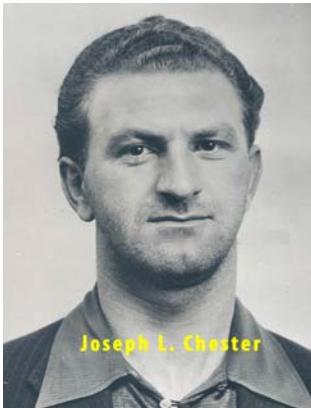
Gray, who posed as a single man when he dated the girl who wrote the "Daddy Dear" letter he was reading at the time he was shot, attended a party with two women and another man Wednesday night, it was only a few hours before he was killed by a bullet in the chest. The body of the cameraman who once filmed Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Rudolf Valentino was found in his automobile in front of the Hollywood hospital at noon Thursday.

He had been dead, more than 10 hours and thousands of persons had passed his automobile before his body was discovered by a newspaperman.

While Captain Wallis investigated the party which occurred before Gray's death, Police Chief James Davis announced receipt of a telegram from Police Chief Ralph A. Criswell of Newcastle,

Pennsylvania, who interviewed Frances Bleakley, 29-year-old former University of Southern California student who wrote the airmailed "always with love, Babe" letter to Gray, whom she addressed as "Daddy Dear." Police Captain J. J. Jones believes Gray was murdered, probably by a jealous person. But whether he was killed by a woman jealous of Gray's friendship for Miss Bleakley, or a man who resented the couple's romance has not been determined.

Miss Bleakley, 29, whose home is in Newcastle, Pennsylvania, was questioned there yesterday. She told police she was a friend of the Gray family, but Gray's widow said she never had heard of her. Dr. S. N. Bleakley, her brother, a Westwood Village, California, dentist, said he saw Gray frequently when the cameraman and his sister visited his home. "Frances brought Gray often to our home," Dr. Bleakley said. "Both he and Frances mentioned that he was not married. Frances did not live with us but she was out frequently for weekends and Gray often came out and had dinner with us." Dr. Bleakley said that because of the frequency of the visits he and his wife had presumed the couple was very friendly. "Frances never mentioned any plans to marry Gray and I don't know if they had any," he said. "But they always appeared very fond of each other. I couldn't be sure, of course, that Frances didn't know that he was married before she went back to Pennsylvania, but she had said previously that he wasn't." Miss Bleakley attended the University of Southern California. She worked in a Hollywood department store and two months ago went east. Her letter to Gray called him "Daddy Dear." She signed it "Babe." Captain Jones was inclined to believe that with Miss Bleakley away Gray sought romance with other women. A bottle of white wine was found in the car in which he died. Part of the wine had been drunk.



Wallis went on to say that Gray did not drink and "White wine is a favorite drink of women." Before the murder, it was said that the cameraman was regarded as a timid family man. The same article said that Mrs. Gray did not know of the relationship with Ms. Bleakely until a few weeks before the murder when she found a letter in her husband's pocket. It was signed "Frances." Gray was evasive about her and told his wife that Frances had returned east.

Interestingly enough, the theory the Los Angeles police had was not one about the Mrs. Gray (nor Dr. Bleakely). They suggested that King Gray found a new woman friend and may have taunted her with the new letter from Frances, arousing this new woman to kill him. They also suggested it could have been the boyfriend of the new woman but "they didn't know."

On July 9, the FBI was called in to investigate a .32 caliber automatic that was found in a vacant lot about 10 blocks from where the body was found. They said that an arrest would be made in the next 24 hours. On July 21, a 35-year-old former convict Joseph L. Chester (aka Louis A. Korec) along with his partner John Fountain were spotted by Officers G.B. Reese and R.R. Young performing a holdup. Chase had already served prison sentences in Cleveland (auto theft) and San Quentin (burglary) so he fled. A 90-mile-an-hour car chase through the city ensued with gunshots being fired. Chester crashed and abandoned the bullet-ridden car in Los Angeles. He was finally cornered in Baldwin Park that evening (Fountain was captured in Ventura) and per the reports at the time, talked over the details of the chase with the officers and joked about it. Chester, however, stated he did not want to go back to jail, and the police said he shot himself. Fountain said that Chester had been "uneasy about a Hollywood murder." The police then stated they had learned that Chester was in the vicinity the night Gray was killed. An investigation was launched but there are no reports on the result of it.

On September 14 in Berkeley, a typewriter salesman, Henry Moran was brought in for questioning as it was reported he had bragged about the killing in a local café. Moran said he was drinking too much so his bragging was fictional.

The case was never solved.

Stephen S. Norton—Cinematographer (1877–1951)

Stephen Norton was born on October 13, 1877, in New York who started working in film with Robert Leonard's *The Silent Command* in 1915. He worked on several Phillips/Weber films for the next two years as well as two directed by Ruth Ann Baldwin, *A Wife on Trial* and '49- '18, both in 1917. He kept working in the 1920s included uncredited work on the 1923 *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. His last film work came in 1928 with *Black Butterflies* starring Jobyna Ralston. Norton died on March 14, 1951, in California.

Allen (Al) G. Siegler—Cinematographer (1892–1960)

Al Siegler was born June 26, 1892, in Newark, New Jersey. He started working in film perhaps in 1914 with the short *The Twin's Double* and the following year with *The Broken Coin*, both created by Grace Cunard and Francis Ford. His feature work began in 1916 for Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley with *Hop*, *The Devil's Brew*. In his first two years, Siegler worked on fourteen films entirely with Weber and Smalley including *The Dumb Girl of Portici*. Many of his films throughout the decade also starred Mary MacLaren. He returned to work with Weber in 1918 with *The Doctor and the Woman* starring Mildred Harris. In 1919, like Gray, Siegler left Universal and worked as a director of photography for many of the studios including several of Colleen Moore and Clara Bow's films. In the sound era, Siegler shot many of the Three Stooges short films. All in all, he worked on more than 180 films in a career that lasted through 1952. Siegler did have one last credit: in 1960 for Jules White's compilation film *Stop! Look! and Laugh!* starring the Three Stooges. The film came out in July. Siegler died on September 21, 1960 in Los Angeles, California.

Stella Wynne—Author of the original short story (1885–1966)

Née Estella Francis Wynne

AKA Stella Wynne Herron

Estella Frances Wynne was born on April 5, 1885, in San Francisco, California, the daughter of Irish immigrants. As a student at Stanford University, she participated in theater and was associate editor of *The Stanford Sequoia*. She was also a published author, with stories in *McClure's Magazine* and *The Overland Monthly*. Stella, as she was known, graduated from Stanford in January 1907 and married a classmate, William Francis Herron, before the year was out. By 1920 she was divorced and supporting herself and her son as a magazine writer. Her stories appeared in *Collier's*, *Harper's*, *Life*, *Woman's Home Companion*, and other magazines. Her only work for *Weird Tales* was called "Ebony Magic," published in the March 1928 issue. Two of her works were adapted to the silver screen; *Shoes* (1916) and *The Double Room Mystery* (1917). She also wrote a book of poetry, *Bowey Parade and Other Poems of Protest* (1936), illustrated by the Mexican painter and muralist Jose Clemente Orozco (1883–1949); a play, *Hearndon House, A Drama in Three Acts*; and a piece that was included in *Among the Humorists and After Dinner Speakers, Part Two* (1909). Stella Wynne Herron died in the city of her birth on March 1, 1966.

Donald Sosin, Co-Composer

Donald Sosin's long career as a silent film musician has taken him all over the world— New York, Telluride, Seattle, San Francisco, Atlanta, Denver, Omaha, Houston, Berlin, Bologna, Moscow, Odessa, Shanghai, and South Korea—but he began his unique occupation by accident while a student at the University of Michigan. Entertaining his fellow dormmates at dinner one night, he was surprised to see a projector and screen being set up. It was an easy transition from ragtime dinner music to ragtime silent film accompaniment for Laurel and Hardy's *Big Business*. A campus screening of *Phantom of the Opera* gave Sosin, who had been improvising music for ballet classes, the chance to score his first feature film.



Sosin first played at MoMA 1973 and is a frequent guest artist there and at many other major venues in New York and around the country, including the Film Society of Lincoln Center, the Museum of the Moving Image, BAM, the Whitney Museum, the Guggenheim Museum, the National Gallery of Art, AFI Silver, and film festivals and lectured on silent film music at the Aspen Institute of Humanistic Studies and the University of Michigan, and on creativity at Emory University. Equally at home on piano, organ and synthesizer, he also scores for ensembles at many festivals, and has several works for orchestra, including *Sherlock Holmes* (1916), and shorts by Keaton and Chaplin. With his wife, singer Joanna Seaton he has led workshops in silent film music for high school and college students. The couple frequently performs together, using period songs or their own material, as well as incorporating percussion and sound effects.

A native of Rye, NY, he studied piano from the age of four and composition in Munich, Ann Arbor and Manhattan. Donald has played in Broadway pits and at the Kennedy Center and has conducted thirty musicals. His 1,800 or so sheet music arrangements are published by Hal Leonard and Cherry Lane. Commissions include the Chicago Symphony Chorus, Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra, Orchestra of St. Luke's, TCM, Anthology Film Archives, MoMA, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He has written a wide variety of music, from chamber, symphonic and choral pieces to children's theater, dance and TV music.

Mr. Sosin's scores accompany silent films on over 50 DVDs, including a number of Milestone releases. He and his family live in northwest Connecticut. Website: newmoviemusic.com



Mimi Rabson, Co-Composer

Heaven”. So now she spends her time preparing the world for the day when a rock violist will take over and training string players to become rock legends at Berklee College of Music.

Mimi Rabson fell in love with the sound of the string section in 3rd grade especially the chocolaty warmth of the viola. She wanted to be a rock star but soon realized that the world was not ready for a violist playing “Stairway to

Dubbed “...*dazzling, violin phenom*” by the Boston Globe, Mimi Rabson has distinguished herself as one of Boston's most creative and versatile musicians. She is a first-prize winner of the Massachusetts Cultural Council Fellowship in composition. Her compositions and arrangements are published by StringLetter Press (distributed by Hal Leonard). Her published works include arrangements of music by Duke Ellington, James Brown and Cole Porter as well as her originals. Her music and her articles frequent the pages of Strings Magazine.

Ms. Rabson was a founding member of the Klezmer Conservatory Band and worked with that organization for many years touring, recording, composing and acting as musical director. Ms. Rabson appeared with Itzhak Perlman on the recording called “In the Fiddler’s House” and on “The Late Show with David Letterman”. She was featured in a documentary about Klezmer music called “A Jumpin' Night in the Garden of Eden”. Ms. Rabson served as musical director to academy award winner, Joel Grey in his production of “Borschtcapades ‘94”. Her composition “Klezzified” was featured on Saturday Night Live.

Ms. Rabson commissioned 6 fellow Berklee faculty members to compose new works for solo violin, ranging in style from rock to hip hop and include contemporary practices like improvisation, interaction with computer and effects pedals.

She used her electric violin in a power trio setting with electric bass and drums to record “Music”, featuring noise-rock, post-jazz and electro-acoustic compositions and improvisations.

Ms. Rabson created RESQ - the Really Eclectic String Quartet that plays her compositions and arrangements of jazz, funk, fusion, gospel and Latin music. That group produced two recordings.

Ms. Rabson's other performance credits include the premiere of “Fresh Faust” by Leroy Jenkins, soundtrack for “Sensorium”- the award winning film by Karen Aqua, with Robert Plant and Jimmy Page, Stevie Wonder, Meatloaf, Kristin Chenoweth, the Boston Gay Men's Choir, the Boston Camarata, the New England Ragtime Ensemble, the Klezmatics, Deborah Henson-Conant, the Pablo Ablanado Octet, and XLCR. She has appeared on A Prairie Home Companion twice, at Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Out of Doors, Wolf Trap, the Mann Center, the Place des Arts in Montreal and other world class venues.

Ms. Rabson is a sought after clinician. She has presented at The Mark O’Connor Fiddle Camp, ASTA, and numerous schools and colleges.

Ms. Rabson is an Associate Professor at the Berklee College of Music and has received several Berklee grants to support her creative endeavors. She is a Yamaha String Educator.

Milestone Films

In 2016, Milestone celebrates 26 years of releasing classic cinema masterpieces, new foreign films, groundbreaking documentaries and American independent features. Thanks to the company's work in rediscovering and releasing important films such as Charles Burnett's *Killer of Sheep*, Kent Mackenzie's, *The Exiles*, Mikhail Kalatozov's *I Am Cuba*, Marcel Ophuls' *The Sorrow and the Pity*, the Mariposa Film Group's *Word is Out* and Alfred Hitchcock's *Bon Voyage* and *Aventure Malgache*, Milestone has long occupied a position as one of the country's most influential independent distributors. Milestone's nearly decade-long groundbreaking work in the career of woman director Shirley Clarke is unique in film history. It has included the theatrical release of three of her feature films, *The Connection*, *Portrait of Jason* and *Ornette: Made in America*. Project Shirley has won awards and culminated with the release of the comprehensive 3-disc deluxe set, *The Magic Box*.

In November 2007, Milestone was awarded the Fort Lee Film Commission's first Lewis Selznick Award for contributions to film history. In January 2008, the Los Angeles Film Critics Association chose to give its first Legacy of Cinema Award "to Dennis Doros and Amy Heller of Milestone Film & Video for their tireless efforts on behalf of film restoration and preservation." And in March 2008, Milestone became an Anthology Film Archive's Film Preservation honoree. In 2009, Dennis Doros was elected as one of the Directors of the Board of the Association of the Moving Image Archivists and established the organization's press office in 2010. In 2016, Doros was presented with the William O'Farrell Award for volunteerism and contributions to the field.

In 1995, Milestone received the first Special Archival Award from the National Society of Film Critics for its restoration and release of *I Am Cuba*. Manohla Dargis, then at the *LA Weekly*, chose Milestone as the 1999 "Indie Distributor of the Year." In 2004, the National Society of Film Critics again awarded Milestone with a Film Heritage award. That same year the International Film Seminars presented the company its prestigious Leo Award and the New York Film Critics Circle voted a Special Award "in honor of 15 years of restoring classic films." Milestone won Best Rediscovery from the Il Cinema Ritrovato DVD Awards for its release of *Winter Soldier* in 2006 and again in 2010 for *The Exiles*. In 2015, Milestone won again at the Il Cinema Ritrovato, this time for Best Blu-ray, for their series, *Project Shirley* (Clarke).

In January 2008, the Los Angeles Film Critics Association chose to give its first Legacy of Cinema Award to Doros and Heller of Milestone Film & Video "for their tireless efforts on behalf of film restoration and preservation." And in March 2008, Milestone became an Anthology Film Archive's Film Preservation honoree. In 2009, Dennis Doros was elected as one of the Directors of the Board of the Association of the Moving Image Archivists and established the organization's press office in 2010. He is currently serving his third term. In 2011, Milestone was the first distributor ever chosen for two Film Heritage Awards in the same year by the National Society of Film Critics for the release of *On the Bowery* and *Word is Out*. The American Library Association also selected *Word is Out* for its Notable Videos for Adult, the first classic film ever so chosen.

In December 2012, Milestone became the first-ever two-time winner of the prestigious New York Film Critics' Circle's Special Award as well as another National Society of Film Critics Film Heritage Award, this time for its work in restoring, preserving and distributing the films of iconoclast director Shirley Clarke. Important contemporary artists who have co-presented Milestone restorations include Martin Scorsese, Francis Ford Coppola, Barbara Kopple, Woody Allen, Steven Soderbergh, Thelma Schoonmaker, Jonathan Demme, Dustin Hoffman, Charles Burnett and Sherman Alexie.

“They care and they love movies.” — Martin Scorsese

“Milestone Film & Video is an art-film distributor that has released some of the most distinguished new movies (along with seldom-seen vintage movie classics) of the past decade” — Stephen Holden, *New York Times*

“One of the most reliable brand names in film distribution, Milestone Films has a track record of bringing unearthed gems to light.”

— Jim Ridley, *Nashville Scene*

Thank you

Anniko Kross, Elif Kaynakci Rongen, Giovanna Fossati, Frank Rouman, Marleen Labijt, EYE Filmmuseum

Jeff Pirtle, Janice Simpson, Universal

Robert Byrne

Association of Moving Image Archivists

S H O E S

BY STELLA WYNNE HERRON

ILLUSTRATED BY HAL J. MOWAT



There they were—her shoes. She knew them by heart

... When the shoes became too worn to endure a third soling and she possessed but ninety cents toward a new pair, she gave up the struggle; to use her own contemptuous phrase, she "sold out for a pair of shoes."—JANE ADDAMS: "A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil."

EVA opened the door and walked wearily upstairs over the soiled oilcloth runner into the dark and food-scented hall of the Mayers flat. The door of the bedroom was ajar as she passed and, as usual, her father lay sprawled comfortably on the bed, his shoes off, both pillows propped dexterously behind his back. On the table, close to his hand, was a half-empty beer bottle, a murky glass, and a can of tobacco. He was reading one of his interminable, cheap magazines.

As his daughter looked at him, stretched at an angle where the last of the daylight fell best on the page, his fat paunch billowing up thickly under his shirt, his red neck rolling into two folds where he bent it over the book, his square and alcohol-puffy cheeks mounting up under his eyes in mounds of unshaven flesh, her face flushed; her heart began to beat quickly. She longed for strength; she felt that nothing in the world would do her so much good as to seize him, to stand him upright, to make him work; work for his family—to keep him working, under the lash, if necessary.

But she was only a seventeen-year-old girl. There was nothing she could do but talk—and she had long ago realized the futility of that. She turned from the bedroom door, smoothed out the thin manila envelope that the sudden, angry clenching of her hands had rumbled, and made her way to the kitchen.

The air of the kitchen was as hot and moist as that of a tropical greenery, but the odor that filled it was not the odor of sweet-scented flowers, but the Saturday-night smell of corned beef and cabbage. Mrs. Mayers was bending over a huge iron pot, from which volumed up clouds of steam, a fork in one hand, a heavy white platter, half resting on the stove top, in the other. She turned hastily when her daughter opened the door, slid the platter up on the stove, and laid down the fork. Her eyes fixed themselves on the manila envelope, and into them leaped a hungry, ravenous look, a look almost akin to the look of physical hunger that comes into the eyes of a starving man at the sight of food. She came toward her daughter. "You got paid all right, Eva?"

"Sure." The girl held out the envelope.

HER mother took it, wiped her moist, red fingers, and extracted from it a five-dollar bill. An involuntary sigh of relief burst from her as she touched it. She opened her waist, undid a safety pin, drew out a brown bag with a couple of other bills folded in it, placed the new one with them, and deposited the bag in her bosom again.

"That'll just make up the rent," she said. "The butcher'll have to wait again. I can't help it. If he won't give us any more meat, we'll have to make out on what we can get from the grocery. Hillmer kicks, but he always let's me have a little."

Eva's blue eyes lifted quickly and fixed themselves on her mother's face.

"Ain't you going to let me have the three dollars, mamma?" she asked. "You know you promised."

"I can't, child, I can't!" The older woman's tone

was half resentful, half fretful, the tone of one helplessly driven to do an injustice. "But you promised this week sure."

"I thought your father would have work this week sure when I promised." She raised her voice. "Now don't bother me any more, d'you hear? It's money, money, money all the time, every way I turn. Sometimes I think I'll go mad. You can't get blood from a turnip, can you? When I ain't got the money, I can't give it to you, can I, Eva? You can get them next week sure. Something's bound to turn up by then."

The girl sat down in a kitchen chair. She examined first the sole of one shoe, then that of the other. "I don't think they'll last to next week," she said anxiously. "They were really all wore out weeks and weeks ago."

Her mother glanced at them. "Oh, they don't look so awful bad."

"The tops, yes. That's because I blacken 'em so well and hilt the white places where they're cracked round the tips. But look at the bottoms, ma!"

She held up her feet so that the soles were displayed. There were great ragged holes worn through each; cracks and fissures radiated in all directions. The thinned leather was disintegrating like ice under a summer sun. "And, ma, the heels are so crooked that they throw my feet all sideways, and I can hardly walk."

"Yes, yes, I know they're pretty bad, petty." Mrs. Mayers turned her worried, harassed eyes away from her daughter. "But you got to make them do another week."

The words echoed in her own brain. It seemed to her that her whole life was tuned to this refrain of making things "do" another week, or another two weeks, or another three weeks longer, that she was forever endeavoring to stretch objects beyond their natural time of use, forever madly bringing the sickening chasms between Mr. Mayers's spasmodic periods of work. The black hand of poverty seemed always to hover just above her family, menacing, terrible, eager to close over them, to crush out their hearts, their lives. It seemed as if they had only her mother's strength to push it away, to keep forever pushing it away as it forever returned.

Monday morning before she started for her work at Snider's Five, Ten and Fifteen Cent Store, where she was a sales girl, Eva carefully cut out a pair of soles from a cardboard box and inserted them in her shoes. That night, very delicately, so as not to strain the tender leather, she removed what was left of the soiled and worn bits of cardboard. There were raw, red welts along her feet where the edges of the im-

proved soles had pressed; there was a painful blister coming on her right heel. But in spite of these inconveniences, she felt a little cheered at her discovery of this new use for old boxes. She cut out and inserted new soles for the next day.

But the next morning it began to rain—the sad, persistent, melancholy rain of autumn. Before she had walked five of the eight blocks between her home and the store, her fair-weather soles had soaked through, peeled off, melted away and mingled with the elements. She felt the cold dampness of the pavement creep through her stockings and lie against her bare feet. All that day between the intervals of waiting on the five, ten, and fifteen cent customers, she picked tiny splinters out of her feet, for the floor of Snider's Emporium had anything but a hardwood finish.

That night, although she was dog-tired and the rain was pelting down in long, slant lines, she stopped automatically before a certain shoe-store window. They were there—behind the plate glass that glistened with rain drops—her shoes. She had picked them out weeks ago, a buttoned pair of gun-metal shoes with thick, firm, water-tight soles, and heels that were as straight as a die. She knew them by heart, from the little oblong white card with the mark \$3 on it to the pattern of the perforations on the leather tips. Next Saturday she would have them! She counted the days on her fingers—Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday. For a moment she lost herself in a dream. She already possessed them; she could feel them on her feet, the heels straight and even, the good, substantial soles between her and the rain-washed pavement.

SHE turned away with a sigh and went on to the end of the block. At the corner she hesitated. If she turned, she could take a short cut to the side street where she lived. But the short cut led through a district which she had hitherto instinctively avoided; a district of cheap, transient hotels, of garish, late-running restaurants where food could be procured, but drinks and cabaret usually filled all demands; of wine shops, saloons, and cigar stands, each with its quota of lazy-eyed men and boys hanging around it.

But with the chill autumn rain drenching her and the pavement wearing out her stockings, Eva could not afford to be particular. She turned her head away from the even, unhurried, appraising stares of the men behind the plate glass of the hotel lobbies or gathered in from the rain in cigar-store entrances; but the women who dipped in and out under umbrellas her eyes invariably followed. These women were warmly clad and—her fascinated gaze always fixed on their feet—well shod.



Eva held the shapeless shoes in her hand. They were falling to pieces. She felt the end had come

Wednesday and Thursday it continued to rain. Great holes too big to darn wore in Eva's stockings, and she mended them with pieces from old ones. Every night she scraped the caked mud from the bottoms of her bare, swollen feet, then soaked them in hot water. She caught a bad cold. Her throat hurt her, and her head ached. Her wet feet were like lumps of ice all day—lumps of ice which nevertheless stung and burned. When Friday came she was so utterly miserable that it seemed to her as if she could hardly live until Saturday night when she would get her new shoes.

Every evening she took the short cut through the district of cheap, transient hotels and tawdry cafés, and every evening her eyes, as if drawn by a magnet, noted the well-shod feet of its women.

During this week of misery it seemed to Eva that she suddenly grew up. Sometimes she lay awake in the night, wide-eyed, very still, in order not to disturb her two little sisters who shared the bed with her. She would think with terror there in the dark of the fate of her family. It seemed as if always, since she could remember, they were slipping down the sides of a steep precipice toward a black and horrible gulf of poverty that would annihilate them. They would make terrible and extraordinary efforts at the brink; they would climb away a little piece from the awful edge—then the slipping and sliding down would begin again. Eva had spasms of savage hatred for her father. He could save them if he would. He had it in his power. He could earn good money if he would only work steadily like other men. Her mother could save; they could all of them crawl to a position of safety away from the pit's edge. But all burdens slipped off Mr. Mayers's shoulders with a sort of sickening ease.

With the shadow of such a night upon her she sat Saturday at noon on a bench of the square where she usually went to eat her lunch of bread-and-butter sandwiches. The rain had stopped. She watched the people streaming in and out of the big hotel which raised its gray marble portals just opposite. She looked especially at the young girls who came in the

pretty little electrics, lined with lavender or old rose, a single long-stemmed flower nodding in the slender vase opposite them. As she watched them, Eva knew she did not envy them their clothes, their jewels, their fresh skins; what she did passionately envy them was their lack of fear. *They* had no fear of the pit. They hardly knew there was one; they were kept far away from its terrible edge, in pleasant meadows, flooded with sunshine, full of flowers. They grew up like flowers themselves, joyously, carelessly, sweetly.

Saturday evening when she opened the kitchen door the thick, steamy smell of corned beef and cabbage again assailed her nostrils. She handed her pay envelope to her mother and waited eagerly. Her shoes were waiting for her. The stores kept open late on Saturday night. She had seen them in the lighted window as she passed.

Mrs. Mayers took the envelope, opened it, looked at her daughter, hesitated, then frowned and turned away. "Ain't you going to give me the three dollars, mamma?" asked the girl in a low voice.

Mrs. Mayers bent over her cooking:

"You'll have to wait till next week, Eva."

The girl stood silent at the familiar words—stunned, looking down at the floor.

"I simply can't do it, child. Your father didn't get work, you know. No one will let us have anything more now except for cash—an' we got to eat." The mother spoke bitterly, a sense of her own helplessness in her heart.

EVA continued silent. After all, she had known it would be this way, yet she had somehow thought that when her need became absolute there would be some way of filling it. But, yes—they must eat. She felt suddenly as if she were caught in a trap; she did not know what to do or where to turn. No ingenuity would keep the shoes together another week—hardly another day. What should she do?

The kitchen door opened and her two little sisters and her little brother came in. They seated themselves at the kitchen table. Eva did not notice them. She still stood without moving, looking at the floor.

A moment later her father came in. He carried a magazine in his hand, his fingers thrust between the leaves to keep his place. It was Mr. Mayers's custom to prop his magazine against the sugar bowl and continue an interesting story during the meal. He even irritably required silence of the rest of the family so that he would not be disturbed during this process. Eva looked up and saw him as he was about to seat himself comfortably at the table. Suddenly red spots glowed on each of her cheeks.

"Papa!" she said in a shaking voice.

MR. MAYERS turned around with mild surprise. "Papa," she said, "I have to have a pair of shoes!" Her voice rose shrilly. "I *have* to have them! I *have* to have them! Look!"

She sat down on a chair and thrust both her feet out. "Why," said Mr. Mayers with vague sympathy, "they're all wore out, ain't they? You ought to get another pair."

"I have no money," answered the girl in a flat, monotonous voice.

"You ought to take it out of what you earn."

One of the myths of the Mayers household was that Mr. Mayers's desultory labor adequately supported his family. He never admitted that Eva's money was not her own. It would have hurt his manly pride.

"I give all my money to mamma." Eva still spoke in the same monotonous voice. She had long ago learned the uselessness of trying to make her father face an issue squarely.

"Well, well," said Mr. Mayers genially, as if he were pleasantly surprised at the charming but unnecessary generosity of a child who presents its parent with one of its toys, "that's a good girl, that's a good girl. Give your mother all your money—eh?" Mr. Mayers smiled benignly.

He thought a moment. "I'll give you money for the shoes Monday," he said off-handedly. "I'll be working again Monday." He sat down and propped his book up. As far as he was concerned the subject was dismissed. (Continued on page 25)

Shoes

(Continued from page 9)

Eva did not reply. A coldness, a fear gripped her heart. The horrible part of that promise was its definiteness, which somehow always carried a lure of hope—and its certainty of failure. Mr. Mayers was no more sure of work Monday than any other day, and when Monday came he would feel under no necessity of obtaining it. He would have long ago forgotten his promise.

After supper Eva went to the room shared by her and the two little girls. She took off her shoes with the utmost care. She held the shapeless things, with which she had become so tragically familiar, in her lap and looked at them. It was only a matter of hours—a day at the utmost—before they would literally fall to pieces. A feeling of calm came over her—an odd sense of finality.

SHE got up in her stocking feet, put on a freshly ironed white waist and the longest of her two black skirts. She slipped on the shoes again, the length of the skirt somewhat covered them. She combed out and did up, high on her head, her soft, straight brown hair. She brushed and put on her rusty black sailor hat and her little blue jacket.

As she went through the kitchen she stopped, turned to her mother, and said:

"Mamma, will you give me a dime? I want to go to the movies."

"Yes, honey."

Every dime was precious, but in the face of the greater disappointment her mother hastened to grant this request. She had been troubled by the look on her daughter's face at dinner, and she was glad that she was now going out instead of spending the evening alone in her room.

The night into which Eva stepped was clear and moonlit; one of those mild and lovely autumn nights which are sent to cheer for a moment a world weary of dampness and dreariness and all the windy menace of oncoming winter. The shadows of the houses were cut sharply and blackly on a steel-blue matrix of moonlight, and even this poor street of flat dwellers took on something of mystery and romance under the wand of the night.

But all its soft beauty was lost on Eva. She heard nothing but the scrape, scrape of her loose sole edges against the pavement; felt nothing but the intolerable ache in her swollen feet.

She turned abruptly into the district which she traversed every day on her way to and from work.

Here the quiet of the moonlight was lost in multitudinous electric lights; they blazed everywhere; plain yellow electric signs that stood still and said what they meant; mad, multi-colored, rainbow-tinted electric signs that whirled and gyrated, bloomed and changed like flower gardens gone mad. The district looked tawdry and unalluring in the daytime, but now, under the radiance of its electric lights, it awoke, like the girls who frequented it, to the artificial life and vivacity that were its nightly business. The doors of cafés swung open and shut; girls, singly, in pairs, or with men, went in and out; strains of music rushed forth. All was set in that brilliant glare of strong light like some gigantic, tropical forest abloom with open-petaled, poisonous flowers that snapped shut on and devoured whatever touched them.

EVA slowed her walk in front of one of the below-street-level cafés, white painted, under a downpour of white light. Above its entrance blazed a sign bearing the words "The Blue Goose"; this was aided and abetted by a scintillating bird with azure plumage pricked out in tiny blue electric bulbs. She stood still a moment, then with a sudden, stiff movement went down the steps. As she crossed the threshold of the door held open for her by a uniformed attendant, she was conscious of the softness and smoothness of the deep

carpet against the soles of her weary feet.

Monday night Eva came home from Snider's Five, Ten, and Fifteen Cent Store. When she passed through the hall she noticed that the bedroom was empty. She opened the door of the kitchen. The dinner was steaming on the stove; her mother was wiping the dishes and, as she wiped them, setting the table. She looked up and smiled as Eva came in.

"Papa isn't home yet," she said; "maybe he's got a job at last."

The girl did not answer, and something in her silence caused her mother to stop in her plate wiping and look up. Her daughter met her glance, but in a curious, forced way. Of a sudden, instinctively, the mother's eyes sought the floor. "Why, you—you got your shoes!" she said in surprise.

"Yes."

The mother opened her mouth, caught the question at her lips, and remained silent. Suddenly her eyes caught her daughter's. They stood looking at each other and in that one tortured glance the mother comprehended all. All at once the forced calm of the girl's face broke; little tremors and quivers ran over it; a sort of spasm twitched the corners of her mouth.

Her mother rushed over and folded her in her arms:

"My baby, my baby, my poor, poor baby!" she crooned tenderly over the sobbing girl. "Never mind, never mind, darling, mamma understands."

She patted and kissed the head of the girl who lay in her arms. A passion of tenderness welled up in her heart for her daughter. The tears flowed down her cheeks. She forgot for the moment all her other children. This was her all, her first-born, her baby, and she had come to this.

SHE continued to pat Eva's hair and her wet cheek and soothe her with mother words. But as the girl's sobbing grew less a numbing sadness crept over the older woman. She felt, crushing her soul, the vast weight of forces she did not comprehend; she felt all her powerlessness to save from the world this life she had brought into it. She glanced down past the girl's shoulder and breast—there were her two poor little tired feet incased in their stiff new shoes. She realized with a terrible bitterness that this flower had not had a fair chance to bloom in the garden of life. The worm of poverty had entered the folded bud and spoiled it. This was the terrible thing about poverty: it took the tender young life before it had strength to grow and fight it. This was its awful menace to all the future.

The door opened and closed at the foot of the stairs. At the sound mother and daughter sat up straight, in a listening attitude.

"It's papa! Come, sweetheart, bathe your eyes so's he won't think anything!"

She slipped a towel into the girl's hand and pushed her gently toward the sink. He was an alien. He would judge her as the outside world would judge her. Whatever happened, his pride as a father and the head of a household must be kept from being humbled.

When he came in they were both bent over the stove.

"I got a job to-day, mother," he announced proudly, holding his hands out to the warmth.

"Did you? That's good."

He looked at his wife with a grunt of disapproval. She showed far less enthusiasm than he thought the occasion demanded. The three younger children came in noisily.

"Come, let's sit down to supper," she said. "Come, petty," she turned to her daughter and gently took her hand, "come and eat."

Whatever happened, life must go on. Whatever boats are wrecked, the river does not stop flowing toward the sea.



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