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# Film Flashes



The Wit and Humor of  
a Nation in Pictures



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# Film Flashes



The Wit and Humor of  
a Nation in Pictures

Leslie-Judge  
Company



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New York City

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LINDA A. GRIFFITH.

## Early Struggles of Motion Picture Stars

When David W. Griffith, the Brilliant Director, Was Just Beginning to Shine

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH

This series of reminiscences, written by Linda A. Griffith, the wife of David Wark Griffith, who produced "The Birth of A Nation," is replete with the intimate secrets of the first days of many a star who now scintillates haughtily and brilliantly. Linda A. Griffith has seen the beginning of some of these screen stars. Some of them now boasting of princely salaries might prefer to forget that they began at \$3 a day. Mrs. Griffith writes frankly in this series of the days when \$25 a week was a consideration not to be ignored in the Griffith family. She will tell the readers of Film Fun in the coming numbers of the magazine many interesting incidents in the days of the "Old Biograph" as it is affectionately called by the screen people who began their climb in its studios.



ON A BRIGHT May morning in 1909 came a timid ring at the old Biograph studio door. It didn't require any diplomatic efforts then to get past the outer office, as it does to-day. One didn't even think of sending in a card to the studio. On the heavy old double doors that opened into the studio proper there was an electric push button, and all one had to do to get in was to press it. The door would be opened by anyone who happened to be standing near. Once in, if the entrant happened to be of a timid nature, he remained in the background. If possessing the quality known as "nerve," he would press forward to the camera and stand there, in the hope that the director would see

him and like his type or looks or clothes well enough to engage him for a day's work. This one ring of the studio bell I began to tell about admitted a little girl—she looked to be about fourteen. She wore a plain blue serge suit, a blue and white striped lawn shirtwaist and a straw hat with a dark blue ribbon. About her fresh, pretty, gentle face bobbed a dozen or more short golden curls—such perfect little curls I think I had never before seen. The little girl's name was Mary Pickford.

Mr. Griffith just at this time was considering a production in moving pictures of Browning's poem, "Pippa Passes." For some while he had felt that there must be a departure from old methods and subjects. The methods of picture taking he was revolutionizing day by day, by the introduction of the close-up, switchback, light effects,

proper make-ups, a better dressing of parts and a quality of screen acting that could be recognized as the manner in which human beings might be expected to deport themselves in the various complexities, struggles and sorrows of life. All of this has been written of before and is being told about now, so I shall not enter into details. As to the subjects for stories, that was where we had to carefully watch the public and not depart too rapidly from the then accepted melodrama and the all too obvious comedy. So resulted long discussions with the Biograph heads as to the advisability of Browning in moving pictures, and after much persuasion to be allowed this one experiment, a production of "Pippa Passes" was finally agreed upon. There was no question in our minds as to whether it would be an artistic success.

Had Browning himself written for the "movies," he couldn't have turned out a better screen subject; but the trouble was, "Will it make money? Will it be a financial success?" Neither the Biograph nor any other company could afford to turn out pictures that no one would care to see, and we were somewhat afraid that Browning would scare the moving picture public out of the theater. With "Pippa Passes" very much in mind these days, and therefore hunting about for the best possible cast for this new departure in the "movies," along came the day that Mary Pickford's footsteps led her to the Biograph, looking for work. She had just finished a season with David Belasco in "The Warrens of Virginia," and not caring to face the long summer months with no money coming in, she came, as all others had up to this time, to see if she couldn't earn a little money while awaiting another engagement on the stage.

When Mr. Griffith saw Mary standing there in the studio quietly looking on (a set was up and we were busy taking scenes), he came over to me and said, "Don't you think she would be good for Pippa?" I said I thought she would be ideal, and so came about Mary Pickford's first engagement in a moving picture. Right then and there Mr. Griffith had her make up, he gave her a violin and had her walk across the scene, thus making a test picture to see



BIOGRAPH

Mary Pickford and Mack Sennett, in the days when her salary was twenty-five dollars a week.

just how she would photograph and act. Though she was engaged with Pippa in mind, the strange part of it all was that when "Pippa Passes" was finally produced, Mary did not play the part, as she no longer filled Mr. Griffith's mental image of the required type. Winsome Gertrude Robinson, with black instead of golden curls and dark eyes, was chosen for the role of the spiritual Pippa. It was altogether a notable cast, comprising such well-known players and directors of to-day as James Kirkwood, Henry Walthal, Owen Moore, Marion Leonard, Gertrude Robinson, Arthur Johnson and the writer.

Artistically it was the opening wedge, and a column article of highest praise in the New York *Times* satisfied our hungry hearts and was sweet assurance of a big step upward. It was the first time a New York daily paper had condescended to criticise a moving picture. That was in October, 1909. Mr. Griffith had, however, produced stories and poems of literary worth before this, but they were sweet, homely themes, not the works of the intellectual Browning. To my mind comes "After Many Years" (which was the name given the first moving picture version of "Enoch Arden"), in one reel, with Florence Lawrence as Annie Lee. Some few years later "Enoch Arden" was again produced, this time in two reels (the first picture ever produced in two reels), and of which cast I was the Annie Lee. "Enoch Arden," like the brook, seems to run on forever, as a big, four-reel production, with Lillian Gish, has recently been shown as a Fine Arts picture on the Triangle program. Charles Dickens's "The Cricket on the Hearth" was produced as far back as May, 1909.



BIOGRAPH

David W. Griffith and Billy Bitzer, filming "Enoch Arden."

The cast of this picture contains names all well known to-day, and I also recall it as one of the pictures in which there was a general rehearsing of all the actors before the cast was selected. Florence Lawrence, Violet Mesereau and myself were rehearsed for Dot, and on this occasion the honors were mine, and I was chosen for Dot. Herbert Pryor, now of Edison fame, was John Peerybingle; Owen Moore, who has just recently signed with the Famous Players, was Edward Plummer; and Violet Mesereau, whose name now shines in





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**PINCHED?**



VITAGRAPH COMPANY

ELEANOR WOODRUFF

With Her Latest Pet, "Little Simmie," Whom She Loves, Although He Tore Up Her New Plum Velvet Toque.



BIOGRAPH

LINDA A. GRIFFITH, ARTHUR JOHNSON AND MACK SENNETT

"A beautiful sleet had covered the trees in Central Park, and we hurried out to photograph it, making up the scenario on the way."

electric lights as a Universal star, was May Fielding. It was her first part in a moving picture.

One of Mary Pickford's very first parts, if not the first, was in "The Lonely Villa"—as its name suggests, a melodrama of rather tense quality. Mary played a child of about twelve or thirteen. There were two younger sisters, and Marion Leonard was the mother. Mary wasn't playing a ragged child, however, but a very prettily dressed, aristocratic-looking youngster she was. Mary's salary was then twenty-five dollars a week, which represented a guarantee for three days' work. Naturally she wasn't expected to furnish real dresses for that sum, and the Biograph wardrobe being rather meager, I persuaded Mr. Griffith to let me buy Mary some real clothes. The money was furnished, and I hastened to Best's, where I bought a smart, pale blue linen, child's frock, blue silk stockings to match and a pair of patent leather pumps. When Mary was rigged out in these dainties, with her fluffy curls bobbing about her face, Owen Moore, a regular member of the company then, never took his eyes away from her, and we all knew that a romance had that day begun, culminating so happily a few years later in their marriage.

"Is Mary Pickford a good business woman?" is often asked, both in and out of the theatrical profession. For almost a child, I thought she was, for in that regard she gave me quite a shock one day. Mary was playing in a

picture in which she had had various experiences while trying to elope. One of the experiences was falling into the Passaic River from an overturned canoe. Dripping wet, as we rushed her back to the little hotel where we had made up to change her clothes, and with the automobile full of people, she naively looked up into Mr. Griffith's face and said, "Now, Mr. Griffith, do I get that raise?" And she got it!

At this time there were three leading women on a regular salary—Marion Leonard, getting thirty-five dollars a week; Florence Lawrence, the same; and Mary Pickford, twenty-five. I wasn't on a regular salary, as I didn't want to feel that I could be called on to work every day; but just the same I usually did, so averaged up pretty well. As we worked nights a great deal and received three dollars extra after seven p. m., often the people on checks made more at the end of the week than those on regular salaries, and injured feelings were sometimes the result.

Talking of working late at night brings to mind the first picture in which I remember Flora Finch. She, also, was a "five-dollar-a-day Biographer," and never dreamed then that she was to win international fame as a Vitagraph star with the late John Bunny. The scene in which we were working so late, or rather so early in the morning—it was three a. m.—took place in a "set-up" representing the interior of a moving picture theater. All the company



BIOGRAPH

Linda Griffith, Arthur Johnson and Marion Leonard, in "The Convert."

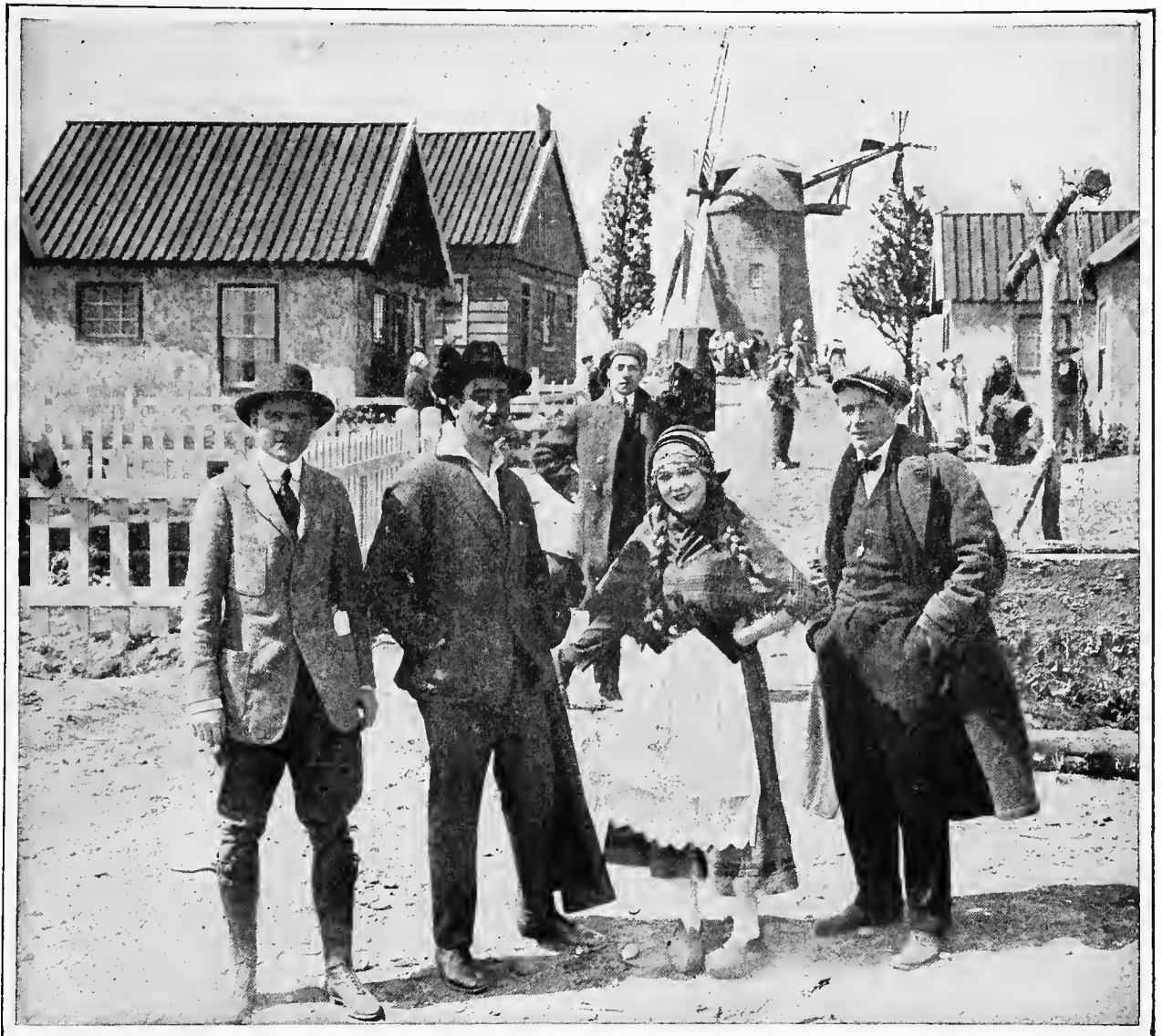
was "audience" in the theater, and Miss Finch was also "audience," only she had an "entrance" after we all were seated and watching the performance on an imaginary screen. She wore an enormous hat—and this is the plot of the story—so enormous that when she was seated, no one in back or to the side of her could see a thing. The man who ran this theater was ingenious, to say the least, for out of the unseen ceiling was dropped an enormous pair of supposed iron claws, that closed tightly on the hat and head of the shrieking Miss Finch, lifted her bodily out of her seat and held her suspended aloft in the studio heaven. How many times that scene was rehearsed and taken, I do not remember. It was so late, and we were all so sleepy, we stopped counting. Believe me, it was no easy task to lift out of her seat, by clutching claws about her head, even the so very slightly fashioned Flora Finch!

Many people believe that the moving picture serial is a rather recent innovation, and possibly recall as the first one Edison's "What Happened to Mary," featuring Mary Fuller. To Frank Woods, now manager of the Fine Arts studio, must credit be given for the first one, for a series of "Jones" pictures, relating the experiences of a Mr. and Mrs. Jones, were written by Frank Woods and produced by Mr. Griffith as far back as 1908. Each story was complete in itself, and the parts were played by Florence Lawrence and the late John Compson. In the supporting casts of these pictures were Mack Sennett, George Gebhardt, Miss Jeanne MacPherson (now scenario writer for Lasky

and whom Mr. Griffith always liked to use, as she had been abroad and had some very good-looking clothes), Owen Moore, Charles Inslee, Tony O'Sullivan, Arthur Johnson and Harry Salter.

"Mr. Jones at the Ball," "Mixed Babies," "His Day of Rest," "His Wife's Biscuits," "The Peachbasket Hat," "Her First Biscuits," and others will readily be recalled as the once famous "Jones" pictures, written by the man who collaborated with Mr. Griffith on the scenario of "The Birth of a Nation." As "Spectator" on the New York *Dramatic Mirror*, Mr. Woods also gave the public the first intelligent reviews of moving pictures and fought hard to have the *Dramatic Mirror* introduce a Moving Picture Department between its covers. In fact, great credit is due Mr. Woods for having blazed the trail to press recognition of motion pictures.

While many of the stars of to-day came humbly seeking work at the studio, when the type he was looking for didn't happen along, Mr. Griffith would ask help of the different dramatic agencies. In one of these agencies, Paul Scott's, one day when seeking new talent, he noticed a good-looking, manly chap just leaving the office. Mr. Griffith turned to Mr. Scott and said, "That's the man I want," and Frank Powell, one of the foremost directors of to-day, made his entry into moving pictures. His entrance also recorded a new departure. He was the first actor to be engaged for ten dollars a day.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Mary Pickford, as "Hulda of Holland," had an entire Dutch village built for her benefit, in a small town on Long Island. But she is a clever little actress and did not once "get in Dutch."

## Nemesis

By ARTHUR C. BROOKS

THE House was dark and cool,  
 The Picture was interesting,  
 And the Crowd was small.  
 I had just speared a  
 Favorite Seat,  
 Right on the end of a Row.  
 I prefer this Seat  
 In Summer, when the Fans  
 Are zipping, because  
 I'm out of the Draft.  
 Experiencia docet.  
 (Or is that correct?)  
 Anyway, the Thing  
 Came in just as I was  
 Thinking I was  
 In Right.  
 He went to the End  
 Of the Aisle

(Plenty of seats on  
 Both sides, remember),  
 And stood watching the  
 Lady Pianist perspire.  
 Then he turned  
 And ambled back  
 To the Row ahead of me;  
 But he didn't go in it.  
 Oh, no!  
 He changed his mind  
 Again, like the Dear Old  
 Lady he was,  
 And moved back to me,  
 And stood there,  
 Significantly.  
 I said, "Do you want to  
 Come in?"  
 Cordial-like;

And he said, "M-m,"  
 And started to climb  
 Over my knees.  
 Before I could rise,  
 He had successfully  
 Muddled the Toes of  
 My Shoes and mussed  
 My Hair with the edge  
 Of his Hat.  
 He smelled strongly of  
 Fresh-roasted  
 Peanuts.  
 Phew!  
 At last he got in  
 And sat down.  
 Just as he got  
 Comfortably jackknifed,  
 Who should come in but a

Lady!  
 (The same row, mind you!)  
 Well, he leaped to his  
 Feet, and his Heels slid  
 Out from under him,  
 Sliding beneath the seat  
 Ahead.  
 For a Moment he lay  
 Supine,  
 With his neck resting on  
 The top of the Chair,  
 All scraped.  
 You know how it is.  
 The Lady laughed,  
 And I laughed.  
 Gosh-a-mighty!  
 But he didn't.  
 Not at all.



TRIANGLE

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, IN "THE HALF BREED."

"That was the best picture I ever saw," said a Southern girl, when she saw this photo of Douglas Fairbanks. "It was in the 'Half Breed,' and in this scene Fairbanks is chunkin' rocks at the sheriff to keep him from finding out where the girl is hidden. He is——"

"Just a minute," said a listener. "What does 'chunkin' rocks' mean?"

"Chunkin' rocks?" repeated the Southern girl. "Why—I do' know. I've heard that expression all my life. What would you say—'throwing stones'?"

"Chunkin' rocks" is the word, then, for what Douglas Fairbanks was doing when he dodged back into the hollow tree. He looks as though he had thoroughly enjoyed his efforts in that line. The girl is safe in another hollow tree, and the sheriff was "chunked" off her trail.

## He Refuses to Exit

"WHAT have you to offer to contribute to the general gayety of nations?" asked the Two-minute Man of Charlie Murray.

"Nothing," returned the lean comedian gloomily; "not right now, anyway. I've just finished a one-reel act with Mack Sennett, trying to convince him that I will not do the 'Little Eva' act. I refuse to die, even on the screen. That's one good thing about the comedy villain; he generally gets away alive, so they can use him in another play."

"Seems to me I've seen you killed several times," mused the Two-minute Man, putting up his pencil. "Haven't I seen you mangled under trains and mashed by falls from windows or choked to death by the hero?"

"Almost," replied Murray sadly; "almost—but never quite. I don't yearn for the death stuff. Now, in this 'Pills of Peril' picture, it was originally intended—by Mack Sennett—to let me gently die by my own pills. But

when I learned that much of the script, I struck for life. I says to 'em, I says, I'll feed 'em even to the heroine and save her from the results of her own appetite, or I'll kill sharks with 'em, or I'll throw 'em one by one into the mouth of a bean jar, a la one of the baseball stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*. But die by 'em I will not. If you want me to stick around for that play, cut that act, I says. So Mack Sennett, he says——"

"You don't mind talking me to death about it, do you?" protested the Two-minute Man wearily. "What do I care what anybody said about it? If you don't like the thought of dying, stick around and endure life. It ought to be a merry one for as good a comedian as you ought to be?"

"Good-night, old top!" grinned Murray. "Come back some time when you've extracted that corn from your disposition, won't you?"



VITAGRAPH

#### JOSEPHINE EARLE

Our "Off Guard" Number would not be complete without this Vitagraph Vampire, peacefully removing wicked bugs from her thriving cabbage patch. She is not afraid of the famous "cabbage snake," and pestiferous insects get out of her garden when they see her coming. Josephine Earle is a regular siren on the screen, but on her off days she pursues these peaceful paths of domestic felicity.

#### A Blue "Drop"

A satin bow, cerulean-hued,  
Is treasured in my vest.  
Miladi dropped it, when I wooed  
With proper "picture" zest.

I loved her then, I made a "hit"—  
'Twas in the studio;  
But, later, got the "movie mitt"—  
Miladi dropped a "beau"!

*Dorothy Harpur O'Neill.*



#### With a Full Cargo

The scene showed an actress selling her hair to obtain money to buy her husband a boat in which to fish for a living. After receiving the coin, the husband walked away, and later returned very much intoxicated.

"Faith," said an Irishman to his wife, "that man invisted that money in a bunch of schooners."



#### Making Light of It

A death scene had just been reeled off. Little Tommy, turning to his mother, said,

"Mamma, why do people always die with their eyes shut in the movies?"

"Why," replied the startled mother, "I suppose because the light won't hurt their eyes."

#### Figuratively Speaking

The "rough-house" comedy on the screen seemed to bring sad memories to the mind of a rather dilapidated negro in the audience, who was the possessor of a black eye, a swollen lip and various other injuries.

"Lem," he remarked to his ebony companion, "I sho had *some* trouble with mah girl to-night."

"Whassamattah?" asked Lem. "Did she hand yo' th' mitten?"

"Th' mitten!" exclaimed the dilapidated one. "Man, she done ..and muh both fists an' a flatiron!"



#### His Initial Bow

*Bonn*—What makes Kross so good-natured this morning?

*Tonn*—He had a son and heir make its first appearance on the screen of life last night.



#### Easily Figured Out

*Teacher*—If you had five cents, and I gave you two cents, what would you have?

*Tommy*—An afternoon at the movies and two lolly pops.



#### Not Original

*Tip*—I had an idea I could sell a scenario.

*Tap*—You are not the only one who had the same idea.



ALICE HOLLISTER.

She didn't look to me like a woman who had murdered 9,897,659 people in her day, not to speak of having been choked and stabbed and shot a few times herself.

## A Vampire Off Guard

Alice Hollister Has a Secret and Consuming Grievance Concerning Her Husband's Camera

By ELIZABETH SEARS



NOT BUT what she respects and admires this camera, famous on several continents; but she regards it as a serious rival. Anyway, that is what she says.

There are so many vampires clogging the market nowadays, with tragic faces and passionate cigarettes, that it is difficult to think of a time when there was only one vampire—one timid, shrinking, but ambitious little vampire, vamping all alone by herself. Alice Hollister created the vampire parts.

"Funny thing," said this pleasant little vampire, pulling a comfy chair up by a broad window, where a pleasant breeze played peek-a-boo with a filmy curtain, and handing her visitor a fan and a cushion. "Lots of people seem to think that when we act vampire parts so much, we must look and live like vampires. Do you see anything vampirish about me?"

I took a critical glance. She didn't look like a lady who had murdered 9,897,659 people in her six years on the

screen, not to speak of having been choked, stabbed and otherwise put to death a few dozen times on her own account.

It is recorded of her that once in the early days of her vamping, an aspiring young actress, then just essaying vampire parts and eager to put considerable more "thicker-and-thinner" passion into them than Miss Hollister thinks wise, walked up to the latter, who was sitting peacefully on the veranda of a Jacksonville hotel, and demanded,

"You're Miss Hollister, aren't you? Would you mind just getting up and walking down to the end of the porch, so I can see how you do it?"

Miss Hollister is the soul of gentleness and courtesy, and although her pretty face betrayed a bit of astonishment, she did as requested.

"Thanks," said the actress shortly. "I guess I can get it all right!"

\* \* \* \* \*

PUTTERING domestically about her own house, Miss Hollister looks more like a hospitable soul who knows how to make her guests thoroughly comfortable than a





George Hollister and his famous camera, with seventeen inventions of his own that make it the most valuable camera in existence.

roaming vampire lady. Between you and me, I think her husband, George Hollister, is a mighty lucky man. Not because he is considered one of the best camera men in the business, but because he is the husband of Alice Hollister.

"Smiling comes naturally to me at home, but not in picture work," she explained, pulling the ears of her favorite little kitten. "I suppose that is because I began with the serious work. Really, I do not care much for comedy, and yet I seem to be always mixed up in it off the stage."

Miss Lindroth, of the Famous Players, began to laugh softly. Miss Lindroth had come to spend the day with her old friend, in a breathing space at the studio, before she went into rehearsals on Valentine Grant's new Scotch play.

"Do you remember what I think was the funniest thing I ever saw?" she reminded Miss Hollister. "It was when we were rehearsing for a play on the St. John's River, in Florida, when you

were doing a water stunt. You see, Alice does not care much for the water stunts. She would prefer to do her vampiring on dry land. But the script called for a drowning and floating act, and Alice had to float gracefully, with her hands folded on her breast. She is not strong on floating, so it was arranged that an expert diver should remain submerged under water and hold her under the waist. Summoning all her fortitude—for she is afraid of the water—she essayed the scene, begging them, with what few breaths she could afford as a drowning heroine, to make it short. When it was all over, she was pulled ashore with a thankful heart.

"It was a most successful scene, save that when it was developed, it was discovered that the expert diver had lost control of one foot, which floated, bare and a trifle large, right alongside Alice's small tootsie. It gave her a queer effect of having three perfectly good feet, one several sizes larger than the other two. And the floating stunt had all to be done over again!"

"I was just as scared as Alice," confided her husband. "I knew how afraid she was of the water."

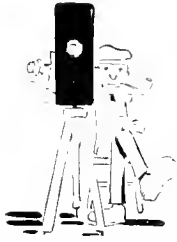
"Just the same, you think more of your camera than you do of me," she said, grinning saucily up at her husband from her couch, where she sat playing with her fluffy kitten.

"Show her the camera," pleaded Miss Lindroth suddenly. "Show it to her, George. It is unlike any camera in the world. It has about forty inventions of his, all made out of sewing machines and bicycle pumps and shaving boxes and hairpins and——"

"Only seventeen inventions," interposed Mr.



"I'll forgive you, George," said Alice Hollister; "at the same time, I still believe you like your camera better than you do me."



Hollister, who is a very serious man. He removed himself carefully from the window ledge and opened the box that held the camera. Hollister never waits for anybody to invent things for him. If he is forty miles from a shop, he takes a piece of his wife's sewing machine and converts it into a valuable patent. Sometimes he uses part of a bicycle spring, and once, after experimenting for a long time, he went down to a ten-cent store and picked up an aluminum saucepan that was just the thing. That camera is famous all over the world. And next to his family, George Hollister guards it with jealous care.

"Alice always throws that up to me," he said, as he opened it and explained the different inventions that make it the most valuable camera in the world. "All because once, on a jaunting car in Ireland, she thought I looked after the camera first."

"So you did," she said plaintively. "There I was, strained in every muscle from that long, horrible, jolty ride, and waiting for George to come and help me out, and there was George, running to hand out his camera as if it had been an infant in arms, and leaving me to tumble out the best way I could!"

"I leave it to you," began Mr. Hollister, with some excitement. "You look like a reasonable person. Here was a camera and box full of valuable films that it had cost the company thousands upon thousands of dollars to get, and the least tumble or shake might have spoiled them. My wife had two good feet to help herself to the ground with, and, much as I love her, I could not risk those films. I ask you—did I do right?"

"Mr. Hollister, sir," I replied solemnly, "in my opinion, sir, you did the only thing to be done."

We shook hands soberly, and Alice Hollister gazed meditatively at those "two good little feet," shod in very smart shoes, and then flashed a divinely forgiving smile at her husband.

"I'll forgive you, George," she said, encouraging a dimple that has an apartment in her left cheek to come out and peek at the company. "But I was in a good humor for a vampire part that afternoon, all right, wasn't I?"

"What is your interpretation of a vampire part?" I asked hurriedly. Having fervently agreed with her husband, I feared lest I might be in her bad graces. But she forgave me with the same charming, dimpling smile.

"I like to make my vampires psychological studies rather than physical types," she said. "I cannot see where one gains by sacrificing any intrinsic value of delicacy for a false value that amounts to coarseness. Suggest the lure rather than boldly employ cigarettes and divans and voluptuous draperies. The vampire of the soul rather than of the body. Sometimes, don't you see, it may be an inherent obsession that drives, drives, drives a tormented woman to do the things that her heart and instinct cry out against.



One must study all the time to determine the exact shade of tragedy in each different character. There is a chance for versatility. This is what makes the vampire part so fascinating."

Nevertheless, Miss Hollister can laugh. Suddenly, as she had dressed to go out upon the street, her canary by the window burst out into a trill of unexpected song.

"The darling!" she murmured, going to the cage to smile up at him. "It is the first time he has sung for me since we brought him from Jacksonville. We were afraid he was homesick and might never sing again. Just listen to him."



The players are, left to right, Victor Rottman, Myrta Sterling and Ethel Teare. The picture is "A Watery Wooing." In the story Victor overcomes the mother's objections to him by a fake rescue of Ethel from a watery grave. Then, when mother gets in too deep herself, Victor proves a four-flushing hero, for he can't even swim.

### A Considerate Patient

A famous specialist of Los Angeles tells this story:

In making examinations he uses dark crayon to mark the body, while his assistant records the result of his examination. A motion picture extra who had been examined called several weeks afterward and said, "Doctor, would it be all right to wash off those marks now?"



### Stars and Bars

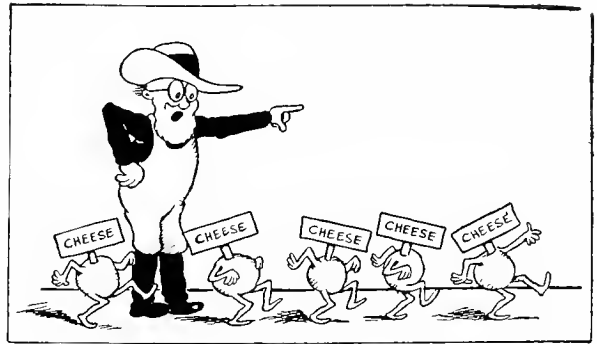
"Don't you think it would be a good idea to have actors wear a band around their sleeve, as policemen do, for every five years of service?" said H. A. Barrows to Betty Schade, who plays opposite William Farnum in the Fox master production, "The Man from Bitter Roots."

"I think it would be a whole lot better," Miss Schade replied sweetly, "if many of them had to wear stripes."



PARAMOUNT-BRAY

Farmer Alfalfa and his Tentless Circus are having a lively rehearsal, with odds in favor of the pig.



PARAMOUNT-BRAY

Farmer Alfalfa brought his scientific experiments to such a fine point that his hens hatched out animated cheeses.

### Don't Stay in the Shade, Then

"PRETTY soft for you, huh, out there on the Pacific coast, where there are no sharks and the weather is endurable," wrote an actor friend to Frank Borsage, who was directing a five-part feature, "Land o' Lizard," for the American-Mutual, at the time.

"You bet it is!" said Mr. Borsage, when he read the letter. "It reminds me of the time we went down into the Santa Ynez country, in southern California, to get the desert scenes. It was hotter than Billy-be-dummed—temperature 125 half the time. One day one of the men kicked vigorously at having to play in the hot weather.

"Look here, Borsage!" he protested. "It's 118 in the shade, man! You cannot ask us to work with the thermometer 118 in the shade."

"Well," I said soothingly, "you don't have to work in the shade. Get out in the sun."



PARAMOUNT-BRAY

Farmer Alfalfa fires repeated shots at the invader of his melon patch, but the latter goes right on eating.

### Something To Say

The young actor had just failed in a scene from "The Grip of Evil," the great picture that Balboa is engaged in filming for Pathe, and the director had gently but firmly admonished him. He was earnest and painstaking, but his acting was wooden.

"You look the part, all right," said

the director. "Why can't you act it?"

"Give me something to say," almost tearfully appealed the actor, "and I'll put it over for you."

"All right. Say what you want to. Go over there and write your speech, and we'll try again in fifteen minutes."

And fifteen minutes later the boy put the same scene over with a smash.

He had lines to speak, and the lines helped his acting immeasurably.

When it was all over, the director said,

"I have believed for a long time that speaking helps acting before the camera, and it may be that we shall see speaking parts written into the working scenarios in the not distant future. The screen game changes every day."



### Well Turned

*Friend*—Do you turn many screen actors out here?

*Director*—Turn them out? Why, we can't get rid of them fast enough!

## Photoplay Fans

By JAMES G. GABLE

AT NIGHT when I come home, you know,  
'Tis then we have our fun;  
We hie us to the picture show,  
When supper things are done.  
We see dumb brutes in combats rare,  
Just as they did of old,  
With other sights to raise our hair  
And make the blood run cold.

The widow's little baby dies,  
To music sad and slow.  
We cannot stop the gusty sighs—  
The world is filled with woe.  
The villain turns the old folks out—  
You ought to hear us hiss!  
Not when he's foiled beyond a doubt,  
We can't contain our bliss.

We see the dam blown up at night,  
And almost scream aloud.  
The villain then gives us a fright;  
We sit with sorrow bowed.  
The maiden fair is chased from home;  
With rage we grip our seats.  
With falt'ring steps she starts to roam;  
The rain comes down in sheets.

But lovers meet where bright stars shine,  
And as they softly kiss,  
Wee wife slips her hand in mine—  
It is my hour of bliss.  
So every night, when work is done,  
Whatever winds may blow,  
We hurry up to see the fun,  
At our great picture show.



VITAGRAPH

"Will you kindly step aside," politely asked the director. "Otherwise you will be in the picture."  
 "I have every intention of being in this picture," replied Father, firmly.

## Father Breaks in the Pictures

Filming De Luxe

By F. GREGORY HARTSWICK



We had motored all day and were distinctly tired. The rambling building of Briarcliff Lodge promised rest and refreshment, and James, our irreproachable chauffeur, gave the car an extra bit of gas. We whirled up the winding ascent to the lodge and were greeted enthusiastically by the doorman. As the numerous bags were being removed and James was asking the way to the garage,

I noticed that mother was looking at the shady piazza with a gaze of frozen horror. I followed her glance and stared in my turn. For surely such a sight comes but once in the lives of weak mortals. In a rocker sat a lady—but such a lady! Her gown was the last thing in extremes, her face was a chalky white with powder, her eyes were darkly outlined with liberal—too liberal—applications of the pencil, her eyebrows were arched like cathedral domes, her lips were absurdly bowed in the brightest carmine—she was a sight for gods and men to wonder at! I said—But never mind. Suffice it that my remarks were uncomplimentary. Even father thought "she'd overdone it a bit." But dinner beckoned, and cooling drinks; so we sent James on with the car and betook ourselves to our rooms.

I had a pressing engagement with Colonel Bogey the following morning, so I arose bright and early. As I strolled out to the course—the Briarcliff links are just a pleasant walk away from the hotel, and although cars are

to be had for the asking, a walk in the fresh morning air is infinitely preferable—I noticed a white car, of uncertain vintage, but unmistakable racing lines, with a most immaculate chauffeur and a man in a Palm Beach suit busy at the number pendant. I paused to observe, and saw, to my horror, that they were taking off the safe and sane New York license and putting on another—a mystic combination of letters and figures that meant nothing to me. I passed on, darkly meditating. What villainy were they contemplating? Were they pirates of the road, who were changing their numbers the better to escape justice? Or were they murderers and kidnapers, who were attempting to throw the bloodhounds of the law off the track by this device? I pictured myself as the star witness in the crowded courtroom, describing how I had seen the number being changed; I saw the faces of the two villains pale as my damning evidence, given in a clear, loud tone, sent them to their doom—The first tee loomed before me, and I forgot my dream of fame.

I was wandering back to the hotel, with my mind full of that peace which cometh only to those who have played over a new course, and, playing, have won the regard and favorable comment of the caddie, when my brother appeared around the corner of the hotel, his eyes full of news and his mouth full of words. And I heard behind me a warning whir and saw a limousine flash past, with the same immaculate chauffeur driving—and by his side a beautiful girl, wrapped in a shawl, her face white, her eyes closed, in a dead faint on his shoulder!



Valentine Grant, a Famous Players star, made a friend of one of Bill Snyder's pets at the Zoo recently. Pet is an elephant and it turned out its entire bag of tricks cheerfully for Miss Grant's entertainment, while its mate trumpeted jealously in its apartment behind the happy group.

I dropped my clubs with a clatter and ran. I dashed under the porte-cochère and saw a crowd congregated at the farther end of the piazza. The limousine had stopped, and people were running out to it. I heard cries of distress. I saw the much-painted lady whom I had observed the evening before leap from the steps and fling the door of the car wide and slam it with such vigor that the pane of glass in it fell in tinkling fragments on the road. And I heard a disgusted voice say,

"Hang it all! Now you've ruined that piece! Go back and do it over—and don't be so much in a hurry to slam the door this time!"

The limousine swung around the loop of the drive, back to its starting place. The beautiful girl was rearranging herself in a new posture indicating unconsciousness. The painted lady retreated to the piazza, where she waited, somewhat in the attitude of a sprinter on his mark, for the car to come up. And I saw. Mine eyes had been holden, but now I saw. It did not take the glittering three-legged instrument with the perspiring man at the crank or the be-megaphoned god from the machine to show me. I was at the very fountain-head of a moving picture!

Once more the limousine sped from the shelter of the porte-cochère. Once more the painted lady sprang to the door and opened it—this time without breaking anything. Once more the fainting miss was carried tenderly up the steps, where she stood up and breathed a sigh of relief. And the director seemed satisfied.

"All right. Now for the next one—the farewells," he said.

I had not noticed father during the excitement. But now I looked around for him. He was standing immediately in front of the camera, the light of conquest in his

eyes. To him cautiously approached the director.

"Will you please move a little to one side?" said that worthy.

"Why, I'm quite comfortable here," was the reply.

"But you'll be in the picture!"

"I have every intention of being in the picture," replied father, in the tone that he uses when he is addressing a jury.

The director looked puzzled. This was evidently a new occurrence in his life. Then his brow cleared.

"I'll give you a chance later on," he said, with a grin. (He had a charming grin.) "You get in that group up there and wave good-by. We'll need a lot of guests for that."

So father entered the group of the chosen and waved vigorously, with his eyes, I fear, more on the camera than on the departing vision of the beautiful girl and the immaculate chauffeur in the ancient but racy white car.

At luncheon that day we learned more about the screen folk. It was the Vitagraph Company, intent on filming a new production—"The Scarlet Runner" was the title, I remember—and they were at Briarcliff Lodge for a week. Knowing Briarcliff Lodge's rates per day, I was constrained to hope that the picture would be a success. The company must have had a heavy deficit, otherwise. They had taken a number of pictures elsewhere, among these the accident of which the snatches we had seen were the forerunners and followers. The picture was to be a serial, and we had seen a part of the formulation of one chapter. Also, father had been immortalized. We were well content.

So now I haunt the Vitagraph Theater, in the hope of seeing "The Scarlet Runner," with the painted lady and the beautiful girl—and father.



MOROSCO

In the Garden



Vivian Martin



**A** DAY with Vivian Martin is a fairly strenuous day. Little Vivian Martin is built

on springs of wireless energy, and she believes in making every hour in the day count for something. Once in a while she gets a day off from the studio, and she has a lot of fun with that day. It is

apt to be more weary than she is by the time it is ready to retire for the night and let the stars have a show. Miss Martin does not see why eight perfectly good hours should be allowed to run around loose without being used wisely.

"I declare, I really don't know just how I do spend my days off," she mused, holding up her haughty little dog and trying to blow a strand of roving hair off her cheek with the corner of her mouth. The little lock of hair blew right straight back, and who could blame it? The small dog looked on distantly and gave way to a bark now and then, when he felt that the visitors were not noticing him.

"I romp around a good deal with the pup," said Miss Martin, with a nice, friendly smile. The dog barked. He had been thinking all the while he was a regular dog. "It makes him mad to call him a pup," explained Miss Martin. "I only do it to tease him. His real name is Dulcimer."

"But isn't Dulcimer a feminine name?" suggested the visitor delicately. "Or was I mistaken in thinking I heard you refer to it as 'him'?"

"Sure," agreed Miss Martin promptly. So there you are. She refuses to explain why she calls the dog "Dulcimer," except that she likes the dog and she likes the name. Which is about as good a reason as any, when you dig down to basic principles.

"First I romp with Dulcimer," she went on—"after I have had my breakfast, you know. I am not so keen on this early morning stuff. Breakfast is my next objective point after I am dressed. Then I sit around in the summer arbor—that is, I call it an arbor; but for publication purposes don't you think it would sound more exclusive if we called it a pergola or something like that?"

That's what it is, then—a pergola, all bunched up with flowers and vines and comfortable chairs. Here Miss Martin takes her sewing and uses up an hour or two at em-

With

broidering and even putting a dainty little darn or two in a tablecloth and napkin or a pair of hosiery. She isn't a bit too upstage to take a healthy interest in keeping her clothes mended and anchoring a hook and eye or a button occasionally. She has a specialty, too, in sewing. She makes the cleverest little underthings you ever saw. She held one up to view. It was of pink wash satin, with strips of lace all worked in leaves and flowers in blue, and little—whadycallems—French knots?—all over it.

"I know what that is," triumphantly announced a male visitor, who had accidentally sauntered into the scene. "My sister makes 'em all over the place. That's a casserole."

"It is not a casserole," blushed Miss Martin. "A casserole is a dish that you bake things in. Anyhow, you have no business around here when we are talking about our embroidery."

"It is, too, a casserole," muttered the male visitor stubbornly. "I guess I've heard my sister"—

"It's a camisole, you idiot!" whispered his sister. "You wear them under a thin shirtwaist. Lots of girls make them. See how you've gummed up the parade here. Get out, do, and stay out."

"They tell me you are some cook, too," blundered the visitor, trying to iron out the situation.

Miss Martin put away her sewing and rose to the situation nobly.

"Cook?" she said. "That is my middle name. Every morning I go to market and take my little Dulcimer dog for an airing and buy what I want for dinner. Kitchen utensils have no terrors for me. I can subjugate them with one hand. They fall right in line before me when I enter a kitchen and obey my slightest bidding. If you have never seen me stir up a blueberry cake or an old-fashioned gingerbread or a mess of young rusks, you have missed something."

"There's one good thing about Vivian's cooking, too," observed a young friend. "Her efforts are largely eatable."

"I've a recipe for canteloupe salad," observed Miss Martin dreamily, "that seems to be right popular."

"I'll say this for Vivian," interposed another friend. "I'll come up to dinner with her any time and glad of the

chance, especially if she has cooked it herself. Could I say more?"

"And then, along toward sunset," mused Miss Martin, absentmindedly reaching for the tea tray, upon which reposed a plate of cinnamon toast, crisp and tender and spicy with cinnamon, "I like to wander out in the flowers and select my bouquets for the next day. I love every flower that is in season."

"I should say she does," said one of her friends. "Vivian buttons on a little dimity gown and wanders around bareheaded in the garden and out in the daisy fields and comes in loaded with blossoms and covered with red ants and chiggers."

Miss Martin frowned portentously.

"Don't mind her," she said gently. "She loves to joke. Don't you want to come out and see my garden?"

Daisies bloomed there waist-high—Miss Martin's waist. She bent tenderly over the flowers and talked to them and called them pet names.

"Flowers know what you are saying," she said, with a wise little twinkle in her eye. "They love to have you pet them. See those pink begonias over there? I visit with them every morning, and they bloom their darling little heads off for me. And that row of tea roses over there know when I am coming out for a chat with them. They hold up their blossoms so proudly and fairly blush with pleasure when I praise them. 'Deed and 'deed, flowers can talk—I know it."

So we left little Vivian Martin in her garden, looking after the camera man as we rode away. Her day was almost over, and she had used up every minute in it. And when it was gone, she would go to her room and kick off her shoes and go to the window to say good-night to the stars and yawn and shake out her hair and say,

"It's a good old world, and thank goodness there's another glorious day right ahead of me, to have twelve good hours of fun with."

### ✕ ✕ Exposed

The picture on the screen, a society drama, showed two women in evening gowns seated with their backs to the audience, the gowns covering very little of the aforesaid backs.

"Pat, an' whot do yez think uv thot?" asked an Irishman in the audience.

"Shure," remarked his friend, "Oi'd call ut a case uv double exposure."



MOROSCO

She can stir up gingerbread and blueberry cake and canteloupe salad.



MOROSCO

Goodbye!

### Heartrending

He was telling his friends of a wonderful moving picture he had seen the night before.

"It was stupendous, magnificent!" he said. "There must have been a thousand people in the scene. The great Coliseum was thronged. The vast assembly rose in tiers"—

"Ah," broke in the chronic idiot, "it must have been an awfully sad scene, wasn't it?"



### Inside Information

It was a scientific picture of the educational type, showing X-ray views of the various organs in the human body.

"Glory, Sam," exclaimed a negro in the audience, "ain't dat wondeh-ful!"

"Niggah," replied his companion, in a vastly superior tone, "dat's jist what dey call one ob dese here interior scenes."



### The White Hopeless

They were showing one of the usual pink-tea "fight" scenes, and two small messenger boys in the audience became deeply disgusted.

"Golly, Jimmie," broke out one urchin suddenly, "dat big guy wit' th' wild-man hair-cut fights like a cheese!"

"Yeah," agreed Jimmie, "he's rotten. Why, he'd make a ten-round bout out of lickin' a postage stamp!"



### Legs Were Necessary

May (out of breath)—I've run my legs off in order to get here to see the manager about appearing in the chorus scene.

Fay—If that is the case, you'll not have a leg to stand on.



### A Bust Scene

A poor, shaky old sculptor sat idly down;

As they say in the movies, he registered a frown.

"In all this big city no barkeep will trust,

So it's quite impossible to finish my 'bust.'"



### Heard in a Studio

"One can read her face like a book," said Miss Pry.

"Of that there's no doubt," answered Miss Guy.

"It's easy to see, since her beauty has flown, That the cover designs are all her own."



INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

Up at six, a cold shower—ug-g-h!—a simple breakfast of fruit, cereal, bacon, eggs, toast and coffee, and time for a breezy canter to the studio. Some stars prefer autos, but Howard Estabrook, International star, says nothing beats a good horse, a straight road and a fine morning.

## Howard Estabrook Off Guard

Screen Drama is Hard Work and Screen People Must Religiously Keep in the Pink of Condition

**T**HIS screen stuff is no dilettante life," said Howard Estabrook, emerging from his dressing-room, fresh and cool in white flannels. "Every screen star must keep in the pink of condition, and keeping in good condition means a lot of work."

"But all the screen stars do not have cars and horses and valets and trainers," it was suggested.

"You don't need 'em," said Mr. Estabrook. "If you have two good legs to walk with and a convenient doorway for exercise, you can keep yourself in fine condition. Look here"—

Back into his dressing-room he went and emerged once more with his athletic trunks on.

"You see this doorway?" he said. "It must be a poor screen actor who hasn't a doorway to call his own. The average



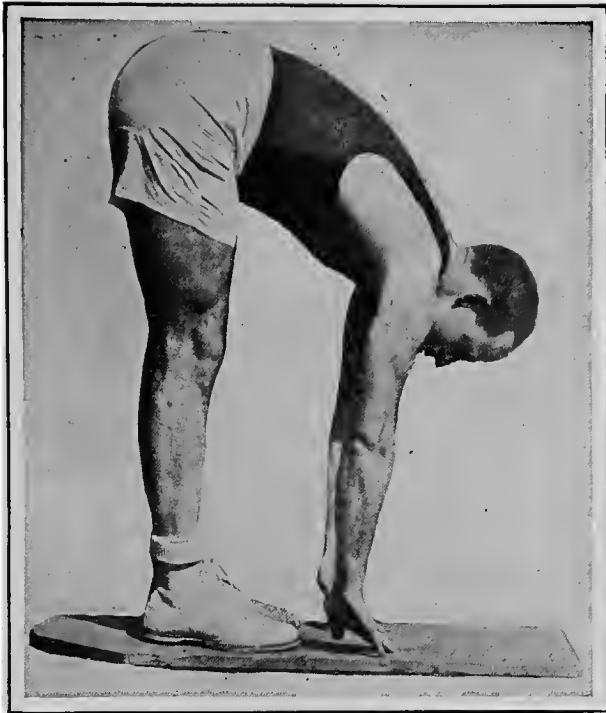
INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

"This is my Samson stuff—only need a doorway."

wainscoting will stand a lot of strain, and this series of what I call 'Samson movements' is just as good in its way as the medicine ball, the tennis courts or the horseback rides. Naturally all of us are quick enough to use these luxuries when we can get them, but a cold shower and a doorway will keep anyone in condition for the picture stunts."

The screen star rapidly went through a set of exercises in the doorway. He braced himself against one side and tried to push the side of the wainscoting out of commission. Then he stood straight, threw his hands into the air and gracefully bent down and fondly patted the rubber mat beneath his feet. His secretary is a terror with the medicine ball, but Estabrook sent it smashing at him until the secretary was glad to admit that he had had enough.





INTERNATIONAL FILM CORPORATION

"Can't beat this exercise for suppleness. Watch me bend."



INTERNATIONAL FILM CORPORATION

He hurls a medicine ball like a Teutonic howitzer.

"Success in pictures means a series of eliminations," explained Mr. Estabrook, once more in white flannels. "If you are going to be on the job in the morning, there must be no late hours. I don't even find time to console myself with a smoke or a drink. Mark you, I have no objection for alcohol or tobacco; but I just do not have time to use them. When I am not looking after my muscles and physical condition, I am at work in the studio. When I can get an hour off, I plunge into cool Lake Cayuga and have a combination swimming and boating party."

"Has Estabrook started on his exercise hobby?" grinned an actor friend. "Honest, I don't see how he does it. He's up at six and working all day long, and yet he says he has no set rules for physical exercises."

"That is because I don't make work of them," returned Mr. Estabrook. "There is

only one reason for exercise, and that is to start a

smashing circulation to begin the day with. I notice you chaps are always hanging around and wistfully asking what I do to keep in good condition, all the same."

Mr. Estabrook prefers to spend the evening with a quiet party of friends, at home or at a motion picture play. He misses none of the good ones. Once in a while he takes an evening off for his club, but ten o'clock finds him heading in for home.

"Motion pictures is a daylight game," he said, "and the successful aspirant must get it firmly enconced in his mind that sitting up with a gay bunch until three in the morning does not particularly assist in the making of good pictures nor in mooring a good job."



INTERNATIONAL FILM CORPORATION

Sometimes a hard day is ended by a thrilling spin on a quiet road, with Mr. Estabrook at the wheel.



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

Roscoe Arbuckle and Al St. John in "The Waiters' Ball." How could Fatty know that the lady dishwasher who owned the gown would appear at the ball?



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

Fatty is determined to go to the Waiters' Ball, and a waiter stole his dress suit. But the fat lady dishwasher had an evening gown, and the pretty cashier cheerfully helped with the finishing touches.

## Fatty in His Favorite Role—The Cook.

**R**OSCOE ARBUCKLE has a scream in his play, "The Waiters' Ball." With his usual generosity, he gives his company a chance for a little glory, and the comedy as elucidated by Al St. John, a coming young comedian, Corinne Parquet, Arbuckle's new leading lady, and our own old favorite, Kate Price, gets many a laugh over the screen.

The cast in full is a good one. There is Roscoe Arbuckle as the cook, Al St. John as the waiter, Corinne Parquet as the cashier, Joe Bordeaux as her bad brother, Robert Maximilian as the proprietor, Kate Price as the dishwasher, and Alice Lake as the fair customer.

A pretty cashier in a small, cheap restaurant has two ardent suitors in the cook and the waiter. This love affair causes considerable friction between the wheels of the dining-room and the kitchen, and the innocent bystanders, in the shape of the proprietor and the customers, get the heavy end of the deal.

All the employees are anxiously anticipating the Waiters' Ball, a strictly full-dress affair. The waiter yearns to escort the pretty cashier to the ball, but does not possess the necessary dress suit. Fatty, the cook, has a dress suit, which he complacently sends to the cleaners to be ready for the ball. The waiter makes the most of an elegant chance to annex the dress suit, and he and the cashier attend the ball. The suit is a trifle over, but not enough to make the happy waiter unhappy.

Fatty is resourceful. He attends the ball in disguise, as a beautiful lady, attired in the stolen evening gown of the lady dishwasher. He discovers his own suit draped on the happy person of the waiter, and trouble begins right there. The dishwasher helps it along by discovering her lost evening gown on what seems to be the belle of the ball.



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

Fatty is the cook in a short-order restaurant, and his own ambition is to grow thin and to win the pretty cashier. His only drawback is his tendency to feed.



KEYSTONE COMPANY

MABEL NORMAND, A LEADING COMEDY STAR



APOLOGIES TO KINEMACOLOR

JUST AS THE MOVIE PICTURE ENDS



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

"So you will try to steal my girl, eh?" roars the new waiter, when he gets the hapless Fatty cornered. The lady dishwasher intervenes for Fatty and the pretty cashier promises that she will not be stolen by any cook.



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

Fatty meets the new waiter, and peace reigned but briefly. For he had on Fatty's suit, and what is Fatty's is Fatty's, and right there he took his own.



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

Fatty was admitted to be the belle of the ball—until the lady dishwasher arrived. Things began to hum when he was discovered.

## Sixty Dollars, Please

**R**OSCOE ARBUCKLE had difficulties of his own while he was filming this picture. Minta Durfree, his diminutive wife, had returned to California to arrange their home there in preparation for the return of the Arbuckle company to the West coast. With her went the famous Arbuckle cat, which has succeeded in firmly intrenching itself in the affections of the adipose comedian. He plans to train it into a studio cat. Mrs. Arbuckle, in a bit of letter small talk, chanced to mention that the cat was a trifle shaky after the trip, and Roscoe became alarmed.

He hastened to the telephone and used up something like sixty dollars trying to understand what his wife was saying at the other end of the wire in California.

Mrs. Arbuckle was delighted when she was informed that her husband was trying to get her on the wire from New York.

"Aha!" she cried. "A little of this Lou-Tellegen and Farrar stuff, eh? He won't need any telephone girl to tell me that he says he loves me, either, as Tellegen did. I can understand him, all right." And she went to the telephone with happy anticipations of hearing her husband tell her how he missed her.

"Give the cat some catnip!" roared Roscoe over the wire.

"Huh—wh-ehat?" stammered his astonished wife. "You mean to tell me you called me up all the way from New York to tell me to feed that pesky cat catnip? Don't you suppose I had sense enough to do that?"

"Steady, dearie!" cooed Arbuckle over the wire. "I'm all right, and you're all right; but the cat might die if you didn't feed it catnip. I'm writing to-night, darling; but don't forget to give the cat some catnip!"



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

OUT!

### The Keystone Girl Likes Baseball

“SOME game—believe me—some game!”

Louise Fazenda falls easily into the vernacular of the baseball diamond, and when she pitched a winning game for the Carl Mueller Bloomer Girls the other day, she was so delighted that she turned a back somersault on the field and expressed her feelings in true fan slang.

The Mueller Bloomer Girls played two practice games with the Miller Theater team, composed of men, on the field at the corner of First and Rowan streets, Los Angeles, and Miss Fazenda, the clever young comedienne of the Triangle-Keystone studio, distinguished herself by pitching her team to victory in the last of the two games played.

Miss Fazenda is not an amateur baseball pitcher. During her high-school course she played the game every afternoon and was considered one of the star players of the Los Angeles high-school nine.

Wearing the flannel shirt, striped trousers, striped cap and wool socks affected by the men players, Miss Fazenda pitched in a sportsmanlike manner and won the approbation of both teams by her excellent control and poise.

The Keystone girl declares that she prefers baseball to tennis or golf, because the exercise is more violent and the game is keener and more of a man's game.

Carl Mueller's Bloomer Girls are well known throughout southern California, where they play against many of the small-town leagues.

Miss Fazenda asked for a leave of absence from the Triangle-Keystone studio to accompany the Bloomer Girls, but her director, who was in the midst of a Murray-Trask-Fazenda comedy, refused to allow the young baseball enthusiast to go with her team.

When the Bloomer Girls play the beach and inland towns in the near vicinity of Los Angeles, Miss Fazenda is planning to pitch for them.

“It's the best game of them all,” declares Miss Fazenda. “Some day, when

I get rich, I'm going to have a team of my own—and it isn't going to be any bush league, either.”



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

“I GOT IT!”



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THE MINISTER GETS HIS MONEY BACK—BUT BEN IS MINUS A PAIR OF PANTS

### “THE TALE OF HIS PANTS.”



ONE OF the great arts on the part of the director is to make the audience look where he wants it to. Just how he succeeds in doing this is well shown in this picture—a scene from a one-reel comedy written by Homer Croy, whose humorous writings are well known to the readers of *Leslie's* and *Judge*.

Here the director has fourteen people on the stage; each one of these is of interest to the audience, but the director wants to fasten the people's attention on a small, black, inanimate object—a pair of pants.

The director goes about this by having the minister hold them in the foreground, with every one on the stage looking at them. Every face is turned toward the trousers, so that the eye of the audience is moved unconsciously down to the object of interest. The object itself and the background are black, so the director adds a touch of high light by making the suspenders white. It is almost impossible to look at this picture without your eye swinging to the trousers.

The man in the background, with the heavy hanging mustache, is second in importance, so attention is brought to him in the scene by having him dodge up and down behind the screen, where he is hiding without any covering for his lower extremities. The first object that moves is certain to get the attention of the audience, so the rest of the cast are made to hold the pose, while the man behind the screen dodges up and down.

The title of this comedy produced by the Universal is “The Tale of His Pants,” and the story is as follows: Ben Bunce is attending a taffy pulling given by the church choir, when something happens to him. He sits down in a large, warm hunk of molasses. He slips into the preacher's study, takes off his pants, and is looking around for something to scrape the molasses off with, when a tramp comes along and walks off with his trousers. Ben puts on a pair belonging to the preacher and rushes back to choir practice, when the minister comes in wildly excited, with the news that somebody has run off with the trousers containing his last month's salary. Ben Bunce feels in his pocket and finds the money. He gets behind a screen and slips off the preacher's trousers, and then finds that he is around a church choir without anything in the way of wearing material below the waist. How he gets out of it makes a comedy that takes your mind off the thermometer.



### Another Raid on the “Legitimate”

Billie Burke signed the contract with the New York Motion Picture Corporation, which she has had under consideration for some time and which was the cause of her withdrawal from the Charles Frohman Company. Miss Burke received \$40,000 for five weeks' work, and, in addition, her expenses to the studios in California are to be paid.

The company also gave her a check for \$50,000 as an option on her services for the next three years at \$150,000 a year.

We Leave It to You.

Is There a Prettiest One ?



FOX

CARPENTER PHOTO

Gladys Brockwell is a pretty girl, isn't she? And she knows how to wear good clothes.



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE HARTSOOK PHOTO  
Claire Anderson is a star, because of her plucky work in "The Lion and the Girl."



ESSANAY ©MOFFATT  
Ruth Stonehouse has joined the Essanay bunch. She wants to do comedy-drama.



TRIANGLE WHITE PHOTO  
Mabel Normand greets you as the leading lady of the Normand Company.



FOX  
June Caprice is glad she's alive these days. Well, she ought to be. She's a lucky girl.



FAMOUS PLAYERS  
Once in a great while we find Marguerite Clark in a pensive mood.



Juanita Hanson knows all about "The Secret of the Submarine," but she won't tell it.





INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

Well, look who's here! If it isn't Betty Howe!



MORASCO

Here's another beauty, Vivian Martin.



SIGNAL-MUTUAL

Helen Holmes takes a day off from railroading.



TRIANGLE

Isn't Bessie a perfect bundle of Love?



FAMOUS PLAYERS

©IRA C. HILL

Louise Huff watching a rehearsal.



TRIANGLE

HARTSOOK PHOTO

Mae Busch in a pensive mood.



LONE STAR-MUTUAL

Here's a star for you, Edna Purviance.



Fanny Ward and her Wobble dog.

## Jane Bernoudy, The New Joker Comedienne, Rode Into Comedy

JANE BERNOUDY did not intend to be a comedienne when she began to work in pictures. Jane was a rider and did all kinds of stunts in what they used to call "Western stuff," meaning roping, riding and shooting Indians.

Then the "Western stuff" began to wane in vogue. Jane seemed likely to be out of a job. She had no ambitions to shine as a star in screen stunts, and about all she knew how to do was to ride and to look funny.

"Capitalize your funny face," advised a director, one day, when he broke the sad tidings to Jane that there would be no more Western pictures. "They are getting ready for some comedy stuff over in another set, and I'll back you against the funniest of them, if you are willing to queer yourself by a fantastic get-up."

Like Barkis, Jane "was willing." She did not care about sacrificing her looks. She realized that one could not look funny and look pretty at the same time and



JOKER  
Jane Bernoudy, the Joker comedienne, lets the dusting go while she peruses "The Maiden's Guide to Matrimony."

admitted that it was easier for her to look funny than it was to look pretty.

"I remembered an awkward maid we used to have," she said, "and I determined to make some use of her funny tricks and a most unique method she had of doing her hair. She used to be a scream as I remember her, and we kept her because she furnished us so much unconscious amusement. So I capitalized my looks and her ways, and I see no reason to regret my decision—as yet."

Miss Bernoudy's fortune is in the manner in which she can push her features around carelessly and still keep them moored to her face. She practically rode into comedy, for it was her riding, that first brought her to the notice of the Joker comedies.

"The funniest thing in motion pictures to me is a remembrance of an interview I read in a New York paper four or five years ago," she said. "The statement was made by Elizabeth Marbury. She said, quite solemnly, that the main reason why motion pictures would not endure was because people did not want to be confused by pictures that moved. What they wanted was slides and a lecturer!"



JOKER  
Jane Bernoudy, as the maid in "When a Wife Worries," is deeply interested in the attempts of the parents of the BABY to ascertain the exact date of the first tooth. At the same time, she has no sympathy with the methods of its male parent to amuse it.



JOKER  
 While the infant resents its morning bath, Jane hastily summons its mother to note the discovery of the famous first tooth. A frantic telephone message to the doting father is sent at once, and the family proceed to a consultation as to the proper mode of procedure in such cases.



JOKER  
 Father is immensely excited over the advent of the tooth and announces his intention of reading up on teeth and of visiting a physician to get the best expert medical advice on the subject.



JOKER  
 He loves me, he loves me not, he loves me!



DE GASTON PHOTO—N. Y. M. P.

KALEM

Nona Thomas is a sister of Ollie Kirby.

### amous Sisters In Motion Pictures

ALENT in motion pictures seems to run in families. There are many gifted sisters in screen work. Perhaps you did not know that Nona Thomas is a sister of Ollie Kirby; but you can see their family resemblance all right when you see them together.

The Fairbanks Twins are too well known to need any description. They began as wee tots; before long somebody will be putting grown-up pictures for them, and then after a while they will go back to the little-girl pictures and yearn for the plays in which they can put on short dresses again—or maybe boy suits, which seems to be some-



THANHOUSER-MUTUAL

NATIONAL PHOTO

Marion and Madeline Fairbanks.

thing in vogue just at present.

You know the little Lee sisters pretty well, too. There are a lot of the wee ones in pictures, but not many pairs of sisters at their age. They have been so popular that every mother who possesses a couple of little girls of their age wants to get them into the pictures and into the papers.



### Nothing Doing

The scene showed a girl in a maid's uniform, in an easy chair, reading a book. The following was overheard:

"I wonder what that girl represents?"

"That is easy; she is a maid of all work."



FOX

Jane and Katherine Lee.



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**WHAT HAPPENED TO FATHER?**



THANHOUSER-MUTUAL

LOUISE EMERALD BATES.

She is called "the girl with the million-dollar smile" and appears in Mutual comedies produced by the Thanhouser company and released as "Falstaff" pictures.



JUDGE

MOTION PICTURE ARTISTS IN BUGVILLE.

### A Natural Inference

Two Irishmen were watching a comedy on military life. One tall soldier wore a uniform about four sizes too small for him.

"Is that mon supposed to be a soldier?" asked one.

"Phaix, no; that is wan of thim boy scouts," was the reply.

### A Loss Worth Mourning For

The scene showed a poet trying to sell some work to an editor. He was dressed in an old black suit that had seen better days.

"I wonder why he wears that black suit?" asked a girl of her escort.

"Perhaps his credit is dead," was the reply.

## A Triumphant Mother



**MAUDE GEORGE**, who plays adventuresses for the critical people, was waiting for a call in her dressing-room and partaking of her favorite refreshment—stuffed dates—as she listened to various exciting stories of adventure from her callers—screen girls from another set.

“The funniest thing that ever happened to me I didn’t know about at all until my mother reached home that night,” she explained, passing the stuffed dates. “Mother dropped into a picture house one evening, and one of my plays was on the screen. Just behind her sat the usual type of chap who carefully explains to his companions that he is well acquainted with all the screen folk. He glibly pointed me out to his friend and said,

“‘I know that girl—know her well. Used to have dinner with her. She used to hang around San Francisco when I was there.’

“Mother could not hold in a minute longer. She turned around to the talkative chap and fixed him with a baleful glare. I’m the only little rag doll mother’s got, and she wasn’t going to have any stranger panning me. She put on her most dignified manner, and when mother dolls up in that manner, everybody might just as well step lively.

“‘That young lady you are viciously maligning is my daughter, sir,’ she informed him, in her iciest tone. ‘My daughter has never been in San Francisco or to dinner with you in her life. More than that, she never ‘hangs out’ wherever she is.’

“The talkative chap fumbled hastily for his hat and left without further remark. And poor mother was so insulted because I laughed when she related it!”



## Fun for Heaven

F. H. Elms, of Boston, has a small daughter who is a motion picture fan and who invariably includes her picture favorites in her prayers at night. She was enjoying a confidential chat with her mother recently and making inquiries on topics that had somewhat puzzled her small self.

“Mother,” she said, “do the picture people go to heaven when they die?”

“Certainly,” replied her mother.

“Did John Bunny go to heaven?”

“Yes.”

“And will Mabel Normand and Fatty go to heaven when they die?”

“Of course they will,” replied her mother.



“And Charlie Chaplin?”

“Yes,” responded her patient mother.

“Goodness!” giggled the little girl, as she kicked her sandal off. “Won’t God laugh when he sees him walk in!”



## What Would We Do Without the Villain?

“Consider the movie villain,” said John Reinhard, of Gaumont-Mutual. “He is the hardest worked and least appreciated man in the cast of any play. It is no great trick for any actor to be a hero, as his work is all cut out for him by the authors who wrote the play. He always happens along at the proper moment to save the girl or upset the villain’s carefully laid plans.

“Of course, the villain always gets a good salary; but he

never gets very popular, and no one loves him. No romantic girl ever looks at his picture and exclaims, ‘Oh, I could just love him to death!’ No one asks for his picture. No one writes to the studio or the photoplay editor and wants to know how old he is, if he is married, if his hair is naturally curly or does he use something. Not a soul is concerned about the color of his eyes.

“Movie villain work is the hardest of all acting. The regular stage bad man has words to help register his cussedness. There is the low and insinuating tones he uses as he urges the honest young man to falsify the books and play the races. There are the hard and cruel words to say when he turns the aged couple out of house and home, the sneering threat when he waves the incriminating

‘papers’ in the face of the wayward wife and demands blackmail as the price of his silence.

“The movie villain has none of these helps. He must register his villainy by the movements of his facial muscles and his eyes. But if it were not for the villain, the hero would show up very small. There would be nothing for him to do. He would just marry the girl in the first reel, and all would be over.”



## The Last Straw

The jokesmith entered the office and made his way to the editor’s side. “I have here,” he remarked, “ninety-nine motion picture jokes.”

The editor, in a weary manner, took the batch, and after a hasty glance, said, “I have seen all these before. You should have made it ‘The Old Hundred.’”



FOX

Miriam Batlista is a coy little lady who is pleased but not haughty over the fact that she is a Fox star.







THE PATH OF TRUE LOVE (AS IT IS MOVED)—Judge



BIOGRAPH

Florence Lawrence and Harry Salter in a scene from "Ingomar," one of the first Griffith directions.

## Early Struggles of Motion Picture Stars

When David W. Griffith, the Brilliant Director, Was Just Beginning to Shine

By LINDA ARVIDSON GRIFFITH

This series of reminiscences, written by Linda Arvidson Griffith, the wife of David Wark Griffith, who produced "The Birth of A Nation", is replete with the intimate secrets of the first days of many a star who now scintillates haughtily and brilliantly. Linda Arvidson Griffith has seen the beginning of some of these screen stars. Some of them now boasting of princely salaries might prefer to forget that they began at \$3 a day. Mrs. Griffith writes frankly in this series of the days when \$25 a week was a consideration not to be ignored in the Griffith family. She will tell the readers of Film Fun in the coming numbers of the magazine many interesting incidents in the days of the "Old Biograph" as it is affectionately called by the screen people who began their climb in its studies.



LOOKING back to the summer of 1908 and the next year or two following, I feel constrained to use the trite old saying, "Those were the good old days!" And I think the little band of pioneer actors and actresses who began working together so earnestly and so sincerely and withal so humbly, at the old Biograph studio eight years ago, will all agree with me in that they were. Great changes and marvelous advancements have been recorded on the pages of the motion picture industry since then. The "movie" babe ("movie" was a proper term at that time) became overnight a kindergarten child and took its first lessons with the then unknown David Griffith, who more than any other individual has since caused to be acknowledged as the Fifth Estate a profession that most of us entered through dire necessity and with some slight embarrassment. We weren't overly proud of our new association, but we consoled ourselves with the thoughts that "Oh, well, this will tide me over until I can get another engagement on the stage. I am right here in New York, where I am in touch

with agents and managers, and I am not spending the little money I saved last season on the road or in stock."

We didn't have the present good days of weekly salaries running into the thousands, motor cars, California bungalows, suites at the Claridge or Riverside Drive apartments; but they were, nevertheless, the vital days—the days that were to shape the careers of the biggest stars and foremost directors of the present day. Never in the furthest back wrinkle in the brain of the most optimistic moving picture actor was then ever so dimly foreseen his name in electric lights over an honest-to-God moving picture theater such as the Strand or Rialto of New York City. They were the good old days in a better and a higher sense—the days when we worked for work's sake, with little remuneration and no publicity whatever. We soon began to sense that these "moving pictures" were going to amount to something some day and we need not continue to be ashamed to tell our friends how we were earning our living. We were pioneers in every sense of the word, and our growing faith in the crude, flickering shadows first thrown on the screen gave us the courage to endure the indifferent public, for the motion



BIOGRAPH

"Enoch Arden" was the first two-reel picture ever produced. They showed the first reel Monday night, and on Thursday night you returned for the second reel. In this scene you see Linda Griffith, Frank Granden and Rufus Liscer.

picture public of to-day didn't go to a "movie" show eight years ago. One could hardly criticise them for not going, for it took courage to sit through a show in the dirty, dark little stores that hung up a sheet at one end and turned on the projecting machine from the other. With a few exceptions, such as Keith and Proctor's theaters on Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets and the old Fourteenth Street Theater, New York City, such was the general make-up of the moving picture theater at that time.

So, through conflicting emotions and varying decisions and an ever-absorbing interest and faith in our new work, we stuck. I can remember to the word when Mary Pickford, who had been a member of the Biograph Company for a year or so, came to me one day very much troubled and said, "Mrs. Griffith, do you think it will hurt me on the stage if I stay in pictures any longer?" "Well, Mary," I answered, "I'm sure I cannot advise you one way or the other. We will all have to take our chances. I, for one, feel sure pictures will last." It didn't prove to be much of a hazard for "Little Mary"!

Though stock companies in the summer of 1908 were unknown, a little band of players soon began to report every day for work and 'most every day were engaged. The half dozen or so I recall who worked regularly in the first pictures were Marion Leonard, Harry Salter, Arthur Johnson, Charles Inslee, Edward (then "Eddie") Dillon, who has just directed De Wolf Hopper in the recent Fine Arts production of "Don Quixote"; Wilfred Lucas, who first came into notice in a picture called "The Red Gauntlet," playing opposite Marion Leonard; little

Johnny Tansy, who starred in Mr. Griffith's second Biograph picture called "The Redman and the Child"; Florence Auer, remembered in "Rejuvenating Auntie," and last season in "Paganini," with George Arliss; George Gebhardt, Gene Gauntier, Tony O'Sullivan and Mack Sennett, whose name now spells "Keystone."

Marion Leonard was cast for the women of the world, adventuresses, Spanish ladies, etc. She did some mighty fine work in the early days and soon had a devoted following. I played mostly sympathetic parts, the trusting girl, the devoted wife and the fond young mother. Once I played a French girl—a nasty, catty part—but mostly I died. I played every dying part, whether it was a white woman or an Indian. It made my sisters very unhappy to see me always dying on the screen, and they wrote me from San Francisco, where they lived, that they wished I wouldn't die so much. Miss Leonard and I alternated in leading parts for some time, and then Mr. Griffith, as always on the lookout for new talent and feeling the need of a new type, cast about to get it. One evening, at a little theater on Broadway and 160th Street, we saw a Vitagraph picture called "The Dispatch Bearer." It was a very good picture, too, for those days, produced by the late William Rainous—a good director he was—and Florence Lawrence was the "Dispatch Bearer." Mr. Griffith had found his type. "That's the girl I want," he said, and proceeded forthwith to get her. I believe it was Harry Salter who helped locate her. He afterward married her.

At all events they found her, and one night called on her



BIOGRAPH

"Enoch Arden" proved so popular that it is to be re-issued August 29th.

and her mother. Miss Lawrence had quite a reputation as a whistler, and I think it was a trombone—or was it a cornet she played? Whatever it was, from its resting place under the bed she drew it forth and entertained her guests by playing for them. It was arranged that she should leave the Vitagraph, where she was getting fifteen dollars a week, and come to the Biograph for twenty-five. My, that was some salary—twenty-five dollars a week! But Florence Lawrence earned it. If ever there was a conscientious worker, devoted to moving pictures and pictures alone, it was she. She used to work daytime and nighttime, and in between scenes she would hurriedly wipe off her make-up and skip out to a "movie" show. She was equally at home in comedy or tragedy or a funny character part—it didn't matter much what. We had to be something more than mere "types" in those days and do a little more than look pretty. We worked hard. You couldn't drive people out of the studio even if they weren't working. We'd sit around the camera stand or on old scenery or chairs when there happened to be any. Mr. Griffith would work out his story, using his actors like chessmen. But he knew what he wanted, and the camera man never began to grind until every little detail satisfied him. He would sometimes rehearse three or four of us in a part, then make his selection. Some incentive for doing one's best!

But if we lost, we weren't heartbroken, for his judgment seldom erred, and in turn we all were playing leads one day and decorating the back drop the next. We did both with equal good nature. We not only were satisfied to ornament the scenery, but

we would help to fix up costumes or wardrobes, in order to save time. We produced Tolstoi in those days and many other works of the masters of literature, and we made moving pictures of nearly all the Broadway plays. Someone would see a show one night, and the next day we would make it into a scenario. We never bothered about securing a copyright on the little one-reel tabloid versions of five-act plays and eight-hundred-page novels, for no one bothered us—authors and publishers didn't take us seriously enough then to care to find out what we were doing. Next door to 11 East Fourteenth Street was a little tailor shop, and the good-natured tailor would let us come in and sew things. Once when we were producing "Resurrection," it seems the costumer had sent us some wrapper-like dresses miles too large; but we were in a hurry, the scene was set, and we were fully rehearsed, so while the property man added the final touches of placing the salt and flour snow on the set—it was July—another girl and myself rushed into the little tailor's, and he graciously let us sew on his machines, and we madly took up gathers and hems in the poor Russian exiles' robes. It was fun and helped to finish with the extra people, so they would not have to come back and be exiles another day and get three more dollars.

Biograph reminiscing wouldn't be complete without a mention of the lunch hour. The hour would be any time from one to three, according to work. All those who were made-up had to have lunch inside. We ate in the basement, where the original dingy dressing-rooms were. We would tuck ourselves away in some little corner, on top of boxes or piles of stage clothes, fix ourselves a makeshift table, and Bobby Harron (now a Triangle star, but assistant property boy then) would bring us our lunches. Bobby always had a winning smile, and he served us our lunches as graciously and sweet-naturedly as he delights us on the screen now. Lunch always came from a little Polish restaurant on Fourteenth Street. It consisted of



BIOGRAPH

Griffith spent much time perfecting the details of this picture in the days when few d



BIOGRAPH

Arthur Johnson and Linda Griffith, in "The Mills of the Gods."

sandwiches, coffee, tea or milk and pie. Later our lunches came from Childs' restaurant on Fourteenth Street, and further on in luxurious lunch history we had Childs' menu card sent over and were allowed to order from that. Bobbie would bring the cards around and take our orders, but for a long time it remained "sandwiches, coffee and pie." When we worked nights, at about eight or nine o'clock we would have our second round of the same, and when we worked until three in the morning, we would have "meat!"

We always looked forward to the pictures that required exterior settings, especially in the summer. In the winter we had to huddle between scenes around a campfire that some one of the men would build, in order to keep thawed out; but in summer it was fine. We could get away from the hot studio and enjoy a breath of fresh country air. Our parting questions at night were always, "Do we work inside or outside tomorrow?" For "The Adventures of Dolly" we went to Sound Beach, Conn. I remember the wild daisies or black-eyed Susans, or whatever it is you call them in the East, were all in bloom—huge fields of them. Just having left my native San Franciscan heath and opening new eyes on Eastern country, it seemed very wonderful to find everything so green in midsummer, and the "marguerites," as we Californians call them, simply covering acres and acres!

We had no automobiles in those days. We went by train or boat and

took a street car from the station to our respective homes. Fort Lee early began to be the original stamping ground when working outdoors. We trotted our costumes under our arms, dashed into the subway, left it at 125th Street, dashed to the ferry building and caught the eight-forty-five boat. Arriving at Edgewater, on the Jersey side, we would make-up at any of the little inns along the Hudson, and "Old Man Brown" and his son would soon appear, each driving a two-seated buggy. We would then pile in and drive off to the location. It seems Old Man Brown, a garrulous, good-natured Irishman, had enjoyed quite an eventful life driving folks from the ferry to their New Jersey homes and places along the Hudson. Gene Gauntier, who some years ago delighted us with her portrayal on "Mary," the mother of Christ, in Sidney Olcott's beautiful production of "From the Manger to the Cross," was the location woman as well as scenario writer. She first uncovered

New Jersey landscapes to the camera's eye and was largely instrumental in starting the trek of moving picture people to the present well-known town of Fort Lee.

All this was when the moving picture world was bounded by one block on East Fourteenth Street and the city of Los Angeles had never seen a moving picture camera. Soon to wend her way Fourteenth Streetward and timidly ask for a day's work came little Mary Pickford—to-day the foremost woman in the moving picture world and commanding the largest salary ever paid a woman, either in professional or any other work.



BIOGRAPH

Linda Griffith and Jeanne McPherson in "Enoch Arden."



FOX

Dance of the sprites.



PALLAS

Marie James pauses to tie a sailor's knot. She is an expert in the water.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Ann Pennington ready for her plunge into motion pictures.



UNIVERSAL

Ida Schnall was a professional diver when she splashed into the screen.



TRIANGLE

Fay Tincher was one of the first Stars and Stripes.



MUTUAL

Lucile Taft and Gertrude Robinson love to splash at the waves.



VITAGRAPH

Dorothy Kelly wonders if the



FOX

A charming bit in the Kellermann picture.



VITAGRAPH  
Anita Stewart likes stripes, too.



MOROSCO-FARAMOUNT  
Hello, there, Julia Dean!



TRIANGLE  
Norma Talmadge is fond of a stroll.



PALLAS

Eva Strawn

MOROSCO

Edna Goodrich

Mac Andrew

PALLAS

The spirits from the vasty deep.



FOX

Jolly mermaids from Bermuda.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Winsome little Marguerite Clark, in "Silks and Satins," amuses the maid, but horrifies the hostess with her artless chatter.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Marguerite Clark has no real intentions of enlisting, of course; but if she did, she'd end the war, all right. Every man would willingly desert the trenches.

## And Perhaps—

By LOIS ZELLNER

**S**HE WATCHED Movie Queens  
As they reigned on the screens,  
Then said to herself, "Look at me!  
I've just as much grace,  
And my figure and face  
Are better than most that you see."

And so she opined,  
While 'twas fresh in her mind,  
She'd give some director a jar;  
She'd call at his place,  
Let him look at her face—  
And perhaps take a job as a STAR!

To make sure she'd be soon,  
She left home before noon,  
But almost collapsed with chagrin,  
When a boy at the door  
Interrupted a snore  
To inform her she couldn't get in.

"I'll not be turned down,"  
She averred with a frown,  
"If I have to come back EVERY DAY!"  
Her reward came at last,  
And she really got past  
The kid who was guarding the way.

Did the poor girl win fame  
In the great Picture Game?  
Did she really become a Great Star?  
Did her beautiful face,  
Her figure and grace  
Bring people to see from afar?

Did she reign on the screen  
As a great Movie Queen,  
For whom all the managers bid?  
Did she quickly make good,  
As she thought that she would?  
If you really must know it—SHE DID!





Dr. Mary Walker when she met Frank Daniels.

### In for Life

**F**RANK DANIELS, whose happy grin adorns a full page of this book of Film Flashes, will never go back to the stage. He says so himself. He admits that motion picture work is strenuous, but he is strong for it.

"Work?" he said, when he had taken ten minutes off from the job to pose for *FILM FUN*. "Well, yes, it's some work. Outside of putting in ten hours of work a day, I have nothing to do but sit around. Every day my director has me out doing stunts that would never do in comic opera. I have to drink a gallon of water every day to keep my shape. You see, I aim to keep myself a perfect thirty-six."

"Don't you miss those first nights, Frank?" said his director, with a grin.

"First nights were always tiresome to me, and, thank goodness! there will be no more first nights for little Frankie Daniels. It's of the pictures, for the pictures and by the pictures the rest of my life. And listen to me—if I have made any success, I must go fifty-fifty with the director. He's as much to blame as I am."

"Have a cigar, Frank," said the director.

"Thanks, old dear," said Daniels. "Now, if you have a match handy—much obliged. It pays to throw bouquets."

Dr. Mary Walker went out to the Vitagraph studios with the visitors from the General Federation of Women's Clubs and was immensely interested when Mr. Daniels told her all the tricks of the trade.

"I've found out a lot since I've been here," he pointed out. "For instance, real money is not used in the bank scenes, because hardly anyone would know the difference.

"Rembrandt had a lot to learn about color. I have seen effects done in grease paint that he would have to study a long time to imitate—if he cared to.

"If you make the property man laugh, you will 'get over' anywhere. And—

"The one drawback to the art is that you play the same hours as the baseball game."



VITAGRAPH  
Alice Washburn practicing a characteristic facial gesture.

### Alice Washburn Spins a Yarn

**M**ISS WASHBURN, in addition to the possession of a real sense of humor, has a fund of anecdote and repartee, and she is not backward when it comes her turn to spin a yarn.

"One thing I like about me," says Miss Washburn, "is that I'm not averse to making myself ridiculous for the benefit of the film. I don't mind telling you that I never took any prizes at a beauty show, and that I'm no spring chicken; but so long as I seem to possess that intangible something that makes 'em laugh, why shouldn't I cash in on it?"

"My film comedy is not nearly as funny as some of the things that happen accidentally during the making of a picture, only they oftentimes go 'over our heads.' Usually, though," continues Miss Washburn, "I try to be on hand to reach for all the funny ones, and here is one I happened to get.

"During the filming of a Mexican picture, I had the part of a duenna. There was a lot of horseback riding to be done, and one of the principal actors had never been astride a horse in his life. He was too proud to admit to the director that he could not ride when he was cast for the part. Moreover, he happened to be shy two fingers of one hand and was very sensitive about it. The extra people had been falling off the horses and running over each other, until the director was nearly crazy. When it came time for the big scene and the finger-shy actor climbed upon his horse, it was plain to everybody that he was all wrong and liable to fall off at any minute.

"'All ready,' said the director. 'Take hold of the reins there and put your feet through the stirrups. What the dickens is the matter with him?' this latter to the assistant director.

"Sensing that there was something wrong, the director walked over and attempted to place the actor's gloved hands on the reins. He happened to take hold of the bad hand. Squeezing the stuffed fingers, he yelled,

"'Holy cats, man! Here you are dead already, and they haven't begun to shoot at you yet!'"

It broke up the whole scene into such small pieces that we were dismissed for the day.



TRIANGLE-INCE

Lillian Read, emotional actress, receiving her check on Saturday night.

**L**ITTLE LILLIAN READ, the quaint, blue-eyed baby appearing in Thomas H. Ince's production of "Civilization" and who has created a veritable sensation by her remarkable acting, is the daughter of John Parker Read, Jr., Mr. Thomas H. Ince's personal representative. The most successful emotion that Baby Read registers, according to Beulah Livingstone, "Civilization's" press agent, is the joy at the size of her check on Saturday night.

The many offers that have come to Mr. Read for his daughter's exclusive services from different film producers since her great success in "Civilization," would make the most seasoned motion picture star a bit envious. At the rate the magazines are devoting space to this baby, one may expect almost any nice bright day to see a syndicated series of "How I Became the World's Youngest Emotional Actress," by Lillian Read, aged two and a half years.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

### THE HIGHEST PAID SEAMSTRESS IN THE WORLD.

Sadly bedraggled and ragged, Mary Pickford wearily opened the heavy door, paused before the time clock, punched it, leaned heavily against the wall, wiped a tear from her half-closed eye, sighed and stumbled listlessly through the second door, through which long lines of sewing machines could be seen.

"All right! Lights out!" shouted Director John O'Brien, and his assistant recorded the taking of another scene for the Famous Players-Paramount production, "The Eternal Grind." It is the factory drama in which Miss Pickford plays the sympathetic and touching role of the overworked, hard-driven little slave of the machine, as only the highest paid actress in the world could interpret it.

## At the Picture Play

By JAMES G. GABLE

**T**O SEE a motion picture show  
 To me is perfect bliss,  
 But nearly every time I go,  
 I hear something like this:  
 "Yes, Mary Fuller's clothes are swell."  
 "Oh, gee! that's sure some fall!"  
 "Dear me! there goes the dinner bell!"  
 "Just hear that mean kid bawl!"  
 "If I'd a man to act like that,  
 I'd dump him in the creek!"  
 "I think her face is far too flat;  
 Her dress 'most makes me sick!"  
 "I didn't need it, I'll admit;  
 It went for ninety cents."  
 "That freak's about to throw a fit."  
 "Yes, Chaplin's just immense."



"Oh, shucks! I've seen this play before!"  
 "Ah, say! ain't she a peach?"  
 "Great guns! just hear him slam the door!"  
 "I'll bet she wants to screech."  
 "I never saw an English lord  
 That ever did like that."  
 "She's not his daughter; she's his ward."  
 "Oh, gee! but ain't he fat!"  
 "If some folks had manners at all,  
 They'd sure take off their hats."  
 "Dear me! just see that old hen bawl!"  
 "They spit like spiteful cats."  
 And so it goes each time I sit  
 Within a picture show,  
 The audience is half the play,  
 Although it doesn't know.

### Steering Straight

The scene showed two men helping a tipsy friend home from the club.

Two Irishmen were watching it. Said one,  
 "The mon seems to walk straight enough."

"Yis," was the reply; "but he would fall down if the shoring should give way."

### Up in Smoke

Some roughhouse comedy was being screened. One of the actors did nothing but allow the others to kick him around and throw him out of the window. Lanigan, turning to his wife, said,

"That man reminds me of a cigar. He is always being made a butt of and thrown from the window."



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LINDA ARVIDSON GRIFFITH

## Early Struggles of Motion Picture Stars

When David W. Griffith, the Brilliant Director, Was Just Beginning to Shine

By Linda Arvidson Griffith

**W**ITH the daily papers reporting as "news" the various offers of thousands per week being made Mary Pickford for the coming season, it is rather hard to turn one's thought back to the pioneer days of motion pictures when Mary Pickford was eager to get a little job, and try to realize the tremendous changes that have been wrought during eight short years and less in the lives of so many of the brightly twinkling motion picture stars of to-day.

In the fall of 1907 Mr. Griffith had a play produced by James K. Hackett, called "A Fool and a Girl." Incidentally the star of this production and her leading man are now two of Jesse Lasky's Famous Players—Fannie Ward and Jack Deane—and it was in this play they first met. Mr. Hackett, very generous to an unknown playwright, had given Mr. Griffith, as advance royalty on accepting the play, a check for seven hundred

dollars. By the time the play was produced, that then enormous sum of money had dwindled to little more than seven hundred cents, so it was with anxious forebodings we watched the premiere of that first little play. The writing on the wall spelled "failure," and the seven hundred cents were nearer to seventy cents some months later, when the rent was coming due and we had not the wherewithal to pay it. We happened to hear of a place called the American Biograph, at 11 East Fourteenth Street, where they bought little stories for moving pictures for fifteen dollars and where one could act in these pictures for three and five dollars a day.

Timidly we called there. The elder Mr. McCutcheon was putting on a picture. What a funny little place the studio was! Stuffy and hot, with greenish-blue banks of lights, scene painters, carpenters, camera man, actors and director all in the one

room, the ballroom in what formerly was the residence of one of New York City's aristocratic families. We were engaged for a picture—a version of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," directed by young Mr. Wallace McCutcheon.

No Monday night in stock or opening night en tour ever gave me cold shivers and heart palpitation like my first day working in a moving picture. The horribly ugly lights making us look like dead people, the calm and indifferent way in which we didn't rehearse, the chalk lines on the floor marking off the acting space, and that camera trained on us like a gatling gun ready to send us to eternity when it began to operate! I think the intense nervousness was mostly caused, however, by the realization that I knew I had to make good, for, oh, how we needed the money! This would enable us to stay in New York, and Mr. Griffith could devote his spare time to writing plays—his one and only ambition. The movies were now to provide the means thereto—the bridge that was to carry us over to the enchanted land of the successful playwright.

We also did Mutoscopes in those days. They were sent out West, and Mr. H. N. Marvin, the then president of the Biograph, on occasion came in and directed them. In fact, in one short week I had worked for Mr. McCutcheon, Mr. Marvin and Mr. Stanner E. V. Taylor. We seemed to have a new director almost every day. Mr. Taylor asked me one day if I could play a lead in a melodrama. Melodrama wasn't exactly in my line, but I said "yes." I felt in my heart that I could have played anything, from Lady Macbeth to "Little Eva." We produced the picture. During the course of it, according to the play, my husband beat me, I fainted dead away at the climax of the courtroom scene, deserted my two babies on the steps of a convent, and finally ended my sorrowful life by jumping off the Palisades.

The picture was never released, but it gave me the honor of playing the leading part in the first picture Mr. Griffith was afterwards to direct for the Biograph, the now historic "Adventures of Dolly." I was Dolly, and the late Arthur Johnson was Dolly's young husband. How much money I made! Twenty-eight dollars in two weeks, enough for a whole spring outfit—suit, blouse, hat, shoes and gloves. Then Mr. Griffith wrote several scenarios—one of the first was a version of the old poem, "Over the Hills to the Poorhouse"—and one day they gave him a picture and asked him to produce it. It was no easy story

to produce for a first picture, for it had a number of scenes in which a barrel supposed to contain a baby had to float downstream over waterfalls, etc. It was rumored about the studio that they had handed Griffith a "lemon." Well, he accepted the "lemon"!

Who was to play in this picture? There



Biograph

One of the first pictures in which Linda Arvidson Griffith appeared, "When Knighthood Was in Flower." From left to right is Mrs. Griffith, David Griffith, Ann Lorley and Harry Salter.

was no stock company of actors to draw from, and no pictures were ever shown in New York that Biograph had ever produced, so how was he to cast "The Adventures of Dolly"? In order to get some sort of a line on things, in the little projection room upstairs Mr. Marvin had the boy run off a few pictures, and one of these was the melodrama done by Mr. Taylor and in which I had played the lead. That night Mr. Griffith said to me: "You'll play the lead in my first picture. Not because you're my wife, but because you're a good actress. But where shall I get a man who looks like a regular husband and like he owned more than a cigarette?"

He walked Broadway, looking for his type, and he found him in Arthur Johnson, whom he approached on the street and asked if he would care to work in a mov-

ing picture. Mr. Johnson replied:

"I am sure I don't know what they are, but I'm willing to take a chance." It proved to be not much of a chance, but to my mind no personality ever flickered on the screen that had the sweetness, good humor and likeableness of dear, departed Arthur Johnson.

How "Dolly" went out into the world and won—how she broke the deadlock against Biograph pictures being shown in New York—is now a matter of moving picture history, as is also the fact that when the so-called "lemon" that had been handed to Mr. Griffith was shown the Biograph heads, they dismissed all preceding directors and gave the floor to Mr. Griffith.



### He Passed Him In

Jimmy was resourceful, and although he possessed but a nickel, he resolved to see the ten-cent picture show and put down his money with a determined air at the ticket booth.

"Admission ten cents," reminded the ticket seller.

"Say," said Jimmy, with an explanatory air, "that's all right for most folks; but I only got one eye, and you can't expect me to pay for seeing the whole show."

They passed him in.



### It Loomed Up

"Was the past of that motion picture actress in the dark?" "Yes, until her friends turned the searchlight on it."



### A False Impression

He was a novice in the movies. His first stunt was to walk into a scene, kiss a girl, and then exit. After he had done so, he told a fellow extra that the girl he kissed had painted lips.

"How do you know?" he was asked.

"Because I printed a kiss on them, and mine showed the proof."





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SIDNEY DREW.

calmly reading a new book, with his marriage ceremony only or twenty minutes away and the bridal party waiting him.

He forgets the ring and the tickets and money for his wedding trip. At the hotel he goes out to mail some important letters and forgets the location and name of his hotel, until a policeman informs him that he is standing directly in front of it.

Mr. Drew has become so interested in the future of the motion picture and its endless possibilities that he has allied himself permanently with its newer interests and will remain in the picture field.

### Barring the Bars.

Kansas has found another way to get into the limelight. The moving-picture censors, evidently selected from the ladies' aid societies of the small towns in the State, have arrived at their



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SIDNEY DREW IN ONE OF HIS BEST SCENES.

### Sidney Drew as Actor-Director-Producer.

**S**IDNEY DREW became interested in motion pictures some years ago when he was with the Vitagraph Stock Company. He not only plays the leading characters in all his pictures, but is the directing producer and turns out an average of a picture a week—an exceptional record even in these times of rapid production.

One of the best comedies is "The Professor's Painless Cure," in which he plays the professor, with Mrs. Sidney Drew as the professor's wife. The professor is an absentminded bookworm, who is found sitting in his library, with his hat on and a raised umbrella over his head,



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THE PROFESSOR FORGETS HIS WEDDING DAY, IN THE JOYS OF READING.

second wind and are proceeding to put a wallop into the motion-picture business.

They barred "When We Were Twenty-one," and liked their job so well that they unbarred all of the drinking and saloon scenes in every film that essayed to show in the State. Barring the bars they put up themselves, they won't allow a bar in the State.

They have gone further than that and cut out all scenes that have a tendency to put the "idle rich" to the fore. There are plenty of rich people out in Kansas; but none of them are idle, by gum! and they don't propose to have any picture shows come in and set them a bad example.

The censors are not disturbed by the storm they have raised about their ears, and are still on the job.



TRIANGLE

No one would mistake Georgie Stone in this picture as a "mother's itty-bitty-cherub-boy." He has just dropped down for a noonday nap.

### The Fate of the Amateur

By J. W. CARDEN

**H**E WROTE a grand drama from Homer, laid the scenes on the banks of the Nile. "It's a classic, and that's no misnomer," he remarked to himself, with a smile. All the gods in mythology's pages he pictured with Venus and Mars, and he "caste" all the hoary-haired sages who were gifted for reading the stars. He pored over tomes spiritualistic, till ghost-faces haunted each dream, just to give it a touch that was mystic and to help "local color" his theme. "This," he said, "fame and fortune will bring me."

He hunted up two or three banks in which to deposit, but ding me if they didn't return it "with thanks"!

But he still dreamed of fortune and glory and refused to go down in defeat. He would picture a more modern story, as the classics now seemed obsolete. "A nautical yarn, I've a notion, will appeal to the thrill-loving heart—one that smells of the deep, briny ocean, with each character true to his part." So he drew for his "lead" a rough sailor, who should head a piratical bunch, as they butchered the crew of some whaler, in a scene full of bloodshed and "punch." 'Twas a style that in plot swiftly thickens, and he named it "The Corsair in Black."

Well, he mailed it, and then what the dickens do you think? Why, they sent it right back!

Then he prayed for the talent or magic to write something film makers would buy. "There is nothing dramatic or tragic they will take," he would mournfully sigh. "Ah, a comedy! Gosh, that's the caper! Why, I ought to have done it before!" Then he purchased more manuscript paper and stamps some three hundred or more. 'Twas returned, with a few lines explaining his "script" was the rottenest dope. "You might, sir," he read, "with some training, learn to advertise some brand of soap."

This an editor wrote without pity to that photo-play-right. Now he drives a jitney-Ford and earns four dollars a day.

### What Did the Screen's Favorites Do Before They Took Up Their Career In the Pictures?

How did they get the opportunity to start those careers?

The Vitagraph-Lubin Selig-Essanay, Inc., known as "The Big Four," has published a book called "Who's Who in V. L. S. E. Plays," in which much out-of-the-ordinary information about favorite stars is set forth.

For instance, in it you will find that Anita Stewart, before her screen debut, appeared on the covers of the popular magazines, having been a model for prominent artists.

Lillian Walker was a telephone operator and an end in the "Follies," and her lines—now silent ones—have been busy ever since.

Richard Buhler used to "sling" soda in a Washington drug-store.

Baby Jean Frazer is called "Steve" by her father, because when she came he was expecting a boy.

Henry B. Walthall, "The Mansfield of the Movies," studied law, went to war and began in the pictures as a ditch digger.

Earle Williams was a phonograph salesman, when he had to talk for a living.

Edna Mayo is an expert sculptor, painter, swimmer and rifle shot.

Kathlyn Williams would much rather play with a wild tiger than with a cat or a dog.

William Gillette took special courses in the University of New York, Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Boston University, before setting out to conquer the drama.

George Cooper went into the movies when he lost his beautiful tenor voice while with Fiske O'Hara.

Naomi Childers wants to appear in comedies, but her "boss" won't allow it, because she is too good in drama.

Marguerite Clayton was brought up in a convent.

Charles Richman likes the pictures so well, he doesn't care if he never returns to the spoken drama.

## Hart Wanted a Regular Boy, So He Picked Georgie Stone



TRIANGLE

William S. Hart picking out his "reg'lar boy-kid."

moving pictures here except that of our own outfit. I'm a regular stay-at-home. But we've got a kid play that I've been working on—kid, dog, doting daddy, Old Glory and— Well, I won't give any more away just now. But I've been up against it for a kid—just a regular boy baby kid. There's plenty of nice Little Lord Fauntleroy's in the market and angel cherubs and honeybubs, etcetera, etcetera; but what I've got to have is a hard-fisted, tough-knuckled little chap about six years old—a regular little fellow that can worm his way into the heart-strings of as tough an old sourdough as ever came down the pike. So you can see that no mother's itty-bitty-cheep-cheep cherub is going to fill the bill."

It happened to be the school hour—four o'clock and all the Triangle children attend the special school in the studio from four to six—and the studio automobiles came in from the picture taking back in the hills, with their companies of forty-niners, Indians, trappers and high-heeled genuine cow-punchers, and with their children in the childish fashions and rags of seventy years and more ago. Hart played with them, patted them, joked with them, like an expert in kindergarten or Montessori systems, and all the time was sifting them shrewdly.

"There's your boy!" said the Franklin brothers together, as a little fellow with tangled hair tumbled out of an automobile that pulled into the yard. His overcoat was on hindsides before, and he proudly regarded this feat of his own imagination as he trotted

over the open-air stage in pathetic, worn-out moccasins. Beneath it showed the tattered jeans and shredded shirt of the child of the frontier, the part he had been playing during the day.

This was Georgie Stone. Hart shook hands gravely and shrewdly looked him over.

"Like to play a nice part with a dog, Georgic?" he asked. Georgie nodded solemnly.

"And with shoes instead of moccasins, Georgie?" added Hart.

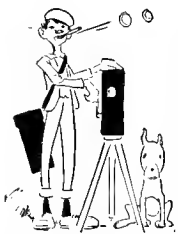
Georgie looked down speculatively at his worn-out footgear of the plains as he reached up and patted Hart on the knee.

"They's my shootin' shoes," he explained slowly. "They's my shootin' shoes, because my toes is a-shootin' through 'em. He says so!" And he pointed solemnly to Chester Franklin.

Then Georgie went into school, all unconscious of the fact that in the next ten minutes he had been formally borrowed, to be with William S. Hart in a photoplay that, as Hart himself described it, "Play! Why, there isn't any star in it except the kid. It's all kid and dog, and the rest of us just come in to sort of act as props and such!"

"And, say," he added cheerfully, as he climbed into his automobile to go back to the Culver City studio, "there is only one infant kid that could play the part, and that's this Georgie. I've seen him act before I ever came over here to borrow a baby—and he was the one I was after!"

"And," said Chester Franklin plaintively, as he turned to brother Franklin, "we thought we were helping him pic' —"



A CRISP, business-looking person strolled into the Triangle studio at Los Angeles and looked over the long stretches of open-air stage.

"I want to borrow a baby, ma'am—a sort of yearlin' baby, so to speak," he remarked plaintively to the very energetic lady on guard at the gate (and who sports a full-sized, honest-to-goodness police badge, and whose

business it is to protect everything feminine from cradle age on up to full-star size).

"William S. Hart," retorted that person severely, "you just get along with you and run back onto your own lot! The idea of your coming over here to borrow one of our babies!"

Hart grinned—a soft, amiable, easy, go-as-you-please grin that has played its winning part wherever movie audiences have gathered to witness Western dramas on the screen.

"Say," he went on persuasively, "can't you lend me a baby? I'm up against it, honest. Just naturally got to have one. I've come all the way over from Culver City, and if I don't get no baby, it will sure be a mighty big disappointment. Don't you think, seeing as we-all in this here Triangle Film outfit sort o' regular kith 'n' kin, so to speak, that you could lend a feller a baby?"

Chester and Sidney Franklin, brothers and directors of the group of Triangle children that have been organized at the Fine Arts, joined the little group that had gathered. Mr. Hart winked impressively.

"Say," he went on, "do you know, it does me good to get out! This is the first stage that I have seen in Los Angeles





TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

PHOTO BY CARPENTER

## Lucile Brown, Official Mother To Five Hundred Screen Girls

**T**HAT is something of a considerable job, when you realize that being an unofficial parent to only two or three girls has brought gray hairs to many a motherly brow. Not that Miss Brown has a gray hair in her head. On the contrary, she has a lot of very blond hair, smartly dressed, and she looks more like an official sister than the title with which she has been dubbed in the Triangle studios.

Miss Brown is on the job every minute. She wears an imposing badge, with her title, "OFFICIAL MOTHER," engraved on it. She has to be chaperon when called upon, and the rest of her duties consist in advising, hiring, disciplining and adjusting difficulties of all kinds and at all times. Few of us would care to undertake mothering five hundred girls in a motion picture studio; but Miss Brown keeps that pleasant smile working all day and has complete control of the situation.

She was willing enough to talk of her job, but how could one talk when interruptions flew thick and fast.

"Why, it's easy enough," began Miss Brown. "Yes, all right, I'm coming. The costumes are all ready for that ball-room set. Here they are. You see, I— What do you want? Twenty orphanage girls to leave for location at eight in the morning? All right; I'll have them ready. Let's see; where were we? Oh, I was telling you how I happened to— Girl mashed her finger? All right; send her up here. I guess I can dress it. Now, perhaps we can go on without— No, those draperies are not right. They don't hang right. Wait a minute. I'll have to go out to that set and arrange them."

Anyway, Miss Brown went into the studio as an extra girl. Some days she had work, and more days she had not. She did

plenty of watching and keeping silence on the days when she stood around. One day something was wrong with the arrangement of a room. The director knew it was wrong, but for the life of him he couldn't tell just where it was. He stormed vigorously, and while he stormed, a quiet girl stole on the scene, re-arranged it and ironed out all the difficulties of the background.

To tell the plain truth, there isn't a man living, great as he may be, who can look after details of gowns and draperies and furniture arrangement as a woman can. Miss Brown seldom wasted time telling them what was wrong. She merely slipped in and did it over. And the directors heaved a sigh of relief at knowing that whatever it was that was wrong was now right. No matter what the books say, no director relishes an extra girl coming in and telling him what to do. But they did welcome a girl who had a talent for getting a set right without making any stir over it.

All of a sudden, Mr. Griffith noticed that she seemed to be quietly smoothing out a lot of wrinkles around the place and was claiming no credit for it.

"Now, here," he said; "I can get plenty of good actresses, but not once in a blue moon can I find a woman who knows just what to do and when to do it. I notice you get along with all these girls, too. Suppose you just take hold here and give a woman's eye to all proceedings—chaperon the girls and look after their costumes and organize dancing schools and spur up the slackers and get up some clubs and manage the mob scenes.

It looked like a pretty large order, but Miss Brown tackled it. She is a human dynamo among those girls.



KALEM

Sis Hopkins, in "Setting the Fashion," is left in charge of the hairdressing parlor, with delightful results. Sis only knows one way of doing up hair, and the result is a pigtail effect at the fashionable dance.

### Mary Miles Minter on Superstition

"You know," said Mary Miles Minter, when she saw the Two-minute Interviewer approaching in a businesslike way, "the best thing about you is that you do not take up an entire afternoon's time, and then rave about cars, beauty or gowns."

"It is my business to write facts," said the Two-minute Interviewer tersely. "Hurry, now. Let's see what you can tell us in two minutes. What's this number over your dressing-room door? Evidently you are not superstitious."

Miss Minter gazed thoughtfully at the door.

"The studio manager offered to take that down when I came," she said; "but I rather like it—it's different. And, besides, what use would it be to take down that 13 number from my door when there are exactly 13 members in my company and 13 characters in my new play and the number of the company is 13? What do you think of that?" she added triumphantly.

"Not much," said the Two-minute Interviewer.

"That isn't all," she went on. "I arrived here on the 12:13 express, and my baggage number was 13. I had stateroom number 13 part of the way out, and there were 13 people at the table at dinner the first night I came.



KALEM

Sis tries an electric vibrator and finds it a ticklish task.



KALEM

All that poor Sis could understand of the lecture was "salt" and "gunpowder." She tried out the experiment, but "Her Great Invention" resulted somewhat as shown here.

Me afraid of that little number! I should say not! Why, it's my lucky number!"

"That's good," said the Two-minute Interviewer. "It's all yours, that number."



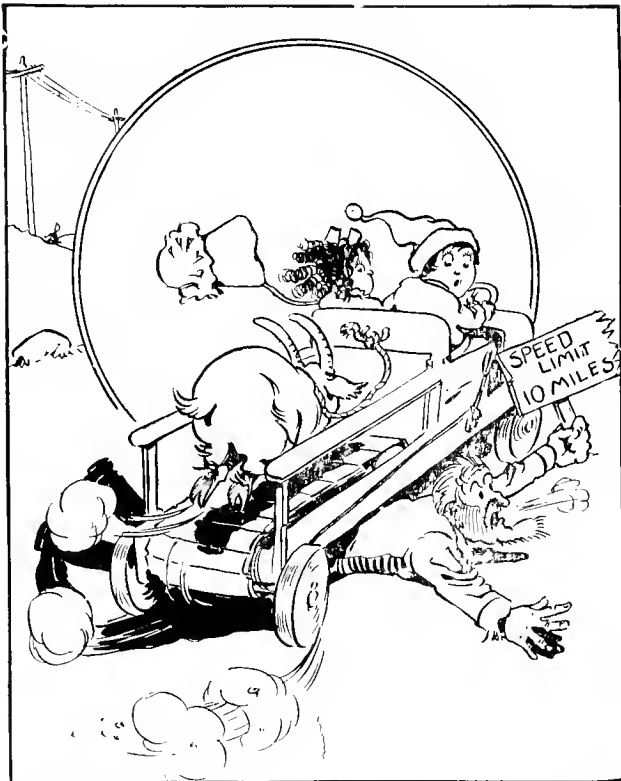
### Get Busy, Writers

"Tell everybody who can write that now is the time to get busy on feature scenarios."

James Kirkwood, late of the Famous Players, made this speech as he was boarding the train for Santa Barbara, Cal., where he is to direct special productions for the American Film Company.

Every scenario writer in the crowd stood at attention and fumbled for notebooks. This was promising.

"There is a dearth of first-class material," went on Mr. Kirkwood. "The day of the tommy-rot, slushy story is passing, just as rapidly as the carelessly made and cheap feature productions. The effort that goes into making the photoplay a real art production is promised fuller recognition—and greater remuneration. No really good scenario has to hunt long for a market. I would like to see a few myself. I happen to know that frequently expensive stars and producers have been idle for long periods, simply because proper scenarios could not be found."



PARAMOUNT ANIMATED CARTOONS

As motive power, the goat beats gasoline. Speed cops have no terrors for him.

### Well Chilled

The scene showed a sick man holding a bottle of medicine in his hand. A close-up of the bottle was flashed. The label on the vial read: "Shake well before using."

"What does that mean?" asked Casey of his wife.

"That means that he must not take that stuff unless he has had a chill."



PARAMOUNT ANIMATED CAETTOON.

Old Man Al Falfa might not stack up in the city riding bunch; but at home he shows class.

### He Named It

The picture on the screen was one dealing with a fete day in Italy. The scene on the screen showed a number of children dancing.

Said one little boy to another,

"I know now; it is called 'feet' day because everybody is dancing."



PARAMOUNT ANIMATED CARTOONS

Bobby was told to practice the scales while his father read the paper, but Bobby didn't like to practice.



PARAMOUNT ANIMATED CARTOONS

He's the goat, as you can see, and who but a goat would keep a lighted cigar so close to a soup can?

# Before Filmville's Policeman Goes On Duty, He Raises His Right Hand and Takes Oath to Uphold the Law of Averages. Then They Give Him a Badge and Send Him Out to Keep the Plot From Skidding Too Far in Either Direction



**I**F Events are moving like the Sunny Slope of a Roller Coaster, the Policeman kills the situation by arresting a few Leading Citizens on Suspicion. But if the affair is developing into a Gloomfest, the Cop is assigned to the Sunshine Squad and collides with his Own Feet on the Station Steps, un-tangling himself from the Result, only to dive into the Cowcatcher of a Portly Pedestrian with an armful of Explosive Bundles.

Filmville's Cop leads a Triple Life, thus getting a Fifty Per Cent. Edge on the Day Foreman of the Bank, who turns to Crime at Sunset. He defends the Majesty of the Law, goes Even Splits with the Villain, or qualifies as a Slapstick Expert with Equal Ease. At the first sign of Boredom, Filmville tells its Troubles to the Policeman, and unless he relieves the Monotony, they bring him up on Charges.

Like all General Utility Men, the Cop suffers from Neglect in the Grand-stand. Filmville takes him for granted to such an extent that the Income Tax rarely drives him to Mental Arithmetic. Unlike other Filmvillers of Humble Origin, however, he is never asked to fill a Temporary Vacancy as Hero, so that his Minor Faults may be checked up to Anarchy and allied forms of Vexation.

When engaged in Routine Duty, the Policeman is so serious that a Joke would make him Whistle for the Reserves. He is the only Resident of the town who draws Pay for Padlocking his Feelings, his Facial Expression being Twin to a Cemetery Wall.

In this Mood he is called on to Arrest the Hero, which he does without waving an Eyelash till the Heroine objects. His Answer depends wholly on the Clock. Early in the Day's Work he is likely to regard her as a Petty Nuisance and leaves her to tag him to Headquarters to argue it out with the Man Higher Up. Later in the Reel, however, he often takes her Word for it that the Hero should be allowed to send Regrets.

On these occasions he takes Chances on the Roundsman. But all Regulations are Officially Suspended when the Comedy Alarm sounds and the Policeman starts out to Quell the solemnity. Here his Uniform is his Best Friend. Without it, he would probably be a Flivver as a Comedian; but a Heavy Tap planted in the Digestion of a Large Blue Uniform is Filmville's idea of Regular Fun, especially when it knocks the Cop into a Barrel of Paint or the Rear Feelers of a six-cylinder Mule.

When on this Detail the Policeman is invariably in pursuit of a Nimble Rascal, whose Batting Average depends on the number of Mishaps into which he can Lure the Bluecoat. The Cop is no Shrimp as a Speed Artist and could outleg the Criminal without a Wheeze, if he did not do his Running and his Thinking in Opposite Directions. But at each Calamity he loses a Lap.

His disasters range all the way from plunging into a Clothes Line full of Family

Washing, with a Ghost Dance before he can unwind himself, to Double Quicking into an Extra Juicy Mudhole. Spectators along the Route contribute Banana Peels at Strategic Points and insert their Self Defense in Delicate Points of his Anatomy. Where Building Operations are in progress, he invariably pursues the Fugitive to the Third Floor and emerges in a Coating of Mortar which renders his Future Plans useless. Filmville does not need to provide a Gymnasium in which the Cop may keep his Girth within reaching distance of his Belt. It gives him a Comedy Assignment instead.

The Policeman's Dream of Reward for Service in the Ranks is to become Lieutenant at Headquarters. This enables him to sit behind the Desk and summon a Platoon of Square Toes by pressing a Buzzer. Most of his Waking Moments are spent nodding into the Telephone as the Heroine gives notice that Father, alias the Leading Citizen, has been Time Locked in the Vault. The Lieutenant's Calmness at this Distressing News shows that Previous Experience has been Good for his Nerves.



The Lieutenant has charge of the Preliminary Hearing in all cases where Members of High Society require the Services of a Jury. Most of the duties that are elsewhere lodged in the Coroner, Trial Justice, District Attorney and Grand Jury are concentrated in the Lieutenant. This makes his Job one of Peculiar Dignity.

If the Heroine is accused of feeding Overdoses of Arsenic to her Guardian, but calls the Ceiling to Witness that he still had Two New Dance Steps to teach her, the Lieutenant orders her Instant Release. When the Hero is brought in on the charge of Dynamiting the Bank Examiner without a Hunter's License, he is lucky if he is merely Sentenced for Life by the Same Authority. Filmville's Supreme Court has Little to do but Review the Proceedings of the Lieutenant.

These Duties, however, are performed only when the Plot has Escaped from the Residence District. Where Justice has to be delivered at the Customer's Home, the Lieutenant gives way to the Chief. If the Village Capitalist is Already in his Slippers for the Evening when he decides to enforce Family Discipline with the aid of the Statute Book, the Chief responds.

When the Son has tampered with Next Month's Allowance in Advance, the Chief regretfully sends him up. If the Daughter is suspected of Conspiracy to elope with a Non-support Case, the Chief questions the Servants sharply, and then sneers at the Capitalist for letting Suspicion boob him.

Filmville's Patrolman never aspires to this Dignity, because the Chief's Facility with his Features shows that he did not Rise from the Ranks. But the Cop lives in the Hope that if he conducts himself solemnly enough wherever a Cross marks the Spot and is sufficiently lively when serving with the Knock-about Squad, he may become a Lieutenant before the Pension Fund clutches him.



—Walter S. Ball.





TRIANGLE

While the Triangle kiddies were waiting for a call to rehearse, Douglas Fairbanks amused them by teaching them a new string puzzle.



TRIANGLE

George Stone, as the little waif in "Going Straight," has no friend but a hungry little slum kitten that he devotedly loves.

### Fairbanks and His Triangle Kiddies

**T**HE Triangle kiddies have a new playfellow. Douglas Fairbanks and his lasso divide their spare time about evenly between a bunch of old-time cowpunchers with a taste for boxing and wrestling and the children. They adore him.

Not long ago he was showing them some rope tricks, when Violet Radcliffe, aged seven, who has a Castle-cut and often plays boy's parts, took the rope and in a flash had it spinning in the air. She was the heroine of the hour. Thereupon began

a junior class in rope tricks, with Fairbanks as teacher.

Then Francis Carpenter and Fairbanks had a boxing bout. Francis is four, going on five. It was a lively bout. Francis closed in and landed a body blow. His antagonist sank limply to the stage, and Francis stood over him and counted him out.

When Fairbanks was up, Francis came back and held out his hand.

"Mr. Fairbanks," he said, "I'm willing to call it square, if you are."



TRIANGLE

In this scene from "Going Straight," mother comes upon the kiddies just in time to find the Chinese cook gorging them with a feast of cream puffs.



VITAGRAPH

Gasoline waiting for her cue in a rehearsal. No movement or sound of the director escapes her sharp green eyes, and she is ready at the first call.



VITAGRAPH

Her first gasoline bath was an accident. She fell into a can of it and emerged so clean and odorless that it has become a regular habit of cleanliness.

## She Pussy-footed Into the Screen

### BEING THE TALE OF A CAT



**T**HERE has been a new and satisfactory policy in regard to character bits allotted to cats. A new and versatile cat is taking all the fat feline parts.

Formerly no one cat seemed to have a frequent place in any of the productions. Inexperienced and transient cats were used. They suffered from nervousness and lack of judgment and insufficient talent. And good extra cats were not always to be had.

Then "Gasoline" arrived. She is a stately cat of the greatest self-possession and histrionic ability. As a type, Gasoline is striking. As a member of the stock, she is indispensable. She has arrived. She is a Personality, Gas is.

She did not romp into the game on a pathway spread with roses and catnip. Hers was the bitter struggle of those who essay to enter a profession already overcrowded. She practically had to pussy-foot her way into the studio where she now enjoys a regal immunity.

Before the rise of Gasoline's stock, cats had been casual employees, like mob members and elderly extras and babies by the day. But they were never around when you wanted them, and the directors were often in distressful need of a good, resourceful, obedient cat that was not camera-shy. Neighborhood cats were apt to be crude, wild eyed, untrained creatures that had to be dragged into the sets and tied with strips of soft cloth to maintain them in indolent domesticity.

Then Gasoline cut in. She haunted the outskirts of the studio at first, wandering in occasionally with an absent-minded

air that sought to frustrate suspicion. Large and impatient feet hoisted her out again. She kept oozing back into the premises right along, arching herself along with a deprecatory manner that gradually won her friends at court. She had several good points. She kept punctual hours, being right on hand with the rest of the employees; and she had very ladylike habits.

At last came her great opportunity. Her inspiration led her to be found asleep on the surface of a lemon meringue pie. The scene was taken before she was observed, and there ensued wild clamor for her life. It meant a retake.

"Not on your life!" whooped the director, who knew a good thing when he saw it. "It's the making of this scene!"

Her stage presence, her grace and her aplomb have never deserted Gasoline from that moment. She has been called upon to play difficult cat parts in many plays and invariably receives with serenity the avowed admiration of everybody.

Gasoline is passionately fond of her art. She has resolved to devote all her lives to it. She is so enthusiastic, in fact, that she needs to be watched, lest she walk into scenes that were better catless. Once the camera begins grinding and the blue lights flicker, Gasoline is right on the job, purring anxiously and waiting her cue with gleaming eyes and twitching tail tip.

That's all about Gasoline, except how she got her name. She received it with her art and advent into stardom. For sometimes she gets a trifle dusty and shopworn, and it has been the practice to dry-clean her. For this reason she generally enters a scene with a faint odor of gasoline about her—perfectly clean, but a trifle insistent. And hence the name.



Ivy Close, as the little newsboy detective in "Darkest London."



In the same play Miss Close was the scrubwoman Sallie's double.

## Ivy Close, Noted English Beauty, Finds it Difficult to Get a Cup of Tea in America

**I**VY CLOSE, who has been called the most photographed woman in the world, arrived recently in America for her first visit to this side. She is going to put on some high-class comedies for the Kalem Company. Her bewilderment at the strange American customs was amusing.

The first stunt she pulled off was to pay three dollars to learn just how to count American money. She changed a five-pound note, and they handed her a lot of dollar bills and half dollars. She regarded them curiously when she opened her purse to pay for her first breakfast. The waiter regarded her meditatively. He was convinced that she was new to dollar bills and decided to frame his action accordingly.

"How many pennies—no; cents, you call them—in a dollar?" asked Miss Close, with fingers poised over her purse.

"Twenty-five," said the waiter confidently.

So Miss Close paid three dollars for a seventy-five-cent breakfast and only discovered her mistake later, when asking her maid the value of American money.

"That wasn't all," explained Miss Close. "I made a horrible mistake the very first night I arrived. I roamed around in my hotel room, searching for the bell to summon the chambermaid, to tell her just when I wanted my morning cup of tea. We cannot wake up at home without our cup of tea, you know. How you American women get along without it, I cannot see. So when I saw a little white button in the wall, I punched it, thinking it was the bell.

"Immediately the lights went out!

"Having seen another small white button in the adjacent territory, I quickly punched that. Immediately a fan arrangement in the ceiling began to whirl. I was in despair, so I ventured out in the corridor. I had seen numbers of small lads in buttons running about, but no chambermaids, as we have at home. At last I spied a girl sitting at a table at the end of the hall. I brightened up. I approached her cautiously.

"'Could you please bring me a cup of tea at eight o'clock in the morning?' I said, as courteously as I could.

"The girl glared at me.

"'I don't bring tea,' she said coldly. 'If you wish breakfast, telephone to the cafe, and a waiter will bring it up.'

"'Not breakfast,' I pointed out politely. 'Just my waking-up cup of tea. I couldn't think of having a waiter bring it to me. Have you no chambermaids?'

"'The chambermaids do not serve meals,' she responded. 'You must telephone for it to the cafe.'

"I discovered later that I had committed a gross lese majeste in asking a floor clerk to bring me a cup of tea! But how was I to know?"

So Miss Close went without her cup of tea until her maid arrived and saw to it that she had her "waking-up" cup of tea. And although she had dreaded arriving in New York, no sooner had she come and discovered its beauties than she dreaded leaving at once for Jacksonville, where the rehearsals will take place.

"I never saw such a place," she said. "Why, you are wonderful! You work all day and laugh all night. In England we are sad now; but I never saw people laugh and enjoy comedy as they do here. It quite cheers me up, and I hope to give them some comedy to laugh at as well.

"And the dancing! We have nothing like it in England. I enjoy going out to dinner with my friends and seeing the people dance between courses. No wonder you are so energetic and progressive over here. You enjoy your amusements so greatly. Everybody dances—young, middle-aged and old. I think it is the most wonderful thing I ever saw—the dancing and the laughter. It has given me an insight into what you want in comedy."



## The Snow Cure—The Bear—and the Rabbit

**T**HE BEAR and the rabbit occupy a considerable portion of the story and of the screen in this latest Keystone comedy. Ford Sterling says that acting with a zoo has its disadvantages. He says this possibly because he had a bout with the rabbit he uses in the play. They didn't have much trouble with the bear, who was amenable to discipline and was right on the job every moment.

But the rabbit was something else again. His bit was to run 100 yards. They selected a well-recommended rabbit and turned him loose, with confidence in his ability. But the trouble was that Bunny refused to stop at the 100 yards. Like the runner in the faked race,



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

Dr. Quack (James Donnelly) carefully tests the lungs of a patient (Ford Sterling) and promises him a sure cure.

who was afraid to come back and face his accusers, the rabbit kept right on running, regardless of the fact that they needed him again. They had two more rabbit scenes.

They found him again, however. He got tangled up with a trap arrangement a farm boy had put out, and he was returned for a reward and behaved himself pretty well after that.

You'll like "The Snow Cure." It's funny. There are one or two scenes that might as well have been eliminated. Some time we will have a comedy director who will get his direction trained on the point that a picture can be funny without being vulgar or coarse. Not many of them believe it yet, but they



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

The fat, lean and medium patients have been assured of a cure for their ailments by Dr. Quack, who sends them out for a walk in the snow and sends a jolly brown bear to chase them into a brisk circulation.



will in time. The box office will recognize it first.

Ford Sterling is a gay bachelor, who endeavors to build up a flirtation with the pretty wife of his neighbor in the apartment across the hall. The husband has other ideas on the subject, however, and inflicts them rather suddenly and violently on the flirtatious Ford. Husband then takes his wife and goes to their summer home, a cabin in the mountains.

Ford has been "considerable shuk up, like," like the man in "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," and goes to take a course of treatment from Dr. Quack, who has a sanitarium in the same mountains, although Ford is not aware of this. Dr. Quack also has a jolly brown bear. He assures his patients that all they need is exercise to start



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

The flirtatious Ford, who is under the care of Dr. Quack, is chased by Bruin into the cabin of a jealous friend, who has a very pretty wife. Dr. Quack arrives in time to save his life.

the circulation, and to be sure they get it, he sends the brown bear out after them when they go out for a walk. The bear is a sociable animal but he finds difficulty in catching up with the bunch.

Ford is chased by the bear to a cabin, and when he dashes inside, he discovers to his horror that his late neighbor and wife are also inside. The jealous husband seizes a shotgun to slay the flirtatious friend and is only restrained by Dr. Quack, who has followed his patient into the cabin and explains the situation.

This is the outline of the story that Ford Sterling has heavily chinked with plenty of comedy action. There is stir in the picture from beginning to end, especially the action by the bear and the rabbit.



TRIANGLE-KEYSTONE

The patients of "The Snow Cure" return to the hotel greatly out of breath, only to discover the bear who had chased them over the mountain, taking it easy in the office.

## "The Innocent Lie"

HERE is a picture with comedy, with delicate flashes of subtle humor, with moments of thrill so tense that you forget to breathe, with beautiful photography and plenty of healthy, virile action. We should have more such plays as Lois Zellner has written for Valentine Grant in "The Innocent Lie."

Norah is a typical Irish girl, who mothers her younger and lazy brother, who yearns to go to "Ameriky." He attempts to steal the savings of the family, but Norah forbids and gives him her share of the tiny family fortune—only a few pounds, but enough to pay his way to America.

Then the elder and steady brother, fired by martial ambition, enlists and leaves Norah free to seek her brother and her fortune in America. There is another Norah who was booked for America, but who remains in Ireland to marry her soldier sweetheart at the last minute. This gives the motif for the play, for the other Norah bids the little peasant Norah to

take her excuses to the wealthy aunt in America to whom she was going.

There are thrilling scenes of thugs who desire to entice the little Irish girl when she arrives in America. But she is a canny little divvel and foils them with her Irish wit, only to be robbed of her money and thrown into the street, where she is picked up by the police.

And now we have the story. You've guessed it, of course. For she has kept the address of the other Norah's wealthy aunt safely in her ragged gown and is taken there at once. Her incoherent explanations are taken for the natural ravings after such a severe fall, and she is soothed and quieted and accepted as the missing niece.

So the poverty-stricken Irish girl is transformed into the daintily gowned, well-cared-for member of a wealthy New York household, until she meets her ne'er-do-well brother, who is a chauffeur. Her innate honesty and her love for her brother lead her to reveal her innocent lie.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

After vainly attempting to waken her younger brother, Norah assumes his duties and watches at dawn for the coming of the elder brother with the day's supply of fish which are to be promptly taken to market.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

### "THE INNOCENT LIE."

Norah, after waking her lazy brother and setting him to work, hitches up the donkey and is off to market.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

The steady elder brother has brought in a good catch of fish for Nora to take to the market.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

"Sure, your honor," she points out to a customer, "'tis an elegant fish and well worth a shilling. Not a penny less."



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Nora says good-by to the ne'er-do-well brother, who is going to America. "God bless you, then," she says, "and prosper you in the new land."



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Norah, left alone in her Irish cabin, goes to America in search of her brother and is led by fate to masquerade as another Irish Norah.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Sidney Olcott explaining the details of a cabin scene in "The Innocent Lie" to Valentine Grant, who stars as Norah O'Brien, while the camera man waits patiently for the order to "Shoot!"



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Norah's honest Irish heart revolts at the innocent deception she has practiced, and leaving a note for the kind friends who believe her to be their niece, she goes to her brother. His dissolute pal chucks her under the chin, and Norah's Irish blood is roused. As you can see, there has been a peach of a fight.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Not many girls would be so delighted at these simple garments, but Hazel Dawn, playing in "The Feud Girl," is genuinely pleased at the opportunity to wear a hat and shoes once more. Hence her contented smile as she surveys herself in the handglass, while she is arraying herself for her screen wedding. Hazel, in her character as the little mountain girl, had been running about in her bare feet for several weeks, while rehearsing, and felt extremely dressed up when she had a chance to put on shoes once more.

## THE ONCE-OVER

Dorothy Harpur O'Neill

In the Land of Make-Believe  
Fair Clarissa coyly poses;  
Lurking challenge in her gaze,  
Dimpled chin caressing roses.

All the world's a screen to her,  
For the stage "legit" she "shook;"  
Once applause was wont to stir,  
Now she gives us all a look.





FOX

Stuart Holmes.

### He Shoos the Shoes

**S**TUART HOLMES will not buy a pair of shoes for himself. He always sends someone else to do the buying. Every time he ever bought a pair himself, he lost the job he had when the purchase was made.

"It started when I was playing in a stock company in Milwaukee," he said. "I bought a pair of shoes and wore them that night. When I started across the stage in a very ticklish scene, people thought the theater was on the rocks. At first I thought it was because of my acting, but I soon found out it was the shoes.

"The music made by those shoes drowned out the orchestra. The stage manager yelled at me. I took a step forward, hesitated with one foot in the air and stopped still. The added weight on the other foot caused the shoe to cry like a child.

"By this time the audience and the company decided I was insane. The manager fined me and fired me.

"Shoes were the greatest fear of my life. I got another part, and my shoes gave out. I bought a pair guaranteed not to squeak and that same night I lost my job. Once again I bought new shoes and was fired. Now I always get some friend to go in, buy shoes for me and have them delivered at my hotel.

"I'll buy no shoes unless the dealer will give bond that nothing happens to me."



### Some Kids

When the two Lee children—Jane and Katherine—returned from Jamaica, their mother brought them to the home offices of the company.

"Now, the offices are not like a studio," Mrs. Lee explained to the two youngsters. "These people are all very busy, and you must not make a noise."

The kiddies behaved perfectly, and as they were leaving, Mrs. Lee told them she was very proud of them.

"You don't know it," said little Jane, "but, mother, you've got some kids!"



### An Indeterminate Sentence

"**A**NYTHING in my line?" asked the Two-minute Man of Carlyle Blackwell, who had dropped into a comfortable chair at the Screen Club to look over the proofs of some photographs just in from his private photographers.

"Would it be interesting to your readers to know that this sending of photographs is going to break me up in business?" inquired Mr. Blackwell anxiously. "You know, we actors have to pay for all these photographs out of our own money."

"That's your problem," returned the Two-minute Man coldly. "Haven't you something funny to tell me? Remember, I'm on a funny book."

"Yes, sir," said Carlyle promptly, "I have something funny. You're all the time printing stories about what happened to film folks down South, and I've acquired the funniest story of all of them. I met an old colored driver down in a Southern city recently, who used to drive me around a lot. His philosophy was unusually clever, and I generally lured him into conversation just to hear his quaint comments. One day we fell to talking about the excise laws, and I asked him about prohibition in that State.

"'Well, suh,' he said, flicking the old whip at the old horse, 'we do git a drap ov liquor into de State now and den, but the penalty suttin' am heavy.'

"'What do you know about the penalty, Uncle Mose?' I asked.

"'Whut I know about dat penalty?' he said. 'Well, suh, once I fetched a kaig ov beer across de line and got five months. Dat's huccome I know 'bout hit.'

"'Five months for a keg of beer!' I exclaimed incredulously.

"'Yassir, dat's whut I got. I reckon the penalty wouldn't 'a' ben so long, on'y de jailer he had a cow, and de jedge he knowed I could milk!'"

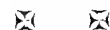
### Her Debut

Two sons of the old sod were watching a play dealing with prison life. A letter was screened, informing three sisters that another sister was to be released on a certain day. At the appointed time the three sisters were at the prison gate.



"Oi wonder phot they are doing there," said one.

"Phaix, Oi suppose they are going to give her wan of thim 'coming out' parties."



### A Perennial

A close-up view of a pretty actress was shown.

"Hasn't she a lovely complexion?" said a woman to her husband. "It is just like a flower."

"Yes," he answered; "but I am willing to bet that it is a blooming lie."



### The Silkworm

*Director*—I hear the leading lady received a dozen pair of silk stockings for her birthday.

*Leading man*—Yes; and I am the worm that furnished them.



*Actor*—I wonder who prompted Smith to ask me for a loan?

*Miss Film*—Perhaps it was the director.



WORLD

Carlyle Blackwell.



KULEE COMPANY

### Margaret Gale Waiting for Rehearsal in "How Mollie Made Good"

**M**ARGARET GALE, in a very charming screen, loves to feed her pet rabbit in the intervals between rehearsals. Her rabbit accompanies her to the studio each day. Miss Gale had a very happy medium in one of her recent pictures, "How Molly Made Good," in which a little Irish girl scoops her competitors and overcomes many obstacles in getting interviews with twelve celebrities of the drama. It was a new idea, cleverly executed. The six-reel play gives faithful details of the home life of the twelve actors and actresses, and Miss Gale, as the little Irish girl, "plays the game" with an

adroitness that wins her the sympathy of her audiences from the beginning. "Little Bunny's my mascot," says Miss Gale. "You read that story of Henry, the white rat, that Charley Van Loan wrote for some magazine? Corking story, wasn't it? Well, I feel the same way about my Bunny rabbit that Ham did about his white Henry rat. If I were to lose it—why, I'd quite playing in films, that's all. It isn't that I'm superstitious, you know—not exactly—but I certainly would hate to have anything happen to that rabbit." Now Mrs. Gale wants a play written for the rabbit.



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**DO I HEAR A LAUGH?**

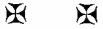


## An Easy Capture

The picture on the screen showed a number of girls engaged in drilling.

"Do you think that women would make good soldiers?" asked a girl of her escort.

"Of course they would," was the reply; "and if they looked well at the front, they could easily capture plenty of sweethearts."



## A Stirred-up Hurricane

"The funniest thing I've seen lately," said Kathryn Williams, "was

seeing Director Heffron suffering from the cyclone he had ordered himself. We were filming 'Into the Primitive,' and we needed a terrific hurricane. We couldn't seem to get just the effect with the usual equipment, so Mr. Heffron decided to make a cyclone to order.

"Well, he did it, all right. He rigged up the big propellers of an aeroplane and set them at work, and the breeze they raised was a little bit of all right. They started a cyclone right then and there that nearly blew us off the set. Harry Lonsdale was blown completely from a chair, and Guy Oliver was hurled



SELIG

Mink Jones, in his role of expressman, who has mixed up a cargo of beer for the druggist and hymn books for the parson, is roughly handled at the temperance meeting.

propellers. And no more homemade cyclones for me, if you please!"



## Late for the Matinee

The star, newly engaged for a picture, arrived at the studio two hours late. The director was icily regarding her when she entered with a breezy greeting.

"Oh, good-morning!" she said brightly. "Lovely morning, isn't it?"

"Yes," said the director briefly. "It was!"



Mink Jones, as the general junkmaster of Jonesville, has a breakdown on the road.



Helen Gonne says she hardly knows whether she would rather be in and looking out or out and looking in. Miss Gonne possesses a marked ability to make funny faces, as you can see.

### Nothing But Dry Cleaning

**T**HE Two-minute Man approached Gertrude Robinson somewhat slowly. She looks very serious at times.

"I doubt if she knows anything funny," he said.

"Yes, I do," chirped up Miss Robinson. "I know something that sounded mighty funny when I heard it."

"It might still sound funny," suggested the Two-minute Man. "Let's hear it. I've got about a stick and a half of space I could give to it."

"Then I'll cut out the beginning and the ending and just tell you about it," said Miss Robinson. "I was down South one spring and went one night to a Baptist revival held among the colored folks. The preacher was urging the congregation to repentance.

"'Come all yo' and git babtised!' he shouted.

"'I done ben babtised by de Presbyterians,' explained a weeping old mammy. 'I'se got religion, and I'se done ben babtised.'

"'Laws, sistah,' shouted the preacher, 'yo' ain't ben babtised—yo' jes' ben dry cleaned!'"



### Motion Pictures Are Becoming Popular with Wealthy Patrons

A photoplay league is the newest thing. Such a league has been recently formed, for the encouragement of the higher forms of motion picture art. Its purpose is to create a demand and an appreciation for wholesome, attractive and instructive plays. It is a voluntary organization, made up from representative people. It is planned to organize an annual convention of the members of the league, for the discussion of matters of general interest relating to the motion picture play in all parts of the country.

This league has no connection with any producing or exhibiting organization. It is merely to represent the interests of the audience, to create an enlightened opinion and to express the ideals of the great army of patrons of the silent drama. It has the cordial interest and active co-operation of men and women who believe it a duty to encourage the possibilities of the new art.

Among the purposes of the league is that of the preservation of films of permanent value in the public libraries, the provision of instructive motion pictures in our educational in-

stitutions and special exhibitions of films on subjects of national interest. The advisory committee of the league consists of Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Mrs. Charles H. Whitman, Adolph Lewi-son, Robert Erskine Ely, Helen Varick Boswell, Frederick A. Stokes, Henry Fairfield Osborn, Mrs. Willard D. Straight, George F. Kunz, Charles Dana Gibson, Mrs. Schuyler N. Warren, Mrs. Claudia Q. Murphy, Betty Shannon, Frederick C. Howe, Mrs. Frederick Lee Ackerman, E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe, Mrs. Marcus M. Marks, Mrs. James Speyer, Lilian D. Wald, Reginald Pelham Bolton, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman and Cornelius Vanderbilt.



### Reel Advice

It's a long reel that has no turning.

Reel actors should never screen their faults.

One good reel deserves another.



### Under Cover

*Ripp*—I understand that the movie actor is up to his neck in debt.

*Rapp*—Yes; I notice that he keeps under cover.



### The Valuation

*Movie hero*—I think that I have overtaxed my mind.

*Miss Film*—Well, you certainly wouldn't undervalue it.



GAUMONT-MUTUAL

Gertrude Robinson seems to be waiting at the window. Now, what would you say she was watching for—the postman, perhaps? No?

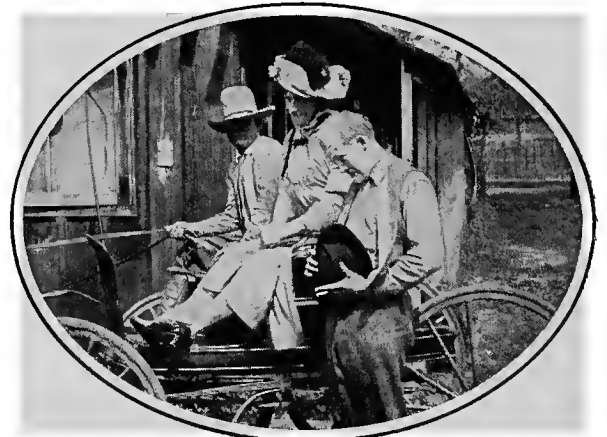


JOKER  
Gale Henry and William  
Franey, in

"The Jitney Driver's  
Romance."

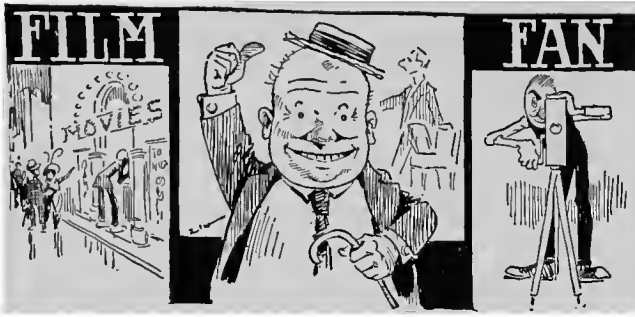


MUTUAL  
Rube Miller, as "The Man with the Hod," enlivens the noon hour by a little conversation with his sweetheart.



UNIVERSAL  
Eva Nelson, in "Bill's Narrow Escape," tells her husband just  
what she thinks of him.

Tom Mix, as a schoolma'am, wins over his girl's obdurate  
father.



“HEAR the latest film story?” said the Film Fan to the Grouch. “No? Of course not! How could you, with that face? Well, Thomas A. Edison, the inventor of the motion picture projector, gets a lot of letters containing suggestions as to suitable themes or plots for photoplays. It is only human nature for each person to think that the events that happen to him or that come under his observation are the most important happenings that transpire, I suppose, and it seems to be the opinion of the majority of people who have these ‘interesting little incidents’ to relate that Mr. Edison is the proper man before whom to place the papers in the case. Once in a long while a letter is written by some unconscious humorist. One of these, which has a tendency to remind one of the humorous sketches of W. W. Jacobs, turned up at the Edison studios.

“Excuse me for taking the liberty to write you but it is just like this,” commences the letter. “I know of a very funny incident that happened over here in Brooklyn, so if you will pardon me I will relate the yarn to you and it actually happened in a certain cheap saloon. Over here in Brooklyn there is a lot of down and out men congregate every day. They sell five cent whiskey in this store and they give each customer a plate of soup with his whiskey they sell in this particular saloon. The kind of whiskey they sell is the kind that when you are drinking it they have a quartet singing nearer my god to thee. Well here goes for the story. Now over this saloon there is furnished rooms for gents. Well there was a sailor rooming up stairs who used to make trips down to South America and on one of his trips he brought back a monkey and of course he brought the monkey up to his room when he came ashore and kept it tied up in his room. One day he went out and he happened to meet some old shipmates and right there and then he went off on a spree that lasted over a week and when he got himself together and returned to his room not leaving any food or water around for the poor old monkey while he was away from his room the poor old monkey died of starvation. Well he was at a loss to know how he could dispose of the monkey’s dead body. He knew he could not throw it in the street because it was a kind of business neighborhood and there was a police station right across the street and he did not know what to do. So at last an idea struck him. Down stairs in the saloon the bar tender opened up the saloon very early about half past four and he used to start to make soup just as soon as he opened up the saloon. Well this morning that I tell you of he had his soup

tank on the gas stove filled up with water and soup meat getting it ready for the early morning customers. Well, while the bar tender was in the rear of the store the sailor came down with the dead monkey under his arm. Looking around the store he did not see the bartender around. But he did see the soup tank boiling away on the



gas stove so he slipped over easy and dropped the dead monkey in the soup pot and then stole up stairs and went back to bed.

“Well, pretty soon after that the bums started to come in for their morning five cent shock and their plate of soup. Well, everything went along allright until it got low tide in the soup tank and then the bum who was dishing out the soup happened to look down in the soup pot and see the dead monkey’s eyes looking up at him. He gave one jump for the door and the last we heard of him he was going a mile a minute. And all the other bums who were in the store that morning when they looked in the soup pot and saw the monkey took the D. T.’s. Now my object in writing this letter to you was to find out if you could get this story on the screen. All you would need would be a sailor, 5 bums, a bartender, a monkey and a saloon. I would give \$1.00 to see this story on the screen so if you think you can get a picture up from what I have wrote here I would like to see it. If it is acted the way I told it it will be a scream so give it a try out any how. You can call it who put the monkey in the soup.”

“Now there’s a scream for you.”

“Look here,” said the Grouch; “let me tell you something. That’s a good yarn. I’m going to write a scenario on that myself.”

“Are you?” grinned the Fan. “So’m I. And so are 3,463,297 other people. It’s a good yarn.”



### No White Lights for Riley

Riley Chamberlin, who has returned from a five-month sojourn in Jacksonville, contracted the early-to-bed habit. The Two-minute Man found him just as the curfew was beginning to strike or ring or whatever it does over in New Rochelle.

“Yes, sir,” said Riley, beginning to yawn as the clock struck, “I’m back.”

“But tell us something funny,” patiently insisted the Two-minute Man.

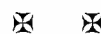
“Funniest thing I can think of is the way you folks up here stay up all night,” said Riley, yawning again. “Here it is nine o’clock, and everybody still up and around on the street.”

“What do you want to go to bed in the middle of the afternoon for?” demanded the Two-minute Man.

“Say,” begged Mr. Chamberlin, “you see, we chaps have to be on hand early at the Thanouser-Mutual studio, you know, and down South everybody went to bed at a reasonable hour—somewhere along about nine o’clock, you know. So, you see, when it strikes nine, my eyes just naturally won’t keep open. Funny, isn’t it?”

“It’s funny, all right,” said the Two-minute Man, folding up his copy paper. “Run along, Riley. No use trying to talk funny talk to a man who is half asleep.”

“Thanks, old chap,” murmured Chamberlin wearily. “Guess I’ll run along home to bed, then—it’s getting late. Didn’t I hear that clock just strike nine?”



### They Loved Every Bone in His Head

The “hero” of the studio was speaking to one of the actresses. “Everybody around here says that I have a big head,” the remarked. “What do you think about it?”

“To tell you the truth,” she replied, “I really don’t think there is anything in it myself.”



## EXTRA! ALL ABOUT LENORE ULRICH!



MOROSCO

### Such a Gorgeous Gown!

**H**ERE we have Lenore Ulrich, the popular Pallas Pictures star, leaving her dressmaker's at ten a. m. for the studios. Lenore arises each morning at an hour which would stagger the average star of the stage and attends to a lot of important shopping before embarking in her gasoline boat for the film studio. The smiles noticeable on the faces in this picture register satisfaction. Lenore is satisfied because she has just had a wonderful fitting, and the modiste in the doorway is satisfied because a nice, big check is daintily held in one of her hands. A "close-up" of the check would easily show cause for the smile on the part of the recipient. For Pallas-Paramount she appeared on Broadway recently in the film, "The Heart of Paula," while two blocks away she appeared on the stage for Belasco in "The Heart of Wetona." A long term contract for her exclusive motion picture services reposes in Oliver Morosco's safe. It was through courtesy of Mr. Morosco that Miss Ulrich was enabled to appear in "The Heart of Paula" for Pallas Pictures.

### ✕ ✕ Seal It?

Two Irish maids were enjoying their afternoon out looking at a picture play. During one of the scenes a woman wrote a note and handed it to the servant, instructing her to deliver it.

"Oj wonder if she will read what that woman put in the note?" asked one of the other.

"Sure, no," she replied. "Didn't yez see the impolite thing seal it?"

### Lenore Ulrich Gets Up Early. (Shops While Most People Sleep)

**B**ELOW is another pose of Miss Ulrich. She does not fume and rage when her breakfast does not come on schedule time. She merely sinks back in her favorite chair and picks up the book that is always lying about handy.

At this hour in the morning the majority of screen favorites are sound asleep or yawning and inquiring the time of day. Miss Ulrich hops right out at seven o'clock and is ready for breakfast at eight, so she can get in an hour of shopping before she punches the time clock.

The fair Lenore—notice that nifty little handbag in the other picture? She designed that herself—is a busy girl these days. She tries to answer all the letters that come to her and devotes a good share of her evenings to letter writing and dictating. She is just as serene and placid as she looks in this picture and will eat her breakfast calmly, refuse to lose her temper because seventy-six people persist in calling her on the telephone before she leaves and will have time to give a pleasant "Good-morning!" to everybody she meets on her way to her car.

My, it must be grand to be a popular motion picture actress!

✕ ✕

### A Poor Patch

The scene showed two men engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight. They were both pretty well bruised up. A doctor was called. After putting a quantity of court-plaster on their faces, he made them shake hands.

"Faith," said an Irishman, "that is what I call a patched-up friendship."

✕ ✕

### Push the Button

*Knick*—Does he ever stop to think?

*Knack*—No; he is too busy trying to write scenarios.





FAMOUS PLAYERS

Molly loves to "make-believe," and in her role as Queen of the Fairies is helping Brother Bobby to feed a motherless piggy that objects most unmusically to being "raised by hand."



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Mike, the friendly bull pup, is trained to carry a letter—an accomplishment that becomes handy later, when Molly has run away to make her fortune in the city.

## The Spirit of Eternal Youth

**M**ARGUERITE CLARK has caught it in this fine picture, "Little Molly Make-Believe." She has captured the spirit of eternal youth and crystallized it in this charming bit of childhood, in which the comedy of her artless manner is but a thin veil over the pathos of helpless children in "the city of lonely hearts and itching palms."

Everybody knows the story of "Molly Make-Believe." It was winsome enough as a story with a strong appeal. Marguerite Clark, who has the ability of an accomplished actress added to her charm of diminutive appearance, has twisted the heart right out of the story and visualized it on the screen.

Without any doubt it was the best picture of the month, beginning with the quaint farm cottage, where the grandmother shares honor with the little star, being the realest, for-surest grandmother that has been on the screen in a long time, down to the time when Molly faces the scornful fiancée of her client, Carl Stanton, and begs her to believe that her visit is only in the guise of "Little Molly Make-Believe."

They run away, the little brother and sister, because they



FAMOUS PLAYERS

The play in the barn winds up in a fight. A boy insults the Queen by toppling her off her throne, and Brother Bobby beats the tar out'n him and packs them all home.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

The runaway children start the fortune-making by turning Bobby into a messenger boy, and he ends his first day by a fervent vote for bed.

discover that grandmother cannot afford to support them. Some of the clever bits of the picture are in the midnight elopement, when Bobby yearns to take his fishing rod and is sternly forbidden by his equally impractical sister. They steal a ride and are discovered and brought into the caboose of the freight train by the interested crew, only to be thrust into the midst of rescuers of a train wreck, where they meet a famous artist and the wealthy Carl Stanton.

Bobby becomes a messenger boy, always "dead tired." Molly

starts the Serial Letter Company, guaranteed to furnish letters from a squirrel or from a sea pirate, varied by love letters, mild, medium or very intense. They are to be real letters from an imaginary person. She has three clients—the little invalid, who demands squirrel letters; the cowboy, who wants very intense love letters; and Carl Stanton, who has broken his leg and wants cheering letters.

It is a staid enough outline as one writes it. Miss Clark injects every bit of her elf-like self into the playing of it. When you see her curled up in the dumbwaiter, taking a peek to see if her pot of azaleas reached her patient all

skin of the festive little squirrel, who leaps into the room of the little invalid to amuse her, you forget you are grown up and you enjoy the make-believe just as much as you did when you were a wee tot and "made-believe" all sorts of strange and interesting play-stories at home.

A fat policeman who watched the first run of the picture from the back of the house had the right idea. He expressed it crudely, perhaps; but the meaning is there. He wiped away a bit of moisture from his eyelid as he spoke.

"Aw, it gets yer where yer live," he muttered, excusing himself for the splashed eyelid.

The fat policeman was right. It does "get yer where yer live."



### Pro Bono Publico

It takes a bunch of school girls to hand out frank criticism, and accustomed as the screen artists are to it, a group of them over at the Vitagraph lunchroom were routed recently by the artless remarks of a crowd of girls, who evidently regarded them as puppets without hearing.

They stood in front of the lunchroom, closely regarding each unfortunate as they stepped out. Not one escaped. Their comment was absolutely spontaneous and unabashed.

"Say, Sue," said one, as a well-known favorite exited, "that one's sorter fair looking, ain't he?"

A jaunty leading man sauntered forth, trying to be unconcerned. He caught the next one.

"Aw, he uses oil on his hair—lookie, kid!"

"That's a wig, girlie," corrected another.

"I thought that chap had black eyes, but he hasn't, has he?"

They were not awestruck. They did not gush. Their remarks were made without malicious intent. It was the real pro bono publico. The actors appreciated it, as well as the fact that all remarks were made in a perfectly audible voice, without the



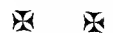
FAMOUS PLAYERS  
Little Molly Make-Believe poses for her artist friend as "The Coming of Spring."

in the audience, she registered a mental protest against throwing several hundred eggs carelessly about, when people in her circumstances did not dream of even pricing them, let alone eating them.

"It seems cruel," she writes, "to see food wasted in an effort to secure laughs from people like myself, who would prefer to get a chance to eat the eggs."

"How about this, Billy?" said "Pop" Lubin to Billy Reeves, when he displayed the letter.

"Shucks!" said Billy. "As I recall it, those weren't eating eggs; they were just throwing-eggs."



### The Other Side

During a society play a woman was shown standing in front of a mirror.

A girl remarked to her escort "that the woman seemed to be glued to the spot."

"Yes, she is probably stuck on herself."



FAMOUS PLAYERS  
Molly dresses up to pay a last visit to her patient, Carl Stanton, to tell him that the Serial Letter Company has dissolved. Cornelia, his fiancee, and her haughty mother choose this inauspicious moment to visit him. Molly piteously begs them to realize that "I am only Little Molly Make-Believe."

## BESSIE LOVE



TRIANGLE-FINE ARTS

**W**HEN Bessie Love was first rehearsed in "The Flying Torpedo," the powers that be billed her as a necessary servant girl. But little Bess didn't do a thing but run away with the part. When she appeared for the first scene, with her braids and her five-cent straw sailor, the old jacket that she had bought right off the back of a Swedish dish washer, she literally made the part.

She didn't want to be an ordinary servant maid. Bessie Love couldn't be an ordinary comedy character if she wanted to. She invariably instills into it her famous wink, her sly

little smile, and her demure manner of blundering sincerity that is the funniest thing she does. Bessie doesn't strive much for effect; but watch her work in "The Flying Torpedo," especially this scene, in which she plays for time to keep the apothecary busy and give the author Emerson, who writes the thrilling love tales in which her soul delights, plenty of time to investigate the crook's den behind the apothecary shop. Note her ingratiating smile and winning dumbness, and remember our prophecy to the effect that Bessie Love is going to make her mark on the screens as the best comedienne of her day.





JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAG

R E E L L O V E R S



HARTFOOK

SEENA OWEN.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Valentine Grant, as Nora O'Brien, in her success "The Innocent Lie," says good-by to the goat and the chickens before she leaves her little Irish cabin to find her relatives in far-away America. This is a sparkling play, full of thrills, and written by Lois Zellner. Sidney Olcott directed it.

### That Hungry Little Ragamuffin

VALENTINE GRANT rehearsed for several weeks on Lois Zellner's play, "The Innocent Lie," which was one of the best offerings. The Famous Players' Studio is near a large hotel on Fifty-sixth Street, where most of the players go for their luncheon. The hotel habitués are accustomed to the queer costumes, for the screen people do not stop to change, but run in for luncheon with their rehearsal costumes on.

Valentine Grant has a quaint Irish gown—regular goods, by the way, for the shawl came from an Irish cabin, and so did the funny little bodice. The ragged skirt she picked up at great trouble from a clean little Swiss washerwoman, and it has been worn in the scrubbing of many a sturdy Swiss floor.

Miss Grant ran over to the hotel for a hasty luncheon one day and was deep in conversation with one of the prosperous-looking officials of the company. He listened with attention while she was telling of some of her experiences on a recent trip to Bermuda. Her appearance attracted the attention of a stranger who was lunching at a near-by table.

"Now, that's what I call a kind thing to do," commented the stranger to his host. "Look at that kind-hearted man over there. He has picked up a hungry little ragamuffin off the street and brought her right in here for a good feed. Look at that steak he ordered for the child—I'll bet it's the first good meal she's had in a month!"

His host recognized Miss Grant in the little plaid shoulder shawl, with her dark hair waving loosely about her piquant, eager little face as she talked.

"Say," he snickered, "that girl tucks away a good, big steak every day. That's Valentine Grant, and she has a mighty healthy appetite. Don't you know a motion picture make-up when you see it?"

And Miss Grant enjoyed the joke on herself more than anyone else.



### Everybody Goes

Mr. Jones is a baseball fan. Mrs. Jones isn't. She prefers a symphony concert. Miss Mary Jones says symphonies make her sleepy and that a dancing party is the real thing. Grandpa Jones says dancers should do it in an asylum and that there hasn't been a good show since Harrigan and Hart died. Grandma Jones wishes there was something like a Moody and Sankey meeting nowadays.

Willie Jones pushes his plate away, steps on the cat and remarks that they are all loony, and that, as for him, he is going around to the moving pictures.

Chorus:

"Wait a minute, and we'll all go with you."

The whole family goes to the pictures.



WORLD

### ALL FOR THE SAME PRICE.

What promises to end the "cut-back" in film productions is the experiment by Maurice Tourneur with a scene in "The Hand of Peril," in which nine rooms of a house are shown, with action occurring in each room simultaneously. The house is constructed with three rooms and a hallway on each floor, each room connecting and leading by doors from the main entrance on the lower floor to the last room on the upper floor, and the action of the piece shows the flight of characters from room to room and the action occurring in one room that would have to be "flashed back" were the nine rooms not shown. The experiment is quite novel and attractive and fits in admirably in the story, but if it will prove of general worth cannot be told as yet.

Tourneur, who created "Trilby," "Alias Jimmy Valentine," and "The Pawn of Fate," is also responsible for many innovations in camera work and lighting effects.

### He Couldn't Forget It

"ONE OF the nearest escapes from tragedy during the making of a motion picture happened to me when I was directing a picture for the Kalem Company, they called it 'The Fiend at the Throttle,'" says "Silent Bill" Haddock. "It was a railroad story, and this particular scene was to show a girl racing a handcar against a locomotive which was being driven by a madman. A train-load of people behind him were in peril of their lives. Elise McCloud was the heroine and was driving the handcar. We had rehearsed the scene a few times and intended to do the scene slowly. The idea was to work up to the madman's locomotive catching up with the handcar, and she was to climb from the handcar to the locomotive.

"The scene had gone well enough while we rehearsed it slowly, but the trouble came when the speed was increased.

The camera man and I were on a flat car on a parallel track, directing the taking of the picture. We were flying along the track at fairly good speed. As Miss McCloud began to climb onto the fender of the engine, the handcar began to climb after her. If she had been a second or two later in climbing off that handcar, she would have been dashed to atoms, because in another instant it was thrown to one side directly in front of the flat car we were on and broken to pieces. I will confess that I had in that brief instant mapped out for myself the shortest route to South America. I could see my rogue's-gallery photograph plastered around in public places, bearing the inscription, 'Wanted for murder.' With palpitating heart and pale cheeks I told Miss McCloud what a close call she had had.

"But all she did was laugh mischievously and tell me to 'forget it.'"

## Don't You Wish You Were a Gish ?

**D**OROTHY GISH was trying on a stunning summer hat before the cheval glass. Lillian Gish was serenely embroidering a front of a crepe-de-chine negligee. She loves to embroider—and after a while she gets all the tablecloths and the centerpieces and the doilies and the napkins and dresser scarfs in the house done and falls back on her clothes.

Every once in a while she glanced admiringly at Dorothy, who was prancing back and forth in front of the mirror, as every girl does who is trying on a nifty new hat.

It wasn't her hat, either. All the more reason why she should covet it.

"Doesn't that hat look nice on Dorothy?" said Lillian calmly. "I suppose I might just as well say good-by to it right now. It would be a shame not to give it to her when she looks so well in it. That girl has no sense of property rights, anyhow. She'll let me do all the shopping, and then try on my things and look so well in them that I haven't the heart not to give them to her."

"You darling!" shrilled Dorothy. "Will you really give it to me? You are a duck!"

"We humor that girl too much," said Mrs. Gish, the mother of these two screen stars. "Dorothy, this is the last time Lillian is going to give you anything of hers. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sweetheart," smiled Dorothy; "I hear. And I won't ask for another thing—only—that veil really ought to go with the hat, don't you think, Lillian?"

"Take the veil," assented Lillian, threading her needle with more silk, and everybody laughed at the notion of gay little Dorothy Gish really doing that.

"You know, mother and Lillian spoil me to death," said Dorothy, airily settling the veil on her pretty head. "They are the grandest mother and sister a girl ever had, and I wouldn't trade them off for a million dollars. Lillian, could I just borrow that new pair of white suede pumps you got yesterday? I'll take good care of them, and I won't ask you to give them to me."

Lillian Gish nodded her head and waited to see Dorothy emerge with the new shoes. She sighed indulgently when at last her sister was arrayed for the afternoon. She had selected the choicest of Lillian's garments and danced happily about the room, with her fingertips airily waving as she waited for compliments.

"Honest, mother, dear," she said, "this is the last time I'll ever ask Lillian for anything. Only—she has such lovely taste in clothes, and I hate to shop, and she doesn't mind it at all. And you must admit that her clothes look nice on me, don't they?"

It had to be admitted. And Lillian and her mother ex-



TRIANGLE

Lillian Gish at her favorite pastime of embroidering.

changed humorously resigned glances and kissed Dorothy good-by as she tripped merrily out to her friends with whom she was to drive.

You can see from this that when the Gish sisters are at home, they are just like all the rest of us. They wear their sister's clothes and borrow their mother's best perfume and sneak out the best handkerchiefs when they are in a hurry, hoping to get them back before they are found out.

Just like other girls, for all they are famous screen stars.

The world of publicity has small place inside the Gish home, that is covered over with roses and bordered with flowers and full of sunshine and good nature and love. It is Lillian who shares her mother's love of housekeeping. When she has spare time, she spends it pattering around the bungalow, trying new recipes—just like other home-loving girls—running over new music, embroidering and digging out the bureau drawers, exactly as any girl would do.

Dorothy is the planner of the pair. She knows exactly how she wants her gowns made and what she expects for dinner. But she leaves it to Lillian to execute her plans. They have never appeared together in a picture, because each is a star and must therefore play in separate pictures.



### Jackie Saunders in Mufti

A pert young woman hung around the Balboa studios recently, waiting to see Jackie Saunders. Finally she mustered up courage enough to approach the dressing-room of the star and timidly knock.

"I'd like to see Miss Jackie Saunders," she said to the girl who opened the door.

"I am Miss Saunders," said the actress politely.

The young woman looked at her critically. She noted the rolled-up sleeves, the calico apron and the broom held in very capable hands.

The visitor grinned with appreciation.

"Yes, you are," she said. "Say, go on in and tell your mistress I really want to see her, will you?"

"Good enough," said Miss Saunders. "I do look the part, don't I?"



### In These Scenario Days

Two urchins were intently watching a dog fight.

"Some dog fight!" said one.

"Peach!" said the other. "Who wrote it?"



"I hear Mrs. Film is putting out on the matrimonial sea again." "Yes; and she's taking a third mate."

## "Artie, the Millionaire Kid"

**T**HIS picture gives an opportunity for Dorothy Kelly to prove that she is a good comedienne. If she follows the usual runway of the funny girls, just as soon as she finds out that she is really clever in comedy, she will hang out a dragnet for the dramatic managers and produce large amounts of intellectual conversation anent the seriousness of comedy drama and her lack of opportunity in merely affording a few moments of laughter and relaxation to the people who are in need of such a tonic.

That's the way they all do. They refuse to see any wholesome mission in making people laugh.

However, Miss Kelly is a jolly little comedy girl, and we beg her humbly to remain such and continue to give us cachinnations now and then.

There is plenty of fun in this picture, although it might be cut here and there without interfering with its value as a comedy. Artie is a millionaire's kid as well as the millionaire kid. Ernest Truax, as Artie, gives himself plenty of chances to get a laugh



VITAGRAPH  
Dorothy Kelly.

quested to resign from his scholastic career by the harassed faculty. Friend father concurs in the resignation and comes into the merger. He hands Artie concise advice on behavior in general, with the announcement that as far as he is concerned, Artie is now on his own, and severed from any parental, support.

Artie accepts the decision and looks upon it in the spirit of adventure. He becomes a book agent and falls in love with Annabelle, whom he meets at a girls' school, where he is earnestly endeavoring to earn an honest meal or two by disposing of books. He wants to marry her. But Annabelle is an expensive proposition, and it is up to Artie to emulate friend father's talents and make some money.

As he ponders upon this problem, he runs across his father unexpectedly in a country village. He is not keen on being noticed by father, and slips behind the automobile, where he picks up a tip on real estate. He overhears his parent planning to build a railroad through the village. Artie has some of the pa-



VITAGRAPH  
Artie is Annabelle's choice, but not her father's.

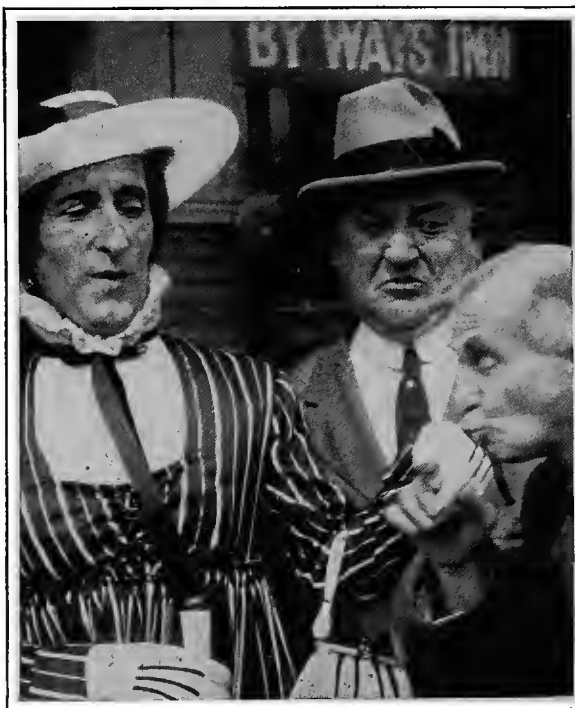


VITAGRAPH  
This is father's choice, but not Annabelle's.

and excellently portrays the care-free college youth, who would consider it perfectly probable if the President were to ask him to drop over to Washington and take his place for a week or two, while the Big Boss went fishing. He would undertake the job, too, with plenty of sang-froid — whatever that amounts to.

Dorothy Kelly, as Annabelle, needs no defense. She has youth and verve and beauty and a remarkable facility of facial expression. As a side partner to Ernest Truax, she is everything that one could ask. And when it comes to widows' wiles, Etienne Giradot has them down to a fine edge. As the Widow, he played hob with the two old men who hoped that their fascinations might win her alleged wealth.

Artie, to begin with, does not shine in college circles. To be explicit, Artie is fervently re-



VITAGRAPH  
Artie's friend captivates the gay old ducks.

rental gray matter in his head and immediately wires a waggish college friend to conspire with him. He buys up all the spare real estate in the place and aids and abets his friend to impersonate a wealthy widow, who fascinates both Artie's father and Annabelle's elderly suitor.

Annabelle is having troubles of her own all this time. Her parent objects to Artie on general principles and favors the elderly but rich man. Annabelle cannot see it and snubs her ancient caller unmercifully. She is not in on the wealthy-widow deal and gets pretty well peeved when Artie pays the old girl a bit of attention. But the widow ensnares the two elderly financiers in a net of their own making, and when the denouement comes, there isn't anything to do but to take their medicine and hand Artie the money and the girl.



POWERS COMEDY

Here is a picture that will take you back to your boyhood days, when your greatest ambition in life was to catch one of the "two-pounders" you heard them talk about. You started out in the morning full of enthusiasm, cut a rod from a tree and dug worms for bait, and fished all day in the hot sun and planned how your mother was going to cook your "catch" for your supper when you got home, just as these boys are doing in the Powers Comedy, "Some Fish."

### A Canny Suitor

"WHAT'S on your mind?" said the Two-minute Man to Clara Kimball Young, who was smiling joyfully over her mail.

"Proposals," said Miss Young.

"Marriage or films?" queried the Two-minute Man. "Quickly, now, if you want to get into my book."

"Read it for yourself," said Miss Young, handing over the letter. "It's too good to keep."

The letter was from a small middle West town and was direct and to the point. The writer knew what he wanted and had his plans all made. He had no scruples about the hiatus in respective salaries, either. He wrote:

"I'm a good Baptist; but even if you are an actress, I am willing to marry you. I get \$22 a week and see by the papers you get \$2,000. We could live verry comfertible on \$2,022 a week. If interested, rite me, and I'll send picter. I already have yours."

✕ ✕

### The Horse Was Willing to Work

A lazy son, who preferred to spend his time in loafing rather than to help his father at blacksmithing, attended a picture show with his mother. He watched with deep interest the father of the hero, who loved his horse more than he did his son.

"Look, maw," he said, "that chap loves his

horse better than he does his son." "Yes," said the mother dryly; "the horse is willing to work."

✕ ✕

### The Knock-out Blow

Two sons of Erin were watching a picture where a couple were drinking rather freely.

"Faith," said one, "they be regular booze fighters."

"Yis," was the reply; "and they don't seem to be worry-ing about receiving a knock-out blow."

✕ ✕

### Fade-out

*Cobb*—Doesn't his wife allow him to say a word?

*Webb*—No; just as soon as he starts, she butts in with a "cut-in leader."

✕ ✕

### The Bum

One of the many imitators of Charlie Chaplin was being screened, taking the part of a tramp. The following was heard:

"That chap takes his part well."

"Yes, he certainly is a 'bum' actor."

✕ ✕

### The Law of Compensation

Two Irishmen were seated in a movie house—one that was usually badly heated.

"Oi say, Casey, do yez ever feel cold in here?"

"Phaix, no," was the reply, "Oi get too numb."



POWERS COMEDY

And this is all you had to show "the fellers" when you got home. Rotten luck!



PALLAS-PARAMOUNT

Mr. Taylor directing Winifred Kingston in "Davy Crockett." Dustin Farnum, sitting at his ease by the fireplace, is watching the rehearsal.

### Winsome Winifred Kingston

**M**Y, BUT Dustin Farnum is the lucky chap! Some men have all the luck, anyway. He can chat with Winifred Kingston every day, scold her a little if he dares, and have the privilege of watching her pretty face and still prettier manner as often as he likes during the hours of rehearsal for the Pallas-Paramount.

Miss Kingston has been playing opposite the popular matinee idol for some time and is just as popular as he is. When a Kingston picture is advertised, you are sure to see the picture house crowded with men and women who love to watch her pretty little ways on the screen. She is a favorite with women as well as with men.

She was rehearsing for "Davy Crockett" when she stopped long enough to give a bit of a chat for **FILM FUN**. You may be interested in knowing that she is an English girl and was educated in Edinburgh, Scotland, and in Paliseul, Belgium. She first appeared on the English stage with Sir Beerbohm Tree, and later under the direction of Charles Frohman. You will remember her as the charming girl who played in "The Servant in the House," "Pomander Walk," and other notable successes.

Her red-blond hair, wavy and glinting with bronze lights, and her gray-blue eyes are very effective, both on and off the screen. When she flashes that Kingston smile at you and sinks down on a conve-

nient box while the director has an argument with the camera man, you just naturally have to like Winifred.

"You know," she said, "the other day a mother wrote me, asking about the temptations of the screen for young girls. Her daughter wanted to get into the pictures, and she was trying to keep her at home.

"Do you know, it reminded me of the boy in the grocery shop. Naturally, the prettier the girl is, the more apt she is to surround herself with what might be temptations, unless she is too busy to notice them."

"But what about the boy in the grocery shop?" we asked her. That director was about at the end of his argument with the camera man and was addressing the electrician with brief asperity. It looked as if the scene might go right along in just a minute, and we wanted to hear about that boy in the grocery shop.

Miss Kingston smiled gayly.

"Why, the boy was standing around rather close to a barrel of rosy apples, and the grocer leaned over the counter and yelled,

"Hey, there! be you tryin' to steal them apples, boy?"

"No—no—sir," faltered the boy. "I—I'm trying not to!"

Well, there you are. You will have to pick out the meaning for yourself, for just then the director called her, and Dustin Farnum sauntered up and came into the scene, and there was time for no more talk.



PALLAS-PARAMOUNT

Winifred Kingston.





PALLAS

### Helen Eddy Accepting an Offer From Pallas

**L**ITTLE Helen Eddy is a new comedienne. They are picking them young nowadays and training them to suit. Helen promises well—if she keeps up to plans and specifications.

She had a small part in the Pallas production of "The Gentleman from Indiana" and added a few little extra touches of comedy all her own and all entirely extemporaneous. In one scene all the studio audience gave her a hand, and the scene stopped while they all laughed and the director paused to ponder over an idea while he kept his eye on Helen.

Less than twenty-four hours after that, Miss Helen was called into the office and asked to sign her name on a dotted line of a contract that called for her exclusive services.

"Hurray!" said Helen. "No more waiting around as an extra!" And then blushed when everybody laughed again and a camera snapped her as she looked at them deprecatingly.

She knew what she was being thankful for, for it has not been long since Helen wandered into the Pallas studio one day, hoping for a chance to get on the screen. She happened to be the first girl near the rail when the director shouted for an extra and was tagged. She has been IT ever since. She exhibited so much real talent when she was given a small bit to play

that they could not afford to lose her. She has a few deep thoughts on comedy herself, too.

"What I hope to do," she said shyly, "is to make people laugh with me and not at me."

Lots of the older comediennes have not thought of that.

Helen is to play with George Bebon in "Pasquale."

### She Had To Have That Job

"You cannot keep a good actress out of the business," says Myles McCarthy, "and I'll tell you why. It's because you simply cannot do it

"A girl came into our studio a few weeks ago and asked for a job. I was in a hurry and told her to come back some other time. I did not need

her particular type just at that moment. I saw her there next day and the next day, and then she walked up to me and said,

"Mr. McCarthy, did you ever hear about the boy who went into a store to ask for a job, and when he was dismissed, stooped to pick up a pin and carefully put it in his coat? The boss noticed the action, called him back and gave him a job. Ever hear about that boy?"

"Seems to me I have," says myself. "I read about that boy in the Fourth Reader at school. Why?"

"Well," said the girl, "you watch me."

"She walked to the door, stooped and picked up two pins from the floor, and walked easily back to the spot where I stood staring at her in astonishment. It occurred to me that she had an artistic walk and that her way of bending for the pin indicated grace of movement.

"I believe I can use you in my next picture," I said. "You're engaged right now. But just between you and me, tell me why you went to the trouble of picking up those two pins."

"Because I want two jobs," she said demurely. "I think I can get one in the assembling plant at night, and I want to get in the pictures in the daytime."

"Well, sir, what could a man do with a girl like that but give her both jobs?"

### Yolkless Eyes

"Tillie's Tomato Surprise" was on the screen. Marie Dressler was putting the facials into the close-ups.

"Look at her eyes, mother," said little Mary, in the audience. "You only see the whites. The yolks don't show at all."

### A Plaster

Clara—Doesn't that movie actor stick to any girl?

Bella—No; he is too stuck on himself.



JUDGE

Movie actor—What! I'm expected to tumble off this cliff!

Operator—Sure! Dot's all right. Take your time and fall nice and slow. I can make it look fast in der pictures.



VITAGRAPH

When Alice Joyce returned under contract to the Vitagraph studios, there was an impromptu reception for her before the rehearsal could go on. Naomi Childers headed a welcoming committee of screen folk to give her the glad hand.

### Pretty Alice Joyce

**D**ISAPPEARED from the motion pictures something over a year ago. Devotees of her particular type of acting missed her and waited in vain for another sight of her on the screen. Gradually curiosity became dulled by the never-ceasing impact of novelties, and the pictures kept moving on without her. Then suddenly, after all those months, Alice Joyce was heralded as returning to the profession from which she had vanished.

The welcome, however, was tremendous. So rapidly do things hurry on in the pictures that ordinarily it would be fatal to risk such a long lapse; but in this case her following was true, and the circumstances under which she returned to the studios commanded attention. She was coming back under engagement to Vitagraph for a great part in the all-star cast to be presented in Commodore J. Stuart Blackton's forthcoming sequel to "The Battle Cry of Peace."

And the reason for her former retirement? Oh, the best in the world! The baby's name is Alice Mary



VITAGRAPH

Here is the reason for the long retirement of Alice Joyce Moore from the screen. Her name is Alice Mary Moore, and she is the image of her father, Tom Moore.

Moore. And it resembles nobody in the world with such fidelity as Tom Moore, who is Miss Joyce's husband.

Miss Joyce is proud of the baby and proud of motherhood. She did not let ambition and success interfere with it. She feels that she is the better off for it, both in depth of feeling in her art and in popularity. But this is what everybody wants to know: Is there to be a Moore Family on the screen, or will Alice Mary be relegated to the nursery, or will she be a co-star with her famous parents?

Tom Moore is with the Arrow Film Company and is full of pride over young Alice Mary.

Eighteen months off the screen is a long time in the screen world, and its ethics and precedents have turned over several times since Miss Joyce left. For fear you have forgotten, we will remind you that Miss Joyce was born in Kansas City, twenty-six years ago, and left her position as a telephone operator in New York to join the Kalem Company. She was married to Tom Moore in Jacksonville, Fla., May 11th, 1914.



RAMONA

The dramatic version of "Ramona," Helen Hunt Jackson's widely known story, possesses great fascinations for theatergoers. This is the famous controversy baby of the picture. People accuse the director of using the same baby twice, in scenes twenty years apart. The director says he had two separate and distinct babies. But this little chap is a natural-born comedian—you can tell from the way he laughs and gestures.

### Was There One Baby or Two?

WITH elaborate transformation scenes in which real actors and actresses and stage settings merge gracefully into the shadows of the screen, "Ramona" departs in a radical fashion from other photoplays. It is neither a drama nor a picture, but a composite of the two. It is real and pulsing with human feeling and comes to us like a bit of life re-energized from the years that are gone.

There are no "STARS" in "Ramona." For this bit of relief, we thank the producers. When we say "STARS" capitalized thus, we mean people who are employed to make a picture on the strength of big salaries, wide publicity or previous triumphs on the dramatic stage. The point is that the play, rather than the players, is featured.

The controversy over the little brown baby was amusing. On the night of the opening in New York, Mary Pickford sat in a box, accompanied by her husband, Owen Moore. Mary kept her back to the audience, and but few knew who the little figure in the wide tan hat and blue panne-velvet Eton jacket was. Miss Pickford wiped away a few tears, until the scene in which the baby appears again was shown. Like everybody else in the house, she smiled and whispered,

"Oh, they used the same baby for that scene—and twenty years later!"

Donald Crisp, who created this picture, denies the allegation. He says positively that he did not use the same baby for Ramona and later for Ramona's child. He asserts unequivocally that he would not be guilty of anything so inartistic as that.

"The babies are both brown in color, but they are two separate and distinct babies, I assure you."

So now that we are confident that there are two babies in the picture, we can admire the domesticity of the picture. The baby is a bright child, whether he was repeated or not, and we return his salute cheerfully.

"Ramona" has the color, gayety and innocent abandon of the fiestas; the serene life of a period when aristocracy was based on true worth.

In addition to three massive atmospheric stage settings illustrating the different periods of the story, there are fifty-two people employed in the presentation of the Clune cinema-drama, of which thirty-two are musicians, the balance being vocalists and instrumentalists who appear in the transformation scenes.

## They Have All Come to Life



ESKAY HARRIS FEATURE FILM

"I told you butter wouldn't suit the works," said the March Hare. "But it was the best butter," mourned the Mad Hatter, putting his watch back in his pocket, while Alice poured the tea at the Mad Tea Party.



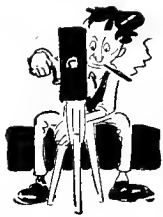
ESKAY HARRIS FEATURE FILM

In this beautiful, animated picture production of a childhood dream world, Alice has her first glimpse of the world behind the Looking Glass. She pauses to admire it before embarking on more adventures.



L-KO

### Alice Howell, a Wholesome Gloom-chaser



**I**RISH by descent and American by birth—makes a combination that cannot be beaten. Like Mark Tapley, Alice Howell, the mirthsome L-Ko comedy girl, believes in having a few troubles now and then, just to give herself credit for keeping cheerful.

All of the now famous stars started in at the same salary—\$3 per. Some of them are ashamed of it, and more of them are proud of it. Alice Howell did not even get that regularly. Some weeks she worked all week for \$6 and was glad to get it. And supported an invalid husband on it, too.

There's something to get credit for—being funny on \$6 a week and your husband ill with tuberculosis.

"We need," she said, cheerily, "the hard bits of road to make us appreciate the better places. My husband and I were in vaudeville together, until he became ill and I had to take him to California. It was up to me to find something that would take care of both of us and I got a job as extra in the Keystone Company. Sometimes I made \$6 a week, and sometimes it went up to \$9. It's not easy to be funny on \$6 a week with an invalid at home, but I had to do it.

"I don't know why it is that people seem to expect queer old clothes as a part of the comedy, but they do. So I dig out the queerest I can find, and even the actors laugh when I come into a rehearsal with my mop and pail. It is a serious job trying to get something new and funny to amuse people with, but

it is all a part of the job. Such is life in the wild West, you know, and the West you go, the sucher it gets."

Miss Howell! never allows herself to get "low in her mind," and as a result even the camera men laugh sometimes when she starts a rehearsal. Half the fun of her work lies in the wholly impromptu remarks with which she seasons her screen work and which is unfortunately all lost in the picture. And, goodness knows, anything that will make a camera man laugh has to be funny. They are the original glooms when it comes to having a sense of humor.

"I met a famous screen star out shopping the other day," went on Miss Howell, "and she was putting on more side than Mike with Jake's boots on. She languidly groaned because she could not get any more gowns from Paris, owing to the war, and loftily offered to take me uptown in her car—accent on 'MY car'—you know how they do it."

"What did you do?" somebody asked.

"Lawsie!" grinned Miss Howell. "I admired her suit and asked her if she would ever forget those jolly old days when we used to trot about on Fourteenth Street, in New York, trying to pick up a bargain suit for \$12.50 and tickled to death when we could. And I will say for her," went on the comedienne meditatively, "that she dropped all her upstage business right away and became her natural, gay, jolly and unaffected little self. But then, who could blame them for letting it go to their heads?"

And Miss Howell picked up her mop and pail and lumbered away to rehearse.



KALEM

When Ham was awaiting his call for rehearsals in "Ham and the Masked Marvel," he spent his spare time playing with his pet pup. Ham loves animals and has such a collection of pets at the studio that the rest of the cast have thought seriously of sending him a Black Hand letter, warning him to keep his pesky pets at home and out from under their feet.

### He Wanted To Be God

A Sunday-school teacher in Minneapolis springs the latest, straight from the fertile mind of a six-year-old lad in her class.

"Now tell me," she said sweetly one Sunday morning, "who would you boys rather be than anybody else in the world? Whom do you admire most?"

There were eight small boys in her class, and seven promptly raised their hands and wiggled their fingers in an effort to get the floor.

"Charlie Chaplin!" they yelled in chorus. "We ruther be Charlie Chaplin!"

The remaining small boy looked at them pityingly.

"I ruther be God," he said piously.

The Sunday-school teacher had lifted her educated eyebrows in sad recognition when the seven voices chorused their desires. She beamed warmly on the pious youth.

"That's what all little boys should desire," she said. "And now tell us, James, why you would rather be God."

"Aw," rejoined the small boy, "'cause God can make all the nickels anybody'd want to see Charlie Chaplin six times a day!"

✕ ✕

### The Right Idea

"Old" Tom Burrough, a character actor of unusual ability, who is not old and who will appear in a leading part in a modern photoplay, is an inveterate cigar smoker. He has a secret, too, about cigar smoking.

"I always light the wrong end," he said. "Any smoker will tell you he gets more enjoyment out of

the last few inches of a cigar. I light the last half first and get to the good spot as quickly as possible."

✕ ✕

### Film Fishing

Ever court, in a photoplay,  
Kissing a maiden, "near-passe"?  
What would you do if she whispered, "Stay!  
It's early! Must you go?"

This is the year—so sages say—  
That all the women have their way  
And dare propose with air blase,  
To "land" a balky beau!

Wish they'd "fade this feature out"—  
Hooking suitors, like the trout!  
Close-up's very fine, no doubt;  
But "flash" a *single* reel!  
—Dorothy Harpur O'Neill.

✕ ✕

### True to Type

Anna—Is the motion picture actor a progressive-euchre player?

Bella—Yes; he started in to make love before the cards were cut.

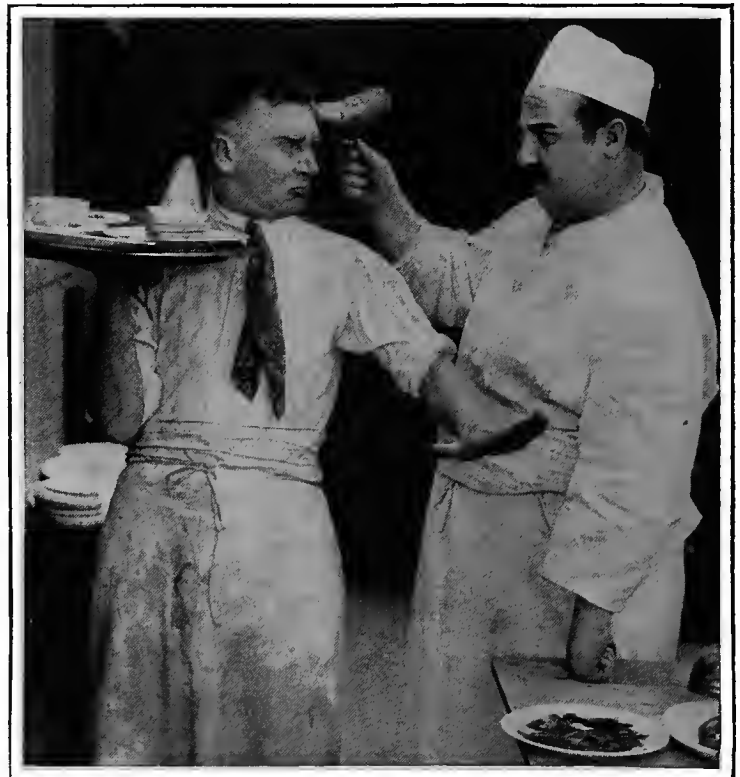
✕ ✕

### Patriotic

"Do you know," asked the motion picture actor, when the landlady had passed him a stingy dish of strawberries, "why all this reminds me of Old Glory?"

"I can't imagine," she replied.

"The berries are red, the dish in which you serve them is reasonably white, and the milk is blue. I congratulate you on your patriotism."



VOGUE-MUTUAL

"Knock-out Kelly" thought he had a cinch at intimidating his friends, but the cook laid him out with a hot potato just the same, in the Vogue comedy, "Knocking Out Knock-out Kelly."

## All Your Salary To Keep You in Gloves

"I see Ormi Hawley advocates sweet milk to clean gloves," said Ruth Stonehouse to the Two-minute Man. "Well, as long as you are going to print stuff like that, why not get it right? Me, I've cleaned many a pair of white kid gloves with sweet milk, only Ormi forgot the white soap. You have to have soap, and the way you do it is this: You put on the gloves, take a bowl of sweet milk, a cake of white soap and lots and lots of clean, soft pieces of cloth—old handkerchiefs or old bits of worn linen. 'Cause every time you dip the bit of cloth in the milk and soap and rub it over the glove, you must throw it away and take a clean piece, or you will make the gloves grimy. See?"

The Two-minute Man saw and waited patiently. Thank heavens, men folks do not have to fuss with glove cleaning!

"You dip the clean bits of cloth into the sweet milk, and then rub them lightly on the white soap," continued Miss Stonehouse earnestly; "then you rub them lightly over the gloves. All the soil and grime will come right off on the bit of cloth. Throw it away and take another piece and keep right on until your glove is clean. You will be scared to death at the way it looks, and you'll think you have certainly ruined a good glove, for it will be yellow and wrinkled. But dry it in a warm, shady place, and it will come out white and soft. Only"—she shook her pretty forefinger solemnly at the Two-minute Man—"don't let them get too awfully, fiercely soiled before you clean them."

"Never," promised the Two-minute Man, wondering what Ormi Hawley would say when she heard that Ruth Stonehouse had added white soap to the sweet milk.



### Not Balanced

*Writer*—What is your objection to my scenario?

*Editor*—The thread of the story is coarse enough for a tight-rope walker to perform upon.



### A Movable Feast

A banquet scene was being screened. A panoramic view of the feast and diners was flashed. Two young boys were watching the picture.

"What do you call that?" remarked one.

"You are a fine Chris-

tian!" was the answer. "That is what they call a movable feast."



### A Hasty Retreat

"I was out working on an exterior not long ago," said Director Lloyd, of the Morosco film studios, "and I called a colored boy, who had been hanging around the place, to take a message to the office for me. I impressed upon the youth that he was to hit the high places for the office and rush back an answer to my message.

"An hour later, while I was impatiently watching for his return, I saw him kicking up a dust in the distance. He hurried in and threw an envelope at me, saying,

"'Yo'll sho' have to git sumbuddy else to deliver dat message, boss. Dey's got smallpox at dat place whar yo' sont me!'

"I discovered later that he had got as far as the gate of the office with the message, when he noted a big sign, 'SMALL-POX,' on a hospital set that had just been built up at the main studio."



*Actor*—Do you ever lend money?

*Director*—Is this a question or a touch?

## FILM FUN MOTION PICTURES



Love's young dream comes true: or the contents of a pocketbook alter circumstances.

# The Life Story of a Foot of Film

By FRED SCHAEFER



**T**HAT'S right, pick me up. I'm worth a look, though I'm an old, dusty, stained strip of celluloid. I'm odd to you, with little squares of pictures on me and holes punched along the sides of me, eh? Well, I'm a foot of film.

I'm a foot of film from a photoplay. I'm a thousandth part of a reel. I'm a second of time. I'm sixteen winks of the shutter. I'm a fraction of a flash. I'm a tense moment. And I'm a piece of junk.

Hold me up to the light. As you straighten out the wrinkles in me—no, don't talk of ironing me out! I can't stand heat!—you'll notice just a hair line between each of my pictures. That's to separate the action, which is a tiny bit different in each picture. Well, I'm a foot of film. And if my images are projected upon the screen, my sixteen make one, and it lasts for one second.

The first I remember is that I was born somewhat like Eve. If we will say that a thin sheet of celluloid, 21 inches wide and 200 feet long, was an Adam, I was the rib. This belt of celluloid they passed under revolving knives, and I rose away from it in my present width, and in length as much as the parent sheet. I call it the parent, though guncotton and camphor were my grandparents, from whom I get my queer odor. What I inherit more directly from my parents is my complexion, which is a delicate one, and one that is poured on like a lotion. It is artificial and common to the family, who speak of it proudly as an emulsion. My back, however, is bare. That's another family trait. We are not haughty about the back, but are very sensitive about the face. We color at the least reflection, and the lightest of remarks leaves its trace upon us.

My childhood was brief. I was packed off from home, wrapped in waxed paper and black paper in a round tin box, and then my studio life began. Ah, that is the life—short and merry!

Those holes you see in me were the first badge of my new estate. The factory will perforate film if you want it to, but the studio I arrived at perforate the film themselves, because they want it to fit exactly the sprockets on their cameras and machines. So they unwrapped me and poked me full of holes, and just as carefully coiled me up again and loaded me into a cartridge box and gave it to a cameraman, who placed the box and me into his camera. Here, ah, here is where I first beheld daylight in the fullest sense of the word! I was in the camera. I faced events.

I could hear interesting talk from my position in the cartridge box. What of me you see before you now was snugly in the middle of the coil. I thought we were unwinding at the first tug at my fabric, but the man just took a foot or so

of the end and ruined it threading it to the lower spool. Such is life in the pictures.

Presently the man of the camera began paying me out in earnest, to the low, musical clacking of the sprockets, and I felt that I was approaching the great moment of my career. It was so. All remained darkness infernal for second after second as steadily I approached the aperture. Then into a blinding flicker, of such actinic vehemence as I had never experienced before, I slid and—saw all outdoors volley sixteen times through the pitiless lens. In the next moment I was winding up upon myself in the darkness again and thankful it was over.

They wound me loosely on a spool with teeth in a spiral design and dipped me into a potent though calming solution and made the thing clear to me. They rinsed me, and then into another refreshing bath of chemical properties to fix it upon my memory. Then they washed and dried me. It is indelibly pictured now, that scene.

You say that all you can see is a king and a queen making love in the foreground, with Hughie Mack drinking out of a bucket in the rear?

Er—yes. You see, Hughie wasn't supposed to be in it. That's why they retook the great love scene, and I'm out here on the lot.



## ✠ ✠ The Flivver

"A flivver," said the movie actor who has been around some, "is something cheap—something cheap but substantial.

"How did the term originate? Let me see. It was a Boston waiter who got work in a low-priced Chicago restaurant, where there was plenty of good, hearty food for a very little money, one article of the menu being beef liver.

"Now the haughty Bostonese looked down on liver and onions as something plebeian. He could call out 'Pork and beans!' to the man in the kitchen and never bat an eyelid; but beans, like fish, pertain to brain power.

"But beef liver! Pooh! With tones full of contempt, the waiter would approach the kitchen window and loudly bawl,

"'F liver!'"

## ✠ ✠ Or Draft Horses?

Click—I understand that the motion picture actor is in a rut.

Clack—Yes; and he has a mistaken idea that ponies of brandy will pull him out.

## ✠ ✠ Moving Right Along

Actor—I envy that man. His business is never at a stand still.

Actress—What is his business?

Actor—Motion pictures.



FOX

Madame Bertha Kalich has received a letter from a resident of western Pennsylvania, giving her what is supposed to be a sure remedy against slander: "If you are calumniated or slandered to your very heart, cast it back upon the false tongues," says the writer. "Take off your coat and turn it inside out, and then run your two thumbs along your body, from the heart to the hips."





TRIANGLE-INCE

The famous Bessie Love wink, employed to cajole the old apothecary and keep him away from the inner room.



TRIANGLE-INCE

Douglas Fairbanks wrote this scenario to spite William Hart. You see how Bessie Love clings to him? It was so written.

### A Clever Scheme

**D**OUGLAS FAIRBANKS, apart from being one of the best light comedians in America, is a very subtle chap. He used to be one of the few living white men who never had attempted to write a play, but now he has succumbed and written a scenario.

Fairbanks was watching the making of a Triangle-Ince film not long ago, in which Bessie Love played opposite William S. Hart. He decided that Bessie was about the cutest thing he had seen. He pleaded with Director Griffith to take her away from Director Ince and Bill Hart and let her play with him. But the celebrated producer shook his head.

Fairbanks evolved a grand scheme. He not only would get Miss Love away from Ince, but he would make Hart jealous by having her put her dainty arms about his neck. The latter part he had to be particularly careful about, because he is married and has two fine children of his own. So he wrote a scenario in which Bessie Love was the only person they could find to possibly fit the leading female character, in which he himself had to play the hero, and in which she should have to put her arms about his neck and plead with him to remain with her forever.

It is said that Will S. Hart has bitten all his nails down to the quick.

### Her Specialty

**"R**EMEMBER you are a Swede, you have just landed in the city from South Dakota, and you think John Emerson the greatest author in the world, because he writes the thrillers in which your soul delights.

You are tickled to death because he has noticed you. Get this scene plumb full of fine Swedish frenzy. You've got to tell in action that the old inventor is dead, and tell it exactly as you think a blundering Swedish servant girl would do. Tell it so emphatically that the audience knows it."

This from Mack Sennett to Bessie Love, who was rehearsing a scene in "The Flying Torpedo."

"We don't need a servant in that part at all," objected one of the directors. "Seems to me we will clog the action. Cut out the servant part, why don't you, Mack?"

But Bessie Love had already jumped into the part with characteristic energy. She whirled up to the scene, clinched her fists, set her teeth and hissed,

"He bane yumped to hell, by yiminy!"

After that, there was nothing to do but stand back and let her go. It was entirely too good to be cut out of the picture, and so Bessie Love put enough corking good comedy in the picture to relieve its somber features and to make her the scream of the entire plot.



TRIANGLE-INCE

Bessie Love as a cowgirl. But cowgirls can wink as effectively as Swedish maids.



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Harry Gribbon

### Harry Gribbon on the Screen

**T**HEY call him "Rubber Face Harry," because he can distort his features into almost any shape. In "The Claw of the Law" he has plenty of opportunity for this form of exercise, and no captions are needed to make audiences have a good time when Harry Gribbon is on the screen.

As Mr. Rawsbery, a jealous husband, he stars in this play. The trouble starts when he finds his wife talking to the grocery boy, and Rawsbery finishes it all by himself.

Harry Gribbon is another of the stage comedians who has gone over to the screens. He had fourteen years' experience previous to starring in motion pictures.



### The Burning Deck or the Waiting Sharks

**T**HIS was the title of a spectacular, one-reel play put on entirely and alone by Kempton Greene, leading juvenile of the Lubin Company, when he was with the Smiley Studio, in St. Augustine, not long ago. It convinced him that the writing and production of light comedies is far more pleasant and much safer than motion-picture acting.

Mr. Greene was aboard a yacht that was well prepared for a stunning conflagration. There was considerable oil on board that was set on fire, and the scene was to end in the explosion of a chest of powder. Mr. Greene played the part of the Boy Who Stood on the Burning Deck. He was scheduled to flee whence just a few laps ahead of the explosion; but his ambition to lave in the cool waters was suddenly checked by seeing the fins of three smiling and expectant sharks swimming in the middle distance.

"Jump!" yelled the director, safely ensconced in a boat in the far distance.

"Sharks!" bawled Greene, while the flames roared behind him and the sharks yawned beneath him.

Death by Florida sharks seemed cooler than death by fire,

so Greene eventually jumped and met the boat half way, establishing a swimming record that has never been equaled in those waters.

Mr. Greene has been in the motion pictures several years and had his first opportunity to play a leading part with George Terwilliger in his play, "The Cry of the Blood."



### They Let the Notice Stand

**B**UCKLEY STARKEY, now with the World Film Photoplays, used to be an advance agent for a burlesque show. It was so decidedly burlesque that when he reached a sedate and thriving town in the middle West, the shopkeepers refused to allow the bills in the windows.

"We are church members with wives and families," they demurred, "and we'd be ostracized in a minute if we allowed those bills in our windows."

"But if all the business men will take them, will you reconsider your decision?" pleaded Starkey. He realized that his job had grand fading qualities if that town wasn't billed before the show got there.

The shopkeepers were so sure that no man dared load up with the bills and so anxious to get rid of the persistent advance agent that they agreed to take them if the rest of the business men did. It was Starkey's job to see that they did. And in the dim, dusky hours of early midnight, armed with stepladder, pail and brush, the advance agent stole out into the business street and worked for his salary for three hours.

When he called it a night and quit work, every awning in the town was plastered with the show paper. He carefully pulled up the awnings. The first arrivals in the business street let down their awnings immediately, as was their custom.

Their language was not such as they had learned at church services when they saw the bills; but as each had agreed to stand for the bills if the rest did, they let the notices stand—and accepted the passes.



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Kempton Greene



COPYRIGHT, LUBIN CO.

Buckley Starkey



MARY FULLER SPENDS HER SPARE TIME READING THE CLASSICS.



COPYRIGHT, 1919,  
BY LESLIE UDEGARD, NEW YORK

Does your sympathy rise when a stout fellow sighs—  
“NOBODY LOVES A FAT MAN?”  
Then take a good look at the front of the book—  
Who would be sorry for THAT MAN?

PAINTED BY FLOHRI



LUBIN

Old Hiram Applecore, on what the doctors claim is his death-bed, smells beans baking in the kitchen and demands some.

### The Spilling of the Beans

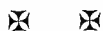
**S**PARTAN fortitude is what you must have if you aspire to be a photoplay star. For example, put yourself in the place of Davy Don, the man in the Lubin comedies who has made millions laugh.

Davy Don's pet aversion is beans. Boston's favorite fruit looks about as appetizing to Mr. Don as a dish of nice cholera germs.

That may be the reason why Edward McKim, of the Lubin studios, wrote for the Davy Don comedy series a thrilling scenario, entitled "The Fatal Bean," in which the bean hater has the role of old Hiram Applecore. Given up by his doctors and with sorrowing family at his bedside, Hiram catches a faint odor of baking beans ascending from the kitchen.

As the last request of a dying man, he begs for a spoonful, and old Doc Beaser, saying that his patient is on the skids anyway, gives consent. After the first spoonful Hiram feels better, and each successive dose brings manifest improvement, until the fifteenth spoonful finds Hiram dressing for his mission of spreading among humanity the glad tidings that the long-sought panacea for all ills is beans.

In that one scene Davy Don had to eat a pint of baked beans. After it was taken, Director McKim ordered the customary retake. That made another pint. Keep in mind that all photoplay food is real food and is actually eaten, and you will realize that in a screen comedian's life there are moments when he wishes he wasn't.



### A Blind Board

The scene on the screen showed the interior of a studio. The artist was painting a picture, using a model that could have stood a few more clothes.

"That woman hasn't much on," said a woman to her husband.

"I should say not," was the answer. "If it wasn't for the eyes of the artist, it would never have passed the board of censors."

### "I'm Worth Seeing"

There isn't a day that passes in the week that the producing companies of the motion picture industry are not visited by people calling at their offices who believe that they are better than Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Pauline Frederick, Marie Doro, Hazel Dawn. They don't only believe it in their own minds, but they insist upon telling all about it. Letters come by the thousands.

Despite the fact that the Paramount Pictures Corporation are not producers, but the distributing organization for Famous Players, Lasky, Morosco and Pallas Pictures, they receive numberless calls and thousands of letters from people who want to go into motion pictures, most of them, however, still calling the industry by its antiquated and much despised term, "the movies."

An excellent example of the letters received is the following, self-explanatory:

Lakewood, N. J., 29 Fifth Street,  
February 28th, 1916.

Dear Sir—I want to go into the movies, not as most women want to, but as a scrubwoman, factory girl or any ugly old "hag" part that comes along. The parts that no one wants—that's the kind of work I want to do.

I am young, (21) twenty-one years of age, medium height, and, as my people quite frankly say, "pretty much of a fool to even want to go into movie work." I'm anything but handsome, and I can make myself extremely repulsive; generally, however, I'll pass with a push.

I've had quite a little experience in character work on the stage, and I know I can do the work.

When do you want to see me?

I'm worth seeing.

DOROTHY WEBER.

That was all, but it was the frankest of its kind ever received.



### On and Off

The picture showed the interior of the dressing-room of a theater. One scene a woman was making up; another scene showed a man putting on a gray wig.

"That is a queer picture," remarked a man to his wife. "The woman is taking off years, and the man is putting them on."



LUBIN

Having recovered from what was thought to be a fatal illness, Hiram insists that beans are better than medicine any time.



## Madge Kirby

**A** FAIRY godmother appeared to a fluffy-haired, adorable little bit of a girl one day about nine years ago and offered her two wishes.

"Choose a career on the stage or stay at home and ride around in your motor car," said the fairy godmother (who wasn't a fairy godmother at all, but a wise theatrical manager).

So little Madge Kirby chose playing on the stage to staying at home with parents who preferred to shower luxuries on her.

Since her debut the little actress has carried with her the good fortune bestowed upon her by the fairy godmother.

She played with Richard Carle, Lew Fields and Fred Walton before she dreamed of entering pictures, and when she did, it was through the golden gate of Biograph, which has led so many aspiring young artists to fame and name.

Not very long ago, when the Vogue Company was organizing to produce a brand-new type of funny pictures for the Mutual, Madge Kirby was one of the first girls to be chosen.

She is most charming of all in torn frocks, tousled hair and in her bare feet or torn slippers, and so it is for just that sort of role that she is chosen most of all.

These are pictures of the adorable little leading lady in some of her most recent pictures. Rube Miller, the well-known actor-director, is seen playing with her.



VOGUE COMEDY

### MADGE KIRBY AND RUBE MILLER.

There once was an innocent still, built up on the side of a hill;  
By movies discovered, the place was uncovered,  
And they are still making stills of the still.



KEYSTONE-TRIANGLE

When the day's work is over at the Keystone studios, Harry Gribbon and Chester Conklin wander out to the latter's bungalow and dispose themselves comfortably on cushions on the doorstep. It is all right for Chester, who is built on the low, rakish plan; but Gribbon was originally intended as a support for hop vines, and he finds it difficult to fold up his legs to fit the steps. However, a smiling Japanese valet is going to appear in the door in just a moment, bearing a tray on which repose two tall glasses of lemonade with a cherry and all the straws needed. Don't you rather envy Harry Gribbon and Chester Conklin?

## She Got the Punch

By LOIS ZELLNER

In ev'ry publication giving motion picture news  
She read with great avidity the many interviews,  
Then heaved a sigh.

The editors all claimed to want scenarios with "punch."  
"If other folks can write them," said she, "then I've a hunch  
That so can I!"

So she got a ream of paper and a spick and span machine  
And a book on "*How To Get the Punch in Pictures for the Screen*,"  
Then settled down.

From early morn till late at night she worked without a rest;  
She kept it up for weeks and weeks—just did her level best  
To gain renown.

She tried her hand at drama and at tragic plots as well,  
Then turned her thoughts to comedies and wrote them for a spell.  
Alas! Alack!

On stamps she spent a fortune, and for envelopes and such,  
Including pen and ink supplies, she spent almost as much;  
*But scripts came back!*

At last the poor thing lost her grip. She's in a padded cell,  
With nothing but a punching bag, and doing fairly well.  
She's happy, too.

For now she mutters all day long, while living in the past.  
She stands and hits the swinging bag—"I've got the punch at last!"  
This story's true.



## FOR THE SCREEN-STRUCK GIRLS



FOX

VIRGINIA PEARSON.

“WHEW!” whistled Virginia Pearson. She dropped a bunch of letters and wiped a few dainty beads from her forehead. “I’ve been reading about four hundred letters from girls who want to break into the motion picture game. Tell me something: Are there any girls, middle-aged women or babies left in the universe who do not want to go into motion pictures?”

Nobody answered. Nobody knew. From reliable statistics, as made and compiled by experts, it would seem that there were none left.

“I have read the letters,” went on Miss Pearson, who has made such a hit as a Fox star that she must pay the price of informing every screen-struck girl in the country how to get into motion pictures, “and I have looked at the photographs they have sent. They tell me about their weight, their height, their complexion, their religious belief, their financial difficulties, and even their love affairs.”

“Well, they cannot all get in,” consoled an auditor. “But who is to do the selecting?”



“Very few can get in,” assented Miss Pearson ruefully. “It is impossible for the managers to answer all these letters. Hundreds of them cannot be answered at all. No big producer could stand such a strain on his courtesy. And the worst of it is that all of them go into detailed accounts and seem to expect that we can return an equally long letter. Lots of them want sympathy more than a job, anyway.”

“Can you really judge anything from the photographs?” asked her auditor.

“Well, no,” said Miss Pearson. “Sending a picture is not a proper way of getting into the pictures. A photograph of a girl, even though it be beautiful, and even though she lives up to her picture, carries no promise of success on the screen. Many really beautiful girls do not screen well. You see, the motion picture photograph is not retouched as the ordinary photo is. Your photographer can fix up your picture and smooth out all the weak points, until he has given you an artistic success—as a photograph. But in motion pictures, if you do not screen well, you might as well stay out. If you screen badly, there is no hope for you.

“For instance, I know a lovely little stage star who was greatly desired by a big producer for a picture. She was eager to go into screen work. Her directors worked for days making test pictures of her—but the verdict was hopeless. She simply would not screen. On the stage she is lovely and winsome. But the picture camera plays strange tricks sometimes. It accents in some cases, and it under-emphasizes in others. No amount of make-up can overcome these difficulties, for the reason that make-up shows to a pronounced degree on the screen. Dreadful, isn’t it?” and Miss Pearson shuffled the bunch of letters in her hands with a nervous tension that indicated the strain she was under from reading them.

“Then there was a society woman who wanted to go into pictures. She had beauty, grace, money and refinement. But her eyes would not screen properly, and she had to abandon her ambition.”

“Where would you advise girls to apply—at the Eastern or the Western studios?” she was asked.

“Of course, the largest companies are in California,” said Miss Pearson slowly, “but there are just as good in New York and in Chicago. I would advise them to apply to the picture concerns nearest to their homes. No girl can hope to step into a leading role in her first picture. She must earn her success by hard work, for no matter how well her director may think of her, the final approval is made by the public. If they won’t pay to see her, then she may as well retire from the screen.”



“I wish you would save me the job of writing these endless letters and tell them how to get into the pictures.”

“That’s what we want,” agreed her auditor.

“Learn where the nearest producer’s studio is and arrange to see the man who hires the minor players. Try to get him to give you a chance to walk on in a picture in some of the small scenes. The manner in which you screen this will determine your future success. And here’s another thing: If girls must write to men they do not know, I would advise them to be a bit more discreet in their confidences. Here are half a dozen letters, written to men in this concern, giving names and addresses and much more confidential information than any girl should tell a man she has never seen. Ambitious girls cannot afford to expose themselves to danger of having their confidence imposed upon. There is no danger of that in this firm, naturally, nor in any of the larger and reputable picture-producing firms; but in spite of the efforts of decent producers to make of this industry a clean and honest one, there are



bound to be some pitfalls, and ignorant girls from the smaller towns should know that it is never safe to write to strange men and confide all their heart throbs to them.

"Better read this last paragraph two or three times, ambitious ones. There is plenty of sound common sense in it and lots of home truths you ought to get by heart.

"Not that I would hinder any ambitious girl from going into screen work. I had to break in once myself. On the contrary, I would increase this ambition wherever it seems to have basis and justification. But what I am trying to do is to lessen some of the perils and disappointments that are to be found in this wonderfully big business that has grown up around the making of motion pictures. It isn't easy work, for instance. Don't you believe it. I have been on the stage, and I assure you that the work of picture making is much harder than stage work. It means steady, hard work, day in and day out, and no time for frivolities. We must be on the job early in the morning, and that means that we must be in bed early each night.

"And here's another thing. I wish I could make this so plain that no girl would forget it. Be careful about dealing with agents of whom you know nothing. Above all, never pay an agent a penny in advance for services he promises to render you. As a matter of fact, you do not need an employment agent or picture-booking office to get you a chance in pictures. All of the better class of picture houses have their own 'engagement man,' who hires the players for the small parts or the mobs for the big scenes. You can see these men without difficulty. If they have places open and need your type, they will give you an engagement. If they do not happen to need you, then you must wait until you find a director who does need your type.

"Usually the extras go from office to office each morning, waiting in the hope of being chosen. The path of the picture aspirant is not usually strewn with roses; but success is worth it, if you are worth it."

"Yes, ma'am," said her auditor meekly. "Of course, I have no present intention of seeking an engagement with the pictures, ma'am, but I appreciate your advice just the same, ma'am, and I'll pass it on."

"I believe you're kidding me," said Miss Pearson dubiously, "and all the time I was giving good advice to the girls who read your old paper."

"Deed and truly you were, lady," replied the auditor graciously, "and I'm going to tell them exactly as you told it to me."



### A Family Turnout

Two Irishmen were watching a picture dealing with the East Side. A poor family was being dispossessed.

"And phot would yez call that?" remarked one.

"Faith," was the reply, "Oi'd call that a family turnout."



### Some Dog!

It was in the usual drama of life in high society. The heroine appeared on the screen, followed by one of the extremely diminutive dogs that seem to be so popular now.

"Well," remarked a man in the audience, "there's the flea. Now, where's the dog?"

## The Prettiest Girl

ONCE upon a time Doris Grey was a little Boston girl, just out of school and having a gay time at parties and receptions and dances and theaters.



FALSTAFF

DORIS GREY.

Pretty Miss Grey danced holes in her silk stockings at the annual ball of the Boston Exhibitors. Edwin Thanouser watched her dance and decided that she was the prettiest girl at the ball.

He immediately offered her a motion picture career, and she has appeared in many comedies since.

Doris likes the comedy work. She tried one drama and elected to return to comedy.



### The Vanishing Drunk

"I always laugh," says a director, "when I think of a scene we were doing for the Edison Company in the days before the public was at all used to seeing motion picture scenes being acted on the street. This was also before the days of censorship, and we were doing a kidnapping picture on the streets of New York.

"While we were rehearsing our kidnapping scene, using a cab for the purpose, a policeman around the corner was arresting a drunk. He had rung for the patrol wagon and was calmly waiting for its appearance. A minute before the patrol wagon arrived, we began to take our scene, and the policeman, noticing some excitement, peered around the corner just in time to see a villainous-looking Italian seize a beautiful girl and drag her into the cab. Here was his chance to pull some big stuff; it was the opportunity of a lifetime for him to catch a black-hander redhanded.

"He let go of the drunk, jerked out his gun and ran to the scene of the crime. He seized the villainous Italian by the throat and pushed the pistol under his nose. The actor expostulated vehemently, and it took much explanation to convince the policeman that it was only a motion picture scene. The policeman was still trying to figure it out when he heard the clanging bell of the patrol wagon. He remembered the drunk and hastened back to the corner. The patrol wagon arrived, but the drunk had vanished, and there was nobody to arrest, and the whole thing ended in a wrangle between the officer and the men on the patrol wagon. I don't know what it cost the poor cop, but he certainly looked foolish for a while."



Director—That actor's work is often like a dentist's.

Friend—In what respects?

Director—It isn't always crowned with success.





AMERICAN BEAUTY-MUTUAL

BILLY VAN DUSEN'S FIANCEE.

### The Festive One-Reeler

“NOBODY wants the one-reel comedy!” snorts the producer of the five-reel thrillers.

“They eat up the one-reel stuff!” announces the man who offers the one-reel.

But there’s this to be said of the one-reeler. They must sell, or they wouldn’t be made.

Observe the woman holding her ears while the fond lover sings. You know what she is thinking. Look at the surprise on the face of the man who opens the trunk and finds it full of man. Need a story there? If you have ever joined a frat, you know what the picture below means. And who but noble firemen slide down a pole?



CUB COMEDY

THE TWIN-TRUNK MYSTERY.



NESTOR-MUTUAL

A LEAP-YEAR TANGLE.



IMP COMEDY

SOME HEROES.



FALSTAFF COMEDY

FOOLISH, FAT FLORA.

### A Few Concrete Examples

**C**ONTINUING in the same strain, you can read the whole story in the pictures on this page. The man above is half fainting at the sight of so much real money, just as most of us would do.

The pretty girl in the upper right-hand corner is having trouble of her own with

the famous old cookbook that has kept the domestic life of many a bride and groom from too deadily a monotone; and as for poor old Hungry Happy down in the corner, we ought to sympathize with any tramp who gets kicked out because he asks for a snack, but as a matter of fact we

laugh heartily at him, because we know it is all a joke.

Then there is the honest young snow shoveler in the lower corner, who wins his bride in spite of his wicked and wealthy rival. Who with a heart in his breast could fail to wipe away a laugh?



NESTOR-MUTUAL

RAY GALLAGHER, IN "THE WRONG BIRD."



MUTUAL

HUNGRY HAPPY'S DOWNFALL.



FALSTAFF

THE SNOW SHOVELER'S SWEETHEART.



WORLD-EQUITABLE

ROBERT WARWICK.

Who gave a lecture on "Athletics" before a Young Men's Club, the members of which took him for James J. Corbett.

### One on Warwick

**F**RANCES NELSON is considered one of the niftiest little raconteuses in the motion picture business, and when she settles down to tell a few reminiscences, everybody pulls up a chair and prepares to enjoy a happy half hour.

This is the story exactly as she tells it on Robert Warwick, World Film star, with whom she co-starred in "Human Driftwood."

"It's entirely too good a joke to keep," she said, "and the funny part of it is that Bob gave a rattling good speech.

"He was down in North Carolina recently, filming a picture. I won't tell you the name of the place, but the first name of the town begins with Elizabeth. You've seen Mr. Warwick—off the screen, I mean—haven't you? Doesn't put on a bit of side, you know.

"The bunch who always wait around the station to see the train come in didn't lose a gesture when he arrived in the town. He noticed they seemed to whisper and point at him a lot, but he thought it was because a film actor generally excites some interest and comment, and let it go at that.

"Bob is an unsuspecting duck, you know.

"Next day a delegation of townsmen called on him. He received them courteously, as he always does. They hemmed and hawed a bit, and finally the spokesman came to the point.

"'You see, Mr.—er—er—Warwick,' began the speaker, 'of course we realize that you are here sort of—er—er—incognito and all that sort of thing—er—er; but we thought perhaps you would break a rule and speak before our Young Men's Club at the next meeting. We would look upon it as a great honor, and every effort would be made to preserve your privacy and—er—er—all that sort of thing.'

"Poor old Bob was sort of bewildered at all this. But, you



WORLD-EQUITABLE

FRANCES NELSON,

Co-star with Warwick, who was the first to catch onto the joke, and who considered it far too good to keep to herself.

know, he is a regular fellow and used to hold the middleweight amateur boxing championship of the big Olympic Sporting Club in San Francisco, so he saw nothing unusual in being asked to talk before an athletic club. He promised to be on hand and went to a lot of trouble to get up a good talk for them. He is a rattling good speaker when he puts his mind to it, you know.

"His affability delighted the delegation, and they at once arranged for the meeting. Sent a committee to escort him to the place and everything. They gave him a rousing reception, and every man in the audience remained to shake hands with him and tell him how glad they were to meet him.

"'Appreciative lot down here,' he murmured to the director, when they were driving back to the hotel after the speech. 'Wonderful how the motion picture craze is taking hold of the public, isn't it? I never knew people would be so glad to see a motion picture actor off the screen. By George, that reception afterward really touched me!'

"'Motion picture!' screamed the director, who could keep in no longer. 'Say, old top, do you know who they think you are? They spotted you for James J. Corbett, and they think you are down here under an assumed name. They don't care a whoop for Robert Warwick, but they were tickled to death to get a chance to shake hands with the redoubtable Jim!'

"Picture to yourself, then, a tableau of Robert Warwick turning slowly but surely through the intermediate stages that lie between the colors of red, bright purple, green and a pasty yellow. And that's why good old Bob gets so peevish nowadays when anybody happens to mention athletics, lectures or champions.

"Now you'll never tell that, will you? Honestly, Bob would kill me dead if he thought I would tell it on him! But isn't it altogether too good to keep?" Indeed it is.



TRIANGLE FINE ARTS

"Now don't you bite me, Leo, good lion, Leo, good lion!"

### Diary of Hopper, De Wolf

**I**N THE new De Wolf Hopper comedy, "Sunshine Dad," which was filmed at the Triangle-Fine Arts studios, Hopper and Fay Tincher are chased through most of one reel by a lion.

Not a fake lion, but a real, roaring, ravenous monarch of the desert, with teeth and claws and a lashing tail and everything. Producer Dillon insisted that it had to be a real chase, and it is.

Of interest in connection with the Hopper-lion-Tincher proceedings is a diary kept by the comedian from the time the seriousness of the situation dawned on him. He thought some record of his last days in this world of toil and tribulation might be interesting to Hopper, Jr., in case the jungle pet forgot his lines and bit father's head off.

By permission of Mr. Hopper, who happily survives, extracts are herewith given from the diary:

Feb. 10—Director Dillon says he will have a little surprise for me to-morrow. Must remind Mrs. Hopper to buy some arnica.

#### RENEWS ACCIDENT INSURANCE

Feb. 11—Asked Dillon what the surprise is. He asked me to wait till he can tell Miss Tincher and me together. He wants to hear us both laugh at once. Renewed my accident insurance to-day.

Feb. 12—Dillon wanted to know if I had made my will. Too busy to tell me what the surprise is.

Feb. 13—Made my will.

Feb. 14—Dillon away. Miss Tincher says she hears they are going to run us through a rock crusher. My contract does not call for this, and I shall protest.

Feb. 15—Dillon broke the news. Fay and I have got to run all over a set, with a lion after us. I don't believe it can be a real lion. Dillon is a kiddier.

Feb. 16—It is a real lion. I saw it.

Feb. 17—Saw it again. Some fatal fascination draws me to its cage.

Feb. 18—Took Fay to see the lion. It yawned at us. If it yawns at me in the picture, I shall spoil 500 feet of film.

Feb. 19—The lion roared. Am not going to visit it any more.

Feb. 20—Had many memories of my old pals on Broadway and the happy days I have spent at the Lambs Club.

Feb. 21—Had a day off and spent it with my wife and child. One never knows.

Feb. 22—First lion scene set for to-morrow. I wish I were not so plump. Still, Fay says I've got something on her. My clothes are thicker.

#### LION IS RATHER CROSS

Feb. 23—Lion scene postponed. Lion too cross. I wish his trainers would be nicer to him.

Feb. 26—Lion been cross for four days.

Feb. 29—Dillon says lion feeling better, going to make scene, can't waste any more time. Rather waste a comedian, I suppose.

March 1—Dillon turned the lion loose after Fay and me, told us to keep ahead of him, and register fright. We did. I didn't have to think about registering fright, either, only about keeping ahead of the lion. Dillon does all he can to make things easy.

March 3—More lion scenes. Dillon says the ones yesterday didn't have enough pep. I don't know whether it was Fay that didn't move fast enough, or the lion.

March 5—I had to stand at one end of a bathtub and lift Fay out of it, while the lion stood at the other end of the tub and looked at me. I hope Fay never finds out how near she came to being dropped on a concrete floor. She probably would blame me. Anyway, we're through, I have lost six pounds, and Dillon is happy. He says my acting was wonderful. He doesn't know the difference between acting and plain action.



#### Average Attendance of Picture Fans

"The greatest inspiration which comes to writers for motion pictures is in the knowledge of the size of their great audience. In the year 1915 there were roughly 2,900,000,000 paid admissions to the moving picture theaters of the United States," said Mr. De Mille, of the Jesse L. Lasky Company. "This means an average attendance of 29 times per year for every man, woman and child in the country—or once a week for half the population of the country. Figures like these imply a great responsibility on the part of those who supply this tremendous demand, and men are now entering the field who are by training and artistry qualified to accept the responsibility."



#### Some Shape

Miss Catt—Wouldn't the motion picture director give Miss Wry a chance?

Miss Nipp—No; he said she was too thin to cast even a decent shadow.



KEYSTONE

"Beg pardon?" said Mabel Normand. "Yes, I've left Keystone."

## They Will Not Remain in Comedy

A HAPPY little creature, with the cunningest poke bonnet you ever saw framing her piquant face, opened her big dark eyes to their widest extent and made the announcement that she had left the Keystone comedies.

The poke bonnet was decorated with a bit of blue ribbon and a rose set here and there about the crown and was a pretty creation. But not any prettier than the face it surrounded. And not half as startling as her announcement.

You've seen the picture on the other side of the page, so you know right well that we are talking about Mabel Normand. Yes, sir, Mabel has deserted the ranks of the comediennes. Walked right out on us.

It isn't that she likes comedy less, but that she liked drama more. It does seem a shame that as soon as we have discovered a gay little comedienne that can turn out fun on the film just exactly to suit us, she should get the drama bee in her pretty poke bonnet and begin to study the methods of Duse and Bernhardt.

Still, Miss Normand insists that she has not deserted the comedy field. She points out that she has always wanted to do more serious work—in comedy-drama, for instance. She wants to be a trifle more serious and dignified than they have allowed her to be in the Keystone comedies. She says comedy does not altogether consist of falling downstairs and throwing custard pies, and she believes that she can be just as funny in more dignified situations.

The point is that Miss Normand is tired of slapstick. She feels that she is capable of better things. Her directors think so, too, for she has a special director now, who is selecting plays for her. Her ability in drama was spotted a long time ago, but she was so popular as a Keystone comedienne that they were anxious to keep her there as long as they could.

But Miss Normand got as far as New York and milled around some with the bunch, and then kicked right over the traces. She landed right in the spotlight as a star in her own right, and if her director is to be believed, this piquant little comedienne is going to be a scream.



PATHE

Little Mary Sunshine has to undergo a series of baths before the grime of her home is washed off; but she doesn't care. She likes baths.

### "Little Mary Sunshine"

"LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE" is one of those "once-upon-a-time" butterflies through whose gauzy wings we see life in rare and delightful tints. Five reels isn't a bit too long for "Little Mary," who, thank heaven! doesn't realize the charm of her plump little self. Her utter unconsciousness of herself is a revelation in art, particularly in one so young, and points encouragingly to a brilliant stage career. Director Henry King, who plays a lead in the picture, deserves notice for his clever handling of the child and his delicate, knowing touch on a play that was woven of Fancy's woof.

Marguerite Nichols, who plays Sylvia Sanford, Bob's sweetheart, is an ingenue of convincing appeal. She possesses that elusive quality known as charm, and fits splendidly in a picture as wholesome as this. Andrew Arbuckle does the "leave-it-to-dad" stuff happily, and Mollie McConnell, as Sylvia's mother, shows the ease and refinement that have characterized her work from the beginning. And we mustn't forget the bear—a really, truly bruin, who seemed to think the whole thing a great lark and acted accordingly. We suspect him of knowing a great deal more than he's willing to admit, for there were times—we could vouch for it—he winked his eye as who would say, "Oh, the cleverness of me!"

The play starts in a cheerless, hope-forsaken room in a tenement in the slums. Little Mary seems to have been deprived of that joy of life most kids are heir to, and is rather a sorry spectacle. Her mother has a weak heart and her father a strong temper. Father comes home drunk, frightens mother, whose heart stops for all time, and then runs off, leaving little Mary all alone. Some neighbor tells Mary that "Mother's in Heaven," and the kid starts out to hunt her up. She gets tired after walking a long way, creeps into a standing automobile and pulls the rug over her. There she is found by Bob Daley, who, having celebrated with "the

boys" and been turned down by his fiancee therefore, is returning home more sober each minute. Bob's parents take and care for the tyke, who, after a couple of baths, something to eat and a romp in the garden, displays such an inclination to agree with life that she is promptly named "Little Mary Sunshine." She has the wonderfulest dream about a bear and works with Bob's dad to bring about a reconciliation between Bob and his best beloved.

✕ ✕

### More Comfort in Tears?

"I know my sex, and it always finds more comfort in tears than in laughter."

The Two-minute Man looked at Enid Markey in amazement.

"You don't mean——" he began.

"Exactly," returned Miss Markey. "If your role does not fairly possess you, the audience cannot be moved. That is why I am eager for dramatic parts, and that is why I refuse to essay comedy. I like tears—and pathos—and sadness. All women do."

"How about the men?" asked the Two-minute Man. "They are keen on comedy."

"Oh—the men!" said Miss Markey, with a shrug of her shapely shoulders.

Which ended the story.

✕ ✕

Writer—I have just found a germ for a plot to use in a scenario.

Wife—I bet you will never inoculate any of the editors with it.



PATHE

"Peek-a-boo!" calls Mary Sunshine to Bob Daley, and has as much fun in rehearsals as if it wasn't work.



PATHE

This is a really, truly bear that Marie Osborne, leading lady in "Little Mary Sunshine," romps about with. And she wasn't a bit afraid of it.



© HARTSOOK

The famous Douglas Fairbanks smile.

### Grand Indoor Sport

**D**OUGLAS FAIRBANKS, who dared the dangers of the plains in a trip to California last winter, has repudiated the thought of living at hotels while he is rehearsing pictures in that balmy climate.

"Not little Doug," he said, wiping the sweat of honest toil from his brow, as he unwrapped parcels in his apartment in a New York hotel just before he left for the West. "See here! Whadjer think of this lot?"

There was a rake and a hoe and a lawn mower and a bushel of garden and flower seeds, a trowel, a pair of gorgeous gardening gloves, a wide straw hat, a—well, everything that goes with gardening—even the overalls.

"I'm going to have a bungaloah and be a bungaloafer," he grinned. "I'm going to raise my own radishes and cucumbers—me, myself, not a gardener. I'm going to dig with that spade and mow with that lawn mower and rake with that rake and be the man with the hoe."

It's the truth.

Mr. Fairbanks became so enthusiastic over the joys of gardening in California that he pored over seed catalogues for days, picking out the pictures with the largest sizes and the brightest colors and fondly trusting that everything he planted



Douglas Fairbanks doing light gardening.



TRIANGLE

To get his picture in the papers, he tries an accident. After faithfully rehearsing it, he manages to fall out of the auto gracefully, giving an imitation of a severely injured man. Smashing up a perfectly good auto is nothing to him, if he can only get his picture in the papers. But the papers refuse to print the story.



would turn out just as it was pictured in the catalogue.

"Look at that radish seed," he said. "See that radish in the picture that it is going to be like. Think of going out in the garden before breakfast and picking radishes like that!"

"It's a dream that some of us have had," said his interviewer sadly. "It's a dream that dry weather and bugs and lack of gardening knowledge have shattered. Don't you know that nobody ever really goes out into the garden before breakfast and gathers anything with the dew on it?"

"Huh?" said Mr. Fairbanks, a trifle bewildered. "Why, I've had the time of my life up here fooling around with these things, getting ready to go and garden in California. Whadjer want to take the joy out of life like that for?"

And he rattled the mower and stood up the rake and the hoe in the corner and filled the pail with



TRIANGLE

It isn't a bit of use. They won't take the picture.

packets of seed and requested his small son to leave the gloves alone.

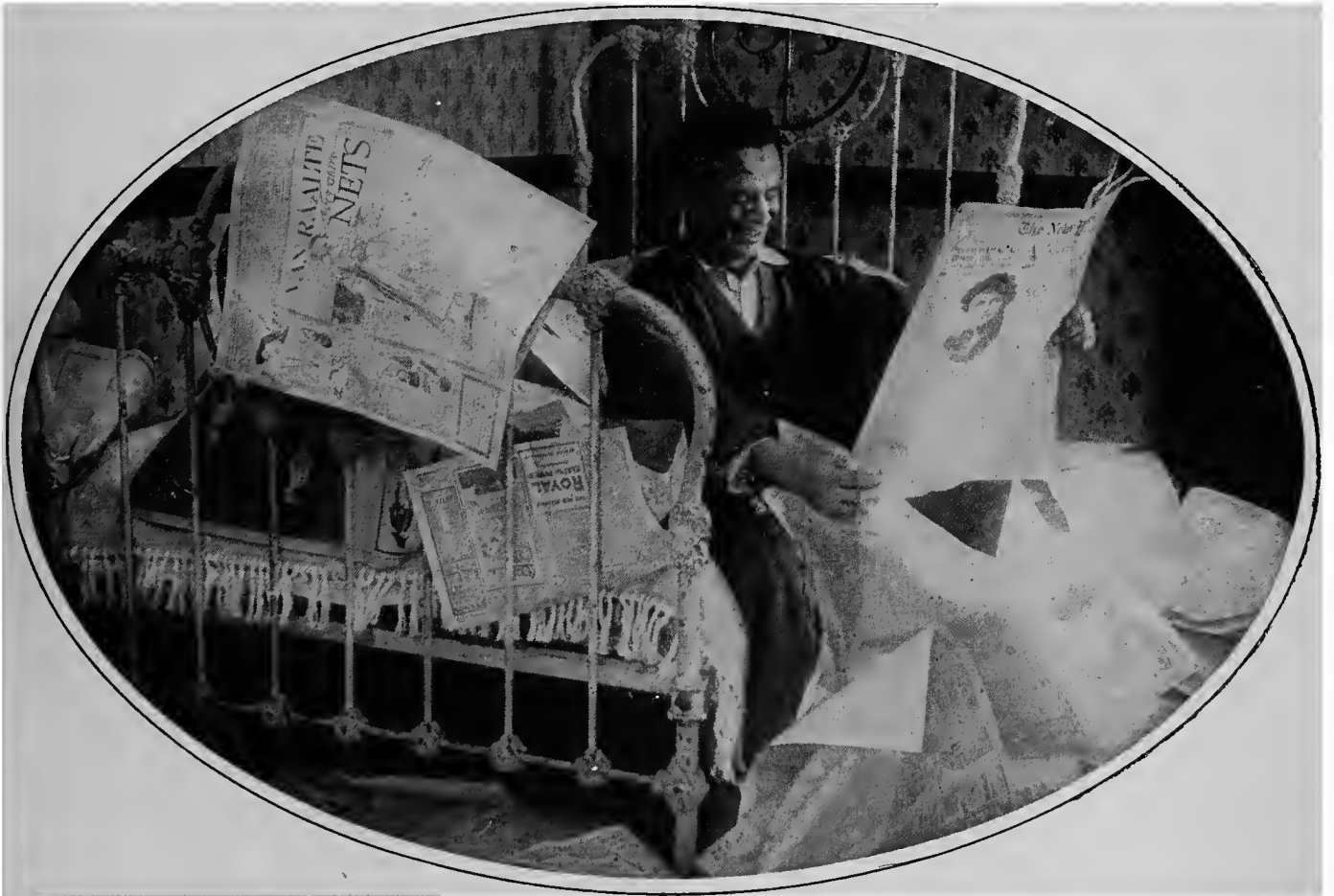
"The point is," began the interviewer, "why did you bother to buy all these things in New York and pay freightage on them to California? They have them out there, you know."

Somebody in the next room gave an approving sniff of scorn. It was quite evident that this subject had already been thoroughly discussed in the Fairbanks family. Mr. Fairbanks shuffled the gardening tools together uneasily and asked if his visitor had seen his latest picture.

"Not so loud!" he begged. "You see, that's what the missus said, and I——"

"It's time to go, really," said the visitor. "Gardening, even in California, you know, does not always run true to form."

"Good-by, gloom!" said Mr. Fairbanks, gayly waving a farewell with the hoe.



TRIANGLE

"HIS PICTURE IN THE PAPERS."

Douglas Fairbanks, in "His Picture in the Papers," has his dream of publicity realized at last. By writing a testimonial to a patent medicine, he finds himself a marked man, with his picture and the story of his life in the papers at last.



ESSANAY

Ann Murdock and Richard Travers, in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines."

### Spare the Actors

**S**IDNEY OLCOTT, of the Famous Players, felt uneasily in his vest pocket for the cigar he knew wasn't there. Mr. Olcott seldom has time for conversation. He is rated as the best director, bar none, in New York, and this means work morning, noon and night.

"I quit smoking a few months ago," he admitted sheepishly, "but I cannot seem to get over the habit of reaching for a cigar after luncheon. I catch myself at it every once in a while. But who wouldn't be absent-minded with such scenarios as this handed to one? Want to read it? No? Well, I'll tell you about it while you drink your coffee."

It isn't often one can find Director Olcott in a conversational mood.

"I never can quite make out whether writers think the directors are simpletons or whether they try to make their scenarios fool proof," he said. "Look at this one, now. The writer gives us a thrilling account of a battle between the Indians and the settlers back in the pioneer days in the West. He describes vividly all the killings and the deaths and winds up with a fierce rifle practice at close range.

"At the end of the script he puts in capitals:

**"NOTE TO THE DIRECTOR: USE BLANK CARTRIDGES IN THIS SCENE!"**

### Christmas Joys

"I understand you and De Wolf Hopper spent an afternoon playing with the Christmas toys you got for the children," said the Two-minute Man.

Douglas Fairbanks grinned.

"Not so loud!" he implored. "You see, it was like this. I had bought a shopful of toys for my kiddy, and one day Hopper came over to see me, and I took him up to show him the things. His kid isn't anywhere near as old as mine, and he sure did look envious when he saw a train of cars that ran on real tracks with real switches and real semaphores and all the other things that real trains have.

He wouldn't believe it could run, until I set it out on the floor and showed him, and the next thing we knew it was almost seven o'clock, and we had been quarreling over who would run that train next for three hours."

✕ ✕

### His Viewpoint

A workman fell from a scaffold, and after many gyrations, fell on a plot of grass and was not much hurt.

Jones rushed up, with his friend Smith, who wrote scenarios.

"Lucky escape for him, wasn't it?" said Jones to Smith.

Smith replied, with a faraway look in his eyes, "Gee! wouldn't that make a fine one-reel comedy?"



ESSANAY

"CAPTAIN JINKS OF THE HORSE MARINES."

A cigar ought not to cause either a laugh or a tremor, but it does.



EBBANAY

Ann Murdock, with her airy gayety, whimsical moods, and gowns of the early '70s, makes a hit in "Captain Jinks."

### Just Natural

"**W**HO WOULD I rather be than the one I am now?" smiled Ann Murdock to the Two-minute Man. "Nobody. I prefer to develop my own individuality. No imitations in mine. I like to watch other actresses, but not with a view to adopting any of their tricks. I'd rather use my own. By imitating other people, first thing you know you are a medley of tricks and manners and have nothing of your own. I try to make Ann Murdock do the very best that Ann Murdock can do."

"Haven't you any fads?" suggested the Two-minute Man.

"Not a fad," said Miss Murdock. "I am the fadless wonder of the screen. I just go about my work every day, trying to accomplish the

most I can and tackling every bit of work as if it was my last and greatest bit. No, sir, I am not a slave to fads. I eat what I like, I wear the clothes that appeal to me, I dress my hair in what I consider a becoming fashion, I enjoy my work, and I haven't any pretty little parlor tricks at all. Absolutely uninteresting, am I not?"

"You are not," promptly replied the Two-minute Man. "You are the most refreshing young woman I have met in many moons. Why don't more of the screen girls go in for being natural—and just attractive?"

"Mercy!" blushed Miss Murdock. "Anyway, your two minutes are up."

✕ ✕

*Little girl* (describing Helen Holmes)— Why, she's just a trained wreck!



EBBANAY

Clyde Fitch's fantastic comedy on the screens affords many an opportunity for wholesome laughter.

## Sis Hopkins Takes a Shot at the Films

"IT'S AN even break for a girl in leap year," said the inimitable Sis, "and I mind hearing Pa say that every girl has a chance to get a good husband then. If she loses out, it's her own fault. Bein's it's leap year, I'd orter get me a grand husband." "A Leap Year's Wooing" could be a trifle more rich in comedy; but Sis Hopkins, not being a scenario writer, has done the best she could with the material at hand. She is the same old Sis, with the same old shoes and the same old endeavor to remember that she is a big girl now and to keep her dress pulled down at the knees. She crystallizes all the comedy in the picture. As the maid-of-all-work in the Lee household, Sis evolves the happy thought of advertising for a husband. In order that there may be no mistake, she gives the street address and the house number.

It brings forth some queer characters. They insist on making love to the pretty daughter, until Sudden Sam smilingly arrives. Sam doesn't care particularly who the object of his affections is, and when he is kicked out of the parlor by the daughter's beau, he obligingly rolls into the kitchen and falls at the feet of Sis Hopkins, who regards him as a gift of the gods and coyly bestows her attentions upon him.

Comes now, and without any excuse for his entrance, an adventurer. He himself admits that he is a millionaire, and this obtains for him the rights of the parlor and of the piano bench and the privilege of courting the pretty Lee daughter, who forgets her betrothed and devotes herself to the entertainment of the adventurer.

He makes rapid headway, and the parlor courtships vie with the kitchen courtships. Sis, after explaining to her scandalized mistress that it was indeed she who had advertised for a husband, appreciates the love making of Sudden Sam, and when she finds a note requesting the honor of her presence at an elopement in an auto that evening, she appropriates it and makes ready for the elopement. Wound around with veils and a heavy coat, she climbs delightedly into the auto for her wedding trip.

She is characteristically horrified when she discovers that her adored Sam is not her companion and orders the adventurer to drive her back, which he hurriedly does. And she does not



KALEM

Sudden Sam appears in response to the advertisement in the paper and makes love to Sis Hopkins.

hesitate to denounce him when the detective arrives to arrest him for sundry crimes, for which she receives an ecstatic embrace from the true lover of the pretty Lee daughter, while Sam bestows a fervent caress upon the girl who had but lately ordered him thrown out.

So everybody is happy but the audience. Sis Hopkins is worthy of a better scenario.



KALEM

"Pa sez, 'If you can't git what you want, advertise fer it.' So I advertised for a sweetheart. and he come, and that's him right there with the flower on his coat. Ain't it grand?"



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Have a Smile With Me!



ESSANAY

CHARLIE CHAPLIN LIGHTING UP.

## MRS. HARRIGAN VISITS THE "EMOTION PITCHURES"

By JAMES GABLE



UNIVERSAL

Gale Henry claims she is never in a good humor at breakfast

"AV COORSE, I think the world av Mrs. O'Flaherty," began Mrs. Grogan.

"Sure!" commented Mrs. Harrigan. "I'm sore at her, too."

"I ain't knockin'!" Mrs. Grogan declared indignantly. "I think the world av Mrs. O'Flaherty, but that doesn't blind me to the fact that she's wan av the worst gadabouts in this parish. She's niver at home! This marnin' I wint over to borry a few little things, an' she wasn't there."

"Mebbe she knew ye was comin'," said Mrs. Harrigan dryly. "I'll bet she was at the emotion pitchers, improvin' her mind, instead of bein' at home wastin' her substance lendin' to her naybors. I saw 'The Model Wife' advertised by the Bit-graft pape, an' wonderin' what they cud have to say about meself, I wint in to see it. But there wasn't a thing in it about me! I was disappointed. What do ye think av these seareels?"

"I don't like thim," Mrs. Grogan replied promptly. "'Tis like atin' corn husks an' excelsior. Oatmale for me."

"I don't mane what ye mane," Mrs. Harrigan explained. "I'm deludin' to continued plays like 'The Hazards of Hailin',' 'The Explosions av Ellen,' 'The Dry Mud from the Sty,' an' Kill'em's 'As Empty as Mankind,' which must be very bad indade, for Moike, the black curse av

Cromwell on him! is always empty, though forever gettin' full. Well, 'tis me own fault. I married him on the third day av the wake, an' I was always unlucky av a Choosda'."

"Did ye see Henryauto Cloesman as the widdy in 'The Supreme Toast,' got out by the Universalists?" Mrs. Grogan asked. "I'll bet she cud manage a husband!"

"Yis," Mrs. Harrigan responded. "I saw it. I misdoubt not her first husband gave a sigh av relief whin he heard he was goin' to die. I didn't think much av her second, ayther. He was wan av thim rah-rah boys wid a college walk an' a kindergarten edification! 'Twould have done me sowl good to heave a cabbage at him!"

"Did ye see Mrs. Letslie Starter in 'The Hart av Marryland,' she that was made famous by Bosco who eats 'em alive? 'Tis got out by the Tuffany Film Coopera-tion."

"No," Mrs. Harrigan admitted. "I did not. But I saw Jellybean Furrow in 'Carmine.'"

"I ain't seen that," Mrs. Grogan declared.

"Well, she's a musician, focal an' incidental," Mrs. Harrigan explained. "Her playin' on the bones an' the catarrh is wonder-ful, an' she has a very sympathetic touch on the grafophone. She used to sing wid Tomato an' Crusoe an' Chancy Oil-cloth an' the rest av the grate vices, till they found out where the trouble was. She cud sing 'The Mizzoury,' by Wordy, an' 'The Tail av the Lonesome Swine,' till ye'd weep for joy. An' whin she played Badoven's 'Moonlit Snorter,' the naybors called in the polace an' the au-jance wint home in a hearse. Jellybean took the part av Carmine."

"Tell me about it," urged Mrs. Grogan.

"Well, Carmine is a coffin-nail maker an' smokes up nearly all her output. She belaves in gettin' all the crame out av life an' doesn't care whose milk she skims. A cat has no conscience, an' that's the rayson she lives so high. 'Tis the same way wid Carmine."

"She falls in love wid Don Hose. Havin' nothin' else to do wid it, he returns her love, an' they live in a fool's paradise for a while—though aven at that a fool's paradise is better than purgatory."

"Havin' killed a man, Don Hose takes 'ayfuge wid the band av gypsies that Car-mine do be travelin' wid, till she tires av

him, an' takes up wid a torrid-door, which is Spinach for bull fighter an' manes a cowpuncher in our language—a felly named Excameo."

"Huh!" Mrs. Grogan grunted. "Sounds like a cheese."

"Don Hose hasn't sense enough to see that 'tis better to have loved and lost than to become an authority on nursin' bottles, patent foods an' paregoric, so he thries to get her to live wid him again. She rayfuses, an', havin' become an adept at the butcher's business, he kills her. She carries on somethin' awful, for she's dyin' for the first time an' ain't used to it."

"What others have ye seen?" Mrs. Grogan asked.

"Well, there was 'The Dotters av Min,' got out by the Lovin pape. The hero was a fine, big, strappin' fellow that looked as though he was chatin' a blacksmith out av a good, steady hand."

"There was another char' kthier in the play by the name av Reggie, who was 'the gloss av fashion an' the mold av form.' He'd like to set the world on fire, but is afraid. Did ye iver see annywan be that name that wasn't worthless?"

"This Reggie marries an acthress who has made a great hit wid mimbers av the Blind Institoot. To salivate the nutshells he gives an inception, on a Sunda', too, mind ye, whin we are tould that we must toil not, nayther must we sin."

"The acthress, bein' a graduate av the Controversy av Music, plays the pianny an' sings, afther which the guests enjoy thimselves. The big fayture av the avenin' is a pool av shampane, where Reggie takes his annual bath by prexy."

"What do ye mane—prexy?" Mrs. Grogan demanded.

"That's right," Mrs. Harrigan replied, in a gratified tone. "Whiniver ye don't know annythin', ask me, an' I'll tell ye. A bath by prexy manes that he hired some-wan else to do it for him. An' the hired bather does it in a big pool av shampane. Wan av the guests, seein' all the wealthy wather goin' to waste, jumps in, determined to die happy, aven if it does involve takin' a bath."

"My!" exclaimed Mrs. Grogan, in shocked tones. "Shure that was scandalous! No woman wud have done that!"

"She don't have to," Mrs. Harrigan responded. "All a woman has to do is to dab on another layer av powder, but a man has to wash his neck."

## Ditmars School of Dramatic Arts for Inhuman Beings

**"MONKEYS,"** said Raymond L. Ditmars, looking up from a tree toad he was teaching to call the insect and animal actors to their scenes, "can register every mood that a human can—anger, despair and joy."

So they can. Take a look at the gibbon on this page and note his expression of marital anxiety. He is calling to his mate to come away from the camera. His mate is taking part in a picture rehearsal, and Gib doesn't care much for it. Like some husbands, he believes that a wife's place is IN THE HOME.

Professor Raymond Ditmars is curator of the zoo at Bronx Park and for months had the ambition to train animals to act for the screen. He believed that it could be done, and he backed his convictions to the extent of spending days in patiently teaching the animals screen tricks, and then coaxing them to exhibit them before the camera and be filmed.

"The star of our dramatic school is a sober old porcupine," went on Professor Ditmars. "That old chap can portray every known emotion and is a born actor. The trouble with the animals is to persuade



PARAMOUNT

White-faced gibbon anxiously calling his mate from the camera.

to sing. "He's our callboy. Watch him swell his throat when he calls. Did you know that if a man had this volume of voice in proportion to his size, he could go into the Woolworth Building in New York City, and by merely puffing out his cheeks and saying 'Woof!' he could smash the place into smithereens?"

Therefore, regard the tree toad with respect, fair ones, and shudder to think of the consequences were man to have, in proportion, a volume of voice equal to that of the tree toad whose voice, on a calm night, can be heard a mile.

It should make him a most valuable callboy for the theater of the school of dramatic arts for inhuman beings.



### Needed Change

*Ticket seller*—You'd better give me a week off. My beautyis fading.

*Manager*—What makes you think so?

*Ticket seller*—The men are beginning to ask for their change.



PARAMOUNT

"The frog he would a-wooin' go."

the spectators among them to remain spectators. When the animal actors begin their stunts, the rest want to climb over the railings and join in. I remember one monkey race that was completely spoiled because the monkey audience became so interested that they madly dashed in and all made the race together."

These animal-actor pictures are in great favor with the children. What Mr. Ditmars is really endeavoring to accomplish is to do with the actual subjects something of what Kipling did with the jungle tales. He has a warm ally in Charlie Snyder, the head keeper at the zoo. Keeper Snyder watches the training and filming with the deepest interest and spends much of his off time in continuing the work done by Professor Ditmars and putting on private acting stunts to keep the animals in training for each day's work.



"Watch this little chap," said Mr. Ditmars, coaxing the tree toad



PARAMOUNT

The jungle theater. Pick out your matinee idol.





MUTUAL

Picturization of Wilkie Collins's famous novel, "Armada," which is to be released by the Mutual as a three-part feature, would be incomplete without the thrilling scene in which the false Allan Armadale locks the rightful bearer of that name in a stateroom of a sinking steamer and leaves him to his fate. Under the able direction of Richard Garrick, of the Gaumont-Mutual studios, these water scenes have been carried out with exceptional realism, despite the fact none of them were taken within a mile of a ship of any kind. All that Garrick did was to place the scenery necessary for the photographing of the scenes in the river near the shore and wait for the rising tide to come in and furnish the necessary realism. Of course the players and the director, as well as the camera man, had to work in water up to their shoulders; but any damage to their clothes was quickly repaired by the tailor and the bill's settled by the Gaumont-Mutual studios.

### Seven New Gowns for One Play



"THIS problem of clothes reminds me of a girl who came into the studio one day and wanted a job," said Ollie Kirby. "The aspirant for fame had been watching some of the actors, and burst out suddenly,

"My, I wish I could be a leading lady! I'd work without a fuss, if they only gave me fifteen a week—fifteen dollars, I mean."

"I smiled cheerfully at her.

"How would you dress on that money?" I said.

"Dress?" she repeated vaguely. "Why, I've got four dandy dresses already."

"I had to buy seven brand-new gowns for my new play," said I, "and they'll last about as long as a drop of dew in the sunshine. My clothes take about all my salary, my dear girl."

"The aspirant gave one astonished look at me and my gown and walked slowly away, trying to adjust her mind to the fact that there might be something else in motion pictures besides posing in front of a camera."



### Hope Deferred

*Friend*—Did you say that the leading man called on you last night?

*Miss Film*—Yes; and I expected him to leave at ten o'clock, but it was a case of hope deferred—until twelve.

### Poor Child!

MARY PICKFORD  
in  
"RAGS"  
For two weeks—10 cents

So read the sign on each of the four sides of the poster box before the motion picture theater. An old lady paused as the sign caught her eye, and for a few moments she walked around it as if searching for something.

Finally she approached a near-by bluecoat and timidly touched his arm.

"If you just show me the slot in that box," she said pitifully, wiping her eyes, "I'm willin' to donate a dime to help the poor child get some new clothes."



### Not Concerned

"Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie, Willie?" asked the hostess in a motion picture.

"No, ma'am."

"Well, do you think she would like you to have two pieces here?"

"Oh, she wouldn't care," said the screen child confidently. "This isn't her pie."

## The Happifat Dolls and Their Adventures



PARAMOUNT

Happifat, like all boys, was made of frogs and snails and puppy dog tails. But Happifat is a hero.

**T**HE Happifat dolls have laughed their way into the hearts of children wherever motion pictures are shown.

Baby Happifat is the hero of a serial filled with "perils." It is the "Hazards of Happifat," appearing in different releases of Paramount Pictographs, the "Animated Magazine on the Screen."

Happifat, like all boys, was made of frogs and snails and puppy dog tails. His playmate, "Flossie Fisher," is of course made of sugar and spice and everything nice. But charming as she is, Flossie has enemies. She has a way of getting into trouble. Happifat always comes to her rescue. Poor Flossie Fisher!

Alexander Leggett, the creator of Happifat, is a wire-puller. He believes that wire is mightier than muscle, and he moves Happifat and Flossie Fisher and the cow, the big brown bear, bugs and all the other animals that pass before the camera, with wires—a hundred tiny wires sticking through the floor of the stage, entirely unseen.

Happifat, like all good heroes, is in love with the beautiful Flossie. Very often he suffers tremendous hardships for her. In one of the pictures he milked the cow. His wanderings, as they appear in the releases of the Pictographs,



PARAMOUNT

Flossie Fisher, who has a penchant for getting into trouble, from which Happifat always rescues her.

have taken him through experiences with a jitney, and most recently with a number of strange and wild animals,



PARAMOUNT

Happifat experiences many difficulties in his farming operations, especially when wild animals break into his garden.

when he was off on a trip to the mountains.

He has gone farming, he has a terrible time with a magic milk pail, indeed, with a lamb and a puppy dog, and with a hen and her chicks. Happifat, being an animated doll, has the gestures of our best after-dinner speakers. Flossie Fisher is always exceptionally well costumed in every release of the "Hazards of Happifat." Her dresses are the very latest thing in doll's clothing, her creator, Alexander Leggett, having exclusive right for motion pictures of all the doll wardrobe handled by a prominent New York toy house.

We have seen Baby Happifat in the most terrifying situations, and we were not surprised to see Flossie Fisher hanging from the branch of a tree, the branch overhanging a chasm. The villain will be sawing away the limb—of the tree—and Happifat will be seen approaching on a run over the crest of a hill. They get away with this and other "perils" series, so why can't Happifat?

The little folks enjoy these Happifat series so much that it has encouraged their creator to get busy on more.



PARAMOUNT

Flossie Fisher goes out to rake hay.

### To a Safe Return

*Friend*—Why do you inclose stamps when you send away your poetry?

*Motion picture poet*—Don't you suppose that I want to get it back.?

### Something on Her

The scene showed an opera box occupied by a beautiful woman, dressed in an opera gown. One man in the audience kept staring at her during the whole scene.

"That man," remarked a woman to her husband, "couldn't seem to keep his eyes off that actress in the box."

"Well," was the reply, "I suppose he thought she ought to have something on her."



### The Filling

Mrs. Jones, the patient wife of the motion picture poet, entered the "den" of the budding genius.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I am molding some of my thoughts into shape," was the reply.

"Well," was the rejoinder, "if you want a crust for your supper, you'd better get out and hustle for some dough."

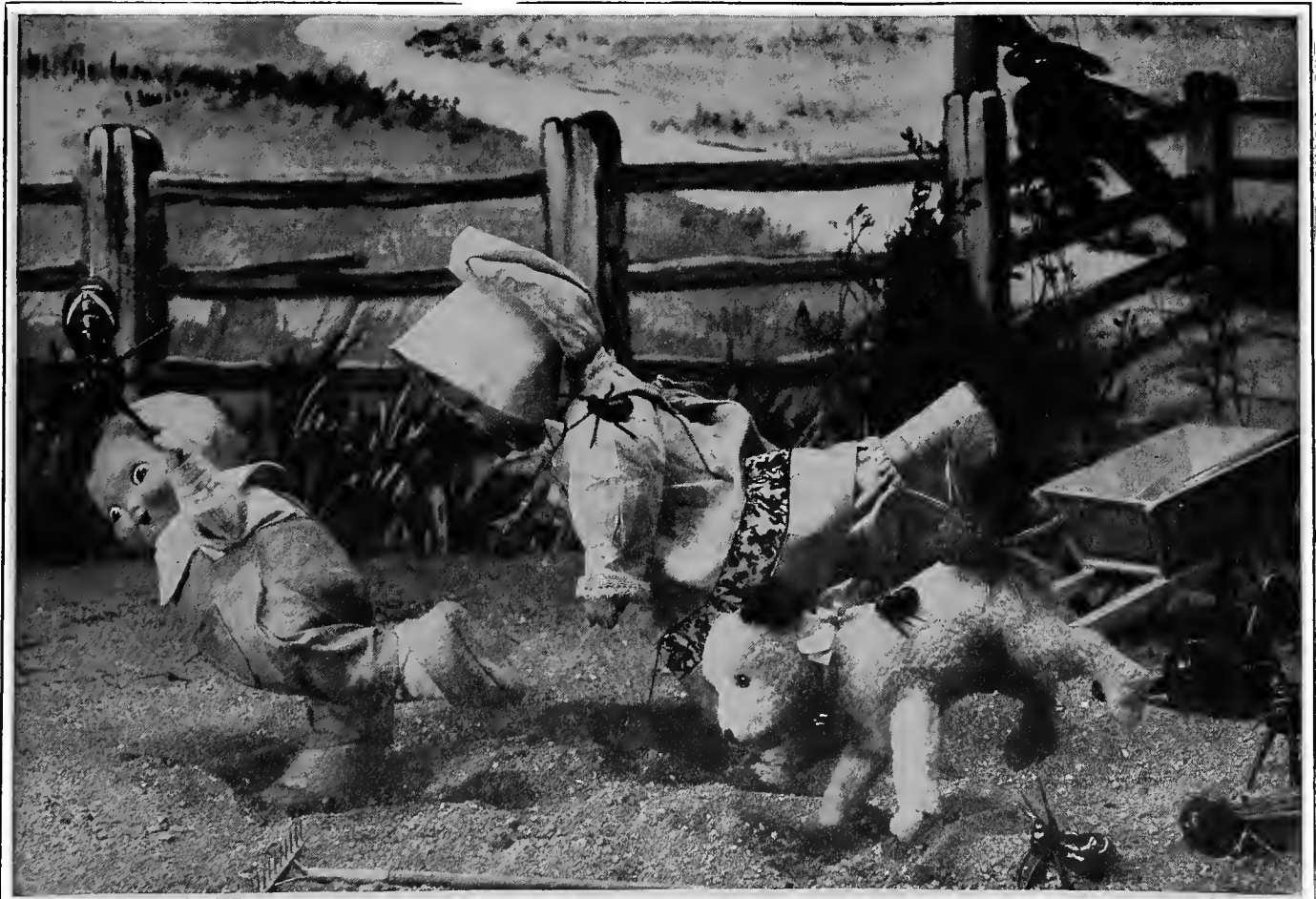


### Capital Punishment

*Bill*—I saw a woman hung yesterday.

*Tom*—Where?

*Bill*—Around her lover's neck.



PARAMOUNT

But Flossie and Happifat and their woolly dog are attacked by vicious insects and have a sad time at their farming.



NORMA TALMADGE.

## NORMA TALMADGE

### Gives an Idea For Children's Films

By ELIZABETH SEARS

**I** WONDER if she will be changed."

A slender, pretty girl in a smart blue gown, who was waiting in the gray and pink room for Norma Talmadge, turned to the girl with her as she spoke. They had not seen their friend for several years, and they had dropped in from a visit to the Allied Bazaar to meet her again.

"Changed!" The girl in gray smiled cheerfully. "Let me tell you something, dearie. Norma will be just exactly the same sweet old thing she used to be when she was only getting twenty-five a week. Watch her."

She was right. Norma Talmadge has a sensible, level head, thanks to the careful training of her mother, who is her dearest chum. She was just as glad to see her old friends as in the old days when they were all glad to find a good-looking street hat marked down to \$3.97. Miss Talmadge had just come in from

a hard day's work—a good, hard day's work, too—and she was glad to find a comfortable chair and a cup of tea from the quaint old Chinese teapot awaiting her.

Just between you and me and the gatepost, the only fad she has is her love for Chinese embroideries. She has them everywhere about her room, and gorgeous affairs they are, too. There is one wonderful strip of embroidery on the wall that—but this is a story of Norma Talmadge, the charming Triangle star, who was sent all the way to New York to head a new company of her own, and not of Chinese embroidery. Otherwise I would tell you of the marvelous mandarin's coat that she sometimes slips on when she has a moment to herself, long enough to take three minutes' rest in a chaise longue.

She smiled wearily when she saw a visitor with a pencil. The poor thing has been interviewed so often that it scares her to death. Not but what she is perfectly charming about it; but she says she never can remember what to say or what they want her to say.

"Cheer up," I said. "I'm not going to ask you a single question. This is a new kind of interview—no questions asked."

"Hurray!" beamed Miss Talmadge, trying to smile between telephone rings. Everybody in New York was calling her up, judging from the constant jingling of the 'phone bell. Mrs. Talmadge answered it until she was exhausted, and then Ethel Cozzens poured her charmingly vibrant voice into the mouth-piece in answer to questions.

There was one voice that was heartily welcomed. It was none other than Toby. Everybody knows who Toby is. Toby was the first gentleman to call up Miss Talmadge when she arrived in New York. He assured her that everything in New York was hers, and that when she gave the word, he would head a phalanx of newspaper and magazine people marching down to her hotel.

"They gotta know you're here, Miss Talmadge," he informed her earnestly. "I've been around to every newspaper office in the place and hustled out reporters to see you."

And so he had. For within half an hour of her arrival, a languid young man from a city daily appeared and said that Toby had haunted his corner of the city room until he had seen him depart for an interview with Miss Talmadge.

"Bless your soul, Toby!" said Miss Talmadge, into the 'phone. "I certainly am glad to hear your voice again."

Then the story of the dog came out. It seems Miss Talmadge has a fluffy white dog, silky and beautiful. They carried him carefully to the baggage car, where stern rules decreed that he must travel. He was laundered beautifully, and the brakeman respectfully informed Miss Talmadge that he would take the best of care of Fluffy Ruffles.

"Do you know," said Miss Talmadge, "I never knew there were so many brakemen in the whole wide world! Seems to me every hour or so the porter would step softly to my side and whisper confidentially,

"'Mis' Talmadge, that brakeman, he says he sure would like to speak a word wid you."

"And away mother and I would hie to the baggage car. I changed a twenty-dollar bill into fifty-cent pieces, and by the time we arrived in New York, there wasn't a fifty cents left of that twenty. Those brakemen were so ingratiating and so anxious to take good care of little doggy. But, oh, what a dog they handed out to me at the New York station! I



had stowed away a happy, plump, snowy little creature, and I received a dirty, ragged, barking canine that I would never have recognized in the world. He was disreputably cocksure of himself and tried to swagger up and down the platform like a sure-enough brakeman. He barked at me defiantly and seemed so fond of the car that he really didn't want to come out. They had a lot of fun with my poor little Fluffy Ruffles, but it took six baths to get him clean again, poor dear."

Miss Talmadge, like all her family, possesses a sense of humor that is a regular floating buoy to her. She and her mother are like a pair of happy girls together, and in spite of her boost to stardom, with its consequent salary, Miss Talmadge does not waste her money in feverish purchases. She gets full value for every dollar she spends. Maybe she won't like it if I tell this story, but it is too good to keep. The mother told it on her.

Some of the screen stars are good pickings to the shops, especially when the modish gowns and smart hats are displayed for their benefit. Miss Talmadge wandered through the shopping district just before she came East, and an insistent young woman wanted her to buy out the shop, having recognized her immediately.

"Here is a smart little model for you, Miss Talmadge," she said. "Just the thing for you. See what wonderful lines it has!"

Miss Talmadge looked at the simply made house frock with interest. Her maid could have duplicated it for fifty dollars easily, but she would have been willing to pay sixty for it.

"Very pretty," she said. "What is the price?"

The clerk glanced quickly at the price tag and held it in her hand.

"Only one hundred and ninety-six dollars," she said easily. "And so charming on you!"

Miss Talmadge stole a glance at her mother, who returned the glance with interest.

"What do you think of it, mother?" she said, refusing to allow her knowledge of the real figures on the price tag to slip out. "Do you think I ought to take it?"

"Just as you please, dear," murmured Mrs. Talmadge, with an aside, "If you take that thing at that price, I'll murder you!"

"Of course it is very pretty," said Miss Talmadge to the clerk, and "Don't worry, old dear. I'm not utterly mad yet," to her mother. "But I have so little time to-day. I'll drop in some other time, and thank you so much for showing them to us." And in the elevator she fell up against her sympathetic mother with a gasp.

"One hundred and ninety-six dollars for that gown! It would have been dear at sixty. I wonder why they try it on that way. I saw that price tag, and she added one hundred dollars to the first price."

So, you see, the sharks will never get Miss Talmadge. She learned what values were early in life, and her success as a screen star has not at all turned her pretty head.

"I see the recent federation of club women called for better films for children," she said, sipping her welcome cup of tea. "I'm for that. I enjoyed those kiddies out at the Triangle studio so much, and I was with them so constantly that I gained



a new idea of what children want on the screen. They don't want the inane stuff that some of the older ones seem to think they need. Children like just what we like. They want action on the screen and virility and comedy. They catch the comedy bits long before the adults do, and they scream with laughter at them. Children think a lot more than we realize, and they have been pretty well fed up with this fairy-tale stuff. You know, I sometimes think we waste a lot of good sympathy over their likes and dislikes. They understand a good comedy as much as any adult, and if the people who are getting up children's programs would hold this thought in mind, they would be mighty popular with the children. They get so much enforced education at school that they are rather afraid of a film if it is labeled 'educational'; but they'll take anything in the way of instruction on the screen if it is rightly presented. A visualized scene is printed on their mind immediately, whereas it takes a lot of time and effort to memorize it as a dry lesson. I'm strong for good films for the children. And while we are about it, I'm just as strong for good films for the adults. I believe the ones who need the special attention are the youth of the country. We don't seem to pay much attention to them. Why not have a campaign on good films for the young people from twelve to eighteen—just in the formative period?"

Well, why not?

The telephone jangled considerably out of tune, and Mrs. Talmadge hurried back and forth with messages and requests for interviews and offers of theater tickets and boxes of flowers and bonbons. Miss Talmadge drank her tea and smiled her relief at not having to answer questions and be interviewed—always a wearisome job for her, however willing she may be. She smiled at her mother when the third offer of dinner and theater came in.

"Dearie," she said, "I'll tell you what we'll do. You and I will have a bite of dinner together, and then we'll slip out and see a good picture show. How about this new Rialto? I hear it is well worth seeing. Suppose we just run over there all by ourselves."

This is her idea of recreation. After working hard all day in a new studio, she slips out with her best chum to a picture show.

"It's a long ride out to Fort Lee," she said, when the visitors rose in a body to bid adieu. "In California, you know, the studio was only a few blocks, so this long trip twice a day is new to me. But isn't it grand to get back to this nice weather?"

Mrs. Talmadge groaned.

"Imagine!" she said. "When everybody else is oozing moisture from every tiny cell in the skin, and drooping around trying to keep their hair in curl and to keep from fighting with their best friends, Norma is blooming with health and energy. She likes this kind of weather—nice and warm and damp and sticky. What do you think of such a girl?"

Same as everybody else thinks, Mrs. Talmadge—that she is a darling and that you ought to be mighty proud of being the mother of two such charming screen stars. Not but what they

have a lot to be proud of in having you for a mother, too. And there is Natalie Talmadge, the "middle" sister. We haven't had a chance to get around to her yet. There are three of them, you know—Norma and Natalie and Constance—a trio of talented sisters.



## Alice in Wonderland



ESKAY HARRIS FEATURE FILM

Alice started to her feet, for she had never before seen a rabbit with a waistcoat pocket or a watch to take out of it. The rabbit popped down under the hedge, and Alice went after it.



ESKAY HARRIS FEATURE FILM

"You've been listening," said Humpty Dumpty, "listening behind trees and at keyholes, or how would you have known about the King and his twenty thousand men coming to put me together again?"



FAMOUS PLAYERS-PARAMOUNT

HAZEL DAWN, AS THE GIRL DETECTIVE, IN "MY LADY INCOG."

## We Liked You Better When You Played the Violin



**H**AZEL DAWN is still receiving presents in pink from her devoted admirers who loved her in "The Pink Lady." And Miss Dawn, like many another stage star, is discovering that screen work does not always carry with it the success gained on the stage.

"My Lady Incog," her screen medium, gives one the impression of having been written under pressure, and even a charming girl and a fascinating smile need something of a thread of a story to get a picture play over. On the stage Miss Dawn had the advantage of her pleasing voice, her contagious laugh and the melody that she coaxed from her violin to help out the weak places.

The director, Sidney Olcott, has largely saved it from utter annihilation; but one cannot be a director and a scenario writer and an actress all at the same time. Even the able direction and the artistic finish that is discernible in every scene have not saved the picture from the criticism of being unable to bear its own weight all the way through.

In rehearsals Miss Dawn, vivid, glowing with life and color, came through with credit. Her magnetism drew fascinated watchers from other plays in the studio, and even Jack Barrymore admitted as he watched her that it would never do for real girl detectives to sleuth, for almost any criminal would be more than willing to be arrested, if all detectives were as charming as Miss Dawn. But the shadow on the screen lacked her verve and vitality—it was but a shadow.

As Nell Carroll, the girl detective, she ferrets out the thief who has been burglarizing the wealthy homes in her town. She sails under the imposing title of the Baroness De Veaux, and when she meets a man who claims to be the Baron Du Veaux, the intrepid little girl detective plays out the game with the

cards in her hand and manages to make all the comedy there is in the picture stand out where one can readily laugh at it.



## A Word to the Wise

It was a fight to the finish. They had fought on every inch of floor space upstairs and were now on the stairs, each with a death grip on the other. Suddenly they broke through the banister and fell to the floor below. Each quickly jumped to his feet, and the bric-a-brac began to fly—statuary, vases, candlesticks, etc.—until one of the combatant's supply of ammunition was exhausted. A pedestal supporting a large lamp stood in the center of the room. This, for some unknown reason, had been overlooked.

Uncle Hiram was becoming more excited every minute, and upon seeing that the outlook for the man on the screen was rather gloomy, he shouted wildly, "Throw the lamp at 'em, y'u poor fish!" The film hero immediately seized the lamp and hurled it at his opponent's head.

Uncle Hiram still claims credit for the victory.

—Fred Lee S. First.



## Their Armament

Little George went to see "Cabiria" with his father, and when the Roman soldiers appeared on the screen, George asked eagerly:

"Who are they, daddy?"

"Roman soldiers," replied his father.

"Then why don't they shoot Roman candles?" inquired George innocently.



## Just One

*Isheer* (at the movies)—Do you want a single seat?

*Casey*—Yis. Oi'm not so big thot Oi need a double wan.

## SILHOUETTE FANTASIES



BRAY-GILBERT STUDIOS-PARAMOUNT

The geni of the wishing ring appears in answer to Inbad's command.



BRAY-GILBERT STUDIOS-PARAMOUNT

Inbad changes the monkey into a man and goes in search of the pearl.



BRAY-GILBERT STUDIOS-PARAMOUNT

Inbad pours the tabasco down the dragon's throat and gets the pearl.



BRAY-GILBERT STUDIOS-PARAMOUNT

Sol Levy tells Inbad that the pearl is not worth thirty cents.

### Here Lies a New Field in Films

**C.** ALLAN GILBERT and J. R. Bray have given us something absolutely new in screen humor and fantasy in the silhouette pictures that they worked upon some six or seven months and which have been released only within the year.

Here is whimsical humor for you, combined with an artistic vision that has opened a wide field.

Mr. Gilbert, who is a well-known artist, writes his own scenarios. He is not the first of the famous ones of the artistic and literary cult to see something worth sincere effort in the motion pictures. In the pictures above, he has gone to the old Arabian Nights for his scenes and has taken us back to the days when we pored, fascinated, over the mystery and romance of those quaint old tales.

Inbad, the Sailor, is wrecked on a desert isle. Aside from his baggage, which consists of one ardent bottle of tabasco sauce, his only companion is a shivering monkey. Just in time to properly climax one's wakening imagination, the chest containing the ring of the geni is discovered. And then you forget that you are grown up, and you settle back delightedly to enjoy these quaint little black figures that are something more than shadows, and yet not too vibrant with the tense realities

of life that sometimes wear upon you in the feature plays. Inbad immediately utilizes one of his four wishes by changing the monkey into a servant, to carry the baggage bottle. A second wish places them both on a magic carpet and whirls them away to the Oriental gates of Bagdad, the city where most wondrous adventures continually happen.

The Sultan of Bagdad wants a famous and priceless pearl that is in the possession of a roaring dragon, entrenched in the fastnesses of a mountain. He offers Inbad the hand of his daughter, the Princess, in return for the pearl. To be the son-in-law of a Sultan seems to be full of excellent logic to the Sailor, and accompanied by his servant and the faithful bottle of tabasco, they conquer the dragon by the simple expedient of tossing the tabasco down his yawning throat. He coughs up the pearl in dismay, and Inbad hurries back to the Sultan. The Princess turns out to be an ancient and ugly female, whose very appearance sends Inbad into a fit of tremors. He turns his servant back into his original shape, telephones for his magic carpet to the garage, and floats out for New York, to sell his priceless pearl and live in luxury on the proceeds.

He takes the pearl to a pawnshop and is horrified to learn that it is indeed priceless—not worth thirty cents—and thus a poor sailor is left without wishes, baggage, companion or money.





FAMOUS PLAYERS

Some kings may keep their actress sweethearts, but The Prince, in "Nearly a King," must choose between a kingdom and a sweetheart.

### How it Happened

**"YOU SEE,"** says Jack Barrymore, setting a row of liniment bottles in handy array on his dressing table, "it was this way: I open the picture sedately by sliding on my trunk into the stateroom of a perfect stranger in a storm at sea. They promised to pad the floor with mattresses to break my fall; but the trunk had once belonged to a traveling salesman, and from force of habit it did a baggage-car leap for life, and I obeyed the laws of gravity—without the mattresses.

"These liniment bottles, therefore, were for first aid to the injured. We screen folk have our trenches, too."



### He Could Not Understand It

A short time ago two young fellows went to the motion picture theater in a Canadian town. The picture was an English love story. The hero, an English army officer, was about to leave for the front. In



FAMOUS PLAYERS

Jack Barrymore in one of his best scenes in "Nearly a King." He had trouble with his uniform as well as his monocle. A screen footman accidentally dropped a highball over it, and Barrymore was forced to retire to his dressing-room and stop the rehearsal while the studio tailor cleaned and pressed the uniform. The next morning Barrymore made a point of ordering an understudy uniform.

bidding his sweetheart goodbye, he took her face between his hands. Of course everybody thought that he was going to kiss her. Instead, he let her face slip from between his hands. At this climax, of course, the music stopped; thus the theater was very quiet.

"Oh, the darn fool!" exclaimed one of the young men.



### Building a Nest

Little Jimmy was taken to the picture show for the first time and evinced great interest in every detail of the screen. When he saw a pasture scene in which a calm old cow walked on and laid down in the midst of tall grass, the child was intensely interested.

"What's it doing, mother?" he called out. "Building its nest?"



*Scenario writer*—Will the editor see me before I go out?

*Office boy*—No; he saw you before you came in.



“LET ME ask you something,” said a motion-picture fan. “I’ll take your word for it, you know. What’s the etiquette to observe when somebody behind you persists in regarding the show as an afternoon reception, requiring chatty conversation?”

“I was at the Strand the other day. I dropped in there because I was tired. I wanted to listen to the music and to watch the pictures. A girl of twelve, accompanied by an older woman, took the seat directly behind me and talked into my ear. The girl was a charming child, with the high, clear, piercing voice of childhood. She read each caption aloud, with painstaking distinctness. She mispronounced each long word. She hailed each announcement with excitement and gave her unbiased opinion of it clearly. Her cheerful little voice did not pause once during the show.

“She explained each act according to her own constructions, and her misunderstanding of the picture—it was ‘The Marriage of Kitty’—would have been amusing if I had not been tired and grouchy. She pointed out to her companion that the house-keeper was Kitty’s mother, who disapproved of the marriage, and the actress was Lord ‘Belizee’s’ finance.

“On the other side sat a cooing couple, heavily engrossed in each other. She was relating plaintively all the trouble her husband had caused her in getting her divorce and the delays she was having in getting her alimony. His heavy answers rumbled directly into my right ear. Now, what is the proper thing to do in such a case? When we pay a quarter to see a picture show, does it include the hearing of the private affairs and opinions of the people behind us? And what do such people go to a picture show for, anyway? Is there any redress from the management?”

“Move your seat—move your seat,” said the Film Fan. “Sit in the back row. When the motion-picture people get through this censor row, perhaps they’ll turn their attention to the gabbing nuisance in their own theaters.”

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“The small, five-cent theater doesn’t pay,” insists a theater owner. “Look here—I’ll tell you why. I’ve owned a five-cent show in a good neighborhood for a year. I gave just as good pictures as any ten-cent place in the city, but I couldn’t draw ‘em in with a hook to see my show. They thought it wasn’t expensive enough. People who couldn’t afford to pay more than five cents went two blocks out of their way to see a ten-cent show, for fear their neighbors would consider them cheap if they went to a five-cent show. It shows you that people’s opinions are based entirely on what they think other people think they ought to think.

“I’ve had my lesson. I’ve leased the building next door, and I’m going to make a bigger theater, show exactly the same pictures, and charge fifteen cents a throw. I’ll get ‘em—I’ll get the whole neighborhood. Make ‘em think they are paying an extra price, and they’ll crowd to your show. I’ll make ‘em pay me evrey cent they made me lose on my five-cent show.”

“I see,” said the Film Fan, “that a chap named ‘T. L.’ has written to the New York *Sun* and suggested that the motion-picture people resolve themselves into an uplift association. He complains that he has actually seen a screen actor vulgarly lick the flap of an envelope to seal it. ‘It sets a bad example for the audiences,’ says ‘T. L.,’ ‘as it is something that no one should do.’

“I have often noticed this tendency myself. I have seen a motion-picture actor lean over a table and eat with his knife, and I have seen one raise his hand to a woman, and I have observed with deep grief an actress disobey her dear parents and insist on leaving the farm for the white lights. All of these things are acts that no one should do, and I am surprised that screen people should deliberately set such a bad example to their trusting audiences. Licking the flap of an envelope, like eating with your knife, is apt to cut your lips, unless you are expert at it.”

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“Whisper,” said the Film Fan. “Did you hear the real story about the opening of the new Knickerbocker Theater? They decided to open it on Friday first, but some one in the bunch backed out—hadn’t the nerve to buck against superstition in that way; so they pushed the date forward to Saturday.

“Then some one told them that it was an old and authenticated superstition that if you moved into a house on Saturday, you’d move out in a hurry in less than a year, and they were stumped again. They’d taken the lease for a year, and they didn’t want to be hurried out. So they ordered a private view for Thursday, to take off the edge of the superstition and thereby fool the special jinx that looks after the theatrical superstitions.”

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AS WE cackle joyously at home at the pranks of our children, recalling similar pranks of our own childhood, we laugh at the film comedies. Not so much because they are funny in themselves, as because they take us out of ourselves, ease us from the restrictions that care would put upon us, and take us again to the days of our childhood, when all the world was carefree and happy.

The pranks of the film comedians amuse us because they touch our memories of days forgotten. We laugh as much because of the days when we essayed similar pranks, as for the actual comedy portrayed on the screen.

It is our privilege to laugh at the fat ones, the skinny ones, the comic ones, and the tricks they employ to produce our laughter. They thrive upon our appreciation in increased prestige and salary, and we thrive on our laughter in increased digestion and a more wholesome outlook upon life in general.

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THE COMEDY of the motion picture is in process of evolution. The slapstick and the roughhouse have had their day and played their brief part in the history of the films.

The coming comedy will be of better variety and higher standards—something like the comedies of W. W. Jacobs, whose humor, both in story and screen form, abounds in comedy situations rather than in custard-pie throws, and in subtle humor of direction instead of the kick in the stomach that has hitherto been considered the keenest form of comedy by many scenario writers.

Managers of motion-picture companies are glad to greet the better class of comedy. They realize that their audiences are entitled to clean comedy instead of the slapstick farces that have been offered in the past.



AMERICAN

### CLIFFORD CALLS AS "KIDDO."

The Kidds are blessed with Kiddo, a precocious youngster, who relieves the monotony of the Kidd home by carelessly throwing about father's loaded revolver, yanking the plumes from mother's imported hat, breaking bric-a-brac, and other fascinating indoor activities.

friends, you know," began Miss Grant in her most severe tone.

"Oh, that don't make no difference," smilingly assured the shop-girl. "Most of my customers, they like to have me call them 'dearie.'"

Miss Grant helplessly bought the gown, as an excuse to get away. So if you see her in a fetching little velvet gown on a plum shade, you will know at once that it is her "dearie" gown.



### Jimmie Thinks Moviegoers Heartless

Mrs. Hansen and her five-year old son, Jimmie, attended the movies Sunday night to see "The Lily of Poverty Flat," the final picture of which reveals a dying man. This picture impressed Jimmie considerably, and it must have set him to thinking seriously. They had attended the last performance, and everyone was

leaving the movie house at the same time, and Jimmie had walked a few blocks with his mother, when he stopped abruptly and with a sad face looked up at his mother and asked, "Didn't nobody stay to that man's funeral?"



### Snug Headquarters

A battle picture was being reeled off. Two Irishmen applauded a picture of the general.

"Phot would yez do if yez were a general?" asked one.

"Phaix," was the answer, "Oi think Oi'd make me pillow me headquarters."

### Did You Ever See a "Dearie" Gown?

Miss Valentine Grant, who starred in Olcott's Irish pictures as the little Irish lassie, saw a pretty gown in a little shop window not long ago and went in to look at it. Miss Grant is a nifty little dresser and cannot resist the lure of pretty frocks. She liked the gown, but not the salesgirl, who persisted in calling her "dearie."

"Looks elegant on you, dearie," urged the salesgirl for the fortieth time.

"That isn't necessary, you know," said Miss Grant, who can do some good work at freezing exuberance when needed.

"Oh," went on the breezy shopgirl, "don't you like to have me call you 'dearie?'"

"Well, we are not dear



AMERICAN

Kiddus, a bachelor, goes out in search of a shave, while Kidd, the proud father, seeks a haircut. Meanwhile Kiddo disappears, and Kitty Kidd sallies forth in search of him. Kiddo, fired with the zeal of adventure, comes across Kiddus's auto and climbs in under the robe in the back seat. Kiddus emerges from the barber shop as Kitty Kidd comes wailing down the street, hunting for her Kiddo. Sympathetic Kiddus tries to comfort her, and thereby incurs the hostility of Kidd, who rushes from the tonsorial parlor in a state of semi-shampoo and ferociously attacks Kiddus with his storm stick. The diplomatic Kiddus pacifies the pair, and fired with ambition to aid the charming Kitty Kidd, he starts on a hunt for Kiddo.

### Papa Must Pay for His Blessings Now

Billy was very fond of going to the movies, but his papa refused to give him the money to go as often as Billy desired. On this night Billy had teased his father so persistently that he was sent to bed after supper. His mother took him to bed and stayed with him while he said his prayers. She was inwardly amused when her little son finished his prayer in this manner: "God bless mamma, and God bless papa—when he gives me a nickel for the pitcher show. Amen."



### A Jitney Proposal

They were at the pictures. The youth, drawing a sigh from a great depth of feeling, remarked to his sweetheart, "Dearie, you are the 'star' of my life. Won't you allow me to play opposite to you until the 'reel' of life runs out?"

"Yes, my hero," she replied, "provided you promise me never to come home 'reeling,' to avoid all domestic 'scenes,' to

'screen' me from all trouble, to allow 'visions' of your former girls to 'fade' away, and to keep grinding away for me, and me only."

They clasped hands as "Good-night" was flashed.



### Excellent Foundation

A very thin girl was shown on the screen.

One girl remarked to her friend, "That actress has the foundation for a very good figure."

"Yes, indeed," was the answer. "The 'framework' is excellent."



AMERICAN

### "HANDS UP!"

Kiddo returns home after his brief runaway adventure and amuses himself by cutting up books and smashing lamps. He finds his father's revolver and holds up his frightened parents.



MITTENTHAL

LENA VIOLA BROWN.

### Miss Brown Likes Feathers

**L**ENA VIOLA BROWN, with the Mittenhal Studio at Yonkers, is an athletic girl and would rather spend her time skating, hunting or riding than in the shops. So she delegates this job to anyone she can hire, coax or bribe to do it.

"I wish we could wear feathers," she snapped disconsolately one day, after several hours spent in trying to decide which of three gowns to choose. "Now, if we could only have been provided with a nice coat of feathers, you know—black or blue or white, as we might choose—how grand it would be! Just brush down our feathers and be able to go anywhere in any kind of weather. Wouldn't that be grand?"

"It would," agreed her father, who is a great chum of Miss Brown's and who likes to be with her every spare moment. "Sure it would. But what on earth would you do, Lena, in the molting season? Wouldn't it sound rather odd if all the screen people were to call up the director on busy mornings and say, 'Sorry, but I won't be able to be down this morning; I'm molting?'"



KALEM

OLLIE KIRBY.

"Dad," said Miss Brown, "as a father you are a great success, but as a sympathizer you are not worth tuppence. And just for that, I'll take all three of the dresses."

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### The Funniest Part of It Was that He Paid the Bill

**H**ELENE ROSSON, of the American Company, keeps a comedy scrapbook of the funny things that happen around the studio.

"What's the funniest thing that has happened to you this week, Bill?" she asked a friend the other day.

The friend paused meditatively.

"Funniest thing I heard of this week was about the collector who tried to collect a bill from me yesterday," he said.

"What was funny about that?" she inquired.

"Why, he collected it," said her friend, in surprise.



AMERICAN

"The top of the morning to you," says Helene Rosson, of the American.

### "Oof! Look Out for 'Ootsie!'"

**I**F YOU drop in to pay a friendly call on Miss Ollie Kirby, leading lady for Kalem, look out for her pet. He's all over the place, and the conversation will run something like this:

"Why, hello, there! Come in. Oh, don't sit down in that chair! You'll sit on Ootsie. There, now, you scared him out! Haven't seen you for a long— Look out there! Gracious! You nearly stepped on Ootsie! Have you seen me in 'Stingerree' yet? I think it's the best thing I've— Oh, please don't lean against that cushion! You'll mash Ootsie."

You feel sure you are seeing things. You rub your eyes and blink stupidly and wonder if you have vertigo.

"Has it a regular name besides what you call it?" you ask timidly, eying it and wondering if there really is such an animal.

"It's a horned toad, silly," says Miss Kirby. "It's my mascot, and it never leaves my dressing-room."

And Ootsie blinks solemnly at you. He knows you are afraid of him.

## American Type of Comedy

Ham and Bud were christened Lloyd Hamilton and Albert Duncan. Their line is the purely American type of humor. Their teamwork began on a baseball ground years ago, when Bud, who was a Brooklyn boy, accepted an invitation to umpire a ball game. The invitation was extended because he looked easy to lick. Ham was the Big Doings on the team that rightfully called themselves "The Terrors," but he rescued Bud from the controversy that followed an adverse decision and stood off his fellow "Terrors" with a baseball bat.

Their fun never grows stale, and they possess the faculty of always keeping their audiences amused with a constant source of new tricks. This natural, unrestrained quality in their work makes it stand out as both refreshing and distinctive.

"The finest thing about the movies is that you can watch your own work," said Hamilton, in an interview for *FILM FUN*.

"We almost laugh over our own antics sometimes. Bud and I went



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MADAM DUFFY AND HER  
TRAINED ANIMALS.

to a show the other night and saw one of our own pictures, 'Rushing the Lunch Counter,' and as I thought that there were probably a million people all over the country watching the same film, I nudged Bud and I said,

"Want to go back to vaudeville, Bud?"

"Bud, he looked at a gray-haired, tired-faced woman trying to wipe the tears of mirth out of her eyes and not miss any of the reel, and said,

"Not so you could notice it! We could make a houseful laugh in the old days, but we can make 'em laugh by the millions this way.'"

"A laugh is worth more than medicine any day, you know. If we can make two laughs sprout where only one grew before, we think we have done our share."

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THE TRAINED ANIMALS QUARREL OVER LOVE AFFAIRS.

## A Fancier in Pets



FOX FILM

"I won't smile!" snapped little Jane Lee, child actress with the William Fox Company. "They won't let my baby swan sit at the table with me."

her mother had indignantly repudiated a baby elephant, a St. Bernard dog and a pet alligator, and presented her with a small baby swan, with an elongated, curving neck that would go twice around Jane's small waist and then have room to spare. The world looked bright to small Jane once more, until she discovered that her mother had most peculiar grown-up ideas on the subject of baby swans sleeping in downy white beds with little girls.

Hence the stamp and the determined expression to the mouth in the picture.



### The Gnome Village

The Fox director who directed the child cast for the Kellermann production has a few gray hairs that were not there when he began. There were one thousand children in some of the scenes, and the job of managing this bunch of frisky youngsters kept several of the company awake nights, wondering how to keep them all busy and out of mischief.

They were all Jamaican children, ranging from one to nine years old, and they were a part of the famous gnome village, a cleverly unique fantasy. The kiddies are all dressed in little brown coats and wear long white beards, after the most approved gnome fashion. The task of making them up for the rehearsals drove several to the point of nervous distraction, until they counted heads and gave ten children to each dresser for making up. In groups of ten, they managed them wisely.

**L**ITTLE Jane Lee, the clever child actress with the Fox Corporation, has considerable artistic temperament. You can see that the corners of her mouth are turned down in her picture and that she is delivering an ultimatum with arms akimbo. And she means what she says, too.

Jane is a fancier of pets. When she went to Jamaica to help make the big \$1,000,000 Annette Kellermann picture, Jane was interested in dolls; but as soon as she saw the flora and fauna of that semi-tropical island, she neglected her dolls for other pets.

Miss Kellermann took pity on little Jane when

The children who took part in the scene were drilled faithfully. They were first instructed in the mysteries of gnomehood, and then divided into groups, with a supervisor for each group. Some were assigned to be fishermen, millers, boatmen or shepherds.

The Jamaica mothers at first were a bit chary about consenting to the use of their children; but after a few days they became interested, and the paths to the studio were beaten flat with the padding of barefooted children coming to get a job as gnomes. The kiddies themselves are having the time of their lives, getting good pay for the most gorgeous spell of genuine play they ever hope to have.



### Making It Realistic

It was in Florida, where some of the film companies operate all winter, and in the cheap restaurant a fellow was telling another how some folks just stumble into good luck.

"You see," he went on, "there's my friend Sam Smithers, for example. With the town full of floaters and fellows glad to get anything to do, he is constantly hitting a day's work where another chap can't catch on at all. The other night he got two dollars for subbing for a night watchman at a garage, and when he went to breakfast, in the morning paper he saw an advertisement of men and women wanted to make up a church scene for a film company. So Sam hikes for a car and gets there early and picks up a date. But he had been up all night and was sleepy, and during the movie sermon he went to sleep and snored comfortably till it was all over. When the director gave him his two dollars, he said,

"Young man, that was a brilliant idea of yours to make believe go to sleep in church. Makes it realistic. Come around to-morrow, and I will give you steady work."



### The Real Thing in Crowds

There is no more natural picture crowd than the real crowd itself. But the difficulty was to take them. Once the camera was set up and the picture begun, the crowd would gather about, the small boys dart in and out and spoil foot after foot of good film, and perfectly good directorial tempers were irretrievably lost.

Added to that, the street crowd, under the impression that a motion picture company has money to burn, demanded a pretty good fee, just for being a crowd.

M. E. Hoffman has solved the problem. It's so simple that it is a wonder no one thought of it before. Mr. Hoffman bought a big moving van and a team of ordinary horses, accustomed to pulling a load without a murmur. The camera man was installed inside the van, and portholes made in the canvas sides of the van, through which a good picture could be taken without letting the crowd in on the joke.

Then the van was pulled up beside the curbstone, and street scenes filmed without the knowledge of anyone on the outside. It was a great idea and so good that Mr. Hoffman could not bear to keep it all to himself. So if you are thinking of staging a motion picture, all you have to do to make a start is to purchase a moving van and a pair of steeds.





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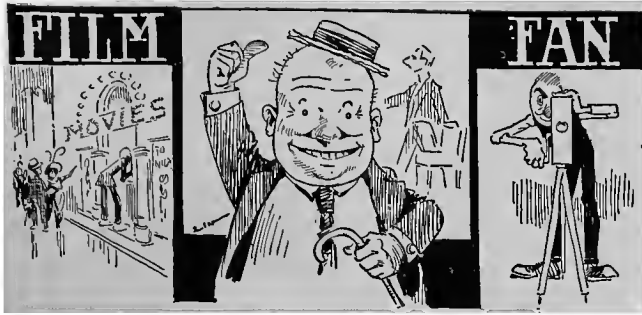
JUNE KEITH



*Tenny Munzell*

"GIMME A NICKEL FOR THE MOVIES!"





**“WELL,** I see Charlie Chaplin, after doing some clever ground and lofty tumbling about among the motion picture companies, has volplaned himself into a pleasant little job with the Mutual. Heard what he was getting? A fat little sum of \$520,000 per each and every year,” said the Film Fan.

“Stage money—stage money!” growled the Grouch.

“I’m crazy to see him in ‘Carmen,’” said the pretty Secretary.

“What’s he play—the bull?” snapped the Grouch. “Let me tell you something about this fellow Chaplin—”

“Cheer up!” grinned the Fan. “You always talk this way when you eat sausages for breakfast. Did you see that story of the priest in England, Father Watt, who, so the London papers say, declares that Chaplin is more to some people than Almighty God? He says they’ll go to see Chaplin when they refuse to go to church.”

“Ya-ah,” said the Grouch. “I see the New York police called in those pesky little disks that were passed around as Charlie Chaplin medals, too. They got to be more to some people than nickels, they looked so much like ‘em. Stage money, kid, stage money!”

“Wait a minute,” went on the Fan. “Did you know that the Chaplin pictures appear in over 31,000 theaters daily and that an average of 12,000 people daily laugh at the Chaplin antics?”

“They didn’t laugh at him much at the Hippodrome that night he appeared there to conduct the orchestra,” said the Grouch. “I never saw Chaplin in my life until that night—never saw a Chaplin picture—but I would not have said he was anything to rave about. He was awkward, shy, ill at ease—he admits it. He looked like a boy trying to recite his first piece at the Friday afternoon exercises at school.”

“That was because he did not have his Chaplin make-up on. As Chaplin, the man, he probably would never interest anybody,” insisted the Fan; “but let him get on his Chaplin trousers and big shoes and his quaint kick, and he becomes Chaplin, the entertainer—the mime.”

“Yah,” sneered the Grouch. “I was coming along the street the other day when they were towing him into the office to sign that contract they talked about. There was a crowd gathered, and he refused to pass through it—refused to go in and sign the contract unless they’d shoo the bunch away.”

“Shyness,” suggested the Fan.

“Shyness, your grandmother!” growled the Grouch. “He didn’t propose to let people see him for nothing, when he could make them pay for the privilege. Everybody that has worked with him says he is

the most difficult man to work with they have ever experienced. Maybe it’s shyness, and maybe it’s temperament, and then, again, maybe it’s something else.”

“You are prejudiced,” said the Fan. “Now, listen. Chaplin is a serious-minded young chap, and just because he does not believe in squandering his money and making a bally ass out of himself in the cafes and along the white lights, you fellows jump on him. Be his vogue long or be it short, it will stand as the greatest vogue any actor has ever known. Did you read that story about him in *Blackwood’s Magazine*? Listen while I read an extract:

“‘But what,’ inquired that earnest seeker after knowledge, Mr. Waddell, ‘is the general attitude of the country at large upon this grave question?’

“Captain Wagstaffe chuckled.

“‘The dear old country at large,’ he replied, ‘is its dear old self, as usual. The one topic of conversation at present is—Charlie Chaplin.’

“‘Who is Charlie Chaplin?’ inquired several voices.

“Wagstaffe shook his head.

“‘I haven’t the faintest idea,’ he said. ‘All I know is that you can’t go anywhere in London without running up against him. He is It. The mention of his name in a revue is greeted with thunders of applause.’

“‘But who is he?’

“‘That I can’t tell you. I made several attempts to find out; but whenever I asked the question, people simply stared at me in amazement. I felt quite ashamed; it was plain that I ought to have known. I have a vague idea that he is some tremendous new boss whom the government has appointed to make shells or something. Anyhow, the great British nation is far too much engrossed with Charles to worry about a little thing like conscription. Still, I should like to know. I feel I have been rather unpatriotic about it all.’

“‘I can tell you,’ said Bobby Little. ‘My servant is a great admirer of his. He is the latest cinema star. Falls off roofs and gets run over by motors’—

“‘And keeps the police at bay with a fire hose,’ added Wagstaffe. ‘That’s him! I know the type. Thank you, Bobby!’

“Major Kemp put down his glass with a gentle sigh and rose to go.

“‘We are a great nation,’ he remarked contentedly. ‘I was a bit anxious about things at home, but I see now there was nothing to worry about. We shall win, all right. Well, I am off to the mess. See you later, everybody!’”

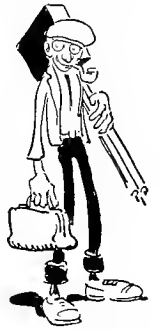
“That’s no proof,” grunted the Grouch. And, anyway, Roscoe Arbuckle was right when he said the worst thing that can happen to any actor is to arrive.”

“You go into any theater, and when the announcement is made of a Chaplin picture,” said the Film Fan, “everybody will sigh as happily as the small boy who has just found out that there is to be ice cream for dessert.”

“And you can go into the next theater and watch them get up and leave,” grinned the Grouch triumphantly. “Fellow told me last night everybody groaned when they read it, and half of them got up and left.”

“It’s the box-office receipts that talk,” said the Film Fan.

“Stage money, kid!” muttered the Grouch. “Stage money!”



## FATTY OFF GUARD

By ELIZABETH SEARS

**L**ET'S GO 'round to the office," said Roscoe Arbuckle. "We are not rehearsing to-day, so there is nothing doing here."

He had been standing in the huge studio, with its roof of glass, watching workmen make a set and rapidly paper two walls with a vivid pink hanging. At the entrance there was bunched an eager group of men and women, hoping against hope that they would have an opportunity to speak to him and get in the cast.

When you see his jolly grin facing you from a picture or the covers of a magazine, you are minded to say, "Hey, there's Fatty!" Somehow you have no inclination to call him "Fatty" when you come face to face with him in the flesh. True, if he were not fat, he might not be so funny; but there are brains there as well as bulk. And Arbuckle has not been idle all these years that he has been in motion pictures. He has been thinking out his plans and dreaming his dreams, and now he has an opportunity to put them on the screen and see how they pan out. He has passed the acrobatic stage and the business of flapping his hands against his sides, as the symbols of fun.



KEYSTONE

Mabel gets into difficulty with her new gown and coaxes Fatty to fasten it.



KEYSTONE

"Turn about is fair play," says Roscoe Arbuckle, in his new role as the jealous doctor. "I hooked your gown—you tie my necktie."



"You are breaking away from the slapstick stuff," commented some one from the far gloom of the room. "How'll Mack Sennett like that, huh? Sennett's main idea of humor seems to be one grand slam of kaleidoscopic action that tires the eye and leaves no one strong point in the memory."

Mr. Arbuckle continued to watch himself on the screen diving under the bed for a collar button.

"Well," he said calmly, "Mr. Sennett trusted me to come to New York and put on these plays. He knows what my ideas are along the newer lines of screen comedy."



It may be that Sennett has noted the trend and begun to moderate his inordinate frenzy of acrobatic falls and tumbles and violent and unnecessary smashes through breakfast rooms, with the unvarying accompaniment of broken china and ceilings.

"What's the worst thing that can happen to an actor?" I asked, apropos of the remarkable tumble down the stairs of the doctor in search of the burglar. Mr. Arbuckle handed me the answer slap off the shoulder.

"To arrive," he said promptly.

"I thought that was what they all desired more than anything else," I said, in surprise.

"They do," he replied; "but the trouble is, once they arrive, there isn't much to do but to leave again. When they are climbing up, the public applauds and says, 'That chap is coming right along—doing better every day.' But once the actor is heralded as an absolute arrival, the public begins to criticise and pick flaws and expect him to better his own standard, and it is a tremendous strain. He simply is forced to keep ahead of the public's opinion and to spring something newer and better every season. The man or woman who can survive an 'arrival' is a star of the greatest magnitude."

There's a bit of thought for you. We mulled it over and watched the picture silently, until Mr. Arbuckle began to chuckle over a scene.

"We had an awful scrap over that," he said. "You see, sometimes some of us disagree on an essential point of the production, and we stop the picture and thrash it out right there. Miss Normand is a very charming little lady, but she has a mind of her own, all the same, and we had some argument over that. My idea was to mystify the audience right there—not let 'em have an inkling of why Mabel gets her visitor into her room there, until they see the burglar hauled out from under the bed."



I noticed that it was his part of the idea that got over, though.

"That's a good bit," commented some one in the group, when the screen flashed the picture of the armchair before the fireplace. Mr. Arbuckle smiled happily.

"That's what I meant when I said that we need not rob the picture of scenic beauty to get humor into it. Clean comedy, with an artistic background, not merely hysterical laughter and situations."

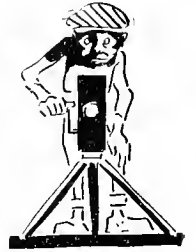
"Think the public wants that kind of comedy?" queried one of the visitors. "I don't believe the public wants to get its laughs mixed up with its thoughts, do you?"

"I'm banking on it," said Arbuckle confidently, "although older and more experienced men than I am have failed to grasp

the way of the public and what it will do at a given period. I believe in the comedy that makes you think, and I believe that the time has come to put it on—and that is what I am going to do."

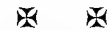
We stood a moment in the doorway, when the picture and the interview were over, and watched the little file of actors and actresses in the yard, who had been informed that there would be no use in waiting.

"I'd like to go out to the car with you," said Mr. Arbuckle, nervously glancing out of the window at the group; "but if I go out there and they see me, they'll all ask me for a job—and I haven't a thing to offer them." His blue eyes looked concerned with a boyish sentiment as he bent them on us. "I—I sort of hate to turn them down," he said deprecatingly.



You see, responsibility takes the laugh out of you sometimes. And although Roscoe Arbuckle loves to see his public laugh, it takes the smile off his own face when he must in any way distress even a small proportion of it.

"Miss Normand has a longing to play drama on the stage," he said, as he bade us good-by; "but I don't believe there is any finer mission on earth than just to make people laugh, do you?"



## Two-minute Interviews With the Stars

"There's one thing about the motion picture stuff," mused George Beban, when the Two-minute Interviewer arrived. "It's never dull. Only I don't care for the zoo parts. I didn't mind the old turkey gobbler in a farm scene, who took exceptions to a red handkerchief I waved and did the turkey trot after me in two-four time. If there's anything that looks as harmless and funny as a turkey gobbler and can do such good work in the ring, I haven't run across it.

"Then there was the dog that played one scene with me. We played about 150 feet of thrilling film with this creature swinging from my left knee. The dog held on by his teeth. I held on by main strength. It made a good film, but a rotten knee.

"And there was the lamb. Have you heard the story of the lamb? This was Georgie's lamb. It cuddled up in my arm and winked at papa lamb, who had remained quiescently in the offing until he caught the wink. Papa lamb's butting average broke the record during the next five minutes. He was a fond father and a persistent sheep, and I gave him the game without the aid of the umpire.

"Then there was the"—

"Time's up," announced the Two-minute Interviewer.

"Wait a minute," urged Beban. "I want to tell you about the"—

"Next time," firmly remarked the Two-minute Interviewer. "Time's up."



The English film fans have nicknamed Helen Gibson the "nervy flapper." Helen felt offended at the news, until it was explained to her that "flapper" is English for the American "chicken," or, in plain, ordinary words, a more than likeable young woman.







