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M—m—m—m! A Peach!!



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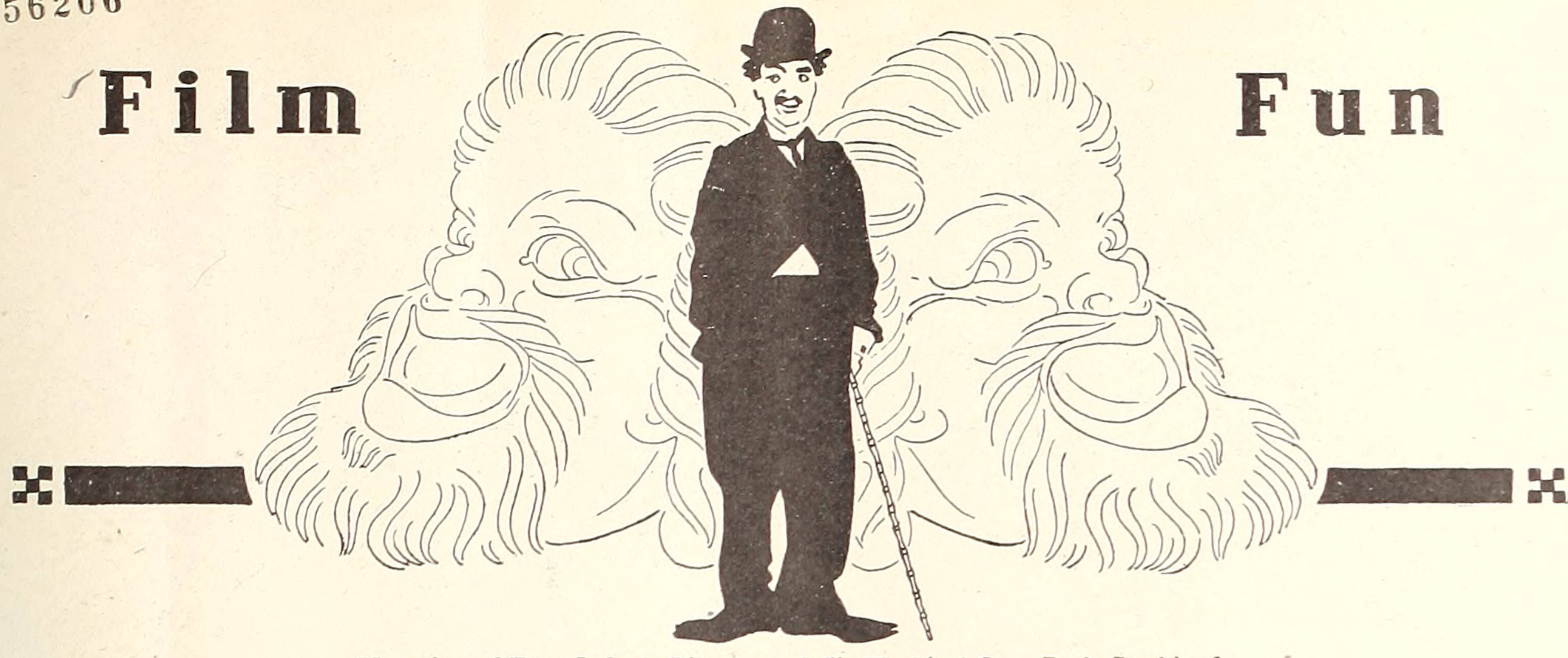


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Film

Fun



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# E D I T O R I A L S

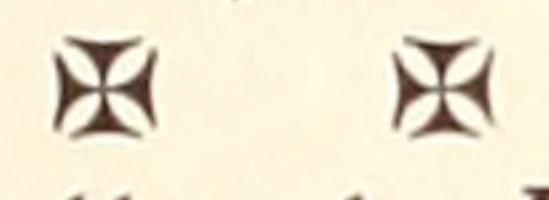
## The Dialogue Disturbed Him

AN INVETERATE theater-goer, who has been a regular attendant at the first nights for years, went to a widely advertised play recently. He paid \$2.50 for each one of the two seats he bought. He invited a friend to occupy one of the seats. And at the end of the second act he turned to his companion and said:

"Too much dialogue. Come on. Let's go to a motion picture."

Too much dialogue is tiresome, even in the best stage drama. One of the restful points of the silent drama is the fact that we need not strain our ears to catch the dialogue. If we miss the spoken lines here and there, the play becomes a puzzle for the missing word, and our enjoyment is marred.

Not so the motion picture. If the play is well screened and the leaders efficiently climaxed, the story is told.



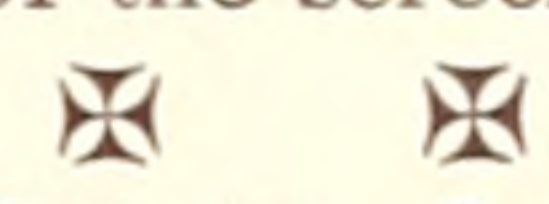
## It's Better to Laugh

THERE is plenty of humor in life—wholesome humor that lightens the day's burdens, as a snappy, sparkling wood fire warms a chilly room on a rainy day.

Few of us get any more than our share of joys or glooms. The point is that we dwell upon the pin points of trouble and fail to take cognizance of the mirth that should keep the joy of life alight in our hearts.

We train our troubles to sink in. We gloat over them and encourage them by seeing gloomy plays and pictures. But we let our happiness slide easily from our grasp. There is plenty of fun in life—and in motion pictures. Honestly, just between you and me and the gate post, isn't it foolish to sit with tense throat and gripping hands while an alleged vampire woman vamps viciously and without reason, when you might be sitting comfortably and doing a good turn to that

good friend, your liver, by releasing a genuine laugh at Chaplin or Fatty or Mabel Normand or Sidney Drew or all the other comedy men and women of the screens?



## As Others See Us

PRESIDENT WILSON, in his speech before the Motion Picture Board of Trade, deplored the figure that he claimed the camera made of him. He felt that, while he was really "a decent sort of fellow," the camera of the motion pictures often "sent him to bed very unhappy," because of the grimaces, the peculiar walk and the awkward gestures of which he had previously been unaware.

He seemed inclined to blame the camera.

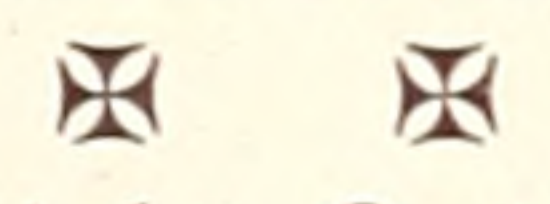
Yet the photograph is unflatteringly truthful at times. If one grimaces or walks ungracefully, the camera records the unvarnished truth. The motion picture shadow is not wont to be polished into a polite verisimilitude, as the finished photograph frequently is.

The screen people, knowing this, practice the art of being graceful before their mirrors before they attempt the test of the screen.

There was a Scotsman, who plowed for a living and wrote poetry for a pastime, who gave us a line or two about that:

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,  
To see ourselves as others see us!"

Still, it is highly probable that the plowman-poet Burns might not have been any more pleased if the powers had granted him the request than is President Wilson.



## Light Out!

Kriss—Did the scenario writer think himself a literary light?  
Kross—Yes, until the editor turned him down and put him out.





WORLD FILM

Anna Q. Nilsson gazed into the crystal while rehearsing for "To Him Who Hath," and from a part of the scenario business, it has become a fad with her. Her friends claim that she sees wonderful pictures in the magic circle.

### Screen Doubles

THEY say a photograph never fabricates; but you would never think, to look at these two pages, that the two charming screen actresses here shown are often taken for each other.

Anna Nilsson and Hazel Dawn really do look so much alike that they fool their closest friends. It chanced that both were in Florida recently, Miss Nilsson rehearsing a picture for the World Film Corporation, and Miss Dawn working in "My Lady Incog," under the direction of Sidney Alcott. Miss Nilsson was walking across one of the broad porches of the hotel when she saw Hazel Dawn coming toward her. They stopped and looked at each other. Then they held out their hands.

"I know you must be Hazel Dawn," began Miss Nilsson.

"Oh, Miss Nilsson," said Miss Dawn, "did anyone ever tell you that you look like me?"

"They call me Hazel Dawn half the time," went on Miss Nilsson. And they stopped and looked curiously at each other again.

"This will never do," laughed Miss Dawn. "Come right along with me and have a cup of tea, and we'll talk it all over."

"I never knew Miss Dawn had a sister," said an actor in the Famous Players company; when he saw the two girls excitedly chattering at a tea table.

"That isn't Miss Dawn," said a member of the World company. "That's Anna Nilsson and her sister."

The Nilsson-Dawn combination was too much for the Florida people, and the two girls found the resemblance a means of a series of confusions that was awkward as often as it was funny. They do not look so much alike in character parts; but dress them in evening gowns and do their hair after the same general plans and specifications, and you'd never know them apart.

### Those Chaplin Boys

When Shakespeare's actors filled the stage,  
The solemn style was all the rage,  
And no one dared to laugh those days; it wasn't quite the caper.  
About that time each Chaplin kid,  
With Charlie first, then little Syd,  
Were scaring teacher with a mouse wrapped up in tissue paper.

When Comedy came romping in,  
It hardly got a life-size grin;  
You couldn't get a laugh those days by falling down a sewer.  
But now—well, now those Chaplin boys  
Have killed the Glooms, revived the Joys,  
And all the world sits up and laughs and keeps on growing newer.

The man who brings a joyous smile  
Upon a face that needs a file  
Ere it can pass the censor board belongs among the Who's-its;  
He gets the L. A. F. degree,  
And that is why this comes from me—  
I'd rather be a Chaplin than the king of Massachusetts!

✠ ✠

—Miles Overholt.

### A Pair of Spectacles

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

Said one, "Phaix, if thim two drink much more, they won't be in condition for the nixt scene."

"Thot's all roight," was the answer. "They be hoving a number of glasses, and in the nixt scene they will appear as a pair of spectacles."

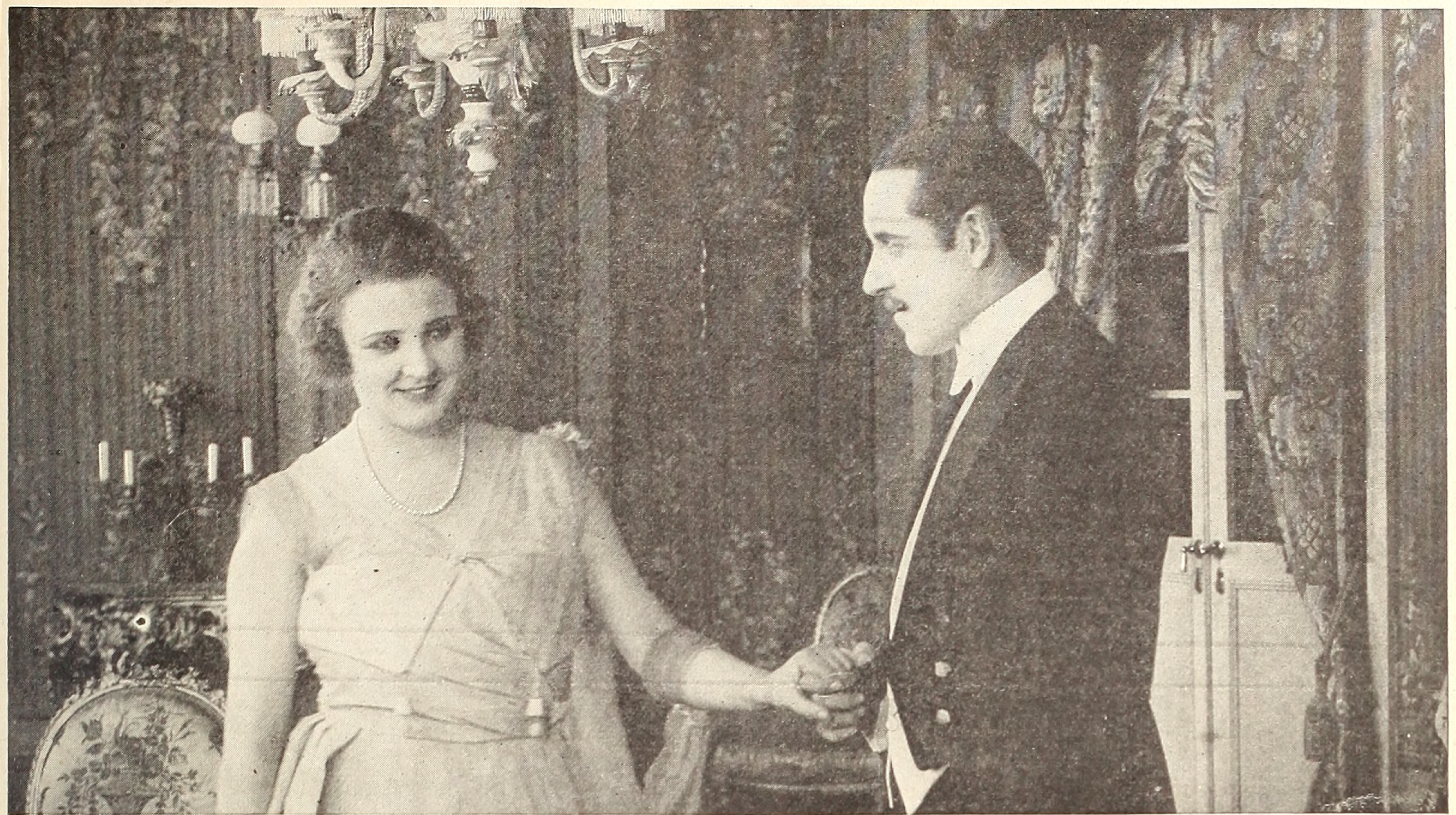
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### They Had One Like That at Home

An observing girl of six sat at the picture show, deeply interested in the episode of "The Outer Edge." Just as the villain slammed the door in his wife's face, the little voice piped up, to be heard all over the silent theater:

"Why, he's even worse than our husband, isn't he, mother?"





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.



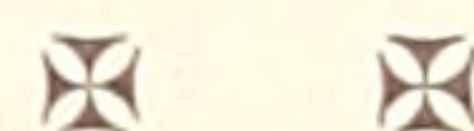
## Their Armament

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

*Usher* (at the movies)—Do you want a single seat?

*Casey*—Yis. Oi'm not so big thot Oi need a double wan.



## SILHOUETTE FANTASIES



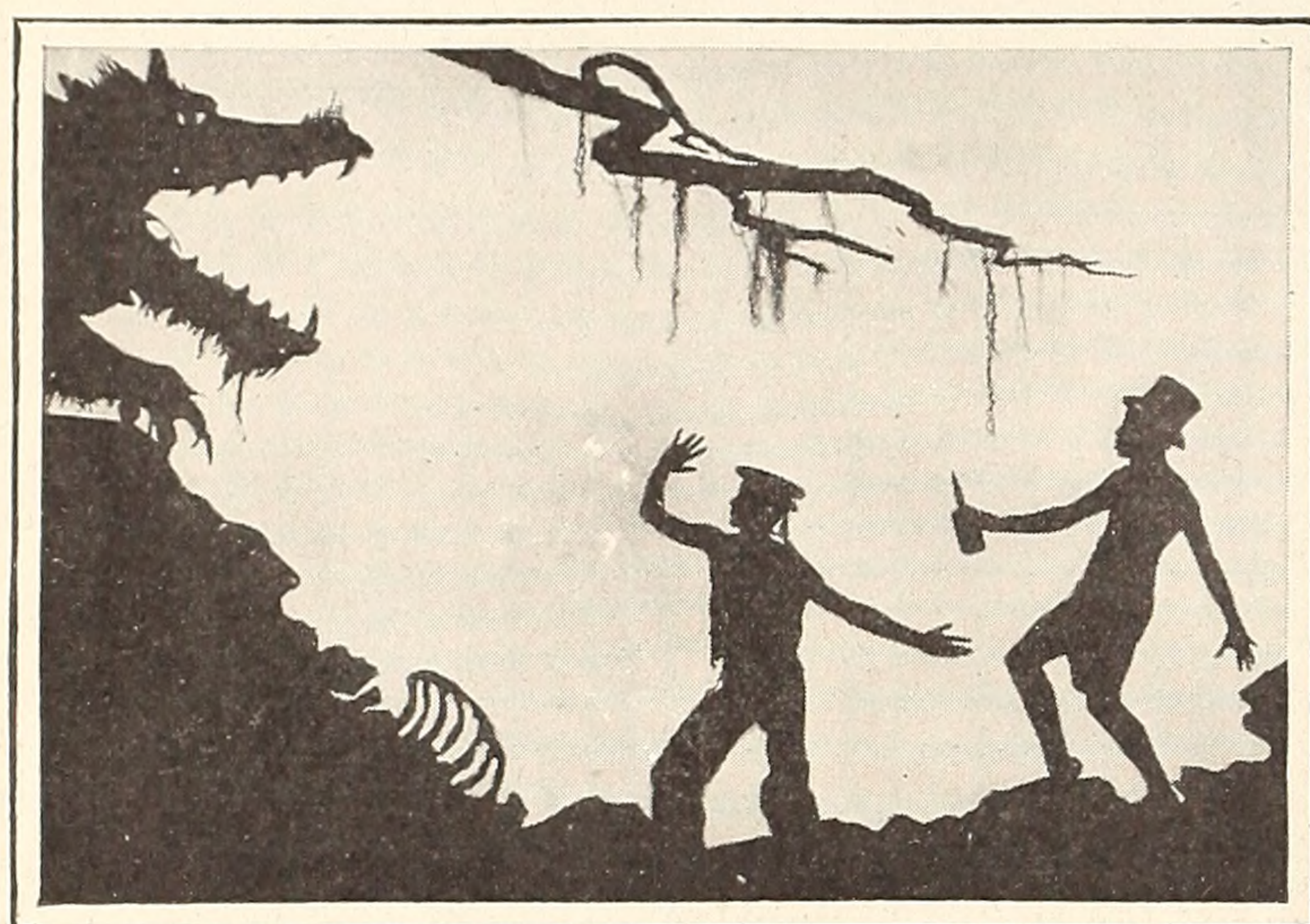
BRAY-GILBERT STUDIOS-PARAMOUNT

The geni of the wishing ring appears in answer to Inbad's command.



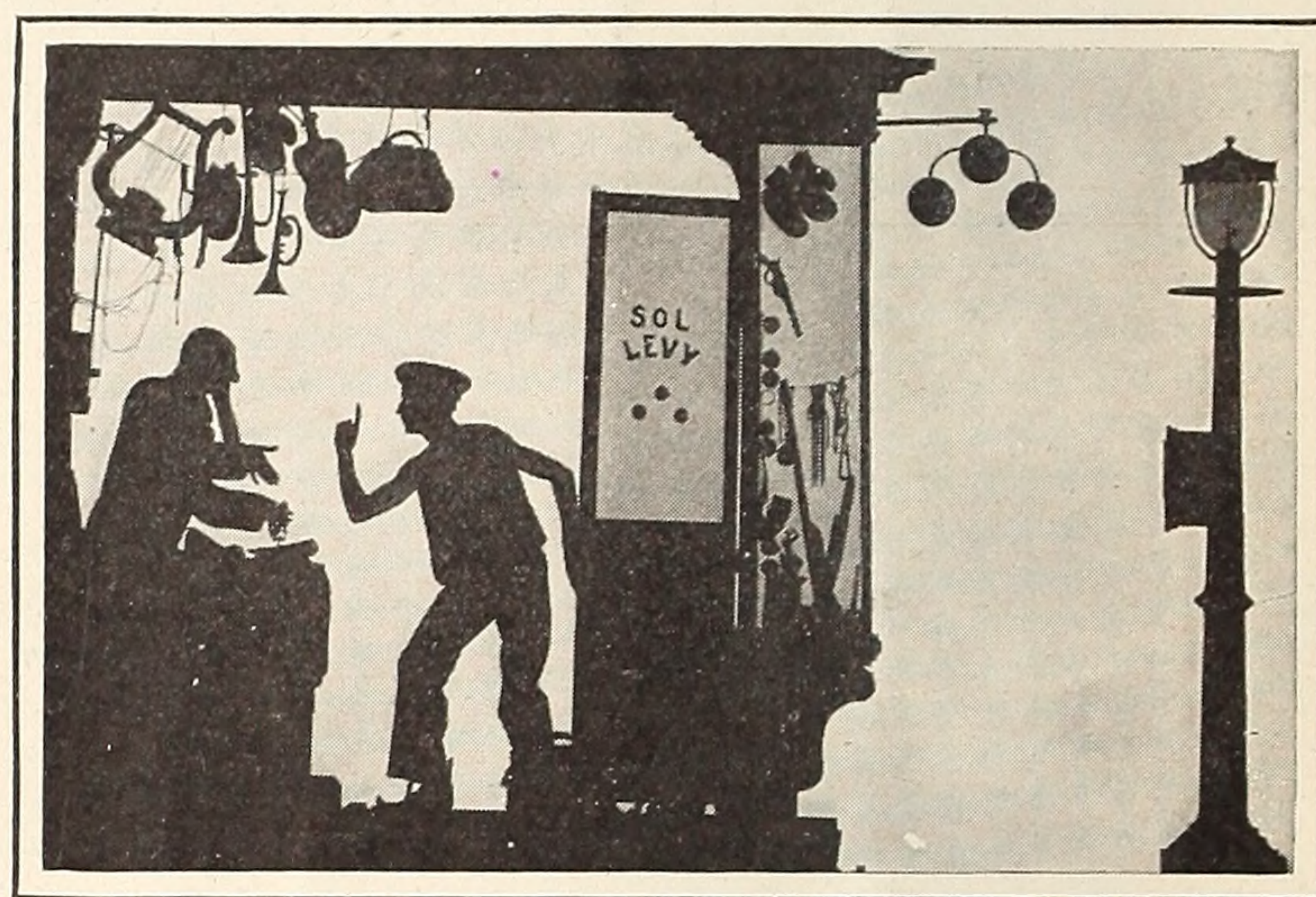
BRAY-GILBERT STUDIOS-PARAMOUNT

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 have been evolving for some six or seven months and which have been released only within the past month or two.

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.

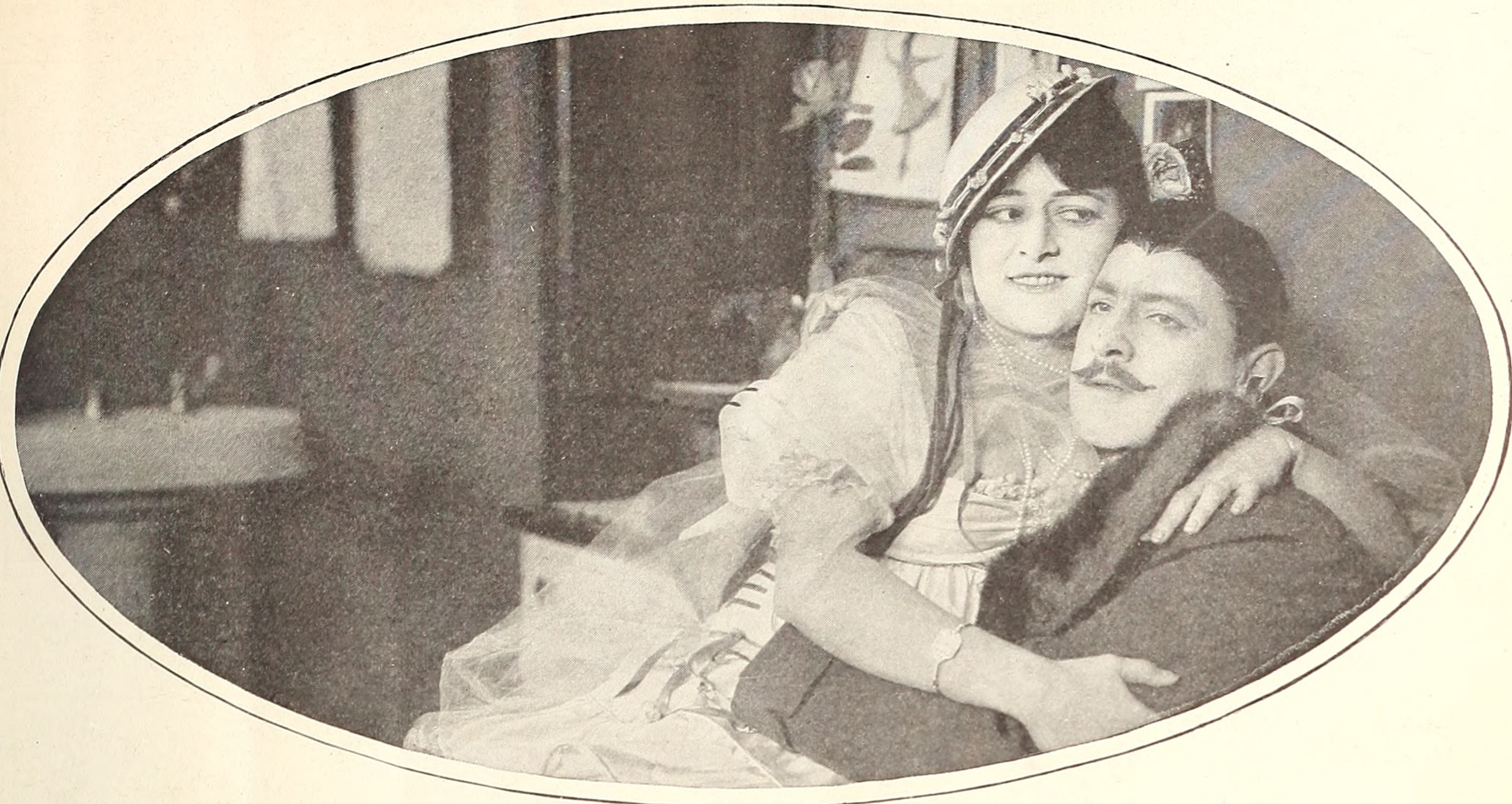
Inbad, the Sailor, is wrecked on a desert isle. Aside from his baggage, which consists of one ardent bottle of tabasco sauce, his only companion is a shivering monkey. Just in time to properly climax one's wakening imagination, the chest containing the ring of the geni is discovered. And then you forget 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.





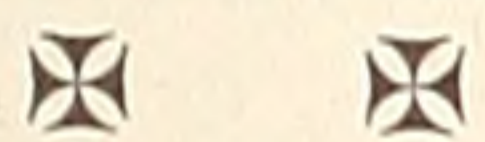
FAMOUS PLAYERS

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

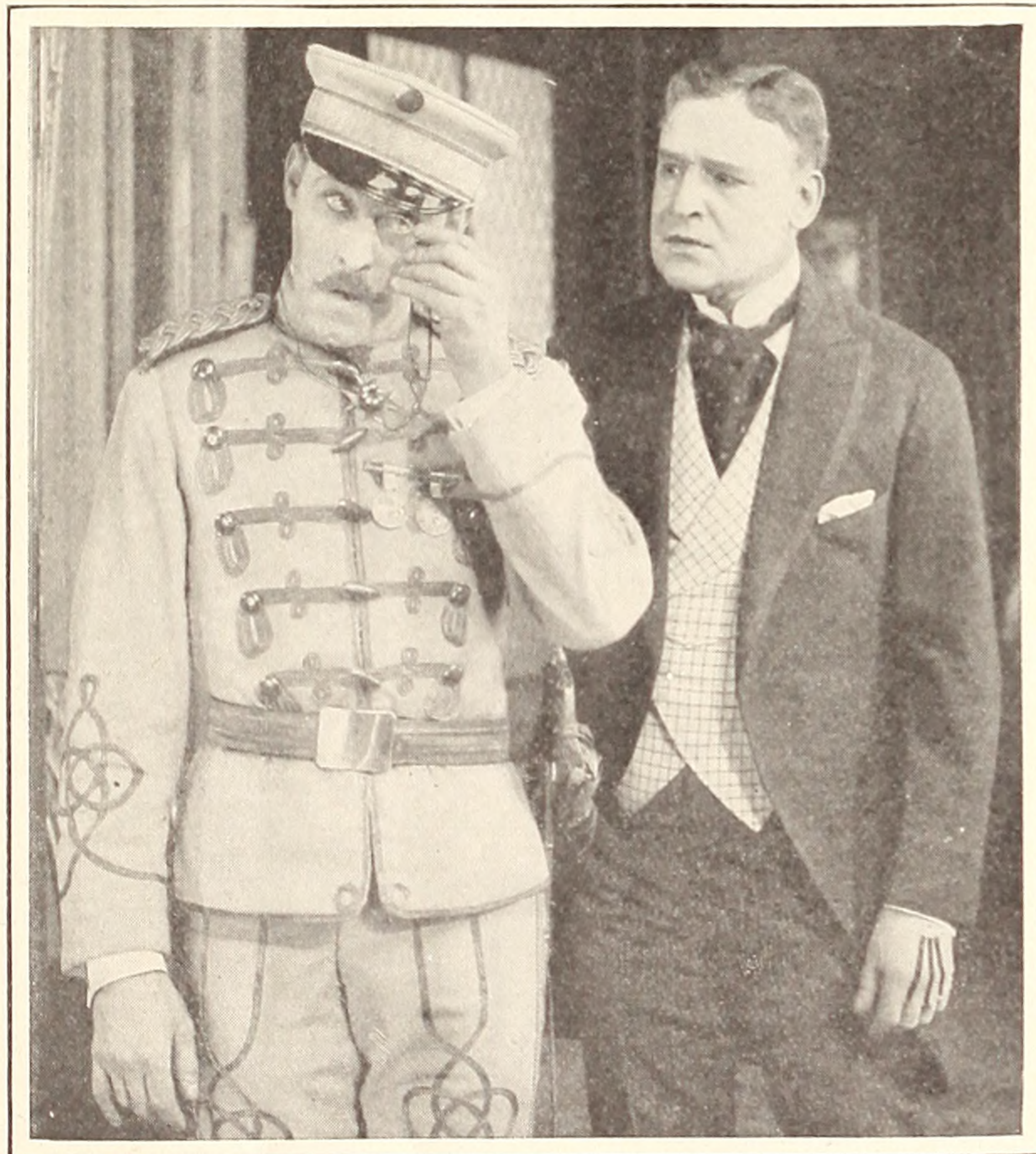
"YOU SEE," says Jack Barrymore, setting a row of liniment bottles in handy array on his dressing table, "it was this way: I open the picture sedately by sliding on my trunk into the stateroom of a perfect stranger in a storm at sea. They promised to pad the floor with mattresses to break my fall; but 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 good-bye, 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.



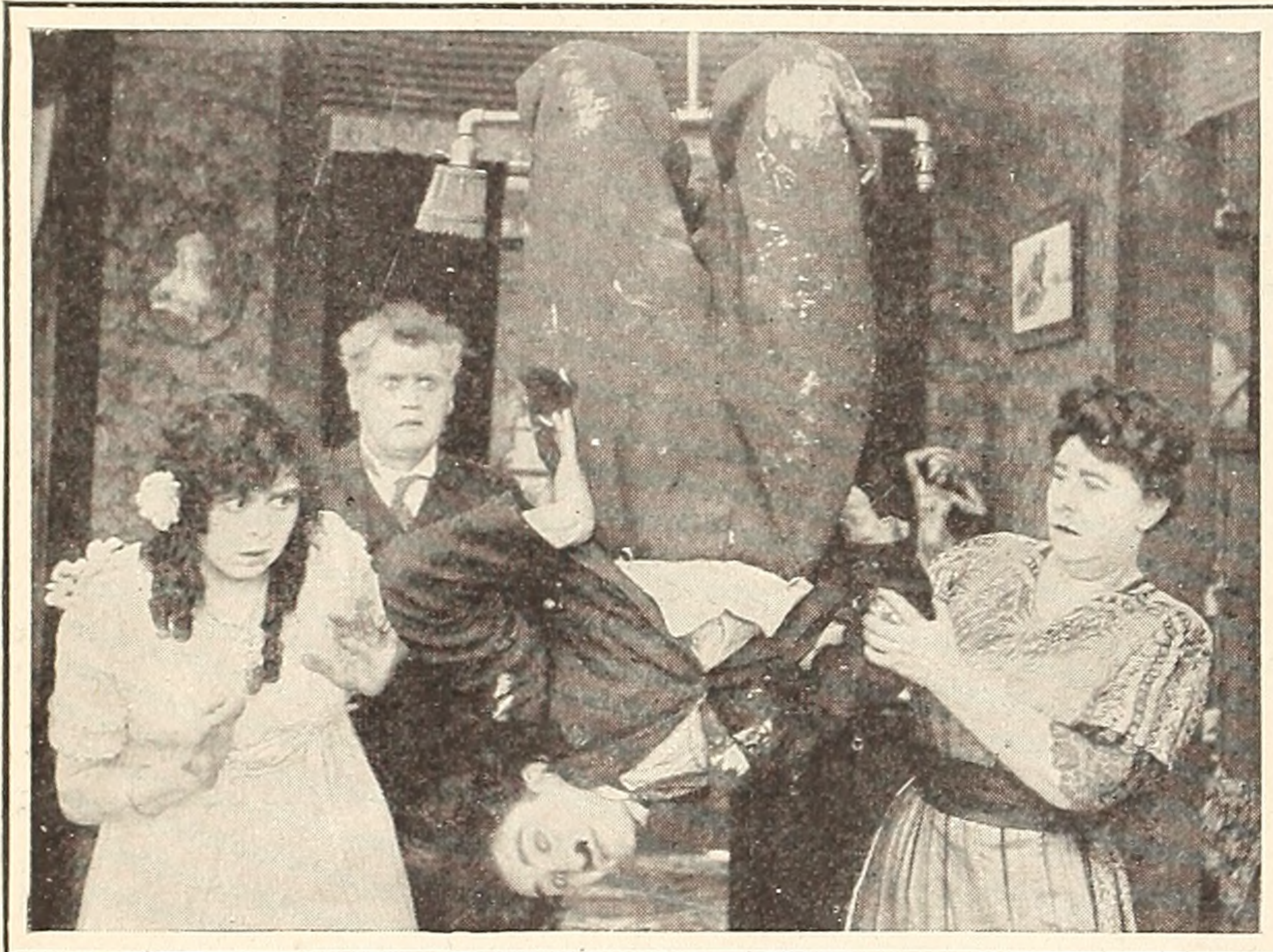


VOGUE FILMS, INC.

Dottie mixes her envelopes, and Sammy gets the letter intended for the famous Charlie.

### Sammy's Scandalous Schemes

**H**ERE we have Sammy Burns and Dot Farley in a Vogue comedy that does not leave one many idle moments for reflection, what with the laughs they hand out and the climaxes that come along so rapidly that it is about all one can do to draw a short breath between chuckles.



VOGUE FILMS, INC.

Sammy, disguised as Charlie, tries one of his famous parlor tricks.

The imitators of the redoubtable Chaplin have been many, but this is an imitation of an imitation that gets across in a lively fashion.

Sammy Burns, who plays himself, doubling with Charlie, is violently but reasonably in love with Dottie, who gives a chance for a punch in the scenario by falling unreasonably in love with the film fun-maker, famous Charlie. Sammy discovers the state of affairs one evening when he calls, is informed by her mother that the dear child has gone to the motion picture show.

Sammy beats it for the motion picture show. He finds dear Dottie striking a lovelorn attitude in front of the posters of her heart's idol. Dottie is consumed with a foolish passion for the curly locks, the big feet and the solemn face of the world's film idol—and Sammy knows it. But Sammy is not discouraged.

Dottie goes the limit with her pen. She invites the famous Charlie to call the next evening and dine with the family. She has the letter-writing habit by this time and indites a few sad lines to poor old Sammy, informing him that all is over and henceforth they must meet as strangers.

You know how it is—she gets the right letters in the wrong envelopes. Thus, logically and in good order, Sammy gets the letter intended for Charlie and makes the most of it. Sammy has clever notions, and he plans one of his scandalous schemes.

When he sallies forth once more, he looks enough like Charlie to be his twin. He gets ovations all along the line, so it is no wonder that foolish Dottie goes into ecstasies over her



VOGUE FILMS, INC.

Charlie is invited to dinner, but his table manners leave much to be desired.

renowned caller when he skips in, twirls his hat and throws his cane in the air. He opens the entertainment by doing his favorite parlor trick—hanging from the chandelier.

Parlor tricks that are a scream on the stage may sometimes crowd the furniture and tire the eye in the living-room.

Dottie begins to doubt the wisdom of her own choice.

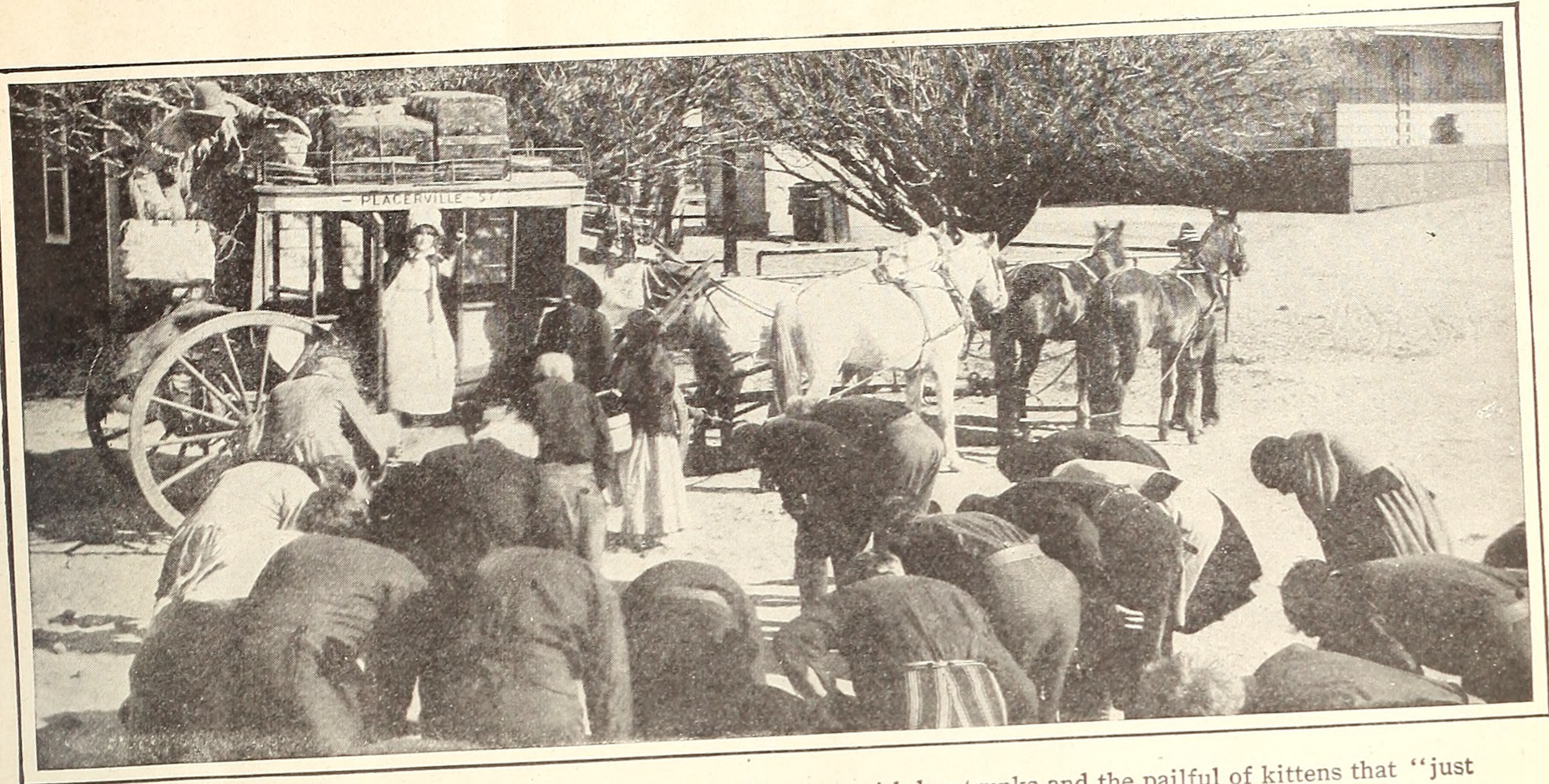
The pseudo-Charlie disports himself with considerable energy and ends his visit with a farewell acrobatic stunt on the chandelier that buries father, mother and Dottie beneath a pile of parlor plaster. Charlie is seen to wink violently as he leaves. A short time after Sammy decorously appears for his usual evening call and hears the whole terrible story from Dottie's feverish lips. With an undisguised grin of triumph he gathers the disgusted girl into his willing arms and takes the spotlight in the stage of her affections.



VOGUE FILMS, INC.

Father and mother are not so keen for the visitor's antics. Dottie regrets her invitation to Charlie.





LASKY-PARAMOUNT PLAYS

Fanny Ward, as Tennessee, in "Tennessee's Partner," arrives with her trunks and the pailful of kittens that "just couldn't be left behind," at Sandy Bar, to see her mine. The miners are determined to "greet her proper." The play, adapted by Marion Fairfax from Bret Harte's story, has many comedy bits that relieve the sombreness of the grim tragedy.



LASKY-PARAMOUNT PLAYS

TENNESSEE GIVES A TOAST TO THE DELIGHTED MINERS.





RAVER FILM

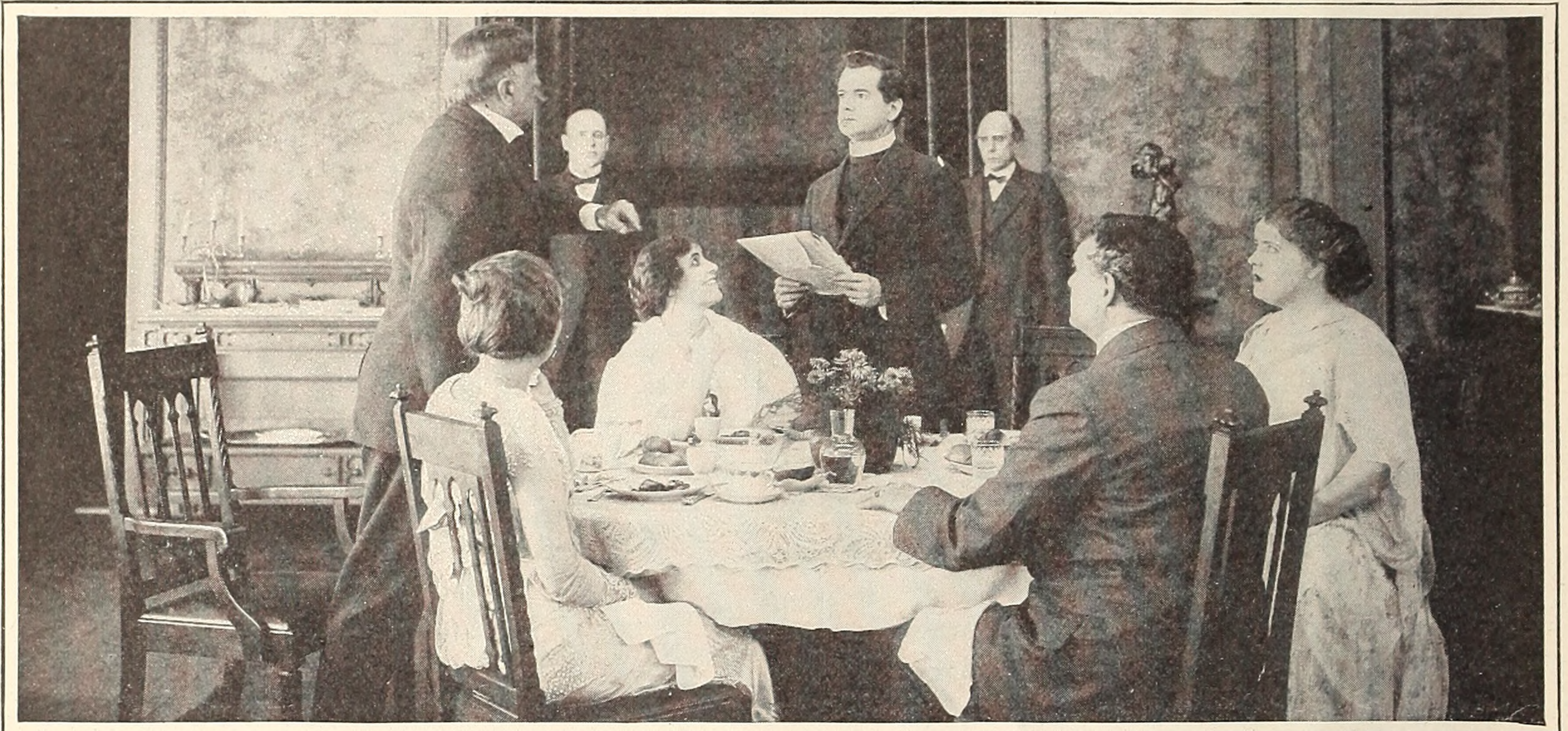
The Rev. Clifton Bradford unwittingly dines with a prize fighter and an actress and finds them exceedingly interesting company.

Rev. Clifton Bradford, who wants a wrestling partner. He meets the pugilist and takes a liking to him. He thinks he is a trainer and takes him on. If you care for such things, there is a pretty scene or two on the lawn, where the minister and his new friend give you several of the latest blows in pugilistic circles, while the neighborhood kiddies look on in glee.

The pugilist has a friend who is an actress. He introduces her to the minister with several registers of pride. The minister innocently invites them to dinner, and a reporter sees a big story in a preacher consorting in public with a prize fighter and a vaudeville actress.

It is funny, isn't it? But it isn't so convulsingly funny next day, when the story is in the papers.

There is an elopement; a smash-up, in which Reginald Lumley, the society fop, in love with the actress, gets considerably shaken up, but not too much so to try to flirt with a pretty nurse in the hospital; and finally the loving couples get sorted out in pairs, much to their satisfaction.



RAVER FILM

The minister (Paul Gilmore) is shocked when he reads the story in a morning paper. The reporter assures him it is true. James J. Corbett plays the pugilist, and William Muldoon plays himself.

### "Gentleman Jim" Corbett

THE PLAY is "The Other Girl," written by Augustus Thomas and directed by Percy Winter. The scenario is by George D. Proctor. And now having satisfied the ethics of the occasion by giving credit to all to whom credit is due in the foundation of the picture, we will pass on to the real "big noise" of the play. Opinions differ as to the "big noise." Some will tell you that it is William Muldoon—the only Muldoon—the man who isn't afraid to make a multi-millionaire get up out of a warm bed at five of a cold morning and chop wood and do other seasonable stunts. He plays William Muldoon. Others would vote for James J. Corbett, who plays Ted Garvey, the pugilist. And still others would delicately hint that Paul Gilmore, who plays the minister, should come in for a little glory.

Be that as it may, decide the matter for yourself. As against three such stars, who is to say?

The story? It is a good, clean story, with enough comedy to keep it going with plenty of ginger. Here is a minister, the



RAVER FILM

Reginald Lumley flirts with the nurse in the hospital.





EQUITABLE

Gail Kane, in her new picture, "Her God," seems to be gazing mystically into the far space, occupied with wonderful thoughts. She is occupied with frantic guesses as to how soon that Indian stain is going to wear off and allow her to return to New York.

### The Stain That Won't Come Off

*Characters:* Gail Kane and Friend Chemist.

*Scene:* A desert in New Mexico.

EPISODE I. Gail Kane calls upon the good spirits of the desert for a stain that won't melt in the fiercely hot sun.

EPISODE II. Friend Chemist suggests a remedy, a weak solution of nitrate of silver, which proves effective. Friend Chemist crosses his heart and hopes to die that the stuff will last all through the four weeks' rehearsals without a re-application.

EPISODE III. Business of Miss Kane registering joy and delight. Elegant fast-brown shade admired in Indian circles.

EPISODE IV. *Four Weeks Later.* Fast dye and a slow fade-out. Business of frantic scrubbing, tears and lamentations.

EPISODE V. Company departs from desert. Miss Kane, with beautiful, smooth brown Indian tinting, must remain behind. Indian chief proposes marriage. Miss Kane orders consignment of lemons for cosmetics and retires tearfully from circulation. Chemist publicly offers to commit suicide, but secretly delighted at success of his ruse to detain Miss Kane in the community a few weeks longer.

EPISODE VI. Vision of Miss Kane in desert, gazing raptly after the train bearing her company back to civilization. Strong, vital thoughts, too strong for screen.





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.

The Kellermann picture will be completed along about next April, although they have been working on it since August.

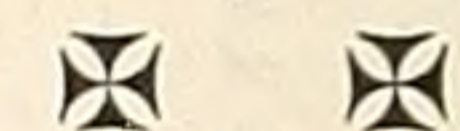


### Making It Realistic

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.





## Few Treats in Screen Work

Her new activities for the screen reveal that Anna Held, the French comedienne, who is playing in Paramount Pictures, holds above all other enjoyments two daily pleasures that she is forced to forego while appearing before the camera for the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company in Los Angeles.

These daily treats are late sleeping and an elaborate luncheon. And both are denied her, for they do not count in the success of a picture play. They are the two chief factors to be avoided.



### A Clever Cartoonist

Harry Palmer, the cartoonist, may be said to have a fatherly interest in the making of "Ham and Eggs," a Casino Star Comedy released by the Mutual, since he wrote it. There is a great deal of trick photography in the picture, and Mr. Palmer worked from seven o'clock one evening until one the next morning making fifteen feet of film. This will take just fifteen seconds when shown on the screen. It shows the moon laughing at "Budd" Ross, the comedian, as he paints the sign "Ham and Eggs" all over town.

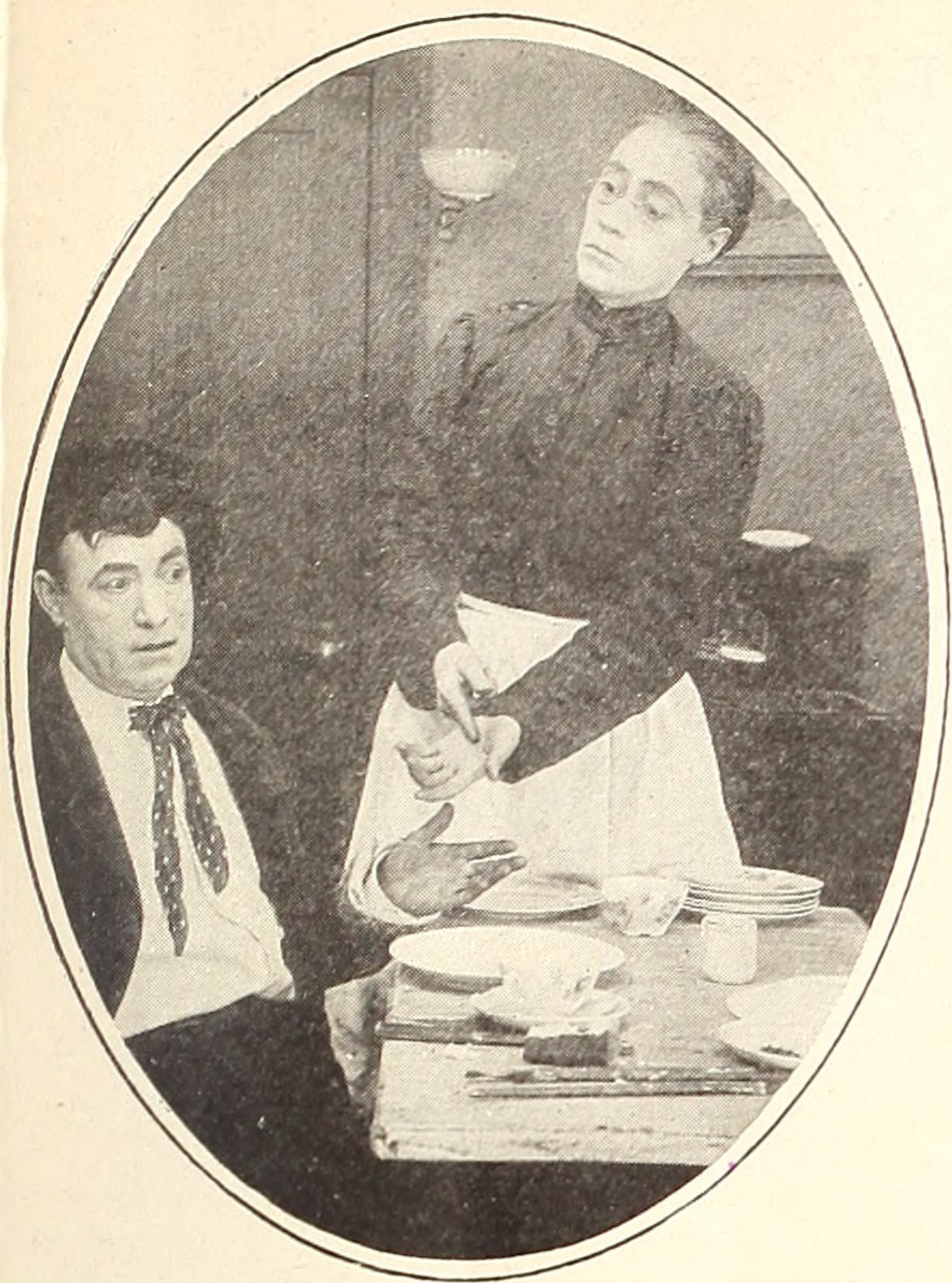


### Nobody Killed

When Director Lloyd, at the Oliver Morosco Studios, gave the command "shoot!" Anna Held became nervous and forgot her "business," that of gayly tripping onto the stage, among other things. Instead of gamboling upon the rostrum, pretty Anna peeped anxiously in at the door, with a questioning look that made the camera man stop grinding. Advancing cautiously, she inquired, "What is ziss 'shoot'? Who is going to be shot?"

It was with difficulty that the handsome Lloyd repressed a smile as he explained that all the "shooting" would be done by the camera.

"Ah, your wonderful language!" exclaimed the French comedienne, with a pretty little shrug of astonishment—and perhaps relief.



CASINO

"Pay up or get out," replies the hard-hearted landlady, when Willie Wandermind (Budd Ross) endeavors to incite her sympathy for his hard luck.

### Running Down

*Click*—When are you going to wind up your scenario?

*Clack*—Soon as I get a key to the situation.



CASINO

Willie Wandermind paints a luscious order of ham and eggs on his plate before his fiance, Lucille, and her wealthy father come to see him. But the fake meal doesn't go with Lucille. Her father warns the impecunious artist that he must make good before he can marry Lucille. Willie sleeps and dreams he has a \$10,000 commission to paint ham and eggs all over New York.



## FATTY OFF GUARD

By ELIZABETH SEARS



KEYSTONE

Mabel gets into difficulty with her new gown and coaxes Fatty to fasten it.

"LET'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

"Turn about is fair play," says Roscoe Arbuckle, in his new role as the jealous doctor. "I hooked your gown—you tie my necktie."





KEYSTONE

Fatty's eyes turn green when he sees Mabel and her old friend discussing palmistry.

"Of course, we have to keep up a little of that stuff," he explained. "The public has associated it with the Keystone Comedy, and it would not think it a Keystone without a little rough stuff. Wait a minute, until I call the projection room. I want you to see the first showing of the first picture we did in New York—and you will see what I mean. We have tried to get some fine photographic effects here. I have always thought there was room for beautiful scenic achievements in comedy as well as the kick and the custard pie."

"The motion picture world has turned over several times in the past two or three years," I suggested, while we waited for the man who was to show us the picture. "What is the outlook?"

"Outlook!" repeated the comedy star. "It's as wide as the blue sky. Film standards change so fast and film styles come in so often that the director whose ideas were heralded as the climax of brilliancy six months ago is old-fashioned now. And if he fails to discard his old ideas and keep at least two laps ahead of the procession—you know what's going to happen to him."

The director-author-actor paused long enough to courteously assure a would-be actor that the rehearsals would not begin for a day or two and that there were no good positions open as yet. He bows out his applicants in such a pleasant and friendly fashion that they forget they were turned down and remember only that they have met "Fatty" and found him most delightful in his manner to them.

"I hate to turn 'em down," he apologized, "but I haven't a thing for them just now."

"Just a word about your scenarios," I begged. "Where do you get them, who writes them, and how do you direct from them?"

Mr. Arbuckle paused long enough to bid a courteous good-morning to three or four young women employes who passed through the office and who spoke to him shyly. He held open the door for one of them who wore her black hair low and held fast to her forehead with a blue silk garter.

"Not a scrap of scenario paper in my studio," he admitted. "I wouldn't know what to do with a manuscript in my hand. I plan out the pictures, and we rehearse them—that's all."

Easy enough, isn't it? And Arbuckle has discovered a grand bit of audience psychology that some of the other stars might well copy. He allows a bit of the picture to film along without him once in a while. He gives the rest of the company a chance. He says he'd rather the audience would wish he would come on back than to wish somebody would sweep him out of the picture.

"An actor doesn't lose anything by effacing himself once in a while," he said, as he swung himself comfortably aboard a chair to see the picture in the little projection room. "If he is a favorite, they are all the more certain to welcome him when he gets back in the picture."

We viewed the opening of the picture in silence. Arbuckle, as the doctor in "He Did and He Didn't," has struck a new note, although the film cutter has cut out a trifle too much footage here and there and leaves the picture a bit minus in continuity once in a while.



KEYSTONE

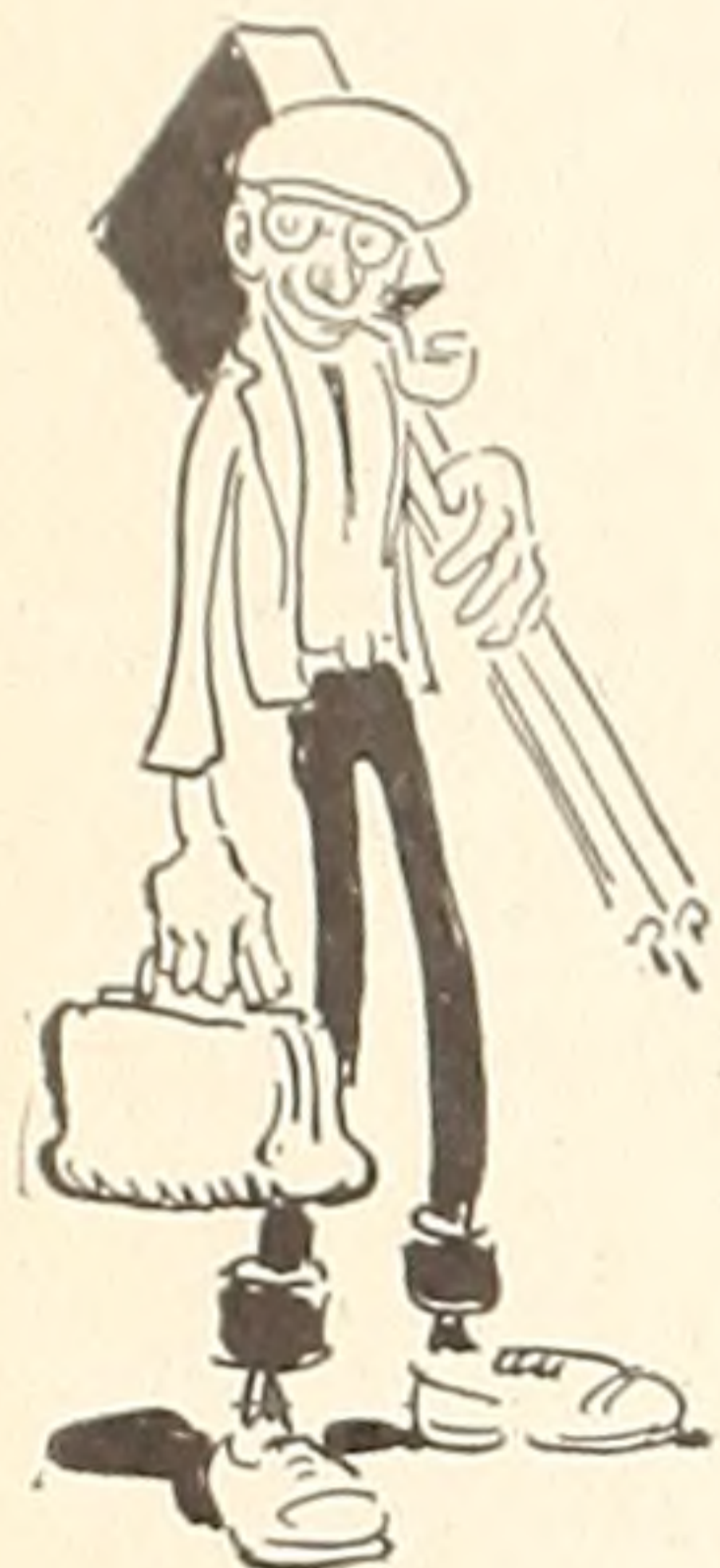
A little thing like falling down stairs does not bother Fatty. He is well upholstered.



"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 hyster-

ical 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

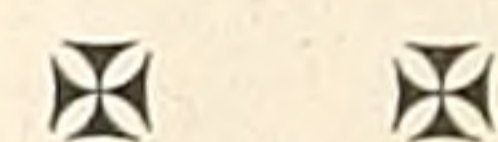
the way of the public and what it will do at a given period. I believe in the comedy that makes you think, and I believe that the time has come to put it on—and that is what I am going to do."

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.

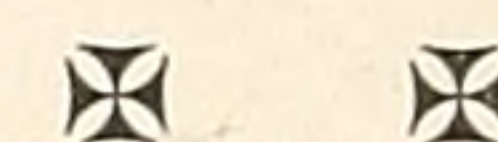
"And there was the lamb. Have you heard the story of the lamb? This was Georgie's lamb. It cuddled up in my arm and winked at papa lamb, who had remained quiescently in the offing until he caught the wink. Papa lamb's butting average broke the record during the next five minutes. He was a fond father 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.





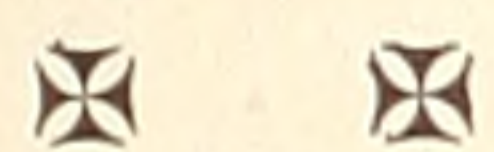
## Holding Up the United States Mail

"I remember a striking example of what motion picture people sometimes have to go through when I think of a scene I was directing quite a few years ago over in New Jersey," says "Silent Bill" Haddock. "We were out on the marshes in the vicinity of Hackensack, working on a picture that was known as 'The Trials and Tribulations of a Camera Man.' It was one of those pictures that was intended to give the public some sort of an insight into the humorous and tragic side of making motion pictures. In this particular scene we were going to show how a dummy is sometimes substituted for an actor. The idea in this scene was for a camera man to be grinding on his camera and be struck by a railroad train, after which he would pick himself up and brush off his clothes and go back to work.

"We had made arrangements with the conductor and crew of a local train to pay no attention to a dummy that had been placed in the middle of the track with a false camera, as a substitute for the regular camera man. We had quite overlooked the fact that a mail train was due about that time, and the local took a siding to let it go by.

It is quite probable that the crew of the local train supposed that we knew all about the mail train being due first, but we didn't.

"Along came the mail train, bearing down upon the poor dummy camera man. When we saw it was going to stop, we began to realize that in about half a minute more we would be guilty of holding up the United States mail, and, therefore, liable to imprisonment. There was nothing to do but run, and there was no place to run except through the swamp. All hands, ladies and gentlemen, floundered in the mire, while the mail train came to a halt quite close to the dummy camera man. I have no idea what the conductor of the mail train had to say, but I know that when we got into Newark that night, we were a sad-looking lot, and we kept to the dark side streets to make sure that we would not be arrested for vagabonds."



## No Show at All

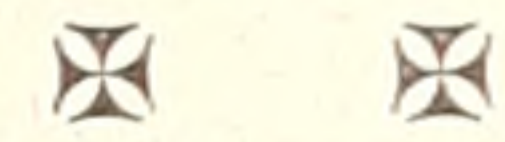
A four-year-old created a disturbance at a Wichita motion picture show by crying to go home.

"You promised to take me to a show," he burst out to his mother, "and this isn't any show! There isn't any Charlie Chaplin!"

## That's Different

*Director* (during the love scene)—Is that the way a loving couple would kiss each other?

*Actor*—Oh, I understood that we were married.



## A Display

A society play was being screened. Several women appeared, dressed for the opera.

"Those women look quite nice in their opera gowns," remarked a woman to her husband.

"Yes," he replied; "but they didn't get in them very far, did they?"



## All the Faster

A picture of a very plain girl was flashed on the screen.

An Irishman, turning to his friend, remarked:

"Faith, thot face would stop a clock!"

"Be jinx," was the reply, "I am thinking thot it would make it run all the faster!"

## MOTION PICTURES



Industrial Series: or, Making the Best of Difficulties.



SITUATIONS THAT ARE FUNNY

WHY DO we laugh at  
 We see nothing hur  
 of a fat woman down a  
 tumble down the stairs and  
 We wish no harm to t  
 bit of banana peel, but  
 does so. We hate to ha  
 husky hosepipe hit us in  
 mirth when it is the othe  
 far from funny to get an  
 us to death to see someb  
 surcharged rail.



CASINO STAR-MUTUAL

Harry Vokes taking a beauty treatment, in "Beauty in Distress." One must suffer to be beautiful, it is said.



POWERS

Nobody wants to imbibe when the rail becomes a deadly third rail, as it did in "When the Wets Went Dry."



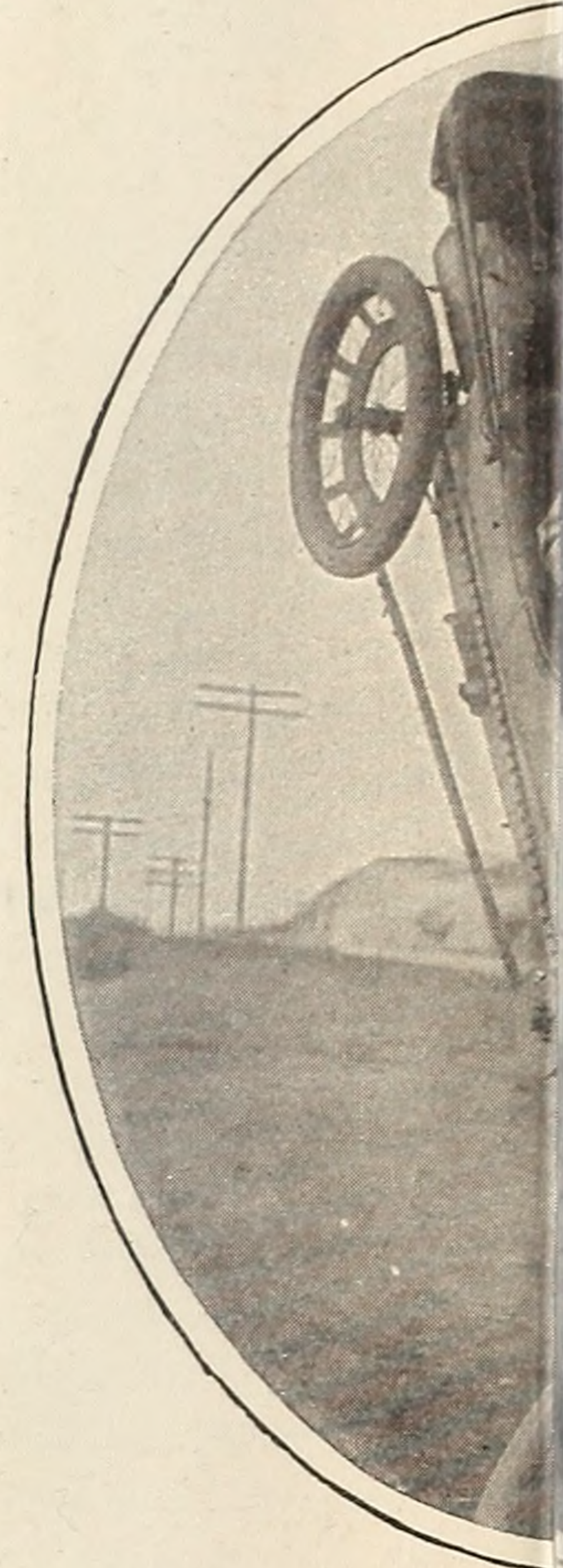
KALEM

Bud considers the water too cold and wet for comfort, in "Ham, the Diver"; but Ethel Teare is very comfortable.



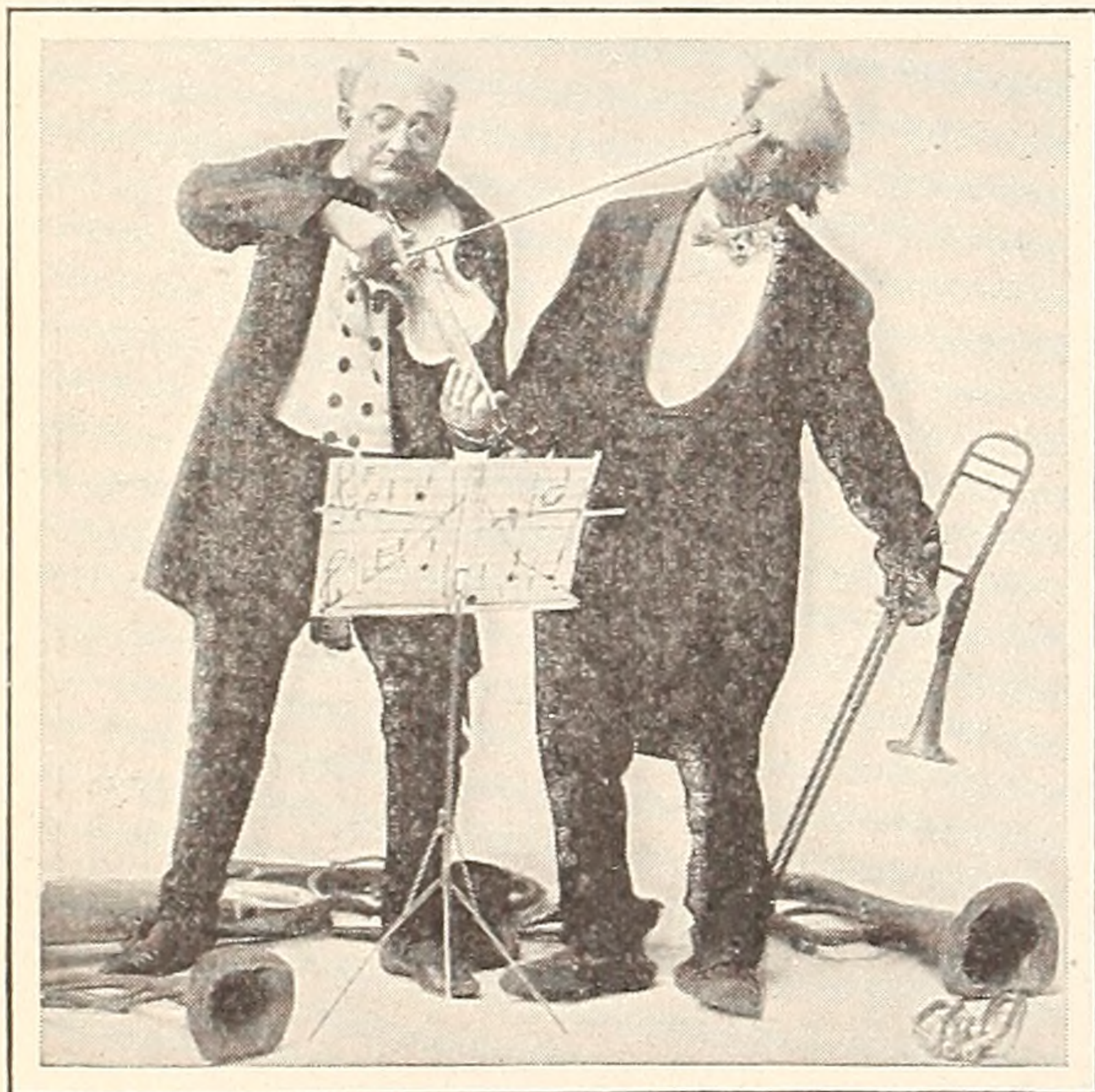
L-KO

"Does Flirting Pay?" Not when the drum is flimsy enough to allow of its being made a new shoulder cape for Harry Gribbon.



TRIANGLE

Lew Fields takes great do parlor tricks.



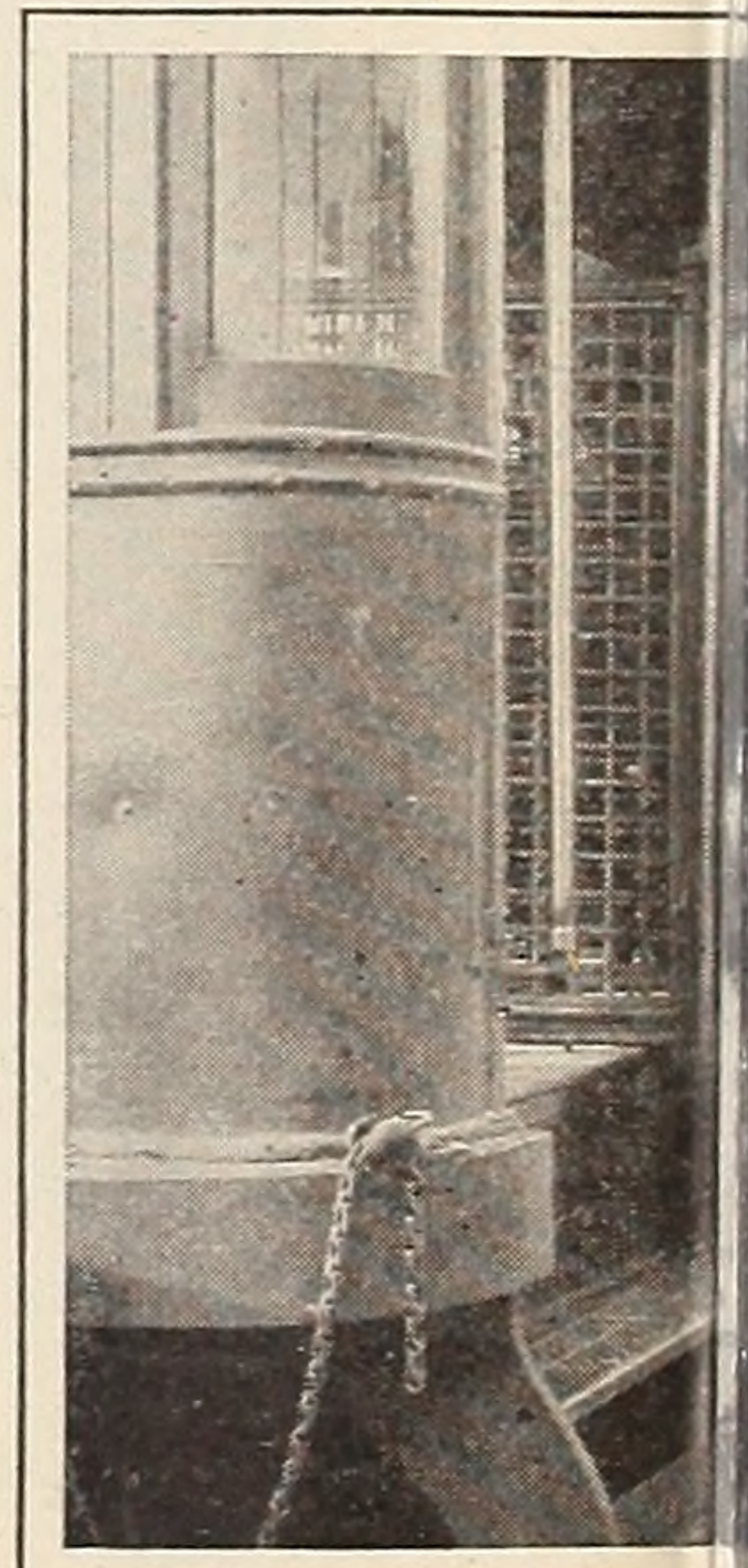
GEORGE KLEINE

It always gets a laugh when Bickel hits Watson in the eye. Yet we have no grudge against Watson.



VOGUE COMEDY

A cold shower is refreshing on a warm day, but Russ Powell prefers his in the usual bathroom.



VOGUE COMEDY

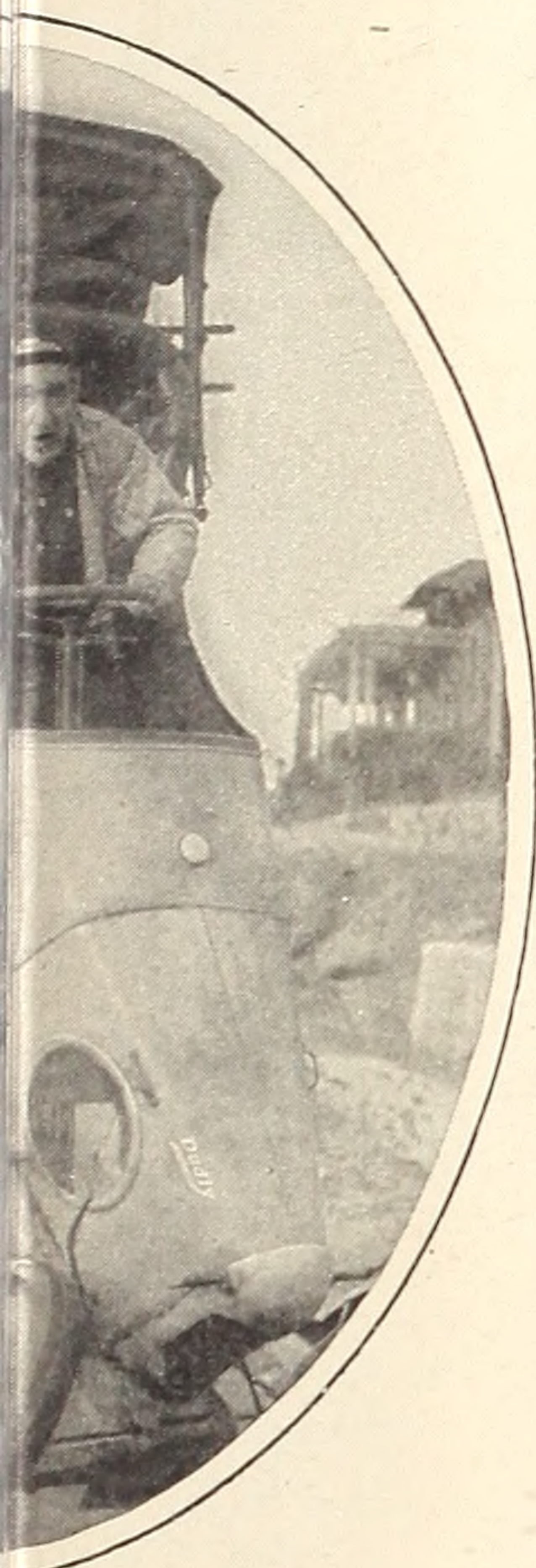
The lady with the Steer," encounters difficulties.



# BECAUSE THEY ARE NOT FUNNY

smaller tragedies of life? as in the orderly descent of stairs; but let her roar with mirth.

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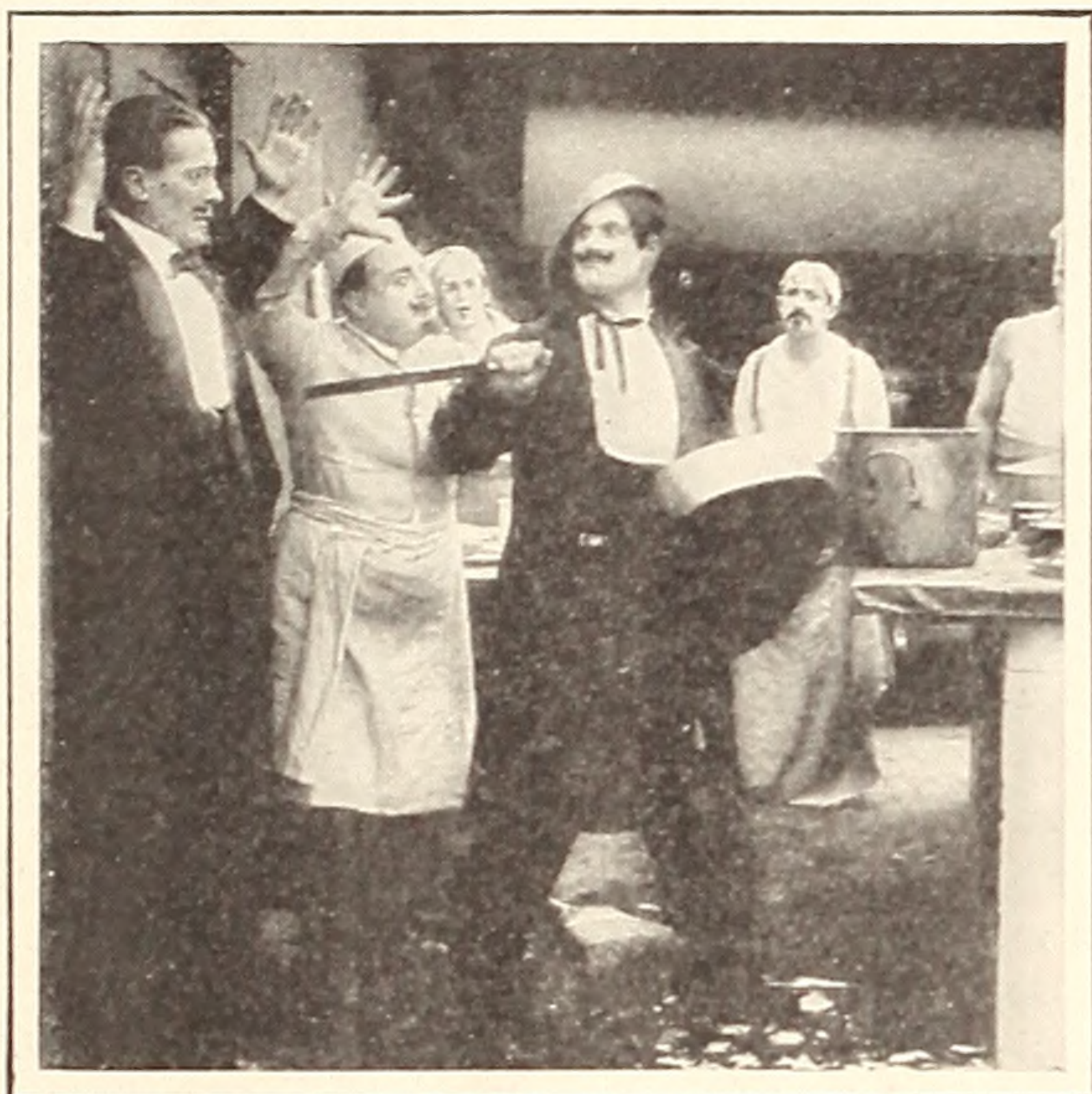


spot dress, in "A Bum s in boarding the train.



MUTUAL-BEAUTY

It's tough luck when the other fellow refuses to go home, as in "Dad's College Widow"; but it's funny to us.



KEYSTONE COMEDY

There's lots of humor in the sight of a man smashing crockery, as Syd Chaplin does in "A Submarine Pirate."



FALSTAFF

Rosie would rubber, and she had to reform. Catching her in a net was a strenuous part of the reforming.



GEORGE KLEINE

Harry Watson, in "Musty Suffer," makes a joke of having his tooth pulled. But why should a barber pull a tooth?



JOKER

If you did the best you could, would it make you laugh to be thrown into the kitchen sink?



VITAGRAPH

Don't snicker at Hughie. How would you like to be a fat man hunting for "The Lost Cord?"



SITUATIONS THAT ARE FUNNY BECAUSE THEY ARE NOT FUNNY

WHY DO we laugh at the smaller tragedies of life?

We see nothing humorous in the orderly descent of a fat woman down a flight of stairs; but let her tumble down the stairs and we roar with mirth.

We wish no harm to the thin lady who slips on the bit of banana peel, but we laugh violently when she does so. We hate to have a stream of water from a husky hosepipe hit us in the face, yet we shriek with mirth when it is the other fellow. We would think it far from funny to get an electric shock, but it tickles us to death to see somebody else trying to let go of a surcharged rail.



CASINO STAR-MUTUAL

Harry Vokes taking a beauty treatment, in "Beauty in Distress." One must suffer to be beautiful, it is said.



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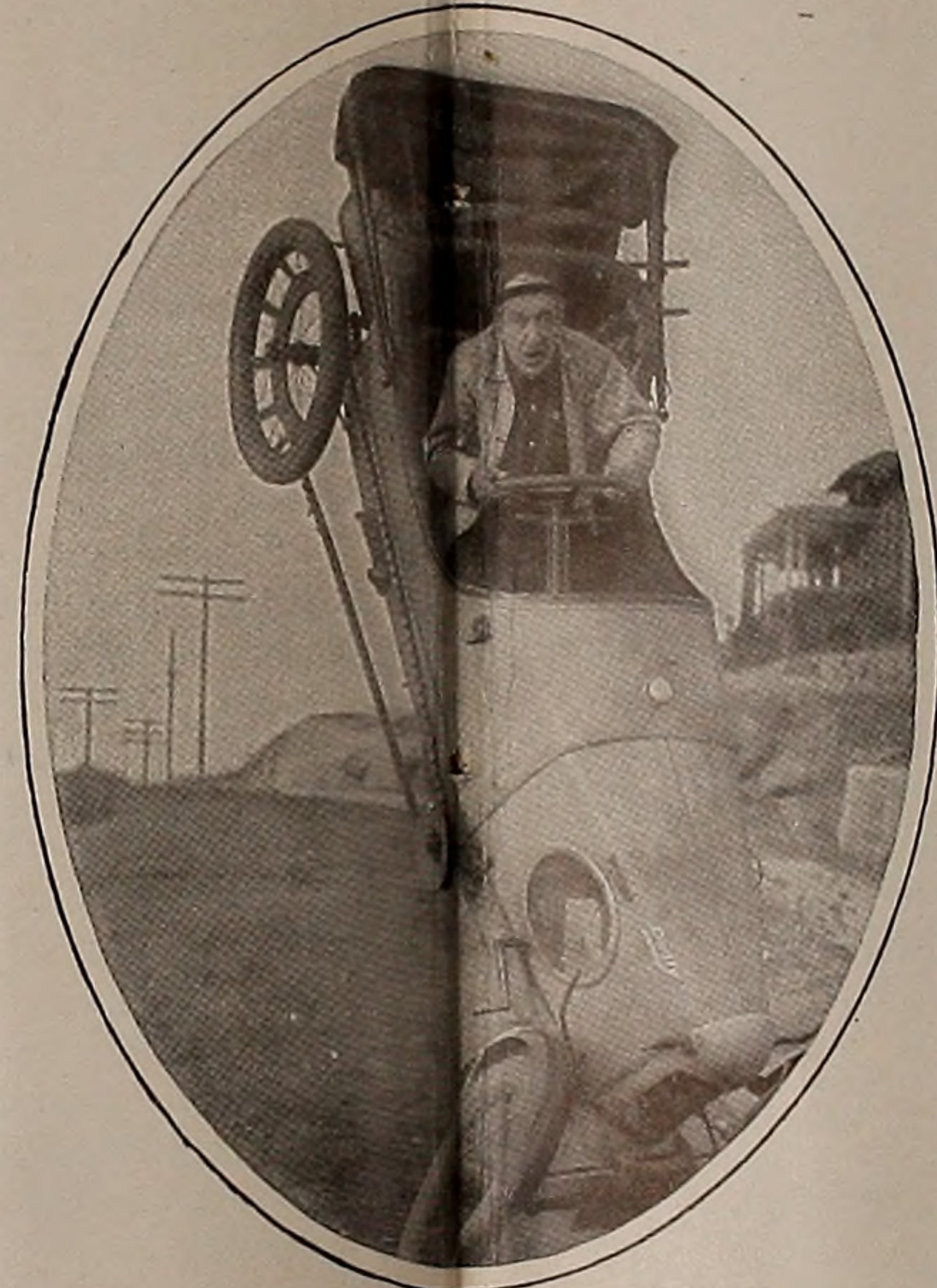
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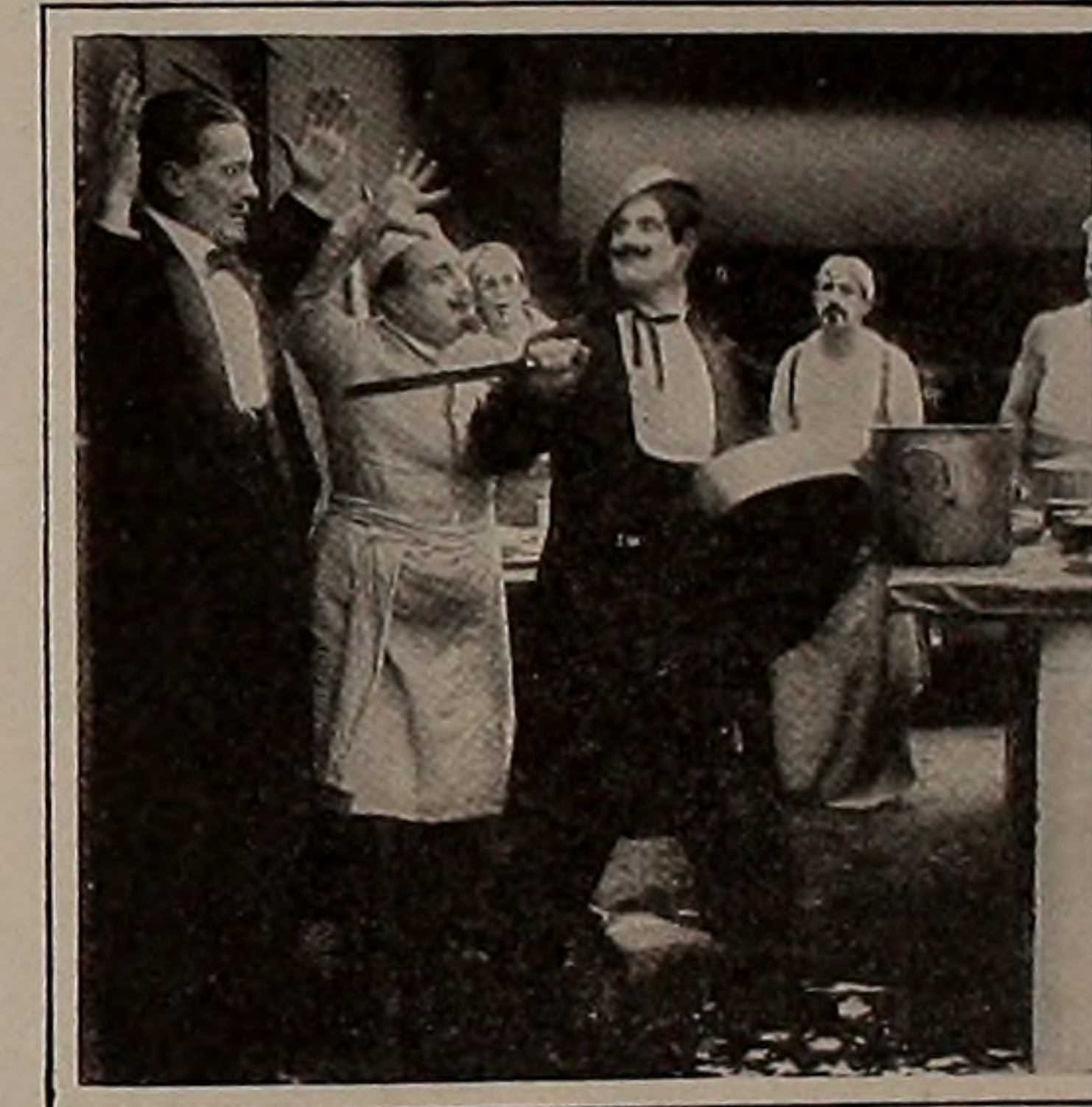
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The lady with the in-spot dress, in "A Bum Steer," encounters difficulties in boarding the train.



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VITAGRAPH

Don't snicker at Hughie. How would you like to be a fat man hunting for "The Lost Cord?"





#### WITHOUT DEFENSE.

Whitewashing has its difficulties, especially when one's hated rival is perched on the fence to enjoy one's discomfiture, as in this scene from "Slim, Fat or Medium," in which Slim laughs while Fat gets the worst of it from the loved one's paternal parent. Slim (Victor Potel), Charley Cupic (Ed Sedgewick) and Harry Hazard (Ted Duncan) are rivals for the affections of Betty Boniface (Lillian Hamilton), whose father favors Slim, the village undertaker. However, while Slim and Fat are disputing over their cause, Medium elopes with Betty.

#### Jest a Reg'ler Picter Show

By LOIS ZELLNER

**W**HEN bicycles, they fust come out, they shorely cost a lot;  
 But soon as they got popular, the price fell on the spot.  
 The same with ortermobeel cars—when they fust come ter town,  
 The price wuz high; but later on it likewise tumbled down.  
 But these here movin' picter shows that started at a dime,  
 When the gol-durned things got popular, the price begun to climb!

I see in this here paper where a lot o' city chaps  
 Has started up a picter show—a big one, too, perhaps.

They give yer printed programs, jes like a opry show,  
 An' they have a band a-playin' in a pit 'way down below.

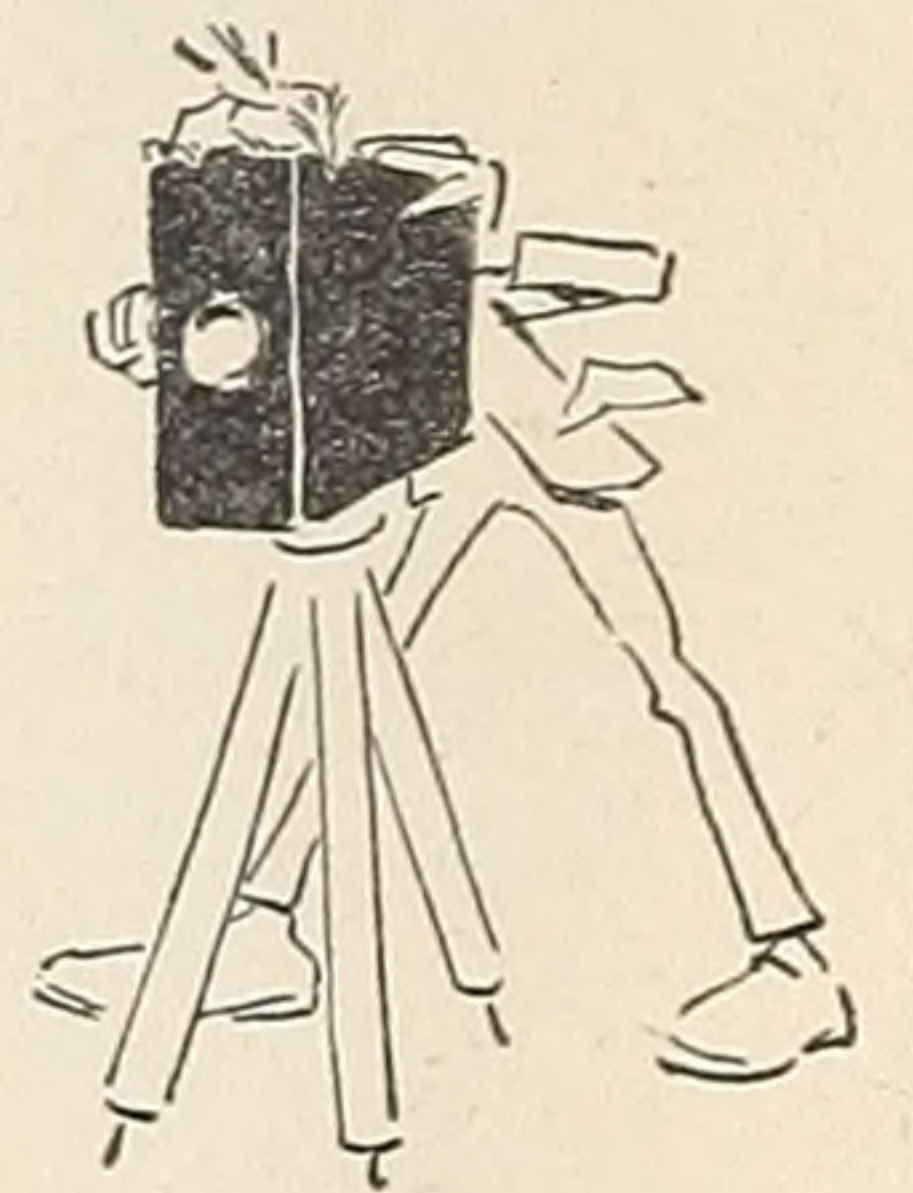
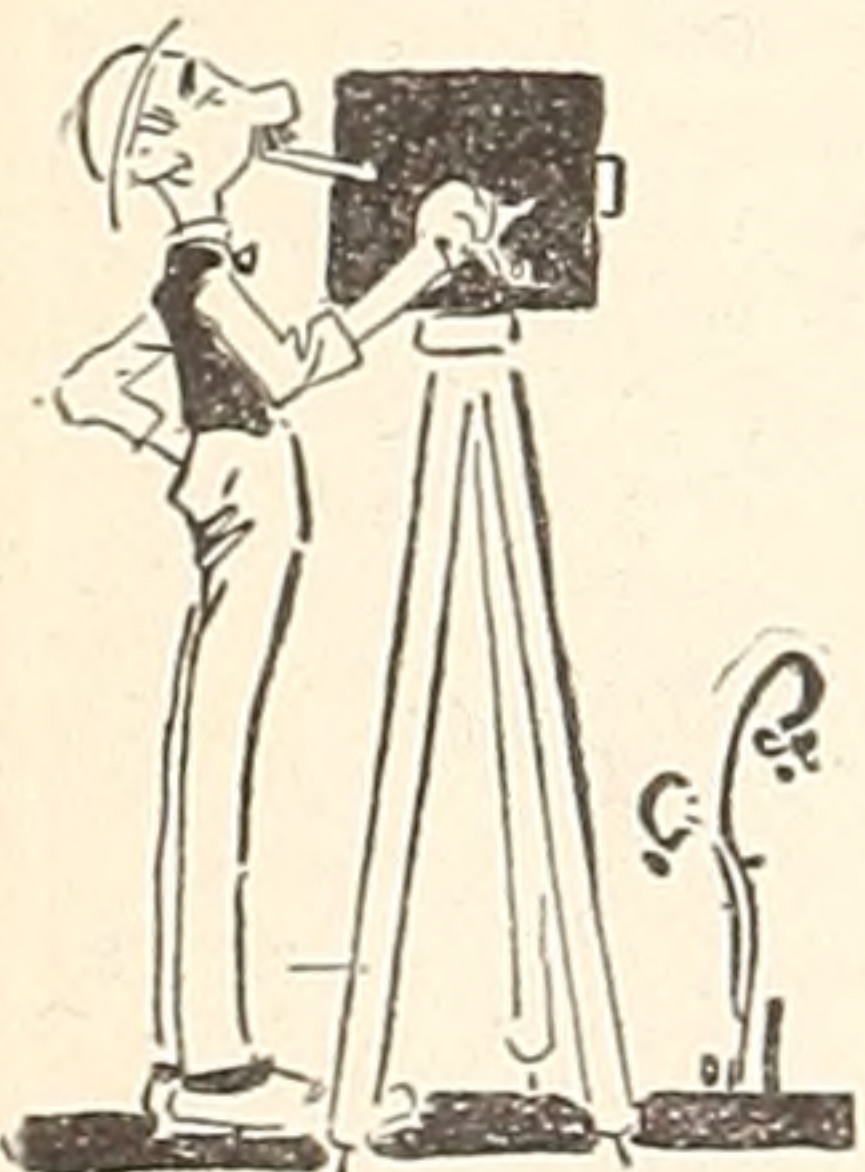
The tickets is two dollars, an' yer check yer coat an' hat,  
 An' a pretty female usher shows yer where yer seats is at.

But I'm durned if I don't kinder feel that I would rather go  
 To the place down on the corner—jest a reg'ler picter show.

When they git so doggone stylish with their velvet seats an' such,  
 A feller feels so formal—kinder lacks the human touch.

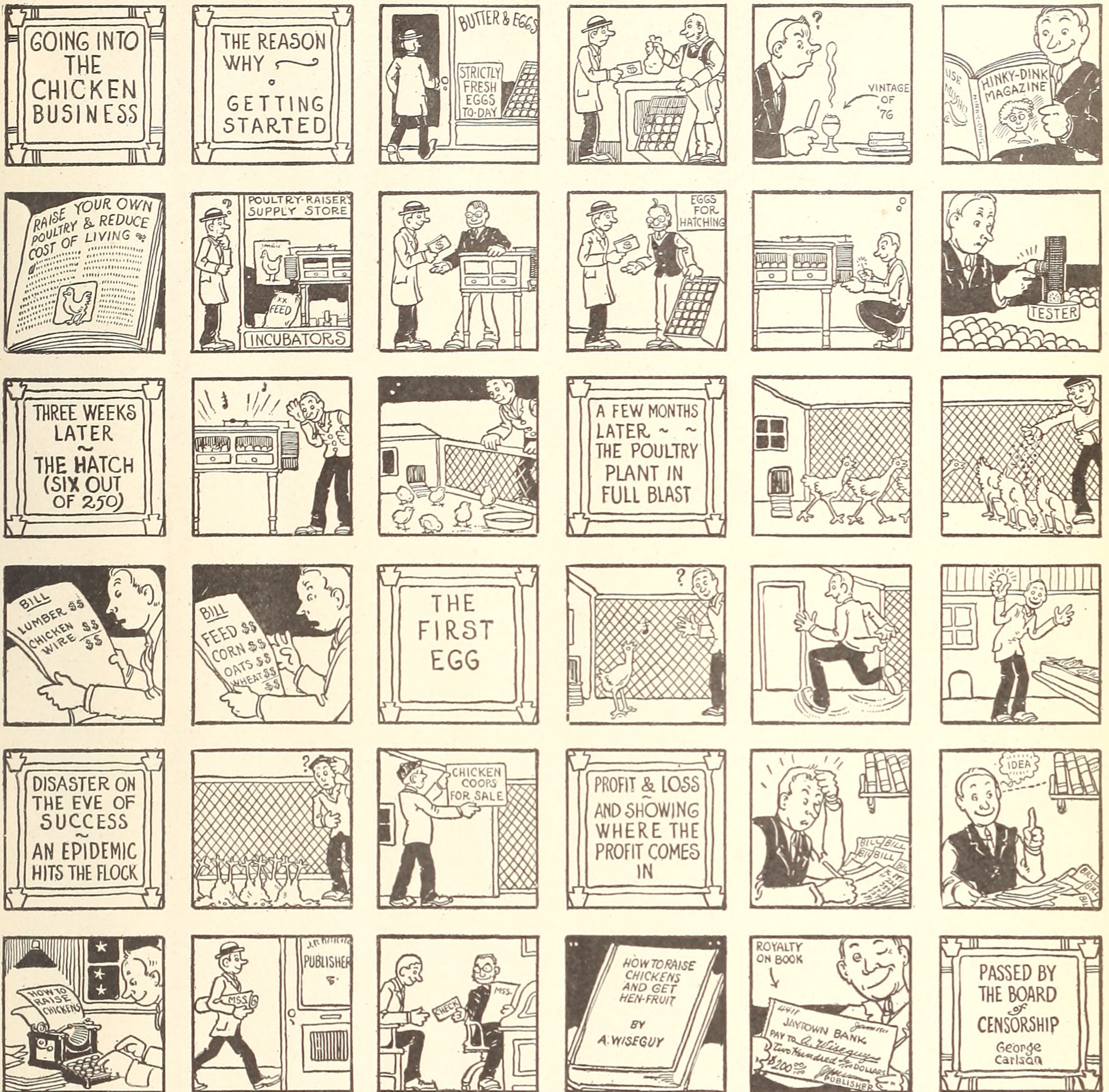
A picter is a picter, an' a screen is jest a screen,  
 An' a dime is all I've paid 'em fer the best I ever seen—

So I think I'll keep a-goin' to the corner fer a while,  
 An' let the other fellers pay two dollars jest fer style!





# MOTION PICTURES



Going Into the Chicken Business: also, How To Get Out of It.

## Appearances Were Deceptive

Harry, just old enough to appreciate motion pictures, was taken to see Mary Pickford play in "Rags." At the end of the show Harry was asked how he liked the picture.

"It was all right," he replied; "but I thought you said Mary Pickford was rich."

✠ ✠  
Naturally

A motion picture actor who has just returned from a small town in the South, where the company was filming a picture,

tells the story of the town character who spent most of his time on the street corner, watching the events of the day. Like Bud Hinckley, "he wa'n't quite right in his head," but was totally unaware of the fact.

The motion picture actor arrived at the main street one afternoon in time to see a funeral procession. He said the obvious thing.

"Funeral! Wonder who's dead."

"The man in the hearse, ye darn fool!" squeaked the town character, in deep disgust.





VOGUE COMEDY

PRISCILLA DEAN.

### Picture Breaks Precedent

E. W. Hornung, creator of "Raffles," has broken all motion picture precedents in "Stingaree," his series which is being staged by the Kalem Company. The twelve episodes of the picture tell of adventures in the career of Stingaree, a famous Australian bushranger. It is in "The Villain Worshiper," an episode soon to be shown, that Hornung shocks photography fans by closing the picture with his hero still behind prison bars. Picture patrons will probably welcome the novelty, accustomed as they are to seeing the principal characters by some miraculous means escape all perils in the last few feet of film.

### The Two-minute Man

"MISS DEAN," he asked, "what would you rather do if you were not doing what you are now?"

Miss Dean looked at the Two-minute Man meditatively.

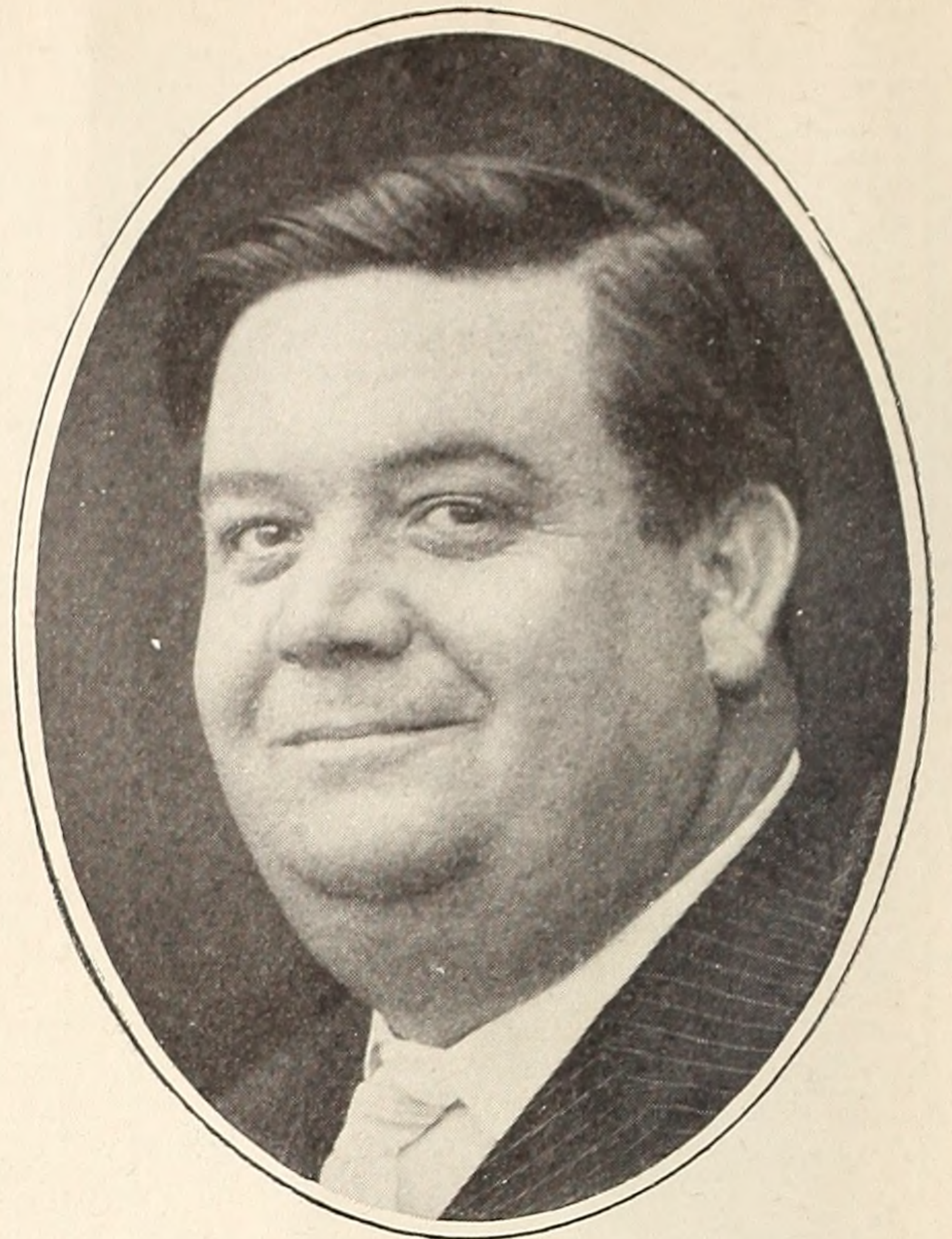
"You mean, what would I really prefer to do?" she asked pleasantly. "Well, I prefer doing comedy for the screens more than anything else. If I had my choice, I would film comedy all the time and get all the good books on psychology there are in the world. The good ones, mind—there are not many."

The Two-minute Man gazed helplessly at the bookcases in her living-room. They were substantial cases, with big, important, educated books in them. And it awed him so he could not ask another question.

"There is more psychology in comedy than anything else," explained Miss Dean. "Why is it that nobody seems to expect a comedienne to do anything but frivolous things? I study all my spare time."

"It's so hard to believe!" stammered the Two-minute Man. "You look so pretty and charming and—and so sort of—well, not at all like these skinny, spectacled highbrows look."

"Thank you," said Miss Dean sedately.



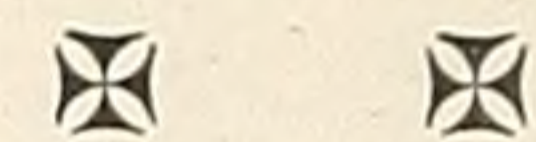
VOGUE COMEDY

RUSS POWELL.

### No Accommodation

An old colored man who had never attended the motion pictures before came to a show one night in a Southern town. The first picture shown was a group of dancing girls. The next was a mob scene, in which several hundred people surged about. This was too much for the colored man.

"Say, people," he called out, "whar all dese people gwine sleep to-night. Gawd knows de hotels in dis town ain't no ways big enuff to hold dat crowd!"



*Friend*—Is that scenario writer still working in the same field?

*Actor*—Yes; but he never rakes in a cent.



VOGUE COMEDY

The morning paper prints a thrilling story of a woman in a coin-spot dress who has presumably stolen the jewels of an actress. Mr. Brown and Mr. Richmond read the story, and, like most men, believe they can find the criminal. It happens that both Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Richmond have coin-spot dresses, and they choose that very morning to don them to go shopping. With two amateur detectives on the trail and two innocent women garbed in suspicious gowns, Brown and Richmond are kept busy devising ways and means to land the guilty persons. Brown claims to be the gas man, and so gains entrance to the Richmond home, where complications ensue very rapidly and in bad order.





VOGUE COMEDY

Being a private and stealthy detective has its disadvantages, as Mr. Richmond discovered when he thought he was on the trail of the woman thief who had stolen the jewels of the actress. He essayed a Santa Claus stunt that convinced him that all this Santa stuff was poor policy to tell a child, for anyone might know that chimneys were dirty things to fall down. Besides that, his unexpected arrival in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Brown was not looked upon as a friendly call by any means, and even the capture of valuable jewels may fade beside the importance of explaining away one's own peculiar method of entrance into the home of a perfect stranger.

### Striking Near Home

*Friend*—When writing a scenario, where is the best place to put the “punches”?

*Writer*—In your stomach.

### Sure Death

*Scenario writer*—There's three people in this play that I want to kill off, but I'm at a loss how to do it.

*His wife*—Why not let them read the scenario?



VOGUE COMEDY

An unexpected showerbath from a coarse, husky, violent hosepipe, directed by the able hands of a very angry woman, would floor most large, middle-aged gentlemen, and Mr. Richmond (Russ Powell) was no exception. The trouble was that the stout lady fancied that he was following her to attract her attention, while the gentleman merely thought she was a thief for whom there is a large reward offered. A man can argue with an infuriated lady, or frighten her or coax her; but there isn't much to be said to a profane stream of water that hits one in the mouth at every word, now, is there? So Mr. Richmond finds discretion the better part of valor and runs from the hose fight. And it is all because of the coin-spot gown the lady wore.





VITAGRAPH  
THE FAMOUS LILLIAN WALKER  
DIMPLES.

### An Unexpected Fiance

IN SOME counties in England there is a tradition that when a younger sister is married before the elder, the latter must wear green stockings at the wedding. Hence the play, "Green Stockings," in which Lillian Walker has done some of her best comedy work.

It seems almost a shame to have her brush all the curl from her hair and wear it straight back from her forehead—al-

There is a choleric father, a maiden aunt, a married sister and one who wishes to be married, but cannot until Celia is married or at least engaged. The fiance is a feather-headed Englishman, Robert Tarver. And while we are on this paragraph, it is a good place to remark that Charles Brown, who screens as Tarver, succeeds in being funny because he does not try to be. His portrayal of the bombastic young Englishman, with a nervous eyeglass and political ambitions, is more than well done and adds its share to the humor of the picture.

Celia finally wakes up to her position in the house. She gives us food for both thought and laughter in the scene with her aunt, in which she throws off her glasses and stamps on them, greatly to the surprise and admiration of her aunt. Celia goes away for a visit, hoping to make her family miss her. They do miss her, but they have so long disregarded her comfort that they allow her to come home in a pouring rain alone from the station. And then Celia springs a bomb. She puts on her best gown, curls her hair, and announces to the family that she is engaged!

That she is forced to invent a fiance on the spur of the moment does not detract

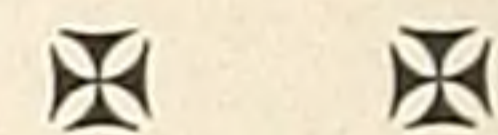
cept him joyfully as a friend of the fiance. Celia is forced to accept him, also. And this sudden appearance of news of a fiance she had just before reported as having perished in a battle in South Africa—she had to get rid of him somehow, poor girl!—rather upsets Celia. It also upsets aunty, who had been in on the joke, and aunty takes a snifter to brace herself up. The snifter does a bracing act that might be funnier if it had been somewhat edited.



VITAGRAPH  
Celia, tired of being unnoticed, announces her engagement to a fictitious Colonel Smith, of South Africa.

Colonel Smith does not reveal his identity for some time. He mournfully informs the family that the fiance, before perishing, had given him sundry messages and keepsakes for Celia. He almost robs himself of watch and chain and sleeve links, tie pin and key ring, handing over almost everything in his pockets to the hysterical Celia.

"Green Stockings" has more than one admirable point, besides its undeniable humor. There is no tiresome padding, and there is no string after string of scenes that set you to yawning and wondering why on earth they waste footage in an otherwise good play.



### Hasten the Day

The censors are a cross-grained lot;  
They seem to be growing denser.  
Oh, that some power would swiftly rise  
And put some sense in censor!

—J. G. Gable.



VITAGRAPH  
After enjoying her prestige as an engaged member of the family, Celia decides to allow her fiance to die, and the sad news is conveyed to her family.

though she has a good forehead, at that. And even hiding her sparkling eyes with hideously prim horn glasses does not succeed in making her unpretty.

"Green Stockings" on the screen will not appeal to everybody, any more than it did on the stage, even with Margaret Anglin in the center stage. But it has a comedy element that will attract motion picture fans who appreciate humor of a more intelligent type than the usual film comedy.

Celia Faraday (Lillian Walker) is the conscientious elder daughter of a conservative English family, who accept all her sacrifices and give her no consideration.

from her story. She invents a Colonel Smith, who, poor soul! was forced to sail for South Africa immediately after the engagement. And the family fall for it. You feel quite triumphant for Celia's spunk when you note their changed attitude toward her, now that she is engaged. She gets attention, Celia does.

But all of a sudden a Colonel Smith turns up. He has learned that he is supposed to be engaged to a young woman who never knew he really existed. And the doughty colonel makes the most of the situation. He calls, and the family ac-



VITAGRAPH  
Celia is unexpectedly confronted with the real Colonel Smith, after she has announced his demise





KALEM

Sis Hopkins says: "Pa says, 'You better get in the pictures, Sis. They ain't nobody can make 'em laff like you can.' And I b'leeve I'll take pa up and go on in."

### "I'm Sis Hopkins; I am"

"I'VE TRIED other plays, but the public wanted Sis Hopkins, and so I gave them Sis Hopkins for eleven years," says Rose Melville, "and here comes Sis in the pictures, at last. And I have found out why so many stage stars have jumped at chances to go into pictures. They may talk about art and a new field all they like. Don't let 'em fool you, my dear. The screen is the greatest weight reducer ever invented for players who are threatened with—well, let us call it, delicately, embonpoint. Look at me—look at me. Do you get my meaning?"

Miss Melville swirled energetically to her feet and danced lightly about on one toe. Her lines were considerably linier than they had been. For, deny it as you may, Sis Hopkins had begun to get just a wee bit—just a trifle—stoutish of late years.

"I've lost ten pounds. Congratulate me," she said, with the captivating Sis Hopkins smile and that luring Sis Hopkins voice. "When they named them 'moving pictures,' they were right. 'Moving' is the word, for I haven't had a chance to stand still for sixty successive seconds since the camera began to grind at me."

"Be thankful you were Sis Hopkins and not Helen Hazards," it was suggested.

"Right now let me tell you that that 'Hazards of Helen' girl

hasn't anything on me in the way of bruised muscles and sore spots," said Sis. "First I hit my nose a whack and went around here feeling as important as you please with my swelled-up nose, and then I cut my lip; and as for the number of times I have whacked my poor head crawling around under tables and running against furniture, I never could tell you. Shucks! I am qualifying right now to enter athletic competition, with obstacle races my specialty, if I ever get out of this alive. Talk about Muldoon's sanitarium! If some of these liverish chaps would go into motion pictures, they'd soon get the grouch shaken out of their system.

"My first experience frightened me to death. I'll face an audience and make fun for them, because I know they have paid their good money to watch me; but to step out of the studio, gowned in full Sis Hopkins regalia, and walk across a Jacksonville street before a gaping crowd of spectators, made me feel as if I was an entire circus—Greatest Show on Earth."

"Are you doing some new Sis Hopkins stunts?"

"Some new Sis Hopkins stunts? My dear, that's what is reducing me—doing these new stunts. In my play I did the same things every performance, but in these pictures I can manufacture new business all the time. It's great! I can do all the tomboy tricks I wanted to do when I was a little girl."

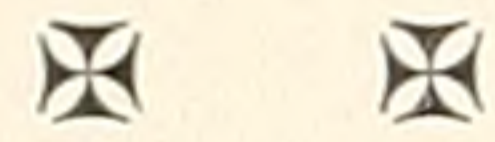


## An Ince Fantasy

**B**ILLIE BURKE, the temperamental little screen actress, is not half so winsome in any part of the picture, "Peggy," as she is in the little fairy tale she tells the children as they sit on the running board of her racing car. As she tells the story, it is unrolled on the screen, and it is not often that the pictures can maintain such a grip on an audience as this part of the play invariably does.

As Peggy, in the fairy tale, she wanders through a wonderful country, where the bugs are ruled over by a beautiful prince who has been changed into a bug by a wicked and envious witch. Little Peggy goes in search of the powerful Dr. Goat, who lives in a tree on a steep mountaintop, and he gives her the prescription which is to restore the prince. All the bugs wave her a friendly farewell as she sets out on her journey. Ince has given us a photographic delight that almost makes up for some of the atrocities he has offered us in other pictures.

If Ince would only turn his talents to some of the gripping little children's plays! How one would love to see Alice in Wonderland going through all her thrilling adventures, or Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, or Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp, or any of the marvelous fantasies that have entertained the younger generation for many years! And while we wait for him to give us these upon the screen, it is worth while to see this fairy bit in "Peggy" more than once.



### Motion Pictures for Children

Orrin G. Cocks, secretary of the National Board of Censors, urged at a recent meeting in New York that special days should be set aside in all picture houses for children. He pointed out that much harm might be done to the growing minds of children, and added that he would make it part of his work to urge parents and guardians to guard against the indiscriminate attendance of children at the motion picture houses.

"Motion picture exhibitors are willing to give suitable films for children when there is a demand," he said.



FOX

Dr. Goat, who lives in a tree, solemnly measures out the magic potion for Peggy. She is in haste to return to the Bug Village, to change the beautiful prince to his own shape. A wicked witch has transformed him into a bug and made him ruler over Bug Village.



FOX

Vivian Martin, in "Merely Mary Ann," incurs the displeasure of her mistress in the cheap boarding house, because of the attention paid her by the struggling musician. But the boarder does not see the threatening frying-pan; he sees only the raillery in Mary Ann's laughing eyes.



## M A R Y P I C K F O R D

MARY PICKFORD, whose decision to remain with the Famous Players under a sort of fifty-fifty arrangement in which she is made a partner was recently announced, is the same little Mary she has always been. She has never let her rise go to her head. Naturally, with all her increased responsibilities, she has not the time to frivol away that all her friends would like; but she is the same without-any-frills Mary, working hard and saving her money.

She has a trifle of a leaning toward the heavier dramatic stuff lately, and some of her friends deplore this tendency.

"You have created your own place in the films," they say. "Why try to do the roles that are new to you and abandon the things that have won you your place in the hearts of the public?"

Miss Pickford has no intention of abandoning comedies, she says. She said it while she was dusting some bits of rare carved ivory she has recently purchased. She isn't above taking a duster in her capable little hands occasionally, especially to dust the beautiful things she loves to have in her rooms.

"I love to handle them," she confessed, holding a grinning little ivory god up to the light. "Isn't that ivory light sublime? Every woman loves to fuss around and play at keeping house once in a while, doesn't she? I suppose it is the remnants of our little-girl days, when we played at housekeeping with our dolls. And talking about my plays, of course I am not going to give up the comedies. There is no finer mission in life than in making people laugh wholesomely. The public expects to see me in the juvenile comedy roles, and it would not be wise to stop playing those parts, however anxious I am to show my public that I can do the heavier work."

"Honestly," asked her visitor, when the bit of ivory was cleaned to her satisfaction and she was chasing a stray bit of daring dust that was thinking of settling on her copy of the Taj Mahal and going to housekeeping, "do you really like the dramatic work better than comedy?"

Mary smiled winsomely.

"Well," she admitted, "why can I not do them both? Comedy is all the better if there is a dramatic touch to it, don't you think? I'll tell you what I want to do," she went on, dropping the duster into the hands of her maid and arranging some delicate sprays of lily of the valley with a bowl of violets. "I want to win my public through my ability as an actress as well as through my personality that they are always talking about. Personality is all right, and I'm glad I have it, as they tell me I have; but I hope to have many years ahead of me as a screen actress, and I want to register my ability as well as personality. Don't you agree with me?"

Miss Pickford has such a darling little fashion of tossing

her head, as if to get her curls out of her eyes, and looking up at you with such faith and trust in her eyes, that you are inclined to agree with her on anything, especially when you realize her ability as well as her personal charm.

"You like the Famous Player people, don't you?" her visitor said.

"I'll tell you about that," said Miss Pickford, with a serious little glint in her smile. "Do you remember when they had that big fire in the studios on Twenty-sixth Street? Well, I stood there and watched that fire, and I knew what it meant to those men to see the flames licking up all the results of their

hard work. And they never whined once. Before the fire was out, they had begun making plans for another studio and making plans for our comfort and making plans to prevent exhibitors from any loss. I made up my mind right there and then that they were mighty good folks to stick to through thick and thin."

"Well, money isn't everything," said the visitor wistfully. "It is mighty handy to have 'round the house on rent day, but"—

"That is exactly right," chimed in Miss Pickford, setting a smart little hat on her head and picking up her gloves, ready to go to the studio for rehearsal. "There you said it. Maybe I might have had more money if I had accepted some of my other offers this year; but money isn't everything. I'm perfectly happy where I am, and that means everything in my work. No one can do good work where there is jealousy and dissension and constant quarreling. My personal regard for the people with whom I work means much to me. I am looking forward to my future success, you see, as well as my present happiness. I do not want to be a skyrocket. I want to put out such good work that my public will know they are getting their money's worth when they see one of my pictures. Don't you agree with me?" she said once more.

Of course I agree with her. So do you.



### How Mary Washes Her Locks

In a recent newspaper article by Mary Pickford, an elaborate shampoo of egg, soap, lemon juice and many waters was described.

Aunt Mary read aloud this recipe for keeping the famous curls in their prime.

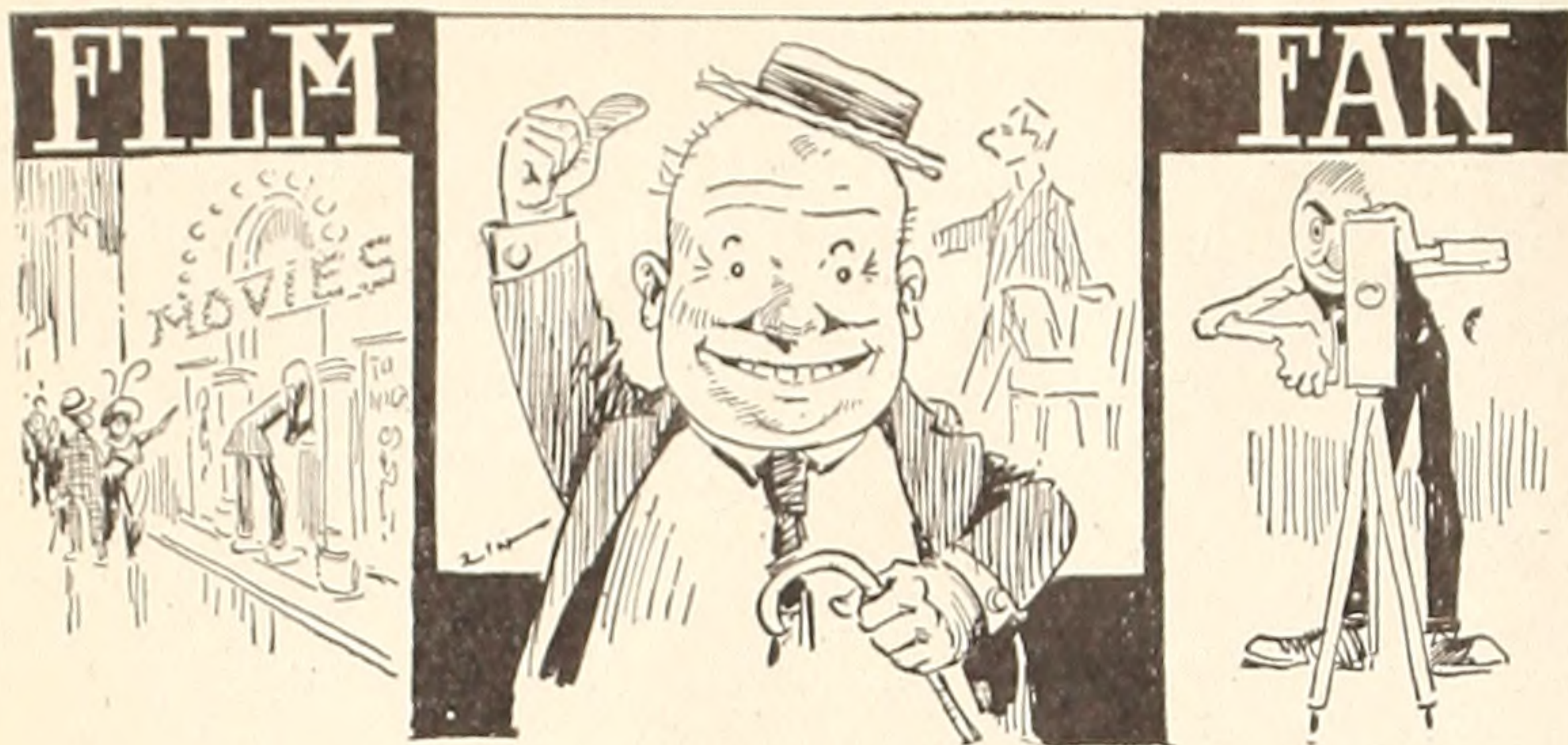
"That is the way Mary Pickford washes her hair," she remarked.

"No," replied Billy, age six. "I saw a picture of her, and she gets down on the floor and does it in a pail, with soap!"

Billy had seen "Tess of the Storm Country."







"IT GETS 'em, it gets 'em," sighed the Film Fan. He watched a noted screen star strolling slowly down Broadway, stealing glances at himself in every window he passed. "See that chap over there?"

"I see him," said the Friend. "Coming fast, isn't he?"

"Upstage," grieved the Fan, shaking his head sadly. "Upstage, that chap. Very. Only a few years ago he got \$150 a week with one of the companies and was darn glad to get it. He was just like the rest of us common back-alley dubs then, until they advanced him to \$200 a week, and he began to show signs of what J. A. Waldron calls 'the inflated ego.' He was so tickled to death to get that \$200 that he refused an offer to go back to the stage for \$225, because he figured that a contract for a year at \$200 a week was safer than a stage proposition at \$225 a week and the show liable to go broke the third week out. Two hundred dollars looked awful good to him at that time, and he never expected to go any higher.

"Then he came to New York and heard something about the big salaries the press agents were paying to the screen stars. It went to his head. He struck for higher salary. To his surprise his company refused. He hung around New York a few weeks without anything to do, until \$200 a week looked fairly consoling to him again, and then the company took him back. After a while they boosted him to \$250 on the pay check and \$600 in the papers. I was taking a foamy refreshment with him over the bar at the time he got the raise.

"How about this \$600 I hear you are getting?" I inquired. We were such old friends that there was no indelicacy in my asking him what he drew. If I hadn't asked him, he would have told me.

"He was just lifting a glass to his lips, and he looked at me over the brim of it with a satirical air.

"Don't believe all these \$600 stories you hear," he said. "The publicity people pile on all the traffic will bear to make it look right. But when your salary appears on a pay check, it shrinks about half."

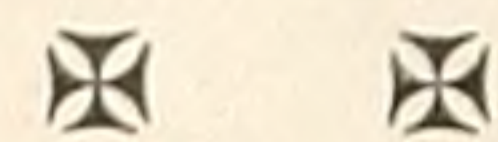
"He was fond of the looking-glass in those days, but he wasn't upstage. Then he did a picture that pleased the public, and one night they hollered for a speech when they found out that he was in the audience. That speech was his undoing. He has never been the same since. I had a bit of business with him last week and hunted him up at his hotel. I found him guarded by eight servants. There was a secretary who told me I might see him next week if I made an appointment with him. There was a trainer who trained with him every day. There was a wrestler and a valet and a physician and a chauffeur and a riding master and a"—

"That's only seven servants," objected the Friend. "It's his money, isn't it?"

"I don't like this upstage business," explained the Film Fan. "It isn't done. There are a lot of chaps getting as much

as he does, but it doesn't go to their heads. Inflating their egos? That's the word—he's got the ego inflated."

"It always happens," consoled the Friend. "And the worst of it is that if you were in his place, you'd get it, too. It's in all of us, but it takes money, publicity and a little luxury to bring it out in its purity."



'Jever meet Gladys Hanson, of the Universal? She's a good chap. She showed me a tiny ivory elephant she always wears on a jet chain and pouted when I accused her of being superstitious.

"You are as bad as Anna Pavlowa," I jeered. "They say she refused to go on playing once because she happened to catch sight of a red-headed property man, and she insisted that red-headed people always brought her bad luck."

"I don't blame her one bit," said Gladys. She's a good little soul, Gladys. "If red-headed people brought her bad luck, she had every right to refuse to go on playing. Not that I'm superstitious, at all; but I concede that people have a right to be if they want to. Why, I knew a dancer who wouldn't set foot on the stage unless she had spit in her left shoe. She forgot it once when she was late; but she thought of it just as she got into the wings, and bless me if she didn't stop right there, sit down, and take off her left shoe and perform the necessary operation.

"And talking about shoes, I saw a well-known actress fly into a juniper fit of temper one afternoon at a matinee, because a new dresser had inadvertently put her shoes on a table. Said it would queer her for the season—and, do you know, that girl had a run of bad luck for months. Everybody knows that an actor will fume with rage if anybody dares to whistle in a dressing-room; but the funniest thing I ever saw was a middle-aged actress who devoutly crossed herself at every performance before she would venture on the stage. Another actress has a piece from the gown she wore at her first performance stitched into every dress she wears."

"I didn't know motion picture actresses"—I began helplessly.

"No; I'm telling you," went on Miss Hanson calmly. "I know a motion picture actor who always carries a tiny buckskin moccasin, only big enough for a doll, in his upper vest pocket. In the toe of it is crowded a copper cent that he picked up on the street after days of trying to get a job. He landed the job within an hour after he had playfully thrust the penny into the toe of the moccasin. Do you suppose he'd give up that moccasin?"

"I always thought"—I began.

"So you say," went on Gladys briskly. "One of the prettiest young motion picture actresses of to-day won't begin a scene in a new play until some one has slapped her on her left shoulder. And I know another who carried for months a funny little clay dog that a friend presented her with one day and had success all the time, until another girl sneaked it away from her, and the poor thing hasn't had a good engagement since, while the girl who got it has climbed right to the top of the ladder. I know a man who puts his shoes at right angles every time he takes them off, and another who carries a tiny Japanese god around with him all the time and keeps it between his fingers when he is discussing any important business deal. I know a girl"—

"King's Ex on any more of them," I pleaded. "I'll agree that everybody should be superstitious, if you say so."



# How Hollister Discovered the Secret of Youth, Health, Energy and Success

By W. W. WASHBURN

I HAVE friends who travel a great deal more than I, but who have apparently no greater number of friends than I possess, yet they tell me it is very seldom they take a long trip without meeting some friend on the train, while I, as a rule, never meet a friend while journeying.

The other day, while making a hurried trip west, I met with an exception to my usual experience; and what a wonderful excetion it was! The fact is, I cannot help telling about it.

I had no more than boarded the train than I met my old friend Hollister of Kansas City. Way back in 1890 we were interested together in the elevator business. When I sold my stock to Hollister it was after a long period of worry for both of us. Business had been bad and the going to the wall of one of the largest banks of the state of Missouri made us financially, and in every other way, shaky. I was none too well, but Hollister was "all in," as is the saying. He was unable to think, he could not sleep, he was nervous, he had brain fag, he could not digest his food; there was not a function he could perform with any satisfaction or success; no doubt he believed he was losing his mind. I, in my own heart, believed that Hollister was slowly dying. I was not alone in this belief that he could not live another three months.

When, therefore, I met him the other day, looking better in health and better in physique—in fact, an unusually virile man as well as in a most exuberant state of mind and body, as though he had been reborn (he is past sixty years of age) I could not help asking for the secret of his renewed youth.

It took Hollister but a minute to say, "I owe my regeneration and life to Swoboda, who, through teaching me the simple principles and secret of evolution and how to use them, has recreated me in body and mind, and

made me better in every way than I had ever been in my youth, and all this after I had been told by specialists that nothing could give me health."

Said Hollister, "When I think of my physician telling me to travel and to quit business, which, by the way, was going to the wall because of my inability to run it in my poor state of mind and body, and when I think of thus being practically sentenced to complete ruin, so to speak, and when at the same time I realize my present condition of rejuvenation, I awoke to a greater and greater appreciation of Conscious Evolution and its wonderful possibilities for the human race."

He said, "Swoboda taught me not only how to rebuild myself, but also how to continue my life and evolution where nature left off. In my case he improved upon nature, and I have since learned that he has done as much for thousands of others—men and women of every age and condition."

Continuing, Hollister said: "It was a red letter day in my life when I heard of Swoboda from the publisher of the largest newspaper in Missouri—a friend who had learned from experience as well as from others of the wonderful success of Conscious Evolution."

As can be seen, Hollister could not say enough in praise of the renewer of his life and fortune. Naturally, I became interested, or I am getting along in years and have, mistakingly, like most human beings, come to expect weakness as inevitable, in consequence of gaining in years.

When my friend assured me I could, through Conscious Evolution, be made young again, I indeed became interested and eager for the demonstration. I took Alois P. Swoboda's address, which, by the way, is 1906 Aeolian Building, New York City, and obtained his booklet by mail a few weeks ago. I at once

started to use his method, and now can comprehend why Hollister was so enthused with delight in the new life, for I, also, am growing younger, stronger, happier, more energetic, and more virile by leaps and bounds. It is a fact that one must experience this new and better life which is produced through Conscious Evolution if one is to comprehend what is being missed without it.

When I met Hollister on the train it was an unusual trip and a wonderful day for me. It was a wonderful day for Hollister when his newspaper friend led him to Conscious Evolution, and I need but hint to the readers of *FILM FUN*. Let this be a wonderful day for you. Get in touch with Swoboda and obtain his booklet—it will cost you nothing, and may start you on the road to a new and better life. Swoboda will send this booklet to anyone for the asking. I know it is his aim to help as many as possible. This booklet explains his new and unique theory of the body and mind, and, no doubt, it will prove interesting to everyone as it did to me. It gave me a better understanding of myself than I obtained from a college course. It startled, educated, and enlightened me. It explains the human body as I believe it never has been explained before. Moreover, it tells of the dangers and after-effects of exercise and of excessive deep breathing.

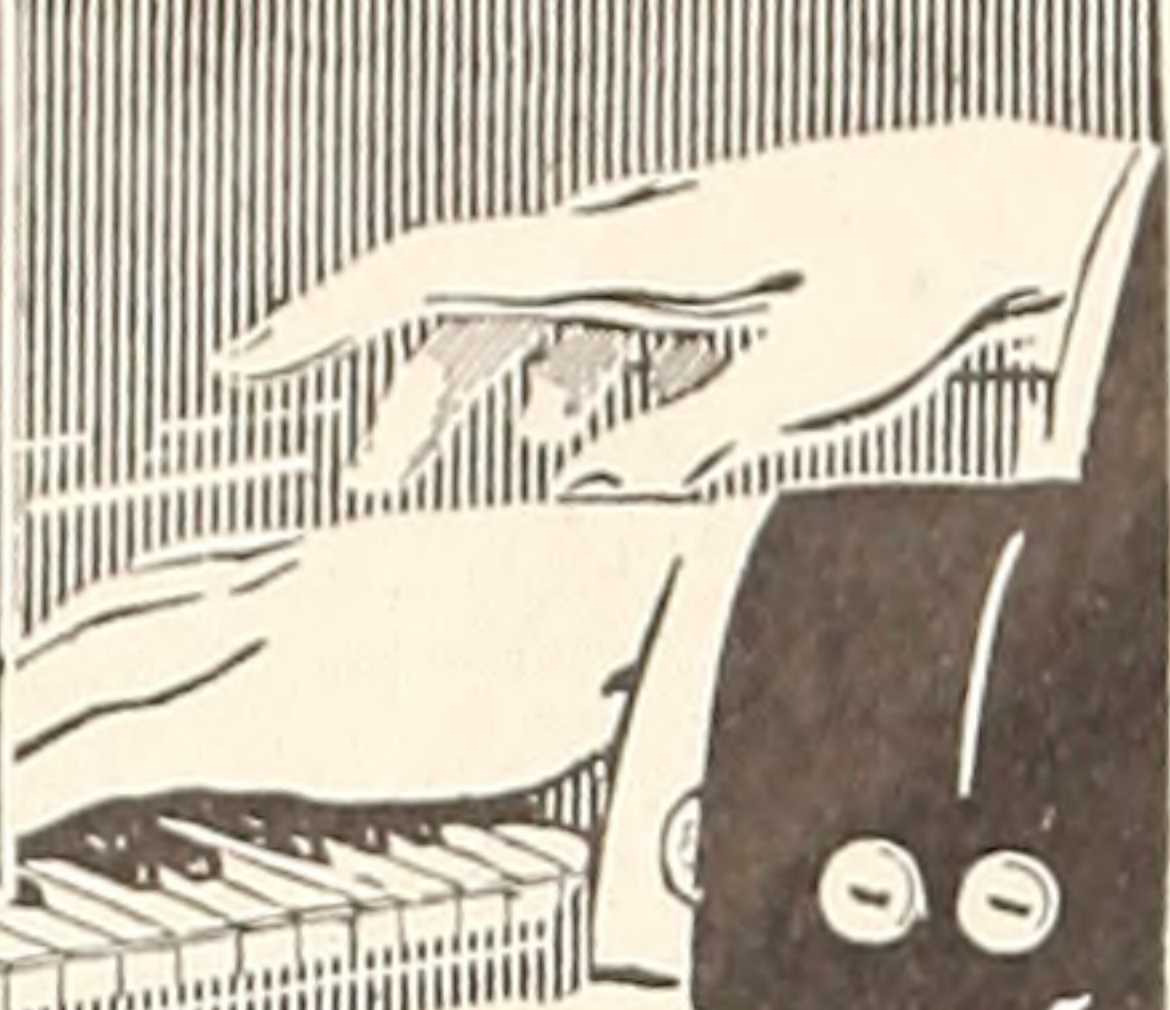
What Hollister said to me seemed too good to be true. What I say, no doubt, seems too good to be true, but Swoboda has a proposal which everyone should consider and thus learn that nothing which is said about Conscious and Creative Evolution is too good to be true.

In concluding this statement I cannot refrain from mentioning the fact that I now have pleasure in work and in a strenuous life, and I whistle, hum and sing; where formerly I always wore a frown (according to the evidence of my family) I now, as my friends say, always wear a smile.

*The address of Alois P. Swoboda is 1906 Aeolian Bldg., New York, N. Y.—adv.*



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## Shop Talk

By JACK P. ROBINSON

ONE WARM evening recently I chanced to drop into a park seat, in a Southern city, among a small bunch of moving picture actors, who were enjoying a smoke as they rested after a hard day's work.

All except one. He did not belong to the cult evidently and was up against it. All the rest had money.

"Gee," said the unfortunate one, "it's all right for you fellows to talk! You, Fatty, for instance—you're the luckiest man ever! If you should fall into McGurk's Creek, you'd come up with your vest pockets full of fish. You fell into the movies by chance, and you've had steady work these six months and been drawing regular money ever since. You're not on duty over seven hours a day, and some days you don't work over two hours of that. B'lieve me, the moving picture business is a soft snap!"

"Aw, cut it out!" growled an actor. "You don't know whatcher talking about. Listen! To-day we were out in the Ortega Woods, playing an outdoor picture. There was supposed to be a wild man chasing us through the woods, a whole bunch of us, men and women. It was all very tragic, but just at a critical moment one chuckle-headed fellow laughed—and spoiled a hundred and fifty feet of film. That one foolish grin queered all that work, too. We had to do all that stunt over again. The wild man got wilder about it, too. He was almost stark naked, except for a breech clout about his loins and a thick red wig on, plenty paint, and the wig made him sweat, and the perspiration ran down his face and spoiled his make-up. His shins were all barked from running through the underbrush, and scratched by sand burrs. But Joe is an old actor and a game old sport; he swore, however, that he hadn't nerve enough to do that stunt over again, unless somebody gave him a big chaw of terbacker. The manager expostulated. No wild man ever chewed tobacco, and it would spoil the scene. Only civilized hogs chewed tobacco, reasoned the director; wild men, never. But Joe stood pat; said he wouldn't go back to his cave and make that run again, unless he had some fine-cut to steady his nerve. So I had to leg it to a little country grocery and get a package of fine-cut. But that poor chap's legs were a sight when we got through; I never realized the value of trousers before. B'lieve me, this moving picture actor's life has its drawbacks."

"I should say so," put in the third man.



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"I was looking backward on that run and bumped into a big magnolia tree, and that's how I got this bruise. Then I had to pick sand burrs off one of the girls' stockings. They all had 'em from running through the brush. Most of 'em got 'em off themselves; but this was a fat girl with corsets on, and she couldn't bend over, so she began to cry, and the director made me help her pick them off."

"That was no job to kick about," said somebody.

"It wasn't, hey? Well, there was a good many sand burrs to get out, and they stuck in my fingers and thumbs. Then, again, I was in the rush through the forest where the wild man chases us. He was supposed to be surprised while eating his breakfast. He had a huge chunk of raw meat, and when he chased the crowd, he threw the hunk of corned beef or fat pork or whatever it was and struck me on the face; and it's no joke to be struck on the jowl with three or four pounds of stew meat when you're not braced for it."

I left the little crowd and made my way home and wrote this pathetic little poem:

I didn't raise my boy to be a } motion picture actor;  
 I didn't raise my kid for no sich fame.  
 They say that war is horrid,  
 But down South in climates torrid,  
 Motion picture work can give war cards  
 and spades and get the game.



### Getting Out the Reserves

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"Madam," replied the polite young man, when he could edge in a word, "I am selling nothing of the kind. I am merely offering a book of twelve tickets to the local motion picture show for one dollar. You see, you save just twenty cents on each dollar's worth. Now"—

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 They All Sang "Annie Laurie"—  
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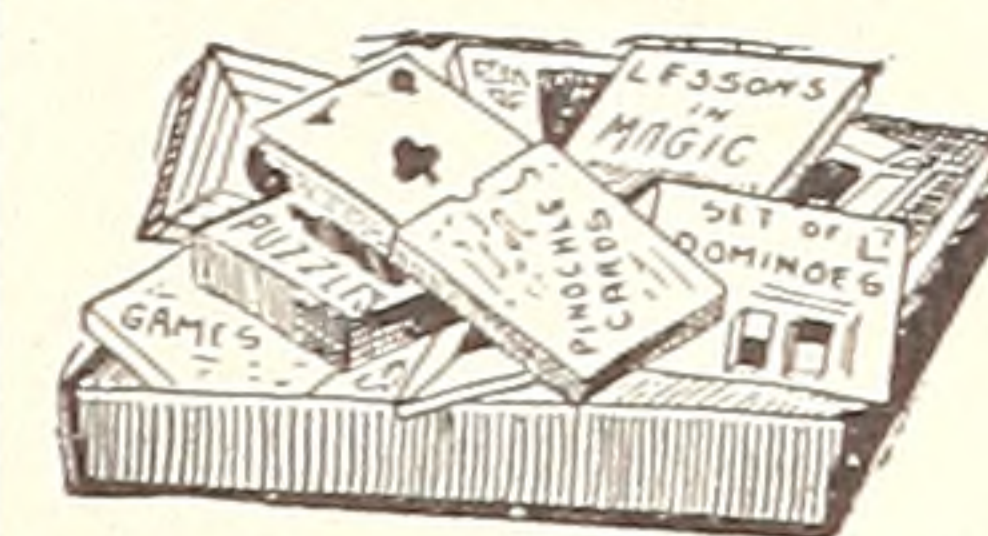
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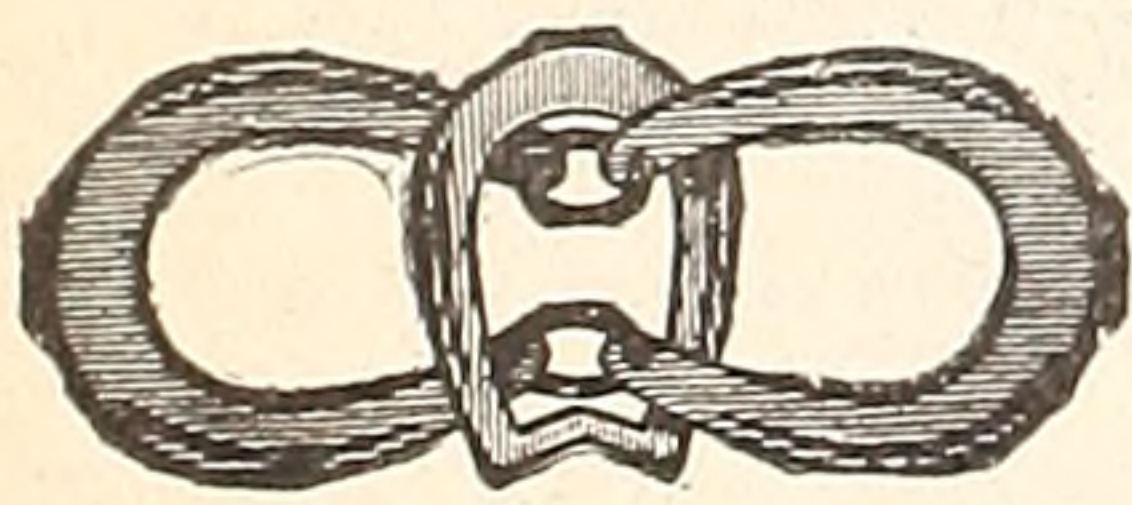


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"What kind of a theatrical manager have you the nerve to call yourself?" she demanded furiously. "When I signed up as leading lady of this here aggregation of broken-down tie walkers, I was promised first-class hotels, with heat—do you hear me?—heat—and here"——

The "manager" addressed promptly took his cue and returned the compliments in kind. The "hotel man" chimed in from the desk, others slipped automatically into speaking parts, and in a flash a merry satire that might fitly have been entitled "The Barnstormers" was in progress, every line of it impromptu and every line a laugh for the crowd of old-time players who gathered.

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"Careful!"  
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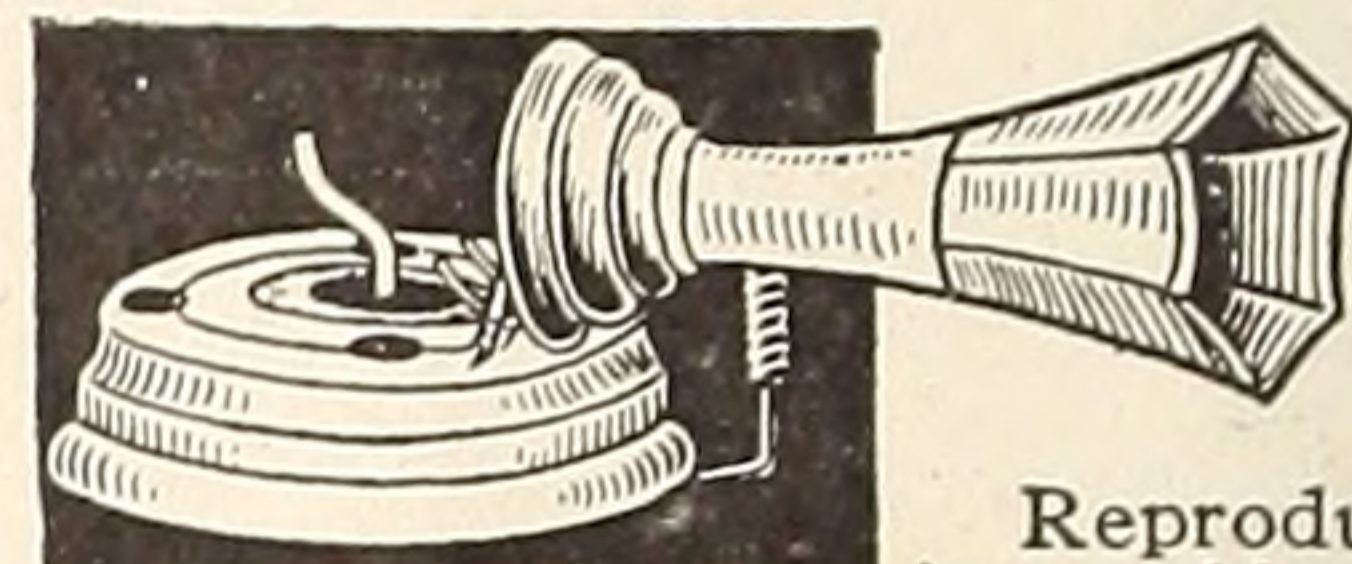
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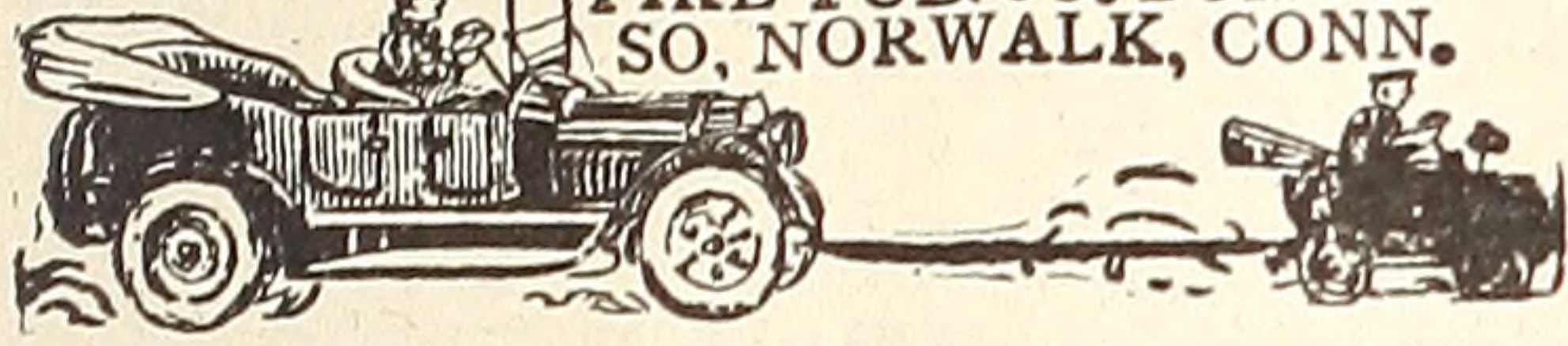


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## Who's Who and Where

George Bronson-Howard, the distinguished playwright, author of "Snobs" and a number of other plays, has gone to California to write exclusively for the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company.



Leo Maloney, the leading man in "The Girl and the Game" Mutual serial, recently gained wide notoriety for spreading his glove down across a mud puddle to save Helen Holmes's dainty foot from the mire.



Trained bumblebees may be all right in their way, but they aren't of sufficient weight to interest George Du Bois Proctor, the new Gaumont (Mutual) scenario editor. He had an opportunity the other day to accept a scenario which called for such an animal, but he says that he sent it back.



Claire Whitney, who has just finished work in "The Ruling Passion," in Kingston, Jamaica, under the direction of Herbert Brenon, defines heaven as a place where there are individual easy chairs, hearth fires, copies of Tolstoy and an unlimited supply of chocolate eclairs within reach.



Vivian Rich, Alfred Vosburgh and Frank Borzage are all playing together now, and they make a fine combination of youth, good looks and ability. The company alternates a feature with a three-reeler, and Vivian Rich is getting better chances to show her versatility than at any previous stage of her career.



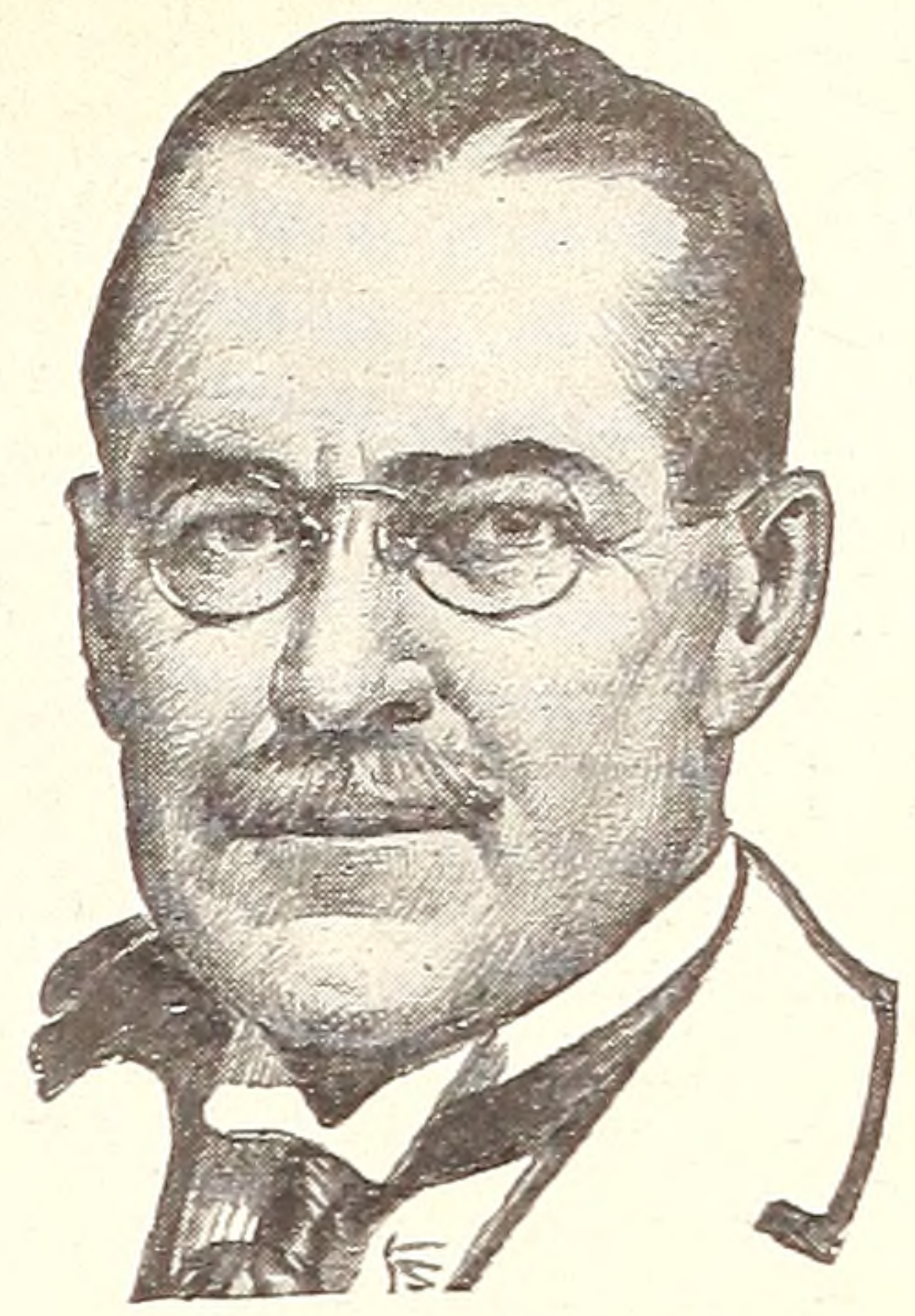
Annette Kellermann, William E. Shay, little Jane Lee and her sister, Florence Deshon, fourscore bathing girls, picked from the flower of New York's swimming beauties, who will be seen as mermaids, and some fifteen hundred others are working on a William Fox feature, in Kingston, Jamaica, British West Indies, under the direction of Herbert Brenon.



A letter from Marguerite Clark, who is now in the woods of northern New York, where she is doing a mountain story, requests the Famous Players Film Company to give her a nice Southern story for her next production. She says that she is frozen solid and that it will take at least four weeks of warm weather to thaw her out.

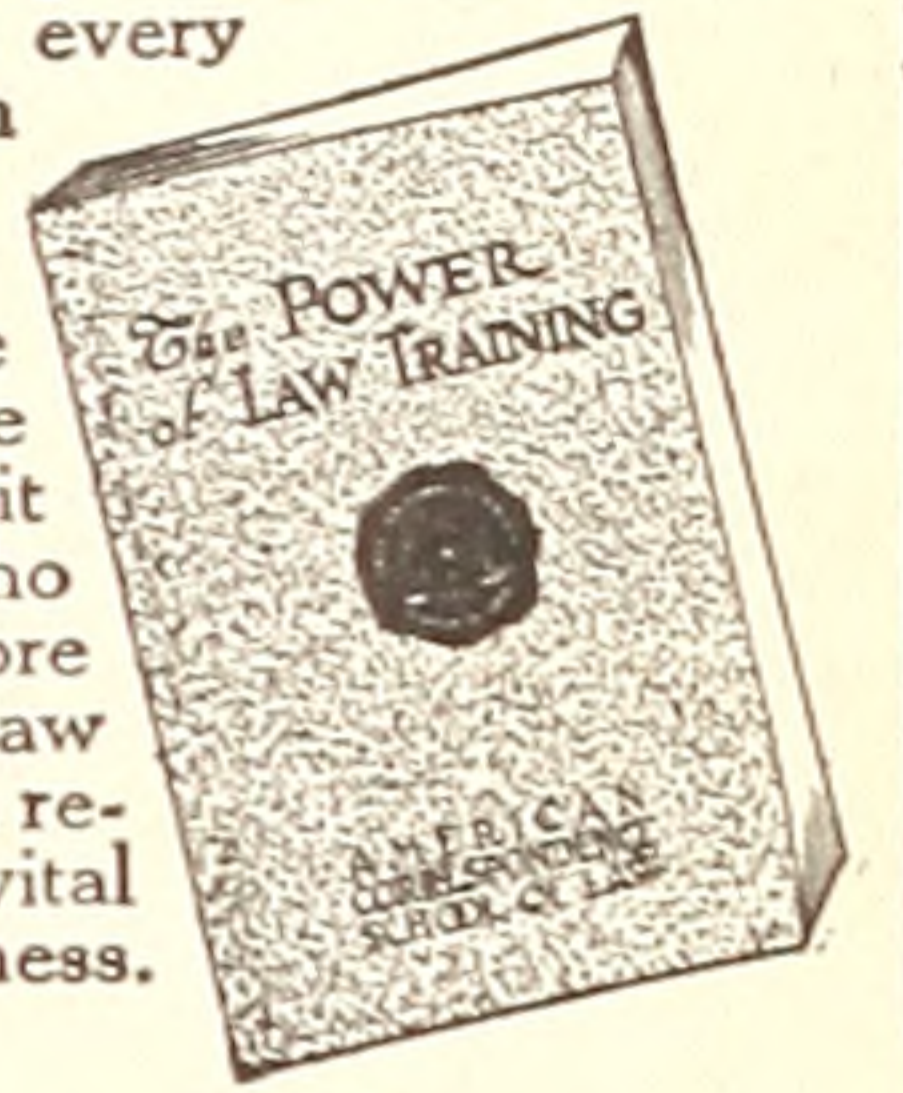


Marguerite Nichols, one of Balboa's ingenue leads, is a talented artist. Her



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specialty is coloring photographs, and she has developed a high degree of perfection in this line. Picture players frequently complain because of the time that hangs heavy on their hands between scenes. But Miss Nichols never does. When she is not working before the camera, she can usually be found in her dressing-room, coloring pictures for her friends. It is her hobby.

Theda Bara, star of the William Fox production, "Gold and the Woman," has received a letter from a Texas admirer, who has promised to kill a mountain lion and send it to her to be made into a kimono. "I have never heard of a kimono made from a lion's skin," wrote the admirer, "but I think such a garment should be very useful. You can wear the kimono about the house. When you go outdoors, it will be unnecessary for you to change, for the garment will be plenty warm. Please send me a picture of the kimono after it is made."

One of the amusing sidelights on Mary Pickford's recent elevation to partnership in the Famous Players-Mary Pickford Company is a deluge of automobile salesmen, who have decided that the little star looks like a good "prospect." There is scarcely a motor car which has a New York representative concerning the merits of which Miss Pickford has not been advised within the last two weeks, either by letter or by 'phone. Miss Pickford says she is not in the market for a new car.

Chief Big Tree, the reg'lar Indian chief-tain who plays whenever he is wanted to play in the American Mustang (Mutual) pictures, is described in glowing terms by a contemporary writer as having "a profile like a buffalo nickel." The truth is that Chief Big Tree is some Indian. His particular duties in the "Buck Parvin in the Movies" series are to frighten Marcellus Peckinpaw, the author, out of his wits. He does it. Rae Berger, the American (Mutual) actor, plays the role of Peckinpaw.

Balboa's menagerie has demonstrated once more the doctrine of the survival of the fittest—physically. Not long ago it consisted of an odd assortment of animal life. The first to succumb was a snake which had attempted to get too familiar with the bear. Then the monkey triumphed in a battle with the ocelot, and the coyote hanged himself in disgust over

his captivity. Now, Business Manager Manning has arranged to provide a new supply. To begin with, he has purchased three trained bears and an aviary of tropical birds, all of which will soon function in Balboa pictures as incidentals.

Vivian Martin, who is playing the leading part in the William Fox production of "Merely Mary Ann," was the recipient of a Japanese poodle as a Christmas present, sent her from the far East by a Japanese poet, who wrote he had fallen in love with her from seeing her picture. As the letter was in Japanese, Miss Martin had considerable difficulty in having it translated. The burning words of love contained in the letter were too much for the little screen star to listen to, and she had it written in English, that she might read it privately.

### Motion Pictures in Surgery

The New York County Medical Society had a motion picture clinic recently. The camera recorded all the details of an important major operation. Every move of the hand was noted clearly by the students, much more so, in fact, than they could usually see when seated in the back of the clinic room. Only the hands of the surgeons at work were to be seen, and neither faces nor paraphernalia shows. By this method students in every city will be enabled to closely observe the details of operations performed by noted surgeons in other cities. These films are not for public exhibition, but will be used in medical schools.

### Respect the Workingman

The American Flint Glass Workers Local No. 81 recently passed resolutions protesting that motion picture manufacturers were making a practice of depicting workmen as intoxicated and disorderly, and asking the manufacturers to adopt a fair policy toward labor in this respect.

### Poor Judgment in Grandma

Johnny, aged eight, was sitting in the hall reading, when his grandmother descended the stairs somewhat quickly. She missed a step at the top and finished with a long roll to the bottom. When he had lifted the shaken old lady to her feet and found her practically unhurt, Johnny evinced immense admiration.

"I don't see why you stick around here in a small town, doing that stuff for nothing," he said, "when you could get paid for it by Charlie Chaplin."

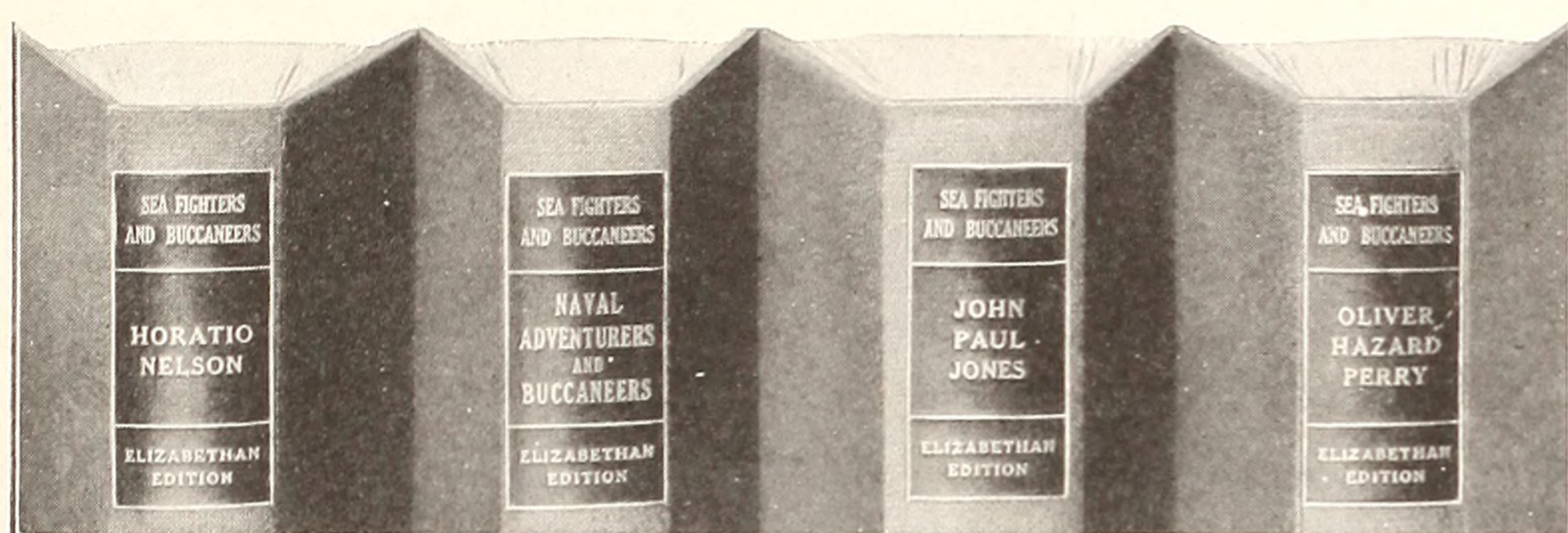


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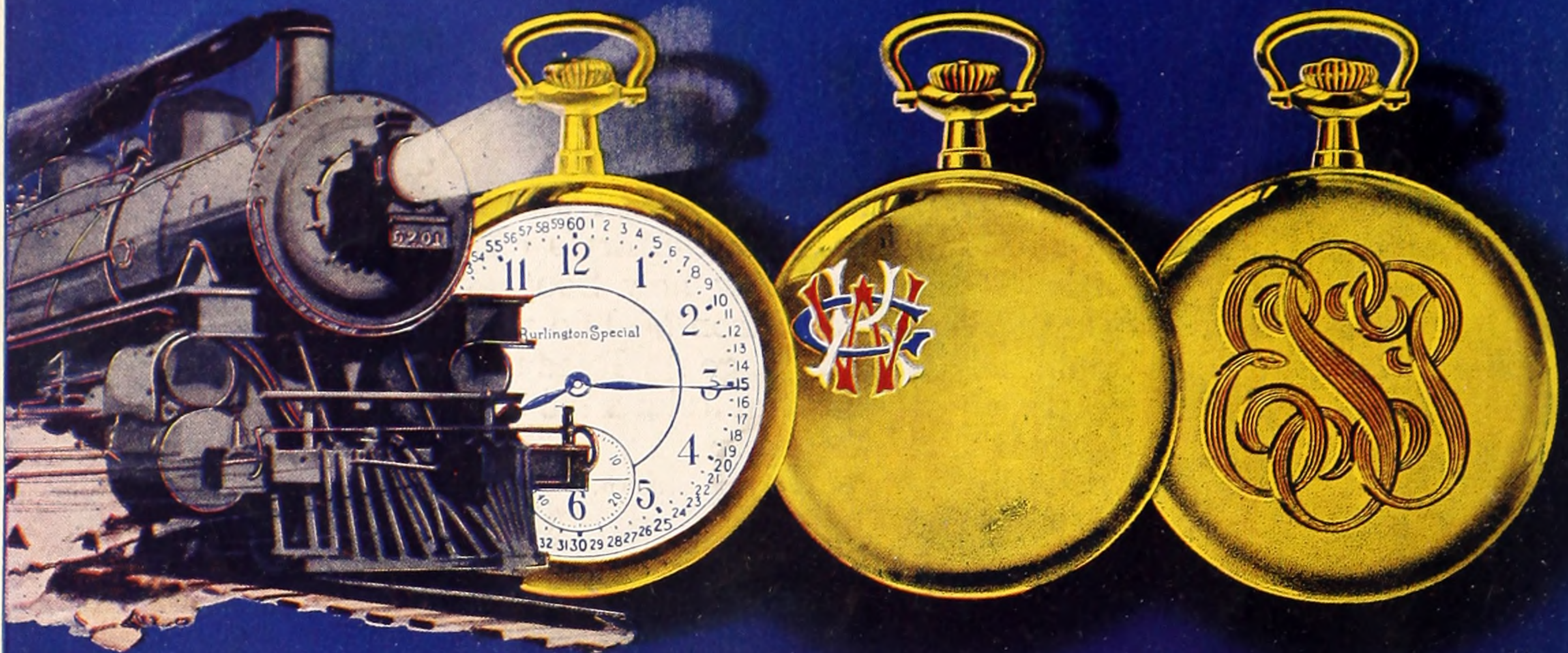
And those heavy villains in the great drama of the colonization of the Western World—what sad sea dogs were those adventurers and buccaneers! How they hated the Don! How they loved to singe his black whiskers! With what glee they chased him up and down the Spanish Main and looted his treasure ships! But it was not all fighting and blood-letting, for we read:

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