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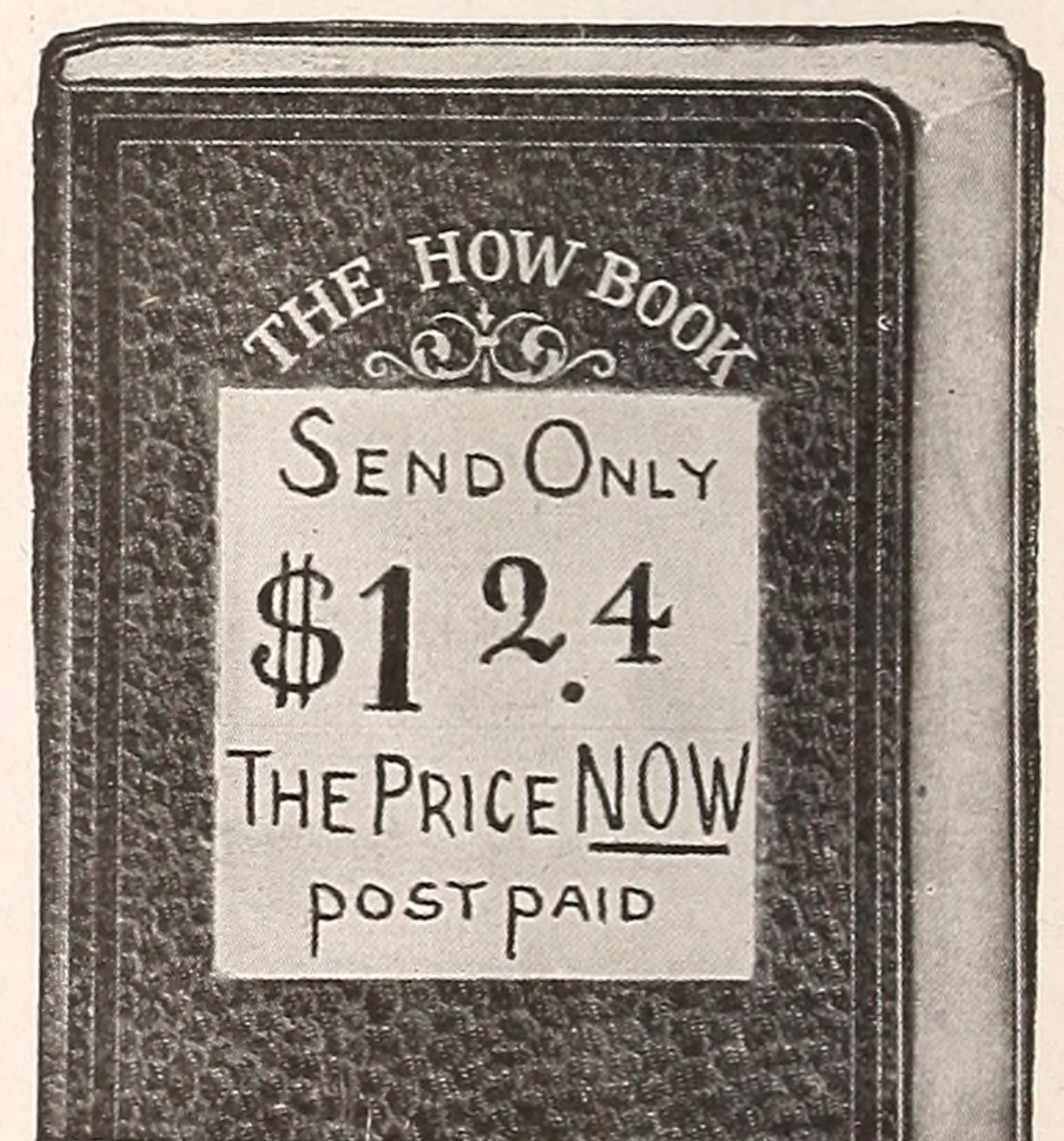
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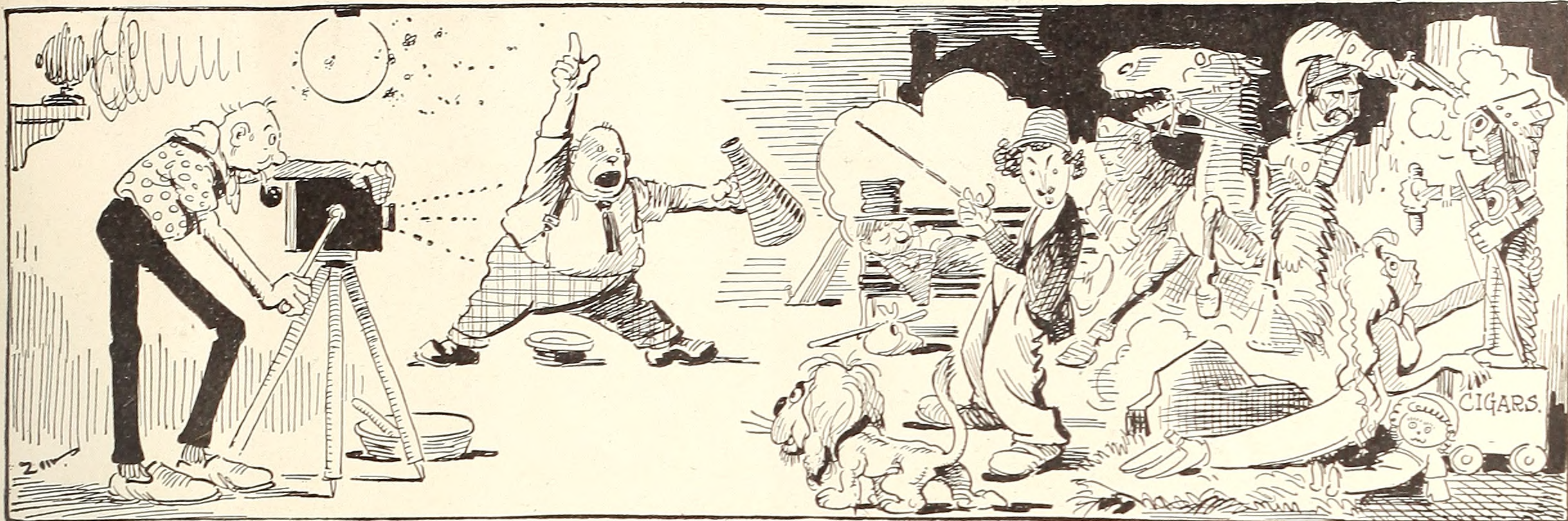
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Film Fun

Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined



Published monthly by

LESLIE-JUDGE COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK CITY.

John A. Sleicher, President. Reuben P. Sleicher, Secretary. A. E. Rollauer, Treasurer. Grant Hamilton, Art Director. Elizabeth Sears, Editor.

225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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Entered at the post-office at New York
as second-class matter.

Single Copies, 10 Cents

No. 327—JUNE, 1916

Subscription by the Year, \$1.00

E D I T O R I A L S

The American Atmosphere

WHEN you view with admiring eyes the wonderful foreign scenery that is reproduced in our motion pictures, do not worry about the cost of production and transportation charges for the company.

Some of the most effective Paris scenes in "Trilby" and the Monte Carlo scenes in "Diplomacy" were found without crossing the water. MacDougal Alley is rich in atmosphere. MacDougal Alley, friends, is a little blind alley down around Eighth Street, New York, where there is artistic atmosphere to spare, all bunched up in job lots. It was formerly used for the stables of the most exclusive families of New York, and some of the exclusive atmosphere remains, although the milk bottles outside the studio door of Mrs. Whitney are as plebeian as any tenement milk bottles.

When the automobiles drove the horses from the stables in search of employment, and Bohemia, as outlined in Greenwich Village, began to encroach on legitimate society, the stables were seized by artistic souls, who put a bit of art into what had been the apartments du horse.

It makes a fine French setting. Old MacDougal Alley flits soulfully through many a reel with as much aplomb and assurance and French accent as anything in the Latin Quartier.

Some of the rural scenes in foreign pictures have been taken not ten miles from Brooklyn—scenes in which not a single rubber plant or a baby carriage figures. The old English inn that is featured in "The Great Ruby" is the genuine old inn that was formerly one of George Washington's headquarters. How the shade of our First Father would take this English tinge to a purely American product has not been recorded.

Some extremely vivid African atmosphere, full of mountains and deserts, has been snatched bodily from New Jersey landscapes. Yet we would not deny that these pictures are real.

America, therefore, has the distinction of being able to reproduce, as far as scenery goes, bits of any age in any country.

How'd You Like To Be a Royal Family?

A SPECIAL theater is to be arranged in Buckingham Palace for the private entertainment of the Royal Family. Queen Mary and King George have become addicted to the motion picture habit.

It must be very dull to be a Royal Youngster. They are barred from so many pleasures that are the right and privilege of lesser-born youngsters. And if there is any compensation to be found for them, it might be found in the pictures that screen the ordinary people who are reveling in ordinary joys and sorrows and amusements, without regalia and ceremony.

What a lot of fun the Royal Kids miss! It must be grand to have a private picture theater of your own; but half the fun is the excitement of watching the imperturbable countenance of the pretty girl at the window as she pushes the button that throws out your ticket when you have proudly tendered her the price of admission.

And there is the suspense of never knowing what picture will come next. Royal Parents have a way of rigidly censoring Royal Pictures. It might give one a sense of importance to recline luxuriously on Royal Crimson Cushions; but there would be no fat man to climb over the seats and drag an umbrella and accept the unexpurgated comments and opinions of fat men as maintained openly by the people over whom he is crawling.

It is comforting to have a maid and valet and footman at the elbow; but if one is not to smile indulgently at the spongy couple in front, who murmur endearing terms and hold hands fondly during the love scenes, what is the use of going?

The realest joy in life is to own fifty cents, an evening of leisure, and your pick of three picture theaters, knowing, as you plank down your money, that if you do not like the pictures, you can go to another show and still have money enough to get home on.

This is life!



FAMOUS PLAYERS

THE HIGHEST PAID SEAMSTRESS IN THE WORLD.

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

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

At the Picture Play

By JAMES G. GABLE

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



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

Steering Straight

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

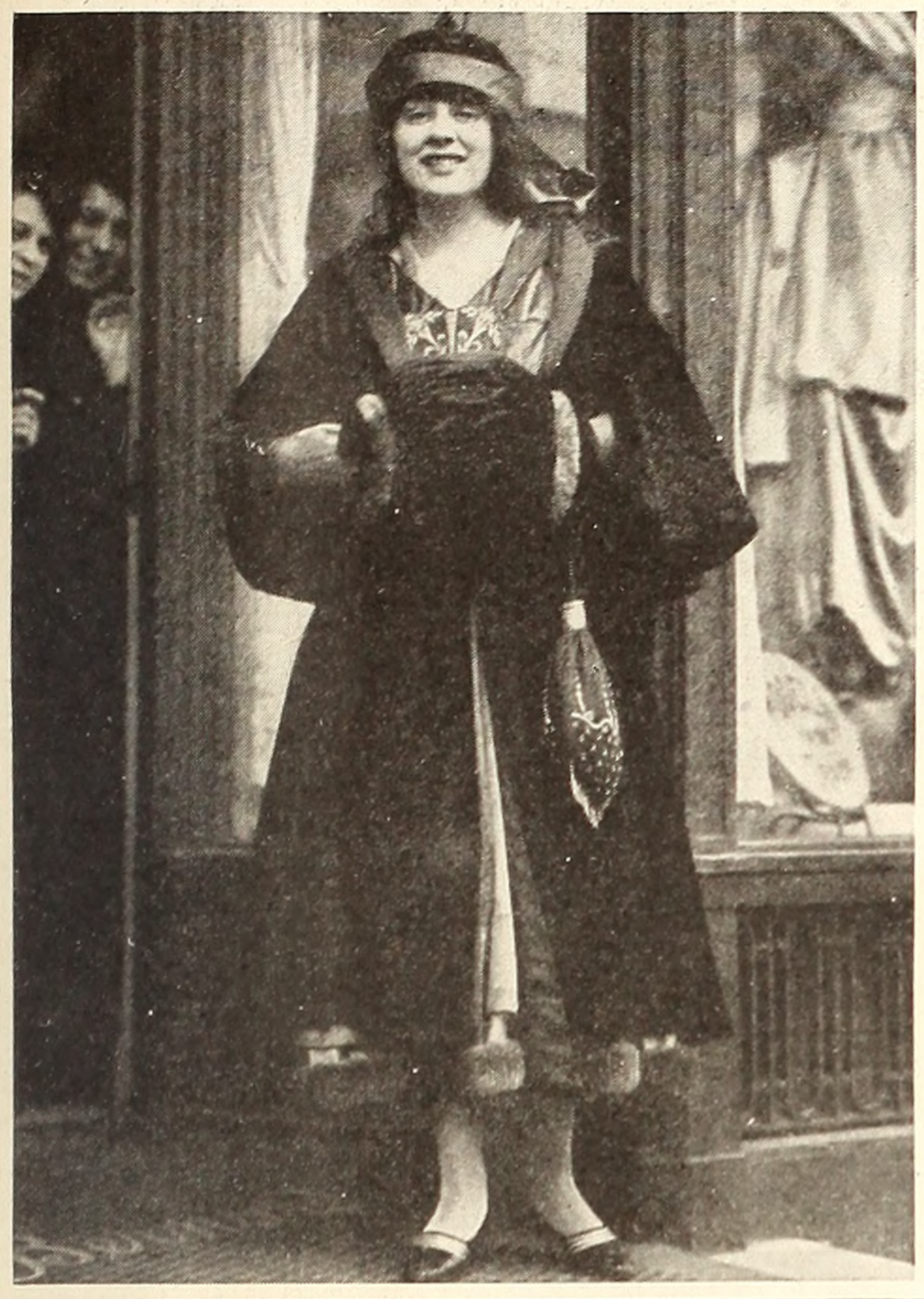
Two Irishmen were watching it. Said one,
 "The mon seems to walk straight enough."
 "Yis," was the reply; "but he would fall down if the shoring should give way."

Up in Smoke

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

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

EXTRA! ALL ABOUT LENORE ULRICH!



MOROSCO

Such a Gorgeous Gown!

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

✠ ✠ Seal It?

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

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

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

Lenore Ulrich Gets Up Early. Shops While Most People Sleep

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

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

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

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



A Poor Patch

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

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

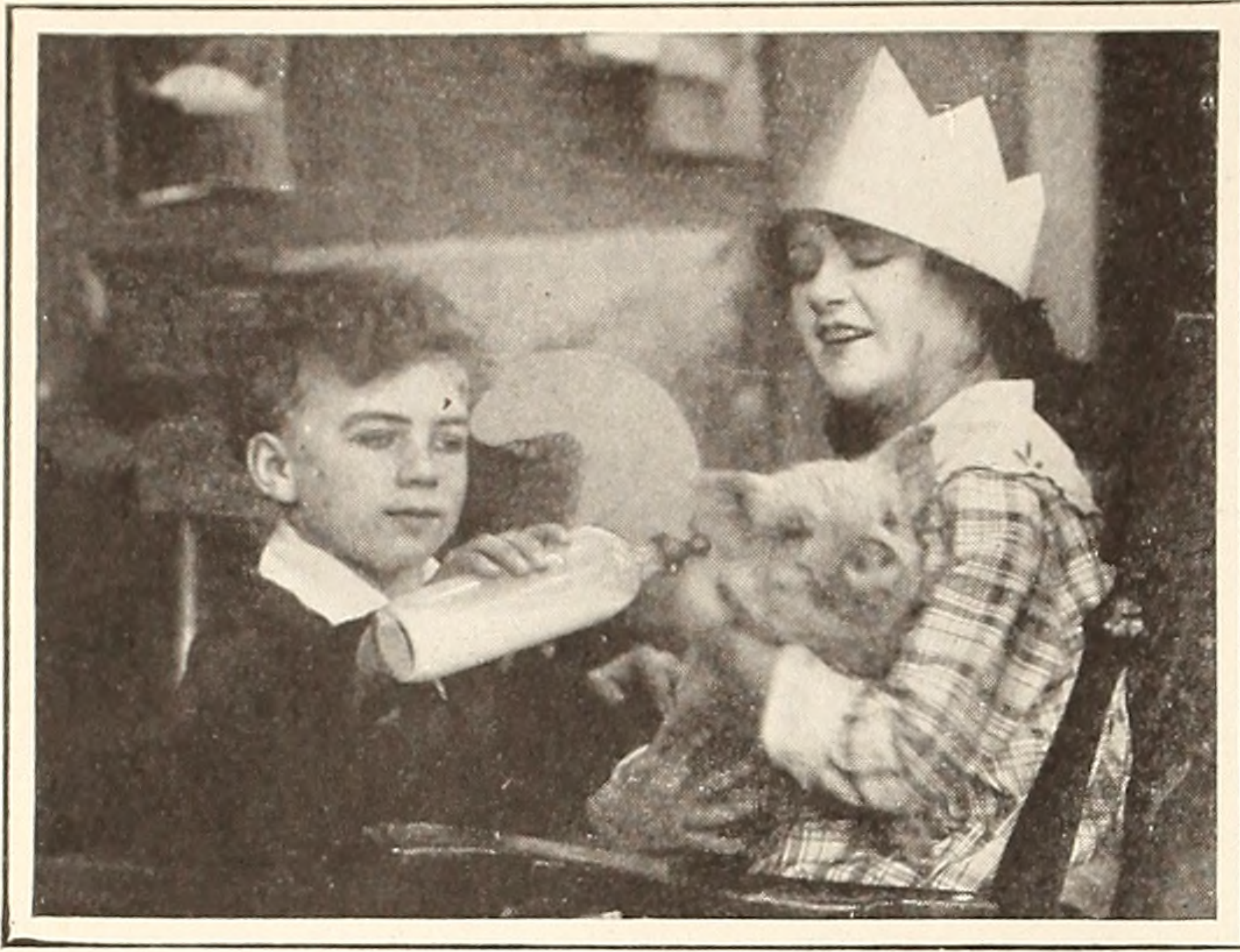


Push the Button

Knick—Does he ever stop to think?

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





FAMOUS PLAYERS

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



FAMOUS PLAYERS

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

The Spirit of Eternal Youth

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

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

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

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



FAMOUS PLAYERS

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



FAMOUS PLAYERS

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

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

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

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

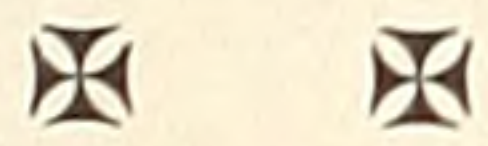
It is a staid enough outline as one writes it. Miss Clark injects every bit of her elf-like self into the playing of it. When you see her curled up in the dumbwaiter, taking a peek to see if her pot of azaleas reached her patient all right, or dressed in the plush

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

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

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

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



Pro Bono Publico

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



FAMOUS PLAYERS

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

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



FAMOUS PLAYERS

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

least intention of attracting attention. The school-girls had become so accustomed to discussing their favorites on the screen that they were convinced that even in the flesh they could not hear.



Not Eating-Eggs

England has protested against a wanton waste of eggs in a Lubin picture. "Pop" Lubin himself says so. This isn't a press-agent story—it's a regular tale. There is a letter to prove it.

It seems Billy Reeves made a picture called "Hamlet Made Over," in which an audience fires eggs at the actor. Imitation audience, understand. There was a mob scene, with fully one hundred and fifty-one extras all mobbing. Each and every extra was furnished with one or more eggs. It made a grand omelet party.

A woman in Leeds, England, has protested against this waste. She wrote a long letter to "Pop" Lubin about it. She says over in England eggs are \$1.50 a dozen, and when she saw this picture, in common with everybody else

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

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

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



The Other Side

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

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

"Yes, she is probably stuck on herself."



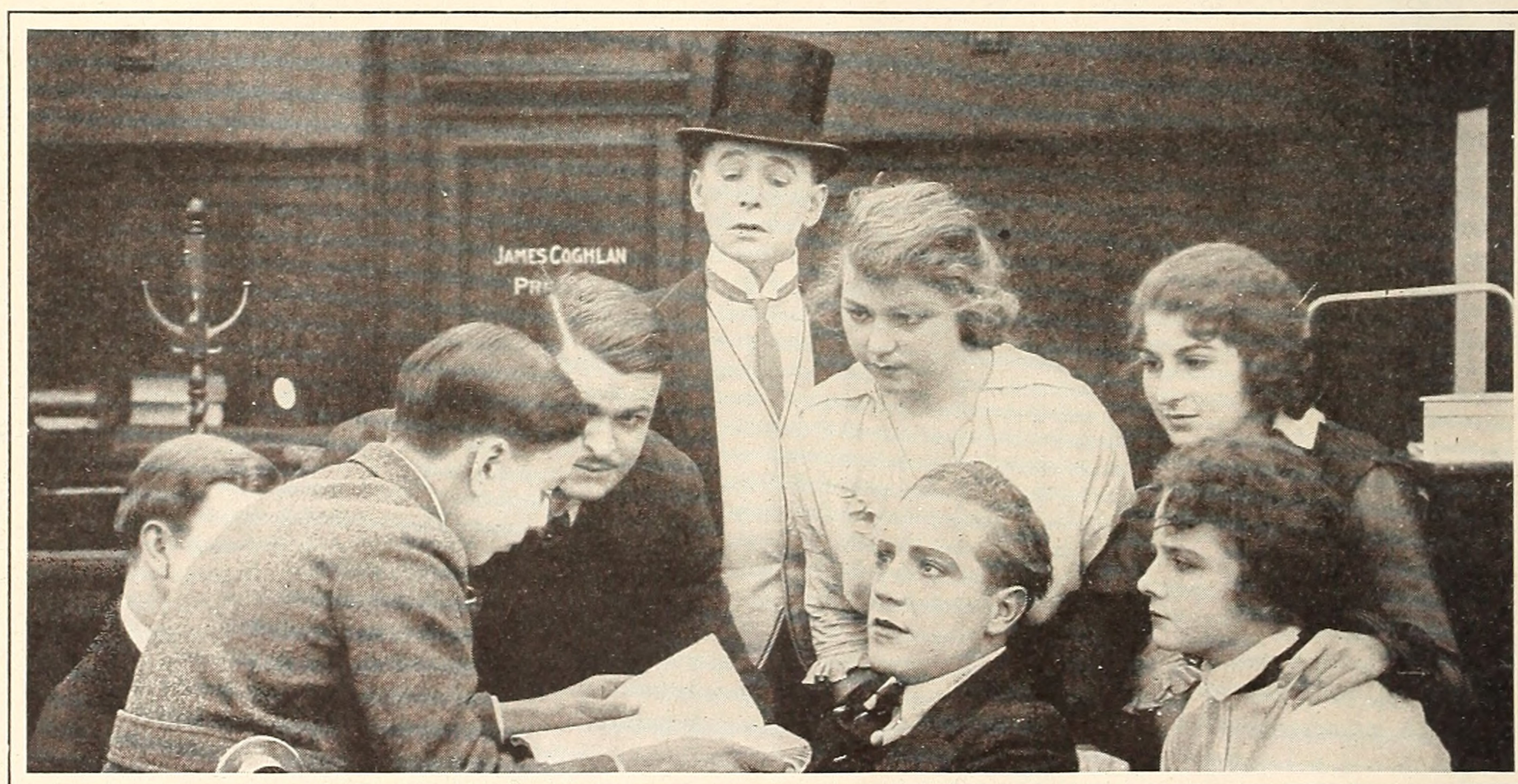
TRIANGLE-INCE

Uncle has the "No-Good Guy" released from jail on condition that he will go to work. Jimmy figures that he'd like to be a detective, and gets a lot of fun out of admiring his name on the office door.



TRIANGLE-INCE

Jimmy is not keen for work, but when he recalls this scene from his famous celebration of his fall from the water wagon, he shudders and retires to his private office to await a case.



TRIANGLE-INCE

He gets a case, all right, with plenty of excitement and gunmen and bombs and surprises. And when he is out, his office force amuse themselves with detective stories read aloud.



FAMOUS PLAYERS

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

That Hungry Little Ragamuffin

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



Everybody Goes

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

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

Chorus:

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

The whole family goes to the pictures.



WORLD

ALL FOR THE SAME PRICE.

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

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

He Couldn't Forget It

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

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

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

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

Don't You Wish You Were a Gish?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



TRIANGLE

Lillian Gish at her favorite pastime of embroidering.

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

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

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

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

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



Jackie Saunders in Mufti

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

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

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

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

The visitor grinned with appreciation.

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

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



In These Scenario Days

Two urchins were intently watching a dog fight.

"Some dog fight!" said one.

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



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

"Artie, the Millionaire Kid"

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

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

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

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



VITAGRAPH
Dorothy Kelly.

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

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

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



VITAGRAPH

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



VITAGRAPH

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

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

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

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



VITAGRAPH

Artie's friend captivates the gay old ducks.

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

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



VITAGRAPH

The wily widow, who has played Artie's father skillfully against Annabelle's elderly would-be fiance, throws off her wig and discloses the fact that she has made a fool of both of them, while Artie and Annabelle make the most of the situation by announcing their engagement.

A Score of Permits To Be Secured

WE DO not always realize the innumerable details essential to the making up of a picture which is taken, not from built-up sets, but from genuine environments.

In the making of "The Woman of It," which is now being completed by Premo, Director Harley Knoles surprised the Campus Restaurant, on Seventh Avenue, New York, one evening, by trooping in his company and photographing the guests present.

Shortly before that the Country Club, at Saranac Lake, found itself, with all its members, part and parcel of a tragic meeting soon to be seen in "The Woman of It."

The youngsters at the New York Foundling Asylum opened their eyes wide one morning, when they saw a moving picture machine turning slowly and surely before them.

Down to Keith's Union Square Theater next the company of "The Woman of It" were led, and a genuine stage rehearsal, with all its bumps and faults, was put on the screen.

From here Director Knoles led his panting actor folk to one of the outgoing ocean steamers. They did not know whether they were going to be transported through the war zone, but

they found it was only to get them on the deck, and some of them down with the stokers.



It Might Screen Well

The four-year-old took in every detail of the domestic scene, wherein the mother in the slum kitchen took an active part in a difference of opinion with her husband. Crockery and chairs flew about in a lively fashion, and the small boy enjoyed it.

"Maw," he whispered to his parent at the conclusion of the scene, "next time you and paw have a fight, have your picture taken, too."



Picked Up

A sea picture was being screened. A beach-comber was picking up driftwood and other things that had been washed ashore.

"There is a man," remarked a gentleman to his wife, "who knows how to get the drift of things."



VITAGRAPH

Artie and Annabelle joyfully count the million dollars Artie made off his father on the real-estate option. Too bad it is only stage money!



RAMONA

The dramatic version of "Ramona," Helen Hunt Jackson's widely known story, possesses great fascinations for theatergoers. This is the famous controversy baby of the picture. People accuse the director of using the same baby twice, in scenes twenty years apart. The director says he had two separate and distinct babies. But this little chap is a natural-born comedian—you can tell from the way he laughs and gestures.

Was There One Baby or Two?

WITH elaborate transformation scenes in which real actors and actresses and stage settings merge gracefully into the shadows of the screen, "Ramona" departs in a radical fashion from other photoplays. It is neither a drama nor a picture, but a composite of the two. It is real and pulsing with human feeling and comes to us like a bit of life re-energized from the years that are gone.

There are no "STARS" in "Ramona." For this bit of relief, we thank the producers. When we say "STARS" capitalized thus, we mean people who are employed to make a picture on the strength of big salaries, wide publicity or previous triumphs on the dramatic stage. The point is that the play, rather than the players, is featured.

The controversy over the little brown baby was amusing. On the night of the opening in New York, Mary Pickford sat in a box, accompanied by her husband, Owen Moore. Mary kept her back to the audience, and but few knew who the little figure in the wide tan hat and blue panne-velvet Eton jacket was. Miss Pickford wiped away a few tears, until the scene in which the baby appears again was shown. Like everybody else in the house, she smiled and whispered,

"Oh, they used the same baby for that scene—and twenty years later!"

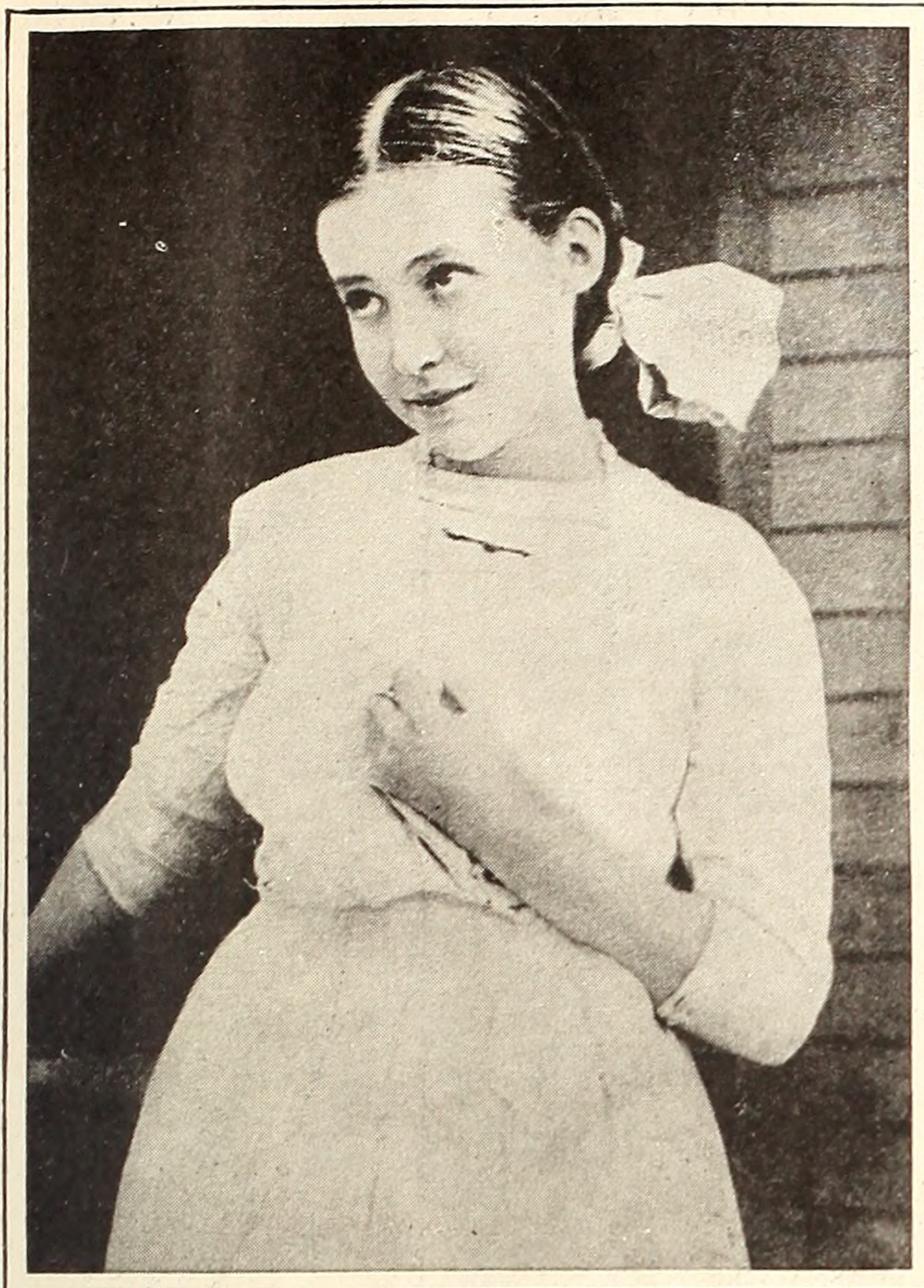
Donald Crisp, who created this picture, denies the allegation. He says positively that he did not use the same baby for Ramona and later for Ramona's child. He asserts unequivocally that he would not be guilty of anything so inartistic as that.

"The babies are both brown in color, but they are two separate and distinct babies, I assure you."

So now that we are confident that there are two babies in the picture, we can admire the domesticity of the picture. The baby is a bright child, whether he was repeated or not, and we return his salute cheerfully.

"Ramona" has the color, gayety and innocent abandon of the fiestas; the serene life of a period when aristocracy was based on true worth.

In addition to three massive atmospheric stage settings illustrating the different periods of the story, there are fifty-two people employed in the presentation of the Clune cinema-drama, of which thirty-two are musicians, the balance being vocalists and instrumentalists who appear in the transformation scenes.



PALLAS

Helen Eddy Accepting an Offer From Pallas

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lots of the older comediennes have not thought of that.

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

✠ ✠ She Had To Have That Job

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Because I want two jobs," she said demurely. "I think I can get one in the assembling plant at night, and I want to get in the pictures in the daytime."

"Well, sir, what could a man do with a girl like that but give her both jobs?"

Yolkless Eyes

"Tillie's Tomato Surprise" was on the screen. Marie Dressler was putting the facials into the close-ups.

"Look at her eyes, mother," said little Mary, in the audience. "You only see the whites. The yolks don't show at all."

✠ ✠ A Plaster

Clara—Doesn't that movie actor stick to any girl?

Bella—No; he is too stuck on himself.



JUDGE

Movie actor—What! I'm expected to tumble off this cliff!

Operator—Sure! Dot's all right. Take your time und fall nice und slow. I can make it look fast in der pictures.



AMERICAN-BEAUTY

That is just the name of the company and not the title of the man above, who is jolly John Stepping. Not bad looking, is he? No, indeed.



VOGUE

Myrtle Sterling refuses to diet, and says it's nobody's business how much she weighs.



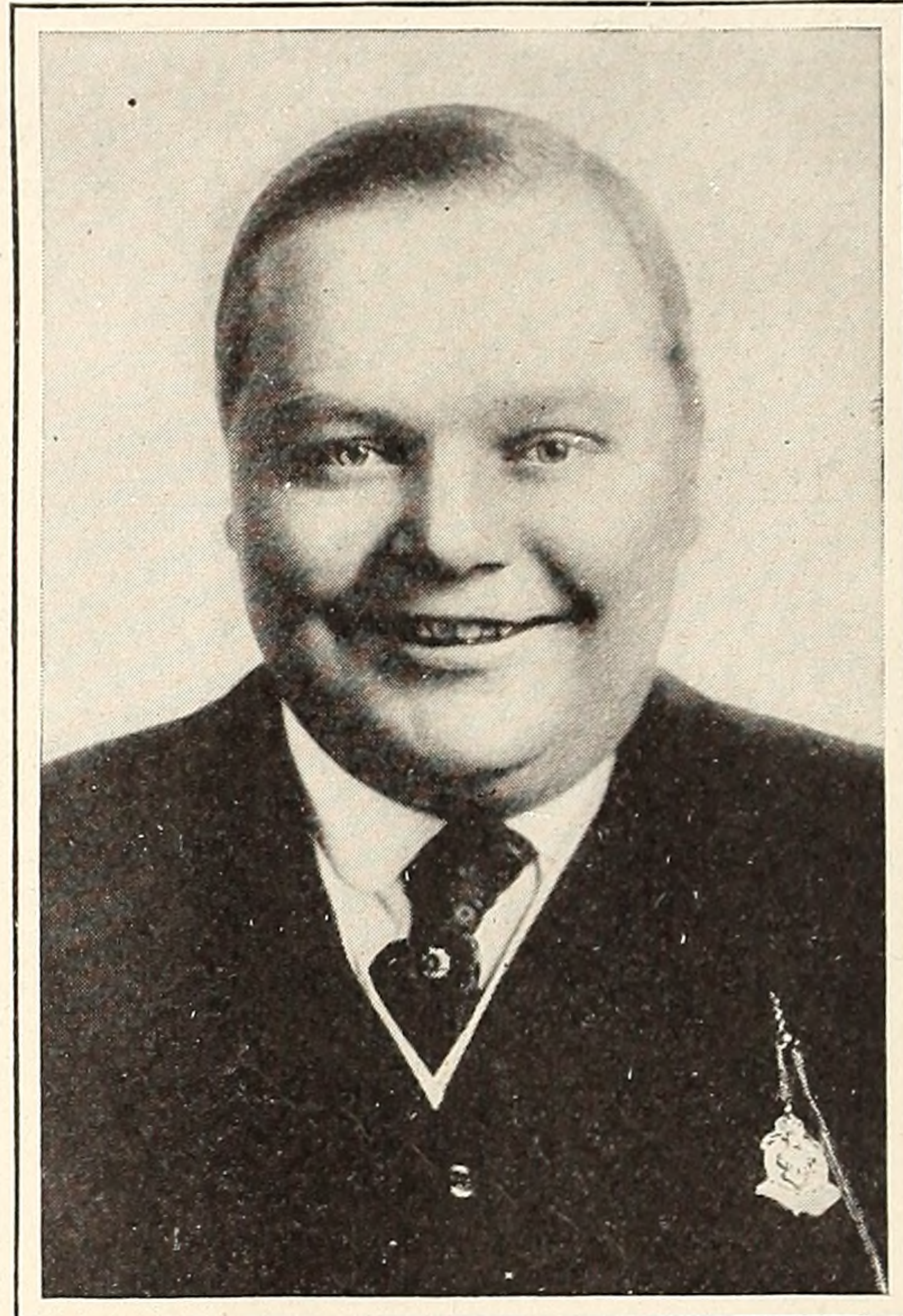
EDISON

"Did you ever see such a laughing Grace Morrison, who she did not dream that we would be in the middle of the page when..."



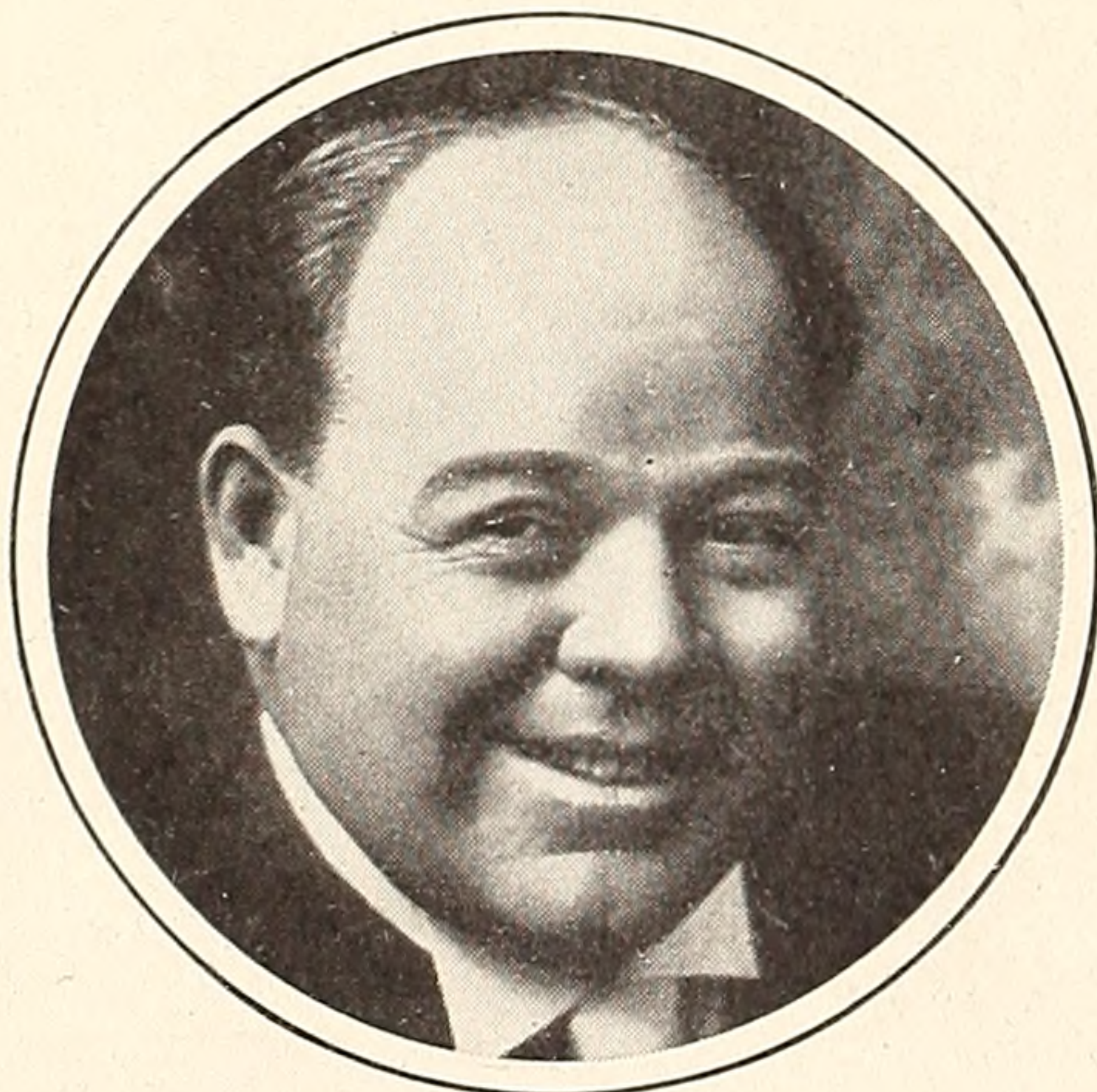
KEYSTONE

Mack Swain says he is glad there are no chiggers in his section of California, for he does love to sit on the grass, and he doesn't like chiggers.



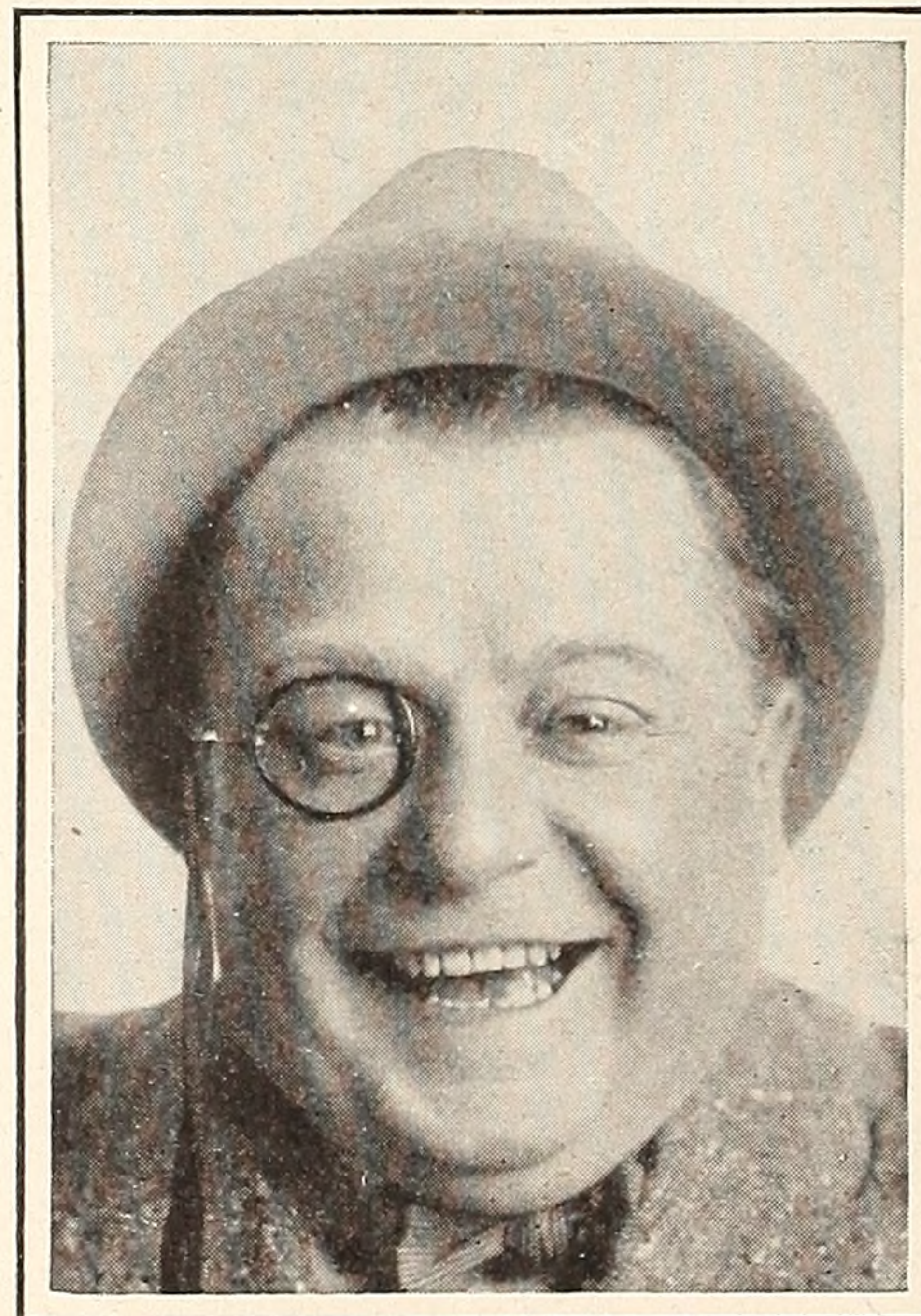
KEYSTONE

Here's Roscoe Arbuckle, who looks just the same on or off the stage.



BALBOA

Andrew Arbuckle—no relation to Roscoe—admits that he is inclined to be a bit avoirdupoish; but he doesn't care—he likes to be fat.



WITZEL

"Keystone Fritz" believes that plenty of laughter is good for the liver.



THANHOUSER

Walter

Fat Folks Are All

WELL, who wouldn't be glad to see these happy faces here to-day except Hugh Mack, up in the sky in just a minute. Of course Fritz is just beneath Hughie, isn't he? Watching an aviator make a loop was taken and was thinking, "fall!" And do you see Walter Thanoouser's delicious pie-eating act? Have a laugh with us.

FOLKS OF THE FILMS



“Any bunch of fat folks?”
we showed her this page.
going to put her right in
said it.



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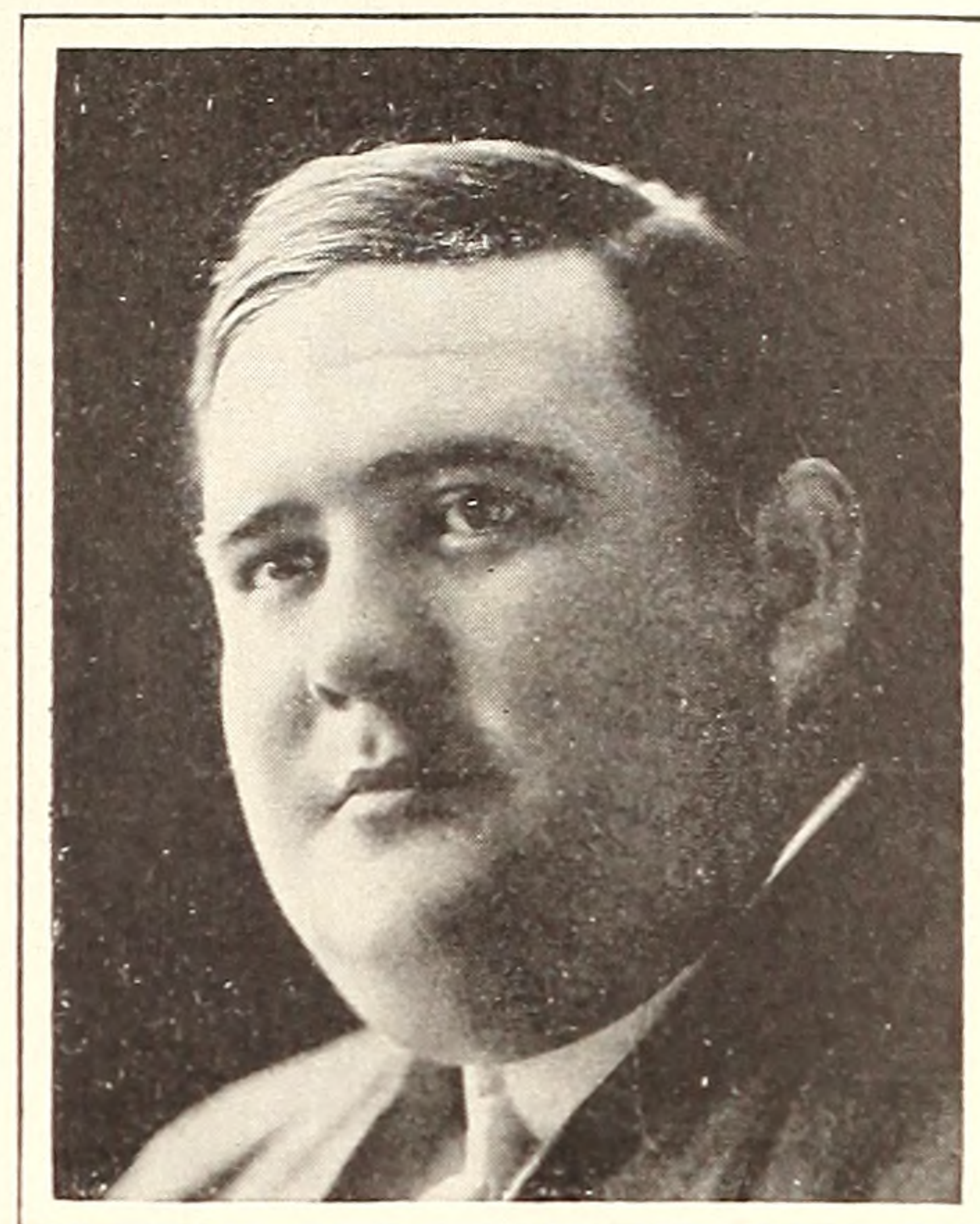
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LUBIN

“I’d like to do ‘Camille,’ but I’m so pesky bashful!” explains Marie Dressler.



VITAGRAPH

“I’ll look pleasant for you,” said Hughie Mack; “but don’t ask me to smile. I’m handsomer when I just look pleasant.” And so he is.



VITAGRAPH

“The top o’ the morning to you,” says Kate Price. The same to you, Katie, agra.



L-KO

Gene Rogers as he appears when he has ordered a light lunch of planked steak, French-fried, endive salad and biscuit tortoni, and is waiting for it.



“Fatty” Voss watching his favorite film—Fatty is a great film fan.



VOGUE

“Holy cats!” said Russ Powell, as he watched a man dropping fake bombs on New York City. “Suppose he had a regular bomb!”

FOURTEEN FUNNY FAT FOLKS OF THE FILMS



AMERICAN-BEAUTY
That is just the name of the company and not the title of the man above, who is jolly John Stepping. Not bad looking, is he? No, indeed.



VOGUE
Myrtle Sterling refuses to diet, and says it's nobody's business how much she weighs.



EDISON
"Did you ever see such a funny bunch of fat folks?" laughed Grace Morrison, when we showed her this page. She did not dream that we were going to put her right in the middle of the page when she said it.



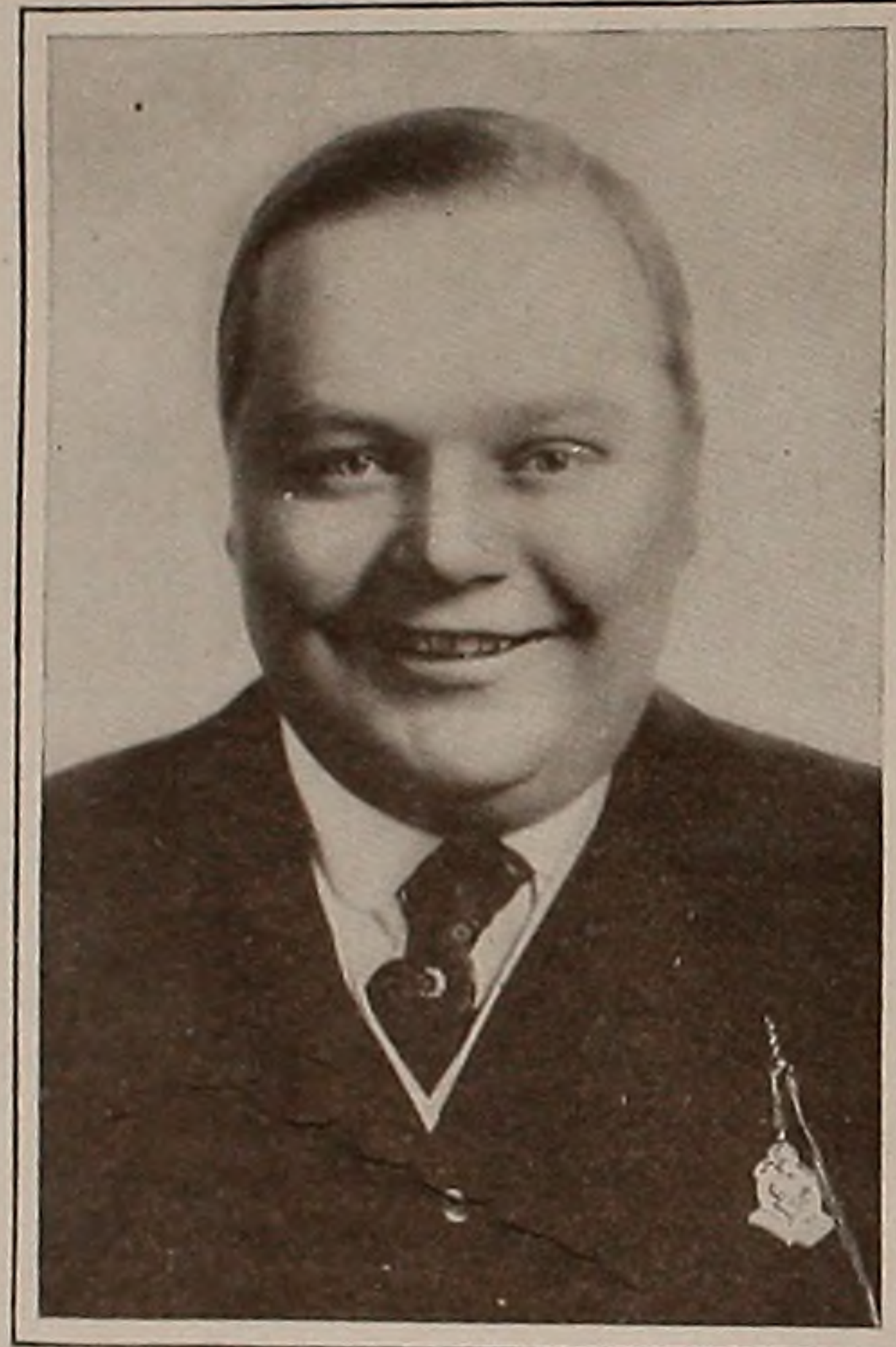
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WITZEL
"Keystone Fritz" believes that plenty of laughter is good for the liver.



THANHOUSER
Walter Hiers.

Fat Folks Are Always Good-natured

WELL, who wouldn't be glad to see so many bright and happy faces here to-day? Every one with a broad grin, except Hugh Mack, up in the corner, and he is going to laugh in just a minute. Of course Russ Powell, in the lower corner, just beneath Hughie, isn't laughing, either. But he was watching an aviator make a loop in the sky when this picture was taken and was thinking, "Gosh! what if that chap should fall!" And do you see Walter Hiers, just above, in his marvelous pie-eating act? Have a laugh with us.



"Fatty" Voss watching his favorite film—Fatty is a great film fan.



VOGUE
"Holy cats!" said Russ Powell, as he watched a man dropping fake bombs on New York City. "Suppose he had a regular bomb!"



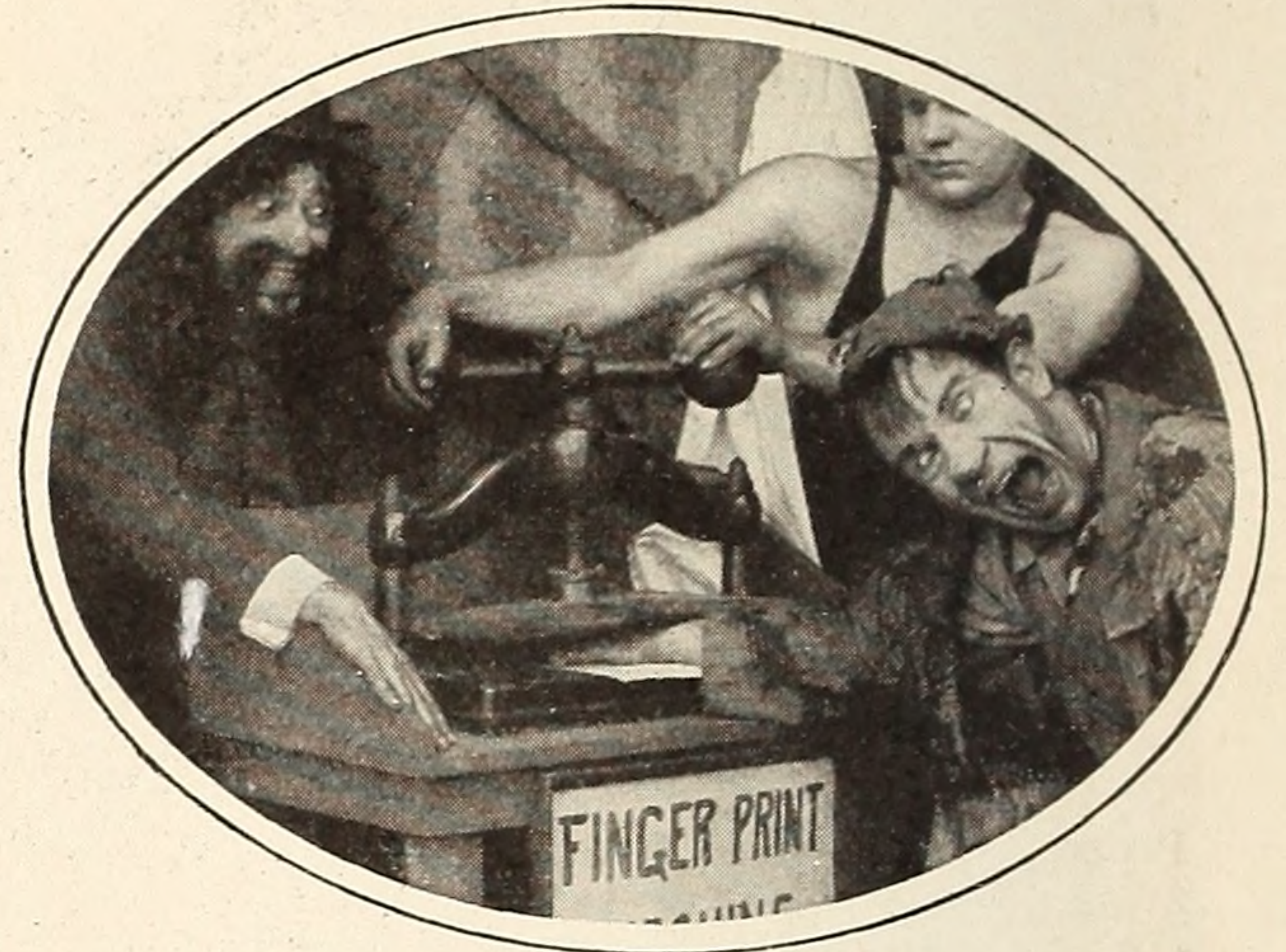
KLEINE

"Don't shoot!" says Musty Suffer, who calmly saves the target by covering the barrel with his palm.



KLEINE

Escalators are slow when one is in a hurry—and the lion is roaring.



KLEINE

Taking a finger-print under difficulties.



KLEINE

"I saw your sign," coaxed Musty Suffer, "and I think I fill the bill."



POWERS COMEDY

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

A Canny Suitor

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

"Proposals," said Miss Young.

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

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

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

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

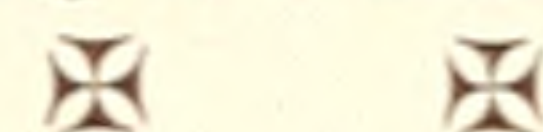


The Horse Was Willing to Work

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

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

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



The Knock-out Blow

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

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

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



Fade-out

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

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



The Bum

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

"That chap takes his part well."

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



The Law of Compensation

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

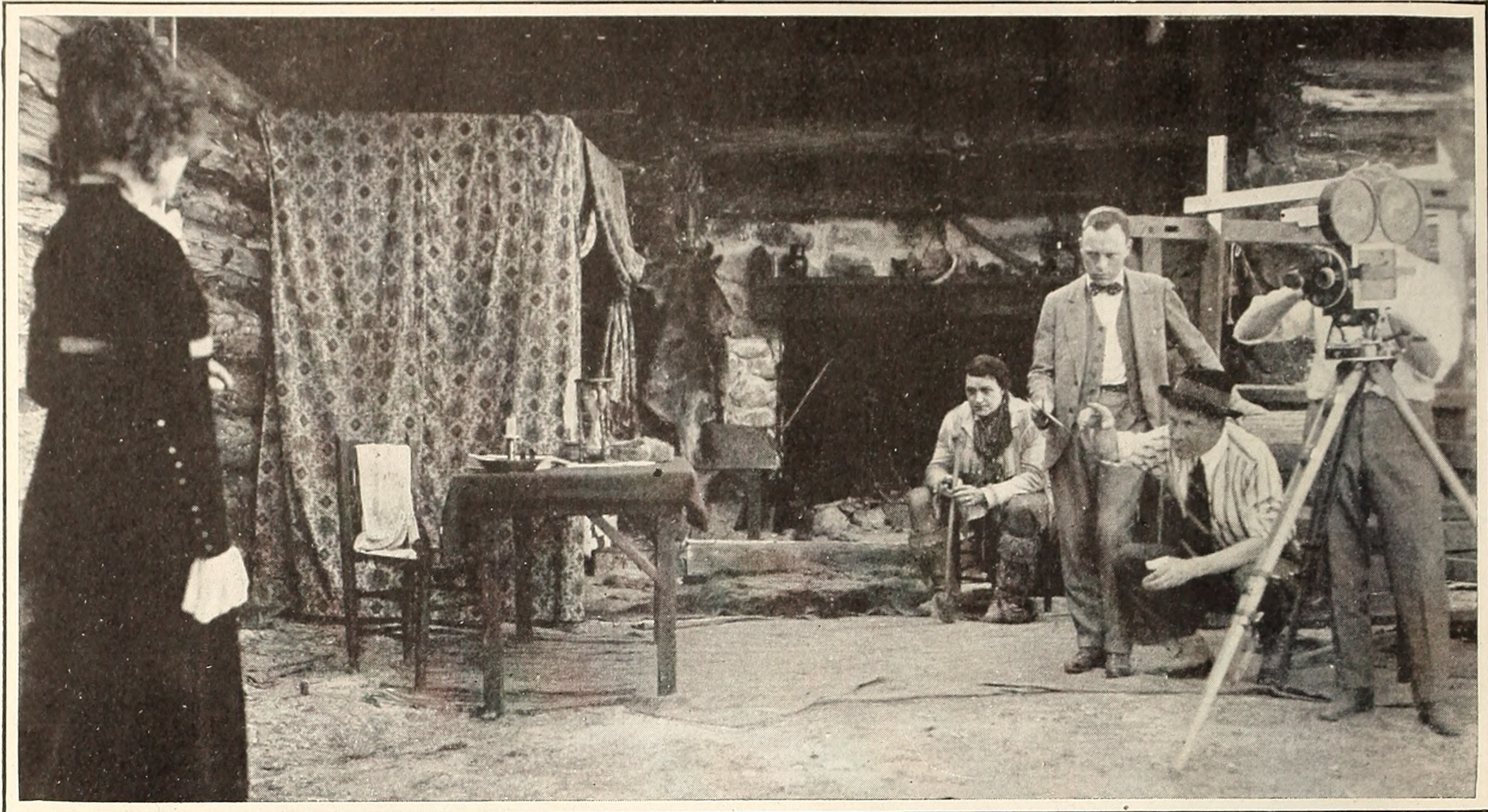
"Oi say, Casey, do yez ever feel cold in here?"

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



POWERS COMEDY

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



PALLAS-PARAMOUNT

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

Winsome Winifred Kingston

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Miss Kingston smiled gayly.

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

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

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

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



PALLAS-PARAMOUNT

Winifred Kingston.



PALLAS-PARAMOUNT

Lydia Yeamans Titus, a clever character comedienne, has some fun with the curious neighbors in the picture, "He Fell In Love With His Wife." She is never afraid to subordinate her looks to the necessities of the comedy.



PALLAS-PARAMOUNT

Dustin Farnum, as David Garrick, in the play of the same name, in an effort to cure the daughter of his host of a growing infatuation, simulates intoxication and playfully lifts off the wig of Aunt Araminta (Lydia Yeamans Titus), while Ada Ingot (Winifred Kingston), the daughter, stands by in pained amazement at the behavior of her idol.



TRIANGLE FINE ARTS

Don't you think Norma and Constance Talmadge look exactly alike? They are going to play together in the Fine Arts pictures.

He Sat on Margo

KITTENS REICHERT, the baby star and pride of the Fox Company, has a mythical mind companion, in common with many imaginative children. She calls it her "mind-doll, Margo," and talks and plays with her as though she were alive. Frequently it causes embarrassing complications for Kittens's mother.

Kittens and her mother were sedately going home on the subway recently, and the baby star carefully made room beside her for Margo, to whom she chatted brightly. Her mother is so accustomed to these one-sided conversations that she paid no attention to them, until a portly gen-



FOX

Kittens Reichert.

tleman essayed to sit beside Kittens. Wild cries from the child and bewildered stares from the fat man aroused the passengers to the knowledge that something was happening.

"He's sitting on Margo!" shrieked Kittens.

The fat man hastily rose and looked at the seat. Seeing nothing, he seated himself once more.

"Get up, fat man!" yelled Kittens, tugging at his sleeve. "You're on Margo, and she'll be simply scrunched to death with you!"

Kittens's mother was compelled to leave the train at the next station, and the fat man is still wondering what it was all about.



L-KO

Alice Howell, a Wholesome Gloom-chaser



IRISH by descent and American by birth—makes a combination that cannot be beaten. Like Mark Tapley, Alice Howell, the mirthsome L-Ko comedy girl, believes in having a few troubles now and then, just to give herself credit for keeping cheerful.

All of the now famous stars started in at the same salary—\$3 per. Some of them are ashamed of it, and more of them are proud of it. Alice Howell did not even get that regularly. Some weeks she worked all week for \$6 and was glad to get it. And supported an invalid husband on it, too.

There's something to get credit for—being funny on \$6 a week and your husband ill with tuberculosis.

"We need," she said, cheerily, "the hard bits of road to make us appreciate the better places. My husband and I were in vaudeville together, until he became ill and I had to take him to California. It was up to me to find something that would take care of both of us and I got a job as extra in the Keystone Company. Sometimes I made \$6 a week, and sometimes it went up to \$9. It's not easy to be funny on \$6 a week with an invalid at home, but I had to do it.

"I don't know why it is that people seem to expect queer old clothes as a part of the comedy, but they do. So I dig out the queerest I can find, and even the actors laugh when I come into a rehearsal with my mop and pail. It is a serious job trying to get something new and funny to amuse people with, but

it is all a part of the job. Such is life in the wild West, you know, and the West you go, the sucher it gets."

Miss Howell never allows herself to get "low in her mind," and as a result even the camera men laugh sometimes when she starts a rehearsal. Half the fun of her work lies in the wholly impromptu remarks with which she seasons her screen work and which is unfortunately all lost in the picture. And, goodness knows, anything that will make a camera man laugh has to be funny. They are the original glooms when it comes to having a sense of humor.

"I met a famous screen star out shopping the other day," went on Miss Howell, "and she was putting on more side than Mike with Jake's boots on. She languidly groaned because she could not get any more gowns from Paris, owing to the war, and loftily offered to take me uptown in her car—accent on 'MY car'—you know how they do it."

"What did you do?" somebody asked.

"Lawsie!" grinned Miss Howell. "I admired her suit and asked her if she would ever forget those jolly old days when we used to trot about on Fourteenth Street, in New York, trying to pick up a bargain suit for \$12.50 and tickled to death when we could. And I will say for her," went on the comedienne meditatively, "that she dropped all her upstage business right away and became her natural, gay, jolly and unaffected little self. But then, who could blame them for letting it go to their heads?"

And Miss Howell picked up her mop and pail and lumbered away to rehearsal.



KALEM

When Ham was awaiting his call for rehearsals in "Ham and the Masked Marvel," he spent his spare time playing with his pet pup. Ham loves animals and has such a collection of pets at the studio that the rest of the cast have thought seriously of sending him a Black Hand letter, warning him to keep his pesky pets at home and out from under their feet.

He Wanted To Be God

A Sunday-school teacher in Minneapolis springs the latest, straight from the fertile mind of a six-year-old lad in her class.

"Now tell me," she said sweetly one Sunday morning, "who would you boys rather be than anybody else in the world? Whom do you admire most?"

There were eight small boys in her class, and seven promptly raised their hands and wiggled their fingers in an effort to get the floor.

"Charlie Chaplin!" they yelled in chorus. "We ruther be Charlie Chaplin!"

The remaining small boy looked at them pityingly.

"I ruther be God," he said piously.

The Sunday-school teacher had lifted her educated eyebrows in sad recognition when the seven voices chorused their desires. She beamed warmly on the pious youth.

"That's what all little boys should desire," she said. "And now tell us, James, why you would rather be God."

"Aw," rejoined the small boy, "'cause God can make all the nickels anybody'd want to see Charlie Chaplin six times a day!"



The Right Idea

"Old" Tom Burrough, a character actor of unusual ability, who is not old and who will appear in a leading part in a new Fox photoplay, is an inveterate cigar smoker. He has a secret, too, about cigar smoking.

"I always light the wrong end," he said. "Any smoker will tell you he gets more enjoyment out of

the last few inches of a cigar. I light the last half first and get to the good spot as quickly as possible."

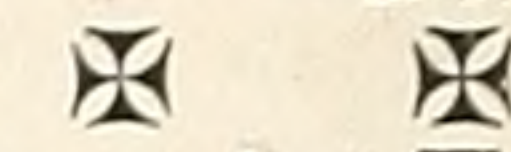


Film Fishing

Ever court, in a photoplay,
Kissing a maiden, "near-passe"?
What would you do if she whispered, "Stay!
It's leap year! Must you go?"

This is the year—so sages say—
That all the women have their way
And dare propose with air blase,
To "land" a balky beau!

Wish they'd "fade this feature out"—
Hooking suitors, like the trout!
Close-up's very fine, no doubt;
But "flash" a *single* reel!
—Dorothy Harpur O'Neill.



True to Type

Anna—Is the motion picture actor a progressive-euchre player?

Bella—Yes; he started in to make love before the cards were cut.

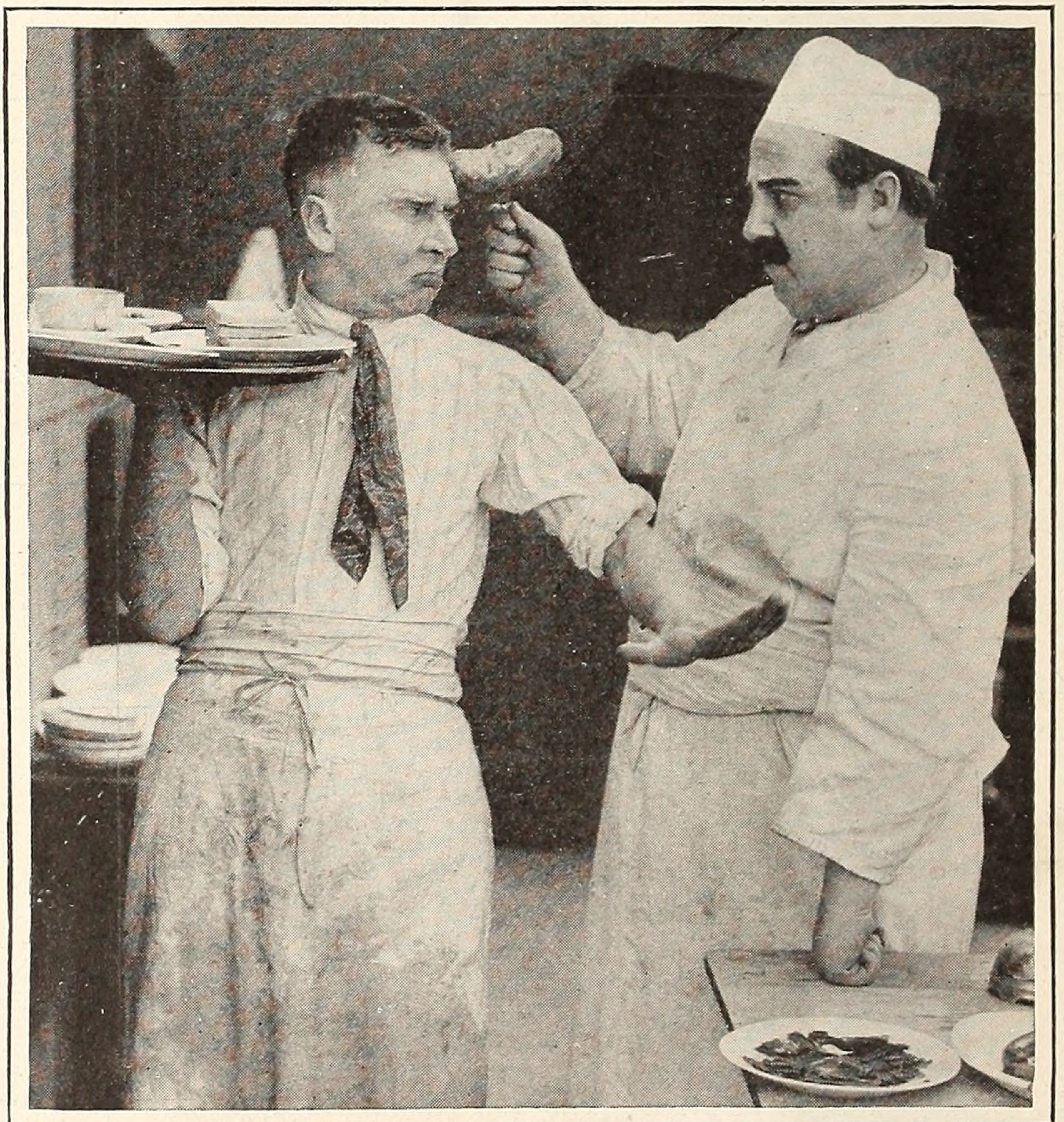


Patriotic

"Do you know," asked the motion picture actor, when the landlady had passed him a stingy dish of strawberries, "why all this reminds me of Old Glory?"

"I can't imagine," she replied.

"The berries are red, the dish in which you serve them is reasonably white, and the milk is blue. I congratulate you on your patriotism."



VOGUE-MUTUAL

"Knock-out Kelly" thought he had a cinch at intimidating his friends, but the cook laid him out with a hot potato just the same, in the Vogue comedy, "Knocking Out Knock-out Kelly."



JUDGE

Mrs. Ontamen—Your husband spends most of his time at the motion pictures, doesn't he?

Mrs. Gadder—Yes. I suppose he hates to stay home alone.

Screen Star Dust

A KIND word loops the loop.

The Lord help the grouch. Nobody else will.

Prosperity, you will please note, is often attended by asphasia.

If you can't smile, pretend you have a cracked lip.

Ask, and you shall receive—if you smile while asking.

If you don't understand a woman, ask your sister to elucidate.

Wine, women and song. He was all right when he had it. Ding dong.

If you don't cheer up, you may be a laughing hyena in the next life.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and the world laughs at you.

I knew a man who was so self-conscious that he suffered from ingrowing sight.

You'll never go to a dermatologist for the wrinkles that come from laughter.

The happiest miser on earth—The man who saves up every friend he can make.

Don't go around with

a chip on your shoulder. Someone is liable to knock it off.

Oftentimes a disappointment is only opportunity snatching you off the wrong track.

The only man who ever succeeded through watching the clock was a train dispatcher.

Never judge a book by its cover or a woman by her hat. Either might contain some common sense.

Success is like a snipe. It takes concentration and watchfulness to even get a shot at it.

Three years ago I saw a man smile when his last dime rolled down a sewer. Yesterday I applied to him for a job.

Soul massage—Stretch the mouth as far as possible toward the ears and let the eyes shine.—*Judge.*



Awaiting the Outcome

"The folks at our film studio are greatly interested in a problem."

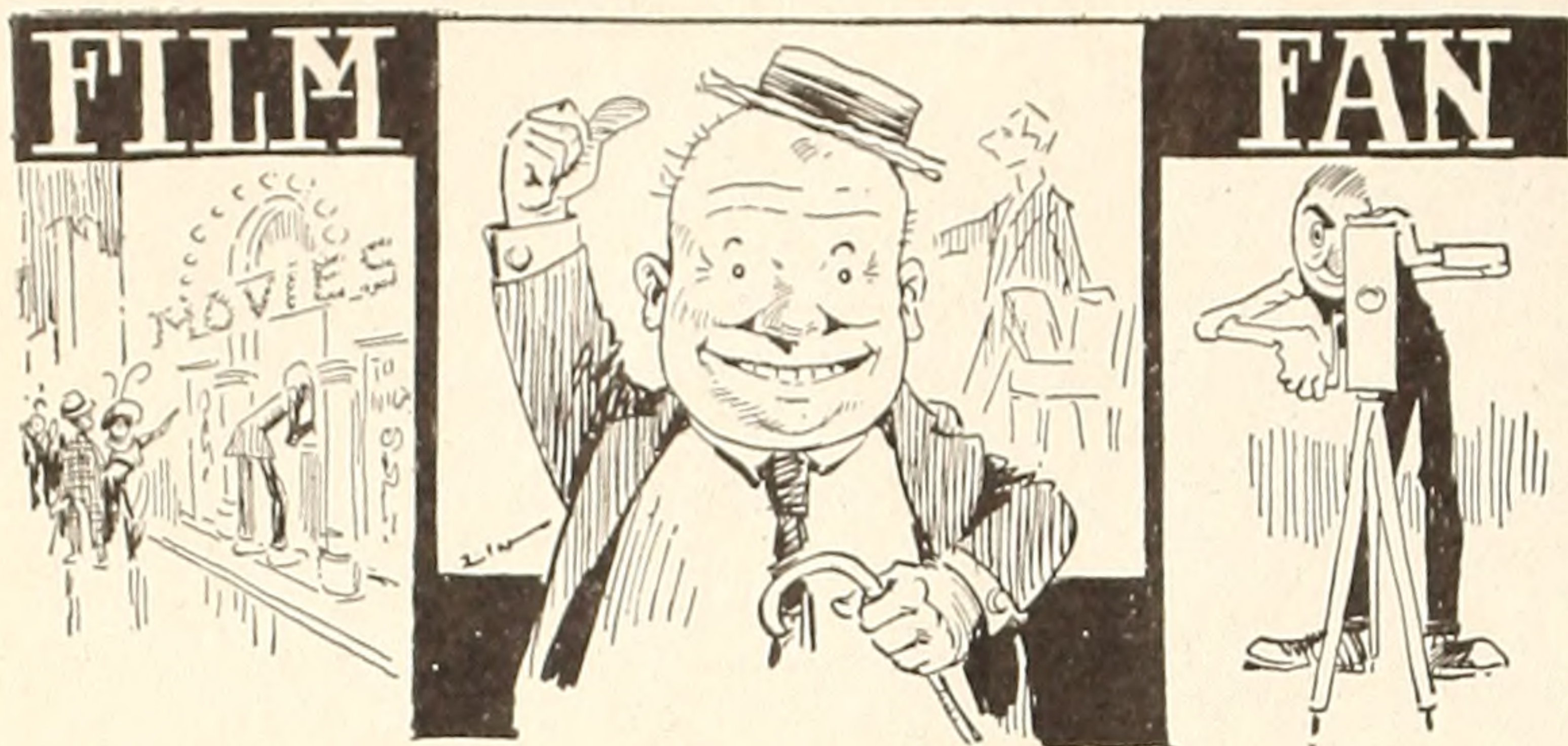
"What is it?"

"An irresistible actress has just met an immovable actor."

FILM FUN MOTION PICTURES



Saved by the enemy and a few yards of eels.



“WELL, what do you know?” inquired the Friend hopefully. The Film Fan wiped his forehead cheerfully and grinned.

“Like a lot of folks nowadays, I know a lot that ain’t so,” he replied. “In fact, I may be said to be a vast compendium of misinformation carelessly compiled. I have been around the offices gathering news. Mary Pickford has left the Famous Players—Mary Pickford has not left the Famous Players. All the big companies have merged—none of the big companies have merged. Valentine Grant has signed up with the Mutual—Valentine Grant will keep right on with the Famous Players. Francis Bushman has broken a leg—Francis Bushman has not broken a leg.”

“Pay your money and take your choice,” grunted the Grouch.

“I heard something interesting about the Fiji Islanders,” pursued the Fan.

“What do they know about motion pictures?” objected the Grouch. “They are cannibals, those chaps.”

“Motion pictures have cured them of being cannibals,” insisted the Fan. “Fact. I was just talking to a Governor chap—fellow named Sweet-Escott. He is the British Governor down there. He says the worst trouble with the Fijians nowadays is that they won’t wear trousers. Says they prefer a piece of cloth, and the high winds down there make ’em a lot of trouble, blowing their spring suits away. But the motion pictures have cured ’em of eating each other. Fellow went down there from the States with a motion picture outfit and took some pictures of some of their ceremonies, and they have gone crazy over them. They come for miles to see the pictures and laugh themselves into convulsions over some of the funny antics of Chester Conklin and Roscoe Arbuckle and the rest of those comical ones.”

“Huh!” said the Grouch.

“Yes, sir,” said the Fan. “And talking about funny bits of news, the other day I was hanging around out at Fort Lee, watching the picture people, and I saw the first strike I ever heard of among the motion picture people. This strike fever struck ’em amidships that day. It was worth seeing.

“You see, the Paramount folks were putting on a rehearsal that called for about forty senators. They picked forty extras and diked ’em all out in Prince Alberts and high silk hats and walking canes and white whiskers. But when they came to shoo them into the senate chamber, a few guys sulled and said they wouldn’t play unless they could have \$4 a day instead of \$3.

“The senate was divided against itself. About half figured that \$3 in the hand was worth \$4 in an argument. They knew they could not hope to earn any more anywhere else. But a few walking delegates who had heard about the fabulous sums being paid out in the motion picture business stuck out for four bucks. The standpatters gave battle to the strikers, and the

way those white whiskers and canes and silk hats flew was a caution to snakes.”

“Who won?” said the Friend, with deep interest.

“Why, the director came out, madder’n hops, and said there would be no picture at all if that was the way they felt about it. He ordered ’em off the place, and the strikers and the standpatters fought all the way down to the ferryboat.”

“If they’d give a few of those walking delegates their walking papers”—began the Grouch.

“That’s right,” said the Fan cheerfully. “Now, the other evening I went to a dinner of the Manhattan Medical Association, and they cheered us up by showing us some edgy pictures of all the latest operations. Know what they are doing?”

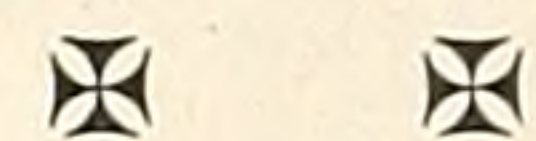
“Naw,” growled the Grouch; “and what’s more, I don’t care.”

“Well, sir, it’ll get so these doctors ’ll quit coming to New York for post-graduate sessions,” said the Fan. “Blest if they didn’t have motion pictures taken of all the difficult operations performed in the hospitals and throw ’em on the screen. They had to throw water on a few of the squeamish lay visitors, who fainted in heaps at some of the more radical scenes. Dr. Harold Hays, president of the association, just had ’em bundled out and went right on with the fun. I saw ’em amputate a chap’s leg by the bloodless method, take out a boy’s entire interior, give it the o. o., wash and iron and pink the edges and put it all back so carefully that there wasn’t a wheel left over. They showed us how they can perform painful operations without pain by means of local anesthetics, and we saw the patients chatting cheerfully with pretty nurses while the doctors pawed over their recalcitrant legs or arms.”

“Ugh!” said the Grouch. “Let’s talk about something pleasant.”

“I was only telling you what a wide field the motion pictures have,” protested the Fan. “They magnify these pictures, run ’em slowly, and send ’em all around the country. The young doctor in the small town reads about these operations in his medical journals, and then sees every detail as clearly as if he was at the clinic. Wonderful, not?”

“Not’s the word,” admitted the Grouch. “When I see a picture, I want to see something that will entertain a tired man—not scare him into a faint.”



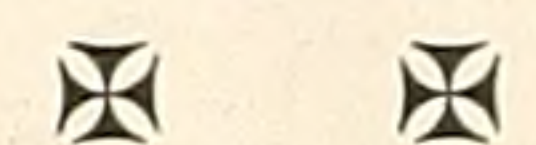
Nice People To Be Thrown Amongst

Alice Gale was telling some studio visitors of one of her trips to continental Europe.

“Did you see the Dardanelles?” asked one of the visitors.

“No, we did not,” Mrs. Gale replied.

“That’s too bad,” volunteered Mrs. Nouveau Riche. “I understand they are very pleasant people.”



Tempus Fugit!

I placed my watch on a table;
’Twas wound to run till dawn.
Next morning, when I looked for it—
Was’t going? Nay; ’twas gone!



As Heard in the Milwaukee “Alhambra”

Flora—Ach, Annie, now look once! I much enjoy the society pictures, to see all the fine dresses.

Annie—Those pictures I do not like. I must myself blush to see those ladies dressed with so much bareness.

All Your Salary To Keep You in Gloves

"I see Ormi Hawley advocates sweet milk to clean gloves," said Ruth Stonehouse to the Two-minute Man. "Well, as long as you are going to print stuff like that, why not get it right? Me, I've cleaned many a pair of white kid gloves with sweet milk, only Ormi forgot the white soap. You have to have soap, and the way you do it is this: You put on the gloves, take a bowl of sweet milk, a cake of white soap and lots and lots of clean, soft pieces of cloth—old handkerchiefs or old bits of worn linen. 'Cause every time you dip the bit of cloth in the milk and soap and rub it over the glove, you must throw it away and take a clean piece, or you will make the gloves grimy. See?"

The Two-minute Man saw and waited patiently. Thank heavens, men folks do not have to fuss with glove cleaning!

"You dip the clean bits of cloth into the sweet milk, and then rub them lightly on the white soap," continued Miss Stonehouse earnestly; "then you rub them lightly over the gloves. All the soil and grime will come right off on the bit of cloth. Throw it away and take another piece and keep right on until your glove is clean. You will be scared to death at the way it looks, and you'll think you have certainly ruined a

good glove, for it will be yellow and wrinkled. But dry it in a warm, shady place, and it will come out white and soft. Only"—she shook her pretty forefinger solemnly at the Two-minute Man—"don't let them get too awfully, fiercely soiled before you clean them."

"Never," promised the Two-minute Man, wondering what Ormi Hawley would say when she heard that Ruth Stonehouse had added white soap to the sweet milk.



Not Balanced

Writer—What is your objection to my scenario?

Editor—The thread of the story is coarse enough for a tight-rope walker to perform upon.



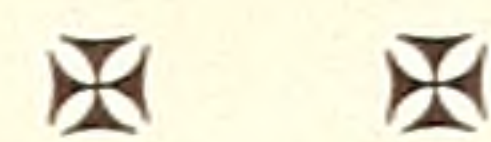
A Movable Feast

A banquet scene was being screened. A panoramic view of the feast and diners was flashed. Two young boys were watching the picture.

"What do you call that?" remarked one.

"You are a fine Chris-

tian!" was the answer. "That is what they call a movable feast."



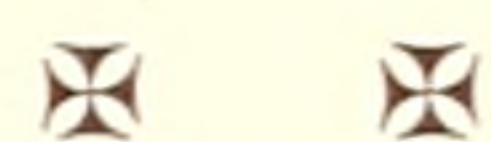
A Hasty Retreat

"I was out working on an exterior not long ago," said Director Lloyd, of the Morosco film studios, "and I called a colored boy, who had been hanging around the place, to take a message to the office for me. I impressed upon the youth that he was to hit the high places for the office and rush back an answer to my message.

"An hour later, while I was impatiently watching for his return, I saw him kicking up a dust in the distance. He hurried in and threw an envelope at me, saying,

"'Yo'll sho' have to git sumbuddy else to deliver dat message, boss. Dey's got smallpox at dat place whar yo' sont me!'

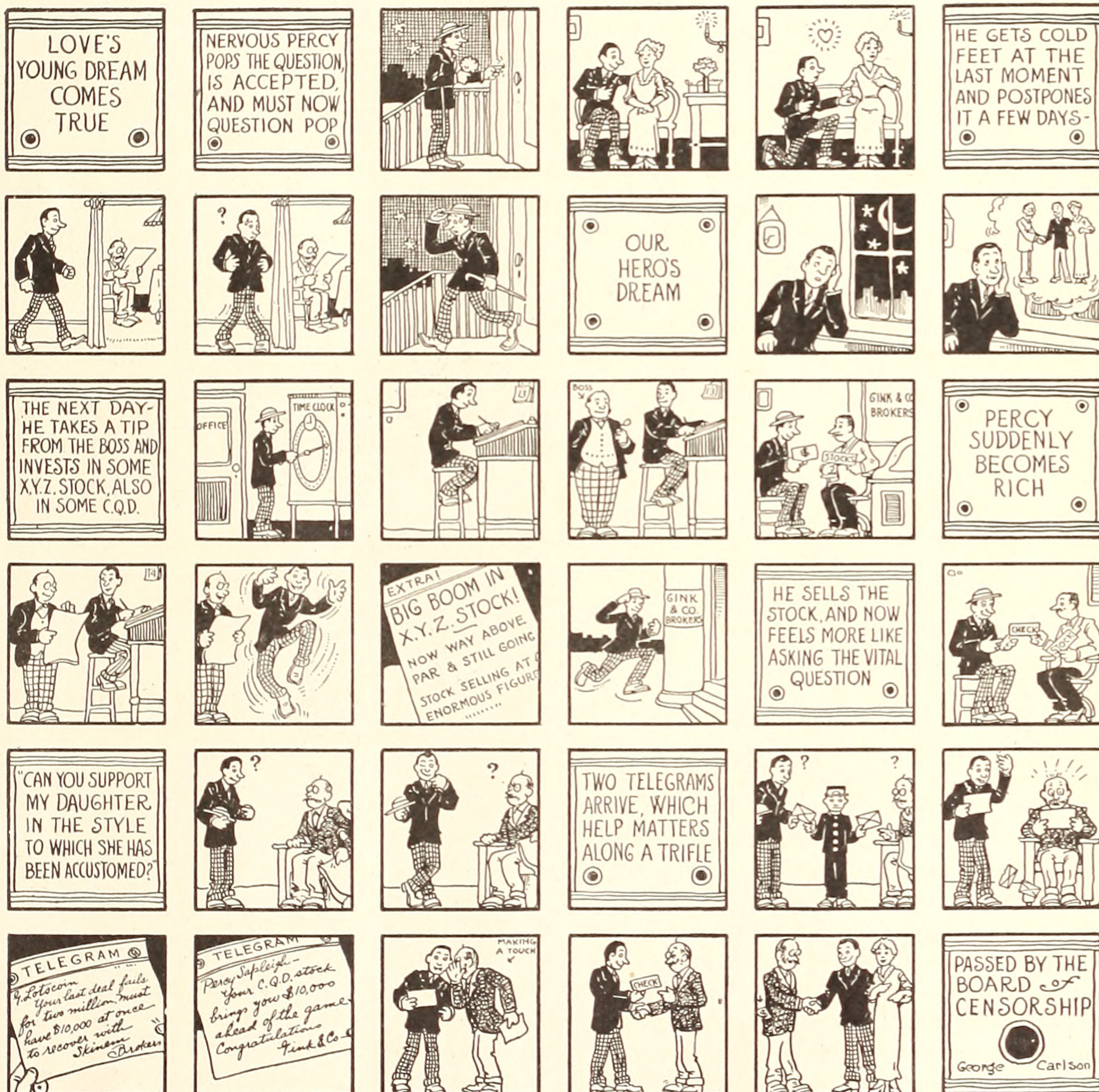
"I discovered later that he had got as far as the gate of the office with the message, when he noted a big sign, 'SMALL-POX,' on a hospital set that had just been built up at the main studio."



Actor—Do you ever lend money?

Director—Is this a question or a touch?

FILM FUN MOTION PICTURES



Love's young dream comes true: or the contents of a pocketbook alter circumstances.

The Life Story of a Foot of Film

By FRED SCHAEFER



THAT'S right, pick me up. I'm worth a look, though I'm an old, dusty, stained strip of celluloid. I'm odd to you, with little squares of pictures on me and holes punched along the sides of me, eh? Well, I'm a foot of film.

I'm a foot of film from a photoplay. I'm a thousandth part of a reel. I'm a second of time. I'm sixteen winks of the shutter. I'm a fraction of a flash. I'm a tense moment. And I'm a piece of junk.

Hold me up to the light. As you straighten out the wrinkles in me—no, don't talk of ironing me out! I can't stand heat!—you'll notice just a hair line between each of my pictures. That's to separate the action, which is a tiny bit different in each picture. Well, I'm a foot of film. And if my images are projected upon the screen, my sixteen make one, and it lasts for one second.

The first I remember is that I was born somewhat like Eve. If we will say that a thin sheet of celluloid, 21 inches wide and 200 feet long, was an Adam, I was the rib. This belt of celluloid they passed under revolving knives, and I rose away from it in my present width, and in length as much as the parent sheet. I call it the parent, though guncotton and camphor were my grandparents, from whom I get my queer odor. What I inherit more directly from my parents is my complexion, which is a delicate one, and one that is poured on like a lotion. It is artificial and common to the family, who speak of it proudly as an emulsion. My back, however, is bare. That's another family trait. We are not haughty about the back, but are very sensitive about the face. We color at the least reflection, and the lightest of remarks leaves its trace upon us.

My childhood was brief. I was packed off from home, wrapped in waxed paper and black paper in a round tin box, and then my studio life began. Ah, that is the life—short and merry!

Those holes you see in me were the first badge of my new estate. The factory will perforate film if you want it to, but the studio I arrived at perforate the film themselves, because they want it to fit exactly the sprockets on their cameras and machines. So they unwrapped me and poked me full of holes, and just as carefully coiled me up again and loaded me into a cartridge box and gave it to a cameraman, who placed the box and me into his camera. Here, ah, here is where I first beheld paylight in the fullest sense of the word! I was in the camera. I faced events.

I could hear interesting talk from my position in the cartridge box. What of me you see before you now was snugly in the middle of the coil. I thought we were unwinding at the first tug at my fabric, but the man just took a foot or so

of the end and ruined it threading it to the lower spool. Such is life in the pictures.

Presently the man of the camera began paying me out in earnest, to the low, musical clacking of the sprockets, and I felt that I was approaching the great moment of my career. It was so. All remained darkness infernal for second after second as steadily I approached the aperture. Then into a blinding flicker, of such actinic vehemence as I had never experienced before, I slid and—saw all outdoors volley sixteen times through the pitiless lens. In the next moment I was winding up upon myself in the darkness again and thankful it was over.

They wound me loosely on a spool with teeth in a spiral design and dipped me into a potent though calming solution and made the thing clear to me. They rinsed me, and then into another refreshing bath of chemical properties to fix it upon my memory. Then they washed and dried me. It is indelibly pictured now, that scene.

You say that all you can see is a king and a queen making love in the foreground, with Hughie Mack drinking out of a bucket in the rear?

Er—yes. You see, Hughie wasn't supposed to be in it. That's why they retook the great love scene, and I'm out here on the lot.



✠ ✠ The Flivver

"A flivver," said the movie actor who has been around some, "is something cheap—something cheap but substantial.

"How did the term originate? Let me see. It was a Boston waiter who got work in a low-priced Chicago restaurant, where there was plenty of good, hearty food for a very little money, one article of the menu being beef liver.

"Now the haughty Bostonese looked down on liver and onions as something plebeian. He could call out 'Pork and beans!' to the man in the kitchen and never bat an eyelid; but beans, like fish, pertain to brain power.

"But beef liver! Pooh! With tones full of contempt, the waiter would approach the kitchen window and loudly bawl,

"'F liver!'"

✠ ✠ Or Draft Horses?

Click—I understand that the motion picture actor is in a rut.

Clack—Yes; and he has a mistaken idea that ponies of brandy will pull him out.

✠ ✠ Moving Right Along

Actor—I envy that man. His business is never at a stand still.

Actress—What is his business?

Actor—Motion pictures.



FOX

Madame Bertha Kalich has received a letter from a resident of western Pennsylvania, giving her what is supposed to be a sure remedy against slander: "If you are calumniated or slandered to your very heart, cast it back upon the false tongues," says the writer. "Take off your coat and turn it inside out, and then run your two thumbs along your body, from the heart to the hips."



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HAVE you ever seen a person so endowed with health and vitality that he seemed almost a super-man?

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Mighty few of us have more than a fraction of the physical and mental energy we could use. That's why there is only one real success in life to every hundred half-way successes or worse.

Yet there is a way by which thousands of men and women have acquired almost a boundless health and energy, a doubled capacity for work—a type of enthusiasm and initiative that would put most of us to shame, and a power to enjoy the good things of life as never before. In short, these people have learned to enjoy a thoroughly successful life, instead of the inferior life that most of us are forced to put up with.

Health and Success

Unrelated as they may seem at first glance, health and success are really mother and son. Health is the mother of success. It furnishes the smashing, driving power back of the brain that forces the few to the top and leaves the rest at the foot of the ladder.

But ordinary health as we have come to know it is not enough. What most of us call health is only half-way health—the health that impels success is a kind of super-health unknown to most of us. The unnatural, artificial lives we live have devitalized us. Most of us are scarcely more than 50 per cent. efficient in physical and mental energy.

The Cells Are What Count

The body, as you know, is composed of billions of cells. When you are young and lead an outdoor life, these cells all do their duty. As we grow to manhood and womanhood and our method of living changes, the cells become weak and inactive, in some cases totally dead. They haven't the power to run the human machine as nature intended. A return to the wonderful health of youth can only be brought about by rejuvenating the cells. This is what Alois P. Swoboda does through *Conscious Evolution*, as explained in his free book. Send for it.

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A Remarkable Personality

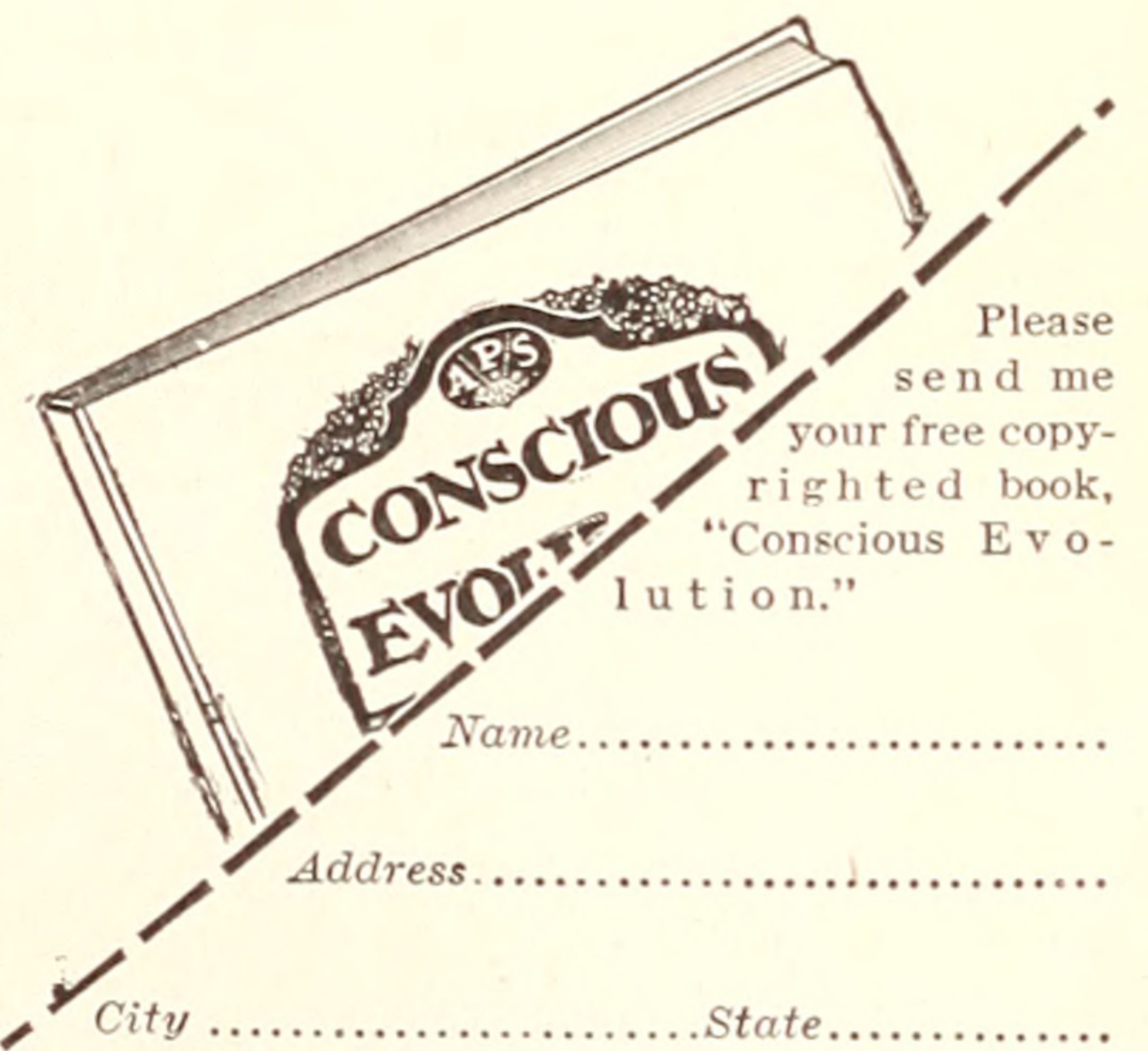
Swoboda is himself a perfect example of the Swoboda System. He fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with unusual life and energy, and his mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. Visit him, talk with him, and you are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality—a mastermind, a master-genius. He is one who comprehends the principles of all knowledge and phenomena—he is the peer of all philosophers, psychologists and physiologists, and with it all he is most practical and human. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed person and personality complete self-mastery—the best proof of the correctness of his theories and the success of his methods.

Alois P. Swoboda has, for twenty years, been teaching people how to be really *alive*—how to take advantage of every moment of life, of every opportunity to better themselves. Psychologists, physicians, scientists, philosophers, statesmen, as well as business men by the thousand, go to Swoboda. His system is *more* than a personal advantage, more than personal gain, it is truly a gift to humanity, for it enables men and women to enjoy life to the *full*—it gives them the power to succeed—to “make a million.”

A Startling Book Free

If you feel that you could use more energy—if you need greater vitality—if you would like a greater capacity for work and a keener, more active mind—if you would be interested in a method of acquiring the personal efficiency that can come only from day in and day out health—the Swoboda kind of health—you should send for Swoboda's copyrighted book on health, strength and efficiency to-day. You will be intensely interested in every page, in every sentence, in every word. It will fairly startle and amaze you with the possibilities you are now neglecting, and it contains hundreds of letters from others telling their experience with Swoboda.

Tear out the coupon on this page, write your name and address on it, or write a letter, or even a postal card, and mail to Alois P. Swoboda, 1944 Aeolian Building, New York. Even if you gain but one suggestion out of the sixty pages in Swoboda's book, you will have been repaid a thousand times for having read it. By all means do not delay, do not say “I'll do it later,” but send the coupon or a letter or postal now, while the matter is on your mind. Remember, the book is absolutely free—there is no charge or obligation now or later. Write *now*.



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Who's Who and Where

Anne Schaefer, of the Vitagraph, is crazy about baseball and never misses a score. Whenever she can conveniently kill off a grandmother, she attends the game, and when she must stay at the mines and dig, she eats up the bulletins. The other day she went down to her tailor's to try on a new checked suit, and on the way passed one of the newspaper boards while the bulletin was being posted.

Half-way through the fitting, she heard a roar go up, and the astonished and bewildered tailor saw his suit dart out the door, in a highly basted condition, while Miss Schaefer hit the high places back to the bulletin board. With one bare arm thrust through her basted coat and holding the skirt carefully together, she returned demurely to the fitting, volubly telling the tailor all about the score. He still thinks she isn't right bright.



Muriel Ostriche and Carlyle Blackwell have a new play, "Molly o' Pigtail Alley." It is going to be staged on the New York East Side. Just off the famous old Bowery, there is a little street that runs about two blocks toward the East River and winds up against the back wall of a Chinese place of resort. This street is the habitat for all sorts of human derelicts—broken-down sailors, frequenters of the cheap lodging houses, bums, crooks and male and female down-and-outers, and the directors have found it full of types for atmosphere and local color.



Gail Kane and her supporting players, under the direction of Frank Powell, have been working for weeks at a point off Sandy Hook, New Jersey, where the great New York Bay meets the Atlantic. A number of small boats and a large sea-going tug have been chartered for the period by the World Film Corporation. "The Other Sister" is the title of the picture.



A fat man has all sorts of worries. Frank Belcher, who plays a role in the new Billie Burke motion picture novel, "Gloria's Romance," was supposed to be drowning in one chapter of the novel and was to be rescued by Miss Burke, in her role of heroine of the story. Belcher found it impossible to sink, however, and it was almost necessary for Miss Burke to poke him under the water in order to make the scene realistic.



Mabel Normand is to have a studio of



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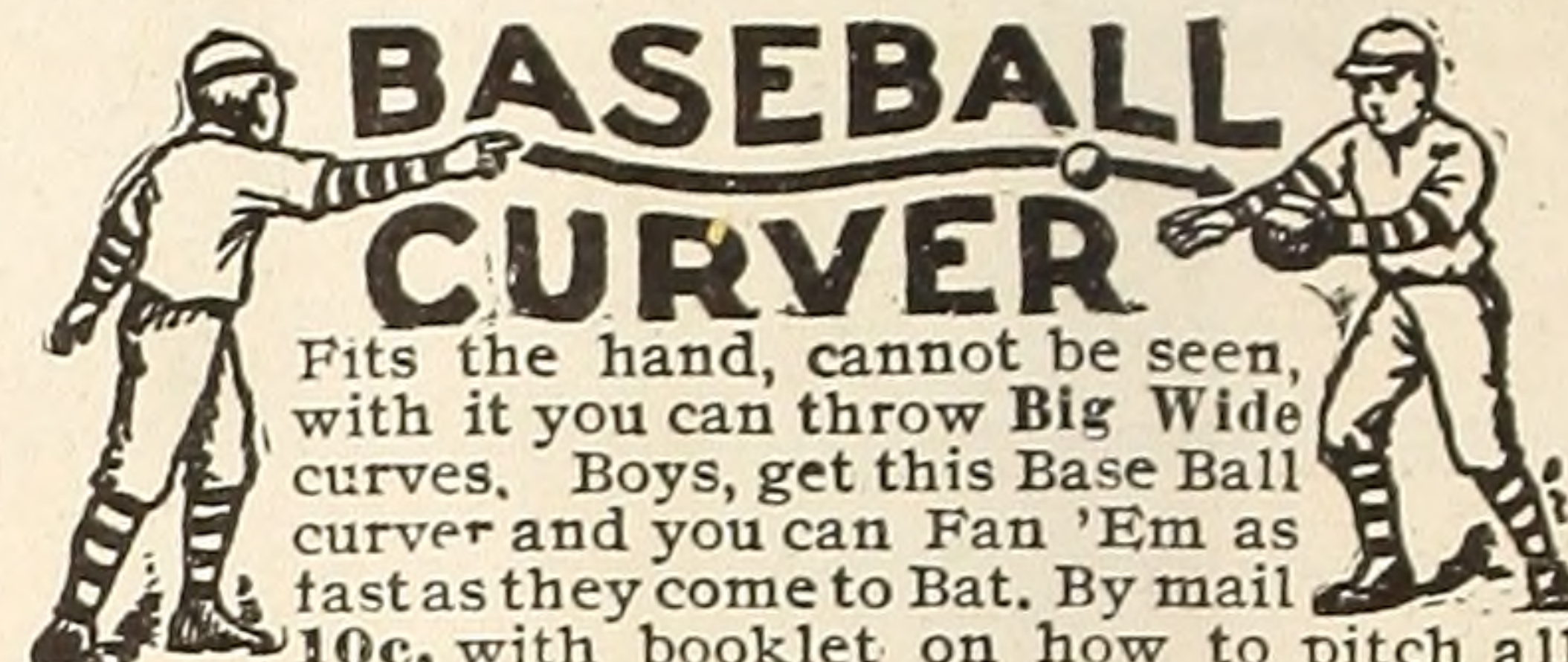


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her own, bless your soul! She will begin at once the making of her new comedy-drama pictures, under the direction of Thomas Ince. Her new studio has been built on a four-acre tract between Hollywood and Los Angeles.



Milton E. Hoffman has left his position as general manager of the Peerless Feature Producing Company, at Fort Lee, N. J., to accept the position of general manager of the studios of the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, at Hollywood, Cal.



The proposal of the Lubin Company to produce a wordless picture, one that will tell its story without the aid of sub-titles, is approved by the editor of the Los Angeles *Examiner*. He says, "Then we won't hear the woman in the next seat reading the titles aloud to little Johnny, while we try to read them for the benefit of little Mary in our lap."



Bert Bracken, who directs the productions of William Fox in which Theda Bara, "hell's handmaiden," appears, was told that the people of the United States spend \$150,000,000 a year for chewing gum. "Thank goodness for that information!" he said. "Now I know what moving picture actresses do with their fabulous salaries."



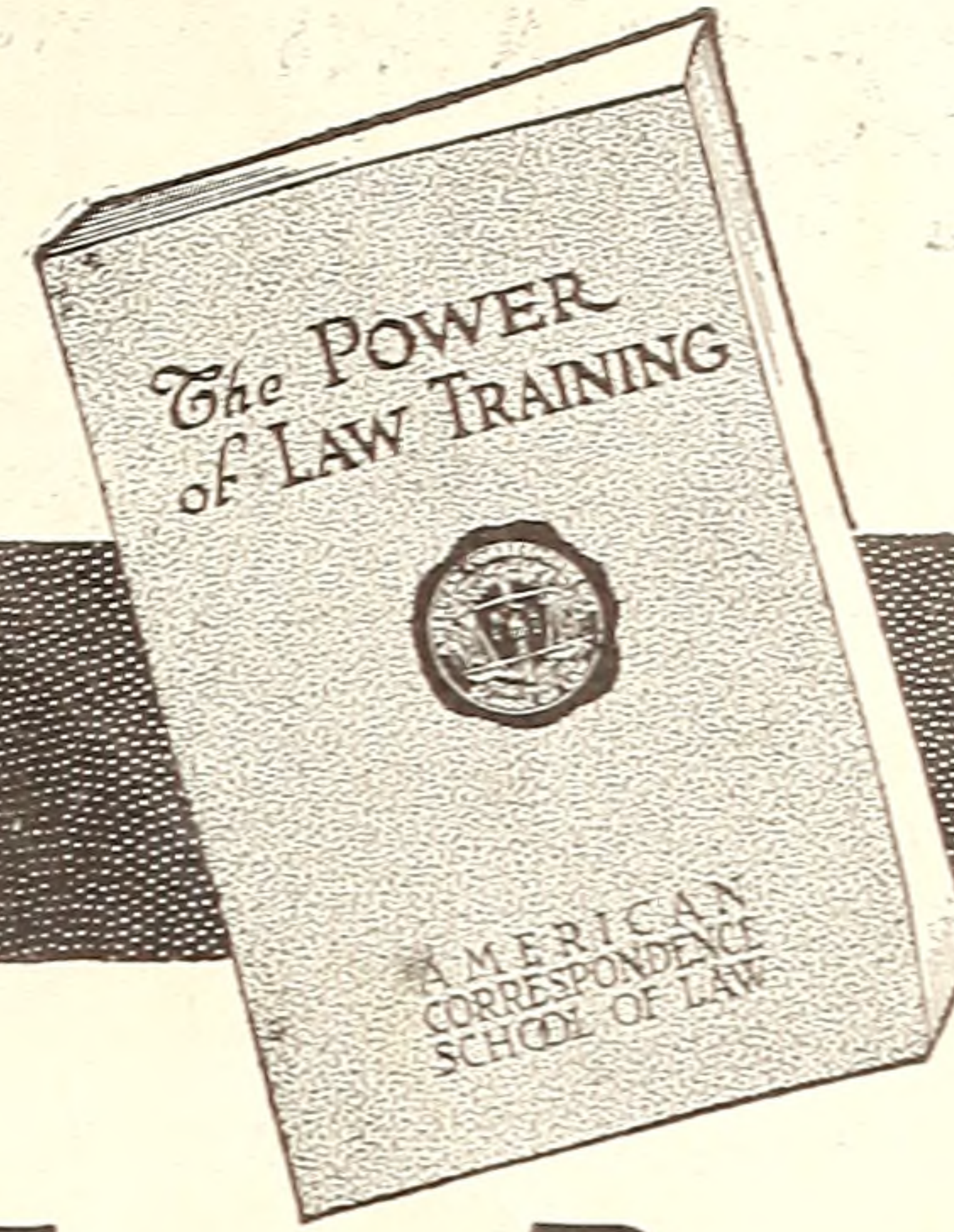
Marin Sais, the pretty screen star who is being featured with Ollie Kirkby in "The Social Pirates," has completed negotiations for the purchase of a 320-acre stock farm in Utah. Miss Sais is now making arrangements to send her ten-head of horses there to form the nucleus of a stock ranch. Blue Devil, the screen star's favorite mount, will continue to be a familiar sight on Glendale's roads, however.



Sydney Mason, one of the Gaumont-Mutual forces now in Jacksonville, Fla., spent some of his time recently visiting one of the noted Florida alligator farms. "Dee Dee," his pet canine, weighing about two pounds, went along with him. Unfortunately for "Dee Dee," however, he let his inquisitiveness get the better of him. Result—Mr. Alligator has a small-sized meal, and Mason is in mourning for "Dee Dee."



Director Will S. Davis stopped work for a minute the other day to ask assistance from Stuart Holmes, the villainous villain of the William Fox films. "Give me a definition of the word 'responsibility,'" "



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he said. "Suppose a man had only two suspender buttons left, and one of these came off," replied Holmes. "The responsibility on the one remaining would be very great."

Mr. James Young, having completed the direction of two features, starring Mae Murray and Blanche Sweet respectively, has tendered his resignation to the Jesse L. Lasky Company. No statement is made as to his plans.

In a two-reel picture by Bess Meredyth, Director Richard Stanton, of the Universal, is starring Carter de Haven. Vola Smith, a recruit from the Biograph Company, and Lucille Young also are in the cast. In order to bring out to the fullest extent the best points of the story, Stanton is devoting his whole time to direction of the scenes and does not appear in the picture.

Henry Otto tells a good story of a green assistant he once had. Soon after he joined the company, Otto instructed him to go and find a good location for the "run on the bank." After a long auto ride, they stopped in Hollywood, where the assistant pointed with much satisfaction to a long, green, mossy bank, fronting a beautiful lawn. As Henry Otto, bereft of speech, gazed in wonder at his willing ally, the latter remarked, "There's your bank, all right; but why your actors should be required to run on it is beyond me."

In Brazil titles, lithographs and all advertisements appear only in Portuguese. The cost of operating a picture house in the city of Rio is extremely high. It is subject to nine forms of taxation, as follows: 1. A spectacular tax, covering the use of signs and billboards. 2. A license for electric wiring into the theater for projection purposes. 3. Twenty milreis a day tax upon the seating capacity of the house. 4. A city license for operating the house. 5. Under this fifth classification there are five sub-divisions, as follows: (a) A federal district tax on amusements; (b) Rio governmental tax on amusements; (c) a municipality tax for operation; (d) and (e) are additional levies in the nature of extra assessments.

Harsh Words

Flim—He says that writing motion picture poetry is his forte.

Flam—Well, the editors will soon silence it.

NEW SCIENTIFIC WONDER

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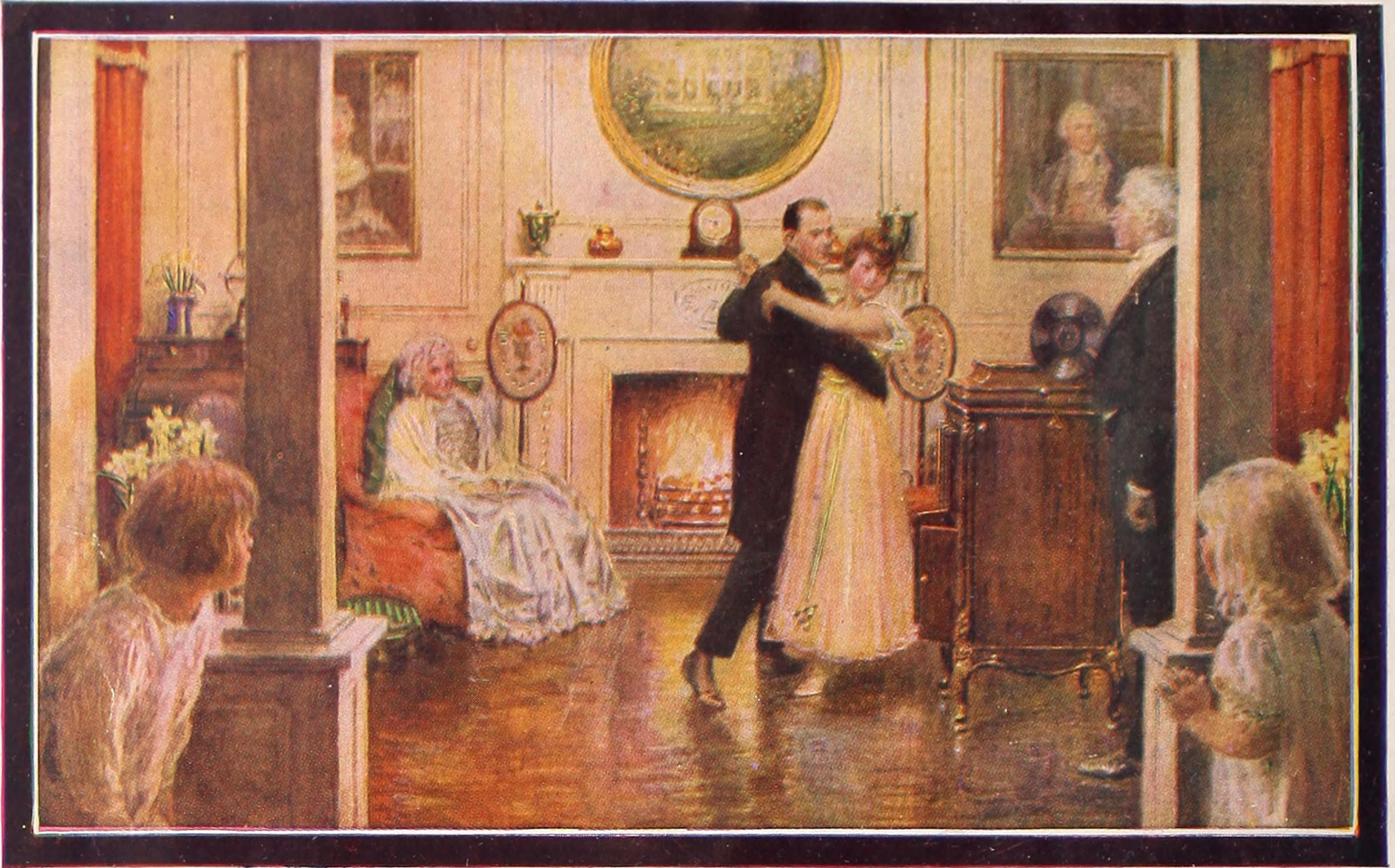
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