DON QUIXOTE TALKS ON MANY THINGS

Movies, Babies and Other Interesting Things Are Dealt With by Hopper

De Wolf Hopper, in the make-up of Don Quixote plus a tweed hat and the inevitable briar, had just come in to the Fine Arts Studio from a "location" among the hills back of Los Angeles, where scenes for a Triangle photo dramatization of the great Spanish classic were being filmed.

This is Mr. Hopper' first experience in photoplay and he is intensely interested in its growing possibilities. He was comparing notes with a group of Broadway acquaintances of whom he says, "they seem all to be here in Los Angeles."

"I like it," he said. "I like it better every day. But I would like it better still," and he shook his head sadly, "if it were not for the frightfully early rising. Think of it, I am made up at 9:30 o'clock; I am keyed up all day, and —I am shot at 5.

"But what one misses most is the applause, the response of an audience. You give your best to a scene, the camera stops buzzing and—there is silence. It is frightful. I keep imagining I have failed. So I'm getting into the way of looking hungrily for a word of encouragement from the directors, and they say it is going admirably."

"How do you like the prospect of spending a whole winter away from New York?" asked some one.

"My boy, it's wonderful. Think of it. I have a real home, the first in 30 years, with a garden, and literally my own vines and fig trees—and other fruits. And my Jap boy is the most marvelous cook ever given to a man.

"And you should see my baby." The famous comedian swells with pride at every thought of his new son. "He is the most remarkable baby I have ever known—of course every father says that, but I am serious. I give you my word—he is eight months old and I have never heard him cry. Never a sick minute, never a symptom of teething. The doctor will promise that on Tuesday, the 16th, at 7:23, we may expect a tooth, and if we look at 7:23 there it is.

"But, unfortunately," Hopper's voice sank to mournful rumble, "I am greatly afraid he is going to look like me. In fact," the big voice dropped half an octave lower, "he does already, extraordinarily so."

After the laugh some one brought the veteran actor back to the subject of Don Quixote, and he instantly became animated again.

"Quixote is a great opportunity," he said. "He is an immortal creation, a figure that in essence fits all time. Every one knows him and—do you realize it?—not one in 10,000 has read the book, though it is a world classic.

"I think it a fine thing to make the strange figure of the crack-brained old knight live again in the beautiful pictorialization that this is going to be. It is going to help us understand why, though long since dead, he is a living, vital figure today. We laugh at the impractical idealism, that has a hundred counterparts in our own world, but we are touched by the pathos of the old man's folly, and that, I think, is why the story has lived, and that is why I believe in it as a photoplay."

"Your car is here, Mr. Hopper," said an attendant.

The comedian disappeared, but came hurrying back.

"Come," he called. "Come all of you. The most wonderful baby of all time is here, and you shall see him. You won't have to take my word for anything."

Pretty Mrs. Hopper had brought Master Hopper to meet his father, who seized him and, expatiating upon the wonder of his achievements to the assembled players, bore the bright-eyed and sturdy infant triumphantly through the crowd to Director Griffith's office to prove that he had not in the least exaggerated.

"They call me a cheerful man," he said a little later, as the baby was restored to its mother. "But how in the light of heaven could I be anything else?"

THE THEATRICAL CROWD

The theatrical crowd is not philosophic; it cannot adopt a detached impersonal, disinterested view of life; it must take sides. Hence the stage convention of the "sympathetic personage."

The theatrical crowd has not the judicial faculty, is not accustomed to sift evidence, or to estimate probabilities. Hence the convention of "the long arm of coincidence," and another convention—at least as old as Sophocles—that any—the wildest improbability—may be taken for the postulate, the starting point of a play.

A crowd, as a crowd, is virtuous and generous; for we are all on our best behavior in public. Hear the gallery at a theatre of melodrama hiss the villain! Yet it is fairly long odds that some of them have robbed their employers, and that others will go home to beat their wives.

And the crowd insists upon a strict separation of virtue and vice. It wants its personages all of a piece. The composite characters, the strange blend of good and evil in all of us, it refuses to recognize.—A. B. Walkley.

NEUTRAL HELMETS FROM OLD FELT HATS

THE strictest neutrality in the matter of equipping the soldiers that battled through Commodore J. Stuart Blackton's patriotic masterpiece, "The Battle Cry of Peace," was absolutely essential to qualify with exacting requirements laid down by various boards of censors throughout the country. In no particular did the filming call for more ingenuity than in the uniforms and arms used by the soldiers.

Commodore Blackton knew that no suspicion of what nation was invading this country must be given to those who would see the film, no hints made that would give possible cause for complaint from the representatives of many nations in this country. How to dress them was a problem. The uniform to be worn was an easy matter compared with the style of hats or helmets. Clothing all the world over is pretty much the same, but helmets in vogue by various countries are the distinguishing mark of difference.

In the course of preparation several designs were submitted to the author and producer of the film. An exhaustive search through libraries produced 129 different styles of headgear used by armies of the present and the immediate past. To use any of these was impossible, for there would have been an instant outcry from the representatives of that country, and serious international complications might have ensued.

Many original designs were submitted to Commodore Blackton, but they were rejected for one reason or another. There were several that no self-respecting soldier would wear at a dog-fight; there were others that would have made the army look like a lot of comedy masqueraders; still others made them look like a lot of thugs and gunmen. None of these was suitable for use. The invading soldiers must neither be hoodlums, burlesquers nor gunmen. They must be serious-looking, business-like soldiers, dressed accordingly.

It grew to be a matter of considerable importance, and the film waited. Commodore Blackton became desperate and finally called for a felt hat from the property room. He shut himself in his private office and stood before the mirror, trying on the hat in various angles and in various positions. None suited him. Still desperate, he clutched his scissors and began trimming the hat, clipping off pieces of its broad rim. He cut off the rear and the result was a ramshackle effect, such as peanut venders at the ball games affect. The side flaps hung down like ear-muffs.

That would not do. But wait! Why not pin up the sides and twist the hat around. Eureka! Here was the very hat he wanted.

This is the manner in which the most important part of the military equipment in the films was accomplished. A neutral insignia was pinned on front and military buttons held the side flaps in place. No one can say that it is not an effective headgear, and no one can justify any assertion that it resembles the helmet of any nation on the face of the globe.

TO THE EXHIBITOR

I want to tell you that my big business and success was made by the use of advertising. Newspaper advertising comes first, then mail and telephone. I do not believe in big, glaring posters or large signs. A small card, neatly written, is much better for the theatre.

I also write my views of the production and sign it, and the people know I mean it, too. Whenever you may see my name signed to anything, you may be assured it is my honest opinion. Eight-tenths of the handbills, throw-away cards and the like are never read. It is a waste.—Samuel Rothapfel.

STAGE FAVORITES ARE NO MORE

Believes Negro Minstrel Companies Will Be Only Memory Before Many Years

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

In Scribner's Magazine.

Of all the varied and manifold kinds of theatrical entertainment negro minstrelsy is the one which is absolutely native to these States, and which could not have come into existence anywhere else in the civilized world. Here in America alone has the transplanted American been brought into intimate contact with the transplanted European. Other nations may have disputed our claim to the invention of the steamboat and the telegraph, but negro minstrelsy is as indisputably due to American inventiveness as the telephone itself. Here in the United States it had its humble beginnings; here it expanded and flourished for many years; from here it was exported to Great Britain, where it established itself for many seasons; from here it made sporadic excursions into France and into Germany, and here at last it has fallen into decline and a degeneracy and a decay which seems to doom it to a speedy extinction. Its life was little longer than that vouchsafed to man, threescore years and ten, for it was born in the fifth decade of the 19th century, and in the second decade of the 20th it lingers superfluous on the stage with none to do it reverence.

Time was when the negro minstrels held possession of three or four theatres in the single city of New York and when a dozen or more troupes were traveling from town to town; and now they have long ago surrendered their last hall in the metropolis and only two or three companies wind their lonely way from theatre to theatre throughout the United States. (Prof. Matthews forgets Philadelphia's own Dumont's). The few surviving practitioners of the art are reduced to the presentation of brief interludes in the all-devouring variety shows or to the impersonation of sparse negro characters in occasional comedies. The Skidmore Guards who paraded so gayly at Harrigan and Hart's are disbanded now these many years; Johnny Wild, of joyous memory, is no more; and Sweatnam, bereft of his fellows in sable drollery, is seen only in a chance comedy like "Excuse Me," or the "County Chairman." George Christy and Dan Emmett and Dan Bryant have gone and left only fading memories of their breezy songs, their nimble dances and their flippant quips.

THE STANLEY MARKET ABOVE 16TH 11 A. M. to 11:15 P. M. First Presentation Theodore Roberts in "MR. GREX, OF MONTE CARLO" Next Week—Mon., Tues., Wed.—"JANE" Thurs., Fri., Sat.—"THE UNKNOWN"

Arcadia CHESTNUT Below 16th Wm. Fox Presents THEDA BARA in Bartley Campbell's Drama of Thrills "THE GALLEY SLAVE" NEXT WEEK—MON., TUES. & WED. Robert B. Mantell in "The Unfaithful Wife" THURS., FRI. & SAT., GAIL KANE in "THE LABYRINTH"

GLOBE Theatre MARKET AND JUNIPER STS. Vaudeville—Continuous 11 A. M. to 11 P. M. 10, 15, 25c Kitty Francis & Co. "BRINGING UP MOTHER" Lois Clark & CO. Assisted by BABY ROSLYN AND OTHER FEATURE ACTS

NIXON Today at 2:15 Tonight at 7 and 9 | S. Miller Kent (HIMSELF & CO.) in "MR. GRAVES" Ding Dong Doodles, Hickey Bros. 7 Big Acts.

Knickerbocker THEATRE PLAYERS MARKET & 40TH Beverly of Graustark Mats. Tues., Thurs., Sat.

Peoples—Broadway Rastus Musical Comedy Next Week—AT THE OLD CROSS ROADS

NIXON'S GRAND BROAD AND MONTGOMERY F. G. Nixon-Nirdlinger . . . . Gen Mgr. Daily Mat., 10c; 7 and 9, 10c and 20c

The Gardeners Xylophonists | THE Beauty Shop | HARRY ROSE "NUT" | At the SONG BOOTH | Fixing The Furnace | Herbert's Dogs

AND GREAT PICTURES

ACADEMY OF MUSIC Wednesday Afternoon, Dec. 15, at 3 PADEREWSKI Tickets at Heppe's, $1 to $2.50. Boxes, $12-15 Direction, C. A. Ellis, Symphony Hall, Boston

RICH QUARTET WITHERSPOON HALL, Wed. Evg., Dec. 8th, Management Smit Musical Bureau.

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE METROPOLITAN OPERA CO., NEW YORK Tuesday Evg., Dec. 7, at 7:45 LOHENGRIN Mmes. Reppold, Matzenauer, Mm. Urlus, Braun, Weil, Schlegel. Conductor, Artur Bodanzky (First Appearance). Seats 1109 Chestnut St. Walnut 4424, Race 67.

University Museum New Auditorium SAT. 3:30 Lecture by James Barnes on "WILD LIFE IN AFRICA" With Motion Pictures. Free to the Public. 33D AND SPRUCE STREETS

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Dumont's Dumont's Minstrels, 9th & Arch Sts. MAT. TODAY, 10c & 20c.

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BROAD MATINEE TODAY Tonight at 8:15 NEXT WEEK Second Week Nights at 8:15 Mats. Wed. & Sat. Charles Frohman, Klaw & Erlanger Present ELSIE FERGUSON IN "OUTCAST" THE VITAL, THROBBING, HUMAN PLAY By HUBERT HENRY DAVIES 50c to $1.50 at Wednesday Matinees. Seats for the Last Week on Sale Thursday.

FORREST FIRST MAT. TODAY TONIGHT AT 8:15 NEXT WEEK 2d Big Week Nights at 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat. GABY DESLYS and Harry Pilcer in CHARLES DILLINGHAM'S LATEST MUSICAL PRODUCTION STOP! LOOK! LISTEN! Joseph Santley, Frank Lalor, Harry Fox, Doyle & Dixon, Tempest & Sunshine, Justine Johnstone, Florence Morrison, Marion Harris, Hawaiian Octette, Walter Wills, Charles Tucker and 100 More. Seats for the Last Week on Sale Thursday.