

"A TYPE, A TYPE, MY KINGDOM FOR A TYPE"

The Cry of the Movie Director When Unusual Characters or Persons Are Needed for a Play

WANTED—One Buffalo Bill, two mormons, four maudslines, cocaine fiend, burglar,...

No, good reader, this is not a meeting of the "Dopey Benny" Association, simply the "requirement" sheet from Director E. Mason Hopper of the Equitable Motion Pictures Corporation...

The list of wants sounds rather gruesome, but it is not unusual. One hour after the wants are known along "Screen Row," as 46th street, New York, is termed, nearly every one can be filled from the army of applicants.

Taking the wants individually, a type of man, fondly associated in the American mind as the typical plainsman and scout, with a Buffalo Bill beard and long wavy hair, can be gotten through the mysterious wireless channels of filmdom.

The stately gentleman is equipped with a flowing white beard. His wavy hair blooms from beneath a Stetson. He is the recognized scout of New York's filmdom. Owing to his beard and hair matching, he receives \$5 a day instead of the customary \$3—for is not his beard with hair to match an asset?

Why a burglar? you ask. Simply because the film has reached that stage where detail is the keynote of all producers, and a man adept at using a drill and "soup," as the dynamite is called, must be employed, else the critical audience will detect the bungling of an amateur.

And whether you believe it or not, William Sheer can dig up a burglar. Cocaine fiends are known as "snow birds," and a dose of the deadly narcotic is called "a sleigh ride."

The "snow bird" receives \$5 also, although he admits the work is a pleasure. But his appearance and the undeniable fact that he is a dope fiend, without having to resort to the use of smudgy cosmetics, is worth the extra two.

Two of the saddest-looking people in all New York, a mother and her grown daughter, who reside in a small theatrical boarding house in 59th street, control the mourners' market. They are gloomy and melancholy, even when being paid off.

They appear throughout the five acts as mythical mother and sister of the mummy. True, they only appear on the screen as indistinct and flitting shadows, but their faces register their sadness, and again the greatly desired local color. They receive \$10 instead of \$3—their sad expression being a qualification.

The man with the sauliflower ear doesn't care whether he gets \$5 or just \$3 cents. He enjoys the rough house that ensues every time the director tells him that he is supposed to bounce an undesirable. The ornate gentleman works with ease—and is in out of the cold. Since the Equitable staged a scene, with half a hundred toughs participating, hardly a day goes by that some former boxing or wrestling favorite does not apply for extra work. This type is easily gotten and receives the magnificent sum of \$3 for eight hours' work.

Indians can be had by the dozen in lots as high as \$50, or in units—the price depending on the painting. Made up for a

WITH THE STARS AROUND PHILADELPHIA STREETS AND IN OTHER CITIES



TWO STARS / Dustin Farnum of "David Garrick," coming to the Stanley, and his pal, "Monty," who appears in all the films he can.

VAUDEVILLE'S IDOL AT HOME

Irene Franklin, who comes to Keith's next week, at the piano where she works out her many new songs.

war dance, with all the paint their countenances will stand, Indians come at \$4 a day. With faces plain and ordinary Indian affairs, \$2 a day. Cowboys bring about the same, with \$5 a day extra if they supply their own horses. Bronco busters receive special prices.

No man can impersonate a paralytic satisfactorily, so the unfortunate comes in for \$10 a day. Sentiment plays a deep part in the day's work, and when crippled men, women, or children are used, double pay is their reward.

Irene Franklin on Woman as the Bane of the Fun-Maker

"Irene Franklin probably can number as many women among her ardent admirers as men, as the audience at Keith's next week will testify, yet she declares that women are much harder to entertain than men. Miss Franklin believes that it is easier to get laughs on a comedy line or make a hit with a song in which the woman is made the 'goat.' This is how she feels about it:

"If you want anything to 'go' in vaudeville, make fun of a woman. That's how all the monologists have been getting over for years, and how they continue to get over. A man steps on the stage and says something funny about his wife, his mother-in-law or some other of his relatives, and the audience giggles. I do it myself.



FROM LUNCH TO THE "MAT" Dorothy Wood, of "It Pays to Advertise," approaches the Garrick with a cheerful smile.



PET AND SUPER-PET Norma Talmage, Fine Arts star and feature of Arcadia and Victoria photoplays, with her pet dove.

The Actors' Million-Dollar Fund

A very lively campaign is under way all over America to raise the \$1,000,000 needed for the Actors' Fund. The movies have undertaken to raise half this sum, the drama the other. One local side of the latter is the actors' ball, which will be held here in May. Mr. Frohman explains the need of the fund in this article.

A Little Bug Has Got Him Even Now

One would think to listen to Roy Atwell sing his famous "bug" song that he felt he was free from microbes at the moment, but feared invasion and believed in preparedness. But not so. The agricultural microbe is working havoc in the ranks of the theatrical profession. The bucolic germ with the atom pinhead is disturbing the stellar system. All the world is becoming a farm and Shakespeare will have to be revised to conform to the thespian habits of the day.



THE CONTRAST Cyril Maude, 54 this week, likes to emphasize his comparative youth by contrast with the figure of his 83-year-old Grumpy as it appears at the Broad Street Theatre.

times are Mr. and Mrs. Roy Atwell. If you see a dark-haired well-dressed woman slipping surreptitiously from a seed store some afternoon and trying to appear unconscious of the bag of alfalfa seed under her arm, you may safely stop and observe to yourself, "There goes the wife of the comedian of 'Alone at Last.'" And if you see the apparition of a slim, lugubrious and funereal gentleman trying to appear in a natural state of mind as he strolls into the corridor of his hotel with a rake, a new scythe and sundry items of hardware, know that it is the actor who is Count Wellikarde in Frans Leharr's wonderful funny opera.

Advertisement for DANCING, featuring various dance schools and academies like Dawson's, Martel's, and Garden of Dances.

STRAUSS CIRCUS BREEZES AHEAD OF OLD B AND B

Philadelphia Orchestra Ends Season With Most Amusing Production of the "Alpine Symphony"

It didn't, on the face of it, seem quite cricket for the Philadelphia Orchestra to pile on a "novelty" for the last program of the season. A last program with a first-time-in-America matter for resentment. But your correspondent somewhere in the Academy is able, on high authority, to state that it's quite all right. The "Alpine Symphony" of Richard Strauss may split a few eardrums but no heads will be broken over it. It is immense, the grandest circus piece in many moons.

Herr Doctor Strauss's own representative in this country sat in a box and said this was the first performance in America. Palpitant hearts, eager for some new thing, which wears a nicely beaten down by the telegraphed announcement that the symphony was done Thursday in Cincinnati may beat rapturously again. That was a rehearsal, incomplete, not at all the thing. Yesterday afternoon was it!

But was it? The program opened with a requested repetition of "Tod und Verklarung." Familiar stuff, but if you wanted to feel that way about it, you could have asked why the program went on. For the exciting process of showing up the new Strauss the piece played first was fair, but several others might have been pressed into service. If the "Alpsprach Zarathustra" had been given the process would have been a scandalous success.

In all honesty this symphony of the Alps is Strauss' "Alone at Last." The stock words are all applicable enough: It is atmospheric, evocative, picturesque and, as the quaint telegraphed report of the Cincinnati per— that is, rehearsal, had it, "high and forceful." But chief interest to the audience yesterday was in spotting the parts of the symphony which corresponded to the 30 and 1 distinct notations in the score. It is sometimes a puzzle to determine whether this bassoon means "Night" or "Lost in the Forest."

One felt a deal of annoyance at Strauss. He is still, in this supposedly simplified symphony, the greatest orchestral master of our time—perhaps of all music to date. His feeling for instrumental color is uncanny; his bold handling, mingling and separation of that color is simply genius. But what is the Strauss of "Electra" and "Salome," what is the Strauss of "Don Quixote" and "Zarathustra" and "Heldenleben" doing with a comic opera "Hedderke der Jungfrau"? I grant you that never Baedeker was so aptly written, never was the fitting phrase so fitly spoken nor the crag and peaks so vividly outlined in the illustrations. But by the soul of German music, why should he have chosen to do it? A tribute to a few happy hours spent in the foothills of the Matterhorn? Why publish? Why all this bother about a very interesting second-rate work of the world's only first-rate genius in orchestral composition?

This is the last concert of the season, as noted before. Tonight the audience ought to be very large and a good time will be had by all. But it is sincerely to be hoped that no one will do any serious thinking about the mammoth symphony. Undoubtedly no man living could have done it better. There are a few composers living who would have cared to try. And, finally, let no one be upset because to make place for this fifth Tschakowsky was dropped. The fifth Tschakowsky will live. G. V. S.

When the Drama League Meets

On Wednesday, May 3, at 3 o'clock, the Drama League will meet to discuss "Its Moving-Picture Censorship Rated Among the Extra Hazardous Callings." The speakers will be Dr. Brentano Brenton, of the National Board of Censorship; the Rev. John J. Wheeler, of St. John's Catholic Church; the Rev. William T. Lallou, of St. John's Catholic Church; Clinton C. Woodruff, of Philadelphia; J. W. Binder, of the Motion Picture Board of Trade; Walter W. Irwin, general manager of Vitaphone-Lubin-Selig-Essanay, Inc. In its latest bulletin, the Drama League indorses "A Pair of Silk Stockings." The bulletin reads: If one admits the theme—the rather ancient middle of gentlemen guests getting themselves unwelingly into milady's chamber—the play is a bit of drollery, done with sparkles of rank dialogue, and touched off by flashes of clever and amusing comedy acting. While it is not a play, and in the very young one would be needlessly prudish to take offense.

IN THE SHADOW-LAND OF PHOTOPLAY



An exquisite bit of shadow drama in "The Moment before," a Famous Players-Paramount film featuring Pauline Frederick, to be shown at the Stanley Monday.