LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE HOMES OF FAMOUS MOVIES

The Inside of the Stanley Theatre Some of Its Wonders

The inside of a photoplay theatre—how many "fans" really know it? It isn't a big oblons box with a whitewashed wall at one end. It isn't even the elaborate sort of playhouse that the patron of the Stanley takes as a comfortable matter-of-course as he drops his ticket in the box. The real inside of a modern photoplay theatre is a hundred other things, large and small, that the average-person can have no earthly inkling of. And yet every one of those details means comfort, beauty, amusement and success to the audience and to the management.

management.

'Thursday aftermoon three newspaper men wandered into the Stanley to see what running a city's premiere "movie" really meant. Before they were through they decided that the Keystone State Construction Company has in many ways a very simple job on its hands digging under City Hall. They saw the inside; the real inside, even the inside of the grand organ.

of the grand organ.

Of course, there are some angles any playgoer may catch of the elaborate care that goes into a modern photoplay house. There is nothing to prevent your counting the 21 exits of the Stanley, noting the lights under the arms of the aisle chairs in the beloony which keep the stairs bright, listening with considerable respect to the music of the 15-man orchestra and the great ergan, or admiring the luxurious and tasteful appointments of the ladles' parlor, with its engraved writing paper, its magazines, its handsome pictures, lamps and furniture. Tou may even catalogue the contents of the medical cabinet with its sign: "Home remedies free of charge. Ask the Matron." But you are more than likely to take all this for what "A Pair of Silk Stockings' calls "swank." unless you hear Assistant Manager Silver say to the matron, as he steers the newspapermen over to look at Manager Silver say to the matron, as he steers the newspapermen over to look at the ushera' room: "How is she now?" "She's awake." Then you may remember the middle-aged woman sitting rather limply on a chair in the foyer. "We have five or six of those a day," says Mr. Silver. "Aromatic spirits of ammonia fixes them up. We keep a chair in the check room always ready." But according to one label in the medicine case—"Rice Powder"—some cases aren't so serious.

M. the average patron has no notion of

If the average patron has no notion the comforts of the special room for the ushers, with its chairs, table, sofa, washstand and lockers, what does he know of the projection room, perched up at the top of the balcony, where Mr. Cherry, chief operator, and his assistant, really make the pictures? Inside solid fireproof walls, It looks like some electric laboratory, with its big switchboard and its three strange long-legged machines. But these very soon pesoive themselves into the projectors that shoot the moving picture across the theatre over the heads of the people to the screen upon the stage.

There are a hundred interesting details here: the automatic adjusters, that slowly twist the carbons into contact as the current twist the carbons into contact as the current eats away their craters; the motor device by which the film is fed past the lens at any desired speed from 15 minutes to the reel for drama to 13 or, 14 for comedy; the ventilators above and below; the batteries of holes through which the projecting machines fire and the operators watch the series, and the field glasses for focussing. Things happen here that no mere "fan" wots of. The moment when the reel of film on one machine ends and that on the next must be so started as to take up the story without a break, is fascinating. On the first run of the week, Mr. Cherry has figured out the proper "cues," so to speak, in the pictures; and when one of them comes his assistant is ready to start his machine by hand until the motor "takes

A bow-or rather his bow-bow-before

Keith's audiences next week. His name is

This new play, the work of Frederick

also wrote "Believe Me, Xantippe," is the

tale of a dog, and a dog's tail played a very

waggish part in it. Jasper, the canine

star of the play, had more to do with the

plot than any two-legged individual in the

When Thomas Edison, the electrical

wizard, was confined to his home by ill-

ception was made. "Jasper," the thinking

dog, was received by the inventor at the lat-

the couch without much enthusiasm, when

Jasper sedately walked in and shook

When Mr. Taylor called attention to the

fact that Jasper had left the door open

and the dog trotted over to close it the

Rolling up a piece of paper, Mr. Taylor

inventor took a decided interest.

hands.

ness, and all visitors were denied, one ex-

ies," produced on Broadway last fall.

JASPER-DOG STAR-MAKES HIS BOW-WOW

Jasper and he comes fresh from playing a he had located the basket and dropped the

stellar role in a play called "Young Amer- paper in. There was a long mirror in the

Ballard, a young Harvard playwright, who the glass and stared at himself critically.

the dog.

is quite wonderful."

REAL dog actor will soon make his | it in the waste basket. The dog had never

INCIDENTS, EXCITING AND OTHERWISE, IN THE LIVES OF THE STARS AS THE CAMERA CATCHES THEM



of the scenes they will give us at the Forrest May 29.

looking like a blacksmith's bellows; and towering above—the most important and the weirdest magician art ever had—is the pile of organ pipes, Yes, a magician of art, and a crafty one, too. For, maybe, you remember the glit cylinders in the highest boxes, which you always thought did the work of harmonizing "Carmen." They are nothing but a "front." JOSEPH URBAN AT WORK The famous scenic designer often

nothing but a "front."

But there is more magle to come. For the last step in seeing the inside of a movie theatre is the next. "Want to go inside the organ? One at a time, please." And Mr. King relays you through a little wooden door into a passage just big enough for two. "Swallow deep," he says. Then he punches a hole in the inner door, and, as the valve flaps back, you take a trip to New York via the P. R. R.'s Hudson River tunnel.

A strange place, this air chest of a huge

But just now the place looks like some weird sort of dark storeroom, with a watchman's light at the back. By its glow you may make out the plaster back of the screen half-way up stage (the screen, its sulface, its curve, by the way, are all matters of long experimentation to secure good projection and no eyesight strain). Just under the light stands a wind machine, looking like a blacksmith's bellows; and

the first run of the week, Mr. Cherry has figured out the proper "cues," so to speak, in the pictures; and when one of them comes his assistant is ready to start his machine by hand until the motor "takes up" and then pull the levers of metal by which the light gate on the first machine is closed and the picture cut off as the section opens. And while one man watches the new reel run off, the other must take the old reel into an adjoining room and rewind it on an electric machine for the next showing.

That is the essential magic of the picture theatre. But there is more magic back-stage, magic that makes up half the charm of a house like the Stanley.

Have a trun of the week, Mr. Cherry has with the 147 pounds of a huge of pressure that is waiting to blow you up olicy up to see the holes you are sure you would be blown through if the organist started to play, you discover a roof of a million intricacles not six inches over your headight the wooden rods, and the picture of the pict

been in the room before, but he took the

paper in his mouth, glanced about until

room. When told to go and look at him-

self, Jasper ran over, put his paws against

Mr. Edison now walked about studying

Jasper obeyed when told to go to a table

and close a drawer, strike a letter on a

typewriter, and go to a corner and knock

over a book. "My, my!" exclaimed Mr.

Edison, patting him on the back, at which

Jasper looked pleased and embarrased. "It

Mr. Taylor explained that Jasper was only three years old and had been trained creates the statuettes which deco-rate his stage. On Tuesday New York will see his greatest work, the staging of the monster Shakespeare masque of "Caliban," in the stadium of the College of the City of New York.

No wonder Manager Katz looks satisfied as he stands beside the boxoffice. But in his heart of hearts he wonders how soon Stanley Mastbaum will find a new place n his pet theatre to poke a fan into.

The Season Ends With a Genuine Climax

It isn't every day, or every Saturday, either, that the dramatic editor cares to puff up a so-called "attraction" a week be-

from committing himself in their favor, fore the town sees it. But when Philadelthough the date of their advent be as far phia has had such a barren season as the off as May 29. He saw only one, during one just ending, and when the prospect is the surprisingly successful repertory season announced of Grace George, her repertory, company and four plays like Shaw's "Major of Miss George at the Playhouse; and in that one, Shaw's trenchant comedy, "Major Barbara." he thought Miss George just a bit too "sympathetic," but he enjoyed the Barbara," "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," Henry Arthur Jones' "The Lairs" and our own Langdon Mitchell's "The New York Idea"—well, nothing can restrain him whole production, he has read the enthu-

Josephine, of "Town

Topics," are

strong for

scenes like this, snapped on their farm.

A BIT OF MOVIE LIFE Rounding a curve in "Pasquale," the new Morosco-Paramount film

coming to the Stanley. George Beban's auto did an impromptu somersault, which the camera man caught and which the director utilized by rewriting the scenario.

WHY SHAKESPEARE AND I ARE STRONG FOR GOOD OLD SLANG

The Verbal Star of "Town Topica" Reflects a Bit on the English Language

By BERT LESLIE

one once told me that as a mi derer of the King's English I take the Well, I don't know that all this onor should come to me, since I am simply one of the many who are trying to idiomise our cumbersome language. There is George Ade, who first made slang famous; then there is George M. Cohan, who has written his own dictionary, and such authors as Rupert Hughes, who is certainly as expert at it, and even Robert M. Chambers and Booth Tarkington, not to mention the mighty Bernard Shaw.

Booth Tarkington, not to mention the mighty Bernard Shaw.

Some of our most learned authors are fathers of slang expressions. Would it surprise you to know that the expression "Beat it" is from Shakespeare? And, inodentally worth mentioning, since we are celebrating the Shakespearean tercentenary, this same Shakespeare fellow is the author of many of our favorite expressions of slang, only we use them so much that we become accustomed to them and, naturally, incorporate them in our own language.

The advantages of slang are that It does not tie up the tongue. Is it not more expressive to say "Beat it" than "Kindly remove yourself from my presence; you are obnoxious to me"? And take the expression "Sand the track, you are slipping"—It would take a whole paragraph to explain its meaning. Another expressive term is "Get me?" How much easier to say this than, "Do you comprehend my meaning?"

One of the funniest things to me is the horror some people profess to have of slang. And they are, as a rule, the worst offenders. A woman in Detroit, an officer of the Drama League, met me and said, "I'm awfully glad to know you." I told her that was a terrible thing to say to a man on first acquaintance, but I don't suppose she got me.

The English are users of slang just as much as we are, but most of their terms are strange to us, as ours are strange to them. For instance, there are some expressions such as "Swank," "Spoof," "Squiffy," all of them expressive, but positively meaning nothing in particular to us. The best medium we have for the exchange of these slang expressions between us is the stage. And that is how and why we are rapidly becoming acquainted with some of their expressions.

I know diction and I know grammar, but, take it from me, slang is the shortest.

rapidly becoming acquainted with some of their expressions.

I know diction and I know grammar, but, take it from me, slang is the shortest cut to what you mean every time. Most slang expressions are grammatically correct, but the assumed repugnance which some people seem to bear toward their use would lead to the belief that slang is very ungrammatical. Examine most of the slang expressions which I use in "Town Topics" and you will see that they are all correct. Webster wrote a dictionary, and he has had very little opposition since, as nobody cares to provide him with competition. But some day I am going to call a meeting of the slangsters, with George Ade presiding, and then I think we will get up a dictionary of slang so that all who run may read and know.

The First Negro Interpretation of "Othello"

Philadelphia will see a real novelty next week when Edward Sterling Wright and his company of 25 negro players will appear at the Walnut Street Theatre in Shakespeare's immortal tragedy of "Othello." This will be the first performance in this city of a Shakespearean play by a company of a groactors and actremes.

In New York dir Herbert Tree, accompanied by Mrs Pat Campbell, Lord and Lady Cunlific Gwen and the members of the Shakespeare Tercentenary Committee attended a performance. Afterward Sir siastic reviews of the New York critics, and he applauds the idea of repertory behind Miss George's venture. Hence he is moved to say: Look out for a genuine dramatic treat at the Adelphi 11 days hence.

* K. M.

the Shakespeare Tercentenary Committee attended a performance. Afterward Sir Herbert publicly congratulated Edward Sterling Wright on his interpretation of the Moor. "I certainly canot criticise you or your work," he said. "Your great ability is far beyond my poor power to criticise. All 1 can do is praise."

SHAKESPEARE'S POOR SCENARIOS-E. H. SOTHERN

MUCH as I admire the genius of William Shakespeare as a playwright, I do not think he ever wrote a great scenario. The average motion-picture editor would probably turn down his script on the instant because of the fact that the great Bard of Avon was not aware of the photographic possibili-

photographic possibilities when he wrote his his works. Shakespeare, to be sure, sought and at-tained the artistic, but the element of action as it applies to motion his most spectacula

pictures was, if dis cernible at all, only partly defined in even plays because he wrote with the limitations of the stage always mind. The great thoughts he amplified in words will some day be picturized no doubt be picturized no doubt. when the right man comes to work them over into the form that the photoplay requires. But I shall not play

Shakespeare for the screen, much as I should like to do so, for the simple reason that I fear Shake-speare's productions are not yet ripe for popular favor in the movies and for the rea-son also that because of the danger to her of the danger to her health I cannot have the co-operation of my wife, Julia Marlowe, with whom it is always a pleasure to ap-pear in the classics. I feel, with all pardon-able pride, that she is the only woman who can play the female chakespearean roles Shakespearean roles with the proper finesse and spirit to suit me, and I should not care to perform opposite any other woman in the parts which have commanded so much of our joint labors and

our joint labors and affection.

Let me set myself right, however, with regard to my opening statement about Shakespearean plays and the pictures. I want it distinctly understood that I do not receive our that these mean to say that these classics are too ele-vated in the minds of the motion-picture speciators.

A PROGRAM OF MANY ASSOCIATIONS



A character study in curiosity and surprise. Mr. Chaplin will be seen extensively round town next week in his first Mutual release, "The Floorwalker," while his last Essanay, "Police," is at the Stanley,

THE MUSIC HALL, TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 6th, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, AND HER GRAND CONCERT COMPANY. MISS HENRIETTA MAURER. MR JULIUS MEYER, MIL CHIMMELEYJONES, MIL NAHAN PRANKO. Musical Director, Sg. FRANCISCO ROSA. MAX STRAKOSCH. Manager, 350 E. 84th Str. # Y. Harmarton Peres, adding Square, New York City

It comes from Kingston, N. Y., is dated January 0, 1885, and was loaned to the Evenino Ledges at this time in connection with the recent death of the great singer whose picture it bears. The reader will ensity connect the name of Clara Louise Kellogg with that of her manager, printed on the last line. Nehan Franko, it is reported, will open the season at Willow Grove with his orchestra. Mr. Cholmeley-Jones, wiss owns the program, is the suave and affable and altogether superior representative of the Forcest Theatre. A nephow of blaz Strakosch is now manager of the Walnut.



ter's home in Llewellyn Park, West by suggestion to do these things since he Grange. Mr. Edison was in his library on was six months old, and that scientists the second floor, dressed and lying on a had figured out that he had a thinking couch, when Jasper arrived. He sat up on vocabulary in English of more than 300 words For half an hour Jasper performed feats of apparent understanding for Mr. Edison. Thn Mrs. Edison telephoned to some of her neighbors to come over. A party of 15 or so quickly gathered and an adjournment was taken to the large parlor on the first floor. handed it over and asked Jasper to put | Mr. Taylor, seeing an automobile, said "Jasper, go out to the

drive, get upon the front seat of the au-tomobile and put your hands on the steering wheel and look the way the chauffeur does." Jasper did it. He went into the billiard room at com-mand, hopped on the table, took a ball in his mouth and carried it to his friend; went into the music room found the piano and atruck the keys, danced a waits on his hind legs, when Miss Madeleine played, and did other remarkable

"He's the most de-lightful dog!" sald Mrs. Edison. "Don't you want to leave him

things.

Jasper apparently didn't want to be left, for he trotted around, said good-by by barking at each guest and then departed for the lawh, where he posed for his picture with Mrs. Edison Miss Madeleine and the