



PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 20, 1916

PHOTOPLAY
THEATRES
DANCING
MUSICLITTLE JOURNEYS
TO THE HOMES OF
FAMOUS MOVIESThe Inside of the Stanley Theatre
and Some of Its
Wonders

The inside of a photoplay theatre—how many "fans" really know it? It isn't a 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.

Thursday afternoon 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 of the real inside, even the inside 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 51 exits of the Stanley, noting the lights under the arms of the aisle chairs in the balcony which keep the stairs bright, listening with considerable respect to the music of the 16-man orchestra and the great organ, or admiring the luxurious and tasteful appointments of the ladies' parlor, with its engraved writing paper, its magazines, its handsome picture, lamp and furniture. You 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 be 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 the ushers' 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. "Automatic 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.

If the average patron has no notion of 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 resolve 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 eats away their craters; the motor device 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 screen; and the field glasses for focusing. 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 with the three of them comes his assistant 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 second 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 backstage, magic that makes up half the charm of a house like the Stanley.

JASPER—DOG STAR—MAKES HIS BOW-WOW

A bow—or rather his bow-wow—before Keith's audiences next week. His name is Jasper and he comes fresh from playing a stellar role in a play called "Young America," produced on Broadway last fall.

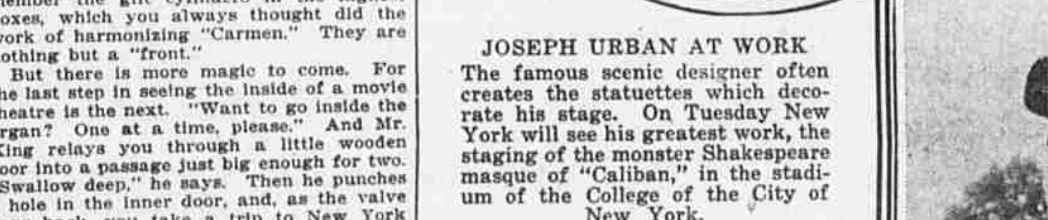
This new play, the work of Frederick Ballard, a young Harvard playwright, who also wrote "Believe Me, Xantippe," is the tale of a dog, and a dog's tail played a very waggish part in it. Jasper, the canine star of the play, had more to do with the plot than any two-legged individual in the cast.

When Thomas Edison, the electrical wizard, was confined to his home by illness, and all visitors were denied, one exception was made. "Jasper," the thinking dog, was received by the inventor at the latter's home in Llewellyn Park, West Orange. Mr. Edison was in his library on the second floor, dressed and lying on a couch, when Jasper arrived. He sat up on the couch without much enthusiasm, when Jasper sedately walked in and shook hands.

When Mr. Taylor called attention to the fact that Jasper had left the door open and the dog trotted over to close it the inventor took a decided interest.

Rolling up a piece of paper, Mr. Taylor handed it over and asked Jasper to put

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

THE FIRST NEGRO IAGO
John Ramsey, who will play Iago in the all-colored production of Shakespeare's tragedy at the Walnut next week.SIX JOLLY FRIARS
James J. Corbett, George Primrose, Hap Ward, Will Rogers, Felix Adler and Louis Mann rehearsing one of the scenes they will give us at the Forrest May 29.

JOSEPH URBAN AT WORK

The famous scenic designer often creates the statuettes which decorate 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.



Cross and Josephine, of "Town Topics," are strong for summer scenes like this, snapped on their farm.

Itself, and the whole roof of this little divers' bell of a room is a jumping, jiggling bizzarrie of motion.

Mr. King is just a bit proud of that organ which he watches. And he is even prouder of the pride of the Stanley—ventilation. "There are 14 intake fans," he says, "to suck fresh air in, and 54 16-inch fans to force the bad air into the false ceiling, and three big and three small exhaust fans to blow it all out of the roof." And as he utters the newspaper men out the stage door, Mr. Silver points up at a newly plastered cylinder sticking out of the side wall. "There's the new hole I just found a man putting a fan into the other day."

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 in 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 before the town sees it. But when Philadelphia has had such a barren season as the one just ending, and when the prospect is announced of Grace George, her repertory company and four plays like Shaw's "Major Barbara," "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," Henry Arthur Jones' "The Laird," and our own Langdon Mitchell's "The New York Idea"—well, nothing can restrain him

CHARLES AND THE CHILD



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.

WHY SHAKESPEARE
AND I ARE STRONG
FOR GOOD OLD SLANGThe Verbal Star of "Town Topics"
Reflects a Bit on the English
Language

By BERT LESLIE

Some one once told me that as a mirror of the King's English I take the crown. Well, I don't know that all this honor should come to me, since I am simply one of the many who are trying to idiosyncrize 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 an expert at it, and even Robert M. Chambers and 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, incidentally 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 "Beat 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," "Spot," "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 dictation 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 slangers, 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 negro actors and actresses. In New York, Mr. Herbert Tree, accompanied by Mrs. Pat Campbell, Lord and Lady Clunifre Owen and the members of the Shakespeare Tercentenary Committee attended a performance. Afterward Sir Herbert publicly congratulated Edward Sterling Wright on his interpretation of the Moor. "I certainly cannot criticize your work," he said. "Your great ability is far beyond my poor power to criticize. All I 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 possibilities when he wrote his plays.

Shakespeare, to be sure, sought and attained the artistic, but the element of action as it applies to motion pictures was, if discernible at all, only partly defined in even his most spectacular plays because he wrote in words and some day be pictured 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 Shakespeare's productions are not yet ripe for popular favor in the movies and for the reason also that because 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 appear in the classics. I feel, with all pardonable pride, that she is the only woman who can play the female 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 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 mean to say that these classics are too elevated in the minds of the motion-picture spectators.

The script is the thing I have in mind.

A PROGRAM OF MANY ASSOCIATIONS

MUSIC HALL

TUESDAY EVENING, JANUARY 6th,
Miss Clara Louise Kellogg

AND HER GRAND CONCERT COMPANY.
MISS BENJAMIN MATHES
MR. JULIUS MEYER
MR. CHOLMELEY JONES
MR. SAMUEL FRANKO
Music Director, St. FRANCISCO ROSA
MAX STRAKOSCH, Manager, 350 E. 64th St., N. Y.

It comes from Kingston, N. Y., is dated January 6, 1885, and was loaned to the EVENING LEDGER at this time in connection with the recent death of the great singer whose picture it bears. The reader will easily connect the name of Clara Louise Kellogg with that of her manager, printed on the last line. Nelson Franko, it is reported, will open the season at Willow Grove with his orchestra. Mr. Cholmeley Jones, who owns the program, is the suave and affable and altogether superior representative of the Forrest Theatre. A nephew of Max Strakosch is now manager of the Walnut.