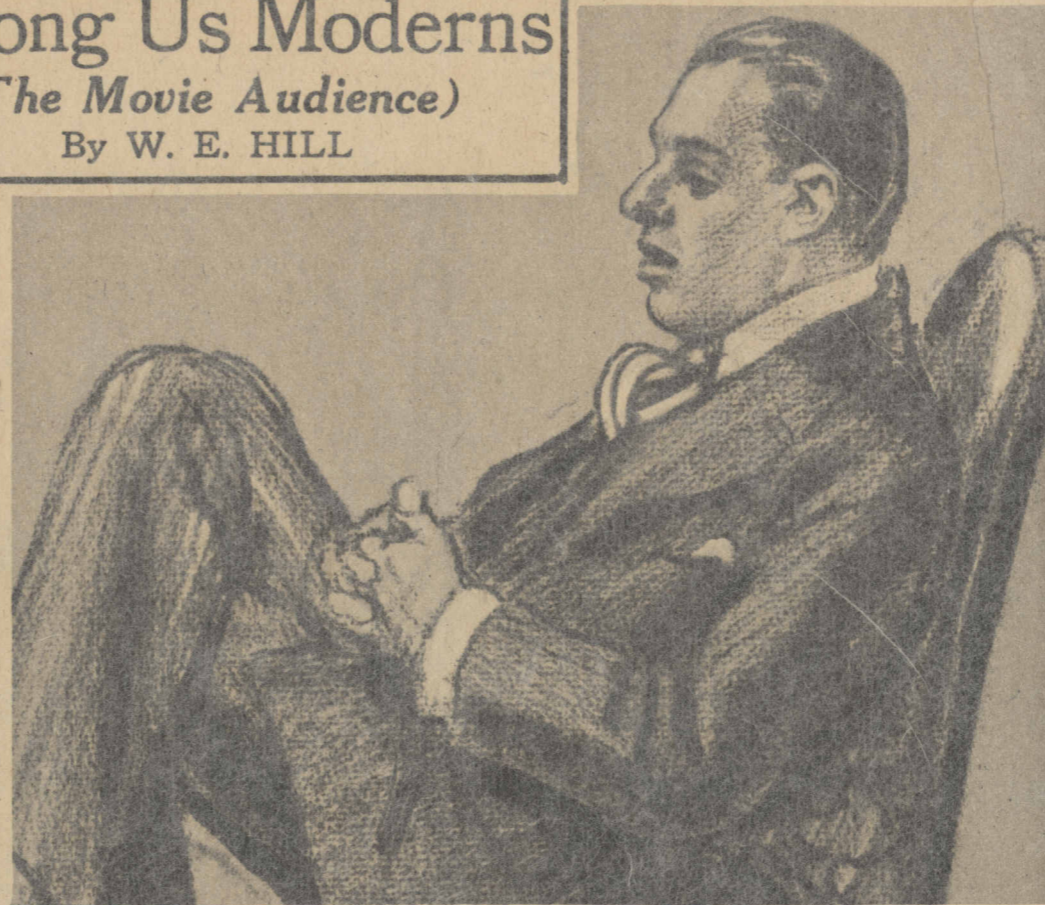


Among Us Moderns (The Movie Audience)

By W. E. HILL



Some movie fans are just born unlucky. They always arrive in the middle of the picture, and then they have to sit through the news of the day and the slapstick stuff waiting to see what happened at the beginning of "Her Day of Passion."

No doubt you have many a time sat in close proximity to Mrs. Pearl Zell, who comments from time to time on the news weekly. "O, wouldn't I hate to be under that ice," comments Mrs. Z on a picture of a Canadian ice floe.

A pleasing and inspiring young man to sit beside is the music-loving boy who loves to hear the orchestra play something he can hum. O, how he loves to hum! Sometimes he will even keep time with his feet, which is an added pleasure for those near by. Likes to slump "way down in his seat and be comfy. Very hard to crawl over.

Meet the lone lady who is afraid of the dark. She suspects the very worst from the man sitting next. On the slightest provocation she will make for the head usher, the doorman, and the box office man in turn, to complain. "He was reaching around under his seat," she will tell them, "and I know he was going to pinch my ankles!" O, but this is a cruel world for bachelor girls!



Something to be avoided like the gripe germ is the man with adenoids who can't keep awake beyond the second reel of the feature film. He snores with a whistling sound.



Something really should be done—and something pretty drastic mind you—about the family party who will insist on getting up and rearranging themselves during an exciting moment on the screen.



"Gee, that's a good one, all right! Get that? 'She was so jealous she stayed awake all night to hear if he talked in his sleep.'" The interested man who reads the caption aloud and haw-haws all over the back of your neck is a terribly draughty person to sit in front of.



The relief pianist, on duty for the last half of the feature film, is improvising, her mind not being on her job. She has a girl friend down front tonight, and they are discussing another girl friend. They are, so to speak, getting right down to the brassiest of brass tacks and the mellow notes of the piano are liberally interspersed with "My dear!" "Not really!" "Did you ever!" and "O my gawd, if that ain't the cat's old clothes!"



The candy boy is peddling the latest candy confection, "Stolen Hugs and Kisses," up and down the aisle, and sprinkling the film fans in his wake with samples. Speaking in a general way, it is thought that if all the people who said "I wouldn't eat that if I were you—you don't know where it's been" during the candy boy's rounds could be placed end to end they would reach, well, we forget how far they would reach, but it would be a long way.