

# Right Off the Reel

## GOSSIP of the MOVIE PLAYS and PLAYERS

By Mae Tinee

**D**ID you read "The Valley of the Moon," by Jack London? If you did, probably you were one of those in that mob in front of a certain motion picture playhouse the other evening, where, it was announced, the

children, between the ages of six weeks and 10 years have been entertained in the nursery. Furthermore, according to the trained nurse in charge, "there hasn't been a single accident or a fight."

The nursery is a large store, which has been fitted up with a sand pile, three swings, four rocking horses, low chairs, and a crib. Also there are toys of all sorts and dolls and the other tools of the trade for digesting in the sand.

Only once so far has a fond parent had to be called to duty by the misconduct



photo-play, taken from the story, was to be shown. I was, and, while I had to wait for half an hour before I could get inside, felt myself amply repaid by what I saw on the screen. "The Valley of the Moon" is shown in six reels, with Myrtle Stedman playing the part of Saxon and Jack Conway as Billy. It is produced by the Bosworth company, which puts on all of Jack London's plays. Better acting I have rarely seen on the "legitimate" stage or in film.

Ruth Stonehouse, the charming little Essanay leading lady, is receiving daily letters from a milkman in Elkhart, Ind., who urges her to give up the "movies" and become his wife.

Yes, it's nice being a judge, only, of course, poor Judge will get never so much as a small of that \$10,000.

Note it is "Carlyle Blackwell of the Favorite Players" now.

The right of a motion picture company to take films of prize winners at animal shows will be thrashed out in a damage action brought by Delta E. Connelly, against the Thomas A. Edison corporation, which is on file in the United States District Court. The plaintiff alleges that she exhibited several pet cats at Madison Square Garden the latter part of December, 1912, and succeeded in winning a number of prizes with her entries. She avers the defendant film company took pictures of her pets without her consent



HE TOOK MY PICTURE WITHOUT MY PERMISSION

and that since that time the film entitled "Five Thousand Dollars Worth of Cat" has been displayed in numerous motion picture theaters. As a result of the exhibition of her pets on the screen the plaintiff asserts she has been held up to ridicule and obloquy and has suffered humiliation and mortification as her society friends learned she was "appearing" in the pictures with her blue ribbon winners. She demands \$5,000 damages.

The newest wrinkle in the moving picture business is a nursery annex, which is now having a tryout at a New York theater, and the matron of the city are fully alive to its opportunities, for 250

Grace Cunard received the highest number of votes this week. Her picture, therefore, will appear in the Frame of Public Favor next Sunday. Of the other players voted upon, the following six are the leaders:

Ed Coxen, Wallace Berry, Florence Lawrence, Essie Loran, Charles Clay and Maude Fealy.

If you want to see a picture of your favorite player, send in your vote to "Right Off the Reel," care of this paper. You may cut out and make use of this form if you desire.

### THE BALLOT

Request the pleasure of seeing the photograph of \_\_\_\_\_ appear in the Frame of Public Favor on \_\_\_\_\_ Next Sunday

of her offspring. This was when a 6 months old baby awoke to find that he had been cruelly deserted by his mother. He opened his mouth and yelled and refused to be comforted by the trained nurse. The mother was notified by having her name flashed on the screen with a notice that she was wanted forthwith in the nursery.

There is no chance that these babies will be mixed up by some little Buttercup, for each child is tagged, a claim check being given to the mother or father. To all the nurse are four of the neighborhood's older children upon whose shoulders rest rather heavily the dignities of their new office.

That this institution is a boon to mothers of large families is shown by the fact that a Mrs. Goldstein comes each afternoon and deposits her flock of six, ranging from Lulu, aged 2, to Eleanor, aged 10. While Mother Goldstein takes a look at the pictures the young Goldsteins have an equally enjoyable afternoon in the swings.

While working recently in one of the big Essanay spectacular productions, Francis X. Bushman received a charge of powder in his nose. This had to be picked out, leaving that member in a highly inflamed and swollen condition. On his way back to Chicago from the place where the scenes had been taken, he received a sunstroke which set him raving. Those with him were alarmed and left him at a hospital in one of the suburbs. He returned to the studio next day, but will not be able to work for some time, according to his physician.

During the taking of a party through the managerie of the Eclair studio at Tucson, Ariz., one of the wild cat "kittens" broke loose. In attempting to restrain it, Henry Alrich, an Eclair artist, was severely clawed about the face and neck, and is confined to the local hospital. The ever ready camera was trained on this exciting incident, and the fight between wild cat and man will be worked into a coming western film.

Cleo Madison is under a terrific strain these days, and is glad the big "Trolley of Hearts" series is half done. Her director, Wilfred Lucas, will not be sorry, either. Doubling the part of the twins, Miss Madison is scarcely ever off the scene, and she has to be constantly changing makeup and clothes, besides which there are many trying comic exposures. She says she gets home exhausted and goes straight to bed. Lucas says he never gets to bed at all.

Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are taking the leads in an unusual play which is pervaded with mystery. It is a three reeler, entitled "The Phantom of the Violin," in which Miss Cunard, as a poor girl, is taught the violin by a man who raises her to affluence. She passes him by for others, and thenceforth the man with the violin and its weird music haunts them. It is one of the most powerful art-plays that Miss Cunard ever has written, and both have strong acting parts.

The mania of writing to screen artists has caught even the Chinese in its net. Victor A. Ford, whose character portrayal of Slippery Slim in the Essanay Spokaneville pictures has won him honors in the moving picture world, was a recipient of the following note recently from an oriental motion picture fan:

"Miser Slip Slim: Niles, Cal. Gud mon'en. Som tim I go svy da se'em yu on skieen. Yu al sam vele gud. I like lok se'em. Me fine cuk an now cat'owen kichin. Bledis finest, and up no can luk se'em yu. To bad, Miss Slim, hep gud, she say yu mabe sez'em pic'tu to me, so me lite. Yu sen one an I lalaysu for, SAN SIN, '60 Hloday street, Oakland. 'Ml fen, he sen yu vole gud luk."

Stella Razeto of Selig's is trying hard to break her severe accident record. It is not so long ago that she cut her forehead badly and was sent to the hospital for weeks, then Guy Oliver rescued her in the nick of time from a watery grave and later she escaped certain death by inches when the huge glass studio door fourteen feet high by nine feet wide, loosed from its upper grooves and fell forward. Some one shrieked and Stella sank to her knees and a roll top desk was the only thing which stopped her from being crushed, and she escaped, a thankful woman, with only a few scratches and cuts to tell the story of her narrow escape.

The dignified and altogether respected Lillian Brown Leighton, comedienne of the Selig Zoo company of fun makers, was suddenly dragged into the police station a few days ago and given something which strongly resembled the third degree. Instead of arousing indignation, various members of the Selig aggregation present laughed and passed ribald remarks about it. It seems that Miss Leighton had been arrested while pulling a peculiar stunt while in black face. However, as the whole thing, including the police station, was a studio comedy scene, the fair name of the enchanting Miss Leighton is safe. The indications are that the comedienne has put over another howling success for the new Selig comedy releases.

## In the Frame of Public Favor



Francis Ford

**A**ND now comes Francis Ford of the Universal company to make his pictorial bow to an adoring public! Mr. Ford, who is, you know, both actor and a producer, was born in Portland, Maine, and was educated there. By nationality he is an Irish-American. He has black hair, brown eyes, is five feet eleven and one-half inches tall and weighs 160 pounds.

Before joining the "movies," Mr. Ford was a "legitimate" actor. He was with Amelia Bingham for some time. Later he worked in stock and was for some time with the Edison and, afterwards, a long period with the Melies, where he acted, directed, and finally produced with great success. It was with the original Bison at Santa Monica, however, that he showed his genius for western, war and Indian pictures. He then joined the Universal company where he is at present.

"My hobbies?" Mr. Ford smiled at the question. "Why, I don't know that I have any in particular. The thing that makes me happiest is pleasing others and making friends. I love to be liked! And I have a fixed idea that the ultimate aim of everyone should be to give a boost to the other fellow."

Mr. Ford's most recent successes have been "Twin Sisters Double," the "Lady Raffles" series, and the "Lucille Love—Girl of Mystery" serial. Mr. Ford says he is not married.

## Answers to Movie Fans. - - - By Mae Tinee.

Owing to the number of queries received and the somewhat limited space allowed for answers, it is not always possible to print information as rapidly as the writers desire it, as the letters must be answered in turn. All, however, receive careful attention.

When stamped and addressed envelopes are inclosed, Miss Tinee will be glad to answer personally any letters addressed to her. Address all queries to this department to Mae Tinee in care of this paper.

Questions that have been repeatedly answered will receive a reply only when a stamped and addressed envelope is sent.

Questions regarding relationship will be answered to the best of our knowledge, but we are not responsible if mistakes are made.

If you are interested in photo-play writing send a stamped and self-addressed envelope to this department for the information you desire.

girl whom you think was Miss Pickford's dupe and Mildred Bright as his sweetheart. Others in the cast were William E. Sherrer, Helen Martin, and Fred Truesdell. In "Through the Flames" Guy Combs, Alise Hollister, and Marguerite Courtot took the leads.

F. S.: Little Marguerite Courtot took the part of the raggicker's daughter in "The Show Girl's Glove." It was a Kalem production.

VIRGINIA: Thanks awfully for the nice things you said in your letter. Sincere praise always helps the recipient a lot. The doctor in the Triphammer production, "Lost a Union Suit," was Morris Foster. You're welcome.

MARINO: I told practically all I know about House Peters in his biography which appeared several Sundays ago under his picture in the Frame of Public Favor.

MISS M. R.: Harold Lockwood played the lead in "When Willy Was Away." Edward Earle played the lead in "The Unopened Letter."

DOT: You sort of like George Cooper, don't you? Well, he has been with the Vitagraph company for four years, is not married, and is 21 years old. (Quite a

## The LOVE AFFAIRS of PEGGY

Did you ever try vamping? If you did, were you vurry successful or vurry sorry afterwards? Peggy had a little experience along that line. Want to read about it? And who, by the way, shall be our screen "Peggy"? We're still on the Peggy hunt!

WENT to hear a famous beauty specialist talk on beauty—how to get it and how to hang on to it—the other day and here is what she says, sez she: "Subtlety is woman's weapon and her most effective one. History shows us that women who have won men and kept them have done it by what means? Subtlety. Unaware to the man himself they have slunk into his heart and remained there, a vague, disturbing, delicious influence. These women have not deigned enhancing their charms by art, either. A dash of powder; a soupçon of rouge; a touch of shadow about the eyes—a little reddening of lips kissable, but not quite colorful enough—and my lady, armed with subtlety and the knowledge that she looks her best, goes forth to conquer, sure and unafraid."

My heart leaped at her words, dear book! All at once I saw where I had always played amiss. I had not been subtle. I had not slunk. And, woe and be-gorra! I had neglected the little dash of the soupçon, and the touch of shadow! 'Twere well no more years had passed over my head ere knowledge had entered my brain! Determination possessed me. I would vamp! I would be subtle!

That good looking man friend of dad's who was coming to spend the evening should sit up and take notice! He should be conscious of a vague, disturbing influence, which would be me, having slunk into his heart.

I hid me to the drug store. That afternoon I spent my time between my room and the bathroom. I steamed and I showered and I massaged and I manicured. Mother came to the door a couple of times, but I told her yawningly that I was asleep and she let me alone. She is the most understanding woman! Never fusses! Dad says therein lies her charm.

As the dinner bell rang I gave a last look in the glass—and was satisfied. I saw there a beautiful creature clothed in tango chiffon and mystery. From behind the curtain of her black, black lashes looked eyes full of lure and impenetrability. Around them were shadows. (Perhaps I had acquired more than the "touch of shadow," but to me that only enhanced their witchery.) As I turned off the light my last glance took in a blur of white face and maddeningly red lips.

I slunk down the stairs. I slunk into the living room and there sort of convalesced against the bronze curtains that separated it from the hall, and stood there for a moment. Then, as father called my name, I slithered forward to be introduced. As he took my hand Mr. Nicholson's face became vurry red. I said to myself: "It is working!" And as I noticed how fast father and mother were talking and how red their faces were, too, I thought: "They have never realized before how attractive I am and they're sort of shocked."

And all through dinner father's friend kept his eyes on my face, and in his eyes there was a look of puzzled wonder. Dear Journal, I thought, he was thinking: "What a strange, exotic, compelling creature! Wherein lies her charm!" "Ah," I thought to myself, "that is something you will never know—" and from out the shadows I gazed at him—while dad and mother talked faster and faster, seeming, I thought, strangely ill at ease.

Well, after dinner we went back to the living room and while mother played and sang for us, I curled up in a corner of the big lounge, looked at my victim.

A couple of the girls came to see me and I had to excuse myself for a few minutes while I talked to them. They perfectly accorded my making and we went up to my room while they wrote down the names of the things I had gotten at the drug store.

When at last I got back to the company, there was a change in the atmosphere. Dad and mother were not talking so fast—seemed relaxed in fact—and the visitor man, instead of exclaiming in surprise, began to kid me quite as if he had known me all his life and thought of me as a little girl. I was furious, but I maintained my calm. To myself I thought: "Poor creature, he is struggling in the meshes and tries by unnatural gyrations to cover up his discomfort." And I smiled slowly and cryptically upon him, whereupon he

Will You Take Your Star Married or Single? We asked a couple of weeks ago whether or not it would make any difference to them if they were married. These follow excerpts from letters received.

Dear Miss Tinee: I cannot say why the private life of an artist should be of interest to the public in general. An artist in his artistic life should have a personality distinct from the one he shows in his domestic environment, and usually has, if we are to believe the reports of infidelity in the families of those who on the stage are pleasant exponents of light comedy. The stage Romeo is often the domestic tyrant, and the gentle and unsophisticated country girl of the rural drama is the effete urbane in real life, but I fall to see what this has to do with the audience as long as the acting is good. The only time I can imagine the matrimonial ventures of the star being of interest to the audience would be when the histrionic power is temporarily enhanced by actual experiences in love before the actress had to draw upon her imagination to portray the emotion. To me an artist is an artist; the facts of his domestic existence, his personal life, are of no moment. For me he is the character in the play—nothing more. It is chance to think of him as a possible human he becomes something less.



I Slithered Forward

dad a long time and feels that he's perfectly at liberty to say anything he wishes to."

"Yuppy," I said. "Go on, mother, dear."

"Well," mother said, "he said to dad: 'That's a mighty pretty little girl of yours, only I can't understand how in the world you can bring yourself to let her put all that dope on her face. I think it's an outrage! There are no more children or fresh young girls any more. Youth nowadays looks older than age—and in many cases is older. It's revolting!'"

"And then dad explained," I excluded mother. "I hid my face in her shoulder."

"Wh-what did he explain?" I wanted to know.

She said, with her arms around me: "He told him that you had never before done such a thing and that you were probably just taking a dare—and that your friends had undoubtedly called to see whether or not you were doing your 'gint'." Mr. Nicholson thought he saw the point and was delighted with your nerve, and he's coming back Sunday for no other reason in the world than to see just how our Peggy looks when she's her own sweet, natural self. Have you learned a lesson, kiddo?"

Had I learned lesson? Will I never finish learning lessons! Is all of my life to be spent being a fool and finding out about it? Journal, that splash tea tea.

Dear Miss Tinee: Does the marriage of stars interfere with their work? Indeed not! The Cruzees can make love to each other and hate each other on the screen with just as much reality as if they were not married. I was never so pleased as when Marguerite Snow and James Cruze were married. A MOVIE FAN.

Dear Miss Tinee: I would prefer to know nothing of their life history. The mystery surrounding their personality adds to interest in their work. When we know our hero is a fond daddy and another married to a dowdy wife, or the leading woman is working to earn enough to buy a divorce it certainly does not add to my interest in them. I like to think of them as dream people—like I Peter Pan, changeless and carefree.