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Film Fun
Magazine of Fun, Judge’s Library and Sis Hopkins’ Own Book Combined

Published monthly by
LESLIE-JUDGE COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK CITY.

John A. Sleicher, President.
Reuben P. Sleicher, Secretary.
225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

A. E. Rollauer, Treasurer.

Title registered as a trade-mark.

Single Copies, 10 Cents

No. 316—JULY, 1915

Subscription by the Year, $1.00

FILM FUN, which makes its first issue with this number, has been the first magazine to occupy the new field in the magazine world, the comedy of the movies.

FILM FUN will deal with the good, wholesome comedy of the screens, a change which conforms admirably to the general policy of the former Magazine of Fun, while confining it to a special phase of humor—the tabloid comedy of the screens, condensed in sizable doses for the busy reader.

In these days of tense apprehension, tinged with the gloom of war, we need more than ever what the comedy in the moving pictures may give us, a taste of fun that for an hour will lighten the shadows that darken the horizon.

The comedy of the movie appeals because of its swift action, its ability to evoke spontaneous laughter without the support of the spoken word, on which much of the humor of the stage depends. The man who can make us forget for a brief hour the burdens of the day, and whose fun in expression and action can brush away the corrugated wrinkles that care and anxiety have traced, is the real man of the hour.

The real recognition of this quality of humor lies with the audience. The movie star who can deal with situations, not dialogue, and create laughter, is entitled to his bank president’s salary, for he “has eased the torturing hour” and given a wholesome relaxation that has no noxious reactionary effects.

The laugh’s the thing.

Movies Check Drunkenness

SCORE one for the movies! Police magistrates are of the opinion that the workingman, who formerly gravitated to the saloon as the “workingman’s club,” now goes to the picture show and takes the family with him.

Magistrate John A. Leach, of the Borough of Queens, New York City, in addressing the Men’s Club of Astoria, commented on the marked falling off in arraignments for intoxication the last few years. In courts where formerly there were from fifteen to twenty cases of intoxication a day, it is now rare to hear more than three or four.

“We magistrates agree,” said Magistrate Leach, “in attributing this condition to education and to the publicity given by newspapers showing the general distrust of drinkers by their employers, but principally to the moving-picture theaters.” Saloonkeepers, it is said, attribute the falling off of patronage to the same factors.”
Mack Sennett, Developer of Comedians.

MACK SENNATT, managing director of the Keystone Comedies, is a marvel in his line of discovering good comedy people for the films.

A comedian himself, he possesses a marked quality of sizing up his companies and invariably picking out the best comedy men and women in them and sending them right along the ladder. He has picked five of the winners of this year—Roscoe Arbuckle, Mabel Normand, Ford Sterling, Charlie Chaplin and his brother, no less famous, Sid Chaplin.

Sennatt writes all his own scenarios. He is constantly jotting down notes and bits of action dialogue on envelopes. He utilizes every spare moment in working them up and keeps his companies earning their breakfast rolls by the literal sweat of their brows. This and his habit of supervising every detail of the company and planning for every possible emergency have given him the nickname of "The Master Mind" in the companies.

Al Kessel, of the Keystone Comedies, selected Mack Sennatt as a comedian and later boosted him right along to the job of managing director. He has $50,000 worth of faith in Sennatt annually, what with the salary and dividends he pays him. When Mr. Kessel was recently in California, he dropped into the Keystone Studios one morning and found Sennatt feverishly posing an actor on a draped dry-goods box and inviting him to jump off. He explained that it was an off day in big ideas and he was trying to build up a comedy from a box basis. The two of them framed up a corking comedy with this slight foundation—one that made them a lot of money.

His development of Miss Mabel Normand into one of the leading comedy women of the day has been one of his notable successes. Mr. Sennatt has the comic sense not always easy to find or to express.
MABEL NORMAND, A LEADING COMEDY STAR
A LITTLE BAND OF GOLD.

Two of the best comedy players with the Keystone Company: Roscoe Arbuckle, or "Fatty," as the picture fans call him, and Mabel Normand, leading comedy woman in the motion-picture world.
Roscoe Arbuckle, otherwise known to the public as "Fatty" and dearly beloved of the motion-picture audiences, is seen at his best in one of the late comedies of the Keystone Company, "A Little Band of Gold." Arbuckle and Miss Normand excel in the recalcitrant husband and injured wife scenes in which they most frequently appear.

In this scene appear three of the best comedy people of the moving-picture stars, "Fatty," Mabel Normand and Ford Sterling, all stars developed by Mack Sennett, the Keystone director. "Fatty" has essayed to steal a night off from the domestic joys of home, wife and mother-in-law, and plans a pleasant little supper with an interesting lady friend at a notable cafe. His enthusiasm is a trifle dashed when he sees a friend at a near-by table, and his plans are scattered entirely to the winds at the horrified entrance of an indignant mother-in-law and the neglected wife.

Both Arbuckle and Sterling have thoroughly mastered a facile art of comedy expression, and with the registry of Miss Normand in the comedy scenes, the three make a screaming comedy trio.

Revised Version of the Bee

Prosperous motion-picture actor—Hello, Fred! How are you getting along?

Ambitious actor—Fine! Been busy as a bee all winter.

Prosperous motion-picture actor—Wonderful! They tell me you have a plan to uplift the drama.

Ambitious actor—Yes, that’s why I am like the bee. I work three months in the summer and loaf all winter.

Cats!

"Have you noticed that vegetable that comes in here every morning and sits around all day, in the hope of getting taken on as an extra?" asked the motion-picture actress in search of a job.

"Why do you call her a vegetable?" said the actress who had landed the job.

"Well, she is capable of assimilating nourishment, she has a rudimentary intelligence, and she is rooted to one spot."
COMEDY in the movie world depends altogether on the point of view," said James K. Horne, director for the Kalem Companies, at Glendale, Cal. "I've seen things happen in the picture taking that seemed terribly funny to the non-participants."

"Just one or two funny ones for FILM Fun," he was asked "Only what you can vouch for, mind."

"Tell 'em that yellow-jacket story, Horne," suggested the camera man. "You remember that inquisitive Catalina yellow-jacket that hid out under the primitive fur-robe costume in that cave-man picture?"

"The yellow-jacket that the actor man sequestered was funny, all right," said Mr. Horne, as he muzzled an insistent 'phone. "That was really funny. You see, we were doing a primitive cave-man picture, with the leading man clad carelessly in an old fur robe.
"I'd had some trouble getting him to register the proper expression of despairing hatred when a rival shot him with an arrow, and I was greatly pleased when he grabbed a handful of robe from his chest and handed out a line of modern, unexpurgated remarks that went fine with his impromptu war dance.

"It wasn't talent as much as the swift action of a yellow-jacket that had set up temporary headquarters in the upper story of the fur robe. I thought it was so funny that I sat down on the sunkissed sand of the beach to laugh.

"There was a mate to the yellow-jacket on the beach. I picked it out to sit on. It was a busy bee for about five seconds, and I did some registering on my own account. The robe clad actor seemed to enjoy my yellow-jacket fully as much as I had appreciated his find. So comedy is relative, you see."

"Go on. Tell 'em about taking the pictures in the rain," urged the camera man.

"That's not comedy; that's tragedy," said Horne. "We came out here to get the benefit of the fine climate and the clear atmosphere, and it has only rained steadily four months this season. You don't need a story on that—just look at the picture and see how pleased and comic the camera man looks."

"Did you ever have any trouble with the police in getting pictures on the street?"

"Did I?" said Mr. Horne feelingly. "Listen! Last week I was doing a tramp-crook part myself, in Chinatown. The camera was set at one end of a narrow alley. I was to sneak in the other end and play my scene down the alley. I cautiously peeked around the corner to see if they were ready for me, and a sauntering policeman took a hasty peek at me. When they shouted to me to 'come on,' I made a rush for my scene, and the suspicious cop made a rush for me. He made the best rush. While the camera man was disturbing large hunks of the atmosphere with his honest opinion of me, I was being rudely marched to the nearest station house as a prize crook.

"Now that was comedy, but not humor."

Measures Your Laughter

That Charles Chaplin causes more laughter than any other comedian has actually been demonstrated by a new scientific instrument called the acougraph. The word means to write sound. The acougraph is a delicately attuned instrument which translates sound waves into lines on a sensitized plate. Laughter sets a needle traveling over the plate. The distance traveled horizontally measures the duration of the laughter, while the distance perpendicularly measures its loudness.

These instruments were placed in a number of theaters in large cities where Chaplin and other comedies were shown. In the Chaplin plays the needle's horizontal progress practically was unbroken, showing that laughter was continuous from the beginning of the picture to the end. In its perpendicular course the needle nearly reached to the top of the plate, which measures by thousandths parts. The needle registered but 100 in the nearest competing comedy, showing that the laughs were ten times as loud in the Chaplin comedies as in any other. The broken horizontal lines in other pictures recorded that the prolongation of laughter in Chaplin comedies was about twenty times as great as in any other.
Gold mining in Georgia

"YOU MAY take my word for it," said William Farnum, "that the reports about Dahlonega, Ga., are all true. The nights are cold, and we did not see a mosquito while we were there."

But there is a gold mine there. The gold mine drew the company from the Fox Film down there. It was the first gold mine ever discovered and worked in the United States, but they didn't know it. Mr. Zanphs was going to take the whole company away out to Arizona, just to get in a realistic gold-mine bit of local color for "The Plunderer," and at the last minute they got a private tip about Dahlonega, which is also a summer resort. Farnum himself says there are no mosquitoes there. They were down there in March.

"This is the true story of that trip," says William Farnum. "We got some grand scenery pictures there. We brought along the lights and hitched them to the power in the mine. There were twelve of us. Thank heaven there were no more! The natives gathered every day to see us work, but they fled when it came to the work they understood. Do you know what they did to us?"

"They took us up to a summer hotel in the mountains, twenty miles from food or fire, a la Bald Pate. We had to saw our own wood and haul our own water and part of the time cook our own food. Harry Spingler got so he could haul almost a quart bucket of water without slopping it, but Elizabeth Eyre never did get used to the pork we had to eat. She told me privately she never knew pork could be cooked in so many obnoxious ways. Just when we would get settled nicely in front of the fire, ready for a quiet yarn after our hard day's work, the wood would give out, and we'd have to go out into the freezing cold night and bring in wood and draw lots to see who would cook breakfast. I took an afternoon off and tried to pan gold, with the promise from the owner of the gold mine that I might have for my very own all I could wash out. I washed all day in a chilly stream and panned out about all the water that went through it, planning what I would buy with my fortune."—

The story stops right here, because the fortune turned out to be one small nugget worth fifty cents.

The entire company was forced to suspend work one sunny morning, when rehearsals were progressing finely, to convince a bunch of Georgia mountaineers that Farnum needed no assistance in a scrimmage that was going on.

Farnum, who had trained rigorously for eight weeks in order that he might do justice to the fight scene in the play, where he must tackle a dozen or so Western miners, was having a grand time laying them out on all sides of him.

One of the actors became enthusiastic and accidentally landed a blow that hit Farnum in the heavily insured eye. A crowd of mountaineers who had just arrived,
having heard wondrous tales of the "No'the'n folkses" who were having queer doings at the old gold mine, got there in time to get a glimpse of the big fight scene.

Just as Farnum, fairly well tired out, was finishing the scene and sending the miners to the ground on all sides of him, a giant Georgian bounded in the mix-up beside him and yelled encouragement.

"We'll whup 'em, stranger!" he shouted. "You 'n' me kin whup the hull mountingside. They's a leetle too many odds agin ye in this fight, and I thought ye needed help."

It not only broke up the meeting, but brought a wildly shouting director and a fuming camera man into the melee, inquiring why in the name of several curious things the mountaineer should come in front of the camera and spoil the film.

"Don't be skeered of 'em, stranger," urged the Georgian, shedding his coat, preparing to tackle the crowd in earnest. "I'll tend to 'em. I kin whup ary man my size in these yere settlemints."

"My good friend," urged Farnum, "we appreciate your kind intentions; but this is not a real fight, you see, and"

Right there the Georgia giant made it a real fight. He met an advancing miner with a back-handed sweep that piled up the actors like a mess of nine pins.

"All down but nine," groaned the director. "Set 'em up in the next alley. Farnum, for the love of Mike, will you call off your friend?"

"You-all cain't take no unfair advantage of one man!" roared the Georgian, dancing about in circles. "I done heard up in the mountings about you-all comin' down yere to plunder we-all. A hull passel of you cowards pickin' on one lone man cain't make no headway, not with me in the same county. I'm your friend, stranger. We'll take 'em back to back, and we'll whup the hull caboodle of 'em!"

"You don't understand, my friend," persisted Farnum. "We are all friends. This is only a rehearsal. You have broken up one of the best scenes we have had to-day, and we must now begin it all over. Will you kindly stand outside and let us proceed with our rehearsal?"

"Hain't this no reel fight?" inquired the disappointed giant.

"This is not a real fight," explained Farnum, trying to keep the Georgian and the director separated. "I thank you, sir, for your very evident good-will; and now if you will be so good as to pass to one side, we will resume our work."

"Play actors," grunted the mountaineer, when the matter was fully explained to him. "I ben a good church member sense I wus a boy, and I hain't never met up with no play actors in all my life. I hain't been down to the settlements in fo' year, and es soon as I kin trade fer a leetle terbaccer and a caliker gownd fer my oldest gal, I hain't comin' in ergin fer fo' year more."
While he leans on the trapeze, avowing his ardent affection, the curtain rises, and Ham makes quick efforts to escape from the stage.

Madam Duffy and her trained animals make a hit with the audience, until the animals become refractory. They disagree during the act as to the relative merits of Madam Duffy and Goldie. Each claims superior merits for his divinity.

The two combatants are summoned before Madam Duffy and told to prepare to go on in the famous trained-animal act. Ham is the lion and Bud essays the tiger stunt.

They continue their discussion until Ham warmly insists that Goldie, the trapeze girl, is the most beautiful creature in the world. Bud enlists earnestly as an ally for Madam Duffy.

In their efforts to settle the matter, they forget their act and hastily snatch off their head pieces, to give room for argument, to the indignation of Madam Duffy and the amusement of the audience.
American Type of Comedy

Ham and Bud were christened Lloyd Hamilton and Albert Duncan. Their line is the purely American type of humor. Their teamwork began on a baseball ground years ago, when Bud, who was a Brooklyn boy, accepted an invitation to umpire a ball game. The invitation was extended because he looked easy to lick. Ham was the Big Doings on the team that rightfully called themselves "The Terrors," but he rescued Bud from the controversy that followed an adverse decision and stood off his fellow "Terrors" with a baseball bat.

Their fun never grows stale, and they possess the faculty of always keeping their audiences amused with a constant source of new tricks. This natural, unrestrained quality in their work makes it stand out as both refreshing and distinctive.

"The finest thing about the movies is that you can watch your own work," said Hamilton, in an interview for Film Fun.

"We almost laugh over our own antics sometimes. Bud and I went to a show the other night and saw one of our own pictures, "Rushing the Lunch Counter," and as I thought that there were probably a million people all over the country watching the same film, I nudged Bud and I said,

"'Want to go back to vaudeville, Bud?'

'Bud, he looked at a gray-haired, tired-faced woman trying to wipe the tears of mirth out of her eyes and not miss any of the reel, and said,

"'Not so you could notice it! We could make a houseful laugh in the old days, but we can make 'em laugh by the millions this way.'"

"A laugh is worth more than medicine any day, you know. If we can make two laughs sprout where only one grew before, we think we have done our share."
"I'VE been sizing up conditions in criminal circles," began the young man with the notebook, "and I've reached one conclusion."

"That it's a pretty bad world?"

"Not only that, but the size of the gilt determines the size of the guilt."

Uncle Ezra—How did your automobile accident happen?

Uncle Eben—Well, you see, there's one thing you keep your eye on, and another one you keep your foot on, and another one you keep your hand on, and I guess I got my anatomy in the wrong places.

"NOW I understand the meaning of that old catch phrase, 'The higher, the fewer,'" remarked the lowbrow boarder.

"To what does it allude?" inquired the landlady, acting as interlocutor.

"Strawberries evidently."

The Way It Looks

The Spoils of War: Wherein the Conquered One Also Comes Out Ahead

Explained

When the Dessert Came On

No pay forthcoming

The Army's Paymaster absconds with the funds
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, the most famous show place in the country, has been turned into the largest motion-picture theater in the world.

The management picked a winner to open with, in "The Sporting Duchess," with Rose Coghlan posing in the title role.

Miss Coghlan opened the old Wallack Theater thirty years ago, playing Lady Teazle in "The School for Scandal." She will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of her stage debut in October and looks upon her advent into the motion picture world as one of the most interesting events of her long career.

"I opened the Wallack Theater and I closed it," she said, in a recent interview for Film Fun, "and I considered both events momentous; but when I looked forward to opening Madison Square Garden Picture Theater to twelve thousand picture fans, it meant a good deal to me. You know, Madison Square Garden has always been the home of the better class of sporting events, and the choice of film plays seemed a fitting one for this new venture.

"I had the time of my life rehearsing for the picture play. To tell the truth, I tackled some stunts that might have staggered younger people than I am, and when they suggested that I just sit on a horse and have a picture taken instead of trying to ride, I informed them that I was just as good a rider as anybody.

"Between you and me, I hadn't been on a horse in twenty-five years; but I was going to convince Mr. O'Neil, our director, that I was a finished rider. And so I was. I was in the saddle that day from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon. Both the horse and myself took a couple of hours off at noon, and I imagine the horse needed the rest as badly as I did. I went straight to bed at six o'clock that afternoon, and when I limped into the studio the next morning, they informed me that the ballroom scene was on, and I was expected to dance gayly all morning. 'Do you know, I felt rather sorry for poor Rose Coghlan that morning.'

Ethel Clayton, as Muriel, plays in "The Sporting Duchess" with Miss Coghlan.

Luxury of the Movies

The motion-picture theater is the most popular and most profitable place of entertainment we have to-day. California is the first State to make a thorough investigation of the attendance at this and other places of amusement. Its recreation inquiry committee reports that in 1914 there were 19,436,583 admissions to motion-picture theaters. This means that every man, woman and child in the State was able to go eight times during the year. In those States which have larger city populations than California, the number of movie patrons is even greater. Here is where the nickels and the dimes of the poor go. What might constitute the weekly savings of many a poor family is eaten up by the movies. When to this is added other small amounts spent at the candy and tobacco stores or at the saloon, it is not surprising that so many families never rise above a hand-to-mouth existence. The support of motion-picture theaters is the biggest item in the amusement world. In poor families the movie often becomes the biggest extravagance — Leslie's.
Comedy for the Summer Shows

The beacon of the comedy movies is shining more and more steadily in the outer gloom of the theaters that formerly closed for the summer when the last booking of the season shut the door on its scenery truck.

The theater manager who used to seek engagements as manager of amusement parks to while away the long, hot days of summer is hanging close around the box office these days. Every theater is being turned into a movie house for the summer, and, according to the dope of the booking offices, comedy films will prevail. Every town large enough to have its own "opry house," especially in the middle West, wants its comedy favorites and knows them well enough to call for them by name.

The "thrillers" may be popular in the winter, but when the warm days close in, the people want something to make them laugh and take the curse off the heat of the dog days.

Tommie Was Punished
Willie—Going to the picture show with us?
Tommie—Naw; ma says I can't go.
Willie—Why won't she let you go?
Tommie—'Cause I asked her why she said it was cruel to muzzle dogs when she believes children should be seen and not heard.

Too Much for the Irishman

They draw the line on observers closely at the picture studios, but the other day, at a Newark rehearsal, a newly arrived Irish roustabout at the company chanced to come in on the register of a mob fight in a new picture.

He milled around uncertainly and eagerly until he noted three of the mob hurl themselves on a husky actor.

"Is this a private affair, sor," he whispered quickly to the director, "or cud anyt' man join in?"

She Took a Chance

No man is a hero to his household," says Harry Kelly ruefully. "I found that out the other night, when I thought our cook would enjoy seeing me on the screens."

Harry has been doing the star comedy act for the movies, together with his side kick, his Lizzie dog, and when the films were to be shown at Elmhurst, where he lives, he generously offered to let the cook go to see them.

"She didn't enthuse," said Harry. "I asked her if she didn't want to go, and she picked up one of her Polish feet and set down the other and said she didn't know.

"I'll buy you a ticket, Annie," I insisted.

"All right," said Annie amiably. "I'll take a chance."
Sidney Drew became interested in motion pictures two years ago and is now with the Vitagraph Stock Company. He not only plays the leading characters in all his pictures, but is the directing producer and turns out an average of a picture a week—an exceptional record even in these times of rapid production.

One of the new comedies is "The Professor's Painless Cure," in which he plays the professor, with Mrs. Sidney Drew as the professor's wife. The professor is an absentminded bookworm, who is found sitting in his library, with his hat on and a raised umbrella over his head, calmly reading a new book, with his marriage ceremony only or twenty minutes away and the bridal party waiting him.

He forgets the ring and the tickets and money for his wedding trip. At the hotel he goes out to mail some important letters and forgets the location and name of his hotel, until a policeman informs him that he is standing directly in front of it.

Mr. Drew has become so interested in the future of the motion picture and its endless possibilities that he has allied himself permanently with its newer interests and will remain in the picture field.

Barring the Bars.

Kansas has found another way to get into the limelight. The moving-picture censors, evidently selected from the ladies' aid societies of the small towns in the State, have arrived at their second wind and are proceeding to put a wallop into the motion-picture business.

They barred "When We Were Twenty-one," and liked their job so well that they unbarred all of the drinking and saloon scenes in every film that essayed to show in the State. Barring the bars they put up themselves, they won't allow a bar in the State.

They have gone further than that and cut out all scenes that have a tendency to put the "idle rich" to the fore. There are plenty of rich people out in Kansas; but none of them are idle, by gum! and they don't propose to have any picture shows come in and set them a bad example.

The censors are not disturbed by the storm they have raised about their ears, and are still on the job.
"The Slim Princess"

ONE OF the comedy hits of the month was "The Slim Princess," by George Ade, produced by the Essanay Companies and shown at a private press rehearsal at their studios in May, when released.

"The Slim Princess" is even more of a scream on the screens than it was in either book or play. Ruth Stonehouse plays the Princess Kalora, the Slim Princess, and Francis X. Bushman stars as Alexander Pike, King of the Penna. Millionaire Octopuses, Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order of Elks, Knight Templar, King of the HooHoo's and a few other titles, all of which he proves to the Governor of Morovenia, Turkey, by means of lodge pins, watch charms and other insignia.

Alexander, longing for new fields to conquer and willing to give the Federal Grand Jury a chance to forget him for a time, takes a trip to Morovenia, where the ruling governor is desperate because his oldest daughter, Kalora, refuses to get fat enough to conform to the Turkish idea of beauty and so be safely married off. The law forbids her younger and fatter sister to marry first. Popova, the tutor, has a secret grudge against the governor and encourages the Slim Princess privately to devour pickles and so preserve her slim outlines.

Pike drops in for an informal call on the Slim Princess one afternoon by way of the back wall of the garden. The Princess is delighted to find that slimness is an added charm in America. He proves it to her by a magazine and introduces himself in the same number. He is discovered by the guards and flees after sending the black ones to the mat as fast as they come up.

The Slim Princess is sent to America to be fed on a fattening breakfast food guaranteed to put fat on any bones. She enjoys America so much and a renewal of her acquaintance with Alexander Pike that she becomes still slimmer, essaying to conform to the lines of the American girls. Her father discovers this through the reports of the Turkish legation, and she and Popova are recalled in disgrace and the tutor sent to prison.
Pike follows them and asks the governor for the hand of his daughter in marriage. Then comes swift action, in which the fat princess and the slim princess become considerably mixed in the negotiations between the American and the governor, who cannot understand why any man could want a thin wife. The Slim Princess and her lover are finally sorted out and Popova released from prison, only to fall on the neck of his former friend, the American, who had taught him the habits and usages of the American highball.

It is a good type of quiet humor, and its first presentation brought snickers from even the blase newspaper men, who cannot generally see much to laugh at in anything.

Clean Up

"Who is to blame for the need of censorship in the moving pictures?" said a Western manager, out in Kansas, where the censor board created a ripple of excitement by barring the photo play, "When We Were Twenty-one," from Topeka.

"I'll tell you who is partly to blame, and that is the manager himself. He seldom has time to look over the films himself, and he trusts to the taste of the film producers. I used to be manager of a vaudeville house, and every Sunday morning at rehearsal I was right there, listening to every act and every joke.

"We had a lot of women and children coming to our house for matinees, and I went through the acts with a fine-tooth comb and raked out anything that I would not want my own children to hear or see. The people on the bill used to guy me a lot, but I noticed that after a while they got so they never tried to put over anything rotten on our house.

"It's just the same with my films. Once a week I go over them myself—I do not take anybody's say so. If I see a film that doesn't look good to me—out she goes. A picture can draw without being on the verge of badness in any way.

Gowns in the Films

"The clothes of the motion-picture actress are an important part of her work," says Miss Anna Nilsson, who is a Kalem star that looks after her costumes as carefully as her acting.

"I sat behind a woman in a picture show the other day, when I was watching one of my own films to see where I could improve my work, and saw her sketching a gown I wore in that scene. She was welcome to the sketch, although I had put in some hard work on it myself to get an original design. You know, I studied designing of clothes in Paris once, and I design all my own gowns. I could make them, too, if it came to a pinch.

"I was very much amused not long ago to receive an offer from one of the most exclusive gown shops in New York to come with them as a designer. I suppose they looked upon my career as a motion-picture actress as play to fill in my time. But I was glad to know that my designing was good enough to attract attention."
Momus Producing Company Comes Across

The Momus Producing Company has entered the comedy field and recently screened its first humor film. At the private showing at the studio at Edgewater, N. J., the scenario was o. k.'d by the viewers.

Walter Morton, a manager of the company, wrote the scenario and calls it "Doctor Cupid."

Wisconsin Circulating Films

The Wisconsin Legislature has voted a yearly appropriation for the manufacture of educational films.

Dean Reber, of the Wisconsin University, was the first to establish an educational film service in the State.

He first divided the State into districts and sent to each district in its turn a series of films.

It proved so popular that the State decided to set aside an ample sum to promote this educational plan.

Geraldine Farrar to the Screen

With Caruso on the phonograph records and Geraldine Farrar on the films, the last barriers have been broken into the moving-picture world.

Miss Farrar will appear in screen productions of her more famous operatic parts.

Copy Reading for the Pictures

The editing of films is a job that few care to undertake. It means carefully going over the film and cutting out every scene that drags.

Frequently enough negative to make a four-reel picture is gone over with keen eyes and cut down to a two-reel feature.

Sometimes a portion of the cut is kept to be used as a basis for another picture, but every inch of the film used must be full of action.

The film editor has his troubles, too.

Comedy for the Soldiers and Sailors

Among the motion pictures that the United States government is providing for the education and amusement of the men of the army and navy, there will be plenty of comedy films.

Highly Odorous, Those Bombs

Two small boys, watching a Pathé's Weekly Company Heeza Liar cartoon, earnestly discussed the problems of the war at the motion picture.

"Whadjer know 'bout dem skunk bombs de Germans is usin'?"

"Aw, gwan, kid, dem pitchures ain't true! It's only Heeza Liar!"

"Dey is, too true. Anythin' in Pathé's Weekly is true, me dad says."

"Well," doubtfully, "if we is gotta fight dem Dutchmen, I hope dey runs outer skunks before me pa has ter go."
They Want To Tell You All About It.

IT HAPPENED in the leading motion-picture theater in a Western town, which shows that the talking nuisance is not restricted to any particular territory.

A gabby woman and her guest seated themselves with much fussing about. The woman in front and the man behind them suffered in silence, hoping they would quiet down eventually.

"I've seen this picture before," announced the gabby woman. "It's a scream. I'll tell you about it. You see, the husband becomes suspicious of his wife—she tells him she is going to the club when she is taking dancing lessons—and he goes to—"

The woman in front turned and glared fiercely at the gabby woman.

"S-s-s-shh-h!" she hissed.

"What on earth is the matter with that woman?" gabbled the talker. "Doesn't she act queer? May be she's a drug fiend or something. She certainly doesn't act right—she seems to be muttering all the time to herself, doesn't she? Well, you see, then the mother-in-law, she—See there? Watch him now! Pretty soon the husband will grab his wife by the shoulder There! Now the mother-in-law will!"

"Madam," said the man behind the pair, "could you possibly be made to understand that the audience has paid its money to see the picture and not to listen to your opinion of it?"

"Why—how dare you address me, sir!" snapped the gabby woman. "I don't see what's the matter with everybody to-day. If my husband was here, you wouldn't dare to—"

"Would you mind telling me where I can find your husband, then?" persisted the man. "Since you have spoiled the picture for me, I would be glad to tell your husband what I think of you, as you would not understand it."

"My husband is dead!" sniffed the gabby woman. "I'm going to complain to—"

"I can understand that," returned the man; "but why try to talk me to death, also?"
"I remember back in the late eighties and the early nineties, when motion pictures were first run at Keith's Union Square Theater. They were so badly made that they hurt the eyes, and nobody would stay to see them. Even the picture men only looked on them as something to help out the orchestra in clearing the house. And do you know how many people drop in to see the pictures to-day? Just about 150,000,000. That's all."

Ten Cents To See

Hostess—No, we are not playing cards this spring. We prefer to go to the motion-picture shows. My husband has entirely stopped playing poker, too.

Caller—You find the picture shows more entertaining?

Hostess—No, but so much less expensive. We can see the very best players for ten cents.

Caller—Indeed? It cost my husband $10 last night to see a good player!

Enormous Activity in Motion-Picture Business

"I've seen the time," says a successful motion-picture manager, "when the signal for a picture to be flashed on the screen at the close of a show was the signal for two-thirds of the audience to get up and leave. They had an idea that to snub the motion pictures was an evidence of good taste.

"Any night I can see the automobiles of these same people standing outside my picture house now. It has become a matter of good taste to approve of the pictures.

"The men who were struggling to put on pictures ten years ago had to write their own plays, direct them, stage them and act in them. Sometimes they had to be salesmen and managers, too. I wish you could see them to-day—you have to get by an outpost of office boys and secretaries to have a word with them. They have put the motion pictures on the screens to stay.

A New Use for the Movies

The German propaganda for sympathy for the German cause has taken to the movies for a strong factor in its work. At several New York theaters, in May, films were thrown, in which were depicted scenes of German homes, German children, left fatherless by the war, being educated and cared for by the German government, and scenes of the war, showing the Germans rebuilding bridges destroyed by the French and maneuvers of the Bavarian cavalry and the Prussian infantry.

The pictures were somewhat of a surprise to the audience, and as they were presented without the usual announcement of the request of President Wilson to avoid any show of personal interest in any war scene, they were received with a fairly well divided uproar of applause and hisses.

The man who arranged for the pictures said they were sent direct from Germany and would be produced in other large cities.
"Don't git mad, Missy Hen. Ah jes' bin sittin' soft-like on dese eggs every day while you-all has bin out scratchin' 'round."

"Don't git mad. I ain't done no harm."

"You ain't done no harm? Just come back here and see!"

"Great Lord a massy! Dey is fall er kinks fo' shush!"
Not Her Way

"Who has moved into the house next to yours, Mrs. Peeke?" asked the neighbor across the street, who had run over for information regarding the newcomers.

"I don't know, only that their name is Benson. The postman told me that, but it was all I could get out of him about them. But, then, I'm not one to pry into the affairs of folks who come into the neighborhood. I notice that they take only one quart of milk a day, so I think the family must be small or else they use mighty little milk. I noticed the grocer leaving things there to-day, and he had what couldn't have been more than a couple of quarts of apples in his basket and something that looked like a small leg of lamb. I didn't have on my far-sighted glasses, and before I could find them, he had got into the house. But, then, of course, it was nothing to me. They haven't put in but one small load of coal, and they had such a small wash on the line yesterday that the family can't be so very large or else they don't change their sheets every week, and they must be awfully saving on towels and napkins, which is something I never skimp on. Some one called there with an auto yesterday. He had an old lady with him who seemed real feeble, and she didn't come out with him when he went away at the end of an hour, for I never left the window once. I hope no one is going to open a private hospital that close to our house. I saw a messenger boy go there with a telegram, and he stayed so long I made up my mind they was having trouble to find the money to pay for it, although, of course, there may have been some other reason. I ain't one to insinuate things about my neighbors. I notice that they turn their gas out in the front hall at about nine every night, and last night they turned it out at twenty-two minutes after eight, so I take it that they are mighty saving of gas. I've never seen them take any ice yet, and I have watched the iceman every time he has come around. But, then, some folks don't take ice in the wintertime; but I find that I need it then almost as much as any other time. I didn't see him take any refrigerators when their other things was put in. But, then, I never waste my time paying attention to new neighbors. That ain't my way."

—Max Merryman.
doing vaudeville stunts on the big time, and every
time he gets a chance he goes to a motion-picture
show just to pick up the funny remarks and work
them into his dialogue.

"The other day I landed behind two club women,
who began to tell stories about their children.

"'My four-year-old is crazy about the picture
shows,' said one of them. 'We usually take him to a
good show on Saturday afternoon, and he looks for¬
ward to it all week. Last Saturday I had him dressed
and ready to go to the pictures, when his father
came home from the office, suffering from a sudden
and severe attack of acute indigestion. Harrison
heard me telephoning hurriedly for the doctor and
inquired anxiously as to the need for a doctor's
services. He has never forgotten his illness of last
winter, and his memories of a doctor and his medicine
are not pleasant.

"'Poor daddy is sick,' I said.

"'What will the doctor do?' inquired Harrison.

Comedy Is Infectious

"YOU NEVER see a grouchy crowd leaving a motion-picture
show," said a manager on a Southern circuit. "Every
one of them feels that he has got his money's worth in some
one of the pictures.

"The comedy reels are infectious, too. Take an interval
between two funny pictures, when everybody has giggled him¬
self into a good humor, and then the audience will begin to tell
all the funny things that have happened at home. It isn't once
in a year that you'll hear any troubles in a motion-picture show.

"The other night I was standing by the box office when two
chaps came in. Each one was trying to shift the burden of the
tickets to the other fellow, and the big one got away with it.

"'You go ahead and get the tickets,' he said. 'My feet
hurt me so I can't stand in that long line.'

"'Be careful you don't sit down near the radiator, then,' re¬
turned his friend bitterly. 'The heat may make your corns pop.'"

He Listened In

"Once in a while when things get slow I go in and sit down
just to pick up the funny things. Why, say, I have a friend

Everybody Laughs with the Fat Ones

"Fat people are born comedians," claimed a fat woman fan.
"Look at all the funny fats on the screens. Anyone of them
can get a laugh with a mere gesture or a grimace." "

"How about Flora Finch?" jeered her thin husband. "She's
funny enough for me. I don't see that fat folks have any corner
on humor."
AFTER THEY HAD KISSED EACH OTHER

Madge—I think that hat of yours is too young for you.  
Marjorie—Oh, so that's the reason you didn't want to try it on!

The Call of the Wild
(At the Shore)

They are calling, oh, my sisters,  
And my cheek in anguish pales.  
When I think I may be missing  
All the August bargain sales!  
Think of stacks of silken stockings  
Cut in half, and blouses, too!  
Skirts and negligees and girdles—  
Oh, whatever shall I do?  
Think of shoes, hats, gloves and curtains,  
Silks and "marked down" lingerie!  
Each day lost while here I linger  
Is a treasure lost to me!  
Huh! vacation! I will leave here!  
What are the wild waves to me?  
Get me a time table, porter!  
What! It's raining? Yes, I see.  
They are calling, "To the station!"  
I will plunge through rain and mud,  
For the bargain-hunting fever  
is a-raging in my blood!  
—Margaret G. Mays.

In the Neighborhood

Hamptons—Dinwidow told me his family is a very old one. They were one of the first to come across.  
Rhodes—The grocer told me yesterday that now they are the last to come across.

SAID WITHOUT THOUGHT

Mr. H. Peck—I wish I had married a woman possessed of common sense.  
Mrs. H. Peck—But no woman possessed of common sense would have married you, my dear.

Coming into Her Own

Woman is certainly coming into her own. Even in tender romance she is exerting an influence.  
The young man had just been accepted. In his rapture he exclaimed, "But do you think, my love, I am good enough for you?"  
His strong-minded fiancee looked sternly at him for a moment and replied, "Good enough for me? You've got to be!"

The Usual Thing

Under the blacksmith's spreading tree  
The village chestnut stands;  
A non-progressive gent is he,  
Whose unaccustomed hands  
To useful work could not be bound  
By large, strong iron bands.

The Idea!

"Would you forgive me if I kissed you?"
"How can I tell beforehand?"

Teacher—Tommie, paraphrase "the coolness arose."
Tommie—The Boston girl stood up.
WHY SHE CALLED HIM HER TREASURE
Tricks of the Trade

"FR INSTANCE," remarked the Film Fan amiably, "here's this little what's her name in your comedy pictures—she's great! Why don't you feature her? Let's have her name and a few stories about her. Great stuff!"

"Let me tell you something," said the Big Boss of the best known picture-producing company in the field. "That girl's too good to be advertised prematurely. She's got a future, and it doesn't pay to advertise 'em too soon. The public does it quickly enough."

"You feature the other comedy stars," began the Film Fan. "Yes; but too much and too early featuring goes to their heads. After a while they begin to believe the advertising themselves, and when they do, it's time to make a change; and if you make a change, then some other fellow gets the result of your training of your comedy people. See? Now please keep the name of that little comedy girl out of Film Fun for a while and give us a chance to make a really good star out of her in time. She isn't worth the price she would demand right now if she got her head swelled. See?"

It may be that the Big Boss is right.

Is Vaudeville Being Depleted?

There were two of them, and both vaudeville actresses of the comedy type. They told the whole story coming down from the tenth floor on the elevator in a building on Forty-second Street and Broadway, and they didn't care a snap who heard them.

"Maybe," snorted the blond actress, "maybe I do; but I don't think. Cheap skates, that bunch! Offered me an engagement to open in New Haven and last for three weeks—huh!"

"Times is parlous, dearie," suggested the little brunette. "Don't turn it down until"

"They may be parlous, girlie," said the blond one; "but they've changed, at that. I had an offer to go as comedy juvenile with a moving-picture company yesterday—Sis Hopkins make-up, you know; I'm good at that. It means steady work the year round and a chance to get your name on the paper in every town. A girl don't have to put up with the lines of talk these fresh guys in the vaudeville offices hand out nowadays, believe me. Come! We get out here."

"And the worst of it is that she's right," murmured a booking-office man, who had listened unashamed to the conversation. "They are stealing 'em all from vaudeville. Some of the best of the stars take a picture engagement to fill in for the summer and get to liking the work so well that they stay with it. We gotta get out with a dragnet and get in some new vaudeville stuff, the way the comedy films are grabbing them."

"Shucks!" said the Film Fan politely.

Few Comedy Women in the Movies

"Why are there so few women in comedy pictures?" said Mabel Normand, who is doing some clever work with the Keystone Company. "Because comedy in the movies depends too much on rough-house work, and women cannot do the funny rough-house work that men can. The best field for the comedy woman in the films is in character stuff—the very fat woman, the Irish make-up, the country girl and so on. Any comedy woman who can evolve a comedy idea in which she can make the movie fans laugh, without subjecting herself to the terrible strain the comedy men must go through in their rough-house stuff, has a fortune ahead of her—she has the whole field to herself."

Fat But Capable

A coming comedy woman is Myrtle Sterling, who is in Raskey's Road Show, sharing honors with Ham and Bud. Miss Sterling has a gift of versatile expression and knows every trick of the film and just when to register quiet comedy. Like John Bunny, her face is her fortune, because she knows how to manage it. Any one of her grimaces, in itself, is laughter provoking, and her stunts get their full share of the laughter provided in the Ham Comedies by the audience. As Madam Duffy in the Trained Animal scene, she is remarkably clever.

Billy Van and the Hens

"D'jer hear about Billy Van?" said a companion fan to the Film Fan.

"I've heard a lot about Billy Van."

"Bet you haven't heard this. You know Billy. He has a farm up at Van Center, N. H., and he's going to spend his vacation running some comedy films up there. He's got a regular theater built on his place, and he's going to try the comedies out on the farm stock."

"Yes, I see," said the Film Fan. "If he can make the old hens cackle over them, he thinks he has a chance to hear the chickens scream at his jokes next winter in the city, huh?"

To-morrow

by LOIS ZELLNER

A POOR movie editor sat in his lair;
His eyes were all bloodshot
And sunken with care.
His fingers were twitching;
His face a sad sight—
Just hark to the why
Of his pitiful plight.
From Shakespeare to Ibsen,
From Chaucer to Hall,
His feature productions
Had pictured them all.
He'd used all the dramas
And novels there are.
And peace he had pictured
And the horrors of war.
He'd taken the Bible and made it a script,
And into the tales of the prophets he'd dipped.
What wonder he worried and cursed like the deuce—
There was nothing on earth left for him to produce!
Nervy Nat—"Aha! Officer O'Toole asleep at the switch. He has had too many orange phosphates. A little scare will do him good."

Nervy Nat—"Well, Antoinette, and how's the infant to-day? Not that I give a whoop, but just 'pour passer le temp' as we say in Paree.'"

Norah—"Shure, me name's not Antynet. ye shpalpeen! Go 'long wid yez, ye bold divil thot yez ar-re!"

Officer O'Toole (waking up)—"Howly Tammany! it's ashlap Oi've bin, an' thot hobo's taken me hat an' coat, an' he's flur-rtin' wid me Norah."

Nervy Nat—"Wonder how long before he'll miss his coat and hat? He's so sound asleep I could have taken his beautiful mustache if I hadn't one of my own. But his has such a vulgar curl to the ends. I'll let him keep it."

Officer O'Toole—"Phwat th'divil do yez mane be takin' me uniform? Oi'll hov yez sint up fer fove years fer this!"

Nervy Nat—"Tut, tut! Back up, ye Hibernian imposter! Your uniform? That's a lovely joke. Another cackle from you and I'll—"

Officer O'Toole—"No begorry! yez'll not take yersilf off. Oi'll be afer doin' thot fer yez. An' it's an ould mug yez'll be phin ye come out this toime!"

Nervy Nat—"I must say I wish I had accepted my friend Robinson's invitation to that week-end house-party on Long Island."

NERVY NAT AND THE SLEEPY COP.

Nervy Nat will soon appear on the screens by courtesy of Leslie-Judge Company.
JUSt what element constitutes Charlie Chaplin's success would be hard to define. He is modest about it himself, with a modesty that is about as much surprise as it is reticence. Chaplin's rise to fame came so swiftly that he hasn't really waked up to it himself yet.

While at times his work approaches buffoonery and always verges in the "slapstick" variety, it is the fun of the hour, just as the man himself is really the funniest man in the world. There are many imitators arising in the moving-picture field, and his brother Sid is following so closely in his footsteps that the latter's friends insist that Charlie lifts many of Brother Sid's tricks and mannerisms.

John Bunny held the spotlight in his time, perhaps as much from his unique grotesqueness of form and facial architecture as from his sense of comedy; but Chaplin's work is absolutely different in its way. He is the pioneer in his line before the screens as an exponent of English comedy. His experience as an English pantomimist undoubtedly gave him his power of mimicry and utility in deft changes of expression. The old-time English pantomimist was the original clown that was later transplanted to the American circus, and in the hearts of every one there is a lingering fondness for the memories of the clown of our youthful days. It is this quality in Chaplin's work that has made him so popular.

ONLY a year ago Chaplin was a pantomimist seeking what vaudeville engagements he could find. He looked upon $100 a week as a good thing. When he wandered into the Keystone Studios and asked for a job, he looked the part. He looked so well that Mack Sennett took a chance on him. Sennett is the man who gets his big salary largely on his genius in discovering good possibilities.

He regarded Chaplin as a strike, once he had given him a tryout and noted his clever tricks. Sennett has always been a great hand to make up his scenarios according to existing material, and he immediately doped out a plot on Chaplin that the latter aided efficiently by his knowledge of pantomime business that appeals to the "kid" spirit in everyone.

For several months Sennett worked him over. He coached him, ate with him, followed him about like a shadow. But he did not feature him. Chaplin did that himself. Sennett is the man who gets his salary largely on his genius in discovering good possibilities.

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HE is reticent about his work, because he doesn't know much about it himself. He doesn't think it is particularly funny, except that it sometimes strikes him as odd that a year ago he regarded his trousers' pocket as the handiest bank for his account, with room to spare at that, while now he is deferentially approached by land agents with tempting offers to buy property for country homes and could have accounts in half a dozen banks if he liked. Off stage he is not as different as you might imagine. Not long ago he stepped off a train in a medium-sized town in New York and crossed the platform, with the outgoing fox-trot step that is one of his greatest assets on the stage. A newsboy looked at his feet, whistled, glanced at his hair and trousers, and shouted to his compatriots in business, "Hey, dere, see wot's present—Charlie Chaplin!"

Everybody looked, and everybody recognized Chaplin, and he himself blushed to be recognized so easily.

The public made him its own at once. Think back, and you will recall that if anybody had asked you a year ago if you had seen Charlie Chaplin, you would have inquired, "Who in thunder is Charlie Chaplin?"

Yet the Keystone Company did not feature him. The people did that. When they saw this lithe, solemn clown doing his funny tricks on the screen, they inquired who he was. He was new, he was good, he was worth knowing. The film fans always want to know the names of their favorites. They asked their local manager, and the local manager asked the film companies, and the film companies wired to the Keystone Company and said, "What's the name of this funny chap with the feet and the gathered trousers?"

So the Keystone people pushed the inquiry along to Mack Sennett, who wired back the name and went on with his scenarios, making them up as he and Chaplin went along and making them funnier and funnier all the time. Sennett has the knack of getting all the possibilities out of a strike.

THEY are not so keen about featuring the comedy folk in these film companies, you know. The featured ones have a habit of plugging along and getting their training and waiting until they are heavily advertised, and then saying on salary day, "Once more, please—come across. I know a fellow in another company who will give me twice that much."

But his audiences featured him. They paid to see Charlie Chaplin. They endured the rest of the show with resignation until Charlie is flashed on the screen, and then they grin and nudge each other and settle down to enjoy the show, with shrieks and sobs of screaming laughter—real, good, hearty laughter that comes from beneath the fifth rib and starts a circulation through the blood and shakes up the liver and makes life worth living and home happy when the family gets back to the apartment after the show. He has the clearest insight into the technique of his work since the days of old Dan Rice, who was the best man of his day in the clown line. Chaplin has had the training of adversity, but his head has not been turned by his sudden flight up the ladder of fame.

Chaplin went with the Essanay Film Company several months ago, although his brother Sid, for whom he sent to England and who closely approaches him in his line of work, is still with the Keystone.
CHARLES CHAPLIN, IN "THE CHAMPION"

His latest Essanay scream. Chaplin is the greatest laugh-getter in the motion pictures. In "The Champion," he puts a husky horseshoe in his glove, and aided by his comedy dog, is able to vanquish all comers.
Money for "Movie" Jokes

We want stories of all the funny happenings that you see or hear when you go to the "movies" — anecdotes and jokes that motion picture patronage develops.

They must be original and have a real point to them. For every one which we accept and print, we will pay $1.00.

We cannot guarantee to return any unused jokes, so do not send return postage.

Film Fun
225 Fifth Avenue
New York

The Motion Picture Stunts Puzzle

Policemen.

"Be ALL th' gods of Egypt," said Big Bill, the special policeman at San Diego, "we do be havin' th' divil's own time wid thim! Av ye arrist thim, ye're stung; and av ye don't arrist thim, ye're broke."

He took off his heavy helmet to wipe the beads of dew from his pink forehead and sighed heavily.

"What'll I do at all, I dunno," he went on hopelessly.

"How's that?" said the Film Fun man.

"If you have a story in your system, Bill, for heaven's sake, spill it. I'm short of copy nearly a column."

"Make free wid th' story, lad, and welcome, if 'twill do ye any good," said Bill.

"But tis th' polisman that deser-ves yer pity and not yerself. Sure on'y last week "San Palo" (above) and the "Navajo" (below) are striking without your botherin' with vexations buildin' problems, gettin' your dollars worth. Writeto-day for free took "Movie" Jokes!

The "Navajo" (above) and the "San Palo" (below) are striking examples of saving by the Lewis method.

We supply any house complete without your botherin' with vexations buildin' problems, gettin' bed or lettin' contracts.

Lewis-Built Ready Cut Method — means preparing the home at the mills, saving and working the lumber to fit, marking it plainly, detailing full directions for erection, and shipping direct to you, with only one small profit to pay. Seven times, expense, labor, waste and worry. "San Palo" grade of lumber; includes accurate plans, hardware, plans, nails, varnish, plaster, millwork, etc., etc. Circular giving full information sent free.

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The Science of a New Life
By JOHN COWAN, M.D.
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STAGE

Weatherman PORTO

Waterman PORTO

1915 Model has reversing propeller, high-tension magneto and unrestricted speed control. J.J. p. Weight 65 lbs. Fits any shape stern. Has automobile carburetor, removable bearings; solid bronze skeg, protecting 10 x 16 in. propeller removable bearings; solid bronze skeg; 1915 model has reversing propeller, won't go right side up. Original outboard motor — ten year — 30,000 in use. Electric light, motorcycle stand and parcel rack; water bottle and pitcher. Write for free catalogue.

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Classified Advertising Dept.
Rate, 20c per line.

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NEW YORK

Association of Professional Women, 224 Co., 224 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

MAGIC SCHOOL

Illustrated Catalogue Included.
And thim gurrels pourin' into th' fair, thinkin' to make their forchunes in a few months, landin' good jobs that was took long before th' fair opened.

"I see a slip of a gurrel this mornin' come walkin' troo th' grounds, lookin' this way and that, at th' sights. She was a slim young bit of a thing, and I kape me eye peeled for any thorough from thim bad ones. Faith, it wasn't long till I spy a bowld bucko walk up to her wid a silly grin and begin a conversation wid her, as bowld as brass. 'Twas a quare-lookin' masher he was, and thim gurrels pourin' into th' fair, thinkin' to runnin' up to mix in. 'Will ye kape yer hands off widout a flock av ye afther her,' I ses.

"'None o' thot, me brave bucko,' I ses, fetchin' him a welt wid me stick. 'Ye'll kiss the fut of th' cap fer thot,' I ses. 'Tis a pity,' I ses, 'that a young gurrel may not take a stroll troo th' places airly in th' mornin' widout a flock av ye after her,' I ses.

"'Tis so, ye idjut!' ses th' mate to th' firrst masher, runnin' up to mix in. 'Will ye kape yer hands off this'——

"'I will so,' I ses, obligin' th' new one wid a wallop on th' jaw that stretched him on th' cobblestones. 'I'll kape me hands off him long enough to give thim a taste of yer jaw,' I ses. 'Lay there, ye omadhaun, and rican your head out!' she yells. 'Salaam, yer majesty, and will ye be good of poor strollin' picture-play actors?' she ses, 'thryin' to ruin th' picture?' she winton, 'and us but a bunch of poor sthrollin' picture-play actors, and thim bad ones? Faith, it wasn't long till I spy a bowld bucko walk up to her.

"'Thru, yer majesty,' ses th' slip of a gurrel, turnin' on me wid a flash in her eye I'd not noticed before. 'And d'ye take notice how th' majesty of th' law looks when she saws me turnin' on me?' she ses. 'My gosh, she's misjudgin' me! She'll never see me!' I ses, turnin' on me wid a flash in her eye I'd not noticed before. 'And d'ye take notice how th' majesty of th' law looks when she saws me turnin' on me?'

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Another Portrait of Charlie

The portrait of Charlie Chaplin, the most popular of motion-picture comedians, on the cover of this number of FILM FUN, will please every fan. The next number of FILM FUN—the August issue—will have for a cover another picture of Charlie, showing him in a different character. Readers of this number should make sure to get the next number, which will be full of amusing and interesting pictures and text.

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Cupid and the Motion-Picture Folks

The motion-picture people out in California are joining the ranks of the married ones at the rate of two and three marriages a week.

The latest wedding was that of Pauline Bush, who was married recently to Allan Dwan, the Famous Players producer. Miss Louise Glaum and Harry Edwards followed their example within a few days. Not one of them had the fortitude of Harry Van Loan, a motion-picture actor of New York, who chose one of the battleships for his wedding altar. He was married to a motion-picture actress during the week of the visit of the fleet.

The Sailors Liked Ham and Bud

The Sailors from the battleships that visited New York in May did the best they could to get to every picture show in New York when they were on leave. They made the Ham Comedies a strong choice.

"They was a feller telling me there was one of them 'Ham and' pitchers I didn't get to see," said one of the sailor boys when his boat shoved off for the Texas and his leave was over. "I missed a lot of saloons, but I'll bet you I found every movie show on the island of Manhattan."

Which shows you how popular the Ham and Bud shows are.

The comedy motion pictures reaped a rich harvest during the stay of the fleet, but the hoped-for trade of the saloons was at ebb tide.
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It was Peter the Great's mother who shielded him. Read the stirring events that led up to this thrilling climax. How young and artful Sophia, by her charm and affability, won over and ruled the kingdom, while epileptic Theodore, her brother, acted as figurehead on the throne.

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