

**MOVING PICTURES.**

HOW THE SKETCHES ARE REPRODUCED UPON THE FILMS.

The Amount of Movement That May Be Crowded Into Fifty Seconds. The Greatest Successes Are Often Brought About by Accident.

"A queer thing about moving pictures," said an expert operator in that line to a New Orleans Times-Democrat reporter, "is the illusion they generally produce as to the time they occupy while on the screen. What is known as the 'standard exhibition film' is 50 feet long. It is used almost entirely for comic scenes, trick pictures and other effects that are got up in the studios of the experts who make them a specialty. Every theater goer has seen them, and I will venture the assertion that the average man will declare they take at least three or four minutes in passing before the eye. As a matter of fact the picture is on the screen less than one minute. You can easily figure it out for yourself. The ordinary 50 foot film of the kind to which I refer is put through the reproducing machine at the rate of 16 pictures to the second. Each picture is three-fourths of an inch broad, which makes the 16 measure exactly one foot, edge to edge; in other words, the film travels a foot a second—50 feet, 50 seconds. What gives it the effect of taking up so much more time is the immense lot of action that is usually crowded into the brief period it is in view. Until the moving picture was invented I don't think anybody had the least idea how much could be done in 50 seconds. It seemed hardly time enough to turn around in, yet when the experts began to study its possibilities they found it was ample for hundreds of little pictorial comedies that have since delighted audiences all over the world.

"It is entirely a matter of rehearsal. A subject is selected, generally calling for from three to four people, and every detail of the 'business' or action is carefully worked out in advance. Suppose, for illustration, that a comic burglary is the topic. The business, in skeleton, might run something like this: Old gentleman dozing in parlor; enter burglar; old gentleman awakes; burglar hides; enter policeman, searches the room, collars old gent; they fight and roll on the floor while burglar suddenly emerges and leaps out of the window. That doesn't sound particularly side splitting, but in the hands of intelligent comedians it can be made really very funny. The all essential thing is to crowd it into 50 seconds, and to that end each bit of action is carefully timed and made to fit into each other bit like so many well geared cogwheels. The old gentleman's startled yawn, the burglar's glance around the room and every step, movement and gesture from beginning to end is calculated with the utmost nicety, and at last after dozens of rehearsals the act is attempted before the recording machine. If everybody is lucky, it goes through on schedule time, but the slightest hitch is fatal, and if one occurs the film is spoiled, and they must try all over again. No wonder it seems impossible to future spectators that so much could transpire in 50 seconds.

"But some of the most telling effects in composition pictures," continued the operator, "have been the result of accident and were entirely unpremeditated. That was the case with a film that I had a hand in preparing and that afterward made a tremendous hit and proved to be one of the best sellers ever put on the market. In getting up the picture our principal purpose was to introduce a large and very intelligent bulldog I owned at the time, and we sketched out a simple little scene in which a tramp steals a pie from a kitchen window, is pursued by the dog and is last seen trying to scale the back fence with the animal hanging to his coat-tails.

"The training of the dog was the main trouble, but I finally taught him to lay hold of anything red, and we sowed a big piece of flannel as a mark to the back of our tramp's coat. Red photographs black, so it couldn't be seen in the pictures, and after a good many rehearsals the dog learned to dash out at exactly the right moment and nail the marauder, whose cue was then to rush for the fence and consume the remaining time in making an apparently desperate effort to scramble over the top. At last we got everything all ready, gave the word and started the record machine to take the picture.

"Immediately the little comedy began. The tramp appeared, looked around stealthily, saw the pie, hooked it and was having a feast when out sprang the bulldog and seized him by the coat-tails. He hereupon sprinted to the fence and was about to carry out the rest of the programme when, to our consternation, the boards gave way, and he came down bang on top of the dog. The film had about ten seconds to run, and it was occupied in recording one of the liveliest scraps that ever happened. There was no hippodrome about it. Both parties were out for blood. When the fence fell, the bulldog had promptly transferred himself from the tramp's coat-tail to the tramp's calf, while that unfortunate person snatched up a broomstick and tried to pry him loose. They rolled over and put about 50 times as much action and animation in the last ten seconds as had been crowded into the preceding 40. We finally pulled them apart, and it was not until the negative was developed that we realized what a prize we had accidentally secured. That earnest and impromptu wind up has convulsed audiences all over Christendom and made fully as much of a hit in Europe as it did at home."

Before the discovery of sugar drinks were sweetened with honey.

**Mrs. Gilbert and Augustin Daly.**

"The pleasantest recollections of my stage life are those connected with the governor," said Mrs. John Gilbert. "We never called him Mr. Daly—that is, we older ones, who knew him well.

"He never bothered much with Jim Lewis and myself. He had more trouble with John Drew and Ada Rehan. They were young and needed looking after, you know.

"He was very set in his ways, and if he took a fancy to a piece of stage furniture he invariably introduced it into every play. He had a pair of large, dark blue majolica vases which were the bane of my life. They were always placed near a doorway in such a manner that you had to have the dreadful things always on your mind or you would run into them.

"I had complained several times to the governor and begged him to put them in the storeroom, but he had taken a fancy to them, and they remained.

"Well, one day I did knock one of them down, and it was smashed to bits. The governor never said a word, but he looked volumes. He was arranging the interior for a new play a few days later, and in one scene I had to faint on a lounge.

"Tom," he said to the stage hand, "see that that lounge is good and strong, for Mrs. Gilbert is very gawky, and it would ruin the scene if she smashed it when she fainted."

"That was all, but I knew that he knew how that vase was broken."—New York Herald.

**Confiscation in Morocco.**

It is a custom in Morocco that all the property of an official reverts at death to the crown. The logic which leads to such a result is simple, for the government argues that all fortunes thus accumulated consist of moneys illegally retained by the authorities. A governor when appointed is probably possessed of no considerable fortune. When he dies, he may be a millionaire. Whence came his wealth? Squeezed most certainly from the tribes under his authority and therefore amassed only by the prerogatives of the position in which the sultan had placed him. It has never struck the Moorish government that these great fortunes might more honorably be returned to the people from whom they were stolen. The result is entire confiscation to the crown, including often such private property as his governor may have been possessed of before his appointment and not seldom, too, of the property of his relatives.

When the mighty fall in Morocco, the crash brings down with them their families, even uncles and cousins and all connected with them, and it is not seldom that the sons of great governors, who have been brought up in the luxury of slaves and horses and retinues of mounted men, have to go begging in the streets.—Blackwood.

**Barbers of Spain.**

The barber's business in Spain is peculiar in that he is called upon to ply his shears on donkeys as well as men. for it is an important item in the care of Spanish donkeys that they should be sheared as to the back in order to make a smoother resting place for man or pannier. So, while the master held his animal, one of the barbers plied some enormous clacking shears and littered the ground with mouse colored hair, leaving the beast's belly fur covered below a fixed line and for a small additional price executing a raised pattern of star points around the neck.

The tonsorial profession is an indispensable one in a country where shaving the whole face is generally practiced among all the humbler orders, not to mention toreros and ecclesiastics. But the discomfort to which the barber's customers submit is astonishing. Instead of being pampered, soothed, labored at with confidential respectfulness and lulled into luxurious harmony with himself, as happens in America, a man who courts the razor in Spain has to sit upright in a stiff chair and meekly hold under his chin a brass basin full of suds and fitting his throat by means of a curved nick at one side.

**Cause of Talleyrand's Lameness.**

The cause of Talleyrand's lameness has long been a matter of dispute. Some stories have it that the defect was congenital; others that it was occasioned by an accident which befell him in his infancy. The most curious explanation of all is that offered by a writer in The Quarterly Review. "To quote the very words of our informant, an eminently distinguished diplomat," says the writer, "Talleyrand's Vienna colleague, Baron Wessenberg, told me years ago that his lameness was owing to carelessness of his nurse, who laid him down in a field while she flirted with her sweetheart and on coming back to her charge found some pigs dining on the infant's legs. I am sure that Wessenberg told me this as an established fact, and I am all but sure that his authority was Talleyrand himself."

**Not Entirely Alone.**

As he entered the car he saw at a glance that there was one seat with a young lady in it, and he marched straight down the aisle, deposited his overcoat, sat down and familiarly observed:

"I entirely forgot to ask your permission."

"That's of no consequence," she replied.

"Thanks. Just arrived in the city, I presume," he ventured to remark as he glanced at the bundles and grips on the floor near by.

"Not exactly."

"You're all alone, eh?"

"Almost, but not quite. My husband is the conductor on this car, the motor-man is my cousin and my father and a brother are in the seat back of us."

"Aw! Aw! I see," gasped the man, and the door of the car suddenly became so red-hot that he lit out without another word. Salt Lake Herald.

**Impressive Initiation.**

A man who had applied for admission into a secret society, which, for the purposes of this narrative, may be called the Ancient Order of Queer Fish, and had been accepted presented himself at the appointed time for initiation.

In accordance with ancient usages, the candidate was blindfolded, ushered into the lodgeroom, marched in slow and solemn procession around the darkened hall, subjected to various trying ordeals, including that of being tossed in a blanket held at the corners and sides by athletic members, and, having come through the ceremonies alive and in fair preservation, was declared duly initiated and entitled to the right hand of fellowship. The bandage was removed from his eyes, and the brethren crowded about him to extend their congratulations on the fortitude he had displayed.

"How did it impress you?" asked one of them.

"It was the most impressive ceremony, take it all around," he answered, "that I ever knew or ever heard of."

"You were aware, of course, that there was a fire across the street while we were putting you through?"

"Why," rejoined the new member, "I could hear the puffing of the engines, the tramping of the horses on the stone pavement, the yelling of the firemen and the swish of the streams from the hose, and I could smell the smoke, too, but, good gracious, I thought it was part of the initiation."—Youth's Companion.

**The Black Cat.**

The famous "Black Cat" cabaret in Paris is in process of being shut up and sold out and its curious decorations scattered to the four winds, upon which the Boston Herald says:

The name Chat Noir was given to the cabaret because this worthy Bohemian, at the end of his resources, caused his favorite black cat to be cooked as a succulent "fricasee" of rabbit with plenty of onions. At the end of the desert, which consisted of a few nuts and a piece of cheese, Rodolphe rose, and, with his abominable bass voice, began to sing a requiem about Bibi, one of the three cats which had been killed to feed himself and his friends! Babette duly followed Bibi, but the last one, called Noireau, the finest tomcat on Montmartre, he did not sacrifice. As the story goes, it was the fat check of an artless Yankee that saved the cat. In gratitude, Salis hired a larger shop and adorned it with the "poster" sketches which made him a success. As every one knows, it became the fashion for other eccentric personages in Paris art life to add their mite to the place's decorations, and on those walls Caran d'Ache, Willette, McNab and many other illustrators have left some valuable autographs. Collectors will be eager to buy chunks of the cabaret, but the best thing would be to keep it whole and transport it to America, where it could be set up as a show.

**Our Last Cargo of Slaves.**

Captain Foster was the commandant of the slave ship Clotilda that brought the last cargo of slaves to the United States. The trip was made only after many thrilling scenes requiring weeks of skillful maneuvering and dangerous exploits. Just before the north and south engaged in war Captain Foster built the Clotilda and announced that he would make a trip to the gulf of Guinea despite the fact that United States war vessels had burned and sunk the ships of many who tried the voyage. He was warned repeatedly of the dangers attached to such an undertaking, but he equipped his ship and sailed away.

He reached the African coast after going out of his course many times and remained along the coast for a month. He succeeded in getting 100 negroes on board before he was detected by the watchful vessels of the United States. He was pursued, but easily outdistanced his pursuers, and two months later arrived in Mobile bay with his human cargo. A steamboat met the slaveship during the night, and the negroes were transferred in order to avoid the custom house officials. Captain Foster set his vessel on fire and passed through Mobile without being detected. The government authorities hunted for him for months, but he eluded them until the close of the war, when he retired from the sea.

**Babies in Greenland.**

The bed of the baby Eskimo is not always one of elder down. There are times of famine now and then when the condition of the ice makes hunting impossible, and old and young starve to death. Cases have been known on both shores of Baffin bay where babies have been eaten by starving adults, but infanticide in Greenland is unknown because of a belief that the spirit of a murdered infant turns into an evil spirit called Angiak that forever haunts the entire village and brings endless misery and distress.

When a friend is in trouble, don't ask, "Can I do anything?" Do something.—Atchison Globe.

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