

# History of Motion Picture Industry

By Beatriz Michelena

CHAPTER II  
(Continued from last Thursday.)



in motion. To get a picture at all was a good enough achievement in 1871.

Muybridge lined the cameras along the track fence, their business ends turned in to command the race way. Then, for every camera, he strung a portion of thread across the track. That was all there was to it. He gave the word and Occident, neck extended, came pounding down the track. It was with a wonderful burst of speed that the good horse breasted Muybridge's threads. One after another they snapped, and with each snap there was a corresponding click, click, click.

It was all done for in the winking of an eye—this breaking and the clicking; but the refrain of it was a diapason, huge, swelling—bewildering and rampant in its rise and expending. It was the motion picture industry.

Each thread as it broke released a spring which, in its turn, snapped a camera. Each click, that followed close on its predecessor's heels, meant a new picture of Occident in trotting posture, and the cameras were so closely placed together that one position graduated into the next with scarcely a perceptible transition between pictures.

Even after these pictures were taken it was some time before their larger significance dawned upon the world. They were spread carefully out upon a table, and note made that some one of Occident's hoofs was always planted on the track. This was taken as a conclusive settlement of the controversy. The matter might have ended there and Charlie Chaplin still be working "three-a-day" on vaudeville and Mary Pickford fighting for recognition on the stage, had Senator Stanford not gone to Paris and taken the pictures with him.

They were just the kind of proof the French artists had been looking for in respect to the hoof position of a trotting horse. Senator Stanford, with an abundance of good western generosity, passed them about liberally. Finally he handed them to the great artist Meissonier. Meissonier regarded them critically. He took them one at a time and scrutinized them carefully. Then, as he sat musing over the observations he had just made, he gathered the photographs up into a deck and, pressing back absent-mindedly with his thumb, set them to shuffling in his hands. His downcast eyes widened suddenly and, with excited jerks of his arm, he motioned Senator Stanford and the other artists in the room to gather around him. As they stood craning their necks over his shoulders he shuffled the photographs again.

What they saw were not the pictures of Occident, each taken separately as they had viewed them spread out on the table. Now there existed between the photographs an unusual and bewildering sort of continuity. They saw Occident in actual motion, stretching his neck, distending his nostrils and pounding the track with flying hoofs. Small puffs of dust rose and dissolved in his rear. It was life—actual life and motion, breathing and pulsating, reduced to its miniature.

Here was the beginnings of some-

thing. Everybody in the room saw it—afterward heralded it. It set all scientific France to scratching its head. How might a person manufacture one camera to do the work of the many, that Muybridge had lined along the fence. It looked to be a hard nut to crack; but, nothing daunted, France flew at it. Then the idea traveled to Germany and England and on back across the Atlantic to America.

As yet it was only an idea, but it was soon to develop into the first weak, struggling, gasping and sometimes almost hopelessly fluctuating reality of the motion picture industry. It was to abound in its touches of romance. The inventor's hardships and courage, the gambler's luck, chance, more subtle and elusive at times than "the turn of the cards"—these were to become some of the elements of the thrilling story.

(To be continued in next issue.)

## "Civilization" Is Here for You to See

Tonight and tomorrow night Ashland will have the opportunity of seeing the greatest motion picture production of all the history of the industry. A million-dollar film of such stupendous magnitude that realization of its immensity is hardly to be realized without seeing the film. Eleven reels of sensations such as the mind can hardly grasp. "Civilization," with the orchestra, chorus and all features just as shown in Portland and other big cities, arrived in Ashland today and will be shown at the Vining tonight and tomorrow night. Witness the following review of the picture from the Roseburg News:

"The Antlers Theatre was crowded to capacity last night to witness the first performance of 'Civilization,' the greatest film production the world has ever known. From the first to the last the crowd sat breathless gazing with astonishment at the wonderful picture, which seemed to transport them from a land of peace, plenty and happiness to a land of war, poverty, desolation and sorrow. A land where the prayers of the starving, grief-stricken mothers mingled with the rattle of the war drum, the detonation of the cannon and the groans and shrieks of the dying.

"They witness the terrible horrors of battle as the heroes of the monarch went forth to slaughter and be slaughtered, as the reading shot from cannon and musket cleared paths through the massed soldiery. The sinking of a liner by a torpedo in midocean was pictured with all its attendant terrors, while on the land husbands, brothers and sweethearts were torn from the embraces of loved ones to be sent forth to butchery.

"In all, the film was one of magnificence, horribleness and sympathy. From the standpoint of stupendous production it is unexcelled, for the details are perfect and on a scale which could only be realized by the enormous expenditure of money. It is accompanied by an orchestra, chorus and full line of effects."

Leander Nell returned home from San Francisco on Wednesday, where he went to attend the marriage of his daughter, Angeline, and A. C. King of Hill. The newlyweds extended the honeymoon trip to San Diego, visiting the exposition.

W. L. Parrish has moved his family in from his ranch for the winter so that the children may have the benefit of the Ashland schools. They are located at 1023 East Main street.

## The People's Forum

How Shall We Vote?

(By Mary E. Sullivan, formerly of Ashland.)

Sister voters of the beautiful sun-kissed and prosperous state of Oregon, let us be wise in our judgment as to how we shall vote.

Now since we have been raised above where we were once classed, not long ago, when none was debarred from voting—except women, criminals and idiots, let us prove to the world that we are real women and not idiots, who can be deceived into voting for one because he "kept us out of war."

What about Mexico? Did he whom we call president love to protect our American people when he allowed the butchery of hundreds of men, women and children by hostile Mexicans? What system of defense did he display when he ordered 100,000 guard soldiers to the borders untrained and without ammunition? The band, as they stepped aboard the train in many places, played "Onward, Christian Soldiers." They went onward bravely, but they knew not what for.

Is he a man of his word? If so, when he sent numerous "notes" to Germany, saying he would hold them to strict account for the lives of thousands of noncombatant men, peaceable women and innocent babies, who were without warning sent down to their doom, swallowed up by the waves of the storm-tossed ocean, why did he not keep his word? Did he know whether he was president or not?

What attitude did Mr. Nelson take in the matter of the capsizing of the *Bustard* in the Chicago river, where over a thousand went down to sudden death? The boat was loaded chiefly with laboring men, sturdy women, fair maidens and sweet babies. Did he keep the promises made to the mourning people of Chicago to "make an investigation thorough enough to satisfy everybody"? No. The responsibility has never yet been fixed, at least by him, although investigation has shown that this disaster might have been averted. Much blame rests upon the federal steamboat inspectors because they were slack in doing their duty.

The poor ignorant class, many of whom do not read anything but the "funny papers," have some fellow working among them who, perhaps, is more conceited and a louder talker than the rest, who will say to them, "Oh, Wilson has done so much for the working class," and like a lot of parrots, they repeat the pet sentence to each other, "Oh, Wilson has done so much for the working class." "Polly wants a cracker."

All honest-hearted republicans endorse the eight hour system, if that is part of what they are grateful for. Of course, Wilson does not debar anyone from free daylight, air, cold water and exercise.

Will matters be better for his having brought about a 6 per cent interest on loans to farmers? If he had power to help them so nobly, why did he not enable them to secure money at the same per cent the banks get it for? I venture to say the 6 per cent loan will be a detriment to most of the farmers, who will be tempted to go beyond their means. Mr. Smith will think he can afford an auto for his family as well as Mr. Brown can. The old peaked roof house will vanish, while a big brown bungalow will take its place. Soon the family will move into town with a tired looking old team to make a living for eight children as the mortgage will soon come due. This will come in about the latter part of Hughes' first term as president. Oh, of course, that might be expected—with a republican president at the head of the government.

I overheard a man say a few days ago he would not vote the republican ticket for any amount of money. The man with whom he was in conversation asked why. He replied, "Cause." I wished very much to know why he had made this reply, so after his companion had turned away I approached him and said, "Will you tell me candidly as a man why you would not vote the republican ticket?" He flushed and replied, "Because my father and grandfather were democrats." And we have too many men like him.

I wonder how many men walk twenty-one blocks to their places of business "cause" grandfather used to?

Do not think because the vendor screams "hot pies" that they are steaming hot from the oven. They may be as cold as the pavement. Dog biscuits contain no dog meat.

Let us forget party and open our eyes and think deeply, and vote for a man who will raise our now trailing banner, once more to its original eminence till it proclaims to all the world that our peerless nation is a man-defying and God-fearing one.

## Movie Matters

The movies are invading the rural districts with vengeance of late. Professor Lawrence, who conducted the Lyric Theatre here for some time, has for the past several weeks been conducting a rural circuit and now word comes from Klamath Falls that J. V. Houston, veteran showman of that place, is pulling the same stunt in Klamath county. A small machine is carried in an automobile and set up in any school house or hall. Electric power for the exhibition is obtained from the magneto of the machine. The plan is very successful and hundreds who otherwise would see a movie only upon the occasion of their monthly or even yearly visit to "town" are enabled to see their weekly show right in their own grange hall or school house.

J. A. LeBarge, who enlivened the usual picture program at the Vining last week with his music and impersonations, is a first-class entertainer and was much enjoyed.

Fatty Arbuckle drew a full house last Wednesday night. Fatty was as comical as always.

The greatest picture attraction of the year, if not the greatest motion picture feature which has ever been exhibited in Ashland, is due at the Vining Theatre tonight and tomorrow night. "Civilization" is a picture which will make "The Birth of a Nation" take second place in its stupendous power. The music, chorus and special features which accompany the film are alone worth the reasonable prices which the Vining charges. Everywhere the picture has received the highest praise.

**Vining Visions in Verse.**  
The blooming show on Monday night Was ditched for politics. Election comes but once a year. Or else we'd hear more kicks. A little touch of vaudeville Was really not so worse; In fact, 'twas good, But knock on wood, The next may make us curse.

That feature film of famous stars Of baseball, track and ring Pulls out the crowd on Friday night And draws like everything. But please forget things of the past. The greatest of them all, The biggest show, Don't fail to go. Look up the ad—and fail.

**Do You Know That—**  
Nell Shipman, who was with Fox a short time after leaving Vitagraph, has accepted an engagement with Lasky? She will appear opposite Lou Tellegen in "The Black Wolf." Harry Carey, Universal's famous western actor, will play leads under the direction of Raoul Walsh for Fox?  
Irene Hunt, Universal leading lady, and Lester Scott, assistant to Director Oscar Apfel of Fox, ran away to San Diego recently and were secretly married?  
Francis X. Bushman is directing "Diplomatic Romance," in which he and Beverly Bayne will appear? Many of the scenes are laid in Washington, D. C., where the company will be taken to make the scenes.

Miss Betty Schade of Universal broke her arm by falling down the stairs the other day while working in a picture called "Three Armed Maggie." Miss Schade is evidently one of those rare artists who forget themselves in their work and, dramatically living the part of Maggie, believed that she had only use for two arms, carelessly broke off one of them.

Edward Earle, in his next Metro picture opposite Viola Dana, has a role that is a decided departure from anything he has been seen in for many months. He says, "I run through part of the story in a small racing auto and I do everything but juggle it, even to running after it when it gets away from me, jumping on the hood and running it into a ditch. Fun? Well, it's fun doing it."

"Miss Hercules" is now the nickname for Marie Doro, the Lasky-Paramount star. While making a scene in "The Lash," in which she is being starved, Miss Doro was lifted from her horse by Elliott Dexter, her husband. While rehearsing he failed to lift her down in the proper manner, and Miss Doro flung her arms around his neck. When safe on the ground she said: "If I hadn't been as strong as a Hercules I would have fallen."

In the production which Fannie Ward, Lasky star in Paramount pictures, is now doing it is necessary that she be frightened by a wolf. A

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thoroughbred animal was procured, but unfortunately it had been raised a household pet by a mother of some little girls and promptly tried to make friends with Miss Ward. Director Reicher was to make the animal snarl at Miss Ward instead of licking her hand. This feat was finally accomplished by tying a long cord to the animal's tail and giving it a severe jerk at the psychological moment.

## Bear With One Leg Bests Aged Chink

To be clawed almost to death by a one-legged bear was the experience of Ah Yet, a Chinese aged 96 living in the Salmon river country of Siskiyou county.

The Salmon river region is said to be the home of several of the oldest celestials in the state. They settled there in early days and have been engaged in mining ever since. The little settlement of "old fellows" has a vegetable garden that is their pride and comfort.

A big black bear one day last week ambled into the garden and began to lay waste the crop. The aged celestials brought every gun in the camp into action. The first volley of shots broke three of the bear's legs, but none reached a vital spot.

Ah Yet, whose forest officials declare is 96 years old, believing the bear to be dead, ventured out of the trenches to view the carcass. But the bear was only wounded. Bruin made a grab at Ah Yet with his uninjured paw and swiped him one in the jaw that laid him low and knocked him out of further danger.

Re-enforcements came out of the cabin and finished the monster bear with a shot fired into his head. Ah Yet was so badly jammed up about the head that a physician was

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