

# Moving in the Best Movie Society

*A Portrait Gallery of Film Heroes, Heroines, Ingenues, Villains, Vamps, and Victims*

ISNT it strange, the way the same old characters are forever appearing on the moving picture screen? Every time you grope your way into a movie theatre—or, as the movie magnates affectionately call it, "A temple of the motion picture art"—there are the same familiar figures right on the screen before you. Never a one is missing—the innocent little country girl, the widely press-agented vampire, the persecuted heroine, the noble hero, and the dress-suited villain. Sometime during the course of the evening, each one of them will be worked in somehow. There may be other views, also—asbestos-making in the Scilly Islands, or of sardine-snaring in Norway—but they are merely side issues, after all. Sooner or later, the films will surely appear in which all of our old friends will figure.



This is the vampire,—a charming household pet whose playful little ways are known wherever moving pictures move. She wears strange garments that cling to her through thick and thin (we stress the word "thin"), and she swings a mean pearl-handled dagger. Have you ever noticed how, in every newspaper interview with a famous film vampire, the press-agent always lays particular stress on what a nice, sweet girl she is in private life—how, off the screen, she lives with her mother, and never stays out after ten o'clock, and everything?



This is a close-up of the sweet little country girl, innocent almost to the point of imbecility, a favorite heroine of all scenario writers. It is she who goes trustingly to the villain's apartment, lured there by his promise to show her his new set of red and black checkers. No one need ever worry about these little country girls—nothing ever happens to them, for Heaven invariably protects them. They will be saved just in time, and go back to the farm, and the farm hand, in the final fade-out of the picture—the scenario writers always see to that



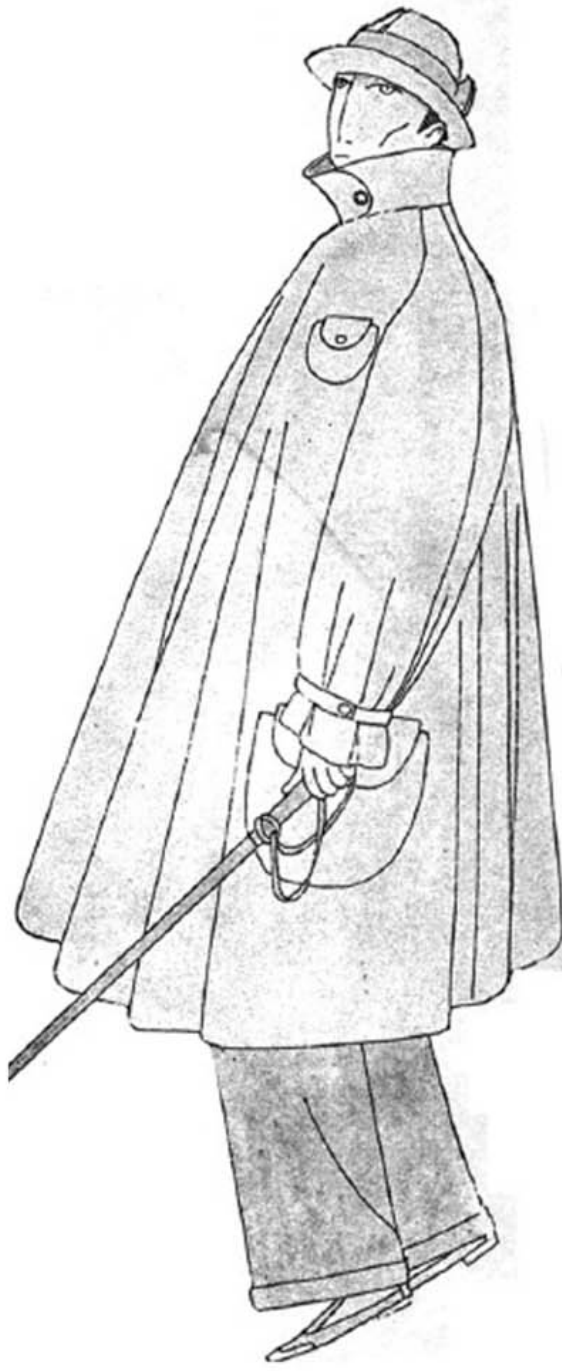
Here is the conquering hero, whose virile figure, nobly padded at the shoulders, holds the center of every silver screen. In his dress he affects the rough and ready, red-corpuscled style of thing, with a leaning toward the military note. He is particularly addicted to trench coats of the most warlike design—although, in real life, he declined his local board's invitation to participate in the recent war on the grounds of employment in an essential industry



This familiar figure is that of the persecuted heroine, who is tossed off bridges, shot out of cannons, thrown in front of trains, and hurled from aeroplanes, all during the three hundred and six nine-reel instalments of the thrilling serial, "The Perils of Peruna," and comes out of it all practically as good as new. No one in the world has ever followed one of these serials straight through; try as you may, you will always manage to miss the most vital instalments



And here is our old friend, the villain. You recognize him immediately by his evening clothes. No really self-respecting villain ever wears anything but evening clothes, even if it be high noon. That flowing cloak, too—that's a sure sign of villainy. Always watch out for those trick cloaks, in the movies—you'll find there is never any good behind them



The arch criminal! It is such sinister creatures as this who prowl mysteriously through the instalments of hair-raising pictures like "The Strangling Hand." Maybe you think, at the beginning of the serial, that he is a really nice sort of chap, but, if you live to see the final instalment, it will be shown that he is in reality the world's most dangerous criminal

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