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ILLUSTRATED

# Films

MONTHLY

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A magazine intended to appeal to the  
Film-loving Public, giving the stories  
of the principal films due to be released  
during the coming month.

Promoted with the idea of increasing  
and cementing Public interest in  
Moving Pictures.

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Camberwell Press, London, S.E.



# ILLUSTRATED FILMS MONTHLY.

VOLUME II. MARCH—AUGUST, 1914.

## INDEX.

	Page.
ABSINTHE ... ..	<i>Imp</i> 248
ANDY GETS A JOB ... ..	<i>Edison</i> 108
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS ... ..	61, 127, 192, 256
BARRY O'MOORE, "OCTAVIUS—AMATEUR DETECTIVE" ... ..	— 301
BEAUTY UNADORNED ... ..	<i>Vitagraph</i> 89
BLIND FATE... ..	<i>Hepworth</i> 15
BOLTED DOOR, THE ... ..	<i>Victor</i> 334
BRUTE, THE ... ..	<i>Famous Players</i> 371
BURLINGHAM HAS A FALL ON THE JUNGFRAU... ..	— 333
CHAINS OF BONDAGE... ..	<i>Essanay</i> 224
CHILDREN'S HOUR, THE ... ..	<i>Thanhouser</i> 51
CHILDREN OF THE FEUD, THE ... ..	<i>Vitagraph</i> 210
CRICKET ON THE HEARTH, THE ... ..	<i>Flying A</i> 135
CRUCIBLE OF FATE, THE ... ..	<i>Vitagraph</i> 326
DANGERS OF THE VELDT ... ..	<i>101 Bison</i> 321
DAY OF DAYS, THE ... ..	<i>Famous Players</i> 290
FALSE BRIDE, THE ... ..	<i>Victor</i> 162
FAKING THE FILM ... ..	— 55
FEMALE OF THE SPECIES, THE ... ..	<i>Rex</i> 129
FILM GOSSIP ... ..	<i>Chas. F. Ingram</i> 47, 105, 169, 231
FILM-MAKER, THE ... ..	<i>Hester Hayward</i> 119
FILMING BATTLES FROM THE FIRING LINE ... ..	— 277
FROM DURBAN TO ZULULAND ... ..	<i>Edison</i> 191
GHOST OF SELF, THE ... ..	<i>Essanay</i> 36
HEARTS ADRIFT ... ..	<i>Famous Players</i> 156
HEARTS OF WOMEN ... ..	<i>Vitagraph</i> 173
HER HUSBAND ... ..	<i>Vitagraph</i> 347
LEPER'S COAT, THE ... ..	<i>Rex</i> 241
LIVE TARANTULA IN CLEEK FILM ... ..	<i>Edison</i> 364-376
LOST IN MID-OCEAN ... ..	<i>Vitagraph</i> 257
LOVE AND GASOLINE... ..	<i>Keystone</i> 236
LOVE'S SUNSET ... ..	<i>Vitagraph</i> 72
LURE OF LONDON, THE ... ..	<i>Co-operative</i> 1
MABEL'S STRANGE PREDICAMENT ... ..	<i>Keystone</i> 296
MASTER CRIMINAL, THE ... ..	<i>Eclair</i> 65
MASTER OF THE MINE, THE ... ..	<i>Vitagraph</i> 199
MAY HONOURS ... ..	— 81
MISS FLORENCE TURNER ... ..	— 94
MISS MAUD FEALY ... ..	<i>Thanhouser</i> 221
MISS MARIN SAIS, A KALEM FAVOURITE ... ..	— 284
MISS IRENE VERNON... ..	<i>Pathe</i> 255
MYSTERY OF THE OLD MILL ... ..	<i>Pathe</i> 179
NECKLACE OF RAMESES, THE... ..	<i>Edison</i> 193
NIGHT RIDERS OF PETERSHAM, THE ... ..	<i>Vitagraph</i> 340
OLD CALIFORNIA ... ..	<i>101 Bison</i> 359
OLD ST. PAUL'S ... ..	<i>Clarendon</i> 77
OLD SHAKESPEAREAN STAR, THE ... ..	<i>Geo. R. Sims</i> 96
ON THE SCREEN ... ..	<i>Evan Strong</i> 41, 112, 154, 222, 313, 377
OSTRICH FARMING IN SOUTH AFRICA ... ..	<i>Edison</i> 189
PARASITE, THE ... ..	<i>Lubin</i> 25
PHOTOPLAY-WRITER, THE ... ..	<i>Rowland Talbot</i> 60, 125, 190
PICKLES, ART AND SAUERKRAUT ... ..	<i>Vitagraph</i> 184
PICTURES OF THE MONTH ... ..	— 316
POWERS OF THE AIR, THE ... ..	<i>Edison</i> 205
PRICE OF VANITY, THE ... ..	<i>Vitagraph</i> 271
PRINCESS OF THE DESERT, A ... ..	<i>Edison</i> 278
REAL HELPMATE, A ... ..	<i>Edison</i> 354
RED MARGARET—MOONSHINER ... ..	<i>Gold Seal</i> 120
RESURRECTION OF CALEB WORTH, THE ... ..	<i>Edison</i> 365
RICHELIEU ... ..	<i>Trans-Atlantic</i> 265
SCHEMERS, THE ... ..	<i>Vitagraph</i> 43
SILAS MARNER ... ..	<i>Edison</i> 20
SPARTACUS ... ..	<i>Jury</i> 97
SPIDER AND HER WEB. THE ... ..	<i>Trans-Atlantic</i> 285
STUDIO MIRROR, THE ... ..	<i>Evan Strong</i> 82, 167, 246

TEMPUS FUGIT ... ..	Editor	370
TOMMY FROM DIXIE ... ..	—	146
TRAGEDY OF THE THREE M'S... ..	Walturdaw	148
TUDOR PRINCESS, A ... ..	Edison	140
UNITED IN DANGER... ..	Edison	84
UNOPENED LETTER, THE ... ..	Edison	306
UNSEEN TERROR, AN ... ..	Kalem	56
VAMPIRES OF THE NIGHT ... ..	Aquila	114
VENGEANCE IS MINE ... ..	Walturdaw	216
WARREN KERRIGAN AT THE MERCY OF A LION ... ..	—	34
WHY I STAYED OUT AND WHY I WENT INTO THE MOVIES ... ..	David Belasco	264
WITHERING ROSES ... ..	Beauty	30
WITH THE PLAYERS ... ..	—	302, 380
WRECK, THE ... ..	Vitagraph	9
"OUR FAVOURITE" ART SUPPLEMENTS.		
× Miss ALMA TAYLOR ... ..	(Frontispiece)	Hepworth
Miss VIOLET HOPSON ... ..	...	Hepworth
Mr. EDWARD COXEN ... ..	...	Flying A
Mr. BRYANT WASHBURN ... ..	...	Essanay
Miss RUTH STONEHOUSE ... ..	...	Essanay
Miss NORMA TALMADGE ... ..	...	Vitagraph
Mr. EARLE WILLIAMS ... ..	...	Vitagraph
Miss VIVIAN RICH ... ..	...	Flying A
× Miss MARY FULLER ... ..	(Frontispiece)	Edison
Mr. G. M. ANDERSON ... ..	...	Essanay
Miss LILLIAN DREW ... ..	...	Essanay
Mr. WILLIAM WADSWORTH ... ..	...	Edison
Miss LEAH BAIRD ... ..	...	Imp
Mr. BOB LEONARD ... ..	...	Rex
Miss CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG ... ..	...	Vitagraph
Mr. STEWART ROME ... ..	...	Hepworth
Mr. ROGER LYTTON ... ..	...	Vitagraph
× Miss CHRISIE WHITE ... ..	(Frontispiece)	Hepworth
Miss MARY PICKFORD ... ..	...	Famous Players
Mr. SIDNEY DREW ... ..	...	Vitagraph
Miss ANITA STEWART ... ..	...	Vitagraph
Mr. MARC McDERMOTT ... ..	...	Edison
Miss MONA DARKFEATHER ... ..	...	Nestor
Mr. PHILLIPS SMALLEY ... ..	...	Rex
Miss LOIS WEBER ... ..	...	Rex
Miss IRENE VERNON ... ..	...	Pathé
Mr. BEN WILSON ... ..	(Frontispiece)	Edison
Miss MABEL NORMAND ... ..	...	Keystone
Mr. HARRY MOREY ... ..	...	Vitagraph
Miss MARY CHARLESTON ... ..	...	Vitagraph
Mr. ROSCOE ARBUCKLE ... ..	...	Keystone
Miss LAURA SAWYER ... ..	...	Famous Players
Mr. CHAS. CHAPLIN ... ..	...	Keystone
Miss FLORENCE LAWRENCE ... ..	...	Victor
Mr. FORD STERLING... ..	...	Trans-Atlantic
× Miss ANITA STEWART ... ..	(Frontispiece)	Vitagraph
Miss ASTA NIELSEN ... ..	...	Walturdaw
Miss LILLIAN WALKER ... ..	...	Vitagraph
Mr. WILLIAM SHAY ... ..	...	Imp
Miss GRACE CUNARD ... ..	...	Gold Seal
Mr. WALLY VAN ... ..	...	Vitagraph
Miss MABEL TRUNELLE ... ..	...	Edison
Mr. HERBERT PRIOR ... ..	...	Edison
× Mlle. NAPIERKOWSKA ... ..	(Frontispiece)	Pathe
Mr. TOM POWERS ... ..	...	Turner Films
Mr. EARLE WILLIAMS... ..	...	Vitagraph
Miss ANITA STEWART ... ..	...	Vitagraph
Miss MIRIAM NESBITT ... ..	...	Edison
Master BILLY JACOBS... ..	...	Sterling Comedies
Mr. FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN ... ..	...	Essanay
Miss VERA SISSON ... ..	...	Victor
Mr. RAPLEY HOLMES... ..	...	Essanay



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MARCH 1914.

F. F. W. Oldfield & Co.—Dugdale Works, Camberwell,  
London, S.E.



Miss Violet Hopson.

Film Favourites



Mr. Edward Coxen.

Film Favourites



Mr Bryant Washburn.



Film Favourites



Miss Norma Talmadge.



Mr. Earle Williams.



Miss Vivian Rich



# The Lure of London



Adapted from the Co-operative Film.



**L**N imperial city! The greatest in the world: the wealthiest and the poorest: the happiest and the most miserable; the most beautiful and the most hideous: the most magnificent and the meanest.

A city of dreadful contrasts, where the luxury of the rich may be found almost cheek by jowl with the squalor of the poor and the outcast, where behind the great streets and noble buildings destitution and crime slink along the courts and alleys. Withal a city of human hearts.

It is this city that is portrayed in "The Lure of London," by Mr. Arthur Applin, whose novels of the stage and London life have won for him a notable reputation. We see London life here—the real thing. Mr. Applin lifts the curtain and shows us the mansions of the rich, the hovels of the poor, the crowded life of the streets, the stage, the studio, the Embankment at night, the

gathering-place of the heavy-hearted, the great, silent river . . . . He shows us the sin, the suffering, and the sorrow of it all: but he lets us see the happiness also. He has a very moving story to tell, a story of power and pathos, full of the music of humanity.

## THE PROLOGUE.

SIR JOHN and Lady Westbury have two little daughters, Olga and Daisy. Sir John is a famous surgeon, and lives in a splendid house surrounded by every evidence of luxury. As the story opens, Sir John and Lady Westbury are going out for the day, leaving their little ones in the care of the servants. The nurse brings the children to the drive in front of the house to say good-bye to their parents. Daisy has a cut upon her forehead which Sir John fears may possibly leave a scar. He examines it carefully and gives the nurse instructions to bestow special care upon the child. He and



Miss Ivy Close.

Lady Westbury kiss the two children and drive off in the car.

There follows a delightful picture of the two little girls with their nurse on the lawn playing with their toys. Then the nurse hears a call which is familiar to her. Her soldier-sweetheart is standing in the road on the other side of the big gates. With a word of caution to the children she hurries across the lawn, opens the gate, and forgets everything else in the joy of the stolen meeting.

Neither she nor the soldier see little Daisy, who presently trots through the gate and out into the road, a charming little mite, with her spade and pail in her hand. She has never been outside the gates before except under strict control, and now she walks into a world full of wonderful things.

Soldiers, to begin with. Little Daisy is as much in love with the uniform as her nurse, and the marching men, with the band playing and the colours flying, are irresistible. She trots along by the side of the regiment, a little waif in the great city. Soon she wanders into Regent Street, and feasts her

baby eyes on the marvels in the shop windows.

In the home she has left there is consternation. The nurse has bidden her sweet heart good-bye and gone back to the place where she had left her charges. Only Olga is there, and to the nurse's scared questions the child points to the gate and says that Daisy went out there. Frantic with fear and dismay, the nurse informs the other servants that the child is lost, and the search begins.

Meanwhile Daisy's wayward steps have taken her into Covent

Garden market. The noise and bustle of the place make her afraid, and, besides, she is tired. Somehow she has lost nurse, and home, and Olga; and the world is *so* big. She cries. A comforter appears, a little ragged boy. He puts his arm around her neck and tells her not to cry.

The boy is Charlie Brooks. Not far away he finds his father and mother drinking in a public house. They finger the little girl's clothes covetously, and then the four of them, the man and woman, Charlie and Daisy go away together. We see them going to the home of the Brookses in an East-end slum.

It is a small dirty room, furnished with a rickety table and a chair or two. The contrast between this place and her own nursery is too much for little Daisy, and she cries. She wants her own nurse, too, and is afraid of Mrs. Brooks. She wriggles off her lap, but Mrs. Brooks lifts her on again and begins to take off the child's pretty, expensive clothing. Presently Daisy is dressed in filthy rags.

Sir John and Lady Westbury have reached home by this time and learned the news.

Sir John telephones to Scotland Yard, and soon every police-station in the metropolis has received the information that Sir John Westbury's little daughter is lost in London, but all efforts to find her prove in vain. Sir John and his wife mourn Daisy as one dead.

Poor little Daisy! Her acquaintance with the seamy side of London life has begun early. Mrs. Brooks sees the chance of making money out of the child's pretty face and winsome ways. So Daisy sits with the woman on the steps on the Thames Embankment. She sells matches—Sir John Westbury's daughter! And Charlie, the little boy who found her, walks up and down selling newspapers, and is cursed by his drunken mother because he does not sell more.

### PART I.

YEARS pass. Sir John Westbury has been appointed consulting surgeon at a great hospital, to celebrate which event he and Lady Westbury give a reception. Their fine house is thronged with guests, and the scene is brilliant and animated. Olga, their only daughter, is the beauty of the occasion, and William Anderson, a rising artist, who is one of the guests, obtains Sir John's permission to paint her portrait.

Daisy has grown up with the Brookses. She believes herself to be Charlie's sister, and she and the boy are fast friends. They are cruelly ill-used by the boy's drunken parents.

Daisy earns her living as a flower-girl. In all weathers she is driven out of the miserable house with her basket. Every penny she earns is taken from her by the brutal pair. She does not remember any other life, and she even finds moments of happiness in it. Going out one day with her basket she passes a piano-organ which is making merry music in a dingy by street. The music gets into Daisy's heels, and,

setting down her basket, she is soon footing it gaily to the strains of the organ, while men and women look on admiringly.

It is thus that she is seen by William Anderson, the artist who is to paint Olga Westbury's portrait. He watches the girl dancing, and when at last she ceases to dance, and goes off with her basket, he follows her. His artist's eye has been charmed by her beauty and grace, and, when presently he catches her up in Coventry Street, he proposes that she should become his model. People stare curiously in passing at the handsome, well-dressed man conversing earnestly with a flower-girl. Anderson gives her his card, telling her to come to him if she cares to accept his offer. Then he goes away, and Daisy takes up her position on the steps of the fountain in Piccadilly Circus. There with the traffic surging about her, and with the other flower-sellers for companions, she spends the weary hours.

Charlie, her "brother," is selling papers in Whitehall, and on this day he has a piece of great good fortune. A gentleman gives him a pass for two to the pit at Drury Lane. When he has sold out his papers the lad goes to his "sister," and the two spend an evening of delight.

It is late when they return to their home in Whitechapel. Brooks and his wife are angry. The man demands from Daisy the money she has taken during the day. When she hands it over, he curses at the smallness



"We see them going to the home of the Brookses in an East-end Slum."



"In all weathers she is driven out of the miserable house with her basket."

of the amount, and in a fury aims a blow at her. Charlie, always on the alert to protect his "sister," intervenes. He pushes his father roughly aside. The man staggers, falls with a crash to the floor, and lies there, rolling his head from side to side in agony.

The screams of Mrs. Brooks bring the police to the house, and Charlie, denounced by his mother, is taken into custody. Beside herself with grief, Daisy clings to him and pleads with the policemen to let him go free. He is taken away, and Daisy follows him to the police station, into the inspector's office, weeping hysterically. She is carried outside, and then realises the forlornness of her position. She will not return to the house in Whitechapel, and suddenly Anderson's proposal comes back to her mind. She goes to the address he gave her, and is shown into his studio. She tells the painter her story, and he delights her by telling her that she shall live in the house under the charge of his landlady until he has finished the picture for which she is to be the model.

Happy days begin. Anderson paints her as a flower girl, and one day when his friend, George Stamford, a famous impressario, calls, he introduces him and tells him that he first saw Daisy dancing to an organ. The girl is prevailed upon to dance for Stamford, who is much impressed by her clever performance.

On another occasion when Anderson is at work on the picture Miss Olga Westbury is announced. The two sisters see one other

for the first time since Daisy had toddled through the big gate into the great world, and each dislikes the other.

"Who is that girl?" asks Olga, with a look of contempt, which is returned with interest by Daisy.

Anderson explains, and sends Daisy out of the room. As she leaves she looks back and sees Anderson give Olga flowers. She regards them as a love token, and tastes the bitterness of jealousy.

## PART II.

AND now the picture is finished, and the flower girl, after golden weeks of happiness, must go back to her life of wretchedness. She cannot bear to think of it. When Anderson thanks her, and would say good bye, she throws herself upon her knees, begging, imploring him to let her stay on as his model.

Anderson, though he is much moved at the girl's distress, shakes his head. He cannot do as she asks. He pays her—puts into her hand a five-pound note. But it is not money she wants. Again she is on her knees, beseeching him not to send her away, when Olga Westbury enters. She looks superciliously from Daisy to Anderson, as though inviting an explanation. Still kneeling, with hands clasped in appeal, Daisy turns to her, but she shrugs her shoulders contemptuously, and turns coldly away.

Realising that there is no hope for her, Daisy rises and goes slowly out of the studio. She is heartbroken. In the room which has been hers during these happy weeks she gathers her few simple belongings together, and prepares to leave. Then she sees a photograph of Anderson. She picks it up, gazes at it for a long time . . . and puts it in her bundle.

And now she must go. Passing across the hall to the door, she takes her last look in the studio. Olga Westbury is sitting

there in her chair and talking gaily to Anderson, who is painting her portrait. As Daisy looks, she sees the painter lean forward suddenly and kiss his sitter's hand. To the jealous girl this is overwhelming proof that Anderson and Olga are lovers. She cries out in anguish of heart, and falls fainting in the arms of the landlady.

Anderson and Olga rush out into the hall on hearing the girl's cry, and Anderson is anxious. Presently, however, the girl recovers, and goes slowly out of the house. Olga tosses her head and laughs merrily, as though the poor girl's evident distress were extremely amusing. Anderson, however, is silent and troubled.

Utterly miserable and sick at heart, Daisy spends a weary day, tramping the streets. She has no friend to whom she can turn for advice or sympathy, no home to where she can go for shelter. Charlie is still in the hands of the police, and the thought of the miserable hovel in White-chapel without him as her shield and protector is too awful to contemplate. There is nowhere for her to go.

Night comes, and like many other weary, despairing atoms of humanity she turns her steps to the Embankment. It is quiet there, at least. She leans over the parapet, and looks out over the dark, mysterious river. Life is terribly hard, and there, down in that quiet, smoothly flowing water, is peace and rest for aching hearts. Life holds no more of happiness for her. What she had seen in Anderson's studio that day told her that. What, then, is there to live for? She begins to climb the parapet. . .

"Hold!" A strong voice startles her, a strong arm draws her back from death. Turning, she sees that it is Stamford.

He had seen her dance in the studio and had praised her. He recognises her also, and, having heard her unhappy story, takes her home to his wife. Kindness and sympathy

are lavished upon her, and gradually she returns to a happier frame of mind.

Even if love be denied her, there is no need to despair. Stamford takes her to his partner, persuades her to dance for him, and the result is that she is offered an engagement as *Dansense* in a company which they are sending to Australia.

But there is Charlie to think about. She will not leave him in the lurch. Brooks has died as the result of the injuries he received on the night when Charlie intervened to protect Daisy, and Charlie is charged with murder. But Daisy's evidence clears him, and he is acquitted.

The young fellow's demeanour during the trial, and the story of his pluck, as related by his "sister," have so impressed a gentleman who was present in the Court that he offers Charlie a post as clerk in his office at Birmingham. It is an excellent offer with which Charlie closes at once.

Daisy is now able to accept the offer of the Australian engagement with a clear conscience, and, having bidden an affectionate farewell to Charlie, she sails with the other members of the company for Australia.

So begins her new life.

### PART III.

It is two years later. A new dancer has taken London by storm. Everybody is talking about Daisy Sinclair. Her name is



The screams of Mrs. Brooks bring the police to the house.

on every boarding. She is appearing at the Empire, and the whole town flocks to see her.

William Anderson, like everyone else, has heard of the new star. Meeting his friend Stamford in Leicester Square one day, soon after his return from Australia, he questions him, and learns to his astonishment that the new dancer, whose name is on everyone's lips, is really Daisy Brooks, the little flower-girl, who for a time had been his model. Memories of her beauty and charm throng upon him, and he determines to go to the theatre and see her performance.

That evening he is in a box with Sir John and Lady Westbury and Olga. Daisy dances, with such dainty grace that the house is

Daisy gives him tea, and he cannot help but contrast her present position, her lady-like ease of manner, and unmistakable air of distinction, with the shy awkwardness of the flower-girl he had known two years before. He is astonished to see his photograph in her pretty drawing-room, and to learn that it has been with her to the other side of the world. He is much affected by this proof of her regard for him. He looks at her with new eyes.

Anderson feels himself forgetting Olga Westbury, and falling in love with Daisy. She returns his call, and in the studio, where she had known so much happiness and so much misery, he declares his love for her. Happily she gives him the answer he longs

for, and, kneeling by her chair, he puts a ring upon her finger.

As happened before, Olga Westbury is shown into the studio. She is accompanied by her mother, and both ladies give Daisy an icy greeting when Anderson introduces them. Mother and long-lost daughter meet for the first time since that day long ago, for which the mother has never ceased to mourn. They gaze at one another coldly, unknowingly, and, on the part of one of



Daisy follows him to the police-station.

roused to enthusiasm. Anderson, from the Westbury's box, looks on with wonder and amazement. He recalls his first sight of Daisy, when she was dancing to the music of a piano organ in a gloomy back street in the slums. And now she is famous, and a vision of bewitching loveliness. He feels that he must see her, speak with her again. Excusing himself to the Westburys, he sends his card to Daisy, and presently is shown into her presence. Enthusiastically he compliments her upon her performance, and asks permission to call. In her delight at seeing him again, the girl gives him her card, and on the following day he calls at her house.

them, at any rate, with something like scorn. Olga is plainly annoyed at finding Anderson not alone. She hands him a present which she has brought, receives his thanks, and departs with her mother.

As soon as they have gone, Anderson turns to Daisy. He takes the girl in his arms, and their lips meet.

The news of Anderson's engagement comes to Olga, causing her bitter disappointment and chagrin.

There is another besides Anderson who is interested in Daisy's success, and welcomes her return to London. This is Charlie Brooks, her "brother" and champion; now a successful man of business. He comes up

from Birmingham to spend a few days' holiday with her. One evening they are dining at a fashionable restaurant. At a table close by, unseen by the "brother" and "sister," are seated the Westburys—Sir John, his wife, and Olga.

Olga recognises Daisy, of whom she is violently jealous. She assumes that the girl is already false to Anderson, and determines that he shall know of it.

#### PART IV.

WHEN Anderson receives an anonymous letter warning him against Daisy, and telling him that he is being deceived, his first impulse is to pay no heed, but Olga's insinuations have had their effect. Doubts begin to trouble him, and after a great struggle with his better self which tells him that he should be ashamed for thinking for one moment that Daisy is untrue, he decides to watch the movements of the girl to whom he is engaged, so as to discover for himself the truth of the wicked suggestions made against her.

In pursuance of this design, he is keeping observation upon Daisy's house in St. John's Wood, when a hansom drives up. Daisy and Charlie Brooks alight from it, and enter the house. His worst fears confirmed, Anderson returns home heart broken. To think that the girl he had trusted and honoured with the greatest honour that man can offer to a woman—his love—had now proved false was a blow from which he could never recover.

He entered his house a changed man; wrote a letter to the girl he now despised, packed his things, and that same day saw him many miles away.

Daisy receives a letter from him bitterly reproaching her. He tells her that when she receives it, he will be far from London.

There is one sentence that wrings her heart—"My one regret is that I trusted you."

Stunned and despairing, completely at a loss to understand the letter, she goes to the house where Anderson lives. He has gone away. The landlady coldly refuses to give her any further information, and shuts the door in her face.

Now she gives up hope. It is plain that happiness is not for her. With eyes blinded by tears, she walks miserably along the streets. She steps off the path, and a taxi-cab, driven rapidly round the corner, knocks her down. She lies there white and still.

Strong arms raise her. She is placed in



It is a happy party which gathers at Sir John Westbury's house.

a cab, and taken to the hospital. There he lay unconscious for hours, tended and cared for by the watchful nurses. It chanced to be the hospital at which Sir John Westbury is the principal surgeon. When she opens her eyes, Sir John is standing by her bed in his long white coat. Students, nurses, and attendants are gathered there, and Charlie Brooks, who has been sent for, is there too.

Fortunately, her injuries are not serious. Sir John, in a rapid examination, satisfies himself of that. Suddenly he starts, bends down, takes in his fingers a locket which hangs from a chain round the girl's neck. He gives an exclamation as he recognises, engraved on the trinket, a familiar monogram.

Then, full of a strange excitement, he pushes back the fair, beautiful hair from the patient's forehead, sees there the scar of a wound his daughter Daisy had received as a tiny child. . . .

Greatly agitated, he turns to Charlie Brooks and questions him closely. The young man tells Sir John the story of his finding the lost little girl, of his parents taking her home with them, and of the trouble and unhappiness of her life.

Convinced at last, Sir John bends again over the bed, and kisses his daughter.

No time is lost before acquainting Lady Westbury with the glad news. Sir John telephones to her, and soon she and Olga arrive at the hospital. Lady Westbury has no doubts. She knows that the girl lying there in the bed is her little Daisy, who was lost and is found. The mother love wells up within her, and she strains the girl to her heart.

Olga looks on, happy in the recovery of her sister, but troubled by remorse for the part she has played in destroying her happiness. Perhaps, she thinks, there may still be time to atone in some measure. She sends a telegram to Anderson.

\* \* \*

It is a happy party which gathers at Sir John Westbury's house. Daisy, convalescent, rapidly recovering in an atmosphere of love and happiness, is the central figure. Presently a servant enters and whispers to Olga, who goes out, followed immediately by her father. Daisy is left sitting with her mother.

Then Anderson is shown in. He has learned by this time how he has misjudged her. With a heart brimming over with love and sorrow for the suffering he has caused her, he kneels at her feet. She stretches out her arms to him. . . .

"The Lure of London" has led her to happiness at last.

### Cast:

Sir John Westbury, a distinguished Surgeon	Mr. WM. HARBORD
Lady Westbury	Miss LEAL DOUGLAS
Miss Olga Westbury	Miss GWENDA WREN
William Anderson, an Artist	Mr. EDWARD VINOR
Mr. Stamford, an Impresario	Mr. H. LEMPRIER PRINGLE
Brooks, a Coster	Mr. F. W. TROTT
His Wife...	Miss M. DELARUE
Charlie Brooks	Mr. A. MURRAY
and	
Daisy Westbury, afterwards Daisy Sinclair	Miss IVY CLOSE



# THE WRECK.

Adapted from the Vitagraph Film.



“**R**Y jingo, old fellow,” cried Mr. Hamilton, springing up as his old friend Carlyle entered his office, “this is good. Why, we haven’t seen one another for a

dozen years.”

“Longer than that, my boy. Fifteen, at least.”

The two men shook hands cordially. They were old college chums.

“I’ve heard of your doings,” said Hamilton. “Who hasn’t? You’re a big man—a national institution. Railroad president, financier, and I don’t know what else. How many millions do you think you are worth?”

“To tell the truth, old man,” Carlyle answered, with an indifferent shrug, “I don’t quite know. A good many, I fancy. But how’s that boy of yours? He was a tiny chap when I saw him last; he must be a man now.”

“Yes, he’s twenty-one. He’s a good boy, and a clever one. I hope he’ll make a name for himself one day. Here he is to speak for himself. Come in, Richard. This is Mr. Carlyle. You’ve heard me speak of him often.”

“Of course,” said the lad, holding out his hand. “I used to put my hand in your overcoat pockets for sweets and toys.”

“By jove! so you did,” cried Carlyle, shaking hands and looking closely at the young fellow. “Ah, you’re the lucky one, Hamilton. I envy you your boy.”

“Why?” asked Hamilton in surprise. “What’s wrong with your son?”

Carlyle turned away with a sigh. “A ne’er-do-well,” he said bitterly; “a wastrel. I’ve just come from interviewing the principal of his college, who tells me the boy is an idler, a spendthrift, a hopeless failure. Ah, old man, it is a heavy blow to me.”

Hamilton murmured something, and Carlyle made an effort to shake off his depression.

“Well,” he said, “it’s no use talking about it. Look here, Hamilton, we must see more of each other. You knew I’d married again? Yes—well, you must come and stay with us. And can’t I do something for your boy? Let me have him. I’ll make his fortune.

What do you say, Richard? Will you come?”

“Rather!” was the reply—“that is, of course, if father consents.”

It was a splendid chance for the boy, and Mr. Hamilton did not take long to make up his mind. When Carlyle left his old friend half an hour later, young Richard Hamilton went away with him.

\* \* \*

Richard was surprised to find that Mrs. Carlyle was quite young, about his own age, and beautiful. It was evident that she loved her husband, though he was more than a score of years older than she, and that Mr. Carlyle fairly idolised her.

A servant showed Richard to his room, and Mr. Carlyle went to his office to open his letters. One was from his son, and as he read it his face hardened. The door opened and his wife crept silently up to his chair, and read the letter over his shoulder.

“Herbert wants money,” he said sternly. “He always does. But he’ll get no more from me.”

“Oh, Tony,” she cried in distress, “don’t be so hard on him. He’s so young. Try him once more.”

“No,” said her husband. “He’s an idler and a good-for-nothing, and I’ll have no more to do with him.”

Mrs. Carlyle knew that when her husband was in this mood there was no moving him, and so, after a little further pleading, she left him alone. He wrote a reply to his son’s letter—a reply which made the youngster realise that he had at last worn out his father’s patience.

Richard entered upon his duties at the railway works, and promised very well. He and Mrs. Carlyle became great chums, and Carlyle, whose enormous business interests made great claims on his time, left them often together. When he was at home he would sometimes take his wife in the car with him to the works, and it usually happened that while the President was discussing business with his staff, Richard was sent to talk to Mrs. Carlyle as she waited in the car.

It was on one of these occasions that the demon of jealousy first gained an entrance

into Carlyle's soul. He was examining a plan with one of his men, but somehow he found himself unable to concentrate his mind upon it. His eyes would keep wandering to where his wife sat in the car, talking and laughing with young Hamilton. At length, unable to shake off his uneasiness, he strode over to the car, and, with a few curt words to Hamilton, got in and drove away.

A day or two later he drove to the works alone, and was told by one of the men that Mrs. Carlyle was already there.

"She crossed the yard not five minutes ago with Mr. Hamilton, sir," said the man.

"Very well," said the President shortly.

So this was the game, was it? The wife he loved, and the boy he had befriended. He crossed the yard in the direction pointed out by the man. A line of trucks stood there, and as Carlyle approached he heard a murmur of voices. Creeping stealthily round the end of the last truck in the line, he saw his wife and Hamilton talking earnestly together on the other side. He watched them for some minutes, and then went back to the works. Presently Hamilton came up, and, on seeing his benefactor, glanced nervously once or twice over his shoulder to make sure that

Mrs. Carlyle was not in sight. The movement was not lost upon Carlyle, who turned his back upon Richard, and sorely puzzled the young man by the coldness of his manner.

It was that night that Herbert Carlyle chose to make an appeal to his stepmother. The lad was sorely pressed for money, and was in great trouble. He was talking to Mrs. Carlyle in the drawing-room when he heard his father's step. Mr. Carlyle, entering the room at that moment, saw him disappearing through the French window.

The President confronted his wife.

"Who was that?" he demanded. "Tell me at once—do you hear? Who has been talking to you, and runs away as soon as I come?"

His eyes were pitiless, and his voice like ice. Mrs. Carlyle gazed at him in terror. She tried to think of some explanation, for she dared not tell him the truth. But no words would come, and, after watching her ruthlessly for some seconds, her husband suddenly blazed out:

"Curse you! I will know, and soon!"

Then he left her alone.

\* \* \*

Richard was no longer a resident in



"It was evident that she loved her husband."

Carlyle's house. He had noticed the President's growing dislike for him, and by his own wish had taken lodgings near the works. But for this fact the mere receipt of a letter by his wife would never have caused Carlyle any uneasiness. They were sitting one evening in the drawing-room, when the letter arrived. Mrs. Carlyle turned her back to her husband, broke the seal and read.

"Who's your correspondent?" asked Carlyle, icily.

She folded the letter and replaced it in the envelope before she replied, with a little laugh that did not sound quite natural. "Oh,

nobody in particular; an old-school chum—Mary Oliver."

Mr. Carlyle made no reply, and when presently his wife said she was sleepy and thought she would go to bed, he merely nodded. But she had not been gone out of the room two minutes before he followed.

He saw the front door closing, and sprang in pursuit. Keeping well under cover, he followed her down the garden path, and presently, peering cautiously round a bend, he saw his wife meet Hamilton. Moving swiftly and silently, he managed to get behind a clump of bushes within earshot.

Hamilton was just leaving. "All right," he said, "I will be at the boat at eight o'clock to-night."

To-night! He was only just in time. Oh, curses on them both! They had ruined his happiness; made his life a hell! Carlyle wished fiercely that he had his fingers round Hamilton's throat, strangling the life out of him.

He was on the quay before eight o'clock, waiting. Presently he saw Hamilton coming, and hid behind a shed to watch. The young



"Who was that?" he demanded."

fellow looked about as though expecting someone. Then he went to the edge of the quay and gazed across the water. This was the chance Carlyle had waited for. He emerged from his hiding-place, and walked quickly across to Hamilton. The young man turned, and a look of fear sprang into his eyes.

"Mr. Carlyle," he stammered.

"Yes, Mr. Carlyle. You did not expect me, did you? It was my wife you were waiting for, damn you!"

Hamilton stared.

"But—but you are wrong, really you are. I don't understand—it's all a mistake——"

But Mr. Carlyle would not listen. With a snarl like that of a wild beast he threw himself upon Hamilton. His hands were round that false throat at last. "You swine! you swine!" he kept muttering. Hamilton struggled, but he was powerless in that terrible grip. His eyes stared horribly, and presently he became still. Then summoning all his great strength, the Railroad President lifted his victim off his feet, and threw him over the quay-side.

"Drown, damn you!" he snarled through his teeth.

The water closed over Hamilton, and Mr. Carlyle turned away from the quay to find a man watching him.

The Railroad President started back as though the man had attempted to strike him. He knew this man. It was John Squires, an engine-driver, the son of his secretary. At the urgent request of his father he had given the young fellow employment, but there had been so many complaints of his laziness, incompetency, and insolence, that he had been obliged to discharge him.

Squires lurched up, and thrust his sneering face close against Mr. Carlyle's.

"Dead men don't bite," he said, with a motion of his head to the side of the quay. "Living ones can though, if they want to. I reckon you'll set me on again to-morrow, Mr. Carlyle." He laughed and pointed to the water.

"Yes, yes, all right," Carlyle muttered. "I'll tell the foreman to start you."

Squires moved off, and the Railroad President shuddered at the knowledge that he was completely in this villain's power. He would never know a moment's peace again. He started to go home, when he was aware of somebody else hurrying along the quay. With a shock he recognised his own son. Herbert saw his father at the same time. The elder spoke first.

"Why—why, what are you doing here?" he asked.

Herbert hesitated, then he determined to make a clean breast of it.

"I came to meet Hamilton," he said, hanging his head.

"Hamilton!"

"Yes; he was to meet me here at eight o'clock."

Carlyle made an inarticulate sound.

"I got into a bit of a mess, father, and when you would not help me, I appealed to mother. I want money badly, and she got Hamilton to promise to bring me some here to-night. But he has not come."

Every word cut into Carlyle's heart like a knife. When the boy stopped he asked:

"Did you come to the house?"

"Yes, one night. I was in the drawing-room with mother when I heard you coming. I was afraid, and ran away."

"My God!" groaned the father. "My God! What a blind, wicked fool I've been!"

Then, with bowed head and shoulders

drooping like an old man's, he walked slowly away, his son by his side.

In the morning Hamilton's body was found. It was supposed that he had fallen into the water by accident. Carlyle, had the body taken to his house, and sent for the lad's father. When Mr. Hamilton arrived he was prostrated with grief. Carlyle, full of remorse, left the father alone with his sorrow. Just outside the death-chamber he met Herbert. The strong man broke down completely. He held out his arms with a gesture of appeal.

"My boy!—my boy!" he said brokenly, and in a moment Herbert was kneeling at his father's feet.

\* \* \*

Mr. Carlyle was a broken man. His eyes had a hunted look. At home, at the works, in the ear, always there was a voice at his ear whispering the dreadful word "Murderer!" He had no peace day or night. He had kept Squires' tongue silent for a time by reinstating him as an engine-driver. There had been trouble at the works. The foreman complained that Squires was insolent, drunken, and insubordinate. But the Railroad President put aside all the complaints, and refused to take any action. Things would come to a crisis soon, and then —



"Hamilton struggled, but he was powerless in that terrible grip."

There was a knock at the office door, followed by the entrance of the foreman and the man who was in Mr. Carlyle's thoughts. It was the same story, but the foreman was determined this time. If Mr. Carlyle would not discharge Squires he must accept the foreman's resignation.

Mr. Carlyle said wearily that he could not interfere, and the foreman bounced out of the office in disgust. Squires, with his evil grin, was following, when the President called him back.

"Look here," he said, trying to speak with decision. "There's been about enough of this.

You'll have to improve or go."

Squires snapped his fingers. "Very well. Perhaps I'd better go to the police now."

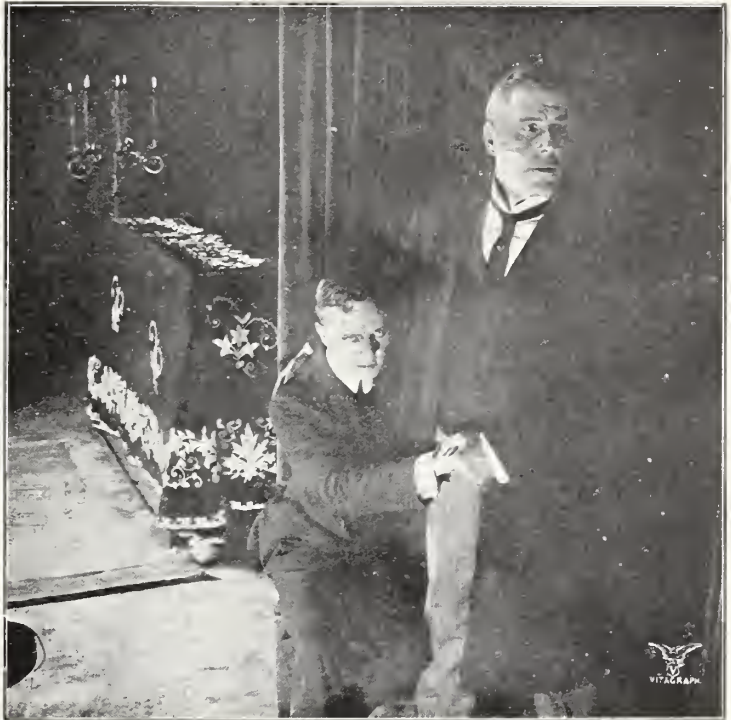
He took a step or two, but the President called to him hoarsely to stop.

"No, no," he said; "it's all right. "Let's say no more about it."

When the man had gone, Carlyle sat for some time with his head in his hands. His life was unbearable. He would get away somewhere for a time with Herbert, to some place where he would not be reminded of his sin at every turn. He mentioned the matter to his wife, to whom his manner had been very tender and affectionate of late. He and Herbert packed a few things, and started off in the car to catch the train for the west. Mrs. Carlyle stood at the door, and waved to them until they were out of sight.

They took their places in the Pullman, and the train started. Mr. Carlyle drew a great breath of relief. For the moment, at any rate, his burden seemed to be lifted.

But even now his punishment was coming upon him. The driver of the express was Squires. The man had been drinking before



"In a moment Herbert was kneeling at his father's feet."

he mounted to the footplate, and was in no state to be responsible for the safety of hundreds of passengers. His fireman looked at him anxiously as the train sped along. Presently Squires pulled a flask from his pocket, and put it to his lips. Then he held it out to his mate.

"No, you fool!" said the fireman. "It's as much as our lives are worth." He tried to knock the flask out of the outstretched hand. With a howl of rage Squires rushed at him, and the two men were locked in a deadly struggle, swaying from side to side of the engine cab.

The fireman struggled to free his hands, so that he could get at the throat of the drunken madman, but Squires was the bigger man, and he dragged the fireman every moment nearer the side.

And far away down the line there was launched the bolt of doom. A light engine, which had been standing in a siding, sprang suddenly to life, and moved off along the metals, gathering speed as it went. The driver, who had left his charge, ran frantically in pursuit, but the runaway had already reached the main line, and was travelling at

speed. Shouting madly, his face blanched with fear, the driver ran to the signal box, and soon the telegraph instruments were clicking their terrifying message, "Run away message!"

The signalman knew that the west-bound express would soon be due, and the runaway was on the down line. If it could not be shunted into a siding it would crash into the express. So he added to his message another, "Stop the express!"

Miles down the road, another signalman received the message. He put the signals at danger, but the heavy train thundered on, and the signalman, frenziedly waving a red flag from the window of his box, saw two men locked in a life and death struggle, swaying perilously almost at the edge of the engine cab.

Nothing now could prevent the collision. The express and the runaway, both travelling at top speed, met head on. There was a tremendous crash; a roar of escaping steam. The engines were reduced in an instant to a shapeless, twisted mass of metal. The foremost carriages were thrown from the track, and smashed to matchwood. The air was filled with the moaning of men and women, and the heartrending screams of little children. Fire broke out in the wreckage.

Rescuers were quickly at work. Injured passengers were extricated from the débris, and laid tenderly on the ground by the side



"With a moan of anguish he fell on his knees."

of the railway. There were some who would never speak again.

Mr. Carlyle had a miraculous escape. He forced his way out of a wrecked carriage. He was dazed for a little while, but the fresh air revived him. Then he remembered Herbert. Where was the boy? He staggered over to where the dead and injured were lying, and there he found his son, his poor body bruised and wounded, but his dead face calm and untroubled.

With a moan of anguish he fell on his knees. "My boy!—my boy!"

They raised him and led him away. "It is just," he whispered; "a life for a life!"

It was Mr. Carlyle's darkest hour. Bowed down with grief and remorse, he went back to his home. His wife met him at the door, with pity and love in her face.

"Oh Tony," was all she said, and fell weeping in his arms.

### VITAGRAPH.

#### CAST :

Carlyle, the Railroad President	...	...	...	HARRY T. MOREY
Hamilton, Carlyle's Friend	...	...	...	DONALD HALL
Richard Hamilton, his Son	...	...	...	E. K. LINCOLN
Herbert Carlyle, the Railroad President's Son	...	...	...	GLADDEN JAMES
Genevieve Carlyle	...	...	...	ANITA STEWART
Secretary's Son, John Squives	...	...	...	WILLIAM DUNN

# BLIND FATE



Adapted from the Hepworth Film.

**I**N the tiny living-room of the log-cabin in the depths of the forest, Molly Merriman was expecting her father's return from his day's work at gold-washing. She moved about the room, taking teapot and cups and saucers from the cupboard, and placing them on the table. There was something curious about her movements, and about her face, too. She looked always straight before her, and, though she moved with certainty from the cupboard to the table and back again, there was a strange deliberateness about her actions. With the tea-things held in front of her, she walked steadily until she reached the table; then, without lowering her eyes, but gazing across it to the other side of the room, with a strange, fixed regard, she put the things down, shifting them about with quick, sensitive fingers.

It would have struck an onlooker that the girl seemed somehow to be seeing with her fingers, and he would then have realised with a shock that she was blind—that those wide open, beautiful eyes could see nothing at all.

She assured herself with those hovering fingers that everything was ready, and in its proper place; then, taking a jug, she went out to fetch water. A face which had been

raised above the ledge of the little window was withdrawn suddenly, and Molly had not been gone two minutes before the door was opened stealthily, and a man came in. He looked cautiously about the little room, and closed the door. He crossed hastily to a little cupboard, took out a small bag containing something heavy, and had got half way across the room to the door when another man entered. This man was older. On seeing the man with the bag in his hand, he darted forward with a cry.

"Thief! You thief! Give me my gold! Give it to me!"

The thief had shrunk back in alarm, but recovering immediately, he met the older man's onslaught. They fought fiercely, swaying from side to side, fetching their breath in painful gasps. The thief was younger and stronger. Presently he got his right arm free, drew it back and shot it out with all his strength. It caught the other man on the side of the head, and he fell. But he was not yet beaten. He tried to rise, but the thief, with a snarl of rage, threw himself upon him, gripping his throat with strong, savage hands. Soon the older man's struggles ceased, and the thief felt his body become limp. Then he realised what he had done. With a cry of horror, he loosened his grip, and staggered to his feet,



“The thief had shrunk back in alarm.”

staring. The man was dead. He had killed him. Good God! He had not meant that. Why had the fool struggled? Well, he was not going to stay to be caught and lynched for what he had done. He had the gold, and he must be going; must get as far away as possible from this place, which had now become horrible to him.

Again he started towards the door. Again it opened before he reached it. He stopped in dismay. A girl came in. He expected her to scream, but her wide-open eyes passed him over, and she made no sign. It was uncanny. The man was afraid to breathe. Suddenly the girl stood still, turning her head from side to side. Some subtle sense warned her that something was wrong.

“Father!” she called, and again, “Father!” in agitation.

She took a step forward, and stopped again. She had stumbled against the body on the floor. The thief gasped with horror. The girl bent down, felt the dead man’s face, gave a cry of anguish, and sprang again to her feet. There was a movement in the room, a stealthy footstep, a sharply-drawn breath. In a flash the blind girl turned to the door and locked it, removing the key. The man on the other side of the table gazed at her with terror-filled eyes. This girl, with her sightless eyes, made his blood run cold.

She moved swiftly to a cupboard, with her back to him. Then she turned, with

her right hand upraised, and he saw that she held a knife. Groping in front of her with the other hand, she began to walk round the table. The man began to move, too. He got to the door, tried it, hoping that she had not locked it after all. But it was fast, and she was almost upon him. Suddenly he laughed out loud. He could keep silence no longer. At the sound she stopped, drew herself up, and then sprang at him. He jumped away, and, in an agony of fear, reached the window. Before she could get to him, he had climbed through, and his hands gripped the ledge a moment

or two before he dropped.

The girl passed her fingers over the hands—those fingers that seemed to serve her for eyes. She clutched at the hands, and then the man dropped. But she had found that the hand at the right-hand side of the ledge, the man’s left hand, had been mutilated. There was only a stump where the middle finger should have been.

The murderer slunk away through the forest, clutching the bag of gold-dust, and seeing always those dreadful, sightless eyes. And in the cabin the blind girl sat weeping for her father.

The murdered gold-seeker was buried in the forest. His mates put a rough wooden cross over his grave, and to keep it beautiful with flowers was the blind girl’s care. She was alone in the world now.

The men of the settlement were kind to her, and never a day passed without one or more of them calling at the cabin with offers of help.

One day, six months after the tragedy, she was sitting outside the cabin, talking to some of the men and busy with household duties, when a gentleman drove up. He proved to be a doctor, and learning that Molly was blind he examined her eyes. Afterwards he stood for some time in thought. Presently he said, “I believe I can make you see.”

She began to tremble violently. Her excitement was so great as to be almost



painful. She had never thought it possible that her eyes could be as those of other people.

"Sec!" she whispered—"make me see! Oh, doctor, do you mean it?"

"Well," said the kindly doctor, patting her head, "of course I can't be certain. I don't want to raise false hopes, you know, but there's a chance. Only you'll have to come to my house for treatment."

She was so much excited by the hope the doctor had given her that the impossibility of fulfilling the condition he had named did not occur to her until after he had given her his card and driven away. She had no money. How could she go the city where he lived, even though it was in order to be made to see? She fell into despondency again.

This, however, was a matter which her friends were already taking in hand. One of the men had taken from the girl's side a tin bowl, and was making a collection. Men and women subscribed with a will, and when the bowl was brought back to Molly it contained an amount which was more than

sufficient to pay the expenses of her journey to the city.

She could not find words to thank them, but her face was very eloquent.

Her preparations were quickly made, and the men and women of the settlement gathered one morning to see her start off upon her journey to Dr. Wainwright's.

\* \* \*

For months she had been living with the kind-hearted doctor and his wife. They had been profoundly affected by her sad story, and had taken such a fancy to the girl that being without chick or child of their own, they had decided to adopt her.

Dr. Wainwright had performed a delicate operation upon Molly's eyes. He had great hopes that it had been successful, but he could not tell yet. For some time longer the thick bandages must be worn, for if the girl's eyes were allowed to open in the light too early all his work would be undone, and Molly would be blind indeed, without hope of recovery.

The day came for the final test. Dr. Wainwright had decided that it was time for the bandages to be removed. Molly was painfully excited, but not more so than the old doctor. He led Molly into the consulting room, and placed her in a chair. Then he drew the



"Presently he said, 'I believe I can make you see.'"

curtains, to soften and decrease the light in the room. With fingers which trembled a little he removed the bandage and stood aside, watching her with hardly restrained excitement.

The tension of the girl's nerves was betrayed by the convulsive clasping and unclasping of her hands. Her eyes opened slowly, and closed again immediately. A spasm of pain passed over her face. Again her eyes opened; she groped painfully with her hands, and shook her head sadly. Then slowly, as if she could not help it, she turned her head little by little until her eyes rested upon the doctor, bending a little forward, with the bandage in his hand. Her breath came with difficulty; her bosom heaved. Half fearfully she stretched out her hands, touched his, and held them tightly. Then with a sudden movement she was on her knees to him.

"I can see! I can see!" she cried "Oh, thank God!" \* \* \*

One evening when they were all three sitting in the drawing-room, and Molly was spelling out a story, with the occasional help of the doctor, there came a letter from a friend of Mrs. Wainwright's, inviting her and her husband to join a jolly house party at Bletchley Towers. They were to take Molly with them.

The invitation was accepted, and on the afternoon of their arrival they were in the hall with their hostess when the men guests trooped in, tired, and ready for tea after a hard day in the coverts. Introductions were gone through, and Molly found herself unable to get one of the men out of her mind. He was young, tall, and good-looking in a rather sinister way. She had a curious feeling that she had seen him before. She told herself that that was absurd. She had seen so few men, and she had never heard this one's name before in her life. He had been introduced as Mr. Danvers.

She sat in her chair, and taxed her memory in vain. But she could not shake off the feeling. Every now and then she caught the man's eyes on her, and it seemed to her that there was a puzzled look in them, as if he, too, was trying to remember where he had seen her before.

He turned away, and joined a group of men who were talking over the day's sport. Still thoughtful, Molly crossed over to a table, and sat there idly playing with a pack of cards. Suddenly the sound of a laugh

struck her like a blow. She sprang to her feet, with every nerve quivering. The man who had laughed was standing close to her. He was the man whose face and manner had puzzled her. And now she knew! She had heard that laugh before in the log-cabin, where she had found her father dead.

Her hostess came up, and Molly, with a sudden inspiration, took her left hand and, with simulated gaiety, offered to tell her fortune by palmistry, which had been one of Dr. Wainwright's devices for her amusement. Other guests gathered round to listen, and one after another held out their hands for examination.

The man who had laughed did not join them. He glanced over his shoulder once, then with a furtive motion thrust his left hand in the pocket of his shooting-coat, and went on talking.

Soon nearly all the guests had heard their fortunes told, and there was a great deal of merriment over it. But the man whose hand Molly wanted to see did not come.

"Why doesn't Mr. Danvers come to have his fortune told?" she asked; and one of the men clapped him on the shoulder.

"Your turn, old chap," he said.

Danvers looked round, hesitated, then advanced, holding out his right hand.

"Not that one," said Molly sharply; then leaning forward, with her eyes on his face, she said in a low intense voice. "Let me see the other one!"

Danvers paled, stood a moment, then threw his head back, and stalked out of the room, while the guests gazed after him in amazement.

Molly was quite certain now. As soon as she could get away from the other members of the party she went to the telephone, rang up the police-station, and told them to send men up to the Towers that evening to make an important arrest. Then she thought out a plan for entrapping Danvers. She impressed two of the men of the party into her service, proposing that they should enact a little play for the entertainment of the guests. The play was to be called "Whom the Cap Fits," and as it was to be entirely in dumb show it did not take long to instruct her helpers in the parts they were to play.

After dinner the guests trooped into the great drawing-room, at one end of which a small stage had been erected. Danvers was there with the others.

The curtains were drawn aside, revealing the interior of a wooden cabin. A man sat in a chair smoking and reading. A door opened behind him and another man stole in. Stealthily he crept nearer to the man in the chair. Suddenly he raised his arm . . . a knife gleamed . . . descended . . . the man in the chair fell groaning to the floor. The assassin, paying no heed to his victim, crossed hastily to a cupboard, opened it, took out a little bag, and made for the door. As he approached it, it opened, and a girl entered.

There was a commotion in the audience. Danvers half rose, and grasped the back of the chair in front of him. His face was

the other man, who retreated before her and presently stood cowering against the wall of the cabin. Now she was close to him. She shot out a hand and touched him. Then, like lightning, she turned herself about, facing the audience, and with a finger pointing at Danvers like the finger of Fate, she cried in a terrible voice:

"Look at him! He killed my father!"

In a moment all eyes were upon the miserable man, and if ever guilt was written upon a man's face it was there upon his. With eyes horribly staring he stood as if mesmerised, as the girl came slowly down from the stage, along the room to him, never lowering that terrible accusing finger.



"'Mersey! Mersey!' he screamed."

white and working, and there was a look of terror in his eyes.

The girl on the stage stood a moment, then she moved forward slowly, stumbled against the body, passed her hands over the face

A groan burst from Danvers, but the others in the audience were spellbound, and paid no attention to him.

In a moment the girl on the stage was up again. She raised her hand aloft. A knife blade gleamed. She began to walk round the table, groping with her left hand to find

And now at last Danvers moved. He grovelled on his knees. "Mersey! mersey!" he screamed, and tried to seize the girl's hands.

She started away with a gesture of horror and disgust. She stood like an avenging spirit, watching, while the police, who had been in waiting for this moment, put the handcuffs on Danvers and dragged him away. Then her overwrought feelings gave way, and she hid her face in her hands. Her terrible ordeal was over, and now she could rest.



# Silas Marner

Adapted from the Edison Film.



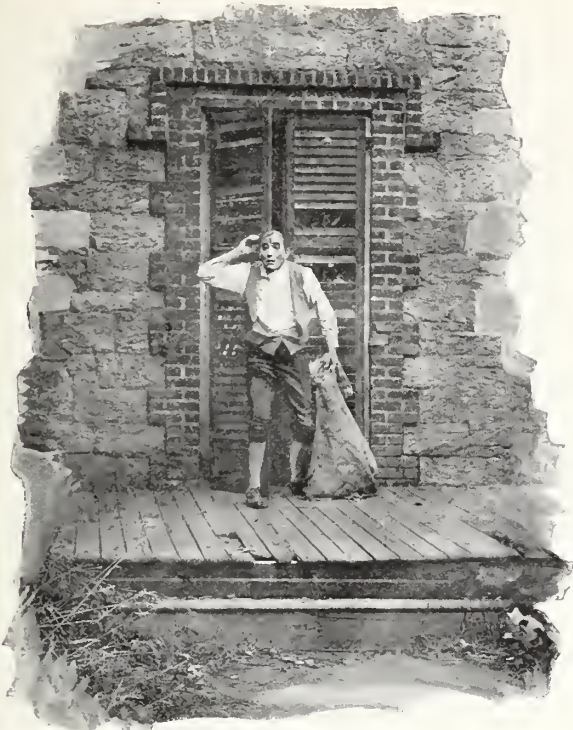
THE story of "The Weaver of Raveloe," though shorter and less well-known than "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," and other works of the great Victorian novelist, is considered by many critics to be not below these masterpieces in merit, and it has been called the most finished of all Geo. Eliot's novels. Raveloe, though it has never been definitely identified, is supposed to be a village in the northern part of Warwickshire, and the period of the story is the early years of the last century "in the days when the spinning wheels hummed busily in the farm-houses, and even great ladies, clothed in silk and thread-lace, had their toy spinning wheels of polished oak." The story of Silas Marner, the poor linen weaver, as shown on the film, adheres, except in one or two small points of detail, to the story as told by Geo. Eliot.

\* \* \*

At the time of the opening of the story, Silas Marner was a young artisan, following his trade in the big town in which he had been born. He had a sweetheart, Sarah, and a friend, William Dane. The two young men belonged to a narrow religious sect known as the "Church assembling in Lantern Yard." Silas and Sarah were looking forward to marriage, and it was a great delight to Silas "that Sarah did not object to William's occasional presence in their Sunday interviews."

At the meeting-house in Lantern Yard, a peculiar interest had been centred in Silas "ever since he had fallen at a prayer-meeting into a mysterious rigidity and suspension of consciousness, which, lasting for an hour or more, had been mistaken for death." It was catalepsy, of course, but it was regarded by the members of the sect as having some special spiritual significance. Silas was considered to be a brother singled out for special dealings. William Dane's was the only jarring note. He declared that the trance "looked more like a visitation of Satan than a proof of Divine favour."

The two young men were together one evening in Silas's room, and Dane had borrowed his friend's knife to cut a strap, when the minister came in. The senior deacon had been taken seriously ill, and Silas and William were required to watch by his bedside during the night. Silas agreed to take the first watch, and went out with the minister. Dane was to take his turn at two o'clock. When he entered the sick-room at that time, he was startled to find Silas rigid and unconscious in his chair. He went at once to the bedside. The deacon was dead. Dane considered for a minute or two how he could turn this position of affairs to his advantage. Then, as if he had made up his mind, he moved swiftly to a chest of drawers, from one of which he took a canvas bag containing money. He put this in his pocket, placed Silas's knife in the drawer, and, with another look



“Silas at the cottage at Raveloe.”

at the unconscious man, went out of the room.

A little later, Silas returned to consciousness. His first thought was for the patient. There was no sound of breathing. The deacon was dead; had been dead some time. In great agitation, Silas ran out of the house to summon assistance. He had not gone far when he met the minister and William Dane, to whom he told the news. They went back with him to the house, and Silas left them there while he went to his work.

In the evening he was summoned to meet the church members. When he asked the cause of the summons, the only answer he received was, “You shall hear.” When all had assembled, the minister produced a pocket-knife which Silas recognised as his. It had been found, the minister said, in the deacon’s death-chamber, in a drawer from which a bag containing the church money had been stolen.

“The proof is heavy against you, Brother Marner,” said the minister. “The money was taken in the night last past, and no man was with our departed brother but you, for William Dane declares to us that he was hindered by sudden sickness from going to

take his place as arranged, and you yourself said that he had not come; and moreover you neglected the dead body.”

“I must have slept,” said Silas, “or I must have had another visitation like that which you have all seen me under, so that the thief must have come and gone while I was not in the body, but out of the body. But search me and my dwelling for I have been nowhere else.”

The search was made, and the bag which had contained the church money was found by William Dane, empty, in Silas’s room. Silas was thunderstruck, but recovering, he turned upon Dane accusingly. He had remembered that he had lent the knife to the man who had been his friend.

“You stole the money,” he said, in a voice shaken by agitation, “and you have woven a plot to lay the sin at my door.”

William shook his head sorrowfully. “I can do nothing but pray for you, Silas,” he said, as he followed the minister and the

others out of the room.

Overwhelmed by despair, Silas sought to find distraction by working at his loom. It was there the minister found him when he came with a message from Sarah, breaking off their engagement. Silas made no moan, but turned away to his work again. But the town had become horrible to him, and at last he determined to leave. On the day when he started out, to go he knew not where, Sarah was married to William Dane. The wedding procession passed him as he hid behind a tree by the roadside.

\* \* \*

Broken and hopeless, Silas Marner came to Raveloe, and set up his loom in a cottage near the village, not far from the edge of a deserted stone pit. He lived alone, and found in hard work a refuge from his melancholy thoughts. He wove fine linen for the wives of the squires and farmers of the district. They paid him for his work in bright guineas, and as the years passed he grew to love the coins and to gloat over them with a miser’s greed. “He handled them, he counted them, till their form and colour were like the satisfaction of a thirst to him;

but it was only in the night, when his work was done, that he drew them out to enjoy their companionship."

He kept his treasure in two stout leather bags in a hole in the brick floor underneath the loom.

\* \* \*

The most important resident of Raveloe was Squire Cass, of the Red House. He had two sons, Godfrey, the elder, "a fine open-faced, good-natured young man," and Dunstan, "a spiteful, jeering fellow," with a taste for swooping and betting, and sowing wild oats. Some years earlier Godfrey had been deluded into making a secret marriage with a woman who he had afterwards learned was a hopeless drug maniac. With her child and his she lived in a distant town, and nobody knew of the marriage but Dunstan, who found the threat of exposure very useful for the purpose of extorting money from his brother. Godfrey had bitterly repented his marriage, and did so the more now that he was in love with sweet Nancy Lammeter, daughter of a neighbour.

The two brothers had been quarrelling. Dunstan was demanding money again, and Godfrey had none to give him. He had, however, a fine horse, and on Dunstan's threatening to acquaint his father with Godfrey's marriage, and spoil his chance with Miss Lammeter, he agreed to his brother's taking the horse to the hunt next day and finding a buyer for it.

Dunstan went out in triumph, but he did not sell the horse. There was an accident, Wild-fire was killed, and Dunstan was left without either horse or money. He set out to walk home, and on the way the thought of Silas Marner's money occurred to him.

He must pass the weaver's cottage, and he weighed the possibility of the old miser being willing to lend the money to him or to Godfrey.

By the time Dunstan reached the cottage darkness had fallen, but light gleamed from the window. Dunstan knocked two or three times with his hunting-rop, and, receiving no reply, opened the door and entered the cottage. A bright fire glowed on the hearth, but there was nobody about.

Dunstan looked around him with curiosity. He felt certain the weaver kept his money hidden somewhere in the cottage. He sat down to think, and his eyes presently lighted upon a place in the floor which was quite covered with sand. Dunstan could see the marks of fingers upon it. In an instant he had bent down, lifted two of the bricks, and found Silas's hoard. He hid the two bags under his coat and went out into the darkness. He stumbled along, every now and then casting a nervous glance over his shoulder to make sure he had not been seen and followed. He was now, though he was unaware of it, almost at the edge of the old disused stone-pit, which was partly filled with water. Suddenly, some fancied sound made him turn his head, he tripped, made a frantic effort to save himself, and fell . . . .

The news of the robbery travelled quickly. Silas himself, almost mad with rage and



"In an instant he had bent down, lifted two of the bricks, and found Silas's hoard."



“Silas himself, almost mad with rage and grief, burst into the parlour of the ‘Rainbow Inn.’”

grief, burst into the parlour of the Rainbow Inn, crying out that he had been robbed. Next morning the news reached the Red House, and Godfrey learned also that his horse had been found killed and that Dunstan had disappeared. It was supposed that Dunstan had gone away for a few weeks, as he had often done before, or that he had enlisted. Nobody thought of connecting his disappearance with the robbery.

\* \* \*

There was to be a great party at the Red House on New Year's Eve. Godfrey Cass's wife knew this, and had decided to confront her husband there. She had had this purpose in mind ever since Godfrey, in a fit of passion, had told her he would sooner die than acknowledge her as his wife. Early in the morning she started, with her little girl, and at night, when Godfrey, reckless of consequences, was making love to Miss Naney Lammeter, his wife was walking with slow, uncertain steps through the Paveloe lanes with her child. She was tired and very

miserable, and she knew only one source of relief. She had a little phial in her pocket, and she put this to her lips. A little further she staggered on, and then, by the wall of a cottage, she sank down in a stupor.

The little girl called her mother and vainly tried to wake her. Then with a childish curiosity she toddled forward to where a bright light shone out upon the darkness. The light came through an open door, and the child passed in, knelt down before a cheerful fire and presently, made drowsy by the warmth, fell fast asleep on the hearth.

It was Silas's cottage, and he was in the room, but catalepsy had once more seized upon him, and he was unconscious of what was taking place. When at length he recovered and saw the child sleeping on the hearth, her curly head looking like gold in the firelight, he thought he was dreaming. Then, when he realised that it was really a child that lay there, a feeling of tenderness awoke in him, and he lifted the child upon

his knee. She made friends at once, and begged him to come with her and find her mother. Silas carried the woman inside and placed her tenderly upon his bed. She did not move or speak, and he thought she was dead, but he must get a doctor to see her. He had no doubt the doctor was at the party at Squire Cass's, and, taking the child with him, he hurried off to the Red House.

His news caused a sensation, and soon he was on his way back again, the doctor and Godfrey Cass following. Godfrey had a wild idea that in the little girl with Marner he had recognised his own daughter. Who, then, was the woman lying at the cottage? He was not long in doubt. The doctor reverently drew the sheet away, and Godfrey Cass looked upon the dead face of his wife. The only obstacle to his marriage with Miss Lammeter was removed. He felt an impulse of tenderness for the child, but he could not claim her without confessing his marriage, so he said nothing. The little girl was left with Silas, and a new and happier life began for the lonely man.

\* \* \*

Many years passed away. Godfrey had married Naney Lammeter, and had succeeded his father as Squire of Raveloe. He and his wife lived at the Red House, and were happy with one another. But they had one great sorrow; there were no children at the Red House. Some years ago, Godfrey, with his own daughter in his mind, had suggested to Naney that they should adopt a child, but she did not like the idea.

Silas and Eppie, now grown into a beautiful young woman, lived on happily at the cottage by the stone-pit. When they saw Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Cass about the village or outside the church door on Sundays, Silas touched his hat, and Eppie curtsied prettily. Sometimes Godfrey had hard work not to confess to Naney and insist on claiming his daughter. And young Aaron Winthrop, gardener at the Red House, had fallen in love with Eppie.

So matters stood, when one day the workmen who were draining the old stone-pit made a gruesome discovery. They found, wedged between huge boulders at the bottom of the pit, the skeleton of a man. They found, too, a gold watch and chain, a hunting-crop with a name engraved on the gold handle, and Silas Marner's two bags of guineas. They took the things to the Squire, and so he learned of his brother's crime and swift

and dreadful punishment.

"Everything comes to light, Naney, sooner or later," he said. "When God Almighty wills it, our secrets are found out . . . Naney when I married you I hid something from you—something I ought to have told you. That woman Marner found dead in the snow—Eppie's mother—that wretched woman—was my wife: Eppie is my child."

There was no indignation in her voice when she spoke, only deep regret.

"Godfrey, if you had but told me this six years ago, we could have done some of our duty by the child. Do you think I'd have refused to take her in, if I'd known she was yours? . . . And—oh, Godfrey!—if we'd had her from the first, if you'd taken to her as you ought, she'd have loved me for her mother—and you'd have been happier with me: I could better have borne my little baby dying, and our life might have been like what we used to think it would be."

"But we can take Eppie now," said Godfrey. "I won't mind the world knowing at last."

"It'll be different coming to us now she's grown up," said Naney, shaking her head sadly. "But it's your duty to acknowledge her, and provide for her; and I'll do my part by her, and pray to God Almighty to make her love me."

They went that night to Silas's cottage, and Godfrey told his story. The news came upon the old weaver with a terrible shock. To part with Eppie would be to part with all that made life sweet to him, but he recognised the Squire's claim, and would not put any pressure on the girl.

It was Eppie who made the decision.

"Thank you ma'am—thank you sir, for your offers—they're very good, and far above my wish. For I should have no delight in life any more if I was forced to go away from my father, and knew he was sitting at home, a-thinking of me and feeling lone. We've been used to be happy together every day, and I can't think o' no happiness without him; and he says he'd nobody i' the world till I was sent to him, and he'd have nothing when I was gone. And he's took care of me and loved me from the first, and I'll cleave to him as long as he lives, and nobody shall ever come between him and me."

Godfrey and his wife went back to the Red House alone.



# THE PARASITE



Adapted from the Lubin Film by

LEYTON SOMERS.

**N**OW, how the devil did that get into the paper?" said John Wellington to himself.

He read the paragraph again. It informed the world in general that Miss Florence

Randall had denied the rumour of her engagement to Mr. John Wellington, "one of the wealthiest and most popular bachelors in society," etc. "In spite of the denial, however," the paper added, "it is generally understood that the wedding will take place in the spring."

John Wellington was annoyed. Had Florence authorised the paragraph? Surely not! It was true that they were not definitely engaged. But they understood each other, and were certain to be engaged before long. The affair was certainly mysterious, and Wellington at last came to the sensible conclusion that he might as well ask Miss Randall herself to tell him what it meant.

"Look here, Florence," he said, pointing to the paragraph, "what on earth does this mean?"

She laughed. "Oh, that! Yes, I've seen it. What does it matter?"

"But of course you have not denied our engagement?"

Miss Randall blushed and did not reply.

"Look here, Florence," said Wellington, "we *are* engaged, aren't we?"

Miss Randall laughed merrily. "Don't let us stay here talking about such absurd things. Oh, you dear old sulky bear, we shall be late for dinner."

The mysterious paragraph had been the subject of discussion between another couple. George Lynn, who made a living by discovering the discreditable secrets of wealthy

people and then levying blackmail upon them, had made a note of it, and pointed it out to his wife.

Rosa Lynn was young, beautiful, and unscrupulous, and had been her husband's decoy and assistant in many an evil scheme.

She and her husband were going out presently to spend the evening.

"There ought to be money in this," said Lynn, with his finger on the paragraph. "He's rich—rolling in money."

They went out, and, as it happened, they chose the restaurant where Wellington and Miss Randall had already secured a table.

"There's John Wellington," said Lynn to his wife. "You'd better see what you can do."

Presently they rose and just as they reached Wellington's table, George Lynn stopped to speak to an acquaintance, and his wife, hesitating and half-turning, brushed against John. She apologised with a charming grace.

Wellington had been feeling a little sore. Florence had again turned the subject of the engagement. Just now she was talking to somebody at a neighbouring table, and did not see John's little encounter with the charming stranger.

Flashing a glance at him Mrs. Lynn went on with her husband. Something white on the carpet caught John's eye. A glove! He picked it up, and hurried into the vestibule.

He caught the Lynns just as they were leaving.

"I think this is your glove," he said, with a bow.

"Oh, how kind of you! Thank you so much."

As she held out her hand for the glove, something fluttered to the floor. John



"She and her husband were going out to spend the evening."

picked it up. It was a visiting card.

"Keep it," she said, with a little laugh. "I'm sure we ought to be friends."

The card told John that her name was Rosa Lynn, and that she lived in Riverside Drive. It did not tell him that she was married.

Miss Randall found John a dull companion for the rest of the evening.

On the next she did not see him. Instead, she received a brief note informing her that an important engagement would prevent his calling.

John Wellington was in the Lynn's house at Riverside Drive, sitting by the side of a big chair in which reclined Rosa Lynn. He was leaning towards her, and she was rapidly making him forget Florence Randall.

He had rung her up on the telephone, and asked if he might call. There had been a pause before the reply came—"Yes." He could not know that during the pause she had hurriedly consulted with her husband; nor that while he was on his way to the house the pair had decided upon their plan of campaign. He did not know either that while he sat there talking, pleading with Rosa Lynn, her husband was standing, with his car to a chink of a door close by, greedily drinking in every word.

That was the first of many visits. Wellington had called on Florence, but it was a mere duty call, and she noticed the change in him. To her inquiries as to why he had not been before he only answered lamely that he had been very busy. Florence shook hands with him very soberly when he left.

He went straight to Riverside Drive. He found Rosa in her favourite position,

reclining in a big chair. She looked more alluring than ever as she smiled up at him. A sudden gust of passion swept over him. He bent down, raised her by sheer force, and strained her to him, kissing her madly.

"I love you! I love you!" he burst out. "You *must* marry me."

When he left the house that night his ring was on her finger, and she had promised to be his wife.

"But only in name," she said, holding up a warning finger.

He protested, but she was firm, and at last he gave way, full of a lover's confidence that he would soon be able to make her change her mind on that matter.

\* \* \*

It may have been that Rosa Lynn felt some qualms of conscience over the baseness of the part she was playing. She could not quite understand herself. Sometimes when her husband was talking over their plans for getting Wellington and his money in their power she had hard work to prevent herself crying out that she hated the whole sordid business, and would go on with it no longer. Such feelings were new to her, but somehow Wellington seemed different from the other men she had met. But she knew her husband's cruelty, knew that he would never suffer her to draw back now. The preparations for the wedding were being hurried on. Wellington had yielded to her desire for a quiet ceremony. It was to be at her house, and George Lynn was to act the part of the minister. On his part, Wellington was all impatience. Thoughts of Florence Randall seldom troubled him now. He loved Rosa Lynn, and in his heart there was room for no other woman.

The wedding day arrived, John drove up to the house in his motor-car. He found Rosa waiting for him, a little silent and constrained.

It was a short and simple service, and when the minister had left them alone, John took his bride in his arms and kissed her tenderly. She clung to him.

"Rosa," he whispered, "you do love me, don't you?"

She did not speak, and only shook her head when he urged her to come away with him in the car. They went out of the

house together. They said good-bye out there, and George Lynn watched them with clenched fists, and a face contorted with rage.

Wellington was anything but a happy bridegroom in the weeks that followed. It seemed to him that Rosa desired nothing of him but his money. The more he gave her the more she wanted, and he was so much in love that he could refuse her nothing.

One day when he had given her money as usual, and she was turning lightheartedly away, he lost patience, and burst out into indignant reproaches. She turned back, flung her arms impulsively about his neck, and elung to him.

"Oh, my dear," she cried, "my dear! If you only knew."

Then, before he had recovered from the surprise, she tore herself from his arms, and went out of the room without another word.

Rosa Lynn went home to her taskmaster with the money. She hated herself, hated the work she had to do, hated her husband, and loved John Wellington.

One night, after she had been dancing with John, and was preparing to go home, he made her sit down and began to plead with her once more.

It was the old story. He was tired of this unsatisfactory arrangement. He drew a picture in imagination of what their life might be together in their own home, with happy, laughing children about them.

As she listened her eyes shone with a wonderful light, her bosom heaved. . . .

Suddenly her face changed, became cold and hard. She started up with an attempt at laughter.

"No," she said, "not yet. You must wait."

Her husband was waiting for her outside. She

was very silent all the way home. He demanded money from her, and she had to tell him she had none for him.

"Oh," she cried, "it is horrible! I can't go on with it—I can't!"

"What do you mean?" he shouted. "You shall go on with it, or——" He advanced threateningly upon her. "Damn you! I see how it is; you are falling in love with him! I won't have it, do you hear?" He gripped her cruelly by the wrist. "Look here!" he said, "either you make him pay handsomely, or give him up altogether. Which is it to be?"

She thought miserably for a minute, and then said in a whisper which was scarcely audible, "I'll give him up."

"Very well," said Lynn, reaching for pen and paper. "Now write what I tell you."

An hour or two later, John Wellington, sitting brooding in his study, was aroused by a servant, who brought him a note from the woman he believed to be his wife. He broke the seal and read:

"I have gone where it will be useless to look for me. Good-bye.

"ROSA."

He sat for a long time, with white face and tragic eyes, staring at the written words.

\* \* \*

In the morning a police official brought to John Rosa's hat and cloak, informing him



"She apologised with a charming grace."



"He caught the Lynns just as they were leaving."

that they had been found on the banks of the river. John took the news quietly. It was the confirmation of the fear that had lain cold at his heart through a sleepless night. He gave the official the note he had received, but he kept the hat and cloak. They were all that remained to him of the woman he loved.

As the days passed, Rosa's image faded, and she became only a memory. One day he took Florence Randall's portrait out of the drawer where it had lain so long, and stood it on the desk again. He had treated her badly; would she forgive him?

One afternoon he called. She did not refuse to see him, as he had half expected. He stood before her, humble and ashamed.

"I've come back, Florence," he said. "I'm not worthy of you—God knows I'm not. I've been mad, I think; but I do love you. Will you marry me?"

She did not even reproach him. She just looked at him with all her heart in her eyes.

"Yes, John," she said softly. "And, oh, I have wanted you so badly."

\* \* \*

In the house in Riverside Drive a woman was spending her days in remorse and vain regrets. Rosa Lynn's life with her husband was a long torture, and she felt she could not bear it much longer. She had taken to drink, and so had he. They were always

quarrelling. He could no longer depend upon her to help him in his vile schemes. He raged and stormed at her in vain.

The climax came when he suggested that she should try to get money from Wellington again.

She turned from him in disgust, and then he began to threaten.

"We want money, I tell you," he cried, "and we must have it. He's got plenty, and if you don't make him pay, I'll blab the whole thing myself!"

"No, no!" she screamed, springing up and starting away from him as from some loathsome reptile. Her hands went up involuntarily to a locket she wore on a chain round her neck.

"Damn you!" he roared. "You wear his picture—you, my wife!" He snatched at it, and when she tried to save it he caught her in his arms, and, beside himself with rage, dragged her across the room and out on to the landing to the head of the wide staircase. Fiercely she struggled. She got her hands free, and broke away from him. He rushed furiously at her, stumbled, and fell headlong down, rolling over and over, his head dashing horribly against the stairs. At the bottom he lay ominously still.

The woman stood gasping for breath, then, step by step, with dreadfully staring eyes, she came slowly down. She knelt on the floor, peered at the face of the thing that lay there, and—smiled. She was free at last! Then she fainted.

\* \* \*

Rosa Lynn came to herself in a hospital ward. For weeks she lay there. Then one morning she was pronounced fit to leave. The house surgeon had a serious talk with her.

"Mind," he said, finally, "if you touch whiskey again it will kill you. You've had a narrow escape."

She paid little heed. There was only one thought in her mind. The husband she hated was dead, and she was free! From the hospital she went straight to Wellington's house, and without waiting to be announced, walked through into the study where he was.

At the sight of her he staggered back, and his face went white.

"My God!" he whispered. "You must not come here." He put out his hands to thrust her away from him.

"Why not?" she asked, growing suddenly pale. "What is the matter? Why must I not come here?" Then, defiantly, "You married me, John."

"Yes," he groaned, "but you died—they told me you died—and—God forgive me!—I married again."

"Oh, no!" she shrieked. "No, it's not true! Say it's not true!"

She threw herself upon him, but he repulsed her roughly, and, gripping her arm, almost dragged her from the room, along a corridor, to the door of another room which he opened, and showed her a woman peacefully sleeping, with a little child in her arms.

Rosa Lynn hid her face in her hands and wept bitterly. Very gently John closed the door and led her back to the study.

"You must go now," he said, "and I will



"He found Rosa in her favourite position, reclining in a big chair."

think what is best to be done. Here, drink this." He held out a glass of whiskey.

The doctor's warning came back to her, and she shook her head. Then, suddenly she put out her hand and took the glass. She drank off the spirit, and then, with a last lingering look at him, she staggered from the room.

John Wellington believed that Rosa was his legal wife, and the knowledge that she was alive had come to him with a terrible shock. Try as he might he could think of no way out of the tragie tangle in which he found himself.

In the morning there came a letter for him—a letter which brought hot, burning tears to his eyes. It was from Rosa. She

had not long to live, she wrote, and she wanted to say she was sorry for all the injury she had done him. She told him that their marriage had been a cheat, a mockery; that she was already another man's wife, and that she had only gone through the ceremony with him in order to extort money.

"Forgive me," the letter ended, "for I loved you afterwards."

John's heart was full of pity. "Poor little Rosa!" he murmured. Then he went to the telephone, and rang up the hospital. They told him that Rosa had passed peacefully away half-an-hour before.



"He gripped her cruelly by the wrist."



# Withering Roses

Adapted from the Beauty Film.



**J**OHN DERWENT picked up the big bouquet of roses which his man had placed upon the little table. They were wonderful flowers, fresh, fragrant, and beautiful, a fit offering from a lover to the girl he loved.

Young, rich, good-looking, John Derwent was considered by those who knew him best to be hard, unsympathetic, self-centred. Since his boyhood he had never been known to consider anybody's happiness but his own, or to put himself to the least trouble or inconvenience to please man, woman, or child. In love! His acquaintances would have laughed at the idea.

They would have been wrong. John Derwent was in love, genuinely in love, and now, as he stood looking at the flowers he held, he was thinking of Mary. He seemed to see there among the roses the face he loved, a dainty, sweet, alluring face, smiling out at him.

He roused himself from his reverie, put on the coat which the man held out for him, and went out with the bouquet. He was in a hurry, a lover's fiery impatience urged him on. He would have taken a cab, but there was none in sight, and he had to walk. He was going to happiness, and was so full of the anticipation of it that he had no thought for people against whom he jostled as he pursued his way. For him there was nobody else in the world that mattered—nobody but himself and Mary.

As he turned a corner, he cannoned with

some force into a pleasant-faced woman who was dressed as a servant.

"Now then," he said angrily, "why can't you look where you're going! You might have spoiled these flowers."

"Well!" said the woman, "of all the—Why, it was your fault. Why don't you look where you are going?"

But John Derwent did not stop to listen. With an anxious look at the roses to assure himself that they were undamaged, he had hurried on.

The woman gazed after him indignantly. She saw a little newspaper-boy accost him, trying to persuade him to buy a paper. He refused, but the boy persisted, holding his papers up before Derwent's face. With an impatient exclamation, he thrust the boy brutally from his path and strode on.

"Ill-mannered bully!" said the woman to herself and turned to follow him. She picked up a rose which had fallen from the bouquet at the place where Derwent had repulsed the boy. She found the boy, too, picking himself up ruefully from the gutter where he had fallen.

"You come with me, sonny," said the woman, kindly. "I'll make him beg pardon from both of us. Nastily ill-mannered brute!"

The boy trotted along with her, but they could not overtake Derwent. Still, they kept him well in sight. The chase led them through a park. On a seat under a tree sat a feeble old man with a little cripple girl nursing her crutches by his side.

The child's wan face lighted up at the

sight of the roses Derwent was carrying.

"Oh!" she piped; "ain't they lovely? Oh, sir, could you spare me one—just one?"

She held out her hand, and the pleading look in her face would have been hard for anyone but John Derwent to resist.

But he held the flowers further away, muttered angrily, "Beggar's brat!" and went on.

The little girl's lip trembled, and tears sprang to her eyes. Then the woman who was following Derwent—the newspaper boy had given up the chase—came close to her with a beautiful white rose in her hand.

"Here, little one," she said, "you may have this."

The cripple's joy was a sight to see. She gazed at the rose as though she had never seen anything so lovely before.

John Derwent arrived at the house where Mary lived. As he passed the drawing-room window he saw her within. She was playing the piano, and, as he suspected, waiting for him. When he was shown into the room she sprang up to meet him.

"Oh, John," she cried, "what lovely roses! For me? Oh, you dear old John! I'll kiss you for them."

And she did, just as the woman who had followed John Derwent passed the window.

Mary took two of the finest roses from the bouquet, fastened them in her belt, and danced up to the looking-glass to try the effect.

"I think it looks rather nice, John," she said, with a roguish laugh. "Don't you?"

"It's the prettiest sight I ever saw," said John with conviction. He might have said more, but at that moment the door opened, and the woman who had followed him entered.

"Miss Mary," she said.

"Well, Maggie, what is it?"

"Please can I speak to you a minute?"

"Certainly." Mary stepped aside with



"'I think it looks rather nice, John,' she said."

the maid, while John looked on. He had not recognised the woman as Mary's maid until now. He began to wish he had been more courteous to her a little while ago.

Mary's face grew grave as she listened to what Maggie had to tell. When the maid had finished, she turned to John.

"Is this true that Maggie tells me!" she asked quietly.

"I don't know what she has told you," he returned, with an attempt to speak lightly.

"She says you are a cruel, heartless, selfish bully."

"Oh, come now."

"She says you pushed into her in the street and did not apologise, that you knocked a newspaper boy down, and that you refused to give a flower to a little cripple girl."

"Well, the flowers were for you. And," turning to the maid, "how dare you spy upon me?" he burst out.

"Then it is true," said Mary sorrowfully. She gathered up the roses and gave them back to him. "Good-bye," she said.

"Mary! Oh, Mary, you can't mean that!"

"It must be so," was the girl's reply. "Happiness cannot exist with heartlessness and brutality. When you have learned that lesson come back to me."

Scarcely realising what had happened, he went out like a man dazed.

John Derwent went home. Suddenly he realised that Mary was lost to him, unless —. Could he redeem himself in her eyes? What had she said? "When you have learned that lesson come back to me." Oh, he would strive to learn that lesson. But who was to teach him now that Mary had sent him away? With a groan, he buried his face in his hands.

The roses were on the table beside him, and with the bitter thought that Mary had rejected them and him, he fell asleep and dreamed.

In his dream he saw John Derwent come to the foot of a steep hill. There was a signboard with a hand pointing upwards—"The Road to Happiness."

As he stood hesitating, there appeared to him a lovely, gracious being, clad in soft and shining garments.

"Mary!" he whispered.

She smiled at him, pointed up the hill with her wand, and vanished.

John Derwent began to climb. It was not an easy road. After a time he came to a gate on the other side of which he could see a beautiful garden.

"Enter!" said a voice at his ear, and as

he turned he saw a stranger dressed in vivid scarlet by his side; and he went with him into the garden.

Surely this was a place of pure delight. The sun shone, the birds sang, and everywhere beautiful flowers bloomed. In the very centre of the garden the stranger pointed to a tree, on which was a single rose.

"The Rose of Happiness," he said.

John Derwent thrust out an eager hand, and snatched the blossom.

There was a burst of evil laughter. The garden vanished, and John saw, to his horror, that he was alone with the stranger in a barren desert, and in his hand a rose, which withered as he looked at it.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the stranger. "Your selfishness has destroyed your happiness."

With a cry, John sprang upon the stranger, gripping him by the throat in a fury.

There came a gentle touch on his arm, and he saw the radiant figure with the wand once more, gazing sorrowfully upon him.

"You must restore the Rose of Happiness," she said, and as she waved her wand, the red-cloaked stranger disappeared, and the rose appeared fresh and blooming once more.



' He saw the radiant figure with the wand once more.'





"John laid the roses in the little girl's arms."

Again he climbed. There was someone in the narrow path ahead of him, climbing too. It was a woman.

"Pull her down!" whispered the evil spirit at his ear.

John seized the woman, and threw her roughly out of her path. She fell—down—down. . . .

He looked at the rose he was carrying. It was withered, brown, and ugly. He had failed again.

Again the gracious spirit came to his aid, and, with another rose, he began to climb once more.

Again somebody was before him—a boy this time, with a bundle of newspapers.

"Down with him!" urged the tempter, and John dragged the boy away.

And now there was only one more rose, one more chance for John Derwent. He took it from the hand of the Good Spirit, humbly.

"If you fail this time ——" she said.

"But I will not—oh, I will not." He started once more on his weary climb; ahead of him was an old man and a little cripple girl.

The Evil Spirit chuckled at his ear. "An

old man and a cripple. Thrust them aside. It will be easy."

But John Derwent had learnt his lesson. In a flash he turned upon the Evil Spirit, grappled with him, and hurled him down the slope. Then he hastened on. He put his rose into the little girl's hand, and helped her and her father up the hill to Happiness.

"You have learned your lesson," whispered the Good Spirit. "Kindness is the road to Happiness."

\* \* \*

John Derwent raised his head, and saw the roses on the table by his side. He put on his hat and coat, took the roses and went out. On the seat in the park he found the old man and the little girl. They were asleep, forgetting their troubles for a little while. Very quietly, John laid the roses in the little girl's arms, and tucked into the old man's hand a roll of bills.

He turned to find Mary and her maid watching him. The girl's eyes were shining. There were tears in them, but they were tears of happiness. She wound her arms about his neck.

"John," she whispered, "I love you."

# WARREN KERRIGAN AT THE MERCY OF A LION.

## NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH.



THE general public scarcely appreciate the risks screen-actors run when playing for the pictures, but the spate of accidents which have occurred lately, particularly in America, is sufficient to show that the picture-player's life is not "all beer and skittles."

There have been several serious mishaps of late, the most thrilling perhaps being the incident in the filming of the great Victor four-reeler, "Samson," when Warren Kerrigan (Jack-o'-Hearts), who was playing

smothered with his own and the dead animal's blood.

It was the scene in "Samson," in which the hero, with his divinely-given strength, takes a lion by the jaw and kills it with a wrench. The lion selected for this was the best tamed animal and the most amenable to training of the seven kept at the Universal City Menagerie. Never before had it shown any signs of temper, and it was sidered the most docile. In order for the scene to be properly carried out, it was arranged that Kerrigan should advance to



the title role, was attacked and badly mauled by a lion. Kerrigan was knocked down by the animal, which sprang straight on to him, and was severely torn and lacerated about the chest and neck, one deep furrow narrowly missing the jugular vein. The actor was helpless under the lion which had raised its paw to smash his head when Farrell Macdonald's (the director) pistol spoke and a bullet pierced the beast's heart. Simultaneously two more pistol shots rang out, and two more bullets entered the head of the king of beasts. The lion fell dead instantly on top of the actor, who was dragged away

the lion, take its jaws in his hands and commence to wrestle with it. Then the camera should be stopped and the animal doped, so that in a helpless state it could be thrown aside by the actor when the camera was re-started.

In the preparations and rehearsals of this great scene, the lion had behaved splendidly and everyone anticipated that the incident would swing along without hitch, and indeed the beast did what was required of him until the camera was stopped.

The company had reckoned without the hyperdermic needle.

Kerrigan was standing right in front of the animal when the needle was inserted. At the first prick the lion leapt back with a snarl, then it bounded forward with a roar right on to the unfortunate actor standing in its path. The rest has been told above.

Kerrigan, though deeply scratched, was not badly hurt, and when his wound healed up a little, he completed the scene with another lion.

Asked about the accident later, he said that he had not the least fear of finishing the scene with another animal, for he knew it would be doped before he took hold of it, the first part of the scene being quite all right and not needing retaking. And anyhow the incident had proved that he had trusty friends near by who could be relied on to cope with any threatening danger.

It would be interesting to observe in connection with this feature, "Samson," that it includes one of the costliest sets ever used in America. This is the temple scene, which, owing to seasonable rains, had to be repainted no less than five times. This set, which is for the scene in which Samson uses his divine strength, and by bearing on the two huge pillars brings the whole temple



down on the revellers, cost 5,000 dollars to erect.

The play is now complete, and may be ranked with the greatest of cinematographic productions.

The peril Warren Kerrigan found himself face to face with, the recent accidents which have befallen "Broncho Billy," Edwin August, Ramona Langley, Max Asher, and others, go to prove that whatever their salaries may be—and we hear romantic tales of salaries, though, indeed, the great players are paid large prices—the screen actor has a deal to put up with, and runs great risks in order that the picture-loving public may be well amused.

E.S.

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READERS should look out for the film, "Samson," dealt with above. It is a beautiful film and will be included in the contents of "Illustrated Films" in the near future.

\* \* \*

THE EDITOR is still open to receive any poems, short stories, or any matter of general interest to the picturegoer. Readers should send along their efforts, which will receive the best of attention.

It is to be noticed that our "Answers to Correspondence" pages are increasing—in fact our answer man is kept quite busy—the more the merrier says he.

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READERS desirous of obtaining a beautiful book, bound in green cloth and lettered in gold, containing Volume I. of "Illustrated Films," should send along their orders at once. The price of the book is 3/6.

# The GHOST OF SELF



Adapted from the Essanay Film.



HERE were places in the city, where, if Mr. Frank Johnson had ventured there after dark, and unprotected, his life would not have been worth a moment's purchase. In these places men spoke his name with curses, and sad-faced, despairing women stitched and stitched in poverty, hunger and dirt, and starved themselves to pay the rent of which Mr. Frank Johnson refused to abate one penny, no matter how pitiful the tale poured into his ear.

Mr. Johnson was a property-owner. He had discovered long ago that no property paid like slum property. He let horrible hovels at exorbitant rents, and if the tenants did not pay the rent down on the nail every week, out they had to go. He would listen to no excuses, consent to no delay. Nothing would move him, and the walls of his office, which, if walls really do have ears, had heard many, many stories of want and wretchedness and poverty, were more sympathetic than the human being who sat in the chair, hard, stern, unrelenting. Compared with his heart the nether millstone was a feather cushion.

He was spending a typical morning. It was the day for the payment of rent. His collectors had been through the mean streets in which his property was situated; they had knocked at the doors of all the miserable hovels, and received the rent from those who had it ready. Those who were empty-handed were told that they might go and see the governor if they liked. They knew the prospect was hopeless, but they went all the same—men and women, pleading, imploring him to give them time, and they would pay. He had only one answer for all of them. Out they must go! Business was business, and he was not running free lodging-houses.

Mr. Johnson was not the man to waste time over a little affair of this sort, and soon he had dismissed the last of the wretched suppliants. Now he could turn to something more agreeable.

It may seem surprising that Mr. Frank Johnson, the hard, grasping landlord, grinder of the faces of the poor, should have been susceptible of any of the softer emotions. But so it was. He was in love—as much in love as such a man could be—with one of the most charming girls in the city in which

they both lived. Eleanor Groves, on her part, was interested in him, and he felt pretty certain that when he asked her to be his wife, she would not say no. He went to her now.

A man of business, prompt, sharp, and decisive in his methods, he had no intention of wasting time over love-making any more than over anything else. When he was shown into the drawing-room where Eleanor was, he proposed immediately greetings had been exchanged.

"Miss Groves," he said, "—Eleanor—I've come to ask you to marry me. I love you. I'm well off. I can give you a good time. Will you be my wife?"

Miss Groves looked at him a moment, then shook her head slowly.

He was surprised. "What!" he cried incredulously. "You don't mean that you won't have me?"

She looked bravely in his face. "I can never marry a man who is as cruel as you are," she said.

"Cruel!" He stared at her in amazement. "What on earth do you mean? Cruel!"

"Yes, cruel! I have heard stories of you and your treatment of the poor people who live in your property—property which is a disgrace to its owner. Are those stories untrue?"

A hard look came into his face. "Bah! business is business. But look here," he went on, putting his hands on her shoulders, "you don't really mean this? You're not going to send me away?"

"Yes," she said. "I mean it."

And so he left her. On his way back to the office, he passed through some of the by-ways and alleys in which his tenants lived. It was broad day-light, and curses and threats were the worst things that befell him. He stared defiantly at the men and women who shook their fists at him in hate, and went on to his office. He found another of his tenants waiting for him: an aged, white-haired cripple, who burst into pathetic entreaties as soon as Johnson entered.

"I'll pay, sir," said the cripple—"oh, yes, I'll pay in a little while. Give me time, sir. I've a wife and a little child, and I'm a cripple, sir, as you see."

"There," cried the landlord impatiently, "that will do. I don't want to hear any more of that snivelling. If you can't pay you must go." To his clerk he said,

indifferently, "Turn him out!" and went on reading his letters, while the old man, now silent in his misery, hobbled out of the room.

Probably if Mr. Johnson could have seen the result of the carrying out of his command he would have felt no pang of compunction. Yet the result was very pathetic. The old man had hardly reached his tenement and broken the news of his failure to his wife, when two men put in an appearance, seized the few bits of furniture and carried them out into the street. There were tears and wailing, but presently the cripple, his wife, and little child went out too, and sat down in their wretchedness upon the bed which stood awaiting removal.

It was there that they were found by Miss Eleanor Groves, who came into the dark and gloomy slum like an angel of light.

"Who has done this?" she asked indignantly of the old man. "Who has turned you into the street?"

"Johnson," answered the old man, cursing in feeble anger. "He's our landlord, and he would not wait for the rent, though I told him I would pay in a little while."

"Oh, surely not," she cried; "surely this is too cruel even for him! There must be some mistake."

The old man shook his head. "There ain't no mistake, miss. I've just come from his office—the hard-hearted skinflint. He's got rich out of our misery, and to-night my poor wife and child may sleep in the street for all he cares."

"Oh, no," said the girl, "I shall see that they have shelter. Wait here now, while I see if it is possible to do anything."

She hurried to Johnson's office. When he saw her he smiled, thinking that she had come to say she had thought better of the morning's decision. He was soon undeceived.

"Oh," she cried, with flashing eyes, "I would not have believed any man could have done such a cruel thing!"

"Now, really, Eleanor," he was beginning, but she flamed out at him.

"Don't call me by that name! I've just seen your victims." He started. "Yes, your victims—a poor, helpless cripple, and his wife and child. You have turned them into the street to die."

Johnson began another protest, but she cut him short.

"Oh," she breathed passionately, "I hate you! Some day the ghost of your better



“ I can never marry a man who is as cruel as you are,” she said.”

self will appear to you and make you realize what a beast you are!”

She swept out of the room. For a moment Johnson seemed inclined to call her back; then he shook himself impatiently, his mouth set in a firmer line, he thrust out his chin aggressively. He was not going to be affected by any silly sentiment.

At home that night, however, the memory of Eleanor's words came back to him. What had she said? “The ghost of your better self.” It was a curious idea, and he tried to laugh at it. But he really was fond of Eleanor, and her rejection of his suit had been a blow to him. He found himself thinking, now as he sat alone in his room,

of her glowing face, her flashing eyes, and her reproaches. “The ghost of your better self.” Something drew his eyes, and there, just inside the door, stood somebody—no, some spirit! His heart gave a furious bound, and then seemed to stop suddenly. He gasped. The figure near the door was wearing a white robe; it stood with arms folded, and it bore his own face! His own face, but somehow different. The expression was grave and sorrowful, stern and reproachful.

Johnson covered his face with his hands in terror. He staggered to his feet, and then in a blind panic, rushed into his dressing-room. The figure was not there and he gasped in relief. He caught sight

of his face in the mirror and was startled. It was white, drawn and haggard. He scarcely recognised it. He stared—and in the glass, at first dimly, then clear and definite, appeared again “the ghost of his better self,” sorrowing, reproachful, shaking its head mournfully. Johnson felt that this was so—over the misery and suffering he had caused.

Johnson put out trembling hands as though to thrust the apparition from him; then with a shuddering cry he collapsed on the floor, muttering and mumbling to himself.

Presently, recovering a little, he picked himself up, and still trembling violently, stumbled into his bedroom and threw himself headlong on the bed.

Next morning he awoke unrefreshed. His nerves had been sorely tried. He started at the slightest sound. He peered furtively about while dressing, as though he feared something might spring at him out of the corners of the room. He was afraid for a long time to look in the mirror.

He got out of the house at last, and set out for his office. He hoped that no spirits would appear there. But even in the office he found himself glancing fearfully about, his fingers kept on twitching, and his knees seemed inclined to give way. He sat down at his desk, and made an effort to shake off the curious oppression which was weighing him down.

And then he saw the ghost again. He knew it was there. It was standing at the far corner the desk, there to the left of him. He dared not look. Then slowly, impelled by something stronger than his own will, his eyes went round, to meet and be held by those of the spirit. There was condem-



“She wrote: ‘If you have seen the ghost of your better self, I am waiting to see you.’”

nation in the eyes and in the stern, implacable face. Johnson did not move. He could not; he sat huddled up in his chair, gazing at the spirit with wide-open, awestruck eyes.

Then, as he gazed, other figures appeared, weary, sad-eyed women, men with hate in their terrible faces. They came from behind the spirit in a long procession, looked into the face of the man sitting at the desk, and disappeared. He knew them all. There was not one to whom he had ever done a kind action or said a sympathetic word. He had been hard with them, had never shown them any mercy, and now they were come to torture him. He shuddered. He wanted to shriek, but he could not utter a sound.

All this time the ghost of himself had stood there motionless, but now, as there appeared the cripple who had pleaded for

mercy on the previous day, the ghost raised his hand and pointed, as though to say :

"Oh, man, look at this unhappy wretch ! Gaze on the misery caused by your hardness of heart !"

Then the vision faded. The terrible procession was over, and ghost and cripple passed away.

Johnson felt that it was only just in time. A few minutes more and his mind must have given way. After the first feeling of relief had passed, he had an impulse of thankfulness that there was still time to atone in some measure for the wrong he had done. Eleanor's prophecy had come true. "The ghost of his better self" had made him realise his own wickedness. But he would atone. He took his hat and went out.

He went down into slums. He looked about him with new eyes, which saw the misery and wretchedness of the place. Entering one of his own tenements he noted the dirt, the rickety staircase, the broken windows, the plaster falling from the walls, the general air of decay. Why, the place was not fit to live in. How could he have taken money for such a hovel ?

He went out into the street, where a crowd of men and women had gathered waiting for him. They surged around him, cursing, snarling, clawing at him. Men shook their fists in his face.

He had to shout to make himself heard, and at last they were silent, listening to what he had to say. And what he said astonished them. They could scarcely believe their ears. Then conviction dawned upon them. Their stony-hearted oppressor had relented at last. They cheered, laughed, shook him by the hand, and women wept for joy. He left them with a new warm feeling at his heart.

After he had gone, they talked excitedly among themselves, and when, presently, Eleanor Groves, their good angel, came along that way, they had a wondrous story to tell, a story which made her eyes shine with a soft light, and her face glow with happiness.

Johnson walked on. He saw the cripple and his wife with the baby in her arms. They were miserably gazing at the dingy cottage which had been their only shelter. The cripple looked up, saw Johnson coming, and raised his crutch on high with a snarl of anger.

"No, no," Johnson cried. "It's all right.

You may go back. I'll have the furniture sent in again. Never mind the money."

The cripple lowered his crutch, and stared in amazement. Could it be possible that this man who had but yesterday turned him out of the house, ay, and turned him out with pleasure, without even a word of regret—now stood smiling on them and saying, "never mind the money"—was this the same man ? No, the cripple could not believe in such a miraculous happening. His wife could, however. Claspng her child to her breast, she ran into the house, and presently men brought back the furniture which had been taken away.

Johnson went on to his office. The people were waiting there for him, and when he entered they thronged in after him, until the place was full. It was a wonderful day. Johnson wrote out receipts for rent which had never been paid, wrote cheques, and handed out bank-notes and gold into the bargain, pressing them into outstretched hands. He did it, too, as though he thoroughly enjoyed it. It was a novel experience to hear blessings instead of curses showered upon him.

Oh ! the pleasure he had missed through all those years of selfishness. To think that he had been so miserable to himself and others. Ah ! this was a joyful day for Johnson—by far the most enjoyable day of his life.

At last the office was cleared. A clerk brought in a note, and handed it to him. It was from Eleanor. She wrote :

"If you have seen the ghost of your better self, I am waiting to see you."

His face now was strangely like that of the spirit which had appeared to him, but with an added look of happiness. He put on his hat, and went to Eleanor's house. When he entered the drawing-room, she was seated at a table, with her back towards him.

"Eleanor," he said, softly. "Eleanor !"  
She rose from the table, turned slowly, and went to him with a wonderful smile on her face.

"I'm cured, Eleanor," he said. "Will you marry me now ?"

She stretched out her hand, and touched his face, from which the harsh, merciless look had disappeared.

"Oh," she said, "I love you, and I'm so happy."



# ON THE SCREEN.

By EVAN STRONG.



THE coincidence of simultaneous pronouncements against cinematography would almost lead to suspicion of organized opposition to this great art. Were this not a ridiculous idea to entertain in days when our authorities are supposed to be composed of men chosen for their commonsense, foresight, and general abilities, I should myself certainly come to the conclusion, on the face of circumstantial evidence, that a real organized attempt is being made to underrate and belittle the cinema.

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Not being able to accept the idea of a regular effort to hinder the progress of cinematography, one is forced to the only other alternative: that many of our authoritative bodies are not what we were ready to think they were, but rather to include among their members a number of meddling Bumbles and others past progressive perception, and ready to put the drag on the wheel of any innovation; members lacking in foresight, and deaf to the axiom that the old order giveth place to the new. Manchester, in this respect, is beyond hope, and men interested in the cinematographic profession are seriously considering the advisability of organized opposition to the interfering busybodies who exceed the reasonable exercise of the power placed in their hands. Here and there, however, appears a ray of hope—in places such as the East Midlands, where a council protested and passed a resolution appealing against the action of the police in preventing a Sunday cinematographic show in aid of charity; and in Birmingham, where, though the regulations are strict, and will probably become still more strict, a magistrate stood up and supported the Cinema royally.

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But what shall we say of the London County Council, which—I will make no reeriminations—has just discovered that it cannot sanction the use of cinematography for educational purposes in establishments under its jurisdiction, believing that it is not of sufficient value for such purposes?

So, according to this august London body, the Governments and educationists of the United States of America, France, Italy, Canada, Japan, etc., are trying to hatch chicks from china dummies. Does the average sensible thinking man walk with the London County Council?

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One or two notes on what these deluded countries have done, and are doing. In practically every large town in France the cinematograph is utilised to supplement the ordinary methods of teaching; in Italy, the Government, which rules millions of illiterate subjects, has had the election system cinematographed for the purpose of edifying the classes in the principles of the franchise, and the way it is utilised; further, the great film "Pompeii," was shown in hundreds of Italian schools for the purpose of teaching the history of this period, and this particular incident. When we step across to America we find in the United States and Canada, the cinematograph utilized for general education, for the instruction of medical and other students, and in many other ways; while the Japanese Government has invited film manufacturers to submit their educational films for inspection and selection, for use in the Japanese schools. Germany has not officially recognised the educational film, but the largest steel and iron manufacturers and hotel proprietors are using the art for advertisement purposes.

\* \* \*

Well, I will leave it now to my readers, for, in expressing my opinion, I may be drawn to do so in too strong terms. Whoever may be right, there is no denying that to stultify the promise of cinematography in the face of the progress of the few years of its existence is an action which cannot in the slightest be supported.

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Where are we going? This is a question which will take a deal of answering. It is difficult to obtain a general opinion of the public as to the desired trend of cinematography. The desires of peculiar districts can be observed, but I'm afraid the public does not demand insistently enough to have

a great effect on the productions of films. While I do not think the theatre patrons should have an absolute voice in the choice of films, I do believe they should have the last word at any rate; and they will eventually have the final throw of the dice. This has become more and more apparent in the last few months, the apathy to big pictures of mediocre value revealing that by passive resistance the long feature, unless it be of exceptional merit, is not going to receive support. In so far as the public are directing the trend of cinematograph. One must realise that the three-reeler is preferred to the six-reeler, and the two-reeler preferable to three. But how about style and taste? Somewhile ago the Western drama suffered a slump; to-day, however, there is slight reaction in its favour. Then there are also signs that the good comedy-drama is much liked when not too long. Are we, therefore, to deduce from this that the day of the big classic is over? One trusts not. Cinematograph will advance so fast as it proves its greater possibilities, and this, I dare to say, cannot be done in the shorter and lighter pictures. It requires the "Quo Vadis's," the "Pompeii's," the "Ivanhoe's," and the "House of Temperley's" to bring out what is best in cinematography: and so, while the shorter reels will play a large part in the programme of the future, the big features are going to develop in order to extend the possibilities of the camera.

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An interesting question which cropped up at the Glasgow Exhibition was the use of cinematography for advertising. The motion-picture has not to any great extent been developed in this fertile field, but it is used for advertising much more than is imagined. For instance—and I think I have mentioned this before—the big iron and steel masters of Germany have banded together and have arranged for motion-pictures of their works to be taken to use in attracting attention to German iron and steel manufactures. These pictures will be sent all over the world, but chiefly to China and Japan where great effort is being made to oust British and American wares from the market.

German hotel proprietors, also, are using cinematography to advertise the comforts and attractions of their places, while in America the estate agent takes a film of any large estate, with its live stock, etc., to place

before prospective buyers. Here you have already the motion-picture largely used for advertising, and it is gradually growing in application.

\* \* \*

The report of the Film Censor, Mr. G. A. Redford, has just been published, and it makes interesting reading. The duties of the censor are no doubt difficult, and one appreciates what a task Mr. Redford has had with the thousands of films he has had to review before signing the Board of Censor's certificates. The fact that he has had to refuse certificates in a comparatively few cases reveals the fact that production has reached a higher standard, and that manufacturers are realising that the public want better-class films. Pictures have failed to pass the censor on various counts, chiefly suggestive immorality which is abhorrent to British taste, cruelty to animals, scenes calculated to prove incentive to criminal action, and gruesomeness of any kind where exaggerated. The report shows that the British censorship has worked well, and its success in the past year will establish its influence in the British film world and in the Colonies where films go from England. The report also shows the great need of the censor, though one would wish that the exhibitors and public alone were the judges of what should or should not be shown. Mr. Redford is to be congratulated on his very useful work in this direction.

\* \* \*

By this time you will have realised the value of the "Illustrated Films Monthly" to picture lovers. Are you, however, doing anything to popularise this journal which is published for your benefit? Each month, you will agree, the tone, style, and value of the "Monthly" has improved—you are now getting for threepence per month a magazine such as no other can offer you. There are the excellent full-page cuts, the photographic reproductions, and scenes from the best plays, besides the interesting stories and articles; but while increased circulation shows that it is gaining a vastly wider circle of friends and admirers, we do not hear enough from you. Perhaps when you realise that though growing circulation is a healthy sign and cause for satisfaction, it is not all an editor's heart craves for; you will send along a few words if only to suggest the course of improvement. Do this and show your interest in the magazine which is interesting you.

# THE SCHEMERS.

Adapted from the Vitagraph Film.

**M**

Mr. and Mrs. Nag were spending an evening at home, and Mr. Nag was finding it very dull indeed.

How it came about that a man like Mr. Nag was saddled with such a name is one of life's little mysteries. He was portly, jolly, and easygoing. He was much too good-tempered ever to nag at anybody, except in self-defense. Since a year or two after his marriage he had been obliged to defend himself pretty vigorously, for it must be admitted that the lady upon whom he had

sat in his chair, and his wife sat in hers. Presently she began to talk. Mr. Nag squirmed in anticipation.

The ringing of the telephone bell interrupted his melancholy thoughts. He sprang up with alacrity and lifted the receiver.

"Hullo! Yes, yes, I'm Nag. That you, Smith?"

Mrs. Nag looked up with sudden interest and met her husband's rather nervous glance.

"Ye-e-s," said Mr. Nag into the telephone, "I'll be there in——"

"What's that?" snapped his wife. "You'll be where?"



"It had a head and shoulders, and he was going to make use of them."

conferred his ill-omened name thoroughly deserved it. If the famous Dunmow flitch could have been awarded to nagging wives instead of to married couples who have never had even one little quarrel, it would have been a case of Mrs. Nag first and the rest nowhere. Mr. Nag had told his friends this more than once when Mrs. Nag was not present. Her bitter tongue was the one great trouble of his life, and he kept out of its reach whenever he could. But on this evening there seemed to be no escape. He

"It's Smith, my dear," was the mild response—"wants me to go round to the club—important business."

"Oh, indeed! A likely story! I know what your important business is. Something to do with a pack of cards and a bottle of whisky."

Mr. Nag looked horrified.

"Oh, don't tell me," went on the lady. "I know all about it, and you don't go to the club to-night; not if I know it. What about me? I'm to sit here alone, I

suppose. Oh, you men, you are all alike, thinking of nobody but yourselves. 'Important business,' indeed."

"Oh, all right," ejaculated her husband savagely. "Sorry, Smith, I've just recollected I can't possibly come to-night." He put the receiver down with a bang, threw himself into his chair, and took up the evening paper.

Mrs. Nag smiled, and there was something about her smile which made her husband furiously angry. He was on the point of saying something when he had a brilliant idea. He was so tickled that he had to hide



"Blowing a kiss to an attractive young person in marble."

behind his paper so that his wife should not see his smile, or her suspicions would certainly have been awakened.

With an effort Mr. Nag composed his features and yawned in a wonderfully natural manner.

"Heigho! I think I shall go to bed. I've had a tiring day. You don't mind, my dear?"

Mrs. Nag sniffed, and he rose, stretched himself, yawned again, pecked at her forehead for a good-night kiss, and left her.

As soon as he had closed the door of the room, his manner changed. His drowsiness vanished and his smile reappeared. In the hall stood the bust of some famous personage.

Mr. Nag did not know who it was, nor did he much care. It had a head and shoulders, and he was going to make use of them. With the bust in his arms he hurried to his bedroom. There he found a dressmaker's full-length dummy. Chuckling to himself he placed it in his bed, and put the marble head carefully upon the pillow, and covered the whole thing with the bedclothes so that very little of it was visible. He was almost startled himself to see how much it looked as though somebody was lying in the bed asleep.

He then proceeded to change his clothes. When he was quite ready it occurred to him that he could not leave the house in the ordinary way without risking discovery and the spoiling of his little plan, to say nothing of his wife's wrath. There was nothing for it but the window. Mr. Nag, although not of an athletic figure, was something of an acrobat. He scrambled out of the window without much difficulty. He found himself on the balcony. He did not hesitate, but climbed the railing, and lowered himself cautiously until his feet touched the ground. Then with a broader smile than ever, he patted his waistcoat, thrust his hands in his pockets, and walked quickly away.

\* \* \*

Alone in the drawing-room, with nobody to nag at, Mrs. Nag was beginning to find things rather dreary. She half wished she had gone to her bridge club. As the thought crossed her mind the telephone bell rang again. She lifted the receiver.

"Yes, I'm Mrs. Nag. That's Jessie. What? You want a fourth at bridge? All right, I'll come. I was feeling very dull here alone. John's gone to bed. I'll be with you in half-an-hour."

Going quietly upstairs so as not to arouse her husband, Mrs. Nag gently opened the door of the bedroom and entered. She switched on the light, and glancing at her husband's bed, saw him, as she thought, lying there fast asleep. She hurriedly dressed her hair afresh, donned her evening gown and cloak, threw another look at the figure in the bed, which had not moved, and went out, closing the door silently behind her.

\* \* \*

Mr. Nag was welcomed uproariously by his friends at the club, and his narration of the manner in which he had outwitted his wife entertained them vastly.

"Bravo!" cried Smith. "Well, now you

have come, we'll make a night of it, eh, boys?"

"What's it to be?" inquired Mr. Nag jovially. "Poker?" Righto, boys! I'll see you."

At the bridge club Mrs. Nag's friends were no whit less amused when she told them how she had left her husband peacefully sleeping.

"The joke of the thing," said Mrs. Nag, "is that earlier in the evening he wanted to go to his club to see a man about some important business, and I wouldn't let him. So he went to bed in a huff." Mrs. Nag evidently thought it a very good joke indeed, and her friends were of the same opinion.

out of the club with steps that were far from steady.

Mrs. Nag, too, was very much astonished to see how time had flown.

At one o'clock she left her friends, engaged a taxicab, and went off home. She had an exhilarating little argument with the cabman, and, to his disgust, flatly refused to pay him more than his legal fare.

Then she went indoors, and, entering the bedroom, smiled with satisfaction to see that everything was exactly as she had left it. The figure in the bed had apparently not moved. John need never know of her little escapade.



"He pushed her outside, and closed the door."

Mr. Nag and his friends spent a very jolly evening. Mr. Nag was feeling particularly well pleased with himself. The whisky had been excellent, and the cards had been kind to him. All the same, when he happened to catch sight of the clock, the hands of which were pointing to an hour past midnight, he had rather a shock. His wife must have found out his deception by this time, and he anticipated a warm reception on his return home. However, it had to be faced.

"The last drink, boys," he cried, and then, setting his glass down on the table, and shaking hands all round, he made his way

Mr. Nag had taken longer to reach home than his wife had done, and when at last he did arrive at the front door, he further delayed his entrance by holding an interesting conversation with the key-hole. After complimenting the little aperture upon its cleverness in dodging his key, he at last managed to insert the last-named article. Chuckling with glee, and leering triumphantly at the inoffensive keyhole, he eventually entered the house with an air sufficiently proud as to cause one to liken him unto David after the vanquishing of Goliath.

Entering the hall, he seemed to realize

the immediate proximity of his wife and her terrible nagging. Stooping, he removed his boots, and after smiling amiably, and blowing a kiss to an attractive young person in marble posing at the foot of the stairs without any appreciable response, he began the ascent.

Crawling and creeping with the skill of a Red Indian, he mounted the stairs one by one, carrying his boots in his hand like two scalps just captured below stairs. Half-way up and the ordeal proved too much for Mr. Nag, his boots returning to the foot of the stairs with far greater speed than they had ascended, the result seeming to Nag quite equal to a thunderbolt accompanied by the shrieking of ten thousand Mrs. Nags.

After the first scream, Mrs. Nag seemed paralysed, and was unable to utter a sound. Listening intently, she heard footsteps on the stairs, at which she nearly collapsed. Her mind dwelling on the atrocious burglaries described in the current week's issue of the local "Times," she crept to a drawer, and taking her husband's six-shooter therefrom, again approached the door with a martyr-like look, which would quite have shamed Sidney Carton, and have caused him never to again ascend the scaffold.

Perfectly calm, and very determined, she opened the door a little way with the revolver ready in her hand, a hand so steady as to remind one of the boughs of a small tree in a strong March wind.

Preparing for the grand climax, she threw wide open the door—and in walked Mr. Nag. Mrs. Nag now collapsed absolutely.

Her husband, with an air of child-like innocence, smiled amiably upon his unsettled wife, who, glancing from him to the bed, received yet another shock.

"Who's that in the bed?" she whispered her eyes nearly starting out of her head. "It must be a burglar. Oh, John, John, save me." She elung round his neck.

Mr. Nag in spite of the whisky he had drunk, took in the situation at a glance.

"Gimme revolver," he said in a voice that was thick and husky, but determined.

"Wha—what are you going to do?" gasped Mrs. Nag, handing over the weapon.

"You get outside," said Mr. Nag grimly. "Thish no place for a woman." He pushed her outside and closed the door.

Then he advanced to the bed, making noise enough to alarm a house full of burglars. He whisked off the bedclothes, bundled the dummy and the bust under the bed, jumped upon the floor, upset the furniture, and shouted fierce threats.

Mrs. Nag, listening at the door, trembled for her husband's safety.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Mr. Nag fired furiously. The shots rang through the house. Mrs. Nag counted six of them, and she was almost fainting when her husband opened the door and shouted in triumph:

"I've settled the scoundrel! He won't try to hide in my bed again."

"Oh, John," cried Mrs. Nag, gazing fearfully about the room. "Have you killed him? Where is he?"

Mr. Nag pointed to the open window and lied magnificently.

"Threw him out there!" he said. "He picked himself up and ran as hard as he could go. I put two or three bullets in him and he won't want to come back here in a hurry."

"Oh, John," cried Mrs. Nag, throwing her arms around his neck, "you're a hero—my hero!"

Mr. Nag smiled the conqueror's smile.

## CAST.

Mr. Nag	...	...	...	...	JOHN BUNNY
Mrs. Nag	...	...	...	...	FLORA FINCH

# FILM GOSSIP.

By CHARLES F. INGRAM



THE introduction of serial films has been attended with much success. Edison's "What Happened to Mary" series proved very popular, and the "Kate Kirby" detective dramas have enjoyed equal favour. But the record for length in this class of production is held by the American Mutual Film Corporation, who have just released the first part of a fifty-two reel subject, entitled "Our Mutual Girl." One reel is to be issued weekly for the next twelve months.

The story is woven round the career of a simple country girl, who is introduced by a wealthy "aunt" into the élite of New York society. It is a film that strikes out on rather unique lines for its story, in the course of which many notable personages will appear, including Tetrizzini, Paderewski, Billie Burke, Jiquel Lanoe, the former French minister to Hayti, and Helen Robinson, the only lady senator in U.S.A.

\* \* \*

AN Indian princess recently joined the throng of photo-play artistes, and will shortly be seen on the screen in some first-rate dramas of Indian life. This lady has a great enthusiasm for cinematography, and is especially addicted to emotional subjects. The princess is not unknown to London audiences, and has on several occasions lectured on the oppressed conditions of peasants in India.

\* \* \*

MANY erroneous statements have been made with regard to the filming of Mr. H. G. Wells' novels by the Gaumont Co. I might here give the plain facts, as supplied by the producers themselves. Twenty-six of Mr. Wells' creations are at the disposal of the company, which include such well-known works as, "The War of the Worlds," "When the Sleeper Wakes," "The Time Machine," "The War in the Air," "The Food of the Gods," "Ann Veronica," and "Kipps." None of the films will, however, be released before the summer at the earliest, as the company have a great amount of work at present on their hands ready for production.

\* \* \*

ADMIRERS of the Tango will have an opportunity of witnessing this dance film in colour after March 2nd. On that date, Messrs. Selsior, the producers of many successful dance films, are issuing their first coloured film, entitled "The Society Tango." This picture is a fine example of the synchronising kind, and will feature the graceful dancing of R. L. Leonard and Mme. Anelie de S—— (winners of the world's championship).

\* \* \*

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, at a meeting held recently, confessed to a great liking for the cinematograph. In the course of his remarks he said that much of the dullness of provincial towns had been displaced by the cinemas. He had seen many films on different subjects, and had only regarded one as objectionable. What was really bad about many of the films, he added, in his characteristic style, was the conventional morality preached by them.

(But surely that is no objection). The famous playwright went on to say that he had often been approached and offered large sums to allow his plays to be filmed, or to write scenarios himself. He was, he said, giving the matter due consideration.

So that "G.B.S." on the screen is not an improbability.

\* \* \*

VENICE as a picture subject is always fascinating. The Cines Company of Rome are issuing early in March a short but distinctly attractive film, entitled "Venice at Night." This picture is a perfect gem of photography, presenting a number of delightful scenes taken in the fading sunset and the light of the moon. All lovers of scenes will enjoy this film.

\* \* \*

"THE OLD WOOD CARVER" is the title of an excellent film produced by the Herkomer Film Co. The work was conceived and directed by the eminent artist, Sir Hubert von Herkomer, and is noted for the charm of its settings and photography.

Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co. are issuing the story in book form. It is well got up,

and contains some fifty illustrations taken from the film, all produced on art paper. Readers will find it very interesting.

\* \* \*

AMONG the latest film versions of famous literary works shortly to be produced, are Scott's "Bride of Lammermoor," Lord Lytton's "Richelieu," Maeterlinck's "Palleas and Melisande," and Fenimore Cooper's "The Spy."

Negotiations are also proceeding for the filming of several highly popular stage plays, including "Brewster's Millions," with Mr. Edward Abeles in his original rôle, and "An Englishman's Home." The latter, I hear, is to be a wonderfully vivid representation of this stirring play, with an acting cast of the foremost favourites.

\* \* \*

"THE ROAD TO RUIN," a film with George Gray, the Fighting Parson, in the leading rôle, is proving a great draw wherever shown. No reader should fail to see this picture which is one of the most powerful and thrilling films yet produced. As a lesson its value cannot be over estimated. No more effective sermon was ever preached. The great scenes at Oxford University, on Epsom racecourse, and in the drinking and gambling hells, are as realistic as picture language can make them. I have seen nothing more true to life than the vivid portrayal of a man's downward career as given by George Gray. If anything, the film version is more pronounced than the stage play.

Mr. George Gray is so impressed with the value of such screen plays that he intends to devote much of his time to their production in the future. Appealing so to the masses they cannot fail to do good.

\* \* \*

THE Thanouser Co. have just released "The Children's Hour," a charming film suggested by Longfellow's beautiful poem. A story full of the natural simplicity and joyous innocence of youth, it will appeal to all classes and awaken many a recollection of one's own light-hearted days. How many of us are proof against the fascinating influence of childhood?

The famous "Thanouser Twins," together with "Kidlet," appear in this picture. Perhaps the most pleasing parts of the film are the firelight scenes, where the old grandfather, sitting as though asleep in his armchair, can see the youngsters creeping

towards him to take him by surprise. The scene illustrates the verse:

"A whisper, and then a silence:

Yet I know by their merry eyes

They are plotting and planning together

To take me by surprise."

\* \* \*

It is very gratifying to note the growing tendency to render more appropriate music in all film productions. I think the musical part of a programme cannot be too strongly urged upon all who have the development of the cinema at heart. It is an important feature with a stage play, and should be none the less so with a screen play.

Of course the free-and-easy pianist is still with us, but I think not for long. It is becoming the custom to publish special music for the big films. The Vitagraph Co. issue appropriate music for their big productions, and Edison's also accompany their films with orchestral instructions.

Lubin and other producers now recognise the necessity of some sort of musical accompaniment during the taking of picture-plays, to stimulate and inspire artistes during the rendering of their parts.

\* \* \*

A NEW brand of pictures are being introduced under the name of "Solograph Films." The first two of these to be released are "The Exploits of Sirius Q. Pinch," a series of stories now appearing in the Royal Magazine, and the "The Wings of Death," adapted from a story in the Straud Magazine.

\* \* \*

I AM informed by the B. & C. Co. that they have completed their film, "The Life of Shakespeare," which I commented upon in our last "Gossip," and the production will be ready for public show early next month. I might add to my previous remarks anent this film that Mr. Frank Rawlings, for many years a prominent member of Mr. F. R. Benson's Shakespearean Company, has been largely concerned in the work of production. Brilliant weather has favoured the company, and some splendid scenes depicting Shakespeare's youth have been taken at Charlecote Park and round Clapton Hall. All lovers of the great bard of Avon will be eager to see this great film.

\* \* \*

THE London Film Co.'s film versions of several of W. W. Jacobs' works have also been completed, and will shortly be on view. Admirers of this author's humorous creations will be interested to learn that Mr. Cyril



Maude is appearing in "Beauty and the Barge," and Mr. W. H. Berry, of Daly's Theatre, in "The Bosun's Mate."

\* \* \*

FOR a film to run almost two hundred nights without a break is conclusive evidence of its drawing power. Such success has been achieved in Berlin with "The Blue Mouse," a comedy production featuring an old favourite of the footlights, Miss Madge Lessing.

Another popular stage favourite to appear on the screen is Miss Cissie Loftus, who is taking the lead in "A Lady of Quality," an adaptation from Francis Hodgson Burnett's popular novel. The picture was first produced in America with much success.

\* \* \*

MR. WILL DAY, the producer of the "Will Evans" film, tells me he is shortly introducing a new and original film featuring the one and only Prime Minister of Mirth, George Robey.

\* \* \*

A FILM that will undoubtedly be much sought after is Gaumont's forthcoming "The Curse of Greed." In it we are introduced to a young and talented boy actor, little Adrien Petit, who is not yet fourteen, yet plays a leading part with outstanding ability. His only other appearance before the camera was in a little production of Gaumont's, last September, entitled "The Heart of a Doll," in which his natural abilities were much admired.

The present production is full of thrilling incidents, but two scenes stand out pre-eminent, depicting a very realistic storm at sea, and a scene in the Assizes Court of the Seine. The work is one of striking merit, and for strength of plot and excellence of photography and acting has seldom, if ever, been equalled.

\* \* \*

"THE BRASS BOTTLE," F. Anstey's brilliant comedy which ran so successfully at the Vaudeville Theatre, London, is as attractive as ever as a photo-play. Many of the original cast are to be seen in the picture, including Miss Mary Brough, Mr. Lawrence Grossmith, and Mr. Holman Clark, who gives a very creditable rendering of the genie. Mr. Clark, it will be remembered, appeared in "A Message from Mars."

\* \* \*

KID LEWIS, the champion feather-weight boxer of Europe, is appearing in a film to be

released on March 23rd. Lewis, who recently defeated Paul Til, the Frenchman, in a twenty rounds contest, was "filmed" at the famous "Black Bull," Whetstone, where he has been in training. Some vigorous ball-punching is indulged in, with club swinging and special arm and leg exercises. He also has a brisk "set-to" with Healey, the bantam-weight champion of England. Several comedy bouts are introduced; one very amusing picture depicts Syd Chaplin, the leading comedian in Fred Karno's sketches, boxing with the champion. The comedian's idea of boxing is quite a new style, which Lewis is altogether unable to take seriously.

\* \* \*

PICTURE patrons will shortly have an opportunity of witnessing a film version of that popular melodrama, "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil." Like the play, it is full of thrilling situations, and the acting is of the highest order. The mill scene is very well managed, and the scene in the library, where Sir Nicholas makes his compact with His Satanic Majesty, is intensely dramatic. The final picture, depicting the emigrants departing for fair lands beyond the seas, is a very fitting finish to a really fine production.

\* \* \*

A STIRRING and unrehearsed incident occurred during the taking of a scene in "Baffles, the Gentleman Burglar," a three-reel Keystone comedy. The scene depicts the "Keystone Police" chasing "Baffles" over the roof of a twelve-storey building in New York. During the rush one of them lost his footing, and slipped from the edge. Happily, he was able to grip hold of a projecting waterway, and, with an effort, managed to regain his footing. During this tense moment the camera had not ceased working, and the film has one more thrill than was bargained for.

\* \* \*

EARLY in March a very fine Lubin drama will be on view under the title, "When Mountain and Valley Meet." This is a film that will be specially noticed for its unique settings, and is one that is well out of the ordinary run of drama. The episodes of the play take place in various climates: at one moment we are witnessing a scene on the top of a snow-covered mountain, at the next we are plunged into a valley of brilliant sunshine, the final scenes closing with a terrific snowstorm.

\* \* \*

THE film record of Captain Scott's heroic journey to the Antarctic, which has proved such a great attraction in London, is a striking record of the terrible hardships the gallant band of explorers had to endure in the interests of science. The picture includes photographs of Captain Scott and party at the South Pole, with a view of Amundsen's tent in the background, and also a view of the cairn that was later erected in their memory. Sir Ernest Shackleton, in paying high tribute to the excellence of Mr. Ponting's pictures, said, "I think your films of Captain Scott's expedition bring home to everyone most vividly life in those regions. When I saw them myself I could almost imagine I was back again in the frozen South . . . . No such film of geographical importance, beauty and general interest, has ever been produced, and, knowing the difficulties you had to contend with, I offer you my heartiest congratulations."

\* \* \*

#### THE CINEMA REVUE.

RECOGNISING the popularity of revues, the producers of this, the latest development in the world of kinema novelties, decided that there was undoubtedly a section, and a very large one at that, of picture-goers who would welcome the appearance of a revue at their favourite picture theatre. Things move quickly in film land, and within a few weeks of the project being outlined well-known footlight favourites were secured, and the other hundred-and-one details well in hand. Amongst the novelties already taken is a bill-posting sketch, and a subject more humorous it would be difficult to imagine. Paste-pots, ladders and policemen make the fun fast and furious, and roars of laughter will greet its screening. Miss Daisy James, whose portrait appeared on our front cover a little while ago will be seen in the "Cinema Revue," there, no doubt, to add to her laurels with picture-goers, the same as she has done with those who have seen her in pantomime during her recent appearance at the Lyceum in "Babes in the Wood" Happy Fanny Fields, the Dutch dancing favourite, will also make a bow to the public in this film number. Most readers will remember that this dainty little lady was married last New Year's Day, the ceremony "taking" place in New York, and Dr. Rongy "taking" the lady! The first section or two of the film has already been shown privately, and cinema-goers will look forward

with pleasure to this first screen revue, which will be shown publicly from the middle of this month onwards.

\* \* \*

#### THE FIRST ANNUAL FANCY DRESS BALL IN CONNECTION WITH THE CINEMA- TOGRAPH TRADE.

FIXED for March 6th (Friday), this function should prove one of the most pleasing social fixtures of the season; for almost everyone is fond of dancing, and to this event is added the undoubted attractions of the dancers being masked, and identities unknown, until midnight. That there are dancers of calibre connected with the Cinematograph trade is beyond question, and March 6th will surely see them arrive at Grosvenor Hall in full dress uniform (otherwise fancy or evening dress), and with the gayest of spirits to dance the merry quadrille or the fascinating waltz. Much speculation exists as to the dresses to be adopted for the occasion—and, owing to the fact that most of the dancers are connected with "things filmie," they should have opportunity in plenty to select original ideas for costumes—film titles alone provide material enough to suggest scores of dresses.

As to the venue, it would be difficult to find a better hall, or one more "get-at-able," than the Grosvenor in Buckingham Palace Road. The orchestra, too, will provide music "of the best," under the conductorship of Mr. George R. Hatley.

Tickets have sold well. Those without them, who wish to be present, should without delay apply to any member of the committee, or the hon. sees. (Miss Winnie Sharp, 16a, Soho Square; or Mr. Fred Standerwick, Oldfields, Camberwell), enclosing 10s. 6d. for double, or 7s. 6d. for single, as may be required. Light refreshments are included.

Commencing at 9 p.m., unmasking will not take place till the clock marks the end and beginning of days, previous to which voting as to the best, or perhaps it should be said, the most original costumes, has taken place. The prizewinners (a lady and a gentleman) having been elected, all will unmask, and identities be known. After the interval, the happy round will recommence and continue in full merriment until close upon the witching hour of three, when the final item in the programme will conclude the pleasurable time the committee feel assured will be the lot of those present.

# THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Adapted from the Thanhouser Film.

Between the dark and the daylight,  
When the night is beginning to lower,  
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,  
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me  
The patter of little feet,  
The sound of a door that is opened,  
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight,  
Descending the broad hall stair  
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence :  
Yet I know by their merry eyes  
They are plotting and planning together  
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,  
A sudden raid from the hall !  
By three doors left unguarded  
They enter my castle wall !

They climb up into my turret  
O'er the arms and back of my chair :  
If I try to escape, they surround me ;  
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,  
Their arms about me entwine,  
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen  
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine !

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,  
Because you have scaled the wall,  
Such an old moustache as I am  
Is not a match for you all !

I have you fast in my fortress,  
And will not let you depart,  
But put you down into the dungeon  
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you for ever,  
Yes, for ever and a day,  
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,  
And moulder in dust away !

—*Longfellow.*

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**I**N his study an old man sat dreaming in a big chair. The firelight shone on his face and his snowy hair and beard as he leaned back wearily. The fitful, uncertain light, threw strange, grotesque shadows on wall and ceiling. The room was very still.

Of what was the old man dreaming as he sat there? Of the past or of the future? Was he looking forward to the sunset or backwards across the years to his life's splendid noonday? He was very, very old; had known much happiness, much sorrow. He had done his work in the world, and had borne the burden and heat of the day. He had left his mark upon his generation, won the love and praise of his fellow-men, and now, full of years and honours, he saw not the setting sun, but the dawning of a yet more glorious day. Loved ones were waiting for him yonder, in the land where no shadows are. He saw them in imagination stretching out their hands to him. There was no sadness in his face, and none in his heart. The snows of many winters had whitened his head, but the gods had given him the gift of youth, and a heart that would never grow old. As he dreamed, his

life passed before him as in a panorama. He saw the faces, and heard the voices he had loved, saw himself in his prime, sought after, famous, receiving honours. And he knew that the world had no gifts to offer that could compare with the light in a beloved woman's eyes or the clasp of tiny fingers around his. Both these joys had been his, and there were still the tiny fingers.

Suddenly he smiled, and raised his head. There were tiny feet too, it seemed. They could make a good deal of noise though. They were scampering about on the floor of the room above where the old man was sitting. He knew all about it as well as if he had been there. It was the children's bed-time, but he knew they would not be in bed yet awhile—not to stay, at anyrate.

The nurse probably knew it, too. A pleasant-faced, good-natured nurse she was, and joined in the children's fun as though she was a child herself. They danced about her now, begging for just one more game before good-night. She laughed, but shook her head firmly. "No," she said; "there had been quite enough romping for one night, and now they must get into bed and go to sleep." She tucked them up cosily, gave a

kiss to each of them, and two for the baby, and left them. She had hardly disappeared

And of course he was, quite hard and fast asleep in his chair before the fire.



"The fuelight shone on his face and snowy hair and beard."

before they were out of bed again, whispering together, and walking on tiptoe to the door. They looked like little conspirators.

In the big chair in the study the old man sat, not dreaming now, but wide awake, though he pretended not to be. It was all part of a little comedy played every night, and he entered into it with zest. It was played according to rule and any deviation from the "book" would have caused serious trouble, perhaps even tears.

The old man turned his head slowly, stealthily, and took a quick glance through the open door beyond which the wide staircase was visible in the lighted hall. He heard a whispering, a rustling, and smothered laughter. Presently the conspirators came into view, stepping softly—

"Descending the broad  
hall stair,  
Grave Alice, and laugh-  
ing Allegra,  
And Edith with golden  
hair."

How they were enjoying it, the rogues! And especially tiny Edith, the curly-haired baby, her chubby, rosy face alight with gleeful mischief.

They stopped, peeped through the bannisters to make sure that grand-dad was asleep.

looked around him with a puzzled air.

There was nobody to be seen, but sounds of stifled mirth came from the side of and behind his chair. There was a twinkle in his eyes.

"Bother the flies!" he said, and rubbed his nose hard once more. Then he closed his eyes and settled down again.

Three heads came up silently, and the feather was brought into play again. This time grand-dad scored. As soon as the feather touched him he was wide awake, and his



"The little white-robed figures came on again."

arms were around the little tease.

"I've got you," he shouted. "You little

rogue, how dare you torment your old grand-dad like that!"

He lifted her, bubbling over with merriment, on his knee, while her two elder sisters climbed one on each arm of his chair, and leaned their heads lovingly against his.

"Oh, grand-dad," cried Allegra, "it was lovely! You were sound asleep, and it was so funny when you woke up and rubbed your nose and said, 'Bother the flies!'"

"Sound asleep," said grand-dad; "I should think so! You ought to be sound asleep, too. What do you think daddie and mummie will say if they come and see you here?"

"Oh, they won't mind," was the calm reply. "I 'spect they know we are here now."

Grand-dad 'spected that too, so he only laughed, and said, "Well, what next? A story?"

"Yes, please," said Alice.

Nobody could tell such lovely stories as grand-dad. You might have thought he had played with the fairies when he was a little boy, he knew so much about them.

"Tell us about the fairy prince, who married the woodcutter's daughter," said Alice.

"No," cried Allegra, "we'll have the little man who boxed the king's ears."

"Tell about the boy who cut the giant's head off," demanded baby Edith with blood-curdling ferocity.

"No," said grand-dad, with a laugh, "we won't have any of those to-night. I'll tell you a story about a real little boy, a boy who was just about as old as you, Alice. Of course it all happened a long time ago."

Then he told them of this little boy who

lived with his father and mother in this very house. His father had given him a pony, and one day when he was riding along past the village green, he saw a lot of bigger boys ill-treating a poor little dog. They were throwing stones and chasing the dog, and when they hit it, and the dog yelped with the pain, they laughed. The little boy loved animals, and could not bear to see them ill-used. He was so angry that he got off his pony, and ran and picked up the dog, and tried to comfort it. The poor little thing was frightened, and looked up at him with its great brown eyes as if it wanted to say: "Oh, don't let them hurt me any more. Take me away from them."

The boys gathered round him, jeering at him, and telling him to leave the dog alone. They shook their fists at him, and called him names, but although he was a little bit afraid they might hurt him as they had the dog, he would not give it up to them, but faced them like the brave little chap he was. He told them it was cruel and cowardly to hit a dumb animal that could not hit back, and after a while one or two of them grew ashamed and slipped away. Then the others slunk off too, and the little boy was left alone with the dog.

"What did he do with it?" asked Allegra.

"Oh, he brought it home to this house," said grand-dad. "And now, who was the little boy, do you think?"

"I know," cried Alice, clapping her hands, "it was daddie! Oh, wasn't it splendid of him?"

"Now," said Baby Edith, "we'll have some nursery rhymes"; and while grand-dad held open the big picture-book, she lisped out "Mother Hubbard" and "Little Jack Horner" so comically that they all laughed heartily.

They were engrossed in "Little Red Riding Hood," and were breathlessly listening to the old wolf saying, "The better to eat you with, my dear," when daddie peeped into the study. They did not see him, and he drew back quickly, and called softly up the stairs. Mummie came down then, and they both stood smiling in at the pretty group a little while before they entered.

"Now then," cried daddie, "it's time you were all in bed."



"Then he closed his eyes and settled down once more."

It's ever so late."

Then there was a hullabaloo! Nobody wanted to go to bed. "Just one more story," they begged, and when daddie shook his head and said, "No," quite firmly, they appealed to mummie, and she said "No" as well.

"Kiss your grand-dad," she said, "and run away to bed with you. I'm sure you've been teasing him long enough."

Still protesting, they did as they were bidden. Nurse came in and carried off baby Edith, and Alice and Allegra followed. There never was such a mischievous baby as Edith. As the nurse was carrying her upstairs she reached over her shoulder and pulled Alice's hair, not very hard, but enough to make her cry out. Baby was all repentance in a moment. Nurse stopped, and the child threw her arms around her sister's neck and kissed her lovingly. Then they all went happily upstairs. But the fun was not over yet. The three children danced on their beds, belaboured one another with pillows, and baby Edith toppled head over heels! Really she did!

The noise brought daddie and mummie upstairs, and they were immediately received with an onslaught of pillows. The children screamed with delight as daddie, pretending to be very angry, ran after them, and caught them. Baby Edith was mummie's darling. She caught her in her arms and held her



"Three heads came up silently and the feather was brought into play again."

close for a little while.

There was a little more fun, and then three little white-robed figures knelt by the side of the bed, and three little voices said a simple little prayer. When it was finished mummie tucked them snugly up in bed, the two elder girls in a big bed, and baby Edith in the other, and gave them her good-night kiss, before she went downstairs with daddie.

As soon as the door had closed behind them, that little rogue Edith sat up, scrambled out of her bed, and climbing into the other one snuggled down between Alice and Allegra. Very soon they were asleep.

Downstairs in the study, grand-dad still sat in his big chair, looking into the fire. The Children's Hour was over.



# FAKING THE FILM.

ARTICLE III. (*concluded*).



THE third and last article appearing under this heading will just run over a number of little deceptions which are easily produced. The demand for the extraordinary and the curious

has led to a deal of experimenting, and the results obtained may be seen any night at a picture show. Many of the deceptions are serious, but not a few are mirth-makers.

You will realise, of course, that it is quite impossible to obtain decent photographs by moonlight. But how are moonlight effects produced? Simply by photographing the sun! A rather cloudy day should be chosen: the time, sunset. The lens is "stopped down," and when Old Sol is partly obscured by a cloud a snapshot is taken right dead in the face of the orb.

Snowstorm effects, again, are generally obtained (or made) after the negative is dried and well varnished, by spattering the film with colour. When this dries, a print can be produced which will appear as though the negative were taken in a snow-storm.

Pictures in which the same artiste appears double are obtained by double exposure, one half of the film being covered while the photograph of the artiste in one position is being taken, then uncovered and exposed in another scene while the half previously exposed is covered.

There is no need to tell that the nearer an object is to the camera the larger it will appear. This simple fact is productive of very grotesque effects. When the lens is of somewhat short focus the effects are even more startling. You have seen pictures of enormous potatoes, a man with a gigantic hand, or a huge cat. They are fakes, of course. The subjects really are of quite ordinary dimensions, and are made to look larger because of their nearness to the lens. Perhaps the camera has a deal to do with the big fish stories, for by dangling a small

fish on a line by a rod held in front of him the angler can make it appear almost as large as himself.

The man with the tremendous feet who appears to be a very giant is given these proportions and peculiar appearance by moving the camera back out of the perpendicular. Dwarfs with large heads and practically no bodies or nether limbs are created similarly. But for these fakes strong light is required, and the lens must be "stopped down," for the subject, during a long exposure, might move and spoil the picture.

With the cinematograph camera, these deceptions are improved on, and by the ability to stop the camera and change scenes, it is possible to bring before our very eyes many of the weird, impossible fables we read in childhood. "Alice in Wonderland," "Red Riding Hood," "Dick Whittington and his Cat," can, naturally, be more faithfully reproduced on the screen than can be expected on the legitimate stage; while sea-battles in which we see ships engaged in fight in the open sea, and such like, are easily accomplished. In the latter, an unobstructed view of the horizon at sea would be taken, then two model ships would be constructed, with dummy guns which are made to appear actually firing, by exploding a small eup of gunpowder by electricity. The little battleships are made to register exactly on the horizon of the first view which is re-exposed. The ships, automatically rocked, the powder exploded, and the sails bulging out under the influence of an electric fan give all the appearance of a natural sea-fight.

You will perhaps notice some of these fakes the next time you are in a theatre, and at anyrate, the endeavour to detect them should lend additional interest to the pictures.

FINIS.



# AN UNSEEN TERROR.

Adapted from the Kalem Film.



WHEN people congratulated Mr. Warren Leonard upon his son Frank's growing fame as a criminologist he sniffed angrily. "Criminologist, indeed!" he cried. "There's a nice profession! He's mad on this scientific nonsense. He quotes Lombroso at me until I'm sick of the name. He talks about nothing but the 'criminal type,' and whenever I go into his laboratory I find him hobnobbing with a burglar, a forger, a murderer, or some other equally desirable character. Why the devil couldn't he have taken up something respectable!"

In spite of the old gentleman's displeasure, however, Frank continued his investigations and experiments. He was an enthusiast, and never happier than when he was examining the cranial development of some desperate character or other.

On the day when this story opens, he had under examination two men, whose brutal, hangdog expressions would have justified their being locked up on suspicion. One of them showed a nasty temper, and when Frank, pursuing his investigations, attempted to raise the man's eyelid, he jerked his head away with an oath, and drew back an enormous fist.

"There, there!" said Frank. "It's all right. That's better. Thank you."

Mr. Leonard came into the room at that moment.

"What!" he cried, angrily; "at it again! Why don't you have a few cells built in the house, and lock your friends up in 'em? You'd always have 'em ready then when you wanted 'em."

The men scowled, but Frank only laughed heartily, and the old gentleman bounced out of the room.

The young scientist, having finished his

examination and made a note of the results, paid the men and dismissed them. Then he left the house himself. He was going to see the girl to whom he was engaged. As he went, he recalled what she had said the last time he had seen her.

"You think more of your silly eriminology than you do of me."

Silly! Well, of course, she did not understand how important it was; but when his book had appeared, the great work which was to establish his fame, then she would be proud of him.

He found Anita sitting in the garden of her father's house. If he could have seen

her before she caught sight of him, he would have seen that her face wore a rather unhappy, discontented look. But she saw him first, and sprang up with a smile.

"Oh, Frank," she cried, "this is nice of you. I was feeling dreadfully lonely. I've not seen you for a week. Do sit down, and let's have a good talk."

He pulled a chair close to hers, and tried to explain how it was that he had been unable to call, but his explanations only brought the discontented expression back again.

"I hate your work," she cried. "You never have time to spare for anything else—not even

for me. I wonder you managed to tear yourself away from your criminals to come here to-day!"

Frank was beginning a mild expostulation when a messenger appeared, to say that he was wanted at his home. There was, it appeared, another subject to be examined.

He turned to Anita, whose lip was trembling with vexation. "I'm so sorry, dear, but I must go. It is most important."

"Oh, of course!" said the girl, scornfully. "Much more important than I am."

Frank hesitated a moment, as though he would have argued the question. Then



Mr. Tom Moore.



he hurried away.

Anita threw herself impatiently into her chair again.

"Leonard seems to be busy," said a sneering voice at her ear. "More criminals, I suppose?"

She turned to see Hugh King, an old admirer of hers, who had never given up hope that some fortunate chance might restore him to favour again. He thought he saw his chance now. Anita welcomed him cordially enough, but she was not prepared to discuss Frank with him. However, there were other things they could talk about, and when at length King brought his visit to an end, he judged that his time had not been wasted.

He followed up his success a few days

later. Frank, desirous of atoning for his neglect of Anita, had taken her for a run in the car. On their return he bade the chauffeur pull up suddenly on the outskirts of the town. In the road, close by the car, a man was brutally ill-using a little boy, cursing and battering him with his fists. Frank sprang out, ran to the man, and peremptorily ordered him to let the boy alone. The brute released the child and stared at Frank, too much astonished even to swear. The criminologist looked at the man with interest. He was just the type he was searching for: heavy, villainous, low-browed face, shifty eyes, cruel, sensual mouth—all were there, and Frank longed to make a closer investigation. A bargain was soon struck, and, bidding the bully wait, he went back to the car, and asked Anita if she would mind going on alone.

"Oh, Frank," she said, almost in tears; "it's too bad! Why on earth can't you leave the man alone?"

"But he really is a most interesting specimen," Frank urged; "most interesting."

But Anita was angry. She would not listen, and told the chauffeur to drive on. Frank went back to his criminal.

When Anita reached home, she found Hugh King just leaving. He altered his mind, and stayed. A few days later he

called again, but on this occasion he received a set-back. Presuming upon her friendly reception of him, he permitted himself to say something uncomplimentary about his rival.

Anita froze him with a look. "You forget yourself, Mr. King," she said. "I am engaged to Mr. Leonard." Then she swept proudly out of the room, and on the chair where she had been sitting King found a portrait of Frank Leonard. He picked it up, ground his teeth, and threw it savagely upon the floor. He hoped the chance would come for him to do this cursed criminologist an ill turn.

\* \* \*

There are people not of the criminal type who, by love, hate, need, greed or other

motive are betrayed into crime. There was nothing of the criminal type about William Tully. He was just an ordinary, respectable, hard-working clerk in a City office. He had a wife and a little son, and not much money. One day Tully read in the paper the story of another City clerk who, by a lucky speculation, had cleared ten thousand dollars. Ten thousand! It was a fortune. Tully cut the paragraph out, and took it home to his wife. What one clerk had done, another could do. Why should he



Miss Alice Joyce.

not make ten thousand dollars? His wife tried to dissuade him, but the idea had taken firm root, and Tully went to call upon a friend in a stockbroker's office. He entrusted to him the little total of his savings. The inevitable happened. The shares, instead of rising, fell many points, and Tully had to confess to his wife that his great scheme had failed.

Then he received a letter from his friend. He had inside information, and was "on a big thing." He implored Tully to get a few hundred dollars together. Again the man's wife tried to persuade him to have nothing to do with the affair, but by this time the gambling fever was in his blood. If only he had the money, he thought. But he had not a cent, and he was in debt.

Tully went out, to wander about the city;

thinking out impossible schemes for raising the few hundred dollars. He found himself in the park, and forgot his money troubles for a space on seeing two newsboys fighting. He was a soft-hearted man, and could not bear to see blows struck in anger. He ran between the boys, and sent them flying. Then he saw on the ground an object which he picked up and inspected curiously. It was a murderous-looking club, and, though Tully did not know it, its rightful place was in the collection of Frank Leonard. A little earlier that evening Frank had been showing it to some friends, and had inadvertently left it lying on the steps in front of his

an old gentleman, portly and prosperous-looking. Tully waited till the old gentleman was passing his hiding-place; then he sprang out, and brought the club down with terrific force upon his victim's head. The old man fell prone without a sound. Quick as a flash, Tully knelt and felt for the breast pocket. His fingers clutched a bulky pocket-book, and he ran—ran as though chased by fiends.

A man started in pursuit, then checked himself, and bent over the prostrate figure on the path.

The man was Hugh King. He had witnessed the attack, and had had a good view of the assailant. He knew the victim,



“He left the policeman to deal with Tully.”

father's house. Old Mr. Leonard, coming home, had stumbled against it, and recognising it as connected with his son's profession, which he hated, he had hurled it angrily into the road. A boy had seized it in triumph, and now it had come into Tully's hands.

As the clerk gazed at the formidable weapon, an ugly thought entered his mind. He must have that money. A blow from this club would knock a man down, make him insensible. . . . Looking furtively about him, Tully slipped behind a big tree at the side of the path.

Presently he heard footsteps, and looking attentively out he saw coming along the path

too. It was Mr. Leonard—Frank's father. King picked up the club, and recognised it in a moment as one he had seen some time ago in Frank's collection. There was an evil light in his eyes. He handed the weapon to a policeman, who presently appeared.

“That club,” he said, “belongs to Frank Leonard.”

\* \* \*

Tully had not intended murder, and when he learned that Mr. Leonard had died as the result of the blow, he was overwhelmed with horror. Apparently nobody suspected him, but now he remembered with a shudder that he had heard hurrying steps on the path behind him when he had started to run,

after the horrible thing had happened. Somebody had seen him! As the days passed the frightful memory grew upon him. He started at every sound, the sudden opening of a door sent a shiver of ghastly fear through him, and the calling of his name by one of his fellow-clerks set him shuddering in abject terror.

His investment had turned out a success, but the money seemed to be stained with the blood of his victim. He shuddered at the touch of it. Once, walking alone in the park, he came suddenly within sight of the tree behind which he had waited that night. He thrust out his hands as though to ward off some awful thing, and with a hoarse, choking cry of horror, rushed away. He could not work, and he could not face his wife at home. At last he could bear it no longer. He must get away somewhere, and then perhaps he would be able to forget. With his wife and little son he went away to a distant city.

At first things went better. He secured employment with a timber merchant, and for a time seemed to be getting the better of his fears. Then one day in the yard he came suddenly upon his employer, talking to two customers. One of them was a portly, prosperous-looking gentleman—like—like the man he had killed! Tully stood staring, muttering, his eyes almost starting from his head. Then he went mad for a moment. With a horrible cry, he rushed forward, threw himself upon the man, hurled him to the ground, and gripped with madly-clutching fingers at his throat.

His employer and the other man sprang to the rescue, and dragged Tully to his feet. He wrenched himself free, and ran out of the yard, muttering as he ran.

He did not go home that night, nor the next. His wife searched for him, and found him at last, a pitiable object, with a worn, haggard face, and eyes wildly staring.

\* \* \*

Frank Leonard had vowed to find his father's murderer. The police had not arrested him. There was no evidence against him except the club, and his story of having left it on the steps in front of the house might be true. So he was allowed to remain at liberty. He felt, however, that he was under suspicion, and that fact intensified his determination to bring the real murderer to justice.

He had a theory that a murderer would

sooner or later be drawn back, as by a powerful magnet, to the scene of his crime. He engaged a room in a house overlooking the place where his father had been foully done to death. There he kept vigil.

He had not seen Anita since the murder. He wanted to clear himself of suspicion before he saw her again.

There was one man who could have cleared him of suspicion. This was Hugh King.

As the days passed, and Frank neither called nor wrote, the girl grew to resent what she deemed to be his coldness and lack of affection for her. She wrote to him a note, once more beseeching him to give up his "foolish profession" and take up something worth while. "I shall expect you to-night," she concluded. Frank received the curt formal message, and his heart sank. He wrote a reply:

"Dear,"  
"I am sorry not to be able to come to you to-night. I am trying to prove to you that I am worth while."

"FRANK."

It would have cheered Frank's weary vigil if he could have seen Anita's face soften with love and tenderness when she read the note; if he could have seen her put her lips to it.

The watching and waiting was nearly ended. Frank was gazing out into the quiet moonlit night when suddenly he started and leaned forward, his heart throbbing painfully. A man was hurrying along the path—a strange, disordered, agitated figure, swaying from side to side as though intoxicated, yet conveying a curious impression of some dreadful purpose. When the man reached the great tree he paused, threw out his hands, then disappeared behind it. In a moment he was out again, rushing with both hands held aloft as though wielding a weapon, with which he struck ferociously. Then he fell on his knees, and began to move his hands rapidly, insanely. It was as if a body lay there, and he was searching it!

Frank rushed madly down the stairs, out of the house, and into the park, shouting as he ran. A policeman reached the madman almost as soon as he did. Tully struggled and fought, but he was soon overpowered, and, utterly exhausted, fell unconscious on the path.

Frank's long vigil was over. He left the policeman to deal with Tully, and in a few minutes was on his way to Anita.

# THE PHOTO-PLAY-WRITER.

BY ROWLAND TALBOT.

## THE IDEA "SNATCHER."



THE idea "snatcher" is an objectionable person, who causes the Editor a great deal of worry and unnecessary trouble. He is the person who, reading a good story in a magazine, will convert it into some semblance of a scenario, and post it off to a producing firm, claiming it to be original, and asking the usual fee. It eventually reaches the Editor, who, when he has perused it, has a hazy notion of having read the same story before — but where, he knows not. This is very worrying, for the law of copyright is very severe, and it would not do for a firm of producers to issue a film, and then be injuncted because the story was copyright.

If the Editor be at all conscientious, and some of them are, he will search, perhaps for days before the original idea is brought to light; then scenario and story are compared. The matter usually ends with the plot being returned to the sender, accompanied by a stinging letter from the disgusted and long-suffering Editor.

As a rule, however, an Editor will, when any doubts are entertained regarding the originality of a plot, return it immediately. Many such cases have come under my own personal notice, but one gentleman, who cut a story in its entirety from a magazine, and sent it to me, with a request for payment, had at least the honesty to admit that he was not the author of the story.

Another thing that will place a writer into bad odour with producing houses is to submit copies of the same scenario to different firms at the same time, with a covering letter stating that the first offer for the 'script will be accepted.

It usually happens that the very confident author receives no offer at all, but a very curt note, stating that "We do not consider plays simultaneously submitted elsewhere."

\* \* \*

## £1,000 SCENARIO COMPETITION.

For the benefit of those readers who have not yet had this great competition brought before them, we have pleasure in giving the following details:—

The Cines Company of Rome, apart from the prize of £1,000 for the best scenario received from the world's writers, are offering a further prize of £400 for the best British scenario. Should a British competitor carry off the £1,000, the £400 will be given to the British writer who ranks next in the competition. This is certainly a munificent offer, and well worth striving for.

A correspondent to *T.P.'s Weekly* complains that cinema theatres are suffering from an epidemic of sickly drama, sensational rubbish, and a surfeit of galloping cowboys riddling red Indians with bullets. This is surely a reflection on the writers for the silent drama, from whose brains all films are created. I do not think, however, that we writers need concern ourselves seriously with the remarks of *T.P.'s* correspondent, as that gentleman cannot possibly have been lately inside any of our best picture palaces, for there one seldom, if ever, sees the old-fashioned cowboy drama, or the lurid, sensational film, both of which have gone right out of favour, except in the "penny gaffs."

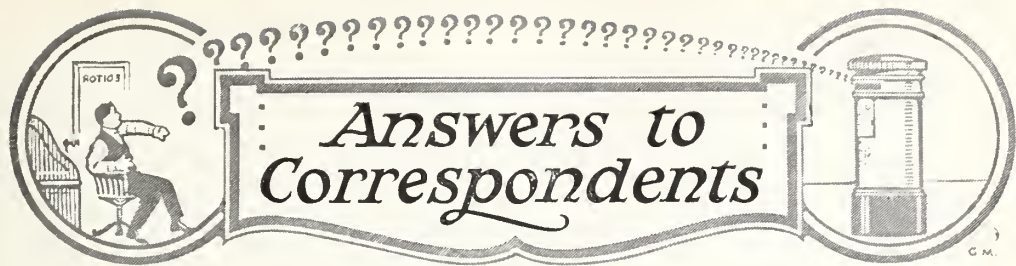
Now that such people as Marie Corelli, Sir Hubert von Herkomer, J. Philip Sousa, Marehioness of Townshend, Lady Warwiek, and it is even whispered Queen Mary herself, have entered the ranks of photo-playwrights, it is no wonder that the standard of plays has been elevated.

It is this new infusion of blood that has long been wanted; it will do good in every direction—the picture theatre will profit by it, and the status of the photo-playwright will be raised.

\* \* \*

Why have we not a club for photo-playwrights in this country? The idea has met with very considerable success in the United States, and I am sure that many British writers, particularly those residing in or about London, would welcome such a scheme, and give it their heartiest support. It should be remembered that such clubs as the Green Room, Garrick, and many other well-known institutions, have had very humble beginnings.

I shall be pleased to hear from any writers who care to interest themselves in the formation of a Cinema Author's Club.



*We shall be pleased to answer any questions on subjects of interest relating to the Film World. Give as many particulars as possible and write on one side of the paper only. Whilst we use our utmost endeavours to make these replies correct, we cannot be held responsible for any inaccuracy.*

H.H.J., CLAPTON.—The cases for binding volumes of "Illustrated Films Monthly" are sold separately, the price of same being 1/6, postage extra. Covered with green cloth and lettered in gold they look very well indeed.

D.B., STAFFS.—A one-reel picture contains on an average from 20 to 25, two-reel from 45 to 50, and three-reel from 55 to 75 scenes. You should obtain our December, 1913 issue, in which appeared the above information together with many other interesting notes on photo-play writing.

S.A.S., PLYMOUTH.—We suggest that you write direct to the American firms, and not to their agents over here. The names and addresses of a few of the leading firms are:—Vitagraph Co., East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York; Kalem Co., 235-239, West 23rd Street, New York; Thos. A. Edison, 144, Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N.J. For the Cines competition there is no need to have your scenario translated.

N.A.B., CLONTARY.—A complete review of "Ivanhoe," the Imp production, appeared in the October, 1913, issue of our magazine. Warren Kerrigan is now with the Universal Film Company, acting in Victor films. Mr. Harry Northup is still with the Vitagraph Company. Regarding the other questions, you had better write the companies direct. Any back numbers of "Illustrated Films" will be despatched on receipt of five penny stamps, which includes postage.

A.M.—Tom Fantschi played Jack Arden in "Alone in the Jungle," by Selig; also Lieutenant Borden in "A Wild Ride," produced by the same firm.

C.H., MAYFAIR.—Photo-play writing is not difficult provided you possess plenty of originality and powers of observation. You should purchase a book on the subject. There is a very good publication in existence, price 2/6. We will endeavour to give you the title and publisher's name next month. As regards acting—you had better get in touch with a few of our British manufacturers—Hepworth, Barker, B. & C., Motograph, Edison, &c., &c.

"ECRIVAIN," MANCHESTER.—Film manufacturers are only too pleased to receive good scenarios—an outsider stands as much chance as anybody. See above list of English producers.

F.A.M., CAMBERWELL.—Doubtless you will be pleased to see "The Photo-playwriter" appearing in this issue. Want of space was the cause of its omission from the January and February numbers.

R.D.S., HARROW.—Tom Powers of the Vitagraph Company is in England. He appeared at the Coliseum, Bristol, week commencing Feb. 16th. We learn that his vaudeville engagements will take over twelve months to fulfil. The reason of Mr. Power's visit is to get in touch with our English audiences.

O.S., STROUD.—Really you ask a trifle too much for an answer to be given in these columns. Your local theatre manager would probably oblige you with the list you require.

J.H.G., WALWORTH.—We are afraid we cannot help you in the "Labour Struggle" matter. This film is almost an old release now and we don't suppose it is being shown in London at the present time. Carlyle Blackwell still plays for Kalem. You will see him shortly we've no doubt.

M.K., FRESHFIELD.—There is no truth in the rumour that Maurice Costello was drowned whilst taking photographs of some rapids. Which is the "Little Dorrit" picture you are referring to? The Vitagraph Company produced a film under this title four or five years ago, and the Thanhouser Company produced theirs last December.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS—continued.

J.B., PIMLICO.—Darwin Karr is now with the Vitagraph Company. Maurice Costello was Mr. Markham in "The Joys of a Jealous Wife" (Vitagraph); Georgia Maurice—Mrs. Markham, his wife; James Young—a friend; Stephen Smith—ship's doctor. Released November 27th, 1913.

H.L., PECKHAM.—Harry Lonsdale plays with Selig. Miss Doris Mitchell was The Woman in "Stone the Woman" (Essanay); Bryant Washburn—the man; T. J. Commerford—the woman's father; Miss Clara Smith—the woman's mother; Hazel Hart—the man's bride; Charles Hitchcock—the bride's father! Helen McLin—Justice. Released November 24th, 1913.

H.S., STREATHAM.—Claire McDowell was the crook's accomplice in "The Van Nostrand Tiara" (A.B.) and Harry Carey—the detective. Released December 11th, 1913.

R.B., DULWICH.—"A Wilful Colleen's Way" was a drama by Edison, released Monday, Feb. 16th. Cast: Eileen O'Moore—May Abbey; The Widow O'Moore, her mother—Amy Lee; Biddy Kelly—Mrs. C. J. Williams; Father O'Grady—Harry Eyttinge; Terence O'Flynn—Richard Tucker.

M.F., ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.—"Oh, What an Adventure!" was an Ambrosio film released Monday, February 9th.

"CUSTODIAN," COVENTRY.—Thomas A. Edison's Kinetophone was first produced at the West End Cinema, London, some weeks back. The Kinetograph Year Book is 1/4 (paper covers) and 2/10 (cloth gilt) post free.

S.W., PRITTLEWELL.—Neither the Pathécolor film "Psyche" nor "Antony and Cleopatra" have been reviewed in this publication. Probably, if you write direct to Messrs. Pathé Freres, Wardour Street, London, W.C., and send sufficient stamps to cover postage, they will forward you a synopsis of "Psyche."

G.M., BOW.—"The Shriner's Daughter" was a "Flying A" film, released Thursday, February 19th. Cast: William Lambert—William Bertram; George Goodrich—George Field; Dr. Brown—Edward Coxen; Anne Cortell—Charlotte Burton; Mrs. Methler—Ida Lewis; Head Physician at Hospital—William Tedmarsh; Annie's Nurse—Edith Morello; Maid in Lambert's Home—Violet Neitz.

J.W., LEWISHAM.—John Bunny was Peter Gates in "When the Press Speaks" (Vitagraph); Flora Finch—Bealla Wilfax; Wallie Van—Danny, Gates' nephew; Lillian Walker—Helen, Bealla's ward; Hughie Mack, William Shea, Charles Eldridge—Peter's friends; Richard Leslie—William; Arthur Coyne—Jack, Danny's friend. Released December 4th, 1913. "The House in Suburbia" was also a Vitagraph film, released on the same date.

F.S., RICHMOND.—Warren Kerrigan was Steve Martin in "A Pitfall of the Instalment Plan" (Flying A); Vivian Rich—Alice Martin; Alonzo Greenwood—Charlie, her boy; Helen Armstrong—Helen, her girl; Jack Riehardson—Boss of the concrete workers; George Periolat—Proprietor of the green store; Louise Lester—Police matron. Released December 4th, 1913. "Calamity Anne's Sacrifice" was released December 8th.

F.E., MARYLEBONE.—Florence Turner is now in England; she visited the Glasgow Exhibition on February 24th. You are quite correct, Miss Turner played the lead of Betty in "Cheekmated" (Vitagraph). The remainder of the east was as follows: Mrs. Mary Mauriee—Mrs. Bartlett; Tom Powers—Ceil Wray; Herbert L. Barry—Lawrence Penton; L. Roger Lytton—Turner, Penton's accomplice. Released October 9th, 1913.

A.W., PENGE.—"Dollars—Pounds—Sense" was an Essanay film, released Monday, February 16th. Cast: Charles Watson—Minor S. Watson; Colonel Watson, his father—Bobbie Bolder; Loretta Lee, his friend—Dolores Cassinelli; The Widow Brown—Annie Edney; Ruth, her daughter—Ruth Hennessy. "The Man Outside" was also an Essanay film, released February 9th.

S.T., DORKING.—Gladys Hulette was Maggie Riley in "The Younger Generation" (Edison); Beatrice Mable—her mother; Edward O'Connor—her father; Mrs. William Beehtel—the school principal; Alice Washburn—a teacher; Arthur Housman—John Boyd. Released December 8th, 1913. Edward O'Connor was Pat Claney in "The Embarrassment of Riehes" (Edison); Mrs. William Beehtel—Mrs. Clancy; Gladys Hulette—Maggie Clancy; Yale Boss—Pat Claney, junior; Edna Hamel and Leonie Flugarth—the twins; Edward Boulden—the earth gnome. Released December 11th, 1913.

A.S., BLACKPOOL.—"Mabel's New Hero" was a Keystone film, released on January 1st. Miss Mabel Forteseue played the lead.

D.K., THORNTON HEATH.—The twelfth story of "What happened to Mary" was "Fortune Smiles." Cast: Mary Fuller—Mary; Charles Ogle—Richard Craig, Mary's uncle; Barry O'Moore—Henry, his son; Bigelow Cooper—Mr. Foster, the lawyer; Mrs. Wm. Beehtel—Foster's sister; Richard Neill—his clerk; William Wadsworth—Billy Peart, Mary's foster-father; Harry Eyttinge Secretary of the Occidental Trust Company. Released December 1st, 1913.

E.B., CLAPHAM.—"Bunny Dips into Society" (Vitagraph) was released on August 25th, 1913. Cast: John Bunny—Himself; Earle Williams—Mr. Winthrop; Ned Finley—Tom; Leo Delaney—Will; Leah Baird—Ethel; Miss Hayward—Molly.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS—*continued.*

C.S., CHELSEA.—“Bread upon the Waters” was an Essanay film released October 16th, 1913. Cast : Richard C. Travers—Philip Raine ; Dolores Cassineili—his wife ; Bryant Washburn—her lover ; Eleanor Kahn—Esther, the child ; Ruth Stonehouse—Esther, the woman ; Jules Ferrar—her father.

G.P., GLASGOW.—William Brunton was Hayden in “The Hermit’s Ruse” (Kalem) ; Helen Holmes—his wife ; George Williams—Araphoc. Released December 22nd, 1913. Alice Joyee was Madelyne Mack in “The Riddle of the Tin Soldier” (Kalem).

H.B., BROCKLEY.—We have not been advised that Alice Washburn has left Edison. Noah Beery was Jim Cooper in “The Influence of a Child” (Kalem) ; Adelaide Lawrence—Anna. Released December 11th, 1913.

C.S., NORWOOD.—“A Soul in Bondage” was a Vitagraph release of August 28th, 1913. Leah Baird was Winnie Alden ; Harry Northup—Edward Terris ; Rosemary Tapley—Little Helen ; Earle Williams—Roy Dayton.

H.G., HAMMERSMITH.—Mr. Holt was Slim Driscoll in “Slim Driscoll, Samaritan” (Vitagraph) ; Tom Fortune—Blinkers, his pal ; Charles Bennet—police surgeon, Dr. Emerson ; Annie Schaefer—his wife ; Maxine Elliott—the child ; Mr. Kempel—detective. Released December 4th, 1913. Edith Storey was the wife of Ned Watson in “The Call” (Vitagraph) released December 1st, 1913.

A.S., WILLESDEN.—Lionel Barrymore was the elder brother in “The Strong Man’s Burden” (A.B.) ; Harry Carey—the younger brother ; Kate Bruce—the mother. Released October 27th, 1913.

J.T., HORNSEY.—Charles Sutton was The Seigneur, hunchback, in “The Rightful Heir” (Edison) ; Laura Sawyer—his young wife ; Benjamin F. Wilson—George Fournel ; James Gordon—Tardif, the treacherous servant. Released December 11th, 1913.

Y.B., SHEPHERD’S BUSH.—Frank Weed was Pendleton, chief of “Invisible Government” in “The Invisible Government” (Selig) ; Jack Nellson—Percy Pendleton’s son ; Palmer Bowman—first politician ; Thomas Flynn—second politician ; Thomas Carrigan—John Street ; Clifford Bruce—Drexel, millionaire’s lawyer ; Alma Russell—Mary, Drexel’s daughter ; Adrienne Kroell—Margaret, Drexel’s niece. Released December 11th, 1913. Tom Carrigan was Joe Jones, vagabond, in “The Price of the Free” (Selig). Released December 8th, 1913.

*The Editor regrets being unable to include the many other answers to queries he has received, owing to want of space.*



Film Favourites



Mr. G. M. Anderson.

Film Favorites



Miss Lillian Drew.

Film Favourites



Mr. William Wadsworth.

Film Favourites



Miss Leah Baird.

Film Favorites



Mr. Bob Leonard.

Film Favourites



Miss Clara Kimball Young.

*Film Favourites*



Mr. Stewart Rome.

Film Favourites



Mr. Roger Lytton.



# THE MASTER CRIMINAL

Adapted from HONORÉ de BALZAC'S  
famous Novel, "TROMPE LA MORTE."

## FOREWORD.



WHEN one remembers the keen sense of the dramatic common to the French Nation, it is safe to say that in this great subject by Honoré de Balzac, we are privileged to present on the Cinematograph for the first time the greatest character ever conceived by the brain of a great genius—The Master Criminal—a man of amazing resource and daring. The highest flights of fancy cannot soar above the realms of imagination in which this mysterious individual was created, and the interpretation of the part by Monsieur Arquilliere, of the Theatre de la Renaissance, is in itself a triumph.

"In regard to A 321 Jacques Collin, who is undergoing a sentence of 20 years penal servitude for forging and uttering . . . . . This man is a dangerous character. He has gained great influence over his fellow-prisoners."

TO BE CAREFULLY WATCHED.

The official document above at once gives us an insight into the man's character and career.

It is a subject replete with force and power, one in which the tenseness of the situation compels the attention from beginning to end.

We see the dramatic portrayal of a formidable evil genius, whose marvellous intelligence enables him to live on the fringe of society, and by his deep-laid designs, to profit by their credulity.

He is notoriously known as the "Master Criminal."



"Vautrin ridicules his fellow boarder."



“ Good morning ! Jacques Collin.”

## THE STORY.

TWENTY years' penal servitude ! That was the sentence which had been passed upon Jacques Collin. For twenty years he was not to see the fair land of France ; he must live out the years on Devil's Island, this horrible place to which he had been banished ; must stay here till his friends and associates in Paris had forgotten what manner of man he was. To exist on Devil's Island for twenty years ! God ! it was horrible to think about. Men had been driven mad there before now. The awful climate, the prison discipline, and the brutality of the officials had made men raving lunatics. Others had become mere beasts, their minds dulled and deadened by the misery and hopelessness of the life. And he had to stay there for twenty years ! No ! he would not stay. Somehow he would escape, get back to France, and take his revenge upon a people who had sent him to this hell upon earth for no greater crime than signing another person's name. They had charged him with “ forging and uttering,” and they described him as a desperate character ; but Jacques Collin considered that he

had been badly used.

It was not easy to get away from Devil's Island. The prisoners, who included criminals of the deepest dye, were very closely guarded. But Collin was a man of resource, and had qualities which in any walk in life would have made him a leader of men. He engineered a revolt among the convicts, and on a night which he selected as being most suitable for his purpose they fell upon the warders and disabled them. Some of them got clear of the prison, and Jacques Collin was amongst the number.

Overcoming many difficulties, and surviving many hardships and privations, the escaped convict reached France at last. He had matured his plans while he was in prison. Often, during the long hours of solitude, he had thought over what he would do as soon as he landed once more in his native country. He had decided, for one thing, upon the name by which he was to be known in future. He had decided, too, upon his profession, and so he made his way to Paris as Vautrin, an attorney-at-law. And so cleverly did he change his appearance and his manner of dress that none of those who had known Jacques Collin in former



“The trap to catch the Master Criminal.”

days would have recognised the forger and the convict in the sleek and prosperous-looking attorney. None, that is to say, but Jacqueline Collin, his aunt and accomplice. She knew him at once, and welcomed her nephew with every appearance of warmth and cordiality.

Jacqueline Collin, so her neighbours believed, was a woman of the most irreproachable respectability, but she was really deeply involved in the nefarious schemes of her nephew, and had long been his accomplice and confederate.

Collin had no intention of taking up his abode at his aunt's house. It was his aim to get into society, and to insinuate himself into the good graces of many people, the richer the better for his purpose. As Vautrin, the attorney, therefore, he was soon installed at a fashionable boarding-house, where his social talents made him popular. He procured introductions to people of influence, and before very long was one of the best known figures in the life of the capital.

It would have given his new and aristocratic friends a shock if they could have known that Vautrin, the clever attorney and polished man of the world, was the actual

head of one of the most dangerous and terrible criminal associations in Europe—the Fanandel, the members of which were drawn from all ranks of society. Collin was always on the look-out for promising recruits for his society, and one day in a café he made the acquaintance of a young girl, whose beauty and distinguished appearance powerfully attracted him. She would be just the recruit he desired—the decoy to lure the unwary into the net spread by the Fanandel. By devilish arts and lying speeches, he succeeded in enrolling Esther Gobseck as a member of the society.

All things seemed to be prospering with Collin. He was well known and popular in society, and he had grown rich. It was a very little thing that tripped him up. At the boarding-house where he was staying he had one day unwisely held up a fellow-boarder to ridicule. The man flew into a rage, and vowed vengeance upon his tormentor. He kept a watch upon the supposed attorney, saw many things that aroused his suspicions, and at last hinted to Corentin, the famous detective, that Monsieur Vautrin's doings might interest him.

The detective acted on the hint, and soon

saw enough to convince him that Vautrin was really Jacques Collin, the convicted forger, who had escaped from Devil's Island. Corentin laid his plans carefully, after consultation with Collin's fellow-boarder. The Master Criminal was sitting in a restaurant chatting gaily with two ladies when a voice at his shoulder startled him.

"Good morning, Jacques Collin!"

It was Corentin. For the present, the Master Criminal's game was up. But he was defiant still.

"I shall be free before six months have passed," he cried. "Then beware!"

He was a true prophet. Again he escaped from the clutches of the law, and reappeared in Paris. Not however as Vautrin, attorney-at-law. So accomplished was the man, so brilliant his talents, that he could play any part he desired. Henceforth he passed in diplomatic circles as Councillor Don Carlos Herrera, the secret envoy of the King of Spain to the Court of France.

Though appearing before the world in a new rôle, the Master Criminal lost no time before resuming his command over the Fanandel, which he dominated to such an extent that the members submitted entirely

to his direction, promising him implicit obedience under pain of death.

A new victim came his way in the person of Lucien de Rubempré, a handsome young aristocrat, who had been reduced from affluence to beggary by misfortune, and his own recklessness. He was in a mood to accept any proposition which seemed to offer him the prospect of repairing his shattered fortunes, and he fell an easy prey to the Master Criminal, who held out to him the most alluring promises. Fame was to be his, and a fortune compared with which the one he had lost was a thing to smile at. The young man was dazzled by the golden vision conjured up for his undoing. He accepted with joy and gratitude the offer of protection made by so distinguished a personage as the King of Spain's trusted envoy, and did not hesitate for a moment when he was asked to sign his name to an innocent-looking document. That document, however, bound him by the most terrible penalties to do the will of the Fanandel, of which his new protector was the chief and dictator. What the society existed for the young aristocrat had not the vaguest notion, but he had faith in the man who had enrolled



"The death of Esther."

him as a member, and was convinced that he was now embarked upon some high and chivalrous enterprise.

Young, handsome, cultured, distinguished in appearance, the bearer of an ancient and honourable name, Lucien de Rubempré was the very man that Collin needed. He had the entrée to the best society of the capital, and, without knowing it, he made it possible for the Fanandel to get into its clutches men and women belonging to some of the greatest families in France. It suited very well with the Master Criminal's plans that Lucien's handsome face and figure should make him an object of adoration to the ladies of the Court. If the young aristocrat played his cards correctly, there were three ladies, at least, wealthy, beautiful, and belonging to families of importance, who would soon be in the power of the Fanandel. And Collin knew how he could make profit out of that. It was, therefore, with some disquietude that he saw indications that in matters of the heart Lucien de Rubempré was not to be controlled. The young aristocrat had met Esther Gobseck frequently at the secret meetings of the Fanandel. He had been attracted by her beauty and charm of

manner, and she by his good looks and aristocratic bearing. It was natural that they should fall in love with one another, but that they should marry was a thing impossible. The Master Criminal had other plans for Esther. He had already selected a husband for her. She was to wed for the benefit of the Fanandel. Having attained to a position of power in the social world, Collin now wished to extend his operations to the financial, and the marriage of Esther, a member of the secret society, to the wealthy banker, Baron de Nuncingen, would obtain for him the entrée he desired.

Therefore the evident attachment between Lucien and Esther caused Collin some apprehension. He would have felt more if he had known that another victim to the charms of De Rubempré was the daughter of Coreutin, the detective, who lived in a house opposite to that in which the young aristocrat had his lodging. The girl was ignorant of her father's calling—a fact which was to have an important bearing on later events.

Collin had not anticipated any opposition to his plans from Esther Gobseck. The Baron de Nuncingen proposed, placed



“The arrest of the Master Criminal.”



“The saving of Lucien de Rubempré’s life.”

himself, his splendid establishment, his great fortune, at the girl’s feet. It was in a box at the opera that he made his proposal, and Collin, looking into the box from his seat in the stalls, told himself that all was going well.

But he was mistaken. Esther declined the offer; threw away the chance of wealth and a great position, because she loved Lucien, and could not be happy with another man. But she knew that she and Lucien could never marry. They were both in the power of the Master Criminal, to do with as he willed. She must marry the Baron, or die—there was no other way. Well, there could be no happiness in life for her without Lucien. It was better to die. She took poison, and the man she loved was arrested almost immediately by Corentin on suspicion of having murdered her.

The detective was drawing his net around the Fanandel. As soon as he had arrested De Rubempré, he went to the house of Jacqueline Collin, on which a watch had been kept for some time. He knew the Master Criminal was in the house, and he did not intend that he should again slip through his fingers.

At the first alarm, Collin ran to the top

of the house, and got out on the roof. The officers of the law followed him there, and a fierce struggle took place. The Master Criminal was fighting for life and liberty, and several times it seemed that he and his enemies must fall headlong, locked in a deadly grip. He was overpowered at length, and led away to prison. He managed, however, to slip a note into his aunt’s hand for Lucien. “I beseech you,” it ran, “confess nothing. A little pluck, and we win the game.”

The message was too late. Lucien, a weakling, had already confessed to Corentin. An order for his release was signed, but before it could reach the prison, the young man, unable to support the shame of his position, hanged himself in his cell.

The arrest of the supposed Don Carlos Herrera, caused a commotion in the highest circles, and the chief law officer of the Crown received a call from the Duc de Grandlieu, who imparted to him the startling information that the arrested man had letters in his possession, which might seriously compromise three of the greatest families in France. It was the King’s command that at any cost there must be no scandal. The

chief law officer took immediate action. He sent Corentin to bring the Master Criminal before him. On the way out of the prison, the detective led his captive past the cell wherein lay the body of Lucien. Collin learned for the first time the fate of the young man for whom he had conceived a deep affection. He was overcome with grief, and vowed to be revenged upon Corentin.

In the meantime he had his answer ready when the attorney-general demanded his price for the return of the compromising letters.

"A free pardon, and Bibi Lupin's place in the police force," was his reply, the audacity of which rendered the attorney-general breathless. But the Master Criminal would consent to no abatement, and the negotiations ended in his banding over the letters, and receiving his appointment as Chief of Police.

He now set himself to execute his plan of vengeance upon the detective who had pursued him and Lucien so ruthlessly. He knew that Corentin's daughter Virginie had loved Lucien. He drafted with care an official-looking document, charging his aunt Jacqueline to see that it reached the hands of Virginie Corentin. The plan succeeded.

The girl read of "the horrible judicial blunder which had brought about the death of Lucien de Rubempré."

Beside herself with grief for the man she had loved, and shame for her father, Virginie wrote a letter to her father, which was delivered to him while he was drinking in a tavern with the new Chief of Police. This is what the unhappy man read:

"I may not curse you, but my suicide lies at your door. I loved Lucien de Rubempré. You are the cause of his death. I now know what your calling is.

"Virginie."

Springing to his feet with a cry of horror, Corentin ran out of the tavern, closely followed by Collin. The detective did not stop till he reached the river-side. A little group of people were staring at something which lay on the bank. They stood aside as Corentin approached. He threw himself down by the side of his child, and called her name again and again.

The only answer came from the Master Criminal. With face uplifted and outstretched arms, he cried:

"Rest in peace, Lucien—thou art avenged."



"The Master Criminal discovers Esther's love letter to Lucien de Rubempré."

# LOVE'S SUNSET.

Adapted from the Vitagraph Film by Leyton Somers.



THE dance was over. The customers supping and drinking at the little tables in the cabaret applauded with enthusiasm, and a babel of animated talk sprang up as the bevy of girls left the stage and threaded their way among the tables, exchanging smiles and salutations with the guests and chattering gaily.

One of the girls, the prettiest of them all, attired as a Spanish dancing-girl, made her way down the room with a smile and a word for everyone. She reached the table where Dick Heath was sitting, and—perhaps from caprice, or maybe because she liked the look of him and saw the admiration in his eyes—she half paused, and, with a mischievous glance, held out to him the rose she was carrying. He took it and was on his feet in a moment.

“Thank you,” he said, with a bow. “The rose is almost as charming as the giver. I am lonely. There is a vacant chair. Will you take it and a glass of wine?”

It was the custom of the place. Heath was young and good-looking. Nita Travers sat down, and proved that she could talk as charmingly as she could dance.

Dick Heath, who had had many love affairs, was head-over-ears in love again. He called it love, but his friend Wilton Towne, a rising young artist, called it infatuation. But then, Towne, as everybody knew, was as cold-blooded as a fish, indifferent to women, almost a woman hater. All his friends chaffed him about it.

Heath's enthusiasm bored his friend, who only smiled wearily when Heath called heaven and earth to witness that there never had been such a dancer, that she was the most beautiful girl in New York, and that he was really in love at last.

“But what is the use of talking like this to you,” Heath said with a laugh. “You're a regular old anchorite. If a woman comes in sight you get back into your cell.”

Towne made some light reply, and when Heath had gone he returned to his painting.

Heath went often to the cabaret after that. Whatever Towne might think about it, he was himself quite convinced that he was really in love. He felt that he would like

to have Nita with him always. Should he marry her? Well—hardly. He had a position, prospects and aristocratic connections, and she was only a cabaret dancer. Still, there were other ways.

Nita grew to expect him at the cabaret, and always she had a rose for him, and sat at his table. She did not love him—at any rate, not yet—but he was pleasant and gentlemanly and nice to talk to. And there were not many pleasures in her life.

One night he made his proposal. He was sure she must hate being a cabaret dancer, going through the same performance every night, and having to make herself agreeable to all sorts of people whether she felt like it or not. Why should she not give it up?

The girl looked at him curiously.

“Give it up?” she repeated.

“Yes. Come to me. Let me take care of you and give you a good time. You shall have everything you can wish for.”

She did not need much persuading. It was true that she hated the life, and the prospect he held out was very alluring. She consented, and for a few months she was happy.

Heath gave her everything but his name. Soon he tired, and found the position irksome. Then one day he received the news that he had been appointed to a diplomatic post in the east of Europe. It was the chance he wanted. He sent a curt telegram to Nita, telling her only that he had gone abroad, and begging her to forgive and forget.

The shock was terrible. Nita felt as if the world had been swept away from her. She wept bitter tears. It was only later that she realised all that the brutal message meant for her. She had no money, and she could not continue to live in these rooms. The landlady soon made that plain to her.

“I want my rent,” said that personage; “and my rent I'll have. Or out you go!”

Nita applied for her old post at the cabaret, but there were no vacancies, and the manager, irritated by her tearful pleading, gave her a blunt refusal, and turned his back upon her. Yet she must live. In despair she tried one place after another, and at last was compelled to accept, for a bare pittance, an engagement to dance at a low-class cabaret, where the guests belonged to a very different



rank of society from those who patronised the place where she had met Heath. There she danced, night after night, though her heart was aching, and it seemed that life held nothing more of joy or happiness for her.

One night, when the dancing had finished and she and the other girls were threading their way among the little tables, the memory of other days came over her so strongly that she threw herself into a chair, and burst into bitter weeping. Then there came to her an angel of mercy in the shape of a Salvation Army lass, whose noble mission it was to bring help and comfort to the sorrowing.

gone away with the children, Towne found himself thinking that the governess had very beautiful eyes. He could not remember a woman's eyes having made such an impression upon him before. They met again under similar circumstances, and when Towne sat smoking in his room that night it seemed to him that he saw the sweet face of Nita Travers smiling at him through the tobacco smoke.

"By Jove, old chap," he said to Morton next morning, "I'd be the happiest man alive if I had a wife and a couple of youngsters like yours."

"Hullo!" Morton cried; "this is a new



"She consented, and for a few months she was happy."

She persuaded Nita to go away with her. The girl never returned to the cabaret. Her new protectors procured her a position as governess to the two small children of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Morton, and in their charming country house a new life opened for the cabaret dancer.

It happened that Wilton Towne was a great friend of the Mortons, and one day Nita, seeking her two young charges found them having a fine game with a handsome, dark-eyed man. Some comical remark by one of the children caused Nita and the artist to exchange smiling glances. When the girl had

tune for you. I thought domestic bliss was not in your line."

Towne laughed, and turned to the window. He forgot Morton, and became so obviously interested in something or somebody outside that his host stepped softly to his side. Morton saw Miss Travers walking in the garden, and suddenly he burst into a great shout of laughter.

"I see how it is," he cried, clapping Towne on the shoulder. "You're in love, my boy. Well, she's a nice girl, one of the best. Go and ask her to marry you. There's no time like the present."

Towne needed no further telling. Catching up his hat he ran out of the room, and followed the governess.

\* \* \*

It was five years later. Wilton Towne had become famous. He had a beautiful wife, and a lovely child. He adored them both, and he did not know that there were episodes in his wife's life which were hidden from him. Nita Travers had known that she ought to tell him before she became his wife; but she loved him, she wanted to be happy, and she feared that if she told him she had been a cabaret dancer, and that there had been another man in her life, the

marriage was the most surprising item in the budget of information which Dick Heath received when he returned to New York from Europe.

"What!" he cried, incredulously when they told him the news at the club. "Wilton Towne married! Well, surely wonders will never cease. I must run down and see him."

A few days later Towne told his wife casually, that an old friend, whom he had not seen for some years, was coming down on a visit.

"He can't understand why I married," he said with a laugh. "But that will be clear to him when he sees you, sweetheart mine"



"Then there came to her an angel of mercy in the shape of a Salvation Army lass."

cup would be dashed from her lips. So she kept silence, and life in the beautiful house with its old-world garden was a dream of happiness.

They spent glorious summer days in the garden, where Wilton Towne was painting a portrait of his wife and child. The picture, he told himself, was to be the best he had ever done. The artist's friends had long since found out that they had been mistaken in thinking him a woman-hater. He had simply been waiting for the one woman, and she filled his whole heart.

The news of his old friend's happy

He kissed his wife fondly, and in her happiness she did not think of asking the name of his old friend.

In a few hours Heath arrived, and was cordially welcomed by Towne.

"And so you are married old ehap," said Heath—"you of all people. Why, we used to say you were a monk in disguise, and had made a solemn vow of eelibacy. Oh, you're a sly old rogue." He poked the artist playfully in the ribs, and laughed heartily.

"Best day's work I ever did, Dick," was the reply. "You wait till you meet my wife. You'll agree with me. She'll be here

in a few minutes. But come into the studio. I've done a portrait of her."

Heath followed him into the studio. Towne pointed to the portrait, and said in a voice ringing with love and pride.

"There she is, my boy. Do you wonder now? Why, what on earth is the matter?"

Heath was staring at the portrait.

"Nita," he gasped. "Nita, the cabaret dancer." Then impulsively his hand went to his lips. But it was too late; the words were out.

The artist looked at him angrily. "What was that you said?" he asked, sharply. "A cabaret dancer."

"Dick," said Towne, "this is my wife."

Heath turned slowly. Nita's hand was half extended, and she was smiling a welcome. Then she saw Heath's face, and the smile was frozen on her own, which went suddenly as white as death.

"You!" she gasped. "You!"

Heath tried to speak, but the words would not come. With fear in his eyes, he looked from Nita to her husband.

There was a moment's silence; then Towne took a step forward.

"My God!" he cried in a fury, "so it is Nita, the cabaret dancer."

Mad with rage, he thrust Nita aside, and



"They spent glorious summer days in the garden."

"Oh," was the stammering reply, "I only mean that your wife is very much like a dancer I used to know."

"But you spoke her name."

"Well," said Heath, lamely, "its a fairly common name on the stage." But he could not meet Towne's eyes.

The artist was evidently disturbed, but the entrance of his little son brought the smile back to his face. Of course it could only be a likeness. Such things were always happening.

Then Nita entered. Heath, still staring at the picture, had his back to her.

sprang upon Heath, seizing him by the throat.

"You beast!" he shouted: "You damned villain! I'll shake the life out of you." Then, letting go of the man, he turned to his wife. "And you," he cried, "you vile thing! Go to your lover!" He threw her into Heath's arms.

With a cry of horror she recoiled, and snatching up the child, strained him to her breast.

"Oh, have mercy!" she wailed. "For the boy's sake—forgive!"

But there was no mercy in her husband's furious face. He strode up to her, and

forced the child from her arms.

"Get out of my house," he ordered—both of you, before I do you a mischief."

"Oh, no, no," she cried: "hear me! Let me explain. Don't send me away."

"Go!" he shouted. "I hate you. Don't let me see your face again."

She screamed out at that, and held out her hands as if to ward off a blow. Then, sobbing wildly, she went out of the room, and out of the house.

Heath came up with her in the garden.

"Nita," he said brokenly, "I'm sorry about this. I didn't know. I'll make amends if I can."

She turned upon him passionately, dry-eyed, with a face of loathing.

"Oh," she cried wildly, "I hate you—hate you! I wish I'd never seen you. Oh, why did you come here?"

There was madness in her eyes. He turned away. At the gate he looked back, and saw her standing where he had left her.

\* \* \*

In the house Wilton Towne sat brooding over the wreck of his happiness. His child was his only consolation in his sorrow. The little chap could not understand what had happened, and his constant calling for his mother, and his tears when no answer came, were to the father an exquisite torture. Days passed, and brought no balm for his sorrow.

One day he missed the child, and, searching for him, heard him sobbing. "I want my mummie. I want my mummie."

The sound came from his wife's boudoir. Ever since she left the house he had kept that room locked, but this morning, after visiting it, he had forgotten to turn the key. He went in silently, and saw his little son standing in front of his mother's portrait, the tears running down his chubby cheeks.

Towne took up the portrait, and savagely

threw it across the room. He took the boy in his arms, and told him he must forget all about his mother.

Meanwhile Nita's mind had given way. She spent her days in wandering about the country, and often, though Towne did not know it, her steps led her into the garden where she had spent five short years of happiness.

One day her little boy found her there. He had grown tired of playing with his father in the garden, and had strayed away. When he saw his mother sitting listlessly on a garden seat he cried out joyfully, "Mummie, mummie!" elampered on her lap, and



"He poked the artist playfully in the ribs and laughed heartily."

caressed her poor white face. She suffered his caresses, but there was no mother-light in her vacant eyes. She did not know her boy.

Towne heard the child's cry, and hastening in the direction of the sound, found him with his little arms around his mother's neck, crying because she would not speak to him.

"Nita!" he cried, and sprang forward. He took her and the child in his arms. She turned to him for a moment with a startled look. There was a flicker of intelligence in her eyes, and her lips moved. Then the eyes closed, never to open again.

Love's sun had set.

# OLD ST. PAUL'S,

OR,

## THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON.

Adapted from Harrison Ainsworth's Novel by Low Warren,

Written from the Clarendon Film.



ONE of the finest historical productions ever filmed is certain to be the verdict of the public upon the latest masterpiece of the Clarendon Company, "Old St. Paul's." It has been

adapted from Harrison Ainsworth's well-known novel by Mr. Low Warren, the editor of the "Kinematograph Weekly," whose former historical play, "King Charles," was released by the same company in September last, and has had a remarkable success. Harrison Ainsworth's story, as everybody knows, centres round perhaps the grimmest and most terrible events in the history of London, the Plague and the Great Fire.

Its close and faithful description of the life of a City tradesman and his household during that dreadful period, and its pictures of Charles II.'s dissolute Court combine to make it one of the most fascinating works of the famous novelist. Mr. Low Warren has produced a film, every scene in which bespeaks scholarly care and a complete mastery of the subject. It is a veritable piece of old London, absorbingly interesting from a historical point of view, and abounding in the striking dramatic situations and the human qualities which go to the composition of a really thrilling story.

One day in April, 1665, Stephen Bloundel, a prosperous and worthy grocer in Wood

Street, Cheapside, was conducting family prayers. In addition to members of the family there were present the servants and the grocer's apprentice, Leonard Holt. An exchange of smiles and the passing of a note pointed to the existence of something more than a friendly understanding between the apprentice and Amabel, the grocer's



"The Earl of Rochester wounded in a duel."

*Waitford.*

pretty daughter.

The grocer offered up a fervent supplication to the Most High for protection against the devouring pestilence with which the city was then scourged—a visitation brought upon it by the wickedness of its inhabitants.

The note passed from Amabel to Leonard had invited him to stay after prayers. "I may bid you to hope," the writer added. Accordingly, when the others had gone, Leonard waited, and was rewarded by a few minutes' conversation with Amabel.

The girl leaned against the side of the window, and could be easily seen from the street. She was indeed seen by the notorious.

Earl of Rochester, who was passing the house with a friend, another gallant from the Court. Rochester knew Amabel already by repute, for the beauty of the grocer's daughter had been discussed in Court circles, and she was a reigning toast among the gallants of the day. It was in order to see her that Rochester, the most dissolute of King Charles's favourites, had gone that day to the city. He had formed a plan which he thought might procure him speech with her.

The two gallants—young, handsome, richly dressed—entered Bloundel's shop. They made several purchases and chatted together amiably enough, until they disagreed over some trivial matter. High words arose, and in a moment, to honest Stephen Bloundel's



Walturdaw.

“Rochester's unsuccessful endeavour to secure a requital of his affection for Amabel.”

consternation, swords were drawn, and furious passes interchanged. The fight did not last long. Rochester received a wound in his wrist, and sank, apparently half fainting on a seat, while his late antagonist, sheathing his weapon, swaggered out of the shop.

Ignorant of the identity of the wounded man, Bloundel led him through into the house and summoned his wife to attend to his hurt. While they had gone to prepare bandages Amabel entered, and exclaimed at the sight of Rochester. He was on his feet in a moment, bowing with a grace which was native to him. The grocer's daughter curtsied in blushing confusion, and, learning that he was wounded, offered to bind up his

wrist. Rochester desired nothing better and while his wound was being bandaged he breathed words of passionate admiration into the girl's ear—admiration which was not unpleasing to her.

When Stephen Bloundel and his wife returned they found their guest's wound already dressed, and, thanking them profoundly, he went his way.

Rochester was not long in following up the impression he had made. Leonard Holt, rendered suspicious by Amabel's sudden coolness towards him, heard her one night speaking from the window to someone in the street. He hurried downstairs, and found that Amabel was beginning to unbolt the door. Overwhelming her with reproaches the apprentice insisted that she should go to her room. Then, snatching a long and heavy sword from the wall he threw open the door.

Nobody was there. Rochester had heard the voices and judged it better to disappear. On his way back to Whitehall, he saw evidence of the scourge which had fallen on the city. An old man, stricken with the plague, and screaming madly, staggered out of a house and fell almost at the courtier's feet.

He lay there shunned by everybody until Anselm Chowles, the coffin maker, and Mother Malmayns, the plague nurse (ghouls both) came along, and, stripping the body of everything of value, carried it away.

Rochester went on to Whitehall, where, amid mirth and gaiety, the courtiers were trying to forget that the plague was raging around them. There was a wild scene in the palace that night. Rochester and another gallant quarrelled and fought. After a preliminary pass or two, the Earl ran his opponent through the heart. The body was carried out and placed in the road, to be removed later by the men with the death-cart, under the impression that it was that of a plague victim.

Before it was taken away, however, there appeared that strange fanatic, Solomon Eagle, dressed in skins, and with a brazier of burning coals on his head. He called down the curse of Heaven upon the city

“Plagues shall come upon it, and desolation; and it shall be utterly burnt with fire, for strong is the Lord who judgeth it!”

\* \* \*

The Plague entered the household of Stephen Bloundel. His son was stricken. Leonard Holt was sent to fetch Dr. Hodges, and on their way back they called at the home of Chowles, the coffin-maker, with whom the doctor had business. They found Chowles, with his workmen, and his hideous associate, Mother Malmayns, drinking success to the Plague, and roaring out a dreadful song.

The grocer's household was disorganised by the presence of the grim pestilence, and Rochester, who was determined to see Amabel again, found nobody to forbid his entrance when he visited the house one evening. And by strategy succeeded in obtaining an interview with Amabel alone. The girl resisted his advances, and her mother, presently coming into the room, angrily ordered him to leave the house. He obeyed with a laugh, but threatened to return.

In the street the death-cart was going its awful round. It was piled up with coffins. The sight of the ghoulissh coffin-maker accompanying it gave Rochester an idea. For a guinea or two Chowles was ready to do anything the Earl required. He had been instructed to find a nurse to attend the grocer's son, and had intended to recommend Mother Malmayns. He now suggested that Rochester, disguised in a cloak and hood, should take her place. The Earl's design was to carry off Amabel, and so confident was he of success that he had already made arrangements for a mock marriage in the Crypt of St. Paul's.

The plan succeeded as well as he could have wished. Left alone with Amabel, he threw off the disguise, seized the girl, and carried her off without being seen.

Leonard Holt, however, had his suspicions, and followed to the Cathedral, with Bloundel and Doctor Hodges. They arrived in time. The mock ceremony in the Crypt had already been interrupted by Solomon Eagle, who, as the new-comers appeared, stretched his gaunt arms heavenward and denounced Rochester

as a profligate, a debauchee, and a libertine. Stephen Bloundel led his daughter away.

\* \* \*

Leonard Holt and Solomon Eagle were witnesses, some time later, to the amazing masque of Death which makes one of the most sensational scenes in Harrison Ainsworth's story, when King Charles and his courtiers danced within the Cathedral itself, apparelled in fantastic garbs, and each attended by a skeleton. As they danced their mad dance among the pillars of the sacred building the sight was one to shudder at. Even as Leonard and the fanatic gazed



Walturdaw.

“The Earl of Rochester disguised as a nurse.”

one of the dancers was stricken with the Plague. With a terrible scream he fell writhing to the floor.

Solomon Eagle rushed forward and stood, a sinister, menacing figure before the King and his impious companions. His appearance and his fiery denunciations struck terror into their hearts. The King was the first to find speech.

“Secure the knave,” he cried. “He shall be soundly scourged for his insolence.”

But the fanatic disappeared in the gloom shadows of the Cathedral, and no trace of him could be found.

\* \* \*

Soon after this Amabel fell ill, and Stephen Bloundel decided to send her and her sister to the house of a relative in the country.

To his great joy Leonard Holt went with them as escort. It was an unhappy chance for him that the King should have chosen that time to leave London with the Court in order to escape the pestilence.

They had scarcely started upon their journey when the Great Fire began. Started (according to Ainsworth's story) by Solomon Eagle, who threw a fireball in the window of a baker's shop in Pudding Lane; it raged nearly four days and nights, and when it finally burnt itself out it had devastated the city, and laid waste almost five-sixths of it.

Meanwhile Leonard Holt and his charges had arrived at a way-side inn. They had not been there long when Leonard, inquiring the cause of a bustle and commotion outside, learned that the King and his favourites, including the Earl of Rochester, had arrived. Hurriedly he directed

the girls to go to their room, and was leaving by one door to follow them, when Rochester entered by the other. He did not see the Earl, who, however, recognised him, and on inquiring of the landlord, learned that the young man had arrived an hour or so before with two ladies. In high glee Rochester told the King of his discovery, and His Majesty directed that the two girls should be sent for.

Rochester went himself to summon them, and no answer being returned to his knocking he opened the door, and was faced by the young apprentice, who held a sword in his hand. He lowered it, however, when Rochester declared his errand. The Earl led the two girls into the presence of the

King, but no sooner had they entered the room than they were caught up in the arms of two burly men, and carried, despite their struggles, to the royal coach. Laughing heartily, the King stepped in after them, and the coach bowled rapidly away, followed by a train of ladies and gentlemen on horseback.

They had not got far upon the road when a man rode up in hot haste, demanding speech of the King. The coach was stopped, and Charles, putting his head out of the window, heard the message from the Lord Mayor imploring him to return.

The King gave the command, and soon the whole Court, with Amabel and her sister, were on their way back to London.

Leonard Holt had followed the King and



“The start of the Great Fire of London.”

Walturdaw.

his companions at a safe distance, and, taking advantage of an opportunity when, having arrived at the capital, the King had left the carriage to gaze upon the destruction of the city, the young apprentice liberated Amabel and her sister.

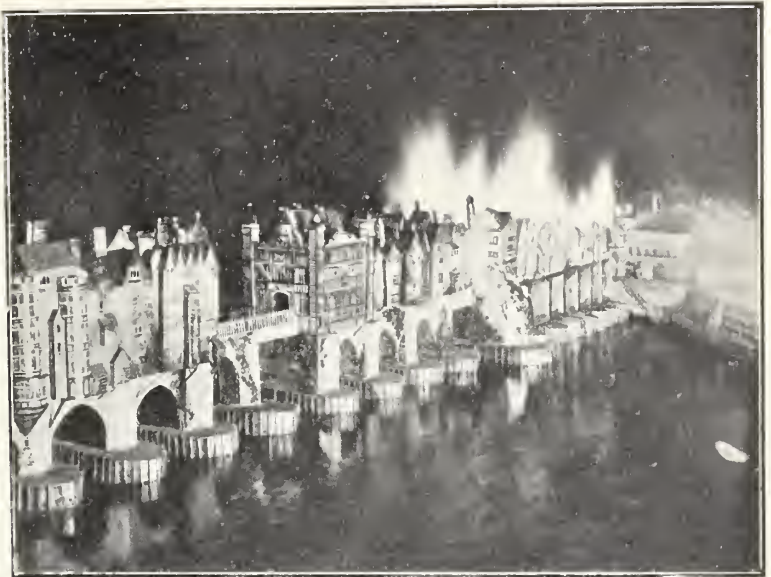
The happy ending of the story came a month later, when, Bloundel and his family and his apprentice having removed to the country, there came a message from the Earl of Rochester, stating that he would no longer pursue Mistress Amabel, and offering her his sincerest good wishes.

In the garden that night the grocer's daughter and the grocer's apprentice plighted their troth.

\* \* \*



In this brief synopsis of Mr. Low Warren's clever adaptation of the novel much has been necessarily omitted, but mention should be made of some of the spectacular features of this film. The pictures of the Fire are wonderfully realistic. That of the burning of Old London Bridge, with its superstructure of houses and shops being especially noteworthy. The leap of Solomon Eagle from the steeple of St. Paul's, the burning of the Cathedral itself, and the thrilling rescue scenes—all these are unforgettable pictures,



"The fire attacks Old London Bridge."

Walturdaw.

produced in a style worthy of the highest praise.

## MAY HONOURS.

### A DAUGHTER OF THE HILLS

### THE TRAGEDY OF THE THREE M'S

It is to be expected that the majority of our readers are aware that when a film bears the trade mark of the "Famous Players" it is sure to be something of quality. "A Daughter of the Hills" is one of those delightful old Roman productions which saddens and delights the heart of the dreamer and proves a source of pleasure to the lover of spectacular romance. This film will occupy the position of honour in our issue for May.

is a most remarkable and wonderful film, featuring that popular favourite, Marie von Oeser. Three reels in length, and packed full of absorbing drama, it is perhaps the finest of its kind seen for a considerable time. The film will be reviewed at length in the May issue of our monthly. Marie von Oeser should be known to those of our readers who remember "Fools of Society," as she played the lead in that magnificent production.



# THE STUDIO MIRROR.

By Evan Strong.



If you take an interest in the silent drama, you are also interested in the men who produce photo-plays—perhaps not so much in their age and colour of their eyes as in their every-day doings. The life of a photo-play artist is an exceedingly interesting one; he has to work hard; he has to combine with an inclination for this artistic temperament; the risks he must cheerfully run are tremendous, any day may bring a crippling accident, or even death: yet he faces it all cheerfully—and “he” covers the charming ladies who act for the film also. The studios resound with witty cheerfulness and goodwill, and the actors and actresses are the most delightful people to meet and have for friends.

Few people, however, know a film actor except as a person who receives an enormous salary for what is understood generally to be easy work with a splash of genius. These articles, therefore, which will in future appear regularly in the “Illustrated Films Monthly,” will take you right amongst the screen artists, and show you the troubles they have to contend with and the dangers they face, and, it is to be hoped, bring you right up against the warm, rich personalities of this interesting community.

\* \* \*

BECAUSE the life of the screen actor is so much over-rated, the first paragraph shall deal with a number of accidents which are every day occurrences at the studios. Last month you read of the terrible position Warren Kerrigan was saved from just in the nick of time when attacked by a lion in one of the scenes of “Samson,” the great Victor feature. This month you will read of numerous like situations which have caused the hearts of onlookers to jump into their mouths.

\* \* \*

YOU know G. M. Anderson, “Broncho Billy” of the Essanay Company, the hefty fellow who rides anything that comes his way: he had the narrowest shave the other day ever a man could wish for; in fact, he came near to death, and only an old tree root saved him. G. M. A. was directing and playing in

a piece called “Broncho Billy’s Bible” with Frederick Church, which called for a hand-to-hand struggle between the pair on the edge of a precipice. It was a dangerous scene, more so than the two had led themselves to believe. The climax was more realistic than either had anticipated. At the last rehearsal, the two, after a strenuous wrestle, sprang back for a “breather,” when Anderson stumbled, fell heavily, and disappeared head-first over the edge of the abyss. Church was aghast, he feared to look over to see where Anderson had landed, but when he did pluck up courage to do so, he saw the unhappy actor in a somewhat ludicrous position, suspended helplessly ’twixt heaven and earth on an old tree root which had caught him and held him from a terrible death. A rope was quickly brought, and he was rescued from his perilous halting-place. Anderson was a bit shocked, but once getting a firm grip on the earth, he commanded the camera-man to proceed with the picture, which was finished.

It was seen afterwards, that, aside from shock and painful lacerations of the hands, “Broncho Billy” was little the worse for his experience, though he confessed later that it was the nearest escape he had ever had from death.

\* \* \*

PICTURE lovers the world over will be pleased to hear that Herbert Brenon, the famous Imp films producer, is practically recovered from the serious—almost fatal—injuries he received while acting in a piece, “Neptune’s Daughter,” in the Bermudas. Two serious accidents occurred during the taking of this picture, and Herbert Brenon and Miss Annette Kellerman, the Australian and world’s champion lady swimmer, were the victims on both occasions. In the first affair, Miss Kellerman, in falling off a cliff, after a struggle with the director, was struck on the temple by his head, and was picked up in the sea, insensible. When she recovered, the second accident occurred. It was in the last scene of the play. Both the principals were to dive from a height into a glass tank, and this collapsed as they entered the water, causing serious injuries to Brenon,

and wounding the lady in the foot. Brenon's life was almost despaired of, but his wonderful constitution pulled him through.

Herbert Brenon has a list of successes to his name, not the least being the production of "Ivanhoe," at Chepstow Castle, last summer. Miss Annette Kellerman was engaged especially for "Neptune's Daughter."

\* \* \*

LITTLE stories of John Bunny never come amiss, and he is such a jolly old sort that he never minds one being told against him. Here is one of the latest from the studio: It was a raw cold day, and John had just stepped out of his Limousine, in which he had driven up to the head Vitagraph theatre. He was shivering with cold, and Eddie Lincoln, who was hanging round, asked, "How is it, John, that you are so cold with all that fat, while I, who have none, do not feel it?" John Bunny turned on his interrogator an eye full of scorn and disgust, and said bitterly: "Do you know of anything colder than cold fat?"

\* \* \*

WITH big productions one expects to hear of trouble—accidents minor and major happen frequently when big scenes are to be pulled off. One awaited the accidents in the big "Samson" scene, and was not disappointed. When the magnificent Temple of Dagon was wrecked in the picture the other day, three or four persons went home with broken heads, and others felt bruised for days after. This scene, which was the consummation of the Victor feature, "Samson," was the largest and most costly interior setting ever constructed by any moving picture company in America. The Temple of Dagon would hold 1,500 persons comfortably. It was 200 ft. deep and 35 ft. wide, while the pillars, 15 in number, were 3 ft. in diameter and 27 ft. high.

When Warren Kerrigan, who played the part of "Samson," in his old age, used his divinely given strength to bring disaster on his enemies, he simply pushed the two central columns aside, and the clever mechanism did the rest—the temple tumbled down and actors and supers flew in all directions to avoid the falling artificial masonry. Not all escaped, some will bear evidence of "Samson's" strength for a long time.

This set cost 5,000 dollars, and for the scene of the wrecking 150 ft. of film was used. For twelve weeks sculptors, architects,

costumiers, etc., were working on the play, in which Warren Kerrigan's sister, Kathleen, played the part of Delilah, and for which Noble Kreider, one of America's first composers, was engaged to compose new and special music.

\* \* \*

KNOWN for his "nervy" horsemanship, Joe Ryan, of the Colorado Motion Picture Company, has had a fall. It happened while a Western picture was being taken. After a helter-skelter ride of about 300 yards of very rough going, his horse stumbled and fell, and the "boys," unable to avoid him, had to ride over him. At first it was feared his grave injuries would prove fatal, but latest reports state that he is pulling through.

\* \* \*

RICHARD NEILL's parents arranged for him an excellent name for alliteration. "Dare Devil Dick," as the Edison Company (New York) actor is called, does not, by his actions, belie his name. He was out some days ago looking round, when he saw a runaway horse attached to a baker's cart, bearing down on a party of school children on the road home. He did not stop to think, but just gave chase, and made a terrific jump to land on the animal's back. After a bit of trouble, he managed to pull the frenzied horse up before it charged the children down. His hands suffered in consequence, and it is a pity no camera man was on the spot to take the picture which might have been woven into a play.

\* \* \*

TOMMY POWERS, late of the Vitagraph, and now with the Turner Film Company of Walton-on-Thames, is moving up and down the country, making friends and giving lectures. Only his lectures are not real lectures—they are personal talks, in which the listener is the interested person. Tommy would not bore if he spoke about pictures for ages, and if you wish to learn anything about silent drama playing and players, take the first opportunity to hear him talk. He has had experiences too, and he recites them in such an unassuming, naive manner, that the most sceptical is interested with wide-open ears. No, this is hardly the place to retail Tom Power's stories—they would suffer with the second-hand touch. A little of this clever young fellow's life, ideals, etc., will be dealt with in another article in the "Illustrated Films Monthly."

# UNITED IN DANGER.

Adapted from the Edison Film.



F beauty and talent were the only things necessary for success on the stage, Maud Varian would have been famous, for she had both in generous measure. Yet she had hitherto played only small parts, and was comparatively unknown. Her chance would come some day, doubtless; but it was weary work waiting, and supporting herself and her little cripple sister on her meagre salary. Just now Maud was having a very anxious time, for she had been a long time out of an engagement, and her savings were running low. Fear came upon her as she counted the few coins left in her purse. There was enough for both of them for another fortnight perhaps. And then——. She dared not think of it. But she was brave, and she chatted and laughed with her sister as they sat in their little room, as though she had not a care in the world. There was a chance, just a chance that things might improve. Her name had been mentioned to a manager who wanted a leading lady for a new musical comedy. But she dared not build much on that.

There was brisk rat-tat at the door.

"Let me go," said the little cripple girl, in some excitement, catching up her crutch and swinging herself across the room. She opened the door, and a telegraph boy stepped in.

Maud tore open the envelope with trembling hands, and gave a cry of joy as she read the message. It was news for which she had not dared to hope. She had been chosen for the part, and the contract was ready to be signed. She pressed the telegram to her lips. Then out of her slender purse she gave the telegraph boy a tip, which made him wish all his messages carried good news.

\* \* \*

Mr. Stuyvesant, the wealthy Mr. Stuyvesant, was dead and buried. In the luxuriously appointed library his only son Gerald sat with his mother, to hear the reading of the will. The old family lawyer read it in an even monotonous voice, very deliberately to the end. Mr. Stuyvesant had left his many millions to his son, who

was to enter into the enjoyment of them when he had reached the age of twenty-five years.

Gerald Stuyvesant was a serious-minded young man. He received the lawyer's congratulations with dignified composure.

His dignity sustained a shock next morning, however, when he called in at his club. Three of his friends were in the smoking-room, laughing heartily at something in a paper, which one of them held.

"Here, old man," he called out on catching sight of Gerald. "Here's something that will interest you. Quite a romance, by jove!"

Gerald took the paper and caught sight of his own portrait in the first column. In the last column was the portrait of a very pretty girl, on a level with his own. The headlines were black and bold:

"Gerald Stuyvesant Shares the Day's

"Honours with the New Leading Lady

"at the Adelphi. The Two most

"Talked-of Young People in New York!"

Gerald threw the paper down in anger. "Infernal impudence!" he snapped. "A musical comedy actress! It's holding me up to ridicule."

"Oh, steady on, old chap," said one of the men. "She's jolly pretty, anyhow. I wouldn't mind seeing my portrait in the papers with hers, any day. By jove! I wonder what she thinks about it?"

Maud Varian did not see the paper until the evening. She was in her dressing-room, preparing to go on the stage, in the part in which she had made a huge success, when two or three laughing girls came to the door and called her out on some pretext. As soon as she had gone another girl slipped into the room and propped a paper on Maud's dressing-table.

"Don't say a word," she whispered to the cripple girl, who always accompanied her sister to the theatre and now came forward, from a corner of a room to see what the fun was about.

Maud came back presently, with the girls following her and crowding into the room. Maud saw the paper at once, picked it up, and saw her portrait and that of the young millionaire. She saw also some words which one of the girls had scrawled across



“Just now Maud was having a very anxious time.”

the top of the paper—“Here’s a good catch for you!”

For a moment she was inclined to be angry, but her sense of humour came to her aid, and she laughed heartily as she hustled the girls out of the room.

\* \* \*

Gerald Stuyvesant, still rather sore at the public coupling of his name with that of a girl whom he persisted in referring to as “a common actress,” reached home early in the evening. His man took his hat and coat, and, after making sure that his master had everything he wanted, handed him a folded newspaper. The man was smiling broadly, but as his master looked up suddenly the smile vanished.

As soon as the man had gone Gerald opened the paper, and there again were the portraits—his own and that of the Adelphi’s leading lady. It was insufferable! With an angry exclamation he strode to the fireplace, was about to throw the paper into the flames, and—thought better of it. After

all, it was not worth getting angry about. He smiled contemptuously, and sat down in a comfortable chair.

It was a few days later that Mrs. Stuyvesant, a famous leader of society, gave one of her popular *musicales*, at which Miss Maud Varian, the new musical comedy star, was the great attraction. Mrs. Stuyvesant and her guests were charmed with the girl, and made much of her. Gerald himself was compelled to admit that she was very clever and undeniably beautiful. However, she was only “a common actress,” and when one of his mother’s guests offered to introduce him his first impulse was to decline. Then it occurred to him that his refusal might excite remark, and he consented to be presented to the star of the evening.

He spoke a few conventional compliments in a tone so coldly polite that the girl was hurt. She marked the difference in his tone and expression when he turned from her presently to chat with a wealthy society lady who elaimed his attention. Maud

dismissed him from her mind at the time with a shrug, but when she reached home and was telling her little sister of her success and the people she had met, the thought of the young millionaire's curt icy manner came back to her. He had shown her so plainly that they lived in different worlds. He had spoiled her evening.

If she had only known, she had gone some way towards spoiling his. As he sat smoking alone in the library after the guests had gone, he could not get the girl's face out of his mind. There was something about her that moved him strangely. He found himself contrasting her fresh young beauty, her evident joy in life, with the artificial smiles and the air of boredom affected by most of the women he knew. He rather wished he had been nicer to her. She was so young and so sweet——. He pulled himself up with a jerk, and shook himself impatiently. Bah! he was getting sentimental. The girl was really no more beautiful, no more attractive than dozens of others. But for the confounded paper publishing their portraits together he would never have given her a second thought. An actress!

"A common actress!" It was too ridiculous. He made a determined effort to stop thinking about her, and——thought of her all the more!

A few nights later he was passing a theatre, and a poster-

portrait of her caught his eye. Confound it! Was her face always to haunt him like this? This was the theatre where she was performing. The impulse came to him to go in and see what she looked like on the stage. Perhaps she would be common, vulgar, and then he would be able to dismiss her from his mind. In his heart, however, he knew that she could not be common and vulgar. He hesitated, fighting against the impulse, but a friend came up at that moment and decided him. They went in together, and presently were sitting in the stage box looking on at the play.

"By the way, old chap, you're interested in Miss Varian, of course?" his friend remarked.

"Interested! I! No. Why should I be?"

"Oh, well, the papers coupled you together, didn't they? I thought——"

"Nonsense," said Stuyvesant curtly. "I've come to see the play; that's all."

"Sorry," rejoined the other. Then he added, with a sly glance at his friend's face of annoyance, "She's very charming, anyhow."



"Maud saw her portrait and that of the young millionaire."



“He carried her off the stage, along a passage.”

Stuyvesant made no reply, but inwardly he agreed. She was, he could swear, a lady, and she acted and sang with grace and charm, and she danced divinely. That dance of hers in the second act was wonderful. Stuyvesant forgot his annoyance and stood up in the box and applauded with enthusiasm—so much enthusiasm that his friend touched him on the arm and said significantly:

“She is charming, isn’t she?”

The reminder was enough, and the young millionaire sat down in some confusion.

But the whole house was applauding. Maud came on to the stage and bowed again and again; but that was not enough, the people wanted her to dance again. They would not be denied.

While she was hesitating whether to dance again or not, there was a cry of alarm from somebody in the wings. A thin wisp of smoke was coming up through the boards of the stage. She heard the sound of hurrying feet on the stairs, and excited voices. What could be wrong? The wisp of smoke on the stage was growing thicker.

Suddenly Maud realised what had happened. The dressing-room below the stage—her own dressing-room, where her little sister was waiting for her, was on fire. She had an impulse to run to her, to save her. Already the stage hands knew what was the matter, and were running about wildly. In a moment there would be a panic in the theatre. Men and women would rush wildly to the exits, each intent upon escape. She shuddered, as stories of former theatre panics rushed upon her mind. What should she do? She grew suddenly calm. In a flash of inspiration she knew what she must do. She must think of the people in the crowded theatre, and trust to others to save her sister. She turned to the limelight man, who had not left his post.

“I’m going on,” she said, hurriedly. “Turn on the red light. They’ll think it is a fire dance, and that the smoke is introduced for effect.”

The man obeyed, and Maud ran on the stage and begun to dance amid thunders of applause. The red light shone upon her

shimmering dress with a weird, flame-like effect, and the smoke, growing thicker every moment, whirled about her in rolling clouds. Never had there been seen such a vivid and realistic performance. Stuyvesant, in the stage box, could not take his eyes off the girl. He was fascinated. Suddenly he started. Her face was turned towards him, and for a moment he had the impression that there was something of appeal in her glance; something, too, of fear. But of course, he told himself, it was all part of the performance. What an actress she was! She thrilled him. Suddenly, as he looked, her eyes turned towards him again. She was dancing more slowly now, and, it seemed uncertainly, and now he felt sure she was appealing—beseeching. Then, as though overcome by the smoke, she tottered and fell; but was up again, dancing with renewed vigour.

Stuyvesant was uneasy. He had an instinctive sense that something was wrong. His friend caught him excitedly by the arm, and pointed down to the floor of the theatre. Attendants in livery were passing quietly from seat to seat, saying a few words in low tones. Faces went white, and people gathered up their belongings and hurried to the doors in perfect order, but turning frightened eyes upon the stage, where the slim, graceful, girlish form could be dimly seen in the smoke made rosy and luminous by the limelight.

“The place is on fire,” said Stuyvesant’s companion, in excitement. “Let’s get out! Come!”

Gerald shook him off. “No,” he said, “I’m not coming.”

His friend went, and left him alone. The theatre was fast emptying. Why did not the girl stop dancing, and seek safety herself? Once more her eyes sought his, and then, exhausted, unable to dance another step, she fell headlong on the stage, and lay still.

In an instant Gerald had leapt from his box on to the stage. The smoke was stifling, and already he could hear the roaring of the flames below. As he bent over the girl, the flames burst through the floor of the stage, but, fortunately, at some little distance from them. He gathered the unconscious girl in his arms, and carried her off the stage, along a passage, and out into the open air.

His house was not far away, and, refusing all offers of assistance, he carried her there, placed her in a chair, and sent his man off post haste for a doctor.

Mrs. Stuyvesant and the doctor arrived almost together, but, fortunately, Maud was in no need of medical aid. She returned to consciousness presently, and opened her eyes to see Gerald kneeling beside her.

“Oh,” she said, “it was you, I know. I saw you in the theatre. You saved me.”

Impulsively she threw her arms around his neck, and he held her close—“a common actress,” but the bravest and most beautiful girl he had ever known.

Their portraits were in all the papers next day, and Gerald did not object this time.

Director	...	...	..	...	ASHLEY MILLER
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CAST :

Maud Varian, an Actress	...	...	...	...	GERTRUDE MCCOY
Her Sister	...	...	...	...	... EDNA HAMEL
Gerald Stuyvesant	...	...	...	...	AUGUSTUS PHILLIPS
His Mother	...	..	...	...	MATHILDE BARING
The Lawyer	...	...	...	...	WILLIAM WEST

Actors, Guests at Musicales, Audiences, Stage Hands,

Club Members, &c.



# BEAUTY UNADORNED.

Adapted from the Vitagraph Film.

**I**T was a brilliant season at Newport. The famous Rhode Island resort was full of visitors. Everybody who was anybody was there, including Mrs. Preston, and the inevitable Commodore Blunt — inevitable because everywhere Mrs. Preston went Commodore Blunt was sure to go.

The Commodore was a bluff and jovial widower of fifty, and he had a son, Henry. Mrs. Preston was a well-preserved, handsome widow of forty-two, and she had a daughter, Helen. Henry was in love with Helen, but had not yet told her so. The Commodore

In a shabby room in a flat in New York the news was read by a man and a woman. A pretty pair they were, and blackmail was their chief means of livelihood. Sometimes business was flourishing, and sometimes it was not. Just now it was emphatically not.

The man read the paragraph and pointed it out to the woman.

"Plenty of money there," he said. "Tons of it."

The woman read and shrugged her shoulders indifferently.

"Well," she remarked, "we can't touch it."

"I don't know," said the man thoughtfully. Then he sprang up. "Look here, let's go

down to Newport and try to catch the heir and the heiress, you tackle the man and I the girl. We ought to make something out of it."

"It's a good idea," the woman replied with more animation; "let's talk it over."

\* \* \*

Commodore Blunt and Mrs. Preston sat at a little table on the hotel terrace. The Commodore was making his weekly proposal, and Mrs. Preston was dividing her attention between him and her daughter Helen, who



"Commodore Blunt and Mrs. Preston sat at a little table."

was in love with Helen's mother, and had told her so often. He proposed once a week with unflinching regularity, but Mrs. Preston was firm in her refusal to wed until Helen was at any rate engaged. That the two young people should marry was the ardent desire of their elders.

In the newspapers which chronicle the movements of the smart set, the arrival of Commodore Blunt and his son, and Mrs. Preston and her daughter at Newport, was duly recorded, and the people who take an interest in that kind of thing wondered if the wealthy Commodore's heir and Miss Preston, whose mother was also very rich, would make a match of it.

was playing a single at lawn tennis with Henry Blunt.

The young people seemed to be enjoying themselves. Mrs. Preston turned her eyes upon the Commodore's face, and then looked demurely down upon the table.

"If," she murmured—"if our children would only marry, then—perhaps—"

"If!" cried the Commodore. "My dear madam, they shall!"

He gallantly raised the lady's hand to his lips, but Mrs. Preston's eyes had strayed again, and she suddenly snatched her hand away with a gasp.

"Look!" she said, and the Commodore obeyed just in time to see his son kiss

Mrs. Preston's daughter full upon the lips. "In broad daylight, too!"

"Well," said the Commodore, smiling broadly, "it's a 'love' game, evidently. Bless my soul! he's going to do it again!"

It really looked like it, but Helen put her tennis racket up between her pretty face and Henry's. Then the two young people started hand-in-hand racing for the terrace. They came up laughing and breathless.

"Dad," cried Henry, "we're engaged—been engaged for the last two minutes!"

"Oh, indeed," said the Commodore. "I

Emile de Gagaine arrived—dark, handsome, distinguished-looking, with what Helen called a perfect duck of a moustache.

"He's a Count," she said excitedly to Henry, after she had made a dash at the visitor's book, in which the new arrival had just signed his name. She gazed after him.

Henry was contemptuous and displeased. "Some ass of a foreigner," he growled, and a coolness sprang up between them.

There came another sensation. Mademoiselle Irene Vardin walked in, so wonderfully arrayed that the guests all stared at her.



"Mlle. Irene Vardin walked in, wonderfully arrayed."

thought it might happen some time. I suppose," he turned to Mrs. Preston, "we had better give the young people our blessing, eh? Anyhow, I shall have a pretty daughter-in-law."

"And I," said Mrs. Preston, "am perfectly satisfied with my prospective son-in-law. Henry, you may kiss me."

\* \* \*

There was a notable addition that night to the guests staying at the hotel. Count

Henry stared with the rest. Mademoiselle looked at him as she passed. Her eyes met his, and she smiled.

"By jove!" said Henry, "she's a stunner!" "Cat!" snapped Helen viciously.

Decidedly there was a coolness between them.

There was a dance at the hotel that night. Henry danced with Helen, took her to a seat, and went to bring an ice. When he returned she had vanished. He saw her

presently, dancing with the Count. He was angry, until the M.C. led him away and presented him to Mademoiselle Vardin. She danced divinely he found, and her dark eyes made him her captive. She stopped dancing presently with a cry of pain.

"What is it?" he asked in alarm.

"Oh!" she said faintly, "my ankle. I've twisted it on something."

Full of solicitude he led her into an ante-room, made her sit down, and removed her little shoe. He was relieved to learn that the pain was passing, and had almost disappeared.

"How beautiful you are!" he whispered impulsively.

"And you," she murmured, with a slow, languorous smile, "are a dear boy."

Next morning Helen and Henry met.

"Helen," he said, "it was a mistake."

"Yes," she agreed, "it was. I'm afraid mother will be upset."

"So will dad," said he, "but it can't be helped. She's charming."

"Who?"

"Mademoiselle."

Helen turned up her pretty nose. "The Count," she remarked, "has the most delightful manners of any man I know."

Mrs. Preston received a little later, to her great consternation, a note from Helen, saying that she and Henry had broken off their engagement by mutual consent. Before she had recovered from the shock, the Commodore burst into her cabin in a dishevelled state with one end of his collar unfastened and flapping about in an agitated fashion. He had received from Henry a note in identical terms.

"The young idiots!" he cried, and went to the window. He gave an exclamation, and, producing a telescope, gazed through it.

"Here," he said, "look at 'em!"

Mrs. Preston looked, and saw her daughter with the Count's arm round her waist, and Henry, with his arm around Mademoiselle's. They were quite oblivious to everything in the world but themselves.

"Well," cried the Commodore, "of all the——" Words failed him.

A maid entered in great agitation. "Oh,

ma'am," she cried, "they're going to elope. I've found this letter in Miss Helen's room."

"Well, I'm damned," the Commodore exploded, and threw himself into a chair. Overcome with emotion, Mrs. Preston sat down heavily on his knee.

The Commodore recovered presently.

"We'll get them on my yacht," he said, "and keep them there till we can put a stop to their little game."

The Commodore's proposal for a yachting trip was welcomed with enthusiasm, and soon the whole party were on board.

When the captain asked for instructions, the Commodore said: "Lay a course for the



"Startled out of their slumbers."

middle of the Atlantic, and don't stop until I tell you."

The captain was puzzled but obedient.

Helen and Henry were as happy as the days were long, and the Count and Mademoiselle congratulated themselves that all was going well. The Commodore and Mrs. Preston held several anxious consultations, but could not agree upon a plan for curing the young people of their infatuation. Then one night a little mistake gave the Commodore a brilliant idea. He was looking for Henry, and peering into the window of the state-room he thought was his son's, learned with a shock some of the secrets of Mademoiselle's toilet. He had looked into

the wrong cabin, but the mistake had given him the right idea. Mademoiselle had removed her luxuriant locks and placed them upon the dressing table. Her pearly teeth, too, were not fixtures, and the Commodore chuckled as he saw her take them out and place them in a glass of water. She placed them, he was glad to see, within easy reach of the window.

The Commodore determined on a dreadful deed, but first he paid a visit to the Count's cabin. As he approached the window, he caught a momentary glimpse of a head as bald as a billiard ball. Then he wore a wig, too! The Commodore rolled in merriment. "Good

without difficulty, and then angled for various other articles. He had excellent sport and landed something every time. His "bag" included a number of objects highly esteemed by ladies who are desirous of hiding the ravages which the passage of time makes in their personal appearance. Then he stretched out his arm and brought out the glass containing the artificial teeth. # 114

At the window of the Count's state-room he had equal success. The catch here was very similar to that which he had already made, with one notable addition—a pair of corsets! He told himself grimly that the Count would not cut so elegant a figure as



"They kept to the cabin for the rest of the voyage."

Lord!" he chuckled. "What a pair!"

Creeping stealthily to the window, he peered in and saw that here also a set of teeth reposed in a glass on the dressing-table, and sure enough the Count's wig was at the other end of the table.

The Commodore strolled away to his own cabin, from which he emerged an hour or so later with a fishing-rod completely furnished. He reached Mademoiselle's state-room, and listened. There was no sound but that of steady breathing. As quietly as possible he pushed up the window, thrust in his rod and began to fish. He caught the wig

usual on his next public appearance.

The Commodore dropped most of his catch over the side of the ship. Then he arranged for the next act.

"I want you to manage a fake shipwreck," he said to the captain. ORAN. 01

"A what, sir!" cried the astonished officer.

"A fake shipwreck," repeated the Commodore, and forthwith took the captain into his confidence to some extent.

The captain saw the joke, and so, when he explained to them what was wanted, did the crew.

The occupants of the various state-rooms were presently startled out of their slumbers by the booming of the steam siren, the shouts of the sailors, and a frantic banging at doors.

"Save yourselves," was the cry. "The ship is sinking! The boats! The boats!"

Helen and Henry were the first to appear. Helen ran to where her mother was standing waiting for the sailors to launch the life-boat. Henry turned towards Mademoiselle's door, but his father caught him by the collar with a shout, and hurried him away.

"Hurry up!" shouted the Commodore, banging on the Count's state-room door. "The ship is sinking!" Presently the Count, very wrinkled, very bald, very ugly, came out, and, with a seared look around made a dash for the group by the boat. Mademoiselle put off her appearance until the water flooded her cabin, an effect

produced by an energetic sailor with a bucket. She was a most forlorn-looking object without her teeth and wig, a few thin wisps of hair straying over her forehead. She, too, hurried to the lifeboat. The Count looked at Mademoiselle and Mademoiselle looked at the Count, and neither found a word to say. As for Helen and Henry, they looked at one another. Henry thought Helen had never looked so pretty before, and Helen thought Henry had never looked so handsome and so strong.

The Commodore said a few words appropriate to the occasion, and the yacht's head was turned to Newport. The Count and Mademoiselle kept to their cabins for the rest of the voyage.

It was decided that Helen and Henry, and Mrs. Preston and the Commodore should be married on the same day.

Directors	...	...	L. ROGERS LYTTON and JAMES YOUNG		
Author	...	...	...	...	SIDNEY DREW
<b>Cast :</b>					
Commodore Blunt	...	...	...	...	SIDNEY DREW
Irene Vardin	...	...	...	...	ETHEL LLOYD
Helen Preston	...	...	...	...	CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG
Henry Blunt	...	...	...	...	JAMES YOUNG
Matthews	...	...	...	...	GEORGE STEVENS
Captain Smith	...	...	...	...	WILLIAM SHEA
Mrs. Preston	...	...	...	...	ALBERTA GALLATIN
Viscount De Gagaine	...	...	...	...	TEMPLAR SAXE



# Miss FLORENCE TURNER.

Small Talk about one of the most charming of  
Screen Actresses who is now in England.



HE was just  
as I antici-  
pated she  
would  
be,  
for I

had seen her work-  
ing on the screen  
and had formed  
my humble opin-  
ion of her charms, her  
temperament, and her  
ideals. I knew she  
was petite and vivac-  
ious—her pictures and  
her work suggest  
that; I felt she was impul-  
sively good-hearted, sympa-  
thetic, and withal merry and fond  
of a joke, when the joke hurt  
nobody. I had formed a shrewd idea and  
made no mistake.

Miss Florence Turner, whom I met at the  
Glasgow Exhibition, is one of the most del-  
ightful of little ladies. She is little, and  
on seeing her one wonders that so much  
temperament and heart is contained in such  
a small frame. She will take one up and  
overwhelm one with kindness, and she is  
never too tired to assist one or tell of her  
work and experience if one has a desire to  
hear.

Her work is her hobby, therefore it is no  
wonder that she is willing to speak about it.  
She will tell you she has no ideals apart  
from doing her best when playing, but I  
learnt better: Miss Florence Turner has  
one great ideal, a widely effective and beau-  
tiful ideal, and that is to give the greatest  
number the greatest amount of pleasure  
through her work.

But you will want to know something  
more about Miss Turner. First of all she is  
an American, though she hardly strikes one  
as such: her "twang" is a mere suspicion,  
her sprightliness is almost French, and her  
kindly interest is of her own great democratic  
country. As a matter of fact her grand-  
parents were of stock and born in Scotland,  
and in her dark complexion and cast of



features there is distinct  
trace of the West of  
Scotland Celt.

She has been playing  
in pictures for  
about seven years,  
practically all the  
time with the  
Vitagraph Com-  
pany, and she has  
played opposite all  
the big-wigs of  
that famous com-  
bination who  
have made repu-  
tations, including Maurice  
Costello and Tom Powers.

The last released Vitagraph  
picture in which she played was  
the comedy, "Let 'em  
Quarrel." Before going into pictures Miss  
Turner worked on the legitimate stage and  
her first appearance was with Sir Henry  
Irving in "Robespierre."

Dare I tell you her age? Well, I don't  
think it will trouble her if the world knows  
it: she is twenty-six years!

Asked when she came to England and  
why, Miss Turner replied: "I landed on  
these shores early in 1913, and came here  
inspired with faith in the future of the  
British photo-play."

"But what about our terrible climate;  
don't you think it is a drag on the progress  
of cinematography in Great Britain?"

"No, not at all. I am convinced that the  
climatic conditions which have so long been  
claimed to be a drawback on the production  
of first-class plays in this country are  
really of less import than they are said  
to be."

"You will play in your own pictures over  
here, Miss Turner?"

"Yes, and Mr. Trimble, who came over  
with me, will direct them. He has just the  
same faith in the British picture as I have."

Mr. Larry Trimble, though he never  
appeared in any Vitagraph pictures, produced  
a great number of that company's plays in  
America, and stands amongst the best-known

directors. At Walton-on-Thames he will produce all kinds of plays, from comedy to heavy drama, with Miss Turner and Mr. Powers as his chief artistes, and there is little doubt of the popularity these pictures will enjoy, for the pair are well-known and their work admired in every corner of the country.

As said before, Miss Turner has no hobbies except picture-playing, and obtains more satisfaction, as a matter of fact, from the pleasure she gives than from any direct results of her work. But apart from pictures she really does love music and finds intense delight in playing the pianoforte and violin. She prefers classical music, as far as I could judge, and, as an alternative, music of the ballad nature—though she is rather catholic in taste.

If you would like to know a little of the trials of a film actress's life, you should read the following story of Miss Turner as told to me by the lady herself.

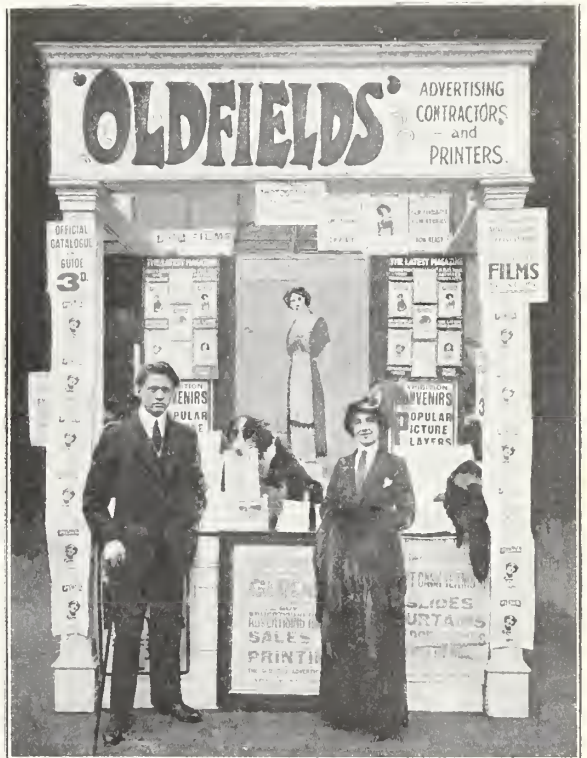
"I have had no very tremendous escapades and none of the intensely thrilling incidents that make up the lives of some screen-artistes. But I have had my little adventures, little troubles that make playing in pictures a little different from other occupations or—games. A film I was playing in, for instance, was being produced at the Pallisades, on the cliffs near New York. I had to scramble up the cliffs, and my part required that I should pretend to have met with an accident and was therefore lame. As I was climbing away, a big boulder—or rather it seemed a huge boulder—about the size of a man's skull, broke loose and came rolling down to me. It struck me on the ankle and hurt so severely that the subsequent acting was an actual representation of what a person injured in such circumstances would do. I was afterwards heartily congratulated for my acting in that scene, but only the producer and one or two others knew that there was really no acting in it, but grim reality."

Despite the injury, Miss Turner finished the picture, though she had to lie up for a week after.

In this film she confesses to having felt nervous for the first time in her career. She had to fall over the cliff and although a

platform had been slung over the side on which Mr. Trimble and the ebauffeur waited to catch her as she fell, the one thought predominating in her mind throughout the various scenes was, what would happen if they missed her. They didn't miss her.

Wherever Miss Turner goes one loyal friend always follows, or rather I should say accompanies her. This is "Jean," the famous Scotch collie, different in temperament to her mistress, but wonderfully interested in pictures and happy when she is giving pleasure to the picture-goer. "Jean" is no ordinary dog—she is the super-canine, possessing almost human intelligence and in some things displaying keener intellect than one would expect from thousands of beings met in the streets every day. "Jean" is of Scottish descent, her parents, both of them, having emigrated to America, from Ayrshire. She is somewhat proud of the fact, and, indeed, seemed quite at home in Glasgow, where, for the benefit of admirers, she gave an exhibition of her wonderful capabilities. No doubt her intelligence and education has developed in the good company she keeps, and she will soon be giving further



Miss Turner, Mr. Larry Trimble, and "Jean" at the Glasgow Exhibition.

proof of this in the pictures she will feature in shortly, when the Turner Film Company get into full working order.

In singing the praises of "Jean," I have strayed somewhat away from the subject of the story; but as everyone who has seen her likes and admires "Jean," I am sure this divergence will not be looked upon with displeasure.

Miss Florence Turner has been travelling all over the country of late, making friends here, there, and everywhere, but now she has come back to the studios at Walton-on-Thames, where Mr. Larry Trimble has placed earnest and assiduous picture-making on the orders of the day.

And there she finds happiness. Petite, full of energy, with characteristic mobile features, full of expression, ready to laugh heartiest with the joy-makers or to sob with the broken-hearted, sympathetic to a degree,

always ready to pity, not only in words but with deep feeling and with gifts, her mood changing to the slightest difference of atmosphere, it is small wonder Miss Florence Turner has won the attention, aye, and the hearts too, of millions of theatre patrons the world over. Her versatility alone would have commanded attention, for she is equally at home with the part of a laughing tom-boy, and that of a weary, harrassed woman of the world. But she has done more than merely claim our attention—she is of that kind of womanly woman Britons admire, and it is for that reason, perhaps, more than any other, that she has been accorded such a hearty, sincere welcome to our shores.

In future all Miss Florence Turner's (and Mr. Power's) pictures will be released under the Turner Film Company banner, of which Mr. Larry Trimble is the director.

## THE OLD SHAKESPEAREAN STAR.

By GEO. R. SIMS.



Listen ye who love the stage to me, a broken pro.,  
 Who starred in the legitimate a many years ago,  
 Whose *Hamlet* was a masterpiece, whose *Shylock* was a boom,  
 And never finer *Romeo* sought Juliet in her tomb;  
 But now I'm on the Cinema, and never get a par.,  
 And no one "on the pictures" know the old Shakespearean Star.

I revelled in the kind of crime the Bard of Avon planned.  
 As *Richard*, in my palmy days, I paralysed the band.  
 I murdered Duncan in his sleep, and revelled in the part;  
 To smother Desdemona was legitimate and Art.  
 But, O, the filmy wickedness, it goes a bit too far.  
 The picture villain does not suit the old Shakespearean Star.

Now in the sere and yellow leaf, a poor unwanted pro.,  
 It's only on the cinema that I can get a show.  
 And I, who as *Othello* held the crowded house in thrall,  
 Must play a ragged burglar held by dogs against the wall,  
 Or go down in a wreck at sea and hang on to a spar—  
 And waves that wet you do not suit an old Shakespearean Star.

Our swank producer is a youth who never heard of me.  
 For I was great when he, the boss, was on his mother's knee.  
 So I'm the one whom he selects for comic men to squirt  
 With water from the garden hose or tumble in the dirt.  
 And now I am a ragged tramp who's chased by motor-car—  
 That's not the sort of run that suits an old Shakespearean Star.

Reprinted from "The Referee."



# "SPARTACUS"

Or, "The Revolt of the Gladiators."

PART I.

THE FRUITS OF VICTORY.

**M**ARCUS CRASSUS, a Roman Consul and General of the Roman Army, returns from an expedition in Thrace, where he has, by mighty deeds of valour, conquered the whole country, made the inhabitants subservient to the rule of Rome, and carried off innumerable prisoners and spoils of war, amongst the most important of his prisoners is Spartacus, a chieftain of Thrace, and one of his country's most strenuous defenders. He is accompanied by the fair Idamis, his sister, and Armorius, her betrothed. As prisoners of war, these three unfortunates are dragged in chains behind the victor's chariot of war, and reviled and ridiculed by the populace.

The cavalcade accompanying Crassus is a noble one, and embraces the cream of the fighting men of Rome, mounted upon richly caparisoned horses, and in all the barbaric splendour for which the period 100 B.C. was justly noted. As the procession parades the streets of Rome on their way to the palace of victory, through thousands of cheering Romans, the sight is an inspiring one, and forms a fitting prelude to the magnificence and gorgeousness of the subsequent scenes. Arriving at the Temple of Victory, Crassus is invested with honours at the hands of the Senate, and receives a garland of laurel leaves as an emblem of his victory over the enemies of Rome. In triumph he is accompanied by the populace



'The procession parading the streets of Rome.'

to his palace, where he is received with every expression of affection by his lovely daughter, Emily.

In contrast to the laudation of the victor, the poor prisoners of war are taken into a dungeon and treated with contumely. Spartacus, Idamis and Armorieus are left to themselves, while others of their unfortunate companions are flogged unmercifully. Crassus describes Spartacus and his sister to his daughter, and in an excess of affection, he declares: "I will give thee Idamis to be thy slave, and make Spartacus a Gladiator." Emily's heart filled with pity for the unfortunate, gladly welcomes Idamis to her side, but upon the prisoner prostrating herself at the feet of the fair Roman, Emily bids her rise. Her heart goes out to her, and she declares: "You shall remain with me, not as my slave, but as my sister." The joy of Idamis is exemplified by her devotion to Emily, and the two soon become as sisters in affection.

The praises and adulation of Spartacus by his sister soon raises the curiosity of Emily, and at her request Spartacus is brought before her. She is at once struck by his noble appearance, and the seeds of love are

planted in her gentle breast. To Spartacus the noble Roman maiden is as the breath of Heaven, and the impression of her loveliness is imprinted upon his heart, never to be eradicated. It is a case of love at sight to both of them, and they part, each with a longing for a further meeting.

A change of scene shows us the Gladiators at their leisure in their favourite tavern. Here Spartacus meets Norieus of Sirena, the chief of the Roman Gladiators. Norieus has seen the favour with which Spartacus has been received by the daughter of Crassus, and vents his jealousy upon Spartacus by a series of insults. Spartacus gives him an illustration of his immense strength by shaking him like a little dog, and holding him out at arm's-length and laughing at his puny efforts to free himself, while the whole of the Gladiators jeer at him. "I will have my revenge in the arena, to-morrow," threatens the maddened Norieus, and rushes off to perfect his scheme of vengeance.

On the morrow the arena is crowded with the elite of Rome intent upon doing honour to the noble Crassus, and the prowess of Spartacus has added much to the attraction of the celebrations, as it is announced that



"At her request, Spartacus was brought before her."

a contest has been arranged between one hundred Gladiators, led by the mighty Spartacus, and one hundred Gladiators led by Noricus, the chief of the Roman Gladiators. The sight is an inspiring one, as the Romans, in accordance with traditional tactics, advance in wedge-shaped formation, and attack the opposing phalanx, which suddenly transforms itself into a living pair of pincers. The onslaught is frightful as each party hurl themselves upon the other, and soon the arena is strewn with the dead and wounded. Amongst the wounded is Armoricus, who has been vanquished by Noricus. Spartacus defends his stricken brother-in-arms, and by a daring piece of

strategy succeeds in vanquishing the remainder of his opponents single-handed. Spartacus receives the congratulations of Crassus and the Senators upon his victory, but the eyes of Emily tell him of her admiration, which is sweeter to him than all the adulation of the Senators, and the plaudits of the populace. The wounded are carried into the chamber prepared for them, and Idamis and Spartacus watch by the couch of Armoricus until satisfied that he is in no real danger. To them comes Emily, and her loving meeting with Spartacus is watched with jealous rage by Noricus, who once more vows a bitter vengeance upon the noble Spartacus.

## PART II.

### THE REVOLT OF THE GLADIATORS.

IN the palace of Crassus, his daughter sits in meditation. She is devoured by a passion for the hereulcan Gladiator, Spartacus, and sends him the message: "I must speak to you—come to my garden to-night." The appointed time arrives, and Spartacus and Emily meet. The glamour of a moonlit sky inflames both their hearts, and forces the

declaration from Spartacus: "Emily, I love you." She falls into his arms in an abandonment of bliss, and vows to be his only. The lovers are watched by the jealous Noricus, who is driven to the point of madness by the sight of their happiness.

A great fete is given by Crassus, who has organised for his guests the usual display by



"The Gladiators at their leisure in their favourite tavern."



"One hundred Gladiators led by the mighty Spartacus."

a picked number of Gladiators. Spartacus is appointed director of the sports, and is furnished by Crassus with a list of the Gladiators to compete. Armoricus, the lover of Idamis, engages a horde of Gladiators in single combat, and vanquishes them all. Then Crassus has an inspiration from Noricus, and commands Spartacus and Armoricus to meet in a single combat to decide which is the superior. It has to be a fight to the death. Spartacus is horrified at the idea of having to fight his sister's betrothed, and after pleading in vain with Crassus, definitely refuses the combat.

Incensed at the refusal of Spartacus, he commands the guards to arrest him, but exerting all his enormous strength, Spartacus throws them aside, and calls upon the Gladiators to revolt. The call is obeyed, and the magnificent body of Gladiators range themselves on the side of Spartacus, and the Romans fly in terror. Populace, Senators, and all those who were so lately applauding the sports in the arena, seek safety in their homes, expecting a massacre at the hands of the Gladiators. Spartacus, however, exercises his power in controlling his supporters, and leads them to the prisons

and dens of the arena from which they release hundreds of unfortunate Gladiators and slaves, who joyfully join the rebellion and help to swell the numbers of the supporters of Spartacus, whose sole cry is for freedom from the tyranny of the Roman Rulers. The human phalanx, led by the victorious Spartacus, issues from the Capino Gate and makes for the Appenine Mountains, where they form a camp, and speedily have thousands of recruits to support them in their revolt. Safely entrenched amid the rocky fastness of the mountains, Spartacus declares: "We will wait for the Roman legions on these rocks."

Meanwhile, Crassus calls the senate together, and receives permission to lead an army against Spartacus, and we have stirring scenes of the preparation of a huge invading army going out into the field of battle. In vain Emily pleads with Crassus to abandon the enterprise. She is filled with horror at the thought of the two beings she loves most on earth having to meet on the battlefield, where one or both may be killed. Spartacus sends a message to Emily by Armoricus telling her where he is entrenched, and vowing eternal love for her. Her fear



"Spartacus and his Gladiators escape from the army of Crassus."

for the safety of her loved ones inspires her to make the journey to the camp of Spartacus accompanied by Idamis. They commence their perilous journey up the Appenine Mountains, but soon discover that Spartacus and his army are completely surrounded by

the Roman Army, and they find it impossible to reach him. They are making their way back to Rome when they are intercepted by a body of soldiers led by Noricius, who gleefully makes them prisoners, and carries them off to the camp of Crassus.

### PART III.

#### A GREAT BATTLE, AND THE DAWN OF PEACE.

SPARTACUS, from his mountain fastness, sees his enemies encircle him on every side, and he looks for some means of escape for his army and himself. He sees his soldiers making for themselves shields from vine branches, and is inspired with the idea of providing himself with ropes made from the same tough material, and sets his men at work twisting the vines. "We will make ropes of rushes, and thus escape our enemies," exclaims Spartacus. His enthusiasm spreads to his soldiers, and soon they are all busy preparing the improvised means of escape.

The Romans in their camp await patiently the day when Spartacus shall fall into their hands, for escape for him appears impossible. They gloat over their enemy, saying, "They

will fall into our hands, unless they prefer to throw themselves into the abyss." The abyss is a great gulf over three thousand feet deep, over which, from the high mountain above, the whole army would have to fly to make escape possible.

The Gladiators shrink in horror from their task, but soon they acknowledge that this is the only way of escape, and Spartacus points out to them that if they scale the abyss their enemies can be attacked at a vulnerable point, and they win a glorious victory. By the aid of the twisted vines, one by one the whole of the vast army, at the risk of their lives, swing themselves over the precipice, and alight in safety on the other side of the abyss, a great athletic feat that fills one with

terror while watching it. The seemingly impossible has been accomplished by skill and daring, and now the Roman hordes are at the mercy of the Gladiators.

Soon all is in tumult. Like a rushing hurricane the Gladiators fall upon their enemies, and a fierce battle is soon raging. Caught like rats in a trap the Romans fight desperately, but very soon all is in confusion. The Romans fly for their lives, pursued by the Gladiators. They leap into rushing streams, many meeting their death in this way, while many fall victims to the onslaught of the terrible Gladiators. It is a scene of carnage that is soon over, and victory rests with Spartacus and his rude army.

Spartacus makes his way to the tent of Crassus and is met by Emily, who cries "Spartacus, save my father." He arrives just in time to save Crassus from the fury of the Gladiators. Spartacus takes possession of the tent of Crassus, and with the magnanimity of a great hero gives Crassus his life and liberty, saying, "Crassus I give

you your life, go to Rome and say how the despised gladiator has behaved to you." Humiliated and beaten, Crassus recognises the generosity of his foe, and turning to his daughter bids her follow him. To his great surprise, his daughter declines to obey him, "I remain with Spartacus, to whom I have sworn eternal fidelity," exclaims the noble girl, and Crassus, overcome with rage, openly casts her off, and departs for Rome under an escort of Gladiators.

The Gladiators proclaim Spartacus general-in-chief of the Roman Army. Spartacus accepts the position, but only on condition that peace is at once declared, and that all the Gladiators and Slaves are given their freedom. Spartacus has his wish, and as the victorious Gladiators march back to Rome they rejoice that "they who had gone out of Rome as slaves now return as free men," thanks to the prowess and generalship of Spartacus, who is now acclaimed a hero by the populace, and appears to have captured every heart.

#### PART IV.

#### THE MURDER OF CRASSUS.

SPARTACUS is soon the mark for jealous shafts, Noricus watches his opportunity, and



"Spartacus breaks down the iron gates."

while Spartacus is asleep he appropriates his helmet and robe, and carries them away to serve a diabolical purpose in perfecting a dastardly plot. At the Gladiators' tavern Noricus meets two cut-throats, and plots with them the murder of Crassus, and at the same time instils into the minds of the Gladiators the poison of suspicion, declaring that Spartacus is only using them for his own purposes, and will be ready to sell them to their Roman tyrants when his ambition is satisfied. The vile stories of Noricus soon alienate his followers from Spartacus, and they are ready for revolt at the first opportunity.

Idamis receives a message from her lover, Armoricus, begging her to meet him that evening at the Gladiators' tavern to make arrangements for their speedy wedding. Joyfully she keeps the appointment. She is early at the tryst, and is just in time to overhear the vile plot to murder Crassus, and place the blame upon Spartacus. Horrified she starts for the door to make her escape, but she is intercepted by Noricus and his accomplices and dragged back. She is gagged and bound and consigned to one of the dens below the arena,

there to starve to death.

With the malignity of demons, the villains inveigle Crassus into the public gardens near the Appia column, and there they fall upon the gallant Roman and take his life. Noricus, as soon as the deed is done, envelops the body in the mantle of Spartacus, and leaves the helmet on the ground near, as evidence that it was Spartacus that committed the crime.

Previously, Noricus had a message sent to Spartacus, as though from Crassus, bidding him meet him near the Appia column. The unsuspecting Spartacus falls into the trap and is soon bending over the dead body, weeping tears of anguish over the dastardly deed.

Meanwhile Noricus, to complete his plans, waylays Emily and denounces Spartacus as the murderer of Crassus. Indignantly she defends her lover, and refuses to believe the shocking story. Noricus then presses her to accompany him, exclaiming, "You do not believe me, then come and see the dead body of your father, who has been murdered by Spartacus." Full of horror, Emily accompanies Noricus to the Appia column, where she witnesses Spartacus bending over



"The wild animals had been liberated."



"Rushes in to find his sister, Idamis."

the body of Crassus. He springs up and would take her in his arms to comfort her, but she recoils from him in horror.

#### PART V.

#### THROWN TO THE WILD BEASTS.

OVER the dead body of Crassus, Spartaeus declares his innocence before the Senators, but he is sentenced to be thrown amongst the wild beasts in the arena of Rome.

Broken-hearted Spartaeus is taken back to his dungeon to await his doom. While sitting meditating, he hears a cry for help. Tracing it to the dungeon near him, he breaks down the iron gates and rushes in to find his sister, Idamis, who has managed to get the gag from her mouth, and utter a cry for help. Idamis narrates her story to Spartaeus, who is overwhelmed with horror at the treachery of Noricus. Idamis leaves the dungeon to endeavour to secure the release of Spartaeus. Joyfully Emily listens to the story of Idamis, and hurries with her to the Senators to denounce Noricus.

Meanwhile preparations are being made for the punishment of Spartaeus. We have a constant succession of wonderful Roman sports, including Chariot Races and a march of Gladiators. The two devoted girls are

using every effort to establish the innocence of Spartacus, and they secure one of the actual murderers, who confesses to his share in the crime, and implicating Noricus as the instigator of the crime. They rush to the arena before the Senators, but they arrive too late, the wild animals have been liberated, and Spartacus is in their midst awaiting his doom. A thrill of horror runs through the audience as the noble Gladiator pits his strength against the lions. In the end Spartaeus is thrown down, and at the critical moment the keepers rush in and keep the animals at bay. Spartacus is carried up to the dais where the Senators are sitting, and there the whole story of the treachery is told. Maddened by the vileness of his actions, Spartacus rises up, and catching Noricus in his powerful arms, he throws him right into the midst of the hungry lions, where he meets the fate that he had so malignantly planned for Spartacus.



# FILM GOSSIP.

By CHARLES F. INGRAM.



NE of the most noticeable signs of the times is the steadily increasing demand for film versions of popular plays and novels. The near future will see many famous dramatic successes on the screen. I understand that Mr. Charles Frohman has entered into negotiations with the Famous Players Film Co. for film adaptations of all the plays under his control. This Company has also made arrangements for film versions of Hall Caine's "The Eternal City"; four of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's most popular plays—"The Silver King," "The Masqueraders," "The Dancing Girl," and "Saints and Sinners," and Mr. G. B. McLellan's "Leah Kleschna." Other of Mr. Hall Caine's novels will also appear in due course. The services of several leading actors and actresses are being enlisted for the leading parts in these productions.

It is part of the policy of this enterprising company to present a famous play or novel, and feature a well-known stage artiste. So far their productions have met with deserved success. In the course of an interview the other day, Mr. Sydney Baker, the London managing director of the Company, said: "Soon the big men will be writing for the cinema. Already several of those whose work we are producing are carefully adapting their work to the limitations and opportunities of the film."

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A REMARKABLE instance of the world-wide popularity of motion pictures comes from Japan. The proprietor of the As-Ahiza Theatre, Osaka, recently announced the Eclair film, "Protea," and so great was the rush to see it that the rails in front of the theatre were broken down. When we learn that ten thousand enthusiastic Japs lined up to see this production, we can easily believe that this was the case. I am inclined to think the proprietor was not over-dismayed at the damage, realising what a fillip the pay-box had received.

\* \* \*

READERS should look out for the new "Beauty" film, issued by the "Flying A" Co. The artistic merit and dramatic quality

of the subjects are highly commendable. Miss Margarita Fischer, the beautiful and popular exponent in the art of pantomime, is the leading lady in these productions. The first of the series, released on March 30th, is entitled, "Withering Roses," and is notable for its really beautiful setting and fine acting. The story of the film appeared in our last issue. "Beauty" films are to be released each week. The second subject will be entitled, "Bess, the Outcast," and is a highly dramatic story, finishing with one of the prettiest sunset scenes that has ever been worked, the two principals—Margarita Fischer and Harry Pollard—being silhouetted against the horizon, with the setting sun and its reflection on the water, between them.

Little Kathie Fischer, a really remarkable and wholly natural little actress, and a niece of Margarita Fischer, is also to appear in "Beauty" films. Kathie is very fond of her aunt, and has spent most of her short years watching her. She has acted a great deal, and her list of successes is surprisingly large for such a little tot. In "The Sacrifice," to be issued shortly, Kathie impersonates a little boy who is taken away from his mother to be educated by wealthy people. Kathie was so worked up in the scene, that she clung to Margarita Fischer, and suddenly burst into real tears. When a child can so feel her part, and impress it upon others, there is little doubt regarding her future. Picture-goers will be charmed with her sweet and unaffected little ways.

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SOME of the most vivid pictures of actual warfare will shortly be ready for public exhibition. During the recent Mexican War, several subjects were secured by daring operators who were allowed to enter the firing line. The pictures taken at the recent Battle of Ojinaga give a remarkable insight into the grim reality of warfare. Bullet-proof cameras were used, with a special shelter for the operators.

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It may interest readers to learn that the great film, "The World, the Flesh, and the Devil," which I commented upon last month, is to appear as a serial story in

“Cassell's Penny Magazine.”

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A FILM that will prove a revelation to those who seek to belittle the value of cinema productions was recently issued by Vickers Film Co., a comparatively new concern. The film was taken some 3,000 feet beneath the earth's surface, where, for the purpose of providing adequate light to take the pictures by, a set-piece of magnesium flares was specially constructed. The result is a series of wonderfully vivid pictures of all the mining operations necessary for the extraction of tin from the earth, and the subsequent processes to which the ore is subjected ere it is brought to its finished state. Among the many striking pictures in this film is one depicting the Gwythian Sands, where the Atlantic waves are washing back tin sand that has been accumulating for hundreds of years, and another showing an old Cornish beam engine, which has been working for over a hundred years.

I understand that this company are also introducing a series of Louis Wain's famous cat studies, and for the first time, the National Cat Club Show prize cats were filmed.

\* \* \*

THE Kalem Company will shortly issue a remarkable four-reel film dealing with the Boer War. The picture was produced in California, among surroundings which give ample scope for such a subject. Over a thousand men and horses take part in the film, which is perhaps the finest battle picture Kalem's have yet produced.

\* \* \*

THE beauty of Jesmond Dene has been praised by visitors far and wide. But the peculiar charm of this spot in its winter mantle of snow is known, for the most part, by local people only, and even then to a limited few. It requires something more than the average love of the beautiful in nature to make the journey to the Dene after a snow-storm. The Gaumont Company recently sent an operator to the Dene, when the trees and ground were covered with snow, and when the tobogganers were revelling in their sport, and he secured a variety of fascinating winter scenes, the like of which are seldom met with.

\* \* \*

CHILDREN are natural actors, and their performances before the camera are always particularly attractive. A film that will

serve to exemplify this is being produced by the Keystone Co., in which every performer is under the age of fourteen. Advantage has been taken of the fact that in California, where the subject is being produced, there is a complete track of railroad, several miles in length, with rolling-stock, signal boxes, stations, etc., all on a reduced scale. The juvenile actors, therefore, will be in complete harmony with their surroundings, and the “railroad drama” to be produced under these circumstances will undoubtedly receive enthusiastic welcome from juvenile picture-goers throughout the world.

\* \* \*

READERS may recall the successful experiments that were made in 1908 in sending photographs by wire, by the aid of a Korn instrument. It is now stated that Professor Korn has succeeded in telegraphing cinema pictures of news interest over a considerable distance by means of a new instrument he has just perfected. In its present early stages, the work demands a great expense, which is against its further progress, but it is possible that this will subsequently be diminished.

\* \* \*

KINEMACOLOUR subjects are always interesting, but one of the most attractive I have yet seen by this process is a film depicting the life of the wasp. Kinemacolour has certainly achieved a triumph in this beautifully photographed and fascinating subject, which, during its ten minutes' exhibition, teaches one more about wasps than would be normally learnt in a lifetime. In the opening scene we are shown the safest and most humane method of destroying a nest, by pouring into the entrance cyanide of potassium. The comb, which was crowded with life and movement, became a veritable holocaust of slain insects. We are also shown that to worship at the shrine of Bacchus is even more harmful to wasps than it is to men. A greased glass of beer constitutes the trap, and the floating bodies of dead and dying victims testify to its efficacy.

The work was photographed by the well-known naturalist, Mr. F. Percy Smith, F.R.Z.S., and took over a year to record, and necessitated infinite patience and resource.

\* \* \*

THE story of “William Tell,” following the lines of Schiller's great masterpiece, has been produced by Kinemacolour. This

magnificent picture was produced at Interlaken, Switzerland, amid beautiful scenery actually identified with some of William Tell's exploits. It is conceived on a most elaborate scale, and is a pageant of mediæval colouring, the varied hues of the peasants' dresses, and the gleaming armour of Gessler's knights being faithfully reproduced.

\* \* \*

THE Cosmopolitan Film Co. have adapted the dramatic love story of Torquato Tasso, the Italian poet, for the screen. The film deals mainly with the poet's great work, "Jerusalem Delivered," part of which was stolen by Tasso's malicious associates.

\* \* \*

THERE is a movement afoot to film "Ben Hur," but at present nothing definite has been arranged. £25,000 was recently offered and refused for the world-rights of the work.

\* \* \*

DURING the race for the Grand National, Barker's were able to film the whole of the race from start to finish, by the aid of some twenty cameras on the Course. Thus, those who witnessed the great race, as displayed on the screen, saw more than the person actually on the Course.

\* \* \*

FRED EVANS, the noted film burlesque player, known to cinema-goers as "Pimple," has been compelled for health reasons to take a few weeks' rest. His present "happy hunting ground" is on the South Coast.

\* \* \*

A FILM dealing with the rising of the Boxer rebellion is about to be released under the somewhat familiar title, "I Will Repay." This must, of course, not be confused with the well-known novel of the same name by Baroness Orczy.

\* \* \*

THE Hepworth Co. recently suffered quite a severe loss in the death of their famous dog, Rover. This faithful animal had been Mr. Hepworth's constant companion, even before the Hepworth Co. had been founded, and was the general pet of the studios at Walton-on-Thames. Rover was the first animal to ever play an independent part in a cinematograph film, and was the hero of many pictures. He was best known in,

"Rescued by Rover," a film that achieved remarkable success. All filmdom will deplore the death of this old favourite, who was a link with the days, when, as soon as a company had taken a film, they would set out to arrange another. To have two pictures in preparation at the same time was an unheard of event.

Hepworths' Dickens films continue to meet with the success they so well merit. A reception was recently held at the Hepworth offices, when the Dickensian Society assembled in full force to witness a special display of Hepworths' latest Dickens film, "The Old Curiosity Shop." The company present, which included many names well-known in the realms of literature and science, were all delighted with the picture. It is a big ordeal to run a Dickens film before the society, every member of which is an expert on the subject, but the picture came through the trial with great success, there being loud applause at the end of each part, and at the close everybody expressed their unbounded delight at the excellent way in which the Hepworth Co. have handled their subject.


Hepworths' previous Dickens production has met with a splendid reception in America. It would be quite correct to state that no other English production has enjoyed so great a measure of success. At Calgary, the "Herald," a local newspaper, invited all the school-children of the town to be their guests at a special performance of "David Copperfield," and were loud in their praise of the beauty of the production, and its educational value to the young.

\* \* \*

READERS who saw Lubin's great spectacular film, "When the Earth Trembled," will be glad to learn that this company has another equally thrilling feature under way. The picture is entitled, "The Sunken Village," and deals with coal-mining. The great scene of the film has cost the producers something like £3,000, and will depict the engulfing of an entire village. The scene includes a church, smithy, shop, several wooden dwellings, and a brick residence, the whole of which are precipitated into an old disused quarry beneath. Here is a thrill for the most exacting picture patron!

# ANDY GETS A JOB.

Adapted from the Edison Film.

NDY!" cried Mrs. Walsh. "Drat the boy! He'll be late again. Andy! Your sister's had her breakfast, and she's off to school. Whatever are you doing all this time? Not washing your neck, I'll be bound."

"All right, mother, I'm coming," piped a childish voice, and Andy bustled into the room, just as his little sister was disappearing on her way to school.

"Oh dear, oh dear," said Mrs. Walsh fretfully, "you're the worry of my life; sure enough y' are. You'll be late again. Why ever you can't get down in time beats me."

Andy, with his mouth full of bread and butter, made an inarticulate sound.

"Look at the clock," said Mrs. Walsh sharply. "You're late already. Now then, off you go at once."

Andy took a hasty mouthful of tea, bolted the last morsel of bread and butter, and stood up.

"Let me look at you. I thought so. There's a high-water mark round your neck, and as for your ears—well!"

Andy squirmed, but his mother held him firmly, and, giving his face a final polish with her apron, she said: "You'll have to go as you are. Now, hurry off to school, and don't let me hear of your stopping to play on the way, that's all."

Notwithstanding the sharpness of her tongue, there was a good deal of motherly tenderness in Mrs. Walsh's parting kiss, and in the smile on her face as she turned to the wash-tub, after Andy had run off. The smile soon passed, however, and was succeeded by the anxious, worried look which had been her habitual expression for some time now. Goodness knows she had enough to worry about. There were the two children to clothe and feed, and nobody but herself to do it. Day after day she slaved at the wash-tub, and earned barely enough to keep body and soul together. She owed six dollars for rent, and she had not got the money. No wonder she was worried.

At that very moment, the landlord of the poor place in which Mrs. Walsh and her children lived, was instructing his collector.

"That washerwoman," he said. "She's got to pay to-day. Give her till five o'clock, and if she hasn't got the money by that time, eluek her out!"

Then he lit a cigar, the cost of which would have kept Mrs. Walsh and Andy and his sister in food for a day, and made himself comfortable, whilst the collector went to do his bidding.

Meanwhile, Master Andy's reluctant steps had led him to the door of the school. He was not one of those paragons of boys who like going to school. Andy, in fact, hated it, frankly and undisguisedly. His great hope at this moment was that he might be too late to go into school at all that morning. He hung about the place for a few minutes, trying to make up his mind. Then he enquired the time of a passer-by, and learning that it was a quarter-past nine, he decided that it would be better to take a day off. He strolled homewards in a leisurely fashion.

He slipped quietly into the kitchen, and heard voices in the next room. He opened the door softly. A man stood there talking to his mother.

"Well," he said. "I want the rent—six dollars."

"Then you can't have it," replied Mrs. Walsh, with some asperity, "for six dollars I haven't got, so there! You can't get blood out of a stone."

"No," said the man, "but I've got to have the six dollars by five o'clock to-day, or you've got to clear out."

Mrs. Walsh's face fell, but she showed a flash of spirit.

"When you come into a lady's house," she remarked, "you should take your hat off. You're no gentleman." She saved him the trouble of removing it by whisking it off herself, and the man, picking it up, went off, declaring angrily that he would be back at five o'clock to clear her out, neck and crop.

Then Mrs. Walsh put her apron to her face and burst into tears. Andy could not stand it any longer.

"I've had enough of school, mother," he said sturdily, "I'm going to get a job."

Mrs. Walsh dropped her apron, and stared at her diminutive offspring in astonishment.

"A job!" she gasped.

"Yes," said the boy. "Don't you cry, mother. I'll get some work somehow. I ain't going to let him turn you into the street. No fear!"

"Bless the boy's heart," cried the poor woman, and folded him to her motherly bosom. She would not throw cold water on the boy's enthusiasm, but she went back to her work with a sigh as Andy marched off.

Andy walked about the streets for some time without finding any opportunity to offer his valuable services. At last he came to a place where building operations were in progress. A board on the entrance gate bore the legend, "Men Wanted." He marched inside. Men were bustling about carrying hods of bricks, or pushing wheelbarrows. They seemed to be doing it easily enough.

Andy found the foreman, a big, good-tempered looking man, who smiled when he saw the boy.

"Well, sonny," he said, "what do you want?"

"Work," was the laconic reply. "I see you want men."

with great seriousness; "have a go."

Andy spat on his hands, squared his shoulders, and took hold of the handles. He tried, and tried, and tried again, but to no purpose. He could not lift the barrow.

"I'm afraid it's no good, sonny," said the foreman gravely. "Guess you ain't big enough. But don't you be downhearted," he went on, as the tears came into Andy's eyes. "You've got grit in you, and you'll make a fine man someday. Shake!"

Andy shook hands. The foreman patted him on the shoulder, and watched him out of the yard.

Andy was too much of a man to be beaten by one blow.

Another notice caught his eye—"Chorus Man Wanted." It was hung up outside the stage door of a theatre. Andy went in.

He heard the tinkling of a



"Can I have six dollars in advance?"

The foreman laughed. "That true. We want men—big, strong men."

"Well, that's me," said Andy, drawing himself up. "Ain't I big and strong? Feel that!" and he braced the muscle of his strong right arm.

The foreman felt. "Gosh!" he said, greatly impressed. "I shouldn't care for you to hit me. Come along, sonny; let's see what you can do."

He led Andy over to the works. To one of the men who was wheeling a barrow-load of bricks he called:

"Hi! here's a man wants a job! Let him have a try at the barrow."

The man looked, smiled, set the barrow down, and stood aside.

"Now then," said the foreman to Andy

piano, and a loud voice shouting directions. He went towards the sound, and presently found himself on the stage.

A stout, foreign-looking man in shirt-sleeves sat in a chair before a crowd of men and girls, who were being coached in a new dance. Their performance did not please the man. He got up, and stamped about the stage. Suddenly he saw Andy.

"Hullo!" he said; "what's this?"

Andy explained that he had come to apply for a place in the chorus. The foreign-looking man did not laugh, but there was a twinkle in his eye.

"Can you dance?" he inquired.

"Sure!" said Andy.

"Good! Stand there with the others. Now then!" He waved his arm, and the pianist began to play.

Andy skipped about manfully; but alas! he only got in everybody's way, and upset the whole affair.

"I'm afraid you won't do," said the man, and Andy burst into tears.

"I wanted to earn some money for my mother," he sobbed. "She's very—poor, and they're going to turn us out of our house."

"Poor little chap," said the man. "Cheer up." He pressed a coin into Andy's hand, and the girls and men of the chorus gathered round, and petted him. Each one gave the boy something. But it was work that Andy wanted and his heart was sore when he found himself in the street again.

It was evidently of no use trying for a man's job. A notice—"Boys Wanted"—in the window of a District Messenger office raised his hopes. He went in, made his application, and was engaged on the spot. In his delight at this success he asked:

"Can I have six dollars in advance?"

"What!" cried the manager. "Well, you're a cool hand. Don't come that game here. March!"

Poor Andy had lost his job before even beginning work. Completely discouraged, he stood on the steps of the office, looking disconsolately up and down the street.

It was four o'clock. In an hour, unless he could take home six dollars, there would be no home to go to.

The door of the office opened, and the gentleman he had just seen came out and walked briskly away. Andy was just starting off to make another effort to get work, when he saw something lying on the step at his feet. He picked it up. It was a pocket-wallet of morocco leather. The gentleman must have dropped it as he came out of the office. Andy opened it, and found it full of crisp bank-notes. His heart gave a leap. He looked furtively about. Nobody was watching him. Temptation assailed him, and for some moments the issue was in doubt. Then, Andy, grasping the wallet firmly, tore off down the street as hard as he



"I want a messenger's uniform for this boy," he said.



“There was a little crowd round the door of the house.”

could go in chase of the gentleman. He was almost breathless when he caught up with him.

“Mister!” he cried. “You dropped this. I found it on the step.”

The gentleman took the wallet, looked at it, felt in his pockets.

“By Jove!” he said. “It’s mine right enough. You’re a good boy. I say, aren’t you the boy who wanted a job?”

“Yes.”

“And you shall have one. Trot along with me now.”

Andy needed no second bidding. The gentleman took him into a big store.

“I want a messenger’s uniform for this boy,” he said. “Fit him out right now.”

In a few minutes, Andy, now a smart little messenger boy, stepped out of the store with his own clothes in a parcel under his arm, and in his pocket ten dollar bills on account of his salary paid in advance.

It was past five o’clock when he reached the street where he lived. There was a little crowd round the door of the house, and some of Mrs. Walsh’s furniture already stood on the path. Andy pushed through the crowd, seized a chair, and dragged it indoors, bumping against the landlord’s representative.

“Now then,” said the man; “what do you mean by this?”

Andy flourished the bills in his face. “Here’s your money,” he cried triumphantly. “Take your six dollars, and give me back the rest.”

The man took the bills, and stared at them as though he could not believe his eyes.

“Hurry up now,” said Andy. “Four dollars change. Thank you! Now I guess you’d better clear out.”

“Bless the boy!” cried Mrs. Walsh, and clasped him to her motherly bosom.

# ON THE SCREEN.

By EVAN STRONG.



**I**N Germany they realise the wonderful nature of cinematography—in fact, in the Vaterland they regard cinematography as one of the nine wonders of the world. They are far-seeing, sensible people, these flaxen, round-faced cousins of ours, when not eating their renowned sausage—good stuff to eat, as I know to my satisfaction—and putting out of sight glass after glass of good Pilsner and Münchener. Just recently, one of the most important newspapers of the capital on the Spree asked its readers to answer a difficult question: What did they consider the greatest miracle of the world? Not easy to answer off-hand; nevertheless, over 151,764 individuals replied. Wireless telegraphy came in a good first, with 17,148 votes; the Panama canal second, with 16,259; then dirigible airships (no doubt because Count Zeppelin is a tremendous favourite), with 12,328; the aeroplane, 11,428; radium, 11,296; cinematography, 6,347; and the “Imperator,” 6,276.

Here is evidence of the importance cinematography has assumed. It would be interesting to see what British folk have to say on the matter. Whatever detractors may say, the cinema has become a tremendous force, and its march is onward. Nothing will stop it; obstacles which may be raised, and are being raised, in its path to-day will be swept away, and cinematography will take an important place in many walks of life.

The cinema has extended into the remotest corners of France, and has generally proved a profitable proposition. The following figures will give an idea of the tremendous strides the art has made in this country: in 1908, the income of the French cinemas was 4,892,000 francs; in 1911, 7,169,400 francs; and in 1912 it had reached 12,215,800 francs, or more than half the figures reached by the legitimate theatres. When one remembers that in France the theatres are enormously strong, the inference to be obtained from these figures is that at the present moment cinematography is making

a fair bid to out-do the legitimate stage in favour. As a matter of fact, did one desire to obtain an idea of the standing of the cinema in comparison with the theatre in the favour of the people, this would hardly be a fair method to employ. A far juster comparison would be of the number of persons who pay for admission to the various amusements. There is little doubt in this case the cinema would stand first.

\* \* \*

Out of the mixture of compliments, commendation, adverse criticism, and downright biassed condemnation, what are we to consider the majority opinion—among the big-wigs—of cinematography? Canon Rawnsley hates cinematography, as witness his articles, “Moral Reflections on the Kinema as a School of Crime.” Perhaps, however, Canon Rawnsley’s experience has been similar to that of a magistrate who the other day had a wee child before him for stealing a penny. “What did you steal the money for—to go to the Cinema?” thrust the gentleman at the poor trembling atom of humanity, standing in the fear of awe before him. “Yes,” lisped the little thing. Could she answer aught else? Would she, or could she trouble to answer anything other in the circumstances? And so the Cinema was condemned. Dozens of men who should be more careful are making out the case against cinematograph on such grounds.

\* \* \*

It is refreshing to note that Prebendary Carlile defends the cinematograph, and goes so far in his far-sightedness as to realise and suggest the advantages of the use of cinematography in the Sunday schools for scriptural teaching. For all teaching, all who take the trouble to look for themselves will agree, can be materially assisted by the motion picture, for it must be evident to the least observer, providing his mind’s action be not stultified by some foolish obsession or other, that action pictures impress with their reality, and give children something tangible for their brains to work on. Pictures stimulate the brain often where mere words spoken or written are just taken in or observed without analysis.



Not opposed to cinematography in general, but taking a view opposite to that held by Prebendary Carlile, comes Sir Francis Belsey, chairman of the Council of the Sunday School Union. He is a well-known educationist, and one must pay attention to his words. He is a great believer in pictures as an aid to impart knowledge to children, but he hopes cinematography will not be used in the Sunday schools—yet he considers cinematography is a meritorious institution for week-days.

I think the "Ayes" have the day, and that were, we will say, a plebiscite taken, we should find the supporters of cinematography, rich and poor, ignorant and educated, in a very, very strong majority.

\* \* \*

In another paragraph I gave a few statistics re the cinema business in France: I have one or two other figures which are eye-openers as to the popularity of cinematography on the Continent. Bucharest, the capital of Roumania, has a population of under 250,000, yet there are over 50 cinemas in the city, or one cinema for every 5,000 of the inhabitants. Naples (Italy) with a population of about 520,000, has also over 50 cinemas. Nocera, an Italian township of about 15,000 people, possesses five picture theatres, while another Italian village of a thousand souls has a cinema of which many an important city would be proud.

\* \* \*

Everyone nowadays is becoming interested in the speaking picture. I am also interested, but I fear that so far my interest has not led me to think too kindly of vocal pictures. Yet I am a progressive, I hope, and feel sure the day is coming when we shall have this wonderful invention perfect, or at least, nearly so. But the only hope for perfection seems to lie in the possibility of taking a record alongside the film. The great obstacle to this, of course, is the necessary cutting and editing of the film which would ruin the record. A way out will be found, however, as a way has been discovered to avoid all the other difficulties which beset cinematography in its infancy. Inventors will go on in this direction, and some clever—and

lucky—experimenter will overcome all obstacles some day.

\* \* \*

Kinema or einema, which is it to be? The purists use a hard "K" because they say the word comes from the Greek who pronounced it Kin-ē-ma, though I have never heard anyone, not even a purist, pronounce it exactly in this way in English. For my part, however, I am inclined to side with those who pronounce the "C" as "S." In the first place it is the general practice; secondly, I have an idea we cribbed the word from the French, and tried to pronounce it in a similar fashion. Many of the Greek words, Latin, etc., we use come through the French to us, and therefore I reckon we are not correct in chasing back to the land of their birth for tips as to pronunciation; and at anyrate cinema is easier and nicer than kinema, and the general usage in the English language being to take the line of least resistance, I for one am going to follow the crowd and sound the "C" like an "S" as is done in most cases. The Germans I think have the best of this argument for they call their picture palace, "das Lichtspiel Theater"—the light-play theatre; when they do not call it a "Kintop."

\* \* \*

Major-General Wm. H. Carter, who has just returned from the command of the Second Division of the American army in Texas, was asked the other day if he believed that motion pictures of army life, such as drills, ceremonies, and parades, similar to those exhibited by the British army, would be an aid to recruiting. "I certainly do," he answered. "At present the men come in without any special attraction, but motion pictures, in my opinion, are better recruiting attractions than any coloured lithographs. The Government is making motion pictures of army life all over the country. Capt. T. J. Dickson, of the Sixth Field Artillery, has taken many of them, and is showing with much success. There is no special fund in the army for this purpose, and the navy has an advantage as it has a special motion picture fund."

So the Britisher has got in first on one thing at least.

# Vampires of the Night

A Thrilling Drama in Four Reels.

ADAPTED FROM THE AQUILA FILM.



JOHN CHARMAN had never led a straight life, and his list of crimes at last sends him to the condemned cell where we find him seated at a small table penning his last message to his young wife bidding her farewell. Mary, his wife, and her baby child Edna had been deserted for months, and now the dread moment had arrived when she must learn the truth. In the agony of her great sorrow she sends for her mother, Roxana, who is nurse to the Duchess of Burville, an infant of about the same age as her grand-child. Immediately she hastens to her daughter, and enters the room just as Mary has taken poison. Mary begs of her mother to watch over and bring up her child, and before help can be obtained she expires. Roxana, looking at her grand-child, discovers in it the exact counterpart of the infant duchess. An evil thought crosses her mind. Why should not her grandchild be brought up in the lap of luxury? Giving way to the temptation, she wraps the child in a shawl and hastens with it to the castle, hiding it for a while in a disused room. Cautiously she makes her way to the chamber wherein sleeps the infant duchess. The lights are low and the woman left to watch over the baby has fallen asleep. Roxana stealthily creeps to the cradle side and lifts the child in her arms, then, quickly making her way to where she had left her grand-daughter, changes the clothing of the children. At once she returns to the nursery and places the infant Edna in the cradle of the duchess. The deception is not discovered, and the years roll on. \* \* \*

Twenty-five years later we see Judith in possession of her castle and riches, whilst Edna, the real duchess, has been brought up in the Port Tavern, a notoriously low café, and the resort of criminals of the worst type, belonging to Roxana. Judith, although having been brought up and educated in a manner befitting her station, has inherited the vicious and criminal traits in her father's character, and her face even carries on it the stamp of wickedness. But Edna, under the care of Roxana, has been brought into contact with characters of the vilest order,

although it must be admitted that the old woman protects the girl from the insults of the men in the café. Yet Edna has grown into a beautiful woman, her every feature expressing aristocratic birth. She has a beautiful voice and enchants many as she plays her guitar and sings.

Judith is leader of a notorious gang of criminals, who are terrifying the country with constant attacks on people on the high roads. The gang's meeting-place is a vault at the end of a long tunnel, in which Judith, accompanied by one or two of the gang,

is led, and there we see them dividing the spoils.

A few days later, Judith attends a big race meeting, at which she makes the acquaintance of Lord Norman, a famous poet, and falls violently in love with him. After the races she invites Lord Norman and his companions into her carriage, and together they drive away. Determined to win him she decides to give a fête in his honour.

One day, whilst seated on the terrace of a fashionable café busily writing, the attention



Antonietta Calderari.



"The old woman protects the girl from the insults of the men in the café."

of Lord Norman is attracted by a girl who stood close by singing and accompanying herself on the guitar. So sweet and rich was her voice that his lordship stops writing and turns his gaze towards her. When making her rounds amongst the visitors to collect a few pence, she holds her tambourine to his lordship, and in giving the girl some coins he is struck with the likeness she bears to the Duchess of Burville. When the singer departs, his lordship rises and follows, and overtaking the girl, asks that she will sing again as her voice pleases him. The girl, who is no other than the stolen child of years ago, and now known as Edna, consents, and at once renders some old-time song. Lord Norman is greatly attracted by the

girl, and afterwards follows her to her home, which is the low-grade tavern kept by Roxana and assisted by a ruffian named Rogers.

All is activity at the castle, for it is the 25th birthday of Judith, Duchess of Burville. Guests arrive and are ushered into the presence of the Duchess by gaudily attired flunkeys. Myriads of lights burn in the baronial hall, and there beneath the great centre chandelier stands the stately Judith wreathed in smiles as she receives her friends. At last her eyes turn to the entrance as Lord Norman is announced, and stretching forth her hand, bids him welcome. Together she personally introduces him to all assembled. Formalities over, Judith conducts Lord Norman, with



"He is struck with the likeness she bears to the Duchess of Burville."



"Stretching forth her hand she bids him welcome."

other guests to another part of the castle, and there explains that the various groups of statues are titles of his lordship's many poems. Several beautiful dances are performed by the figures, and altogether the scene is one of great splendour.

After a while Lord Norman and the duchess are seated together. Judith draws the rose from her waistbelt which Lord Norman had given her on a former occasion, and laughingly calls his attention to it, but she meets with scant acknowledgment, for his lordship's mind wanders back to the beautiful street singer.

Later, Lord Norman determines to disguise himself as a workman, to win the affections of Edna, the street singer, in this way, and

soon after we find him seated on the wayside with the girl of his heart.

Roxana has not improved through all these years, and now, a broken old woman, she sits day after day in the rough drinking shanty greedily guarding her ill-gotten gains. Rogers reels in and demands money from her, but is refused, and, half mad with drink, he throws the old woman aside and seizes the money from the table drawer. Roxana

elings to him, but Rogers strikes her to the ground and rushes out. At last she is at her wit's end to get money, when she remembers the duchess. She makes her way to the castle, and in an interview with Judith she tells her the truth and demands money for silence. Judith is amazed at the story



"The scene is one of great splendour."



"Soon a scheme unfolds itself."

of her old nurse, and agrees to pay hush-money, but she says she will come to the tavern and see the girl first. There she sees Edna with her lover, whom she recognises to be none other than Lord Norman. Back at the castle again the criminal kink in the brain of Judith asserts itself. If Roxana's story be true, then this street-singing girl is the rightful Duchess of Burville. Judith seats herself upon a settee to think out a plan for the removal of this obstacle in her path. Soon a scheme unfolds itself; beneath the floor of her boudoir is a swift-running sewer, and by Judith touching a spring in the floor an opening appears and reveals a shaft with a deep drop to the waters beneath. This she leaves open, and

lowering the lights, seats herself and puffs at a cigarette, and there awaits the coming of her victim. Her vigil is soon broken, for Edna is ushered into her presence. Judith stands aghast as she gazes upon the face of the girl so like herself. Summoning all her courage, she bids Edna pass through the curtains to the next apartment: she hears a shrill scream soon after telling her that her victim had

fallen in the trap. Overcome with fear, she stands as one in a dream.

Roxana is alone in her drinking den thinking of the money she will receive for her silence from the false duchess. Rogers creeps in and makes his way behind the counter, and is about to appropriate the



"After seeing vision after vision of her victims she ends her life."

day's takings when Roxana appears and attempts to prevent him. Rogers now makes desperate struggles with the old woman. Roxana, in trying to escape, upsets the lamp, which immediately ignites the curtains and the whole place is in flames. The heat and smoke are now intense, and Rogers reels to the door in his endeavours to escape, when it is burst from its hinges from without and in rushes Lord Norman.



"The boat floats gently down the stream."

Instantly he runs to the blazing room and seizes Roxana and drags her clear of the fire. The old woman is seriously burned, and is just able to tell Lord Norman that Edna has gone to the castle, and handing him a written confession of her guilt of years ago, falls back in his arms and dies. His lordship dashes away to the castle and makes his hurried entrance into Judith's apartment a few minutes after Edna had fallen through the trap. Fiercely he demands from Judith the whereabouts of Edna, the street singer, and receiving no reply, flings her aside and comes upon the trap in the floor. Guessing the truth, he clambers down the shaft when he finds Edna lying insensible, partly immersed. Judith

drags herself to the opening and releases the spring, thus entrapping the two lovers. But the strain on her conscience is too much, and after seeing vision after vision of her victims, she ends her life.

Norman supports Edna and together they wade through the sewer and come upon the barred gate where the river enters. Patiently they wait for the dawn, when Norman's cries attract a party of men in a boat. Soon they are rescued, and as the boat floats gently down the stream between banks and gently swaying trees, the sun shines upon the lovers clasped in each other's arms, thinking only of the future, the past only to be remembered as a dream.



# THE FILM-MAKER.

An Impression by Hester Hayward.

Night after night the film favourite is applauded vigorously in the picture theatres. At the back of this man is another to whom the millions never *directly* send any applause. Yet how much should be his.



It is saturated with the knowledge of the literature of nations, his colour sense is remarkable, and he has the lighting skill of the old *fantoccini* manipulators of Italy in guiding his artistes so that the picture formed in his brain shall be evolved on the stage before him. He is not only a stage-manager, he is a painter as well, with living men and women, and light and shade as his pigments, for curiously involved with the action of his plays are tableaux of the finest artistry. It is he, and he alone who creates them. Thus, under his guidance the figure of a girl by a fireside becomes shortly the *study* of a girl, with the fireplace and deep shadows as accessories to *her* importance, *her* needful prominence in the picture. What has he done to give this scene its artistic value? In a few moments he has had the throw of the rays from powerful electric lights altered, with a touch he has brought the actress out of position of angles, which the camera might only too surely betray as awkward, and thrown her into a graceful pose, while, with a word or two, he has directed the man at the camera how best to secure the effect his mind has conceived.

With all his knowledge of by-gone literature, of ancient history, of the classics, and of forgotten pantomimic arts, this man is ultra-modern in himself. Take a glance at him as he sits in the cinematograph studio, before the stage on a level with the floor. This stage is illuminated with electric lights of enormous power, and the reflection from them casts a red-violet light over his pale skin and boldly aquiline features. In build he is immense, and his physique tells of athletics diligently practised. His head is big, with ears flat to its sides. His black hair is brushed sleekly back from a high forehead, over a rising cranium. His shoulders are excessively broad, and his big head has something of a bull-like pose. His hands are manicured and he wears silk socks. His clothes, comfortable looking, set perfectly, and his immaculate linen sets as perfectly as his suit.

Seeing him in repose, you would half-contemptuously classify him as an immense, athletic dandy. But your opinion changes as you watch him guide the actors in a scene which is being cinematographed. Then you see that he is a brain man as well. He has rehearsed the scene, but he is still holding the single sheet of paper on which are written the essential points of the plot. He sits fairly close to the stage, his feet thrust wide apart, trousers drawn up over the silk socks, and his chair on the forward tilt. Now, watch him as he sets the players in motion. You see that the muscles of his legs are tense, his eyes never move from the stage, and as his lips fling directions to the actors, he unconsciously raises his right arm to emphasize his points. He is a figure of intense concentration. Before him an actor is impersonating a man, suddenly liberated from an impending doom. The man is stepping down from a raised platform, and is advancing with dragging steps, and eyes in which lingering horror is perfectly simulated, towards the front of the stage. It is the crucial part of the scene, and every step of the actor is judged and directed by the stage manager. "Come on," he says in his short, jerkily penetrating tones; "come, come, now,—now, one more, come, then stop!" The last step marks the end of the scene, and as he successfully takes his actor beyond the camera's range, his chair loses its forward tilt, and he lolls back, once more the cool, *debonair* dandy, with just the hint of a smile to betray his satisfaction at something well accomplished.

His is an art which brings much study in its train,—the study of all the periods, their costumes, literature, folk-lore, inventions, pantomime, architecture, scenery, and colours and stuffs which can be photographed. The training of youthful actors whose faces will betray no wrinkles under the searching eye of the camera, and yet who must act as men and women do when they are in the thirties is only another part of it.

Subconsciously this art is felt by millions every night, and unconsciously it is applauded again and again.

# RED MARGARET— MOONSHINER.

Adapted from the Gold Seal Drama.



FIFTY years ago Kentucky was a vastly different place from what it is to-day. Then the hills were honeycombed with illicit stills; hardy, law-hating moonshiners carried on a brisk traffic, and bade defiance to Government officials; fighting was an everyday occurrence, and the men of the hills were inured to every danger that might befall a man. Those days are gone, swept clean away, the stills are broken down in useless old age, and dust-buried. Here and there, however, even to this day, the moonshiners brew their spirits in hidden corners, away from the inquisitive eye of the Revenue man, but the business is gone—to-day it is not worth the while, not even for the satisfaction of moonshining—a tremendous satisfaction once you have brewed illicit whisky, and have a desire to get back on the law of the land.

But I have not to deal with to-day—my story goes back nearly fifty years, to the time of Red Margaret, the beautiful, inspiring maid, who was the soul of the most fearless, dare-devil moonshiner band which ever hurled defiance at the minions of the law who sought to rout them out of the snug recesses of the mountains. Every moonshiner, from that day down to the present, knew of Red Margaret; her fame was spread over the whole State in her day, and many a deputy had reason to curse her for his impotency in putting down moonshining, for she circumvented every move, and nullified every ruse.

\* \* \*

Son, he was only known as Son, stood back to a rock, watching the only pass by which approach could be made to the ridge where the moonshiners made their quarters—but his eyes oft strayed from their guard to a lonesome figure outlined against the sky some distance away, a frail figure, with bare arms, slouch hat on a mass of straight hair, and conspicuous by the red-spotted apron she wore. It was Red Margaret, virtual leader of the toughest set of moonshiners that inhabited the Kentucky mountains. She was a winsome maid but for the stern set of her features, the immobile face, and the flashing eyes, which always possessed an ugly light.

Red Margaret came of moonshining stock, the blood of generations of moonshiners coursed violently in her veins, and she carried a hatred for all law, stronger and more virulent than was natural even for a wild creature of the wild hills, lawless environment, and outlawed parents.

She, too, was watching the valley below, for news had come up to the retreat that the sheriff and deputies, realising their inability to capture the gang, and her in particular, had asked and received Government help. One of the most renowned Government agents had come to the district, and was arranging a raid into the hills. The double watch was not on account of fear—these people knew no fear—it was merely a precaution against surprise, for while the deputies' ruses were easy to deal with, there was no knowing what dangerous tactics a first-class Government agent would adopt.

Son watched and watched—not the pass,



Miss Pauline Bush  
playing "Red Margaret."



but the girl, for he loved her in his rough way. At last he deserted his post to go to her, but she turned at his approach and eyed him scornfully.

Unabashed, he made advances.

"Meg, won't yer give a chap 'alf a chance with yer?" he pleaded. "Won't yer let me say what I want to! Yer know, Meg, I've loved yer since yer were so 'igh," and he suggested the height with his hand.

"You'd better be done with your namby-pamby talk," she replied, "and look after your post a bit better. D'yer think I can watch the whole pass from here—and with that cussed Government agent on the tracks it ain't safe to leave a loophole. Put yer love in your pocket, and git back to the ledge."

"I've bin keepin' watch all day," answered Son, sullenly, "and there ain't no chance of them coming up now."

"Ain't no chance! I tell yer this agent's a smart customer, and there ain't no knowin' what tricks he'll be up to."

Son anticipated a crumb of comfort, but he was disappointed, and he sullenly slouched back to the look-out with his gun on his arm. But he was

right in what he said; the government agent was not intruding that day—reconnaissance in the valley was sufficient for him as yet. He discovered enough, however, to warrant an approach the next day, supported by two or three picked men.

\* \* \*

Whisky had been brewed, and the moonshiners were secreting it in an old hollow tree from where it would be taken for traffic by those who were working the other end. Son had a near escape with a huge jar in his hand, and Red Margaret ran right into the agent, who had left his supports behind, just after depositing her jar in the old hiding place.

She faced the man at first like a trapped tigress, but the sight of a revolver calmed her, and the cold, blue eyes of the agent were stronger than her own. A strange

feeling swept over her. Was it fear? Hardly, for Meg had never known that sensation. Though she did not realise it, it was instinctive weakness in the presence of a stronger personality. For a minute the pair watched, waiting for the other to take the initiative, and disclose his or her hand.

The agent was not sure of his ground. By the descriptions he had received of the girl, this was Red Margaret, but he was not certain. He spoke first.

"Now, my girl, what are you doing up here?"

She looked him up and down coldly, and said:

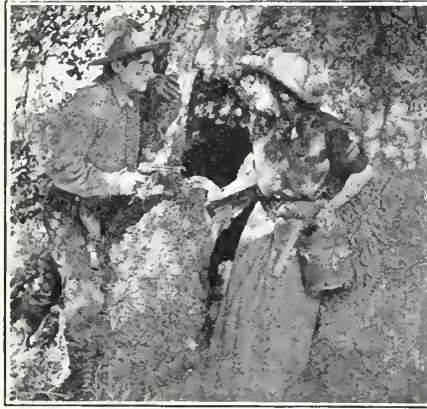
"If it was your business, I'd tell yer, but it ain't."

"Come, come, that's no game to play with me, and I shall call my assistants to take care of you if you are obstinate."

Margaret was sure of the man now; she knew him to be the agent, and a slight fear came over her lest she should be the one to give the gang's retreat away. She had no answer ready, but her flashing eyes gleamed brighter with suppressed angry emotions. The man felt the influence, and his pistol was lowered;

he watched the maid in a different manner, and taking the opportunity Margaret darted off, taking a round course to lead him astray. But the agent made no attempt to follow; the strange influence still held him, and until she was out of sight he stood absolutely motionless. The cries of his companions recalled him to his senses, and he realised that he also had been outwitted by the wild moonshiner girl.

Unbeknown to either, the little comedy had been over-seen by Son, the admirer whom Margaret had so heartlessly repulsed. He saw a chance of revenge, and hastened back to tell the moonshiners of what he had witnessed. Margaret, totally unaware that her escapade was already known in the camp, leapt up the rugged way, her lips compressed, the light of anger still in her eyes, but a strange feeling in her heart.



"The sight of the revolver calmed her."

Her thoughts dwelt on the stranger, and she was not sure whether she was sore or pleased with him. True there was the old antagonism—that could not be dispelled by



“Held up.”

one meeting, but the murderous hatred was tempered by another feeling, a feeling foreign to Margaret's character and temperament, and she could not understand it.

In her father's hut, a scheme to trap the agent was being concocted on the suggestion of Son, and when Margaret entered, she was faced by half-a-dozen men who looked on her with suspicion.

After a momentary pause, the old man bluntly asked her what she meant by talking to the devil's whelp of an agent.

Again Margaret was dumb. She swept a scornful glance round the room, and her eyes rested on Son, nervously shuffling his feet.

“So this is what yer endeavour to do behind my back, is it, you skunk,” she said quietly. “If you were to look after your spying in the valley, and take less notice of me, it would be better for us all. If I looked for a traitor at all, I'd look to you!”

The moonshiners turned to the spy, and he became more nervous under the notice. He must do or say something to save himself now, and the best way to do it would be to attack Margaret.

“What d'yer turn yer nose up at us boys for then to go sweetheartin' with the agent?

Ain't we good enough fur yer,” he cried.

“Such as you wouldn't be in my mind two minutes for anythin', much less sweetheartin'! An' who says I was sweetheartin' with the agent?”

“Well if yer wasn't sweet on 'im, why didn't yer trap him up 'ere?” suggested one of the gang.

Margaret tossed her head and made for the door, but her father's voice called her back.

“Meg, we've got a little job for you; we've got to catch that 'ere agent, an' this little epi-isode's given us the chance. Just you write a letter to 'im, invitin' 'im up 'ere as Son says.”

“I shan't do what Son suggests, he's not my boss, nor never will be,” answered the girl.

“But yer'll do what we all wants done,” put in Son gruffly, feeling rehabilitated.

“Yus,” said her father, whose word was law: “yer'll do what we all want; just write this note!”

And so it was that the agent, who had been dreaming of the wild girl he had met in the mountains, received a note from her, which led him into a trap, and placed him at the mercy of the moonshiners. He was captured and thrust into a cabin, a member of the gang being placed to watch over him. But though the gang had him safely, they were doomed to be defeated by him. The scouting he had done had revealed a way to the retreat, and following up the plans he had laid, a strong posse under a deputy made an attack on the pass. Some severe fighting took place before the moonshiners were driven in; but they had been caught napping, and unable to take advantage of their defences were slowly beaten back with loss. They offered a stubborn fight, but finally took to flight, leaving several dead on the ground, amongst the latter Margaret's father, their leader.

When the firing was at its height, the guard over the agent relaxed his watch, and seizing the opportunity the prisoner made to escape, but he was met by one of the men and shot in the face, the wound blinding him. He was found stumbling about in this terrible state by the revenue men, who jeered and left him to his fate, thinking he had played the traitor for the sake of Margaret.

He would assuredly have wandered into the hills and died miserably had not Margaret seen him as she was returning from the side

of her dead father, and hastened to revile him for the sorrow he and his men had brought upon her and hers.

The utterances died in her throat as she perceived the awful condition of the man as he groped blindly about, blood streaming down his face; the womanly instinct gaining the upper hand, she took him and led him back to the hut, where she dressed his wound, and cared for him till he had fairly recovered. Still her care was not sufficient to restore the sight he had lost, and her greatest worry was how to procure proper professional attention for the man who bore his injuries so stoically, and whom she had learned to love. To go into the town would be to court capture—there was no one to send, and, blind as he was, she could not turn him adrift to find his way alone.

Then, too, the news came through to her that the agent was being shamed as a traitor in the town, the deputy having taken the glory of the attack on, and rout of, the moonshiners. This decided the brave girl on a desperate course—a course which meant the sacrifice of her liberty, but credit and honour of the man she loved. She broached the subject to him, after pondering over it for some time.

"No; decidedly no," replied the injured man when she suggested her idea to him. "It is impossible. For one thing I should never take advantage of a woman's sacrifice, and further I could not be so ungrateful. You have done much for me, how can I repay you? And shall I make such poor repayment as to allow what you suggest. No, I would not think of it."

"There ain't no need to talk of that—I couldn't let you die on the hills; and yer've bin kind to me. Besides, there's only one chance for you, and that is to have a proper doctor."

"Say no more about it; it is impossible."

Foiled in this direction, the determined maid taunted him with the news from the town.

"Don't yer think much about your honour?" she ventured. "I always thought you revenue fellows thought more of that than anythin'."

Yes, that was a sore point with him; he did think a deal of his honour. But which was the more honourable: to suffer himself to save this girl, or to recover his honour in the force at the price of her sacrificed young life?

"I do think much more of honour than you can imagine," he answered, "but I reckon it is more honourable to stay here than to regain favour amongst my own at the cost to you. Besides, Margaret," he continued in a softer tone, "there is another reason why I cannot fall in with your proposal, girl, and that is I have learned to love you, and want you only, with honour amongst my comrades or without."

"It is no use yer talkin' like that," said the girl shakily, after a pause. "There can't be any love a-tween us."

"Why not? What are the barriers? Is it because I am blind?"

"Taint fair to make such a suggestion after the last week. Couldn't I 'ave let yer die? Couldn't I 'ave turned yer down to yer mates if I'd thought in such a way?"

"You're right, Meg; I ought not to have said that; I'm sorry, Meg—won't you forgive me? You've been the best friend on earth to me, and I know you wouldn't turn me down because of my eyes."

"I like you well enough, and that's why I want yer to stand right with your pals; at least, I mean, that's why I want yer to 'ave a doctor fur your eyes. If yer'd



"She thrust her revolver in the blind man's hand."

please me, let me take yer to the village; no doubt I can escape them revenue fellers."

In this way she coaxed him, and at last he consented to be led down to the village.

“Don't forget, Margaret,” he said to her, after they had stumbled down the rocky path some way, she leading and supporting the blind man, “when we get near the village, you leave me and get back.”

“Alright, we're nowhere near the houses yet.”

And on they went towards civilization, he groping and moody; she stern, yet exultant in the sacrifice for the love of the man whose honour she put before happiness.

As they came into the village street, people stopped to watch the strange pair, and hearing voices, the agent said, anxiously:

“Isn't it time for you to slip back? Aren't we in the village?”

“Not yet,” she lied bravely, though the full significance of what she was doing struck her coldly now. “Just a few steps more.”

She led him right to the sheriff's door. A small crowd of deputies recognised her, and hustled the pair. The agent groped round, not understanding, and Margaret, realising this was the supreme moment, and that she had made the irrevocable step, thrust her revolver in the blind man's hand, and in her old defiant way, announced to the sheriff her capture by the agent.

The agent tried to contradict her; he upbraided her, but to no avail. She exulted in her sacrifice. It was the highest expression of her love. She compelled the sheriff and the deputies to believe her, and as the handcuffs were put on her wrists, and liberty became a mere ideal, she smiled at the man, who, through her love, had regained his honour among the enemy.

## CAST.

The Agent	...	...	...	MURDOCK MACQUARRIE
Red Margaret	...	...	...	Miss PAULINE BUSH

○○○○○○

## SUCCESS OF THE FIRST ANNUAL CINEMATOGRAPH BALL.

THE first annual fancy dress ball in connection with the cinematograph trades, as announced last month, took place on March 6th, at the Grosvenor Hall, Victoria, S.W. This delightful social fixture, the first of its kind, will no doubt be followed by others. Great credit is due to Miss Winnie Sharp and Mr. Fred Standerwiek, who, together with the other members of the committee, had provided the “motive power” necessary to secure the measure of success so fully demonstrated on this occasion. Jesters, admirals, Mexicans, gypsies, Apaches, Dutch girls, Spanish dancers, and countless other picturesque folk, mingled together in the many delightful dances. Two prizes, kindly

supplied by Mr. O. J. Raush, of Selsior, Ltd., were given for the best fancy costumes, the lady's memento being a handsome mounted brush and comb in case, and the gentleman's a pair of military brushes. About midnight it was announced that the best costume among the ladies was that of a Spanish gypsy, designed and worn by Miss Hetty Spiers, who accordingly carried off the lady's prize. The gentleman's prize was awarded to Mr. Haydon (the man in the moon). A costume, quite unique, was worn by Mr. Benet Burleigh, it being a Dervish dress brought from Onidurman by his father, the well-known war correspondent. The event wound up as a great success.

# THE PHOTO-PLAY-WRITER.

BY ROWLAND TALBOT.

## PHOTO-PLAY WRITING AS A PROFESSION.



THREE years ago a man who had sold several scenarios, asked me if I thought it advisable for him to throw up his regular employment and become a professional photo-play-wright.

Unhesitatingly my answer was in the negative, and the following I explained to him were my chief reasons for advising him against such a course:—

1. With only four or five British producers in the field the scope was much too limited.
2. The prices paid for scenarios being so small, it would be impossible for the scenario-writer to live on the proceeds of his work.
3. Writers were kept perhaps two months before their work was paid for.

These were the conditions which three years ago made it impossible for a professional photo-play-wright to exist. Things, however, are now run on very different lines, for there are at least twenty producing firms at the present time in Great Britain, and they are all crying out for good scenarios and offering good remuneration.

The American market is also welcoming good British photo-plays. Hence, to-day, if a writer has worked up a good connection amongst the manufacturers, and he knows that they welcome his work, it is time for him to deeply consider the question of becoming "professional."

\* \* \*

I was pleased to see the other day that Messrs. Cricks & Martin have given the author's name beneath the title of their film, "A Soldier's Honour." Are they following the example of the few producers who give their authors credit?—or is this only an isolated instance? It is also interesting to note that the London Film Company give the author's name both on the film and all advertising matter appertaining to it.

This is very encouraging, and I feel sure that it is only a matter of a few months before the practice of giving writers credit will become universal throughout the trade.

\* \* \*

I heard a remark the other day which caused me considerable amusement. A misguided individual asserted that photo-play-writing was the easiest thing on earth. Said he, "A little imagination and the thing's done."

How little he must know about the matter. Photo-play writing is a most difficult, exacting, yet withal, a singularly fascinating art, and to excel therein, one must possess, in addition to a prolific imagination, a knowledge of the camera, of construction, and technique. Those things can only come after long and arduous practice. Compare the lot of the photo-play-wright with that of the short story writer. Where the latter can base fifty or more stories, more or less on the same plot, the photo-play-wright may only use the same idea once or twice, else his work will be looked upon by scenario editors as hackneyed.

\* \* \*

Writers still continue to submit to producers, adaptations often from well-known works, many of which are still in copyright. I have said before, and I think it will bear repeating, that manufacturers always, without exception, when they want to film a well-known work, prefer to adapt it themselves, and often a special staff is kept on the premises for this class of work.

\* \* \*

Mr. Arthur Applin, the well-known novelist has joined the ranks of photo-play writers, and his play the "Lure of London" is meeting with great success wherever it is shown. I am always pleased when I hear of one of these gentlemen coming over to our side, for it goes to prove that photo-play writing is becoming an art to be considered even by shining lights in the literary world.

\* \* \*

Authors would do well to study the

requirements of producers before they send out their work. Many writers disheartened at the continual return of their plays have thrown up the sponge in despair, and many a promising young writer has perhaps been lost to the trade, when probably, had they known, the reason for the refusal of their scenarios was simply because they had been sending them to the wrong market. For example, it would be quite useless for a writer to send a strong dramatic play to a firm who are making short comics or a short comic to a firm whose speciality is sensational drama. If photo-play-wrights could only study the wants of producers in the market for scenarios, before submitting, I feel convinced that there would be fewer refusals.

It is just as important to be able to sell a story as to be able to write one. No rejection by any company can determine the value of a story, nor for that matter can the rejection by all existing companies determine the lack of merit. Repeated rejections argue some fault, but they do not prove lack of merit.

A short time ago a story was rejected by a scenario editor because he thought it was utterly without merit. A second editor who exercises a far nicer judgement in the matter of stories, not only took it, but paid well for it.

In another instance, a story was rejected by one company, and sent to a second. The second company rejected the 'script and volunteered the information that there was no plot, merely a worked out incident. Meantime, the first company had asked the author to re-submit the manuscript, which had been rejected through mistake, and the second time sent a cheque. One story was recently accepted by a company within five weeks after the first rejection, the story having been sent to the company a second time through an oversight. When it arrived the second time, a film of that type was wanted and so the scenario was accepted.

\* \* \*

At the present moment the British manufacturer is crying out for melodrama—good, strong, Lyceum and Drury Lane melodramas; and writers of this class of stuff will get good prices for their work if they send it on right away. Preference will be given to plays running into three or four reels.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

—

B. E. BARLEY, SALISBURY. — Refer to November, 1913, issue of this magazine. "The Photo-Play-Writer" in that number should give you all the information you require.

A. T. HILBURN, CHISWICK, W. — This magazine does not purchase scenarios, but we would advise you to send your sketch to one of the British producers, say Hepworths, Cricks & Martin, or Clarendon Film Co.

FREDERIC B. APPELYARD, MORTLAKE. — Thanks for your kind offer to assist in the formation of a "Cinema Author's Club." At present we are unable to avail ourselves of your assistance. However, the time may come shortly; but in the meantime we wish you luck with your scenarios.

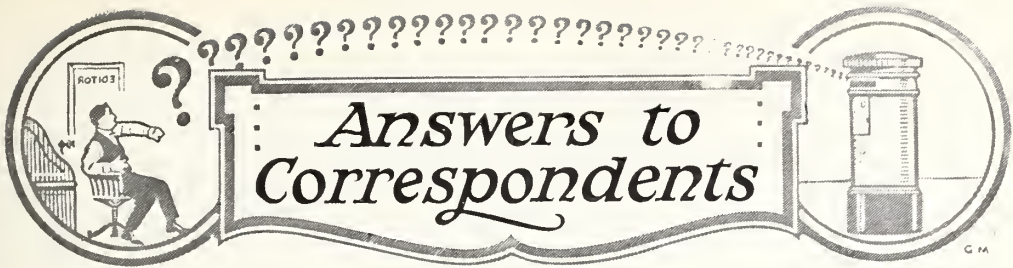
H.S.C., HERNE HILL. — The British manufacturers who are in the market for comic plots, are Eeko Film Co., Teddington; J. H. Martin, Quinton Avenue, Wimbledon; Cricks & Martin, Ltd., Waddon New Road, Croydon, and Clarendon Film Co., Limes Road, Croydon.

"ANXIOUS," NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — Do not worry about your scenarios. Two months is a long time for a firm to hold on to a 'script, but the firm you mention is quite trustworthy, though at times a trifle long-winded.

F. CROMBIE, BEITH. — It is always advisable to have your plays typewritten. Scenario editors cannot be expected to wade through handwriting, and very often bad at that.

"DISGUSTED," LAMBETH. — You really must not blame a firm for not returning your 'script, if you did not enclose a stamped envelope. It would cost producers a small fortune in postage, if they had to return at their own expense all rejected manuscripts. Send a stamped addressed cover and you will doubtless receive your scenario in the course of a post or two.

"HOPEFUL," WOOD GREEN. — As long as we can remember, the author's name has always appeared on Edison films.



# Answers to Correspondents

*We shall be pleased to answer any questions on subjects of interest relating to the Film World. Give as many particulars as possible and write on one side of the paper only. Whilst we use our utmost endeavours to make these replies correct, we cannot be held responsible for any inaccuracy.*

"PUZZLED," WALTHAMSTOW.—You should obtain the copies of "Illustrated Films" containing the articles on "Photo-play-writing" by Rowland Talbot. These appeared in numbers 3, 4, and 6. Thanks for congratulations.

M.E., ILFORD.—Messrs. Gaumont's production, "The British Army," is now on the market and no doubt you will be able to see it shortly at your local theatre. It was first shown at the Palace Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue, some weeks back.

A.C., NORTHAMPTON.—We thank you for your generous remarks and good wishes. Scenic pictures will figure in the magazine from May onwards.

M.B., BROMLEY, KENT.—The story of "Kissing Cup" appeared in the November, 1913, issue. Cast as follows: Squire Hetherington—Harry Gilbey; Chrissie, his daughter—Chrissie White; Jaek, his son—Cecil Mannering; Richard Cardew, a racing millionaire—Alec Woreester; Ingham, the trainer—Jack McAndrew; Daisy Ingham, his daughter—Flora Morris; Arthur, the boy jockey—Bobby Ingham.

B.E.B., SALISBURY.—See reply to "Puzzled," Walthamstow.

E.G., ISLINGTON.—Your newsagent has now in all probability received the two volumes of "Illustrated Films."

M.K., FRESHFIELD.—"In the Hands of London Crooks" was a British production by Barkers. Cast as follows:—Frank Linley—T. H. Macdonald; Sir James Linley—John Hastings Batson; Capt. Bland—Fred Paul; Hilda Linley—Blanch Forsyth; Delilah—Dora de Winton; Nobby—Harry Norton. We regret being unable to obtain the cast of "Little Dorrit." (Thanouser).

B.W., S.W.—See reply to "Puzzled," Walthamstow.

J.W., BURNLEY.—"When the Earth Trembled"—Richard Morris was Richard. Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briseoe appeared in "The Parasite"—see March issue. "Bunny's Birthday Surprise," appeared in our first issue—September, 1913. Flora Finch acted with the great John in this film.

F.W., GLASGOW.—Maurice Costello played lead in "The Joys of a Jealous Wife," released November 27th, 1913. "The Senorita's Repentance" was a Selig film, released November 6th last. Cast: Alvin Berkman—William Dunan; Dolores—Myrtle Stedman;

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS—*continued.*

Raphael—Lester Cuneo; Jose—Rex de Rosselli. Alma Russell played Peggy Morton in "Borrowing Trouble" (Selig).

J.E., DUNDEE.—Florence Turner was Rose Moore in the "The Rose of Surrey" (Turner). Rest of cast as follows:—Edmund Grey—Frank Powell; John Grey (his father)—Shirley Lea; Solicitor to Grey—Arthur Rodney; Mrs. Hunter—Millicent Vernon. Warren Kerrigan was Jacques le Grand in "For the Crown" (Flying A). See November (1913) issue—"Illustrated Films."

E.F., EDINBURGH.—Thank you for letter. Gratified indeed to know that you and friends enjoy our magazine. "Playing the Piper" (Vitagraph) was released December 1st, 1913. Cast—Robert McDonald—Hughie Mack; Mary McDonald—Dorothy Kelly; Alexander McGregor—Charles Brown; James McGregor (his son)—Wm. Humphrey; Manager of Garage—Teft Johnson. Sydney Drew played the lead in the other picture you mention.

E.M., BRISTOL.—Really we cannot tell you—our business is connected with Films not Filters. Why not write to Messrs. Doulton's.

"SCREENITE," LEEDS.—Selig released "The Child of the Sea" on October 30th, 1913. Cast: Mrs. Warren—Kathlyn Williams; The Child—Lilian Wade; Nell Warren—Kathlyn Williams; Bill Jackson—Harold Lockwood; Jim Arnold—Herbert Rawlinson; Captain Warren—A. W. Filson; Tom Lawton—William Hutchison; Mrs. Lawton—Lillian Hayward; Olso—John Schrenstein. NO, John Bunny is not dead.

MOVIES, BRIGHTON.—"The Two Sides of a Story" was a Powers picture. Edwin August was the Barber; Fred Walters—Customer, and Jean Macpherson—The Wife. "Kelly from the Emerald Isle" (Solax), featuring Barney Gilmore, appeared in our October (1913) issue.

G.M., MANCHESTER—Essanay released "Broncho Billy's Conscience" on November 24th, 1913. Broncho Billy—G. M. Anderson; Tom Warner—Fred Church; Ranch Owner—Carl Stockdale; Ranch Owner's Daughter—Marguerite Clayton. "Across the Rio Grande" was also an Essanay picture.

FILMS, DORSET.—Lionel Adams played Wilm Hardy in "In the Toils" (Lubin). Rest of cast—Mona Denton—Mabel Turner; Edith Warrington—Marian Barney; Sam Smith—E. A. Turner; The Country Girl—Frankie Manu. "A Modern Christian" was a Kalem picture. Cast—Christian—Tom Moore; Esther—Alice Joyce; Worldly—Stephen Purolee.

*The Editor regrets being unable to include the many other answers to queries he has received, owing to want of space.*



Film Favourites



Miss Mary Pickford.

Film Favourites



Mr. Sidney Drew.

Film Favorites



Miss Anita Stewart.

Film Favourites



Mr. Marc McDermott.

Film Favourites



Miss Mona Darkfeather.

Film Favourites



Mr. Phillips Smalley.

Film Favourites



Miss Lois Weber.

*Film Favourites*



Miss Irene Vernon.



# The Female of the Species

By *From the* "Jeph."

REX  
FILM



HE door of the sheriff's office was flung wide open and the bristling land-

owner burst in dragging an unwilling woman, whom, to the young sheriff, now on his feet, he cursed in no half-hearted manner.

She was a wild creature, with a pair of flashing eyes as her main characteristic, and she appeared wilder than ever in her multi-coloured dress reaching to her knees, which, if her dark unruly tresses and swarthy skin did not reveal her as of zigeuner blood, emphatically announced her as a member of the gipsy band roving around the district.

"This is one of the scum settling on my land," cried the irate intruder, "and I want you to tell her and her tribe to clear out before there is trouble. I will not tolerate them on my property—order them away from the district."

The gipsy looked at the sheriff with an air of amusement and appeal, and he, inclined to side with the landowner, softened somewhat.

"All right, Mr. Thomson," he replied; "I'll see to the matter, and if they are creating any nuisance they shall go."

As Mr. Thomson left satisfied, the sheriff turned to the girl and told her pretty sternly that she must get her tribe to move out of the district.

But she merely laughed in his face and said: "I shall not go from here, I love you and will not leave you."

Ed. Marlinton stepped back aghast; the *naïveté* of the reply to his command upset his composure, but pulling himself together and assuming a dictatorial tone—for was he not a sheriff whose word was practically law out in this country?—he told her she must depart, and left her to consider it.

"We shall see," she flung after him; but Ed. took no heed, he was on his way to meet his little sweetheart, Ella, who lived down the way with her widowed mother,

and when Ella entered his mind all other things were excluded

Ella was a pretty little thing, and quite the most

attractive miss in this out-of-the-way place, but it is doubtful if she had any depth of character, and if her love for Ed. was anything more than the desire for a decent fellow who was much the best beau roundabout.

Still she showed a great affection for him, and it all seemed very simple and sincere. Now she came forward to greet him as he strode across the open space before the house with a winning smile.

"Are you coming to spend the afternoon with me, Ed.?" she cried: "it's frightfully dull to-day. I don't see much of you as usual now. This sheriff business is taking too much of your time."

"Sorry, Ella, I'm afraid it's going to take me away from you this afternoon, also, for I'm just up and about to clear some gipsies off old Thomson's land. He's kicking up a fuss about them."

"Oh, bother Thomson and the gipsies. Forget him and them for a little while and do spend a couple of hours with me," she pleaded.

"Wish I could, girlie, but I'm afraid it's impossible. You see old Thomson is quite the most influential person about here, and I have got to mind my 'p's and q's,' being new to this job," he expostulated.

Ella pouted, and the gipsy girl watching the scene smiled contemptuously at this meek little creature who commanded the attention of the man whose nature called to hers so strongly and whose look had stirred up her wild blood. An intense desire to rush out and snatch Ed. away seized her, and it was only with an effort she restrained her impulse and turned away.

She had but gone when the sheriff left his sad-faced little sweetheart, mounted his horse, and rode off at a gallop to the gipsy encampment to order the wanderers, whom nobody wanted, away from the district.

When he turned his back on the gypsies he he did not leave love behind. Quick to hate, the Romany were immediately the enemies of the man who merely did his duty, as he understood it, and though they prepared to leave they muttered threats of vengeance as they did so.

The gipsy-girl, her heart yearning for the man she had but met that day, strolled back towards the camp through a glade in the thick woods where the setting sun streamed through the foliage in golden patches. She would meet the man again and soon she knew: yet pleased, exultant, she feared the meeting and her love, for premonition, such as these wild people of nature know, and realise the portent of, warned of distant danger, the fate to which circumstances such as this and others to follow were but the stepping stones. A fatalist, she would not strive against what the Fates had decreed, however, and the passionate longing for the man who had drawn all her untameable love with one glance would lead her anywhere.

As she picked her way along she heard the clatter of horses hoofs. It was he coming—and she hid behind a large tree. A moment later Ed. came in sight and she stepped forth into his path, smiling and falling into so natural a graceful pose that the man, though not disposed to notice her more, felt his heart bound at the vision.

He recalled himself and the task set him

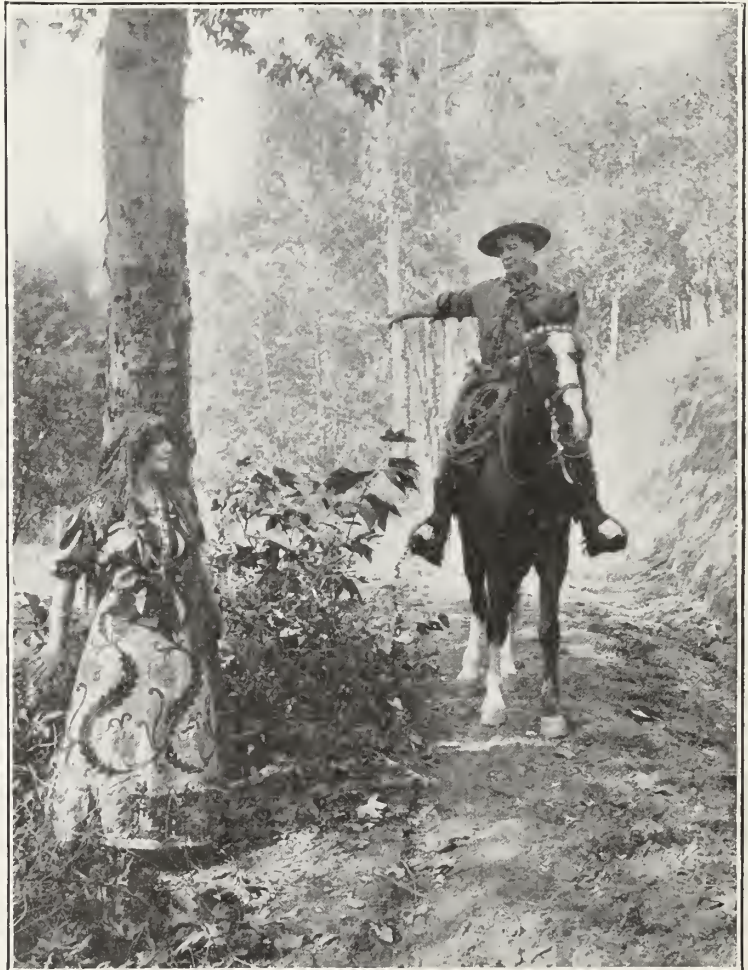
“I have ordered your people away,” he said. “You had

better hurry along and get out of the district with them. You are not wanted here.”

“But if I choose to remain?” she responded.

“If you remain you will find yourself in trouble,” he said. “Now come along, get away from this place with your tribe as quickly as you can.” He dismounted as he spoke and walked towards her. She did not move, and when he reached her side, she suddenly turned and kissed him full on the mouth, warmly.

Old Thomson, walking along another path to see that his desires had been carried out, over-saw, and hurried back to



“You had better hurry along and get out of the district with them.”

tittle-tattle in the township.

"Sheriff's gone lovestruck on the gipsy," he told all he met, and the choice piece of information, gathering detail as it progressed, soon reached the ears of Ella and her mother.

Ed. arrived in town shortly after and heard and discounted the tale, but to no avail. Ella turned on him, and her mother warned him not to come near the place till the gipsy had passed away from the district. The wild zigeuner-girl went, but not from Ed.'s mind. He did not love her—he thought Ella had his heart in her keeping—but he thought of her with interest, and unconsciously admired the bold, passionate nature and the daring advances she had made.

\* \* \*

Life would have settled down to the humdrum of a small township, and perhaps Ed. would have forgotten the gipsy-girl had not "Quick-shot Alden," a notorious outlaw, passed over from the next county into his territory. Fate's circumstances were marshalling; cumulative, they were gathering for the *dénouement*.

Ed., warned of Alden's presence in his jurisdiction, was quickly out to hunt him. But he had a long way to go before he came up with his man.

Alden had barely escaped capture, and had crossed the border, his horse spent, and himself almost dead beat. It was rough country, and coming down a rugged path, his horse stumbled and broke its fetlock. There was but one thing for the outlaw to do. He was fond of the animal as a friend which had stood him in good stead, and, though it pained the fellow, a bullet was the only thing for the poor beast. Then Alden climbed to the top of the ridge to take his bearings. In the distance a waggon was crawling along—

one of the Romany was on the trek, and the outlaw knew that he would be shielded if he could but gain the confidence of the gipsy. So away he went to cut the waggon off, and managed to come up with it as the owner had outspanned for the evening. He told his tale, and the Romany, his hatred for the law smouldering yet, for he was one of those who had been turned off Thomson's ground—in fact, he was the father of the girl who had created such tumultuous feelings in the sheriff's breast—took him in and promised him shelter.

The girl was away gathering sticks for the fire, and looking for fresh water and herbs. Before she returned the sheriff had ridden up. He had seen the outlaw's dead horse, and knew he was on Alden's track. Dismounting he asked the gipsy if he had seen a man roving thereabouts.

"What kind of a man?" parried the Romany.

"A dark fellow, about my height. Looked as though he had been riding hard and was in a hurry," responded Ed.

"Yes, I saw a man answering that description about half an hour ago." A devilish idea entered the gipsy's head as he heard a faint movement in the caravan. If he could distract the sheriff's attention from the vehicle, perhaps the outlaw would do the



"He had seen the outlaw's dead horse and knew he was on Alden's track."

rest, and he would have had his revenge.

"Which direction did he take?"

"He was clambering over yonder hill," said the gipsy, pointing to a ridge, which brought Ed. to turn his back to the caravan.

Immediately he had turned, Alden, from the tailboard, dropped a blanket over the sheriff's head and the two men fell on him and had him bound up before he could make any useful resistance.

Alden was for settling him outright, but the gipsy stopped him. He had a better and crueller plan. Why not take the captive into the woods, gag him, and leave him tied to a tree to die of hunger and thirst? Almost as soon done as said. Ed. was carried to the wood and bound up in a spot where pedestrians or horsemen would pass but rarely in a year. There they left him to face

a terrible death. Hope of escape was almost nil, for he was so tied up that he could scarcely move a muscle and the gag in his mouth prevented any cry for help.

The two criminals decided to clear out of the neighbourhood at once, but were of necessity bound to wait till the girl returned. She was surprised to find all ready for departure when she had expected to camp in that spot, and she showed her dislike for Alden pretty plainly.

"Why leave here in such a hurry, when night is falling?" she inquired petulantly. "Father, are we to flee because this man is afraid of something?"

"No, my child, not that, but he is a friend of mine and is in haste," said the old gipsy.



"Alden, from the tailboard, dropped a blanket over the sheriff's head."

"It would be better for you if you did as you were told and didn't ask saucy questions," remarked the outlaw with bitterness.

She turned on him savagely: "If you are in such haste, why don't you ride where you want on your horse and not disturb us who have nothing to do with the like of you?"

"My horse is tired and I am deadbeat. I claim the hospitality everyone on the road expects, and what's more I'm going to have it; so keep your tongue still."

His menace did not frighten the girl though. She went over to the horse; something seemed familiar in the trappings; she had seen the animal before, but where?

Anyhow, coaxed by her father, she got into the caravan, and, with the sheriff's horse tied on behind, the trio set off on the road

again, the old man driving, Alden sleeping in the bottom of the caravan and the girl watching and thinking.

The moon rose beautiful in the heavens, transforming the country-side into a veritable wonderland. Silence, unbroken except by groaning of the caravan as the wheels rumbled over the rough way, pervaded. Looking forward the girl saw her father silhouetted in the opening of the van—swaying slowly to the movements of the cumbersome vehicle. The moon shone straight ahead, and its beams stole inside, lighting up the face and neck of the slumbering outlaw. The girl looked at him and a shiver of repulsion shook her frame. Something gleaming on his neck, however, held her attention. She bent over him to see the glittering thing was a locket. Opening it stealthily, she found a photograph—the picture of the sheriff's sweetheart, Ella, her rival.

Now she knew the horse following meekly; it was the sheriff's. Something had happened to him; they had injured or killed him—the man she loved. That was the reason of the haste and the presence of the outlaw.

Quick as the thought itself the girl snatched the locket, leapt from the caravan and cut the horse loose. Mounting, she turned the animal and galloped back the way they had come. She was going to find the man she loved—the man who had affected her wild nature so deeply. As she dug her heels into the animal it sprang forward, and the sound of the gallop woke Alden from his slumber. He missed the girl and the horse, and realised vaguely that danger threatened in their disappearance. His revolver came from its holster and he dashed from the caravan to a point of vantage where he could distinctly see the horse and rider in the moonlight. Twice the revolver spoke, but the galloping horse did not stop though the girl fell forward, her arms around its neck. Thinking he had missed, Alden rushed back to the caravan, cut one of the horses from the traces and prepared to follow the runaway.

On and on the sheriff's mount dashed with the wounded girl clinging to its neck. Alden was a way behind. The runaway reached the place of the last encampment, then swept round a corner of the road. The lurch was too violent for the girl's hold; she was thrown heavily to the side of the road and lay there still.

Alden was still some way in the rear, but it was touch and go if the girl would recover before he arrived.

With an effort she rose to her knees, but the struggle was almost too much; her life's blood was fast ebbing from her. She could not regain her feet, but she crawled bravely to the woods, led by her wonderful love instinct to the man bound and helpless. Death had no consequence for her. To save the man her heart called to was her one aim before she died. If she could save him she would pass to the next world satisfied her mission on earth was fulfilled.

As she came up to the tree where he was bound, he turned an astonished, but welcoming eye on her. She was content. With her knife she cut his bonds, but not in time, Alden was upon them. He flung the girl aside with an oath and would have despatched Ed. but the fate he intended for the other he suffered himself. Gathering all her strength for the final effort, the zigeuner-girl plunged her knife deep into the outlaw's back, and with a strangled groan he fell back dead.

Ed., now free, turned to his saviour—but she was past help. Gently he took her in his arms, gratitude filled his heart; his eyes were moist.



“ Ella, I have come back.”

"Why did you sacrifice yourself for me?" he asked, simply.

"Because I love you," came the murmuring reply.

A serene smile spread over her features, her eyes spoke of her love as she held out the locket—the portrait of Ella, his sweetheart. In death she forgot her hatred of her rival, only of his life and happiness she thought, and she died calmly, feeling his arms about her, with the magic words "I love—" on her lips.

Ed. Marlinson had seen men die, he understood no false sentiment, but at this he broke.

He took the dead girl across his horse, and with hard set, immobile face, he rode into the town, straight into the market square, with the people following and wondering; but he turned neither right or left, nor recognised anyone.

Ella saw him carrying the dead girl. She turned and hurried home with wrath in her heart against the man, her sweetheart.

Ed. laid the poor corpse, its multicoloured robe and raven tresses drenched in blood, down in the market place. To the curious townfolk he simply said, "She saved my life," then he strode towards his sweetheart's house, his face still set rigid, and as white as death itself.

The door was closed. He rapped, but there was no response. "Ella," he called, and rapped again. The door opened a few inches. "Ella, I have come back, though I thought it would never be."

"I don't want you back; go to your gipsy sweetheart—go, go!" cried the girl enraged, and she slammed the door in his face.

Ed. looked blankly at the door, at the locket with Ella's portrait which he held in his hand, and he thought of the poor gipsy who had given her life for his.

"God, that I should have looked to you," he muttered to the photograph he held, and he threw it with an imprecation to the ground and crushed it to minute atoms with his heel.

## CAST :

The Gipsy Girl	...	...	...	LOIS WEBER
The Sheriff	...	...	...	PHILLIPS SMALLEY
The Outlaw	...	...	...	RUPERT JULIAN

## OSTRICH FARMING IN SOUTH AFRICA



# The Cricket on the Hearth

*From the 'FLYING A' FILM*



AS a prologue to this setting of Dickens's delightful story, we are shown a charming picture. The actor who is to assume the part of Caleb Plummer in the story, and the actress who is to play Dot Peerybingle are seen in the firelight. "Dot" is kneeling by Caleb's chair, listening while he reads to her the story. And as he reads and she listens the characters come to life, take human shape, make their bows to the delighted girl, and fade away. Honest, big-hearted John Peerybingle comes, Caleb, aged and bent, his blind daughter Bertha, Tilly Slowboy and the baby, sprightly May Fielding, that sour eurmudgeon "old Gruff and Taekleton," Edward, old Caleb's young and handsome son who went to the "golden South Amerieas," the Stranger, with his young face and his snowy hair and beard—all come forward into the firelight, are seen a moment and are gone. How many boys and girls, young men and maidens, old men and old women, with young and tender hearts, have seen them all in the firelight over and over again, and have grown to love them! Yes, love them; even "old Gruff and Taekleton," who turned out a trump at the last, bless him! We see them all in the picture—all, that is, except the ericket; but so warm and cosy and happy is the scene that we can, if we listen with all our ears, hear him chirp—or nearly!

And then the story begins.

OLD Caleb Plummer and his daughter are in their little cottage. The furniture is poor and mean, and Caleb is old, feeble, and grey-headed, but Bertha does not know it. She is blind. Never since she was a tiny child has she seen the sunlight and the flowers. She imagines her father as still alert and vigorous, without a line on his face, or a grey hair on his head.

Old Caleb, desiring her happiness above all things, practises daily a loving deception upon her. When she is within hearing he seems to her ears always gay and light-

hearted, his step firm and sure as a strong man's, his voice without a quaver. He has even made her believe that old Taekleton, the toy merchant for whom he works, has a warm and tender heart, which he hides under a grim and surly manner. Whereas, old Taekleton is, as we all know, a rough, ugly-tempered old bear, who grinds work out of Caleb to the utmost ounce, and pays him for it as little as he possibly can. Caleb would not for worlds have Bertha know the truth about these things. And she is happy in her ignorance.

Bertha sits in her chair, talking away happily to Caleb, who is hard at work. There are some queer things in the room: dolls and doll's houses, birds and beasts and Noah's arks, little carts, tiny fiddles, and drums—in short, the most wonderful assortment of toys that any boy or girl could wish to see. For Caleb makes toys, and his old fingers are very clever.

Then in comes May Fielding—laughing, curly-haired May—dancing about like a ray of sunshine in the dingy room. May is arranging a May Day festival, and nothing will content her but that Caleb and Bertha shall come and dance on the green with the others. She intends to invite Edward too, old Caleb's strong and handsome son, and she knows very well, the little rogue! that he will jump at the chance to dance with her, for she and Edward understand each other very well, bless you!

Edward himself comes home presently, highly delighted at finding May there. She is just a little shy, perhaps, but not too shy to mind going for a walk with him. Out into the pleasant lanes they go in the spring sunshine. And who should come along but old Taekleton—"old Gruff and Taekleton"! Surly enough he looks when he sees them. May shivers a little, and elings tighter to her stalwart lover's arm. When they come level with him, the toy merchant growls savagely at Edward, whose hot blood is up in a moment. Only May's restraining hand



"There is a merry picnic on the grass."

prevents him from striking the man.

The lovers walk on and forget him, but Taekleton goes straight to the house where May's father and mother live. No beating about the bush with him! He goes straight to the point. He wants May for his wife. If he cannot have her, they know what will happen. He holds a mortgage on their house, and he will foreclose. It means ruin for them. Having delivered his threat, he goes away.

\* \* \*

There are two other lovers in this story, and no Taekleton stands in the way of their happiness. They are John Peerybingle, the carrier—good, slow, honest John—and Dot, his pretty little sweetheart. The course of true love has run smoothly enough with them, everything is settled, and Dot has many times

gone with John to see the pretty little cottage where they are to live. They, too, are invited to the May Day festival.

And now the day has arrived, and John and Dot and a score of other happy young people are soon dancing merrily round the maypole, set up in Farmer Fielding's meadow. May is there, and presently Edward comes with his blind sister and old Caleb. Bertha

does not dance. She sits by, and plays the harp which her father's clever old fingers made and strung for her. But old Caleb means to dance, and does. If his legs are rather shaky, his heart is as light as any there.

There is a merry picnic on the grass, after which the dancing is resumed. It is all too jolly to last. There is a commotion among



"The toy merchant falls headlong, and lies there with his eyes closed."





"John is as proud of his baby as he is of his wife."

the happy throng. Old Taekleton bursts upon them with angry words. He has a strange notion of courting, has Taekleton. He drags May away before Edward's eyes, almost from his very arms.

This is more than flesh and blood can stand. Edward raises his fist, and strikes with all his strength at Taekleton. The toy merchant falls headlong, and lies there with his eyes closed, never moving.

Women scream, and men gather round with white, seared faces.

"He's dead," says someone. "You've killed him!"

In another minute Edward has gone, flying for his life, leaving heavy hearts behind him.

But Taekleton is not dead. In another week he is about again, as well and strong as ever, resolved on revenge.

While Caleb and Bertha are

at the wedding of John Peerybingle and Dot, the toy merchant goes into their humble cottage with one of his men, clears away all the dolls and dolls' houses, all the Noah's arks, all the strange birds and beasts. Caleb and Bertha return to a desolate home. Only one toy is left, a doll without a head. Caleb clutches it with shaking fingers, and bows his poor old head down on the table.

Oh, if Edward had not gone away!

\* \* \*

Two years have passed away—two years of perfect happiness for John Peerybingle and Dot, his wife. And now, on this evening, Dot is waiting for John to come home. And a cosy little home it is to be waiting for a man weary from a long day's work. There is a cheerful fire, a monster kettle is singing a merry song, trying its hardest, and failing,



"The arrival at the church."

to drown the chirp of the cricket on the hearth. And there is Tilly Slowboy, too, with the precious baby.

John is as proud of his baby as he is of his wife, and makes a great deal of fuss over both of them when he comes home presently, laden with parcels. Says Dot:

"An't he beautiful, John? Don't he look precious in his sleep?"

"Very precious. Very much so. He generally *is* asleep, an't he?"

"Lor, John! Good gracious no!"

"Oh, I thought his eyes was generally shut. Halloa!"

"Goodness, John, how you startle one!"

"It an't right for him to turn 'em up in that way!" says the astonished carrier, "is it? See how he's winking with both of 'em at once! And look at his mouth! Why he's gasping like a gold and silver fish!"

But what should a man know about babies? Especially John, who has forgotten the most remarkable parcel of all those he had had on his cart. He remembers at last.

"I declare," he cries; "I've clean forgotten the old gentleman!"

"The old gentleman!"

"In the cart. He was asleep, among the straw, the last time I saw him. I've very nearly remembered him twice since I came in; but he went out of my head again. Halloa! Yahip there! rouse up! That's my hearty!"

John is outside the door by this time. He returns after a few minutes with the old gentleman, a Stranger, with long white hair; good features, singularly bold and well defined for an old man; and dark, bright, penetrating eyes.

"Found him," says John, "sitting by the roadside, upright as a milestone. And almost as deaf. 'Carriage paid,' he said; and gave me eighteen-pence. Then he got in. And there he is."

The Stranger announces that he is to be "left till called for," and it is arranged that he shall stay the night in the house. Dot has grown quiet, and watches the stranger with troubled eyes.

Caleb Plummer looks in, arrayed in his wonderful great coat of sack-cloth, with "G and T" in large black capitals, and the word "GLASS" in bold characters on the back of it. Caleb has called for a parcel, and while he is there another visitor arrives. Tackleton has come for a parcel, too his wedding cake. He is going to be married

to May Fielding, who, to save her father from ruin, has consented to become his wife.

The surly toy-merchant looks suspiciously from Dot to the mysterious Stranger. He thinks he sees signs of some secret understanding between them. If he could follow them when Dot shows the Stranger to his room his suspicion would be changed to certainty, for as the old man takes the candle from his little hostess he smiles, puts his finger on his lip, and shakes his head, looking at her earnestly the while. Dot nods, as though to say she understands, and goes downstairs again. Tackleton and Caleb have gone, and John draws his wife lovingly to a chair by his side. And the cricket chirps like anything!

"Heydey!" says John. "It's merrier than ever to-night, I think."

"And it's sure to bring us good fortune, John!" says his wife. "It always has done so. To have a Cricket on the Hearth is the luckiest thing in all the world!"

Old Caleb has gone home to his cottage, and climbed the stairs to his bedroom. The two years have been hard ones for him, but he has contrived to keep the worst of his misfortunes from poor blind Bertha. She, too, climbs the ladder, finds her father asleep in his bed, kisses him softly, and goes down again to seek her own couch.

Poor Bertha! An awakening comes to her next day. She learns from May Fielding that the father she had believed so strong and alert is really old and feeble, and very, very poor; that he has deceived her all this time for her happiness, but cannot keep up the deception any longer. Poor Bertha! But even in her distress she loves the old man the more for his tender care of her.

Nobody has "called for" the Stranger at John Peerybingle's yet. Tackleton, however, is keenly interested in him. He does not seem able to keep away from the carrier's cottage. One evening he sees Dot and the white-haired Stranger leave the cottage together, and, seeing a chance of making mischief, he enters and tells John of what he has seen. The carrier, though refusing to believe ill of his wife, goes out with Tackleton, and sees, a little way from the cottage, Dot and the Stranger standing talking earnestly. As he looks, a cry of anguish breaks from him. The Stranger with a sudden movement plucks away his white hair and beard, and reveals himself as a young man, straight and tall.

Is Dot false then? John cannot think it. Yet what is he to believe? Half mad with grief he rushes away from the cottage, but returns after a time in a cooler frame of mind. Dot, his little Dot, false! No, there must be some explanation.

What that explanation is he finds out next day, when at his wife's request he accompanies her to Caleb Plummer's cottage. The old man and his blind daughter are there, and someone else as well. Edward! Caleb's boy, back from the "golden South Americas."

Edward is the Stranger. He has come back to his home in disguise, having learned of May's approaching marriage to Tackleton. To-morrow is to be their wedding day, but not if Edward can prevent it.

And he does prevent it. As Tackleton, looking really not so very old in his bridal array is about to enter the church door, with May by his side and all the wedding guests following, he receives a disagreeable shock to find his place and right disputed by a smart, handsome young man, who he had thought was thousands of miles away. This upsets all Tackleton's arrangements badly, and he is very angry, the more so as May flatly refuses to go into church with or be married to anybody but Edward.

There is a brief dispute, and then the wedding party enters the church; with Edward as the bridegroom. Tackleton remains outside. He walks slowly home, and the first thing he sees on arrival there is—his wedding-cake! Well, he will not wait



"A cricket sings on the hearth, a broken child's toy lies upon the ground; and nothing else remains!"

it now. He calls a servant, and gives him an order. So it happens that shortly after Mr. and Mrs. Edward Plummer have reached old Caleb's cottage, on their return from church, there is a tap at the door, and a man comes staggering in, plumps something down on the table, and says:

"Mr. Tackleton's compliments, and as he hasn't got no use for the cake himself, p'raps you'll eat it."

How they dance in a ring round that wonderful cake; how old Caleb enjoys the cutting of it; and how the guests enjoy eating it! And when John Peerybingle and Dot go home after the wedding party, how the cricket makes music "with its chirp, chirp, chirp; and how the kettle hums!"

\* \* \*

But what is this! Even as I listen to them, blithely, and turn towards Dot, for one last glimpse of a little figure very pleasant to me, she and the rest have vanished into air, and I am left alone. A Cricket sings upon the Hearth; a broken child's toy lies upon the ground; and nothing else remains!

CAST:

Caleb Plummer	Sydney Ayres	Dot	Vivian Rich
Old Tackleton	Jack Richardson	Bertha, the blind girl	Caroline Cooke
John Peerybingle	Harry Von Meter	Tilly Slowboy	Louise Lester
Edward, Caleb's Son	Harris L. Forbes	May Fielding	Charlotte Burton

# A Tudor Princess

*From the*  
**EDISON FILM**



ING HENRY VIII. and his Court were very merry in the splendid palace on the banks of the Thames which the King had graciously accepted from his devoted servant, Cardinal Wolsey. The King, bluff, burly, and hearty, was talking on the terrace now with the great ecclesiastic, who was the chancellor of the realm, and, some said, the real ruler of England. About them were richly-dressed ladies and gallants of the Court.

The King was in a good humour, and the courtiers, quick to catch his mood, were merry, too. They knew, however, that a very little thing would sometimes change the King's mood, and they were careful not to approach too near the spot where he stood with the Cardinal. A word overheard might prove perilous to the hearer.

The matter upon which the King and his Chancellor were holding converse was important enough, in truth; nothing less than the disposal in marriage of the King's sister, the Princess Mary Tudor. It seemed good to the King that the princess should marry Charles of Austria. Such an alliance would increase the prestige of the House of Tudor among the Courts of Europe. The Cardinal was quite of his master's mind, and they did not doubt that Princess Mary would dutifully acquiesce. It would be a splendid match, for Emperor Charles was the head of the Holy Roman Empire, and the most powerful monarch in Christendom.

As the King and the Cardinal talked their eyes turned ever and again to a laughing group of ladies and gentlemen. One of the group was the Princess Mary herself, beautiful enough to be an emperor's bride, and impulsive and wilful enough to lead him a pretty dance unless he were strong enough to tame her.

One of the gentlemen stepped forward bowing, with a rose in his hand, which he offered to the princess. The King and the Cardinal were not near enough to hear what

was said, but they saw the princess take the flower, look at it a moment, and then throw it carelessly aside, at the same time making some remark which called forth a burst of laughter from those around her, and brought an expression of chagrin to the face of the courtier who had made the offering.

"See," said the King, "the saucy wench spurns his gift. You were wrong. We have nothing to fear from Charles Brandon. Lord, what a fool he looks!"

The Cardinal smiled and shook his head. "It may be so, sire," he murmured. "But who can read a woman's heart?"

"Not I, i' faith," cried the King, laughing. Then dismissing the subject, he said: "Well, shall we see this ambassador now, who comes from my cousin of France? He has come post from London, so his business should be of weighty import. Come, my lord Cardinal."

The King and his Chancellor entered the palace, followed by most of the courtiers. But Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, remained on the terrace, and presently he saw something that made him take heart of grace again. The Princess Mary came tripping down the broad steps from the palace alone. She did not notice Brandon, but ran straight to the spot where she had thrown the rose, picked it up, and ran back to the palace again.

The King had guessed truly. The ambassador's business was indeed of weighty import. He was the bearer of a formal proposal from his master, Louis XII. of France, for the hand of the Princess Mary. Now this was a match much more to King Henry's mind, even than the alliance with the Emperor Charles. It was true that Louis was old and feeble and wicked, and the princess young and beautiful, but reasons of State were powerful enough in the King's mind to outweigh all other considerations. After a brief consultation with Wolsey he gave a favourable reply, and authorised the ambassador to carry his master's proposal to the princess.



"It was true that Louis was old and feeble and wicked."

Never was ambassador so astonished as the Duke de Longueville when he was ushered into the presence of the princess and explained his mission.

"What!" she cried imperiously. "Marry King Louis? No, he is old, and I like him not."

The blood had flown to her cheeks, and her dark eyes flashed. The ambassador might have taken warning, but he did not know the princess very well.

"But, your Royal Highness," he expostulated, "his Majesty, your brother ——"

But the princess was angry now. "No more," she cried. "You may tell his Majesty, my brother, that I will not marry King Louis."

Then, as the ambassador opened his mouth to speak again, she picked up a cushion, and flung it at the unhappy man's head. It was well aimed, too, and effectually stopped his mouth. He ran off to the King in high dudgeon, protesting that he had been most vilely served.

King Hal had much ado to keep from laughing, but he went at once with Wolsey to enquire into the princess's outrageous

conduct. He stood silent while she curtsied and kissed his hand. Then he said sternly:

"What is this I hear, sister? You have insulted King Louis's ambassador."

The princess threw up her head and burst into a peal of laughter.

"Oh, sire," she cried, "the poor man did look so odd. You should have seen him run!"

The King could not help laughing at that, but he was quickly serious again.

"Yes, yes," he said impatiently, "but these tricks will not do. You are to marry King Louis."

"I will not!" she cried. "I will not marry the King of France. He is old enough to be my grandfather."

Then the King grew angry. "What of that?" he stormed. "You will obey me, and, by my halidome, you shall marry whom I choose."

It was a miserable little princess who was left when the King and the Cardinal went away. She was standing by the open window thinking how unhappy a thing it was to be a princess, when something flew past her and dropped on the carpet. It was a piece of paper, curiously folded. She opened it, and



“‘Now, listen,’ he said, ‘you must fly with me.’”

read with a beating heart, these words :

“I am waiting in the garden. Come to me, oh princess of my heart.

“CHARLES.”

It was her first love-letter. She did not hesitate, but stepped at once out on the terrace. Brandon, young, handsome, and gallant, saw her and beckoned, and she went to him, a little timidly.

“My princess,” he murmured, “my beautiful princess.” He took her hand and held it while he gazed ardently into her face.

For a moment or two she let her hand remain in his. Then she withdrew it. “I must not stay here,” she said. “I ought not to be here at all.” Then, piteously, “Oh, Charles, I am to marry King Louis.”

“By heaven, and that you shall not !” he cried. “You are mine, and no king shall take you from me.”

She liked that, though she strove to restrain him, when he would have taken her in his arms.

“Now, listen,” he said. “You must fly with me. I will be at the postern gate at midnight, with two horses. By dawn we

shall be far away. You will be there ?”

“Yes,” she whispered, so softly that he had to bend his head to hear. Then he let her go.

But their interview had been witnessed, and even now Queen Catherine was with the King.

“Sire,” she said, angrily. “The Princess Mary is even now talking in the garden with her lover, Charles Brandon.”

King Henry was in a right royal rage. “The mutinous jade,” he burst out. “I’ll tame her !”

There seemed to be nobody in the princess’s apartment when the angry King marched in, with the Queen and the Cardinal following. Suddenly from behind a curtain came the princess, laughing and shaking her curls.

“Why,” said the King, “I thought——” He broke off, and turning to the Queen, said : “See how you have misjudged her.”

The Queen darted an angry look at the princess, but could find nothing to say. The King, his good humour restored, was leaving the apartment, when a crumpled bit

of paper on the floor caught his eye. The princess, too, saw it, and sprang forward. Too late! The King was reading Brandon's note. He turned in a fury on the princess.

"So," he cried, "you defy me, wench! Well, we will see who is to rule. Here you stay till you agree to marry the King of France."

He stalked out from the room, and presently the princess saw soldiers placed on guard outside her window, and knew from the sounds that the door was guarded, too. But there was another little door which was not guarded. It was hidden by a curtain, and it was this door that Princess Mary, disguised as a Court gallant, in full riding costume, plumed hat and cloak and all, opened as the great clock was striking the hour of midnight. She went cautiously by a secret passage to the postern gate. Brandon was waiting with two horses. They mounted, and in a few minutes had left the palace grounds behind them.

They had been gone some time when a sentry going his rounds found the postern gate swinging wide. He gave the alarm,

the flight was discovered, and the King informed. It was the Cardinal who pointed out the secret way by which the princess had escaped. The King raved and stormed, and a strong party was at once sent in pursuit, with instructions to spare neither whip nor spur.

Believing that they were as yet safe from pursuit, Brandon and the princess had stopped at an inn to rest their horses and refresh themselves.

"Ho, landlord! Food and drink for two hungry men," cried Brandon, and presently the drink was forthcoming.

"There, your worships," said the jolly-faced landlord, setting two great flagons on the table, "there's no better ale in England than that."

Brandon took up his flagon and took a good pull at it, but his companion did not seem so eager. Presently, however, she raised the flagon, making a wry face as her lips touched the liquor.

"Drink it, young sir," cried the landlord, with a roar of laughter. "Better stuff than all your French wines." He gave the



"Presently, however, she raised the flagon."

princess a clap on the back, which, her mouth being full of ale at the time, nearly choked her.

There was a commotion outside, a sudden banging on the door, and in a trice the room seemed full of armed men. Brandon was on his feet in an instant, his hand on his sword, but the princess restrained him. Presently the two captured fugitives were on their way back to the palace.

The princess's interview with her brother was brief and stormy. The King would not listen to her pleading.

"Consent to marry Louis," he said grimly, "or Brandon's head shall fall."

Princess Mary looked from the King to the Cardinal, from the Cardinal to the Queen, finding nowhere any sign of pity. The parchment was held out to her, while the King waited. She took the pen and signed. They left her weeping.

## PART II.

SO Princess Mary went to France escorted by the Duke de Longueville and her own maids of honour from the English Court. Brandon stood apart from the

throng of courtiers when the lady he loved took her leave of her royal brother and received the Cardinal's blessing. As she was leaving the presence on the arm of the ambassador she stopped suddenly on seeing Brandon. There was silence in the room. King, Cardinal, and courtiers were wondering what she would do. But she only looked at Brandon with her heart in her eyes. His face was white. He bowed with his hand on his heart, and she passed on.

There was a brilliant ceremony at Notre Dame—the wedding of a young and beautiful girl to an ugly, wicked old man, who shuffled down the aisle with his head and body bent as though the weight of his kingly robes was too much for his shrunken, enfeebled frame.

At the palace afterwards, the princess, now a queen, was with her women, when the King was announced. Oh, she was a queen, indeed—royally beautiful, and adorably young. The King's evil old eyes glowed with senile joy as he looked upon her. He clutched her hand with claw-like fingers and pressed it to his withered lips. The Queen snatched her hand away with a shudder of disgust, but when the King looked angrily



"Soon the Queen received the news that the King was dead."



at her she remembered, and gave it him again. But oh, how she hated him!

An hour or two later he came back to her once more. Her women were still with her, and his lips twitched angrily.

"There are too many thorns about my rose," he said, with a smile much like a sneer. "You must pack these women off to England."

The young queen began to protest, and then fell silent, feeling that it would be useless. After the King had gone away muttering to himself, she opened her hand which had clasped upon something one of her women had pressed into it. Her heart gave a bound. It was a note from Brandon:

"I have followed you to France. Neither King nor Court shall part us."

A wonderful change came over her face. She stood with parted lips and glowing eyes. Then once more she remembered. She was now a queen and a wife. She threw the paper from her.

Alas for resolution! The door opened, a man entered, cloaked and sworded. The women started back in consternation as he advanced and held out his arms to the Queen.

"Charles!" she cried, and in a moment was in his arms, his lips seeking hers.

For a brief space she forgot everything but that she loved. Then reason returned and she wrenched herself free.

"Oh, why did you come?" she cried. "They will kill you—oh, they will kill you! You must fly at once!"

"With you, my princess—my love!" he cried. "Come with me now, and this time they shall not find us."

They had no eyes but for one another, and noticed neither the sudden opening of the door nor the terrified exclamations of the women. Then a hand clutched Brandon's shoulder as he knelt before the Queen. He sprang up and confronted the King, who was almost choking in a paroxysm of wrath.

"Take the dog away," he cried, when he found his voice. "He shall pay for this. He shall die!" His hands clutched at the air, and his voice rose to a shrill scream.

Men sprang forward at the command, pinioned Brandon's arms and led him away.

The Queen stood proudly there, her figure drawn to its full height, her face pale and scornful.

"And you, madame," cried the angry old man, "you, too, shall pay for this outrage."

She did not move as he tottered towards her, hands outstretched, and skinny fingers working as though already fastened on her white throat. Suddenly he stopped, gasping for breath, and would have fallen headlong if attendants had not caught him in their arms. They bore him away.

He was a dying man, but he lived long enough to sign Brandon's death-warrant. Soon the Queen received the news that the King was dead. It was joyful news to her. It meant freedom. But Brandon was still a prisoner under sentence of death. How to save him?

It was Francis of Valois, the heir to the throne, who found the way. It rested with her, he said. If she would surrender all the rights and privileges of her new rank and return to England she might take Brandon with her. Gladly enough she consented, and they sailed for England together.

King Hal was not best pleased to see Brandon again at his Court, and it might have gone hard with him, if the King's sister, no longer a queen, but the charming, wilful princess of old, had not pleaded for him.

"Sire," she said, "an I may not marry Charles Brandon, I must to a nunnery. Oh, will you not make your sister happy?"

The King, already half relenting, looked at the Cardinal, who first smiled and then laughed outright.

"Who can read a woman's heart, sire?" he asked, slyly.

"By'r lady, you were right after all," said the monarch. Rising, he slapped Brandon jovially on the back. "Take her, my lord duke," he cried, "she's saved your head." Then with a great laugh, he added, "Lord! she'll lead you a devil of a life!"

CAST:

Henry VIII., King of England	Robert Brower	Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk,	Benjamin F. Wilson
Cardinal Wolsey .. .. .	Charles Ogle	Duke de Longueville .. .. .	Harry Grady
Queen Catherine .. .. .	Mrs. Wallace Erskine	Will Somers .. .. .	Allan Crolius
Princess Mary, Henry's Sister	Mary Fuller	Jean Freisot .. .. .	George Anderson
Louis XII., King of France	Barry O'Moore	Jane Bolingbroke .. .. .	Elizabeth Miller
Francis, the Dauphin .. .. .	Rex Hitchcock		Court Attendants, Soldiers, etc.

# "Tommy from Dixie"

A CHAT WITH

MR. TOM POWERS



A screen player who loves simple things—a product of the free "out doors" of

Dixieland communes with trees and flowers and all wild nature.



It will give you an insight into Tommy Power's nature if I relate how I met him and how it was I came to be the intimate friend of this clever young screen-player.

He was wearing a daffodil jauntily in his buttonhole, and as this refreshing flower is an emblem of my nationality I was interested and asked questions, to discover that he also was of Keltic blood, though not of the same branch of the race, for his forebears came from Ireland; and good hardy specimens of Irish Kelt they were, too, as he will tell. Then I learnt we had a common liking: nature; the flowers, the trees, the very grasses were his playmates who spoke to him of wonderful mysteries, beautiful thoughts and ideas. I told of how the Welsh children love the wild flowers, and of one of my childish memories of how we youngsters toddled off to the woodlands in spring to seek for the first snowdrop, which when found was almost deified—and he almost cried with sweet pain at the thought.

That is Tommy Powers—the screen-actor, who does not merely reveal the pains and joys he seeks to represent—but feels them.

The pleasure of our first meeting has led me to waste space, for I had intended to let "Tommy" talk and just write what he had to say.

When I asked for a few notes for the "Illustrated Film Monthly," he ejaculated: "What another?" but I calmed him by

saying: "Well, just talk; I shall ask no questions; say something with yourself in the background and I shall be satisfied." I was more than satisfied when he told me the following tale:

"You know I am deeply offended when people call me a 'Yankee,' as they oftentimes do, because I come from Dixieland, and we are as distinctly divided from the North as ever. My people have always been in the South ever since we came from Ireland—that is five generations of Powers. I believe my forebears were a band of wild Irishmen who were always finding trouble, and it was after a mad outbreak that my great-great-grandfather was packed up in a sugar barrel by his brother, and shipped aboard an outward-bound vessel. When out to sea he was taken from the barrel and his passage paid. He and his brother landed on the coast of the West Indies. Here my great-great-grandfather married and went to America, settling down in the place we are in now.

"It is peculiar, but the family has always had an aptitude for working with the hands. One of America's greatest sculptors was Hiram Powers, who made one of the best-known statues in the States, 'The Greek Slave.' The desire to do things with our hands has come right down through the family. One of my aunts is a natural sculptor and does things instinctively with the fingers. She has done a very beautiful marble of the late Pope Leo, and this is well-known in America.

"When I was a little chap I was always to be found at the back of our house where there was clay on the banks of a stream. There I went to play with little negro children; but I was not satisfied with the things they did. I began to design. This was at the time of the Spanish-American war, and Admiral Dewey was the popular hero. I made a cast of him in clay, which could be recognised. From that," continued Tommy, who was now irrepressible, "I went on to do some respectable things. Later I did colour work, and accomplished little oil illustrations in children's books.

"Children are my hobby. I see their point of view."

I drew Tommy to the actor.

"There is little chance for an actor to produce a great thing," he said.

"He only suggests a line of thought, and if he suggests something good, he is a good actor.

"I was never satisfied with merely acting. When I was with Vitagraph I got to know the scenery men, the labouring men around the place—men who did actual work, for from them an actor can get ideas. To these men I was just a plain human being, and I like to be treated as such. Then I got into the *papier-mâché* department—an unusual privilege—and there I modelled and made things. In fact lots of little things seen in Vitagraph pictures were my work. One can work his part better by mixing with such people than by remaining in an ephemeral atmosphere, and I, therefore, rather made friends with cowboys, musicians, helpers, and the like."

"With regard to future plans and ideas?"

"Plans of the future I have none. I am too busy on things of the present. They are

little things, I know. My ideal is absolutely not to lie in my trade. I want to be truthful; I do not want to say, 'I am suffering,' for instance; I want to suffer, and have the audience see and know it. One cannot be lost in one's part: there are certain boundaries. The point of good acting seems to be to teach your view-point."

"How then did you become an actor?"

"I have had most wonderful experiences which led me to the stage. One of the first things I did was an out-doors play, 'A Night in Arcady,' which I wrote. I played the faun (a most proper part for me). This is a

photo of the part"—(giving a picture).

"It was a wordless play—more than a wordless play: it was a

motion picture, with real people in it.

"The whole thing had the spirit of the out-doors, and at the last I had to fall asleep, having been happy for one night, and the rose

petals, blown off by the night breezes, fell and covered me.

"Playing this made me feel how much more wonderful than the theatre this reality was—the thought was real, the

scenes also, and I decided right there I would play human beings."

When Tommy Powers wound up I felt I had heard something others would like to read. It spoke of the man—the real man.

Mr. Powers carries his feeling into his playing, he strives not to lie, and the pictures we shall see in the near future, produced with Miss Florence Turner down at Walton-on-Thames, will reveal characters that live, and not marionettes.

Mr. Powers is very young, and of super-human vitality, though slight of frame. He makes friends everywhere.



"Tom Powers as 'The Faun,' in an out-doors play, 'A Night in Arcady,' written by himself."

# The Tragedy of the Three M's

From the WALTURDAW FILM

ACT I.

THE MAN.



WHEN Vera Burton stepped out of the taxi at the entrance to the Imperial Circus, where she was about to begin a three months' engagement, she was welcomed by a number of old friends, public entertainers like herself, cosmopolitans whose friendship she had tried and proved in every city of importance throughout Europe.

Vera, the daring and brilliant horse-woman, was the idol of the public, and popular with her fellow-artistes. They welcomed her cordially, and the manager himself came forward to escort her into the building, and after pointing out her dressing-room he left her.

Vera stood a minute or two gazing about her at the scene which was now so familiar to her. The stage hands were busily preparing for the evening performance. There was a babel of voices and hammer strokes. A troupe of acrobats passed her on their way to rehearsal, a tiny boy bringing up the rear in full professional costume, an amusing little figure enough, yet somehow a rather pathetic one.

Vera smiled as she looked, and was turning to open the door of her dressing-room, when a voice startled her.

"Welcome, Miss Vera. Will you not shake hands?"

She turned, and there came into her face a look which showed that this meeting, at any rate, gave her no pleasure.

"You here!" she said, in a cold, contemptuous tone which quite failed to shake the man's composure. He smiled evilly as he answered:

"Of course. I came to see you."

She made a movement of anger and disgust, as he stepped forward and seemed about to put his arm around her.

"I hate you," she cried angrily, and then, as he brought his evil-looking face close to hers, she added; "I never wish to see you again."

His smile vanished as she disappeared into her dressing-room and shut the door in his face. He turned away with a muttered curse, but presently was back at the door again. Bending down he put an eye to the keyhole. What he saw did not improve his temper. A maid brought a bouquet and a note. She placed the flowers on the dressing-table and handed the note to Vera, who opened and read it with a smile, which made the watcher grind his teeth in anger. Then she picked up the flowers and pressed them to her lips.

The man was still at the keyhole when along the passage came a strange figure of a man. Big, burly, middle-aged, he seemed at first sight to be walking with his arms behind him. Closer inspection showed that his sleeves were empty and the ends of them tucked into the pockets of his coat. He was indeed, the famous man without arms, Raoul Sanbras.

On seeing the man at the keyhole the newcomer cried out sternly:

"Hallo, Claude! What are you doing there?"

The other man sprung up in alarm, but he tried to appear unconcerned.

"Oh, nothing," he said, with a laugh: "just a joke, that's all."

"A joke!" Sanbras grunted. "Queer

sort of a joke looking through keyholes!"

Claude laughed again and walked off. He found one of the stage hands whom he knew, got into conversation and invited him to have a drink. The invitation was accepted, and a few judicious questions obtained for Claude the information that a note and a bouquet for Miss Vera Burton had been handed to this man by Gerald West with instructions to hand them to Vera's dresser.

Gerald West was one of the stars of the circus. His daring Chinese Trampolin jump was the sensation of the Continent. His note to Vera had informed her that he would be waiting for her after the rehearsal, and appointed a place for their meeting. As soon as Vera could leave the circus, she hurried off to keep the appointment, and she and Gerald went to a café for tea. Gerald had loved her for some months, but had never dared to speak. Now, however, something in her voice and the way she looked at him gave him courage, and he told her what was in his heart. To his joy he found that his love was returned, and there, at their little table in a corner of the café, when no one was looking, they plighted their troth with a kiss, and Gerald called for a bottle of wine to celebrate the occasion.

At the circus that night, Vera, a charming figure in her smart riding costume, was about to go on for her "turn" when Claude again put in an appearance. He had hardly begun to speak, however, when Raoul Sanbras interrupted him. "Miss Burton," he said "I saw this man this afternoon with his eye at the keyhole of your dressing-room. He was spying on you."

Claude turned on Raoul with a snarl.

"It's a lie! And what business is it of yours, anyhow, you freak?" He shook his fist threateningly in the armless man's face.

Raoul, however, pressed suddenly forward,

and threw his great bulk against Vera's tormentor, who, taken by surprise, staggered backwards and fell.

"Clear out, you dog!" said Sanbras, and Claude, threatening loudly, but keeping clear of the big man, slunk off.

He did not go far, however, and he was looking on with an evil scowl, when Gerald West managed to secure a few minutes with Vera before her "turn" was called.

Presently Gerald was left alone, and the jealous mischief-maker got his chance. With devilish insinuations he managed to sow the seed of suspicion in Gerald's mind.

There was, he said, something going on between Vera and Brixham, another of the artistes. His smile was more hateful than his words, and though Gerald turned the matter contemptuously aside, he found himself thinking again and again that perhaps there might be something in what the man said.

For the time things worked as unhappily as even Claude could wish. Vera had a rival, though as yet neither she nor Gerald were aware of the fact. Mademoiselle Lottie, a dancer, had meant him for her own, and by some perverse fate Vera, going to look for her lover, after the performance, found him talking to the dancer. It was plain that

Mademoiselle Lottie, at any rate, was making love to him.

Gerald left the dancer and walked away with Vera, but there was constraint between them. The demon of doubt was doing his work.

Claude made his next move. Seizing an opportunity when he was alone in the dressing-room used by many of the artistes, he laboriously wrote a note to Gerald, imitating the dancer's handwriting. The note told of the writer's amusement at Gerald's "little flirtation with the circus rider," and concluded, "We leave for London to-morrow



"Vera Burton."

night. I have got the cash. —LOTTIE.”

Having finished his labour, Claude folded the note and slipped it into the breast-pocket of Gerald West's coat.

At home that night, Vera, heavy of heart, poured the tale of her troubles into her mother's sympathetic ear, telling her also of Raoul Sanbras, the man with no arms. Mrs. Burton's reception of the news surprised her daughter. She herself had been in the profession in her youth. Two men had loved her, and one of them, she now told Vera, was Raoul Sanbras. She showed the girl a letter, yellow with age, a manly letter, which Raoul had written to Vera's father, wishing him joy and happiness with the girl who loved him. Mrs. Burton's voice was very tender and her eyes were filled with tears as she told her daughter the story. Then she wrote a letter:

“Dear Raoul,

Do you remember little Annie, of the circus at Westhampton? Since my husband died Vera is my only comfort. Be her friend.

Yours sincerely,  
ANNIE BURTON.”

## ACT II.

### THE MARVEL.

**R**AOUL SANBRAS was not called “The Armless Wonder” for nothing. A man of invincible

courage and resolution, he had set himself from childhood to overcome the terrible handicap which Nature had set upon him. Most men, afflicted as he was, would have gone through life bemoaning their hard fate, leading a useless life, a misery alike to themselves and their friends. But Raoul made up his mind to endure cheerfully what could not be cured. Moreover, he soon saw a way to turn his physical infirmity to account, and was now making a handsome income by doing things with his toes a good deal more cleverly than many people were able to do them with their hands.

On the morning after Mrs. Burton had written her letter, the armless man was awakened by his valet. He sat up in bed, and with a dexterous twist picked up his watch with the toes of his left foot and wound it quite easily between the big and second toes of his right!

It was wonderful, if only there had been anybody there to see it.

Having wound his watch, Sanbras proceeded to polish his shoes, an operation which he performed without trouble. Then he perched upon a high seat which had been specially made for him, and producing his shaving implements, stropped his razor, turned on the hot water, shaved and washed himself, doing all these things with a rapidity and dexterity nothing short of marvellous. The man was a miracle.

He dressed himself and went into another room to breakfast. Even this he insisted on preparing for himself. He ground and made his own coffee, made the toast, and then sat down to eat it.

He was in the middle of breakfast when his valet brought in the letters, among them the one from Mrs. Burton. It was an extraordinary sight to see him open the envelope, take out the letter, and open it.

The reading of it made him thoughtful.

He had already taken a fancy to Vera, and the discovery that she was the daughter of the woman he had hopelessly loved ensured his whole-hearted devotion to her service.

After breakfast this remarkable man got out his typewriter, and with a little stick a few inches long held firmly between the toes of each foot, he tapped out with incredible rapidity and certainty a reply to Mrs. Burton, accepting the charge she had laid upon him.

All these things he had done with an easy mastery which would have made an observer distrust the evidence of his own eyes. It



“Raoul Sanbras.”



"Her eyes were filled with tears as she told her daughter the story."

was surely the most astonishing triumph ever witnessed of human will and determination over a physical disability which might well have been thought insurmountable.

### ACT III.

#### THE MARTYR.

**G**ERALD and Vera were sitting together at an afternoon rehearsal, and Claude, watching them narrowly, saw with satisfaction that there was trouble between them.

Gerald was summoned to go through his performance, and as he hurriedly removed his overcoat and threw it on the seat, a letter dropped to the floor. Gerald did not notice it, but Vera picked it up. At another time she would have put it back in the pocket of the coat without a thought, but now she was jealous and suspicious. She secreted the letter

and took the first opportunity to slip away to her dressing-room. There she read it, to find her worst suspicions confirmed. It was the letter Claude had written, and the unhappy girl was convinced that her lover had played her false. With a wild cry she sank upon the floor, her frame convulsed with heart-broken sobs. Quickly she was on her feet again. A wild unreasonable impulse was upon her. She must get away from this place, anywhere. There was nothing

left to live for. She rushed out of the dressing-room, along the passage, and out of the building.

But Sanbras had seen her, and had been frightened by her white, stricken face. He followed, saw her drive away in a taxicab, and himself sprang into another with a hurried word or two to the driver. The chase was not a long one. Sanbras realised with alarm that they were heading for the



"A little stick a few inches long held firmly between the toes."



"The reading of the letter made him thoughtful."

river, and feared that he would be too late. He saw Vera's cab stop, saw the girl jump out and rush madly to the water's edge.

When he reached the place he saw her struggling in mid-stream. This extraordinary man could swim as well as he could do everything else, and without an instant's hesitation he flung himself into the water and swam vigorously in her direction. She was almost exhausted when he reached her, but in some wonderful manner he managed to keep her head above water, and propelled her to the bank where willing hands drew them both to land.

Vera was unconscious, and Sanbras

saw that her right hand was clenched upon a sheet of paper. At his request one of the men took the paper.

"Put it in my pocket," said Sanbras, after the man had held it out for him to read.

Vera was placed in a cab and taken home, and Sanbras returned to the circus. The letter puzzled him. He found Gerald, showed it to him, and received his assurance that there was nothing between him and the dancer, and that he had never seen the letter before.

Sanbras was determined to solve the mystery, but it was by a lucky chance that he hit upon the solution. He had his suspicions, and taking an opportunity to visit the dressing-room used by Claude, he presently came upon a sheet of blotting-paper on which some words were visible. Struck by a sudden thought he slipped off his shoes, and with his clever toes held the blotting-paper before a mirror. He saw at once that the writing and the words were identical with those in the letter. In great excitement he sent for Gerald, and the two started off at once for Vera's house.

Sanbras went first into the room where Vera, pale and sorrowful, and still suffering from shock, was sitting with her mother. He told his story and exhibited the letter



"Raoul Sanbras had won a martyr's crown."



and the tell-tale blotting-paper as proof of Claude's villainy. Then he called in Gerald, and he and Mrs. Burton looked on smilingly while Gerald took his sweetheart in his arms.

\* \* \*

It was the night when Gerald West was to give his thrilling performance for the first time in this circus. He was to leap from a trapeze high in the air to a curious contrivance with spring bars which was placed in position on the opposite side of the stage. It was a feat to test the strongest nerve, but Gerald had done it often before, and felt no fear. The apparatus had been thoroughly tested and found in order.

Both Sanbras and Vera were nervous to-night. The armless man had seen Claude hanging about the apparatus, and had made it his business to examine it afterwards. He found nothing wrong with it, but determined to keep a close watch upon Gerald's enemy.

When Gerald's turn came he kissed Vera, and told her gaily to have no fears. Then he walked on to the stage, and to the accompaniment of thunders of applause climbed to his trapeze and began to go through the usual performance of which his sensational dive was to be the culmination.

Sanbras stood in the wings, watching. For a moment he had forgotten Claude in his interest in Gerald. Suddenly some sound drew his attention. Peering behind a wooden partition he saw Claude with a knife in his hand severing one of the rope stays which supported the apparatus to which Gerald was to leap from the trapeze forty-five feet in the air. He realised in a moment what this meant. Gerald would take his leap, and it would be a leap to death, for without the stay the apparatus would not stand the strain. A glance showed Sanbras that there was now no chance of stopping Gerald. There was only one thing to do be done. With a bound

Sanbras was upon the loose end of the rope, pressing it down with his feet and keeping it taut with the weight of his body. He was only just in time. Gerald swung out on his trapeze for the last time. He let go, shot swift and true as an arrow down and across the stage, caught the bars unwerringly in his hands, and stayed there, swaying his body gracefully curved upwards.

Sanbras held on like a hero. The strain was terrific. The perspiration stood upon his face in beads, and he felt himself giving way. With a frightful effort he steadied himself. It seemed an age that he stood there, between a man and a terrible death. Then with a spring Gerald was clear and the ordeal was over. But that last spring had thrown too great a strain upon Sanbras, already almost exhausted. The last remnant of his strength gave way, the heavy iron block of the stay, released from his weight, flew up and caught him a frightful blow on the head, and he fell.

The stage hands and artistes gathered round with cries of surprise and alarm. They took him up tenderly and carried him into one of the dressing-rooms. He lay there very white and still.

Gerald ran in with the end of the severed rope in his hand.

"There has been foul play!" he cried. "Look here! Sanbras saved my life!"

There was a movement. Sanbras half-raised himself. His eyes searched the group around him and rested upon the livid, horror struck face of Claude. Sanbras lifted a shaking hand and pointed.

"He—did it," he gasped. "Claude—I saw—him—cut—the rope!"

They cried out in horror. Sanbras fell back dead, and Claude, his lips moving but uttering no sound, and his white face horribly contorted, was dragged away.

Raoul Sanbras had won a martyr's crown.

### OSTRICH FARMING IN SOUTH AFRICA.



# On the Screen

by

EVAN STRONG



THE outcry in the country as to false attraction of the cinema for children has so grown that it is time the subject was discussed fairly in order to arrive at some conclusion as to the advisability of remodelling programmes or the restriction of hours for the admittance of children to the picture palaces. The outcry at first appeared to be the outcome of Mother Grundy efforts to restrict the development of a great industry, but it has grown in such a way that it requires looking into dispassionately and without partisanship. As for the general outcry against the cinema, irrespective of any particular point, that may be dismissed as the pious scandalizing of mock-modest old women. But all this talk with regard to the child has some reason. Let us get to it and see if it has any real base.

\* \* \*

MR. GWILYM DAVIES, M.A., a distinguished student, and as far as a man can be unbiassed, writes in an article on Social Progress in "Wales" as follows: "Is the cinema likely to help or hinder the healthy development of our children? We have to recognise that the cinema has captured the child. Recently in a Band of Hope meeting I ventured to ask about forty bright youngsters—typical children in every town in Wales—what they thought of the picture palace? And they were for it to a child . . . As far as I have been able to gather, the same pictures are shown to children as are shown to grown-ups. And this is a fatal mistake. What may have no effect on adults might set the young mind thinking about matters which are best left to a later stage. . . . As things are, we should agitate for the closing of the cinema to the Welsh child, unless a guarantee be given that the films at a children's performance be most carefully examined, and that nothing shall be exhibited which makes for undue mental excitement or for moral deterioration."

\* \* \*

NO blatant outpouring this, yet we may say a few words as to the conclusion coupled with the observation that the writer of the above has scarcely watched the trend of modern cinematography. If he had he would have noted that few films tending to effect any deterioration in morals get by, and that the majority of pictures shown in our halls are effective sermons.

\* \* \*

THE educational authority in Nottingham also complains of the attraction of the cinema, but they overlook the obvious point that if cinematography is such a powerful magnet for children it is their duty to employ it in their curriculum. If, as these people declare, the cinema unduly excites the mind of the child and that the child carries away vivid impressions, then, authorities which have control of education, yet do not enlist the aid of the motion picture for teaching, are playing traitor. This is a strong thing to say, but it is so obvious that the word cannot in any way be avoided. When people allow their prejudices to overpower logic it is their own fault if they are picked up sharp in argument, and these people who come down so hard on cinematography seem to allow anything but reason to enter into their remarks.

\* \* \*

ALL who have anything to do with cinematography realise the tremendous influence of the art, and further realise that pictures may have a bad influence for children—if bad pictures are published! But as a matter of fact the complaint, if any complaint is to be made to-day, is against the late hours children may be induced to keep by the cinemas. And this even can easily be answered, for it is clearly the duty of the parents to see to the hours children keep, and if the parents neglect to attend this, children will remain out whether to go to cinemas or no. There is a word of good again for the cinema in this argument. The children who are neglected by parents are

better in the picture palaces than in the streets, alleys and backways where they would congregate and learn evil if there was no where else to go.

I think I have said enough about this subject for the while.

\* \* \*

**T**HE vitality of the Turk is revealed in an order which has recently emanated from headquarters. This is to the effect that a cinematograph school shall be furnished for the purpose of instructing officers and troops in the military life of European nations. Pictures showing the various manœuvres, training, artillery, etc., will be procured, and the Turkish soldier will watch, and if possible improve on the work of the foreign military forces. England has shown the way—the Turks have been quick to follow, and in this apt grasp of value we may see the spirit which pervades and which is going to do much to lift the land from the slough into which it had sunk. Losing in war, yet regaining almost all she had lost, Turkey has learnt the lesson of her defeats. Perhaps her experiences has acted as a purifying fire and emerging into a new life is the real Turkey, the land once feared by Europe. At any rate the Turks appear to realise, what many other nations seem to be blind or indifferent to, and that is the power and usefulness of one of the greatest influences in modern life.

\* \* \*

**A**N interesting little experiment attempted in the North—as a matter of fact, in Yorkshire—gives food for thought. A large firm of film manufacturers, who were supplying all the films for one week at a certain cinema, offered prizes for the best hundred-word letter giving reasons for choosing one particular film as the best on the programme. A very satisfactory response from adults and juveniles was received. It was remarkable to note—I had the privilege of assisting in the judging—that while the grown-ups generally selected strong, virile dramas and wild animal stories, plays in which love and passion were fierce, and the reward of evil doing was absolute and unflinching, the kiddies, in most cases, selected a play in which a “crook” staked his all to provide for the family of an injured workman left starving by tape-bound charity

organisations. The children apparently know something of the work of organised charity, and one little dot wrote: “This tape should be cut away.” Another bright young lady complained of the discipline which nullified the purpose of charity organisation and diverted moneys given by benevolent people into all kinds of by-channels. It seemed difficult for a great number to give reasons for liking a picture, though they could write excellent synopses of plays.

\* \* \*

**I** BELIEVE a lady cinema manager has taken up this idea as a means of attracting attention to her theatre; and speaking of “drawing devices” brings to mind many novel schemes which cinema men are engaged in to popularize their halls. In the East Midlands one manager has introduced a “Boy Scouts’ Night” with great success; in Manchester, an Amateur Cinema Artistes’ Competition draws the crowd; and so on. Cinemas also are doing a deal for charity, and from all parts come reports of “benefit” nights, and special performances in aid of this or that charity. Truly cinematography is entering deeply into our social life and is becoming much more than a mere form of entertainment.

\* \* \*

**J**UST lately I have had several letters referring to the scenario question, and as all the writers speak of the rosy path of the scenario writer—he has only got to sit down and move his pen for a few hours, seal up the result and post it to a film manufacturing firm, and anything from £20 to £100 is his—that I feel impelled to add a note to the “Screen” this month which may act as a slight deterrent and prevent Tom, Dick, and Harry, and Janey, from wasting their hard-earned pocket-money—and spoil their tempers—in pursuit of a will-o’-the-wisp. First of all, to show how rarely an outsider’s script is paid for, it is only necessary to say that the ratio of acceptances of scripts sent to the big film manufacturers is about one in 200. Long odds this after many weary hours of labour, and I don’t know that “Trivialets” is not as profitable a game, except that scenario writing is no game of chance, but one in which knowledge of a particular and technical nature is required.



# Hearts Adrift



*From the*

## 'FAMOUS PLAYERS' FILM

*Featuring Miss MARY PICKFORD.*

*By WM. ORCHARD.*



HE island of Poola lies among the famous South Sea Islands, but it is one of the least known, and the route to it is quite outside the usual trade routes; but if you are ever travelling in that region and see from the deck of your ship the towering and grim crater of a volcano on a distant islet you can congratulate yourself on having seen the island of Poola and the scene of this story.

This region of rocks and volcano is feared by the mariner. Storms spring up very suddenly and almost as suddenly subside, and woe betide any ship caught amongst the treacherous "roads." A few battered spars and perhaps a corpse tossing on the shingle is all that is left of the story.

It was in one of these storms that the French passengership, in which Nina and her parents travelled, met its doom. The number of passengers was small, and the crew could be counted on the fingers of one hand, and because it was a comparatively small disaster, and the fact that no one was supposed to have survived the storm, it was felt that nothing could be done. After a few small paragraphs in the newspaper, and a pious editorial reference to "acts of God," the subject was forgotten.

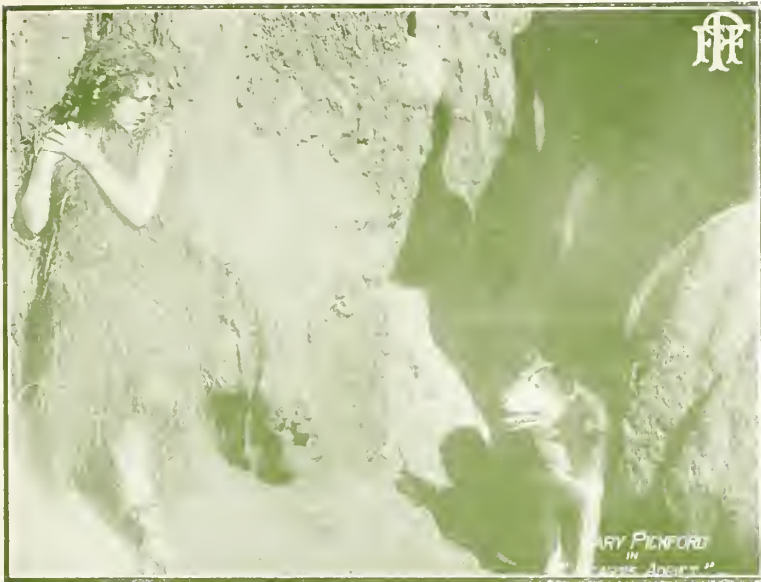
There was one survivor of the wreck—little Nina herself. The same waves that had battered the ships to pieces had battered little Nina into immediate unconsciousness, and it is said that an unconscious person is harder to drown than one struggling madly but consciously with the waves. Several hours after, Nina, at this time only twelve years of age, was thrown on the island of Poola, and when the sun came out and warmed her stiffened limbs, she turned on her side and moaned. A few minutes later, she raised her head, and prompted by an

instinct of self preservation, she crawled along the sandy shore until she was out of reach of the hungry waves.

Then for the first time she realised her desolate position and wept bitterly. It was a heartrending position, the loss of parents, and now her lonely and forlorn position on an uninhabited island was enough to appal the stoutest heart, and for some time little Nina wished that the waves had been as cruel to her as to her parents.

But here she was, and here she must remain until she could be rescued—an unlikely event. For some weeks her life was a nightmare, but she managed to survive the hardships, and even thrived on a diet of fruit, fish and herbs, and in a cave she found a sleeping place well protected from the winds, the entrance to which was cunningly hidden by rocks and bushes from the prying instincts of any wild beasts which might be roaming the island.

For six long years Nina remained thus, and with the passage of time the girl grew almost as wild as the few wild beasts which roamed the island: but nothing could destroy her innate love of animals, and when her first fears had flown, she became the friend of the birds and beasts around, and every morning there was quite a small colony waiting to be fed by the girl. Her greatest companion, however, was a gaunt wolf whose overtures had at first terrified the girl, but finding that the animal was only displaying his joy at the sight of a new friend, she gently stroked the brute's shaggy back, which sealed the bond of friendship. The wolf was at once a protector and companion, and displayed all the faithful traits of a dog without the savage instincts of the wolf. Then came one of the darkest days in Nina's life when her faithful companion crawled to the entrance to her cave and



“Her greatest companion, however, was a gaunt wolf, whose overtures had at first terrified the girl.”

turning over breathed his last breath. Apparently some of the foods picked up on the island had proved too much even for a wolf's stomach.

And for the present we leave Nina mourning beside the grave of her faithful companion. \* \* \*

“Fire,” shouted one of the crew of the yacht “Seabird.”

There was an immediate bustle and excitement. Young Mrs. Graham was pushed gently towards one of the boats by her husband, for his first glance told him there was serious peril to life. Then with several of the crew and one of his friends he made desperate attempts to fight the flames which had sprung up from the chance match of a smoker thrown carelessly on the deck. A fire at sea is enough to appal the strongest nerved individual, for the fresh sea breeze quickly fans the flames. Seeing the futility of combating the flames, Graham ordered the boats to be lowered, and, with his chivalrous instincts aroused in this hour of peril, he helped his wife and his friends, including several ladies who were travelling with the Grahams for health and pleasure. The last boat was being lowered when Graham rushed back to see that no one was left on board, and this move proved his own undoing. Short as had been the few

moments, the flames cut off his retreat and there was now a roaring furnace between him and the boats, the last of which had now been lowered to the water's edge and rowed rapidly away, those in the boat thinking he had taken a seat in the other boat.

“Great Heavens!” exclaimed the doomed man in dismay.

There was not a moment to be lost. The flames swept round the decks in one flaming circle, and he could already feel

the scorching heat. He glanced around, and acting on the impulse of the moment, he threw one of the ship's rafts overboard; then dived into the water, hoping against hope that someone in the rapidly receding boats might see him. It was a false hope. His voice could not be heard. Clutching the raft, he trusted to Providence for the result.

He never knew how long he lay on the raft. Hour succeeded hour, and his strained gaze met no sign of land. Then a swift breeze sprung up, and he was tossed to and fro until his weakened grasp was wrested from his frail refuge and he had given himself up for lost as his reeling senses forsook him.

He recovered consciousness with a burning thirst that wracked his frame, but the rolling motion had ceased, and his amazed glance encountered a large sea shell by his side full of pure spring water. He greedily drank, and thoroughly exhausted by his recent experiences he fell asleep.

Awaking several hours later, he found the sea shell beside him again filled with water, and a collection of fruits which had certainly not been there before. His curiosity aroused, he glanced sharply around, but there appeared no sign of life on the shore. Yet food and drink must have been put there by someone, and hoping to catch the

mysterious helper, he turned on his side and pretended to sleep.

He "sensed" rather than knew that someone was in his immediate vicinity, and cautiously peering through half closed eyes he was amazed to see a barbaric-looking maiden clad in skins, regarding him with mixed fear and surprise. Finding he was still motionless, she crept softly round his form and examined him with curiosity, which was quickly turned to alarm when she saw him move. Then she placed food and water beside him, and disappeared around one of the large rocks. Graham rose to his feet and went in pursuit.

A frightened maid racing across the beach and jumping from rock to rock told him that she had seen his pursuit. He called after her in soothing tones, but she only continued to fly the faster, for he did not know that this girl had seen neither man, woman or child for six long years, and that his overtures might be misconstrued. He had also a taste of the girl's courage and temper, for having chased her to the very door of her cave, she turned and threatened him with a huge club. Graham turned about, for the wild-looking maid looked business-like, and he regarded her from a safe distance. Then as he took in the comical scene, he laughed wildly.

"Might have been a scene from Robinson Crusoe," he said to himself, "only things are a bit mixed here, and there is no man Friday to swear at."

"She's not a South Seanative," he continued, as he noted the white skin and European features, "but how did she come here. Looks as if there has been another shipwreck."

"Who are you?" he called out in English.

The girl regarded him with mixed fear and shyness, but made no reply.

"Not English evidently,"

continued Graham to himself. "I must try French."

"*Qui êtes vous?*" he called again.

The maid looked at him intently, a gleam of intelligence in her eyes, but she did not speak.

"*Qui êtes vous?*" he repeated.

A soft reply was wafted over the wind to him, and Graham knew he had established communication.

"*Je suis, Nina! Je suis votre ami. Ne me battez pas.*"

He approached nearer, but the girl again became threatening, and he stopped.

"*Venez ici,*" he called. "*Je suis votre ami.*"

"*Non, non,*" retorted the girl, and with a swift movement she disappeared into the darkness of the cave. Graham rubbed his eyes, and turned away.

"A bit shy," he said with a grin. "Never mind, time is of no account here, and we must be friends eventually."

He caught sight of her the next day, and there was another chase. But the friendship was sealed when she fled in terror from the rumblings of the volcano, and sought the protection of the man she feared. After a few soothing words from Graham, the girl's tongue was unloosed, and it was Nina who did most of the talking for the next hour and a half.



"Thoroughly exhausted by his recent experiences he fell asleep."



"She turned and threatened him."

Her narrative amazed Graham. The story was almost unbelievable, but he remembered having seen in a newspaper the account of the shipwreck in which Nina's parents had perished.

"Do you know how long you have been on the island?" he asked pityingly.

"Moons—many moons," replied Nina, with a sweeping gesture that included the horizon. "I had no way of counting time, but by the moons."

"You have been here over six years," computed Graham, who remembered the date of the shipwreck.

"And I had only a few friends," continued Nina sadly; "some birds I feed, and poor old Shaggy-back, the wolf who used to follow me about like a dog. He's dead. I buried him over there." She pointed to a mound near her cave.

"And now we are both in the same predicament," added Graham commiseratingly. "But things might have been worse if there had been no one else on this God-forsaken island. Ugh! Six years." He shuddered. "I'd be stark, staring mad by now."

"You might be on the island for the next six years," said Job's comforter in the shape of Nina.

"Heaven forbid," he retorted. But he knew it was true.

The friendship of the two castaways ripened quickly in this great solitude in which theirs were the only human hearts that beat to the rhythm of life around. Graham eyed the horizon anxiously each morning, but there was no sign of a sail, and he began to accept the fact that he might be fated to live his life out here. He often thought of his wife, and wondered how she bore the loss of his supposed death, and if she herself had perished; but as time passed he became reconciled to his fate, and often eyed his companion in misfortune with interest.

Perhaps because there was no one else to love, the pair loved each other, and there came a day when the man told his companion they ought to marry.

"Marriage," said Nina amusedly, "what is that?"

Graham explained. In civilised countries, when man and woman wished to unite, they went through a ceremony before a minister or a registrar, and they were then man and wife.

"But there is neither minister nor registrar here," retorted Nina smilingly.



"The friendship of the two castaways ripened quickly."



"The pair loved each other."

Graham further explained. There was no legally authorised person to celebrate a marriage ceremony, but marriages were made in heaven, or some of them, and his idea was to marry themselves by taking an oath on a bible, and kneeling down and saying the words of the marriage ceremony after each other.

In default of his wife's death, Graham conveniently remembered that the law of bigamy would not follow him to Poala.

The idea struck Nina as novel, and the instincts of the bride uppermost, she retired for a few moments to put on her wedding dress, consisting of a length of dried seaweed wound round her rough dress of skins. Then she placed a quaint headgear of the same seaweed on her hair, and the bride's wedding dress was complete.

The pair made their nuptial vows kneeling on the sand, and repeated the words of the marriage ritual. It was a primitive wedding, with no music but the screaming of the seabirds overhead, and the soft murmur of the sea behind, and its course was interrupted by the antics of Nina who did not know that holding the hand up was a form

of oath supported by words. But she obeyed like a child and when the quaint ceremony was over, the pair arose and embraced each other. Their own world was now bound by the sea line.

One month succeeded another, and still no sail appeared on the horizon. By-and-by it became evident that the human inhabitants of the island would be increased from two to three, and when Nina's baby appeared, Graham's natural affection was tempered by the thought of his wife. Was she alive? How would it all end?

The question answered itself a little later. From the brow of a hill which overlooked the volcano which had so frightened Nina in the past, Graham and Nina saw with amazed eyes a trail of thick smoke far out to sea. Graham, almost beside himself with

excitement, took off one of his sorry garments—for he had become as unkempt as Nina—and waved it in the breeze. Nina clasped her baby to her breast, and watched her companion with pained glance. Now quite happy in her simple way with her child and self-wedded husband, she instinctively realised some dark cloud would throw itself across her path, and long years had reconciled



It was a primitive wedding, with no music.



her to the primitive life on the island.

Then another painful thought assailed her. Graham had confessed the existence of a wife in the other world, from which both were cut off, and if her companion returned to civilization, would he return to his lawful wife and cast his faithful companion off?

The ship drew nearer, and Graham in a delirium of joy rushed down the side of the mountain to the beach to meet it.

A rowing boat was pushed away from the side of the ship and made its way through the surf. The blood surged redly into the face of Graham as he eyed its occupants, several of whom were women. Then as the boat grounded, a stylishly dressed woman jumped on to the sand, and rushed towards the unkempt and savage-looking man. It was his wife!

"At last we have found you," exclaimed Mrs. Graham joyfully. "We thought it was possible you might have reached one of these dreadful islands, and a ship was fitted out to go in search of you. We have been

cruising around here for months, and we have found you at last."

For several moments the pair mingled their tears of joy, whilst Graham received the congratulations of his rescuers.

\* \* \*

Nina saw it all from the top of the hill, and knew it was the end of her happiness. Almost blinded with grief, she turned instinctively towards the cliff overlooking the dreadful volcano, which even now was spurting flames and boiling lava, and Graham, conscience-stricken, glanced around him and then looked towards the cliff. For a moment he stood spell-bound, and with a cry of horror he rushed back up the hill with frantic haste, followed by his astonished wife. He was too late! For a moment Nina stood poised on the cliff, her babe clasped tightly to her breast, and then with a leap of despair she disappeared into the smoking crater as Graham fell senseless to the earth.

## FROM DURBAN TO ZULULAND



# The False Bride

From the

VICTOR FILM



“YOU will never do what I wish,” cried young Mrs. Moore, petulantly; “but, like all men, you want your own way.”

“But, my dear girl, you must admit——” began her husband.

“I admit nothing. I am disappointed with married life, and will have no more of it, so please don't talk to me any more.”

“You are talking foolish.”

“Not so foolish as you in your bumptiousness imagine, and perhaps you will realise it when I leave here for ever and return to my mother.”

With this Mrs. Moore dashed upstairs and locked herself in her room, turning a deaf ear to her husband's appeals.

They had had a silly little tiff, this newly-wedded pair, over nothing in particular, but the development was extraordinary and far beyond what either of them in their self-imposed misery could ever have dreamt of. For this day was the butler's holiday, and he had betaken himself to a somewhat notorious café, where he drank deeply. While in his cups he made the acquaintance of a smartly-dressed fellow and several female *habitués* of the café, one of whom was the exact double of his mistress. The resemblance struck him so that he began to talk about it, though his newly-made companions laughed at him—with the exception of the man, who began to ponder.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Moore carried out her threat to return home to her mother; but she was not there long before Matt., her husband, appeared to make a further useless appeal—she was determined to be deeply offended and irreconcilable.

Her mother was too experienced a matron, however, to side with her daughter entirely; she was diplomatic, and drawing the

repentant man aside she suggested he should go away for a while.

“No doubt Flo will come to her proper senses when she hears you have gone away,” said the old lady.

“But if she still persists in staying here, what am I to do?” replied Matt.

“She will not persist, believe me. This is only a passing storm. And as soon as you turn your back on the town, she will want you again.”

So Matt. went home and prepared to pack. He had not actually got to work when the drunken butler rolled in. This was too much for the master of the house as he felt at the time, and after some words he gave the man his money and discharged him there and then. This was the beginning of a set of circumstances which was to breed almost a tragedy.

The butler reeled back again to the café and told his acquaintances of what had happened. He told them too of the squabble between his late master and mistress, and the fact that the latter had returned to her mother's, while the former was about to leave town.

This was wonderful information to Beau Richard, the male companion of the girls, and his brain began to work on a crooked scheme for making money. He soon formed one, and having got the butler out of the way he told the girls. Naturally, they fell in with it. Theirs would be the gain without any danger, except to the one who was to impersonate Mrs. Moore. But her demurrings were soon overcome, and when the clique, going out to watch the home of Mrs. Moore's mother, saw the young wife, the scruples and qualms of the girl who was to play the leading part in the scheme were easily quieted with promises of good reward.

The plot was none other than to kidnap Mrs. Moore, and send the girl, her double,



Miss Florence Lawrence playing "The Wife" and "The False Bride."

to her husband's home to impersonate her and draw all the money she could from the deluded husband.

That evening a couple of ruffians pounced upon the young unsuspecting wife as she was walking alone, and carried her off to a low-down house, where she was quickly stripped of her fine garments and imprisoned in a back room.

The garments were then donned by the double, who set out on her mission.

When she arrived Matt. was out, and the new butler received the impostor with the utmost deference, imagining her to be his mistress, though somewhat surprised at the *gaucherie* of the lady of this magnificent mansion. She was indeed a little quaint in her nervousness—the situation was difficult, particularly at first; but this wore off as she became settled in the house, and by the time the husband arrived, the new bride was fairly composed and ready to carry out her part of the nefarious scheme.

Matt. returned to be met with the news that madame was at home. He was surprised, to say the least—but overjoyed—and he rushed without a moment's hesitation to the room where "Madame" awaited him.

"So you have (forgiven me, darling," he cried, as he made to embrace her.

But the false bride held him off and ignored his cry of jubilation.

"I thought—I heard you had left," she said coldly and rather lamely.

"Yes, I had intended to leave here when you were so cruel to me," he replied, "but now——"

"But now you find me here you will put your journey off and stay," finished the impostor.

"Indeed, I shall, dear. Can't you make it up—just one kiss and begood old friends again."

"We can make it up, yes, and be good old friends again, but the kiss—well, you must wait a little while. The butler is coming—be careful," she added.

Fortunately for the scheme, Matt. was too full of joy to notice the slight difference in the tone of the adventuress, and if he noticed the dark rings under her eyes, due to late nights and drinking in the cafés, he must have attributed them to the fact that his dear little wife had been weeping.

Beau Richard's plan was working admirably. It was not long before the woman had wheedled a deal of money and jewels from the unsuspecting husband, and these she carried to the crook, Richard.

\* \* \*

Locked up in the dingy room, Mrs. Moore cried for her husband, appealed to the occupants of the apartments to let her free, lost her temper and battered on the door, but to no avail, and when the woman who was playing her part at home came in, she heard her telling the others how she had played with the young husband and drawn fat cheques from him.

"The juggins, he's fairly dotty on her in there, and thinking I'm her he gives me everything I ask for. I just told him I wanted £500 for my dressmaker, and he wrote the cheque out without a murmur. Then he was so delighted to have his 'dear wifie' back that he made me a present

of this bracelet—solid gold and rubies—a hundred pounds if a penny, it cost. I tell you he's rolling in money and is fair mad on me. Guess this is the softest job I've ever had. Here y'are Dick, get it cashed and let's split it up."

This was what the poor imprisoned bride had to listen to, and she fought like a tigress to tear down the door which divided her from the vile woman who she could kill without compunction for the words she so scornfully uttered.

After a while she became apathetic to what was going on—she failed to realise her imprisonment, and the voices in the other room even did not rouse her.

It was after the first visit of the impostor to the apartment that the butler, discharged by Matt., reeled drunk into the outer room. Two young bullies were there on watch, guarding the prisoner. The appearance of the butler was disconcerting. He had not been let into the plot and if he were to discover who was in the next room he might "blab" and upset the scheme. They had to distract his attention.

"Hullo, what do you want now?" called out one of the roughs.

"What's (hic) that to do with (hic) you? I want sleep. I'm going in (hic) there to have a lie down," hiccuped the drunken man.

"Oh, no you're not. You can't go in there. One of the girls is in there now."

"I tell you I'm going to have a sleep somewhere, cried the butler, making for the closed door.

But the roughs were too quick. They seized him and threw him on to an old sofa, and he, too drunk to exert himself much, finding himself outstretched on something soft, turned over and began to snore.

It was the next morning before he awoke to find himself dressed and in a strange place. Thoughts of the previous day came back to him; something was wrong, but he could not fathom what it was. He went out into the fresh air to consider matters, and get more drink. Not so much was to be had to-day for money was running short, and he was soon on his way back to meet Beau Richard to "touch" him for a loan.

It was just this factor which revealed the whole plot. As he was walking towards the apartments, who should come out but his old mistress. Yes, it was she for he remembered the coat and the hat which Mrs. Moore had worn the last time he saw her. But what was she doing in this neighbourhood? There was a mystery somewhere. He had suspected something strange was taking place. He would follow her and see if he could get to the bottom of it.

A little way along, Beau Richard and two of the girls the butler had met in the café loomed in view. The woman he had taken for Mrs. Moore stopped and spoke to them. They all seemed very friendly, laughing and joking together.

He avoided them, and when they parted he followed the woman again till she entered the house where he had been lately employed.

Now there were many doubts in his mind.



"The butler told his acquaintance of what had happened "



"She heard her telling the others how she had played with the young husband."

Why, if that were Mrs. Moore, had she been to this low-down quarter?—and why, as it appeared, was she so friendly with Beau Richard and his companions? And another thing, where was the woman who was so like Mrs. Moore, the woman whose resemblance to his late mistress had struck him in the café? He had it! The woman he had seen was not Mrs. Moore at all, but the woman who had accompanied Beau Richard, the real Mrs. Moore was hidden away somewhere—perhaps in the room he was not allowed to enter the night before.

This theory no sooner developed in the butler's mind, than he decided to test it.

\* \* \*

Meanwhile, Matt. Moore was beginning to feel a little uneasy about his wife. There was something quaint about her—something indefinitely different from the woman he had known before their quarrel. And then also she seemed to be constantly borrowing money, and he had no idea where it went to.

He was pondering over these things when she came in.

"Hullo, boy," she cried out when she saw him. "What is the trouble? Don't look so black when I come in. Besides, I want to ask you a favour again, and I am afraid to when you look so unpleasant."

"Now look here, Flo., dear, I want to

know when this is going to end," said Matt. "What is the matter with you. You are not at all like you were before that silly quarrel. I can't get near you, and if I make advances you dance away from me."

The woman faltered a little, she turned a shade paler, and a fear rose in her heart. She must play up to and humour him a little.

"Oh, well, you know," she

said, "kisses are the sweeter the longer you wait for them. But don't let us talk of that now—a little later, perhaps. I want you to be a good boy for just a few moments. The fact is I want some more money badly to pay my milliner for the last couple of hats I have had—she is asking me for the money, and I shall not be able to get any more till I pay."

"What, again!" ejaculated the husband. "Why you have had more the past couple days than you had the whole time since our marriage. What are you doing with it all?"

"I have not had to pay the bills till now. They are all coming together. I must have clothes and hats. Do you want me to go out in the same old things day after day?"

"No, but, my dear,——"

"You tell me every minute you love me, yet you make a fuss if I ask you for the slightest thing. Here is a question of a few pounds and you commence to grumble."

This was final for Matt.; he could not stand his wife's murmurs, so he made to write out the cheque. \* \* \*

When the late butler arrived back at Beau Richard's apartments, only the two roughs were there as before. As a matter of fact, Richard and the girls had been playing their crooked game too openly and had just been arrested.

“Now look here,” said the butler to the roughs, “yesterday, when I came here, you had an easy job on. It’s not the same thing to-day. There’s something queer abroad, and I think I’ve got to the bottom of it. Now, just open that door, I want to see what’s in that room.”

“You can’t go in there. I told you yesterday, when you were drunk,” answered one of them. “You remain where you’re told. The place doesn’t belong to you.”

“Belong to me or not I’m going to see what is the other side of that door. Open it or I’ll break it down.”

The roughs made no reply, but simultaneously hurled themselves at the butler, who had made a step towards the forbidden door. But they were no match for him. He threw them off like rats, and picking up a chair aimed such hefty blows at the door that the panels split all ways. The guardians did not wait for more, but dashed for the outer door. Alas, too late! Two policemen appeared in the exit, and the roughs flew into their embrace.

The butler demolished the door and burst in to find Mrs. Moore unconscious on the floor. She had quite broken down through the strain. With gentle arms the huge fellow picked her up and carried her out to the fresh air, where she quickly revived.

The rest is quickly told. The butler, with a policeman and Mrs. Moore, hurried back to the house where Matt was just handing another cheque to the false bride. She was about to depart as the trio entered. The sight of the police and the real bride, whom she thought a prisoner, filled the impostor with dismay; she realised the game was over, and endeavoured to escape. The only avenue was cut off and she was bound to admit her defeat. With a sneer she surrendered herself, while the woman she had impersonated rushed into her husband’s arms.

There is only one more word: the butler who had so well retrieved his character was reinstated at the Moore’s house, and is with them still, a trusted, faithful servant.

Cast:

Wife and False Bride	...	...	Miss FLORENCE LAWRENCE
Husband	...	...	... Mr. MATT. MOORE

FROM DURBAN TO ZULULAND



# The Studio Mirror

by

EVAN STRONG



FOR some unaccountable reason accidents, one of the main topics of talk from the studios, have been very rare of late, perhaps because so many are only convalescent from "spills" and misfortunes that the remainder cannot produce any mishaps, or are taking extraordinary precautions.

It seems rather queer to commence an article in this tone, but the studio accident is treated somewhat lightly. Also the last article endeavoured to impress readers with the trials of the film actor's existence, and to gather a little sympathy for those who provide us with so many pleasant evenings.

But do not take it that there is no interesting news from the studios—on the contrary, things are moving among the screen players. This is not intended for a joke.

\* \* \*

TOMMY POWERS is still providing subject for talk. He is such an irresponsible fellow that he invariably touches some hidden chord of mirth or sympathy. In Scotland, where he has been some time lecturing, the other day quite captured the audience when he blurted out a few sentences in Yiddish. This was told the writer in all seriousness by one who heard it! Another of Tommy's irresponsible actions occurred when he was lecturing in Bristol. He was warming up to his work when several wild women commenced throwing leaflets about and shouting the usual cat-call "Votes for Women." Whether he meant it or not, Tommy—he is such a sympathetic chap, even where the idiosyncratic are concerned—joined in, and he won the contest, his shouts of "Votes for Women" easily silencing the females, who, defeated at their own game, quickly subsided.

\* \* \*

THE dangers of cinematography are not always in the open field. In the studios, and in the assembly rooms also, lurk dangers which may threaten limb

and property every minute. Take for instance the assembling rooms and the negative storage chambers of any big concern, where thousands and thousands of feet of films are knocking around! A match head flying off here might cause untold damage. Film manufacturers realise this, as is illustrated by the recent awards made at Universal City, near Los Angeles, to seven employees who showed quick wittedness during a fire which destroyed 12,000 dollars worth of film, and threatened 100,000 dollars worth of negative. The fire originated through a spark from an electric heater which was short circuited falling on a piece of film one of the assemblers was holding in her hand. Immediately, the place was in a blaze. But the workers did not lose their heads, and, indeed, risked their lives to save some valuable negatives, including "Samson," which cost 35,000 dollars, and "Richelieu." The heads of the great Universal concern were so struck with the action of the employees that they awarded seven of them gold medals, and covered all losses they sustained by the occurrence.

\* \* \*

IT was unlikely that "Broncho Billy," Mr. G. M. Anderson, could keep out of trouble long. He is always taking risks, attempting hazardous feats for the film. A little while ago he got himself hung up on a tree stump over a precipice hundreds of feet deep, and a week or so ago he came pretty near losing his sight while playing in a picture. It was up in California; Essanay were making a film, and one scene required a mine explosion. It was realistically done, but it went off too soon and G. M. A. lost his eyebrows and lashes, and had his face burned somewhat badly. It was very fortunate that his eyes were not affected. He has more lives than a cat—this player.

\* \* \*

SIX hundred acres is the space covered by Universal City, where ten different brands of film are produced, and this city of pictures is to be moved. It will

shortly be situated on a 750-acre ranch in the San Fernando valley, ten miles from Los Angeles, on the El Camino Real (The King's Highway of the Mission Days). It is historical ground, for here in 1846 General Fremont entrenched himself in his campaign against the Mexicans.

\* \* \*

**A** CURIOUS thing happened during the taking of the "The Great Leap," and as the subject is now pretty well known all over the country there is no harm in repeating it. Rodman Law and a daring actress of Reliance brand fame were the central figures, and the winds having brought the authorities news of the suicidal sensation they were about to attempt, vigorous objection to the act was made. But to no avail. The two had determined on playing with death, and they overrode all objections and took the leap at Ausable Chasm from the top of Rock Table (New York State)—you, perhaps, know the scene. Law, and his equally reckless lady companion, found themselves seated on the horse going at a stretch gallop for the chasm. Over they went, and down towards the waters, where the animal turned over, the pair of riders

just managing to slip off its neck in time and swim ashore. The camera man turned the handle all the while, and the picture-goer will benefit by seeing one of the most dare-devil feats man could think of. Rodman Law and his companion seem to treat the whole affair as a huge joke.

\* \* \*

**I**T is peculiar how luck runs. One man has a long stroke, and the fates are kind to him in every way, another finds the tables turned in every circumstance. Look at poor Wally Van, of Vitagraph: even the guinea pigs lay themselves out to fool him. Not so long ago, a horse fancied the top of one of Wally's fingers and nibbled it off; a little while after, some guinea pigs, looking for a new villa, were struck with the bright and shiny appearance of Wally's new silk hat, and made their home in it. Following this, the cat sought to decorate him with a few scratches, and did it properly. But the "most unkindest (butt) cut of all" was the other day, when an old goat butted him down stairs. One can imagine Wally picking himself up ruefully and delivering unto that goat, in best style, "But me no Buts," with embellishments.

## FROM DURBAN TO ZULULAND





# Film Gossip

64

CHARLES F. INGRAM



THE B. & C. Company have produced a film version of the great Lyceum success, "The Midnight Wedding," by Walter Howard. The story of the love of Leopold, Crown Prince of Savonia, for the humble girl Stephanie, and the many exciting events for which it was responsible, form a splendid subject for the screen. Special attention has been given by the producers to providing an adequate setting for the play, and, in addition to some very fine scenery, which was specially built at their Walthamstow studio, the Company traversed both Berkshire and Essex to obtain the desired natural effects. Miss Ethel Braeewell, a former Lyceum actress, and Mr. Ernest G. Batley appear in the leading rôles.

THE B. & C. Company inform me that the Italian police have taken steps to prevent any further exploration of the crater of Vesuvius for the purpose of film-taking. According to information just received by Mr. Frederiek Burlingham, who, it will be remembered, recently descended 1,212 feet inside the crater, a full account of which appeared in our "Gossip" for February, guides have been warned by the police hierarchy to keep out of the crater. "It would be interesting to know," writes Mr. Burlingham, "what is at the bottom of this police interference. Alfonso Sammino, who piloted the B. & C. caravan on the last expedition, is probably the only guide affected, as he is probably the only one of the Vesuvians capable of directing a descent; but as he has made an international reputation as a Vesuvian guide for daring and capability, the public is entitled to know why he should be deprived by the police from profiting from his signal courage and initiative, and from gaining a livelihood."

GAUMONT'S are releasing a delightful coloured scenic of the "French Pyrenees: Gorges of Hourat," on May 18th. This film contains some of the

most refreshing scenes one could wish to see. Another attractive study is "On the Silver Coast," in which we see the ceaseless roll of the waves falling in a shower of spray. Then we are out on the open sea, as the twilight of eventide lingers before the magic of night. Later, we see the rising of the dawn, and the sparkling of the sea in the first rays of morning sunlight. Then, as the sun gathers strength, there comes a flood of warmth and light that makes the waves, that lately looked so cruel, seem like laughing children. One is impressed by the natural beauty of these productions.

ONE of the most progressive steps cinematography has made is in connection with the synchronism of music with the film. The Selsior Company, who have done much to promote this class of film, have secured several prominent dancers to give an exhibition of their skill before the camera. Every movement of their feet, whether it be the steps of a languorous waltz, or the more restless movements of the tango, is clearly shown.

This company have hit upon an entirely original idea for their latest dancing film, "By the Sea," which features Miss Mercy Manners (of "Hullo, Ragtime!") and her bevy of Empire girls in a bathing dance by the sea. Humour is added to the novelty of the dance by "the nut," the real seaside type, while the picture has a full sea background.

MOVING picture adaptations of popular literary works always command a considerable amount of attention. The Edison Company, with their customary enterprise in this direction, have now produced a film version of Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson's successful novel, "The Interlude," under the title of "Stanton's Last Fling." It contains all the necessary essentials of quiet action and intelligent interpretation, and no particle of interest in the story has been left out. No effort was spared to acquire the exact atmosphere, and for the

Continental scenes Belgium was visited, and many locations "filmed" that were selected as being especially suitable for the nature of the story. Admirers of Mr. Marriott-Watson's work will look forward to this film with interest.

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**M**R. CUTCLIFFE HYNE, the creator of Captain Kettle, is another popular author to take up the cinema. Mr. Hyne is about to take a stock company to the West Coast of Africa for the purpose of enacting all the various scenes and incidents connected with his Captain Kettle series of stories. Picturegoers may look forward to a real treat when these dashing "Kettle" stories are revived on the screen.

\* \* \*

**K**EYSTONE releases are now to include, in addition to their famous comedies, a number of travel and scenic subjects, which are excellent examples of good photography. Among these, "Moscow" and "Views of Los Angeles" (the home of many film productions) take a leading place. The former is notable for its splendid snowstorm pictures, and the views of the Kremlin give a good idea of this most remarkable monument in Russia. Scenics, by the way, will now be included among the features of the "Illustrated Films Monthly."

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**A**N Army in the Making" is the title of a topical subject by the Barker Motion Photography, Ltd., depicting the recent manœuvres of the Dungannon Battalion Ulster Volunteers, commanded by Viscount Northland. The battalion, roughly about 2,500 strong, is shown divided into an attacking and defending force, and some striking tactics are seen. At the conclusion of these sham hostilities both parties form up, and, headed by the ladies' nursing corps, march to the review ground, where they are inspected by General Sir George Richardson. It is interesting to observe in the ranks boys of sixteen shouldering guns beside men of sixty. The film offers one much food for reflection, in view of the present grave question of Ulster and Home Rule.

\* \* \*

**R**OYAL ENGLAND," the film that was screened at the London Hippodrome in conjunction with the recitation of the poem by Leo Stormont, is being released by Luerative Films. The picture comprises an historical survey of

English history from the time of Alfred the Great to the present time, and each verse of the poem synchronises with scenes of the film. Amongst the well-known players who take leading rôles are Bransby Williams, Austin Melford, Leo Stormont, and Oscar Adye.

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**S**OME Interesting Experiments in the Chemistry of Combustion" is the title of another of the wonderful series of science films for which the Kineto Company are famous. The picture proves that, on occasion, science can be sensational enough for anyone, for it is full of sudden surprises and unexpected thrills, which follow one another so rapidly that before we have left off wondering about one startling incident, another has commenced. We are shown how certain chemical substances, impregnable to fire, immediately burst into leaping flames when put into a bath of water. A small portion of one of these substances is mischievously put on a garden bed, and the alarm of the gardener at the result of a shower from his watering-can may be imagined. How to make big fiery serpents, to produce "The Will o' the Wisp" on a pond, and to cause in it, by dropping a particular chemical, a violent explosion, akin to that made by a small submarine mine, are other features shown in this fascinating film released on April 30th.

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**B**EAUTIFUL Alderley Edge, a spot beloved of the north countryman, has been "discovered" by the cinema photographer—several films are to be produced there in the near future, the first being "The Wizard." The famous Cheshire legend is to be faithfully portrayed, and, since the story is a most attractive one, it should prove very successful. Alderley Edge is spoken of as an ideal spot for cinema purposes—there are no works or factories, no bad atmosphere, and there is an abundance of wonderfully varied scenery.

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**T**HE Phoenix Company have made a reputation by their humorous skits on great films, with the inimitable Pimple in the leading rôles. No more mirth provocation subjects are to be seen on the screen than "Lieut. Pimple's Dash for the Pole," "Pimple in the Hands of London Crooks," and "Pimple and Galatea." I can recall nothing more laughable than Pimple's

adventures during his search for the North Pole. In the scenes calling for "snowy" settings over half-a-ton of salt was used, it being laid on the floor to a depth of six inches. The effect is quite natural, so far as the presence of the exploring Pimple will permit.

The latter film is an extravagant rendition of the mythological story of Pygmalion and Galatea, in which Pimple, as "Pygmalion," finds things rather awkward when Galatea attempts to embrace him in the presence of his wife. Pimple as a London crook is also a gem of humour, especially his efforts to "lift" the pearl necklace from the neck of Lady Courtney, and later, the escape from the police. It may surprise readers to know that a pursuit scene is seldom rehearsed, mainly because the idea is to get everything as spontaneous as possible. In this last film a "police inspector" was noticed to make a very realistic fall, and it was afterwards found that the fall had been entirely without the actor's volition: Pimple had struck him on the ear none too lightly, and the fall was more natural than pleasant.

I am informed that another burlesque of this series is about to be released entitled, "Pimple Goes to Paris." While in the French capital, Pimple's adventures are many and humorous. He steals into an Apache den, and there witnesses an Apache dance. The dance is of the real Apache brand, specially danced for this film by two Continental dancers.

READERS may recall the awful volcanic eruption which took place on the island of Sakura Shima, in the South of Japan, last January. A magnificent film is now being exhibited depicting all the terrors of this catastrophe. We are shown the wonderful effect of the molten lava flowing into the sea, and the refugees leaving in haste for the town of Kogo Shima. A fine film, taken as it was under distressing circumstances.

I AM told that Mr. Charles Chaplin, the popular comedian from Mr. Fred Karno's Company, who appeared with such conspicuous success in "Mumming Birds," has now been added to the already lengthy list of Keystone laughter-makers. He has now acted in four film comedies, and will be seen on the screen very shortly. Those who have seen Mr. Chaplin as a picture

player have formed a high opinion of his work, and he bids fair to become one of the most popular of film comedians. The Keystone Company are to be congratulated on their valuable capture.

A COLOURED costume film of especial interest will be released on May 18th by the Eclair Company, under the title of "Secret Order." The story is a most pathetic one, founded upon Alfred de Vigny's "*Solitudes et Grandeurs Militaires.*" From the costume point of view, the period dealt with—the *directoire* period—is of more than passing interest, since *directoire* gowns have made for themselves a permanent place in the history of costume.

PICTUREGOERS will soon have the opportunity of witnessing some of the famous Drury Lane dramas on the screen. I learn, from an authentic source, that the Lubin Company have arranged with Mr. Cecil Raleigh for the cinema rights of a number of his "Lane" successes, which include "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," "White Heather," "The Red Ruby," "Hearts are Trumps," and "The Price of Peace." It is stated that a record price has been paid for the privilege of filming these works.

IF ever there was a film released to strengthen the cause of international peace it is "The Horrors of War," an adaptation of Gustave Geoffroy's historical novel, "The Apprentice." No more effective subject has ever been produced to convey, in the strongest way conceivable, the awful and useless consequences of war. It reveals the carnage and slaughter on the battlefield vividly enough, but one's imagination is gripped far more by the sight of starving women and children, of mothers and wives frenzied through the loss of sons and husbands, and the thought of ruined homes and blighted lives that follow in the train of war's relentless work. I have seen many battle pictures grim enough in their realism, but nothing so powerfully poignant as this.

THE Cines Company are offering for competition among picture patrons six free trips to Rome and back, with hotel and other expenses paid. The questions to be answered by competitors are quite simple, and apply to any of the Cines' films. Conciseness will be the main test,

and as there is no entrance fee the prizes are within the reach of everyone interested.

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**A**N Arabian Nights' story, with scenes laid in England and in a Rajah's palace, has just been taken on behalf of Lucrative Films. "Lunina," the famous dancer from the Imperial Russian Ballet, and *premiere danseuse* in many of the leading ballets, is introduced into this picture.

In connection with this film, a prize of £10 is offered for the best title suggested before May 23rd.

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**T**HE Lights o' London," perhaps the most popular melodrama of modern times, has been written as a film-play by George R. Sims, and will shortly be available for public exhibition. Who does not remember this fine old drama, and what a vogue it has had since the day it was first produced in 1881. The film version is in four parts, and is splendidly acted throughout. Miss Phyllis Relph, of the Lyceum Theatre, and Mr. Arthur Chestney sustain the leading rôles. There should be a clamour to see this film wherever shown, for, as a film

version of a great play, it is a distinct success.

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**B**EAUTY'S Home — Killarney," just released by the Kineto Company, is a fine example of the scenic film. The photographer has selected the very choicest jewels from one of Nature's richest treasure stores. Killarney's Lake is seen under various conditions. In one delightful scene, the sun shining on the waters gives it the effect of liquid gold. In another, viewed at night from the woods, through a tracery of fairy foliage, the lake, under the moon's rays, resembles a vast pool of quick-silver. The film is a perfect gem of photography.

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**I**AM told, on good authority, that Maxim Gorky, the Russian writer, has arranged to write a series of film plays, mostly descriptive of Russian life. One drama in particular is to be of a very thrilling character, representing the destruction of Messina, which the writer actually witnessed. I hope to give further details of these plays in a later "Gossip."

## AFRICAN SEA BIRDS.



# Hearts of Women

*From the*  
VITAGRAPH FILM

**M**Y dear Isabel, what a spend-thrift you are! If you go on like this I shall be bankrupt in no time."

Richard Dixon laughed as he spoke. He had not the look of a man in fear of bankruptcy. His ward, Isabel Gannon, did not take the speech seriously.

"You've got such a lot of money," she said, saucily. "I'm sure you must like me to spend some of it. And I want new dresses, new hats, and goodness knows what besides."

"Oh, well," said her guardian, "I suppose you must have it. How much?"

Information upon this point being forthcoming, Dixon handed over the money, saw his ward out of the office, and returned to his desk with a smile and a sigh. The smile was because his ward was young and very sweet, and the sigh because he was more than double her age.

Richard Dixon was a wealthy manufacturer. He and his ward lived in a big house. Isabel had not been trained for housekeeping responsibilities, and the management of the establishment was entrusted to a very capable housekeeper. On reaching home that night Dixon learned to his consternation that the housekeeper wished to leave.

"What for?" he asked. "Are you unhappy here?"

"Oh, no, sir, quite the contrary. I've been very comfortable, indeed. The fact is, sir," said the housekeeper, blushing, "I am going to get married, and I'd like to go as soon as you are suited."

"Oh, well," Dixon smiled, "that settles it. I'm sorry to lose you, and I hope you'll be happy. I must advertise for another housekeeper."

He called Isabel, who, at the other end of the room, was engaged in conversation with a tall, fair young man, Hoyt Westcott, her guardian's cashier, and a frequent visitor to the house. The girl added her congratulations

and good wishes to Dixon's, and, after the housekeeper had gone, they drew up an advertisement, which duly appeared next morning.

It attracted the notice of many people, including Mr. Bill Baker, a member of the fraternity who make a living by methods discountenanced by the law and the police. Bill had a daughter whom he had terrorised into becoming his assistant in his nefarious profession. When Bill saw the advertisement for a housekeeper of about thirty-five to manage the establishment of a wealthy man he thought he saw a chance of making Mary very useful indeed to him.

"Look 'ere," he said, "this is the very place for you. You've got to apply for it. It's time you 'elped your pore old father more than you 'ave bin doin'!"

Mary knew only too well that her father was not offering her the chance of earning an honest living, and looked at him in terror.

"Oh, no, father," she begged, "don't make me do that."

"What d'yer mean?" cried Bill savagely. "Don't I keep yer? You've got to do what I tell yer" He put his ugly, brutal face close to hers and raised an enormous fist. "Sit down and write the letter now, d'ye hear?"

Mary wrote her application, and in a day or two received a letter asking her to call on Mr. Dixon. Her appearance and manner met with approval, and her testimonials being excellent—Bill had arranged all—she was engaged, and requested to take up her duties at once.

She went back to her father miserably enough, told him of her success, and once more begged of him not to make her take the post.

But Bill raised his great fist again, and swore that he would kill her if she did not do as he wished. She was forced to submit, and to answer her father's questions as to what she had seen in the house.

"Now, look you 'ere," said Bill, when he



“ He put his ugly brutal face close to hers and raised an enormous fist.”

had learned all she had to tell, “you’ll leave the window unfastened in Dixon’s dining-room to-morrow night. Understand?”

She nodded miserably, packed her bag, and went to begin her new duties.

Mr. Dixon and his ward were kindness itself, and the new housekeeper thought with a shiver of disgust of the part she had to play.

On the following evening Isabel went out to a dance with Hoyt Westcott. Dixon spent the evening at home alone. When the housekeeper came into the study late at night to learn if he had any orders for her, she found him dozing in a big chair before the fire. She stood a minute or two looking at him before she spoke. There was a smile about his strong, clear-cut lips. When she spoke he woke up and smiled pleasantly, assured her that he wanted nothing, and bade her good-night. Presently he went to his bedroom.

The house was very quiet when the new housekeeper slipped into the dining-room and crossed to the window. Out there she knew her father would be waiting. She

had stretched a hand to the latch when suddenly the memory of her employer’s kindness and his smile as he sat in the chair in the firelight came to her. She let the hand fall to her side. No, she would not do it! She would have no hand in robbing her benefactor. She went away to her room.

In a few minutes Bill Baker, treading softly, slipped along the front of the house to the dining-room window. He tried it. Locked! He shook it gently and waited. Nothing happened. He became angry and tapped sharply on the glass two or three times. Still there was no sound. He had the tools of his trade with him, and quickly

forced an entrance. But he had been unable to do this without noise. His daughter heard it in her room, and shivered with fear. Her employer heard it, too. Opening a drawer he took out a revolver, went very quietly down the stairs, and opened the door of the dining-room. As he entered, the wandering beam of an electric torch was turned upon him, and he fired. Bill Baker fired at the same instant, and Dixon fell.

The double report had rung through the house. The new housekeeper rushed into the room, turned on the light and saw the two bodies on the floor. A glance showed her that one was her father, but wasting not another thought upon him she knelt down on the floor by the side of her employer. A moan told her he was still alive, and she rushed to the telephone and summoned the police and a doctor. In a few minutes they arrived. Bill Baker was dead. Dixon had been wounded in the shoulder, and was now unconscious.

They carried him to his room, placed him on the bed, and sent a telegram to Isabel :

"Mr. Dixon dangerously wounded. Come at once."

The girl had just been dancing with Westcott when the message was brought to her. Her face white with dread, she sought her hostess, and in a few minutes was on her way home.

Herguardian lay very still upon the bed with his eyes closed. He opened them when she knelt by his side, smiled at her, and reaching out a shaking hand, placed it on her head.

"My darling," he whispered, and let the hand fall on hers as it lay on the bed.

Isabel kept quite still. She had known for some time that her guardian loved her, and though she had been attracted by Westcott's youth and good looks, gratitude alone might have made her accept Dixon if he had asked her. Now this feeling was reinforced by pity, and the love which had spoken in his eyes and voice in this moment of weakness decided her. Westcott had said he would follow her home to see how matters stood. He would, perhaps, already have arrived. She called softly to the housekeeper, who came forward. Acting on Isabel's suggestion, Mary put her hand under Dixon's when Isabel withdrew her own, softly, so as not to awaken him. Then Isabel went downstairs. She found Westcott in the drawing-room, and in a few words



"The girl had just been dancing with Westcott when the message was brought to her,"

told him that she had decided to marry her guardian. Westcott was reproachful, even angry, but she was firm. Presently he went away, and Isabel returned to her guardian's bedside.

She was just a minute too late to see the housekeeper caress the hand which lay upon her own and press her lips to it. As Isabel came to her side Mary rose, and when Dixon opened his eyes again he found Isabel still kneeling by his bedside, his hand upon hers.

Then his great love, so long repressed, found utterance in halting words. With tears in her eyes, and a heart torn with conflicting emotions, the girl looked at him, nodded without speaking, and bowed her head upon the bed.

## PART II.

**D**IXON and Isabel had been married a year. His new relation to his former ward made little change in the manufacturer's life. Very soon after the

honeymoon he became again immersed in his money-making. Isabel was left very much to her own devices, and it was not long before she began to feel neglected, and to sigh for the society she had enjoyed and attentions she had received before her marriage.

That year had been the happiest Mary Baker had ever known. Her employer's kindness and consideration had produced an effect of which he did not dream. His housekeeper knew now that she loved him, and she would have been less than human if sometimes the thought had not come to her that she could have been to him a more devoted and helpful wife than the young and pleasure-loving girl he had married.

Isabel's discontent reached a climax when her husband excused himself from accompanying her to a ball to which they had been invited.

"It is too bad," she complained to a friend. "Richard never takes me out anywhere now. He thinks of nothing but business."

"Most husbands are like that," replied the friend, cynically. "But it would be a pity to miss the dance. Why not go with some of your old friends?"

As if in answer, a servant announced

Hoyt Westcott.

"The very man," cried Isabel's friend. "Mr. Westcott will only be pleased to take take you, I'm sure." She smiled meaningly.

"Anywhere," said Westcott emphatically, and it was arranged that he was to call for Isabel on the night of the ball.

Hoyt Westcott had his own troubles. He had got in with a fast and extravagant set, and was at this time at his wit's end for money. He was living far beyond his income, and his gambling debts were very heavy. He handled every day large sums of money at the office, and one day he succumbed to temptation. He abstracted from the safe a sheaf of bank-notes.

On the night of the ball he called for Isabel. Dixon, though not caring for such frivolities himself, was content enough that his young wife should enjoy herself, and grateful to Westcott for taking care of her. As he was saying good-bye to them there was a ring at the telephone. Dixon was wanted at the office immediately on urgent business.

He found the auditors very much worried over a discrepancy in the accounts. There appeared to be a large sum of money missing. Two of Dixon's fellow-directors were summoned to the consultation. It was evident



"He found Isabel still kneeling by his bedside."



someone on the staff was a thief. Who? To that question the answer was not yet forthcoming, and the investigation had to be adjourned.

Isabel and Westcott had returned from

"This is the key to my apartment," he said. "Come there and we will go away together."

There was something magnetic about him. She tried to spurn him, to refuse with



"He took his girl-wife in his arms."

the ball. During the evening, Isabel, sore at her husband's apparent neglect, had been a little reckless, and Westcott had taken encouragement from her manner. The housekeeper had admitted them, and as soon as she had left them alone in the drawing-room, Westcott began to talk to Isabel in a manner which at any other time she might have resented, but which now rather pleased her than otherwise.

Presently he captured her hand, and in a voice low and passionate, said: "I love you, Isabel—yes, love you! You know it. You should have married me, not Dixon. He does not appreciate you; he neglects you. Come to me, and learn what it is to be loved."

But this was more than Isabel had intended. A little flirtation, perhaps, the knowledge of which might bring her husband to his senses, but not this—oh, no!

Westcott went on speaking, his face close to hers. He was pressing something into her hand,

indignation. Somehow the words would not come. She felt as if she was falling into his power.

There came an interruption. A cold, stern voice cut through Westcott's impassioned pleadings, and he and Isabel looked up to see Dixon standing there close to them, his face white, his jaw set hard.

Hoyt began to stammer out pitiful excuses, excuses of which he himself felt the utter futility with the grim face before him and those cold eyes looking clean through him. The young man broke off in the middle of a sentence and slunk out of the room.

As for Isabel, she looked for a moment at her husband, and then let her eyes fall. She, too, began an explanation, but the grim mouth did not relax, and Isabel's voice trailed off into silence.

"Good-night," she said in a scared whisper, as she went slowly out of room.

"Good-night," he replied in a voice like ice.

She spent a miserable night, and next morning, after her husband had gone to his

office, she remembered the key Westcott had given her. She despaired of making things right with her husband, and determined to leave him. She called the housekeeper, gave her a note for her husband, took her satchel and went out of the house.

After she had gone, the housekeeper stared at the letter for a time, turning it about in her fingers. Then, with sudden determination, she tore it open and read these words :

"I realise that we are unsuited to each other. I am going to Hoyt. He understands me."

For a minute or two Mary Baker considered, and, to one able to read, her face would have showed something of her heart. If Dixon's wife left him, his eyes would be opened, and he might turn to her, Mary Baker. Love and happiness might come to her after all. Then she put the temptation from her, and throwing on a hat and cloak, hurried after Isabel.

Dixon, the directors, and the auditors, were deep in their investigations into the discrepancy in the accounts when a man burst into the office.

"Look here, Mr. Dixon," he cried, "your cashier owes us a lot of money. We won't be stood off any longer."

Light broke upon Dixon. Hoyt! He was the thief. He pacified the man somehow, and got rid of him. Then he looked significantly at the others, nodded, rang a bell, and sent for Westcott.

The cashier, taxed with the theft, at first denied it, and then, seeing that the evidence against him was too strong, confessed. He and Dixon were left alone.

"You hound!" said the manufacturer with contempt; "so you steal money as well as—other things."

Westcott hung his head, the picture of guilt.

"Where's the money?" asked Dixon sharply.

"Most of it is at my apartments," was the low reply. "I will return it."

"We'll go there now," said Dixon.

They drove away together.

Just before they reached Westcott's address Dixon's housekeeper had arrived. She found Isabel waiting, and exerted all her powers to persuade her to return to her husband's house. She might have failed if the sound of a car driving up to the house had not frightened the girl. She heard her husband's voice.

"Quick," cried the housekeeper, "through here." She opened the window, and Isabel found herself in the garden, from where she quickly gained the street.

The housekeeper had barely time to hide herself behind a curtain, when Dixon and Westcott entered. The young man opened a drawer in his desk, took out a bundle of notes. Dixon counted them, and remarking "I'll do my best for you," was about to leave, when he caught sight of something lying upon the table. He sprang upon it, and held it up—A woman's long white glove.

"My wife's," he cried. "You scoundrel! So you have enticed her here. You damned thief! I could kill you where you stand, but I won't. I'll let the law take its course. I'll brand you as a criminal—I'll——"

He broke off in astonishment as Mary Baker walked calmly into the centre of the room.

"It is my glove, Mr. Dixon," she said quietly.

"Yours!"

"Yes; you should expect nothing better from me. I am the daughter of the burglar you killed."

Dixon let the glove fall, uncertain what to say or do. Then he saw something else. From the table near where the glove had lain, he picked up a handbag.

"Well," he said, "this is my wife's, anyhow." He turned on Westcott with renewed fury, and the housekeeper, seeing that it was hopeless to try and avert the trouble, went away. Dixon waited only long enough to see his cashier safely in custody, and then he too went.

There was a violent scene between him and his wife.

"We must part," he said. "I'll make you an allowance, on condition that you never see your precious lover again."

She cried out at that. "He's not my lover—he's not! You never seemed to care to be with me, so I thought I would go away."

It was a pathetic enough little speech, and the man, looking at the little head bowed over the table, was softened. Perhaps, after all, it had been his fault.

The housekeeper had been looking on. Now she came forward, and pleaded for the young wife. Dixon gave way.

"Well," he said tenderly, "we'll begin all over again; and, please God, we'll do better next time."

He took his girl-wife in his arms.

# *The* Mystery of the Old Mill

*From the*  
PATHÉ FILM

**I**T was while he was professionally engaged upon another case that Dick Steele got into his hands the threads which led up to the arrest of the two most skilful forgers of the century, and the break-up of a gang of desperate criminals. To Steele and his partner, Kate Halifax, it was a small affair, though important enough to Miss Daphne Morisson.

Daphne was the daughter of Morisson, the famous musical composer, and her engagement to Sir John Galwing caused something of a sensation. Now, when hardly more than a schoolgirl, Miss Morisson had written some passionate love-letters to her father's secretary. These letters, in some way that need not concern us, had come into the possession of Ivan Malcolm, a well-known singer, who counted blackmailing among his accomplishments. He wrote to Miss Morisson, demanding a thousand pounds for the letters, and threatening to hand them to Sir John Galwing if the money was not forthcoming. The young lady very sensibly put the matter into the hands of Dick Steele, the private detective, who, with the assistance of his partner, Kate Halifax, a girl as brave and skilful as himself, undertook to get the letters for her.

One night, therefore, Steele entered Malcolm's house, leaving Kate outside in the garden. Once inside, the detective quickly got to work. A desk stood in the centre of the room. To open it was an easy task. He secured the letters and was about to close the desk when some other papers caught his eye. They were bank-notes. He picked up one of them and examined it closely. A forgery! His practised eye told him that at once. Here was a find, indeed. But first he must get rid of the letters. He hurried out with them to Kate, and sent her off to Miss Morisson. Then he went back into the room. He felt that he was on

a big thing. He picked up note after note. There were scores of them, all forgeries, clever enough to deceive all but experts.

Steele was so engrossed in his discovery that he did not hear the stealthy opening of a door behind him. Malcolm saw the detective at the desk, and knew at once that his secret was out. A weapon was ready to his hand; a big empty bottle stood on a table just inside the door. He snatched it, and rushed at Steele, bringing the bottle down with a crash on his head. The detective fell without a groan. He recovered consciousness to find himself bound hand and foot. The broken bottle came in very useful. Steele sawed through his bonds, and presently stood on his feet, though somewhat unsteadily.

The forged notes had disappeared; the desk had been cleaned out, and he was alone in the house.

Miss Morisson, to her great joy, got her letters back, and Kate Halifax helped her to burn them.

A few days later Steele was instructed to track down a gang of expert forgers who were flooding the city with false bank-notes.

"If you can bring them to justice, Mr. Steele," said the manager of the most important bank in the place, "you may ask what fee you please for your services."

He showed the detective some of the notes. They were exactly similar to those Dick had seen in Malcolm's desk.

But Malcolm had disappeared. It was Kate Halifax who found him. She saw him and another man one day entering an inn in a village a mile or two beyond the confines of the city. Staying herself to keep watch, she sent a message to Steele by the driver of a taxi-cab. She was waiting close by the door of the inn when, less than an hour later, a man in a blue pilot-cloth suit, wearing a seaman's cap, and carrying a bundle under his arm, came up. He



“Her engagement to Sir John Galwing caused something of a sensation.”

walked with a rolling gait.

“Mornin,’ my dear,” he said, stopping, and leering at her. Then, as she started indignantly away from him, he laughed softly. “Don’t you know me?”

“Dick!”

“Himself. What have you discovered?”

She told him swiftly. “Malcolm and another man are inside. There are others, too, I think.”

“Right. I’ve brought a disguise for you. Go somewhere and change as quickly as you can. I’ll wait here.”

He handed her his bundle. She left him, returning in a few minutes wearing a faded old skirt and with a shawl over her head. She carried a small wooden box in which was a varied assortment of cheap wares. She looked a street pedlar to the life.

Steele went into the public-house. Four men sat drinking at a table, talking together in low tones. The detective recognised his man. One of the others was well-dressed, and Steele judged him to be Malcolm’s chief lieutenant. The others had the appearance of ordinary public-house loafers, but the detective noticed that they were all talking together on terms of equality.

He lurched up to the bar, and ordered a drink, straining his ears meanwhile to catch something of the conversation. Such detached bits of sentences as he heard helped him not at all. Suddenly he turned and leaned over the table, taking in the four faces in one swift glance.

“Jolly lot of boys you look,” he said, thickly. “Drink up ’an ’ave another wi’ me.

Le’s all be friends t’gether.”

Malcolm looked at him sharply, but, seeing only a bearded seaman, apparently just returned from a voyage and willing to make his money fly, he laughed.

“No thanks,” he said, “no more for me.”

The others also declined, and Steele turned back to the bar, grumbling. Presently Malcolm and his lieutenant went out. As they walked away Kate Halifax followed them. They hailed a four-wheeler, and as it drew up Kate appeared with her pedlar’s box, asking them to buy.

Malcolm waved her impatiently aside, and he and the other man stepped into the cab. As the vehicle drove away Kate sprang upon the bar in the rear.

After a journey of about a mile the cab pulled up near a bridge over a little river. A little way back from the road stood an old mill. The two men got out and settled with the cabman, and went towards the mill. Kate followed them cautiously. She saw Malcolm unlock the door and enter the mill, the other man following. For a minute or two she considered what she ought to do. She could not leave the place, and she must get word to Steele. She went back to the road. A cyclist who was riding towards the bridge, dismounted at her call, and consented to take a message to Steele. She hastily scribbled a few words, saw the man start off with the note, and returned to the mill.

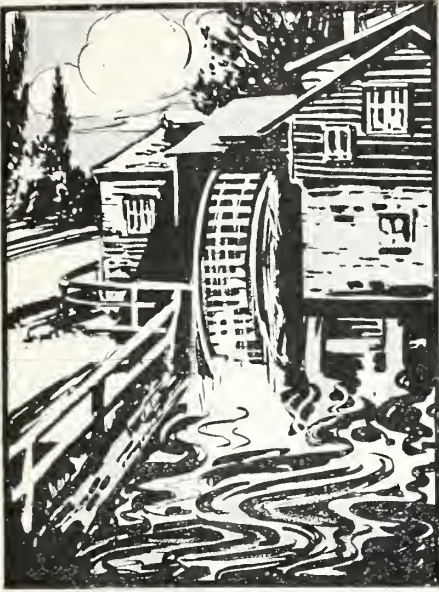
As soon as she had disappeared the cyclist returned, and followed her. Kate was trying another door to the right of the one by which Malcolm had entered, when she was seized roughly from behind. Her captor gave a shout which brought out Malcolm and the other man. They dragged her into the mill.

“By God,” cried Malcolm, “it’s Kate Halifax! Then Steele must be somewhere about.”

“No,” said the man, who had trapped the girl, “she wanted me to take this note to him.”

Malcolm took the paper and read out the message:

“Come to the old mill, immediately. I have discovered Malcolm’s den.”



"A little way back from the road stood an old mill."

He turned on the girl with an oath. "Yes, you've discovered it," he said, "and by God! you shall never leave it alive! We'll have Steele here, too," he cried. "Here, Jim, go off with this note at once. He'll come fast enough, and we'll serve him as we're going to serve her. What's left of both of them by to-morrow morning won't be worth burying."

Kate said nothing. She knew words would be of no use. They thrust a gag into her mouth, bound her fast, and dragged her up a ladder into a room above. There they lashed her to a pillar which ran up through the centre of the building, and left her.

Meanwhile Steele had returned to his office to wait for news. Malcolm's messenger arrived, and Steele, seeing that the message he brought was in Kate's handwriting, never doubted its genuineness. He took his revolver and started at once.

The man on the bicycle hurried back to the mill, and Kate heard him telling Malcolm that Steele was on the way there. She

would have given her own life to save Steele, but she was powerless.

The door was left unlocked and the men waited with their revolvers ready. Not for long. The door was suddenly thrown open and three revolvers spoke almost together. Steele managed to get in two shots and wounded both Malcolm and his lieutenant, but only superficially. He himself received a bullet in the shoulder, and fell. Malcolm and the unwounded man were upon him in an instant, and presently his own handcuffs which they had found in his pocket were upon his wrists. They put him on a stool, and after a bit he came to himself. He looked about him wildly.

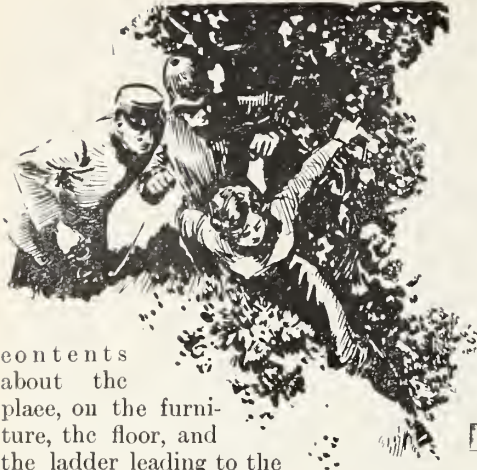
"Tables turned, Mr. Steele," Malcolm mocked. "You'll be interested to know that your partner is upstairs, and that you will have the joy of departing this life at the same time." He held up Kate's shawl and laughed. "Sorry we can't let you meet your fate in company. She's upstairs, but you are going down."

The sight of Kate's shawl drove Steele nearly frantic. He struggled furiously but to no purpose. One of the men prised up a flag in the stone floor. They dragged him forward to the hole and pushed him over. As he fell his manacled hands held for a moment on the edge, but Malcolm ground his heel upon them viciously, and Steele let go and fell with a thud upon the floor.

The cruel devils above him quickly completed their work. One of the men found a can of petroleum and poured the



"When he came round he found rats running over him."



contents about the place, on the furniture, the floor, and the ladder leading to the upper room. Malcolm was the last to leave. He took up the paraffin lamp from the table, threw it across the room, and bolted. There was an explosion, and on the instant the room was filled with smoke and flame.

\* \* \*

What with the pain of his wound and exhaustion Dick Steele lost consciousness for a time. When he came round he found rats running over him. He shook them off with a shudder of disgust, sat up, and looked about him. He was in a cellar which had apparently not been used for a long time. It was a dank, loathsome place. The clammy chill of it struck through to his very bones. At first he could not make out what had happened; then the throbbing pain in his shoulder brought it all back with a rush. Somewhere in this crazy old building Kate was a prisoner. And what were those devils plotting?

Well, the immediate need was to get his hands free. Fortunately when they had handcuffed him they had left the key in his pocket. There was no trick of his trade that Steele did not know, and to unlock the gyves from his wrists was not a long job, though a troublesome one. The smell of burning touched his nostrils, and as he threw up his head, startled, a tell-tale crackling sound came to him from above. Immediately he knew! Malcolm had fired the mill. He meant that Kate and he should be burnt to death.

Suddenly he had an idea. All this time he had been half-conscious of some other sound. It seemed to come from below. He dropped on his knees on the stone floor,

and listened. Below there was running water. He was sure of it. With feverish haste he tore up one of the flags. The top of an iron ladder was dislosed. He groped about with his hand and grasped a chain. Then he lowered himself down into the water. The chain ran along by the wall, and when his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness he made out dimly a low archway. He worked his way towards it and began to swim. He came out into another stone chamber from which ascended an iron ladder. He clambered up, painfully, and came up through a well-head into broad daylight.

The first thing he saw was the mill. It was only a few yards away, and smoke was pouring from the lower windows. The sight spurred his energies afresh. He dashed at the door and burst it open. All one side of the room was ablaze, and the flames were already licking greedily at the ladder. It was plain that not an instant was to be lost. He sprang up the ladder. Kate was almost at her last gasp. She was half suffocated by the smoke, and had watched the flames eating through the floor and gradually coming nearer and nearer . . .

Steele removed the gag and unfastened her bonds. Escape was impossible by the ladder now. On the other side of the room a small window had been boarded

up. With a violent wrench he pulled away one of the boards, then another and another. The window had been removed, leaving an aperture

“The forger and the detective were sliding down the face of the cliff.”

large enough for the passage of a man. A coil of rope lay handy. Kate fastened one end round her waist, and climbed through the window, and Steele, having taken a turn with the rope round the pillar, lowered her gently down. When she was safe he made his end of the rope fast and followed Kate through the window.

It had been a very near thing, but they were safe, though they seemed as far off as ever from securing Malcolm and the other members of the desperate gang. They had a clue though. Both Malcolm and his chief accomplice were wounded, and would be compelled to seek medical aid. As a result of diligent enquiries, Steele and Kate traced the two rascals to a private hospital away in the mountains. The two detectives went there and explained their business to the proprietor, who produced for their inspection the register of his patients. Steele was not surprised to see that the names of the men he wanted were not there. They would hardly be so simple as to register in their own names.

Steele himself, in a clever disguise, enrolled himself as a patient, and Kate was installed as nurse. It was she who discovered that the elderly, grey-bearded American gentleman and the foreign count with the fierce moustache were really Malcolm and his partner in crime. She came upon them examining some slips of paper which looked suspiciously like bank-notes.

She went immediately to tell Steele what she had seen. The detective was talking with the proprietor of the hospital, and on receiving Kate's news he telephoned for the police. Before they could arrive, however, Malcolm, unaware that the sleuth-hounds were on his track, had gone off with a party on a climbing excursion. Kate followed them, with instructions not to let Malcolm out of her sight.

When the police reached the hospital Steele determined to begin operations. He found the "count" where Malcolm had left him, and coolly sat on the opposite side of the table.

"Put up your hands," said the detective.

In a flash the man swung round with a revolver in his hand. But Steele had him covered, and with a curse he threw the revolver on the table. The police arrived and clapped the handcuffs on him. In the middle of his angry protestations, Steele plucked off the false moustache and imperial.

"Here's your man," he said with a laugh.

Malcolm had been spending quite an enjoyable afternoon. He had taken one of the ladies of the party under his special care, and when Steele and the police arrived he was standing almost on the edge of a precipice, pointing out to her the features in the magnificent view. They crept silently up to him.

"Ivan Malcolm!" Steele spoke the name loudly, and the forger turned with a start. He saw the police and knew that the game was up. Snarling like a wild beast he rushed at Steele. In a moment the two were swaying and struggling on the edge of the precipice. Suddenly Malcolm's foot slipped, and before the horror-stricken watchers could put out a hand to save them, forger and detective had vanished, and were sliding down the face of the cliff. Malcolm grasped at a bush, clutched it in a despairing grip, and it held. Kicking out savagely, he forced Steele to let go, and the detective went headlong into the stream which rushed like a torrent at the foot of the precipice.

Of the party at the top Kate Halifax was first to recover her presence of mind. She fastened around her one of the ropes with which the excursionists had come provided, took the end of another in her hand, and had herself lowered over the precipice until she reached Malcolm. He hung there helpless and could only grind his teeth in impotent rage while she coolly slipped the handcuffs on his wrist. Then she fastened the spare rope round his waist, and in a few minutes both were once more at the top, and Malcolm was taken in charge by the police.

But there was Steele to be saved. Kate was lowered once more, to the bottom this time. Steele was almost exhausted, his feeble strokes only serving to keep him afloat. Without a moment's hesitation the plucky girl dashed into the river and supported him until help arrived, and both were brought safely to land.

When they reached the hospital they found Malcolm and his partner in crime handcuffed together, waiting to be led away. As Steele approached, Malcolm, with a snarl of rage made an attempt to spring upon him, but was pulled back half-strangled by a policeman's grip on his collar.

"Curse you!" he cried. "I'll be even with you yet."

Diek smiled. "I don't think you'll get much of a chance for ten years or so," he said.

# Pickles, Art and Sauerkraut

*From the*  
VITAGRAPH FILM



JERRY BROWN could not remember exactly how long it was since he had a square meal. But he knew it was a long time. He seemed to have been living for weeks upon snacks, odds and ends which he had bought with the few pence he had been able to earn.

Jerry was an artist, with splendid dreams in his mind and nothing in his pocket. Success was a long time in coming. Nobody seemed to want to buy his pictures. And he was hungry, furiously hungry, for all this day he had eaten nothing at all. He looked out of the window and saw a sight that filled him with anguish. A baker's van had drawn up, and two men were busily carrying loaves of bread smoking hot into a shop a few doors away. Jerry groaned, and stared for a time as if fascinated. All those loaves of bread so close to him, and he was hungry!

He withdrew his head from the window at last, and looked ruefully round the room. Sketches and finished drawings stood about everywhere, and he was wondering which would be most likely to tempt a customer, when the door was thrown open and his landlord stalked in.

"Look here," he said, in the tone of a man who meant to stand no nonsense, "I want my rent. It's six weeks since you've paid any."

Jerry looked helplessly at his landlord. "I have no money," he said, and then impulsively took half a step forward as the other man took a huge bite at a roll which he produced from his pocket. The landlord backed, thinking that Jerry intended personal violence.

"No money!" he shouted. "Then you'd better get out quick. D'you think you're

going to live here in my house without paying rent?" He began to munch an apple as a relish with his roll, and poor Jerry could have cried to see him.

The landlord went away at last, declaring that he would give him one more chance. If the rent was not forthcoming to-morrow, out he must pack.

As soon as he had gone Jerry took up another hole in his belt, and with two or three drawings under his arm, sallied forth. It seemed to him as he walked along that all the world except himself was eating and drinking and making merry. A fat vendor of hot pies was standing talking to a man as fat as himself, who was eating a pie with manifest enjoyment. It was torture to Jerry, but he watched, now and then getting a sniff at the delicious odour which issued from the open door of the street-vendor's oven. He crept closer and closer, until the man saw him, and closed the door with a bang upon the most delicious and tantalising smell in the world. Jerry passed on, and presently came to a stand outside a pastry-cook's window, behind which a man was doing the most annoying conjuring tricks with cakes, pies, sausage rolls, and all sorts of toothsome comestibles which made Jerry's mouth water as he gazed.

To stand and look only made his hunger the more agonising. He tore himself away, and reached the office of a magazine where he hoped to sell at least one of his drawings.

It was an unhappy afternoon for Jerry. The art editor was a fat, jolly-looking man, and as he took the sketches one after another from Jerry and examined them he bit voraciously at short intervals at a mutton pie. Jerry looked from the art editor's mouth to the pie until he could bear to look no longer. He turned for relief to the art editor's typist, and she was eating, too!



The art editor's reception of the drawings would have been encouraging enough if they had been intended as comic efforts; but they were not, and the fat man's hearty

A buxom, pleasant-faced woman stood behind the counter, and Jerry, stepping boldly forward, presented his drawings and asked her to buy. She took them with a



"The editor and the art editor positively roared with laughter."

laughter sounded in Jerry's ears like the mocking laughter of a fiend. The art editor took the drawings away, and returned in a minute with the editor of the magazine, who was, if anything, fatter than the art editor, and Jerry could not repress a cry of pain when he saw that the editor was also eating. They both laughed heartily at his sketches, rolling about in their mirth. And never for a moment did they stop eating. The drawings were handed back to Jerry, and the editor and the art editor and the typist positively roared with laughter, while the artist walked dejectedly out of the office.

The rest of the afternoon was to Jerry like some dreadful nightmare—a nightmare of fat men, all eating greedily, and all intensely amused at something or other.

It was the show in the window of a *delicatessen* store that put the finishing touch to Jerry's nightmare. What a window it was! Pies, sausages, pickles, delicious-looking hams, roast chickens delicately browned, sauerkraut! It almost made Jerry's eyes start out of his head. In desperation, he went inside.

smile, and while she was examining them Jerry, unable to resist the temptation, stuffed his clothes full of all the good things upon which he could lay his hands.

"I'll buy these," said the woman, suddenly. She had been so engrossed that she had not noticed what Jerry was doing.

Hardly able to believe his ears, Jerry named a price, received the money, and hurried home. He was busily unloading his treasures when a fat boy arrived with a note. It was from the proprietress of the *delicatessen* store, the Widow Jones, and requested Jerry to come and paint a picture of her deceased husband from a photograph.

Jerry danced with joy, and when presently the landlord appeared, demanding his money again, Jerry rammed a sausage into his mouth, and hung a string of them round his neck. Then, before the man could recover from his indignation at this summary treatment, the artist had picked up his easel, his brushes and his palette, and was on his way once more to the Paradise he had so lately left.

Widow Jones might have been interested

in art, but she was a good deal more interested in the artist, and Jerry had not got very far with the portrait of the late Mr. Jones before she confided to him that she was very lonely, that the business was prosperous, and rather more than she could manage.

"It needs a man to look after it," she said, with a languishing look.

Jerry did not take the hint, and the widow proceeded to greater lengths. She came up behind him, put her arms round his neck, and let her head droop upon his with a sigh which might have softened the heart of an oyster.

Jerry saw now what was afoot. What! He, an artist, keep a *delicatessen* store! What a degradation! No, he would rather starve. Then he remembered that he had had some

It was a short engagement, and Jerry was soon installed behind the counter in the midst of plenty. He grew stout. There were one or two drawbacks to his enjoyment of his new life. He could not stand the rich, fruity smell of the Limberger cheese, and whenever he had to raise the cover to serve a portion to a customer he clapped over his nose and mouth a protector of his own invention. For another thing, Mrs. Brown objected frequently and forcibly to his making himself too pleasant with the lady customers.

An old friend called one day. This was Daisy, the girl who had been his favourite model in the old days. He welcomed her with effusion, and they were behaving very affectionately indeed to one another when Mrs. Brown appeared on the scene. She ordered Daisy out of the shop, and after she



"He, an artist, keep a *delicatessen* store? What a degradation!"

experience of starving; he saw, as in a vision, himself in his garret, and all the good things in the *delicatessen* store—beyond his reach. He made up his mind on the spot. He would marry the widow, and be hungry no more.

had stormed at Jerry, with tears, she fell on his neck and kissed him.

There came a day when Mrs. Brown received a telegram from her sister, telling her that her mother was very ill, and she

must go at once to see her. Before taking her departure, she made Jerry promise to be of good behaviour while she was away. She kissed him affectionately, said good-bye, went towards the door, and came back and kissed

There was a knock at the door of the shop, and Jerry and Daisy put their heads out of the window. Jerry saw that the caller was Mrs. Hoolihan, a neighbour. She was admitted, and proffered the embarrassing



“He could not stand the rich, fruity smell of the Limberger cheese.”

him and said good-bye all over again. Again and again she did this, until Jerry began to think she would not go after all.

But at last she was gone. Jerry threw off his apron, put on his old velvet coat and artist's cap, took some money from the till, hustled out two or three customers, went out of the shop, looked the door, and in his delight at his new-found freedom, danced a jig in the street.

## PART II.

**T**HE *delicatessen* business languished. When he was at home, which was not very often, Jerry kept the door locked, and would-be customers hammered at it in vain. But one day, Daisy, his old model, came. Jerry admitted her at once, produced some eatables and a bottle of wine, and the two were making merry when the old black servant peeped into the room. She saw the model perched upon the sideboard, smoking a cigarette, and making more display with a remarkably pretty ankle than Dinah, whose ideas were rather strict, thought proper.

“Lawks ‘a’ mussy!” she screamed, threw up her arms, and ran away.

request that Jerry would mind her baby while she went “down town.”

Jerry hung back a little, but Daisy accepted the charge with glee. Mrs. Hoolihan departed, and Daisy, after dandling the baby for a time, put it down none too gently in a chair. There had come another violent assault on the shop door. Jerry's head went out of the window again, and when he drew it back he looked at Daisy with despair and consternation written on his face.

“My wife's aunt!” he cried. “And her husband! And a whole army of kids! Oh Lord! what on earth shall I do?”

Then he had a brilliant idea. He made Daisy hold the baby on the table, and snatching up his palette and a brush, he painted on the baby's face the most fearsome assortment of spots imaginable. Daisy slipped an old cloak over her fashionable frock, wound a shawl round her head, and sat down in the chimney-corner, hugging the baby to her bosom.

The preparations were barely completed when Jerry's wife's aunt and her husband appeared, children of various ages pressing into the room behind them.

Jerry wasted no time in preliminary greetings. Pointing to the chimney-corner he remarked in an agitated voice :

"It's our neighbour's baby. It has small-pox !"

That was enough. Jerry's wife's aunt screamed out in terror, turned on her heel, and bundled her husband and children out of the room. In another minute they were all rushing along the street, as though pursued by a legion of demons. A policeman brought them up short, and in response to his demands they poured out their story, all talking together. The policeman made notes of what they said, and then went himself to the house.

Jerry answered his knock, and to him the policeman said :

"You are quarantined. No person must enter or leave this house."

Daisy, looking over Jerry's shoulder, let out a scream, and Jerry expostulated with the policeman, but to no purpose.

"Nobody must go out or come in," said the policeman firmly. "Two men will be placed

and Jerry and the model went disconsolately back into the house. The old black servant rocking the baby on her knee, filled the house with her lamentations.

"Nice goings on," she wailed. "Oh, my po' mis'tis."

Jerry and Daisy stood it as long as they could, and then the fear of Mrs. Brown returning and finding such "goings on" roused them to action. They tried to escape by a window at the back of the house, only to find that sentinels had been placed there, too.

An inspector of police marched into the shop, expressing in his person all the power and majesty of the law.

"If you make another attempt to leave," he said, "you will both be taken into custody at once."

He looked and spoke so threateningly that Jerry backed behind the counter. The inspector incautiously leaned over to emphasize his words, and Jerry in desperation raised the cover from the Limberger cheese.

"By gosh!" cried the inspector, with his



"Jerry produced some eatables and a bottle of wine."

on guard here, and you'd better keep quiet and obey orders, or you'll find yourself in gaol in double quick time."

There was nothing for it but to submit,

and Jerry and the model went disconsolately back into the house. The old black servant rocking the baby on her knee, filled the house with her lamentations.

He had been gone only five minutes when

there began a tremendous commotion at the shop door. It was Mrs. Brown, who had come home, only to find her own house closed against her, and officers of the law barring her entrance. She screamed and struggled, and declared that even though the whole of the police force stood in the way they should not keep her from her husband.

Jerry and Daisy trembled as they listened. Mrs. Brown was presently reinforced by Mrs. Hoolihan, who went for the policemen tooth and nail.

"My baby!" she shrieked. "I want my baby!"

"Your baby!" cried Mrs. Brown. "Where is your baby?"

"In your house," replied Mrs. Hoolihan. "I left it there while I went down town. There was a woman there. I was in a hurry, and didn't notice much. I thought it was you."

"A woman!" screamed Mrs. Brown. "A woman in my house! Then where's my husband?"

"Oh, he's there, too," said Mrs. Hoolihan. "He's there; and as for the woman—the hussy!—she's got my baby!"

The policemen grinned, but resisted all the women's efforts to enter the house.

The medical officer of health arrived, and passed in. Jerry and Daisy hailed him as a deliverer, and poured out such a torrent of words that the poor man did not know whether he was on his head or his heels.

"You've small-pox here," he said, when he got a chance to speak.

"Small-pox!" cried Jerry and Daisy together. "Of course not."

Then Jerry explained that it was all a

joke. They had painted spots on the baby's face in order to frighten his wife's aunt, who had arrived on a visit. It had frightened the aunt all right, but had produced other results they had not bargained for.

The doctor burst into a fit of laughter, had a look at the baby, and then went out, still laughing.

"You can take that quarantine board down," he said to the officer. "There's no small-pox here. Nothing of the sort."

Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Hoolihan rushed into the house together. Jerry and Daisy heard them coming, and hid anywhere they could. Mrs. Brown discovered Daisy first.

"You hussy!" she screamed. "How dare you come into my house! I'll teach you!"

And teach her she did, a very severe and salutary lesson. She pulled her hair about her face, and would have torn her dress to pieces if Daisy had not taken to her heels, and run out of the shop. Then Mrs. Brown turned her attention to her husband, but in the middle of her reproaches she fainted dead away. Jerry caught her in his arms.

Here was a pretty to-do. He tried by all the methods he knew to bring her round, but she still lay senseless in his arms. Mrs. Hoolihan had gone home with her precious baby, so that no help could be obtained from that quarter. Suddenly Jerry had an inspiration. He carried his wife into the shop, dragged her up to the counter, lifted the cheese cover, and held his wife's face close against it.

The effect was magical. Mrs. Brown opened her eyes, and a heavenly smile spread over her face.

"My Jerry!" she murmured, and clasped her erring husband to her beating heart.

## OSTRICH FARMING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A FEW decades ago, ostrich plumes, like ermine and sable, were restricted to the use of the very rich. To-day they are within the reach of the purses of a fairly large percentage of the feminine population of Europe and America. This result has been attained through the ostrich farms which have been established in many parts of the world.

The picture gives a comprehensive and detailed view of such a farm in the natural home of the ostrich, South Africa. As in

all other Edison films of this nature, great care has been taken to give a complete and accurate picture of the entire process.

The life of the young ostrich is followed from the egg to maturity at the age of eight months. At first no larger than an ordinary chicken, the curious bird grows with remarkable rapidity, until finally its snake-like head towers far above that of the tallest man.

*Illustrations of this film appear on pages 134, 153.*

# The Photo Play Writer

by

ROWLAND TALBOT



HEARD the other day of a photo-play-wright who boasted that he had written seven scenarios in one week; he did not add, however, that he had sold them all, or even one of them. Personally I should be very surprised if he had had one single acceptance. A good scenario, such as is required to day cannot possibly be written in one day or even two. The high standard demanded at the present time by manufacturers makes it imperative that a play should be written and revised, then written and revised again. What is the use of dashing off play after play and having them all rejected? This I know happens with many eager young scenario writers; it is far better and much more profitable to get a good idea and take your time in writing it—say a week or two, at least. The hurriedly written photoplay does the author harm in two ways: firstly continual rejections are bound to dishearten the novice, and secondly, when a scenario editor finds himself constantly deluged with rubbish from one author, he will read perhaps the first dozen, and after that, when he sees the author's name, he will say: "Oh that chap again, he always sends in junk; I won't waste my time on him," and so his future work is regularly returned unread.

It would be better for many young photo-play-writers, and also for the editor whose time they waste, if they studied the old fable of the "Hare and the Tortoise."

\* \* \*

I HEAR that the American Company, makers of the "Flying A" films are inviting authors to submit scenarios, and will pay liberal prices for all accepted matter. They will pay most for stories suitable for the "Beauty" films which they are at present issuing. To obtain a good idea of the class of story required for these films, the photo-play-wright would do well to study the synopsis of the "Beauty" films in the trade papers.

The Vitagraph Company state that although their shelves are full of scenarios that would last them for at least two years, they are anxious to purchase as many good plays as they can, for they assert, a play that is suitable to-day, may not, owing to the still rapid growth of the cinematograph industry, be suitable in a few months time. So photo-play-wrights, when sending out your best work, do not forget Vitagraph.

\* \* \*

THE other day I heard of a writer who did a very stupid thing, which is likely to get him into bad odour with manufacturers. He sent a letter to a well-known and very trustworthy firm of producers, stating that he had a photo-play to dispose of, and would send the play for approval, if the firm would send him a written undertaking that in the event of his work being declared unsuitable they (the firm) would not steal his idea.

By return he received the answer, which I think he deserved, stating that, if he could not trust a company of such reputation, they had no desire to consider his work.

The reason I am mentioning this, is because many writers, notably novices, set a far too high value on their work, and are inclined to look with a certain amount of distrust on producers who do not immediately jump at their maiden efforts. Only the other day a lady came into the office and asked me to read, while she waited, a photoplay which she had written. Of course such a procedure is impossible, all scenarios are read in strict rotation. I told her this, but added that I would give her a decision in a day or so. But this did not suit her. "Oh no," she said, "I really could not leave my play with you; I have heard such stories of ideas being stolen."

How foolish this all is, as I have said before; and here let me drive it home once more, film producers are not out to steal ideas any more than are editors of magazines or newspapers: all matter used is promptly

and honourably paid for. I think all photo-play-wrights of any experience will bear me out in this. Perhaps scenario writers who read this article would let me have some of their experiences with manufacturers. Some of them should no doubt make interesting reading, especially for the novice.

\* \* \*

**C**OMPLAINTS have lately reached me from photo-play-wrights to the effect that, as so many well known plays and books are being filmed, there will shortly be a slump in the original scenarios. It is true that many well-known works have recently been adapted for the cinema, but adaptations to my mind are always false and will not I think last much longer. Anyone who has seen an adaptation of any well-known play will agree, that very often it is the name, not the merit of the picture that matters.

Very soon the adaptation will cease to please, and the genuine photo-play will come into its own. Photo-play-wrights should always remember that their art is yet in swaddling clothes, and the future is very bright; clever producers there are in plenty, but clever cinema authors are still rare, the cinematograph Shakespeare has yet to arise, and when he does he will find that he will receive the recognition and applause that comes to popular writers for the legitimate drama.

## FROM DURBAN TO ZULULAND.

**D**URBAN, the capital of Natal, is one of the most progressive and up-to-date cities in the whole world, let alone Africa. It prides itself on the immaculate character of its streets, and on the beauty of its parks and public buildings. The pictures shown of this tiny little city of the South Seas may well make the people of many a place in Europe rub their eyes.

From the city proper, we go down to the splendid beaches where the long surges of the Indian Ocean pound and roar continually, and watch the people bathing, the porpoises cruising along the outskirts of the beach, and the surf raging against the rocks on the point.

From the civilization of Durban we go far inland to the town of Eshowe in Zululand. The pictures were taken at the time that Lord and Lady Gladstone visited this place. Zulu chiefs from all the surrounding territory

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G.B.S., HIGHGATE.—This is certainly a good time of the year to submit sea-side and country stories. Almost all the British companies are in the market for them.

MONA, BRADFORD.—The address of the Union Film Co. is Alexandra Palace, Wood Green, N.

MARY AMES, BRIGHTON.—Most firms of any repute employ an editorial staff, but only the most successful and experienced photo-play-wrights stand any chance of such an engagement.

R.S., KILBURN.—It is not advisable to send Western plays to British firms. They cannot get the correct local colour.

H. GWYNNE, LIVERPOOL.—Do not use dialogue—scenario editors do not like it and will often refuse to read a play on that account.

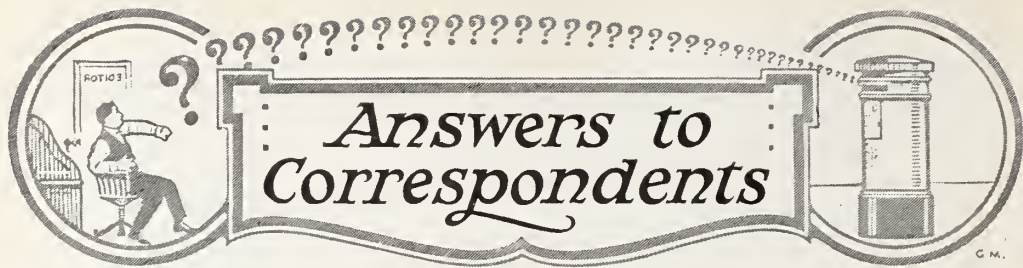
I.B.G., HAMMERSMITH.—Trick films are very difficult to write, and are usually invented by the producer and camera man working together. However, if you have a good idea for a trick comic, by all means submit it. Mr. J. H. Martin, of Quinton Avenue, Wimbledon, might prove a likely purchaser.

came to Eshowe to pay their respects to the great English Lord and Lady. According to custom, they brought with them many complaints to set before their white masters.

After we have seen the children of the Norwegian Mission going through their calisthenic exercises, we turn to the real feature of the picture—a great tribal dance in honour of Lord Gladstone, in which two thousand natives in full native dress took part.

This remarkable spectacle would take the pen of a Dante to describe fitly. It is like a dream of the Inferno, or one of Little Nemo's adventures. A great line of black, ferocious-looking Zulus with feathered head-plumes, rising and falling to uncanny heathenish music in honour of their English masters!

*Illustrations of this film appear on pages 161, 166, 168.*



*We shall be pleased to answer any questions on subjects of interest relating to the Film World. Give as many particulars as possible and write on one side of the paper only. Whilst we use our utmost endeavours to make these replies correct, we cannot be held responsible for any inaccuracy.*

C.S.B., WOOLSTON.—You had better get into communication with the London Offices of the Lubin Company, 4, New Compton Street, W.C. The Hepworth Company's address is 2, Denman Street, Picadilly, W.

M.E.S.M., EAST DULWICH.—Your poem is very good. We will endeavour to find space for including it in the June issue. We are still open to consider contributions on the same terms as advertised in December issue—page 160. Thanks for good wishes.

K.B., LLOYDS AVENUE.—Your letter quite charming. We have used our utmost endeavours to obtain a portrait of Miss Asta Nielsen, so far without success. You can rely upon our publishing Miss Nielsen's picture at the earliest possible moment.

M.K., HOUNSLOW.—Thanks for letter and suggestion. Arrangements have already been made to include a few of your suggested films in next month's issue. "The Necklace of Rameses" (Edison) will be inserted certain. As to your question—which is the better actor of the two?—it is quite a matter of opinion. "From Fireman to Engineer" was a Lubin film, released on September 1st, 1912. Length 1,000 ft. (one reel). Jack Halliday played the lead. "The Star Reporter" (Vitagraph) was released June 29th, 1912. Length 751 ft. Robert Thornby and Edith Storey played leads.

M.W., HOVE.—Mario Bonnard played "Satan" in the film of that name. He plays for Ambrosio films—Torino, Italy.

D.M.H., GRIMSBY.—Courtenay Foote, Wallie Van and Lillian Walker will appear in our supplement shortly.

"PAULINE," BROOKLYN.—We are sorry we cannot supply you with a photograph of Miss Pauline Bush. If you write to The Trans-atlantic Film Company of 37-39, Oxford Street, they can probably supply you.

M.B., BROMLEY.—"Phantoms" (Selig) was released February 12th, 1914. Wheeler Oatman and Eugenie Besserer played leads. "A Hopeless Dawn" (Selig) was released March 19th, 1914. Bessie Eyton, Wheeler Oatman and Harold Lockwood played leads. Maurice Costello's portrait appeared in the November (1913) issue. Postcards of film actors and actresses may be purchased from the majority of the film manufacturers. Thank you very much for other remarks.

H.S., LIVERPOOL.—Sidney Ayres played Cliff Jackson in "The Power of Light" (Flying A.). Jack Richardson also acted in this picture as Tom Jackson—father to Cliff. Margarita Fischer now plays in Beauty Films—see "Withering Roses" in the March issue of "Illustrated Films."

H.B., Birmingham —"When the West was Young" (Vitagraph) was released January 12th, 1914. Cast included—George Stanley, George Holt, and Maxine Elliott. You see Sidney Drew's picture is in this issue! Arthur Housman is still with Edison.

L.V., BIRKENHEAD.—"Bobbie's Long Trousers" (Edison) was released November 3rd, 1913. Yale Boss was Bobbie. Others included in the cast were: Edna Flugarth, Marion Weeks and Gladys Hulette. "The Joke that Kills" was an Urbanora film, released December 10th, 1913.

A.C., STOKE-ON-TRENT.—John Lawson's "Humanity" is being run by The Magnet Film Co., of St. Martin's Court, W.C. A full review of this film appeared in our Oct. (1913) issue.

*The Editor regrets being unable to include the many other answers to queries he has received, owing to want of space.*



Film Favourites



Miss Mabel Normand.

Film Favourites



Mr. Harry Morev.

Film Favorites



Miss Mary Charleston.

Film Favourites



Mr. Roscoe Arbuckle.

*Film Favourites*



Miss Laura Sawyer.

# Film Favourites



Mr. Chas. Chaplin.

Film Favourites



Miss Florence Lawrence.

Film Favorites



Mr. Ford Sterling.



# THE NECKLACE :: :: OF RAMESES

*From the*  
EDISON FILM



THE Princess Ameena lay dying. Not all the love of Rameses the king, her father, nor all the arts of the court physicians could avail to stay the approach of the other dreadful and awe-inspiring monarch, King Death. Rameses, King of Egypt, saw the light fade out of his daughter's eyes, heard her last feeble sigh, and was desolate.

When all was over he placed round the neck of the princess a necklace of wonderful jewels. A medallion depended from the necklace and rested upon the breast of the princess. Engraved upon it was an inscription. Rameses the king, drawing himself up to his full height, and raising his arms, stood, a majestic figure, and in a voice loud and sonorous, spoke these words :

"He who taketh these jewels from their place shall know no peace until they are returned."

\* \* \*

THE director of the art museum of New York and his assistants were rather excited. A mummy of exceptional interest had been secured. The director had deciphered the inscriptions upon the case, and knew that this was a princess, the daughter of King Rameses, who had died four thousand years ago. A wonderful treasure this, to be handled with the greatest care. The director watched the operation of unpacking with eyes that saw everything. He gave brief instructions every now and then. Suddenly one of the men cried out in astonishment, thrust his hand into the wrappings of the mummy and drew out a necklace.

"Hullo!" cried the director, stretching out his hand. "Let me have a look at that."

He examined the necklace curiously for a minute or two. Then he gave a low whistle.

"Priceless!" he said. "These are gems, indeed. Each one is worth a fortune. I

wonder—ah! here's an inscription. Listen! 'He who taketh these jewels from their place shall know no peace until they are returned.' Well," he said with a laugh to the man who had discovered the necklace, "you've done it now, Stevens. Old Rameses will be down on you for this."

Stevens laughed uneasily.

Clang! Something rang and rattled on the floor.

"Good God!" cried Stevens, and sprang away from the mummy.

They were all startled. An ancient brass vessel had fallen from the wall. That was all; but why had it fallen just then? The director was looking at the vessel and holding the necklace in his hand.

"Put it back, sir," said Stevens in an awe-struck whisper. "That's why the thing fell. Put it back. There's something uncanny about this job."

The man was quivering with fear.

"Pshaw!" cried the director, but his face was rather pale, and he did not seem sorry to hand the necklace to Stevens, who hurriedly put it back where he had found it.

Soon the mummy was placed in the glass case which had been prepared for it.

Next morning, newspaper readers in two hemispheres knew that a necklace of fabulous value had been found in the case of a mummy now on exhibition in the Egyptian section of the art museum of New York.

Among other people who discussed the story was Joe Hyde. Joe was the leader of a gang of thieves with agents in every capital in Europe, and precious stones were very much in his line. He showed the newspaper story to Mamie Stevens, a clever member of the gang, who was as much interested in precious stones as Joe himself. The police knew her as "Diamond Mary."

"See here," said Joe. "I reckon here's a nice little job for you, Mary. Jest about your weight. A fortune in a glass case,



"He placed round the neck of the princess a necklace of wonderful jewels."

askin' to be picked up."

Diamond Mary laughed and shook her head.

"Too well guarded," she said. "There'll be attendants hanging round the nummy all day long."

"Well, there's no harm in havin' a look round. Let's talk it over."

The result of their talk was that Diamond Mary paid a visit to the Egyptian section the same day. She was accompanied by a female confederate. An attendant who was dusting about the room saw in them only two young ladies curious to see the necklace which had been so widely advertised. He did not watch them very closely, and when the confederate engaged him in conversation in a corner of the room: he soon forgot to watch Diamond Mary at all.

Mary took a good look at the necklace. It lay just inside the case. If only the attendants had forgotten to lock the case it would have been the easiest thing in the world to get possession of the jewels. As the thought passed through her mind her fingers closed upon the handle. Idly she

gave it a turn. Heavens! They *had* forgotten to lock it.

She took her hand away and looked swiftly around the room. The attendant was busily engaged; he had no eyes for her; and there was not another soul about. She would never get such a chance again. Noiselessly she opened the case . . .

A few minutes later Diamond Mary and her friend sauntered out of the museum. ☞

Joe Hyde was considerably astonished when Mary informed him that she had secured the necklace.

"By the holy poker," he cried, "you're smart, you are. Let's have a look."

When Joe saw the stones he whistled as the director had done. "Good Lord!" he said, "we'll never be able to get rid of them here. That's the finest necklace in the world. You'll have to take it to England. First boat, too! You must leave to-day. Go and get ready, and I'll wire to English Jim to meet you when you get to London."

Diamond Mary lost no time. She was steaming out of New York harbour while Detective Imbert, who had been sent for in

hot haste by the director of the museum, was questioning the attendant who had been on duty that morning in the room where the mummy was.

"Could you recognise the two women from photographs?" asked Imbert, sharply.

"Yes," was the reply.

Imbert produced a packet of photographs and exhibited them.

"That's the one!" cried the attendant, excitedly, picking out a photograph. "She was looking at the case while the other talked to me."

Imbert smiled. "Diamond Mary, eh?" he said. "I thought it looked like her work."

After another word or two with the director, he left the museum and began a tour of the shipping offices. He knew that Diamond Mary and her associates would not be such fools as to try to sell the jewels in New York.

At one of the first offices he visited the clerk recognised the photograph produced as that of a lady who had booked a berth and sailed that morning.

A boat belonging to another company was due to leave in a few hours, and Imbert started on the track.

Mary, unconscious of pursuit, reached London and was met by English Jim, otherwise James Jackson. He

undertook to dispose of the necklace. But the first man to whom he broached the subject showed him a paragraph in a newspaper which stated that the police believed the necklace was in London, and that a sharp watch was being kept on all places where attempts might possibly be made to dispose of it.

"You might manage it in Paris," he said.

\* \* \*

Imbert reached London not many hours after Diamond Mary, but the time had been sufficient for her to vanish completely, as though the mighty city had swallowed her up. As Imbert sat in his room in the hotel he realised that his chance of running her to earth was slender indeed, unless she attempted to dispose of the jewels at some place from which information would reach the police, with whom he had taken care to put himself in communication. There seemed to be nothing to do but to wait as patiently as might be. Meanwhile, dinner struck him as a good idea. He left the hotel, directing his steps towards a well-known restaurant near Piccadilly Circus. Presently, a few steps ahead of him, he saw a woman walking. The back view seemed familiar, but for a moment he could

not place her. Suddenly he knew who it was. Diamond Mary! He slackened his



"The director of the museum sent for Detective Imbert."

pace to keep behind her.

Diamond Mary turned into the restaurant. Imbert walked on to a policeman a few yards away, produced his authority and requested his services. The two walked into the restaurant. Diamond Mary was looking

her at a distance, and saw her enter a post-office in the Strand. He waited until she reappeared, and then went inside.

Mary was a 'cute young woman, but she had made a little mistake. Imbert found on a pad of telegraph forms the impression of the message she had written. "Meet me Notre Dame Thursday two-thirty." The



"He was a cool hand and led the detective a dizzy chase."

round for a table when the policeman put a heavy hand on her shoulder.

"I want you," he said.

Mary turned with an exclamation which drew the attention of the diners. They looked at the little group in astonishment.

"What for?" demanded Mary.

"You'll be told at the station," was the policeman's reply. "Best come quiet."

Mary was beginning an angry protest when she caught sight of Imbert behind the policeman. She said no more, but with a shrug of the shoulders permitted herself to be led away.

At the police-station she was searched. No jewels were found upon her, and, sorely against his will, Imbert had to agree to her release. She had her fling as she passed him on her way out of the station.

"Reckon you've made a mistake this time, Mr. Imbert," she taunted. "Perhaps you'll be more careful in future."

Imbert made no reply, but he kept Mary in sight after she left the station, followed

telegram was addressed to somebody named Jackson.

To-day was Tuesday. On Thursday Imbert was at the rendezvous in good time. He witnessed the meeting of Diamond Mary and English Jim outside the great cathedral. They did not stay long there, but went off to a café close by. Imbert saw them seated at one of the little tables in front of the café, and himself entered the place by another door. He managed to get pretty close to them, though not near enough to hear their conversation. A bottle of wine stood on the table between them, and English Jim reached for it. It was a pity that his back was towards the detective, otherwise Imbert might have seen him drop something stealthily into one of the glasses before he filled it with the red wine. He passed the glass to his companion, and filled another for himself. He drank, but Mary left her glass standing there.

After a few minutes English Jim said good-bye to Mary and walked away. Feeling

certain that the necklace was in his possession, Imbert followed. The man walked towards the river. It appeared that he was going to take a water trip.

Imbert followed the same procedure as in London. He secured the services of a gendarme, and Jim's arrest was effected without much trouble. But again Imbert drew a blank. English Jim had no necklace in his possession, and declared with an oath that he knew nothing of it. There was nothing for it but to let him go.

Meanwhile Mary had taken the jewels to an address English Jim had given her. It was a mean little house in a mean street in the lowest quarter of Paris. The man who answered her knock shook his head in decided fashion when she hinted at her business.

"Too risky, madam," he said. "You might have a chance in Venice or Rome, but Paris—no. The police are too clever."

English Jim, in blissful ignorance of the fact that New York's cleverest detective was following him, had reached the door of the house in which he had engaged an apartment, and was about to enter when a messenger ran up with a note for him. He took it, read it, tore it up and scattered the pieces on the pavement. Then he went indoors.

Detective Imbert, coming along presently, picked up all the pieces and carefully placed them in a pocket-book. At his hotel he put them together and read the message which Diamond Mary had written to her confederate.

"H'm!" he muttered. "Venice! Well, they're giving me a run for my money."

\* \* \*

Venice is one of the beautiful cities of the world, and if he had been on a holiday trip instead of on serious business Imbert would have found many things to awaken his interest and admiration. But his mind was full of the necklace and the two criminals who were leading him such a dance. They had once more given him the slip.

Luck, however, had not entirely deserted him. He was standing one morning by the Grand Canal, idly watching the gondolas passing up and down, when his attention was suddenly arrested. Within a few yards of him were English Jim and Diamond Mary, taking their ease in a gondola, for all the world like any pair of innocent tourists "doing the city." They had not seen him,

but Imbert was not taking any chances. He got out of sight until they had gone by. Then he engaged a gondolier, and gave him rapid instructions in Italian. And so the chase began.

Diamond Mary was the first to see that they were being followed. She told Jim, and together they urged their gondolier to do all he knew. There followed such a race as had seldom been seen on the historic waterway. The two gondolas simply rushed along, under Rialto, and by ancient palaces. The magnificent panorama of the wonderful city was unheeded by the actors in the drama.

Imbert's gondola gained foot by foot. The detective leaned over the bow like a tiger preparing to spring. The boats were very close now, and the gondolier in the leading one suddenly gave up the struggle. Imbert shot alongside and sprang on board, revolver in hand.

"Hands up!" he shouted, and Jim and Diamond Mary did not attempt to argue.

In obedience to the detective's orders the gondolier made for the landing-stage and then went to fetch a policeman, while Imbert remained to guard his captives. Unfortunately, however, he could not cover them both with one revolver. The gondolier had only just got clear of the landing-stage when, Imbert's attention being diverted for an instant, Diamond Mary sprang at him like a wild-cat, wrenched the revolver from his hand and brought the heavy weapon down with a crash on his head. He fell across the thwart, stunned. In another minute Mary and English Jim were on the landing-stage, and Jim gave the gondola a shove which sent it well out into the canal.

Imbert was not unconscious for long, but by the time he had realised what had occurred, the two desperadoes were out of sight. That they would leave Venice at once he did not doubt. Where would they make for? As he framed the question his eyes fell upon a satchel which Diamond Mary had evidently forgotten in her hurry. If Imbert hoped to find the necklace in it he was doomed to disappointment, but he found an address—"46 Ponte Etrusca, Rome."

Well, that was something, anyway. He paddled the gondola to a landing-stage, and in a few hours was on his way to Rome. He had made inquiries and learned that a man and woman answering to the descriptions he gave had caught an earlier train, taking their places at the last moment.



“When he looked up and met her eyes she was smiling.”

His first care on arriving in the capital was to inquire at the address he had found. To his satisfaction he learned that no attempt had as yet been made to dispose of the necklace.

It struck him that this time the criminals would be on the look-out for him, and he determined to disguise himself. So thoroughly did he hide his identity that Jim and Mary had no suspicions whatever with regard to the old woman whom they saw soliciting alms in the Colosseum next morning.

Suddenly the old woman's ragged cloak was cast aside, and Imbert made a dash at English Jim, but the latter escaped and led the detective a dizzy chase. Then he made a mistake. He had ventured out upon a ridge which came to a sudden end high above the street. He gave a terrified glance over his shoulder. It was fatal. He stumbled, and with a wild scream pitched over headlong.

The detective made his way down. He searched the body carefully, but there was no necklace.

In his hotel that night Imbert felt the bitterness of failure. He had failed to trace Mary, and concluded that she had taken alarm and fled from the city. He cabled to New York instructions for every steamer to be met, and then went to Naples and

secured a berth in the next boat. It happened that Mary was also a passenger, but as she travelled second-class and he first, she was unaware of his presence on board until the boat was nearing New York. She had already realised, though rather late in the day, that she would never be able to get the necklace past the customs' officers.

It was when the passengers were preparing to leave the vessel that an idea occurred to her. Imbert had seen her, and calculated on arresting her as soon as she set foot on shore. She ran to her cabin, and presently returned carrying a sealed packet which she gave to one of the stewards.

“Take this to that gentleman,” she said, indicating Imbert. “He left it in his room.”

She saw Imbert take the packet and look at it with a puzzled expression. Then he broke the seal and undid the wrappings. She saw him start and flush. When he looked up and met her eyes she was smiling. He nodded and put the packet in his pocket.

\* \* \*

In due course the director of the art museum restored the necklace of Princess Ameena, and as he closed the case he had a curious vision of Rameses the king standing with outstretched arms as though invoking a blessing upon his daughter.

# THE MASTER OF THE MINE

*From the*  
VITAGRAPH FILM



ARNOLD stared James Arnold in the face. For days he had been hoping against hope, and now he could disguise the fact from himself no longer. He had been tempted into risky speculations. A wealthy man, he had dreamed of doubling, trebling his fortune . . . . And now his house of cards had collapsed. He was thankful that his wife had not lived to see this day. But there was his daughter, his beautiful, proud Eugenie. How could he tell her?

Oh, what a fool he had been! He sat there with his head bowed, and his heart full of bitter self-reproach.

The door opened softly, and a girl came in, a tall girl with a proud, beautiful face.

"Father," she called, "why are you staying so long here by yourself? I've been waiting for you in the drawing-room. Is anything wrong?" Arnold raised his head. "Oh, father! are you ill? What is it?" She knelt at his feet, and looked up anxiously into his haggard face. "Tell me what is wrong."

"Everything," he groaned—"everything is wrong. I am ruined—bankrupt! We have not a penny of our own in the world. This house and everything in it will have to be sold — —"

"Oh, father," cried the girl, "surely it can't be so bad as that. Can't anything be done? Isn't there any way?"

"Well"—he hesitated, shot a keen glance at her, and then dropped his eyes—"I can see only one way." The girl leaned forward eagerly. "You must marry a rich man. Oh"—as she cried out in pained protest—"it's the only way to save us from utter ruin. It's more of you than of myself I am thinking. You were not meant to be poor."

"But, father, I'd rather be poor than sell myself for money."

There was something in her candid young eyes that troubled the man. He moved impatiently.

"Oh, who talks about selling yourself. The man must be a gentleman, of course, a decent fellow. You shan't marry a cad. And as for being poor—ah! you don't know what it is like. It's for your sake I say you must marry money."

And so he went on, making mean and pitiful excuses, trying to hide even from himself the fact that he was willing to sell his daughter to save himself from poverty.

On the morning following this conversation, Arnold, hoping to obtain a temporary loan, called upon Mr. Arthur Berkow, a wealthy mineowner. The two men knew each other fairly well, though they moved in different circles, and Arnold, an aristocrat, who had never done a day's work in his life, had always been rather patronising in his manner to the leader of industry. But he could think of nobody else to whom to appeal.

He talked of indifferent things for some time, and then nervously approached the real object of his visit.

At the first mention of a loan Berkow looked up sharply, asked a question, then another, and very soon was in possession of the whole story. Then he leaned back in his chair for a few moments as though thinking the matter over.

"Look here," he said at last, "I'll make you a proposition. I'll lend you all the money you want, and never bother you to pay it back—on one condition."

Arnold gasped with astonishment.

"The condition is," Berkow went on, "that my son marries your daughter."

It might have been thought that nothing could be more in accordance with Arnold's desires. Yet now the suggestion had come from somebody else there was something distasteful about it.

Berkow was watching him closely. "Why not, Mr. Arnold?" he asked. "You want money, and I've got more than I want."



"He put a handsome engagement ring on her finger."

Philip is all right. I've spent a lot of money on him, sent him to college, made a gentleman of him. It'll be a good match—money on one side, family and social position on the other."

In the end Arnold agreed and went away to tell Eugenie, while the mineowner informed his son, in the autocratic way which was usual with him, that he had made a match for him with Miss Arnold, the most beautiful girl in the city. Philip found the arrangement much to his mind, though privately he wondered whether Miss Arnold would be equally well pleased.

James Arnold found his daughter in the garden, and told her, nervously, of the arrangement which had been made for the disposal of her hand. He wished she would not look at him like that, as if she had a contempt for him.

"So you are determined to sell me?" she said coldly.

"Oh, come, Eugenie, don't talk like that. It's for your own sake."

"No," she said, "it's for yours. It means money for you, and misery for me."

But she gave her consent, and that was all Arnold wanted.

That evening Philip called. He was a handsome, gentlemanly fellow enough, and under more favourable circumstances might

have had as good a chance as any other man of winning Eugenie. Now she saw in him only a purchaser, not a lover.

After her father had left them together, Philip, with the utmost courtesy, made a formal proposal for her hand.

She sat perfectly still, her face pale and composed. When he had finished, she said:

"You will not expect any display of emotion under the circumstances. I will be your wife—as arranged."

It was a strange wooing, Philip thought. But the girl was very beautiful, and he believed that she would grow to love him in time. He drew his chair close to hers, and put a handsome engagement ring on her passive finger. Then, after a moment's hesitation, he put an arm about her shoulders and would have kissed her, but she drew away from him.

"I think," she said, "it would be better that you should go—now."

She held herself like a queen, as he bowed himself out.

Well, it was a pure matter of business, to be settled with all possible despatch. Philip and Eugenie were married. After the ceremony they returned to her father's house. They were a few minutes by themselves before rejoining the guests. As Philip looked at his beautiful bride, a



passionate desire came upon him to take her in his arms. He made a sudden movement to do so, but she avoided him and drew herself up haughtily.

"No," she said, "you bought social standing only. I have nothing else to give you. Love was not in the bargain."

"Very well. And you," he said bitterly, "want only my money, I suppose. You shall have it. I'll fulfil my part of the bargain. In public, we will be like other married people; but in private I will not inflict my company on you. Now shall we go to our guests?"

The bride and bridegroom and the wedding guests were, to all outward seeming, as happy and gay as though the marriage had been one of love instead of money. Mr. Berkow proposed the health of the happy pair, and raised his glass to his lips to drink the toast with the others. Suddenly he gave a gasp, staggered, and fell back in his chair. The guests cried out in alarm, and crowded round. A doctor was among the guests. He made a rapid examination.

"Dead!" he said. "Heart failure—the excitement..."

## PART II.

**P**HILIP BERKOW had been Master of the Mine for some weeks. Under his direction prospered exceedingly, but there had been threatenings of trouble among the workers. An agitator was busy with them, urging them to strike.

Ulrich Hartmann was one of those dissatisfied men who are at odds with the universe because they have to work for a living. He hated Berkow because he was his employer, not because he was an unjust employer, and he did his best to poison the minds of the other workers against him. Their work was hard and dangerous, and Philip, who was a fair-

minded, generous man, would have been willing to listen to any reasonable complaint, and redress any grievance properly represented to him. But he objected to having a pistol held to his head, and the rumour that the miners intended to resort to force to obtain their ends only hardened his heart.

He had his own troubles. His hopes of winning his wife's love were diminishing fast. She was as cold and distant in her manner to him as on the day when he had first proposed.

Matters were at this pass when Mr. Arnold one day received a letter from a firm of solicitors, informing him that his brother had died, and left him sole heir to a vast fortune. His daughter was visiting him at the time, and he handed her the letter in great excitement.



"'Dead,' he said, 'heart failure—excitement.'"

"Read this, Eugenie," he cried. "We are rich once more, and you can leave your plebeian husband as soon as you like."

Eugenie took the letter, and read it slowly. No thought of injustice to Philip, or of the pain her desertion might give him crossed her mind. She saw in the sudden accession of fortune only the means by which she could secure her freedom from a distasteful marriage. She made up her mind at once, and ordered the car to be got ready so that she could go at once to the mine and acquaint Philip of her decision.

Affairs at the mine had reached a crisis. Hartmann had summoned a meeting of the workers, and had aroused them to fury by his wild talk. He made out Philip to be a monster incarnate, who was amassing immense wealth by driving men and women like slaves, compelling them to work under impossible conditions for a pittance barely sufficient to keep body and soul together.

"Let us teach him a lesson," he cried.

decided that Hartmann and two other men should go to the office, see Berkow, and tell him if he did not at once accede to their demands work would be stopped.

The men were in a dangerous mood, and while a shouting crowd of them accompanied the deputation to the door of the office, three or four others descended the mine and dispersed about the passages, placing sinister-looking parcels here and there.

Hartmann and his two companions hardly gave the old chief clerk time to announce their arrival before forcing their way to the inner office to the mineowner.

It was at this moment that Eugenie's car drove up to the works. On alighting, she was surrounded by an angry crowd of men and women, who jeered at her, shouted insulting remarks, and hustled her as she walked across the yard to the office. Their demeanour frightened her badly, but she held her head high. She entered her husband's office in time to hear the end of his reply to Hartmann.



"Philip, exerting all his strength, wrenched him free."

"Let us show him we are men, not slaves. Let us force him to do what we want. Words are of no use any longer; this is the time for deeds. I am all for a strike."

They answered with a shout, and it was

"No, I'll fight you," he was saying, his face set hard, and his eyes shining like steel. "If you had come to me with your grievances in a proper way, I would have met you fairly; but now you may strike, and be

damned to you! We will see who can hold out longest."

Hartmann leaned towards him, and brought his huge fist down with a bang on the table. "You'll be sorry for this," he cried. "We'll ruin you. We're your masters, curse you! In a few days you'll be whining for mercy, and I tell you you won't get it."

Philip faced the man fearlessly. "Look here, Hartmann," he said, "you can't frighten me with that sort of talk. You've said what you came to say, and now you had better go."

Hartmann turned with an oath, saw Eugenie standing by the door, removed his hat with a clumsy gesture, and went out, followed by his companions.

Philip turned to his wife. "I'm sorry you came at such an inopportune moment," he said politely. "Is there anything I can do?"

She hesitated. The scene she had witnessed had shown her Philip in a new aspect. She was conscious of an unwilling respect for his courage. She had married a man, at any rate. But she would not be turned from her purpose. In a few words she told him of her father's accession to wealth. She was no longer dependent upon her husband, and she desired a separation.

He heard her quietly to the end. Then he said:

"Suppose I do not agree? Suppose I do not desire a separation—what then?"

She was startled. "But," she began, "I thought——"

"Yes, you thought," he echoed bitterly—"you thought. You never troubled to find out what my feelings might be. You thought only of yourself. I was to supply the money, and get nothing in return; nothing but a wife who was no wife. I love you, Eugenie. Can't you see that? But, of course, it's no use," he went on more quietly. "I'll agree to the separation. It won't make much difference"—with a hard laugh—"we've been separated all the time."



"Half lifted, half dragged him to the bucket."

She did not speak. Somehow she felt ashamed.

"Well, good-bye," he said, without offering his hand.

She was turning to leave the office when the old chief clerk rushed in, greatly agitated, white to the lips.

"They're going to blow up the mine," he stammered. "They've placed dynamite in shaft, and one of the passages has caved in. There are three men imprisoned in the mine now!"

Philip kept his head. "I'll come at once," he said. Then, turning to his wife, he added, "You must stay here. It would not be safe to cross the yard." Before she could answer he had gone.

A great crowd of men and women had gathered at a safe distance from the shaft. Only two or three of the men had stayed by the pit's mouth, and they were at their wits' end to know what to do.

Philip learned from them what had taken place. Then he took off his coat.

"I'm going down," he said, and got into the bucket. They lowered him down. The accident had occurred close to the bottom of the shaft. There was a great heap of broken, twisted timbers and fragments of rock. Philip listened, and heard a groan. He began to hurl aside the débris. Presently a hand appeared, then a head and shoulders. Placing his arms under those of the unconscious man, Philip, exerting all his strength, wrenched him free. He dragged him to the bucket, and gave the signal. The man was hauled up. Philip turned again to his task, and twice more the bucket descended empty and ascended with a living freight.

As the third man was hauled up, Philip fell unconscious on the heap of rock. The bucket came down again and after a minute or two went up empty, but he lay there unheeding.

Eugenic waited in the office with growing anxiety. Curiously enough, her anxiety was not for herself, but for Philip. At last she could bear it no longer. She questioned the old clerk, and learned from him that Philip had descended the mine to rescue the imprisoned men. She waited for no more.

She ran out of the office, straight to the pithead. She saw the third man brought up, saw the bucket descend again, and return empty to the surface.

"What is wrong?" she cried. "Why does my husband not come up?"

The men looked at one another in silence, fearing to answer.

"Oh, let me go," she pleaded. "I must go! I must save him. He can't be dead."

Resisting their attempts to restrain her, she got into the bucket, and finding that she

was determined, they lowered her down. Close by where the bucket came to rest she found him. His eyes were closed, his face grimy and stained. He lay very still. Was he dead? Her heart almost stopped beating at the thought. There was no time to lose. She thanked God she was strong. Bending down, she put her arms beneath him, and half lifted, half dragged him to the bucket. She laid him across it, scrambled in herself, and gave the signal.

A great cheer went up when the bucket emerged from the pit mouth. Men and women who an hour before had insulted and jeered at her, now hailed her as a heroine.

But she had neither eyes nor ears for them. The fresh air restored Philip to consciousness, and he stood up, though still very white and shaky.

"Hurry!" somebody called. "The mine will blow up in a minute or two!"

The men conducted them to a safe distance, and left them. Neither had spoken as yet. Suddenly the ground trembled beneath them, there was a dull roar from the bowels of the earth, and from the pit mouth a cloud of dense black smoke belched forth.

Philip gazed a few moments in silence, with bitterness in his heart. Hartmann had done his best to ruin him, then.

He turned, and met his wife's eyes. Something he saw there made his heart beat fast.

"Eugenie," he whispered, "you saved me. Is it — do you care after all?"

"Yes, Philip," she faltered. "When they told me you were down there—then I knew."

He took her in his arms. It was their first kiss.



**M**ISS LAURA SAWYER, who this month figures in our supplement of film favourites, has been exclusively engaged by The Famous Players Film Co. This charming actress is one of the best-known artistes on the screen, and was for some time the leading lady of the Edison Company, earning the sobriquet of "The Edison Girl." Like most great artistes, Miss Sawyer has particular parts in which she excels, and she is always at home in a thrill-

ing detective drama in which she pursues the villain through intricate plottings and hair-breadth situations, until she has run him to earth. With the Famous Players she has built up a special character part known as "Kate Kirby," and it is as Kate Kirby, the daughter of Detective Kirby, that she acts in such recent successes as "Chelsea 7750," "The Port of Doom," and "An Hour before Dawn." Her greatest achievement in our opinion was as "The Daughter of the Hills."

—Editor.

# The Power of the Air

*From the EDISON FILM*

**M**OST girls, no doubt, would find life in a lighthouse unbearably dull and monotonous; but Alice, the daughter of old Bill Winters, keeper of Lighthouse 21, was not at all an average sort of girl. She found life in the lighthouse very interesting indeed, and was never happier than when she was taking her share of the work with her father and his assistant, Jim Francis. Old Bill Winters used to say often that she was the best "man" in the place.

When there was no work to do she found the little gallery, which ran round the tower just beneath the great lantern, a fascinating place, with its wonderful views of sea and sky. When she was in the gallery, on a fine day, Alice did not spend all her time gazing out to sea. Not by any means. There was a land view, too, which rather attracted her. From the lighthouse gallery, she could see the little fishing town of Shorehaven, and the wireless station where Ned Redmond worked.

Shorehaven was not far from Lighthouse 21. In fine weather, Alice, who was a first-rate oarswoman, could row herself across the bay to the mainland in half-an-hour or so. She often did so, and seldom went to Shorehaven without paying a visit to the wireless station.

Altogether Alice found life pleasant enough. There was only one drawback, and that was Jim Francis. He had begun to pester her with his attentions. These would have been distasteful enough at any time, for Jim Francis was not the kind of man she would have chosen for a sweetheart. He had a rough, sneering sort of way with him, and she had heard stories from one and another of the kind of life he led while he was ashore on leave. But besides all that, her heart had already passed out of her keeping. And that was the reason why from the lighthouse gallery she often used to

look at the little wireless station on the mainland and wonder what Ned Redmond was doing.

But she did not wish to quarrel with Jim Francis, nor to complain to her father about him. So, when one morning she and Jim were together in the living-room at the lighthouse, and Jim began to make love to her in his rough, uncouth way, she refused to take him seriously, and tried to laugh the matter aside.

Jim, however, was not to be so easily disposed of. "Look here," he growled, "I ain't goin' to be played with no longer. I reckon I'm as good as Ned Redmond, ain't I?"

Alice stared at him in astonishment. "What on earth do you mean?" she asked, with an angry note in her voice.

Jim laughed disagreeably. "Mighty innocent, ain't yer? Why, everybody knows you're flirtin' with him, and spending hours in the wireless station with him. But it's got to stop, d'ye hear?" He leaned forward with an ugly look in his eyes, and caught her wrist in a strong grip.

Alice gave him stare for stare. She was plucky enough, but when he suddenly threw his other arm roughly about her neck she became really frightened and began to scream and struggle. Her cries brought help. Her father opened the door and came into the room.

"Stop that!" he cried. "You get off about your work, Jim, and leave my gal alone! Out you go!"

Jim slunk off muttering, and Alice burst into tears. The old lighthouse-keeper patted her head gently.

"There, there," he said, "don't 'ee cry, lass. I'll see that brute don't worry 'ee again. Now do 'ee take the boat and row over to Shorehaven; it'll do 'ee a power o' good."

Probably the old man knew that he could not have thought of a better prescription for



“‘Anything doing, Ned?’  
she asked.”

for bringing the smiles back to his daughter's face. Alice took the boat, rowed across the bay, and paid a visit to the wireless station. The warmth of Ned Redmond's welcome soon made her forget all about Jim Francis's behaviour.

“Anything doing, Ned?” she asked, presently. “May I have a lesson?”

“Rather. But you're a good operator already. The ‘Carolia’ ought to be somewhere about. See if you can pick her up.”

The girl sat down at the table, and Ned fixed the receiver on her head, and began to give her instructions. Suddenly she leaned forward.

“Here she is, Ned,” she cried excitedly, reaching for the writing-pad. She wrote down the message which had come down to her out of space. It was from the ‘Carolia,’ eastward bound, and gave her latitude and longitude.

“Bravo!” cried Ned, when she handed him the message. “She'll be along here to-night after dark.”

At the lighthouse Bill Winters had made a disquieting discovery. The supply of oil

had run short. There was not enough in the place to fill the great lamp. The monthly supply had not arrived, and after vainly trying all the casks, Winters told his assistant to take the remaining boat and row over to the mainland for a few gallons to keep the light going that night.

Francis was glad enough to get a run on shore, and his strong arms made short work of the trip. He ran his boat up on the beach alongside Alice's. The girl was about to row back to the lighthouse and Ned Redmond had come down to the beach to see her off. Francis threw a malevolent glance at the pair, and made an insulting remark which caused Ned Redmond to start forward with clenched fists. But Alice restrained him, and together they looked after Francis as he swung away towards the town with his can. Then the lovers parted. Alice rowed to the lighthouse, and Ned returned to the wireless cabin.

\* \* \*

The afternoon was wearing away, and Jim Francis had not returned from the town with the precious oil. Bill Winters began

to get anxious. Every few minutes he climbed up into the gallery and looked anxiously across the bay. There was no sign of Francis. Soon it would be time to light the lamp, and he grew pale with fear at the thought of what might happen if the light did not send out through the darkness its message of warning to mariners.

At last Winters could stand it no longer. His position was at stake, and who could say how what loss of life and property might be caused by the want of a few gallons of oil!

"I'll have to go ashore myself, lass," he said. "The lamp must be lighted. I reckon that waster Jim is drunk by this time. He'll get the sack for this. You'll be all right till I come back!"

"Yes, dad," replied the girl; "I'm not afraid. But be as quick as you can."

She helped him into his oilskins and watched him as he rowed away.

The old man had made a good guess. Jim Francis had taken advantage of his trip ashore to drink a good deal more than was good for him. He had been for hours in the bar of the "Jolly Sailors," and had drunk himself into such a condition that the landlord refused to serve him with another glass.

"No, Jim," he said, "you've

growled. "I reckon I know my duty."

"Perhaps you do and perhaps you don't," said the landlord drily. "Anyhow, you'd better go; you'll get no more drink here."

Francis argued the question for a few minutes longer, but took up his can at last and staggered out of the house. He had not got very far when the lighthouse-keeper met him. The old man was furious.

"You swab!" he shouted. "You dirty, drunken swab! So long as you can fill your skin with beer you don't care if you ruin the lot of us. What d'ye think'll happen if there's no light to-night, you drunken lubber? I'll have no more of this. Don't you dare to go back to the lighthouse. You've finished there. You'll take your discharge now on the spot."

"No fear," said Francis, thickly, "I don't take no discharge unless I get my money up to date."

The old man thrust his hand into his pocket, and, trembling with rage, counted out the money due to his assistant.

"There," he said, "that's a durned sight more'n you're worth. You'd better not let me see your face again, or I'll put the police on your track."

Winters took up the can and hurried away. The other man looked after him for a minute or two; then, as if he



had enough. I reckon you'd better be getting back to the lighthouse."

"That's a true word," cried one of the men in the bar. "It'll be dark soon, and Bill Winters will be wantin' this." He held up the can.

"Mind your own business," Francis

"Ned fixed the receiver on her head."

had taken a sudden resolve, he turned and reeled off towards the beach. He was maddened by drink and aflame with the thirst for revenge. He would pay old Winters out for this, and his daughter too, damn her!

He found the lighthouse boat on the beach, pushed her off, and sprang in. Drunk as he was, he

all. You may scream as much as you like. Your father won't hear this time—no, nor Ned Redmond won't neither."

He laughed like a maniac, and, with a sudden rush, had her in his arms, crushing her to him, his hot breath on her face.

She kicked and fought with the energy of despair. He put up a hand involuntarily to ward off a blow, and she



"Your father won't hear this time."

could row straight enough, and soon he had reached his destination and was scrambling over the rocks to the lighthouse. Alice was lighting a tiny hand-lamp when the man burst into the room. There was only just oil enough for that, and by now the great lamp ought to have been lit. She did not at first notice anything wrong with Francis.

"Oh, Jim," she said, with relief in her voice, "what a long time you've been! Did you meet father? He's gone to look for you. You'd better light the lamp at once."

"Damn the lamp," cried the man. "There'll be no lamp lighted here to-night."

Alice looked at him with eyes full of fear, retreating towards the door which led up to the tower.

"Why, Jim," she said shakily, "what's—what's the matter?"

"Matter! There's nothing the matter. You and I are alone in the lighthouse, that's

broke away, flung open the door and rushed up the stairs into the wireless room, directly below the lantern chamber. She locked herself in, and stood a minute or two breathing heavily. Then she opened a drawer and took out a revolver.

The sight of the wireless apparatus gave her an idea. She could signal for help. In frantic haste she tapped out a message to Ned Redmond.

"Lighthouse 21," he read. "S.O.S.—S.O.S.—S.O.S!"

As she sent the message a tremendous blow on the door struck terror to her heart. Jim Francis was trying to batter the door in. It could not long withstand such blows as that. Well, she would be ready for him, but there was another message to be sent first. She had remembered the "Carolia." The great liner, in the absence of the light, might go on to disaster. With a fervent



prayer that the warning might reach the ship she sent out into the void the message, "Lighthouse 21 disabled. No light burning."

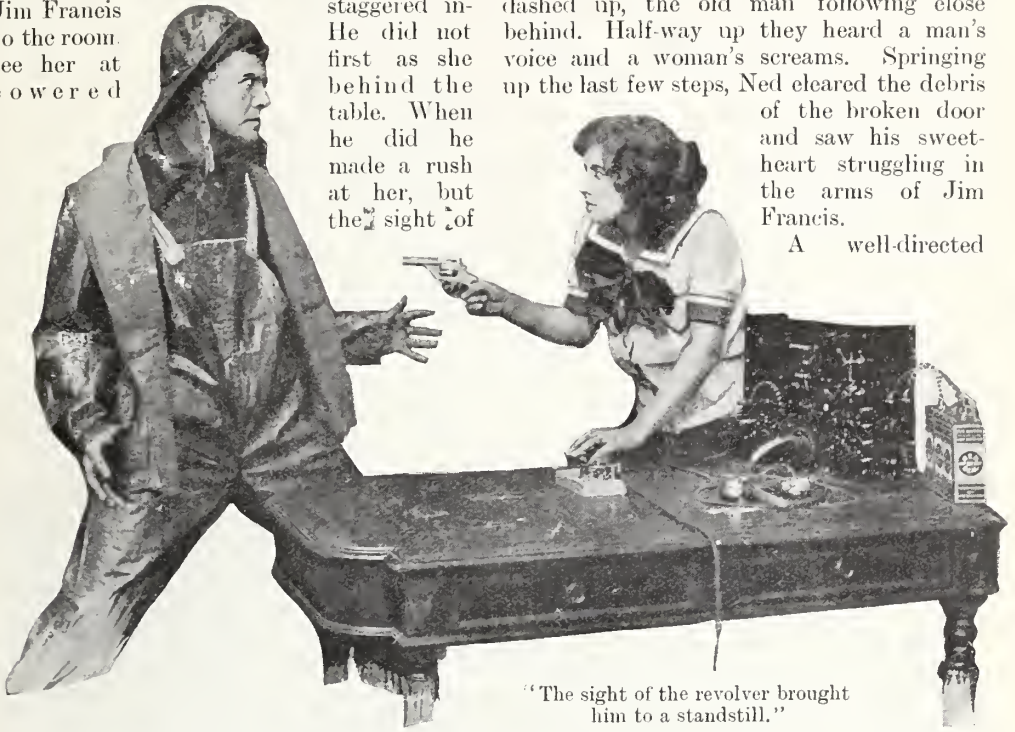
She had no time for more than that. With a crash the door was burst open, and Jim Francis staggered in. He did not see her at first as she cowered

behind the table. When he did he made a rush at her, but the sight of

to their arms, and the boat flew over the water.

There was nobody in the living-room at the lighthouse when they entered, but the door to the stairs swung wide, and Ned dashed up, the old man following close behind. Half-way up they heard a man's voice and a woman's screams. Springing up the last few steps, Ned cleared the debris of the broken door and saw his sweetheart struggling in the arms of Jim Francis.

A well-directed



"The sight of the revolver brought him to a standstill."

the revolver brought him to a standstill. His jaw dropped, and the dismay on his face would have been comical at any other time.

"What—what are you going to do?" he asked.

"If you dare to come a step nearer," she said, in a low, tense voice, "I'm going to shoot."

\* \* \*

When Ned Redmond got that despairing message from the lighthouse he did not waste time in wondering what could be wrong. He rushed out of his cabin and down to the beach. The first man he saw was his sweetheart's father. The old man had discovered that his boat was stolen, and was at his wit's end. In a few words Ned told him of the message he had received. Some distance away another boat was drawn up on the beach. They ran towards it, placed the can of oil on board, and pushed off. Anxiety for Alice's safety lent strength

blow from Ned's useful fist caused the scoundrel to release the girl, and he turned on his assailant like a wild beast. Old Bill Winters came to Ned's assistance, and the two of them soon had Francis quiet enough.

While they were occupied with him Alice, who was fortunately unhurt, hurried up to the lantern chamber with the oil her father had brought, filled the lamp and lighted it. Ned came up then, and together they went out on the gallery and looked out to sea. Together they watched the "Carolia" steam majestically by, with the great light full upon her.

"It's a wonderful thing, the wireless," said Ned.

"Yes, without it the 'Carolia' might have been cast away, and I——" Alice shuddered.

Ned's arm stole round her waist, and his lips sought hers.

# Children of the Feud

From the  
VITAGRAPH FILM



HE feud began years ago, when the Morton boys and the Belfield boy and girl were tiny children. They had heard the story often from the parents.

Jabez Morton and Carson Belfield were neighbours, farmers and hunters in a mountainous district of one of the Western States. The times were lawless. There were no police or magistrates in those parts then. If a man had a grievance against another, he took the law into his own

him doing it, and, snatching up his rifle, ran to the place.

"If ye drive them cows through my fence or come through yerself, I'll shoot," he said.

Morton laughed like a fool, and drove his cattle through. But before he could reach the fence himself Belfield shot him. Then he shouldered his rifle, and walked home.

Morton's wife and her two young sons, Boone and William, found Morton badly wounded. Mrs. Morton knew the ways of men in those parts, and the truth of the



"Carson Belfield did not omit to teach his children that the Mortons were his bitterest enemies."

hands, and victory went as a rule to the man who was first ready with his gun.

One day when Jabez Morton was taking his cows to the upper pasture it occurred to him that he could save valuable time by driving them through a part of Carson Belfield's land. To do this he had to break down a fence. Unfortunately Belfield saw

matter was as plain to her as though she had been a witness to the deed.

Morton recovered, and from that day onward he lived only for revenge. He and his wife brought their sons up in hatred of the Belfields.

Carson Belfield on his part did not omit to teach his two children, Walton and Hulda,

that the Mortons were his bitter enemies and theirs.

So fifteen years passed away. The Morton boys and young Belfield had grown into great strapping fellows, and Hulda was almost a woman, and as pretty as a picture.

One morning, when Walton and Hulda were leaving the house on some excursion, their father called to them.

"If you're goin' into the mountains, Walt, don't forget to carry your gun. Them Mortons are about, and they never forget theirs."

Walton went back into the house for his gun, and the brother and sister started.

That morning the two young Mortons were out hunting. They had not met with much success and were on their way homeward, when, turning a corner, they saw Walton and Hulda Belfield on the path far ahead.

William Morton brought his gun to his shoulder in a moment, fired, and missed.

"What!" William stared at his brother in amazement. "She's a Belfield, and they're all pizen."

"I don't care," said Boone. "'Tain't her fault. She can't help what the old man done."

William shrugged. This was a new idea, and he could not understand his brother.

A few days later, Boone was in the mountains alone. He had done a good deal of hard climbing, and sat down at the foot of a bluff to rest, with his rifle across his knees. The sound of approaching footsteps brought him to his feet. He stood waiting, his whole body tense, his gun ready. The step, he thought presently, was too light for a man's. Hulda came round the corner, and stopped short on seeing him. It was plain she was startled, but she did not look afraid. She carried a gun, and, swinging on her arm, a can partly filled with berries which she had been gathering.

"Well," she said at last, gazing at him



"Belfield had grown into a great strapping fellow, and Hulda was almost a woman."

"Curse it!" he cried, as the man and girl started to run. "I've missed 'em. Have a shot Boone, quick! Damn it! you've lost 'em. Why didn't you fire?"

"Because I don't make war on women," was Boone's reply.

unflinchingly, "why don't yer shoot?"

Boone lowered his gun with a laugh. "I don't fire on women," he said.

But for his laugh they might have gone their ways, but it seemed to Hulda that he was showing contempt for her. With a

vicious lunge she brought her rifle forward and pulled the trigger. He fell with a groan.

She was frightened now, and ran to him, full of remorse for her act and of pity for him.

"Oh," she cried, "I've hit you. I didn't mean—I thought—oh, I'm wicked. Where are you hurt?"

but Walton's suspicious were aroused by some strangeness in her manner. He picked up her gun and examined it. His practised eye told him that it had been discharged. He was puzzled.

That night, when her father and Walton were in bed, Hulda slipped out of the house



"He told them the Mortons were on the mountains."

Boone staggered to his feet and gave her a smile, though it cost him an effort.

"Knee," he said. "I don't think it's much. Don't worry."

She made him sit down, found the wound and bandaged it. He found the touch of her soft fingers very pleasant.

"I suppose you'll hate us worse'n ever now," she said, avoiding his eyes.

"No fear. You couldn't help it. It was an accident."

"Oh, but it wasn't. I meant to shoot."

"Did you? Well, never mind. You've doctored me very nicely. I'll be all right in no time."

"But your people?"

"Ah!" He was silent a little while. Then he said, "I guess I'll stay in the mountains a day or two till I'm well. 'Tain't worth while makin' more trouble."

She went home after a bit. She did not tell her father and brother of her adventure,

with a lantern and a parcel of food for Boone.

He carried her hand to his lips. "You're an angel," he said, "and a plucky one. I reckon we ain't going to be enemies no more, we two."

She blushed and hung her head. "I don't want'er quarrel," she said, "and—and—I'm real sorry about yer knee."

Then she was gone.

## PART II.

"**M**IGHTY fond o' berry-pickin' all of a sudden, ain't yer?" said Walton

Belfield next morning, when Hulda announced her intention of going into the mountains again. Safer at home, I reckon, with them Mortons about."

"Oh," she laughed, "I shall be all right. I can take care of myself."

Walton said nothing more, but after she had been gone a few minutes he took his

rifle and started out on her track.

At Morton's farm the prolonged absence of Boone had caused anxiety. He had said nothing about intending to be out all night, and as the morning wore away and there was no sign of him his brother William decided to go in search of him.

"Reckon he's had an accident or something," he said, "and can't get home." But both he and his parents had a feeling that the Belfields were at the bottom of the business, though they said nothing of their suspicions.

Walton Belfield followed his sister up the mountain side, at a safe distance, keeping her in view until she vanished round a bend in the path. Just before he reached the bend himself he heard voices. That in itself was a surprising thing in these solitudes. He turned the corner, and there, fifty or sixty yards away, he saw Hulda standing talking to a man. The man was sitting,

swung his rifle to his shoulder. But he did not fire. He was afraid of hitting his sister, and though he cursed her for her perfidy he did not want to kill her. He must wait for a better opportunity. He lowered his gun, retreated a little way along the path and waited.

Soon Hulda came along, swinging her can, and in her eyes a happy light, which died as she saw her brother and gave place to a look of fear. He did not give her a chance to speak.

"So this is why you're so fond of berry-pickin'," he cried, in a rage. "Meeting a man alone in the mountains. And a Morton! One o' them skunk! But I'll fix him. You ain't goin' to meet him agin in a hurry, His number's up."

"Oh, no, no!" she cried. "You shan't kill him!" She flung herself upon him, struggling to get possession of his rifle. He threw her aside with an oath, and she fell



"She did not tell her father of her adventure."

and Walton recognised him at once as Boone Morton. The surprise of it almost took his breath away for the moment, and while he looked the man held out his arms. After a moment's hesitation Hulda went to him. They elung to each other.

Beside himself with rage Walton Belfield

fainted by the side of the path.

Walton walked to a bend in the path, raised his rifle to his shoulder.

Just then a quiet voice behind him said :

"Drop that gun, Belfield, else I'll put a bullet in your ugly skull. Drop it, d'ye hear?"

Belfield hesitated only an instant. He knew the voice for William Morton's, and knew that he was done. He let his weapon fall to the ground, and turned, to find himself looking into the barrel of a rifle.

"Hands up!" said Morton. "Now then, up with 'em! That's right. Now come on.

ehance to put an end to it. Boone Morton is waiting over there for me"—pointing—"and I want you to come and marry us."

Mr. Morris was taken aback. It was the most surprising request that had ever been made to him. But he was a good Christian, and it really did seem to him that this



"Parson Morris solemnly invoked God's blessing on their reconciliation."

Git in front o' me. Mareh!"

Neither of them paid any attention to Hulda. She was still lying there when the Rev. Thomas Morris, paying one of his rare visits to this corner of his widely-scattered parish, came riding slowly along the mountain path. He dismounted, and bent over the girl. She was just recovering consciousness, and in another minute or two had all her wits about her. Her first thought was for Boone, and having assured herself that he was safe and sitting in the place where she had left him, she turned to the parson. What had become of her brother she did not know, but she was afraid he might come back at any moment, and before then there was something to be done.

"Mr. Morris," she said earnestly, "you know all about the feud between us and the Mortons?"

The parson nodded gravely. "Yes, and I'm sorry for it."

"Well," the girl went on, "here's your

was a heaven-sent opportunity to end a wicked quarrel. But first he asked a few questions. Did she love the young man, and did he love her? Satisfied with her answers, he went with her to where Boone was sitting, and there, on the mountainside, he made them man and wife.

This duty performed, the Rev. Thomas Morris remounted his horse and rode on to the Morton's farm where he hoped to stay the night. On entering the yard the first person he saw was Walton Belfield, sitting on a bench, with his hands tied behind him. Unable to believe that the families would still cherish enmity and hatred after the marriage on the mountainside, the childlike old man yielded to Belfield's entreaties and released him from his bonds. Without waiting to thank him, Belfield rushed out of the yard.

In a few minutes Jabez Morton and his son came out, and great was their anger when the old minister told them that he had let Belfield go. But when he added the sur-

prising information that he had solemnized a marriage between Boone Morton and one of the hated Belfields they went nearly mad with rage.

"Interferin' old fool!" cried Jabez Morton, fiercely. "Boone's no son of mine after this. I'll shoot him on sight. I'd rather see him dead than married to a Belfield."

Pushing the minister roughly aside the angry old man went into the house, and in a few minutes he and his son William were climbing up the mountainside with murder in their hearts.

William saw the young couple first. They were sitting in the shadow of the bluff, with hands clasped, and eyes and thoughts only for one another. The report of a rifle rang out, and they sprang to their feet. William had missed them. As with a curse he began to reload, a man sprang at him like a tiger-cat. It was Walton Belfield. He had been hiding behind a bush, waiting his chance. When Morton fired he had been standing on

the edge of a steep, high rock. For a moment the two men swayed to and fro on the brink, and then they fell. Locked in a fierce death-grip they hurtled down—down—their bodies bounding from rock to rock in that awful descent.

\* \* \*

Hulda and Boone had witnessed the tragedy. For months afterwards the girl used to wake up at night, screaming and trembling from a dreadful dream in which she had seen her brother and Boone's brother go headlong down—down—to their death.

It ended the feud. Two young lives had been sacrificed, and when Jabez Morton and Carson Belfield met at the foot of the precipice and looked at one other over the dead bodies of their sons, they shook hands and made an end of hating each other then and there. And Parson Morris solemnly invoked God's blessing upon their reconciliation.

## TO ALASKA



Via the Great Rivers of the North

# Vengeance is Mine

From the  
WALTUR-DAW  
FILM



THE Earl of Broadwater was forty-seven and a widower. His wife had been dead some years. He had one son, Willy, a handsome lad of twenty. Both Willy and his father were ruled in most things by the Earl's mother, the Dowager Countess, a haughty and autocratic old lady, patrician to her fingertips. The Dowager Countess had been a famous beauty in her day.

The Earl had fallen in love, irretrievably, with the strong, devouring passion which sometimes overtakes a man in middle life. He had fallen in love with Dorothy Grey, a beautiful circus-rider. Yes, the tenth Earl of Broadwater, head of one of the noblest and most ancient families in the land, was in love as ardently as any raw boy, with a girl, who earned her living by riding in a circus. No wonder the Countess was horrified when her son broke the news to her. Incredulous at first, she soon saw that the Earl was in earnest. She tried to reason him out of what she believed to be a mere infatuation. She resorted to entreaties, commands, was scornful and pathetic by turns. All was of no avail. In this matter her son gave her to understand that he meant to have his own way.

The old Countess saw that she must try other methods. When the Earl sounded her with regard to inviting Dorothy to stay at Broadwater Castle, she surprised him by consenting to the proposal. The wily old lady believed that before Dorothy had been long at the Castle her plebeian origin and upbringing would manifest themselves, and the Earl would see that she was unfitted for the rank to which he proposed to raise her.

The invitation was sent and accepted. Dorothy, who was attracted more by the Earl's position than to the man himself, felt that this invitation must be preliminary to a proposal of marriage, and the Earl's manner when he met her at the station and drove her to the Castle confirmed her opinion. Did she love him? Well, he was a gentleman, distinguished-looking, wealthy. Past his

first youth, of course—but an earl! She might be a Countess if she wished.

The old countess was in the morning-room. Lord Broadwater bent over his mother's chair and kissed her. Then he presented Dorothy.

Lady Broadwater's manner was not encouraging. She rose, looked the girl haughtily up and down, said a chilling word or two, and sat down again, paying no further attention to the guest.

Dorothy flushed at the old lady's rudeness, and looked appealingly at the Earl. He seemed about to say something to his mother, but thinking better of it, gave his arm to the girl and led her from the room.

"My mother is rather difficult, I'm afraid," he said, awkwardly; "but it's only her way. You'll like her when you know her."

But as the days passed, the Countess's manner to Dorothy showed no signs of softening. Perhaps she was disappointed to find that the girl behaved so much like a lady.

On the day before Dorothy's visit was to end, Lord Broadwater proposed. They were in the garden, and he told her that he had loved her since the day they first met, and had only delayed speaking in order that she might learn to know him better. He asked her to make him happy.

So it had come! She had thought of it often, had even decided how she should answer. Now, however, she felt a curious reluctance. Did she love him? For the life of her she could not tell. And so she pleaded for delay.

"Give me till to-morrow," she said—"just one day. You shall have your answer then."

Dorothy had arranged to leave Broadwater Castle on the following day in order to fulfil a contract for a three months' engagement in London, but that evening she received a letter from a firm of solicitors informing her that owing to the company being in financial difficulties the contract had been cancelled. This meant a serious loss to her, and she



could not help contrasting the precarious nature of her position as a public entertainer with that which was offered to her as the wife of Lord Broadwater. Her mind was made up, and the answer she gave to the Earl on the following day was the one which he ardently desired.

"My darling!" he cried. "My beautiful Countess!" He seized her in his arms, kissing her madly, almost frightening her with the violence of his passion.

There was no question of bringing her visit to an end now, and she set herself to try and win over the Dowager Countess, who, after the engagement was announced, seemed to be more bitter against the girl than before. One evening when they had been talking together upon indifferent subjects, the old lady rose suddenly, and with her keen eyes searching the girl's face, asked:

"Do you really love my son?"

Dorothy was taken by surprise. She hesitated, and the old woman burst out: "No; you do not. I can see you do not. You have promised to marry him for his wealth and position. You—an adventuress—to be Countess of Broadwater! Oh, I wish my son had never seen you."

Dorothy was indignant. "You have no right to speak to me like this," she cried.

"I have a right to guard my son's happiness," she said haughtily. "I do not wish to hear any more."

Dorothy gave up trying to soften the Countess after that. She began, indeed, to be afraid of the fierce old aristocrat, whose suspicious eyes were upon her always, seeming to read her very soul. They were upon her when Willy, the Earl's handsome son, arrived on a visit a few days later and was presented to his father's fiancée. The old Countess missed nothing. She noticed that the boy's enthusiastic admiration was not displeasing to Dorothy.

The two young people became good friends



"Her eyes kept wandering to the pair at the piano."

at once. They spent hours together in the beautiful gardens, boating on the lake, playing billiards. Dorothy was beautiful and charming; Willy was young, ardent, handsome, impressionable. Very soon he was hopelessly in love.

## PART II.

ONE day Dorothy, entering the pretty boudoir which had been set apart for her use, found Willy there. He had thrown himself upon the settee, and his face was buried in a cushion. At her gay salutation he lifted his head.

"Why, Willy," she cried, "how miserable you look. What on earth are you moping in here for? I do believe you were kissing the cushion." She laughed merrily.

"Oh, don't laugh at me," he pleaded. "I can't bear it. Don't you see I can't bear it? Oh, Dorothy, Dorothy, I——"

She broke in upon him hurriedly. "You silly boy. Why don't you laugh and be jolly? Now just try. That's right. That's ever so much better. Now run away and play, there's a dear boy. I want to be alone a little while."

Dorothy knew well enough by this time that the boy was in love with her, and that he had been on the point of declaring his passion when she interrupted him.

That evening after dinner they were all in the drawing-room. Dorothy was sitting at the grand piano, playing and singing airs from

the latest musical comedy, and Willy, leaning on the instrument, was gazing at her with eyes which would have betrayed his secret to sight much less sharp than that of the Countess, who sat talking with the Earl at a little distance. As she talked her eyes kept wandering to the pair at the piano. She saw a look of intelligence pass between them; saw Willy pick up a book, thrust something between the leaves, lean across the piano and hold the book out to Dorothy.

"This is the book I was telling you about," he said. "I'm sure you'll like it."

The old Countess had placed her hand on that of her son to attract his attention, and he saw Dorothy take the book. But it awakened no suspicion in his mind, and he was astonished when his mother started up, and, supporting herself on her stick, walked across to the piano. She darted at Dorothy a look that made the girl tremble, and then turned her eyes on Willy, who blushed and looked uncomfortable. It was to the Earl that she spoke.

"I wonder," she said significantly, "if Miss Grey ought to read that book."

The Earl started, but said nothing until the Countess had gone out of the room, leaning on the arm of a footman. Then—



"Willy was overjoyed to see her."

"What book is it, Dorothy?" he asked, holding out his hand.

But she held it away from him, laughing. "Oh, just a new novel that Willy promised me. It would not interest you. Your literary tastes are more serious than mine."

He was very thoughtful after she had bidden him good-night.

In her dressing room, Dorothy opened the book and found Willy's note. It was very short:—

"Dorothy, Dorothy, won't you ever understand that I love you?"

There came a knock at the door. Hurriedly she slipped the note into the bosom of her gown, and called, "Come in!"

Lord Broadwater entered.

"I've come for another good-night," he said, as he took her hand, and sat down beside her.

"My darling," he said, "I want you to fix our wedding day. I can't wait much longer—I love you so—I love you so."

Almost fiercely he said it, and as she turned her face to his, the passion of the man broke loose. He threw his arms around her, crushed her to him, and rained fiery kisses upon her face, her eyes, and her beautiful throat.

She shivered. For her life she could not have helped it. Suddenly, suspicious, he released her and stood up, looking at her in a puzzled way.

"Don't you love me, Dorothy?" he said presently.

"Yes, yes, of course—but I—I don't feel quite myself to-night. You—you startled me. Please go now. I'm tired."

Still with that puzzled look on his face, he went slowly out of the room.

Dorothy sat for some time thinking. The events of the day had made her realise that she was in love with Willy, but she had given her word to the Earl and she meant to be faithful to him. She must tell Willy he must not make love to her again. She would go and tell him now.

She waited until the house was quiet, and then went softly along the corridor to the door of the boy's room. She knocked gently.

Willy was overjoyed to see her. He came to her with open arms and glowing eyes.

"Dorothy!" he whispered, "Dorothy!"

Before she could speak, his arms were round her, but at a word from her he let them fall, and stood waiting for her to speak.



“ ‘ Don't you love me, Dorothy,’ he said presently.”

“ No, Willy,” she said softly, “ you must not think so badly of me. I have promised to marry your father, and you must not write to me or make love to me any more. I came to tell you that.”

The boy broke out into protests. “ But, Dorothy, I love you. Oh, don't you understand? I love you. I can't live without you.”

It was hard to resist his pleading. “ Poor boy!” she said, “ I'm so sorry.”

At that he broke down. He sank into a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

For a moment Dorothy forget everything but that she loved him and that he was unhappy. She leaned over him, and put tender arms around his neck. Her touch electrified the boy. He sprang up, and caught her to him. Almost she yielded, then, summoning all her strength, she broke away and reached the door.

“ No, no,” he cried fiercely, “ I won't let you go.”

But as soon as he had said the words, and she turned pleadingly, frightened eyes on

him, he was ashamed, and opened the door for her to pass out.

Dorothy had thought herself unobserved, but the old Countess had also been astir that night, and had seen the agitated girl as she came from Willy's room. Her worst suspicions were confirmed. Next day she told her son of what she had seen. He still refused to believe that Dorothy was false to him, but he agreed to a suggestion put forward by his mother.

Dorothy was sent for, and learned from the Earl that he had decided to send Willy abroad for some years. He watched her closely as he told her, and she felt that the old Countess on the other side of her was taking a vindictive delight in the agitation she tried in vain to repress. She tried to speak, but words would not come at first. Then slowly, painfully, she managed to articulate.

“ Of course—you—know—what is best. I—wish him—luck.”

Then she rose, and walked out of the



“ He watched her closely as he told her.”

room with slow, dragging steps.

"You see now?" said the old Countess to her son.

He shook his head.

"Oh," she burst out, "I have no patience with you. To think that you should be so infatuated as not to see that she is deceiving you!"

### PART III.

IT was the evening before Willy was to leave the Castle.

A farewell party was being held in his honour. Dorothy had managed to avoid meeting him alone since that fateful night, but now, while the Earl was engaged in conversation with one of the guests, the boy slipped up to her side.

"I must see you to say good-bye," he murmured. "I shall be in the old pavilion in the garden."

He walked away, and a few minutes later Dorothy, making some excuse to the Earl, made her escape from the ballroom, and out into the garden. By winding paths she approached the pavilion, the door of which stood ajar. She entered, and saw Willy sitting in a chair, his whole attitude expressive of hopeless misery. Before he turned to meet her, she thought she saw him slip something into his breast-pocket.

"Willy," she said firmly, "you must not stay here. Your father will wonder where you are, and come to look for you."

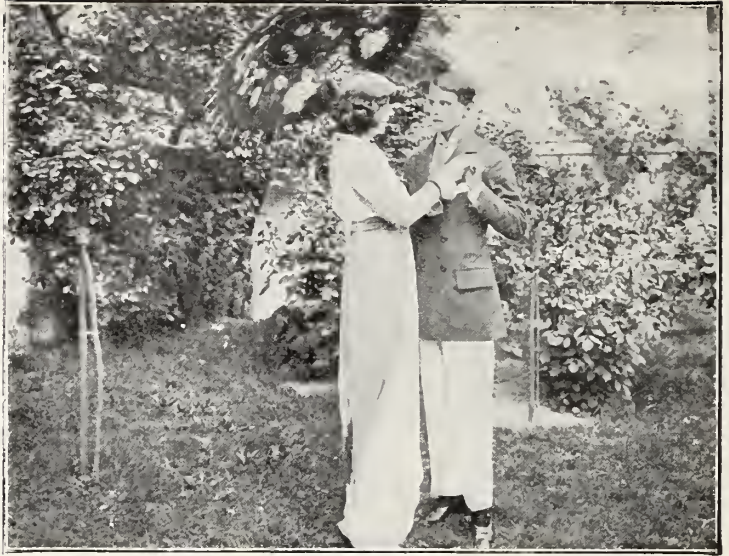
"Let him," was the sullen reply; "I don't care." Then he burst out, "I don't care for anything but you. I love you, love you madly; and if I can't have you I don't want to live."

She came closer to him. Suddenly she bent forward, thrust her hand into his pocket, and pulled out a tiny revolver.

"Oh, Willy," she cried in terror, "you didn't mean to —"

"Yes, I did. If you had been a minute or two later you would have found me —" He shrugged his shoulders.

She cried out, went to the door, and



"I don't care for anything but you."

threw the revolver out into the darkness.

The old Countess had seen Willy leave the ballroom, and had seen Dorothy follow. She waited for some time, and then went to her son.

"Where is Willy?" she asked. "And where is" — sarcastically — "your fiancée?"

He started, and glanced rapidly about the room.

"Oh, I don't know. Somewhere about, I suppose."

His mother laughed sardonically. "Somewhere about, no doubt, but where? You may be quite certain that they are together, at any rate."

He turned from her impatiently. "Really, mother, you are too absurd."

"And you," she said angrily, "are blind, and a fool. I can only hope your eyes will be opened before it is too late."

Then the Countess also left the ballroom. Hobbling along with the help of her stick, she went out into the garden. She made at once for the pavilion. She got to the door, and placing her ear close against it, listened for a minute or two. Then, with a sudden wrench, she threw the door open, and saw the two of whom she was in search.

"I knew it!" she cried fiercely. "You hussy! was it not enough that you should entrap the father? Must you also corrupt the son? You should be whipped! My son would not believe when I told him you

were faithless. But now he shall see! He cannot refuse to believe the evidenee of his own eyes!"

Before either of them could take a step to stay her she was outside the door, and had locked it upon them.

The boy was the first to recover. He sprang at the door, shaking it, battering it with his fists, and shouting. Finding this of no avail, he rushed to a window, and attempted to force it. But it was fast-shuttered and locked, and he had not the key. Losing his self-control he ran to the other window, and in his blind hurry overturned a great candelabrum, with its scores

of lighted candles. The pavilion was hung around with flimsy eurtains, highly inflammable. A spurt of flame shot up, and in an instant, as it seemed to the panic-stricken lovers, the whole place was in a blaze around them. They elung in frenzy to one another. . . .

\* \* \*

Lord Broadwater, sent by his mother to prove for himself the faithlessness of the woman he loved, arrived too late.

Staring with blanched face and horror-filled eyes at the ruins of the pavilion, he muttered, "Vengeance is mine . . . . ' saith the Lord."

## AN INTERVIEW WITH MISS MAUDE FEALY, OF THE THANHOUSER FILM CO

"SHAKESPEAREAN rôles," said Miss Fealy, "are like a magic garment, which no matter how often worn and cast aside, always retains its style, freshness of hue and lustre, and lies ready at hand to be donned when need and occasion arise. I would like to play always in Shakespeare, but public taste for him waxes and wanes and one cannot always choose.

"No, I cannot say that I do prefer any particular rôle to the others. It depends upon the humor I am in. If I am feeling especially independent and buoyant of spirits, I love to play Portia. If I am tired then something lighter, such as Ophelia, is more acceptable. I always like the rôle of Viola, though. There is a naive simplicity and gentle steadfastness about the character which strongly attracts me.

"Any reminiscences of Sir Henry Irving? Well, you know I was with him only two years, succeeding to Miss Ellen Terry, and my recollection of him is that of a grand and noble structure crumbling and tottering into ruin. He should never have played those last two years; he was not physically fit for it. Always, however, he was gentle and gracious in his manner with an inexhaustible fund of stories, a penetrating wit and keen sense of humour.

"Once, however, we were playing "Hamlet" in Dundee, Scotland, somehow or other the cup which was to be used in the last scene had become mislaid and a substitute was found in an earthenware marmalade jar.

Unfortunately the label had not been removed, and, to the consternation of the players, the audience betrayed a tendency to giggle just when the tragic influence of the scene should have been strongest. Sir Henry was considerably annoyed over the incident, and in no wise was appeased by the action of a member of the firm of manufacturers who accosted him after the play and thanked him for the advertisement given to their product.

"Towards the last Sir Henry became very feeble, and it was only his indomitable will that enabled him to hold out after his physical strength had gone."

Asked as to whether or not she considered dramatic schools feasible and successful, Miss Fealy replied—"Most assuredly I do. My mother has conducted a school for dramatic instruction in Denver Colorado, for years and I could name you half-a-dozen to a dozen, who, since graduation, have achieved remarkable success on the stage.

"It is true that experience is the best teacher, but much experience can be obtained under conditions less trying than those of the stage. I consider that the history of drama, the study of modern dramatists and stage-craft should be taken up, elocution should be taught, and all the public reading, recitation and work in amateur theatricals possible should be indulged in. To learn to speak and move naturally and easily and to be absolutely free from self-consciousness—these are the beginnings of wisdom for an actor."

# On the Screen

by  
EVAN STRONG



CORRESPONDENT has addressed me a letter, and in this is a query which I dare say a number of cinema-goers have asked themselves some time or other. It is: "Why is it that in most American films the curtains, tablecloths and dresses blow about so much in the indoor scenes? It appears incongruous." So it does, but the reason is simple. Most of these indoor scenes are taken out-door. No, this is not intended for an Irishism. The fact is the scenes are built with one or two sides quite open, or the pictures are taken in studios which are open on one side, for the comprehensible reason that one can obtain a better picture with natural light than is possible with any artificial light. This explains the windy effects.

There are still one or two little things we have to blink at in cinematography and this is one of them. But, at any rate, we get a better picture as far as photography goes. And, again, who will grumble about a little breeze in the cinema during the summer months?

\* \* \*

A TABLE published in France showing the receipts in bulk of the various forms of amusement for the past two years in comparison, has some interest for us, for it shows the forward movement of cinematography in that country. The following is the table:—

RECEIPTS FROM VARIOUS FORMS OF AMUSEMENT AND ENTERTAINMENT.		
	1913.	1912.
Theatres ...	£1,404,063	£1,363,229
Concerts and Café		
Concerts ...	340,342	378,343
Music Halls ...	333,352	297,640
Circuses and		
Skating Rinks	206,635	188,770
Balls ...	50,023	44,256
Museums and		
Exhibitions ...	38,774	52,306
Cinemas ...	346,235	273,663
High-class Concerts	22,668	21,512

The only forms of entertainment to suffer appreciably were the museums and exhibitions and café concerts; everything else shows increase. But the strongest advance is shown by the cinema, which increased by about £72,572; theatre receipts increased by about £40,834.

\* \* \*

THE Steamship Company Fabre, of Marseilles, have made a very sensible innovation on their line between Marseilles and New York. The liner "Patria," which flies the Atlantic between these two towns, has now installed aboard a cinema complete in every respect, and during the voyage exhibitions are given every day. The passengers appreciate it. The novelty of a voyage wears off in a day, the round of ship amusements quickly stale, but one can look at good pictures every day for a week at least. This is, I believe, the first vessel to have a real cinematograph theatre furnished aboard, but no doubt the idea will be quickly copied, for there is a great promise for this form of entertainment during a monotonous voyage. The wonder is that it has not been done before; possibly because it has taken shipping companies, like a good many other eminently respectable concerns, till now to get over their extraordinary conservative hatred for this new-fangled amusement which has taken so strong a hold of the people.

\* \* \*

THIS last sentence came to me as I was writing and switched my thoughts round to the place of the cinema in civilised country for the benefit of the people. Governments in some countries have seen in cinematography a source of revenue and have sought to plunder it. Some such attempt is being made in France at the present moment. Valuable argument, however, is being brought to bear on the instigators of this exploitation, and perhaps it will be dropped, as it ought to be. Governments and people in high places should remember that cinematography is

essentially the people's entertainment and any detrimental exploitation or restriction will affect the masses. In our large cities, in the manufacturing towns, and even in the county boroughs and country hamlets, the people of the present day must be amused and entertained. Life nowadays is too strenuous, too worrying, to admit of all work and no play. There must be some off-set, some relief from the monotonous drudgery of the daily routine, and the cinema has come along, with its low prices, its wide interest, and its combination of amusement and instruction to provide the working people—by working people, I mean all workers without distinction—with a few hours pleasure of a non-questionable character at a figure within their means. Tax the cinema is a wild idea some revenue-hunters have in their ill-arranged noddles; they fail to realise that this would mean a tax on the people's pockets, and would ultimately shut out the one ray of light in the worker-cinema-goer's dull day. These people who want to get money out of the cinemas should remember this and try to realise that cinematography is for the people, and is not the entertainment of the richer classes who can afford to pay a little more for their pleasures. It is to be hoped the tax-the-cinema idea will not grow in Britain, for it would raise a growl which would take a deal of drowning.

\* \* \*

**I**N Russia they have a strange idea as to the value of music for the picture. I was in a very nice theatre in Moscow some weeks ago, and had to wait till the picture being shown, stopped before, with a number of others, I was admitted. The wait was for about twenty minutes, and during that time we sat in a magnificent *foyer* listening to a really good orchestra. After this introduction I imagined the theatre would reveal something exceptional, but I was mistaken; the theatre itself was no larger, if as large as the *foyer*, the pictures were very ordinary, and the music—well, it was merely a piano, with a not-over-clever player seated at it. When I got over the shock it was time to leave. In another theatre a similar state of things exists. For instance, at the largest, and certainly the

best theatre in this town, I had to wait half-an-hour before being admitted—and here, too, in a splendid place with a fountain, a hidden orchestra which played classical music, and with numerous waiters who dashed about with tea and cakes. The theatre, however, was more approaching our British notion of a cinema; there was a very efficient orchestra, though the pictures were poor. How would hidden orchestras, tea, and a half-hour's wait in a beautiful *foyer* amuse our British cinema-goers, I wonder?

\* \* \*

**T**HERE is a great controversy going on nowadays around the question of the large or short screen-play and there is no doubt that those who stick up for the short, pithy story are having the best of the argument. The long play has to be very strong to hold the interest of an audience for from two to three hours, and most of us hurrying creatures get tired of any entertainment in less than two hours. Still, the "Quo Vadises," of course, will always attract us, and no one begrudges the time looking at the world's masterpieces.

A distinct change seems to be coming over pictures, however; the effects are changing. We have got to expect so much of films, that the merely spectacular does not satisfy us. So the psychological play has come along with the play in which feats of extraordinary daring are shown. And no doubt the good motive play, when the tale is lucid, will have a strong vogue. For myself, I like them, because, besides merely sitting and looking at the pictures, I have to think a little, and I try to think how the story should naturally end. Sometimes I am surprised by an ending which is totally different from that expected; but if it is a good and logical conclusion, then it is a pleasant surprise. I think this real-play picture is a good thing. The majority of pictures admittedly are plays, but the picture which is essentially a play is one that tells a deep, compelling life-story—a story which can be worked out logically to the end; and this, I think, is what the producers of the psychological screen-dramas are striving at. May they give us some real plays with real persons whose actions will make us think.

# Chains of Bondage

*From the  
ESSANAY FILM*



RICHARD BUCKLEY and Harold Burton both loved the same girl, Nita Fitzgerald. Both were young, good-looking, eligible, but whereas Buckley was a man of wealth and leisure, Burton was a lawyer, not long started in practice but rising fast. People whispered that he was not too scrupulous.

The two young men met first at Nita's father's house, and took an instant dislike to each other, as young men will when there is a girl in the matter. Burton was in practice in the town where Nita lived, but Buckley was a stranger in the place. He had met Nita, fallen in love at once with her fresh, young beauty and her winsome ways, and he did not intend to leave the town without finding out if she loved him.

And, as it happened, when he did ask Nita to be his wife, she consented. It was not because of his wealth, as might have been the case with some girls; not even because he was handsomer than Burton, for that, after all, was a mere matter of taste; but because she loved him. And in spite of all that certain people may say to the contrary, it is fairly certain that there can be no better reason for a woman consenting to marry a man.

Nita's father and mother were delighted at the engagement. The old man shook Richard heartily by the hand, and told him to be good to his daughter. Then he and Mrs. Fitzgerald left the lovers together for a few blissful minutes.

It was then that Harold Burton, coming upon them suddenly, knew that another man had won what he had set his heart upon. The lovers did not see him as he drew the curtain and looked upon their happiness, and they could not know of the fierce passion of jealous rage which surged up within him and gave his face an ugly, sinister look. Henceforth Richard Buckley was his mortal enemy. If fate ever brought them together again, let Buckley look

out! Burton put on his hat and left the house.

Buckley and Nita were married, and for a year they were ideally happy. Then there came the most terrible day of Buckley's life. A few minutes after old Fanchette, his old nurse, had shown him his and Nita's little daughter, the kind old doctor came and broke the news to him that Nita was dead.

They gave the baby her name; but it was only after old Fanchette had pleaded with him, with tears in her eyes, that Buckley could be persuaded to feel anything but bitterness for the innocent child whose coming had darkened his world.

Everything in the great house reminded him of Nita and their short year of happiness. The place became unbearable, and at last he determined to go away, to travel, to find in other scenes forgetfulness and healing. He committed the child to the charge of old Fanchette, and made over to her a sum of money sufficient to keep the house going and to support her and the child in comfort. Then he vanished.

\* \* \*

Long years of wandering in strange lands among strange people had their effect. Always Buckley carried about with him a great sorrow. He believed life held no longer for him any possibility of happiness; but he had learnt resignation, he was no longer bitter; he had ceased to rebel against fate. Far away on the other side of the world there had come to him a sudden longing for home. He wanted to see his little daughter. She would now be more than five years old. It had been part of the "cure" he had planned for himself that there should be no communication of any kind between him and Fanchette. Since he left her she had had no tidings of him, and did not know whether he was dead or alive.

Back in the old country tender memories thronged upon him, and instead of going direct to his home as he had intended, he left the train at a town in the same county twenty or thirty miles distant. For a week



he stayed there, wondering whether after all to return to the house where Nita's happy presence had been would not mean for him grief more poignant than he was able to bear.

It was a sense of duty to his child that finally decided him. He put certain papers in order, packed his baggage and made his preparations for the final stage of his journey. He had not been feeling very well lately. He had been uneasily conscious of an increasing physical weakness. The least exertion seemed to tire him. He felt very weary now, and thought with a sudden longing of the welcome which old Fanchette would give him, the loving care with which

she would minister to his comfort. Rest was what he wanted.

He sent for the manageress of the hotel in order to give her instructions about the disposal of his belongings. His weariness increased, and he found a difficulty in concentrating his attention on what he was saying. He thought he detected a puzzled, wondering look in the manageress's eyes. It irritated him somehow. Suddenly in the middle of sentence he stammered, broke off, stretched out his hands with a wavering motion, tottered to the bed, and fell across it.

The manageress was a cool-headed woman. She did not go into hysterics, and she knew that this was not the time for questions.

She moved him into a more comfortable position on the bed, and bending over him and looking into his eyes, which were wide open and fixed on her face, she said:

"I'll fetch a doctor."

Buckley's lips moved. He tried to speak, and she put her ear close to catch the words. At first no sound came, but presently she heard, in a hoarse, croaking voice: "Lawyer first—send for—a lawyer."

She nodded and went out quickly. Buckley, who believed that he was stricken unto death, lay unable to move a limb, but his troubled eyes rolled incessantly.

After what seemed to him an age the manageress returned, and with her the lawyer. He was



"Nita's father and mother were delighted at the engagement."

a man of about Buckley's age, with a keen, cruel-looking face. He did not at first turn his eyes to the bed. On a table in the centre of the room lay a legal-looking document which attracted his attention. He picked it up, and the first words he saw were these:

"I, Richard Buckley."

The lawyer started, and turned slowly until his eyes met those of the man on the bed. The manageress had disappeared and the two were alone in the room.

"Burton!" in that hoarse croaking voice.

"Buckley!"

The sick man had no reason to distrust Burton. He knew that the lawyer had hoped to win Nita, but he had no idea that the defeat still rankled or that he had any revengeful feeling against himself. He was now to be undeejeived.

Burton walked to the bedside. "So you remember me?" he said, in a sneering voice.

Buckley made no sign, and the other went on.

"Can't you speak? Apparently you can't. Well, perhaps you can hear. Listen! I hate you! I've hated you for six years, ever since you married the woman I wanted to marry. I've never ceased hating you all this time, and I have lived for the day when I could be revenged. It is so long since I heard anything about you that I had almost given up hope, but now—well, my friend, it



"Old Fanchette pleaded to him with tears in her eyes."

looks very much as if my day had come."

Buckley's eyes were fixed upon the other man's face. His lips moved. It was plain that he was making a desperate effort to speak, but no words came.

Burton laughed cruelly. "I fancy," he said, "you will not be of much further trouble to anybody. You have the look of a dying man. Do you know what I intend to do? You'll never guess. I'm going to take your place!" I've found out that you have registered here under an assumed name. Nobody knows who you are. I'm going to take all your papers, and everything I can find which might serve to prove you're

identity. I'm going to take your place. Your daughter will learn to call me father, and I shall be Richard Buckley, the millionaire. I don't think there's anything more I want to say to you. Now for your pockets.

He turned the prostrate figure roughly, and rapidly ran through Buckley's pockets, taking from them letters, pocket-book, card-case, watch. He even cut the name of his tailor from the inside of his coat.

And Buckley lay there, helpless, his tragic eyes following his enemy's every movement.

Having finished with Buckley, the lawyer placed in a bag all the papers he could put his hands upon, picked up the bag and went to the door. As he opened it, he said, with a backward glance at the man on the bed :

"Well, good-bye, Buckley. We shall meet I trust, in a better world." Then, with a laugh, he was gone.

When the doctor, summoned by the manageress, arrived a little later, he found Richard Buckley a helpless paralytic. He could not move or utter a sound. His eyes seemed the only living part of him.

The doctor shook his head gravely, and his inquiries as to the identity of the man and the whereabouts of his friends, leading to no result, he ordered his removal to the state institution for incurables.

## PART II.

IT so happened that the institution which was now to be Buckley's home was in his own town. For fifteen years he stayed there, unable to speak the word which would have revealed his identity to the authorities, unable even to move without assistance. Sorrow and sickness had so changed his face that none of the visitors who were admitted on certain days to the wards of the hospital recognised him as the man who had been a prominent townsman only a few years back. Though physically impotent, he was mentally active, and his thoughts were torture. What was Burton doing? And little Nita—what of her?

Fifteen years! Fifteen years of hopeless, dreary, torturing bondage! His face had become worn and lined, his hair almost



"She sent for a doctor."

white. He was an old man, though not in years.

Harold Burton thought his enemy must be dead. In all these fifteen years he had never heard of him. The lawyer had not gone at once to Buckley's home after leaving his victim, as he thought, dying. He too, travelled, biding his time. Then, when he thought he would be reasonably safe, he had gone to Buckley's house, declaring that he was its master, that he was tired of wandering about the world, and had come home to settle down with his daughter. The child, of course, welcomed him, and old Fanchette, now grown almost blind, though at times she had a vague feeling that something was wrong, did not put

her fears into words. But sometimes he caught her listening intently when he was talking with Nita, and he was afraid of her. But as the years passed he felt more secure.

Nita had grown wonderfully like what her mother was at her age, and when she played and sang and Burton sat listening and looking at her, he caught himself sometimes thinking that the girl was really the other Nita who had died more than a score of years ago.

Nita, somehow, could never feel quite at ease with him. Often there was a look in his eyes that troubled her, and sometimes his kisses frightened her. They seemed more like the passionate kisses of a lover, than the evidences of a father's fond affection.



“‘Look, Nita,’ he cried, ‘tell her what you see here.’”

She told something of this to Alan Oliver, the young and brilliant physician who was head of the State Institution for Incurables, and whom she had recently promised to marry.

Oliver laughed at her. “Fancy being afraid of your father because he kisses you,” he said, and for the time she said no more about the matter.

Oliver was much interested in Buckley's ease, and lately he thought he had detected signs of improvement in the paralytic's condition. He went to him one morning when the attendant was wheeling him about the ward in a chair. He examined each of his eyes in turn, and then with a cheerful nod, he said:

"I shouldn't wonder if we pulled you round, you know. You must not lose heart."

But Buckley's eyes did not change from their old hopeless look. They did not change even when the attendant took him out for his daily turn in the open air.

He believed that the doctor had only spoken as he did to cheer him up. He believed that he must remain in this terrible bondage until death snapped the chains.

It was a pleasant place to which the attendant had taken him. The man wheeled his chair close up to a wayside seat, and then left him for few minutes while he went to speak to an acquaintance.

Buckley stared straight ahead along the road, with tired, lack-lustre eyes. Suddenly a look of interest sprang into them. A girl was approaching. She walked with an easy, swinging gait, just as Nita used to walk. As she came closer he saw that her face was like Nita's, too, and she had Nita's eyes! But Nita was dead . . . . . In a flash he knew that this must be his daughter.

She came up to his chair, and stopped, perhaps held by the look in his eyes.

"Good morning," she said. "It is very pleasant here in the sunshine."

Receiving no answer, she looked at him in a puzzled way. The attendant came hurrying up, and told the girl that his charge could not speak.

"But he hears what you say to him, miss. His eyes tell you so. He's been like that fifteen years. Never spoken a word, or been able to move a limb all that time."

Buckley, watching her, saw the pity in her eyes. Presently she went away, with a pleasant nod and smile for him. Not far along the road a man met her, and they walked away together. Buckley recognized the man as Burton, and fury at his own impotence surged up within him.

A few days later, Nita and the man she believed to be her father visited the hospital, and were shown through the wards by Oliver. When Nita saw Buckley seated in his chair, she left her companions and went across to him.

"See," she said, "I have brought some flowers for you. I hope you are fond of flowers; I love them."

She leaned over and fixed one of the blooms in his buttonhole, chatting brightly the while.

Burton, curious to see the patient in whom the girl took such interest, walked towards

them. Nita moved, and Burton saw the the patient's face. He stopped suddenly, and involuntarily turned half round. It was Buckley's face! Then he told himself that it could not be, that Buckley was dead. But all the time he knew that this was Buckley in the flesh. A question or two to Oliver set the matter beyond a doubt. The name by which the patient was known was that which Buckley had assumed at the hotel, where Burton had found him fifteen years ago.

Burton called Nita away, and himself went to speak to the man, whose place in the world he had stolen.

"How do you think Nita looks?" he sneered. "Very like her mother, isn't she? I'm Richard Buckley now, you know, and she's my daughter."

He spoke very low, almost in a whisper, but Buckley heard every word, and there was a wild rage in his eyes.

A few days later, when Buckley was out with an attendant for his daily airing, Burton, himself unseen, witnessed another meeting between Nita and the sick man. A blind, guilty, unreasoning fear laid hold upon him. Miracles happened sometimes. Suppose Buckley recovered his speech, and made himself known to the girl! Burton said to himself that that must never happen. He found himself thinking over and over again, "Dead men tell no tales. Dead men tell no tales." He looked about him. He was close to a railway crossing, and a horrible idea came into his mind. He took a bit of blank paper from his pocket, scribbled a few words, folded the paper, wrote an address upon it, and waited until he saw Nita leave Buckley. Then he went up to the attendant.

"I say, my man," he said, "will you take this note for me? It will only take you a few minutes, and I'll mind your patient till you return."

The man looked at the address on the note, and the coin which Burton held out with it. He accepted both, and ran off at once.

As soon as the man had gone Burton turned the wheeled chair about, pushed it through the the crossing gate on to the railway, placed it in the middle of the track, and vanished, leaving Buckley with his face turned to the bend, round which would come the express now nearly due.

Powerless to move or to cry out, yet realising to the fullest extent the horror of

his frightful situation, Buckley sat there waiting for the death which was rushing upon him. He heard the distant rumble, growing louder and louder. The train thundered round the bend. It was almost upon him. With a tremendous effort of will he half rose in the chair, threw himself to one side, and fell with the chair over the metals and down the slope, as the train roared past.

The attendant rushed up, his face white with horror. He cried out in astonishment to see his charge struggling, and trying to rise. He put his arms around him, lifted him, and Buckley stood upon his feet, swaying a little from side to side, but standing!

"I can stand!" he said in a queer, feeble voice.

Another marvel! The wonder of it came over him with a rush. It was overwhelming. Still half-dazed, the attendant put him into the chair, and wheeled him to the nearest house, which happened to be his own. Nita and Dr. Oliver met him at the door, and soon, to his and their amazement, he

was telling his story. There was a noise at the door, and old Fanchette came stumbling in.

Buckley broke off, and stared at her.

"Why," he said weakly, "it's old Fanchette! Dear old Fanchette!"

Fanchette gave a cry. "It's his voice! It's my boy! It's Master Richard!"

She stretched out her hands to his face.

"Oh," she cried, "I can't see!"

"Stay!" said Buckley. His fingers fumbled at his chest, tore open his collar and shirt front. "Look, Nita," he cried, "tell her what you see here!"

It was a birthmark, and Nita and Dr. Oliver described it to Fanchette to her complete satisfaction, though, as she said, Master Richard's voice had been quite sufficient proof for her.

\* \* \*

Burton, who had witnessed the failure of his devilish plot, disappeared. He was arrested later, and for the next twenty years or so his power for evil will be severely limited.

## TO ALASKA



Via the Great Rivers of the North

# Film Gossip

64

CHARLES F. INGRAM



PRODUCTION that will mark an epoch in the history of cinematography has been launched by the Itala Film Company, entitled "Cabiria."

The play has been specially written by Gabriele D'Annunzio, one of the greatest living poets of our day, and contains some of the most stupendous scenes yet attempted. It may be looked upon as a new phase in motion picture achievement. Special music has been composed by Signor Mauro Mazza, a master of orchestration, and for a scene in which a human sacrifice is offered up to the "Fire God" a special fire symphony has been composed by Signor Ildebrando da Parma. "Cabiria" will be presented in the form of an opera. A large theatre (not a picture palace) is being arranged for its first public exhibition, and an orchestra of 80 and choir of 50 will take part in the performance.

I am told by the Tyler Film Company, who have control of the production in this country, that fully a year was spent upon the work at a cost of nearly £50,000. Though the film runs to 12,000 feet, every care has been taken to ensure accuracy in all detail; indeed, so thorough has been the preparation that all the supers employed in the play were subjected to physical training for three months in order to fit them for their parts. And further, the actor playing the part of Archimedes is nearly seventy years of age. He was engaged six months before he was required, that his hair and beard might be trained so as to dispense with wigs, etc. Another attractive character is the black slave, Maciste. He is a man of herculean proportions and strength, and was trained to enact the rôle over a period of several months. He has lifted a weight of 600 lbs.

The story deals with the second Punic war, and vivid pictures are shown of Hannibal crossing the Alps, the burning of the Roman fleet by Archimedes, and the defeat of the Carthaginians at Zama. Then

there are some wonderful scenes of Mount Etna in eruption, with the multitude fleeing from threatened destruction, and the ceremonies in the temple of Moloch, the "God of Fire." It is a wondrous chain of incidents and spectacular glories that this film reveals. There is little doubt that the public verdict will be unanimous in its praise, for it is a masterpiece unequalled in the annals of cinematography.

\* \* \*

THE Kalem Company have spent £20,000 on their forthcoming masterpiece, "General Wolfe, or the Conquest of Canada." It is a big outlay, but the film will undoubtedly well reward its producers, for it is one of the best pictures the Kalem Company have yet issued. And that is saying a good deal. A large company of artistes were sent specially to Canada, and scenes were taken on the actual locations of original battles. For one day they were granted the use of the fort at Quebec, and there they re-enacted the battle of bye-gone days. Then the Battle of Montmorenci Falls is shown, with the great waterfalls as a picturesque background, and the scaling of the Heights of Abraham is filmed whilst men are actually climbing the dizzy cliffs above Quebec. The production would be hard to excel, and will add much to the already enviable reputation of the Company.

\* \* \*

"DAVID GRAY'S ESTATE" is a beautiful one-reel subject by the "Flying A" Company, based on a poetic selection of charming simplicity. To be poor in the midst of wealth, to be possessed of untold wealth and yet to have but little material riches is a condition of the mind that is depicted in a striking manner in this film. Sydney Ayres, Jack Richardson and Harry von Meter carry the principal rôles and present some very attractive work.

\* \* \*

**T**HE latest Pimple "explosion" took place on May 25th, when "Lt. Pimple's Sealed Orders" was released, "direct from Brewery Lane." If you would enjoy a good hearty laugh, see this film, one of the funniest of these inimitable burlesques. To see the doughty Pimple standing on a floating target, bat in hand, playing cricket with the enemy's cannon shots as they fly around him, is calculated to make the most morose individual burst into fits of laughter.

Another attractive film of this series will be ready for screen production shortly, entitled "Lt. Pimple goes to Mexico." Pimple meets with General Hurt-yer, is ordered to be shot at cock-crow, but kills "the bird which has to crow out the death signal." Pimple is put out of action for a time but ultimately meets the American general, and there's a shaking of hands under the old flag.

Other coming features are "How Pimple won the Derby," and "Pimple Midst Raging Beasts."

**C**OMMANDER EVANS, the second-in-command of the Scott Polar Expedition, and who brought the survivors back to civilisation after the death of Captain Scott, will appear in one of the films of the "Mutual Girl" series, particulars of which I briefly announced in our "Gossip" for March. Commander Evans is on a lecturing tour in the United States by special permission of the British Government, and was persuaded to pose for the cinema with Miss Norma Phillips (the "Mutual Girl.") The film in which he appears will shortly be introduced, along with other subjects in which the Mutual Girl meets Mr. Andrew Carnegie and many other people of cosmopolitan reputation.

**T**HE Eclair Company will release their great detective drama, "Protea II and the Infernal Automobile" on June 15th. In the rôle of Protea, Mlle. Josette Andriot surpasses anything that she has accomplished before in Eclair films. M. Teddy, a prominent London Alhambra artiste, will be seen in the part of "Tommy." The film, which covers some 4,300 feet, should prove equally as popular as its forerunner. Incidentally, readers may raise the question—what is the meaning of the word Protea? It is simply the feminine form of Proteus, the elusive-god who was able to change his

form at will, and who gave us the word protean.

**A** FILM version of the successful play, "Brewster's Millions," has been produced, and will shortly be introduced to cinema patrons. Mr. Edward Abeles, the original "star" of the play, sustains the leading rôle. It is a comedy of the first water, with an amusing plot, plenty of adventure, delightful characterization and charm of treatment. Picturegoers will find it the briskest kind of diversion.

**M**ILLE. VERNA MERSEREAU, one of the world's most famous dancers, performs the weird Hawaiian "Dance of Death," in the two-part Kalem drama of that title. Nature provided the background for the scenes in which Mlle. Mersereau shows her wonderful skill before the motion picture camera. This gives to the great dancer's performance a realism that is impossible on the stage. Alice Joyce and Tom Moore also appear in powerful rôles in this film.

**L**IP-READING has formed the subject of many successful novels, and, in a lesser degree, has also been utilised for stage plots. It is therefore in accordance with the progress of things that Edison's are issuing "With the Eyes of Love," to be released on June 25th, a picture dealing with this subject, and depending on lip-reading to furnish the climax. In this picture the characters speak set lines throughout. The veriest amateur will be agreeably surprised at the amount of conversation he will be able to "hear." It must not be supposed, however, that any portion of the story's strength rests upon this factor. It is merely an additional element of interest. The ability to read the lines of the characters does not detract a particle from the clearness of the story.

**A**NOTHER very attractive subject has just been released by the Edison Company, entitled "The Story of the Willow Pattern." The film has been built upon the beautiful old legend which explains the various figures of the quaint formal decorations known as "The Willow Pattern" found upon the blue plates of Nankin ware. A masterly handling of Oriental atmosphere combined with a quaint



conventional setting tend to make this picture a most artistic success.

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I AM told that a strong company of Universal artistes are contemplating a visit to this country during the summer. If so, Warren Kerrigan will undoubtedly be one of the party. I may be in receipt of more definite information for our next "Gossip."

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THERE was a great deal of excitement and confusion during the taking of the final scene in the great spectacle film, "Samson and Delilah," which will be shortly seen on the screen. There was a score of ambulances and trained nurses in attendance to take care of any of those injured when the great temple collapsed under the sturdy efforts of Samson, who in real life is known as J. Warren Kerrigan. At a given word the structure fell in a mass of ruins. The whole scene of the actual wrecking was recorded in 150 feet of film. When the temple first began to fall, there was no need of acting. Every person taking part in the scene had to look out for himself, and dodge the falling pillars.

The collapse of the building could not be rehearsed, and a hush fell on the crowd just before it took place. Only the steady purring of the five cameras broke the silence. If anything went wrong it meant that another expensive temple would have to be erected. The moment arrived for Warren Kerrigan to force the pillars apart, and in another minute all was over. The scene will provide one of the most realistic touches ever attempted.

The scenario for this production was written by James Dayton, after months of research into, and study of, biblical lore, and the life and habits of the Jewish people. Playing opposite Warren Kerrigan, in the rôle of Delilah, is Miss Kathleen Kerrigan, the famous player's sister, who has had a long and varied experience on the legitimate stage. Special music to accompany the film has been composed by one of the most successful of American composers, which, in itself, will add much to the value of the production. The whole subject has been carried out on a most lavish scale.

\* \* \*

THE Keystone Company are continually adding to their already long list of well-known comedy artistes. Following the engagement of Charles Chaplin,

which I referred to in our "Gossip" last month, comes news that Charles Murray, who has been playing the leading parts in American Biograph farces for some time, has been secured. Murray was famous as a member of the vaudeville team of "Murray and Mack," before he entered the motion-picture field, and as a screen star his popularity has immensely increased. He is regarded as a most valuable acquisition to the Keystone forces, and will be seen in early releases.

\* \* \*

MRS. EDMUND TFALE, the eminent actress, and Master Gerald Royston, of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" fame, will appear in a most amusing story, entitled "The Catch of the Season," to be released by the Kineto Company on June 18th. The laughable adventures of the unsuccessful fisherman, the amazing "fibs" he tells to preserve his reputation, his terrific fight with a fish as big as himself, should appeal to all who are fond of comedy.

\* \* \*

ANOTHER comedy of the more sensational kind will be issued on June 4th by the Transatlantic Film Company, under the title of "Love and Vengeance," in which will be featured the great screen favourite, Ford Sterling. This comedy contains one of the greatest thrills ever depicted on the screen. A great racing motor is seen travelling at well over 100 miles an hour, when it fails to take a corner at what is known as Dead Man's Curve, and as a result makes five complete somersaults. Here is a thrill for you—a veritable flirtation with death.

\* \* \*

"HOME, SWEET HOME" has been produced for the cinema screen by Mr. D. W. Griffith, the man who it is recorded earns £500 a week as a director of picture-plays. This film is an ambitious one, and presents the entire acting strength of the Reliance and Majestic Companies. Henry Walthall, who appeared in "Judith of Bethulia" and other big productions, gives one of his best performances as John Howard Payne, the author of the song. The film is in five parts, and will shortly be seen at the cinemas.

\* \* \*

**T**HERE seems little limit to the realism obtained in the best of the kinema productions now being screened. War scenes, hunting scenes, train wrecks, motor smashes—in fact, every sensation in life itself is re-enacted for the cinema. There is now being exhibited a film that is specially notable for the unique settings of its scenes. It is entitled, "Trapped in the Mine," and offers much sensational incidents as a big mine explosion, the flooding of the workings, the miners groping their way underground, and finally escaping to welcome daylight once more. The reader will naturally wonder how all this underground acting is carried out; but that is a secret of the producer's I am unable to divulge, beyond saying that he carefully studied mines and their workings "on the spot" to ensure the detail, as well as the main incidents, being correct in every possible way.

\* \* \*

**I**N "The War Bonnet," an absorbing Kalem drama now being exhibited, the story has been adapted from an old Indian legend. Because of the wonderful insight into the customs of the "Vanishing Race" they afford, Kalem Indian dramas have excited tremendous interest.

According to the ancient tale, "The War Bonnet" possessed the marvellous quality of falling to pieces when placed on the brow of an unworthy warrior, but returned to its former beauty when touched by a brave, whose life was beyond reproach. Princess Mona Darkfeather, the great Indian actress, appears in a prominent rôle in this highly interesting story.

\* \* \*

**M**ISS LILIE LESLIE, who recently starred in the big Lubin versions of the Charles Klein plays, has proven herself not only a very talented actress, but an accomplished snake charmer as well. In a forthcoming Lubin release, entitled "The Pythoness," Miss Leslie handles three 12ft. pythons, a Texas bull snake, and a Jersey pine snake. The final scene of the play closes with the snakes coiled around the body of "The Pythoness," slowly choking her to death.

Before the making of this very realistic picture, Miss Leslie had never seen a snake at close quarters, except in the Zoo, and with a very substantial barrier between her and danger.

**W**ORTON HALL, Isleworth, formerly the residence of Lady Paget, has been acquired by a new film-producing company. This historic mansion is ideally situated for the purpose of picture making, being near by lovely Kneller Hall Park and a delightful part of the river. The company have arranged to produce here Sir A. Conan Doyle's "Study in Scarlet," and George R. Sims' "Christmas in the Workhouse," and many other novels by popular writers.

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**A**N interesting Keystone film has just been released, entitled, "How Pictures are Made." The subject gives a fine bird's-eye view of the immense plant of the Broncho, Kay-Bee, and Domino companies. Views are also given of the wardrobe rooms, scenario department, track garden, developing room, and other interesting sights connected with the production of films. The closing scenes show some characteristic acting by the Keystone artists.

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**M**R. CHERRY KEARTON, the naturalist, has returned from the forests of Africa with a fine bag of big game, including thirty-three head of animals and scores of birds. They are all to be shown shortly on a 15,000 feet film. One of the best pictures is of a rhinoceros which was filmed while asleep, and which woke gradually, began to suspect something, and walked to within a few feet of the camera. Many fine pictures of vultures and eagles and of the secretary bird have been obtained.

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**A**MOST interesting subject, entitled "Out of the Depths" has just been released by the Lubin Company. In this film we are introduced to an American submarine flotilla, and are given a near view of one of the submarines being gradually submerged. The whole picture is made up of a most realistic set of scenes.

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**M**ISS MARY PICKFORD, perhaps the most beloved of all screen artistes, will shortly be seen in a new drama by the Famous Players Company, entitled "Tess of the Storm Country." In this picture, "Little Mary" is as engaging as ever, and will add considerably to her already vast crowd of admirers. Although Miss Pickford made her debut on the legitimate stage she avows that picture acting will ever hold pride of place in her heart.

"I love it all," she said recently at an interview after a performance of "A Good Little Devil," when she confided the secret that, though her mother disapproves of it, she often spends Sundays visiting the picture theatres. "It's hard to play out under the hot Western sun in the desert at times. Often, after a day's work in the pictures, I have returned at sunset too exhausted to touch a bit of food. But there is a fascination in the excitement and ever-changing scenes. Why, nights I dream of starting again for California!"

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**H**ALL CAINE'S great novel, "The Christian," has now been adapted for the screen by the Vitagraph Company. The cast includes Earle Williams as John Storm, and Edith Storey as Glory Quayle. It is stated that 3,000 people took part in the picture. The Derby is one of the many dramatic sensations of the film. Most of Hall Caine's novels will, I believe, be filmed in due course. Look out for further particulars.

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**T**HE Western Import Company, Limited, inform us that the unique multi-reel subject illustrating the life and adventures of General Villa, the Mexican rebel leader, has been completed.

Much that was exciting occurred during production. H. E. Aitken, President of the Mutual Film Corporation, went to Mexico and made the contract with General Villa. Then a large company of Mutual players, under the direction of W. C. Cabanne went to Mexico to take the picture; General Villa played his part in the slack times between battles and skirmishes. In the picture General Villa is first seen as a young rancher, happy in his home life and supporting his two sisters. A lieutenant in the Federal army becomes enamoured with one of Villa's sisters. Aided by his chum, the lieutenant abducts her. The other sister tells Villa of the crime. After, the lieutenant deserts his wife, leaving her to die. On hearing this Villa vows vengeance on the two abductors. He kills the lieutenant, but his his companion escapes.

Charged with murder, Villa sells his ranch and flees to the mountains, pledging himself to warfare on the Federals. He takes command of the mountain brigands, who, under him, terrorize the surrounding country

When the revolution breaks out he sides with the Constitutionals against the Federals. Villa soon becomes the leader of the Constitutionalist forces and defeats the Federal army in all the battles. At Torreón he meets the remaining abductor of his sister and kills him on the battlefield.

In the course of this picture many scenes are shown taken during the real battles by Mutual photographers under the agreement with General Villa. They are exciting in the extreme, and the film as a whole is an unusual combination of a strong story and scenes of real warfare.

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**S**OME idea of the importance attached by people in authority to the motion picture art in these days is to be gained from an announcement just made by the Reliance and Majestic film producing companies. Both these concerns are located at Los Angeles, and Police Chief Sebastian of that city has just notified Mr. W. Christy Cabanne, the chief producer, that the entire police force is at his disposal for motion picture purposes. Mr. Cabanne took immediate advantage of this offer to stage a special police drama which will show the force at work in all departments. This film will be shown by New Majestic Company, Gerrard Street, in the near future.

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**B**Y his wonderful performance as Holofernes in the great Biograph feature, "Judith of Bethulia," Henry Walthall added greatly to the reputation he had made by his finished work in other films by the same makers. Mr. Walthall who is now with the Reliance Company under the direction of his old Biograph producer, D. W. Griffith, has made a great hit in "The Mysterious Shot," a Reliance feature just issued in the States and which will be in London at an early date.

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**T**HE Edison Company have two powerful double-reel dramas in "The Price of the Necklax," released June 1st, and "All for His Sake," released June 11th. The former subject is a vividly powerful story of the Stock Exchange that grips attention from the start and holds absorbed interest until the very end, while the latter film is characterised by a subtlety and finesse of action that assures it of continuous popularity when released.

# LOVE AND GASOLINE

*From the*  
KEYSTONE FILM

**D**ON'T believe," said Mamie Smith, "that you love me a little bit."

"I don't," retorted Jim Darton promptly. "I love you a very big bit. I'm head over ears, Mamie. Fact!"

"Oh, of course"—with a pout—"you'll say so. They all do—I mean it's the sort of thing a man says to every girl he talks to. But do you mean it? That's the thing."

"Well, now, look here," said Jim, "I think of you all day, and dream of you all night—when I'm not lying awake thinking of you. And I've lost my appetite."

"No! not really?"

"Yes, really."

"Then, my boy," said Mamie, with mock seriousness, "you're certainly a case."

"Mamie," said Jim suddenly, "I'm going to kiss you."

Mamie giggled. "You wouldn't dare," she said. "And don't shout so; somebody might hear."

"I don't care. I'm going to do it."

A pause.

"Jim!"

"Yes?"

"I'm waiting!"

He kissed her.

"Do you believe I love you now?" asked Jim.

"Well, I'm getting to believe it, but what would you do to prove it?"

"Anything—anything in the world. Try me."

"Then trot across to the shop there and get me some candy," said Mamie laughing.

Jim went off at once, leaving Mamie on the seat beneath the tree in Keystone Park. Now Mamie was a flirt, with a hard and calculating little heart, and she loved candy a great deal more than she loved Jim. But she loved flirting even more than candy, and as soon as Jim had left her she was on

the look-out for fresh opportunities.

She was entire mistress of the art of optical telegraphy, and presently, another man, responding to the demure invitation in her eyes, sat down by her side. He was an old flame of hers, but had been temporarily extinguished in favour of Jim Darton. He thought this too good an opportunity to be missed, and, wasting no time in preliminaries, he resumed the acquaintance at the stage at which it had been dropped. In plain English, he put his arm round her waist and kissed her straight away. She seemed to like it.

Jim Darton had bought the candy, and was hurrying back with it, when a voice hailed him from a motor-car. The voice was that of one of Jim's friends. The car was pulled up, and Jim stood by its side talking with the occupant for a few minutes.

Suddenly Jim's friend burst out laughing.

"Gee! Look at that now! Ain't she a daisy? Broad daylight, too! Gosh! he's kissing her again!"

"Damn!" said Jim, and started running.

"Hullo!" cried his friend. "What's the matter? Hi, Jim! Jim!"

But Jim paid no heed. With the box of candy in his hand he tore across the grass, and interrupted his rival as he was about to kiss Mamie again.

"What the devil do you mean by kissing my girl?" he cried.

"Your girl indeed!" said Mamie, with well-simulated indignation. "I'd like to know what you mean?"

"Mean! Didn't you ask me to go and get you some candy? I see now what you sent me away for," he cried furiously. "Here, take your candy."

Mamie waved him and the box of sweetmeats aside with a look of disdain.

"I don't want either you or your candy," she said coolly. "Mr. Thomson and I are going for a walk. Good morning, Mr. Darton."

And they walked away arm-in-arm. The look of triumph on the face of the supplanter made Jim clench his fists savagely.

Mamie and her latest victim strolled along the street, laughing merrily over Jim's discomfiture. Mamie stopped to admire a handsome motor-car which was drawn up at the kerb.

"Oh," she sighed, "I would love to have a car. I'm just crazy about them. Isn't this a ducky one? I wonder whose it is. I'm going to try what it feels like to sit in that back seat."

No sooner said than done. She opened the door, climbed into the car and sank back luxuriously in the padded seat. Mr. Thomson looked at her admiringly, but he stammered nervously when the owner of the car himself appeared on the scene, a tall, dignified old gentleman, who coldly demanded what the lady was doing in his car.

"It's only a j-joke," said Mr. Thomson, "th-that's all—no harm done."

"Perhaps not," said the old gentleman. "I don't care for jokes. I must ask you to alight, madam."

He was freezingly polite, and did not thaw even when Mamie smiled at him in her most bewitching manner. He stood aside to allow her to alight, then got into the car, and drove away.

Jim Darton had been a witness of the little episode, and it gave him an idea.

He had been for some time intending to buy a car. He determined to procure one at once and cut out his rival. He went straight away to a manufacturer's, selected a car, and bought it on the spot. He knew something about motor cars, and with a little assistance from the garage attendant at starting he managed pretty well.

Mamie's house was not far away, and Jim drove there in style,

pulling up outside the door and getting out of the car. He saw Mamie at the window and beckoned. She came to the door, and tripped down the steps.

"Oh, how lovely!" she said, with a little shriek of delight. Is it yours?"

"It is yours, too, if you like. Coming for a run?"

"Rather! You dear old boy." She threw her arms round his neck and kissed him. Then she sprang into the car.

Jim felt that victory was already his. Suddenly, chill misgiving came upon him. How the devil was he to start the thing! He remembered that the man had done something with the crank in front of the car. He stooped and gave it a turn or two. Nothing happened.

"Hurry up!" urged Mamie.

Jim stood up. "I'm sorry," he said, "I've forgotten how to start it. I'll go and fetch the man."

He hurried off. He had not been gone five minutes when malign fate brought Thomson along that way. He stopped in amazement on seeing Mamie.

"What again!" he said. "Whose car is it this time?"

"It's Jim's," she answered. "He's going to take me for a run. But it's such a nuisance; he doesn't know how to start it. He's gone to fetch the man."

"Great jehoshephat!" cried Thomson.



"They were unaware of his approach until he laid his hand on the side of the car."



"The car sped on."

"Here's a chance! We'll run off with the car. Here, you," he called to a man who was passing, "can you drive a motor car?"

"I reckon I can," was the reply. "Bin drivin' cars these five years."

"Well, jump up then," said Thomson. "Drive us to the Rev. Septimus Brady's, Twenty-seventh Street. Quick now!"

"What on earth are we going there for?" inquired Mamie, as Thomson clambered into the car by her side.

"To get married," replied Thomson coolly. "I arranged it all this morning."

His assurance took Mamie's breath away, but she knew that Thomson was well off, and decided that he would do very well as a husband. And anyhow, a runaway marriage would be exciting!

Jim Darton had reached the garage and explained his predicament to the man in charge.

"Where's the car?" asked the man laconically.

Jim turned to point it out, and to his dismay saw it disappearing at a good pace down the road. In the back seat sat Mamie, and by her side a man whom he at once recognized as Thomson. Their heads were very close together.

Jim went almost frantic, and his language made the garage attendant open his eyes

pretty wide. Suddenly Jim caught sight of a bicycle standing by the wall. He seized it, ran it out of the garage, sprang into the saddle and was off like the wind in pursuit of the runaways.

The couple in the car were too much engrossed with each other to think of looking behind, and Jim, riding at a speed which would have made a racing cyclist turn green with envy, gradually overhauled them. They were unaware of his

approach until he laid his hand on the side of the car and shouted to the chauffeur to stop. His hand was on the side where Mamie was sitting. With a cry of alarm she seized it and threw it off. Jim made a frantic effort to recover his balance, failed, and he and the bicycle toppled over in a heap in the middle of the road.

The car sped on. Leaving the bicycle, Jim ran after it. A score of times he was nearly knocked down by street cars, and still he ran on, faint, yet pursuing.

He ran for some time at random, having lost sight of the car. He came upon it at last, standing by the kerb in Twenty-seventh Street. The chauffeur was sitting at the wheel, but Mamie and Thomson were nowhere to be seen.

Pausing a moment to recover his breath and collect his thoughts he came to the not unreasonable conclusion that they might be in the house outside where the car was waiting. Without saying anything to the chauffeur he crept quietly up to a window and peered in. He saw the faithless Mamie and Thomson standing before the Rev. Septimus Brady. The brief ceremony was just concluding, and Mamie was now Mrs. Thomson and lost to him. But he would be revenged on Mamie, and on Thomson, too. He would—Great Scot! He was walking slowly away

from the house when the idea struck him. Why not take the chauffeur's place, and drive the happy pair himself? He stopped, looked at the house, then at the car. Happy pair! He laughed softly to himself. They would not be very happy by the time he had finished with them.

He walked slowly up to the car, and spoke to the unsuspecting chauffeur who sat waiting for the bride and bridegroom. Suddenly he seized the man by the throat, and with the strength of madness dragged him out of his seat. There was a brief struggle, which ended in the chauffeur being thrown to the pavement. Fortunately his skull was thick, or it must have cracked in the fall. He was stunned, however, and that answered Jim Darton's purpose very well. He pushed the unconscious man under the car, having first relieved him of his coat and goggles. Then he got into the car and sat at the wheel.

Mamie and her new husband came out of the house talking and laughing. They did not look closely at the chauffeur.

"Drive to the Grecian Hotel," said Thomson, as he got in.

"Yes, sir," replied Jim, and the car shot forward with a jerk which sent Thomson sprawling in Mamie's lap. She screamed and he swore, but Jim drove on unheeding. He had learned how to start the car, and he knew how to drive fast if he could not drive

straight. Luckily the street was fairly clear. As it was they escaped disasters by miracle after miracle. The car bounded from one side of the road to the other, turned corners sometimes on two wheels and sometimes on one, but never on all four. It rocked and oscillated in a most alarming manner. The wonder was that it kept right side uppermost at all. Mamie and Thomson screamed and shouted and clung frantically to one another, but the demon driver paid no heed.

Just as the car started from the house of the Rev. Septimus Brady that gentleman came to the door. He saw the chauffeur lying unconscious in the road. He ran to him, shouting to the driver of the car to stop. Other people gathered round, gazing from the chauffeur to the now fast disappearing car. Somebody ran off to telephone for the police.

Things were quiet just then with the Keystone police, and pretty well the whole force was engaged in cleaning up the station. Suddenly there was a ring at the telephone. Superintendent Nolan answered it.

"Phwhat's that ye say?" he cried. "Sh-top that row ye devils! Hey! man killed! Runaway motor car!" He threw down the receiver. "Now then, boys," he bawled, "here's a foine job! Runaway car—madman driving. You Pat Murphy, Jim Callaghan, half-a-dozen o' ye—take the racin' car and git afther 'em. Away ye go! Catch 'em, and ye'll be sergeants."

In a few minutes the car started. Pat Murphy was driving, and they shot away from the station with a wild "Hurro!" Bystanders pointed the way the runaways had taken, and Pat let her go with a vengeance.

The people of Keystone saw some sensational motor driving that day, if they never had before. Pat seemed desirous of emulating the performance of the car which he was chasing, and



"A heavy bookcase fell forward with a crash."

being a skilled performer, he knocked Jim Darton's eccentric driving into a cocked hat. He did the sort of tricks with that racing car that a street urchin does with a pair of roller-skates. He drove it first on one side and then on the other, and would have stood it on end if he could have managed it. The streets were greasy, and that helped him considerably. Never a car skidded as that one did. It

slid along for scores of yards, with its length inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees to the pavement. Pat and his companions yelling all the time like wild Indians on the war-path. It twisted completely round suddenly, skidded again, turned round the other way and rushed on. It seemed possessed by the merriest, maddest devil that ever sat behind the wheel of a motor-car.

They had left the town behind them and were well out in the country before they caught sight of the car they were chasing. Then they followed it up hill and down dale, over places where the river had overflowed the road and the cars were axle-deep in the water.

Jim Darton never looked round, and his passengers screamed appeals to everybody they saw on the road until they had no voices left. There was no bliss about their honeymoon trip.

The police car might perhaps have overhauled them if Pat Murphy had driven straight ahead instead of playing circus tricks.

"We've got him now, boys, sure," yelled Murphy, as Jim's car disappeared round a corner. "He's headin' for the town."

"Let her rip," shouted the "boys," and Pat did.

\* \* \*

There was a little trouble at the police-station. Joe Johnson had made some



"Through an aperture came a motor car."

uncomplimentary remarks to Tim Doolan, and Tim had administered chastisement with the business end of a broom. In a moment they were going at one another hammer and tongs, and the other men took sides. The place was in an uproar.

Suddenly—Bump! Again and again something banged against the building.

"Phwhat the devil is ut?" cried Superintendent Nolan. "Go and see, somebody."

But there was no need. There came another bump which shook the place; then the whole end wall collapsed in a shower of bricks and dust, and through the aperture came a motor car, with Jim Darton at the steering wheel and Mamie and Thomson in the back seat, limp, exhausted, and scared almost out of their lives.

Before the police could recover from their astonishment, there was a yell outside, and Pat Murphy brought his car in in triumph.

"That's them, sorr," he cried.

Put 'em all in the cells," said Nolan.

Thomson and Mamie found their voices at that.

"What for?" cried Thomson. "What's the charge?"

"Charge!" repeated Nolan, nonplussed for the moment. Then he looked at the shattered wall. "Charge! why housebreaking, o' course! Don't it look like it?"



# The LEPER'S COAT

by  
EDOUARD

From the REX FILM

M

RS. JULIAN  
was piqued  
and she did  
not even  
endeavour  
to conceal

it. She was visibly growing angry—and the man opposite was annoying her. Evidently there had been something said which had aroused her feminine animosity.

As a matter of fact Phil Smalley had taken Mrs. Julian out to dinner at her husband's request, and she, somewhat neglected by her busy physician and scientist husband, had turned to Phil for sympathy,

and perhaps love. He had rejected her advances after dinner—and no woman can pardon that—and now she sought in her mean, petty hatred,

the cat hatred of a weak woman, a means to spite herself on him.

Dr. Julian had married his pretty but empty-headed wife, in the fullest affection, which he still retained. But he was merely a scientist; merely because you cannot reconcile the true investigator of science and the lover. He was at present hunting the leprosy "bug," and was in the throes of a combat between that bacillus and a toxin he had discovered. It was natural then that his wife was left out in the cold, and



"Dr. Julian had called in his old schoolchum, Phil Smalley."



“Julian had isolated at his house, a man supposed to have leprosy.”

without the deeper sight of a more capable woman she imagined herself an injured person. Perhaps she was right; Julian, the scientist, should never have thought of marriage incompatible with his investigations.

So far had this gone that Dr. Julian had called in his old school-chum, Phil Smalley, to take care of Mrs. Julian and entertain her, and though he had no particular longing for her company he gladly undertook the duty because he was interested in the work and the success of his friend. At that moment he knew that Julian had isolated at his house a man supposed to have leprosy, and was utilising the patient to further the investigation of his cure, and this led him to carry Mrs. Julian off so that her husband should not be attracted from his labours by her presence.

This attention the woman mistook for love — now she was disillusioned and revengeful.

The pair rose from the table.

“Come, Mrs. Julian, forget this nonsense. Let us think no more about it, for your

husband’s sake,” said Phil, as he helped her on with her cloak.

She never answered, but, biting her lip, silently swore revenge on the man who slighted her affection.

“Julian will be through with his work by now, no doubt he will be waiting for us. What a worker he is—and he will make a great name for himself one day, and you will be mighty proud of him,” continued Phil, trying to work up a little enthusiasm in her for her husband.

But it was useless, she wished to feel aggrieved at what she considered his affrontery, and the pair returned to the house in silence.

Julian had just finished his investigations for the day and met them with the smile of a man perfect in trust, and satisfied with his labours.

“Well, have you two had a pleasant evening? Come Phil, old man, take your coat off, and sit down for a few minutes’ chat,” he cried.

Nothing loth, for he delighted in his

chum's company, Phil removed his coat. Then it was that a dreadful idea entered Mrs. Julian's head. She noticed Phil's coat was very like the coat of the man who had been brought to the house supposed to be suffering from leprosy, and she conceived an insane notion of changing the coats, and giving the man who had turned a deaf ear to her advances, the infected one. She stole away to affect her purpose, and returning, adopted her most charming manner to disarm any suspicion, and to give Phil the idea that the foible of the evening had been forgotten.

When he rose to go, Mrs. Julian was in her sweetest mood.

"Wait," she cried, "let me fetch your coat—you must wrap up well, for the even-

ings are cold, and we do not want your coming here for Rupert's treatment." And she darted off, full of her dark purpose, to fetch the coat which was to infect Phil with leprosy, and satisfy her vengeful spirit. She even helped him on with the coat.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Julian lay awake all that night; not until the dark, still hours did she realize the terrible nature of her revenge. It grew to a hideous nightmare. At first she pictured Smalley in his agony of mind on discovering the disease, then she saw the various stages, how he drooped, then was carried away to a segregation camp, the slow rotting of the system, and the frightful end. In her horror she almost shrieked, and with the morning light her horror was intensified.

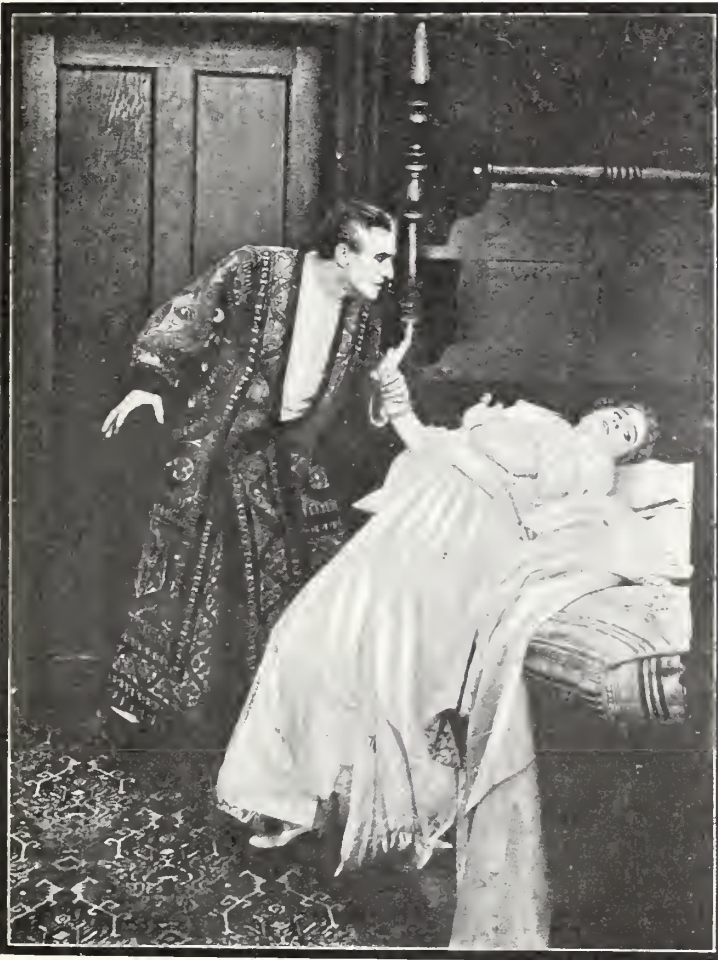
She rose before her husband, and endeavoured to remove the traces of her agonizing night, but the terror still pursued her, and like the weak woman she really was, she broke down and confessed her duplicity to Julian.

He listened incredulously, but as each word fell from her faltering lips, his fear for his friend increased. "Good God, we must save him! We must warn him," he cried. He thought not to abuse his wife, or even feel angry; his one thought was for his friend, and he rushed headlong to the telephone.

Getting through to Phil, he asked in a nervous voice if he were alright, if he were well?

"Yes, of course," answered Phil, "as well as can be; why, what is the matter that you should be so solicitous for my health so early in the morning?"

"You're sure you are all right," asked Julian again, in his dread heedless of the



"Good God, we must save him."

fact, which he was well aware of, that even if infected Phil would not have felt the effects so soon. "What have you done with the coat you took from here last night?"

"Why? It's hanging in the hall as usual."

"Burn it, burn it at once," shrieked Julian.

"Look here, old man, what has happened to you. Have you suddenly gone out of your mind."

"That coat is not yours, it belongs to my patient, it may be infected with leprosy. Burn it at once, and wait for me to come round to you. Do you hear, burn the coat, and wait for me."

Leprosy! he had been wearing the coat of a leper! Phil dropped the receiver, and rushed to the hall. Sure enough the coat was not his, it was like his, but it was the coat of the leper. He was infected—he would become a leper!

The thoughts ran through Phil's head. A leper; he, a leper. He was doomed. He must rush away from mankind, and die in the wilderness. Returning with greater vehemence, the thoughts almost drove the fellow mad; he rushed into the street. A leper—he must get away from contact with humanity. He started to run, his fear took full possession of him. "A leper, a leper," throbbed in his brain. He went mad, and careering through the streets, charging down anyone in his way, almost strangling one man who tried to stop him, he came to the outskirts of the town with a wild mob at his heels. Once he turned round, and struck the leading pursuer to the ground. Then he felt the people were hunting him from the place, or would catch him and kill him. They knew he was a leper.

On and on till the open country lay before, the howling mob still close behind him, the frenzied fellow tore, but his strength was ebbing; he stumbled, and, all at once, with a lurch he fell headlong on to the bank at the side of the road, just outside a lonely villa, in the garden of which a woman was tending her flowers.

The crowd surged up round him, but the woman rushed out to cover the fallen wretch. She held the mob back with her words and her dignity, and helped the broken madman into the house, and set him at rest.

A few moments he remained, then started up crying, "No, I must flee. I am a leper, I am unclean!"



"She helped the broken madman into the house."

"Unclean, a leper. No, you make a mistake, No one is unclean who thinks himself pure, and disease is but a fantasy of the human mind. Believing you are unclean you become unclean, having faith in purity you are clean and pure."

"But I tell you I am a leper. I know it, am I not infected," he cried.

"Infected with what, your own thoughts? Faith overcomes disease, because faith cannot acknowledge uncleanness."

And Phil listened to the woman till he began to feel perhaps she was right. Perhaps he only thought he was infected, and leprosy was a mad delusion.

\* \* \*

Dr. Julian hurried to Phil's apartments, to find he had disappeared. But where, and why? His anxiety increased—he searched round the place and discovered the coat,

the leper's coat. He held it up—examined it—then burst into a shrill, nervous, relieved laugh.

"Why, it's not the leper's coat!" he shouted, "it's mine; and I have frightened that poor fellow into believing he might be infected."

After searching the whole town, he found Phil still at the house of the believer. He had come to have faith in his wholesomeness, and when Dr. Julian explained all to him, he became his old self again.

He never learnt of Mrs. Julian's intended revenge, though at times at a loss to understand her meek, almost suppliant attitude towards him. But what need to tell him. It was past and forgotten, except by one, and she, dogged by the memories of that terrible night, suffered in full measure for her "revenge."

## MISS CISSIE LOFTUS

OF THE FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM COMPANY.

**M**ISS CISSIE LOFTUS, or to give her her full name, Marie Cecelia Loftus, is the daughter of the almost equally celebrated Marie Loftus, and was born at Glasgow on the 22nd October, 1876. The fact that she was educated at the Convent of the Holy Child, Blackpool, gave rise to the oft repeated tale that Miss Loftus first tested her histrionic powers by mimicking

the nuns. So successful apparently was the young lady at this form of amusement that she left the convent for the stage at the age of sixteen, her first appearance being at the Oxford Music Hall on the 15th July, 1893, and in the following year she paid her first visit to America. From this period onward Miss Loftus crossed and recrossed between England and America, and it was during one of her trans-atlantic tours that she first came under the notice of Daniel Frohman, the great American producer of the Famous



Players films, who gave her a part in a play produced at Daly's Theatre, New York.

Doubtless the recollection of Miss Loftus's wonderful powers of mimicry prompted Daniel Frohman, when producing the film version of the old-world romantic drama, "A Lady of Quality" for the Famous Players Film Company, to give the leading part to the popular English

actress, and those who have witnessed this remarkable picture agree in the opinion that the part of Clorinda, the hoyden who dresses in man's clothes and drinks and swears with her riotous companions, brings out Miss Loftus's powers to perfection. The London Press wrote in warm praise of the perfect staging and clever acting shown in the production which has now passed into the hands of Mr. J. D. Walker of the World's Exclusives Films, Ltd., 112, Shaftesbury Avenue, who controls the United Kingdom rights.

# The Studio Mirror

by

EVAN STRONG



THEY are stewing in America—in the studios—and what effect this should have on films one dare not say. The weather has been playing havoc with film manufacturers, and the Universal, in California, have suffered greatly. But they are still turning out a steady reel of picture—it would take one knows not what to disturb these Californian film makers at their work. If anything unusual happens they do not shiver and tremble, but turn round and utilise it. Deluges give an opportunity not to be missed for thrilling flood dramas; and an earthquake, well, look how useful that would have been for "When the Earth Trembled"; drought, storm and all the elements are pressed into service when the chance arrives. The manufacturers round Los Angeles have suffered considerably the past month or so on account of the weather: but they are still there, still working to meet the demand and a little more.

\* \* \*

DO you know what the "Rodeo" means? No!—well, "Rodeo" is the title given to the cowboy's fête at Universal City, California. It is not only for the cowboys, but they invented the name. Everyone in this film city outdoes him or herself on this day—in fact, every member of the staff and their friends has the day of a life-time. All sorts of sports are arranged—and some happen. Cowboys perform all their mad feats of horsemanship and vie with each other in daring. They come from the studio ranches, and all the nearby places, and pit themselves individually and in groups against one another; there are battles with Indians—real live red-skins used for pictures—exercises with the lasso, shooting, trick-riding and jumping, etc.; many an old score is paid off and many a new friendship cemented this day.

This has just taken place, an unusual

Universal day ending unusually with a race between an elephant—the pet of the studios,—and a dromedary; and the pet did not win, it was too hot for him to do anything more than amble to the tape while the dromedary was quite frisky in comparison: but then dromedarics are used to hot places; perhaps that is why their drivers so often send them there!

\* \* \*

FRANK LLOYD, when not getting into other difficulties, is always receiving the attention of the ladies. Just recently he received a letter—one out of a thousand or more—from a young Tennessee lady who obviously has fallen madly in love with Frankie. She says he is the highest and most accomplished character actor in melodrama. Do you agree?

\* \* \*

WE have been waiting a long time for it, and now we know that Miss Maud Adams, one of the finest young actresses in America, is going to play her great successes, "Lady Babbie," "The Little Minister" and "Peter Pan," in films for the Leading Players Film Company. This is right—we want it, and we are pleased with this decision which means that the silent play has claimed still another of the stage's greatest exponents, and that cinema-goers will presently have for 2d. or 3d. all the wealth of this marvellous young lady's talents brought before them.

\* \* \*

IN still another direction is the film being utilised for instructional purposes, and this time it is astonishing. The idea emanates from a Berlin studio and is nothing less than to take pictures of famous conductors of orchestras, directing various pieces to give minor men a notion of how it should be done. By watching the pictures and adapting themselves to the efforts of the master, they too may aspire to become the world's adored.

\* \* \*

**I**T is announced that M. Franck Balladur, the very well known manager of Gaumont's in New York, has been sent to London to represent the Company in Europe. He will be stationed in our capital, where he will assuredly be heartily welcomed.

\* \* \*

**F**ACING a rhinoceros with a camera is one of the feats which Mr. Cherry Kearton has accomplished—feats, because it requires no little nerve to creep up to one of these monsters while he sleeps, get the camera fixed, and continue turning the crank when the clicking wakes the brute up. Mr. Kearton and his companion have just arrived back in England with wild game pictures. He has a number of experiences to relate, tales of photographing for the cinema, charging lions, galloping giraffes, antelopes, gorillas, elephants, and other beasts, dangerous and otherwise. The little party had many narrow escapes, but camera men who go into the wilds for pictures take their lives in their hands! they have iron nerves, and adventure is the salt of their days.

\* \* \*

**I**F an example is needed of the great risks cinematograph players run in order to give the public realistic pictures, it is but necessary to draw attention to the terrible death of the actor, William Kirby, who, while playing in a scene where wild animals were used, was attacked by a lioness and was so badly mauled before the animal could be dragged off that he died almost immediately. Universal City (near Los Angeles), where this fatality occurred, has had to erect a special hospital for injured players. Broken limbs, sprains, and severe bruising are common; but sometimes worse accidents happens, and it is absolutely necessary that there should be attendance on the spot. There are a number of film manufacturing companies situated round the city of Los Angeles, and though, naturally, everything is done to avoid accidents, they do happen, and to such an extent that sometimes a hundred cases are treated in a week in this neighbourhood. Inconceivable dangers are faced cheerfully by these daring players, as witness the action of Captain Dalton some time ago, who entered a tank of alligators armed only with a cane, with which he warded off the attacks of these terrible creatures. One could tell of numerous similar incidents, and they serve to show, as

has been said before, that the cinema actor has not the softest of lives.

\* \* \*

**G**EORGE LESSEY, director, Miss May Abbey, Mrs. Wm. Bechtel, Ben Wilson, John Sturgeon and William Beehtel have just sailed for Bermuda, where they will remain for several weeks. This is the third time that Edison's have sent a company to the land of sunshine and flowers, where many of their most beautiful films have been staged.

Ben Wilson has been a member of every party, and he will act as guide, philosopher and friend to the present company. During his previous visits to the island, Wilson has made many personal friends among the residents, and he anticipates with great pleasure the renewal of these acquaintances.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Mutual Film Corporation of America evidently believe strongly in the actor-producer. Another addition has to be announced to the already long list of famous film players who are producing their own subjects for them. This is Mr. Donald Crisp, recently of Biograph, but now with Reliance. Mr. Crisp has just completed "The Newer Woman," a comedy on one of the problems of the day. Dorothy Gish, Robert Harron and Mr. Crisp himself play the leading parts. This film will be released in England by the New Majestic Co., of 5, Gerrard Street.

\* \* \*

**E**AGLE EYE, a famous Indian motion picture actor attached to the Reliance and Majestic organisations, is known as the premier "fall" artiste of the States. In a recent picture he did a seventy-five foot drop for the camera, and then got up and did it again, so that the scene could be made more effective.

\* \* \*

**C**ARLYLE BLACKWELL the popular leading actor of the Kalem Company has just been engaged by the Famous Players Film Company. This adds another to the list of Famous Players, which include such names as Sarah Bernhardt, Lillie Langtry, Cissie Loftus, Mrs. Fiske, James K. Hackett, John Barrymore, etc., and such film favourites as Miss Mary Pickford and Miss Laura Sawyer.

# Absinthe

By *JEPH*  
From the  
IMP DRAMA



JUST the faintest breeze blew up from the west, and hovering over the horizon, not larger than a man's hand, was a fleecy cloud, rose at the fringe and deepening to a dull nondescript colour. Yvonne Fournier, laundress, and acknowledged beauty in the district, had just brought the laundry home to old Père Dumas' wife, and stood on the steps of the quaint old house surveying the beauty around. The breeze played gently with her soft burnished hair lit up by the declining sun, for she was hatless, and she presented a picture of loveliness which would have driven passion-mad stronger men than Jean Dumas, the bohemian son of the house, a decent living, free and easy young artist, stalwart of figure and pleasant of feature.

A smile rippled Yvonne's lips and displayed a set of pearly teeth, as Jean came striding up the pathway towards the steps. In his soft velvet coat and broad-brimmed black hat he was handsome enough to attract a girl's attention, and Yvonne, indeed, seemed pleased at his desire to detain and speak to her.

They had met before, these two, with light fancy in their hearts; but at this moment fancy had turned to headstrong infatuation on the part of one.

Jean drank in every feature of the lovely laundry-girl's beauty, his passion burst into flame as he beheld a bewitching picture before him; but she failed to understand, or understanding refused to acknowledge it, for though he pleaded with her she only coquetted and laughed at him.

Jean found the object of his passion next day, in the *petit auberge*, just down the street and round the corner under the trees, which hid from view the bareness of the surroundings, and sheltered the little tables from the blazing sun. She sat at one of these tables with a bottle at the side of her and a glass before her. Her smile welcomed

him; he sat down opposite and began on the old theme. But she had little interest for love talk; she was in a more frivolous mood, and pushed the bottle across to him to help himself from.

"Drink with me, and forget this silly old talk," she said. "I know you love me, you you have told me so often; but then so many love me—and, oh, I am tired of hearing it every minute of the day."

"But just listen to me once; let me show you the depth of my love," replied the boy. "Many may love you, they cannot help it, but none will love you as I love you. Yvonne, I would do anything for one word of encouragement, one little crumb of sympathy."

He spoke eagerly, stretching his hands towards her imploringly.

"If you would do anything for me, forget this love for a few minutes. Drink with me and be just gay and happy."

"I never touch absinthe. And how can I be gay and happy when you spurn my every advance, and I am torn with fears and doubt?"

"Do I spurn your advances? Why, I thought I gave you encouragement. And you don't touch absinthe! How ridiculous. Absinthe was made for you; it would lift you out of your fears and doubts. Try!"

"No, I have never touched it and never want to."

"Oh, that is silly. If you will not help yourself, I must pour out a glass for you. It is necessary, I see."

Yvonne made to do as she said, but Jean with a gesture of distaste attempted to stop her. She persisted, throwing a vivacious glance at him and smiling in a way that filled his heart with impulsive desire. He held himself in check and took the glass from her; but even then he turned from the drink and would have neglected it had not the girl urged him again to drink.

As he raised the glass to his lips to



take his first sip of the dread drink he had withheld against—the deadly stuff, he, who had little care, realised was sapping the life from the manhood of his country—an unkempt creature rushed forward to the table, shouting: “No! no!! not that, don’t take that; throw it away.”

He was a hideous fellow; his grey locks matted and dirty; his drink-sodden face lined with deep wrinkles; his eyes bloodshot, and bursting from their sockets; his cheeks hollow, with the flesh, or skin, flabby and hanging. His clothes were stained with the grime and drink drippings of ages, and his ragged shirt was open at the front, revealing a throat which stood out like a water-pipe from the side of a house.

Jean put down the glass as the fellow made a grab at it.

“Not that, young man,” cried the intruder. “Not absinthe as you value your young life. I was once like you—absinthe has done this.”

“Oh send him away,” sneered Yvonne, and Jean taking his cue from the girl told the old man to be about his business. But he stood undecided; then made a grab at the absinthe bottle, and foiled, turned away with a word of warning to young Dumas. But Yvonne’s coaxing was stronger than the derelict’s warning, and Jean drank, and liking the stuff, drank again. It began to fuddle his brain, there was a confusion of sounds, and all he could distinguish was the voice of Yvonne asking him to buy her a very fine shawl an Egyptian street vendor was showing.

“I can’t—(*hic!*)—it’s too dear, and I haven’t got the money,” stammered Jean.

“Oh, but it’s so pretty,” coaxed the girl; “I should like it so.”

“You’d like it—(*hic!*)—well, you shall have it. I can get the money,” he replied. “Just wait a minute—just a minute—



“It was no difficulty for him to get to the cabinet without disturbing them.”

(*hic!*)—I can get some money.”

He staggered to his feet and steadied himself by clutching the marble-top table. A freakish idea of getting the money from home, from the cabinet, where his father kept by him a goodly sum, had entered his mind. That it would be theft never struck him, he was too drunk to entertain more than one thought, and that was to please Yvonne.

The girl smiled with a disdainful eurl of her lip, and shrugged her pretty shoulders as she watched him stagger away.

As Jean entered the house he found his parents indulging in their usual afternoon nap, and it was no difficulty for him to get to the cabinet without disturbing them. He got the money—crisp notes—a bundle of them. But the rustling awoke his mother, and scarcely realising what had happened she turned in time to see Jean’s back as he vanished through the door. A slight cry escaped her as her eyes fell on the open cabinet, but she suppressed her emotion for fear of waking old Dumas.

Jean staggered back to the *auberge* flourishing the notes. He bought the shawl at once at an exorbitant price and wrapped it round Yvonne’s shoulders. He was pleased with himself because he had pleased a girl, and as they walked home together—to her home—he wallowed in the thought that at last he had won his heart’s desire.

Poor fellow! in but a few minutes he was to be sadly disillusioned.

They came to the doorway which led to Yvonne's house; she had apartments on the second floor, and the little latticed window with the flowers in it, which looked out on to the narrow ill-paved street, was the window of her room. Here at the gate they must part, Jean tried, in his overwhelming happiness, to snatch a kiss, but with a chuckle, which struck the young artist like a jet of icy water, she slipped through the door and slammed it to after her.

The poor, hurt fellow shouted after her, hammered on the door with his fists, and at last Yvonne appeared at the window.

"Yvonne, come down to me," cried Jean, half-crazed in the sudden misery of his drunken awakening. Her only answer was to throw the shawl he thought had given her so much pleasure, and won her heart, down to him and to make a sign signifying money, before she closed the sun-shutters of her window.

Her mockery sobered Jean. He realised now how he had been duped, and his passion became an angry one. He let the shawl drop to the ground, the horrible nature of the situation came to him as he gazed at the notes in his hand. He had taken his father's money to win the girl, and she had rejected his love. But it was not too late to repair the evil; he would return the money to its hiding place. So he thought. But it was too late. Old Dumas had roused up, the poor old mother could not conceal her

agitation nor her suspicion, and when Jean looked in through the open window he saw his crime had been discovered; he heard his father—stern old man—utter words which gave no hope. He was cast out, disowned, and he turned away crushed, a deep bitterness in his heart—to the absinthe bottle.

\* \* \*

What use to tell of the following months. Jean had money and made money. His genius was being recognised and he was able to offer Yvonne a rich home. They were married, but the love was all on one side—Jean's wife, like Jean's sweetheart, thought only of the gaudy pleasures of life—balls, theatres, fine clothes, and jewels, to the exclusion of everything else, and Jean was coming to think only of absinthe. As he became more and more slave to the drink, his abilities forsook him. What money he had his wife absorbed. She scarcely spoke to him, except to beg a gown, or a necklace, money for a bill for some gewgaw or other, and when the banker failed to supply her, she left him for another man; left him in his ruin and disgrace to become the mistress of a lover who could find all the money for her extravagant needs.

The discovery that his wife had run away left Jean a broken wretch. For a few minutes he railed, he cursed his false wife, but he made no step to seek her. He felt he had no desire to see her again, except in a spirit of revenge

—and his revenge would be terrible when he did find her. In that moment his great love, all his devotion, which had withstood all other assaults, died, and like all other dead things became a putrid, nauseous body, affecting all that it came near. Jean became a social outlaw, absinthe brought him to the lowest depths; he threw in his lot with the riverside



"'Jean, Jean,' she cried, 'stop, for mercy's sake, stop.'"

apaches, and amongst them he became a willing tool when rewarded with the one desire of his life now—absinthe.

\* \* \*

The months passed by, winter had yielded to spring, and the promise of spring had been realised in the glories of a flower-perfumed summer. Paris lived out of doors: the rich folk carried their wealth to the delicious garden restaurants on the



“He slowly strangled her with his bony fingers.”

outskirts of the city, to the river, there dwelling in the sunshine and lazing away the hours in perfumed indolence. The apaches were active. These people who came out from the city streets carrying their fat purses and their jewellery were easier prey in the secluded avenues and wayside cafés, and robbery, even violences, of which men and women were the victims, were frequent.

It was on a day when the people who had nothing to attract them to the city, in fact the idle rich, were flowing onwards to the quieter suburbs, that Yvonne and her lover thought to take coffee in the early forenoon at a pretty *auberge*, not far from a woody bend of the river, where on an old barge a band of the most daring apaches had their retreat—the very band Jean had thrown in his lot with.

Yvonne, radiant, her wonderful beauty heightened by the wonderful jewels and dress of her lover, was seen and covetously watched by one who seemed a mere newsboy, but who in reality was a tout of the apache band, and he quickly took the news of an easy prospective victim. Jean, half-fuddled with drink, took little interest in the news; he took little interest in anything now but the bottle. This the apache leader realised, and having formed a plan for the raid in which Jean could be utilised he stealthily snatched the bottle from him.

“You — give me the bottle,” flung the

hopeless wretch at the leader. “Give me the bottle; I will have it, I must have it.” His last words were a whine, but the leader held to the bottle.

“I have work for you to do,” he said; “after that”—with a significant upward jerk of the hand—“you shall have as much as you want.”

“Just one glass then, only one glass more,” almost shrieked the poor fellow.

“One glass then, if you promise to do what I tell you; afterwards you shall have the bottle—the whole bottle.”

“Tell me what I am to do. Give me the glass first. All right, I’ll do what you want.”

“Now listen,” said the leader in a subdued but intense voice, while pouring out the absinthe.

Jean was not listening, but he snatched at the glass and swallowed the drink with a gulp.

“Listen to what I have to say,” snarled the apache. “You get the old driver’s coat and hat from Gros. You take the horse and cab waiting on the bank and drive to the Rue de Quatre-Juli, by the *petit auberge*; there you wait till you are called. Immediately the fare, a lady, gets in, you drive off like mad to old mother Mignet’s. We shall wait for you there.”

“All right, I’ll do it—but give me the bottle,” answered Jean.

“Not another drop till the job’s done. You’re almost too drunk now.”

\* \* \*

Gros, the newsboy, was hanging round the *auberge*, where Yvonne and her lover were seated. His eyes grew large with eagerness as he noted the wonderful necklace, with a diamond-set butterfly resting on the woman's neck, and flashing as she made the slightest movement, which brought a stray sunray to catch the stones. The pair got up at last, and immediately Gros was by their side.

"Cab, sir; shall I fetch a cab?" he cried.

"Yes, yes, bring one to the gate," answered the lover.

Gros called Jean; the man and woman got in. They did not notice who the fellow was sitting on the box. He held his head down, but a voice that reminded him of earlier days caused him to turn sharply. "Heavens! the woman—Yvonne, his faithless wife, brought by fate into his hands." His heart almost burst in his rage. Revenge flamed up like a tremendous furnace. "Now—at last," he shrieked within himself, "she shall pay—surely she shall pay now."

And away the cab rolled towards the larger busier streets. They had turned into one of the main suburban thoroughfares, when, passing a large jeweller's, Jean was called upon to stop. Yvonne had expressed a fancy for a brooch, and her lover, ready to satisfy her every whim, entered the shop to purchase it.

As the door closed on him, Jean raised his whip. Slash, slash, it descended on the horse's flanks, and away the cab went with

a jolt, down the street, full gallop, Jean whipping like mad, and the woman shouting in terror to him to stop. But he desisted not for a second, and soon they were out of the main street, into a quieter one, across the river and in the country. Now Jean turned to look at his captive. For all his dirtiness, his dissipated hollow cheeks, and his raging bloodshot eyes, she recognised him, and her terror increased.

"Jean, Jean!" she shrieked, "stop, for mercy's sake, stop! What are you going to do with me? Jean, stop."

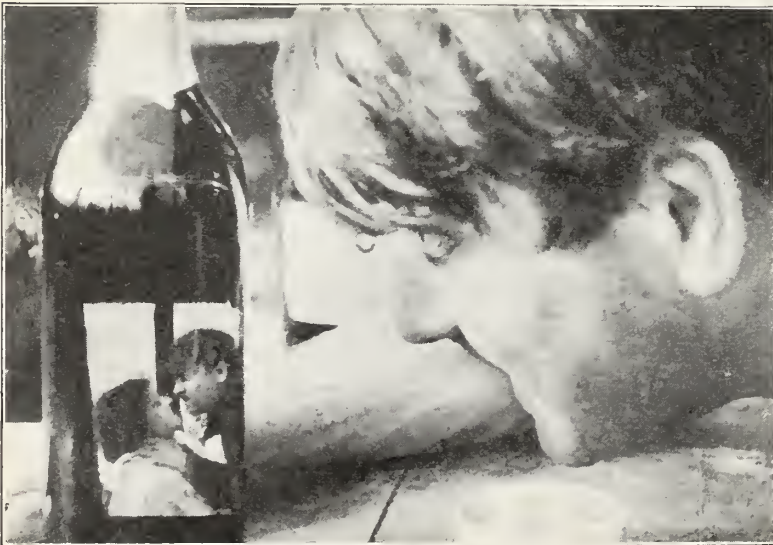
"What am I going to do with you, you jade?" cried the passion-blinded man, jumping over into the body of the carriage and seizing his wife by the throat with the left hand while with the right he still slashed at the horse. "Why kill you—what else."

She struggled in the energy of despair, her horror, for she felt he meant the terrible words he uttered, lent her frenzied strength. But the man also was strong in his rage, stronger than she was, and at last she subsided an inert mass at the bottom of the vehicle.

The horse had galloped to one of those lovely copses, outside Paris, on the banks of the Seine. Here Jean stopped, pulled the woman under the trees, and with a kick sent the horse on again to lead pursuers off the trail. The woman, his wife, he dragged to the waterside; then cursing her, recapitulating every wrong she had done him, he slowly

strangled her with his bony fingers. She relaxed in his grip. He flung her from him, lifeless, as he thought, then covered her face with his coat and fled—fled to some place where he could hide himself and shut out his crime, and lull himself to calmness with the drink, the wonderful absinthe, his only friend—his greatest enemy.

In the woods the pursuers and searchers found



"He reached for the bottle—horror, she was there, too."

Yvonne. She was not dead, though very near. Medical aid saved her; she recovered enough to relate the story, but she refused to name her assailant or say anything about him. How could she!

\* \* \*

In the cellar to which he fled, an emergency retreat where he knew he would find the absinthe he thought would soothe him, Jean drank and drank again in the hope

of shutting out that frightful scene on the banks of the Seine. But the vision grew more vivid as he drank, the woman appeared before him, behind him, in every corner of the room. He looked in his glass—she was there. He reached for the bottle—horror! she was there too,—he could see her white face, the terror written on it, his fingers were round her throat, he was squeezing the life out of her. Fiends of hell! he could not stand it. He hurled the bottle from him, seized the stool and struck out madly; then jug, bottles and everything that came within reach was hurled at the apparition, but he could not escape it. In a last despairing effort he scrambled up the steps to avoid it; his legs gave way, he was worn out with his passion and fear, and he fell back and lay on the stone floor as dead.

\* \* \*

Morning light stole into that mean cellar to reveal a man whose hair, once a rich dark brown, was now streaked generously with grey. The face was contracted as if the man was suffering acute pain. He twitched his hands, then half rose—the absinthe drinker, Jean, almost unrecognisable, aged by years, an abject object, broken and utterly spent.

He staggered into the street to seek a place to get drink, and as he did so a newspaper boy rushed by crying the special tit-bit of news.

He recalled the preceding day—that seemed ages ago.



“He fell back and lay on the stone floor as dead.

“Hi! boy, a paper,” cried Jean, and with feverish haste he tore open the sheet to see the report of his crime on the lonely river bank. There it was with glaring heading. But he was not a murderer—his wife was not dead! Mingled sensations of joy—regret—pity—hope swept through him. He was not a murderer—he had not soiled his hands with her blood—she was alive! A gleam of hope appeared, and again by force of habit he tottered towards the absinthe den.

He never crossed the threshold—fate which had dragged him down now turned a smiling face on him. At that moment a grey-haired old lady came by holding the hand of a little boy. She was like his mother, and prattled to the boy in a way his mother once used to speak to him—Jean, the absinthe fiend.

His mother! How was she now? What was she doing? He could imagine her sitting in their garden, her hair greyer, her face drawn with lines of care—and then murmured words which seemed to be words of love to her absent boy.

If he could see her once again? The gleam of hope became stronger. If he could plead forgiveness and retrieve? Was he strong enough, had he gone too deep to climb up, could he face her—and his old father?

Staggering along blindly not realising where his footsteps led him, he came to the gate of the old house, and hesitating, pushed it open; then dragged himself to the door.

\* \* \*

There was war in the air. In the city and outside, in the squares and in the parks; there was drilling of soldiers and enlistment of recruits. Old Dumas, one of the warriors of a previous brilliant campaign, had been swept away by the fever. On the cry for men who could carry arms he had taken down his old fusil and marched to the recruiting station to offer his services, leaving his heart-broken wife alone in the house.

It was at this moment that Jean staggered up the steps and threw himself into his mother's arms.

For a moment neither could speak—the mother in her joy at having her wayward son in her arms again was dumb. At last, between his heart-rending sobs, Jean uttered the words which the ray of hope had brought to him: "Mother, give me a chance to save myself."

A figure darkened the doorway, before she could reply. It was old Dumas. Too old to serve he had returned in low spirits, but

at the sight of Jean he was roused to furious rage.

"You! you skunk, you ruffian—dare to enter my house. Begone before I knock your vile brains out!" he cried, raising his fusil as if to deal Jean a death-blow.

But his wife stepped in between. "Give the boy a chance, he wants to reform, he wants to save himself—he has suffered enough," she pleaded.

"Father, give me a chance to retrieve," cried Jean despairingly.

But Dumas, stern, immovable as the rugged old veteran he was, neither spoke or showed signs of unbending. He was listening. A rattle of drums sounded in the streets. The troops were marching out to war.

Still not a word, but the old man looking at the imploring figure before him, held out the old fusil, and Jean grasping it—the chance to retrieve himself offered him—passed out to stumble into the ranks going forward to death or honour.

## TO ALASKA



Via the Great Rivers of the North

AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH  
MISS IRENE VERNON  
THE FAMOUS PATHÉ ACTRESS



accomplish all sorts of things—whether one likes it or no. I then ran a very short period with Cricks & Martin, returning afterwards to Pathé Frères. Their last production, 'The Mystery of the Old Mill,' is released and will shortly be seen at the theatres. In this I played 'Daphne,' who figures as the leading lady—a pleasing part, but not over strong.

"My favourite rôles? Well, without doubt, this was with 'Spot as Cupid.' This now popular comedy has had a phenomenal run, and I consider it the best comedy production Mr. Kinder, of Charles Urban, has ever accomplished. 'Spot' and myself figured throughout, and from what I have heard it has paid well.

"'When Paths Diverge' was a drama in which I played the part of girl lead. I had a lively experience in this production. I was given a horse to ride, which, I believe, had just come out of a milk cart, the poor brute was unable to trot at all, in consequence, it had to be walked—and often it would not even do this. Hours and hours were wasted, and Mr. Haldane, notwithstanding his alleged accomplishments as a horseman, was unable to achieve his intended success, and resigned to fate and myself to do the best I could with the beast.

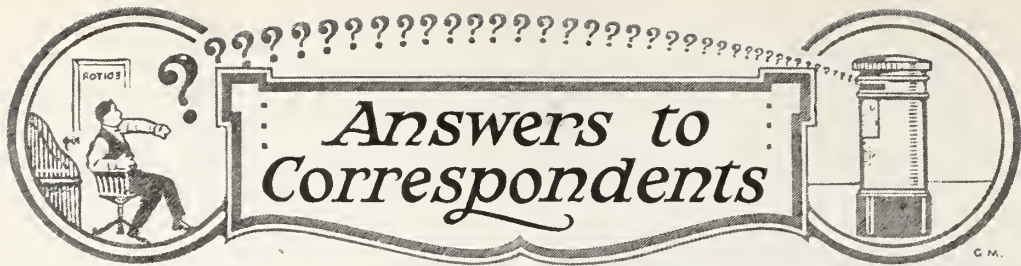
"Notwithstanding the many leads I have played, I am most anxious to play the part of a flower-girl, something similar to Miss Close's part in 'The Lure of London'

"By far the most interesting thing I have seen in my life was my visit to Messrs. Pathé Frères' enormous undertakings in Paris, which I visited during my last trip to the Continent. I was taken round by one of the principals. I saw a great deal, but far from everything, notwithstanding I was on the move for five hours on end. The number of hands employed there is over 10,000.

"My principal recreations? They are many. I am never so happy as when in the saddle. Yet, on the river with a pair of sculls in my pretty skiff, I am nearly as content. Yes, I shall be acting in a big production soon. But enough for the present. Good-day."

**W**ELL, yes! My experience has been varied, nevertheless, instructive, and from all one sees of the methods of different producers, it is indeed true that actors are 'born, not made.'

"I firstly started with Pathé Frères some two or three years ago, then I joined Mr. Urban, of the Charles Urban Trading Co., I had a very good time during my eight or nine months' engagement there. The famous fox-terrier 'Spot' and myself were excellent pals and many are the scenes we had together. I then tried a stock company (Barker's). In 'Zaza the Dancer,' I played lead; this production proved very successful, my part was certainly a clever one, and one I enjoyed. There was, however, the running through the streets in evening dress with a crowd of children following that did not quite appeal to me, but then, when cinema acting, one has to



# Answers to Correspondents

*We shall be pleased to answer any questions on subjects of interest relating to the Film World. Give as many particulars as possible and write on one side of the paper only. Whilst we use our utmost endeavours to make these replies correct, we cannot be held responsible for any inaccuracy.*

E.M.T., Birmingham.—Volume I. of “Illustrated Films” finished at No. 6. The copies you mention, *i.e.* September 1913—April 1914, excluding November 1913, will be sent on receipt of 2/6. The publishing date is the 26th of the month preceding date of issue. Thank you for good wishes.

R.J.C., Dawlish.—You will notice in this issue that several short interviews with our film favourites appear. We shall endeavour to publish one or two each month. “Bobby,” (Gaumont) will shortly appear in the supplement.

A.J.C., West Croydon.—If film acting appeals to you and you think you could “make good,” the most advisable thing you can do is to approach the various British film firms. For names see answers to “C. H., Mayfair” in the March issue. We would warn you however, that film acting is hard work and far from easy.

F.B., Edgbaston.—The six copies you mention will be despatched on receipt of P.O. 2/2. Glad you like the book.

F.P., Accrington.—Maurice Costello is not dead; Bunny is not dead; moreover Florence Turner is not Maurice Costello’s wife, neither is Bunny married to Flora Finch.

G.W., Burnley.—You should send your scenarios—comic or dramatic—to Mr. Friedstan, 205, Richmond Road, Twickenham. Mr. Friedstan will shortly start producing on a large scale.

*The Editor regrets being unable to include the many other answers to queries he has received, owing to want of space.*

## SOLD OUT!

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"Leona felt herself dragged down—down—down, until her heart and lungs felt as if they must burst upon it, and lay there utterly exhausted."—"Lost in Mid-Ocean." (*Pictograph*).

# Lost in Mid-Ocean



NOBODY would have thought to see John

Briee moving about among the guests at the Embassy ball, with his beautiful daughter Leona by his side, that he stood upon the very brink of ruin. Yet he knew the future held for him only bankruptcy, disgrace, poverty. He had only one hope. His daughter was beautiful. She had many suitors, one of whom, Tagisha, a Japanese who belonged to one of the greatest families in Japan, was fabulously wealthy. Mr. Briee had for weeks past been urging Leona to accept Tagisha when he should ask her to marry him.

The girl, however, felt for the Japanese an instinctive distrust and dislike. There was something about his suavity of manner and his way of looking at her out of the corners of his eyes which made her shiver. He seemed to bring with him into a New York drawing-room an alien atmosphere which to her imagination seemed full of terror and mystery. Oh, she would rather die than marry him.

Besides, there was Richard — Richard Manley. He was an artist, only a rising one as yet, but one day he would be great. Though her father had forbidden her to think of him, she would never marry any body else.

Tagisha came up and claimed her, and after they had taken a turn or two in the dance he led her away to the conservatory. He bowed her to a seat and sat down by her side. He talked with the ease of the cultured man of the world, told her of the countries he had visited, and strange things he had seen. He spoke of his own country and his own home.

"I hope you will come and see it for yourself one day," he said. "It is very beautiful." He spoke meaningly, and in his eyes there was the look Leona hated. Some

*From the VITAGRAPH FILM*



evil thing seemed to be there with them. The girl shivered as though an icy wind had passed through the conservatory. She stood up and laughed a little hysterically.

"I don't think so," she said. "Somehow Japan does not attract me."

He rose too, and smiled. "One never

knows. The Fates may bring you there."

They went back to the ball-room. Leona and her father left soon after. Richard, who was one of the guests at the ball, stood on the steps of the mansion and saw Tagisha give his hand to Leona as she got into the car with her father.

Three days later the blow fell which John Briee had been dreading. Tagisha, calling at the house, found him at the table in the library, but he gave his visitor no greeting. As Tagisha advanced into the room he saw that Briee's head had fallen forward. One arm was stretched across the table, while the other hung limp over the arm of the big chair on which he was sitting. With an exclamation Tagisha sprang forward and looked at Briee's face.

"Dead!" he whispered.

A paper caught his eye, clutched in the hand which hung over the chair. He forced open the fingers, took the paper and read it. It was a telegraph message.

"Bankrupt! Ruined!" said Tagisha to himself. "Well, I knew it must come to that." He smiled. Already he felt Leona in his power. He rang the bell for the servant, and told him to fetch a doctor.

The man went out, and presently, one after another, the servants entered, whispering together with awed faces. Tagisha still waited.

Suddenly there was a sound of hurrying feet. Leona rushed into the room, and with a heart-broken cry threw her arms round her father, pressing her lips to the dead face.

\* \* \*

Leona was left without a penny, except what she might be able to raise upon the few small articles of value she possessed. She realised that she must earn her own living now. Perhaps she might get a post as companion or as governess. Then, on the last day in the old home, which the auctioneer's men had now left absolutely bare, she came across an advertisement in the paper. An artist wanted a model, "of the Grecian type." She smiled, rather sadly, as she decided to apply for the post.

"Good morning, Miss Leona," said a voice. "May I offer you my sympathy and services?"

It was Tagisha. His voice and manner were sympathetic, but there was a glint of triumph in his small, shifty eyes.

Leona had an impulse to run away, but she forced herself to answer. "Thank you, Mr. Tagisha. Believe me, I am grateful, but there is nothing you can do."

Tagisha looked round the empty room.

"But they have left you nothing. What will you do?"

"I can work."

"Oh, but is there any need for that? You will find it hard to get anything to do. You may—starve." His manner changed; he spread out his hands. "You were not meant to work. You are so beautiful—you

were meant to be a queen, to be worshipped. Oh, I love you, you lovely, proud girl. I can give you wealth, happiness, love. Marry me, and you shall never know poverty nor trouble again."

His vehemence frightened her, but she faced him bravely.

"No," she said. "I thank you, but it is impossible."

For a space he found nothing to say.

Then, "Why impossible?"

"I do not love you."

A curious look came upon his face. "I know why. There is someone else. But beware! I can hate as well as love, and have ways of dealing with those I hate. I will have you," he cried passionately. "I will not see you married to another man. I will kill him first."

She stared at him with amazed contempt, and then, with her head held high, walked out of the room, and out of the house.

She did not deign to look behind her, or she would have seen Tagisha cross the road to a man who was loitering in the street. After a minute Tagisha went away and the other man walked in the same direction as Leona, keeping her in sight. He followed her to a block of flats called Studio Building, and saw her knock at the door of No. 14.



"One arm was stretched across the table, while the other hung limp over the arm of the big chair."



Then the spy went off to report to his master.

The door was opened by—Richard Manley.

"Miss Brice!" he cried, so astonished that for a moment he forgot to ask her in. He was even more surprised when she stated the object of her visit. He demurred at first, but in the end yielded to her pleading. Leona began work at once.

Weeks passed, happily enough. They had heard nothing of Tagisha, but he had received daily information of their movements, and, with the untiring patience of the Asiatic, was waiting his hour. One day his spy came to him with a report which made Tagisha grind his teeth with rage.

Richard had not hurried matters. He would not take advantage of the girl's poverty and loneliness. He had been content to wait. But when the picture was finished he could wait no longer.

Leona's answer when he told her of his love astonished him: "I've been wondering how much longer you were going to wait," she said.

It was just at this moment that the spy put his eye to the keyhole. On receiving his report Tagisha went himself to Studio Building. He found the door of No. 14 open, and slipped inside. The room was empty, but presently Leona and the artist came in. The Japanese had barely time to get behind an easel, over which was hung a cloth which reached to the floor. Manley was speaking.

"Harold Marsden—you don't know him; he's a great chum of mine—has cabled to say he has secured a good appointment at Tokio. He wants me to go out there. We'll have a Japanese honeymoon, shall we?"

"Oh, how lovely!" Leona exclaimed, throwing her arms around Richard's neck.

And then she saw over his shoulder a face distorted and fiendish, and a hand in which was a long wicked-looking knife. The hand came slowly nearer. Her eyes opened wide in horror, and she could not move or cry. The knife flashed in the air, and then she found voice and strength together. With a scream she thrust Richard vigorously aside, and the knife descended harmlessly, and Tagisha almost fell. Then, as the artist rushed furiously at him, he ducked his head, and was out of the door in an instant.

That was the last they saw of Tagisha in New York. But he did not lose sight of them. He was a passenger on the steamer which took them to Japan on their honey-

moon, but he kept to his state-room during the voyage, and they were blissfully unaware of the proximity of their enemy.

Harold Marsden met them at Tokio, and entertained them right royally. Not until the visit was over and the day of departure had arrived did anything occur to mar their happiness.

They had actually got on board the "Americus," the liner on which they were to return to New York. Her husband had left Leona for a few minutes while he went to their cabin. She was leaning on the side of the great ship, watching the picturesque through



"He reported to his master."

upon the quay, when she suddenly missed her cloak. It had been a gift from Richard, and she could not bear the thought of losing it. She remembered having placed it upon a pile of luggage as they stood waiting on the quay. She looked about anxiously, and suddenly she saw it. A boy was holding it up at arm's length, and apparently trying to attract her attention. Without stopping to think she ran to the gangway and across to the quay. She saw the boy with the cloak, but as she approached him he began to run away, turned, held up the coat, laughed, and



"But even then the boy kept ahead of them."

ran again. She quickened her steps, but always he kept just beyond her reach.

A rickshaw man called to her. "Jump in, Missee. Me catch 'im for you."

It seemed the best thing to do, and she accepted his offer. But even then the boy kept ahead of them. Through street after street they raced. She was almost frantic. The rickshaw man came to a stand outside the door of a house into which the boy had vanished. Thinking only of the recovery of her cloak, she rushed into the house. The boy, still holding the cloak, stood by an open door at the end of a passage. As she ran he flung the cloak into the room. She dashed forward, and as she bent to pick it up the door was banged and locked.

She realised then that she had been decoyed, and despair came upon her. She screamed and kicked at the door, but nobody came. There was a barred window in the room. She could see a boy playing in the street outside. Tearing a blank page from an old letter, she drew upon it a rude outline of a ship, and scribbled a few lines, begging any who might be able to read

it to direct the boy to Richard Manley, on board the "Amerieus." Then wrapping a paper round a coin she called to the boy and dropped the note out of the window.

She hoped that the drawing of the ship would tell him where to go. The boy opened the note, cried out something, and was off like the wind.

## PART II.

**R**ICHARD MAN-

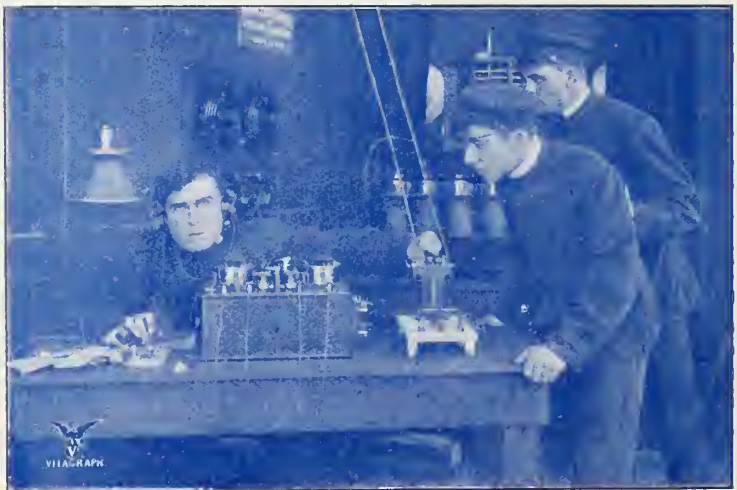
LEY in his cabin

heard the ringing

of the bell which an-

nounced the departure of the liner, but he did not go on deck until the ship was steaming out of the harbour. Then, to his consternation, his wife was nowhere to be found. He rushed all over the ship like a madman, inquiring of the passengers and the officers whether they had seen her. But nobody could give him any information. He implored the captain to put the ship about and return to the quay, but though expressing sympathy with him, the captain declared that that was impossible.

"Has she any friends in Tokio?" he asked, and when the artist mentioned Harold Marsden, he said "Oh, then she'll be all right."



"Already the appeal was being flashed into the void."

You'll get a wireless before long to say that she's coming by the next steamer. No doubt she went on shore for something and missed us."

The captain's words gave Manley a ray of hope, but his heart was full of misgiving.

Meanwhile Leona in her prison was in despair. Who was it that had been so fiendishly cruel as to lure her into this trap? And why? She had not the least idea, and the thought of Tagisha never crossed her mind, for she believed him to be still in New York. Oh, if only she could somehow let Harold Marsden know where she was!

A key grated in the lock of the door. She sprang forward with outstretched arms, but as she saw who entered the appeal died on her lips. It was Tagisha. He was in the native costume of a Japanese nobleman, rubbing his hands and with a smile on his hateful face.

"You!" she gasped, and a dreadful fear came upon her.

"Yes," he said coolly. "You see the Fates have brought you to Japan after all. One never knows."



"He rushed out on deck."

"How dare you!" she cried. "How dare you keep me here in this prison! My husband——"

He laughed a sneering laugh. "Ah, your husband, my sweet Leona, he is by this time on the wide ocean steaming to New York. He will be a little upset, I fancy."

"Oh, you beast! you vile thing! You shall pay for this. Go, and leave me alone."

She pointed imperiously to the door, but he only laughed.

"I do not wish to go," he said. "I intend to stay. You seem to forget that I love you. You are mine now, and I'm going to kiss you."



She screamed out at that, and sprang away from him, but he followed. There was no escape. His arms were round her. Her struggles were useless. His face was close to hers, his eyes alight with passion. She struck at the evil thing madly, furiously, struck and screamed.

There came a thundering at the door, a shout, and Harold Marsden burst in. He had met the boy with Leona's message, and had arrived in the nick of time. He rushed

"For another hour the 'Americus' steamed on."

at Tagisha, and gave the Japanese a blow straight from the shoulder which caused him to release Leona and turn in fury upon the new comer. From somewhere in his loose robe he drew a knife and sprang at Marsden, snarling like a wild beast. Harold was ready for him. He had Tagisha's wrist in a vice-like grip, and with his free fist gave him a stroke which would have felled an ox. At the same time Marsden let go his wrist, and the Japanese, turning half-round, fell prone with the knife up to its hilt in his body.

Marsden did not wait. He hurried Leona out of the house, and took her to his office. Fortunately another liner was to sail next day, and Richard Manley, on board the "Americus," received a wireless: "Leona safe. Sailing to-morrow on 'Mikado.' Marsden."

\* \* \*

Twenty-four hours behind the "Americus," the "Mikado" started on her voyage. She was a new boat, the most magnificent of floating cities. She was like a huge hotel, and seemed as solid, substantial and safe as any building with its foundations sunk deep into the firm earth. Time passed very pleasantly for the passengers. Every night in the great saloon there was dancing or some other form of amusement. Even when the ship got into northern latitudes nobody gave a thought to danger. Then, one night, when the gaiety in the saloon was at its height there came a sudden shock. For a moment the great ship seemed to stand quite still. Many of the dancers were thrown to the floor, clinging to one another in blind terror. The floor of the saloon seemed to be mounting up, and the men and women who struggled to their feet found themselves staggering and sliding to the lower end of the room. A woman screamed out in hysterical laughter, and immediately the air was full of the shrieks of women and the shouting of men. They staggered to the doors, the men helping the women as well as they could. The corridors and gangways were full of people, weeping, shouting, cursing.

Suddenly the ship seemed to slide backwards with a sickening motion until she was on an even keel. Officers pushed through the frightened throng of men and women.

"Get on deck," they shouted above the clamour. "Get on deck. There is no time to loose. Get up to the boats!"

"What's happened?" called a man's voice, clear and steady. There was silence while the people waited for the answer.

"The ship's struck an iceberg! Get up on deck!"

The cries broke out afresh, and the people made a rush for the companion-ways. Up on the quarter-deck stood the captain, white-faced and stern. He had sent orders to the man in the wireless cabin to call for assistance, and already the appeal was being flashed into the void.

The captain knew what the others did not know—that the ship was sinking; that all would probably be over with her before help could possibly arrive. He knew too that there were not boats for all. Yet he remained calm, and his clear and definite orders did something to calm the terror-stricken people who clamoured on the deck below.

The boats were being got ready, and it was "women and children first."

An officer came to the captain with a report. "The water is in the stokehold. The men are drowning there like rats. We cannot last thirty minutes."

Thirty minutes! And there were all those hundreds of passengers!



"Two kindly women were nursing her."

The call for help had been received on board the "Americus." The ship was put about at once, and an officer was sent down to the dining-saloon to explain to the passengers. Richard Manley heard him with a terrible fear at his heart.

"The 'Mikado'!" he cried. "Good God! My wife is on board her!"

The passengers crowded about him with words of sympathy, trying to give him hope, but he would not listen. He rushed out on deck, and burst into the wireless cabin. They had to drag him away from the operator's table, promising to let him know as soon as any fresh news came. He wandered about the deck distracted, forgetting everything but that his wife was in peril of her life away out there over the pitiless sea.

A boy came running along the deck with an envelope in his hand. Manley stopped him, tore open the envelope.

"Can hold out thirty minutes longer."

"My God!" he cried, his face working in agony. "Leona! Leona! My wife!" He held out his arms to the sea as if in supplication.

The thirty minutes passed, but before then the "Mikado's" call had ceased. For another hour the "Americus" steamed on, and then she came to the place where the "Mikado" had been. There were three or four boats, with a few survivors, not more than fifty in all. They were taken on board the "Americus," half dead from exposure and the horror of the catastrophe. As they were lifted on the deck of the liner, Richard Manley, almost mad with anxiety, peered into the faces of the women. There were not many, and Leona was not there . . .

When the disaster had occurred Leona had been in the saloon. With the others she had reached the foot of the companion-way, and for a long time had been unable to get any farther. When at last she succeeded in reaching the deck, the ship was on the point of sinking, and it was impossible to get near the boats. Three or four had already got safely away, when suddenly the great ship gave a mighty heave, her stern rose clean out of the water, and she dived swiftly. For a moment the air was full of cries and wailing, and then—a great silence.

Leona, with a last despairing effort, had sprung clear of the vessel, but she felt herself dragged down—down—down, until her heart and lungs felt as if they must burst; then

relief came. She seemed to be going up and up with incredible swiftness. She reached the surface, and there, within arm's reach of her, was a piece of wreckage, a hatch-cover. She clutched it, climbed upon it, and lay there, utterly exhausted.

She knew nothing more until she opened her eyes in a Japanese fisherman's cottage. Two kindly women were nursing her, and from them she learned how she had been saved from the sea. That was weeks before, and sometimes they had feared for her reason.

### PART III.

**B**Y the help of the women Leona managed to send a message to Marsden at Tokio. He came, and made arrangements for her passage to New York as soon as she should be well enough to leave. He sent also a cable to Richard, telling him of his wife's safety. The artist, however, never received the message. Bowed down with grief, he had found his studio and his old rooms unbearable, had shut the place up, and gone off, nobody knew whither.

That was all Leona could learn when she landed at last in New York. She took rooms for herself, and never ceased in her enquiries, but he seemed to have vanished utterly. She found, however, at an art dealer's one of his pictures, bought it, and took it to her new home.

\* \* \*

Six months passed, and Richard Manley returned to New York. But not to his old studio. He could not bear that yet, perhaps never would he be able to do so. He took no interest in anything, and scarcely ever left his rooms.

Then one morning, idly scanning the paper his landlady had brought with his breakfast, he came across a bit of news. There had been a fire in the city last night, a block of flats had been destroyed, and a woman, young and beautiful, had rushed into the burning building, risking her life to save a picture by Richard Manley. The paper called him a rising artist, and remarked upon his mysterious disappearance and the anxiety of his friends. The young woman, whose name had not transpired, had been taken to the hospital, the rescued picture with her.

The news interested Manley. He wondered who this girl could be, and determined to go to the hospital and enquire about her.

The nurse who interviewed him told him that fortunately the girl was practically unhurt. A night's rest had done her a world of good, and there was no necessity to keep her in the hospital. Certainly he could see her. She would take up his card. He followed her out into the hall, and there, at a short distance, surrounded by a little knot of nurses, he saw—Leona! She was dressed

ready to leave, and her face was turned half away from him, but he knew her. But was it really Leona, alive and well? Or only her spirit? She had been drowned, lost in mid-ocean. Slowly he walked towards her.

"Leona!" he said softly, "Leona!"

Then she turned and saw him, and a wonderful light illumined her beautiful face. She held out her arms.

## Why I Stayed Out and Why I Went into the Movies.

By DAVID BELASCO.

*Mr. Belasco recently sold the Jesse Lasky Company the rights to produce his plays in picture form. He will assist in the producing.*



HELLEY wrote: "The highest moral purpose aimed at in the highest species of drama is teaching the human heart, through its sympathies and antipathies, knowledge of itself: every human being is wise, just, sincere, tolerant and kind."

I presume, like almost every other producer, I looked upon the motion picture as a crude, inferior infringement upon our particular sphere of action, and refused absolutely to take it seriously; but as Shelley says, the moral purpose is to teach, and as the motion picture has reached that stage where it actually does teach, and as I have witnessed motion picture productions on a par with the most magnificent, perfect, proper dramatic production, the time seemed psychological, and I just entered the field of cinematography, if an excuse is needed.

I avoided the moving picture for five years because I saw nothing in the moving picture over which to enthuse. The best motion picture productions—motion picture plays pointed out to me as masterpieces—were in the main crude, far-fetched farcical burlesques.

Situations and climaxes occurred without provocation. Mechanical effects were introduced which detracted from rather than aided the action of the play. The picture came on the screen and there was a lack of continuity of story, a lack of environment in creating atmosphere, and, above all, there were no attempts made at creating susceptible moods of the spectators to place them in the proper state of mind to accept the situations when they occurred.

Adornments and decorations surrounding the participants in the pictures were negligible. To make myself more clear, I failed to see where the director of the motion picture made any attempt to aid the action of his piece by suggestion other than the ordinary mechanical director.

Among the first pictures I ever witnessed was one reel of dramatic pieces with such absurd climaxes, far-fetched efforts to bring about climaxes, and such absurd situations and conventional denouements that without exception one could sit at the beginning of the picture and without the slightest use of perspicacity or deduction fathom the intent of the plot.

There was no dramatic sense other than the stereotyped conventional "getting together of the lovers" and "mending of the broken hearts" at the finish.

There was no attempt at illusionary effects other than the conventional double exposure and dissolves, wherein the actor on the screen conjured up in his mind's eye some past happening to convey to the audience that he or she was thinking of something that had occurred in yester years.

How much better, how far ahead of this method of conveying the thought of the actor, would it have been had there been a "creator" of moods, who would conjure up on to the screen the magic something which by the action of the piece would lead the spectator to know that in the next picture the actor was going to think of that something which, under the present or past conditions, had to be shown in a supplementary insert.

*(Continued on page 284).*

# Richelieu

FROM THE TRANS-ATLANTIC FILM



DE MAUPRAT feared nothing, yet he entered the presence of the all-powerful Richelieu with disturbed heart. Had one accused him of fear, knowing his feelings at the moment, this brilliant soldier would have given the accuser opportunity to test his courage; yet de Mauprat himself could not analyse this curious state: he only realised that the interview with Richelieu was not one that he would directly seek; he felt death might well be the penalty for his intrepidity in the wars. Richelieu dealt easily with death, and would lightly send him to the scaffold should the idea enter his head.

De Mauprat was proud, and despite his misgivings he entered the presence of the man who ruled France as its king with his head erect and all the pride of his race eloquent on his features.

The interview was brief. The dread Chancellor sat in his chair, his fingers lazily caressing the backs of a couple of long-haired kittens, his brow wrinkled in thought. He was not alone—he never took chances, and being well-hated and knowing it, chose to guard himself efficiently against sudden attack.

No sign betrayed the fact that he knew de Mauprat was before him, even when the soldier bowed low he never moved his gaze a fraction of an inch, but continued as deep in meditation.

Suddenly he turned his eyes full on de Mauprat, and the latter commenced eagerly to excuse himself, but Richelieu checked him and uttered the fateful sentence for his misdemeanour.

“You shall return to the South to the wars with the Spaniards, and there seek death in battle. Seek honourable death and return not alive to Paris.”

“But, Monseigneur—” de Mauprat would seek a reprieve.

“No word, go and seek death in battle. I have no more to say.”

This was a drastic punishment for the crime he had committed of acting without orders, and de Mauprat resented it. His hatred of the Chancellor burnt fiercer; he was

ready to enter any plot against the man in whose hands no life was safe.

This decree, too, hurt the more because it shattered the soldier's ambitions at Court, and interrupted his romance with Julie de Mortemar, the Cardinal's ward, whom de Mauprat loved, and who rewarded the gallant soldier with



Barados.



'The dread Chancellor sat in his chair.'

a return of affection.

He managed to convey word to his sweet-heart, the only being who dared cross words with Richelieu, the only being, it might be said, who had won the affection of the Chancellor, and who really had any feeling other than hatred and revenge for him. In her dismay she dared to plead with the great man, but much as he would please her, on this point he was adamant.

The working of the man's mind was strange. What idea had he in sending de Mauprat to seek death: had he fear of him; had he in some inconceivable manner heard of de Mauprat's connection with one of the continual plots against him? Richelieu had spies everywhere, nothing escaped him. But if he feared de Mauprat, and any plot he may have been embroiled in, why had he not sent him to more ignominious and quicker death? Had he really some regard for this handsome and gallant lover of his ward, and so sought to give him the chance of honourable death? Again, a reprieve would have made de Mauprat his friend and protector. Yet he was sent to seek death;

perhaps sudden riddance would have roused a troublesome hornets' nest, for de Mauprat was a favourite, and to pardon anyone who crossed him was not in the Cardinal's character. Surmises do not solve an enigma.

De Mauprat went back to the wars. He sought death, winning laurels for his daring and bravery, but death passed him by. The conclusion of the campaign found him unscathed and a greater favourite than ever.

\* \* \*

There was a buzzing in the tavern amongst the soldier habitués, mostly officers, some warriors, others merely courtiers. Evidently something was in motion. There was always some plotting and counter-plotting in process at this old low-raftered tavern, half-hidden under the palace walls, rendezvous for the officers of the King's bodyguard, soldiers of fortune, swashbucklers, and swaggering scamps.

There came a hush! The word was passed round that de Mauprat had returned.

A moment later he entered the room, and glancing round met the curious quizzing glances of the men assembled there.

"Ho, ho! What is in the air now, my comrades?" he cried, quickly perceiving the effect of his appearance.

No one answered his question, but covert glances were thrown across to him, and a drunken fellow reeled across with a flagon, offering it to the new-comer.

"De Mauprat, back from the wars! Come, drink to the Spaniards you have run through, the dead enemies who have brought you honour," he cried.

The returned soldier thrust the fellow aside somewhat roughly, but he was not to be repulsed, and continued:

"Drink then to those at home, and confound your enemies; drink to the King and Richelieu."

"Richelieu," sneered de Mauprat, "who drinks to such?" and he walked away meditating.

As he stood at the end of a table a courtly looking officer, much belaced, with smiling countenance, sidled up to him.

"So you still carry your grudge against



the Chancellor," he murmured.

"I do not forget," replied de Mauprat. A page standing awaiting at the side of the courtier took in all.

"There are many who do not forget; many who have suffered indignities," continued the other.

"Has any suffered worse indignity than I?"

"Scarcely one, but there are here to-night several who are prepared to strike for what they have had to bear."

"You mean——"

"I mean that you are a man of strength and moral power. Can you hold true with a secret?"

"If it affects me, yes."

"Would you join an attempt to overthrow the power of Richelieu?"

"If there be good fellows in the plot my sword is with them—I have waited to strike for myself."

"Then join us. But mind, the utmost secrecy. Walls have ears."

"Have you not learnt that de Mauprat can be trusted?"

"Of course, of course, I know that, none better; but there are dangers. The spies of the Chancellor are everywhere: they hear and find out everything. We must exercise the utmost care. Failing in this adventure we shall lose our heads; successful, we have everything to gain, for the King would be rid of Richelieu's interference."

"Come, explain the plot. I am ready to hear and to move."

And while the conspirator unfolded the scheme to rid France of her strongest man, the page who apparently had to do with the courtier was speeding back to Richelieu by a secret way, carrying with him information which was to bring de Mauprat a second time within the dreaded power of the Cardinal.

\* \* \*

Such a day one would choose to court a lady. It was the day after de Mauprat had thrown in his lot with the conspirators. He was just setting out to seek Julie, when he was confronted by an officer of Richelieu's special guard, who commanded his presence

before the Chancellor.

No use to resist that command—armed men were waiting to pounce on him, he knew, if he but showed signs of combatting the Monseigneur's request. And so, without haste or heat, he joined the captain, and the pair went to the Cardinal's presence.

It was with a sinking heart that de Mauprat entered the room where Richelieu held audience. Pity, he expected none. Once he had escaped Richelieu's decree, and had returned to conspire against the great man; there was little hope this time. Richelieu had discovered the plot—he would make short shrift with the plotters.

As before, de Mauprat advanced and bowed low before the Chancellor.

"The Monseigneur desired my presence," he said in low tones. "I have hastened to obey his request."

"If you had not shown such haste in drawing your sword against me, perhaps there would have been no need of your presence now," flashed back the Chancellor.

De Mauprat bit his lip, too embarrassed to make any protest.



"Julie, my beloved," he cried."

Richelieu gave him no chance to recover.

"If you had shown the same haste to draw your sword in my defence as you have shown in obeying this command to-day, there would have been no necessity for this meeting." His voice was harsh and grinding, as he continued: "Leniency I have shown towards you. When you thwarted my will before, instead of casting you into prison, or beheading you like a common felon, I gave you the opportunity of gaining honour, or at least honourable death. How do you repay that leniency? You return, but to conspire against my life with a gang of cowards. Is this just reward? Am I not right now in crippling your efforts and your treachery for ever?" Richelieu's voice rose to a wrathful scream. Never had he been seen in greater rage. It seemed he was about to condemn the luckless de Mauprat to death without hearing a word in defence.

"Thought ye all that ye could circumvent me: that I should not discover and upset your puny conspiracy?"

"It is well known that the Monseigneur is aware of every movement within the realm, but his power creates envy, and one is often carried away by the force of persuasion," said de Mauprat.

"So you defend yourself by such paltry device. Were you difficult to persuade last night?"

De Mauprat started. "Who was the traitor?" he asked himself. Aloud he said, "If I was easy to persuade it was because——"

"Silence," yelled Richelieu; "make no more mean excuses. In that room you will find your executioner!" All the sarcasm and sting he was capable of he put into the words, and his weak frame shook with passion as he pointed to a door at the side of the compartment.

De Mauprat made no attempt to say more, but moved towards the room indicated. Richelieu subsided into his chair, a sinister smile playing round his thin lips.

As de Mauprat entered the fateful room his eyes sought out the sole occupant. Was there some mistake! Were his eyes deceiving him! Surely that pale, slender girl was his sweetheart, Julie de Mortemar! But where was the

executioner?

"Julie, my loved one!"

"De Mauprat!"

In an instant she was in his arms and he was crushing her to his breast.

"But how do I find you here? Richelieu sent me to meet my executioner," cried de Mauprat.

"Maybe he thought me the most sure executioner," she replied slyly. "Come, we shall ask his blessing."

And arm-in-arm they went and knelt before the Cardinal and received his blessing. He gave no explanation, but the faintest smile transfigured his sharp features. What was working in that wonderful, inscrutable brain? Was this some passing whim, or had Richelieu a liking for this brave soldier and a desire to win him to his side? Indeed, once entrusted he was a man to trust. Richelieu was a judge of character.

\* \* \*

The days flew by quickly. They were days of delight for the two lovers. Each hour bound them closer, and the path of love would have been of rose leaves had not



"The amorous King conceived a desire to possess the Cardinal's ward himself."

Louis the Thirteenth, the amorous King, conceived a desire to possess Richelieu's ward himself.

De Mauprat and Julie were married, but when the news reached the King's ears he, in his blind rage at being deprived of his prey, denounced the marriage as illegal, and forbade de Mauprat to communicate with his wife. At the same time he sent demanding Julie's presence at Court.

There the King paid court to her, but found himself repulsed by her proud, cold bearing; while the Queen, perceiving the play, and suffering in her humiliation, found room in her heart to pity the poor young wife.

De Mauprat did not receive the King's decree in good spirit. It was delivered to him in the grounds of the chateau, and in his burning anger he ground the parchment under his heel.

The King, whom he had served so well, to treat him so ungenerously was hard.

"Not the King, but Richelieu."

It was one, Barados, a favourite at Court, who spoke, one who was for ever conspiring against Richelieu. He had watched the fierce pacings of de Mauprat since he had received the decree, and guessed aright its cause. Here was fertile ground to sow the seed of discontent against Richelieu.

"Richelieu has fooled you," he remarked cunningly. "This is but a sly scheme of his. It is his doing, be assured."

"You know this?" asked de Mauprat, ready to accept any tale and any enemy against whom to turn his hand.

"Who but Richelieu could have done this? And has not he cause to detest you, and desire to wreak you harm? Is he not cunning enough to know this is how he could hurt you most?"

Thus it was that again de Mauprat's hands was again turned against the Chancellor, and he joined in the plot to murder Richelieu, and with the aid of the Spaniards to overthrow the King.

\* \* \*

Marion de Lorme had hurried through the secret passage to Richelieu's palace, and stood cramped up giving the peculiar signal



"De Mauprat did not receive the King's decree in good spirit."

on the oak panelling of the Cardinal's room which would admit her to her master's private audience. The page who waited Richelieu's commands opened the panel cautiously, and Marion entered breathless, and hastened to impart her news to the Cardinal.

For a moment he listened to her hasty words, warning him of danger; then he rose to his feet, and bringing his fist down on the table with a crash, cried in rage:

"The dogs! Do they think to trap me after all? Do they think that in my advancing years I am not capable of defying and defeating them?"

"Monseigneur, the peril is great and near at hand. I beg of you to flee to a safe place—your castle at Ruel—till you are prepared to combat the conspirators," pleaded Marion de Lorme.

"Flee from such scum, whom I have beaten time and again by raising my little finger," cried the Cardinal.

"This is no common plot, I assure you; it is widespread, and is aimed not only at you, but at the Throne, and the Spaniards

are to be called in to assist in the destruction of the Court. See, here are papers given me to deliver into the hands of the Spaniards. They little know that I serve Richelieu."

"Ha, they would conspire with the Spaniards. Those papers will be useful. A more loyal servant one could never wish for than Marion de Lormie. With her aid we shall confound our enemies yet. Still, the time is not now."

Richelieu gave a signal which brought the captain of his bodyguard.

"Prepare to depart with us to our castle at Ruel," he ordered, "and command a strong guard of your best men."

Richelieu went to Ruel, but not alone. Julie de Mortemar had fled the insults of the King and had sought the protection of her guardian. Together they went to Ruel, before the conspirators had time to intercept them.

With de Mauprat, now inflamed against Richelieu, at their head, the plotters were on the heels of the fleeing Chancellor, and barely had he secured the shelter of the castle when the armed men broke in.

Richelieu, with drawn sword, calmly awaited the end. The door which stood between him and the attackers burst open, and de Mauprat alone dashed into the room and hurled himself at the Cardinal.

But even as the swords were uplifted to strike, Julie rushed in between. De Mauprat held his hand, then lowered his sword, and as he swung back his visor and met the pleading eyes of his wife, his lust for revenge sank, and he forgot Richelieu, while he folded Julie in his arms.

The door had been shut on the armed men who followed a few short moments after their leader, and now there was a din and clamour outside as the mob sought to break in.

"Monseigneur, we must fight for it. That door will not hold much longer," said de Mauprat.

"I am ready," answered Richelieu, as he gripped his sword tighter.

"What can two do against such a crowd? You will be overwhelmed in an instant. We must try a ruse," cried Julie. "But what?"

"A ruse. Yes, I have it. You stretch yourself out as dead on your couch, Monseigneur," whispered de Mauprat hurriedly.

"You, darling," to Julie, "kneel over your guardian and weep for his death. I

will tell them I have had my revenge, that my sword has drunk the Monseigneur's blood and there is no need to proceed further. Quick, it is the only way. They will believe and respect the bereaved."

The plan was hastily carried into effect. But not a moment too soon. The strong oak door was yielding to the attacks of the armed men, when de Mauprat advanced and swung it open.

"There lies the traitor, comrades. I have avenged you and myself. Richelieu is dead and de Mauprat's sword has drunk his blood." De Mauprat swung his sword in the direction of the recumbent Cardinal with an air of bravado, which deceived the conspirators.

"Richelieu is dead," they took up the cry, and would have rushed forward had not the self-designated avenger held them back, saying: "It is enough that the traitor is dead. We must respect the bereaved. Come, let us leave her with her dead."

\* . \* \*

The King rejoiced inwardly, while he assumed an air of grief. Richelieu, whom he hated, who had dominated him and France, and whom everyone from the King downward feared, was dead.

The news of the Cardinal's assassination gave Louis much satisfaction. He was not prepared for the surprise prepared by Richelieu. Walking in the chateau grounds with his courtiers he was musing on the point, when startled exclamations roused him, and looking up his eyes caught a gorgeous group of pages and guards, in whose midst—a sardonic smile on his hard face—walked Richelieu, the man who had been killed at Ruel.

Once again the Cardinal had beaten his enemies and emerged from the fight more powerful than ever.

Greetings were tardily exchanged between the triumphant Richelieu and the chagrined Louis, then the paper which had fallen into Richelieu's hands passed to the King. The whole plot was revealed. Louis, fearful for himself, and roused by the revelation, sent Barados and many of his companions to be treated by the executioner. But Richelieu forgave de Mauprat and joined him and his wife again; then blessing them, and to ensure them against the possible persecutions of the King, he drew round the pair the awful circle of the Church, which none dare defile.

# THE PRICE OF VANITY

From  
the  
Vitagraph  
Film

**I**M sure I look rather nice, mother. Don't you think I do?" Rhoda Mills surveyed her

reflection in the mirror, and laughed merrily.

"Oh, you'll do. Fine feathers, you know," said her mother slyly, with a twinkle in her eye. "I daresay Diek Arnold will approve of you."

"I'm sure he will," laughed Rhoda. "And oh, I say, he'll be here in a minute or two. Hurry mother! There's the bell now! Are you sure my dress is all right? And my hair?"

"My dear," said her mother, as she kissed her, "you look charming, and any young man who does not think so doesn't know a pretty girl when he sees one. But come along; it's time you were starting."

Diek Arnold was a smart, nice-looking young fellow of three or four-and-twenty. He had not long left the University, and had just taken an appointment in the office of a City firm. His salary was not princely, but he hoped for better things. He was in love with Rhoda, but had not yet found sufficient courage to tell her so. To-night he was to be her escort to a dance, and now for some minutes he had been dividing his attention between Rhoda's father's conversation and the door of the room by which he was eagerly expecting Rhoda to enter.

When the girl appeared, looking radiantly beautiful in her pretty evening gown, and with a red rose glowing in her dark hair, the young man sprang up and greeted her and her mother. He held out to the girl a big bunch of roses.

"I've brought you these," he said. "I hope you'll like them."

Rhoda exclaimed with delight: "Oh, how kind of you. They're lovely." She held them to her breast, and from above the flowers flashed Diek a smile which set his heart beating.

He wanted to say they were not half as lovely as she was, but decided to postpone that remark. Instead, he said it was time to be going.

When the two young people had gone, Mr. and Mrs. Mills talked about them.

"Nice young fellow," said Mr. Mills. "Fond of Rhoda, I fancy."

"Yes." Mrs. Mills looked thoughtful. "I hope it will be all right, but he's poor, and I'm afraid Rhoda will find it hard to be a poor man's wife. She's a little too fond of dress and pleasure."

"Oh, the girl's all right," said her father; "she's young and pretty and likes pretty things, but she's got plenty of sense." Mr. Mills dismissed the subject. "By the way," he remarked, "Beverley is coming round to-night."

Mrs. Mills looked up suddenly at her husband. "He's been spending quite a lot of time here lately," she said.

"Yes, I think he feels lonely in his big house by himself. He's a good sort, is Beverley; just the same straight, good-hearted fellow as when we were at school together. Prosperity hasn't spoiled him. I suppose he's among the millionaires now, but he doesn't forget old friends. That's his ring, I expect."

Gilman Beverley came in, a middle-aged man with a rather stern face and steady, friendly eyes.

The two men talked for a time upon indifferent things. Suddenly Mills said:

"You know, Beverley, I wonder you don't marry."

The other laughed. "Oh, I'm too old. Nobody would have me."

"Nonsense; you're in the prime of life. There are plenty of nice girls who would jump at you."

"For my money."

"No, for yourself. You're too modest." Beverley made no reply for a minute or



"I'm sure I look rather nice, mother. Don't you think I do?"

so. At last he said, "Well, curiously enough, I came to have a talk with you on that very subject."

"Really! Well, I'm downright glad to hear it. When is it to be?"

Beverley laughed. "Oh, I don't know. I haven't asked her yet."

"Well, I wish you luck, any way. Who is she?"

"Rhoda."

"Rhoda!" Mr. Mills was startled.

"Yes. Surely you must have seen I was fond of her. I'll bet your wife has—haven't you, Mrs. Mills?"

"Well, I certainly have thought so," was the reply.

"I knew it," said Beverley, laughing. "And now what about it? Do you think she'll love me?" A thought struck him. "There's nobody else, is there?"

"No—that is—no, there's nobody else. Well, you have our consent, at any rate, eh, mother?"

"Of course. Shall we"—she hesitated—"shall we say anything to Rhoda?"

"No. I'll come in to-morrow evening and ask her myself."

Perhaps Beverley might have had a chance if there had been no Diek Arnold. When he called on the following evening, and Rhoda's father and mother had left them together, he told her very tenderly of his love, and asked her to be his wife. His

evident sincerity touched the girl, and there was a troubled look in the eyes she turned upon him.

"I know I'm old enough to be your father, Rhoda," he said, "but——"

"Oh," she interrupted him, "that doesn't matter. It isn't that. There's—there's somebody else."

And then she told him that at the ball last night Diek Arnold had asked her to be his wife, and she had consented.

"We haven't told father and mother yet," she added. "Diek is coming here to-night. I'm so sorry."

It was a heavy blow for Beverley, but he took it like a man; and when Diek came, and Rhoda made them known to one another, the elder man grasped the younger by the hand and congratulated him warmly.

He did not stop at good wishes either. He sent Rhoda a handsome cheque, and was one of the guests at the wedding. He saw the young couple start off on their honeymoon, and then went back to his great, lonely house. It seemed to him now more lonely than ever.

After the honeymoon Rhoda and Diek returned to the work-a-day world. Diek had a wife to keep now, and found that he had to work harder than before. He could not even spare the time to go with Rhoda to select the piano which was to be bought out of Beverley's wedding gift. What more



"She flashed Dick a smile which set his heart beating."

natural than that Rhoda should ask Beverley to go with her. He was only too pleased to help. And when the piano was installed he was invited to dinner, and to spend the evening.

Old Rhoda played and sang to her husband and her guest, and seeing her so happy, and she and Dick so evidently in love with one another, made Beverley feel somehow less desolate. It was the first of many pleasant evenings, and Beverley became the friend and patron of the young couple.

One day when Dick was at the office, Rhoda rang him up to say that Beverley had invited them to the opera. Rhoda was full of joyful excitement.

"Come home early," she said.

Dick, no less pleased, gave his promise, but just as he was preparing to leave his chief brought him a batch of documents dealing with an important matter which demanded immediate settlement.

At home Rhoda and Beverley waited and waited, but Dick did not come. The telephone bell rang. Rhoda snatched up the receiver, and presently turned to Beverley, almost in tears.

"Dick can't come. He has to work late. He says we had better go without him."

Dick went home that night to a dark and silent house. He was tired and out of sorts, and his thoughts, as he ate his lonely supper, were not pleasant ones. He thought of Rhoda having a good time at the opera, and Beverley was with her. Confound Beverley! He was always with Rhoda. Jealousy whispered to Dick that Beverley was not sorry he had been kept at the office.

Presently he fell asleep in his chair, and he woke up in a sullen humour when Rhoda returned at midnight.

All the next day suspicion rankled in Dick's mind. When he reached home he found Beverley in the dining-room helping Rhoda set the table for supper.

"Hullo, Dick!" he cried in friendly fashion. "Sorry you could not turn up last night. Why, what on earth's the matter?"

For Dick had merely given a curt nod, shot a savage look at him, and flung out of the room.

Rhoda followed him with a troubled face. He turned upon her in a rage.

"Why is he always hanging about here?" he demanded. "He sees more of you than I do. I've had about enough of it."

Rhoda stared in astonishment. "Why,

liek," she cried, "whatever is the matter? I thought you liked Mr. Beverley."

"Well, I don't; and I won't have him here any more. You'd better go and tell him so. Anybody can see he's in love with you. By God! I won't stand it! You've got to chose between him and me. So make up your mind."

Rhoda burst into tears, and he left her. When she had reeovered her composure sufficiently to go into the dining-room, she found Beverley there alone.

"What's wrong with Diek?" he asked. "He came in here just now, looked at me as though he would like to do murder, took his hat, and went out without a word. What's the trouble? I suppose he's jealous—is that it?"

Rhoda hung her head miserably. "I don't know. He says you are not to come here again. He says," she sobbed, "I must choose between him and you."

Beverley looked grave. "I'm afraid I have been to blame," he said. "I ought to have foreseen this. I won't come any more, unless you want me. But remember, I shall always be your friend, and Diek's also. Good-bye."

## PART II.

TWO years had passed, and the fortune for which Diek Arnold was striving and hoping seemed as far off as ever. Rhoda, though her love for her husband was real and deep, found their comparative poverty irksome. She became discontented because Dick could not afford to buy her expensive gowns and hats, nor give her the pleasures and gaities for which she eraved. She sighed as she recalled the good times they had enjoyed with Beverley. He had not been to the house since that night two years ago when Diek's jealousy had burst out. Oh! it was hateful to be poor, and Beverley, with his wealth and influenee, might have done so much for them.

An old school friend who had married well had written to invite her and Diek to a reception at the St. Regis Hotel. She longed to go, but it was impossible. There would be a lot of society people there, and she could not think of appearing amongst them in a shabby dress of last year's fashion. She had already spent her dress allowance, and there seemed nothing for it but to decline the invitation. She had almost made up



"It made Beverley seem somewhat less desolate."



her mind to do so, reluctantly enough, when the idea came to her to ask Dick for the money. Perhaps when he saw how much she wanted to go to the reception he might be able to manage it somehow. She put on her hat and called on Dick at the office.

He looked grave enough when she told him why she had come.

"I'm awfully sorry, dear," he said, "but the truth is I haven't any spare cash at all. I'm afraid it cannot be done."

But her look of disappointment was too much for him.

"It would be a shame if you couldn't go," he said. "Look here"—taking a roll

of bills from his pocket—"I was keeping this for rent, but if you must have a new gown you had better take it, and I'll work overtime to make it up."

She gave a delighted exclamation. "Oh, Dick, you're a darling. Thanks ever so much."

She left him, and hurried off to a fashionable costumiers. There, to her chagrin, she found that Dick's gift would not go very far. The only dresses that pleased her were of a price much higher than she was able to pay. But the dressmaker had a persuasive tongue, and in a weak moment Rhoda yielded to temptation. She selected a gown and a hat, handed over the money Dick had given her, and left the establishment in debt to a considerable amount, which the dressmaker assured her might be paid at her convenience.

"By Jove, old girl, you'll look stunning," said Dick when she exhibited her purchases. "I didn't suppose you'd be able to get anything like this for the money. It will take some making up, though," he added seriously.

Rhoda's conscience pricked her, but she did not tell Dick that she had run into debt. When he put an arm about her shoulders,



"He realised his wife's love for him had never faltered."

and bent to kiss her, she twitched impatiently away. "Oh, don't be silly, Dick," she said, and went out of the room.

Dick was hurt, naturally. To give his wife money which he badly wanted, and must work like a nigger to make up, and then to be denied even a kiss by way of payment, was certainly a little hard. However, in his love he found excuses for Rhoda; and whatever the other guests at the reception may have thought, he at any rate was proud of his wife, and thought that no other woman there could hold a candle to her.

Rhoda's gown, to tell the truth, called forth no enthusiasm from the other women present. Many of them were rich, and Rhoda noticed with mortification that they were all better dressed than she was. One or two eyed her superciliously, and even the compliments of her friend, the hostess, sounded to her insincere. She made Dick take her away as soon as they could leave without discourtesy. All the way home she was quiet and miserable, and as soon as they were indoors she burst out crying.

"Why, Rhoda," said poor Dick, "what on earth is the matter? Didn't you enjoy it?"

"No, I didn't," she burst out, "and I won't go out again if I can't be dressed as well as other women." The tears broke out afresh.

Diek was amazed. "Why, you looked ripping! There wasn't anybody there who——"

She interrupted impatiently. "Oh, what should a man know about it! I hate being poor—I hate it!"

To that Dick had nothing to say, but he thought over it again and again as the days passed. Rhoda grew irritable and depressed, and Diek began to fear that she was getting tired of him.

The truth was that the secret debt was weighing upon her mind and conscience. She dared not tell Diek about it, yet she had to get the money somehow, for the costumier, who had promised to await her convenience for a settlement of the account, had begun to press for payment. She had to make all sorts of excuses to Diek in asking him for money, and the little he was able to spare made a small impression on the debt. The collector had begun to call at the house now, and she was terribly afraid that he would come one day when Diek was at home, and then the secret would be out.

One day her mother came. Rhoda looked pale and worried, and her eyes were red with weeping. But even to her mother Rhoda would not confess; and Mrs. Mills, finding that Diek knew of no trouble and was as much puzzled as she was to account for Rhoda's evident distress, concluded that her daughter must be ill.

The collector became more importunate; and Rhoda, who had disposed of almost all her jewellery, now in a fit of panic pawned her engagement and wedding rings. Yet there was still a large sum due.

It was on the same day that Beverley made up his mind to call at the house he had not visited for two years. He had been spending the evening at chess with his old friend when Mrs. Mills came home in trouble about Rhoda. Ever since he had not been able to get the girl out of his mind. He had a shrewd idea that something had gone wrong with the young couple, and he could not bear the idea of Rhoda being unhappy. He had got to the door of the house where the Arnolds lived, and was about to ring, when the thought came to him that flowers might prove an acceptable gift. He descended the steps and went along the street to a florist's shop.

As he turned away from the house Diek Arnold saw him, and jumped at once to the conclusion that he had been visiting Rhoda. In a fit of jealous rage he burst into the house, and found Rhoda in tears. It seemed to him that there could be but one cause for her distress. She regretted having married him, when she might have had Beverley with all his money. The thought maddened him.

"What's Beverley been doing here?" he demanded, and without waiting for her reply went on furiously. "I told you I wouldn't have him hanging about. How long has this been going on? I mean to know, so you had better tell me at once. Do you hear?"

Rhoda stared at him. His face was distorted with passion, and his eyes were those of a madman.

"I don't know what you mean," she said nervously. "I have not seen Mr. Beverley. I never see him. He has not been here."

"Don't lie to me," raved Diek. "I've just seen him leave the house—the secondrel. I've been a fool. I trusted you, and ——" He broke off suddenly, and seized her left wrist. "Where are your rings?" he shouted. "So you've thrown me over already—thrown me over!"

The discovery seemed to stun him for a moment; but when Rhoda, with white face and outstretched, pleading hands, tried to explain, he would not hear her.

"No," he cried, "you've deceived me long enough, you and your—lover! I don't want you any more. You may go to him. Go now, before I do you a mischief."

Rhoda tried again to explain, but he turned upon her so furiously that she was afraid. Heartbroken she turned away, put on her hat and coat, and went out. Just outside she met Beverley with the flowers he had bought for her. There, on the step, she told him all her trouble.

He looked very serious. "Poor little girl," he said; "poor little Rhoda. Give me that dressmaker's bill, and go back and tell Diek all about it. You ought to have told him before."

"Oh, I know," she sobbed, "I know. But he is so angry, and I'm afraid."

"Still you must go," said Beverley. "Be brave. Tell him everything. I'm sure it will be all right." He opened the door and gently urged her in, putting his arm tenderly across her shoulders.

It was so that Diek saw them. He had already repented and had opened the door of the room, half inclined to run after Rhoda and beg her to return. And he saw her and Beverley there. They looked like lovers. His world fell to pieces about him. He was angry no longer, only very, very miserable. He went to a drawer, took out a revolver, fell on his knees, tried to pray, and put the weapon to his head. . . .

The door opened softly. For a moment the two who entered stood transfixed with horror. Then Beverley sprang forward, wrenched the revolver out of Dick's hand, and threw it aside.

In a moment Diek was on his feet. "You soundrel," he cried. "You've ruined my life, you've —."

Suddenly his voice broke. He turned

away, and buried his face in his hands. He was very young, and very much in love.

Beverley turned to Rhoda, and held out the dressmaker's bill, the cause of all the trouble. "Tell him," he said, "tell him everything."

And she told him, haltingly and with shame for the part she had played. But to Diek it was joyful news. He realised that his wife's love for him had never faltered. He kissed her tenderly, turned to Beverley and held out his hand.

"Can you ever forgive me?" he asked. "You've been a brick."

"It's all right, my boy. All's well that ends well. We've all had a lesson."

As Beverley reached the door he turned, but already they had forgotten him. They had eyes only for one another.

## Filming Battles from the Firing Line.

"MUTUAL" OPERATORS' EXPERIENCES WITH GENERAL VILLA.



OR the first time in history kinematograph pictures have been obtained of modern warfare from the actual firing line. The operators of the Mutual Film Corporation, of

New York, have accompanied the forces of General Villa—variously known as "Constitutionalists" and "Rebels"—through each of the successful campaigns against the Federals under Huerta.

Mr. H. N. Dean, one of the chief "Mutual" camera men, talking of his experiences with Villa, says:

"We slept, ate, and worked under fire constantly during the last fifteen days of the campaign. The desert dust bothered us terribly. Martin, a colleague, for five days was helpless from mountain fever; and for thirty hours at one stretch we were without food after a previous twelve day diet of *tortillas*.

"Our cameras, of course, offered the finest sort of target for the Federal marksmen. In order to get good pictures we were obliged to set up on some sort of an elevation, and the Federal range-finders seemed to pick us out almost instantly. Federal gunners up on Cerro Grande, a mountain to the south of Torreón, watched us set up our camera on an outlying *'lobo* house and sniped at us with Mausers and shells. We got the

picture, and as soon as we left the roof the firing ceased.

"We soon got to know what to do under fire. When we heard a sound like the ripping of coarse cotton cloth, sometimes preceded and sometimes followed by a shrill whine about our heads, we immediately threw ourselves flat in the desert sand, no matter whether the *mezquite* barks were sharp or not. That whine meant that a Hotchkiss or Colt automatic machine gun was endeavouring to connect. It sounds almost unbelievable, but these guns work so fast with their automatic bullet feed that one Federal soldier, caught unawares by an alert Constitutionalist gunner, was literally shot away between the waist line and the knees before he could drop to the ground.

"Martin had numerous narrow escapes. While he was going up the track at Torreón with several soldiers, the party heard the screech of a shell, and immediately threw themselves flat on their faces between the rails.

"Villa is much interested in 'The Life of Villa,' which the Mutual Film Corporation is preparing, and which includes all the fighting from Chihuahua to San Pedro, including the battles at Leardo, Torreón, and Comez Palacio. As soon as it arrives from New York, he intends to show the film at the *Teatro des Heroos*, in Chihuahua, for the benefit of the widows of soldiers."

# A Princess of the Desert

From the  
EDISON FILM

By JAMES WALLIS.

From the Photoplay by MARY FULLER.



**A**BDULLAH DHU, the outlaw !  
What a wealth of romance was conjured up in that name to the inhabitants of Arabia—what a vision of devastation ; of burnt homes, and wrecked fortunes. He was the most dreaded, yet at the same time the most admired man in all the land. None knew from whence he had sprung—a curtain of mystery hung about him. He had first flashed across the horizon of fame as the leader of a small band of desert outlaws, whose daring grew greater as their numbers and reputation increased, until at length none of the highways were safe to travel upon without a large escort ; and from Gishon to the river Qualeb his light-fingered followers pillaged travellers of all races and ranks ; no man of wealth was safe from his attentions. The few that had seen the flash of his bright scimitar and lived spoke fearfully, yet admiringly of his bold and debonair bearing ; his lean muscular frame, that never seemed to tire ; and his dexterous handling of sword and spear. Such was Abdullah Dhu, an “Arab of Arabs,” the “Lion of the Desert.”

\* \* \*

Suleiman, the King of Arabia, was well stricken in years, and each fruitless effort of his captains to capture the great outlaw chief, Abdullah Dhu, whose ravages and daring had grown to such an alarming extent that a great outcry was raised against him throughout the whole of the kingdom, served only to add more grey hairs to the King's head and bring him nearer the grave with shame. Every expedition sent out returned with its numbers decimated, and the survivors weak with wounds ; despoiled of their arms, and bearing back only scornful messages of ridicule and defiance.

The terror inspired by Abdullah's name in time grew so great that at length none of the large caravans which carried the wealth of Arabia across the desert sands to the sea-coast would venture to journey forth, and the common people in both village and town suffered great misery and privation in

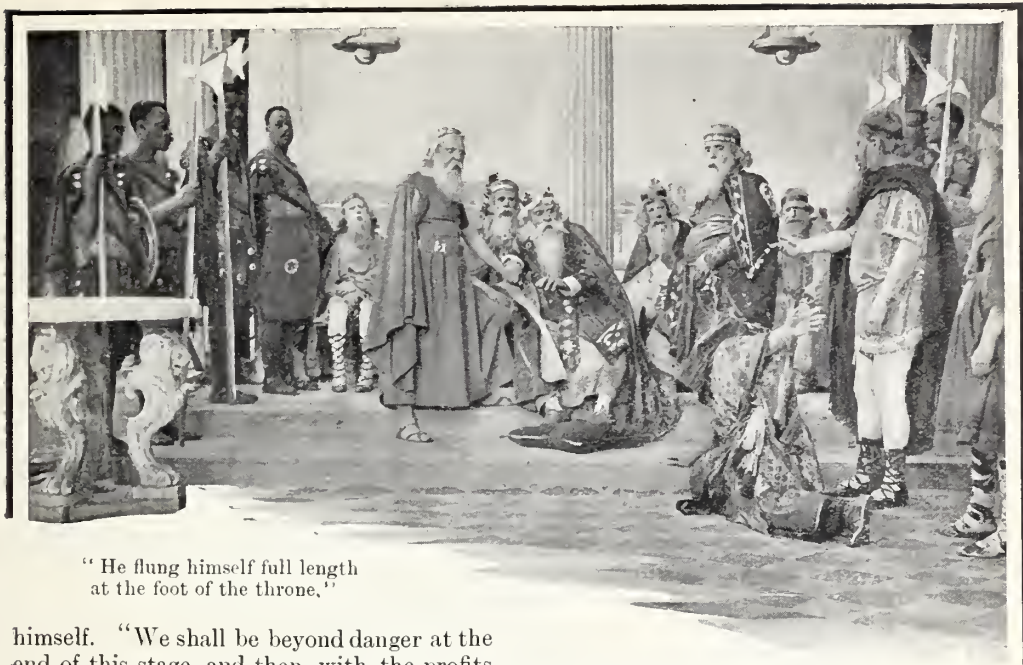
consequence. Great stores of the products of the land were harboured up in the large towns and could get no farther—neither could the people of the sea-coast get through the network of sentinels and spies that Abdullah had spread along the fringe of the desert. Did a trader, either more courageous or less wise than the others, attempt to win his way through, both he and his companions were regarded as dead men before they started. Nothing would be heard of them for months, but news always arrived in the same way. A starving, foot-sore creature, more often than not mutilated, would return and tell of a camp sleeping peacefully after the day's weary toil—of a sudden onslaught—defenceless slaughter—plunder and death.

Now it chanced that one of the wealthiest of the caravan leaders, Shadrach by name, having collected together a rich store of goods, and being wishful of returning to his native town with the fruits of his labour, decided to attempt the dreaded journey, and by travelling only at night and hiding in the daytime, was hopeful of eluding the watchful eyes of the great chief.

Notwithstanding every precaution taken by Shadrach to prevent the plans of his intended journey from becoming known, the secret preparations were observed by one of Abdullah's spies, who straightway informed his chief. Richly rewarding his faithful follower, Abdullah laughed aloud, and turning to his band who were making merry around the camp fire shouted, “By the will of Allah, we will teach this presumptuous dog of a merchant a lesson.” So saying, he called his leaders around him, and explained the manner in which the caravan of Shadrach was to be captured.

It was the third night's march since leaving the town, and Shadrach chuckled to himself about the manner in which he was outwitting the famous outlaw as he jogged along at the head of the long string of mules through the dark shadows beneath the Oriental moon.

“Thanks be to Allah,” he murmured to



"He flung himself full length at the foot of the throne."

himself. "We shall be beyond danger at the end of this stage, and then, with the profits of this journey, I shall be able to sell my mules and retire."

Little did he think as he sat musing there that ever since setting out his every movement had been dogged by Abdullah's spies, and his merriment would have speedily changed into terror and despair could he but have seen the ambush that was laid for him by the oasis that marked the end of the night's march.

Abdullah also was in a good humour with himself as he watched the silent desert that night, for he would entrust the duty of sentinel to no one but himself upon this occasion.

The richest caravan that had been heard of for a long time was deliberately walking into the trap he had so enticingly laid for it.

"Truly these merchants are fools," he said as he peered into the night; "for here comes the caravan entirely unprepared against an attack," and his mouth watered as he thought of the bright jewels and other valuables that it contained, and which would shortly be in his possession.

Quickly turning to his sleeping band he exclaimed in a low, yet penetrating voice, "Rouse yourselves, men, and get to your stations; but remember, the merchant Shadraeh must be brought before me alive. He who harms a hair of his head shall himself die." His followers silently saluted,

and stole away into the dark expanse of the night.

On came the caravan, and Shadraeh, sleepily nodding his head, was suddenly aroused by wild shouts of "Allah! Allah! Slay! Slay!" For a moment he was too dazed to do anything but watch the medley of flashing weapons and falling bodies, but was brought to his senses by being bodily hauled from his mule and dragged, vainly struggling in the strong grasp of a dozen bloodstained outlaws, across the dead bodies of his companions, before a tall, stately figure, whom he rightly guessed to be none other than Abdullah himself.

"How now, merchant?" said Abdullah contemptuously. "What of your idle boast? Where is your caravan, and what of your companions, to whom you promised safety and large rewards?"

Beside himself with fear, and rendered brave by the knowledge that he now had nothing in life worth living for, the unfortunate man began to revile his tormentor.

"Seum of the desert," he screamed. "I spit upon you. One day shall see you bound in thongs and at the mercy of the King, and you shall die at the hands of the common executioner. You——"

Here two or three horny hands were elapped over his mouth, and Abdullah, motioning away his men, who would have

despatched him there and then for his impudent words, rejoined in such hard level tones that Shadrach became the craven again.

"Dog, I laugh your King to scorn. Go back and tell him there are two monarchs in Arabia—he of the mountains and desert and he of the walled towns. Bid him take care that the eagle does not clip the wings of the owl."

Spurning the merchant as he grovelled at his feet, Abdullah ordered two of his followers to set Shadrach at liberty and see him safely through the camp on his way, and then turned away to superintend the division of the spoils.

\* \* \*

It was early morning and the courtyard of the King's palace was filled with slaves going about their various duties, when suddenly was heard a feeble knocking upon

the great outer gates, and a faint cry of "Open! Open! For the love of Allah, open!" Fearing a ruse, the gates were cautiously unbolted to admit the staggering, dishevelled figure of a man, emaciated and nearly naked, who gasped as he entered, "The King! The King! I must have audience with the King immediately." Recognising Shadrach with difficulty, for such was the fugitive, two of the guards assisted him into the Council Hall, where the venerable King Suleiman sat upon his throne surrounded by his counsellors, listening to the complaints of the people and making the laws of the land. The sight of the King's benevolent countenance and majestic figure brought back new life to Shadrach's exhausted frame, and breaking loose from the restraining grasp of his supporters, he lurched forward and flung himself full length at the foot of the throne.



"Vowed before the great chieftains, who knelt to pay her homage, to avenge her father's death."

“by my father’s dying breath, to capture and execute Abdullah Dhu.”

The months fled by but still Abdullah remained at large, and the heart of Zuleika, now Queen of Arabia, was sorely oppressed because of her unfulfilled oath. Until the outlaw was dead, it seemed to her, that her father’s spirit would ever remain by her side, silently reproaching her.

Dismissing her attendants, she wandered aimlessly through the palace gardens one day in the month of roses, and sat by the side of a fountain, idly watching the fishes dart through the clear water and lightly touching the strings of a harp. She was awakened from her mournful meditations by the consciousness of a rich masculine voice taking up the burden of the tune she



“Justice, O King,” he painfully uttered through his parched throat. “I plead for justice.”

“Justice you shall have, good Shadrach,” was the reply, “if there be any in this land;” and motioning to one of the attendants to bring drink to the almost senseless merchant, the King enjoined him to commence his story. As the unhappy Shadrach falteringly told his tale, the faces of all in the hall grew more and more troubled, for it was but a repetition of countless other similar ones, until Shadrach came to the mocking and defiant message of Abdullah. At these haughty words the unfortunate King staggered to his feet, and beseechingly holding out his hands to his courtiers, cried: “Is there then no one who will put down this bold outlaw, who sets my authority at naught? Whoever captures him shall be richly rewarded.” As he spoke the aged King, bowed down beneath this public indignity, to punish which he was helpless, sank back lifelessly upon his throne.

Although tended with the utmost care and devotion, Suleiman breathed his last towards eventide, and the Princess Zuleika, his daughter, tearfully crossed her father’s hands upon his breast, and standing beside the still warm body, vowed before the great chieftains, who knelt to pay her homage, to avenge her father’s death.

“I swear,” she said in cold, strained tones,



“Discovered a handsome young Arab chieftain.”

was playing, and looking around in amazement at the unwonted sound discovered a handsome young Arab chieftain standing in an attitude of eloquent admiration upon the steps of the terrace at her back.

Abdullah, ever on the scent for fresh tidings, had daringly ventured into the town, and while passing by the palace had heard the sound of a harp being played with such sweetness that he decided to climb the wall and endeavour to see the player, "for," he reasoned, "she must be fair and of good station."

Zuleika had been reared in the sequestration of the palace, amid her father's hoary-headed, grave old counsellors. Of the world without she knew but little, and she stood looking at the intruder like one bereft of her senses. Never before had she seen so noble a youth, and the ardeney of his gaze caused the bloom to mantle her cheeks and her heart to beat as it had never done before.

"Who art thou, stranger?" she murmured at last in a low voice.

Such a vision of innocent loveliness did she appear that Abdullah experienced a difficulty in replying to this innocent enquiry, but bending low before her he replied, "O princess of my heart, long have I admired thee from afar. Allah has guided my footsteps to thy side to-day."

"But you must not remain. It means death to any man found in this portion of the palace grounds. You must fly at once, for if you are discovered here not even my authority can save you."

As she spoke Zuleika looked round in alarm, as if afraid of beholding a spy in every tree and flower, but the handsome stranger gently laughed her fears away as he clasped her in a strong embrace and whispered in her ear, "I go, but to return to-morrow, love," before taking his departure the same way as he came.

This was but the first of a number of



"Henceforth for her the world was only inhabited by the dead. Her spirit dwelt in the grave of Abdullah Dhu, the outlaw."



secret meetings between Zuleika and the disguised outlaw, and with every one they fell still more deeply in love with each other. Neither knew the other's name or rank—and neither cared. The days seemed all sunshine, and in her newly found happiness and content the Queen forgot altogether her oath of vengeance, until there rushed into the Palace one day a certain captain, crying out as he knelt at her feet, "O Queen, Abdullah Dhu is captured and waits without, guarded by a troop of Nubians."

"Abdullah a prisoner at last," exclaimed the Queen in triumph, springing to her feet. "Now I can fulfil my oath of vengeance, and my father's spirit can rest in peace. Quick, my friends: attend me to the Council Hall, where we will pass sentence at once upon this rebellious subject, who has wrought such misery upon our unhappy land."

Surrounded by her guards and waiting women, and accompanied by those wise old ministers who had so ably guided her father's councils, Zuleika proceeded in State to the chamber wherein King Suleiman had received the cruel message that caused his death, and waited for the outlaw to be brought before her.

Through the long lines of courtiers and attendants marched the little knot of negroes, with their prisoner in its midst. He was strongly bound, yet seemed not to feel the weight of his chains, and met the hatred flashing from the eyes of the assembled throng with such proud and scornful mien that gained him the secret admiration of the women at once. Arriving before the throne, the guards saluted and retired, leaving the outlaw standing, a stately, solitary figure, before the Queen.

To the amazement of all, Zuleika, rising to her feet and extending her arms as one who welcomes a guest, gently said, "You have come at last, stranger, to publicly claim my love. Long have I awaited you."

Abdullah made no response, he could only stare in bewilderment. The maiden he had wooed and won in the Palace garden was none other than the Queen. As this thought passed through his mind he saw the hopelessness of his position, and knelt abashed upon one knee.

"But why are you bound?" continued Zuleika in alarm, noticing for the first time the thongs with which he was bound. "You—speak! Surely you are not——?"

"Ay," was the low reply, "I am Abdallah Dhu, the outlaw, and the enemy of your house."

At these self-condemning words the poor Queen shrank back upon her throne, grasping at the jewelled arms for support. All her happy plans for the future were tumbling about her ears like a pack of cards. By the irony of fate her lover had been the direct cause of her father's death, and she was sitting there to pass judgment upon him. Her wide opened eyes saw not the bound man kneeling before her, neither did they see the stilled assembly awaiting her words, or the barbaric splendour of her surroundings; they only pictured on one side the careworn and aged features of her sire, brought to his death by the man who had won her heart; and on the other, a dark pleading face with eyes lit up by the fire of passion, and with words of love upon the lips. And so the Queen deliberated and waged a silent war against herself. The watchers knew not of the mighty struggle that was taking place. In time they saw the clouds disappear from her face, leaving it strangely rigid and composed, and rising to her feet, with hand impressively upraised, she unemotionally sentenced the prisoner to death.

"I have sworn to avenge my father's death, and the oath must be kept. As you have lived by the sword, so must you die by the sword. Take him hence, and as the sun sets strike his head from his body."

Abdullah heard his fate with calm fortitude. He had not expected it to be otherwise. Gathering Zuleika's robe in his hands he reverently stooped and kissed the hem, and gazing on her beautiful face with longing eyes, he whispered:

"I go to meet death, O Queen, with a light heart and a smile, because your lips have thought fit to pronounce my doom. My field of life has been limited by the borders of the desert, far away from you, my Queen. I thank Allah for guiding my footsteps to your garden of enchantment, where for the first time I heard your voice. Oh, dear Queen, it was not to be that we should enjoy each other's presence for long, but the short time has proved more than long enough to bind our spirits in everlasting love."

"Go! go!" was the agonized entreaty, lest I repent of my decision, and cover myself with dishonour in the eyes of my dead father, the late King."

Quickly surrounding him again the guards led Abdullah away, and the Queen followed his movements with quivering lips and unseeing eyes until he was entirely shut out from view, and then, turning her face to the wall, gave way to the bitterness of her feelings.

"Oh! father, father," she moaned in her anguish, "my oath has been kept and your death has been avenged, but the price

is the withering of your daughter's heart."

And the twilight shadows crept coolly through the windows and the blood-red sun sank in the west, and with it died the heart of Zuleika. Henceforth for her the world was inhabited only by the dead, and clothed with desolation; the things of the earth would be as salt in her mouth, for her spirit dwelt in the grave of Abdullah Dhu, the outlaw.

## WHY I STAYED OUT AND WENT INTO THE MOVIES.

*Continued from page 264.*

Of course, I am speaking of the forgotten past; and now to the present, and the glorious future of animated cinematography.

Within the past three months I have witnessed magnificent photoplay productions which not only converted me into a "movie fan," but practically demonstrated to me that motion pictures within a few short years will surpass in splendour the perfectness of production the stage productions at their best.

I saw "The Squaw Man" upon the occasion of its private performance at the Longacre Theatre, and was impressed by the perfect continuity of the story, the absence of explanatory titles, and the fidelity of types of the character in the picture-

"Cabiria," D'Annuzio's magnificent story, with its multitude of powerful climaxes; and "Brewster's Millions," with its excellent running story, its natural humour, and again the absence of the unnecessary titles or captions, so impressed me that I began negotiations with Mr. Lasky, and here is what we decided to do with some of the plays I have been fortunate enough to bring to successful production.

For "The Darling of the Gods" a company will be sent to Japan, and the picture will be taken in the precise locale of the original play.

The day of unnecessary titles and explanations are passed, and the day of bigger and better things in the picture world is coming; and within our generation "movie fans" will see 10,000 feet of film without one explanatory caption, so comprehensively perfect will be the action of the piece, so suggestive the surroundings, and so capable the minor players in support of the stars.

## Miss MARIN SAIS

### A Kalem Favourite

FEW indeed are the actresses in motion pictures who are as versatile as Marin Sais, the popular "Kalem" leading lady attached to the forces of the Glendale, Cal., Studios. During her association with Kalem, which extends over a number of years, this charming young lady has portrayed a wide diversity of rôles. Her refreshing personality never fails to hold and entertain the patrons of the photoplay.

Miss Sais is a descendant of one of the oldest Castilian Spanish families of California, and was born in Marin County. It was originally Miss Sais' intention of becoming an operatic star. It was discovered during her early youth that the girl possessed a beautiful voice. Prominent critics who heard the child sing urged her parents to have the voice cultivated.

While studying music, Miss Sais received her education at the College of Notre Dame, in San Jose. Upon her graduation, Miss Sais was offered a position with a dramatic stock company by a friend of her family. It was in this valuable school that the girl accumulated the histrionic ability which has made her the versatile actress she is.

Then followed a season in concert work. Her voice attracted such favourable comment that Miss Sais was induced to come East, where she was featured on the Keith and Proctor circuit. About this time she became interested in the "silent drama," and later became a member of the Kalem forces. Her first work was in the comedy field, but the Kalem directors soon perceived the dramatic ability possessed by their "find." As a result Miss Sais was assigned to the dramatic company under the direction of George H. Melford.

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# THE SPIDER AND HER WEB

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From the Trans-Atlantic Film

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MADAME DU BARR had drawn a crowd of illustrious men to her house. Whenever one entered in the evening one was sure of finding more than one man of note fluttering

round the beauty, for beauty she was in the light of the adage that beauty is but skin deep.

Stately, supercilious—when not weaving silken threads to enmesh some poor deluded individual—she was of wondrous full figure, with shoulders and neck of alabaster, and an imperious head crowned with a mass of raven black hair poised on that perfect neck. Perhaps the forehead was a trifle too broad, but the flashing eyes, bold and daring, the straight nose, and the full, cherry-ripe lips retrieved any little fault in the form of those fascinating features.

She was indeed a wonderful woman—lacking but one thing—a heart. Callous to a degree where men were concerned, she tracked, snared and settled with men as a game hunter deals with wild animals. Men were her prey, proper game to be stalked, captured and destroyed. And yet, though known, this extraordinary woman never lacked for flies who willingly accepted her invitation to “walk into my parlour.”

A dozen more or less well-known men had wandered to Madame du Barr's salon this evening, men of letters, artists and students, all intent on passing a pleasant evening's diversion, and amongst the gathering were two new comers who had just been introduced to the hostess.

Wilbert Wallace and Horace Wolbert were men of different stamp. Wallace, the scientist, was a man who calculated his movements; while Wolbert, though a man of brains and poise, was apt to let loose the flood-gates of passion without thought.

Madame du Barr welcomed them with a charming smile, marking them down as

future victims. She made no favourites and allowed both young men to bathe in her smiles. Like many others before them, they fell madly in love with this fascinating personality, and she played to their weakness with the skill of an old angler.

Day after day these two danced attendance on the beauty, their passion increasing, but though encouraged in their attentions, they received no help in their lovemaking, for the lady was as cold as an icicle where love, warm love, was concerned.

At last the passion of Wolbert could be restrained no longer. He had conceived an extraordinary affection for the woman and longed for a word which would give him to hope, some gentle sign which would reveal that the woman he adored was sensible to his love. He determined to know, to hear if his desire had the slightest chance of realisation; in fact he made up his mind to ask Madame du Barr to be his wife, and it was with this determination that he strode across the lawn in front of the lady's house, up to the door and rung the bell one particular evening.

Admitted, he sought the object of his affections immediately in feverish haste, and finding her, drew her aside and pressed his suit.

“But I have never asked for love; all I want is your friendship. Shall we not forget love, and remain good friends?” answered the “spider,” who knew full well from the first that eventually the man would fall at her feet. She had not only expected this, but had awaited it: it was good sport, and for her legitimate sport; she revelled in it, mocking inwardly the poor fellows who lost their heads.

“Friends!” cried Wolbert, “don't you know that it has gone far beyond that; that I am madly in love; that I am ready to die, in my passion, for your slightest whim? Can't you realise this love for you

is my very soul, and that I am lifted out of the world and apart by my desire? Be kind to me. Give me one ray of hope and I shall be happy. Now, you see to what I have sunk: to the very depths of misery in my fears and doubts."

A soft laugh, with just a tinge of derision, came from Madame du Barr's lips as she said, "Friends we have been and friends we can remain, but this grand passion is beyond me. I love no one, will love no one, and as for offering you a ray of hope, it is absurd. Put this out of your mind."

"Is this all you have to say to one who comes to lay his heart at your feet, one who adores you with the strongest of worldly affections?"

"Yes, absolutely the last word," and with a cold bitter laugh she added: "Pray, stop this nonsense, it bores me. I have heard it so often."

"You treat my love as nonsense," cried Wolbert, springing to his feet. "Perhaps you will regret those lightly spoken words before many hours; and all the harm you have done will be laid at your door. I will not curse you, though now I know that curses and not words of love are for you who can treat a man's affection in such manner."

But the "spider" merely shrugged her shapely shoulders and spread out her hands deprecatingly.

Wolbert made a step forward as if he

would seize her by the throat, but she turned a steadfast eye on him, and he turned and left her.

By this time several other guests had entered the brilliant salon, and in the middle of them stood Wallace, the scientist, asking for Madame du Barr, yet half-divining where and with whom she might be. At that moment the lady appeared and came forward to greet Wallace, with an alluring smile.

"Later than usual. What has held you back this evening?" she asked.

"Oh, simply a brilliant idea while experimenting, and I had to put it to the test," he replied easily.

"So you place your laboratory before my salon as a matter of interest. Hardly a compliment. I had particularly expected you this evening, you know."

"I apologise most——"

Wallace did not finish the sentence. At that moment a pistol shot rang out. The assembly started and stiffened, turning towards the garden where the sound came from. Then with one accord they rushed out to find Wolbert, outstretched beside an old sundial, a pistol beside him, a fatal bullet wound in his temple.

Madame du Barr did not move. She stood where the others left her, stunned. The report of the pistol brought back Wolbert's last words and their fatal import. For once she feared—her blood ran cold—

the horror deepened on her face till it obliterated all trace of her alluring beauty, the beauty which had drawn the poor fellow lying just outside, cold and stark, to his end.

To Madame du Barr those moments were terrible. For the first time in her life she realised the hideousness of the game she had so often played—trifling with the hearts of men.

She started. Wallace, assisted



"Madame du Barr feared in the extreme the contemplation of death."

by other visitors, were bringing the dead body of Wolbert into the room. After laying it carefully upon the sofa, Wallace turned to Madame du Barr, but something in her face stopped him from speaking, and as he looked he realised that she feared in the extreme the contemplation of death.

A few minutes later Madame was left alone with the dead man. With the knowledge of the tragedy her guests had taken their leave.

She knew that this terrible affair had altered her whole mind. Should she appeal to Wallace to help her—help her who had been the cause of his friend's death?

Indeed, she asked his aid. She was broken down by the tragedy. No sleep came to her, and the spirit of Wolbert haunted her day and night. She must sleep—there was peace only in the oblivion that sleep would bring. Would he give her a draught?

A simple request, but it set Wallace thinking. If he had had any regard for this woman he imagined the death of Wolbert had swept it away, yet he was still interested enough in her to begin to wonder if it were possible, by playing on her fears, to make her a different creature as far as heart was concerned. What if she felt herself in fear of death—would that change her outlook on life, her attitude towards mankind?

She should certainly have the sleeping draught, his draught, but first of all he must consult her doctor, his friend, for the experiment would be attended by some hazards.

Dr. Brown was somewhat difficult to convince, but he had faith in his young friend's power.

"You are sure," he said to Wallace when



"Wolbert, outstretched beside an old sundial, a pistol beside him."

the scheme was explained, "that the continual administration will not permanently weaken the heart's action and so render the patient liable to sudden collapse?"

"I assure you, doctor, on the strength of numerous experiments," answered the scientist, "that the effect of this drug is only temporary. Cease administration and in a short space of time the patient becomes quite normal. There has never been any detrimental effects, that is, permanent adverse effects."

"Well, I am persuaded, and am ready to assist you. Mind you, I consider Madame du Barr a splendid woman, only as regards sentiment she has no heart. But how do you imagine you are going to change her disposition—the administration of the drug in itself will have no such results?"

"No, the drug will bring about no change, but when its action causes the heart to beat weakly, I intend to bring about fear of death; then, when this fear is upon her, to introduce objects which shall induce her sympathy. When her sympathy is so developed that I think she may be restored to her normal state, I shall cease administering the drug and await to see if the growth of sympathy will have lasting effects."

"The theory is sound. We shall try it, and pray for good results."

"But we must have a sound, trustworthy

nurse, a woman with finer feelings, and one who can ingratiate herself on Madame du Barr."

"Of course, I know the very woman. No need for you to worry about details of such nature; I will attend to all that."

And so the strange experiment was decided on. Madame du Barr accepted the scientist's draught, which weakened the action of the heart and brought the fear of death upon her, yet in reality did no harm to her constitution. The nurse played her part faithfully, and guided the sick woman in the way Wallace and the physician would have her go. \* \* \*

It was one of those soft smiling days which draws folk out of doors, and Madame du Barr

donned her walking dress and went out into the sunny streets. Already the drug which Wallace was secretly using had wrought a change, and with the fear of death the temperament of the "Spider" was

subdued, her outlook on the world in general was more sympathetic, the people of the streets had more interest. It seemed necessary for her to meet and sympathise with the poorer, needier classes, the people without hope, now her days were numbered. Little good had she done with her life and her wealth, and now before the end she would do something to appease the Diety, who would ask to what use she had put the "shekels" he had made over to her.

Oftimes she had wandered down to the sordid slums, and to-day also her footsteps tended in the same direction.

She had entered the quarter where the poorer workmen of the town dwelt, and a piping cry from one of the doorways fell on

her ears. A tiny emaciated infant, wallowing in dirt, was wailing in its loneliness, and the mother in Madame du Barr went out to the helpless mite.

That day Madame du Barr adopted an orphan baby. She cast off her old life, a new aspect opened up before her, and she devoted all her attention to the motherless bairn.

But the duplieity of the scientist's assistant almost ruined all the good effected. A note stating that she would recover if she changed her physician, revealed the plot, and angry at the game played upon her, she dismissed the scientist from her presenee.

"So for some mean end you have played upon my good nature in this detestable manner,

accepting my hospitality and working evil," she cried the next time she saw Wallace.

"Yes, if you like to put it that way: if you please to think that

by awakening the soul I was sure lies dormant within you, I acted in a mean, detestable

manner," replied the scientist, self-possessed.

"After this I can never look upon you again without a revulsion of feeling. Kindly leave my house and never put foot inside it again."

"As you wish. I meant to act for the best; you think I have acted for the worst. Have no fear, I shall never visit you again till you call for me."

With these parting words he left, and Madame du Barr, torn by conflicting emotions, flung herself down and sobbed till exhaustion overtook her.

Days passed and the deluded woman attempted to return to her old life. She held brilliant evenings in the salon, gathered all the "lions" round her again, and tried to



"And so the strange experiment was decided upon."

play the old part. But the glamour had departed, and she found there was more pleasure to be had in the company of the little orphan child than in the society of the clever, witty throng which assembled in her salon and paid her homage. She had lost hold on the gay, empty life of her earlier days. Apparently the same woman, she had an aching heart when she essayed the rôle of the charming hostess, and she would always wander back to the baby. There was something missing also, something she was longing for and could not define, and oftimes she caught herself listening for the footsteps of one particular man, and waiting for his appearance, but he never came. The other men bored her, and gradually the entertaining dropped off. Madame du Barr became a very lonely woman; she had but one companion, one interest, the orphanchild. That child had done what even the clever scientist had failed to accomplish—it had roused the true woman, called forth all dormant sympathies, and opened the heart of the once cold, supercilious "spider."

And yet while the child supplied her with so much she still hankered after something else, something still withheld from her. Was it the love of a strong man, one man in particular? Madame du Barr knew better than any other. But she had sent that one man away, and he would not return, she knew, till she begged for forgiveness and recalled him.

If he were proud, however, she also was proud, and it was hard for her to supplicate. Love, strengthening day by day, proved the victor, and at last a note to Wallace brought him again to her side.

There was no need for him to plead his suit: both recognised the love they bore for the other.

"You have called me, I have returned as I said. Have you further need of my cure?" asked Wallace, half-banteringly, as he took the hand of the woman he had made a woman.

"Of the cure, I trust I have no further need; of the curer, perhaps, yes," she answered.



"The nurse played her part faithfully."

"Then I take it my experiment has been recognised as successful, and at least not meant detestable."

"Is it fair to banter a beaten enemy?"

"But who called you enemy? Anyway, I withdraw all the words after successful. You will admit it was a successful cure, won't you?"

"I admit everything and anything," responded the happy woman, softly, as she let her head rest on his shoulder. "I know I want the curer. I am satisfied with him."

In later years Wallace found a simple remedy when his wife desired her own way about some trifle which did not accord with his judgment.

"Shall I start experimenting with an antidote to my great drug-cure?" he would suggest, quizzingly, and a pair of loving arms would steal round his neck; and there was no more an imperious woman, demanding the impossible, but a simple affectionate wife, content in her husband's love and judgment.

# THE DAY OF DAYS



It is said that to every man there comes his "day of days." Perhaps this day comes only once

in his lifetime, but Oriental fatalism assigns to each man, no matter in what humdrum career his lot is cast, a day in his life when he shall range the skies and plumb the abyss of his destiny, alternately its lord and slave.

When Pereival Sybarite rose from his bed on Saturday morning, of October the 2nd, he would have consigned to a straight jacket the individual who informed him that before midnight he would have gone through a series of marvellous adventures which would have taken a sea captain a lifetime to accumulate. He breakfasted hurriedly and prepared to go to the office where he was employed as a book-keeper. A book-keeper, sneers the reader. No chance of adventures for him. Wait and see.

Pereival Sybarite was book-keeper to Jacob Morris, who traded in "hides and skins." He was a useful man and kept the books with the mathematical accuracy of a chartered accountant, in fact he was so useful that old Morris never gave his book-keeper any holidays, a fact that occasioned young Sybarite some surprise when a letter was left one morning on his desk by his employer.

Young Pereival did not know whether it was the "sack" which was contained in the envelope, or a bonus; either was likely. But he settled his doubts by immediately opening the missive, which read as follows:

"Mr. Sybarite.

"You have been such an attentive worker during your ten years in my employ that I have decided to reward you. Accept the enclosed four seats for to-night's performance of "Kismet." See this play—it may teach you to come to your work in time.

"Your employer,  
"JACOB MORRIS."

From the  
FAMOUS  
PLAYERS  
: FILM :

"The old serew," grumbled Sybarite, "it will teach me to come to my work in time, will it? He forgets he gives me no holidays."

After Sybarite had punched a little respect into some of the workmen who would persist in calling him "Pereival" instead of the more dignified "Mr. Sybarite," the book-keeper put on his jacket and went in search of his sweetheart, for whom he intended one of the tickets.

Molly Lessing was a comparatively new arrival at the boarding house where Pereival lodged, and something in the loneliness of the girl, who seemed to have no relations or friends, had aroused the book-keeper's interest. He struck up a friendship with the girl and exchanged histories. Molly Lessing, it appeared, had left her people to earn her own living, and received about fifteen dollars a week at "Samuel Jacobs' Ladies' and Gentlemen's Furnishing Store," a few streets away. Both the Jacobs were related, and the book-keeper's interest had secured Molly employment. It was to the Ladies' and Gent's Furnishing Store that Pereival went.

Pereival sidled up to the counter where Molly was engaged rolling up ribbons.

"Say Molly," began Sybarite, "I guess we're in luck to-night. Old Jacob Morris has given me a couple of tickets for 'Kismet,' and I want to know if you would just take a little bit of the loneliness from me by coming with me?"

Molly smiled. By common consent she was acknowledged the prettiest and most lady-like counter-hand in Jacobs' Store, and one of Pereival Sybarite's ambitions was to make a permanent impression on Molly.

"Well, will you come with me to the theatre this evening?" persisted Sybarite.

"Yes," replied Molly, after a pause.

PART II.

BRYAN SHAYNON turned to his clerk with a snarl.

"Call my son Bayard to the phone," he called sharply.



The bell rang, there were a few moments' waiting, then the clerk replied smartly :

"He is at the 'phone now, sir."

"Is that you, Bayard?" called out the elderly man, taking up the receiver. "Come over here at once—something important concerning Marian."

The elderly man paced his office impatiently, now and then glancing at the newspaper thrown carelessly on his desk. On one of the pages there was a large blue pencil mark surrounding a double-column announcement in black type, and it was this announcement that caused his uneasiness.

The door opened and his son entered. The latter was a well-set-up man with a faint suggestion of evenings of dissipation. He took the seat his father indicated.

"Here's the "Morning Ledger," said old Shaynon, "just read that."

Bayard Shaynon read the report indicated by his father with deep interest.

"You see what they say," said his father quickly.

"Yes," returned the younger man, "its in big black type."

"**MARIAN BLESSINGTON DID NOT SAIL FOR EUROPE AS DECLARED BY HER GUARDIAN, BRYAN SHAYNON.**"

"Marian Blessington, only daughter of the late Nathaniel Blessington,

Millionaire, founder of the great Blessington chain of Departmental Stores, although sought after on account of the immense property in control, has disappeared."

"Now," said old Shaynon in deliberate tones, "it amounts to this: my guardianship over Marian ceases at 12 o'clock to-morrow. Unless you find and marry her before that hour, I lose control of her fortune."

"Phew," whistled Bayard Shaynon in dismay: "I've got to find a girl that even the reporters and the newspaper photos cannot locate."

"It must be done, or both of us will be ruined," returned his father excitedly. "We are involved deeper than I like to think in financial speculations. I rely on you."

The young man rose, squared his shoulders, and speaking like a detective in a full-blooded melodrama, said:

"Father, I'll find Marian before the day is over."

A few minutes later the 'phone rang, and old Shaynon almost collapsed in amazement at the information poured into his ears. Then he ran to his desk and addressed the following letter to his son:

"Bayard,

"Just received word that Marian is at Samuel Jacobs' glove store, 213, West 19th Street. Go there at once

and plead, with her to return. Would suggest that you take her to the Charity Bazaar to-night, as both of you are on the reception committee. This will stop further talk concerning her disappearance, and the marriage can take place to-morrow morning."

"Here's a bit of luck straight away," said young Shaynon, as he perused the note which had been sent after him.

"Now I'm off to Jacobs' store to



"Will you come to the bazaar to-night?"

see Marian. Must be gentle with her, because I expect it's on my account she ran away," and Bayard grinned.

"Yes," replied the manager, from whom Bayard made discreet enquiries. "Miss Marian Blessington is a counter-hand, under the name of 'Molly Lessing.' I recognized her photo in the papers, and told your father."

Bayard manoeuvred towards the girl, whose eyes took on a hard expression

as they encountered his. But Bayard was diplomatic, and, with a murmur of apology, he invited her without further preamble to the bazaar that night. Molly, in an equally polite reply, said she really must attend to some customers who were demanding her attention. Bayard stepped back behind an alcove, chagrined but undaunted.

A stout lady customer approached, her face set and stern. "Do you know that man?" she asked abruptly.

Molly raised her eyes, and regarded the customer curiously.

"Yes, I don't mind telling you. He is my guardian's son and wants to marry me, and has invited me to a bazaar to-night."

The woman's face grew sterner. "Well, that man happens to be my husband. My name is Mrs. Ineh, because he does not want to acknowledge me yet. I shall denounce him."

"Quite so," returned Molly indifferently, "I leave you to deal with him."

The woman frowned thoughtfully. "Will you help me then? Accept his invitation, and come to my house before twelve to-night and we will go to the bazaar, where I will confront him and denounce him."

There was a smile on Molly's face as she replied, "I will go."

The woman turned away. There was a rush of customers, and when these had been satisfied, Bayard returned to the fray, un-



"You have broken the bank?"

conscious of the little drama that had been played during those few minutes. "Yes," replied Molly to his delight, "I will go with you to the bazaar."

Arriving at home, Molly wrote and despatched the following note to Sybarite:

"Dear Mr. Sybarite,

"It will be necessary for me to leave you directly after the performance to-night—do not question, but trust me.

"Yours, Molly Lessing."

And when Pereival Sybarite set out to meet Molly and escort her to the theatre, his day of days commenced, or to be strictly accurate, his night of nights.

Somebody else concerned in the story was at "Kismet" beside Molly and Sybarite. A few seats behind sat Bayard, furious at the unexpected sight of Molly's cavalier. After the play he followed the unconscious pair to the boarding house, and entered behind them.

He came across Sybarite after that gentlemen left Marian, and challenged him regarding his relations with Marian Blessington. To Sybarite's angry query, "Who the d—— are you?" Bayard returned a sneering reply, and in two seconds the young men were testing their respective fighting capacities, whilst legs and arms became indistinguishable. Bayard fled with ruffled collar and minus his hat.

This hat proved a surprise to Sybarite, for just inside the lining was a card, giving the address of a night club, with the words "Admit—O.K." Sybarite, with the object of meeting his unknown enemy, determined to secure admittance to the club with the card.

He walked warily in a district which was unknown to him, and on nearing the house he saw two well-dressed men in front knock deliberately and slowly four times on the door. A panel slid and a man's face appeared. There were a few whispered words, the door opened, and the men glided in.

Sybarite hesitated a moment. Would he risk it? He determined to see the thing through, and knocked on the door the same way as the others. The panel slid into its receptacle again and Sybarite produced his card. This satisfied the janitor, and Sybarite walked through a dark and winding hall, and a curtain being pulled aside, he entered a large room ablaze with light, with a great many people sitting round a number of tables with numbers and balls spinning on their surfaces. Sybarite gasped. He had not reckoned on a miniature Monte Carlo.

He looked round on the men but could not see his unknown assailant, and turning his attention to the players his interest in the game increased until he was afflicted with a desire to put "a bit on." He was lucky, and with a feverish desire to increase

his wealth he doubled his stakes, and won again. Once more he threw his money on the table, and players from the other tables crowded round him, curious to see if his luck would last. Once again his pile of money increased, and Sybarite, now reckless, put all on his favourite colour again, and fortune smiled once more on him. The "banker" turned to him with a smile.

"Sir, you have won twenty-five thousand dollars, which is all the money I care to lose at this table. Let us have a bottle of wine in the lounge room."

Sybarite soon realised what kind of company he had fallen into. Arriving at the bar his banker suddenly turned on him with a revolver in his hand.

"You don't leave this place with that twenty-five thousand dollars," he said menacingly.

There was a sudden cry of "police!" A panic ensued, and the men scurried through various doors like seared rabbits.

Sybarite jumped down a flight of stairs a half-a-dozen at a time, and bumped into a policeman with the force of a catapult. Then he dashed into an offroom in which a patrolman was slumbering peacefully with his hat and tunic doffed. Sybarite quickly and silently changed, and looking like a policeman, he retraced his steps, only to run into a force of the genuine police.

"He's not a patrolman," shouted the sergeant, and Sybarite was once more on the run. Dashing into a half-open door he came out on a verandah, and then climbed a fire escape and pushed his way into a lady's bedroom.

At least Sybarite did not know it was a lady's bedroom until the room was suddenly flooded with light, and he was looking into the muzzle of a revolver held by a lady who had just jumped from the



"The Gunmen's Dive."

bed with only her nightdress on.

"What do you want here?" demanded the outraged sleeper.

Percival's wits worked quickly in this awkward situation.

"I'm after a burglar who has just entered this house."

Somewhat reassured by the sight of the policeman's hat and tunic, the lady was about to lower her weapon when she caught sight of his unofficial trousers.

"Well, show me your burglar," she said acidly, whilst the revolver still menaced.

"That's done it," moaned Percival.

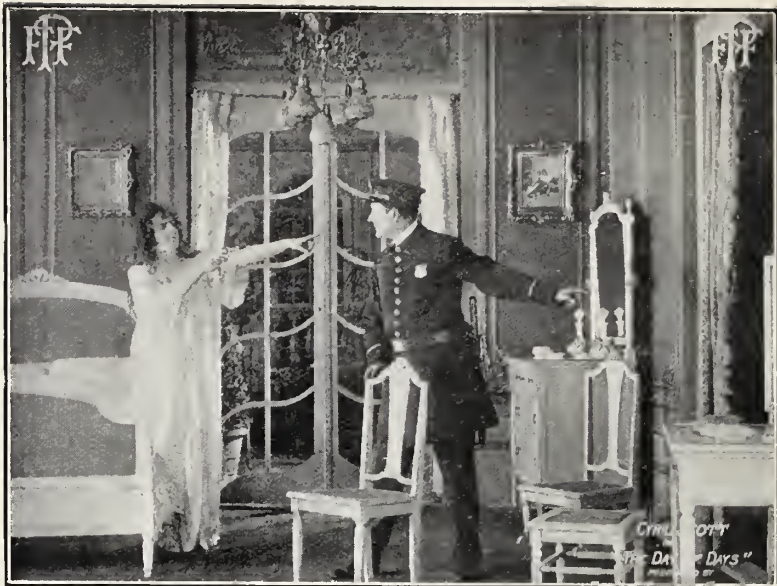
But he must keep up the pretence of an escaped burglar, and going on the landing he peered over the banisters and professed to see a burglar at the foot of the stairs. For a second he was dumfounded, for hiding in the shadow of the banisters stood his mysterious assailant with a revolver pointed upwards. There was a second's tense silence, then the half-hidden visitor fired, the bullet chipping the banister.

"There he is!" shouted the excited Sybarite, and the lady, believing it was the real burglar, returned the shot, and the visitor disappeared with a run towards the hall door, which banged behind him. A curious look came into the lady's eyes as she murmured, "So it was he."

There was another surprise in store for Sybarite. On the floor at his feet lay a newspaper, but what attracted his attention was a photo of Molly Lessing, with a big black headline, "The Missing Heiress." Seeing the amazed look in the young man's eyes the lady said calmly, "Do you know her?"

"I should say so. That's Molly Lessing, my g——"

A new interest crept into the lady's eyes. "That's the young woman my husband wishes to marry, although he is married to me."



"Show me your burglar."

Sybarite put his hand to his forehead.

"This is a fearful mix-up," he exclaimed. Then he added, "This is Miss Lessing."

"You mean Miss Marian Blessington, the millionaire's missing daughter," retorted the woman.

"And who are you?" bluntly asked Sybarite.

"I am Mrs. Inch," replied the lady. "I accompanied Miss Lessing, or rather Miss Blessington, to a bazaar to-night, and there we met my husband, whom I denounced before Miss Lessing as my husband. That is why he followed me here, to have his revenge on me, I suppose."

"That burglar," gasped Sybarite.

"He was no more a burglar than you are a policeman," retorted Mrs. Inch, sarcastically eyeing his trousers.

"Anyhow, I am following up this gentleman," said Sybarite at last. "I just want an interview with him for reasons of my own."

"Probably he has gone back to the bazaar," replied Mrs. Inch.

"And where is Miss Lessing?" asked Sybarite suddenly.

"I don't know," replied the other, but her tones belied her.

Percival Sybarite went out into the night, his mind in a whirl. He knew where the bazaar and fancy dress ball was held, and thither he bent his steps. Securing admittance, he watched the disguised dancers for

some time, but failed to recognise either his sweetheart or the man he was seeking. From the vantage of the telephone counter he watched the various arrivals, and at this moment the telephone bell tinkled and the clerk looked up.

"Are you Bayard Shaynon?" asked the clerk.

An idea struck Sybarite. "Yes," he replied.

"Telephone call," replied the other, handing him the receiver.

"Hello!" said a distant voice, "is that Shaynon? Come down at once. The girl is safe in my garage, 124, Chambers Street. I'll meet you at the Gem Saloon, 114, West Street."

"Good Lord," said Sybarite, "they've kidnaped Molly. Now for the police."

Sybarite dashed out into the night to the police station, and told his news. Several seconds later a force of men in blue, accompanied by Sybarite, took a taxi to Chambers Street, and forcibly overpowered the attendants and broke open the door of the garage. In the midst of the scramble Molly appeared, dishevelled and weeping, and with a glad cry she flew to Pereivals' arms.

\* \* \*

There is little more to tell beyond the fact that Pereival Sybarite's day of days ended with a quick wedding, in which Molly Lessing, otherwise Marian Blessington, was



Cyril Scott  
"The Day <sup>IN</sup> Days"

Producer

the bride. Bayard Shaynon realized that his plot had failed; and after telephoning his father "It's all over," he judged it best to keep out of the way of the happy couple, and we leave him to the tender mercies of his outraged wife. But Pereival never forgot his day of days, in which his adventures ended by winning fortune and love.

# Mabel's Strange Predicament



"She ran back. The door of her room was fast closed! The dog had done it, of course. The spring lock had clicked, and Mabel was left in the corridor in her night attire."

FROM THE KEYSTONE FILM



HERE is no doubt at all that Mabel was a pretty girl. At the bottom of her heart she was aware of the fact herself, though when she was told of it by a male admirer—and there were many such—she always affected a mild if somewhat coquettish surprise. There were some people who would not admit her good looks, but they were of her own sex, and perhaps they were jealous.

Mabel was accustomed to causing a stir wherever she went. It was so usual that she would have been acutely disappointed if on making her appearance in any public place she had not received her wonted homage of admiring glances from the men and glances and comments not so admiring from the women.

When she walked into the lounge of the Keystone Hotel there arose the customary buzz of interest, of which Mabel appeared to be sublimely unconscious. She wore a coat and skirt of fashionable cut which fitted her charming figure like a glove. Her hat was the very latest thing, set jauntily upon her head, a snow-white plume adding a finishing touch of smartness to her attire. She looked, as no doubt she meant to look, bewitching.

She had a collie on a lead, and there were men in the lounge who envied the animal. They would have changed places with it cheerfully, if Mabel had cared to lead them about by a chain and a silver collar with her name engraved upon it. But Mabel, as a matter of fact, had no fancy for any other pets just now. She was on her way to meet the only man she really cared about, and, for once in a way she really was unconscious of the interest she excited. She had got

half-way across the lounge when a man, who had been leaning against the bar, lurched towards her, and with what he probably imagined to be a rather killing smile, said:

"Going out, Miss? Charmin' evenin' for a walk. Like someone to show you round?"

Mabel stopped and looked at the man with withering contempt. Certainly he was a strange figure. With his shabby, ill-fitting clothes, unkempt appearance, his bowler hat hanging nearly on his left ear, his little cane, and his foolish smile, he looked like a music-hall comedian down on his luck. He was no whit abashed as Mabel stared at him. "Keep smiling" might have been his motto. At any rate he acted up to it. He swayed a little on his legs and his head waggled in a silly fashion.

"Like someone——" he was beginning again, when Mabel cut him short.

"No, I wouldn't," she said scornfully. "And don't you dare to speak to me again!"

The man sniggered. "Don't be angry," he said. "Nothin' to be angry about, y' know. I just thought——"

"Then you shouldn't think," snapped Mabel, as she turned on her heel and left him.

"Well," said the man, smiling round on the company, "did y' ever see sh' li'l spit-fire, did y' ever?"

Nobody answered, and the man, after vainly endeavouring to open a conversation with another lady, made himself comfortable in a big chair in the middle of the lounge. He was in what may be called the amiable stage of intoxication. He smiled in a friendly fashion on the world at large and was apt to make embarrassing affectionate advances to anybody, man or woman, who came within his reach.

Among the people in the lounge was a

somewhat overdressed lady who, to put it mildly, was no longer slim. On her way across the lounge she stopped to speak to an acquaintance, and, as luck would have it, she came to a standstill quite close to the chair in which our friend was reclining in a smiling reverie.

He looked up, and finding his vision barred by a quite remarkable breadth of shimmering satin, his smile broadened. Favouring the interested onlookers with a comprehensive wink, he put his head on his hand and planked his elbow suddenly and forcibly upon the satin. He may have thought it a cushion, the back of a settee, or some other article of furniture. Also he may have thought nothing of the kind. Truth to tell, he had not much time to think. Letting out a shriek of alarm, the large lady sprang away like a skittish two-year-old, and the smiling gentleman measured his length on the carpet.

Drunken men, like drowning men, will clutch at anything within reach, and in this case the only thing available was the hind leg of Mabel's eollie, who had just returned to the hotel with his mistress. For a few minutes there was a pretty little pandemonium. The dog yelped and snapped and got its leg free. The substantial lady in satin recovered from her alarm and became furiously angry. She declared that she

never was so insulted in all her life, and that if this was the way ladies were treated in the hotel she would not stay another day, no, that she wouldn't! One of the hotel servants came up and did his best to pacify her, but without much success. She walked off in high dudgeon, and the servant raised the man from the floor, and placed him, not too tenderly, in the chair again.

"Look here, Charles," he said, "if you can't behave yourself you'll be chucked out, d'ye hear? Assaultin' ladies! I wonder what next!"

Charles looked at him severely. "You mindjer business," he said. "Assault, be blowed! Wha'd she stand there for?"

In the meantime Mabel had gone to her room, and for a time there was peace in the hotel, but only for a time.

The room below Mabel's was occupied by a sharp-tongued lady and her husband. They kept early hours and were preparing to retire for the night. The lady was lecturing her spouse upon some real or imaginary delinquencies, but broke off abruptly in the midst of a tirade. From the room above came a noise of scampering feet, laughter, and the barking of a dog.

"What on earth is that?" cried the lady. "I declare the ceiling will fall in a minute. John, go upstairs and tell whoever is making the din to be quiet."

John, however, hung back, and the lady determined to see to the matter herself.

"I'll complain to the manager," she cried, and bounced angrily out of the room.

Now the explanation of the disturbance was simple enough. Mabel, clad in a dainty suit of pyjamas, and looking prettier than ever, was romping with her dog, and they were having a fine game with the aid of an indiarubber ball. Most



"She would have been keenly disappointed had she not received her wonted homage of admiring glances from the men."

unwisely, Mabel had left her door slightly ajar, and the ball rolled out on the landing.

After peering cautiously out and making sure that the coast was clear, Mabel went in search of the ball, which had rolled some distance along the corridor. She picked it up and ran back. The door of her room was fast closed! The dog had done it, of course. The spring lock had clicked, and Mabel was left in the corridor in her pyjamas.

Here was a predicament! She could not go downstairs to ask for a duplicate key. Attired as she was, that was not to be thought of. What on earth should she do?

Somebody was coming upstairs. Mabel looked round wildly for a way of escape, and found none. She stood staring as if fascinated at the corner round which somebody would come presently. Whoever it was, he was stumbling along with an uncertain gait. Then round the corner came the man who had spoken to her in the hall. He still wore that amiable smile, which became more amiable than ever when he saw her. He took off his hat with a flourish.

"Good evening, pretty maiden," he said, with drunken gallantry, replaced his hat, and advanced with open arms. Mabel gave a shriek, and, dodging him, fled into a corner, where she cowered. When she had mustered sufficient courage to look back, she could scarcely help laughing at what she saw.

Charles' arms had not closed on the empty air after all. As Mabel dodged him, a man in pyjamas, curious to see what the disturbance was about, had come out of another room, and, to his astonishment, was immediately clasped around the neck by the amorous Charles.

"What the devil!" he shouted. "Get out, you silly ass!"

He gave Charles a push which sent him



"Mabel stopped and looked at the man with withering contempt."

sprawling, and convinced him that there was a little mistake somewhere. He picked himself up, looked round for Mabel, who had by this time disappeared, and wandered downstairs again in a state of bewilderment.

Mabel, in the meantime, had rushed down to the next floor, and bolted through the first open door she saw. It happened to be the room directly beneath her own, and just at present there was no other person in it. While she stood hesitating she heard footsteps and voices approaching. In a panic she dived under the bed. She was only just in time. Two men entered the room. She could not see them, but she recognised one of the voices. It was Dick's! She would have known it anywhere.

"I tell you she is in here," he was saying angrily. "I saw her come in just now. It's no good your denying it, and—and you're an infernal scoundrel! Do you know she's engaged to me?"

"And I tell you there's nobody here," said the other man. "It's impossible. Why, I haven't been out of the room two minutes."

Dick had been looking about the room, and now with a cry he pointed to the foot of the bed.

"There!" he cried. "Perhaps you'll deny it now?"

"Well, I'm jiggered!" ejaculated the other man. "They're not my wife's feet and ankles. Besides, she wouldn't be under



the bed. Now then, come out of that, whoever you are."

Mabel dragged herself slowly from under the bed and scrambled to her feet. She gave one glance at Dick's angry face, and hung her head miserably.

"I'm glad to see you're ashamed of yourself," said Dick. "You ought to be."

"Oh Dick, let me explain," cried poor Mabel, but Dick would not listen, and stalked out of the room.

"Yes, you'd better explain," said the other man. "What the devil do you mean by getting under my bed? Good lord," he broke off, "here comes my wife!"

It was true, and from the tone of the lady's voice as she spoke to somebody outside she was in no very good temper.

Mabel was terrified. She looked from the door to the window, and back again to the door. Then she scrambled under the bed once more, while the man turned nervously to meet his wife as she entered the room, closing the door with a vicious bang.

"And they call this a first-class hotel," she snapped. "I never in my life saw such impertinent officials. The manager is the worst of the lot. And a man followed me up the stairs, and has been pestering me out in the corridor. He tried to kiss me. He's drunk."

"He must have been," replied her husband mildly.

"What do you mean? How dare you? Is that the way to talk to your wife? You don't care if I am insulted. But we'll leave here first thing in the morning. I'll bring an action --- I'll --- Well, of all the impudence!"

The door of the bedroom opened, and in walked the redoubtable Charles. He smiled on the couple, who were too much amazed

to speak, walked over to a chest of drawers, and began opening one drawer after another.

The lady was the first to find her voice.

"How dare you!" she screamed. "What are you doing in here?"

"Sorry—disturb you," said Charles cheerfully. "I'm looking for a friend, that's all." He ambled to the door.

"Well," said the lady in a voice of resignation, "the place must be bewitched. Looking for a friend in a chest of drawers! I wonder what next." She turned to her husband, who was sitting on the bed, with an expression of hopeless bewilderment on his face. "Why on earth don't you do something?" she cried angrily. "Letting people walk into the room and not saying a word! Why, perhaps he was a burglar! I don't feel safe here. What's that?"

"Wha—what's what?"

"Oh," cried the lady, "there's somebody under the bed! I'm sure of it."

Her husband rose nervously. "It's all right, my dear," he said. "There's been some—er—mistake. A young lady —"

"What?" screamed his wife. "A young 'lady'—a young hussy you mean. Come out of that, you shameless baggage! Come out and show your face!"

Mabel had to come whether she would or no, for the furious woman seized her by the ankles and dragged her out, calling her the



"The room below Mabel's was occupied by a sharp-tongued lady and her husband."

while a variety of names, each more uncomplimentary than the last. She kept demanding an explanation, but gave Mabel no chance to make it, and when her husband made a timid attempt to speak she turned on him in a fury and declared that he was as bad as Mabel, if not worse.

"Get out of this room, you hussy!" she cried at last.

Mabel desired nothing better, but she would have preferred to have walked out instead of being bundled out as she was by the angry woman.

Outside in the corridor was Diek, who, with an uneasy consciousness that he had been rather hasty, had returned to see if there might not after all be a reasonable explanation of circumstances which wore an undeniably suspicious look. Charles was there too, and they happened to be very close to the door of the room when the irate wife bundled out the intruder.

Diek sprang forward to defend Mabel, and thereby drew the lady's wrath upon himself. The husband, fearing the consequences to himself if he remained an impartial spectator, took his wife's part in the wordy warfare. Charles was pushed aside unceremoniously and impartially by all parties, but always returned to the fray with unabated zest. How long it might have gone on goodness only knows, but presently Mabel found her chance.



"I am glad to see you are ashamed of yourself," said Diek."

"Oh, Diek," she said, "I can't get into my room. The door is locked."

A light broke in on Diek's mind. So that was it! What a fool he had been not to have thought of that before.

"All right," he said. "I'll get the key. Go up and wait."

He was back with the key in a minute or two, and as he unlocked the door and let Mabel in she whispered:

"Wait till I've put some more clothes on, Diek, and I'll tell you all about it."

Her explanation was quite satisfactory, and after they had kissed and made friends in the corridor, which they now had to themselves, Mabel said with a laugh:

"I'm afraid I've got that poor man into trouble, Diek. Their room is just under mine, and I heard her just now going on at him like anything."

"Oh, well," said Diek, "we can't help their troubles. But I'll try and make peace in the morning."

A MOUNTAINEER paid an unconscious tribute to Miss Marin Sais' versatility, while the charming Kalem star was taking part in "The Barrier of Ignorance," a two part romance of the hills.

Miss Sais was cast for the rôle of Nancy, a mountain girl, and an ideal location for her home was found in the rude shack owned by a mountaineer.

"What for you want to use my house?"

inquired the mountaineer, when Director Melford requested permission to use it for the play.

"It is supposed to be 'Nancy's' house," responded Melford. "Nancy is that actress standing by the camera."

The mountaineer stared reflectively towards Miss Sais, who was in make-up. An incredulous look crept over his face.

"Beats all," he murmured half-aloud. "She looks just like one of we all!"

# BARRY O'MOORE.

"OCTAVIUS—AMATEUR DETECTIVE."

**B**ARRY O'MOORE, the hero of several amusing subjects, is well known by the motion picture public, his artistic interpretation of many important character parts during the last few years having won him a host of staunch friends.

With keen perception of the comic value of the character, Mr. O'Moore has made Octavius a gentle and genial idiot, whose motto is "Octavius cannot fail." This brainless young chap has sublime confidence in his own marvellous ability as a sleuth. As a matter of fact, he could not trail a limberger cheese through a bed of violets. His success is always won in spite of himself—not because of himself. Octavius is an ideal comic character, and with such a writer as Frederic Arnold Kummer to build up the situations and Barry O'Moore to impersonate him, Octavius certainly cannot fail.

Barry O'Moore came to the Edison Company after several years of stage experience. He began his professional career in a stock company and, after two years, secured a part in a big and successful New York production. Then he spent five years in stock companies in the leading cities of the States, playing well-known juvenile and character parts.

After this ideal preparation he created the part of Richard Kettle in the great American comedy success, "Over Night." After enacting this character for a season in New York, Mr. O'Moore decided not to play the same part in Chicago, but to secure an engagement in some other style of play in which he wanted to assume a rôle of an entirely different sort. But to his surprise and disgust, he found that every manager he saw wanted him to play exactly the same part in a similar production. They knew that Mr. O'Moore had made a big hit as Richard Kettle; it was a fine character—why experiment with something else?

But Mr. O'Moore had his own ideas about



playing only one type of character, and would not consider these propositions. The natural result of it all was the appearance of Mr. O'Moore in Edison films, for in the motion picture he found the ideal for which he was seeking—an opportunity to develop his ability as an artiste to its fullest extent.

It is interesting to note that, after a few years' experience as a photoplayer, Mr. O'Moore is of the opinion that every actor should play at least

twelve different parts before the camera each year. The actor, when appearing on the stage, finds that he can express so much with his voice that he unconsciously lets the body fall into disuse. In the photoplay, however, the body must tell all, and the actor must make up in physical expression that which is lost in the voice.

To realize just what Mr. O'Moore means by this statement, one need but to see him in any of the numerous parts in which he has played. Take, for instance, John Hayes in "The Actress," the Musician in "A Royal Romance," Sam Gerridge in "Caste," Francis in "The Robbers," Simon in "Dolly Varden," Osman Bey in "The Greed of Osman Bey," and young Craig in the "What Happened to Mary" series. They are all clear-cut characterizations in which we may read every thought of the actor, so perfectly does his every movement express them.

He has made a remarkable character of Octavius—one with whom and at whom we can laugh heartily. Though a conceited young fool, Octavius still has very likable qualities and holds our interest from start to finish. In the capable hands of Barry O'Moore, Octavius will become a popular character in both motion picture and literary form.

Frederic Arnold Kummer, the author of the Octavius story, is a well-known playwright, and has written stories too numerous to mention.—*Edison Kinetogram.*

# With the Players

Interesting paragraphs containing personal notes about several leading players.

**J**OHN E. BRENNAN, the famous Kalem comedian, says that dressing in the costume of the ancient Romans isn't half as enjoyable as it would seem. Especially, says he, when a man gets into a mix-up with hornets. Hornets seem to have a natural affinity for bare legs, and Brennan has his own to bear out what he states. It seems that in a recent comedy in which Marshall Neilan, who now produces all Kalem comedies, Ruth Roland, and John Brennan were working, Brennan got out into a field where some hornets were holding a convention and, well—a sob comes to the famous comedian's throat when he contemplates the ruined beauty of his lower limbs.

**B**EVERLY BAYNE, Essanay's little horseback enthusiast, started for a ride into the country with a party of friends a few days ago. They had ridden some twenty miles out when they came to a fork in the road. Beverly, thinking her companions were following, took the right road, but instead they took the left and intended overtaking her by using a cross-road. Beverly rode on never dreaming that she was alone, and passed the cross-road long before her friends calculated.

Upon reaching the main road the party, not seeing her, decided that she had turned back, so they started in pursuit. They found no trace of her, so returned to the city, expecting to find her there, but were disappointed.

In the meantime Beverly had gone ahead, and upon discovering she was alone in an unfamiliar territory, made for the nearest farm-house to get the directions back home. It was six o'clock by this time, and the occupants of the cottage, an elderly couple and a son about 21 years old, advised her not to try to make the city that night, and when she disclosed her identity they were more than anxious to have her remain over night.

Miss Bayne swears she never answered so many questions in her life as she did that evening, but was up early next morning for the long ride home. She was not alone this time; the farmer boy accompanied her, being afraid that she would get lost again—at least that's what he said. At any rate she arrived home safely

and found her parents and friends very much worried, but delighted to see her.

Every day since Beverly has received a letter. The post-mark is always the same, but she only blushes when asked whom it is from.

**G**UY COOMBS portrayed General James Wolfe in the spectacular five-part Kalem production, "Wolfe, or the Conquest of Quebec," which our readers will have an opportunity of seeing shortly. To arrive at a proper understanding of this famous hero, the Kalem star haunted the libraries until he had assimilated all information of Wolfe's character available. This production, by the way, was photographed in authentic locations in Canada, and is absolutely true to history. More than six hundred men were employed to represent the French and English armies, while an entire tribe of genuine Caughnawaga Indians were employed to enact the rôles which their ancestors filled in the famous struggle between England and France for the possession of Canada.

**T**O her numerous accomplishments, Ruth Roland, "The Kalem Girl," has added that of knowing how to pilot an aeroplane. This great motion picture comedienne recently made a flight from the Kalem studio at Hollywood to Los Angeles, and return. Miss Roland intends to apply for an air pilot's licence shortly.

**M**MARGARITA FISCHER, in "Mlle. La Mode," serves as a model which includes a display of 1914 ladies' spring wearing apparel—a veritable fashion show. The scenes for these parts were taken at a fashionable tea held on the lawn of the Potter Hotel in Chicago recently.

**I**N Hawaii there is beautiful scenery and centipedes with intense vindictiveness towards screen-players. William Clifford was the victim of an attack by one of these creatures the other day. He was playing in a Bison production on the island, when in the middle of a scene a centipede, eight inches long, affixed itself to his leg. William hung out till the scene was taken, but he had to take a rest for eight days afterwards.

**T**HE very latest "Famous Player" is Miss Gaby Deslys. That this has created a sensation goes without saying, and the comments in the London press amply endorse the fact that the Famous Players Company have achieved something out of the ordinary in persuading this charming and renowned actress to appear before the camera.



Photo by Talbot, Paris.  
Published by Rotary Photo Co.

Miss Deslys sailed for Europe on May 16th on the "Imperator," en route for Paris and the company's new studio in that city. Miss Deslys will appear in a specially written scenario, introducing her famous vampire dance.

**M**OUNT WILSON is one of the loftiest peaks in the States for motoring, and few have driven a car to the top. In fact no woman had accomplished this feat till recently, when that clever little screen actress, Miss Pauline Bush, drove a six-cylinder car to the top and back. None but a nerveless driver could have done this, for it is 18 miles of precipitous and dangerous mountain road.

**W**ILLIAM GARWOOD, of Majestic and Reliance, has transferred himself to the "Flying A" camp at Santa Barbara, where he will succeed Sydney Ayres, playing opposite Vivian Rich, the charming leading lady. Mr. Garwood will make his first appearance in "Beyond the City," which was written and will be staged by Mr. Ames. Mr. Garwood possesses a charming personality that has endeared him to the moving picture public throughout the country. His histrionic bow through the "Flying A" production is simply a new setting for a well-known star.

**A**UGUSTUS PHILLIPS, Edison's popular player, is upset—very upset. While driving his car down Fifth Avenue the other day he was signalled by a policeman to stop. Phillips jammed on his brakes but skidded past the arm of the law and was forthwith hauled off to the police-court. Despite his graphic description of the cause of his crime, Phillips was fined by the magistrate, who, in caustic tones, recommended tyre chains. Phillips says he won't buy chains now if his car does the tango all over New York.

**T**HE troubles of a photo-player are many and peculiar—but one of Marc MacDermott's, the famous Edison photo-play artiste, is even more so. People insist upon spoiling the "atmosphere."

He was comfortably seated in his dressing-room after carefully decorating his dark blue coat with powder when he walked Otto Brautigam, an Edison camera man, who promptly started to brush it off, despite Marc's roars of protest. After explaining that the powder was "atmosphere," Marc carefully re-decorated himself and started off to the stage floor.

Here he met Gertrude McCoy, who smiled sweetly, and absent-mindedly began to brush. Marc gave a snort of rage and went back to his dressing-room, and once more arranged his "atmosphere." Then he sat down and waited behind a locked door until he was called. A mad dash for the stage enabled him to reach the scene of action with "atmosphere" attached.

Now he is having a scene painter prepare a little sign for him, reading: "Atmosphere, do not touch."

**W**OULD any reader like to repeat the experiment of Mr. Jack W. Johnson, the American player, in the "Virginian?" In this play 1,500 head of cattle were engaged. The picture was taken in the mountains of Tenecula, and in one of the scenes one of the rattlesnakes used was actually shot off the leg of the Tenderfoot.

FOR the first time since he became an Edison star, Ben. Wilson took a very minor part in an important performance. It was at the little Church around the corner, and the leading rôles in this performance were played by Ben. Wilson, Jun., and the minister, for the little fellow was being christened. He simply monopolised the whole scene and showed lots of temperament.

Evidently objecting to the setting, Ben, Jun., let out a wail the moment he was carried into the church, and blushing Ben., Sen., carried him outside and attempted to reason with him, ably assisted by Jessie McAllister (Mrs. Wilson). Having restored peace they returned, but when the minister began the ceremony his "nibs" took exception to the proceedings and so very vociferously.

Poor Ben., Sen., got so rattled that he declared he was the child's mother, and that his name was Thomas A. Edison, Jun. The baby so successfully drowned the voices of all present that Ben. says he isn't sure whether the child is christened or not. When he arrived home the proud father offered up a prayer of thanksgiving that Ben., Jun., had not been twins!

THERE has been a spate of minor, but unpleasant, accidents in the film world during the past few weeks, and one which all will regret was that which happened to pretty Cleo Madison, Rex Company, who was burned while playing in a fire. Every precaution is taken in fire scenes, but sometimes they are painfully realistic for the players. In this scene Cleo was well wrapped in asbestos, but the effects of the scorching laid her up for a week.

Joe Singleton, another Pacific coast player, has had his face severely scorched by the premature explosion of a gun.

TWENTY-FIVE years' experience as an animal trainer has knocked all the fear out of Jerry M. Barnes, and he has now taken up the post in the Universal City Menagerie, rendered vacant by the unfortunate death of Dr. W. W. Kirby. The latter died from injuries inflicted by an infuriated lioness. His successor is well-known throughout America, and many stories are told of his daring. No animal known to man, it is commonly said, can shake the nerve of Jerry Barnes, and it is to the advantage of animal pictures at Los Angeles that he has taken up this new position.

NICK COGLEY, who had an accident in which he suffered a double compound fracture of the left foot, is on the way to recovery and will soon be playing again for Keystone.

KING BAGGOTT has a way with him—we all realise that. He also has a very fine way with the "free-advice" pest, as the following little anecdote will show. King had become tired of the pest, who button-holed him at every opportunity, but he was very patient with him, knowing the day would come with a chance to "get back" on the fellow. The day did come.

With a jaunty smile the pest came along with a "Good morning, Mr. Baggott. I wonder if you would give me your opinion on the censorship? Do you think it too strict, or otherwise? For instance, supposing, do you think objection would be raised to my committing suicide in my next picture?"

"Oh," responded King, with a wise smile, "on the contrary, I should imagine everyone would be delighted."

A UNIQUE honour has fallen in the way of King Baggott, and no one was more surprised than he when he received a Plenary Indulgence from Rome with a signed photograph of Pope Pius. The Plenary Indulgence is rarely given, and takes the place of the final rites of the Church when a good Catholic dies. King receives the singular honour through the agency of an old friend, James Slevin, who some time back had special permission to photograph the Vatican.

IN Vienna there is a big wheel, and on one of the cars of this wheel a daring French actress rode a horse during the revolution for the pictures. Madame Solanged'Atalide, a circus rider, is the lady who accomplished this madcap feat, which was watched by a crowd of many thousands. The exploit was performed without mishap, but the spectators felt relief when the lady and her mount were down on solid earth again. Madame d'Atalide trained her clever horse, "Dreadnought," for this performance by riding first on the top of a moving van. During the actual performance horse and rider mounted on the roof of one of the cars of the big wheel and remained there while the machinery took the swaying car up to the skies and down again.

PHILLIPS SMALLEY, the well-known actor and director, does not produced plays in which great risks are run, and the fact that he has had an accident makes it clear that the motion picture players' work, even in the best circumstances, is not a bed roses. While at Laguna Beach, California, Smalley was inspecting a pistol of the "absolutely safe" variety, when it went off, the bullet going through his right hand. Fortunately no bones were broken, and the victim was not incapacitated from work.

**A** PLUCKY little leopard caused some trouble at Universal City (California) a while back. "Spotty" only weighs 50 pounds, but it is 50 pounds of muscle, teeth, claws and fight! By unwittingly opening a slide in a "run-away" connecting two cages, in one of which was the leopard and in the other two lionesses, used in pictures, the assistants precipitated a fight which lasted half-an-hour and resulted in a victory for the leopard. Both lionesses were terribly clawed and bitten, while the leopard suffered a broken leg and the loss of many spots. "Spots" started the "dust-up," and the lionesses, unable to move too quickly, found him a snapping, clawing streak of lightning. Fighting with frenzy, "Spots" had the advantage all along, and would have killed one if not both of his adversaries had not the keepers rushed up and driven him off with red-hot irons.

**J.** WARREN P. KERRIGAN, the Victor star, is having all the luck. How many victories in motion picture players' popularity competitions has he not won? In all parts of the States they award him the palm. In a competition conducted by the "St. Louis Times," he is pulling right away from competitors, and in another contest which the "Dallas (Texas) Times" runs he has nearly double the votes of the next man. He would be well in the running on this side also, but it is quite possible he would find dangerous rivals in King Baggott and Maurice Costello.

**T**HE famous actor, Cyril Scott, whose portrait appears on page 295, and who played the leading part as Percival Sybarite in the extravaganza drama of adventure "The Day of Days," was born at Banbridge, co. Down, Ireland, on the 9th February, 1866, and emigrating as a boy to America, he made his first appearance on the stage in "The Girl I Love," at Paterson, New Jersey, in 1883. From this onward, Cyril Scott played the leading parts in many of the greatest successes of the American stage, and for some time was connected with a play produced by Mrs. Fiske, who took the part of "Tess," in the Famous Players film "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Mr. Scott is not unknown on this side of the Atlantic, for he appeared at the Shaftesbury Theatre in "The Casino Girl," and scored a distinct success.

As the hero of "The Day of Days," Cyril Scott experiences the most amazing adventure. Beginning as a poorly paid bookkeeper and ending with his marriage to the daughter of a millionaire, he encounters in 24 hours more adventures than occur to the average man in a lifetime.

**A**FTER having swindled a number of persons in Albany, N. Y., a man who passed himself off as J. Warren Kerrigan, the famous "Victor" actor, was captured in Binghamton, N. Y., when attempting his tricks there. However, he had obtained 50 dollars for a forged cheque when he was arrested. He turned out to be a William McKean, from San Francisco, and resembling the well-known actor, sought to use the fact to his advantage. He was sent to the Elmira Reformatory for a period of not less than thirteen months and not more than five years.

**F**RANCIS XAVIER BUSHMAN, leading man of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Co., is now wearing a beautiful medal which announces to the world that he has won "The Ladies' World" hero contest. There were seven contestants, and the winner of the prize is to portray John Delaney Curtis in Louis Tracy's novel, "One Wonderful Night," which will be filmed by the Essanay Company.

**"A** POLLO FRED," or Fred Mace, has come to Europe with Evelyn Thaw to play in "The Gods of Equity," half of which will be produced in Moscow and St. Petersburg. This picture will be completed in California.

**I**T will give some idea of the risks which are being taken for "Lucille Love," in order to put what the Americans call "punch" into the picture, to relate the following incident: At San Pedro, California, a big ship had been chartered for a scene in which a sailor was to be thrown from the crows' nest. Francis Ford, the director, could not be satisfied, and he had the scene re-taken five times. The fight was not convincing enough. Five times in succession a sailor was thrown down sixty feet into the water, and a splendid cold he caught, for the water was icy. Oh, to be a sailor-actor for Francis Ford!

**P**HILLIPS SMALLEY is suffering from periodical spinal shivers. While at Laguna Beach, California, a short while ago, he was attacked by an octopus. The tentacles of the creature wrapped themselves round Smalley and he was dragged down into the water. His yells brought assistance, several of his company rushing up and attacking the octopus with pocket knives. Eventually the sea monster released its grip and slid away, but it was captured by some fishermen later, and measured, was found to be six-and-a-half feet across—the biggest ever caught in the vicinity. Phillips Smalley cannot get over the queer sensation of the tentacles winding round him.

# The Unopened Letter

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From the Edison Film

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PAUL KING was a law student at college, studying hard to fit himself for the position awaiting him in his father's office, when he met Kate Dwyer. Up to that time he had never seriously thought about women, but Kate's tender sweetness and pathetic beauty made such a great and lasting impression upon him that after their first meeting his thoughts more often dwelt with her than with his studies. She was a dainty little slip of a thing, with a clinging charm about her that appealed strongly to Paul's more robust nature.

Kate was employed in the shop from which Paul purchased his study books, and lived with her elder sister, Jane, who was one of the "unco guid"—a prim, severe woman, with rigid ideas on all subjects of propriety.

Kate was not insensible to Paul's adoration, and with their acquaintanceship rapidly ripening into something stronger, it was not surprising to find them exchanging confidences. Kate told Paul of the strict manner in which she was forced to behave by her austere sister, and he would reciprocate by telling of his stern, irascible father who would brook no opposition to his will and whose word was law, even to a young man of Paul's age.

As time went on Paul became more and more deeply in love, until one day when the bookshop was empty he commenced to tell Kate of his feelings. Kate instinctively guessed what was coming, and with poorly concealed agitation, forbade him to proceed.

"Indeed, Paul," she faltered, with a pitiful little break in her voice: "you should not speak to me in this way. You know your father would never consent to our engagement, and I should only bring trouble and misfortune upon you."

"But," urged Paul, "directly my father sees you he will not be able to withhold his sanction, even if he wanted to. Your daintiness and love will make him realise what a treasure his new daughter is—and, besides, if——."

Paul discovered he was talking to the empty air, for Kate, finding her fortitude fast giving way beneath this storm of entreaty, had put an end to the conversation by fleeing into an inner room and locking the door, behind the shelter of which she sobbed as if her heart would break. Her sacrifice had proved harder than she expected: for now the struggle was over, she knew that Paul was the only man she could ever truly love.

If the cost of her refusal seemed heavy to Kate, it had been an even greater blow to Paul. He grew moody and irritable, and whenever he attempted to settle down to work a certain face would come between his eyes and the papers, and he would fall into a deep reminiscence which lasted until he'd angrily fling down his pen and set off for a long walk by himself. Poor Paul! In his ignorance of the ways of the world, little did he think that a woman's "No" invariably precedes her "Yes."

Paul had not been near the shop for over a week, and Kate was sadly wondering if she would ever see him again. Leaving the shop one evening after closing time, she beheld him, with a little thrill of pleasure, waiting on the pavement with his cap in his hand.

"May I walk home with you, Kate?" he quietly asked, and receiving her shy consent took possession of her arm and strode off in the direction of her home.

Little was said by either as they walked along. Kate experienced a curious feeling of comfort in Paul's presence, while Paul had sufficient tact not to mention the subject that lay nearest his heart.



Jane Dwyer was sweeping down the steps when the couple arrived, and she eyed them with stern disapproval as they stood outside the gate saying good-bye.

"Parsons tells me the ice will be firm enough to skate upon to-morrow," said Paul. "Will you let me take you, Kate?" And then seeing her hesitate, he impulsively seized her hands and continued, "only just to show you've quite forgiven my presumptuousness of last week."

Against such an appeal Kate was powerless to refuse. "Very well, Paul," she answered, against her better judgment. "I shall be very pleased indeed to come, only I haven't skated very much lately, and am afraid I shall rather spoil your pleasure."

"Oh no, you won't," elatedly replied Paul. "I will call for you at three o'clock to-morrow afternoon. Good-bye until then!" And raising his cap in a salute that included both the sisters, he walked quickly away.

Kate stood looking after him so long that her sister impatiently called from the doorway, "Aren't you coming in to-night, child?"

Supper is waiting, and you'll catch your death of cold standing there."

After their meal Kate told Jane of her appointment.

"I think you are very silly to encourage Paul King," remonstrated the latter. "Your dear mother would never have allowed you to go about unchaperoned with young students; but I suppose it's useless for me to talk."

Kate got up impatiently from the table, for this remark coincided with her own after thoughts.

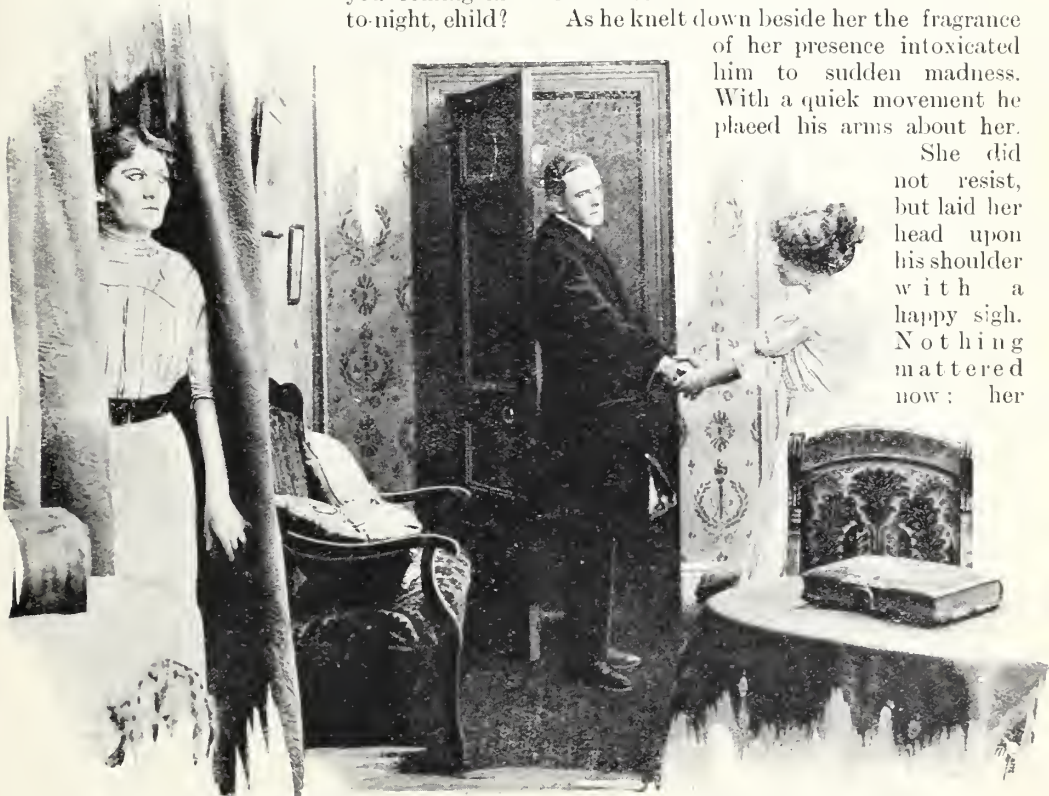
"I am not encouraging Mr. King just because I have accepted his invitation to go skating," she flashed; and without waiting to exchange her customary good-night kiss, ran upstairs to bed.

The next day came: bright, cold and crispy. Ideal weather for skating, and both Kate and Paul were in high spirits as they set off.

The riverside was practically deserted when they arrived, and Kate sat down on the trunk of a tree to allow Paul to fix on her skates.

As he knelt down beside her the fragrance of her presence intoxicated him to sudden madness. With a quick movement he placed his arms about her.

She did not resist, but laid her head upon his shoulder with a happy sigh. Nothing mattered now: her



"She sent him away with words of hope and comfort trembling upon her lips."

former resolutions, her fears for his future and of his father's anger all passed away in that strong embrace. Paul's lips were pressed to hers, and he was passionately calling her his little sweetheart . . .

They were secretly married a week later, and in accordance with a pre-arranged plan, Kate wrote a letter to her sister explaining her absence, before starting away on a short honeymoon.

"Dear Jane," it read,

"The manager of the shop has sent me down to the city to inspect a shipment of books. Am sorry I have to rush off at such short notice. Shall not be away for more than a week.

"Your affectionate sister,  
"Kate."

Jane was not seriously perturbed when she received this note, for Kate had several times before been sent away at a minute's notice upon similar errands, and she knew that the manager would take every care that her journey was attended by no danger.

For a short week the happy couple lived in a paradise of their own—a land of sunshine and roses, through which they wandered together hand-in-hand. But like all pleasant things, it had to end sooner or later, and they returned—Paul to his neglected studies at the college and Kate to her sister and her duties at the bookshop.

Deceit did not come easily to Kate. She had the greatest difficulty in keeping the true reason of her absence from her sister; and the fact that she had to wear her wedding ring about her neck upon a chain instead of on the third finger of the left hand, like other matrons she knew, did not tend to lighten her mind.

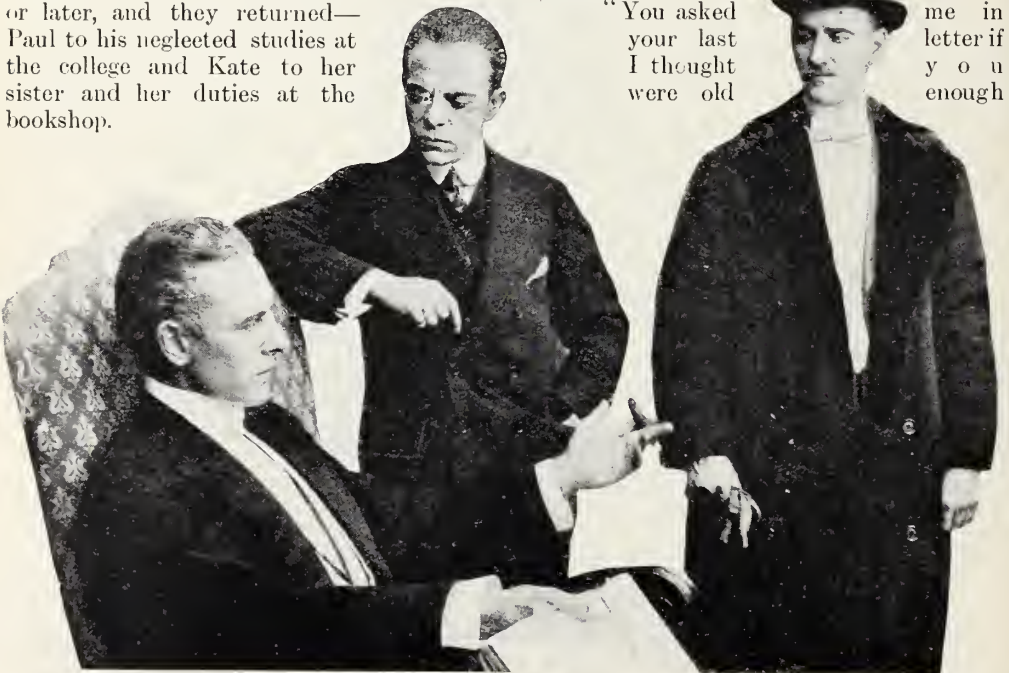
Paul had had great hopes of bringing his father round so that he could tell him of his secret marriage, but all his efforts had proved vainless, and Kate had no idea of the bombshell to be exploded when he called upon her one evening, looking very pale and troubled.

"What is the matter, Paul dear?" she anxiously asked.

"Everything, Kate," was the low reply. "You know I have finished all my exams. and am only awaiting for the results to be issued. Well, my father wishes me to spend this time in his office gaining experience. He also—but you had better read for yourself what he says."

Kate slowly opened the proffered letter, with a feeling of presentiment, and her eyes filled with unshed tears as she read:

"You asked me in your last letter if I thought you were old enough



"He had carefully collected and arranged the details of his defence."



"Paul regarded Jane with a puzzled look and with a sad face."

to marry. I positively forbid you even to consider matrimony until you have won your place in the world.

"Your affectionate father."

"Don't cry, darling," begged Paul, as he clasped her to his breast. "It will only be a short time now before we shall be able to announce our marriage—just till I've won a home for you."

For a short while Kate clung to him as though she would never let him go, but strong in that sense of self-denial which is so characteristic of a woman's nature, she sent him away with words of hope and comfort trembling upon her lips, and with happy smiles disguising the aching of her heart.

Paul frequently wrote Kate long letters of love and courage, describing the warm welcome he received from his father; his success in all his examinations; his great friendship with Jack Osborne, his father's chief clerk; but of the time to publicly announce his wife he could promise but little, and Kate would cry softly to herself

as each letter came and held out no hope of an immediate re-union with her husband.

"\* \* \* \* and so you see I cannot acknowledge you yet," Paul wrote. "Don't get discouraged, sweetheart, I shall certainly be taken into the firm in a month or so, and then we shall be absolutely happy. With all my heart."

But the months went by, and it was nearly a year before Paul was able to write to his wife the joyous news that the long-desired success had arrived at last—but, then it came too late. Bowed down beneath the conviction that Paul would never be able to acknowledge her, and weary of her sister's scoldings and half-veiled insinuations, Kate died in bringing into the world a little daughter.

Paul's letter of triumph was delivered just after the funeral, and Jane, holding the motherless baby in her arms, in the bitterness of her anger, directed that it should be returned unopened, little dreaming how much the contents meant to the child's future.



" Paul told her what the unopened letter had contained."

The effect of the returned letter upon Paul can be better imagined than described. It changed all his dreamings of the happy future into the wildest apprehensions, and he immediately rushed away as fast as the railway could take him to the Dwyer's home.

Jane was nursing the baby when he knocked, and seeing through the window who it was, quickly hid the child before opening the door, for she was determined that nothing should part them. Awed in spite of herself by the wild expression upon his face, she followed him in silence to the room wherein he had so hopefully bid farewell to Kate such a short time ago.

"My wife! My wife!" he gasped, clasping Jane by the wrist in a strong grip. "Quick, tell me what has happened, and why my letter was returned unopened?"

"My sister is dead," responded Jane, in cold, even tones. "Killed by your neglect—"

"Dead, Kate dead," Paul moaned in anguish, staggering back and clutching at the table for support. "My God! And she died believing me to be faithless."

Without waiting to question Jane further, Paul felt rather than saw his way out of the

house, and reeled up the street like a drunken man; whilst his daughter, held in the arms of the woman whose harsh words had blasted his whole future, watched him disappear from sight, crowing with delight in baby language at the beams of sunshine filling the room.

\* \* \*

The motherless child had grown into a beautiful woman. She had been christened Louise, and at the age of twenty was securely lodged in the city, where her aunt Jane had opened a boarding house. Jane found things more difficult than she had anticipated, and the struggle to live comfortable was very hard. After many lengthy discussions it was decided that Louise should seek occupation of a light nature and so help pay the expenses.

Wearry journeys in search of employment eventually resulted in her securing a situation as stenographer in the office of a local factory.

One morning, whilst engaged at the office, Louise was interrupted in her duties by the entrance of a gentleman. His age was probably twenty-five or thereabouts. Of

medium height, with pleasant, though not handsome features, Jack Osborne appeared very strongly to Louise.

After the morning of their first meeting, his calls became more frequent, until eventually he made the anticipated advances and was joyously accepted by Louise.

The young couple were very happy in each other's company, and one was seldom seen out walking without the other.

One day, passing through the factory with a message, Louise received a sudden push from behind—the work of a clumsy employe not looking what he was about—and in a twinkling she was whisked into the machinery. The men gaped and stared foolishly, too afraid to investigate the extent of the injuries to poor Louise.

Fortunately, the machinery was stopped at once, and Louise, cut and bruised, was carefully extricated from the wheels.

The doctor arrived, and after a careful examination reported that no serious injury had been done, and with the exception of a broken left arm Louise would be quite well in a week or two.

Hearing of the accident, Jack was furious.

He immediately commenced proceedings against the management.

\* \* \*

Paul King had aged terribly. Still tall and upright as in the old days, but years of worry had left their mark in wrinkles and creases on that once handsome face. His hair was now white. Work was now his only attraction, and he devoted his whole time to improving the business of King and Osborne, of which he was the senior and Jack Osborne's father the junior partner.

They had been approached by the proprietor of the factory to defend his case, and Paul had consented. He had carefully collected and arranged the details of his defence, and the case was quite ready for the Court on the morrow.

In those days of hard work he often thought of his wife, the dear little girl whom he had married and left. At such times his heart ached. Jane had never communicated with him since, and a certain feeling of resentment towards her arose in him which proved beyond his power to resist.

That night, the night before the case, he felt very despondent, and a vague instinct seemed to tell him that he would shortly be brought into touch with some associate of those bygone days.

At length he retired to bed, but not to sleep. His heart was too heavy and his misery too profound.

\* \* \*

The case was called the next morning and Jack Osborne, acting for the plaintiffs, described the accident in detail, calling attention to the carelessness of the defendant's employe and to the insufficient protection placed around the machinery. He made the remarks in a clear voice, dealing only with the facts. It was obvious to the Court that he had created a good impression, and that the defence would have to be very strong in order not to lose the day.

He had no sooner finished his speech and re-seated himself than he was up again, this time to call Jane.

Paul turned white when his sister-in-law entered the witness box—he had been unaware of her connection with the case.

Jane Dwyer arose to testify. She gave her name and explained that she was the aunt of the plaintiff.

Paul rose to open the defence, but the sight of Jane's face had unnerved him, and he failed utterly. At last he broke down completely.

A satisfactory verdict was awarded Louise, and congratulations were showered upon Jack Osborne. He bore them modestly, and his eyes, brimming over with joy and affection, constantly wandered in the direction of his fiancée.

After the case Paul regarded Jane with a puzzled and sad look on his face, but Jane felt no pity for the man who had secretly married her sister and left her.

\* \* \*

A meeting between Paul and his sister-in-law took place shortly afterwards. Jane was most bitter towards him, reproaching him for his past cruelty and his shamefulness in leaving her poor sister.

The bitterness of her reproaches was softened when Paul told her what the unopened letter had contained, and all Paul's anger towards Jane was dissipated by his joy at the discovery of his daughter.

\* \* \*

A short time afterwards Louise was quietly married to Jack, and the young couple did their best to bring a few hours sunshine into the life of the unfortunate and unhappy Paul King.

# DANGEROUS PERFORMANCES.

The article reproduced below appeared in "The Cinema" of June 24th. We feel confident that the majority of our readers will agree with the sentiments expressed therein, and we owe thanks to "The Cinema" for being the first trade organ to broach the subject.—*Ed.*



IT is not a frequent occurrence to find in the cinema columns of the lay Press food for thought. Indeed, they generally contain nothing more than a series of glaring inaccuracies and foolish statements which merely tend to annoy. It was, therefore, with surprise that we happened upon a sentence in one of the evening papers a few days ago which voiced a sentiment with which we are, to a great extent, in agreement. In considering the merits of a certain film, we find the following expression: "Sensation is certainly abundant and thrilling, but the story would have stood alone without so much daring of death."

It seems to us that there is a great deal to be said for the criticism which the quoted words intend to convey. How frequently have we seen films into which have been introduced sensational episodes of the most dangerous character which were quite unnecessary, having regard to the fact that the stories themselves, stripped of these excrescences, were quite strong enough to hold the public. Would "Trilby" have been a stronger play if a scene had been introduced showing Sir Herbert Tree descending from the summit of the Eiffel Tower in a parachute, or "Kismet" a finer production if Mr. Oscar Ashe were dragged about the stage at the heels of a lion? Certainly not. Why, therefore, is it so often thought

necessary in the case of films to introduce sensational episodes which sometimes tend to spoil otherwise fine plays?

We quite agree that there is a certain class of film which depends entirely, or nearly so, on sensation. With these we do not quarrel, but we think producers of high-class stuff would do well to consider whether infinitely more startling and artistic effects might not be obtained by introducing what Mr. Plimpton, the chief Edison producer, calls "the psychological atmosphere."

The matter can also be viewed from another point of view, viz., the artists'. It does not appear fair to us that they should be called upon to take the grave risks they frequently do. It is all very well to answer that they know what they are doing, and that it is work undertaken voluntarily. That is, of course, the case; but realising that fifty people are waiting, under existing social conditions, to step into their shoes, it would perhaps not be unfair to term it "voluntary necessity."

We have noticed with pleasure that our home producers have studiously avoided sensationalism involving unnecessary risks, and we hope the day is long distant before they will depart from a rule which, in our opinion, not only tends to dignify the trade as a whole, but which also appears to carry out the wishes of the vast majority of cinema theatre-goers.

*Reprinted from* "THE CINEMA."

# On the Screen

by

EVAN STRONG

**B**ECAUSE I wish, if possible, to warn my readers, and to arouse in them a touch of antagonistic enthusiasm, which may be usefully employed in days to come, I am taking up again the subject of taxation and obstruction in regard to the cinema. Since the cinema, or rather should one say cinematography, became a "great power," various attempts have been made in different countries to exploit it for the purpose of revenue, and the exploiters have, apparently, two ideas in mind. The first is that cinematography and the cinema are business "gold mines"—that they are ducks laying golden eggs from dawn till night, feeding on wind and costing practically nothing to keep. The second is that as an amusement which the people can enjoy for a minimum price, it has not the right to easy unchecked existence in competition with high-priced theatres.

\* \* \*

**T**HE advantages of cinematography are constantly overlooked, in fact ignored, by the hard-necked revenue-hunting Bumbles. Were it in the power of certain personages, such persons who look upon innovation as a violation of the best traditions of the past, cinematography would be crushed and trampled on. There are, however, among the men who guide the destinies of nations, individuals of wider outlook, broader views, and far seeing, and they, realising the good and the benefit of cinematography, fight to preserve and foster it.

\* \* \*

**B**UT the great voice in the matter of upholding and advancing this extraordinary industry is the voice of the people. Are they going to remain quiet while those who do not appreciate the workers' entertainment plunder and obstruct it? The people hailed cinematography with delight, and since they have enjoyed its blessings they demand for it a fair run and an unobstructed field. An unobstructed field it has not, and more obstacles yet are

to be put in its way; but it is for the people, the general public, who want the cinemas, to see that at least the obstacles authorities are laying in the way are not insurmountable.

\* \* \*

**G**ERMANY already has an amusement tax on cinemas, but this has not restricted their development. Berlin, for instance, is a city which gives proof that nothing can restrain the triumphal march of cinematography. New theatres are springing up in this capital continually, veritable palaces, and excellent business seems to be the rule.

France premeditates a raid into the preserves of the cinema, but the voice of the people in the Republic is loud and very lusty. It is possible it will warn off the poachers.

\* \* \*

**O**NE hears threats from other lands also; and in Russia, the tremendous empire where cinematography is somewhat backward, there is promise of a tax on cinemas next year. Well, next year is some distance off yet, and it will be time in some months to talk of this. The difficulties in Russia at present appear to hit the manufacturer, the agent and buyer more than anyone else, for the authorities have great fear of the inflammable film and the risks storage of celluloid incurs. This fear possibly has been heightened by a fire which occurred at one of the big renting houses, in which two men lost their lives. This was some time ago. The fire, however, was not attributed in the first place to film, but to a short circuit, I believe, and this, of course, may start a conflagration in any place. At any rate, the authorities now are taking strong precautions, and raise serious objections to any storage of film, and even to projection at offices for demonstration to buyers. Established houses do not feel these restrictions so severely, but new businesses find them a great hindrance to rapid advancement. The authorities at the same time

pursue no blind course, and are ready to investigate any petition made to them in this respect. Courtesy to the foreigner is one of the virtues of the Tsar's authorities, and, as most of the cinematograph interests in Russia are foreign, this is something to be thankful for.

\* \* \*

**S**UMMER and the dreamy days are here, and while lazying out in the meadows and on the rivers scenario writers may get inspiration and good plots. Now then, ye writers, get to work: scenarios for winter are wanted at once, if not sooner! But remember, if you writing, that the standard of plays required is now higher than it ever was. Only real good, workable stories are acceptable; sound, clever comedies particularly are in demand by the American companies. By the way, if you have scenarios do not waste time by sending them to the agents in London; post them direct to the headquarters in America. You will stand less chance of delay.

\* \* \*

**T**HE Edison Company is endeavouring to foster scenario writing at the American universities, and have opened a contest with valuable money prizes for students. All graduates or undergraduates of the leading American universities are eligible, and a prize of a hundred dollars is offered in each university for the best scenario; and above this, all scenarios accepted will be paid at a special rate of 35 dollars for single act plays, and 75 dollars for double-act subjects. The hundred dollars will be awarded in addition to the prices paid for accepted scenarios. Couldn't the British manufacturing houses open a competition on similar lines? It would stir up interest in scenario writing in this country, and perhaps bring us some particularly British plays.

\* \* \*

**H**OW are we progressing on the education side of cinematography? Because I believe that the continued power of this great art lies in the realisation of its educational value, I am compelled time and again to return to this subject. Before me I have evidence of further advance and interest on these lines, both in Great Britain and in America. Particularly interesting and inspiring is the report that the Rochdale Education Committee has empowered the managers of the Milnrow Council School

to close these schools at times somewhat earlier, so that the pupils may attend special performances at the local cinema. There was opposition to this innovation at first, but the dissentients were brought to realise the value of the move, and eventually the resolution was carried, with a rider that the managers should attend the performances also. Perhaps it was thought the managers would learn something to their benefit at the cinema. The Chairman—a reverend gentleman—of the Education Committee, praised the cinema, and spoke in glowing terms of its educational possibilities.

\* \* \*

**A**MERICA believes in installing projectors in the schools, and recently the teachers and students at East High School, Minneapolis, raised a fund for the purchase of a motion picture machine; while at Tuttle School, in the same city, a machine is to be laid down. The Buckingham School, Spring, Mass., is to have a complete motion picture house equipment, and a special fire-proof hall is being added. Other schools all over the States are following the example.

\* \* \*

**W**HILE Dr. William Corte, New York, was advocating the teaching of Sunday school lessons, at a conference of Sunday school teachers, by motion pictures, a parish priest at Minneapolis, Minn., was making arrangements to use the parochial hall as a cinema. The city alderman granted the theatre licence to the Rev. A. Kryjewski, and performances are now being given. The theatre, which has seating accommodation for 3,000 and includes a large pipe organ, is already immensely popular.

At Providence, another large city, a movement with a similar object is being set in motion by the leading clerics and citizens. No worn-out traditions hold these Western people back. They see and realise the powerful appeal of cinematography, and instead of abusing its weaknesses, are trying—and succeeding—in turning it into the right and proper channels. In this direction the American may well say he has "got us beat."

\* \* \*

**W**HAT is all this trouble about censorship in Great Britain? Haven't we had enough of it, or are we to be badgered out of existence by a set of



worrying busybodies who never set foot in a cinema for fear of losing dignity? From Durham City Council comes the latest rumble: it demands a Government Censorship! Why will these people jabber about what they know little? But I will take up this subject next month, and point out that we are all right.

\* \* \*

**R**EADERS will probably be interested in the following article, on the Film Storage question, which appeared in "The Cinema," of June 4th:

#### "A SERIOUS PROBLEM.

"We confess that we do not quite understand the proceedings before the Select Committee of the House of Commons now sitting to consider the question of the storage and manufacture of celluloid. An air of mystery apparently prevails, which is probably a creation of our own; but there it is. Let us look at the matter a little critically for a moment, and by making public a few of our admitted difficulties in comprehending the matter, we may find friends who will help us. And we do this because if *we* are in a slight haze it is not entirely unreasonable to suppose that there may be others connected with and in the trade who share our position, and who have also in their own minds created that non-existent air of mystery.

"The first thing we fail to entirely grasp is the reason for the chairman putting to Mr. Balfour Browne, K.C., who represents the renters and manufacturers, the question whether he represented the *whole* of the renters and manufacturers. There must be some reason for it, but at the moment we are, for the life of us, at a loss to comprehend what it is.

"Our next difficulty is this:—The London County Council, through their learned counsel, Mr. Fitzgerald, K.C., pointed out that they thought an Act of Parliament whereby only 'non-flam' films could be used would give rise to such difficulties as to render a solution impracticable. Mr. Vesey Knox, K.C., and Mr. Charteris, on behalf of the City of London Corporation and the Glasgow Corporation respectively, said that their clients had come to the same conclusion. Having regard to the fact that these three bodies are the promoters of the Bill, one is

bound to confess that it would have been expected that the Committee would accept their views without the slightest demur.

"But does the Committee adopt this position? Certainly not. They, in fact, decide to adjourn till after Whitsuntide, after requesting Mr. Balfour Browne to ascertain before the next meeting of the Committee whether his clients (presumably meaning thereby *the whole* of the renters and manufacturers) would accept the principle that 'non-flam' films should be used exclusively after a definite period, and what, in their opinion, would be a reasonable time to be allowed to elapse before the rule became finally operative. Now what does this mean? Here we have three important bodies who take sufficient interest in the storage and manufacture of celluloid to go to the extreme lengths of promoting a Bill in Parliament on the subject. We find these three bodies unanimous in their opinion that a rule whereby the use of 'non-flam' films is insisted on would be impracticable, and yet we find the Committee of the House of Commons 'sitting upstairs' asking counsel to ascertain the views of the trade. We are bound to say that to us it is a matter of supreme congratulation that the views of the trade are to be fully considered. Further than that, we think it *only right and fair* that such should be the case, and we wish that in all matters the authorities that be would follow the excellent example set them by the Select Committee.

"But—WHAT DOES IT MEAN?"

\* \* \*

**I** was greatly surprised last year to see so many thousands of people visit the Cinematograph Exhibition at Olympia.

The attractions were certainly good, and everything possible was done to ensure an interesting and comfortable show for the visitors. The success of last year greatly encouraged the organizers, and this year's Exhibition will be a great improvement on all previous attempts.

An opportunity presents itself for readers to see several of their favourites in the flesh, as quite a number of well-known artistes will visit the Exhibition between August 29th and September 10th. I will endeavour to give a complete list of attractions and full particulars in next month's issue.

# Pictures of the Month.

In addition to the films of which we publish the stories in this issue, our readers should endeavour to view the following subjects due to be shown at the principal theatres during the month of July :

**A PAIR OF FRAUDS.**—Young and pretty, Margory Dean, companion to Mrs. Sawyer, a wealthy lady, chances to meet Jack Drislane, a young clerk. It is raining hard: she has no umbrella; he secures one and escorts her home. He is duly impressed when she enters a large brownstone mansion, particularly as the girl does not enlighten him as to her real social position. Later, they see each other again in passing autos, and then Jack, who has been unable to forget Margory, asks permission to call, neglecting to mention, however, that he is a working man, and not a wealthy idler. Margory is interested in Jack and does not wish to confess her fraud. They arrange to meet at a fashionable tea room, she pleading as an excuse for not permitting him to call, a very strict mother. Jack has to pretend he has a bad toothache to get away from work. They meet as arranged and spend a delightful time in each other's company. She pretends to Jack that her mother wants her to marry a titled foreigner and must say farewell to him. He is heart-broken, but makes a brave pretence to her that he is sailing on the morrow aboard the "Thuric" for Paris.

On the following day she goes to see him off. She bids him good-bye and the two are so absorbed in each other, that they fail to heed the warning bells and cry, "All ashore." Margory barely has time to get off the boat. Poor Jack, however, not wishing Margory to see him leave the boat, is left on the steamer, without money or ticket. Fortunately, by chance, he is offered a position as valet, which he accepts.

Two weeks later Mrs. Sawyer sails for Paris, with Margory. While in Paris, Margory chances to meet Jack. They accidentally discover each other's deceptions, confess and forgive. Jack asks her to marry him and they spend their honeymoon on a steamer bound for America. It is plain to see that there is no deception in their happiness.—*Vitagraph Comedy. Released June 25th.*

## **A ROMANCE OF THE EVERGLADES.**—

Wayne Barrow met Norah Everett in the swimming baths of a large Florida hotel. Their meeting was entirely unconventional. Wayne, peacefully paddling about, was suddenly roused by a terrified shriek, and the spectacle of a young lady, fully dressed, floundering in the water. Norah had fallen overboard while watching the bathers.

Wayne saved the young lady from her embarrassing position, and laughingly deprecated her exaggerated thanks. The unusual meeting led to a closer intimacy between the two. Wayne and Norah strolled about under the wonderful southern moon, and grew very fond of each other. Then, suddenly Wayne discovered that she was engaged to Philip Carew. Feeling that life held no more for him, Wayne immediately set off on a surveying trip in the Florida everglades.

A short time after he left, Norah and her party went to Palm Beech. Near the famous winter resort Carew met May Lou, the daughter of a typical Florida "Cracker." The girl's fresh, uncultivated beauty made a deep impression on the young man. He was very attentive to her, greatly to the displeasure of her father and her sweetheart, Bat Peterson.

One day Carew took May Lou out rowing. An attempt to change places resulted in the capsizing of the boat. Carew was rescued by May Lou's father; May Lou disappeared completely. Carew, handed over to the Sheriff, speedily found himself in grave danger from the infuriated country folk, who held him responsible for the girl's death. With the Sheriff's aid, he took refuge in a shack, while the Sheriff held off the enraged people from the door. Norah and her chaperone, learning of Carew's danger, came to his assistance and managed to enter the shack. A moment later, the flimsy building was in flames.

May Lou had not been drowned. Washed ashore by the strong current, she had been found by Wayne Barrow returning from his surveying trip. Wayne and the girl arrived just in time to save Carew from an awkward position, and then Wayne learned to his delight that he had no rival in Norah's affections.

Carew, tiring of the artificial gaiety of his set, had found his ideal in May Lou and was glad to release Norah from her engagement.—*Edison Drama. Released June 29th.*

**A ROBUST ROMEO.**—Fatty Arbuckle as a Robust Romeo secretly loves his neighbour's wife, but unfortunately for both are discovered by the enraged husband. Fatty, to get over the shock, retires to the mountains, and also the husband and wife, so as to avoid the gossip of the inhabitants. Unknown to each other, they have secured apart-

ments in the same hotel, and the greatest surprise of all is when they meet. The husband believes that it is a plot on the part of the wife, and vows vengeance. Fatty comes in for a rather warm time, and wishes that he had not been so ardent in his love making.—*Keystone Comedy. Released July 2nd.*

**THE DEATH WARRANT.**—For many years Joseph Baxtor and Franklin Cross. had been in partnership and the best of friends, but a difference of opinion arose, and the rift became greater and greater, till finally they separated as bitter enemies. Baxtor had a son, George, who had grown up side by side with Helen, Cross's only daughter, and their childish friendship developed as they grew up into a deep and lasting love. One day George is discovered on Cross's premises making love to Helen, and driven off with ignominy. Bitterly humiliated, George returns home and informs his father of the occurrence. Baxter is infuriated, and not only reproaches his son, but pours forth insults on the daughter of his enemy. Father and son quarrel violently. Presently, Baxtor seizes a weapon to strike his son with, who, in defence, takes up a club to defend himself. Just as the father is about to strike down his son he is attacked with heart failure, and falls to the ground dead, striking his head against the table as he falls. By chance, Cross is passing as this all happens. He looks in at an open window and realises that Baxtor has been struck down by the hand of God, and that George is innocent of his father's death. Nevertheless, when George is tried for paricide and Cross gives evidence, he simply contents himself with saying that he merely heard the two men quarrelling, and knows no more. This results in George being found guilty and sentenced to death. But there is an overruling Providence which rules all things, and a few days before the date fixed for the electrocution of young Baxtor, Cross is taken suddenly ill. He feels the hand of death approaching and realizes that he is about to be called before a higher tribunal to answer for the death of an innocent man. He calls in Helen, and confesses the truth. Helen, who has never doubted the innocence of her lover, rushes away and is successful in obtaining a reprieve for the sentenced man, and later a free pardon. In a touching scene we witness the meeting of the lovers who, hand in hand, return to Cross's house. But, alas, they are too late for Death has preceded them, and Franklin Cross has passed behind the veil for ever.—*Lubin Drama. Released July 6th.*

**THE MAN WHO CAME BACK.**—When he loses his fortune, Donald Baxter, a young broker, soon discovers that his fiancée, Helen Porter,

entertains little regard for him. Stung by her indifference, Baxter resolves to "come back," and leaves for the Klondike gold fields. At the end of five years he succeeds in making a "clean up," and returns to his home town incognito.

Although he buys back the old family home, Baxter manages to convey the impression that his valet, Hawkins, is the "Klondike Millionaire." Hawkins is supplied with plenty of money to enter society.

Mrs. Porter and her scheming daughter are not long in seeking out the supposedly wealthy Klondiker, and Hawkins is made quite uncomfortable by their attentions. Baxter, meanwhile, meets Mabelle Arnold, the ward of the Porters, and a pretty love affair develops.

Eventually, of course, Baxter's true status is disclosed, and Hawkins is dropped like a hot coal by Mrs. Porter and her daughter. Helen Porter is much chagrined when she learns that the family ward, Mabelle Arnold, has captured the prize of the local matrimonial market. Mabelle and Baxter, however, are too much wrapped up in their own happiness to notice the envy of Mrs. Porter and her shallow-pated daughter.—*'Beauty' Drama. Released July 6th.*

**DAWN AND TWILIGHT.**—Mary, a young American girl, loves Pietro Delani, a blind musician. His uncanny talent is hampered by the loss of his eyesight, and Mrs. Delani, Pietro's mother, is informed by a specialist that an operation is the musician's only hope. Mary sacrifices the little money she has saved, and pays for the operation without the knowledge of Pietro and his mother. Pietro's eyesight is restored to him. His first thought is of Mary, whom he has never seen, and when he gazes upon his beloved's face he is shocked to find that she is indeed a very plain and simple girl. He is disappointed. Mary realises that she is not what he had thought her to be. A little later we see Pietro a musical genius, being lionized by society. His rapid strides to success bring about an engagement between himself and Edna Ainsworth, a society butterfly. The penalty of his indiscretion is—blindness! And again Pietro is in a pitiable condition. Edna returns his ring. For a while he is disconsolate, but finally the thought of Mary brings back all his former devotion to her, but it is too late. Mary has already died of a broken heart.—*Essauy Drama. Released July 16th.*

**A QUESTION OF HATS AND GOWNS.**—Jennie Wiltz fell in love with Bob Megley when they were both at school. Because Jennie was a very plain little girl Bob paid no attention to her whatever. One day Bob tried to pass a note to Annabelle, a very pretty little girl who sat in front

of Jennie. Another boy was blamed for the episode, but Bob confessed and saved him from a caning. Jennie longed to tell him how much she admired him, but she was forced to keep her admiration a secret.

After school days were over there was little change in the situation. Jennie still worshipped Bob from afar, and he remained entirely oblivious of her devotion. At last, Jennie wrote to an "Advice to the Lovelorn" column, and, in pursuance of their advice, opened a millinery shop with the idea of impressing Bob with her business ability.

The millinery shop was a lamentable failure. Jennie did not have the slightest idea about business of any sort, and absolutely no aptitude for trimming hats. Bob paid no attention to the shop. Worst of all, passing one day with Annabelle, he stopped and laughed at one of the hats in the window.

Jennie, discouraged and disheartened, went to the city to buy spring fashions. At the wholesale house she met Miss Karker, a buyer. A few discreet questions laid Jennie's troubles bare to the sympathetic listener. So Miss Karker decided to help. The first step was to teach Jennie how to dress, how to carry herself, how to do her hair, and all the thousand and one details that make a woman charming.

When Miss Karker finished her treatment, Jennie was completely transformed. Instead of being a "gawk," she was a beautiful woman. Then Miss Karker arranged a dinner party for her protegee's benefit. Bob was at the restaurant. He looked at the girl, wondered who she was, rubbed his eyes, looked again, and suddenly realised that it was Jennie Wiltz. That was the end of the story, for Bob instantly threw himself at the feet of the newly revealed divinity. A splendid picture with an admirable intermingling of comedy and pathos.—*Edison Comedy-Drama. Released July 6th.*

**IN A HOSS COUNTRY.**—Jim Barlow has a daughter, Edith, who is in love with young Keenan, son of old man Keenan, a ranchman. The young couple are practically engaged. A keen rivalry now springs up over the question of horse-flesh, both Keenan and Barlow owning fine driving horses. Barlow always wins out in the spirited brushes along the trail, and Keenan finally purchases a motor, with which he leaves Barlow far behind, not to mention frightening numerous live stock along the road. A committee of outraged citizens, led by Barlow, call on Keenan and demand that he get rid of his "buzz waggon." Keenan refuses, the committee take matters in their own hands, and are threatening to blow up the motor, when Edith, who has been out driving, loses control of her father's horse and it dashes

madly off down the trail. Young Keenan and his father pursue the runaway in the motor, and arrive just as the buggy is overturned and Edith thrown to the ground. The motor is now found to be an excellent method of quick transportation back to the ranch house with the injured girl, where her terrified father finds her well on the road to recovery and in the arms of young Keenan. Consequently the enmity of the two old men terminates at the bedside in a hearty hand-clasp and Barlow's ready consent to the marriage.—*Essanay Comedy-Drama. Released July 6th.*

**A THIEF CATCHER.**—The suspicious man and his pet bulldog quite by accident discover thieves, and he secures the aid of the famous Keystone police. In the meantime the man and his dog have been captured by the desperadoes who threaten to kill him; however a note is tied to the bulldog's collar and further help is obtained. In the finish the thieves are captured. This film shows some beautiful picturesque scenery and is absolutely full of the Keystone fun.—*Keystone Comic. Released July 6th.*

**GHOSTS.**—Four young men and three girls come to spend the week-end at the country estate of Mr. Harvey, to visit his daughter, Phoebe. That evening, after dancing, they build a bonfire on the beach and ghost stories are told by Jim, Phoebe's sweetheart. He tells them so realistically that the girls are frightened away from the fire, and run back to the house. The girls tell Mr. Harvey of their scare, and he, entering into the spirit of the fun, tells them he will show Jim a real ghost. When the boys arrive he takes them all to a chamber in the old mansion, which is supposed to be haunted by the ghost of an old soldier, and dares Jim to sleep there all night. Jim boastfully takes the dare. Unknown to them all, Jim is a somnambulist. That night he walks in his sleep down to the beach, and in a lonely spot carefully buries his clothes in the sand.

The next day neither he nor anyone else can find the clothes, and Jim tells them of an awful vision of a ghost that appeared to him during the night and took away his clothes. They all laugh at him, but Phoebe is disgusted.

All the next day Jim, who is deeply in love, tries to propose to Phoebe, but she declares she will not listen until he explains away the ghost affair. The other boys, to help Jim solve the mystery, sit up until 12 o'clock the following night to see the ghost walk; the girls, in their room, also staying awake until the witching hour. Promptly at midnight, to the great amazement of the boys, Jim repeats his performance of the night before. The boys call the girls and all follow Jim, awakening him as he just starts to dig in the sand. He is completely dazed and bewildered. They

bring to light his buried clothes and all enjoy a good hearty laugh at poor Jim's expense. Phoebe, however, now that the matter is explained, speaks soothingly to him, and walks back with him along the moonlit shore. Jim fervidly proposes and Phoebe affectionately and readily answers "Yes."—*Vitagraph Comedy. Released July 9th.*

**A SOUL ASTRAY.**—Larry Gordon, one time gentleman, now a beachcomber, spends his time in the pastures of black sheep in Honolulu. Edith Sands, the girl back home, goes on loving him. Anthony Wentworth, who loves her, proposes, but she gently refuses him without giving him a reason.

One night as she sings Kipling's "Gentleman Rankers," she breaks down, weeps, and tells Anthony the whole story, how she and Larry had been sweethearts since childhood, how when he had been expelled from college, she had sued and won for him his father's forgiveness. Larry had played fast and loose with his fortune, until penniless and dishonoured he had left home, and no one knew his whereabouts.

Anthony puts aside his own love and tries to comfort her. A cousin of hers returns from a trip around the world, and among his Kodak pictures, Edith recognizes in the dissolute face of a beachcomber, Larry Gordon. The cousin tells her that it is the picture of a notorious character in Honolulu known as "Gentleman Larry." Edith writes to Larry and the letter reaches him through the Rev. Otis, a mission worker. She writes him that she still loves him, and begs him to come home. His first impulse is to go, but sinking down on his cot, on the dirty wall before his eyes there passes in stinging vividness the hideous steps of the downward path he has come. Sick with self-loathing he determines to save Edith from himself at any cost. His love for her is the one decent thing about him, but he realizes that he has forfeited past recall all right to love her.

He writes her a letter, supposedly from the Rev. Otis, telling her that Larry Gordon is dead. A year later Anthony again proposes to Edith. For a moment she hesitates, and turning from him, moves across the room. Faintly the vision of Larry, dissolute, passes before her, and, as closing for ever the thought from her memory, she, with serene smile, turns and is folded into the patient, longing arms of Anthony.

At this moment Larry is upon his knees on the beach of Honolulu, praying, "God, ha' mercy on such as we, poor black sheep."—*"Flying A" Drama. Released July 9th.*

**A CHANCE IN LIFE.**—Frank Deacon, a convict, vows if he gets a chance he will lead a new life. His term is shortened and he is released.

Several times he obtains employment but on each occasion it is discovered that he is a jail bird and is sent adrift. He then resolves to take to the road and become a tramp. One day he stops at the gate of a country house owned by a widow, who for years has expected the return of a recreant son, but who is really dead. The poor old woman on seeing Frank thinks him to be her boy, and Mary, the daughter, persuades him to accept the false position. He consents and gets a job as station master. All goes well until John and Bill, two ex-convicts, attempt to hold up a train. Frank puts up a fight and they recognise each other as fellow prisoners. Frank is overpowered and bound to a table. At this same time Mary has been locked in a vault at the jewellery store where she works by the proprietor's little boy. The child, getting frightened, goes for help at the depot. He releases Frank, and together they hasten to the store. In the meantime, Burton, a warder, has captured the train wreckers and taken them back to jail. Frank, now feeling himself worthy, declares his love for Mary, and he is accepted.—*Lubin Drama. Released July 13th.*

**THE NAVY AVIATOR.**—Don de Torreno, Mexican envoy to the United States, leaves Washington with his two beautiful daughters, Ynez and Ysobel, upon the outbreak of hostilities between the Constitutionalists and Federals in Northern Mexico. Saddened by the internal strife which follows the death of the president of his country, de Torreno retires to his estates at Matamoras.

He is visited by Capt. Pedro di Arrega, a scheming army officer, who, wishing to be on the safe side, allies himself with both factions in the revolution. Di Arrega's duplicity is discovered, however, and he is marked for death by both the Constitutionalists and Federals. In attempting to clear himself he strikes a blow which kills Don de Torreno.

The faithful majordomo of the de Torreno hacienda, fearing for the safety of the two daughters of his dead master, takes them to Galveston. The girls are separated in a storm but meet again on an aviation field in the American city, where David Evans, a Lieutenant in the aviation corps of the U.S. Navy, is trying out a new bomb.

Evans previously outlines his plans in the Army and Navy Club in the Texas city, and is angered when Capt. di Arrega, who has escaped from Mexico, sneers at his demonstrations. To prove the feasibility of his bomb-dropping scheme Evans invites di Arrega to the aviation field where, before the daughters of Don de Torreno, Evans drops a bomb so near di Arrega that the resulting explosion kills the traitorous Mexican.—*"Flying A" Drama. Released July 20th.*

**CHANLER RAO, CRIMINAL EXPERT.**—

Suffering from an obstruction in his throat, Chanler Rao, an Oriental hypnotist and magician, calls, with his son, on Dr. Warren Browne. For the doctor's entertainment, Rao produced a full-grown plant from an apparently empty flower pot. The doctor is interested, but sceptical. He then performs a small operation on the magician's throat and removes the obstruction. He refuses payment and Rao thanks him profusely. The doctor discovers the plant they left behind is artificial. He laughs and decides Rao is a clever fakir.

Mrs. Thornton, Dr. Browne's sister, is showing her week-end guests a magnificent cluster ring, when she is called outside suddenly, and in her haste drops the ring, which mysteriously disappears. Mrs. Thornton telegraphs for Dr. Warren. As the doctor is leaving, Rao arrives for his throat treatment. His pad exhausted, the doctor hastily writes Rao's prescription on the back of his sister's telegram. The magician discovers Mrs. Thornton's message and answers it, saying he will recover the ring. Mrs. Thornton, puzzled to know how Rao learned of the affair, has faith in the magician, but the doctor thinks of the plant trick, and, smiling cynically, sends for Chanler Rao. As soon as Rao arrives he quietly tells the doctor to have a policeman there at 6 o'clock sharp. After a preliminary exhibition, Rao, gazing into his crystal, impressively announces, "In this hall, it points straight over there and an officer is on his way here!" Everyone is intensely interested, and when the policeman rings the bell, all are startled. Chanler then places a small capsule in the mouth of each servant, collects them again and drops them in a crucible. When the fifth is dropped, there is an explosion. Chanler points accusingly at the butler, saying, "That is the guilty one!" The butler confesses and Mrs. Thornton recovers her ring. Chanler has paid his debt of gratitude. Chanler later tells the doctor, "The capsules absorb moisture. Fear parches the tongue of the guilty one and the capsule stays dry in the mouth, exploding in the crucible mixture." He also tells how he learned of the theft and leaves the doctor saying to himself, "Well, what do you think of that?"—*Vitagraph Detective Drama. Released July 16th.*

**BUNNY'S SCHEME.**—For about the fiftieth time, John Bunny proposes marriage to Flora Dana and is greatly disappointed when he is again refused. He meets Clem, a friend, who tells him he is to be married the following day to Agnes Ford, his sweetheart, and that they will leave on their honeymoon on the Florida Special. Bunny gets an idea. He explains his scheme to Clem, who readily offers his assistance, arranges with

another friend, a Justice of Peace, to take a trip to Florida on that train, and then suggests to Flora that they decorate Clem's Pullman Car seat and give the couple a grand send-off. She delightedly agrees and commences preparations. John quietly provides himself with a wedding ring and a marriage licence.

Next day at train time, John secretly buys tickets for the Florida Special and he and Flora proceed to decorate Clem's car seat, placing a huge wedding bell over the centre. All the decorations completed, they sit down to await the arrival of Clem and Agnes. They arrive, and unseen, enter another car. John and Flora, sitting under the wedding bell, are at once "spotted" by the incoming passengers for a newly-married couple, and Flora is obliged to listen to many well-meant congratulations and comments. Her patience is fast becoming exhausted when they hear the cry, "All Aboard." She springs up, but John succeeds in reassuring her, saying, "It is probably another train leaving." Their train pulls out. Flora now sees through Bunny's scheme and becomes very angry. While he is trying to sooth her, Clem and Agnes enter and begin throwing rice. Flora nearly goes wild. John pleads with her to marry him and make it a real honeymoon. She begins to see the humour of the affair, and finally acquiesces. John then "finds" a Justice of the Peace among the passengers, produces the ring and the licence, and surrounded by an admiring group, John and Flora are made man and wife. The two pairs of "Newly-weds" locate at John's estate in Florida, and at their wedding breakfast drink a hearty toast to each other's health and everlasting happiness.—*Vitagraph Comedy. Released July 23rd.*

**WHEN SORROW FADES.**—Mignon was fond of charitable work. For one "case" she wrote to a newspaper editor, asking him to visit this particular old couple and publish an account of their hardships—to obtain relief. A young reporter was sent to write about the matter. Now Mignon's sweetheart was a wealthy man—he possessed a motor car—and very much objected to his fiancée doing this sort of work. He called at the old people's house and took her away—protesting about it all the time. Several times Mignon and the reporter went to the house and a nurse was finally engaged to take care of the old people. Finding his sweetheart took absolutely no notice of his wishes, he determined to have his spite out on someone. Unfortunately for him he picked on the reporter, but this individual promptly gave him a trouncing, and a broken wrist, after which the girl gave him back the engagement ring. Then one fine day our young hero applied for and secured his job—just because he proved himself unselfish.—*Thanhouser Drama. Released July 20th.*

Film Favourites



*Tom Powers*

Mr. TOM POWERS (Turner Films)



Mr. EARLE WILLIAMS

(Vitagraph)





Miss ANITA STEWART  
(Vitagraph)



Miss MIRIAM NESBITT

(Edison)



Master BILLY JACOBS  
(Sterling Comedies)



Mr. FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

(Essanay)



MISS VERA SISSON

(Victor)




Mr. RAPLEY HOLMES

(Essanay)

# Dangers of the Veldt.

*Adapted from the 101 BISON Film by Owen Garth.*

Gretchen, the little Boer maid, flies to escape the brutalities of her dissolute husband. The savage denizens of the veldt attack her. Her oxen are mangled to death. Only the fortunate arrival of a military squad saves the girl from the lions' jaws. The deserted husband searches for his wife, but in the still night air of the veldt the frenzied man is torn to death by lions.—*Trans-Atlantic Review.*

RETCHEN, Gretchen, hurry along; the cattle must be housed before the storm breaks." The shrill voice of Widow Detzer in the coarse Taal language reached the ear of a pretty buxom girl, who was just bolting the stables while she kept one eye on a column of dust which was faintly visible in the dusk on the edge of the veldt.

"They are all safely home, mother," Gretchen answered wearily; "but look, what means that dust yonder—who can it be coming this way?"

"English perhaps, the dogs! They're everywhere nowadays." Widow Detzer's voice was venomous. She hated the English soldiery, and little welcome the dusty, worn-out warriors got at her farmhouse. "Come in, Gretchen," she continued; "come in, we'll bolt the door on the seum."

"But, mother, the poor fellows will be caught in the storm—it will be a bad storm too."

"So much the better. I hope they'll be drowned like rats. Come in, and keep your sympathies for your own race, and not for these interlopers."

The pretty little Boer girl bowed her head submissively and entered the house, while the old woman bolted and barred the door. A few minutes later the skies opened their floodgates, while with extraordinary suddenness the lightning began to play across the veldt. The footsore soldiery were caught in the open and soaked through before hardly realising the storm was on them; and their leader, espying the farm in the distance, gave orders to march on it. It was a weary little column, utterly fatigued with chasing elusive guerrilla bands of Boers.

The farmhouse gave them hope of food and

rest, therefore the obvious inhospitality of the vrow caused marked displeasure, the soldiers, in disgust, bursting into the house and spreading out to raid everything. Still they were disciplined men, and on the command of their officer immediately desisted and fell back into orderly formation.

This was how Captain Raleigh, of the Buffs, came to meet and fall in love with little Greta. Love it was at first sight, and the little Boer girl's heart leapt for joy as the handsome young soldier's eyes took her all in: her dainty dark head and her rich round form, her glowing eyes and her cherry-ripe lips. But Widow Detzer disapproved, and Gretchen was sent away. No daughter of hers should have to do with an English pig, especially a soldier; and besides, was not Hanns Breitmann already paying Greta attentions, and wasn't he a good match for her? Ja, Hanns would make a good husband for her daughter. He had a big farm, and more cattle than anyone around, so no one else, let alone an Englishman, must look at her with eyes of love.

Widow Detzer served the soldiers with an air of bad grace, which made her appear ridiculous, for she was too blunt to be dignified; she would have betrayed the little force if she could, but she was well aware there was no commando within call, and the farmers round had had enough of fighting, and were only too pleased to be left alone. They were not seeking reprisals, which they knew would follow any treacherous action now Kitchener was directing the campaign.

Captain Raleigh managed to meet Greta next morning as she crossed the courtyard to the stables, but had only time for greetings. Widow Detzer was on the watch, and effectually prevented anything passing between the two. But Captain Raleigh's eyes were

eloquent of love, and Greta never forgot the message they conveyed to her.

A couple of hours later the column moved off across the interminable veldt.

\* \* \*

The war had practically concluded when Hanns Breitmann married Gretchen Detzer, after much manoeuvring on the part of the bride's mother. The rough farmer carried the sweet little girl away to his rambling house, and installed her there to preside over the household. For the first few months the master of the farm paid attention to his wife, but after the birth of her child he found the attractions of Freda, one of the servants whom he had been interested in before his marriage, more interesting. True, Freda was a hand-

some woman, and daring. She drew Hanns within her net, and he was in no hurry to get out of her reach. Poor Gretchen, she noticed the gradual cooling of her husband's

affection, and was aware of his interest in Freda. But did she remonstrate with him, he merely thrust her aside and left her to her own devices.

The little boy grew healthy and strong, and was beginning to toddle about when the final outbreak came.

It was the night of the dance in the village, and Hanns had been coaxed into going by Freda. This was the last straw, and Gretchen made one desperate effort to restrain him.

"Leave me alone. I shall do as I think fit. Do you think I shall ask you for orders as to my going or coming?" the gruff fellow shouted at the nervous, little wife, as she put her hand on his arm and asked him, pleaded with him, not to go.

"But, Hanns, you will not go with this woman. Hanns, I am lonely; don't leave me here by myself to-night," she cried.

"You have remained alone before; you can stay a few hours alone again. Anyway, I'm going to the ball."

"With this woman? Why don't you ask me, your wife, to accompany you?"

"You, how should I go to the dance with a namby-pamby like you? Why, you would be a wet rag there."

"Perhaps when you come back you will find I am not here. I can stand it no longer. Hanns, won't you stay with me and let this woman go by herself—Hanns, for the sake of our little boy?" She was crying, but the tears had little effect on the callous brute.

"Don't talk rot to me. Look after yourself and let me go where I shall enjoy myself a little."

With this he swung out of the house. Meeting Freda he took her to the dance, and gave

no further thought to poor little Gretchen. But she was as good as her word. He would not find her

when he returned. She was tired of it all, and packing her things, she took into her confidence a trusty drover, and with her child set out in an ox-waggon across the treacherous veldt and scrub to her mother's home.

It was a hazardous journey, for part of the way led through deep bush, where, not only were lions known to prowl, but the natives were restless. In fact, a party of British troops were operating in the country endeavouring to prevent the outbreak of violence.

The slow, cumbersome veldt-schooner ambled slowly on, and next day entered the



"Ja, Hanns would make a good husband for her daughter."



dangerous region. The way was rough and the young mother snuggled her child closer, and called out to the driver:

"Take care, Jan. Keep to the track, and watch carefully for lions."

"Ja, I'm watching, and careful," responded the phlegmatic fellow, as he plodded along beside the cattle, hour after hour, till at dusk they drew into a clearing beside some running water.

"All right, Jan; no further to-day. We out-span here and sup."

"Ja."

"Let the oxen free; they will not wander far."

"Ja, they will not wander. Lions."

"Lions." The word made Gretchen shiver. But Jan was trusty and a good shot. See, he had his rifle now beside him as he prepared to get their meagre supper ready, after out-spanning.

What a dreary meal out there in the wastes; but it was eaten, and with Jan on guard the fleers sought sleep in the bottom of the waggon.

\* \* \*

Hanns Breitmann came home with none too clear a head, and when no answer came to his echoing call for Gretchen he began to be alarmed. Then he found a note. It told him she had borne enough, and with her boy had fled home, away from his cruelty. Curses broke from his lips, he raved like a madman, upset not so much because his wife had left as that she had taken his boy, his pride, with her. Dashing out of the house he swung into his saddle, and spurred away in the direction the waggon had taken some hours previously, but he was never to find that waggon—fate had determined on revenge, and it was madness to tempt fate through

that wilderness of scrub on a dark night.

Dawn broke, and Hanns had not reached the "schooner," the occupants of which were awake and preparing for breakfast, while Jan rounded up the oxen. Presently he came running back, an anxious look on his rugged, honest face. "Lions," he ejaculated. "Only one ox, other eaten." He said nothing of another danger which he feared would overtake them.

"Oh, Jan, what shall we do? We cannot stay here, and we cannot move with one ox. What can be done?" Gretchen was wild with fright.

"All right, help will come. No fear from lions. I can settle with them."

Jan could settle with lions, but could he settle with the enraged natives prowling about? Jan had seen traces of them; he knew they might attack at any moment, and one rifle would not hold off a multitude, some of whom also carried firearms.

For some time Jan sat fondling his rifle, while Gretchen made her brief toilet and took care of little Hanns. Of

a sudden a rustle to the right caught the sturdy fellow's ear. Immediately he was alert. Then came a crackle to the left. The natives had surrounded them, but they would not make an open attack so long as the defender's rifle could speak. Jan turned to Gretchen.

"Go into the waggon and take the child; keep under cover," he said quietly, unwilling to alarm the woman too much.

"Why, what is the matter?" queried Gretchen.

"Nothing yet, only it is better you are in the waggon."

No sooner had he placed the two in comparative safety than the first spear from



"Set out in an ox waggon across the treacherous veldt."



“ A handful of khaki-clad men, headed by a bronzed officer, burst into the clearing.”

an unseen foe came hurtling over-head.

Jan's rifle spoke, and a scream announced that the bullet had hit. Then the driver sought cover under the waggon. Shots came from several rifles, but the woman and her child were unhurt, while Jan was causing some consternation by his deadly shooting. Several times he found an object, but at last a bullet grazed his arm and another pierced his heart.

It seemed that death was on the whole party, for the natives let up a triumphal yell and commenced to advance across the clearing.

Death it would have been for the wretched mother and her child had not a party of soldiers, hearing the distant shots, pressed forward in the nick of time. A volley thinned the ranks of the prancing natives, then a handful of khaki-clad men, headed by a bronzed officer, burst into the clearing, and the Kaffirs cowed by that deadly volley turned tail and fled.

Gretehen crouched in the waggon and was hardly aware that assistance had arrived till the officer of the party came to her side.

He started back amazed. "Miss Detzer, you!"

"Yes, I have run away from my husband," she answered pathetically.

It was Captain Raleigh—he did not know the little Boer girl was married!

\* \* \*

Hanns Breitmann rode hard into the night and missed the way in his haste. He had lost the trail, but still he pressed on. Two glowing feline eyes watched him as his horse pushed through the undergrowth. There was a terrific roar and a great tawny mass of fur, teeth and claw rose in the air and fixed itself on the horse's withers. Hanns Breitmann struck out wildly with his whip. One of those terrible claws was hooked in his leg and caused excruciating pain. The unfortunate horse reared and plunged in fright, unseating its rider, and the lion with a growl left the animal to pounce on the hapless man.

The next morning the little column of soldiers found his mangled corpse. Gretchen scarcely recognised him, so horribly was he mauled. His frightful death unnerved her, but that she regretted his demise would be untrue; with his death she was ridded of a nightmare which would have followed her everywhere while he lived: now she might hope for a little peace.

The soldiers buried the dead man, perhaps not so honourably as in the case of the brave Jan, and their sad task accomplished they escorted Gretehen and her boy to the safety of her mother's home.

Rest and quietness soon brought the colour back to her cheeks, and the sight of the hearty young British officer, who oftentimes visited the farm, brought blushes now.

It was some two months or more after the dreadful episode in the scrub that Captain Raleigh rode over to the Detzer farm from his camp with a fixed idea in his mind. It was a warm, breathless day, and Greta had strolled out and away from the farm-buildings to the shelter of a clump of trees. There ruminating, she did not hear approaching footsteps, which crept up behind. She was thinking of a man, one who, if he would, could fill her cup of happiness to overflowing. A picture of loveliness she appeared in the cool of the shady trees, a bright light in her wondrous eyes, her lips slightly parted in a soft smile as some remembrance pleased her.

A hand was laid on her arm, a strong, brown hand that she recognised, and she betrayed no surprise or alarm as she turned to meet the ardent gaze of Captain Raleigh.

"Greta, I have come over specially to ask you an important question," said the soldier, his voice low and deep, his eyes suddenly taking on a serious expression.

The girl by his side made no response, but her eyelids dropped as if she anticipated the question.

"Greta, little Gretchen, I have longed to ask you ever since that first day we met years ago—do you remember? It was a case of love at first sight, and I have gone on loving you ever since. Greta, will you marry me?"

He stood eagerly waiting a sign or an answer.

"And I have loved you too, since that day long ago, but I never thought you would come back to me," she said. "I never thought you could really love a simple Boer girl. Are you sure of your love?"

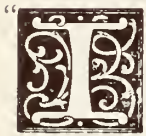
"Sure that I love you! Why, I have never ceased to idolize you. Greta, say you will marry me. I want the simple little Boer girl so badly."

"Yes, I will marry you," she repeated after him, but before she had concluded she was in his arms and thrilled with the warmth of his caresses.

# The Crucible of Fate.

*From the VITAGRAPH Photoplay of Mrs. L. Case Russell.  
Adapted by Leyton Somers.*

Neglected by her busy husband, she deserts her home for the glitter of the footlights. She finds worldly fame, but happiness is lost. A terrible catastrophe restores her, maimed and repentant, to those whose love she had rejected.



DO think it is too bad, Ross. I see so little of you nowadays. You are out nearly all day and half the night, and even when you are at home for a few hours you are seeing

patients in the consulting room. I almost wish you hadn't so many patients. We should not be so well off, but we should have more time with each other."

"My dear Cecile," responded Dr. Lowell, with an indulgent smile at his wife's pretty but now rather troubled face, "a doctor is a servant of the public. His time is never his own—nor his wife's. He must be prepared to forego domestic joys in order to earn money for his wife and family—bless 'em both!"

The Lowell family was small, but not by any means inconsiderable. They had one tiny girl, whose part in the conversation was limited to a crow of delight when her father patted her chubby cheek.

Mrs. Lowell continued the conversation by an indirect method. She confided to little Marie that although the money was very nice, a little more of daddy's society would be very much nicer, wouldn't it now?

"Why," she said, "it's ages since we went out together in the evening. I really think I am a neglected wife, and a neglected wife, baby mine, is a very unhappy creature."

Baby chuckled gleefully, and Mrs. Lowell laughed a little herself, though not at all gleefully.

Dr. Lowell crossed over to his wife's chair. "Poor little Cecile," he said, "poor little, lonely wife. I agree. It's too bad. Well, now, guess what I've got in my pocket."

"Oh, a cheque from one of your rich patients, I suppose. I'm not interested."

"Don't you despise cheques, young woman; they are useful for paying milliner's bills, at any rate. Still, this isn't a cheque;

it's an envelope," said the doctor, drawing it from his pocket with a tantalising slowness, "and it contains—but are you interested?"

"Oh, yes," cried his wife, with a laugh, "do tell me quickly."

"Well, it contains a ticket for a box at the Grand Theatre for to-night."

Mrs. Lowell's laugh was now as happy as the baby's.

"Oh, how splendid!" she cried; "but can you spare the time?"

"Yes, I've no patients to see to-night, and we'll go and enjoy ourselves. You'd better run away and dress."

An hour later they were both ready. In two minutes they would have left the house and been on their way to the theatre. There was a ring at the telephone and Dr. Lowell picked up the receiver, listened, spoke a few words, and turned to his wife with a rueful face.

"I'm awfully sorry, dear," he said, "but I can't go after all. I'm called to attend an urgent case."

Mrs. Lowell said nothing, but her face showed her disappointment.

"Look here," went on the doctor, "there's no reason why your evening should be spoiled. I'll ring up Maude Leigh and get her to go with you."

"I shan't enjoy it half as much as if you were with me," said his wife, "but—yes, ring up Maude."

Miss Leigh was quite willing, and while the doctor went to see his patient the two women went to the theatre. It was a new play, one that had made something of a sensation, and Mrs. Lowell found herself enjoying it much more than she had anticipated. The man who played the principal part was tall, dark, very good-looking, and a wonderful actor. His name was Richard Burnett, and it appeared that he was a friend of Miss Leigh.



"She played the part with power and passion."

"I knew him years ago," she said, "long before he became a celebrity. He's a matinee idol now, and half the women in town rave about him. I fancy he's a wee bit spoiled."

"He's awfully good-looking," commented Mrs. Lowell.

"Yes, isn't he? I say, it would be rather a good idea to get him to come to my house and help us with our theatricals. I wonder if he would. I've a good mind to send my card round—I will!"

She took a card from her case and scribbled a line or two, saying that she would look him up after the play. She sent the card to Burnett by one of the theatre attendants.

Mrs. Lovell had never been behind the scenes of a theatre before, and was pleasantly excited at the idea. After the curtain had fallen upon the play they were taken by an attendant to Burnett's dressing-room. The actor met them at the door, and Cecile was charmed at his courtesy and the graceful ease of his manner and conversation. A critical observer might have thought him too much at ease, and rather inclined to presume upon a slight acquaintance. The admiration in his eyes when he looked at Cecile was, perhaps, a thought too bold; and even while he talked to Miss Leigh his eyes kept seeking those of her friend.

Miss Leigh broached the subject of the amateur theatricals, and he was interested at once. He promised to call and direct the next rehearsal, which was to take place the following afternoon.

At the rehearsal Cecile, who was playing the big part, was at first rather nervous. It was one thing to play at acting among amateurs, all of whom were her personal friends, and quite another to go through the performance under the critical eye of one of the foremost actors of the day. But as the rehearsal progressed she gradually lost her self-consciousness and played the part with a power and

passion which astonished them all, and won the genuine admiration of Burnett himself.

"By jove, Mrs. Lowell," he said, "you are splendid! You ought to be on the stage. Why, you'd be famous in no time!"

Cecile flushed with pleasure at his praise. She really loved acting, and when he asked if he might call to talk over the part with her and make one or two suggestions she accepted the offer eagerly.

At home that evening she astonished her husband by giving him a private performance. He knew good acting when he saw it, and this thrilled him. Vaguely it troubled him. He was not sure that he liked his wife to show such enthusiasm in what should have been for her only a pleasant pastime. Still, he could not help a feeling of pride in her talent, and he complimented her heartily.

Doctor Lowell experienced a recurrence of the feeling of uneasiness when, on going to his wife's drawing-room the next afternoon, he found Cecile rehearsing her part under the direction of Burnett. Hot anger surged up within him to see his wife in another man's arms. She was weeping, too, and for a moment it seemed to Lowell that her tears were real. Then he told himself that, of course, it was only acting.

"Bravo! Bravo!" he cried. "You're splendid, Cecile!"

They had not seen him, and were startled by his sudden entry. Burnett recovered his self-possession immediately, but Cecile was so wrought up with emotional excitement that she burst into tears, burying her

face in her hands. When her composure returned, Burnett had gone, and her husband stood looking at her with a serious expression on his face.

"I don't like this, Cecile," he said, gravely. "I'm sure it is not good for you to take this kind of thing too seriously."

His wife laughed, a trifle hysterically. "It was silly of me. I can't think what made me give way like that. But there," she went on brightly, "I'm all right now, and I won't be so absurd again."

The rehearsals continued, and under Burnett's tuition Mrs. Lowell made remarkable progress. The actor was enthusiastic about her; he declared that with a brief training she could become one of the finest actresses of the day. Very soon she began to feel that the life of the stage was the one for which she was most fitted. She began to chafe at the quiet, sheltered, humdrum existence she was leading, and to long for freedom and a fuller life. If only Dr. Lowell had known how things were going, and had given her more of his society, the influences now surrounding her might have been counteracted, but he saw only that she was interested in this amateur theatrical business, and suspected nothing more serious.

Burnett was always at hand to flatter her. He declared that it was a sin for such talent to be wasted; that she ought to live her own life and win the fame which would certainly be hers.

Cecile was living at this time in a sort of dream. She never asked herself whether her interest in the actor had anything to do with her love of acting and her longing for another life; she only knew that the days when she did not see him were blank days.

Realisation came to her suddenly. Burnett, calling at the house one day, was told that Mrs. Lowell was in the grounds. He found her in the summer-house by the little lake. She welcomed him with a smile, and with the

assurance characteristic of him where women were concerned, he took both her hands in his.

"How long?" he said, softly, "how long?"

She looked at him, startled. Then something in his dark, expressive eyes made her droop her head.

"What do you mean?" she asked in a whisper.

"Oh, you know. How long are you going on with this life? It is wrong to waste gifts like yours—wrong—I tell you. There are plenty of women fitted for nothing better than to spend their days in house-keeping duties—dear, domestic creatures with the souls of cooks. But you—you were meant for greater things. You could have a splendid career."

His vehemence almost took her breath away.

"But—but," she stammered, "what can I do? It is too late."

He still held her hands, and now he bent forward, trying to look in her eyes.

"No, it is not too late. It only needs a little courage. Come away with me," he whispered; and as she looked up at him at last with startled eyes, "Oh, I know what you would say—your husband, your child! But what are these? Fame calls you—the world calls you, and I—I love you—I love you."

Fine actor as he was, he spoke the last words with a passion which thrilled her. Almost she was carried away. She felt that she loved him, and never had the career of an actress seemed so alluring.



"His vehemence almost took away her breath."



"Burnett had sat long over his wine."

Then the thought of her husband came to her. And little Marie!

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, snatching her hands away. "I cannot listen to you. It is wicked—wicked. You must go away—go at once. Oh, why did you come at all?"

She left him and went indoors. Fortunately her husband was out, or she could not have hidden her agitation from him. At first she was indignant with Burnett, but after a time she began to think of him with softened feelings, to recall the passion in his voice and eyes. . . .

The ringing of the telephone bell broke in upon her dreaming. It was her husband ringing up to say that he was detained with a patient and would not be home till very late.

The same old story, she thought bitterly. Was her whole life to be wasted like this? Surely he might arrange to give her at least one evening a week. He did not seem to realise that she was lonely and miserable, and needed his companionship.

The telephone bell rang again. She raised the receiver listlessly. Burnett's

voice came over the wire.

"Is that Mrs. Lowell?"

"Yes."

"Well, I shall be going away to-morrow. As I'm not playing to-night, may I come round to say good-bye—and to apologise?"

She gave him the answer he wanted, and then sat down to wait, in growing excitement. When Burnett was at length shown in, her face was very pale and her eyes shining.

"Am I forgiven?" he asked, and without waiting for her answer, he said, "I could not go away without seeing you again. It may be for the last time."

"Oh, no!" The exclamation escaped her involuntarily.

"You care?" he cried, triumphantly. "I knew you did."

In an instant his arms were round her, and he was crushing her to him, kissing her lips, her eyes, her throat. She was swept off her feet.

"Cecile, Cecile," he murmured, "you love me—you love me! Come away with me now, this minute! You will—you must."

She no longer desired to resist. As one in a dream she sat down at the table, and with a trembling hand wrote a note to her husband. Then she went out with Burnett.

It was some hours later when Dr. Lowell came home.

He was disappointed not to find his wife waiting for him. Perhaps she was in the night nursery with the child. He went there. Little Marie was sleeping peacefully, but there

was no sign of Cecile.

A servant brought him a note. With a vague foreboding he opened it, and read his wife's farewell.

"Forgive me," she wrote, "and do not grieve. I am not worth it. Don't let my little girl know."

Dr. Lowell reeled as though he had been struck.

"Oh, the villain," he cried; "the damned villain!" Then grief overcame him. "Cecile," he muttered brokenly, "my little Cecile."

## PART II.

**B**URNETT had been right. The success which he had prophesied for Cecile had been won. The critics had hailed the new tragedienne with enthusiasm, and ranked her name with the greatest. The public worshipped her, and crowded to the theatre when her name was on the bill. The writers of theatrical and society gossip were constantly busy with her name; there were paragraphs about her dresses, her enormous salary, her motor cars. For five years she had been famous. She had tasted the sweets of success, and found them at



"He raised his fist as though he would have struck her."



the last—ashes. She had discovered that to be the darling of the public did not mean happiness. Too late she realised that for the bubble Fame she had sacrificed all that was dear in life for her.

In these five years she had had no communication of any kind with her husband. He had taken no steps to obtain a divorce, but she felt that he had shut her out of his life. Little Marie would be nearly six now. She would not, of course, remember her mother. What had he—Ross—told her, she wondered? Perhaps that her mother was dead—in heaven.

In heaven! She shuddered. For this life of hers had become a misery—a hell! Burnett, who had once been her idol, was only common clay after all. If he had ever loved her, his love had died long ago. He was her business manager, and cared only for the money and the fame which came to him from his association with her. Sometimes it seemed that he hated her, and she knew now that she hated him. Oh, the glamour had vanished utterly. She saw him now for what he was—dissipated, brutal, unprincipled.

One night in the last week of their season in the metropolis they had had supper in a fashionable restaurant. Burnett had sat long over his wine, drinking glass after glass. She eyed him now and then with growing disgust. It was only after she had asked him several times that he got up to go, grumbling.

When they reached home he began to talk over the arrangements for a tour which was to begin the following week. She had not been consulted about the tour, and had indeed shown no interest in it. What did it matter, after all?

"Well," said Burnett, "we open at Greytown on Monday."

She cried out in dismay, for Greytown was the town where she had lived, where her husband and child lived now.

"Oh, Richard," she cried, "I can't! Oh, why didn't you tell me? I can't go there—it would be too dreadful!"

"Don't talk nonsense," was the brutal reply. "The contract is made, and you'll have to appear. Think," he went on sneeringly, "how nice it will be to play to a theatre full of your old friends. Perhaps your—husband will take a box."

"Oh, don't," she almost shrieked. "I can't bear it. I won't—I tell you I won't play there!"

"And I say you must and shall," he said fiercely. "Do you think we are going to cut out an important engagement because of your damned silly sentiment? You've got to obey orders, do you hear?"

He raised his fist as though he would have struck her. She shuddered away from him and burst into tears. Then he relented, and tried to comfort her in a maudlin fashion, but she found this mood of his harder to bear than his anger.

She made no further protest, however. She had made her bed and must lie upon it. Later, there came to her the thought that she might perhaps catch a glimpse of little Marie in Greytown. What would happen if she met her husband she did not know.

They arrived at Greytown on the Monday afternoon, and Cecile could not resist the overpowering longing which came over her to go and take one look at the house where she had lived. Nobody recognised her as, heavily veiled, she walked through the streets from the hotel. She reached the house, and there, seated on the broad stone steps, sat a little girl, playing happily with a doll. Could this be little Marie? Cecile's yearning mother heart told her that it was, and without giving a thought to the possible consequences, she sprang up the steps and took the astonished child in her arms, half smothering her with kisses.

"Marie, my little Marie," she cried; "it's your mother come back."

At that moment Dr. Lowell appeared. Cecile saw him coming, and got upon her feet, trembling. For a moment he stared at her in a puzzled way, then,

"Who are you?" he asked, sharply.

She did not reply, and with a sudden movement, he plucked at the thick veil which hid her features.

"You!" he cried. "How dare you come here, to the home you ruined, the child you deserted? How dare you? Go back to your—actor. I wish never to see your face again."

Cecile tried to speak, but she could find no words. She turned away and went miserably back to her hotel, overwhelmed with bitter grief and remorse.

Burnett was more than usually brutal that night. She had known for some time that she no longer stood first in his affections, and now he no longer attempted to disguise his preference for her rival, who was also a member of the company. He flirted with



"For days Cecile lay there hovering between life and death."

her openly, outrageously. But Cecile was past caring for that, and her evident indifference aroused a devil in the man. He followed her to her dressing-room, sneered at her white face, and declared that he would no longer put up with her miserable, moping ways.

"You'd better go back to your husband," he taunted, "if he'll have you. He's sure to be in the house to-night."

The taunt stung her to madness. "You beast!" she cried. "Oh, how I hate you! I wish I had died before I saw you. Get out of my room, you vile thing."

She threw open the door with a fierce gesture, looking so majestic in her anger that the man was cowed for the moment, and slunk away like a beaten hound. At the door, however, he turned, and with an oath struck her a cruel blow on the side of her head. She sank in a heap on the floor, and he banged the door and left her.

The curtain went up and the play began. The house was crowded. Dr. Lowell sat in a box close to the stage. His face was white and grim, and his hand kept straying nervously to his hip-pocket. He had a loaded revolver there. He had come to the theatre to avenge his honour, to kill the man who had stolen his wife and made his home desolate.

Burnett was on the stage now, but Dr. Lowell was not in a hurry. There was plenty of time. He meant to wait until his wife appeared, so that she should be a witness of the vengeance he meant to take.

the exits. The actor snatched furiously at a flimsy curtain.

How it happened none of those watching could tell. An unprotected light, perhaps; but in an instant flames leaped up, and before the audience could realise what was happening the stage was in a blaze.

Panic broke loose in the theatre. Women screamed, men raved, and two thousand people began to rush to the doors, crowding, crushing, trampling upon one another in a frenzy of fear, striving madly to escape from the terror which had broken loose.

Dr. Lowell kept his head. He remembered that his wife was somewhere behind those devouring flames, in deadly peril. His box almost overhung the stage, and, grasping his revolver firmly, he leaped down. He fought his way across the stage through thick, suffocating fumes, into the wings. Here, too, there was panic. Men and women were rushing wildly towards the stage door. They paid no heed to his frantic questionings. Suddenly he saw Burnett. The actor was also bent on escape, but in a flash, Dr. Lowell barred his way, revolver in hand.

"My wife!" he shouted. "Where is she?"

Burnett let out an oath. "How should I know?" he cried. "Let me pass."

Lowell did not move, and in spite of the peril in which they stood, his voice was now quite cool and steady. "Show me where she is," he said, "or I will kill you where you stand."

For a moment Burnett hesitated; then he

There seemed to be something wrong on the stage; the play was not going smoothly. The leading lady had not taken her cue. Dr. Lowell saw Burnett's eyes travel again and again to the wings as though searching for somebody. People in the stalls began to whisper together. Then one of the other actors whispered something to Burnett. Intensely excited, Dr. Lowell saw his enemy hurry across the stage to one of

turned and ran along a passage towards Cecile's dressing-room, Lowell following.

"In there," panted Burnett, pointing to a door which was already ablaze. The actor picked up a plank which was lying in the passage, and using this as a battering-ram, they broke down the door. As it gave way Burnett tripped and fell, but, paying no heed to him, Dr. Lowell rushed into the room. He found Cecile lying on the floor unconscious amid the flames. Throwing her across his shoulder, he staggered out into the passage again. Smoke and flames barred his way, but by a miracle he fought his way

through to the stage door and into the street.

He had her taken to his own house, and for days Cecile lay there hovering between life and death. At last there came a day when the doctor he had called in was able to tell him that she would live.

It was a long time before Cecile was able to leave her bed, and even after that her recovery was slow. Months must pass before she will be able to walk without a crutch; perhaps she never will be able to dispense with that aid; but she has found peace and happiness again in the love of her husband and little Marie.

## BURLINGHAM HAS A FALL - ON THE JUNGFRAU. -

**F**REDERICK BURLINGHAM, the intrepid cinematographer, who has just returned to London from the summit of the Jungfrau, just missed not coming back.

While reconnoitring on a steep snow slope the frozen surface gave way under his feet, precipitating him head-first down the mountain. The party at the time were not roped.

"Yes, I had my first fall last week," said the Alpinist; "but really it was not serious. I was looking for a vantage point to place the camera to show the steepness of the snow. In making a short jump my left foot went into a hole, and before I could free myself I lost my balance and plunged head-first downwards. Instinctively I held to my ice axe. Within 30 feet I succeeded in getting my head uppermost, and before I went 80 feet I succeeded, with rapid axe work, in bringing myself to a standstill. It was nothing!

"The fall interested me, however, for two reasons: I did not lose my axe, and while head downwards instinctively used it correctly to stop the fall; and secondly, I was mentally composed during the incident. It reminded me vigorously, however, that in the mountains one must not take too many chances.

"It was my first ascent of the giant of the Bernese Oberland. I was particularly interested in passing the famous Rothalsattel, where some years ago two Alpinists fell astride on opposite sides, and their frantic efforts to again reach the top sawed

the rope in two, freeing both. I succeeded in cinematographing this passage, working on snow at an angle of nearly 70 degrees.

"I got two novelties for the cinematograph: Watersports in midsummer, when the Berne ski-club gave a ski-jumping exhibition near Jungfrauoch on the Glacier d'Aletsch, two miles high; and to explore this greatest glacier in Europe I had placed at my disposal arctic dogs and sledges, which were sent to Jungfrauoch through the agency of Amundsen, the arctic explorer."

### HOTTER THAN VESUVIUS.

"Strange as it may seem, I found the Jungfrau up among the eternal snows hotter than Vesuvius. The chemical rays of the sun were terrific, blistering my face and hands. The skin has peeled off since not less than seven times.

"Two other things interested me greatly:

"While at Kleine Scheidegg several bands of Swiss schoolboys and girls with their teachers came to see the Jungfrau. These bands each year visit a different part of the country, and thus learn to know and love their native land. The Government, railroad, hotels, in fact everyone, facilitates these movements. It is a wonderful education. In the evening these school children gather in the open and sing lustily all the old Swiss songs.

"The next morning I had even a greater surprise:

"When the sun shone on the Jungfrau, Mr. Seiler's parrot began yodling.

"This was the limit!"

# The Bolted Door.

*Adapted from the VICTOR Film by Rosa Beaulaire.*

When Garriot and Natalie knelt at the altar, there was no love in their hearts. Theirs was a marriage of convenience, for it brought each money from an uncle's will. There is a bolted door between their rooms, just as there is a barrier betwixt their hearts. Then love creeps into their beings through the paths of jealousy and Cupid slides back the bolt of the door between.—*Trans-Atlantic Review.*



THE postman had prepared a great surprise for two young people this early summer morning. Hardly a pleasant surprise, for neither were money-hunters; and being light-hearted, simple-living people the prospects that the letters they received opened up did not accord harmoniously with their desires and intentions.

Natalie Judson, just risen and not yet down to breakfast, read the letter with a double expression of petulance and annoyance on her face. The pet of her old Uncle Oliver, who had only a short while ago died, she did not await this arrangement to sell her to the man of his choice.

But there it was in plain black and white from the solicitor:

"If and when my niece Natalie Judson and my nephew Brooke Garriot marry, they shall come into my whole and entire estate. If, on the other hand, they do not marry as stated, then my estate and fortune shall be made over to——":

and so on in the usual legal rigmarole.

Who was Brooke Garriot? Natalie had heard his name but had never seen him, and she was not going to marry any Tom, Dick or Harry even to satisfy her old uncle's fantastic whim.

She put the communication away in a temper and endeavoured to forget all about its contents. Poor she had been and had managed to exist since her parents had died, poor she would remain, but marry Brooke Garriot—never. She hated him—an old grumpy lout, no doubt. No, she would not marry him for fifty Uncle Olivers, and a hundred ridiculous wills and conditions.

Brooke Garriot was already down at the works and had around his machine several of his brother workmen. An engineer, he had a great mind for invention, and had just now called one or two of his neighbours to him to expound an idea he had been working on. In the midst stalked the postman with the ominous legal letter.

Brooke received it in a somewhat different manner to Natalie. Reading hurriedly, for his mind was still on his work, his brows wrinkled and a rather strong expression slipped out from between his pursed lips—not in anger, but simply in relief of astonishment. Then he crushed the letter, thrust it in his blouse and forgot all about it in the interest of his work.

That evening, however, he came upon the letter again as he was changing his overalls, and a sudden whim decided him to call on the woman who, if he married, would bring him a fortune. It was decidedly interesting. The fortune was a minor consideration, but here was an adventure; and being a free-hearted, full-blooded young fellow he was out to get all the fun he could from it.

On went his smartest clothes, and a splendid appearance he made when polished up: his powerful figure revealed in every movement his virile features full of fire and energy—he was handsome in the manner a well-built fellow, with a strong face and crop of black hair is handsome, but he did not impress Natalie—she had brought herself during that day to such a state of rebellion and pugnacity that a perfect Apollo would not have impressed her had he been the protégé of her uncle.

Brooke arrived at Natalie's house with a slight flush, which made him all the more attractive, but the flush gave way to an annoyed pallor and a restive frown before

she appeared. For forty minutes she kept him waiting while she fiddled about in her dressing-room, and when at last she came down, it was with the coldest of greetings she extended her hand.

Now Natalie was a woman made to love—a slim, pretty little creature, soft and fluffy, that wanted hugging and fondling all day long, and haughtiness did not sit well upon her features. Brooke's first inclination—having overcome his annoyance at being kept waiting—was to laugh, but he repressed the desire, and taking the disturbing letter from his pocket, remarked:

"I suppose you have heard of our Uncle Oliver's absurd conditions in his will?"

"What conditions?" asked Natalie, with all the cynical intonation she could muster.

"Why, the conditions relative to marriage between you and I, if we are to enjoy his fortune."

"Yes, I have read the will, and now I want to hear no more about it. I do not intend to carry these conditions into action, and your visit here is presumptuous."

"Ho, ho, here is a little spitfire—good-bye and good riddance to uncle's fortune. I may as well go back to my machine," thought Brooke. Aloud he said:

"Pardon me, I had no intention of being presumptuous. As a matter of fact I am rather glad you take this line, for I should have found it very inconvenient had you sought to bring about a fulfilment of the conditions. And now, as we each have no desire to marry the favoured of our uncle, we may go our own way untroubled by hateful restrictions."

"As you please, I shall be quite satisfied to be left alone." Brooke's obvious disinterest

and coldness rather upset Natalie. She continued: "I think it hateful, it is mean to endeavour to force one into a marriage of convenience like this. I won't be compelled."

"Of course, no one would compel you, myself least of all. Suppose we leave it at that. I shall be happy to hear no more about the iniquitous old will. Good-bye, and many thanks for your renunciation."

He turned to go, but at the moment a vision in silk burst into the room—Mrs. Kempton, match-maker, etc., and very good friend at heart, and seeing both, whom she knew, but in different circles, she cried, "Hullo, I had no idea you two young folk were friends."

"Not friends exactly, but we had to settle a little matter affecting us both," said Brooke; "that is the reason I am here. We have settled the question, and I am just going."

"Oh, wait a minute. I want a word with you," said Mrs. Kempton. "Besides, I have not seen you for some time—you will

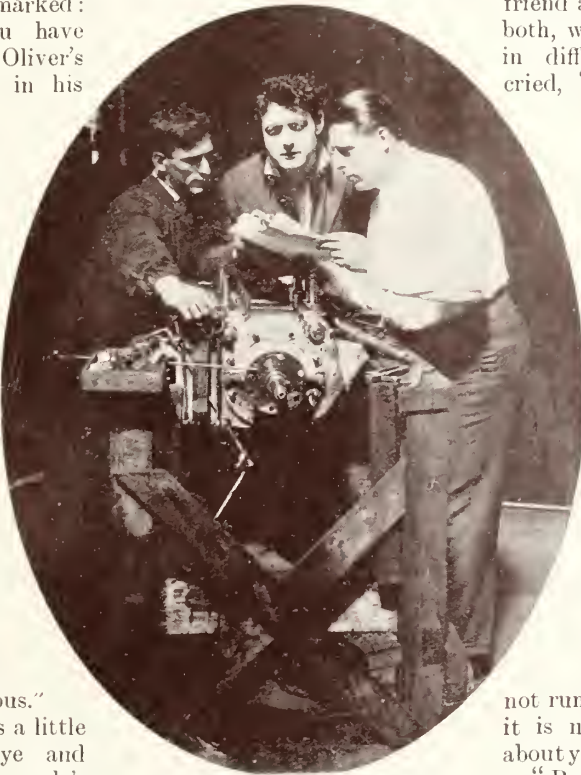
not run away. Tell me, if it is not too private, all about your affair together."

"Perhaps Miss Judson will explain, if you ask her."

"Come, Natalie, tell me what is the matter," coaxed Mrs. Kempton. "You two young people seem to be at loggerheads over something."

"It's all over Uncle Oliver's ridiculous will. It stipulates that Mr. Garriot and I must marry or the money will go elsewhere. It is absurd, and we have decided not to be party to it."

"Oh, so you are fighting over legal matters. Well, my advice is—don't. Let the solicitors fight for you. But why do



"Brooke Garriot was already down at the works."

you come to such definite conclusion before you know each other.

"I will have nothing to do with it," cried Natalie, in a temper.

"And I also wish to forget the will and its conditions," put in Brooke. "Good-bye, Mrs. Kempton. Good-bye, Miss Judson." And he flung himself out of the room in simulated disgust.

"So these sentimental children have not got beyond kicking against fate. I must take a little hand in this. But slowly and slyly, not too fast—we shall see," thought Mrs. Kempton. Her match-making genius was aroused, and she was immediately eager for action.

\* \* \*

In was natural that both parties interested in Uncle Oliver's will should visit the solicitor next day for consultation, but perhaps it was the finger of Mrs. Kempton which led them to appear at the doors quickly one after the other. Natalie arrived first, in Mrs. Kempton's motor-car, and went into the office alone, leaving her friend outside.

Brooke hove in sight a few moments later, and Mrs. Kempton promptly pounced on him and carried him off for a short drive and chat.

They had not returned as Natalie left the office, and when at last the car did drive up to the door she was chagrined to see Brooke seated within. Mrs. Kempton listened to no refusal from Natalie and forced her into the car. Arriving home the lively match-maker, now in her element, took the two young people to task.

"Now look here," she said, after she had seated Natalie and Brooke side by side like school-children, "you two people have got to get married. What rubbishy sentiment

is this to let a fortune go begging for a whim. Get married and live apart afterwards if you will. You can do whatever you like once you have the money in your possession."

"I do not intend to marry to suit someone else," cried Natalie petulantly.

"Nor I," put in Brooke.

"Oh, you are just like naughty children who will not go to bed because it has not struck eight," responded Mrs. Kempton sharply. "Consider the matter seriously, with cold contemplation, and you will see the only thing to do is to get married—and soon."

"I'm afraid you reason from a worldly point of view, Mrs. Kempton," said Natalie icily, "and scarcely realise that there are those to whom money is not the only object in life."

Brooke was silent. After two meetings he was beginning to think that Natalie was a girl to admire, and he would not at all object to her as his wife.

Mrs. Kempton argued little more with the pair, but she saw that Natalie was really the only obstacle

to the arrangement of the affair. So during the next few days she pestered her until at last she gave in, and before the end of the month she became Mrs.

Brooke Garriot.

\* \* \*

From the moment she became his wife Brooke Garriot fell madly in love with Natalie, but all his advances were repulsed. He would follow her about supplicating; and one evening—a soft, late summer night, when the sky in the west was resplendent in the warm, glowing colours of sunset—he snatched her up in his arms on the balcony and pressed kiss after kiss on her unwilling lips. She broke away, and with a look of scorn that



"He would follow her about supplicating."

made Brooke writhe in anger, she dashed off to her room, and locking herself in, gave way to a flood of tempestuous tears.

To this room Natalie always retired. Here she spent most of her time in the house, because she knew that within she was safe from the attentions of her husband. It was a dainty, feminine room, adjoining Brooke's den, but the door between was bolted. Natalie, on entering the room the first time, had made it her duty to shoot the bolt, and since then it had never been drawn.

Time passed in this unsatisfactory way, but some sort of "household" appearance had to be kept up, so a house party was decided on. The arrangements of this led to more trouble.

Brooke, who though wealthy now, attended to his work still assiduously and punctually, had already finished breakfast and was enjoying a cigarette, when Natalie came to him with a list of invited guests.

Brooke ran his eye down the list and had nothing to object to except the name of one man, René de Land.

"That man must not be invited," he observed shortly.

"And why not?" replied Natalie. "Surely I am at liberty to invite whom I like."

"Yes, to a reasonable degree; but this man is a scoundrel and a disgusting flirt. It would be safer to keep him out of the house."

"How dare you talk of my friends so. I shall invite him despite your objections."

"Is he one of your friends? Well, then, I shall take considerably more care of you for your own sake."

And Brooke left the house while Natalie went to write a special note of invitation to René de Land, with the result that he joined the Kempton party and arrived at the "Grange," the Garriot's house, with the lady who had brought about the "fortune" wedding.

It was natural for René de Land to imagine that Mrs. Garriot's special invitation had a peculiar significance, and it was not long before he drew her away from her guests and into the garden. Brooke was wide awake to his attentions, and no sooner did he miss the pair than he was out in the garden also to find them. The task was not so simple—the garden at the "Grange" was large and full of hidden nooks. At last Brooke stumbled on the pair. De Land was making fervent love to Natalie; but some sound in the bushes, perhaps, caused by

Brooke, called him to his senses, and he became quickly rational. Brooke, eager to interfere, his temper rising wildly, gripped himself to restrain his actions; and when he had regained self-control he slipped back to the house without having been seen, to await the pair.

He appeared quite cool and collected, and moved among the guests easily and not at all like a man who had just held himself from strangling a villain who had abused his hospitality. When René de Land came in Brooke immediately invited him to the billiard room, obviously for a game. But Mrs. Garriot, in her guilty fear, followed quickly after the two men, and crept into the billiard room in time to hear her husband say, as he held his watch in his hand:

"You have just ten minutes to catch the express back to London."

"And if I don't desire to go back to London?" quizzed de Land.

"I think you will catch that express," replied Brooke, in the note of a man who would slay in his voice as he stared contemptuously at the man facing him.

For a moment de Land returned the gaze, but he read something in his host's face which made him quail, and muttering something unintelligible, he turned on his heel and went.

Natalie had stood on the other side of the billiard table behind the two men, speechless with fear, far she dreaded blows. But now the tension was relaxed, she rushed forward and abused her husband for his discourtesy to her guest.

"Silence—I shall have to speak with you later," he said harshly, as his eyes followed the back of the retreating de Land; then without a look or a word to his wife he went back amongst his guests.

That night Brooke pleaded with his wife, pleaded for a little acknowledgment of his love, but she gave no hint that she noticed. He followed her upstairs to her room. She left him there outside, going in and shutting the door in his face.

\* \* \*

Mrs. Garriot was spending money wildly. Now she wanted a new yacht, and it galled her badly to have to ask her husband's permission to commission the purchase of one. He gave permission without demurring. He had ceased to trouble about anything except his work, and he had gone back to the workshop and the machinery among his



"A simple, shy girl appeared on the threshold which parted the two rooms."



old friends now that he found it impossible to obtain the comradeship of his wife. Hitherto Natalie's antagonism had been purely passive, now it was to take a more decided turn.

Brooke, as usual, had set out for work. He would not return till evening. Natalie rose, and ordered the maid to pack her bag. After a hasty breakfast, the automobile drove her down to the harbour, where the new yacht, a beautiful trim little vessel, was lying, her white paint glistening in the sunlight.

Hardly had she got aboard when de Land appeared; he too embarked. This meeting had been pre-arranged, and immediately de Land arrived preparations were made to set sail.

Natalie had gone forward to the saloon, and sat there waiting and thinking. She was on a risky adventure. De Land should be there now; but did she want him to come: of course, of course, she had invited him. Yet if she could only love Brooke, he would be the man to take a long sail with. But she did not love him, hated him rather, so for him to be on the boat was impossible—and de Land was coming.

De Land came at the moment and rushed forward to greet the beautiful woman lolling in the cosy chair. Yes, she looked beautiful in that graceful attitude, and de Land was overwhelmed. Evidently he had again mistook the invitation, and could not see that he was invited in pique, to annoy Garriot. He imagined it a confession of love, and he straightway fell to pleading his cause. Natalie, shocked, drew away, but his arms were around her, and his face was pressing down to meet hers. She struggled, but he was maddened with passion.

Then there was a crash and she was free—a burly fellow was shaking the life out of de Land, who looked like a rat in the teeth of a terrier.

And Natalie, shaken with fright, escaped. A few minutes later her saviour was by her side.

"So there are times when you need my aid, child? To such a pass has your foolishness brought you." It was Brooke, her husband,

who spoke. Natalie was astonished to find herself joyously surprised. In that moment she realised the true nature of her feelings towards him. There at his side, on board the yacht, she awoke to the fact that she had always loved Brooke. Perpetually hidden behind an obstinate and jealous nature, which makes of some women such a paradox, her love was none the less true.

She looked up at Brooke's face with shy and nervous eyes, and he was satisfied with what he saw reflected there.

Returning home early that morning he found her note. Immediately hastening to Mrs. Kempton, she had advised him to visit the yacht. He had rushed down to the harbour and jumped aboard as the vessel started.

\* \* \*

"Are you coming up stairs, Brooke?" It was Mrs. Garriot who spoke. "I want to show you my room." There was a catch in her voice, and traces of tears in her pretty eyes.

Brooke smiled indulgently, and threw away his cigarette.

"Yes, I'll come."

The pair went up, and shyly Natalie showed her husband all the niek-naeks so dear to a woman, and he appeared to be interested and pleased. Then he left her with a lingering clasp of the fingers, and passed into his own room.

He was happy, or at least he seemed so, when he sat down with his favourite pipe and pondered. Just now and again his lips rolled back in a pleasant smile, and he moved his head from side to side approvingly. Suddenly there was a distinct click. Brooke's head shot up attentively. Surely that was the bolt!

The door opened slowly and a simple, shy girl appeared on the threshold which parted the two rooms. Brooke was on his feet with a cry of joy, and he bounded across with the spring of a kangaroo.

"Uncle Oliver was an old wizard after all," said the husband, when he had kissed and hugged his wife till she had perforce to call a halt.

## MEXICAN DRAMAS WITH REAL WAR SETTING.

THE war in Mexico is serving as a setting for dramas in addition to having furnished the Mutual Film Corporation with "The Life of General Villa." One of the Majestic films soon to be released is called "Arms and the

Gringo." It deals with the smuggling of arms into Mexico and has a pretty love story. Francelia Billington is the heroine, Wallace Reid is the hero, and Fred Keysey is the villain. All of the principal characters are Americans.

# The Night Riders of Petersham.

*From the VITAGRAPH Photoplay by R. S. Holland.*

*Adapted by James Cooper.*

This story is the first of our new two-instalment serials. Spread over two monthly issues of the magazine, with a good lengthy instalment in each, a charming tale results. Mr. Cooper has written many alluring yarns; and the following story, based on the above sensational photoplay, is as attractive as anything that has flowed from his pen.

## INSTALMENT I.

### CHAPTER I.



LIFE seemed a very pleasant thing to Richard Coke as he rode over the mountains to Petersham on a lovely summer morning. He was twenty-one, a healthy, good-looking, strapping young fellow. He had not long come from college, and had been spending a holiday with a chum, fishing, shooting, and living in the open-air. His face was tanned, his blue eyes steady and clear, and his smile was good to see. He rode a good horse, and was riding to fortune. Now that he was of age he could claim the inheritance which his uncle, John Coke, of Petersham, had held in trust for him since his father died when he was quite a little chap. The exact amount of it Richard did not know, but he had always understood that it was substantial. He would not be a millionaire, but he would be a fairly rich man.

He had not seen his uncle for some years, and was now going to Petersham for the first time on John Coke's invitation.

Presently he came within sight of the town. Accustomed to the great cities of the East, with their miles upon miles of streets, splendid buildings, and teeming populations, he was surprised to find Petersham so small. It looked not much more than a village. So far as he could make out, there seemed to be only one long, straggling

street. The houses were built of wood for the most part, but here and there were others, larger and more substantial, standing in their own grounds. His uncle, he supposed, lived in one of these. At any rate, if Petersham was a tiny place, it looked very picturesque and charming in the sunlit valley.

Richard was in no hurry. He rode in a leisurely fashion towards the town, gazing about him with appreciative eyes at the lovely woodland and mountain scenery amid which Petersham lay embowered.

Not a bad place to live in, he thought, if a man cared for a quiet life. A pleasant, sleepy, restful sort of place, where nothing ever happened, where there was no excitement of any kind from year's end to year's end. It would not do for him; he required more from life than that. He could not know, of course, that Petersham was going to give him the most exciting weeks he had ever known.

He had been conscious for some time of something on the road ahead. Now, looking more closely, he saw that it was a low, ramshackle cart. A bare-headed girl, with dark curls hanging over her shoulders, was driving and urging an old horse, which refused to increase its speed beyond a comfortable amble.

Suddenly Richard saw that the offside wheel was wobbling dangerously. Before he could attract the girl's attention the

wheel was off, the cart sank down on its side, and the girl pitched out on to the road.

Richard was by her side in three or four seconds. He sprang off his horse and helped the girl to rise. By the time he had assured himself that she was unhurt he had discovered also that she was distractingly pretty. She laughed as she shook the hair out of her eyes and brushed her home-made frock vigorously with her hands, an operation in which Richard gave what assistance he could.

"Oh, no, thank you," she said, brightly, in response to his anxious query: "I'm not

"Not a bit of it," cried Richard. "I can fix it so that you can drive to the forge, and the blacksmith can make a good job of it when we get there."

"Oh, but really," protested the girl, "I couldn't think of troubling you. There isn't any need."

Richard, however, had already picked up the wheel, and seeing that he was determined, the girl went to his assistance. Between them they got the light cart up and fixed the wheel on, a piece of wood taking the place for the time of the missing pin.

"Well, now I shall be all right," said the



"He had discovered that she was most distractingly pretty."

hurt; but it was real good of you all the same. It's lucky Dobbin was not going faster, but then he can't, poor old thing."

"But what are you going to do?" asked Richard. "We must put the wheel on somehow. Suppose I have a try?"

"Oh, don't trouble," cried the girl. "I'll go and fetch Job Trainer, the blacksmith. I told father about that wheel before I started out, but he said it would last the trip."

"How far is it to the blacksmith's?" asked Richard.

"Not more than a quarter of a mile. I'll go now and fetch him."

girl. "Thank you ever so much—and good-bye."

Richard looked into her smiling face and smiled too.

"I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind my coming with you," he said. "You see, the wheel might come off again."

"Well, so it might," she said; "and it will be rather nice to have a mounted escort. But what are you doing?"

Richard had hitched his horse to the back of the cart, and was clambering up by the side of the girl.

"I thought I'd like to drive," he said.

"You seem to be doing quite a lot of

thinking," replied the girl, demurely.

It was surprising what good friends they had become by the time they reached the blacksmith's, although the distance was so small.

Richard introduced himself. The girl, it appeared, knew his uncle, but she did not seem anxious to talk about him, and answered very little more than "yes" and "no" to Richard's questions about Mr. John Coke, of Petersham. She told him all about herself, though. She was Emily Burnay, and her father was proprietor, editor, sub-editor, reporter, and printer of the Petersham "Sentinel," the only newspaper the little town boasted. Emily and her brother, Elmer, were his assistants. She had been out delivering copies of the paper to subscribers in the district, and was returning when the wheel came off the cart. The damage, by the way, was now being repaired by Job Trainer, the blacksmith.

The girl was evidently proud of her father and of his paper, a copy of which she spread

out for Richard to see. It was the usual kind of local paper, reporting the doings of "our respected fellow citizens," and a multitude of trivial happenings, from chicken thefts to tea-meetings. A leaded paragraph in black type caught Richard's eye. It ran like this:

#### TO THE PEOPLE OF PETERSHAM.

In the interests of law and order, we demand the suppression of the illicit still, which is being run and supported by a number of leading and influential citizens. These men, some of whose names are known to us, are breaking the law and defrauding the revenue. The "Sentinel" calls upon the People of Petersham to take action to destroy the still, and bring the law-breakers to justice.

"Hullo," said Richard, "this looks serious. I suppose it will make your father unpopular, eh?"

"Yes, but he doesn't care about that. He's not afraid of anything or anybody, father isn't. He says he'll put a stop to the still if they ruin him for it."

"Why, has he been threatened?"

Richard asked quickly.

"Oh, yes, the Night Riders have threatened him more than once."

"The Night Riders! Who on earth are they?"

"I don't know, but I think they have something to do with the still business. All the people about here are afraid of them."

"By Jove!" cried Richard, "it's quite exciting. I'd rather like to know your father. Do you think I might come round and see him some time?"

"Yes, of course; he'll be ever so pleased. Do come."

"Right! I will." From the way he looked at the girl as he spoke it might be hazarded that Richard was at least as much interested in Miss Emily Burnay as in her father.

By this time the wheel had been put on in a workman-like manner by Job Trainer. Emily drove away with a gay good-bye. Richard stood looking after her for a minute or two, then mounted his horse and went on to his uncle's house.



"Somebody—a man—was in my room three minutes ago."

The paragraph in the "Sentinel" had caused a sensation in Petersham. The poorer people were on the side of the editor, perhaps because they derived no benefit whatever from the still. Cheap whiskey did not come their way, as a rule. Some of the spirit did come in Job Trainer's way, however, on that very morning when he had repaired Emily's cart. Soon after she and Richard had left the blacksmith's shop, a waggon, heavily laden, to all outward seeming, with dried, coarse grass for litter, came along the road. The driver was an acquaintance of Job's, and drew up for a few minutes' gossip. A minute or two after the driver had whipped up his team and resumed his journey, Job saw what appeared to be a little pool of some liquid or other in the road where the waggon had been standing. This struck the blacksmith as odd, for there had been no rain for weeks. There seemed to be a familiar odour in the atmosphere. He bent down, dipped a finger in the liquid and put it to his nose.

"Whiskey!" he said, as he straightened himself. The paragraph in the "Sentinel" came to his mind, and he shook his head slowly as he looked after the disappearing waggon. This was proof, if any were needed, of the truth of the "Sentinel's" allegation.

Meanwhile Richard, thinking more of the eyes of Emily Burnay than of illicit whiskey stills, had found his uncle's house, and received a warm welcome from the old black servant, who had known him as a boy, years before his uncle had come to live at Petersham.

"Why, it's Jake—dear old Jake," cried Richard, grasping the old man's hand. "Well, it's good to see you again. Is my uncle in?"

"Foh sure, Massa Richard," said the old man. "He's bin 'speetin' you all mornin'. Sakes! how you hab grown! Come along in, Massa Richard!"

Richard had ridden along a well-kept carriage drive to the house, along the front of which ran a low verandah gay with flowers. As he followed old Jake into the house he saw that it was comfortably, even



"There was no need to inquire where the 'Sentinel' office was."

luxuriously furnished. Evidently his uncle was a man of taste and considerable means.

A group of men stood in the big entrance hall talking earnestly together. They looked like planters or well-to-do farmers. They did not cease their conversation at Richard's entry, but they lowered their voices.

Presently Mr. Coke came in, and if the young man had experienced any doubt as to his reception it was dispelled at once by his uncle's frank and hearty manner.

"Why, Richard, my boy," he cried, "I'm glad to see you. You're your father's son all over: the image of what he was at your age. Lord! You take me back thirty years. Ah, well, we must try and give you a good time. Here, you fellows, this is my nephew Dick. Come and shake hands with him."

The men gathered round, and for several minutes Dick was busy accepting invitations to ride over and visit this man and to have a day's shooting with the other, for they all pressed their hospitality upon him. Then

one of them happened to mention Burnay.

"Ah, ycs," said Richard, "I've just seen his paper. Is it true about that illicit still business?"

For a moment nobody answered. The men looked at one another, and at last one of them spoke.

"True! Of course it isn't true! Besides, what business is it of Burney's if it is? Interferin' old fool. He'll have a nest of hornets about his ears if he ain't careful."

Richard, glancing at his uncle's face and the black looks of the other men, judged that the subject was a disagreeable one, and said no more about it at the time.

"Well, Richard," said his uncle, presently, "I dare say you'd like to have a look round the town. Be back at one o'clock to lunch."

It almost seemed as if his uncle wished to get rid of him. Richard went out, mounted his horse again, and rode along the winding street of the little town. There was no need to enquire the way to the "Sentinel" office. The name caught his eyes, in white letters a foot deep, painted on the side of a wooden building, which was apparently the residence as well as the printing office. He dismounted and knocked on the door. In response to a cry from within he entered.

The room seemed to Richard, who was unfamiliar with printing-offices, to be half full of lumber heaped up untidily here and there. Emily had evidently been trying to reduce to some semblance of order the table at which, his eyes scanning a proof, sat John Burnay, her father.

Emily welcomed the young man a little shyly, and presented him to the editor.

"Father, this is Mr. Coke, who came to my help this morning."

Mr. Burnay looked at the young man keenly, a little doubtfully, it seemed. Then, as though reassured by Richard's frank countenance and steady smile, he shook hands heartily.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Coke. My daughter told me you might be coming round. It was lucky for her you happened to be at hand when the wheel came off. I'm sure we're very much obliged to you."

"Oh, it was nothing," laughed Richard. "Miss Burnay could have managed quite well without me, really, you know."

"Well, never mind," said the editor of the "Sentinel"; "it was a good turn,

anyhow, and I shan't forget it. Now let me show you round."

There was not much to see, but Richard showed a flattering interest in everything, particularly in the hand-press on which once a week the whole of the news of the neighbourhood, to say nothing of Burnay's thundering editorials, was printed.

"By the way, Mr. Burnay," said Richard, "I've read your——your proclamation about this illicit still affair, and I admire your pluck. Do you run any risk, do you think?"

"Well, perhaps I do, a bit; but that can't be helped. I'm making a stand for the right, and I'll have to take the consequences. But I reckon if I'm ruined, there'll be others ruined too."

There was a grim look about the man's strong face as he spoke, and the thought crossed Richard's mind that the editor of the "Sentinel" would be an ill man to quarrel with.

The two men and Emily had gone into an inner room, so that none of them saw the door of the office open slowly and a diminutive negro-boy came in stealthily. He moved across the room, placed a folded piece of paper on a chair, and was gone as silently as he had come.

As soon as Burnay and his guest re-entered the office, Burnay saw the paper. He snatched it up and opened it.

"Look here!" he cried. "We've had another visitor. 'Beware the Night Riders of Petersham!' They're trying to frighten me. They don't know their man. I'll hear the judge sentence them yet."

His mouth was set in a grim line as he crumpled the bit of paper and threw it on the floor.

Richard felt a strange thrill of excitement. There was something of mystery and danger in the air, and his adventurous blood was stirred.

"Who are the Night Riders?" he asked.

"They are a set of scoundrels—that's what they are," said Burnay. "They have terrorised the neighbourhood for years, and they stick at nothing, not even murder. They think fear of them will keep me quiet, but I'm not afraid of them. I know my duty, and I'm going to do it."

"Do you know who they are?"

"I know some of them. There's——" He paused, looking keenly at Richard, and then said: "Well, it won't do any good to mention names yet. We'll wait a bit and



"In the hands of the Night Riders of Petersham."—(See next month's instalment).

see what happens."

Richard held out his hand. "I'm with you, Mr. Burnay. If it comes to a fight, and you want any help, you may count on me."

"Right," said the editor, heartily taking the young man's hand in a firm grip.

Richard rode away to his unele's house, fully determined to stand by the editor.

That night he told his unele of Burnay's suggestion of there being an illicit still in the neighbourhood.

"The fact is," his unele replied, "Burnay has a bee in his bonnet. The man is a danger to the community. Nobody is safe while he runs that paper of his. He'll have to be cleared out."

"I suppose that's what the Night Riders think?"

Mr. Coke started, and then laughed. "Oh, have you heard that ridiculous story?"

"Well, I don't know about its being ridiculous," said Richard. "When it comes to putting warnings on a man's chair!"

Mr. Coke turned the conversation, and

began to talk about the main object of Richard's visit.

"You've come into a comfortable fortune, Dick, my boy," he said. "I've got it all here"—tapping a strong-looking brass-bound box—"all in gilt-edged securities. I've taken good care of it, and it amounts now to a good many thousand dollars more than when my poor brother died and left it to me to guard for his son."

Richard murmured his thanks, and the other went on.

"We won't go into the matter to-night, it's too late; but you can take the box up to your room and keep an eye on it." He laughed with a curious note in his laughter which made Richard momentarily uneasy—a feeling which his uncle's cordial and affectionate good-night hand-shake completely removed.

Richard carried the precious box up to his room, and placed it on the table beside his bed. By the side of the box he placed in a convenient position his only weapon, a long, keen-bladed hunting knife. Very soon he was asleep.

It might have been a couple of hours later that the door of his room was opened very, very softly. But Richard slept on. Then a man stepped into the room, making no sound. He made for the table by the side of the bed. Richard slept on. The intruder had his hand on the box. It seemed that he needed both hands, and he brought the other forward.

Suddenly Richard sprang up, wide awake in an instant. With a shout he grasped the knife, raised it, and struck downwards with all his force. There was a sound of something tearing, and the knife stood quivering in the wood of the table. The door was slammed, and to Richard's straining ears there came the sound of softly padding feet dying away into silence.

The young man hurried on some clothing and made all haste to his uncle's room. He heard no sound on the way. The house was as still as the grave.

Behind the curtains of his great four-poster Mr. John Coke, of Petersham, lay in peaceful slumber. His sleep was so sound that Richard had a difficulty in waking him, but he succeeded at last.

"Eh? What—what's this? What's the

matter?" cried the startled Mr. Coke. "Is the place on fire?"

"No, no," answered Richard in strong excitement, "I've been robbed. Somebody—a man—was in my room three minutes ago. He took the box you gave me, with the securities."

"Good God!" cried Mr. Coke, aghast. "You don't mean that?"

"Yes I do; I nearly got him with my hunting knife"—Mr. Coke shuddered—"but he was too quick for me. He was gone in an instant. He can hardly have got clear of the house yet."

Mr. Coke grasped his nephew's wrist. "Could you see him?" he inquired in a voice that trembled. "Did you get a good look at him? Would you know him again?"

"No, I hardly saw him at all. The thing happened so quickly. I only realised that somebody was after the box, and struck at once. Then I heard him running away, and that's all."

One might have almost imagined Mr. Coke felt relieved. His voice became firmer, and his indignation at the outrage immense.

"The scoundrel!" he cried. "Rouse the house. Why, he may be skulking about somewhere now."

But a thorough search of the house failed to discover the thief, and Richard had to rest content with his uncle's assurance that the police should be informed of the affair the first thing in the morning.

"They'll find him," he said. "He'll get seven years for this. A most dastardly outrage!"

Dick went back to his room. His hunting-knife was still where he had driven it when he struck at the thief, and there, nailed to the table by the point of the weapon, was a fragment of cloth. Richard examined it closely. It was a piece of rough brown homespun.

"It's a clue, anyway," said Richard, as he placed it carefully in the pocket of his coat.

\* \* \*

A little earlier the same night the editor of the "Sentinel" found another message stuck on the copying press in his office. For a moment even Burnay's iron nerve was shaken as he read:

"Beware, your time draws near!"

*(To be concluded).*



# Her Husband.

*From the VITAGRAPH Photoplay by Paul West.*

*Adapted by Bruce McCall.*

The story of a hasty marriage that brought nothing but unhappiness to a thoughtless girl until years had passed, then in a nobler passion she found forgetfulness of the errors of the past.



WHEN Mr. Henry Allen yielded to his daughter Dora's entreaties and sent her to a famous women's college, he assumed that she would be under a supervision stricter than what he was able to exercise at home. Otherwise he would not have given way.

Mr. Allen was wealthy; his business concerns in the city took up the greater part of his time, and he was rather glad than otherwise to have the responsibility of looking after Dora taken off his hands for a year or two. His daughter would be a great heiress some day, and he lived in dread of fortune-hunters. At college, where the rules were stringent, she would be safe from the tribe for the time, he thought. She would have to attend lectures and classes; her days would be fully occupied, and she would have no time for love-making and frivolities of that sort. So he reasoned, with less acuteness than might have been expected from one who was reputed one of the smartest men on 'Change.

Dora did find time for love-making. True, the rules of the college were strict enough, but girl undergraduates, like those of the other sex, can always find a way to evade them. Love laughs at many things besides locksmiths.

In the town where Dora was supposed to be engrossed in her studies there happened to be a Military Academy, where the cadets studied the art of war as a profession, and practised the art of love-making as a pastime.

Many of the students at the college had friends among the cadets, and it was not long before Dora had her friend too. Tom Harecourt was a good-looking, dashing fellow in his uniform, and very soon Dora was head over ears in love with him. In spite of the rules, she and Tom found many opportunities

for stolen meetings. If Mr. Henry Allen had known of these he would have removed her from the college at once, but he remained in comfortable ignorance.

It was on one of these occasions, when she had slipped out of the great gate of the college for a few minutes, that Tom Harecourt begged her to get an evening out and go with him to a theatre.

"Oh, Tom," she said, "I should love it, but it would be of no use to ask. I'm sure they would not allow it."

"But surely," Tom protested, "they let you have an evening out sometimes! They can't treat you like prisoners."

She shook her head. "Of course the girls make up parties among themselves sometimes, but that's different. I could never get permission to go with you."

Tom considered a while. "Suppose your father wrote," he suggested, "and asked leave for you; would that do it?"

"Yes, no doubt; but he wouldn't—I should be afraid to ask him."

"Well then," said Tom, "we'll arrange it. You shall bring me one of his letters, and I'll write a note, copying his handwriting so that nobody will be able to tell the difference."

Dora demurred at first, but Tom talked her over. It would be great fun, he said; nobody would ever know, and even if they did, they would only think it a joke. She agreed at last to do as he suggested. It would be an innocent enough little adventure, she thought. Other girls had done it, why should not she? To cut a long story short, she let Tom have one of her father's old letters, and in due course received a brief note. "You have my permission," it ran, "to spend Friday evening with friends in the city."

If she had not known that Tom wrote the



"It was not long before Dora had her friend too."

note, the handwriting would have deceived even her. It was exactly like her father's, and the lady superintendent, to whom she showed it, did not think of doubting its authenticity.

On the Friday evening when she saw Dora out at the great gate the lady superintendent impressed upon her that she must be back before locking-up time, and Dora promised happily enough.

Tom met her not far from the gate, and after that the hours simply flew. Somehow, neither of them gave a thought to the time until they got to the gate of the college, and found it fast locked against them.

Not a light could be seen in the windows of the great mass of buildings on the far side of the quadrangle. The porter's lodge was dark and silent, and there was not a creature visible but themselves, not a sound to be heard.

Dora was frightened, and almost in tears. Her escapade would be reported to her father—the whole deception, which had seemed so harmless, would now come out, and she dreaded her father's anger.

"Oh," she cried, "what shall I do? What shall I do?"

It almost seemed that Tom Harcourt had planned the whole affair: he was so prompt in his suggestion.

"There's certain to be an awful row," he said. "Why should you go in at all? You'll probably be sent down—expelled. Don't give them the chance to do it."

Dora was startled. "But I can't help it," she said slowly. "I must knock up the porter and get him to let me in. I can't stay out all night—of course I can't."

"Look here," laughed Tom, as though the affair were a prime joke, "I've thought of a plan. You'll never hear the last of it if you go in, and if they send you down—as they are sure to do—your father will never forgive you. Let's get married?"

"Tom!"

"But I mean it. You are old enough to know your own mind, and to act for yourself. We're engaged, and you mean to marry me, don't you?"

"Yes——," in a whisper.

"Well then, come away with me now. You can stay the night at my sister's, and in the morning we'll be married. An elopement! By George! It will be splendid fun."

Somehow this way of putting it appealed to her, but she still hesitated.

"My father?" she said, doubtfully.

"Oh, he'll forgive you fast enough when we are married. After all, why should we wait, for years perhaps? We love each



“You’ll probably be sent down—expelled. Don’t give them the chance to.”

other. Dora! Darling!” He held out his hands in appeal. She gave him both of hers, and together they walked away from the college gates.

\* \* \*

In spite of Tom’s confident assurance that her father would forgive her, it was with a quaking heart she walked into his study on the next afternoon.

Mr. Allen was sitting in a comfortable chair, quietly enjoying a cigar.

“Why, Dora,” he said in surprise, “what on earth brings you here? Surely the vacation has not begun yet?”

Dora was embarrassed. She realised that it would not be easy to explain.

“No, Daddy,” she said, “I’ve just—I thought I would like to see you—to tell you——.” Then her heart failed her, and she hung her head in silence.

Mr. Allen looked sharply at her for a moment. Then,

“Well, what is it? What do you want to tell me? Have you run away, or what?”

“Yes!—I mean no,” stammered poor Dora, getting more flurried every second. Then she blurted out her news: “The fact is, I’m married.”

“You’re what!” shouted her father. “Married! What the devil do you mean!” Mr. Allen went almost purple with anger. “Don’t talk nonsense,” he said.

“But it isn’t nonsense,” cried Dora tearfully. “I was married this morning, and I’ve brought my husband to see you. He’s Tom Harcourt, and I love him, and you must forgive us.”

It took Mr. Allen’s breath away, and he could only stare at his daughter as she ran out of the room and returned in a minute with Tom Harcourt, who looked anything but comfortable.

The sight of his daughter’s husband redoubled Mr. Allen’s anger. He was furious, and would not listen to Tom’s muddled explanation, nor his daughter’s tearful pleading.

“You’re an infernal scoundrel, sir,” he cried. “Do you hear? An infernal scoundrel! A fortune-hunter! An unprincipled rogue! How dare you come here? But not a penny of mine shall you get—neither you nor your wife. She’s my daughter no longer, and the pair of you may go to the devil for all I care!”

“Father!” cried Dora, “you don’t mean

it—you can't mean it. Tom is——”

“You'll find out that I do mean it,” stormed her father. “Go! I never want to see you again, and you need not trouble to ask me for help when you want it—it will be useless.”

“I'll die first,” Dora flashed back, and went out of the room with her husband.

Things were not turning out as Tom Harcourt had hoped. He had been prepared for some show of anger at first, but felt sure that Mr. Allen would relent and take his daughter to his heart, husband and all. And here they were—cast out, with only a few dollars between them and starvation, so far as he could see. It was impossible for him to go back to the academy, and he had to set about trying to find a means of livelihood without delay.

Work might have been hard to find, even for a man who searched for it earnestly; but Tom Harcourt was not that sort. A life of pleasant, luxurious ease was more in his line, and he raged against the bad luck, as he called it, which had brought him to his present plight. He applied for work at two or three places without success, and in a week their scanty funds were exhausted.

Tom suggested that Dora should appeal once more to her father, but her pride rebelled at the idea, and she refused.

“Well,” he said, “we must get some money somehow. Isn't there something we can sell—jewellery or something? By George! your necklace! The very thing!”

This was a gift from her father, and ought to fetch a fair sum. She agreed to let Tom take and sell it if he could. He found a customer in a drinking bar, and disposed of the necklace for fifteen dollars—an excellent bargain for the purchaser.

When Tom took the cheque home and showed it to Dora she cried out in dismay, “Oh, Tom, only fifteen dollars! I'm sure it was worth a lot more than that.”

He replied in a surly tone that he could get no more for it, but already an idea had flashed into his mind. Why should he not turn to account his fatal facility in penmanship? It would be the easiest thing in the world to alter the cheque to one for fifteen hundred dollars, and he could keep the money for himself. Tom Harcourt was coming out in his true colours now.

The cashier at the bank made no difficulty about cashing the cheque, and Tom began at once to get rid of the money in ways

congenial to him. One of the ways was to play poker in a gambling saloon. It was the case of the pigeon and the rooks over again. Tom sat with a mirror behind him, and when he got up to leave he had not a cent in the world.

Meanwhile, the forged cheque had been detected. The man who bought the necklace, on visiting the bank, was astonished to learn that his account was exhausted. Investigation followed, and the police were set upon Tom's track. When he reached home he found them waiting for him, and Dora heartbroken. Tom was handcuffed, submitting with a sullen indifference, and led away.

Dora's grief was terrible. She had only been married a week, and now the world seemed to have crashed to atoms about her. Her disillusion was bitter and complete, but she was staunch and brave. After a time she became calmer, and was able to think over her position. She wrote to her father a pathetic little letter. She did not ask for help. She told him what her husband had done, told him that she now knew that he was worthless. “But,” she added, “he is my husband, and though I can no longer love him, my duty as a wife is to stick to him. I must suffer for my folly.”

She called the landlady and told her that she could no longer afford to keep the rooms. The next day she began her search for employment.

## CHAPTER II.

**M**ORE than a year had passed. Dora Harcourt had been fortunate. She had secured a situation as private secretary to John Darrell, a rising lawyer and politician. She had not given her real name. To her employer she was Miss Smith, and that was all he knew about her, beyond the fact that she was an exceedingly capable secretary. But he desired to know more, for this quiet, beautiful, lady-like girl, with the sad eyes, had made a strong impression upon him. That there had been some great sorrow in her life he felt certain, and as time passed the longing to know her secret and to make her happy, if that were possible, grew until it became the one great desire of his heart. Outwardly, however, he was just a kind, considerate employer. He praised her work, was unvaryingly courteous, and never embarrassed her with

questions about her life before she came to him.

And Dora? She could not help contrasting John Darrell with Tom Harcourt, her husband. Tom had been sentenced to two years' imprisonment. It was his first offence, and the judge had been lenient. Every two or three months she visited him, and they talked for a few minutes in a room with a warder in attendance, ready to lead Tom back to the cells when the time was up. For her, at anyrate, the interviews were very painful. Tom seemed to have grown hardened and callous. He expressed no regret for what he had done, nor sorrow for the disgrace and pain he had brought upon her. She had felt it her duty to tell him where she was employed and how she was living. He was urgent that she should try and effect a reconciliation with her father, but she steadfastly refused. She thought bitterly that he only desired the reconciliation that she might have money to give him when he came out of prison. She hardly dared think of the change which his release would make in her life. It was as much as she could do to give him her hand at parting. She was

thankful that he did not attempt to kiss her.

As secretary to John Darrell she was as nearly happy as she had been since the days before she had known Tom Harcourt. What, she wondered, would her employer say if he knew she was a convict's wife? She had not attempted yet to analyse her feelings with regard to Darrell. She only knew that the idea of anything occurring to interrupt their pleasant association sent a sudden pain to her heart. Yet when Tom came out of prison they would have to part, for she could never tell Darrell—never. She would never be able to bear the look of compassion in his kind eyes. Once or twice lately she had seen a look in those eyes which had set her heart beating. The memory of that look now brought the colour to her face. Dora was learning to love John Darrell.

One evening when they had been working late at the office Darrell thanked her, courteously, as he always did, and then, as she was about to leave, he took her hand and held it in a close, friendly grip. He smiled and said, "Miss Smith, I want you to let me call and see you at your home



"He found a customer in a drinking bar."

some day, will you? There's something I want to talk to you about—a question I want to ask you. May I come?"

For a moment she could not answer. She felt her colour rising, and her eyes sank before his. Then, with a murmured "Yes," she gently drew her hand away, and went out of the office. John Darrell looked after her with thoughtful, tender eyes.

She did not know whether to be glad or sorry that Darrell chose the next Sunday afternoon to make his call, for this was the day on which she was to pay her visit to her husband. She was thus able to escape Darrell's question. She knew what that question would be, and dreaded it, while blaming herself because she longed to hear him ask it.

When he arrived she was dressed ready to go out. His disappointment was evident when she pleaded an engagement which could not be postponed. They went out into the street together, and he was surprised at her agitation when he asked if he might accompany her.

"Oh, no, no!" she said, in a low, frightened voice. "I must go alone. I'm sorry—oh, please believe I'm sorry."

He said no more, but raised his hat and left her.

After this their work at the office went on as usual. Darrell made no reference to his disappointment, and to all appearance their old friendly relationship remained undisturbed. Then, one afternoon, three months after the Sunday when he had called upon her, he asked his question.

"Miss Smith," he said, suddenly, "will you be my wife? I've loved you, I think, from the day when you came here to apply for the post of my secretary. I believe I should have engaged you if you had not possessed a single qualification for the post, and you've been the best secretary a man ever had. Oh, my dear, my dear, I love you."

Dora did not know what to say. Her heart was beating furiously, and tears sprang to her eyes. She felt that she wanted to go to him, to let her head fall upon his



"Every two or three months she visited him."

shoulder, and cry, and cry, and cry.

She found her voice at last.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she said; "so sorry. I can't marry you—it is impossible. I wish—oh, I wish you hadn't asked me."

She buried her face in her hands and burst into a passion of weeping. Darrell, his face white and pained, stood looking down at her for a minute; then he went out and left her.

How long she sat there she did not know, but at last she got up and began to put the papers in order preparatory to leaving the office. Suddenly the door opened and Tom Harcourt came in.

"You," she cried, aghast.

"Yes," he said; "they let me out before my time was up because of my good conduct. You don't seem very pleased to see me, I must say. Where's your boss?"

"He's out," replied Dora, miserably.

"Well, look here," Tom went on, "I want some money, and must have some. Have you got any?"

"Not here," she said. "Oh, why did you come here? Mr. Darrell may come back at any moment."

"Want to get rid of me, do you?" sneered Tom. "I'll go fast enough if you give me some money." His eyes travelled round the room, and lighted upon the safe, the door of which stood open. In a moment, before she could make any effort to stop him, he had thrust in his hand and taken out a handful of bank-notes.

"Tom!" she screamed. "Oh, Tom, don't—you mustn't!"

But already he had rushed from the room, stuffing the notes in his pocket as he ran. In an agony of shame she locked the door of the safe and went miserably home.

\* \* \*

Tom Harcourt spent the night and part of the next day in a gambling den, leaving it only when he had lost all the money he had stolen. As he left he was shadowed by a private detective, who had been engaged by Mr. Allen to discover the whereabouts of his missing daughter. The detective had recognised Tom, and felt pretty certain that through him he would find Dora.

It was well on in the afternoon when the blow fell. It was necessary to make a considerable payment in cash to a client, and Darrell went to the office expecting to

find the packet of notes where he had left it. He gave an exclamation.

"Miss Smith," he said sharply, "has anybody been to the safe to-day?"

She managed to answer "No."

"You locked it last night?"

"Yes."

Darrell rang the bell.

A commissionaire entered.

"Did anybody come to the office after I left last night?" asked Darrell.

Before the man could reply, Dora struck in, her voice sounding strange and harsh. "No, nobody came; I'm sure nobody came."

The commissionaire stepped forward. "Excuse me, sir, that's not true," he said. "There was someone—a man. He asked to see Miss Smith, and he came in here."

Darrell looked from one to the other in bewilderment; then, turning to the man, "Very well," he said; "you may go."

After a moment's hesitation he went to the telephone and informed the police of the robbery, requesting them to send a man to the office at once.

In ten minutes the policeman arrived. Darrell had only begun to tell him the particulars of the theft when the door opened quickly and Tom Harcourt appeared. The commissionaire was close on his heels.

"This is the man who was here last night, sir," he said.

Darrell shot a look at Dora. "Do you know this man, Miss Smith?" he asked.

Through her sobs Dora answered: "He is my husband! God help me—my husband!"

There was a commotion at the door, and the detective who had been following Harcourt entered, accompanied by Mr. Allen, Dora's father—who had been summoned by telephone. In the confusion caused by their entrance, Tom Harcourt saw his chance. He rushed out of the room. Opposite him on the landing, was an open door. He sprang through it, and fell with a wild despairing cry, down, down, down. . . .

In the room he had left the cry sounded horribly. One of the men went out. He was gone some time. When he returned he said in a low, shocked voice:

"Dead—broken neck—he jumped into the lift chamber."

Dora was weeping in her father's arms. Presently they and Darrell were the only ones in the room.

# A Real Helpmate.

*From the EDISON Photoplay by Frank Hart.*

*Adapted by Jack Duncan.*

Reade, an unscrupulous architect, steals his young rival's plan for the new Town Hall, by photographing it while Maxwell is in hospital. The stolen plan wins the contest, but Maxwell's wife sees a photo of it and recognises it. Her clever detective work brings about the culprit's disgrace.



“**I** THINK the tower requires altering a trifle, sir;” and Guy Maxwell explained to his employer the alteration which would considerably improve the design.

Gilbert Reade, architect, had practically built his reputation on his assistant's brains. Although he possessed fair abilities as an architect, it was Maxwell who gave to his work those finishing touches that proved so successful.

On this particular morning Guy was feeling rather sick at perpetually striving for a niggardly pittance. He realised the value of his talents, and but for the fact that his employer was uncle to his charming wife, Marian, he would have asked for an increase in salary long before.

After having noted his assistant's suggestion, Reade turned to his letters which the postman had just delivered. His niece's handwriting caught his eye, and quickly opening the letter he read:

“Dear Uncle,

“I regret having to trouble you, but now that baby has arrived I find my expenses increased. Isn't Guy worth a little more? If you could increase his salary I should be very grateful.

“Your loving niece,

“Marian.”

“Increase his salary, indeed! How can I afford to pay him more money? Anyway, what business is it of Marian's?”

He thereupon penned a note to his niece saying how impossible it was for him to do what she asked, and suggesting that in future she looked more after her own affairs and did not interfere in matters that were no business of hers

\* \* \*

Guy Maxwell arrived home to an affectionate greeting by his wife and an impudent smile from the baby. Husband and wife were very fond of each other, and so far, in spite of the absence of expensive luxuries, their married life had been extremely happy.

“Well, Guy dear, and how did you get on to-day?” asked Marian.

“Oh! about the same as usual,” answered Guy. Detecting the disconsolate note in his voice, his wife crossed the room and embraced him affectionately. Immediately the smile came back to his face and his troubles were driven to the winds.

After supper the postman arrived and with him came Marian's reply from her uncle.

Glancing nervously at Guy, she opened the envelope and read the enclosure. Disappointment and anger appeared on her face as she passed the letter to her husband. Guy was surprised at the contents, and looked enquiringly at his angry wife.

“What is the use of sacrificing yourself for him,” she cried. “Why don't you start for yourself?”

“Think of the risk, my dear. Supposing I was unable to obtain any commissions, where should we be?”

“Oh, bother the risk. If you never try you never succeed. Let's put our trust in Providence and chance it.”

“Very well, it shall be as you wish. I will hand your uncle my notice to-morrow.”

The following morning Gilbert Reade was greatly surprised when Guy Maxwell told him he intended leaving.

Exceedingly angry, he refused his assistant's proffered hand, and Guy left the office with a bad opinion of his former employer.

The news that “He'd done it” was joyously received by his wife, who was confident





“Four years had passed and Guy had prospered.”

of her husband's success in his own business.

\* \* \*

Four years had passed and Guy Maxwell had prospered. Their child had grown into a charming little girl, and everything was happy and contented in their neat little home.

Tea had just been cleared away, and whilst Guy sat reading, Marian was giving their little girl her first lesson in the art of playing the piano.

Presently the maid entered with the evening paper, in which Guy became immediately interested.

“By jove, Marian, here's an opportunity. Listen—

‘Designs are invited for the new Town Hall, the architect of which will be chosen on the strength of the most favourable front elevation submitted.’”

“You'll enter, of course, Guy?”

“Rather, it's the very thing I've been waiting for.”

He there and then proceeded to make preparations for his supreme effort, for he

meant this design to surpass anything he had ever attempted.

Weeks passed, and the plan was nearing completion. Maxwell was quite satisfied with his creation, whilst his wife was loud in her applause of its beauty.

One morning Guy was inspecting a building which was being erected under his supervision. He had climbed the scaffolding to the third story and given the foreman his instructions. Turning to descend the ladder, a loose plank in the flooring slipped, and Guy Maxwell fell with a crash to the ground, many feet below.

Amid cries of terror he was carried, unconscious, to the nearest hospital.

Marian fainted on hearing of her husband's accident. Recovering, she immediately rushed to the hospital; there the doctor met her.

“Don't be alarmed, madam. There is nothing to fear. Your husband's arm is broken, and he has had a severe shock.”

When Marian saw her husband with bandages round his head and body she gave

way to tears, and was led away from the bedside, sobbing terribly.

After her emotion had subsided, and she was quietly seated at home, she suddenly realised what this accident would mean to her husband. He would be unable to finish the design.

It was then that Guy Maxwell's wife proved worthy of his love. Day and night she worked, ever careful to be exact with the measurements and lines. In spite of the many lessons she had received from her husband, the task proved a difficult one, and it was with pride that she at last looked upon the finished drawing. Yes, it was worthy of her husband, and as she examined it she was confident of its success.

\* \* \*

Gilbert Reade was in a quandary. The closing time of the competition was drawing near and his drawing was far from finished. Calling his assistant, he upbraided him for his lack of originality in not being able to suggest anything for the important plan.

The new assistant resented his master's tone, and spitefully retorted :

"I understand Maxwell has been badly hurt. They tell me he has a plan that is a sure winner."

Angrily dismissing his subordinate, Reade again contemplated his handiwork.

Suddenly an idea struck him. Snatching up a camera, which he always kept at hand, he left the office.

Marian had gone to the hospital to see Guy, and the house was left in the sole occupancy of the latter's daughter and a maid.

They had been playing together for some time when a ring was heard at the front door.

The maid immediately answered the ring, and a gentleman stepped into the hall.

"Is Mrs. Maxwell at home?"

"No, sir; she has gone to the hospital to see her husband."

"Very well, I will wait until my niece returns." Turning to the child he started chatting to her, and in a short while he quite won the young lady's good will.

"Have you seen daddy's picture?" she asked.



"Maxwell was quite satisfied with his creation."

Reade's eyes shone in anticipation.

"No, but I should very much like to," he answered.

The child then led him to her father's workroom, where lay the precious drawing.

Reade gloated over the success of his scheme, and requesting the child to hold up the plan, with the excuse that he might have a better view, he brought forward his camera. A few minutes later he left the house with the knowledge that his camera contained a likely photograph of perhaps the finest design of recent years.

That night Reade's new assistant was surprised to see his employer with photographic apparatus, apparently developing a print. His curiosity aroused, he took advantage of Reade's momentary absence to examine the plate.

When Marian returned home the maid told her of the visitor, but said nothing of his having seen the drawing.

\* \* \*

A few days later the committee met to select the winning design.

The first two examined were placed on

one side, and the next proved to be Gilbert Reade's.

Exclamations of approval burst from the lips of the committee as they saw the drawing, and the chairman exclaimed, "This is exactly what we want. There's no use in going through the others. Let them be returned."

Guy Maxwell had recovered from his accident, and that afternoon was sitting up in bed chatting to his wife. The nurse entered with the afternoon paper, which she handed to Guy.

The first thing to catch his eye on opening the folded sheet was a reproduction of his plan for the front elevation of the new town hall.

"By jove, Marian, we've done it," he cried.

He had hardly spoken before a look of amazement came into his face—"By Gilbert Reade," he murmured.

His wife took the paper, and a moment later she was as amazed as her husband.

"The thief!" she cried. "He has stolen your design." But Maxwell had sunk back



"Marian convinced the committee of Reade's guilt."



“There were tears in the old man’s eyes when he begged Guy’s forgiveness.”

on the bed exhausted by such a blow.

Hurrying on her coat and hat, Marian rushed out of the ward. Jumping into a passing taxi, she drove to her uncle’s office.

She was pleased to find the villainous architect absent, and immediately proceeded to bombard the assistant with questions.

The clerk proved obstinate at first, but his bitterness towards his employer prevailed. Going to the desk he pulled open a drawer and extracted a photograph. This he handed to the anxious wife.

Her heart gave a leap. It was a picture of her husband’s drawing. Stay, what were those two little knobs appearing at the top of the photograph? Why surely, they were two little fists holding up the sheet. Instinctively she felt that they were the hands of her child.

Thanking the assistant, she rushed from the office.

The maid was surprised to see her mistress in such an excited state, but Marian did not care. Calling her little daughter, she questioned her as to what hap-

pened when the nice big gentleman called.

The youngster remembered quite well, and told her mother all that had passed.

\* \* \*

The following morning the local committee received a shock. A lady and child forced their way into the board-room.

Telling her story in excited tones, Marian convinced the committee of Reade’s guilt, and when they saw the photograph taken by her rascally uncle they were staggered.

She was soon receiving congratulations all round. A little later she carried the welcome news to her husband.

\* \* \*

“Well, Marian, he did his utmost to harm us, but he failed. I think we did right to forgive him. This has been a severe lesson to Gilbert Reade, and really there were tears in the old man’s eyes when he begged my forgiveness.”

“When one is happy, Guy, it is easy to be nice to everybody.”

“Yes, dear, and it is hard not to be happy with such a real helpmate as you.”

# Old California.

*Adapted from the 101 BISON Film by Owen Garth.*

Mother Dolores' heart is wrung with anguish when her only son exhibits those soul-killing traits which dragged his father down to ruin. Hoping to make him live an upright life, she enters him in the service of the Governor. A dissolute woman ruins the boy. His mother dies in ignorance of his disgrace. The kind-hearted Governor allows the fallen soldier to wear his sword for the last time at the death-bed of his mother.



SINGLE ray of sunlight poured through the leaded lattice window of a humble cottage in the old Spanish town of Albuera, South California, lighting up the care-worn face

of a once pretty woman; her hair, years ago black as a raven's wing, now grey and thin, her eyes dead, her wrinkled features immobile. One failed to recognise Dolores, twenty years back the beauty and pride of that far-flung Spanish settlement; wonderful Dolores, whom every male adored, whose suitors were to be reckoned by the score amongst the eligible. Time had taken heavy toll. A faint light brightened up the leaden eyes for a moment—she had laid aside and neglected the everlasting sewing, and had gone back in mind to those brilliant days when Captain Hermande and Captain José had struggled against one another for a favour at her hands. How those two fought for her slightest word of encouragement, the earnest José and the dashing, handsome Hermande. And she had been captivated by the latter (her eyes clouded). What a fine lover he made—daring, full of gaiety, never a moment dull. He had captivated her, alas, with his impassioned words; he had married her, and for a while all was bright and happy as the glorious Californian sun. Then came a change, slow and subtle at first, developing more obvious after. Captain Hermande took to the wine flask: the love he had centred on Dolores gradually gave way to neglect, and when he was in his cups, brutality. For years she had borne all for the sake of her little son, Vasco, but she had come to shudder at the approach of her husband's footsteps, and

now he was dead. They had brought him, not many days ago, into that room from the tavern, where he had died in a drunken fit.

Dolores did not mourn when Hermande died—she saw the end of her misery, and her interest turned to her son, now a fine lad of eighteen. What would become of him?

\* \* \*

It had been a day of much anxiety for Dolores. For weeks she had noticed in Vasco symptoms which revealed that he had inherited to some extent his father's weaknesses. She had prayed and pleaded with him, and he had promised to try to overcome the vices he was heir to. But Dolores realised that this was not enough. Vasco must have some labour to concentrate his thoughts on, something to fill his life, for he was old enough to go out into the world. Dolores had remembered José, her old sweetheart, Hermande's rival, who by grit and perseverance had risen in the service of the State and was now Governor of the Province. Would José help her and do aught for her son? She wondered. She would write him, and she did so, asking him to accept Vasco in his service for the sake of the old love in the days long gone by.

Now she was waiting for a reply, her mind torn with doubt and anxiety. Next day a soldier of the guard appeared at the door—he handed a note to Dolores. With eager, trembling fingers she tore it open, and then read that José had not forgotten Dolores, and was prepared to meet her son and do what was possible for him.

She had just finished reading when Vasco himself burst into the room. A sturdy fellow, his shirt open at the breast, he caught



Vasco entering Iuez's room.

Dolores in his arms and kissed her again and again before she was able to direct his attention to the note she held in her hand.

"Hold! Vaseo, dearest, here is news, good news for you. Read the letter from the Governor," she cried joyfully.

"From the Governor! for me!" said the young man, his eyes lifting up with enthusiasm. "Show me, mother—is it good news?"

"Aye, the best news," she answered, handing him the letter.

He read eagerly, then gave a whoop for joy. He had always admired the King's uniform, and here was a chance for him to wear it. The Governor asked him to pay a visit.

"Mother, dear, I'm off at once. You shall see me return in the King's uniform," he said, as he turned to the door.

"I hope you will wear it honourably," she muttered simply, as with tears in her eyes she embraced her son, praying hard within herself that he might not be led into the temptation.

Vaseo entered the service of the Governor of the province, and was quickly drilled into a good soldier.

His manly bearing won him the approval of his superiors, and as protégé of the Governor he made rapid progress. This created jealousy in the heart of an officer of the Court, who commenced scheming to ruin young Vaseo. However, he steered clear of the pitfalls until Ferdinand thought of Inez, a beautiful adventuress, with whom he was friendly.

Ferdinand sought her out, and proposed his low scheme to her; she, ready for any adventure, honourable or dishonourable,

joyfully entered into the plot, for the reason that she secretly admired, and would be loved by the dashing son of the late Captain Hermande.

"He will pass this way to-night," whispered Ferdinand. "Smile on him and he will follow you; beekon him and he will fall in love as madly as any young buck. Draw him to enter the garden. Tease him by remaining just out of his grasp, and he will rush in after you from sheer bravado. I know the breed—is he not the son of old Hermande, the good-for-naught?"

"I will," she replied fervently. "He has always repulsed my advances before. I think I can inveigle him this time. Surely I have not lost all my charm?"

"Inez, you are more charming than ever: you will fascinate the young pup, and pay him back for his indifference. You are sure you will carry it out, Inez?"

"I shall do it if only to repay him for the slights I have suffered."

"Good! Au revoir, Inez."

"Au revoir."

Vaseo, ignorant of the scheme to disgrace him, was in the seventh heaven of mental elation, for the Governor had sent for him and entrusted him with important State

papers, to be delivered into the hands of Philip of Spain. Here was an honour! That he should have been chosen from amongst hundreds of tried and trustworthy men was so singular an honour that his head spun round with joyful pride. As he thrust the letters in his wallet he vowed he would be faithful to his charge even unto death; and with the fatherly advice of the Governor ringing in his ears, he set out on the journey, which, if successful, would bring honourable reward.



Vaseo leaving Inez's house.

The way led by Inez's house, a quaint old pile, surrounded by a splendid garden. Opening the gate one stepped into a wonderland of flowers, gorgeous in flaring tropical colours. The house was verandahed all round within easy reach of the ground, and the latticed windows promised cool repose within. The approach to the house led by a dusty lane, and fifty paces from the gate stood a fountain to tempt weary wayfarers. Here Vasco halted to slake his thirst, and it was as he raised the metal cup to his dry lips that his eyes first encountered Inez.

She stood at the gate, her dark hair framing her imperious little head, as the curls fell over her shoulders and breast, half-bared through the low-necked dress. A charming picture she stood, inviting Vasco's attention.

The young soldier smiled back and made towards Inez. She waited until he was within a few paces of her, and had doffed his plumed hat with the sweep of a cavalier, then she slipped through the gate, leaving the astonished Vasco on the outside. But he was too interested now to draw back; the magnetism of Inez's coquettish glances and her alluring smile were sufficient to attract him further. The important papers were forgotten in the excitement of the adventure. Vasco opened the gate and entered the garden. Inez was not to be seen. She had disappeared absolutely. No, not absolutely, for there, over on the balcony, was the sign of a woman's dress peeping out from the half-opened door. His arm out-stretched, half-appealing, Vasco advanced to beneath the balcony.

"Come down to me, beautiful lady," he murmured gently.

But Inez, who had come out, shook her head. Still, there was a smile on her lips and an inviting laugh in her eyes as she took a rose and tossed it towards the young soldier. He caught the flower in his hands and pressed it passionately to his lips. When he looked up again the adventuress was gone.

For a moment only Vasco hesitated, then he pulled himself up on to the balcony. Glancing around to see no one perceived, he stealthily opened the door and went in.

There was no one in the room—a lady's boudoir, evidently—but a bejewelled hand was visible on the heavy curtains at the other end, curtains which apparently hid another apartment, and revealed Inez's position.

Vasco was well in the room when Inez came out, an artificial look of astonishment and outrage on her face.

"Pardon my presumption, lady," cried Vasco, half-abashed. "Your eyes led me—I was forced to follow."

"How dare you outrage my privacy? Because I smile, must I suffer such intrusion?" she flung back at him.

"I dared because the sight of you filled me with love. Will you be angry with me for forgetting a moment in the heat of my passion?"

Inez smiled, and then as Vasco made to advance, was stern again. "Keep your place, sir," she cried. "Do you not dread the consequences of being found here?"

"I fear nothing, if you but give me a word of encouragement," said Vasco, yet he obviously started as if called back to the peril of what he was doing. The adventuress noticed, and afraid of losing her hold now



Outside dying Dolores' house.



and missing the effect of her spite, she posed before him, showing her wonderful form and shapely neck. Her lips parted in that queer, inviting smile again, and she flung her little head back with an air of inconsequent abandon.

And Vaseo forgot all his soldierly qualities, forgot his mission and his honour, for the sake of a smile from this cunning mix.

\* \* \*

When Vasco left Inez's house he found a squad of soldiers waiting for him. Ferdinand had not been slow to carry the story to the Governor's ears, with the result that Vaseo was put under arrest and brought before the military court. The full significance of his foolish infatuation came to him with shaming force as he heard the words pronounced to the effect that he should be deprived of his sword and rank, and be driven out of the service in disgrace.

He recoiled at the words, and Ferdinand, the man who had conspired his downfall, ehukled in his beard.

"Your Excellency, give me another chance," implored Vaseo.

But the Governor was adamant. "You have betrayed my trust; you have dishonoured your uniform. You have had your chance, you have thrown it away for a petty intrigue. You are a disgrace," he said.

"One chance! I will retrieve my honour, for my mother's sake."

"Make no futile pleas. There can be no chance for such as you. Go!"

And the manner in which these words were spoken told Vaseo that there was no hope of re-instatement, and he turned away stricken to the heart.

How could he go home to his mother, whom he had promised to do his duty honourably. This blow would kill her. She was already feeble, almost unto death.

He little knew that the poor old mother was even at that moment wrestling with the Great Invisible.

A little wizened woman, a neighbour, had just hastened from the house in search of Vaseo. She had the dread news to impart that his mother was dying. This was a stunning blow to the poor stricken fellow. The world spun round, the light of the sun went out, and he groped about like a blind man.

This was the bitter end. To go to his dying mother like this, a disgrace, was more than he could muster courage to do. Yet

he must see her before she passed away!

He must obtain his sword somehow for an hour or so—he would show himself to her in an honourable way. The Governor would soften, perhaps relent, when he heard of Dolores' illness. So the poor fellow reasoned, and telling the neighbour he was returning home at once he set off for the Governor's house.

José was still holding court, and as Vaseo forced his way through the crowd of officers and soldiers he jumped to his feet in a rage at the unwarranted intrusion.

"Your Excellency, spare me a moment—my mother, Dolores, is dying," gasped out the panting Vaseo.

"Dolores, your mother—dying!" echoed José.

"Dying now, your Excellency. Let me wear my sword again for one hour, so that her last moments be not embittered. For one hour, your Excellency, let me wear the badge of honour!" cried Vaseo.

"Dolores, my love, dying," murmured the Governor, to himself. Then straightening himself he called for his hat and gave orders for Vaseo's sword to be buckled on. "Come," he said to the lad, "we will go to the bedside together."

Outside Dolores' house the little party halted—for the Governor was followed by his guards. Vaseo turned to thank him, when he caught sight of the medal of honour he wore.

"Your Excellency, may I crave one further favour, for the sake of my dying mother?" whispered Vaseo.

"Speak, and if it be within my power I will grant it," replied the grief-stricken José, for his heart was still full of love for his old sweetheart, and the sad mission had swept away all his austerity.

"Will you pin the medal of honour on my breast. I deserve no favour at your hands, but for my mother I would ask anything." Vaseo's words were choked with emotion. He loved his mother as he loved nothing on earth. José's love was scarcely the weaker, and hardly realising what he was doing he silently took the precious medal and pinned it on the wayward lad's uniform.

Then they uncovered their heads and entered the humble dwelling.

Outstretched on the mean bed lay the once beautiful Dolores, her face drawn in pain, her eyes already dimmed by approaching death.

She half raised herself and smiled as Vasco came to her side.

"Mother!"

"Vasco, you have come at last! Have you done your duty well?" she murmured. "I am going, Vasco, but I like to know you have held honourably to your service." Her hand strayed to the sword, while her son bent his head in his hands in grief and shame. The Governor looked on, his heart numbed with sorrow, sorrow too deep for him to notice the boy who had fallen so low.

"Vasco, you promise (Dolores' voice was growing weaker), you promise me to do your duty always honourably?"

The poor lad could not answer, his voice was choked back by tears. How could he answer her?

Dolores grasped his shoulders in her feeble hands and raised herself to him. "The medal of honour," she gasped. "Oh, Vasco!" Her face was suffused with joy as she turned to José.

"My boy, he has gained this distinction—he has performed honourably as a good soldier! Oh, I am happy."

José bowed his head in acquiescence as Dolores, spent, sank back on the pillow.

Vasco was weeping as if his heart would

break, for shame overpowered him.

"Do not weep, my boy. I am so happy you have acquitted yourself well. Goodbye, my Vasco, always be a good man——" Dolores' voice could scarcely be heard; she gave a satisfied sigh and passed away, a happy smile illuminating her worn features.

The Governor took the threadbare shawl and placed it gently over the face he had loved so well, then placed his hand on the shoulder of Vasco, who, too broken to resist anyone or anything, rose and fronted with drooping head the man who had lightened his mother's last moments.

"Thank you, your Excellency," he muttered. "I have failed once, I shall not fail again."

"That is right, my boy. It is not too late," said José. "Remember, for your mother's sake! I loved her well, my lad; for her I will do what I can for you."

"You have done too much for me already, your Excellency—I was not worth it."

"But you will be worth it—for Dolores' sake."

"For my mother's memory I will."

And the pair went out of the house of death together, Vasco still wearing his sword.

## LIVE TARANTULA IN CLEEK FILM (EDISON).



*For particulars of this interesting incident see page 376.*

# The Resurrection of Caleb Worth.

*From the EDISON Photoplay by Ashley Miller.*

*Adapted by John Harrow.*

The bank had always prospered under Worth, but he was old, so the directors elected young Canfield as president. Canfield broke his engagement with Winifred Worth, and the Worths had a hard time until the bank almost failed. Then Worth was recalled and the humbled Canfield and Winifred were reconciled.

**I** AM very sorry, Mr. Manton, but your proposition is of too risky a nature for a bank of our reputation to finance. If I complied with your request I should feel that I was lacking in my duty towards my co-directors."

As he spoke, Caleb Worth, the old president of the Standard Bank, looked up from the papers he had been studying and gazed squarely into the shifty, restless eyes of the company promotor sitting opposite him.

"But surely, Mr. Worth, you don't think my scheme is risky, or even doubtful, do you?" responded Mr. Manton, supplicatingly. "Why, man, it's the safest and best paying proposition that has ever been floated, and if I could only get somebody to back it up, I would guarantee to make their fortune in less than a year. Won't you re-consider your decision?"

"It's a splendid idea, Mr. Worth," chimed in Bruce Canfield, the young vice-president, as he stood beside Caleb's chair and scanned the prospectus. "I certainly think we should render Mr. Manton all the assistance in our power. Besides, it would do such a lot for the bank."

Caleb Worth smiled indulgently at his assistant's enthusiasm. "No! No! Bruce," he said. "It's the bank I'm thinking of," and turning again to the expectant Manton, he decisively exclaimed: "I regret I am unable to alter my decision. The bank is unable to see its way clear to take up your scheme in any form whatever."

As Mr. Manton angrily strode out of the room, Bruce Canfield deprecatingly took him by the arm and whispered his regrets in his ear. He did not approve of Worth's decision, and took no pains to hide his dissatisfaction.

As the door closed behind Manton's retreating figure, he turned to Caleb and expressed himself with some heat. "Why do you treat my opinions with so little consideration, Mr. Worth?" he said. "The advantages of Mr. Manton's scheme are obvious."

"They are too obvious for my liking, Bruce," replied the old man. "Besides, I know something of our visitor's reputation. He is one of the shadiest characters in the town, and has ruined a great many people who have been foolish enough to invest their money in his 'get-rich-quick' schemes. He ought to have been in prison long ago, only he is too subtle and keeps just within the law."

Caleb had been in the employ of the Standard Bank ever since its inception, some forty years ago, and for the last twenty-five had directed its policy with quiet, steady success. He was, in fact, one of its founders, and spoke with all the full weight of his vast experience behind him. But Bruce was by this time thoroughly aroused. He thought it was a shame to let such a splendid opportunity to enrich the bank slip by, and a serious quarrel might have resulted between the two had not a clear, sweet voice suddenly exclaimed: "Surely you two are not quarrelling?"

Both men turned round with a start of

recognition of Caleb's charming daughter.

"Good morning, father! Good morning, Bruce!" went on Winifred Worth—Caleb's only child. "I knocked several times, but could obtain no answer, so I walked in. I hope I have not interrupted a somewhat heated business discussion?" she questioned, with roguery laughing out of her eyes.

"That's all right, my child. Bruce and I just hold a little difference of opinion."

Bruce Canfield and Winifred Worth were engaged. The young couple were very fond of each other, and the union was greatly approved by old Caleb.

A few days later a board-meeting was held by the Standard Bank to elect the officers for the coming year.

Business had been good and steady under the capable guidance of Caleb Worth, but some of the younger directors were not satisfied. They wished to enter into more risky speculations, from which, in the event of success, more profit was to be gained. Old Caleb was very much against this sort of thing, and gave his opinions to the board

with some show of heat. The meeting began to take an argumentative aspect, and one of the younger directors, in reply to Caleb's remarks, shouted:

"I believe our policy is too conservative. We ought to branch out more. It is not to be expected that fortunes are going to be made whilst we stick to the old-fashioned policy of taking no risks. I suggest that younger blood is wanted at the head of affairs, then perhaps we should see a change."

This was a direct stab at Caleb, and the old man was surprised to see his young colleague's biting remarks received with such evident approval by the rest of the board. But a bigger shock was to follow.

The election of officers next came under discussion, and according to custom each director was entitled to one vote.

Caleb took little interest in the proceedings. He had been president for twenty-five years, and the probability of his not being re-elected did not occur to him.

The announcement that young Bruce Canfield had been chosen as president came to



"This bank is unable to take up your scheme in any form whatever."

the old man as a shock. So this was how they treated him after his many years' work.

Suddenly he realised what his dismissal meant to him and his dear daughter. Their means of livelihood taken away, how would they get on! Shame on these foolhardy young men these fools who apparently did not realise the careful and cautious methods required in the management of a bank.

Caleb Worth left the board-room with head held high, hiding with difficulty his true feelings from these men who had chosen to dismiss him.

Arriving home his grief gained the upper hand, and burying his head in his arms he sobbed as though his heart would break.

A shadow rested on his house in those days. His dismissal had made Caleb an old man, tottering and weak. Even Winifred, whose nature was of the brightest, felt that shadow, and she was often discovered in tears by her father. The day following the extraordinary board meeting Bruce had called at the house as usual, but being coldly received by the old man he had not

called since, and Winifred felt his absence keenly.

Caleb attended the next board meeting as was his right, but his reception was so cold and his remarks received such scant attention that he resolved to attend no more.

After weeks of morbid idleness, the poor old ex-president realised that he would have to work.

"I haven't money enough to retire. Is there no room in the world for experience?" he would mournfully ask.

Greatly disheartened at his unsuccessful attempts to obtain work, and worried by the fact that he was making rapid inroads into his small capital, the old man gave himself up to melancholia.

Winifred proved a good daughter in those days of trouble. She endeavoured to keep things going by giving music lessons, but her pupils were terribly trying, and she had found the task beyond her.

Winifred had not seen Bruce since that unhappy day following the board meeting.



"The reply was the same as the others had been."



“The girl was gazing wistfully at the portrait of Bruce.”

Deeply pained by his desertion, she and her father lived in misery and tears.

Old Caleb made a final attempt to obtain employment and approached an old business friend. The reply was the same as the others had been—

“ . . . . . although we realise the value of a man with your splendid reputation, we find that we cannot change our established policy of taking only young men into our business. Regretting . . . . .”

\* \* \*

The end of the year drew near and Bruce Canfield was greatly worried over the success of their new policy. Several speculations of a risky nature had gone wrong, whilst those that had not gone under showed very little profit. The young president became irritable and bad-tempered, and time after time he wished that he had never accepted his position with its great responsibility. He looked back on those days when old Caleb had been there, and sighed.

He thought with regret of Winifred, and

compared her to the new companion he had found. How grieved she would be if she knew. Ah, well, after the year was over, and his report had been given, he would apologise to old Caleb and return once more to Winifred.

With these reflections he proceeded with his work.

\* \* \*

One morning old Caleb came upon his daughter in tears. A locket suspended from her neck lay open, and the girl was gazing wistfully at the portrait of Bruce.

Caleb suddenly realised the overwhelming nature of her love for his young successor, and for a moment his own misery was cast aside. To think that his daughter should suffer like this because of him. For it was the bad feeling existing between Bruce and he that had kept the young man away.

What was his pride compared to his child's happiness?

Leaving Winifred to her sadness he went into the next room. Putting on his hat and coat he wrote a note to his daughter, which



“Gentlemen, if you will put up £5,000 apiece, I will stake my reputation that the bank shall not fail.”

he placed on the table :

“I have gone to bring him back to you.

“Father.”

Caleb Worth arrived at the bank as the young president was making his first annual report. Entering the board-room unobserved he seated himself at the end of the room.

Bruce was speaking :

“Gentlemen, the bank is facing a crisis for the first time in its history. Under our new policy things have gone all wrong. Various speculations have proved unsuccessful, and unless something happens the bank will have to close its doors.”

Cries of consternation from his fellow directors greeted these remarks, and a rush was made to examine the report.

Nobody noticed old Caleb in the excitement, and surely the old man was to be excused if he smiled a little maliciously. But he quickly became serious, and going to the table he banged his fist on the board in quite his old manner.

“Now, you clever people,” he shouted,

“you see the result of your handiwork. Don't you suppose that I, with my great experience, knew what I was talking about when I said that your proposed policy was a mistake. You refused to listen to me then, but now through your blindness and foolhardiness you have brought the bank to the verge of ruin. But the bank shall not fail. Gentlemen, if you will put up £5,000 apiece, I will stake my reputation that the bank shall not fail.”

The directors were so terrified and subdued at the position of affairs that they were glad to accept the old man's offer.

The money was forthcoming in no time, and Bruce Canfield heaved a sigh of relief when the meeting came to an end.

For some time after her father had left, Winifred sat where he had left her. Then wondering what could have become of him she went into the next room. The note on the table caught her eyes, and as she read the hastily written words she realised the extent of her father's sacrifice.

But she refused to be humbled. Who

was Bruce Canfield, she asked herself, that her father should go to him with entreaties on his lips?

Hurrying into her hat and coat she followed her father to the bank. Her appearance there caused some surprise—she had been away so long—but no word was said, and she made her way into the board-room as in days of old.

Quietly entering the room she was surprised at the serious faces she saw there, but seeing the triumphant look on her father's face she guessed what had happened. Rushing to him she put her arms round his neck and hugged him affectionately.

Bruce stood with downcast eyes as he realised his love for the girl there before him. He blushed with shame as his

conscience smote him at his treatment of her.

Winifred left her father and turned haughtily to Bruce, but as she saw the sadness of his bearing her face softened and she went to him and put her hands on his shoulders, looking into his face with forgiveness written largely on her own.

\* \* \*

Caleb Worth is once again happy and contented, and the bank has regained its prosperous condition. The young vice-president works hard at making his father-in-law's duties as light as possible.

And on those occasions when they receive a visit from Winifred, accompanied by little Bruce Canfield, happiness reigns supreme in the office of the Standard Bank.

## TEMPUS FUGIT.

Time passes quickly when pleasure and enjoyment are knocking around. It also goes fairly fast when plenty of hard work abounds. From these remarks one would assume that the clock is only forgotten or regarded with regret in the extremes of enjoyment and hard work. There is no need in applying these two things to the flight of time to separate them: coupled together, they are delightful. Work occupies so many hours nowadays that the man who finds pleasure in his employment is fortunate, exceptionally fortunate.

It is through no desire on my part to pose as a hardworking man who finds pleasure in his slavery that I make the following remarks. Not at all. It is merely my intention to try and inform my readers of the great amount of enjoyment I find in preparing this magazine for their attention. That we have now been running for twelve months seems hardly credible, and the realisation that I have arranged a good round dozen issues staggers me. Had I, yesterday, been surprised with the question "How old is your Mag.?" my reply would promptly and thoughtlessly have been, "Oh, only a month or two."

The flight becomes so rapid that one gets fairly lost. Days and even weeks are forgotten. Only one day fixes itself on the Editor's mind: the day when the noisy printer clamours for his last batch of copy and when the office is besieged by inky-faced youths—the day of going to press. An exciting and fascinating life this publishing business!

But I am straying somewhat. I commenced writing with the idea of again emphasising the change of title. "Picture Stories Magazine" sounds very enticing. It will be my earnest endeavour to obtain approval of the new name through the improved contents of the book. Good things appear in the September issue. I have written some matter myself.

THE EDITOR.



# The Brute.

*Adapted from the Famous Players Film by Wm. Orchard.*

"The Brute" is a tense, modern drama of the clash of wills between a strong man and a weak woman, the climax of which hangs in the balance until the man, in righteous indignation, exerts his full physical strength towards the subjugation of the woman, and through sheer force brings his wilful and mercenary wife to see her folly and lovingly acknowledge him her master for all time.

"Dear Bill,

"Frank and I are prospecting in Colorado. We need a mascot. With your luck we'd strike a bonanza.

"Join us. Sincerely,  
"Jack Travers."

William West, or "Billy," as he was called for brevity's sake, eyed the invitation with mixed feelings. He wanted money, and plenty of it, if he was ever to marry Edith Pope. On the other hand, he had a sneaking suspicion that the trite maxim "Out of sight, out of mind," might operate against him inconveniently if he went to the goldfields. He might find gold all right; on the other hand, he might lose the girl he loved. Accidents like that do happen sometimes.

He went to an informal little party that evening, where he met Edith Pope, Alice Pope, her sister, and Donald Rogers, a contractor, whom Billy West suspected of having an underground regard for Edith. They were a merry party, and when all the persiflage had been discharged, Billy called Edith aside and told her of his invitation.

"You know I love you very much, Edith," he said; "but present circumstances are against us marrying, and I'm going to take this chance of winning fortune. I may be a long time away at the goldfields, and I want to know if you will wait for me?"

"Oh, yes," replied Edith, lightly. "When are you going?"

"In a few days," returned West. "Meanwhile I have a great deal to do; and remember, while I am away, please don't flirt."

"As if I should," retorted the girl with a laugh. "Can't you trust me better than that?"

Billy merely grinned. He had had some experience of women.

A week later he came to bid his girl good-bye; and after many protestations of undying affection on both sides, Billy went. Edith followed him down the steps to wave her handkerchief to him, and as Billy looked over his shoulder he saw his friend Rogers, the contractor, going slowly up the steps. William West's spirits went down to zero.

"Can't even wait till I get to the station," he muttered savagely. "Heigh ho, for good or ill, I'm off to the goldfields, so the best thing I can do is to keep my spirits up. Things will work out all right."

For many months West worked under the blazing Western sun, but gold was conspicuous by its elusiveness. He sent home messages of the efforts he was making to get rich quickly; but as month succeeded month the letters from Edith became less frequent, and after a while ceased altogether. It was one day while West was thinking of going home to ascertain the cause of Edith's silence that he struck gold.

He was in a delirium of delight. At last the weary months of waiting were to be rewarded with the money which would enable him to marry his girl. He staked his claim, formed a company, and in a few weeks was well on the way towards being a rich man. Then the blow fell.

Arriving at his shanty one evening, after a hard day's work, he prepared his supper, smoked his pipe, and then broke the package of papers which arrived every week from the great city of New York. But this time he dropped his papers to take up an envelope which was addressed to him in a strange handwriting, and which somehow gave him



“Gold at last.”

a premonition of ill news. Inside was a card, on which was printed :

Mrs. JAMES B. POPE  
has the honour to announce the marriage of  
her daughter  
EDITH  
to  
Mr. DONALD ROGERS  
On Wednesday, April 15th, 1909,  
At 3, Elm Street, New York.

West's pipe had gone out and he lit it again with a shaking hand. Then with a gesture of weariness, he took his coat, put it on and went out into the woods with the remark: "Well, thank heaven, I shall be spared the misery of having Mrs. James B. Pope for a mother-in-law. She sent me that card for the purpose of rubbing it in; and as for Edith, well, the less I think about her the better now."

## PART II.

**F**IVE years passed away, and William West still remained at the goldfields accumulating money which he had no particular use for now. Occasionally he thought of Edith, and wondered how she was faring, but he sternly repressed wandering and unruly thoughts on that subject, and applied himself harder to the task of digging for gold. But one has only to stick at a thing long enough to get tired of it, and West began to hunger for the life and glitter

of New York. One evening he dreamed of Broadway, its fashionable throng, its myriads of lights, its excitement and novelty, and before the week was out West realized his property into securities and took the train for New York. He was the typical gold-digger turned millionaire, and New York welcomed him with open arms.

Meanwhile things had not gone very well with the Rogers

family. Rogers himself had not prospered as well as his mother-in-law expected; he was in danger of losing a large contract that he had built his hopes upon, and some of his creditors were pressing him for money. Edith had tried to drown her thoughts of West by going in for as much gaiety as her husband could afford. To give him his due, Rogers was as indulgent a husband as ever West would have made, and he idolised his young son Bobbie, whose failing health, owing to the confinement of New York, occasioned the parents the greatest anxiety. One of the hopes of the great contract was that it would enable him to send Bobbie to the country for a few months. It was on this household that William West, the returned millionaire, burst suddenly one day.

He had come in merely to pay a friendly call, as behoved an old friend. He found his successful rival looking careworn but hospitable; and Edith, after the first surprise, blushed, and then coolly told West that she was always thinking of him. The jilted man bore himself well, and without even the faintest suggestion of a grievance to mar the circumstances of his welcome by the Rogers family. There was only one person West disliked in the crowd, and that was the mother-in-law he had missed. This lady, on discovering that the once poverty-stricken suitor for her daughter's hand had struck

gold, secretly told him she feared that Edith had not made a very successful marriage with Rogers. West listened to the yarn with a disdainful smile, and again congratulated himself on not having related himself to Mrs. James B. Hope.

"Do you know, Mr. West," continued Mrs. Pope, "that that young man Emerson you used to know wants to marry our Alice, but I told her she ought to take a lesson from Edith, and not marry a poor man. Emerson has no money, and he has gone off to Denver to make some: I don't know how, and I have advised Alice to marry a man of position."

"Poor Emerson," muttered West grimly.

Then he said aloud with dry emphasis: "But supposing Emerson comes back with a fortune?"

"Oh, I shouldn't think he would," retorted Mrs. Pope innocently; "he has not your ability."

West pretended there was a knock at the door that required her attention, and then stuffed his handkerchief into his mouth.

Whatever was Mrs. Pope's game, West did not intend to play it. He still retained his old affection for Edith; and when one day he suggested that she should come with him on a pleasure outing, Edith left Bobby in charge of Alice, and knowing that her husband was engaged late at the office with some harassing creditors, she went with West. For once Edith satisfied her longing for all the pleasure that West's gold could give her. In the casino, with a beautifully served lunch, and attended by quiet-footed, respectful waiters, a stringed band discoursing sentimental music, and the balm of innumerable hot-house flowers, Edith mentally contrasted the daily drudgery of her married life with the glow and content of life beside her rich lover. West

allowed the impressions to sink into her brain, and then made a startling proposal.

He wanted her to elope with him. He would take her to some retreat where she could wait till her husband divorced her. Or better still, they would go to Europe, and see the sights of the old capitals of the world. Edith, after a few minutes' reflection, agreed.

Meanwhile West had forgotten that many things required settlement before the trip to Europe, and he packed up to leave for Denver after writing the following letter to Edith:

"Dear Edith,

"I leave for Denver to-night to close up my mining interests altogether. I will return as soon as I can. Then for Europe and Paradise! Address me care of Omar Mining Co., Colorado Building, Denver.

"With all my love,

"Billy."

Meanwhile, with her usual vacillation, Edith had veered round again. Something in the harassed look of her husband aroused her pity when he said: "I'm afraid Bobby can't get away to the sea this summer. I'm in trouble over this big contract, because I have not the funds to complete it."

"By the way," he continued, "I haven't seen West these last few days. Where is he?"

"He's gone to Denver again," replied Edith calmly. Then she suddenly added:



"Edith marries Rogers."



“You keep the money but the boy goes with me.”

“Why don’t you borrow the money from Billy West? If he knew the straits we were in, he would give it immediately.”

“I know he would,” admitted Rogers wearily, “but somehow I don’t like asking him. Your mother opposed him because he was poor, and now she runs me down because I’m not doing well. So under the circumstances I should not like to mention my troubles to West.”

It is hard to know what passed in the mind of Edith, but that night she wrote the following letter:

“Dear Billy,

“I realise now that what we meditated was madness. I cannot leave my husband and child. Forget and forgive me if you can. It is all so strange to me. I almost fear to write ‘I love you’—yet I long for your return, and can hardly wait until I see you again.

“Lovingly,  
Edith.”

Her husband entered the room at the moment, and Edith hurriedly pushed the writing under the blotting pad. There was no possibility of posting it that night, and she must content herself to do so in the morning.

At breakfast the next morning a gentleman was announced who wished to see Mrs. Rogers.

“I’m sorry to disturb you so early,” said the visitor, “but I am the solicitor for the late Mr. William West, and have an important communication to make.”

“The late Mr. William West,” echoed Edith dazedly, whilst her husband looked at the visitor in amazement.

“Yes,” replied the solicitor. “Unfortunately I have bad news to communicate. Mr. West left a few days ago for Denver, and immediately on arrival he developed appendicitis. There was an operation, but it was not successful; and before he died Mr. West made his will and left all his property of every description to Mrs. Rogers.”

“Dead! Billy West dead! My God, it can’t be true!” gasped the horrified Rogers.

“It is,” said the solicitor with professional sympathy.

Then he edged nearer to Mrs. Rogers, and slipped a packet surreptitiously into her hand, whispering as he did so: “These are your letters to West. You must destroy them.”

The solicitor retired, leaving the Rogers family in a state of stupefaction. Even the mother-in-law was at a loss to explain her feelings, but uppermost in her mind was the thought that her daughter would now be a rich woman.

After the first surprise had died away, the family began to discuss the sudden decease of West and to speculate on the opportunities which so much money could afford. The only one who did not seem overjoyed was Rogers, even when his wife said:

“Now, Donald, I can give you a loan to carry you over your financial troubles.”

“No,” retorted her husband, determinedly. “I cannot accept the money. It is all for you and Bobbie.”

A few weeks later, Emerson, Alice’s fiancé, returned from Denver, and on arriving at the house the girl flew to meet him. The pair nestled themselves on a bench hidden from observation by a clump of ivy, and when they had told each other the news, Alice remarked: “Do you know that Edith received a legacy from a relative, and she is now well off?”

“Very fortunate for her,” returned the young man. “I also have some news, and that is about poor Billy West, who used to be in New York some years ago. He died

suddenly in Denver, and I was at his side to the last. I believe he left all his money to some married woman in New York with whom he intended to elope."

There was a sound of breaking twigs, and the pair looking round saw a man's head disappearing in the distance. Alice looked concerned, for she suspected that there had been some love secret between her sister and West. She whispered to Emerson: "Say nothing further about it. I know the woman you mean, and any talk might cause trouble."

But the trouble had commenced. The unseen listener, who had quite accidentally happened to be passing behind the lovers, was Donald Rogers. His face was very pale as he went inside the house in search of his wife.

He had been very disgusted by Edith's frank love of pleasure which her new-found wealth provided for her. Often he had come home to dine alone, and to hear that his wife had gone to some fresh pleasure party. But this last item of news fairly staggered him.

He found his wife in the drawing-room, with Bobbie playing listlessly about. Edith had dressed herself for a ball, and the sight added fuel to the fire of his rage. Going up to her he said thickly:

"You were faithless to me, because he had money. Don't you know what they call women who sell themselves for money?"

"What do you mean?" retorted his wife defiantly. Little Bobbie grew alarmed at the harsh sound of his father's voice, and eyed his parents anxiously.

"It means this," retorted Donald with cold rage: "You must give up the money you got from West, otherwise I leave this

house forthwith and take my son with me."

"Why should I give up the money?" temporised Edith.

"I go, and take the boy with me then," replied Rogers, taking his son in his arms.

Mrs. James B. Pope and Alice, attracted by the altercation, endeavoured to make peace, but Rogers was adamant.

"Very well, you keep the money, but my boy goes with me."

And a minute later Rogers had left the house, taking his son with him.

"He's a brute," said Mrs. James B. Pope hotly; then she added in an avaricious tone: "Whatever you do, don't give up the money."

The situation was eased a little by the advice of the solicitor who had drawn up the will for West, and whom Rogers consulted on the matter. The solicitor listened to the story, and then said: "I know something of the matter from the late Mr. West himself. Your wife was tempted and foolish, but she committed no wrong. Of that I am certain."

A letter received the following day from his wife inclined him to

the belief that the wrong that had been done him was more fanciful than serious.

"Dear Don," pleaded his wife, "however much I was tempted I committed no wrong. I want you and Bobbie. Please come back to me. Let me keep the money for Bobbie's sake, but please come back. Your Edith."

"I come back," muttered Rogers, "but that money must go too."

His return was not exactly timed to the right moment. As he entered the drawing-room, bringing his son with him, Edith was again in high feather, and dressed like a duchess. She was about to join a bridge party.



"I am innocent."

"I have returned at your request; but before we decide anything further, may I ask what are you going to do with West's money?"

"Keep it," said Edith.

"You shall not," returned Rogers, his temper rising again.

"Mother called you a brute," said Edith angrily, "and the name fits you. You are behaving like a brute."

"I'll thank your mother to keep her nose out of my family affairs," retorted the man, now white with rage.

"You have called me a brute—then I shall act like one!" He strode over to his wife and seized her expensive silk blouse with a determined grip. "Take off that finery, and go back to the kitchen."

"I won't," replied the woman faintly.

The elemental instincts in the man awoke. With a strong sweep of his arm he literally tore the blouse from his wife's shoulders, leaving her arms and bosom bare.

The boy screamed and pleaded with his father. The woman shrank to her knees, terrified and awed at the outburst she had provoked. The man's arm was raised to strike, then it fell limply to his side as he saw his wife cowering at his feet, conquered.

"Yes, I will do what you tell me," pleaded



"Take off that finery and go back to the kitchen."

Edith, as she rose to her feet. She did not want a scene like that again.

She saw her folly as the mercenary wife of a man whose whole object was to assert his authority as her husband, and clear himself of the stigma of the weak participator in a corrupt bargain.

The money was returned to the nearest relations of West, and when this was done Rogers eyes cleared. Then when he looked at his wife he was reassured.

"I love you," she said, creeping to his arms. "That is more than all the money in the world."

## LIVE TARANTULA IN "CLEEK" FILM.

ILLUSTRATED ON PAGE 364.

BEN WILSON, Robert Brower, and all the other members of the cast in the fifth of the Cleek films, entitled "The Mystery of the Laughing Death," released on September 3rd by the Edison Company, are all wearing that "well, that's over" expression. So would you if one of the participants in the big scenes with you had been a deadly tarantula — and a live one. This little household pet was secured from the Zoo, and a keeper who knew all his little prejudices accompanied him. If you have read of the tropics, you know that the tarantula's bite is fatal, and that he bites on general principles, without waiting to see whether

your intentions are friendly or not. The keeper gave the members of the cast a little lecture on the tarantula before the picture started, and warned them just how near to approach his biteship.

Press agent lore to the contrary notwithstanding, nobody was bitten, and nobody saved the leading lady's life by shooting the tarantula just as he was sharpening up his poison department to bite her; but George Lessey says that he didn't have the slightest difficulty in making everybody look away from the camera. All eyes were on that tarantula every instant he was on the floor.

# On the Screen

by

EVAN STRONG



FOR years the American exhibitor has been in the habit of taking a programme from this or that combine regularly by contract, and has had to be satisfied with good or bad pictures as they were sent to him. Now he is waking up to the fact that we have a better system in Great Britain, and slowly but surely the change is in progress by which the exhibitor or buyer shall see his film before he decides to book it. The more progressive renters and producers are careful to make the screen examination as near a real performance as possible, and put the pictures on at big theatres with special music and all comfort. America has taught us a deal about films and film production, but we have certainly taught her more than she knew about selling and buying. Another feather in the Britisher's cap.

\* \* \*

WHERE are the great cinema writers? We have the great playwrights, the novel writers, the political scribblers, all other kinds of writers, but not one scenario writer whose name is known in every town and in the villages where the cinematograph plays a part in entertainment and instruction. Is this not a lopsided state of affairs? We rave over the actor, but where does his part end if the writer has not prepared a story that will grip and hold interest. Not the greatest screen-player in the world can make a success of a poor scenario. Who then are the men who prepare the plays which interest us so? We want to know the Conan Doyles, the Galsworthys, Shaws, etc., of the film, yet we get no chance to learn of them. If we knew these men by name, the men who write steadily plays of a particular nature which attract us, we should pay as much attention to this part of the programme in selecting the theatre to visit as we pay attention to the quality of the author when we purchase a book. And to my mind it is a healthy way to select a

programme, for the public have no means of discerning between possible good and bad plays before they enter a theatre. Give the authors, therefore, a chance. Elevate the actors and actresses certainly, but don't forget that after all they are not the creators of a part, but merely the interpreters, and creation is always a higher work than interpretation.

\* \* \*

THE exaltation of the author would make for the improvement of the photoplay, for no writer would care for his name tagged to inferior work. But what does he care now if only what he writes is accepted, and the only honour he gets is a few dollars? Dollars are useful laurels to the unknown; the known want also the laurels of favourable public opinion. Writers are not above the desire for hero-worship, and they will make a bold bid for the public pat on the back if given the chance of obtaining it. At present, however, it would seem that the scenario writer is classified as a broken-down hack, and the classification is not only humiliating and galling, but worse, and is harmful to higher cinematography. Cinematography must progress, it must step into the breach caused by the failure of the theatre to provide for the masses. The masses will not always be satisfied with the mediocre stuff so much on the market at present—a crisis is fast approaching, and the best way to get over it is to improve the play by improving the status of the scenario writer.

\* \* \*

WHAT of the censorship of pictures? Are we going to have interference after all, or shall we be left in honourable peace? The present system of censorship has received the approval of the Secretary of State in the House of Commons; and while Mr. Retford, the Censor, comes in no way under the gathering of the Government, the latter is apparently satisfied with his work. If

this be so, then cannot the black-froeked busybodies in our loeal authorities keep their fingers out of the pie and let things advance easily. If there is room for complaint, progress should wipe the causes away; but all efforts to stultify the work of cinematography and to eheck its freedom will surely make for deterioration in the class of subject shown. We who know einematography well, its ins and outs, and who have our hearts in the business and our eyes on the future, know and feel that all is well with the censorship, and we know that the years will bring still greater improvement in the class of play put on the market. The censor is necessary; no one, not even the most ardent cinematographist denies this, but he is sufficient; the only way he may possibly fail is in regard to the children. Here his task is very delicate. To prohibit all pictures which are not delectable for children would mean the cutting out of many a healthy object lesson for adults. He has therefore a "toss-up" as to which is the greater evil. The adult must be considered, and for him the einema must be considered an admirable lay-preacher. Are his needs of less worth than the danger of corrupting the child?

\* \* \*

IT would seem that, as far as the child is concerned, exhibitors and parents, schoolmasters and pastors should be the censors; and if they have such interest in the welfare of the children they will constitute themselves the censors and see the pictures before children have the opportunity to do so. If then they see a film which is really considered as of doubtful edification for the youngster, it could be so arranged that this should be projected at a time when children are not likely to be in the theatre. But no folded-arm joy-killer should be tolerated. There are scores of them loose in the land robbing the people and the children of the simplest pleasures. They must be ignored—and if necessary, trampled on rough shod. Common sense and not bias must be utilised in censoring films, and all must combine to this end. After all, as observed previously, time is the best censor. The blood-and-thunder picture is giving way to the human-story picture, the melodrama is settling down to the real thing; and with the rise of the true scenarion writer, the man with a definite object and a profession at heart, all these censor worries will disappear in thin air.

LAST month I spoke about the premeditated general attack on the einematograph revenue. The fight has opened—in Germany, and it is going to be a bitter fight, threatening the existence of hundreds of theatres in the Vaterland. On the first of July a new law came into force which made a sum of five marks per hundred metres of film payable for censoring, and an extra mark for every censor certificate. This means that a one-act play will cost from 16/- to 18/- for the privilege of being censored, and this is compulsory. Add to this freight and duty, which is high, and one sees what a terrific struggle foreign firms will have to maintain their position. Many small firms will be extinguished and the result will be poorer films in Germany. The best pictures are certainly not made in that country, and the importation of good films will be in this way restricted. The Germans like the pictures and they demand a high standard; if this standard is lowered there will be a general outcry; the public will withhold support from the theatres, and proprietors unable to raise the prices because quality films are too expensive will be faced with speedy ruin in many cases.

\* \* \*

THIS is a case of killing the goose which lays the golden egg with a vengeance. Incidentally, the matter will become more than a mere trade struggle. Most of the business is in the hands of French, Italian and American firms, and the Ambassadors of these countries are moving in the matter. It will thus become a diplomatic affair of some interest and importance, and we await the issue. Truly the revenue hunters are laying a rod in pickle for their own backs. A manager of one of the biggest houses in Berlin, with whom I had a conversation a short while ago, told me the fight was going to be hard and strenuous, and the only thing hindering the cinematographist movement against the tax was the apathy of the home manufacturers.

\* \* \*

DAY after day we hear stories of the risks screen actors and actresses run for the sake of the sensational in the picture. In regard to this I would ask a simple question—is it healthy? As much as I admire dare-devilry—and I like those things which have the spice of danger in



them—I have come to the conclusion that this chasing after sensation is wrong. Not only is it wrong, but it embodies a false notion of the taste and desire of the public. A “boosted” sensation certainly draws, but is its effect as good as that of a real life story? One can judge of this by visiting the cinemas. It is the story with human interest, the well-thought-out plot which draws the applause; the sensation causes gasps, and later disappointment, because the story is “blanketed” by the “incident,” and patrons have really nothing tangible to remember when they leave the theatre. If you visit a circus or music-hall you do not find the cannon-ball catcher and the tight-rope walker so interesting as those “turns” which are intelligently clever; the people who risk their lives in the performance are much less appreciated than the comedian or the smart sketch company. Why then should it differ so much in pictures? As a matter of fact it does not differ. The desire follows the same lines, be it variety or film; but for some reason unexplained many manufacturers have the topsy-turvy notion that the picture patrons have vitiated tastes which must be whipped up by incredulous sensation—and so they give us blood and broken necks till we are sickened and disgusted.

\* \* \*

SEVERAL readers have recently written complaining of the poor programmes they now see at their local theatres. It is extremely probable that those readers attribute this falling off in quality to the film producing firms. This is not so. Better quality stuff was never produced than that now being turned out by the leading studios.

The weather and the picture theatre proprietors are responsible. You will readily appreciate that the patrons of the theatre are far fewer in the summer than in the winter months. Consequently it is the policy of several proprietors to counter-balance this falling off of patronage by booking cheaper programmes. In my opinion this procedure is absurd. Putting myself into a picture theatre proprietor's shoes, I think I should meet reduced returns with extra attractions and increased advertising. There are always sufficient pleasure-seekers to fill any theatre, no matter what the weather.

The thing is to convince these people that the programme is good and that the show is worth seeing. Picture theatre proprietors must know that the public now understand the difference between good and bad. Surely they, the proprietors, realise that the people who have been visiting their theatres for months have now acquired a knowledge of pictures perhaps as great as their own.

My advice to readers is to patronise those theatres where good programmes are to be seen, and let those exhibitors who make their appeal to a patronising public with cheap films reap the poor reward they deserve.

\* \* \*

I WONDER if a scenario competition would be welcomed by our readers?

The idea would be to invite readers to submit film plots, the best of which would be produced by a well-known company on our behalf. A generous prize would be awarded to the author of the winning scenario, together with a prize or two for the next best attempts.

We might even arrange that the winning actress and actor in our popularity competition played the leads.

If a few readers send along a postcard approving of the idea there is no reason why it should not be started at once.

\* \* \*

WITH this number the title of our magazine, “ILLUSTRATED FILMS MONTHLY,” dies after a year's existence. It is a title that has served us well, but is a trifle cumbersome, and hardly adequately expressive of the contents. So we are going to bury “ILLUSTRATED FILMS MONTHLY,” and the September number, our birthday edition, will take on a new name, “PICTURE STORIES MAGAZINE.” I think this is lighter, more fitting also for our book: it tells at once the nature of the contents. The birthday (September) number, I may remind you, will be exceptional. The stories will be specially written by the best writers, and there will be many interesting and novel articles and illustrations to increase the value of the edition. To make sure of it you should ask for a copy to be retained for you right away.

# With the Players

Interesting paragraphs containing personal notes about several leading players.

**R**UTH ROLAND, the irrepressible Kalem comedienne, vouches for the truth of this story. According to the Kalem laughter-creator, it occurred while "Reaping for the Whirlwind" was being produced.

With the rest of the comedy company, Miss Roland went to a little town some miles outside of Los Angeles for the purpose of securing a proper location for the opening scene. A farmer shouting to his mule attracted Miss Roland's attention.

"Git ap, you Circumstances!" shouted the farmer. The mule lazily shifted from one foot to the other and twitched an ear. But he budged not an inch.

"Circumstances!" exclaimed the Kalem comedienne to the farmer. "That's a queer name for a mule."

"Dunno 'bout that," came the surly answer. "Hain't you never heered uv circumstances over which a feller hain't got no control? Git ap, you, Circumstances!"

**A** SEVENTEEN year old star! Perhaps no one appearing in motion pictures has risen more rapidly in popular favour than Lillian Gish, one of the "Majestic" stars, who is only seventeen years old. She gained her first stage experience when six years of age. Her aunt was a member of a theatrical company. A child was needed in the play and Miss Gish was pressed into service. She went out on the road with the company and remained several weeks. After taking a course in fancy dancing she became one of the fairy dancers with Sarah Bernhardt during one of her American tours, when eight years old. Lillian Gish and Mary Pickford, who was then with the Biograph, were warm friends, having formed an acquaintance when they both took children's parts. When Miss Gish went to New York at the age of fifteen she called on her friend at the Biograph studios. The natural poise and power of expression possessed by Miss Gish attracted Mr. D. W. Griffith's attention, and he promptly engaged her for the Biograph company. This was two years ago. When Mr. Griffith left the Biograph to become chief producer of the Reliance and Majestic films Miss Gish went with him. With only two years' experience before the motion picture camera Miss Gish has gained the

distinction of being one of the most natural emotional actresses in the silent drama. Her chief charm lies in her natural poise. She seems to live in the part she is endeavouring to portray. She appears in "The Battle of the Sexes," "Home Sweet Home," and other Griffith films.

**M**INSTREL variety artiste and screen star. Billy Courtright, who years ago was one of the foremost minstrel stars on the American stage, is now working at the Reliance and Majestic studios. Courtright began his stage career in San Francisco in 1867. He scored a hit in his song and dance sketch "Flewey Flewey," and for years was known to theatre goers as the "Flewey Flewey" man. He later was a member of the Murphy and Cotton Minstrels. In 1873 Courtright married Jennie Lee, and for twelve years they appeared together in vaudeville as Courtright and Lee. Courtright is now 66 years old. He recently appeared in "A Rosebush of Memories," a Reliance film written by Russell M. Smith. During his long stage career Courtright appeared in straight and farce comedies, minstrels, vaudeville and drama, and looks like making a new reputation on the screen.

**B**ESSIE LEARN to forsake the screen. Sounds bad, but it isn't as serious as it seems. For Miss Learn's desertion from the Edison studio is to be only a temporary one. She is coming to Europe for a two months' vacation after spending all her spare time poring over maps and railway guides. Miriam Nesbitt and Marc McDermott are called into frequent consultation, as they have penetrated the wilds of Europe from Scotland to Italy, and are able to give much valuable advice.

When the petite Edison ingenue first decided to take a vacation she discovered to her dismay that there really wasn't a single place of importance in her native land which she had not visited during her stage career, and like the unfortunate Alexander she sighed for new worlds to conquer. Tales of wild adventures in the European capitals taken back by the players who had spent previous summers on this side kindled her imagination, and she lost no time in completing her plans.

**C**HARLES CHAPLIN, who is making a big hit in "Keystones," is an Englishman.

He has been on the stage since he was eight years old, and he is now twenty-four. His original ambition was to play tragedy, but his success on the vaudeville stage as an imitator of comedians decided him to become one on his own account. He played in Charles Frohman's companies for three years, and later was with William Gillette in "Sherlock Holmes." Then as "the drunken swell" in Karno's "Mumming Birds" he made a hit both here and in America. His success in getting so much humour out of a part practically without speaking attracted the attention of Mack Sennett, managing director of the Keystone comedies, who immediately engaged him. It was probably the best engagement ever made for Keystones.

**M**ABEL TRUNNELLE is quite at home in the "Southern Belle" roles that she has been portraying lately in Edison films. There is a quiet dignity which approaches staidness in her carriage when she dons the hoop skirt of the early Victorian times. Her beauty refuses to be suppressed even by the ugly garb of fifty years ago, and she never fails to make a charming and convincing picture—so much so, in fact, that if she did not romp forth occasionally in short skirts with her hair down her back we might begin to fear that Miss Trunnelle had really forsaken our day and time.

**C**HARLES OGLE has turned his versatile genius to the promotion of a motor car race between Gertrude McCoy and Bessie Learn. Both of these popular Edison players drive their own cars, which are of the same make. With the knowledge of human nature born of two years' practice as a lawyer, Ogle failed to mention his little plan to either of the young ladies. He simply began making off-hand remarks to each other about the excellent qualities of the other's car, and then praised the skill of the respective absent one as a chauffeur—or whatever a lady chauffeur is.

Slowly the insidious poison began its deadly work. Gertrude and Bessie got to watching each other drive to and from the Edison studio; then they thought they heard undesirable noises in the internals of each other's cars.

Now, by judicious manœuvring, Ogle has worked the girls up to a point where they are ready to accept a challenge from each other, and he is now trying to decide upon the best place to hold the race.

In view of Gertrude's propensities for driving on the pavement if traffic becomes too thick ahead of her, we are inclined to bet on Bessie—but you never can tell.

**M**ARC McDERMOTT and the illustrious Edward O'Connor, two of the Edison company's most popular players, share the same dressing-room. Just why they paired off is somewhat of a mystery, unless it was done in accordance with the theory that opposites make the best team mates. McDermott is full of nervous energy; O'Connor, somnolent leisure personified. McDermott cannot sit still for a second; O'Connor hates to move. His favourite pastime, while waiting for a call to the stage, is to light his pipe, stretch out full length and fall asleep over the paper. O'Connor is not exactly a silent sleeper, in fact his slumbers are accompanied by a series of appalling outbursts that suggest a duel between a saw-mill and a Klaxon motor horn.

As O'Connor begins to speed up and gets into high gear, with his cut-out wide open, McDermott begins to fidget. He has learned by bitter experience that it is useless to awaken O'Connor in any ordinary manner. So after a few moments of impotent fuming, McDermott quietly slips out and bribes one of the stage hands to go over to the far corner and yell for O'Connor. Then McDermott rushes back to the dressing-room and violently shaking O'Connor, arouses him sufficiently to enable him to hear the stage hand calling him. Then O'Connor dashes madly out with visions of an infuriated director storming up and down the stage. As O'Connor makes his exit, McDermott goes back to his letter writing, secure in the knowledge that his beloved room-mate will be too thoroughly awakened to do any more cross-cut-saw imitations for some time.

**I**T is reported that Miss Mignon Anderson, the charming Thanouser leading lady, is to marry Mr. Irving Cummings in June. This fortunate individual, who has just "signed on" with the Thanouser company, is a dark, handsome man and an actor of exceptional ability, whilst Miss Anderson is very popular and has a dainty and demure way about her which captivates the hearts of audiences.

**T**HE two Mabel Normands. Mabel Normand has a namesake. Mrs. Jack Russell, of Pasadena, Cal., recently presented her husband with a baby girl, and both parents are whole-hearted Keystone enthusiasts and unanimously agreed to give the newcomer the names of their favourite screen performers. Miss Normand has presented her namesake with a complete wardrobe. Her admirers want to know if she is not the first motion picture player to secure this distinction, which seems to be generally limited to crowned heads and popular politicians.

**D**OWN with Mary! Not content with the many adventures and escapades which are her lot in the usual way of things, Miss Mary Fuller added a little touch of realism to the general excitement at the Edison studio the other day by falling downstairs with Richard Neill, a fellow artist. But it wasn't all Mary's doings.

In fact, Neill was carrying her downstairs at the time and tripped over a loose end of the carpet. They both rolled down the entire flight of stairs, but Neill, a trained athlete, arrived at the bottom unhurt; and Mary, by dint of much experience gained in previous tumbles, bobbed up smiling and equally undamaged. Neill was profuse in his apologies, but Mary insisted that her only regret was the fact that no camera was trained upon her acrobatic performances.

**A**RT ORTEGA'S marksmanship saved Princess Mona Darkfeather from serious injury recently. Ortega is Kalem's popular Indian leading man, while Miss Darkfeather is the Indian actress, who is acknowledged to be without a peer in roles which portray her people.

Ortega and Lone Elk, another of Kalem's Indian players, had gone out to the edge of the camp for the purpose of settling a dispute concerning their respective abilities with a Colt's forty-four.

The members of the company went along to witness the target practice, which Ortega won by the narrow margin of three points. Just as he fired his eighth shot at the target an ominous rattle caused Miss Darkfeather to start. Like a flash, Ortega wheeled in her direction. His pistol cracked out a shot.

When the members of the company approached the spot from whence the rattle had come, they found a dead rattlesnake—Ortega's bullet had taken its head clean off.

**T**HE peerage is not only becoming interested in cinematography, but one of its members condescends to become a cinema-player.

Perhaps it was not his intention at first; however, he was snapped in a scene of the "Million Dollar Mystery" (Thanhouser) and raised no objection to appearing as a "screener." The Duke of Manchester, it was none other than he, arrived at the studios with a party when some scenes were being taken; the heroine, Miss La Badie, was endeavouring to escape the machinations of the Countess Olga and her band of conspirators, and the Duke, like a chivalrous gentleman, sailed in and aided her. It was then he came within range of the camera, and a fine picture was the result, the Duke appearing not to mind the fact in the least.

**M**R. E. DILLON is now engaged in producing a series of comedy pictures from Paul West's famous "Bill" stories, at the studios of the "Komic" Films. "Tammany" Young, who has had quite a chequered career before joining the Reliance and Majestic Company, is featured in the production. Young was copy boy on the "New York World" at the time that West, as one of the editors, began to write his famous "Bill" stories. The character of "Bill" was drawn by West from his copy boy, Young. When arrangements were completed to produce "Bill," Young was selected to play the lead. The first of the "Bill" series tells the story of an ambitious office boy who overlooks no opportunity to hustle business for his employer. Tod Browning, Fay Tincher, Andy Rice, Baldy Belmont and Mae Washington will also appear in the cast.

**F**IRES that have occurred at the Universal and Lubin factories in America have occasioned somewhat heavy losses in the film world. At the latter fire, which broke out in the film storage vault, several persons had miraculous escapes, while one poor little Italian boy playing in the street was injured beyond hope of recovery by the explosion. It was supposed that the sun coming through one of the windows heated a tin cylinder containing film, and this exploded, setting the others off. The force of the explosion can be gauged by the fact that a concrete and brick wall eighteen inches thick was entirely blown out. About 500 people, including actresses and actors, were in the premises near by at the time and a panic was narrowly averted. Blazing film was showered about, setting light to adjoining frame buildings, while several houses in the same street were badly damaged: some were almost destroyed.

**M**ARY FULLER swamps the post office. Mary Fuller, the famous Edison "star," is becoming a serious problem to Uncle Sam. Her mail is stupendous. When a new post office sub-station was opened near the studio, the clerk in charge was charmed when Mary first entered with an armful of packages and letters. When she appeared with both arms full he was dubious. When she came lugging a suit case full, with a few extra letters tucked under one arm, he was dismayed. When she began coming twice a day he was horrified. Now Uncle Sam has placed a big parcel receiver outside of the studio, and the clerk in charge is recovering his equanimity.

The citizens of New York no longer are regaled by the spectacle of a mass of mail matter being propelled by an invisible force, which, after it has passed, proves to be none other than Mary Fuller.

**K**EYSTONE favourites at baseball. The Keystone players are the latest to be bitten by the baseball craze. They have formed a team and entered the Californian Motion Picture Baseball League. Many of the Keystone favourites are in the team. Hampton del Ruth, the scenario expert, has been appointed manager, and Mabel Normand, the famous Keystone comedienne, is sponsor. Roscoe Arbuckle ("Fatty") who, in addition to his widely photographed smile, is said to be the fastest heavy man who ever stood behind a bat, will act as catcher. A prominent member of the team is Walter Wright, chief camera man, who formerly played with a leading league team. Other Keystone comedy actors who will take part in the games are Kid Ligon, Harry McCoy, Hank Mann, Fred Peck, Billy Hauber, George O. Nichols, Eddie Nolan, Jim McClure, Eddie Chanler, Swallow and St. John.

**K**AY-BEE artiste injured. Miss Enid Markey, leading lady with the New York Motion Picture Corporation, was seriously injured in "The Wrath of the Gods," the Kay-Bee film in which the recent Japanese volcanic disaster was reproduced. To film the destruction of Sakura by the volcano, the lava flow and the flaming village were simulated with sulphur and Greek fire. Miss Markey's part was to become pinned under the ruins in the destruction scene, and, as the fire and sulphur smoke surrounded her, she was forced to inhale the fumes and was nearly asphyxiated. For some time her condition was most critical, but she is now on the way to recovery.

**T**AUGHT by Duke Kahanamoku (what a name!) a Hawaiian, who holds the world's records for aquatic dashes up to half-a-mile, Betty Schade, the talented "IOI Bison" actress, is now one of the most adept of swimmers, and since her return from Hawaii has been delighting the crowds on the Californian beaches with daring surf-riding feats. It is not everyone who can ride a surf-board—and it needs a bit of dash and nerve to follow Betty Schade.

**R**ISKY Reliance production. Arthur Mackley and Vesper Pegg, two actors appearing in Reliance films, had a narrow escape from serious injury recently while playing in a film, entitled "The Angle of the Gulch," falling more than 120 feet. In the rehearsal, Mackley, who played a tough denizen of the camp, engaged in a fight with Pegg at the top of the canyon. During the combat both fell down the mountain side locked in each other's embrace. The canyon was so steep that Mackley and Pegg

were unable to check their descent and were hurled to the bottom. So graphic was the fall that, despite his numerous cuts and bruises, Mackley, who recognised the dramatic value of the fall, decided to repeat the action. Mackley and Pegg painfully made their way back to the top of the canyon, and with the camera in position, repeated the fall in detail, while the camera man turned his crank and photographed the lightning descent.

Mr. Mackley played the sheriff in the "Broncho Billy" series, and later produced the "Alkali Ike" comedies. He recently joined the Reliance forces, wherein, in addition to his duties as director, he usually plays leading parts.

**A**UGUSTUS PHILLIPS has made a new addition to his long list of accomplishments. The novelty of piloting his racing motor car about having somewhat abated, he has taken up the dangerous occupation of umpiring.

When the Mexican unpleasantness began, Phillips attempted to get leave of absence from the Edison studio in order to enlist, but was emphatically refused. Foiled in this noble attempt to sacrifice his life for his country, he seized upon the organization of the Edison baseball team as a heaven-sent opportunity. Thus it was that, when the Edison team played the medical staff on Blackwells Island, Phillips called 'em "out," and the medicos called him other things. Before the game was over the doctors wished upon poor Phillips many weird and ghastly diseases, the names of which only a physician of good standing could pronounce!

**W**HILE Irene Boyle, the popular Kalem leading lady, was up in the Ramapo Mountains, where scenes of a forthcoming Kalem drama were being photographed, she had an amusing interview with an old hermit who owned the hut used by the Kalem players.

Miss Boyle noticed that the sky peeped through the roof in many places. Enquiring as to whether the rain came through in wet weather, she was informed that it did.

"Then why don't you fix it?" she asked.

"Wa-al," came the drawling reply, "ye see, when hit rains I nachely can't fix hit. And when hit don't rain, hit don't need fixin'."

**F**RITZI BRUNETTE, the beautiful screen actress, until recently with the Universal Company, is married. The wedding took place recently, the bridegroom being the popular actor-director, W. Robert Daly. Leo Delaney, late of Vitagraph, was best man, and played his part well, as he always does. A brief honeymoon, and the pair will be again before the camera.

**G**ABY DESLYS, no doubt you have all heard, has been engaged by Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players Film Company. She will feature in productions in Paris. If she attracts on the film as she attracts on the stage—and why not?—the Famous Players will have cause for hearty self-congratulations. We have not heard yet, however, what class of work Gaby will do. The cinema will gather all the best within its fold presently—the majority are there already!

**A**NOTHER tale of genial John Bunny comes from the dinner given to the exhibitors who attended the International Motion Picture Association Convention at New York. It was told by Mr. Blackton of renown. Friend John was at his side, and turning to him he said, "I want to tell you what one woman wrote to Bunny. 'Dear Mr. Bunny,' she said, 'is that your natural face or is it a joke?' John tells it himself—so it's all right," added Mr. Blackton. Bunny's face wore a most aggrieved comedy expression as he burst out, "But I was going to tell it myself."

In reply to the letter, John wrote: "Yes, it is my natural face, and I assure you, it is *no* joke."

**G**EORGE TRIMBLE had a humorous experience when he sank into the soft loam of swamp at Point Pleasant, New Jersey, while playing for a Lubin picture. Humorous it was, tragic it might have been, because he weighed something like 285 lbs., and it took four men at the end of a rope to haul him to safety. Peter J. Lang, another member of the troupe, narrowly escaped disaster when putting the rope under Trimble's arms.

**I**N a shallow creek, watching the Union lines, a Confederate scout lay, himself watched by a Union soldier, who was prepared to shoot if the other moved. That was over fifty years ago, during the Civil War in America. This episode was vividly recalled the other day when, during a miniature picture battle at Los Angeles, Scout W. H. Taylor and D. R. Crane met and recognised each other. The strange part of the affair is that the two had been working for the same company for a year without ever coming into contact. Naturally they had many battles and war episodes to tell each other.

**L**EAH BAIRD, who played in "Ivanhoe" for the Imp Company, has gone back to her old love, the Vitagraph Company. It was with this company she established her reputation as one of the finest emotional actresses in the motion picture world.

**P**RETTY and popular Miss Mary Fuller, Edison's leading lady, and one of the most admired film stars, has signed a contract with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company. Several other members of the Edison Company will go over with Miss Fuller, including Mr. Ogle, her leading man and her director. Details of the contract are wanting, but it is said that she will be paid a very handsome salary, something round about 500 dollars a week.

**D**R. ALBERT SHIELS, New York's Department of Education, said at the United States Convention:

"An investigation carried on in one city showed that out of 748 children, 41 per cent. of them preferred educational films, 30 per cent. dramas, 27 per cent. comedies, and just 2 per cent. crime. Out of 3,000 children more than half attended a theatre once a week or oftener. Only 10 per cent did not attend any."

**P**EARL WHITE, the old Crystal favourite, now with Vitagraph, for whom she is playing "Pauline," has had some narrow squeaks. Only the other day, making a daring balloon ascent, she narrowly missed being carried out to sea, and drifting away from the land in a non-dirigible gas-bag is no mean danger. Happily Pearl got back to earth quite safe, and we can still look for her pictures.

**T**O put a spice o' dash into a Joker comedy, Louise Fazenda took a forty-two foot dive into icy-cold water three hundred feet deep, garbed in a thick woollen skirt. The dive was taken from the deck of a sloop where she had been dragged aboard by the bold, wicked pirate captain. Louise likes these feats—and being a fine swimmer, the one referred to above held no danger for her.

**I**T has become so hot on the Universal plant that a ten-ton ice machine has been installed. This should cool the heads of some of the screen players! The new machine will supply cooled air and water to the laboratory department, while the studios are at Hollywood. When the entire plant is removed to the new Universal Ranch the Los Angeles river will supply water of the right temperature.

**T**HERE is trouble and dismay in the garde-robe of Pauline Bush, of the Gold Seal Company. She has just returned from a six weeks' trip into the country, and has put on twenty pounds—hence the dismay, and rejoicing, amongst the lady tailors.







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