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MOTION PICTURE

STORY
MAGAZINE



15 CTS.

FEBRUARY

FREE COUPON

To ELBERT MOORE:
Box 772, T. L. Chicago

You may send me, without cost or obligation, printed matter showing how your method is so superior to all others that you can guarantee me at least \$10 on the first moving picture play I write after taking your few simple lessons. Also send me your free credit certificate which I can use later, if I decide to take your course just as if it were \$5 in cash.

Name.....

Address.....

Sign
tear off
along dotted
line and mail today

Quick

write name
here, **FREE**



ELBERT MOORE

MAIL
NOW

I don't care Who You Are

If you are over 14 years of age

I Absolutely Guarantee You At Least \$10.00

for the first motion picture play you write after taking my few easy lessons. Yes, sir — a written guarantee — *iron-clad* — the same as that much money in your pocket.

Your Ideas Are As Good As the Next Person's

I want to end all this nonsense about any special education or talent being necessary to write photoplays. I want to put my proposition squarely up to "everyday folks"—who want to make some extra money, quickly, easily, pleasantly—in spare time, at home.

I want to prove that *Anybody* with ordinary common sense and power of observation can write an acceptable photoplay—if they let me show them how. *Anybody* can cash in on the demand created by the 30,000 motion picture theatres in this country changing their programs daily and clamoring for new ideas.

These theatres don't want fancy ideas, but just the "happy thoughts" that occur to you two or three times a week. You're no literary specialist, of course, but your ideas are as good as the next person's—maybe better.

I Coach You FREE

It's easy—by my method. That's why I absolutely guarantee you at least \$10 for the first photoplay you write after taking my few simple lessons. If you have the least trouble selling the photoplay, let me know and I will pay you the \$10 in cash, myself, at once, without delay or question.

The fact that my system is different, explains how I can give this remarkable guarantee and make good on it.

And furthermore, I will stick by you after you take my lessons, and, if necessary, will coach you

free until you have sold five photoplays—and obtained your money for them. Photoplays bring \$10 to \$100 apiece.

Earn \$1200.00 Yearly Writing One Photoplay a Week in Spare Time

I know men and women, no more experienced than you, who are earning \$25 to \$100 weekly writing photoplays in their spare time—in their own homes.

The idea is new, of course. Many people haven't yet heard of the big profits. Remember, there are now over 30,000 moving picture theatres in this country. A few years ago there were none. That accounts for the big demand. The theatres are increasing too fast for the photoplay writers to come anywhere near keeping up with them.

Will You Hurry, to Save \$5?

Everybody's in a hurry in this wonderful, wealth-giving business. Everybody is making money so fast they are rushed to death. I am in a hurry, also. I must have more students at once so that I can turn over more plays to the producers. I am willing to make a big sacrifice to get them. If you will send me your name on the free coupon above at once, I will allow you \$5 off the regular price of my course, reducing the cost to an unbelievably low figure. Don't send a cent now—but get your name in to learn about the guarantee and all other facts at once.

Act, before it is too late to obtain the \$5 credit. You can use it later on, if you decide to take up my proposition, exactly as if it were so much cash. If you decide not to take me up, simply drop the matter—it hasn't cost you a cent. Hurry—mail the free coupon at top of page, now, before you turn the page.

ELBERT MOORE, Box 772 T. L., Chicago



*If it
isn't an
Eastman,
it isn't
a Kodak.*

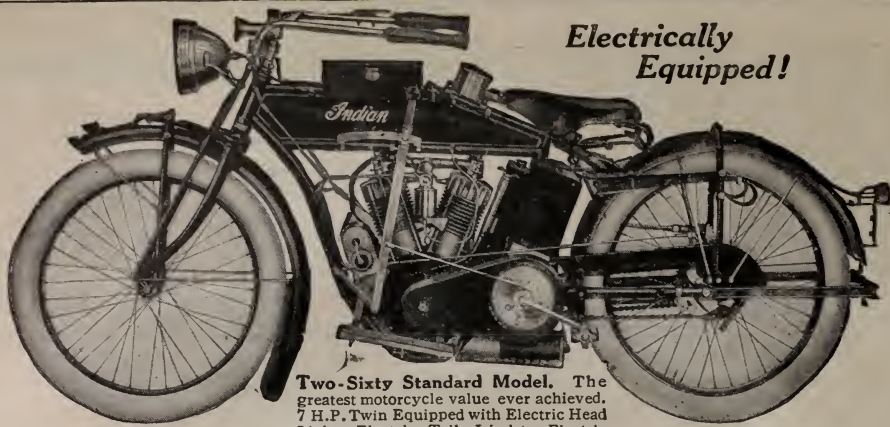
The Story of the **Kodak Album**

The friendships of school days, the very atmosphere of the home, every phase of life that makes for companionship—in all of these is an intimate picture story—a story that glows with human interest, grows in value with every passing year.

Let Kodak keep the story for you.

Ask your dealer, or write us, for "At Home with the Kodak," a delightfully illustrated little book that tells about home pictures—flashlights, groups, home portraits and the like—and how to make them. It's mailed without charge.

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Equipped!**

Two-Sixty Standard Model. The greatest motorcycle value ever achieved. 7 H.P. Twin Equipped with Electric Head Light, Electric Tail Light, Electric Signal, Two Sets Storage Batteries and

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Indian MOTOCYCLES FOR 1914

60,000 brand-new red machines will go out over the Indian trails during the coming year—the greatest motorcycle production in the history of the industry.

They will flash forth fully armed with “Thirty-Eight Betterments for 1914!” Armed with powerful and beautiful Electrical Equipment! Armed with a New Standard of Value which must completely overturn all contemporary ideas of motorcycle worth!

All standard Indian models for 1914 come equipped with electric head light, electric tail light, two sets high amperage storage batteries, electric signal and Corbin-Brown rear drive speedometer.

You cannot fully realize the 1914 Indian without a thorough study of the 1914 Indian Catalog. It makes plain a host of compelling Indian facts that everyone—dealer, rider, all motorcycle-interested men—can consider to their real profit. Write for the 1914 Indian Catalog—the most interesting volume of motorcycle literature you’ve ever read.

1914 Indians are being demonstrated by 2,500 dealers the world over.

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7 H.P. Twin Two Speed Regular Model.....	275.00
7 H.P. Twin Two Speed Tourist Standard Model.....	300.00
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← THE SILENT INDIAN →

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Investigate Today, You Risk Not a Cent

It does not put you to the least expense or obligation to fill out and send in the *FREE* coupon. Nobody will call on you or bother you in any way. But you will receive our *free* booklet explaining everything, and if you then decide to take the Course use the Credit Certificate in paying us, just as if it were a \$100 bill.

Big Demand for Legally Trained Men —at \$5,000 to \$20,000 a Year

Don't let that coupon get away from you. You will note that it is a *thirty day limited coupon*. Act before it is too late. If you have

not already decided to study law you *soon will*—and getting that coupon in now, will hold the \$100 credit for you until you have had plenty of time to make up your mind. We want you to know *why* there is far greater demand for legally trained men now than there was a few years ago. Our free booklet explains it. The legally trained man makes from \$5,000 to \$20,000 a year.

You Can Learn Law At Home

It requires no advanced education. The fact that this advertisement has interested you proves that you are above the average in intelligence. You can easily understand the simplified method of study originated by this school. We coach all graduates free until they pass the bar examination. Many men, no more capable than you, *studied at home in odd hours* and are now making \$5,000 to \$20,000 a year. They happened to hear of the big opportunity in law sooner than you did, that is all. But it is not too late. The demand will be even greater in the future.

Don't Throw Away \$100 By Delaying —Use Free Coupon

You have everything to gain and nothing to lose by quick action. If you decide you don't want to study law, simply drop the matter. It hasn't cost you a cent. But don't throw \$100 away merely because you are not sure now what action you will take. *Investigate*. Fill in the free coupon. Write plainly. Do not hesitate—act, *before you turn the page*.

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VITAGRAPH.

DECORATE YOUR DENS

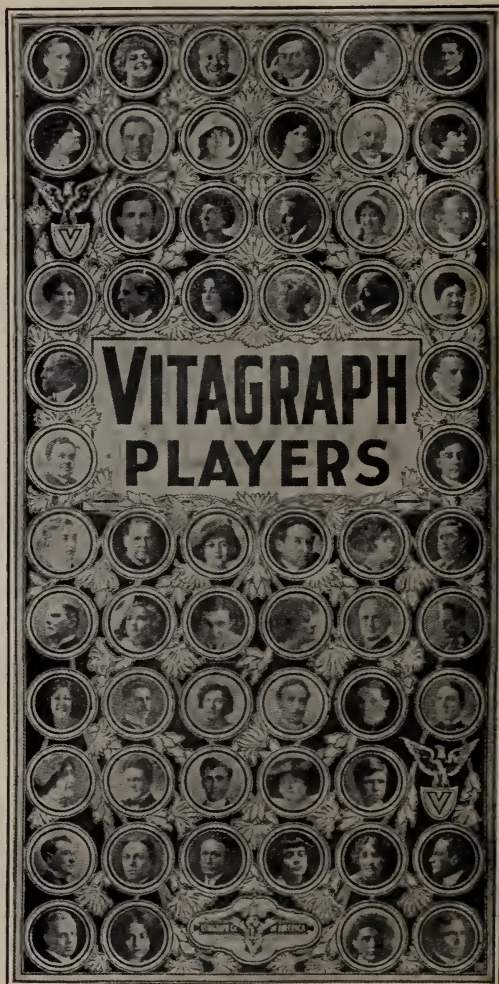
With a Beautifully Colored Poster of Vitagraph Players and a
Vitagraph Pennant, Made of Cloth and Printed in Colors

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in Stamps or Money Order



Size of Poster 42 x 80 inches. Send 30 cents in
Stamps or Money Order

Publicity Department, THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA

East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York

BE A WRITER

of

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

IN SPARE TIME

EARN BIG MONEY AT HOME



You Will Be Interested in This Story!

One night last Spring a Young Man dropped into a Moving Picture Theater with a friend. A "Blood-and-Thunder" Western story was being shown—you know the kind. "Pshaw!" said the Young Man, "I could write a better story than that." "Why don't you?" asked his friend. That started the Young Man to thinking and he investigated.

Here Is What He Found!

He found that twenty million people attend thirty thousand moving picture theaters in the United States every day. "Surely," he thought, "it must require quite a number of motion picture plays to entertain all these people." So he investigated further.

He found that the demand for good moving picture plays exceeds the supply—that there are more moving picture plays bought each month by producers than there are stories by all the high-class magazines in the

United States combined—that the producers pay from \$15.00 to \$100.00 for good plays, and carry standing advertisements in the magazines inviting writers to submit their work.

He found that many men and women—clerks, teachers, stenographers, students, housewives—people in all walks of life, with no literary training whatever—were making money in their spare time writing these plays.

This was enough for the Young Man. He took up the work himself. He found to his delight that his lack of literary training was no handicap, no descriptions or conversation to supply—just IDEAS developed into plays under the simple rules required by the producers.

In six months he was earning more than his regular salary writing plays at home in the evening. His job interfered with his writing, so he quit his job. More than this—he is his own boss now. Remember, this Young Man is no genius—he had never written a story in his life—he simply saw an opportunity and GRASPED IT.

You Can Succeed in This Work

Your Ideas Are Worth Money

You have had ideas which you thought would make good moving picture plays—better than some you have seen on the screen. If you haven't, suppose you give the matter a little thought. Go to the theater tonight. Note how simple the stories are—yet these simple little plays brought their writers \$25.00, \$50.00 or \$100.00 each. How about that incident at the office or in your home, or that you heard or read about? Don't keep it bottled up—write a motion picture play around it and sell it for \$25.00 or more.

Literary Training Not Necessary

If you are possessed of imagination—and who is not?—If you are ambitious and can use more money than you are making now—if you have tried to become a story writer and failed because of insufficient literary training—THE MOTION PICTURE PLAY OFFERS A SHORT CUT TO SUCCESS! Think of seeing YOUR OWN IDEAS on the screen in your own town, before your friends! This is to experience a satisfaction that cannot be described.

LET US TEACH YOU TO TURN YOUR IDEAS INTO DOLLARS

**You can make \$50.00 to \$100.00
a month in your spare time**

Others are doing it! You have the ideas! Let us teach you how to use them in this new and profitable work. Our simple and interesting Course will teach you everything you need to know to succeed, how to write and how to SELL your plays. Our Course has been prepared by a WRITER OF NATIONAL REPUTATION. You probably have enjoyed many of his plays on the screen. He will give you his PERSONAL HELP AND ADVICE throughout the Course. He will teach you his methods, by which he SUCCEEDED.

Learn all about this fascinating spare-time work

There is MONEY and FAME to be gained in this new profession, if you start NOW! We have prepared an interesting catalogue which tells all about the wonderful possibilities of this work and describes our easy and fascinating method of teaching. Suppose we send you a copy? It is FREE.

AUTHORS' MOTION PICTURE SCHOOL

Dept. S 122 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

AUTHORS'
MOTION
PICTURE
SCHOOL
Dept. S
122 So. Michigan Ave.
CHICAGO, ILL.

I am interested in learning how to write MOTION PICTURE PLAYS. Please send me a catalogue and particulars regarding your method of teaching.

COUPON—CUT OFF AND MAIL TODAY

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Great Artist Contest

EACH READER IS ENTITLED TO VOTE ONCE A MONTH, ON THE PRINTED COUPON, FOR THE

GREATEST MOTION PICTURE ARTISTS

Each vote must contain the name of a male player and the name of a female player, also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity, good looks, personality, etc., and they may excel in drama, tragedy, comedy, villainy portrayal, or anything you please. A good critic can recognize artistry in a comedian or in a villain just as in a player who plays heroic or emotional rôles.

While no valuable prizes will be given, the winners of this contest will be awarded the highest honors that can come in the theatrical profession—the stamp of public approval.

At no time will there be offered any extra inducements to the voters in the way of votes for subscriptions, etc., nor will there be any coupons printed different from the one that is printed in this issue, on another page. The winners will receive a handsome, engraved certificate, but nothing more; hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players or companies.

The first prize for ladies will be awarded to that female player who receives the largest number of votes, and the first prize for men will be awarded to that male player who receives the largest number of votes. Furthermore, we intend that the most popular "team" shall play in a great drama to be written especially for them by our readers. This will be accomplished in this way: it will readily be seen that the winning female player may not belong to the same company as the winner of the male prize, and it might be impossible to bring them together; hence, we may have to select the second player of the winning team from the same company in which the winner plays. Thus, if Earle Williams is declared the greatest male artist, the female player of the same company having the greatest number of votes will be elected to play with him in the

One Hundred Dollar Prize Photoplay

in which the winning team is to play. After this contest has run for two or three months, we shall offer a prize of one hundred dollars for the best scenario, and the story of the same will be published in this magazine.

Do not send in your scenario yet! Due announcement will be made concerning this phase of the contest, which is in reality another contest entirely. You may vote, whether you compete for the scenario prizes or not. We shall select, say, twenty of the best scenarios and submit them as "Prize Scenarios" to the different companies, offering them at "usual rates," in which their players who receive the highest number of votes shall play, and the amount received will be awarded to the writers of the scenarios. Thus, there will probably be twenty prizes or more instead of one. The Photoplay Clearing House and the Scenario Department of the winning company will act as the judges. Thus, if Ormi Hawley and Arthur Johnson should win first prize, the Lubin Company are to have these players play in the prize play. And if James Cruze and Marguerite Snow should be next highest, the Thanouser Company may have second choice out of many thousand selected scenarios, and that company may choose a play at its own price in which to feature those players.

But, just now, you are concerned only in the contest of determining who are the greatest Motion Picture artists.

Not only will a specially selected and admirable play be used as the medium to present the Greatest Artists as such to the public, but the studios, the newspapers at large, the theatrical reviews and *The Motion Picture Story Magazine* will unite properly to feature them and to perpetuate a record of their talent.

Please send in your votes at once. Find the coupon on another page, fill it out and mail it to "Great Artist Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y." You may enclose two or more coupons in one envelope, provided each is signed by a different person. **Nothing but coupons will be counted!**

Remember that you may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, or any other kind, and it is not necessary that they now play leading parts. If any of these win we shall see that they get leading parts. Don't forget that a great play could be written for such unlike players as John Bunny and Alice Joyce, or for Yale Boss and W. Christie Miller! Send in your votes now!

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE

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J. Stuart Blackton, President; E. V. Brewster, Sec.-Treas. Subscription, \$1.50 a year in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, \$2; in foreign countries, \$2.50. Single copies, 15 cents, postage prepaid. Stamps accepted (one-cent stamps only). We do not want scenarios, stories and plots except when ordered by us; these should be sent to the Photoplay Clearing House (see advertisement).

Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both the old and the new address.

STAFF FOR THE MAGAZINE:

Eugene V. Brewster, Managing Editor.
 Edwin M. La Roche, } Associate Editors. C. W. Fryer, Staff Artist.
 Dorothy Donnell, } Guy L. Harrington, Circulation Manager.
 Gladys Hall, } Frank Griswold Barry, Advertising Manager.

Western, and New England Adv. Rep.: Pullen, Bryant & Fredricks Co., Chicago and Boston.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

After reading these stories, ask your theater manager to show you the films on the screen!



My Favorite Magazine

By MRS. ALTA STEVENS

The loftiest themes that thrill the human heart
Have always graced its pages with fine art,
Each graphic story full in every part.

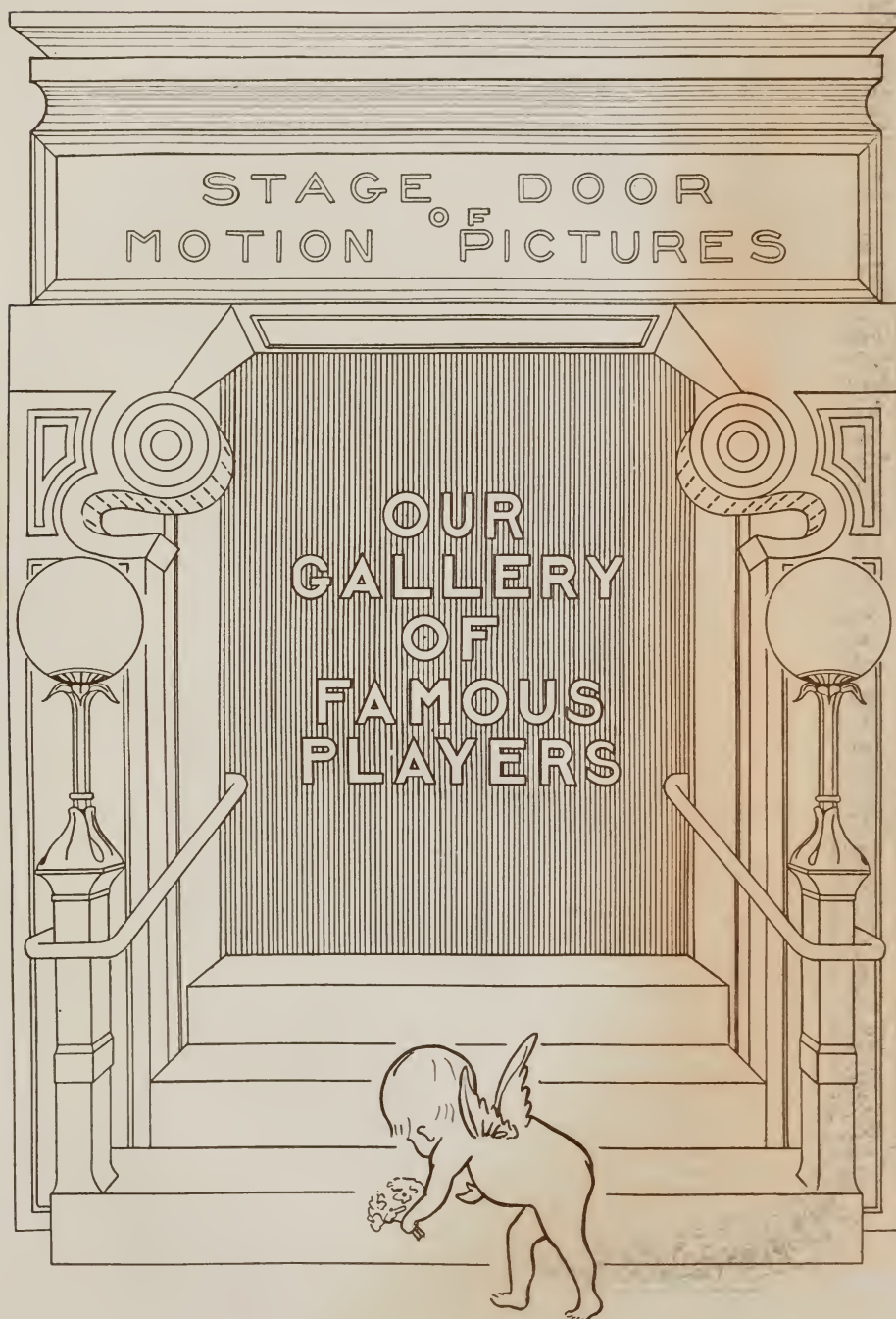
Most wondrous legends of long ages past,
Of curious lore that held the child-folk fast,
That turned to fact the fiction of their minds,
In magic form upon the screen unwinds.
Or humor quaint, or pathos keen, it holds,
Nor falters once till aptly it unfolds.

Presenting oft the charming, race-old theme,
In which a woman's love must all redeem;
Compelling instincts bind man's own heart fast
Till love and home his dreaming years recast.
Useless the cry of moss-grown pessimist;
Returns no more a bygone day, I wist;
Ebbs out the old to join the Eon's mist.

So, telling news of photoshow and screen,
The mission of my favorite magazine,
"Outranks them all," says Motion Picture fan;
Renowned from East to West, it leads the van,
Yet months are reckoned few since it began.

Marked aspirations glow thru all its verse,
And answers by wise Answer Man are terse;
Gay Greenroom Jottings whisper many things
And recent news of Playerdom outbrings;
Zest, gives the Photoplay Philosopher;
Inspiring Chats with Players, pleasures stir;
Now Picture Players' Gallery the rage,
Enhancing silent drama and the stage.

THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE





REINA VALDEZ
(Essanay)



JANE FEARNLEY
(Vitagraph)



ANNA Q. NILSSON (Kalem)



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG (Vitagraph)



WALLIE VAN
(Vitagraph)



MABEL TRUNNELLE
(Edison)



ETHEL CLAYTON
(Lubin)



FRED MACE
(Apollo)



LAMAR JOHNSTONE (Majestic)



EDNA MAISON (Universal)



DOROTHY GISH
(Eiograph)



PEARL SINDELAR
(Pathé Frères)



ANITA STUART
(Vitagraph)



BARBARA TENNANT
(Eclair)



FREDERICK CHURCH (Essanay)

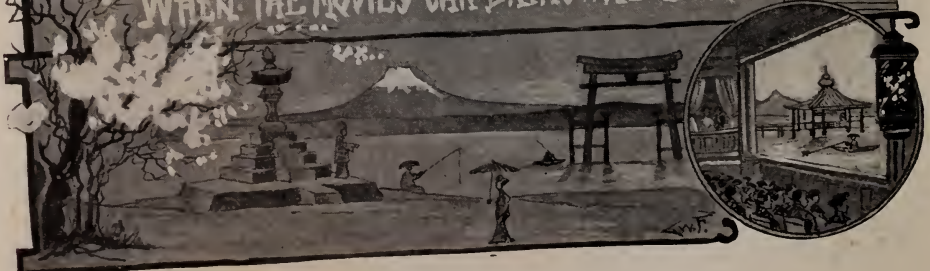


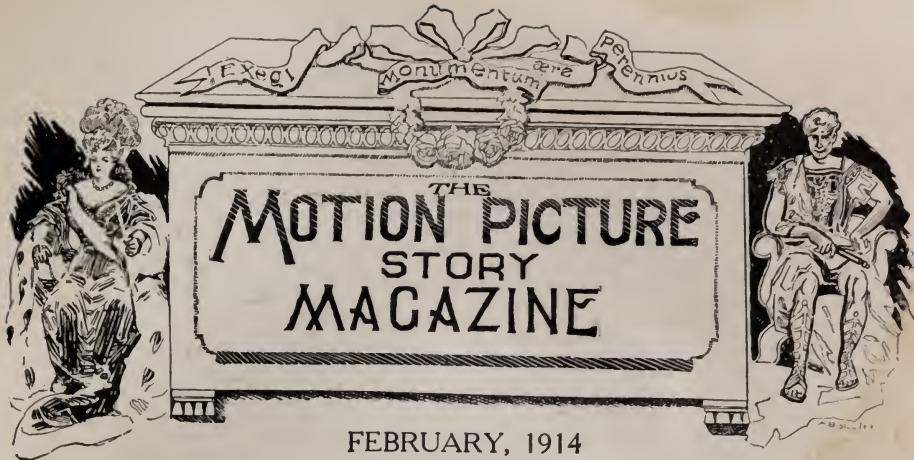
ROMAINE FIELDING (Lubin)

THE ANSWER TO THE CALL

BY LIDA AGNES LITTLE

OH TO BE BACK IN OLD JAPAN,
AND HEAR THE TWANG OF THE SAMISEN,
NEATH STARRY SKIES ON GIFU'S RIVER
TO SEE THE FISHER LIGHTS DART AND QUIVER,
THRU NIKKO'S CRYPTOMERIAS TALL,
TO HEAR THE BELL OF THE TEMPLE CALL,
AND DOWN THRU CHUJENZIS BIRCH TREE SHADE
TO GAZE AT THE FALLS AND ROCKY GLADE,
TO WATCH THE JUNKS ON ENOSHIMA'S STRAND;
TO MARVEL AT BUDDHA SERENE AND GRAND;
TO MOUNTAIN, TO RIVER AND SILVERY SHORE
THE LURE OF JAPAN CALLS ME BACK ONCE MORE
BUT WHY NEED I LONG THESE THINGS TO SEE
WHEN THE "MOVIES" CAN BRING THEM ALL TO ME?





Vol. VII

No. 1

Thru the Storm

(Essanay)

By KARL SCHILLER

This story was written from the Scenario of F. F. MACE

IT seems as tho Time must have been created after Man; as tho Life must be the dial, not a blank, white circle arbitrarily marked off into mathematical spaces. Certainly, that one night was longer than any year of their lives; so long that it left a faint, grayish shadow on Susie's girl hair and chiseled lines in Andy's face. They say drowning people live whole lifetimes in a moment. In those few hours of storm-wrestle and wild rain the wife lived over every kiss, every embrace, every tender word that he had given her in their Five Beautiful Years, with the fierce, merciless vividness of dead, never-to-be-repeated things. And he—well, he was a man, and it was a man's duty that called him thru the stumbling delirium of the storm. But he, too, had once or twice a lightning flash of visioning—of his wife's face as she had waved him good-by that afternoon from the station platform, a gallant, Madonna figure, holding their baby sweetly to her breast. Yet the day had prophesied no such night.

"Oh, *Andy!*" Susie italicized. She glanced up from her absorbed handi-

craft as, the tall shadow blocked the door-light. "Listen, Andy, I believe I've got the hang of it."

In the obedient silence a few halting clicks from the telegraph key stammered a message. Susie's cheeks fired triumphantly, and the baby gave a loud, fatuous crow, looking at its father for applause.

"Fine, old lady!" cried Andy, heartily. He flung aside his lineman's outfit and strode across the small room, carrying her reward on his lips.

"Did you understand what I said?" she persisted.

"'Deed I did." His eyes twinkled. "But is that all you've learnt, Sue? Those three little words are mighty sweet, but I'll not allow you to telegraph them to any one but me."

"Silly!" Sue sprang to her feet in sudden housewifely haste. "I believe I've forgotten dinner, Andy. Take Honey-Gal out of my way, and I'll hurry things onto the table. Just the same, when we get telegraph service at Burton's Bend, you'll be glad you've got such an intelligent wife, sir."

"When," sniffed Andy, pessimistically; "yes, *when.*"



"BUT I'LL NOT BE ALLOWING YOU TO TELEGRAPH THEM TO ANY ONE ELSE BUT ME"

His wife paused in her bread-slicing, emphasizing her words with the point of the knife on the red-covered table. "We'll get it," she cried gallantly. "'Course we will, Andy McMann. Isn't Honey-Gal going to college on the strength of that job? Aren't we going to telegraph a porch on the house and a new roof on the ell? Why, we've just *got* to get it, that's all. Maybe the letter 'll come this very afternoon. I've got a feeling in my bones."

"It's rheumatism, I'll wager," laughed Andy. "Dont fret, Susie; everything always comes out all right, you know, in the end. And, say, rustle with that grub, will you, old lady; I got t' take the car down the line this afternoon."

"Then Honey-Gal and I'll go with you, far as the station, and watch the noon Eastern come in." Susie set the

plates down stubbornly and drew up the chairs. "Sit down, dear, and eat. But just you mark my words. Something is going to happen, sure as you know." But her radiant optimism did not warn her just what the something was to be.

The noon Eastern, screaming along the rails an hour later, paused a whiff or two of engine smoke at the tiny, wooden shack of Burton's Bend. As it coughed pompously away again, a bored passenger or two, glancing up from stale novels, caught a glimpse of quivering, rebellious lips and stormy blue eyes. Then Susie thrust the letter hastily into an apron pocket and wiped away visible tokens of disappointment on Honey-Gal's fluff of hair. Andy, chug-chugging laboriously toward them a moment later, along the still vibrant rails, brought his handcar to a stop beside his



“BUT JUST MARK MY WORDS. SOMETHING IS GOING TO HAPPEN”

family, tranquilly unaware that Fate had just preceded him.

“I’ll be home at lamplight,” he promised. “Here, kiss me good-by, old lady, and I’m off.”

If she could have glimpsed the dark hours that lay ahead of his careless words, what a kiss she would have given him! But the disappointment rankling in her apron pocket robbed her lips of enthusiasm.

“Good-by, Andy,” she said; “I’m going to make your kind of biscuit for supper, so be home on time.”

She reflected that it would be easier to tell him what the letter said after a third biscuit. “Poor Honey-Gal!” she mourned, over the puzzled baby. “So she can’t go to college, after all. Andy said they’d never put in telegraph service here, but I hoped so. Well, we’d better run home, baby, quick as you can say ‘Jack Robinson,’ for I’ve got a feeling in my bones it’s going to rain.”

Rain! In five minutes Andy was so wet that he did not care. After that, he gave up craven notions of turning home and drove his tiny car

on into the gray heart of the storm. The twin rails cut the distance ahead of him, twinkling the brighter for the wet. Overhead, his peering glance sought for possible trouble in the dark tangle of telegraph wires, plainly outlined against the leprous white clouds. But on either side the rain shut him in like gray curtains, in the uncanny isolation of the storm. It deadened sound, blanketed vision, clogged lashes, ears and the strange sixth sense in man that warns of peril lurking near. On he went, pausing once or twice to question the integrity of some wire strand, until the dusk and the storm together blotted out the world in a universal dinginess. The homeward trip was swifter, spurred on by the comfortable mental vision of the lamp-bright, love-lit homecoming that awaited him. He drove the car over the bridge, with the odd sensation of poising in space. Above, around, below, the white fog and the stealthy lisp of water; his sense of touch the one link that bound him to reality. And then, at last, the shanty where the car must be stored for the night, a gray blur on the background

of neutralness. A storm is an awful thing. It sends men's thoughts homing, like frightened, lonely pigeons back to their nest; it sets laws loose for the moment—laws of Nature and those man-made—filling the gray, impalpable, shadowy world with creeping shapes of mystery or ill. Even the most practical of men, as Andy was, feels his common sense adrift on a sea of imagination. He ran the car into the shack, bolted the door and turned homewards, whistling damply in

subdued, under-the-breath fashion. The curtain of rain swayed about his shoulders, revealing momentary flashes of tree-stumps or goblin-armed bushes, and underfoot the loose gravel ran ahead of his footsteps in showers down the steep path to the ravine. Suddenly he paused, straining ahead with eye and ear. Voices? And such voices, hoarse and menacing, muffled by the wisps of fog.

"Hi tell yer it's a gol' mine, fellers. Aint a trip she dont carry ten thou'. An' it's ourn f'r th' arskin'." A chuckle made a threat of the words.

"Th' bridge's th' place f'r th' job," monotoned another. "'Oo's got th' soup? You, Bill? Hall right."

"Now soon's th' bloke wit' th' car goes 'ome, we'll start—aint any too soon."

"Hist!"

In the strained silence a pebble bounded, singing, down the ravine; gravel crunched warningly; a twig,



"I'LL BE HOME AT LAMPLIGHT,"
HE PROMISED

pressed him back, like clutching fingers, strangely like. It choked his nostrils like fierce hands, and then turned red beneath his puzzled, closing eyes.

"Hover he goes into th' drink, boys—dead men cant peach. Aha! Now f'r th' car."

"Susie!" the man moaned, "Susie!"

He beat the water with lax fingertips, sending ugly, red streaks across the scummy gray. Was it a nightmare, this heavy weight upon his head, this sense of struggling thru painful eternities of darkness toward the light? Oh, kind Heaven! was there no light anywhere in all the world? He opened difficult lids, straining thru the murk in a travail of returning consciousness. *The train!* He sobbed the words aloud, wrenching himself to his knees in the pool, groping for hand-hold on the slippery bank. Under his clawing fingers, the rain-loosened earth tore

somewhere above, snapped like an insect pistol-shot. Andy, white-faced, was feeling his way back up the steep path toward the shack; the roar of blood in his ears drowned the sound of his own incautious footsteps. Aware only of the passing of precious moments, he stumbled on, his thoughts outracing him to the shack and the car. The mail! She would be due in an hour, and there was no way to warn her but to get to the next station beyond the bridge in time. The fog



AT A CROSSING OF THE RAILROAD AROSE A CHORUS OF YELLS AND CURSES

rottenly away. His breath came in hard gasps, choked with fruitless words. "Oh, dear God in Heaven—the train—Thou knowest—the—the train——"

Babbling his futile prayer, Andy dragged himself to the bank, nausea shaking him with the effort of the movement. The blood from his gashed forehead trickled into his eyes; the mud of his fall smeared him into an unearthly, goblin thing; but, at last, he was somehow at the top of the ravine and running, with ludicrous, sprawling lunges, toward the shack. Thru the mist, the doorway yawned agape on shattered hinges. The car was gone!

He swayed under the shock of realization. How long had he lain there like a log in the ravine? Was it too late? The rails led his thoughts out into the darkness, toward the bridge, where, at this very moment, the fast mail might be lying, a tortured cripple of steel and iron, below the traitor bridge; or, worse to think of still, it might be speeding on to its doom, unsuspecting.

Out of the darkness along the rails came a clatter of grinding wheels, and the black bulk of a freight crawled into his vision, like a great, ugly slug, toiling painfully on its earthly errands along the path of a Pegasus. Andy drew a sudden breath thru quivering lips and felt, with the new hope, new courage flogging his sick body into false strength. There had been no wreck—yet. He plunged into the doorway of the shack and emerged with his lineman's tools.

Five moments later, the operator in the top of the telegraph tower at the junction, ten miles down the line, heard a faint clicking of his receiving-key and reached a bored hand for his pad and pencil. As his ears interpreted the stammering sound, his fingers galvanized into life. He leaned forward, tense, watching the struggling key; then whirled about and bent above his own, clicking a message over and over so urgently that the sparks danced from the wires. At last the muscles of his face relaxed. He listened to the snap and crackle of his answer and, drawing a long breath



FOUR HEADS BENT CURIOUSLY DOWN. FOUR PAIRS OF EYEBALLS STARED AT THE LABEL

of relief, rose from his stool, wiping the gray sweat from his forehead, and went to the window, staring out into the maelstrom of the storm.

With unabated vigor, the rain beat down from the close, sullen sky, and the wind, an insane, distant thing, moaned and shrilled across the sodden world. In the heart of the storm, events were shaping swiftly.

A gray-faced woman bent above a sleeping baby in a lamp-lit bedroom, trying to fashion her whirling dreads and conjectures into a prayer.

At a crossing of the railroad and highway, in the thick blackness, arose a chorus of yells and curses and the crash of bodies in impact. The handcar, with its evil freight, tottered on the rails, slithered and rolled rackingly into the ditch, beside the wreckage of a farm-wagon and a frenzied, struggling horse. A red lantern, swinging from the rear of the cart, sent sinister flickers over the chaos of struggling, swearing men.

“Wot d’ye mean, ye blank rubes, runnin’ us down?”

“Who did th’ runnin’, I’d like t’ know? Why wasn’t yure blamed car lighted, anyhow?”

“Beat it, you fellers! beat it!”

“Land sakes! what’s in this can?”

A match sputtered bluely in an uncertain hand. The occupants of the handcar stayed only for a glance; then, with wild yells of terror, were off into the darkness.

“Blame it! th’ match’s gone out. Strike a glim, Hi.”

The red lantern swung above the can, held in a drunken grasp. Four heads bent curiously down. Four pairs of eyeballs stared at the label. Four hoarse yells echoed, fleeing thru the night. Left alone, the countryman fumbled in his pockets, with uncouth imprecations. A second match cracked into light above the painted word, “Dynamite!” then fell, wavering, into the top of the can. Sobered, the man raised an arm, hurling the hissing menace away to



“THIS IS THE PLACE, FLANNIGAN—‘NEAR TRACY’S BRIDGE. REPORTED
HOLD-UP—GO SLOWLY’ ”

the full strength of plow-trained muscles; then turned and fled from the scene, after his fellows, just as heaven and earth bellowed open in the fog.

“This is the place, Flannigan.” The man in blue uniform consulted a grimy telegraph blank by the flare of the fire-box. “‘Near Tracy’s Bridge. Reported hold-up—go slowly.’ Get Reilly and a couple of lanterns and go ahead.”

“Yessir.”

“And, Flannigan, if everything’s O K, wave twice. If the bridge is down, once. I got t’ set a signal in th’ rear f’r th’ police special behind.”

The sleeping passengers stirred uneasily at the jolt of stopping, fumbling for watches and grumbling under their breath at the inconvenience of night travel. The rain beat against their cozy windows as they turned, stretched and sought sleep again, indefinitely peevish at the night and storm.

The engineer, peering anxiously thru his blurred pane, caught two flashes in the darkness and opened his throttle cautiously. As the great train lumbered ahead down the tracks, a dripping figure with drowned lantern climbed into the cab.

“All safe,” reported Flannigan, briefly, “but there’s been queer work somewhere. A handcar in the ditch and a smashed wagon. Mebbe th’ special ’ll find out what’s wrong.”

A man who could have answered the puzzle lay sprawled across the tracks five miles farther on. From the tip of a telegraph pole beside him swayed two loose ends of wire. He had done his best, and better, and his usefulness, like that of the crippled wire, was over—for the time. So he lay, an inert puddle of clothes, with open, senseless eyes staring up at the ghastly sky, while the rails beneath his head sang, and, far thru the gloom, pricked the headlights of the mail. It was so Susie found him, as she stumbled thru the curtains of fog.

"Andy—Andy!" shrieked the wife, above the sprawling, staring thing. "Look at me, boy—it's Susie! Oh, Andy, you aren't *dead*, are you——" She fell upon drenched knees beside him, with wild kisses on the wet, cold face. She beat impotently upon one outflung arm, begging him to look at her. Then she started, listening. A vibration ran along the steel toward her, louder than a noise, and the evil

Susie's voice shuddered on the words, pleasurably. She held the beef-tea spoon suspended, looking down adoringly at the invalid.

"But I *did* learn it." Andy's tone was masculinely matter-of-fact. "I'll bet there's five hoboos in jail wishing this very minute that they'd finished this job." His hand touched the bandage on his head. "Say, Sue, what you staring at out of the win-



AND FRIENDLY FACES BENT ABOVE THEM IN THE YELLOW FLARE OF THE ENGINE FIRES

eye of the headlight winked, leering, about the bend. Love steeled her slender arms to power, and she lifted the long, lax body as strongly as she might have Honey-Gal. But when, a moment later, the great bulk of the mail shuddered to a stop, with hoarse, inquiring breaths of smoke, and friendly faces bent above them in the yellow flare of the engine fires, there were two senseless figures beside the track, instead of one.

"Oh, Andy-man, just *supposing* you hadn't learnt telegraphy!"

dow? Do I get my dinner, or dont I get it?"

"You do not!" Susie's eyes shone. "Andy—there are four men coming up the path. You lie still and look nice and pale and heroic, while I go see what they want. Oh, Andy, I've got a feeling in my bones——"

Outside the bedroom door, Susie listened shamelessly. Stray phrases, drifting solemnly out on a tide of official dignity, set her eyes a-sparkling.

"Token of your presence of mind," she murmured—"distinguished service—telegraph agency—"

Oh, Honey-Gal!" She caught the wide-eyed infant to her in an ecstatic hug. "Oh, Honey-Gal, you're going to college, after all!"

The murmur of words continued behind the closed door, with the somnolence of a babbling rill. But to Andy's wife, it was no murmur at all—the peans of praise for Andy sang, torrent-like, into her ears.

She clasped her hands and waited.

Then the delegation of solemn officials trooped out of Andy's room, with Andy following them.

Andy sat down groggily, and, for one cruel instant, the pallor of his drawn skin and the dreamy look in his eyes brought a catch to her throat.

He reached over weakly and drew Honey-Gal to his lap, and, with officialdom gathering round them and making undignified efforts to unbend, the glad surge of happiness swept into Susie's heart.



HONEY-GAL IS GOING TO COLLEGE,
AFTER ALL

"College?" questioned Andy, into the toy ear behind the tousled hair; "I guess, little Honey-Gal, you can have your pick—honest! I'm not dreamin'."



Picture Books

By RALPH BACON

When I was just a little lad
How earnestly I used to pore
O'er all the picture books that dad
Spread for me on his study floor.

And now that I am older grown,
And somber texts my eyes should win,
I find that still I have to own
I like the books with pictures in.

Time was when education came
To only those who sought her out;
The books that brought their authors fame
We idlers never knew about.

But things 've changed, now children know
The wondrous tales that Dickens wrote;
The story folks of long ago
Before their happy visions float:

The gorgeous history of old Rome;
The sacred one of Palestine;
The village where Christ had His home
Before the world knew Him divine,

And all the many stories laid
Away on dark and dusty shelves,
The movie actors now have made
In pictures that explain themselves.

The movies give us all that's best
In literature, if we but look,
For, in their great scenario quest,
They've made the world a picture book.

And now that I'm a gray-haired man,
My happiest hours are at the show,
For I am still a picture fan,
As in the days of long ago.



The Place o' Youth

By DOROTHY DONNELL



Long while I've been seeking thru the nighttime and the daytime,
My young days, my strong days, my days of long ago,
When mine were the treasures of the summertime and wintertime—
The old ways, the gold ways, ah, I have missed them so!

Whitened is my hair with life's gladsomeness and sadsomeness,
Dim have grown my keen eyes with the weeping many tears;
But God be thanked, I've found again the oh-so-long-lost ground again,
The queer place and the dear place where they store the bygone years.

I've seen my boyhood's dreaming, the wondrous fairy gleaming
Of fabled far-off places and of faces far away.
I hold the key to Romance, which is every boy's and no man's,
For the old man is a young man at the Motion Picture play.



Their Growth

By GEORGE B. STAFF



The wonders of the photoplay
Are growing greater day by day;
Above the screens the hand of skill
Is ever ready with a thrill
That helps to keep the old world gay.




The power of the photoplay
Is waxing stronger day by day;
Each year denotes a marked advance
Into the broadening expanse
Where they possess a sovereign sway.

The Moving Picture Directory

By OTTIE E. COLBURN

- | | | |
|------------|--------------|-----------|
| Shoemakers | Writers | And |
| And | P'licemen | Signmen |
| Preachers | And | And |
| And | Fighters | Sisters |
| Students | And | And |
| And | Dentists | Brothers |
| Teachers | And | And |
| And | Mailmen | All these |
| Doctors | And | And |
| And | Bankers | Others. |
| Tailors | And | To |
| And | Jailmen | Find them |
| Bakers | And | And |
| And | Actors | Go |
| Sailors | And | To the |
| And | Linemen | Motion |
| Lawyers | And | Picture |
| And | Store Clerks | Show. |





A Thief of Hearts

(PATHEPLAY)
BY
JANET REID

“M^A foi, but you are stupide!”
Ida Bianca stamped her sandal-shod, otherwise unclad, foot; “it is to the Pavillon du Bois I wish to go—to the Pavillon du Bois, in the Bois de Boulogne—comprenez?”

Pierre was miserably silent; he felt the sadness of the irrevocable step and the ominous whisper of premonition. For the Pavillon was sure to be thronged with the people of his world—his set; perhaps the one person of all others would be among them—and Ida Bianca was decidedly not of that status. The lovely dancer was on every lip—the toast of all cafés—the one bright star in the theatrical firmament—but she was not to be introduced to one’s sister, one’s mother, or one’s wife-to-be. It was Pierre’s wife-to-be who stepped before his mental vision now and cautioned him by her distant loftiness of spirit.

Ida Bianca stepped close to the irresolute youth. She was gossamer-clad; the pink of her lovely flesh gleamed, pearl-wise, thru her dancing-robe. Her eyes drooped, and a strange perfume assailed the nostrils—the perfume all Paris coveted, made exclusively for the favorite of the hour. Pierre caught his breath. He

loved her, or, rather, his senses loved her. God who makest the feline, woman things, how they loved her!

“Mon cher,” she purred in his ear, while one tapered hand curled like a crumpled flower-petal in his gripped palm, “cela est bien fâcheux—so sad, just be-cause là pauvre Ida is not ze lovely lady, you will not refuse her—eh?”

Pierre was wise enough. He knew quite well the cunning of her deliberate proximity; the subtlety of her artful, murmuring voice; the cold-bloodedness with which she was nestling to him in order to gain her end. He knew, but his senses rose and quelled his finer intelligence; his senses leaped to her touch and rioted at the nearness of her. He cursed them for their dominance of him, but he clasped her tremulously close.

“Yes—I will take you, Ida,” he breathed throatily; “you devil-woman—you knew that I would.”

“It is arranged, zen.” Ida breathed the happy sigh of the child that has gained its desire.

“Yes, it is settled.” Pierre gathered up his hat and stick and strode toward the door. “Be ready at nine, chérie.”



TO COME THERE WITH THE BIANCA WAS TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE
EXISTENCE OF A TIE

Out in the cool of the falling night the pulses throbbing in his temples abated, and his reason asserted itself. There in the night waited his lady of Heart's High Worship—waited the cool, shrined maid of the level, gray eyes; the woman who, wise and woman-tender, had promised to be his wife. He knew that he loved her with all the fineness in him, with every breath he drew in his noblest moments, with the real, man-love of him. He knew that it was she to whom he turned in his aspirations and strivings for the better things; it was she whom he dreamed of cradling his children on her white breast; it was she to whom he knelt with supplicating, silent prayer when, shamed and bruised of respect, he came from the exotic presence of the dancer who had enslaved the baser self.

They were the cynosure of all eyes as they entered the Pavilion du Bois late that evening. To come there with the Bianca was to acknowledge the existence of a tie, and Pierre knew that to its most dire certainty. There had been rumors of his infatuation

abroad, but they had been only rumors; and, so long as he kept his liaison confined to the proper places and did not flaunt it in the eyes of his world, no one had anything to say. This was different. This was brazenry, and the inhabitants of the clique within whose charmed circle Pierre de Brezeux had moved and where such as the Bianca might never set foot, raised their penciled eyebrows and scandalmongered gluttonously. They craned their necks and wondered, breathlessly, whether Marthe Rozay, Pierre's affianced wife, would appear. They had not to wonder long. A slim figure, in softest gray—a queenly, light-poised figure, with an air of gentle, gracious dignity—entered, accompanied by her mother and father, and sat at the table only once removed from that where sat Pierre de Brezeux and his notorious innamorata.

Pierre tasted of the waters of Lethe that night. Wormwood were the horribly obvious charms of the dancer as he saw the dearer, rarer lures of Marthe fading forever beyond his

reach. The room, with its crowds of eating, reveling people, with Ida Bianca, radiantly perfect, at his side, held only that gray-clad form, until it seemed to quiver, a cool, diaphanous mist, before his blinded eyes, and chill him with an unearthly remoteness. He wanted her; he wanted her as a man dying of thirst wants the blessed cool of the waters. He wanted to be true to her, to live for her—for her alone. Yet the red flames were devouring him, working his destruction, and the red flames met in the warm flesh of La Belle Bianca.

As a man announces his own crime, the confession being unsolicited, so Pierre called on Marthe the following day, in order that he might learn the truth from her lips. He thought, as she greeted him, that she looked like some pale nun made saintly and spiritual by long years of fasting and all denials of the flesh. And he knew, with an anguished pang, that it was thru his sordid wrongdoing the purging had come.

"I have come, Marthe," he began humbly; "I suppose it is to say good-by." He did not query; he knew his sin.

"Yes, it is to say good-by, Pierre." The girl's voice was low, but it held the steady timbre of resolution, made firm by bitter waters.

"There is nothing to say—I am not worth even an apology." Pierre spoke with the miserable despondency of one for whom Life has withdrawn her last effective charm. "Only"—Here he hesitated an instant and met the gray eyes of this lady of Heart's High Worship. They seemed to say: "Tell me!" and he rushed on heedlessly—"only I must say, Marthe, absurd and incongruous tho it may seem—it is to you I give my heart's best love; it is to you I—I—pray—"

"I cant say I understand, Pierre," the girl made answer. "I wish that I could. I think, perhaps, we women never will quite understand that. We give, or perhaps I should speak personally and say I give, my love, and that means all of me, Pierre—heart and mind and soul—and all to the

loved one, to keep thru all time. There could be no other, only the one; there could be no further giving, because I have given to the uttermost—there is no more. You are not made that way. Perhaps you cannot help it. How should I know? Why should I judge?"

"You are made of angel stuff, Marthe," the man said. "I am the commonest clay, and, oh! I am not worthy your splendid gift."

"No, you are not, Pierre," she returned sorrowfully. "It is that which hurts the most—the fact that you are not worthy; that I have given my one love to you, and you have trampled on it. Poor, bruised thing!" She smiled whimsically, yet her eyes held fathomless deeps of tears. Then she extended her hand in the swift little gesture of one who dismisses, yet would hold.

"This is good-by, mon ami," she said simply, "because you are you and I am I."

Pierre touched the slim, white hand, and, as he pressed his lips to the white fingers, he left the tribute of a bitter tear.

Because she was a woman, and a very clever one, Ida Bianca sensed the fact that it was she, not Pierre, who pursued the game of love most ardently. He acquiesced, because he was too weak to withstand the subtlety of her wiles, the potency of her sinuous allure; but once she should cease the chase, Pierre would go back—go back to his own class and the white lady at whom he had looked with such fathoms of despair in the Pavilion du Bois. The look had not been lost on Ida Bianca, nor the ensuing indifference on the homeward trip. She had known, then, that it was the gray-clad girl with the Madonna face to whom Pierre had given his heart's best. And the Bianca loved Pierre. Loved, that is, in her own peculiar conception of the word. She was primitive, as all true materialists are. She resorted now to primitive methods.

Novita, a famous matador, was



IDA BIANCA ROUSED THE EMOTIONAL NATURE OF NOVITA, AS WELL AS HIS JEALOUSY

visiting the Parisian city, and the Bianca had met him at a supper recently given in her honor. He was a superb specimen of a man—one vibrant of strength and suggestive of ferocity in his passions. He was material such as the Bianca loved best to manipulate. She used him now as a foil for Pierre.

A foil was not the sort of plaything one might make of the fiery Spaniard, and, in her attempts to whet Pierre's sluggish amativeness, Ida Bianca roused the emotional nature of Novita. And Novita was not of the stuff Pierre was made. He, too, was primitive, and he was untamed. He wanted Ida Bianca, and he wanted nothing else in all the world. There was one other issue for Novita—that issue was Death. For life meant the serpentine dancer, and life robbed of her would not be life at all. Ida was delighted. She had not hoped for so effective a setting as the actual passion of the matador, and she played the game with all her accustomed aplomb.

She and Pierre were dining together one evening a week after the final rupture with Marthe, and Ida had received from the maitre d'hotel a blotted, impetuous scrawl from the fevered Novita. It begged of her one token of regard—some little ghost of a hope, a tiny touch from her hand—and Ida passed the note to Pierre, with a lilting laugh. Pierre frowned over the desperate appeal. He did not love Ida with a love of fine fiber, but she belonged to him, and he resented the thought of another man daring to presume upon his property.

At the next table sat two friends who had been intimates in what they called "poor old Brezeux's better days," and they witnessed, with amusement, the passing of the note and the ugly scowl with which it was received.

"Poor old Pierre!" murmured one, with a backward glance, mayhap, at some similar experience of his own life, when a tinsel dancer had held his heart balanced in one airy palm.

"Ida delights in making the poor boy jealous," the other said; then, with a shrug and a light laugh, "Diable! I wonder how many others the Bianca has played the same game with?"

Pierre heard the low-toned interchange, and his head whirled. It was bad enough to be the acknowledged plaything of the equally acknowledged player, but to be pitied as her dupe was a little too far.

"Ida," he whispered to her, hoarsely, "what do you say to a trip to Spain—a motor trip?"

Ida hesitated. She weighed values carefully. She recalled the fact that Novita was to be in Madrid the next month. Paris was a bore just now. She would have Pierre to herself on the long trip, and at the end, when he should be more enslaved than ever and the memory of the gray-clad lady should have been banished from his heart—at this triumphant journey's end—there would be Novita. Surely, surely, the cool blood of the young Parisian would wake to a blue-tipped flame.

Ida had planned well. The trip wooed Pierre from the grating reproach every avenue in Paris had held out to him. The Bianca was her most fascinating self. The country stretched mile upon mile of verdant undulation, and the waters were golden under the summer sun. Pierre was almost happy. And then, one day, he knew that happiness was not for him—that he had bartered thrice-tested gold for the glitter of brass. Running out of gasoline, and far from the next town, their chauffeur hailed a passing car, and the occupants of both machines alighted. It was Marthe who faced him there in the road, and her white face held only scorn. Swathed in her veils, the dancer watched the encounter with narrowed eyes, and Pierre felt that he had tasted the bitterest that could be offered. He knew that Marthe did not think the hailing of her car accidental. And he knew the humiliation to which her proud spirit was subjected. And then the cars passed on.

In Madrid, he wrote her a penitent note, telling her how deeply he felt the accident of the meeting; how more than gladly he would have averted the encounter; how truly he was sorry. And the girl who had given to him all that she had to give, felt a little rush of warmth around her heart. His self-respect was not entirely dormant, at all events. Perhaps, some day, the old Pierre might return—the Pierre of the clear eyes and the steel-true soul—perhaps. Then she apostrophized herself as a fool for daring to think the impossible and as a peasant soul for thus humbling herself.

The journey's end had not quite the triumphant conclusion Ida had hoped for. Pierre had been distraught since the meeting with the white-faced girl, and Ida had begun to consider the game not quite worth the candle. After all, there were other fish in the sea—and there was Novita. Her pagan soul yearned secretly for the untamedness of his. What a splendid lover he might make—what a splendid love theirs might be! It would be as flame to water compared with the passive Frenchman at her side.

Novita met them in Madrid, and that night, in the lobby of the hotel, he pleaded with the dancer to leave Pierre and seek true happiness with him.

"What does he know of love, Ida?" he whispered fiercely. "I—I can give you the flame from the hot suns of Spain—the essence of the wine of the grape. I can give you love, my Bianca, such a love as he has never dreamed of."

Ida weighed values. La Belle Bianca would not be La Belle Bianca if she had not sensed the values of things. And she knew that the time for leaving Pierre was not yet ripe. That her passion for him was waning, she was aware, but all the more surely could she torture him if the fire of her own love should die.

But Novita knew no sense of values. He knew only Ida Bianca—and the oblivion of Death. To him there

could be no alternative. And he wrote her a note and told her so—told her that if she would come to him she should wear violets at the bull-fight in which he was to take part the following day; if she appeared without them, then he would know that she meant to deny his love, and he would end what had become torture on the horns of the bull.

Perhaps it was Fate who intervened. Perhaps the gods thought

picadors and toreadors, Ida singled out the splendid girth of Novita. And she knew that it was not her eye alone, but the fickle heart of her that singled out this man as mate—and master.

Straight and true his eyes sought her, looked a moment, then turned away; and Novita had received his death-warrant—received it without a murmur, without a contraction of the splendid frame; even with a sense of



THE COUNTRY STRETCHED MILE UPON MILE OF VERDANT UNDULATION

that Ida Bianca had played the stakes of men's hearts sufficiently long. Perhaps God thought of the tiny thing—her soul. At any rate, chastening came, and it came thru the man she had used as foil—Novita, the matador.

Pierre received the sealed note telling Ida of the two alternatives, and, because his mind was not in sunny Madrid, he forgot to deliver it.

Ida and Pierre were going to the bull-fight. The amphitheater was crowded, and the throngs were cheering and shouting with their usual excitable volubility. The parade advanced, and, among the matadors,

blessed relief that the fever in his veins should be stilled at last.

Ida watched him breathlessly, shuddered at the charging bull, trembled at the adroitness of the dodges; then came a terrible chaos. The most famous matador in Spain had hurled himself upon the horns of the infuriated beast. There was a loud wail, rising higher and ever higher; a mangled thing of gore and moaning sounds; and La Bianca found herself in the street, propelled by Pierre, white-faced and shivering. Novita was dead.

Alone in their hotel rooms, Ida faced Pierre.

"He is dead!" she cried, and her beauty was contorted with strange passion, as if some sleeping depth had been stirred, at last, from a lifelong sleep. "He is dead—dead—and I loved him. Mon Dieu, I loved him!"

Pierre was helpless. The death of Novita was a horrible thing; this savage, raging regret, looking from the eyes of the Bianca, was worse. He sought for some word, some solace, and suddenly he bethought him of the letter. He had imagined it to be from Novita. Perhaps it held some word that would soften the cruel grief, or some gentler feeling might be aroused. Silently he handed it to her. There was a long silence. Pierre could not know, but the soul of Ida Bianca was awakened. Real love had touched her flesh and gone beneath. A man had died for her. Life was warm and glowing and safe and sure. Death was cold and still and irrevocable and unknown. And this man had gone into its depths for the love of her.

She turned to Pierre, and Marthe herself could show no whiter face, no deeper anguish. Then, cold and hard and smitten, hatred looked from her eyes.

"I hate you," she said; "you sing of ice and snow—I hate you. Ze God in Heaven Himself cannot know how much! Go away—away—and nevaire come again—you—you!"

With the awakening of the Bianca's soul had come the reviving spirit of the old Pierre. In her hate he read his release, and he knew, with a glad

joy, that the release was final. Never again could Ida Bianca snare his spirit thru his senses; never again could he stoop from the heights to probe the depths. And after many months had come and gone, he met Marthe and told her so. And she was a woman, and she loved him. Because of this, she knew her highest happiness in divine forgiveness, in



SUDDENLY HE BETHOUGHT HIM OF THE LETTER

healing his hurt soul, in ministering to his need.

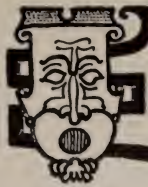
"Marthe," he whispered to her, as they dined together the evening of their reuniting, "do you know what I have called you always in my dreams?—My Lady of Heart's High Worship."

"And I, Pierre"—the girl looked at him with the eyes of the Madonna and the warmer light of the woman-love—"always I have called you—*mine*."

The Light

By C. LEON KELLEY

Out of the darkness—the darkness of night—
Pure and brilliant, splendidly bright,
Embracing a thousand virtues, serene,
Shines the true light—the light of the screen.



The New Photoplay House

By C. LEON KELLEY



WHEN the Motion Picture was born, it was like all newly-born things—awkward and crude. A great field, a dream to be realized, hung upon the outcome of a wonderful little invention, and the invention itself was not a certainty. That was why the Motion Picture and every relative branch connected with its manufacture and use were crude, and there was not a more crude branch than the exhibition of the pictures. This branch, the building, managing and developing of the photoplay house, began in the lowliest of steps, to evolve into the most beautiful part of the whole industry—great as it now is.

In those early days—not really so early, for the Motion Picture is still, we are frequently told, quite young—the exhibition of the pictures was a puzzle; a game played in a hundred different ways; a business based upon the ideas of each individual exhibitor. One man owned a projection machine and three thousand feet of film, which he carried from one town to another, exhibiting in old dance-halls, meeting-houses and churches. Another man rented a store on the main street of some small village—or, possibly, it was in the very city itself—filled it with chairs, built a flourishing cement or pressed-metal front, and equipped it with a noisy, flickering projection machine, unbooted and operated by the ticket-taker. Still another man, more venturesome, constructed a “theater” building for an exhibitor, making sure, however, that it could be easily broken up into stores again should his tenant meet with failure. Sometimes a pioneer photoplay was wedged into the bill at a big variety theater for novelty.

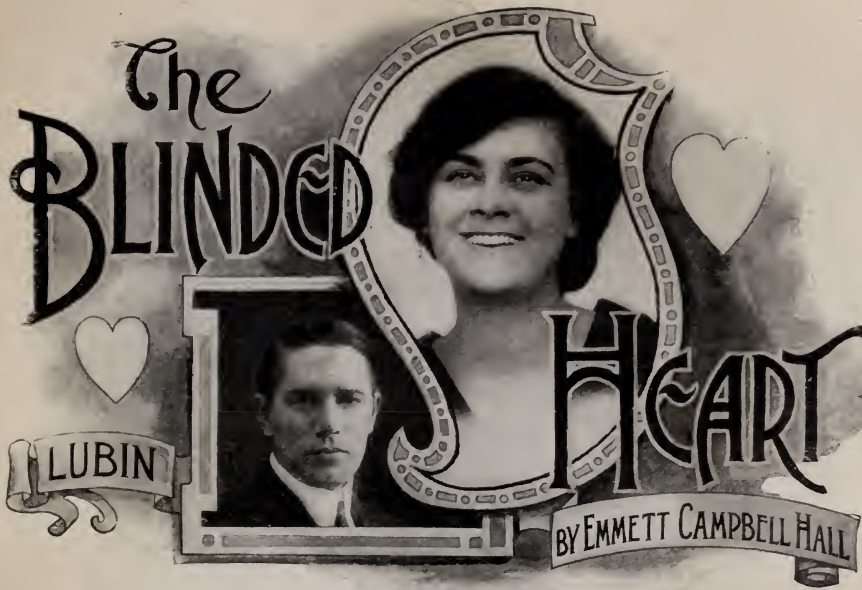
In short, the exhibition of the now mighty film was crude and awkward, made upon cheap lines, in cheap places, and accompanied by a cheap recommendation of its patrons.

And, recalling those days, we cannot fail to see the marvelous changes which have occurred in the methods and places of exhibition. In each small town or city where we may chance we can see the new theater, with its modern architecture, flashing electric displays and massive construction. We cannot escape the tale of success about this or that exhibitor, relating how, with accumulated capital, he abandoned the little show-in-the-store to tenant the new, spacious photoplay house. And in the big cities, too. The newly-built and under-construction photoplay houses there are beginning to rival the theaters, the homes of the *legitimate stage*.

It is just these new photoplay houses that are the marvel and reflection of the Motion Picture industry. They are the proof of the progress made in the exhibition branch.

The new photoplay house is luxurious. Its entrance gleams with lights and is of attractive design. Its portals are guarded by polite, uniformed men. Brass bars and neat signs aid and direct our convenience on entering. Inside, the murmur of a softly playing orchestra strikes our ears with pleasing effects. We sink into deep, plush seats at the advice of another polite attendant. We confront the magnificence of the interior, the rows of seats, the balconies, the boxes, the people, the high, vaulted ceilings. We see the screen, and how different it all is from the old show-in-the-store! How clear the characters are—how distinct and true their actions! How like a *real* theater!

This, then, is the new photoplay house. A thousand-and-one just such places of exhibition now replace those formerly used for the *crude* photoplays. The newer, finer kind of pictures deserve this luxury. Every new photoplay house built is a monument erected to the progress of the Motion Picture.



From the Photoplay by the same author

To one here and there, on whose birth an angel smiled, has been given the quality of perfect love, of passion burning with soft and clear white flame, unquenchable—giving all, yet asking in return but the privilege to shed its glow and perfume about the object of its adoration. Thus it was with her whom they had so fittingly called Rose, for, in truth, she was like one of the white roses that blossomed in the quaint old garden at her door, fragrant and very fair. For three years she had been the wife of Fred Lester, yet still there clung about her, subtle as the aroma of a tropic night, a sense of girlhood, a magic incense from the heart to which had been granted eternal youth, and which a poet would have heard in the soft tones of her voice, or a great painter would have seen in the depths of her dark eyes, even tho the years had silvered the locks now gleaming brown as the ripe chestnuts dropping from their bursting burrs.

It was harvest-time, and the sunshine, warmly amber, filled the Valley of the Mohawk with a gentle languor. In the fields, the golden corn stood in ordered shocks. From the old tree close beside the kitchen win-

dow ripe apples were falling. Rose Lester dried the last of the dinner dishes and wiped her slim hands daintily. It was almost oppressively still, and there was a trace of weariness in the unconscious gesture with which she tucked neatly into place a tendril of hair that curled damply on her forehead. Her eyes, wandering inquiringly about the tidy room, rested upon a battered but shining tin box, and eyes and small mouth united in a little smile of happiness.

"I'll not wait until supper; I'll show it to him now," she said, and took from the box a newly baked cake, the fruit of an hour snatched from the morning by extra speed in doing the hundred tasks that must be performed by a farmer's wife, even tho hands be daintily slender and hurrying feet childishly small. Taking the supper treat, she passed thru the cottage to the porch, where her husband was availing himself of the hour of rest which he allowed himself at noon.

As always, when he could seize a few moments, Lester was deeply absorbed in the pages of a book, and did not raise his eyes at the sound of his wife's step. The girl stood regarding him for a few moments,

with the brooding light of the eternal mother in her glance. Then she spoke, with a little, wistful eagerness.

"Guess what I have made for supper, dear?" she coaxed.

A slight frown of impatience sprang to his face, but he did not look up.

"Oh! I dont know," he replied indifferently, and turned a page.

"Well, if you cant guess, look, then," she insisted, and, reluctantly, he glanced away from his book.

"A cake, I see," he commented, without interest, and turned again to his reading.

With a slight drooping of the corners of her small mouth, Rose set aside the dainty result of her labor. With timid caressing, she placed a hand upon his shoulder; then, as he took no notice, she playfully took the all-absorbing book from his hand.

"Dont you ever wish to just talk to me, Fred?" she asked wistfully. "You read and read, all the time you are not in the fields. As soon as supper is over, you get your book and scarcely speak until bedtime. Cant we, at least, have the noon-hour just to love each other?"

Lester rose, only half-concealing his annoyance.

"If you would read some, yourself, you would better appreciate the interest I take in books," he said coldly. "It's time for me to get back to the fields," he added quickly, and hurried abruptly away.

Rose stood for a brief moment watching him, no thought of resenting his gruffness entering into her love-filled heart. She even smiled a little, half in tenderness, half in humor.

"Read? When would I read?" she thought. "And, besides," she added aloud, "there isn't a book on earth that could give me the pleasure I find in doing something, even the smallest thing, for you, beloved."

For a little while the girl fell a-dreaming; then she roused with a start of self-reproof.

"My! but I am wasting time, and I might be actually doing something

for him, instead of just thinking about it," she exclaimed, and hurried into the cottage.

Lester, meanwhile, had made his way toward the field where the corn was waiting his labor, but, with each step, his mood of unrest and irritation seemed to increase; the stillness oppressed him; the golden sunshine seemed a mockery; he felt like a prisoner within the circle of the distant hills that shut out from this fruitful valley of peace the clamor of a bustling world. He hated it, he told himself. He was weary of soul, his feet clogged by the dreary routine of his eventless life. He yearned eagerly for the swift movement, the gay companions, the keen intellects, the beautiful, poised and self-reliant women with whom his book-fed fancy peopled the cities beyond the hills. Lester was of that class from which the dreamers come, to have their dreams rudely shattered on the rocks of reality—fairly prosperous, still young, educated and well-read, but with superficial knowledge and no actual experience of life beyond his native valley. Suddenly he raised his eyes and looked into the frankly smiling face of the Strange Woman.

Whence she came, what devious paths her feet had trod, or why she came to rest, like a weary bird of passage, in this remote valley, only she could have said, and of these things her carmined and always smiling lips never spoke. Hers was a somewhat bold beauty, insistent as a scarlet poppy, and even as her lips smiled, her eyes were inscrutable, calculating. But Lester saw only the smile, the air of self-confident ease which he vaguely realized would persist under whatever circumstances might strangely befall, and the garments which, even to his inexperience, spoke the magic word, "Paris." Too much amazed for words, he remained dumb before her.

"I suppose I am trespassing, of course," the stranger remarked lightly; "one always seems to be trespassing in the country, but my intentions are no more criminal than to



THE SLIM LITTLE HANDS SOON COAXED THE COMPLIANCE OF THE BEAST,
AND FROM THE MILK-PAIL THE PITCHER WAS SOON FILLED FOAMINGLY

find a shady spot where I may read my book without having several interested natives peering over my shoulder in the hope that it is something wicked."

She looked at him from eyes half-closed and smiled again.

Suddenly Lester found himself strangely at ease.

"Of course you are trespassing," he assured her, "but you will be entirely forgiven if you will permit me to assist in finding the delectable spot, free from the espionage of uncivilized natives, for which your spirit hungers. Sorry I can't provide a jug and loaf."

She flashed him a glance of surprise and approval.

"You are good," she drawled.

"No, only self-seeking," he assured her. "You see, I may get the chance denied the other savages."

She held out the book.

"Why, I, also, am reading this," he exclaimed eagerly. "Let's see—I was at page one hundred and six-

teen when I was interrupted." A slight frown of retrospective annoyance creased his forehead.

"Really? I am a few pages ahead of you, I believe, but I wouldn't mind going back if you are good at reading aloud—" Her glance was of provocative invitation.

"Best thing I do," Lester responded, and was subconsciously astonished at his self-possessed ease. An hour ago, he would have thought it quite beyond the bounds of possibility for him to banter flippant speech with a "woman of the world." "Simply shows I was right—I am being smothered," he thought. Aloud, he said:

"Come on, then; let's find that woodland bower."

Thruout the sultry afternoon Rose had busied herself about the cottage, stealing only a few moments, when the overflowing tenderness of her nature imperatively demanded some expression, to fondle the kitten and dog that came in eager response to

her call. Suddenly she paused in her work.

"He has not seemed so strong of late; perhaps he is tired and thirsty. I'll take him a pitcher of fresh, warm milk," she decided, and hurried to the barnyard to carry out the first necessity of her plan. Her cow, sedately chewing its cud, eyed Rose in mild surprise at the untimeliness of this performance, but the slim little hands soon coaxed the compliance of the beast, and from the milking-pail the pitcher was filled foamingly. Then Rose hurried off toward the fields.

"Oh, there he is!" Rose whispered to herself, as she neared the ranks of shocked corn, and, as always when she came to him, her heart swelled with tenderness. Suddenly she stopped, with a little gasp of amazement. Lester was not alone. With a feeling of physical sickness, Rose noted the bold beauty, the handsome garments and the easy poise of the woman to whom Lester was speaking in so animated and familiar a manner. The woman turned away, paused and said smilingly:

"You will want a name to call me by when we meet again. Well, mine is Florine." Then she threw him a kiss and strolled away.

For a few moments Lester watched her admiringly; then, with an air of buoyant cheerfulness, strode across the field toward his neglected corn. With grave, troubled eyes and a dull ache in her breast, Rose retraced the path she had come.

"It—it hurts so," she moaned softly, "but if it will make him happy, I must not mind, or let him know I know."

Nor did the girl, in the days that followed, for one moment allow her husband to suspect that she knew—what all the neighbors knew. This was, perhaps, the most cruel part of it all, for Rose had, for all her gentleness, a high, white pride, and she knew how spiteful gossip played with her husband's name, his and the Strange Woman's. Once, indeed, the farmfolk came to her, under guise

of pity and friendship, and her spirit flared up in haughty anger. Coldly she bade them begone. What her husband chose not to tell her, if, indeed, what they said was true, she would not hear from other lips. But when, outraged at her hardness, the women had gone, the girl wept bitter tears.

Even in her wish to be the more tender and loving, Rose was unknowingly driving Lester from her. In the frame of mind to which he had come, her caresses but irritated him, her kisses cloyed. With pathetic earnestness, she strove to do still more for him in little, intimate ways of which he never knew: to wash his garments, to prepare for him the food he liked best, the dishes of which now, alas! went frequently untasted. These things were to her a precious joy. One afternoon, when the valley seemed fairly brimming with the amber air and golden sunshine, this impulse came to her as she was gathering the apples that had fallen from the old tree beside her kitchen window, and, with a happy little smile, she selected a dozen of the finest and set out for the fields.

For a while Rose failed to locate Lester, as he was hidden by the corn, but, at length, she came suddenly upon him, and she felt her heart strain to breaking in her breast, for the Strange Woman was with him, and it did not need the interpretation of love for her to read the meaning of the look upon his face. They did not observe her, for the stacked corn shielded her, and for a little time she remained, still and helpless in her pain. Their words came plainly to her ears.

"This is good-by, Freddy," the Strange Woman said, and, curiously, there was a tremor in her voice.

"Good-by? Why?" Lester demanded.

"Because I am going away—to-night. Playtime is over."

"But—but I can't let you go!" he cried, in almost angry protest. "Why, what would I do without you? For the first time in my life I've had some one to whom I could talk, some



SUDDENLY SHE STOPPED, WITH A LITTLE GASP OF AMAZEMENT—
LESTER WAS NOT ALONE

one who thinks and knows and has lived. And, besides—why, I love you!”

A curious light came into the Strange Woman’s face.

“Dear boy,” she said slowly, “this has all been very well, and perhaps I have helped you to pass away the time more or less agreeably, but—you don’t know what you are talking about when you say you love me. You couldn’t, really, you know; not if you have any adequate idea of what I have been and am.” Her voice was queerly wistful.

“I’m no fool, and not a child,” he said sullenly. “I know—and I want you with me. And I will not give you up.”

“Yet I must go. So, if——”

“Yes,” he shouted in sudden frenzy—“that’s it. I’m going with you.”

Then he crushed her, unresisting, in his arms. A moment after, she freed herself.

“I must go—my trunks are not yet packed. I will take the evening train for the city,” she said, and, without another word, turned and hurried away. He also swung off, with nervous, rapid strides, and neither

saw the girl, drooping, almost dying, near where they had stood.

Unconsciously, the hand that grasped her little apron unclasped, and, unheeded, the scarlet apples rolled at her feet.

“Make me strong, dear God, for just a little while!” she whispered, and then, lest he should reach the cottage and, not finding her, suspect that she knew, she choked back the gasping sobs and fled swiftly from the fields.

When, later, Lester did, in fact, reach the cottage, he approached with caution and peered thru the kitchen window. Rose was busily preparing the evening meal. Furtively, he stole round the house, entered by the front door and ascended to his bedroom, where, with feverish haste, he threw into a satchel a few articles of clothing, concealing the satchel under the bed. Then, after changing his working-clothes for the suit he ordinarily wore into the near-by town, he descended to the kitchen. Rose, he observed, was also dressed to go out, and the girl caught the question in his glance.

“I—they expect me at the church fair,” she said.

Lester barely concealed his gratification. At least he would not have to steal away like a thief.

"I am going out myself," he lied, "to see a corn buyer."

Shortly after, Rose went upstairs, to put on her hat, she told him. Tho she had given no sign, she had heard him enter the house, knew that he never took so long to change his clothing, and now, quite with certainty, she looked for and soon found the hidden and packed suitcase. Swiftly she opened it and, with a feel-



SHE KNEW HOW MALICIOUS GOSSIPS
PLAYED WITH HER HUSBAND'S
NAME

ing of almost maternal pity, noted how poor and unwise had been his selection of garments. Rapidly she replaced them with others and, tho scalding tears blinded her, wrote and placed with the things a hastily scrawled message, and returned the satchel to its hiding-place.

"He must be, he shall be, happy!" she panted, and, in the strength of her love, found means to clear from her face all trace of grief and tears

and to return, smiling, to where he waited.

"Shall I go with you?" he asked, but Rose shook her head.

"No, it is out of your way, and you know I am never afraid. I think I will go now. Good-by, my dear," she said and, taking his face between her hands, kist him once and was gone. With a sigh of relief, Lester hastened to secure his suitcase and set out for the railway station. Crouched beside the road, Rose saw him pass; then slowly returned to the silent cottage. Wearily, she climbed the stairs, reached the chamber that had been his and, sinking upon her knees, buried her face in the covers of his bed.

"Make him happy, oh, very happy, please, dear God!" she sobbed, over and over, until, at last, the slender form ceased its convulsive shudders and was very still.

In a fierce glow of excitement, Lester reached the railway station, to find that Florine had arrived before him.

"So, you came," she greeted him, and her eyes glowed softly.

"Yes, I have come," he answered, and as this seemed to mean all that words could express, to sum up life and all its circumstances, he said no more.

"Very well, then," she responded, and her mood grew brighter. "Just put this troublesome small package in your grip for me."

Under the uncertain light of a station lamp he opened the suitcase and, with a sudden chill, realized that it was not as he had packed it that he now found it. With trembling hand, he secured and opened the little note. Startled at the strangeness of his expression, the Strange Woman looked over his shoulder.

In a childish, unformed hand, half-blotted by tears, they read together:

DEAREST—Here are your winter flannels and thick socks. Put them on right away if it gets cold or damp. I am sorry I haven't finished your new shirts—they are so pretty. I hope you will be very happy.
ROSE.

Dazed, Lester turned in mute questioning. On the Strange Woman's face was a look infinitely sweet, and deep in the heart she had thought hardened to all the world there stirred the half-savage, wholly tender emotions of the eternal mother that always live, tho they may sleep, in the breasts of womenkind.

"She—why, she must be only a child!" she whispered.

"Yes, a child," he answered dully.

In a sudden blaze of fury the Strange Woman turned upon him.

"A child, who loves you like *that*, and you would leave her? Why, in all the world there can be no other so despicable, so mean, so lacking in all that goes to make a man. Go back, tho you crawl on bleeding knees across a thousand leagues of broken flints, and beg that you may kiss the hem of her garment and thereby be honored! Go back, and, if she will forgive you, thank your God to your dying day that so unworthy a thing as you—so little a soul—are the object of such a love! Go!"

"You are right—I am going back—and beg forgiveness," he muttered, and, without a word of farewell, stumbled blindly away.

Florine stooped and picked up the glove which he had let fall from his hand. Convulsively, she pressed it to her lips.

"And I thought that, at last, to me had come a love which I might cherish," she murmured brokenly; then, with a disdainful laugh, tossed the glove from her. A little further along the platform, a gorgeously appareled drummer stood and eyed her with obvious appreciation. As he caught her glance, he strolled forward.

"Well, how do I size up to you, little one?" he challenged.

"Pretty good, all right, old kid," Florine responded, in easy acceptance, and, with her carmined lips alone, smiled.

Swiftly Lester followed the roads and paths that led back to the cottage. Once only he paused and raised his hands in humble appeal

toward the arch of the star-studded sky.

"Oh, God, make me worthy of her love! I have been a fool, with blinded heart, but now I see and realize!" So he prayed, and then went on.

At last he came to the cottage and smelled the fragrance of the white roses in the little garden—and for the first time he realized how truly *she* was like a white rose—and, finally, treading softly and with tightening breast, to that chamber where a slen-



"ROSE, MY WHITE ROSE, I AM SORRY, DEAR," HE WHISPERED

der form knelt motionless, with tear-wet face hidden upon his bed. And because he knew that, however unworthy, he was to her, because of her great love, placed upon a pedestal from which she would not wish to see him descend, he did not grovel, as did his soul, at her feet, but gently he sat beside her and raised her head.

"Rose, my white rose, I am sorry, dear," he whispered. "I have been blind, but now I see. At last I know the value of my treasure, my pearl beyond all price."



"NOW, NOW I AM VERY HAPPY, BUT I AM WEARY, BELOVED——"

The harvest moon had climbed above the circling hills to fill the valley with its glory, and thru the window a broad bar of mellow light streamed across them like a benediction.

"I am glad, dear, for I knew that

in a little while my heart would break," she murmured softly. "Now, now I am very happy, but I am weary, beloved——" The soft voice trailed into silence, and, like a tired child, she put her head against his breast and slept.



The Holiday

By L. M. THORNTON

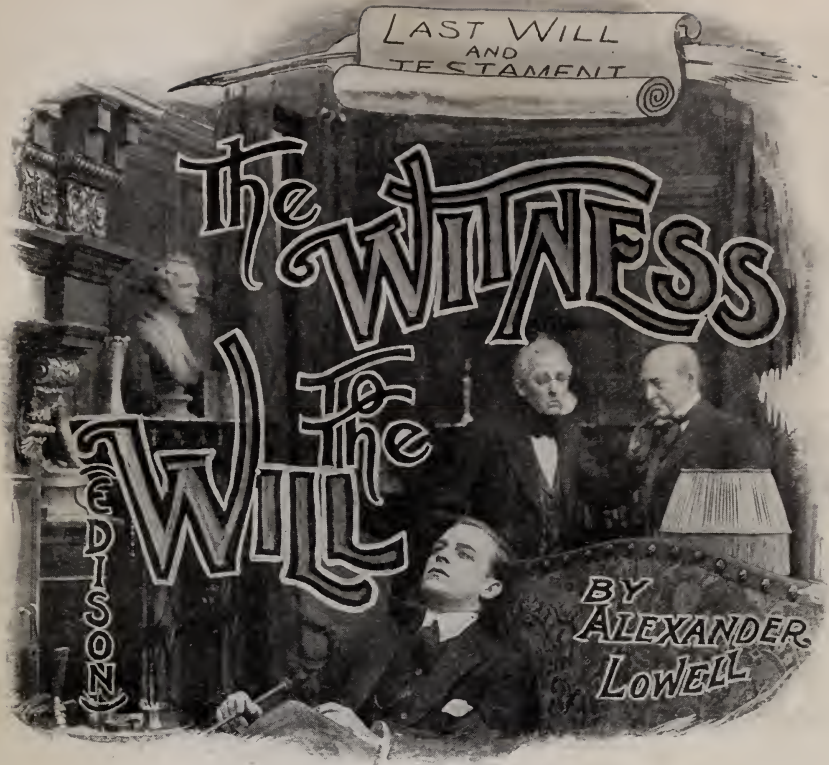
We're going out tonight, Marie and I,
You can't guess where;
We'll watch the motorboats on some fair lake,
Or count the waves that into atoms break
Beneath an azure sky.



Later, perchance, we'll take a little ride,
The Merrimac beside,
Or at the circus spend a quarter hour,
Where trainers rule and beasts and reptiles cower,
With red jaws gaping wide.



We're going out tonight, and night is nigh,
I'll tell you where;
We've planned to end the week's half-holiday
In fitting manner at a picture play,
Marie and I.



This story was written from the Photoplay of GORDON V. MAY

MAJOR THORNDYKE was dead. His proud old heart was stilled forever, and more secret than the tomb to which his body was presently to be committed. Locked within its depths were his grim despair and his healing joy.

Since first he had held a wee, red, unprepossessing bundle in his arms and been assured that said squalling bundle was his son, the stern-visaged, military man had been fired with one great ambition—one great hope. He lived for the years when he might point to a strong, clean, dominant male thing, taut-fibred, physically and morally, and proclaim to the world: "This is my son!"

As the squalling bundle evolved from the more-or-less tadpolish state into a definite human, the father's desire grew, and it had augmented with the years. A mighty desire blinds us, by its potency, to the truth of things. We do not *want* to see; therefore, we don't see; and so it was

with the Major. Then, one day, he awoke. He was compelled to the awakening. And he saw his son. Under the searchlight of realism, the youth showed up—dissolute, purposeless; most pitifully weak—so weak that no outer force had power to tonic his lamentable laxity.

The Major thought that his heart must surely break; he was an old man, and the cosmos did not offer any further fruits to his hand. One's heart does not break with the shattering of the heart's desire. Life is not thus merciful. It goes on, a bruised, maimed thing—but it goes. The Major's heart went, until, just when he thought it must surely stop of its pain if it could not break, Marjorie came back. She had been away, "finishing," that is, learning how to enter a room without colliding conspicuously with any of the furniture, acquiring a smattering of all the least useful languages, and practicing hand-shakes and airy persiflage that

would be a credit to society. But she was sunny and young and in earnest, and she filled a dreadful need in the Major's empty heart. And that is why, now that the Major lay dead, surprise was universal when it was found that no will had been made, and that, in consequence, the entire estate must fall to Beldon Thorndyke. Marjorie, the loved grand-niece, was penniless.

The "finishing" had not taught Marjorie overmuch of the world as it

close of that spring day saw a plighted troth under a stilly moon.

Now Lieutenant Preble was on the far seas, and Marjorie was alone in her sorrow, and the sorrow was very real. If she had come to the Major when his gray day was very gray indeed, he had been home to her and father and wisest counselor, and she had accorded him a generous love and the profoundest admiration. She did not realize the oddity of his failing to provide for her; the conspicuous



THE EXECUTION OF THE WILL

is outside of "best sellers." And the one other source of her information had not cared to teach that pretty head realities he fondly hoped to keep from her ken forever. This source was Lieutenant Preble, and he held all of Marjorie's ardent, youth-warm heart in his reverent hands. He had come on a matter of military import to see the Major one day in the early spring, and, crossing the estate by a wooded path, he and Marjorie had met. It was spring, you know, and they were very young, and the heavens were very blue—and mating was in the air. And, primevally sure, each recognized in the other the Most Desired—the All Essential. And the

urgency of her departure from Thorndyke Hall did not present itself, until Beldon Thorndyke presented it to her.

He came across her on the wooded path where she had met Edward Preble, and where they had sworn, under the cover of the stars, to keep eternal faith, and Thorndyke's unruled, indiscriminate passion was aroused. She was slim and rounded and subtly fair in the black gown, and suddenly Beldon recognized it as a desirable fact that she should grace Thorndyke Hall permanently—as his wife. The way he chose to tell her so was one peculiarly disagreeable to the untutored girl. She could not have

said why, but she suddenly became aware of a host of unpleasant things, and the kiss he stole from her filled her with a burning shame. The heir to his father's will had not permitted frustrated desires to enter into his self-arranged scheme of things in the past; he did not propose to do so now, at least, without showing his fangs, and he saw quite clearly that Marjorie would have none of him—more, that he was repellent to her. His mirror showed him, when he was able to visualize clearly, a form most pleasing to the biased eyes, and, vanity being strong within him, he was enraged.

"Perhaps you think," he sneered, as he caught the girl by the arm and held her captive, "perhaps you think that I am charitably inclined; that, for the honor your presence lends my house, I am ready to keep and provide for you—eh?"

"I had not thought," the girl said dully.

"Hadn't thought, eh? Well, my lady, suppose you make a mighty effort and do that little thing now. It's stay here as my wife, or quit—flat. And I hold these strings—see here." Beldon exhibited a wallet. "I hold 'em, and I'll hold 'em tight. Come, Marjorie"—with a sudden change of manner and a coaxing clasp of the forcibly held waist—"think it over, girlie; we'll pull together yet."

"Let me go, Beldon." The girl raised her eyes and met his, a world of unuttered reproach in their depths. "I love Edward Preble. Do I need to say more?"

"No, by thunder!" roared the infuriated youth, "but you can do a whole lot, and the first thing you can pull off is—to hike."

There isn't much that a "finished" girl can do in a big city and still maintain a certain caste, but, being

finished, Marjorie did not know that. She was hurt and a bit dazed, of course, at the thought of leaving the Hall that had been home to her from earliest infancy, but she was untried and eager, and the future held new experiences—and Edward Preble.

As she walked down the wide drive on her exit from the Hall, for she had scorned to request a carriage or car, there was one kind word to speed her, one heart to ache for the pity of her



THE MAJOR IS STRICKEN

loneliness, and those were in the person of Terence O'Brien, her late uncle's groom. Terence had been on his annual vacation at the time of the Major's death, and had returned that day. His honest heart grieved at the loss of the kind master who had been a friend, and marveled at the forlorn state of the girl who had been the light of the Major's eyes.

She found New York a hurrying, bewildering city of strangers, this girl who had been restricted and guarded all her life, and not one of all the rushing throng turned to hold out a friendly hand to the timid girl. After

awhile she was glad for the ignoring, for those who paused to stop her on her way looked upon her with eyes of a far keener glance than friendship, and the girl recognized in the bold effrontery the same element that had tintured Beldon's unwelcome proposal.

There was really nothing she could do—it didn't take her long to dis-

finances, and they were very low, indeed. Sometimes, instead of dinner, she would sit and dream of a future free of rude men and insolent women and lodging-places unspeakably dubious as to sanitation. These dreams became ambitions, and, finally, longings keen to the anguish point. Again, in the still of the long, sleepless nights (for one does not sleep soundly after many half-fed days), she would vision herself in the safe haven of his arms, the tale of her pitiful struggles sobbingly told, and restitution made at last. These dreams did not increase the diminished income, either, and work seemed a hopeless prospect. She would find some position in a store, only to be obliged to leave it because of insolent treatment, or because the manager was "laying off." And it was in these straits that Terence O'Brien found her one bitter winter day.

Terence and the dainty girl were neighbors, so it seemed, tho Terence's tenement was rather more pretentious than that inhabited by Marjorie. Terence had left the Hall shortly after the expulsion of Marjorie, not finding the sway of Beldon in accordance with the ethics of a God-fearing man. Also, Beldon had held the purse-strings with the grip tenacious, and, while Ter-

ence was far from grasping, he did rather incline to the paying of well-earned wages. And these things had kindled a great wonder and the seed of a growing suspicion in Terence's honest brain. Marjorie was as rain and sunshine to the seed. The sight of her too apparent poverty—the pathetic hopelessness of her face, the pinched hunger-lines—the whole unmistakable impress of a losing fight, fired Terence to thought and action. He began to remember. He had been



MARJORIE FINDS IT DIFFICULT TO GET WORK

cover that fact—and, dimly, she began to grow up, to wonder *why* her uncle, who had loved her so tenderly, had trained her to this helplessness, and then left her a petitioner to a cold humanity. She began to realize that, somehow, somewhere, things were very wrong, and she wrote Edward Preble and told him so. But Edward was on the high seas, and it would take the spanning of many a watery league to unite them. The letters did not increase Marjorie's

witness to a new will made by the Major some little time after the return of Marjorie from the school. He had not read the document, but it was borne in upon him that the will must have had to do with the girl. He connected this with the Major's growing fondness for his grand-niece, their evident comradeship, the pride and solace the Major had found in her, and then he recalled having seen

"It's the loikes av him that 'ud be doin' such tricks," declared his mother, affirmatively. "Why dont ye go down to th' Hall and see th' villain, Terry, me bhoy?"

"I'll do that—tomorrow!" responded the awakened groom. "And it's the neck av him I'll be wringin' if he kapes Miss Margy out av a rightful penny."

And on the morrow Terence took a



TERENCE HUNTS UP BELDON AT THE HALL

the will in Beldon's hands some few days prior to the Major's accident and death. After that he, Terence, had gone on his vacation, and these things had slipped his none too retentive mind. This mind Marjorie aroused, and a great light broke upon the phlegmatic gray matter of the groom.

"Th' dhirty dog," he muttered to himself, over his evening pipe, and he thereby confided his suspicions to his mother, who had just returned from coddling Marjorie with a cup of broth.

trip down to the Hall and was admitted by his former fellow servants.

The sounds of tinkling glasses and hoarse voices came from Thorndyke's library, and the former groom walked quietly to the curtains and peered thru. A card game was in progress, and the players, friends of the Major's son, were heated with drink and the lure of high stakes.

One chair was vacant, facing the drawn curtains, and Terence waited for its occupant to appear. It was Thorndyke, and soon he entered the room and lurched into the chair.



“IT’S THE MATTER OF THE WILL I’D BE TALKIN’ ABOUT,
MISTER BELDON”

Terence drew the curtains barely enough to show his face and coughed slightly. Two red-rimmed eyes glared into his, and their owner, signaling silence, came toward him.

Thorndyke passed between the curtains and beckoned the other to follow him. In his father’s old-fashioned parlor he shakily bade his unbidden guest take a chair.

“It’s th’ matter of the will I’d be talkin’ about, Mистер Beldon,” announced the erstwhile groom.

Beldon smiled amicably. The spirit of cunning pointed a show of friendliness as the safest road.

“We’ll take a stroll and talk it over, Terry,” he said, leading the way abruptly out-of-doors, “tho I cant think what you could find to say on that subject.”

“Cant ye, thin?” Terence turned and faced the youth with sudden

sharpness. His “Irish” was up, and Beldon saw that something was going to happen. “Well, Mистер Beldon, me foine lad, it’s this I’m findin’ to say: I was the witness to your father’s will, and it’s the whereabouts av that will I’m inquirin’ after.”

“You fool!” Beldon’s face turned an ugly scarlet. “What the devil business is it of yours about my father’s will? Turning nasty because you didn’t graft your pesky wages off of me, I suppose——”

“Not that, Mистер Beldon.” The Irishman turned scarlet in his turn. “It’s for the sake of the little girl ye turned from your door to starve or die that woke me up, and, as sure as me name is Terence O’Brien, I dont lave this place till I see that will.”

“You blasted, interfering dog, you’ll never leave this place, save in a box!” Beldon shouted these words,

and his long arm shot out. The steep cliff, with its sheer fall to murderous depths below, was but a pace away. Taken unaware, Terence stumbled; there was a brief snatching of the empty air, a gasping sound; then the sickening impact of flesh on bottomless depths, and the last silence.

Beldon cowered under the thing he had done; then flew, with the sly, furtive haste of the habitual fugitive from the law.

A little letter, tear-stained and broken of heart and spirit, had sped its way over the seas, and the recipient sent the answer in his own person. The letter had said that the address would probably be a different one by the time he should return, and, not knowing of the circumstances under which Marjorie had left Thorndyke Hall, Lieutenant Preble came there direct from his ship to ascertain.

He came by the wooded path, and he remembered, with a catch in his throat, of the tender vows that little path had witnessed, and of the delicate, love-touched lips that had made them precious sweet. He wondered what manner of sordid, combative words those lips had had to frame since then, and, as he was wondering, with a half-tender, half-grim smile curving his lips, he heard a slight groan, from the depths of the ravine.

Terence was a hardy Irishman, brawny and hard and resilient, else had that groan never issued from his lips. When the Lieutenant reached him, he found a broken arm and considerable surface damage, but nothing that would endanger the life of the supposed corpse. With imprecations and threats, the Irishman told his tale, from the witnessing of the will down to his resolution to face Beldon and demand what had become of it.

"He thinks you are dead, Terence," said the Lieutenant, "and—"

"And small wonder to that!" ejaculated Terence, excitedly, "after the pushing av me into kingdom come. It's a murderer he is in his cursed heart, and it's such that the Blessed Virgin sees him."

"Well, Terence," continued Preble, after the outburst had subsided into half-audible mutterings, "my plan is to go to the house and confront Beldon. He's a coward, else he would not have done this deed. That he's guilty is obvious for the same reason. He'll be badly frightened at sight of you, and we may get a confession from him."

Beldon was cowering in the library, when Terence stepped in at one of the unhinged French windows. A half-emptied decanter stood beside him, and the hand that drained the glass trembled as he set it down. Terence crept silently around the chair and faced him suddenly, an awful, accusing figure, blood-stained and ashen from the fall.

"God!" yelled the would-be murderer; then, crashing the decanter to the floor, "it's this cursed whisky that's doing this—"

"The will, Misther Beldon," said Terence, gutturally; "where is the will?"

"A million hells!" Beldon pulled open the secretary near him and thrust a sealed paper into the very tangible hands extended to receive it. Then he sank into the chair and pulled the whisky-glass to him.

Spring had dawned over Thorndyke Hall, the spring of the earth and the richer spring of two close hearts. Banished into a past, too gray to be recalled, was the time of grim struggle and hardship. Perhaps, in a happier world than this, the Major's heart found peace in the supremacy of the right, and sought, even there, to work a miracle in the broken spirit of the son he had so sorrowed.

Terence, the groom, was driving them, Marjorie and her lover-husband, and their hands met under the light robe.

"Dearness," she whispered softly, "the darkest hour is just before the dawn—isn't it?"

"And, oh, beloved!" he answered, "the dawn is wondrous fair."

THE WEDDING-GOWN

Biograph



By NORMAN BRUCE

"No fair, Billy; you peeked—o-o-o!" Scarlet reefer, topped with white cap and flying curls, plunged recklessly over the frozen furrows, like a sensibly clad autumn nymph, pursued by a young satyr in brown corduroy; around corn-shucks; over forlorn, abandoned cabbage-heads; down the crisp pasture-side, to the great oak-tree, raining a Danae shower of gold and russet about their heads. Here the chase came to an end abruptly.

It was his virgin kiss—and hers. It terrified them both almost equally, as tho a sudden shock had changed them from children to man and woman without any warning. Solemnly they stared into each other's eyes; then suddenly the girl's flaming face fell into the shelter of two small, trembling hands.

"Oh! Billy, what *made* you?" wailed a voice, trickling thru the fingers.

The boy stared down dazedly, his honest young jaw set and white. Then he drew a slow breath and bent over her swiftly.

"Why—I—I love you, May

Belle," he marveled. "I guess I always have loved you, but I didn't know it till just now." He touched one little, straining hand awkwardly, in new, wonderful fear of her. "Dont fret, May Belle—it's all right. You see, I—I love you—"

"Honest, Billy—oh! Billy, are you *sure*?" She was looking up at him with wide, joyous eyes, half-shy, half-eager with dawning consciousness of power. "Do—do you love me—like Ivanhoe and—and Jacob and Mark Antony—*do* you, Billy?"

"Lots more," he whispered, breathless with wonder. "Why, May Belle—I—I dont feel like anything would be hard to do now. I could plow the south field or clear out the wood-lot just as easy. D'you see what I mean, honey? Aint it strange?"

"It's lovely!" May Belle clapped her hands. "Just like poetry books. And me only seventeen!"

"It's more like prayin', I think," he answered huskily. "Listen, are you willin' to be engaged?"

"'Course I am!" she laughed.



HERE THE CHASE CAME TO AN END

Her eyes, clear and frank as a child's, met his, untroubled. The sleeve of the scarlet reefer brushed his arm. "Come on, Billy; let's go tell ma."

"Where you been, May Belle, child?" Ma peered over the rim of her "nigh-to" glasses, mildly censorious. "Law sakes! how red your cheeks are! What's she been doin', Billy, to get het up this way?"

"Oh, ma!" May Belle flung herself down beside the rocker. "Oh, ma! I—Billy—we—oh! *you* tell her, Billy; I dont know how."

The rocker suspended its serene creaking as, for the space of ten solemn ticks of the old grandfather's clock, the eyes of ma sought Billy's in startled questioning.

"Yes, ma'am," the boy nodded; "it's true. We're going to be married, May Belle and me."

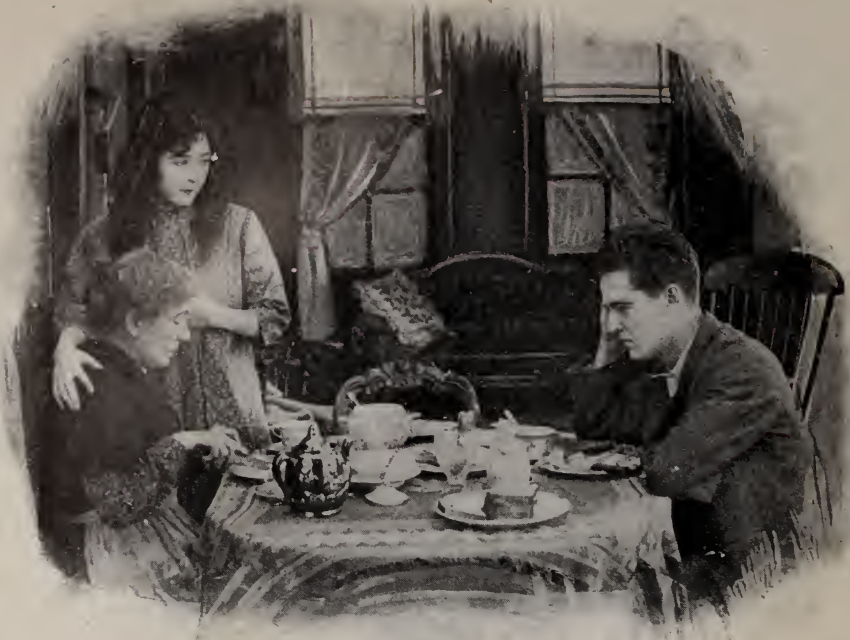
"Heart alive!" murmured the mother, helplessly. She looked from one to the other, readjusting her world. May Belle—her baby—*grown up*? And little, freckled, neighbor-

boy Billy, this tall young fellow, with the new, glad manliness in his eyes? Suddenly her arms went out to the both of them, gathering them in. "If you *aint* the surprisingest children," she laughed shakily. "But I'm glad it's *you*, Billy—if my little girl had t' grow up."

Later, when the dusk warned the new lover of chores and evening duties to be done, the mother, watching May Belle lift open, frank lips for his kiss, smiled wisely to herself, remembering very-long-ago things. "She's only a child," she murmured; "she *aint* waked up—yet. But that'll come in good time, Lord willin'—in good time."

That very evening ma started to cut out the wedding-gown.

The autumn days floated lazily by, like the autumn leaves, drifting on the sunshine into yesterday. Thru the scarlet and amber groves, May Belle and Billy wandered staidly, no longer racing each other to the turn



“MA, CAN I GO? PLEASE—PLEASE SAY YES”

of the lane, pelting each other with pilfered nuts or scuffling childwise thru the gossiping drifts of leaves.

“Say it again, Billy,” she would command him instead. “Say it a different way.”

But Billy knew only one way. His big body would tremble suddenly, and his good, honest young face grow white with the meaning that lay behind the words. “I love you, May Belle,” he would whisper shakily, over and over, till she would clap her hands joyfully and skip a step or two beside him; then pout reproachfully. “But you might say something else than just *that*, Billy,” she would say.

“That’s all I know, May Belle,” said Billy, solemnly. “I aint much on words, little girl, but, oh! I *do*—I do, May Belle.”

And secretly, under the mother’s patient, love-guided old fingers, the wedding-dress grew slowly into being, fold on filmy fold. Into it were stitched tender things and glad things and sad things—remembrances of Little-Girl May Belle, of the father who had died, of an old woman’s

young wedding-day, of long ago hopping and rejoicing, and shy, sweet visioning of the days to come to her little girl.

“She’ll understand,” thought the wrinkled mother-heart, over her secret stitching; “she dont yet—quite—but when she puts this on for Billy, she’ll know what it means to have a good man’s love.”

Then, before the dress was finished, the letter came—a little, perfumed, white bolt of destiny, freighted with uncanny powers of heartaches and pain. Billy, invited to tea, glowered suspiciously at the envelope even before it was opened, but May Belle fluttered with excitement over it.

“Oh, ma!” she cried, “it’s from Aunt Belle, and she wants me to come to visit her in the city. Ma, can I go? Please—please say yes.”

Ma looked across her preserve-saucer, vaguely disquieted. Billy, jaw set, waited for her reply. The city! There’d be streets of stores, grand houses, fine clothes—and *people*, men, maybe. A fierce, numb ache choked his throat, and mechanically he



“AHA, YOU SLY YOUNG FOLKS!” HE CHUCKLED

pushed back his plate. But he said nothing.

“Land sakes! what ever put it into Cousin Belle’s mind t’ ask you visiting, May Belle?” puzzled ma, fretfully. “Why, child, she’s got a big house, all fixed up, and fine friends, no doubt—she aint our kind.”

“Oh, ma!” May Belle wheedled, “think how much it’ll improve me, t’ learn city ways. Billy, you make ma say I can go.”

“You dont need improvin’, May Belle,” said Billy, fiercely. “You’re good enough f’r *us* right now.”

But in his heart he knew she would have her way, as always, and he was afraid.

A week later, the comfortable old farmhouse babbled with loud, friendly tongues. Muffled, ear-padded, great-coated and beshawled, the whole town was here to say good-by to May Belle. There were pop-corn and cider; there were the good old games, Drop the Handkerchief, Going to Jerusalem; there were hearty good-wishes and good advice. May Belle, radiant in

figured delaine, faced Billy in the kitchen, in a lull of her hostessing.

“What you *so* cross for?” she asked him, petulantly. “Dont you *want* me to have a good time?”

“I dont want you to *want* a good time without me in it,” he laughed ruefully. “I s’pose there’s heaps o’ young sparks in the city that’ll make a lot better showin’ than me.”

“Oh, Billy!” She gazed at him delightedly. “I b’lieve you’re jealous. I guess you *do* like me a little, after all.”

He caught her suddenly in his arms with a roughness that frightened her. “Oh, May Belle!” he whispered brokenly against her fluff of curls. “Oh! May Belle, honey, cant you *see*?”

A chorus of friendly laughter from the sitting-room doorway startled them apart in red unease. About them, cheering and chattering, danced the guests in bacchanalian jubilation. The white-haired old doctor, who had brought them both, and half of the others present, into the world, clapped

Billy on the shrinking back and pinched the girl's glowing cheek.

"Aha, you sly young folks!" he chuckled. "So there'll be another party—a wedding—when May Belle comes home again!"

These words rang mournfully in Billy's brain as he and the little mother watched the last flicker of engine smoke fade from the sky, city-wards, the next afternoon. They hurt him vaguely, with their sweet promise of unfulfilled joys. He had felt on his lips, for a brief, good-by moment, the cool, untroubled touch of her young lips; had seen the child-anticipation in her tearless eyes. And he *had let her go!* With an effort, he smiled down into the pitiful, working old face at his side and tucked one big, warm hand under the shawled elbow.

"It's gettin' real chilly out here," he said briskly. "Come on, ma; let's go home."

To May Belle, the city was a fairy tale come true, with her little, country self for heroine, and a splendid, willow-plumed, satin-dressed, fairy godmother indulgently waving her wand. It seemed quite impossible that Aunt Belle, with her marceled hair, slender waist and sparkling fingers, was any relation to her mother, or that the great, luxurious mansion on the Avenue could be in the same world as the farmhouse, shivering forlornly under its leafless elms. And when she looked into the mirror, in her own white-and-gold

little room, May Belle saw, not the small, country maiden of her pine-bureau glass at home, with the loose curls and the green, figured delaine, but a new, lovely self, in soft blue silk, hair piled modishly on the top of her head, bright color, delicately veiled with powder, and round, radiant eyes. The eyes were those of the old May Belle, tho she did not realize it, eager, unworldly, innocent, widening with every fresh wonder of the wonderful days.

In the first three weeks of sight-seeing, shopping and shaking hands with the new life, May Belle learnt many curious things. She found that supper was dinner, and dinner, luncheon; that one must not laugh much or talk much, or skip, or clap her hands; that a man with money and automobiles was a "catch," but without them he was an "impossible"; and she found, too, that there were a great many men in the world who looked at her in a



THE PARTING

way that made her feel red and queer and thrilled.

And then there was Nelson Gryce. May Belle, among the perfumed, perfect artificiality of the afternoon tea-guests, was like a cool, little, fragrant breeze or an old-fashioned, simple, wild blossom caught in a formal garden. And he was bored and sense-jaded. So they became friends. At first, it was theater tickets; boxes of candy, such as May Belle had never dreamed of; flowers that came, city pale in tissue and silver foil. Then



THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED WERE FULL OF PARTIES

it was compliments; tête-à-têtes in Aunt Belle's little, confidential den; then, finally, a kiss. It was not at all like her first kiss, but May Belle, in her enchanted fairy tale, was almost forgetting that one—ma—Billy—old, quiet, homely things.

"You are the prettiest creature I have ever seen," Nelson Gryce told her, ardent eyes on her face. "You make other women look faded, somehow. Nymph Lady, I think I am going to fall in love with you."

May Belle clasped her hands joyfully, in the old way. "Oh! do you?" she cried. "Tell me why."

So he told her, and it was very pleasant to listen to, and May Belle's little, foolish heart beat rapidly, for he spoke as her dream-heroes always spoke, and as the lovers talked in books. But her lips, when she gave them to him, were child-lips still.

"She will learn," thought Nelson Gryce, complacently. "And she will make a better wife for not knowing the world."

Of course there was Billy to be told, and ma. May Belle did not enjoy writing that letter, but she never dreamed of leaving her fairy tale and going back to her Cinderella rags. Aunt Belle was delighted with the good match her niece was making and began at once to plan a trousseau. After she had written the letter and posted it, May Belle drew a long breath. She thought that she was very glad she had done it, and wondered why her hands were so cold and what the queer, frightened feeling in her heart meant.

The days that followed were full of parties and dozens and dozens of lacy, white underthings, dressmakers and plans for the fine wedding that was coming to May Belle. She moved among them all as one moves in a dream, vaguely excited, unquestioning.

She tried on her new frocks in open vanity before her mirror, raptured over misty laces, frost-like embroideries and ribbon bows. She listened

to Nelson's heated love-making, admiring the many different ways he had of saying one thing. Sometimes, for an instant, as she felt his hot breath on her cheek or the uneasy thrill of his kiss, the blank, chilly, frightened feeling would come back, but this was not often, and so the days slipped by, and it was spring.

"A package, miss."

"For me, James? O-o-o!" May Belle looked at the bulky, brown paper bundle eagerly. Then her eyes widened, and her breath came flutteringly from surprised, parted lips. With sudden desperate hurry, she jerked at the strings and pulled the wrappings aside. A white dimity dress stared up at her, creased from folding; a dress of unstylish fullness of skirt, clumsy and pathetic, spelling "country" in every awkward line; a dress patiently sewed with fine, near-sighted, painful stitches. On the breast lay a note from ma. The girl read slowly:

DEAR MAY BELLE—I made this for you to wear for Billy, but I'm sending it anyway. Every stitch in it means a prayer that my girl will always be happy in the love of an honest man.
MA.

The sheet fluttered silently to the floor. Eyes wide and staring, the girl looked straight ahead, as a sleeper suddenly aroused. The love of an honest man! She snatched up the dress and held it before her, searching her image in the glass. Suddenly a burning red flamed across her face—a *wedding-dress!* Why, she had not realized that—a wedding! It was not just clothes and parties, then, but more—ah! much more. She would be

a wife—and ma had made this dress for her to wear for Billy. She touched it shyly, tremulous at the wave of new emotion that swept over her. Vaguely, something of ma's happy dreaming crept from the folds. It was a wonderful thing—a wedding-dress; a sacred thing.

Suddenly May Belle crushed the dimity to her and broke into weeping bitter tears of shame and pain, of understanding and a new, deep joy.

The fire crackled comfortably in the coal stove, sending little, prying fingers of warm red into the dusk. In her chair before it, ma slept fitfully. Billy, coming in softly, sank into the old cane rocker and fell a-brooding in the shadows. His boy's face, stained by the friendly firelight, was worn and chiseled, by new lines, to a man's. It was very quiet in the room, and all at once Billy began to dream. Of course it was a dream; yet she looked very real, standing there before him, dark curls blowing about her face, arms stretched out across the leaping light.

"Billy," the Dream said, falteringly. "Billy—I've come—home!"

He stumbled to his feet, somehow, and forward. And then—ah, dear God! it was *not* a dream, after all, but May Belle, his May Belle in his arms, her face uptilted, and the wonderful new woman-light in her eyes.

"Do you, dear, *do you?*" whispered a little voice faintly against his cheek. "Say it, Billy——"

"I love you!" cried Billy, gladly. Their lips met, and he knew that at last she understood. "Oh, I *love* you so, May Belle!"



Ambition

By RUSSELL E. SMITH



he laurels of Tennyson
I could have easily won
If I'd the mind for to try.
The yarns that are by Lamb
Or dear old O. Khayyam
Bring never a light to my eye.

There's Emerson, Addison,
And Edison, Madison,

All famous from here to Rosario—
But I'd rather be noted
And famous and quoted

As the author of some scenario.



(GENE GAUNTIER)

Come BACK TO Erin

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the Photoplay of GENE GAUNTIER

A MULE is the contrariest thing the good Lord ever made, barring one, and that is a woman. Only a few men understand a mule's mind rightly, and no men at all know a woman's. Maybe poor Michael O'Malley was not so much to be blamed, after all.

As for Peggy—well, I better let Jerry Donovan tell you about her, as he stood one morning in the top of the harvest-tide, gleeking thru the low doorway, the honest soul of him smouldering like green peat in his breast, and his cap fair palsied in his hand.

"Shure," thought Jerry, with the part of his brain that he kept for saying his prayers at Mass, "shure, 'tis a wild rose that looks pale forninst th' cheeks av her, an' 'tis two howly candles lit ahindt her eyes. Arrah!" thought Jerry, trembling at the boldness of the idea, "but what a swate-heart she'd be makin', wid th'

dimples av her an' th' shmile, an' what a wife!"

'Tis not likely a man, young and well-looking, can think such things in the whereabouts of a lassie, and her not hear his heart a-pounding and his courage chattering its teeth. Peggy knew who was by and guessed, the pretty spalpeen, well enough what he was wanting, and so she swept up the earth floor and wiped up the stone hearth with never an eye-wink in his direction, till, at last, the poor, misfortunate man spoke up, timid-like.

"Top av th' marnin' to yez, Peggy," said the brave lad, clutching his hat to keep his feet from running away with him. "Is—are yez—c'n I—arrah! happen your feyther's about?"

"Shure," twinkled Peggy, tossing her curls, "an' what'll yez be wantin' wid feyther, I'm wondherin'."

Jerry drew a bit nearer. "I'm wishful av tellin' him," he whis-

pered, "that I'm afther marryin' his daughter come Candlemas Day."

"Indade!" cried Miss Peggy, sharply. "Well, maybe 'twould be so if me sisthers hadn't been born byes, an' me brothers 'ad been a gurrul, an' I hadn't been th' ownly childher av me parints, besides!"

"Ach, ye heart-breakinest av acushlas!" begged Jerry, opening his mouth, only to put his foot in it, being a plain, honest blacksmith and no lady's man. "Sure I've skimmed th' crame av th' marnin' to come here and ask your feyther f'r ye. There's no manner av doubt I've lift two or three shillin's in thrade sthandin' forninst th' shop, an' I've worn an inch off th' mare's legs besides, hurryin.' Shure, shmile a bit, mavrone, an' show me you're gladful I'm come."

There's no saying whether or not Peggy would have smiled, and all would have gone merry as a kirk bell, if at that very moment old Michael himself hadn't stuck his hairy face thru the door, sent, no doubt, by the Auld Wan, knowledgeable man, to make a world of trouble in a troublesome world. If he had stayed two moments longer, by the clock on the mantel-shelf, the kiss on Jerry's lips would have been blooming on Peggy's instead of withering into stupid words. 'Tis a queer word, that "if," and it's done a deal of harm.

"Marnin', Jerry, me bye!" Michael roared, smashing the pleasant little silence to bits and making the two of them jump in their shoes. "Sit yesilf down and have a bite and sup wid us. 'Tis a bit of bacon 'ud go foine, I'm thinkin', Peggy gurrul, an' a noggin' av eider, wid maybe a dhrop or two av th' rale chrather in t' warrm our four bones."

'Twas the worst he could have said, and poor Jerry blushed to his cow-licks, for bacon and love-making are queer tongue fellows, but he spoke up resolute and bold.

"No, thankin' yez as much," said Jerry, "but 'tis another matther I've come on. Ye know, Misther O'Malley, I've got a cottage av me own, a cow

and pratie patch, wid mebbe a cabbage or two and a turnip besides; I've got wan fether bed and a copper kettle and a foine thrade, not min-tioning a matther av twenty-sixen pounds, tuppence, laid by. An' I'm wishful av marryin' Peggy, if yez plaze."

Old Michael scratched his head, reflective-like, and looked at the ceiling; then he scratched his chin and looked at the floor; then he looked at Jerry and slapped him hard on the shoulder.

"Yarra, me bye!" he cried. "Ye're as honest a gossoon as there is in th' parish, and 'tis proud I'll be t' have yez in th' family. Take her, lad, an' here's me hand on it!"

The two shook hands cordial-like, while a pair of black eyes looked on, snapping and flaring like two holy candles flickering in a wind of rage.

"And now," said Miss Peggy, at last, coldly, "and now mebbe ye'll loike t' hear what I have t' say! And if they sh'd be me lasht worruds, they'd be these. I wouldn't be afther marryin' yez, Jerry Donovan, if yez was th' Imperor av Roosia, wid a goold crown; I wouldn't be afther marryin' yez if yez an' a haythen Chinee was th' lasht wun on airth; I wouldn't be afther marryin' yez if I was t' be an ould maid to me coffin. Now, put that in yer poipe an' shmoke it, me foine gossoon!"

And, with this, she rose up grandly and ran out of the room and slammed the door so that the pewter plates rattled above the cupboard shelf. In her heart, a naughty feeling of triumph elbowed a sickly little runt of disappointment.

"Shure I'm glad I said it!" stormed Peggy, aloud. "'Tis mesilf 'll not be made t' marry anny man. I'll do as I plaze," cried Peggy, stamping her foot, "an' bad cess t' all min! I hate him, an' what's more, I dont loike him, an' I'm happy t' be rid av him, that I am!" And to illustrate her pleasure, Peggy burst into a storm of tears.

In the house, young Jerry stared at old Michael, and old Michael at



OLD MICHAEL INFORMS JERRY THAT HE CAN DO NOTHING WITH PEGGY

young Jerry, while you could have counted a hundred and five.

"Arrah!" said the father, at last, with the fierceness of a man who knows his womenfolks are not by. "Dont ye be afther frettin', me bye. Lave th' lass t' me. A colleen," says Michael, savagely, "is like a colt. She balks at th' bit at first an' shows her heels, but niver a colt yit thot couldn't be harnessed in th' ind. Lave her t' me, Jerry; lave her t' me."

'Twas a matter of a seven-night later, with the gorse blazing like rooted sunbeams along the laneside and the larks gossiping in the thorn hedges, when Peggy and her father set out for the fair at Killarney, driving their kine afore them. Never had the contrary lass looked sweeter than on this same morning, with an artful scrap of green ribbon twisted in her black curls and the joy of the day in her face. Spite of the empty place by her side, where a certain young blacksmith should have been and

wasn't, Peggy was heartset on enjoying herself, and, when the fair was gained at last, she soon had no lack of gallants to make up for Master Jerry. Flags were flying from every tent-peak; a steam-organ was grinding out jigs, and a hundred bold gossoons and rosy colleens were footing it on the green. A neater ankle had no lass than our Peggy, and in all Erin none danced better, for love of the youth and the joy of living that tickled her heels. So the day passed pleasantly enough, and on the edge of the evening she left half a score of new admirers, stammering and sighing and staring, as is the way with gossoons in love, and turned homewards with her father and the sheep that he had bought at the fair. And, afore ever she knew it, there was Jerry Donovan himself, in his old, black apron, new-banding a wagon-wheel in his own front yard, with a look in his face at seeing her like a priest's saying Mass.

"Hivin bless yez!" said Michael,



PEGGY AND HER FATHER SET OUT FOR THE FAIR AT KILLARNEY

rubbing his hands, "but 'tis Jerry himself, twice as handsome as loife, bejabbers. Peggy, lass, spake t' Mistor Donovan, an' tell him ye're afther raygrettin' th' onmannerly wurruds yez sphoke t'other marnin'."

Now, at sight of young Jerry, Peggy's contrary heart had knocked, pleading-like, on the roof of her mouth, whispering some such words as these: "Ach, agra! be swate t' th' lad. There's none boulder in Kerry, as yez well know, an' he's lovin' yez thru. Give him a shmile an' a dacint wurrud, Peggy mavrone!"

But afore ever she could decide what to do, her father's meddlesome bidding came cold to her ears. So she tossed her head, scornful as the squire's lady, and turned her back on the honest young gossoon entirely. Old Michael's face grew as black as a banshee's, but he went on making matters as worse as he could, which is the way with a man in a temper.

"Niver ye moind, Jerry, me lad," he shouted. "Thrust me t' tache th' young hussy bethter manners. Marry yez she shall, as thru as me name's

Michael O'Malley, if I have t' bate her into lovin' yez, begorra!"

For the rest of the trudge home Peggy was silent. When a woman talks, a man need not fear her, for her anger runs off the tip of her tongue and is gone. But when a woman is silent, she is dangerous. Old Michael felt rather uneasy as he smoked his cob pipe on the doorstep and listened to Peggy neatening the room and putting away the supper dishes. When the last plate was in place, she came to the door.

"Feyther," said Peggy, coldly, "wance an' f'r all I tell yez I'll marry who I plaze, an' not who ye plaze. 'Tis useless t' argyfy longer. Me moind," said Peggy, firmly, "is made up intirely."

"Ye ballyraggin' spalpeen!" cried old Michael, waving his pipe fear-somely. "I'm masher here, an' ye'll do as I say."

"Niver!" retorted his daughter, and fled up the ladder to her room in the loft, hugging a wild, new scheme to her heart.

"I'll love who I plaze!" cried



MICHAEL AND JERRY START OUT IN SEARCH OF PEGGY

Peggy, fiercely. "Yez shall see that Peggy O'Malley has got a moind av her own."

Late the next morning, young Jerry looked up from his anvil, to see old Michael afore him, wild of eye and speech. "She's gone!" sobbed the poor man, when his breath had caught up with him. "Me daughter's gone! The Saints pity me f'r a lone ould man!"

"Peggy?" cried Jerry, gripping his sledge and looking as white as his soot would let him. "Dont be tellin' me 'tis she——"

"Aye, Peggy's gone," said old Michael, helpless-like. "She sint wan av thim tallygrims, sayin' she was goin' t' Ameriky. Jerry, me lad, we'll niver see her agin."

Jerry Donovan drew a long breath and slowly shook his red head. "Ameriky's far off," he said, his words roughened between a menace and a sob—"aye, plaguey far, but 'tis this side av Hivin, an' as long as Peggy is in th' wurld, I'll foind her an' bring her home."

'Twas a mighty humble colleen that sidled down the gangplank at Ellis Island ten days later. 'Tis one thing to be bold when one is angry, and another thing to be bold when one is homesick. The tallness of the buildings terrified her; the awesome cars that roared across the sky or under the street; the sharp-voiced women who stared at her as she shivered on the bench in the employment office and asked her prying questions that brought the honest Irish wrath to her cheeks. But a tempestous week swept her finally into a haven, all gilded chairs and velvet carpets and whispering servants that laughed at her good Killarney clothes. Peggy had a position.

"Shure, darlint, dont yez fret——" The brogue was like salve to Peggy's sore heart, but the smart little lady's maid, in her stiff apron and cap, did not match her tongue. "'Tis mesilf who was afther comin' across ownly lasht year. Ye'll soon feel at home here, an' 'tis an illigant lady Mrs. Mortimer is, t' be shure. A parlor-

maid has a foine, aisy toime, an' whin yez buy some rale shoes and comb ye hair loike mine, ye'll be as dawusy as th' rest av thim. Shure, woman dear, dhry yer eyes. 'Tis Marie Maloney is ye frind, an' manny's th' gran' toimes we'll be afther havin', mavrone!"

Maybe 'twas the Irish brogue, maybe the friendly words, and maybe 'twas the part about the shoes and the hair that dried the salt woe on Peggy's cheeks. As long as there's a new way of doing her hair or bedecking herself, life isn't wholly dark to a colleen, and, besides, Peggy was soon to be introduced to other joys.

"Kin yez dance, agra?" asked Marie, one afternoon.

"I could in Killarney," said Peggy, wistful-like. "Ach! but th' illigant jiggin' at th' fair!"

"I know a betther place f'r dancin' thin th' fair," said Marie, tossing her head scornfully. "An', what's more, I'll be takin' yez there this blissid evenin', as shure as pigs is swine."

'Twas a trembling Peggy that stood afore her mirror a bit later, hardly knowing herself in her new American finery and wondering whether she was really pretty or only looked so.

"'Tis Jerry Donovan would be thinkin' I was pretty," she said to herself afore she remembered, then she grew red with anger and tossed her head.

"Ye'll do," said Marie, critically, as the two of them started out. "Ach! darlint, yez should have seen th' grand, new diamint croon my missus has on th' night. Master gave it to her, an' she looks loike th' Impress av Roosia, bedad! That's why I'm afther bein' late. We must hurry our bones, or th' byes 'll think we're not comin' at all, at all."

To Peggy the dance that evening was like the dreams one has in a fever. She could not remember afterwards what had happened, only vague impressions of wonderful smooth floors, strange, hot, uneasy music, not a bit like the cheery pipes or fiddle at home; a young man named Mills who danced every dance with

her, and his crony, "Red" Randolph, Marie's partner. She knew that Marie had boasted of the mistress's new tiara; that they had all laughed at her for ordering tea instead of beer to drink, and that, when he left her, Jim Mills had squeezed her hand and whispered: "You're one swell dancer, kid, and I've took a shine to you. See you Saturday; s'long." She had had a good time—very; but strangely, in the shelter of her small room, as she took down her hair for the night and it fell in the old Irish ringlets about her face, Peggy stamped her foot and wrung her hands.

"I'll marry who I plaze!" cried she aloud, stormily. "Shure Ameriky is an illigant counthry, afther all!" But, ah! the pipes and the Irish lads and the dance of youth on the green!

"No, I cant go." Marie's voice was prickly with disappointment. "Shure, an' 'twould thry th' patience av a saint t' wait on th' missus to-night. Dont I get her ready f'r th' opery, gownd, diaminds an' all, an' thin doesn't her head sthert t' achin'—off cooms th' tiary—Marie, rub me head—Marie, th' hot-wather bottle—Marie, a glass av wine!" Here, Peggy mavrone, take th' ghlass in t' her f'r me, will yez, an' thin throt along t' th' dance."

Peggy took the tray good-naturedly into her mistress's bedroom. The great lady lay scowling on a pink satin couch in the midst of a drift of scattered possessions. On a table by the window Peggy caught the chilly gleam of the wonderful new tiara, and wished that she dared ask to look at it, but the china clock on the dressing-table warned her that she must not tarry, or she would be late to the dance.

"Gee! but you're a peacherino t'night, b'lieve me," Jim Mills greeted her a little later. "Come on, kid, an' I'll learn you th' Fascination Glide."

The music sank to an undertone, full of subtle meanings; the smooth floor seemed to sway and slide beneath



“I ARREST YOU ON TH’ CHARGE OF STEALIN’ MRS. MORTIMER’S
DIAMOND TIARA”

their feet. In Peggy’s cheeks a dull flush wilted the freshness of the wild rose, and the lights in her eyes were more like electric sparks than holy candles.

“Aw, say, dere’s Red—’scuse me a minute,” said Jim, suddenly, in her ear. Panting, she stood still where he left her, watching him elbowing his way roughly across the room. The tight American shoes hurt her feet; her head felt queerly hot and heavy under the stiff American pompadour. Suddenly the crowded room wavered thru a film of tears. At that very moment a heavy hand fell on her shoulder, and a heavy voice upon her ears:

“Peggy O’Malley, I arrest you on th’ charge of stealin’ Mrs. Mortimer’s diamond tiara. Come along quiet, now.”

“Hell! but youse looks all in, kid——” Red Randolph peered thru the bars, uneasy sympathy in his shifty eyes. “Lookee here—did youse hear about Jim? The cops got ’im thru de heart raidin’ Kelley’s joint

las’ night. Say”—he leaned nearer, with a cautious glance backward at the guard—“youse should worry. I’m goin’ t’ git youse outer here. Watch me!”

“Ach, no!” Peggy shook her head dully. “Yez cant do nothin’, I’m thinkin’. Shure th’ saints thimsilves wont listhen. Yarra! feyther, feyther, why did I iver lave yez, ochone, ochone!”

“Dont youse b’lieve dat dope, kid,” said “Red,” earnestly. “Leave it t’ muh!”

His footsteps died in echoes down the stone corridor. As he disappeared, a tall figure, in outlandish clothes, who had been sitting in a recess, got to his feet and followed him. In her cell, Peggy lifted her tear-marked face suddenly, with a little, gasping cry. ’Twas as tho she had caught a strange whiff of Long Ago across the musty prison air—a breath of peat-smoke and the dew-drenched freshness of the gorse. A moment she sniffed in wonderment; then her poor, contrary heart burst the bonds of pride at last and spoke:



JERRY SECURES PEGGY'S RELEASE

"Ach, Jerry, alanna! coom to me—'tis wishful I am av yez, Jerry—Jerry mavrone!"

The shadows were deeper by a matter of four hours when the tall figure strode back along the narrow hall. With him were an officer and a warden carrying a bunch of keys. They paused before the door of Peggy's cell. The small figure huddled on the narrow bed did not move, even as the key spoke in the lock and the door swung wide.

"Peggy mavourneen!" said Jerry Donovan, and bent reverently above the dusky, humbled curls. A wild little cry—two quivering arms about his neck.

"Is it yesilf or an I dhramin'!" cried Peggy. "Ach! Jerry, I've wanted yez so!"

His big hands were on her gently,

drawing her face down to his breast. "'Tis I shure, colleen bawn," he answered gladly. "I'm coom t' take yez back home."

Later he told her, in a few sentences, how he had overheard "Red's" words to her, followed him and found him with the stolen jewel. Of the fierce fight that had ended in the gangster's arrest he did not tell her. There were more important things to say.

"An' now will yez marry me, Peggy alanna?" he begged her, as they stood together outside the prison, in the strange, unfriendly sights and sounds of the new land. Peggy lifted a mischievous face, in which the roses of Killarney bloomed.

"Shure, an' why didn't yez ask me that long ago, instid av askin' feyther?" she cried.

OUR STORY ENDS HAPPILY

THE GREAT DEBATE:

SHALL THE PLAYS BE CENSORED?

Does Censorship assure better plays, or is it beset with dangers?—Promise or Menace?

Affirmative

REV. WILLIAM SHEAFE CHASE, D.D.
Re-tor of Christ Church, Bedford Ave., Brooklyn

Negative

FRANK L. DYER
President of General Film Company, (Inc.)

EDITORIAL NOTE: There is, perhaps, no question before the public so important and perplexing as the censorship question. In every country, in every State in the Union, and in almost every city and hamlet, the subject is pressing for solution. Debating societies everywhere have discussed it, churches and civic societies have demanded it, newspapers and magazines have expressed opinions for and against it, the police authorities have been urged to adopt it, while the film manufacturers, exhibitors and the amusement world are apparently divided on the subject. What is the solution? Is the present National Board of Censors inadequate? Shall there be official censorship? Shall the police, or the church, or the State or city authorities be given the right to censor all plays? Or shall all censorship be abolished, and shall the public themselves be the sole judges of what plays shall be exhibited and of what shall not? Is it right that a few persons shall determine what you and I shall have for our amusements, and if so, who are those persons and whence their right? And, on the other hand, shall the theaters be permitted to exhibit indecent plays, if they wish, to corrupt the morals of the public? And *will* they, in the absence of censorship? These are some of the many questions that must be answered, and we have secured the services of two of the ablest and most representative men in America to discuss the subject—Canon Chase and President Dyer. Canon Chase has long been before the public as an advocate of various civic improvements and moral uprightness, and has had wide experience. Mr. Dyer was for years the attorney for and president of the allied Thomas A. Edison interests. Perhaps nothing more need be said of his ability and experience, but when it is noted that he is an author of recognized merit and is now president of the General Film Company, it is apparent that he is well equipped to conduct his side of this debate. Thus we are able to introduce to our readers two experts and authorities on the subject of censorship, and we may confidently expect them to give us the "last word" pro and con. In this issue Canon Chase opens the debate with many convincing arguments in favor of a more complete and rigid censorship, and Mr. Dyer sets forth his side of the controversy in a manner that must cause even those who differ with him to pause and reconsider. In the March number of this magazine Canon Chase will reply to Mr. Dyer, adding still other arguments to fortify him in his position, and in the same number Mr. Dyer will reply to Canon Chase and fire another broadside from his battery of arguments. Then there will come rebuttals and sur-rebuttals, and, when the debaters have done, we are confident that the whole subject of censorship will have been covered in a masterly manner.

FIRST ARTICLE FOR THE AFFIRMATIVE

By CANON CHASE

THIS debate upon the advisability of censorship of Motion Pictures is begun with confidence in the uprightness of my opponent's motives, with a wish to benefit the business interests involved, and with a very strong desire to secure freedom for the children of our land to grow to maturity in a normally uplifting, moral atmosphere.

"I shall never go there again; it was horrible," said the boy, who had come from a Motion Picture show all of a tremble.

"What was horrible?" said Canon

Rawnsley, of England, to the horrified lad.

"I saw a man cut his throat," was the reply of the boy, whose liberty had been infringed by an unscrupulous Motion Picture manufacturer, or by one who was ignorant or careless of the rights of childhood.

"There was no harm in it at all," said an exhibitor, in England, who had gone to Canon Rawnsley to get him to protect him from the unreasonable criticism of the proprietor of the building where he was giving his show. "It was the finest natural his-

tory study of lions that children could ever see," said the exhibitor. In reality it represented a terrible tragedy of a lion-tamer being torn to pieces in the den.

Was it ignorance or unscrupulous greed that made it impossible for this exhibitor or the manufacturer of these films to respect the rights of childhood?

It is a crime too hideous for consideration to seize the idle, playful moments of a child in his most impressionable age and show him scenes of safe-cracking, drunken debauches, marital infidelity, sensuous love-making, abduction and arson. Such pictures will give his nervous, mental or moral nature a shock, twist or bent which will brutalize or otherwise degrade his whole life.

The Bishop of Mexico recently said that there are many who think that one reason why Spain and Mexico have not progressed like other nations is because bull-fighting has been the national sport for centuries, due to the brutalizing of human nature which the cruel sport has entailed.

In July, 1912, Congress used its power over interstate commerce to protect the childhood of the nation, to a certain degree, from the brutalizing effects of evil Motion Pictures. It made it a crime for any one to carry a Motion Picture film of a prize-

fight from one State to another. But Congress should do more than this in order to establish the freedom of children, and should guarantee their right to effective protection from brutalizing and other immoral influences.

Think of the money and governmental machinery which Congress and the States are using to conserve forests, to enrich the land, to improve rivers and channels, protect harbors and promote the welfare of cattle.

Congress has found it necessary to control freight rates and restrain trusts in order to protect the small businesses of the country.

Is not the mental and moral welfare of the children worth more than all the property, lands and animals of our republic? The children are the life-blood of the nation.

It is foolishness for New

York City to spend thirty-eight millions a year to educate her children, and then allow a false, inhuman and criminal code of morals to be taught to them in her Motion Picture shows. It is a hideous neglect to let moral blood-poisoning thus afflict our nation.

Congress should effectively censor or license Motion Pictures, either thru the Commissioner of Education, or the copyright office, or the Department of the Interior, or thru the Children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, or in some other way.



REV. WILLIAM SHEAFE CHASE, D.D.

By the new tariff law, Congress has provided that all Motion Picture films that are imported from foreign countries shall first be censored under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury. Will Congress be less conscientious in the exercise of its interstate power than of its power over the importations from foreign lands?

The Federal law should forbid any unlicensed film to be carried between the States. The statutes of the United States forbid immoral pictures in the Territories and the sending of any obscene, lewd or lascivious pictures or other matter of an indecent character thru the U. S. mails. It is clearly improper for the copy-right office to grant a copyright to any immoral picture, for an illegal article can have no property value nor existence in law. Congress ought to act effectively to prevent interstate traffic in illegal articles.

Some States, such as Ohio, California and Kansas, have already inaugurated State Boards of Censorship. These and other States should cooperate with the Federal Censorship, when inaugurated, in such a way as properly to safeguard the development of the life of their children.

Pictures which make robbery attractive and show clever ways of eluding detectives, which ridicule teachers and policemen, which convey the impression that married people are seldom faithful to their marriage vows, that sexual sins are universal and harmless, which depict cruelty and make the details of crime attractive, should be declared by the law of the State to be unlawful to be shown in any licensed place of amusement—at least during hours when young children attend.

It is claimed, however, that many pictures which are harmless for adults are dangerous for children, and that

it is unreasonable to refuse to let pictures be shown merely because they are bad for children, and thus rob adults of their rightful amusement.

The truth is, that it is better that adults should be restrained in their amusements rather than that the children of the nation should be demoralized and corrupted. But this difficulty can be remedied in each State by arranging that films suitable for adults but not for children may only be shown after 8 o'clock in the evening, when children should be forbidden to attend, except with the parents or guardian.

But when I speak of censorship, I do not use the word censor in the Roman sense, as inaugurated in the Roman Republic in the fifth century

before Christ and restored in the most degenerate days of the Empire in a vain attempt to stop a flood of vice. In the Roman sense, the two censors, acting together,

had an arbitrary power from which there was no appeal.

I use the word "censoring" in the English sense of "licensing." The *Censor* is the *Licensor*.

The licensing power of the Government is exercised where ordinary persons are liable to be deceived and misled in the purchase or use of articles of merchandise, especially where there is danger to life and morals in the use of the illegal articles. After an official inspection, those articles, places or persons which are found to conform to a legally fixed standard, are granted a license. But the refusal to grant a license cannot be arbitrary, for there is always a right to appeal from the decision of the inspector or licensor.

The growth of the license system has been a very noticeable feature of recent years to meet the new social conditions, and to take the place of special legislation. As society be-

"Better that adults should be restrained in their amusements, than that the children should be demoralized and corrupted."

comes more complex, and expert knowledge upon a vast number of intricate subjects becomes more difficult, there is an increasing need that the public shall be protected from counterfeits, quacks, charlatans and impostors, and this cannot be effectively accomplished in any other way than by the wise exercise of honest governmental power.

Physicians, dentists, engineers, lawyers, teachers and chauffeurs need to be examined and licensed by the proper authority. The selling of drugs, of intoxicating liquor and explosives, the selling or carrying of arms, can only be done by persons duly licensed.

Along with such new legislation as the forbidding of spitting in public places and the use of public drinking-cups, it has been necessary to enact pure food laws and those requiring the inspection of the slaughtering of animals and their preparation for sale as canned goods for food.

New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth.

The coming of the telephone, the automobile and wireless telegraphy has made new laws necessary for the protection of property rights. Yet there are those who object to any new legislation to deal with the largest factor concerning child welfare which has arisen for centuries.

It is claimed that we do not license newspapers or books, but allow a bad publication to be circulated, and then punish the author after it has been proved in the courts to be immoral.

The answer is that I am advocating that the very same procedure shall hold concerning Motion Pictures as books, except in the case of those films which want the privilege of being carried from State to State or of being shown for pay in licensed places of amusement.

"There is much more reason for censoring Motion Pictures than plays or vaudeville performances."

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that the Post Office is not compelled to wait until a court has declared a book to be immoral before it can exclude a doubtful book from the mails. If the office condemns the morality of a paper, which the publisher wants to send thru the mails, the public welfare requires that he shall prove its good character in the courts by an appeal from the decision of the Post Office authorities.

The censorship of the stage, which has existed in England since 1727, does not forbid the printing of plays nor their performance, except for pay in licensed places of amusement.

Four times in the last sixty years, in 1853, 1866, 1892 and in 1909, the English Parliament has investigated the

ensorship of stage plays. Each time the report has advocated its retention. The report of 1909 showed that the theatrical managers and actors are in favor of

retaining the censorship of plays, tho the investigation was made at the request of forty leading persons, many of whom were writers of plays, who wished it abolished or modified.

The agitation did not weaken the censorship, but strengthened it. It extended it to sketches in vaudeville performances, which had previously been allowed without censoring. Then certain Motion Picture interests, being ignorant of how much real official censorship would benefit their business, announced that they had united in engaging Mr. G. A. Redford, who had been the official censor of stage plays for fourteen years, to censor all their films. But because he is not an official censor, no satisfactory result has come from a pretended censorship. Liverpool, Middleboro and Carlisle have instituted local forms of censorship of Motion Pictures, because the British Board of Film Censors can no more control the character of the pictures than can our own so-

called National Board of Censorship, which has no official power and is, therefore, neither national nor has any opportunity to censor.

There is much more reason for censoring Motion Pictures than there is for censoring either plays or vaudeville performances.

A play or dramatic sketch varies with each actor or performance, but a Motion Picture which is right morally at the beginning continues always the same.

The daily newspapers print criticisms concerning the character of plays which consume a whole evening and run for a week or more in the

larger cities. But four or five picture plays are given in one evening. No parent, however wise or careful, can decide which Motion Picture shows are safe for his children.

He cannot judge by the character of the exhibitor, for no exhibitor can select the pictures he is to show. He has to take from the exchange what comes to him in the circuit, or deprive his patrons of seeing as many pictures as his rivals show.

I must reserve for my next article a statement of the reasons for official censorship, and my reply to the objections urged against it by my opponent.

FIRST ARTICLE FOR THE NEGATIVE

By PRESIDENT DYER

IN discussing the question of censorship, I wish to say, in the first place, that no one has a higher or more sincere regard for the ability and sense of fairness of Canon Chase than I have. Altho I am opposed unalterably to censorship, as repugnant to American ideals, yet I believe that many of its opponents would be willing to forego their objections if it were certain that the censorship would be permanently in the hands of Canon Chase, or men of his type. It must be remembered that we have to determine our course of action in all matters by the experiences of the past, and those experiences have taught us that in dealing with any rule or regulation, it never must be accepted under the belief that it is always to be administered fairly and that its evil possibilities will not be disclosed.

The only safe course to adopt is to assume the worst. If any rule or regulation is capable of degenerating into an instrument of oppression, or of some other evil consequence, it may be said safely that in time that degeneration almost surely will take place. I start with the proposition, therefore, that any censorship of Motion Pictures, if adopted as a prin-

ciple, might pass into the hands of unscrupulous politicians and come, in consequence, to be administered unfairly, dishonestly, and oppressively.

For the past five years most of the Motion Pictures in the United States have been censored by the so-called National Board of Censorship. That censorship has done much good.

It has resulted in the raising of the tone of the American pictures; its criticisms have been helpful; its sense of fairness and honesty have been beyond question, yet such a censorship is not objected to, because it is a purely voluntary censorship. So long as its judgments and decrees commend themselves as fair, sensible, honest and reasonably intelligent, they will be adopted cheerfully. But if any attempt were made to convert such a board into a purely political organization, with all the evils liable to flow therefrom, its decisions would command the support neither of the public nor of the film producers.

The proposition of the advocates of censorship is to constitute a single censoring body, with power to enforce its decrees and judgments, and extending in its operation over the entire country. In other words, such a body would have the power: first, to

require that no picture should be shown anywhere in the United States until first submitted to the censors; second, then to review each picture, approving it when it meets the personal views of the censors, and rejecting it when it does not; third, to call upon the authorities to enforce these judgments and prevent the showing of a condemned or unlicensed picture; and fourth, to require the payment of a tax for the censoring of each picture and every copy thereof.

Is it not inevitable that the moment the American people accept the principle of censorship and admit that it is proper and right, such a single, central censorship board will be followed by other bodies of censors in the various States and municipalities? While we might start out with the one board of censors, we probably should find ourselves, in the course of a few years, confronted by two or three hundred little boards of censors all over the country, each with its own opinions, each enforcing its own decrees, and each imposing a tax on the business, which the public must pay eventually.

Do the advocates of censorship realize the tremendous significance, in a reactionary sense, of their suggestion? They forget that the great fundamental rights, for which man-

kind contended for many centuries were:

First: the right to follow the dictates of conscience or religious freedom;

Second: the right of free speech; and

Third: the right of a free press.

We should remember that it was only a few centuries ago that men were not allowed to worship God in

their own way, but only in the way laid down to them by certain autocratic authority. If they worshiped God according to their own conscience, they generally were burned at the stake, buried alive, tortured, or banished. After religious freedom was won, the right of free speech still was denied. No one dared, for a moment, to express his opinions on any matters that did not meet with the approval of the same autocratic author-



FRANK L. DYER.

ity. If a government was known to be corrupt, the citizen or subject was afraid to say so, under fear of imprisonment or of having his ears cut off or his nose slit or of actual death. After the great moral victories of the people against the governing class in securing freedom of religion and of speech, the freedom of the press was the last great concession that was won. The people at last won the right to print freely, in books and newspapers, their opinions and views

on any subject, being held, of course, accountable to the law for libel, gross immorality, etc.

Now these struggles were all against censorship. Censors were known from the days of ancient Rome—men who set themselves up to guide their fellows in what they should or should not do. In mediæval times the Church, and sovereigns who acted in coöperation with the Church, were censors who laid down rules for the guidance of the multitude on the subject of religion and morals. With the invention of printing, first the Church and then the State became the censor and required the licensing of every book and paper before it could be issued. Then, with the development of the stage, that, too, became the object of censorship, so that plays, before they could be performed, had first to receive the license of the censor.

When our government was formed, the struggle against these inquisitions, in this country at least, had been won. Censorship was to have no foothold on American soil, and, therefore, the first amendment to the Constitution provides that:

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.

Probably every State in the Union has some similar provision in its State Constitution. In New York and in Ohio, for example, we find it embodied in substantially the following language:

Every citizen may freely speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right; and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press.

Now, I ask my readers to ponder that provision of our Constitutions. It represents, or is supposed to represent, the American ideal. It is the concrete statement of what man had fought for during many centuries. It is an epitome of human rights. It is the principal article of the treaty of peace between the common man and the tyrants who sought to think, speak, and write for him. It recalls as banished the sorrow of ages, the death of martyrs and the Spanish Inquisition. Is the idea repugnant to us that the State decree a National religion, with forms and ceremonies that we must adopt? Is the idea repugnant to us that the State insist that no criticism of its constitution or officers should be uttered? Is the

“The suggestion of censorship is a denial of personal liberty, of free speech and of a free press.”

idea repugnant to us that the State see to it that no newspaper or book is issued without first receiving the approval of a licensing authority? Merely to suggest such things in this age of freedom is like a proposition to arm our soldiers with bows and arrows. We would resist, as a most serious impairment of our personal liberty, any attempt to take away these great fundamental rights. Why cannot it be seen that the suggestion of censorship is a denial of personal liberty, a denial of free speech and a free press—because the Motion Picture tells its story just as effectively as the spoken or written word?

The advocates of censorship say, in effect, to the American people: “These Motion Pictures are a source of danger to you and your children; they depict crime, scandal, immorality; some of them are in shocking bad taste. If you should look at these pictures, or if your children should see them, you and they would become contaminated. We believe that the effect of these pictures would be to suggest to you and your children that you and they should become mur-

derers, burglars and immoralists. We believe that the tendency of these pictures would be to make you and your children defy the laws and become law-breakers. We believe that they will make you and them cruel and bloodthirsty. We believe that they will have a tendency to make you and your children commit suicide. Now, entertaining these beliefs, and with the earnest desire to protect you and your children so that we may elevate the moral tone of the entire community and reduce crime and vice, we reserve the right to look over these pictures before you see them, and if there are any pictures that in our opinion you and your children ought not to be allowed to see, then we shall condemn them and not permit them to be shown anywhere."

What do American citizens, inheriting the great constitutional rights of religious freedom, and freedom of speech and of the press, think of such a proposition as this? Here is a body of persons claiming the superior right to do the thinking for the multitude on the subject of what they shall or shall not see. They object to a picture! Out it goes, never to be seen by the common man. Should not the common man have the right of deciding for himself whether he approves? Censors are only men, with all the frailties and weaknesses and prejudices of their fellow men. Will they never make mistakes? Remember that recent English censorship condemned the "Mikado," and that one liberal-minded censor refused to license any drama in which the word "heaven" or "angel" appeared.

The fact must not be lost, sight of that these opinions of the all-powerful censor are not to be confined to a single body, but, if the principle is adopted, in time will be extended to every State, city, and township of the

country. Furthermore, we must not forget that no censor or body of censors can take away from the State its police power, so that even if a picture is approved by all the censors of the country, the owner of a theater still might be arrested and prosecuted for exhibiting it, because of its alleged violation of some law. The advocates of censorship must not delude themselves into the belief that their approval of a picture is going to grant to it the slightest immunity from attack by the police authorities.

Now, as opposed to the above views, the opponents of censorship maintain the following position: "We believe that it is not within the power of any man or body of men to tell us or our children what we shall or shall not see. We reserve that right to ourselves. We refuse to allow any one to lay down to us what shall be our code of morals or taste. We insist that we shall decide those

"It is not properly within the power of any man or body of men to tell us or our children what we shall or shall not see."

questions ourselves. If our children go to the theaters where improper pictures are shown, that is our lookout, and not the lookout of the State. If an improper or grossly immoral or licentious film be exhibited by any chance, the proprietor of the theater and the producers of the film should be punished with the greatest severity. We say the situation is precisely the same as when a newspaper prints a libel. We cannot prevent the paper from printing the libel, but we can hold the paper strictly accountable for doing so. We cannot prevent a man from uttering scandal, but he can be arrested and prosecuted for doing so. We believe the American people are the proper censors of pictures. We do not believe that a theater can exist at all, unless it represent a respectable public sentiment. A theater showing improper films will not be patronized except by those persons who always are seeking evil, and in that event the theater

owner will be punished and his theater closed by the police power."

Our opponents probably will say that our position will not be effective in practice, because it will be difficult by legislation to determine what is or is not an improper, immoral, or objectionable picture. Is not this objection an admission that the censorship is essentially an un-American institution? Ours is a country of law, but the advocates of censorship place the opinion of censors above the law. In other words, first they imagine an evil, then they conclude that the law will not reach that evil to correct it, and insist that the only way the evil can be dealt with is to place the power of control in their own hands. Truly, a dangerous doctrine!

We believe that if the law is ineffective in reaching the pictures that really are objectionable (not to a small body of perhaps super-sensitive censors, but to the American

people), the proper course to follow is to change the law and make it effective. That is the American way to handle this question. It is distinctly an un-American way for any man or body of men to insist that their opinions on the subject of morals or taste shall be accepted as the opinion of the entire people.

As a matter of fact, it is doubtful whether any immoral or indecent pictures, in violation of the law, are being shown today. The late Mayor Gaynor, of New York City, who had the matter investigated, wrote as follows:

When I became Mayor, the denunciation of these Moving Picture shows by a few people was at its highest. They declared them schools of immorality. They said indecent and immoral pictures were being shown there. I personally knew that was not so. But I had an official examination made of all the Moving Picture shows in this city. The result was actual proof and an official report that

there were no obscene or immoral pictures shown in these places. And that is the truth now. Wherefore, then, is all this zeal for censorship over these places? * * * I have asked the people who are crying out against the Moving Picture shows to give me an instance of an obscene or immoral picture being shown in them, so that the exhibitor may be prosecuted, but they have been unable to do so. What they insist on is to have the pictures examined in advance, and allowed or prohibited.—(Letter to Board of Aldermen, December 27, 1912.)

I say without hesitation that if the advocates of censorship were seeking to destroy the Motion Picture, they could not adopt a more effective course. Not that any honest producer is desirous of putting out pictures that should be condemned. They all recognize that permanent success

comes only by an appeal to the great body of honest and moral common people, the bone and sinew of our country. They do not oppose censorship because they fear honest

"I say without hesitation that if the advocates of censorship were seeking to destroy the Motion Picture, they could not adopt a more effective course."

but because they fear it will develop into dishonest censorship and graft. If you subject the industry to such burdens in every State, city, and town, each one seeking its "fees," each enforcing its opinions, each providing its special license, it is difficult to foretell what the results will be. Assuredly, the Motion Picture business will be badly handicapped—whether fatally time alone would show.

It does seem most unfortunate that the Motion Picture, with its great possibilities for good, should be the object of attack by those who, in their zeal, are willing to turn back the hands of time three hundred years. Whatever evil may exist can be overcome by perfectly lawful methods, in keeping with American ideals—not by the establishment of a weapon having such possibilities of inquisition, oppression, and dishonesty as compulsory censorship.

(This debate to be continued in our next issue)



THE broken wine-cups lay at their feet—the low, stone benches were devoid of all but the trophied skins of strange, wild beasts—and Dacia and Marius were alone at last. Home from a series of hard-won victories in Gaul, the wounds of Marius had been healed and well anointed by the homage of all his well-loved Rome, and chiefest among those who bowed to his heroism was his pagan concubine, Dacia.

In the heart of Marius, cultured, a patrician, an Epicurean, and something of a philosopher, there dwelt two persons, separate and distinct. Only the one had been aroused—the one of blood, of fierce lusts, of sensual cravings and licentious appetites. This nature he glutted with the gore of his many battlefields; with the revelries of the banquet and the baths—primarily with Dacia. To this side only did the voluptuous beauty appeal—only to the lock of the Scarlet Door did she hold the key. The other side lay sleeping—a side dedicated, all unconsciously, to victories not of the battle-field of blood; to dim twilight and forest aisle; to achieve-

ments made of sterner stuff than flesh; to a love that would know the beauty of sacrifice and the purging of renunciation; to fires long burned to ash. And it would take a finer charm than possessed by Dacia to probe that inner shrine.

In the heart of Dacia, daughter of a freedman, reared in a certain, untutored luxury, there dwelt but one person—herself. And this self was ministered to by the handmaids of Materialism, robed in their vestures of scarlet and gold. More potently still was the wanton nature ruled by her mighty passion for Marius—a passion that knew no scope beyond immediate possession. All the wild animalism of a creature strong in her desires was concentrated upon the young patrician, and the animal thwarted of its mate is a powerful foe for any steel.

“Dacia,” spoke Marius, as he toyed with the unbound tresses of her long, dark hair, “hast ever given thought to this—er—Christianity, of which there is much talk?”

“It is a petty thing, Marius,” petulantly returned the beauty, for,

with the swift instinct of the animal, she scented danger to herself should Marius embrace this sect, with its teachings of an asceticism dangerously at variance with the warm throb of her pagan creed.

Marius mused a moment. "It seems a thing men die for," he returned, "and men do not die, my Dacia, for petty things."

"They do not know of the joys of life, these Christians," exclaimed the girl; "they have not known the wine of the grape and the revelry of the banquet-hall—and such loves as ours, Marius. It is for this that life was made. Have not the gods of Olympus taught us so, and surely you do not forsake them, too?"

But Marius was silent. Red lips, dark eyes, throbbing flesh—these things had been his world, and he had found them good. But his heart had been touched by the sweet, Galilean Kingdom of God, and calling to that sleeping self were hints of the forest aisle and vestal fires, with strange, blue flames, and years that were lean of the wine-cup and debauch. And so, for the first time since she had touched her lips to his, Dacia found Marius unresponsive. Well she knew, fully had she been trained to a knowledge of the wealth of her white body, to the value of the fire of her caress, and the light in her eyes that maddened as it lured. Full of these things, the proud beauty rose in scorn and shame.

"Let the unrepentant Magdalene go, my Marius," she sneered; "mayhap some virtuous Mary will fulfill my place."

With the departure of Dacia from the banquet-hall and from his house, the vaulted chamber seemed, to Marius, to take on a new aspect. The dawn of a new day struggling faintly in from the colonnaded apertures touched, with a wan distaste, the wine-cups and other tokens of the night's high revelry, and Marius rose from his couch with a sudden knowledge that his battlefields had brought him only the indelible scars, and his amours an aftermath turned wormwood overnight.

Christ had said to His disciples on the mount, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you; seek, and ye shall find." Yet, to many, the seeking leads down the path of weary years and constant struggles, and the finding is a Holy Grail bleedingly acquired. Christ could not return to His Father save thru the Crucifixion. Thus, with Marius, the new dawn did not discover a converted Christian. The old allegiances were many and powerful, and the Gospel teaching had reached him only thru the medium of more or less ardent exponents. Thru the crust of long years of profligate adherence to the gods of the senses, must come a closer call than that. Moreover, the city was under the influence of the earlier reign of Nero, when, if license and barbarousness had not reached their zenith and the Christians had not incurred any penalty worse than contempt and ridicule, still the atmosphere was charged with the trend things were taking. And Marius, unthinking, went with the populace.

Just outside the city walls stretched, in a dark and silent loftiness, the rank and file of a great forest. Here, it seemed as if the stench and tumult of a pleasuring city could not reach; as if the cool air, made fragrant with cedar and wild, growing things, breathed down a benediction of peace. And it was here that Marius sought to allay the fever in his veins, the longing for the din and fray of combat, the thirst for strife, red blood, fierce struggle and gory victory. All things had staled in his grasp, and he was sick at soul with the deadly sickness of inertia. It was twilight as he walked in the woods this day, and he was thinking on Christianity and the precepts that it taught, wondering whether, in the words of the crucified Christ, was to be found a healing peace for such a one as he.

And, like an answer to his bitter doubt, she came, straight and clean and true, vested in simple, spotless white, with the martyr-spirit in her wide, gray eyes. It was as if the

dove from Heaven had lighted a moment on his breast; then, in the attempt to touch its plumage, an ugly stain appeared, for the sleeping thing in Marius's heart stirred from its long, long sleep, sank down again, and the animal in him rose and showed its fangs with cruel lust. The Christian girl, Lygia, was white with the pallor of the Resurrection lilies, her eyes were deep and slumbrous, her lips were red and virginally sweet, and the soft lines of her were proudly unyielding. These things Marius noted, with the hungry eyes of the famished, and the keenly appreciative ones of the connoisseur. And he was blinded—blinded by the whiteness of her flesh to the more sublime whiteness of her soul—blinded by the redness of her lips to the pure flame of her glowing faith—blinded by the sea-depths of her eyes to the truth and faith they pooled. And so he held out insatiate arms for her soft flesh and let her spirit go, bruised and sobbing, beyond his uttermost reach.

Lygia was a poor Christian, defenseless but by the power of her innocence, and that availed her nothing against the clamor of Marius's unholy desire. Never had the abundant lures of the deplacéd Dacia touched him with this frenzy of longing; never, in his sated life, had he craved as he craved the white aloofness of this girl, and he told her so, with prayer in his passion, as he bore her, numbed with terror, to his home.

In the city of Rome were two persons with but one desire—to deal Marius, the patrician, a deadly blow. One of the two was Cassius, who was generally supposed to be confidant and close friend to Marius. They had fought side by side in the wars with Gaul; had competed, with evident amicability, in affairs of the senate; had been constantly seen together in the amphitheater, and always frequented the same baths at the same time. To Marius, least of all, came any suspicion of perfidy on the part of his friend. Yet, because of the

very existence of these apparent bonds, did Cassius harbor hate and burn for revenge. True, they had fought on the same battlefields, but to Marius had come the laurel wreaths—to him the homage and the fruits of victory. True, they had frequented the amphitheater and the baths in all congeniality together, but to Marius had come the general acclaim, the universal attention, the glances from the fairest maids and proudest matrons. On himself there fell the crumbs from Marius's banquet-table. Even to the beautiful wanton, Dacia, was this true, for she had turned to him from Marius, in the unflattering need of consolation.

And Dacia's was the other heart filled to the fiery brim with stinging hate. And her hate was the deadly hate of a woman who has loved and been abandoned, who has loved with her fiercest passion, her most insensate entirety, and been usurped. Like electric elements in a storm, as flame meets flame and leaps into a consuming pillage, so Dacia and Cassius turned, the one to the other, for the destruction of Marius. And the weapon they chose to inflict the keenest pain was the Christian maid, Lygia.

Dacia had seen them together—had glimpsed the white flesh of the martyred maid, the blue of her eyes, the glorious curves of her body, and had realized, with an anguished pain, that here was a beauty such as she could never hope to attain. She did not know that it was Purity that set this girl apart and made her of angel stuff. And she had seen Marius as he looked on Lygia, and had realized, too, that his eyes had never held that look for her. She saw the passion in them, but she did not see the prayer—the worship that was of the spirit even as it was of the flesh. For her had been the weed; for Lygia was blossoming the flower. And the weed had been dearer to her than life, while Lygia held the opening flower with cold, reluctant fingers.

In an anteroom of Dacia's tiny palace, hitherto maintained for her



BLINDED BY THE SUBLIME WHITENESS OF HER SOUL

by Marius, and adorned thruout with tokens of his dead love, the two conspirators plotted the doom of Marius, thru his love for the Christian maid.

"Look you, my Cassius," said Dacia, "I have thought out the surest revenge—it is the despoiling of the Christian's accursed beauty. Our Marius, the Epicurean, could not find pleasure in a maimed thing—he dotes too dearly on the rounded cheek, the supple form, the sparkling eye——" Cassius interposed.

"So we have had evidence, fairest of Romans," he made tribute.

"And so we shall have evidence again!" Dacia, the courtesan, leaned nearer Cassius, and the sparkle in her eyes was fire; "so we shall have evidence again, my friend," she repeated, "for, when Lygia, the Christian, returns to her lover a crippled, distorted thing, shall he not cast her forth in loathing and turn again to Dacia? And then——" The fire gleamed in her eyes again, with a leaping, hungry light.

"And then?" prompted Cassius, eagerly.

"And then Marius, the patrician,



MARIUS BEGINS TO SEE THE LIGHT

shall beg for his favors," the beauty made reply, "and I shall keep the distorted Lygia as a slave, to let Marius compare us."

And before they parted for the baths that morning it had been planned—the throwing of Lygia into the lion's den till the beast should have torn from the girl all semblance of earthly loveliness, while still leaving to her the breath of life. The next morning, while Marius should be at the baths, was the time appointed, for Cassius had knowledge of the fact that Lygia spent that time in a tiny temple of Marius's palace, praying to the Christ Who had trod the martyr's path before her.

And so, yet a second time, the Christian maid was flung before a beast. Yet a second time her body was to be ravaged and vandalized, while, high above, her tortured soul kept clean and unafraid. At least this second beast would free that struggling soul, while the first kept it a bond slave in the confines of the body.

When Cassius, closely followed by Dacia, entered the tiny chapel of Marius's house that fateful morning, the false friend hesitated an instant

on the threshold of this deed. Perhaps it was the girl's white loveliness that awed him—perhaps the sorrowing Christ breathed in his heart.

"Dacia, lady," he whispered, "this is a foul thing we do. Nero himself is worthy its conception."

Dacia laughed harshly. "You, too, my Cassius," she sneered; "even here wouldst have Marius, the patrician, win?"

And the sorrowing Christ stretched forth His pitying hands as the Christian maid was seized, for the lust of a concubine and the perfidy of a friend.

Two slaves in the employ of Marius saw the thing that was done, and, because they had come to love the gentle maid, they flew to their lord at the baths and told him that Lygia, the Christian, had been abducted. And they told him whence she was gone.

Then, thru the sloth of a libertine youth and the cynicism of a glutted manhood, the sleeping thing awoke in Marius's breast—awoke till every sanctuary of his heart was flooded with a white light, and his proud head bowed in shame for the things that he had done. In the white light



THE JEALOUS DACIA SEEKS REVENGE

two visions came to him, and he shuddered as he saw—one was a man, with thorn-encircled brow and body redly pierced; the other was an untouched maid, with the whiteness of Resurrection lilies, and in his ear they seemed to whisper: "Ye know not what ye do."

When he reached the lion's lair, the maid had been tossed in, and the great beast was snarling and showing his hungry teeth; yet Marius saw, with a great throb, that Lygia was smiling, and he knew why. As he leaped into the den, between the maddened beast and the motionless girl, he knew that it was not the body of Lygia he was facing death to save, but the flame-bright soul of her. He heard Dacia's gasping scream, sensed Cassius's raucous shout; then saw them turn and flee, and, as they turned, he raised the maid, with one strong arm, above the lion's den. For an instant only he swerved with the impact of his own force; then recoiled to safety just as the great beast sprang.

They walked in a deep silence to the palace of Marius, and well Lygia knew that she was his forever; that now she owed to him her unvalued

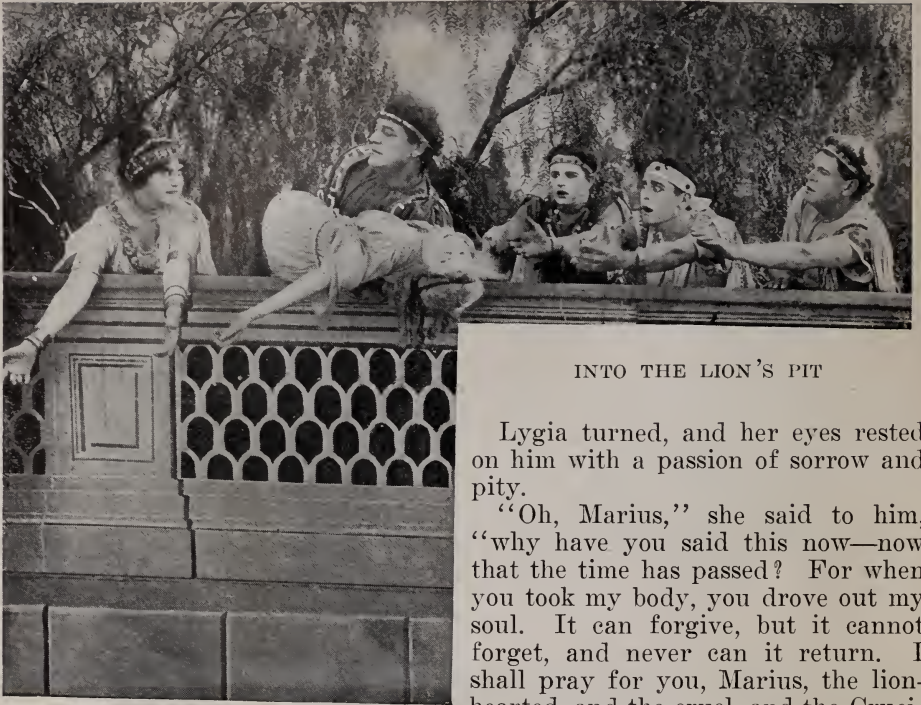
life, and that, as recompense, she must stay thru all the years in his luxuriant palace, sated with his jewels and tainted with his love.

When they reached the marble structure, Marius led her to a tiny grove overlooking the city and bade her sit on the low bench, while he stood beside her. His eyes were dark and sad, and his face was very grave.

"Lygia," he said, "dost see this great city lying below us?"

"Yes, Marius," returned the girl, wondering at the stillness of his voice.

"It is mine to pillage as I will," the young patrician said; "all my life I have filched from it lordly honors, have amassed its rarest gold, have plundered it of its fairest women. It has sated me with its wines, feasted me at its banquets, and then, one day, I knew that it had given me—nothing. It was the day I saw you, my Lygia, and I knew then that, should all the satiety of those other years lie on one side and you on the other, it is to you that I must turn. That much I saw—no more. Now, oh! Lygia, hear me, my beloved—hear this wretched Marius, who has wronged you in the folly of a blinded love. My eyes have been opened, my



INTO THE LION'S PIT

Lygia turned, and her eyes rested on him with a passion of sorrow and pity.

"Oh, Marius," she said to him, "why have you said this now—now that the time has passed? For when you took my body, you drove out my soul. It can forgive, but it cannot forget, and never can it return. I shall pray for you, Marius, the lion-hearted, and the cruel, and the Crucified will bring you peace."

Lygia, and it is your Christ Who has healed their sight. It is not the light of your eyes I crave now, nor the bloom of your mouth; not the flower of your body. It is your soul I want, my beloved; it is your love. I want you to lead me to the heights whereon you tread, to teach me of your faith and cleanse my soul with your strength and trust. And if this cannot be, oh, Roman maid—" Here Marius paused, for he saw rising before him the dark cross of Renunciation, and his soul felt the bloody sweat. "If this cannot be," he continued slowly, "then am I ready to mount Gethsemane—alone. And you may—go."

He watched her as she went, straight and clean and true, vested in spotless white, with the martyr spirit in her wide, gray eyes. Before him lay the city of Rome under the reign of the Antichrist; over him stretched the limitless heavens, and from them seemed to sound a gentle voice: "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you—seek, and ye shall find."

Marius dropped to his knees, and a strange peace filled his heart and seemed to suffuse his entire being with a benedictory calm.

"Christ Crucified!" he whispered, "Christ Crucified!" Then, very low, "I have lost—yet have I found!"

Moving Picture War

By OTTIE E. COLBURN

A big gang of picture players
Came to Hickville yesterday,
To get out some good old farm scenes
For a thrilling war-time play.
'Twas the Blue against the Gray—
The farmers looked on and saw
Two Moving Picture armies fight
Some bloody-stirring scenes of war.

They borrowed Old Jed Prouty's farm.
And then stirred things up a bit.
While the farmers watched the players
Make another picture hit.
In a rain of bullets soldiers fell—
The cannons roared, in a war-like way;
But, after the battle, 'twas funny—
All the "dead soldiers" walked away.



This story was written from the Photoplay of GEORGE CAMERON

THE slow-drawn moan of a 'cello and the robin-notes of a flute marked the tempo of a dance in the Belgradin mansion. Above their somnolent measure, like wraiths of blown fog, the lilting strokes of a violin, in the hands of a maestro, scrolled out a message to pulsating hearts and feet.

Agnes stood with her mother in a fern-bowered alcove of the reception-room. It was not past midnight, but her pallor and tired eyes were in sharp contrast to the flushed faces that beamed into hers—beautiful faces that, as the early morning came, dropped their rosy masks and paled to the color of milk in the rumbling wagons outside.

The affair was another triumph—so each guest whispered, with unvarying monotony, to the youthful hostess, and in her heart she felt that Agnes was safely launched on the seas of social success. It had cost a cool two thousand—the lights, the flowers, the prodigality of dainty dishes; the services of Harko, the gypsy violinist—and the returns were already evident. The late-coming, gilded youths from cabaret and opera flitted about Agnes, or folded her in the

arms of the tango or matiche. To the enchanting measures the pale girl fled down the rooms like the Spirit of the Storm. There was a lack of abandon, a graceful aloofness about her dancing that provoked and charmed. And with the dawn of a new day, a shell-pink color crept to her cheeks.

In Mr. Belgradin's library the blinds were drawn. A single desk-light burned its worn filament, that trembled in the touch of gliding slippers below. The safe lay open, and the contents of the document-drawers were heaped on the desk before the solitary tenant.

Once during the night Agnes, pale, clear-eyed, had appeared before him, and he had hastily shoved back the interminable papers, to light a fresh cigar. After that, the man with the haunted eyes and fleeting smile took to the ceaseless juggling of his records again. And with the break of day, an elfin light worked under the drawn shade to straighten out the head bowed over its desk.

With a heart-tearing sigh, Mr. Belgradin summoned back his fleeting senses and again bent to his task. The pile of unpaid bills, the heap of dunning letters, the dwindling assets

of his banking business, each spelt ruin to the fear-haunted eyes. The mocking music wafted up to him, and his fingers worked faster over their task. Agnes and her mother should never know the cost.

But the hour came when the music ceased and the house below quieted to the stillness of night in a churchyard. The last motor-car had purred up to the doors and had whirled away with its ghostly freight. Slipped feet stole toward the library, and Agnes and Mrs. Belgradin entered softly, to surprise the man who had taken no comfort in their reception.

As they drew near, the gray nimbus of his hair lay scattered in silly abandon over the arm of his chair.

"Francis! you cannot guess how we have missed you."

No answer, and the fixed eyes stared in a line with the ruin on the desk.

The girl was the first to know it, and she stood too dazed to speak or to cry out.

Mrs. Belgradin flung herself wildly upon the thin breast of the dead man, and the high catch of her sobs brought the startled servants trooping into the room.

"Francis! Francis! Cruel, cruel! Ah! why did you not call for me at the end?"

But to the blue-white girl the words meant nothing—her lips and eyes gave out no sign of life. Her heart, like his, seemed locked in the vast unknown.

Mrs. Belgradin waited in the privacy of her boudoir. It was on a dismal afternoon, a week after the sudden death of her husband, and the tense, alert look had not left her face.

Doctor Loring Brent, the young family physician, was closeted in the library, alone with her husband's papers. At last she heard his quick step and half-rose to meet him.

"Well?"

The young doctor's face was a study in diplomacy. He advanced with precision and sat down.

"I can only confirm your casual

inspection," he said quietly; "Mr. Belgradin's own figures, written while death tapped on his shoulder, are the truth of his assets."

"Then we are ruined?"

"Hardly that"—his face twisted into a promissory smile—"with clever management, you and Agnes have enough to live on for a year."

Mrs. Belgradin's eyes snapped, and she restrained herself from speaking, only with an effort.

"You have been a son to me," she said, after a pause.

The doctor, too, struggled with an unspoken thought; then rose to go. He had slipped into his heavy coat and stood with his hand on the front-door knob, when something brushed his shoulder.

"Agnes!"

That pallid, delicate face of the tragic night looked up into his. The shock of a sudden resolve set him to trembling. In an instant he shook himself free of his overcoat and drew her hands into his.

"It has come, dear—the bursting of the barrier that kept us apart."

Her wide eyes filled with happiness.

"Loring! We may tell my mother now?"

"Yes, she is alone with her thoughts. I'm crazy to close this great mockery of a house and to take you both with me."

As he spoke, Doctor Brent faced the girl about, and together they mounted the stairs. Mrs. Belgradin sat as he had left her, the statue of inscrutable despair.

"I am bringing Agnes with me," began the pleading voice, "as my promised wife. Surely, with your changed circumstances and your knowledge of me, you will welcome the news?"

Mrs. Belgradin half-recoiled from the words. The lightning thoughts of a drowning man seemed to flash thru her brain.

"You are still young, Loring—Agnes is a child. Go away for a year. If you still love each other, then I will consent."

The young man raised Agnes's

hand and pressed it reverently to his lips: the repressed love-token of a truce and a promise made.

"There will be no compromise," he said. "I agree to your terms. I suppose you will trust us as far as the door."

Mrs. Belgradin smiled assent—an agreeable smile that covered the marks of her victory. And in a scant minute, the lovers stood in the hallway again.

"It is not long—a year, dear; and I will write you as doggedly as——"

"My long letters to you, Loring, will come as regular as——"

She hesitated for a word, in the satiety of her young happiness.

He was tempted beyond reason to seize her and to kiss the pallor from her smooth cheeks, but the knightliness of his truce held him back stiffly.

The door opened and closed suddenly, and, without even the touch of her hands, the beginning of his vigil had commenced.

Two months sped by—days of hopes and fears for Agnes; for each blast of the postman's whistle brought a pounding to her heart that, with no letter from Loring, caused it almost to stop beating. Each day she locked herself in her room and drew him close beside her on the nibs of her pen. Her heart quite wearied itself out in the writing of unanswered letters, and the high flame of her hope burned lower and lower, until its glow was not enough to warm even her fragile shape.

And with the eyes of a connoisseur, Mrs. Belgradin measured the girl, until the time came when fear had crept into the icy bed of trustfulness.

"It is humiliating to me," she said, "to think that you should continue to think of a man who has forgotten you, and I have planned a surprising antidote for you. I am going to close up shop and run over to England."

Agnes scarcely heard the words and set about her packing in a half-hearted manner. Not so with Mrs. Belgradin, however. Squires, the

plump and faithful housekeeper, was fairly worn thin from three days of constant living on the stairs and the taking of endless instructions from her incisive mistress.

"Now remember," she instructed, as the taxi drew up to the door, "give no one my address—we are simply abroad on a visit."

Mrs. Belgradin had wirelessly for reservations at the Cecil, that hotel being the gathering-place of rich, expatriated colonials, and for a woman with little or no money the suite she picked out was an elaborate one.

The first day of her stepping ashore, and the ensuant call of the Honorable Harry Furniss, proved the method of her madness. The Honorable Harry had been one of the guests at Mrs. Belgradin's reception. He had confided in her his quest of the Golden Fleece in the shape of an American girl with a rich papa. Mrs. Belgradin had consented to look out for him; hence their bond of sympathy. Now the shoe was on the other foot, and Mrs. Belgradin confided in the Honorable Harry.

It was after he had stared at her quite unintelligently for the measure of three full minutes that the younger son appeared even to hear her.

"I get you!" he exclaimed. "It's quite fortunate that the cards are in my hands. Geoffrey Marshe, the Australian millionaire, is stopping at the Cecil, and I have a speaking acquaintance with him. Watch it ripen."

"Not a word to Agnes. I am practically at the end of my resources—say a fortnight's board money."

The Honorable Harry appraised the costly living-room. Two bright red spots appeared in his cheeks.

"You're a born gambler," he cried. "I like it. Where I've been punting along, you stake your last coin. I'll produce your gentleman this very night."

A week of jumbled events crowded by, with no sense of order, except to the marshalling eyes of Mrs. Belgradin. Geoffrey Marshe had been

introduced, and immediately fell under the quiet spell of Agnes.

She treated him almost rudely, and he seemed to take it as an added appeal in her nature.

One night, after the opera, and the sixth constant day of his attendance, they were seated alone in the stateliness of the private living-room. Mrs. Belgradin and the Honorable Harry had adjourned to the supper-room below, and one, if not both, felt that the play of hearts above was swiftly drawing to a climax.

In an hour they reappeared, and Marshe, somewhat stiffly, rose to go.

"I have greatly enjoyed myself in your home," he said, bowing over Mrs. Belgradin's hand, "and my regret is only that my happiness is not complete." The eyes beaming into his suddenly hardened. "Perhaps it would be better if Miss Belgradin explained things more fully. Good-night to you all."

The Honorable Harry lost no time

in following his friend from the room. A scene was evidently due, in which Mrs. Belgradin was about to enact the part of both judge and jury, and he hated family jars.

"Well?"

Agnes sat gazing into the coals, the light playing on her slight face.

"He's a good man," she said, without looking up—"an honest, outspoken man, with the lure of a big, open country in his way. And yet, I couldn't love him—I just couldn't."

Mrs. Belgradin's voice softened to meet the wistful note in the girl's.

"If you can't forget Loring," she said—"and I know it's, oh, so hard—you should think of me." Her hand went out to Agnes's shoulder protectingly. "Our last penny is spent in an effort to forget him, and my sacrifice is complete."

The girl turned, her great eyes shining strangely thru their tears. "I'll marry Mr. Marshe," she said simply; "there's no other way."



"PERHAPS IT WOULD BE BETTER IF
MISS BELGRADIN EXPLAINED"

It was the quietest of weddings by special license; yet it found its way into the newspapers, and eventually traveled across the Atlantic, to lie in wait in bold copy at the breakfast table of a certain rising young brain specialist.

Geoffrey Marshe, Australian millionaire, weds Agnes Belgradin, American beauty. Now enjoying their honeymoon on Marshe's yacht, *Rhoda*.

Loring Brent let the paper slip from his fingers, and his staring eyes seemed to search the worldwide seas.

And, at the selfsame moment, the swan-white *Rhoda* was steaming saucily into the folds of a low-hanging curtain of fog.

A slight girl, wrapped



"SHE'S STRUCK!" HE SAID QUIETLY

in a shepherd's plaid, stood leaning over the rail. She inhaled, with apparent relief, the steam-like fog shutting down around her and veiling her face like a nun's.

"Agnes!"

A heavy voice, with a note of solicitude, called thru the vapor. She shuddered and drew her plaid close over her eyes.

"Ah! so you are here alone?"

The awkward bulk of Geoffrey Marshe loomed thru the fog, and he felt his way quickly to her side.

"My dear little girl," he said, trying to catch her eyes, "I feel that you are dreadfully alone. Perhaps our marriage is a mistake. God knows!" Her mute look confirmed his fears. "You have a woman's heart, that I alone have not touched—even our silly guests below share something of your friendship."

"You do not understand," she moaned; "I cannot tell you."

"My understanding is big, Agnes—confide in me."

But she held herself silent before him, and, with a sigh, he turned and went down the companionway.

Thru the gray, sightless day that followed, the *Rhoda* steamed under half-headway, her siren screaming a warning at nerve-racking intervals. Agnes appeared, in full evening-gown, in the dining-saloon at the dinner hour, and Geoffrey Marshe's eyes never left her face. With the conclusion of the meal, he excused himself and, flinging on his oilers, went up to the mist-covered deck.

Agnes flung open the piano and started a gay song, the Honorable Harry and the other young people trolling out the choruses. The feverishly-struck notes and thin voices sounded dreadfully tin-panny and dismal to Marshe, and he started to climb the *Rhoda's* swaying bridge.

Suddenly a tremor, preceded by a slight jar, crept over the frame of the *Rhoda*, and her engines pounded violently. Soft-soled feet and heavy sea-boots pounded on her decks, and Marshe, dripping with moisture, appeared before his guests.

"She's struck," he said quietly, "and making water fast. We had better get our things together at once."



HIS BODY TAKEN TO A FISHERMAN VILLAGE

As he spoke, the *Rhoda* gave a sickening lurch and careened badly to one side. There followed the blows of sliding furniture, the crash of broken glass, and blank darkness filled the saloon.

"Agnes!"

Again Marshe's voice, faint and pain-ridden, broke the silence. A heavy electrolier had crashed down on him, cutting a deep gash in his forehead.

The girl crept in the direction of his call. Above, the crew were lowering the boats, and the tackle shrilled warningly in the blocks.

"It's too late—Agnes——"

As the girl reached his side and pressed her hands into his, the words stumbled into nothingness. Agnes's brain sang crazily, but it was pitiable to let him die so, and she dragged at his armpits in a frantic effort to free him from the fallen furniture.

The captain felt his way down the tilted stairway and flashed his lantern thru the room. Its circle of light caught Agnes and her fallen husband.

"Quick!" she panted; "help me to get him on deck."

"He's dead and gone, Mrs. Marshe

—you'd better keep away from this."

Agnes's eyes flashed in the murky light, and she turned again to the prostrate man. She never knew just how they managed to pull or slide him up the stairs and out upon the deck.

A heavy sea was breaking sullenly on the *Rhoda's* decks, which were now awash, and only one small boat remained to put off. As Agnes and the captain pulled Marshe's body toward it, a mountainous wave rose up out of the sea, glided toward the prostrate vessel, and combed waist-high over her.

Agnes and the captain were swept into the water, and Marshe's body flung itself across the decks and tangled into a mass of fallen rigging. In the space of a laboring minute that seemed a drawn-out lifetime, the captain's shout was answered by Harry Furniss, and the strugglers were pulled into his small boat.

The following morning, with the fog lifting, they were seen by a Dover packet and landed safely on English shores. By various ways the other boats reached land, but none of them contained Agnes's mother. She



WON A FABULOUS SUM IN A GAMBLING RESORT

had last been seen in her stateroom, with her jewels scattered about her, and pulling at a jammed drawer, evidently in search of her money. Poor martyr to gold, the sea had long since taken toll of her futile ambition.

It might have been, too, his trial by sea that brought the manliness in the Honorable Harry Furniss to the surface, for he did his best to comfort Agnes, and when her grief developed into strange, brooding spells, he accompanied her across the Atlantic and installed her in her old home.

It had become a gloomy, tenantless place, filled with constant memories of her parents, and the Honorable Harry decided to consult Doctor Brent as to what further should be done for her.

And thus came about the meeting of these two—as physician and patient, with the incurable past welling beneath their surfaces.

She told him all: of her marriage for money, her mother's entreaties

and threats, her saddened life with the man she was unable to love, and his tragic ending, with his love-call for her on his dying lips.

Loring Brent's silent diagnosis was that she needed the companionship of a loved one far greater than treatment, and he resolved to be that man. She was changed, with a grieved, haunted look in her great eyes; but he meant to drive it away and to warm her heart back to life and its happy throbs.

The finding of their intercepted letters in Mrs. Belgradin's desk, and the reading of them to each other in the ghostly library, was a strange sort of proposal, but it brought a play of soft lights into her eyes again and a hectic color to her cheeks.

After the interval of a year, Agnes Marshe quietly married Loring Brent, and five years of perfect companionship, with the giving and taking of little sacrifices, passed smoothly away. A worshipful baby girl was born to them, and at three



“AGNES!”

years became Doctor Brent's tyrant and overlord.

Agnes had learnt to look back on the past as a frightful dream—the Belgradin house had been sold, and no links, save memory, held her to its tragic history.

One day Doctor Brent drove up to the house with a guest in his auto, accompanied by a foreign-looking physician. The party were led into the doctor's study and were closeted there during a long consultation, at the conclusion of which the foreign physician left and the guest remained.

It was in the shaded light of the library that Agnes was introduced to M. De La Mer, and when her eyes met his and the familiar bulk loomed over her again, she could have screamed out in an agony of apprehension. If this French acting and French appearing gentleman were not Geoffrey Marshe, it was a most striking likeness.

And then, as her eyes clung to his and he did not appear to recognize her, her fears quieted, and she sat down to listen to the remarkable record of his case.

“I know nothing of my past life,” he began, “previous to my rescue by fishermen off the coast of France. My body was picked up on the deck of a sinking yacht, and, in a few hours, she dove under the waters, burying all means of identification.

“For years I lived among these simple people, until an artist visited our coast one summer and took an interest in my case. We became friends, and I accompanied him to Paris. While there, he showed me the sights, and, with a madman's luck back of me, I won a fabulous sum of money in a gambling-resort.

“My friend and I decided that I should consult a specialist—Doctor Loiseaux, who has just left us—and he, in turn, taking a deep interest in my singular case, decided to consult

the famous Doctor Brent. So here I am, your guest, with only a scar on my head and five years in a fishing-village to show for my forty-odd years."

The strange recital came to an end, and Agnes sat, drawn, tense, locked in the burning prison of her emotions.

"God pity me! My husband! I am lost—mercy—mercy——"

The broken, unheard words forced themselves from her torn heart.

The conviction had slowly dawned upon Agnes that this man before her was no other than her husband, Geoffrey Marshe. His hair had grizzled somewhat; the sea had leathered his cheeks; his accent and gestures were somewhat changed—but the man, his story, his sprawling bulk, the flecks of ochre in his eye-balls, curiously like a great cat's—all this was Geoffrey Marshe.

Her eyes could never leave him now, this man who was to be operated upon in the morning, and when she measured the ruin it would spell for Loring Brent and the blasting of her own sweet life, she was tempted to beg "Monsieur of the Sea" to live on without tampering with fate and to forego an operation to restore his memory.

All thru the dull night she sat huddled, thinking this thing out. Should she leave Loring at once, or wait until Geoffrey Marshe recognized her? The result was inevitable, when once his memory should be restored, and she felt herself as shocking as a leper the way she had tangled these two strong men's lives.

And with the coming of dawn and a clinic nurse arriving from the hospital, she still sat helplessly in the coils of her indecision.

When the hour for the operation



AWAITING THE RESULT OF THE OPERATION

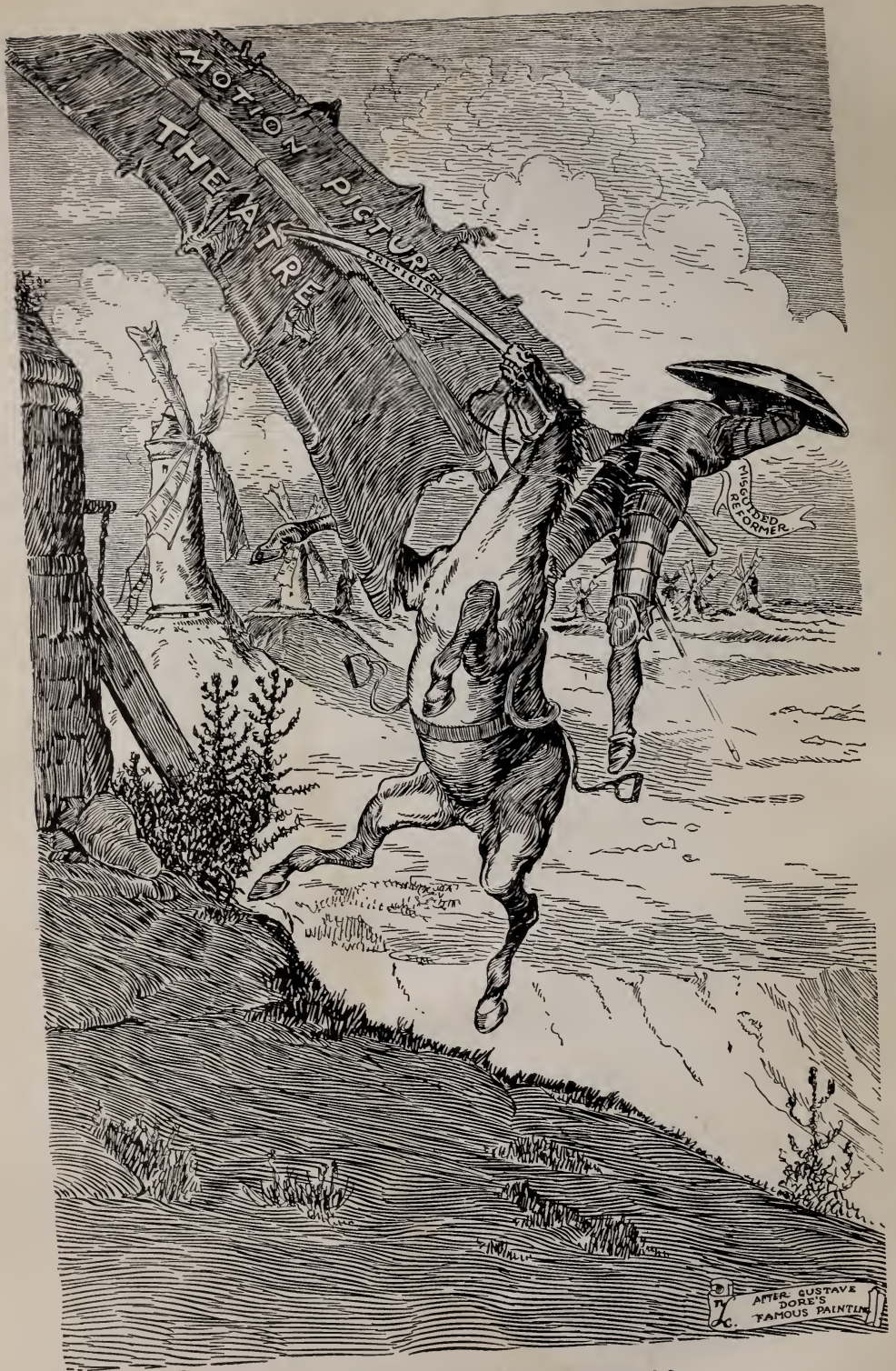
arrived, she could restrain herself no longer, but went below. It was deathly quiet behind the closed door of the operating-chamber, and she judged that an anæsthetic had been administered to M. De La Mer.

Ten minutes passed, a half-hour, and no sound came from within; then she heard the sound of a quick, low command from Doctor Brent, and the swift rustle of starched skirts.

There came a sharp creaking from the operating-table, as tho some strong man labored in agony, and then:

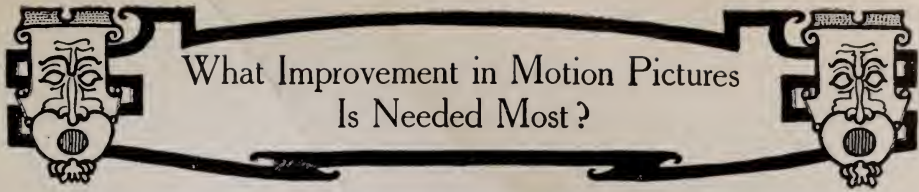
"Agnes!"

Her name came trumpeting in clear, piteous appeal from the sufferer. Then all was silent again. The tears sprang into her eyes as she knew he had passed away. His big heart had failed to survive the shock of taking up his past life where it had suddenly been cut off. And she knew that the call of "Agnes!" was stronger than life, as lasting as death—an everlasting sweet memory to treasure in her secret mind.



DON QUIXOTE AND THE WINDMILLS

Thinking it an enemy, the zealous knight-errant attacks a windmill, which disposes of him quite as decisively as would a warrior hold.



What Improvement in Motion Pictures Is Needed Most?

IN the December number we offered a prize of \$10 in gold for the best answer to this question, in 200 words or less. The contest is still open, and will remain open for another month. Many and diverse have been the answers received thus far, and some will, doubtless, prove exceedingly helpful to the persons engaged in various branches of the industry, while others contain nothing new and nothing that everybody does not know.

Mr. Harold Cram, of Burlington, Vt., says that the improvement most needed is "flickerless films and stereoscopic pictures," and a great many will agree with him, but where is the man who can tell how this is to be done?

Many readers declare that "attention to details" in the pictures is most important, and they cite numerous instances where slight mistakes have detracted from the interest taken in the picture. Quite a number object to "multiple-reel" subjects, among others Miss Rhoda Myers, of Charleroi, Pa., who says: "The people get tired of watching three-reel features, and they like a change." Mrs. W. C. Baynes, of South Boston, Va., is strong for the "elimination of so much hugging and kissing in the films," and not a few others agree with her. M. T. Gibson, of Brooklyn, holds a lance for "appropriate music for each photoplay," and he gives ludicrous instances of inappropriate music he has heard. Mr. George F. Gauding, a prominent exhibitor of Pittsburgh, speaks from a wide experience, and he maintains that the so-called "split-reel comedies" should be improved, either by having the second subject on the reel played by a different cast, or by making it a "scenic, educational or historic." Mr. Edward J. Browning objects most to "the way pictures are cut toward the end—the way they are shortened," and adds that just as we are getting interested, the picture ends. He will, doubtless, agree with that large number of critics who think that it is a mistake to assume that every reel must be precisely 1,000 feet in length, and who think that the film should end where the story ends, whether it make a 650-foot reel or a 1,050-foot reel—quality, not quantity. Frederick Piano, of Fishkill, N. Y., makes the following interesting comments:

In my opinion, the most needed and desirable improvement in the Motion Picture industry would be in the scope of the camera—a camera capable of throwing upon the screen a picture of twice the present proportions. I see no reason why the present width of film could not be increased to two inches, a type of camera constructed that would accommodate such a film, and a lens powerful enough properly to reflect the picture. With such a machine the beautiful productions that are now simply "attempted" would become possible; the characters, instead of being grouped within a nine-foot limit, could be spread out naturally and with some degree of artistic or dramatic arrangement. Characters moving about minus their legs or tops of heads, the necessity of constantly panoraming after them in order to keep them "in the picture," would be a thing of the past, and the artistic as well as a perfect development of the Motion Picture will have been reached.

Guy Haythorn, of Wichita, Kan., has something quite new to suggest:

I suggest that there is needed a "National Board of Educators," something on the order of the National Board of Censorship. This board should pass on all films dealing in any way with historical or scientific subjects, and guarantee that such films are accurate as to the presentation of the subjects dealt with. If the scene is laid in Queen Elizabeth's time, for instance, the board should certify that the costumes, all buildings and architecture, etc., are historically accurate, and that they give a correct idea of the manners and customs of that age. I have lately seen picture plays purporting to show scenes in the life of the cavemen, which certainly give a false idea of the

appearance of prehistoric man. I believe teachers and educators would welcome such a move as this.

Another improvement would be an increase in the size of the screen now used, so that very large scenes—a baseball game, or a three-ring circus, for instance—could be more accurately represented than is now possible.

Jean Sibley, of Birmingham, Ala., is evidently opposed to all forms of censorship, and argues as follows:

Answers to this question are numberless in the eyes of many people, but to all educated and broad-minded people the question of censorship comes first and foremost.

The industry of making Motion Pictures is just past infancy, and, like all other really great achievements, has had to stand ridicule and contempt from its rival, the legitimate stage, and from the general public. These obstacles have been overcome, for the photoplay has become one of the most popular amusements thruout the world, and, today, the stage and the Moving Pictures are engaged in a struggle for supremacy.

Immoral and risqué plays are produced, and every adverse criticism is only a boost to their popularity. With the Motion Pictures, such a thing is impossible, on account of the National Board of Censorship, whose duty it is to pass upon every film before it is released for exhibition. This brings up the question: "Is it fair for any kind of stage play to be produced unmolested, while the photoplay must be restricted to a tiny sphere of themes?"

The Moving Pictures are hampered because of censorship. The photoplaywright must keep his plot within certain narrow bounds, and the players of the silent drama are held so tightly by the chains of censorship that unless they are soon released the pictures will become too hackneyed and monotonous to sit thru.

The only solution to this problem is: Let the public be judge of whether the Moving Pictures should be so severely censored.

Curtis L. Anders, of Commerce, Tex., writes mostly of minor faults:

Too much importance is attached to keeping the actor's face toward the camera. The naturalness of the situation is often sacrificed on this account. For instance, the heroine is seated in a parlor; the hero enters; she poses contentedly, without turning her head, until he gets around where she can see him without turning her face away from the camera. The natural way would be to arise and greet the newcomer in the way that the situation demanded. The audience don't object to seeing the back of the head occasionally.

Another thing that looks ridiculous is where a couple is getting married, and the minister stands behind the contracting parties. Whoever saw a ceremony performed in this manner?

In "Westerns" I often see the cowboys carrying a pistol on the left hip in front. Who ever heard of a right-handed man carrying a pistol anywhere but on the right hip? In getting on a horse they catch the saddle-horn with the right hand. The proper way is to catch the saddle-horn with the left hand and the back of the saddle with the right.

I can make no suggestions in other departments, as I have had no chance to observe them.

A large number of readers contend that there are too many drinking-scenes in the plays, and too much display of liquor and firearms. There seems also to be a demand for the name of the scenario writer, on the screen, and also for casts of characters. Julia Brainard, of Oneonta, N. Y., says: "There is a psychological reason for the latter, because, when the public begin to know an actor as an individual and not as a part of a picture, they learn to look for that actor, and then going to the movies becomes a habit." Grover C. Johnson, of Syracuse, N. Y., suggests several improvements, among them "careless operation," which, he says, spoils many good plays, because the films are run too swiftly or too slowly. Hugo Tiefenbrum, of New York, objects most to "the wind blowing too much in indoor scenes," and Miss Lillian Donovan, of South Norwalk, Conn., suggests placing the casts on slides, which appears to be an excellent idea.

Space forbids quoting further from the many excellent letters received, but next month this department will be continued at length.



Musings of "The Photoplay Philosopher"

THOSE players who are contemplating playing the part of Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" would do well to study the character more than some of the celebrated actors have done.

The word "Shylock" does not generally appear in the dictionaries, yet it is a word in common use. It is a useful word, and there is none other that has just the same meaning. "Shylock" means more than "usurer," more than "miser," more than "loan shark." But when one stops to consider, the word should have quite another meaning than the one ascribed, for Shakespeare's famous character in "The Merchant of Venice" is not altogether the soulless, sordid wretch that is commonly believed. Portia, the fair lawyer, and her clients have received all our sympathy and admiration, while the rich Jew has received all our hatred and contempt; but when we come to analyze the evidence, we find that it should be almost the reverse.

The Portia party had borrowed money of Shylock, and they were seeking an excuse for not paying back the loan. They had rifled his strong-box, abducted his daughter, Jessica, stolen his beloved Leah's wedding ring, insulted him upon the public streets, spat upon his beard and upon his Jewish garments, ridiculed his race and religion, called him "cut-throat," "dog" and "cur," and had otherwise driven the rich old miser into a frenzy of hatred and despair. No wonder that he refused to accept the original loan, or twice the amount, after the borrowers were in default, and that he was cruel and relentless enough to insist upon the pound of flesh!

But in point of heartlessness, the fair lawyer was almost a match for the Jew. The original loan was for the use of Bassanio in winning Portia's hand in marriage. One would think that a woman's heart might have been touched by this fact, but Portia was acting as a lawyer, and lawyers sometimes forget sentiment and honor.

The result of the lawsuit was this: Not only did Shylock not get back the money that he had loaned, but he lost all the remainder of his riches. Driven to desperation, tormented beyond endurance, he was then ready to give up everything for revenge, in which respect he was quite human. No wonder that this ducat-loving creature should insist upon the penalty of the bond—the pound of flesh.

But the lawyers, of course, found a way to save their client. An old Blue Law was resurrected for the occasion, and not only was Shylock defeated in court, on a trivial technicality—which he ought to have been, since he demanded a life for a loan—but his whole estate was declared forfeited, one-half going to his debtor, and the other half to the state, which was a pretty big penalty, considering that he was demanding only what the bond called for.

While there is nothing lovable about this greedy gold-worshiper, there is much that is pitiful and much that is human. From the very

first, when he was cajoled and goaded into making the loan, to the end, when his disappointment and rage turned into a desire for the limit of lawful revenge, the poor Shylock is deserving of pity and sympathy, is he not? It is perhaps unfortunate for the Jewish race that Shakespeare made this notorious character a Jew. Had he created Shylock a Hottentot or a Yankee perhaps it would now seem just as appropriate, and perhaps we could realize that the Shylock characteristics are just as common in a Gentile as in a Jew.

And so, perhaps, it is just as well that the word "Shylock" has not yet found its way into the dictionaries, for the definition given would probably not be in conformity with the truth.

For nearly three thousand years the drama has been to the world one of its chiefest sources of entertainment, culture and education, and the Motion Picture is but an extension of the drama, endowed with new wings that are destined to soar to heights yet unknown to its older sister. We must not expect too much of the Motion Picture at this time. It is only a child—scarcely eighteen years old, but it will some day grow to be a man. It has, doubtless, possibilities not yet dreamed of, and it is significant to note that it was born at just about the time when the stage drama began to decay. The world is ever changing, and, as Amiel observes, it advances by the successive decay of gradually improved ideas.

"Circumstances? Why, I make circumstances," said Napoleon. He also made opportunities. How many of us can do that? We wait for opportunity when we might be making it. Weeds grow of their own accord, but crops must be planted. They say that Opportunity knocks once at every man's door. And it usually finds him Not at Home. It knocks and finds that that is just what he is doing. So it departs. If we can't make opportunity, we can at least be ready for her when she comes.

Enthusiasm without knowledge is like a ship without a rudder; knowledge without enthusiasm is like a ship in a calm. The course of the first is to the port of Unsafety; the course of the second is to the port of Nowhere.

One of the greatest improvements in Motion Pictures that will probably come in the near future is some system that will regulate and unify the interests of the four great forces in the business, namely: the manufacturer, the exchange, the exhibitor and the public. The public should be and will be the "court of last resort" some day, but under present arrangements they do not have much to say. At present the manufacturer produces whatever he wishes; the exchanges are compelled to accept it; the exhibitor to exhibit it, and the public to view it, be it good or bad. It is true that the long-dissatisfied exhibitor may, in time, become disgusted and secure service from some other exchange, and that the public may, at times, transfer their attendance to another theater in search of better pictures, but both the exhibitor and the public often jump from the frying-pan into the fire thereby, and then have to jump back again. The public are the proper censors of films, and a system should be devised whereby they may easily and freely make their wants known to the exhibitor, and whereby the exhibitor may secure from the



MUSINGS OF THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER

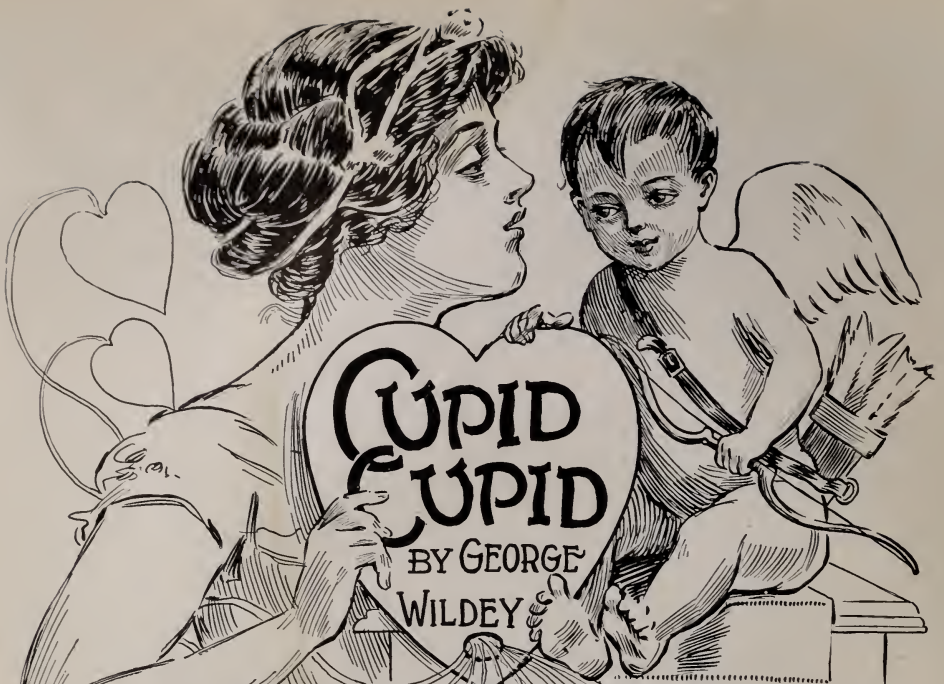
exchanges just what their patrons want, and whereby the exchanges can secure the same from the manufacturers. Abroad, the exhibitor has the absolute right of selection. The different films are shown to him, and he orders what he pleases. Here, he is often compelled to accept what the exchange man gives him. And when the public enter a theater, they rarely know what pictures are to be exhibited, nor have they had any opportunity to make selection. It is clear that this is an important defect in the present system, and it is also clear that it cannot and will not last long.

Rev. Dr. James Donohue, of St. Thomas Aquinas Church, Brooklyn, had long wanted to build a parochial school on the large vacant lot adjoining his church, but he knew not how to raise the necessary money until last summer, when a bright thought came to him. He arranged his field into an airdrome, with 1,000 seats and a Motion Picture equipment, engaged five choice films for each day, got members of his church to act as ticket-sellers and ushers; put up a sign that the public could there see the best show in Brooklyn for only five cents, installed a baby carriage garage in one corner, and then the nickels began to come in. Dr. Donohue says that a fine, new, large parochial school is now assured, and that it will not cost his church a penny. All of which shows that the church and Motion Pictures need not be enemies, and that they can actually be partners.

When the Motion Picture was seen to have taken permanent hold of the public, and that it was destined to rival, if not outshine the stage and many other forms of amusement, the preachers, reformers, public officials and various busybodies began to take notice. It was found that children would stay away from school and Sunday-school in order to attend the picture shows, and this fact was largely instrumental, and still is, in creating considerable antagonism to the new amusement. And let me say right here that every great thought or idea introduced into the world always raises storm, stress, dissent and protest, and that the man who fathers it becomes the victim. It was so from the beginning of history. Socrates was made to drink the fatal hemlock; Jesus was crucified; Galileo was made to recant under penalty of death; Caesar was assassinated; Joan of Arc was burned at the stake; a price was set on the head of Cromwell; Copernicus was condemned; Columbus was put in chains and died in poverty and disgrace; Napoleon was sent to St. Helena; Lincoln was assassinated, and we have just buried here a man who devoted his life to the public good, but who has been abused and misrepresented all his life, and perhaps sent to a premature grave by the ingratitude of those whom he had opposed. And so Motion Pictures have not been without their enemies, and I doubt not that if any one man was thought to be wholly responsible for them, he would have suffered the consequences of his genius. It is not healthy to advocate anything radical or revolutionary, and Motion Pictures are certainly revolutionary.

The clergy was and is largely opposed to Motion Pictures because they took people away from divine worship, but this seems to me to be shallow argument. What were the Dark Ages but a thousand-year panic, from 300 to 1300 A. D., which was caused by the effort to make people good by force?





Cupid, Cupid, listen, boy
To the words my heart has perched,
Warm with lover's hope and joy,
Thinking thus my doubts to end:
Just a tender love-spur line
To my chosen Valentine.

Cupid, Cupid, bend your ear,
I would speak in whispers low,
Lest some rival lurking near
Should my secret come to know:
None I'd trust but you, my friend,
With the message I would send.

Cupid, Cupid, hark to that!
In affairs that touch the heart
Long you've undisputed sat
Master of your subtle art—
What say you, sir, will my plea
Win my Valentine for me?

Cupid, Cupid, draw your bow,
Haste with winged feet unseen
To the nearest picture show,
Find my hero of the screen—
Shoot, with fell, unerring dart
Love's sweet message through his heart!

CHAT WITH THE PLAYERS

MARY FULLER, OF THE EDISON COMPANY

I didn't have a very promising beginning, for Miss Fuller's first remark, after greetings were over and she came into the living-room, was: "I just *hate* interviews," so my confidence departed immediately, and the clever list of questions I had in mind also vanished. However, Miss Fuller followed her words with a brilliant smile, which restored my courage, and as she seated herself she said, "Now, I suppose you want to know my opinion of woman suffrage—all re- porters ask that the first subject enough to give tending in it and think it but haven't had time touches the finances. estent to vote, and allowed to do it. were given the

"No, I will not born, nor when. that, too, but (in that that ought not looks very young) ter now, in ten years or to reckon up and say, so old at that time.' No, you know, so I'll not

"Well, then, here is porters always ask, crets of beauty?' Surely answering that?"

"Oh, but I haven't any," ler, looking at the time ever. "Let me see—I am not beautiful. It cause beautiful women contained, and I am so much fire that I But, between you in my prayers be beautiful. It but I am afraid come so."

Speaking she said: "I my own pic- designing of and select self. When- ideas they for expression. make some of myself, altho is done somewhat as a scene-painter goes at his work. I made the gown I have on, every bit of it, and it is really very pretty (naïvely), were it not wrinkled from packing."

She writes many of her own scenarios, for some of which special scenery has been painted. She is perhaps best known to people all over the world, however, by the "What Happened to Mary" pictures, and the last series, "Who Will Marry Mary?" have also been finished. While in Maine last summer Miss Fuller wrote a pretty little forest romance, "Eve's Father," made her costumes for the part, and selected the scenes.

This winter she is located in the Bronx studio in New York. She lives alone, her mother having a home in Washington, D. C. She said, with a regretful look in her beautiful dark eyes: "I am beginning to feel lonely—I dont know what it is—I am



Well, I haven't studied a good opinion; I am inter- is a big problem of the day, to go into it, except as it I think if women are com- want to, they should be I, too, would vote if I privilege."

tell you where I was They always ask me reply to my interruption to bother her, for she while it wouldn't mat- more people will begin 'Let's see—she was so and my dear, I might mind then, tell."

another question that re- 'What are your se- you will not mind

said Miss Ful- prettier than wonder why I must be be- are very self- not; I give out lose energy. and me, I ask every night to is a great asset, I will never be-

of her work, like to produce tures, do the the costumes the prints my- ever I have simply clamor I like to my costumes my sewing

unsatisfied. When I am working very hard I am satisfied, but I have never really had a home, and at times I feel, oh, so lonely. Lately it has been worse than usual, and I don't know why."

Just as I was about to suggest, unsympathetically, that she must surely be in love, she said, with an impish look: "Oh, have I told you about Wilfred? He is the dearest thing, and I am so much in love, really." As she saw the triumphant expression in my eyes she laughed roguishly, and said: "Wilfred is a pig—the dearest, cleanest, little white pig. He was given to me in Searsport, and I have had a little harness made for him. I know you would love Wilfred."

I thought to myself "Pigs is pigs," I fear, and are not just the thing for parlor pets, but I refrained from suggesting it.

Miss Fuller was sent abroad last year, and is always being called upon to do hazardous things, but while at first rather nerve-racking, she now takes them as a matter of course, and is ready for whatever comes up in the day's work. She has played in more than five hundred rôles, and is now one of the best-known and loved of the Motion Picture actresses.

She has boundless ambition, and wants to do big things. "I want to do character studies," she said; "people who have been formed by circumstances, either good or bad, I don't care, but some definite personalities. I want to play queens and other great people. I even aspire to Richard the Third and Hamlet, and characters of that kind."

Aside from her work, Miss Fuller enjoys riding, swimming and motoring. She is very attractive, with big brown eyes, soft brown hair, perfect teeth and a delightfully straight nose. It is a pity that her voice cannot be heard on the screen, for it is beautiful, with the clearest enunciation. She has a magnetic and charming personality, and a fun-loving disposition, altho a bit melancholy at times.

"The interview hasn't been at all bad," she said, on leaving. "You know, I hate facts, and would much rather have fancy, so say anything nice that you can think of, and oh, please do say that I thank every one for the interest they have shown in my pictures, and that I want to do things to please all and make them happy."

HELEN BATCHELDER SHUTE.



EARLE METCALFE (LUBIN)

"EARLE METCALFE? 'Met' was here a moment ago. There he is—that tallish fellow over there with the brown hair and blue eyes in the Mexican rig."

I crossed the studio with some trepidation, wondering whether the huge sombrero, the ornamental dagger, and fierce black mustache of my subject were outward and visible indications of inward characteristics, or merely all in the day's work. A warm British handclasp reassured me at once.

"You've come to interview me? Why, I'm just an ordinary sort of chap, you know," he protested, as I stated my errand. "Now, Henry Walthall, or Arthur Johnson, or Courtenay Foote—those fellows are photostars, and great ones at that—but I'm not even a meteor."

"That will look very nice and modest in print, Mr. Metcalfe," said I, "but, you see, the public has sent me, and there's no help for you, so you may as well throw down your secrets, hand over your theories, surrender your views and ambitions. To begin eugenically, you are English, aren't you? and how old—approximately?"

"Abergavenny, Wales, 1888,"



he replied; "figure it up for yourself. But I must be getting on in years. I've been on the 'legit' for twelve years, with Stella Hammerstein, Zella Sears, and various stocks; with Lubin more than a year, and before that, back in the pre-glacial period somewhere, I went to the University of Cincinnati & Ohio Law College. Yes, I'm strong for the photoplay—gives so much scope for my character work specialty. When the lurid 'melos' and slap-stick comedies are cut out, the Motion Picture screen is going to be a rival of the stage, I tell you. No, it won't interfere with it, but it will be a worthy parallel branch of art."

"It will be a relief to Belasco," said I, busily scribbling, "to hear you say this. What are some of your favorite characters on the screen, please?"

He considered. "Well," said he, apologetically, "having played in a thousand stage dramas and seventy-five photoplays, it's a bit hard to choose, you know. However, I should say on a chance my work in 'Her Husband's Picture,' 'His Conscience' and 'The Wine of Madness' pleased me best. I'm—well, I'm keen on photoplays, anyhow. Like to spend my free time watching them. 'The Manger to the Cross' was a splendid film—did you see it?—and 'The Mothering Heart.' Sometimes I think I'd like to take a shot at writing one if necessary. Oh, yes, I *do* write a bit—stories and articles mostly."

He was getting visibly uneasy at the personal equation. With masterly tact I turned the subject.

"What are your fads and amusements, Mr. Metcalfe? Politics, eh?"

"No," he laughed, "I'm no fan. Lloyd-George is my political ideal, and, of course, being an Englishman, you can guess my views on woman suffrage. Boss rule seems to control the elections, and I'm afraid I don't appreciate the honor and opportunity of my own vote sufficiently." "Well, then, sports?" I interrupted.

"Oh, *there!*" he beamed. "First off—motoring. What make is my car? Hist! At present I fare forth on a motorcycle mostly, or help my friends burn gasoline. Then next comes farming, and lastly, reading."

"Reading is surely a strenuous sport," agreed I, "in these days of heart confessions and problem tales."

"Oh, I don't read any of that rot, you know," scorned Mr. Metcalfe. "Kipling, Poe, Gilbert Parker, Emerson—the Rubaiyat, 'Quo Vadis?'—these are my jewels! I cut the pages that have articles on astrology, literature and the drama, but I skip the sentimental, sob stuff. I'm interested in spiritualism and telepathy, for, by Jove! old Hamlet was right when he said there were more things in heaven and earth than one dreams of, but don't ask me for theories. I've too many to print, and, besides, no one wants to hear another chap's theories—he's too much interested in telling his own!"

"Just one, then," said I: "Is life worth while?"

"Heavens, yes!" smiled Mr. Metcalfe. "If it weren't, I wouldn't hang around the earth a minute. But that's not theory. That's just common sense!"

"Then," I hinted, "you either are married, or you aren't!"

"Right you are," agreed "Met." "Guess!"

D. D. C.



WHEN EARLE METCALFE APPEARED IN THAT THRILLING MOTORCYCLE SCENE

WALLACE REID, OF THE UNIVERSAL COMPANY

I PRESENTED myself at the Universal studios, in fear and trembling, not frightened nor perturbed, but just plain "scairt." But I needn't have been, for he was very nice indeed. He told me the sad, sad story of his life, and here it is, just as it was told to me.

"I was born in St. Louis" (must be a great town, judging by the many distinguished photoplayers who claim it as their home) "and attended the Peabody School there until I was about seven. My family then moved to New York, and my prep school was the New Jersey Military Academy, at Freehold, but I finished at one of the smaller Eastern schools in Pennsylvania.

"In 1909 I left home did several kinds of him as a hotel fortune of the winter, either?), winter of 1909 I for a while on the *Morning Star*. I the stage with my "The Girl and the with him on sev- from his own pen," with pride as he famous father, for affection between is as rare as it is speaks of the to Wallace Reid the world, and that tinue with our story—

"In May of 1910 with the Selig Company the camera and begin- rios. In November I and took an assistant *Motor Magazine*, but the (1911) the call of the picture strong, and I left *Motor*, engagement with the Company, which lasted After that I joined with whom I played Then, as director, assistant, and came to California versal Company. I wrote and the 'Flying A' pany produc- left them in turn to the Company. I directing and playing leads in my own stories for the Nestor brand of Universal."

He seems to have been a bit of a rolling stone since May, 1910, but then, I suppose it's a wise stone that knows when to roll, and this particular stone seems to have gathered quite a bit of moss.

"What are your favorite parts, Mr. Reid?" was my next question, as I poised an expectant pencil.

His reply came promptly. Evidently he makes up his mind rapidly.

"'The Tribal Law,' 'Before the White Man Came,' 'The Animal' and 'The Cracksman.' My hobby? 'Motoring,' enthusiastically; "and it keeps me broke," he added, with a sigh that seemed reminiscent of the high cost of gasoline and of past expensive mishaps that seem made only to break the spirit—and pocketbook—of the average motorist.

He says he doesn't remember having ever done anything remarkable enough to get him into public print, and being a supposedly well-raised young person, I had to take his word.

As to his appearance, he has light-brown hair, and he says himself that his eyes are a brown and blue mixture. I also have his word for it that he is six feet two in height and that he weighs one hundred and ninety-two pounds.



and went to Cody, Wyo., where I work—hotel (cant you imagine clerk? Wouldn't he make the average summer hotel, or ranch and survey. In the came back East, and was city staff of the Newark left the *Star* to go on father, Hal Reid, in Ranger,' and I worked eral other productions and his fine eyes glowed spoke of his gifted and there is a close bond of this father and son that beautiful. When the son father, it is easy to see that there is only one father in is Hal Reid. But to con-

I started into pictures in Chicago, learning ning to write scena- returned East editorship with following May game grew to accepting an Vitagraph eleven months. the Reliance, four months. Otis Turner's leading man, I with the Uni- Last winter directed all of second com- tions, but I April to re- Universal am now di-

Finally, just as I was leaving, I managed to screw my courage to the sticking point and present a bold question.

"Married?" he returned, and as we were standing, his six feet two looked down upon my five feet four and a half (I insist upon the half), and grinned quizzically. "Now, honest, Miss Gaddis, do I look like a dignified married man?"

"You do not," I returned promptly. And he doesn't. But you'll have to decide that momentous question yourself. Personally, I believe he is heart-whole and fancy-free, but you fall in love with him at your own peril, for, mind you, girls, I vouch for nothing.

PEARL GADDIS.



EVELYN SELBIE, OF THE WESTERN ESSANAY COMPANY



THERE glided across the spacious vasts of the stage a siim figure. From out the shadowy depths of the interior, it crossed into the sunlit portion of the boards and seemed to be making a bee-line for your interviewer. The figure was that of an Indian squaw, and, fearing vengeance of some kind, I at first was strongly inclined to run. But no; a second look convinced me that there was more to admire than to fear. This was no frenzied red woman seeking to claw furrows in a paleface. For all her leathers and paint, I recognized the kindly eyes and reposeful grace of none other than Evelyn Selbie, known to all the countless admirers of the Essanay Western films and destined to add to her screen devotees for a long time to come. As she came up, I marveled at the care and faithfulness displayed in her make-up. It was typical of her, for no more conscientious woman than Miss Selbie can be found in any studio. The squaw carried a box of candy and munched the contents with zest and appreciation.

"I didn't know the Indian ladies were fond of candy," I ventured.

"That they are," she retorted, "and fire-water, too." I was shocked. She laughed. No squaw could do it as she did, and with an effort to forget the remarkable effect of her make-up, I told her my designs, and with a readiness and volubility not at all characteristic of the red people, she readily recited the inevitable history of her past. Not that Miss Selbie has an awful lot of past. Her future is the

thing. Nevertheless, she is an interesting talker—so much so she shall do it for herself:

"I want to tell you that I love California," she began. "I dont mean that in any Pickwickian or daily newspaper sense, either. I really and actually mean it. There are lots of people who say the same thing and then go and live somewhere else and say it again of the new place. With them, it's parrot talk. With me, it's the sober, solemn truth. I love California so well that I have built me a home here—a cozy, snug retreat that sits at rest between the mountains and the sea, and where my heart and all my possessions are."

"Do you love California because you have a home of your own here, or have you built a home because you love California?" I ventured to ask.

"You've got it. I've looked all my working life for a spot that's ideal. I found it here, and nothing on earth can induce me to live anywhere else. No native daughter can sing the praises of this State more sincerely or eloquently than I do."

"Yes," she mused, "I was born in Kentucky. It was there I learnt to love horses. We rode side-saddle there, of course. We should have shocked folk any other way. But I soon got on to the Western stride, and now I'm as much at home up in these wild canyon dashes as I am before the great, open, cobblestone fireplace that I built in my house with my own hands. Oh, yes, I had good training at all these athletic

(Continued on page 150)

THE NEWSIE'S REPLY

BY OSCAR H. ROESNER

No, mister, I cant keep dis dime
An' take me brudder to de show ;
I likes fer him to have a time,
But when it comes to pictures—no!
Oh, sure, I t'inks 'e Movies grand,
An' I describes dem all to him ;
He's awful quick to understand—
No other kid's as smart as Jim.

He knows de views from far an' wide,
'Cause I has told him all I've seen,
Yet he aint ever been inside
To see de pictures on de screen.
Now I aint fakin', dont cher know—
I t'anks yer, mister, you're so kind,
But 'taint no use fer him to go—
Me little brudder Jim is blind.





A word to the wise! If the many, ardent friends of the popular players will make *BREVITY* their slogan, they will be far more apt to find their contributions in print. One long verse means the exclusion of many short ones, and that is not justice—thus our plea! Outside of that, write us—often, and more often.

The following ambiguity is sent by "Phyllis." Does any one recognize the poetical portrait? Can any one help her out?

The man I love is tender, fond, and true,
 So noble 'tis no wonder I adore;
 I watch to see his coming every day—
 Each day he seems more perfect than before.
 His name? His name you urge? Now do not laugh—
 I cant find out—he plays for Biograph!

Sunshine after rain, and all that sort of thing, is the message William Russell conveys to R. L. H.:

When the world is clothed in shadows
 By the twilight's afterglow,
 'Tis the star's bright gleam that makes us dream
 Of the vanished long ago.
 When the day is made dark and dreary
 By the grayness of falling rain,
 'Tis the sun so bright with its welcome light
 That brings us cheer again.
 When our lives are o'ershadowed with sorrow,
 When our days are made long and sad,
 'Tis the great God above, with His lasting love,
 Who seeks us and makes us glad.
 And so, when I see William Russell,
 And crown him my Picture King,
 "I will make you glad when you're blue and sad,"
 Is the message he seems to bring.

Possimu Rachels, of Wellsburg, W. Va., sends us some clever verse, with an added merit of sound advice, entitled:

A GOOD BRACER.

When you're feeling sort o' lonely,
 Dont know what on earth to do,
 Tho your heart is lying pronely,
 I know what will pull you thru;
 Take a walk around the corner
 To a Motion Picture play,
 Then your looks as of a mourner
 Will like magic pass away.

See those cowboys riding swiftly—
 Miss Ruth Roland, on her steed,
 Rides like boats on water gliding,
 While her pony runs full speed.
 Broncho Billy, always handy,
 With his strength and manly grace;
 You will say he's a "Jim dandy"—
 No one else could take his place.



Then, again, we get a sermon
 From the shadows on the sheet;
 Shows the grafter, while he's squirmin'
 From the man he tries to beat.
 After that, comes something funny—
 Makes us wade right in the game;
 One good look at Johnnie Bunny
 Puts the mind in happy frame.

Where could you be as contented
 For the paltry sum you pay?
 Purse would scarcely be indented
 Should you go 'most every day.
 Talk about a timely chaser
 Of the feeling called the "blues,"
 Photoplay means "blues" eraser—
 Hurry up—put on your shoes!

Evident sincerity of feeling for Crane Wilbur:

The fans complain
 That to our Crane
 We ne'er compose a rhyme;
 But let me say
 We'd tune a lay
 If we but had the time.

For he, of them all,
 Dark-eyed and tall,
 Is the one whom we all adore;
 For he is the best,
 He'll stand every test,
 We love him each day more and more.

From one who certainly does.

New York City.

MISS CHARLOTTE STERNBERG.

"Please print this verse to the sweetest girl in the whole world—Miss Anita Stuart." That speaks for itself, doesn't it? And the verse itself:

There's no girl in the country—there's no girl in the town—
 Quite as chic as Anita in a fetching evening-gown.
 Anita is a beauty—there's no denying that—
 E'en tho she wear a ragged gown and old straw hat.
 And I feel that I could love her with devotion past compare—
 Gee! I'd like to hug her like a great big bear.
 Richmond, Va.

LILLA.

Miss Luella Howe loves Mary Pickford for a dozen different charms. She specifies as follows:

TO THE DEAREST ONE.



We love her for her charming ways,
We love her in the parts she plays,
We love the beauty of her face,
We love her smile—we love her grace,
We love her pretty curly hair,
We love her for her talent rare—
Ah, no one ever will compare
With darling "Little Mary."

Ruth M. Shelles, of Buffalo, N. Y., does homage to Alice Joyce, both poetically and artistically. Both verse and drawing do credit to their originator as well as to their inspiration:

TO ALICE JOYCE.



Alice Joyce, why are you so beautiful?
Who gave you that wonderful smile?
Who gave you the lovely charm and grace
That fascinates me the while?

Where did you get your glorious hair,
With color and wave so soft?
And where did you get that poise to your head
That seems to hold you aloft?

But what is the use of asking,
When I know from whence they came?
God gave you your talent and beauty,
That only you can claim.

Contrary to custom, this pun from the pen of D. L. Pearl, Conneaut, Ohio, is laudatory rather than satirical. We leave its solution to you:



I've seen Maude Adams play
"Lady Babbie" in a way
That I fondly thought was quite beyond compare;
But I'll change this first decision,
For I've lately found a reason
To believe Miss Adams' playing only fair.

On a Moving Picture screen
"Lady Babbie" sweet was seen,
Played by one whose praises I have often sung,
And her name I'll not disclose,
Tho' most everybody knows
Unless she marries she will always be quite "Young."



And this one to Warren Kerrigan:

Were I a little postal card,
I know what I would do—
I'd place a stamp upon my back,
And mail myself to you.

"What's in a name?" queries the authoress of the lines to "Our Mary"—"it's the sentiment that counts," she adds, in her request to withhold her name.

"OUR MARY."

I know a lass named Mary,	Of course you know my lady.
She is so sweet and true;	My Motion Picture Queen.
Because her name is Mary.	Is Mary Fuller—"Our Mary"—
I love that name—don't you?	The dearest on the screen.

F. Stowell, New London, Conn., raises the rousing cheer for Harry Myers, of the Lubin Company:



Here's to one whose acting
Fills many hearts with glee;
He's a shining star, and there's not his par
In the Lubin Company.

We love to watch his smiling face,
And catch his merry glances;
He's better than Bunny, with grimaces funny,
And one's very soul entrances.

His acting, clever and unsurpassed,
Is all that one's heart desires,
So smother all sneers, and give three cheers
For this champion—Harry Myers!

Louise Vaughn has succumbed to the charms of Carlyle Blackwell, and thus publicly declares it:

I've always been a bachelor maid, Quite heart-whole and quite free, For never have I met a man Who really pleased me.	But I have seen a face and form— They've made of me a slave; Sometimes he is a lover bold, Sometimes a hero brave.
--	---

I could not love a man who's fat, (Apologies, Mr. Bunny), And yet—alas! the old men Are the only men with money.	I think that I am destined To fall in love, it seems, With handsome Carlyle Blackwell, The ideal of my dreams.
---	---

Ethel Clayton has inspired a moral exaltation in Ray C. Warth, of Salinas, Cal.:



Here's to the best little girl in the game—
Miss Ethel Clayton, that's her name;
Sometimes her wistful eyes give sadness,
Then, with her laugh, she gives you gladness.

Here's to the one with the winning hand,
The one who reigns o'er the breadth of the land;
She plays all parts, and plays them well—
She's the dream-lady of the Silver Bell.

She makes you want to be a man,
Face your troubles like "Fightin' Dan,"
Fear your God, and fight old Satan—
So, once more, here's to Ethel Clayton!



Motion Pictures in England

By CHARLES R. DORAN

IN no country in Europe was the Moving Picture so slow in getting a footing in public favor, so to speak, as in England. Why? Because, first, the Britisher, unlike his Continental brothers, the German and the French, does not readily take to new things. He is neither curious nor usually easily interested in novelties; and second, he is more of a home-lover than they, and, his daily toil once over, he hastens to his room and passes the evening either reading or playing some game. On this account, for some time after the Cinematograph became popular as a form of entertainment, the manufacturers of films, then mainly in France and Germany, hesitated about establishing branches in England. They even looked with apprehension upon opening agencies, and, for some months after the movies finally won a place in the English amusement world, the Britisher, on this account, saw very few films the scenes of which were laid upon British soil. But conditions have changed, and today England has caught the fever, and the Moving Picture palace, as it is styled on the other side of the water, figures amazingly in the way of an entertainment for the Englishman. England today counts her Moving Picture theaters by the thousand—one authority estimates the number thruout the British Isles at three thousand—and this number is said to be increasing at the rate of many hundreds a year. The number of persons deriving a livelihood from the Moving Picture industry in England is upward of one hundred thousand.

London boasts of nearly a thousand Moving Picture theaters, of seventy-five thousand persons earning a living in the business and an attendance weekly of five hundred thousand. The great British capital claims, too, to have one hundred and fifty firms engaged in the manufacture of films, projectors and accessories to the Moving Picture. In addition to this large number of establishments, whose sole revenue is derived from its trade in films, the making of photoplays, there are a dozen or more printing and lithographing houses solely engaged in the work of getting out tickets, lithographs, et cetera, for the picture theater trade, and several large chair manufacturers, whose business is the sale and rental of chairs to the Cinematograph concerns. The seating capacity of London's picture theaters is two hundred thousand.

The prices in the theaters presenting only photoplays, or the Moving Picture, range from six cents to twelve cents—American money. They have no uniform price of five or ten cents, as we have in the United States. The theaters are not, as a rule, very large, altho London has several theaters catering to this class of trade that seat two thousand five hundred persons. The average size is five hundred seating capacity. There are also what are known as the "Midget" theaters, where one finds seldom over three hundred seats. London Moving Picture theaters have usually two changes of film weekly. There is no Board of Censors, but the police are empowered to stop the presentation upon the screen of anything deemed by them of

a hurtful nature—meaning, by this, anything suggestive, questionable or of a too blood-curdling nature to be seen by the youth. England seeks to guard her youth, and a photoplay that would tend to give the young mind a fiery, overdrawn view of any phase of life, especially the criminal, is not looked upon with favor.

The films are, for the most part, such as one sees in the American Moving Picture theater: quite a lot of the Wild West, the fast and daring riding of cowboys, the Indian war-dance and the redskins' attack upon the white argonauts, and scenes of life on the plains. The French trick film, wonderful bits of picture legerdemain, are, too, much in favor in the English movies. Travel and historical films being praised by pulpit and religious press, the British picture theater often presents much of this matter, the better class theaters as often as two films to an entertainment. England, as a country, spends more money upon her movies than France, yet the London Cinematograph theaters do not reap the great harvest that they do in Paris. London spends, it is authentically estimated, about four million dollars annually on her Moving Picture palaces, while her gay sister, Paris, spends nearly a quarter of a million dollars more every year, and yet London exceeds the French capital in population by nearly two and a half million people. The London Moving Picture shows estimate two visits a week from what they style "the film fiend"; in other words, the devotee of this class of entertainment in London goes twice a week to such a show.

Most of the Moving Picture theaters are open Sundays in London, but as the greater number give free entertainments upon this day or receive a small remuneration from the city for entertaining its poor—very few but those unable to pay patronizing the movies on Sunday—the Sunday opening proposition is not a very profitable affair. Many of the better class theaters of the kind do not open their doors on the Sabbath, and not a few

on this account get thruout the week the patronage of the better class theatergoer, who cheerfully pays his sixpence (twelve cents) for an hour's show. The London Moving Picture theater seeks to give an hour's entertainment, usually presenting four reels. The movies, however, in England are not, and never will be, in favor with such a great army of amusement-seekers as in the United States, and the reasons—and there are several reasons for it—are the failure of the Britisher to have a uniform price, and that price a very small one, for all his picture theaters—such as the ten-cent rate so universal thruout the United States; the fact that the Englishman is not so much on the street after his daily toil is over as his American brother—he goes home after work and seldom ventures out again unless obliged to do so; the lack of interest in the English mind for other than the real or, as we call it on this side, the legitimate play.

A Londoner, even of the lower class, would rather climb up into the gallery of a playhouse, sit on a hard bench thruout a two-hour production of a Dickens or Thackeray play—even a Shakespearian drama by an inferior company—for which he must pay three times as much as the price of admission to a Moving Picture show, than go a half-dozen times to a really good Cinematograph theater. He would, too, prefer, if he is inclined at all toward the Moving Picture play, to see one performance a week at a shilling playhouse than four times as many at a fourpenny house. And despite all these facts, the Moving Picture show is making marvelous strides onward in England. The staid, stoical old Britisher, slow to take to the thing new and always reluctant to depart from the thing old, is becoming a Moving Picture theatergoer, and everywhere thruout the British Isles today, even in towns of a few thousand, the "Picture Palace" is claiming the people's attention, and their pennies as well. A new nightly diversion has settled down over the Isles.



Getting the Right Stride

By RAYMOND L. SCHROCK



EVER since the Motion Picture has come into its own as one of the most popular forms of entertainment, there has been a steady development along each phase of its growth and the great slogan has been "Improve."

Inventors and men of note have given their thoughts to the vast improvement along every line, that is noticeable today, until now we can say that it is no longer in its infancy, but a half-grown child, anxiously awaiting the work of the world to guide it in its future destiny.

At first, when the film stock was imperfect and did not show the pictures plainly under conditions of all sorts, men went about to remedy this, and as a result we have film *par excellence*.

When the plays presented no longer pleased, the men sought to find the reason, and it was discovered that the people were not illiterate and entertained by rough stuff, but that they were very intelligent and appreciated real dramatic works. Again the fault was remedied, and a demand for good stories started.

Thus it has been in each phase. Whenever a defect was discovered, it was studied and remedied.

Today, the class of pictures shown is of a very high standard, and for this reason fully three-fourths of our citizens attend the Moving Picture theaters nightly for entertainment. But with the literary improvement has come a call for even better plays, plays that will cause people to think and that will not be forgotten immediately upon leaving the theater.

The single-reel play is giving way before the much better production of two and three and four and five reel plays, where complete stories can be enjoyed to their depths as easily, and be better appreciated than a novel.

This means everything in filmdom

—finer and more sustained acting, stronger plots, intimate detail, and the characterization of part that a good actor loves to enthuse into his rôle, be he a blind beggar, in mimicry, or a king.

It is true that lots of good plays can be told in one reel and produced so as to be wondrously successful and entertaining, but this class corresponds with our short story of today, and, while very good and of literary value, yet they do not appeal to the average reader like a well-developed novel, that could be adapted for three or four reels of exciting action.

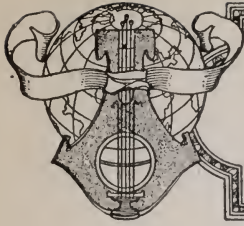
It is satisfying to see how quickly the various film companies get the right stride as soon as it is measured for them; and the fact that most of them have hearkened to the call for two-reel plays regularly, gives promise that the Motion Picture will advance to a very high reputation in the next six months.

How good it sounded when the Motion Picture publications announced that the Kalem Company would regularly release a two-reel play on each Monday, that the Vitagraph Company of America would, also, on every Saturday, the Edison Company on Friday, the Lubin Manufacturing Company on Thursday, the Selig Polyscope Company on Monday, the Essanay Manufacturing Company on Friday, and the Pathé Company on Friday. It sounded almost too good to be true, yet such was the case, and too much credit cannot be given them for the great deed they have done.

It is left for the future to tell what developments will be made along the lines of these splendid releases; but right now let it be said that these companies, always first in getting the best there is, have fallen into the right stride toward perfection.



“ABSENCE MAKETH THE HEART GROW FONDER”



What They Were Doing a Few Years Ago

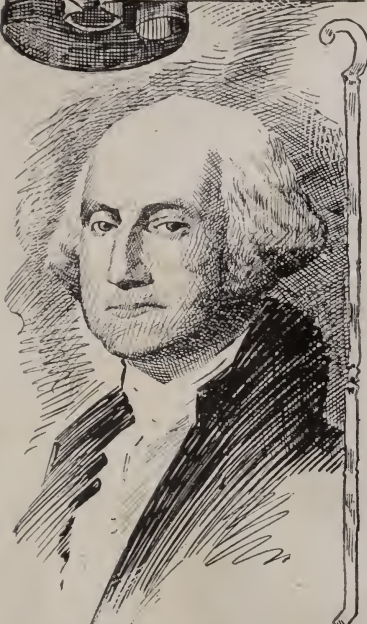
By LESTER SWEYD



Francis Carlyle was Forsythe Denleigh with William Gillette in "Clarice," in 1906.
Eleanor Caines was Nan Meadows in "A Girl of the Street," in 1904.
Peter Lang was with James K. Hackett in 1904, playing as Col. William Carlos in "The Fortunes of a King."
Irving White was, in 1904, playing in "The Road to Ruin" as Frank Kennedy.
Romaine Fielding was the villain in "The Mysterious Burglar," in 1908.
Arthur V. Johnson played, in 1907, with James J. Corbett in "The Burglar and the Lady," appearing as Sherlock Holmes.
Robert Drouet was leading man with Clara Bloodgood's "The Girl with Green Eyes," in 1903.
Lottie Briscoe was the ingénue with Albee Stock in Pawtucket, in 1907.
Edna Payne was playing small parts with Payton Stock in Brooklyn, in 1907.
Edwin Carewe was playing, in 1907, with Chauncey Olcott's "O'Neil of Derry," playing the part of Laurence Desmond.
Howard Mitchell was Robert Darney in "Hearts Adrift," in 1905.
King Baggot was acting as the villain, Vincent Gaunt, in "More to Be Pitied Than Scorned," in 1904, and later was Bob Sherwood in "Queen of the Highway," in 1905.
Marion Leonard was Marion De Montford with Howard Hall in "The Man Who Dared," in 1903, and in 1907 the heroine with Joseph Santley in "Billy the Kid."
Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber both appeared in "Why Girls Leave Home," in 1904, appearing as police captain and Sadie Dillick.
Darwin Karr was the hero in "In the Nick of Time," in 1908, and later played the hero in "The Girl and the Gambler."
Wilfred Lucas was Dan Mallory with Rose Stahl in "The Chorus Lady," in 1908.
Harry Benham (Thanhouser) was Lem Harvey in "Peggy from Paris," in 1904.
Marguerite Snow (Thanhouser) was Elsa Berg in "The Devil," in 1908, playing at the Garden Theater, New York City.
Edwin August (Powers), in 1907, was Sam Warren in "Shore Acres."
Ford Sterling (Keystone) was Dr. Tether with Frank Keenan in "The System of Mr. Tarr," in 1904.
Charles Arling (Pathé) was, in 1906, Norrian in "The Tourist."
In 1907, Crane Wilbur (Pathé) was the hero in "Across the Pacific."
In 1904, Albert McGovern was Wm. Drayton in "At Old Point Comfort."
Hobart Bosworth, in 1903, was playing Loveberg with Mrs. Fiske in "Hedda Gabler."
Adele Lane was the heroine in "The Mysterious Burglar," in 1908, and, in 1905, was Jonquil in "Sky Farm."
Hardee Kirkland was Ivan Cassini in "A Prisoner of War," in 1905.
Eugenie Besserer, in 1905, was Kate Loffer in "A Desperate Chance."
Robert Vignola was playing in "Oliver Twist," at American Theater Stock, in 1903, playing the part of "The Man."
Guy Coombs supported Jacob Adler in the English version of "The Merchant of Venice" as Lorenzo, in 1903.
Helen Lundroth played, in 1903, as Julia Bond in "The Wrong Mr. Wright."
Carlyle Blackwell appeared as a chorus man in "The Gay White Way," in 1908.
Irving Cummings in "In the Long Run," at the Comedy Theater, in 1909.
Virginia Westbrooke played, in 1905, as Alice Aiston in "Her Midnight Marriage."
Augustus Carney was playing with Andrew Mack in "Arrah-na-Pogue" as Oury Farrell, in 1907.
Brinsley Shaw was playing in "Military Mad" as General Van Ginzburg, in 1904; also, in 1906, he was the hero in Hal Reid's "A Millionaire's Revenge."
Martha Russell was leading lady of South Bend, Ind., Stock Company, in 1909.
Eleanor Blanchard was in vaudeville with Rose Stahl as Mrs. Westervelt, in 1905, and, in 1903, was Marquise De Quesnoy in "Du Barry," with Leslie Carter.
Frank Dayton, in 1905, played with Nellie McHenry in "M'Liss" as John Grey, and, in 1907, was Frank Layson in "In Old Kentucky."
H. S. Northrup was Harry Marshall in "The Love Route," in 1906.
George Cooper was the boy actor, playing as Runt with Lottie Williams in "Only a Shopgirl," in 1904.

ON THE SCREEN

BY LILLA B. N. WESTON



Across the screen inanimate,
Who walks with stately mien?
Who speaks of all the wise and great
The world has heard or seen?
Keep faith with me: they come apace,
Each with his gift, his grief or grace.

Comes one with powdered locks, and coat
Of regimental blue;
Aye, from his hand a country sprang,
Far mightier than he knew:
George Washington—bare thou thine head
For one who liveth, being dead!

Comes yet another, grim and stern,
His arms crossed on his breast;
A gallant warrior stripped of war,
And all that life holds best:
Napoleon, who dreams no more
On St. Helena's ragged shore!

And then comes One—thy breath be hushed—
Who walks with upraised Hand,
To bless the simple folk and poor,
Who at the gateway stand:
Thou Christ, Who dost from Heaven lean
To bless us from an earthly screen!



GREENROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS
FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

FREDERICK CHURCH has left the Western Essanay Company, and will probably head a new company in California.

Cecilia Loftus appears as a Famous Player in "A Lady of Quality," by Frances Hodgson Burnett.

Marshal Neilan has returned to his old love, the company of the revolving sun, and Irene Boyle will be his leading woman.

A two-reel comedy every Tuesday is the latest addition to the Vitagraph program.

Dolores Cassinelli has left Essanay, but not Chicago—she has simply moved over to the Selig studio. Eleanor Blevins has done likewise.

Yes, it was this magazine that put Brooklyn on the map, and the "OK" in Brooklyn.

Alec B. Francis (Eclair) is noted for his charming English accent and lavender shirts, as well as for his character work.

Recognize our old friend Edwin August, the noblest Roman of them all, on page 76?

Robert Grey, formerly of the American, Essanay and Lubin companies, and now of the Balboa, is a candidate for honors in a Los Angeles contest to determine the best-looking man in the pictures.

Jane Gale, leading Imp woman, has sailed to join the London Film Company.

Marguerite Clayton and Josephine Rector are room-mates at the Belvoir Hotel at Niles, Cal.

The pretty Bowles sisters, of the Balboa Company, are becoming social favorites at Long Beach, Cal.

Grace Cunard seems to have made a record hard to beat when she appears five times simultaneously, in one scene, in "The Return of the Twin Sister's Double." Our old friend Francis Ford directed the piece.

It now develops that Hobart Bosworth's leading woman, Viola Barry, is the daughter of Mayor Wilson, of Berkeley, Cal.

Among the beautiful Christmas presents sent to Flora Finch at the Vitagraph studio was a verdant poll-parrot, cage and all. After two sleepless nights—on Flora's part, and the parrot's—the donor may have the bird back for the asking.

After a six months' vacation, Marguerite Snow has returned to the Thanhouser studio.

Among the most skillful pinochle exponents in the Vitagraph yard club-house can be mentioned Tefft Johnson, Leo Delaney and Bob Gaillard. Delaney also smokes the rankest pipe tobacco.

We are able to announce definitely and exclusively that the proposed subway connecting the Photoplayers' Club in California with the Screen Club in New York will not be put thru, because Fred Mace says he will not have occasion to use it very often.

Marc MacDermott and Miriam Nesbitt have returned from Europe.

The snakes in Bronx Park Zoo, N. Y., were recently requisitioned for an Oriental picture. They were a bit slow in being warmed out of their winter torpor, but under the influence of steam heat their twists and wiggles put the modern dances to shame.

John Bunny recently started a panic in a crowded B. R. T. trolley car in Brooklyn. The car was stopped and two blue-chinned huskies tried to eject him. After that, the police patrol came clanging up, and Bunny was bundled in. It was all in the day's work, of course.

Paul Panzer is one of the best amateur bowlers in Hoboken, N. J. Every Saturday afternoon the Pathé pin knights gather around him and help him roll up the scores. It was only recently a Pathé player confided to the Chatter that Paul was known as "The pin-boys' delight"—the wood just wouldn't fall for him. Things are different now.

Hughey Mack is now a full-fledged politician. He has been appointed captain of a political district in Brooklyn. On election night as he toured about thru the crowds in his car he was loudly cheered, many mistaking him for mayoralty candidate Judge McCall.

Priscilla Dean, formerly of the Biograph, has joined the Gorman Company, out West.

Annette Kellerman, Leah Baird, William Shay and William Welch (Imp) are now in Florida.

Robert Thornby and Helen Case have crossed the continent to join the Vitagraph Company in Brooklyn. So it isn't always "Westward ho!"

William Bailey (Essanay) offers to teach the "Castle-walk" step by mail to any reader who assures him that he or she has seen him in three or more plays.

Frank Bennett, who was superseded by Matt Moore as Florence Lawrence's leading man, has joined the Mutual Company.

"Smiling Billy" Mason thinks he is a hypnotist, and certain people have reason to believe that he is.

Ray Gallagher and Victoria Ford are now with the Balboa Company.

Those Biograph Babies are Eldean, Loel and Maury Stewart, aged 2 years, 3½ years and 5 years, respectively.

Ed. A. Cushing (Western Vitagraph) wears a No. 18 shoe, which measures fifteen inches. Fortunately he is not a kicker.

Augustus Carney, now in Europe, has agreed to become the Alkali Ike of the Universal people.

Hobart Bosworth is still busy in Oakland and Los Angeles doing the Jack London stories into photoplays.

Betty Grey, Alan Hale, Irene Howley and Lottie Pickford have joined the Biograph.

Rena Volveran is Mr. Anderson's latest, and she will play leading parts for both of the Western Essanay companies.

'Twas a merry Christmas they had down at the Vitagraph studio—they gave away two and a half tons of turkeys, and every employee indulged in a turkey-trot homeward.

Harry Beaumont has become a villain, for the first time in his otherwise immaculate career, in "The Witness to the Will."

Louise Glaum seems to have been chosen as Carlyle Blackwell's permanent leading woman.

If you are looking for any of the following, you wont find them with the Essanay Company: Otto Breslin, Gertrude Forbes, Juanita Dalmorez, Gertrude Scott, Margaret McClellan, Wm. R. Walters, Dorothy Phillips, Allen Holuber, Eleanor Blevins, Minor S. Watson, Jules Farrar, Louis Theurer, Daisy Adamy, Anna Rose, Doris Mitchell, Joseph Allen, Brinsley Shaw and Bessie Sankey.

Lucille Young and Jessalyn Van Trump are now the leading women of the Western Majestic Company.

William West (Edison) is a shrewd man. Somebody gave him a turkey for Thanksgiving, but, finding it too small, he put it in his back yard and fed it on the fat of the land. Resultum: a splendid bird for Christmas dinner.

Tom Mills will be the "opposite" of Norma Phillips in the "Mutual Girl" series.

Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall have left the Biograph Company to join the Mutual Company.

Carlyle Blackwell has invented a new coat and vest, and it will first see the light in "The Impromptu Masquerader."

At this writing Jean Darnell (Thanouser) lies ill at the German Hospital, New York.

No telling what a photoplayer may be called on to do. Cora Williams (Edison) recently had to make love to an eleven-foot boa constrictor.

Muriel Ostriche is with the Princess Company.

Detectives are getting very popular these days. Alice Joyce, King Baggot, Ben Wilson, Laura Sawyer and Maurice Costello are on the latest list of screen sleuths, and still later comes Barry O'Moore as Octavius, amateur detective, who will do wonderful things on every other Monday, beginning January 12th.

From Majestic, Kinemacolor and the stage, comes Gaston Bell to do leading parts in those Lubin-Charles Kleine plays.

Marguerite Clayton has not left the Essanay Company, as reported in the press, and evidently does not intend to.

This is an era of big photodramas and big photoplay houses, the latest being the Vitagraph Theater, formerly the Criterion, at Broadway and Forty-fifth Street, New York.

Multiple-reel photoplays have their mission, but dont forget that the good old "one-reeler" will never die.

If you want to learn to distinguish art from craftsmanship, just see "Love's Sunset" and compare it with any of the "thrillers." You will then realize that it is not necessary to burn a building or to sink a ship in every successful play.

"Little Mary" Pickford, wonderful miss, writes us that she is now located in her new California bungalow, and that she will soon be able to take care of her correspondence.

Now cometh "Buster Brown" on the screen, ushered in by his creator, R. F. Outcault.

When Canon Chase and President Dyer have had their say on "Censorship," everybody will admit that this magazine has done a public service never to be forgotten. Let us settle this question once for all!

Watch out for pretty Ormi Hawley as the "Winter Girl" on our March cover.

Richard Travers, of the Essanay Company, is an accomplished chap. He tangoes artistically, dream-waltzes gracefully, and sets bones scientifically, being an M.D. as well as a photoplayer.

You cant tell whether it is a dime museum, a shooting gallery or a circus, when the exhibitor covers the front of his theater with lurid posters of terrifying sensations.

NOTICE OF RECHRISTENING: Hereafter we shall drop three syllables from our cumbersome name and call ourselves yours truly, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

The gold prize for the best story in this issue goes to the author of "Into the Lion's Pit," and the second prize to the author of "Thru the Storm."

We are able to state that that newspaper report concerning Mr. Costello was greatly exaggerated—but this is nothing new for newspapers.

Lottie Briscoe and Marguerite Risser were recently stamped as beauties by the *New York Times* in a beauty show. -

ERRATUM: The photoplay, "The Battle of Shiloh," was written by Emmet Campbell Hall.

THE GREAT ARTIST CONTEST

A SUCCESS FROM THE START—GREAT ENTHUSIASM PREVAILS

WHO SHALL BE SELECTED AS THE GREATEST TEAM
OF MOTION PICTURE PLAYERS?

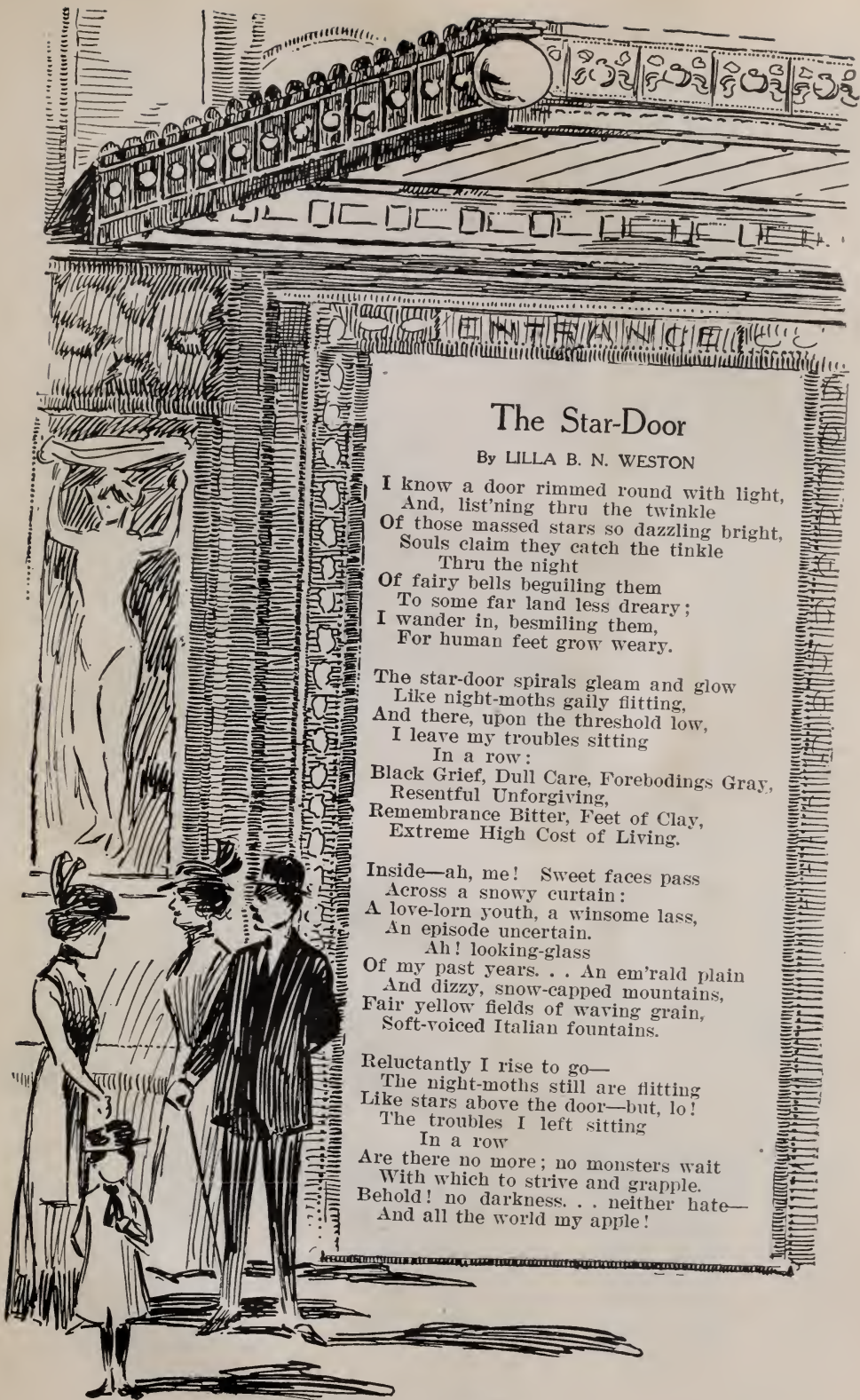
In our January number we announced the beginning of what promises to be the greatest contest for Motion Picture players that was ever conducted in this country or in any other country. There have been all kinds of contests, but most of them were for the most popular player, or for the most beautiful player, and so on. Of course, a player may be very popular, or very pretty, or very graceful, or very picturesque, and all that, without being a great artist; this contest is only for the *artists—who are they?* A player may have winning ways and may never fail to please you, but which ones must you take off your hat to in recognition of their genius or merit? We believe that we are the only publication in the world that has the right to conduct such an important contest as this. Scarcely ten days have passed since the January number was placed on sale, and, owing to the busy holiday season, many ardent admirers have not yet had time to send in their votes; nevertheless, our contest department has had quite all it could do to sort out the ballots, and on this day, as we go to press, we are able to announce the result of about ten days' balloting, with hundreds of counties yet to be heard from.

Full particulars of the contest will be found on another page. Remember that only coupons will be counted. While we prefer that these coupons be mailed direct to the editor of this department, they may also be enclosed with communications intended for other departments. Watch out for the March number, which will contain the total vote from December 13th to about January 22d. In the meantime, you can be guessing how the different players will stand. Who among the many talented women of the screen will head the list next month? And who will have the honor of being designated as her leading man? Nobody now knows, but you shall see!

THE STANDING OF THE PLAYERS TO DATE

Earle Williams and Mary Pickford lead, with Warren Kerrigan and Mary Fuller second.

Earle Williams.....	6,355	Anita Stewart.....	658	Pearl Sindelar.....	304
Mary Pickford.....	5,310	Ormi Hawley.....	657	Bessie Eyton.....	303
Warren Kerrigan...	5,310	Julia S. Gordon.....	656	Sidney Drew.....	302
Mary Fuller.....	4,614	Jessalyn Van Trump.	601	Guy Coombs.....	301
Arthur Johnson.....	4,256	Mabel Normand.....	554	Florence Turner....	300
Alice Joyce.....	3,704	Henry Walthall.....	550	Benjamin Wilson....	259
Edith Storey.....	3,250	Marguerite Snow....	501	Claire McDowell....	256
Carlyle Blackwell...	3,158	Leo Delaney.....	500	Frederick Church....	255
Crane Wilbur.....	3,051	E. K. Lincoln.....	456	Billie Rhodes.....	250
Francis Bushman...	2,459	Dorothy Kelley....	455	Earle Metcalfe.....	250
Blanche Sweet.....	2,158	Harry Myers.....	454	William Russell.....	209
Lottie Briscoe.....	1,903	Ethel Clayton.....	454	Rosemary Theby....	208
Clara Kimball Young	1,854	William Shay.....	450	Harry Benham.....	207
Florence Lawrence...	1,756	Irving Cummings...	409	John Bunny.....	206
Tom Moore.....	1,503	Edwin August.....	409	W. Chrystie Miller..	205
Maurice Costello....	1,250	Anna Nilsson.....	408	Mae Marsh.....	204
Romaine Fielding...	1,159	Jack Richardson....	407	James Morrison....	203
Vivian Rich.....	1,106	King Baggot.....	400	Albert Carey.....	203
Pauline Bush.....	956	Ruth Roland.....	359	Marguerite Courtot..	200
James Cruze.....	903	Mrs. Mary Maurice..	358	Ned Finley.....	159
Norma Talmadge....	802	Pearl White.....	356	Marguerite Clayton..	157
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The Star-Door

By LILLA B. N. WESTON

I know a door rimmed round with light,
 And, list'ning thru the twinkle
 Of those massed stars so dazzling bright,
 Souls claim they catch the tinkle
 Thru the night
 Of fairy bells beguiling them
 To some far land less dreary;
 I wander in, besmiling them,
 For human feet grow weary.

The star-door spirals gleam and glow
 Like night-moths gaily flitting,
 And there, upon the threshold low,
 I leave my troubles sitting
 In a row:
 Black Grief, Dull Care, Forebodings Gray,
 Resentful Unforgiving,
 Remembrance Bitter, Feet of Clay,
 Extreme High Cost of Living.

Inside—ah, me! Sweet faces pass
 Across a snowy curtain:
 A love-lorn youth, a winsome lass,
 An episode uncertain.
 Ah! looking-glass
 Of my past years. . . An em'rald plain
 And dizzy, snow-capped mountains,
 Fair yellow fields of waving grain,
 Soft-voiced Italian fountains.

Reluctantly I rise to go—
 The night-moths still are flitting
 Like stars above the door—but, lo!
 The troubles I left sitting
 In a row
 Are there no more; no monsters wait
 With which to strive and grapple.
 Behold! no darkness. . . neither hate—
 And all the world my apple!



WILBUR



TOM MOORE



RUSSELL



JESSALYN VAN TRUMP



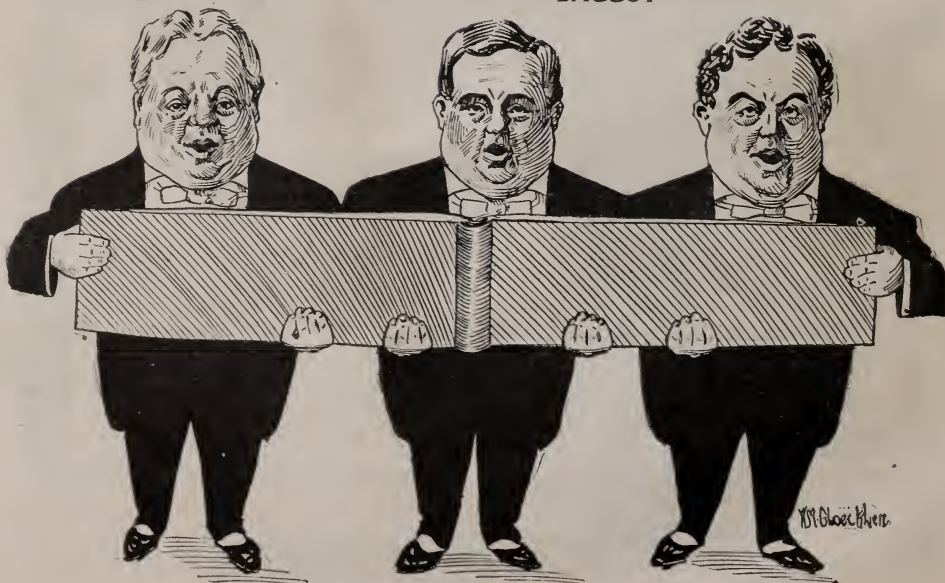
MYERS



BAGGOT



WALLIE VAN



BUNNY

MACK

LACKAYE

THE VITAGRAPH HEAVYWEIGHT CHORUS

181 Glass & Photo



MARY PICKFORD



THE "SNOW" GIRL



MITCHELL



LILLIAN WALKER



FIELDING



KERRIGAN



PAULINE BUSH



FRITZI BRUNETTE

BURDOCK BONES *the* BAFFLER OR THE MYSTERY OF THE PIE-HOUSE

A CIGARETTELESS SCENARIO BY O.U.KIDD.

PIEOGRAPHY.

First Spasm.



The shades of night had fallen with a dull, booming thud upon the scenery. The electric signs were flashing out their evanescent invitations to the evening crowds on State Street as Burdock Bones, the Great Chicago Detective, sat in his nickel-plated office, calmly and deliberately smoking six Pittsburg stogies.

Second Spasm.

Burdock Bones was thinking. That very day some dastardly villain had entered a local pie-house and single handed had stolen sixteen fresh blue-berry pies. It was the first robbery that had been com-

mited in Chicago for over fifty-six years. No wonder Burdock was thinking.

Third Spasm

Recklessly juggling two dynamite bombs, he had nearly solved the conundrum, when — BANG! Some son-of-a-sea-cook smashed the door with a meat-ax and stepped into the office.

Fourth Spasm.

Burdock tossed the dynamite bombs into the waste-basket, slowly turned around in his swivel-chair and there amid the ruins of the oaken door



This is Pete. Note the evidence around his mouth.

stood Pug-nosed Pete, the pie fiend.

A faint blue line encircling his cavernous mouth told

the sad, sad tale of the vanished pies. The great mystery was solved.

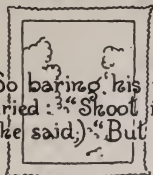
Fifth Spasm.

Before our hero could clap the come-alongs on his wrists, Pug-nosed Pete covered him with a sixteen-poured derringer he had concealed in his vest pocket. — HORRORS!

Sixth Spasm.

"Aha! you gunshoe gink! You false alarm! I've got you now! Prepare to bite the dust!" cried the piefaced villain. Did Burdock Bones quail? Nix! No quail about him, not even a mallard duck. Our Hero was no coward. Did he get down and snak his false incisors in the dust at his feet? Not on your tin-type! Two weeks previous, didn't he leap into the roaring torrent and rescue Rosalie Rarson's pet poodle from a watery grave? Didn't he catch Carolee Caruthers when she fell from

the top of a two-thousand foot precipice? You bet your boots he did! And once a hero, always a hero, was his motto.



Seventh Spasms.

So baring his magnificent bosom he raised himself to his full height and cried: "Shoot if you must this old bald head but spare my negligee shirt" (he said). "But whats the use? you cannot kill me!"



Eighth Spasms.

"Cannot kill you, eh?" hissed Pugrosed Pete the Pie Fierd: "And why not?" Throwing out his chest, shirt-bosom and all, in a voice like the thunder Burdock replied: "Because I am the hero of this scenario and Motion Picture heroes never die!"

Ninth Spasms

Realizing that this was true, with a cry of baffled rage and despair the pie-head turned and fled into the dark, dismal, dreary night.

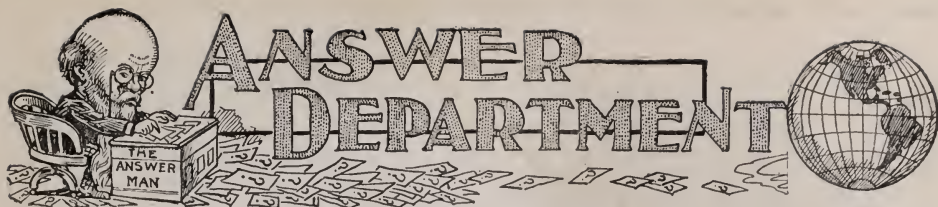


The end.



G.M. Anderson

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ANSWER DEPARTMENT

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire early answers by mail, or a list of the names and addresses of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer, but these will not be printed. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

TWO ENGLISH GIRLS.—No, your letter is not tiresome. Quite to the contrary. I enjoyed it. Wish I could print it all. Chats with those players will be forthcoming.

GLADYS M. B.—Ethel Clayton was the girl in "A Deal in Oil" (Lubin). I believe that was the first picture that Harry Myers ever directed. He is a regular director now. She also played in "The Price Demanded."

CLOVER, WIS.—Anna Drew was the heiress in "Told in the Future" (Majestic). Charles Ray was Red Mask in that play. Lillian Christy in "Lonesome Joe."

THE PORTLAND TWINS.—Edwin August was the cousin in "When Kings Were Law" (Biograph). The film was fictionalized in our June 1912 issue. Yes, the lost to sight to mem'ry dear, is Augustus Carney. Let us hope that he will come back.

H. E. D.—Martha Russell was with the Satex Company last, in Arizona.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Mildred Bracken was with Kay-Bee last. I did not notice the wedding-ring on Gertrude McCoy's finger in that picture. Grace Cunard was the girl in "The She-Wolf" (Bison).

MARGUERITE N.—Flora Nasson was Nora in "The Winner" (Victor). Yes, some company will undoubtedly get Huerta to pose in a film—provided he lives long enough. These Mexicans have a habit of killing one another on the slightest provocation.

ETTA C. P.—Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley had the leads in "The Light Woman." Robert Leonard and Margarita Fischer had the leads in "The Fight Against Evil."

JANE.—Harrish Ingraham was Howard in "The Mad Sculptor" (Pathé). Charles Perley was the son in "The Call of the Blood" (Kinemacolor). Lionel Adams and Edna Luby in "The Gangster" (Lubin). William Duncan in "The Good Indian" (Selig).

BETTY.—Looky here, you mustn't ask if "William Bechtel is the son of Mrs. William Bechtel." Marguerite Clayton was the girl in that Essanay.

S. E. T., SHELTON.—Marian Cooper was Ethel, Irene Boyle was the maid, and Harry Millarde was the detective in "The Smugglers" (Kalem). Bessie Sankey and Evelyn Selbie were the girls in "At the Lariat's End" (Essanay). Edwin Carewe and Ernestine Morley had the leads in "In the Southland" (Lubin).

MARY P.—Jane Fearnley has been with Vitagraph about five months. Clara Williams was with Universal last. I am not a philosopher. A philosopher is one who says simple things finely, and fine things simply; e.g., my twin on another page.

K. K., 20.—Lee Moran was Ellis Lee, and Ramona Langley was Ramona in "Won by a Skirt" (Nestor).

OPHIA S.—Edgena De Lespine was Lola in "The Thorns of Success" (Majestic). Beverly Bayne was Jean in "The Hermit of Lonely Gulch" (Essanay). Mrs. Taylor was the wife in "In the Days of War" (Patheplay).

ALMA B., CONN.—Herbert Rawlinson and Marguerite Loveridge in "The Woodman's Daughter" (Selig). Eleanor Blevins was the sweetheart. Kathlyn Williams and H. A. Livingston in "The Flight of the Crow" (Selig). Lillian Gish and Dorothy Gish were the girls in "The Lady and the Mouse" (Biograph).

MARGUERITE R.—Alice Hollister was the flirt, Marguerite Courtot was the country girl, Harry Millarde the boy, and Alice Eis the dancing girl in "The Vampire" (Kalem).



V. E. L., NEW YORK.—Albert Macklin was Bob, and Vivian Pates was Mary in "Mother-Love" (Lubin). Mary Fuller is Edison's principal leading woman. She plays all kinds of parts. Augustus Phillips or Big Ben Wilson usually plays opposite her.

PEEVISH PATRICIA.—Edwin August opposite Blanche Sweet in "The Lesser Evil" (Biograph). Helen Holmes was the girl in "Baffled, Not Beaten" (Kalem). Bessie Learn was the daughter in "Barry's Breaking In" (Edison).

ALICE B.—Robert Grey in "Jim Takes a Chance" (American). Paul C. Hurst was the killer in "The Invaders" (Kalem). What, you think Arthur Johnson's feet look like hams? Well, he does not have to play Cinderella parts.

SWEET PEAS.—Isabelle Lamon was Violet Dare in "Violet Dare, Detective" (Lubin). Dolly Larkin in "Jim's Reward." James Fitzroy was José in "Love and War in Mexico."

HERMAN H., BUFFALO.—You evidently think that you know it all and that you are a model after which all should pattern; but, be sure of this, you are dreadfully like other people. There isn't much difference between the best and the worst of us. Try Kalem.

SALLIE SUK.—Mr. C. Hull was Jean in "Sapho." Mae Marsh in that Biograph.

TANGO KID.—The description is very meager, but I believe you refer to "Power of Love" (Patheplay), the story of which appeared in our November 1911 issue.

FLOSSIE, MISSISSIPPI.—Mabel Van Buren was Blanche, and Harold Lockwood was Edward in "Bridge of Shadows" (Selig). Francis Ford and Grace Cunard on page 39, November. Frances Ne Moyer and Walter Stull in "Coming Home to Mother."

T. A. R.—Francelia Billington was the girl in "A Dangerous Wager" (Kalem). This is no health department, but I would like to answer your questions at length. I wish I could make Health contagious instead of Disease.

MILDRED O., CAMDEN.—Marin Sais was the wife in "Intemperance" (Kalem). Joe King was Joe in "The Lost Dispatch" (Kay-Bee). Marian Cooper and Bob Walker in "The Moonshiner's Mistake" (Kalem).

VIOLET C.—Cyril Golliob was the boy in "An Orphan of War" (Kay-Bee). Dorothy Davenport was Molly in "A Romance of Erin" (Domino). I would not call Tom Moore's face strong, but it is a pleasant one.

DUTCH.—Edwin Carewe and Ormi Hawley had the leads in "Winning His Wife" (Lubin). Ray McKee was the young man in "Silence for Silence" (Lubin). Paul C. Hurst as the husband and Carlyle Blackwell the minister in "Intemperance" (Kalem). Leo Delaney in "The Next Generation" (Vitagraph). You're welcome.

KATHERINE S.—Hobart Bosworth was the father, Francis Newburg was the son, and Ethel Davis was Nan in "Nan of the Woods" (Selig). You allege that I said that Ormi Hawley was not graceful. I deny the allegation and defy the alligator.

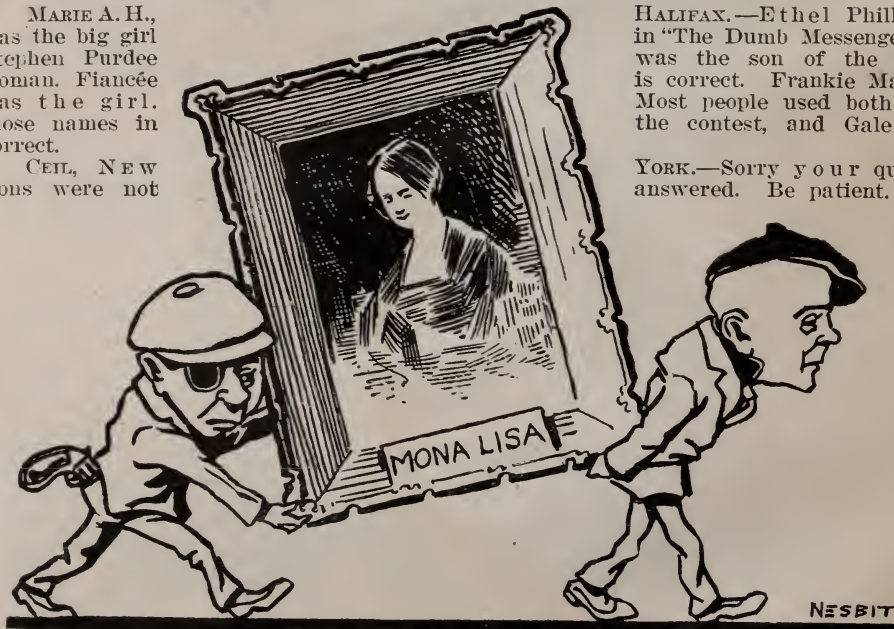
F. B. W.—Ormi Hawley was Nan in "From Out the Flood" (Lubin). I believe that the Nash girls are sisters—at least I know that one of them is. (Whenever you see two periods, you will know that it is time to laugh)..

MARIE A. H., was the big girl Stephen Purdee woman. Fiancée was the girl. those names in correct.

CEIL, NEW tions were not

HALIFAX.—Ethel Phillips in "The Dumb Messenger." was the son of the old is correct. Frankie Mann Most people used both of the contest, and Gale is

YORK.—Sorry your ques- answered. Be patient.



A FAMOUS MOVING PICTURE

SOPHOMORE, 14.—H. A. Livingston was the naval officer in "The Mansion of Misery" (Selig). Katelyn Williams was the girl. William Duncan was Dan, Lester Cuneo was Pete, and Myrtle Stedman was Grace in "How It Happened Thus" (Selig). You say "the magazine is swell, you are sweller, and your head is swellest." So you have noticed it, have you?

FLOSSIE V.—Carlyle Blackwell was Edward in "Perils of the Sea" (Kalem). Maidel Turner has left Lubin. It is impossible for us to print all the casts at the beginning of stories, for reasons heretofore stated.

BESS, OF CHICAGO.—J. W. Johnston played the lover in "From the Beyond" (Eclair). You, too, vote for William Bailey. Wallace Reid is with Universal. Ask me not which company. He plays first with one, then with another.

SEVENTEEN.—Marguerite Clayton in that Essanay. John Halliday was the young man in "Mother-Love" (Lubin). Francis Bushman's eyes are blue. I had a *tête-à-tête* with him here one day. He is even handsomer off the screen than on.

HELEN I. W.—Your letter sparkles like a basket of jewels. H. A. Livingston was John in "John Bonsall of the U. S. Secret Service" (Selig).

FRISKIE TRIXIE.—Sorry you were disappointed with "Joyce of the North Woods"; you say you liked the book better? Irene Warfield and Richard Travers in "Grist to the Mill" (Essanay). Dolly Larkin and Henry King in "The Tenderfoot Hero" (Lubin).

PAULINE A.—Augustus Phillips was the outlaw in "The Girl and the Outlaw" (Edison). Robert Gaillard was Captain Jim in "The Pirates" (Vitagraph). Harry Northrup and Clara Kimball Young in "The Test."

JOHN G. F.—Julia Swayne Gordon was the lead in "Her Last Shot" and not Anne Schaeffer. What? Too much kissing in the films? Yes, but kissing is simply shaking hands with the lips. Germs or no germs, how are you going to stop it?

ESTHER, ST. LOUIS.—Albert Macklin was Bob, Vivian Pates was Mary. Tom Mix was Dakota in "The Law and the Outlaw" (Selig). Harry Millarde was Harold. Harold Lockwood is with Nestor. William Garwood was with Majestic last.

UNSIGNED, MIDDLETOWN.—Gladys Hulette was the girl in "The Younger Generation" (Edison). Alice's hair is between a reddish brown and golden. Do you get me?

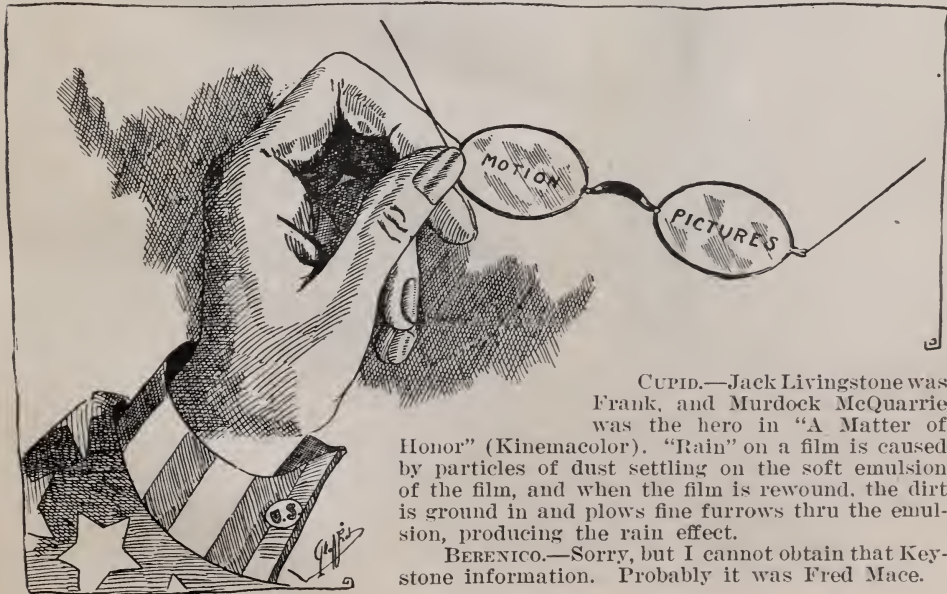
EDITH, 17.—Let me say a few words before I begin. You must not write to James Morrison and tell him how much you love him. Keep that to yourself. Dont tell anybody. Harry Lambert was the secretary in "Keeping Husbands at Home."

R. S. W., SYRACUSE.—Mary Ryan was leading woman in "The Evil Eye" (Lubin). She is no longer with Romaine Fielding.

NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—That was a mistake. You did not mean Louise Beaudet, but Lillian Walker. My fault. A fault confessed is half redressed; so?

M. C. M., CAL.—Robert Leonard was the hero in "Paying the Price" (Rex). Margarita Fischer was the girl. J. W. Johnston was chatted in the December issue.

ROSE E., 15.—Charles Kent was the doctor in "The Doctor's Secret" (Vitagraph). Helen Costello was the little girl in the same. Clara Young played opposite Maurice Costello in "On Their Wedding Eve" (Vitagraph).



CUPID.—Jack Livingstone was Frank, and Murdock McQuarrie was the hero in "A Matter of Honor" (Kinemacolor). "Rain" on a film is caused by particles of dust settling on the soft emulsion of the film, and when the film is rewound, the dirt is ground in and plows fine furrows thru the emulsion, producing the rain effect.

BERENICO.—Sorry, but I cannot obtain that Key-stone information. Probably it was Fred Mace.

PASQUINET.—Grace Cunard was Billie in "Captain Billie's Mate" (Bison). Phillips Smalley was the poet, Jean Palette was his ward, and Douglas Gerrard was Tenor in "The Light Woman" (Rex). Dont know the size of Clara Kimball Young's eyes; probably about three and a half's.

E. B., CHICAGO.—Harry Gripp was Alex in "Twice Rescued" (Edison). You are right. The players laugh too much. They should laugh less and smile more. The smile is the whisper of the laugh. Ever notice that smile of Louise Baudet's? Is it not just too utterly too too?

SYLVIA L.—Lottie Briscoe was the wealthy girl in "A Leader of Men." Yes, that was Romaine Fielding in that picture. He happened to be in Philadelphia when the picture was taken, so he took part in it with Johnson just for fun.

LE MOINE S.—Evelyn Hope was Lady Rowena in "Ivanhoe" (Imp). Robert Harron and Lillian Gish in "The Lady and the Mouse" (Biograph). Phyllis Gordon was the Spanish girl and Harold Lockwood the American lover in "The Grand Old Flag."

M. L. S. A.—Adelaide Lawrence was the child in "The Influence of a Child" (Kalem). Beverly Bayne was Alice in "The Death Weight" (Essanay). So you dreamed that John Bunny married Mary Pickford? That wasn't a dream—that was a nightmare. You mustn't eat lobster and ice-cream before retiring.

KITTY C.—Pearl Sindelar was the woman, Margaret Risser the girl, and Eleanor Woodruff and Jack Standing the lovers in "The Depth of Hate" (Patheplay). You say you are afraid you will never meet me in heaven. What have you been doing now?

MRS. J. F. D.—Edwin Carewe in "The Judgment of the Deep" (Lubin). Edwin Carewe was Walter in "Tamandra, the Gypsy" (Lubin).

LEONARD D. R.—Tom Moore was the new minister, Thomas McGrath was Lem Ransom, and Alice Joyce was Nance in "Our New Minister." That motorman who escaped from the electric trolley must have been a non-conductor.

WALTER C.—Peter Lang was Pete, the artist; Marie Weirman was the girl in "Pete, the Artist" (Lubin). Edwin Carewe in "The Regeneration of Nancy" (Lubin).

CECILIA P.—Charles Clary was the young earl, Henry Lansdale was his villainous brother, Elsa Lorimer was the wife, William Stowell and Miss Sage were the children in "The Pendulum of Fate" (Selig).

GOLDBLOCKS.—Yes, she married a very aristocratic man. Actresses will happen in the best regulated families. Henry King was the lead in "The Mysterious Hand."

FLORA A. B.—Vivian Pates was Mary, and Albert Macklin was Bob in "Mother-Love." The latter is no longer with Lubin. Edgena De Lespine is now with Biograph.

WALTER C.—Leah Giunchi was Helen in "The Mysterious Man" (Cines). You refer to Fernanda Negri Pouget in "The Last Days of Pompeii." Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hammon in the Arizona Bill series of Eclipse plays. House Peters in Famous Players.



T. N. Gage.—They do say as how Movin' Pictures hurt a feller's eyes. Do you reckon they do?

R. E. Peater.—Aw! that's all poppycock, Si; I bin goin' to th' movies in th' town-hall every Saturday night fer nigh on three years, an' I picked this rabbit off at two hundred yards, first pop. Why, ol' Lem Jones was purty nigh blind till he got started goin' to th' movies. Now he kin see jest as good as anybody.

JOHNNIE, THE FIRST.—Thanks for the card. Fred Mace is with the Apollo Company. I haven't the name of the author of that pen-and-ink paper. Pauline Bush in "The Wall of Money." Peter Lang is now with Famous Players.

FLOWER E. G.—You should not take disappointment as a discouragement, but as a stimulant. And her name was Charlotte! Yes; Zena Keefe is playing in vaudeville.

ROSE E.—I am afraid you are no judge of good literature. Herbert Rawlinson is now with the Universal Pacific Company.

LOU S., NOR.—Mr. Sargent is with the *World*. Thomas Santschi is still playing for Selig. Vivian Prescott is with Biograph.

PANSY.—Peter Wade wishes to thank you for a nip of your fudge. It agreed with him. He writes: "Just wait until I get a comedy; I'll make it prayerfully good."

MILDRED AND MEREDITH.—Adele Lane was the girl in "The Trail of Cards" (Selig). Marie Walcamp and William Clifford in "The Girl and the Tiger" (Bison).

HAPPY JACK.—Edwin Clark was the lover in "Why Girls Leave Home" (Edison). Robert Harron in "The Girl Across the Way" L. Orth was Dottie Dewdrop in "An Evening with Wilder Spender" (Biograph). Thanks for the verse. I agree.

SNOOKIE OOKUMS.—William Scott was the husband in "Destiny of the Sea" (Selig). Harriet Notter and Eugenie Besserer were the girls. I enjoyed every line of your letter.

PINKY, 16.—Harrish Ingraham was the officer in "The Smuggler" (Patheplay). Haven't heard Lily Branscombe's location.

BILLY J.—Victor Potel was the minister in "Broncho Billy's Sister" (Essanay). Louise Huff is from Edison and Famous Players; now with Lubin.

JANET A. M.—Pathé will not tell us the girl in "Missionary's Triumph." No, his name is not Mr. S. Polyscope! It is the Selig Polyscope Co. Mr. Selig is its owner.

CECIL.—Yes; Helen Holmes, William Brunton was the husband in "The Hermit's Ruse" (Kalem). Thomas Santschi was Railroad Jack in "The Redemption of Railroad Jack" (Selig). Adele Lane was the girl. Dolly Larkin in "Black Beauty" (Lubin).

W. H. T.—H hadn't noticed that Alice Joyce's smile is wearing off; it is just as charming as ever. You are wrong in assuming that because I said "I eat anything that is given me, free," I am a billy-goat. I get lots of presents, such as crushed roses and suspenders, but I dont eat them all. Kalem is pronounced K-lem, not K-l-m. William Werthington was the stranger in "The Restless Spirit" (Victor). You speak of my "genius as a writer," which proves conclusively that your literary education has been neglected. The eternal question, "Is G. M. Anderson dead?" has not come in this month yet, therefore something must be wrong with the mails (and females).

FRITZL.—Carlyle Blackwell is still with Kalem. Dont care to advise you about joining Moving Pictures; I doubt if you can get in.



Manufacturer.—Where's the camera man this morning?

Leading Man.—He's over in the grocery, taking a Moving Picture of the Roquefort cheese.

EDITH 17.—Al Green was Jerry in "The Reformation of Father" (Selig).

GIRL O' MINE.—James Lackaye was the husband of Kate Price in "When Women Go on the Warpath" (Vitagraph). Palmer Bowman was the doctor in "Our Neighbors" (Selig). Henry King in "Black Beauty" (Lubin).

LILLIAN E. C.—Romaine Fielding did not play in "The Sleepy Rival" (Lubin). Chester Barnett was William in "His Last Gamble" (Crystal). Earle Foxe was the artist in "The Girl o' the Woods" (Victor), opposite Florence Lawrence.

IRENE P., NEW ORLEANS.—Tom Carrigan and Adrienne Kroell had the leads in "Around Battle Tree" (Selig). Florence LaBadie and William Russell had the leads in "The Twentieth Centurian Farmer" (Thanhouser).

JOY, 450.—Harry Keenan was Texas, and Brinsley Shaw had the lead in "The Shadowgraph Message" (Essanay). Al Filson was the father, Jennie Filson was the wife, Al Green and Stella Razetto son and daughter in "The Reformation of Father" (Selig). Words fail me, so I can simply say thanks.

M. I. C., CANADA.—Thomas Santschi in that Selig. Broncho are hard to get information from. No, I have no small vices, but several large ones.

ROSE E., 15.—Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in "His Code of Honor" (Lubin). Pearl White in "The Rich Uncle" (Crystal). Francis Ford and Grace Cunard in "The Black Masks" (Bison). Florence Weil was Mary Jane in "Mary Jane."

SUKKIE SAL.—Your verses will live when Shakespeare and Dante are dead. When they are dead. I believe they are immortals. Marie Weirman with Vitagraph.

MRS. R. R. E.—If you want twelve consecutive numbers, you can get them at the regular subscription price of \$1.50. My name is not Lincoln Carter. Never heard of him.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Mae Marsh was Anne, and D. Crisp was Lee Calvert in "By Man's Law" (Biograph). Richard Travers and Irene Warfield had the leads in "The Pay-As-You-Enter Man" (Essanay). Julia Swayne Gordon in "Daniel" (Vitagraph). John Brennan and Ruth Roland in "The Fickle Freak" (Kalem). No. NO!

KATHRYN M., MONTROSE.—Mary Fuller is still with Edison. Charles Clary is tall and light. Yes, those Vitagraph society dramas give one a glimpse of the *beau monde*.

HERMAN.—You must be standing on your head, for you appear to see everything upside down. Vitagraph, not Biograph.

ORIENT.—Bessie Learn was the nurse in "The Doctor's Duty" (Edison).

EZRA.—You want Vitagraph to get a leading man for Clara K. Young, "and then we can see some good plays." What's the matter with Earle Williams, Costello, James Young and Leo Delaney?

V. R., MNN.—Wallace Reid was Will in "Her Innocent Marriage" (American). Thomas Carrigan and Adrienne Kroell in that Selig. Richard Tucker was Frank, and Mary Fuller was Lali in "The Translation of a Savage" (Edison). Harry Millarde and Guy Coombs in "The Fatal Legacy" (Kalem).

GIRLIE U.—Charles Perley was the minister in "The Scarlet Letter" (Kinemacolor). Harold Lockwood was leading man in "Bride of Shadows" (Selig). Kathlyn Williams in that Selig. Universal do not always answer our questions. A thousand thanks are due you, and here they are.

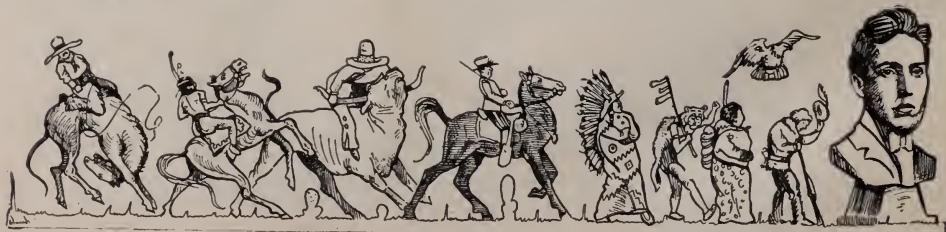
BLANCHE P.—Lillian Orth was the wife and Charles Murray the husband in "With the Aid of Phrenology" (Biograph). Lionel Adams was Jim in "Two Cowards" (Lubin). Charles Hitchcock was the policeman in that Essanay. Harry Myers was Harry in "A Hero Among Men" (Lubin). Edward Dillon had the lead in "The Noisy Suitors" (Biograph). James O'Neill had the lead in "The Count of Monte Cristo." The letters, telegrams, etc., flashed on the screen are not written by the player.

ALICE T. M.—Please give correct address next time. Your letter was sent to you, and it was returned. Mabel Trunnelle is with Edison now. That Majestic is too old.

BLANCHE L., IND.—You will have to give the correct title. Adelaide Lawrence was the girl in "The High-Born Child and the Beggar" (Kalem). Yes.

EDITH McD.—That is a trick picture, called double exposure. Harry Carey was the crook, Claire McDowell the girl and Charles West her lover in "A Tender-Hearted Crook" (Biograph). Henry King in "The Camera's Testimony" (Lubin). Thank you.

MIRIAM N., PHILA.—Yes; Owen Moore belongs to Mary Pickford. He is a brother to Tom. Marguerite Snow is playing for Thanhouser. So you think Edwin August a *bon vivant*. Most of the leading men are.



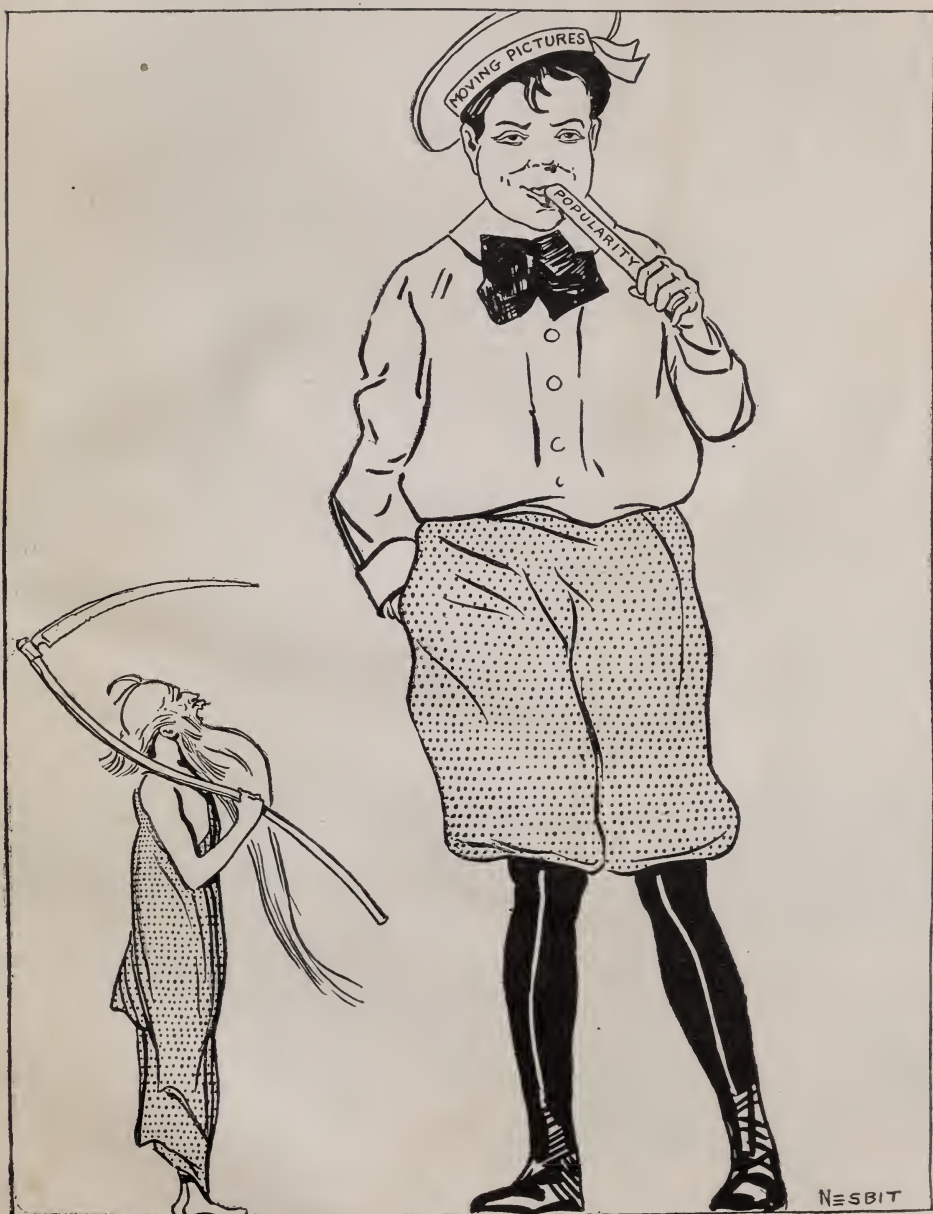
GLADYS E. S.—Sorry, but we cannot obtain the name of the player who played the part of Satan in the play by that name.

ZIP.—Henry King and Dolly Larkin had the leads in "The Message of a Rose." W. G. R., NEW ZEALAND.—Alice Joyce is leading lady for Kalem. The names in our magazine are correct. Many of those in foreign papers are not.

WINNIE, 16.—It is reported that Mary Pickford will remain with Famous Players. The Popular Player books may be had from our circulation department.

BERTHA A.—Most of Alice Joyce's gowns belong to her. Ethel Clayton did not leave Lubin. Ormi Hawley has no permanent leading man as yet.

GIRLIE.—Edna Payne with the Eclair. Fred Church was the wounded man in "The Doctor's Duty" (Essanay). Peter the Great was large and powerful, and had bold, regular features and dark-brown curly hair; a rather ferocious countenance.



"MY! BUT HOW THAT BOY DOES GROW!"

LUCILE P., ST. LOUIS.—Blanche Sweet was the girl in "The Painted Lady" (Biograph). No, thanks; I dont intend to "cash in my checks" just yet. Expect to live to be 100. You dont think I am 72? Did I say years?

JOCK NO. 1.—You seem to be well informed. I value your opinions highly. Always glad to hear from you at length.

SNOOKIE OOKUMS.—Mr. Kimball and Laura Lyman in "Night Riders" (Majestic). Marshall Neilan and Pauline Bush in "Wall of Money" (Rex). The best way to "reduce" is to exercise, whether you want to reduce weight, expenses, or doctor's bills.

TOSCA, KIA-ORA.—Just send us a money-order for \$2.00, made out in United States money, and we will send you the book. Thanks for your kind remarks.

SOCRATES.—The wreck was made just for the picture. We expect to publish Edith Storey's picture soon. Your letter was written correctly.

WINNIE S.—Warren Kerrigan was chatted in May, 1913. We have that issue for sale. Clara K. Young was the girl, and Robert Gaillard was Jim in "The Pirates" (Vitagraph). Carlyle Blackwell and Billie Rhodes in "Perils of the Sea" (Kalem). Because the men wore knee-breeches in that period. Later on, only the boys wore half-masters, while their masters wore long ones.

ENTHUSIASTIC.—Maidel Turner was the woman in "Angel of the Slums" (Lubin). Henry King was the hero in "Medal of Honor" (Lubin). Yes, "Snow-White" was written by one of our Clearing House staff. Thanks.

E. G. F., HOLLYWOOD.—Edward Coxen was the bandit in "The Flirt and the Bandit" (American). I believe Warren Kerrigan must have a private secretary.

LINCOLN C. P.—That Selig was taken at Tucson, Ariz. The "Merrill Murder Mystery" was taken at Lake Placid, N. Y. Why is this thus? Whence the whichness of the what? In other words, elucidate, and get a new lead-pencil.

DEAN LEX.—Jane Wolfe was the mother in "Perils of the Sea" (Kalem). Eleanor Woodruff and Pearl Sindelar were the mothers. Florence Lawrence in "The Spender."

PAUL V. C.—Marin Sais was the girl in "Trooper Billy" (Kalem). Anna Nilsson in "The Counterfeiter's Confederate" (Kalem). You say you will trust to luck. Dont! Luck is the idol of the idle, but not when you put a P before it.

BILLY, 15.—Very sorry to hear of your accident. Billie West was the girl and Robert Grey the brother in "His Sister Lucia" (American). Paul Scardon was Mr. Barton in "The Clown's Daughter" (Reliance). Mae Marsh was Grace in "The Girl Across the Way" (Biograph). Marion Leonard's picture in March, 1912.

PASQUINET.—Robert Leonard was Robert, and Margarita Fischer was the girl in "Paying the Price" (Rex). The verse is very good. George Washington is probably responsible for New York being called the Empire State. He referred to it as the seat of empire, and that is probably the origin.

LAURA S., CHICAGO.—Lew Myers was the Jew in "The Man They Scorned." I cant help you out from descriptions you give. You have Keystone players correctly.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Edna and Leona Flugrath are sisters, but not the other. Richard Tucker was Richard in "Jane of the Dunes" (Edison). Ah, put your foot on the soft pedal, my dear; not so loud. Calm yourself. Boil within; dont boil over. You mustn't expect all the plays and players to suit you.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Crane Wilbur was chatted in November, 1912, and Ruth Roland in August, 1913. Lillian Wade was the girl in "The False Friend" (Selig). Lord Roberts and Josie Sadler in "The Midget's Revenge" (Vitagraph).



F. M. B.—You're right. Frederick Church in "Broncho Billy and the Express Rider" (Essanay). He is doing good work these days.

FLORENCE W.—"My Lady of Idleness" was released July, 1913. Leah Baird was with Vitagraph at that time. S. Rankin Drew was the baron in the above.

EDITH, 17.—Lillian Gish was the girl in "An Indian's Loyalty" (Biograph). Jackie Saunders had the lead in "Gold and Dross" (Nestor).

ORIEL, 16.—Guy Coombs in that Kalem. Anna Nilsson was May. Frances Ne Moyer was the girl, and Robert Burns was Abner in "The Drummer's Narrow Escape" (Lubin). Marguerite Clayton was the girl in "The Redeemed Claim" (Essanay). Har-rish Ingraham was the son in "The Miner's Destiny" (Pathé).

WALT, C.—Edgar Jones was Ralph in "The Engraver" (Lubin). Edna Payne was the girl. Dorothy Davenport in "Pierre of the North" (Selig). Yes; some think "The Eternal Sea" one of the best things Lubin ever did.

G. Y. P. E.—Leo Delaney was the shipbuilder in "The Next Generation."

A. J. G., TURTLE CREEK.—Louise Huff was Mary in "Her Supreme Sacrifice." Marguerite Fisher is not playing. She is the wife of the Western Vitagraph director.

EVA L., BELLEVILLE.—Vitagraph produced "Tale of Two Cities." Thanouser produced "David Copperfield." Imp produced "Ivanhoe." Send your scenarios direct to Vitagraph Company.

CARLOS.—I fear you are riding the wrong kind of hobby-horse. Photoplay writing is a serious business. Judging from the script you sent me, your hobby needs a veterinary. You say you have other irons in the fire; well, I advise that you put this script where the other irons are. Stick to school a few years longer.

VIOLET E. L.—Romaine Fielding and Gladys Blackwell had the leads in "The Counterfeiter's Fate." M. O. Penn and Pearl Sindelar had the leads in "When a Woman Masters" (Pathé). Yes; have met Mrs. Maurice, and I am hers.

JEAN, 17.—Jess Robinson was John in "The Rattlesnake" (Lubin). Tom Moore was the minister in "Our New Minister" (Kalem). I dont care to express an opinion on Votes for Women. But I have observed that some women say they want a vote, when what they really want is a voter. Most men think voting a bother.

G. A. P., LOS ANGELES.—James Ross was Mosly, and James Vincent was Frank in "The Virginia Feud" (Kalem). W. J. Butler and Mr. Hartsell were the fathers in "The Law and His Son" (Biograph).

SOCRATES.—Edith Storey has returned from North Carolina. Thanks for clippings.

HILLYBILL.—Dont believe all you hear about those articles. We do not get the casts for the new companies that release only one or two features.

BUNNY D.—Please do not ask about relations nor stage questions. Alice Joyce and Tom Moore play opposite.

ROBERT L. M.—William Clifford was Clifford, and Marie Walcamp was the girl in "The Girl and the Tiger" (Bison).

DOROTHY D., NEW ZEALAND.—Anderson is at the Screen Club very seldom. Send your letter to Niles, Cal. They are about 3,600 miles apart. Thanks for nice letter.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Alice Joyce chatted August, 1912, and Octavia Handworth in August, 1912. Yes; Talbot's book tells all about double exposures and trick pictures.

FLOWER E. G.—Stephen Purdee was the city idler in "The Christian" (Kalem). You are too pessimistic. Why not be a booster instead of a knocker? Dont tear down our houses unless you build us new ones. What did you think of the ending of that Selig?



DAN CUPID.—The Editor says that he regrets he did not give a list of "Honorable Mentions" in the last puzzle contest. If he had, your excellent solution would have been well up in the list. We are exhibiting many of them.

SUKKIE SAL.—Your rhyming letter is quite brilliant, but too long to print. I appreciate it, however, and enjoyed your humor. That Vitagraph is too old. Florence Turner had the lead, Alice Joyce was Peggy.

Mrs. J. H. G.—No offense intended, my dear. That was not intended for you. Always glad to hear from you. Sidney Drew appears to be a permanent fixture at Vitagraphville. He was a huge success on the vaudeville stage.

PEGGY.—Your verse is very fine about the players, and I shall give it to the proper department. Thanks. I have no control over the verse department.

EUGENIE V.—Francis Ford is still with Bison. Why dont you write him at Bison Co., Universal City, Hollywood, Cal.? We'll try to interview him soon.

GLADYS O.—H. A. Livingston was the naval officer, and Al Garcia was the prince in "Manson's Misery" (Selig). Mace Greenleaf died some time ago.

D. M. T., COLO.—Francelia Billington was the girl and Larmar Johnstone the foreman in "A Perilous Ride" (Majestic). Harry Benham and Mignon Anderson had the leads in "A Proposal by Proxy" (Thanhouser).

M. E., RUTHERFORD.—Never mind; cheer up. Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all possible misfortunes is generally followed by a much greater one. It never rains but it gets wet. And the rain fell upon the dust and said: "I am onto you; your name is mud." By the time you read this you will laugh at the incident. James Cooley was the husband in that Biograph. Lillian Gish was the wife and Frances Nelson the sister in "So Runs the Way" (Biograph).

FLORENCE R., ATLANTIC CITY.—Mildred Hutchinson was the little girl in "The President's Pardon" (Patheplay). Haven't the other Pathé.

SNOOKIE OOKUMS.—Francelia Billington and Billie West were the girls in "Wedding Write-up." You certainly have a great opinion of yourself. Nothing like it.

TWINS & Co.—Dell Henderson was papa and Miss Ashton the wife in "Papa's Baby" (Biograph). Herbert Delmore was the husband and Mary Apgar the child in "The Hands of Destiny" (Kalem). Edgar Jones had the lead in "The Invader" (Lubin). Gwendoline Pates in that Pathé. In "The Autocrat of Flapjack Junction" (Vitagraph), Carlotta de Felice was Edith, and Zena Keefe was Roma. Adrienne Kroell in "The Fate of Elizabeth."

GENEVA.—Apparently you have taken Quincy's advice. When you have a number of unpleasant duties to perform, always do the most disagreeable first. Florence LaBadie and Harry Benham had the leads in "The Beauty in the Shell" (Thanhouser).

ENNIE, TEXAS.—Lila Chester, Eugene Moore and David Thompson in "The Flood-Tide" (Thanhouser). Warren Kerrigan chatted in May, 1913.

VIOLET VAN D.—Harry Benham was Louie in "Louie, the Life-Saver" (Thanhouser). Winnifred Greenwood in "Step-Brothers" (American). Warren Kerrigan is with Victor.

FERN, 15.—Mae Hotely was the mother, Blanche West the daughter, John Ince was Jed and Arthur Mathews the poet in "The Mountain Mother" (Lubin). Why didn't you ask for the cast? William Stowell was the Water-Rat, Adrienne Kroell was Gladys, and Thomas Carrigan was Allan in "The Water-Rat" (Selig). "A Man's Affairs" is not an American. Fred Mace and Marguerite Loveridge in "The Doctor's Ruse."

ELSIE B. N.—James Cooley and Lillian Gish in "The Folly of It All" (Biograph). Frances Nelson was the sister in "So Runs the Way." Harold Lockwood the young man in "The Bridge of Shadows" (Selig). You're welcome. I guess there will be a revival of old photoplays, from the looks of things, for a large majority seem to want it.



MARGRET F.—You think Lillian Walker best in comedy parts and that her frown is painful. Oh, fie! fie! She is always charming and beautiful. You refer to Edward Coxen, of the American. He formerly played with Ruth Roland.

F. D., BROOKLYN.—William Russell was Robin Hood, Gerda Holmes was Marian, and Harry Benham was Alan in "Robin Hood" (Thanhouser).

L. C., CHICAGO.—So they have women police in your village. I favor women's clubs, but not for policemen. J. J. Lanoe was the clubman in "The Madonna of the Storm" (Biograph). Harry Kendall was Jimmy in "Violet Dare, Detective" (Lubin).

HITCHY KOO.—James Durkin was the young lover in "The Junior Partner" (Thanhouser). We expect to print Mrs. Costello's picture some time.

L'ALONETTE.—Blanche West and John Ince in "A Mountain Mother" (Lubin). We shall print Julia Swayne Gordon's picture very soon.

SALLIE JANE.—Looky here, talk is cheap, but food is as high as ever. To answer your questions would require a couple of hours in the public library. You omitted to enclose even a postage stamp, but I will try to get what you want some day soon.

A DIXIE JEWEL.—Just send in 10c. and the Clearing House will supply you with a sample photoplay. Haven't heard of that player being with Lubin. He isn't playing leads. Fred Mace usually plays the comedy leads for Majestic.

SEVENTEEN.—Grace Cunard in that Bison. Guillerme Gallea was Miguel in "A Mexican Tragedy" (Lubin). Yes, I accept anything. I think I shall have to start a museum in which to exhibit all my curiosities. Many thanks for the jack-knife.

HELEN L. R.—Richard Morris was the father in "A Deal in Oil" (Lubin). Julia Dalmorez was the gypsy girl in "Love Lute of Romany" (Essanay). Thomas Flynn was the son in "Life for Life" (Selig). Gertrude Bambrick was the girl in "The Winning Punch" (Biograph). Thanks for the clippings.

S. AND A. YETTA.—Ruth Hennessy was the girl in "Good-Night, Nurse" (Essanay). Robert Walker was the colored man in "Dear Old Girl" (Essanay). E. H. Calvert and William Bailey in "King Robert of Sicily" (Essanay).

ESKIMO.—Riley Chamberlin was the turnkey in "Little Dorrit." Thanks.

MINNIE.—Dear me! Cant you admire without letting your heart run away with your head? As my friend W. Shakespeare says, "Cupid is a knavish lad, thus to make poor maidens mad." That was Stepling in the Biograph.

WALTER C.—Valentine Paul was Paul in "The Wilds of Africa" (Bison). Phyllis Gordon and Viola Henshall were the girls in the above. Lillian Gish was the wife in "So Runs the Way" (Biograph). Yes, but Marguerite Clayton is no longer with Western Essanay. Alas, alack, she has gone on the stage with Henry Miller.

DEAN L., ST. LOUIS.—Francelia Billington was the princess in "The Heart of a Fool" (Majestic). Tsura Aoki was the Jap girl in "A Japanese Courtship" (Majestic).

MARGUERITE K. T.—Adelaide Lawrence was the child in that Kalem. I am sorry you are hurt. Let's make the best of life.

HAZEL K. B.—The picture on the December cover was Anna Nilsson. That was a foreign Pathé. How about Carlyle Blackwell? Louise Glaum is with Kalem.

CANUCK, MONTREAL.—Clara Kimball Young was the girl in "Lonely Princess" (Vitagraph). Ask all the questions you like, but dont call me Grandpa.

MARGERY K.—Tom Mix was Jim in "The Escape of Jim Dolan" (Selig). Courtenay Foote has joined the Mutual. Yes, a good "Life of Napoleon" would make a fine feature. Lots of Napoleon films have been made, but none to show his whole career. Here is a good opportunity for somebody. It would do for a run.



BILLIKEN.—Perhaps you refer to Fred Mace. See his chat in April 1913 issue.

PIE, 1913.—Frances Nelson was the wife in "Diversion" (Biograph). Walter Miller and Blanche Sweet are both with Biograph still. Dorothy Kelly has been ill for some time. You're right about that company.

TOM W.—Jack Nelson was the lieutenant in "Geronimo's Last Raid" (American). Pathé won't answer on that other question. You want better pictures and less trash? Yea, my friend, 'tis a consummation devoutly to be wished.

ORIOLE, 16.—That was Betty Gray in "Across the Chasm" (Patheplay). Claire McDowell was Olga in "The Stolen Treaty" (Biograph). James Cooley opposite her. He was with Reliance formerly. Mrs. Harris was the mother in "Daddy's Soldier Boy" (Vitagraph). Lillian Wiggins was Mrs. Wiggins in "Her Brave Rescuer" (Patheplay).

MARNIE.—Ray McKee was the boy in "Highest Bidder" (Lubin). Marguerite Ne Moyer in "A Sleepy Romance" (Lubin). Harry Carey in "The Van Tiara" (Biograph). James Cooley was the confederate.

SYLVIA L.—Kempston Green was Jamison in "The Cry of the Blood" (Lubin). So you think that Mae Marsh never makes up. Well, why should she? Henry Stanley, Lillie Clifton and Velma Whitman in "The Magic Melody" (Lubin).

MAURICE S. M.—I certainly shall have to buy a fool-killer. I spent half an hour on your rigmorole of a letter, and then I couldn't remember what it was all about. Your terminal facilities are inadequate, and your headquarters need renovating. Near as I can tell, nothing pleases you, and you are out of joint with everything.

BETTY BELL.—So you like Florence Hackett. Also glad you liked the last chat with Arthur Johnson. How about Florence Hackett's?

H. B. S. BLANCHARD.—Elsie Greeson was the girl in "The Missing Bonds" (Kalem). Irene Boyle was the girl in "The Pursuit of the Smuggler" (Kalem).

MARY M.—Florence LaBadie was the girl in "The Haunted House" (Thanouser). Ethel Cook had the lead in "The Deep-Sea Liar" (Thanouser). Yes, those managers who permit their patrons to talk so loudly that nobody can hear the piano should furnish a bale of cotton to place in our ears.

SHERLOCK HOLMES.—William Duncan was Buck in "The Capture of Bad Brown" (Selig). Thomas Santschi was the revenue officer in "Euchred." Helen Holmes was Ellen in "The Battle at Fort Laramie" (Kalem).

RAE, 18.—Marguerite Clayton was the girl in "The Struggler" (Essanay). Fred Church was the brother. Lillian Wiggins was Lillie in that Patheplay. Yours comes near being a *billet doux*. Mae Marsh is now with Mutual.

HELEN L. R.—That was Cornell University at Ithaca in "Dear Old Girl" (Essanay). Bushman's hair is light, his eyes are blue, and he is well constructed.

H. MACI.—The only way you can obtain an autographed photo is to get it from the player direct. Carlyle Blackwell is still with Kalem. "Les Miserables," which was not easy to understand, was produced by the foreign Pathé.

HELEN C. K.—Harold Lockwood was the bookkeeper, and Mabel Van Buren was Blanche in "The Bridge of Shadows" (Selig). Carl Von Schiller was Tom, Henry King was Jack, Joseph Holland was Sancho, Irene Hunt was Escita, Dorothy Davenport was Elsie, and Louis Reyes was the child in "The False Friend" (Lubin).

I. S., NEW YORK.—Brinsley Shaw not with Vitagraph now; can't locate him.

HAROLD D.—Winnifred Greenwood was Marie in "The Trail of the Lost Chord" (American). Marguerite Snow was Kitty, and William Garwood was Tim in "Her Fireman" (Thanouser). Edward Coxen was Ed, Mabel Brown was Betty, George Field was José, and Lillian Christie was Conchita in "The Greater Love" (American).

MARY W., TENN.—Dolly Larkin, Joseph Holland and Henry King in "The Message of a Rose" (Lubin). Better remain at school and take full advantage of present opportunities. Then you will not be crying out, some day, "Oh! the years I have lost!"

MURIEL L. G.—Zounds, donner und blitzen, and all that sort of thing! If you persist in asking fool questions, I'll bid Job good-bye and seek Jove, by Jove! Patience? Bah! How do you expect me to tell you how much a yard Ormi Hawley pays for her silks, and all that nonsense? Be reasonable.

EDITH S., PRUA.—Carl Von Schiller was Bob in "The Actor's Strategy" (Lubin). Kathlyn Williams and Harold Lockwood in "Their Step-Mother" (Selig).



NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—Fred Church is still with the Essanay. Francis Bushman is expected to remain in Chicago. Anna Nilsson's eyes are sky-blue, large and clear. Irene Boyle's are brown, as I remember them, large and beautiful.

F. C. W.—Anna Little had the lead in "A Venetian Romance" (Kay-Bee). Earle Foxe was Bob in "The Spender" (Victor). John Ince was Rattlesnake Bill.

KITTY C.—Warren Kerrigan and Jessalyn Van Trump in "The Passer-by" (Victor). Please dont send me any silk socks. Thanks just the same.

SWEET SYLVIA.—Henry Hallam was the father, and Marguerite Courtot was the girl in "The Riddle of the Tin Soldier" (Kalem). Gladys Hulette was the stenographer and Edwin Clark her lover in "Why Girls Leave Home" (Edison).

MURIEL A.—Dorothy Phillips was Dora in "The Power of Conscience" (Essanay). Perhaps it is Arthur Johnson's *sung froid* that makes him so interesting, and perhaps it is his naturalness. He never seems to be acting.

BILLY, OF SUPERIOR.—Beverly Bayne was the girl in "Dear Old Girl" (Essanay). House Peters in "In the Bishop's Carriage" (Famous Players).

W. G. R.—I use a Monarch. Yes, we made the index before we went to press, naturally, and then discovered that "Letters to the Editor" were crowded out.

R. E. Mc.—Charles Arling and Lillian Wiggins had the leads in "Race Memories" (Pathé). It was produced in California. Dont think that play has been released yet.

W. H. T., CHICAGO.—So you think that the firm of Moore Bros., Consolidated, is clever, in that they enlisted the two best, Sweet Alice and Little Mary. You are going to taboo all companies who refuse to give the desired information thru this department, but your dimes will not count for much. If other readers did likewise it might make those recalcitrant delinquents sit up and take notice.

KITTY C.—Muriel Ostriche was Mary, and Francis Carlyle was John in "The Profit of Business" (Lubin).

MARY HOOTCHAMACOOTCH.—Maurice Costello was interviewed in April, 1912. Your letter is all right; write again.

M. A. D.—Look it up in the dictionary. Then you wont forget it. It is hard to tell whether you are simple or a simple maid. I give it up.



WARREN KERRIGAN

AUGUSTUS CARNEY

CLAYTON C. MAC.—Max Asher and Harry McCoy had the leads in "Mike and Jake Among the Cannibals" (Joker). Lillian Wiggins in "The Accidental Shot" (Pathé). Pauline Bush was the organist in "The Echo of a Song" (Rex). Robert Harron and Mildred Manning as the boy and cousin in "The Girl Across the Way." As I have said before, never argue with a man who talks loudly, for you couldn't convince him.

GLENWAY K.—Mary Ryan was the Indian girl in "Hiawanda's Cross" (Lubin). Henry King and Velma Whitman in "When Brothers Go to War" (Lubin). Denton Vane and Irene Boyle had the leads in "President's Special" (Kalem).

WILLIAM G.—Edgar Jones and Clara Williams in "The Invader" (Lubin). William Duncan and Myrtle Stedman in "The Capture of Bad Brown." Frankie Mann in "Double Chase" (Lubin). The Nash twins in July, 1913.

GEORGE L. M.—Ethel Clayton and Harry Myers had the leads in that Lubin. I have a number of very bright correspondents, and you are one of them.

ALOYSIUS.—I can tell that Alpha Bond now. Cant fool me on that water-mark. Marguerite Snow was the wife in "When Dreams Come True" (Thanouser). Some companies have as high as fifteen and twenty directors.

ROXIE, MARLOW.—Write to Clearing House, mentioning the title of play, and they will advise you as to its present status. Courtney Ryley Cooper is not at the home office, but in Colorado. He sells all his scripts thru the Clearing House. It usually takes from one week to six months to sell a play. Irving Cummings is with Universal.

SOCRATES.—It is often necessary for a theater to raise the admission when showing a big feature, such as "The Manger to the Cross." That was surely worth 15c.

MADLINE S.—Kathleen Coughlin was Jackie-Boy in "The Doctor's Duty" (Edison). Kempton Green was Robert in "The Cry of the Blood." Anne Schaefer was the mother in "A Doll for Baby" (Vitagraph).

VERONICA, PATCHOGUE.—Edgar Jones was Mr. Holden in "Love's Test" (Lubin). Tom Carrigan in that Selig. Dont call me "O. Oracle, of Delphi," but by my right name, Answer Man. Are my answers oracular?

HORTENSE D.—Peggy O'Neil and Robert Drouet in "Getting the Best of Dad" (Lubin). Lillian Christy is G. M. Anderson's leading lady. Evelyn Selbie still with him.

WASHINGTON.—Mary Pickford is still playing for Famous Players. Harvard is the oldest college in the United States; established in 1638.

LILLIAN E.—Warren Kerrigan is with the Victor, at Hollywood, Cal. William Duncan had the lead in "Made a Coward" (Selig). Henry King was Walt in "His Last Crooked Deal" (Lubin). Lillian Gish was the wife in "The Madonna of the Storm" (Biograph). Earle Metcalfe was Sam in "Making Good" (Lubin).

CLARA E. B.—Eleanor Kahn was Dottie in "Thy Will Be Done" (Essanay). Mr. McFallon was the husband in "The Madonna of the Storm" (Biograph). Most players receive a regular weekly salary, but some are paid by the day.

PETTER.—Billie Rhodes in "The Man Who Vanished" (Kalem). Your letter is full of nonsense. Why not get a vacuum cleaner?

IONE D.—"Flying A" is the name given to the American Company. Your kindness is exceeded only by your fine penmanship.

VIOLET VAN D.—Victor Co. No. Anna Nilsson on the cover. Yours is *multum in parvo*. Tom Mix in "The Law and the Outlaw." Jack Standing was John in "A Father's Love" (Lubin).

TEXAS BLUEBONNET.—Henry King and Irene Hunt in "Love and War in Mexico" (Lubin). Harry Millarde and Marguerite Courtot in that Kalem. Yes.

TILLIE, THE FIRST.—Henry King, Carl Von Schiller and Dolly Larkin in "A Romance of the Ozarks" (Lubin). Isabelle Lamon was the wife and Edna Payne the niece in "The Other Woman" (Lubin). Kempton Green in that Lubin. Lionel Adams in "Love of Beauty" (Lubin).

JOHNNY C.—That was just a feature company. William Stowell was the convict in "The Ex-Convict's Plunge" (Selig). Sorry you did not like my verses. Are you so dignified that you cant appreciate a joke?



WHY THE OPERATOR LOST HIS JOB



JOHN was the finest operator that ever turned a crank or adjusted a carbon.

John was a husky, manly fellow. He liked his friends to call him "Jack."

But to call him "Johnnie" was like throwing a lighted match into a reel of film. There would be doings. He wouldn't stand for being called Johnnie

by anyone—except Mabel. Somehow or other "Johnnie" sounded like

music to him when Mabel said it. Mabel was the belle of her town. She had her

choice of its wealthy bachelors, but being sensible as well as beautiful, she preferred a real man, so she took "Johnnie."

A short time after they were married Jack's luck changed. He lost his job.

But a good operator seldom has trouble in "landing," and Jack soon had a new job.

At the end of the first week he was let out again, and inside of several weeks he had been "fired" from six houses. Jack was proud of his wife—he didn't want the rich

guys who had been turned down to have the laugh on her, so he began to worry,

Worrying made him think. And in a little while he had doped the whole thing out like this:

"Proprietors kicked because my projection was bad—I let the house go dark

too often; the pictures jumped all over the screen. I remember now that every one of

these houses used a second-class service. Second-class films are always faulty—some-

times one reel has from fifteen to twenty patches out of frame and the sprocket-holes are badly torn. They have every fault a film can have, and even when they run smoothly

only one in five is worth looking at. No operator could do any better than I did with

them. After this I'll make sure that a house is using the best service on earth before I

ask for a job in it."

Then Jack went out and landed a house using General Film service. That was

three years ago, and he is still in the same job, well paid, well liked, and well satisfied.

Mabel is happy and proud, and she and her two little Johnnies come regularly to see the perfect pictures that Papa projects.

The fans enjoy the good pictures which do not hurt the eyes, and operators

appreciate the excellent condition of the films on the program of the

GENERAL FILM COMPANY (INC.)

200 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK



GLADYS H.—Harry Northrup was the lover in "Sue Simpkins' Ambition" (Vitagraph). J. W. Johnston was the sheriff in "Cynthy" (Eclair).

M. M. C.—Loyola O'Conner was Miss Grace, and Hazel Anderson was Alice in "The Tangled Web." That was Warren Kerrigan and his little brother.

MISS R. L., OAKLAND.—Jack Standing was the husband in "The Other Woman" (Biograph). Paul Panzer had the lead in "The Governor's Double" (Pathé). Jack Nelson was Dan in "The Finger Prints" (Selig). Rosa Evans was the mother. Carlyle Blackwell was young Shelby in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Vitagraph). Charles Eldridge was the butler in "Butler's Secrets" (Vitagraph). Lillian Wade and Roy Clark were the children in "When the Circus Came Around."

MISCHIEF A. M.—Albert Macklin was Bob in "Mother-Love" (Lubin). Maidel Turner was Mrs. Wisner in the above. No, honey, I am not married. Never came across anybody foolish enough.

TOODLES, GLENS FALLS.—Tom Carrigan and Adrienne Kroell in "Around the Battletree" (Selig). Winnifred Greenwood and Edward Coxen in "The Ghost of the Hacienda" (American). John Ince in that Lubin.

MADELINE W.—Marguerite Courtot in that Kalem. Thomas McGrath was the father in "Our New Minister" (Kalem). No, not John Bunny, but the cartoonist who drew the Foxy Grandpa pictures with the bunny for the newspapers some time ago.

F. E., ROBBINSVILLE.—Richard Travers was the lead in "The Pay-As-You-Enter Man" (Essanay). Arthur Mackley had the lead in "Two Ranchmen" (Essanay). Kathlyn Williams was Mrs. Hilton in "Mrs. Hilton's Jewels" (Essanay). Bessie Eyton was Wamba, and Frank Clark was the doctor.

NETTIE E.—Alice Hollister was Sibyl. The Ridgelys have arrived in California. We shall print a picture of Gertrude Robinson soon. Marie Weirman in "Home, Sweet Home" (Lubin). That was a mistake, for the art of printing was known to the Chinese as early as the sixth century, but they printed from blocks. Gutenberg invented the printing press about 1450.

ELEANOR F. K.—Violet Fox was Violet in "Her First Offense" (Lubin). Tom Carrigan was the tramp and Adrienne Kroell the girl in "The Price of the Free" (Selig). Mildred Manning was the cousin in "The Girl Across the Way" (Biograph). Miriam Nesbitt was Queen Elizabeth in "Mary Stuart" (Edison).

MARIE E., BOSTON.—You want to know too much about me. I shall have to get a Boswell to write me up after I am gone. You say that there is no publication or person in the world who answers so many questions as I do. How about your parents when you were little? Sorry that Kinemacolor hurts your eyes.

PEARL H., OHIO.—Robert Gaillard was Bill, Edith Storey was Jennie, and Harry Morey was Dandy Dick in "The Barrier That Was Burned" (Vitagraph). Florence La Vina, Richard Stanton and Ray Gallagher in "The Will of Destiny" (Méliès). Marguerite Clayton in "Broncho Billy Gets Square."

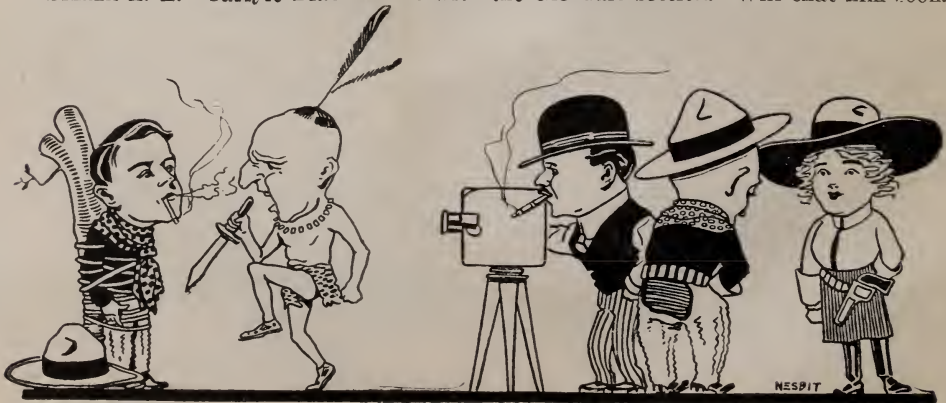
GERTIE W.—Ethel Phillips was the girl in "A Dumb Messenger" (Kalem). Mae Marsh in that Biograph. She is now with Mutual. Probably Harold Lockwood.

VESSA H.—Beverly Bayne is Essanay's leading lady. Grace Cunard in that Bison. Eleanor Woodruff was the mother and Pearl Sindelar the foster-mother in "The Two Mothers." Robert Gaillard and Clara K. Young in "The Pirates."

MARY B., CHILlicoTHE.—Palmer Bowman and Maxwell Sargent were the artists in "Two Artists and One Suit of Clothes" (Selig). Hans Robert was the sculptor in "The Grecian Vase" (Edison).

ALMA W. B.—Anna Nilsson played both parts in that Kalem. The child in that Pathéplay is unknown. Certainly I admire the player you mention—those rosy lips, those snow-white hands, those feet—they're all immense, and she is a capital player.

STELLA E. E.—Carlyle Blackwell is with the Glendale section. Will chat him soon.





A FOB FOR KALEM "FANS"

This handsome fob is heavily silver-plated and oxidized finished. Center is of finest blue French enamel. Strap is best quality black, grained leather. A fob you will be proud to wear. Sent postpaid for 50c in stamps or coin.



JUST THE THING FOR YOUR DEN

Can't you imagine how well this superb, hand-colored photogravure would look on the walls of your den or room?

Carlyle Blackwell says this is his best likeness. You will think so, too, when *your* copy reaches you. It is 22 x 28 inches in size and costs only 50c., postage prepaid. Get yours to-day.

SEND FOR YOUR COPY NOW

**KALEM COMPANY, 235-239 West 23rd Street
NEW YORK**



RAE K.—Marguerite Courtot was the daughter in "The Mystery of the Tin Soldier" (Kalem). Eleanor Woodruff in "Her Hour" (Patheplay).

HELEN B., HOBOKEN.—Velma Whitman and Guillermo Gallea in "A Mexican Tragedy" (Lubin). Mrs. Taylor was Marion in "The Days of War" (Patheplay). Lionel Adams and Maidel Turner had the leads in "Over a Crib" (Lubin). Ethel Clayton in "Self-Convicted" (Lubin). Clara Williams in "Lonedog, the Faithful" (Lubin). Carl Steppling; and Marguerite Spooner was Miss Busybody in "On the Job" (Essanay).

AGNES M. A.—Jessalyn Van Trump in "The Passer-By" (Victor). Phyllis Gordon was Ametza in "The Grand Old Flag" (Bison). Phillips Smalley had the lead in "The Trifler" (Rex). You say that we have to go back four years to find a play as good as that Biograph, and then we dont find it.

DANIEL C.—Henry King was Bennett in "When the Clock Stopped" (Lubin). Crane Wilbur in "Gypsy Love."

L. MCN. S.—Henry Stanley was Ramon in "Turning the Tables" (Lubin). Velma Whitman was the daughter. I cant tell you who was the "lady who appeared beautifully embroidered in a lovely white silk dress," nor can I find out who was the villain who embroidered her.

D. F.—Years ago I knew the Gregg system. Mae Marsh in that Biograph. Yes; Vitagraph is to have an elegant theater of its own at Forty-fifth St. and Broadway, and I suppose the other companies will follow suit. Mr. Kleine is also building one.

MRS. G. S.—We dont hear much about that concern. Broncho and Keystone are both under the New York Motion Picture Co. management.

BARBARA C.—Thank you very much for the beautiful foreign postals. Beautiful!

MATILDA K.—James Lackaye was Hans in "The Coming of Gretchen" (Vitagraph). So you just want to know the size of my shoe. I'll divulge this important information—about half-past six, quarter to seven.

LOUIE, IND.—Edgar Jones was Zeke, and Louise Huff was Chispa in that Lubin. Robert Whittier was James. Henry King and Velma Whitman in "The Magic Melody."

M. M. C.—L. Guinchi and A. Novelli had the leads in "Quo Vadis?" Write to George Kleine, Chicago; perhaps he can get you photos.

SYLVIA L.—Grace Cunard in the Bison. William West and Billie Rhodes in the Kalem. Florence Lawrence at New York studio and Warren Kerrigan at California.

F. H. S., 14.—You say Gwendoline Pates is playing in stock in Massachusetts. Her picture appeared in February, 1912 and 1913, and October, 1913.

VRGYNIA.—How many hours' sleep do I require? Oh, about ten. "Nature requires five, custom gives seven, laziness takes nine, and wickedness eleven." So you see I am midway between laziness and wickedness. I require ten, but average only seven.

LOTTIE D. T.—Henry Walthall and Mae Marsh had the leads in "The Influence of the Unknown" (Biograph). Florence LaBadie and Walter Dillon had the leads in "The Lie That Failed" (Thanhouser). Edith Storey in "The Scoop" (Vitagraph).

BETTY B.—I never heard that Arthur Johnson could not swim. He did very well in "The Sea Eternal." Your letter is very interesting.

LESLIE J.—Louise Huff was the girl in "Her Supreme Sacrifice" (Lubin). Edward Coxen had the lead in "Red Sweeney's Defeat" (American). Jack Richardson and Warren Kerrigan in "The Scapegoat" (American).

IDA M. S. S.—Violet Fox was Violet in "The Reformation" (Broncho. Billie Rhodes in "The Man Who Vanished" (Kalem). No, I fear I shall never have a Boswell, hence I shall never be great, as I of course deserve.

OLGA, 17.—You here again? Yes; Crane Wilbur is. Mae Marsh in that Biograph. I ate no breakfast this morning; I feasted on the good things in your letter.

FLIP.—Fred Church was Ted in "Love and the Law" (Essanay). Romaine Fielding was the insane man in "The Harmless One" (Lubin).

MRS. W. T. H.—Marguerite Courtot and Harry Millarde in "The Vampire" (Kalem). Thomas Santschi and Bessie Eyton had the leads in "Three Wise Men" (Selig). William Stowell was the Water-Rat in "The Water-Rat" (Selig).

MITT, JR.—Florence Hackett had the lead in "A Leader of Men" (Lubin). Lottie Briscoe was the little stenographer.

W. H.—Yes, a spade's a spade, whether you hold an ace-high or are digging for worms or a grave. But I must use parliamentary language here. Many fools rush in, but a few angels do not fear to tread, and that keeps up my spirits. You know that grass-widowers are called such because they usually let no grass grow under their feet. Courtenay Foote is with Mutual. Had I space I would tell you how to live, but I may say this: it all depends on the liver.

WALTER C.—Mr. Frauz opposite Miss Farley. They can get any film they want, provided the exhibitor is getting pictures of that class. If he is getting first-run, he can select any first-run. Why dont you complain about the ads on the screen?

BRUCE, MEMPHIS.—Frankie Mann was the girl and Aubrey the foster-brother in "A Double Chase" (Lubin). Helen Holmes was the millionaire's daughter and William Brunton the lover in "The Stolen Tapestries" (Kalem). Evelyn Selbie was Juanita and Eleanor Blevins Eileen in "The End of the Circle" (Essanay).

ANDY AND WOOD B. WEDD SERIES



ANDY CLARK



WILLIAM WADSWORTH

YOUR enthusiasm over the great "Mary" series proves your interest in this form of photoplay. The idea of making one character the central figure in a series of incidents, though each incident may be absolutely separate from the others, has proven immensely popular.

☪ We have begun two comic series written by Marc Swan, author of "Why Girls Leave Home" and other Edison comedies—watch for them. The "Wood B. Wedd" stories, featuring William Wadsworth, tell the near-matrimonial adventures of a fervent young swain, whose only desire is to obtain a wife, no matter what age, size or color.

*The First
Story*

"Her Face Was Her Fortune"

*Already
Released*

☪ The "Andy" stories relate the doings of Andy, a real boy, through and through. Like all small boys he does a lot of mischief, but his heart is right. Andy Clark, cleverest of the screen children, is irresistible as the doughty hero.

*First
Story*

"Andy Gets a Job"

*Already
Released*

TRADE MARK
Thomas A. Edison

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc., 144 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N. J.

LOTTIE D. T.—Velma Whitman was Nell, and Henry King was Sam in "Playing with Fire" (Lubin). Tina Kelly was the maid in "Mrs. Upton's Device" (Vitagraph). Beverly Bayne was the girl in "The Right of Way" (Essanay). Billie West was the girl in "A Fall into Luck" (American). No; F. E. G. does not belong to the club.

HERMAN.—Wrong, my lord; George Washington was six feet two, and weighed 220 pounds. Jefferson weighed the same, but was half an inch taller. They were the tallest Presidents we have had except Lincoln, who was six feet four.

OFFICER GGG.—Evelyn Selbie was the girl in "Rustler's Step-daughter" (Essanay). Tom Moore was the minister in "Our New Minister" (Kalem). Mae Marsh was Anne and D. Crisp the brother.

MARY ELLEN.—Eleanor Woodruff and Pearl Sindelar in that Pathé. John Ince was Rattlesnake Bill. Beverly Bayne in "The Death Weight" (Essanay). Louise Glaum had the lead in "The Quakeress" (Broncho). Leo Maloney was Jason in "The Demand for Justice" (Kalem). Helen Holmes was the girl. Lillian Gish and Mr. Fallon were man and wife in "The Madonna of the Storm" (Biograph). Thanks.

ELFRIEDA.—A. Moreno was the son in "No Place for Father" (Biograph). Clara Kimball Young was the girl in "The Pirates" (Vitagraph). Lee Moran and Ramona Langley had the leads in "Their Two Kids" (Nestor). Mr. C. Hull was Jean in "Sapho" (Thanouser). Frances Ne Moyer was the girl in "The Female Detective."

SASSY LITTLE.—Tom Carrigan in that Selig with Adrienne Kroell. The player you mention went in where the water was over his head—the part was not in his line. I wonder why directors will not take more care in making up their casts, which reminds me of Coquelin's words: "I have never played other parts than those which I could play. Did anybody ever see me play the lover? Never."

PANSY.—So Warren Kerrigan won in the contest running in *The Pansy Motion Picture Correspondence News*, with Billy Mason as second and Edith Storey as third.

G. AND P., CRAWFORDSVILLE.—William Shay was the reporter in "His Hour of Triumph" (Imp). Marie Eline was the Thanouser Kid, but from now on she is going to be Marie Eline.

R. S., DERMOTT.—Well, why dont you tell the manager that you want newer pictures than ten months old? Edgar Jones and Clara Williams in "On a Mountain Ranch."

DIXIE.—Sorry to hear of your sickness. Earle Foxe opposite Florence Lawrence in "Girl o' the Woods" (Victor). Ethel Davis was the actress in "The Missionary and the Actress" (Selig).

O. M. S.—We have never printed a picture of Carl Von Schiller. That was a tamed snake that Romaine Fielding had in "The Rattlesnake." Yes, gruesome. We'll have to call him the Poe of the pictures. Richard Travers in that Essanay.

DOROTHY P.—Yes; Alice Joyce and Tom Moore in "The New Minister." Flossie does not write any more.

MAE P.—The verse is very good. King Baggot is not dead. But he is married. Gladys Hulette was the stenographer in "Wly Girls Leave Home" (Edison).

JESSE JIMMIE.—The writing is all right, but of course typewriting is much better to read. Chester Barnett has left Crystal. Broncho Billy runs a theater in California.

W. R. BROOKS.—Dolly Ohnet was Edward Dillon's girl in "A Compromising Complication" (Biograph). You might try Biograph, but I doubt if they will help you.

HERCULES.—Warren Kerrigan is with Victor, and Jessalyn Van Trump is leading lady. The editor wants to cut down this department to ten or fifteen pages. What say you?

JULIET.—Come right along. Avenue M and Elm Avenue are the same station. So you have dropped all your lovers for Mr. Bushman. And you think that Ruth Roland is not a success as a bearded lady. Well, wasn't she when she removed the beard? She is interesting and clever in everything.

GRANNY.—I'm so sorry. Romaine Fielding was second in another contest given by a newspaper. Cant tell you why so few theaters in your vicinity run Licensed pictures, unless the people dont want them. It is just the opposite in other neighborhoods.

MARJORIE S. W.—Gertrude Bambrick was the girl in "The Lady in Black" (Biograph). Yes, but whom are we to blame for that immoral play—the writer, the editor, the players, the director, the manufacturer, the exchange, the censors, or the exhibitors? Perhaps the manufacturer never saw it, but he should be held responsible.

ALICE H.—Do you mean Mrs. Mary Maurice? She called at our office a short time ago. She is a lovely woman.

E. D. N., PHILADELPHIA.—Muriel Ostriche was the girl in "The Flood Tide" (Thanouser). Marguerite Snow has been ill for some time.

NED, N. Z.—To whom do you refer, Gladys Field, Miss Fisher, Vedah Bertram, Evelyn Selbie or Marguerite Clayton? Miss Selbie is still with Essanay.

DORIS W.—Yes, of *The Moving Picture World*. I forgive you, because I forgot all about it. It is easier to forget than to forgive. Rosetta Brice in "Price of Victory."

BILLY, DELTA KAPPA EPSILON.—Wallace Reid seems to have your heart as well as your admiration. He had the lead in "The Wall of Money."

MRS. L. B. A.—Your letter is very interesting. Yes, table manners are very often forgotten in the pictures. You refer to Thomas Carrigan in the Selig. Thanks.

PATHÉ'S WEEKLY

Wherever events of real interest are taking place, there will be found a Pathé camera man securing pictures for the Weekly. It may be the inauguration of a president, the crowning of a king, a Mexican battle, a Balkan war, the wreck of a great ship, the successful trial of a revolutionizing invention, a world tour of two famous American baseball teams—any one, in fact, of a thousand different things, but alike in one essential quality, interest. No films made equal the popularity of this justly celebrated **PATHÉ** production.

**SEE IT
TWICE A WEEK**

MRS. G. M., ROCHESTER.—Hobart Bosworth and Marguerite Loveridge had the leads in "Seeds of Silver" (Selig). Your letter is as profound as Plato, as witty as Swift, and as bright as Holmes. When I die I will will you my job.

TARURU-A.—Dont know the "Gladys" you refer to. Name some of the plays. Gaumont does not answer nor give us foreign casts. Kinemacolor are at 1600 Broadway, New York City. Thanks for your nice words.

R. T. B., MELBOURNE.—Charles H. Mailles and Blanche Sweet were man and wife, and Henry Walthall was the friend. Wilfred Lucas was leading man in "Enoch Arden."

RHODA EARLE.—So you pick Earle Williams for a husband. Perhaps he should be permitted to have something to say about that. Write to Edward Lifka, 1944 Withnell Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., about the club.

F. L. C.—Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton had the leads in "His Children" (Lubin). Charles Perley and Linda Griffith had the leads in "The Scarlet Letter" (Kinemacolor). Harry Northrup was the player in "Playing with Fire" (Vitagraph). So you dont think you could sit opposite me three times a day, after looking at my picture. Well, nobody asked you to. We may publish a book, "Who's Who in Filmdom."

OGLALLA, SIOUX.—We can get very little information from Keystone, Broncho and Kay-Bee. Fred Church was the sweetheart in "Broncho Billy Gets Square" (Essanay). Yes, a picture of George Field soon.

DALE W.—Billy Quirk is on the stage, Warren Kerrigan with Victor, Ethel Clayton with Lubin, and Harold Lockwood with Nestor. Vitagraph have about as many players as any one. Yes, I manage to keep cool—with so many fans!

MAMIE H.—Thanks kindly for the cards. We do not carry that company's material.

VIZ.—Carlyle Blackwell and Billie Rhodes in "The Man Who Vanished" (Kalem). Warren Kerrigan did not play in that Selig. That Kalem was taken in New Jersey.

CURIOUS CLARENCE.—Lionel Adams and Maidel Turner had the leads in "Mother-Love" (Lubin). William Brunton and Helen Holmes had the leads in "The Runaway Freight" (Kalem). That Pathé was a foreign play, and we haven't the cast. We know of no place where you can get miniature photos of the players.

MARY P.—Louise Huff in "A Waif of the Desert" (Lubin). Where have you been? You are certainly *au fait* in the use of the king's English.

C. B., JOLIET.—Tom Moore was Dan in "The Primitive Man" (Kalem). Usually they use their own players instead of regular workmen. Thanks. That's right, aim high; the arrow in its flight always falls. What we earnestly aspire to be, that, in some sense, we are. Not much hope of getting Biograph chats.

JOANE D. P.—Marie Eline was the little boy in "Little Brother" (Thanouser). Lillian and Dorothy Gish and Blanche Sweet are still with Biograph.

MURL S.—It is well to fix your eye on perfection, but you mustn't expect anybody to reach it. Thanks. The Regent M. P. Theater is at 116th St. and Seventh Ave., New York City, and it is worth going many miles to see.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Carlyle Blackwell was chatted in July, 1912. Kempton Greene and Vivian Pates had the leads in "Bob Buys an Auto" (Lubin). Yes, we will chat Crane Wilbur over again.

JOHN F. F.—The sergeant in "Fight at Fort Laramie" (Kalem) is unknown. Al Garcia was the prince in "The Mansion of Misery" (Selig). Robert Burns was the thief, and George Reehm was the newspaper representative in "The Actress and Her Jewels" (Lubin). Albert Macklin was Bob in "Mother-Love" (Lubin). Walter Stull was John in "Beating Mother to It" (Lubin). Robyn Adair was Bob in "The Weaker Mind" (Lubin). Mildred Manning was the wife in "A Chance Deception" (Biograph). Frank Lanning was with Biograph last, I believe. Laura Sawyer is with Famous Players. Zena Keefe and Miss Raymond were the girls in "Does Advertising Pay?" (Vitagraph). Thank you kindly.

OLGA, 17.—Richard Stanton used to be the villain in the Méliès pictures; he was with Kay-Bee last. Certainly, why not simplified spelling on the screen in the subtitles? That's just the place for it. Right you be again—most plays have too many sub-titles. It is hard to understand and to remember sub-titles, and when they are numerous it spoils our interest.

WANDA.—William Brunton was Pasquale in "The Express-Car Mystery" (Kalem). Harold Livingston was the messenger and Helen Holmes his wife. Robert Harron was the boy, Miss L. Langdon his mother, and Mildred Manning his cousin in "The Girl Across the Way." Yes; Mae Marsh was the girl.

FAY, OF 'CISCO.—"Romeo and Juliet" (Pathé) was taken in Europe. Francesca Bertini had the lead. Three or four thousand queries a month.

COURTENAY, NEW ORLEANS.—Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan had the leads in "The Silver Grindstone" (Selig). Alice Hollister was the girl in "The Vampire" (Kalem). Everybody seemed to like the December number. Thanks.

SEVENTEEN.—Earle Metcalfe was Frank in "Partners in Crime" (Lubin). Ethel Clayton was the girl. Your letter is written correctly. Wonderful idea of yours. Next you will be nominating Bunny as Cupid.

MAY DE B.—You must not ask for descriptions of our artists. William Duncan.

The Vitagraph Co. of America

ANNOUNCE

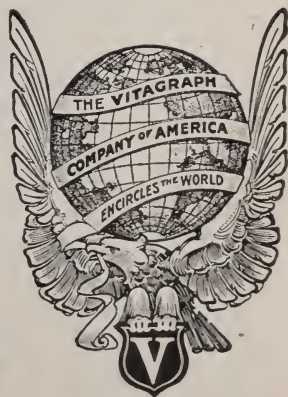
THE OPENING OF THE

VITAGRAPH
THEATRE

Broadway, at 44th Street, New York City

On *FEBRUARY 8th, 1914*

Devoted Exclusively to
Premier Presentations
OF
Masterpieces
OF
Motion Photography



TO BE KNOWN AS

BROADWAY STAR FEATURES

MAXWELL.—Julia Swayne Gordon is with Vitagraph. Please dont ask ages. No! A copyright is not "a right to copy"—it's a cash-box for the other fellow's ideas.

JENNIE S. K.—Tom Carrigan in that Selig. Al Garcia was the legal adviser in "The Flight of the Crow" (Selig). You think that for dignity, repose and stateliness Earle Williams takes the blue ribbon.

R. M. G.—Wallace Reid had the lead in "The Spirit of the Flag" (Bison); Pauline Bush his sweetheart. So you think that counterfeiter play immoral. Anyway, a counterfeiter imitates a good example.

LEE B.—Sorry, but we have neither of your questions. Perhaps they will be in later.

FLOSSIE C. P.—Well, well, greetings! Glad to hear from you again. Your writing has improved wonderfully. William Russell is now with Biograph. Harry Benham plays opposite Florence LaBadie sometimes. Of course he has a wife. So you have gone back on Crane Wilbur. Oh, fickle Flossie!

I. B. INTERESTED.—The Universals have about ten different branches of different companies. The Victor is a branch of the Universal. Dont know Tom Powers' present whereabouts. Thanks for that list. So you dont like the idea of other magazines copying our contests. What about the "Great Artist Contest"?

MIRIAM G.—Never write what you dare not sign. Remember that some words hurt worse than swords.

OLGA, 17.—Say, by the way, when is that figure going to change? Have you reached that age when birthdays are forgotten? Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton had the leads in "The Scapegrace" (Lubin). It is impossible to obtain the names of the Japanese players in the Méliès plays. Mr. La Roche wishes to be remembered.

WALTER C.—The Vitagraph tell you what music to play for their releases, but they have just discontinued their music department. Dont know where you can obtain real Motion Picture music. Charles Bartlett was Jim in "The Struggle" (Bison). Why not try the Clearing House?

BILLIE C.—"Feature films" are more than the ordinary one-reel play. All multiple reels are called features. Only G. M. Anderson plays Broncho Billy parts. The actresses 'most always carry their own name after they are married. "Release" means to put on the market. Only the principal players are on the cast. Richard Stanton had the lead in "A Flame in the Ashes" (Kay-Bee). William Shay was the son in "Angel of Death" (Imp). Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley in "The Light Woman" (Rex). Douglas Gerrard was Tenor in the same. Mrs. W. O. O'Connell was the mother, Marguerite Fischer the girl and Robert Leonard the sweetheart in "Paying the Price" (Rex). Ella Hall was the youth and Lois Weber the woman in "Memories." Sorry, but Broncho does not answer.

ENGLISH, K. C., Mo.—Alice Hollister had the lead in that Kalem. Edwin Carewe was Robert in "His Chorus-Girl Wife." Billie West was the girl in "The King's Man."

ALICE D.—Henry King and Velma Whitman had the leads in "The Magic Melody" (Lubin). Adele Lane was the girl in "Good for Evil" (Lubin).

R. S. G., BROOKLYN.—Romaine Fielding is not at Philadelphia, but in New Mexico. Francis Bushman will get your letter if you send it to Chicago. The yell is good; I'll try it on the janitor and the cook.

WALTER C.—That Broncho we haven't. David Thompson was the doctor in "An Errand of Mercy" (Thanhouser). Virginia Chester was Ida in "The Price of Jealousy."

OLGA, 17.—The N. Y. M. P. Co. are on Broadway and Forty-second. Never heard of that person. Dont know where you can get passes to any of the studios. It is quite hard to get thru. D. Crisp and Alan Hale were the brothers in "By Man's Law" (Biograph). Jack Richardson was the cowboy in "The Song of the Soup" (American). Vivian Rich was the girl.

MERELY MARIANNE.—Yes; Richard Tucker in "In the Garden" (Edison). Harry Lambert was Willie Jones in "The Line-up." William Brunton and Helen Holmes had the leads in "The Smuggler's Last Deal" (Kalem). Martin Faust was Tony in "When Tony Pawned Louisa" (Lubin). Harry Millarde in "Breaking Into the Big League" (Kalem). Helen Holmes was Claire, and Tom Foreman was Harold in "Baffled, Not Beaten" (Kalem). Jennie Nelson was the cow-girl in "The Exile" (Lubin). Lionel Adams and Maidel Turner in "The Love of Beauty" (Lubin). You're welcome.

NEW ZEALAND SCHOOLGIRL.—Marguerite Snow was the girl in "Her Fireman" (Thanhouser). Bessie Eyton was the girl in "The Little Organist of San Juan" (Selig).

HOOSIER GIRL.—John Ince in that Lubin. Lillian Gish had the lead in "The Madonna of the Storm" (Biograph). That was a mistake of the director. Reminds me of the Napoleonic legend in which the one-armed veteran drew his sword and cut off his other arm. The question is, How did he do it?

L. I. M., SAN FRAN.—Florence Turner is still in Europe. Tom Moore as the minister in "Our New Minister." Your suggestion is very fine, and it will be passed along.

C. W., BRONX.—No child for that Reliance. That Pathé was a foreign. So Ruth Roland told you she had an orange-and-black Chalmers. They all have the autoitis.

L. W., MELBOURNE.—Dont know if Stanley Walpole was ever with the Australian Photoplay Company. He was with Reliance.



Mothers of the Nation, Be Glad!

Our babies — who were dying one in six—are staying with us now. Their cheeks are dimpling with health because we are learning how to keep them well.

We are learning slowly this—the alphabet of baby health—that the Mother's milk is best; that cows' milk is for calves, not for babies; that germs lie in milk bottles —that the only substitute for mother's milk must be so like mother's milk that baby feels no change.

Nestlé's Food

answers the need. The purified milk of healthy cows from our own guarded dairies, scientifically modified, with baby's need of wheat and sugar added—that is NESTLÉ'S FOOD—cold water and two minutes' boiling prepares it.

12 full feedings await your baby here. Send for free can today. With it you will get also free the valuable book, "Infant Feeding and Hygiene." You owe it to your baby to read this book.

NESTLÉ'S FOOD COMPANY

111 Chambers Street, New York

Please send me, FREE, your book and trial package.

Name

Address

.....



N. L. M.—We have always understood that Cleo Ridgely was Beauty in "Beauty and the Beast," produced by the Rex Company. Perhaps you have reference to another play by the same name.

EDITOR PRICE—So you liken me to the Statue of Liberty! Well, she is copper-headed. I thank you for your implied compliment in *The Publisher and Retailer*, and I am just conceited enough to reprint it here: "Those familiar with that most wonderful of magazine departments—the Answer Department of THE MOTION PICTURE STORY MAGAZINE—will be more than surprised to know that it is edited by —, still of an age to be called —. The lady down on Bedloe's Island, if possessed with brains suited to her stature, would hardly be capable of handling the section of the magazine mentioned. How it is accomplished is a mystery no less great than what became of the circulations some of the magazines never had." If I had such a witty pen as you, sir, I would be happy quite.

(Continued from page 103)

stunts. I've been in the Movies only a year and a half—twelve months with Essanay. Just prior to that I was leading lady for two years at the old Central Theater in San Francisco, the home of lurid melodrama before the pictures put it out of business; and the place went up in smoke the other day. Those were strenuous days. I don't remember how many burning houses I have had to fall out of, or how many times I've dashed on horseback over that bridge mid-stage, and fallen, horse and all, lickety-splash and crash, into the great twelve-foot-deep tank that Mr. Howell built specially for these hair-raising feats. So it's nothing terrible to take the chances we do out here in Niles canyon. That's one thing I like about Mr. Anderson. He looks after our safety and welfare with never-failing care.

"I had lots of dramatic experience, of course, but, believe me, the picture business is my one love now. I've played stock in Harry Bishop's company of *Ye Liberty*, Oakland. That's what first brought me to California. Before that, I was in stock at Proctor's New York houses. Talking of experiences, I had plenty of them when I went thru Alaska with Tim Frawley two years ago. We put in a winter there and had to wait to be thawed back. Those people up there are fine, tho. They depend so much on each other that you get the real human nature at its best.

"What characters do I like to play best in the pictures? Oh, my favorites are Mexican and Spanish women and Indians."

"You are one of the best, if not the best, Indian women in the business," I declared. "Your appearance as such is perfect, so much so that no one would suspect, who did not know you, that you were not a real, full-blooded squaw." I am quite sure that if Miss Selbie had had a cigar she would have offered it to me.

Miss Selbie rose to throw herself into one of those picturesque poses before the camera in which she is so adept. "But," she called in parting, "I really do honestly and positively love California!" And I am sure that, so far as California is concerned, the feeling is reciprocated. I told her so. And her white teeth smiled from out the ruddy make-up as cheerily as ever smile adorned the face of Minnehaha. A. A. P.



PEN-AND-INK DRAWING FROM A FILM IN WHICH MISS SELBIE APPEARED

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This is "SPIRABONE" boning

BECAUSE they buy their corsets carefully. They know that their grace of figure, their success, depends on correct corseting.

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¶ The secret is "SPIRABONE," the flexible boning found only in *La Resista Corsets*. "SPIRABONE" is as supple as your body itself. It yields to every motion and never loses its original shapeliness. Made of unbreakable, rustless wire.

¶ Send today for our beautifully illustrated booklet of French Corset Styles. It tells the secret of the Parisienne's fascination and shows you how to acquire a graceful figure by wearing the right corset. And it tells all about this wonderful boning, "SPIRABONE," which has taken the place of stiff whalebone.

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HENRIETTA.—Earle Metcalfe was the rival in "The Sleepy Romance" (Lubin). Bob Graham was Tom in "The Special Officer" (Lubin). Billie Rhodes in that Kalem. Raymond McKee was the son in "The Highest Bidder" (Lubin). The story published about Maurice Costello was greatly exaggerated.

HARRY W.—Yes, I received a set of the prettily colored postal cards of players from the Film Portrait Co. They are very beautiful.

CURLY.—Thank you so much for your package, and since you say "do not open until Christmas," I am anxiously waiting. Again much thanks.

VENUS.—Gene Gaudtier was Arrah, Sidney Olcott was Shaun, Jack Clark was McCoul, and Agnes Mapes was Fannie in "Arrah-na-Pogue." Your criticisms are good.

DICK, JACKSON.—William Duncan and Myrtle Stedman in "The Jealousy of Miguel and Isabella" (Selig). Fred Mace is with Apollo. Edgar Jones, Clara Williams and Franklyn Hall in "A Love Test" (Lubin). Send your letter to the Circulation Department on a separate sheet of paper.

KITTY C.—William Duncan in "The Silver Grindstone" (Selig). Thanks; I appreciate little gifts more than great ones, for the will, not the gift, makes the good giver.

MARNIE.—Dolly Larkin was the wife in "The Locked Room" (Lubin). So you think that fine acting depends on what's inside rather than on what they do outside. Well, it may be that it was "The heaven within her that made a heaven without," but you cant tell. Mansfield was often a tyrant, yet a master actor.

SHAMROCK, N. O.—Evelyn Selbie had the lead in "A Western Sister's Devotion" (Essanay). Warren Kerrigan was Master Kirby in "The Passer-by" (Victor).

MARGERY Y.—Florence Barker was the girl in "The Sealed Envelope" (Powers). Why dont you write to the manager, if you dont want to talk to him?

R. H. P.—Yes, there are lots of screens on the market, and others on the way. A new mirror screen has been invented by H. Pannill, of Petersburg, W. Va., and has created no little interest, as it seems to meet conditions which heretofore have been very troublesome. It is said to be unbreakable, highly reflective, and that light cannot penetrate thru its planed surface.

BROWN EYES.—Jack Standing and Margaret Risser had the leads in "Depths of Hate" (Pathé). Mr. Brenner and Miss Kraull had the leads in "The Sacrifice."

W. G. T.—William Stowell was the leader of the gang. Tom Carrigan the lead in that Selig. Marin Sais was Trooper Billy. Jane Wolfe was the half-breed's mother.

G. V., SAN FRAN.—Paul Panzer was the lead in "A Phony Alarm" (Patheplay). Frederick Church was the messenger in "The Doctor's Duty" (Essanay).

SWASTIKA.—Carlyle Blackwell is still with Kalem. Dont know Robyn Adair's present whereabouts. The same of Brinsley Shaw.

THE CANADIAN ADMIRER.—Well, write her and tell her. All players, like all women, like to be loved, and like to be toid. But dont write love-letters to them. Edwin Carewe and Violet Foxe were brother and sister in "Her First Offense." Gertrude Bambrick the lady in black. So you think Jane Fearnley will fill Leah Baird's place.

DOROTHY F.—I know of no studio in Minneapolis. He is in California. We have never printed Florence Roberts' picture. So you like pictures showing the people who live in the "uninhabited" portions of the globe!

W. R. K., COLUMBUS.—Carlyle Blackwell was Hobart and Billie Rhodes the daughter in "The Man Who Vanished." Buster Emmons the small boy in "Jim's Reward."

STATISTICS REPORT

At the last count of the postal cards received, the result stood as follows:

	Yes	No
1. Do you prefer multiple reels?.....	5381	5062
2. Are there enough educationals?.....	4787	5724
3. Favor changing pictures every day?.....	4109	4143
4. Favor a revival?.....	7764	9042
5. Do you like comedies?.....	6542	3669
6. Do you like classics?.....	7906	364
7. Do you like dramas?.....	7581	3746
8. Do you like Westerns?.....	5106	3222
9. Do you like war pictures?.....	4603	3441
10. Do you think pictures should be censored?.....	4985	3068
11. Do you think public should censor?.....	3304	4863
12. Do you make your wants known to the manager of your theater?	3046	5107

5,908 people prefer dramas, 1,600 educationals, 684 war pictures, 1,018 Westerns, and 1,446 comedies.

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Do you suffer having a coarse complexion?

Is your skin covered with dots? Has it pimples, black-heads, or is it yellow and wrinkled?

Are you unfortunate enough to have hollow cheeks, a double chin or a poorly developed neck?

Let us send you our

Vacuum Hand Massager

Whatever part of the body applied to, an increased blood circulation is caused. The tissues fed by the blood, which is the most nourishing element,



quickly rebuild the cells, and form firm, youthful flesh.

Hollow cheeks, undeveloped neck and arms, derive fullness, firmness and form.

Skin blemishes disappear after two or three treatments.

Do you know who applies our method?

No less than Professor Dr. Bier, the personal Medical Attendant to His Majesty

THE KAISER OF GERMANY

What more proof of the value of our appliance do you require?

Does it merit your confidence?

**Beauty is Woman's Power, it is the key to the gates of
LOVE and HAPPINESS.**

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WALTER C.—Gold Seal is Universal. Domino is New York Motion Picture. David Hartford was the governor of Jamaica in "The Black Flag" (Gold Seal).

PIANIST.—Harry Myers was Harry Phillips in "A Momentous Decision" (Lubin). You think Bunny's shape is his fortune? He says it's his face.

JEAN B.—Mae Marsh was the girl in that Biograph. Harry Carey was the detective and Claire McDowell the girl in "The Van Nostrand Tiara" (Biograph). Harold Lockwood was the Lieutenant in "The Fighting Lieutenant" (Selig).

EVERETT D.—Edison added new scenes to "Why Girls Leave Home." The first one was produced some years ago. Lillian Gish in "A Woman in the Ultimate" (Biograph). I shall try not to let that happen again.

YOLDIE.—Barney Gilmore, George Parton, James O'Neil, James Johnston and Joseph Levering all played in "Fight for Millions." Dont know which was the burglar.

HELEN, FROM HELENA.—William Brunton and Helen Holmes in "The Runaway Freight" (Kalem). My experience has been that most people who are saying that there should be more educationals are those who want dramas and comedies for themselves and educationals for other people.

LILY MAY C.—Margaret Risser was the sweetheart in "Too Many Tenants" (Pathé), which was a very funny play. Viola Barry was the girl in "A Frightful Blunder" (Biograph). Thank you kindly for all the information.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Joseph Holland was Jim, and Carl Von Schiller was Tom in "Breed of the West" (Lubin). Robert Walker was the father in "The End of the Run" (Kalem). James Ross was Rufus. Herbert Rawlinson and Marguerite Loveridge had the leads in "Buck Richards' Bride" (Selig). Madame Claudia was Zuma in "Zuma the Gypsy" (Kleine). Octavia Handworth was chatted in August, 1912.

HOOSIER GIRL.—Harry Carey in that Biograph. Why not try the Photoplay Clearing House? Yes, they had that quotation wrong. It was Ella Wheeler Wilcox who said "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone."

MARGUERITE C.—Earle Metcalfe and Ethel Clayton opposite Harry Myers in "Partners in Crime" (Lubin).

VESTA, SPRINGFIELD.—Harrish Ingraham was the nephew in "The Merrill Murder Mystery" (Patheplay). Rupert Julian in "The Shadows of Life" (Rex).

G. T., LIMA.—Violet Mesereau was the girl in "Blue Ridge Mountains" (Imp). You are entirely right. As Balzac says, "The deeper the feeling, the less demonstrative will be the expression of it." The better players do not rant and saw the air.

ELFRIEDA.—Gertrude Robinson was with Biograph last. No; Mrs. Mary Maurice is not Mr. Costello's mother. That's right; keep busy. The secret of happiness is never to let your energies stagnate.

GINGER.—Marian Cooper in that Kalem. Have no cast for that Pathé. See elsewhere about the club. Thanks for your nice letter.

MABEL, MIDGE G.—The question has been answered several times—Mabel Normand formerly played for Biograph before going with Keystone.

DIXIE.—Ormi Hawley has no permanent leading man as yet. Rogers Lytton and Julia S. Gordon in "Daniel" (Vitagraph). James Morrison is with Vitagraph. Yes, there is a George Bunny.

ROQUA.—Velma Whitman in "Magic Melody" (Lubin). Lillian Orth in that Biograph. Florence Foley was the little girl in "The Carpenter" (Vitagraph).

DOROTHY E. L.—So you think the diver in "The Diver" (Vitagraph) was a man. No, no; she is Madame Ideal. You say Earle Williams did not make love to her thru the whole play, and yet he was in love with her. I didn't notice anything wrong.

GIPSY.—Mary Ryan was the girl in "The Rattlesnake" (Lubin), as I said before, and I dont know who was the rattlesnake. Gwendoline Pates in that Pathé. Grace Cunard in the Bison, and Mae Marsh in the Biograph. Yes, children are like the photo-film—they take any impression, good or bad. But remember that all plays cannot be written for children. Some day we shall have children's theaters.

CLARA, 18.—Lee Maloney and Helen Holmes in "The Battle at Fort Laramie" (Kalem). Gladys Brockwell in "The Counterfeiter's Fate" (Lubin). Cant give you the name of that baby, for the simple reason that it hasn't been named yet.

54-40 D.—Edgar Jones in "From Out of the Flood" (Lubin). Taken at Betzwood.

MARGARET A.—Bert French and Alice Eis did the dance in "The Vampire" (Kalem). Lionel Adams and Maidel Turner in "The Great Discovery" (Lubin). James Cooley in that Biograph. Edgar Jones and Robert Graham in "Waif of the Desert" (Lubin).

CARLISLE H. S.—"Who Will Marry Mary?" (Edison) was taken at Searsport, Me. Write Famous Players about Mary Pickford.

OLGA, 17.—Henry King was the governor in "Life, Love and Liberty" (Lubin). Velma Whitman was the girl. Yes; Ray Gallagher the brother. We do not always love those whom we admire, unless it is ourselves. When you say you simply love that player, you mean that you admire him—so?

KENNETH F., BUFFALO.—Yes; Mary Fuller's picture has appeared in the gallery about ten times. Her latest was November, 1913. Alice Joyce and Tom Moore in "Our New Minister" (Kalem). Kathleen Coughlin was the little boy in "The Doctor's Duty."

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- F. X. E., CLEVELAND.—Blanche Sweet is playing regularly. Write Circulation Manager about magazines. Perhaps you refer to Robert Harron.
- H. M. G.—Address of correspondence club elsewhere. Glad you liked the puzzle.
- M. C., TORRINGTON.—Yes, Vitagraph sell pictures. We shall print a picture of Maurice Costello soon. You hit the nail right on the head, and hit it hard.
- RAGGED PRINCESS.—Keystone is at 1712 Allesandro Street, Los Angeles, Cal.
- LOTTIE D. T.—James Cooley and Lillian Gish in that Biograph. Lillian Wiggins in "Lillie's Nightmare" (Pathé). Ada Gifford was Mary in "Cutey's Waterloo" (Vitagraph). James Durkin was the lover in "The Junior Partner" (Thanouser).
- JOHNNIE X.—The picture is of Mary Pickford. Will see about a chat with Helen Gardner. No, I do not carry life insurance. I find that honesty is the best policy.
- HELEN L. R.—Pardon me if I omitted to thank you for the clippings. I get hundreds from all over the world, and read them with pleasure and profit. "The Snare" (Essanay) was released Oct. 17, 1912. Dont know the name of that picture. Now you want William Bailey chatted. Henry King and Velma Whitman had the leads in "Turning the Tables" (Lubin). Tom Mix in "The Escape of Jim Dolan" (Selig).
- MARJORIE M. M.—James Cooley in that Biograph. Adele Lane was Mrs. Lean, and Charles Clary was Mr. Lean in "Dorothy's Adoption" (Selig). Peggy O'Neill and Robert Drouet in "Getting the Best of Dad" (Lubin).
- CEILA K.—Earle Metcalfe was one of the partners in "Partners in Crime" (Lubin). Romaine Fielding in "When Mountains and Valley Meet."
- MARY P.—Denton Vane was the son in that Kalem. Yes, callers are welcome here, but only by appointment, because we have work to do, sometimes.
- JAMES C. R.—I never knew that Ormi Hawley appeared in any of the Dayton flood pictures. The flood was taken by Pathé's Weekly.
- GRACIOUS.—Gene Pallette was the sheriff in "The Suspended Sentence" (American). George Field was the "no account" in "The Orphan's Mine" (American). Charles West was the city son in "The Work Habit," and Harry Carey the son-in-law.
- M. E. R., CAMDEN.—"The Yellow Streak" was taken at Lake Placid, N. Y., by Pathé. So you think John Bunny a lemon? Why not call him a grape-fruit? And please name a greater comedian of his kind and win a prize.
- OLGA, 17.—Yale Brenner was the chauffeur in "Tongues That Slander" (Edison). You love blond villains and dark heroes. Mabel Van Buren was the mother and Roy Clarke the child in "The Probationer" (Selig). Thanks.
- LOTTIE D. T.—James Cruze and Jean Darnell had the leads in "The Message to Headquarters" (Thanouser). Edgar Jones and Clara Williams in "Over the Divide" (Lubin). Charles Kent and Julia S. Gordon in "In The Days of Terror" (Vitagraph). Richard Tucker and Marie Tener in "No Cooking Allowed." Yes; Lillian Christy is with Essanay; also Robert Grey. Mr. Newburg and Miss Claire in "A Dixie Mother."
- ADRIA S.—Sorry, but we can obtain no information from Broncho, Kay-Bee, etc. They are still asleep at the switch with their information.
- LAUNCE, THE FOOL.—I take no tonic, my child, before doing the Inquiries. Write direct to Essanay for Francis Bushman, Chicago, Ill. Thanks for your good words.
- E. G. B.—Charles Murray is working hard for Biograph. Betty Gray was the daughter in "The Smuggler" (Patheplay). J. A. Berst was the head of the Pathé Company in America, but he has resigned. Thank you.
- MARJORIE M. M.—Harry Morey was Vincent in "The Next Generation" (Vitagraph). Lillian V. Mulhearn was Margaret in "The Diver" (Vitagraph). Glad you liked our chat with Mr. Edison, but sorry that you learnt more about other great characters in history from it than you learnt of Mr. Edison. Well, that is a complimentary criticism. And since you say that you are now convinced that he is a great man, the chat evidently taught you something about him that you did not know.
- WALTER C.—Larmar Johnstone had the lead in "The Greater Love" (Majestic). George in that Vitagraph is not on the cast. The husband in "Signs and Omens" (Vitagraph) is unknown. Sidney Bracey was the umbrella dealer in "The Hoodoo Umbrella" (Vitagraph). The fake doctor in that Thanouser is not cast. William Brunton was the villain in "The Monogrammed Cigaret" (Kalem).
- J. S. M.—Phillips Smalley was the poet and Lois Weber the leading woman in "The Light Woman" (Rex). William C. Hull was Jean in "Sapho" (Majestic). William Stowell in "The Water-Rat" (Selig). Darwin Karr in "Retribution" (Solax). Robert Leonard and Margarita Fischer in "Paying the Price" (Rex). Caroline Cook was Octavia in "In the Days of Trajan" (American). William Scott and Harriet Notter in "Destiny of the Sea" (Selig).
- FREDERICK D.—Irene Howley and Miss Hartigan in "His Inspiration" (Biograph). Marguerite Clayton was the girl in "Broncho Billy's Secret" (Essanay).
- MAURICE.—You say that Clara Young is a peach and that you would like to make a date with her to meet you at the fountain. Well, to write stuff like that to me shows that you are what is commonly termed a lemon, all of which makes a fine assortment of fruit—peaches, dates and lemons. Again, *this is no matrimonial bureau.*

THE MISSION OF THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE

A WELL-BUILT BRIDGE BETWEEN STUDIO AND AUTHOR

Such an institution has long been needed, and, after discussion with the heads of the leading studios, THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE was established.

It announces the completion of its tenth month as authors' critic, adviser, representative and literary agent, and it has successfully handled over 4,800 plays or scenarios. We have received over 1,700 voluntary letters of appreciation from pleased patrons, and we believe we have sold more photoplays and at a higher price than all other similar individuals or companies combined. We are under the supervision of The Motion Picture Story Magazine as a guarantee of our efficiency and reliability, and include in our service:

How to Go About It, Where to Market Your Product, How to Revise and Cure Its Weak Points, The Kind of Manuscripts Wanted, An Intimate Association with the Manufacturing Requirements.

Among the present wants of the studios we can announce an immediate demand for half- or split-reel comedies, and dramas of two reels or more. Multiple-reel production commands a double or even larger price, and the demand for first-class comedy is ten times as large as the supply, and partly thru our efforts the scale of prices is constantly increasing. The field is now more lucrative for experienced authors to enter, and we appeal to them as well as to beginners. The idea sells, not the name.

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Gentlemen:

I thank you very much for your quick and esteemed services in marketing my photoplay, "Saved by the Code," No. 987, to the Vitagraph Co.

You have put the feathers on the arrow which sent it straight to the mark. Also, I thank you for the check (\$25.00) for the same. I am taking further advantage of the Photoplay Clearing House methods and efficiency by sending you another script. Acknowledging your service as a time and money saver,
Summit Hill, Pa. RICHARD T. JONES.

Gentlemen:

Beg to acknowledge receipt of yours of the 21st enclosing check for \$25. from the Biograph Company for my scenario, "Silvano Assists," and am herewith returning the signed waivers.

I take pleasure in saying that your business methods have made a "hit" with me. While I have sold scenarios to a number of companies, I had always considered the Biograph market for dramas so limited that it was scarcely worth while, and your work in this case convinces me that even the most exclusive markets must consider the scenarios your judgment prompts you to offer as being worthy of the most careful consideration.
R. M. ILIFF.
1701 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

Gentlemen:

Enclosed you will find scenario No. 1647, which I would like you to re-list. I trust that you will be able to market it and that I have reconstructed it satisfactorily. I certainly like your method and hope to send you many scripts.
220 W. 107th St., New York. STELLA R. CONE.

Gentlemen:

Your success with a scenario which had been lying in a pigeon-hole for months, and which I had very little hope of selling, is a delightful and gratifying surprise. Now beware of the deluge. I return contract signed.
4846 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill. LEON GOLDING.

Photoplay Clearing House,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

I thank you for the consideration which you have given to my photoplay, "Shanghaied," your number 2594. The criticism which you gave me has been very helpful and I believe has pointed out to me my fundamental weaknesses in this line of work. I believe that I should prefer to undertake the work of reconstructing this manuscript myself, as only by personal experience may I hope to gain success as a photoplay writer. I am therefore asking you to return my manuscript at your earliest convenience. Should I desire to resubmit this photoplay to you after reconstructing it, will there be another charge, and if so, what?
Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania. RAYMOND T. BYE.

Photoplay Clearing House,
175 Duffield Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sirs:

Enclosed please find our check for one hundred and seventy dollars (\$170.00) in payment for the following manuscripts:

"The Price of Vanity".....	\$50.00
"The Bitter Cup".....	50.00
"Buddy's First Call".....	20.00
"Dr. Polly".....	50.00

I find now that I can also use "Brandon's Last Ride," by C. E. McMorris, Tampa, Fla., and, as it is marked at "usual rates," I herewith enclose check for fifty (\$50.00) dollars for this two-reel subject.

I am going to send it to our Western company for production. Very truly yours,
THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA,
J. Stuart Blackton, Vice-President and Secretary.

[There is no extra fee for re-listing revised plays.

(Signed) PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE.]

I am delighted at your success in disposing of "Dr. Polly," and thank you for your efforts. I am encouraged to develop some of the ideas that I have "in stock," and will be pleased to use your services if you can get as good prices for equal quality. Very truly,
82 W. 174th St., N. Y. City. HELEN M. HODSDON.

Gentlemen:

I am just in receipt of your check (\$25.00 less commission and postage expended) in payment for my scenario number 1949, entitled "The Smuggler's Daughter," which you sold to the Elclair Company. I wish to express my gratefulness to your company for the disposal of this photoplay and also for your interest taken in my work.
Thanking you again, I remain,
608 E. Worth St., Stockton, Cal. LELAND J. KEYS.

And so on thru a long list of pleased patrons and studios, which we will announce as space permits.

THE PLAN OF THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE.

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WILLIAM F.—Thanks for the pretty calendar. J. M. Sullivan was the President, Denton Vane the son and Irene Boyle the wife in "The President's Special" (Kalem). Henry King was George, Henry Stanley was Mann, Velma Whitman the stenographer and Dolly Larkin the wife in "When the Clock Stopped" (Lubin). Richard Peer was Tommy in "Tommy's Stratagem" (Edison).

RED-HEADED NUT.—Irene Howley was the girl in "The Elemental World" (Biograph). Hers is the only name we have. You can see the point with both eyes shut.

F. A. A.—Thomas Jefferson was the father in "No Place for Father" (Biograph). Harold Lockwood was the lead in "Phantoms" (Selig). George Gebhardt had the lead in "The Mexican's Defeat" (Pathé). Dave Morris was father in "Father's Chicken Dinner" (Biograph). Gwendoline Pates did not return to Pathé; she is on the stage. Helen Holmes in "The Runaway Freight" (Kalem). Don't think she was ever with Lubin.

EVA A. C.—Mildred Hutchinson was the girl in "President's Pardon" (Pathé). Mr. Hoyt was Old Coupons in "Old Coupons" (Biograph). Jack Richardson was Raj Singh in "The Occult" (American). King Baggot was at the bat in "Ivanhoe."

BEBBIE B.—Eugenie Besserer was leading woman in "Phantoms" (Selig). Harold Lockwood was the actor, and Lillian Haywood was the sick mother. Allan Hale was the artist and Irene Howley the wife, Alfred Paget and Miss Hartigan the other couple in "His Inspiration" (Biograph).

LOTTIE D., CHICAGO.—Harry Von Meter opposite Vivian Rich in "The Mountains of Virginia" (American). Since your Chicago friend is marrying a girl from Boston, I suggest pork and beans for a steady diet.

F. M. G., CHI.—Harold Lockwood was John, Eugenie Besserer the girl in that Selig. Jack Standing in the Pathé.

JESSIE H.—Lillian Walker still with Vitagraph. Elsie Albert was beauty in "The Sleeping Beauty" (Warner). Richard Travers in "Told by the Cards" (Essanay).

GERTIE.—I got your letter. I am not angry, honey, and I don't think you are presumptuous. Now, Olga Crane, and James Gordon in "Caprice" as the father. Boots Wall was the sister. The picture was taken at Red Bank, N. J.

ELINOR G.—Gilbert Anderson was the government assessor in "The Lost Deed."

WILLIAM L. B.—Margaret Gibson was Sunny in "Sunny the Cattle Thief" (Essanay). Harold Lockwood had the leads in "Young Mrs. Emas" (Selig). Edgena De Lespine is with Biograph. Yes, thank the Lord, eggs are getting cheaper, and I rejoice that Humpty Dumpty has had another fall. Eggs are a wholesome but fowl product, and I consume about four a day when times are good.

A LA MODE.—Betty Gray with Pathé, Mabel Trunnelle with Edison; also Bessie Learn. Thanks! It is more blessed to give than to receive, but more expensive.

SHORRY.—Lee Beggs was the cobbler, Marian Swayne the daughter and Blanche Cornwall the other girl in "A Question of Hair" (Solax). Paul Machette was the priest, Henry Schaum was Sahio, Louis Fitzroy was Wheeler in "The Girl and the Tiger" (Bison). Florence LaBadie was Portia, Mignon Anderson was Jessica, William Bowman was Shylock, William Russell was Antonio, and Henry Benham was Bassanio in "The Merchant of Venice" (Thanouser). Lillian Logan and William Bauman had the leads in "The Soul of a Thief" (American). Marie Walcamp in "The Girl and the Tiger" as the favorite.

MAY C.—Vivian Rich and Wallace Reid in "Foreign Spy" (American). Robert Grey was Tom in "Tom Takes a Chance" (American). Billie West was the girl. Canadian money is always discounted in New York City.

HENRY H. B.—There is no way of finding out when Helen Costello's birthday is, unless she wants to inform you. Your letter is very interesting.

CUTIE, OF DALLAS.—Your epic in the original tongue is published here for the edification of the world: "Boyibus kissibus sweetis galorum; girlibus likibus—wanta someorum. Papabus hearibus kisses some moreum, kickibus boyibus out of the doorum. Darkibus nightibus, not a lightorum; climbabus gatepost, breeches toreum."

MRS. W. C. B.—Your verse is very good. Haven't the cast for that Thanouser. Certainly I am a "character," and I don't care who knows it. I would hate to be one of the common herd and simply neuter. I like a person who is something one way or the other. Yes, we have had to add pages to the magazine.

LOTTIE D. T.—Billie Rhodes and Carlyle Blackwell in "The Man Who Vanished" (Kalem). Leah Baird and Earle Williams in "The Great Diamond Mystery" (Vitagraph). Charles Bartlett and Mona Darkfeather in "The Song of the Telegraph."

HELEN L. R.—William Duncan was the cowboy in "The Rustler's Reformation" (Selig). Frank Dayton was the judge in "For Old Times' Sake" (Essanay). Wheeler Oakman was the detective in "Hope" (Selig). Thanks very much for the beautiful present. Very nice. E. J. Brady was the father in "Fires of Fate" (Rex).

OLGA.—William Russell was Robin Hood, Mignon Anderson was Ellen and Harry Benham was Allan in "Robin Hood" (Thanouser). It takes two to make a bargain, but usually only one gets it.

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SWEET WILLIAM.—Mr. Hoyt in that Biograph. Thomas Jefferson and Julia Burns in that Biograph. Guy Oliver in "Trying Out No. 707" (Selig). Augustus Carney has been captured by Universal.

CALIFORNIA POPPY.—No. that magazine is not published by us, and dont let your newsdealer tell you it is. Margarita Fischer is now with American. From a pure spring pure water flows. Your letter sprang from a good heart.

MILDRED AND MEREDITH.—The sister was not cast in "The Swan-Girl" (Vitagraph). Billie Rhodes was the girl in "The Plot of India's Hillmen" (Kalem). Mildred Manning was the woman in "An Unjust Suspicion" (Biograph). Adrienne Kroell was the girl, Tom Carrigan the young man and Charles Clary the father in "The Stolen Face" (Selig). Thanks for calling me a good boy. Sounds fine to be called a boy.

HERMAN.—I saw that picture. It was properly costumed, for those were the days when gentlemen rode about the country in tin pantaloons and coal-scuttle bonnets, poking one another's ribs with bedposts, and shouting cock-a-doodle-do at the gates of their neighbors' castles. See our cartoon showing Don Quixote on a like errand.

SADIE W.—Edward Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood had the leads in "The Trail of the Lost Chord" (American).

CURLY FRANCES.—Gus Pixley and Lillian Orth in "Fallen Hero" (Biograph).

RAE K.—Vera McCord was the wife in "Broncho Billy's Mistake" (Essanay). Miss Golden had the lead in "The Sorrowful Shore" (Biograph). Mae Hotely was the wife in "The Zulu King." Mabel Trunnelle and Herbert Prior in "Janet of the Dunes."

OLIVE L. W.—Gertrude Bambrick had the lead in "Just Kids" (Biograph). Harold Lockwood in that Selig. Dorothy Gish in "The Adopted Son" (Biograph). Tom Moore has not been chatted yet.

ALICE H. B.—Arthur Johnson had the lead in "The Endless Night" (Lubin). Chester Barnett and Ernestine Morley had the leads in "Back to Life" (Warner).

MATILDA.—For the law's sake, honey, learn to be briefer. You could have said all in one page had you tried. Remember I have more than one correspondent.

RUTH W.—Jane Wolfe was the grandmother and William West the grandfather in "The Sacrifice" (Kalem). Judson Melford was the little boy in "The Mountain Witch" (Kalem). Yes; John Bunny. As Cicero says, any man may make a mistake, but none but a fool will stick to it.

M. C. D.—Jean went abroad with Florence Turner. You refer to the Nash sisters. You ask how Lottie Briscoe can play parts of sixteen-year-old girls, and also of thirty-year-old matrons, and look both. It depends much on how she dresses as well as on how she acts. Alice Washburn looks sixty in some plays and sixteen in others.

SOCRATES.—Much thanks for that book. I am enjoying it hugely. If people *must* make me presents, I prefer books to suspenders, and all that sort of thing.

GERTIE.—Harry Mainhall was young O'Connor in "The Man Outside" (Essanay). James Cruze and Mignon Anderson in "The Plot Against the Governor" (Thanhauser).

KERRIGAN KLUB.—Octavia Handworth was the girl, and William Cavanaugh was the brother in "The Climax" (Patheplay). Warren Kerrigan in "The Passer-by."

FLOWER E. G.—Robert Walker was the hobo, and Denton Vane was the operator in "A Railroad's Warning" (Kalem). Bangs went out of fashion when powder became popular; they make a dangerous combination.

G. E. H.—Haven't the player opposite Ethel Grandin in "The Trail of a Fish."

DORE EDNA.—George Gebhardt was the Indian in "Mexican Gambler" (Patheplay). Frank Newburg was the Tenderfoot in "The Tenderfoot's Luck" (Kalem). Bartley McCullum in "When the Earth Trembled" (Lubin).

SEVENTEEN.—Ray Gallagher in "For Her Brother's Sake" (Lubin). Henry King was the husband. Marguerite Clayton in "Belle of Siskiyou" (Essanay). True Boardman was the outlaw. Nick Callahan was the captain in "His Last Fight" (Vitagraph).

DIMPLES.—Frank McGlynn and Mary Fuller as Zeb Norton and Agnes in "The Girl and the Outlaw" (Edison). Augustus Phillips was Dawson. Robert Gaillard was Jim and Clara Kimball Young the girl in "The Pirates" (Vitagraph). Carlyle Blackwell and Billie Rhodes in "Perils of the Sea" (Kalem). All of your sixteen questions have been answered before.

H. H., WAMPACA.—Vivian Rich and Wallace Reid in "The Kiss" (American). Violet Neitz was the girl in "Calamity Anne's Trust" (American). Jessalyn Van Trump in "Matches" (American). You seem to love to dictate; you should marry a stenographer. Justice D. Barnes was the father in "A Victim of Circumstances."

LINCOLN C. P.—"Soldier Brothers of Susanna" (Kalem) was produced in New Orleans. Ethel Clayton in that Lubin. Adele Lane was Alice in "John Bonsall of the U. S. Secret Service." Ethel Davis and Joe King had the leads in "The Missionary and the Actress" (Selig). Harold Lockwood leading man; and Camille Astor was Becky in "The Bridge of Shadows" (Selig).

PEST NUMBER ONE.—I know of no complete list of players' names. Some of the Famous Players are from Licensed companies, some from Independent companies and some from the stage.

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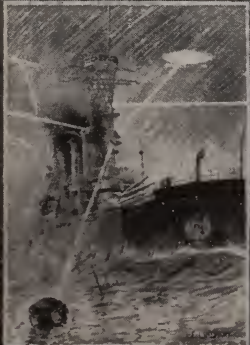
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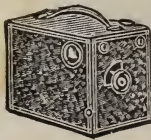
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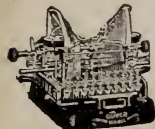
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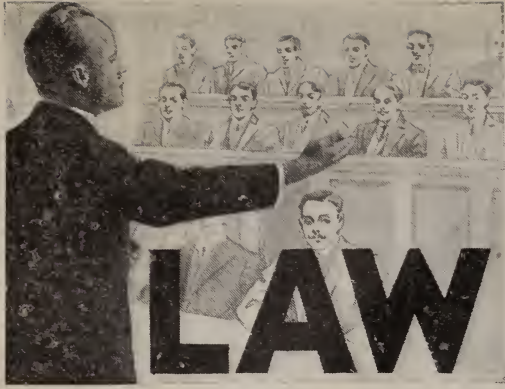


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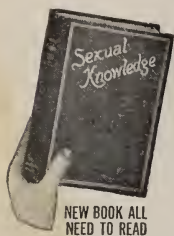
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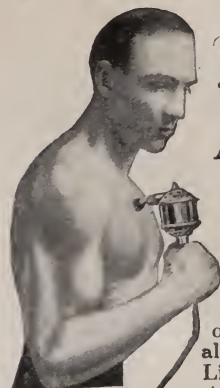
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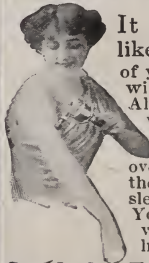
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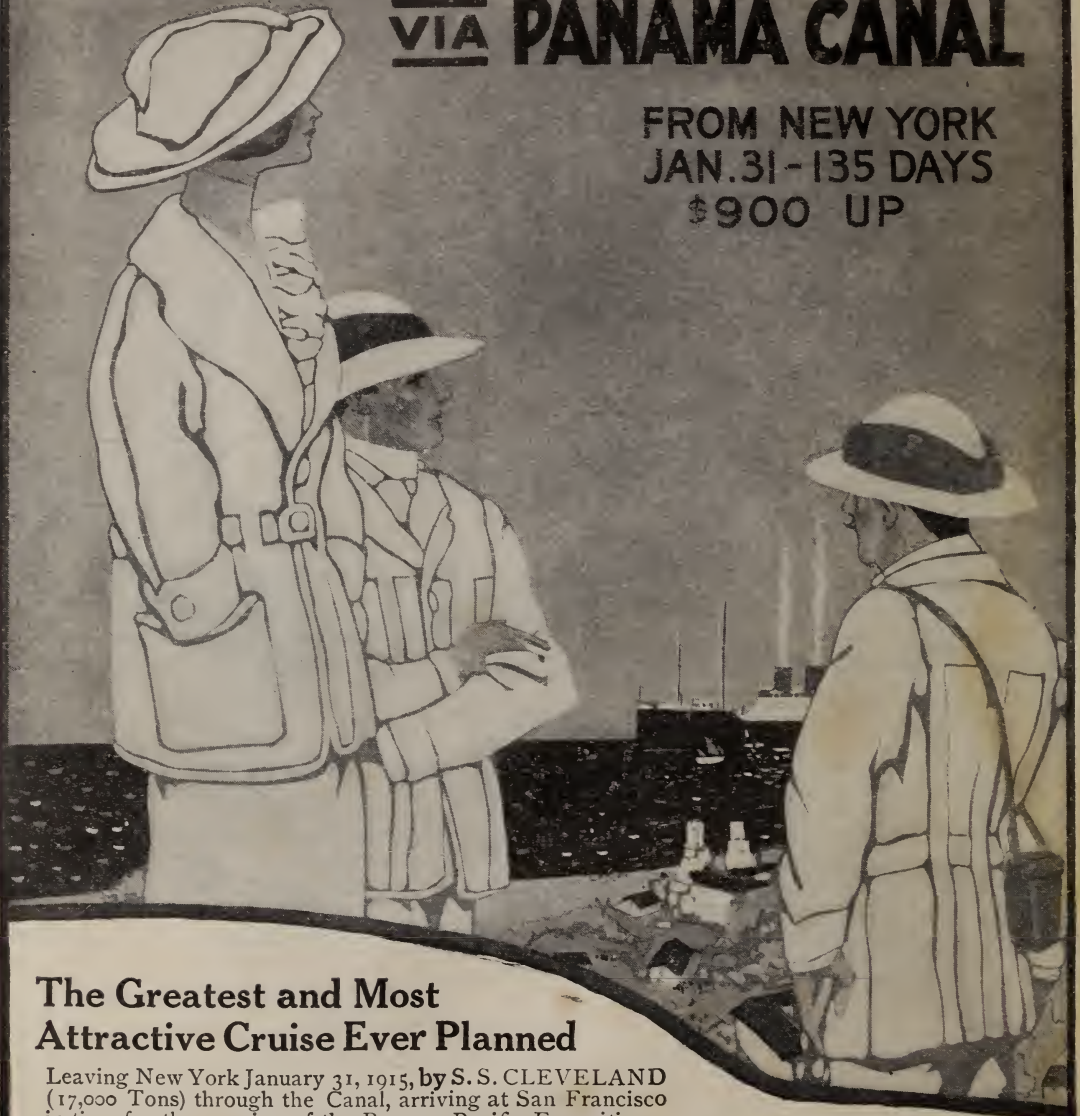
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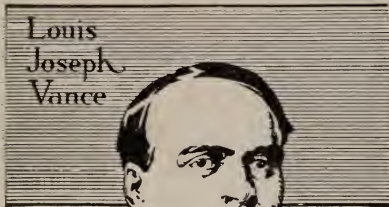
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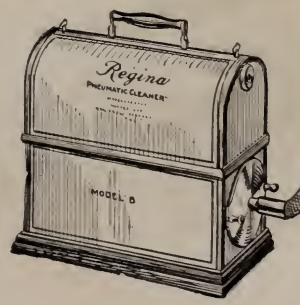
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THE SPRING NUMBER

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'Long about last November, we said something about "BEST YET." Lots of people wrote in, saying that the December issue was so fine that they did not believe us when we said that the January number would be the BEST YET. But they DID believe it when they saw that fine January number. "Always Better" seems to be the rule with us, and we just cant help it! For, was not the February number better even than that superb January number? And is not this March number a better book than the February issue? We have lots of good things coming, besides better stories, better pictures and better printing. Among them is a very interesting article entitled:

"Old New England Wall-Papers"

The Forerunners of Modern Motion Pictures

by Mary Harold Northend and Mary Taylor Falt. The article is handsomely illustrated, and it will be found extremely interesting as well as instructive. And dont forget the final clash of the distinguished belligerents in the

Great Debate--Shall the Plays Be Censored?

You will want to read this in order to complete your knowledge on this all-important subject. And in the April number, containing the closing arguments in the censorship debate, will be an important article on

"Motion Pictures and the Eyes"

by Leonard Keene Hirshberg,* A.B., M.A., M.D. (Johns Hopkins), who is an eminent authority. This article will tell you all about the effect of Motion Pictures on the eyesight, and give you some scientific opinions that you should know about. And so you cant afford to miss this



Leonard Keene Hirshberg, A.B., M.A., M.D.

GREAT SPRING NUMBER

Order it from your theater or newsdealer *now*. We shall print an enormous edition, but even then you are likely to hear the familiar words "Sold out!" unless you place your order in advance.

*Dr. Hirshberg was recently awarded first prize for a treatise on "Improved Methods of Personal Hygiene," among 900 eminent competitors, and the Mendels \$1,000 prize for a treatise on research, followed by a \$400 award from the Rhode Island Medical Association. He received his degree of bachelor of arts from Johns Hopkins, and the degree of M.D. from the Hopkins Medical College, after which he took a post-graduate course at the great university at Heidelberg.

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Our magazine is read by old and young—by the millionaire and the salaried man, with the result that the **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** is a sales-producing medium.

CIRCULATION	FEBRUARY	LINES
50,000	1911	2016
110,000	1912	3136
195,000	1913	5152
250,000	1914	7754

AVERAGE CIRCULATION FOR THE PAST
ELEVEN MONTHS, **245,000.**

SPRING NUMBER

The April issue will be very attractive to our many readers—two important articles of vital interest will appear in this number.

Has it ever occurred to you just how one might reach the 15,000,000 persons attending the Motion Picture theater every day in the year?

Do you realize this vast multitude today represents America's buying public?

Tell them your story in the April number—our readers believe in our magazine and in our advertisers. This explains why the "**MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE**" is a sales-producing medium.

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It will be to your advantage to read our magazine carefully every month, and note in each number our efforts to make it a magazine worthy of your most earnest consideration as a high-class advertising medium.

Motion Picture Magazine

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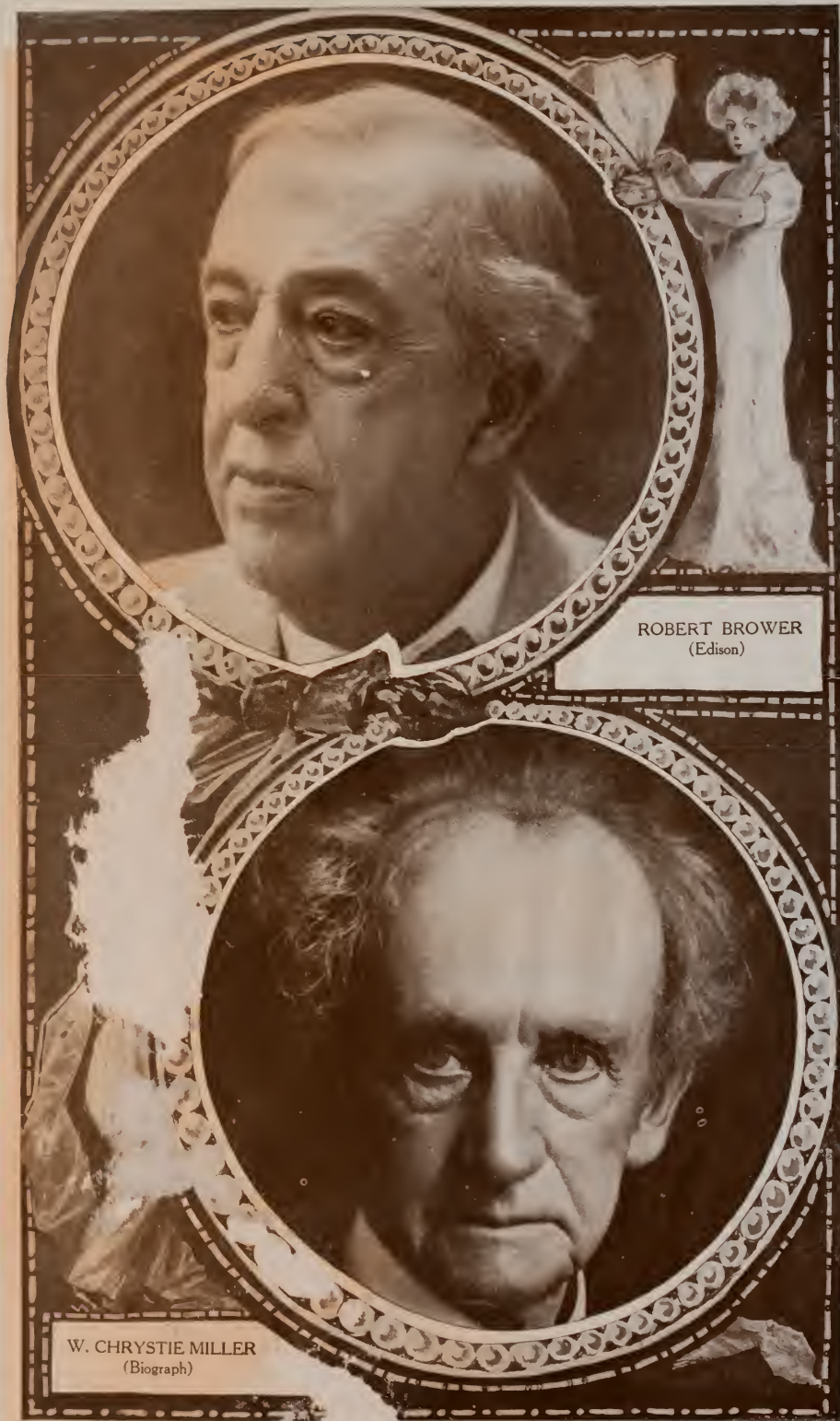
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MARGUERITE SNOW (Thanhouset)



MARC MacDERMOTT (Edison)

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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(NOTE: These stories were written from photoplays supplied by Motion Picture manufacturers, and our writers claim no credit for title and plot. The name of the playwright is announced when known to us.)

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield St., B'klyn, N. Y.

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The Other Girl

(Essanay)

By KARL SCHILLER

This story was written from the Photoplay of JOE ROACH

IT is certainly strange that I never guessed it until it was right there, a moment so big and full of God that it filled the world; yet, deep down in my heart, I think I'd always loved him. But mother had taught me that nice girls don't think about such things till the time comes. And now the time had come, it seemed. Frank loved me—*me*, little, insignificant, plain me! It was so wonderful I couldn't have believed it if he hadn't said it over and over, with his lips, and his big hands trembling around my cheeks, and his eyes.

"I never knew you were *beautiful* before, Ruth," he said once; "but you are—you are the most beautiful woman God ever made."

It felt so strange to hear him say that, his deep voice all shaky and husky, that I could have laughed out loud, if I hadn't felt more like crying, and most of all like praying. For, of course, I'm *not* beautiful at all, just a pale, big-eyed, little, thin thing. The mirror over the pine bureau in my room had told me the truth about myself often enough, but somehow I was awfully glad Frank said that. It was the first time any one had ever thought

so, and I knew then that he really did love me.

"Ruth," he said presently, shy as a boy, tho he is twenty-seven, six feet tall and a real *man*, if there ever was one—"Ruth, I've waited for you all my life; now I've found you, I knew you at once—I'm not going to wait any longer. When will you marry me, dear?"

Now, if I'd answered with my heart, then and there, maybe everything would have been different. As I look back now, it seems as if the world must have stopped turning just a moment, and the angels have held their breath listening. But you see I was twenty-three, and this was my first proposal. I wanted, foolishly, to "make it spend," as little Elsie says, as long as I could. I wanted to think it over and dream about it, and pretend I wasn't sure for just a little while, like the girls in books or on the stage. It was terribly silly, with every inch of Real Me crying out, "Yes, yes, I love you; I'll marry you whenever you say;" but the first I knew I answered with my tongue instead of my heart. I was well punished for it too—but that came later.

"I'm—I'm not sure, Frank," I said; "you must give me time."

His face got white and strange as he looked down at me, and I could see the bone in his jaw thru the skin. I was almost frightened for a moment and just on the point of reaching up and patting his cheek and whispering the truth on his shoulder, when he said, very gently, "All right, dear; maybe I *was* a bit sudden with you, but I felt it so much it seemed as if you must too. Take your time, little girl, but dont make me wait any longer than you can help."

If we hadn't been so near home, I should have settled things then and there; but, you see, I didn't recognize that God was giving me another chance. So we just walked along without saying much more till we came to the gate. My heart was so full of happiness and thankfulness, mixed up, I'm afraid, with just a little bit of pride and triumph, for Frank Dixon was the handsomest and finest young man in town, and half of the girls were in love with him, that it didn't seem possible to say everyday, usual things; and there was Elsie swinging on the gate, so I couldn't say anything else.

Frank's car was waiting for him. It was so big and shiny and handsome that it made the house look dreadfully shabby and small in comparison. I always forgot how rich and important Frank was until I saw his automobile, or his mother, but they are both so haughty and splendid they made me feel smaller and plainer and more insignificant than ever.

"Hello, Frank!" said Elsie when she saw us, and got down from the gate. Mother has told her again and again to say "Mr. Dixon," but she always forgets. She had been eating bread and molasses, and showed it too, but Frank swung her up into the air and kist her as if he didn't see the sticky places.

"Hullo, Miss Cinderella!" he said; "waiting for a ride in the pumpkin?"

I tried to catch Elsie's eye and shake my head, for I didn't want to go auto-riding, just as tho the most

wonderful thing in the world hadn't happened to me. I wanted to steal off quietly by myself to my room and tell God how happy I was; and then to look—just once—into the old mirror and see whether Frank *could have* been right after all, and then to hunt up mother and cry a little, and laugh a little on her dear shoulder. But Elsie wouldn't notice me.

"Oh, 'deedy, yes!" she cried, clapping her hands; "please, Frank, take me a hundred thousand miles!"

I sent her into the house to wash her face, and Frank started to help me into the car. We were both very firm and dignified, until he took hold of my arm, and then suddenly I felt myself begin to tremble. He must have felt it too, for his face lighted up in a flash and he leaned down over me. The chauffeur was fussing with the machinery on the other side of the car and couldn't see us. Frank's eyes just blazed into mine and suddenly I knew I shouldn't make him wait any longer. There wasn't any use, because if I looked up at him he could read it in my eyes, and I knew I should look up—but it came too late. It was as if I had a cup at my lips and was just going to drink when it was snatched away.

"*Frank!*" said a voice. I guess we both of us started and turned rather red, but I remember that Frank didn't let go of my hand. More than any other thing that happened that day, I know now *that* proved he loved me. For Frank's mother is—well, rather terrible, and Frank is the only son, and of course that means a good deal.

She was coming along the sidewalk now, swishing her silk skirts angrily against mother's frozen boxwood hedge, and beside her was the prettiest young lady I ever saw. I found out later her name was Alice, and she was Mrs. Dixon's ward and very rich and accomplished. But I knew, just by one look at her, that she was everything in the world I wasn't. Her clothes, her finger-nails, her hair just glistened, and all at once I felt dark inside, as tho some one had blown out



“AND NOW YOU CAN MOTOR US HOME”

a light. It came over me quick as lightning that Frank's mother meant for him to marry the Beautiful Being beside her, and I remembered all the unflattering things my mirror had ever said. I would have run away, I believe, if Frank hadn't been holding on to my hand so tightly.

His mother looked at me exactly as if I weren't there, tho that sounds queer. But when she turned to him there was a mixture of ice and velvet and steel and sugar in her voice, and she smiled with her lips, but not her eyes.

“How delightful we happened to come this way, Frank,” she said; “Alice was getting tired—these walks are so wretched—and now you can motor us home.”

“I'm sorry, mother, to seem rude,” said Frank slowly; “but I have just invited two friends to ride. If you will get into the car, tho, with us I'll take you home first.”

The young lady tossed her head and bit her lip. “Oh pray don't trouble,” she said, in a voice that didn't match

her face; “I really would prefer to walk.”

Mrs. Dixon looked as startled as tho a well-trained dog had suddenly growled at her. Her face just seemed to freeze, and she gave me a look from head to foot that added up every shabby spot in my suit and gloves and shoes.

“I am sure, Frank,” she said at last, but I knew she was speaking to me, “that your *friends*—hem—will excuse you, and that you will do as I wish. And I suppose you haven't forgotten that Alice is relying on you to take her to luncheon at the golf-club today.”

With every word she said I could feel Frank getting farther and farther away from me, tho really he didn't move at all. But the thought of what he had just said and what I had been just ready to say seemed unreal and ridiculous now, like the terribly solemn things that happen in dreams, after you wake up. And at that moment, when I was ready to sink thru the ground with mortification, Elsie came

running down the walk, and somehow I found myself in the tonneau beside her and Frank, and the big machine was puffing away. The last glimpse I had of Mrs. Dixon and the girl did not make me any more cheerful, and it was a pretty silent ride we had out along the lake-front. Thinking how beautiful it might have been, made it all the worse, and I was doing my best to fight back the tears that would come, when I caught Frank's look. It made me feel better, for I could see he was trying to tell me over Elsie's curls that nothing his mother had said had made any difference in his feeling for me. But I knew inside that there *was* a difference just the same—maybe not in him or me, but in my way of looking at things anyhow, and—oh, dear—perhaps in *his*, too.

You see Frank was all his mother had, and she could never remember that he had grown up. She said "yes" and "no" to him now just as she had said "yes" and "no" about candy and marbles and little boy-things, and Frank was awfully dear to her. That was one of the things I liked best about him, but I could see that it might make trouble for us in the end.

So when he whispered into my ear as he helped me down from the auto in front of our house, "Cant you give me my answer now, little Ruth? You see, I love you so much it's hard to wait, dear"—I just whispered back, "Tomorrow, Frank. I—I *cant* yet."

Mother knew right away without my telling her that something was the matter, and I believe she knew *what*, too, with that uncanny second-sight mothers have. But she never said a word, only made cream toast and chocolate for supper, as I like them, and opened a jar of strawberry preserves. Mother always says, "I'm so sorry, dear," with her preserves. So after Elsie was in bed and I had sat, with a blank sheet of paper in front of me, for an hour, trying to write to Frank, I told her about the whole thing.

"What shall I say, mother?" I asked at the end. She looked at me and smiled over her mending.

"What do you *want* to say, Ruthie?" she said. I guess my face told her, for she got up, came around the table and kist me. "My little girl grown up," she sighed—"but I wouldn't write it, dear. Tell him yourself. It's the sweetest moment in a woman's life. You see, *I know*, Ruthie, even if my hair *is* growing grey."

And so this is the note I finally sent my lover the next day by Elsie:

DEAR FRANK:

Meet me by the big elm on the corner tonight at seven if you still want my answer. RUTH.

All that day it seemed to me as if the world were a different *color* somehow. I couldn't do anything, so, finally, I just gave up trying and waited. I planned lots of things, tho—things I suppose would have shocked mother, seeing I wasn't even engaged. I planned how I would have it made—white crêpe de chine with just a little train, and mother's own wedding-veil out of the cedar chest; and I planned what I'd make Frank for dinner, nights the cook was out, and what he'd say of my tea biscuits and cream cake. For, oh yes, I was going to tell him that I loved him and would marry him when he pleased.

Was going to tell him. I'll never forget if I live to be a hundred how I felt when I slipped out into the early moonlight that night, holding my happiness so warm in my heart, all *sacred* to be given to my big man; and I can never forget either how I felt when, an hour later, I crept back again, like a little, bruised shadow, and slipped upstairs to lock myself into my room. I thought I was going to die, and I was glad of it, except once when I remembered mother. It didn't seem as tho I *could* live, and life go on with ordinary breakfasts and dinners and bullying housework as before. A great big Pain came upstairs with me and into the room, filling it so it was hard to breathe. For I had gone, with my love, to give it to Frank, and he had not wanted it enough to come! I waited an hour



THE MATCH-MAKER AT WORK

by the Methodist steeple before I understood that he had listened to his mother and that my foolish little dreams and plannings were over. He had found it the easiest way to tell me by not answering my note. Oh, the shame of it! But at first I was only hurt and grieved, like a child who has held its lips up to be kist and been struck in the face instead.

And—it was queer—but somehow all thru it I was never once angry with Frank, only with myself for caring so much. About midnight I heard mother tap softly on my door, but I kept quiet and she went away again. After that I forget what I did—cried a little, I think, hot, painful tears that bled from my pride; tried to pray, but mostly just lay watching the dark square of the window and wondering whether anything could ever be quite the same again. Once I went to the bureau, lighted the gas and looked into the mirror—I hardly recognized the girl that gazed back at me, but I know no one would ever

have called *her* beautiful. At last, when the window square began to grow grey and I could hear the world outside stretching and yawning and waking up, I folded my romance smoothly, locked it away in the innermost part of my heart, and went to find my mother.

She cried out at the sight of me and put me to bed. You cant mend a broken heart with chicken-broth or beef-tea, but that is what mother tried to do all the next month. The doctor prescribed iron and tonics, the neighbors sent in jelly and blanc-mange, and all the time I lay there I ate and drank what they gave me, and grew thinner or fatter and more dont-care-what-becomes-of-me, every moment. There was just one thing I needed, and no one could get that for me. But I was always pretty strong, and so after a month of trying to die I began to get well again—well *outside*, I mean. My heart felt all paralyzed and numb, and not even the thought of Frank could make it

stir. I saw him pass the house one day, and it was just like looking at a stranger. Mother did not tell me then that at the first he had come every day and tried to ask about me, and she had sent him away sternly. But even if she had told me I don't believe I should have cared. *I couldn't care* about anything any more, and the

So, after I'd argued a bit with mother I combed my hair back from my face, put on the blue costume and joined the Army. It was like taking the veil. I entered a new world entirely, and the old one was as completely shut away as tho I had died out of it. There was too much to do to think at all; I became just a pair of hands and



THE WORK OF THE MATCH-MAKER

worst of it was I counted up the years I'd probably got to live and knew that I *had* to find something to fill them with.

The something was the Salvation Army. Mother and I had always been interested in the local branch; and one day, when two of the lassies came around for old clothes, it just flashed into my mind that here was my chance. I knew I should look hideous in the bonnet, too, which shows how bad a state of don't-careness I was in.

feet to wait on the poor wretches that came to the barracks for help. I suppose there had always been as much misery in the world, only I hadn't recognized it before. But now I had my own grief as a sample to match others by, and it was surprising how it shrunk by comparison. Not that my heart ever thawed in the midst of the worst of it. I could wash poor little bones of babies, nurse old, shriveled crones into eternity, and listen to the woes of drunkards, out-

casts and criminals, without a thud. I knew I ought to be sorry for them, but I couldn't *feel* anything.

One day one of the girls brought in an armful of old dresses and threw them on the table to be sorted over.

"They came from Mrs. Dixon," she said; "some of them are as good as new. Her niece was there—the pret-

but all silk or delicate material, and not much use for our poor people. One especially, a lavender crêpe morning dress, was so lovely that I held it up for the rest of the girls to admire. As I did so the corner of a paper sticking out of a pocket caught my eye. I drew it out, unfolded it curiously, and felt the world grow



IT WAS MY NOTE TO FRANK I HELD

tiest girl!—and she gave me a lot, too. They say she's going to marry Frank Dixon, the son, pretty soon."

"Is she?" I said coolly, reaching out and pulling the pile over toward me. I ought to have fainted or something. I remember I was rather ashamed of myself because I couldn't, but you see I honestly didn't care. The old Frank that I knew had died long ago, or perhaps he hadn't ever lived. I began to shake out the dresses, sorting them into piles according to their use. They were awfully pretty,

black and slip away before my eyes. It was my note to Frank I held. *His mother had never given it to him!* With a rush like black waters breaking thru ice, a surge of feeling swept across my heart, and I felt it, as I sank beneath the flood, begin to beat again at last.

Afterward they said he had come with another architect to look after a defect in the Army building, but I know better. It was God that brought him to me, so that his dear, brown



I COULDN'T STOP SPEAKING HIS NAME, BUT HE UNDERSTOOD

face was the first thing I saw when I came back from the strange, vague, empty spaces of unconsciousness. His mother was with him and she seemed to be satisfied with the way things had turned out. My note was in Frank's hand, and I saw that he understood. The other faces in the room were blurred and unreal. We might have been alone.

"Frank!" I cried, trying to hold

out my arms; "oh, Frank! Frank! Frank!" I couldn't stop speaking his name, but he understood and just leaned over and lifted me up in his arms as tho I had been a little wriggly tease like Elsie. His eyes seemed to drink in my face, and his big voice, when he spoke at last, was low and trembly and husky.

"Oh, Ruthie-girl," he said, "how beautiful you are!"





From the Photoplay of FLORENCE LAWRENCE

THE prisoner was on the stand. Curious women craned their necks to devour every detail. Men, oddly averse to the shrinking figure in the pitiful predicament, averted their eyes. Perhaps it was the old sex-appeal in a variant rôle. There was something strangely stirring in the droop of the young shoulders. The great, sad eyes mirrored clear visions of the wolf snarling at the door, with only a woman's fragile strength to battle him—they seemed to suggest a mirage of the hunted hare making its last, brave, futile dash. They hinted at all of the hunger-searing, pain-driven battles of a world to be bought only with gold. The girl was about to speak—to make her threadbare story naked to the heedless ears of the idle throngs, to whom such scenes, such tales of wretchedness, were bits of spicily interest, or all in the day's work.

"My client pleads guilty," announced the attorney for the defendant, and it was then the eyes of the

crowded courtroom turned, as one mechanism, to the palpably hopeless cynosure.

"I——" the girl halted, and her tired eyes swept the sea of faces in mute despair; "I have asked not to be made to tell this story. I have pleaded guilty—there seems so little need of anything more. But it was this way——" once more her gaze besought the staring eyes—they looked back at her, blatantly curious, stonily impersonal. "Oh, it is hard to tell," she said, with a little gasping breath; "I think none of you will understand. We, my mother and I, we were poor—terribly, terribly poor. She had not been used to the bitter hardness of things—she was not strong. We were not poor as most of you conceive it—little anxieties about bills, inability to buy things—it was not like that with us. We were poor in the way that means—well, death—or disgrace. The former does not seem to come when wanted. The latter——" she looked down, and big tears stood



THE THEFT

on the long lashes; "the latter was worse than death to me. I worked in a department store for seven dollars a week. That seven dollars was our all. It had to pay for rent, for food, for clothing, for medicine, for light, heat—life. It didn't. We were losing out, and we both knew it. We were going down—down, and in all the world there was no one to lend a helping hand. I feared for my mother. She was failing fast—and so—I—determined—to—steal." The girl's voice sank to a barely audible whisper, and her head fell on the thin, narrow, little chest. Then, suddenly, she raised it, and a valiant battle-light shone from her eyes.

"I determined to steal," she repeated, "and I did steal. I stole what the world would not give us thru any efforts—thru any toil. I stole food for our bodies—shelter for our heads—I stole purity for my honor—I stole salvation for my mother's life. I am a thief. But the world was stealing the heart out of us—the soul from our bodies—the life-breath from our lips. If I am a thief—all right; but I tell you this—

each and every one of you—the world is a greater thief than I!"

The sentence was Guilty, of course. What other verdict could a perfectly just, equitable law return? Had the prisoner not confessed to the crime—openly, brazenly? And thus was the sentence passed.

That night, in the narrow prison cell, the girl who had branded herself a thief stared Life in the face, and, because she had done the bidding of the Christ within her, forced back a frozen smile at the skull-face before her.

She went back over the past weary months—and somehow she knew that the game was played out. She had done her best, but the others had held the trumps. She had not made the odd. She recalled her father's death—many years ago. She remembered the ensuing years of gradual decline; the puny attempts to make ends meet decently; then the frantic struggles to make them meet at all. She lived over this past winter as one who recalls some frightful phantasmagoria of the unbalanced mind. The cold of it—the fear—the utter, hopeless, useless



THE ACCUSATION

misery of it. Then came the dreadful day. To the very foot of the Throne of Justice she would carry the memory of that day, and lay it before the Divine Arbitrator, questioningly—the day her mother had become a thief. Her mother! For it had been her mother who had stolen the bulging purse. It had been her mother's honor, her mother's fair name, she had lied so convincingly to save, there on the witness stand. She had long years ahead of her—years in which she might obliterate the prison taint; but her mother had come to the day's decline—and the prison would have meant the final night-shade—Death comes with pitiless grimness in a prison cell.

"I'm glad I did it," the girl whispered to the bars—to the grated window—to the clammy walls; "oh, little mother o' mine, I'm glad I did it!"

She knew the terror these barring walls would bring the timid woman—and her breast heaved as she realized how hard pressed her mother had been to dare to steal as she had. Such

a pitiful thief she had made! Flo recalled the dreadful day again. How she had seen the floor detective stop a small, shabby woman in the aisle—how she had immediately recognized her mother—sensed the whole predicament, and, in passing, swiftly snatched the purse from her mother's limp, nerveless fingers, and wittingly blundered into arrest. Well, it was all over now. Taps had been played. She didn't quite know how the final curtain was to be rung down, but her sixth sense told her that the game was up.

And then, into the midst of the prison dreariness, responsive to her wonder, came the one answer. Her mother was dead. Because she was not strong—because her mighty mother-love broke her tender heart under the strain of her girl's sad plight—because of these things she was called home—where even a thief may be with Him in Paradise. And Flo, in her utter loneliness did not know that the one best solution had been offered—that God was very good.



THE TRIAL

Certainly this seems to be a world of balance—of evenly tipped scales, even tho they are weighted with the years, and glistening with tears, before they measure true. Just before the expiration of her prison term, Flo learned that an uncle, practically unknown, had died and had left her the bulk of a very large fortune. Gold at last! Gold to build a barrier against the foam-fanged wolf—gold to warm the sneerer's mockery to adulation—gold to shutter the windows from the cold. And because Flo had learnt to turn to a higher source than human, she did not grieve for her mother, but knew that all was well with her—doubly well now that she could look upon her daughter's lot with peace.

It was the evening of a large reception, and Flo was the hostess. Softly sheened in clinging chiffons, youth and expectation in her eyes, a rose-wild tint effacing the prison pallor of her face, one would not have known her for the victim of the past year.

It was the lawyer to whom the trusteeship of the fortune had been given who was responsible for the re-

ception given in Flo's new home to-night. He had been touched to the depths of his kindly heart by the girl's sad story—by the plucky way she had held her head above the murk and filth—and the selfless bravery that had led her to immure her untried youth in prison walls.

"We must look a little on the sunny side of things, my dear," he had said to her, in his kindly way; "and you must let a very lonely man make that possible."

And he had made it possible by helping her with her new home; by arranging, and explaining, all her money matters; and finally, by planning this reception that she might meet congenial people, and know a little of the music of living—the perfume—and the flowers.

And Flo moved among her guests, softly gracious, gently enthusiastic. As the evening was drawing to a triumphant close, and the rooms were gradually clearing, Flo became aware of two women standing behind her, partially concealed by the heavy draperies. "Yes," one was saying, "isn't it really too ridiculous? Her mother was the shabbiest, commonest



little scrub-woman type conceivable, and she was the general run of tawdry shop-girl. But that, my dear, might be excusable, in view of her large fortune, if she were not also—a *thief!*” The venomous voice sank to a sharp hiss, and the other woman answered excitedly, greedily, “A Thief—my *dear*, are you quite sure? Can it be possible? Do tell me! How exciting!”

“Can I be sure?” the elated informant cackled disdainfully. “Well, rather, my dear Maria, since it was my very own purse she stole—and, incidentally, went to *jail* for.”

“Jail!” Maria’s voice was faint with amazement and tinged with a certain misapprehension—“jail! But, my *dear*, think of being entertained by a *jail-bird*—our social position—our——”

“Oh, have no fear, Maria. Our social position is quite secure. I shall give it out immediately—the whole story—and shall let all the others know that I came merely as one would attend anything a bit *outré*, or eccentric—merely curiosity.”

All the prison pallor had returned as Flo bid her guests good-night; that is, as many of them as had not heard the story, and deigned to touch her hand. Then, every one gone, she ordered the lights turned out, and crept up to her room. Not even as a condemned prisoner had she slunk from the courtroom as she entered her own room this night. Her bright, unafraid spirit was quelled—her nerve was broken.

“What is the use?” she muttered

to herself, “what is the use? I’m branded—crippled—hunted. Even gold cannot buy a past free of slur or stain. I’ll go to mother—she will not turn me down. And, anyway, whoever heard of a jail-bird succeeding? And a woman jail-bird—where is the chance?”

The little revolver looked very innocuous as it lay in her hand. It was only the work of a moment—and then it would all be over.

Something snatched the revolver from her—something strong, and swift, and humanly warm—a voice whispered in her ear: “Dont cry out! Be quiet! I wont harm you. I’m a burglar—and they’re after me. Hide me, for God’s sake—you would, if you knew the law.”

“If I knew the Law!” Flo smiled grimly. She knew the Law, and she knew the world that pressed one into its arms, and the humanity that received one from its embrace.

“There has been no one here,” she told the police when they entered. “Yes, I am positive. The house is thoroly alarmed, and I’ve been wide awake.”

“Some day,” said the man she had hidden, stripping his mask from a face



oddly likable, lean and hungry-eyed, and young; "some day I shall remember this, and try to do some little service for you."

"You——" Flo eyed him a bit timorously, but could find no cause for fear in the tired eyes looking down at her; "you have not always done this—this sort of thing." She did not query—she knew. She had seen that wolf-desperate, what's-the-use look before.

"No," said the man, simply; "it was a case of immediate need. My little sister—tuberculosis—necessary money. I was out of work. I—I—stole. They sent me up, and when I got out—well, the world does not fall on the neck of a jail-bird."

"No," said Flo, slowly, grimly; "the world does not." Then, softly, "And your sister—what of her?"

"She died," the man's tones were flat now, and bereft of any life; "what's the use?"

Flo rose from her chair, suddenly aglow. "Lots of use," she exclaimed vibrantly; "while there are *us*—our kind—in the world—there's always use. We've got to pal together. We've got to link hands—and fight—and rise—and lift—lift until the load is gone. While there's sympathy, and

understanding, and God—there's always use." And Flo held out her hand to a man whose eyes were a-glimmer with aching tears.

"Do you dare to say there's no use now?" Flo quoted playfully, for she knew that the months between had soothed the bitterness away, and restored a sense of values, sound and sane.

Tom Merritt looked down at her, and his face was woman-tender, soft with love and faith. "Dear," he said slowly, "when a woman takes a thief who has planned to plunder her home, and, out of her great sympathy and understanding, gives him her hand in friendship and help—when she takes him where he can work, and hope again, and stands by him loyally, valiantly, inspiringly until the battle is won—when, in the end, she gives him herself, her wonderful, wonderful self—why, my beloved, while there are women like you—there's more than *use*—there's the Kingdom of Heaven within us."

Flo drew his head to her breast, and her lips trembled near his ear. "To think," she breathed, "that, out of the loneliness, and want, and despair, this—this—*marriage* moment comes."



The Cure

By HARVEY PEAKE



When you're feeling blue and dismal,
And the future seems abysmal,
And the darkness seems to fill the world with woe;
There is one place I would steer you,
For there's nothing that will cheer you
Like a visit to the Moving Picture show.

When your thoughts are suicidal,
Just because you're jobless, idle,
And you feel that death has beckoned you to go;
You may find new hope arising,
In a manner that's surprising,
By a tale of struggle at the picture show.

Ah! there's many a down-and-outer
Who has had his heart made stouter
And has felt the embers of ambition glow,
Till they've burned with old-time vigor,
When he's seen a tale of rigor
And its victory at a Moving Picture show.



THE van creaked drowsily along the highway, streaking the thorn hedges and the poppy borders of the wheatfields with a thick, golden dust. On the high seat, beside Peter, two fat and curling pink legs waved in the sunlight, and a warm, cooing sound purred happily across the air, a primitive slumber song. The rosy woman, tramping sturdily beside the van, laughed out pridefully.

"Ma foi, Peter, but the little one can sing!"

"Aye," answered the father; "aye, Jean, 'tis the nature of young things. But we old ones—*chut!*"—a flavor of sadness embittered the words. As he spoke he glanced down toward one foot that hung, withered and twisted, over the side of the van. "*Je n'ai chanté depuis longtemps, moi,*" he sighed, heavily.

"Fie, fie," she smiled, and gestured with an ample sweep toward the countryside about them—burnt-umber ryefields, slopes of crimson-dotted meadow, a chateau lording it on a distant hilltop, cottage roofs of red tile clustered below, a tranquil, colorous landscape under a Normandy sky. "Is not this a pretty life, Peter, mon homme?" she cried; "to travel on like this, stopping as we will, al-

ways safe in the good little house on wheels, always a loaf and a sausage, always together, the three of us." Warm color dyed her young peasant face, and her voice fell shyly on the latter words. There had been *three* of them so short a while. She stopped the van with a gesture and ran gaily up the tiny ladder behind. "It is that thou art hungry, my man!" she called, mischievously. "*Tiens*, but I know the signs, me! Always a man is sad, and the good sun does not shine when he is empty. Let us halt here, and I will heat *la bonne soupe* for thee!"

The crippled basket-vender leaned upon his whip and listened—pleasant rattle of pots, the whiff of savory food, a gay voice lilting an old-time *chanson*; beside him his baby stirred, moist and rosy with creasy sleep; beyond, around, a friendly world; and above, le bon Dieu. Truly, he should be a happy man, useless leg or no.

The afternoon winged by as the elders bent above their willow withes, and the baby—*Joie*, they called her—with a rude reaching-out for the poetry in life, gurgled and grabbed for fat fistfuls of sunbeams. They were very happy, these simple hearts; lacking the gnawing imagination that looks ahead, questions the years, and

shudders to find them full of unknown fears. Yet that night the end of their world came.

The woman woke first, and at the instant of her waking, before consciousness told her of the danger, reached out with the instinct of new motherhood for the helpless life at her side. The interior of the van was thick with a sullen, awful cloud. It clutched her throat, clogged her nostrils, scorched her eyes. Frantically she groped in it for the baby,

She shuddered into life again slowly, as one reluctant to draw back from the pleasanter and nearly attained fields of death. When her scorched eyelids parted, it was to let in a peaceful panorama of the stars, remote, unpitiful, inscrutable. Then she felt tiny fingers moving on her breast, lifted her head painfully, and remembered. Where the van had stood was now a charring heap of cinders, and she and her child, Joy, were alone in the world.



THE BURNING OF THE BASKET-MAKER'S HOUSE ON WHEELS

clutching the limp little body to her breast, then tried to scream out to her husband, but her tongue uttered only hoarse, animal-like sounds. Thru the thickening cloud she stumbled forward on her knees. Dieu! Where was he? Sense of direction was swallowed up in the suffocating grey. Tongues of red now licked at the walls, like ravenous things with implacable life in them. With her body she sheltered the child, feeling the horrible kiss of the hot crimson lips upon her flesh as she writhed across the floor.

An hour later, Madame Frison, the miller's wife, hearing the sound of wild rapping on her cottage door, grumblingly arose from bed, wrapped a wadded gown around her shoulders, lighted a candle, and answered the summons. Her good man dozed for half an hour before her return.

"Diable!" he greeted her testily then; "pray, what happens that you prowl about at this witch hour? Is it you are crazy, my wife?"

"*Mais non,*" replied the good wife, calmly, as she set down the candle and bent above a cradle beside the

bed; "a beggar-woman, all in tatters, came, crying and moaning a wild tale of a burnt van and dead husband, and brandishing her brat. *Vraiment*, but it was very strange. She asked that I take her in; but me, I am too old a lark to be tricked by salt. I shake my head. I refuse most certain, and she go away. *C'est bien étrange, c'a, no?*"

"A madwoman!" said the miller, comfortably; "with perhaps some disease. You did well, Henriette, to send her away. With the infant of Monsieur and Madame Demorin to care for, one must be cautious."

"*Oui*, twenty francs a week are not picked from the gutter," replied his spouse, sagely. She bent and kist the sleeping child resoundingly. "Already I think she is better. We were the fool not to require twenty-five."

She clambered back to her pillow and composed herself to merited repose, never dreaming, good soul, that tonight was to be a milestone along her own tranquil pathway, or that Clotho, the spinstress, was twisting the thread of her destiny with the raveled lines of the peasant woman and her child.

The two stared into each other's eyes, tongueless with horror. In their fright, each appeared to hate the other. They grimaced and gestured in Gallic extravagance, and at last the woman burst into shrill, defensive speech.

"I tell you I do not know how it happen! *Mon Dieu! C'est horrible—affreux!* What shall we do? Think you—pig of a peasant!"

"*Diable!*" roared the miller, pulling desperately at his shaggy thatch of hair, as tho to drag an idea from his head by main force; "name of a dog, my wife, but you have ruin us! The child was as their very heart's blood—*aie—aie!*"

"My foot, it slipped," she moaned, wringing her fat, empty hand. "*Ah malheureux!* and it is soon that they return. Said the letter not so? To find their child drown in the millpond—not even the body to show—*Dieu!*"

The miller rolled his eyes, shrugged his blue-bloused shoulders and spread his broad palms. After all, it was no child of his. Let Madame, his wife, get out of her own difficulties. Again he shrugged the blame from his shoulders, scattering a mist of flour-dust with the gesture, and turned away. Children might drown—bad! very bad! But the mill must turn and flour be made. It was the way of the world.

"A thousand pities you sent the beggar-woman and her brat away," he lamented. "You might have passed it off for the Demorin infant. *Hélas!* Me, I think we are ruin, but the mill must run—what would you?"

Madame Frison looked after her lord, the leaven of a sudden hope lightening the pasty gloom of her face. She thought some moments, then nodded her coiffured head. "*Tiens, c'est bien possible,*" she reflected. "But I think me it is one grand sin. At the next Pardon I shall burn a five-franc candle to the Virgin. That will help." She sighed heavily and turned, shuddering, from the moil of the mill-race, snarling and foaming below. Across the sunset fields, the Angelus was tolling good-night to the world. The miller's wife crossed her ample bosom as she hurried thru the heather-purpled meadow. "Tonight," she muttered—"I dare not wait. Tomorrow she may be gone, and those others come for their child."

The stealthy moon, skulking furtively behind a clouded sky, scattered the forest path with dreadful shapes and shadows. A holly bush became a gnome with knotted arms; a hoot-owl, the voice of a lost soul. Madame Frison shook with terror as she crept thru the night toward the wood-cutter's shed, where the villagers said the wretched basket-woman and her child had taken refuge. A thousand Normandy tales of witchcraft and spirits chilled her blood and set her scalp pricking, but she would not turn back. Indeed, she dared not. The thought of a ghost itself was no more frightful than the idea of facing the expectant parents with empty arms.

"'Twas about the same size and complexion," she muttered; "but more of a fatness. I will say it is the bon air, the fine food. *Aie—aic—* may the bon Dieu pardon me—*aie—aic.*"

The hut, bristling with moldy moss and rotting in a horror of livid, leprous white fungus, hugged the skirts of the forest, abandoned the year around, save for the furtive wild things—bats, owls and toads. On a

eyes. But for the warm bundle on her breast, she would have been content to sit down in some hidden forest place, never to go on again. But there was *Joie*. So the mother lived on drearily, anchored to life by the tiny needs and warm, round limbs of her child. She stirred now uneasily—smoke, thick and stifling! The lap of hot lips on her arm—Peter! Peter! Awake! Her fingers, groping at her side, met only emptiness. Madly she



THE THEFT OF THE BASKET-MAKER'S CHILD

heap of dead skeleton leaves in one corner lay Jean, the peasant woman of the basket-maker's van, or the devastated shade that once was she. She slept heavily in a cheerless stupor of suffering, and always in her dreams there were the black smoke, choking, the red flecks of pain, the strange, pitiless immensity of remote stars. An animal knows nothing of the philosophy of sorrow, and Jean was only an animal. She knew that she walked now thru a vague, terrifying world, in which there was no Peter to comfort her—a world of cold sunshine, scanty food and harsh faces all

sat up, clawing among the dusty leaves. A hollow tear of moonlight splashed thru a chink in the logs—gone! *Joie!* She would not believe it. But a moment ago she had been sleeping soundly there.

"Dieu! Dieu! *Non, non*—it cannot be—she must be near—I dream—*vraiment*—I dream—ah-h-h-h!"—a terrible cry, cringing thru the night. She was on her feet, incarnate Fear tossing her arms above her wild, unbound hair. "She was all I had left—all! Ah, kind monsieur le Diable, give me back my child!" Out into the dank dawn sped a wild

figure, one of earth's broken and out-cast minds.

The wealthy Madame Demorin, sitting in her landau, the target of village obeisances and bows, felt that she had indeed reason to be complacent. How fortunate that she had taken her physician's advice when the baby was born, and sent it out into the country to be nursed! She would never have believed that the

What was this? A ragged peasant woman, with matted hair and sunken eyes, clambering over the side of the landau, reaching out clawing hands for the child! Madame Demorin shrieked for aid, and two gendarmes, slumbering on red-striped legs before a pastry shop, sprang forward. A crowd gathered out of the very ground, frocked butchers' apprentices, tradespeople, smocked peasants leading donkeys loaded with legumes.



THE DEMORINS COME TO VISIT THEIR BABY

sickly little thing could have become so fat and brown and kissable in three short months. But it was well. Monsieur Demorin, a wealthy butcher of Paris, could afford a stout wife, robed elegantly after the fashion of the Rue de la Paix, and a sturdy child like this, swathed in the finest lace and cashmere money could purchase. She sat back against the cushions elegantly, and the baby, left to its own devices, reared its small spine and clutched at the edge of the carriage for a sunbeam.

"*Joie! Le bon Dieu be praised! I have found thee at last!*"

"*Que fait elle?*" roared the gendarmes.

"*Une distraite,*" murmured the crowd pityingly, as the wild figure was dragged down from the carriage steps.

"*Non, non—my child—behold, my child—my Joie!*" shrieked the peasant woman, struggling. "I lose her—I hunt long—*Dieu!* at last I have found her—*donnez-la-moi!*"

"The woman is mad"—Madame Demorin drew the baby closely to her foulard bosom—"it is of a surety plain. She must be lock up immediate. This is my *petite Marie,*

my turtledove, *mon ange*. One must see it could not be the child of such"—she pointed a fat, suede finger at the disheveled beggar-woman, and the crowd burst into murmurs of assent. The gendarmes bowed.

"*Oui*, Madame speaks the truth. This woman is mad, *sans doute*. She shall not trouble Madame again." They dragged the frantic peasant thru the gaping crowd, prodding her with their swords. Her futile shrieks distressed the air, tore the heart-strings. Long after she had disappeared, came back the despairing echo:

"My baby—my Joie—give her to me—have pity! I have search so long—give her to me!"

"Is Monsieur le Docteur within?"

The *bonne* surveyed the visitor through an inhospitable crack, noted the neat black dress and bonnet, the pale, lined face, and nodded reluctantly.

"*Oui*, Madame—enter."

A fire snapped cosily on the hearth in the study. The tall, grave man, reading before it, rose as the door opened, and bowed.

"Bon jour, Madame, and how may I serve you?"

The woman drew aside her veil, looking at him steadily. "You do not remember, Monsieur?"

He was politely regretful. "I see so many—"

With the same steady watchfulness, she drew up the loose sleeve of her dress, disclosing long, white seams of scars—"Nor now?"

Memory flashed into the physician's face. "Ah, yes"—he was groping in his mind. "I have it! Three—four months ago, late at night, a woman and her child, both badly burnt—*Oui*. I treat the burns and they go—*ouf!* Am I right?"

"*Oui*, Monsieur," she nodded; "I am Jean Bourin, *la meme*. I have been for three months in—an asylum." One hand, a shadowy thing of transparent flesh, crept to her head painfully. "But now they say I am cured. Me, I do not know *peut-être*. It is

no matter. But they let me go, and I have return to find my child."

"Your child?"

"Stolen," drearily. "Tell me, Monsieur, lives there a woman in this village, fat, *oui*, and rich, with horses, fine robes, a little child—"

"Do you mean Madame Demorin?"—the doctor's tone was indulgent—"elle est comme c'a—"

The woman drew a long breath of relief. "Then—I think—I have found my child! *Non, non*, I am not crazy—listen, I will tell you."

Ten minutes later the physician and the woman left the house together.

Jacques Frison, miller, sat uneasily on the edge of the gilt chair, tapping his felt hat against his knee, every movement powdering the air; Madame Demorin, upholstered in lavender morning-robe, was angry, but mindful of her social status. She rang the bell disdainfully, and to the trim maid who responded:

"Bring Mademoiselle Marie to me."

Jean sat stoically on the pink velvet sofa. Once or twice she swayed, and steadied herself with an effort. Her thin face was refined and unpeasanted with suffering. The doctor watched her professionally, noting the blue shadows about the lips. As the portières parted and a small figure stood shyly in them, the pale woman leaned forward, with an inarticulate sound. Her body trembled from head to foot; but she did not speak, waiting her cue. The physician lifted small Marie to his knee, and turned to the disdainful Madame Demorin.

"With whom did you leave your child, Madame, four months ago?"

She waved a pudgy, flashing hand toward the agitated miller.

"This man and his wife—"

"*Hélas!* she is dead now, my excellent Henriette," mumbled Frison, crossing himself. "She meant no harm to any one."

The physician interrupted sternly. "What happened to the Demorin baby—is this the one?"

"*Non, non!*" the silent, black-robed

figure broke into a desolate cry. "She is mine, the little one—she was stolen away—look, Monsieur le Docteur, for the scars. You remember?"

Frison was cowering in the chair, his face ghastly, jaw gaping. Madame Demorin laughed scornfully.

"My Marie has no scars," she said coldly.

"The shoulder—the right knee—look, Monsieur."

Dr. Lemosin unfastened the tiny

ashen lips. "Diable!" he gasped; "I told her she would be the ruin of us! Listen, then—I'll tell all——"

"*Bête!*" shrieked Madame Demorin hysterically; "you shall be guillotined. My Marie! Ah—ha! ha!"

"Hush," said the doctor solemnly, pointing.

The peasant woman had slipped to her knees beside the child. Ecstatic content lighted her worn face, as tho a sudden inner lamp had been lit



THE DISCOVERY OF THE FRAUD

frock deliberately. "Four months ago," he said slowly, "I dressed such burns as this woman speaks of, on her child. I never forget a case. Pardon, Madame, it is my duty to see——"

A breathless hush settled over the garish room. Frison held his arm before his face, as tho to ward off a blow. The two women stared with agonized eyes as the physician drew down the delicate dress from the shoulder and disclosed, faint in the pink flesh, but apparent, a long-healed scar.

A moan burst from the miller's


within. One thin hand went out, adoringly, touching the sweet pink flesh of the little knee. For an instant Motherhood incarnate, holy, wonderful, possessed the weak frame, then the light faded and the blue shadows deepened.

"Is she—not—pretty—Peter, mon homme?"—the white lips whispered pridefully—"always together—the three—of us——"

She slipped down and lay, faintly smiling, at the feet of her child.

Le bon Dieu, looking down, had been merciful.





(Biograph)

SOMETHING cold surged round her heart—something with the chill of black waters, unspeakably grim. Like a thing maimed and rudderless, her mind leaped back to the cause parenting so miserable an effect. A midsummer madness, the cause had been, the untutored impulse of a soul that had never known a mother's tender counsel, gracious wisdom. And the effect had been a year of weary disillusion, broken hopes, baffled efforts to pierce him with the white light of things; and now, the end of it all, this note. This note saying that he was tired of her—of her, who had bartered her youth's flower for the mud of the road—saying, further, that her father was able to provide for her—that he was going away. All over! Yet was it all over in very truth? Was a thing like this ever over? Would there not cling to her, sinister, smirching, inevitable, the stagnant aroma of that unsavory year?

"Dear God," she prayed, her head bowed on the little table where she had found the note along with her empty purse and the eternally empty whiskey bottle; "dear God, let me forget this year has been. Tho he was my husband, Thou knowest he was not worthy. Grant me this boon—forgetfulness."

And it seemed to her, in the months that followed, that God had indeed heard her prayer—that He had forgiven the earthly passion of her heart—that He had made it whole. Back

in her father's home she lived again those long, sweet days of study, and pleasure, and tranquillity of mind; hers before Noel Travers had disrupted her scheme of things with his wild ardor. She thought, oftentimes, in the quiet of the long day, that she could ask no more of life than this—this peaceful backwater of existence. Here, at least, she was free from the strange, disturbing things—from the bitterness of awakenings—and the unmasking of realities. As for love—that dream of Youth—and Age—hers was a cynic's scorn for that. If love were the loathly thing she had held in the palm of her hand, then, truly, was the world mad. A moment's blinding fire—an hour, mayhap, of tender hope—then utter sickness of body and soul. This was Love! To trysts she witnessed sometimes on her solitary walks, when Youth met Youth with unveiled eagerness—to the primitive truth of these meetings she turned a weary head. To Age, walking, hand in hand, in the mellow sunlight, the peace of long, mutual years on their tranquil faces, she turned blind, tearless eyes.

And then, one bright May morning, came news of her ultimate release. Noel Travers was dead. He had died, as he had lived, in a saloon brawl; and he had been identified by the tailor's label in his coat. It stared at her, in black and white, this news of his death. He had gone now beyond the touch of her forevermore. And as the half-gods go, the gods appear

—so John Holden came to the woman of memories.

Gently, reverently, very, very tenderly, he led her back, adown the pathway of her early dreams. He was Galahad—he was Arthur—he was Launfal! He was all of the bright, crusading spirits of the dream-figures of old. He was Love as she had visioned it in her most youthful, most innocent dreams. He was Strength—he was Force—he was



“YES—MY LOVE—MY LOVE”

Man. She knew now the meaning of the meetings she had witnessed between the youth-bright lovers of the world—she sensed the eager tremulousness of their touch of each other—the half-audible tones of their hushed voices. So her voice fell when she spoke to John Holden. She thrilled with the mystic sweetness of the love of Age—the purity of the bond cemented by the same-trod path of years—the tie that would be eternal, of the same pleasures, the same sorrows, the same hopes, the equal burden. Thus would she look at John

Holden when the light of their lives together should begin to wane and the downward slope be reached. Thus should they clasp hands that had kept, thru life, one faith, one loyalty, one love.

“Yes,” she breathed, when he told her of his love and asked her to share his life with him; “yes—my Love—my Love.”

There was no Holy Grail for this modern Galahad to achieve—no bright, celestial vision for him to make material, lest it be the Kingdom of God come to earth, in the final success of clean politics—clean morals—clean ideals. These things were the things Holden was fighting for, and because the God in man *is* acknowledged sometimes—and by some people—he was nominated for Governor.

“I am so proud of you,” his young wife whispered, as he said good-by to her the night following the nomination, on his way to one of the political halls to speak; “I love you so for it all—for your fineness—your trueness—your success!”

“And I love you,” he answered, softly, “because you are you—all woman—and all—mine!”

Somehow, as she watched his tall, clean-cut figure vanish down the street, those last words haunted her: “And I love you because you are you—all woman—and all—mine!” That is what he had said. “Because you are mine!” It was as if the shadow of the past laid its unclean fingers on her and mocked her for her acceptance of those words. She was not naturally nervous, yet tonight seemed one of strange forebodings, of unfounded fear and shadowy premonitions. As she sat in her room, reading, passing the time until he should return, she was beset by the idea that he and she would never face each other again as they had done in the hall just now. Always between them something would lurk, crouch, lessening all their love’s radiance. . . . She started to her feet, teeth chattering, lips blanched. Some one was

climbing up the balcony outside of her room. The French windows were not locked. Like a hunted thing, she sped into the dressing-room beyond. The doors yielded to a crafty touch, and the thief was in the room, prowling toward her dressing-table, using a spotlight. Fearfully, she peered from the heavy curtains separating the rooms. The man heard her, turned, the light fell on her face, and a laugh broke out. She knew that laugh—the same that had made mirth hideous in her sight—that sardonic, witless, phantom of laughter.

“Gar bless my soul!” he chuckled, when, the electric lights on, they faced each other in her husband’s room; “Gar bless my soul—if here isn’t lil’ Madge—how y’re, Madgie?”

But the wife of John Holden was facing him, face stricken of all that is life.

“Wassa matter, Madgie?” he queried; “aren’t y’ glad to see me?”

“Where?”—she gasped, her tongue volumes too large for her mouth—“where—did—you—come from?”

“Now what a question!” Travers was immensely amused. “Why, ‘out of the everywhere, into the Here’—aint that what the kids say, Madgie? An’ now that I am here, with you, so

sociable like, suppose I cull one of the candidate’s cigars and change coats with him. He’s for democracy, aint that so? Well, that bein’ the case, he’ll be tickled that I should thus carry out his views.”

“Noel,” Madge’s voice was strained with an anguish of pain; “Noel, why are you here? I thought—every one thought you were—dead.”

The derelict, complacently puffing away at the fragrant weed, chuckled appreciatively. “Dead, eh?” he inquired; “ever know a bad penny to be that obliging? Pray tell us, Madgie, what put that sweet thought into your young head?”

“This.” Out of her secretary she drew the clipping that had brought her the news of her freedom.

Noel Travers laughed long and loud. “Guess some other chap snitched my coat when the booze was too much for me,” he chuckled; “be that as it may, Madgie, I’m alive—very much so. I came here tonight for a little spare cash, or some jeweled folderols to carry me along for a few days; but now things have turned out this way, I might as well stick around and see what the Governor has to say



“WASSA MATTER, MADGIE?”

to husband number one. Pretty rich, eh?”

So this was to be it—the shadow she had foreseen between herself and the man she loved better than life—this sordid thing in the guise of a man. He was the obstacle that should bar them apart, until their straining eyes should darken in death. Perhaps, worse than all else, John would not believe—would not understand. Yet she knew that he must—so perfect had been their union, so complete their faith and love, he would not fail her now, in her dark hour. And he did not. His was the love “that passeth understanding”—that goes



HE READ THE BRUISED INNOCENCE IN MADGE'S SOUL

on, beyond the visual, into the hidden heart of things, and the light of his knowledge made the hidden place light.

They both saw him at the same time. He had come up the steps quickly, quietly, hearing Travers' laugh. For an instant he faced them both—took the measure of Travers' unmistakable worthlessness—read the despair, the appeal, the bruised innocence in Madge's soul. Then he spoke, tho he did not need to ask, so swiftly do we humans accept the grotesquely impossible things Life sends us on our way.

"Who are you?" he demanded, tersely, sharply; "what do you here?"

Travers laughed again—that empty, hollow laughter. "I'm this lady's unfortunate husband, y'r Honor," he mocked; "and I'm here on a social call. Madgie and I have lots of things to talk over—we——"

Holden crossed the room, and gripped him, vise-like, around the flabby flesh of his arm. "Be quiet, you poor dog," he commanded, "or you'll leave this room in a different way than you entered it. If it's money you want—here——"

The amount he thrust into the greedily extended hand was a goodly one. "Now begone!" he said; and then, turning to Madge, who crouched against the window, deathly white: "How has this thing happened, dear? How did you happen to tell me he was dead?"

For answer she extended the little clipping—treasured as one would treasure a pardon from a life sentence. And, reading, John Holden was glad, immeasurably glad, that he had understood—that he had not gauged this woman wrong. He saw the cruelty of it—the sundering of their paths—yet he saw the greater joy of an understanding that could not fail; and, somehow, he was at peace.

Travers, having donned his rightful coat, stood regarding them, sneeringly. "I c'n remember," he said, coarsely, "when me an' Madgie was as fond as——"

The young candidate wheeled on him, menace in his eye.

"An' I could say," resumed the wretch, "that their candidate was livin' with a woman who——"

The life-blood was almost stilled before Madge could interpose her

futile strength. John Holden was not all lover and idealist—he was brawn, and muscle, and splendid strength, and all his blind fury backed him up as he clinched and shook the liquor-sodden wretch.

“John,” she pleaded with him, battling his deathly clutch; “John, if you kill him we are lost—we are lost! Oh, my beloved, think of me—think of me!”

“You have Mrs. Holden to thank for your worthless life,” the future Governor said grimly, as the limp form picked itself from the floor and crawled for the windows. “Now, get out—and do it now!”

Dawn streaked the sky with amethyst and rose before they stopped talking—Madge and the man she loved. And when they finally separated—he for a day’s pain-driven work, and she for her father’s home—she had won her battle.

All the night she had pleaded with him to go on with his work—not to throw down the tools he had shaped so splendidly—not to let this grimy thing block his path.

“We cannot live together, anyway, my dearest,” she told him; “and if I go quietly to my father’s, many plausible excuses can be invented. He, Noel Travers, will keep silent. He wants the hush-money and he is an arrant coward. We must not let our little, single desire debar you from the working out of your destiny—and perhaps, dear, the working out of the destinies of many others. You may be the means of saving other lives from the shipwreck of ours. You have the power to found a newer, better order of things—an order that will be the basis for a better race—where men like—like him—will have no part. Dont you see,

my Love, my own, the greater rather than the smaller, the many rather than the few?”

They had forgotten to count on one thing, these two, when they made their splendid resolution and went their separate ways—the power of drink on the man—the fact that it will make devils of angels, brutes of the meek and mild, daring and defiant the weak and cowardly. This latter thing it did to Noel Travers. Some whim, born of the liquor, had urged him into the meeting where John Holden was speaking—some latent fiend woke in him and impelled the crazy accusations he endeavored to hurl at the shaken, young candidate. Some avenging angel made of the mob, wildly cheering for Holden, the arbiters of his fate, the redeemers of his heart’s happiness. For they fell on the drunken, dissenting voice and stilled it forever. In their maddened frenzy, they hurled themselves at him in a body, and he fell over the



JUST A DERELICT

gallery to the floor beneath with a shuddering cry, ending in a final silence.

And no one ever knew, no one ever guessed, that the distinguished orator's lady had been the wife of the poor wretch killed that night—no one ever knew that the coming Governor had been speaking from a heart too sore for healing, or that, in giving his life to the people, he was tearing his

own asunder. No one, but the two who had given their heart's blood for the sake of the greater cause and the call of honor, knew the almost unbearable sweetness of the reunion.

"My wife!" John Holden whispered, as they looked out, with far-seeing, unafraid eyes, over the city the night she came home; and he tore in tiny pieces the clipping, true at last. "Mine in very truth now—and *no man may put asunder!*"

The Mirror of Fate

By FRANK G. WHITNEY



ilent and still as Fate, see it move.

Swiftly working its wondrous will;
Not like an automaton in a groove,
But surely as the gods of the mill,
Leading the minds and thoughts aright,
Twisting the trend of brains alight,
Teaching and guiding and pointing the way—
Fate, as the photoplay!

Resting the bodies of women and men,
Aye, and their tired brains, too;
Diverting their thoughts from troubles, then
Bringing them thoughts more true.
Making them travel against their will,
Tho they are cheaply sitting still;
Their higher selves move, tho their bodies stay
Fast at the photoplay!

Molding the pliable minds of men,
Bringing them peace and joy and hope;
Kindling aims beyond their ken,
Cleansing their thoughts for broader scope.
Arousing a laugh, arresting a sigh,
Producing a tear in an eye long dry.
Unknown mayhap and unthanked each day—
Thus fares the photoplay!



Motion Picture Magazine Contrast

A meditation at the door of a Motion Picture theater

By HARVEY PEAKE

Outside, the present century
With all its stirring life we see;
Inside, the past upon the screen
With all its ancient pomp is seen—
There's only just a wall between!

Outside, the whirl of motor-things;
Inside, the Swan of Avon sings.

Outside, the newsboy's raucous cry;
Inside, King Arthur's knights ride by.

Outside, the traffic whistle shrills;
Inside, a tale of Egypt thrills.

Outside, the clang of trolley-gongs;
Inside, the Bible's Song of Songs.

Outside, the blare of modern life,
Its struggle, worry, toil and strife;
Inside, the past and what has been,
The restfulness of quiet scene—
There's only just a wall between!

DOWN THRU LOVERS' LANE

BY JOHN E. SYKES



Where is the way of happiness
Down thru this vale of care?
Is it in wealth, with rubies fine
And diamonds ever rare?
With mansions great and social lead
And servants at my side —
Is this the way of happiness,
Where time will quickly glide?

Is it in fame, with wordous name
That all the world applauds;
That when I'm gone they'll give it place
Beside the ancient gods?
That while I live they'll bow to me,
As on my way I go;
Is this the way to fairyland —
Ah! will I find it so?

Or is it pow'r that only kings
Can wield o'er subjects poor —
Is this the way to sylvan fields
And all my cares to cure?
Then spake my heart that's ever true,
"It is not evrywhere,
'Tis down the lane that lovers go —
You'll always find it there."

So fare I forth thru Lovers' Lane,
To find some winsome miss,
And when I'm sure she is the one,
I'll sweetly tell her this:
"I'd rather take your hand in mine,
And keep you by my side,
Than have the wealth that Croesus had
And all the world beside."



This story was written from the Photoplay of EDWIN AUGUST

FROM the Carew toolhouse the agonized shrieks of a persistent file leaped thru the quiet country air and worked their demoniacal way into the sitting-room of the farmhouse. To the old lady with lace cap, horn spectacles and clicking knitting-needles, the rending sound was sweet music. The pennyweight of a girl by her side plowed her forehead full of pink-white furrows, shook protecting ringlets over her ears, and unraveled an hour's spoilt handicraft—the neck of a gray woolen sock.

"Mercy!" she burst out spitefully; "if Will dont stop that dreadful noise, I'll——"

"Hack-hash, hack-hash," screamed the furious file.

The old lady smiled slowly, as if awakening from a dear symphony.

"He's makin' somethin' wonderful, I guess"—"hack-hash, hack-hash," from without—"you just wait 'til supper-time."

The knitting proceeded, and the yarn unrolled evenly from the pair of balls that played on the floor like kittens. Presently the inferno in the toolhouse smothered with an abrupt

final squeal, and hurried footfalls came toward the house. A flushed-faced, perspiring giant of a man burst into the sitting-room, holding a squirming band of steel.

"Hurrah! I've done it," he fairly shouted; "cut teeth in th' buck-saw blade; it's as keen and true as a razor."

"Judging from the sound, I thought you were pulling them," flashed the girl; but the others never smiled, just bent their heads, breathless, over the man's invention.

"See the shape"—his finger traced the design before the horn spectacles—"it's faster-cutting than the 'V' tooth, an' simpler than the 'Lightning.'"

The girl slid her cool hand thru his arm. "It was a painful tooth to cut, anyway; wasn't it, baby?"

The man turned, frowned, smiled broadly down at her.

"Painful or no," he half rebuked, "it'll make our fortune."

Suddenly he bent over and kist the old lady solemnly, then took the girl prisoner in muscle-taut arms.

"I'm goin' to th' city," he an-



“I’LL BE BACK!” HE BURST OUT DETERMINEDLY

nounced defiantly; “the invention has got to be sold.”

A half-grown, awkward boy entered the room, in the staring silence that followed Will’s announcement.

“Here’s Ben,” the big man went on, relieved; “he’ll take care of you.”

“Willum”—the old lady’s voice was almost sharp—“is this city trip goin’ to take long?”

“’Most a week, I guess; mebbe it’ll——”

He came to a dead stop, avoiding three frightened pairs of eyes.

“I’ll be back!” he burst out determinedly. “Cilly, girl, look after ma, and spare her old hands all you can.”

A film shot across the girl’s eyes, and the lump in her throat nearly choked her; but she said nothing, just took Will’s hands and nodded brightly that she understood.

In another minute the women were busy over his carpet bag, and Will coiled the fortune-bringing saw-blade carefully within it, twining it tight and small.

On his way across the yard he turned now and then to wave them a good-by, then set his face resolutely down the road to the railroad station. The steel thing in his bag thumped exultingly, like the beat of his heart, and he felt his resolve coiled up tight.

ready to leap and bite, like his saw, against the unknown in the city.

Two years passed—wonder-working years for Will—that found him rich and installed in fashionable apartments in the city. He had written his mother and Cilly at first every night from his hall bedroom in a shoddy furnished-room house; then once a week, as the money began to come; and now, not at all. It was simply a case of not having time, he told himself.

The exploitation of his saw had been absurdly simple—a meeting with a pair of diamond-scarf-pinned brokers, the forming of a corporation—“William Carew, vice-president and general manager”—and the leasing of a luxurious suite of offices.

William’s duties and their reward were also astonishingly free from complication—the signing of several green and gold certificates each day and the “president’s” check for three figures at the end of each week. Outside of William’s signature and his cheerful countenance, his presence in the office was not required, and he soon took the hint and proceeded to learn the ways of the city.

The call of the big fellow’s ready money, and his rugged, open-air, good fellowship, made him friends, of

a sort, faster than a life-time of association in the country—his financiers, the slick brokers, saw to that, and with the renting of a handsome apartment and the installation of a valet and housekeeper the country boy burnt his last bridge behind him.

In one thing only was Will reminding of lusty days gone by. From out the numerous applicants he insisted on engaging as housekeeper a stolid old woman from the country.

"If I surprise my stomach with *pâté de foie gras*, blue-moon cocktails, and such stuff o' nights," he warned his companions, "I just got to gentle it again in the morning with buck-wheat cakes and country sausage."

"The kind that mother used to make," laughed a new-found friend.

Will's face grew serious, and his eyes filled with memories. Then he turned to a handsome girl with deep-fringed eyes by his side.

"You could never take to knitting socks, could you?" he asked, half-seriously.

"Nit," she jocosely; "not for me."

"They're the kind that never wear out," he threatened.

"But the hands that make them wither—come, let's be serious."

"I'm thirsty," he said, brightening.

"Now you *are* serious," the woman whispered, letting her soft hand slip into his; "please call a waiter."

"Mary, I'm going to a bang-up shindig tonight," instructed William; "you needn't sit up; I'll be home toward sun-up."

The old housekeeper set her lips motherwise. "It's not that I mind the lack of sleep," she said; "I'm thinkin' of you."

"Bless you, Mary, I'll behave—I do believe you're trying to mother me."

"I'll set up 'til twelve," she said; "settin' out your clothes for th' mornin'."

William's valet hurried him into his evening clothes. He was jealous of Mary, and did not understand her uningratiating ways.

When William stood before him in

snug-fitted coat and shot-silk waist-coat, the valet stood back in respectful admiration.

The erstwhile country boy caught his glance and read it.

"You've made a first-rate job out of a mud-crusted jay," he said, handing the man a ten-dollar bill; "here, hold this while I'm gone."

The valet bowed and stood at attention while the young man who enjoyed life was leaving the room. With the closing of the door a sneering, deprecatory smile flitted across the man's pale face.

William wended his way to the studio of an artist friend, from whose glass-roofed rooms the life-giving music of a sextette of troubadours was thrumming and sobbing its way to the street below.

The woman smiled as he entered; and he went, straight as a darting fish, to the side of her low-cut bosom and conquering, shadowy eyes.

"Ah!" she said, but her eyes were telltale with her story, and she had learnt not to say too much.

Back in his rooms old Mary set herself about the task of preparing his clothes for the morrow. There were sparkling studs to transfer to clean linen, pearl buttons to sew on friendless shoes, and a heap of clothespressing to be gone about.

It was somewhere along toward midnight, with her eyes growing heavy with sleep, that she discovered a dust-covered carpet bag in the deep cavern of his closet and dragged it forth to sort out its rubbish. Under a wrinkled suit of "store clothes" she came upon a pile of letters, and shamelessly, after the nature of women, she fell to reading them. They were dated some two years back, and were addressed, in a girl's round hand, to a street in the down-and-out section of the city.

Mary read on grimly, taking the letters in turn like the parts of a serial story. And what a story they pieced together to even the old woman with a commonplace heart!

First came the joyous call of a



“IT’S YOU, WILL, YOU!” PLEADED MARY

girl’s child-heart to the news of his success, and endless prattle about what they should do on his return to fix up the farm and make his mother comfortable. Then, later, came letters in answer to his, into which she wrote her young, trustful heart, that stood out naked and unashamed with her avowal of love. And, still later, came her call as from afar off, putting herself in the background and telling about the drooping of his old mother. She never put the question, but thru every word writhed the appeal: Would he not come back?

Mary gathered the plaintive letters together in a whirl. The odor of scorching clothes bit her nostrils. And in the kitchenette she found the valet standing over a pair of sadly ruined trousers.

His eyes pierced hers with unutterable scorn.

“I know you now, old she-cat,” he hissed fiercely; “I have watched you reading the master’s letters, while his clothes go up like that!”

His arms went heavenward, and tears sprang into his eyes. Mary could never have guessed that this righteous man had read these same

letters—and kept out one or two for use, if need be.

“Keep on watching,” said Mary, unfeelingly; “I’m going out to find him.”

And she did. It was along toward sunrise, in a cigarette-scented studio, that the old woman brazenly crossed between the dancers and faced her master, with his arms about the woman.

“Will,” said old Mary, plucking at his sleeve—“I’m going to call you Will, just like your mother—I read all the letters in your bag from Cilly, and I want you to pack it and go straight home.” The shadowy eyes by the big man’s side flared up like a tiger’s. “As for this woman here, she’s a catfish, Will—the kind that nibble at dead men’s bones and never fill up.”

William rose up in a half-dazed frame of mind—shame, fear, incredulity, belief of kind, chased thru him in a riot of mad unreason.

“Mary, woman!” he cried, pulling her to her knees, “am I drunk as a fiddler, or is it you?”

“It’s you, Will, you!” pleaded Mary; “you haven’t drawn a sober-



“I’M GOING DOWN TO SAW WOOD”

mindful breath since you quit writing to Cilly.”

William blushed rosy red, and drew her to her feet. The dancers hung back, expecting a scene worth while.

Suddenly the big man turned around and flung a shower of bills into the young woman’s lap.

“Here,” he said, “that’s all I get ’til next week—I’m wrung dry. Tomorrow I’m going down to the office of the International Saw Company and *saw wood!* But you dont understand, so goodbye.”

“Will!” the woman called after him—a clear voice, the clearest he had ever heard; but his big shoulders, with Mary tucked under one of them, were already thru the doorway.

The following morning the office force of the International Saw Company witnessed a busy and forceful scene. William arrived, and, in a businesslike manner, grasped the president by his collar.

“Give me back my saw!” he shouted; “and you take all my beautiful certificates. I’m tired of a company that dont manufacture—jest sells promises.”

The coiled, toothed, shiny thing lay in his hands.

“Your vice-president’s goin’ home,” he announced to the spellbound ones, “*to saw wood*—jest saw wood. And I’m goin’ to saw fast to make up for back time.”

Again came the tree-arched lane from the station, and a man trudging homeward in the pink-and-purple alpenglow of sunrise. Cilly and his mother were already at work, and he heard their splash of morning’s milk in the lean-to.

The prodigal uncoiled his adventurous saw and stole to the woodshed. Asthmatic, rasping sounds rent the air. As if by art-magic—the call of a pied-piper—two spellbound women fled thither from their chore and for-gathered back of him.

Four hands, a withered pair and dimpled ones, tore at his pumping elbows. Will turned and gathered his audience into two huge, hugging arms.

“I’m home,” he said, in his matter-of-fact way; “there’s a heap of stove-wood to cut.”

THE GREAT DEBATE:

SHALL THE PLAYS BE CENSORED?

Does Censorship assure better plays, or is it beset with dangers?—Promise or Menace?

Affirmative

REV. WILLIAM SHEAFE CHASE, D.D.

Rector of Christ Church, Bedford Ave., Brooklyn

Negative

FRANK L. DYER

President of General Film Company, (Inc.)

EDITORIAL NOTE: This debate was begun in the February issue, and is attracting wide attention, not only because of the importance of the subject, but because of the eminent fitness of the debaters to handle it in a masterly and authoritative manner. Those who have not read the preceding articles by Canon Chase and President Dyer should do so at once. Copies of the magazine containing them will be mailed to any address on receipt of fifteen cents per copy. Every preacher, reformer, civic worker and film exhibitor should be supplied with a complete set of the magazines containing this memorable debate. And every mother and every father should read all the articles carefully. In the April number, the debaters will continue their respective arguments and probably conclude; and, when they have done, you may be sure that they have said the "last word" for and against the idea of film censorship.

SECOND ARTICLE FOR THE AFFIRMATIVE

By CANON CHASE

BEFORE this debate is closed I hope to win President Dyer to support the kind of official censorship which I am advocating, for, in his first article, he opposed something very different from what I have ever advocated.

Let me state various reasons why he ought to support my plan:

1. Such a censorship as I advocated in my first article will not, as President Dyer fears, injure the business which he represents, but will enormously increase its receipts. It would change the attitude of a vast number of people, who look with suspicion and distrust upon the influence of Motion Picture shows upon their children, into one of confidence and admiration for an institution which not only would protect their children from evil in their amusements, but would really give them valuable information for life, and help them to develop their moral and spiritual natures.

Mr. George Edwardes, a prominent theatrical manager in England, told the Parliamentary Committee in 1909 that the practical abolishment of censorship in France had killed the big

audiences. He said that he had lived in Germany, France and Austria. He claimed that in those countries the great bulk of the middle class will not go to the theater because they regard it as wrong to do so. The managers, because the theater-going public is so limited in number by its bad reputation, are driven, therefore, to get audiences by giving sensational and indecent plays, which appeal to the worst elements in the community.

Mr. Edwardes claimed that England has the cleanest stage in the world, and that it is due to the fact that every play before it is produced in any licensed place of amusement must have the approval of the censor. He claimed that the fact that the theatrical business in England was better than that in France, Germany and Austria, was because the efficient censorship in England kept the stage clean and gave the public a confidence in its morality.

Such a censorship as I advocate would elevate the whole Motion Picture business by protecting it from the degrading influence of those unscrupulous men who bring a bad name to the trade, thru the atrocious

pictures which they are causing to be displayed in many parts of our country.

It would raise the standard of pictures very quickly. All manufacturers would doubtless send the scenarios of any doubtful plots to the board of censors before manufacturing the films.

Before a year had elapsed very few pictures would be condemned by the censors, because everybody would soon learn the standard of morals demanded, and gladly conform to it.

Censorship works indirectly by preventing the making of bad pictures. In the last sixty years only ninety-seven plays have been rejected in England by the censor of stage plays. These figures do not indicate the number of bad plays which would have appeared if there had been no censor.

2. I hope I can diminish President Dyer's credulity in accepting, without modification, Mayor Gaynor's

statement that no obscene or immoral pictures were being shown in New York City. When Mayor Gaynor vetoed the censorship by the Board of Education of New York City, enacted by the Board of Aldermen by a vote of 70 to 1, he did so in spite of the desire of Cardinal Farley, and the practically united body of the ministers of all religions, and of the public-school teachers, who best understand the dangers to the youth from an unrestrained Motion Picture trade.

The States of California, Ohio, Kansas and Pennsylvania have enacted state censorships. They would not have done so unless they had found

that many pictures were having a bad influence, and had they not despaired of remedying the situation by the local police and courts.

Chicago, since 1907, has by ordinance constituted its police department a board of censorship, and no Motion Picture can be shown in places of amusement for pay unless it has a certificate of approval by the police department. The police have rejected about three per cent. of the films submitted to them.

San Francisco, Boston, Cincinnati, Memphis, Portland (Oregon) St. Paul, Milwaukee, Pittsburg and many other cities have shown their conviction that some form of censorship is necessary.

Robert O. Bartholomew, the Motion Picture Censor of Cleveland, reported in April, 1913, that out of nine hundred and fourteen reels examined, eighty-six were in part or wholly eliminated by him, and that a great many of them bore the



REV. WILLIAM SHEAFE CHASE, D.D.

stamp "Passed by the National Board of Censorship." Since then fifteen per cent. of those examined have been forbidden by the censor.

The condition of films in the states and cities where there is no censorship is much worse than the percentage of bad films censored in Cleveland or Chicago would indicate; for the worst films were not sent to those cities, for fear of the censorship, but to places where there was no effective elimination of bad pictures.

3. A system of licensing those Motion Pictures which ask for the special privilege of being shown in licensed places of amusement, such

as I advocated in my first article, is no foe to freedom of conscience of the press, of speech or of personal liberty.

In his first article President Dyer says that an official body of censors would have the power "to require that no picture should be shown anywhere in the United States until first submitted to the censors." President Dyer seems to think that I am advocating something as impracticable as Plato did when he advised, in the laws of his Republic, that no poet should so much as read to any private man what he had written until the judges and lawkeepers had seen it and allowed it.

It would clearly be absurd to advocate giving any such power to a federal board of censorship, even if our form of government allowed the national officials to exercise such a power in the sovereign states. It would also be unwise to grant such a power to a state board of censorship, altho the State of Ohio has done so. Nothing that I have said would favor forbidding any citizen the privilege of taking a Motion Picture film of his family of children playing tag or romping with the house-dog, and exhibiting that or any other in his house or upon the public common, without ever going to the board of censors at all.

If he wants the privilege of interstate commerce, he should secure a license for his Motion Picture from a federal board of censors. But if he wants to show it only in his own state in licensed places of amusement, he should obtain a license from a state board of censors, unless the state has authorized that any Motion Picture can be shown in such places which bears a seal of the approval by the federal board of censors.

4. Upon reflection, I hope that President Dyer will realize that a federal law, such as I advocate, will not increase, but rather greatly diminish the number of censor boards. For I am persuaded that as soon as there is an effective state and federal censorship all village and city censorships will disappear. It is likely that many of the state censor boards will

accept the licensing of the federal board.

5. I hope also he will come to realize, in spite of what he has said to the contrary, that while a picture, which has been licensed by the censor board, will be still subject to the police power of the state, yet it will be practically impossible to get any court or jury to convict a maker or exhibitor for showing a licensed film. This is true of censored plays in England.

6. Is President Dyer speaking from theory or actual knowledge when he says that experience teaches us that we must assume the worst, and expect that official censorship would be administered unfairly? Is he convinced that graft has to be paid in Chicago, in San Francisco and other places, in order to get good pictures approved? Is there not an effective remedy, which is in the hands of the Motion Picture makers, if they want real justice done? My conviction is that the local police are more likely to be influenced by graft than are censor boards. Furthermore, federal and state censorship will largely eliminate village and city censorships, and thus vastly reduce the number of persons who can demand graft. My plan would reduce graft to a minimum.

7. When President Dyer speaks of censorship as being contrary to American ideals he argues as if we were living in the days when power resided in kings, emperors, bishops and popes, who acted arbitrarily, and as if I were proposing that we return to what the people have won from them by hard struggle. But it is not so. Power in America now resides in the whole people. I am asking merely that the will of the whole people shall be effectively executed, and that criminals, who are breaking the laws and making money by corrupting children, shall be effectively prevented from so doing.

Such criminal Motion Picture manufacturers are like the arbitrary kings or bishops of old, who claimed a divine right to make money by robbing the people of their rights. The people who exert tyrannical power today are no longer kings, police or clergy,

but unscrupulous business men who use their vast financial resources to corrupt officials and demoralize the people. These are the autocratic powers which claim that they ought to be free from all law to defeat the will of the people, in order that they may be free to make money without restraint.

President Dyer is representing the reactionary tendency when he says: "It is not properly within the power of any man to tell us or our children what we shall or shall not see." For he is denying the citizens the right to pass laws which will be for the people's welfare in order that his own business may make money without proper restraint. If the people decide it is unwise for the children to see bullfights, cockfights, naked men or women, the electrocution or hanging of criminals, or the picturing any crime in such detail as to suggest or teach crime, no body of men has any divine right to exhibit them.

If we see a man is about to commit murder or theft, we do not let him do it and then punish him. We stop him. If a picture will excite children to theft and lust, we ought to take the most effective way to prevent the picture doing harm.

President Dyer ought not to object to official censorship on the ground that a few persons thereby determine what the people may see. For a few film manufacturers are deciding that today. The censors represent the welfare of the people. The film-makers represent the business interests involved. The will of the people should prevail. If the state can more effectively prevent such sights from the public gaze by preliminary inspection of Motion Pictures than by punishment after the crime has been committed, the state has an absolute right to do the most effective thing—nay, it is its duty to do so. The people have the

right to enact laws of prevention as well as of cure. The individual has no divine right to see what he pleases, and thus compel the state to punish crime after it occurs, instead of taking effective methods to prevent it.

The effect of the censor law which I am advocating, does not apply to nor restrain the ordinary citizen from showing any picture he desires in any place without previous inspection. It applies only to the business man who makes a living from Motion Pictures. Because of the great temptation, which assails the Motion Picture man, to make money by demoralizing children, I maintain that it is the duty of the nation to prevent this demoralization by demanding a preliminary inspection of his pictures.

8. When President Dyer says that "the suggestion of censorship is a denial of personal liberty, of free speech and of a free press," he clearly indicates that he, lawyer-like, is referring to censorship, government and

"The censor represents the welfare of the people; the film-makers, the business interests involved. The will of the people should prevail."

liberty as defined in the laws of ancient Rome, and not as used in free America of today.

Censorship today means licensing of what comes up to the moral standard, by persons from whose decision there is a legal appeal. It does not mean, as in Rome, the exercise of any absolutely arbitrary power.

When the government emanates from one man, like an emperor or czar, from whom there is no appeal, the exercise of any governmental power is a denial of personal liberty. But when the sovereign power resides in the people, then any law enacted for the welfare of the whole people is to establish personal liberty. It cannot be considered a denial of personal liberty, no matter how effectively it may restrain men from carrying out their wicked purposes.

The personal liberty of the whole community makes it necessary to re-

strain in some respects the personal liberty of certain individuals. This is why a minister is not free to hold a religious service in the streets of New York City without a permit from the Mayor or an Alderman.

The Supreme Court of the United States decided that such an ordinance in Boston was not a denial of the constitutional right of free speech.

Daniel Webster said:

It is a legal and refined idea, the offspring of high civilization, which the savage never understood and never can understand. Liberty exists in proportion to wholesome restraint: the more restraint on others to keep them off from us, the more liberty we have. It is a mistake to think that liberty consists in paucity of laws. If one wants that kind of liberty let him go to Turkey. The Turk enjoys that blessing. That man is free who is protected from injury.

True freedom will be more effectively established in our land if the children are effectively protected from moral injury rather than

“True freedom will be more effectively established if the children are protected from moral injury.”

if the Motion Picture manufacturers are free from censorship.

Many crimes are justified under the mistaken conception that liberty is a selfish right to do what one pleases, no matter how it injures the community. Liberty is not selfishness. No one has any right to be selfish. Liberty is the power to do what is for the best welfare of the whole community, and to work out God's will in the world.

A bad Motion Picture does ten times as much harm among children as a bad book. An evil book injures only those that can read and have some power of imagination. But the evil Motion Picture carries its influence to the youngest and the most ignorant.

The Speaker of the House of Commons, who said he favored censorship of plays before they were acted in licensed places of amusement, made a clear distinction between books and

stage plays in the presence of the parliamentary committee:—

I think a play of an immoral tendency can do very much harm, much more harm, I think, than the press. These things are said in public, and laughed at by a great number of people, night after night, and I think it is calculated to do more harm than an article which is read privately.

One of the reasons why Motion Pictures need to be censored is because of their unusual attractiveness for children and for those who never attend the more expensive theaters or other forms of entertainment. Fully twenty-five per cent., and perhaps fifty per cent., of the audience at Motion Pictures are children. This form of amusement makes no demand of punctuality, of patience, or of intelligence.

Those who cannot understand the English language and those who cannot read at all are attracted. It affords a cheap and comfortable lounging-place.

This is one of the reasons why it has injured the saloon business.

“How did you like the show to-night?” asked an exhibitor of one of the boys. “Fine; I would rather see how to build a bridge and a railroad than to see how to rob a bank.”

Fifteen hundred children in Cleveland wrote essays telling about Motion Pictures, and what kind of pictures they liked best. Only twenty-six said they preferred pictures of crime; four hundred and twenty-one preferred scenes of Western life; two hundred and ninety-two, scientific and educational; two hundred and eighty-three, the drama; two hundred and forty-one, comedy, and two hundred and twenty-four, war.

The Supreme Court of Illinois, the highest court in that state, twice unanimously decided that Municipal Official Censorship of Motion Pictures in Chicago, similar to the one proposed for New York City, violates no

constitutional provision. It was done in April, 1909, in the case of Block et al. versus City of Chicago (239 Ill., 251).

The claim that the Chicago censorship of Motion Pictures violated the freedom of the press was so absurd that the lawyers of the Motion Picture manufacturers did not think it worth while to present to the attention of the Court.

In none of the many cases of appeal, which have been made in the various states against censorship on

account of unconstitutionality, has the contention been sustained by the courts, so far as I have been able to learn. If the case now pending concerning the Ohio censorship law should result in declaring the Ohio law to be unconstitutional, it will not affect my contention, for the Ohio law is more sweeping in its provisions than any moderate and reasonable restriction, such as I have ever advocated, and is much more open to the charge of improperly restraining the freedom of the press.

SECOND ARTICLE FOR THE NEGATIVE

By PRESIDENT DYER

THE argument of Canon Chase, supporting censorship, is based largely on the assumption that unless pictures are made to conform to the moral views of the censors, their exhibition will demoralize children. In several places he refers to the "rights of childhood," by which apparently he means the right of a child to be protected from seeing an uncensored Motion Picture. Of course, neither in law, nor ethics, nor morals, does any such right exist. It is not the duty of the state to protect the children in the way proposed by Canon Chase. It is the duty of parents, the natural guardians of children, to protect them from contamination. This is the gravest responsibility of parenthood, and it must not be shirked, nor must its burdens be tossed upon the insecure shoulders of the state. If the state is to assume this burden, then I ask what will the state do in enforcing the "rights of childhood" in connection with other forms of entertainment and amusement? What about the regular theater? Are children to be allowed to attend dramatic performances, or are they to be entirely excluded, or is the drama to be cen-

sored, as in England? What about the newspapers? A child on the lookout for evil, or a supersensitive one, can find much that is suggestive in probably every paper published in the United States. Are books to be censored? Canon Chase must realize that to a supersensitive child literature contains much that is suggestive, and, from his viewpoint, probably immoral. If there be such a thing as the "rights of childhood" that can

"It is not the duty of the state to protect the children, but of parents and guardians."

be infringed by the exhibition of uncensored Motion Pictures, then I submit in all seriousness that those rights are just as effec-

tively infringed by the ordinary drama, by newspapers, and by literature, and I insist that the same arguments in support of a censorship of Motion Pictures apply with equal force to the censorship of the stage, of newspapers, and of books. When I speak of censorship I do not mean the elimination of perfectly plain instances of indecency and immorality, because no one questions for a moment the effectiveness of our laws to protect the public mind from such sewage in whatever form it may be offered. My point is that censorship is unnecessary with respect to *all* subjects regarding

which there may be honest differences of opinion. As to pictures, concerning which there can be no honest difference of opinion, the law will prevent their exhibition. Canon Chase may believe with absolute sincerity that a picture illustrating, for instance, Hogarth's "Rake's Progress" should not be exhibited because of its sordid immorality, while other men, fully as sincere and earnest as Canon Chase, may believe with equal conviction that such a subject depicts a high moral lesson. It all depends upon the point of view.

My opponent, in his second article, attempts to distinguish between censorship and licensing. I fail to see any difference between the two terms. If I am a censor and refuse to pass a picture, then I practically refuse to license it; if I pass the picture, then I do license it. On the other hand, to use Canon Chase's terms, if I am the official licensor, then if I refuse to license a picture I certainly am censoring it. He appears to make a distinction between the two terms by assuming that in the case of censorship there can be no review by the courts, while in the case of licensing such a review will be allowed. I fail to see any distinction here, as I cannot imagine any censorship to be so utterly unlawful and arbitrary as not to be the subject of judicial correction in case of gross abuse. No matter how adroitly my worthy friend may argue, the fact remains that he is advocating the proposition that a small number of men and women shall be given the right to decide for the American people what films they shall

or shall not see—the right to exclude not only grossly immoral films, but also subjects to which the censors may object merely because of personal idiosyncrasy. Any film that the censors believe merely is undesirable, or objectionable, or contrary to their notions of morality, would be excluded. That is where the injustice comes in, not merely eliminating subjects that are unlawful, but withholding from the American people pictures that may be perfectly lawful—

pictures that might be approved by an overwhelming majority if submitted to a vote. Of course there are undoubtedly supersensitive children, as well as supersensitive adults, both of whom are strongly influenced by suggestion, but such individuals should keep away from the picture shows; and they also should not be allowed to read books, or magazines, or newspapers, which are all suggestive factors.



FRANK L. DYER

Leaving out of consideration those pictures which are of such a character that if shown the law should and will suppress them with a ruthless hand, what are the pictures that are now being exhibited in the thousands of theaters in this country? *They are precisely what the people demand to see*, just exactly as literature and the stage will be found to reflect public taste and morals. The Motion Picture producers are making the subjects that they believe will appeal to the largest audiences, subjects that will be entertaining and instructive to the greatest number of moral, honorable American people. The Motion Pic-

ture producer is not bent on shocking the moral taste nor the sensibilities of the millions of spectators to whom he appeals; he is trying to make pictures that measure up to the tastes and desires of his audiences. American people are not demanding pictures that are morally unclean, nor will they be satisfied, on the other hand, with wishy-washy, goody-goody stories. The situation is precisely the same as when an author writes a book, or a playwright constructs a drama—each is making an appeal to the greatest possible number of readers or auditors. And while there are always in every business human jackals, who seek to profit by pandering to the lower passions and weaknesses of men and women, yet I am certain that the American producers to a man are joined in the condemnation of these creatures. But merely because such vultures are flying around the outskirts, shall the entire industry be subjected to the unjust and unnecessary suspicion that every picture must first prove its innocence? Let them go out—let the producers make what they see fit—let them gauge the public taste as well as they can—let them uplift the people if they can do so—let them instruct, amuse, edify, or moralize—*BUT* (and I hope that the printer will see that this word is made as big as possible), if they overstep the bounds, if they put out a picture that transgresses the law, that offends public decency, if they shock the reasonable and proper morals of the community, if they deprave or lower public conscience, then let the punishment be swift and certain, both to the producer and to the theater attempting to show the picture. Punish the guilty, make the penalty a heavy one, enforce the law rigidly, but do not subject the entire industry to the burden and ex-

“I am certain that the American producers to a man are joined in the condemnation of those creatures who pander to the lower passions and weaknesses of men and women.”

pense and the injustice of censorship. In his second article Canon Chase divides his argument under eight heads, to which I shall briefly reply:

1. He argues that by having censorship the public confidence in Motion Pictures will be increased. More people would therefore go to Moving Picture shows, and in consequence the business will develop and expand. My objection to censorship is based on principle, as being reactionary and un-American, not on mere temporary commercial success. Even if censorship did indirectly result in a benefit in a purely material sense, as a lawyer I would still oppose it as wrong in principle. However, I do not agree with Canon Chase as to his conclusions. I don't think American people are afraid to go to Motion Picture shows. Certainly I have yet to find any one refusing to patronize a picture theater because of any real or supposed objection to the morals of the pictures. On the other hand, should censorship be carried to its greatest possible extent, should all portrayal of life and human experience as actually exist be suppressed and the Motion Picture reduced to a mere mental pap, I am convinced that the interest in pictures, and their many benefits to the poor man and his family, would be enormously lessened. My opponent refers a number of times to the English stage censorship. Does he approve of it? In England, the Lord Chamberlain has the unqualified right to refuse to license a play. Almost to a man, the theatrical managers approve of the censorship; with the same unanimity the authors and playwrights oppose it. Why is this? Simply because the licensing of a play in England confers immunity on the theater, forestalling any possible action. In a sense it is an insurance against prosecution. They care not

to what extent the poor author or playwright may be harassed by the censor; they refuse to put on a play that has not withstood the fire of the censorial criticism. Such a thing is impossible in this country, since we are dealing with more than forty separate, sovereign commonwealths, and not with practically a single homogeneous country with one set of laws. Should censorship be accepted as a desirable thing, it is safe to say that each state will have its own censorship board. Undoubtedly these censorship boards, when once started, will not be satisfied merely with a supervision of Motion Pictures, but will extend their activities in other and equally fertile fields.

2. If, by his argument, Canon Chase means that obscene or immoral pictures are now being shown in New York City or elsewhere, then I state without qualification that if such is the case, the law is not being enforced. There is not a single community in the United States in which an obscene or immoral picture can be shown without violating the law, and if such pictures are shown it simply means that the law is not being enforced. I do not think that Canon Chase can fairly charge any community with the failure to enforce its laws. The mere fact, as stated by him, that certain local censorships have partly or wholly eliminated films that have been passed by the National Board of Censorship, is not important. One of my arguments is that small local boards will be inclined to be over-zealous, merely to convince the people that there is a justification for their existence and for the continuance of their salaries. The mere fact that a film may have been rejected by a local board is not by any means conclusive that it should have been rejected at all, or that it contains any features that can be fairly objected to.

3. The next argument is quite unintelligible to me. Does my opponent mean to censor only pictures that are to be shown in theaters where an admission is charged? Is the uncensored picture to be shown on the

"public common," and, if so, what becomes of the argument that the purpose of censorship is to preserve the "rights of childhood"? Parenthetically I will inquire if Canon Chase, in referring to the picture showing "the children playing tag, or romping with the house-dog," has in mind the character of films that will safely pass the censorship?

4. So far as the next argument of Canon Chase is concerned, he and I simply do not agree. I say that if the idea of censorship is accepted by the American people, the number of censor boards will be legion. He says that if there is a single federal censor board the states and municipalities will not bother with censorship. We are both speculating as to the future, but when the fact is borne in mind that Americans are natural-born office-seekers, I submit that the temptation to create a lot of political offices would be too great to be resisted.

5. He is plainly wrong in his fifth argument. As a matter of fact, at the present time films are being censored by the National Board of Censorship, and yet the police authorities of Chicago and other cities insist upon having their own censorship.

6. In laying down the proposition that, in considering the administration of any rule or regulation, its evil possibilities must be always assumed, I did so as a matter of ordinary experience. I did not necessarily mean that the censorship boards would be venal or dishonest, yet I believe that in time such would be the tendency. I had particularly in mind the danger of the development of petty, narrow-minded, hair-splitting definitions, that would at first handicap and later strangle the business.

7. Canon Chase states that he is "merely asking that the will of the whole people shall be effectively executed." With due respect to my reverend friend, this is not so. He is asking that the will of a very small body of censors be executed. The will of the majority is reflected in our laws, and in advocating control of any evil by lawful, legitimate methods I

assert that I, and not Canon Chase, am asking that the will of the whole people shall be executed. It seems to me that the worthy Canon is a little extreme in his denunciation of "criminal Motion Picture manufacturers" and "unscrupulous business men who use their vast financial resources to corrupt officials and demoralize the people." No one can be convinced, no matter with what heat the charge may be made, that the American people as a whole are being contaminated by Motion Pictures, or that the manufacturers are deliberately putting out objectionable and immoral pictures. Pictures are not exhibited secretly; they are shown always in such a public way that any violation of law can be immediately reached. The laws of our country prevent the showing of indecent, immoral, suggestive and obscene pictures. Merely because the laws do not prevent the showing of pictures that Canon Chase may object to, but which other equally good men may not object to, is surely not a valid argument for censorship.

8. Canon Chase denies that censorship is an invasion of personal liberty, because the law creating the censors would be the will of the people. He knows very well that any question of voting does not represent the will of the majority at all. For instance, roughly speaking, we have a population of one hundred million people, and the electoral vote is not far from fifteen million, or about one in seven. If a bare majority, therefore, should advocate censorship, it means that one person in every fourteen, having weakly forfeited his liberty, insists that thirteen others shall be considered to have done likewise.

The good Canon says: "Censorship today means licensing of what comes up to the moral standard of persons from whose decision there is a legal appeal." If he is prepared to admit that any decision of the censors that might be contrary to law would in fact be remedied by appeal, or, in other words, if the censors in their decisions *before* the exhibition of a picture would go no further than the

courts might go in their decisions *after* the exhibition of a picture, then I submit that this is an admission that censorship is not necessary. If the laws are rigidly and properly enforced, as of course they should be, then all that my opponent contends for would be accomplished, and the accomplishment would be brought about in an orderly, lawful and proper way. Theater owners are intelligent enough to know whether a picture is or is not wrong, and if they have any doubts they can either refuse to run the picture or bring it to the attention of the police authorities. Is it not one of the fundamental ideas of American liberty that every man shall be presumed to be innocent until the contrary is established? Surely no one will dispute this contention. Now, a Motion Picture does not create itself. It does not form itself out of thin air. It is the creature of a human mind. If, therefore, a picture is adjudged immoral, indecent, or obscene, it follows that the producers of such a picture are guilty of a violation at least of the moral law, and such violations always carry the penalty of failure and disgrace. Are not the producers of Motion Pictures entitled to a presumption of innocence? Must they first establish the fact that they are not guilty of immorality and of obscenity before they are allowed to put their pictures on the market? It seems almost ridiculous to ask this question, yet Canon Chase asserts with painstaking confidence that the Motion Picture producer is not entitled to the presumption of innocence that should be accorded to the humblest citizen. Thus he says: "I am not advocating the suppression or destruction of unlicensed Motion Pictures, but only that they shall not be shown in places of public amusement *until it has been proved that they meet the moral standard of the public statutes.* I am asking that no doubtful Motion Picture shall be granted any special privileges by the government *until it has proved its right in the courts to enjoy the confidence of the fathers and mothers of our land.*"

A Turn OF THE Cards



(Majestic)
by Dorothy Donnell

This story was written from the Photoplay of PHILIP LONERGAN

IN the deep canyons of money-making the dusk falls early and the tinsel stars of electricity dot the gloom, while beyond the roofs the sober sun still plods down toward the west. In the dingy recesses of the Battery Bank only the dusty clock above the coat-rack marked the passing of time. The air of the office was chill and tomb-like, as tho it were a place of buried hours, and hopes and ambitions. A film of dust lay smoothly over the oil-cloth of the floors and the stoop-shouldered desks; even the clerks themselves had a pasty, unsummed look to them as they bent patiently above their ledgers, computing other men's gains. From nine o'clock to half-past five they were mere adding machines, impersonal and mechanical. But on the wheezy stroke of the half-hour, as now, they wiped their inky fingers, donned their overcoats and became personalities.

"Lord! I'm tired," muttered one to the other; "me f'r home—'night, ol' man."

Jack Richards gave a worried glance at the clock and bent closer to his ledger, late as usual. He was one of the men who are born to be a step or two behind others; his birthright was apparent in the meek, downward lines of his face, the unfashionable cut of his collar and suit. His companion at the paying-teller's window grunted contemptuously, watching him, but,

his own entries apparently finished, still lounged on his stool and played irresolutely with his pen. Occasionally he glanced obliquely at the other's kindly profile, his lips moving as tho he were adding up its points of weakness and strength into a total for his own purposes. At length he appeared to have reached a trial balance. The front legs of his stool met the floor with a jarring crash that sent Richards' slow-moving pen slithering nervously over the page.

"Man alive!" exclaimed the toiler; "you here still?—'s matter? Wont they come out O. K.?" He jerked an alpacaed elbow toward the other's ledger. His assistant nodded sullenly, and brought a sudden furious fist down on the desk.

"I'm sick an' tired of this dog's life," he snarled. "Sick an' tired! Grind, grind, grind, day in an' day out, for a measly twenty per, and no hopes of anything ahead. I'm about ready to quit!"—above the words his eyes watched Richards' face.

The senior teller sighed, the patient sigh of unsuccessful, uncomplaining forty. "You're young, Taylor," he smiled. "That's just a growing pain. I've had 'em—we all do, sooner or later, before we give up being the president or a millionaire and settle down to rustling for our daily bread. Grind? That's just life, boy; just life."

"It's not what I call living, anyhow," sniffed Taylor. He reached out for one of the packets of bank-bills before him, and fingered the thin, green leaves thoughtfully.

"You're not married, that's the trouble with you," laughed Richards. He wiped his pen carefully on a bit of felt, closed his books and clambered stiffly down from his stool, laying a friendly hand on the natty serge shoulder beside him. "Wait 'til you've got a kiddie like mine to plan for, Bill," he said, his voice suddenly turning very tender; "then you'll be so taken up with trying to make a name for yourself and a home for her that you'll forget that your own hair is growing grey."

"Marriage! Youngsters! No, thank you," Taylor sneered lightly. "Time enough to settle down by thirty-five. I'm twenty-nine and I want my whack at the world. And what sort of a whack can a feller get on twenty a week?" He touched the wad of bills in his hand slyly. "Now, if I had this I'd be rich—I could wear real clothes, eat real food. If you had it you could buy your wife the gewgaws every woman wants, and educate your kid. And, by heck, Richards, it's ours as much as it's any one's. The fat old geezers in the sealskin coats and buzz wagons, who leave it here dont need it, wont ever spend it, wouldn't miss it."

"Taylor!" the paying-teller of the Battery Bank looked palely at his assistant, his jaw agape with horror. The younger man laughed harshly, and tossed the bills into their tray with nonchalant fingers. The furtive eyes, hidden under puffy, white lids, were baffled.

"Huh! I was just kiddin'!" he said. "Got your goat, eh? A feller's got a constitutional right to his little joke; hasn't he? Just th' same, I wish I was outer this and in on a real man-size job."

Jack Richards relaxed. He lifted the trays of coin and bills and plodded across to the safe, where he stowed them carefully. Then he fumbled into his old overcoat and

derby, pausing at the door with a swan song of advice.

"It's dangerous business, son, looking at money *as* money," he smiled, whimsically; "call it potatoes, now, or turnips and you wont get to 'coveting.' Turn off the lights when you come, will you? S'long!"

Six o'clock met him in sonorous Trinity chimes, as he hurried out into the thinning streets. He turned down Dey and plunged into the clamor of the Hudson tunnels, his eager anticipation outrunning the train to the little scrap of New Jersey which was his own. But tonight the thought of Nan-girl and May did not, as usual, come deliciously between him and the small print of his newspaper. The remembrance of Taylor's reckless speech and action worried his thin brows into a frown. "Tut, tut," he said to himself—and later, again, "tut, *tut*; upon my word I hope the youngster isn't living beyond his pay envelope."

An hour later, watching his child rolling on the floor in friendly tussle with a bull pup, the father looked suddenly across the home-litter of the table at his wife, serene and sweet above her mending. The pitiless gaslight pointed out a greying hair or two, the prophecy of a line across the smooth forehead, a worn place on the shoulder of her dress. Looking at her as his once-sweetheart instead of as his wife, he noticed many things, and a big lump rose in his lean throat.

"May!" he cried; "May o' mine!"

It was a sweetheart name. She flushed in strange embarrassment, looking at him curiously. There was appeal, almost terror in the face he turned to her.

"May, are you"—he paused diffidently—"are you sorry you married me?"

"*Jack!*"

"I mean, maybe you could have done better!" She was on his knee, laying her fingers across his lips. "I cant give you the gewgaws that women like. I wish I'd made as good as I meant to, honey-girl."

"Hush, Jack," she was laughing

tremulously. "Silly! As if— Why, I've had *everything*, Jack, every-thing worth while."

"But Nan——"

She bent and kist him solemnly. "Every night, dear"—she whispered shyly—"every night I pray and pray that she will grow up to be as good and noble as you are."

And so, for the time, his ghost of a doubt was laid.

But with the slow-passing days Bill Taylor, lounging disconsolately on his long-shanked stool, beside his superior, scowled greedily at the fat, round towers of coin and sheaves of green-backs before him and bided his time. Sometimes the rankle of a sore memory sent a shiver down his spine, and for an instant his wrists grew unpleasantly cold, as if encircled with bands of steel. At such times Bill glowered resentfully at the stooping figure next him, and chewed his heavy under lip. But there was nothing to do but to wait. And then his chance came.

The telephone bell tinkled in shrill, silly treble above the scratching of the office-pens. A strange thing, a telephone! Impersonal as the voice of Fate itself, speaking of birth, business, love, gossip and death in the same unimpassioned tone, announcing a pleasant surprise and a heart-breaking grief with equal complacence.

"F'r you, Mr. Richards."

Jack wiped his pen clean and clambered down from his perch. Six hundred dollars exchanged hands thru the grated window. The clock yawned the half-hour of release, and the clerks filed out, jovial at their brief respite. Taylor alone waited—whistling a "rag" under his breath. Then Jack came back. The change in him was so marked that Taylor stared.

"What's up?" he gasped. Then, leaning forward in sudden stark terror, "What you lookin' at me like that? What've you heard—spit it out, man, cant you——" His voice rose quavering, needle-sharp, piercing the other's daze.

"It's Nan," breathed Richards,

hoarsely. He put one fumbling hand to his head. "Nan, my doll, she's—she's *hurt*—my God! there's no train home for an hour yet——"

The craven figure beside him slumped suddenly with a gasp of relief. The assistant teller wiped his damp forehead.

"Ah—your kid—tough luck," he muttered, in obvious effort at sympathy. "Is she bad?"

"I dont know." Richards' voice was monotonous. "They've sent for a surgeon, May said—Dr. Graham, of the University——"

Taylor whistled. "Graham!" he cried. "Man alive, but you must be a Rockefeller in disguise. That saw-bones asks a thousand to look at your tongue."

"Five hundred, she said." Suddenly the stricken father lurched forward, burying his greying head in his hands. The bony shoulders beneath the worn coat heaved, but he was silent in terrible soundless throes of grief. A little green blaze flickered into the watching eyes. Taylor leaned forward, touching the lax arm with cautious fingertips.

"What's eating you?" he whispered—"the money? I thought so." Satisfaction curved the thick lips. "Well, what you *mean* to do?"

"I'll—I'll beg it—I'll borrow it——"

"From whom?"

"Grey!"

Taylor laughed contemptuously. "The president of the Battery Bank isn't handing out coin. He'd tell you to go to h—, he would."

Jack Richards raised his head, laughing hysterically. "I'd *go* there to save Nan—my little girl—my baby——"

He broke off uncertainly—"Why, what——"

Taylor pushed the green packet closer, until it touched the knotted hand. "Why not?" he smiled—"nobody'd miss it. I'll show you how to juggle the figures. Why not?"

"No!" Jack Richards was on his feet, backing away. "Man alive, I'm no *thief!*"

"Hush!" Taylor looked around the empty office uneasily. "You can pay it back, and for your kid——"

"For Nan—I *can't*, no, not even for her." The tortured man stumbled across to the rack and huddled into his coat, his fingers fumbling with the buttons. "She fell downstairs, she said—it's her spine—told me not to worry! My God! The brightest little kid ever—you should have heard her read. Dr. Roberts couldn't operate. But where'll I get it? Five hundred—oh, God! don't *let* her die—she mustn't—she shant. Here, Taylor, hand over that money, quick, man—*my girl shant die as long as her father can steal for her!*"

The door quivered behind him, sending long shudders of gaslight in garish smears across the dingy white-washed walls. The assistant teller chuckled to himself.

"I've got him!" he boasted. "Now, Mr. Jack Richards, when there's a shortage smelled out in this department, what are *you* going to say about it, hey?"

He selected a handful of bills from the tray and tucked them into his pocket; then plunging his pen into the well, he bent above his ledger, perjuring the tale of the figures with the ease of long practicing. In the shadowy regions beyond the lighted cage a darker shadow tiptoed quietly away.

The train, late as Jersey locals often are, plodded thru the night with sickening pauses and slowings. Jack Richards, no longer a paying-teller, a man, or even a father, but a Pain, felt that he must get off and run ahead, thru the dark, to Nan. He watched the passengers about him with fevered eyes, wondering whether any of them had ever lost a little child. Catching his neighbor staring curiously at his hand, he looked down. Clutched desperately in stiffened fingers, fluttered the package of bills—they scorched him, like shame become tangible. He thrust them violently into his waistcoat pocket—a *thief*, that was what he was! He had an insane

longing to confide in the man beside him; but at the psychological moment the train jarred to a standstill, and shook him off contemptuously into the fear-filled darkness. He fairly ran thru the streets, panting. Then his wife's face, strange and remote, with its stricken grief.

"Nan—is—is——" he could not finish. She shook her head dumbly, but the mother of her drew his quivering face against her shoulder.

"Oh, my dear, my dear," she whispered; "they, the doctors, are with her. We must wait and—and hope, Jack. But, oh, it's hard—it's hard."

The animal need of companionship in pain drew them close, and the woman's weakness gave the man back his manhood.

"Hush, dear, hush," he crooned hoarsely, patting her arm in clumsy comforting. "Dr. Graham is the best there is. He'll pull the kid thru. *I'm* not afraid."

"But—Jack—she—I saw her when they gave the ether——" her voice spun out to a thread of sound. "She—she looked so *little*, Jack."

They walked up and down the cramped sitting-room, trying not to hear the faint sounds that drifted down the stairs or seeped thru the ceiling. Imagination, swollen with fear, sketched crude, awful pictures of what was going on—of white-sheathed ghoulish-figures bent above the bed—of knives—of blood, *their blood*, and quivering flesh of their flesh.

The sharp summons of the doorbell drained the color from the husband's face. He gently drew away from his wife and fumbled in his pocket, pressing a roll of bills into her hesitating hand.

"Put this in a safe place, dear," he whispered; "it's the money for the doctor. No, no, I'll answer the bell."

A moment and he was back. In the doorway behind him loomed two figures, vulture-wise. He fumbled himself into his overcoat, answering the startled question in her eyes.

"I've got to go out, May," he told her, steadily; "Mr. Grey, the bank

president, you know, dear, has sent for me on business——”

“But, Jack, Nan! Think of Nan!”

He bent over her, holding the white, upturned face hungrily between his palms. For a moment he left the room, and she heard his step on the stairs. Then he was back, unearthly calm.

“I’ve seen Nan; I’m trusting her to you, dear—you and God,” he said. “Dont keep me now; it’s important business. Trust *me* a little, dearest dear.”

His kiss was a strangely final one, and he was gone. She looked vaguely about the empty, familiar shabbiness of the room, trying to draw her slipping senses back; but the furnishings, her wedding furnishings, looked strange and unacquainted. Then a broken, beloved toy, sprawling beneath the sofa, caught her eye, and she burst into merciful, saving tears, clasping the ugly, clumsy thing to her soft breast.

“My baby—my doll-baby,” she sobbed. “Oh, God! will they ever be thru their work up there?”

The stout banker, lounging, in a luxury of expensive cigar-smoke, in his padded library, looked up as they entered, a smile grim on his lips.

“Got him, did you?” he grunted. “That’s good. Other one’s here too, in the next room. Jackson, bring him in. Well, Mr.—er—Richards, is it?—’fraid we’ve blocked your move.”

Jack did not speak. He stood woodenly between his captors, twisting his soft hat over and over in his hands, voiceless with his shame. He saw, unmoved, his assistant teller led in and stand in braggadocio attitude before the improvised tribunal; saw Mike, the bank janitor, appear; heard himself accused of theft; and still the unbelievable horror of the thing chained his tongue. It seemed a futile, senseless waste of time, some-

how, to go over and over the matter, when at home his little girl might be dying—the thought galvanized him into sudden speech.

“Mr. Grey, sir,” he stumbled thickly, “let me go home, please—for God’s sake, sir—just for an hour—five minutes——”

The banker sneered incredulously, wagging a thick, grey-thatched skull. “I s’pose you’ll say you didn’t take the money, eh?” he said.

Jack Richards shook his head. “Why no,” he said quietly; “why no, I took it right enough, sir; but it was



FOR ONE LAST LOOK AT LITTLE NAN

because——” Suddenly he knew that he could not speak of Nan to this sneering unbelief. He could foresee the laugh, the cynical jest, the incredulity. His lips closed hopelessly.

Grey looked from culprit to culprit, the glow of an attractive idea gleaming in his tiny, pig eyes. He had a fondly cherished reputation for eccentricity, and the occasion suited his inflated sense of power.

“Bum sports, you are,” he jeered; “I could respect a thief in a big way, but a petty pilferer—bah!” He jerked open a drawer in his desk and drew out a deck of cards, the gleam growing. “A man who appropriates

a million and stakes it on a stock deal is a financier; a fellow who hooks a hundred from the cash-drawer and plays the ponies for a sure thing is a piker and a thief—funny, eh?" He laughed unctuously at his own humor, then suddenly slapped the cards down on the naked table and pointed to them, his jaw setting.

"Look here," he said; "I've got

the darkness they were torturing his child—God! and this man here was telling him to play a game of cards. He laughed out shrilly and lurched forward to the table, but Taylor was before him, snarling wolfishly over the slippery bits of Fate. The cards fluttered to the polished mahogany with hissing sound. The detectives drew nearer, watching curiously.



"D'YE HEAR ME? I'VE WON! AND IT'S YOU WHO GOES TO JAIL!"

you fellows in a tight place, but that isn't saying I'm bound to prosecute, you know." He watched the miserable hope dawning in the two haggard faces. "One of you has got to go to jail as an example, but I've decided to let the other off." He gestured to the scattered cards meaningly. "Play to see which is which," he commanded.

The hunted men looked at each other in sudden murderous hatred. The Cain-glare died first out of Richards' eyes. Back there across

Grey leaned forward, his overfed face alert and eager, as Nero's might have been, above a gladiatorial combat. And the game began.

Taylor played fiercely, his breath coming and going in gulps between parted, parched lips. He wrenched his cards reluctantly from the deck, and bent above his opponent's counterplays with tortured snarls. Richards played like a man asleep, with stiff, slow motions and no sound. What were they doing now back there—those butchers bending above his little

girl? He saw the hand lost to him, heard the other's triumphant breath hiss out on the overheated moment, and he did not care. As joylessly he knew that he had won the next game. As hopelessly he entered on the final struggle. Kings, jacks, aces—they moved mechanically before him; Grey, Taylor, the detectives—shadows of men; jail, disgrace, what did it matter?—his girl might be dying even now—might be *dead*, and he was

he been here—a moment or a year? His hat was pressed into his hands. He felt the fingers of the law, vise-like upon his elbows. Suddenly Grey arose. He walked over to the maudlin creature, still shrilling his victory in the armchair, shook his sleeve and held up two cards contemptuously. "You cheat!"

Taylor shrieked and fell upon craven knees, pleading wildly.

"I gave you your chance," said



"YOU CHEAT!"

powerless to change the Fact lurking out yonder in the dark. A sudden shriek cut the thread of his thoughts. Taylor was leaning across the table, lips drawn from yellow teeth.

"I've won!" he was shouting; "d'ye hear me? I've won! and it's you who goes to jail! I've won—won—won!" he was swaying and sobbing in his relief. Jack's dull eyes fell upon the upturned cards. Defeated! Jail! What did it matter? He stumbled to his feet. What of Nan? Was the operation over yet? How long had

Grey, coolly. "Officers, arrest this fellow. Let the other one go. I don't intend to accuse him."

Richards leaned numbly against the table as the pitiable figure of the "man who wanted to *live*" was dragged away, clawing and writhing. He felt no relief at his own escape. Then, at his very elbow, the telephone spoke. Grey leaned forward, puffing.

"'Lo—Richards? Yes, he's here. For you——"

The cold, black cylinder shook in Jack's hand. Great drops sprang to



AND LITTLE NAN DID GET WELL

his forehead. He hesitated—Yes? No? Which was it? Could he bear it? God help him! He bent above the transmitter.

news!" he cried; "my God, it's the best news in the world! Nan—my bonny girl—she's going to get well."

"Yes, this is Richards—quick—what is it?" He was shaking the machine savagely, as if wrenching the words from its throat. Grey, surprised, watched him. Five minutes ago this man had faced jail impassively, and now—

"You say the operation is over? And—and——"

The receiver fell from his nerveless fingers, clattering among the many-colored cards. He turned, swaying. Grey caught his shoulders and steadied him. In the banker's face comprehension was growing, and something very much like sympathy.

"Buck up, man," he said kindly; "you didn't take the last bad news this way."

Richards choked and brushed a fumbling hand across his eyes. "Bad



Da Smarta Keed

By ROBERT A. SIMON

My leetla boy ees smarta keed;
Joost hear, I tal you what he deed:

Da othra night my Oncla Joe,
Ees come and ask: "What do you know
About dees Panama Canal?"

I say to heem: "I no can tal
You verra mooch, because, you see,
Eet ees no verra clear to me."

My leetla boy ees leestaneeng
And say: "I tal you av'rytheeng."
And then he tal eet to heem, too,
Joost how eet's made and what eet do.

Oh! I was verra mooch surprised;
I deed no theenk he was so wise.
Then Oncla Joe ask heem: "Who tal
You all about da beeg canal?"
My keed, he say to Oncla Joe:
"I see eet at da peecture show."



(Lubin)



THRU
FIRE
TO
FORTUNE
OR
THE SUNKEN VILLAGE
by Henry Albert Phillips

This story was written from the Photoplay of Clay M. Greene

A FILMY moon hung aslant in the misty heavens, shedding an opaque light that made objects loom up dreadful hulks and cast ponderous shadows about them.

One might have gazed many minutes at two black forms standing on the edge of the hill, and sworn they were carved out of the murk of night itself. At length, one of the figures raised an arm and extended it in the direction of a great collection of huddled shadows that must have occupied the space of an acre or more.

"Houses," voiced the figure, in tones of regret. "For eleven years they have stood thus, deserted, when they should have been homes alight with cheerfulness, throbbing with the events of domestic life."

The second figure leaned slightly forward as tho peering into the midst of the ruins. A shudder ran thru the giant frame as the bleak spirit of desolation flowed into his soul. There

seemed to be some gaunt sympathy sweeping from his heart to that ruin and back again. He could understand the hopelessness of it.

His companion spoke again; this time the grim spirit of the scene was not in his voice. "But the spirit of life and labor is coming back to this desolate prospect. The hum of human industry will soon again sweeten the stagnant air. Within a week every house will be rebuilt and relighted with the home spirit. These past two years the place had been waiting for a deliverer—a man!"

"It would take a strong man—a man to whom the Fates had been kind and strengthened his arm and spirit with—success?" The last word came out almost a sob. The whole of what he had said was filled with the hopeless groping of a broken spirit.

The other had turned, and his eyes vied with the stars in a twinkling radiance as he took his companion

squarely by the shoulders. "Look at me, boy. It will take a strong man—a man whom God, not the Fates, has blessed with physical might and spiritual courage beyond his fellows—a man who when he is battered down will rise again."

"One who is not a failure," assented the other, with a sigh that tore some of the very fragments of his soul with it.

"To the weak man, failure is death, boy; but to the strong there is no failure, not even in death. Listen, if I thought you were a weak man, I



TOM COMFORTS HIS MOTHER

would cast you myself into the pit that circumstances have brought to your door." He paused.

"But I did my very best," protested the other.

"That is the point. The man who does his best is always doing better. God wont let him die until he has done *the best*. All successful men have risen again and again; all geniuses have known what it was for courage to lapse; all heroes have known what it was to fear. Beneath yonder village lies your fortune and your future—if you are a superman you will unearth it. Let the word 'failure' fade forever from your life

with that sinking moon. Come, turn your back upon it and face the lights of the distant city, that was founded upon success!"

"Tom, my boy, glad to see you!" A tall man, past middle-age, rose and greeted the younger man who had entered his study. "Have a cigar, and sit down there in the big chair, where you will be comfortable."

"Thank you, Mr. Pearce," returned Tom, lifting the tails of his dress-coat and sitting down.

"There are things you ought to know. Let's go back a bit." Mr. Pearce bit the end off his cigar and paused to light it. "Your father hasn't been dead long enough for you to forget him; has he?"

A look of pain flashed across the boy's face. "I shall never forget him; yet there is not so much that I know about him."

"Well, then, there are things you ought to know, and I'm going to tell you." Mr. Pearce gave a look furtively out of the corner of his eye at the young man's determined face. "Your father was known as 'Plunger' Barrett on the Street. There was nothing particularly wrong about him, except that he was a gambler."

"That's everything," murmured Tom.

"Eh?" queried Pearce, leaving his train of thought. "Oh, yes. Well, when you were born he was at his zenith—a millionaire easily. When he died, his estate barely covered his debts—pardon me for reminding you. Your mother, God bless her, stood by you, as you did by her, in that terrible time. But I want to call your attention in this way to several points. Your father's failure brought down with it one of the biggest houses in Wall Street—Franklin Bowers Company."

"The director in the Black Diamond Mining Company who voted his shares against your policy of retaining me as superintendent?" cried Tom, half rising.

"That was one point that I was coming to. Franklin Bowers did not

lose all of his money. He accused your father of being a robber, forgetting that he too was a gambler, and would have done precisely the same thing under the same circumstances. Franklin Bowers swore vengeance."

"And his throwing me out of the position that I had spent nine years working up to—from breaker boy—"

"To superintendent—exactly. He waited until you had reached the pinnacle, and then threw you off from

bigger fish to fry. I wanted a man who could succeed."

Tom looked at him gratefully. "Thank you," he said feelingly.

"Eleven years ago I was obliged to shut down operations in the coal mine that had been opened at the village then founded and called Mayflower. A faulty title and militant heirs brought the property into hopeless litigation, and the entire mining project was abandoned. I was nearly



BLAIR DISCHARGES TOM BARRETT

your dizzy height. Naturally, you felt that you had become a failure in life, for life, for everything."

"I'm not a failure, then?" asked the young man, half ruminatingly.

"I am president of the Black Diamond Mining Company," continued Pearce, ignoring his query. "It is possible that I might have saved you."

"That is what I wanted to ask you. Why didn't you?"

"There were two reasons why. Sooner or later you would have been undone again thru some piece of chicanery. But, better still, I had

ruined. But what hurt me most was the bringing of my name into opprobrium by the two hundred families that had been induced to move and settle in the hamlet of Mayflower. They fled from the place as tho it were accursed."

"That is, then, the deserted village?" asked Tom, significantly.

"Two years ago, after a nine years' wrangle, I had bought up full property rights and title. But I dared not try to repeat my former venture. I wanted a man, a confident, courageous young man—to hide behind."

"You are too big for any man I

have ever met to hide behind," said Tom, smiling.

"You are young," protested Pearce; "yet for that reason it has been easy to bring optimism into your veins again. Briefly, the mine is to be reopened in your name. You will have to overcome a deep feeling of prejudice, superstition and suspicion. Men will come here to work in the mine—but with a chip on their shoulders and a brick in their pockets. You must win their confidence and faith. There is but one obstacle, a hidden, steel-pointed thing—your enemies."



OUTLINING HIS PLANS

"Enemies?" asked Tom. "I have no malice against any one—now."

"But there are those, unfortunately, who feel the reverse. There is Bowers. He has the revengeful blood of a Sicilian running in his veins. But you have an even worse enemy—Phil Blair."

"But Mr. Blair should feel satisfied—he has the place from which I was thrown at the mine."

"But you either forget, or never knew, that he was booked for that place two years ago, when it was given to you. And," Mr. Pearce assumed an air of mystery, walking to the portières as he spoke, "there is another place for which Mr. Blair has

booked himself that may be yours." Mr. Pearce brushed aside the portières, as tho unmeaningly, and disclosed the figure of a girl silhouetted against the transparent glass of the front window. "Ah, there is Helen. By the way, before you join her, Tom, I want to say that there will be no mean reward for the man who puts the Mayflower Mine on her feet—several rewards in fact." His eyes were fixed rather intently on his daughter at the moment. "My office in the morning, remember."

It took nearly six months to put the Mayflower Mine in a prosperous working condition again. It took novel means to entice miners, one by one, to the site of a former failure and general misfortune. It was Tom Barrett himself who devised the plan of co-operation, whereby each and every miner became a direct stockholder in the mine and a participator in its profits. The plan was looked upon with suspicion at first. But when the first dividends came in, the men were glad to have a certain portion of their wages held back for this investment.

Tom had begun by working right down in the heart of the mine with the men, solving not only their social problems, but their mechanical problems as well. This attitude of an employer was so contrary to their lifelong experience that it made them all the more suspicious at first. They were beginning to have confidence in Tom now, however, and the tide was beginning slowly to turn.

Once again the hamlet of Mayflower was harboring and nurturing souls. Once again the earth beneath the village was yielding its source of heat and comfort. What had been mutterings and whisperings behind closed doors at first, was coming to be sounds of laughter and merriment thru wide-opened doorways.

Tom's affairs were prospering in more than one way. Upon each of his secret visits to her father, he had managed to see Helen. It was unnecessary for Helen to tell him that she enjoyed those visits, yet he had

that lover's uncertainty that held him in the pillory of anxiety. She did not tell him that she still entertained Phil Blair, tho he intuitively felt that it was so. He had not met his secret enemy upon any of his visits, but he felt sure that that young man was being entertained, each of them playing a large part in maidenly strategy.

Tom had just finished his monthly business report, as was his custom. Mr. Pearce had walked to the folding

But Tom's heart had stood still at the embarrassed look that Helen's father's sudden entry had brought to her face. Girls look that way but few times in their lives. And he had been on the point of asking her a great question that night—which became indefinitely postponed.

The very next week a reaction began at Mayflower. Several men had applied for work, and, on being put



HARANGUING THE MUTINOUS MINERS

doors, pulled apart the portières and smiled in the direction of the adjoining room, where Helen might be found.

"Now, dont forget, Tom, I'm coming out to the Mayflower Wednesday, and——" Pearce paused and his face whitened. For there, just to one side, stood Phil Blair, his head turned sharply in his direction, surprise still stamped on his handsome features. "Oh, you here, Mr. Blair? Mr. Barrett was just about to join you. Oh, Tom, I'd like to see you again before you leave."

on, had spread reports among the miners reflecting against Tom's motives. The men at length came to him in a body and demanded to know if it was true that they would never get their money back that they had invested in the mine, and that there was to be a general lay-off in a few weeks.

Tom only half persuaded them these reports were unfounded. He furthermore agreed to pay any man back what was coming to him—but each man thus paid must get out. This inspired a suspicion that there might be something in it after all, and they

sullenly agreed to let things stand as they were.

Then he took immediate steps of investigation by cornering one of the two men who had applied for work a few days before. To his surprise, the man was thinly disguised, and he recognized in him one of the foremen of the Black Diamond. The man confessed that he had been sent there by Bowers and Blair. Tom sent for Mr. Pearce, intending to cross-examine the man before him. The next morning the miner had disappeared. That very night there arose an even more urgent reason for requiring Mr. Pearce's immediate presence at Mayflower. When he arrived, Tom met him, his face pale and serious, and took him quickly to the outskirts of the settlement.

"Before going into details about the spies who have been sent here to disrupt us, I want to speak about something that is equally, if not more, serious. Last night, when I came to inspect the contents of the last cars from Bore 4, Section A—by the way, Mr. Pearce, did you personally prospect and map out the area of this possible coal-field?"

"No, the joke of it was that Bowers was my original partner, and it was he who put the original obstacles in my way. Then it was that I bought secretly."

Tom smiled sadly. "From Bowers' agents, I fear, for all except the developed area and a small margin is nothing more than a brittle, useless slate."

Mr. Pearce, contrary to his original plan of keeping from being in any way associated with the Mayflower Mine, went down into it, and explored it thoroly from end to end. It was late when he came up, and hurriedly changed his clothes to catch the Limited back to the city.

"Tom," he adjured, placing his hand on the young man's shoulder, "look out for that bugaboo of dependency, or whatever you call it, that gets you when things are not always running toward heaven itself." He took a package from the

overalls he had just taken off. "I may have here the elixir of our youth!" And with his usual mysterious wink, he took himself hurriedly off, with just a trifle more levity than Tom thought the occasion warranted.

By ten o'clock the next morning things came suddenly to a head. Just as Tom feared, the next stroke of his enemies had been delivered. In some mysterious way the men had been informed of the worthlessness of the mine. Already they had reached the last stratum of coal. Tom faced the angry men, his indomitable mother tried to pacify them, but not with that splendid courage that had set success in their hearts. There was only a sullen feeling that echoed failure. It developed into a flame of rage when one of the men laid his hand upon him, and he broke the fellow's arm. Thereupon a fury seized him, and he brought forth a heavy revolver that he had never used before, and drove them back to work.

Failure! Failure! It sang in his ears and swam before his eyes, presenting a mocking picture of Helen in the arms of Phil Blair, just as he was sure she had been that night he had last seen her standing by his side with downcast eyes. He was striding up and down, up and down, near Shaft No. 2, just before sundown, the fiery tones of the sunset reflected hotly in his soul, when the same fire seemed suddenly to belch forth from the earth itself. There was a rumbling beneath his feet, a horrid lifting of the earth's crust, and ruin everywhere, amid shorn and tumbling houses. Then he knew what it meant—there was an explosion. Not stopping to consider how this could be when there was ostensibly no coal to furnish the gas, he plunged into the shaft at the risk of his life.

All that night did Tom Barrett brave the demons of fire, smoke and gas, rescuing more than a dozen of his men with his own torn and burned hands. At length, when he had traversed every gallery, he found that the main shaft was cut off by a spurting sheet of flame, that kept driving



THE SUNKEN VILLAGE AFTER THE EXPLOSION
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him back and back into an upper gallery, until he was forced up against its farthest wall, at bay, with no prospect of anything but death thru suffocation.

Fortunately there was a pick at his feet, and he dug madly for hours, so mangling his burned hands that a fever set in, driving him mad. Then he saw a real image of failure pursuing him. It maddened him, and he worked on and on, crying and moaning from the sawing of his raw and bleeding nerves and flesh against the rough handle of the pick and splinters of coal. He was blinded by dust and fortified with scarcely another breath, when suddenly a cold streak of air seemed to shoot in from the top of his prison, followed by a slide of earth. That was the last he remembered.

It seemed centuries until he again saw the light of the world. Above him several faces were bending. One person was bandaging him with what seemed bands of fire. Suddenly, amid the light of many torches, he espied a ring of faces. He recognized those faces. They were the miners who were bent on killing him. He tried

to rise and get in a position of self-defense.

"They want to kill me!" he moaned, and fell back. Some one had motioned to the crowd, which melted away. Tom wondered. Then things grew clear as the face of Mr. Pearce leaned over him and he felt a gentle hand laid on his head.

"Ah, my man of supernal success! We feared we had lost you. We have hunted all the night. The men you rescued were in tears when we found you here."

"Wait," said Tom, thickly. His eyes were bent on a mirrored surface reflecting the faint stars. "The lake—I cant understand—"

"Oh, boy, that is the glory of your success—that is oil—the richest oil-wells in the State. They are ours. I found them and wanted to surprise you. We have beaten Bowers at his own game. Here she is, boy; she wants to speak to you."

But she couldn't speak. She only kist him and shed a tear. And he looked up at a filmy moon that hung aslant in the misty heavens—and saw success at last.



Envy

By RALPH BACON

While loitering round the town the other day,
I dropped into a Moving Picture play
And sat beside a man of silent mien,
Who so intently watched the moving screen
And laughed so often where there was no fun,
(As when the minister had just begun
To preach the funeral of the hero dead,
He laughed as tho the things the preacher said
Were jokes culled from the latest vaudeville).
That I turned round and asked him to be still.
He gave no heed, by either sign or word,
But kept on laughing in that way absurd
Until at last they turned on all the lights
And put an end to his insane delights.
And then I started to converse and found
The man was deaf to every kind of sound;
He watched the actors' lips, and so he heard
In solemn scenes some speeches most absurd.
Before our eyes the films in silence stalk,
But to the deaf mutes all the movies talk.
I know they say to covet is a sin,
But oh, the deaf mute, how I envy him
When some fair maiden, in her sore distress,
Looks from the screen in all her loveliness
And tells of her sweet loves and hopes deferred,
And I cant understand a single word!





This story was written from the Photoplay by BANNISTER MERWIN

“A TOAST,” Paul Bruce was proposing, rising, liquor-glass in hand; “a toast to our hostess from the lips of all present—and from the heart of the toaster!” He smiled as he drained the glass, and, Fanny could not have explained why, she found the smile peculiarly disagreeable. It seemed to hold a faint significance meant for her alone. She wondered whether she had been alone in her aversion. Apparently, George, her husband, was regarding the suave toaster with a friendly, affectionate smile. Edward Thornton, her father, was not regarding him at all. To Thornton, connoisseur, and one might say past-master, of rare and priceless gems, these men of business were creatures of another plane. He did not entirely trust them, nor did he altogether like them. He compromised by simply disregarding them inasmuch as that was possible, now that his daughter had gone and married one of them. They were forever doing rash, daredevil things and getting themselves reduced to penury. He vaguely suspected that his son-in-law

had been playing some such indiscreet game of late. For Thornton had not gauged the worth of jewels these many years for nothing. He had learnt to value the true and the false, and the ones that were simply flawed. He diagnosed George Archer as being sound enough inherently, but afflicted with the flaw—speculation. Bruce, he did not pause to diagnose—he was uninteresting—a fresh-water pearl. The comparison seemed, somehow, a slur on the pearl. Well, he had not wanted his daughter to marry into this business world. It had a distasteful atmosphere. Now that she had done so, it was up to Archer to stand on his own feet, unaided and uncrutched.

When Fanny left the men to their after-dinner cigars, and after-dinner gossip, she wandered into the drawing-room of the little apartment, restlessly. Hers was a nature keenly aware of the undercurrents, finely tuned, supersensitive. It was this element in her that quivered under Paul Bruce’s presence, under the meaning his eyes conveyed, under

the ever so slight lingering of his palm as it met hers. She had a dim awareness that Bruce would not be exactly delicate in his attentions. She pondered the vague yet evident fact that had made her one of the recipients of this doubtful honor. And then, the men returning, she apostrophized herself for her dim imaginings.

Yet it came as an expected aftermath—a visit from Bruce one afternoon in the latter part of the week.

said, quietly. "As you will," he returned. Yet each knew the other's metal in that moment.

George was in trouble. With the poignant sensibilities of the woman who loves dearly, and wholly, Fanny knew that. One in all things, she knew, too, that he was hiding this from her lest it cause her anxiety. His regard for women was fine-edged and somewhat of the old school. He



"A TOAST TO OUR HOSTESS"

She had never longed quite so ardently for George's clean, vital presence before. She was a woman, and Paul Bruce was a man, and she knew. And all thru the hour of his stay, all the while she was dabbling at her embroidery, all the while she was pouring him tea, she knew. Knew why he was there; knew the urge of his call; knew the things his eyes were trying to say, and his lips dared not. And she loathed him for it.

Just as he was leaving, one of the roses George sent her daily slipped from her corsage, and the man reached for it eagerly. Steel-like their glances met. "If you please," she

hedged them in with all of the softnesses and reverence in his power to devise. Practical in all ways, he was knightly in this respect. Fanny knew this, and loved him for it, in just the opposite ratio that she detested Bruce, the conqueror.

"Dear," she said to him that evening, as his tired eyes met hers across the table, and tried to smile; "dear, there is no use in this. We know that, you and I. So why not tell me now—what this thing between us means?"

"I've not wanted to," he returned, and his voice was flat and strained; "but you'd better know it from me, darling, rather than from any other

source. I owe money, Fanny, a very great deal."

"That is not so bad," she faced him; "there is—there is father, you know."

"I know. But I cant ask him, dear. You are aware of his opinions on that subject. I cant let him know I've justified them."

"You haven't! But tell me, who is your debtor, dear?"

Afterwards she believed that she had known all along. From the moment she had met him she had been aware of a silken net closing round about her. And so she betrayed not the faintest tremor when he answered despondently, "Paul—Paul Bruce."

"But"—the subtlety of the sex raised its sleek head—"but why is that so desperate, dear? Surely Mr. Bruce, as a very particular friend of yours, will be obliging. And, with a little time, you can easily get the money."

"It would take a very great deal of time, Fanny; and even if it were a question of a day, Bruce would not do it. He says he must have the money when the note expires—two days from now. He wont give me any time."

"Listen"—Fanny rose from the table and went to him, gripping his shoulders hard with her tense, young hands—"you must go to father for this money, George. You must do it because I say so—because I demand it of you. Do you hear? You must—you must!"

George looked at her surprisedly. Her eyes were very bright, and two strange, little, scarlet roses flamed in her cheeks.

"Very well," he said, gently; "since you ask it, Fanny—that way—I'll go."

"Mr. Thornton," announced George, with the directness that was one day to win him acclaim in the world of finance, "I've come to you on a very disagreeable mission. I've been speculating. I've lost. I had to borrow the money from Brandon, a friend of mine, for the thing that was repre-

sented as a sure game. When the game petered out into nothingness, I borrowed again to repay the first debt—this time from Paul Bruce. I gave him my note. Day after tomorrow the time is up. Bruce demands the money."

Thornton closed his library door carefully, and the gaze he turned on his commercial son-in-law was the one with which he regarded a hopeless flaw in one of his gems.

"Speculating, eh?" he queried;



"YOU MUST DO IT BECAUSE I DEMAND IT OF YOU"

"and with other people's money? Pretty rocky business, my lad; one for wise men to avoid, or *fight out of*."

George turned to the door. "That means, I assume," he said, quietly, "that you do not care to advance me the money."

"Precisely that," returned the older man; "tho it isn't a question of caring. It's a matter of principle. I dislike the things you're engaged in doing. This particular phase you have represented is emphatically antagonistic to me. It's a bad business. For my daughter's immediate com-

fort I might be inclined to loan you the money; for her future well-being I think it advisable that you dig out of this yourself."

When George returned after his brief absence, he did not have to speak—and he was glad. He just sank into his chair, and he looked suddenly, and grotesquely, old beyond his years.

"He wouldn't do it, dear!" Fanny's voice trailed off, affirmatively, tremulously. She had a sense of strangulation, of being perilously near the

the even greater need of frustrating whatever might be Bruce's game. She knew that he could work them a deeper destruction than any financial stress. He could undermine the sure foundations of their splendid faith; uproot George's love, founded in reverence of her purity, and sunder their two lives apart. Fanny knew that such things had been. She knew, too, that they could be again.

Home, in her father's safe, under the guardianship of a tiny, golden



"SPECULATING, EH?" HE QUERIED

edge of some precipitous decline. She had read of these situations in novels and in French plays, but she had never imagined her every-day self in the same unwholesome predicament. She knew, too, the desperate finales of the aforesaid novels and plays. Well, hers would be desperate, but it would not be a thing to shun.

When a woman loves as Fanny loved her husband, honor must step aside. The imperious demands of that love are not to be slighted, whatever might accrue. To Fanny there were two needs, pressing and immediate: the need to lift the load of worry from George's shoulders, and

key, whose hiding-place only she and her father knew; home, in that safe, were jewels beyond the wealth of Midas' most prodigal touch. They had been there, some of them, for years; but one string of fire-opals should be there no longer. In those brilliant, passionate gems Fanny saw her own redemption from this wily plot—her own and George's. They might buy, perhaps, the whole lifetime happiness of their lives together. They might keep two hearts from bleeding to death of pain and misunderstanding; they had the royal power to keep love enthroned. Stealing? Perhaps! But a greater thing

than these jewels was about to be filched from *them*. And they had only the one rare gem—only the one, beyond price, and far beyond replacing. The fire-opals were one item of an extensive collection. Fanny determined to take the opals from her father's safe.

Sometimes it seems as if we mortals are indeed blessed with guardian angels, according to that fair legend of childhood. It almost seems as if

that the jeweler should make a lower price than she had hoped. She had taken the plunge when she opened the safe and removed the jewels. Recklessly she stripped a single diamond ring from her finger, and the crafty buyer's pin-point eyes gleamed with a very avarice of cunning. He was still fondling them, and laying his plans for their disposal, when Fanny's swift steps and high-beating heart brought her to George's office-door.



MR. BRUCE BECAME A CONSTANT CALLER

they bend their divine efforts for our well-being—as if their stainless, shining wings sweep down and shield us from the touch of harm. Sometimes they seem very impossibly far away. Fanny's was near her the next day, when she set out for her father's house on the slim chance of his being out. He was out, and the maid admitted her to the desired room, and the fire-opals were hers. They seemed to burn her fingers as she took them, as if to say that, for this thing she was doing, she must be purged. It seemed a minor thing

He was alone when she entered, and his dejection struggled visibly thru his manner of assumed nonchalance. Thus do we humans play the everlasting game. Hearts breaking, lips smiling, life crashing in ruins about our head, in our eyes a care-free gleam; souls seared by pain and the acid of failure, lips voicing a victor-song. It is all very sad, and very inevitable, and very, very fine.

Fanny touched him gently before he was aware of her presence.

"George," she said, and her voice was a glad, little tremble; "you're not

to worry, sweetheart, not another moment. I have the money, here, for you."

"You have it—all this money—thirty thousand dollars—here?"

George looked at the pile of currency, dazedly. Then his eyes shone. So long had he needed this money, for so many weary nights had he lain awake and acquired it in futile dreams, toiled for it, suffered for it, that, now he saw it in actual body, his mind leaped only to the glad fact of its possession. The kiss he gave Fanny showed her how heavily her sacrifice had been needed.

George sat for a long time gazing at the bills. They seemed, somehow, to restore his self-respect. He had not had time to wonder at Fanny's having so much unknown to him. He was in this reverie when Paul Bruce entered. So absorbed was the debtor that he did not even hear the light "'Day, George," and when he did become aware of Paul's presence he stared at him stupidly for some minutes; then, awkwardly:

"Here's the money, Paul. I—I have it, you see. Awfully glad not to have had to keep you waiting."

Bruce smiled. He had a ready smile. "Er, yes," he returned, affably; "you have the money, I see. You're clever, or, I might say, fortunate."

"Fortunate is the word, I guess," laughed George, conscious of a feeling of acute discomfort he could not analyze.

"Possibly so," Bruce shrugged. "At any rate the money's here; it's not every one that can command thirty thousand dollars at a day's notice, Archer. One needs pretty foxy methods these days." As he walked to the door, he glanced at the dark, morocco frame on George's desk, and smiled again. Instantly George knew the feeling of his discomfort. Bruce had been smiling at *that* picture—*that* picture! His smile had not been a casual one. It had not been a friendly one. It had been, it had meant—— But Bruce had gone.

Bruce had gone, and he had left just what he had intended to leave.

He had smiled at Fanny's picture with the subtle commingling of cynicism; had commented lightly, just the least bit sneeringly, on George's having the money—and had gone.

George buried his face, burning with the pain of the new thought, in his cold hands.

"What did he mean?" he moaned. "Oh, God! what did he mean?" His eyes sought the face smiling at him from the frame on the desk. Such a pure, sensitive face!—the clear eyes looking into his, and clinging there. She never could stoop to the dross, she who had taught him the gold. But how—how did she come by that money? She had no accounts he did not know of; she had not seen her father; and Bruce had looked at that picture! He had looked at the original, too, George recalled, more often and more deeply than the form of courtesy required. He, George, had been flattered at the idea of his friend thus admiring his wife, fatuous fool that he was! As if any man of flesh and blood (which was assuredly the stuff whereof Bruce was fashioned) could gaze on Fanny long, and not desire. Then a dull rage burnt his cheek, and he raised his bowed head savagely.

"They'll answer," he muttered, "for every instant that they've shared they'll answer—to me!"

Thrice that afternoon Fanny had ordered the maid to refuse her to Mr. Bruce, and the third time he walked in, uninvited. His eyes were insolent, and his mouth was set.

"What do you mean?" Fanny faced him, "by this intrusion, Mr. Bruce?"

Bruce came to her with a certain desperate grace. "I'll tell you," he whispered. "I mean this, that I want you, that I need you, that I love you, you thing of ice and fire and—strength. You thought you could beat me at my own game with those frail weapons of yours; didn't you? And you only weakened your own defense, for you whetted my desire. You made me see how splendid a creature



“THAT PERSON YOU BEHOLD IN ME”

you are. You made me know that under the softness of your lovely body dwells a soul of flame and steel, a thing worthy of my metal. Dont you see, Fanny, dont you see? We are mates—equals! And I love you!”

These words had come in a tempestuous rush, and Fanny stretched out her hands to ward them off, to keep at bay this creature who was threatening, definitely now, the foundations of their happiness. Was it for failure that she had stolen those gleaming gems, robbed her own father? Was it for this ignominy that— A loud laugh cleaved the momentary stillness of the room. A laugh that grated with a harsh, discordant mirth.

“So!” croaked rather than spoke the owner of the laugh; “so this is the source of the thirty thousand dollars; is it? Does take pretty foxy methods. Bruce, you were right—pretty foxy. Good idea, too, to save husband with the money—appreciation, sacrifice, new sort of Lucretia business, and all that. Only husband, poor fool, is inconsiderate enough to come home at the wrong moment. That’s a thing well-trained husbands, along with other domestic pets, should never do. They’re apt to discover—well, not wife in the act of rocking

the baby to sleep, exactly. No, I wouldn’t call it that. Would you, Bruce? Would you, Fanny?” Then, catching her transfixed, stricken gaze, he whispered brokenly, “Good God, Fanny, that this mire should have touched you!”

“George!” Fanny’s voice vibrated with the depth of her appeal, she sent all the surging, wounded love of her into her voice; “George, dont say these things—you do not understand—you do not want an explanation here with—*him!*”

George laughed again, half-sobbingly. “It would seem to me,” he said, “that he is exactly the person who is closely involved in the situation. He is the donor of the money; you are the recipient; I—well, I am the humble charity object. Explanation—yes, when the money-giver is revealed.”

All three turned suddenly toward the door.

“That person,” said a new, very controlled voice, “you behold in me.” Fanny reeled a little. She knew that, somehow, she was saved.

“You?” There was incredulity, amaze, shame struggling in George’s voice.

“I have so said,” resumed Mr.

Thornton, with a stately gravity, "and I labor under the impression that I have that right."

During the pause that followed many things were readjusted. Paul Bruce knew when a game was up just as surely as he knew when one was in its inception. He forthwith vanished, with his usual silent, tactful grace. Mr. Thornton, holding his daughter in arms that trembled a little, told her of the recovery of his jewels that very same day from the same jeweler who had purchased them from her. He had known her—the jeweler—and he had known Mr. Thornton. Therefore,

he had sold back the gems, and the father had recognized his daughter's ring. Something in the desperation of the deed had touched him as the stones had never done; and he forgave because, in the far-off past, he had loved this girl's dead mother, who, he well knew, would have done the same for him.

And when they were left alone, George came over to her and buried his shamed face in the softness of her gown.

"I did not know," he whispered, "and so you must forgive me. I did not know that women love like this."

Music and the Photoplay

By STANLEY TODD

IT is gratifying to photoplay devotees—and their name is legion—to note that the musical accompaniment to the Motion Picture is at last being given its rightful place. Not one of the magnificent, new photoplay theaters being constructed all over the country—veritable monuments to the permanency of the new art—overlooks this important adjunct for the success of the photoplay in projection.

The film drama, it may be claimed, is independent of any other art. True, but music which subordinates itself to the picture, and never attempts to dominate the situation, provides an atmosphere which enhances the mental effect of its presentation.

One need not possess the finely trained ear of a musical critic to realize that the photoplay is not always given its proper musical companionship. Who has not occasionally gone to a photoshow only to find, with everything else ideal, these two branches of the fine arts—music and the photoplay—widely at variance with each other? When music clamors loudly for attention, photoplay masterpieces are certain to lose much of their dramatic splendor. But the effect of your drama or comedy is heightened threefold when an artistic musical score is interpreted by sympathetic musicians.

Harmony of the music and the picture is noticeable in any of the big photoplay theaters in the West. Visit Denver, as the writer did, and note how the people daily pay homage to Moving Pictures. Their theaters are large, the entrances dazzlingly brilliant, and like as not you will find within a wonderful pipe-organ, ready in an instant to change its song of sadness into peans of joy. It is in Denver; too, where a mere slip of a girl presides at the console of one of these great instruments, and each night plays, with her heart and soul, to the finest of screen productions.

In these places everything is in harmony. The subordination of the music to the picture is absolute. No attempt is ever made to play a separate program, wholly out of tune with the subject on the screen. On the contrary, the musical director seeks to interpret the subjects with the fidelity and devotion of a symphony orchestra accompanying the voices of the great singers in grand opera. In this way, music lends its valuable aid in interpreting the gamut of emotions, which only the picture can bring into play with that subtle power that has been one of its secrets of success. The time has surely arrived for progressive studios to maintain skilled musical directors.



This story was written from the Photoplay of CATHERINE VAN DYKE

A TALL, dark, morose, shambling-footed man sat alone in a balconied room of the White House. He had just come in from the street, for he still lay wrapped in a heavy greatcoat. Nor did the soft entrance of a silver-haired darky disturb his day-dream. There were noises below and about him, too—the clamoring crowd, horns, whistles, and calls for “Honest Abe.”

It was the night of a presidential inaugural day—a day of national emotion, fervor, prodigal enthusiasm—and this stoic man had been the idol of his war-torn country. His address from the steps of the Capitol would stand forever as a model of lofty eloquence and august morality. His fame had penetrated even to the stilted little principalities of the Continent. Around the camp-fires in the Southland, with his death-grip closing about them, he was both loved and feared.

Yet this great-hearted, steel-brained man was alone. With heavy lips forming a smile, he rose up and strode to the massy window-hangings. In another moment he had unfastened the swinging windows and stood on the

little balcony, revealed to the multitude below.

The familiar, gaunt figure, with bent shoulders and shock of coarse hair; the long, swaying, awkward arms; the sallow and furrowed face; above all, his simple carriage and plain friendliness, redoubled the acclaim of those who could not see enough of him.

Lincoln bowed slowly—so slowly that his long frame creaked with the effort. His mouth worked with unuttered words; melancholy seemed to drip from him. And in another moment he had retired again behind the impenetrable curtains.

The old body-servant hovered back of him, but, with a wave from the President’s hand, noiselessly drew the portières and left him in the illy lighted room. Officialdom—secretaries, reporters, servants—had all retired, worn out from the efforts of the momentous day; the bloody war itself appeared to pause that this man might again come into his earthly kingdom. And with the deep stillness of midnight falling around him, the sleepless man in the armchair by the coal-fire gave himself over to reverie.

It was the first time in many years

that he had permitted himself to unlock the rusty doors of the past and to wander at will thru dusky chambers until he came out upon the green meadows of his youth. Perhaps an awful prescience—the assassin's pistol held to his lion-like head one short month afterwards—led the ghostly way and unbarred each portal that his will had sealed forever.

From the mellow embers in the grate he came forth a youth—tall,

days of chain-bearing in the unclaimed forests, by nights of solitude and firelight study—had woven his way into the woof of their stout hearts.

Slowly but surely they came to know him as a resourceful, indomitable man, true to himself, true to them—*true as steel*. And so it came about that the hamlet to a man sought the friendship of the awkward, springless man of solitudes.



AMID THE LAUGHTER OF THOSE ABOUT, THE GIRL TOOK THE BOOK

silent-footed, clear-eyed, clad in homespun. The clear-voiced axe sang in his big hands and sank to its poll in clean timber. All about him were virgin woods, and on the crest of a hill, girt by the rippling Sangamon, stood the pioneer hamlet of New Salem. The youth Lincoln had paddled up the swift river in his canoe, cast in his lot with the home-builders, and this way and that—by hardihood and daring, by measuring the sureness of his gray eyes against the redskins', by rail-splitting and storekeeping, by

In the settlement was a tavern, kept by a roving trader, James Rutledge, and here of late afternoons gathered trapper and plowman, blacksmith and doctor, in a mixed fraternity born of the woods and prairie. Rutledge had a daughter—a shy and beautiful girl, born and schooled in New Salem. Abe Lincoln, the busy, had covertly watched her grow to full, round stature. His bushy eyes had peered down the tree-roofed school lane as she fluttered to and from his vision; he had seen her preside, courted on

all sides, at quilting-bee and nutting party, and in all these years he had scarcely ever spoken a private word with her.

As wealth was reckoned in the wilderness, the Rutledges were well-to-do, and proud. No Southron had put behind him his native State with deeper pride than had James Rutledge, the rover from South Carolina. And as the girl Ann grew to womanhood, the silent lover Lincoln resolved that by

ever tarried in a hole-in-a-corner settlement.

It was on the day when Lincoln returned from Springfield for a respite from his close law studies that the blow fell upon him. The tavern sojourners grouped around the doorway to welcome him—rosy-gilled Rutledge, Schoolmaster Graham, strong William, the wainwright, and frontiersmen in doeskin shirt and leggings.

Ann Rutledge received him with



IT WAS PASSED AROUND THE GROUP IN HEAVY HANDS

constancy and humility alone she should come to know of the great treasure in his heart.

Then came, sudden as a thunderbolt, to the settlement, a young man from "York" State, Abner McNeill, who opened a general store, and between times paid ardent court to half-formed Ann. He was handsome, promissory, persuasive; a dancer, and teller of beautiful tales of fashion and city life.

The girl listened to him, each word caught in her fresh mind, and from listening she fell to worshiping. Sure never such a sparkling gallant had

sisterly tenderness, and, big with his resolve, the man who had outgrown his hamlet lugged forth a gift from his coat, and blushing under the leather of his skin, presented the little book to her. It was a grammar, an unheard-of thing in New Salem, and on its fly-leaf was scrawled "Ann Rutledge is now learning grammar."

Amid the laughter of those about, the girl took the book, a pedant's present at best, but the clear, deep look of her eyes showed him that she valued it. It was passed around the group in heavy hands, that could make naught of it. Then a high-

holder's penetrating call came from down by the river bank, and Ann clapped to the grammar, shutting out its pale mysteries, to let the scarlet blood sweep her cheeks.

It was McNeill's trysting call, and she fled forward to answer it, leaving awkward Abe in the midst of winks and knowing looks of those about him.

The gossip of the State capital must be retailed to the hungry faces crowd-

Stunned, heart-sick, speechless, Lincoln crept back up the bank and, thru the long night, in the aisles of his friendly forest, fought out his battle of yearning love that with the dawn should surrender to that newer and abhorred thing—renunciation.

And so it came about, with the paleness of his battle still masking his heavy face, that he stood in the tavern-room on the morrow, and, with the



LINCOLN, SUSPECTING NOTHING, COUNSELED HIM TO GO

ing round him, and Lincoln, laying stern hands on hurt bewilderment, told them in story and quaint jest the doings of the nondescript lawmakers. With a drinking bout starting afresh, he slipped away unnoticed and wandered down to the banks of his beloved Sangamon. And there, with the dusk spangling the river with pale stars, and the plaintive voice of the whip-poorwill wuthering over them, he stumbled upon Ann lost in the kisses of her lover.

rest, greeted the lovers in cordial-like fashion. But for a month he never smiled again, and the taverners passing the solitary man went by quietly, thinking him full of law and legislation to bring back prosperity to dying New Salem.

There came the day shortly when Abner was called back East by a letter, a matter of inheritance, and Lincoln, suspecting nothing, counseled him to go. And as the weeks went on, the uncared-for Abraham, fast ris-

ing to prominence, was appointed the riding postmaster, to bring over, weekly, the mails from Springfield to the moribund hamlet. There was one letter that would have scattered his law books and sent him post-haste thru the night with its message. but pray for it and urge it as he did, it never came. Abner McNeill had disappeared completely from Ann Rutledge's life.

During this period Lincoln saw little of her, for he was afraid the pallid girl would read his solicitude and grieve the more. And he held himself sternly aloof from loving her, even in his dreams.

One day, as he filled his saddle-bags, letters of fire burned before his eyes, in the characters of Ann Rutledge's name, and he knew that the life-giving letter had come. So intense was his joy at the thought of the balm for her that he flung his long legs over the unfed post-mount and dashed off the twenty miles into New Salem in incredible fashion, catching Ann with her good-night candle twinkling in slim fingers.

As she tore open the prison seals of the letter, he hung over the door-framing, waiting to drink in the tell-tale color from her cheeks. But, poor thing, the blood was shocked back from them for evermore and aye, for the first peek at the contents set her to shivering, and she stood twisting at her dress over her heart.

"Read it," she groaned, pointing to the letter on the floor.

It was clear and brief enough :

It is a tidy property, and will keep me busy dawn 'til dusk ; and so I will never return to New Salem. Forget me, if you can, or remember me by my real name.

McNAIR.

Ann scanned Lincoln's face cruelly

close as he read the letter, hoping herself in a dream. The lines of his sunken cheeks lengthened, his pendulous lips drew tight. Then her agony swept over her, loosening her tears, and shaking her to her frail foundation. The gaunt bearer of evil tidings shook like one in the throes of the chills, yet his hand went outseeking



LINCOLN, THE LOVER

blindly for hers. And in the dismal log-room, with the spilt candle guttering out its soul on the floor, he held her to him as Abraham drew Isaac to him in his wretchedness, while his prayer ascended to the Lord.

Spring came again to the Sangamon, whirling away its ice shroud in the mad freshet, and flinging over the naked forest a mantle of vivid, new green. And again came Lincoln to the hopeful valley. Past fields, with the plowman early at his wet furrows ;

past empty huts of the bygone red-man; by the fallen sills of the cabin where his mother had sprung to meet his shambling footfall; on to the hamlet where lived his desired one. And when she arose from her high-humming spinning-wheel to take his hand slackly, two pink spots, like arbutus, the woodflower, shone from her white cheeks.

Then he wrapped her shawl about her and led her toward the path by the river bank, where was soft young grass fit for her to tread upon. Seeing them pass by, the wainwright, the blacksmith, the schoolmaster did not shout out, but turned their heads and blew their noses lustily, for spring was in the air, and, with it, the true love of a man they loved.

Lincoln led Ann down to the river, which was smiling back at the warm sun, and she gazed across it, drinking deep of its sound, and its shape, and its bottomless soul.

"They say," he said, breaking in on her silence, "that New Salem is passing away—that each spring finds her settlers pushing farther into the setting sun. For you, and for me, her

birth each year is imperishable, a loved child come back."

"Oh, Abe, have I been dreaming? You see only beauty and godliness in everything." Her thin voice trailed off over the waters, and she shivered as he drew her shawl close.

"Give me your hand, Abe, it is growing so cold."

As he led her back to her room in the tavern on the hill, her doglike eyes fastened upon his, trustfully, knowing that he would not fail her at the end.

He sat by her all day, holding her burning hand. Nor would he leave her for a moment, nor eat anything.

Just at elf-light, when the new moon hung fairy-like and bright over the western hills, and New Salem lay hushed in the cradle of days primeval; when the call of the highholder to his mate across the valley gave place to the recession note of the whippoorwill; when the strong man capable of such enduring love could only kneel at her side, Ann Rutledge, with a long, sad look into the eyes of Abraham Lincoln, passed into the spiritual world.

The Moving Picture Show

By AUGUSTA BELDING FLEMING



In this age of great inventions
 Marvels often common grow;
 There is one we're all enjoying,
 'Tis the Moving Picture show.
 All the fairy lore of childhood
 Did not tell us half we see.
 When the pictures flash before us
 In their great variety.

All the grandeur of the mountains,
 All the romance of the West:
 Foaming rivers, lovely sunsets,
 Who can say which one is best?
 Ev'ry thing that we can think of,
 Many things we did not know,
 We can learn by close attention
 At the Moving Picture show.

Lo! the camels cross the desert,
 And the airship skims the skies.
 And the long dead men of hist'ry
 March before our wondering eyes.
 Scenes of carnage, scenes of battle,
 Some enacted long ago,
 Pass before our startled vision
 At the Moving Picture show.

Nature's closely guarded secrets
 Are unfolded to our gaze;
 Many things we scarce had noticed
 Now will win our earnest praise.
 Pictures tragic, pictures funny,
 Some will make us sadder grow,
 As we sit and watch the canvas
 At the Moving Picture show.

Nature in all moods depicted;
 Other lands we now behold
 Only by this picture magic—
 Can its wonders e'er grow old?
 If the ev'ning's long and dreary,
 And the time is passing slow,
 Don your hat and hasten toward
 To the Moving Picture show.



The True Worth of Humor

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW truthfully said: "Any fool can just laugh; I want to write the play that will bring both the laugh and the tear." The cheapest thing to ride is a hobby; and burlesque comedy, of the "slap-stick" variety, is at present a passionate hobby in photoplayland. There can be no objection to the riding of a hobby, so long as it is not ridden over the people's preferences. Admirable is the power to amuse. We should not always have the corners of our mouth drawn down; neither should we always have the corners of our mouth drawn up. Theodore Hook and Charles Lamb grinned themselves into melancholy, and so did Cervantes. No one takes himself quite so seriously as a clown, and the history of them teaches that they are apt to be hypochondriac.

Now, harsh criticism is the mood of some who seemingly spend their lives in search for something to rend asunder—goats browsing on morning-glories. He who, finding within him powers of satire, gives himself up to that alone, might as well be a wasp stinging the bare feet of children. The above is applicable to individual and collective criticism; protest is another story.

Every one, but the audience, is laughing heartily at the burlesque banalities now following one another in rapid succession on the photoplay screen. Hastily written farces, depicting the exploits of the Irishman with the green whiskers and the servant-girl with the rolling-pin, are being released at the rate of ten a day. Many of these efforts, usually evolved in the studio, are far-fetched, gloomy, and even annoying to those who delight in true humor. There may be a nook in the occasional program for the "slap-stick" farce, but the exaggerated comedy has no appeal to the photoplay public as a whole. It is a mis-

taken idea on the part of those manufacturers who are deluded into believing that they are "giving the people what they want."

We recently read an editorial assertion in which it was stated that "slap-stick" comedy was in great demand, and that there was no longer a field for refined comedy. Such a statement, if it were true, would prove that the standard of the Motion Picture was deteriorating, and that such words as "refinement" and "uplift" were forgotten or held in contempt. Happily, the statement is a misnomer. There is a field, and a great field, for refined comedy, carrying the humorous and logical story.

He who goes through life using one faculty to extreme, hops on one foot, instead of taking the strong, smooth gait of the healthy walker. The manufacturer who insists on flooding the photoplay market with cheap burlesque, substituting exaggerated and forced incident for appealing humor, hops on one foot—rides a hobby, as it were.

Before this stream of burlesque "falls," "funny" chases, and knock-down-and-drag-out action, is ended, the misguided manufacturer, who is deriding refined comedy, may discover that he who is always exploiting one theme, and a poor theme at that, is crowding the better things of life—imagination, fancy, reason, wit and feeling—into very narrow quarters.

With the further introduction of the "slap-stick" comedy, the person who does things with drums, trombones, sand-paper, cow-bells and squeaking whistles is again to the forefront. The crash of cymbals accompanies the forced falls of the Irish comedian, and the jangles of the cow-bells melodify the "ludicrous incident" of the photoplay burlesque.

And in the meantime, the quiet, convincing comedies of the Vitagraph,

(Continued on page 154.)

MY LITTLE PICTURE QUEEN

BY

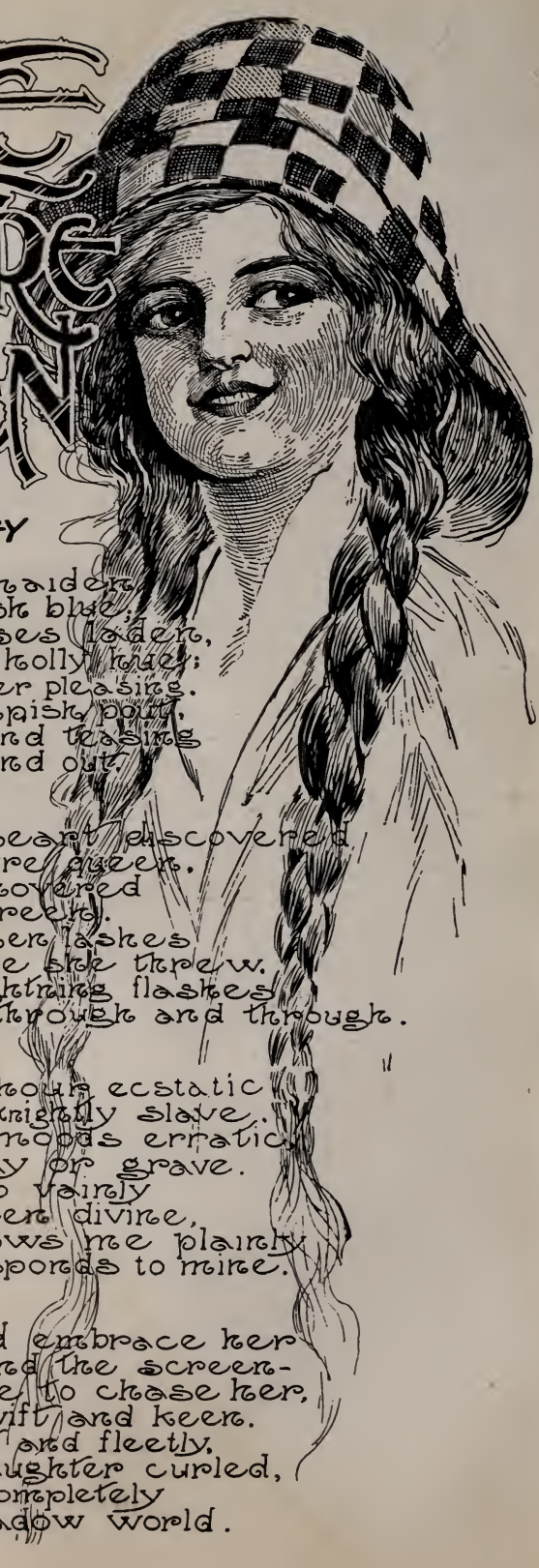
GEORGE WILDEY

I know a little maiden,
With eyes of Irish blue,
With raven tresses looser,
And cheeks of holly hue;
With now a manner pleasing,
And now a impish pout,
As dimples coy and teasing
Go peeping in and out.

When first my heart discovered
My dainty picture queen,
All fairy-like she hovered
Upon a photo screen,
From under silken tresses
A fleeting glance she threw,
And swift as lightning flashes
She pierced me through and through.

And from that hour ecstatic
I've been her knightly slave,
Through all her moods erratic,
Responsive gay or grave,
Nor do I worship vainly
My picture queen divine,
For oft she shows me plainly
Her heart responds to mine.

But when I would embrace her
She darts behind the screen—
All useless 'twere to chase her,
Her pace is swift and keen,
With twinkling feet and fleetly,
And lips with laughter curled,
She vanishes completely
Within her shadow world.



CHAT WITH THE PLAYERS

CARLYLE BLACKWELL, OF THE KALEM COMPANY

My! but Carlyle Blackwell was a busy bee when I caught him at his new studios at East Hollywood. He was just about to start on his first play there, and the whole company was jumping around and helping matters. With a brand new stage, property room, scenery and company, Mr. Blackwell had just got to the producing stage. Carlyle

vines and flowers, C. Rhys Pryce a scenario, and breathed com-well changed ing—for he has that was done dress-suit, we

"Yes, it said, "but we and we are all

Here are me about his past.

"past" about lyle Blackwell, assiduous work his chosen profes-

"I first had the College, and at the Elich Stock Com-acting school, by went straight to Stock Company in New with them for fifty-valuable all-round followed a long period of comedies and musical and out of New York, Gay White Way,' 'Brown 'Right of Way,' and a with Bertha Kalich."

"Well, then came an the pictures. I was very eventually went with the with which company I some eight months. Yes, successful, and I left and joined the Kalem have been with them now and played leads

In answer to my to which of his pho-thought his best, Carlyle quoted "The Redemption." "The Invaders," "The Honor Sys-tem," "Intemperance," "Fate's Caprice" and "The Wayward Son."

"And now what are your plans?" I asked.

"I am going to devote myself to society dramas and light comedies principally. I am very fond of both. It is my intention to get the best stories obtainable and to try and live up to the high ideals I have set as my standard. I have pleasant surroundings and a loyal company, so we ought to be able to accomplish something good."

I think he will—I am sure he will. He is deadily in earnest and full of a quiet, purposeful energy. Above the medium height, slim and good-looking, and as well-dressed a man as there is on the stage to-day, Carlyle Blackwell manages to express himself on the screen as well as any man I know. Regarding his company's loyalty,

led me to the pretty cottage, covered with into a comfortable office, where Colonel was putting the finishing touch to into a dressing-room which fort all over it. As Mr. Black- from the overalls he was wear- had a hand in everything —to an irreproachable talked.

has been hard work," he have a well-appointed studio, by ourselves."

some of the things he told

It seems funny to write such a young fellow as Car- but he has won his spurs by and study, and is at the top of sion right now.

desire to be an actor at Cornell age of nineteen I joined the

pany in Denver, a capital the way. From there I the Keith and Proctor's

York and remained two weeks—an in-

experience. Then

dramas, light comedies in including 'The of Harvard,' short season

"And then?"

offer to go into doubtful, but Vitagraph, remained for I was quite the Vitagraph Company. I for three years all the time."

question as .toplays he



the studio radiates contentment and comfort as well as energy, and all this will be reflected in the pictures which will be released by the Kalem Company.

He is a pleasant companion and a cheerful personality, and his usefulness to the world of pictures has but begun.

I am now going to smoke that cigar he gave me to get rid of me. I will have a little chat with that Englishman, "Colonel" C. Rhys Pryce, who is such a goodfellow and Carlyle's right-hand man. I may get another cigar. R. W.



ROSEMARY THEBY, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

WHEN a girl of eighteen leaves her comfortable home in Missouri to come alone to New York with nothing but the courage of her own convictions and a great, overwhelming desire to act; when she works and studies and then begins a career far below even the lowest rung of the ladder of success, and, all unaided, climbs gloriously to the top, dont you think she deserves a whole lot of credit? And Rosemary Theby has not finished climbing yet. She came to New York to

take up her studies at a dramatic school. Upon leaving there, she had intended trying for an engagement in stock, but a friend gave her a note to one of the directors at the Vitagraph Company. She traveled down to the studio, and met the director, who held out scant encouragement. But picture work soon exerted its fascination over her, and she forgot all about the stage and started in the fore to learn how to act before a camera. It meant that she was given nothing to do but filling in as a super for a long time, yet she finally attained the honor cap and apron, she felt that she footing at last. With this girl theoretic flight to glory, but a stern,

"What shall we talk about?" sorship? Do I approve, or do I it doesn't matter in the least, one but, frankly, I dont! One of the ever made was severely censored. "The Reincarnation of was beautiful!" I then that it was that brought then a member graph Com- terpretation trea," the

"I haven't she announced "Oh, I know it's have one, but I a lot of time on tho," she added, reflect- a lot of time for one so You see, I am at the studio every day and am scarcely done with one part when I must jump into another."

I noticed several beautiful gowns lying across a chair, and the conversation turned naturally to clothes. "I like to have well-looking and becoming things to wear at all times, altho I never follow the extreme in fashion. But, outside of dressing my parts suitably, I dont care one whit about dress. I am far more comfortable and happy as I am now." And as she laughed she struck at her russet boots with her riding-crop. That laugh seemed to convey the information that comfort and happiness are far more essential to this girl than mere "gauds and chiffons." And then, too, she has youth, beauty—a rare beauty—and popularity, which go a long way in this world.

"Wont you say that I am an ardent admirer of Mary Fuller? I think she is splendid." And there was no mistaking the warmth of the tribute paid so generously.

As I looked at Miss Theby, who is ever so much younger out of pictures than



she asked — "censored? Of course, way or the other, finest pictures sored—I mean Karma"—and it remembered this picture Miss Theby, of the Vitagraph Company, into for her fine in- of "Quine-snake-woman, a motor-car," suddenly, the thing to haven't. I spend horseback, ively. "That is, busy as I am.

she seems in them, I wondered why it had happened that she became identified so early in her career with heavy-villainess sort of parts. Probably because she was a good type, for adventuresses are still brunettes, and Miss Theby is very dark.

After two successful years with the Vitagraph Company, during which she received many good notices for parts intelligibly and carefully rendered, Miss Theby joined the Reliance forces. While here she did a great deal of work, appearing in practically one out of every two films released. And now she is playing in the Lubin films, opposite to the ever-popular young leading man and director, Harry Myers, and the combination is an exceptionally good one.

"St. Louis—that's my home-town. I have a mother and father there, and lots of friends and relatives scattered all over the city. Lonely?" She paused. "Well, not now. But when I first came to New York it was quite a different story. I felt that in such a big city so small an atom as myself would be caught up in the rush and bustle and lost for all time. My poor little ambition that had seemed so great and fine out West, all crumbled to nothing. What chance had I in a city where so many were working and striving? But this mood did not last long, I'm happy to say, and I soon had my shoulder to the wheel and just plugged on."

And I could not help but feel that no matter where she goes, Rosemary Theby will always "plug on," just because that is the kind of girl she is. M. B. HARVEY.



MYRTLE GONZALEZ, OF THE VITAGRAPH COMPANY

"PLEASE remember to spell my last name with a 'z' twice," said Miss Gonzalez (there, I did it the first time!), "because that is aristocratic Spanish; spelled with an 's,' it is plebeian Mexican." And there you have the Vitagraph Western juvenile leading lady on her touchy topic, for she's a Southern Californian so far back that a pair of her ancestors were the first couple to be married in the old Mission of Los Angeles.

From these temperamental, fiery Latins, Miss Gonzalez loves to trace her own dramatic ability. She was a singer first, a professional church singer, but she longed for more responsive audiences, and so the stock companies of Los Angeles claimed her for a while. These were her only experiences on the unsilent stage; next came the Motion Pictures—but that was an evolution.

It was Paul de Longpre who, painting Miss Gonzalez's face, discovered its varying expressions; then an artist-photographer, alert for a new subject upon which to train his camera, discovered the piquant features of the girl, and to capture photographically their fleeting, elusive beauty became to him at one time an obsession and a distraction. It was he who suggested Motion Pictures as a profession to Miss Gonzalez, and now, successful as she is, she is grateful for this advice. She is versatile, too, for besides a talented throat (which, however, registers naught on the screen), she has some very gifted feet—two, to be exact—and with these same feet twinkling she can brave the rankest critic in dancing that ever sneered; any kind of dancing, too, tho, with the addition of castanets on her fingers, an onlooker might easily bethink himself in the Alhambra, with the



sun of Spain warming things up just around the corner. She can handle any kind of a musical instrument, also, which even in the pictures has a convincing phase.

A year covers the time of Miss Myrtle Gonzalez's Motion Picture experience, and in that time she has come to two positive conclusions—she wants to become an emotional leading lady and to remain a Vitagraph Westerner! MARY H. O'CONNOR.



KING BAGGOT, OF THE IMP COMPANY



WHEN I arrived at the Imp studio, where Mr. Baggot plays his leads and directs his own pictures, that very busy man was rehearsing, and I agreed with pleasure to wait and watch. It was a tiny snatch of a scene that I witnessed—supposed, I imagine, to be just a moment of unbearable stress in a poor man's life, but one got a big glimpse of a whole world of pain in the way he carried it off. I was so absorbed in the drama that he was conveying that I forgot to concentrate on the things one who has not seen King Baggot in the flesh would want to know. And I was called to earth by a voice near at hand exclaiming in tones of repressed excitement: "Aint he distinguished-looking, tho? Aint he distinguished?"

The exclamatory admirer was a little old woman, whose eyes shone with her tribute, and she had made, unwittingly, a fine summing-up.

Six foot in height, 185 pounds in weight, with direct, blue eyes, and hair verging between a blond and brown, there is, withal, a simplicity

about King Baggot—a clean-cut dignity—that is as unique as it is charming. And when he spoke I found that his appearance did not belie his manner. You would like him—you couldn't help it. And while we are dwelling on personal appearance—right in the middle of his forehead, there is a streak of snowy white amid the brown hair. You've probably noticed it. Mr. Baggot says that he has been 'avalanched with letters of inquiry and doubt as to its being natural—"despite the fact," as he somewhat ruefully informed me, "that it's growing bigger every year." I assured him that I would vouch for it's being an absolute and unassisted reality.

We faced each other in big office chairs, and Mr. Baggot smoked as we talked, and one of the first things he told me was that his name of "King" is not a stage name, as is commonly supposed, but his mother's maiden name. His own name, in full, is William King Baggot.

He was born and educated in St. Louis, and he was on the stage nine years before entering the Movie world. Perhaps you have seen him in the flesh, for he played with the Liebler Company in "Salomy Jane," in "The Bishop's Carriage," in "The Squaw-Man" and also in support of Wilton Lackaye.

He's been on the screen about four and a half years, and he writes practically all of his own scenarios, and, incidentally, gives considerable time to the study of his parts. One of his films, a four-reeler, written in collaboration, is to be released shortly, and is entitled "Absinthe." It was taken in Paris, where, by the way, Mr. Baggot and his company have lately been.

While taking the picture, most of the acting was done on the streets, and not one

(Continued on page 156)



A Playhouse and Its Significance

By ROBERT GRAU



THERE are two subjects just now more widely discussed on the theatrical "Rialto" than any other at this period. One is the impromptu speech at a Friars' dinner, in which the elongated and much married De Wolf Hopper uttered a vigorous protest against the modern trend of stage realism—the substance of which was the query:

"It is not Where shall we go? but Where can we go? that confronts the playgoer in an effort to choose a playhouse where he can safely attend with his family."

The other topic of conversation whenever stage folk congregate is—the near approach of the conversion of the Criterion Theater, in the heart of the playhouse zone, into a permanent home for the exploitation of Vitagraph films, and there are not a few who believe that, with the advent of the film magnate as a direct bidder for the public's favor in palatial Broadway playhouses, Mr. Hopper's daring question, which has already echoed thru the breadth of the land, will be answered. Stranger things can happen than that the men who have achieved fame and fortune as the pioneers of a vast industry, and the birth of a new yet compelling art, will solve the intricate problems which have caused catering to the public's entertainment to become far more risky as far as the speaking stage is concerned than at any time since those days when the stage calling was regarded with suspicion.

That the Vitagraph Company is eminently fitted to establish the first permanent photoplayhouse of high grade in the theater zone none can doubt, for what the Vitagraph Company is today is due solely to an uncompromising and inviolable policy in which business rectitude combined with a catholic fairness has characterized its operations for well-nigh

eighteen years. The writer recalls the early struggles of the company's officers in those days when the Motion Picture was regarded as a mere toy, when the "chase" and slapstick buffoonery formed the incentive for the camera man's productivity. The Vitagraph people then occupied a small room in a downtown office-building; its stock company comprised six persons, including the three proprietors, who often helped out with the acting.

Today the Vitagraph Company is an institution of such vast proportions that any attempt to describe its scope and immensity would require a volume. Yet, with all its development, there has been no change in the basic policy which Messrs. Rock, Blackton and Smith established in the little Nassau Street office, a policy that had for its standard-bearer a determination never to permit on the screen a picture that the founders of the company would not willingly place permanently in their own homes.

With its more than 150 players, including no less than thirty former members of Charles Frohman's forces, and fully a score of erstwhile stars of the speaking stage, who shall say that the advent of the "Life Portrayal" camera man in Long Acre Square is not timely? The "team work" of John Bunny and Flora Finch, and the mellowed artistry of Sydney Drew, Maurice Costello, James Lackaye and their colleagues express the superlative mode of artistic procedure that today obtains in the modern film studio. But the Vitagraph Company did not aim to have its own playhouse until it had a message to address to that overwhelming majority of mankind that admires its productivity on the screen. There will be something more than a mere luxurious playhouse in an acknowl-

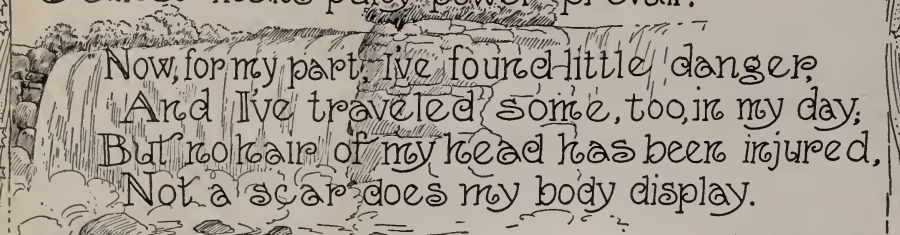
(Continued on page 152)



SAFE AND SOUND TRAVEL

BY JESSIE F. PARKER

They talk of the dangers of travel
By airship, by steamship, by rail,
How the unconquered forces of nature -
'Gainst man's puny power prevail.



Now, for my part, I've found little danger,
And I've traveled some, too, in my day,
But not hair of my head has been injured,
Not a scar does my body display.

And I've gazed on the high Rocky Mountains
In rapture viewed Yellowstone Park,
Seen the beauty and might of Niagara
And the mysteries of Mammoth Cave dark.



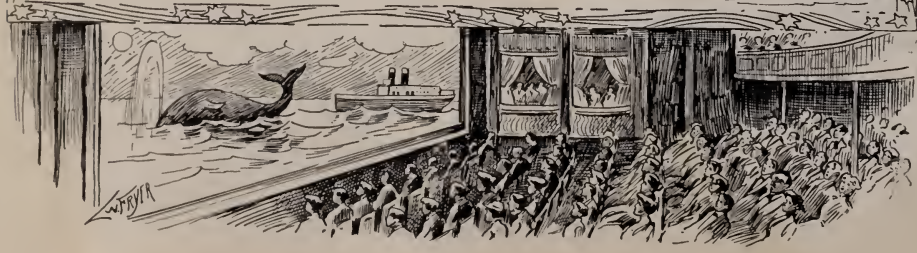
"The Atlantic has spread out before me,
Sphinx and pyramid, too, have I seen,
And of castles, cathedrals and statues,
Few have viewed more than I have, I ween.



"Yet you find me here whole, hale and hearty,
Unimpaired from my hat to my to my boot."

"May I ask, friend, your method of travel?"

"Traveled all by the Moving Film Route."





1914 has been rung in, and before it is rung out let us make it fairly resound with our opinions—enthusiasms—witticisms. And, if they do not all find a haven in this department, remember that they do reach their destined goal. And so, have faith and some day you will have space.

A. S. Hardy writes us that he wants “to be one of the bunch,” and he makes his *début* with the following lines to Lillian Walker. Salutations, Mr. Hardy!

MY MOTION PICTURE QUEEN.

Of all the girls I've seen tonight
 On the Motion Picture screen,
 There's only one who has proven her right
 To be my Picture Queen.

I saw her in a scene with a child—
 Her smile was all divine;
 The love of little children touched
 This Picture Queen of mine.

Now, I'll admit my choice of queen,
 Altho I'm not much of a talker—
 The daintiest girl I've ever seen
 Is smiling Lillian Walker.

E. V. Fortney, Kingwood, W. Va., submits a toast to John Bunny as sincere, if not as obviously full of sentiment, as the one to William Russell:

Here's to the man who makes life sunny,
 Here's to the man who'd be rich without money,
 Here's to the man who makes the sad funny,
 Here's to our favorite of all men—John Bunny!

POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

"Anonymous" resents, even in the abstract, the thought of a successor to Florence Lawrence:



As time goes on, the changes come,
And old, familiar faces go—
New ones appear, and stay awhile,
Then vanish from the photoshow.
We find their places ably filled,
But 'twould fill us with abhorrence
To even see some one attempt
To succeed our Florence Lawrence.

James Vanborn Murphy sends us a letter in which he expresses opinions, various and versatile. Follow some excerpts:

First, I like the Greenroom Jottings, because it contains such interesting items of people I know in playerdom. The Answer Man, Musings of the Photoplay Philosopher and Letters to the Editor are wonderful.

My favorite actress is Mary Pickford, the Princess of the Screen. I was pleased to see her photograph on the November cover. Next, I like Florence Lawrence, but do not see her any more. I wish she would return to Lubin and play opposite Arthur Johnson.

My favorite companies are American, Edison, Essanay, Vitagraph and Lubin. I think the latter two produce some of the best society dramas. "When the Earth Trembled" (Lubin) is the best play I have ever seen, etc., etc.

Edna Krebs, Albany, N. Y., tells us in her letter that she knows we print only "one poem in every hundred, but please let mine be one that you will print." It is only about one in every hundred that we have space to print—we're always glad to do it—and here goes:

THE BRONCHO KING.



Of all the actors I've ever seen
Take part in photoplays,
There's one I like above them all—
His looks, his smiles, his kingly ways.

A Broncho war play's not complete
Unless Joe King's the lead;
He has no equal when he does
A soldier's noble deed.

So here's success to my favorite,
And the same to the magazine;
And here's good luck to the Answer Man,
Who told me the name of the Broncho King.

That Romaine Fielding is convincing in his realism is attested to in the extract from this letter:

I would like to say a word of praise for Romaine Fielding's acting in "The Harmless One." A friend of mine told me that a "real crazy man" acted in it. Of course, she doesn't know the names of any of the actors in the Lubin Company, and it goes to show how wonderfully he took the part. I saw it later, and I think I never saw such a fine bit of finished acting in my life, etc., etc.

Chicago, Ill.

KATHARINE SPRINGER.

POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

L. H. T., of Washington, D. C., links the hands of Maurice Costello, Lillian Walker and Warren Kerrigan in the following little triplet of verse:



ere's to our hero with dimples and curls,
Liked by the men, loved by the girls,
Handsome and manly—a lovable fellow—
Long life to our favorite, Maurice Costello!

Picture a lady all dimples and smiles—
The prettiest girl in the country for miles;
As an actress we all must admit she's a corker—
This tribute for you, Miss Lillian Walker!

Man's praise of man is a double tribute, because there is no lurking sentimentality in it. It is, therefore, a pleasure to print Mr. Edward A. Lifka's verse to J. W. Kerrigan:

I'LL THINK OF YOU.



hen the years become but mem'ries
And our lives draw near their ends;
When our loved ones may have vanished,
Gone from us faithful friends;
When the hair, now dark or golden,
Has become a white or gray,
And the eyes, so filled with lustre,
Lose their brightness on Life's way;
When the cheeks, now smooth as velvet,
Wrinkle with the passing years,
And the heart, tho' known to gladness,
Knows as well the fount of tears;
When the lips that gave the kisses
To the ones we loved the best
Know no more the lips which met them,
'Cause the loved ones are at rest—
Ah! my friend, this all will happen,
And the years are all too few;
There'll be those who wont remember,
Yet, my friend, I'll think of you.

Here are a few donts from G. C. K., who remarks in addition to the verse that the aforesaid donts are not faults by any means—on the contrary:

DONTS.



ont be so pretty, Alice Joyce,
You make me awfully jealous;
Dont be so winning, Mary F.,
You're getting all the fellows;
Dont act so awful, Mabel N.,
You're always being naughty;
Please show your dimples, Lillian,
And do not be so haughty.
Now there is still another dont,
And, much to my regret,
I say to Helen Gardner,
Dont smoke that cigaret!

Eleanor H. Loring, of Pasadena, Cal., sends in a loving tribute to little Helen Costello, and says in an accompanying letter that enough people do not realize what a "real little artist she is." This verse should bring that realization nearer home:

When the long day's work is over, oftentimes I go
 And sit among the people in a Motion Picture show.
 I watch the many shadows as they pass across the screen,
 And wait impatiently until a childish face is seen;
 Then I forget the music, forget the happy throng—
 I only know that she is there, the one I've loved so long. ;
 I watch her every movement as she plays her little part,
 For altho she's just a kiddie, she's the idol of my heart.
 Eyes as bright as stars she has—a mass of curly hair—
 A dimpled smile that makes of her a favorite everywhere,
 And, tho I know it's useless, whenever she is seen
 There comes a tender yearning for this child-star of the screen.
 In years to come in pictures most radiant she'll shine—
 Dear little Helen Costello, may every joy be thine!

Undivided laurels here—strict impartiality—most welcome praise:

TO M. P. M.

I love to see the Movies,
 'Cause I'm a Movie fan,
 And love to read the questions
 Put to the Answer Man.

I like to read the stories,
 So thrilling, and so sweet,
 And each and every hero
 How eagerly I greet!

I like the Greenroom Jottings,
 I like the pictures, too—
 In fact, I like 'most everything
 In the M. P. M. right thru.

Cleveland.

ROSE.

Bruce Peifer, of Santa Monica, Cal., exhibits a keen sense of humor thus:

Mona Darkfeather and Frank Montgomery direct and act together,
 Working always side by side, fair or stormy weather;
 Let us suppose she left his Co., and, Frank-ly, he'd disown her—
 I wonder whether it would be that Monty would beMONA?

This is a lament indeed! Even the inspiration must see the pathos:

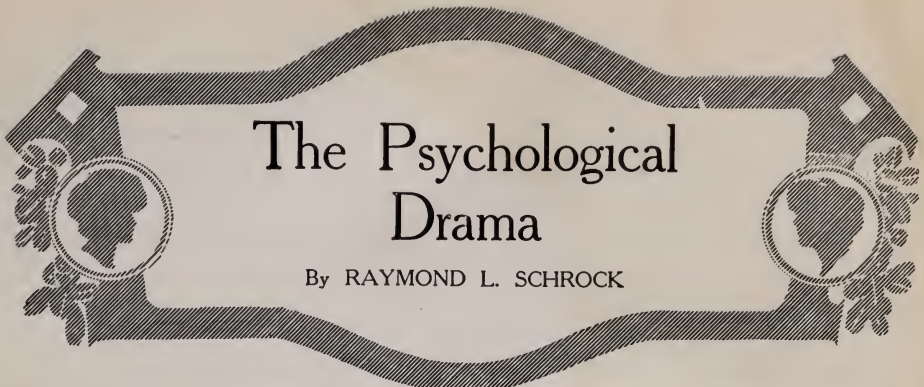
TO MR. TOM MOORE.

You're always in my heart,
 But you're never by my side;
 You're always in my mind—
 Many times for you I've sighed.

I cant—I cant forget you,
 Tho I've tried, and tried, and tried;
 You're always—always in my heart,
 But you're never by my side.

St. Paul, Minn.

Miss L. M. N.



The Psychological Drama

By RAYMOND L. SCHROCK

MANY things have already been said regarding the silent drama, its history and growth, but so far there has been little attempted concerning the standard type of drama, which will endure to futurity.

Years and years ago, before the drama attained any literary reputation, the people could be entertained by choruses or by the morality plays, which were selected from certain parts of the Bible and always meant to portray vice and virtue, or evil and good. But the idea of simple entertainment and preaching was banished from their minds as quickly as the people became more educated, and with this transition came the disappearance of the cold, dull vices and virtues, and the real, breathing characters of history took their places.

Today, we are laboring under a similar condition of affairs, tho represented by the literary education of the times. There is one class of people who attend the theater simply for love of entertainment and a place to spend their time, while another class go there in the hope of learning something from life portrayals. It is this latter type of theater-goer that should be encouraged, for it is his or her opinion that brings the drama up to a high standard.

The consciousness of life often expresses itself in a feeling of bondage, and the constant effort in life is to remove that chain or bondage. Man feels that time and space and affairs of society limit him, and he slaves to remove these limitations. He has a lust for great power, and, being enslaved, perhaps by environment,

strives to subdue the earth. It is inherent in man to seek to pass from under the yoke, whether it be civil, social or moral bondage.

If it be civil bondage, he fights against conditions, and his nature is changed according to his success. If it be social, he may be ruled over by masters, but he will strike out, even tho the odds be heavily against him.

If it be moral, the demands of his nature are in evidence. He is continuously controlled by his passions and appetites, which create a steady struggle—a struggle within a struggle, or the head against the heart, the real against the ideal. It is just such thoughts and deeds that pave the way for the psychological drama, which in itself is the basis of all drama, owing to the broad field that it can cover.

Man experiences fear, sorrow, remorse, hunger, anger, pain, joy, hilarity, anxiety, love, hatred, passion and appetite, all of which, we are told, originate in the mind, or psychic centers of the brain, where each is interpreted thru special nerves to the respective places in our human mechanism, where they assert themselves in various reactions. It is this splendid complex arrangement that gives us such wonderful opportunity to display them on the screen.

Now, all the above-mentioned psychological traits, and hundreds of others too numerous to mention, limit man in his struggle to survive against himself or against his fellow man; which opens up another field for examples of this form of drama.

Every time man is limited, and the

means by which he is limited, a chance is given for a definite triangle to be formed, and the triangle to suggest a plot. He may be limited by love, either spiritual or physical; he may be limited by greed or desire for gain; he may be limited by hatred or desire for vengeance; he may be limited by sorrow or remorse for some past action, by poverty or need, by hilarity or weakness from other indulgences, and he may be limited thus in the many hundreds of other ways, each of which forms the triangle of specified logic. For we have given the man his weakness or his problem, and his attempt to cure it or to fall before it.

One of the best examples of this, and which gives us one great form of drama, is called tragedy. Tragedy is the portrayal of some breach in the moral law, with a fatal ending. The tragic hero is the man or woman who is at odds with fate, or who is limited by the bondage already mentioned. The fatal ending is caused by the death of the tragic hero, who must succumb to the inevitable.

Shakespeare, the greatest dramatist of all times, gained his wonderful reputation by his use of psychological situations, wherein the characters were made to show the innermost working of their minds, and he gave to the world the truest conceptions of the great limitations of mankind. In Shakespeare's *Macbeth*, in that great speech: "Come, sealing night, to cover up the eye of pitiful day,"

we see the workings of a mind filled with joy of anticipation of his own personal gain, fear of discovery, remorse at the thoughts of the black deeds, and a general sympathetic feeling for himself.

If the psychological drama is the great representative of the stage and that which creates comment and thought, then in the same manner it should supplant the greater form of common entertainment in the silent drama. With thinking authors coming into the field, the present outlook is very promising.

When an actor or an actress is spoken of as being great in emotional rôles, it is his or her ability to interpret psychological traits. And it is a law as old as the hills and must be adhered to for the best results, so let us encourage the various film companies to spend their time in perfecting their production along these lines. If we must compete with time, then let the Motion Picture be rightly called an art, and, if it is to be called an art, then the chaste and rigid rules governing art must be followed.

As a fitting conclusion to this appeal to reason for reason's sake, let us bear in mind Whittier's great quotation, which shows us man's frailty and humanity, and his sometimes futile struggle to better himself:

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have
been."

A Plea

By SUSIE GUE

Perplexing is my task,
A favor I would ask—
Please buy this verse!
Do not send it back
To the same old shack;
You've purchased worse.
Grant me one request—
Your book I love the best.
For goodness' sake please say
You'll send me a check,
Or I will be a wreck
Versifying up the photoplay.

In my daily walk
I hear picture talk
In the stores and out upon the street—
For my only pleasure
Nickels now I treasure,
So my picture idols I can greet.
Artists on the screen,
The best that can be seen,
Doing more to please the crowds each day,
Amusement of the best,
Where one and all can rest,
While gazing at the dear old photoplay.



Musings of "The Photoplay Philosopher"

THE year just past has seen some remarkable changes in Motion Pictures, but the year to come will doubtless see just as many, and perhaps more important ones. Bigger and better men have joined the profession, and those already in it have come to feel that the Motion Picture industry is one of stupendous proportion and of almost limitless possibilities, which thought has proved an incentive to better things. Not only has the quality of the pictures improved, but the standard has been raised, until now the very best efforts of everybody are demanded. There are many causes for this: one is competition, and another is that the Motion Picture public have gradually been educated up to a high standard. No longer may a manufacturer put on the market anything he chooses; no longer must an exhibitor show any film that is given him by the exchanges; and no longer can an exhibitor force his patrons to see what they do not want to see. It has come to that pass when the public go to the proprietor of a photoplayhouse and state their demands, and when the proprietor goes to the film exchange and repeats these demands, and, if the exchange does not comply, the exhibitor takes his patronage to another exchange. Nearly every community now has two or more playhouses, and if the people are not satisfied with one they will patronize another. It is well that certain manufacturers have discarded the idea that the photodrama is merely to amuse; that it is a brother of the circus and a substitute for the old-fashioned, sensational melodrama of the gallery gods. In the early days, the makers of Motion Pictures appealed only to the ignorant, uncultured "low-brows," whereas now they realize that their patrons are largely composed of the best people in the world. The result is such high-class dramas as "Love's Sunset," which will be appreciated just as much by the college president as by the poor hod-carrier, for the language of the heart is universal. While very few plays, if any, will excel "Love's Sunset," for some time to come, and while we shall see many poor plays now and then, we must all admit that the general standard is much higher than ever before, and that it is to go still higher.

Macaulay says that "the real object of the drama is the exhibition of the human character." Whether this is true or not, it is quite clear that characterization is an item worthy of profound consideration on the part of photoplay writers, manufacturers, script editors, directors and players. Some of these seem to think that all that is required is a story. That is a mistake. The time has come when picture patrons demand more than a mere story: they demand characterization and fine acting. The leading parts in most of the photodramas are nothing more than "walking parts," which any actor or actress could do quite as well as our stars do them. A player like Warren Kerrigan, for example, is doubtless capable of doing

MUSINGS OF THE PHOToplay PAILOSOOPER.

excellent work, if given the chance, but how seldom do we see him in a part that requires really great acting. And as for the leading women, many of them seem to think that all that is required of them is to look pretty, to dress elegantly, and to smile sweetly. And who has failed to observe a certain sameness to their emotions? Do they not always weep in the same manner, and depict fear, surprise, remorse, etc., in the same way that they did in the last piece we saw? Yet, every character they portray is supposed to be different from any other. If you have seen Romaine Fielding in "The Clod," you will understand what I mean by characterization. Here was a type; something different; a unique character. It was not the same Romaine Fielding that we had seen in any other play. As another example, take Harry Morey in "The Wreck"—would you not say that this was an entirely different Morey from the many others you have seen? There are altogether too few of these plays in which the players have an opportunity really to act. So, perhaps, Macaulay was right after all.

A great deal is being said in favor of more "educationals." I wonder if those editors and reformers who are so active in this line realize that probably a large majority of photoplay patrons do not want educationals. Have you never sat and heard a long sigh from your neighbor when a "scenic" or "educational" is announced on the screen? Everybody is in favor of educational pictures—for the other fellow! The Edison idea of handling educational subjects, however, is an excellent one. Here we get education intermixed with entertainment, which is the equivalent of a sugar-coated pill—we get the benefits of the medicine minus its bad taste. There is no doubt in the world that Motion Pictures are wonderfully well adapted for educational purposes, and that they will be much more utilized in the future than they have in the past. Pictures make one think, and it is well known that the best teacher is the one who makes the pupil think for himself. The most useful book is the one that sets the reader's think-works in motion. It is pleasant to see or to read that which confirms your opinions, but it is more profitable to see or to read that which leads the mind to unexplored fields. There are too many torpid minds in the world that are content to let others do their thinking for them. Cobwebs in the brain catch no thoughts.

I believe that it was Hazlitt who observed, "It is remarkable how virtuous and generously disposed every one is at the play," which was a very wise observation and one that should make the enemies of the drama reconsider. We sit and look, or listen, as the case may be, and we weep, tremble, resent, rejoice, or are inflamed. Some of us are more affected than others, for some of us are more emotional and demonstrative, but we all feel the same. And in every good playhouse there is always a certain feeling of comradeship, of human sympathy, of kindness, of fellow-feeling, that is all-pervading, and it is good. If the plays are all uplifting or enjoyable, and the surroundings congenial, this feeling is emphasized.

We are never as good as we should be, if we do not try to be better than we were. We shall never be better than we are, if we do not try to be better than we were.



MUSINGS OF THE PHOToplay PHILOSOPHER

It appears that the high cost of living is going down, but the cost of high living remains the same. Many people became vegetarians during the recent hard times because meat was so dear. There is one good reason why we cannot all be vegetarians, even if we would. In the first place, there are not enough vegetables in the world to feed everybody, and in the second place there is not enough land on which to grow the vegetables. Meat is concentrated vegetable food. Again, we must have leather, wool, feathers, horn, ivory, fur, kid, hides, hair, bone, etc., for our various needs, and to get these usually means the death of the animals. So, we put their coverings outside, their flesh inside. Vegetarianism is good enough for poets, artists, philosophers and preachers, but the strenuous, virile, fighting, aggressive man requires meat. From a sympathetic, humanitarian standpoint, it is cruel to kill animals for our stomach's sake, and when we think of the poor, bleating lambs, and of the beautiful, mild-eyed deer, and so on, it does seem that we should live and let live; but, at the same time, we must not let our sympathies run away with us, else we may be pitying the poor tomato, and the beautiful wheat, and we may even fear to tread on a blade of grass; for who knows but that the plants have feelings just as animals have?



Simply to be good is simply to be bad. We must do good as well as to be good; for he who is not good for something is good for nothing.



So far as I am concerned, down with melodrama in photoplays, unless it be genuine melodrama, and not "yellowdrama." The two are often confused. Melodrama is as old as the Greeks, and originally was performed to the accompaniment of incidental and emotional music. In the course of time, it came to be defined as a drama of a highly romantic or sensational nature. Perhaps the best distinction between drama and melodrama, in its present-day sense, is that of Mr. Burns Mantle, the New York *Evening Mail's* dramatic critic. He says: "In drama, the characters create the action; in melodrama, the action forces the characters thru the piece." Melodrama, then, in its lowest phase consists of an exciting or sensational plot which the characters simply carry out. Destiny is arbitrary. Lovers, villains, hero, or heroine, are separated, killed off, or united at the will of the author. It is what the great Grecian playwrights called *deus ex machina*, the god who came down in a stage contrivance from heaven and made away with such characters as were obstructions to the development of the plot. In melodrama, such as I wish to countenance, and particularly in drama, the plot should flow in rightful channels: the theme of the play should create characters, and they, thru their contending desires, passions, emotions—their motives, in other words—should create the plot. Drama is only life artistically retold. Poorly felt and written drama, weak melodrama, and "yellowdrama" of the sensational type, are caricatures and gross exaggerations of the beautiful and real depictions of life—the thing that ever charms us.



THE DRUNKARD'S REFORM

BY STEWART EVERETT ROWE



With his foot upon the threshold
Of a barroom bright and grand,
Quick one eve a man was halted
By the touch of some one's hand,
And within that old man's pocket
Was the price of just one drink,
So these words to him beseeching
Could not help but make him think:

"Take me to the pictures, mister,
'Cause I want to see the show;
Ma and Pa, they said I might, sir,
If I'd find some one to go.
Oh, I'd like to see the pictures
And the lessons that they give,
But, you see, I can't afford to—
Takes all we can get to live."

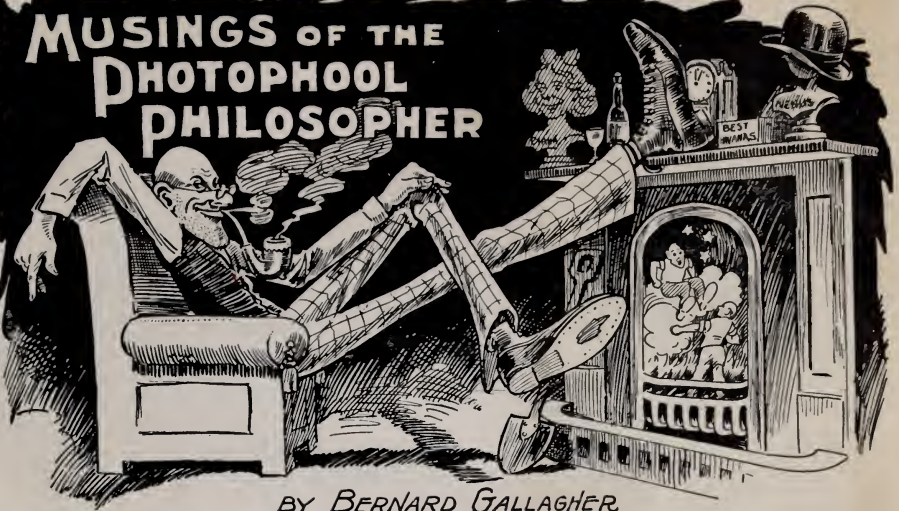
Head downcast, the old man listened
To the prattle of the child,
Then at last he slowly answered,
In a kindly voice and mild:
"Yes, I'll take you to the pictures,
'Tho 'twill take my last red cent,
And we'll see the show together—
Come along," and so they went.

Then they sat and saw the pictures
Show life's calm and then its storm,
While from out the old man's conscience
Sprang the spirit of reform.
For the pictures told how liquor
Often leads to failure's den,
And the old man vowed in honor
That he'd never drink again.

When at last the show was ended,
When its songs and lights had fled,
And the two were just at parting,
'This is what the old man said:
"Boy, you stopped me on the threshold,
And I'll take the hint and go
Far away from all temptation,
In the homeland's golden glow."



MUSINGS OF THE PHOTOPHOO PHILOSOPHER



BY BERNARD GALLAGHER

LADIES and gentlemen, the following short sermons are not intended for you at all, but for those sinners either side of you. Use well before shaking.

As there is no appreciable difference when some women remove their hats, let us suggest that they also remove their rats or other man-deceiving apparatus that tend to lower the morals of the audience.

There is a time for everything, but I'll be gosh-darned if it should be always ragtime, as the general run of picture-show pianists seem to think.

Rather than wait two minutes for a reel to finish, there are those who will climb over six or eight people, catching their coat buttons in the ladies' hair in the next seats, and leaving a trail of black and blue shins three yards long behind them, besides making nervous people wonder if it's a fire or a fit.

It's a long lane that has no photo-show.

Fred Mace's subway scheme between New York and San Francisco has been condemned as not being on the level, Mark Sennet claiming it would also be too draughty; and where would they get a hole that long, anyway?

There are still evidences of that "Jack Dalton" brand of photoplayer among us, whose every move is a pose, who insists on facing the camera at any cost, who wears all disguises *on* and never *in*, and contains about as much deep feeling as an undertaker at a funeral. He would learn things to his advantage by going among the audience oftener and listening to the short and ugly expressions he creates.

With scenarios from the best writers in the land, and the cream of the theatrical world to play them, the legitimate theater is soon to become a dream, whereas now it is mostly a nightmare.

The crusade for stamping out Motion Picture theaters, that started some time ago, is a decided success—the crusaders are stamping in and out regularly.

Here's to the operator: he's a *reel* sport, always ready to do a good *turn* for us. When everything looks dark around us, he's right there with his *silver-lining*; and, tho he works with a *crank*, his life is one grand *merry-go-round*.

Male applicants with lower limbs not of regular order, that is, of the loop or letter X variety, better not apply, as it isn't giving the manager a fair chance in the next world.

For the extermination of the house-fly, we haven't invented anything so far to equal that sterling, old-fashioned remedy—the winter months.

“The daily life of the Answer Man,” by himself, with illustrations. Oh, say, wouldn't the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE readers use up some gas, day and electric light on a book with that title!

Unless you have as much backbone as, at least, a mud turtle, and a little less than absolutely no feeling, your chances of a position with a Moving Picture company are considerably short of a couple.

Many a man marries a woman, that should have bought a dog.

Dont become alarmed at the smell of smoke in the studio; it's only the director correcting an error.

There are several more pages of rules, but in most cases these will do the business; if not—oh well, there's one born every moment.

If Motion Pictures are bad for the growing child, by all means stop his growing.

A scenario writer suggests to have a maiden lashed to a church spire, and her lover make the rescue from an airship. There is to be a reception to this brilliant playwright whenever he deigns to visit a studio. Oh my, yes.

About the only noticeable opposition to Moving Pictures nowadays is the furniture mover, and his moving pictures never yet gave you a thrill of joy.

The proposed four-reel feature entitled “The Iceman's Paradise,” with the North Pole for a background, has started an epidemic of cold feet, and is receiving the “chilly shoulder” at every appearance.

It is estimated that the average photoplayer's salary would keep 6 rabbits, 4 ducks, 10 cats, a nanny-goat and 3 elephants in refreshments for 26 days, 2 nights and an afternoon. There are others that haven't enough left after pay-day to buy the canary a bath.

The photoplay is not a kissing-game, as most young people seem to think; it is much more like a college football game, I assure you.

“A woman's hair is her crowning glory,” but the fellow would never have written it if he had ever sat behind some of that “glory” at a picture show.

The best time to apply for a position is in the meantime, shortly after henceforth.

Below are some odd remarks gathered from “picture-play fans” here and there:

“How can it be real?—they're only pictures.”

“She aint that thin, she's only fixed up that way; and them dimples the fellow's got is only make-up.”

“See that fellow next to the other man? Well, he's been dead for two years. Yep, they make pictures years ahead so they wont be stuck when anyone 'snuffs it.' He fell off one of the Alps somewhere in Europe, I heard.”

“Gee, Paw! I'd like to watch the fellow wot draws Movin' Pictures.”

“Oh! is that her you think looks like me, George? My! isn't she pretty?”

“No, sir! one man couldn't know that much. I'll bet there's a dozen Answer Men. There's got to be, because there's thousands and thousands of answers go out every day in the mail.”

“He certainly is a fine comedian, and I've heard it's all thru an attack of the measles in childhood. Yes, they say he's felt funny ever since.”



What Is the Title of This Picture?

What does it represent? What story does it tell? What is the moral or lesson to be derived from it, if any? For the best title, and description in less than fifty words, the "Motion Picture Magazine" will award a prize of \$5.00 in gold.

The foregoing announcement was made in the January number beneath a full-page drawing by Mr. Fryer, and the picture above is an exact reproduction of that drawing.

Varied, numerous and interesting have been the answers received thus far, and we have decided to let the contest run another month. It is pleasant to note that our readers have found the picture susceptible of so many different interpretations. We have selected a few at random.

My title for the picture in *MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE* is "The World's Entertainer." That is what Moving Picture shows are. As the old man in the picture forgot to use his crutch, so we forget our troubles, watching the screen.

The young man forgets the gambling hall, the older man the saloon—both old and young enjoy the Moving Pictures and read the magazine.

MISS MAE SHEEHY,
200 N. Boulevard, Albany, N. Y.

The title of the picture ought to be "The Last Copy."

The *MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE* was announced upon the screen at the end of the show as just out and procurable at the box-office. Those who are lucky enough to get a copy show their content; even the old men completely forget their troubles. The two men at the window are quarreling to see who should get the last copy.

MORAL—Subscribe, and be on the safe side.

GEO. KIRKEGAARD, JR.,
123 LENOX ROAD, BROOKLYN.

THE MODERN MIRACLE-WORKER.

He who enters here
In troubled mind,
Or in brawl or tear,
Leaves care behind.

He who stays a bit
Will leave this place
Made whole and lit
With smiling face.

JOHN Q. BOYER,
2034 North Fulton Ave., Baltimore, Md.

NAME—"The Right-of-Way."

REPRESENTS—A crowded street scene in front of a Motion Picture theater.

TELLS—The picture tells us of the bad spirit we have before going in the theater, and how happy we feel when coming out.

MORAL—Laugh, and the world laughs with you. LOUIS STAPLES,
701 3rd St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

My suggested title for the puzzle picture published in the January number is as follows:

Young cry for it,
Big fight for it,
Old love it,

Happy are they who have it—
The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

GEO. CHAS. SANTER,
1000 Clinton St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The picture in your magazine represents that there must be a good show, which is taken in by young and old, and the theater was so full that a crowd had to wait till intermission; then they began to push and fight. It shows that those who are there first are served first.

GORDON O'NEILL,
Room 30, Castle Bldg., Ottawa, Can.

"When the Sixth Number of 'Who Will Marry Mary?' Is Shown."

It is Christmas night, and the people are happy. The patrons of this theater have been watching the progress of Mary's suitors, and when the manager advertises that the picture is at his theater that night, they of course go to see it.

The end of one performance is over, and those who have seen it are asking themselves the question, "Now that Mary is married, what can she do to interest us?"

MEREDITH STAUB, Market and 4th Sts., Frederick, Md.

PEACE FOLLOWS EVERY STORM.

Wrinkled, tired, fighting, sad,
Fevered, hungry, money-mad;
Give them rest, they need it so—
Let them enter the picture show.

Peaceful, happy, joyous, bright,
Educated in the right;
Hearts are warmed—good words flow—
When coming from the picture show.

W. D. TOTHEROH,
San Anselmo, Marin Co., Cal.

THE RESCUE.

When one sees the throng entering the "Movies," tired, and even irritable; then emerging, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE in hand and radiantly discussing the photoplays seen, it is then one realizes what the Motion Picture has done for us, both as a means of instruction and of recreation.

GREGORY SCOTT ROBBINS, 205 E. Ohio St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

TITLE—"A Change of Mode."

REPRESENTATION—Tempest and sunshine.

STORY—Tells of bad humor before entering and good after coming out.

MORAL—Dwell among liveliness, and you will always be in a good and pleasant frame of mind.

F. X. FRAUER,

Care of W. & W. B. Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

My title of this picture is "Anxiety."

It represents impatience.

The picture tells the story of people young and old anxious to get in the "Movies," and the people coming out like they're anxious to go again.

My lesson would be to spend my change on treats to the "Movies."

CHARLOTTE WOLF, 1312 13th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

I would christen the picture in your January issue "Grouch Cure," and describe it as follows:

Surely some divine healer must be within,
Who cures mankind of one great sin;
Indeed, he must have great magic power,
To cure all these grouches in one hour.

E. M. HARVEY, 1715 Hamlin Ave., Norfolk, Va.

EDUCATION AND HAPPINESS.

Facilities are greater than ever for enlightenment on all subjects pertaining to education and happiness.

Look at the faces of those going in, impatient and nervous; note the difference on those coming out, contented and smiling. Why? Good pictures and MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to teach how and why.

WM. NOBLE CALLAHAN, Freehold, N. J.



This is a continuation of the department that first appeared in the December issue, and is written entirely by our readers. Contributions from time to time will be gladly received.

Upon the earnest solicitations of my friends, and realizing that I am on my last legs and shall soon quit this vale of tears, I, Crane Wilbur, do will and bequeath to Charles West (Biograph) the name and address of the shingle-weaver who so artistically thatched my roof.

I, Warren Kerrigan, do leave to my little friend, Harry Carey, my good looks and winning way with the girls, feeling he is a worthy successor.

I, Flora Finch, do hereby bequeath to Kate Price my recipe for getting fat, feeling that she has need of it.

I, Mary Pickford, do leave to my good friend, Alice Joyce, a little of my vivacity and my bewitching pout. May she make good use of both. WITNESS: Hazel Edwards.

I, Blanche Sweet, being of sound and disposing mind and memory, give, devise, and bequeath to Anita Stuart the greater part of my nose, believing that hers is not of sufficiently large area.

I, Maurice Costello, do hereby give and bequeath to my old friend, Earle Williams, my curls and dimples, as, having none of his own, he will need them in his upward flight to popularity, and to King Baggot my bottle of hair-dye, trusting that he will dye that white streak above his forehead. WITNESS: Mrs. O. P. Warner.

I, Bill Bailey, feeling that the end is drawing near, do herewith leave to my friend, Billy Mason, my ability of dancing the Castle-walk. Hoping he will master this, as he has the tango. WITNESS: Helen L. R.

I, Edith Storey, bequeath to my friend, Mary Charleson, my afternoon and evening gowns, and especially my hair-dresser, so that in society women rôles she will no longer have to wear her hair down in curls.

I, Edwin Carewe, do leave to my Indian brother, Carlyle Blackwell, my (cherished) tommyhawk. Hoping he will know it is meant as a present, instead of a warning.

I, Hughey Mack, do leave to my devoted friend, John Bunny, my favorite volume, "The Secret Way to Leanville," as I know he will take good care of it.

I, Earle Williams, do herewith bequeath my esteemed contemporary, Thomas Moore, my ministerial bearing and entire theological outfit, realizing that his recent efforts in the pulpit prove that he has found an undeniable field for his talents. WITNESS: Libbie Williams.

I, Flora Finch, do hereby bequeath to Josie Sadler my fairy-like grace and beauty, hoping that she may continue to be the leading ingénue of the Vitagraph Company after I have cashed in my checks.

I, Jack Warren Kerrigan, do herewith leave to my chum, Carlyle Blackwell (the Pigmy), two inches of my enviable height, in order that he may give three inches of his to Alec B. Francis and still suffer no reduction. WITNESS: "Vyrghnyal."

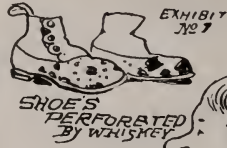
I, Louise Lester, do hereby will my Calamity Ann to Kate Price. May she take good care of her and find her as useful as I did. WITNESS: Margaret Austin.

I, E. K. Lincoln, do herewith leave to my friend, Edwin August, such cigars and cigarettes as might be in my possession, hoping he will enjoy them more than I have.

I, Romaine Fielding, bequeath to my friend, Augustus Carney, my set of Edgar Allen Poe, trusting that it will cause him to reform.

I, Ormi Hawley, give to my esteemed contemporary, Rosemary Theby, my complete edition of Delsarte.

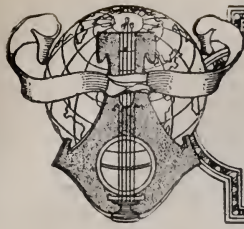
"THESE DROPS OF WHISKEY ARE MAGNIFIED WHISKEY THAT WILL PERFORATE SHOE LEATHER"



TAKE THE PLEDGE AT ONCE OR YOU MAY TAKE THE LAST CLASS

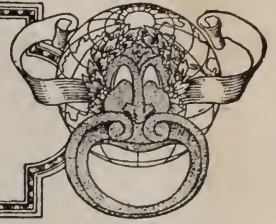


Everything can be taught by Motion Pictures, and so realistically and impressively that the lesson is not soon forgotten



What They Were Doing a Few Years Ago

By LESTER SWEYD



- Frank Currier was playing, 1903, as Professor Sterling in "Way Down East."
Francis McGinn a bailiff in Richard Mansfield's "Beau Brummel," in 1904.
Ashley Miller, in 1907, was with Anna Held in "The Parisian Model."
C. J. Williams played William Bechtel's former part of Bertram in William Brady's "Siberia."
Earl Ryder supported Cecilia Loftus as Robert Napier in "A Serio-Comic Governess," in 1906.
Joseph Smiley was George Deboe in "A Little Outcast," in 1905.
Lee Beggs was Jack Warren in "Alone in the World," in 1905.
Anna Little (Bison) was, in 1904, Jean Ingurd in "An Heiress to a Million."
Hector Dion was Howard Sturgis in "The Volunteer Organist," in 1904.
Paul Scardon was Folson Darr, in 1903, with E. H. Sothern in "If I Were King."
William Lamp was Clive Cunningham, in 1904, in "The Firm of Cunningham."
Florence Ashbrooke was Blanche Carrington in "Her Mad Marriage," in 1904.
John Steppling, in 1903, was with Jerome Sykes in "The Billionaire."
Howard Missimer was playing as Sam Sorrell in "Texas," in 1904.
Evelyn Selbie was Olga Humphries in "The King of Detectives," in 1905, and later appeared in vaudeville with Eddie Foy as Mrs. Williams in "The Man Behind the Gun."
Maurice Costello, during 1904-05, divided his time between the Spooner and Columbia Stock, Brooklyn.
Flora Finch was with Theodore Hamilton in "The Missourians," in 1904.
Edith Storey was Australia, in 1904, with Mrs. Carr Cooke in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."
Mary Maurice and William Shea were both in "A Midnight Marriage," in 1905, playing Mrs. Van Austin and Policeman McFadden.
James Young was supporting Viola Allen as Florizel in "A Winter Tale," in 1905.
Robert Gaillard was Lenox Sanderson in the original "Way Down East," in 1903.
Tefft Johnson was under Belasco's management, playing Zastus in "Andrea" and Trinidad Joe in "The Girl of the Golden West," in 1904-05.
Rose Tapley was a beautiful Mercia in "The Sign of the Cross," in 1904; also playing Kate Carnegie in "The Bonnie Brier Bush."
Charles Kent was King Saul with Wright Lorimer in "The Shepherd King," in 1904.
Ralph Ince was, in 1907, Cecitius in "Ben Hur."
Rodgers Lytton was in the original "Madame X," in 1910.
Josie Sadler was the hit of "Peggy from Paris," in 1904, as Sophie Blatz.
Sidney Drew was in vaudeville in a sketch, "The Yellow Dragon," in 1905.
Harold Shaw was Bompain in Amelia Bingham's production of "Olympe," in 1904.
Bob Fisher was J. Willoughby Johnson in "A Case of Frenzied Finance," in 1905.
Christie Miller (Biograph) was Old Pidgeon in "Heart Adrift," in 1903.
Wm. Ranous was the apothecary in the all-star cast of "Romeo and Juliet," in 1903.
Louise Beaudet was playing in vaudeville, in 1907, doing a singing specialty.
Alice Washburn was Dorcas Tattleby in "Our New Minister," in 1904.
W. J. Butler (Biograph) was Alderman Maper in Cecilia Loftus' production of "A Serio-Comic Governess," in 1904.
Zena Kiefe was Jessie, the child in the popular melodrama of the day, "The Fatal Wedding," in 1904.
Ada Gifford was Wardda in "The Fortune-Teller," in 1904.
Edward Boulden was Darlington Dashaway in "Why Women Sin," in 1904.
Charles West was Thompson Coyne in "Brown of Harvard," in 1907.
David Torrence (Famous Players) was Kee Olore in "The Shogun," in 1904.
R. S. Fife was the tax collector in "Business Is Business," in 1904.
Spottiswoode Aiken was playing as Rector Wilson in "The Price of Honor," in 1903.
Richard R. Neil was Mr. Jordon in the prize play, "The Triumph of Love."
Lionel Adams was supporting James Corbett in "Cashel Byron's Profession," as Lucas Webber, in 1906.
Jules Ferrar was young Demtrioicth in "Resurrection," in 1903.
Edna Payne was Pedro, at the Payton Stock Co., in "In the Palace of the King."
Gertie Robinson (Biograph), in 1903, was Geodie in "Bonnie Brier Bush."
Fred Truesdell was Frank Clayton in "On the Suwanee River," in 1902.

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS
FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

WHILE harnessing his saddle-horse last month, Wallie Van lost the end of one of his fingers. The horse, believing that "all flesh is grass," took a nip, and the doctors are now trying to save the rest of the finger.

Irving Cummings, after changing his label several times, has finally decided to stick to the red rooster.

Edith Storey will spend the remainder of the winter and early spring with the Western Vitagraph.

Francis X. Bushman is a real politician. He spends his evenings canvassing for votes at the picture theaters.

Margarita Fischer is now appearing in "Beauty" pictures, the first being "Withering Roses."

And now they're saying that Hall Caine's "The Christian" (Vitagraph) is the finest thing ever done in pictures by anybody, and that nearly every scene contains either a painting or a fine example of the histrionic art.

Romaine Fielding and company are now located at Galveston, Texas, and all Galveston is a stage.

Herbert Rawlinson (Universal) is playing opposite Hazel Buckman.

The latest addition to Carlyle Blackwell's zoo is a tiny alligator. The reptile was sent him by a Florida admirer.

The Biograph now has its fourth Stewart, Mrs. Maurice Willcox Stewart (Myrtle Haas in "Brown of Harvard") being the latest, who now plays with her three babies.

If all of our March MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES were placed along in a row, they would cover a railroad track for forty miles.

Robert Burns, he of the beautiful curly locks, is now with the Mutual.

Mona Darkfeather recently made a raid on one of the Kalem Eastern companies and carried off pretty Billie Rhodes captive.

A Sioux Indian has fallen desperately in love with Anna Little (Broncho), and as a small token of his regard, presented her with a huge, husky, black bear.

Thomas Ince (Mutual) has a company of real Japanese players.

They say that Marshall Neilan, assisted by Ruth Roland, in "Vacinating a Village" (Kalem), will make even a horse laugh.

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

Dont forget to cast your votes in the Great Artist Contest. No other publication in the world has the right to conduct such a contest, and everybody should support this one.

Wilfred Lucas, a former Biograph star, is directing and playing leading parts for the International Film Co.

Billie Rhodes, the little Kalem actress, possesses remarkable ventriloquial powers. Miss Rhodes mischievously tried her skill on one of the Indians used in the Kalem pictures recently. The red man, who passed within a few feet of the little actress, heard the warning note of a rattler, and jumped about six feet in the air to get away from it.

What happened to Mary Fuller is that she made herself very popular. (For key, see page 129.)

"Miss Beautiful" is the name of the young lady who plays in "Her Love-Letters" (Thanouser), and she is too modest to give any other.

Help! Aid! Assistance! Cora Williams, the snake-charmer, has lost a large diamond. Harry Eytinge met with fowl play in the loss of a chicken which he had stolen from his car, George Lessey was arrested for speeding, and Augustus Phillips has at last had a hair-cut. Troubles never come singly at the Edison studio.

Marguerite Courtot, the sixteen-year-old Kalem star, has developed into an expert golfer. Whenever the opportunity offers. Miss Courtot, armed with her bag of clubs, can be seen on the golf-links near the Kalem studios in Jacksonville.

That was a dear little present that Stephen Smith (Western Vitagraph) received from a friend in Cairo—a hippopotamus. The sad part of it is that Brother Albert is now the owner of a walking-stick made from the hide of said hip.

Marin Sais (Kalem) is an expert with the fencing foils. In a tournament recently Miss Sais defeated seven ladies in succession.

Knowing Alice Joyce's fondness for hunting, one of the Kalem star's Alabama admirers presented her with a superbly engraved Winchester. Miss Joyce intends to use it in the Florida Everglades shortly.

Robert Thornby is now engaged in directing Keystone comedies, and the Vitagraph hoboes are now no more.

Earle Foxe (Mutual) owns and manages four picture theaters.

Balboa made another discovery recently—that Henry King and Ray Gallagher would look better in Balboa pictures than in Lubin ones; hence, so be it.

Jack Barrymore, Broadway matinée idol, said, after seeing the first film in which he had appeared: "The film determines an actor's ability, absolutely, conclusively. It is the surest test of an actor's qualities. Mental impressions can be conveyed to the screen more quickly than vocally. None can say the Motion Picture is a business—it is an art!" Mr. B. must have been pleased with his screen appearance.

As a fisherman, Harry Millarde, of the Kalem forces at Jacksonville, Fla., ranks supreme. Recently this disciple of Izaak Walton returned from a fishing trip laden with twenty-six pounds of the finny tribe. They were distributed to his fellow players.

Romaine Fielding is now a male parent—by substitution. He acted as godfather for the tiny son of Harvey Gates, associate editor of the *Universal Weekly*.

William Faversham has consented to do Julius Cæsar for the screen this spring.

GREENROOM JOTTINGS.

Alfred Vosburgh, formerly the Kay-Bee and Broncho star, is now starring with the Western Vitagraph.

Lillian Gish is with the Reliance Company.

Hobart Bosworth and company, including Myrtle Stedman, of the Selig Company, have just completed "Valley of the Moon" at Catalina Islands.

About 700 persons attended the Thanouser Fire Anniversary last month, which marked the opening of the new studio.

A mere trifle of 20,000 spectators witnessed Romaine Fielding stage the battle-scenes in "The Golden God."

Ben Wilson has put Corning, N. Y., on the map, and the steam-cars stop there now. He got born there, and has done other things since.

"Broadway Star Features" is the new brand to be given to those films that are considered great enough to be shown at the new Vitagraph Theater at Broadway and Forty-fourth Street.

Blanche Sweet and Mae Marsh are with the Mutual.

Jane Wolfe (Kalem) is as good an architect as she is an actress. Two bungalows erected by her have won enthusiastic comment from the leading architects of California. Both bungalows are in Glendale, Cal.

Mary Pickford, Vivian Prescott and Lillian Gish all worked together once as stage children, and this gives you the clew as to the ages of all, because you know that Little Mary is nineteen.

Ladies and gentlemen, we have with us this evening Edwin August (page 56), Jessalyn Van Trump and William Garwood (p. 71), Florence Lawrence (p. 35), Ormi Hawley (p. 79), Ralph Ince (p. 95), Marc MacDermott (p. 87), Francis Bushman (p. 27) and the Answer Man (p. 133).

Now that Francis Ford has done the ride of Paul Revere in "At Valley Forge," all that remains is "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight."

If stirring fights, sea and auto chases and the flights of aeroplanes count for anything, Carlyle Blackwell's "The Award of Justice" will be worth while.

Clara K. Young is back at work, having recovered from a two-weeks' attack of la grippe.

Lillian Wiggins, Pathé leading woman at St. Augustine, sails for Europe in March to play with the foreign Pathé Company.

Mary Pickford has just finished "Hearts Adrift," which was the first play she has done while with the Famous Players at Los Angeles.

And now they are saying that the Thanouser Company have the largest and best collection of child players on the screen, the Turner twins, from the musical comedy stage, being the latest.

John Bunny's fame everlasting is now assured. A Brazilian sculptor is making a plaster cast of his dainty bust.

Our great spring number (April) will contain a beautiful woodland scene in many colors, with Mary Fuller and Big Ben Wilson assisting to beautify the landscape.

Edwin August recently gave a reception to Little Mary Pickford and her mother at his home, Hollywood, Cal. Many studio celebrities were present to welcome her advent to the Coast.

The Eclair Company say they have a real gem in Belle Adair, their new leading woman, because she can ride, fence, swim, box, run like a man, look pretty, and drive her own car.

THE GREAT ARTIST CONTEST

NOW IS THE TIME TO VOTE FOR YOUR FAVORITE ARTIST IN THE MOST SUCCESSFUL CONTEST EVER CONDUCTED.

THE greatest enthusiasm prevails in the Great Artist Contest, and every mail brings in thousands of votes. The popularity contests of former years never awakened the interest that this one has. It is apparent that this is just what our readers wanted, for, after all, it is real artistic merit that should count, and not beauty, popularity, etc. In the regular theater, when an actor does clever work, we show our appreciation by applause; but in the Motion Picture theater we have no such means of showing our gratification and appreciation. We may applaud, but the actors cannot hear. This magazine is really the only vehicle that the Motion Picture public has to carry its applause to those who work so hard and so conscientiously to please. And not only can our readers thus praise their favorite artists, but they may help to bring them into prominence and recognition. To all those who have shown flashes of artistry in thankless parts, this contest will be helpful, for surely, out of the millions, many must have been keen enough to recognize real talent, and who are now willing to encourage it. And then, those well-known artists who head the list given below must be applauded and encouraged as well as the smaller stars. They like it, and they are entitled to it. So let us all take a lively interest in this contest, and work hard to keep our favorites on top.

On another page will be found full particulars of the contest. Send in your votes now—don't wait. Or, better still, get your friends to group their votes with yours and send them all in at once. Do this now, if you want the result to appear in the next issue, because this page goes to press on the 22d of February. Remember that coupons only will be counted. While we made a few exceptions in the beginning, and counted verses in lieu of coupons, hereafter only coupons will be counted.

Who is the greatest artist? And whom will you have to play opposite him or her in the great, prize photoplay? Does the result up to date, given below, suit you? If not, see that you and your friends do not let another week go by without trying to change the showing in the April number.

THE GREAT ARTISTS AND THEIR VOTES TO DATE

It will be seen that the winning team thus far is Williams and Pickford, with Kerrigan and Fuller second, and Johnson and Joyce third.

Earle Williams (<i>Vita</i>)	22,900	Florence LaBadie		William Shay (<i>Imp</i>)	1,170
J. Warren Kerrigan		(<i>Thanh</i>)	2,380	Rosemary Theby	
(<i>Universal</i>)	18,110	G. M. Anderson (<i>Ess</i>)	2,370	(<i>Lubin</i>)	1,150
Mary Pickford (<i>F. P.</i>)	17,610	Ethel Clayton (<i>Lubin</i>)	2,320	Guy Coombs (<i>Kalem</i>)	1,100
Mary Fuller (<i>Edison</i>)	15,485	Pearl White (<i>Crystal</i>)	2,120	Marc MacDermott	
Arthur Johnson (<i>Lub</i>)	13,860	Julia S. Gordon (<i>Vita</i>)	2,080	(<i>Edison</i>)	1,030
Alice Joyce (<i>Kalem</i>)	13,430	King Baggot (<i>Imp</i>)	1,980	Pearl Sindelar (<i>Pathé</i>)	990
Crane Wilbur (<i>Pathé</i>)	11,370	Augustus Phillips		Gertrude McCoy (<i>Ed</i>)	990
Carlyle Blackwell (<i>Kal</i>)	10,480	(<i>Edison</i>)	1,950	Phillips Smalley (<i>Red</i>)	920
Edith Storey (<i>Vita</i>)	10,010	Harry Myers (<i>Lubin</i>)	1,950	Mary Maurice (<i>Vita</i>)	920
Francis X. Bushman		Marguerite Snow		Florence Turner	840
(<i>Essanay</i>)	8,580	(<i>Thanh</i>)	1,800	Frederick Church	830
Clara K. Young (<i>Vita</i>)	7,910	Mabel Normand (<i>Key</i>)	1,790	Earle Metcalfe (<i>Lubin</i>)	760
Lottie Briscoe (<i>Lubin</i>)	6,470	E. K. Lincoln (<i>Vita</i>)	1,720	Claire McDowell (<i>Bio</i>)	740
Blanche Sweet (<i>Rel</i>)	5,760	Jessalyn Van Trump		Bessie Eyton (<i>Selig</i>)	720
Tom Moore (<i>Kalem</i>)	4,830	(<i>Majestic</i>)	1,530	Sidney Drew (<i>Vita</i>)	700
Maurice Costello (<i>Vit</i>)	4,330	Beverly Bayne (<i>Ess</i>)	1,460	Billie Rhodes (<i>Kalem</i>)	700
Romaine Fielding		Leah Baird (<i>Imp</i>)	1,450	Harry Benham (<i>Thanh</i>)	680
(<i>Lubin</i>)	3,925	Henry Walthall		William Russell (<i>Bio</i>)	660
Anita Stuart (<i>Vita</i>)	3,400	(<i>Reliance</i>)	1,420	John Bunny (<i>Vita</i>)	660
Vivian Rich (<i>Amer</i>)	3,130	Edwin August (<i>Powers</i>)	1,410	Wallace Reid (<i>Univ</i>)	600
Florence Lawrence		Leo Delaney (<i>Vita</i>)	1,410	Harry Carey (<i>Bio</i>)	600
(<i>Victor</i>)	3,040	Dorothy Kelly (<i>Vita</i>)	1,370	Walter Miller (<i>Bio</i>)	580
Pauline Bush (<i>Univ</i>)	2,970	Benjamin Wilson (<i>Ed</i>)	1,360	Marguerite Courtot	
James Cruze (<i>Thanh</i>)	2,800	Anna Q. Nilsson (<i>Kal</i>)	1,350	(<i>Kalem</i>)	540
Norma Talmadge (<i>Vit</i>)	2,690	Ruth Roland (<i>Kalem</i>)	1,270	James Morrison (<i>Vita</i>)	535
Lillian Walker (<i>Vita</i>)	2,530	Jack Richardson (<i>Am</i>)	1,250	Helen Gardner	530
Owen Moore (<i>Mutual</i>)	2,520	Iring Cummings		Muriel Ostriche	
Ormi Hawley (<i>Lubin</i>)	2,510	(<i>Pathé</i>)	1,180	(<i>Princess</i>)	490



RICHARDSON



WM. HUMPHREYS



LEAH BAIRD



EARLE WILLIAMS



BARBARA TENNANT



CRUZE



MACE



BAGGOT



BUNNY



TRAVERS



VIGNOLA



FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN



BLACKWELL

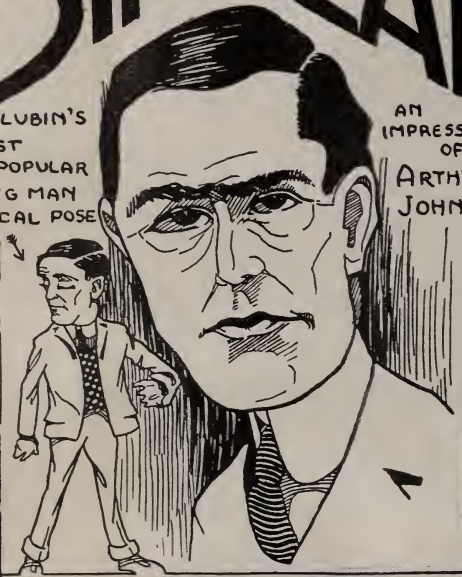
LUBIN LEADERS

LUBIN'S MOST POPULAR LEADING MAN IN A TYPICAL POSE

AN IMPRESSION OF ARTHUR JOHNSON



HOWARD MITCHELL



LOTTIE BRISCOE



THE LEADING LADY WITH ARTHUR JOHNSON

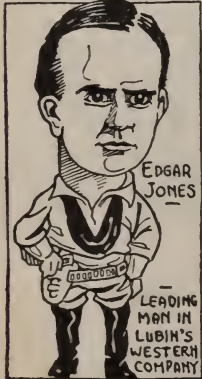


TWO POPULAR STARS - ROMAINE FIELDING - ETHEL CLAYTON

A TYPICAL LUBIN DRAMA IN SILHOUETTE-CHARACTERS, LOTTIE BRISCOE-ARTHUR JOHNSON-H. MITCHELL



HIS OLD SWEETHEART BEGS THE OFFICER TO RELEASE THE CONSCIENCE-STRIKEN PICKPOCKET



EDGAR JONES

LEADING MAN IN LUBIN'S WESTERN COMPANY



ARTHUR JOHNSON and HOWARD MITCHELL

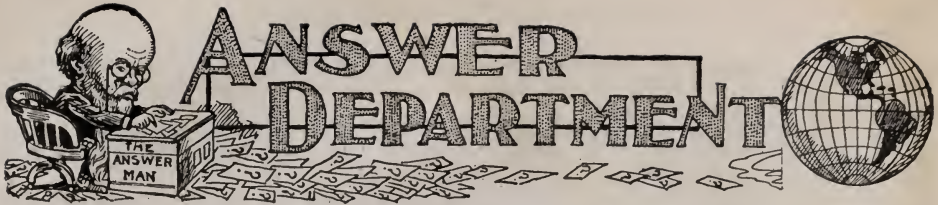
JOHNSON IS AT HIS BEST IN A ROLE IN WHICH HE DEPICTS A DENIZON OF THE UNDERWORLD

HOLMES



ORMI HAWLEY

LEADING LADY



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire early answers by mail, or a list of the names and addresses of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer, but these will not be printed. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

REGINALD H. C.—William Brunton was Billy, Helen Holmes was Ruth, and Lee Maloney was Rand in "The Runaway Freight." You certainly must have enjoyed that Venice picture, when you "imagined that you were sailing in a gondola on the Grand Canal, drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before." You must have been thirsty.

TONY.—Romaine Fielding had the lead in "The Harmless One" (Lubin). E. K. Lincoln and Anita Stuart in "The Lost Millionaire" (Vitagraph). Clara K. Young in "The Little Minister." Lillian Wiggins and George Gebhardt in "The Sheriff's Reward."

GEORGE H.—Blanche Sweet had the lead in "Two Men of the Desert" (Biograph). So you want a contest for the handsomest couple, and you nominate Alice Joyce and Earle Williams. Dont forget Anna Nilsson and Crane Wilbur, nor Rosemary Theby and Francis Bushman, nor Marguerite Clayton and Frederick Church.

NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—John Ince was Jackson in "The Man in the Hamper" (Lubin). Velma Whitman was the girl in "Magic Melody" (Lubin).

ALTA P.—Julia Swayne Gordon opposite Dacius in "Daniel" (Vitagraph). Warren Kerrigan and Jessalyn Van Trump in that Victor. Alice Joyce was the girl in "Our New Minister." They dont want Miss Joyce's address to be known.

EDITH B.—Charles Wells was Julian Driver in "The Monogramed Cigaret" (Jeux). Tom Mix in that Selig.

MARY L. S.—Caroline Cook in "In the Days of Trajan" (American). Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber in that Rex. Always respect old age, my child, and dont imagine that because I am old I haven't a heart. If love is a flame that is kindled by fire, then an old stick is best because 'tis drier. (Stand a little back, reader; these things are apt to happen any minute.)

IDA M., NEW ZEALANDER.—Robert Thornby was the lead in "The Legend of the Black Chasm" (Vitagraph). Thanks for your nice letter.

DOE, DOE.—Have not noticed that the Selig and Essanay feet are any larger than those of other companies, altho it is understood that Chicago shoe-dealers do a BIG business. Nothing like having a firm foundation to work on. Be patient.

ADELE.—Florence Foley was the little girl in "The Diver" (Vitagraph). Madame Ideal was the diver. The player you mention is still paddling his own canoe, and there seem to be no signs of his upsetting into the sea of matrimony.

BEE E.—Ethel Phillips was the stenographer in "The Attorney for the Defense" (Kalem). Raymond Bloomer, Arthur Donaldson, Alice Hollister and Richard Bartlett were the four principal characters in "The Bribe" (Kalem). Atahna La Reno was the child in "Dorothy's Adoption" (Selig). Francis Newburg was the lover, and Ethel Davis was Nan in "Nan of the Woods" (Selig).

SMILES.—Evelyn Selbie was the lead in "Their Promise" (Essanay). Biograph are in New York, but they have a company in California.



GETTING THE HOOK.

P. M. P. C. C.—Violet Mersereau, Jane Gail and Matt Moore in "The Big Sister" (Imp). O. A. C. Lund in "From the Beyond" (Eclair). About ten out of every eleven people live north of the equator.

H. C. F.—Marguerite Loveridge is with Apollo. Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton had the leads in "A Deal in Oil" (Lubin). Marguerite Clayton had the lead in that Essanay. Louise Glaum in "The Heart of Kathleen" (Domino).

ANNA J.—Darwin Karr was the husband, and Marian Swayne was the wife in "The Climax" (Solax). Miss Jewett was the wife in "Red and Pete, Partners."

L. B. H., POTTERVILLE.—Adrienne Kroell was the sister and Tom Carrigan the brother in "The Conscience Fund" (Selig). Carlyle Blackwell is in California.

SAMUEL K. W. N.—Mr. Prince in that Pathé. Lottie Briscoe was Laura in "A Leader of Men" (Lubin). Alice Hollister was the crippled girl in "The Blind Basket-Weaver" (Kalem). Thanks.

JANE, KELSO.—James B. Ross was the detective in "The Detective's Trap" (Kalem). Ray Gallagher was Tom, and Dolly Larkin was Laura in "Black Beauty" (Lubin). Well, they say that a miss is as good as her smile, so Lillian Walker ought to be pretty good. Harry Lambert was Willie Jones in "The Line-Up" (Vitagraph).

DUCKEY B.—Oh, I am far from being a cowboy. Max Asher and Harry McCoy are Mike and Ike in Joker films. You are away off.

POLY'S PRIDE.—Warren Kerrigan's picture may be seen in American plays yet, but he is now with Universal. Jessalyn Van Trump appears to be playing opposite him now.

MIRIAM, 18.—Thank you very much for the pictures of your room. Owen Moore was Jack in "Caprice" (Famous Players). William Bailey has been with Essanay about three years. Yes, my whiskers are very popular, and they deserve it.

JEAN, 15.—Dont write any photoplays for the Answer Man. I do all my acting in the office. Charles West was the son in that Biograph. No more Biograph chats.

TRAVERSE C.—Leo Maloney and Helen Holmes had the leads in "A Demand for Justice" (Kalem). Mary Pickford is playing for Famous Players now.

SIS HOPKINS.—Dont you call me an old duffer; have some regard for the high cost of funerals these days. So you dont like Messrs. Blackwell and Wilbur and are willing to break a lance for Ray Myers. I am not Peter Wade.

LOTTIE D. T.—Mlle. David and M. Joute had the leads in "A Modern Portia" (Pathé). E. H. Calvert and Irene Warfield had the leads in "The Great Game" (Essanay). Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan in "The House of Discord" (Biograph). Sally Crute and Bliss Milford were the two ladies in "The Price of Human Lives" (Edison). John Ince, Robert Drouet and Peggy O'Neill in "The Battle of Shiloh" (Lubin). Henry Hallam was Uncle Tom, and Annia Nilsson was Eliza in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Kalem). Your others will follow later.

MRS. U. G. N.—Warren Kerrigan is now with Victor, a branch of the Universal.

WALTER C.—Haven't the name of the lawyer in "Lawyer, Dog and Baby" (Than-houser). That's the same William Clifford that played for Méliès. So you think they ought to call that bridge Clifford's Bridge.

VIRGINIA.—Camille Astor was the girl in "The Rancher's Failing" (Selig). The Kalem company took pictures in Virginia. You mustn't let your pen run loose that way; consider the high cost of ink and paper.

SEMINOLE.—Sally Crute was Betty in "The Price of Human Lives" (Edison). Henry Hallam was Uncle Tom. Blanche Sweet is now with Reliance. I enjoyed your letter like I would a plum-pudding full of plums.

MANY CORRESPONDENTS.—My grateful thanks for numerous cards, verses and presents received. Please let this meager acknowledgment suffice, and believe me when I say that I am truly thankful and appreciative.

LLOYD.—Muriel Ostriche was the daughter in "A Campaign Manageress" (Than-houser). Norma Talmadge is quite popular.

PEGGY ANN.—Edward Coxen was Bob in "The Flirt and the Bandit" (American). Yours was simple and simply fine.

NELLIE D. V.—Certainly I expect to live to be 100—I have read "One Hundred Helps to Live One Hundred Years," by Mr. Brewster. Years count for nothing; it is how a person lives and how he feels. I feel like a two-year-old. Marguerite Clayton has not left Essanay, and does not intend to.



MARIE LOUISE.—Alice Inwood was the girl in "The Heart of a Rose" (Reliance). Billie Rhodes was the girl in "The Perils of the Sea" (Kalem). Owen Moore and Mary Pickford in that play.

DORA G., ETNA.—Thanks, but you needn't feel sorry for me, for I like reading all these letters and sorting the sheep from the goats. You say that my "Answers are the nicest part of the best magazine published—really delightful," and I have therefore decided to put you among the dear little lambs. Address Mary Pickford at Los Angeles, Cal., care of Famous Players Co., and I guess she will get it.

LOTTIE D. T.—Martin J. Faust was the husband in "The Scarf-pin" (Lubin). Charles Hitchcock was the peddler in "Three Scraps of Paper" (Essanay). Fred Church was the wild man in "Alkali Ike and the Wild Man" (Essanay). James Ross and Miriam Cooper in "The End of the Run" (Kalem). In "The Next Generation" (Vitagraph) Edith Storey and Leo Delaney had the leads. James Cruze and Mignon Anderson in "A Plot Against the Governor" (Thanouser). Fred Mace and Marguerite Loveridge in "The Umpire."

CLARENCE B., LISBON.—Cannot answer your Broncho or Kay-Bee questions. Anna Little was leading lady in "The Battle of Gettysburg." Joe King was Jim. Dave Thompson and Gerda Holmes in "The Twins and the Other Girl" (Thanouser). Jean Darnell was the little girl's mother. William Nigh was Paul Devere in "The Mix-up of Pedigrees" (Majestic). George Field is still with American.

ROSE E.—Josie Ashdown was the little girl in "The House in the Tree" (Majestic). William Garwood and Vera Sisson had the leads. Maurice Costello and Mary Charleston had the leads in "The Sale of a Heart" (Vitagraph). Sidney Drew and Anita Stuart in "Why I Am Here" (Vitagraph). Billy Mason and Ruth Hennessy in "The Usual Way" (Essanay). Harry Northrup was the lawyer in "The Whimsical Threads of Destiny." King Baggot and Leah Baird in "The Child-Stealers of Paris."

ENTHUSIAST.—Vera Sisson was the girl in "Always Together" (Majestic). That scene was enough to make each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine, but "thrillers" are having quite a run just now.

LOTTIE D. T., GOLDFIELD.—What, again? Darwin Karr and Marian Swayne in "A Child's Intuition" (Solax). Eugene Pallett was Jack in "The Bravest Man" (Majestic). Francelia Billington was May, and Howard Davies was the father in "The Bravest Man." Mary Fuller and Benjamin Wilson in that Edison. Miss Tobin was Eva in that old "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Vitagraph). Yes; Kalem's "U. T. C." is a newer play. Francis Bushman was the lover in "Tony the Fiddler" (Essanay).

PEGGY O. N.—Matt Moore is now with Victor, playing opposite Florence Lawrence. Earle Foxe formerly played opposite her.

ROMAINE.—Muriel Ostriche was the girl in "The Campaign Manageress." Of course she's a dream; they all are. My noble friend, there is no accounting for tastes.

PIERRE T.—Larmer Johnstone was the lead in "The Mighty Hunter" (Majestic). Crane Wilbur in "The Miner's Destiny" (Pathé). Richard Stanton had the lead in "The Seal of Silence" (Kay-Bee). Mae Hotely and George Reehm in "Surprise for Four" (Lubin). Dolly Larkin and Henry King in "The Message of the Rose" (Lubin).

MELVA.—It doesn't matter how often you send in your questions. F. Bozage was the partner in "A Woman's Stratagem" (Rex). Margarita Fischer was the girl and Robert Leonard her sweetheart. John Burton was John. Your curiosity is marvelous, but I can't satisfy it. Curiosity is to blame for lots of improvements in this world, and for lots of sin, too.

MERTIE.—Francelia Billington was Mary in "The Bravest Man" (Majestic). Baby Lillian Wade was the little girl in "Only Five Years Old" (Selig).

I. X. N. X.—Muriel Ostriche was the daughter in that Thanouser. Haven't the name of the sheriff. I am poor, but I might have been worse had my estate been better.

HELEN T. S.—That will do. *Sufficit*. No scandals, please. Can't tell you whether that was a real store or not—haven't seen the play.

VERA C. S.—Edward Clisbee was Dick in "Chinese Death-Thorn" (Kalem).

OSCAR L.—Yes, I have noticed that all the letters that appear on the screen for one company are in the same handwriting. Thanks very much.

ROSE L., MANISTEE.—Wallace Reid was the cowboy in "Pride of Lonesome."



BESSIE L. W.—We have not used Selig plays and players for some time. John Brennan is considered one of the leading comedians on the screen. His smile is never forced, and he appears to be always happy. Wonder how he would look if he was hungry and out of a job.

MISS N. N.—Alice Hollister, Harry Millarde and Marguerite Courtot in "The Vampire" (Kalem). You want a law against women players wearing birds on their hats? Well, there is beauty in live birds, but it is not beautiful to carry around on one's hat a murdered song.

WALTER C.—Broncho did not answer. Some companies have scenario writers who write 'most all the plays they produce. Others have regular contributors. All, however, buy from outsiders occasionally.

MARY, N. Y. C.—Alan Hale was the artist, Irene Howley his wife, Miss Hartigan the other woman in "His Inspiration" (Biograph). Velma Whitman and Dolly Larkin were the girls in "When He Sees" (Lubin). William Stowell in "With Eyes so Blue and Tender" (Selig). D. Morris was the father in "Pa Says" (Biograph).

H. W., U. S. N.—I didn't see that Edison, but it was taken out West. The horses were hired for the occasion. Dont know how many people played in it. Dont know where "Foolshead" is now. Your letter is very bright.

MURIEL S.—Jennie Macpherson had the lead in "Surrender" (Powers). The reason that many pairs of lips look as if they had been immersed in an inkwell is because their owners have not learnt that red takes black in photography.

EDYTHE, 21.—George Cooper was Steven in "The White Feather" (Vitagraph). Henry King was the mate and Velma Whitman the girl in "The Mate of the Schooner Sadie" (Lubin). Yes; Ethel Clayton. Earle Metcalfe was Frank, Ethel Clayton the daughter in "Partners in Crime" (Lubin). Louise Huff was the girl, John Hallaway was Dan, and Edgar Jones was Tom in "An Enemy's Aid" (Lubin).

W. A. M.—Sorry you have cause to complain. Jack Pickford is Mary Pickford's brother. He was with Kalem.

GENEVA T., LIMA.—Violet Mersereau was the girl in "The Stranger." Cleo Ridgely in that Rex. Elsie Albert in "The Sleeping Beauty" (Warner's). Yes, that salary seems large, but remember that alimony adds largely to the high cost of living.

LOTTIE D. T.—Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber in "The Jew's Christmas" (Rex). Maurice Costello and Josie Sadler in "Matrimonial Manœuvres" (Vitagraph). Edgar Jones and Clara Williams in "Over the Divide."

REBECCA H.—Arthur Ashley was the life-guard in "The Life-Saver" (Vitagraph). It's never to late to spend, as Wallie Van found out.



"WHERE ARE YOU GOING, MY PRETTY MAID?"
 "I'M GOING TO THE MOVIES, SIR," SHE SAID.

H. C. FILES.—Thanks very much for the clippings, but you know I get all the trade papers also. William Brunton and Helen Holmes in that Kalem. Tom Mix and Florence Dye in "Child of the Prairies" (Selig). Hugh Mosher and Clyde Morris had the leads in "Two Sacks of Potatoes" (Selig).

AGNES L.—Mildred Manning was the wife in "A Chance Deception" (Biograph). E. K. Lincoln was R. Trent in "The Prince of Evil" (Vitagraph).

POLLY ANN.—Thanhouser is Mutual. No cast for "Back to Life." Thomas Santschi was Harvey in "The Quality of Mercy" (Selig). The Vitagraph-Liebler Co. is a distinct and separate company. They will film the famous Liebler stage plays and exhibit them at the regular theaters thruout the country.

MARIE, OF CHICAGO.—Sorry, but I have no cast for that Thanhouser. They are a little slow at answering since they have that new restaurant. Gene Gauntier is in New York. No; Biograph. They are married. Many a man has aimed at a chorus-girl and hit a star. Yes, I believe I am the largest specimen of Answer Man in captivity.

SNOOKIE OOKUMS.—Norma Talmadge was the girl in "The Blue Rose" (Vitagraph). Yes; Tom Moore. Dont think "School Days" has been done as yet. Madame Davis in that Pathé. I liked your letter.

HELEN L. R.—Edward Clisbee was Strong Arm, and Billie Rhodes was Lightfoot in "The Cave Man's War" (Kalem). Yes; Fred Mace in "The Gangster." Haven't the name of the fat fellow. Mildred Weston is no longer with Essanay. You show excellent judgment and discriminating power.

BILLIE, OF ILL.—Robert Burns was Ben in "Her Present" (Lubin). When all your questions do not appear, you will know that they have already been answered or that they are not according to Hoyle.

BETTY BELL.—Glad you liked the interview with Miss Hackett. Shall tell the editor about a picture of James Young.

MILDRED L., BRONX.—That was Darwin Karr, formerly of the Solax. He is still with Vitagraph. Marshall Neilan is playing opposite Irene Boyle.

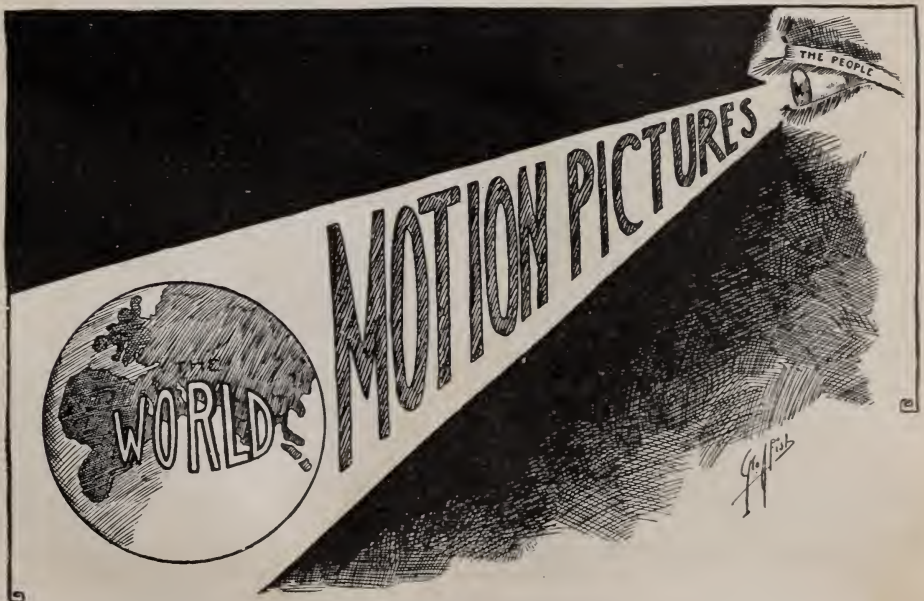
VIOLET-LOVER.—It would have taken many more reels to produce that novel in complete form; that is why they changed it. Letters like yours make life worth living.

GRACE E. H.—Thanks for your kind letter. I am sorry you are deaf, but you have one advantage in that you dont have to listen to the talking around you at the theater.

LOTTIE D. T.—Dolores Cassinelli is with Selig now. Francis Bushman and Dolores Cassinelli in "The Laurel-Wreath of Fame" (Essanay).

ELFRIEDA.—Henry King and Irene Hunt had the leads in "A False Friend" (Lubin). I will not express my opinions on censorship while the debate is on, but I guess you know how I stand, and I dont think Canon Chase will change me.

RUTH S.—Yes to your first. Again yes. Marion Leonard and Arthur Johnson in Biograph, some time ago. Tom Moore and Alice Hollister in "A Primitive Man." Mary Pickford and Edwin August in "A Beast at Bay." Yes; Florence Foley.



THE ALL-PERVADING LIGHT

MIRIAM, 18.—Dave Wall was Tom, House Peters was Obermuller in "The Bishop's Carriage." We expect to chat William Bailey soon. Your letter was *par excellence*.

ROSE E. MONTGOMERY.—Thanhouser Kidlet was the Baby in "Baby Joy Ride" (Thanhouser). Edward Coxen was the old man in "The Trail of the Lost Chord" (American). A. Moreno had the lead in "No Place for Father" (Biograph). William Clifford and Phyllis Gordon in "The Prairie Trail" (Bison). Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley in "A Face from the Past" (Rex). Anna Laughlin and Harry Springler had the leads in "Bracelet" (Reliance).

EDNA K. M.—That was an actual sunken ship in that Kalem. Grace Henderson was Mrs. Ramsay in "In the Bishop's Carriage." You refer to Fred Mace and Mack Sennet. Margaret Joslyn in the Essanay. That woman must have been talking thru her bonnet, as Shakespeare would say.

HELEN D. M.—Earle Williams does not seem to be such an impassioned player as Crane Wilbur, but he seems to be able to rise to the occasion when necessary. Albert Macklin was Bob in "Mother-Love" (Lubin).

KERRIGAN ADMIRER.—Robert Grey was Mr. Spencer in "Thru a Neighbor's Window" (American). Winnifred Greenwood was the girl. But why send that yell to me? What do I want of yells? Think I belong to some Indian tribe? I am kept constantly hoarse trying them. Our covers are printed in three colors.

C. B. R., BUFFALO.—Harry Myers was Harry, Charles Arthur was Charles, and Ethel Clayton was Ethel in "The Last Rose of Summer" (Lubin). Harry Myers was the doctor, and Ethel Clayton was the girl in "His Children." That was Richard Travers and Jack Standing in that Lubin.

VESTA.—Mary Ryan was the wife in "The Clod" (Lubin). Dont remember Tom Carrigan and Mabel Trunnelle playing together. Lester Cuneo and Florence Dye in "The Silver Grindstone." Mrs. William Bechtel was the wife in "The Doctor's Duty."

KITTY V. B.—Let me know when. Helen Holmes had the lead in "The Runaway Freight" (Kalem). Lee Maloney was Tom, and William Brunton was Bill. Grace Cunard in that Bison. Billie Rhodes in "Perils of the Sea" (Kalem).

PITY SAKES.—Francis Carlyle was the father, and Muriel Turner was the daughter in "Profits of the Business" (Lubin). I believe there were something like 16,000 answers to the Telegram Puzzle received.

HILDA M.—So you think Claire McDowell earns her money. Yes, a beautiful player, if not beautiful. How can I tell whether your favorite will win in the Great Artist Contest? It is up to you and his other admirers.

SUNSHINE GIRL.—Dolly Larkin and Henry King in "His Last Deal" (Lubin). Florence LaBadie and Harry Benham in "Beauty in the Sea-Shell" (Thanhouser).

ELIZABETH T.—Marie Hall was the wife in "His Hour of Triumph" (Imp). Adelaide Lawrence was the child in that Kalem. Certainly I eat fish—all brainy men do.

MARIE, OF CHICAGO.—Lamar Johnstone is the correct spelling. No, I dont mind being called "Granddaddy-long-legs." Go as far as you like. I have about 999 names now. Some call me "Old Rip," and I like that as well as any.

ANNA S.—Harold Lockwood was the leading man in "The Bridge of Shadows" (Selig). Our Gallery goes to press first, and these Answers last. But Greenroom Jottings are *written* last—about the 22d.

ROSE E.—Margarita Fischer in "Boob's Dream-Girl" (Rex). She is now with American. Jessalyn Van Trump and Warren Kerrigan in "Back to Life."

GERTRUDE W.—Bessie Eyton was the leading woman in "Hope" (Selig). No, those marks on Bunny's face are not beauty-spots, and Wallie Van has a large head, and it has something in it.

MARION H.—Lionel Adams and Maidel Turner in "The Two Cowards" (Lubin). Madame Ideal was the diver. Romaine Fielding was the Harmless One.

SWEET BLACKWELL.—Kempton Green in that Lubin. Alice Joyce in that Kalem. Courtenay Foote was Daniel in "Daniel" (Vitagraph). Julia S. Gordon opposite him. "The Treasure of Lonely Isle" (Vitagraph) was taken on Fire Island and in the Great South Bay, L. I.



Country Justice of the Peace.—What's the charge agin this man, officer?

Village Constable.—He refused to give his wife ten cents to see th' Moving Pitcher show. I had to beat him up before I could arrest him.

Justice.—Ten months in th' callyboose!

D. CASTLE, IND.—Yes, that was the original Mrs. Fiske. Expect a chat with Mabel Normand in time. Write Keystone. David Wall was the thief in that Famous Players.

FLOSSIE, OF BROOKLYN.—Dont know Wilfred Lucas' present whereabouts. That was Evelyn Selbie. Guy Coombs in "The Land Swindle." Henry Walthall will be interviewed, now that he is with Reliance.

M. A. D.—That was Sidney Olcott. By the way, he has started the Sid Olcott International Co., but he still has an interest in the Gene Gauntier Co. You probably refer to Edwin Carewe. No, I did not see that Pathé, so cant tell you the name. Sorry.

DOROTHY B.—William Stowell was Phillip in "The Pendulum of Fate" (Selig). Lillian Gish in that Biograph. I fear there's not much hope for you, but you can try. All's fair in love—unless it be a brunette.

DITE MOIS.—No; Mrs. Maurice Costello has not been chatted as yet. Crane Wilbur was chatted in November, 1912. Several companies have taken pictures in Canada.

KIRTY C.—Owen Moore opposite Mary Pickford in "Caprice" (Famous Players). Whispering should not be allowed, because it disturbs people, but it is far better than talking. The signs should read "Whispering Not Aloud."

LOUISE, 19.—Augustus Phillips was John in "A Face from the Past" (Edison). Earle Foxe was "Spender" in that Victor. Matt Moore is now playing opposite Florence Lawrence. Owen Moore is now with Mutual.

RUTH, 16.—Guy D'Ennery was opposite Ormi Hawley in "Literature and Love" (Lubin). Lillian Wiggins and Joseph Gebhardt were leads in "The Blind Gypsy."

CINCINNATI JOE.—Grace Lewis and Gus Pixley in the "Cure" (Biograph).

GERTIE.—Yes, I mailed your letter. A greenroom is a room near the stage to which the players retire during the interval of their parts in the play.

SKIP.—William Stowell in "The Water-Rat" (Selig). The latest report is that Robert Thornby is now with Keystone.

M. E. C.—Billie West was Barnette in "The King's Man" (Vitagraph). Biograph are willing to let you know who's who, but that is about all. They dont want their players chatted. Blanche Sweet is no longer with them.

MOLLY McM.—Dont remember him in Moving Pictures. Henry King in "His Last Crooked Deal" (Lubin). I liked your letter. A little long, tho.

THEA A. S. B.—Herbert Barry was the captain in "Roughing the Cub" (Vitagraph). Harry Lambert was the valet in "His Silver Bachelorhood" (Vitagraph). Write to Kalem Co. Yours was bright and breezy and made me feel better.

OURIDA.—Mabel Normand and Mack Sennett were the leads in "Barney Oldfield's Race for Life." Charles Bartlett and Paul Machette in "Trail of the Lonesome Mine."

KATHERINE S.—Georgia Maurice was the wife in "The Joys of a Jealous Wife" (Vitagraph). Marguerite Courtot in that Kalem. Harry Millarde in "The Vampire."

EDNA, 16.—Harry Todd was the father in "Broncho Billy Gets Square" (Essanay). That letter of yours was like a home run with three on bases.

ENTHUSIASTIC.—Maidel Turner in "Angel of the Slums" (Lubin). Henry King was the hero in "Medal of Honor" (Lubin). Glad to hear you say "Every day my pupils learn something from Moving Pictures." They will soon be as wise as you.

CLAIRE N.—Ernestine Morley was the girl in "Retribution" (Lubin). Why dont you write to the player? I try hard not to pun, for it is the "lowest form of wit." If I made a pun, a pun my word, I did not mean to. *Lapsus lingue!*

ROSE E.—This is the third time today. William Welsh was the artist and Matt Moore the photographer; Jane Gail was Vera in "Who Killed Olga Carew?" (Imp). William Worthington and Warren Kerrigan in "Forgotten Women" (Victor). William Clifford and Phyllis Gordon in "The Raid of Human Tigers" (Bison). Have a care, my friend; my patience is not without its limitations.

MILDRED AND MEREDITH.—Pathé wont tell. Roy Clarke was Freckles in "The Probationer" (Selig). Helen Holmes was the girl in "The Substitute Engineer" (Kalem). Robert Drouet and Ida Darling had the leads in "Dregs" (Lubin).

AMY E. L.—Haven't heard of Frances Pierce playing in pictures as yet. Henry King in "Schooner Sadie" (Lubin).

JULIA M.—Carlyle Blackwell and Billie Rhodes in "Perils of the Sea." Thanks.



"For what we are about to receive
may we be truly thankful"

FRANK N.—George Larkin opposite Ruth Roland in "The Speed Limit" (Kalem). Earle Metcalfe was the rival in "A Sleepy Romance" (Lubin). Marie Walcamp was the girl in "The Girl and the Tiger" (Bison).

CORNELL.—Louise Huff and Kempton Green in "Her Sick Father" (Lubin). Crane Wilbur in "The Mad Sculptor" (Pathé).

ESTER VAN.—Louise Huff and Edgar Jones in "A Waif of the Desert" (Lubin). I know that several players show their "mash" letters around and laugh at them. This should make you pause before you write another love-letter.

REBA T., MT. HOLLY.—Vitagraph and Biograph are two distinct companies. They are both Licensed. Tom Carrigan in "The Fifth String" (Selig). Augustus Phillips was John in "In the Garden" (Edison). Pauline Bush and Jessalyn Van Trump in "The Restless Spirit" (Victor).

CHICAGO KATHERINE.—Frankie Mann in "The Double Chase" (Lubin). James Cooley in that Biograph. Barry O'Moore was Dick in "A Hornets' Nest" (Edison).

RITA, PEEKSKILL.—Ormi Hawley was Nan in "Out of the Flood" (Lubin). How-do-you-do! Just praise goes a long ways. Send him appreciations rather than presents.

LOBBY.—Your penmanship is exquisite. Lillian Orth was the blonde girl in "An Evening with Wilder Spender." Dorothy Mortimer was Dorothy in "Caught Bluffing."

GOLDIE, 14.—Why dont you please arrange your questions in order? Arthur Johnson and Florence Hackett in "The Sea Eternal" (Lubin). Edwin Carewe was the husband, Ormi Hawley the wife and Ernestine Morley the other woman in "His Chorus-Girl Wife" (Lubin). Pauline Bush was the wife, Jessalyn Van Trump the girl and William Worthington the stranger in "The Restless Spirit" (Victor). Courtenay Foote was the sculptor in "The Wonderful Statue" (Vitagraph).

LEONA E. C.—We have never published a picture of Harold Lockwood (Nestor).

INQUISITIVE HELEN.—Helen and Dolores Costello's pictures appeared in January, 1913. Doris Hollister was Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Kalem). Mr. Fernandez was the lover in that Pathé. Marguerite Risser was the girl.

LOTTIE D. T.—Lloyd Ingraham was the father in "Broncho Billy Left Bear County" (Essanay). Ray Myers and Eugenie Forde in "Sheridan's Ride" (Bison). You cant expect Kate Price to be as good at a 100-yard dash as Flora Finch. "The more waist, the less speed." Most of the Vitagraph players appear very well fed.



The man with the hair on his lip
 Sure gave this old traveler a tip,
 As they stood in the rain by the side of the train,
 For he said to the guy with the grip:
 "Why go to a far-away clime,
 Amid soot and cinders and grime?
 For the scenery out there you can view from a chair,
 At the Movies, for only a dime."

W. G. R., NEW ZEALAND.—Mary Fuller is playing right along. The Vitagraph players did not stop at New Zealand on their trip. Georgia Maurice.

KITTY C.—Doris Hollister, Eva; Miriam Cooper, Topsy, and Henry Hallam was Uncle Tom in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Kalem). Marshall Neilan opposite Blanche Sweet in "The House of Discord" (Biograph). Your letter made me think of a stray sun-beam gliding thru my frosted window. (A little slow music here, professor.)

RAE L.—"Caprice" was taken at Red Bank, N. J. James Cruze and Florence LaBadie in "Retribution" (Thanouser). No, Vyrnya is not Flossie in disguise. Your poem was very fine. You missed your calling; you should have been a poet.

W. P. K., FALMOUTH, MASS.—James Vincent and Marguerite Courtot, Tom Moore and Alice Hollister, Harry Millarde and Anna Nilsson were the three generations in "The Fatal Legacy" (Kalem). Gwendoline Pates and Charles Arling. Betty Gray and Roland Gane in "The Gate She Left Open" (Pathé).

WILLIAM S. A.—Carlyle Blackwell and Billie Rhodes in "The Man Who Vanished" (Kalem). Pathé wont tell about "The Yellow Streak." Edwin Carewe and Ormi Hawley in "Winning His Wife" (Lubin). Your questions were in perfect form. Thanks.

MAORILANDER.—Carlyle Blackwell was the organ-grinder in "The Organ-Grinder" (Kalem). Edward Coxen opposite Ruth Roland in "The Schoolmistress of Stone Gulch" (Kalem). Zena Keefe was Maria, and Adele De Garde was Rosa in "The Mills of the Gods" (Vitagraph).

OLIN D.—Louise Huff was the girl in "Her Supreme Sacrifice" (Pyramid), but I haven't the girl in "A Girl Worth While."

EDYTHE H.—Mary Fuller was Eliza in that Vitagraph "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Thanks for the information. The artist who drew the picture below is only 16.

K. K. C.—William MacDonald was the young sweetheart in "Like Joan and Darby" (Universal). Bessie Eytton in that Selig. Billie Rhodes in the Kalem. Anita Stuart was the girl in "The Lost Millionaire" (Vitagraph). Margaret Risser in "Too Many Tenants" (Patheplay). Dolly Larkin was the wife in "The Locked Room" (Lubin).



"WELL! WELL! THAT PRETTY LADY READS IT, TOO!"

CANUCK, MONTREAL.—Dolly Larkin in "Black Beauty" (Lubin). Ray Gallagher was the sheriff. Barbara Tennant has not been chatted yet. No, my child, "The Wreck" was not a trick picture, by any means. That was a real smash.

E. L. L. has come to my defense by telling me that "those kind" is a perfectly good expression—"Modern English," by George Phillips Krapp, Ph.D. I want to thank you. Alice Hollister and Miriam Cooper are not the same person.

W. T. H.—I actually look forward to your *Henderson's Monthly*, and I appreciate your many compliments. I agree with you about the pests who beat a tattoo on the seats to keep time with the music, and about those thoughtless ones who enter or exit during reels. Wish I could print all of your witty letter.

KITTY C.—Mr. Prince was Whiffles in "Whiffles Decides to be Boss" (Pathé). Nolan Gane was the son. Ethel Phillips the girl and Anna Nilsson the teacher in "The Breath of Scandal" (Kalem). Harold Lockwood in "The Bridge of Shadows" (Selig). Mabel Van Buren opposite him. Robert Burns was John, Julia Calhoun was the wife and the Ne Moyer sisters the daughters in "This Isn't John" (Lubin).

EDITH AND EARLE.—Francella Billington was the leading woman in "The Pajama Parade." Glad you like our covers. So you want Edith Storey's picture on cover next.

ANNA Q.—Bessie Eyton in that Selig. Richard Travers was Gustave in "The Lost Chord" (Essanay). Edna Payne was the girl in "The Silent Signal" (Lubin).

LENORE.—Thanouser Kid in "The Little Shut-In" (Thanouser). Pearl Sindelar was the wealthy mother in "The Two Mothers" (Pathé). Yes, it is getting very tiresome in this advanced day to see the players walk down toward the camera to talk or to read a letter. It results from ignorant direction.

E. C., WASH.—Miss Pardee was the leading woman in "Troublesome Mole" (Biograph). Thomas Carrigan was leading man in "The Price of the Free" (Selig). Charles Clary in "The Toils of Deception" (Selig).

LILLIAN H.—Lionel Adams and Maidel Turner were Mr. and Mrs. Wisner in "Mother-Love" (Lubin). Dolly Larkin and Henry King in "When the Clock Stopped" (Lubin). Yes, that was Harry Myers' own car. James Cooley in that Biograph. Ethel Clayton remains with Lubin.

KERRIGAN CLUB.—Tom Carrigan in that Selig. Harold Larkin was Jack in "And the Watch Came Back" (Kalem). Harry Millarde in "The Fatal Legacy." Robert Drouet was Tom, and John Ince was Frank in "The Battle of Shiloh" (Lubin).

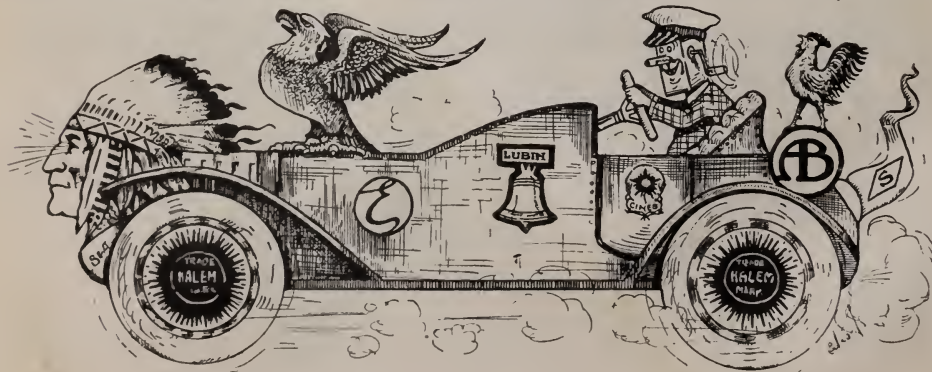
MAORILAND GIRL.—Thank you very much for the copy of the New Zealand magazine. It was a very fine book.

MISS BILLIE, OF ILL.—The "fellow who wore light shoes and trousers, dark coat and straw hat and pomp. hair" in "Her Present" (Lubin) was Robert Burns, so now you can "love me forever," as you promised. I've shuffled the cards, but cant find "the other fellow, who was the dearest little devil." I hate to break your heart this way, after reading your delicious letter, which sparkles like the glorious sunbeams on the beautiful crystals of snow without my chamber door. (Unhand me, villain!—I *will* stumble into these beautiful, poetic selections at times.)

G. M. B.—Frances Ne Moyer and Ray McKee had the leads in "An Interrupted Courtship" (Lubin). Frank McGlynn, Augustus Phillips and Bliss Milford in "What Shall It Profit a Man?" (Edison).

ASBURY PARK CURL.—George Gebhardt had the lead in "The Mexican Gambler" (Pathé). Owen Moore had the lead in "Sunny Smith" (Victor). You are a regular chatterbox, but it is pleasant chatter.

DESPERATE DESMOND.—Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan in that Biograph. Sally Crute was Beth in "The Price of Human Lives" (Edison). Was I ever in love? Bless your heart, thousands of times; that's one of my greatest difficulties—to keep out of love. You will see Edwin August in this issue—see the Powers story.



DAUNTLESS DURHAM.—Where have you been?—I missed you. James Ross in "The End of the Run" (Kalem). John Bunny was chatted in May, 1912. Henry Hallam was Uncle Tom in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

JOSEPHINE R.—Why dont you return your book to the Circulation Manager, and he will send you a good copy in return? Bad copies will happen in the best regulated printeries. Brinsley Shaw has left Vitagraph.

JESS, of MEADVILLE.—Glad you have returned. Myrtle Stedman in "The Good Indian" (Selig). Betty Gray in "Across the Chasm" (Pathé). She is now with Biograph. Lionel Adams and Maidel Turner in "Over the Crib" (Lubin). Palmer Bowman and Alma Russell in "They Were on Their Honeymoon" (Selig). Virginia Chester is the girl who cuts off her hair (wig) in "The Price of Jealousy" (Pathé). Ethel Davis and Francis Newburg in "Nan of the Woods" (Selig). Velma Whitman and Henry King in "To Love and to Cherish" (Lubin). Thankee.

BAUB B.—Thanks for the fee, also the verse. Both are fine. Sorry I cant use the latter, but I can use the former. I received just six pairs of suspenders Christmas.

OLGA, 17.—Dont you think it is about time for that figure to move up one? Raymond Gallagher and Velma Whitman in "The Death-Trap" (Lubin). Ethel Phillips was the girl, Norbert Myles was the electrician, and William Funn the villain in "The Electrician's Hazard" (Kalem).

BILLION \$ DOLL.—You want the birthplace of Mary Ryan, her age, present address, and a picture of her taken ten years ago—that's all. Cant you think of something else to make your happiness (and my troubles) complete?

FRANCES MC., NAPA.—Benjamin Wilson married Mary in "Who Will Marry Mary?" (Edison). Dont ask me to send you Mary Fuller's photograph autographed. Write to her about that. Afraid the four cents wont cover the postage.

W. J. P., ALBANY.—Tom Carrigan was the violinist. Frank Newburg was Howard in "The Open Door" (Selig). Elsie McLeod has not been chatted as yet. Thanks very much. Blessings on you, my child.

PRISSANDY.—Ray Myers is with Kay-Bee. Your letter reminds me of a sausage—full of meat, but uncertain as to kind.

D. H., JR.—You refer to George Field in that American. Yes, poor fellow, he just did the trick also. Blame Winnifred Greenwood; she captured him for keeps.

VIOLETTE E. L.—I think I shall have to agree with you, altho it would be easier for me if the questions were all put at the top of the sheet and the letter or comments thereafter. I read the letters when they first come in and answer them at another time.

VRGYNYA.—Yes, you have discovered Anthony. He lives in your town. Johnnie the First is the editor of the *News*. A page from you is food enough for breakfast. William Duncan is directing as well as playing.

MURIEL S.—Of course Warren Kerrigan and Crane Wilbur both read our magazine. All of the players do. Thanks for the headache powder. I love my books, but I prefer my correspondence. Yes, but wait till you see our April cover.

HAZEL, AUSTIN.—Frances Ne Moyer was Nancy, and Earle Metcalfe was Tom in "A Pill-Box Cupid" (Lubin). Mary Pickford is not appearing in "The Good Little Devil." You say Edgena De Lespine is not playing now on account of ill health. Yes.

PAULINE S.—Many thanks for the beautiful card. I like to read your letters; they smack of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows.

C. H. J.—Mary Pickford is her correct name. Marguerite Snow is still playing for Thanhouser. Paul Scardon was Blake in "Bracelet" (Reliance).

A. G., BROOKLYN.—There are several sentences that read backward and forward the same, notably the one attributed to Napoleon, "Able was I ere I saw Elba," in answer to the question if he could conquer the world. Bessie Eyton was Grace in "When Men Forget" (Selig).



ARLETTA C.—Thanks for the Bermuda sand. They cant say now that I haven't got sand. Frank Larkin plays opposite Ruth Roland now. Mr. and Mrs. Ridgely have arrived at San Francisco. Thanks, your letter is very fine.

ROBERT B. R.—We haven't Brinsley Shaw's present whereabouts. I shall certainly let you know just as soon as I find it. Several are asking for him.

THOS. W. G.—Mae Marsh, Edward Dillon, Blanche Sweet and Henry Walthall have left Biograph for Reliance. Haven't Betty Cameron's whereabouts nor that Keystone.

JOHNNIE THE THIRD.—Robert Leonard and Marguerite Fischer in "Paying the Price" (Rex). Lillian Orth in "O Sammy" (Biograph). Mary Pickford was 19 last birthday; getting to be quite an old lady. No complete list of Moving Picture players. Anybody can get a copy of *Comic Siftings* by subscribing.

E. C., WASH.—Myrtle Stedman was the leading woman in "The Escape of Jim Dolan" (Selig). Bessie Eyton in "The Master of the Garden" (Selig). I tried that yell on the dog, and it was a howling success.

E. L. T.—Wont you please write a little larger? Florence Hackett was crazy Mary in "The Sea Eternal" (Lubin). Thomas Carrigan and Adrienne Kroell in "Around the Battle-tree" (Selig). Harry Millarde was Mr. St. Clair. Vivian Rich and Harry Von Meter in "In the Mountains of Virginia" (American). Lee Moran in "Won by a Skirt" (Nestor). Marion Swayne and Darwin Karr in "The Climax" (Solax). Marie Walcamp was the woman in "By Fate's Decree" (Rex).

MAYBELL W.—Larry Trimble is still in London. All companies have a large wardrobe in the studios. Peggy O'Neill was Ellen in "The Battle of Shiloh" (Lubin). Harold Lockwood was opposite Kathlyn Williams in "The Young Mrs. Eames" (Selig).

LAUNCE, THE FOOL.—You need a new typewriter ribbon. Your poem is very good, and I have passed it to the proper department. Gladys Ball edits the Popular Plays and Players Department. She and Gladys Hall are the same.

ENTHUSIAST.—You did not tax my patience a wee bit. Too many funerals in the Current Events pictures? We'll all have one some day. Maidel Turner in "Angel of the Slums" (Lubin), and Henry King was the hero in "Medal of Honor" (Lubin). It is pronounced Kin-e-ma-color.

F. X. B., VIRGINIA.—Adele De Garde is no longer with Vitagraph. Haven't heard of her present location. Send stamped, addressed envelope for list of manufacturers. Please dont send letters for the players to this office; they should all go to the company with which they are connected.

OLGA, 17.—Eleanor Blevins was the girl in "The New Schoolmarm of Green River" (Essanay). She is now with Selig. So you like Cutey's walk. Henry King is with Balboa and Irving Cummings with Imp.

WARATAH, SYDNEY.—Robert Harron and Mae Marsh had the leads in "The Girl Across the Way" (Biograph). Your letter is very encouraging. Thanks.

LUPE S.—Accept this meager acknowledgment and thanks for your charming letter and enclosure. I am sorry to hear of your illness.

CRIS.—Ruth Roland was Betty in "Pat the Cowboy" (Kalem). Ethel Clayton in "His Children." Marion Swayne was the maid in "Four Fools and a Maid" (Solax). Thanks for the tobacco. I like to answer love questions, but the editor forbids.



"IS THIS SHOW ON THE SQUARE?" "YES, SIR, IT'S JUST AS SQUARE AS YOU ARE"

THE ANSWER

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BLONDENA.—Thanks for the pennies, but I have no babies to take them to. Henry King in that Lubin. Dont know why Biograph act so. That's their policy. Fine verse.

KRAZY KAT.—Thomas Nills was the adventurer in "Two Girls of the Hills" (Reliance). Verse very clever. Thanks for the lucky penny; perhaps I'll get a raise now.

M. B. MILLS.—I sent your missive on to that "most charming, girlish, fairy-like (*O quam te memorem, virgo?*—Virgil)." So you think "The Trail of the Lost Chord" the finest story we ever published. I am "Yours till Niagara Falls?" That isn't long.

HELEN L. R.—Edgar Jones was the lead in "A Waif of the Desert" (Lubin). Glad you like Gladden James and Herbert Barry. Wallace Beery was the old maid in "At the Old Maid's Call" (Essanay). Yes. Fine feathers make fine birds—also beds.

ARLIE L.—Harry Myers was Cal in "His Best Friend." We printed his picture in the November 1913 issue. His turn will soon come around again.

LOTTIE D. T.—Henry King and Velma Whitman in "A Mexican Tragedy" (Lubin). Ray Gallagher was Sancho. Julia Swayne Gordon was Luella, and Tefft Johnson was Hank in "Luella's Love-Story" (Vitagraph). Lillian Gish was the mother, and Mr. Fallon was the husband in "The Madonna and Her Child" (Biograph). William Bailey was Roger Crane in "The Way Perilous" (Essanay).

COUSINS.—Eugenie Besserer was Constance, William Scott the man and Harriet Notter the wife in "Destiny of the Sea" (Selig). Al Garcia and Miss Lorimer were the leads, and Miss E. Pierce was Marie in "Equal Chance" (Selig). Thomas Santschi and Adele Lane in "Redemption of Railroad Jack" (Selig).

JESSIE W.—Lillian Gish and Edward Dillon in "An Indian's Loyalty" (Biograph). Haven't that Domino. Dont you call me an old owl—unless you refer to my wisdom, in which case I accept the appellation. Constance Johnson in "Diplomatic Circles."

GILBERTA, NORTHPORT.—William Bailey was Will, and Otto Breslin was Joe in "The Death-Weight" (Essanay). Jessalyn Van Trump was Betty in "The Passer-by" (Victor). Richard Travers in that Essanay. Kempton Green in the Lubin. That was a foreign Patheplay. I cant get the casts for most of the foreign plays.

JAGGERS.—Dont ask the difference between Tom and Owen Moore. What do you mean? Lottie Briscoe in "The Power of the Cross." Yes; Arthur Johnson is a man of parts; and the parts are connected by joints; and the joints seem to be well-oiled.

WILL T. H.—"Lord William" Wright writes for us occasionally. When I make a mistake, I always blame it on the printer. Rosemary Theby ought to crown you with a laurel wreath, my lord, and Ford Sterling should remember you liberally in his will—where there's a Will there's a way to be appreciative.

BRUCE, MEMPHIS.—Ethel Clayton was the wife in that Lubin. Myrtle Stedman was the girl in "Mother-Love vs. Gold" (Selig). Edward Boulden was the husband in "Mary's New Hat" (Edison). Harry Todd was the poor husband in "Broncho Billy's Christmas Deed" (Essanay). I always accept everything in good spirit.

SEVENTEEN, GALVESTON.—Ethel Clayton was the wife in "The New Gown" (Lubin). If you dont really love him, dont tie up to him. Even a fool could so advise you. Since you are in high school, you ought to be able to *decline* marriage. This is no joke.

VIRGINIA.—That scenario would have been fine. Betty Gray was opposite Crane Wilbur in "The Merrill Murder Mystery." Charles Clary in "Tobias Went Out."

NORMA G.—Doris Hollister in that Kalem. Dorothy Gish was the daughter, and A. Moreno was the groom in "The House of Discord" (Biograph).

ARLETTA C.—Elsa Lorimer was the girl in "The Port of Missing Women." I am glad you like Helen L. R. Mary Pickford has been called the Maud Adams of the screen.

LOTTIE D. T.—Josephine Duval was the little girl and Frank Dayton her father in "The Toll of the Marshes" (Essanay). Mabel Trunnelle and William Chalfin in "The Family's Honor" (Edison). Lillian Mulhearn and Charles Wellesley in "The Diver."

LE DAUPHIN.—Harry Todd was the prospector, Evelyn Selbie his wife and True Boardman the boss in "Naming of the Rawhide Queen" (Essanay). Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton in "The Scapegrace" (Lubin). Edith Storey and Ned Finley in "Mid Kentucky Hills" (Vitagraph). Always glad to hear from you, my lad.

R., BINGHAMTON.—Ruth Stonehouse's picture appeared in July 1913 issue. Alice Washburn was the housekeeper in "Why Girls Leave Home." So you think "Love's Sunset" the most beautiful thing that Vitagraph ever did. Mr. Thompson directed it.

DOROTHY S.—Raymond Hackett was the little boy in "Longing for a Mother."

SNIP, LAMAR.—William Dunn was the brother in "The Line-up" (Vitagraph). Van Dyke Brooke was the father in "The Silver Cigaret-Case" (Vitagraph). Peggy O'Neill and Robert Drouet in "When Mary Married" (Lubin). Mr. Holt was Wiza in "The Spell" (Vitagraph). Lee Willard and Frederick Church in "Bonnie of the Hills" (Essanay). Velma Whitman in that Lubin.

NAT LEE.—Florence LaBadie and William Garwood in "An Honest Young Man" (Thanhouser). Dolly Larkin and Henry King in "The Legend of Lovers' Leap."

PIERRE D.—Helen Holmes in "A Runaway Freight" (Kalem). Richard Bartlett was the convict in "Our New Minister" (Kalem).

MRS. W. T.—You can send a subscription to your sister in England. Send the check here, and we will attend to it.

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BARRY O'MOORE

“DOLLY OF THE DAILIES,” the new series in which Mary Fuller is starring, is being written by Acton Davies, the celebrated Dramatic Critic of the New York Sun. In it the heroine of the famous Mary stories appears as a newspaper reporter. There will be many thrilling and dramatic scenes in these stories, for Dolly is to have dangerous and difficult assignments to cover. Twelve stories in all released the last Saturday in the month. Began January 31st, with

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Remember that each story in these series is independent of the others and a complete incident in itself. Mary Fuller is unquestionably the most popular actress on the screen—Barry O'Moore has evolved one of the cleverest characters that has ever been acted. Don't fail to see both of these new series.

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ORANGE, N. J.

JOSEPHINE, 17.—That was Norma Talmadge in "The Blue Rose" (Vitagraph). Believe there are two or more Robert Burns besides the great Scot. Which one? A letter addressed to Crane Wilbur, care of Pathé Frères, Jersey City, would reach him. Mr. Costello had a little trouble, but it was adjusted amicably. Arthur Johnson is the fifth hero on page 149, January issue. I cannot present my correspondents with my photo—it might result disastrously; if you bet Alice Joyce has one, you lose your bet. And if you bet your "new pink pajamas that I am Mr. Brewster," you will lose your pajamas. What difference does it make who I am?

POPULAR PLAYER PUZZLE

Here is a new puzzle. Sixty players are represented in this tale, and suitable prizes will be awarded to those who send the neatest and most nearly correct answers. The figures in parentheses indicate that the word (or words) immediately preceding is the key to the name of the player. For example, "tale (2)" means Edith Storey. This is as far as we will go in helping you solve this unique puzzle. Address all answers to Editor Popular Player Puzzle, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Peruse (1) my tale (2), and acquire knowledge (3) small (4).

Living in the New Jersey town of an American martyr (5), and being something of a pedestrian (6), I strolled into the country one pleasant day. Coming to a glen (7), I stopped to rest. Out in a pasture (8), I saw a builder (9) erecting a rock structure (10). Beside the place was a wagonload of beams, evidently just come from the wood-cutter (11). I went over, and the builder invited me to enter. He showed me about twenty dozen (12) plans.

Soon after, the future occupant (13) of the place arrived. I left the two men talking and looked over the house. Some of the walls were hoary (14), but one of them (15) was like frosted rain or ivory soap (16-17).

Being called, I went back to the men, who said they were going to see a man who lived in the woods (18), and asked me to accompany them.

We went down a road, crossed a stream (19) on a metal bridge (20) and at the far side came to a shack (21). One of us pulled the annunciator (22), and the proprietor (23) came out. We asked for his boat. He told us to go after it. We did, and found some would-be sailors entering (24) it. We drove them away, but had to walk in the water (25) after it. Getting in, we rowed toward the setting sun (26). Presently we came to a larger stream and soon reached a wharf, where a man was not sitting (27). He took our line and tied it.

Leaving the boat, we entered a path (28), which led us past a house of worship (29) and thru a small patch of fir-trees (30). At the other side, we met a man with his face and arms bound in cloths. He told us his house had been afire and he had received injuries (31) trying to save it.

My friends talked with the man a while, and then the builder sketched (32) some plans for him.

On our return, the builder said the man was some hayseed (33), but was wealthy (34) enough to have a good home.

We missed our way, and, reaching a high fence, I climbed up to look over. All I saw was a long-legged bird (35). Just as I dropped to the ground again we heard a rifle (36) shot. We ran. After quite a search (37) we found a road. We stopped at a fruit (38) plant (39), but the product was not ripe (40). However, I managed to scratch my arm, and it certainly did hurt (41).

Further down the road we met a breadmaker (42), who said he was the chief (43) of tart cooks. He showed us some. They were a yellowish (44) dark-red (45). We bought and ate some. They were sugary (46) and tasted fine. Just as we were thru (47) eating them, we saw our boat.

On arriving at the boat, the oldest (48) got in first. We returned to the unfinished home. At the base (49) of a ladder resting against it we saw a small animal (50) like a dog, but it saw us first.

The owner of the place said he was a barrel-maker (51), with a shop near my home. He asked me to take a position as overseer (52) at his shop. I accepted the offer. We parted for the day, and I cut across a swamp (53), going toward home. By the river, I saw a wheatgrinder (54) passing back and forth, muttering to himself, but all I could make out was that he would have the constable (55) on some one. Before (56) having supper, I took my quill (57) and ink and wrote to my employer, resigning my position. The new offer was like a beam of sunshine (58) to me, and the salary attached ought to keep hunger (59) from the door. After supper I enjoyed some tobacco (60) and later went to bed.



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NEW YORK**



HERMAN.—Yes, everybody was surprised at the large number who want to see more photoplays taken from the classics. Those who know the classics want to be reminded, and those who do not, want to learn.

54-40-11.—Henry E. Dixey does not play permanently. Ruth Roland has been with Kalem about three or four years. You are right; a kiss is an amorous act of exceptional brevity, induced by a transitory derangement of the equilibrium in the comportment of each particeps criminis, assuming an inexplicable tenderness, the two lips are placed with commendable intrepidity and extreme scrupulosity upon preferably the similarly closed lips of a member of the opposite sex, pressing with the most perfect equity and impartiality and suddenly parting them. The impression on the sensorium consequent thereto usually culminates in a sense of rapture delectable and felicitous in the extreme.

ELSIE T.—Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "A Waif of the Desert" (Lubin). Thomas Santschi and Adele Lane in "The Quality of Mercy" (Selig). Yes, I am a great admirer of Crane Wilbur's coiffure.

MASTER M. T., NORTH ISLAND.—Vitagraph is at E. Fifteenth St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn. Dont know where Asta Nielson is. Never heard that Arthur Johnson had hypnotic powers, but I know that he has power to charm.

PLAYMATES.—Please dont ask the nationality of players. That's beyond me. Muriel Ostriche in "Flood-Tide" (Thanhouser).

W. G. R.—Nordish films are not shown in this country. Blanche Sweet has left Biograph for Mutual. So you want a department of "Births, Deaths and Marriages,"

T. B., NORTH OGDEN.—Audrey Berry in "The Ancient Order of Good-Fellows" (Vitagraph). Hughie Mack is really fat; he is not stuffed.

M. R. W., LONG BRANCH.—Your letter is fine. Sorry you criticise that player so much, and all because he didn't answer your letter. Yes; Victor Potel.

REGINALD H. C.—Fred Fralick in "Badly Wanted" (Lubin). That was a daring thing to do. Some players take all kinds of chances.

B. C. W., RUSHVILLE.—Lillian Wiggins was the wife in "The Trapper's Mistake" (Patheplay). C. H. Mailes was Lee in "By Man's Law" (Biograph). Write to Vitagraph for No. 3. Mona Darkfeather is with Kalem. Who knows where Violet Heming is? Haven't heard of that book being filmed as yet.

CLYDE J.—Earle Metcalfe was Phil in "The Scapegoat" (Lubin). James Young is an author as well as a player and director. Mae Marsh in "By Man's Law" (Biograph). Lottie Pickford is now with Biograph.

MRS. J. R.—Justina Huff in "Thru Flaming Paths." Anita Stuart in "The Swan-Girl." EDRIS, CAL.—Marshall Neilan in that Biograph. Earle Foxe in "The Spender" (Victor). He, too, is with Mutual.

(Continued from page 106)

of the company could speak a word of French. At various times they were accosted by the gendarmes, and were vociferated at most emphatically, but as all the vociferation fell on untrained ears, they went on their way serenely. "A few days later," Mr. Baggot said, "when we secured an interpreter, we found that we had been receiving summonses to court." In other words, the taking of pictures on the public streets, unlicensed, was forbidden, and the gendarmes had been vainly endeavoring to enforce the law. Such is the advantage of being a stranger indeed, in a strange land.

Mr. Baggot recently played the title rôle in "Ivanhoe," released abroad, and he says that the picture has had the record sale of the world—that more copies were sold than of any other picture. Also, he is proud to be the founder and president of *the* Motion Picture organization of the world—the Screen Club.

"We've reached the five hundred membership mark," he said. "Every known man in pictures belongs—we've members in London, in Paris and in Australia."

Do you wonder that with all these interests and all the success and the esteem he is held in thus obviously proclaimed—do you wonder that he smiled when I asked him if he thought life worth living, and repeated the question after me?

"Do I think life worth living?" he asked. "It has been very good to me so far."

He doesn't care to play light, romantic leads, he told me, but prefers the extremes, either comedy or tragedy.

"I'm an ardent Motion Picture fan," he vouchsafed. "I love to go—and I have my screen favorites just the same as every one else—laugh with them and weep with them. Outside of that, my one hobby is fighting—prize-fighting—and I never miss an opportunity to see one."

When I asked him what he thought of the censorship of films he said, "Just censorship—no more. I believe that is a good thing, for they have no right to produce some of the pictures they do."

When I finally left him to go back to the several hours of work he had ahead of him, I had the pleasing feeling of having come in contact with a personality that rang true—one who both worked and played with a genuine sincerity.

G. H.

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SEND FOR BOOKLET

STORER F. CRAFTS, Gen. Mgr.

YRGGYNYA.—Your letter was so good that I gave it to the editor. He may print it some time. The eye for science, the mouth for religion, and the hand for art, is pretty good philosophy. I agree with you that the hand is very expressive—when it is attached to a good player. The most unworthy hand I know is behindhand.

LUCILLE, BROOKLYN.—George Larkin plays opposite Ruth Roland. So does William Brennan. Betty Gray is with Biograph. Mary Pickford is not in vaudeville.

MRS. BOTHER.—Warren Kerrigan was with American before going to Victor. Florence Turner is still abroad. Owen Moore and James Cooley both with Mutual.

LILLIAN WALKER WORSHIPER.—Mabel Van Buren was Helen in "The Touch of a Child" (Selig). Clara Kimball Young in "The Pirates" (Vitagraph). Dolly Larkin in "Breed of the West." Eugenie Besserer and Henry Otto in "The Mysterious Way."

MARJORIE M.—Muriel Ostriche in "Her Right of Happiness" (Princess). William Russell in "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" (Thanhouser). I am not old. Years count for nothing. A person is as old as he feels.

ALICE F.—Myrtle Stedman was Sallie in "Sallie's Sure Shot" (Selig). Betty Gray was the sister in "The Merrill Murder Case" (Patheplay). Ormi Hawley was Nora in "Fashion's Toy" (Lubin).

LOTTIE D. T.—Charlotte Burton and James Harrison in "The Flirt and the Baudit" (American). William Brunton and Helen Holmes in "The Hermit's Ruse" (Kalem). Howard Davis in "Playmates" (Majestic). Louise Glaum is Carlyle Blackwell's leading lady. Jane Gail is with London Film Co.

ANNE M. B.—I am sorry you were disappointed. I don't remember your letter at all. How do you expect me to, when I read thousands of them? What we do not understand we have not the right to judge. Please write again.

WILLIAM G.—Mona Darkfeather was Ruth in "Against Desperate Odds" (Kalem). Alan Hale was the younger brother in "By Man's Law" (Biograph). Ruth Roland in "Fickle Freaks." Sallie Crute and Bliss Milford in "The Price of Human Lives."

MILDRED M., LOS ANGELES.—Edwin August in "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon" (Biograph). Wilfred Lucas in "Fate's Interception." Also in "A Pueblo Legend." But you must not give away your secrets. A good secret is to a woman what wine is to a man—too good to keep. A secret can be kept by two—if one of them is dead.

JOY, 450.—Val Cleary was Bob, Miriam Cooper was Sal, and Bob Walker and Irene Boyle in "The Sacrifice at the Spillway" (Kalem). Miss Golden in that Biograph. William Bailey in "The Hermit of Lonely Gulch." Beverly Bayne in "The Death-Weight."

(Continued from page 107)

edged ideal locale. These are advantages that have already been meted out to a public overflowing with the benefactions of the film magnate. Therefore, instead of sumptuous scenery and accessories such as a Broadway playhouse always is expected to feature, the productions on the screen at the Vitagraph Theater will reveal the original scenery of the locale, where each play is centered: hence when Hall Caine's "The Christian" is seen as a photoplay, the limitations of the speaking stage will never be so apparent. Liebler and Company, who produced "The Christian" with Viola Allen originally, and who are also assisting in the production of this photoplay, have been so impressed with the films that they believe, quite justifiably, that the tremendous vogue of the play is about to be repeated. While the Vitagraph's prodigality as producers is to be viewed only on the screen, let no man

assume that the first-nighters have no surprises awaiting them at this, the première of playhouses. On the contrary, the environment that will confront the inaugural audience will be such as befits "The Theater of Science," and such information as is available forces the conclusion that 1914 is destined to record no event of greater significance in filmdom. Always striving to give to their photoplays an adequate musical setting, it was natural that the Theater of Science would adopt a scientific method to provide a musical accompaniment for them. So, instead of a body of orchestral players, a \$30,000 symphonic orchestra, the invention of Robert Hope-Jones, with a single musician at the keyboard, will interpret the original scores, always appropriate to the film subject, thus forming as a whole a veritable conquest of the arts of Music and the Drama along modern scientific lines.

You have a right to expect
that your favorite picture
house should show

PATHÉ'S WEEKLY

If it does not ask the proprietor or manager, repeatedly if necessary, why he does not, until he shows both.

It's issued

TWICE A WEEK

ROSE E.—Florence Lawrence and Clare Whitney were sisters, and Mr. Horne the lover in "The Closed Door" (Victor). Darwin Karr was the detective, and Violet Horner was the girl in "Retribution" (Solax). Florence Roberts in "Sapho" (Majestic). Linda Griffith and Charles Perley in "The Scarlet Letter" (Kinemacolor). Maude Fealey and William Russell in "Moths" (Thanhouser). Margarita Fischer in "The Fight Against Evil." Robert Leonard and Margarita Fischer in "Paying the Price."

DEAN, ST. LOUIS.—Harold Shaw and Miriam Nesbitt in "The Boss of the Lumber Camp." John Leverton in "The Sewer." Muriel Ostriche in "Mix-up in Pedigrees."

E. B., FEZ.—James Cooley in "All for Science" (Biograph). Albert Macklin and Vivian Pates in "Mother-Love" (Lubin). Blanche Sweet in "Oil and Water" (Biograph). Audrey Yates in "Double Chase" (Lubin).

YAMA-YAMA GIRLS.—Your friend is teasing you. She never heard me sing. You cant prime me that way. Write to our circulation manager about "Motion Picture Club of America"—he knows about it.

EDNA, 16.—Mabel Van Buren in "The Probation" (Selig). So you would like to be in my shoes. I will send you a pair of them if you like.

L. M., CALGARY.—The magazine is on sale at all newsstands about the 15th of the month. Mary Pickford was chatted in November, 1913. My grateful thanks are yours.

FRANCES A. W.—Keefe is the correct way of spelling it now. She is in vaudeville. Yes, that was our artist, A. B. Shults, who was found dead in his room with the gas turned on. He was a great artist. We still have some of his drawings left.

E. K., HAMBURG.—Broncho Billy's picture appeared in April, 1911; February, 1912; June, 1912; October, 1912, and June, 1913. That's right, read the ads and answer them; it helps us. Certainly we dont guarantee them all. We refuse hundreds of ads, and those that we accept are O. K. as near as we can tell.

SAMMY L., OAKLAND.—Edwin Carewe was the player, and Ernestine Morley and Ormi Hawley in "On Her Wedding-Day" (Lubin). Arthur Houseman was John in "The Younger Generation" (Edison). Bessie Eyton in that Selig.

ARILE, 15.—Never heard of a Mrs. Standing. Wheeler Oakman had the lead in "A Dip in the Briny" (Selig). If you like epigrams so much, why dont you read Shakespeare? No works contain more—except mine.

ANNA W.—J. Warren Kerrigan in "Mission Bells." Vivian Rich opposite him.

W. T., HENDERSON.—Yours are never long enough, particularly when you blossom into verse. You are a full-grown poet. Certainly the female of the species is more worthy than the male. I have never found the one best-seller to be the wine-cellar. So you nominate Warren Kerrigan as Adonis, Alice Joyce as Diana and Rosemary Theby as Minerva. Now what becomes of Earle Williams and Mary Pickford

NUGGET, ALASKA.—King Baggot is now playing in New York. Warren Kerrigan in California. The Answer Man writes nothing else but this stuff; isn't that enough?

K. R. S., NEW YORK.—Earle Metcalfe was the lover in "A Doctor's Romance" (Lubin). Louise Glaum in "The Invisible Foe" (Kalem). Marguerite Clayton is still with Essanay. Carlyle Blackwell was Billy.

GERALD L. K., HURON.—Lottie Briscoe is still with Lubin. Méliès are still producing pictures. Marguerite Courtot appeared in "The Fighting Chaplain" and "Riddle of the Tin Soldier." Was the promise greater than the fulfillment?

WALTER B. C.—Harold Lockwood, Wheeler Oakman and Eugenie Besserer in "Phantoms" (Selig). Moscow has the best theater in the world. Moscow is fertile in art, but sterile in other directions.

MADISON, RICHMOND.—Kathlyn Williams was Mrs. Eames in "The Young Mrs. Eames" (Selig). Winnifred Greenwood was leading woman in "The Ten-Thousand-Dollar Toe" (Selig). Marguerite Courtot in that Kalem.

FERN D., KALAMAZOO.—Eleanor Blevins was the teacher in "The New Schoolmarm of Green River" (Essanay). Kathleen Russell was the mother, and Miriam Nesbitt was the daughter in "The Daughter of Romany." Lillian Orth in "The Barber Cure."

DIXIE L. G.—Leo Delaney and Norma Talmadge in that Vitagraph. Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber in "The Jew's Christmas" (Rex). Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet; and Dorothy Gish was the daughter in that Biograph.

MILDRED S., ILL.—Helen Holmes was the girl and Lee Maloney the man in "Battle at Fort Laramie" (Kalem). You think there are too many death scenes? Remember that death is something we are ever flying from, yet always running towards.

(Continued from page 101)

Essanay, Edison and other companies are sought for, because they carry real plot and action of a refined and logical nature.

We want harmony of intellect on

the Motion Picture screen, and we do not want to see refinement and intellect sacrificed for the inflated bladder that swings from the end of a stout stick.

MARY, N. Y. C.—The fee was gratefully accepted. Harold Lockwood is now back with Selig. Robyn Adair is with Kay-Bee. Anthony still writes to me.

JULIET.—I think you had better come on and edit this department. Mrs. Ranous was in "The Lonely Princess," but Clara Young was the Princess. There shouldn't be much trouble in distinguishing them. So Mr. Hale and not Mr. Cummings was the rich patient in "A Hospital Romance." The latter has at last settled down with Pathé. If you didn't ask about Mary Fuller, somebody else did, and to save room I tacked the answer on yours. I have nothing to do with the Correspondence Club now.

SNOOKIE OOKUMS.—Lottie Briscoe was the Parasite in "The Parasite" (Lubin). Howard Mitchell was Mr. Lynn and Florence Hackett the other woman. You get either the six colored pictures, or the book of cartoons, with a year's subscription.

LOVIE PAUL.—Gladys Huletta was the daughter in "A Royal Romance" (Edison). Martin Faust was Phil in "His Best Friend" (Lubin). I agree with you as to the ridiculousness of some of the present fashions. How wretched our women would be if Nature had formed them as Fashion makes them appear!

DEARIE, 21.—Fred Truesdell and Robert Frazer were the two fathers in "The Better Father."

M. BEATRIX.—The initials are A. M. Earle Metcalfe was the deacon, and Ormi Hawley was the actress in "His Chorus-Girl Wife" (Lubin). May Buckley in "The Toils of Deception" (Selig). Harold Lockwood in "Young Mrs. Eames" (Selig).

EMMA S.—Frances Ne Moyer and Ray McKee in "An Interrupted Courtship" (Lubin). When a player cannot learn to forget where the camera is, either he or the director is hopeless.

MARIE, OF CHICAGO.—Your questions were answered. William Shay is back from England. We will chat him soon.

T. B., PITTSBURG.—Sorry, but Pathé will not tell you who had the leads in "The Divided House," and I did not see it.

LOTTIE D. T.—Mr. Hoyt was Old Coupons in "Old Coupons." Leo Delaney and Norma Talmadge in "His Silvered Bachelorhood."

DORO EDNA.—Frankie Mann was Madge in "Double Chase" (Lubin). Alice Hollister was the girl, and James Vincent was Paul in "The Blind Basket-Weaver" (Kalem).

HELEN L. R.—Margaret Gibson was the girl in "The Outlaw" (Vitagraph). Harry Millarde was Carter in "Her Husband's Friend" (Kalem). Carlotta De Felice in "Heartease" (Vitagraph). It is pronounced Day-fell-eech-ee. Thanks.

PANSY.—Kempton Greene sometimes plays opposite Louise Huff. Irving Cummings was supposed to have gone with Imp. Mabel Normand is still with Keystone.

OLGA, 17.—Yes, that was Paul Panzer in that Pathé. So you didn't like Crane Wilbur. Sorry. We expect to have a chat with him soon again. You ask my motto; well, it's this: Temperance in everything, temptation in nothing, and no temper in anything.

JONNIE X.—Justina Huff and Kempton Greene in "Between Dances" (Lubin). Never heard that John Bunny got \$15,000 a year; did you? My ideas of censorship later.



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Motion Picture Magazine

A Sales-Producing Medium

DIXIE, MILWAUKEE.—Alan Hale was the artist and Miss Hartigan his inspiration in "His Inspiration" (Biograph). Thomas Santschi was Harvey. Adele Lane was Emma, and Edward Wallock was Paul in "The Quality of Mercy" (Selig). Kempton Green and Louise Huff in "Her Sick Father" (Lubin).

NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—Mildred Gregory was the other girl in "The Scapegrace" (Lubin). Denton Vane was Harvey in "The Strike" (Kalem). James Cooley in "All For Science" (Biograph). Velma Whitman in "Her Boy" (Lubin). Ray Gallagher was the son. Wheeler Oakman, Harold Lockwood and Al Green in "A Dip in the Briny" (Selig). Yours is so funny that it would make a horse laugh.

HELEN W.—Gertrude McCoy was the girl in "In the Garden" (Edison). William Shay's picture has never been in the magazine. Lottie Briscoe in "The Benefactor" (Lubin). Charles Brandt was the father and Howard Mitchell the son. Henry Walthall was the friend in "The Mistake."

MINNIE M., MAINE.—Blanche Cornwall was opposite Barney Gilmore in "Kelly from the Emerald Isle" (Solax). Robert Gaillard was Jim in "The Pirates."

MRS. JOE K.—Jack Richardson was the doctor in "Calamity Anne's Beauty" (American). Phillis Gordon was the blonde girl. Sidney Olcott in that Kalem. Jane Fearnley was Kathleen in "Kathleen Mavourneen" (Imp). Edna Flugrath and George Lessey in "At Bear-Track Gulch" (Edison).

BERNICE B.—Florence Radinoff was Mrs. King in "Keeping Husbands Home" (Vitagraph). Harold Lockwood in "Child of the Sea." You are wrong; there are no national holidays in the United States. Thanksgiving Day comes nearest to it, but the President's proclamation does not declare that day a holiday.

BARBARA V.—Jean Armour was Mrs. Jamison in "The Cry of the Blood" (Lubin). Mary Pickford had the lead in "Just Like a Woman" (Biograph). Blanche Sweet in that Biograph. Jessalyn Van Trump in "The Passer-by."

PIERRE D.—William Stowell and Harriet Notter in "With Eyes So Blue and Tender" (Selig). Barry O'Moore in "The Actress" (Edison). Certainly I read and recognize the Bible. What difference does it make whether it is holy, inspired and historically accurate or not?

MARTHA F. B.—A. Moreno was the husband, Julia Burns the wife and Hector Dion the brother-in-law in "No Place for Father" (Biograph). Marshall Neilan in that Biograph. Helen Holmes in that Kalem.

CUPID.—That was Marshall Neilan on page 33 of the January issue. Your letter was salted with wit, peppered with humor and seasoned with sense.

ALBERT A.—Charles Eldridge was the butler, George Cooper the son in "The Butler's Secret" (Vitagraph). Edwin Carewe and Ormi Hawley in "Into the Light" (Lubin). Gwendoline Pates in "For Mayor, Bess Smith" (Patheplay).

E. C., NEWARK.—Harold Lockwood and Eugenie Besserer in "Phantoms" (Selig). Voltaire's idea that "Theatrical perspective requires exaggerated proportions, surcharged traits and vigorous tints" is old-fashioned. Photoplayography should be natural.

M. RENE W., N. Y. C.—George Larkin was Jack in "Emancipated Women" (Kalem). Norbert Myles was the hero in "The Electrician's Hazard" (Kalem). Charles Bartlett and Mona Darkfeather in "Against Desperate Odds" (Kalem).

GLADYS B.—Mr. La Roche says: "A woman takes pride in man's attire; a man feels foolish and looks foolish in a woman's." That is perhaps why you see so many women players in men's clothes, and so few men players in women's. Alan Hale and Irene Howley in "His Inspiration." Tom Mix and Myrtle Stedman in "The Escape of Jim Dolan." Benjamin Wilson in "A Proposal from Nobody" (Edison).

FLORENCE A., CHICAGO.—Lillian Drew was Olga in "The Lost Chord" (Essanay). Harry Millarde was the father. Have not chatted Robert Leonard as yet. Thanks for the book. A good book is my best companion.

HERMAN.—No, you don't have to have a license to run a picture theater. Licensed theaters are those that run so-called Licensed pictures. Licenses are getting to be a nuisance. You have to get one to run an auto, to sell pills or to administer them, to pull teeth, to own a dog, to run an employment bureau, to run a peddler's cart, to run a detective agency and to run a woman.

ADELE C. D.—Harry Morey and Anita Stuart had the leads in "The Wreck."

EVA C.—Wallace Reid was Will in "Her Innocent Marriage" (American). Harry Myers had the lead in "Self-Convicted" (Lubin). Thanks for the clipping.

MILDRED AND MEREDITH.—Josephine Duval was the little girl in "The Toll of Marshes" (Essanay). Louise Fazenda was the girl in "Almost an Actress" (Joker). Frances Ne Moyer and Earle Metcalfe in "A Pillbox Cupid" (Lubin). Ethel Clayton was nurse in "The Doctor's Romance" (Lubin). Romaine Fielding and Gladys Brockwell in "When Mountain and Valley Meet" (Lubin).

BILLIE F.—Lionel Barrymore was the husband in "The House of Discord" (Biograph). Phillips Smalley in that Rex. Leo Delaney in the Vitagraph.

MATILDA.—You turn out letters like a pin factory turns out pins, except that yours have neither head nor point. Try Thanhouser.

JENNIE M.—Mr. Elmer J. McGovern, the new N. Y. Motion Picture publicity man, has kindly offered to supply us with information, so go as far as you like in asking Keystone, Kay-Bee, Broncho and Domino questions. Ask your exhibitor for Famous Players pictures. Dont know where Grace Lewis is at present.

M. R. D., NEWARK.—Jack Harvey was Norton in "Love's Sunset" (Vitagraph).

HAROLD S.—You must give the names of the companies. Sorry we cannot answer you.

GEN. FILM Co.—So you want to popularize Claire McDowell—go ahead. We have been trying to get a good picture of Charles Murray, but we are still trying. Thanks.

HERMAN.—You cant always most generally sometimes tell. Never judge a player by her complexion, her teeth or her shape—they all may be false. They say that the camera cannot lie, but it can and does. Try Essanay.

MISS D., NEWBURGH.—Harry Millarde was the sweetheart of Alice Joyce, and Tom Moore was Humpty Johnson in "The Hunchback" (Kalem). Velma Whitman and Ray Gallagher in "For Her Brother's Sake" (Lubin). So you would like to have William Humphrey for your daddy. Thank you so much for the large fee and clipping.

MISS H. C.—Marguerite Clayton is G. M. Anderson's leading lady. You will rue the day that you left home and mother to join a picture company. Dont do it.

OLLIE M.—Perhaps you refer to True Boardman. Margarita Fischer is now with American. Santa Barbara, Cal. She is so fair that an angel must needs pause in its flight and imprint a tender kiss on her snow-white brow. (A little slow music here, professor.)

THE TELEGRAM PUZZLE

The judges in the Telegram Puzzle contest, that closed on January 15th, desire to announce that it is utterly impossible to select the winners in time for publication in this issue. They desire to add that among the 16,000 answers received there are about 200 which are so superlatively excellent that they will be placed on exhibition in a room set aside for that purpose. Probably no magazine in the world has ever received such a superior set of artistic solutions to a contest. Some of the answers to the telegram are handsomely embroidered on silk, some exquisitely painted on satin, some engraved, some printed, some etched, and some written in gold. Gold lace, wax flowers, silk cord, pretty feathers, and pink ribbons galore, embellish the various devices on which the answers appear, and some are truly works of art. We are all astonished at the remarkable talent shown by our readers, and we are proud indeed to place these wonderful tokens on exhibition. In the course of the next week after this magazine has been issued, the prizes will have been awarded and forwarded, and the names of the successful contestants will be published in the April number. The correct answers were Johnson, White, Fuller, Ostriche, Young, August, Sweet, Hawley, Costello, Leonard, O. Moore, Normand, Reid, Powers, Bushman, Lawrence, Bunny, Walker, Fielding, Pickford, Pates, Olcott, Dillon, Ridgely, Turner, Joyce, T. Moore, Wilbur, Anderson and Snow.



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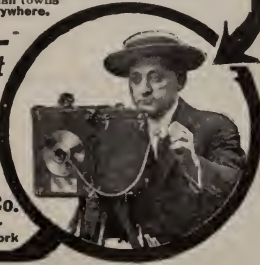
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ELIZABETH H., DAYTON.—Sydney Ayres and Dolly Beal in "The Son of Thomas Gray" (American). Yes, I still have hopes. Never too old to yearn.

R. W.—It was Wilfred Lucas, and not Alexander Gaden, in "The Smuggler's Daughter" (Rex). He also directed that play. Thanks for your letter.

ETHEL K., MILWAUKEE.—Marc MacDermott is playing right along. He is now playing in N. Y.

MILDRED AND MEREDITH.—Doris Hollister in that Kalem. Dorothy Gish the daughter in that Biograph. Will try to have that picture of Crane Wilbur printed. I attend the Regent and Herald Square.

MURL S.—Thanks for the powder. Warren Kerrigan has hazel eyes. See chat in May, 1913.

MAE, NEW YORK.—John Smiley was the superintendent and Clarence Elmer the son in "The Engineer's Revenge" (Lubin). Florence Foley was the child in "Bunny's Mistake" (Vitagraph). Audrey Berry was the child in "When Society Calls" (Vitagraph). Thomas Carnahan, Jr., in "The Late Mr. Jones" (Vitagraph). Broncho Billy is still playing.

IONE, CONNEAUT.—J. W. Johnston in that Eclair. Joe King was the Missionary in "The Missionary and the Actress" (Selig). Harry Myers was Jim in "Until We Three Meet Again."

HELEN L. R.—Earle Metcalfe was Frank in "Partners in Crime" (Lubin). Ramona Langley was the girl in "A Tale of the West" (Nestor). Jules Ferrar was the father in "The Love Theft" (Essanay). Edgar Jones was Robert in "Between Two Fires" (Lubin).

LOTTIE D. T.—Bessie Eyton in that Selig. Thomas Santschi opposite her. Fred Church and Marguerite Clayton in "The Doctor's Duty" (Essanay). Edward Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood in "The End of Black Bart" (American). Paul Scardon and Norma Phillips in "The Disguise" (Reliance). Alex B. Francis, Will Scheerer and S. Gunnis Davis in "Stung."

Mrs. A. L.—All right, straight facts. You refer to "Leader of Men" (Lubin), with Arthur Johnson and Romaine Fielding.

OLGA, 17.—W. Walsh was Hassan Bey in "The Conscience of Hassan Bey" (Biograph). As a general rule, players are where they are because they are what they are. Genius is soon recognized, and a good player does not long remain at the bottom of the ladder.

WALTER C.—Sorry, but haven't any of that independent news. Frank Newburg was leading man in "Slipping Fingers" (Selig). Expect to have a picture of Anna Little soon.

MAGGIE, DRIFTON.—I have no pump to my well of knowledge; I wish there were—it so often runs dry. Cant tell you where to buy medicine to keep your ink well, nor a hinge for the gait of your horse, nor a sheet for the bed of your river, nor a cushion for the seat of war, nor a glove for the hand of fate, nor a button for a coat of paint, nor a lid for the tree trunk, nor a ring for the finger of scorn, nor a song that would tickle an ear of corn, nor a grave for the dead of night. Will look it up some evening when I have five minutes to spare.

ROSALIE C. P.—That was not Mrs. Costello in that picture. Jack Standing still stands with Pathé. Pathé have left off the "Frères," which makes it simpler.

H. G., CAL.—Robert Burns was the foreman in "During the Round-up" (Biograph).

ALICE N. B.—See ads for postal cards of players for coloring. The Film Portrait Co. have over 350 postals of different players.

EAU CLAIRE, Wis.—Please sign your name. James Cruze, Mignon Anderson and Roland Gane in "The Plot Against the Governor" (Thanhouser). James Gordon was the father in "Caprice" (Famous Players). Gladys Brockwell was Betty in "When Mountain and Valley Meet" (Lubin). Gwendoline Pates and Mr. Chance in "Baseball's Peerless Leader" (Pathé). Kalem produced both the plays you name.

F. Mc.—Blanche Cornwall was Mrs. Granston in "Mrs. Granston's Jewels" (Solax). So Norma Talmadge is your favorite. Pilot wont answer.

MARJORIE M.—Thomas Fallon was the husband and Violet Reid the wife in "The Birthday Ring" (Biograph).

MARGARET H.—Henry King and Velma Whitman were the sweethearts in "The Mirror of Death" (Lubin). Earle Metcalfe was Frank, Bartley McCallum was the father and Ethel Clayton the girl in "Partners in Crime" (Lubin). Margaret Risser in "Too Many Tenants."

A. L. H., KINUMBY.—Harry Benham was the ribbon clerk in "Mima's Sweetheart" (Majestic). William Garwood was the Prince in "The Caged Bird" (Thanhouser). Harry Benham had the lead in "The Medium Nemesis" (Thanhouser). John Dillion was the policeman in "A Veteran Police Horse" (Thanhouser). Francelia Billington and Lamar Johnstone in "A Perilous Ride" (Majestic).

L. B. H., PHILADELPHIA.—Lillian Orth was the fashion-plate in "The Fashion-plate of Hickville" (Biograph). No, her picture has never appeared in the gallery. Harold Lockwood in "Northern Hearts" (Selig). Kathlyn Williams was Kathlyn in "The Unwelcome Throne."

LADY LEONA.—W. Walsh was Bey, and F. Nelson was the girl in "Conscience of Hassan Bey" (Biograph).

JOHN E.—Margaret Risser was the bride in "Phony Alarm" (Pathé). Well, honey, always remember what Horace Mann says: "Habit is a cable; we weave thread of it every day, and it becomes so strong we cannot break it."

GERTIE.—Marshall Neilan in that Biograph. William Russell was Robin Hood, and Mignon Anderson was Ellen in "Robin Hood" (Thanhouser). Wheeler Oakman and Bessie Eyton in "Terrors of the Jungle" (Selig). It was taken in Los Angeles, Cal.

LULU J., BERKELEY.—Harriet Notter and William Stovell in "With Eyes So Blue and Tender" (Selig). Gertrude Bambrick in "A Circumstantial Hero" (Biograph). Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "A Waif of the Desert" (Lubin). That was Jennie Lee in "Her Mother's Oath" (Biograph). Hattie Barnes in "The Van Nostrand Tiara" (Biograph). Frances Nelson was the wife in "Diversion" (Biograph).

LILLIAN W. D.—O. A. Lund and E. Roseman in "Partners" (Eclair). Edward Coxen in "The Trail of the Lost Chord" (American). In spite of our dear little old Andy Carnegie, we have had four great wars in recent times—the Spanish-American, the Boer, the Russo-Japanese and the Balkan. Hence, war pictures will always be timely. But you mustn't call soldiers professional murderers.



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QUIRIDA.—Robert Grey was Jack, and George Field was the husband in "Jealousy's Trail" (American). As some one has said, all that's great and good is done by patient trying, so keep it up. What! Florence Lawrence getting thin?

GARET FAN.—Hector Dion was the man who died in "The Unknown Path" (Eclair). Margaret Prussing and Jack Nelson in "The Conversion of Mr. Anti" (Selig).

PHILLIPS G.—Vivian Pates was the girl in "The Sneak Thief" (Patheplay). Perhaps it is Arthur Johnson's naturalness that makes his work so effective. There is nothing theatrical about him, as there is about most of the others.

HEMAN.—You have been patient, so I will answer your questions. Edison is 67, Sarah Bernhardt 70, William Dean Howells 77, Edwin Markham 62, Carnegie 79, Hudson Maxim 61, Woodrow Wilson 58, Kate Claxton 66, Admiral Dewey 76, Julian Hawthorne 68, Adelina Patti 71, Lillian Nordica 55, and the Answer Man 72. Mlle. Robuine was the Black Countess.

CARLYLE-JOYCE.—Guy Oliver and Stella Razetto in "Lure of the Road" (Selig). No. 26 scenes are not too many for one reel.

K. KAT.—Gertrude Robinson was Maybelle in "The Wedding-Gown" (Biograph). I understand she also has gone with Mutual. Edith Storey has joined the Western Vitagraph.

EVA A. C.—Al Garcia and Miss Johnson had the leads in "Actor's Romance" (Selig). Yes: Mr. Edison persists in declaring that much sleep is unnecessary, and that is probably the reason why he invented the phonograph and electric lights.

EDNA, 16.—Irene Howley was the girl in "The Elemental World" (Biograph). Alan Hale and Betty Gray in "The Capture of David Dunne" (Biograph). Velma Whitman and Henry King in "Her Father" (Lubin). Donald Crisp in "The Blue or the Gray" (Biograph). Thanks for your kind words.

LOTTIE D. T.—Harry Benham was the clerk in "He Couldn't Lose" (Thanhouser). Eleanor Blanchard in "The Clue" (Essanay). Frank McGlynn and Bliss Milford in "What Shall it Profit a Man?" (Edison). Charles Davenport and Alex B. Francis in "A Son's Devotion" (Eclair). Sidney Olcott and Gene Gauntier in "In the Power of a Hypnotist" (G. G. P. P.). Ruth Roland and Marshall Neilan in "The Pasadena Peach" (Kalem).

PINKY, 16.—Oh, you must not ask for my picture, my child; it is against the rules. The storekeeper in "Old Coupons" is not cast. Sorry.

BUD, ELMIRA.—Claire Rae was opposite Crane Wilbur in "The Couple Next Door" (Pathé). My good friend, your liver is out of order. You complain about everything—even about the weather. Clean your glasses. And memorize this:

Whatever the weather may be, says he,
Whatever the weather may be,
It's the song ye sing, and the smile ye wear,
That's a makin' the sunshine everywhere.

JENNIE M.—Hector Dion was the butler in "The Girl and the Crook" (Biograph). William Welsh was Rupert in "The Temptation of Jane." That cartoon of Mary Pickford was suggested by the play "Lena and the Geese."

EVERYBODY.—The following are the leads in the stories that appear in this issue: Anita Stuart and Ralph Ince in "Lincoln the Lover" (Vitagraph). Marc MacDermott was Edward, Gertrude McCoy was Fanny, and Augustus Phillips was George in "All for His Sake" (Edison). William Garwood and Jessalyn Van Trump in "A Turn of the Cards" (Majestic). Ormi Hawley and Edward J. Peil in "Thru Fire to Fortune" (Lubin). Francis Bushman, Ruth Stonehouse and Lillian Drew in "The Other Girl" (Essanay). Florence Lawrence was Flo, Matt Moore was Tom in "The Law's Decree" (Victor). Edwin August was the boy, Ethel Davis the sweetheart in "Withered Hands" (Powers).

Mrs. L.—The best book I know of (and I have read dozens) is "Writing the Photoplay." You can get it from our Clearing House for \$2.12, and it's worth it.

K. A. M., N. Y.—Miss Woodruff opposite Irving Cummings in "Finger of Fate" (Pathé).

RAY, J. D.—Alan Hale and Betty Gray in "The Capture of David Dunne." Your sad letter reminds me of a dentist—always looking down in the mouth.

PIERRE D.—Mildred Manning was the cousin in "The Girl Across the Way." It is not true that Flora Finch intends to sue us for libel. That cartoon was anything but beautiful, but she had the good sense to take it as a joke.

Mrs. A. E. C.—Gertrude Robinson was the girl in "Her Wedding-Bell." Edward Coxen had the lead in "What Her Diary Told" (American).

Lucy M.—Margaret Risser in "The Mystery of a Crimson Trail" (Pathé). Haven't been to the Vitagraph Theater yet, but shall very soon. They say that it is going to be the best yet.

MARIA E.—Gwendoline Pates is the blind girl in "The Blind Girl of Castèl Guillè" (Pathé). James Morrison is yet with Vitagraph. Yes, I enjoy reading these letters—particularly the first five hundred; after that they get just a wee bit tiresome, dont you know. But yours? Never!

LOTTIE D. T.—Edward Hallock was Paul in "The Quality of Mercy" (Selig). Dave Thompson and Gerda Holmes in "The Twins and the Other Girl" (Thanouser). Violet Nietz in "Calamity Anne's Sacrifice" (American). Ormi Hawley and Edwin Carewe in "Fashion's Toy" (Lubin). Maxwell Sargent and Adrienne Kroell in "The Golden Cloud." Charles Murray and Miss Sydmet in "Never Known to Smile."

MARJORIE M.—Vivian Rich, Wallace Reid and Gene Palette in "When Jim Returned" (American). William Garwood and Belle Bennett in "Thru the Sluice-Gate" (Majestic). Glad you are so enthusiastic about the Great Artist Contest. That's right—vote early and often, and help your favorite to win.

L. M. S., HOBOKEN.—Wheeler Oakman and Bessie Eyton in "The Master of the Garden" (Selig). William Duncan in "The Rustler's Reformation" (Selig). Tom Moore and Alice Hollister in "Primitive Man" (Kalem). Marion Cooper was Madeline West, and Alice Hollister was Mrs. Haverhill in "Shenandoah" (Kalem).

DOLORUS, H. O.—Edgar Jones was leading man in "Out of the Flood" (Lubin). That was Ruth Roland and George Larkin in "While Father Telephoned" (Kalem). Send for a new list of addresses of manufacturers.



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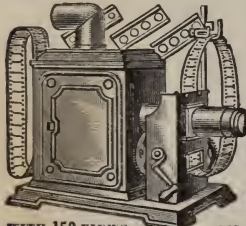
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JENNIE SMILES.—Irene Warfield was leading woman in "Grist o' the Mill" (Essanay). A classic is that which is authoritative as a model, or a standard of excellence. Lowell defines it as a book which can be simple without being vulgar, elevated without being distant, and which is something neither ancient nor modern, always new and incapable of growing old.

ROSE, CLEVELAND.—Robert Grey was the husband in "Thru the Neighbor's Window." Dont know where Frances Cassidy is at present. Would be pleased to have your photograph. Smiling Billy is a Mason, but not a mason.

G. J. K., BROOKLYN.—"The Price of Thoughtlessness" (Vitagraph) was released November 11, 1913. We received many hundred beautiful answers to the telegram puzzle, aside from the other perfect ones.

MARVIN B. R.—Lilian Gish was the woman in "The Woman in the Ultimate" (Biograph). That Kalem was taken in Jersey. Blanche Sweet in that Biograph. Billie Rhodes in "India's Hillmen" (Kalem).

J. B., READING.—Francis Ford and Grace Curard in "A War-time Reformation" (Gold Seal). Edgar Jones in "The Girl Back East" (Lubin). Alice Joyce and Tom Moore in "The Artist's Sacrifice" (Kalem). Carlyle Blackwell and Lucille Young in "Cheyenne Massacre" (Kalem).

EDNA C., TOLEDO.—Mildred Bracken was with N. Y. Motion Picture Co. last. Henry King was the lover in "Melita's Sacrifice" (Lubin). I read lots of papers, but the *Police Gazette* and the *War Cry* are not among my exchanges, so please keep off the grass.

LINCOLN C. P.—Frank Newburg and Harriet Notter in "A Message from Home" (Selig). I believe that the Rev. Herbert Hop, Skip and Jump is not connected with Motion Pictures, but he is a wise, broad-minded preacher, and has done much good.

ETHEL M. H., KNOXVILLE.—I have handed your letter to the Editor. I agree with you that some of the companies make too free with certain phrases of life. Robert Thornby is directing comedies for Keystone.

Doc.—Vivian Rich and Wallace Reid in "The Kiss" (American). Would like to see a copy of that paper. Thanks for your good words.

DOLLY, SWEET 16.—Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber in "The Jew's Christmas" (Rex). When you ask me to name the best company, note my circumlocution and circumspection—it is marvelous. Watchstep!

NEXES.—Florence LaBadie in "Miss Robinson Crusoe" (Thanouser). Naomi Childers in "Panic in Wall Street" (Kalem). Ethel Clayton in "Heroes One and All" (Lubin). Harry Myers also ran. When I say "Blanche Sweet in that Biograph," I don't repeat the name of the play, because it would be re-repetition.

KITTY C.—Thanks for the card. Octavia Handworth in "The Climax" (Pathé). Charles Murray was the hero in "The Fallen Hero" (Biograph). Tod Browning was Wiggins, and Lillian Orth was the girl. Mr. Griffith was formerly director for Biograph; now with Mutual. I dont keep a Hoo's Hoo in directorland.

PAUL I. C.—Your criticisms are very good. Will give them to the Editor. Irving Cummings and Rosemary Theby in "The Fight for the Right" (Reliance). Florence LaBadie in "An Unromantic Maiden" (Thanouser).

LE DAUPHIN.—Lottie Briscoe in "The Parasite" (Lubin). I dont mind it a bit. "A cheerful spirit gets on quick, a grumbler's in the mud will stick."

EDNA S., JONESBORO.—Beverly Bayne was leading woman in "The Hermit of Lonely Gulch" (Essanay). Among those present was F. X. Bushman. Yes, the regular theaters are being crowded out of Broadway by the photoplay.

MELVA, ST. CLAIR.—Anna Held has never played in a Moving Picture play. "The Blue Rose" was taken in Brooklyn. Gwendoline Pates is not in Moving Pictures any more. Walking is my favorite pastime, altho I sometimes go into executive session with myself to see if I am wearing out anywhere.

KERRIGAN CLUB.—Val Cleary was Bob in "The Sacrifice at the Spillway" (Kalem). Miss E. Pierce and Frank Newburg in "Slipping Fingers" (Selig). "The Kid Sheriff" (Essanay) was released October 23, 1913.

E. L. K., VA.—Dorothy Gish was the girl. Glad you liked the cartoons of the Vitagraph heavyweight chorus, consisting of Bunny, Lack-aye and Mack. So you think that Kate Price and Sadie Sadler should be added to make it a quintette? Well, that certainly would have added weight to the argument, but it would require a broad platform to sustain it.

LOTTIE D. T.—And again: Harold Lockwood and Eugenie Besserer in "Phantoms" (Selig). Harry Benham and Florence LaBadie in "The Life-Saver" (Thanouser). Jack Nelson and Winnifred Greenwood in "The Finger-Print" (Selig). Helen Holmes and William Brunton in "The Express-Car Mystery" (Kalem). Edward Coxen and Winnifred Greenwood in "Taming a Cowboy" (American).

M. B. MARTHA, 15.—Maidel Turner in "The Two Cowards" (Lubin). Mildred Oakes was Josephine, and Pearl Sindelar was Margaret in "The Resurrection" (Pathé). Marguerite Loveridge was the girl in "One-Round O'Brien's Flirtation" (Majestic).

PIERRE D.—Frank Newburg in "The Open Door" (Selig). Louise Beaudet was the chaperon in "Heartease" (Vitagraph). The town you live in is not dead—it's the people in it—it's *you*. Pierre does not live in Philadelphia.

PEGGY.—No, I dont feel like spanking you, for your verses make up for the forbidden questions. In fact, they are so good that I will break the rules and say that neither Earle Williams nor Edith Storey is married. Do I understand you to say that you adore *me*, or my department? Kindly vacate the greensward. Ned Finley and Edith Storey in "The Cure," and I am not surprised that it gave you the nightmare. The dope victim was too horrid.

BETTY OF C. H. S.—Francellia Billington in "Hearts and Hoofs" (Majestic). Marion Leonard and Helen Gardner will not release their plays thru Warner any more.

ELLOY T.—You refer to Harry Carey; he played in "All for Science" (Biograph). Carlyle Blackwell was Wentworth in "The Fight at Grizzly Gulch" (Kalem).

WALTER C.—J. W. Johnston was Gov. Allen in "The Governor's Veto" (Eclair). Ray Gallagher was the detective in "The Death-Trap" (Lubin). I believe the greater part of the Keystone plays are written in their studio.

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MARY D.—William Humphrey was the villain in "Captain Mary Brown" (Vitagraph). It is not our policy to take our readers behind the screen too much, and show them how trick pictures and other wonders are done, for this would spoil the charm of mystery. Where ignorance is bliss, etc.

VERONICA A.—Harry Carey in that Biograph. Florence Foley in "The Tiger-Lily" Vitagraph). James Cooley had the lead in "The Law and His Son" (Biograph). Louise Huff in "A Waif of the Desert" (Lubin). Marian Cooper was Topsy. Anita Stuart was Georgia in "A Prince of Evil" (Vitagraph).

MARY L. D.—Because Carlyle Blackwell did not kiss the heroine does not signify that he is married, altho it might signify that the heroine was his wife; but she wasn't. Gertrude Robinson was Gertrude in "Love Me, Love My Dog."

NICK.—That's all right, but give your full name. Marguerite Courtot in "The Fire-Fighting Zouaves" (Kalem). Harry Millarde was Hayes. Tom Moore in "A Thief in the Night" (Kalem). Bessie Learn and Barry O'Moore in "Barry's Breaking-In" (Edison). Mignon Anderson and James Cruze in "When Darkness Came" (Thanhouser).

C. AND P.—Take my word for it, the slow panic is about over, and we are on the edge of an era of plenty and of good times. Business will be on the mend from now on. Ethel Clayton was the girl in "The Smuggler's Daughter" (Lubin). William Carr and Bob Fischer were the fathers in "Two Fathers" (Lubin). Louise Huff and Kempton Greene in "The Hazard of Youth" (Biograph). Ned Finley was Ben Johnson in "Mid Kentucky Hills" (Vitagraph).

MISS LA FRANCE.—Write Edison Co., 2826 DeCATUR Ave., Bronx, N. Y., for Mabel Trunnelle. Alma Russell was the Inspiration Girl.

OLIN D., GREENVILLE.—Now wouldn't I look funny if I lost my head? Be reasonable. Harry Myers at the bat in "When the Earth Trembled" (Lubin); Ethel Clayton on deck. No Frontier casts. They're asleep at the switch.

IRVIN J. C.—All ideas for photoplays should be written in scenario form. William Stowell in "The Master of the Garden" (Selig). Yes; Ralph Ince and his sister-in-law, Anita Stuart, were immense in "His Last Fight," and it was a finely done play.

SCHUBERT.—Warren Kerrigan and Vivian Rich in "For the Flag" (American). Zena Keefe and Miss Raymond were the Whipple girls in "Does Advertising Pay?" (ask Mr. Barry) (Vitagraph). Robert Grey and Billie West in "From the Portals of Despair" (American). Ray Gallagher and Henry King in "The Medal of Honor" (Lubin). Pauline Bush in "The Unwritten Law of the West" (American).

BRIAN C.—Earle Foxe opposite Florence Lawrence in "The Spender." Write to our Circulation Manager.

BELLEFONTAINE.—Hereafter, please sign your name, or you will be mistaken for Lord William. Lillian Wiggins and Joseph De Grasse in "What the Good Book Taught" (Pathé). Brinsley Shaw and Evelyn Selbie in "The Shadowgraph Message" (Essanay). Richard Travers and Harry Kendall in "Violet Dare, Detective" (Lubin). John Steppling was leading man, and Miss Delaney was the colored maid.

H. M. L.—Edna Maison was Mrs. Newton, Marie Walcamp the daughter, and Edna May Wilson the little girl in "The Village Blacksmith" (Powers). William Worthing was the reveller and Warren Kerrigan the derelict in "Forgotten Women" (Victor). Betty Gray and HARRIS Ingraham in that Pathé. Marguerite Courtot was the daughter, Henry Hallam the millionaire and George Hollister the child in "The Riddle of the Tin Soldier" (Kalem).

ANNABELLE.—SOFTY you are having trouble with your teeth. You wonder why we were not born without teeth? If you will look up the authorities, you will find that we were. Clara Young and Earle Williams. Dont you read the Vitagraph casts, or do you forget them?

TANGO CRAZY.—We have a complete staff of writers. Thanks. Bessie Eyton in "Until the Sea" (Selig). Harold Lockwood opposite her.

NEMO, DETROIT.—Louise Huff and Edgar Jones in "An Enemy's Aid" (Lubin). Certainly the Photoplay Philosopher is simple. All philosophers are simple, but to be affectedly simple is simply to be a fool, for fools also are simple. All great men are simple. I am simple.

W. J. H., CHICAGO.—Laura Sawyer was the girl in "Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms" (Edison).

E. T., BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA.—It is Biograph's policy not to give information about their players. Yes; Harry Carey is a very fine villain.

SIS HOPKINS.—Lamar Johnstone is now with Majestic. Treason!—if you think that Alice Joyce acts as if she is tired. She may have an auto, and that would account for her tire trouble.

ERNA C.—Billie Rhodes in "The Man Who Vanished" (Kalem). Beverly Bayne was the girl in "Thru the Storm" (Essanay). Yes, that man is said to be a self-made man and he is very proud of a poor job. His announcements are vulgar and they do harm to the whole M. P. business.

LILLIAN B., CHICAGO.—Vera Sisson had the lead in "Always Together" (Majestic). Cannot identify the picture. Edward Convey was the nephew in "Is He a Jew?" (Kalem). Jack Standing in "The Depths of Hate" (Pathé).

THE PEST.—You are quite a stranger. Kempton Greene in "The Cry of the Blood" (Lubin). That was Betty Gray in the Biograph. House Peters is with Famous Players. Max Asher and Harry McCoy in "Mike and Jake in Mexico" (Joker). Fred Truesdell was Lord Printon in "Lady Babbie" (Eclair).

PEBBIE B.—Pauline Bush and Marshall Neilan in "The Wall of Money." Harry Morey was the president in "The Wreck." Rosetta Brice in "The Price of Victory." Robert Drouet was Phil in "The Man in the Hamper."

VEENE P. S.—James Cruze had the lead in "For Sale—A Life" (Thanouser). Marguerite Snow opposite him. So you pity me because I live in a hallroom. Well, I pity you because you live in a flat, which has been defined as a series of padded cells in which are confined harmless monomaniacs who imagine that home is a sardine-box. Yes, I have received a flattering offer from the Federal League, but have decided to remain with Brooklyn.

SYLVIA D.—E. H. Calvert was Harvey in "The Great Game" (Essanay). Marshall Neilan in "The House of Discord" (Biograph). Norma Talmadge in "The Blue Rose." Fine letter.

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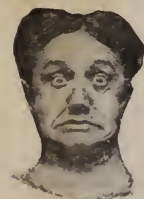
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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

A Sales-Producing Medium

DORIS MAC.—Francelia Billington in "The Fraternity Pin" (Majestic). Florence LaBadie was chatted in January, 1913. Rosemary Theby was Carmencita in "Ashes" (Reliance). Gertrude Robinson had the lead in "Her Wedding-Gown" (Biograph). Henry King in that Kalem.

Two Bobs.—Irene Warfield in "The Great Game" (Essanay). Madame Claudia in "Zuma the Gipsy" (Cines). Dont know the color Blackwell's car is painted. You and many others seem to think that this is a joke department, but, I assure you all, it is no joke.

THE SUN.—Just send the questions on to me, or tell your readers that we answer all questions. Yes, and some of the questions they ask are beyond me—far beyond, in the hazy, distant, unfathomable beyond.

LAUNCE.—Clarence Elmer was Harry Lane in "The Engineer's Revenge" (Lubin). Guy Coombs' picture will come soon. I appreciate your novel gift. Whoever hammered that dime into that a beautiful stickpin?

CARLYLE JOYCE.—Lillian Gish in "During the Round-up" (Biograph). That's the wrong title on that Vitagraph. Louise Glaum in that Kalem. Harry Millarde was David in "The Hunchback" (Kalem).

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Our new, enterprising advertising manager and the editor of this department will certainly come to blows if that gentleman persists in using up all the space that the editor intended for this department. We have accumulated many interesting letters from our readers, and it is with pleasure that we here publish them for the edification of all.

Mr. Fred J. Somerton writes us from 15 Grey Street, Gisborne, New Zealand, to say that Mary Fuller and Maurice Costello are his favorites, with Clara Young a close second to Miss Fuller.

Mrs. Henry Locker, of Hopkinsville, Ky., writes to protest against the "eternal sex problem" plays.

Mr. Phillip Brown, of 250 Broome Street, New York, says that he was not aware, until he saw a recent film, that they had baker unions in the Middle Ages, and that the unions required union labels to be pasted on their breads!

Mr. W. H. Price, of the Aeolian Co., writes us some good news:

It may interest you to know that a friend of mine who is engaged in downtown church work in Manhattan, tells me that within a very short distance of one of these churches seven saloons have been put out of business by the Moving Picture shows.

A New York writer, who signs himself "Broadway," seems to be unusually intelligent and keen. Judge for yourself—here is his letter:

After several months as an interested and admiring reader of your magazine, and especially of the Answer Department, and after years of following the Movies, I would like to relieve myself of some accumulated ideas by bursting into print.

I think that the subject of the so-called educational and moral films, in which some of the producers seem to take an inordinate pride, is open to considerable discussion. Here the film is analogous to the stage. Many plays of this nature fail, because

the story and the acting are not of sufficient excellence and intenseness to maintain interest, aside from the lesson which the author is trying to bring out. In my judgment, many photoplays of laudable intentions fail for the same reason. I do not think that the contention can be supported that the chief object of Motion Pictures should be to amuse and distract, but I do think that producers of plays intended to convey a lesson or a moral should bear in mind that if the story, the acting and the directing are good enough, the lesson will take care of itself.

Speaking of acting, a certain snap in the acting of all but the most tragic pictures helps to improve the general effect, to my mind. What I mean is best exemplified in serious pictures by some of the Biographs, in farce comedies by the Keystones, and by all of the French photoplays. There are too many directors who seem to think that a maddening slowness of motion and heaviness of gesture on the part of every one in the picture represent in some measure real histrionic ability. But you cant fool all of the people all of the time, and I think we have passed that stage completely. As far as lack of snap is concerned, the Vitagraph, among the premier companies, has lost more opportunities than any other, especially considering its wonderful staff of humorous and serious actors. Attention to this point, it seems to me, could have improved both many of its comedies, with the inimitable Bunny, Mack and Lackaye, and its society dramas, which have often been, in spite of the plot and the acting of part of the cast, long-drawn-out and lifeless affairs, lacking the salient "punch." In pictures of this type, not only is the speed of the picture often too slow, and the acting too sluggish, but the number of scenes is too many. For instance, in a photoplay, a man goes to his club. This can usually be shown with sufficient detail by letting the audience see him entering an automobile, carriage or street-car, and later walking into the club entrance. The picture generally proceeds, however, as follows: Hero decides to go to his club: hero takes off his dressing-gown; hero puts on his street-coat; hero walks out of room-door; hero walks out of street-door; hero looks around street and sees taxicab; hero hails taxicab; hero gets into taxicab; hero gets out of taxicab, etc., etc. "Business" of this kind takes up three times as many feet on the film as the best interests of the picture demand.

In your November issue, I notice that one of your readers "knocks" foreign pictures and cites an example. Judging from her account, I should say that the picture she refers to was an Italian film, and I heartily agree with anybody that most Italian pictures are unquestionably far inferior to our domestic product. But when it comes to other European pictures, especially the French ones, it is time for us to sit down and take notes. They are superior to ours in the same ratio as the stage in Europe is generally on a vastly higher plane of excellence than in America. The "star" system, which detracts from the American stage, also does from its Movies, for even the members of the theaters like the Comédie Française and the Odéon act regularly in photoplays over there, they attain a uniformity and harmoniousness in their pictures which are seldom seen here. Certainly there are few greater pleasures for me than to see a French Pathé or Gaumont drama, or a comedy with Max Linder.

I think there has been a remarkable improvement in Indian and war pictures in the last year. The mere substitution of Indians for white actors is always a great change for the better. Broncho and Kay-Bee are doing fine work in this line; so is Kalem in its Southern pictures.

So-called Mexican pictures, however, "get my goat." I am obliged to visit that country on business quite frequently, and I can safely say that there is more romance in Hoboken, N. J., than in the whole country of Mexico. Moreover, I have never seen more than two or three native Mexican girls (whom the photoplays generally represent as beautiful heiresses with American cowboy sweethearts) who had not faces that would frighten the most courageous on a dark night.

Film conception of high finance and business is also generally a weird and wonderful thing. An excited individual making motions over a ticker is the accepted way of portraying anything in their line.

But in spite of all minor faults, our Moving Pictures are undoubtedly on the road to ever increasing excellence, and nobody is doing more to help them along than the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Hoping you will enjoy the cigars.

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Mr. A. A. Stewart, of 12 Adelaide Street, East Toronto, writes entertainingly, thus:

The writer would like to call to your attention the deplorable state of affairs in connection with the Motion Picture industry in Canada.

Do you not think that it would be advisable for the American manufacturers to consult the wishes of the people and try to please them a little? For instance, we Canadian people, day in and day out, have to watch pictures depicting the wonderful exploits of the American nation. There is nothing of interest in this to us. Why not send over some films depicting events and episodes in British and Canadian history? There are some great incidents in the history of this country which would make beautiful films and would please the large Canadian audiences vastly more than American Civil War pictures and Western Indian tales, which are exceedingly exaggerated and not true to life.

If the American manufacturers do not come to a realization of these facts, the natural outcome will be that Canadian monopoly of the Motion Picture market which they now enjoy will come to an abrupt end. Cannot something be done to relieve this regrettable situation?

Mr. Frank J. Walton makes this interesting suggestion:

In commenting on the Popular Player Contest conducted by your magazine you admit that said contest did not call for the best player nor the handsomest, and in that I admire your frankness, sir, but when you state that the most popular one won, I cannot agree with you. How were the votes obtained? That is the question.

Candidly, sir, the result of said contest is an injustice to high-grade players whose real popularity is too well established to require the services of press agents or professional vote-getters for similar events.

If a fairer contest—a purely artistic one—were held under the auspices of your magazine, but with eminent painters, sculptors, architects and professional men as judges, the popularity of the present prize-winners would doubtless pale into insignificance in comparison to that of the American Sarah Bernhard, Miss Mary Fuller, and other modest but bright stars, such as Robert Brower, of the Edison; Arthur Mackley, of Essanay; Rose Tapley, of the Vitagraph, and several others whose name does not even appear in the present contest and are now supposed to play second fiddle, so to speak, to mediocre amateurs.

The artistic contest I respectfully suggest would stimulate art and artists, encourage fine photoplays, increase patronage at the Movies and double the circulation of your magazine, for which I predict a very great future.

Mr. Edward A. Lifka, of St. Louis, is an admirer of this department, so his letter shall grace it:

Let me congratulate you upon one move you made in the November issue of the magazine which has pleased me very, very much. And that is the starting of the Letters to the Editor pages. That's what we want. I do like to read the criticisms of other people about plays and players, for it is the real stuff and not the "paid-for kind" which we read in the trade journals. I have always felt that the criticisms we read in the journals are very much of a mechanical kind, and many have been the times when my views of a picture were far different from those set forth by some professional critic. And in this I am not alone. Being a member of the Correspondence Club, I exchange quite a few letters with different members, and we do tear things to pieces now and then. The only suggestion I would make is this: don't give us only those letters which speak well of plays, etc., but give us some that offer just and stinging criticism, too. That is the sort of stuff that counts. It is easy enough to praise, but to criticise is the task of a fearless one. I'd like to bet the players get one letter in a thousand pointing out defects to them. I wrote to one of the Vitagraph players and pointed out a few bad points, and, judging from the reply I got, I feel I have won a good friend. He told me that is the sort of stuff he wants and to keep it up. A dandy letter from a busy fellow. I have written many others, giving them some good remarks, and nary a reply. They get so much praise, I presume, that they take it all as a matter of course.

Let me thank you again, and here's hoping a lot of good develops from that department. It is one

that will interest me most, together with the Answer Department. There is always a lot of news for a fellow in that department, and the Answer Man is a winner.

With all good wishes for the magazine and a heap of them for your good self, let me always be
A CHAMPION OF MOTION PICTURES AND THE
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

Mr. H. C. Heaton, of Detroit, writes his first letter to us, thus:

Being a very interested reader of your department, also a fan of the "Silent Drama," I may be excused for bothering you with this letter, but would like your opinion on one or two matters of interest to me or any other fan in "Our Village."

About a week ago our police commissioner announced his intention of having all photoplays shown at police headquarters before being shown to the public. Naturally, the exchange men protested against this, to which the commissioner replied that if the film men intended to do any fighting against this, he would close all theaters on Sunday. Some people are so narrow-minded it's a wonder their ears don't meet. This would not only hurt the exchange men and exhibitors, but, I believe, would "hurt" Detroit in this way: what are all these people going to do Sundays? Those that haven't time to attend shows week days or evenings? I'm going to move just as soon as they stop the street-cars on Sunday. Of course, there is a church somewhere near enough for these people to attend, but think of some of these church people that go to the morning services, a picture show in the afternoon, and then attend the evening services to make up for what they did in the afternoon, so that the Lord won't punish them. Mr. Answer Man, please tell me what's going to be the outcome of all this. Now the dear Mothers' Club is trying to eliminate all "gun-play" in the pictures. In such plays as "The Law and His Son" (Biograph), I suppose that, sooner or later, the father will have to blow a large portion of "sneeze powder" at the thief, only to find out that his son has sneezed his head off. I am anxious to see the finish of all this foolishness, and I think a great many others will be, too. Would like to know if that was Fred Mace's brother in "The Gypsy Queen" (Keystone). Also the queen's name. My! but I'll have to give her credit for being pretty and having lovely eyes, but who knows it any better than herself? Haven't seen any "old-time" Biograph pictures, with their wonderful scenery and mystic light and shadow effects. What's happened? No, I don't come from Chicago, but have been there and can agree with you if you ask this. Please tell me how I could reach a friend of mine in Winona, Minn., by the name of S. H. Freedman.

I believe he is manager for some picture house there.

Sorry to take up so much of your time, but, this being my first letter to you, thought I would try you out and see if I should write again. "What a nerve he's got! This is enough for a year."

Mr. George W. Gauding, of Pittsburg, speaks entertainingly of the word "Movies." As we before intimated, while the word was originally objectionable, it has come to be so common, even among the better element, that we accept it as a new, coined word. Here are Mr. Gauding's comments:

In perusing your editorial department, the writer was impressed by one point in particular regarding the use of the word "Movies" for Motion Pictures. The word itself is objectionable from the point of sound, and, to my mind, has a degrading meaning.

But what I wish to call your attention to is the fact that on page 125 is carried an article by Geo. M. Rittelmeyer, entitled "Funny Happenings at the Movies." The appearance of that word "Movies" in the same issue in which mention is made editorially of its being objectionable, strikes me as being an oversight on the part of the head of the special articles department. To the unobservant reader, this might not have occurred, yet there may have been a reason for its appearance. In such a publication as yours, its meaning may not be so much out of place, but, as you state, the newspapers insist on referring to Motion Pictures (an honorable profession) as "Movies." Would it not be possible to attempt, or, rather, advocate, the use of "Photoplay," regardless

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of its true meaning, whether it be the script or the finished product of the studios?

Like "Movies," "Nickelodeon" is a term in the same category, but its use is becoming less frequent.

Mr. John W. Grundy, of Milton, Mass., says that this magazine is the most wonderful publication in the world, and among other interesting items in his letter is a cast—his ideal cast—as follows:

Rural Hero.....Robt. Harron (Biograph)
Heroine.....Gwendoline Pates (Pathé)
Her Sister.....Mary Pickford (Famous Players)
Her Mother.....Mary Maurice (Vitagraph)
The Villain.....Marc MacDermott (Edison)
His Accomplice.....Ford Sterling (Keystone)
The Postman.....Chas. Arling (Pathé)
The Girl Across the Way.....Lillian Walker (Vitagraph)

"J. W. P.," of 81 Stuart Street, East Hamilton, Ontario, has nothing but praise for this magazine, and, among other things, he says that "the highest of praise is dwarf-like. Too much cannot be said of the excellence of your publication. Indeed, I would never miss a single copy. The only thing to stop me would be a big keg of dynamite."

Miss Julia Martinez, of 1021 Boulevard Street, Trinidad, Colo., writes:

I received the magazine, for which I subscribed, and the lovely portraits. It is just splendid to be given those pictures, and I am going to mount all of them for framing. The magazine is really very interesting, and there is not one single page that I miss reading.

And here is a letter from none other than "Little Mary" Pickford, which is quite as charming as she is. It was written from 108 S. St. Andrews Place, Los Angeles:

You cannot imagine how pleased I was with your November issue, and the cover, which was fine. You know, I always did want my picture to appear in your book, but, somehow, you seemed to neglect me. However, the November issue made up for everything.

I have had several letters regarding that little letter I wrote you and which was published. I want to tell you how very sorry and disappointed I felt at not being able to accept your kind invitation to visit the office and "kitchen." I know it must be very interesting, and I would love to meet the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE staff. We did not expect to leave so soon, but as soon as I signed Mr. Zukor seemed anxious to send me to California, thinking it was better out here for my health, so we did not have much time to pack and get ready. I trust you will forgive me and extend the invitation at some future time.

Mother and I have taken the cutest little bungalow, with real flowers growing all around the house. I have great fun watering the lawn, and yesterday I planted a lot of pansies.

We have not started to work, as Mr. Porter has been delayed by the Denver snowstorms and will arrive here Thursday. It has been nearly four months since I have played before "Friend Camera," so am naturally very anxious to begin again. We hope to do some big work out here, and if I should be to blame for making poor ones, I'll go hide myself in the desert. But I don't like sand, and sincerely hope for good pictures. We have everything in our favor. Mr. Porter is a fine director, and I am very proud and happy to be with the Famous Players.

Mr. Brewster, if you would, kindly tell your readers that I intend answering all my mail and to send them an autographed photo. I have not answered any of my mail since away last spring on account of not feeling well. Have engaged a young lady to help me. I honestly feel ashamed of myself for not answering their sweet little messages of encouragement. But if you will print a little note of apology, I shall be grateful.

I'm getting very sleepy, so will say good-night. A merry Christmas to you and all of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE staff.

Yours sincerely,
MARY PICKFORD.

Mr. Sydney Russell writes us the following interesting letter:

I am one of a party of five traveling by automobile from New York to San Francisco. Being a Motion Picture fan, I have seen photoplays in most of the towns and cities along the route, and I write to tell you something of them.

I have noticed that practically every town with 5,000 or more population has at least one picture show. Tiny Mexican towns and villages, which have almost nothing else, usually contain a photoplay theater of some kind. Large towns and cities show late releases, altho the smaller ones get rather old films. The theaters, big or small, however, are usually crowded. At Pittsburg, Pa., it is customary for the women to leave their hats on, which, in my opinion, is barbarous. It is the only place I have seen where that is true. I think it's about time they woke up to that fact.

At Kansas City, I saw G. M. Anderson, who happened to be stopping at the same hotel with us. He looked exactly as one would expect from seeing him on the screen. Passing thru Las Vegas, home of the Lubin Western Co., we went to the photoplay theater, at which a picture featuring Romaine Fielding was being shown. Happening to turn around, I discovered that Mr. Fielding himself was sitting right behind me! He, also, looked quite natural. I hope to see more of the players, as we shall soon be in California, the "home of studios."

With apologies for taking so much of your time, and best wishes for the success of your magazine, which is *the* A1 Motion Picture periodical.

Here is one addressed to the "Answer Man." from Mr. Bernard Gallagher, of 7 Thatcher Street, New Bedford, Mass.:

What a gifted mortal you have proved yourself in the January issue. You have given us many joy rides to happiness in the past, Answer Man, but you never opened the gates to let us in until now. The happy effect your work always leaves on me leads me to wonder how many thousands more must have crowned you their favorite author. You say the unusual so often, Answer Man, that it's no wonder the readers are going mad for your discovery, for you certainly must be an unusual man.

I have no questions to ask nor require no answer. This is simply an overflow I couldn't control. So thanks kindly for existing, Answer Man. May the best and most of your life be still to come, and may your monthly message be always as joyous as the January issue, 1914, and, if I'm not too late, a merry Christmas and prosperous New Year to you.

Albert E. Holmes, of Breckinridge, Minn., has become a magazine enthusiast, and he is very complimentary, for which we thank him:

When the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE first came to our little town, the people seemed to me like they were crazy over it. I could not understand why it was they were so anxious for this magazine, until one day I thought I would get one and see what it was like.

After I read it thru, I understood why it was they liked it so well. I think it is the best magazine ever printed. It is interesting as well as educating from cover to cover. The man who got it together had a mighty brain, to my notion.

We certainly have an admirer in Miss Grace Williamson, of Salida, Colo.:

I have been a reader of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for nearly nine months, and I want to tell you how much I enjoy it. It certainly is the finest magazine I ever saw. I do not see how I ever existed without it. I always read it from cover to cover. I have been so interested in the Popular Player Contest, and, altho my favorite, Florence Turner, did not win, I congratulate the players who did.

The Answer Man is also fine. I also read the pages he edits the very first thing. The Greenroom Jottings and the Chats I think were perfectly splendid. The whole magazine is in every way a success, and I know it will be even more than that, for it's better every month.



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Your Ideas Are As Good As the Next Person's

I want to end all this nonsense about any special education or talent being necessary to write photoplays. I want to put my proposition squarely up to "everyday folks"—who want to make some extra money, quickly, easily, pleasantly—in spare time, at home.

I want to prove that *Anybody* with ordinary common sense and power of observation can write an acceptable photoplay—if they let me show them how. *Anybody* can cash in on the demand created by the 30,000 motion picture theatres in this country changing their programs daily and clamoring for new ideas.

These theatres don't want fancy ideas, but just the "happy thoughts" that occur to you two or three times a week. You're no literary specialist, of course, but your ideas are as good as the next person's—maybe better.

I Coach You FREE

It's easy—by my method. That's why I absolutely guarantee you at least \$10 for the first photoplay you write after taking my few simple lessons. If you have the least trouble selling the photoplay, let me know and I will pay you the \$10 in cash, myself, at once, without delay or question.

The fact that my system is different, explains how I can give this remarkable guarantee and make good on it.

And furthermore, I will stick by you after you take my lessons, and, if necessary, will coach you free until you have sold five photoplays—and obtained your money for them. Photoplays bring \$10 to \$100 apiece.

Earn \$1200.00 Yearly Writing One Photoplay a Week in Spare Time

I know men and women, no more experienced than you, who are earning \$25 to \$100 weekly writing photoplays in their spare time—right in their own homes.

The idea is new, of course. Many people haven't yet heard of the big profits. Remember, there are now over 30,000 moving picture theatres in this country. A few years ago there were none. That accounts for the big demand. The theatres are increasing too fast for the photoplay writers to come anywhere near keeping up with them.

Will You Hurry, to Save \$5?

Everybody's in a hurry in this wonderful, wealth-giving business. Everybody is making money so fast they are rushed to death. I am in a hurry, also. I must have more students at once so that I can turn over more plays to the producers. I am willing to make a big sacrifice to get them. If you will send me your name on the free coupon above at once, I will allow you \$5 off the regular price of my course, reducing the cost to an unbelievably low figure. Don't send a cent now—but get your name in to learn about the guarantee and all other facts at once.

Act, before it is too late to obtain the \$5 credit. You can use it later on, if you decide to take up my proposition, exactly as if it were so much cash. If you decide not to take me up, simply drop the matter—it hasn't cost you a cent. Hurry—mail the free coupon at top of page, now, before you turn the page.

ELBERT MOORE, Box 772 M. C., Chicago

FIVE GREAT PREMIUM OFFERS

For Readers of the

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

You can save money by subscribing for the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE by the year. Bought at the newsstands or theaters, it costs you fifteen cents per copy, or \$1.80 per year. A yearly subscription is only \$1.50 per year—thirty cents saved. But that is not all. In addition, you will be entitled to your choice of two beautiful and interesting premiums.

With very little time and trouble you can by inducing your friends or acquaintances to subscribe to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, secure your choice of three other valuable premiums, full description of which is given below:

OFFER NO. 1. Each single subscriber is entitled to *Six Beautiful Portraits* of the following picture players: Ruth Roland, Muriel Ostriche, Blanche Sweet, Earle Williams, Crane Wilbur and Warren Kerrigan. These portraits are 6½ by 9½ inches in size, printed in many colors, on heavy, coated paper, suitable for framing, and will make attractive decorations for your room or den. These portraits are not for sale.

OFFER NO. 2. Or you may, if you so desire, have in place of the six colored portraits a book entitled *Comic Siftings*, which contains 200 drawings, cartoons and engravings by well-known artists. The book is made up entirely of illustrations, and there is a laugh with every picture. Price 50 cents.

Those who desire to secure other subscriptions than their own will be entitled to the following premiums:

OFFER NO. 3. Two subscriptions, including your own, will entitle you to our book entitled *Portraits of Popular Picture Players*, which contains the portraits of more than 100 of the leading picture players, attractively bound in green, limp leather. Price \$1.00.

OFFER NO. 4. Three subscriptions, including your own, will entitle you to a copy of *Bound Volume No. IV*, which contains 100 complete stories of love, adventure and Western life, and over 100 portraits of the leading players, as well as many film pictures. This book will be an attractive addition to your library or reading-table. Price \$2.00.

OFFER NO. 5. Any one sending in three subscriptions will themselves be entitled to *A Year's Subscription* to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. If you are already a subscriber, your present subscription will be extended one year beyond its expiration date.

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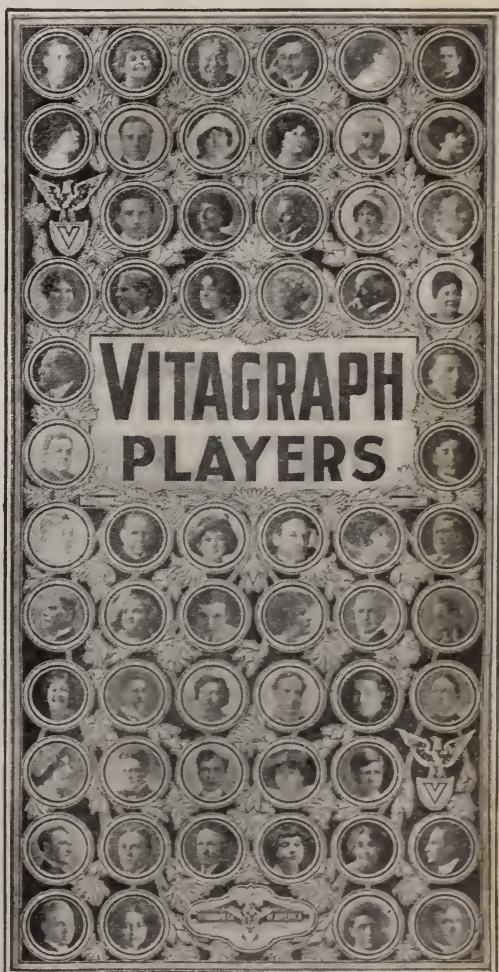
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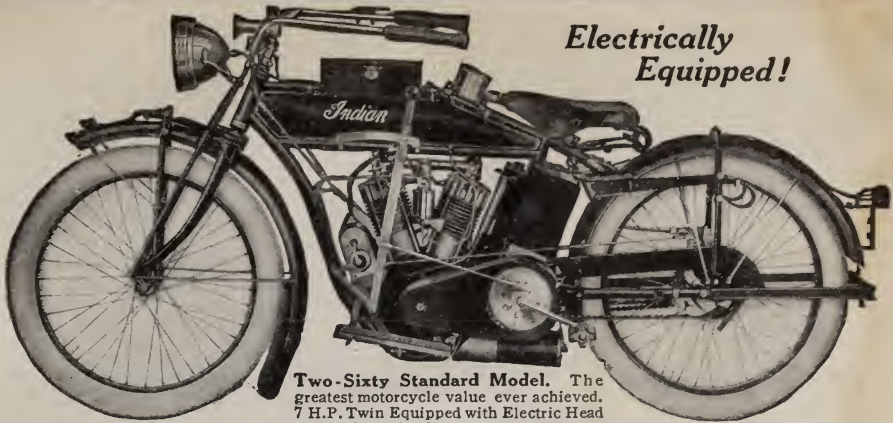
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Great Artist Contest

EACH READER IS ENTITLED TO VOTE ONCE A MONTH, ON THE PRINTED COUPON, FOR THE

GREATEST MOTION PICTURE ARTISTS

Each vote must contain the name of a male player and the name of a female player, also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity, good looks, personality, etc., and they may excel in drama, tragedy, comedy, villainy portrayal, or anything you please. A good critic can recognize artistry in a comedian or in a villain just as in a player who plays heroic or emotional rôles.

While no valuable prizes will be given, the winners of this contest will be awarded the highest honors that can come in the theatrical profession—the stamp of public approval.

At no time will there be offered any extra inducements to the voters in the way of votes for subscriptions, etc., nor will there be any coupons printed different from the one that is printed in this issue, on another page. The winners will receive a handsome, engraved certificate, but nothing more; hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players or companies.

The first prize for ladies will be awarded to that female player who receives the largest number of votes, and the first prize for men will be awarded to that male player who receives the largest number of votes. Furthermore, we intend that the most popular "team" shall play in a great drama to be written especially for them by our readers. This will be accomplished in this way: it will readily be seen that the winning female player may not belong to the same company as the winner of the male prize, and it might be impossible to bring them together; hence, we may have to select the second player of the winning team from the same company in which the winner plays. Thus, if Earle Williams is declared the greatest male artist, the female player of the same company having the greatest number of votes will be elected to play with him in the

One Hundred Dollar Prize Photoplay

in which the winning team is to play. After this contest has run for two or three months, we shall offer a prize of one hundred dollars for the best scenario, and the story of the same will be published in this magazine.

Do not send in your scenario yet! Due announcement will be made concerning this phase of the contest, which is in reality another contest entirely. You may vote, whether you compete for the scenario prizes or not. We shall select, say, twenty of the best scenarios and submit them as "Prize Scenarios" to the different companies, offering them at "usual rates," in which their players who receive the highest number of votes shall play, and the amount received will be awarded to the writers of the scenarios. Thus, there will probably be twenty prizes or more instead of one. The Photoplay Clearing House and the Scenario Department of the winning company will act as the judges. Thus, if Ormi Hawley and Arthur Johnson should win first prize, the Lubin Company are to have these players play in the prize play. And if James Cruze and Marguerite Snow should be next highest, the Thanhouser Company may have second choice out of many thousand selected scenarios, and that company may choose a play at its own price in which to feature those players.

But, just now, you are concerned only in the contest of determining who are the greatest Motion Picture artists.

Not only will a specially selected and admirable play be used as the medium to present the Greatest Artists as such to the public, but the studios, the newspapers at large, the theatrical reviews and the *Motion Picture Magazine* will unite properly to feature them and to perpetuate a record of their talent.

Please send in your votes at once. Find the coupon on another page, fill it out and mail it to "Great Artist Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y." You may enclose two or more coupons in one envelope, provided each is signed by a different person. **Nothing but coupons will be counted!**

Remember that you may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, or any other kind, and it is not necessary that they now play leading parts. If any of these win we shall see that they get leading parts. Don't forget that a great play could be written for such unlike players as John Bunny and Alice Joyce, or for Yale Boss and W. Christie Miller! Send in your votes now!

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MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

IN SPARE TIME



You Will Be Interested in This Story!

One night last Spring a Young Man dropped into a Moving Picture Theater with a friend. A "Blood-and-Thunder" Western story was being shown—you know the kind. "Pshaw!" said the Young Man, "I could write a better story than that." "Why don't you?" asked his friend. That started the Young Man to thinking and he investigated.

Here Is What He Found!

He found that twenty million people attend thirty thousand moving picture theaters in the United States every day. "Surely," he thought, "it must require quite a number of motion picture plays to entertain all these people." So he investigated further.

He found that the demand for good moving picture plays exceeds the supply—that there are more moving picture plays bought each month by producers than there are stories by all the high-class magazines in the

United States combined—that the producers pay from \$15.00 to \$100.00 for good plays, and carry standing advertisements in the magazines inviting writers to submit their work.

He found that many men and women—clerks, teachers, stenographers, students, housewives—people in all walks of life, with no literary training whatever—were making money in their spare time writing these plays.

This was enough for the Young Man. He took up the work himself. He found to his delight that his lack of literary training was no handicap, no descriptions or conversation to supply—just IDEAS developed into plays under the simple rules required by the producers.

In six months he was earning more than his regular salary writing plays at home in the evening. His job interfered with his writing, so he quit his job. More than this—he is his own boss now. Remember, this Young Man is no genius—he had never written a story in his life—he simply saw an opportunity and GRASPED IT.

You Can Succeed in This Work

Your Ideas Are Worth Money

You have had ideas which you thought would make good moving picture plays—better than some you have seen on the screen. If you haven't, suppose you give the matter a little thought. Go to the theater tonight. Note how simple the stories are—yet these simple little plays brought their writers \$25.00, \$50.00 or \$100.00 each. How about that incident at the office or in your home, or that you heard or read about? Don't keep it bottled up—write a motion picture play around it and sell it for \$25.00 or more.

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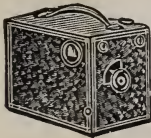
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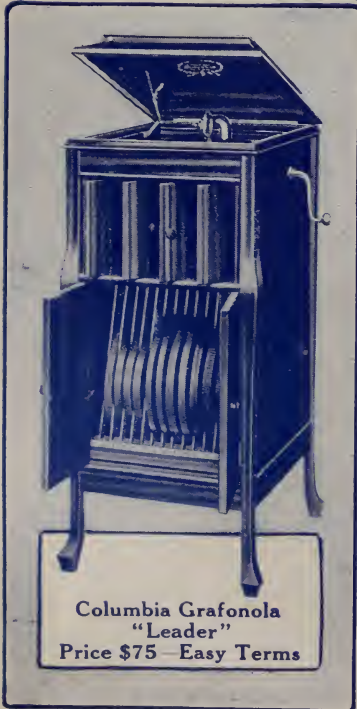
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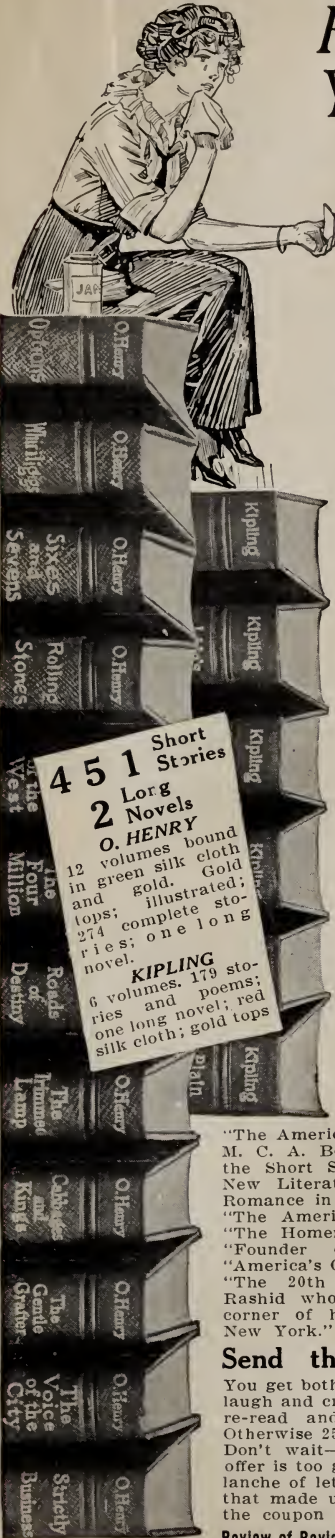
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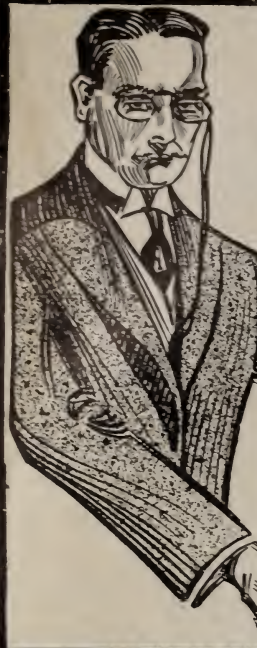
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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield St., B'klyn, N. Y.

Formerly "The Motion Picture Story Magazine"

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A Bunch of Flowers

(Biograph)

By CLARIB L EGBERT

HE was spoiled, there was no question about that. Everybody liked him, from the head of the department down to the weazened-up little wight that filled the ink-pots and stood guard over the supply of labels, etc.

And Harry Colton was shrewd enough to know that the good nature and the smile that had been the only legacy left him by his merry, Irish parents were as good as money in his pocket, when it came right down to business.

To be sure, he was only a marker now in the shipping department of the wholesale lace-dealers, Wainright & Bartman, but one could never tell what would happen when Mr. Wainright and the head of the department were seen looking at a fellow in a very friendly way.

And this they had done only today, when he had been busy marking some goods under a rush order. He had noticed, too, that the boss had nodded his head in response to something the shipping-clerk was saying, as they continued to look in his direction.

Yes, "old Wainy" was certainly taking notice! And Colton carefully knotted his four-in-hand as he made a mental résumé of the day's doings in his room after dinner.

"I'll tell Eleanor, when I get around there"—quickly slipping into his coat—"that things are looking up. And you bet your life"—pulling his hat on his head as he beamed at himself in the glass—"if the Colton smile has anything to do with it, I'll grin until it laps in the back."

You could scarcely wonder that he was spoiled, however, and considered himself de luxe. He had been brought up on that "smile" by a doting old aunt, and, at every turn since he had come out into the world to shift for himself, his smile had been harped upon in every key, both major and minor—the major taken up by the friends who adored him, the minor chords by the maidens who sighed in vain.

So, you see, the blemish did not go to the core; his heart was all right—the little, spoiled spot was just on the surface—in fact, in his head—and, paradoxical as it may seem, his smile was at the root of it. If any one had told him he was selfish, he would have been amazed. Why, wasn't he, this very minute, going into the florist's to get violets for Eleanor?

"Gee! there comes my car. I'll have to cut out Eleanor's violets to-night, I guess—I've only time to grab some cigarets."

And so, twenty minutes later, he stood before the girl of his heart—bonny, good-natured, adored, but as big a six-foot hulk of selfishness as ever walked.

"Hello, little girl!" taking her face between his two hands. "I know you're glad to see me, even tho I didn't bring your violets. I'd have missed my car if I had stopped for 'em. So I just grabbed these cigarets at the corner"—drawing them from his pocket and lighting one—"caught my car on the fly, and here I am. You'd rather have ten minutes more of me than the violets, wouldn't you, Eleanor?" And his boyish, radiant smile dazzled her, so that, caught upon the golden tide of it or her own pure love, she utterly forgot how seldom he did have time to bring the flowers.

"I'd rather see that blessed smile than to have all the violets that ever grew," pulling his head down close to her face.

And, poor dear, she never knew, then, that it was not the violets she wanted at all, but the tender thought for herself. Thus did she, blindly, to the vast hurt of her One Man.

"I knew it, little lady. And you dont mind this smoke, either, I know," seating himself in utter comfort.

"You're such a little trump, Eleanor," beaming at her thru the haze as she sat in a straight-backed chair beside him. "Just the kind of a girl to make a fellow awfully happy."

Thus their evenings were spent. Always the most comfortable chair was his, and from the depth of this he smiled radiantly upon the girl he loved. Now and then fresh flowers breathed in delicate loveliness beside Eleanor as she sat near him, but more often they were flowers she had carefully cherished from a former visit of his until they were past their prime.

But the favorite pipe, now that he had abandoned himself to utter intimacy, was never forgotten, and the tobacco-pouch bulged generously at all times.

Often they talked of their coming life together, but always it was of *his* apartment, of what *he* would buy, of what *he* would do with this, that and the other room.

Blind and adoring was Eleanor, seemingly happy in his radiant smile. Yet at times a shadow would fall on her sweet face when some suggestion she made about the decoration of the new home was brushed carelessly aside, or when he thoughtlessly dropped her slim, white hand, which she had shyly laid in his, and forgot to take it again after he had re-lighted his pipe.

These were very little rifts in the lute, to be sure, but very, very small straws will point the direction the wind is blowing, and certainly all the signs pointed to "Harry Colton, first, last and always!"

Yet neither of them knew, for Eleanor was a young thing, and therefore unseeing, and Harry, with his smile being forever harped in his ears, was deaf to the finer and sweeter harmonies that True Love sings.

The months slipped by, now and then bringing Colton an advance in his position, until finally the great day came, not long after their marriage, when he was made shipping-clerk.

"Hello, little girl!" he cried, one Saturday afternoon, bursting into their tiny apartment. "I'm a big man now—got my promotion to shipping-clerk today, so no more Saturday afternoon work. Put on your hat"—as Eleanor stood all breathless with excitement before him, neat and fit in her dainty house-toggery—"and we'll go shopping and spend my last week's salary. We can afford to plunge a little, now that I've had so big a raise."

"I dont care if my hat *is* shabby now," drawing it entrancingly down until her gold-mist hair nearly shadowed her happy eyes. "I'll be getting a new one today, probably," Eleanor said to herself, as she hurried out to join her husband.

"Oh, Harry!" pulling his arm at a florist's window—"daffodils and

white lilacs and mignonette!" And Eleanor turned to him with the face of a beseeching child.

"Oh! come on, you little old grandmother, with your burlblings about old-fashioned flowers. We'll get those another time. I know you want to see me in a swagger pair of gloves." And Colton took his wife's arm with his happiest smile and drew her from her garden of dreams into the haberdashery next door.

"We'll get yours next Saturday, honey," as having purchased a pair of gloves for himself, she laid her own shabbily gloved hands on the backs of his own neatly fitted ones, which he was viewing with so much complacency.

"Quite a difference," Eleanor remarked, a little dryly for her, dropping them to her sides again as he turned to the door.

It was the same outside. The charming, spring hats, so dear to a woman's heart, lured her to a shop window, but once more she was borne away by her buoyant husband to a hatter near-by, whence he emerged with the very latest thing in velours pulled down upon his head.

"Dont you think it's great, dearie?" beaming upon her his captivating smile.

"It certainly is, and looks stunning." But Eleanor shot him a penetrative little look as she saw him beaming down upon her, utterly blind to the little, rusty, velvet hat she wore so jauntily.

And somehow, suddenly, her eyes opened wide, wide, and she knew her husband.

Then she remembered something that she never forgot for long, and gently laid her hand on Colton's arm.

"I think, Harry, perhaps I shouldn't stay out any longer—I'm tired and hungry."

For a minute her husband looked at her in a puzzled way. Then his face



"WE'LL GET YOURS NEXT SATURDAY, HONEY"

suddenly softened to an unusual tenderness.

"You poor darling!"—drawing her hand in his arm—"I had forgotten. I've bought everything I need, and we'll beat it for home."

And when his little son came, he was crazy with delight.

"It's a boy, fellows"—gripping hands all around in the department—"and I'm off for the day."

Outside he met Jim Carter, an old club friend.

"Say, Jim, old man, it's a boy—put it there!" And stretching out his hand, he seized Carter's right and began pumping it up and down.

Carter looked dazed a moment; then, intelligence dawning, he began pumping Colton's arm.

"Say, by Jove! that's great, Colton—greatest thing I've heard today. The Colton smile is in a fair way to go down the generations." And Carter ceased pumping, to link arms with Colton.

"Come on, old chap—we've got to have a drink on that—something extra fine!"

An hour later, when Colton and Carter left the café, Harry remembered why he had started home early.

"Gee! I mus' ha' fo'got," he mumbled, as Carter bade him a bacchanalian farewell. Colton, looking up, saw a florist's sign.

"Vi'lets fo' the li'le ma an' the kid!"

He lurched against the window and, leaning, searched his pockets in vain, in befogged wonder; then stumbled on his way.

All in the hush of the first joy of motherhood, - with the tiny, warm bundle in the curve of her arm, Eleanor waited in the dimness and quiet of her room.

The old doctor had left her, with a cheery pat on her white arm; the gentle-voiced nurse, with strong, steady hands, had made her *so* comfortable, and now there was nothing to do but to wait for him—for "Daddy," as she had whispered to the warm bundle near her heart. She dozed much, and did not know how long it had been since the nurse had telephoned her husband.

Suddenly the door of her room opened with a rush, and Colton stumbled in. Eleanor opened her eyes slowly, awakening from a happy dream, and looked at her husband, smiling softly.

Colton, hat on the back of his tumbled hair, braced himself unsteadily for a moment, feet apart; then lunged toward the bed.

"Li'le kid!" he mumbled thickly, leaning toward her.

Then Eleanor knew, and was wide awake, all her mother-instinct taking swift alarm. Quickly she arched her frail arm above her little son, shielding him, and her voice, strong and sharp with outraged wifeness, rang in his ears:

"Leave this room!"

And, sobered, Colton passed the nurse hurrying in, and left the room he had desecrated.

That was three years ago. And now, thru his continued popularity and self-centered ambition, Colton is a member of the firm and very active as a citizen.

In business, in civic affairs, at his club, the famous Colton smile is an open sesame still. But at home it is different. The charm and allurements of that smile have lost their power

there, and rarely does he flash it upon Eleanor with his old-time assurance.

Eleanor is not the shy, adoring wife of their first years together, for from that hour when the hallowed beauty of motherhood began to unfold itself in her being, with the exquisite consciousness of a living, breathing little son nestling in the blankets beside her—from that hour of happiness, needing only her husband's presence to make it supreme, and which he so desecrated, she had withdrawn, with her boy, into a world of her own.

Always Colton apologized for his late hours, giving the plausible excuse of a "business engagement," and always Eleanor accepted his apologies with courtesy and without comment.

One morning, however, as he rose from his breakfast, Eleanor leaned forward, smiling, with the old-time light in her eyes.

"Do you know what day this is, dear?"

Colton turned and looked at her, frowning in perplexity.

"Blessed if I do, Eleanor; what is it?"

She held up her slim, left hand, with its ring of plain gold upon it.

"Five years ago today," smiling a little wistfully as she turned it round and round upon her finger.

"Sure's you're alive, honey, it is five years, isn't it! Well, I've been pretty lucky these five years, haven't I?" casting a satisfied look about the charming walls of the breakfast-room.

"You'll try to come home early this afternoon, wont you, dear?" And Eleanor moved with him to the door of the breakfast-room. "I *so* wait you to see how cunning Jackie is before he goes to sleep. You know he runs about all alone now, and he is such fun."

"You dont say so, Eleanor! Cant be possible I'm the father of a three-year-old! Yes, I will try to get away this afternoon, tho it will be difficult, for that Lord & Blackburn deal is on, and it's taking every minute night and day."

After he had gone, Eleanor



ALWAYS HE APOLOGIZED FOR HIS
LATE HOURS

dropped on a low stool beside the charring embers, resting her chin in her palm.

"Always, always the same excuse. I wonder if he never thinks that I want to be loved, or that Jackie needs to be? How different he seemed when I married him—just like a king!" she mused, "and now, with his external reaching for success and popularity, how small, how small! Why, love is the biggest thing, the most priceless thing in the world"—rising and moving to the window—"and I gave every shred I had to him, and yet he doesn't even remember this is our wedding-day! But I am going to stick to him for Jackie's sake—and for his own, too—for, somehow, I am always so conscious of the eternal boy in him—the selfish boy that has never grown to the full stature of responsible manhood. The splendid man is there somewhere, somewhere, and it's for me, now that Jackie is here, to help Harry find himself.

"It may be that I'll have to do what I've often thought of doing—go away with Jackie for awhile, and see if being alone wont bring him face to face with himself."

Late in the afternoon, as Eleanor and Jackie sat before the nursery fire making wonderful "patty-cakes" between the boy's rosy palms. Colton hurried in, dressed for the evening.

"Jackie's Daddy come make cakes, too." And Jackie lifted adorable arms toward his father.

"Cant do it, my son—father's in a hurry. Say, Eleanor," as his wife rose and turned toward him, "I'm awfully sorry I couldn't make it this afternoon, but that Lord & Blackburn case held me tight, and I've only now had time to rush home and get into my clothes for the 'smoker' at the Valley Club. So I'm off," starting toward the door.

"But, Harry!" exclaimed Eleanor, turning questioning eyes full upon him—eyes in which something seemed to be struggling for its life—"are these things so all-important? Are we never again to have an hour together?" And her voice broke in a stifled sob.

"And look at your boy," she cried, as Jackie rolled from his stool and ran on his sturdy legs to her, piping in high, infant treble: "Muzzer cry! Muzzer cry!" and buried his face, sobbing, in the folds of her gown.

"Look at your boy," she repeated, lifting the child. "You hardly knew him. You haven't spent a whole hour with him in all his life. You never even remembered that last Thursday



CELEBRATING THE FIFTH ANNIVERSARY
—ALONE

was his birthday, and he is so cunning, and for hours talks about his Daddy, if he gets a glimpse of you."

She walked to Jackie's bedroom door, the child still hiding in her neck. There she turned, and, looking at her husband standing by the fireplace with the perplexed look of a puzzled child, she said in a low voice, behind which the sobs were struggling for mastery:

"And what of me and my claims? Always, always you are away from home! And this day of all days, when I asked you this morning, for the first time in over a year, to come home



"CANT DO IT, MY SON—FATHER'S IN A HURRY"

early, your last word was 'business to consider,' and when, finally, you do hurry in, it is to tell me of a pressing social engagement, but never a flower or a leaf to show that you remember our wedding-day, or even care! Oh, how *small* you seem to me!" And Eleanor's head lifted itself with the dignity of outraged womanhood.

"But, Eleanor," expostulated Colton, "I never thought of all this in the way you put it. You know when a man gets to be a big man in his community, he must keep up the social end of the game with the other men. And besides, I have always provided well for you and the boy, and thought you were happy."

"Oh!" cried Eleanor, passing thru

Jackie's door, "what is all this luxury to me that *your* taste always provides, and which I must enjoy forever alone? You think of no one but yourself, yourself!" And her eyes were wide with accusing light.

"I think you are very unreasonable, Eleanor. Of course I have to think of myself if I am going to make good. But I'll chuck the club early tonight"—taking up his hat—"since you're so spunky about it."

But Eleanor was busy in hushing Jackie's loud wails of grief and did not hear. And after the door closed upon Colton, she again went to the nursery fire and placed Jackie, facing her, on her knees. Her eyes were soft and sweet, but deep within them was a look of sudden determination.

"Jackie want to go by-by with Muzzer?" holding the baby's hand in her firm, slim ones.

"Trot, trot to Boston?" questioned Jackie, commencing to bounce on his mother's knee.

"No—really, truly by-by, dear—to the big country where the chickies are, and the great, blue sky," explained Eleanor.

"Daddy come, too?"

still questioned the boy, sliding from her knee and looking up eagerly into the mother-face above him.

"Perhaps, little son"—pressing the warm little body close to her—"we will go, and see if he will come, baby. It is the only way—the only way," she whispered brokenly.

It was ten o'clock when Colton pushed back from his game of poker at the Valley Club.

"Well, fellows, I'm going to say good-night," signaling an attendant.

"What's up, old chap?" asked Carter, in amazement.

"Oh! I thought I'd vary things a little by spending the balance of the evening with my wife; this happens to be an anniversary."

"But you cant go so early in the game, Colton," remonstrated Carter; "it is generally hinted, you know, that no one would believe you had a home, if your name did not appear in the city directory."

For once the famous Colton smile was not forthcoming—instead, Colton's jaws shut with a snap as he took his gloves.

"Then I'll establish a better claim to a home title by getting acquainted with my family at once, and at the same time assert my right to stop a game of poker when I d—n please! In view of which I'll bid you good-night, gentlemen." And turning on his heel, he left the club.

He turned in at a florist's.

"I think Eleanor will like these violets," he muttered, as he emerged again with a big, wax paper bundle tucked under his arm. "I'm glad I thought of them."

He was met by the old butler as he let himself in a few minutes later.

"Is Mrs. Colton awake, Powers?"

"I dont know sir." And Powers, with an anxious brow, handed Colton the letter that Eleanor gave him for her husband when she and Jackie left the house in the early evening.

Colton opened it and read:

DEAR HARRY—You have proven that your success is more to you than Jackie and I, so I'm going to our home in the country. Some day, when life means more to you than selfish gain and popularity at the club, you will find me there, and I shall then see the man I know is in you. Ever your loving wife,

ELEANOR.

The perplexed look of a child lay between Colton's brows. He read it again slowly, carefully; then suddenly the mist cleared from his eyes, and he saw that it was the Shadow of Himself, and in that moment the Man was born in him.

"Turn out the lights, Powers." But the famous Colton smile was gone, and in its place was a frown between Colton's eyes—the frown wrought by the travail of his spirit in that one illuminating flash when he stood face to face with himself.

He found his way to the nursery.

The fire was dead on the homelike hearth, and only the little, Dresden clock above it, with its Bo-peep in search of her lost lambs, gave it any sound of life. Always here he had found Eleanor on the few occasions when he had come home early. And how still, how lonely it was! The fragrant violets fell unheeded to the floor as the unhappy man dropped upon her low seat in the ingle and buried his head on his arms.

All night the man, newborn, stood at the bar of his own judgment, and thru the long hours the accusing eyes of this new self searched the road that lay behind and relentlessly turned



"SOME DAY, WHEN LIFE MEANS MORE——"

the light of truth upon his utter neglect of the two beings given him to love and cherish—given by a law divine.

"Blind, blind brute!" he groaned, in the agony of his soul.

In the morning Colton went to his business as usual, but always the picture of that empty nursery rose before him.

"I must *do* something to prove to her that I love her," he repeated, again and again. "It must be something to show her I want to keep her love," he continued distractedly, as the hours went by, losing all sense of values and proportion, caught as he was in all the blinding glare of his new self-illumination.

Searching in his pocket for her letter, he read it again:

... Some day when life means more to you than selfish gain and popularity at the club, you will find me . . .

"Find you!—find you!" he repeated, and then the vision was complete, for True Love at last came into his heart, with all its light of truth.

"Oh, Eleanor!" he whispered, thru his set jaws, as he reached for his hat late in the day. "I know! I know now! To find you and love you, to care for you, to make every hour as beautiful for you as you did for me in the old days, that is all of life I want!"

He called up his house and ordered his car. Again he visited the florist's. Violets, daffodils, white lilacs, mignonette — all the dear, old-fashioned flowers she loved so well!

"D—n! what a cad I've been!" cried Colton, as Truth whispered on. "Why, Love, True Love," the Spirit of Truth continued, "is doing and saying and being all things lovely to the loved one, and when her love meets yours in equal effort, cant you see how great the joy, how full the life?"

"But we'll put the old years behind us and start all over again," he thought, with the old smile, as he sprang into his car and was off.

Soft lights were gleaming from the living-room as Colton's motor leaped along the drive of his country place, but only a faint glow was in the nursery windows.

Eleanor was singing to Jackie, curled in a drowsy heap in her lap before the dancing firelight, and did not hear the softly opening door, nor

Colton's step as he moved into the shadows of the room.

Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee—soon,

Eleanor crooned.

"Muzzer, do you think Daddy will come tonight to Jackie?" And the wee boy raised himself for a minute and looked eagerly toward the door.

"Daddy is here now, little man." And Colton came from the shadows into the firelight and dropped beside the mother and child.

"Daddy!" cried Jackie, his arms about Colton's neck. "Muzzer was now singing that you would come. Jackie likes that song."

But the shadows in the nursery were dancing more and more slowly on the walls now. Muzzer was very still, and Boy could hardly keep awake.

"Little pigs to market, Muzzer," he murmured.

"This little pig goes to market," whispered happy Eleanor.

"This little pig stays at home."

But it was Colton's fingers that pressed the little, pink toes, while he drew his wife's hand to his lips and held it there.

"Eleanor," Colton whispered, as they leaned together over their sleeping boy, "down in the living-room are violets and lilacs and daffodils for you. But do you know, dear," as Eleanor drew his head down to her lips, "what flowers I want always, always?"

"Tell me, Man o' Mine, and we'll always have them."

"Just you and Jackie, dear."

And in the firelight, their little son between them, they came into their heritage at last.



CAME INTO THEIR HERITAGE AT LAST

On the ALTAR of PATRIOTISM



MEN are called upon, during times and conditions of war and diplomacy, to sacrifice their lives—the supreme gift they possess to lay upon the altar of patriotism. Were a woman asked to name the supreme sacrifice she could make, she would hesitate to reply. Life or death would not be uppermost in her mind, tho an army of men should choose to think this to be the case, for men consider triflingly what women value above the treasures of life or the fear of death—their honor! There is an exception to man's attitude, and that comes when he thinks a woman's honor has come partly into his possession and keeping thru a compact of love; then another man would have to clamber over his dead body to filch it.

There are perhaps but two persons outside of diplomatic and military circles who will ever know the specific facts, such as names and places. The world should have the story, because it is one of those sublime gems of patriotism that sparkle undimmed on the breast of humanity, ennobling and glorifying it in the eyes and hearts of even the meanest of the race.

There was no doubt of one fact at the time—war was imminent. Our potential enemy was assiduously provoking it, and we were on the point

of declaring it. Attachés and ambassadors had been withdrawn, "yellow" journals had fired the first guns, and the public was censuring the Government for inaction. But war was not declared; the war-scare passed.

But all the visitations of war—casualties and sacrifices, cowardice and bravery—had been called forth and exercised in their most supreme sense. A battle had actually been fought, not less brilliant than many a one occupying pages of history, and the world at large was none the wiser. But that war was over, and both sides had retired, suffering great loss.

For our present purposes we shall call them Señorita Eleanora and Lieutenant Otto. The week before, Lieutenant Otto had been recalled as attaché and, on arriving in the capital city of his native land, was summoned to an immediate conference between the ministers of military and naval affairs and the Chief Executive himself. Otto gave them the detailed information that had been withheld from the dispatches and settled their minds unanimously upon war.

"And now if Lieutenant Otto will retire," suggested the Chief Executive, significantly, "and return to this chamber at, let us say, nine o'clock this evening, we shall be prepared to confer upon him a delicate mission, for which his country"—the minis-

ters nodded their acquiescence—"will spare nothing in rewarding him. Remember, at nine!"

Lieutenant Otto drew a sigh of relief at this respite. As a soldier, commands, whatever their nature, had no terrors for him, but he had feared, for a moment, that he would not have time to go to see that exquisite little creature, *Señorita Eleanora*, the *dans-euse*, who was dancing herself into the hearts and souls of her countrymen and women at the *Carvalho Theater*. She did not know that he was in the capital city, but that mattered little, in the face of the knowledge that, wherever he might be, he loved none but her. But that was only half of the great secret that pulsed nightly thru her graceful movements and thrilled great audiences with a joy of life that they could not comprehend—she had become the wife of Lieutenant Otto nearly a year before. The very next day he had been hurried away to that foreign embassy, and things had gone on just as before between them—"for reasons of State." In the privacy of her room, the walls dimmed by more than one paroxysm of tears, how *Eleanora* had scolded that horrid phrase—"for reasons of State."

Neither one of them dreamed the impending portent that that ponderous phrase was about to lay upon their young hearts.

"But why, my dearest Otto, did you not let your *Eleanora* know that you were coming?" she pouted later, snuggling in his arms and casting the dazzling sunbeams of her laughing eyes into his.

"For reasons——" he began.

"I hate those words!" she said, drawing away and stamping her perfect little foot.

"I shall never say them again," he said half-playfully, half-seriously, drawing her to him again.

"You may say them as often as you like—when they shall mean to bring us together forever, instead of always meaning to tear us apart."

Lieutenant Otto sighed; he was thinking of the delicate mission from

which so many compatriots often never returned.

"Our country will be ruined in less than a fortnight—if war is declared," they informed him that evening at nine, and, to his further amazement, the Minister of War continued with: "There must be no war; we have gone too far—for we are but a shell!"

The Chief Executive was looking moodily out of the window, the weight of a nation bowing his head.

"Frontier Fort Number Two" (diplomacy compels us to forbear using any more specific name in this narrative) "is the key to the invasion. We must have a complete copy of its plans, and the Americans must know we have them. The Commandant of Frontier Fort Number Two is an eagle. You must outwit the eagle. You must get a copy of the plans of that fort—you must disgrace the Commandant in the eyes of his Government." The Minister of War moved closer to Lieutenant Otto and looked at him peculiarly as he spoke the next sentence. "This Commandant is fond of wine, women and song—a young, beautiful dancing-woman would serve our purpose, the purpose of the nation."

Lieutenant Otto looked out sharply from a face turned ashen, his fists clinched for a moment as tho to strike, when he saw the insinuation in the Minister's face.

"We have been apprised of your movements, Lieutenant Otto, and the power of *Señorita Eleanora*, the *dans-euse*, has come before us as a last resort—in coöperation with your efforts. A fortune awaits the *dans-euse* if the issue is successful; promotion shall meet your own efforts. Our information satisfies us that this strategy will save thousands of lives of your countrymen, a national humiliation and dire distress——"

Lieutenant Otto had drawn himself up, and his attitude forced silence. "The *Señorita Eleanora* will go on this mission with me. She demands no wealth in return, if she can help

her country to escape the evils you suggest. She is my wife. If this calamity can come into our lives and leave our countrymen to suffer no threatened ills, we accept the mission and dedicate our lives and happiness to our country. Excellencies, I await your commands!"

The three men in gold lace bowed abjectly, as tho they had come into the presence of a higher power. As

shook her head uncomprehendingly. "This man, this Commandant, is a voluptuary; a—a—oh! my little Eleanora, I cannot say it." Lieutenant Otto had taken her hungrily in his arms and was sobbing his misery in the soft depths of her glorious hair.

"But I am to dance for him, am I not? To divert him, as I have thousands of my countrymen, to make him



"AM I NOT TO GO WITH THEE,
MY OTTO?"

Otto took the sealed orders and turned to the door with a perfunctory salute, they drew back instinctively and remained in reverential silence until the door had closed.

"Once again you may say the horrid words, 'For reasons of State, for am I not to go with thee, my Otto?'" Eleanora, sadly happy, raised her eyes to her husband's as he finished translating the code.

"Nay, Eleanora, now are we torn apart forever and a day." He took her hand spasmodically in his. She

laugh, to make—him——" She paused, and then stopped, as she caught the significance of the truth in his eyes. "God!" she gasped, "could I not die rather than that?"

Two long hours they stood clasped tightly in each other's arms, the green light of the moon bathing their tenderness with melancholy shadows and pale light. Then calm and resignation followed, and she gently withdrew from his arms, with not even a sigh. "I am ready, dear," she said softly. "We must traverse many miles before daybreak."

Frontier Fort Number Two had slathered itself with the foam of feverish excitement for the first month of the war-scare only. Its Commandant pooh-poohed the idea of any grounds for such excitement, reiterated that "every d—d foreigner was a coward, anyway," and forthwith took no precautions whatsoever.

When two foreign-looking wayfarers arrived at nightfall one day, in the midst of the country's turmoil, and asked for shelter within the fort, they were admitted. They were a man and a woman, or, to be more correct, a woman and her servant. The woman was a gay piece, to say the least. The man was old, decrepit and deaf; his chief aim in life seeming to be to snatch a little sleep when his mistress wasn't looking.

It was several days before the Commandant first caught sight of the fair señorita. She did not appear to see him, being busily engaged in tying up her tiny, high-laced boot. None in the fort could ever guess what passed between these two on that occasion, but the lady and the Commandant were seen to ride out along the mesa together the following day. The old servant, particularly, wakened at the merry clatter of their horses' hoofs and rose, with some queer noise, something like a sob, and hobbled away toward the Commandant's quarters, where he was found sleeping later by an orderly. On a visit to the Commandant's quarters later, the fair señorita insisted upon being accompanied by her bodyguard.

"To keep back the scandal that I raise already with the jealous ladies of the post," she reassured the Commandant, giving him one of her sly, inimitable winks.

The servant helped the orderly serve the wine and, unobserved, drank what he poured for his mistress. Once they were alone, the gay promise in her face gave place to gray tragedy. She took the hand of the servant. "The time has come," she whispered, as tho in great distress.

The gay party was interrupted by the appearance of a dusty messenger

who would see no one but the Commandant. He read the dispatch and ejaculated: "War is to be declared tomorrow!" The fair señorita heard.

The Commandant for once saw the seriousness of his position. He begged to be excused and led his fair guest from the house.

That night he was poring over his neglected plans and blue-prints of all strategic points under his command. Outside his window were two straining faces. The man took the girl tenderly in his arms. "The time for sacrifice has come," he said hoarsely. "You must entice him from that room and leave the way open for me. There are a ladder and a motor-car just back of us. Escape if you like, my Eleanor!"

A minute later, the Commandant looked up in annoyance when he heard a tap on the window. He fought with the call of duty, but the call of passion was the stronger when he saw a pretty hand laid flat against the pane.

He would have led her back to the room he had come from, but she gently drew him into his lounging-room and begged him to chat for just a few minutes. He kist her cheek, gave a last look at the precious plans, and they went in, closing the door.

Neither had seen the blue barrel of a high-powered automatic centered, for a moment, on his heart. Her laughter was mingled with the sobs of the man who had crept into the study. He moaned audibly as he worked with copying-tissue over the plans, transcribing them one by one, and the sounds of merriment sifted in thru the closed door.

At last he was thru. He was about to pass out, when a ringing laugh smote his ear. He grasped the weapon and went toward the door, with the look of hell upon his tortured face. Then he paused and threw his arms, with a jerk, to his side. The action released the hair-trigger of his gun. There was nothing to do but to run.

The ladder was there, and a couple of armed guards helped him over the

wall. The sentry lay strangled at the foot of it. They were about to draw up the ladder, when some one came staggering up it. Otto was just about to shoot, when he saw it was she—she who had been his wife—before this horrible night.

Altho the car and its occupants got safely away from Fort Number Two, the whole frontier guard, that had been under arms for more than a

The car was undeterred in its flight. The cries and shots fell far behind. Day began to peep upon two blood-stained forms as the car hove into a friendly garage.

Medical attendance was soon at hand, but Otto had known the truth before it was told him, and he asked to be left alone with Eleanora for a last word.

Only the man with the bullet-hole in his chest heard the faint whisper



BEGGING FOR ONE LAST WORD ALONE WITH ELEANORA

month, was warned by wire not to let them pass, under any terms. The border line bristled with guns.

And in the tonneau of the car that man and woman sat. He had looked but once upon her bruised and bleeding face, upon the fair breast, from which the low-cut gown had been half-torn by the brute back yonder. And she had shrunk there timidly, her eyes gazing, gazing into his, with only resignation in them, tho shame crimsoned her cheek. Neither saw nor heeded the challenges of the frontier guards. Neither flinched at the black barrels raised menacingly. But both fell into a crumpled heap.

that sweetened his last dying moments.

“Otto—my Ot-to!” she was saying, with great difficulty. He opened his eyes, already glazed with the film of the heavenly vision.

“Did—did——”

She knew what he was asking, and a sweet smile came pitifully over her shattered features. She paused to gain strength to say it. “No—I killed him!”

The effort that he made to take her in his arms was his last, and death closed about a smile on his lips. Thus they expired on the altar of patriotism.



BY ALEXANDER LOWELL

THE WEDDING OF PRUDENCE



(ESSAY)

This story was written from the Photoplay of ARCHER McMACKLIN

UNDER the quaint, homespun gown of the Puritan maid, Prudence, beat a heart quick with the joy of living, of innocent fun and, it must be confessed, of the first pangs of a dawning love. Untouched as yet by any but playtime's eares, there lived in her, indomitable, unflinching, the dauntless spirit that had brought the Separatists into the untried land for the sake of their home, their religion and the educating of their children. She was displaying this audacious spirit on this particular Maytime day by skipping gaily around the woods with Eliot, the object of her young affections. The youth had just returned from a hunting expedition with a trophy of wild turkey. Fowling-piece in hand, he was doting on her spontaneous delight.

"What will my father say?" she asked him, lips pouted at the not altogether pleasant thought, and Eliot laughed as he made answer.

"In all likelihood he'll set you a lengthy chapter from the Good Book to be learnt by heart," he prophesied.

"And all for the sake of a—wild turkey," teased the girl.

"All for the sake of—me," her lover corrected, and the kiss he gave her urged the rosy dawn to the maiden's cheek.

"Come—let us go," she said, somewhat breathlessly, and they set off for the town, Prudence skipping and running ahead. Suddenly, at the edge of the wood, she paused a moment, and her gray eyes became wistful with a something deeper than the frolicsome spirit of the moment. She was gazing out beyond the Point of Gurnet where, only a few days hence, the brave little Mayflower had commenced her homeward voyage, bearing with her not one of all the dauntless band of Pilgrims.

"Eliot," she said softly, "we, too, should be most brave—and sacrificial—when we think of the way our fathers have suffered this frightful winter, and our mothers have toiled: We, too, must be willing to give up."

"It is not wise," the youth made sage reply, "to sacrifice that which better your soul—the elders themselves say that—and you are for the good of my soul, Prudence."

"Silly one!" And the girl re-

sumed her somewhat will-o'-the-wisp flight into the log-built town.

A familiar and a most unwelcome vision met her eyes as, parting from Eliot, she beheld her small and incorrigible brother in the performing of a most outrageous piece of impertinence—the portly and dignified magistrate being the object of the public affront. The small boy was engaged in wresting himself from that worthy's irate grasp as Prudence whirled up and bore him off, calling back:

"He—he shall be punished, sir, I do assure you—only—only not here!"

The magistrate was choleric when he succeeded in reaching the home of Prudence's father. That worthy was reading the Genevan Bible in a state of noontide peace, and gazed in mild astonishment at the flushed faces of his offspring, backed up by the em-purpled one of the magistrate.

"Sir," gasped that gentleman, "you have a truly worthless rogue of a b-boy! He has insulted me! Insulted me p-publicly! He—well, I blush to say it—but he—the tip of his thumb and the end of his nose, *the end of his nose*, sir, came into contact!"

The father looked at his son, then at his blushing daughter, then at the painfully embarrassed magistrate, and he cleared his throat portentously. "He shall be thrashed, sir," he declared pompously; "he shall most certainly be thrashed—and that at once."

Some fifteen minutes later found peace restored—outwardly at least. The imp had been soundly hid and put to bed, where he was being coddled in secret by a sympathizing mother in whom, mayhap, a sense of humor struggled with discipline. The magistrate, after listening covertly to the dismal wails of the hid one, had departed, slightly appeased, and Prudence, abettor of the heinous crime, was set to studying the Good Book.

Prudence was a truly godly little maid. She went to the meeting-house gladly as well as dutifully, and

she had said her prayers without a loss of faith all thru the dreadful winter past—a winter that had filled so many unmarked graves—graves purposely obliterated that the red-men might not gauge how sorely their number was depleted. But, in her gladsome youth, she had rarely found a sentiment coinciding with the tenderness of her own. Now as she read how it is not well for man to live alone, her heart gave a sympathetic leap. Her mind's eye saw Eliot's face—brave, tender, always true—and in his eyes she read a need of her. Truly, it was not good that *he* should live alone.

Her father, engaged in reading the paper entitled "The Bodie of Liberties," had let one leaflet slip to the floor, and Prudence was engaged in perusing it under cover of her Bible. Her eyes grew wide with delight as she followed this particular portion:

LIBERTIES OF CHILDREN

If any parents should wilfullie and unreasonably deny any child timely or convenient marriage, or shall exercise any unnatural severitie towards them, such children shall have free libertie to complaine to authoritie for redresse.

"Father," spoke up a timid voice, "father—if you please, I do greatly desire to marry—and I know a good and upright man."

"You speak with customary lightness, Prudence."

"Father—look!" The girl held the paper before her parent's eyes and rejoiced at the relenting light therein.

"Perchance," her father spoke, "perchance it is as well. Thou art not over easy to govern, Prudence, and I know of a man in whose keeping thee will find safety—ah! this is timely, here is the very man."

Prudence drew back, with a quick, startled gasp. The man was Peter White, middle-aged, suspected thru-out the town of being a hypocritical scamp, and the object of much jesting on the part of the younger members of the Old Colony. This man was her

father's choice! That the Lord had meant *him* to live alone, Prudence was miserably certain. Yet, her father was a stern man, and Prudence had been reared to strict obedience—and thus she did not dare rebel, but slipped her hand into the partly withered one of White with shivering repugnance.

It was about the same hour on the following day that the same trio was gathered in the Smith cabin, and into

is it not so, Prudence? Oh! surely, surely you will not part us—why, we—we love each other!"

No one caught the swift motion of White's hand; no one saw him remove a flagon from his own pocket and dexterously slip it in Eliot's. Every one started at his raucous voice.

"Perchance," he said gratingly, "the fair maid of Plymouth does not know you for a tippler, young sir?"



"IT'S A LIE!" HE BURST OUT

the outwardly amicable peace broke young Eliot, eyes aflame. Beseechingly, he sought Prudence's averted face—the amazed expression in her father's regard—the veiled, triumphant leer of approaching age over his assertive youth.

"Prudence!" he gasped. "Sir, what is this I read on the Announcement Board—the bans of—of Peter White—and—and Prudence!"

"You have read aright, 'twould seem," Peter White made answer, gazing fatuously at Prudence.

"But, sirs, 'tis me she loves—me—

Prudence, her father, Eliot himself gazed aghast at the flagon White snatched from Eliot's pocket.

"It's a lie!" he burst out, and turned his eager eyes to Prudence, seeking the confirmation of her faith in this amazing happening. The eyes, love-lit so short a time ago, were averted, and the cheek turned to him was coldly white.

After that nothing seemed to matter. Eliot was indifferent, even to the solution of the mystery for the benefit of the others. He knew that Peter White had done the deed. He knew,

too, that his word would not be taken against such flagrant evidence and the word of the older man. And so he went to the pillory without a word of self-defense, and, without the flicker of an eyelash, suffered the agonies of Prudence's scorn each time she passed.

It was the day before the wedding of Prudence and Peter that Eliot was released. He hardly paused to

stern winter past. His hot young hand clutched his gun; his hot young blood gloated over the knowledge of his strength; then he neared the transparent, oiled window-panes of White's cabin and paused, peering at what he saw. Not the smug-faced, pious Peter White—the pillar of respectability—but an aged man holding and draining a flagon of rum in one shaking hand, and tittering to



AND SO HE WENT TO THE PILLORY

heed the admonitory words uttered by the magistrate, cautioning him not again to forsake the narrow path of sobriety. He thirsted, with the blind rage of youth, for Peter's gore—for the skin of the man who had done such a redman's trick—who was further to defraud him by claiming his Puritan maid. That she was his he knew—by the sweet plight they had pledged each other in the Maytime woods; by the look in her eyes when she answered to his lips; by the fear in her heart for his sake thru the

himself in a maudlin, senile way. This was to be the bridegroom of the mayflower of the Old Colony! Eliot laughed to himself softly, triumphantly. Then he withdrew noiselessly.

Prudence's wedding-day dawned bright and clear in Plymouth town. The bride, preparing for her bridegroom, gazed, with a yearning pain, to the outline of the wood where she and Eliot had known their love's awakening. All their tender plans of



ELIOT TAKES ADVANTAGE OF
PETER'S SNOOZE

life together lay crumbled at her feet. Hers was to be a life of loveless toil. Here, in this hostile, friendless land, she must dwell forever without Love's altar-fire to warm her heart.

Like one in a trance induced by some sad fatality, the bride left for the meeting-house on her father's arm. She never forgot that walk—the stretch of the distant water-line—the sight of old Plymouth Rock looming up, the emblem of steadfast hope and faith—the laughing voices of the maids and youths of Plymouth as they trooped to witness the marriage of Prudence Smith to Peter White. How confidently she had expected envious sighs and glances of admiration as she set forth to wed with Eliot Warren, instead of the half-

veiled pity and ridicule of the laughter borne to her now.

The sun touched the face of the highly ornate bridegroom with a parchment effect. He was gorgeously hatted and cloaked, and his lips and eyes were alight with a certain unpleasant greed. The slim "mayflower of the Old Colony" seemed an incongruous antonym. The magistrate, the same whose dignity had been so ruthlessly offended by the younger member of the Smith household, cleared his throat, and the ceremony began. The magistrate was a ponderous soul, and he made the most of all ceremonious occasions. Prudence thought, in her misery, that the fateful words would never be intoned, and her heart grew more and more leaden as the final, binding words approached.

Thru the meeting-house ran a faint murmur. A day of miracles had dawned, for a cat was descending from Heaven in place of the ancient dove—a cat, mouth muzzled and claws wildly distended, to seek a landing-place. Surely, the reigning



ELIOT PLANS TO ADD AN ITEM OF INTEREST
TO THE CEREMONY



BALD-HEADED PETER IS EXPOSED AS A HYPOCRITE

power overruling that feline had a strong sense of the fitness of things, for the animal struck something solid and was promptly borne aloft again. The material substance the clawing nails had found was Peter White's abundant hair. And they had borne that hair away—quite, entirely, unrelievedly away. Nothing was left but a shining pate, polished to a gleaming nicety. Not one lone hair made fertile that arid waste. And right on the rotund center of the shining surface reposed a tiny, folded scrap of paper. This slipped to the floor, and the bride's father stooped to pick it up. Those of the inhabitants of Plymouth not too austere were gurgling audibly. Prudence, her waist encircled by her mother, was trembling on the verge of mirth and tears—so great was the unexpected relief—so ignominious its manner of befalling. Her father raised his hand, and the assembled company, with the magistrate bending forward,

listened, eyes starting from their sockets, to what he read:

I, Peter White, who am to marry this innocent girl, am a tippler, a liar and a hypocrite. In my cupboard you will find a demijohn of rum and a marriage certificate to prove that I now have a wife in England.

“ 'Tis false!” cried Master Peter; “a veritable tissue of lies!”

A ladder was fetched and planted to reach the trap-door in the attic above. Four sturdy Pilgrims mounted, and Eliot, the arch-plotter, came tumbling and sprawling into the midst of the wedding-party.

Stern hands were laid upon him.

“Is this accusation true?” demanded the magistrate of Peter White.

Peter puffed with righteous indignation.

“A rodomontade—a contrivance of the Evil One!” he shouted.

Then came the running feet of will-



PETER IS SNUGLY SETTLED IN THE PILLORY

ing witnesses, and the malodorous demijohn and hidden wedding-certificate were thrust before the magistrate.

The staid Puritans raised their voices in one accord.

"To the stocks!" came from every voice.

The confusion of that day rivaled the skirmishes with the redmen. And, at last, order came. The truth was

told. Peter White was proven to be what the confession penned by his young rival had stated; and Eliot claimed the Puritan maid, for whom had dawned the heart's true marriage-day.

Before the town hall, securely in the stocks, shiny of pate, rum-soaked of visage, senile of mind, posed the sanctimonious Peter White.

The Reel

By RALPH M. THOMSON



he reel's the thing that tempts the gay,
And those who wander in dismay,
To cast the cares of life aside,
When hearts appear dissatisfied,
And patronize the picture play.

True to the scenes it would
portray,
And never of deceit the prey,
How can it really be denied
The reel's the thing?

The drama may have held full sway
In ages which have passed away,
When only those with wealth supplied
Could share its pleasures multiplied,
But in this democratic day,
The reel's the thing.



This story was written from the Photoplay of BANNISTER MERWIN

IF steel-brained Billy Lyons had a weakness, it was still to be discovered in Wall Street. In the arena of finance, where money-getting stalks undisguised, the captains of industry know that it is a battle of the strong, and from him who finches in mind or method the penalty of failure will be exacted to the last penny.

Billy Lyons had risen to the top, and stayed there. He was the greatest, the most daring, the most resourceful operator of his time. Yet even his enemies could not accuse him of unfairness. He knew the game. He had allies in the directorates of a thousand corporations, and made more money for them, and for himself, than they could even dream of making.

Those that feared him lay awake nights searching for the rift in his armor, and they never arrived at the truth. Billy Lyons thought out a move, or a series of moves, for weeks; then acted instantly, with seeming recklessness. His moves were made in the open, frankly, and their very transparency confused the opposite side of the market. His elementary

plan was simple to the point of vacuity: first, to investigate a property, and, having made up his mind as to its elasticity, to buy it up to the point where investors and speculators would absorb it. A constructive genius was Lyons, who, when he operated the stock of a corporation up, held it up by its intrinsic merit. He never boomed a "skate," never pooled an unreliable property, and never went back on his public promises.

If Billy Lyons had a weakness, it was his wife. In the Street he was known to have steel nerves; in her presence he hung back embarrassed. At the turning-point of a million his eyes flared up with confident daring; before her his manner was humbler than his own valet's. Where his word was law in a body of gray-haired directors, it was hushed into gentle suggestions when he spoke to her. And he had loved her all these years, and had never had the courage to say it. She ruled him, this beautiful, whimsical, sometimes heartless woman; lorded it over him, and he submitted without murmur to her yoke.

Billy Lyons liked nothing better than to come home to an exquisitely appointed dinner for two, and, from under the shaded lights, to watch and to nurse the play of color and gleam in his wife's cheeks and eyes.

Her flow of selfish, self-centered talk never bored him; the set of her close-fitting gowns and the sparkle of her diamonds treasured her to him as in a precious frame. And the more she wanted, the more he gave. Her entourage, her toilettes, her jewels were known from Bar Harbor to Coronado, and people had to ask who the self-effacing man was that seemed only to hover near her.

Billy Lyons fairly worshipped the ground she trod upon, but, with all his tastes, domestic and uxorious, he detested the round of affairs—receptions, balls, musicales and such—that made her almost a stranger in their home.

"Going out is all right," he defended, with the cigar-smoke lazily trailing from his lips, "and it even gets to have its responsibilities. For five mortal hours I give orders—never take them. I'm *all* responsibility, you might say. And one little blunder, one tuppenny slip might precipitate a panic and cause millions to just ooze out from me and my crowd. So at night, my dear," he concluded, "I like just to lazy with you, to smoke a cigar or two, to build up nerve for the morrow."

"To be always near you, dear—to bask in your beauty, your incomparable loveliness." This latter kept singing in his brain and working to his lips, but he suppressed the spoken words.

"You are always thinking of me," she said, her small, red lips forming a faint *moue*, "and sometimes I think you really care for me."

Billy Lyons lowered his eyes in confusion.

"Mrs. Bardolf has a perfectly lovely necklace of matched pink pearls," she went on; "there's another one like it at Blackstone's. Wont you get it for me?"

"You can check against your own

account for it tomorrow," said Billy Lyons.

"Silly! Why, it costs eighty thousand dollars."

Billy Lyons raised his eyes and had the hardihood to stare at her.

"I'll give it to you for Christmas," he announced finally.

"How stupid! I want to wear it at my reception next Thursday."

"Wont your diamond and pearl necklace do?" suggested Billy Lyons.

"Do? Anything will do," she echoed pettishly. "The wife of Billy Lyons can wear any old thing, and it is looked upon as priceless by connoisseurs."

"Matched pearls—eighty thousand dollars," said Billy Lyons, half to himself. "I can remember when we did not know what the words meant."

The man sat with his hand before his eyes, as if turning them inwards to the past—a past of a little house on a plain street.

Presently a soft hand lighted on his arm and stole upward, birdlike, to the masking hand. It crept inside of the large one and quivered there. Billy Lyons sighed.

"Cant you make the market do something or other and get it for me that way? A day's work in return for my heart's desire."

Billy Lyons looked very serious. Then he nodded. "All right, my dear," he said, smiling lazily, "we'll have a try for it."

Then the fragile hand fluttered from his again, and Billy Lyons, knowing that it was swift of wing, did not pursue it.

On the stroke of ten the following morning Barbara did a most unusual thing: she invaded Billy Lyons's private office.

"I wanted to see you," she explained—"to see how you managed these big, mysterious affairs."

Billy Lyons blushed like a school-boy. "There's nothing to see—it's the driest-looking detail, I assure you."

"You wont forget," she said



THE NECKLACE IS PROMISED

abruptly, bending so close that her furs caressed his cheek. "I need that necklace for Thursday night."

"I'll not forget," said Billy Lyons, and when she had gone, somehow her visit left a not quite delicious flavor.

On the stroke of twelve, Billy Lyons picked up this telegram from his desk:

Agrarian Rebate Hottentot California
Quiet Thursday.

Which appeared a jumble of nonsense, but which, when applied to his private code-book, read:

C. P. & D. will not pay next dividend.
News will not be given out till Thursday.

Billy Lyons began to marshal his facts. C. P. & D. was a feeder railroad that had paid regular dividends of from four to six per cent. for twenty years. It was not an active

stock. The floating supply of its stock did not exceed one hundred thousand shares. He was in the entire confidence of its directorate. He had just come into possession of a valuable bear tip.

Knowing these things, what was more natural than that Billy Lyons should distribute "short" orders on C. P. & D.? On Thursday, the day the dividend was to be passed, the stock would easily drop ten points. Billy Lyons need not turn a hand to rake in his eighty thousand.

But on this bright Monday morning a something queer had seized on Billy Lyons that turned his well-organized brain into a penthouse of emotions. Not one paltry string of pearls should surfeit Barbara, but rare jewels that she had never seen and, seeing, should madly covet. *His* happiness was *hers*—he never re-



LYONS GIVES ORDERS TO HIS LIEUTENANTS

alized this more poignantly than now. And happy she should be; radiantly, joyously, riotously happy.

He had always played the big game of the Street in princely fashion, but fairly and discreetly. And his opponents had known enough to quit when they had sufficient punishment.

In his hands alone now lay the weapon for a "scoop," a "big squeeze," a rigging of the market to suit his new-found piratical thirst, and he trembled at the audacity of the step.

To think was to dare with Billy Lyons, and five minutes afterwards his confidential brokers sat around him, taking his rapid orders.

"C. P. & D. is quoted at 83 bid," he said. "A sale hasn't come out in a week. Distribute my orders in five-hundred lots and buy thru a dozen offices.

"Jamieson, you see the representative of the Consolidated Press and give him a call on one thousand shares—that ought to take care of all the financial newspapers. Tell him to apply the hot air and to talk dividends—extra dividends.

"One word more. If you are approached by worth-while speculators, you know what information to give out."

The operator's brokers exchanged covert glances—a mixture of surprise and dismay.

"But—but——" stammered Jamieson.

"There are no 'buts,'" enjoined Billy Lyons, almost ferociously. "This is to be a killing—a slaughter of the innocents." He leaned forward eagerly. "I'm growing tired of the strain of the Street, boys, and this will make us all rich—a neat pile in your commissions alone.

"Now remember," he instructed, as the conference broke up, "buy till tomorrow's papers publish their 'rumors,' and at my word hold off. Every shred of the stock that comes out will be snapped up like wildfire.

"One word more!" Billy Lyons stood up, and his shaggy eyes sparkled. "Be on phone call at nine-thirty Thursday morning. It's 'dividend' day, and h— is going to be let loose."

At half-past three Billy Lyons picked up a copy of the *Evening*

Times-Review. It was still damp from the press. In the financial column an "inspired" article stated that it was rumored "from highly reliable quarters" that C. P. & D. would declare a dividend of five per cent., from income, and two per cent. added, from investment.

Billy Lyons turned to the pile of commitments on his desk, added up the number of his purchases, then scanned the newspaper's record of sales in C. P. & D. The stock had been traded in for over thirty thousand shares—an unheard-of amount

servants, but empty-walled as far as he was concerned. His wife had gone out to dine and to play a rubber of bridge.

As he ate his dinner alone, he thought of her beautiful face, with its anxious look over her petty gambling, and it made him smile—her tragedy and his. For his love of her, he told himself, he had led himself into a room and put a bullet into the best part of himself—his morality. And now, with that slain, he stole out of the room a gambler, pure and simple; a liar and a thief.



LYONS GIVES ORDERS TO SELL

for a feeder railroad—and less than twenty thousand shares were his own commitments.

Well and good. The medicine was beginning to work. The stock had jumped five points and, with the Street getting a reason for its gamble, from his agents and the press, would undoubtedly jump five the next day. And five the next—then—"Look out for Billy Lyons!"

That night Billy Lyons came home to an empty house—a costly mansion full of works of art, rare tapestries, shimmering silver service, soft-footed

For the thing that he was about to do contained all of these.

Tuesday crowded itself by, a day of excitement and activity on the Exchange floor. C. P. & D. was on every one's lips. The posts of the regular active stocks were half-deserted. Specialists in C. P. & D. were resurrected and half-torn apart in the effort to buy from them. Billy Lyons quietly unloaded his "long" stock, and sold "short"—all that the market would stand.

Wednesday night Billy Lyons brought the pink pearl necklace home and clasped it around Barbara's

neck. Something that startled him, then enthralled him, brushed his cheek: two quick lips meeting in a kiss.

"It's dear of you, Billy Lyons! I might have known you wouldn't forget."

"Forget!" thought Billy Lyons, "with six millions in C. P. & D. and the Street overripe to the verge of a panic. Catch me forgetting!"

But he said only: "Tut, tut, dear!" and smiled thru his misty cigar.

With the coming of Thursday morning, Billy Lyons left the house

pulled his hat down firmly, while the chauffeur sprinted his car down to Wall Street.

At precisely nine-thirty, six men hung on their respective phone-receivers and awaited a call. It came, at an interval of a minute apart, to each of them, in Billy Lyons's incisive voice.

"Sell! Sell! Sell!—all you can get of it—all you can beg, borrow or steal—you hear me?"

And knowing that Billy Lyons had no limit, the six men who had listened to his voice rushed for the Exchange, to be on the floor with the ringing of the bell.

By ten-thirty o'clock every one of the six phones in Billy Lyons's office were ringing themselves into a state of prostration. An acrobat of an office-boy stood at his side and handed the stock-operator the receivers as fast as the phones sounded.

"Yes? Jamieson? One thousand more at ninety and 'stop' at ninety-two."

"Yes? Hodges? One thousand at eighty-eight and one-half and 'stop' at ninety and one-half."

At eleven o'clock the rumor that C. P. & D. was about to pass its dividend ran quickly thru the Ex-

change, and the stock took a sharp, sickening drop of a point between quotations. The trading in other stocks had practically come to a standstill, and a howling, shrieking mob centered around the C. P. & D. specialists.

Lyons, implacable as Fate, at his end of the wire, whipped the falling market with selling orders in large blocks.

At twelve the report came out that C. P. & D. had passed its dividend. And then pandemonium, such as only a Stock Exchange panic can summon forth, broke loose. Room-traders, customers bent over the tickers, large operators, saw the profits of years



ADVISING HIS FRIEND TO BUY

an hour earlier than usual, and he noticed that the caterer's men were already putting up their awning in front of the house.

"I mayn't even have a striped tent like that to sleep under by tonight," said Billy Lyons, "and *again*—"

But his morning newspaper cut short his musings.

C. P. & D. SKYROCKETS.

Heavy Trading in the St. John Feeder Sends It Up to a New High.

The expected dividend of seven per cent. on C. P. & D. today—

"Bait!" said Billy Lyons, and

fall away from them in as many minutes. Some were utterly ruined and could not realize it, breasting the ticker-tape like so many dumb sheep. And the agonies of a drowning man shot thru the minds of those who sensed the havoc of the terrible tale of figures on the tapes.

Everywhere, from some unknown starting-point, the rumor spread that Billy Lyons had stood behind the deal to skyrocket, and then to toboggan C. P. & D.

Clavering, of Moore & Clavering, who did a "wire" business all over the country, with some ten thousand accounts, burst into his private office, knocking over the detective on guard. The expression of the broker's face was hideous, appalling—a creature on the verge of insanity.

"Billy Lyons — it's you!" he cried hoarsely—"you, you who have caught us in this hellish trap."

He gasped as if for air; his collar choked him, and he tore it loose.

"Yes, I'm the man underneath," confessed Billy Lyons—"I'm Satan, sure enough!"

"Then God forgive you, for I cannot. You have ruined me utterly. Moore & Clavering, the oldest house in the Street, is suspending, under the rule."

"I'm 'short' of mercy," said Billy Lyons. "Will you kindly shut the door as you go out?"

Uptown, in the shopping district, the rumor spread that a little bank was carrying the ill-starred stock, and by noon a long stream of frightened depositors were in line, withdrawing their money.

The bank was carrying C. P. & D., and its old, white-haired president looked out on the line of people, shook his head sadly, then locked himself in his private office. Those that were

near might have heard a muffled sound, like the distant jarring of a door, but it was long after banking hours when, with a coat thrown over him, they carried out the body of the bank's first officer. Fifty years of service, and for this end! Billy Lyons, your necklace is spanning farther than you reckoned when you called yourself a thief.

Two blocks away from the bank, in a sunless back room of a boarding-house, a motherly-looking woman sat reading a letter. It was a dear message, and she read it over and over



RUINED, PLEADING FOR HELP

again, sipping in its pleasures. It read, in part:

DEAR MOTHER—Only another six months and I will graduate. Then you can deposit, instead of withdrawing from the bank around the corner.

And as she sat a-dreaming, a busy neighbor came rushing in on her dream and told her of the run on the bank and of its closing its doors.

Only an old woman's hole-in-a-corner tragedy this time, Billy Lyons!

On his way uptown the highly successful operator read of the suicide of the old banker, and the news struck Billy Lyons full in the face. He had gotten his start in life as a

bank-messenger in Old Man Carter's bank, and, in return, he had done this thing for the venerable banker.

The reception was in full swing when Billy Lyons came down from his rooms and hastened to his wife's side. He recognized a detective, in spite of his evening clothes, stationed close by her. If Billy Lyons had to pay his price for the pink pearl necklace, he intended that it should be well watched.

admitted, and Billy Lyons instructed that she be brought in to him.

She was quiet and refined-looking, also motherly, and Lyons knew that he need not expect a scene.

Then she told him, in a few words, of the closed bank, and asked him if he could not help the old president out of his trouble.

"Are you a depositor?" asked Billy Lyons.

"Yes; all the money I had."



THE POOR WOMAN IS SUMMARILY DISMISSED

Billy Lyons stood by his beautiful wife and shook hands with a never-ending line of guests. It was different from the line outside the closed bank, tho the well-fed, reddish faces and fat necks and arms were conducive to boredom in the Wall Street man.

It was heavy air, Billy Lyons thought, and he withdrew to his library as soon as the dancing commenced.

Later on, the old woman who lived in the dingy boarding-house was

"Dont you know Mr. Carter is dead?" said Billy Lyons, quietly. "He shot himself this afternoon."

Tears started to the woman's eyes. She brushed them back.

Billy Lyons watched her from behind his cigar. "Here is a true woman," he appraised—"absolutely unselfish." Then he got up, strangely sudden, and asked her to wait.

Billy Lyons came back shortly, with Barbara by his side. She looked tired and hurt, as if he had been rude—

But Billy Lyons was never rude—

perhaps savage with men, but not ungentle with women.

"Let me have your necklace, dear," he said, unclasping it. "I want to count a few of its beads, church-like."

"For each one of them, today I have utterly ruined a hundred men.

"For this one"—his fingers lingered—"I have stolen this poor woman's sole support. And for this

stoning him, reviling him. He won't live the year out.

"You see this large brilliant," he said, his voice muffled; "it is me—my soul. It went into that pearl, and I have lost it. I am without honor now—a thief among men."

Billy Lyons paused, and the women—the old and the new—shivered away from his wretched eyes. Sud-



THE HEART OF BILLY LYONS SOFTENS

—I have killed my oldest and truest friend, Mr. Carter, the banker."

Barbara's face flushed; then she came close to him, questioning.

"It has been a black day in Wall Street, dear," he explained, "and I was the cause as well as the profiter. I am twice as rich as I was. But wait a moment—permit me to poll the pearls again.

"Clavering, who taught me what honor was, has passed away, utterly ruined; and with him a legion of customers, helping to drag him down—

denly they shone with a fire caught from the pearls.

"You have a son," he said to the woman—"bring him to me; let me help him to become a man—with me." He paused in thought. "Before it is quite too late, tomorrow's papers will announce that I am turning over all my money—in partial restitution.

"Yes, I'll begin again, Barbara," he said, as her eyes filled. "Billy Lyons can always fill a niche. Don't give way—don't pity me, for you are all I have."



ST. PETER—NO, MY SON, THERE ARE NO MOVING PICTURES HERE.
WILLIE—OH, GEE! I THOUGHT THIS WAS HEAVEN!

OLD New ENGLAND WALL PAPERS

They were the forerunners of
modern motion pictures.

BY
MARY HAROLD NORTHEND
AND
MARY TAYLOR FALT



THE importance of Moving Pictures today, as an absorbing entertainment for young and old, the delight evinced in the ceaseless panorama of scenes from all periods and phases of past and present events, which have been introduced, make one turn, with keen interest, to the pictorial wall-papers of long ago. The evolutionary cause of the present marvelous development of the Moving Picture indus-

try seems to be found among their patterns.

If the modern families had need of new wall-papers for their homes and discussed the choice of patterns for the different rooms, in the majority of cases, modest, conventional surfaces, figures, stripes, floral designs and the like would be the general preference. Should the head of the house express the wish for patterns in chariot races, hunting and historical scenes, water-



ENGLISH HUNTING SCENE IN THE ANDREWS HOUSE, NOW THE HOME
OF MR. WILLIAM SAFFORD, AT SALEM, MASS.



ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHOS, ON "THE LINDENS," AT PEABODY, MASS.

falls, adventures on land or sea and such unusual designs, every one concerned would be, indeed, surprised and mystified.

Again, a mother might interpose. She might request, as her choice, patterns depicting the various aspects of nature or landscape pictures. Surprise would change to perplexity at such an odd assertion. If a sister should interrupt and declare for sail-boats on rivers, women at spinning-wheels, and even a red or blue Venus and Cupid disporting on wall-paper, you would be at a loss to translate the utter refusal of all concerned to keep within wall-paper conventions.

In the eyes of the youth of today, the New England boys and girls of long ago had a great hardship: their dearth of Moving Pictures, such as are provided for education and entertainment today. Moving Pictures they had not. They did live, however, in a more pictorial atmosphere each day than does the average New Eng-

land boy or girl of this century. This was particularly true of the days of the merchant princes of Salem. Their colonial mansions were filled with rare treasures, in the shape of picture-covered china and almost priceless wall-papers.

These unique wall-papers, in all varieties of designs and patterns, depicted, as a rule, natural scenery, historical events and persons, scenes from mythology, foreign lands, etc. They were both realistic and imaginative in conception. You might go to a residence of that era and see the Bay of Naples in one room, the banks of the River Seine in another, all the excitement and festivity of a stag-hunt in the Scottish Highlands on the walls of still another. The life of George Washington would be unfolded on the walls of some other room. Greek nymphs and their admirers had an honored place, too, in the choice of patterns.

Our youthful cousins of the long



A TROPICAL SCENE, PROBABLY OF FRENCH MAKE. THIS IS ON "THE LINDENS," AT PEABODY, MASS., THE JACOB C. PEABODY HOUSE. THIS HOUSE WAS AT ONE TIME USED BY GENERAL GAGE FOR HEADQUARTERS

ago, as they visited with relatives and friends, must have been fascinated with the picture-worlds illustrated on these mural reels of colonial days. And they doubtless sought the high landings of the great hand-built staircases. In groups, they must have let their imaginations hold full sway as they gazed down in questioning mood on Don Quixote and Sancho Panza on the great living-room walls, where they played their silent picture play in colonial mansions.

This particular and valuable treasure in wall-paper was brought overseas. For forty years its priceless rolls, in one instance, were preserved without being used. Later, they were placed on the walls of a certain mansion. The first figure represented Don Quixote taking the oath of allegiance. In others were depicted his battles with the windmills, his rout of the sheep, his proposed succor of the gal-

ley-slaves. With him in all his adventures were his faithful, bony steed, Rosinante, and his corpulent and too practical Sancho Panza. The colorings of these Quixotic picture patterns were done in shades of brown and white; in finish and outline they were exceedingly distinct and clear.

At the historic Lee mansion, at Marblehead, preserved by the Marblehead Historical Society in all its colonial splendor, the walls were papered in still another distinctive pictorial fashion. The pattern was much like old engravings. In soft tones of browns and grays, combined with black, there are illustrated classic ruins (probably Pompeii), fishing scenes, castles with terraced corners, and stone staircases in sylvan domains. An odd arrangement in the design seemed to connect the pictures with patterns worked out in figures of warlike implements.

The young people who were privileged to visit at the costly, spacious residence of Captain Forrester, a merchant of Derby Street, Salem, must have been enthralled with the panoramic picture-story of his life on the walls of the parlor. He had this wall-paper especially designed. In the first panel was his birthplace in England, a lowly, thatched cottage. Then came, in succession, his struggles, adven-

the wall-paper artist of that time knew it. The rising city of Paris was another pictorial offering.

A remarkable blending of mural oil paintings on wall-paper is found in the Warner mansion at Portsmouth, N. H. All phases of religious and civic history, which seemingly had impressed the owner, were perpetuated. Governor William Phipps was portrayed on his charger; Abraham



DUTCH WALL-PAPER ON THE DANIEL LOW HOUSE, SALEM, MASS.

tures and successes; his wharves, ships and mansion at Salem. What a lesson each panel taught! All the love for romance and adventure was satisfied, and incentive given—a moral emphasized as each illustration was viewed.

In other apartments of these colonial homes the children viewed castles, and river-bordered acres with people distributed about their banks. Very wealthy colonists often had their walls papered in costly, hand-painted patterns of landscapes and marine subjects. Venice was there, too, as

offering up Isaac; a colonial dame disturbed at her spinning by a hawk amid her chickens; Indians, life size, brilliant and glowing in coloring, were patterns used in the big spaces near hall windows at the head of the great staircases.

The adventures of Fénelon's famous mythological characters, Telemachos, Calypso and her nymphs, furnished the romantic episodes for a famous colonial wall-paper. This paper was found on several houses—the John Lovett Morse house, Taunton, Mass., and the old Knapp man-

sion, Newburyport, Mass., summer home of Mrs. G. W. A. Perry. A similar paper adorned Andrew Jackson's residence, "The Hermitage," near Nashville, Tenn.

With such sensational and emotional pictures displayed in the wall-paper panels of homes, there must have been a natural craving for knowledge of the source of these wonderful story papers. Lafour and Dufitte of France, and Bartol, who was said to have worked on

leather-hangings in the early centuries; the English were given to tapestries, in whose manufacture they were adepts and artists. Our modern tapestry wall-paper came from that idea. Painted canvas and dyed cloth were the cheaper grades of these wonderful tapestry hangings.

Wall - papers came to England by way of Spain, Japan and Holland, about the eighteenth century. They were slow to gain popularity in England. Later, the tapes-



THE THREE UPPER PICTURES REPRESENT ROMAN RUINS. THESE WALL-PAPERS ARE STILL PRESERVED IN THE LEE MANSION AT MARBLEHEAD, MASS.

THE LOWER PICTURE SHOWS A BIT OF OLD LANDSCAPE WALL-PAPER IN A COLONIAL HOUSE AT NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

wall-paper commissions in Marblehead, were three of the best known wall-paper designers.

The people of the centuries preceding colonial times had the skins of animals as wall-hangings. Later came the famous and rare tapestries, cloth, hand-embroidered in pictures. With the invention of the printing-press, the idea of picture wall-paper was slowly adopted.

The origin of wall-paper is really wrapped in mystery. The Spaniards first used stamped and printed

tries were used to cover furniture, and wall-papers slowly gained in favor. At this period of New England history the colonists were very prosperous. They began to adopt the fashions of the mother country. The Lee mansion at Marblehead and its beautiful wall-papers are testimonials to these assertions. It was built in 1760 by Jeremiah Lee, Revolutionary patriot. Its wall-paper was made in England.

These old-time papers were made in blocks, not rolls. The lovely and ex-



REPRESENTING PARIS AND THE RIVER SEINE. THIS WALL-PAPER WAS PUT ON THE OLIVER HOUSE, SALEM, IN 1805

quisite shadings were often done by hand with the utmost care. The rich tones, color effects and the high finish employed were apparent in both the French and English specimens.

Great charm lay in these ancient wall-papers. Every pattern had an individual meaning. A single wall-paper theme, like the Moving Picture reel, was elaborately developed for a room's decoration. They were symbolical also of current events, like our modern Moving Pictures. When George Washington died, black and gray wall-papers prevailed. When weddings were approaching in households, the wall-papers were figurative patterns of amatory and romantic episodes.

Like some Moving Pictures, they often fell short of edifying or classical qualifications. The life history of a French gallant of the eighteenth century provided the panels of a certain wall-paper pattern. His quarrels over dice, his affairs of honor, proposals of marriage and elopements were all represented. These scenic patterns, depicting his gay adventures, were connected by rococo scrolls.

Quite a remarkable paper, where pictorial history has been repeated

wonderfully thru the impressionistic importance of a particular event, is the wall-paper representing scenes from the Olympic games. It proved a very popular wall-paper, beautiful and impressive in the hands of the wall-paper artists. The Moving Picture theaters delighted thousands with the modern Olympic games in films, and, likewise, this particular wall-paper pattern, coming from France in 1800, was an artistic, silent panorama of Grecian athletic events, done in tones of brown.

Scott's "Lady of the Lake," like the great literary masterpieces the Moving Picture world is producing, was another popular pattern. All Scotch Highland scenery and characters were shown in that wall-paper era, too: "The Chase," "The Gathering of the Clans" and "Blanche Devon's Prophecy."

In the illustrating of chariot-racing the ludicrous note crept in. The costumes and people represented lacked harmony with their environment. The first steam-engine was perpetuated on wall-paper also. Another old French paper found in Salem showed a gate way and fountain. Human figures were in the foreground: a boy play

ing with two dogs; a couple ascending the stairs; two men talking near the fountain; a peasant woman filling her water-jar, and an eighteenth century belle lifting her train coquettishly.

These quaint relics of bygone days, mute reminders of the past, have great romantic interest. Some were preserved from generation to generation; others were faded and worn, accidentally discovered in the process of renovating old colonial homes.

Wall-paper patterns were permeated with the same romantic treatment of plot and atmosphere that is demanded for Moving Picture scenarios. Dorothy Q.'s bridal-paper, in 1775, was the particular pattern which has been mentioned as having the Venuses and Cupids in crimsons and blues. It has been preserved by the Society of Massachusetts Colonial Dames.

As the leading producers of Mov-

ing Pictures are searching the world over for photoplay material, so the great East India merchants of colonial days went in search of these picture wall-papers. They filled their ships' holds with these treasures, to delight the lovers of pictorial romantic art at home. Every variety of subject, ranging from the allegorical to Shakespeare's plays, performed their silent dramas on the colonial walls of our forefathers. Connoisseurs have tried to reproduce these rare treasures, which grow scarcer with each succeeding year. The Moving Pictures and the pictured wall-papers both seemingly have and have had their mission. The Moving Pictures will give inestimable service to the generations to come. In them, pictorial wall-paper has found remarkable and almost unbelievable evolutionary expression of action, color and realism for events of all epochs.



Then and Now

By AUGUSTA BELDING FLEMING

Say, the old town aint so lonesome
As it was a year ago;
Things was just so dull and quiet,
Sort o' humdrum, dont you know.
There was meetin' ev'ry Sunday,
'Bout the only place to go,
'Till a stranger from the city
Started up a picture show.

Some folks call a showhouse wicked,
Say the stage is Satan's snare;
So I've thought it best to shun it,
And have never entered there.
But I've had a sneakin' longin'
Just to get up sand and go;
But I've satisfied that feelin'
With the Moving Picture show.

Why, they gave the Passion Play there,
And our parson read the text:
Church folks raised their hands in horror,
Wondered what was comin' next.
But the parson never faltered,
Said: "I'll have you all to know
That there is no cleaner business
Than the Moving Picture show."

Well, that kind of settled matters,
For we think our parson knows
All about what's right and proper,
Clean to Moving Picture shows.
Say, them pictures is just splendid;
All the church folks often go,
And are mighty glad they started
That there Moving Picture show.

Now the young folks, that the city
Charmed by gayer, lively ways,
Vow that life at home is better,
And the picture show they praise.
For there's always somethin' doin'
In the old town once so slow,
And the credit's all belongin'
To the Moving Picture show.



This story was written from the Photoplay of DANIEL ELLIS

"MOTHER," said the girl, eyeing her parent curiously. "weren't you ever young?"

The lady thus addressed surveyed her elaborately preserved youth in the mirror above her writing-desk, then bestowed upon her daughter an incredulous stare. "I must say, Lily," she remarked acidly, "that your query seems singularly out of place."

"Oh! I dont mean that way, mother," the girl exclaimed. "I know you *look* young—an army trained for that purpose see to that. I mean young—well, *inside*."

"Really, Lily," her mother said, in some exasperation, "I dont follow you at all. As my child, I cannot imagine where you ever acquired such peculiar ideas. Besides, what has all this to do with the fact at hand—that Mr. Peters has done you the honor of asking for your hand—and that you have accepted?"

The mother turned her eyes away

from the look her daughter gave her. It was unpleasantly hard and old.

"I see," the girl said, "that it has nothing to do with anything so far as you are concerned. When I said young inside, I meant didn't you ever want some of the things that money cant ever buy—things like wonderful, wonderful nights with some one who could understand the wonder—things like just being happy without trying and trying to *be* something, that, after all, is being nothing at all——"

"You may as well stop, Lily," her mother commanded. "I have a massage treatment at five, and I want to hear about Mr. Peters. You say that you finally accepted him?"

"Yes," said the girl. And she rose, standing slim and straight, reproachfully young, before her mother's appraising eye. "Yes, mother, I accepted him. He's seventy, and I'm twenty—but I accepted him. And I want to say now that it was for only

one reason—one reason in all the world—to help you. You have told me and told me that I could save you from the hordes of creditors, from the servants' threats—and—all the rest of the climb up. Well, I've done it."

The fire burned rosily red in Lily's dressing-room, and the hour was nearly midnight. In front of the blue-tipped flames the bride-betrothed sat meditating. Her eyes were misty, half with vision foregone and half with dread of the repellent future. She was young, with the divine cravings of untried youth—and a man of seventy was to be the answer to her dreams. She was not to know the ardent, leaping light in a strong man's eyes as they met hers; she was never to tread the Elysian fields hand in hand with mating joy and love. For the appeasement of a pack of snarling creditors—for the conquest of tinsel, shallow ambitions—for the envy and admiration of a harlequin society—she was to be the sacrifice. For the sake of these things her birthright was to be sold. Her birthright! Quite suddenly a new aspect of the case presented itself. She realized something she had not sensed before. God had given her that birthright. God had endowed her with her splendid youth, with her vital young strength and all its possibilities. Had He done so—for this? Had He meant that, for any reason whatsoever, she was to market this holy gift of herself? Most especially, had He meant that she should do so for the gratification of such desires? She knew that He had not. And she knew, too, that out in the world of men Some One was waiting—Some One was coming, with whom she might fulfill her destiny—to whom she might make the gift of her birthright as God had meant her to. Surely, some dream-eyed, tender lady from out a distant Past had given to Lily her rare idealism. It had not come from her worldly mother, not from her commerce-saturated father.

The next day Stephen Peters received his betrothal-ring back again,

accompanied by a little note of regret, apologetic, but obviously unalterable. The aged potentate had never been thwarted in all his moneyed career. He had never known the power of gold to fail either with women or anything else he chose to possess. That this mere slip of a girl should presume to turn him down was enraging. The thin stream of his ancient blood boiled with still another unholy lust. It was accustomed to that particular style of boiling. And he determined that she should pay for this insult—his gold should make her suffer, if it had not made her his.

As he paced the velvet-shod floor of his library, pondering, and clearing his husky throat, a noise outside the window-ledge caught his attention. Whatever else Stephen Peters was, he was not a physical coward, and he went immediately and flung back the casement pane. On the ledge cowered a thin, white-faced man clad in a convict's garb. Stephen Peters was many times a millionaire because he had never missed an opportunity—never failed to see a possible chance of gain. Now, swift as lightning, he grasped the weapon of his revenge. He knew Lily Adair's mother and her avid cravings for social advancement; he suspected the girl of similar cravings. Here, in this miserable outcast, lay the foiling of these ambitions forever—the casting of the struggling Adairs into social oblivion—the making of them a butt for a worldwide laugh.

"Come in," he told the panic-stricken fellow, whom he perceived to be young, under the mask of hunger and fright; "come in—I'm harmless."

"Don't turn me over to the law again," the convict pleaded, as he crept into the room, and Peters noted that his voice was singularly sweet in tone.

"I wont," said Stephen Peters.

Long into the night they talked together—this oddly assorted pair—the escaped convict and the high light of finance. And when the conference broke up in the small hours of the morning, it was arranged that the



PETERS' GIFTS ARE RECEIVED WITH INDIFFERENCE

outcast was to become a permanent member of Peters' home under the name of Sir John Clyde; that he was to pose as that person in society, and, for reasons Peters did not care to disclose, was to win the affections of a certain young lady named Lily Adair.

The man who consented to this scheme was weary of a losing fight. He was weakened and tired, and the game was up. Eagerly, therefore, he grasped at this opportunity of food and shelter and the semblance, at least, of respectability. He had known better things than a convict's cell, and his body craved for comfort, to the exclusion of his finer sensibilities. And when, the next morning, tubbed and shaved, with the pleasant touch of fine raiment against his skin, he set out to storm the walls of Gotham, he was lazily content.

It was a month later that Sir John Clyde met the object of his false alias. He had, by this time, become an accepted factor in the world in which Stephen Peters moved. He had recovered assurance; glowed with the health of well-being; was replete with

confidence and a new hope. And in this amicable, somewhat sluggish frame of mind, he met Lily Adair. From the moment he met her the world was different for Stephen Peters' guest. The purple and fine linen in which he was arrayed seemed to fall away, disclosing him in all his prison garb before her steadfast gaze. No one he had ever known had had such asking, depthless eyes; no one had ever made him feel that he must measure up before he could touch her hand. He knew that he had met her, the one love of his life. He knew that, no matter what betide, no matter whether she go out of his life that night, no other woman would reach out and touch his heart again. He knew, now, why men had died for the sake of a woman; he understood devotion that outlasted life and defied Eternity itself. And he forgot that the winning of this girl's hand was part of his contract with Stephen Peters. He knew, when he did remember, that, contract or no, a power higher than that of gold had urged his soul to hers.

To John Clyde and Lily Adair that



PETERS OBSERVES THAT HIS PLAN IS WORKING

evening was a foretaste of a heaven sweeter than any they had ever miraged. They had met—and the world was theirs. And Lily knew why she had waited—why she had had the strength to brave her mother's scathing contempt and to abandon Stephen Peters.

Mrs. Adair was somewhat appeased when Lily announced her intention of marrying Sir John Clyde. He was probably rather impecunious, she reflected, but the creditors did almost as much on a title as they did on a corpulent bank-account. And he was a protégé of Stephen Peters, which must mean some capital. Therefore, she drained her purse still further and insisted upon giving the girl a brilliant engagement-dinner. Society must have this match trumpeted in their ears. She felt that she would have climbed at least three more rungs thereby.

The Adair home was brilliantly illumined; the cream of the Social World was present, glittering and ennuied. Among them, starry-eyed,

moved the girl and her eager lover, not caring a whit for the ostentation and glitter, only for what it all meant: their ultimate union—the dear togetherness they had both visioned. The dinner seemed monotonously long to them both, and they welcomed the time when, the formal announcement made, John Clyde rose to toast his lovely bride-to-be. Lily trembled with the sudden ecstasy of the moment. He was hers—that god-like creature—and he was going to proclaim it to the world. She cast a swift, unconsciously triumphant glance at Stephen Peters, and was somewhat amazed to see his loose lips contorted into an ironic smile—certainly he looked as if he were well pleased.

"I am raising my glass," her lover was saying, when there came the loud voices of men, and the room was unceremoniously entered by a short, determined-looking man and two officers of the law. The latter went direct to Sir John Clyde, and the third man spoke up gruffly.



JOHN'S PRESENTS ARE RECEIVED WITH FAVOR

"Come along, 477," he commanded; "you've put up this pretty game on these ladies and gents long enough!"

Such a silence followed as only such an incongruous announcement can produce. From an imminent earldom to the habitant of a prison was a far descent. Then Mrs. Adair, chalk-white, demanded angrily:

"What does this mean, Sir John? Have the goodness to explain!"

One of the blue-coated officers tittered audibly at the title, and the guests leaned forward like a pack of hounds close upon the scent.

"There is nothing to explain, Mrs. Adair," the deposed baronet replied; "that is, just now."

"Come, come, men," the determined individual, who proved to be the warden, ordered; "come along, 477; no use of a row—you're caught good and plenty. And I'm sure we thank you for the information, Mr. Peters."

As the escaped convict turned to go, between his burly captors, Lily

sprang from her chair. "John!" she whispered agonizedly. What to her that he was a prisoner in stripes? He was the beloved sharer of her dreams: fine raiment—the world's respect—could never alter that. In later years John Clyde never forgot that token of her absolute love.

As the heavy portières were being drawn aside for the motley quartette to pass thru, and the sibilant hiss of excited whispering rose among the guests, two strangers appeared in the opening—courtly gentlemen, the one bearing a noticeable resemblance to the recaptured truant from the law.

When the other gentleman had announced himself as the British consul, he turned to his companion and bowed. "I have the honor, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "to present to you his grace, the Earl of Clyde."

"Clyde!" came from a dozen lips. Was this evening of surprises to be endless? Lily ran to the handcuffed man, and he, for once heedless of her presence, was devouring the face of the Earl.



THE ENGAGEMENT-DINNER

“Will *some one*,” wailed Mrs. Adair, “make an explanation of these extraordinary proceedings. I’m sure I cant tell an earl from a—a fugitive. I’m really unstrung.”

The Earl cleared his throat, and the look he gave the younger man, who gazed so eagerly at him, was kindly reassuring.

“If I may have the indulgence of the ladies and gentlemen here present for a moment,” the Earl began, “I shall make an explanation. It is for that purpose I have traveled from England. Many years ago two brothers came from England to wrest a fortune from this America of yours. They had all the other requisites, save only the money—that is, they were allied to the blue blood of the other side. One brother, Seymour by name, was addicted to gambling—and he was not a fortunate one. One day he borrowed large funds from the bank in which the two brothers worked, hoping to recoup the losses he had made and to even up the temporary theft. He lost out. Discovery was

imminent, and just at that time came the announcement that a cousin had died, leaving him next in line to his uncle’s earldom. For the sake of the old name—for the pride of blood—because he was, and is, a man thruout each fiber, the younger brother agreed to shoulder the crime and bear the penalty. The older brother went back to England—to flattery and ease and, eventually, to the earldom; the younger brother went—to jail and a penance not his to bear. In me you behold the older brother; in this—this convict—you see the younger—the guiltless one.”

“Then,” gasped a hysterical voice, “then he *is* the Earl of Clyde—he really is!” And Mrs. Adair did the graceful thing. She fainted, and was oblivious to the dispersement of her guests—fainted in the happy consciousness that she had stormed Society in the most dramatic way conceivable—stormed it with blue blood and titles—and made an epoch in the “season.”

Stephen Peters crept out an old,



THE RE-ARREST OF THE CONVICT

old man. The blood of his veins was his gold—and that, at last, had failed. He knew, too, that he did not want to meet the accusing young eyes of Lily Adair, nor the reproach in John Clyde's.

"Dear Love," whispered the girl, as, the excitement over, her lover drew her into the dim conservatory, "dear Love, how did it happen—that they came?"

"I wrote Seymour," John Clyde explained. "I was willing to skulk about and hide him when it concerned

only myself, but when your dear happiness came to be mine to shield, I knew that I had found the most priceless thing—and I wrote him that he must come and clear me up. I didn't know that Peters was to turn on me—but I meant the thing to be cleared up regardless of him. Now we'll settle with him, financially—then—we'll keep our wedding-day."

The girl crept very close to him. He could feel the warm throb of her true-blue heart. "I'd have kept it," she whispered to him, "even tho you had to come—in stripes."



Motion Pictures

By RALPH M. THOMSON



Think what it means unto the heart

To see things as they are!

The books may please, with cunning art,

Think what it means unto the heart

To view life as it is—apart

From all the shams that mar!

Think what it means unto the heart

To see things as they are!

THE GREAT DEBATE:

SHALL THE PLAYS BE CENSORED?

Does Censorship assure better plays, or is it beset with dangers?—Promise or Menace?

Affirmative

REV. WILLIAM SHEAFE CHASE, D.D.
Rector of Christ Church, Bedford Ave., Brooklyn

Negative

FRANK L. DYER
President of General Film Company, (Inc.)

EDITORIAL NOTE: This debate was begun in the February issue, continued in the March issue, and is concluded in the present number. In presenting the great question of censorship to the public in this masterful way, each side being represented by an authority of national renown, we feel that we have done a public service. For the first time, a public record has been made of all the arguments for and against censorship, and these who have followed the debate from the beginning can feel, after they have read the following articles, that they are now qualified to pass judgment on this all-important question. It is not for us to say which side has presented the more convincing arguments—we leave that for the public; but we believe that we are voicing the sentiments of countless thousands when we extend to Canon Chase and to President Dyer the grateful thanks of the Motion Picture public for their valuable services. Those who have not read the preceding articles should do so before reading the following concluding arguments, altho it is, of course, not necessary. We will mail the back numbers to any address on receipt of thirty cents, or fifteen cents for a single number. Next month (May issue) we shall hear from the National Board of Censorship on the matter. Mr. John Collier, its secretary, having consented to review the arguments of Canon Chase and President Dyer, and to set forth the views of that body on its efficiency and sufficiency.

THIRD ARTICLE FOR THE NEGATIVE

By PRESIDENT DYER

OUT of the smoke and confusion, what is the accomplishment?

It is not so difficult to state as may be thought, because on both sides simple propositions have been often reiterated and clothed in superfluous trappings.

I am sure that Canon Chase will agree that my object, in a broad sense, is the same as his. We both want to keep the standard of morals as high as possible. Moral miasma is the evil we are both fighting. He has a *dream* that the work can go beyond this—that it may extend to the elimination of pictures that he considers merely undesirable, as contrary to his ideas of taste or propriety, or as unnecessarily cruel or sordid or unduly suggestive of evil. But I confidently hope, upon careful

reflection, that he will see that this is a mere chimera. No reform can be effective unless it commands public support—unless, if submitted to a vote, it would be approved by a

majority of the voters. Matters of taste and propriety are the subject of too much dissension—too much difference of opinion—too much bickering and doubt—to be placidly submitted to the immutable judgment of a censor or censorship board. As a practical matter, we can go no further than subjects which an overwhelming

majority would condemn, whether they appear in Motion Pictures or books or on the stage or in photographs or other pictorial representations. Those subjects on the border



FRANK L. DYER

line, occupying the vague and undefined area between the good and the bad, must each be handled on its merits. A subject, apparently, may be of questionable propriety, yet it may be shown in such a way and to a special audience and be quite unobjectionable. On the other hand, a subject in which the element of doubt is most remote may be so exhibited—it may be advertised luridly and suggestively with questionable posters, all designed to create a false and suggestive atmosphere—that it should be forthwith suppressed.

The authorities, civic associations, parents, ministers and all from whom the cleansing of moral conditions is expected, should keep everlastingly on the lookout for such exhibitions and see that they are prevented. It will not be difficult to locate those exhibitors by whom questionable exhibitions are of frequent occurrence. They should be kept under surveillance, exactly

like the man whose habitual practice is the circulation or printing of indecent literature. They should be subjected to the same suspicion and distrust as other moral criminals. Under rigid prosecution, the makers of unlawful films and the exhibitors thereof will soon find that they are engaging in a business as undesirable and unhealthy as counterfeiting or the misbranding of food products, and that the consequences of detection will be as relatively severe.

How shall the moral standard be kept high?

Canon Chase says: "Let *me* (or what amounts to the same thing, men and women who think as I do)—let *me* decide what shall be put out. If I think a film is fit and proper, *I* will let it be shown. If I think it is objectionable, it must be forever suppressed. And in order that there may be no doubt about the matter, in order that even the most supersensi-

tive child shall not be offended, in order that everything may be absolutely and completely mild and sweet and pure and wholesome, I will take particular pains to exclude everything that is suggestive of violence or pain or sin or cruelty. I do not want pictures to show the world as it is—a world of stress and toil, a world in which the weak are crushed and the strong exalted, of blood and sweat and groans and pain, of justice and injustice, of sorrow and suffering, of sin and retribution—*no*, I want to paint the world of the poet: of fields of daisies, of prattling children and cooing doves, of dreams, of song and music." Ah! Canon Chase, God grant that your dream might come true! But not until men and women change, not until human nature itself

changes, will it be realized; and until then, as practical men, we must solve our problems along practical lines.

Now, as opposed to the worthy Canon,

and with precisely the same general objective in view, I say:

"Let the film-producers put out such subjects as they think are worthy of their art. Leave it to them to tell the story, to draw the moral, to uplift or edify or instruct. Their natural aim is to appeal to the largest possible audience. Unless Canon Chase asserts that the Americans as a people are immoral and perverted, he must admit that the natural inclination of the film-producer—from purely selfish reasons—is to make his films decent and elevating. Immoral and objectionable films—that is, *really* immoral and objectionable films—are, therefore, not to be ordinarily expected; they must be the exception, and not the rule. Treat these immoral and objectionable films, when they do appear, as criminal subjects and their producers and exhibitors as moral lepers, and punish them severely, preferably by imprisonment.

The law, not censors, must detect and punish guilty exhibitors and film manufacturers.

Follow this course rigidly, let the few criminals know that there is no place in the business for them, and I predict that in a short time no possible ground for complaint will arise from even the most austere.

Now, which of the two courses will the people choose? The one in which they delegate the control of their morals and preferences to others, or elect to decide such questions for themselves? The one in which, to detect a small percentage of evil, the entire industry is subjected to a burdensome inquisition, or the one in which the evil is detected and punished without involving anything else? The one in which the film manufacturer must first prove that he is not guilty, or the one in which he is presumed to be innocent until the contrary is proved? Or to speak more briefly, the Russo-Turkish, mediæval way proposed by Canon Chase, or the American, modern way advocated by me? Which of the two do *you* choose?

And in passing judgment, do not fail to take the following into consideration. A single censorship board would be bad enough, but it is impossible to believe that, if the principle of censorship is adopted, other boards would not spring up all over the country. Censorship already exists in Boston, Chicago, Detroit, and other cities, and is statewide in Ohio, Kansas, and other states. Soon it will probably grow to such proportions as to challenge serious attention, the lines will be drawn, and the struggle for "censorship or no censorship" will be on. And if censorship wins, with its national board, its many State boards and its myriads of municipal boards—what then? Every cent that censorship costs must be imposed on the exhibitor, and, in turn, forced upon the public, if possible. The pecuniary burden is not

going to be assumed by the film-producer, any more than he will pay out of his pocket the added cost due to increase in raw material or labor. Let the theaters remember that they pay the cost of censorship, leaving it to them to shift the burden to the public, if they can do so.

Furthermore, with a multitudinous censorship there will be constant delays, waiting for boards to meet and pass on films, making corrections suggested by the censors, resubmitting subjects after correction, waiting for court appeals, and from many other causes that are inevitable. And who suffers? The manufacturer? Not at all—he has turned the subject over to the distributor. Who then? Why, the theater, of course, and, incidentally, the public. They are the ones

who suffer from the delays. When a film does not reach the theater on the day promised, what will be the excuse? "Held up and being examined by the Squee-

dunk Board of Censors." "But," the theater says, "that particular subject was passed by the national censors in Washington and by our own State board." "Very true," says the exchange handling the film, "but the authorities in Squeedunk are getting very careful of late, now that Election Day is coming, and are holding up everything going into the county. Sorry, but as soon as the chairman finishes painting his barn, the film will be censored."

But the most important consideration is this: censorship will admittedly cut down the drawing-power—the strength, the virility—of films. Censorship will make them weak and uninteresting. With a hundred censorship boards to pass, will not the film-producer make his subjects solely for the censors and not for the public? Will not the question be uppermost in his mind: "Will the censors approve?" With such a mental atti-

**Censorship will cut down
the strength and virility of
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and uninteresting.**

tude, deterioration will surely come; and, with it, the end of the business, from an amusement standpoint. Perhaps Motion Pictures may, in the future, be used for educational purposes in colleges and schools and as an auxiliary to lectures, but if censorship is adopted as a principle, the inevitable deterioration in drawing-power will, in the end, work a total destruction of the exhibition busi-

ness. So let us prove our cause to the short-sighted—let the theaters be on the alert—let all who may be enthusiastic in their support of Motion Pictures be on the sharp lookout—let all of our friends and allies stand firmly together, each with a good, big stick in his hand, and whenever a censorship head (and it is a myriad-headed dragon) makes its appearance, give it a good, hard crack!

THIRD ARTICLE FOR THE AFFIRMATIVE

By CANON CHASE

MY opponent, in his second article, says: "It is not the duty of the State to protect the children, but of the parents and guardians." In reality, the first duty of the State is to protect all her citizens, especially those who most need her help. A mad dog is running down the street. Children are playing on the pavement. The policeman has a duty in the case as well as the parents.

My claim is that every child has a right to be protected by the State, in the most effective way possible, from immoral pictures, precisely as he has a right to be protected from smallpox or from criminal assault.

My reason for not desiring any pictures to be censored, except those shown for pay, is that the greed for gain is the motive for showing pictures full of evil suggestions to the young. No one else will corrupt police for the privilege of degrading children.

My opponent errs when he says that I am arguing that "a small number of men and women shall be given the right to decide for the American people what films they shall or shall not see, the right to exclude not only grossly immoral films, but also subjects to which the censors may object

merely because of personal idiosyncrasy," or that I want power to be given to the censors to reject whatever offends their taste or sense of propriety. I am asking that the board of licensers be given no other power than to reject films which, to trained minds, are clearly immoral. If the board exceeds these powers or makes a mistaken judgment, its decision can be reversed by the courts. It is more American to have a few official censors, under legal control, supervise what is shown in Motion Picture shows than a few film-makers without effective legal restraint.

Mr. Dyer says: "If the censors, in their decisions *before* the exhibition of the picture, would go no farther than the courts might go in their decision *after* the exhibition of the picture," then censorship is not necessary.

I say it is necessary, because of the inefficiency, inexperience and ignorance of the police, juries and judges concerning the moral and psychological effect of bad pictures upon children. By Mr. Dyer's method many bad pictures are being shown, but very few are being brought to the attention of the court. By my method very few bad pictures could



REV. WM. SHEAFE CHASE, D.D.

reach the public, unless the censors were inefficient or bribed. In that case, there is a legal remedy for the removal of the censors.

In replying to my second article, Mr. Dyer claims that demoralizing pictures can be eliminated by the police, whose duty it is to arrest exhibitors who show immoral pictures. He then says that he does not think I can fairly charge any community with the failure to enforce its laws.

I certainly do claim the very general non-enforcement of law as my principal reason for urging censorship. A conspicuous instance is the failure of New York City to enforce the law which forbids, on Sunday, the sale of liquor as a beverage, except in hotels with meals. Policemen arrest certain saloon-keepers ostensibly for breaking the Sunday law, but really because they do not pay the weekly or monthly contribution to their liquor organization.

“Censorship is necessary because of the inefficiency, inexperience and ignorance of the police, juries and judges.”

Magistrates convict, but the grand juries, before whom these cases are illegally transferred, know such cases to be instances of persecution, and refuse to be a party to such rank injustice. They will not indict a man who has refused to pay graft for a violation which the mayor and police department are openly permitting all the other saloon-keepers to commit.

Motion Picture shows for pay are also open on Sunday, contrary to law, in many parts of New York State.

The growth of serious crime and lawlessness in the United States is alarming.

In every other great Christian country, except the United States, even in Japan, there is decrease in serious crime. Most authorities declare the United States leads the civilized nations of the world in at least two serious forms of crime: civic corruption and crimes of violence and murder.

There were twenty-six murders for every million of the population in the United States in 1886, and eighty-eight murders for every million in 1911.

London's seven millions averaged twenty homicides each year from 1908 to 1910, but New York City's five millions averaged, annually, one hundred and seventeen homicides. In London, in 1911, there were twenty-three murders, but in New York City, in the same year, there were one hundred and forty-eight murders.

This spirit of lawlessness and of civic corruption makes it unwise to depend upon the local police to detect bad pictures or to secure the punishment of the exhibitor thru the lower courts. If effective work could be done by the police, the result of their

work would be to punish an exhibitor who was not responsible for the choice of the picture. For it had been sent by the exchange to him, as to all the other exhibitors

in the same circuit. Censorship brings the punishment for bad pictures where it belongs—upon the manufacturers.

But even if the local police were absolutely honest and free from temptation to graft upon Motion Picture exhibitors, they are not, by education or training, qualified to pass upon such intricate, psychological questions as are necessary to determine what would be the moral effect of certain pictures upon the minds of children.

The author of the “Inside of the White Slave Traffic,” which the local police and courts of New York City have condemned as tending to corrupt the morals of youth, is said to be in favor of official censorship, because he believes that such a board would be better qualified intellectually and artistically to determine the moral purpose which he claims has inspired his production.

Mr. Dyer's reply to my contention, that a United States Federal Censorship will decrease the number of local censorship boards, is amazing.

He says: "As a matter of fact, at the present time films are being censored by the National Board of Censorship, and yet the police authorities of Chicago and other cities insist upon having their own censorship."

The reason why Chicago and the States of California, Kansas, Ohio and other places have official boards of censorship is because they know that the so-called National Board of Censorship is neither national nor a board of censorship. It has no official power from the nation or anywhere else. It is composed of some very high-minded people who are giving their valuable services without remuneration.

Nevertheless, it is fooling the public. After certain pictures, the audience sees on the screen these words: "Approved by the Na-

tional Board of Censorship." The gullible public believe that these pictures have really been censored. Here are the reasons which show why the work of this volunteer board is inefficient: because all the manufacturers do not always obey the orders of the board; because, as their expenses and the salaries of their secretaries are paid by the film manufacturers, the board is not free in their decisions; they work not for the public entirely, but unconsciously for their friends, the film-makers; because the volunteer "censors" are not regular in their attendance, and in their absence the paid secretaries do the "censoring"; because the law does not forbid any pictures to be shown in the theaters without the approval of the board.

The Cleveland board of censors has recently rejected 15% of the pictures presented to it, and most of them bore the inscription, "Approved by the National Board of Censorship."

My opponent has a curiously interesting argument to show why he approves of a fake censorship which the film-makers control, but opposes a real one which the duly elected representatives of the Government control.

He says that the Government does not represent the people, because there are only fifteen millions who vote, out of one hundred million men, women and children who are citizens.

The public cannot be beguiled by this argument that the film-makers better represent the will of the people and should, therefore, have exclusive power to say what pictures the American people shall see in the licensed places of amusement. His claim that the film-makers desire large audiences and make pictures which will bring them fails to prove

that the film-makers know what is the moral standard of the whole people or have any desire to satisfy it.

Even if it were admitted that the film-makers know the moral standard of the theater-going public, which is only a part of the whole people, these manufacturers are always tempted to make pictures which will sell at once, rather than those which would meet the moral standard even of their patrons, and thus would increase their future receipts. They are like the merchant who, for a large, *immediate* return, puts an adulterated article in the market, regardless of the fact that he will demoralize his business and decrease his receipts in the future.

But the morality of the Motion Picture show should be as high as that of the whole people, and not merely of the theatergoers. The whole people should not allow a small band of business men to make money by manufacturing pictures which, tho not bad enough to arouse the indignation of the theatergoers and lead them to become accusing witnesses in the court, are yet far below

**"Censorship would increase
the confidence in and patron-
age of Motion Picture shows."**

the moral standards of the people. My opponent's charge that I am a dreamer longing for the impossible, and his rejection of my claim that censorship such as I would advocate would increase the confidence in and the patronage of Motion Picture shows, is not ratified by the results of censorship in Cleveland. Mr. R. O. Bartholomew, the head of the censor board there, says that the attendance has increased since the censorship law there went into operation.

Motion Pictures, with proper reasonable official censorship, do not teach young children the morals of the underworld, nor give them the impression that what they thus see is real life. Censored Motion Pictures are an uplifting educational influence, and, at the same time, more amusing and interesting.

Instead of scenes of degeneration, they show scenes of growth. For a growing flower is more interesting to normal people than a cesspool.

REBUTTAL FOR THE NEGATIVE

By PRESIDENT DYER

Your argument, Canon Chase, regarding the mad dog, is against you. The policeman kills the dog *after* the madness develops. To be consistent, you should provide for censoring all dogs, examine into their pedigree, decide if it is probable that they will develop rabies, and if so then destroy them. You advocate killing the dog, not because he is surely mad, but because you consider him mad or have reason to believe he may become mad.

In your last article, like the honest man you are, you tell us, in a few words, why you believe in censorship. The "ignorance of the police, juries and judges concerning the moral and psychological effect of bad pictures upon children," the fact that censors (as distinguished from ordinary mortals) possess "trained minds" on the subject of morals, and "the very general non-enforcement of law," are the real reasons why you adve-

cate such an extraordinary and unprecedented departure from general practice.

My dear Canon, if I were as hopeless of our institutions as you are, if I had so little confidence in the uprightness and honor of our people, I would stand shoulder to shoulder with you. But I believe in law, believe in our institutions. And even if I were pessimistic enough to think that "police, judges and juries" were incapable of dealing rightly with this subject, I would try to remedy the evil along the lines of lawful procedure, and not by advocating—apparently as a despairing alternative to anarchy—a return to the inquisition of the Middle Ages. And so, my good friend—I may call you such, may I not?—I leave the subject to the judgment of our readers, expressing to you the sentiments of my most distinguished consideration.

REBUTTAL FOR THE AFFIRMATIVE

By CANON CHASE

Mr. Dyer calls my method of eliminating immoral pictures a Russo-Turkish, mediæval way. In my first article, I pointed out that the growth of the license system of protecting the public from impure food and various evils thru the work of inspectors is one of the most modern ways of effec-

tive governmental action. So long as there is a legal appeal from any improper decisions, there can be no ground for calling it a tyrannical, arbitrary or anarchistic or mediæval method.

My opponent thinks me lacking in faith in our American institutions be-

cause I do not think policemen and the courts are the best judges of the moral effect of pictures upon children. He fails to understand that as we have specialized judges on many subjects, such as in Children's Courts and Courts on Domestic Relations, so it is best and a perfectly legal and American method to place the first decision as to the good or evil psychological effect of certain Motion Pictures upon children, not in the hands of policemen or judges who are continually passing upon matters concerning motives and deeds of adults, but into the hands of a Motion Picture board who have been selected because of their knowledge of dramatic art, of morals and of child nature.

The highest court in Illinois has twice unanimously declared (in *Block vs. Chicago*, 239 Ill. 257) that such a censorship as I advocate is legal.

A law such as I advocate has been introduced in the New York Legislature. I hope that some member of Congress will introduce a bill at Washington, using the Interstate Commerce power of Congress to forbid the transportation of Motion Pictures, unless they are licensed by the copyright bureau or by some Federal Motion Picture Commission.

Mr. Dyer raises the objection that the expenses of censorship will have to be borne by the exhibitors, who will shift it upon the people. Yet

Mr. Dyer is advocating not only the most inefficient, but the most expensive method of eliminating bad pictures. Instead of a few people in one place, at Washington, inspecting all films, Mr. Dyer's method requires police to attend all shows everywhere to hunt for bad pictures, and then requires the expenses of a district attorney and a court in the various parts of the country, in order to eliminate each bad picture. The method advocated by me saves the public almost all of this expense.

My opponent's attempt to turn the mad dog argument against me fails, because I do not advocate that *all* Motion Pictures shall be inspected, but only those which are to be shown in licensed places of amusement for pay.

It is the same as is done if a dog is admitted in a prize show contest. He cannot be entered nor receive the prize until he has been examined and found not only free from disease, but also otherwise fit to enter the show.

In saying the closing words of this debate, I thank the editor of this magazine and my opponent for their courtesy to me. I am glad to recognize the sincerity of my opponent's convictions and to count him as my friend.

I leave the matter now to the public and to the legislation of our country.



Mr. Kennedy—What is all that talk about, Frank?

Mr. Dyer—Why, they're trying to find the sense in censorship.

A Barrier

Royal

BY

ANNABELLE SHARPE

(BRONCHO)

This story was written from the Photoplay of WILLIAM H. CLIFFORD

THE garden was a-dazzle with the summer sunshine. Reflecting its radiance in her eager face, the little princess of Long-Ago country came laughing down the winding path. She was just sixteen, and her dark eyes signaled coming laughter.

"Oh! it's so good to be alive in the sunshine," she said, stretching out her arms to it all, "and it is good to be young and to be a princess. Annette——"

Annette, the tire-woman, looked with admiration at the lissom shape and clear, white flesh of her mistress.

"*Mon Dieu!* Yes, my princess?" she encouraged, smiling.

"I was wondering—all this strange, sweet air and—and—everything—makes me wonder if some day—oh! a long way off—somebody might—might *love* me, Annette. Tell me quickly, right away, do you think that, really and truly, there will be some one, some time, who will love me?"

"Love you?" smiled Annette, see-

ing that the little princess was blushing furiously. "Why, *certes*, there will. How could men help it?"

"Will he be tall, Annette?"

"Oh! six feet or more."

"Will he have black, black hair and kind, brown eyes?"

"Oh! hair as black as night and eyes that shine with goodness."

The princess gave a deep sigh.

"I have dreamed of him, Annette," she confessed, "here in this garden. And now to have you say that it will come true—I am so happy."

"The king will select a great noble for you," reminded the tire-woman, "and nobles are always grand."

"Not—always," demurred the little princess, knowingly; "but never mind—mine will be; he'd have to be, or I'd never marry him."

But when the king made his selection for the princess, he did not know of the sunlit garden nor of the dreams that had grown there. Around the great banquet-table in the king's castle sat sumptuously

clad men, in velvet *cotte-d'armes*, with frilled jabots and hose of finest silk. They had been drinking long, clutching at tankards, singing lewd roundelays, with hot, red faces leering up at the king.

One, with fair hair and weak, smiling mouth, appeared the king's favorite, for his sallies were always received with kingly smiles.



MARIE IS INFORMED THAT HER FIANCÉ
IS IN WAITING

"*Tête Dieu!*" he cried, rising on spindle legs, "I have been here a whole week, and yonder, in the *Sieur de Montreal's* garden, is the chit I'm going to marry."

"It is my command," said the king, nodding sagely, "and I wish her well of you."

The Prince D'Conti turned his red eyes on the old man by his side.

"*Sieur*, will you forewarn her?"

A look of deep pain crossed the old knight's face, but he arose and bowed to the king's chosen suitor.

"My ward shall be prepared," he said.

The princess was in her tire-room, adding a touch of powder here and a ribbon there, and then looking anxiously at the effect in a hand-glass, when the old knight, her guardian, came to announce to her the coming of the Prince D'Conti.

She raised her eyes to the evil news and confronted her guardian.

"What does this mean?" she demanded. "*Ma foi!* the Prince D'Conti is the vilest man living—marriage with him would be worse than death."

"Now have a care," pleaded the knight; "you must obey the king's command."

"*Bien!*" said the girl, humbly; then her eyes flashed fire. "Let him have a care; I am the Princess."

But she had begun to tremble.

The old knight sighed. In this business of obeying the commands of a hardened king his heart had shriveled, and he was little better than the shell of a man swathed in pomps and conventionalities.

"The princess?" he repeated. "None is so much a slave as a princess. If you were a peasant, you could marry any one you desired, but being just who you are, you have no way out of it but to marry D'Conti."

She besought him, tugging at his hands, to spare her this hideous nightmare termination of all her dreams. But he bowed regretfully, kist her slim hand, and left her to face her despair alone.

For solace, she ran out into the garden, still bright with sunshine, but without promise or glory for her now. And while she was bending above the snow-white roses, her

guardian came to request her presence in the château to meet her fiancé.

How he had rushed here on the very heels of the king's command! Such ardor in an acceptable lover would have been a pretty compliment, but at this haste on the part of the prince, Marie's heart turned sick.

"This, Princess," murmured the knight, with what suavity he could muster when she had come into the room, "is his highness, Prince D'Conti, your affianced husband."

Then he left the two together.

"Sweet innocent!" The prince came forward with a winning smile and attempted to take the princess in his arms. "You are the most beautiful bride. I am indeed the most fortunate of men."

Furiously the girl pushed him away, her mouth twisted in scorn.

"Bride? Not yours. I would rather die than marry such as you."

"You little fool—you shall pay only the greater price——"

The ingratiating smile had retreated to his painted brow, in the shape of a heavy scowl. She held her ground, staring him down, as his plumed hat swept the floor in mock deference. Then she fled.

"Oh! Annette," she sobbed, once in her tire-woman's arms, "it always seemed to me that marriage should be a very beautiful thing—a love between two people like that sunlight we saw in the garden. Think of the sacrilege of marrying me to such a man. If I were only a peasant like you, Annette——"

Annette, whose practical mind had been at work even in the midst of all her sympathy, sprang up.

"*Dis done!* why not?" she cried. "You shall become a peasant, and I will send you to my mother in the

country as a little friend of mine. No one will know who you are, and you can live a new life until you have blown from Monsigneur's mind."

And so it was that a little, frocked peasant stole out of the château gates that evening, leaving a much perturbed tire-woman to announce a strange disappearance to the wrathful knight next day.

When Marie the Peasant took up



PIERRE MEETS MARIE AS A PEASANT

her work among the grape-pickers near the mud-plastered cottage of Annette's mother, she forgot all about Marie the Princess, and her dimples began to dance again, and her fair cheeks to brown in the sun. And her ruddy hair, growing thick to her low forehead, was twined back close from her face.

And then a glory that was brighter than the sun itself covered the whole world for her, for she was finding the thing she had dreamed about in her own garden. Pierre, Annette's brother, had come rushing impetuously into the house that first day when he saw Marie enter it, and had



THE OVERSEER ANNOUNCES THAT HE HAS TAKEN A FANCY TO MARIE

kist his mother enthusiastically, and had then turned, with laughing daring, to the girl. All this not after the manner of serfs or clodhoppers.

"I'd like to kiss you, too," he declared frankly.

The color flamed into Marie's face, but she was surprised to find that she was not angry.

"Why, how queer!" she thought.

And day by day she watched the young peasant giant from under her dark lashes.

"He is tall," she said to herself. Annette had said "the" man would be six feet or more. His hair was black, also, to fit that old dream description, and he was strong—strong as any two men. And his eyes shone with kindness—and something more.

Often their hands came in contact while they picked the luscious grapes from the vines, and the hands sometimes clung, while Pierre told all that was in his heart.

"I never was so happy," Marie whispered to the friendly world every morning when she first woke up. And every evening she breathed

to some unseen presence: "Oh! thank you for my lovely day."

But one afternoon the overseer of the grape-pickers chanced to note those brown, clinging hands, and, with an oath, he ordered Pierre to leave Marie and never to go near her again.

"*Cordieu!* I've taken a fancy to the girl myself," he smiled cruelly.

This was the first warning that Fate was again tightening its coils about the little princess. For after all, princess she was, and her sweet peasant life could be nothing but an interluding make-believe.

And while things were going on this way, with big Pierre ever in her sweet mind and her hands busy, dusk till dawn, under the eyes of the overseer, there came the sounds, one day, of thudding hoofs from the king's road, and thru the thick vines Marie caught flashes of sunlight on the breast-plates of armed men.

"*Hola!*" shouted one, so near that his breath seemed to encompass her, "there is the hut of Annette's mother, and here is the vineyard. Dismount,

men, and run me this fitting, gill-flirt of a jade to cover."

It was the high-pitched, querimonious voice of his grace of D'Conti, and Marie, poor dove, knew that his talons were about to close down upon her.

"Pierre, Pierre!" she called softly, and in a trice he was by her side, worming his way thru the luscious vines.

"Look! those soldiers—they are searching for me. It means dishonor or worse. Oh! what shall I do?"

"*Ma mie!*" he said, holding her to him quickly. "Your little life is thrice more precious than mine."

Her deep, dark eyes shone up at him thru the shade of the bower, as tho born in the night.

"I trust you—ever and always," she said.

"Then run like mad to the thicket by the mill stream," he urged. "I will do my best against the soldiers."

She was gone, and Pierre, bent, tense, heard the switching and tramping of armed men coming nearer and nearer.

Suddenly two big, cross-bow men thrust thru the vines, their bolts on the tightened strings.

"Good-day," spoke up Pierre, cheerfully. "Were you looking for me?"

"*Dame!*" cried one, starting back, "but you gave me a turn. What do you here?"

Pierre drew himself up until his great chest creaked.

"I am here," he said, "to see that no one passes thru this vineyard."

The soldiers burst into rough laughter. "Out of our way, clod." And they started forward again.

But Pierre seized hold of both by their jerkins and, drawing them to him, crushed one against the other so mightily that the wind was forced clean out of them.

"O-o-o-o-h!" shrieked one, as the world grew black before him.

Then footsteps came running and thick lungs a-panting amid the leaves, and the overseer staggered out before the struggling group.

"You hound!" he taunted, knead-

ing his fingers into Pierre's neck, "there has been foul play. But this minute I found Marie's apron by the side of the mill-stream and her shoes—nothing else. I suspect that you have made away with her."

Pierre's beam-like arms relaxed, and the half-suffocated soldiers forthwith seized upon him.

In a few minutes the prince sounded the recall, and, with their prisoner, the soldiers disappeared from the peaceful valley.

Now it appears that Prince D'Conti was the overlord of this province, and his word was life and death to the serfs and freedmen of all the knights and gentry that held the land under him. So Pierre was taken to the prince's castle and put thru some form of a trial.

For two days Marie lay concealed in the straw of Pierre's attic. Then his mother came to her and besought her to help save his life. The girl heard, in silence, that he was accused of doing away with her; then she made her resolve.

"To come out now means worse than death to me," sobbed the girl, "but I am glad if I can give my life to him that way."

So it was that just as the harsh old judge, in periwig and stole, was pronouncing judgment upon the innocent Pierre, and while Pierre was bracing himself to meet his fate by the sweet memory of his dear heart's kisses, there she was suddenly in the midst of them all, glowingly alive as ever, and crying out that she never had been drowned at all.

The peasants and even the prince's men surged around the erstwhile prisoner, to press his hand and express their thankfulness at his escape, but Marie's arms were about his neck before any of the others could come near him. And there, before the whole room, he held her close, and the two cried out their love, for to them the rest were but shadows, and they were alone in a swirling world made up of love and danger, of longing and of dread.

This sort of romance was all right

to hold the prince popular, and he let it run just long enough to send for Marie's guardian and to have her conveyed, under strict guard, to the old knight's chateau.

Then the artful prince played more politics, until the wedding-day of the errant princess was set by the king for one week hence.

The marriage-day dawned, and Marie, white as her roses, walked in her garden. There Pierre met her, and neither had the courage to smile, scarce look at each other.

"Dear one, dear one," burst out

river and shivered as if she were very cold. The golden leaves danced above her and cast their shadows on the stream; the subtle, ripe, perfume from the vineyards filled her nostrils; all the world was in the fullness of life.

Away in the distance, but coming nearer, she heard the songs and music of the bridal-party—of minstrels, knights and maidens.

With a quick sob, she lifted her arms above her head and sprang out and down.

And the ripples went out and out and out from the middle of the river



MARIE SUDDENLY APPEARS AT THE TRIAL

the little princess at last, "I am glad I love you. You have made all my life worth living. You have been sunlight so bright as to wipe away all the shadow forever, even out of mighty things like death——"

"You are too little to think of that," he said.

"We cannot have each other," she went on, "but I love you—love you. I have dreamed wonderful dreams that are fulfilled in you. Heart of my heart, good-by——"

And Pierre could not speak, but kist the tear-stained little face and held her close a minute, for his good-by.

Left alone, the princess looked down into the glinting waters of the


in widening circles and fluttered the shadows of the bright leaves.

And peasant fishermen found the body of the princess, and the sun was still shining when she was brought before the prince on his wedding-day.

And then, perhaps, the prince's evil found him out, and the sight of her lissom body, fashioned just strong enough for laughter and song, lying cold before him, gave him food for honest thought. And then, too, possibly, the old knight regretted bitterly that he was but the shell of a man as he bore the body of his ward out of the sight of the Prince D'Conti.

It really did not matter. There was nothing now they could do to hurt or help the little princess.

(REX)



The Senator's Bill

BY
DAVID BALL

THE Senator watched the sheathing of the costly jewel in its velvet bed with a glow of satisfaction. The glow was doubly induced. Primarily, because his love for his daughter was a sacred passion in his otherwise commercial and political life—and the jewel was for her. Secondly, because he had that day introduced a cherished bill into the Senate, with a gratifyingly warm reception. The bill prohibited capital punishment. Not while he, Rodger Bruce, had power to sway the policies of the nation should men take a life for a life. It was a relic of barbarism; sheer, misdirected, vengeful lust. It was primitive, purely uncivilized. And he, perhaps, was to be the motive power changing this unthinkable condition into a state of civilized reason.

He was all father when he clasped the glistening lavallière about his daughter's slender throat, and he thought no diamond in the circlet was so radiant as her upturned face.

"It's too beautiful, daddy, dear," she whispered. "Why do you do these wonderful things for me?"

The Senator did not think it necessary to tell her that he was merely gratifying the call of his heart's blood when he granted her every whim, or that, in granting, he was paying tribute to a Some One gone far beyond the taking of his gifts.

He had been able to give that dear Some One only his truest love, while she had left him this flower-girl to remind him of her thru the separating years. And he knew that, for both their sakes, he would give all that he could possess.

"I'll put it in the safe, darling," was what he said. Thus do we mask the nakedness of our selves with platitudes.

It sometimes seems that Evil and Good go hand in hand, closely, eternally interlinked. For while the Senator had been purchasing the rare bauble for his daughter and clasping it about her throat, with a reverence doubly compounded in his heart, a sinister, evil shadow had been dogging his footsteps and slinking about his home. It was late into the night when the shadow materialized into a sound strange to the Senator's ears. He had been into his den to take one last look at the safe, and was about to retire, when the unmistakable thud of iron upon wood caught his ear. Some one was in the den! It took only a moment. The noise that had attracted him had been the thief putting his revolver on the table while he investigated the safe, and quicker than thought the Senator had slipped into the room, snatched up the weapon, and was holding the house-breaker at bay.

"Well, my man?" The Senator's voice was sharp and clear.

"W-e-l-l," the cornered one drawled, insolently, "guess you've got me this trip, cull—wot's the game?"

"Stripes will be your game!" came to the Senator's lips. Then vividly before him came the purport of his bill. Leniency to criminals it had

Some of us have had a better start. Perhaps you have not been so fortunate as I. Perhaps you haven't had any reason to care. Therefore, I am going to tell you to go, and as I have been generous, I shall expect you to be. I shall hope that I may see you again some day in a very different position than I find you in tonight. Is that a compact?"

The thief looked at him dully, uncomprehendingly—the Senator almost believed a trifle pityingly. Then he turned to go. "Thanks," he said; "it's a square deal, all right, and I'll look around for a square job—thanks."

The Senator sighed as the burly back of the crook vanished from sight. He had lived up to the letter of his bill. He had put into practice that which he had urged his fellow-men to practice—and yet—the big, leather chair into which he sank was invitingly restful. He had had a strenuous day—sleep came and claimed him. And as he slept, he dreamed.

The thief returned. The transient look of pity the Senator had suspected on his face had crystallized into one of ridicule and contempt. He crept to the safe, with a look of cunning

malice on his face and in his eye a baleful gleam, as who should say: "For your soft-heartedness you'll pay—you dupe." And, as he fumbled with the combination of the safe, something, or was it some one, appeared in the doorway. The Senator could not speak nor stir. As one paralyzed he watched the Something take the corporeal shape of his daughter; saw, with anguished certainty, the gold glint of her hair, the soft round of her chin. He tried to cry out, to warn this most beloved of all his earthly treasures to go back; struggled to beseech the thief to show



"IT'S TOO BEAUTIFUL, DADDY, DEAR"

advocated—compassion, the helping hand, humaneness, charity, the brotherhood of the strong for the weak, the righteous for the erring.

The Senator came nearer to the thief, who had slunk into the cringing attitude of his kind. He put out a hand and laid it on the shabby shoulder.

"Not what you think, my friend," he said very quietly; "this time the game is not prosecution, and—the law. I believe that all of us, each and every one, has good within him as well as evil. Some of us have not had such hard battles to fight as others.

mercy to this girl even as he had shown mercy to him. But the words clutched his throat, and it closed like a vise. There was a crucifying moment. The crouching figure at the safe straightened—something gleaming and merciless was pointed at the white form in the doorway—a shot rang out. Then came a silence so profound that the Senator heard his own heart's blood ebb and flow in sicken-

nerve gave way. "My little girl!" he sobbed out wildly. "Oh, my little girl!"

"Daddy!" a voice was whispering in his ear, fright and concern struggling in the tone. "Daddy, wake up, dear—wake up. Your little girl is here—see!"

So powerful had the dream been in its effect that it was some fifteen minutes before the father could assure



THE SENATOR COULD NOT SPEAK NOR STIR, AND IT SEEMED SO REAL

ing currents. Over in the doorway lay something still and white—so still that the father knew no mortal voice could break the dead repose—still, just as Some One in the Far Away had been still, when all his sobbing prayers had not evoked the quiver of an eyelash. Then, and then only, action came to him. There was a brief struggle. The rage of the father made him strong, and he held the murderer while he awaited the police. As once again he watched the criminal go down the street, this time well escorted by officers of the law, his

himself of the very vital presence of his beloved daughter. Never had the warm color of her cheeks been so eagerly appraised—never had so tremulously fearful a hand stroked the wealth of her hair. "My little girl!" he kept murmuring; "my little girl!"

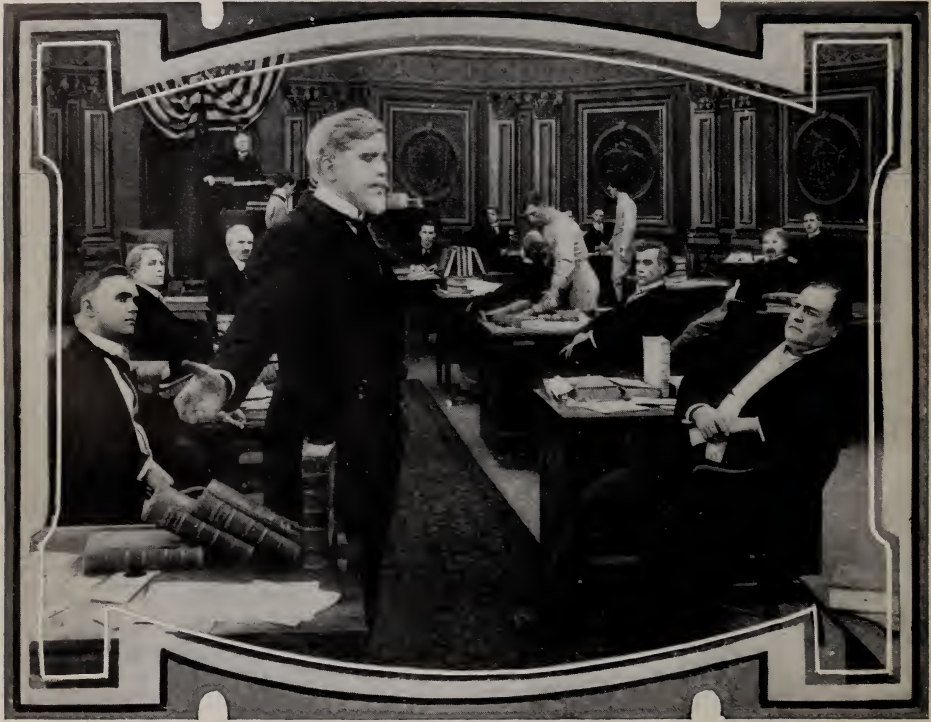
"Why, daddy," the girl laughed, soothingly. "you're like a little boy with the nightmare, who simply can't be reassured that the big, black bear has gone away, never to return. Aren't you 'shamed?"

"Your father's getting old, dar-

ling," the Senator said, with the trace of a smile on his white lips, "and besides—well, you are all the old man has, my little girl, and even the *thought* of losing you is terrifying."

Long after the girl had gone back to her rest and the dream had assumed its relative value, the thought of that still figure in the doorway haunted the man's mind. Suppose there *had* been a still figure there.

hard? What was brotherhood—charity—the helping hand—to *blood*? To the life of one's life? How dared a man live with the innocent blood of a fellow man or woman on his hands? A life for a life! If it had been his little girl's life, what would the answer be? *He knew*. And, as he knew, so must the myriad others know. So must mothers have felt when their sons were killed by some ruthless



SENATOR BRUCE WITHDRAWS HIS BILL

Suppose that it had been his daughter, shot down by that ruthless hand. What then? Would he have watched the liberating of the murderer with a sense of brotherhood *then*? Would he not have hungered, from the very core of his being, for the life of the man who had filched this tender life away? Would not the fact that that man lived, no matter where, no matter how, have been a daily, an hourly torture? Viewing the question less personally, was it *safe*, was it justice to other helpless ones to permit the existence of a wretch so mercilessly

hand—so must men have felt when the very light of their world was quenched by some brutal outer force—so must other fathers have felt. A life for a life! So be it!

Pandemonium reigned in the Senate the following morning when Senator Rodger Bruce withdrew his bill—Rodger Bruce, the implacable, the unalterable, the rock-firm. And, as he left the Senate that morning, crumpling his shattered arguments in his hand, he whispered grimly to himself: "A life for a life—amen to that!"

The Way OF A WOMAN

(NESTOR)

BY Gladys Hall

"You poor, white little thing, you!" The "Cave Man," as Dorothy dubbed him, smiled down at the slim girl at his side with a half-contemptuous, half-hungry pity. "Why, I dont s'pose," he went on, holding the branches back as they followed the wooded path, "I dont s'pose you've ever known a real, honest spring, when the trees are all burstin' with sap an' the bluebird's callin' to its mate. I dont s'pose you've ever *felt* all sorter heady an'—an' ready for your mate, have you?"

"N-not exactly," stammered Dorothy, strangely abashed at the vibrant note in the strong voice. She was unversed, but she knew that mating note. What woman doesn't?

"Nor you've never felt how the moon feels when it floats all soft-like on the lake, have you? Why, it's marryin' that lake—it's wanted to *possess* it for ages an' ages; and when spring comes—it *does*. That's what spring's for—little woman——"

Dorothy laughed nervously. "Why, Pierre," she said, "I'd no idea you were a poet. I believe I've made a true find, back here in the woods."

The man stopped short in his path and wheeled on her suddenly. "No," he said, and his voice was grating and hoarse, "I aint a poet—and I aint a 'find.' But I'm a man, do you hear—a man that wants you—and wants you *now*. You've had a lot of fun with me, practicing your city ways on me and foolin' with what I offer you—now it's my turn. I've had my way since the day I was born, and I've got

it in one way—this!" He held out a brawny arm, and Dorothy gazed, fascinated, at the muscles swelling, knotted and powerful, under the smooth flesh. "Now, will you have me or wont you?"

"I wont!" The girl's face crimsoned with anger at the note of mastery. "You brute—you—Pierre, what are you going to do?"

The powerful arms had wound about her, and the wooded path to the station, whither she was bound to meet her mother, was abandoned.

"I'm goin' to *take* you," he laughed triumphantly, "just as the bluebirds take their mates—same as the moon takes the waters after waitin' so many years. I guess we can do without one o' the smug-faced preachers pratin' to us out o' a prayer-book. You didn't see fit to do it that way—so we'll try mine."

Dorothy's first thoughts were mingled ones of rage and helplessness; then, because she was a woman, she felt an odd, irrelevant sense of pride in the easy strength of him as he bore her over the uneven ground. Her upturned eyes, even in their half-fear, could not help but measure the strength of the man who carried her as easily as a child. She drank in the play of the cords in the bronze neck above her, the crisp, thick, blue-black hair, the eyes as clear, and dauntless as a stag's.

Back in the city where she had come from there was no man who either could or would dare to love like this. It was primitive, of course—there



THE PROPOSAL

were those who would not call it by such a lenient term—but, at least, it was force, realism, unashamed desire.

"Here we are." Pierre dropped his easy burden to the ground before a tiny hut in the very heart of a pine-grove. Back of the door ran a tiny, bubbling brook but recently released from its long confinement, and far off in the distance one glimpsed the lake wooed at night, no doubt, by the historically amorous moon.

"Guess you'd better go inside till you're—well, we might say tamed," suggested the Cave Man; "you see, I'm sorter prepared for you."

By the side of the one rude room a tiny chamber had evidently been adorned for her inhabiting. The cot was spread with a clean, coarse sheet, and there were a cracked pitcher and basin on a table for aquatic purposes.

"Perhaps," said the girl, facing

him scornfully, "perhaps you'll be so kind as to fill these—preparations—for me and leave me to myself for a few moments?"

"Sure." Pierre extended his hand, and it trembled slightly as the girl handed him the pitcher.

Left to herself, she confronted the situation squarely in the face. It really was tragic—and yet—Does there live still in the breast of woman, super-civilized, adroitly masked, skilled in sex-deceit, the old, old love of the brute in man? Dorothy, city-bred, utterly conventional, had never dreamed of anything more intense than a three-room flat, a handful of rice or two, a few garish presents and a moderately affectionate spouse. Was it not so with all her intimates in the city? Had they not all been wooed and won on the "Can-we-do-it-on-twenty-dollars-a-week" plan? Were they not all rather

sluggishly complacent? Did not a trip to Coney mean their wildest thrill? Perhaps that was why she, Dorothy, had left it all. Perhaps, under her skin, had thrilled the call of the mating bluebird—the lure of the wedding moon on the waters. She thought of the fallow, undersized youths who had paid her court in the city—then of Pierre's splendid girth, the swell of his mighty muscles as he bore her to his hut. "I am worse than he is"—Dorothy interrupted her own meditations scornfully—"and he is certainly a beast. Poor mother will be frantic; perhaps he intends murdering me—who knows? And where on earth is he, anyway?"

It was some two hours later before the Cave Man returned to his hut and his captive woman, and then it was a maimed Cave Man, with a wry look of pain on his face. To secure

the cleanest, clearest spring water for the girl he had made a circuitous, crashing detour to the brookside, and in leaning his full weight against a rotten tree, it had given way and sent him headlong and sprawling to the rocks below.

Pierre lay still and groaned softly. A thousand arrows were shooting thru the doubled-up leg that lay inert and refused to respond to his will. He lay a long while in agony, his eyes half-closed, and the sky swaying and tossing drunkenly above him.

With a desperate effort of will, he gathered his senses into one supreme moment and, reaching above him, inch by inch, succeeded in pulling down a struggling sapling to his side and in breaking it off. With this as a crutch, the giant cripple pulled himself upright and started a slow and painful journey back to his home.

"Looks like some of the blamed interference o' that female they call Fate," he muttered to himself, as he crept into the hut and rested himself on the floor a moment. "Well, she'll have to be a darned sight smarter than any other of the females I've run into to muss this job up—guess I'll have one over the old dame, even with a smashed hoof."

With a gun for a crutch, Pierre dragged himself to the inner room and found his captive kneeling, head on the couch, soundly sleeping. She looked like a little child in the flush of that troubled slumber—the quick, half-caught breathing telling of stress and tears, the angry flush staining her soft cheeks, her smooth brow wrinkled in puzzled anger. Pierre crept softly out again, after raising her to the couch and covering her gently. His eyes had lost their confident gleam—the

leap of his blood subsided at sight of the helpless girl, where it had refused to be quelled by her scorn or his own pain. He remembered how, in his first hunting days, he had snared a little, white rabbit, and the look it gave him out of its terror-stricken eyes. It was the most helpless, soft thing he had ever known. He had never hunted again. The base disadvantage at which the tiny animals were placed had not appealed to him. He liked fair play. From thence on he had wrestled with the giant trees, tamed the ground—now, for the second time, he had taken base advantage. He had snared a creature who was helpless—for whom he should have felt the deep, protective pity of the male. Pierre did not reason this out in so many words, but he knew the pity of the strong for the weak, the



THE ABDUCTION



THE ACCIDENT

conquering for the conquered. He knew, too, that he had done this girl more than physical hurt could ever be. The ethics of the woods are not radically different from those of city codes. And, because they are freer, cleaner, infinitely simpler, they are generally more revered. There is no personal deviation. There can be no misunderstanding. Pierre had wounded the helpless in the most vital spot, and he had offended the high code of morality kept by his fellow-men. He knew the penalty. And yet—he had desired only as all live things desire. His was not a separate, unknown, sinister crime. It was the call of the blood—the insistence of possession. What then? Ethics were very wan of hue when it was spring and the world was young.

Thus the slow night dragged. Fitful slumber on the part of the girl—terror struggling with the urge of

yielding. Obscure moralizing on the part of the man—indeterminate resolutions to atone combating the insistent clamor of his right to his mate. And, with the dawn, the girl crept into the next room, cold, lonely, fearful at the continued silence.

Pierre was stretched on the floor, his broken leg doubled in helpless pain, his cheeks stained with fever, his lips dry and drawn.

“Pierre!” The girl’s cry was startled, shrill; tremulous with a swift alarm.

“It’s nothin’,” the Cave Man whispered huskily. “You keep away, little woman. Don’t go soilin’ your hands with the touch of me; I’m a—dog.”

“You’re hurt,” the girl murmured, kneeling and raising his head to her arms; “you’re hurt—oh! Cave Man—and I never knew.”

The response that his passion had not evoked came now, freely, fiercely, clamorously. The girl held him to her with a tenderness of passion she had never dreamed of. He needed her—he needed her! And she had never known what life could mean until she felt his head against her breast. This, then, was why *he* had wanted *her*! This was the need that had forced him to take her, whether she would or no—this blinding, quivering, pulse-leaping thing. She wondered that he had not done so long ago.

But they were not alone in this forest world of theirs. With the coming of daylight, urged on by Dorothy’s mother’s frenzied pleadings, a posse of armed and heavy-booted men set out into the woods to bring to quick justice the girl’s abductor.

And out of this new heaven—this suddenly new-born world—his voice

recalled her. "Some one is coming," he said; "they're going to lynch me—and you'll be safe—you'll be safe—thank God—safe from me."

The girl sprang to the door. A party of men were advancing—brawny sons of the wood sent by her mother on a searching-party when her daughter failed to materialize at the station.

One of the men shouted and waved his arms, and instantly the posse scattered behind trees and rocks. Pierre, no doubt, had forced the girl to come out as a decoy. His rifle even then was covering them. The girl took a step forward in the bright morning sunshine.

"Go back!" she cried, "go back and say I'm safe. We were on our way to be married when Pierre broke his leg."

There was a rush of flourishing arms and legs, a volley of shouts, and the crowd surrounded her. She eyed the impromptu reception coldly and promptly dismissed them.

Inside the hut, she gathered Pierre into her arms again and met his ques-



THE SEARCHING-PARTY

tioning, startled eyes with a sudden mist in her own. "Didn't you know, Cave Man," she crooned over him; "didn't you *know*?"

Their Mission

By STEWART EVERETT ROWE

Among the wondrous things mankind has wrought,
That make for uplift and for purpose fine,
The Motion Pictures are a priceless mine
From which each day the jeweled gems are brought;
And all of them with precious worth are fraught.
Because they tell us how the world does move—
They picture every line and every groove
Upon the field where life's strange fight is fought.

To scan them calmly, fairly, is their due
From all the world, because they've come to stay,
To tell their story to peoples who
Will be on earth when we are only clay;
Their story of life's struggle thru and thru—
Yes, that's the mission of the Picture Play.



MR. BARNES



(VITAGRAPH)

Broadway feature
to be shown at
the Vitagraph
Theater.



BY *Edwin M. La Roche*
adapted from the nove

BURTON W. BARNES of New York sat eating a sunrise breakfast under the vines of an ancient inn on the beach of the Gulf of Ajaccio. This early rising was unusual for Barnes, who had consistently devoted his twenty-eight years to killing time. Barnes was blessed with riches, had studied medicine and as quickly forgotten it, and was principally known, when he cared to exert himself, as the crack pistol-shot of the New York Rifle Club.

He hardly knew just what had brought him to romantic and rugged

Corsica. Perhaps it was the invitation of Count Musso Danella to shoot wild sheep on his estate; perhaps the soulful eyes and glistening teeth of the Count's ward, Marina Paoli, had some effect on prolonging his visit—who can tell?

At any rate, here he was, on a bright, cloudless, spring morning, eating a barbaric breakfast alone in a citron grove.

A duel was about to take place, and Barnes hoped to delay and prevent it. As he worried down the chestnut-flavored food, his mind reviewed the

OF NEW YORK



and drama by *A.C. Gunter*

unfortunate episode of the past night at *The Circle of Ajaccio*.

Marina's young and handsome brother, Antonio, a sous-lieutenant in the French navy, had bandied words with three English officers about the Egyptian question. The Englishmen were strangers in the club, and their gunboat, the *Sealark*, had dropped anchor in the bay overnight.

Words grew bitter, and Barnes, in an adjoining room, heard the sound of a blow. As he entered, Antonio, with a nasty discoloration below his eye, was being helped to his feet. His

companion, Captain de Belloc, handed cards to the assaulting Englishman. That officer, in return, consulted with his friends, and, without divulging their names, a duel was arranged for the following morning on the beach outside of Ajaccio.

Mr. Barnes of New York affected to be a passive spectator to the whole affair, but, with the officers leaving the club, he hurried at once to Marina and implored her, if she loved her brother, to meet him on the beach at sunrise.

Marina loved Antonio fondly, pas-



THE QUARREL

sionately, with the devotion of a worshiper, and Barnes knew that her influence alone could stop the disastrous affair.

It was now an hour past sunrise, and Barnes heard the murmur of the approaching English officers. His usual resourcefulness did not desert him. In the space of ten minutes he had broken down their reserve, examined their antiquated dueling-pistols and had shown them how to shoot to miss or to hit.

In the meantime, Marina's sorry old horse had gone lame, and she was flogging him to the beach at a snail's pace.

Antonio, pale and erect, arrived with his second and, try as Barnes might, would accept no apology nor delay.

"It was a deadly insult," he half-sobbed; "it is to the death."

As the seconds tossed for position and the duelists took their places on the beach, Barnes, feeling his nerves slipping, panted up the road in search of Marina.

A shot—followed by a second one in quick reply—and silence on the beach again.

Barnes turned back. He will never forget the grim tableau on the dazzling sands of the smiling bay. The three English officers had withdrawn to their small-boat and were being pulled out to the gunboat. Antonio,

white, with his eyes closed, lay in the arms of De Belloc.

"He was shot in the hip," said the Frenchman. "It isn't serious."

Barnes bent over the wounded man, probed the wound with his finger and turned away. He knew that an artery had been severed and that the brother's minutes on earth were being tolled off.

Antonio opened his eyes and looked down at the pistol in his hands, from which the smoke was still bluely oozing.

"Tell Marina—sister—I died thinking of her," he said half-aloud. "I see her—her bright hair—her smile—her kiss. My God! too late to tell her——"

The boy tried to struggle to his feet, but gave it up and fell limply backward on the beach.

A lump rose in Barnes's throat as he covered Antonio with his officer's cape.

Then, suddenly, came a girl's glad voice calling down the road.

"Antonio! I hear you; I am here!"

Marina, thick hair streaming in Corsican ringlets, burst out upon the beach and started running toward the somber group. Her eyes, dilated, fixed upon the huddled cape, and she



THE ENGLISHMEN SELECT PISTOLS FOR THE DUEL



MR. BARNES SEES A NAME ON
THE PISTOL

set to moaning, even as she ran. Then she came up with them and clasped Antonio's body to her, whispering his name and kissing his face, thinking to pet him back to life.

At last she shuddered, and her eyes turned to Barnes, holding him so strongly that he was frightened for the first time in his indolent career.

"Who did this? You dare not tell me."

De Belloc, pointing to the distant gunboat, said sadly: "An officer on that ship now leaving Corsica."

The girl's eyes fixed upon the distant gunboat as if searching it thru and thru. Her face lighted up with all the fire of inspiration and resolve. "That ship contains my brother's murderer—I will never rest until I have tracked him down and avenged Antonio."

"A vendetta!" said De Belloc, and shuddered.

Then she buried her face in the sands and fell to moaning with a sickening intensity that cannot be described.

As for Barnes, he relieved his feelings by picking up Antonio's forgotten pistol and pretending to examine its mechanism. Across its barrel were scratched some careless letters—a name, "Edwin Gerard Anstruther," it read, and the American knew that a certain courageous and innocent young Englishman, according to the code of the duello,

was very much in danger of eventually losing his life.

Barnes decided to pocket the tell-tale weapon.

The Paris salon, of the following season, contained a picture that, while not a masterpiece, caused a good deal of comment as to the interpretation of its grewsome meaning.

Mr. Barnes of New York planted his easy-going self before it, and it caused a series of chills to course up and down his spine. For, nothing less, it was an exact representation of the duel on the beach of Ajaccio. There was Antonio, with the three English officers withdrawing to their boat, and, bent over Antonio, with a countenance shining with sympathy, Mr. Barnes stood face to face with himself.

Mr. Barnes did not notice the interest that three sharp-eyed men in a corner of the room took in his absorption in the picture. In fact, the first realization that he was in Paris was caused by a voice at his side.

"I think I am taken with that man," the voice said—"the sympathetic one bending over the wounded officer."

Barnes half-turned. Almost touching him stood a young English girl, with masses of coiled, ruddy hair and the level, blue eyes he had continually dreamed about. She was unconscious of his presence and was addressing her remarks to an elderly lady with



ANTONIO REFUSES TO ACCEPT THE
ENGLISHMAN'S APOLOGY



THE VENDETTA

her. Then, in plain hearing of Barnes, the conversation went on about her catching the express for Nice that noon to join her brother.

"Give my love to Mr. Anstruther," said the other.

"Anstruther!" Where had Barnes heard that name before. Then the scrawl on the pistol-barrel flashed before him, and, putting two and two together, he also resolved to take the express to Nice.

It might be thought that Barnes was very impressionable, perhaps soft, but remember that he had been waiting many years, with more or less inconsistency, for just such a looking girl as the one by his side, and now he knew that he must follow her.

Mr. Barnes contrived it, by liberally tipping the guard, that his seat should be in the same compartment with the beautiful young English traveler. She did not appear to notice him at all and lost herself in the pages of a novel.

It is a ten-hour run to Lyons, and Barnes calculated that his vis-à-vis had not eaten her dinner before starting. Even beautiful English girls traveling alone must eat, and Barnes decided that the indifferent one in his compartment must be starved into submission.

By various contrivances the ingenious guard managed to keep her from getting to the refreshment booths at Tonnerre and Dijon. At Macon the tray of delicacies being carried to her slipped from the hands of a careless

boy and was shattered on the platform.

Each time that the fair victim glanced toward Barnes he strove, as nearly as possible, to give himself the attitude of the Barnes she had admired in the picture. This had nothing but a fearful effect on the girl—she was led to believe her seatmate had been drinking.

With the final catastrophe of the dishes at Macon, Barnes sprang his grand strategy. The guard opened the door and brought in a basket-meal that Barnes had wired ahead for. It comprised everything that money could buy, and Barnes set it out on the seat, under the nostrils of the starved girl.

And the next instant, to his polite offer, she had cast modesty aside and was reveling in the land of plenty.

In the midst of a soulful portion of *pâté de foie gras*, her fork paused in midair.

"Please pardon my curiosity," she asked, "but do you always wire ahead for two sets of knives and forks?"

Barnes actually blushed. No words were ready.

"Try some of this Chablis," he suggested, with a hangdog look.

If Barnes had not been urging the great affair of his heart, he would have noticed the sharp-eyed man who



THE VENDETTA RENEWED



A DETECTIVE IS PUT ON THE TRAIL.

got off at each platform and watched Barnes's compartment. At Dijon the man sent a telegram addressed to "Count Musso Danella, Paris," and in Nice on the following day, when Enid Anstruther had joined her friend, Lady Chartris, Barnes found the man lurking behind him in the hotel gardens.

Barnes promptly swung upon the fellow and flattened him into a rose-bush, after the manner of the brutal Americans; then as promptly forgot him.

It was after spending an enchanted evening with Enid in the rose-gardens—a rare, scented evening in which the enterprising Mr. Barnes advanced his cause with his usual daring when aroused—that he chanced again to hear the singsong voice of his shadower:

"He followed an English girl here—I heard them speak of the navy. These marks on my face prove he is of the brutal nation."

Barnes sauntered into the adjoining path and came out upon the man with the damaged optic in close confab with Count Musso Danella.

"There!"

The man gripped the Count's arm.

"*Per Bacco!* stupid, you have made a mess of it." And, stepping forward, the Count greeted Barnes warmly and asked him to honor him

with an immediate visit in his rooms at the hotel.

"You are no doubt surprised," the Count explained, locking his door, "to see me here; also to know that Marina is in Nice."

Barnes's affable face twisted almost into a sneer.

"I can surmise only that you are aiding and abetting her in her pursuit of the man who killed her brother."

"Precisely. She ran away to Egypt, after the English attack, and searched the hospitals. I was compelled to follow her, and then I made a compact that if I found the man she sought, she should marry me."

"And she sold herself—for your assistance?"

"If you put it that way—yes. She does not love me now; but when I run her brother's murderer to earth—ah, then——"

"I have a mind to report this to the authorities," said Barnes, unfeelingly. "You are encouraging hate and destruction in this young girl's heart."

"I advise you to call on her yourself," said the Count, coldly. "You will perhaps believe her, at least."

Barnes lost no time in knocking on the girl's door. The affair was growing into a mesh under his very eyes, and he resolved to sift it to its very bottom for Enid's protection; for her brother's; perhaps his own.

Marina greeted him warmly, and he noticed that her serious, haunting look



MR. BARNES TEMPTS HIS HUNGRY CO-TRAVELER

added an air of dignity to her wild beauty.

"I have waited for you," the girl burst out—"you who received my brother's last words. And how hard I have worked in the pursuit of his murderer. On arriving in Egypt I found out that two officers from the *Scalark* had been killed in the engagement with the forts. Just what officers had come ashore, without leave, in Ajaccio the ship's captain would not tell me. 'Catch me holding my boys open to court-martial,' he said. But I did not despair. I became a nurse in the Egyptian Hospital and helped save the lives of some of the poor, homeless lads of officers.

"All the time I watched and listened, trusting to find the man I sought.

"There was one big fellow, a sunny-haired giant, whom they brought in wounded and whose side I never left. He was so helpless—and when he got better and became to look so like a god—Edwin——"

"Edwin!" cried Barnes.

"Yes. Edwin Gerard Anstruther—I love him. He is beautiful like his sister, whom you love."

Barnes did not stop to consider how she had learnt of his affair. The awful possibility struggled in his mind.

"Great heavens!" The thought staggered him. "If these two should marry, and she should ever know!"

It was after this that affairs advanced so quietly in all directions that Barnes did not attempt to keep track of them. Edwin Anstruther was stationed at Gibraltar, he learnt, and he fondly hoped that the young man would learn to live and die there. Count Danella, too, had gone away on some mysterious mission, and Marina had become a bosom friend of his adored Enid.

Barnes was jealous of her, he admitted to himself. The Corsican girl's love was so straight and true—a pleasanter thing than her hate, Barnes conjectured.

And then the day came when foolish Enid had a try at her fortune in

Monte Carlo, and altho Barnes warned her and looked very severe and fatherly, she became carried away and lost a whole gold rouleau, her quarter's allowance.

When Barnes heard of the prank, he talked to her more than fatherly, and, with the way of a guilty one, Enid flared up, dismissed him and cried herself thru the night. But with the coming of a new day the genuineness of the girl came to the surface, and she sent for Barnes, looking ever so contrite and penitent. And it was at this chastened moment that Barnes took her two hands into his and asked her to be his wife.

"And now, Enid," he said, at the close of their stroll in the rose-garden, "I'm going to surprise you. Tomorrow I'm going to England."

Enid gasped.

"Yes," assured Barnes; "my traveling wardrobe is worn down to a cane and one necktie. Besides, I have important business." He watched her closely. "By the way, can I find a photograph of your brother in London?"

"Yes, at Beechwood—the third in the album."

"In two weeks I will return," said Barnes. "It is heartrending."

Barnes would never have been so flippant had he known the manner of his coming back to her.

A new person came unexpectedly to Nice and innocently laid big hands upon the destinies of Marina, Enid and even distant Barnes. He was no other than Lieutenant Edwin Gerard Anstruther, on leave of absence.

The welcome of brother and sister would have warmed the heart of a hermit, but it was not until toward evening that the big moment came to Anstruther. Walking on the terrace that acts as a sea-wall, his eyes searched seaward toward distant Corsica. Then, slowly turning, he saw her within a few yards of him.

"Marina! At last!"

Even the warm, southern girl blushed at the readable depths of his love that starred from his eyes as he came to her.



ENID LOSES HEAVILY AT
MONTE CARLO

Her love for him shone from her pale face and made her very beautiful. And then they must talk over the old, treasured, sacred days when he lay a stricken giant and she fought, with his child's aid, to win back his life again.

That night, and again the next, and again, he made love to her, thru the strength of their memories and his own knightly devotion. And when he could suppress it no longer and declared his love for her, Marina, wakening suddenly to sordid life, told him of her dedication to the fulfilling of an oath.

But Anstruther, now that he knew she loved him, was like a lion that had tasted blood and must have more. His entreaties, his prayers, beat upon the shield of her thinning resolve.

"Come to me tomorrow," she said, and broke away, running as from a tempter.

That night Tomasso, her old foster-father, brought her this telegram:

I have found the man! He is near us, where we can reach him. Be happy!

DANELLA.

But that night, in prayer and sorrow, joy and pleas for happiness. Marina, the girl of eighteen, buried and put behind her, for love of Anstruther, the vow she had made over her brother's grave.

The day following she must hasten

to Enid and tell her the glad news. What a sistering there was! And Enid must sit down and write Barnes a long letter, telling him of the coming marriage.

And two days later, when Count Musso Danella, the weaver of evidence, opened her door, he saw a woman divinely beautiful, for her great happiness had at last transfigured her face.

Danella took her announcement coldly. Only one flare of passion, one appeal to her oath; then he smiled inwardly, after the manner of men who wait. For he knew he had evidence, damnable evidence from Gibraltar, that put Anstruther completely in his power.

And then, with the enjoyment that Satan gets when he laughs, he proposed that the coming wedding be celebrated at his estate in Corsica.

It all arranged itself very nicely; so Enid got off a second letter to Barnes, telling him of the exact place and date of the wedding.

When Mr. Barnes of New York received Enid's first letter, it was like a blow on the ear, and he sat down, stunned, to think it over. The second letter found him in the same supine position and stung him to action. This telegram was the result:

ENID—Delay your brother's marriage by every means in your power until I arrive in Corsica.

BURTON H. BARNES.



ENID PARDONS MR. BARNES'S
INTERFERENCE

This dispatched, he took to his timetables and found that he would be just a day late in catching the bridal party at Nice. They were already en route to Corsica, he figured, and Danella had lured Anstruther to the home of the vendetta and, at the crucial moment, would expose him to his wife as the slayer of her brother.

Every precaution had been made in advance by the Count. Fresh horses met the party at the post stations, and their journey thru the beautiful and romantic island was a rapid and easy one.

Danella was in high spirits. He entertained Enid with wild tales of Corsican love of family and the hate of those who wrong their kindred.

At Danella's country seat the lights were ablaze to welcome them; and the peasantry stood aligned in colorful native costumes.

"Too bad Burton isn't here," said Enid, sighing.

"Yes," from the Count; "he missed the steamer at Nice and will be too late."

Even as he spoke the indomitable Mr. Barnes stood on the deck of a rakish felúca and shook a bag of gold in the captain's eyes.

"This if you reach Corsica in eighteen hours!" he cried.

And so it had become a race between Danella and Barnes for the life of Edwin Anstruther.

The morrow—the bridal-day—dawned, and Anstruther, dressed in Corsican costume, led Marina out among the peasantry, who formed a procession, with much firing of guns and throwing of flowers and fruits.

There was a great joy in the girl's eyes, and even in the musty church they shone like stars as her hand lay clasped in the Englishman's.

"Musso, you haven't kist the bride!" cried Anstruther, after the ceremony.

And the Count saluted her quite ardently, tho she wondered why his lips were like ice.

"Anstruther," he said, "according

to ancient custom you must spend the rest of the day giving largesse to the poor people. When you return, may you be happy."

And now, with the wedding-party returned and Marina alone in her room, the time was at last ripe. Old Tomasso, her foster-father, was droning the Rimbecco, the song of remembrance, outside of her door, and it made her highly nervous. She called to him to go away. But, instead, Danella entered and, chewing a cigarette nervously, looked at her in strange fashion.

"Be calm," he said; "don't unnerve yourself at what I am about to reveal. You would not let me tell you what I half-suspected, but tonight an accident has revealed—a secret—that I would have buried in my heart forever."

"You mean—what do you mean?"

"Tonight Tomasso discovered that the assassin of your brother, Antonio, is your husband, Edwin Anstruther."

Marina did not faint. She staggered to a table to support herself.

Tomasso entered the room. In his hand was Anstruther's valise. Quickly he opened it and laid a dueling-pistol on the table beside her.

"The proof," said Danella—"read the name on its barrel."

"My God! my husband's name! My name now!"

The Count murmured to himself: "The bridegroom will be coming soon. *Per Bacco!* What a meeting!"

But Marina pleaded against the testimony of her eyes. "I believe—my husband killed my brother—let me die before he comes."

Danella shook his head, and Tomasso stationed himself at the door, his stiletto gleaming under the lamp.

"Strike twice when he passes thru the curtains," said the Count, and bowed as he retired from the tragic scene.

Dust- and sweat-covered, Mr. Barnes flung himself from his outridden horse and climbed the balcony to where Enid was sitting.

"Hush! not a word. Did you not get my telegram?"

"What telegram?"

"More devilry! Enid, darling,



THE FATAL BLOW HAS BEEN STRUCK

your brother's life is in terrible danger. Even at this minute——"

"My God! did you hear that?"

A heart-tearing scream had sounded in the rooms above, winging out into the night.

Mr. Barnes bolted into the house and, three steps at a time, neared the room of agonies.

Inside stood Marina, shuddering on her knees. Tomasso, the slayer, had fled. And from underneath the curtains, in a trickling stream, flowed the telltale blood of his victim. The tragedy had been accomplished.

Quick footsteps again pounded on the stone stairs and, before the astonished eyes of Barnes, Edwin Anstruther burst into the room.

The flaming eyes of Marina grew

tortured, unholy. The apparition of her fallen husband stood before her.

"Edwin! No, no, it cannot be!" called the half-demented bride.

Barnes at once became a man of action. Stepping to the heavy curtains, he twitched them aside. There behind them, glaring at them with face half-grin, half-agony and two great wounds in his breast, lay Count Musso Danella.

Tomasso had thrust scant seconds too soon.

Barnes drew the curtains quickly, as tho closing the portals of another and an eviler world.

"Marina," he said, drawing the shivering girl to her feet, "it is well for you that this horrible mistake was made. I was on the beach on that fatal morning. Edwin Anstruther did not leave the *Sealark*, and, consequently, he did not take part in that fatal duel. The pistols were borrowed. As a witness and a truthful man, I shall so persuade you; and as a



MR. BARNES CLEARS UP THE MYSTERY

practitioner," he concluded, turning to Enid and smiling bravely across the tragic scene, "I shall make it my business to nurse Marina back into loving your brother."





The MAGIC MIRROR

BY HARLAN P. BRIGGS



Once in years, now long since vanished,
Ere the dreaded hand of genii
Gave the lamp to an Aladdin,
Or the fabled fairy mother
Brought the handsome, young Prince
Charming

To ill-treated Cinderella,
High above the world suspended
Was a wondrous magic mirror.



From the time that Adam's sinning
Drove him from fair Eden's garden.
Down thru years when Joseph's brothers
Took his coat of many colors,
And when Caesar, in his triumph,
Led thru Rome victorious legions,
On the unknown magic mirror
These events were all recorded.




Now in ev'ry clime and country—
England, Spain and distant China—
Kings and queens and ragged beggar,
Heroes brave of past and present,
Scenes both tragic and amusing,
All are faithfully recorded
And revealed to us nightly
By the mighty magic mirror.



No one knew of its existence
Till a wonderful inventor
From the heavens drew the lightning,
And, with hand of skill and genius
Marvelous as a magician's,
Greater far than necromancer's,
Formed a film; in its unrolling
Was restored the magic mirror.



MOTION PICTURES AND THE

An illustration featuring a large, detailed human eye on the left, looking towards a movie screen on the right. The screen displays a scene with an elephant and a building. In the foreground, a group of people is seated in rows, watching the screen. The overall style is a woodcut or engraving.

BY LEONARD KEENE HIRSBERG A.B., A.M., M.D., (JOHNS HOPKINS)

EVERYBODY goes to the movies. Not only are Moving Picture theaters cheap, but the performances are as good, if not better, than you see in the two-dollar houses.

You have the pleasure, the music, the comfort, the entertainment and the instruction in a five-cent Moving Picture theater to a greater certainty than in many "legitimate houses."

The other day I saw James K. Hackett and a Frohman company for five cents in a four-reel photoplay. And again, you may see "Les Miserables," "Hamlet," "What Every Woman Knows" and a thousand other instructive plays intermingled with zoölogy, outdoor scenery, humor and the like in a Motion Picture playhouse. These are better acted and in every way more satisfying than a great many similar productions which cost a theatrical management thousands of dollars weekly.

What harm is there, then, in visiting the movies? Are the eyes injured? Is the health of the patron destroyed? Are the morals of the young corrupted by them?

The answer to all of these queries is an emphatic "No!" Just as the age-old playhouse gradually eliminated all taint of vice from its performances; just as the editors of magazines understand—whatever their personal preferences might be—that the reading public will swallow but a small dose of the wicked, so the photoplay producers have learnt that their public will have none of the suggestive, the vicious nor the unpleasant.

Militant prudes and belligerent moralists who read vice into tea-drinking and whose voices are for war against any pleasures whatsoever, who spit forth their crusading indignation against tobacco-smoking, Sunday walks, the stately minuet or the graceful Boston waltz, have already recognized the trend of the Moving Picture. They have, for the nonce, ceased to censor or to censure it.

Not so with certain amateur physiologists and opticians. This fold, who have not drunk too deeply of the Pierian spring, are convinced that defective vision, sties, granulated eyelids, eye-strain, pink-eye, inflamed lids, crossed eyes and the blind-staggers may each and all develop if you frequent the movies.

Be that as it may, you should feel of good cheer, for Dr. Herbert Harlan, perhaps the best ophthalmologist in the South, surgeon-general of Maryland, as well as envoy of the United States Public Health Service, sent to study trachoma—a dreadful eye malady—in the wilds of West Virginia, has definitely cast out the demons and bugaboos that the teachers of this folly would alarm us with.

Dr. Harlan, with whom I feel upon this matter in hearty concord, definitely asserts that the hour or so spent each day in the Moving Picture shows can result in no harm to the eyes. Really, I go even farther and assert that two hours a day in the dark auditorium of a picture playhouse, spent before the motion-photo screen, is actually a tonic to the tired eyes.

Experiments by Professor Knight Dunlap in the psychological laboratories of Johns Hopkins University convince you that even the slight flicker which occasionally appears on Motion Pictures tones up the eyesight and makes it more acute.

It is unwise, perhaps, for some persons to sew, read or attempt to use their eyes at close range on a moving train, motor-car, fast boat or aeroplane. The flickering lights and shadows from this vibration play high jinks with your retina.

Why? Because the peep-holes, muscles and lens of your eyes must be constantly changing their focus.

This is not the case with Moving Pictures. In the movies the spectator sits from twelve to several hundred feet away from the screen upon which the motion photographs are thrown. At that distance the focus of the eye changes but little, no matter how much flicker there may be. In fact, a little flicker is beneficial, because it keeps the eye-muscles from becoming sluggish, worn out and unadaptable to change.

One scholar maintains that the Germans have become better observers than other nations, and were even ahead of Americans until a short time ago, because the "nickelodeons," or movies, swarmed in all the Teutonic cities twelve years ago, five or six years before the picture parlor furore spread over the United States.

Undoubtedly, children and grown-ups have become more observant and better educated in many respects since the movies have acquired such a vogue. Recent psychological tests made upon children immediately after their exit from the Moving Picture theaters prove that they distinguish colors more acutely, recognize form and shape more sharply and remember figures, sizes, and other visual differences better than they did before they went in to see the pictures.

They surpassed in tests made with children who have not visited the movies, but were nevertheless subjected to the same kind of excitement

by witnessing a melodrama actually performed by players in flesh and blood.

Those instances of weak eyes, astigmatism, near-sightedness, granulated eyelids, and other troubles of the optical apparatus commonly often attributed by careless observers and rash logicians to motion photographs, upon fair and thoro investigation are soon traced to associated ailments of the body in general.

Twitching of the eyelids is erroneously blamed upon visits to the movies. I was recently required, as the chairman of the scientific research committee of a national organization, to investigate and run down the cause of every instance of nervous, twitching eyelids. In a large American city, where there are several hundred Moving Picture theaters and half as many eye specialists, it was soon made clear that *not one* true example of eye-twitching could be blamed upon Motion Pictures. Many of these patients soon discovered that twitching eyelids meant the need of eye-glasses. Others suffered with nervous defects, with which the twitching was associated.

Painful eyes, swollen eyes, reddened eyeballs, watery eyes and sties are often Nature's roadside sign-posts which indicate that the eye specialist should visit the scene and make visual tests. Spectacles and eye-glasses will frequently be found to correct the irritations.

One innocent gentleman, who prefers the movies to grand opera, came and asked if "dark spots which are always dancing before the eyes" are not due to the moving photoplay. Of course, he was misled by hearing all of the hullabaloo about the "movies injuring the eyes."

He was given to understand at once that spots before the eyes are a sign of many different internal disorders, such as blood deficiencies, excessive pumping by the heart, disturbances of the brain and spinal marrow, and the accumulation of microbic poisons in the lymph stream.

(Continued on page 154)



CONTRIBUTORS all—lend me your ears! This department is not for the love-lorn. Those who are amorously inclined may send in their demonstrations of affection, and we will forward them to the adored ones; but—they will not be printed in these columns. Criticise, appreciate, suggest, laud to the uttermost heaven, and all that is possible will be made public herein, but we must draw the line somewhere, and effusions pertaining to love *only* is where the line must be drawn.

There is a mystery of mysteries to C. T. Barr, Martins Ferry, Ohio, and this is it:

AN UNSOLVED MYSTERY.

I do not care to know the cause
Of Lillian's dimpled smile,
Or whether Bushman ever was
A fashion-plate for style.

I've never worried for a day
O'er who makes Johnson's
clothes,
Or just what Anderson would pay
To have a Grecian nose.

To me it's neither here nor there
Why Wallie Van dont grow,
Nor whether Wilbur wears his hair
The way he does for show.

To know these things I do not care,
They're all so commonplace—
But what I'd like to know is
where
John Bunny got that face!

Is any one forthcoming with a solution?

Excerpts from a letter sent us by John Hayes, Springfield, Mass., should be of interest to Claire McDowell, of the Biograph, and to the Biograph itself:

GENTLEMEN—Here's good luck and all kinds of success for Miss Claire McDowell, that sterling dramatic artist of the Biograph. I am sure she will climb the ladder of popularity with the other players by enacting a few more girlish parts. A little more publicity, Biograph. We live in 1914. You people have the material, now get in the game hard.

POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Comes the well-beloved acrostic—this time to Arthur Johnson, of the Lubin Company:



A man of parts is he,
 Right well endowed, it seems to me,
 To play the leads.
 However small or sad the rôle,
 Undaunted, he with all his soul
 Regards its needs.

Judiciously he always dresses,
 Offending never by excesses;
 He doesn't over-act, nor does he pose.
 No dimpling cheeks nor curling hair,
 Some deeper, finer, much more rare
 Outstanding qualities are there—
 Now dont you think his face with goodness glows?

St. Louis, Mo.

MRS. F. G. LINDSLEY.

Bess Keim, of Dayton, Ohio, is generously impartial—a lovely trait in woman. Therefore we print:

MY CHOICE.



The girls are great—the boys are fine,
 And they get better all the time.
 Look them over, and you will see
 I speak the truth, and we'll agree
 That some have beauty and some have wit,
 All have talent and all have grit.
 And when I choose—I've got a hunch—
 By gosh! I'll choose the whole darn bunch!

GENTLEMEN—I have been a constant reader of your magazine for months, and take this opportunity to let you know how much I have appreciated same. I am especially fond of the fine reproductions of players in the first part. How many two-cent stamps for a picture of Muriel Ostriche? There are surely some beauties who grace the screen, but lead me to Muriel every time. Once more I repeat it—how much for her photo? "What good will a picture do?" you say. Yes, I know I have never met, and never will meet, this fair maid of the movies, but, still, I would like a real, smiling photo of her in my den. Look at the way people rave over that ancient canvas entitled "Mona Lisa." How many millions have been offered for the original? Well, you know, no living being has ever seen her, so— Oh! what's the use? Please hunt me up a real, nifty photograph of Muriel. She is my Mona Lisa—that's all!



Of all the movies I have seen,
 Of all the faces on the screen,
 The one whom I would crown my queen
 Is Muriel.

I fain would change your name,
 You, with those heavenly eyes.
 An ostrich is an awkward bird
 Of massive size.

Thou art a "bird," 'tis true,
 And this no one denies;
 But ostrich? No, indeed!

A Bird of Paradise!

WILLIAM P. ROBERTSON, JR.

Mr. Robertson is informed that if Miss Ostriche or the Than-houser Company do not forward him a photo on sight of the foregoing, they are a hard-hearted lot.

POPULAR PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Miss Atlanta daintily appreciates Norma Talmadge, as follows:

TO ONE I LOVE.



know a maid, a sweet little maid,
Like a violet washed in dew ;
Her hair is soft brown, with golden gleams,
And her eyes are brave and true.

When a smile sets her dimples a-tinkling,
Then I share in her joy and am glad ;
But when her bright face is grief-shadowed,
Tears come, and my heart grows sad.

And I love this maid, this dear little maid,
Who can make me weep or laugh ;
As fresh and as pure as the first spring bloom—
Norma Talmadge, of Vitagraph.

Irma Dawkins, of Birmingham, Ala., inscribes these winsome lines to Rose Tapley :

JUST LIKE A ROSE.

Just like a rose,
So graceful, so fair,
Voice tender-sweet
And manner rare.
Just like her name,

So sweet, so clear,
From the tips of her toes
To her lovely hair.
To sweetest Rose Tapley,
Of "Vanity Fair."

Edna Morgan, of Atlantic City, promises rash acts of daring for the sake of Warren Kerrigan. She makes but one stipulation—a fortunate one:

This is what I would do for Warren Kerrigan :



'd sigh for him, I'd lie for him,
I'd drink Big Muddy dry for him,
I'd weep for him, I'd leap for him,
I'd go without my sleep for him,
I'd fight for him, I'd bite for him,
I'd walk the streets all night for him,
I'd kneel for him, I'd steal for him—
Such is the love I feel for him.
I'd slide for him, I'd glide for him,
I'd swim 'gainst wind and tide for him,
I'd try for him, I'd cry for him,
But—hang me if I'd *die* for him—

Or any other man!

A plaintive wail is this. Let us memorize and popularize:

THE PICTURE SHOW.

(To the tune of "Suwannee River")



Way down upon a street called Broadway,
There I will go,
For up and down this little Broadway
Lives the Moving Picture show.

CHORUS

All this street is gay and merry,
Everywhere I go.
Oh, mother, let me have ten pennies
For the Moving Picture show.

LAWRENCE LYSTER.

Mr. George A. Lindsay, of Nashwauk, Minn., has had varied experiences theatrically; therefore he lauds appreciatively:

PLAYERS I HAVE SEEN.

You may write about the players, such as Miss or Mr. So and So. But for fifteen years I followed the biz and worked in many a show; I was out with John L. Sullivan, saw Kilrain and Corbett, too; I worked the "Jolly Show Girls," and was also with John Drew. One season with the circus, the next with Parker's one; Followed "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—next season on the bum. Naturally, I've seen many players—had a chance to judge them, too. My opinion may not make much diff, but I'll give it to a few. That, of all the players I have seen, two were the most funny—Miss Flora Finch, with her expressional phiz, and Mr. Johnny Bunny.

We have a contributor to whom the wealth of Midas would be but lunch-money. She has sent us checks to distribute among nearly every photoplayer. Unless they are on the screen for art's sake, they will certainly retire. The following is an illustration of this unexampled liberality:

COMMERCIAL BANK.

January 9, 1914. No. 4
 PAY TO THE ORDER OF *Dolores Cassinelli* \$99,000
Ninety-nine Thousand for One Smile DOLLARS
 COLLEGE CURRENCY
Lydia B. M.
 PER _____ ATTY.

Luella Sheehy, of Portland, Ore., sends us a letter warmly defensive of Mae Marsh. We assure her that neglect has been unintentional and hasten to print her letter, that we may be vindicated:

I have noticed in your department that you never mention Mae Marsh, and cannot understand it. There is no better emotional actress on the screen today, and she is but a girl of seventeen. One never sees her making useless gestures, constantly raising her eyebrows or acting "stagey." She has few equals and no betters in the line of photoplay and is deserving of more praise.

Three guesses! All who are versed in the silent drama should know:

THE LEADER OF THE SILENT DRAMA.



here is a photoplay actor
 Who played in "A Leader of Men";
 He once was a good benefactor
 And saved a young chap from the pen.
 He was good in "A Country School Teacher,"
 Better still in "The Endless Night";
 He has often scored as a preacher,
 And his next is "The Parasite."

So here's to this photoplay actor.
 And I wish him the best of success.
 For he surely is Lubin's chief factor,
 And his name you can easily guess.
 GEORGE A. WATSON.

CHAT WITH THE PLAYERS

MABEL TRUNNELLE, OF THE EDISON COMPANY

"No, I don't want to vote. Why should I? I think my husband is perfectly capable of voting for both of us." (Ye shades of Mrs. Pankhurst!)

I stared, breathless, at the dainty little person sitting opposite me, who had dared deal this blow to woman suffrage. She laughed delightedly.

"I have been in Motion Pictures she told me, when I had recovered sufficiently to put another question, much better than stage life. It is exciting, for there's such a glory about it. Then, too, one has so much home life. No, I don't know that I have any favorite line of work. I like it all."

It is needless to tell you that Miss Trunnelle—pardon me, Mrs. Herbert Prior—is very, very pretty, but any one who has missed seeing her in real life can never appreciate fully her delicate beauty. On the screen one misses the delicate ivory-white of her clear skin, the soft beauty of her brown eyes, alight with youth and the joy of living. She has black hair, and is five feet three and a half inches in height and weighs one hundred and fifteen pounds. It was useless to ask her if she thought life worth living, but as the question was on my list, I asked it, anyway.

"Decidedly, YES," with as much emphasis as it was possible for one small person to put in an exclamation. "Why, I should feel very much grieved if anything should happen to it. My favorite sport?" there was no hesitation here. "Automobiling," enthusiastically, "and that I have any books are splendid, and then there are others that I don't like at all. I also like Hichens sometimes. I don't know a thing in the world about poetry, tho I'm ashamed to admit it. But I like the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE above all magazines, and I think every single bit of it is interesting, especially the Answer Man. He's a wonder."

"Yes, I study my parts before rehearsing, and after, and during. In fact, I'm

for three years,"
my breath suf-
"and I like it
is more ex-
rious va-



happen
no hesita-
tically, "and
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books are splendid,
and then there are others that I don't like at all. I also like Hichens sometimes. I don't know a thing in the world about poetry, tho I'm ashamed to admit it. But I like the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE above all magazines, and I think every single bit of it is interesting, especially the Answer Man. He's a wonder."

always studying them. Do I think Motion Pictures will ever outshine the stage? Well, so far as road shows are concerned, they already outshine the stage. But I don't think they'll ever outshine a Broadway production," and her voice sounded awfully homesick. "Motion pictures will always cater to a larger audience, tho, and an audience that is much harder to please. I do not approve of the censorship of films. I consider it unnecessary, for so far as the Edison Company is concerned, I am sure Mr. Plimpton knows what is suitable and what to produce. Yes, I enjoy photoplays very much, and like them all—except Indians and Westerns."

The charming leading lady of the Jacksonville Edison Company was born in New York, but refuses to say where she was educated, for she says she does not think the public is interested enough in her to want to know that much about her. She does not believe in the fads of theosophy, mesmerism, and all that sort of thing, altho she considers Christian Science a wonderful thing. She loves swimming and is just learning. In fact, she likes all forms of exercise except walking, which she detests. She says she's a Democrat, altho she doesn't pretend to understand politics, and hasn't the slightest idea who the greatest living statesman is.

"How many hours a day, and how many days a week do you work?" was the next question, and Miss Trunnelle twisted her pretty face into a droll grimace.

"Well, that depends entirely upon the weather," she answered, "and if we stay in Florida long, we'll have to be retired on a pension." (In explanation, Florida, or at least this part of it, has been experiencing some of the worst weather known to even the "oldest inhabitant," and the three companies stationed here have been working Sundays to get out the necessary pictures.)

"It is impossible to say how many photoplays I have worked in," she continued, "for I have been with Edison two years and with Majestic one year—the old Majestic, I mean, of course. I have worked in an average of one picture a week during the two years with Edison and two a week down at Majestic, so you can count it up for yourself."

She has never been in public print, and when in New York, lives in a hotel.

"There!" she said, as I rose to go. "That's the whole sad story of my life, and I certainly hope the public will be interested enough in me to read it."

And I am sure they will be!

PEARL GADDIS.



MONA DARKFEATHER, OF THE KALEM COMPANY

MONA DARKFEATHER is distinctly different. She is known all over the civilized world, and yet she has never worked outside of Los Angeles. She is recognized as one of the best Moving Picture Indians appearing on the screen, and yet she never set foot on the legitimate stage. She is a curiosity, has never had to travel to acquire a reputation, and yet she stands at the very head of her specialty, Indian maidens, and altho the Moving Picture public associates her with Indian characters, she is really very versatile and will soon be as familiar in Western and society rôles as in Indian characterizations. She was the Indian maiden, however, when I met her at the Kalem studios at Glendale, and was ready to play her part in "The Invisible Vengeance," under the direction of Frank Montgomery. "Contrary to



the general belief," she told me, "I am not an Indian. My parents are Spanish, descendants of an aristocratic family. I was born in Los Angeles and educated there. I was supposed to be destined for the operatic stage and went thru a long course of voice cultivation; but the Moving Pictures attracted me, and I joined the original Bison company at Santa Monica, under my present director, and I suppose I made good at the outset, for I have been with Mr. Montgomery ever since."

"Where did you get your knowledge of Indian lore?" I asked her.

"I have always been interested in Indians," she told me. "There was always a number of them at Santa Monica, and they represented several tribes. I got their interest and good will, and soon learned their languages and customs. Then we visited several tribes and lived amongst them. I was created a Princess by Chief Rising Sun of the Arapahoe tribe after a two years' sojourn with them."

Mona Darkfeather showed me her really wonderful and valuable collection of Indian jewels, costumes and curios, most part presents to her by the ornaments, blankets, dresses, tiful beadwork. She is very

"I am glad to be back with Mona. "I was with them after I fore I joined the Universal. I was versal Bison Company, by the way. much as I love doing Indian tray other characters now

Mona Darkfeather is accomplished musician which is much enjoyed home. She does not means. She is a daring to see her vault on her

Comanche is almost Darkfeather will tell you than she will about herself, anything he is told to do and told to do. He can lie as dead doors, carry babies, light oh! lots of other things. Co- best friends, but she has lots

acquired by purchase and for the Indians themselves. Solid silver moccasins and marvelously beau- proud of her belongings.

the Kalem Company," said left the Bison Company and be- the first one engaged for the Uni- My work is more varied here, for, maidens and squaws, I like to por- and again."

decidedly versatile, for she is an and possesses an alto voice,

by visitors to her pretty know what the word *fear* horsewoman, and it is good horse "Comanche."

a human being. Miss more about Comanche for Comanche can do several things he is not as a pickled herring, open fires and gather wood, and manche is one of Mona's and lots of others. R. W.

MARGARET JOSLIN,

COMFORTABLY ensconced at hill-sheltered Niles, after a homemade of the camera in the flood of ozone-laden breezes of the exponent of all the char- grown pleasurable to look

"Sit down," she said, that I'm no great actress, wherever it be, but particu-

"That makes things her. "Where and when thoughts, never mind that. How do you like this?" in a most comprehensive bathed stage out in the

"I like it fine! I like here. I've got my husband I've got a home and congenial more do you want me to

Pressed for a few de- clared by many that are one of the best comedy- mitted that she got into chance than malice or It was Mr. Todd's fault, case, Mr. Wm. Todd tion of every- timate enough did and suc-



OF THE ESSANAY CO.

in her picturesque bungalow enjoying a well-earned rest lunch and a morning in front California sunshine and the Pacific, I found the cheerful actor women that we have for in the Essanay pictures. "I want you to understand and that I love my home, larly when it's here at Niles." easy," I hastened to assure were you born? On second Let's get down to business, and here I waved my hand sweep to wards the sun- open.

everything and everybody and my little girl with me; work thrown in. Now, what say?"

tails, Mrs. Todd, who is de- competent to judge to be women in the business, ad- the pictures rather by anything else aforesought. it appears. If that be the deserves the commenda- body who has been for- to follow his wife's splen- cessive appearances on the screen.

"Yes," she mused, "I've been with the Essanay Company three years, all the time playing with my husband. No, I never did anything particular on the regular stage. I'm domestic, and I love my home."

"You said that before," said I.

"And I hope I shall say it many times again," she emphatically rejoined. Here is a clever woman who combines a delightful modesty with real capability, was the very just conclusion to which I was agreeably forced. The pleasure that the other members of this refreshing colony take in watching Mrs. Todd at rehearsals is hardly less than that experienced by the thousands who follow her irresistible comedy work and facial play when projected from a mere machine.

"Whatever I am in this work," said she, "Mr. Anderson made me. The credit belongs to him. The public doesn't know that, perhaps, but it's a fact."

"How much do you weigh?" I asked, at the same time edging toward the door.

The plump lady looked at me half angrily, half playfully, and said not a word. She sighed, then took up some sewing and proceeded to thread a needle. I took up my hat and proceeded to thread my way out.

"You see," she nodded, with a parting smile, "I've very little to say except that I'm domesticated and love my home."

"I believe you!" I exclaimed.

Evidently Mrs. Todd is a bright example of the precept that actions speak louder than words, at home as well as in the movies.

A. A. P.



HENRY WALTHALL, OF THE MUTUAL COMPANY

A LONG, shrill whistle rends the still and mosquito-laden air of Bogota, New Jersey, and a handsome young man lifts his head and looks thru his dining-room window to glimpse a trailing smudge of smoke lifting above the trees.

It is the 7:40 local, and star of considerable proportion the Mutual forces under hises a perfectly good mouthful of coffee, his backyard fence and just in time to catch His day's work has

Henry Walthall fashion for quite a down to a science. steps off the ferry and makes a beat at present located tenth Street and the time this article probably be doing a thon from his flower-

At the studio all is semblance of it. Busy something that will soon diving into his tiny dress-Walthall proceeds to from a slight-appearing, well-man into a gangster of New leading man of a big gang-that James Kirkwood

Several days summed in taking Walthall mas-the nom-de-Flynn," and he handled by the and a few daubs his face will efray the fact. behold, and trace of the soulful young bookworm, for instance, as seen in the "Fly-Leaf of Fate," his latest success.

Downstairs to the big studio he goes and slips into what appears to be a very tough crowd of young men. Actors can be very tough on five dollars a day and

Henry Walthall, formerly a Biograph tions and now a shining light of D. W. Griffith, hastily demolegg. and, grabbing another leaps from the house, vaults streaks it for the station the end of the rear coach. begun!

has started his day in this long time and has it

After a short trip, he at Forty-second Street line for the "workshop." at the corner of Six-Union Square, altho by greets the eye, he will Californian morning maran- enfolded home in Hollywood. confusion, or at least the carpenters are setting up be a saloon, and, hastily ing-room upstairs, transform himself dressed young

York and the fight picture is putting on.

will be con- this picture—of querading under screen of "Porky will be roughly rival gangmen, of red paint on factually por- He is a sight to there is no



"Fly-Leaf of Fate,"

plenty to eat, and the way they shove Walthall around is a caution. It is the real thing, and only the soft, muffled click of the camera recalls it is but a play for millions to glimpse on the screen of a thousand theaters.

But our hero fights back fiercely, and at the director's call of "Camera!" the second time, the word is welcome.

"Phew!" he mutters, as he sinks down on an upended beer-barrel. "'Tis hard work for a mere lad like me so early in the morning!"

But he is only just starting, and all morning scene after scene is clicked off, and the weariness of Walthall increases in direct ratio to the footage, but never a sigh he gives. The famous Walthall slow smile crinkles the corners of his eyes, and he is always there, ready for more.

A short rest, a bite of a sandwich, a cup of coffee, and after a renewal of make-up and a slight costume change, Walthall, with the rest, bundle into a big automobile and off they tear across the ferry to Jersey and soon are hotly at it once more. Gangs fight gangs, bottles fly and pistols crack, while the Jerseyites flee in terror at what they think an invasion by the wild gangmen of New York. An old saloon is completely wrecked, as well as the clothes of Walthall and his fellow sufferers and fighters for the cause of Moving Pictures. It is bitterly cold, too, but the hard, "rough-house" work keeps them warm enough.

Seated on a cask, Walthall may well recall humorously an outdoor picture in which he played the leading rôle. It seems that it was a story of the primeval man, and he was supposed to be covered from head to foot with hair. So he took a large can of spirit-gum and poured it all over himself and stuck large handfuls of crêpe hair all over his body, and he was a sight for the gods—primeval and all others! Shivering, after an enforced rest had cooled his blood, Walthall longed for a few more barrels of that same spirit-gum and crêpe hair to help keep warm!

Soon the gang-fights are on again, and after the sun has sunk too far to provide enough light for their purposes, all bundle back into the auto and streak it—not for home, gentle reader of this, but back to work!

A good day's work already, think you? Not for Walthall these days! Back to the studio he goes, and after a bit of supper, taken still in costume, he is soon in the midst of his rôle of gangman and proceeds to allow a girl from the country, portrayed by the winsome Consuelo Bailey, to reform him and lead him into a better pathway and toward a better and more useful life. It takes until midnight to effect this transformation, and it is much after that before "Porky Flynn" is transformed a second time, this time into the debonair, tho' slightly weary, film favorite, Henry Walthall.

A short stroll across to Luchow's in the sparkling air of a cold winter's night, a bite to eat and a wee nip, and Walthall wends his way to the Land of Nod—not back to Bogota, 'tis too late now for that, but to a near-by hotel where he keeps a room when he works so late. And only then is the working day of a leading actor in the movies over!

Not an easy life, you will say. But Walthall loves it, else he would not have deserted the stage footlights for such hard work. But he has his reward, for millions of people, young and old, know his face and love his performances, all over this broad land and Europe; so he does not labor in vain, even tho' his laboring extends sixteen hours at a stretch, as it often does.

The movies keep one moving, and Walthall is pretty swift on his feet—he has to be to hold down his job! But as he himself says, "It's all in a day's work," and a long day's work it is, too!

RUSSELL E. SMITH.



A MOVING PICTURE, SHOWING WHERE THE EAST AND WEST MEET



The Refuge

WITH APOLOGIES TO EDGAR ALLEN POE

BY PEARL E. GATES



At the close of winter dreary, spring may find you mind-awearry
 O'er the problems you have settled in your office, school or store.
 When your nerves are close to snapping, books or work your strength
 are sapping,
 And your wits seem almost napping, napping, man, to wake no
 more—
 'Tis some change that you are needing; brains want something more
 than reading;
 To this sign you should be speeding, "PHOTOPLAY" above the door.



Vainly man has tried to borrow from his books surcease of sorrow—
 Sorrow o'er the cost of living. Hark! the wolf howls at the door!
 Worry o'er your achcs and ailings; worry o'er your neighbor's failings;
 Worry o'er the children's wailings as they tumble round the floor.
Now's the time for Moving Photo; *that's* the place for you to go to;
 Take the youngsters to the show, too. Dont be raving "Nevermore."



Ah, that jerking, white, uncertain rippling of the picture curtain
 Thrills you, fills you with delightful shudders never felt before,
 For you sense the coming murder of the big, bad Texas herder—
 You imagine you have heard a cowboy's trusty rifle roar;
 And the crime is laid on Harry, whom the maiden's going to marry,
 Till the sheriff rides to carry proof he's innocent of gore.



Thru the darkness you sit peering; long you gaze there, wond'ring,
 fearing,
 Dreaming dreams and seeing visions you have never seen before.
 Tho the silence is unbroken, ne'er a word by actor spoken.
 Yet you catch the clown's broad jokin', see exchange of lovers' token,
 And the wish keeps growing stronger that the films had been made
 longer.

Could it *ever* be a bore?

Scenes are here of foreign travel, mysteries you must unravel;
 Lands of date and palm and desert, aeroplane and mimic war.
 Every land has lent a factor; every man becomes an actor;
 Will you still be a detractor—still walk past the open door?
 There is much that's fine and novel, be it castle, cave or hovel,
 And I know you'll get some knowledge—surely this if nothing more.
 Then you'll wish you'd gone before.

Do you spend your evenings sitting, never flitting, never flitting
 From the common every-dayness of your own domestic door?
 Do you say: "I'm time a-saving," "Picture shows are Hades-paving,"
 "Critic-friend, I cant be braving, tho amusement I adore, and my
 wife, she needs it more"?
 Take these thoughts from out thy heart, and take her there, I do
 implore—

Be a patron evermore.





Musings of "The Photoplay Philosopher"

THERE is a difference between the classics of literature and modern plays, and this point cannot be better illustrated than by giving the titles of some of each. In recalling some of the classics, the following titles would probably be foremost in the average memory: *Les Misérables*; *Lorna Doone*; *Cloister and the Hearth*; *Vicar of Wakefield*; *She Stoops to Conquer*; *The Rivals*; *Midsummer Night's Dream*; *Hamlet*; *Macbeth*; *Merchant of Venice*; *David Copperfield*; *Don Quixote*; *Vanity Fair*, and so on. Now let us take a few titles of modern photoplays from a current trade publication: *Batty Bill's Honeymoon*; *The Silent Death*; *The Fatal Clues*; *Pickles*; *Art and Sauerkraut*; *The Harper Mystery*; *Mystery of St. Martin's Bridge*; *Double Crossed*; *Babel's Bare Escape*; *The Society Detective*; *The Race for the Rubies*; *Great Bank Robbery*; *Marriage by Aeroplane*; *The Trap*; *The Governor's Ghost*; *In the Python's Den*; *The Whirl of Destiny*; *The Vortex of Fate*; *Great Lure of Paris*; *Traffickers in Souls*; *The Bells of Death*; *Masked Mystery*; *Gee! But It's Great to Be Stung*; *The False Bride*; *Slim and the Dynamiters*; *Shadow of Crime*; *The Hand-Print Mystery*; *Lunatic's Child*; *Playing for a Fortune*; *The Silent Death*; *Wrecked in Midair*; *Shadow of Guilt*, etc., etc. It must be conceded that these are fair samples of the titles of the plays now being put out by the leading manufacturers. Not that they offend decency, not that they are immoral, not that they are melodramatic (we must have melodrama and comedy as well as high-class drama), but that there are too few tasteful titles and too many sensational ones. When it is remembered that nearly every one of the aforementioned plays is flaunted before the public, that they are illustrated in lurid colors on large and anything but artistic posters that are plastered all over the fronts of the Motion Picture theaters thruout the world, where passersby must see them, it is obvious that the enemies of the photoplay are naturally incensed to renew their attacks and that they are supplied with destructive ammunition. Not only are there altogether too many sensational melodramas produced, but their titles are entirely too undignified, inelegant and unrefined, to say nothing of the disgraceful posters. All these are the remnants of the old days of the showman's business, when every circus, sideshow, shooting-gallery and freak museum was decorated with flashy colors and tinsel, assisted by leather-lunged "barkers,"

who stood in front yelling for patronage. While there are still some people who are attracted by this sort of claptrap advertising, and who will go nowhere unless ushered in by a brass band, the large majority, and undoubtedly the better element, are not only not attracted, but are driven away by it.

The quality of the plays is steadily improving, and the standard is being raised higher and higher, but we still have this lingering mania for unrefined sensationalism. A play named simply "Ada Holmes" or "Paul Blackmore" would be just as attractive to most

people as one named "The Kidnapper's Fate" or "The Gambler's Crime." And if instead of a dozen flaring posters flaunted on the front of a theater, a handsome, large frame were placed there, containing the program and the names of the players taking part therein, it is quite certain that many more people would be attracted, and they would be the better kind, and the kind who are now skeptical as to the character of the entertainment within.

That was a good point made by Louis Reeves Harrison in his essay on "The Art of Criticism." In answer to the question, "Are there subjects (for the photoplay) of universal interest?" he answers: "The purpose of existence; the significance of what we are doing; our own artificial creations, such as religion, law and society, for human betterment, and what pertains to *their* betterment; the efficiency and reward of effort; harmonizing achievement with improvement; in what sense ideas rule the world. Q.—"How about war as a subject?" A.—"Its pictured horrors should argue for peace. The struggle for supremacy is as old as the human race; it furnished abundant material for the drama; its visualization, if truthful, must draw attention to war's misery and woe and to its appalling waste of vital energy."

Very well said. But do the photoplaywriters and directors have Mr. Harrison's idea in mind when they give us these stirring war pictures? Or do they think only of producing a thrilling spectacle? Suppose we have Mr. Harrison write and direct a war picture, assisted by Andrew Carnegie and the Peace Society!

The attention of Canon Chase and President Dyer, as well as of their thousands of interested and perhaps perplexed readers, is respectfully called to the following editorial that recently appeared in the *San Francisco Argonaut*:

Mr. John Collier, speaking before the City Club of Brooklyn, seems to have made it clear enough that self-government is not necessarily the legalized tyranny of a majority, and that unsanctioned agreements may actually have a force and efficacy wholly unattainable by statute law. Mr. Collier's topic was the picture-film censorship. That there is such a censorship we are all vaguely aware. The fact is displayed upon nearly every film that is publicly exhibited. But we are indebted to Mr. Collier for an exposition of the nature of a supervision that is certainly salutary and that acts as a restraint upon a pictorial exuberance that might easily degenerate into a scandal and a nuisance.

The National Board of Censors consists of 150 citizens of both sexes, who sit in judgment upon every film intended for public display. This committee has no legal powers. It cannot enforce any decision that it may make. The law is indifferent to its licenses and its prohibitions, and its actual authority is no greater than that of a social club or a debating society. Nevertheless, this board of censors orders the annual destruction of half a million dollars worth of films, and the condemned pictures go straight to the scrap-heap without protest or resistance. There is no friction, no suspicion of undue influence and no recrimination. There is not a legislature in the world that receives the unquestioned obedience given to the decisions of this group of unpaid and unelected men and women. All the police in New York could not add one jot to its effectiveness or authority. Indeed, we may legitimately believe that law and police force would instantly destroy its value. If this board were organized and sustained by the legislature, we all know that it would become a scandal and a reproach in about a month.

Into the wisdom of the actual censorship there is no need to enter. To some its standards will appear to be



MUSINGS OF THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER.

too broad, while others will think that they are too narrow. Such questions must always depend upon the personal equation. But at least it is neither perfunctory nor time-serving, since it destroys annually half a million dollars worth of property. It would be an unusual law that could do that. But the board has certain definite standards that guide and regulate the idiosyncrasies of its members. All attacks upon religion are barred. There must be no crime for crime's sake; no prurient suggestiveness. And what may be called the news picture must be historically accurate.

But these are secondary matters. The supreme fact is this triumphant exhibition of self-government, and it seems to be about the only example of self-government that we have. Amid a very orgy of coercions and legal brutalities, the National Board of Film Censors seems to be, in very truth, the first-fruits of a rational civilization. Coercive legislation is no more than a thin veneer upon a basis of barbarism. Compulsive laws and police are but a step from savagery, a slight advance over the aboriginal war-club, so astonishingly like a policeman's staff. True civilization is mutual agreement, without sanctions and without force. We are still a long way from it, but the board of censors proves it to be within sight.

There is hardly a social problem that could not be solved in the same way: to place less reliance upon a crude legislation that invariably awakes resentments and resistances, and more reliance upon a public opinion that would be irresistible if it were allowed to grow. There is a certain "sweet reasonableness" in every human being that always responds to the co-operative appeal, that is always inclined to compromise and to agreement. We have been so swaddled in laws that we are almost blinded to the marvelous organizing powers of the race if only those powers are allowed to assert themselves spontaneously and naturally. But at least we have an object lesson.

This is an age of marvelous philanthropy and human sympathy. We seem to be drawing nearer to that Utopian era of universal brotherhood, about which poets have sung and philosophers have preached. We have societies to look after the welfare of the poor; we have charity organizations; we have university settlements; we have societies to care for widows, for orphans, for babies, for all kinds of animals; we have Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, and so on, but there is just one that we have not—and it is one that is needed just as much if not more than some of the others—an organization in every community to look after the welfare of *the man over fifty*. Who will give or get the man of fifty a job? The tendency of modern times is to employ the younger men. Men who have grown old in one employ are now thrust out to make room for the young. Who is to look after the man over fifty? And usually he has a family to support. Society today seems to say: "We'll give every baby and youth a good start in life, but after that we don't care what becomes of them." Why not find and develop industries in which the older men can shine? Why crowd our workshops with children and women when the man over fifty is walking the streets begging for work? History shows that much of the world's best work has been done by men over fifty. While we have Napoleon, Alexander the Great, Joan of Arc, Milton and Bryant among those who became famous early in life, there is a long list of those who did their best work after fifty, such as Dryden, Chaucer, Burke, Shakespeare, Landor, Isaak Walton, Demosthenes, Plato, Aristotle, Cromwell, Pasteur, Mahommed, Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo, and even Milton and Bryant did their best work in old age. Such men as Solon, Sophocles, Pindar, Anacreon, Xenophon, Kant, Buffon, Goethe, Fontanelle, Newton, Titian, Harvey, Swift, Cowper and Lord Bacon accomplished great things in their respective and varied lines in their old age. Why, then, this mania for youth, and why this neglect of the man over fifty?





Motion Pictures and Young America

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT



THE relationship between Motion Pictures and Young America has been a widespread subject for debate. Particularly have certain so-called reformers donned sackcloth and ashes in behalf of juvenile Americans, asserting that the Motion Picture retards the young. For a short period of time their arguments were weighed, perhaps worthy, but the intelligent have recently turned a deaf ear, because they have realized the true worth of Cinematography in the education of our youth.

The Motion Picture is complete in itself, but it leaves something for the imagination or understanding. A worthy picture stimulates the mind, and the juvenile intellect is not permitted to loaf at a Motion Picture entertainment of the right kind. It has been charged that the children become so engrossed by the Motion Pictures as to give cast and status to their minds. "The Motion Pictures are poor training for the young whose mental qualities are not settled" is an oft-repeated contention. It is true that many are apt to set up pleasure as a guide and to regard it as the sole guide. A parent who does that is very foolish; temperance is needed in the very best things, including the virtues. But in our years of study of the Motion Picture, its influence and its possibilities, we have not been convinced that the theater for children only is a prime essential. Up to a certain age the parents can use discretionary powers as to the programs offered; at a later age the boys and girls are far better employed in the Motion Picture show than in the dance-halls, poolrooms or saloons. If an occasional picture is shown that may be more appropriate for older intellects, nevertheless it is usually accompanied by a strong moral lesson, and a lesson conveyed in such a manner that it impresses. To our way of

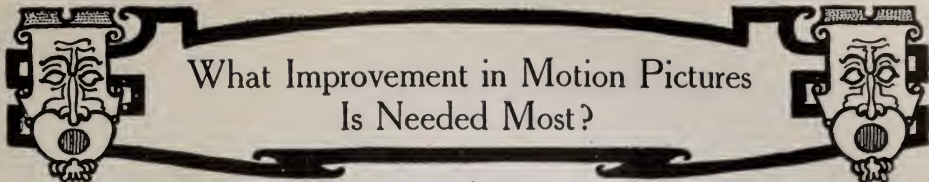
reasoning, this is the highest form of educating Young America in the way it should go. Worldly knowledge is too frequently gathered in the streets, the playgrounds, the poolrooms, dance-halls, and their doubtful associates. It might be an excellent idea to investigate these facts before condemning the Motion Picture and its appeal to morality and right living.

Legislation should be in favor of the Motion Picture, and not against it. It is an influence toward sunnier homes, vacated jails and abandoned alms-houses; it promotes humanizing influences; sows the seeds of faith, hope and charity in the breast of Young America. It teaches both temperance and patriotism, right living and domestic happiness.

The tendency of the Motion Picture to diminish the patronage of the saloon, the poolroom and the dance-hall is asserting itself with ever-increasing force. Moralists have expressed their gratification, and editors universally extend praise. Young America is learning that an evening of rational entertainment is better than doubtful and risky pleasures. The animated screen is helping solve the temperance question.

And then patriotism. We are glad to see that the manufacturers are not afraid to show the stars and stripes and other national banners in their films. A Young American without sentiment is as dead as old Nineveh. A person who growls out: "Oh, what's the use?—it will lose us money," belongs to the troglodytes. The same argument is applicable to all other countries having a flag. The Motion Picture has created reverence for the banners of other nations and has also taught respect and love for the starry banner of Young America. There is a great lesson written on the old flag; and Young America needs and is given, thru the Motion Pictures, the

(Continued on page 156)



What Improvement in Motion Pictures Is Needed Most?

To those interested in the development of Motion Pictures, outside of the pleasure they afford, this contest should prove interesting and valuable reading. It is only occasionally that the playgoer, who is rightly the Court of Appeals in Picturedom, has an opportunity to hold a convention of ideas, and the purport of what he has to say applies to the roots of the business—manufacturer, director, actor, exhibitor and lawmaker. "Judge Public" dons his robes, sadly, too infrequently to suit us, and his duty is delegated too often to careless or hidebound servants. Therefore, we pray you to harken to his mandates, as expressed by thoughtful letters from the countrywide, and, outside of their entertainment, who knows but that some day many of them will become comfortable laws of your own making. The \$10 gold prize is still open to the best answer in 200 words or less. "Oyez, Oyez! the court is open."

Ruth Shoemaker, Bethesda, Md., says: "In the photo-dramatization of novels, the thread of the story should never be changed; or, if so, the producer should state that the play is founded on the novel, not a dramatization of it."

Numerous contestants are special pleaders for the children, believing that the photoplay is a significant educational factor. Mrs. Charles H. Doyle, Gloucester, Mass., writes interestingly as follows: "Can we not have something special for the children? There are many things at the photoplay 'little ears' should not hear, and 'little eyes' should not see. Why not reserve Saturday afternoon as 'Children's Day'? All the fairy tales and charming stories of children's books, together with educationals, Pathé's Weekly, and perhaps performing-animal acts, would be quite appropriate and charming to the young on 'Children's Day.'"

Alec W. Watkins, Fresno, Cal., believes that "the only sane way of improving the public understanding of the drama is to give the public an opportunity to exercise its judgment in such matters. The effect of censorship, in the past, in all countries, has always been to encourage the ordinary and the mediocre, and to stifle the originality of genius."

A. V. Calderwood, Astoria, Ore., is out for "a few less tragedies involving the woman who wears a black shawl, and dies of a distressing fit of coughing; a few less massacres of Indians by superhuman cowboys. More educationals, more dramas of the better class, more historical films are highly praised by the audience."

Edwin D. Comer, 310 South Eighth Street, San José, Cal., wants and hopes for truer life portrayals:

The photoplay actor seems to have fallen into a rut in the matter of portraying certain emotions and feelings. For instance, he wishes to convey the idea that the character he represents has become wounded. His hand invariably goes to his heart. No one ever gets wounded except in the heart! A character is taken suddenly ill—hand to heart again! Heart trouble is quite prevalent—but my!

Then we have the deathbed scene, *à la mode*, with clutching at the throat, gasping for breath and rolling of eyes. Vivid enough, but not generally true to life. The one quiet death scene I ever witnessed was tremendously effective and was favorably noted by every one within my hearing.

These are but two examples of a great number of "bromides" of acting to be seen in almost every film. "Ah!" the producers will say, "but we exhibit to all classes, and must make incidents very plain." True enough, but is clearness dependent upon absurd repetition?

We have perfected the studio and the machine; now let us make the pictures *real pictures of life*, and the American audience will be quick to recognize and to appreciate.

Thomas C. Barbour, Gonzales, Texas, suggests camera improvements that, if perfected, might revolutionize the silent drama:

In my opinion, the greatest improvement needed in Motion Pictures at present is to try to make stereoscopic Motion Pictures. I mean Motion Pictures that would show the distance clearly, as seen in pictures thru a stereoscope. I do not know much about Moving Picture cameras or the laws of optics, but it seems that a Moving Picture camera could be built with two lenses and shutters, with the shutters connected in some manner so that they will both operate at the same time, and take a series of stereoscopic pictures such as are taken by a stereoscopic camera. Or perhaps they could be taken with a single lens and shutter by using an attachment similar to the Ingento stereoscopic attachment, with which stereoscopic pictures may be taken with an ordinary camera having only one lens and shutter. I suppose a special machine or attachment would be necessary to show the pictures on the screen. I feel pretty certain that the idea could be worked out, but it would require a great deal of expensive experimenting to do so.

Frank M. Spalding, Flushing, N. Y., thinks the time for a severe literary uplift has arrived:

You ask "What improvement in Motion Pictures is most needed?" The prime need, I think, is a higher standard of literary and dramatic taste for both the scenario writer and the producer. Only such an improvement will eliminate many of the inane photoplays now being produced, lift the photoplay above mere slush and make the producer something more than a Punch-and-Judy showman.

Moreover, such a standard would warn both writer and producer of the folly of presenting, in an atmosphere that is obviously American, photoplays that are based on foreign customs and traditions. The presentation of English, French and Italian photoplays by American actors in American environment is a crudity altogether too common. Hardly less objectionable is the tagging of English names on characters in photoplays that are patently Italian or French.

And, best of all, a higher standard of literary and dramatic taste for the writer and producer would make impossible the utterly absurd photoplay "comedies" in which the "humor" consists mainly of grimaces, caricatures and other slap-stick tactics.

A number of improvements are suggested by A. M. Knapp, of St. Louis:

An invention that will compel operators to run the reels at the proper speed. I suggest an electrical device. Too many operators hurry thru the pictures towards the end of the evening, thus spoiling the actor's hold upon the spectator as well as the latter's pleasure.

Educational pictures should have a light story or plot connected, thus holding the attention of people to whom "scenery" is "too slow," thereby compelling them to acquire an education in spite of themselves.

It seems to me, according to the papers, that not enough precautions are taken to preserve the players from bodily injury.

Too many appropriate "comedy" actors and actresses attempt "dramas." In many cases they are too young to have experienced the real sorrows and deep joys of life.

There are too many "burlesques" shown. They should be kept in their proper places, at the cheaper theaters, where the children and young people are not admitted. They are very impressionable and think the things they see are real life. If this condition were removed, Motion Pictures would gain the good will of the people who object to pictures because of bad influence.

Many of the passionate love scenes should be eliminated for the same reason, as they are particularly bad for children of the adolescent age.

Both of the conditions of the above can be removed if special children theaters were started, and admission to minors denied at the others.

Too many of the multiple reels seem stretched, the scenes too long.

The scenario readers are prejudiced, or something is wrong. I have been shown scenarios that have been returned in which the plots were stronger than many pictures I have seen, in my estimation equaling "The Vengeance of Durand." It seems the companies have too many contract writers and don't pay enough attention to beginners.

The pictures should be shown in public schools, admission free of charge. Special evenings or lessons should be devoted to the teaching of sexology. The spawning of fishes could be shown to the little tots, and a lecture given in connection to teach them the truth of birth and eliminate the curiosity that so often means the ruin of health and morals. It might help the Chicago schools in their work. The results of vice could be shown to the boys and young men. The girls could be shown the results and conditions of the fallen.

The possibilities for good are, to the Motion Pictures, unlimited, and I for one fail to see why the companies waste so much time and money on the worthless ones mentioned above.

THE BALLAD OF THE NANCY GREEN

BY RALPH BACON

Once I found, all alone, at rest on a store,
A grizzled old man by the sea,
And I thought - If I halt, perhaps this old salt
Will tell of some ship's tragedy.

So I sat down beside the old man, and I plied
Him with questions of what he had seen;
He listened a while, then he said, with a smile,
Here's the tale of the Nancy Green.

Now, the Nancy Green, she coasted between
Frisco and points on the Sound,
And some of that sea was the worst that could be
Encountered the whole planet round.

There was one special spot where a huge rock upshot,
Like a castle, out of the sea,
And the N.G. went right in, for on the shore by it
Was the home of the lovely Jane Lee.

And the good Captain Grey and the first mate O'Day
Were both enamored of Jane;
Each trip when they spied her they ogled and eyed her
In spite of the treacherous main.

And so the time fled, till one day the Cap. wed
Miss Jane, which made the mate sore;
When the Captain first told him, the skip wouldn't hold him
And he most piratically swore.

With a belaying-pir he waded right in
And did up the good Captain Grey,
Then he roped him up fast to the fore-castle mast
In a most undignified way.

"So the Nancy sped on, till one black foggy dawn
She hove near the home of fair Jane;
Says the first mate O'Day, 'We'll let Mrs. Grey
Watch the Nancy go down in the main.'"

Then he stepped to the wheel, and he headed her keel
For the spot where the rock ought to be,
And he rang for full steam - but brave Jane in a dream
Had been warned of the dire tragedy.

"She saw the ship's plight, and that very same night
She took a small boat in her sleep,
And she pried out that stone, and before she went home
She sank it, miles out in the deep.

"And so saved her Cap. Grey!" Did they jail that O'Day?
"Really" he said, "I dunno,
For the ship Nancy Green was a film I had seen
Once right at a photoplay show."



GREENROOM JOTTINGS

LITTLE WHISPERINGS
FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

WILLIAM BAILEY and "Smiling Billy" Mason have left the Essanay Company.

Billy Quirk, formerly of the Biograph, Pathé and Solax companies, is now with the Vitagraph Company.

Wedding-bells rang on January 25th for J. W. Johnston and Ouida Foster, at Bisbee, Arizona. Congratulations!

Marshall Neilan is now directing for the Kalem Company, in Carlyle Blackwell's old studio, Ruth Roland and John Brennan being his principal supports.

Not to be outdone by Romaine Fielding, Edwin August, *et al.*, Ben Wilson (Edison) is now an author-director-star.

There are about 6,000 new photoplays produced every year.

"Standing room only" has been the rule at the Vitagraph Theater lately, particularly at evening performances.

Henry Walthall shows that his former associations with Harry Carey (Biograph) have made a successful crook of him in "The Gangsters of New York" (Reliance)—another proof of "evil associations."

Little Kenneth Casey, formerly the Vitagraph juvenile, is now on the vaudeville stage in England.

W. A. Brady, eminent theatrical manager, is the latest to enter the picture field, and his new company starts with the mere trifle of \$1,000,000.

Edna Maison has been chosen to play opposite that popular star (or shall we say lighthouse?), Herbert Rawlinson.

Anita Stuart has made a name for herself by her clever emotional work in "A Million Bid."

The Thanouser Company has engaged Cyril Chadwick, who was successful on the stage as a portrayer of English "swells."

Edith Storey is still working at the Western Vitagraph studio—when weather permits. It rained nearly every day for the first month of her visit.

Robert Thornby, formerly of the Western Vitagraph, has started a school of acting in Los Angeles.

Director W. Griffith has taken three Reliance companies to Hollywood, Cal., including Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish, Robert Harron and Henry Walthall.

"Brewster's Millions" is the latest novel to be filmed, the Lasky Company being its sponsor.

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

Dont forget the "Great Artist Contest"! Let's make this decisive! See pages 128, 129.

The great Andrew Carnegie is playing opposite Norma Phillips, "Our Mutual Girl"—at least, he did for a moment in one play.

The Essanay Company has another "Alkali Ike" in place of Augustus Carney—Eddie Redway, well known on the legitimate stage and in vaudeville. Another recent addition is Rapley Holmes, who formerly supported Nat Goodwin.

The winner of our gold prize for the best story this month goes to the author of "The Price of the Necklace," and the second prize to the author of "A Bunch of Flowers." Last month the first prize went to the author of "The Dilemma," and the second to the author of "A Turn of the Cards."

Charles P. Morrison announces that his name is not James, but that he sometimes answers to "Chick." He is more or less responsible for the rodeo that was put on at Santa Barbara by the "Flying A" cowboys, which proved a big success.

Lottie Briscoe has been chosen among many by artist Albert Shore to pose for an exhibition painting entitled "Thoughts Afar."

Benjamin Franklin's fame is in danger. He once received a letter from abroad addressed simply "Ben Franklin, the World." Mary Fuller has just received from Australia a letter addressed "Mary Fuller, U. S."

And still we can say that the last word in Motion Pictures is Hall Caine's "The Christian" (Vitagraph). When you see it, you will not wonder why this paragraph was written.

Not to be outdone by the Screen Club and Photoplayer Club, Rosemary Theby, Lubin star and ardent suffraget, is organizing a club for the women players only.

Pauline Bush has made a decided hit in a six-reel adaptation of "Richelieu."

Mack Sennett's latest achievement is the sending of a high-power automobile thru a brick building, in a Keystone play soon to be shown.

To quote the Answer Man's stock statement, G. M. Anderson is not dead. But he came near it when taking "Broncho Billy's Bible." In the struggle between Anderson and Church, on the brink of a precipice, the former fell over the cliff, and just saved himself by clinging to a projecting root about four feet below. By the way, Mr. Anderson wishes it to be known that he prefers that his admirers vote for his leading woman, Miss Clayton.

Marguerite Clayton says she doesn't like to be called Mary Pickford the Second, and prefers Marguerite Clayton the First.

Lois Weber has written one scenario a week for the last three years. Can Gene Gauntier beat that record?

Edwin August has come East and will be located in the Universal studio at Coytesville, N. J.

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne led the grand march at the Exhibitors' Ball in Milwaukee, the mayor and his wife following.

The admirers of John Bunny are trying to start a movement to get him the nomination for President in place of Woodrow Wilson in 1916. They say he is better known and more popular than Wilson and Roosevelt ever thought of being.

Since Frederick Church left the Essanay Company, Emory Johnson is a candidate for the beauty prize at Niles.

GREENROOM JOTTINGS.

And now comes Henry W. Savage into the film business.

Carlyle Blackwell says that he will acknowledge all letters, but that he cannot enter into regular correspondence with any one.

Joseph Kaufman, fresh from the stage, has joined Harry Myers's Lubin Company.

Mona Darkfeather has recovered her automobile, which had recently been stolen from her.

Fritz Wintermeier has joined the Essanay Company at Niles, Cal., to assist Mr. Anderson.

Richard Travers, M.D., says that bicycling makes girls taller, and that is why diminutive Ruth Hennessy now has one.

Alice Washburn (Edison) has received an admirable grotesque bonnet from an admirer, to add to her large and curious collection.

The Thanhouser studio now has an elaborate greenroom, and the players may now enjoy their waits in luxurious ease.

Crane Wilbur is the latest star to appear and talk at the Motion Picture theaters in person. Tom Powers is doing likewise in England.

Hazel Buckham has left the Broncho Company and joined the Rex.

Elsie Janis and company were the guests of Robert E. Cleary recently, at his Pittsburgh photoplay theater.

The race for first honors in the Great Artist Contest between the two Marys is getting exciting.

To add weight to the matter, the Vitagraph Company have decided to make a comedy containing John Bunny, James Lackaye, Hughey Mack and Kate Price.

Gene Gauntier is building a new studio and has added Marian Nichols, John Maurice Sullivan and W. A. Howell to her company.

The Keystone Company recently sent one of its seven companies 10,000 feet up in the air to get proper snow scenes for a picture. Had they been around Brooklyn at the time this is being written, they would not need to have climbed Mt. San Antonio to get mountains of snow.

Earle Williams has had troubles lately, chief of which was a hot pursuit by a crazy woman who came on from the West and who kept the telephone and telegraph wires and mails busy for a week trying to make dates.

Helen Case has invented several new dances, and recently gave a successful exhibition of them to her admiring friends.

Cleo Madison plays opposite Warren Kerrigan in "The Acid Test," which the latter assisted in directing.

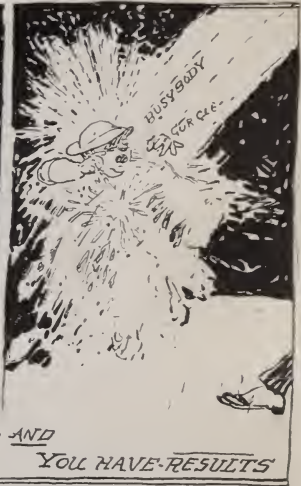
Jean Darnell has recovered from her recent illness and is expected back shortly at the Thanhouser studio.

Wilfred Lucas (Criterion) plays a real double part in "The Outlaw." He stepped in and played the part when it was half-finished, necessitated by an accident to the leading man, and they say nobody will be able to tell who's who.

Photoplaywrights and studio editors now have a club, the Ed-Au, which meets informally at Keene's Chop House, New York City, and discusses the pros and cons of everything helpful to author and editor. Phil Lang, of Kalem, fills the president's chair, and at the last meeting listened to remarks from Gene Gauntier, Jack Clark, F. Marion Brandon and Edwin M. La Roche. Glasses were turned down for Roy McCardell and Epes Sargent, now vacationing.

Charles Seay (Edison) has invented a happy way to save the usual subtitle, "Two Months Later." He has a bewhiskered Father Time appear and cut off two months from a calendar with his giant scythe.

THE ADVENTURES OF MR. BUSYBODY—



THERE WAS METHOD IN HIS MADNESS

THE GREAT ARTIST CONTEST

AMID AN AVALANCHE OF VOTES AND UNUSUAL ENTHUSIASM
THE BATTLE OF THE BALLOTS GOES MERRILY ON
NOT A SENTIMENTAL OPPORTUNITY, BUT ONE FOR THE USE OF INTELLIGENCE

OVER a million votes have been cast in The Great Artist Contest.

The gratifying growth of the worldwide poll is indicated at the bottom of this page. When the editors started this contest, they were advised by a Motion Picture manufacturer that it would not be a great success. He said: "The public admire a player for his good-looks and the appeal of the rôle he assumes. I will agree to take the most ordinary actor and, by giving him appealing parts, create his popularity in a few months."

This is a sad commentary. Some of us are deluded into believing that a pretty face and an attractive personality make the true worth of the player, but most of us know that art counts for more than looks. The contest has been running a short two months, but its results have outdistanced our happiest optimism.

The picture public *do* think; they appreciate fine acting; they disregard the *part* in favor of the *man* and his *real ability*. They distinguish talent from mere glamor. These interesting results are already proven by the mass of intelligent votes and comments we are receiving with each mail.

Reputations are made in a day; characters are earned only after

years of intelligent performance. The Booths and Barretts, the Charlotte Cushmans and the Mary Andersons of the stage live on forever, not thru their transient popularity, but thru the genius—the master touches—of their work.

This is what we are aiming for in the Great Artist Contest, and we are aiming high. There are a good many Motion Picture actors, popular today, who think that they have earned the stamp of public approval. They are satisfied with their portrayals, and do not try to improve them—to advance with the art of photoplay. You, the public and the judges, may discover among the newer players in the field, talent and artistry that outshine the fixtures of the silent stage. And we urge you to disclose it, to preach it, to cast your vote for merit and talent alone.

Who is the greatest artist, for whom you pay out the gold coin of your intelligence? And whom will you ask to play opposite him or her in the great prize photoplay? Does the result given below suit you? Or will you help to amend it? An appeal to reason has always brought out the best in mankind. Help us to make this the greatest and most reasonable contest ever carried to a finish.

THE GREAT ARTISTS AND THEIR VOTES TO DATE

Last month the leading team was WILLIAMS and PICKFORD, with KERRIGAN and FULLER second, and JOHNSON and JOYCE third. This month the count shows WILLIAMS and FULLER in the lead

Earle Williams (<i>Vita</i>)	64,545	Lillian Walker (<i>Vita</i>)	8,100	Beverly Bayne (<i>Ess</i>)	4,170
Warren Kerrigan (<i>Victor</i>)	63,270	G. M. Anderson (<i>Ess</i>)	7,295	Leo Delaney (<i>Vita</i>)	4,035
Mary Fuller (<i>Edison</i>)	50,705	James Cruze (<i>Thanh</i>)	6,680	Ben Wilson (<i>Edison</i>)	4,025
Mary Pickford (<i>F. P.</i>)	50,165	Norma Talmadge (<i>Vit</i>)	6,650	Jessaly Van Trump	
Arthur Johnson (<i>Lub</i>)	38,750	Pauline Bush (<i>Univ</i>)	6,620	(<i>Majestic</i>)	3,850
Alice Joyce (<i>Kalem</i>)	36,960	Ethel Clayton (<i>Lubin</i>)	6,485	Rosemary Theby (<i>Lubin</i>)	3,810
Crane Wilbur (<i>Pathé</i>)	28,785	Ormi Hawley (<i>Lubin</i>)	6,395	Anna Nilsson (<i>Kalem</i>)	3,630
Carlyle Blackwell (<i>Kal</i>)	28,760	King Baggot (<i>Imp</i>)	6,315	Wm. Shay (<i>Vita</i>)	2,830
Edith Storey (<i>Vita</i>)	24,725	Florence LaBadie (<i>Thank</i>)	6,285	Dorothy Kelly (<i>Vita</i>)	2,740
Francis Bushman (<i>Essanay</i>)	24,240	Harry Myers (<i>Lubin</i>)	6,090	Irving Cummings (<i>Pathé</i>)	2,730
Clara K. Young (<i>Vita</i>)	24,040	Owen Moore (<i>Rel</i>)	4,970	Guy Coombs (<i>Kalem</i>)	2,635
Marguerite Clayton (<i>Essanay</i>)	16,485	Marguerite Snow (<i>Thank</i>)	4,730	Ruth Roland (<i>Kalem</i>)	2,490
Lottie Briscoe (<i>Lubin</i>)	14,855	E. K. Lincoln (<i>Vita</i>)	4,640	Gertrude McCoy (<i>Ed</i>)	2,490
Maurice Costello (<i>Vit</i>)	14,410	Mabel Normand (<i>Key</i>)	4,620	Jack Richardson (<i>Am</i>)	2,480
Bianche Sweet (<i>Rel</i>)	12,945	Pearl White (<i>Crystal</i>)	4,575	Henry Walthall (<i>Rel</i>)	2,475
Romaine Fielding (<i>Lubin</i>)	12,660	Tom Moore (<i>Kalem</i>)	4,430	Frederick Church	2,370
Anita Stuart (<i>Vita</i>)	12,075	Leah Baird (<i>Imp</i>)	4,415	Marc MacDermott (<i>Edison</i>)	2,355
Florence Lawrence (<i>Victor</i>)	8,815	True Boardman (<i>Ess</i>)	4,270	Kathryne Williams (<i>Selig</i>)	2,265
Vivian Rich (<i>Amer</i>)	8,240	Augustus Phillips (<i>Edison</i>)	4,260	Mary Maurice (<i>Vita</i>)	2,080
		Edwin August (<i>Univ</i>)	4,245	John Bunny (<i>Vita</i>)	2,045
		Julla S. Gordon (<i>Vita</i>)	4,225		

Great Artist Contest

EACH READER IS ENTITLED TO VOTE ONCE A MONTH, ON THE PRINTED COUPON, FOR THE

GREATEST MOTION PICTURE ARTISTS

Each vote must contain the name of a male player and the name of a female player, also a second choice of each. The players are to be judged from their artistic merits only—not from their popularity, good looks, personality, etc., and they may excel in drama, tragedy, comedy, villainy portrayal, or anything you please. A good critic can recognize artistry in a comedian or in a villain just as in a player who plays heroic or emotional rôles.

While no valuable prizes will be given, the winners of this contest will be awarded the highest honors that can come in the theatrical profession—the stamp of public approval.

At no time will there be offered any extra inducements to the voters in the way of votes for subscriptions, etc., nor will there be any coupons printed different from the one that is printed in this issue, on another page. The winners will receive a handsome, engraved certificate, but nothing more; hence there will be no incentive to unusual personal interest by the players or companies.

The first prize for ladies will be awarded to that female player who receives the largest number of votes, and the first prize for men will be awarded to that male player who receives the largest number of votes. Furthermore, we intend that the most popular "team" shall play in a great drama to be written especially for them by our readers. This will be accomplished in this way: it will readily be seen that the winning female player may not belong to the same company as the winner of the male prize, and it might be impossible to bring them together; hence, we may have to select the second player of the winning team from the same company in which the winner plays. Thus, if Earle Williams is declared the greatest male artist, the female player of the same company having the greatest number of votes will be elected to play with him in the

One Hundred Dollar Prize Photoplay

in which the winning team is to play. After this contest has run for two or three months, we shall offer a prize of one hundred dollars for the best scenario, and the story of the same will be published in this magazine.

Do not send in your scenario yet! Due announcement will be made concerning this phase of the contest, which is in reality another contest entirely. You may vote, whether you compete for the scenario prizes or not. We shall select, say, twenty of the best scenarios and submit them as "Prize Scenarios" to the different companies, offering them at "usual rates," in which their players who receive the highest number of votes shall play, and the amount received will be awarded to the writers of the scenarios. Thus, there will probably be twenty prizes or more instead of one. The Photoplay Clearing House and the Scenario Department of the winning company will act as the judges. Thus, if Ormi Hawley and Arthur Johnson should win first prize, the Lubin Company are to have these players play in the prize play. And if James Cruze and Marguerite Snow should be next highest, the Thanhouser Company may have second choice out of many thousand selected scenarios, and that company may choose a play at its own price in which to feature those players.

But, just now, you are concerned only in the contest of determining who are the greatest Motion Picture artists.

Not only will a specially selected and admirable play be used as the medium to present the Greatest Artists as such to the public, but the studios, the newspapers at large, the theatrical reviews and the *Motion Picture Magazine* will unite properly to feature them and to perpetuate a record of their talent.

Please send in your votes at once. Find the coupon on another page, fill it out and mail it to "Great Artist Editor, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y." You may enclose two or more coupons in one envelope, provided each is signed by a different person. **Nothing but coupons will be counted!**

Remember that you may vote for child players, old men players, comedians, character players, or any other kind, and it is not necessary that they now play leading parts. If any of these win we shall see that they get leading parts. Don't forget that a great play could be written for such unlike players as John Bunny and Alice Joyce, or for Yale Boss and W. Christie Miller! Send in your votes now!

For result up to date, see page 128.



BILLIE RHODES



MARGUERITE
RISSER



LESLIE
ELHOFF

FLORENCE
LAWRENCE



BY HAECK '14

BOULDEN,
THE CANDY KID



FLORENCE LEE



LESLIE
ELHOFF

BEN WILSON



MARGUERITE
COURTOT
(HALEM)



MAPPY
CAREY
(BIOGRAPH)



WILBUR



WALLIE VAN



BUNNY



LESLIE ELHOFF



KATE PRICE



JOHNSTONE

MARY PICKFORD



THE ARTIST

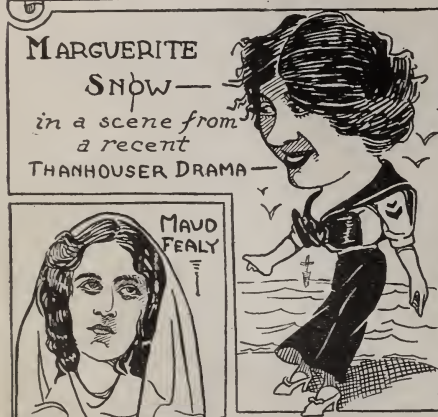


-MARGUERITE SNOW--
--A POPULAR THANHOUSER LEADING LADY--



MARIE ELINE
"THE THANHOUSER KID"

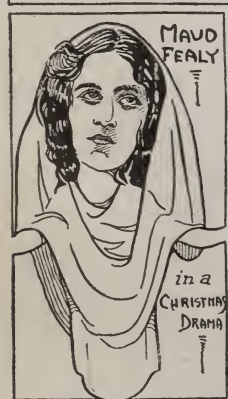
THANHOUSER



MARGUERITE SNOW--
in a scene from a recent THANHOUSER DRAMA--



FLO LABADIE
HARRY BENHAM



MAUD FEALY
in a CHRISTMAS DRAMA



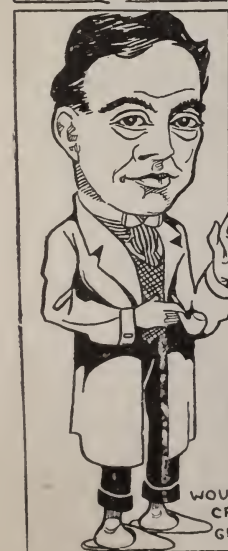
FUTURIST SKETCH OF
MARIE ELINE IN ACTION



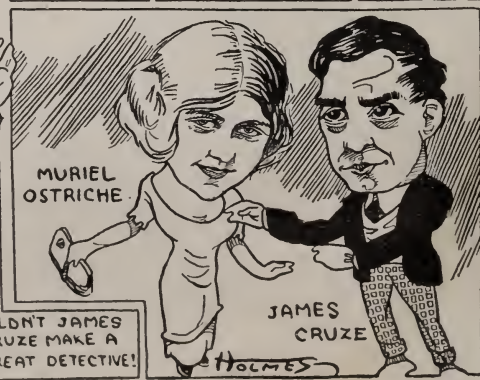
MIGNON ANDERSON



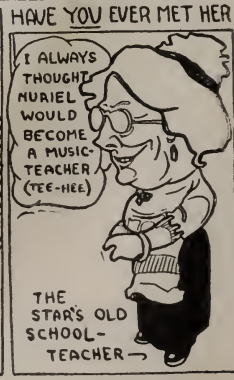
FLORENCE LABADIE
JAMES CRUZE



WOULDN'T JAMES CRUZE MAKE A GREAT DETECTIVE!

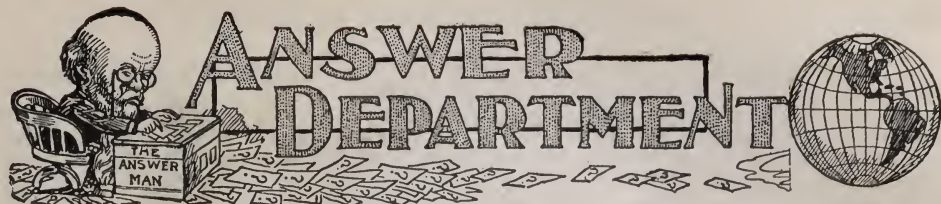


MURIEL OSTRICHE
JAMES CRUZE



HAVE YOU EVER MET HER
I ALWAYS THOUGHT MURIEL WOULD BECOME A MUSIC-TEACHER (TEE-HEE)

THE STAR'S OLD SCHOOL-TEACHER



ANSWER DEPARTMENT

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire early answers by mail, or a list of the names and addresses of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and use separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer, but these will not be printed. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

WALTER C.—James O'Neill had the lead in "The Count of Monte Cristo" (Famous Players). Haven't that Lewis-Pennant cast. Arthur Houseman was Beau Crummel, and Elsie McLeod was the bride in "Beau Crummel and His Bride" (Edison). Most of those plays are written in the studios. Clara Williams is with Nestor, Marguerite Snow still with Thanhouser, but Mildred Bracken was with Kay-Bee last.

LITTLE WOMAN.—Harry Myers is directing and playing leads also. Clara K. Young in "Love's Sunset," and Edith Storey in "The Christian," both masterpieces. Never fear, I always have time to read your letters; they are a luxury.

RAE, 18.—That was Guy D'Ennery in "Madeline's Christmas" (Lubin). Violet Reid and Thomas Fallon had the leads in "The Birthday Ring" (Biograph). "Caprice" (Famous Players) was taken at Red Bank, N. J. No, I am not Fair, Fat and Forty.

WEE WILLIE.—Anna Nilsson and William Dunn in "Perils of the White Lights" (Kalem). William Dunn was formerly with Vitagraph. Better write Vitagraph.

BOOKIE, MASS.—You lose. Wallace Reid did play in "The Wall of Money" (Rex). Also Marshall Neilan. The latter is now with Kalem.

P. I. C.—Louis Fitzroy was the sheriff in "Patsy's Luck" (Nestor). Charles West in "For the Son of the House" (Biograph). Guy D'Ennery was on the stage last. Dixie Compton was the girl in "A Woman Scorned" (Pathé). Gertrude Short was the child in "The Secret of the Bulb" (Vitagraph). Robert Burns was John, Jack Ridgway was Marks, and Walter Stull was Walter in "Collecting the Bill" (Lubin).

OLGA, 18.—Congratulations! You have it right. In other words, youth, idols; manhood, ideals; old age, idleness.

DOROTHY K.—No, verses do not count in the contest. Edwin Carewe was Jim in "The Story the Gate Told" (Lubin). Alkali Ike is playing now for Universal.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Why dont you write to the circulation manager? Haven't the present whereabouts of Dwight Mead.

VESTA.—Francelia Billington had the lead in "For His Loved One" (Majestic). William Scott was the husband in "The Destiny of the Sea." Thanks for your letter.

RENE, GREENSBORO.—Vivian Chester was the little girl in "The Price of Jealousy" (Pathé). Lillian Gish is now with Reliance. Dorothy Gish played in "Her Mother's Oath" (Biograph). A picture of James Morrison soon.

JENNIE M., WASH.—A. Moreno in "His Father's Home" (Biograph). Frank Smith was Jarvis in "King, the Detective." E. Southard was leading man in "Redemption."

DOROTHY MCW.—Cannot give you that address here. Gertrude Robinson.

MARY V. S.—P. Standing was John in "His Wife's Child" (Victor). Harry Mil-larde was the husband in that Kalem. The player you mention has left the Vitagraph, due to the fact that there is many a slip between the cup and the slip.

SNOOKIE OOKUMS.—Henry King was the lover in "When He Sees" (Lubin). Gertrude Robinson and Marshall Neilan in "Wedding-Gown" (Biograph). Yes, that's the original Anthony. That's right, keep busy. The mind grows uneasy when the chains are taken off. There's no trouble so great that can stand up in a busy brain.



N. M. M.—Thank you for the postals. I wish I could express my appreciation in some other way than this—thanks. They are all beautiful.

H. M. F.—The contest has not been decided as yet. Dont think there is much chance for an inexperienced player nowadays, altho Director Griffiths prefers them.

LOTTIE D. T.—Maidel Turner was Constance, and Lionel Adams was Jim in "The Two Cowards" (Lubin). L. A. Turner was Joe. George Larkin was the pincushion in "The Fickle Freak" (Kalem). Fred Church and Eleanor Blevins in "The End of the Circle." Vera Sisson was the waif, and William Garwood in "The Ten of Spades."

A. J. D.—Anita Stuart and E. K. Lincoln in "Agnes" (Vitagraph). Yes; Crane Wilbur and Earle Williams both have deep-set eyes, which means that their foreheads stand well out from their faces—a sign of intellect.

LAUNCE.—Never heard of Guy Coombs being paralyzed. Evelyn Selbie was Mrs. Gregg in "Broncho Billy's Reward" (Essanay). Brown and blue. You seem to prefer a well-formed woman to a well-informed man.

LITTLE DICKENS.—William Duncan was Texas Pete, Myrtle Stedman the mother in "The Taming of Texas Pete." Miss Pierce and Frank Newburg in "Slipping Fingers."

WILL H.—Yours are very helpful. Yes, I guess Vitagraph has the best Lincoln and Napoleon in the business. "Tangled Threads," not "Tango Web." They say a fool can ask more questions than a philosopher can answer, and I find that the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

FRANK W. M., LEADVILLE.—The Correspondence Club has a new secretary, Leah Morgan, 831 Main St., Stroudsburg, Pa. Harold Lockwood in that Selig. Edgar Jones is playing and directing for Lubin at Betswood.

MRS. W. E. T., CHICAGO.—Adrienne Kroell was the girl and Thomas Carrigan the boy in "The Unseen Hand" (Selig). Please dont ask if he is married, for he is. I would not say this except that it is a matter of common knowledge.

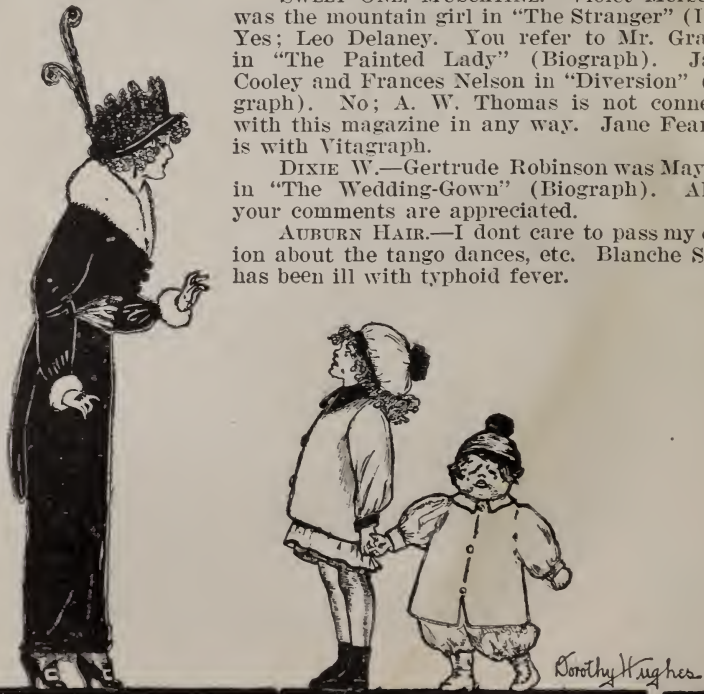
EDYTHE.—George Larkin was the human pincushion in "The Fickle Freak" (Kalem). Whitney Raymond was with Famous Players last. William Russell was the young millionaire in "Peggy's Invitation" (Thanouser).

LOTTIE D. T.—You bob up serenely every month, dont you? Lillian Orth and Charles Murray in "The Somnambulists" (Biograph). Edwin Carewe and Ormi Hawley in "His Chorus-Girl Wife" (Lubin). John Ince and Blanche West in "The Hills of Strife" (Lubin). Tom Mix and Myrtle Stedman in "The Escape of Jim Dolan" (Selig). Marguerite Risser and Paul Panzer in "A Phony Alarm" (Pathé).

SWEET ONE, MUSCATINE.—Violet Mersereau was the mountain girl in "The Stranger" (Imp). Yes; Leo Delaney. You refer to Mr. Graybill in "The Painted Lady" (Biograph). James Cooley and Frances Nelson in "Diversion" (Biograph). No; A. W. Thomas is not connected with this magazine in any way. Jane Fearnley is with Vitagraph.

DIXIE W.—Gertrude Robinson was Maybelle in "The Wedding-Gown" (Biograph). All of your comments are appreciated.

AUBURN HAIR.—I dont care to pass my opinion about the tango dances, etc. Blanche Sweet has been ill with typhoid fever.



"What's the matter, little girl?"

"Me kid brother swallowed me dime, and now we cant go to the movies!"

TOLEDO O. M.—William Stowell was Absalom, and Adele Lane was Hilda in "Father's Day" (Selig). Al Garcia was the actor in "An Actor's Romance" (Selig). That was Louise Huff in "The Inscription" (Lubin).

FLOWER E. G.—Thanks for the buttons, but I don't wear that kind. John Steppling has been with Biograph, but now with Universal. William Stowell was Jim, and Al Garcia was Crag in "With Eyes So Blue and Tender" (Selig). Ada Gifford was the girl in "Local Color" (Vitagraph). I enjoy all your letters.

LULU B., CHESTER.—James O'Neill had the lead in "Count of Monte Cristo" (Famous Players). Marshall Neilan in "The House of Discord." Martin Faust was Phil in "His Best Friend" (Lubin). Lubin's large plant is at Philadelphia. Romaine Fielding's plays are released by Lubin thru the General Film Co. Thanks.

VERNON L. K., NEW ZEALAND.—Pauline Bush was the elder sister in "Woman and War" (Bison 101). James Vincent was Dick in "Out of the Jaws of Death" (Kalem). Harry Benham was the father, Mignon Anderson the mother and Leland Benham and Helen Badgely the children in "A Pullman Nightmare" (Thanouser). You have "Rosie's Revenge" correct. Mildred Manning and Elmer Booth were man and wife, and Al Paget the ex-convict in "An Unjust Suspicion" (Biograph).

LITTLE MARY.—Mary Pickford has golden hair. Alice Joyce is in Jacksonville for the winter. Alfred Vosburg, formerly of Kay-Bee, is now with Vitagraph. Belle Bennett playing leads for Balboa.

DAVID B. F., WELLINGTON.—The Correspondence Club was started to exchange postals and letters. See address above of the secretary. My grateful thanks are yours.

MRS. WOLCOTT.—Permit me to differ with you, madam. But I agree that young girls should not write love-letters about or to the players, and I try to discourage it. I appreciate your kindly criticism. Others agree with you that Alice Joyce would not do some of the things that Keystone requires Mabel Normand to do. The pictures you ask for will soon be forthcoming.

KATHERINE MC.—How you do talk! Walter Miller is with Biograph. Most players furnish their own street costumes, but not always their evening gowns. Charles Eldridge will now be seen in Imp plays. He was formerly of Vitagraph.

C. L. W.—Myrtle Stedman was the girl in "A Rustler's Reformation" (Selig). Don't know whether Romaine Fielding has the degree of M.D. or not. Wilfred Lucas is directing for International Feature Co., Jeanie MacPherson playing leads.

M. F. R., CHATTANOOGA.—You mustn't play peek-a-boo with my private life; you mustn't try to look behind the curtain. Your verses are good.

SWASTIKA.—George Stevens was the butler in "The Cure" (Vitagraph). Owen Moore has left Famous Players, not Kalem. You refer to Tom Moore. He is with Kalem. Licensed and Independent plays can be seen at the same playhouse. I see about 35 plays every week. Tom Foreman and Myrtle Van are playing leads in Western Pathé under Charles French.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Maude Fealey was the Princess Pricella in "A Runaway Princess" (Thanouser). Harry Benham was the American fellow in the same.

WINNIFRED G. T.—Glad you liked Claire Rae in "The Couple Next Door" (Pathé). Ormi Hawley getting thinner and Florence LaBadie also? Well, you know it has been a pretty severe winter, and prices have been high.

RUTH, 18.—Peggy O'Neill in "Battle of Shiloh" (Lubin). Sally Crute in "The Price of Human Lives" (Selig).



"AIN'T IT FIERCE TO BE POOR!"

A. G. A., BERMUDA.—You ask if films can be duplicated any number of times. Yes. The original is called a negative, and from it they may make as many "positives" as they wish. The positives are what are used to throw the picture on the screen. In the negatives, the colors are reversed, *i.e.*, black is white, and white is black. When you guess that I am E. V. B. or J. S. B. himself, you show that you are a poor guesser. Neither of those busy B's is me.

AMANDA K.—Owen Moore in "Caprice" (Famous Players). Mary Fuller in "Romance of Rowena" (Edison). Gwendoline Pates in "The Exclusive Kiss" (Pathé). Lillian Christy in "The Greater Love." Robert Harron in "A Yaqui Cur."

E. D. M., BUFFALO.—William Duncan had the lead in "By Unseen Hand" (Selig). I believe that was taken at Tucson, Ariz. Yes, that magazine is trying to sell stock. It looks like the last expiring effort, but we sincerely hope not.

J. P. S., NEW ORLEANS.—Welcome to our city. I am as glad as you are that you have discovered this magazine. Will be pleased to hear of your tour.

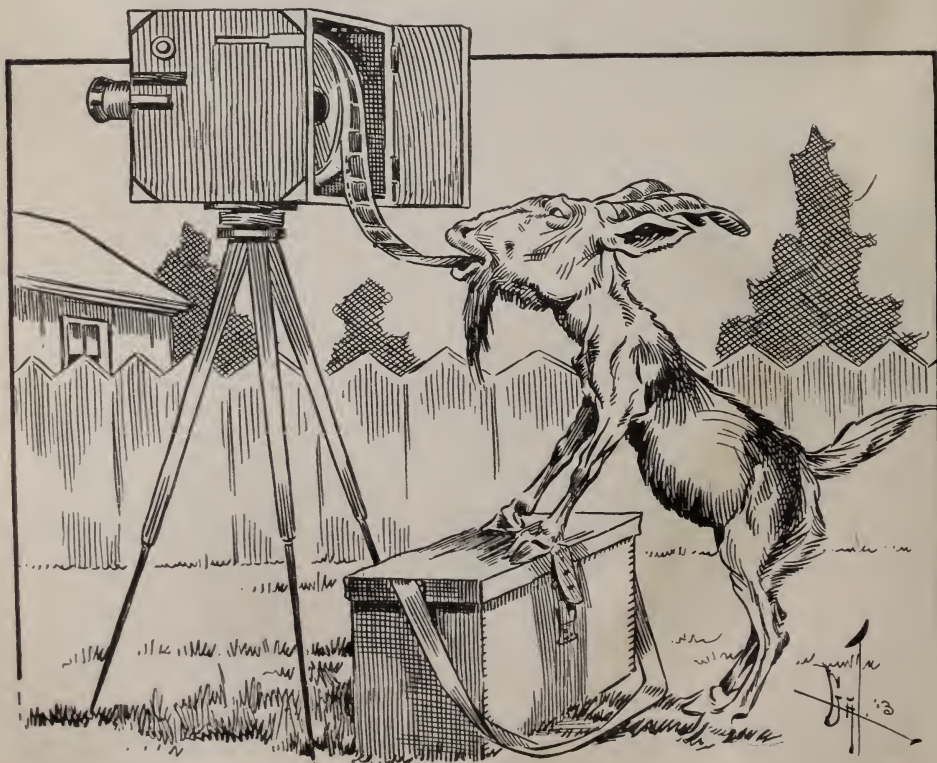
SIS AND SIS'S SISTER.—Jane Carter and L. Von Ottinger were the two girls with Florence Lawrence in "His Wife's Child" (Victor). Bessie Eyton was the girl in "The Master of the Garden" (Selig). Thanks.

CLARENCE S. V., SARATOGA.—Harold Lockwood was Bob, and Amy Trash was Cicely Moore in "Hoyden's Awakening" (Selig). Dell Henderson was the husband in "Blame the Wife" (Biograph). Charles Murray was the tramp in "All Hail to the King."

EMILY VAN R.—I cant tell you where you can see "The True Bridesmaid" (Edison) again. It is getting old now, and it is too bad that there is not some way for you to find out where it is to be shown. That is one of the defects in the business. You say you saw this play and want all your friends to see it, yet you cannot tell them how.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—It may not be proper to write personal letters on the typewriter, but the Answer Man prefers them every time. Gertrude Robinson in that Biograph. Claire McDowell in "The Mirror" (Biograph), also in "The Stolen Loaf" and "The Crook and the Girl" (Biograph).

MAISIE.—Tom Carrigan is not with Selig at present, but on the stage. Selig is simply a man's name. It is pronounced *See-lig*. That was Jessalyn Van Trump opposite Warren Kerrigan in "The Passer-by" (Victor). I did not see "The Devil's Servant" that you disliked so much. Beverly Bayne played opposite Mr. Bushman in "Dear Old Girl." Your verse is very good.



TAKING IN THE MOVING PICTURES



PEWEE, 18.—“Conquered Hate” was a foreign Pathé, and we have no cast. Bessie Sankey is playing on the stage. That “little, round, fat, oily man” is John Brennan.

E. B., NASHVILLE.—So you are tired of seeing Warren Kerrigan die in the pictures. I thought he dies very nicely. That, no doubt, was Mr. Kerrigan’s own handwriting. Pictures of the players you ask for will appear soon.

PANSY BLOSSOM.—The girl was Alice Joyce in that Kalem. Carlyle Blackwell was chatted in July, 1912. Chester Barnett is with the Warner Features.

SARAH K. P.—Ruth Stonehouse opposite F. Bushman in “The Man and the Hour.”

FRANK MCG.—Yes; Florence Barker is dead. Harry Millarde in “Her Husband’s Friend” (Kalem). Anita Stuart was Agnes in “Agnes” (Vitagraph).

Mrs. E. D. R.—E. H. Calvert was Harvey in “The Great Game” (Essanay). Norma Talmadge in “The Blue Rose” (Vitagraph). Warren Kerrigan was chatted in May 1913 issue.

PATRICIA OF K. C.—Alfrieda Hansworth opposite Tom Moore in “The Atheist” (Kalem). Harrish Ingraham was the revenue officer and Octavia Handworth the gypsy girl in “The Smuggler” (Pathé). Our circulation for March was 260,000 copies. Tom Moore has not been chatted.

M. A. D., NEW YORK.—Marguerite Clayton seems to be Mr. Anderson’s permanent leading woman. You think that Leo Delaney “is growing a nose too much like Anderson’s, which prevents him from getting the benefit out of a kiss.” Your poetic defense of Mr. Costello is excellent. Will see that he gets it.

D. H. K., OAKLAND.—House Peters is with Famous Players. We shall try to have a picture of him, also a chat.

HAROLD D.—Francelia Billington in that Majestic. She also played in “God of Tomorrow” (Majestic). Vera Sisson in “The Ten of Spades” (Majestic) as Jess. That was Mabel Normand in the Keystone.

FANNY S., SCRANTON.—Marshall Neilan was Billy in “The Wedding-Gown” (Biograph). Mrs. Taylor was the wife in “In the Days of War” (Pathé). Phyllis Gordon was the girl in “Shiloh” (Bison).

JAMES A. R.—Alice Hollister in “Ireland, the Oppressed” (Kalem). Ethel Phillips was the girl in “The Electrician’s Hazard” (Kalem). Our March magazine closed the last forms on the 24th of January, and your letter came in on the 26th.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Marin Sais in “Trapped” (Kalem). James Cooley in that Biograph. Yes; Rosemary Theby in “A Question of Right” (Lubin). Yes; Kempton Greene and Harry Myers.

FRITZ, DUNEDIN.—Will see about your list. No; Julia Gordon did not get bitten by the lion. Mabel Trunnelle and Elizabeth Miller in “Starved Out” (Edison). Thanks for your eulogy.

BESS K.—Haven’t heard from you in a long while. Earle Foxe in “The Girl of the Woods” (Victor). Also in “Unto the Third Generation” (Victor). Now with Mutual.

G. E. H.—William Humphrey in “The Flirt” (Vitagraph). Most of the players really speak the words when acting, at least the more important words. I don’t know the gentleman your sister asks about. Thanks.





EVENTUALLY

are no reliable statistics anywhere, but my computation is as follows: Number of M. P. theaters in the U. S., 18,000; in N. Y. State, 1,750; in N. Y. City, 914. Average daily attendance in U. S., 7,200,000; in N. Y. State, 700,000; in N. Y. City, 365,000.

MELVA.—Lila Chester was the wife in "Baby's Joy Ride" (Thanhouser). Carey Hastings was the thief. Oscar Larson was Darkcloud, and E. Keller was the colonel in "From Dawn Till Dark" (Bison). No, I am not so bald that I don't know where my head leaves off and my face begins, nor do I keep my hat on when I wash my face. Have your little joke, if it is any pleasure to you. I have become hardened.

BARBARA V.—Charles Ray had the lead in "The Quakeress" (Broncho). Ethel Davis and Edwin August in "His Own Blood" (Powers). Matt Moore was Sidney, and Jane Gail was Agnes in "The Big Sister" (Imp). Marie Hall and William Shay in "His Hour of Triumph" (Imp). Harry Von Meter opposite Vivian Rich in "In the Mountains of Virginia" (American). Belle Bennett and Lamar Johnstone in "Vengeance" (Majestic). Russell Bassett and Lee Moran in "Their Two Kids" (Nestor).

IRWIN J. C.—We do not get Crystal casts. Don't know what Augustus Carney will be called in his new plays, but certainly not Alkali Ike.

Mrs. C. M. B. L.—Thank you so much for the box of fudge. No, I didn't have any on hand, so yours came in very handy and it went right to the spot. Many thanks.

WOMAN-HATER.—I hope you will yet be captured. Anybody who can find so much fault with Alice Joyce, Clara Young, Marguerite Clayton and Ormi Hawley ought to be content with a Flora Finch, who has brains if not beauty. This story of Creation ought to suit you:

He laid him down and slept, and from his side
A woman in her magic beauty rose;
Dazzled and charmed, he called that woman "bride,"
And his first sleep became his last repose.

J. E. F., CUMBERLAND.—Your applauding verse is appreciated. The puns on the players are clever. So you have joined the throng who want my picture published. The editor says he is considering it, and that he is sorry I am not better-looking.

ALEX, CHARLOTTE.—That was Earle Foxe in the Victor. The picture you enclose is of Harry Beaumont. Gertrude Robinson in that Biograph.

C. E. K., BATH BEACH.—You might write to Alice Joyce for her picture in return for the work you did for her.

D. H., ROCK HILL.—George Field was Terror in "Ashes of Three" (American), and he was the captain in "The Ghost of the Hacienda" (American).

JOSEPHINE W.—Raymond Gallagher was the detective, and Velma Whitman the girl in "The Death-Trap." That is the only name we know.

BRUCE, MEMPHIS.—George Larkin was the roommate in "Only One Shirt" (Kalem). Thanks for the fee.

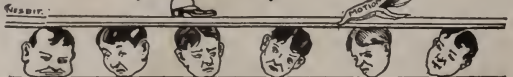
Mrs. J. M., NEWARK.—Darwin Karr was the villain in "Love's Sunset" (Vita-graph), if there was a villain.

GERTIE.—Florence LaBadie was Mary in "The Star of Bethlehem" (Thanhouser). Several of the "Adventures of Kathlyn" have been released. Yes; Thomas Santschi is playing for Selig. Avast, there, shipmate! Hide nothing from thy minister, physician, lawyer, and Answer Man. Be frank, and so will I.

ELIZABETH W.—James Cruze's picture in May, 1912, and April, 1913. Yes; Irving Cummings in "Ashes" (Reliance). No. While I never tried it, I am convinced that marriage is *not* a failure, in most cases.

A MAORILAND GIRL, NEW ZEALAND.—Arthur Johnson received your pretty book of views, and he wants me to thank you, for he has enjoyed it very much.

GRACE.—Jack Hoxie was Fleetfoot in "The Big Horn Massacre" (Kalem). There



PRIDE GOETH BEFORE A FALL

C. G. H., CINCINNATI.—Anthony Byrd was Zeb, and Joseph Outen was Zack in "Zeb, Zack and the Zulus" (Lubin). Yes; Jessalyn Van Trump in "The Passer-by" (Victor). Lionel Barrymore was the grocer and Dot Gish his daughter in "The Lady and the Mouse" (Biograph).

CARRIE E. S.—Bessie Eyton was the girl opposite Thomas Santochi in "Alone in the Jungle" (Selig). Lillian Hayward was the mother and Frank Clark the father.

KLEO G.—Please don't send me any of your father's live-stock. I have no place for it. That was Bessie Eyton in the Selig, and Clara K. Young in the Vitagraph.

JESSE A. S.—The picture you enclose is of Lottie Briscoe. Yes. William Stowell in "Eyes So Blue and Tender" (Selig). Lillian Walker in November, 1913, chat in July, 1913, and picture on last month's cover.



PUT THEM ANY PLACE, AND YOU'LL GET THE CROWD

MARGUERITE T. W.—O. A. C. Lund and E. Roseman in "Partners" (Eclair). No doubt that player would answer you if you didn't write him a love-letter.

VESSA H.—Ethel Phillips was the wife, and Stephen Purdee was the invalid in "The Fatal Shot" (Kalem).

KAPPA EPSILON.—That Pathé was foreign, and we have no cast. Carlyle Blackwell has left Glendale and is now in Hollywood, Cal. We will print Isabel Rea's picture just as soon as Pathé send us one.

NEVA A.—The picture you enclose is of Arthur Johnson. Billy Mason is with Essanay. Why dont you read the back numbers? Alkali is taken from the Arabic *al*, the, and *kali*, the plant from the ashes of which soda was first obtained, but there isn't much alkali in Ike. Alkali Ike is with Universal.

MISS B., DETROIT.—Please give name of company whenever possible. Mary Pickford is called Little Mary, I believe, because she is so diminutive.

SUNSHINE, CHICAGO.—William Shea was the father in "The Street Singers" (Vitagraph). Yes, it was a very interesting picture. You are away off; London, New York, Paris, Berlin and then Chicago—not third, as you say.

LINCOLN, 17.—Florence Dye had the lead in "The Silver Grindstones" (Selig). Rosetta Brice and John Ince in "A Servant to the Rich" (Lubin). William Taylor was the son, Bertie Pitcairn the nurse in "The Secret of the Bulb" (Vitagraph). Adele Lane in "Father's Day" (Selig).

E. M. B., LONDON.—William Dunn was Harvey Livingston, and Harry Morey was Dan Harwood in "The Line-up" (Vitagraph). Never heard of that company. That's one thing I cannot do—keep track of the new companies that are springing up every day like mushrooms, and doubtless many of them will live about as long.

OLGA, 17.—Harriet Notter was the girl, William Stowell the sweetheart and Al Garcia the villain. Joe Hazelton was the father in "With Eyes So Blue and Tender."

PORTLAND TWINS.—Edwin August played in "When Kings Were Law" as the cousin. Know of no studio at present in Oregon. Billy Quirk is with Vitagraph now.

H. M. C. W.—William West is with Kalem, and there is a William West with Edison, and a Charles West with Biograph. Different manufacturers have different ways of making their titles (leaders or subtitles, as they are called). If printed type is used, the letters are cut out of cardboard and laid flat on a table. The camera is then placed overhead, pointing down, and pictures of the letters are taken at the rate of sixteen a second for about ten seconds.

PAULINE, 18.—In October, 1911, Mary Pickford was with Majestic, and her husband, Owen Moore, was directing. No to that Costello question.

Z. X. F. T. C.—Edward Dillon and Grace Lewis in "The Noisy Suitors" (Biograph). Frances Ne Moyer was Dot in "Detective Dot." Your letter was fine.

J. S. B., OCEAN GROVE.—E. H. Calvert was the man in "Master Thief" (Essanay). You refer to the Nash sisters. The price of film is from four to ten cents a foot.

SHERLOCK HOLMES.—Gertrude Robinson and Marshall Neilan in "The Wedding-Gown" (Biograph). George Cooper was Steven in "The White Feather" (Vitagraph). Earle Foxe opposite Florence Lawrence in "The Influence of Sympathy" (Victor).

DOROTHY F., CHICAGO.—Thomas Santschi in "The Adventures of Kathlyn" (Selig). Charles Clary is the Hindu Prince. Send it to the Clearing House. Marshall P. Wilder says that laughter is the salt of life and keeps the whole dish sweet.

BRIGHTON.—I have no objections to chewing gum in the picture theaters. I think it is rather a nice habit. Yale Boss was the bell-boy in "Archie and the Bell-Boy."

W. T. H.—Your *Monthly* should be issued weekly. I agree with you as to the excellence of the acting of Harry Morey. Certainly that was Jack Standing in the Path(é). We all pronounce Sais *Sah-eece*, but some call it simply saas. I accept your correction as to the size of Clara Kimball Young's eyes; they are 24-karat brilliants.

ERNIA D.—Gene Gauntier was the girl in "Come Back to Erin" (G. G. Co.). Stephen Purdee and Anna Nilsson in "Telltale Stains" (Kalem).



PANSY.—Fred Truesdell was opposite Mildred Bright in "One of the Rabble" (Eclair). Ford Sterling in the Keystones. Nearly all my correspondents are kind and generous with me, and I appreciate it. Only a few are disrespectful.

JULIA E. S.—Harry Beaumont was the major in "The Witness to the Will" (Edison). Harry Millarde in that Kalem, Wallace Reid in the Rex, and Marshall Neilan in the Biograph.

MARGARET M.—Crane Wilbur in "The Mad Sculptor" (Pathé). No cast for the Selig. I would like to answer your question, "Is divorce justifiable?" but I refuse to say yes or no unless I can give my reasons, which space and policy forbid.

M. B., CHARLOTTE.—Matt Moore opposite Florence Lawrence. Yes.

ERNEST P. M.—Thanks very much for the postal cards. William Duncan was Jim, and Tom Mix the Chief in "By Unseen Hand" (Selig). Yes; Herbert Rawlinson in "The Acid Test" (Selig). Robert Drouet in "The Inspector's Story" (Lubin). John Smiley in "The Engineer's Revenge" (Lubin). Gladys Brockwell in "The Counterfeiter's Fate" (Lubin). Louise Huff in "The Hazard of Youth" (Lubin).

MADELINE.—Thanks for the present that accompanied your vituperous letter, but remember what my old friend Josh Billings said, "Munny will buy a pretty good dog, but it wont buy the wag ov hiz tale."

ROSY GIRL.—Velma Whitman and Ray Gallagher in "The Death-Trap" (Lubin). Julia Brunns and A. Moreno in "No Place for Father" (Biograph). Utahna La Reno was Dorothy in "Dorothy's Adoption" (Selig).

MICKEY THE II.—Mary Pickford was Lena in "Lena and the Geese" (Biograph). Mae Marsh was the real princess in the same. You will find this department broader than it is deep, I fear, and longer than it is longed for.

HESTER H., DENVER.—James Horne was Edward in "Perils of the Sea" (Kalem). Guy Coombs is in Jacksonville. Write to Leah Morgan, 831 Main St., Stroudsburg, Pa.

MERRIE, SPRINGFIELD.—Harry Myers in "The New Gown" (Lubin). Gertrude Robinson in that Biograph. In one sense all plays are dramas. In the better sense, plays are divided into two classes: comedies and dramas. Tragedy is a form of drama, and farce is a form of comedy.

TRACEY W.—Louise Huff and Kempton Greene in "The Hazard of Youth" (Lubin). Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby in "A Question of Right" (Lubin). Paul Hurst in "Trapped" (Kalem). Yes; Paul Kelly is back with Vitagraph.

DIXIE W.—The Great Artist contest will probably run several months yet. Plato was tall, handsome and had very broad shoulders. He was temperate in sleeping, eating and drinking, but approved of occasional intoxication, so you lose.

MRS. M. R.—Juanita Dalmorez was Sybil in "The Love-Lute of Romany" (Essanay). Al Jacoby was the sheriff in "The Circle's End." Mary Ryan has left Lubin.

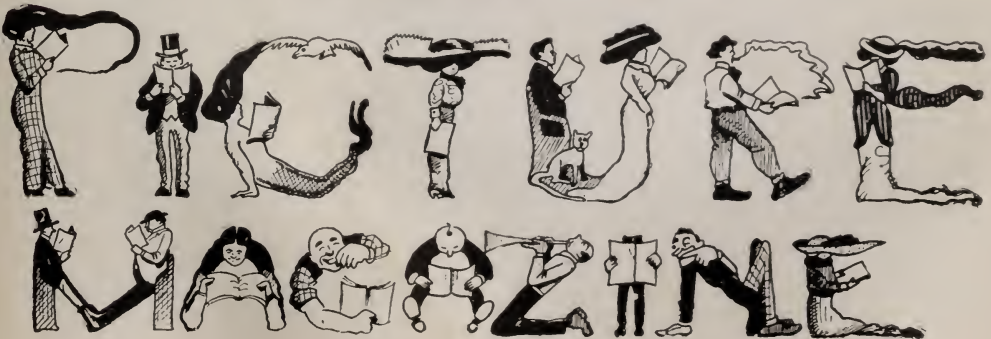
ERNEST S.—I do not live on grape-nuts nor work twenty-three hours a day. Lillian Gish and Walter Miller in that Biograph. Your dad evidently believes in whipping his child to make him smart.

LEONARD E. C.—Lamar Johnstone in "The Wedding Write-up" (Majestic). Laura Sawyer has been with Famous Players for some time. David Hartford was Captain Kidd, and Cleo Madison was Peggy in "Captain Kidd" (Bison). E. K. Lincoln's picture appeared in September, 1913.

IDA R.—Your prediction is clever, my lady. A woman's guess is generally more reliable than a man's certainty. Carlyle Blackwell and Louise Glaum in "The Invisible Foe" (Kalem).

ROBERTA G.—Warren Kerrigan had the lead in "The Girl of the Manor" (American). Harrish Ingraham and Octavia Handworth in "The Smugglers" (Pathé).

MABEL S.—Harry Gripp was Mr. Lillybool in "The Girl in the Middy" (Edison). Marshall Neilan in that Biograph. Like most girls, you prefer an Achilles to a Narcissus, and a Bonaparte to a Beau Brummel. That is why you admire G. M. Anderson in preference to those others you mention.



MARY JANE.—Lottie Briscoe in "The Parasite" (Lubin). Avaunt! Stand a little back—good news! John Bunny, G. M. Anderson and Maurice Costello are not dead yet, nor expected to die. This is in answer to several heartrending appeals.

ADELE.—Your letter is really a *bonne bpuche*. Your questions have been answered.

ELSIE H.—Who can tell her where Joseph Holland is at present?

RUTH MacL.—Minor S. Watson was Charles in "Dollars, Pounds, and Sense" (Essanay). Yes; Vedah Bertram is dead. Eleanor Dunn was Nell in "The Inspector's Story" (Lubin). Marie Hall was the wife in "His Hour of Triumph" (Imp). George Stewart was the lame boy, and Adelaide Lawrence the beggar girl in "The Highborn Child and the Beggar" (Kalem). Baby Garriety in "Thru the Storm."

FLOWER E. G.—You say "Money does not always bring happiness. A man with \$10,000,000 is no happier than a man with \$9,000,000." I dont know, because I never tried it. Of course I missed you. Yours, of course. Ray McKee was the sweetheart in "An Interrupted Courtship" (Lubin). Ray Gallagher was the detective in "The Death-Trap" (Lubin). Lester Cuneo was the brother in "By Unseen Hand." I agree with you that one egg on the sideboard will give a home a cozy air of prosperity, but that three is nothing but a vulgar display of wealth.

SINGAC FARMER.—Charles Murray was the hero and Lillian Orth the girl in "The Fallen Hero" (Biograph). "The Mad Sculptor" was taken in the Adirondacks.

ELSIE ALBERT writes that she played the part of Beauty and Douglas Gerard the Beast in "Beauty and the Beast." Cleo Ridgely was Beauty in the Rex play.

CLARA K.—Miss Starr in "By Man's Law" (Biograph). Wallace Reid was leading man in "The Spirit of the Flag" (Bison). Richard Travers in "The Great Game" (Essanay). We expect to interview Harry Northrup soon.

HELEN L. R.—Thanks. Charles Clary was the prince in "The Adventures of Kathlyn" (Selig). George Stewart the little boy in "A Shot in the Night" (Kalem).

LE DAUPHIN.—Ormi Hawley was Clara in "On Her Wedding-Day" (Lubin). Write to our Circulation Manager about the M. P. Club of America. Tom Powers is not with Vitagraph. Lionel Barrymore the husband, Miss Radinoff the sister and Marshall Neilan the lover in "The House of Discord." That was Betty Grey in "The Bartered Crown" (Biograph).

EDNA, 17.—Dont get discouraged. Harriet Notter and William Stowell had the leads in "Hilda of Herron Love" (Selig). Bessie Eyton was Hope in "Hope" (Selig). You are my friend, and I am yours.

BLONDIE.—Harriet Notter in "Eyes So Blue and Tender" (Selig). Velma Whitman and Henry King in "The Magic Melody." Ruth Stonehouse in "Two Social Calls."

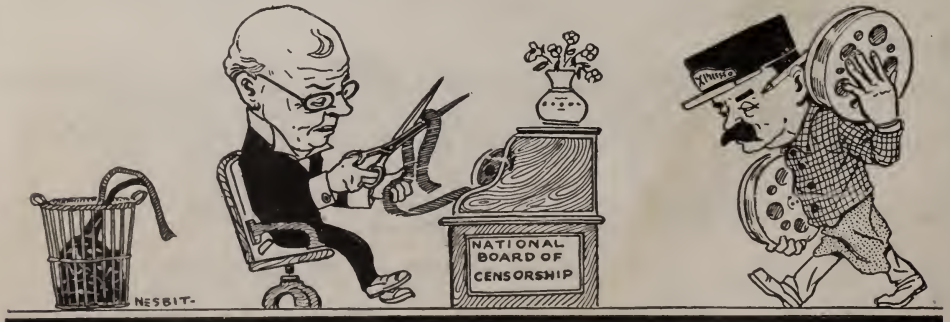
E. C., LYNN.—Ruth Stonehouse and Francis Bushman in "The Man and the Hour" (Essanay). Myrtle Stedman in "The Schoolmarm's Shooting Match" (Selig). Yes, there is something classic about the features of Carlotta de Felice, and she was known as one of the Vitagraph beauties. She is not playing with them now.

GRACE, 17.—You can see Florence Turner in "The Harper Mystery," or "Jean's Evidence." A. Blinkhorn, 110 W. 40th St., N. Y., is the U. S. agent. Keep your secret, for nobody else will—not even a woman, nor an editor.

LEE, MOLINE.—Peggy O'Neill is not with Lubin; she is on the stage. The Green-room Jotter is correct. His department goes to press after mine, and therefore he gets the later news. This department closes on the 20th this month.

BESSIE H.—It is true about Gladys Field. Ethel Grandin is with Imp. I prefer Brooklyn every time to where you are, 40 degrees below zero.

JOHNNIE FISHER.—They might have been real tears on Blanche Sweet's face in "The Painted Lady." The picture of the kittens is very nice; thanks very much. The reason that some of the answers here appear stale is that many readers read old numbers and then make inquiry. An old copy is almost as interesting as a new one.



TAKING THE "SHUN" OUT OF MOTION PICTURES

ESTA, L. G.—Letters like yours, mostly nonsense, are promptly thrown in the basket.
 HERMAN.—This department was started by the editor to supply information about the Motion Picture business, but you people seem to think that it is a sort of Farmers' Almanac or encyclopædia from which you can get anything you want, from how to cook doughnuts down to how to make hair grow on bald heads. Well, if that's what you want, you may go as far as you like, and I will go as far as I can. Plymouth Rock is a famous ledge on which the Pilgrims are said to have landed when they first stepped from their boats in the harbor of what is now Plymouth, Mass. Part of the rock is still there.

MRS. GEO. K.—Brinsley Shaw in "The Education of Aunt Georgiana" (Vitagraph) as the burglar. William Scott in "Destiny of the Sea" (Selig). Ralph Ince was Bill Murphy in "Why I am Here" (Vitagraph).

O. H., GALVESTON.—I dont hear much about King Baggot in this department, but it may be because he is so well known that people do not inquire about him.

TOODLES TWO.—Earle Williams in "The Vengeance of Durand." Peggy O'Neill was the girl spy in "The Battle of Shiloh" (Lubin).

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA.—I have received and read the copy of "Practical Cinematography," which you kindly sent me, and I find it exceedingly interesting and useful to the advanced professional as well as to the amateur. Handsomely illustrated, \$1.50. There should be a big demand for this book.

KATHE DE S.—Kenneth Casey is appearing on the stage in England. The play "Agnes" is being released by Vitagraph under the name of "A Million Bid."

NETTIE.—Lillian Wade was the child in "The Mysterious Way" (Selig). He is an artist with an art, yet he is artless. Pearl Sindelar is one of Pathé's leading women.

LOUISE M., TYLER.—Your letter was very interesting. Write to Tom Moore, care of Kalem. He will no doubt answer you. Thanks.

TOODLES.—Joseph Belmont was Jim in "His Last Gamble" (Crystal). Robert Grey in "The Regeneration of Worthless Dan" (Nestor).

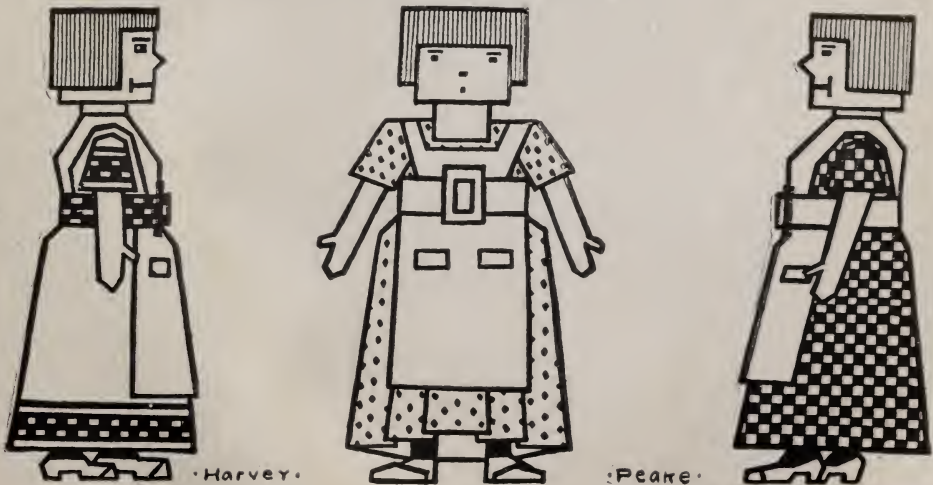
THE JOLLY BUNCH.—No. Dont ask if he is married, nor about theatrical companies. *Adieu* is French, meaning to God I commend you.

GRACE B. E.—Your questions were answered. Edith Storey is now playing in California for the Western Vitagraph. Flora Finch is not Mrs. Bunny.

GERTRUDE L. H., CHICAGO.—Charles Clary is Umballah. We have no casts for most of those Independent features. Western Vitagraph at Santa Monica. Dont be alarmed if you have thirteen at table at your party; that is a groundless superstition founded on ignorance. The only time it is unfortunate to have thirteen at table is when you have food enough for only twelve.

L. W. L., DENVER.—Harry Carey in "The Fireman's Conscience" (Biograph). Roscoe C. Arbuckle is the fat boy of the Keystone. Dont know his exact weight.

BROWN C.—Alice Joyce, Marguerite Clayton and Anna Nilsson have had no previous stage experience. I cant tell you how to become a player. Harold Lockwood is now with Famous Players. She is not pretty off the stage. Painted beauty is only skin deep. Cannot tell you the ages of those players.



IN SQUARETOWN

THE ONE IN THE MIDDLE—Now that we have had a square meal, let's go to a square picture theater. I know of one just a square away.

EMMA L. B.—Your letter is fine, but you dont ask the proper questions. I am sorry for you if you are an old maid. Marriage is the natural state for grownups. I did not attend the Screen Club ball on Jan. 31, so you did not see me there.

ALICE D.—Justina Huff was the girl in "Thru Flaming Paths" (Lubin). Yes. So you dont want this department cut down. Lots of you are saying that. Thank you.

E. A. S., IND.—But you must not all ask where to write to the players for their pictures. Send all your letters to the players in care of their company, and if you dont know the address of the company, send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list.

GENEVIEVE H.—Thomas Santschi was Bruce in "Kathlyn's Adventures" (Selig). Myrtle Stedman is with the Bosworth films. So is Al E. Garcia and Charles Ray.

BRIGHT EYES.—Irene Howley and Irving Cummings in "The Rosary." Harry Morey was the husband in "The Wreck" (Vitagraph). Gladden James was the stepson. Marguerite Courtot and Harry Millarde in "The Octoroon" (Kalem). Marguerite Clayton and Evelyn Selbie as the Indian girls in that Essanay.

KERRIGAN KID.—The Screen Club is located in New York City, and nearly all the photoplayers belong to it. If it is true that the world does not require so much to be informed as to be reminded, let me remind you that this is no matrimonial bureau, and that I do not want to receive love-letters about the players. I will print praise but not mush. I am always glad to hear from my intelligent, sensible correspondents, who are in the large majority, but not from the silly minority.

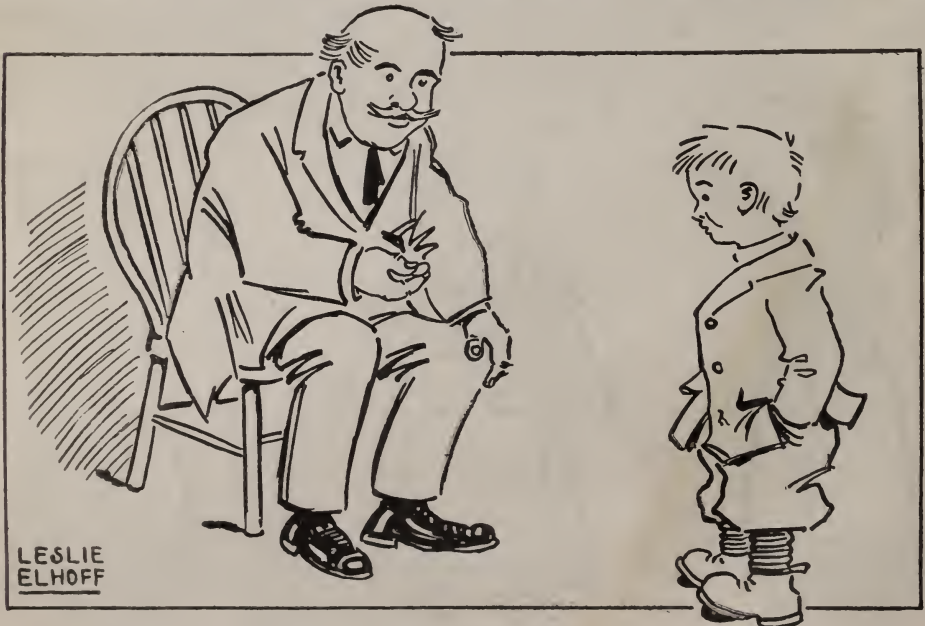
MARY L. S.—Thanks for your picture. Dont think there is much chance for you in the pictures. I say the same to everybody.

DORCHESTER.—Richard C. Travers was the husband in "In the Hand That Rocked the Cradle" (Essanay). Harry Mainhall was the secret service fellow. Octavia Handworth was Crane Wilbur's wife in "The Mad Sculptor" (Pathé).

PAUL V. C.—Alice Hollister was the girl in "The Primitive Man" (Kalem). Adele Lane in "Father's Day" (Selig). Louise Huff in "Before the Last Leaves Fell" (Lubin). We still have back numbers on hand. Anita Stuart's interview in December 1913 issue. You are the fifth person that has said Marguerite Clayton is a second Mary Pickford. She is coming along nicely.

DICKERY T.—Harry Beaumont was the villain, and Benjamin Wilson and Gertrude McCoy had the leads in "The Witness to the Will" (Edison). Jack Richardson is still with American. Mabel Normand is still with Keystone. Your letter was interesting.

ERNEST M. P.—George Gebhardt had the lead in "Poisoned Stream" (Pathé). Larry Peyton was the doctor in "Trapped" (Kalem). I am not allowed to conduct this as a health department, but I will take a chance in slipping this in: An onion a day, they say, will keep doctors away—and everybody else. Yes, they are good for you.



PA—Do you feel too tired to go to the movies, Willie?

WILLIE—No, siree!

PA—Then you can take a walk around the corner and get me a paper of tobacco.

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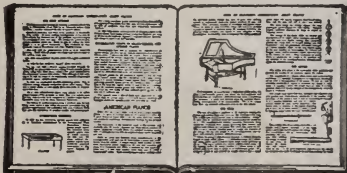
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RALPH S. G.—I should judge you were a female from the half a face you sent me. If you become a subscriber you will get the magazine a day or two in advance of the newsstands. I think a majority of my correspondents are young people.

OLGA. 18.—I am surprised at you, Olga, calling me Miss. I am anything but lady-like. Certainly I am an admirer of Woodpile Wilson; he is making as good a President as I would myself. Everybody is taking off his hat to him now.

GERTRUDE H.—The pictures you ask for soon. Eleanor Caines died in Philadelphia. Reliance release those films. I should say that person knew little of literature. Grass.

CHARLES A. W.—Charlotte Burton was the girl in "In the Firelight" (American). James Cruze had the lead in "The Plot Against the Governor" (Thanhouser). Irving Cummings with Pathé. Mignon Anderson in "The Beauty Parlor Graduate."

CRIMROSE F. S.—Thanks. I received the calendar. Ada Gifford opposite Ned Finley in "Local Color." That's right, keep cheerful, for a light heart lives long.

POCAHONTAS.—Helen Costello is the younger. "Magic Melody" (Lubin) was taken at Los Angeles, Cal. Dolores Cassinelli was Dorothy in "Cupid and Thee" (Essanay).

POLLY ANN.—Thanks very much for the clippings. The Q in Anna Nilsson's name stands for Quirentia. We have had no other complaints about the standing of the players in the Great Artist Contest.

BEVERLY V. S.—Grace Cunard was Dolores in "The White Vaquero" (Bison). Phyllis Gordon was the sweetheart in "The War on the Cattle Range" (Bison). Gladys Field is not playing. She lives in California. That Bison was taken in California. Howard Crampton was the doctor in "The Return of Tony" (Imp).

EUGENE E. J., HELENA.—Kathlyn Williams and Thomas Santschi in that Selig. Most of the companies give the casts on the screen now.

MELVA.—You did wrong to try to teach the tango to the minister's daughter—particularly since she weighs 190 pounds.

M. M. G.—Yes; Princess and Apollo are both under the management of Thanhouser. Mignon Anderson is still with Thanhouser. If Biograph do not accept your play, send it to the other studios. Lots of plays go the rounds and are finally accepted by some wise editor. Best to try them all.

DOROTHY B.—Doris Hollister was Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Kalem). Glad you have found your favorite, Florence Lawrence. Write to the companies for pictures. Would be glad to hear from you again.

ALICE MURIEL.—You say you like Thanhouser best of all. Kalem next. You like Lubin for their clearness and originality, the Kalem for their power of appealing to the emotions, Vitagraph for their sublime imitation of social life,



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MRS. F. F. P.—Mario Bonnard was Satan in that play. John Halliday was the lead in "A Mother's Love" (Lubin), and Arthur Macklin in "Mother-Love" (Lubin). Marie Weirman in "Home, Sweet Home" (Lubin).

C. B. M. P.—Henry King was the lead in "Life, Love and Liberty" (Lubin). Velma Whitman was the girl. Mary Pickford had appendicitis. E. K. Lincoln was the son who was killed in "The Wreck" (Vitagraph).

TEDDY.—Harold Lockwood in "Northern Hearts" (Selig). You think the make-up of some of the women players "frightful"—well, so do I. They can't seem to get it into their heads that powder and paint must be used sparingly in the pictures.

EL PASO.—Do not recognize that play. Was it a Motion Picture?

GLORIA.—Kathlyn Williams was the foster-sister in "The Flight of the Crow." Your suggestion about the coupon is good, and I have passed it along to the Editor.

SIDNEY D.—A. B. stands for American Biograph. Gaumont is not producing in America; nor is Ambrosio. "Quo Vadis?" and "The Last Days of Pompeii" were both released in this country by Kleine.

GENEVA T.—Florence Hackett was the other girl in "The Blinded Heart" (Lubin). Clara Kimball Young and Crane Wilbur are the other two on the February cover. Did you not see their names in the Table of Contents?

JESSE S.—Paul Willis was Little Kaintuck, Daisy Smith the mother and Karl Formes the storekeeper in "Little Kaintuck" (Vitagraph). Clara Young and Darwin Karr in "Betty in the Lion's Den" (Vitagraph). Maurice Costello is still with Vitagraph. Edison studio is at Bedford Park, Bronx, New York City.

OLGA, 18.—Adelaide Lawrence in "The Haunted House" (Kalem). Dorothy Gish and Henry Walthall in "Her Mother's Oath" (Biograph), Jennie Lee the mother.

J. W., READING.—Richard Neill as Terrence in "The Witness to the Will" (Edison). Lillian Orth in that Biograph. Muriel Ostriche in "Cupid's Lieutenant."

BINA.—William Lord Wright was with us last month. Kenneth Casey has not been chatted. There are two director Johnsons with Lubin.

BEVERLY V. S.—Anita Stuart in that Vitagraph. J. B. Sherry had the lead in "Heritage of Eve" (Broncho). Florence Hackett was the other girl in that Lubin. J. J. Clark was Jerry in "Come Back to Erin."

MRS. ARTHUR A.—Alfred Russell Wallace, who recently died, was the co-announcer with Darwin of the theory of the origin of species by natural selection, which is still a stoutly disputed theory. Carlyle Blackwell had the lead in "The Fight at Grizzly Gulch."

KEWPIE'S TWO.—Charles Clary in that Selig. Harold Lockwood in "Northern Hearts" (Selig). Yes; James Morrison is still with Vitagraph. We will chat Tom Moore and Crane Wilbur soon.

UNEEDA BISCUIT.—James Cooley was the husband in "Diversion" (Biograph). S. Rankin Drew was the doctor in "A Game of Cards." Who would have thunk it?

SILVER BELL.—Robert Grey, and not Romaine Fielding, in "From the Portals of Despair" (American). Anna Nilsson had both parts in that Kalem.

DEAN, HOBOKEN.—Tom Carrigan in that Selig. Owen Moore was Jack Henderson, and Ernest Truex was Wally in "Caprice" (Famous Players). You are barking up the wrong tree. I wear no muzzle, bell, halter or collar. I say what I please, and if I could not, I would not. I try to praise the good and to condemn the bad.

R. H., BRONX.—J. W. Johnston was Rob Roy, and Nancy Avril was his wife in "Rob Roy" (Eclair).

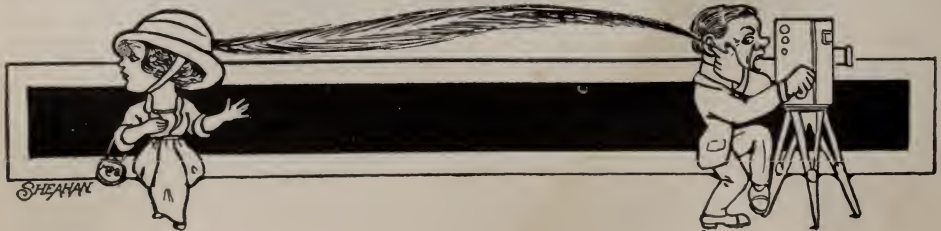
T. R., HOUSTON.—Many thanks for that book of 100 pages in pen and ink. Some patience have you! Your kind words were appreciated.

DELPHINE.—Robert Grey had the lead in "Thru a Neighbor's Window" (American). Octavia Handworth was the wife in "The Yellow Streak" (Pathé). Of course we accept stamps, 1c. ones preferred. Norma Talmadge in "The Blue Rose."

PRINCESS.—Billie Rhodes was Lightfoot in "The Cavemen's War" (Kalem). We all like plays containing heart-throbs. Your letter was fine.

JEAN H., YONKERS.—Blanche Sweet in that Biograph. Yes, you have him placed correctly. We have not yet chatted Harry Beaumont, of Edison. We will not chat any more Biograph players for the present.

D. P. R., ERIE.—Beverly Bayne was Susie in "Thru the Storm" (Essanay). Lois Weber was Leah in "A Jew's Christmas," and Ella Hall was Eleanor.





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This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We invite you to try a new treatment called "Sargol" that helps digest the food you eat—that hundreds of letters will prove puts good, solid flesh on people that are thin and under weight.

How can "Sargol" do this? We will tell you. This new treatment is a scientific, assimilative agent for increasing cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made—putting red corpuscles in the blood which every thin person so sadly needs, strengthening the nerves and putting the digestive tract in such shape that every ounce of food gives out its full amount of nourishment to the blood instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated.

Women who never appeared stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness, men under weight or lacking in nerve force or energy, tell how they have been made to enjoy the pleasures of life—been fitted to fight life's battles, as never for years, through the use of "Sargol."

If you want a beautiful and well-rounded figure of which you can be justly proud—a body full of throbbing life and energy, write the Sargol Company, 438-S, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y., today, for 50c. box "Sargol," absolutely free, and use with every meal.

But you say you want proof! Well, here you are. Here is the statement of those who have tried—been convinced—and will swear to the virtues of this preparation:

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says:

"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and, what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point in my life."

MRS. A. J. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it, and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this makes twenty-four pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before."

CLAY JOHNSON says:

"Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 135 pounds, and now, four weeks later, I am weighing 153 pounds and feeling fine."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age, and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 23 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. I took only two boxes of Sargol. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

Full address of any of these people if you wish.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! "Sargol" does make thin people add flesh, but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Write us today, and we will send you absolutely free a 50c. package for trial.

Cut off coupon below and pin to your letter.

COME, EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in stamps in letter today, with coupon, and the full 50c. package will be sent to you by return of post. Address: The Sargol Company, 438-S Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly, and **PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.**

AGNES, BRONX.—Address Billy Mason at the Essanay Company, Chicago. Too many death scenes? But we must have the storms as well as the sunshine, for without the one we could not appreciate the other. And remember that death is only the soul's change of residence.

ELFRIEDA B., GREEN BAY.—Nancy Avril and Betty Gray in "The Price of Silence" (Pathé). Anita Stuart, Clara Young, Norma Talmadge and Dorothy Kelly are the Vitagraph quartette of beauties, but there are others.

BILLIE, 17.—Jack Johnstone had the lead in "Over the Cliffs" (Eclair). Ethel Clayton in "When the Earth Trembled" (Lubin). Robyn Adair is now with Mutual. Yes; Director Griffith and Lillian Gish, Robert Harron, Blanche Sweet, Donald Crisp, Henry Walthall and Dorothy Gish have all gone to California to make pictures.

HATTIE S.—You act like a chicken with its head cut off. You do a lot of fluttering, but dont accomplish much. I dont care whether Helen Costello keeps a diary or whether Lillian Walker is engaged to Earle Williams, and dont purpose finding out. Please ask sensible questions. Then yours will be more welcome.

MRS. S. P.—C. H. Mailes was the oil magnate in "By Man's Law" (Biograph). Robert Gaillard was Jim in "The Pirates" (Vitagraph). Chester Withey and Edward Coxen in "The Trail of the Lost Chord" (American).

S. P. V., PATTERSON.—Dont know where that player is from. That's right; always mention this magazine when writing to our advertisers, for it helps us. Advertisers patronize that magazine which brings them the most returns.

GERTIE.—W. E. Parsons was Black Barton in "The Brute" (Vitagraph). Yes. That's just a stage secret. Yes; Anita Stuart is a lovely young girl. Miss Olga told me about him. Our covers are now designed months in advance.

LOTTIE D. T.—Beverly Bayne and Richard Travis in "The Death Weight" (Essanay). Billy Betts and Marguerite Ne Moyer in "Giving Bill a Rest" (Lubin). William Brunton and Helen Holmes in "The Runaway Freight" (Kalem). Edgena De Lespine and John Pratt in "Runa Plays Cupid" (Reliance).

SUNSHINE GIRL.—Bessie Sankey had the lead with Broncho Billy in "The Squatter's Daughter" (Essanay). Henry King and Dolly Larkin in "The Outlaw's Gratitude" (Lubin). Frances Ne Moyer and George Reehm in "The Female Detective" (Lubin). Beverly Bayne in "Thru the Storm" (Essanay).

ELEANOR Z.—That was Lottie Briscoe in the center of the stars. Frank Newburg was the lead in "Slipping Hands" (Selig). Edwin Carewe was Robert in "His Conscience" (Lubin). I hope you live the poetry you sing.

MARY ELLEN, ST. LOUIS.—William Stowell was the son, and Adele Lane was Hilda in "Father's Day" (Selig). Lee Maloney and Helen Holmes in "In Peril of His Life" (Kalem). Clara Kimball Young in the lower righthand corner. Vera Sisson in "The Ten of Spades" (Mutual). Norma Phillips is the Mutual Film Girl. Yes to your Gene Gauntier cast. Yes, write to him.

SOCKARAMOOCHA.—Gertrude Bambrick was the girl in "His Hoodoo" (Biograph). Lionel Adams was the artist, and Edna Luby was Evelyn in "Shadows" (Lubin). You are as witty and droll as Bill Nye.

A. M.—I accept your correction regarding "Toney," the snake. I thought he was a tame one, but you say he was imported from Mexico and then had his fangs removed. Sorry Toney is dead. Mr. Fielding seems to have a liking for the gruesome.

ALTA A.—James Cooley, Frances Nelson and Claire McDowell in "Diversion" (Biograph). Vedah Bertram is dead. Your wishes are numerous; you wish that Edith Storey were more beautiful, that Ormi Hawley were less stout, that Alice Joyce were more vivacious, that Mary Fuller were less affected, that Anita Stuart painted less and dressed better, that Sarah Bernhardt were younger, that Mary Pickford were larger, that Lillian Walker laughed less, that Mabel Normand was more stationary, and that Clara Kimball Young had some of Kate Price's flesh. The player that suits you would be worth \$1,000 a week to any company.

LILLIAN G.—Francelia Billington and Lamar Johnstone in "The Gods of Tomorrow" (Majestic). Maude Fealy and Harry Benham in "An Orphan's Romance" (Thanouser). When the outlook is not good, try the uplook.

H. T. B., BUFFALO.—The famous Mary who had a little lamb was a real character. She was a Massachusetts girl, and her lamb was one of twins dispossessed from their pen by its cruel mother, just as it was later dispossessed from school by the heartless teacher. A young riding-master named Rowston was present on that immortal day, and he wrote those verses that have made him more famous than Dante and Milton. There is no sign of Florence Lawrence and Arthur Johnson playing opposite each other, nor Alice Joyce and Carlyle Blackwell.

GIRLIE U.—Rex and Eclair films are under the Universal brand. William Stowell was leading man in "His Guiding Spirit" (Selig). Harriet Notter was the girl. Harold Lockwood with Famous Players.

HELEN C., SPRINGFIELD.—Harry Beaumont in "The Witness to the Will." The verse is good, but I haven't room for it here. Myrtle Stedman in "Mother Love vs. Gold."

R. W.—Thomas Santschi in the picture you enclose, not William Clifford.

BE A WRITER of MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

EARN BIG MONEY AT HOME IN SPARE TIME



You Will Be Interested in This Story!

One night last Spring a Young Man dropped into a Moving Picture Theater with a friend. A "Blood-and-Thunder" Western story was being shown—you know the kind. "Palaw!" said the Young Man, "I could write a better story than that." "Why don't you?" asked his friend. That started the Young Man to thinking and he investigated.

Here Is What He Found!

He found that twenty million people attend thirty thousand moving picture theaters in the United States every day. "Surely," he thought, "it must require quite a number of motion picture plays to entertain all these people." So he investigated further.

He found that the demand for good moving picture plays exceeds the supply—that there are more moving picture plays bought each month by producers than there are stories by all the high-class magazines in the

United States combined—that the producers pay from \$15.00 to \$100.00 for good plays, and carry standing advertisements in the magazines inviting writers to submit their work.

He found that many men and women—clerks, teachers, stenographers, students, housewives—people in all walks of life, with no literary training whatever—were making money in their spare time writing these plays.

This was enough for the Young Man. He took up the work himself. He found to his delight that his lack of literary training was no handicap, no descriptions or conversation to supply—just IDEAS developed into plays under the simple rules required by the producers.

In six months he was earning more than his regular salary writing plays at home in the evening. His job interfered with his writing, so he quit his job. More than this—he is his own boss now. Remember, this Young Man is no genius—he had never written a story in his life—he simply saw an opportunity and GRASPED IT.

You Can Succeed in This Work

Your Ideas Are Worth Money

You have had ideas which you thought would make good moving picture plays—better than some you have seen on the screen. If you haven't, suppose you give the matter a little thought. Go to the theater tonight. Note how simple the stories are—yet these simple little plays brought their writers \$25.00, \$50.00 or \$100.00 each. How about that incident at the office or in your home, or that you heard or read about? Don't keep it bottled up—write a motion picture play around it and sell it for \$25.00 or more.

Literary Training Not Necessary

If you are possessed of imagination—and who is not?—if you are ambitious and can use more money than you are making now—if you have tried to become a story writer and failed because of insufficient literary training—THE MOTION PICTURE PLAY OFFERS A SHORT CUT TO SUCCESS! Think of seeing YOUR OWN IDEAS on the screen in your own town, before your friends! This is to experience a satisfaction that cannot be described.

LET US TEACH YOU TO TURN YOUR IDEAS INTO DOLLARS

You can make \$50.00 to \$100.00 a month in your spare time

Others are doing it! You have the ideas! Let us teach you how to use them in this new and profitable work. Our simple and interesting Course will teach you everything you need to know to succeed, how to write and how to SELL your plays. Our Course has been prepared by a WRITER OF NATIONAL REPUTATION. You probably have enjoyed many of his plays on the screen. He will give you his PERSONAL HELP AND ADVICE throughout the Course. He will teach you his methods, by which he SUCCEEDED.

Learn all about this fascinating spare-time work

There is MONEY and FAME to be gained in this new profession, if you start NOW! We have prepared an interesting catalogue which tells all about the wonderful possibilities of this work and describes our easy and fascinating method of teaching. Suppose we send you a copy? It is FREE.

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I am interested in learning how to write MOTION PICTURE PLAYS. Please send me a catalogue and particulars regarding your method of teaching.

COUPON—CUT OFF AND MAIL TODAY

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

When answering advertisements kindly mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

VIRGINIA.—Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe in "The Higher Law" (Lubin). Hope you pass your exams. About 34 per cent. of the world is Christian, and the other 66 per cent. is divided among Mohammedans, Brahmans, and 9 per cent. heathen.

M. G.—Have never heard of the player you mention. Perhaps she plays minor parts, and her name is not cast.

LILLIAN L., GREENSBORO.—William Shay was Will in "The Watch-Dog of the Deep." It was probably your own fault. Every person is the architect of his own misfortune.

JEAN B.—Ethel Clayton with Lubin; Mona Darkfeather with Kalem; Violet Horner with Imp last. Andrew Carnegie was at the Edison studio last month.

WALTER E. G.—Anita Murray opposite G. M. Anderson in "The Ranch Feud" (Essanay). Those pictures of birds and wild animals were taken from nature. The utmost concealment is necessary to secure wild life under natural conditions. Sometimes the cameraman has to wait days to get his subjects where he wants them.

NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—Fred Church has left the Western Essanay. Harry Handworth directs mostly. Dont think he has played in many films. Director to number 5.

MRS. E. M. M.—You're wrong. Billy Mason the policeman in "Looking for Trouble." E. L., DETROIT.—Valentine Paul was Val in "The White Squaw" (Bison). Leah Baird and King Baggot had the leads in "Absinthe" (Imp).

UNEEDA BISCUITT.—Ray Gallagher was Joe in "In Mysterious Ways" (Lubin). Minor Watson had the lead in "Day by Day" (Essanay). Players dont "pose" for Motion Pictures; they *play* or *act*. They *pose* for "still" pictures.

MRS. G. P. C.—Your letter was very interesting. The editor will, no doubt, use a picture of George Cooper soon. Wrong; the Pacific Ocean is twice as large as the Atlantic, and then some.

NORAH E.—Leah Baird was the girl in "My Lady of Idleness" (Vitagraph). Billy Quirk is now with Vitagraph. No, I never directed a picture. All the directing I have done is to direct Mr. Fryer not to make any more cartoons of me.

ROY W. H.—So you never make an engagement on the 15th of the month, but save that night for the magazine. I fear the young ladies in your town will learn to hate the magazine as a formidable rival. The longest day of the year in this locality is about fifteen hours long; in Montreal, about sixteen. Mary Fuller is first.

MARIE.—Anita Stuart was interviewed December, 1913. She has never had stage experience. Only about one-half of the answers appear in the magazine.

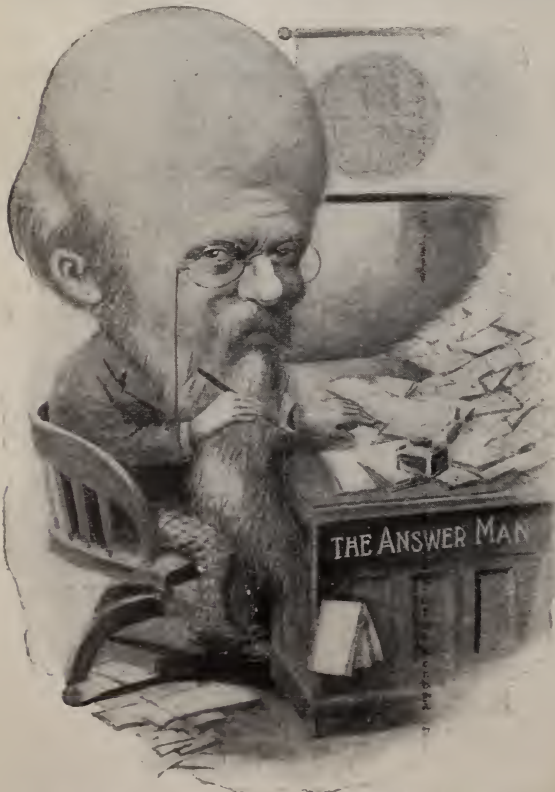
MARY W., BETHLEHEM.—Earle Foxe in "The County Fair" (Kalem). Lamar Johnstone was John in "The Man of the Wilderness" (Majestic). That was a grievous mistake of yours.

GERTIE.—Paul Willis was Kaintuck in "Little Kaintuck" (Vitagraph). Daisy Smith was the mother. Guy Hedlung was with Eclair last. Various myself, I like all varieties, and, therefore, I like *you*.

BLONDY.—Anna Q. Nilsson had the lead in "Perils of the White Lights." We dont get the casts for some of the features that are produced by the various companies.

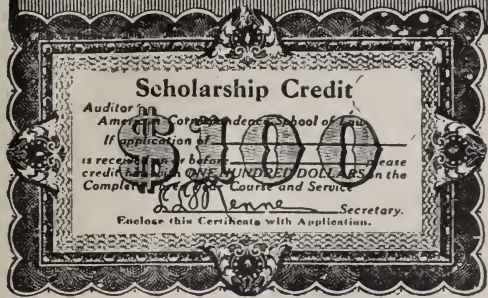
FLORENCE L. C.—That Vitagraph was taken in Egypt. Henry King in "A Mexican Tragedy" (Lubin). Margaret Prussing and Palmer Bowman had the leads in "The Way of Life" (Selig). Joe King and Ethel Davis in "The Missionary and the Actress."

E. H., CHICAGO.—Edwin Carewe was the husband, Ormi Hawley the wife, and Ernestine Morley the girl he fell in love with in "His Chorus-Girl Wife" (Lubin). Claire McDowell and Harry Carey in "His Fireman's Conscience" (Biograph).



In recognition of numerous requests for a portrait of The Answer Man—here he is!

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Fold Here, Tear Off, Sign and Mail Today!

F. M., CHICAGO.—Harry Beaumont in that Edison. Beverly Bayne in "Thru the Storm" (Essanay). Brooklyn has 1,634,351 inhabitants, including myself.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Ethel Grandin was the girl in "The King of Detectives" (Imp). Fritz Brunnette was the wife in "The Militant" (Imp). Larry Peyton was the doctor in "Trapped" (Kalem). Romona Langley was the woman, Russell Bassett the fellow, Rose Furniss the daughter, and Lee Moran the sweetheart.

ORIEL, 16.—Pauline Bush opposite Warren Kerrigan in "The Restless Spirit" (Victor). Carlotta de Felice was the girl in "Mrs. Upton's Device" (Vitagraph). You dont like to see Arthur Johnson with a baby in his arms, and are afraid he will drop it? Ah, no, child, he is used to it. Florence Hackett.

LINCOLN, 17.—Lillian Orth was Flossie in "The Barber Cure" (Biograph). Violet Reid was the girl in "The Madonna of the Storm" (Biograph). Ethel Clayton in "The Scarf-pin" (Lubin). Frances Nelson was the rich man's wife in "Diversion" (Biograph). Adele Lane was Marion in "The Old vs. the New" (Selig). That was Rosemary Theby in "The Pale of Prejudice" (Lubin), and the play was written by Emmett Campbell Hall. Miss Theby did not show us much of her face.

F. M., BUFFALO.—G. M. Anderson was the real gambler in "The Three Gamblers" (Essanay). Marriage information forbidden. The picture was taken in California. The average annual temperature in New York is 52, in San Francisco, 55; but the lowest in New York was 6 below, while the lowest in San Francisco was 29 above.

SCULLY STEEL.—Your letter is not clear, and you did not sign your correct name. Cannot tell you who the princess was until I know the title of the film.

Mrs. BRUCE Mc.—Sorry, but you will have to look it up yourself, for it would take me a day. America has two famous art galleries—the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, and the Corcoran Art Gallery, Washington.

DOROTHY S.—Muriel Ostriche is with the Princess films. February, 1911, was the very first issue, but there was a dummy before that which was not sold. Elsie Greeson is with the Majestic now. John Bunny appears personally at the Vitagraph Theater.

LOTTIE D. T.—Hazel Buckham and Robert Leonard in "From Father to Son" (Rex). Herbert Rawlinson and Mary Ruby in "One of the Bravest" (Gold Seal). Grace Cunard and Francis Ford in "The Mad Hermit" (Bison). Miriam Nesbitt and Charles Vernon in "The Necklace of Rameses" (Edison). William Shay and Leah Baird in "The Doctor's Deceit" (Imp).

J. L. T., BOSTON.—Right you be. Words are inadequate. Half the time we cannot express our thoughts in mere words. We can feel and think what we cannot say. Remember what Rene Dounic says? "The principal merit of pantomime is that it dispenses with words." Lois Weber was Portia, and Phillips Smalley was Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" (Rex).

ELFRIEDA.—That's the wrong title for the Lubin. Lillian Wiggins and Virginia Chester in "The Price of Jealousy" (Pathé). Dont know where that Warner was taken.

WILLIAM G.—Betty Gray in "The Bartered Crown" (Biograph). Tom Moore played in both of the films you mention. You have to purchase the players' pictures direct from the companies, unless you want those that we advertise as premiums. Ethel Phillips was Lil in "The Electrician's Hazard" (Kalem). Anita Stuart in "The Million-Dollar Bid" (Vitagraph). Carlyle Blackwell was Schuyler in "The Man Who Vanished" (Kalem). Lottie Briscoe was Cissy, and Arthur Johnson was the rube in "Just Cissy's Little Ways" (Lubin). Irene Howley was Mildred in "His Inspiration."

A. J., HARTFORD.—Belle Bennett the girl in "Thru the Sluice-Gates" (Majestic).

MARCUS T., NEW ZEALAND.—Your telegram puzzle was correct, but a little late. You had better stay with your mother. Mexico has 767,274 square miles, while Canada has 3,729,665. There is not much chance of our annexing either one.

(Continued from page 106)

There are, then, no other dangers to the eyes from frequenting Moving Picture theaters than are to be encountered in any theater, conveyance, church, street, or other gathering place of the people. Contagions, of course, are, of a truth, picked up by the eyes as well during Moving Picture performances as in school or church. But these are by no means common, and with the revised safety and protective regulations, now enforced by the city building inspectors,

the ventilation arrangements and hygiene of the movies are superior to those of schools, churches and other public gathering places.

Finally, it may be said that if the Motion Picture habit has done nothing else than remind people of their eye deformities and sent them post-haste to an oculist, it has done more good for the human eyes than all of the photodrama's hasty, misinformed and maligning accusers. Short-sightedness is both mental and ocular.

EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

WATCH OUT for the MAY NUMBER

Another "The Best Yet"

Always better, always bigger, always more interesting—that has been our motto for many months, and we do not intend to let our May number be an exception. Here are just a few of the features that will appear in our next:

The Final Word on Censorship

By JOHN COLLIER, General Secretary of the National Board of Censorship.

You have heard from Canon Chase in three issues, and you know he says that the present system of censorship is inadequate and inefficient. You have heard from Mr. Dyer in three able articles in which he practically says that all forms of censorship are dangerous. Perhaps you have made up your minds, but you should not pass final judgment until you have heard from Mr. Collier, who is perhaps the best known and ablest of Motion Picture writers, in his line, in all the world. Having been shown by Canon Chase why official censorship is necessary and by President Dyer why it is *not*, it seems very fitting to have a man like Mr. Collier sit in judgment, as it were, and tell us wherein, in his judgment, the two great debaters are wrong, and wherein they are right. At any rate, we can assure you of a very interesting and important supplement to the Great Debate, from the pen of Secretary Collier. Everybody should read it. It is an able summing up. And then we have a unique, illustrated article by Edwin M. La Roche, on

A New Profession for Women

Life Stories, Pictures, and the Daily Work of Leading Photoplay Editors.

It is not generally known that women are "holding down" the highly responsible position of "Scenario Editor" in many of the leading studios. In fact, the author of the article to be published in the May issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE recently attended a club meeting of photoplay manufacturers and directors, and they themselves did not know how strongly women were entrenched in this new and fascinating field.

It is big and important work, requiring endless patience, versatile literary knowledge, "no nerves," dramatic training, a "camera eye" and all sorts of other things. And many women are now doing this unique and responsible work of the scenario editor.

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, thru one of its writers, has secured a story telling all about who these heretofore mysterious women are and just what they are doing. It is highly interesting reading, and we will take great pleasure in offering it to our readers.

Old-Time Marine Figureheads

By MARY TAYLOR FALT.

Do you wonder at such an article in a Motion Picture magazine? Well, all nations have tried in symbolic ways to endow inanimate objects with life, and figureheads is an example, while Motion Pictures are the evolutionary triumph in that respect. This article is nicely illustrated with rare photos of figureheads, old and new.

Among other good things we have in store for you is a series of

Extracts from Players' Diaries

Did you know that most of the leading players kept diaries? Well, they do, and we have secured access to some of them, and assure you that it will make interesting reading. Then, we have a new puzzle contest coming, and a good one. Everybody is interested in a puzzle, and it is a pleasure to try to work out one, even tho success does not crown your efforts. These are only a few of the items of interest to appear in the May number, to say nothing of all the fine pictures, stories and usual departments. Better place your order now. The edition will probably be 275,000 or 280,000, but that wont begin to satisfy the demand.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

175 Duffield Street

Brooklyn, N. Y.

LINCOLN C. P.—Louise Huff was Barbara in "The Hazard of Youth," and she played the lead in "Between Dances" (Lubin).

PINKIE.—Vivian Rich was opposite Warren Kerrigan in "The Scapegoat" (American). Mary Charleson in "The Mystery of the Silver Skull" (Vitagraph).

JOLIET.—Jack Standing in "The Depths of Hate" (Pathé). Harry Millarde in "Her Husband's Friend." Earle Metcalf was the detective in "The Question of Right."

HAROLD D.—Crane Wilbur and Mr. Bumel had the leads in "The Second Shot" (Pathé). Méliès are releasing a new brand of films, "General," and they will be dramas and comedies. They are done with foreign educationals.

JOSEPH K.—You may ask all the questions you like, and they will be answered, if they are not against the rules. The sea-otter is the most costly fur.

ARIZONA.—Send ten cents to our Photoplay Clearing House for a sample scenario. A. Moreno was the sweetheart, and Dorothy Gish was the girl in "The House of Discord" (Biograph). Eclair are located in Arizona.

SCOTCH LASSIE.—Dont. Em Gorman is known as the Biograph Baby. She played in "Oil and Water" (Biograph).

GOLDBYE, 17.—I am no relation to Bert Leston Taylor, of the Chicago *Daily Tribune*. Thanks for the clippings. A ton of gold would measure about two cubic feet.

BESSIE R., BATON ROUGE.—Ethel Clayton is still with Lubin. It is more blessed to give than to receive—my address is 175 Duffield Street.

ELAINE H. W.—Francis Ford and Grace Cunard in "The Battle of San Juan Hill" (Bison). J. W. Johnston in "The Reformation of Calliope" (Eclair). Alec B. Francis in "For the Honor of Lady Beaumont" (Eclair).

MARIE, BRONX.—Clara Kimball is not Mrs. Costello. Yes, send along the soap if you wish, and I will try it. Francis Bushman was chatted in February, 1912. In marriage, one and one are supposed to make one, but the trouble comes in determining who is that one. That is why they call a marriage a feast in which the grace is better than the dinner. Omit marriage and love from the films? Zounds!

G. A., ONTARIO.—Joseph Singleton was Dr. Lynn in "Michael Arnold and Dr. Lynn" (Rex). Matt Moore was Tom in "The Romance of a Photograph" (Victor). Norma Talmadge's picture appeared in March, 1913; June, 1913, and December, 1913.

BONNIE SWEET BESSIE.—You think Ford Sterling is the best comedian, but there is nothing small about Bunny? I agree with you. Rosemary Theby is with Lubin. Yes.

C. W., QUEENSLAND.—Your letter is very interesting. Always glad to hear from you. The play is too old to be resurrected.

EDITH B. B.—Motion Pictures are not usually taken at night, but interiors are sometimes. Perhaps Pathé Weekly will take those scenes.

PERCY T.—Harry Gsell was Norman in "A Grateful Outcast" (Crystal). O. A. Lund in "Into the Wilderness" (Eclair). Julia Stuart was Mrs. Fitzmaurice in "Into the Wilderness." Lindsay Hall was his classmate in the above.

PATRICIA OF K. C.—Helen Holmes and Lee Maloney in "The Runaway Freight" (Kalem). Noah Beery was the crook, David Gallery was Bat, Marin Falls his wife, and Adelaide Lawrence his child in "A Child's Influence" (Kalem).

MARTHA F., SCRANTON, O.—Irene Wallace had the lead in "Bleeding Hearts" (Imp). Marguerite Snow was She in "She." Yes. That's the wrong title for that Kalem.

MARY JANE.—Marguerite Courtot was the girl in "The Octoroon" (Kalem). Very nice letter you write about her. Her picture in September, 1913. Frank Bennett, of Western Vitagraph, has come East. Harriet Notter was Elsie, and Ethel Pierce was Marie in "An Equal Chance" (Selig).

(Continued from page 120)

refreshment of the memories that lie within its precious folds.

The members of the boards of education throught the United States are encouraging Young America's love for Motion Pictures. Educational Motion Picture work is promised in the public schools. At present there is not a definite course of Cinematographic instruction to supersede or supplement the text-books, but systematic effort will soon overcome this condition. While educational pictures are few, they will increase, and

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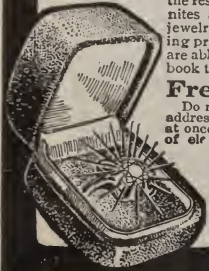
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PANSY.—Yes, the *News* is fine this month. I haven't as yet read the rules. Yes, that was some chat with me—a sort of "Imaginary Conversations."—Thomas Santschi and Charles Clary in that Selig. Helen Weir and Ethel Sykes were the two girls in "Into Society and Out."

SOCRATES.—A trade journal is a paper that announces the different releases, advertising and notes of the business. Crane Wilbur has not left Pathé. Norma Phillips is the Mutual Girl. Yes, to Alexander Gaden. Yes, subscribers get their magazines first. Of course I destroy the letters after I answer them, because I do not run a storage warehouse. It is easy to be critical, but hard to be correct.

VYBYNYA.—That Eclair is not on the cast. Your letter is quite dreamy. No, I never picture myself in love-scenes, "rich in detail and lavish in phrase." I am not prepared to take up your proposal as yet. Haven't enough money saved up.

HEDWIG DEM.—Myrtle Stedman and William Duncan in "The Rustler's Reformation" (Selig). You are wrong about Kathlyn Williams' husband. Georgia Maurice was Miss Cutler in "The Taming of Betty" (Vitagraph).

KATHERINE S.—Ernestine Morley was Madge in "The Story the Gate Told" (Lubin). Gladys Brockwell had the lead in "When Mountain and Valley Meet" (Lubin). Eddie Lyons and Laura Oakley in "When Courage Failed Him" (Nestor).

T. L., MEMPHIS.—Cannot tell you about that Edison. Thanks for your kind words. Yes; Humpty Dumpty has had another fall—and eggs are cheaper, thank the Lord, but the price of beef looks as if the cow jumped over the moon.

JANET S.—Henry King was leading man in "His Last Crooked Deal" (Lubin). Thomas Santschi in that Selig. Harold Lockwood in "Young Mrs. Eames" (Selig).

KEWPIE, 18.—Winnifred Greenwood opposite Ed Coxen in "When the Road Forks" (American). Lillian Wiggins was the gypsy, and George Gebhardt was the villain in "The Blind Gypsy." Joe King in "The Missionary and the Actress" (Selig).

H. M. L., GREENFIELD.—Myrtle Stedman was the girl, Rex De Roselli, Lester Cuneo and Tom Mix the cowboy suitors, and William Duncan the husband in "Physical Culture on Quarter-Circle V Bar" (Selig). Max Asher was Max, Silvion De Jardins was Rube, Lee Morris the sheriff, and Billy Bennett the soubrette in "The Great Towel Robbery" (Powers). Larry Peyton was the colonel, Frances Kimbel the daughter, and Jack Messecck the Indian chief in "When the Blood Calls" (Nestor). Art Ortega and Mona Darkfeather in "Her Indian Brother" (Kalem).

E. F. H., NEW ZEALAND.—Your program contains up-to-date releases. I am glad you voted for Sunday pictures. The theaters in New York are open on Sundays. Thanks for your nice letter.

LESTER C. W.—Will see about chatting Francis Bushman soon. Dear me! that same old question—who are the twenty-five greatest men in history? Say Moses, Homer, Pericles, Alexander, Plato, Aristotle, Archimedes, J. Caesar, Jesus, A. Caesar, Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, Leonardo da Vinci, Dante, Copernicus, Galileo, Shakespeare, Bacon, Cromwell, Newton, Napoleon, Beethoven, Goethe, Franklin and Edison.

KATHERINE J.—Flo LaBadie in "Beauty in the Shell" (Thanouser). Warren Kerrigan in "The Husband's Mistake."

LOTTIE D. T.—Don't you ever get the writer's cramp? Sidney Drew and Anita Stuart in "Why I Am Here" (Vitagraph). Jessalyn Van Trump and Jack Richardson in "An Assisted Elopement" (American). Florence LaBadie and William Russell in "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" (Thanouser). E. Sullivan and Sue Balfour in "The Judge's Vindication."

E. B. B., NEW ORLEANS.—Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe in "Her Husband's Awakening" (Lubin). Your letter is bright, breezy and binocular—binocular because you have two eyes, one to see the good in things, and one to see the bad.

EVERYBODY.—Don't you know that when affixing a stamp on your letter you should not paste the corner? The proper way is to touch the tip of the tongue to the center of the stamp. In that way it can be taken off without tearing it.

G. S.—Your letter is very fine. Sorry we cannot print it. All you say of Wilfred Lucas is true.

CELIL.—You refer to Marguerite Clayton in the Essanay. That was Gertrude Robinson in that Biograph.

THE PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE TELEGRAM PUZZLE

1. Madam Barton, 1944 Benson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2. H. Arthur Koehne, 945 Circle Ave., Forest Park, Ill. 3. Mrs. Erementa Ions, 106 Glenmaure Ave., Pittsburg, Pa. 4. Edward A. Fleming, E. 1523 Bridgeport Av., Spokane, Wash. 5. Mrs. James F. McKinstry, Gainesville, Fla. 6. Francis Altstock, 469 E. Stark St., Portland, Ore. 7. G. A. Johnson, 1358 Girard St., Washington, D. C. 8. Lillian Kappel, 111 W. Elder St., Cincinnati, O. 9. Elsie M. Lake, 1657 E. 12th St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 10. Frank W. Holt, 611 Ludlow St., Hamilton, O. *Honorary Mention*—Mrs. Meta Schneider, Mrs. Milton H. Seitz, Elsie Marcus, Lydia H. Tressmer, Harry Lundgren, C. A. Reinboltz, Edythe Schaefer, Robert R. Bucher, Gretchen Miller and Mrs. H. L. Arnold. N. B.—There really should be about fifty more names added to this list, but the judges named only the foregoing.



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B. S. B.—Louise Huff and Edgar Jones in "Before the Last Leaves Fell" (Lubin). Alma Russell and Jack Nelson in "The Conspirators." Maurice Costello is married. Glad you enjoy reading the ad. pages; sweet are the uses of advertisements.

SUNFLOWER, 17.—Warren Kerrigan in "The Passer-by" (Victor). Florence Hackett as the other girl in "The Blinded Heart" (Lubin). Jane Wolfe in "The Masquerader" (Kalem). Rosemary Theby in "The Moth" (Lubin).

VELMA V. G., 18.—The expression "off scene" means out of the zone covered by the camera—in other words, exit, as they say on the stage. Vera Sisson was Helen in "Helen's Stratagem." Mary Pickford is about twenty now. How the tempus does fugit! Silver threads among the gold soon.

W. R. B.—Louise Huff was Nell in "The Inscription" (Lubin). Edgar Jones was John. Adele Lane and Edward Wallock in "Conscience and the Temptress" (Selig). Beatrice McKay in "Dr. Crathern's Experiment." Jane Bernoudy as Lasca in "Lasca" (Bison). Yes; Edwin August is with Powers.

M. M.—Warren Kerrigan in that Victor. Tom Carrigan and Adrienne Kroell in "The Fifth String" (Selig). I don't like your letter at all. I have weighed you in the balance, and found you wanton.

ANNETTA K.—Jane Novak in "Deception" and "The Return of Jack Bellew" (Vitagraph). The maid in "And the Watch Came Back" (Kalem) is not cast. Louise Huff in "Between Two Fires" (Lubin). Peggy O'Neill in that Lubin.

LORD C.—You should not write in such a tone. We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly. Otto Lederer, George Kunkel, Thomas Colmesin and George Cooper in "The Face of Fear" (Vitagraph). Thanks for the clipping.

EDNA E. M.—Send us a stamped, addressed envelope, and we will send you a list. Florence Hackett in January, 1914, and Arthur Johnson in December, 1913. Yes; Lottie Briscoe was the stenographer in "A Leader of Men" (Lubin).

A. T. M.—I am looking up the answers to those difficult questions of yours.

KATHERYN R. C.—Harry Beaumont on page 45 of February. Jack Standing and Vivian Prescott in "The Wiles of Cupid."

GEORGE R.—So you lost all your money in New York? Well, that is the finest place in the world in which to lose money. A fool and his money are soon spotted! Mabel Normand in August, 1911, and June, 1913.

MABEL S., NEW YORK.—Thanks for naming the Photoplay Philosopher and me "The Heavenly Twins." Lillian Orth in "The Janitor's Revenge" (Biograph). Alan Hale had the lead in "The Capture of David Dunne" (Biograph). Peggy O'Neill in "The Man in the Hamper" (Lubin). So you are glad Ormi Hawley is getting thin?

C. T. Z., BRUNSWICK.—Edna Luby was Evelyn, and Lionel Adams the artist in "Shadows" (Lubin). Bessie Sankey was the sister in "Broncho Billy's Sister."

ERNESTINE.—Your suggestion has been gone over by the editor many times, and he does not approve of it. Ponce de Leon, discoverer of Florida, was Spanish, not French. The Fountain of Perpetual Youth.

L. G. N., N. Y. C.—Kempton Greene was Adrian in "The Hazard of Youth" (Lubin). Louise Huff was Barbara. Charles Fearley was the governor, and John Smiley was the convict in "The Inspector's Story" (Kalem). Kempton Greene and Justina Huff in "Between Dances" (Lubin). Ethel Clayton in "When the Earth Trembled" (Lubin). Rosetta Bruce and John Ince in "The Servant of the Rich" (Lubin). Henrietta O'Beck was the child in "Angel of the Slums" (Lubin). Francis Carlyle was engaged to the angel first. Al Paget and Miss Nelson had the lead in "The Chieftain's Sons."

C. R. D.—We have never printed nor used a chat of Ethel Davis. She is now with Selig. Back numbers are available; address our circulation department. When it is noon in New York, it is about 5 P.M. in London, and 10 A.M. in Denver.

LOTTIE D. T.—Howard Davies was the father, and Eugene Pallett was Jack in "The Bravest Man" (Majestic). Sidney Ayres and Vivian Rich in "The Occult" (American). Your last two are forbidden.

ANNA M. MC.—Maude Fealy and Harry Benham had the leads in "The Runaway Princess." Yes, every day is a fresh beginning; every morn is a world made new.

WINFIELD ST.—Please sign your name. Mary Piekford and Lottie are sisters. Your letter was very interesting. We expect to get Broncho casts hereafter.

OLGA, 18.—You are away off on that information. If you persist in asking scientific questions—look out! Now, the chief property of cold is that it contracts bodies, while heat expands. Hence, in summer it is hot, and the days are long; while in winter it is cold, and the days contract and become very short.

HAZEL AND CHALYS.—You say you are my friend, yet you want to get me into politics? Your letter is very interesting. That was Marshall Neilan in "The Weaker Brother" (American).

MILDRED AND MEREDITH.—Robert Walker was Alice Hollister's husband in "Her Husband's Friend" (Kalem). Thomas Santschi is playing opposite Kathlyn Williams. No, one of those scenes was taken in the studio, and not in India. Bright letter—what do you use, sapolio?

LOTTIE D. T.—Edna Flugrath was Belle, and Herbert Prior was John in "Saved by the Enemy" (Edison). The chickens were not cast. Yes; James Young was fine in "Beauty Unadorned" (Vitagraph).



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H. S.—There isn't much chance at present. Perhaps in three or four years from now things will change. "The Invisible Foe" (Kalem) was taken at Glendale, Cal. Wouldn't it be fine to see Harold Lockwood and Herbert Rawlinson in "The Hairpin Duet"?

AN OHIO GIRL.—Leo Delaney and Maurice Costello are not brothers. Richard Travers and Irene Warfield in "Grist to the Mill" (Essanay). Florence Hackett was the wife in "The Sea Eternal." Billie West was the girl, Robert Grey opposite her, and George Field the father in "She Will Never Know."

LOTTIE D. T.—Jack Richardson and Jessalyn Van Trump in "An Assisted Proposal" (American). George De Carlton and Mrs. De Carlton in "Tony's Sacrifice" (Reliance). Charles De Forrest was the lead in "Binks and the Chorus Girls at the Beach" (Imp). William Wadsworth was the hero in "Why Girls Leave Home."

MERRILL P.—Marguerite Clayton was the doctor in "Snakeville's New Doctor" (Essanay). Yes, she is a fine little player. Octavia Handworth in "The Yellow Streak" (Pathé). But look what you get by being a subscriber.

STANLEY, THE FIRST.—We expect a picture of Mary Pickford soon. William Worthington was the doctor, Jessalyn Van Trump the girl, and Edith Bostwick the lady in "The Dread Inheritance" (Victor). Carlyle Blackwell was Wentworth in "The Fight at Grizzly Gulch" (Kalem). Charles Arling was Clarence in "When Clarence Looks for a Job." Glad you had a good time at the theater-party. There's no time like the pleasant.

Two Bos.—Chester Barnett was Wallace, Pearl White was Aline, and Harry Gsel was Ralph in "The Heart of an Artist" (Crystal). Mile. L. Guinchi was Lygia in "Quo Vadis?" (Kleine).

SUMMIT HILL.—You will have to write to the companies direct for that information. Eugenia Clinchard was the child in "Broncho Billy—Guardian" (Essanay). Haven't Larry Peyton's whereabouts. Sally Crute was the pretty girl as Beth in "The Price of Human Lives" (Edison).

MELVA.—That is a great mistake. Of course any one would feel insulted if he turned his back when talking to you, but the directors don't think so, for it adds to the naturalness of scenes and looks less theatrical. Marin Sais in "The Girl and the Gangster" (Kalem). James Horne was the brother. That is the American Biograph trademark.

COLLEGE GIRL.—Your letter was mighty fine, and every word was interesting. You failed, however, to ask questions.

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JOSEPH K.—You refer to Mabel Normand, now with Keystone. Daphne Wayne is Blanche Sweet, now with Reliance. You ask if I believe in clubs for women? It depends on what kind of clubs you mean. Courtenay Foote with Reliance.

BILLY AND BEN.—Dont forget this—happiness is the ability to recognize it. Have you seen "The Blue Bird"? No cast for foreign Pathés. Mabel Van Buren and Joe King in "The Touch of a Child." (Selig). True Boardman and Evelyn Selbie in "The Cowboy Samaritan." Anita Stuart and E. K. Lincoln in "The Moulding" (Vitagraph). Gladden James was Jack in "A Home-spun Tragedy" (Vitagraph). Octavia Handworth was Crane Wilbur's wife in "Across the Chasm" (Pathé). Harry Benham in "The Proposal by Proxy" (Thanhouser). William Russell in "In the Nick of Time" (Thanhouser). That was Harry Benham in "The Head of the Ribbon-counter."

FLOWER E. G.—I was not at the Screen Club Ball; I was in bed when they started. Lester Cuneo was the brother in "By Unseen Hand" (Selig). Glad Ben Wilson's overcoat suited you. That marriage in the aeroplane was an example of high-tied.

DORIS, WASH.—Charles Clary in that Selig. Herbert Rawlinson is with Rex now. Bryant Washburn was the bridegroom in "Nearly Married" (Essanay).

JAMES M. D.—Henry King is with Pathé. Your letter is interesting.

OLGA, 17.—James Cooley and Frances Nelson in "Diverson" (Biograph). April? This is a dangerous month to get married in. The others are May, June, July, August, September, October, November, December, January, February and March.

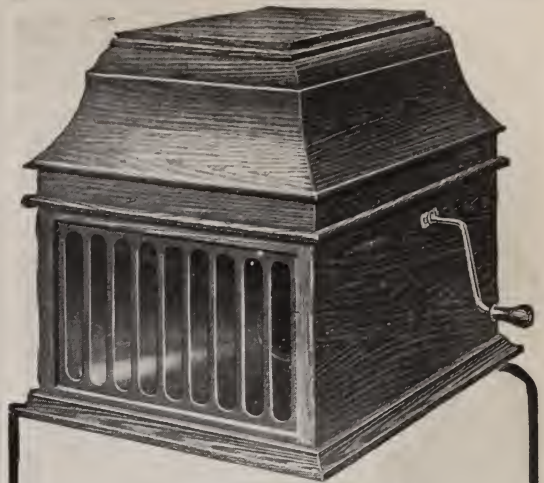
KATHRYN L.—Lillian Orth had the lead in "The Barber Cure" (Biograph). Edward Coxen in "Fate's Round-up." He was with Kalem. Boyd Marshall and Muriel Ostriche in "When Paths Diverged" (Princess). Maude Fealy and James Cruze had the leads in "The Woman Pays."

GUSSIE.—Thanks for the picture. Warren Kerrigan is in Los Angeles. Kempton Greene in that Lubin. Harry Kendall was the cracksman in "Violet Dare, Detective" (Lubin). Harriet Nottter and Ethel Pierce in "With Eyes So Blue and Tender" (Selig). Kempton Greene in "Treasures on Earth" (Lubin).

PINKERTINE.—See about Telegram Puzzle in this issue. I believe Romaine answers his own mail. Remember that there is nothing that need be said unkindly.

ALLAH H. A.—Velma Whitman and Ray Gallagher in "The Death-trap" (Lubin). Bliss Milford in that Edison. Walter Stull was the husband in "Going Home to Mother" (Lubin). Ed Coxen in "The Shriner's Daughter" (American).

MYRTLE.—You did not send in your money for the club. We cannot answer that question now.



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YANKEE BLONDE.—Anita Stuart, Julia S. Gordon, the mother; E. K. Lincoln, the doctor, and Harry Morey, Mr. Marsh in "A Million Bid" (Vitagraph). From the standpoint of emotion, we are all alike, only some of us are more demonstrative.

E. B., ST. LOUIS.—Ruth Roland was the Indian maid in "The Indian Maid's Warning" (Kalem). Anna Nilsson was the detective girl in "The Telltale Stains" (Kalem). Louise Glaum in "The Invisible Foe." Edwin Mallock the young doctor.

HELEN B. K.—Charles Wells in "Playing for a Fortune" (Kalem). Stella Razetto in "The Heart of Maggie Malone" (Selig). Yes, she was a fine character. So you think Harry Myers and Ethel Clayton make the best team?

MERRIE, SPRINGFIELD.—Marin Sais was the girl of the slums, and Harry Peyton was the doctor in "Trapped" (Kalem). Mae Marsh was the girl in "The Girl Across the Way." Mildred Manning was the cousin. Harry Millarde was Montejoy in "Breaking Into the Big League."

RAE, 18.—Harold Lockwood and Bessie Eyton in "Until the Sea" (Selig). Edgar Jones and Louise Huff in "The Inscription" (Lubin). You find fault with me because I don't do enough kicking. Why, I thought I did too much. Yes, I am a reformer, but not a chronic complainer.

MRS. G. A. S.—Harold Lockwood in "Until the Sea" (Selig). Marguerite Ne Moyer was the girl in "A Sleepy Romance" (Lubin). Peggy O'Neill in that Lubin. You think Arthur Johnson the most natural player we have?

PANSY.—Welcome. Mr. Barzage was John Brown in "A New England Idyl" (Broncho). Miss Mitchell was Rose in that. Vera Sisson was Helen in "Helen's Stratagem" (Majestic). So you still admire Warren Kerrigan as your beau ideal?

GEORGIE.—Harold Lockwood in "The Fighting Lieutenant" (Selig); also in "The Young Mrs. Eames" (Selig). Thomas Santschi was John Burns. He has never been chatted. None but a fool is always right. Fleet Street and the Strand are London's most famous streets.

ALMA B.—Edgar Jones in that Lubin. Dolly Larkin and Carl Von Schiller in "Her Atonement" (Lubin). Peggy O'Neill and Robert Drouet in "The Battle of Shiloh" (Lubin). Robert Patterson was Paul, and Marguerite Courtot the daughter in "The Octoroon" (Kalem).

THE TWINS.—Grace Cunard, William Clifford and Victoria Forde in "The Battle of Bull Run" (Bison). Audrey Berry was the child in "The Ancient Order of Good Fellows" (Vitagraph). Ray McKee in "The College Cupid" (Lubin). Kempton Greene, Clarence Elmer and Justina Huff in "Between Dances" (Lubin). Rex Downs was the rancher in "Against Desperate Odds" (Rex). Robert Ellis was Jack in "Perils of the White Way." Wilfred Lucas and Jeannie MacPherson are playing in Criterion Features.

LOUISE, OF ST. LOUIS.—Thanks for the clippings. Always glad to get them. I do not write the Wills Department. Our readers contributed to it, and the players had nothing to do with it.

KLEA G. STERLING.—F. Nelson was Hasson. Mildred Gregory was Mildred in "The Doctor's Romance" (Lubin). Earle Metcalf was the sweetheart. Mary Charleson was Grace in "The Golden Pathway" (Vitagraph). George Larkin opposite Ruth Roland in "Emancipated Women" (Kalem). Ruth Ritter was Dixie King, and John Brennan was Harry Fisher in the above.

HERMAN.—So you want *me* to get up a puzzle? That is the function of the editor. But here is one just for you: If a hard knot can be tied in a cat's tail, which way, how long and with what success will she run after it? Also, who tied the knot? Also, how old is Ann? Rosemary Theby in "The Moth."

RUMMY RUTH, RENO.—Kempton Greene in "The Cry of Blood," and also in "The Special Officer" (Lubin). Richard Morris was Richard in "When the Earth Trembled" (Lubin). George Field was George in "The Shriner's Daughter" (American).

EVELYN C. J.—"The Diver" was taken at Niagara Falls, on the bridge where you go over to the islands. Lillian Mulhearn was Rose Tapley's sister. I have been to Leviston.

KITTY C.—What! Name the new companies? Nay, for they are as numberless as the sands of the seashore. Ethel Davis, Iva Shepard and Edwin August in "Into the Lion's Pit" (Powers). Later, Ethel Davis has left Selig for Powers. Gertrude Robinson in the Biograph. Marie Hesperia was Zuma in "Zuma, the Gypsy" (Kleine). Billy Mason was the boy, and Ruth Hennessy was the stenographer in "Hello, Trouble!" (Essanay). Jessalyn Van Trump in "The Passer-by."

LILLIAN E. C.—Why dont you try? William Stowell was the artist in "The Port of Missing Women" (Selig). Louise Glaum opposite Carlyle Blackwell.

A KENTUCKY LASS.—James Cooley was the rich husband in "Diversion" (Biograph). You say I am as slow as a snail in answering your questions? Not so! By actual measurements, a snail travels one mile in fourteen days, and since your answer was sent within five days from date of receipt, you can hardly call that a "snail's pace." Owen Moore in "Caprice."

FRANCES M. H.—Francis Bushman was the hermit in "The Hermit of Lonely Gulch" (Essanay). Earle Metcalf in "The Momentous Decision." Ethel Grandin was the girl in "Love vs. Law" (Imp).

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C. F., JERSEY CITY.—Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe in "The Parasite" (Lubin). Kathlyn Williams in "The Adventures of Kathlyn" (Selig). Thanhouser produced "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," with James Cruze.

NETTIE, JERSEY CITY.—Guy Oliver and Madeline Post in "The Spree of the Primeval" (Selig). Irving Cummings is still with Pathé. Marshall Neilan in the Biograph. No; Marguerite Clayton did not leave Essanay. Yes, they say that the Vitagraph Theater is the handsomest of its kind in the country.

HELEN L. R.—Your friends, William Bailey and William Mason, have left Essanay. You have made them quite popular of late. You are quite a jokesmith.

NELLIE M. R.—Thomas Santschi is Bruce in "Kathlyn's Adventures" (Selig). He also played in "Alone in the Jungle" (Selig). We don't spell debt *det*, as some do. Those who spell it that way probably have two reasons for it: 1. It is according to the Simplified Spelling Board; 2. They don't want a *be* in debt!

EVERYBODY—Following are the casts for this month's stories: Robert Leonard and Betty Shade in "The Senator's Bill" (Rex). Rosetta Brice and Percy Winters in "A Cruel Revenge" (Lubin). Dorothy Davenport and Wallace Reid in "The Way of a Woman" (Nestor). Adele Ray was the girl, Harry Benham was Jack, and Sidney Bracy the father in "The Miser's Reversion" (Thanhouser). Norma Childers, Maurice Costello and Mary Charleston in "Mr. Barnes of New York" (Vitagraph). Rhea Mitchell was the princess, Gretchen Lederer was Annette, and Gertrude Claire was the Widow Prue in "A Barrier Royal" (Broncho).

E. D., KANSAS CITY.—Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan in "The Man from the West" (Lubin). Rosemary Theby was the girl, and Earle Metcalf the last young man in "The Moth" (Kalem). Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe in "The Blinded Heart" (Lubin).

LAFAYETTE W.—"Custer's Last Fight" was produced by Broncho. Joe King and Guy Oliver in "Unto the Third and Fourth Generation" (Selig). Myrtle Stedman in "By Unseen Hands" (Selig).

KRAZY KAT.—Thomas Mills was the adventurer in "Two Girls of the Hills" (Reliance). Henry King is now with Pathé. Robyn Adair was Bob in "The Weaker Mind" (Lubin). Courtenay Foote was Daniel, Charles Kent was Daniel in after years, and Julia Gordon the woman in "Daniel" (Vitagraph). E. K. Lincoln in "Diana's Dress Reform" (Vitagraph).

HELEN B., OHIO.—Norbert Myles and Ethel Phillips in "The Electrician's Hazard" (Kalem). Norma Talmadge in "The Blue Rose." Our general health is a speedometer that tells how fast we are living. Be sure to keep within the law, or you'll have a breakdown.

FOR THE ERA OF REVIVAL

We recently asked for an expression of opinion as to what plays should be revived, and we herewith give the result, in correct order, each of the following having received ten votes or more:

Tale of Two Cities (Vita), Red Barrier (Vita), For Auld Lang Syne (Vita), A Blot in the 'Scutcheon (Bio), Mender of Nets (Bio), Vanity Fair (Vita), The Love of John Ruskin (Vita), The Professor's Ward (Lubin), The Broken Locket (Lubin), Pippa Passes (Bio), Duke de Ribbon-counter (Lubin), The Slavey's Affinity (Lubin), Enoch Arden (Bio), Blind Princess and Poet (Bio), Vengeance of Durand (Vita), His Trust (Bio), His Trust Fulfilled (Bio), Waiting (Pathé), Aunt Jane's Legacy (Lubin), You'll Remember Ellen (Kalem), Match-maker (Lubin), Lady of the Lake (Vita), Female of the Species (Bio), Mrs. Henry Awkins (Vita), Lena and the Geese (Bio), Blind Deception (Lubin), The Hoyden (Lubin), That Awful Brother (Lubin), The Maniac (Lubin), A Rural Conqueror (Lubin), One on Reno (Lubin), The Convalescent (Lubin), Divided Interest (Lubin), How She Triumphed (Bio), Ranch Widower's Daughter (Essanay), Town Hall Tonight (Essanay), Widow Jenkins' Admirers (Essanay), An Old Sweetheart of Mine (Edison), The Broken Cross (Bio), Love in the Hills (Bio), The Failure (Bio), Battle Hymn of the Republic (Vita), The Church Across the Way (Vita), His Last Burglary (Bio), The Sky Pilot (Vita), The Vagabonds (Selig), Brotherhood of Man (Selig), Romona (Bio), The Golden Supper (Bio), Sins of Fathers (Lubin), Girlish Impulse (Lubin), The Gypsy (Lubin), Life-saver (Lubin), For His Son (Bio), Mustang Pete's Love Affair (Essanay), The Wrong Glove (Essanay), Taming a Tyrant (Essanay), The Two Flats (Edison), Making a Man (Bio), Cloister's Clutch (Bio).

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WE regret that we have not room to publish *all* the letters we receive, but, since we receive on an average of a thousand a month, that is impossible. Some of these letters contain interesting and valuable criticisms, some are in praise of plays and players, and some are just kind words for this magazine and its makers. We are always glad to hear from our readers, even if we cannot print their letters. Every letter is read thru by more than one of us, and we have received many helpful suggestions thereby.

Miss Margaret J. Austin, of 349 Norfolk Avenue, Buffalo, says that this magazine is her Bible, and that the photoplay is her chief recreation.

Mr. C. McClairan, of the same city,

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sends us a photograph of himself in his
den, surrounded with magazines and
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Miss Jean Darnell, of the Thanhouser
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ness. I have received so many letters, gifts
and flowers, etc., that to try to thank you
personally would be an endless task, so I
take this opportunity to do so.

I am spending a most delightful winter in
Southern Texas and have almost entirely re-
gained my health, and just as soon as the
weather in New York permits, I shall return
to my work in the Thanhouser Company.
Again I thank you tenfold, and my best wishes
for you always. I remain,

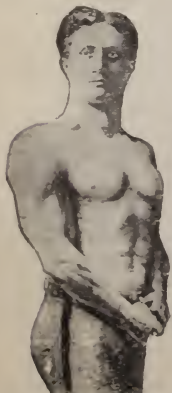
Most sincerely,
JEAN DARNELL.

Mr. C. C. Nelson, of Cleveland, Ohio,
sends this interesting letter:

Before taking my first step on the roadway
to eloquence, I wish to inform you that altho
I have had the pleasure of reading your fine
magazine for a period of more than two years,
this is the very first product of my idea to
write a letter, altho I have seriously con-
templated doing so numerous times in the last
two years. I therefore beg you will graciously
pardon any liberties which I may use in vio-
lation of rules in communicating with your
worthy selves. Feeling assured you will grant
my request, I will commence my journey.

I am only eighteen years of age, but have
been a real, live Motion Picture fan for a
number of years, and have had the good for-
tune of reading and comparing both favorable
and unfavorable comment on the ability of the
photoplay to reach far out, grasp, and HOLD.
During these years I have been a self-chosen
champion of the photoplay, among severai of
my so-called religious prudes, many of which
are within the scope of my acquaintance, who
at once condemned the picture play as immoral
and, as one termed it, "the highroad to the
devil and hell." And in supporting such a
"filthy, contaminating instrument of his Satanic
Majesty" I have received from my so-called
"protectors of my soul" the reputation of an
unbeliever, and a heretic, altho I have re-
peatedly announced to my judges that it was
my honest opinion that when I came to be
judged by the Higher Court, it would not be
brought to bear against me that I had been
favorable to the photoplay. But this is neither
here nor there.

I looked on with favor the suggestion some
time ago that the photoplay public should vote
for their most popular actor, and I had all
the coupons cut out of the magazines for about
three months, when I lost them. Alack the
day! However (my opinion not being in the
least influenced by the result of the vote), I
would have cast all of my votes for one Mr.
Fielding, and I am herewith enclosing ten
votes for that greatest of all photoplayers. I
surely believe that you cannot imagine the
consternation I was forced to wade thru in
choosing my favorite, as for a long while my
graces were all tendered to Mr. G. M. Ander-
son, who is only a hairbreadth behind Mr.
Fielding. How much easier it would be if it
were not embarrassing to some players to
choose the least popular player, and the vote
would not be distributed among more than a
half-dozen players at that. I am or an opti-
mistic nature, and I have always found the
work of most photoplayers agreeable to my



I will send as long as they last my 25c. book,

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height, weight and chest measure.

PROF. ANTHONY BARKER,
1390 Barker Bldg.,
110 West 42nd Street New York

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taste, and it was the hardest task of my life to choose one which was greater than the other, until one Sunday afternoon I was lucky enough to see Mr. Fielding in "The Power of Silence." That was about a year ago, I believe, and since then he has been the undisputed ruler of the photoplay, in my sight and, I have noticed, also in the sight of just something over a million people. There are possibly about that many who did not cast their votes last election, too. But in justice to the other players, and not withdrawing any credit from Mr. Fielding, when a person has a field of contestants to choose from, such as Anderson, Williams, Kerrigan, Blackwell, Bushman, Johnson, Costello, Coombs, Panzer, and others among the men, and the Miss's Fuller, Joyce, Storey, Pickford, Walker, Cassinelli, Nilsson and Nesbitt among the gentler and fairer sex, would any one doubt further when I make the statement that I had the job of my life to pick one to place first? No matter if he is playing the villain, hero, or both, Romaine Fielding's work ranks just about as high as the ability of mankind can reach, and the work of Miss Mary Fuller, who goes about her work as if unconscious of the presence of the camera, is just on a par with that of Romaine Fielding, with the work of the other exponents of photoplay as mentioned above very little below. So you see I am not troubled greatly about the quality of pictures I will see, no matter into which theater I enter.

I have compared very carefully—I might say just as carefully as anything could be compared by an eighteen-year-old boy—the arguments on the matter of public censorship, and after weighing both sides of the argument, I am fully convinced that the people should censor pictures. I note the gentleman who takes the position against censorship by the public wishes pictures to be censored by a board of censorship, to protect the children most. It is a noble and great cause, and he is to be commended for his position, and I think every broad-minded man will appreciate that he is doing as his conscience tells him and commend him for his action. On the other hand, I am of the opinion that ignorance is the cause of much of the present trouble of today, and pictures showing the true side of life, such as exposing the dangers of a great city and the methods of a recruit in the army of white slavers and the practices of a burglar, will, to offset the possibility of one person being influenced towards the evil by these pictures, profit about a score or more. Of course, such pictures as actually tend toward making evil, with not a redeeming feature, should of a necessity be repressed and the manufacturer and exhibitor punished. You cannot repress wrongdoing by punishing or putting the ban on the wrong itself, but by striking at the cause. Therefore the manufacturer should be dealt severely with, and not the picture alone cast aside and the manufacturer allowed to go on making evil films.

Will write soon again, when I will use brevity.

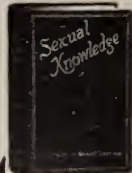
An unknown friend sends us an interesting letter about censorship of films, and she says that since the reformers are after the National Board of Censors, and the officials are after the reformers, and the manufacturers are after the officials, it reminds her of the old jingle:

There's a cat in the garden laying for a rat,
There's a boy with a catapult a-laying for the cat;
The cat's name is Susan, the boy's name is Jim,
And his father round the corner is a-laying for him.

Arthur Fletcher, of Attleboro, Mass., writes us as follows:

Your magazine is fine—keep up the excellent work, and success and prosperity to you!

D. R. HALL'S



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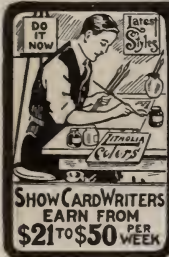
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Box 278 M. O., Chicago.

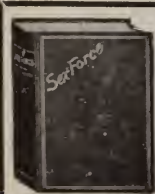


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Your staff of writers is bully, and the Answer Man's a bear! He wades right into the work and handles it magnificently.

We must all have our little say, nevertheless, and here is mine.

I might suggest regarding educational pictures that our town and vicinity get all we can of them and then cry for more. "The Hub of the Jewelry World" is an excellent field for the "somewhat different" educational. Even "Knives of Fire" (Edison) and "Abalone Industry" (Keystone) are not to be sneezed at.

There are also more religious subjects wanted for Sunday afternoon services, generally, for the men who don't care for church at night. More comedies like "Walk, You, Walk" (Kalem) and "Feeney's Social Experiment" (Reliance). Boost Universal for more good plot plays. Joker should keep up the good work. My favorite films for acting and clear photography are the Lubins, followed closely by Pathé. There is no advantage in changing films every day in a town of our size (20,000). Three times weekly for three theaters (General, Mutual, and Universal) are satisfying the patrons. The managers of our theaters are all very obliging, getting films advertised as features for any patrons who suggest them.

I wish your magazine even more success and popularity in the future.

The following was addressed to the Answer Man, and comes from a gentleman who wishes to be known by simply "Gentile":

I wish to compliment you on your most excellently conducted department. I enjoy reading the questions and answers very much. It is really amusing to see what questions some people will ask. The magazine generally is a hummer, and I can assure you it is about the last one I would dispense with.

I am a great friend of the movies, and I am extremely glad to note the steady improvement in the class of pictures being shown. I also know of several of my friends, as well as myself, who have "gone on the water-wagon" thru the movies. We used to go uptown in the evening, and while waiting for some one would go in and "have a few," often to the detriment of our ability as navigators. We now go in and wait at the Motion Picture shows, see some good pictures, keep our appointments, and go home sober. I believe in movies.

I am enclosing stamped envelope for a list of film buyers.

You will find on separate sheet a few lines dedicated to one of the sweetest girls on the screen. Will you kindly hand them to the proper person and oblige?

"N. T. R.," a veteran of New York, has some harsh but perhaps deserved criticism of some director, whose name is withheld:

I attended last week a Motion Picture exhibition which was the most distasteful I ever witnessed. It would be classed as a war story, but there was neither plot nor story, but only a few scenes scandalizing the Northern troops in the Civil War. A detachment of the men in blue arrive at a Southern home. They are represented as a lot of drunken bums. The men loaf outside while the officers enter the house and insult the ladies. One officer, with staggering steps and a leer upon his face, invades the private apartment of one of the ladies, who was in bed. This officer proceeded to enforce his attentions upon her in a manner indescribably brutal. At a critical moment the heroes (men in gray) arrive and rescue the ladies, the Union men making their escape. If such a play were produced in a Southern city, with the sides reversed, I believe it would cause a riot, and properly so.

I served in the Union Army from '61 to '65 and seldom saw during that time drunken sol-

diers and never heard of such acts as described. As the war ended nearly half a century ago (49 years), it is surprising that any Southerner can find it in his heart so scurrilously to misrepresent the Union Army and especially surprising that such a thing can be exhibited in New York.

Happily, no one in the audience manifested any sign of approval.

Mr. F. H. Pillsbury, of Barton, Vt., sends us a clipping pertaining to censorship and writes the following comment:

Enclosed find an interesting slip on film censorship. Now there isn't a film manufacturing company in the United States who is putting out films "for men only;" that is, among the real companies.

To be perfectly frank, some fool exhibitor, thinking to increase his patronage, has done this sort of thing and thereby given the advocates of "no censorship" one more hard knock.

There is hardly a question but that these women are perfectly sincere in wanting a censorship. On the other hand, there is not a company in business who can help feeling indirectly the result of such an action.

When our exhibitors cut from their programs the almost obscene vaudeville acts, which many still persist in running, then, and then only, can the writer of scripts hope to be able to write many things that ought to be welcomed on any screen instead of censored.

This one is from a photoplayer, who writes from 45 Station Street, Enmore, Sydney, N. S. W., Australia:

Many thanks for your kind letter. You said you would like to hear from me again. I would have written sooner, but you addressed your letter "Miss Mial Macwell" instead of "Miss Una Maxwell," and as I have been traveling a lot since it has only just reached me. I enjoy your magazine immensely. As people get better acquainted with the fact that the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is on the Australian market, I am sure there will be a tremendous sale for it here. I receive books and magazines from all over the world, and in my opinion your book surpasses all, for the engravings are really beautiful.

Mrs. Eugene Moffitt says some things in the following which should attract some attention:

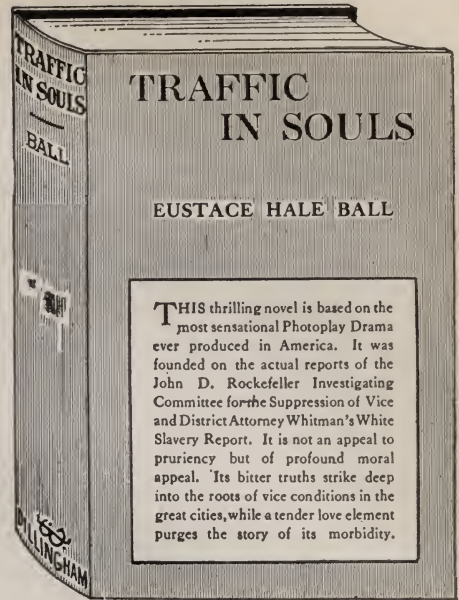
You have invited criticism and I am going to take you at your word, having your sincerest interest at heart. Why do you have so many tramp films?

About seven of "our crowd" of girls went to a picture place yesterday and got up and came out. "The Tramp Dentist" was on. Disgusting from start to finish.

Mr. Howard (showman) asked why we came out. We told him and asked why he had so many tramp stories. He said: "Some people like them. We have to cater to all sorts of taste," etc.

You, then, are catering to vulgar taste. Why not elevate such taste, not encourage it?

The best and most refined people of the land, old people, children and ministers, lawyers and physicians, visit, encourage, nay, love, you and your charming people. Why put them thru twenty minutes of nausea and disgust catering to your lowest patrons? I write not only of my own desire, but all "my crowd" of girls asked me to. I heard those girls tell Mr. Howard if they ever had to sit thru such a film again they'd not come there any more. Now, we represent the leading society of this town, so I trust you will give this a thought.



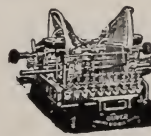
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This powerful story is illustrated with photographic scenes from the play. Popular price, cloth-bound edition, by mail 60 cents. Special terms to Motion Picture Exhibitors.

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Most of the high-class, well-regulated Motion Picture theaters (both Independent and Licensed) keep this magazine on sale for the convenience of their patrons. If it is not handy for you to buy from your news-dealer, please ask the girl in the box-office to supply you every month. The magazine should be on sale at all theaters on the 15th of each month.

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WANTED Pianist to send for my 50-page booklet, "What and How to Play for Pictures." Price \$1.00, or send for sample leaf. **E. A. AHERN - Twin Falls, Idaho**

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS WANTED. Send us your scenarios. We sell them. We have big demands for all kinds. For \$1.00 we will examine and arrange your scenario in correct form and place it with our regular companies for their acceptance. Always enclose stamped return envelope. Send it now, and you may receive a check for \$25.00 or \$50.00 within a few days. **SCENARIO SALES CO., Mansfield, O.**

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 Report news, names, etc., to us We have established markets. No canvassing. Enclose stamp.
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THE PERFECTION EXTENSION SHOE for any person with one short limb. No more unsightly cork soles, irons, etc., needed. Worn with ready-made shoes. Shipped on trial. Write for booklet. HENRY O. LOTZ, 313 Third Ave., N. Y.

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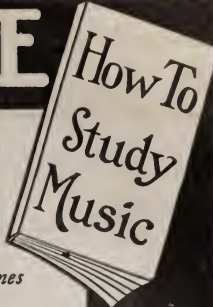
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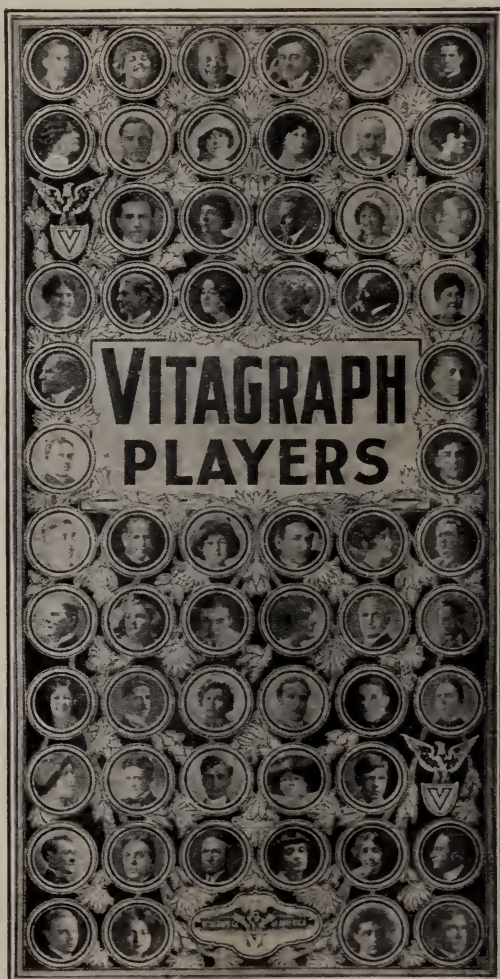
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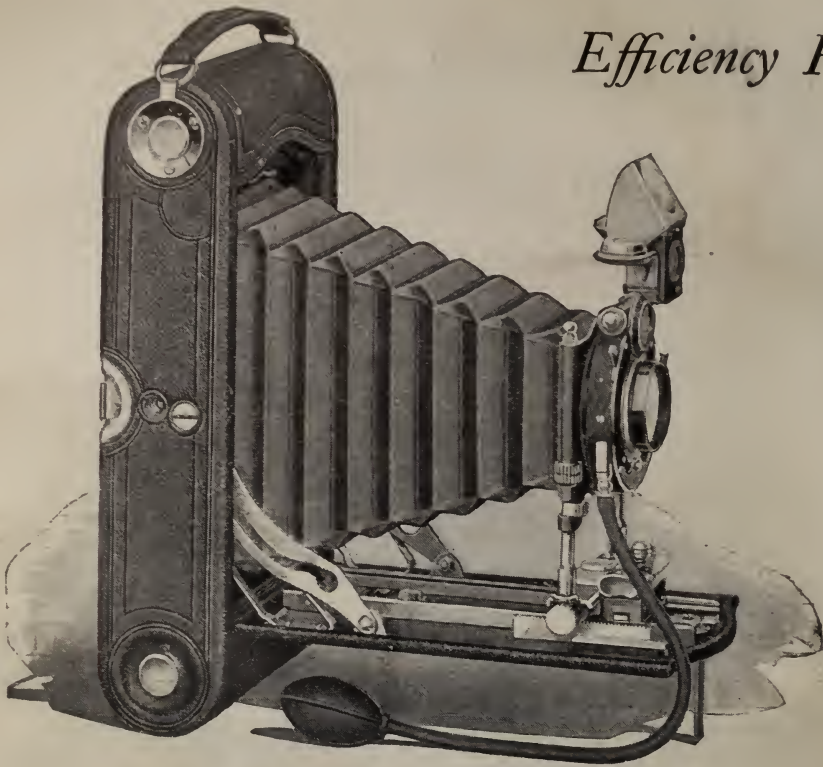
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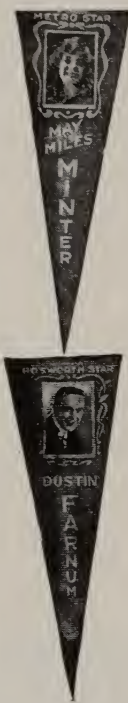
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Guide to the Theaters

Plays That Are Worth While at the New York Theaters

By "JUNIOUS"

(Readers in distant cities will do well to preserve this list for reference when these plays appear in their vicinity)

Astor.—"Cohan Revue." Wonderfully clever musical burlesque of the popular plays of the season, done by thoroly competent players.

Belasco.—"The Boomerang." One of the most popular comedies of the season. Entertaining and laughable thruout, exquisitely acted and wonderfully produced—it runs along like the works of a fine watch.

Elttinge.—"Fair and Warmer." One of the best farces that New York has seen in years. Full of amusing situations thruout, and a laugh in every line, but it is not the play for Sunday-school children to see.

Harris.—"Hit the Trail Holliday." A farce dealing with small-town folks, featuring Fred Niblo in a sort of Billy Sunday character, who becomes a spectacular temperance lecturer. A trifle old-fashioned, but it seems to be popular.

New Amsterdam (Roof).—Ziegfeld Danse de Follies—the show-place of New York after midnight—offering a program of far above the average quality. Good music, excellent artists, and a multitude of pretty girls. Plenty of space for those wishing to dance, and well-arranged tables for the lookers-on.

Lyric.—"Katinka." An amusing, tuneful operetta of the conventional kind. It is enjoying a long run.

Columbia.—"Hello, New York." A typical New York, girl-and-music burlesque that does not leave much to the imagination.

Hudson.—"The Cinderella Man." A charming, romantic comedy, intensely interesting and remarkably well done. One of the hits of the season.

Cort.—"Molly O." An operetta in two acts with catchy music, bright lines, new features, old jokes, a good company and some pretty girls.

Liberty.—"Sybil." A musical comedy of real merit, featuring Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and the famous laugh-maker, Joseph Cawthorn. Entitled to, and is enjoying a long run.

Gaiety.—"Macbeth." Photoplay reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

Cohan's.—"Pcm-Pom." An excellent comic opera founded on a new and clever theme, and capitially done by Mitzi and a fine company, including Tom McNaughton, who is one of the funniest comedians of the season.

Liberty.—"The Fall of a Nation." Photoplay of the origin and destiny of our republic. See Review in this issue.

Criterion.—"Civilization." Thos. Ince photoplay spectacle of the highest order, preaching peace. See Review in this issue.



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TO satisfy a growing demand, the Photoplay Clearing House department of this magazine has opened a **Technical Department** dedicated to the service of our readers.

All questions regarding the production of photoplays, Motion Picture supply houses and other technical details will be answered when a stamped, addressed envelope is sent for reply.

In some cases, and when occasion demands, we will make investigations and act as purchasing agent for out-of-town parties. (All other questions as to scenarios, plays and players, etc., should be addressed to the proper departments announced elsewhere.)

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GUIDE TO THE THEATERS

Globe.—“Gloria’s Romance.” Photoplay serial featuring Billie Burke. See Review in this issue.

Strand.—Photoplays. Program changes every week.

Rialto.—Photoplays. Program changes every week.

Loew’s N. Y.—Photoplays. Program changes every week.

Loew’s American Roof.—Photoplays. Program changes every week.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

“Civilization” (Thomas H. Ince).—One of the strongest links in the cycle of super-features dealing with “America, her right to live.” Unlike “The Battle Cry of Peace” and “The Birth of a Nation,” “Civilization” is an argument for disarmament. In a thinly veiled disguise the present European war is reviewed: its cause, its bloody career, its effect. Ince paints with an inspired and mighty brush and his argument is always kept in the background by the scope and power of his fancy. “Civilization” is more than the *magnum opus* of a great director, a skilled producer, a powerful preacher—it is the passionate, feeling, human breath of a master poet. Handicapped with a mediocre cast and a partisan text, Ince has so handled his effects and story, his characters and their emotions, that the living, breathing whole is a photoplay of convincing beauty. In many respects it is the finest thing that has yet been done, rivaling, if not surpassing, “The Birth of a Nation,” “Cabiria” and all the other super-features.

“Pasquale” (Morosco), featuring George Beban, is the story of a simple-hearted Italian grocer whose life is devoted to making others happy. Excellent atmosphere and effective comparison of the wholesome pleasures of the middle class and the gayeties of the smart set, while we find the cruel worm preying at the heart of the rose in each class. In places “Pasquale” brings the lump to one’s throat, proving the potency of its appeal.

“The Feast of Life” (Paragon-World) is picturesquely set in the Spanish atmosphere of Cuba. The story is replete with heartache for the poor, mismatched, young characters. The theme might justly be called: When love calls, youth answers.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

Clara K. Young makes the play a picture of living, breathing, passionate grace.

"Sweet Kitty Bellairs" (Lasky).—A romantic drama, introducing the fascinating Mae Murray successfully to the movie world. The costuming is beautiful, the powdered hair and gallant manners of the time as charming as in "My Lady's Slipper," and the story is entertaining every inch of the way. Tom Forman again endears himself to all as the bashful suitor of lovely Kitty.

"Susan Rocks the Boat" (Fine Arts).—Rather a wearisome photoplay, because it moves so slowly. There are by far too many captions, for, be it ever so clever, no one goes to the theater to read the program all evening. Dorothy Gish and Owen Moore are the bright, redeeming features.

"Love's Toll" (Lubin) is the threadbare tale of the country girl betrayed by a rich city chap, renovated and brought to daylight once more. There are some clever touches, as witness the glimpse of the telephone operator grinning sarcastically as she listens to Craven's conversation with his several lady-loves. After Lubin's splendid "Dollars and the Woman," however, "Love's Toll" seems indeed mediocre. Crawford Kent, as Craven, is by far the best thing in it.

"The Primal Lure" (Fine Arts).—A beautifully photographed drama which takes place during the palmy days of the Hudson Bay Company. An intensely interesting story of swift suspicion, ready accusation and Indian warfare, woven about the lives of an equally brave man and woman. William S. Hart is at his best and Marjory Wilson is very attractive; indeed, could we have overlooked the emotional heaving of her breast and seen only the expressions of her face, we should have said she is indeed worthy to be Hart's opposite.

"His Bitter Bill" (Keystone), the usual comedy, noteworthy only because of the remarkable riding exhibited by Mack Swain.

"A Gutter Magdalene" (Lasky).—Rather unpleasant melodrama. Almost too realistic scenes in the Bowery, as, for instance, the small child eating old refuse.



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Most of these great players, and most of the others, have already made their appearance on the screen, and every one of them has made stage history, as many of them are now making Motion Picture history.

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THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.
175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

Fanny Ward and Jack Dean are interesting in the leading rôles.

"Blazing Love" (Fox).—Featuring Virginia Pearson; written by Mary Murillo. The keynote of Fox production is very evident in this play—viz., contrast. A story dealing with the tragedy of a young woman married to an old man, who, realizing his wife's unhappiness, arranges for his own death and that of the villain's. Some clever touches of comedy thruout the story tend to emphasize the more dramatic situations. Photography and direction good.

"The Fall of a Nation" (Thos. Dixon).—Intended as a companion and rival of "The Birth of a Nation," this play not only falls far short of the mark, but it even fails to rise to the heights of the average photoplay. While the battle scenes are remarkable, they are unintelligible and meaningless. Some of the serious subtitles were laughable; and numerous incidents, intended as light "touches," tended to make the spectacle even more laughable, if not tiresome. There will be those who will like this play, but they will not like the music.

"Gloria's Romance" (Kleine).—A serial, featuring Billie Burke, who is the only thing that saves it. It has little else to recommend it, but Miss Burke is quite enough.

"Into the Primitive" (Selig).—Intended for a drama, it turns out to be a very entertaining comedy. Devoid of all "atmosphere" suggestive of the perils of the sea, of the horrors of the jungle and of the fears and deprivations of the shipwrecked, it is still good. There are only three characters, Kathlyn Williams, Harry Lonsdale and Guy Oliver (to say nothing of a whole menagerie of animals), and all do well.

"The Eye of God" (Blue Bird).—A strong, gripping melodrama done by Lois Weber, who also plays an important part in it, sharing the honors with Tyrone Powers, who does one of the best pieces of character work seen for many a moon. The worst of us will hesitate long before committing a crime after seeing this vivid example of an accusing conscience's power. Photography fine.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"Tangled Hearts."—Here is another Blue Bird release, featuring Louise Lovely, and which goes to prove that one company can produce poor as well as good plays. The theme and plot of this story are exceedingly tangled indeed and breathe more of farce than the dramatic, domestic situation intended. Photography fair.

"Spellbound" (Knickerbocker).—Featuring Lois Meredith in a very interesting five-reel drama. Photography and scenery are entitled to special mention.

"A \$1,000 Husband" (Lasky).—A rather poor play, but with one redeeming feature—good acting by the popular star, Blanche Sweet. Too many improbable situations.

"Going Straight" (Triangle).—Norma Talmadge showing to good advantage in one of her best endeavors, assisted by Ralph Lewis. Photography excellent and a well-acted drama.

"Police" (Mutual).—Charles Chaplin, of course, in one of his fun-making comedies. Several encounters with the law-marshals are very amusing and give this present-day star full opportunity to portray his several rôles, such as convert—reformed and reformer.

"The Destroyers" (Vitagraph).—A fairly good play, with an entirely new set of faces. This is one of the first big features to come from the Bayshore studio, altho most of it was done in the Adirondacks. Lucille Lee Stewart and the rest of the cast are all acceptable. Some very pretty snow scenes in this play, and it is a pity that all of the photography was not equally good.

"The Mysteries of Myra" (International-Wharton).—A serial with an absurd plot and founded on a silly impossibility. It encourages belief in the occult, supernatural and superstitious, and hence will not help to raise the standard of photoplay. However, as a lurid melodrama of the rankest kind, it compares favorably with "The Iron Claw" and most of the other serials.

"Macbeth" (Reliance).—Verily murder has been admitted to the fine arts in this consummate production. Lovers of Shakespeare will see much in the photo-spectacle that the spoken tragedy must miss—the gorgeous coronation of Macbeth; the mid-

(Continued on page 172)



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The Twenty Greatest of Filmdom

By ROBERT GRAU

In the May issue of this magazine, th's eminent authority named the Twenty Greatest names in Picture Land, and the article has been widely copied and criticised. Mr. Grau has been forced to change his opinion somewhat, due principally to subsequent events. He has changed things around and he has found it necessary to add five more names to this remarkable

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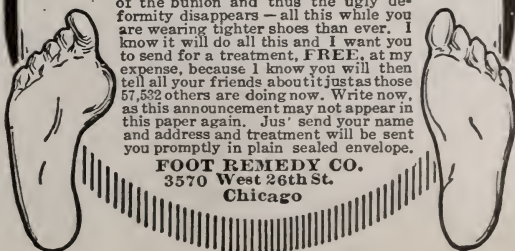
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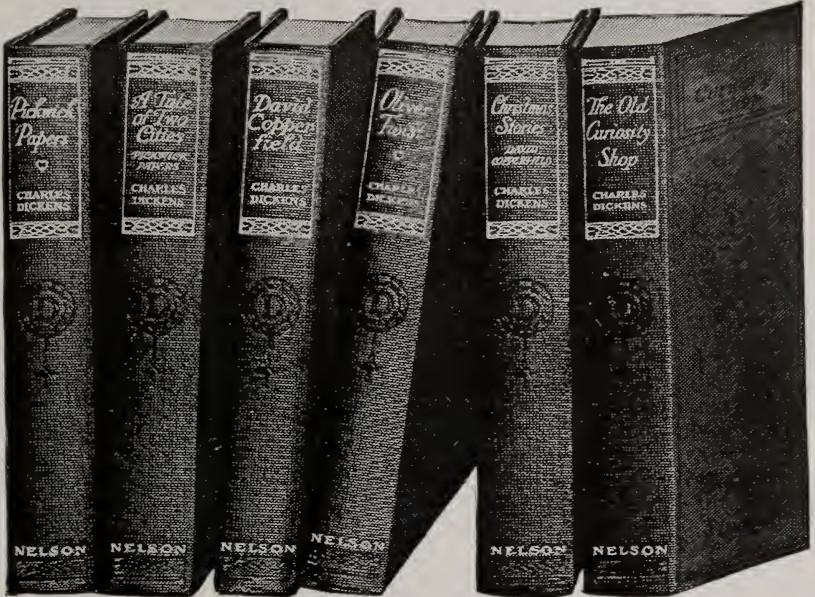
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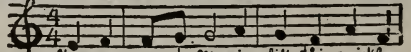


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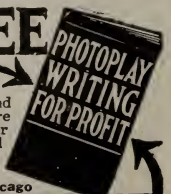
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Why Aren't Stenographers Better Paid?

By GEORGE D. BATES

DID you ever stop to think how important is the part the stenographer plays in modern business?

Suppose the stenographers of this country—there are over 100,000 of them—were to go on a strike to-morrow! Can you conceive the effect? Business would be paralyzed. Everywhere there would result hopeless confusion and delay—tremendous losses. The truth is that, in the conduct of modern business, the stenographer is absolutely essential.

Why is it, then, that the majority of them are so poorly paid? Why is it that the average stenographer, who is so vital a factor in business, makes only \$8 to \$15 weekly? To find the answer, we must go back to the reason for the invention of the typewriter itself.

Typewriters were invented to meet the need for greater transcribing ability—to provide a means of reducing the cost of correspondence, and of saving time. At first, any stenographer and typist could command a big salary, because almost any kind of operator could beat the old-fashioned long-hand. But soon there were many operators, and the law of supply and demand cut the average stenographer's salary to a mere pittance.

But just as the first typists years ago were able to command high wages, so now those who can write proportionately faster than the average can still command the big salaries. For the same demand exists to-day which caused the invention of the typewriter itself. What employers are seeking is greater transcribing capacity—real efficiency in producing finished work.

The average stenographer typewrites from thirty to fifty words a minute, and draws anywhere from \$8 to \$15 a week salary. The trained expert writes eighty to one hundred words a minute, and draws \$25, \$35, and even \$40 weekly. And employers are glad to pay the higher wage, because they find it is genuine economy to do so.

The trouble in the past, from the stenographer's standpoint, has been that there was no successful method of securing high speed and accuracy in typewriting. It remained for R. E. Tulloss, who was one of the pioneers in developing the "touch system," and who is known the country over as among the greatest typewriting authorities of the present day, recently to invent a New Way in Typewriting—a method which enables any stenographer to write eighty to one hundred words a

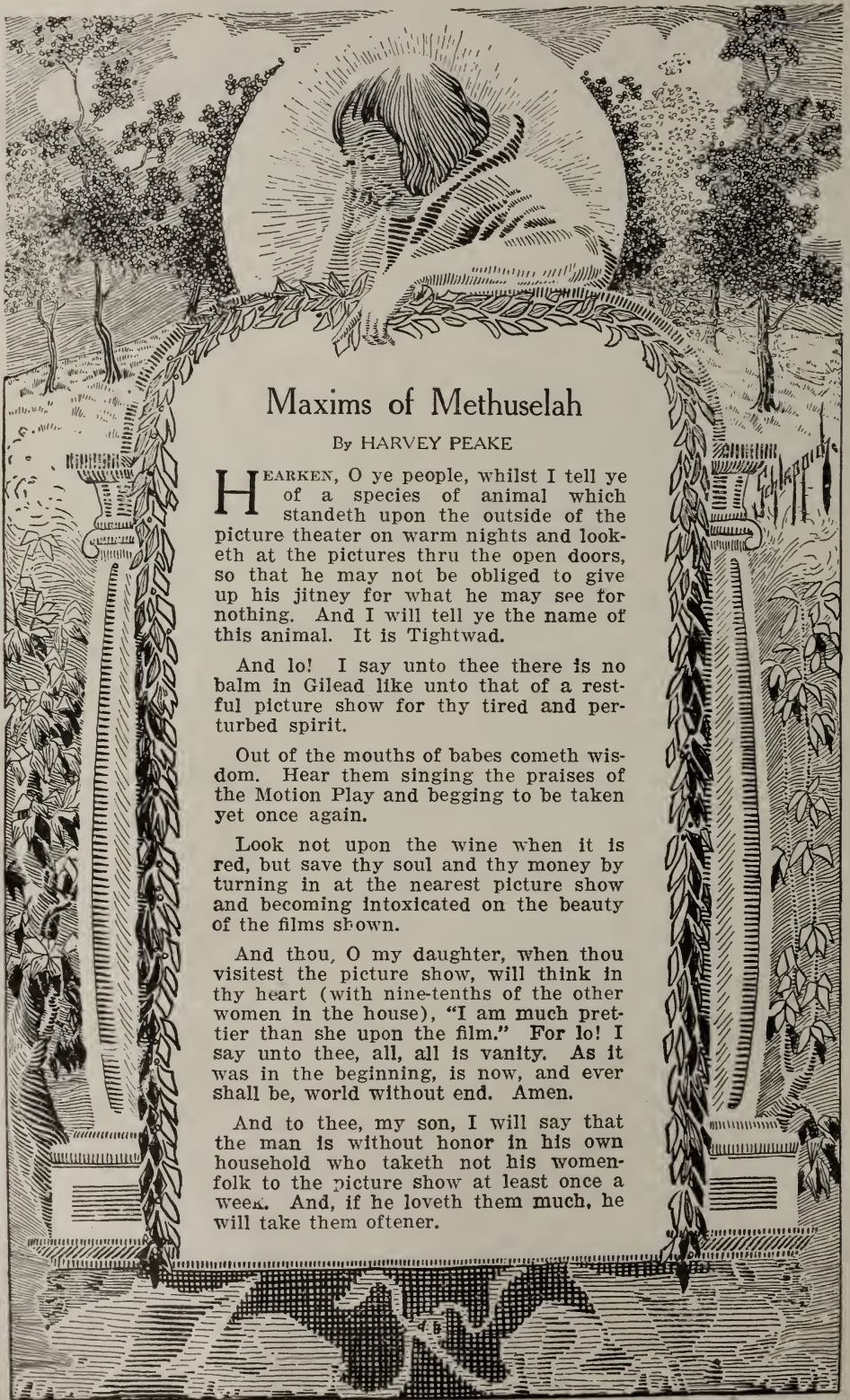
minute. Already thousands of stenographers have adopted the new method, with results bordering almost on the miraculous. Many of them were so-called "touch writers"; others, after years of fruitless effort, had practically given up hope of ever attaining more than merely average ability; many had taken other courses, with no marked increase in speed—yet, practically without exception, they all have developed the remarkable speed of eighty to one hundred *accurate* words a minute—and have joined the high-salaried experts.

They have been able to do this because this new way is based upon a radically different idea—an idea which, in musical training, goes back to the great old masters of Europe, but which is entirely new in its application to typewriting.

Mr. Tulloss says that the reason most stenographers can't typewrite faster is simply because their fingers have never been trained to be dextrous and nimble—as, of course, they must be in order to write easily at high speed. He says that if it is important to train the fingers gymnastically for piano-playing, it is doubly essential to train them in this way for the typewriter. So he has developed a system of gymnastic finger-exercises to be practiced away from the machine, which authorities say is the greatest step since the invention of the typewriter itself. In actual use it is producing results in *days* which ordinary methods have never been able to produce even in months of steady practice. The resultant salary-increases have been exactly in accordance with facts stated above—the high speed reached has quickly brought salaries of \$25, \$30, and even \$40 weekly. Mr. Tulloss has hundreds of letters, written by students, which prove this beyond the possibility of question.

Mr. Tulloss has written a very interesting 48-page book called "The New Way in Typewriting," which explains his wonderful system in detail, and tells how he is teaching it direct by mail to students in every part of the country. A copy of this book will be mailed free to any reader of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, if 4 cents in stamps is included to cover postage, etc., provided the request is made promptly to the Tulloss School, 5108 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio.

If you are in any way interested in this latest development of the typewriting situation, which is bringing big pay and new opportunities to thousands of formerly underpaid stenographers, I can only urge you to send for this book to-day.



Maxims of Methuselah

By HARVEY PEAKE

HEARKEN, O ye people, whilst I tell ye of a species of animal which standeth upon the outside of the picture theater on warm nights and looketh at the pictures thru the open doors, so that he may not be obliged to give up his jitney for what he may see for nothing. And I will tell ye the name of this animal. It is Tightwad.

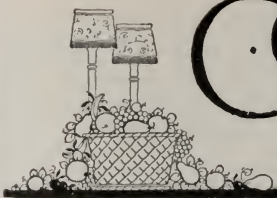
And lo! I say unto thee there is no balm in Gilead like unto that of a restful picture show for thy tired and perturbed spirit.

Out of the mouths of babes cometh wisdom. Hear them singing the praises of the Motion Play and begging to be taken yet once again.

Look not upon the wine when it is red, but save thy soul and thy money by turning in at the nearest picture show and becoming intoxicated on the beauty of the films shown.

And thou, O my daughter, when thou visitest the picture show, will think in thy heart (with nine-tenths of the other women in the house), "I am much prettier than she upon the film." For lo! I say unto thee, all, all is vanity. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

And to thee, my son, I will say that the man is without honor in his own household who taketh not his women-folk to the picture show at least once a week. And, if he loveth them much, he will take them oftener.



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Tear out this illustration of the cake as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's today.



GALLERY OF PICTURE PLAYERS



HELEN GIBSON
The Kalem "Hazards of Helen" Girl



VIVIAN RICH (American)



HILDA HOLLES (Signal)



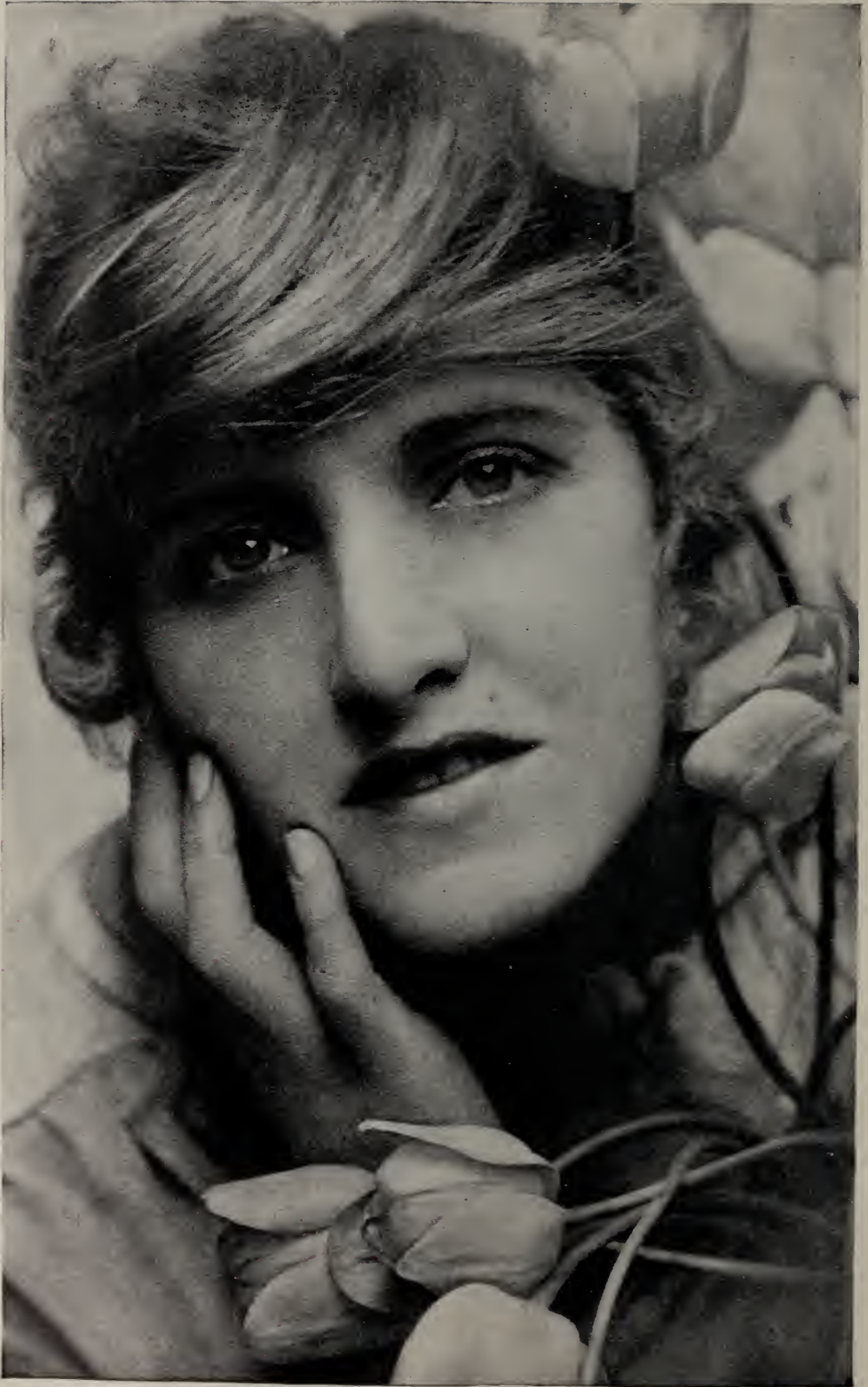
Photo by Apeda

DOROTHY GISH (Triangle)



Photo by Hartsook

ROBERT HARRON
(Fine Arts)



IVY CLOSE (Kalem's New English Beauty)



JACK STANDING (N. Y. M. P. Co.)



FRITZI BRUNETTE
(Selig)



ALICE JOYCE (Vitagraph)



Photo by Witzel

WILLIAM CLIFFORD (Horsley)



Photo by Witzel

JACK PICKFORD (World)



Photo by De Gaston

J. WARREN KERRIGAN (Universal)

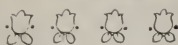


JUANITA HANSEN (American)



Photo by Bangs

HARRIS GORDON (Thanouser)



A



Son of the Immortals.

By Dorothy Donniss

~ Universal ~

PARIS, in the late morning sunlight, shone vivid of hue: bright blue of the heavens, pricked by the Eiffel Tower; bright green of the lime-trees rustling over the sidewalk café; bright gold of the dome of the Invalides in the distance—Paris, the old-young city with the knowing eyes of age and the fresh

cheek of perennial youth. Over their matutinal coffee and rusks the three men about one of Louis' spidery tables regarded the day from three totally different angles. The eldest, Prince Michael Delgrado—yellowish-white of hair and mustache, yellowish-blue of eye, yellowish pink of skin—scowled at the gay

spangle of sunshine, and turned to his Figaro with the impatience of one more accustomed to midnight electricity than midday illumination.

"Un absinthe, Louis!"

The agile waiter bounded to his side with the pale-green liquid, smirking, bowing. A good patron, Prince Michael—honored in every café in Paris; one of the best-dressed men on the boulevards, *ma foi!*

"Et vous, monsieur; vous desirez?"

"Rien, Louis." The youngest member of the group got to his feet with a bound that nearly overturned the table, tossed the crumbled remnant of his roll to a flock of sparrows gossiping in the gutter, and brought a friendly hand down upon the shoulder of the fat little frock-coated individual beside him with a blow that set his beaming smile quivering all over the puffy billows of his face like shaken jelly.

"I'm for a walk, Felix," he announced; "come along with me. Where's your soul, you benighted Falstaff? Smell the sunshine; it's flavored with the same essence of roses and honey that set Marie Antoinette a-dairymaiding! The tulips in the Luxembourg are out, the chestnut trees of the Blois are flowering, and we sit here like a trio of old grannies over our tea-cups. Pah! Come along!"

Felix Poluski, whose status was somewhere between that of a valet and a tutor to the young Prince Alexis, stole a wistful glance at his comfortable breakfast, and rose, stifling a sigh. He adored his tall, handsome young master with all his doggish soul, but, like an old dog, and a fat one, he preferred to sit dozing in the sunshine to panting breathlessly thru the Paris streets at Alexis' swinging heels. But a pleasing reflection twinkled in his small eyes—the Luxembourg, the Blois, indeed! That was for the benefit of old Michael. Did he, Felix, not know, after a month's experience, that the Latin Quarter and none else would be the goal of their excursion? And—*merci à Dieu!*—the Latin Quarter was not far away—the Seine, holding the sky's own face in its clear blue deeps; the Madeleine of the jeweled windows; and then the twisting, malodorous old Quarter, with its wine-shop on the corner opposite L'Ecole

des Arts, where Felix had dozed many a pleasant hour away over a wicker bottle of red wine, while Alexis chatted with pretty Mlle. L'Americaine. There was a pleasant spice of the adventurous in the excursions, also, furnished by the reflection of Prince Michael's weak and noisy fury, if he knew his son's escapade.

Felix shrugged his fat shoulders as he puffed, a half-pace behind Alexis.

"Poof!" he thought—"shall not youth have its pretty *affaires de cœur* as well as age? Madame, the Princess, is charmingly uncurious as to her husband's little peccadilloes; a model wife, truly! How can the gay old one censure his son? *Ah! jeunesse, quelle heureuse!*"

"Felix! Wake up, my sleeping beauty!" Alexis was shaking one plump arm vigorously. "I want to have a heart-to-heart talk with you."

Something in the young man's tone caused the tutor to eye him wonderingly, his fatuous smile slipping askew. It was a frank and manly young face, with its frame of wavy dark hair and its grim jaw and chin lines that had not been inherited from his father—a face that appealed to the trust of men and the maternal instinct of women. Just now the pink boy-skin was drawn a bit tightly over its bones with the set of his jaw. Alexis was tremendously in earnest over something.

"Felix—I—er—that is—well—hang it all!" he blurted. "To come straight to the point, I'm in love, Felix—in love. D'you hear, Poluski?" Felix's small eyes began to disappear behind a voluminous smile. Somewhere under his waistcoat a chuckle rolled up, richly. With a fat forefinger he prodded Alexis' ribs.

"Naughty! naughty!" wheezed Felix. "Tut! tut! you sly dog—hee! hee—!" The titter broke off in a gasp, for Alexis had placed a hand in no gentle fashion over his tutor's mouth.

"Nothing of that sort, Felix!" he said sternly; "you dont appear to have my meaning at all. I'm going to be married—that is, I hope I'm going to be. I haven't asked her yet, but I think"—a blush swept to the roots of his hair—"I think she wont refuse."

"Married! Refuse! *Mon Dieu!*"

gasped the tutor in real alarm. "Tell me—it is *not* one of those models, *ces mannequins*, my Alexis? I implore——"

"No, no; it is Joan Cameron, an American girl," said the boy, eyes kindling. "Oh, Felix, she is the prettiest, the sweetest, the cleverest, the truest, the dearest, the most enchanting! Her hair, her eyes, her dimples——" he broke off, gasping for breath. Felix, staring, saw his hand was shaking. *Quel honneur!*

"Ah, *mon fils*," he cried, still smiling from unctuous habit, but tragic of tone, "what folly have you done? An American! A girl without family, or birth, or standing, or even money!"

Even royalty sometimes married for money. Prince Michael himself had done so, but a girl with *nothing—affreux!*

"Listen one moment, my Alexis," panted he; "you are of noble birth—son of the rightful king of Kosnovia! You must not marry beneath you. *Love*—ah, yes, as much as you please, as often as you please, but marriage for one of the Immortals is a different thing!"

"My mother is an American!" Alexis' voice rang like steel. "I am half-American, and proud of it, too! You dont understand, Felix, how I hate this royalty business—this toadying to birth and breed! In America every one is born a king or queen! Joan is a thousand times finer and truer and nobler than—Countess Makotin, for instance, whom my father seems to admire so much!"

"But one who is not *born—non, non, jamais!*" muttered Felix, helplessly. It was one of the constant perplexities of his drowsy brain that Alexis, son of a king—altho an unthroned one—held such common, democratic notions. He spoke to waiters and cabmen as tho they were human beings instead of waiters and cabmen; he had once seen him take off his hat to a flower-girl he had jostled, and now he was speaking of marrying a laundress, or perhaps a governess! *Tiens!* she was an American—it was all the same!

"And, anyhow, my father is *not* the king of anything," reminded Alexis. "A jolly good thing, too, that Uncle Theodore grabbed the throne. Joy of it to him, say I! A silk hat fits my father better than a crown." His tone grew

bitter, as it generally did when speaking of Prince Michael. "Here we are now, Felix. Buy yourself a bottle of wine—there's a good fellow!—and wish me luck with the loveliest lady in the world!"

The slender girl before the easel in the deserted atelier sprang to her feet at Alexis' approach. She was short and delicately rounded, with a face all delicious curves and flower-tints; not quite a woman—a little more than a girl, in that evanescent, half-blown period between flight and capture, when a woman is most beautiful. She had lips like a kiss before it is given and eyes that had not been deepened by tears. When she saw the look on the boy's face, her breast rose sharply, and a slow color crept to her white forehead. In a panic, she tried to laugh naturally, to say something light and careless, but he strode in two steps across the floor and caught her slender wrists in his hands.

"Joan," said Alexis, gravely—"Joan, you know, dont you, dear, that I love you?"

"Oh!" said the girl, faintly, and tried to draw away, "you must not—I must not let you. Have you forgotten that you are a prince? If you have any pity, any mercy, let me go!"

For she, too, did not understand. When he saw that, he took her face between his hands and turned it toward his own.

"My mother is an American, Joan," he said quietly, "and I am my mother's son. I have no love for titles. I want a man's life, a home and work to do, and a wife—*you*, Joan. Tell me you will give me what I want. We will go back to America—that big, free, friendly country, where one man is as good as another and no better, and forget mildewed titles and tarnished crowns. Will you, Joan?"

Ten moments later Felix, humped over the pages of *Le Matin*, still damp and smudgy from the press, looked up, to see a young man grinning idiotically before him.

"She's promised to marry me, Felix!" he babbled; "I'm the happiest man in the world! The loveliest, sweetest, cleverest, truest——" the pean ceased abruptly. The smile faded as he noticed the ex-

pression struggling for a foothold among the pillowy creases of Felix's face. "What is the matter?" he said slowly, with premonition of disaster—"what has happened?"

"You have not seen, then?" Felix pushed the paper forward with loose, aimless gestures of his fat hands, and, in glaring type, Alexis read:

KING AND QUEEN OF KOSNOVIA
SLAIN BY ASSASSIN!

Thought to Be a Member of the
Bloody Seven!

"Uncle Theodore killed!" said Alexis, dully. "Why, then—why, then——"

"Your father is the King!" Felix answered. "You are the Crown Prince, heir to the throne!"

"I wont be! I tell you, I wont be!" Alexis' voice was hoarse. "My God! and I was so happy just now!"

In his apartment, in one of the most luxurious hotels of Paris, Prince Michael at that same moment was saying the same thing. Crouched in an armchair, dissipated, old, yellowish-white head jerking nervously, clawing hands fumbling at his yellowish-white mustache, he was whining, over and over, "I wont be a king—I'm very comfortable as I am. I like Paris; the air agrees with me; why should I go back to a d—d, ungrateful country for the first fool with a grievance to take a shot at? I tell you, I dont *want* to be a king?"

"But your duty," the woman beside him murmured softly. "My Prince, your people are calling you. Stampoff will be here tomorrow to tell you so. You cannot refuse."

Under her long lashes, her eyes were hard and watchful, with flames in their pupils. Countess Makotin had waited a long while for her triumph. She did not mean to lose it now, and yet, this doddering old coward, suppose she could not cajole and flatter him into playing puppet king, with Stampoff and herself to pull the strings?

In the background another woman, sad-eyed, pale, sat quietly looking out of the window, over her folded hands. She was a very unimportant person—only Prince Michael's wife, in fact—a plain,

dowdy figure among the beautiful ladies who were—*not* his wives. She had not counted in his thoughts or plans for twenty years. The presence of the other woman, with her flamboyant, aggressive handsomeness, here in her own home, was an insult, but Princess Delgrado had learnt not to be insulted. It is one of the first lessons of those who marry among the Immortals. Immobile, a little dim, she sat staring down the Avenue de l'Opéra with unseeing eyes. Suddenly life sprang into them; slowly she turned her head, listening.

"Then you must give us—Alexis for our king," the Countess was saying, in her soft, purring syllables. "He is young, of course, but he could learn. General Stampoff could teach him——"

She brushed a flashing, white hand across her forehead to conceal a smile of triumph at her own cleverness. Alexis, a mere boy, soft, untried, pliable—why had they not thought of Alexis before? He would do even better for their purposes than Michael.

"Alexis? Not—my son?" The unexpected cry drew their eyes to the slender figure by the window. Alexis' mother had risen—was clinging to her chair for support. "You would never send *him* to Kosnovia? No—no——"

Prince Michael laughed shrilly, evilly, significant. He rose and walked, a bit shakily, over to his wife and bowed a deep, ironical bow.

"*Your* son, madam?" he chuckled. "But you will not deny that he is also *my* son, and, as my son, it is very fitting that he should take my place on the throne of my fathers. Not another word, madam. Alexis goes to Kosnovia with Stampoff tomorrow."

And so it came about that the next afternoon a white-faced young man, in uniform, stood in an atelier in the Latin Quarter of Paris, bidding a white-faced girl good-by. In the background, discreetly out of range of the Prince's vision, but near enough for eavesdropping, stood General Paul Stampoff, of the army of Kosnovia, and Countess Makotin, his mistress, like vultures hovering above their prey.

"You must not think that I do not understand," said Joan, quietly, not meet-



ALEXIS SETS OUT TO BECOME KING

ing his eyes; "you must not be sorry that you told me that you loved me. I am glad—*glad*. I shall have that to remember all my life. And above all, Alexis"—she tried to twist her lips into a smile—"you must forget me. You are going to be a king, and it will hurt you just a little at first, but you will forget and marry some one of your own rank."

"Never! I swear it," Alexis groaned. "Forget *you*? Why, you're a part of me! I could no more forget you than I could forget to breathe! Dear, do you think I am going to let this make any difference? If I thought it would, I would not go to Kosnovia. I'd say, 'Devil take crowns and kingdoms; I'll none of them!'"

He drew her to him, holding her, hungrily, so close she could feel his heart pounding beneath her cheek. "I'm going now because I've got to, but I'm coming back. And then, if it has to be—if it looks as tho being a king were my job, whether I like it or no—we'll rule together, sweetheart. And now kiss me, my dear love—enough to last till we meet again!"

"Till we meet again," she whispered, and gave him her lips that were the shape

of a kiss. She would not let the tears fall to sadden his going; she even managed a smile for him to carry with him into the new, strange life that seemed so far away.

But when the door closed behind his tall, gallant young figure, she let the mask of bravery slip, and, sitting in the great, empty atelier that still echoed to his words, she wept very quietly and hopelessly, as one who has watched something very precious die.

"He will never come back!" she said—"never! They will not let him even if he wished—those two. He will be a great king, and, dear God"—slipping to her knees—"let him be happy, and, dear God, let him be good, and, dear God, let him forget me—" The soft, dark head went down, desolately, on her arms. "No, no—not *that*," she wept, "but if he remembers, let it make him strong to do right things."

In Kosnovia the populace, wary and suspicious, cheered sullenly as their new king rode by to his crowning. They liked the smile he gave them and the boyish way he waved his plumed hat in response to their cries, but they had seen

other kings who smiled and bowed and taxed them out of house and home, so they bided their decision.

Alexis felt a little awe when the crown was set on his bowed head, and yet it seemed, strangely enough, to stifle him. The old, outworn traditions of king-

"People of Kosnovia," the voice of the young king rang out like a trumpet—the trumpet that brought down the walls of Jericho—"you have just made me your king as your fathers made my fathers king. But as years pass, words, like all other things, change their meanings—



KING ALEXIS IS RECEIVED WITH ALL DUE FORMALITIES

ship, the shackling conventionalities, the dreary forms of his new office, clashed with his young beliefs and principles. To the amazed disquietude of Stampoff, as he unbent his humble backbone from saluting his new sovereign's hand, he saw the king push aside his ceremonial robe impatiently and descend from his throne, facing the crowd.

grow. I take kingship to mean a very different thing from what it meant once. In my eyes it means service. Today you have made me your servant, your helper, your advisor—I hope, your friend. God, who makes us all, sees us all alike, whether we work in the fields, or in the shops, or in palaces. It is not the work that makes a man great or little, but the

way he does it—I, my work; you, yours. I expect you to help me with my work; I hope I may help you with your work. It is only by acting together—not for our

flattened on the gray, carved arches of the old cathedral. Under cover of it, Stampoff, scowling fiercely, thrust his



"DIEU! HE IS TOO
YOUNG, TOO GAL-
LANT TO DIE!"
(PAGE 43)

own interests, but for each other's, that we can be of use to the world. Will you help me, brothers—not to rule you, for I hold only God can do that, but to help you as a man, not as a king?"

For an awed moment there was silence, then a murmur that rose to a shout that

face close to the Countess' waiting ear. "A fine king you have furnished me," he muttered. "Where did you get this ranting socialist, my dear—from a pul-

pit? Faugh! the puling young fool has set them all by the ears. It will take the devil's labor to beat them to their places. Listen to the yelping pack! They will be at our throats if we dont muzzle him."

"How was I to know?" she stormed, pale with fury. "The downy-faced *garçon*! I thought he would be dough in our fingers. Ah, well," she smiled unpleasantly, "if need be, you can pull his sting as you pulled Theodore's."

Within a week Stampoff was at his wits' end. There was not a single tradition of etiquette, not an observance of royalty that the young king had not gaily set aside. He treated him, Stampoff, the most powerful man in the kingdom, with the same familiarity that he showed to Felix, the fat, vulgar little tutor he had brought with him from Paris; he insisted upon riding, unattended, about the countryside; talked freely with every one he met; even—horror upon horrors—danced in the public square of a neighboring village with a common, bare-foot, peasant girl, whose thick skin and plain face had denied her other partners. And, worst of all, he was rapidly becoming the hero and idol of Kosnovia! Clearly, something must be done.

Countess Makotin, idling over some letters in her drawing-room that smelt of patchouli and pomade and dusty, velvet draperies, was actually terrified at his fury, as Stampoff broke in upon her a month after the coronation.

"A thousand curses on him!" he snarled, casting his plumed hat violently to the floor. "It is not to be endured! What do you think our fine young king has done now? Ordered the assassins of Theodore to be hanged! Members of my own regiment, the 'Bloody Seventh!' It is insufferab! —" He ground his teeth, then suddenly seized the Countess' shoulder in such a grip that she shrieked.

"The doddering old Michael must come to Kosnovia!" he snarled. "He shall find a vacant throne, I promise you! That will be my part; yours is to bring Michael here. You are a pretty woman—a d—d pretty woman, and I love you—oh, yes, as the devil loved But Judas!



THE DOOR BEHIND

see that you do not bungle again, my love, or I'll find a hempen necklace for your white throat, trust me!"

"That will be easy," she retorted scornfully. "Michael will be here within the week."

It was not at all part of the affable Countess' plan to include Princess

Delgrado in her party of visitors, but, for once, the vague, sad-faced woman, passive under the heaped-up insults of twenty years, asserted herself and insisted upon coming.

"I am his mother," she said colorlessly; "you had better not refuse me this, Michael."

Under the dead tones of her voice smouldered the embers of an old passion that made the evil Prince lower his jaundiced eyes.

"Very well, madam," he had agreed, with an



THEM CRASHED OPEN

attempt at jauntiness—"allons nous voir notre fils."

With her the Princess brought her maid, a veiled, silent creature who spoke not a word on the journey and disappeared at once when the palace was reached. A palpitating Felix met Michael, drawing him aside at the first opportunity into a sheltered spot in the

gardens set with the trappings of tea. "The King is with his mother, your highness," he stuttered. "He will join us presently. *Mon Dieu, quel temps! Il est l'idol de la pays!* They worship him! They adore him!"

"So?" Prince Michael's small, mean eyes glowed malignantly. He had not counted on there being any glory in being a king. Sudden jealousy assailed his wizened little soul. His lips flattened to a thin line. "Giving himself airs, is he?"

The young whelp! He's forgotten that I can turn him out of his borrowed power whenever I want to!"

"The people would not allow it," said Felix, bluntly. Michael's face purpled. He brought a tottering fist down upon the tea-tray and got upon wavery legs.

"We'll see about that!" he shrilled. "I could tell the young fool a pretty tale if I chose—a monstrous, juicy tale—"

Thru the bushes, crashing across the senile triumph of Michael's threat, sprang a girl in a peasant's costume, a girl with thick, ugly features and dull skin. Prince Michael cast a connoisseur's eye upon her, sniffed, and tottered disgustedly away in quest of Stampoff. The idea of kingship had caught his vanity, and king he would be. There was one weapon in his power, if all others failed—a weapon tipped with the poison of old scandal.

"Monsieur!" gasped the girl, seizing Felix's puffy hands—"listen!

Do not speak; there is no time to lose! There is a plot—I have overheard it—to blow up the palace and kill the King. Stampoff hates him, and the 'Bloody Seventh' will do as Stampoff says. You must get the King away! *Dieu!* he is too young, too gallant to die!"

"Nonsense!" began Felix, heavily—"non—"

"Hark!" The girl held up her hand. In the distance sounded sudden cries and the clash of steel, then the sharp spatter of bullets and a dull, sullen roar. "They are fighting! I rode thru all the near-by towns with the news of the plot, and they have come to save him—his people who

love him! Now do you believe? Oh, go to the palace before it is too late, and make him leave. He has loved us; he has fed us and talked to us and shaken our hands, and they would kill him for it——” She sprang to her feet and snatched a knife from the table, brandishing it above her head. Under her coarse hair her face was lit with a flame. “He danced with me!” she cried. “He shall not die!”

And she was gone. Weakly, Felix found his legs and set them on a jog-trot toward the palace, the din of fighting growing louder in his ears.

“*Mon Dieu!*” he moaned, as he toiled on—“*mille tonneres!* What a dangerous thing to be a king!”

In a room in the palace Alexis and his mother faced each other across unuttered things. The Princess was very white, and her hands clasped and unclasped in odd, spasmodic fashion.

“Alexis,” she began, breathlessly—“Alexis, we may have only a moment to ourselves, and I must tell you something. Kiss me, my son, before I begin, for—oh, God!—you may not want to kiss me afterward!”

Alexis obeyed, wonderingly. Was this his shadowy mother, this palpitant woman with the blazing eyes and vibrant voice?

“He means to tell you—I saw it in his mean, vain soul,” the voice hurried on like water that has beaten thru an obstacle and runs free. “The papers have been full of you—your popularity, your triumphs; they have irked him until he has come to drive you from the throne he placed you on, and he will do it by telling you the truth which his own selfish motives have concealed from you all these years. He needed a son, you know, for the succession, and he wanted freedom to live his scandalous life without interference from me, and so he kept silent, but now you must know. Alexis, you are not Michaël Delgrado’s son!”

It could not be the same woman, Alexis thought dully—this crimson-cheeked, eager-eyed one who was saying these incredible things.

“He never loved me—that is all my justification,” said the Princess, quietly. “He was never, from the first month,

faithful to me. Then one of my countrymen came to Paris, and—I had two months of happiness—two months out of thirty years! Was I wrong, do you think, to snatch them? I was famished for affection—starving, and so you were born. There is none of the sluggish, tainted, black blood of royalty in your veins, Alexis, and”—she touched the golden star of an order on his breast—“you have no right to this, my son.”

“Thank God!” he cried, and tore the tinsel trapping from his coat to toss it contemptuously on the floor. He flung his head back, breathing deeply. “Mother, you have made a free man of me! I am going to Paris now—within the hour—to find Joan.”

“You need not go to Paris,” said the Princess, quietly. She opened a door into an inner room and called “*Chérie!*”

The slender figure of her maid answered, still veiled and hatted. At the sight of her, Alexis took a step forward, holding out shaking arms.

“Joan—is it Joan?”

In an instant the veil was lifted, and the two were in each other’s arms.

“Sweetheart,” he whispered, “you know, then?”

“Everything,” she told him gently. “Your dear mother found me and brought me, so that if you still cared”—he had to stoop to catch the words—“we could be married and go to America, dear, as we planned. And she must go, too. We must be very good to her to make up—with young love—for all these terrible, gray, lean years.”

The door behind them crashed open, and Prince Michael and Stampoff came into the room with the angry ferocity of beaten men. Behind them, rubbing his plump hands, with a glassy smile writhing across his mountainous cheeks, trotted Felix, like a faithful dog that expects a beating. Alexis, still holding Joan close to him, faced them. There was a moment’s silence.

“Well,” said Stampoff, grimly, “your greasy cooks and bottle-washers and bakers have spoken in the terms of smoke and powder and given my boys in uniform a bad drubbing. I have no appetite for martyrdom; therefore I bow to necessity and cry with the smutty pop-

ulace, "God save Alexis the King!" He bowed ironically.

The doddering old creature at his side shot a look of malign fury at Alexis. He had seen enough not to dare the temper of the common people by deposing the popular idol, but his sour spirit sought satisfaction in foul words.

"Stop!" thundered Alexis, with such a dangerous look that the old man

will give up this—ah—young lady. As the King of Kosnovia it will be necessary for you to marry one of your own rank."

Alexis drew his sweetheart closer, and laughed aloud the care-free laugh of the great, eager boy that he would always be.

"You are welcome to your crowns and kingdoms, Prince Michael," he said. "I want none of them. There is little joy



"I WANT THE WHOLE OF GOD'S FREE EARTH . . . AND THE HEART OF THE WOMAN I LOVE"

shriveled into a chair, his yellow skin the pasty color of fear. "I know what you would tell me, and I want to say this: I am this moment every whit as much a king as I was an hour ago!"

"Quite so, your—ah—majesty," said Stampoff, smoothly. "We are all willing to let by-gones be by-gones, and personally I place myself and my Seventh quite at your command. But, of course, you

in a rusty bit of metal that binds the soul, and a few square miles of puppet authority. I am more ambitious than you. I want the whole of God's free earth for my throne, and the whole of God's great sky for my crown—my free arm for a scepter, and for my kingdom"—his kindled look sought the bright face at his side—"the heart of the woman I love."





HENRY WALTHALL
(Essanay)



DOLLY HACKETT
Photo by National



ALICE HOLLISTER
(Kalem)



ANITA STEWART
Photo by Apeda (Vitagraph)

Expressing Em

By SAM J

UNTIL the continued comics and Motion Pictures came into vogue, the expression of the emotions as applied to art was confined almost absolutely to the effect that could be obtained in one set piece or painting.

The effect that was obtained in many cases was marvelous, and that is the reason that these particular paintings or statues, as the case may be, bid fair to last and live as long as life itself.

In the present day, or epoch of art in its various branches, this effect is not striven for to any great extent, and that is one reason why the art work of today is not going to live very long beyond our own day and generation.

We are all more or less emotional beings, and as such instinctively recognize emotion in its various phases in others by its physical effect on the muscles of the face and body. It is an intangible something that governs a good part of our lives and actions, makes us joyful, pleasant characters, or grumps, as the case may be; gives us brainstorm and blues, or sends us to the seventh heaven of delight.

Emotion is often confused with sensation. They are of necessity closely allied, but are not by any means the same. Sensation frequently precedes the emotion and just as frequently follows it. This can be better and more readily understood by illustration. For instance, you see something very sad or touching; the emotion in this case precedes the visible and physical sensation, which is a constriction of the muscles of the throat and larynx to such an extent that you feel choked and are compelled to swallow to relieve the tension. The physical and facial expression of this emotion is caused by the muscles of the face controlling the tear-duct or gland contracting or compressing and raising the inner part of the eyelid and brow to such an extent that tears are forced out of the gland and drop from the inner side of the eye—the visible sign of the sorrowful emotion.

On the other hand, the joyful emotion is also caused by the contraction of this same set of muscles acting in a different direction, and if the emotion is strong enough it has the same effect—the tears flow.

There are upward of a hundred and eighty emotions, classified and distinct, which have been expressed by the face alone, and the actor and actress of today must be well versed in portraying all of them to make success possible. Allowing an attractive personality, they must be able to depict the emotions without "ranting," and this requires the highest art of this nature possible to obtain. This does not take into consideration the various shadings of an emotion, which complicates it in reproduction and makes it more intangible and

ions on the Screen

SCHLAPPICH

harder to classify when expressed separately. It is comparatively easy to identify and classify the coarser and more sensual emotions, such as joy, anger, sorrow, disgust, etc., but the finer ones are so blended and shaded into each other that they almost defy classification, unless by the student of this branch of art, and this applies directly to the actors.

The Stoics were reputed, like our own American Indians, to have their emotions so well under control that they gave no visible facial sign, tho suffering untold tortures. This was a matter of training and will-power. We have it in a modified form in what is known as "the poker face," "baby-stare," etc., meaning merely a blank and expressionless face.

Facial expression, as well as physical expression, invariably go together and should do so. The absence of this is in some cases responsible for the failure of an otherwise good picture or film. Again, there is always the "ranting," which is more burlesque than physical expression, and should always be avoided, as it is always avoidable.

That is why so many of our films and pictures are flat and uninteresting to look at. For instance, I have seen a film-picture of a death-bed scene where several persons were visibly interested and very visibly expressed grief. The director, no doubt, was at fault, but, even so, the sorrow shown on each and every face seemed no more than a good old-fashioned "cry." Now it is hardly within the range of the possible that all the persons gathered at a death-bed would be similarly affected by the demise of any one. The sorrow of a wife would differ from the sorrow of a mother, and childish sorrow is very different from the adult or mature and understanding sorrow, so that with the blending of the various emotions that would affect each individual in a different way the director or artist must be a keen student of human nature and its various expressions, both physical and facial, to be able to do the subject justice. Here is where the real artist and actor shines, and he will study the emotion and individuality of each character thus portrayed, either with action or brush, faithfully, and after the analysis he will insist on it being done just so, and as faithfully. Then, when you look at the picture or film or statue, *you* can feel the emotion, and that is art.

The masters of sculpture in ages past, whose work still lives and is the wonder of today, knew this art and studied it, spending months and even years on a single piece. For exquisite expression—one of the finest, of which you can read the whole story in a single pose and expression—I would



MARGUERITE NICHOLS
(Balboa)



MARY FULLER
Photo. by McClure (Univ'ly)



NORMA TALMADGE
Photo by Floyd (Fine Arts)



JOSEPHINE EARLE
Photo by Floyd (Vitagraph)



POPPY CONNELLY
(Vitagraph)

select "The Dying Gaul"—a piece of sculpture dating back to the period of Attalus of Pergamon, who celebrated his reign by a vigorous war on the Gauls, which crushed their proud spirits into partial submission. Among other records of this was a great group of sculpture erected in Pergamon by the conqueror. The work was done by a company of skilled artisans brought from Greece for this purpose, and the pupils of these men formed the school of Pergamon. Their work was the wonder of the age, and still is.

Among the products of the earlier period of this school was "The Dying Gaul," which used to be considered a "Dying Gladiator," "butchered to make a Roman holiday," and as such was immortalized by Byron in his well-known poem.

It is probable that this marble figure, which now rests in the Capitoline museum in Rome, is a reproduction of one of the bronzes of the original triumphal group. The really great thing about this admirable statue, besides its perfect anatomy and correct and beautiful modeling, is its pathetic dignity. Reading the story from the statue itself, it tells you that, conquered after a heroic fight against overwhelming odds, weapons broken and cast aside, weak from the loss of blood,

He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony;
His drooping head sinks gradually low;
And thru his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one."

In his face see the indefinable, exalted look of the dying, who die worthily. Leaning on one hand, sagging weakly to earth, while listening to his life-blood slowly dripping away, leaving behind home, friends, comrades, family, the

fields and vales he loved so well—all—all can be read in this single pose and expression of his statue. I know of no finer or more beautiful piece of work along this line, and Byron does it credit.

In my estimation, this is the acme of expression, both physical and facial. Another worthy of mention, and vastly above the rest, is the "Laocoon." The tension in this stone story is enormous and can only be appreciated by a close student of art and physiology as thus applied in expression. It will live forever, if memory and stone do not fail. Either of the two mentioned are far superior to anything in this line being done in this day and age.

The study of the emotions is by all odds the most interesting of studies, and is the principal reason why we go to see Farrar in "Carmen" and then immediately go to see Theda Bara in the same

rôle. The theme is not so superlatively interesting, but the study of the emotions, as portrayed by two stars of different horizons, as it were, is intensely interesting, hence our eagerness to see them both in parallel rôles.



CONTRACTION OF THE
SAME FACIAL MUSCLES
PRODUCES LAUGHTER



AND ALSO PRODUCES
TEARS

Don't look at a picture merely as a picture. Let it tell you something. The more you study it, and the closer you get to the idea that the artist or director is trying to convey, the more you will enjoy it and the more it will tell you.

As the mainspring of a watch keeps the little fellow ticking, so the emotions inside a person or character shape their paths. If we can't define the emotion—and feel it in part measure, too—we lose the real grip of the photoplay.

Emotion, or the lack of it and expression of it, makes or mars our lives, and when you cease to have emotion you should begin wearing crêpe on your hat, for your brain is dead.

H·M·S·

"FILMAFORE"

Or, The Lass Who Loved The Movies

JOSEPH F. POLAND

SCENE

The deck of the good ship "Filmafore." Property men seen hurrying to and fro with doors, railings, etc., which belong to "sets."

Little Miss Photoplay Patron is discovered talking to her stern father, Sir Border Senseless-ship, at center foreground.

MISS P. PATRON—But, father, the movies I adore;
What's more,
I love the Captain of the *Filmafore*.

SIR BORDER— I've come to tell the rascal
He's not good enough for you;
The man who wins my daughter
Much greater things must do
Than commanding such a crew.



MISS P. PATRON—Well, watch what passes. See, my lover comes.
Be still, my heart. Beat loud, triumphant drums!

Miss Photoplay Patron and Sir Border quickly step to one side as the Captain of the "Filmafore" enters, followed by all his crew. The Captain, who manufactures Moving Pictures, sings—

CAPTAIN— I am the Captain of the *Filmafore*.

CHORUS— And a right good Captain, too!

CAPTAIN— You re very, very good—I'd tip you if I could—
But please wait until I'm thru.
My productions are the best;
Better far than all the rest
Are my stars, my photography;
And no matter where you go,
Quite soon you'll come to know,
Better pictures you can never see!

CHORUS— What, *never?*

CAPTAIN— Well, hardly ever!

CHORUS— Better pictures you can hardly ever see!
Then give three cheers, and three cheers more,
For the filmy Captain of the *Filmafore*.

CAPTAIN— Hello; here's the Director.

The Director now steps forward, greets the Captain and sings his little ditty.

DIRECTOR— I am the Monarch of the Film!
(The Ruler of the guns that kill 'em)
I rehearse my actors till they're in a trance.

RELATIVES— And we are his sisters and his cousins and his aunts,
And to act in pictures we are begging for a chance.

CHORUS— They are his sisters and his cousins and his aunts,
His sisters and his cousins—and he has 'em by the dozens—
And his aunts!



DIRECTOR— (*wearily, to his relatives*)
No casting's being done today—
You might as well have stayed away.

*Relatives exeunt, with groans. The Scenario
Writer advances, and chortles his stanza.*

SCENARIO WRITER—
When I was younger I tried to write
Scenarios—sat up half the night.
I wrote a hundred, then a hundred more,
Of which I sold exactly four.
Then I studied up *Technique* so carefuller
That now I'm staff writer, as you see!

CHORUS— Then he studied up *Technique* so carefuller,
That he writes all the pictures that you see!

The Director and the Scenario Writer start an argument over some technical point. The others crowd back so that all can see a scene being taken in the background. The Director goes to supervise the scene. The Camera-man sings as he turns the crank.



THE CAMERA-MAN SINGS
AS HE TURNS THE
CRANK

CAMERA-MAN

Carefully the crank I'm turning
On this scene that's taking place;
See the maiden coldly spurning
The proud hero—watch his face!
Goodness me! Unlucky chap!
I have not removed the cap.



THE DIRECTOR AND THE
AUTHOR START AN
ARGUMENT

DIRECTOR—

Film's spoiled, you boobish chap!
You've not removed the cap.

(turning to the actors)

We'll have to do this scene over again,
people—this green gink forgot to take
the cap off the camera lens.

(groans, ensemble)

At this moment the Captain sees Miss Photoplay Patron, and rushes over to greet her. Sir Border Senseless-ship intercepts him.

SIR BORDER— Sir, I forbid you to speak to my child.
You have not been censored!

CAPTAIN— No; but I'm bored (laughter).
(seriously)

Now, list to me, my lord;
The news is just received,
Miss Patron's been deceived;
You're not the lady's dad,
Of which I'm very glad;
You've thrust yourself upon her,
But I'll protect her honor!
Throw him in irons, my men;
He'll ne'er pester her again!

*Sailors step forward to seize Sir
Border.*



THE CAPTAIN



SIR BORDER—

Stop, let me be, my man!
 Since I've stepped on this ship,
 I've become a movie fan,
 I'm for pictures, every trip!

*Great rejoicing by all. The Captain
 shakes Sir Border's hand and then
 embraces Miss Photoplay Patron.
 Sir Border goes over to the Direc-
 tor, and can be seen begging him
 for a chance to act in pictures.*

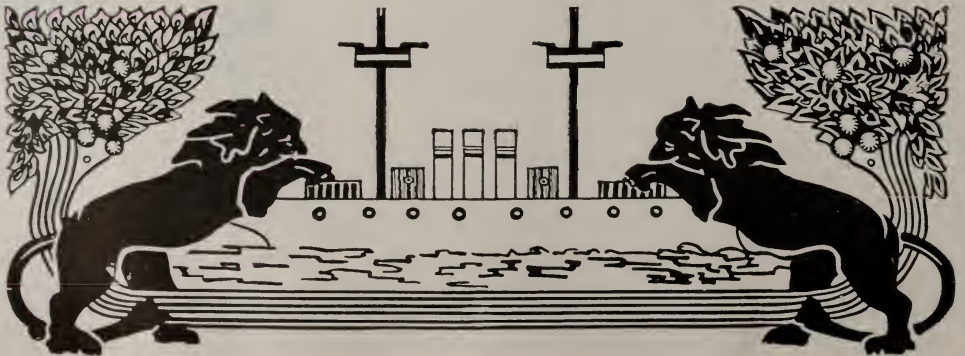


FINALE

CHORUS—

He is a Movie Fan!
 For he himself has said it,
 And it's greatly to his credit
 That he is a Movie Fan.
 For he might have gone to ball-games,
 Or to other games of all names,
 But still to films he ran;
 And in spite of all distractions—
 Books and plays and such attractions—
 He remains a Movie Fan,
 He rema-a-a-ains a Moo-oo-oo-ovie Fan!

SCENE FADES OUT





VIOLET MERSEREAU

The Moving Picture Baby

By FLORENCE VINCENT

IT was a queer little bundle of humanity, not two months old, that left the foundlings' ward and was carried by an attendant to the great studio in Cuiver where a baby was needed, and where incidentally hundreds of Moving Pictures are made yearly, and shown all over the civilized world nightly for rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief.

Buster, in the two months of his gay, sad, little life, has earned for his erring mother over a hundred dollars—a record which should make even the Goulds', Astors' and Vanderbilts' pampered offspring hide their kewpie faces and blush for very shame.

With the dawn of the great Moving Picture industry has come a place for the renowned, the obscure, even unto the least. And out of the Valley of Death the young mother lifts her face and smiles thru her tears. She suddenly sees her little Buster a man, a bread-winner, a tiny factor in the great machine, and it lessens the heartache of it all as she lies, wan and silent, on her narrow cot.

No questions were asked of Buster's past in Filmland. They wanted a baby, the embodiment of beauty and happiness. They sought for it. They found it—not in a palace, satin-cushioned, serene; but in turmoil, out of the depths of despair and gloom, the refuge of derelicts, there flourished the heart of a rose.

As to the countless multitude, they are left in delightful ignorance of sinister shadows; they see before them on the screen an adorable, chubby-fisted cherub who smiles out at them. And if Buster gladdens, even momentarily, the hearts of the beaten, the tired, the oppressed, surely then he has not lived in vain. this little "god of happiness."

MARY FULLER, THE VERSATILE



For versatility and for the faculty of depicting every emotion, from tragic fear to comic glee, Mary Fuller, of the Universal Company, has few superiors.

Miss Aladdin of the Arc Lamps

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

"MISS CLAYTON? I'm sorry, but she isn't in. She went over to the studio about an hour ago," said a white-capped maid when I rang the bell at Miss Ethel Clayton's apartment.

So I went over to the studio and presented my request.

"Miss Clayton? Why, she was here just a few minutes ago," said the spectacled young man whom I asked, and he scuttled off, presumably to hunt for Miss Clayton. But, after I had waited twenty minutes, I decided to hunt for her myself.

So I wandered around thru the mammoth studio, with its weird lights, its clutter of queer-looking props, and its crowds of "made-up" players in clothes of every century and every land, and with its shirt-sleeved, perspiring directors.

I came near spoiling a "scene" when I almost stumbled into a "set," and it scared me so badly that I dropped down on an old couch, to recover my scattered thoughts.

"How do you do?" said a very polite voice, as I realized that some one else occupied the couch with me. It was dusky in that corner, and I got only a glimmer of a white frock and a misty blur of a face that seemed swung in the air above the softness of the white frock. And the more I looked, the more that face seemed like a rare and beautiful painting.

There was a flash of dimples, a glimpse of white teeth, and the blue eyes in the misty face across from me twinkled.

"No, I'm not a ghost. I'm only an actress," said a laughing voice, and only then did I realize my good luck. I had almost literally stumbled over the object of my search.

It seemed too good to be true, so I hurried on to talk, for fear she would run away, or "fade out" like one of those impossibly lovely visions in Motion Pictures.



Photo by Gilbert & Bacon

"You are Miss Clayton, aren't you?" I charged hastily.

She nodded solemnly.

"I had a few moments before my next scene was called, so I hunted up this corner and settled down to read. But it was so quiet and peaceful that I think I must have fallen asleep," she added, in explanation.

"You are fond of reading?" I asked.

"Very. Books are my only hobby. My whole apartment is lined with them. They overflow into the hall, up the stairs, and even into the china-closet," she returned.

"What are your favorites?" I asked again.

"I haven't any favorites. I like any good book, and I consider anything—except cheap, lurid fiction—a good book. I read everything, from Shakespeare and Dickens on down, and enjoy them all," was her laughing reply.

"How long have you been in Motion Pictures, Miss Clayton?" I quizzed.

"About three years, and only with Lubin before going with Equitable," was her still good-natured answer.

"And wont you tell me how you came to enter pictures?" I begged.

She looked as if she thought "This poor, little thing must be movie-struck!" but, evidently, her sympathy overcame her habitual reticence, so she started talking, with the very evident idea of "talking me out of my silly notions."

"Well, it all came about as an accident. It was in May, three years ago, that I had finished my season under the Henry B. Harris management, in 'The Country Boy,' and I was preparing to leave for my home in Chicago. While stopping on Broadway, I met Mr. Barry O'Neil, whose leading woman I had been, in stock, some years ago. He suggested pictures to me, but as I had signed a contract for the following season with the Henry B. Harris management, I wasn't very much interested. But he suggested that I come just for the summer. So I did, and liked it immensely.

"When the theatrical season opened,

I returned to the stage, and the Harris management loaned me to William A. Brady, to play the lead in 'The Brute.' This play ran for only two weeks, and that night, after the notice went up, I was approached by a representative of Lubin, who offered me a contract with that company. And I signed it.

"I like pictures—indeed, I do! But the work of adapting myself to the screen-play, of almost building my ideas of art anew, was very hard. I don't believe that one can really and truly succeed in pictures nowadays without stage experience, especially stock experience. That's the finishing school for the Motion Picture field, or for the legitimate, either."

I pretended to be taking her little speech wholly to heart, for I wanted her to think I was a "movie-struck" girl, trying to "break in," because she does not care for interviews and begs not to be quoted. She says that, with her constant appearance before the public, there is little remaining to be known about her.

And she has declined, again and again, to "sit still, now, and let the lady interview you," so I was overjoyed at her mistake, for I was afraid she would run away before I had finished, if she discovered who I really was.

At this moment the lights on a near-by "set" went into action, bathing our quiet corner in a deep bluish light that could not detract one whit from the blond beauty of the lady opposite me.

In the light, I could see that she wore a beautiful gown of white broad-cloth, but on almost daringly simple, straight lines, its only trimming being a broad, soft girdle of black.

"What a beautiful frock!" I cried, involuntarily.

Lady Dainty smiled, pleasedly. ("Lives there a woman with soul so dead" who does not appreciate admiration for her frocks?)

"Do you like it?" she asked. "It was one of the lot that I bought a few days ago in New York, for a picture that we bring on tomorrow. When I

came into Motion Pictures, I determined to be as well dressed as when I was on the stage, and I have made 'dressing for the movies' one of my deepest studies, for it is so different from dressing for the stage. I bought five evening gowns, three afternoon frocks, and ordered several suits on my last shopping raid on New York, a couple of days ago. And I shop every two or three weeks, so that I

"And now, one last word, Miss Clayton," I said. "Do you miss the applause and the footlights of the stage?"

"I did, for a while. It seemed terribly unsatisfactory to play to 'the little black box,' in place of the big, darkened theater, with its crowded audience. But, after a little, I began to realize that the 'little black box' was merely a symbol that stood for the



ETHEL CLAYTON, IN HER DRESSING-ROOM, SURROUNDED WITH BIRTHDAY FLOWERS

may keep my wardrobe right up to date."

About this time, the lean, spectacled young man who had gone to look for Miss Clayton, on my arrival at the studio, happened up. He stared at me, then at Miss Clayton. Behind her back, I begged silence, and, with a grin, he heeded my plea.

"Miss Clayton, Mr. Blackwell has ordered them to drag the lake for you, for he's been waiting an hour for you, and he is perfectly sure that you are either kidnapped or drowned," said the spectacled young man, severely.

So we rose, and walked together toward Carlyle Blackwell.

millions that would eventually see my work. And then I saw that my work would have to be mighty good to please those millions, and that I would always have to look my very best."

As she came to this part of our conversation, we reached Mr. Blackwell and his empty "set."

And as I went away, I heard Mr. Blackwell begin directing his scene, with no word of censure for the Lady Dainty who had so completely upset his afternoon's work.

But I wasn't surprised, for I can't imagine any man being mean enough to scold any one as beautiful and attractive as Lady Dainty!



Bobbie's Ambition

By
Leslie Elhoff

Four little lads, one summer day,
Sat 'neath a shady tree,
And talked about, in days to come,
What each one wished to be.

"I'd like to be a pirate bold",
Said one, "and sail the waves,
And all the gold that I should get,
I'd hide in secret caves".

Another thought a cowboy's life,
Must surely be the best,
So when he grew to be a man,
He'd go out to the west.

The third would be an engineer,
And guide an iron steed,
Along the rails where e'er they led,
He'd fly at lightning speed.

The fourth whose name was Bob then spoke,
And he was wondrous wise,
So many things he said he'd be,
The others showed surprise.

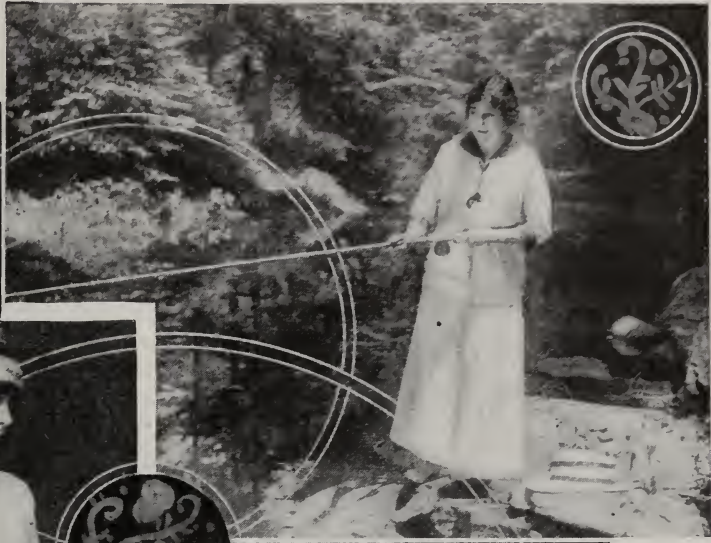
To name the things he chose to be,
From clown to wise old sage;
If I should try to do that here,
I'd surely fill the page.

He told them when they'd racked their brains,
And still had failed to see,
A motion picture, "actor man",
Was what he wished to be.

When They're Not Working

By PEARL GADDIS

THERE are several questions agitating the Great American Public — always written with capitals—today. But one of the most important of these questions comes from the family of



MABEL TRUNNELLE



ETHEL CLAYTON



OLLIE KIRKBY

fans—a family larger than the automobile family—and that question is, “What do they do when they’re not working?” “They,” to a fan, always means the movie actors whom they admire and follow.

So I shall try to show you what some of them do when they’re not working.

Mabel Trunnelle, who receives her

not mail at the Edison studio, is very fond of Izaak Walton’s invention—fishing. I

dont know whether Mabel ever brought home a two-pound trout (chances are she never did), but, anyway, there's a fish-market not too far from her flat in Bedford Park, so a long, pleasant afternoon with tackle and flies need not necessarily mean a fishless dinner at Château le Trunnelle le Prior. Anyway, Mabel, as a fisherman, is a pretty sight and one totally different from Mabel as anything else. Which alone is justification of her hobby.

As for Wally Reid—shall you ever see him as anything save handsome, gallant, ill-fated "Don José"? Truly, a mind-filling picture. But wait until you see him in "Maria Rosa"! He is very fond of quiet amusements. What? You dont believe me? Well, if you follow Wally's screen adventures, you'll soon come to agree with me that his quiet leisure hours are the only chance for variety in his life. He cant go about, outside of office hours, stabbing beautiful Spanish girls, defeating the king's favorite and a baker's dozen of as villainous pirates as ever sailed the Spanish Main, and winding up with such mild feats as tossing a husky chap over his head and half-way thru a doorway. It isn't done, in polite circles, you know—that is, as I said, outside of office hours. In private life Wally is meek as a lamb, and a very docile, house-broken husband. If you dont believe it, ask Dorothy Davenport.

One of Wally's favorite amusements is playing a violin until the neighbors shriek for mercy. Or, as a milder form of capital punishment, he seats himself before an open window, far enough out of range to miss any unpleasant attentions from the Elevado Street folks, with his mandolin. There he makes the welkin ring—with what he terms "hard-boiled melodies."

Talk about "The Lady or the Tiger?"—Winnifred Greenwood has that lady of history—or is it romance?—backed clean off the boards with the feat here illustrated. Notice the calm, unruffled demeanor of Winnifred—and then her surroundings. For my part, I'd rather face a hundred roaring lions than be where Winnifred is, in this snap. Will you kindly observe, ladies and gentlemen, the "long horns" surrounding the fair

lady? Especially the white gentleman on the extreme left? This photograph was taken at a round-up on the El Capitan Rancho, one of the largest cattle-ranches in Santa Barbara County, and the occasion was the taking of Western scenes for "The Truth of Fiction."

Anyway, I'd like to wager that Winnifred's frock isn't red, or even pink. Perhaps that accounts for her unruffled serenity.

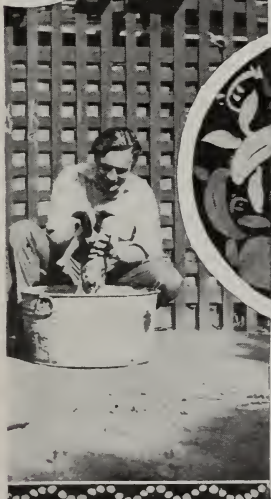
Tom Forman is in love! Honest Injun! He admits it himself, and goes on to say that his affections are permanently attached. It's too bad, girls, but it's true. The object of his affections? Bingo—not an exclamation, but a proper noun—the title of Mr. Forman's dog, a Christmas gift from a number of friends with the Lasky Company. In the accompanying photograph Bingo is shown receiving what is evidently, and most patently, an unwelcome bath. He looks as if he wanted to say, "Now, see here, old man, are you sure that's quite proper—a bath at this time of the year? How do you know the water's warm? Oh, you can laugh if you like—it's fun for you, but, being a gentleman and loath to use profanity, I cant tell you what it is to me." But Bingo's expression finishes the sentence in the profanity which it is against his gentlemanly instincts to use.

Of course, by this time everybody has heard of the wonderful new arrival at the home of wonderful Alice Joyce Moore and her equally wonderful husband, Tom. So this snapshot, which shows baby's aunt, Mary Moore, of the Lubin Company, and Ethel Clayton, of the same company, should have especial interest for followers of "Sweet Alice o' Kalem." Mary Moore is showing to Ethel Clayton a letter announcing Baby Alice's arrival. And "Aunt Mary" has some beautiful little gifts ready for her niece when she gets back to New York. These gifts are also being shown to Miss Clayton. This snapshot was taken in the Grand Canyon, in Colorado, when the Lubin players were there, working on "The Great Divide."

Also House Peters, who played the lead in "The Great Divide," is "among those present." He stands upon the topmost pinnacle of a particularly "pinnaclous"



MAY ALLISON (LEFT)
WALLACE REID (CENTER)



TOM FORMAN (LEFT),
HOUSE PETERS
(RIGHT)

rock, and thinks of many things
—of the lights that twinkle on
Broadway o' nights; of a nice little

evening spin in his machine; and, no doubt, more than all else, he thinks

wavelets beg one to come out and swim. And there's an awfully pretty girl, with



WINNIFRED GREENWOOD

of Mrs. House Peters, thousands of miles away, in "li'l, old New York." Anyway, it's a nice, pleasant-looking place to muse—if one doesn't forget and step off. So watch your step, Mr. Peters!

'Way out in California there's a wonderful sun-lit golden beach, where little



VIOLA DANA (CENTER),
MARY MOORE AND ETHEL
CLAYTON (LEFT)



dark eyes and hair, who never fails to accept the wavelets' invitation, if duty does not call to the sun-lit stage, where she is now a heart-breaking "social pirate"—whatever that may be. Anyway, of course you know her name is Ollie Kirkby, and the beach is—well, never

mind where the beach is. If you live close to it, you know, anyway. And if you dont, there is no use stirring up vain longings. Suffice it to say that when Ollie isn't working she's usually swimming—in an exceedingly becoming dark-blue, woolen swimming-suit, with a brilliant silk cap that only partially conceals her black hair.

There are lots of amusing things that one may do when one isn't working. But I'm afraid Viola Dana's task, when this picture was snapped, doesn't come under any of those heads. She is very busy answering letters from admirers and autographing photographs that are to be sent in answer to abject requests from aspiring swains. Viola never neglects a letter nor fails to comply with a request for an autographed photograph. But she's quite human, you know, and I'm sure a little bit more sincerity goes into a letter and photograph where the admirer has enclosed a quarter for postage. For photographs and postage stamps *do* make a hole in one's salary, when one is

a popular young star, even with a popular young star's salary.

When May Allison isn't working she's resting. And she rests by either playing a hot game of tennis, driving her snow-white machine at a dashing pace along California's justly celebrated roads, or by just sitting and thinking about—oh, about a lot of things. That's what she was doing when "the snapshot man" caught this one. What was she thinking about? Oh, she might have been wondering what she was going to have for dinner, or whether that new frock would photograph well; but I believe that she was thinking of a nice long spin in the white machine, for she is looking anxiously towards the garage where the white car lives.

There! I have shown you what a few of the players do when they aren't working. And mayhap, some day, I'll show you what some more of them do, when the little, round eye of the Moving Picture camera isn't around and only a "snapshot man" makes life a bugbear.



HARRIS GORDON AT JACKSONVILLE, FLA., AFTER THE TAKING OF A SCENE FROM "THE IMAGE MAKER OF THEBES" (THANHOUSER)

Flirting with the Great Unknown

Some of the Daring Things That Pictures Real, But Which Are "Fakes" by Would-Be-

Photoplayers Do to Make Often Called Wise Fans

SOME actors make their reputation on their face, some on their physical allure, and the balance on their nerve. Not the kind that is likened to gall, but the variety that comes to the front when the grim specter stalks stealthily around—the kind that is likened to courage.

In "putting over" a thrill on the screen, it is very often the case that the actors experience more palpitations of the heart than those in the

By
A PROMINENT
DIRECTOR



THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN ON TOP OF A MOVING FREIGHT TRAIN IN "THE GIRL AND THE GAME" (SIGNAL)

audience, altho, out of fairness, we are compelled to admit that the latter show keen appreciation. The actors know this, and therefore do all in their power to satisfy the public's craving for sensationalism. The writer speaks from experience and, as a director, has had to exact some risky between-this-world-and-the-next stunts from the ever willing actor, both female and male. In one picture the story called for the hero being tied on the end of a rope and allowed to dangle in mid-air over the edge of a precipice, and, while in this predicament, the heroine finds him. She is alone and almost helpless, but there is her lover swinging in space and liable to be dashed to pieces at any moment if the rope

should break. But the public craving must be satisfied, and her lover must be saved. We had figured on letting her start to climb over the edge, then cut the scene to a close-up and help her over the sharp rock, then show her resting on the hero's shoulders, from which she was to jump to a protruding ledge and thus rescue him. After talking it over, we decided that, to make the scene real, she would have to do the actual rescue and take a chance on losing her grip on the way down. If she did—oblivion; if she didn't—a good scene. She didn't lose her grip and the scene was immense, but the shock laid her up for many days, and all the flesh from the palms of her hands was torn off by the

friction when she slid down the rope. Speaking of it afterward, she said:

"I sure was scared, but before I started over the edge I prayed and prayed and prayed. I dont mind the hurt, but I would have minded if I thought the public believed it was a fake scene."

This expresses to a nicety the feeling of all those who are risking their life daily to make things look real. The day of fakes is forever past.

picture shows her colleague jumping off the rushing car, with an injured man on his shoulders, and landing plump in the tonneau of the auto. Now, just suppose that he had slipped, or that Helen had lost control of the wheel. We would, in all probability, be sending them bunches of gardenias or lilies of the valley—whichever they specified in their wills.

Then again, we have that type of person who does nothing but hire out



WALTER KLINTBERG GOING THRU THE TOP OF AN AUTOMOBILE ON A SPEEDING MOTORCYCLE (KEYSTONE)

The above-cited incident is as nothing compared to what is happening every day in the companies that make this type of play their business. For instance, take Helen Holmes into consideration. I dont believe there is anybody in the business who has taken more chances than that girl. In a recent picture she is seen driving an automobile down a steep embankment, having circled a runaway freight train on the tracks above, and racing along the ravine she heads off the car and wrecks it in time to avert a serious accident. Another scene from the same

to the different companies to do stunts for them. That wraith-like looking thing hovering over the rear axle of the automobile here is Walter Klintberg, who has just ridden over the small cliff in the rear on his motorcycle and dashed thru the one-man top, to the surprise of the occupants of the car. Notice, also, that black blotch near the handle-bars, which is part of the top and might seriously interfere with the steering and cause a fatal mishap.

Man-to-man struggles are common enough, even in everyday life; but just

gaze upon Lamar and Smiling Sam
mussing it up on the sheer
edge of nothing. The Great
Beyond looks mighty near to

can succeed in persuading
somebody to go along
with you,
who is will-
ing to
oblige



BLOWING UP A BUILDING AT INCEVILLE FOR A KAY-BEE PICTURE

Lamar, who has his arms upraised in
a last appeal, but even at that we
should hate to be standing within ten
feet of where they are. If you want
to know just how they feel, go up to
the roof of your house, provided it
is at least twelve or four-
teen stories high, and do some
s h a d o w boxing on
the cornice. If you

you by doing a little wrestling, so
much the better.

Consider, too, the feelings of the
man at the camera when a building is
being blown up. True, he is somewhat
protected by a thin shield, but, if the
charge of explosive took a notion to
cut up, that shield would be as effective
as a tissue-paper umbrella in a
thunder-storm. Death by gun-powder
has taken a sad toll in the movies.

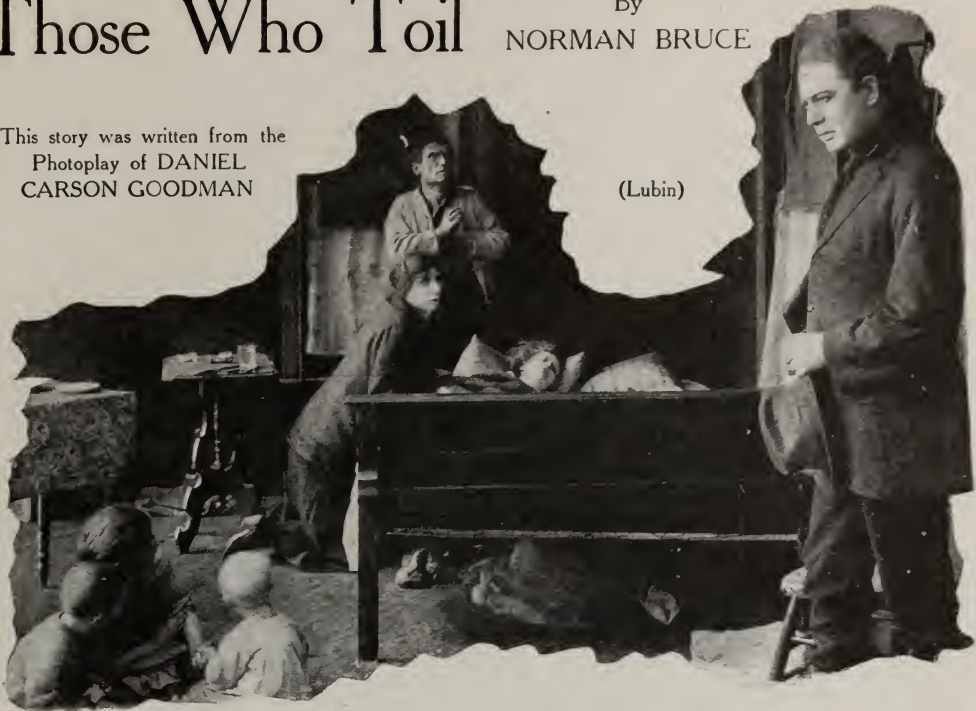


THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN LAMAR AND SMILING SAM ("THE RED CIRCLE")

Those Who Toil

By
NORMAN BRUCE

This story was written from the
Photoplay of DANIEL
CARSON GOODMAN



(Lubin)

THE woman on the street corner drew a long, slow breath and snapped the white, silk mask above the tragedy of her face. On the instant comedy smirked in its stead. The dead black of shabby hat and gown took on the frivolity of a pierrot's trappings, and only the dark eyes smouldering behind the mask gave the lie to her air of light-hearted mummery.

"Lights—thousands of them, and music and dancing," she murmured, as she crossed the street and mingled with the gaudy throng of revelers, masked like herself, who rolled, in a fantastic torrent, across the canopied sidewalks and up the crimson, carpeted steps of Millionaire Jameson's house. A nun in gray satin, with the coquetry of a courtesan, jostled her; a Dresden shepherd thrust a silver staff beneath her arm to trip up a jingling fool. Laughter clamored in her ears, and talk, light as hollow tinsel falls. Remembering her sister's ashy face only six hours before, the woman laughed aloud, and with the sound a tall, broad-shouldered fellow in the garb of a friar turned to peer into her face.

"You are merry, sister!"

Thru the eye-holes her anger blazed

so that he fell back in amazement. "And why not?" she answered. "I saw a woman die this afternoon. I think it is a funny world where this and that go on side by side."

Without stopping to note the effect of her words, she pushed her way into the wide hall, gave a rapid glance at the crowded vistas on either side, and fought an upstream passage against the tide of revelry flowing noisily down the great staircase.

Ten minutes later William Jameson, Petroleum King, looked up from the papers scattered over his inlaid mahogany desk, to see a slim, black figure, wearing a white silk mask, standing in the door of his private library. If he was startled he did not show it. He was a man who held all human emotions in an iron leash of will. He finished the sentence he was writing, blotted it carefully, and laid down his pen.

"Well," he said, "what can I do for you?"

The woman in the doorway raised a slim, strong hand—the hand of a worker, not an idler—and slipped off the mask, tossing it contemptuously to the floor. He saw a white, passionate face with high

cheek-bones, a grim chin, and a pair of black eyes blazing above a curved, red mouth, oddly wistful and girlish in that strong, almost hard face. With his systematic fashion of instantly labeling and docketing people, Jameson thought:

"Upper middle class; probably from the oil district; intelligent; a rebel; a fanatic; dangerous——"

The tip of one shoe went out noiselessly, pressing a spot in the carpet under the desk. A grim smile tinted his lips wryly.

"Suppose I tell you what you want," he suggested pleasantly—"it will save time. I know your story very well; I have heard it a hundred times in spite of the money I pay a score of servants and a dozen secretaries to keep people like you out of my way. How did you get in? Oh, my daughter's masked ball—I see. Well, to business. You want me to yield up the profits of my oil-wells to a mangy, unwashed pack of workmen, so that they can get a little drunker on Sundays than they do now; you want me to build a workingmen's hospital and library and gymnasium, and put porcelain bathtubs in their cottages, and send their children to colleges, where they will learn that, being free and equal to me, they have a perfect right to my money and to heave a brick into my automobile if they have the whim; and you want me, I presume, to remember it is more blessed to give than to receive, and that a camel can pass thru a needle's eye more easily than a rich man into heaven. Am I right?"

He waited, sardonically amused. A burning flush swept the white hollows of the tragic face. It ebbed, and she stepped forward, flinging out those strong, hardened hands of hers in passionate appeal.

"Wait!" She spoke very low, but the words vibrated like a deep violin-string. "I will not take up much of your time, but I must speak. I have come a long way to tell you things, and I have waited twenty-seven years. I don't want to rage; I don't want to rant; it would do no good."

Her fingers clenched till the nails grew white, but her look was cold and calm.

"My name is Jane Brett," she said hurriedly. "That means nothing to you, of course, nor the fact that my father has worked at your wells for twenty years, pinching himself and the others—my mother and Annie and Will—so that I could have a chance in life. There was only money enough for one, and I was the eldest, so I went away and studied nursing, and graduated this spring. When I got back home"—her breath caught—"it was terrible! I had forgotten how terrible it was. The cottages you give your men to live in are not fit for animals. There is no sanitation, no comfort of any kind—not even a chance to get water without carrying it blocks in pails. You call them dirty. How can they keep clean? The oil they work with all day is black and scummy, and the men are steeped to the bone in it. The air is rank with oil; you eat it in the food; you drink it and breathe it, and it sinks in and in until it spots the very soul."

William Jameson made an impatient motion of his shoulder. A socialist, was she? He stifled a yawn. The smoulder in the woman's eyes flared into flame.

"It bores you!" she cried out fiercely. "I am speaking of men's and women's souls, raw with suffering, and you smile! It means nothing to you—less than nothing—that the wages you give your workers are pitifully futile to wring even the barest needfuls out of life, much less a little joy. Drink, you say? Why not? If a little cheap whisky makes you forget you are cold and hungry, and the roof leaks, and the wife is going to bring another miserable, stunted little soul into the world, then drink it, by all means, and be immortal for an hour if you can! But what is the use of using words that have no meaning to you; you don't know what hunger means. God! oh, God! teach me what to say——"

"I am rather busy just now," said the oil king, imperturbably, "and while your tale is interesting, it is hardly—new. My son has now and then treated me to a similar harangue. He is very young and impetuous—my son. If there is nothing more——"

"But there is something more." Jane Brett came up to the desk, and leaned

across it till her dark eyes burned close to the millionaire's face.

"There is my brother, whom your oil-wells have made into a thief!" she said slowly. "It was rather amusing what Will stole—a cheap ring from a jeweler's window. He threw a stone thru it to get it—a cheap, tawdry, red jewel. He wanted it to give to his sweetheart, for we *will* have sweethearts, we toilers, whether we can afford to love or not! And so they took the ring off the girl's fingers and put him into prison. And

plethoric. The sound went to the woman's brain like acid on a raw wound. She was not a lady—only a mill-girl with a veneer of education over a primitive soul. With a hoarse gasp of rage, she snatched up a paper-knife from the desk and sprang forward—to find her arm held in a grip of steel.

"None of that, young woman," said William Jameson, smoothly. "You may be anxious to emulate Charlotte Corday, but I have got into the habit of living and dont care to change. Attempted



"TAKE HER AWAY, BUT FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DONT MAKE A FUSS ABOUT IT. THE PAPERS DONT LOVE ME ANY TOO WELL AS IT IS"

there is Annie, my sister—the prettiest little girl in the district. Your superintendent thought so, too, and last night Annie tried to kill herself. And there is my father"—her voice grew hoarse—"twenty years!—from six to six, day in and day out, till he grew bent and bald and shriveled; and last week one of your rotten cranks broke and crippled him, and they stopped his pay! They wrung him dry of every drop of vitality and courage and hope, and then they tossed him by to die because they were thru with him! Do you call that justice? I'm not asking for pity or generosity—only for justice! Are you going to give it to us, William Jameson?"

In answer the man laughed aloud—the breathy laugh of one well fed and

assault, Gordon. Take her away, but, for heaven's sake, dont make a fuss about it. The papers dont love me any too well as it is, and it might disturb the shindig below. By the way, young woman"—he turned grimly to Jane, panting in the grip of the detectives his push-button had summoned—"the masked ball is for the benefit of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, if you'd care to know, so you see you were laboring under a delusion in accusing me of not being charitable!"

The girl looked at him silently, and the sneer on his lips grew slightly forced. He watched the slender, dark-robed figure move away, proudly erect, between the detectives, and suddenly he sank down at the desk and stared, with frown-

ing eyes, at the blotting-pad. How the girl's rant had echoed his son's words of an evening ago! Was it the voice of the younger generation speaking—telling him that the Iron Age was over and the Age of the Brotherhood of Man begun? He shrugged his shoulders, impatient of sentiment. The boy was a raw college youth, with crude notions and absurdly impractical ideals, and the girl—a dissatisfied member of the working-class—

spotted and caked the men's clothes, stiffened their hair, oozed from their very pores. As Jane spoke, sullen mutters rose from their throats. One Jake Morgan, acknowledged leader of the district—a thick-set fellow with protruding jaw and hairy, ape hands—sprang to his feet as Jane's voice ceased. He placed one dirty paw proprietorially on the girl's flannel-covered shoulder, dwarfing her by his mere animal bulk, so that, tall and



AS JANE SPOKE, SULLEN MUTTERS ROSE FROM THEIR THROATS

dangerous, uncontrolled; yet she had marvelous eyes. He passed a fretful hand over his forehead. "She would like to have murdered me," he muttered, "but there are too many of her class in the world. I wont prosecute. It's bad policy. Let her go!"

And so it came about that a week later Jane Brett stood in the dim, packed room in the rear of Tim's Place, and told a sullen audience of oil-workers of her visit to the Big Boss of the Wells. The air of the room was fetid with odors of sweat and uncleanness and drenched with the rank, acrid tang of the oil that

gaunt as she was, she looked ethereally frail.

"Laughs at us, does he, d—n him!" he roared, thick gills empurpled with his rage. "Well, then, boys, let's give him something to laugh at. If goin' hungry an' ragged, an' our kids dyin' like flies from fever his filthy houses gives 'em, is funny, think what a joke a burnin' oil-well would be!"

Savage laughter stretched the slack mouths into wolf-snarls. A woman in the press shrieked hysterically:

"Glory! That's the way to talk, Jake! Glory to God!"

The half-dozen watchmen, swinging rifles from the crook of their elbows, raised the weapons high above their heads, and a chorus of shouts arose as when a pack of half-fed dogs see food.

"Fire the wells! Serve old Jameson his own sauce! Come on, boys!"

Jane Brett faced the rising tide of mob-fury over folded arms. She knew the men as only a child of the people can know; knew their individual cowardice, their purposelessness, their child-passions—easily roused, easily soothed. She knew that a word from her could quench the spark of rebellion as cold water puts out a smouldering conflagration, but she stood silent, withholding the word. Let Jameson lose a few paltry dollars; let him see the powers of the slave forces he had sneered at; let him lose an hour or so of his peaceful sleep! It was not much of a price to pay for the blood and youth and hope he had stolen.

Thru the jostling, muttering mob a young fellow, tall, slenderly fashioned, but with the ripple of smooth muscles flowing under the shoulders of his gray workman's blouse, fought his way to Jane Brett's side. She glanced at him with a flicker of curiosity in her restless eyes. A new hand, evidently, for she had never seen him before. She was suddenly conscious that if she had seen that face, with its honest, steady, glancing, brown eyes and clear boy-skin, she would not have forgotten it easily.

"Are you going to let this thing go on?" he asked quietly. "You can stop it if you want to."

"How do you know?" Defiance edged her voice. Unsmilingly, he returned her regard. Yet there was that in his face that sent the thick, jealous tide of blood to the roots of Jake Morgan's wiry hair.

"You are a very remarkable woman," said the newcomer, coolly. There was no flattery in the words; yet, suddenly, Jane's eyes fell. Morgan saw it, and pushed the girl violently aside, thrusting his under-shot jaw, blue with bristles, into the speaker's face.

"I'll learn ye who's boss round here, ye fresh dude!" he growled. "Wot business is these oil-wells o' yourn, or the gal's, either?"

"It is the business of every decent citi-

zen to see that the law is obeyed," said the stranger, without raising his voice. "Strike if you want to—well and good; but do it openly like men, not in the dark like cowards. At least wait a day or two and act reasonably instead of in the heat of anger."

"Ye talk like a d—d capitalist," began Morgan, thickly, but Jane's clear voice cut across the words. She had stepped to the stranger's side and was facing the mob of workmen.

"Let's do the thing decently," she said. "Let's go home now and think it over and count up the consequences, and then meet again a week from now and decide what to do. Put your gun down, Toby Slawson—and yours, Mike Mahoney. And now, all of you, go home! And remember, men, your women-folks have stood as many troubles as you. Ask your wives what to do!"

The men slouched out of the room, muttering, but for the time harmless. Jake Morgan turned in the doorway. His small eyes almost disappeared under his shelving forehead as he saw Jane talking earnestly to the new workman.

"He dont sound like one of us, d—n him!" he thought. "He dont *look* like one of us—he's too blamed clean! An' he's shinin' up to my gal. H—ll! I'll run him out o' camp, I will, an' spoil his beauty, mebbe, first—the manicured, mealy-mouthed son of a—!"

"Have you ever been cold and hungry?" Jane was saying slowly. "I have. Not just fur-coat cold or late-to-dinner hungry, but chilled to the bone—blue, *numb*, and the kind of hungry when you'd fight with a dog for his ham-bone. If not, you cant understand us who work in Jameson's wells."

"No," said the stranger, slowly. "I haven't been cold ever, nor hungry, but it seems to me that destroying Jameson's property will not help cure those things. There must be ways—better ways! Will you help me find them, Jane Brett?"

Again their eyes met, and a strange current of understanding passed between them. Slow, faint color stained the girl's cheeks, and her hard, bright eyes softened. She was almost pretty in her new humility.

"I suppose I dont understand the big

things back of business." she said slowly—"economic conditions, labor and capital—all that. I haven't seen things from the right perspective. We're too near our own miseries down here, you know, to think or reason much. But if you will teach me, I would—like to learn the better way of helping."

"Good!" He grasped her hand eagerly. "By the way, you dont know who I am yet, do you? But names dont count really, and, if you will forgive me, I'd

ungovernable flame. Jane, thoughtful and sober-eyed, visited the superintendent's office in the afternoon to beg his restraining presence at the night's meeting. The sound of voices halted her on the threshold. In the office, the superintendent and the new workman, deep in a discussion of the same subject, did not see her at first.

"Something must be done," the young newcomer was saying earnestly. "I tell you, Ellison, I sympathize with these



"YOU JAMESON'S SON! I HAVE PLAYED TRAITOR TO MY OWN PEOPLE"

rather not tell you my name—yet. It isn't the one I gave the foreman yesterday when I got my job. The front end of it is John, tho, and I wish you'd call me that, for I think—somehow—we are going to be friends."

The whole oil district thought so, too, in the course of the next few days. And Jake Morgan, watching his sweetheart and the new workman deep in conversation and oblivious to all around them, swore with mighty oaths that he would "get the dude" before long. With the pacifist element removed from its gatherings, the workmen's fury smouldered sullenly, fanned by the zealous efforts of Morgan, until, on the day set for the mass-meeting, it threatened to flare into

men, and I am resolved that some changes shall be made down here. The things I have seen—ugh! But there must be no rioting, or there will be militia called out and lives lost and everything in a worse state than before. I know my father's stubbornness too well!"

"You see, Mr. Jameson—" the superintendent began, but a gasp from the doorway drew their eyes that way. Jane, white as death, stood swaying there, hand on her breast, looking at the younger man with piteous eyes.

"Oh!"—the words were a wail—"oh, you Jameson's son! I have played the traitor to my own people!"

"No, Jane — no!" John Jameson sprang to her side and grasped her

hands pleadingly. "I meant every word I said to you. I want to help! Why, that's what I came for—to see how things were and find a remedy for them. And, with your help, I'll do it—Jane, you wonderful woman! Jane——"

But she had torn her hands from his with a deep sob and was gone.

The light of many lanterns and of a bonfire, roaring redly upward, illumi-

of the crowd, rose a hoarse shout of anger. High above them, flat face reddened by the leaping light, Morgan, standing on a pile of empty oil-casks, waved bare, hairy arms.

"D'ye know who the dude who came the other day is, fellers?" Jane's heart stood still. "It's old Jameson's boy—that's who! I smelled a rat, and looked into his trunk when he was out this evening. It was embroidered on every-



"BOLT THE DOOR! HURRY—THEY'RE COMING," GASPED JANE. "HERE, TAKE THIS"

nated the mass of jostling humanity gathered in the cleared space before Reilly's saloon that evening. The very fact of the bonfire, forbidden by the most stringent rules of the company, showed the temper of the crowd. Rebellion was in the air and the dank odor of murder. From her place on the fringe of the mob Jane listened to the swelling pean of anger with savage satisfaction. The thought of the past few days seethed in her blood like keen pain, yet there was sweetness in it, too, and, because of that, she was afraid—afraid of her own heart, her own will. Suddenly, above the noise

thing—'John Jameson' on his silk pajamas, 'John Jameson' on his linen shirts an' fine handkies, an' all trimmed up dainty-like an' smellin' o' scented soap like a girl! Pah! Now, what are we goin' to do to the d—d spy?"

"Hang him!"

"Soak him in his father's oil and burn him!"

"Laugh at us! Spy on us—will he?"

The words merged into a roar, horrid to hear—the animal roar for blood. Under cover of it Jane slipped away and ran as she had never run before.

The man in the cottage, bending over

his writing-pad, sprang up at her hoarse, panting cry.

"Bolt the door! Hurry—they're coming!" gasped Jane. "Here, take this. I took it out of Toby's pocket——" She thrust a pistol into his hand.

"They're coming?" His tone was puzzled. She could have shrieked at his unconcern.

"All of them—crazy with drink and rage. Morgan told them who you were, and they're coming to kill! Bolt the

handle of the door, flung it open, and stood, negligently, in the opening, facing the men over folded arms.

"Well, gentlemen," he said calmly, "what can I do for you?"

For an instant his coolness bewildered them; then Morgan sprang forward, cursing, a pistol in his hand.

"You'd laugh at us, too, like your father, would you?" he snarled. "Take that, you —— spy!"

But before the pistol could speak, Jane



"FRIENDS," SAID JAMESON, "WHICH OF US DO YOU THINK IS THE BETTER MAN?"

door, cant you? Dont you *hear*? Oh, God! you're not going out to meet them *alone*?"

"Jane"—Jameson caught her shoulders—"why did you come?"

Scarlet flooded her white face, but she would not reply. With an exultant laugh, the young millionaire took her in his arms.

"You *do* love me. That's all I wanted to know. I could face the devil himself now, you wonderful creature. Stay here, Jane. Dont tremble so, dear; I'll look out for myself. Why, I *couldn't* die, now!"

Outside the little hut the mob surged and pressed, shouting wild threats. With a quiet smile, John Jameson turned the

was in the doorway, covering the motionless figure with outflung arms. Fury darted from Morgan's small, piggy eyes.

"All the better, you traitorous she-devil!" he croaked thickly, and pulled the trigger. Blinded by his rage, the bullet went wild, and before he could fire again Jameson had stepped forward and knocked him sprawling with a clever blow beneath his blue, bristled jaw. Then, leaning over the stunned bully, he took him firmly by the collar and shook his two hundred pounds as a terrier shakes a rat. A murmur of sullen admiration went up from the mob.

"Friends," said John Jameson, with a final, contemptuous shake of the limp body that sent Morgan in a loose puddle

of limbs to the ground at his feet, the fight quite taken out of him—"friends, which of us do you think is the better man?"

The volatile emotions of the mob veered like balloons in a changing gale. A faint cheer answered the question. Stones and sticks dropped from slackening hands. Very gently, John drew Jane to his side and faced her people.

"This lady has consented to be my wife," he said quietly. "Are you willing to trust your interests in her hands and mine? I think, together, we can make my father see things differently."

Another shout went up from the crowd, who had been ready for blood a moment ago—a shout of surprise and joy and awakening hope. And with its benediction in their ears, John Jameson, the millionaire, drew Jane Brett, daughter of the toilers, to his breast and kist, reverently, the scarlet child-curves of her lips.

The shout deepened. Far away, in his handsome study, William Jameson dropped his pen and listened as tho he had caught its echo. It was the voice of the New Age—the Age of the Brotherhood of Man—crying its message to him across the miles.



VIRGINIA PEARSON IN A FANTASTIC POSE, BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD



Photo copyrighted by Hartsook

FAY TINCHER

How Fay Tincher Regards Her Profession

By MARGARET DENNY



FAY TINCHER

IT was my first interview. Of course, I had written some for the magazines, and had a scenario or two accepted. If I hadn't I should scarcely have been given the chance to chat for even a few minutes with Fay Tincher, whose time, to put it very mildly, is valuable. But, being by profession simply an English teacher, I wasn't accustomed to meeting Motion Picture stars in their own apartments, and was still trembling at my temerity in seeking such intercourse when, in answer to my hesitating knock, there came a cheerful "Come in, please!"

Such a pretty little room I stepped into then, filled with all the dainty things dear to the hearts of real girls, and there in the midst of it stood Miss Tincher, turning brightly toward me from a heap of photographs she had been looking over.

Then, with a touch of that kind consideration for others, even tho they may be strangers to her, which has done so much to endear Miss Tincher to all who know her, she added, "You dont suppose I'd let you go away again on this horribly rainy day, after coming all the way here to see me, even if I really cant consent to be interviewed?"

It certainly was raining—one of those typical California downpours, when the days of Noah's flood seem to have returned without warning, and I was glad to sink into a big chair and to assure my hostess that the interview would be a painless operation.

"I'm sure I dont know exactly what you want me to say," she continued, laughingly, as I took out my pad and fountain pen and prepared to get to

work, "but I'll do my best, if you'll give me just a hint. I generally talk to order, you know."

Then, at last, I rose to the occasion. Most carefully had I worked out that list of questions, and I meant, if I could, to hear all about the most serious, as well as the funniest, situation in which this famous film actress had ever been placed. But her answer to my first demand was a great surprise.

"The most serious situation?" She considered a moment. "Well, the most serious situation with me always is getting a laugh over—making my audience appreciate how funny I am. Yes, it is—honestly; and often it's much harder work than it sounds, too. You see, I'm a comedy actress who takes her work seriously. Sounds strange, doesn't it, considering what most Motion Picture comedy has been up to the present time. The truth is, that up to the last year or so comedy has never been handled seriously by either the producer or the public, and that is just the reason there has been so much cheap, vulgar, dime-novel comedy—slapstick, the managers call it.

"I could have done that sort of thing when I first began, and got big pay for it, too, but I wont do it. I hate it. There's no art in that sort of thing,

and there's nothing funny in it, either, for people with any brains. True comedy has to be spontaneous. It's just in the situation itself—in the meaning of the situation. For example, there's nothing funny about getting hit in the face with a pie, if there's no reason for it. No, it's the innocent person getting in wrong somewhere thru some blunder he isn't conscious of, but which the audience knows all about, that makes a thing really funny. And when the situation is right, the more natural and simple—even the more in earnest the actor is—why, the better he is—makes it all the funnier; don't you see? All that's necessary is for him to do the most natural thing under the circumstances. He doesn't have to make a fool of himself to be funny."

By this time it was easy to see, from Miss Tinchler's face, how seriously she takes her own work.

"I often plan my own situations," she went on earnestly, "and the more I study them the more I see that comedy on the screen will have to be taken seriously and raised to a much higher level than it has been so far, if it is to be permanent, and I'm glad of this chance to put myself on record as having said so.

"I enjoyed working on 'Don Quixote' more than anything I've ever done yet, and I'd like to try some of Dickens' stories. Some of his people would be wonderful in the comedy reels, if they were done just right. There's a big field in Dickens. I'm sure of it."

"Aren't the producers paying more attention to the better kinds of comedy than they did at first?" I asked her.

"Yes, indeed; they are. They've had to. Comedy-drama is growing in importance every day, and that is the thing I want so much to work into. I love it because it is so real and so human. People love it and need it—the real humor, I mean—clean, and sweet, and *funny*. Do you know," she continued, her dark eyes bright with enthusiasm, "I've often thought that Shakespeare would have loved Motion Pictures if he had been living now.

You can do anything with pictures, if you only have material that's big enough, and Shakespeare's plays are wonderfully adapted to Moving Pictures. They're full of such splendid pictures themselves. I know the cut-back would have appealed to Shakespeare. Think how it would have helped out about picking up threads—things that he had to make happen between acts, and off the stage, and then get before the audience the best way he could by poking them into conversations, or tucking them away in letters. How tedious it must have been sometimes to plan some way to bring them all in, and now he could just cut back and show the whole thing!"

Little Miss Tinchler takes her life almost as seriously as she does her work—not that she doesn't love good times of every kind. One sees all that in her eyes and in the whimsical little smile that forms her most attractive expression.

"And we do certainly have a good time—among ourselves. We Motion Picture people all hang together, you know. We're clannish, I'm afraid, but we almost have to be. No picture would be a success if the people in it weren't good friends and all interested mightily in making it so. 'The play's the thing' every time with us—and, just thru working so hard together, we learn to understand and like each other. We're so busy, too, and our time is so largely taken up with our work that we don't see much of outside people; so we have our good times with each other—a little dinner at the Alexandria, or perhaps a dance until midnight—no later—at Miss Marsh's home in Hollywood.

"Those dances are the most informal things! We just turn on the victrola and one-step and fox-trot among ourselves. But it's lots of fun, just the same. Yes, we have our good times, tho in a much quieter way than most people would believe of us, I'm sure.

"But we are all too busy, and have to get up too early in the morning to keep late hours, or injure our health in any way. One can't burn the candle



DONT IMAGINE THAT FAY TINCHER
IS ALWAYS A GUM-CHEWING TYPIST
AND CANNOT SHINE IN
"DRESSED-UP" PARTS



ALTHO FAY TINCHER IS KNOWN AS AN ECCENTRIC COMEDIENNE, SHE IS CONSIDERED A REGULAR FASHION-PLATE BY THOSE WHO KNOW WHAT'S WHAT

at both ends and last long, you know, especially in our kind of work, and we don't try—at least those of us who care and want to go on. Why, I'm too busy to get married, even; that shows how much I care!"

In fact, to speak the plain truth, my interview with Miss Tincher gave me an entirely different notion from any I had ever entertained before as to the general caliber of the girls who take up Motion Picture acting as a profession and their attitude toward their work. Of course I am speaking of the stars, especially, just here.

"Really," continued the pretty, dark-haired girl opposite me, "the movie people—the ones who count, I mean—are the straitest-laced set in all the world. We girls, for instance, wouldn't

be seen in the places where some fashionable people go, or doing the things that it is claimed some society women do.

"We are all taken care of, too. Those of us who work for Mr. Griffith, for example, are as carefully chaperoned as any pupil in the strictest girls' boarding-school. That's honestly so. I could tell you of any number of times when special cars have been sent for us, and some older woman, to take us to and from the studios when we have had to work at night."

Nor were these the only glimpses into their ways of doing things which led me to believe that in the case of some, at least, of the young women engaged in this new profession, the half has not yet been told.

My FIRST VISIT TO THE MOVIES

by
Homer Dunne.

I RECALL, in the dim past of the closing years of the nineteenth century, pausing one summer evening before a store-window on Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. In the window, from which shone forth a light of blinding intensity, was an odd-looking box-like contrivance upon a tripod. Projecting from the side of the box was a handle resembling somewhat, in size and shape, the crank of a clothes-wringer. A perspiring young man in shirt-sleeves was industriously turning the handle. An all too hastily painted placard, from the crude letters of which the ink had dripped in fantastic festoons, bore an inscription something to this effect:

MARVELOUS MOVING PHOTOGRAPHS!
THE WONDER OF THE AGE!
ADMISSION - - - - 5 CENTS

In the doorway of the store stood a fat and strident-voiced barker, who harangued the knot of curious passers-by clustered before the window like moths around a candle. Occasionally some one, more venturesome than the others, would hand the barker a nickel and enter the store. Presently he would come out, blinking his eyes and looking rather sheepish. The whole atmosphere of the place reeked with penny claptrap.

Curiosity finally induced me to investigate what might be meant by

“moving photographs.” I dropped five cents into the grimy, greasy hand of the barker and went inside.

At the far end of the store a small sheet, obviously dirty, was hung loosely from a wire. A rope was stretched from one wall to the other, about three feet in front of the sheet. There were no seats; the half-dozen or so spectators standing about here and there smoked vigorously and mopped their fevered foreheads. The store was innocent of lights, tho the rays from two huge arc-lamps in the window made the place almost as glaring as noonday.

Apparently I had arrived during an intermission. The biliously yellow sheet, down the center of which ran a seam like a broad furrow, loomed ghostily before me, an aching void of nothing, billowing in and out occasionally like an uneasy specter.

Presently there sounded a noisy sputtering and spitting in the window. Upon the sheet appeared a silhouette of the head of the perspiring young man who officiated at the clothes-wringer handle. The shadow moved grotesquely here and there, as tho he were dodging a swarm of angry hornets. If this were a “moving photograph,” I decided I preferred the shadowgraphs of donkeys and rabbits I had learnt to throw upon the wall in the days of my callow youth.

I was on the point of leaving, look-

ing, I have no doubt, as sheepish as those who had preceded me, when the voice of the barker took on a new thrill of urgency and rose to a higher pitch of shrillness, if that were possible.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" he fairly shrieked. "The show is about to begin. See the marvelous, mysterious moving photographs. The wonder of the age! The chance of a lifetime! Admission only five cents, half a dime, the twentieth part of a dollar!"

A half-dozen more of the curious filed into the store in response to this appeal, and I waited to see what would happen.

The sputtering and spitting became louder and sharper. The silhouette of the young man's head disappeared, and the sheet suddenly glowed with an exaggerated phosphorescence. A noise like the grinding of a coffee-mill became audible. Clickety-clack! Click! Sputter! Spit and click! Then the sheet broke out into a rash of magnified measles.

Great blobs of pearl-colored light, pocked with points of shadow, danced and slid and rollicked up and down, from one side to the other, and here and there. They circumnavigated the sheet, bisected it, flew off at impossible tangents, and behaved altogether in a highly drunk and disorderly manner. These were interspersed with flashes of zigzag lightning and punctuated with soft and mellow glows like a summer sunset. As an exhibition of a "light fantasy," it was an unqualified success. But as yet nothing even remotely resembling a picture, moving or still, had appeared.

After a few minutes of this luminous orgy, however, a man's face popped out from between two particularly brilliant splotches of light. It was gone in an instant, as tho the

fellow to whom it belonged had all but succeeded in climbing a fence, only to lose his footing. Soon another face appeared in the northwest corner of the sheet. Whether it was the same man I have never been able to determine to my complete satisfaction. The second face remained with us longer. But that, too, hastily disappeared. Later, a human torso flashed into view; then its arms popped into place, then its legs; its head arrived soon after, and it stood revealed in all its entirety, a perfect man.

Eventually he was joined by his pal, and for nearly a minute they gestured and gesticulated at each other. The argument grew warmer and warmer, and Number One finally lost his temper. Without warning he launched a vicious blow at Number Two.

Whether the blow was a knockout I shall never know. Before it landed, the sheet was plunged into pitchy darkness—and the show was over.

I have often wondered what would have happened to me—assuming I had had the wit to make the forecast—if I had predicted to those who witnessed with me that weird performance, that the day would come when that same moving photograph would be developed and perfected to show, intelligibly and artistically, such stupendous spectacles as "Quo Vadis?" such fairy stories as "Cinderella," and such plays as "Du Barry," "The Christian," "The Girl of the Golden West" and "The Island of Regeneration," to say nothing of the many, many other equally charming stories that are now told daily in Moving Pictures.

I can only believe that I would have been laughed at as a false prophet or locked up as a dangerous lunatic. For no one took that exhibition seriously. How could we, when not one of us knew what it was all about?

Kamera Kids

By DOROTHY HARPUR O'NEILL

Babies romp upon the screen,
But never say a word,
For "Little children should be seen,
And never, never heard!"



Annette Kellermann Again a Photoplayer

The Famous Diver, Swimmer and Exponent of "The Human Form Divine"
Duplicates the Success of "Neptune's Daughter"



ANNETTE KELLERMANN in the Harem Scene of "Fox's \$1,000,000 Picture"

Tableaux from Children's Picture-Plays

HOW TO MAKE FOUR SCENES FROM

ALADDIN

By HARVEY PEAKE

When father and mother have given their consent to the cutting out of this page, you can proceed as follows:

Paste the design upon very light-weight cardboard, and when it is dry and pressed smoothly, paint it with water-colors, and carefully trim out the parts.

Cut the three doors in Figure 1 upon the three dark sides, so that they will open upon the dotted line upon the fourth side. Paste Figure 2 back of Figure 1, so that, when the doors are opened, Aladdin's treasure will be seen within.

Cut small slits in the hands of Aladdin and the Genius (one of the two Genii), so that the lamp may be stuck therein. Bend the white squares (beneath the figures) back from the front, to make them stand up.

Place your gray, fourfold, paper screen behind the groups for a background. You can then arrange your scenes as follows:

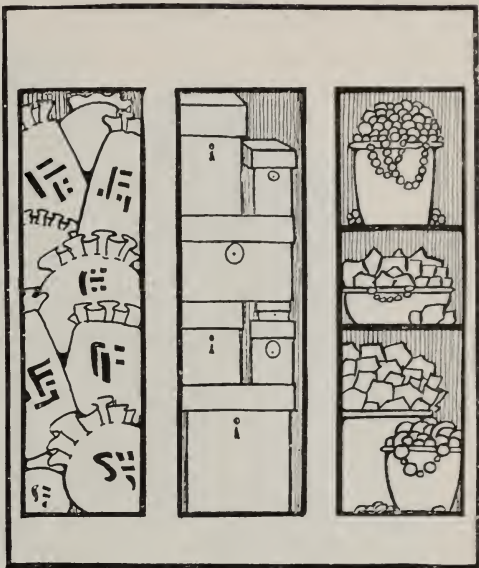
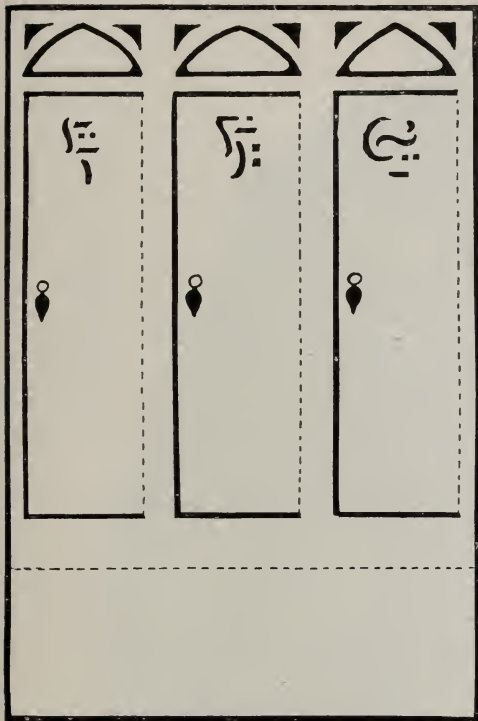
SCENE 1—Aladdin just about to rub the lamp and make a wish. Treasure closet at back, with doors closed. Lamp in Aladdin's outstretched hand. Genius not yet visible.

SCENE 2—After Aladdin has rubbed lamp, Genius appears and offers to do anything Aladdin asks. Treasure closet at back, with doors still closed. Aladdin turned toward Genius, with lamp still in hand. Genius squatting on floor at left.

SCENE 3—Aladdin wishes for wealth and again rubs lamp. Genius tells him to open closet doors. Closet at back with first door partially open. Aladdin has outstretched hand on door. Genius is turned, so that he will appear to be holding out hands to treasure. Lamp lying on floor.

SCENE 4—Aladdin sees the beautiful treasure and is overcome by the sight. All doors of treasure closet open. Aladdin turned, so that he is pointing toward them. Genius on floor, with lamp in hand, entreating Aladdin to ask for more.

Cut-out Puzzle of Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp



ONE OF THE GENII



THE LAMP



ALADDIN

For instructions as to how to make this tableau, see preceding page. A set of water-color paints with which to color these pictures can be purchased at any department store or stationer's for ten cents and upward.

The Secret of a Submarine

One of the Secrets of the Success of the Submarine Serial Is Juanita Hansen,
Whose Strenuous Work Climbing Cliffs, Bucking the Tides and Breasting
the Waves of an Angry Sea Has Won for Her Many Admirers



JUANITA HANSEN

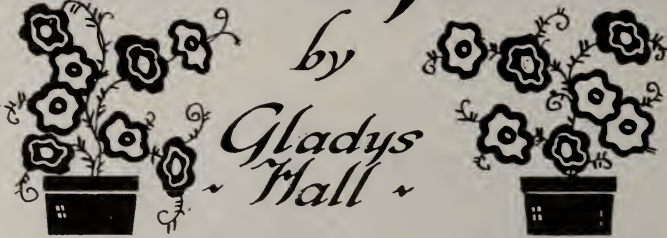
A REMARKABLE "CHRISTUS"

A new "Christus" has arisen in the photoplay world. Many have undertaken this difficult part, but to do it with reverence and dignity, and to give it the proper spirituality, is a rare talent



George Fisher, who played the inspired role of The Christus in "Civilization," the huge spectacle recently produced by Thomas H. Ince

East Lynne



This story was written from the Photoplay of MARY MURILLO

JOHN MOUNT SEVERN, having spent the major portion of his not inconsiderable fortune and gambled what he had not spent, found it incumbent upon himself to part with his estate, East Lynne. He felt badly about parting with East Lynne. It was a family seat, as it were: spacious within and without; graceful not only with the hangings and pictures of connoisseurs for generations, but also with the memories of those same generations—some twilit with tears and pain; some dawn-bright with laughter and youth; but all, and forever, East Lynne's. However, John Mount Severn was of the type to whom money is but so much water spilling recklessly thru lax fingers. It was to spend, he argued, and he spent it. After each orgy of extravagance he would have a remorseful aftermath in which he would paternally realize that he was defrauding his only child, Isabel, of her birthright; but she would probably marry well, he would reflect comfortably, certain of her beauty, and that was all there would be to it.

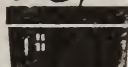
Relative to the purchase of East Lynne there came to see Mount Severn a young lawyer whose bit of pasteboard read "Archibald Carlyle." Of Carlyle it may be said that he came to scoff, but he remained to pray. He was of different stamp from those of Mount Severn's ilk. Born of decidedly moderately fixed parents, Archibald had grown to manhood with a fine sense of the value of money. Working his own way thru college, and thence to the rapidly growing prestige he was acquiring, had but the more firmly impressed his early knowledge upon him. He therefore went up to Mount Sev-

ern's estate with a subconscious contempt for the notorious spendthrift, and for the man who could wantonly let slip from him such a splendid heritage as East Lynne.

He found Mount Severn to be one of those weaklings whom the world adores—one of those baffling personalities whom we cannot in reason respect, but to whom we accord, nevertheless, the warmth and fellowship seldom given to a more deserving if more colorless individual.

He found Mount Severn's daughter to be the incarnation of his dream of women. She was all that he had imagined when his busy life had allowed the imaginative to possess him. All his visionings crystalized into his first glimpse of her, standing by her father, a white dog in her arms, a white gown following her body slenderly. "She is the one thing in the world I want," he said to himself; "I must have her—for I've never really wanted anything before—I've never had anything of woman in my life—neither





Fox

tude. He was absent - minded, moody, somewhat irritable, and then suddenly remorseful. As the days passed she grew more than certain that something had occurred — there were no more flowers; no more books and music; no sudden, unexpected 'phone calls for luncheon, dinner, even breakfast. Characteristically, she proceeded to "*cherchez la femme.*" She knew that she had hit it

loved nor loving, except——" On the succeeding day he went back to New York, after half promising to buy East Lynne himself, and all the way back that "except," that had checked his thoughts when he met Isabel Mount Severn, annoyed him.

"It was merely friendship," he would mutter to himself; "surely she understood that." Then Barbara Hare's honest brown eyes would seem to stare at him, and he would admit to himself that she didn't understand, and that he knew that she didn't.

When he called to keep a previous appointment with her that night, however, Barbara began to understand. With that uncanny intuition of women who love, she sensed the change in Carlyle's atti-

when he endeavored to remark carelessly that he was going to run up to the Mount Severn estate for over Sunday—he was negotiating a sale, you know.

Barbara, left alone, tried to recall every scrap of information she had ever heard about the lovely Isabel Mount Severn. Everything she recalled seemed to enhance a reputedly miraculous beauty and charm. And in her veins flowed the ancient blood of the *grande dames* of East Lynne. Barbara pictured her feverishly as being a Guinevere—an Elaine—a Clara Vere de Vere. And then she laid her wavy brown head on her arms, and wept despairingly, bitterly, hopelessly. Wept for the dear comradeship this girl would end—for the dearer dreams she had not been able to help—for all the

lonely years the going of this man must mean. For Barbara was a whole-souled, simple-minded girl. She had no thought of other loves to bring surcease to pain. She knew that she loved Archie Carlyle unutterably—and that was all.

When he came back he told her, radiantly, that he was engaged to Isabel Mount Severn. "We must always be friends, Barb," he told her, guilelessly, "and you must visit us often. I have bought East Lynne for Isabel, so that we can live there. It's the only place she belongs, Barb—it's like some rarely appropriate frame for a priceless picture. Isabel in New York would be a glaring incongruity. Why, Barbara—my dear, dear girl—what is it?"

Barbara's was something of a primitive nature—the sort of a nature that is more or less trampled upon in these days of ultra civilization. It was brutally outraged now, and she sobbed with an utter abandonment, making her meaning bewilderingly plain to the horrified Archibald, who stood in true masculine awe of feminine tears.

He stood quite rigid, and awkwardly patted her convulsively heaving back, and almost wished that he had never met the wonderful Isabel Mount Severn. In all probability he would have eventually married his little pal, Barbara, and been comfortably content—missing only the glory which he would never have known, and, therefore, couldn't have missed after all. But he *had* met Isabel—had held her to him—had kist her marvelous mouth, and the wine of her ran thru his veins and scorched him with its bliss. After that Barbara would be prose to poetry—bread to cake—the things of earth to the things of heaven.

While he was thinking these things, and foolishly patting her back, Barbara collected herself, and had the grace to feel somewhat ashamed. She loved him—and love is sans any dross of self. Hence, she smiled up at him thru a rainbow of tears, and roundly apostrophized herself. "I'm a fool, Lyle, dear," she declared, vehemently, and not altogether convincingly; "but we women must weep our little weep, you know. And I will miss you outrageously, you know—just"—she smiled again, and wondered

if martyrs died this way, smiling at the ultimate torture—"just as I missed Betty King when she went to Paris to live. We've been such awfully good chums, Lyle. It isn't—isn't often two people can be such chums. And then we're having trouble at home again, you know. I hate to cloud up your happiness with my silly troubles, but I want you to know why I was such a ninny. Dicky—Dicky goes up to East Lynne—coincidence, isn't it?—to see Afy Hellijohn, the game-keeper's daughter, and father is raging. You know he keeps poor Dicky almost under lock and key, and the boy resents it. But it makes it hard for mother and for me."

Carlyle listened sympathetically—one brain-cell on what she was telling him; the others up at East Lynne, where his lovely lady awaited their not far distant marriage day.

"It's rotten," he got out at last, "and listen, Barb, if ever there's any way *at all* in which I can help you, or any of you, I want you to let me know. Promise me that, girl, for old sake's sake."

Barbara raised her brown eyes, bravely. They held a bruised look that Carlyle didn't like, but the lips smiled. "I'll be glad to promise, Lyle," she assented, "for old sake's sake."

The sun streamed in thru the chintz hangings of the breakfast-room, played on the silver service, the golden fruits, and lit lovingly Isabel Carlyle's oval face. Across from her, Archie Carlyle laid down his breakfast paper and frowned. "I wish," he said, "that they would drop the Dick Hare stuff. It's all been four years ago, and they're still hammering at him. He's vanished off the face of the earth, at that."

Isabel looked troubled. "I suppose it's the prominence of Judge Hare, isn't it?" she queried. "Tell me all about it, and then, dear. You know Little Arch was born just when it all occurred, and I never did get the rights of it. You used to know Barbara Hare, the sister, didn't you?"

Archie nodded. "I knew them all," he said, "and Barbara was the best chum I had. Until I met you, sweetheart, she was the only woman in my life. Dick,

poor kid, was the victim of too much authority and of his own tempestuous will. The old judge knew the temper of the boy, and, in trying to guard against his impulsiveness, he put the rein on too tight and bred deceit. Dick, you know, was having an affair with Afy Hellijohn. All I know is that he must

"Oh, nothing directly; only a moral treatise on the bringing up of the nation's gilded youth—probably by an intensely spinsterial lady to whom a youth is like a contagious disease—and an admonition to remember the sad case of Dicky Hare, son of the prominent judge, et cetera, et cetera—you know the piffle they ring in."



CARLYLE'S FIRST MEETING WITH ISABEL

have had a row with her old man, and in the scuffle he did for him. They found his pistol by the old man's side—the old judge turned against him—and the lad made his escape. They've never found him. It's a shame. Dick was the making of good stuff—a dotting old man and a flighty girl were his Waterloo."

"What does it say about him today?"

"It's a shame," said tender-hearted Isabel; "it must be like rubbing salt into an open wound to his mother. Ever since little Arch came I can feel for a mother and son. If anything happened to separate Arch and me, dear, I'd——" The soft voice broke, and Archibald senior came over to kiss the downcast, radiant head.

"Nothing is going to, little mother o' mine," he said. "But something more momentous than that marvelous son of ours is at hand. I am administrator of the Levinson estate, you know. The old senator has been dead a month and nothing has been settled. Do you object

her coffee cup hastily. "A little," she answered; "he and the old senator used to visit here a lot, and of course Mark and I were thrown more or less together. Why do you ask?"

"No reason. All right, honey, I'll wire him, and he'll be up in time for dinner."



"THE WILL," SUGGESTED LEVINSON; "CANT WE GO OVER THAT?"

to Mark Levinson stopping here while things are cleared up?"

"Of course not," declared Isabel; "I'd be glad to, dear. When does he come?"

"I can wire him to run up tonight," said Archie; "you used to know Mark anyway, didn't you, Isabel?"

The fair face flushed, and she raised

That night Mark Levinson arrived, a bit pale and rather interesting from his recent sorrow—the one stable emotion in his life having been the idolatry of his father, an emotion born of little-boy worship that never had cooled. With Mark Levinson arrived a telegram for Archie. It was from Barbara Hare—

the first word he had had since his marriage four years previous. It pleaded urgent need and begged that he come at once. It also mentioned that Dicky was there and the cause of the sending of the telegram.

Archie, fearful to disclose the reason for his departure, merely explained that Barbara needed him, and that he would return the next day.

After he had gone and the kiddies had been tucked away, Isabel returned to the fireside where Mark Levinson sat dreaming. She felt that she had never appreciated Mark before. Back in those days of tentative love-making on his part, and gentle rebuffs on hers, he had not seemed so gentle, so sensitive, so finely bred. The years, and grief, had done much for him.

Levinson turned to her suddenly. His eyes were overbright. "You dont know what it means to me, Isabel," he said, "to be here like this with you. It seems like the tiny fragment of all my dreams come true. It's like a little bit of all I've wanted for a very long while. I——"

Isabel leaned forward. "Dont, Mark, please," she begged, "say these things to me; it— isn't fair—to Archie."

Levinson rose. The firelight traced his features prominently. The pallor of his grief had given way to a red stain on either cheek.

"Isabel," he said swiftly, "do you know that you are going to be tragically bruised and hurt in the long run? Do you know that you are of the type of women who must inevitably suffer? I dont know why. Dont ask me. God knows you are pure and as far above the rest of us as the stars—perhaps it is because of that, that mortals will drag you down and crush you under their heels. I loved you long ago. I guess you know that. But I was younger. You were so aloof—so ethereally beautiful; I was so unfit. I'm not a saint, but I didn't quite dare. But now—now"—he paused in his rapid tread of the tiger's and stooped over her chair-back—"poor little saint among women," he breathed, "must I tell you where this Archie of yours is tonight? Dont you even suspect?"

Isabel sat erect. Like all gentlewomen

with pliant, yielding natures, she was a prey to fears and doubts and all the terrors the outside world holds for those who view it vaguely from afar.

"What do you—mean?" she breathed. Levinson gave a half smile at the fright portrayed. "Dont you know," he said, "that this Barbara Hare and your husband were passionate lovers before he married you? She was the sun, moon and stars to him—he was all her world to her. Remember, he never married her. She has lost none of her charm, none of her unusualness, none of the insidious lure of the illicit. She is his early love; he answers her summons tonight. I happen to know that he has answered them before. I can vouch for it that he will answer them again. Isabel, dont look like that, my beloved; ah, dont draw away, I will not frighten you—but I cannot see you played with, cheated of the love you need and are entitled to—relying so pitifully on his faith; I—cant——"

"The children"—reminded Isabel—"baby Gwen and Archie junior—he—worships them."

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart," quoted Mark; "it is the same with man's children. And even if it is not, a man's amour does not remove him from his son——"

"Archie would *never* come near the babies," protested Isabel, "with that sin in his heart."

Levinson smiled. "You are so good," he said, "and you have so much to learn—about men——"

There was silence for a long while. Isabel felt as tho an icy hand had been laid upon her heart—as if her whole body had been petrified and her heart was the only sentient thing about her—a bleeding, protesting thing. She craved security—some token of love and care—some warmth to thaw the deathly chill enveloping her—the assurance that *some one* loved her—that she was not utterly alone. And then Mark Levinson's strong arms were about her—his low-pitched voice caressing her, wooing her, intoxicating her with tendernesses, promises, prayers for some part of her heart.

"I am outcast," ran thru the woman's distraught mind; "this is a nightmare—"

soon I must wake up—but, oh, something in me has been *robbed*—something has gone—and she held up her mouth and kist Mark Levinson.

The next noon Archie returned, breathless, heedless, to say that he must return that night. It was imperative. He couldn't say how long he would be gone. He would certainly remain as long as there was any need for him.

"The will," suggested Levinson amiably, "that's what I came up for, old man; cant we go over that?"

Archie sat down with him, and Isabel, standing in the doorway, flower-laden and sick at heart, watched him as tho she were looking her last on something too beloved to tear one's eyes from.

"Dont you think," she suggested, "that we need you too—the kiddies and I?"

Carlyle was exhausted, and his nerves were raw. "Nonsense!" he rasped, impatient with her for the first time since their marriage; "there is one who has a greater need than yours—and, besides, Mark can stay awhile and see that you're taken care of, cant you, Mark?"

"I'll arrange it," said Levinson.

Isabel stepped out of the French window onto the lawn. Her eyes were blind with tears, and her heart thumped in her breast.

Carlyle was away a week. When he returned, Isabel had gone with Mark Levinson. A little note saying that she could not live without his love, and that she was very lonely, and that she prayed he would care for the kiddies, was all.

Out of the gold in Isabel's nature had risen the dross that is fundamentally a part of every woman—the desire for love of the male above and beyond all other things on earth. It has made for the oppression of women—the lack of them in other fields—the sins they have com-

mitted—sins founded in that sin of the Magdalene's, forgiven by One who divinely realized—"Forgive her, for she loved too well."

A week had not passed before every fiber in Isabel's body ached for the babies she had left. She would wake in the night crying their names—or seeing them as they had cuddled in their cribs when she bent over them for that last, mad farewell. Some great psychologists claim women are all insane—some claim they are without souls—Isabel grew to believe both in these days of her anguish. She forgot Archie senior, and the probability or improbability of his affair with Barbara. She felt that it was all trifling as compared to the void in her breast—the aching persistence of every sense for the babies.

"There is nothing left for me to look forward to," she would tell Levinson, "save only the respectability of marriage with you. Hasn't Archie started divorce proceedings? It would be so like him to. He—he had so very much—pride." Then the tears came, and Levinson left the room in disgust. He had not won



her and taken her with him for the pleasure of post-mortems over Archie and the babies. Archie had obtained a speedy divorce, but Levinson had already repented of his bargain, and had no intention of mating a forlorn thing like Isabel.

Other men's wives were a gamble, he decided. The deserted husbands were too apt to take on the celestial attributes of the dead and gone, and become heroes in the minds of the eloping wife. One elopes with a man's wife for the sake of Life's red roses, wine, and high carnival and song—when the partner in sin develops chronic weeps and dol-drums the bargain is nil.

This being the case with Levinson, he departed to seek pastures new, and left Isabel alone to discover that Carlyle had obtained his absolute divorce and

passengers were mutilated. The ambulance surgeon that found her shook his head, and when she saw that Isabel smiled happily, in spite of her pain. "Please," she whispered weakly, "will you send a message for me? Put on the envelope that it is a dying one, so that they—he—will surely—not destroy it—and read:

Archibald Carlyle,
East Lynne, N. Y.

When you read this, I will be past my sin. I— Oh, my husband, it was not I, but the thing doubt and fear had made. Forgive me—and kiss my babies.

ISABEL.

Barbara Hare stood facing Carlyle in the dim, paneled library at East Lynne. Outside the long French doors the shouts of the children could be heard, unruly, defiant. Carlyle sighed, and ran his fingers thru his graying hair. It had not been so when *she* had been there to love them into quietude.

Barbara came over to the table and stood beside him. "Archie," she said quietly, "is there any other woman now that Isabel is gone?"

The man looked down at her, and his face was haggard. "No," he said.

The girl took his hand timidly, and there was something in the warm quality of her voice that quickened the tears in Carlyle's dry eyes. "I've always loved you, Lyle," she said; "I—it wasn't true the things I told you that day when you told me of Isabel. I couldn't be truthful then. But now—you are ill and in trouble. You need some one—I would be so good to the babies. I do not want your heart, Lyle—I've schooled myself to forget all that. But if I can *help* you, dear, just ever so little—may I try?"

The man looked down at her—the earnest, steady brown eyes, the loyal, pleading little face—and they all came back to him—the old pal-days, when he



ONE LAST LOOK AT HER LITTLE ONES

that Levinson had no marital intentions whatever.

That same day she started for the Red Cross Society some journey away, and was in the crash when the Limited struck the west-bound train and most of the

and this girl had played together, while all the world was young. He drew her to him and laid his tired face in her soft hair. It was not Isabel's hair, living threads of gold; but it was soft and scented, and it soothed his weary heart.

dinner a month or more after their quiet marriage; "but the new governess has come. Will you see her here?"

"We might as well," suggested Barbara; "she comes from quite a distance, and the poor woman is probably hungry.



IT HAD NOT BEEN SO WHEN SHE HAD BEEN THERE TO LOVE THEM

"Heart of gold," he murmured, "I'd be so glad to have you here. But what can be your reward?"

The girl looked up at him, and now a glory of transfiguration made her face beautiful. "Just to *be* here!" she cried, "oh, Lyle!"

"Pardon, sir," interrupted the butler, as Carlyle and Barbara were sitting at

Bring in some sandwiches, Steel, and some hot coffee."

The man withdrew, and there stepped into the room a woman with snow-white hair and heavy, smoked glasses. She stood on the threshold a moment, as if uncertain whether to enter or not, and behind the glasses her eyes sought Carlyle's face greedily. Then she turned to Barbara and bowed.

She seemed to be a woman of few words, but eagerly, ardently fond of children. "I'd love to see them," she said quickly, "at once."

"Not quite at once," said Barbara, gently; "our kiddies are asleep, and they cannot be disturbed. But the first thing in the morning—and I think you'll get along finely, Miss——"

"Gray," supplied the woman, a bit breathlessly.

bending over two tiny cots. The dim glasses were off and the white wig was discarded. Hungry mother-lips pressed the rosy cheeks; trembling, too covetous hands stroked the warm, curly heads; broken, sobbing words came stumbling from the poor mouth. All the woman's torn, misguided heart was wrenched from her in her agony over these mites that were so vitally her own. "I can be

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"After all," said Barbara, "the main thing is *loving* the kiddies. Education is essential, but it cannot be imparted unless love is the motive power."

"That is true," the governess agreed.

Barbara Carlyle had said the babies must not be disturbed, and the new governess went quietly to her room as she was requested. But after the household had settled down and the lights were low, she crept along the corridor to a door she knew, and in an instant she was

with you, *anyway*," she whispered; "*she* is your mother now, but I can be *with* you—feel you—hear you—breathe the same air with you—oh, my darlings——"

Each night Isabel crept to the darkened room and abandoned herself before the sleeping babies. Each day she drew herself into her shell and was the correct governess—kindly, restraining, instructive. Behind the smoked glasses, she watched Barbara mothering them—watched her cater to Carlyle, and grew

to endure the glances he gave her—glances only gratitude as yet, but strong with the promise of some future love. And when she was alone she would whisper, "I am glad my mother left me this tender heart as heritage—it is going to bring me surcease soon, I know."

East Lynne stilled into routine, and it was Mark Levinson once more who threw things into commotion. Carlyle being administrator of the estate, conference between them was imperative. After the affair was straightened out, Levinson had the temerity to settle down in the village for a protracted stay. One week later news was telephoned to East Lynne that Mr. Levinson was in jail for the shooting of Peter Hellijohn. The game was up and the story came out. Mark Levinson had been paying attention to Afy Hellijohn at the same time that young Dick Hare was. Peter Hellijohn came home one night, and finding his daughter with Levinson, who he knew meant only harm to the girl, chased Levinson from the house. A fight ensued, and in the scramble Levinson shot Hellijohn with Dick Hare's gun, left at the gamekeeper's some time before. Otway Bethel, a poacher, happened to be the only witness to the affair, and him Levinson bought off. Dick Hare coming along at the time, and being found examining the body, was the logical victim of blame, and he got it. The affair had been all but forgotten, when Otway Bethel learnt that Levinson was living in the town, the possessor of many millions. Deciding that a little more hush-money might not go amiss, he sought Levinson out, and their heated argument was overheard and taken down by one of the town officers. The arrest of Levinson and the clearing of Dicky Hare followed.

The news created a furore at East Lynne. Carlyle was sick with disgust at the manner of man who had won his wife—a low intriguer—a murderer who could not only take life, but give the smirch to a boy with all life before him. Barbara was wild with joy over the clearing of Dick and the great happiness it would give her mother. Isabel felt neither pain nor any other emotion, for little Archie had been taken seriously ill, and she and the doctor hung over him.

With twilight his fever rose, and he began crying for his mother—stormily at first; then, as his strength ebbed, pitifully, forlornly. Barbara came to him, tenderly, eagerly, but he repudiated her. Carlyle came to him, held him, sang to him, called him his laddie, his baby son, gave him the big tenderness of a father and the softer side of a mother. But the delirious child was not to be comforted. "My mommie," he wailed, and the doctor shook his head, and Carlyle gritted his teeth, and the eyes of the governess gleamed strangely behind the smoked glasses. Suddenly the wailing ceased and the child sobbed wildly. "If I cant have my mommie," he choked, "ven I want--Dod."

Some one gasped as tho strangling. There was a swift movement, and the governess had torn from her head the white wig, the smoked glasses and the high stock, and fallen to her knees by the side of the bed. She did not look at Carlyle, nor at the doctor, nor at Barbara. She gazed only on the sick child, gathered him closely to her breast, and soothed him until his eyes closed in the last sleep he would ever know, and they took him from her to consign him to a better care than hers.

It was then that Carlyle came to her and took her in his arms. There are some things in life that get under the skin, as it were. Times when all externals are swept away—when only the innermost blood-ties call, and only the innermost answer. The man and the woman—who had invoked this little being into life—stood together as the tiny life went out. Neither sin, nor shame, nor anything could separate them then. Barbara and the doctor silently withdrew.

Isabel bent over the still, little face and kist it. Then she turned to Carlyle, and close in his arms she told him all the pain, the hurt, the loneliness. "Be good to her, my dearly beloved," she said; "dont ever let her be lonely—dont ever let her doubt—dont— Archie—forgive me—and kiss me—again—"

The man bent to her, and she smiled softly. A minute later he laid her on the bed beside her little son and watched thru blinded eyes the everlasting peace on the two faces he had loved.



THEDA BARA IN "THE SERPENT" (FOX)

Theda Bara's Defense

The Famous Vampire Lady Takes Up Her Pen to Show the Good She Is Doing

VERY much has been written concerning Theda Bara and her "vampire" parts which she is playing, but probably the most interesting of all are the sentiments coming directly from her own pen.

As a result of protests recently made to the officials of Cincinnati by ministers of that city against the showing of one of her pictures, "The Serpent," and the attempt to have the picture barred from Cincinnati theaters, on the ground that certain parts ordered eliminated by the State Censor Board had been allowed to remain, Miss Bara, who is a former Cincinnati girl, sent the following letter to Mayor Puchta, of Cincinnati:

"I cannot conceive why my appear-

ance in pictures in the Cincinnati theaters could give ground or cause for the protests that are being published in dispatches from Cincinnati. I cannot analyze nor understand the purpose of those who would seek to attach stigma to my name because of the work I have done in 'The Serpent' and other of Mr. Fox's pictures which have been exhibited in Cincinnati. Quite the contrary.

"Every mother, every minister, every sane person with the well-being of the younger element at heart owes me some gratitude for what I have accomplished thru these pictures. Every picture in which I have appeared has a clear and understandable moral. The ministers of your city have a clear and definite aim and purpose in their

work and achieve much. Mr. William A. (Billy) Sunday, no doubt, feels that his missions call for a certain type of ministerial vigor, but the results he accomplishes cannot be denied.

"To pillory me for trying earnestly, thru my pictures, to make sin and wrong-doing a thing to be shunned and avoided, presents an inconsistency which I am unable to fathom. In writing to you now, I do not seek to provoke argument nor contribute to any existing antagonism, but I do insist that my pictures shown in Cincinnati, as well as thruout the civilized world, are misunderstood and wrongly interpreted by some reform agency of your city.

"I have just as definite a place, just as high a mission in pictures, as the best of your evangelists and the most beloved of your local ministers. Thru the silent but expressive medium

of the Motion Picture I am saving hundreds of girls from social degradation and wrong-doing. I believe I am showing time and again the unhappiness—the misery which falls to the lot of men transgressors, and the contempt and hatred which such people inspire in good society and among the well-behaved people of the world. Furthermore, I am reaching one million persons each day—a larger audience than was ever had before by any man or woman in the world's history.

"I am writing you thus because I feel sure you cannot know and realize these things, and to show you that there are at least two viewpoints on all subjects, and this subject in particular—your viewpoint and my own. Is mine not so broad as yours?

"Faithfully yours,

(Signed) "THEDA BARA."

The All-Night Movie Show

By IVAN GADDIS

Now comes the all-night movie show. True it is that all-night movie shows have been for some time in operation in New York and Chicago, but the innovation has just reached the middle west, and Kansas City recently opened its first theater.

They are an odd sort, those night-birds who loll all night in the picture show. Two well-dressed Chinamen drop in about two o'clock in the morning. An Italian youth, a prize-fighter by profession, sits alone in the corner for several hours when he ought to be sleeping, if he is going to keep in trim for the battles to come. A night-school boy with a foreign face is a regular patron. Every night he appears with his books, and every night he drops asleep. Long-haired men and bald-headed men, women with willow plumes on their hats, and smartly clad young men with hard, cold faces take their movies in sleepy silence. Verily, it is a cosmopolitan and an odd audience.

Every one is sleepy. By two-thirty o'clock fully a third of the audience is sitting with closed eyes. The film char-

acters flicker away silently. There is a murder, a trial and a broken home. The all-night pianist is pounding out "A Perfect Day." A gray haze of cigaret smoke hangs foggily over the seats. Smoking is permitted after midnight.

Why are they there? The night manager doesn't know. Some of them are chauffeurs, restaurant help and cabaretters—people who can afford to spend their night hours in pleasure, because they catch up their sleep in the daytime. There is a bit of mystery about the rest.

"We get a lot of regulars here," said the manager. "Some of them leave calls at the box-office. They want to drop off between owl cars, and don't want to miss connections if they should go to sleep with some of the rest. Night after night we get the same people back. They are a queer lot. There's a certain class that like to stay up nights. The all-night show has come to stay, and will play an important part of the night life in all cities before long," concluded the manager.



GAIL KANE AT HER HOME LIBRARY READING-DESK

Gail Kane Prescribes for the Children

By LILLIAN MAY

"MY greatest ambition in life?" said that adorable young person, Gail Kane. "Well, I'll tell you. When I was a schoolgirl my object in life was *not* to have a career, I assure you. The girls in my class were always saying: 'Gail, you will be the first one of us to be married,' and I would say, 'Well, what of it? That's what I want to do—and have about twelve children—and I want to wash, dress, feed and teach them myself.'

"My ideas have changed somewhat—or, rather, my ambition to be the mother of a flock has not been realized. In the first place, here I am in the movies. Don't ask me how I came to do it—I don't know; but here I am. And, having begun a thing, I want to make a success of it. Mother is a bit of a Puritan (because we are from Philadelphia, perhaps), and she is not really in sympathy with my work. But she feels about it in one way as I do—she wants me to succeed.

"Mother comes of a large family, who all married young and had large families. So, instinctively, I suppose, I have always felt that the best thing in life would be to have a lot of kiddies around. And very soon I am going to begin and adopt a family, one at a time, as I find the ones I want. But the trouble will be, I shall want them all. Wouldn't it be splendid," she said gleefully, "to have one of each nationality? It would be so interesting to watch them grow and develop."

Her lovely face grew serious. "Isn't it pathetic?" she said. "There are so many poor little uncared-for kiddies—and children have a right to be happy. Sometimes I go to the children's hospitals, and their dear, sad little faces make me feel that I must gather them all up and take them home.

"But, whether I have a family of my own or whether I adopt one, I am going to let them follow their natural bent. I



MISS KANE LOVES CHILDREN ; BUT, HAVING NONE, SHE DOES THE NEXT
BEST THING

mean, if they happen to have minds of their own, I am not going to spoil their dispositions and wear myself all out trying to 'break their will,' as so many

parents consider it their duty to do. Children are individuals, with the divine right of their own personality, and it is positively wicked to try to make them

into something they were not intended to be at all. Perhaps I dont make myself clear," she said, "but come to see my family when I get one, and I'll show you.

"Well, the girls' prediction did not come true at all. Every one in our class except me is married and has a home—and some of them have dear, little kiddies. I keep in touch with the girls, and they are always saying, 'Oh, Gail! I do envy you. How wonderful to have a career!' And I always wonder if they really mean it. How can they envy me? I think *their* career is much more wonderful.

"Mother and I have our home, and I have always been the 'homiest' kind of a home-girl. As long ago as I can remember, I could do all kinds of housework and cook. Mother says I am going 'backwards' in my cooking. But I tell her I cant hold down two jobs. If I should start in to cook and do things about the house, I would never want to stop.

"Mother is very fond of kiddies, too, and we have great fun when my little cousins come, for we do have a number of children in the family. My specialty in the way of entertaining is children's parties. I ask my little cousins and enough more to make twelve—and it is great fun to play games and entertain them.

"A menu for a children's party? Surely! But, of course, it is very simple.

"Chicken sandwichies, made from white bread and finely chopped chicken. And children always like sweet sandwichies, so I give them sandwichies made from brown bread, with a filling of figs, dates or raisins mixed with a few chopped nuts and moistened with a little cream.

"They have cocoa or milk to drink, 'pink' ice-cream, fruit, and, if I have time, home-made cake and candy.

"Small Sponge Cakes—Beat two eggs well—add one cup sugar—beat again—add one heaping cup flour and one heaping teaspoonful baking-powder—beat—then add one-half cup hot water—beat well again, pour into small patty-pans and bake. While hot, roll in sugar, or make simple frosting of confectioner's sugar and cream.

"Chocolate Caramels—Soak one-half package gelatine in two-thirds cupful milk ten minutes. Put two and a half cupfuls of sugar on stove and, when dissolved, add one and a half squares of chocolate. Add gelatine and boil fifteen minutes. Allow it to cool a little. Stir until it thickens and add one-half cupful chopped nuts. When set, immerse pan in hot water, loosen the edges, turn out, cut in squares, and roll in powdered sugar.

"And we always have favors at our parties. At the last one we had toy battleships, with torpedoes to blow them up. We took them to the bathroom, filled the tub about half full, sailed the ships, and blew them up, one at a time, with the torpedoes. You should have seen the bathroom when we had finished them!"

After I had said good-by at the door of her apartment and stood waiting for the elevator, I had a feeling that I could shut my eyes and imagine I had been in the deep spring woods, washed clean by a refreshing rain, with arbutus and forget-me-nots peeping out at me, pink and white and satiny—for Gail Kane is refreshing, sweet and unspoiled as the flowers of springtime.

The Extra Girl of the Movies

By ETHEL ROSEMON

I'm the extra girl of the movies,
But you never hear of me,
To my doings and my salary
They dont give publicity.

But I'm at balls and parties,
In church and court-room, too,
I'm always there upon the screen
Just looking down at you.

And when there is a factory
With flames that fiercely burn,
They make me run right thru the smoke
For the little that I earn.

And when you hear the salaries
They pay to Jim and May,
Remember that the others get—
Three small bucks a day.

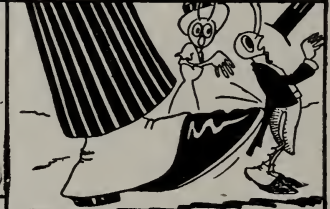
A BUG'S REVENGE

A ONE REEL COMEDY BY WALTER WELLMAN

MR. ROACH IS IN LOVE.



MR. WIFFLES IS ON HIS WAY TO THE OFFICE



ONE WEEK ELAPSES. MR. ROACH PLANS REVENGE.



MR. WIFFLES IS TAKING A NAP



Breezy Vacation Limericks

If You Dont Know What Ails You
Take One of These---On Suspicion

“ART IS SWIFT AND TIMES ARE
STINGY.”

THE censors censored Nancy's play;
They said 'twas very shocking
(The Vampire kept her powder-puff
Right in her dainty stocking).
And so they cut her stockings out
And left her none at all;
Then, having earned their salaries,
They straightway, one and all,
Went to an Art Exhibit,
Their eyes to rest from shocks
By gazing on "September Morn,"
Who never had no socks.

DAY C. JULIAN.

2022 Wabash Ave., Terre Haute, Ind.



NANCE O'NEIL

IT's now Midsummer, with the Thermometer chasing itself up the back-stairs and the office boy lapping up Frozen Echoes. The Limerick Editor still struggles with Limericks as coyly as a Robin with his first Spring Worm. But maybe there's an end to all things; even an Angle Worm will turn, and he's never so ambitious as when cut in half and told to run races with himself.

The Limerick Editor was dished out of a Vacation, so, like the Worm, he's quite cut-up about it and running a race with himself, trying to catch up.

Have you ever heard of a Christian Science Vacation? We never did before, but we've invented one—and like it. When it's sultry in the Hall Bedroom, write a Breezy Limerick, then get under an extra Blanket. When it's so Sticky that the Screened Air dont feel a bit cooler, and the Mosquitoes squeeze thru to tell you about their Malaria, recite a Limerick at them—forward, backward and punctuated with slaps—and the Mosquitoes will sing themselves to sleep. And a cool, saucy Limerick tucked under the pillow-case makes your Dreams sweeter than Wedding-cake.

S'nuff said! It's bad for the summer hotels the way we go on, and we'll let you write a Limerick wherever you see fit, provided you send it along to us. For the six brightest, each month, we offer \$12—in slices of \$5 and \$3, and crumbs of \$1 each. We'll furnish the drawings. You just wake up and write it on the Mirror with a cake of Soap, so you wont forget it. The lucky Jingers this month are: Mr. Julian, Miss Miller, Mr. Price, Miss Hancock, Mr. Peery and Miss Stratton, in the order named.

HE GETS ALL WOUND UP IN
WORDS!

IT's a problem that's baffled all men,
Like that old one: The egg, or the
hen?

And yet, I've a notion
It's *perpetual motion*:
I am speaking of Robert Grau's pen!

JOSIAH SLICER HAIGHT.

230 1st Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

MOVIE ASTRONOMY.

AN astronomer feeling quite bored,
When the clouds hid the stars he
adored,
To a movie show hied,
And in glad surprise cried,
“Ah! a new star I spy—Francis
Forde!”

APRIL LEE.

Hornell, N. Y.



EARLE WILLIAMS

CAN YOU BLAME HER?
 'T WAS a love-scene—Anita and Earle—
 And it set the maid's heart in a whirl.
 "Ah!" she said, with a sigh,
 While a tear dimmed her eye,
 "How I'd love to be kist like that girl!"

ARTHUR LENOX.
 Box 1214, Washington, D. C.

SHE'S WEDDED
 TO ART.

I THOUGHT that my heart
 had gone dead
 When I heard Mary Pick-
 ford was wed,
 But if only Anita
 Will stay "señorita,"
 I reckon we "flames" will
 be fed!



I DON'T know his name,
 But you've all seen his fame,
 And my eyes are fair starvin'
 For a sight of "Buck Parvin."

HAROLD LOCKWOOD.

HE is wholesome and manly and
 clean;
 He's the bonniest prince on the
 screen;
 He is Young Lochinvar
 In a modern King car,
 And endears himself more with
 each scene.

FREDERICK WALLACE.
 Bristol, Conn.



HAROLD LOCKWOOD

JUST guess what I've seen
 On the M. P. MAGAZINE?
 It surely was shockin'—
 Sis Hopkins' striped stockin'!
 E. C. HADLEY. 1550 N. Kolin Ave., Chicago, Ill.



THEDA SAYS SHE'S ONLY
 A GARTER SNAKE.

SHE writhes o'er the screen like
 a snake;
 Destruction she leaves in her
 wake;
 Wherever she roams
 She demolishes homes
 And harvests both righteous and
 rake.

FREDERICK WALLACE.
 Bristol, Conn.

ALWAYS "A-MISS" IN
 A KISS.

YOU fans who dont see
 Vera Sisson
 Cant know what a treat you
 are missin';
 But your miss is pure
 bliss
 To my feelings, mark
 this,
 When I see some one else
 do the kissin'!

DAY C. JULIAN.
 2022 Wabash Ave., Terre
 Haute, Ind.



THEDA BARA



HENRY WALTHALL

SHE MUST NOT BE STAGED AGAIN!

MARGUERITE CLARK, I've heard
 people say,
 Is in search of a good "legit"
 play.
 For the love of dear Mike,
 Let's order a strike
 Of playwrights to put off the
 day!

LILLIAN HANCOCK.
 54 Mountview Ave., Toronto, Ont.



MARGUERITE
 CLARK

TO THE LIMERICK EDITOR.

CONSARN your old hide! you've de-
 stroyed us;
 From honest employment decoyed us.
 For "Limerick Cramp"
 Is contagious, you scamp!
 And all but "Immunes" now avoid us.

SAM J. SCHLAPPICH.
 515 Vermont Ave., McKeesport, Pa.

THAT QUIET, CONVINCING WAY O' HIS'N.

WHOSE name is carved highest in Fame's honored
 hall?

Whose screen work is rated the "most finished" of all?
 Whose ways are so winning

That you love him, tho sinning—
 Whose name *could* it be but just Henry Walthall?

MISS MELBA STRATTON.
 424 West 9th Ave., Winfield, Kan.

IN STRIPES, BUT NOT YET SENTENCED.

A LEOPARD once shed a great tear
 And sighed, "Ah! my life is quite drear;
 For I'm covered with lots
 Of those passé old dots,
 And Fay's stripes are the fashion this year!"

D. F. PEERY.

Care of St. J. and G. I. Ry. Co., St. Joseph,
 Mo.

TO GET HIM ON YOUR
 SCENT?

I GRANT they are almost per-
 fection,
 But still, if I had my selection,
 I think I'd transpose
 From Kerrigan's nose
 To Bill Farnum's a wee tiny
 section.

EMMA D. MILLER.
 1952 N. Broad St., Phila-
 delphia, Pa.



WM. FARNUM



FAY TINCHER



JAMES CRUZE

SPINELESS CACTUS;
SMACKLESS KISSES
—WHAT NEXT?

THE common stage kiss in
its tones
Resembles the grinding of
bones;

But the kiss with a thrill
In the movies can spill
Without jarring the house
by its tones.

Mrs. M. McCASLIN.
6254 Harmen Ave., Oak-
land, Cal.



GEORGE EDWARDS

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE

THE DICKENS THEY
WOULD, ROSCOE!

THE Fat Boy in *Pickwick*,
no doubt,
Was built on a shape extra
stout;
But if only Sam Weller
Saw our "Fatty" feller,
How both of 'is h'eyes would
stick out!

FREDERICK MOXON.
22 Talcott Ave., Rockville,
Conn.

THE GIRL AT THE WHEEL.

T WAS a mystery why Cruze had the blues, sir,
Till he found him a mate for his cruiser—
Then the shipmate, you know,
Was the beautiful Snow—

Who now steers the cruiser with Cruze, sir.
GEORGE R. PRICE.
McMahan Ave., Monessen, Pa.

HE'S BEEN WRECKED ENOUGH.

A CHAP whose young wife was a "suff,"
And whose home-life was awfully tough,
Said "Oh, no, I wont go
To the old movie show,
For I've seen Hell-in-Holmes quite enough!"

A. L. LANGFORD.
Lakewood Road, Jamestown, N. Y.

"HO(L)ME(S), SWEET HO(L)ME(S)."

THEY say there is no place like home,
But if you're a guy all alone,
Dont contemplate murder,
But go and see Gerda—

For Holmes—she will surely atone!
HAZEL M. HUTCHINSON.
Old Orchard, Me.

SUCH IS FAME.

DID you see Fanny Ward in
"The Cheat"?
Well, the picture is surely a
treat!

The house was so full
That Chas. H. Turnbull,
The AUTHOR, could not find a
seat!

CHAS. H. TURNBULL.
302 Indiana Ave.,
Washington, D. C.

LESLIE
ELHOFF

FANNY WARD

Fancy Bathing
Costumes Are
Now Attracting the
Attention of the
Stars—Also of the
Admiring
Public



FAY TINCHER

FAY TINCHER

NORMA TALMADGE
CONSTANCE AND NORMA TALMADGE

(COSTUMES BY MADAME CLARE)

MARGUERITE
COURTOT,
CENTER
PICTURE



ANITA STEWART
TO THE LEFT
AND AT BOTTOM

ANNE PENNINGTON



PART OF THE SET OF
BATH-HOUSES MADE BY
THE GAUMONT COM-
PANY—ONE FOR EACH
OF THEIR STARS



Going Straight

This story was written from the Photoplay of
BERNARD McCONVILLE



To live in the heart of the city kills one's identity; to exist in the city's suburbs buries it. Why, I have known two men, who were thrown together by the quick camaraderie of the sea, on an ocean liner—strangers who had never set eyes on each other—and it turned out that their backyards were separated by only an inch-board of fence. They had been neighbors for twenty years. And a man can turn from brown to gray so quietly, in a suburb, that no one will notice it. A bit uncanny, this living death, if one cares to lead it. Better to give him the *tira gracia*—the mercy-shot—and be done with it.

John Remington, for instance, was a perfect exemplar of suburban immurement. By changing his sex and heightening his privet hedge a bit, he could have passed for a nun. He came home by the trolley, ate his supper, played with his children, kist his wife, and went to bed. Samuel Pepys, on his good behavior, could not have done better. He also paid his taxes, cut his lawn, and cultivated a kitchen garden on moonlit nights. But he and his red-lipped, smiling wife knew no one and apparently cared less.

This is not a story at all, you say—'tis as dry as the old entry clerk's long columns of figures; it's what happens to you and me. Very well, then, I know John Remington; he told me his story, and in the telling got beneath the skin, so that I saw the raw wound in his heart. And from every heart, no matter how still, nor how commonplace, there leads an artery straight to yours; that's



what
makes
every
beat—every
precious thing,
ing till the world's end.

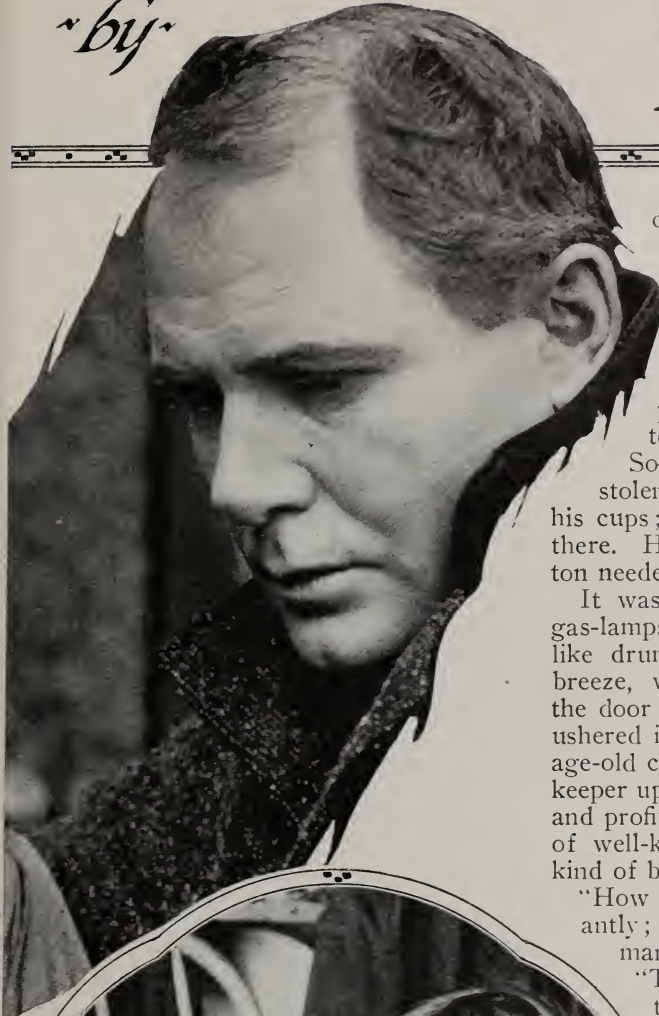
heart-
life—a pre-
cious thing,
a tale worth tell-
ing till the world's end.

Remington's business was real estate—the leasing of water-front factories and warehouses—and this led him, like a mole, thru blind alleys and into the gaslit haunts of the tangled streets fronting the bay.

The dwellers on the "Barbary Coast" are a law unto themselves. The saloons, dives and sailors' slop-shops are rotting with age and decrepitude. Some of its

~by~

Edwin M. La Roche



cious murder, that finds its way into the newspapers, goads the police on, the water-front is immune. Remington was after McGroarty. He was the owner of a fine warehouse site, that represented the profits on enough raw whisky to float a battleship off its ways.

Some say the dive-keeper had stolen it from an old stevedore in his cups; but that was neither here nor there. His title was good, and Remington needed it badly for a war-rich client.

It was quite late at night, with the gas-lamps on the crooked street dancing, like drunken witches, in the stiff sea-breeze, when Remington pushed open the door to McGroarty's joint. He was ushered into a little backroom, foul with age-old cellar odors, and found the dive-keeper up to his elbows with the pleasant and profitable task of refilling the bottles of well-known brands with the rawest kind of bar-whisky.

"How much?" said McGroarty, pleasantly; "I kicked in tuh th' warrud man last week."

"This isn't a touch," said Remington; "I've got a good offer on your Channel Street lots."

"H—ll!" exploded thickly thru a layer of plug, "I thot yuh was from th' precinct." And McGroarty buried his wad of yellow-backs deep into his pocket again.

"Them sealers," he apologized, with a comprehensive flip of his hand from the bottles to the room beyond, "wont take anythin' but prune-juice an' fusil oil—th' ranker th' better. Yuh see, they're used t' b'illin' th' alcohol out o' spar shellac—an' good stuff dont taste nat'ral."

"I know," sympathized Remington; "it hasn't got the kick."

"Now, as for bargemen and oyster-

denizens are criminal and rich; others, criminal and poor; and the law, strange to say, makes no distinctions. It holds aloof. Unless some particularly atro-

men," went on the philosophic refiller, "nothin' is too good for 'em. I raymimber onct— But you're after buyin' th' lots, an' ye're talkin', not me."

Remington, with so easy an introduction, pulled out his maps, showed where his client held an option on the lots adjoining McGroarty's, offered a price, and, after a fitting bit of haggling, closed the deal.

As he passed thru the fog-rack of stale smoke in the rear room, Remington's face flushed with triumph. His commission would net him a good five hundred dollars, and there were little frocks and little shoes waiting to be filled, and that pretty, lacy thing that his wife so admired.

"Jake!"

Remington stood stock-still, and his hands faced outward, ready to go above his head. The spring-muscled man, in a cotton shirt, rose from his chair and raised his eyeballs ceilingward, with a singular, lateral movement to the right. It was dumb thief-talk, and Remington walked quickly over to the table and sat down.

"Well?"

"Dont you glim me, pal?" the husky voice asked.

"No; who are you?"

"I'm Jim—Jimmie Briggs."

Remington half-closed his eyes, and a sharp little, pain-driven sigh came from him.

"Yes, Jim." The tone of the words meant everything — recognition, fear, fight.

"I jest got bounced from th' 'big house'—glomming rocks this time." He stopped abruptly and looked keenly at Remington.

"Yes?"

"An', nat'ally, I'm short o' kale."

A host of twinkling little shoes on a lacy cloud danced before Remington's eyes, but he dug into his pocket and pulled out a roll of bills.

"This will see you thru," he said, tonelessly; "remember, we're quits."

"Quits," echoed the ex-convict, fondling the bills, as Remington rose to go; but the wolfish shine of his eyes, the clawing stroke of his hand, the fleer on his fish-white lips said as plainly as

words, "I've got you; you've got to pay till I bleed you to death."

A very quiet John Remington sat at breakfast-table with his wife and his three "under-footers," the following morning, and a very dull companion spent that evening with his pretty helpmate on their vine-screened veranda.

He sat facing the street, his face in a shadow, and every light footfall outside the hedge drew him up tense and listening.

Grace Remington studied him carefully, guardedly. She knew trouble was in the wind, but it was not her place to speak of it first. And he knew that she knew, and stood ready to cry out and snap the tension that throbbled within him. "It's Jimmie Briggs," he longed to say, "who has spotted me and will never let up." And he knew what she would reply, and so kept silent. For the fear would sink deep into her, and she would be for a hurried departure, closing the house in a panic and getting away by stealth.

As the night wore deeper and only friendly feet passed by—his jolly neighbor tacking home from the lodge, and the steady tramp, tramp of the policeman on his rounds—Remington breathed easier and smoked a guarded cigar.

Perhaps, after all, he had given Briggs the slip. God knows, he had tried hard enough. From the Channel Street dive his retreat had been as tortuous as a frightened rabbit's: a dart into a second-class hotel, with an immediate exit onto a side street; then a speed-limit-breaking taxi-ride out to the flat, untenanted country on the trolley line; and lastly, a stiff grind home on foot, half-run, half-walk, that set every alert muscle tingling.

Pshaw! if he had met Briggs, splendid athlete that he was, he would have tossed him over his shoulder into the meadows.

"I closed that deal last night," he said aloud, suddenly, "and it means, little girl, that we can go away for a hard-earned vacation."

"We need it, John"—her voice was almost as hoarsely guarded as his—"and the quicker we go the better."

"Then it's settled, little girl. Pack your trunks tomorrow; mum's the word."

Their eyes met, and he saw that she read his thoughts. Then, rising, Remington carefully rubbed the fire from the end of his cigar and dropped it into his pocket. An unusual precaution, perhaps, but a lighted cigar flung onto a lawn can be a veritable beacon-light if some one is watching.

At the first peep of daylight Jimmie Briggs was stirring. No matter how late

At this the little boy tumbled out of bed and slipped into his shoes by a process of lashing them to his ankles with string. "Hones' to Gawd, Pop," he asked, in a fife-shrill voice—"am I goin' to see th' country?"

"Sure thing!" grinned Briggs—"with a handout on every bush, an' no harness bulls to slapstick yu', kid."

With the incentive of a square meal, and no policeman to threaten them, the



"DONT YOU GLIM ME, PAL?" THE HUSKY VOICE ASKED

or how drunk he tumbled into bed, his sixth sense, the sense of danger, opened his eyes at sun-up.

A boy of six, with elfin tow hair straggling across his eyes, was sleeping soundly by his side. Briggs shook him until the china-blue eyes opened in a wide stare.

"Come, kid, hump yourself; it's you an' me for the stretch."

"Don' yu' wan' muh to dip in th' ferry-crowd, Pop?"

"Naw," said Briggs; "we're goin' to hit th' stretch—take to th' road. Yu' wont have to pick pockets no more, kid."

pair were soon out of the grimy attic and following the zig-zag course taken by the taxi two nights previously.

If Remington had thought for a moment that he had thrown Jimmie Briggs off the scent, he had another guess coming. At the moment that Remington had paid his fare and dismissed the cab in the middle of the deserted road, Briggs was within five feet of him, flattened like a leech against the taxi's body. He had ridden the springs thru all its erratic journey. After that it was easy for him to dog Remington home, running lightly in the black curtain of the meadows.

When the sun had warmed to its work, and the outskirts' streets were sprinkled with workmen trudging into the city, Briggs hailed a trolley and boosted the kid aboard it. And then, in the calm early morning, they sped toward the still sleeping suburb that Remington had picked out as his own particular dug-out.

Briggs never carried a gun in the daytime; his daylight business was to "spot his lay," to get the map of the marked house and grounds well in mind, and the comings and goings of its inmates. After that, with nightfall, the work of a regular "gun."

A short walk brought them within sight of Remington's place. Briggs shoved a still damp, morning newspaper into the boy's hand and pointed out the roof of the house, peering above its girdle of fruit-trees.

"Ring th' bell," he instructed, "an' a husky guy will come to th' door. Give him the paper an' wait; he'll slip yu' a bundle o' kale."

Things turned out exactly as Briggs had said. The boy had scarcely pressed the bell-button when Remington opened the door and took the newspaper from him. Slipping back the catch on the spring-lock, he shut the door and rapidly thumbed thru the paper. A pencil-mark—an insignificant thing on an inner margin—met his eye. He half-closed his eyes, and the little sigh came again—the sigh of a strong man who throws up his hands and lets the water close over him.

"Here; take this," he said, thrusting a roll of bills into the boy's grimy hand. "and if you come again, see only me—do you hear?"

The little boy clutched the bills, nodded, whisked them into his pocket, and was off like the wind.

Remington carefully erased the pencil-mark, and a moment afterward joined his family at the breakfast-table. For a while he ate quietly and helped fill the insatiable porridge-bowls whenever a cry arose of "My sather ith empty first."

"Um—ah—" his eyes were glued to the newspaper. "I'm afraid, little girl, we'll have to put off the seashore trip; the Riggs-Peters people are look-

ing for a new munitions plant site." Remington bent over his wife and kissed the moist, red lips she held up to him. At close view, he saw the violet pupils expand—a sure sign of disappointment.

"And, by the way, stop old Clay bringing the paper; I've got a kid that's handier."

"Oh, Papa, can I play wiv him?" piped up a treble voice from a nest of brown curls.

"I don't think he wants to play," said Remington; "he's a little business man," and, with three hearty kisses aimed at three porridgy mouths, he was gone.

After that Briggs' kid came quite regularly in the early mornings, and Remington always met him at the door. Usually the papers were unmarked, but when Briggs wanted double he indicated it by the simple expedient of making his mark twice.

The man was insatiate, a bottomless well,
a n d



"DON' YU' WAN' MUH TO DIP

Remington was as tireless a giver. But the day came when his funds gave out, and his heart jumped drunkenly at the sound of the newsboy's ring. The boy, as ragged and elfin as ever, stood ready to make the unfair exchange.

"Say, kid," asked Remington, with the humor of desperation, "does your Pop ever whack up with you?"

The faded blue eyes stared up at him; the thin lips broke into a grin.

"Say; I held out on him onct, an' he skinned me mulligan."

"What's that?"

"Swiped de bone from me soup."

Remington didn't smile. He took a lonely quarter from his pocket and handed it to the kid.

"Here; hang on to this for yourself," he said — "it's all I've got." That evening

Remington came home early, and Briggs' little ambassador was lying in wait for him. As the broker entered his gate, a shrill tumult of laughter greeted him. Carmen, his little girl, and the smaller "steps," Will and Ned, were initiating the newsboy into a game of blindman's buff.

At sight of his customer, all the baby-sparkle faded from the urchin's eyes, and the blank, frightened look came into them. The vibrant swell of his slight body shrunk to his sly, wise way.

"Evenin' poiper, sir," he piped up; "I wuz jest leavin' it."

But neither Remington nor the boy could find the newspaper. It had disappeared.

Remington entered the house. His wife sat laxly in a chair, the paper gripped in her hands. And one glance from her red-rimmed eyes told him everything.

"It's Jim Briggs," she managed to say; "he's found us at last."

Then, to the tune of little feet romping above them, Remington let himself out.

"Yes, d—n his black soul! If it wasn't for them," and he looked up quickly at the ceiling, "I'd have cut his rotten heart out and taken my chances at swinging. But the little shoes and the little, wet kisses——" His voice broke into a sob.

"Let's try to think it out," she said, with her great eyes widened to all the ghosts of the past.

And over an untasted meal they sat, the pair of them, mute with thought, until darkness came and he rose to switch on the light.

Then

the doorbell rang, and Remington opened the door to admit Jimmie Briggs.

"Come in," said the bigger man, quietly; "we were expecting you."

It was Jimmie Briggs' hour. He preceded his host into the parlor and sat down opposite his wife.

"Grace, yu' know me?"

"Yes; you're Jim Briggs."

"Bright as two bits, young un, an' as pretty as when yu' used to plant th' lays fer me an' Jack." Her radiant eyes widened with pain. "Oh, that's hit, huh?" he went on. "An' yu' dont forgit how yu' passed th' keys outer the winder, and me and Jack gunned th' kaley cove's house."

"Yes; I'm going straight," she said, with spirit—"Jack and me."

"Yu' are, huh?"—the words ripped under the skin—"with me poundin' rock at San Quent' an' youse givin' muh th' double-cross! Not if I knows it," he cried, "an' I'll sing till I croak: 'Kick in—kick in.'"

"Stop there! You've gone far enough," cried Remington; "you've bled me to the bone; what else——"

"Yes, wot else?" sneered Briggs, savagely. "This else: I kin squeal on Grace and slough her to a farewell in the 'big house,' where she——"

"Stop!" cried Remington. "What do you want?"

Briggs leaned forward, and his knife-thin face shivered with intensity. "I've spotted a lay on Nob Hill; there's a safe to crack—a big haul; I want yu'."

Remington thought quickly. He was at the point of a moral revolver. Grace had been their accomplice in a robbery—"the inside worker"—and had escaped the law, while he and Briggs had served their time in the penitentiary. With his discharge he had gone straight, sought out Grace and married her.

After that had come a child—little, tousled-headed Carmen—and their immurement in the suburbs with a clean slate and life to begin all over again. But Briggs had stayed outside the law and been caught again, and again sent up. With a family of little ones around them, and "going straight," Briggs was a grim ghost of the past.

Then, suddenly, came the meeting at McGroarty's, the ruinous blackmail, and the attack on his weakest point—Grace,

the girl who, crooked or straight, he had grown to love better than himself.

Briggs waited for his answer. There was only one way out. "I'll tackle the job," said Remington.

"Good," said Briggs, getting up; "yu' wont lamp muh ag'in till yu're needed."

After that, with the strange way fate has, things went bad for Remington, and Grace was "taken up," in spite of herself, by a wealthy family on Nob Hill.

Little Carmen was the cause of their social advancement. She had giggled and lisped her way into the heart of a rich and childless old lady who patronized her Sunday-school, and nothing would do but that she must give Carmen a gorgeous, children's party, at which she would meet some of the little aristocrats of the city.

Grace had promised to take the child and to spend the night at their benefactor's home.

There was Remington to be considered, too, but he refused the invitation point-blank, and straightway sold his new mahogany office-desk and brought home the crisp bills, which were quickly turned into a perfect dream of a frock for the little, spoiled first-born.

All this, with a white lie and a wide smile on his lips. He had told Grace he had put thru a profitable deal that day.

Old Lady Bountiful didn't do things by halves, and on the eventful day sent her sumptuous car to bring her wondrous baby "find" and her young and charming mother up to the city.

As for Remington, he came home to a silent house, and after sticking his nose into the bare dining-room, he tiptoed upstairs and peeked into the nursery. The two "smaller fry" were breathing deep, snuggled up to the ears in coverlets, and Remington went below to seek solace in a pipe behind the vines on the veranda.

The pipe glowed restfully, and Remington put haggard care and Jimmie Briggs behind him for just once, in his bright vision of the party.

Then the vines nestled in the wind, and Remington shivered. But there was no wind; it was a hot, still night, and Remington set his jaw grimly.

Something clicked sharply in his hand. "Come out from there, or I'll shoot!"

"It's muh," cried a voice the size of a robin's, and Jimmie's kid held up thin little hands thru the leaves.

"Come out," said Remington, sternly. "What are you doing here?"

"Pop axed me tuh bring de poiper," and he flung a newspaper at Remington's feet.

He opened it quickly. On the second page was scrawled a message, and the paper shook so in his hands that Remington could hardly read. Briggs had at last summoned him.

instant the men outside heard the soft pad of his feet as he dropped to the floor. Then the Kid groped forward, as he had done in that delightful and only game of blindman's buff, and his fingers came in contact with something round and curly and soft.

A soft little hand was instantly clapped over his mouth.

"Ssh! it's me—Carmen."

Another hand sought his and led him out of the pantry closet to a sudden blaze of light. They were in the big windowless pantry, and the place was alive with beautiful little children, seated on shelves and grouped on chairs.

The Kid was too awed to speak. For once he forgot his mission completely.

There, right in the midst of the children, was a big, fat, Chinese



THERE, RIGHT IN THE MIDST OF THE CHILDREN,
WAS A BIG, FAT, CHINESE COOK

It was a big house in big, unlighted grounds that loomed before Remington and Briggs as they wormed thru the hedge. They had watched the lights go out one by one, and the kid had been sent to spy on the garage in case the chauffeur or gardener took to prowling. Now he wormed ahead of them, his bare feet scarcely touching the turf.

Once in the shadow of the house, the three circled it until they came under a little, high-set window. It was just about big enough for a man to stick his head thru.

Briggs made a "back," and the Kid crawled up on it, softly raising the window and worming himself in. In another

cook, and he was grinning like an idol and handing out

crimson, leaky tarts right and left. "Ith is for you; ith thweet!" and Carmen thrust a tart right into the Kid's mouth.

Now, he had never tasted a tart, much less seen one, and the scrumptious creation was his downfall. He lingered to eat, forgetting all else. Pretty soon the cook said "Belly well" and switched off the light. There was a skirmishing of little feet up the back stairs and all was quiet.

The Kid stood alone, his hand grasping Carmen's. From the kitchen came the tiny tinkle of broken glass.

"Run like h—ll!" hissed the Kid—"it's burglars."

Little Carmen squeaked like a mouse, and dashed up the stairs, closely followed by Briggs. She tried to scream, but her voice came only in gulping sobs.

"Crash!" His fist caught her full in the face and hurled her against a door.

It gave on its flimsy hinges, and Briggs pushed into the dark void boldly, dragging the child with him.

and she dashed forward, clutching at the man's arms.

He drew back quickly, and with a free arm slipped a blackjack from his pocket.

"No use; I've got to plug her," he thought, "and make a break for the window."

Aroused by Grace's scream, the house was all in a commotion, with bewildered



"I'VE GOT HIM; IT'S LUCKY I ARRIVED IN TIME TO SAVE MY WIFE"

The soft thing struggled like mad in his arms, goading him to fury.

"Carmen!"

A soft, white figure rose up in the bed and listened, all a-tremble.

Briggs held the child's head locked close to him, shutting off her breath under his coat.

But in the dark the mother felt the black shape in her room, and saw the little, white thing struggling in its arms. "Carmen!" Her voice rose to a scream,

feet pounding up and down the halls, seeking, blindly, for the source of the trouble.

The door opened quickly—was shut to as suddenly—and Remington stood with his back against it.

"Ah, you hell-hound!" he gasped.

It was all over in an instant—the spit of flame in the dark, the fall of a heavy body, and the flooding of the room with light.

Remington bent over the fallen Briggs

just as the butler, armed with a shotgun, burst into the room.

"Too late," said Remington, on the spur of the moment. "I've got him; it's lucky I arrived in time to save my wife."

Remington lifted his first-born out of the car and carried her into the house. The rich old lady had cried and begged him to let her stay and have her own doctor and trained nurse.

Remington was firm. He saw only where Briggs' blow had crushed

They had borne Briggs' body out, and he had gloated, snarling to be at the cold throat of him. And then had come the quick reaction—the sight of his injured child—and the bloodily lust fell from him, leaving him trembling and helpless.

But now she was home—after a thousand years—and he was carrying her up to her bed.

How heavy she felt! How lifeless! No, she was lighter than thistle-down—paler than dawn!

The little, white bed was much too hard for her! And what were those haggard, burning lights staring across at him? That couldn't be Grace—her eyes? Then, all at once, as the doctor entered, the room began to rock, and Remington's shaggy head slipped forward on the pillow.

And then, after a long time, the first-born opened her eyes, and the doctor smiled and



"HULLY GEE!" HE CRIED. "CARMEN, DAT TART T'ING WAS GOOD!"

his little, brown flower, and he wanted her home—to himself.

So, in the end, the *grande dame* gave way, and Remington carried the child out on the way to her little, white bed. His eyes were quiet enough as he spoke, but they burned horribly from the shock of the past night.

His fingers were still feeling out the ratchets in the safe-lock—and then the cry, and he was a madman speeding to the call of his own.

patted her hand in a fatherly manner. "She'll do nicely," he said.

A wisp of a figure, who had hung, unnoticed and unknown, in the fold of the curtains, stole forward and put his dirty little paw in the girl's.

"Hully gee!" he cried. "Carmen, dat tart t'ing was good!"

And then Remington opened his bruised eyes, too, and what he saw was a forlorn, wee Kid at the gates of his Paradise. And he smiled.



Sir Herbert Tree as Macbeth (Triangle)

How to Get In!

Authoritative Advice on How to Become a Photoplayer, by Leading Players and Directors

EDITOR'S NOTE: -This series of articles began in the July issue of this magazine, which contained an article by Carlyle Blackwell. The series was continued in the *MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC*, which contained articles by Florence LaBadie, Lenore Ulrich, Lillian Walker, Theodore Marston (director) and Iva Shepard. In this number are articles by Thomas Chatterton, Marguerite Clark, Anita Stewart and Lillian Gish. The series will be continued in both *MAGAZINE* and *CLASSIC* for several months, and among the distinguished writers of the first few articles are Kathlyn Williams, Alexander Gaden, Ralph Ince, J. Warren Kerrigan, Clay M. Greene, Gertrude Robinson, Dell Henderson, Wallace Reid, Antonio Moreno, Wm. A. Brady and Thomas Santschi. Nobody will question such authorities as these, and there are others to follow just as important. Those who are interested in the subject should read each and every article, because that is the only way to get a thoro and comprehensive view of the situation. Besides, opinions differ, and each writer seems to throw some new light on the subject. We wish to make it clear that we are not inviting people to try to get into the Motion Picture business; we merely wish to show the requirements and possibilities and to supply a long-felt want for dependable information on this important subject.

Thomas Chatterton Holds a Real Heart-to-Heart Talk with Movie Aspirants

HOW to get into Motion Pictures is such a large and growing field that I am going to discuss it only from my own standpoint and let it go at that. When I make mention of myself to drive home a point, please don't take it as vanity, for I want to deal with facts only and to handle the subjects without gloves.



THOMAS CHATTERTON

To begin with, as far as education is concerned, mine was very limited.

I went to school up in Geneva, N. Y., but my schooling was always at odds with my desires, which ran to football, baseball, hunting and fishing, and all that the great outdoors could give me. When I was a raw boy I knew nothing of the stage, and, arguing from my own experience, I should say that dramatic schools and stage-lore were of little or no use to me. I have begun to realize that Moving Pictures are the game of life; they are getting more and more realistic and truer to life itself, so that much that a man learns in the oratorical or stage schools must be undone when he appears before the camera. Altho Geneva is not a mias-

matic country, I was smitten with stage fever early in life. With several of my Tom Sawyeresque chums I fitted up an old barn as a makeshift theater, and we devised our footlights from lanterns, painted our own grotesque scenery, built our own "props," and then went at it hammer and tongs, presenting everything from "Jesse James" to "Daniel Boone."

If my amateur vaporings didn't help me, they at least shaped my ambitions, for it wasn't long before my six foot of rambling figure outgrew the old barn, and I pulled up stakes and hiked to Syracuse, where I became a general utility man with one of the Shubert stock companies.

And now my real training began. The rhetorical gestures, the "gallery" poses, were cast aside for a shield and a spear, a hoe and a hard lick, and all the other little badges of office that a utility man is heir to.

Just so far I might have gone and no farther, had I not begun to realize the essentials of successful acting. Why were other young men around me taking leading parts? They were of my world, trod the same boards, yet were a thousand miles distant! Most of them I adjudged had arrived via the ability route, and to have gotten there they must have shown talent, conscientiousness, lots of hard work, and a practically normal head. If I had these things in me, well and good;

if not, I might as well go back to the old barn with its "laughing-stock" company.

Taking the measure of my histrionic assets, I put in several years in stock, until, in 1910, I earned my "service stripes" in the Alcazar stock in San Francisco. Bessie Barriscale was a member of the same company, and we often talked over the new, and then unknown to us, field of Motion Pictures.

Within a year, my opportunity came. Thomas Ince saw me, evidently liked me, and took me down to Santa Monica, where he was starting the Kay-Bee, Broncho, and Domino brands. Picture-work was then, as now, very exciting. It took toll of a man's physical powers. I literally swam, dove, rowed, ran and fought my way into the position of leading man, and there is where my early training came into good stead; my acting was taken for granted, but if I hadn't been tireless, fearless, and adaptable, my stage-training would have gone for naught. Since coming with the American Company, where I am at present playing opposite Anna Little, I have seen many photoplayers come and go, and

I suppose there is some sound advice to be drawn from my own career as well as from "their exits and their entrances." As the studio stage is working away from the old speaking stage as far as possible,

and casting a multitude of types taken from real life in all its phases, I should say that good character men and women will be needed to fill the demand. Therein beauty, or even regularity of features, is not an essential. Study life, embody it, personify it, and you have the ground-plan of character work. From this you must be your own workman, architect and builder. If you want to apply as an extra, well and good; but if you have only the qualifications of an extra, you will be lucky if you get any further. A certain amount of nerve is required, and it is best to expend some of it in appearing personally before the director. No matter how many clever and appealing letters you write, you

have got to show yourself sooner or later.

Applicants, when all is said and done, are only "little drops of water" to the director, and they ought to hammer home the favorable impressions they make, if

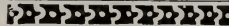
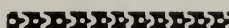
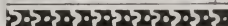
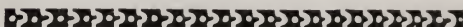


THOMAS CHATTERTON

any. Pay-day is generally the "psychological moment" to call, and I suggest bringing as many photographs of yourself as possible, including a brief physical description, with previous experiences, if any. If you are willing to appear as an extra, the road is hard, and many fall by the wayside; but it has a definite goal. In my time I have seen many stars fall from their firmament, and an equal number of extras take their places by sheer determination and ability.

Most directors are busy men, and the work of an extra is only an "undiscovered" fraction of a cog in the wheel; but conscientious work is bound to make its impression, and in these days of large casts and innumerable "walking parts," so to speak, you never can tell when you will be summoned from the ranks. If you haven't any brains—theatrical brains, I mean—a quick wit, resourcefulness, patience, and a good stage presence, you had better not

index of the soul," and the camera will find you out as sure as a detective. You have got to put every bit of yourself into it, and that every bit must be charged with wholesomeness and enthusiasm.



MARGUERITE CLARK

By Marguerite Clark,
of the Famous
Players Co.

I am not sure that I can say much in answer to your question "How to Get In" that will be of aid to the beginner who desires to enter the photoplay world. While I do not think that there is an oversupply of photoplayers, and think there is "always room for one more," I do not want to give the impression that the various companies are losing any sleep trying to get new players. In fact, my impression is that most of the companies are very much annoyed at the numerous applications from persons who

think about going into pictures, otherwise your career will be limited to

from two dollars to five dollars a day, the usual honorarium of extras. And one thing more before I leave you: Don't ever think of treading the studio boards either thru motives of vanity or with shame of the profession. "The face is the

think, because they have a little talent or a little beauty, that any Motion Picture company would be very glad to engage them at once. It is very amusing to read some of these letters of application. They generally start something like this: "After thinking the matter over very carefully, and advising with my parents and friends, I have decided to go into the Motion Picture business." In other words, since this person has decided to go into the Motion Picture business, that settles it! The question of availability, qualifications and demand does not occur to the applicant, and he or she forgets that it takes two to make a bargain.

As to the qualifications and requirements, these are hard things to describe. Any type has a chance, so long as there is a distinct personality, and there is even a demand for eccentric characters. I should say that the most important thing to have is that vague something that we call a screen personality. I think that a knowledge of the drama is also essential, and no doubt all kinds of preparations, such as amateur theatricals and schools of acting, may do some good; but, after all, practical experience is always the best. If there is a distinct and interesting personality, beauty is not necessary. I do not think that a photograph is conclusive, because, as we all know, photographers have a way of showing our best side and of exaggerating it; nevertheless, I think every applicant should apply by mail and send at least one photograph of himself or herself and as many styles as possible. I think that most letters of application are answered, particularly if a stamp is enclosed; but the better way is to call at the studio, bearing, if possible, a letter of introduction, altho this is not necessary. While I know of several extras that have finally become regular photoplayers, I do not advise starting as an extra. An applicant should not be discouraged, but should be prepared to call on a studio day after day, remembering that patience and perseverance conquer all things. My observation has been that beginners usually receive a salary of five dollars for small parts, and that extras are usually paid two dollars and fifty cents a day. As for myself, I had no difficulty in getting into

the picture business, because I was well known from my stage experience. I was sent for by Mr. Daniel Frohman. If I had it to do over again, and nobody sent for me, I would simply have to call on the various managers. I started with the Famous Players Company, and am still with them.

According to my observations, directors frequently teach beginners and help them along. Many of our present stars were brought to their present high position largely by this means. I should say that originality counts for about fifty per cent. Attentiveness and care of personal appearance are the main things for a beginner to watch for. I think that persons with light eyes and abnormal noses are not as likely to be as successful as persons with large, dark eyes, straight noses, and straight, slim figures.

By Anita Stewart, of the Vitagraph

There seems to be an impression prevailing that the Motion Picture market is oversupplied with photoplayers, but I am of the opinion that there is still room for clever people. All the manufacturers and directors are constantly on the lookout for what they call "finds," altho I freely confess that these are rare indeed. Nearly every person thinks he or she has talent, but the facts are that very few have talent above the average, and the beginner of only average talent stands a poor chance of getting in. At the present time it is difficult to secure a position with the Moving Picture companies unless the applicant has had experience. Stage experience is not essential, but it is a great help. A person with a record, either on stage or screen, has the best chance. All kinds of types have a chance to get in if they fulfill the requirements. Beauty is not essential, but it helps a great deal. The principal requirements are ability, refinement, and a face that registers well upon the screen. Originality counts for a great deal. Being original and quick to respond helps the expression. Artistic make-up, dressing the parts well, studying each character, and paying attention to the smallest detail, are bound to cause comment and attract favorable attention sooner or later. There are various ways of ap-



ANITA STEWART

plying for a position. One way is to write letters to the company heads; another way is to call at the studios, and keep calling until you get a chance to take a small part as an extra. The companies receive so many letters and appli-

cations that they do not always answer them. If the letter is well worded and indicates exceptional personality or talent, the company sometimes writes the applicant for more particulars and photographs of him or herself. A photograph

is by no means conclusive, because the gallery photographer always tries to get the applicant's best expression and the best view, whereas the Motion Picture lens gets all the defects and sees the subject from every angle. In calling at a studio, it is always best to obtain a letter of introduction. I know many persons who have called at studios many times and have been taken on without any introduction whatever, but this is usually a tiresome method. Where a person makes an application by mail and receives a favorable answer, it will be a good idea to get some camera-man to take a few feet of film of the applicant, showing her walking about and making various poses and expressions. This will not cost much, and it would tell the story of the applicant's qualifications even better than a personal interview. The average salary for beginners is from ten dollars a week up. Extras are paid from one dollar and fifty cents up, according to the size and importance of the part. I started as an extra myself, working for different directors and playing very small parts at first. If I had to do it all over again, I would start at the bottom and pay strict attention to details. I worked for the Kalem Company, and also for the Eclair Company, before I was finally taken on by the Vitagraph. It is a mistaken idea to assume that only beautiful young girls and handsome young men are available, because there is some demand for all kinds of types, such as fat men, old women, homely girls and for odd and eccentric characters. After all, personality is the big asset. Even if a person has not much talent, the directors very often coach beginners, who sometimes develop into stars of the first magnitude. It is of the first importance to be studious and observing, and don't forget that originality counts for a great deal.

By Lillian D. Gish, of the Triangle Co.

Patience is indeed a virtue when a person starts out to become a photoplayer. It may take days, and it may take months. Sometimes it depends upon the applicants themselves, and sometimes it depends upon circumstances. I know quite a number who called at the studio time and time again

before getting a chance even in a mob scene. Sometimes they must call day after day for several weeks without getting any work at all, and then they may get a day's work, and it may be another week or two before they get another chance. And they may be very good, too, and photograph well, and have all the requirements. Unless there is something special about the applicant's work to attract the attention of the director, or of one of the managers, it might go on this way for months before the applicant's work was noticeable as being above the average. My impression is that, out this way (on the Pacific Coast), the market for photoplayers is somewhat oversupplied. I have not much faith in schools of acting, books on the drama, amateur theatricals, and all that sort of thing, altho, no doubt, some have been able to get a start in that way; but I think that persons of an unusual type have the best chance to get placed with a company, particularly if they have natural talent.

Is beauty essential? I think not. I think that willingness to work and to work hard is the principal requirement, plus grace and some natural talent. I would advise all beginners to start as extras, and I think they should apply at first for extra work. Extras usually receive from two dollars to five dollars for each day's work, but I have never heard of an inexperienced person starting on a regular salary. After a person has had a little experience as an extra, he or she has a much better chance of getting a position there or elsewhere thereafter. In fact, it may not be a bad idea for a person to work two or three times as an extra, and, if possible, do a small part, and then go to some other studio and make application as an experienced player. Extras can advance themselves by hard—very hard—work, and by keeping their minds right on their work. Originality counts for a great deal! I made my start by calling on Mary Pickford, and while talking with her, Mr. Griffith thought he saw possibilities for screen work in both my sister and myself. Whether Mr. Griffith was right or wrong in his surmise, I leave it for my readers to judge.



Photo by Carpenter

LILLIAN GISH

MOTION PICTURE BOY

STUDIES INSTITUTIONS TO LEARN
THE TRUE SOURCE OF KNOWLEDGE

SCHOOL - History :- Courtship Of Miles Standish.

NOW HERE WE HAVE ANOTHER HISTORICAL LOVE STORY

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH

GEE, SHE PUT THAT JOB OVER SMOOTH, JOHN COPS MILES' SKIRT, BECAUSE

- MILES, HE WAS THERE WID DE GOOD LOOKS BUT SHY ON DE CHIN CHATTER SO HE SENT JOHN TO STALL PRISCILLAR FER HIM, AND PRISCILLAR SAID -

"SPEAK FER YERSELF JOHN", AND, YOU KNOW, WIMMEN ARE CLEVER

MY THIS IS INTERESTING, SO REAL ISN'T IT, AND -

YES, AND, COME ON I KNOW WHERE IT IS AS REAL AS LIFE -

-RIGHT OFF THE REEL

SCHOOL'S OUT

MARY PICKFORD TO NIGHT IN PRISCILLA

MY! WHAT I'VE BEEN MISSING

GEE, THERE'S POP AND MOM AND ALL THE COMPANY

"SPEAK FOR YOURSELF JOHN"

AHEM

Motion Picture Boy
STRATEGIST
HUMAN NATURE
JOBS PULLED
OFF AT
REASONABLE
RATES

WALK SMITH

Popular Player Contest

Our Prophecy Fulfilled—The Great Contest Has Made a Tremendous Hit—Votes for Favorites Piling In by the Hundred Thousand, with Millions More to Come

A FEW disgruntled critics have stated that popularity contests do not do any good for actors, photoplayers, school-teachers or any one else, but those in the "know," the large newspapers and magazines which have conducted many such contests, realize the lasting benefits that they give to the contestants. When a man runs for Congress in his district, his mark is made for the rest of his life if he is elected and properly represents his constituency, and the same is almost equally true of the defeated candidate. The splendid opportunity given him to appear before thousands of people and to make himself known and respected is never forgotten. It is a tremendous publicity boost. Exactly the same effect is created for photoplayers by conducting popularity contests, in which they are the candidates for the highest honors in their chosen field. Hundreds of cases are on record in the studios' books wherein players' salaries have been raised time and time again on the strength of popularity contests.

Hearsay popularity is known as being no good. The rumors that dribble in to a producer, thru his employees, about the drawing power of this and that player are generally inaccurate and misleading. But when a publication of good standing conducts a world-wide Popularity Contest in which five or six million votes will render their enormous verdict, there is only one answer to it. The winners of such a contest have unalterably convinced their employers that they are marked far and above their rivals in public esteem. The liberal fruits of their victory must follow.

We might advise our readers that the Popular Player Contest has not created, and never will create, any "manufactured" popularity. The players' admirers, and their admirers alone, must poll the record of the vote. Votes as they are received in our office are tabulated daily by a force of filing clerks, and this process, as well as its results, are open for public inspection at any time.

If the delightful artists of the screen are to be boosted, if there is cause for it,

we want to go on record as the champion booster. If players of the silent drama and comedy, those who have given to some of us the only heart-throbs or touches of merriment that come to us in the day's work, are to receive applause, we want always to be in the front row as the most enthusiastic glove-splitter, and what finer applause is there than a serried rank of figures showing the thousands and millions of people who have taken the trouble to send us their appreciations for their favorites?

So we say, May the good work continue. The 300,000 expressions of good-will for the players received this month are only an earnest of the millions more to come. We do not aspire to be king or queen makers in the fascinating world of Motion Pictures. Should we so desire, our pages could undoubtedly materially influence the swing of popular approval. We will confess a secret, which, now that it is confessed, is a secret no more—we desire to be the great arbiter and home and protector and sponsor for the player folk of the shadow stage. We want them to respect us and come to us both in trouble and success, in joy and in sorrow, as they would seek their own hearthstone, and we feel sure that they will continue to do so as they have done in the past. We have always been fearless in the advocacy of their rights and boundless where just praise is due. We feel the same toward our readers—each and every one is a friend—and if we can be the mouth that permits them to talk with the players and the players with them, our happiness is complete.

Little Mary Pickford shows that she is still secure in the affections of her many followers by still leading the vote, and Marguerite Clark, who is close behind her, shows that her enchanting ways have assuredly brought her into sudden but deserved fame in Picture-land. As will be noticed, the vote is a very close race between Warren Kerrigan and Francis Bushman, each having alternated in the lead in the past two months. The contest

thus far has not gone as we would have liked it, for we find some names well toward the top that should not be there, we think, and some toward the bottom that should be toward the top. But this is none of our affairs.

The re-entrance of Alice Joyce into her chosen field will come as a glad surprise to her thousands of friends, who will undoubtedly rally to her support, and there is another screen star, little Florence Turner, who five years ago was considered

by many the foremost of them all. Her re-entry into American production will be hailed by thousands of admirers, who are constant enough to bridge the years of her absence.

And so, having had our little say, we ask that you step from the silent ranks and do your best in outspoken praise of your favorites, and permit us to assure you that your voice—or your votes combined with your friends'—will ring around the world.

HOW THE LEADERS STOOD UP TO JUNE 12, 1916

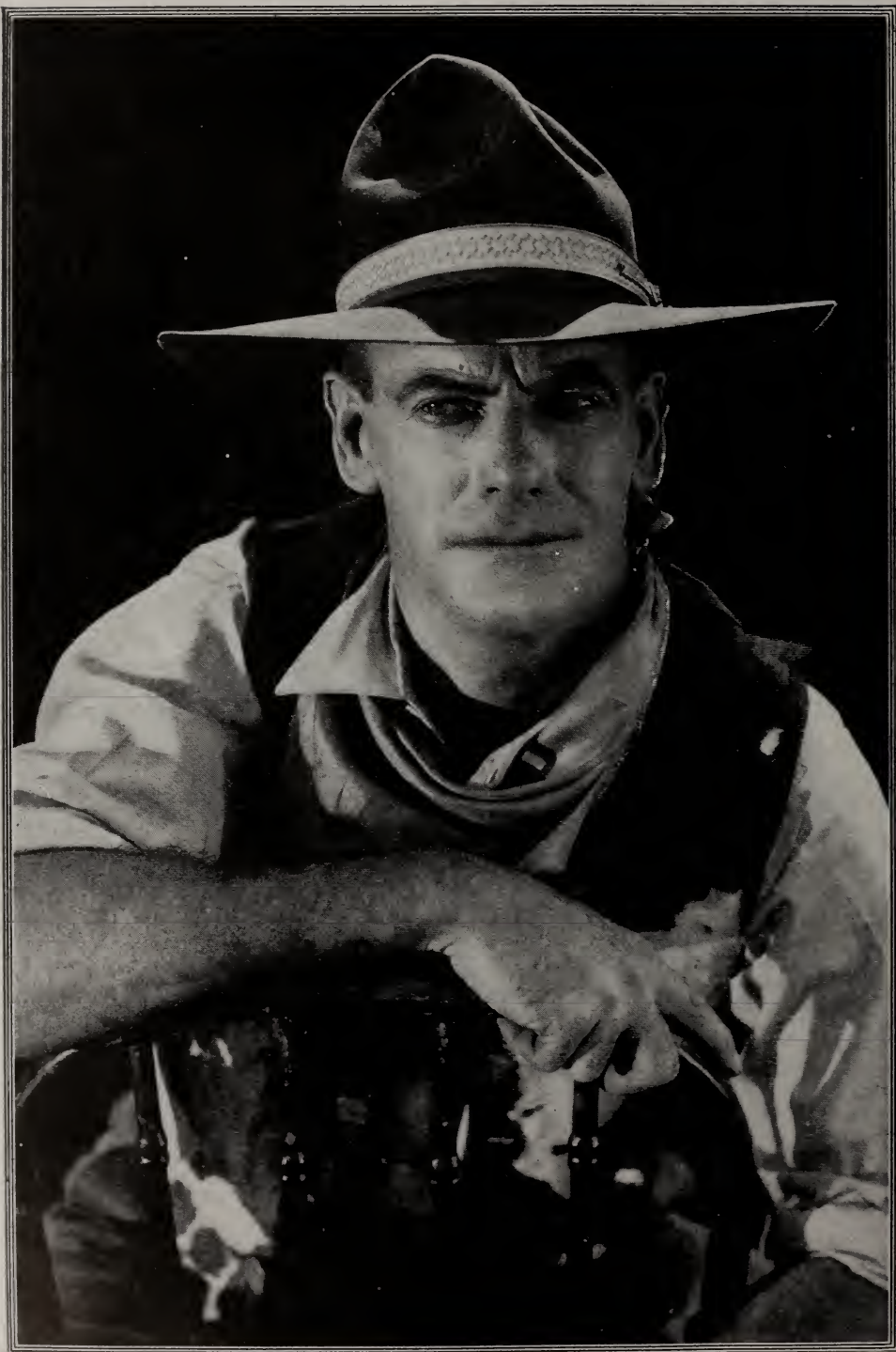
Mary Pickford.....	28,915	Henry King.....	2,415
Marguerite Clark.....	25,991	Owen Moore.....	2,360
Warren Kerrigan.....	20,530	Alice Joyce.....	2,270
Francis Bushman.....	19,305	Tom Forman.....	2,225
Theda Bara.....	16,410	May Allison.....	2,210
Edward Earle.....	15,830	Lillian Gish.....	2,205
Henry Walthall.....	15,565	Edward Coxen.....	2,200
Anita Stewart.....	14,610	Dorothy Gish.....	2,120
Wallace Reid.....	13,139	Douglas Fairbanks.....	2,090
Pearl White.....	12,985	Ruth Stonehouse.....	2,035
William Farnum.....	12,330	Anna Little.....	2,015
Earle Williams.....	11,120	Mae Marsh.....	1,935
William S. Hart.....	10,630	House Peters.....	1,925
Alexander Gaden.....	10,155	Louise Bates.....	1,825
Grace Cunard.....	9,960	Geraldine Farrar.....	1,805
Harold Lockwood.....	9,645	Florence Lawrence.....	1,795
Billy Sherwood.....	8,970	Milton Sills.....	1,785
Pauline Frederick.....	8,485	Ethel Grandin.....	1,760
Nellie Anderson.....	8,315	Mabel Normand.....	1,575
Beverly Bayne.....	8,165	Hazel Dawn.....	1,565
Ruth Roland.....	6,890	Robert Mantell.....	1,545
Blanche Sweet.....	6,815	Bessie Barriscale.....	1,500
Crane Wilbur.....	6,770	Thomas Meighan.....	1,465
Mary Fuller.....	6,520	Al Ray.....	1,465
Robert Warwick.....	6,315	Fannie Ward.....	1,450
Mary Miles Minter.....	5,965	Maurice Costello.....	1,450
Marguerite Snow.....	5,910	Lillian Walker.....	1,445
Dustin Farnum.....	5,810	Lenore Ulrich.....	1,430
Nell Craig.....	5,625	Jane Novak.....	1,370
Florence LaBadie.....	4,715	Elizabeth Burbridge.....	1,355
Bryant Washburn.....	4,515	Mabel Trunnelle.....	1,350
Mary Anderson.....	4,375	Marguerite Clayton.....	1,350
Carlyle Blackwell.....	4,300	Louise Glaum.....	1,350
Clara K. Young.....	4,250	Holbrook Blinn.....	1,300
Olga Petrova.....	4,065	Lottie Pickford.....	1,275
Cleo Madison.....	3,630	Naomi Childers.....	1,235
Antonio Moreno.....	3,486	Ethel Clayton.....	1,195
Marguerite Courtot.....	3,450	Irving Cummings.....	1,180
Harris Gordon.....	3,325	Harry Northrup.....	1,180
Edna Mayo.....	3,320	Jean Sothorn.....	1,170
Charles Chaplin.....	3,315	Conway Tearle.....	1,150
Edith Storey.....	3,265	Hobart Henley.....	1,145
Ella Hall.....	3,155	Edwin August.....	1,140
Norma Talmadge.....	3,140	Richard Stanton.....	1,135
Francis Ford.....	3,135	Cleo Ridgely.....	1,120
Romaine Fielding.....	2,930	William Courtleigh, Jr.....	1,110
Creighton Hale.....	2,710	Viola Dana.....	1,100
Violet Mersereau.....	2,610	Charlotte Burton.....	1,100
Richard Travers.....	2,585	William Garwood.....	1,045
Kathlyn Williams.....	2,555	Charles Clary.....	1,035
Herbert Rawlinson.....	2,540	Arnold Daly.....	1,005
E. K. Lincoln.....	2,470	Marie Doro.....	1,000

"POOR LITTLE BIRDIE!"



JANE LEE

McGOWAN, RAILROAD MAGNATE



The name of J. P. McGowan may not be known in Wall Street, but he has made and wrecked more railroads than any of the big financiers. He thinks nothing of crashing two engines together, and that is more than Jay Gould would do. Mr. McGowan really does not own a single rail, but the way he directs Helen Holmes and the Mutual railroad pictures you would think he controlled all the railroads in the country

Is This the "Handsome Man in America"?



Photo by Moody

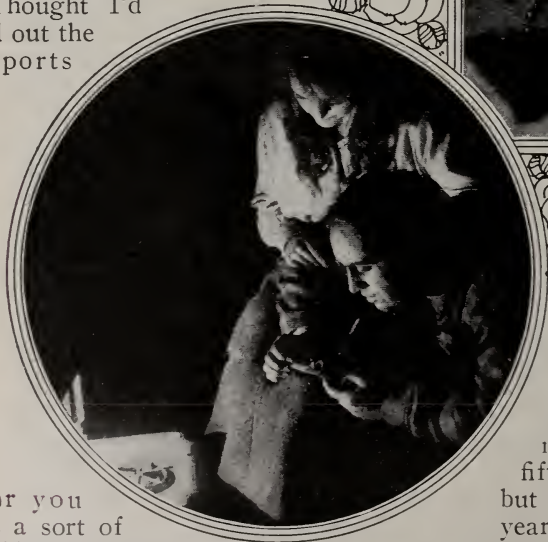
Anyway, the Universal Company awarded him first prize in the contest which they originated and conducted. His name is Roy Fernandez and he is now a regular Universal player

Fathers Of

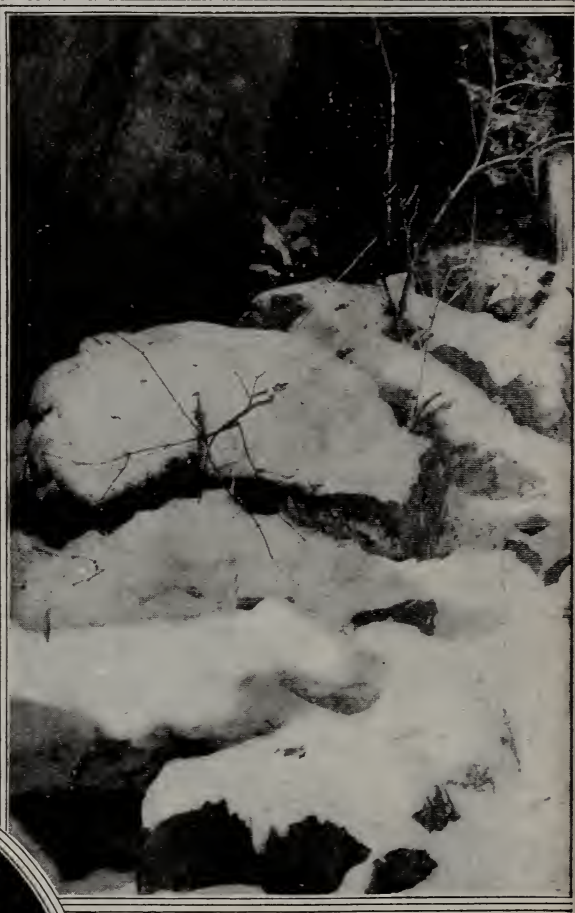
This story was written from the Photoplay of
JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

JOHN HOWLAND, inspector of the Northwest Police at Le Pas, neared the shanty that had been his home for twenty years. He was tired, dog-tired, with a weariness that was of the soul rather than the body, a senescence of the spirit that had cut great scar-like furrows on his face and laid his fifty years, like fifty heavy burdens, upon his sagging shoulders. In the doorway, obedient to the promptings of old habit, he paused to look keenly about the white landscape, with its huddle of frame buildings and eternal black firs trooping, like sedate, hooded monk-figures, across the miles and yet more miles of snow. Then, with a stern shake of his white head, he entered the cabin.

"Lo, Dad!" The broad-shouldered, blond young fellow, writing at the pine table, looked up affectionately. "Thought I'd fill out the reports



for you as a sort of a birthday offering. You were gone mighty early this morning, so I haven't had a chance to congratulate you, but I do now with all my heart: Happy returns, and many of 'em!"



The young fellow seated at the table covered the real feeling in his voice by a boyish laugh, abashed at his sentiment, but his father did not seem to see the hand stretched out towards him.

"Robert," he said slowly—"Robert, I'm fifty-four today, and I'm an old man. A man oughtn't to be old at fifty-four—not if his heart is sound—but my heart is not sound. For twenty years there has been something gnawing—gnawing here"—he struck his breast passionately—"till now the heart of me is fair eaten away, son. And the name of that something is Hate."

Startled, Robert Howland stared at his

Men

By Karl Schiller
Vitagraph



tone-
lessly,
he began
to speak.

"It began when you were a pretty little tike of a three-year-old, back at Indian Bend."

"Before my mother died, yes—I know," nodded his son. The old man broke into a shrill laugh, crackling, terrible to hear.

"Your mother was the prettiest girl in fifty miles," he gasped, at last, when the fit passed, "sixteen years younger than I, with the frolicsome spirit of a kitten, always laughing and dancing and making

father as tho a stranger stood facing him behind the familiar face.

"Father!" He saw that the older man was laboring under great excitement, and accordingly his voice took on a soothing cadence. "Suppose we sit down and have it out, Dad. I never in the world dreamed that there was anything troubling you. If I can do anything—"

"You can, son; that's why I've decided to tell you," said John Howland, grimly. "It's your debt you've got to pay as much as mine, tho I thought I should have settled it long ago."

He sank into a chair and stared before him, revisioning old scenes that twisted his seamed face like keen pain. Then,

our cabin so bright and gay and homelike that all the trappers and all the traders thereabouts called it God's Home—and it was God's own house until James Blake came. He was a handsome devil, with all the little airs and graces women worship in a man—I never had 'em, the trick of holding open a door or handing a chair, as if he was serving a queen. And the way of his coming opened my heart to him, for he saved you to Jeanne, your mother, from death in a snowdrift when an overhang fell over the cliff and flung your dog-sled down."

Robert Howland uttered an inarticulate sound, then checked himself, and his father went on, the words stumbling over difficult breaths and broken silences.

"Your back was hurt by the fall, and I had to take you to Fort Churchill to the doctor. I left Blake to look after Jeanne—fool that I was, to trust any woman! The trip covered two weeks, and when I got back—they were gone."

"Gone!" the boy repeated the word incredulously. "Not together?"

"Together." The word was a snarl. "The Indian woman who took care of the cabin told me how she went, blushing like a bride, but crying a little, too, with him wheedling her and coaxing her and petting her, as I've seen him in my dreams every night for twenty years, the devil take his soul!"

"Father," said Jeanne's son, grimly, "did you kill him? For, if you didn't, I will, if it takes a lifetime to find him."

"Kill him? No!" John Howland bowed his bleached head in his hands. "Standing there in that home he had wrecked, with you tugging at my coat and whimpering for 'pitty mamma,' I swore I would never rest until I had found them and settled with the Judas I had trusted. But that was twenty years ago, and I have hunted high and low, and I have never rested, yet the debt is still to pay."

He got to his feet wearily, gathering the scattered report sheets into a bundle with shaking hand. "I'm an old man, son, and I have a sort of a notion maybe I wont last long. But I couldn't rest in the grave with that scoundrel unpunished. Perhaps he's already dead. If so I will meet him somewhere, if I have to go to lowest hell to find him; but if he's alive, I want you to hunt him down, and take him by his lying throat and drive your fist into that handsome, devilish face of his and beat him down and kick him like a mongrel cur, and when he lies whimpering at your feet, tell him who you are!"

He put the reports into the pocket of his blue uniform and set his fur cap on his head. "I'll take the papers up to headquarters." He paused in the doorway. "Oh, God!" he cried, with a very bitter cry, "vengeance is Thine, but—Thou knowest the heart of a man—send me mine enemy into my hands before I die!"

He did not guess, as he stepped out

into the blinding glare and glitter of the northern sun and snow, that even now his prayer was answered.

The fine, powdery drifts squealed under his heavy heels. The blank, blue distances seemed to stretch away until, at the edge of the world, they melted into the sky. A vast, quivering silence—the silence of leagues of ice-locked forests—lay across the white universe, in which John Howland was the only moving thing. Then, shattering the silence into shivering fragments of broken echoes, a rifle-shot sounded from the log cabin across the field. Howland raised his head alertly, the policeman in him to the fore. In that cabin, he knew, lived Jacob Crisp, corn-factor and money-lender of Le Pas, something of a miser and reputed to have great wealth hidden away in a nook in his dingy little cabin.

"There's something wrong there," muttered Howland, and broke into a run. From the woods beyond another running figure came into view, etched for one instant against the white background. In that instant Howland had seen and known his ancient foe.

He stopped in his tracks, and the dry skin of his face stretched to a grin as mirthless as that of a death's head. It was the reflex response of his body to the message of his brain, but the realization of the truth began to come little by little, lighting his eyeballs with an insane glow, tautening his jawbone, flattening the forehead, as a dog flattens his when he scents an enemy. Very softly he unslung the rifle from his shoulder; very softly, padding on his toes like a wild creature, he drew near the cabin, which the other figure had already reached. Within a rod of the door he fell a-shaking with hideous, soundless laughter at some vagrant thought. "Something worse than death," he muttered; "shooting's to clean and honorable. He shall hang like a thieving dog."

The man, stooping over the loose sprawl of limbs on the floor, turned with the sound of Howland's feet on the threshold, his handsome, weak-featured face quite white.

"Good Lord! The man's dead," he said, dazedly. "And I had an appoint-

ment with him—I was coming to keep it when I heard the shot. D'you suppose it was a thief? What shall we do?"

"Do, James Blake?" Howland's voice was exultant with anticipation. "Well, first of all, suppose we have a little conversation, just you and I."

At the speaking of his name and the menace of the tone the stranger started, took a step forward, peering at the mask-

Howland's face was drowned in a dark, purple tide.

"So you deserted her when you were tired of her, did you?" he said, with difficulty. "I suspected you would, and I've waited these twenty years for the moment when I would hear you confess it."

"You're not going to kill me?" Blake screamed, his very soul in the words.



"HE SAVED YOU FROM DEATH IN A SNOWDRIFT"

like face above the leveled gun, and gave a shrill squeal like a cornered rat.

"John Howland—you? My God——"

"Yes, it is I," said Howland, slowly, speaking with thick tongue. "And how is my wife Jeanne, you thrice damned dog?"

James Blake raised a trembling hand to his forehead, brushing away the drops of sweat. "Jeanne?" he croaked. "I have not seen Jeanne in eighteen years. I left her to go home to my wife and my three sons, and when I got there my wife had died, so I went back for Jeanne—I meant to do the right thing by her, but she was gone."

"Kill you? No." Howland's tone was bland, but his eyes, above the suave smile, were murderous. He took a whistle from his pocket and blew shrilly on it three times, then covered the cringing figure with his gun. "I'm going to hand you over to the law and let it save me the trouble. In Le Pas you cant murder even a miser and get away scot free."

"Murder—you mean—him?" Blake pointed with palsied hand. "But I didn't do that. Why should I have killed him? I was coming here at his own request to fix up a business deal."

"Tell that to the jury," said Howland,

coldly. "Maybe you didn't. I don't know. I don't care. Pah! Stop snivelling, you spineless coward. God! and she left me for a poor thing like you!"

The trial of James Blake for the murder of Corn-Factor Crisp and the events following furnished a juicy morsel of

yet ever and again meeting it with shifty, sullen eyes; the set jaw and averted face of Robert Howland, who sat by his father's side; the venomous looks that Blake's two elder sons bestowed upon the man whose testimony was sending their father to the gallows, and the quiet



HOWLAND FINDS JACOB CRISP DEAD, AND DECIDES TO CHARGE BLAKE WITH THE CRIME

gossip for Le Pas for many days. A generation later men told their grandchildren about the look of the courtroom and the six men whose lives and destinies were so curiously knit into the red warp of murder and mystery—of James Blake, sagging in the prisoners' dock, a white, puffy face turned constantly away from the burning stare of John Howland,

face of David Blake, the youngest son, unbearded, delicate of feature, with the prettiness of a girl.

On the evening after the trial's close Howland and his son sat in their cabin, a heavy silence between them. That afternoon each had heard sentence imposed upon their common enemy—"to hang by the neck until he was dead, and may the

Lord have mercy on his soul." To the older man the words had brought a grim, bitter joy, to the younger only horror. If his father had shot Blake openly, man to man, he would have rejoiced, but this subtler, uglier revenge nauseated him—it could not end this way. It was not the method of settling old scores that a man could use, this treacherous stab in the back.

In the midst of his musings the telephone shrilled, and Robert took down the receiver. With the first words the wooden thing slipped from his fingers and swung crashing to the floor.

"Dead! Father, Blake is dead!" he gasped. "They say he tried to escape and was shot. I must see whether it is true. I'll be back in ten minutes!"

He crammed his fur cap over his ears and rushed out into the snowy dusk, almost careening against two muffled figures approaching through the windy gloom. A moment later, as he sped down the street, a shred of cloud streamed like vapor before the moon. If it had come an instant sooner he would have seen that the faces of the muffled figures were those of Blake's older sons, twisted with rage.

Later a soiled scrap of paper pinned to the breast of his father's coat and bearing the scrawled words, "He was fixing to get even with father, so we got him—Blake's sons," told Robert the story of the tragedy. Blood for blood, the primordial law. Very gently he lifted the body of the old man from the spot on the hearthstone, where the murderer's bullets had struck him down, and laid it decently on the bed. Then, raising one clinched hand to heaven, he swore that he would take upon his young shoulders the burden of his mother's shame and his father's death, never to lay it down until the sons of the man who had wrought both had paid in full.

That same night he set out on the trail of the three Blakes.

Twisting, turning, winding, the trail led him thru the months of an entire year, across mountains, into valleys, thru solitudes and cities, until one afternoon in January, when the sunset was red on the snow like a fresh bloodstain, Robert Howland halted at the edge

of a strip of firwood far up Lone John Mountain and read in footprints across the snow at his feet the news that at last his quarry was close at hand. But which one of the three brothers he did not know. He hardly cared. Body and soul of him was numb with a sodden weariness. He stumbled a bit as he took up the trail. And then he felt the snow sliding under his feet and saw, too late to save himself, that he stood on a treacherous overhang.

"Here, drink this—dont try to talk."

Robert Howland felt the prickle of returning life in his veins and a dull pain that seemed to focus into a bright, leaping flame before his dazed eyes. By degrees the flame became a camp-fire, and the voice, a face bending over him, a boyish face with beardless girl cheeks.

"Who—are you?"

"My name," said the man, quietly, "is David Blake, and you; I know, are Robert Howland."

Howland struggled to a sitting posture, fumbling at his side. Pain and rage swept him, storm-beaten, back to the pile of blankets, stammering futile things.

"My gun—but of course you have it. Shoot and be damned, then!"

"Hasn't there been enough of killing?" David Blake's voice was very sad. "My father, yours, and last week both my brothers in a snowslide. We are the only ones left, you and I. Couldn't we—be friends?"

Even in his anger Robert Howland found in his heart a sudden liking for this tall, straight young fellow, with his honest, steady eyes and wistful mouth. But he hardened his heart and shook his head.

"Then," David Blake said simply, "you shall fight me tomorrow if you like, but tonight we will share the fire together, for there is a storm on the mountainside. Hear the wind! You had a pretty close shave, old man."

Above, beyond, below the tiny shelter in the rocks where their fire tossed its scarlet plumes on the wind, shrieked the storm like a troop of Valkyries dragging the doomed souls behind their plunging steeds across the sky. The trees groaned

and tossed their bony branches, the snow-gusts panted by, paused for a brief space, and then filled the air with a wild whirl of flakes that stung and blinded and caught the breath from the lips.

"Hark!" cried Robert, suddenly, in one of these pauses. "That wasn't the wind—it was a cry—yonder, on the side of the hill!"

Arms up, shielding their faces, the two men plunged into the delirium of snow, staggering, falling, groping up-

her dark fur hood he saw a drawn, little face with masses of red-gold hair in wet curls about the white cheeks and a look in the wide, wistful eyes that went to his heart and set something stirring there.

"Oh, thank God!" she cried, piteously. "Marjie and I called and called, it seemed for hours, and we thought no one would ever come. I think—I'm afraid auntie is—dead. She is so still and cold!"

Blake knelt by the sled and slipped a hand under the fur coat of the figure



DAVID BLAKE AND ROBERT HOWLAND MEET UPON THE TRAIL

wards toward the cries that were now almost lost in the shrill wind noises. And then, quite unexpectedly, a black huddle sprang out of the white drifts.

"Good Lord!" gasped David, in Robert's ear. "Three of them! The one on the sled is unconscious. We must get them back to the fire."

Robert did not reply. With a bound he had reached the little sled, half buried in the drifts, and was shaking one of the slender figures that crouched beside it.

"Wake up! You'll die if you rest now!" he shouted, hoarsely. "That's right—stamp your feet, beat your hands."

The girl clung to him, sobbing. Under

huddled there. Then he sprang to his feet and caught up the sled-rope.

"Not dead, but she soon will be if we dont get her to a fire," he cried. Enmity forgotten for the moment, he turned to David, who was comforting the other girl, and suddenly stark alarm rasped his voice. "The fire, man!" he shouted, hoarsely. "It's gone!"

"We'll find it—never fear!" the other shouted back. "Come! It was this way."

For minutes, or hours, the four staggered thru the blown white curtain that swayed and swirled about them but never for an instant lifted. Their breaths came in sobbing gasps thru parted, purple lips;

the two girls clung to the men and fought on valiantly until suddenly, very quietly, the one at Robert's side stopped quite still.

"I'm done," she said, "done! I can't go on; you'll have to leave me."

Robert Howland pressed the stiffened sled-rope into David's fingers. "I'm staying, too," he said, quietly. "Good luck and good-by to you, stranger."

trapper. We must have come ten miles. There's a fire for the women, thank God!"

"Thank God!" echoed Robert Howland, clapping him weakly on the back, and so the two enemies came out of the storm as tho they had been friends.

Later, in the smoky warmth of the cabin, the girls and the older woman comfortable about the fire, the old blood



"I THINK—I'M AFRAID AUNTIE IS—DEAD!"

Together he and the girl watched their companions disappear into the white whorl. He felt her trembling, and, quite naturally, took her into his arms, laying the red-gold head against his breast.

"Are you afraid?" he whispered. The answer was so low he had to stoop to catch it.

"Not—here."

And, strangely, it was as tho they stood in a springtime world, on the threshold of life, instead of Death. A shout startled them apart. David Blake ran toward them with a feeble cheer.

"De Bar's cabin ahead—the half-breed

feud lifted a torpid head like a frozen snake thawed by the sun. The trader and a storm-bound crony or two muttered in one corner over a greasy pack of cards; the women drowsed in the shifting shadows. Robert Howland raised his head from his hands and met David Blake's steady glance with gloomy eyes.

"You're a man—and a pretty white man, at that," he said, slowly. "If we hadn't been born enemies, we might have been friends. But, as it is, we've got to fight our fathers' battles to the end."

"But why—why?" David got to his

feet restlessly. "If you want to kill me, I am ready, but it all seems so futile—like shedding blood for a nightmare that has passed. I am *I*—not my father; you are *you*, not your father. James Blake and John Howland have carried their wrongs beyond our settling, man."

"We must fight," began Robert, doggedly, but a scream checked the words, a scream that startled the two girls to their feet and brought the card-players tumbling from their corner with hastily seized guns. The wild, red glow of the

fort, the woman pushed the tender, clinging arms aside. "I have not long to speak and much to do before I die. Let me do it and go, for I am so tired of life—so tired! After James Blake left me I carried my grief and shame away from the settlements where I could be recognized as the mistress—oh, heaven, pity me!—of God's House, and I came into a village stricken with the plague. In one house I found a dying man and these two girls, babies then. I stayed and nursed him, praying for the plague to



"THEN LOOK AT ME, AND SEE WHAT A WORTHLESS THING YOU ARE FIGHTING FOR"

fire on her white face and streaming hair, the woman they had rescued from the storm stood before them, pointing at Robert with one palsied hand.

"You are John Howland's son?" she cried, and bitterness unspeakable rang in the words. "Then look at me! Look at me, and see what a worthless thing you are fighting for. I am—or I was—Jeanne Howland, faithless wife, unnatural mother!"

"Auntie!" The girls caught the swaying figure. "You are ill—you dont know what you are saying—"

"I know only too well." With an ef-

take me, but that would have been too kind a boon! The man died, and I stayed on in his house, caring for the children. They have never known the truth about me—they have loved and respected me, and I hoped to die loved and respected, but perhaps God has given me this chance to make a little reparation for my sin."

"Mother—my little mother!" said Robert Howland, with a deep, hoarse sob. In a bound he was beside the quivering, piteous figure, arms about her. "Dont speak any more—later. You must rest now."

(Continued on page 170)



Green Room

• Jottings •

*Little Whisperings From
Everywhere
In Hayerdom*

Maurice Costello—immaculate evening-clothes, town car, dimples and all—has come to life again. Vitagraph's long-time matinée idol has signed with the Consolidated Film Company, to star in a serial, "The Crimson Stain Mystery." His salary and his contract disclose the long-concealed fact that his middle name is George Washington.

That Biograph heroine of many sprightly romances, Isabel Rae, has joined the Fox Company, where rumor has it that she will continue to misbehave and be cruelly treated in ingénue rôles.

It will come as a severe disappointment to the many admirers of William Farnum to learn that he may desert the screen to star in a spoken play, if he can find a suitable one. Perhaps letters of protest from his friends and admirers may cause him to change his mind.

Ella Hall has deserted her unconsolable opposite, Bob Leonard, and will play her emotions against Herbert Rawlinson's in her coming picture, "Little Eva Edgerton." Miss Hall confesses she does not know whether the hyphen is permanently out of the Hall-Leonard combination.

Edna Mayo recently escaped a severe horse-whipping thru her quick wit. She stopped a drunken teamster who was beating his horses, and when he threatened to turn the whip on her, she held on to the lash with her finger-tips until a policeman hove in sight. In court, when the teamster stated that a wife and children were dependent upon him, Miss Mayo supplied him money, extracted a promise from him, and even re-shod his horse. All of which goes a long way toward having a big heart under a nimble wit.

Donald Brian, the popular dancer and musical-comedy leading man, the same Donald who flirted with and won "The Merry Widow," is about to take a second dip into pictures. Famous Players will chaperon him this time.

Murdock MacQuarrie, the dean of "old men," has checked his trunk from the Signal to the American studio. He will shortly follow with a production, "The Sign of the Spade," in which Alan Forest and Helene Rosson will co-star.

Norma Talmadge has been chosen as the bright particular guest of honor in Jersey City during "Made in New Jersey Week." She will not only be the "Jersey City maid" in a special Motion Picture, but will be the city's guest at the official banquet, and her pretty face will adorn the official badge of the celebration.

With the exception of her close friends, Myrtle Stedman sprang a decided surprise on her admirers when she sang some beautiful solos in the rotunda of the Panama-California Exposition. It was discovered that her voice was not only very sweet, but was powerful enough to be accompanied by the largest organ in the world.

The secret is out why Jimmie Morrison, the Vitagraph lead, is in disgrace. Some time ago he escorted a very respectable female to a tavern and persuaded her to taste raw liquor for the first time. After that he deserted her, and she staggered back to the Vitagraph yard alone. "Gasoline," the Vitagraph cat, has never been quite the same sweet grimalkin since. "Gasoline" was Jimmie's victim.

Geraldine Farrar and Lou-Tellegen are speeding their way westward with the echoes of grand opera and the stage far behind, and the Lasky studio at Hollywood luring them on. During the summer they will play opposite to each other in a variety of romantic dramas.

The most serious accident that has ever yet occurred to so large a number of studio-players recently happened near Los Angeles, when a sightseeing auto, filled with members of the American Company in costume for "Saul of Tarsus," plunged into a twenty-foot gully beside a mountain road. Director McDonough had a leg broken, and nearly all the company were badly injured or hurt. Word was phoned to Los Angeles, and ambulances and police-wagons came to the unfortunate sufferers' rescue.

Enid Markey is about to transfer her affections from the studio to the stage. It is only temporary, however. She is on her way to New York, where she will appear in the prolog of "Civilization," which will run during the summer at the Criterion Theater.

Partially from her own plans, Clara Kimball Young's new studio has just been started, and will be rushed to a finish, in Flushing, L. I., New York. Italian gardens, an artificial lake and a waterfall are among the novelties planned for the studio grounds.

Mary Pickford's erstwhile director and leading man, James Kirkwood, has just signed the papers wherewith he will sponsor and direct Mary Miles Minter for the term of twelve moons. He will guide "Little Mary II's" star for the American Company.

Marguerite Snow has left Metro to join the Ivan Company. Miss Snow "harkened to the call" by reason of an especially attractive offer, and her first production will be a feature especially inspired for her personality. There is nothing suggestive of the fair Marguerite in its title, "The Faded Flower."

The great and only Theodore Roosevelt has at last gone into Motion Pictures. If his coming production is not really dramatic, it is at least dramatically real. "Teddy" has just been "shot" for an animated weekly, and the pictures show him in repose and going into oratorical action. It goes without saying that he is strong on "pose," but weak on "repose."

We have with us this evening: Warren Kerrigan and Lois Wilson (p. 35); Victor Sutherland and Nance O'Neil (p. 73); Ben Deely, Theda Bara and Stuart Holmes (p. 92); Loel Stewart, Ben Deely and Eldean Stewart (p. 96); Norma Talmadge (p. 112); Ralph Lewis and George Stone (p. 113); Eugene Pallette (p. 116); Naomi Childers, William Humphrey, Robert Edeson and Bobbie Connelly (p. 139).

A few days ago Theda Bara had to call upon all her presence of mind and serpentine agility to escape being instantly killed. Returning from a train wreck scene of "East Lynne," in New Jersey, her car skidded on the wet street and crashed into a heavily loaded truck. The car toppled over, and amid the wreckage of glass and machinery, Miss Bara rose like the phoenix, miraculously unharmed.

Robert Warwick is now acting and producing "Friday, the 13th," from the pen of Tom Lawson, the noted "frenzied financier." In the big scene on the stock exchange floor, if stocks don't crash to the bottom it will be no fault of Messrs. Warwick and Lawson.

Just like high-flying duck, migration time has arrived for many photoplay favorites. Among others who have sought new feeding-grounds are Orrin Johnson, Robert Fazer and Sally Crute with Lubin; Alan Hale and Octavia Handworth with Pathé; Wellington Plater with Selig; Gypsy O'Brien and Percy Helton with Vitagraph; Betty Harte, Richard Stanton, Betty Schade and Anna Luther with Fox; E. K. Lincoln with World; Harry Todd and Marguerite Joslyn with Rolin; Jack Mulhall and Hector Sarno with Universal; Vivian Martin, Adelaide Woods and Elliot Dexter with Morosco; Leo Delaney with Famous Players; Dell Henderson has left Keystone; Little Billie Jacobs has joined Selig, and Brindsley Shaw is back with Vitagraph.

On the strength of her hit as an Indian maid in the Broadway stage-play, "The Heart of Wetona," Lenore Ulrich closed her theatrical season last week, and has left for the West coast to join the Morosco studios, where her next screen vehicle will probably be an Indian subject.

That vivacious little blonde package of femininity recently imported from England under the name of Peggy Hyland by the Famous Players Company, has just achieved her greatest ambition. Miss Hyland has joined the Vitagraph Company, where she has been selected as leading lady for E. H. Sothorn. Virginia Hammond, his former leading woman on the stage, has also joined the Vitagraph Company.

Another grand opera diva of the first magnitude has succumbed to the lure of the camera. It has just been announced that Mary Garden, the famous operatic Salome, will appear in a Motion Picture version of "Thais." Miss Garden comes high; her recent concert tour called for \$2,500 a performance, and in voiceless tragedy she is going to receive twice as much.

Owen Moore, who formerly supported Mary Pickford in pictures, and who still supports her outside of studio hours, has locked hands with the Famous Players Company, and will play the whimsical, romantic young lover to Hazel Dawn.

Please note that we now publish some of our stories *after* the release date of the film. For example, "Going Straight," in this issue. This is because we find that many of our readers prefer to read the story *after* seeing the play.

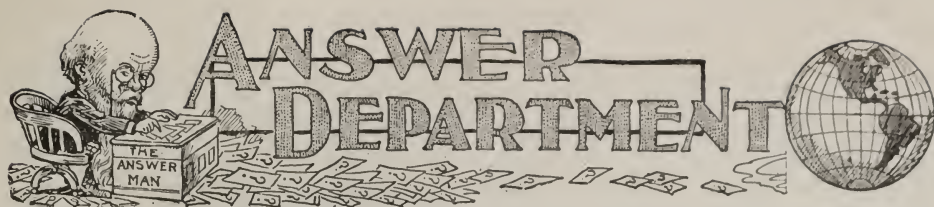
Book-lovers will be delighted to hear that Anita Stewart will play the title rôle in a new creation of Robert W. Chambers, "The Girl Philippa," a story teeming with love, war and adventure.

Those who remember Florence Turner, the former bright particular star of the Vitagraph Company, will be overjoyed to learn that their favorite will soon appear in a series of features for the Mutual Company. Florence Turner is under her same director, Larry Trimble, with whom she made her Vitagraph and also her English screen appearances, and her repertoire of silent drama will include plays of English, Welsh and Western life.

A newly discovered star is Francine Larrimore, who rose from understudy to the leading rôle in "Fair and Warmer," the Broadway stage hit. She has just joined the Edison Company, as has also Conway Tearle and Herbert Cortell.

As prolonged and as faithful as Jacob in his courtship of Rachel is the wooing and winning of Kathlyn Williams by Charles Eyton, one of the executives of the Morosco Company. Their marriage has just been announced, and is the result of a more or less interrupted courtship of nearly ten years.

Here's some good news: We have had made two wonderful paintings—one of Theda Bara and one of Marguerite Clark. They are for you, gentle reader. Be patient, and you shall have.



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them. This is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence.

WILLIAM CLIFFORD ADMIRER.—Good morning! Walk in! You will find a picture of your patron saint in our Gallery. Margaret Gibson is playing opposite William Clifford now.

GRACE VAN LOON.—I enjoyed your letter telling about the Forsyth Dental Infirmary where hundreds of poor children are treated daily. Rankin Drew is directing Anita Stewart and she is doing great work, they tell me. Yes, I am copying Chaplin's walk. 'Twas ever thus—the poor learn their vices from the rich.

SASKATOON.—Write to the American Company about that photoplay. Metro have a New York studio. The "Who Pays?" series is finished, and now the "Who's Guilty?" is running with Anna Nilsson and Tom Moore. Frank Farrington is with Fox. Florence LaBadie remains with Thanouser.

PHILMPHAN, NEWARK.—Dorothy Green was Mazora in "A Wonderful Adventure" (Fox).

MRS. R. S.—Thanks for your kind letter.

R. B. I., BUFFALO.—Irene Wallace is not playing now. Sis Hopkins with Kalem. Margaret Gibson is with Horsley. I cannot prevent thoughts coming any more than I could keep birds from flying over my head, but I try to prevent their building nests in my beard.

HARRY W.—We had a chat with Harry Morey in June, 1915. So my department is widely read at Yale. Good for you, my dear old college chumps.

PICKFORD MAE.—Fred Church is with Universal. Edward Overton was opposite Lillian Walker in "The Little Doll's Dressmaker." House Peters is with World. Pauline Frederick played in "Audrey."

NANCEY T., SEATTLE.—If there is anything I hate, it is fair-weather friends. They will sail with you while the weather is fair, but when you spring a leak, they take themselves to the boats rather than to the pumps. Fannie Ward in "The Cheat" (Lasky).

THE HOOSIER GIRL.—William Morse was the villain, Clarissa Selwynne was Mrs. Steven Farley in "Her Own Way" (Metro). Enid Markey is with Triangle. Pat O'Mally is with Lubin. You shall have a picture of Clara K. Young, the Editor said, and you see he has already did the deed.

CURIOS, JOHNSON CITY.—Dorothy Davenport (Universal) is well connected screenific-

ally. She is the daughter of Alice and Harry Davenport, the niece of Fanny Davenport, and the wife of Wally Reid. Stuart Holmes was Munzell, Frederick Perry was Dr. Rameau in "Family Stain." Dorothy Bernard was the girl. I take back what I said about her beauty, for I have seen her when she was beautiful and I have seen her when she was not. Anyway, she is an artist always.

JUSTICE.—I shall hand your letter to the Editor. None for me, thanks! Man proposes and then woman imposes. Marguerite Clark played in "Wildflower."

TOCO.—That's one of my old ones—"What happens when an irresistible force comes in contact with an immovable body?" I wrestled with it years ago. I really don't know Johnny Mouse's address.

EVELYN A.—No, indeed, three times a week isn't too much to go to the movies—not for me. Thank you for the new title you have given me—"The Champion Advice-Giver of the World." Advice is something that we should all receive, and something that we are all willing to give, and something we are all reluctant to follow.

LADY BALTIMORE.—Thanks for the clipping. Henry Murdock was Sam in "A Leap Year Wooing" (Kalem). I think Sam Bernard is dead wrong and envious when he says "It cant last; they're going to tire of the movies. The theatrical public is fickle." The Limerick Editor is no relation to Frederick Wallace and does not even know her.

MELVA, AMERICUS.—So you think I deserve the salary that Charlie Chaplin gets. Certainly I do, but I don't get it. The difference is the mere trifle of \$9,992 a week. Owen Moore is with Triangle. Irving Cummings with Famous players now.

ABE, 99.—Justina Huff with Imp and Edgar Jones with Metro. Here they are: Fazenda with short "a," accent on the zen. Valli Valli with short "a," accent on the val. (De) Garde pronounced as guard. Eytinge as eye-tinge.

ETHEL ANITA.—Maurice Costello is now playing with the Consolidated Film Company—whatever that may be. Edwin August is with World. You will see Anita Stewart soon, and you will also see her on our August Classic—the finest cover that has yet been done.



HUSBAND—I dont blame photoplayers for their work. I just had a chance to get in a mob-scene—and I've had the time of my life!

A. M., CHEYENNE.—No, I have never been asked "Why is a cow?" Dont you ask it, for I cant solve the mystery. Poets are born and not maids. I agree with you.

JAMES L. R.—Russell Bassett was the dealer in "Sold." He was also the father of Hazel Dawn in "The Heart of Jennifer," and he was the father of Mary Pickford in "Little Pal." He is a very convenient father. You must vote for only one person in our Popularity Contest, either leading man or leading woman, or any character—not for a complete cast.

ROBERT TREAT.—Lillian Walker was born in Brooklyn in 1888. No, she certainly doesn't look it. She looks like 16. Pearl White born in Missouri in 1889. Sydney Ayres was leading man in "Haunting Winds" (Powers). Yes, Ruth Stonehouse with Universal. Robert Vaughn in "Still Waters." Roberta Courtlandt lives in Atlanta.

NELL M.—King Baggot was Phidias and also Raphael in "The Marble Heart." Miriam Nesbitt was born in Chicago and educated at the Notre Dame Convent, Ind. Her father was Norwegian and her mother English. Her nickname is "Sissy." I wish you would not ask questions of this kind so often. The ideal player is the one who has not yet arrived.

ESTHER W.—Yes, Mary Anderson is mar-

ried to a non-professional. Usually Francis Ford plays opposite Grace Cunard. That's just Lubin talk. Well that's so, beauty and vanity usually go together.

SMITHY.—A Jackie Saunders release was made by Balboa and released under Knickerbocker. She is still in the Balboa studio. Henry King isn't playing at this writing. She married into a fine family. Actresses will happen in the best regulated families.

ELIZABETH S.—Conway Tearle was Ralph in "Helene of the North" (Famous Players.) Julia S. Gordon was the mother in "A Million Bid." Harry Millarde was Launcelot in "Merrily Mary Ann" (Fox) opposite Vivian Martin. This was the only picture he played in after leaving Kalem.

MARCELLA R.—Thanks for your good wishes. No, I am not a socialist nor an anarchist. So Proudhon says, does he, "Property is theft"? That being the case, I wish that all of my readers might become efficient thieves. Leo Delaney with Famous Players.

BUTTONS, DAYTON, O.—I dont see the resemblance between Pearl White and Adele De Garde. Yes, both Mrs. George Walters and Arthur Johnson are dead. Your letter was interesting.

OMEDA C. P.—Your letter was very delightful, but you didn't ask any questions.

JULIA D.—You are quite in error, mi dear. Did you know that Los Angeles had 19 theaters and 115 Moving Picture shows; 25 parks; 350 churches; estimated population, 550,000?

CLYTIE L. C.—Jack Dean is with Lasky. So you think that F. X. B. is a perfect darling, and dont care who knows it. And now they all know it. I advise you to consult a physician, but dont forget that doctors cannot cure you, but that they can help you cure yourself. Elliott Dexter and Courtney Foote with Morosco.

CURIOS.—I cant tell you why Irving Cummings were the same necktie all the way thru in the serial "The Diamond from the Sky." Perhaps he owns no other, poor fellow—you know it was a hard winter.

CHESTER, CANADA.—You are very bright, my lad, and well in advance of your age. (I would not say this to a woman.) The Magazine is on sale on the 1st of the month and the Classic on the 15th.

RICHARD III.—You want me to name my ideal photoplayer. Well, she has not yet arrived, but when she does you will recognize her from this description: Stature, medium, neither too fat nor too lean; symmetry, and nicely balanced proportions of all the parts; hair, black, auburn, or a distinct light or dark brown; skin, smooth, delicate, soft, and

of a lively white and red, without any make-up; forehead, smooth, full, neither too high nor too low; eyes, blue, black, or gray, large, and of a bright, lively and amiable expression; eyebrows, dark, plentiful, arched, but not formal like pencil-lines of art; nose, medium, regular, and inclining to the Grecian shape; mouth, medium, sweet, clean, and tintured with a smile; lips, not too thick, pleasantly pouting, and of a coral hue; cheeks, inclining to be full, soft and warm, like the sunny side of a peach; teeth, pearly white, even, not too wide, and well set; chin, rather round, plump, and ending with a dimple; ears, small and close to the head; neck, rather long than short, graceful, expanding to the chest or bosom; bosom, snowy white, full, firm, self-sustained; hand, white, plump, but not too short, with tapering fingers and nails of mother-of-pearl; foot, small and nimble; ankle, small, expanding with a fine swell and insertion into the calf; body, round, plump, but not dumpy; carriage, free and unaffected; manners, sprightly, graceful, modest and refined. Of course, I would like her to have brains, for even brains show on the screen.

A. P., TACOMA.—Thanks for that capital picture of yourself. Oh, yes, sometimes 125 or more different copies are made of the same film. Yours was very interesting.



BOBBY—Is sumptin' wrong wid yer camera, Willie?

WILLIE—Nope, nuthin'; only dont t'ink it's gona take pictures!

PETROVA FAN.—Mae Gaston was Diana, Ella Golden was Arlene, and Nan Christy was Edna in "The Love Liar." Grace De Carlton was the wife, and Wayne Arey the husband in "The Whispered Word" (Than-houser). Louise Bates was Grace in "Grace's Gorgeous Gowns." Yes, I haven't heard that scandal.

RUTH McN.—I appreciate the fact that you are using your very best paper in writing to me. Victor Sutherland was George in "Flames of Johannis." Winifred Kingston in "The Call of the Cumberlands."



MR. BEETLE—Not working today, Miss Bug?

MISS BUG—No, I played a railroad scene yesterday and lost four arms and three legs, and I'm feeling a trifle stiff!

TY.—Thanks for the picture. Crane Wilbur is still out West.

GRACE E. C., NEW MILFORD.—Write to our sales manager. You want a picture of True Boardman in the Gallery. You ask if Henry Walthall was ever a minister. I believe not. See articles in this issue.

MONTY OF CANADA.—Glad you are out of the hospital. Norma Talmadge is in the Fort Lee studio of the Triangle Fine Arts. Worse yet, and now you accuse Rose Tapley of being Norma Talmadge's mother. It depends upon how far they go. And you say she is married? Nay, nay!

ALMA E. HILTON.—Your verses are so fine that—well, here they are:

L'Homme Qui Réplique.
Is there never yet a question
But its answer thou hast heard?
Can no query e'er, or puzzle,
Thwart the wisdom of thy beard?

One there was 'midst all the sages
Wise as thou—and only one,
Lived in pomp in far-gone ages—
Lo! they called him Solomon!

And today the movie muses,
To the tune of reel and press,
Have fashioned forth another genius:
He, a wise-man—nothing less.

Day by day in hundred thousands
Questions pour—and still they come;
And he answers page on pages
Full of queries, every one.

Talk about your ancient sages,
They're not in it!—save the one.
Art thou he, reincarnated,
Seventy-four and still unmatd?
Greatest wonder of the ages—
Lo! a second Solomon.

BESSIE L.—You want a whole lot, but I will try hard to give you all you want. Want more than you have, and you will always have less than you want; want less than you have, and you will always have more than you want. You might write to that player. No, I have never met Theda Bara personally. She is hard to get at.

BETTY OF MELROSE.—I handed yours to the Limerick Editor, but please send them direct hereafter. He scowls every time I walk in. He is young and beautiful, but a terrible groucho.

DAN, 15.—I dont know how to help you. Read our articles on "How to Get In." One touch of nature makes the whole world blush. I do not know how the censors ever let it get by.

VELMA S.—You want a picture of James Cruze? We have not seen a good photo of him in years. Have you? Perhaps he will sit again next year. The trouble with some of our friends is that they come only when they *want* something. The best friends are those who come when they can *do* something. "Civilization" is great!

LOUIS DE G.—Why didn't you give your address, so I could write you a fine answer to that impertinent letter of yours?

SINFUL PECK.—Rosemary Dean was Milly in "The Clairon." J. W. Johnston was Rudolph in "Out of the Drift."

BESSIE B.—Pauline Frederick is with Famous Players. Her picture appeared in January, 1916. Certainly, come and see me in my cage. It is more blessed to call than to receive.

REGGIE, 14.—A critic is a necessary evil, and criticism is an evil necessity. Your letter was very interesting.

SWEET ADMIRER.—Olga Petrova in "What Will People Say?" Marie Doro now permanently with Lasky. Maybe she tried to wriggle out of her contract as well as her costume in "The Wood Nymph."

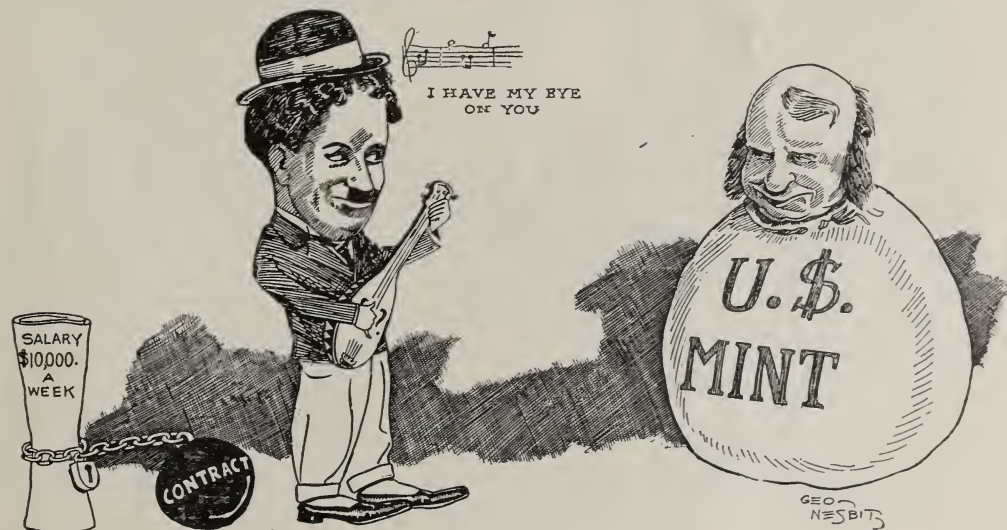
CLEO K.—We shall have a picture of Mae Murray soon. The July number contains a fine picture of Mae Murray. You should get the Classic too, because that contains material that does not get into this Magazine. If the play calls for two old men, the less prominent is called the Second Old Man. He is frequently a comic character.

THURIA.—Harry Mortimer was Tom in "Her Great Price." Jeannette Horton was the fiancée in "The Millionaire." Eugene O'Brien was Hugh in "Poor Little Peppina." Mahlon Hamilton was Murray Campbell in "Final Judgment." Harold Meltzer was Alan in "Always in the Way" (Metro).

REGINALD.—You refer to Reginald Barlow as Otto. Winnifred Greenwood remains with American. Now, you don't think that at all—come now, do you? Some day you will know who I am, when we pass away and you run across me in the next world. I don't know that answer.

ANNIE LEE T.—See that cast above. Forrest Stanley was Bruce in "The Heart of Paula" (Pallas). Henri Bergman was Robert in "The House of Tears." Arthur Hoops was Oscar in "Soul Market."

OLGA C. L.—J. W. Johnston and Norma Phillips played in the old "Runaway June" film. I do not know what became of them. John Davidson was Burkett in "The Wall Between." Chester Barnett is with Peerless. Gypsy Abbott was Edna in "St. Elmo." Wellington Playter was English vice-consul in "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne."



ALYCE, HOUSTON.—Jean Sothorn is playing in the "Mysteries of Myra," which is a very absurd serial, I think. Yes, she is very cute. She was with Fox before.

ALICE JOYCE ADMIRER.—You will see Alice Joyce soon. Yes to your second. Yes, Violet Mersereau was fine in "The Great Problem." Antonio Moreno is still with Vitagraph.

MILDRED M. C.—What is the trouble with the Ohio Board of Censors not to allow "Birth of a Nation"? However, you say you went to Pennsylvania to see it. These censors are an infernal nuisance. You say that "Never put off till tomorrow what you can wear today" is your policy. That is all right—unless it be a raincoat, on a pleasant day. Lucille Stewart is Anita's sister and "rival."

J. L., PITTSBURG.—I am always glad to get growling letters occasionally. The grumbler is always a discordant note in the great harmony, but it makes that harmony the sweeter by contrast. Robert Couville was Mike in "Still Waters."

MARJORIE S.—Baby Marie Kierman was the little girl in "By Stork Delivery." Dorothy Kelly was the daughter in "Mother's Roses." I understand that we shall have a chat with Vivian Martin.

FERDINAND.—Appreciation is to value a thing for what it is worth—true value. When I said I "appreciated your musty, desiccated, dry-as-dust, impertinent letter," I meant it. I valued it for what it was worth—nothing.

J. H. P., NASHVILLE.—Edwin Mordant was Robert in "Poor Little Peppina." Thurlow Bergen is with World. Arnold Daly was recently playing in "Beau Brummel" at a New York theater, and he is the same one who played in serials with Pearl White.

CORALIE.—Robert Walker was the husband in "Fear" (Thanouser). Mae Allison with Metro. Chrystine Mayo was Lola in "A Mother's Confession." Austin Webb was Fred. I admire Tyrone Powers immensely, particularly for his fine work in "The Eye of God."

DOROTHY.—Theodore Roberts was Boris in "The Sowers." Mabel Van Buren was the princess. Dont forget that to criticise a photoplay one must ask in the first place for what sort of public it was prepared.

ESMERALDA.—We had a picture of Ruth Roland in the April 1916 Classic. W. Kingston was Sally in "The Virginian."

SYBIL.—William Desmond was the minister in "Peggy." I would be glad to hear from you again.

A. PARKER.—Muriel Ostriche is with Equitable. Edward Polo with Universal. Norma Talmadge with Fine Arts.

DOROTHY G. S.—J. W. Johnston is not Arthur Johnson's brother. See above.

SNOW LABADIE ADMIRER.—Marguerite Snow was interviewed in October, 1914. James Cruze in January, 1914.

ARLINE E.—E. J. Brady was Marco in "The Twin Triangle." Yes. Niles Welch was Paul in "The Kiss of Hate." Flirtation is the thief of time.

BETSEY OF BALTIMORE.—You will find a large, handsome picture of Wallace Reid in the May 1916 Classic. Write direct to the company for pictures. Thanks. Invitation is the sincerest flattery, and so I thank you even if I cant accept.

STELLA O. R.—Yes, but you must ask questions. I dont know what is the matter with you all. You write such interesting letters to me, and expect me to answer you with just something. I will, but you must give me a cue—an inspiration, and then I'll burst out into a flood of eloquence and poetic fancy. Just try it once.

PHILM PHAN.—Arthur Hoops was Marquis de Montessin in "Esmeralda." He always reminds me of a false-face. Your other question answered later. Gertrude Short was Eva, Margarita Fischer was Topsy and Harry Pollard was Uncle Tom in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Imp). Walter Spencer was Philip in "The Honor of the District Attorney." Webster Campbell was Billy and Neva Gerber was Helen in "His College Wife" (American).

COLUMBUS, 1492.—James Young was Col. Birnell, William Humphrey was the Arab chief and Edith Storey was the French spy in "The French Spy." Thanks for your suggestion, I will look it up.

LESLIE J. E.; MARTHA V.; MAMIE N. C., 18; F. I. M., WPG.; I ASK YOU; MARY JANE;

J. S. D., ST. L.; GORDON H.; ELEANOR VIRGINIA; I. H., GA.; M. LINDER; J. C., MONTREAL; M. L. MORGAN; G. C., MAINE; S. M., N. M.; MARY P.; ROSE OF THE RANCH-OH; T. M. H.; A. T.; DINTY MOORE; E. H. C.; M. B., DETROIT; A. LE B.; MARJORIE G.; "DAISY"; ETHEL G.; DENVER D. H.; AMELIA S.; HELENE MACK; H. M. D.; MABEL E. W.; LOUIS P. D.—Your letters were very interesting, but I think they do not require an-



I wish I were her lip-stick, I'd like it very much,
For then Milady's rosy lips in ecstasy I'd touch;
I'd like to be her powder puff, I'd keep her nose so
white,
And all the tiny freckles I would bury out of sight;
But most of all I'd rather be, if I could have my way,
The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and stay with her all
day,
For very often she neglects her rouge and powder puff,
But of her favorite magazine she never has enough.

MARY E. H.—See above. Your letter was indeed interesting.

KATHERINE S.—Come now, cheer up. I didn't mean to slight you. My hat is in my hand. Francis Ford's picture appeared in April 1915 issue. Grace Cunard in May, 1915. Mr. Bushman will appear on a cover soon.

LOUISE K.—William Desmond was Prince Carl in "Bullets and Brown Eyes." What an interesting letter you write!

swers. You see, if I put your name down and said simply "Thanks, I agree with you," etc., this department would not be as interesting as it apparently is. I like best those answers that draw me out. I need a good spanking once in a while, or the reverse—it doesn't make much difference.

ANNUNTOYO.—Dorothy Bernard was Nance in "A Man of Sorrow" (Fox). Your joke was clever. The Lord loveth a cheerful sinner. Of course I'm betting on the Brooklyn.

TRIX AND PEGGY OF WICHITA.—Sessue Hayakawa was the villain in "The Cheat." Mahlon Hamilton was Carl in "Molly Make Believe." But you must see Lillian Walker in "The Ordeals of Elizabeth." She is very cunning in it.

P. R. MC, PEARL RIVER.—Warren Kerrigan is not married, but his brother is. Most of your questions are forbidden fruit. Did you read the paragraph at the head of this department? I guess not.

DYALL.—That's right, put your questions first, and then write your letter. You say it makes you happy when you write to me. That's what I'm here for, but I hear that I make some people mad. It is true that Alice Joyce has signed up with Vitagraph.

PAULINE W.—When sending in an addressed envelope, please don't put "City" on it—put the name of *your* city, because remember the letter is going to be mailed from Brooklyn. Margarita Fischer played in "Polygamy."



Milady, dressed in silks and lace,
A smile upon her lovely face,
Murmurs, in accents of delight,
"The movies were superb—good-night!"

GRACE E. C., MILFORD.—Charlotte Ives was Lucy in "The Dictator." You must not believe all you hear. You know that nonsense makes the heart grow fonder, and that's why I write so much of it.

EVA B., QUEBEC.—Your French letter received and read with consternation. I can't give you my name—against the rules. I am to remain as the great unsolved mystery of the century. Would like to hear from you again. Until then, blessings on your good head, little Eva of Quebec.

EVANGELINE.—Popular Players produced "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," and Betty Riggs was Nell. You refer to Robert Vaughn in that Famous Players. You were just a little late for July.

Evelyn, a working miss,
Throws her beau a parting kiss
And says, with smiles and glances bright,
"The movies were just fine—good-night!"

B. E., ROCHESTER.—Mary Pickford is 23 years of age, Marguerite Clark 29, and Mary Miles Minter 14.

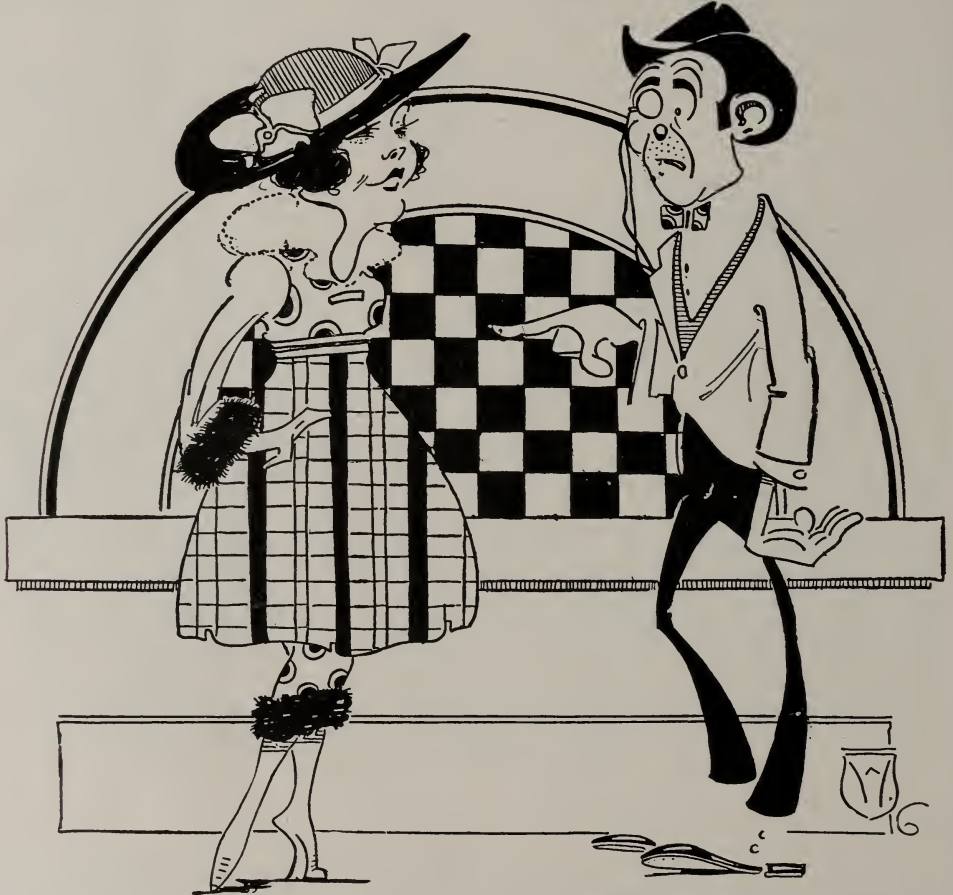
FERN.—Thank you! Carlyle Blackwell was the king in "Such a Little Queen!" I must confess that was my mistake. Louis Durham was Allan in "A Law Unto Himself." At least that is the way I understand it. Yes, I have met Mr. Wilbur, and he has my O. K. What more could he require?

THE FLIRT.—Ruth Roland is one of the best-dressed players in the movies. Just because you saw her clothed in a curtain in the June Classic and decorated with a couch-cover on the June Magazine cover doesn't prove anything. Arthur Hoops was Mr. Vane in "Playing with Fire."

HERMAN.—What makes life, gloomy is the want of motive. I find that you grow on acquaintance. I find that some of my acquaintances are not so agreeable as they might be. A new acquaintance is like a new book; you open it with expectation, but what you find there sometimes makes you not care to take it off the shelf again. Ann Luther is with Fox, and Richard Stanton is directing her.

BRAINS.—I hope you have some. Henry Walthall was the colonel and Mae Marsh was Flora in "The Birth of a Nation." Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are playing in "Peg o' the Ring."

M. P. M. READER.—You say "Allow us to enter The Inner Shrine and we will find The Footpath to Peace." Very well, but leave all hope behind. My thanks for the photographs and clippings.



MR. KNOWLITTLE—I tell you, Jewell, we in the movies are not paid a cent more than we are worth!

MISS HUNT—Goodness! how do you manage to support yourself?

DAN, 88.—Yes, the entire Universal Company has moved from New York to Universal City, but the executive offices are still at 1600 Broadway. We would be glad to use pictures of the players you mention if we could get large, handsome photos, but somehow the players are slack in posing for the photographer. Come again. Thanks.

OLGA, 17.—Of course I'm glad you have a new typewriter, but I'm just a wee bit jealous. You will write still better letters now—if that be possible. Yes, my colyum is a sort of infernal alliteration, Film Flam for Film Fans as it were.

LYDIA H.—I am quite happy, thank you, but I am deprived of the greatest pleasure that life has for a human soul. 1000 feet is supposed to be one reel. Jean Shelby was Alice in "The Shadow of a Doubt." Harry Hilliard was Richard in "The Strength of the Weak." You should read to live, not live to read. Jan. 5. I enjoyed yours much.

CUPID.—I expect to answer yours personally some day soon, but I am naturally a little shy of Cupids.

LUDLOW.—So you want to see a picture of Clara K. Young on the cover. She hasn't had new pictures taken lately.

GRACE WINDSOR.—Nearly all of Florida from Jacksonville to the Everglades is now under the influence of the camera-men. There are now six permanent studios there—Thanhouser, Kalem, Lubin, Gaumont, Vim, and Eagle, and, besides, the rivers, beaches and jungle lands are infested with camera-men. The Flowery State is no safe place for Lovers' Lanes any more—the camera-men will catch you if you dont watch out! Wheeler Oakman is going to play opposite Mabel Normand.

THALIA.—Glad to know you. Dustin Farnum was Robert and Helen Lutrelle was Hope in "Soldiers of Fortune." Yes, Hobart Bosworth directed "The Spoilers." Yes, William Farnum in "Redemption of David Corson." Yours was one of the sparkling letters of the day.

LOUISE VON O.—You want a chat with Herbert Rawlinson. Robert Leonard and Ella Hall are with Universal. Henry Walthall recently received 120 letters in one day, establishing a new Essanay record. Shucks! that isn't enough to make *me* even take my feet off the desk.

RAY B. W.—Juanita Hansen is with American Company. Alma Hanlon is with Fox. *Bog* is Gaelic for soft, wiry, damp.

R. M. W. PALESTINE.—I dont think Kid McCoy is playing in pictures now. Bud Duncan, Lloyd Hamilton and Ethel Teare in the Bud Comedies.

ABE, 99.—Kittens Reichert is with Ivan. You say that Charles Richman is the only actor (with exception of W. Chrystie Miller) whom you really admire. You show good taste, but must be terribly hard to please.

IRENE L.—Sorry, but I cant obtain that information for you. You say you do not believe that a crow lives 100 years. Why dont you buy one and find out?

TYLE.—I dont know why the players insist upon wearing curls down their backs in ballroom scenes. Why not, if they are young curls? Your application was very well written indeed, and I am sure you will have but little trouble in securing a position. Sorry I dont need an assistant. It is a very amusing world if you do not refuse to be amused. Some people are too critical to see any amusement in anything.

CARRIE S.—We have no pictures of George Probert. Howard Estabrook is playing opposite Jean Sothern in "Mysteries of Myra." You dont give the correct title. Cant you give me a better clue?

TALMADGE FAN.—Yes, Norma Talmadge is in New York now. She will play in the Reliance studio, in New York. Marion Warner was Grace in "The Heart of Paro."

MAXWELL E. R.—If you fight, fight for honor, glory or money—whichever you are most in need of. So you want more about William Clifford. Very well.

J. ELDON T.—Every question has two sides, but most of us see only one. Tom Moore was born in Ireland in 1887.

G. C. G., HALIFAX, N. S.—Joseph Manning was John in "The Losing Game." Hugh E.

Thompson was Norman in "Rags." Thanks for your kind words.

CLARA K. YOUNG TUNE.—Tom Moore is with Pathé. James Kirkwood is with American. No, I decided not to be President of the United States this year. It is easy enough; all you have to do is to get nominated and elected.

ABE, 99.—The instrument on which the photoplaywright plays is that strange thing, the human heart, but how few of them know how to play it! Thanks for all you say about our covers. Glad you like them.

SANS SOUCI.—Francelia Billington was Lillian in "The Big Brother." Dustin Farnum is with Pallas. Yes, a number of the players live on Riverside Drive. Harold Lockwood lives at the Astor Hotel, Margarita Fischer at the Claridge, Mary Pickford at the Knickerbocker, Pearl White and May Allison at the Astor, N. Y. City. Thanks for your nice letter.

JACK F., TROY.—Yaneci Dolly is the sister of Roszika Dolly and they have both been lured from the footlights to the studio "overheads." Whenever a première danseuse is desired they are equally at home on the boards, in the studio or in the water. Just because the footlights are upside down in the studio doesn't bother them for a moment—their nimble feet are overhead most of the time. They also appear in vaudeville occasionally.

JAMES M. P.—I wish you would leave a little white space between your questions. I am almost near-sighted now. Yes, Charles Chaplin played two parts in "Night at the Show"—a rich man and a poor man.

VERA NUTTI.—What a delightful reputation to have—one who always has something good to say of everybody. What more unlovable person can there be than the one who always has a catalog of faults or scandals to recite against everybody? You refer to Albert Chevalier as Joe in "My Old Dutch." E. K. Lincoln has joined World Film Co. He was with Lubin but a short time.

EDITH A.—Thanks for the picture of yourself. He is a real Jap. Sessue Hayakawa had the lead. Your flatterer may love you some, but he probably loves himself more.

MARY B.—I would advise you to write direct to the Pathé Studio, 1 Congress St., Jersey City, N. J. You must remember that rascals are always sociable.

HAZEL NUT.—Sometimes I use green ink, and the Editor uses it all the time. Have you been writing to the Editor? You want a chat with Hazel Dawn?

RUTH ST. O.—William Brady is the father of Alice Brady. I appreciate all you say. Gladys Hulette is in "Other People's Money" (Thanhouser.) Gypsy O'Brien is now with Vitagraph, directed by Wally Van.

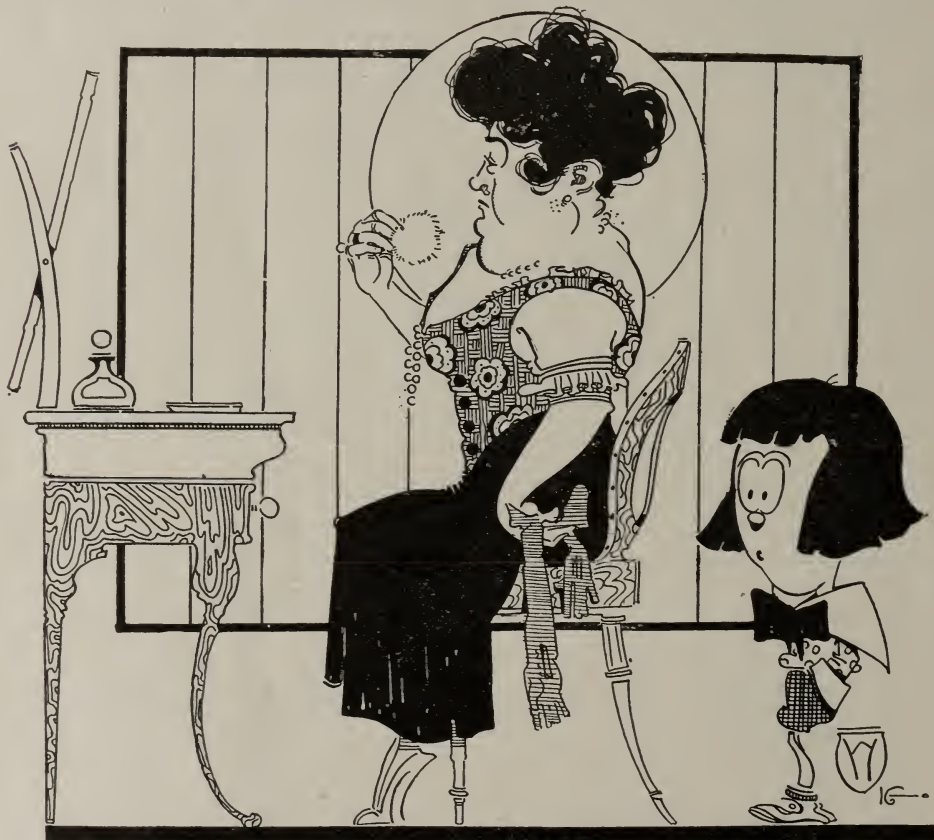
GRACE VAN LOON.—The fact is that your letters are so clever that I often give them to the Editor to read. He must like them too, because he doesn't always give them back. That's why they aren't answered.

VIRGINIA VANDERHOFF.—Charmed indeed. The whyfore of this department was that I fancied that I had some information and ideas that you might like to hear and that I could put it up in packages more or less attractive. Enclosed between these covers please find the result. Yes heze right. I enjoyed yours very much. Come right along, but dont be scared when you see me.

PETE R.—I dont quite get your meaning. What rights of a woman?—explain, please.

OLIVER.—I am sorry, but I didn't see the picture you speak of, but I shall investigate and let you know later.

MRS. G. T.—Dont you know that the postage rate from Australia is 2½d. each ½ oz.? I had to pay 6c. postage due. Ruth Stonehouse is with Universal Company. I am not a musical critic, but I am sure that Victor Schertzinger, who wrote the musical score for "Civilization," didn't sing "The Song of the Shirt." 'Twas Tom Hood.



MOTHER—I notice that the Smith children, next door, always go to the movies on Sunday instead of going to Sunday-school.

WILLIE—Yes, an' jus' see how healthy they are, too.

GILBERT, D. C.—Yes, G. M. Anderson sold out his interest in the Essanay Company. He isn't connected with another company at this writing. Ernest Truex is not a boy any longer. He belongs to the Great Neck, L. I., fire department, has two small sons, runs his own flivver, and is a regular twice-a-day commuter. He is now on the stage.

TWO PALS.—I must decline to answer your question because I am too old and wise not to know the folly of discussing the question of age and weight with a woman. Edith Storey was born in New York in 1892. I have sent your verses to the proper department. Would be glad to hear from you.

MARY H.—Fraunie Fraunholz is with Thanouser; Lucille Young with Lasky; Harold Vosburgh with Terris Film Co.; James Cooley with Fox; Ann Pennington is with Famous Players.

FREDERICK B.—Yes, write to the players in care of the company. Mary Pickford can be reached by mail addressed care of Famous Players Studio, N. Y. City. Herbert Rawlinson at Western Universal and Ethel Clayton at the World Film Co.

BETTY W.—I should be glad to see you. Yes, it's De Wolf Hopper who recites "Casey at the Bat." He has perpetrated it over 8000 times, and still lives.

MARGARET T.—You say you have noticed an improvement in Blanche Sweet's hair-comb. Various myself, I like all varieties, and therefore I like you. You have my congratulations.

MISS BEATRICE G. CRAWLEY, COHOES.—Heap much thanks for your kind and clever verses. Everybody around here has read them. Hope they will be printed.

OLGA, 17.—If you will write ninety-nine questions and all in verse, and good verse at that, you mustn't be surprised if you dont see answers to them all. You see I am so overwhelmed with the poetry. You have missed your calling surely.

DR. HENRY RICHTER.—Thank ye, m'lud, for calling my attention to an error in my German. I was not aware that Fräulein (accent over the a) is the diminutive form of Frau (Mrs.) and that all diminutives are neuter, whether they refer to animals, women, men or nanny-goats. But, doctor, this lady was anything but diminutive, and anything but neutral, so there you be! Mein liebe frauchen! Ist das keyrecht?

HOPE BEAUTIFUL.—I am not at home this year to any good-looking ladies. I have all I can do to support myself. Perhaps Frank Keenan thinks he smells some ancient cheese when he looks like that. I have noticed it.

MARGOT.—Yes, I am. I think Harry Morey and Earle Williams about the same height. You say you waited thru eight reels to see Morey kiss Edna May and then got left. So did Edna. What? Autos in the distance in "Heights of Hazard"? Dear me, wonder what the ancients thought of them! You think Eleanor Woodruff too tall? She may have to come to Ground Grippers yet! Wrong, m'dear. "Life of Earle Williams" was written by one who knows.

HERBERT E. MAXSON, JR.—So you think that "What are they saying" is "Nothing." Guess you are right, and I am surprised that the judges did not give you first prize.

MANY INQUIRERS.—Why is it that the wheels of a vehicle often appear to be going around backward in the pictures? Here's the answer: Suppose we are watching the wheel of a wagon that has sixteen spokes. Suppose that these spokes are numbered from one to sixteen, starting with spoke number one at the top of the wheel, and numbering toward the rear, and so around until we come to spoke sixteen, immediately in front of spoke number one. Let us further suppose that this wheel is moving forward at the rate of one exact revolution each second, and that the camera is being turned at precisely the proper speed to make sixteen pictures each second. It follows that the first picture will show spoke number one at the top of the wheel, and the second picture spoke number two in precisely the same position occupied by number one in the first picture. In the third picture, spoke number three will be at the top, and so on, until the seventeenth picture shows spoke number one in its original place. The wagon has moved one full rev-

lution, but since each time a picture was made the spokes occupied the same relative position, the wheel appears to have been dragged, instead of rolled, forward. Each time you've seen a picture, you have seen another spoke at the top, but since they are all alike, and the sixteen spokes always occupy one of sixteen positions, you do not get the illusion of motion. Now, suppose that, while the camera continues to take sixteen pictures a second, the wheel is revolved more slowly, taking seven-teen-sixteenths seconds to make the full revolution. Now, picture number one will show spoke number one at the top of the wheel, but the second picture will show spoke two about one-sixteenth of the distance between spoke centers to the rear of the top, since the wheel does not revolve so rapidly, and the second picture is made before spoke two has had time to get to the top of the wheel. The third exposure will show spoke three a little farther back of the position occupied by spoke two in the second picture, and each successive picture will show the next spoke still farther back, like this: 1, 2, 3, 4. Now you have the perfect illusion of a wheel revolving, but it is going backward, while the vehicle advances because the imagination draws the line from 1 to 4 in the direction in which this type runs.

GEORGE EDGAR FRYE.—Your poetic protest against censorship is so good that I reprint it here, altho it has appeared before elsewhere: This censorship of photoplays, and of emasculating films, is done in rather dubious ways, like the draping of piano limbs! The public wants to choose its own—they pay the price to see the show, especially all the older grown, and what they want to see, they KNOW. This meddling way of finding fault, of cutting out the fancied wrong, just makes red-blooded men revolt. THOSE RIGHTS TO THEM BELONG! The men who put their money in, and work hard to stage a show, know what will make the public grin; for that they freely spend their dough! They strive to mirror life as real, the good, and ill, the true and bad; the moving films mankind reveal thru humor, pathos, grave or sad! Dont let a lot of "goody-goods," with blood and courage pale as milk, decide what you and I should see, in scanty muslin gown or filmy silk! Protest against this censorship, let darkness shun the calcium light, demand the censors lose their grip and treat the patient public right!

ARDENT ADMIRER AND CONSTANT READER, GREENWOOD, MISS.—I have awarded you first prize for your burlesque on foolish questions.

FRIEND, ALTOONA.—Thank you for that clipping containing those asinine remarks on Motion Pictures by Louis Mann. 'Tis to laugh!

ERIN-GO-BRACK.—Yes to your first. There will be 20 chapters to "Gloria's Romance." I liked the first two very much, but without Billie Burke it would be very much like "Hamlet" without the Hamlet.

ANNUNY.—“Tess of the Storm Country” has been reissued. Essanay are reissuing some of their old plays. Naomi Childers opposite Antonio Moreno in “Anselo Lee” (Vitagraph). John Oaker was Arthur in “The Soul’s Cycle.” You’re safe—I can’t read character thru handwriting.

ANTHONY.—Glad to hear your voice again. Thanks for your invitation, but I don’t think I will accept. And the vilyun still pursued her. A man with a bad heart can never love deeply nor well.

GORD, BASTEDO, TORONTO.—Yes, Ray Ford is with Victor. No truth whatever. Thanks.

STORY HOUR.—I advise you to get in touch with our Photoplay Clearing House. You might try it. Either will do. Helene Rosson in the name part of “April.” She’s only 17 and spends her spare time bathing her goldfish and shaving the cat.

PETROVA FAN.—So Rosetta Brice is playing on the stage in your city. Wallace Beery is with Universal, Mabel Trunnelle still with Edison. The fall of the year—say September—is the best time to plant hyacinth bulbs. I will tell the Editor you want a chat with Olga Petrova.

NIRO, STAMFORD.—Anna Nilsson is Mrs. Bullard in “Who’s Guilty?” Robert Harron was Jimmie in “Hoodoo Ann” (Triangle). Charlie Chaplin and Chester Conklin both appear in “Those Love Rags.”

LEO F. G., NEWARK.—Accent on the last syllable in Courtot. Thanks for yours. It’s a wise child who knows less than his own father. Henry Walthall was born in Shelby County, Alabama, in 1880. He is five feet seven inches in height, and weighs 138 lbs. He spent 7 years on the legitimate stage, and is a veteran of the Spanish-American war. He is a very strong player.

GLADYS A.—Marie Dressler was supposed to have made a fortune on her “Tillie’s Punctured Romance,” but the last time I

heard from her, all she had was a law-suit on her hands. No, Pearl White does not wear a wig. She doesn’t have to.

BUSY ISSY.—No, I don’t wear violets in my beard! What kind of shrubbery do you think I grow? How about wearing harebells, eh?

VENOS.—I have only two waste-baskets alongside of me, but I never throw your letters there. I haven’t heard from Romaine Fielding for some time.

AUNT TILLY.—Arthur Hoops was Geoffrey and Pierre Le May was Philip in “Playing with Fire.” I think I would prefer the Creole Candy art, thank you. Your verses about me were splendid, and I leave them to the Editor’s discretion.

EDWARD D., SPRINGFIELD.—You are off the towpath when you state that Gerry Farrar is the only successful songbird in Motion Pictures. Just for instance, there are Marguerite Clark, Lina Cavalieri, the grand opera prima donna, Vera Doria, the famous lyric soprano, and Frank Daniels, who also by the way is reputed to be the richest actor in screenland. Olga Petrova in “The Heart of a Painted Woman.” Wilmuth Merkyl was Stephen in “Blazing Love.” Sallie Crute with Eno.

MISS ATLANTA.—The child in “Audrey” is not cast. Carmen de Rue was the child in “For the Love of Mary Ellen.” Kitty Brown was Cleo in “Out of the Drifts” (Famous Players). Yes, Bessie Love is coming along fast now. Alice Dovey was born in Platts-mouth, Neb., but she has managed to live it down. Brooklyn is the best place to be born in.

JOHN F. R.—Yes, Francis Ford will get that letter. Sam De Grasse was Silent Smith and Juanita Hansen was the girl in “Martyrs of the Alamo” (Triangle). Polly Moran was the stage-struck girl and Hale Hamilton was the star in “Her Painted Hero” (Triangle).



GEORGE EDWARDS.
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ANNETTE.—That's a good one on you. You ask all kinds of questions about your favorite, and then you dont give her name. Not having solved "The Mysteries of Myra," I cannot answer, because I am not a mind-reader.

DADEDEER'S GIRL.—Thanks for the pressed pansies. Walter Spencer was Watson in "None So Blind" (Lubin). Ruth Saville was Madge. Sure I will accept the Ford. Send it by parcel post any time.

LADY BALTIMORE.—World Film haven't released it yet. Come now, you ask "How long a time was the star under which Francis Bushman was born in the ascendant?" Be patient and you will have your wish.

F. R., NEW YORK CITY.—All I can say is to read our articles "How to Get In," and send for a list of film producers.

OLGA, 17.—So you didn't like the picture of Henry Walthall in the Magazine. You have seen "The Battle Cry of Peace," "Civilization" and "Fall of a Nation, and soon you will see "The Battle Cry of War"—a sequel to the first named.

GLADYS S.—Francis Bushman's about five feet ten inches tall. We had an interview with him in Feb., 1912, and Feb., 1915. Harold Lockwood is his correct name.

HAZEL F.—Thanks for the fine big fee. I spent it all and am still sober. Wallace Reid is with Lasky. He was born in St. Louis, Mo. Dorothy Davenport is his wife. He was a hotel clerk, and he also played on the stage before he entered the pictures.

A RANCH GIRL.—No, that complete picture was made in California. Dolores and Helen Costello are not playing in Vitagraph pictures now. Constance Talmadge is with Triangle. No name for your last. Sorry.

RAY DE G.—Thanks; but I dont remember your other letter.

GRACE C.—Raymond Barnard was the little boy in "Jeanne Doré." Never heard of Frederick Chaplin. Your intentions are good, and I wish you luck. In 1910 there were 70,944 Chinese in this country and 71,722 Japanese—41,324 of which latter were in California and 1,217 in New York State.

Clio.—That's the way I like to hear you talk. Yes, Ormi Hawley is playing in Fox pictures. That Kay-Bee was taken in California. Thanks.

GRACE C. CHRISTOPHER.—There is a Sydney Ainsworth with Essanay, but I dont know about Clyde Brown. Sorry, but I cant tell you where he was born.

MAE G., SAN FRANCISCO.—I wont let it happen again. Blanche Sweet played a double rôle by double exposure.

HARRY M.—I cant give you any encouragement. You will have to try for yourself.

CORALIE.—So you think Wallace Reid looks like a collar ad. I am glad to hear you say that I am popular, and it pleases me much. I make a specialty of giving the most unpopular thing there is in the world, but a thing that is needed more than anything else—advice.

R. C. R.—You will have to subscribe if you want to get the pennants. I understand that

the man you mention is one of those who marry in haste and repent in Nevada.

MATHILDE B., LITTLE ROCK.—I have handed your letter to the Editor.

QUEEN VICTORIA.—My dear child, I was glad to have you open your secrets to me, and I only wish I could comfort you. If you will write to me, giving your name and address, I will answer you. Your question is very hard to answer. Good luck to you.

BARBARA B.—You ask if Dustin Farnum is married. And then you say you hope he isn't. Just for that I wont tell you.

RUTH A. R.—Olive Trevor was Celine in "The Haunted Manor." "Still Waters" was taken in Easton, Pa. I dont take much stock in physiognomy, because there is no recognized system to it. It is supposed to be the study of that which is within from that which is without, but it is very uncertain.

MARIE K. B.—We have not had an interview with William Farnum yet, but it is due and coming. The average tariff duty against our goods in Canada is 25.7 per cent, and our duty on Canadian goods averages 42.

CLEO MADISON FANATIC.—So you have been testing the virtue of patience, believing that all things come to him who waits, and disregarding the case of the lady waiting at the church. Winifred Kingston was Molly in "The Virginian" (Lasky). You want a picture of Cleo Madison in the Gallery.

CINCINNATI M. D.—Barbara Tennant was born in New York City. She played in the legitimate before going into the movies.

LINA D.—John Lemberg was the miner in "A Bird of Prey." I thank you, and am glad to think I have not excited the envy of my friends nor the malice of mine enemies.

BILLY.—You might write to Pearl White, 1 Congress Street, Jersey City, N. J., about that book. "The Iron Claw" is going to be extended to twenty parts, instead of fourteen. Of course she is popular.

FLORENCE S.—You will find a picture of Edward Earle in April, 1916, and a chat in Ju 1915.

LUCY L.—Yes, Frank Mayo played opposite Ruth Roland in "The Red Circle." You ask if he is related to Edna Mayo. Florence Turner was playing for an English company, but I understand that she is back in New York. Ivy Close, the new Kalem star, was very chummy with Miss Turner just before coming to America.

DOROTHY S.—No, Sir Forbes-Robertson did not play in "Hamlet" for the pictures. No, Wallace Reid did not wear a wig.

KATHLEEN V.—Glad to hear you have been successful. I have passed your limerick along. Anna Darling (L-Ko) is not a Darling at all; her name is Schraeder, and she hails from Brooklyn, which, if I do say it, is noted for its plain girls; so what's in a name, and why did Anna leave Brooklyn?

FLIS.—You didn't sign your name. When I say "chatted" or "interviewed," I mean that the person had a chat or interview printed in the Magazine. Mahlon Hamilton was Carl in "Molly Make Believe."

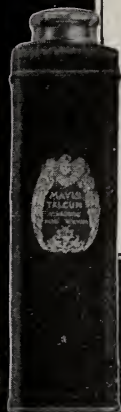
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M. L., TROGA.—I am glad that you look upon me as a teacher. You know that those who trust us educate us. Enid Markey was in "The Cup of Life." Charles French was Ezra in "Iron Strain." Thanks a whole lot for all the nice things you say.

CHARLES, 28, TROY.—There is some talk of Audrey Berry going back with Vitagraph. The first Magazine was published for February, 1911, and the first Classic for September, 1916. Mary Pickford is supposed to write those articles herself, but I doubt if she does. William Hinckley was John in "Martha's Vindication" (Triangle.)

MARK L. W.—Grace De Carlton supporting Robert Whittier in "Little Fawn" (Mutual Masterpiece). She is another claimant to "The Youngest Ingénue Star in Picture Work." And still they come! Donald Crisp was Bull McGee in "The Escape." Fred Burns was Dr. Jim. Edward Connelly was Covington in "Marse Covington."

LILLIAN G.—You win; Florence Hackett was the wife in "The Siren of Corsica." Lillie Leslie was the siren.

TWO BITS.—So you didn't care for "The Strange Case of Mary Page." Marguerite Courtot was born in Summit, N. J., in 1897. She is still with Gaumont.

AMELIA H.—Thanks for your kind remembrance. Always.

MILDRED L. S., 15.—Welcome to our city! Glad you liked that article on "Kathlyn Williams—Builder" in July. William Burns was the attorney in "The Prisoner at the Bar."

HENRY F. MC.—I would advise you to write direct to that player.

MAE H. B.—There is no truth in that statement. L. C. Shumway is now with Universal. See above about "The Iron Claw." William S. Hart is quite reticent, and people wonder at his eloquence in the stump speech in "The Aryan," but he says he recited an original poem about a horse of his.

DAN, 88.—So you want to become popular? I don't know the formula. You wish Clara Young was back with Vitagraph. She would be with them yet had it not been for James.

J. E. B.—I have referred your requests to the Editor. Eddie Foy is no longer in pictures, I believe; he balked at the battery of custard pies. William Collier is still filming himself, because he wasn't afraid to drive thru a plate-glass window.

SALLIE R. D. M.—Clara Williams was the wife in "The Last Act." "Onion Snow" is what the Pennsylvania Dutch call a late snow-storm which falls around April first.

ADDIE T.—You refer to Thomas Holding. Lou-Tellegen is a champion fencer, and he won a golden anklet at a Paris fencing club—it didn't contain an ankle watch either! You say you are an admirer of Lois Weber. She is a skilful director and a good player.

SIBBIE, CHICAGO.—Louis Durham was Jean in "Law Unto Himself." William Gillette in the title rôle of Sherlock Holmes. Mr. Gillette, besides being a famous actor and playwright, is a sure enough detective, as Henry Walthall says that he is the only

one who has solved "The Strange Case of Mary Page."

ALICE M. R.—True Boardman in that Kalem. He played in several Western Essanays. No, Gertrude McCoy did not appear in "The Quality of Faith" as was announced by Gaumont. Her début with them was in "The Isle of Love." He, like most self-made men, seems to be prone to worship his creator.

BABE.—Marguerite Courtot was Elsie. Vera Sisson was Vera. You will see Earle Williams very soon now. I know it has been a long time, but be patient.

MARGARET B.—"Anselo Lee" (Vitagraph) was released November 6, 1915. I guess that's what it means. Whomsoever thy hands find to do, do them with all thy might.

DOROTHY H.—Why don't you send in a stamped, addressed envelope, and we will send you a list of fifty Motion Picture studio addresses? Then you can write to the players in care of the studio, which is proper.

MARGUERITE E. S.—There are 5,280 feet in a mile, and three miles to a league. Tom Forman was Bob in "The Ragamuffin."

EVELYN E., WICHITA.—William Courtleigh, Jr., is with Famous Players. Billie Ritchie was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1877; has dark complexion, and stands about five feet seven and one-half inches, and has dark hair. He weighs one hundred and forty pounds; is called "Billie"; very fond of reading and of all outdoor life. Favorite sports are hunting, golfing, football, motor-boating and fishing. There, does that suit you?

FAYE.—Lewis Cody was Prophet Stein and Madeline Pardee was his wife, William Elliott was Comrade John in "Comrade John."

MILDRED EDNA B. P.—I enjoyed your long letter, but you don't ask questions with it. How can I ever keep my job if you don't?

SINFUL PECK.—Wheeler Oakman was Kirk Anthony in "The Ne'er Do Well." Evelyn Brent was Lucille in "Playing with Fire" (Metro). Harris Gordon was the chauffeur in "The Price of Her Silence" (Mutual). I enjoyed yours muchly. No, I am not in favor of abolishing wines and liquors altogether, but I really am in favor of abolishing the saloons. Take away the saloon and the treating habit, and you deprive rum of its sting. Buttermilk for mine.

SWEET ANNE.—Paul Kelly was Dick in "The Shabbies." William Farnum in "The Spoilers." I wonder if you are more unhappy for what you have not, or more happy for what you have? None of us are satisfied.

LOQUACIOUS EDNA.—And where have you been? You ask if Robert Leonard and Ella Hall are brother and sister. Nay. Ray Hanford was the foreman in "Her Bitter Cup" opposite Cleo Madison. Remember, he who cannot give shall not receive.

TOCO.—Call me anything you like. I don't mind "Rip Van Winkle." Dot Bernard was Greeba in "The Bondman" opposite William Farnum, and Harry Spingler was Sunlocks. Your letter was intensely interesting, and I will answer you later.

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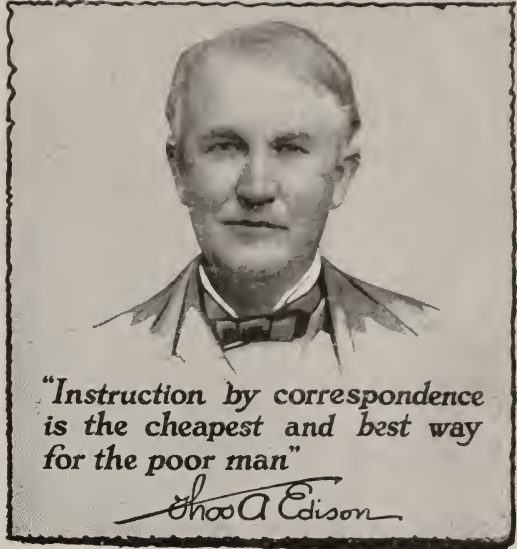


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LAURENCE F. H.—All you say is true. Harold Lockwood did go West to play opposite Mary Pickford, but something happened and he didn't. My space is nearly gone, so I must be brief now, to the end of the chapter.

S. O. P.—William Desmond opposite Billie Burke in "Peggy." J. Barney Sherry was Ashley in "Between Men" (Triangle). May Allison's picture in April, 1916.

MRS. M. H. S.—The new "Plastique" cartoons of the Paramount Company are not drawings, but are carvings made on a background in high relief. All of the pictures you mention were taken in California.

ANXIOUS.—I have taken care of your verses.

DYALL.—Your letter was so good that I have passed it along to the Editor.

MYSTIC MURIEL.—Wilfred Lucas was Enoch Arden in the Biograph's version. We ran the story in our July 1911 issue. Bessie Love is her real name. Ralph Lewis was Stoneman in "Birth of a Nation." I enjoyed your sparkling letter.

JUST ESTHER.—H. Cooper Cliff was Col. Dent in "The Gold and the Woman." Flag Day is June 14, and on June 14, 1777, the American flag was legally established by Congress. The first flag used at Cambridge by Washington on Jan. 1, 1776.

DUBY.—Jackie Saunders is still with Knickerbocker. Thanks for all you say.

PEGGY R.—It is good policy to put your name at the end of limericks, because you might win a prize. Thanks for the fee.

R. D. S., HOUSTON.—Ida Schnall was the lead in "Undine." Josephine Earle was Dorothy in "The Two-Edged Sword."

ELSMOMIA, SYDNEY.—Lillian Walker with Vitagraph, Norma Talmadge with New York Triangle, and Mabel Normand with Western Triangle.

ELAINE, NEW SOUTH WALES.—Arnold Daly isn't playing in pictures now. I believe Pearl White would answer. Glad to hear from you.

OLGA.—I must see those photos. You say, "Olive oil (I mean au revoir)," but you can't talk that way to me—there must be no good-bys.

N. R., STAMFORD, CONN.—Jane Grey played in "The Waif" and "Let Katy Do It." Ethel Clayton is now with World. George Beban was Beppo in "The Italian." Margaret Gibson was Hilda in "Avenged by Lions." Webster Campbell was Dr. Brent, Mary Anderson was Helen in "Sin's Penalty." George Anderson was Grandon in "Little Pal." Mary Pickford and Jack Standing in that Famous Players.

PEARL WHITE ADMIRER.—Jane Lee was the child in "The Galley Slave." I hope you will be fortunate enough; try your luck, anyway.

TRULY RURAL.—Yes, I can say it. I have never heard of that concern. There are lots of them—the woods are full. Sidney Drew with Metro. Address, Ruth Stonehouse, Western Universal, Universal City, Cal.

BYRDELL.—No, that would be impossible.

Frances Ne Moyer was the other girl in "The Gold and the Woman." George Walsh was Lee. John Mulhall is with Universal. Cyril Maude played "Peer Gynt." Thanks for the fee.

BETTY OF MELROSE.—Yes, Marshall Neilan. I have found the five on a two-dollar bill, but never the key. You might send me a two-dollar bill and I'll try it again. Yes, the world's a stage, but if you play your part well, life won't be a tragedy nor a comedy. Next time you come to Brooklyn, stop in.

CYRIL B.—Thanks for the clippings. Rapley Holmes was Miss Bayne's father and Bryant Washburn was the friend.

JOSEPH F.—There were several players in the Vitagraph booth, so I can't give you the name of the one you liked best. Perhaps it was Rose Tapley (not Tap Rosely).

GIRL.—Beg your pardon, Edward Coxen is still with American. Roy Fernandez was the handsome man of that contest. Webster Campbell is with the Western Vitagraph now. Now, you want me to confess as to who I am. Just because you have heard of a different name, you want to fasten it to me. I would advise you to get in touch with the Authors' League, 33 West 42d Street, New York City.

GENEVIEVE O. C.—Monroe Salisbury was King Frederick in "The Goose Girl." Frank Smith was Diogenes in "The Marble Heart."

SYLVIA B. L.—Why don't you write to me more often and then you won't get lonesome, and neither will I?

MARGARET R. K.—I will accept your invitation with pleasure. There is just one place in this world where there are no taxes to pay, no creditors, no cares, no worries, no distress from heat or cold, no fear for the morrow, no dread of disloyalty or ingratitude, and no pain, sickness and disease. It may sound attractive, but we all keep as far away from that place as we can—the grave.

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REUBEN A. S.—No, we have never had a write-up on Teddy Sampson.

BILLIE.—J. W. Johnston was Rudolph in "Out of the Drifts." Carlyle Blackwell is with World-Equitable. And you want a picture of Marjorie Daw?

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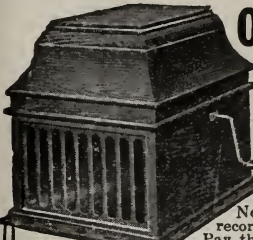
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BILLY RODY.—So you have a new name now. Biograph has reissued some of the old Florence Lawrence pictures. I don't know where Lottie D. T. is, I miss her very much. Perhaps she will write again. Mary Martin was the wife in "The Eternal Sapho" (Fox). Yes, we still have that pretty garden here, and the girls all have plots in it. Why don't you come in and see it sometime?

ETHELYN MAE.—E. K. Lincoln is not permanently with the World Film as reported. He is a free-lance. Marguerite Snow is now with the Ivan Company, and will be seen in "The Faded Flower." Donald Brian is with Famous Players. No, Bluebird and Red Feather are only brands of Universal. Why don't you send for a list?

F. G. M. N., 'FRISCO.—James Cruze is with Metro still. Your terminal facilities need adjusting. Try to do better next time, and do it briefer.

INDIANAPOLIS FAN.—Haven't seen all those serials yet, but have seen a great deal of the Myra mysteries, alas!

M. ROSALIE M.—Catherine Calhoun in "The Dragon" (Equitable). William Courtney was Henry, Arthur Ashley was Cyril and Mary Charleson was Alma in "Sealed Lips" (Equitable). My, but you didn't get up on the right side of the bed this morning!

MARGARET R.—You ask if Mary Pickford drinks. Of course she drinks water, milk, tea and coffee—nothing stronger, I'll wager. R. Henderson Bland was the Christ in "From the Manger to the Cross." Gertrude Bambrick is Marshall Neilan's wife. There are mountain ranges under the ocean just as big as those on land, with peaks just as lofty and chasms just as deep.

D. HENRY.—I don't believe one word of all that stuff you say you heard about Chaplin. As soon as a person becomes famous, then the news-carriers get busy. They said that Milton was a brute; that Byron committed incest; that Pascal was a madman; that Raphael's vices killed him; that Lamartine died a pauper; that Cleopatra was a voluptuary; that Helen of Troy and Hypatia were licentious; that Scipio was a thief of public moneys; that Thucydides and Phidias were also thieves; that Shakespeare did not write those plays; that Napoleon was a libertine; and so on and so on. Whether it is true or not, it seems that the world does love to believe all those things. Velma Lefler was Claire in "The Heart of Paula" (Pallas).

HERMAN.—The seven remarks made by Jesus on the cross were: "Father, forgive them"; "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise"; "Woman, behold thy Son"; "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" "I thirst"; "It is finished"; "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." Tyrone Power is a fine character player when he is given the chance, which he wasn't in "Where Are My Children?"

THE WOES OF AN EDITOR

ALL men have their troubles, but those of an editor and publisher are about as bad as they come. Paper is not only double what it was a few months ago, but it is poorer in color and quality and hard to get at any price. The same is true of ink—colored and black—and of many other things that a publisher has to use. The latest thing to feel the effect of the war in Europe is the price of half-tone engravings. The engraver had to raise his price because some of the materials he uses cost him twelve hundred per cent. more than formerly. The boys in the trenches in Europe have to be protected with barbed-wire fences, et cetera, and this means a scarcity of wire here and an enormous advance in price of the staples used in fastening a periodical together. Again, labor is more persistent than ever for higher wages and shorter hours, and so it is, all along the line. But where other industries can raise the price of their goods and make the consumer pay the advanced cost of production, the poor editor is denied this privilege—even if he wanted it, altho the reading public has long been accustomed to get its reading matter for less than cost. A considerable portion of the cost of a publication is waste because many copies come back unsold—not the least of the woes of an editor. And now, public, you can help all editors in several ways, and the editor of this Magazine asks your consideration:

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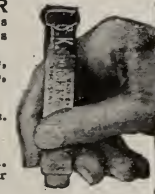


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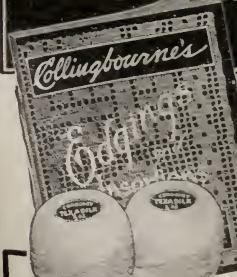


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The Answer Lady

By ROSE TAPLEY

EDITORIAL NOTE: Letters for this department should be addressed to Miss Rose Tapley, care of Vitagraph Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Tapley will answer by mail if an addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. While the articles entitled "How to Get In" are running, Miss Tapley will not answer letters on that subject, nor will she answer any questions in the Magazine that are not of general interest, nor any that properly belong to the Department of The Answer Man.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS.—Among the numbers of letters I received this month there is one with a message for you all in it which I am requested to give to you thru the Magazine. It is this: "Please ask all the boys and girls to love God because they can see." This letter is from a dear girl, sixteen years old, who has been denied the blessing of sight, who can never hope to see the wonderful things which are such common sights to us that we do not half appreciate their marvels. I wish when you are enjoying all the wonderful Motion Pictures you would just give a thought to this dear little girl and her message.

FRIEDA G., NEW ZEALAND.—First I want to thank you for that dear little snapshot of a dear, impulsive, merry, generous girl, and I want also to tell you that I really wish I might know its original in person. So you wish to have some of the jolly life the Moving Picture actor has. It is like one big, happy family; nearly every one of the stock members calling each other by their given name, but each and every one intent upon the business of the day. Into my dressing-room I go, make up for the scene, then into the wardrobe room for my costume, then out to the "set" where the picture is to be taken, or else back to my dressing-room until I am called. There are many hours of tedious waiting for your scene, for a change in the set, or for some bit of business which requires constant and repeated rehearsing, then a change of costume, and so on thru the day. Very exciting, eh? Little girl, the really serious actors and actresses lead very quiet, simple lives. They must, to do good work.

MY DEAR "CONSTANT READER."—You need not worry; the day of the suggestive, sensual picture is nearly at an end. It is only a part in the development of the industry; merely a phase thru which it has had to pass in order that it be forever purged and purified. Public opinion will purge it as with fire.

DIXIE JACK.—Both of your nice letters received. Virginia Pearson is a charming woman and an excellent actress. We have been friends for a number of years. Yes, Helen Gardner has remarkable eyes and exquisitely shaped hands. I sincerely admire much of her work, as I believe she strives to get under the skin of her character and endeavors to play it as artistically as possible.

DEULAH D., ST. LOUIS.—Yes, I have played many times in your delightful city. The

last engagement was in "The Lion and the Mouse." I played the "Mouse." Indeed, you are, every one, my dear sisters and brothers. Rosemary is my little girl's name. She lives with me, is nine years old and does not act in the pictures. Thank you, dear, and your friends for your appreciation of my work.

LITTLE SISTER ROSE.—Your picture is very sweet. You may come and see me, dear, but there is really no opportunity for children at our studio, as we seldom do pictures with children in them, and when we do we have the children in stock. Why not try some of the illustrators? They are always eager to get bright, intelligent children for their calendars, etc. Photographers also are glad of a good subject. Look in the *Motion Picture World* for a list of the studios in New York and have your mother visit them and leave a good picture with them. Best luck, little girlie.

M. A. R.—Brother mine, I do indeed think that there is a great field for any one who can really write well and will study carefully the construction of a Moving Picture. You are indeed a fortunate boy to be gifted with both a musical and a literary talent, but, after all, I really think the fine arts are so akin to each other that they are always in sympathy.

NEVA M. B.—Vitagraph has discontinued—temporarily, at least—the little monthly booklet of which you speak. Indeed, you may join our "Family." Am delighted to have you.

V. D., UNIONTOWN, PA.—Unless you are possessed of an independent income, I would not advise you going away from your home to a big city without a positive engagement ahead of you, and such a thing is of course out of the question unless you are unusually fortunate. Another thing: Do you really think it advisable to attempt to train such young children for a stage career? The work is most trying and very nerve-wrecking for older people, so imagine what it means to a little child. Theda Bara is about twenty-four or five, I should say; Charlie Chaplin a little older, I think, but not much. Mere beauty is not enough to make an actress, altho it does help a lot in the pictures.

MARGE.—Dear girl, if you will send me your scenario, I will make the exception in your case and read it myself. If it seems at all promising and is not in proper form, I will rearrange it for you and ask Col. Brady, the Vitagraph's scenario editor, to give it his especial attention. I hope that your health is steadily improving.

ANNA K. T., NYACK.—Indeed I should be very pleased to have a picture of you, dear girl, and if you will send me a list of the questions you wish answered I will do the best I can with them.

(Continued on page 170)



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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, published MONTHLY, at 175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y., for April 1, 1916. State of New York, County of Kings—Before me, a NOTARY PUBLIC in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared EUGENE V. BREWSTER, who, having been duly sworn according to law, depose and says that he is the EDITOR, MANAGING EDITOR, BUSINESS MANAGER, SEC.-TREAS., of THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in Section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Editor, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Managing Editor, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Business Manager, EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. 2. That the owners are (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock): J. STUART BLACKTON, E. 15th St. & Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; EUGENE V. BREWSTER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; ELIZABETH M. HEINEMANN, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; GASTON MELLES, 326 Lexington Ave., New York City; FRANK J. MARION, 235 W. 23d St., New York City. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are (If there are none, so state): J. STUART BLACKTON, E. 15th St. & Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is _____ (This information is required from daily publications only.) —EUGENE V. BREWSTER. (Signature of editor, publisher, business manager.) Sworn to and subscribed before me this fourth day of April, nineteen hundred and sixteen. GOTTFRIED J. KOILLHEPP, Notary Public, Kings County, N. Y. My commission expires March 30, 1918.

(Continued from page 168)

MARY P., LOUISVILLE, KY.—You dear splendid, brave girl! How I wish I might publish your entire letter for the benefit of my other boys and girls! I am so glad that you like "The Battle Cry of Peace." Its author is one of the great men of our country and as fine and strong in character as that play would indicate. I am very proud to know him personally and to be in his employ. About May Robson—she is exactly as nice in reality as her picture would indicate. She is always doing something kind and her friends and acquaintances adore her. Mr. Richman has the great advantage of a long stage career, and as he is still a comparatively young man, he is able to give the screen the benefit of it. Indeed, you must let me know when you expect to be in New York and I may be able to help you to see all those things which you so much desire to see.

E. M. S.—Exercise is about the only sure way of reducing, but most of us are too lazy to do it regularly, I am afraid. I know I am, anyway. I, too, would be a little afraid to use a great many of the so-called "beauty recipes." There is a Dr. Dileos on Duffield Street, Brooklyn, whose creams, etc., are very good, for I have used them myself for some time, and I believe that the Harriet Hubbard Ayer preparations are good.

MRS. B. Y., PORTSMOUTH, O.—In acting for the screen or on the stage, it is a matter of business when the artists have to embrace each other, but some people are much easier to act with than others. Some artists have a faculty of throwing out something in their personality which makes it a delight to work with them, altho they might mean nothing to you outside of the scene. So you see, perhaps Beverly Bayne has that personality and that is why Francis Bushman responds so to her acting. He is a very charming gentleman, personally, and I am sure that your friend was misinformed regarding his feelings and actions.

MARGARET L. A.—Ask your Aunt Bess if she has ever written to me. She has a picture of me, too, if I am not mistaken. Yes, dear, I think Anita Stewart is just as pretty as her pictures and she is a sweet, lovable girl. Wait until you come on this summer and I'll tell you about everything then.

WEST VIRGINIA.—Dear Girl: Little Audrey Berry is a darling child and I am very fond of her, but she is not related to me in any way. My own little daughter is inclined to be dark, is nine years old and very big, I think, for her age. I believe that Miss Gardner is resting at present, but am not sure of it, however. No, Little Mary Pickford has no children.

ANNA M., N. Y. C.—Edward Earle is playing all the time, I understand, and if you watch the Edison releases, you will probably see him listed.

HERMIA R.—My dearest little girl, your letter touched a very tender spot in my

heart. I, too, used to have a very high temper, and, as I was very sensitive, if any one teased I could have enjoyed murdering them—almost. Remember this, dear, you can never eradicate entirely anything which has been done in temper. As for mother—just stop to think of all she does for you and how much you will regret your thoughtlessness of her if she is taken from you.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—My dear child, I do know what it means to lose a mother. I lost mine and I know just the hungry, lonely feeling one always has for that same dear mother. I do hope your play is accepted. The Magazine will send you the addresses of all the studios, if you send them 2c postage.

H. J., CALIF.—Good luck, dear boy. Certainly.

CATHERINE K., L. I.—I have met Miss White and found her to be a very nice girl. I am sure that her back was not broken. She is very much loved by the screen fans. I am not sure, but she may have sent those things herself. Take it for granted that she did, anyway.

FATHERS OF MEN

(Continued from page 144)

"There will be no later for me," said Jeanne Howland, quietly. "As for rest—if God wills. I think perhaps—I have suffered so—He will let me see your father and ask his forgiveness—over beyond. But now there is only one thing you can do for me, son. Let me go knowing that with me die old grudges and hates—let me see you clasp hands in friendship with James Blake's son."

In a silence broken only by the girls' awed sobbing, the two men joined hands. A look of ineffable joy irradiated the dying woman's worn features, making them almost young and beautiful.

"And the girls—promise me that you will see—that they—are cared for—"

Her glazing eyes caught the red tide that swept the four young faces. A faint smile touched her lips. "Ah—that is good. I am—glad. Dear God—thank Thee for letting me go—this beautiful way."

And gently, like a storm-buffed boat that enters quiet harborage at last, the tired soul of Jeanne Howland drifted out upon the tides of the dawn. The night, with its storms of hatred and revenge, was over, and upon the four young faces bent above the dead woman shone, despite their sadness, the light of a new day of peace and happiness.

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PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

(Continued from page 11)

night fires of Macduff's camp; the "high" wassail in the usurper's banquet hall; the "low" revelry in the courtyard, and the actual approach of Dunsinane Forest. There is besides a wealth of property, costume and scenic detail that the photoplay treasures, and "Not for his time, but for all," is true of the master poet. "Macbeth," the photoplay, stands forth as a virile, tense, human tragedy in this flip-pant age. Sir Herbert Tree as Macbeth, and Constance Collier as Lady Macbeth, co-star with a powerful and highly appreciative interpretation of their rôles. This picture compares favorably with the best that has yet been done.

"The Lights of New York" (Vita-graph).—A strong drama, in which notably clever work is done by Leah Baird (who appears more beautiful than ever), Walter McGrail (a new and excellent leading man in a crook part) and Adele De Garde (who was recently playing child parts). Cumbersome subtitles, intended to be poetic, and a rather weak ending mar what otherwise might have been a masterly production.

"The Man of Sorrow" (Fox).—Featuring William Farnum in the title rôle. A gripping drama of domestic life, capably acted by a good cast. Dorothy Bernard assumes a dual rôle and plays both parts exceptionally well. Splendid scenery and photography, and, on the whole, a play well worth seeing.

"The Haunted Manor" (Gaumont).—With Iva Shepard in the rôle of adventuress. Full of thrills and mystery, but not up to the Gaumont standard.

"Our People" (Essanay).—Bryant Washburn has reformed and plays the hero in this excellent drama. The light, almost facetious subtitles detract from the seriousness of the play, but, nevertheless, it is an attractive offering and well played.

"The Fireman" (Mutual).—Another Chaplin farce, with the usual "slapstick stuff" and nothing new. Bright in spots, but hardly up to his best.

"The Redemption of Dave Darcy" (Vitagraph).—A melodrama of the underworld, and done in the usual melodramatic style. James Morrison is fine,

Belle Bruce is good, but the others are not particularly strong nor pleasing. Not a carefully directed play, but it will be popular, no doubt.

Miss Favorite's Family Closet

Being the Homey Things—Clothes, Nicnacs, Ideals and Home Comforts of My Lady Star

OTHER day, Lucille Lee Stewart, the new Vitagraph star, was presented with a present by Yan Phou Lee. This learned Chinese editor does not claim relationship with Lucille Lee, and his present was nothing but a long letter written in Chinese. On having it translated, she found that it was a passport introducing her to every mayor and official in the principal cities of China. Yan Phou Lee's plain gift may be a treasure that will get her out of perilous difficulties some day; you never can tell.

Mae Marsh has submitted a large collection of poems to a publishing house. The dainty Fine Artiste is not a poetess; the verses have all been sent to her by admirers and she wants an edition to give to her friends.

Marie Doro knows how to entertain her friends, even tho she talks "shop." At a recent dinner party in her home, the busy little star "shot" the gathering with a movie camera, and later in the evening projected the scene, greatly to the edification of her guests.

Because women are great detectives, especially when it comes to "spotting" a gown that has already been used in a previous picture, Edna Mayo will discard the one hundred and fifty, more or less, Lucille frocks that she wore in "The Strange Case of Mary Page" and build up an entirely new wardrobe for her new photoplay, "The Return of Eve." The penchant for shopping and being fitted is one of Miss Mayo's excusable weaknesses.

Charlie Chaplin is trying a new comfort for his famous feet in the shape of a mustard bath. Not long ago he took a dip in a tub of chilly water and the scene was so realistically cold that he swallowed an influenza germ or two. After this only warm vapor baths for C. Chaplin!

(Continued on page 174)

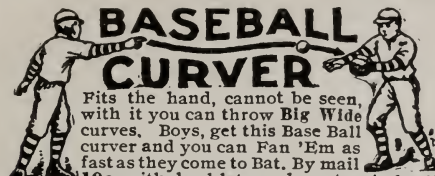


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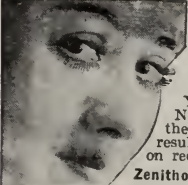
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M. ACHFELDT, Foot Specialist
DEPT. A.1. 1328 Broadway, at 34th St., (Marbridge Building), NEW YORK

(Continued from page 172)

Anna Little has just bought a new bathing-suit, for the odd reason that her old one was worn out. She actually put it *hors de combat* in the briny deep, and not in bathing parades and camera poses.

Ollie Kirkby, the Kalemite star of "The Social Pirates," is one of the best "society" dancers of the West. She has danced since she was a child and she has taught more new steps to her friends than she herself can render. When Ollie is on the floor, the others usually draw aside and watch her light-footed art with delight. She does not show off and is entirely unconscious of admiration while she is dancing.

In a benefit for the Actors' Fund, recently held in Los Angeles, many of the studio stars entered their cars in a "fashion review" for automobiles and costumes. Among others were Mabel Normand, Ruth Stonehouse, Francelia Billington, Mary Anderson, Cleo Madison and Baby Zoe Bech. The prize for the most beautiful decorations was awarded to Priscilla Dean, of the Vogue Company.

It is not generally known that Mabel Taliaferro, the stage star, who is at present in the Metro constellation, is probably one of the smartest magazine authors of today. Her contributions often appear in *Smart Set* and *Black Cat*, and she wrote "Cinderella," the photoplay in which she made her première.

Over the Studio Tea-Cups

Spoonfuls of Gossip, Flavored with Players' Fads and Fancies

As this comes to our readers' eyes, Douglas Fairbanks is wining and dining with his friends in Los Angeles, preparatory to his departure for New York. There have been several dinner parties extended to him, with more to come, and his farewell to the Coast is sad news. "Smiling Douglas" will join Norma Talmadge at the Fine Arts studio in N. Y.

Fay Tincher is still striping everything in sight. Her latest bathing-suit is a six-layer concoction that would put a chocolate cake to the blush, and her newest negligée is a striped pajama design which buttons, laces, hooks, or maybe just clings.

"The expression of the feet" may create new screen technique. The eye, the mouth and the hand have usually combined to register emotions, but Charlie Chaplin started the vogue for expressive feet, and now comes Ruth St. Denis, the dancer, just pirouetting into the Nevada Film Company. "Close-ups" of her dainty pedal extremities, registering joy, sorrow and jealousy, will now be the real thing.

Diminutive stars, like Ann Pennington and Marguerite Clark, are having troubles these days in selecting a sizable cast. Where young misses are supposed to appear with them, they must be, of course, smaller than the star, and leading men, if they are too tall, have trouble in getting their faces into the picture.

As a welcome home to pictures, Alice Joyce was the guest of honor at a recent dinner given to her on the Strand Roof Garden. The dinner was attended by all the principals who will appear in "The Battle Cry of War," the new Vitagraph spectacle, in which Miss Joyce will take a leading part.

Oiga Petrova showed her versatility, and also succeeded in blocking traffic, by recently appearing on Fifth Avenue, New York, in an outdoor scene—monkey, hand-organ, and all.

Marguerite Courtot is having a lot of bills sent to her nowadays by irate hotel-keepers. She did not contract them herself, but a most ubiquitous "double" is working the hostleries and trying to live high at Miss Courtot's expense. Her double is ingenious, to say the least. When things got too hot for her in Houston, Tex., the newspapers "fell" for her story that "Marguerite Courtot had eloped with a prominent local young society man." A few hairpins will be shaken out if the false Marguerite is caught by her namesake.

When a star has a lovely theater all for herself, and is the heroine of a romance like "Gloria's," people have the habit of doing nice little things for her. 'Tis said, at the Globe Theater, New York, where "Gloria's Romance" is spinning, that anonymous admirers leave silver vanity boxes, Mechlin lace handkerchiefs, and other sweet little mementos, to be sent to Billie Burke.

Teaching People How to Eat

for

Health, Strength and Efficiency

By ARTHUR TRUMBULL BUSWELL, M. D.

IF YOU have ever lived on a farm you have heard of "balanced rations" and what remarkable results they have accomplished when fed to cattle and other animals. The United States Government has a department devoted to teaching farmers how to feed their stock so as to develop it to the highest point of health and efficiency.

Yet until recently I have never heard of "balanced rations" for humans or, in fact, of any serious attempt made to teach people what to eat and what not to eat. I was therefore greatly interested in the work of the Corrective Eating Society of Maywood, New Jersey. It seems that this Society is dedicated to teaching people how to combine and proportion food for greater health and efficiency and their work is meeting with success so great that it almost seems too good to be true.

Twenty years ago Eugene Christian was at death's door. For years he had suffered the agonies of acute stomach and intestinal trouble. His doctors—among them the most noted specialists in this country—gave him up to die. He was educated for a doctor, but got no relief from his brother physicians, so as a last resort he commenced to study the food question, especially its relation to the human system, and as a result of what he learned he succeeded in *literally eating his way back to perfect health* without drugs or medicines of any kind—and in a remarkably short space of time.

To-day Eugene Christian is a man 55 years young. He has more ginger, more vitality, and physical endurance than most youngsters in their 'teens. He literally radiates energy and power.

So remarkable was his recovery that Christian knew he had discovered a great truth which fully developed would result in a new science—the science of Correct Eating.

From that day to this he has devoted his life to telling others of the power of Correct Eating. From his research work he became convinced that 90 per cent. of the ills of mankind originate in the stomach and intestines. He found that these ills responded to corrective

eating. Since then he has told 23,000 people how to eat, what to eat and what not to eat with the result that almost invariably they were brought back to a type of health that they never dreamed they could reach.

Though he had treated so many thousands of people personally, Christian says he felt hampered. He wanted to tell millions instead of thousands. So he founded the Corrective Eating Society with this object in view.

Now the Society is teaching us that the reason most people are below par physically and mentally most of the time—the reason that business men break down at middle age—and the reason that the average life of man is only 39 years, is simply because we don't know how to properly select and combine our foods.

Very often good foods, when eaten in combination with other good foods, create a chemical action in the digestive tract and are converted into dangerous toxic poisons, which are responsible for nearly all sickness. In other words, good foods wrongly combined will cause acidity, fermentation, gas, constipation and numerous sympathetic ills leading to most serious consequences.

These truths have been strongly brought out by Professor Metchnikoff in his treatise on the "Prolongation of Life" and by many other modern scientists. But most efforts in the past have been designed solely to remove the effect, by cleansing out the system and removing the poisons *after* they had formed, wholly disregarding the cause.

The Corrective Eating Society, however, has gone a step further. Instead of waiting until the poisons accumulate, they tell you how to prevent them. They have shown that just as some combinations of food produce slow consuming poisons that wreck the system, other combinations of food taken in the right proportions become the greatest tonics for health, efficiency and long life ever discovered. And a wonderful feature of their method is that results come practically with the very first meal.

As Christian explains, in no case are patented or proprietary foods prescribed. All of

the foods may be obtained from your garden, at your local stores or in any restaurant. It is not necessary to upset your table to follow his suggestions—neither is it necessary to eat things you don't enjoy or to which you are not accustomed. Everything is so simple that one marvels at the results.

In order to help as many people as possible, not only those who are ailing but those who want to maintain their health, the Corrective Eating Society has prepared a book based upon Eugene Christian's 20 years' experience. This book, *Corrective Eating in 24 Lessons*, is being offered for free examination to those who are interested. This work was written expressly for the layman. Technical terms have been avoided and every point is explained so that there can be no possible misunderstanding. Reasons are given for every recommendation, and every statement is based upon actual results secured in the author's many years of practice.

But the lessons do not merely tell you why you should eat correctly and what the results will be, they also give actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness for all ages from infancy to old age, and covering all occupations, climates and seasons.

Each and every one of these menus has been employed for its purpose of increasing efficiency and restoring health not merely once but many times—so that every vestige of experiment has been removed.

Christian says that every thinking man or woman—young or old—well or sick—should know the science of correct eating. That most people dig their graves with their teeth is as true as gospel, in his estimation. Food is the fuel of the human system. And just as certain fuels will produce definite results when consumed in a furnace, so will certain foods produce the desired results when put into the human furnace.

Yet not one person in a thousand has any knowledge of food as fuel. Some of the combinations we eat every day are as inefficient and dangerous as soggy wood, wet leaves, mud, sawdust and a little coal would be for a furnace.

No wonder man is only 50 per cent. efficient—no wonder the average life is only 39 years—no wonder diseases of the stomach, liver, and kidneys have increased 103 per cent. within the past 30 years!

Yet the Corrective Eating Society shows how easy and simple it is to eat your way back to perfect health and up to a new type of physical and mental power. The relationship of health to material success is so close that the result of the society's teaching is a form of personal efficiency which puts people head and shoulders above their less fortunate brothers. Everyone knows that the best ideas, plans and methods are worked out when you are brimful of vitality—when you feel full of "ginger." The better you feel—the better work you can do. I understand that The Corrective Eating Society's lessons have times without number been the means of bringing great material prosperity to its students by endowing them with health so perfect that work seems like play.

If you would like to have the Book of 24 Lessons in *Corrective Eating* written by Eugene Christian out of his vast experience, simply write The Corrective Eating Society, 288 Hunter Avenue, Maywood, N. J., and they will mail you a set for examination.

I am authorized to say that it is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely write and ask them to send the lessons for five days' free examination with the understanding that you will either return the lessons within that time or remit \$3, the small fee asked.

There will of course be some who will doubt the efficacy of *Corrective Eating*, but I am certain your objections will be quickly removed once you examine Christian's course. Anyway, you are obligating yourself in no way by accepting the society's generous offer which enables you to investigate its wonderful work before you pay for the lessons. If the more than 300 pages contained in the course yield but one single suggestion that will bring greater health, you will get many times the cost of the course back in personal benefit—yet hundreds write the Society that they find vital helpfulness on every page.

I suggest that you clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the society and will be honored at once.

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Name

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SEPTEMBER

15

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

3

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN
IN
ROMEO AND JULIET
READ HIS ARTICLE IN
THIS ISSUE

HOW TO GET IN
THE PICTURES
BY
RALPH INCE,
WARREN KERRIGAN,
WILLIAM FARNUM
AND OTHERS





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1916

Guide to the Theaters

Plays That Are Worth While at the New York Theaters

By "JUNIUS"

(Readers in distant cities will do well to preserve this list for reference when these plays appear in their vicinity)

Belasco.—"The Boomerang." One of the most popular comedies of the season. Entertaining and laughable thruout, exquisitely acted and wonderfully produced—it runs along like the works of a fine watch.

Eltिंगe.—"Fair and Warmer." One of the best farces that New York has seen in years. Full of amusing situations thruout, and a laugh in every line, but it is not the play for Sunday-school children to see.

New Amsterdam (Roof).—Ziegfeld Danse de Folies—the show-place of New York after midnight—offering a program of far above the average quality. Good music, excellent artists, and a multitude of pretty girls. Plenty of space for those wishing to dance, and well-arranged tables for the lookers-on.

Columbia.—"Hello, New York." A typical New York, girl-and-music burlesque that does not leave much to the imagination.

Strand.—Photoplays. Program changes every week.

Rialto.—Photoplays. Program changes every week.

Loew's N. Y.—Photoplays. Program changes every week.

Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays. Program changes every week.

Casino.—"Very Good Eddie." A bright, interesting musical comedy with Ernest Truex, who alone makes it worth while.

Liberty.—"The Fall of a Nation." A preparedness film spectacle on the order of "The Battle Cry of Peace," only not so good.

Criterion.—"Civilization." Thos. H. Ince's marvelous film spectacle. The last word in photoplay.

Astor.—"Step This Way." Lew Fields, a strong company and a bevy of pretty girls. So good that it makes one forget that it is midsummer.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"The Song in the Dark" (Essanay).—This is an old play reissued, and well worth it. A touching little play, well acted and photographed, and a pleasing theme. J.

"The Money Lenders" (Universal).—Melodrama with the usual struggles, murders, confessions and "Make-your-daughter-marry-me-or-I-will-ruin-you" situations. Marie Walcamp is acceptable as the heroine, but there is not much else to recommend this play. J.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"Hypocrisy" (Fox).—A melodrama which depends for its interest on numerous struggles, shootings, suicides, and "mistress" accusations and incidents, and therefore not just the thing for Sunday-school. Intended for a comedy-drama, but the comedy is forced and obtrusive. Virginia Pearson the star, but she does not help matters much. J.

"The Beggar and His Child" (Kalem).—Ham and Bud in a new sort of comedy, in which the latter plays the part of an "angel-face child." Very unique, original and pleasing. J.

"Avenged" (Lubin).—A melodrama of the old school. The main point of the story is old, the direction is old, the photography and acting old, and while it is interesting, it is not up to the standard of modern high-class features. W.

"Broken Fetters" (Universal).—A feature photoplay with scenes laid in China and in New York's "Chinatown." Violet Mersereau is practically the whole thing and the constant center of interest. She is of the Mary Pickford type, but not quite so interesting and pretty, and certainly not so "natural." Violet seems to be constantly trying to be "cute," and her facial expression is kept working overtime. All in all, a very acceptable offering; interesting, picturesque, carefully directed and well acted. William Garwood has only a walking-around part, which he successfully accomplished. Paul Panzer proved that he is a character man, and not all that could be desired in straight parts. Frank Smith, as the Chinese bad man, made a decided hit.

"The Unknown" (Lasky).—An intensely interesting photoplay of garrison life in Algeria. The scenery is realistically Eastern, the desert scenes being unusually beautiful. The suspense of the plot is admirably sustained, for not until the final close-up are we absolutely certain what the fate of the courageous soldier of fortune is to be. The cast, which is headed by Lou-Tellegen and Dorothy Davenport, is remarkable thruout. H. S. N.

"The Girl at the Curtain" (Essanay Reissue).—A film that has passed its day. Presenting Francis Bushman and Beverly Bayne in a far-from-attractive guise. H. S. N.



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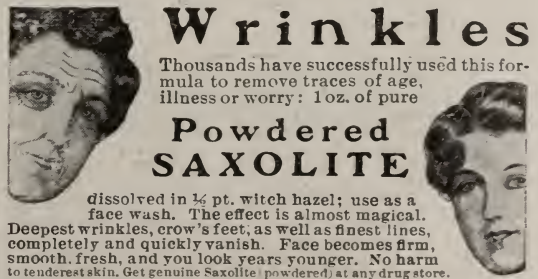
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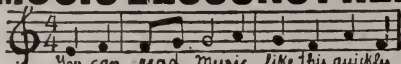
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PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"The Market of Vain Desire" (Kay-Bee).—The story of a soul struggling to do right in a vain world. It is a strong sermon against the habit of wealthy Americans selling their daughters to noblemen. H. B. Warner is effective as the preacher who forces the much-needed sermon upon his wealthy flock, while Clara Williams is exceedingly lovely as Helen Badgely. There is one bit, however, which seems rather far-fetched, and that is where the minister confronts his congregation with a woman of the streets. It seems quite outside the pale of possibility that any man would be courageous enough to perform such an act. H. S. N.

"Silks and Satins" (Famous Players).—An exciting play in which a young girl is taught to choose love, not wealth, by reading her grandmother's diary. Marguerite Clark as winsome and dainty as ever. H. S. N.

"Mr. Goode, Samaritan" (Fine Arts).—The tale of a man who, because he believes in the best in the worst of us, brings out the good in two former crooks. De Wolf Hopper is capital as Mr. Goode, and Fay Tincher is a "corker." H. S. N.

"The Cycle of Fate" (Selig).—Written and directed by Marshall Neilan. One of the best plays of the month. Each and every character is typically lifelike. The plot keeps one constantly on the quiver, some original quirk continually twisting one's feelings this way or that. The direction is flawless. Bessie Eyton, Wheeler Oakman, Lewis Cody and Marion Warner are all good in their respective rôles. H. S. N.

"The American Beauty" (Pallas).—Myrtle Stedman and Elliott Dexter in a drama which fades away from an enthralling beginning into a rather prosaic ending. The "poor girl afraid of ruining the hero's career" plot, again used to put off the happy married ending.

"Convicted of Murder" (American).—The usual murder plot in which the wrong man is convicted thru circumstantial evidence. It seldom rises above the mediocre. The outdoor scenes were carefully chosen, and many were beautiful bits of scenery. The acting of Edwin Coxen was the one redeeming feature of plot and dramatic values. L. C.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"Destiny's Toy" (Famous Players).—A rather mediocre drama with small attempt at originality of plot. Too much dancing around in lovely pastoral settings. Louise Huff charming when she is given a chance to be serious, but E. W. Johnson is the strongest and best feature in the play.

H. S. N.

"The Girl of the Sierras" (Fine Arts).—"The Island of Regeneration" type of story, but in this case the wild girl of the mountains, who has never met a man, is the regenerated one. If artistically handled, this kind of photoplay is a charming nature study; if poorly done, as with many imitations of "The Island" and "Hearts Adrift," it degenerates into meaningless buffoonery. "The Girl of the Sierras" can be proud of its rivalry. Mae Marsh, as the nature girl of the mountains who lives in a cave, and Robert Harron, a prospector, handle all the delicate resources of comedy-drama with refinement, charm, naturalness and feeling. Miss Marsh as a character comédienne has never excelled her work in this production.

L. C.

"The Purple Lady" (Metro).—Comedy-drama wherein comedy becomes French farce, and drama quickens to melodrama. There are many difficult situations to handle, which, unless properly directed, would be forced. The plot revolves around Ralph Herz as a detective and Irene Hawley as a cabaret girl, and its situations mainly consist of the remarkable adventures of a stolen diamond necklace. Entertaining, realistic and as convincing as its prototype of the stage, "Seven Keys to Baldpate."

L. C.

"Mr. Jack Inspects Paris" (Vitagraph).—A good comedy featuring Frank Daniels, in which he does some very original work; e.g., he kisses a young lady and then exhales about one-half quart of face powder.

L. C.

"The Undecided Brunette" (Essanay).—A very good George Ade comedy. The play was interesting and up to the usual high standard of these comedies.

L. C.

"Bucking Society" (Keystone).—A funny and well done farce. Chester Conklin and Shorty Hamilton did some great shooting in this play, altho it was too long.

L. C.



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PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"The Crockery Salesman" (Thos. Ince Comedy).—An exceptionally funny and well done comedy. Thruout the entire play there is a mix-up. Fay Tincher and Eddie Dillon were very good. There are some big laughs in this play. L. C.

"Poor Little Peppina" (Famous Players).—Seven reels of Mary Pickford, but not at her best. As an Italian street gamin (she is a boy thruout the major part of the play) her characterization was superb, and there are more than the usual number of chances for the inimitable Pickford contrast of humor and pathos. The locations, supposedly in Italy, were picturesque and often beautiful. The play charms rather than thrills. Jack Pickford in support of his sister makes a convincing Italian brother. Realism is added by the casting of several real Italians in important rôles, and those specially deserving mention are Ernest Torti, who plays Peppina's foster-father, and Mrs. A. Maori, as her foster-mother. L. C.

"An Innocent Magdalene" (Triangle-Fine Arts).—It seems that Lillian Gish wouldn't be happy unless she portrayed some old-fashioned part. To the critic's mind this story tries to make a rather impossible character, possible. The theme, briefly, is that "Pride goeth before a fall"—and the descent is hard. From the standpoint of direction, photography, etc., the play is up to the usual standard. R. E. B.

"The Whirl of Life" (Celebrated Players).—Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle have given us good entertainment in their new picture. There is not much of a plot, but it isn't really necessary, as Vernon and Irene have frequent opportunity for their dancing, which will satisfy any audience. The celebrated pair seem to take their film adventure as a great lark, and Vernon frequently refers to his noble physique, to the vast amusement of his partner. He engages in a grand rough-and-tumble fight with a half-dozen ruffians and vanquishes them all, altho the Castle blows displayed would hardly dent the proverbial pat of butter. Some beach scenes are shown, with the Castles in bathing garb, revealing a quartet of bare and amazingly thin legs. A good picture, with the Castles a powerful magnet. F. D. M.

PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"Gloria's Romance" (Kleine) is only mildly interesting thus far, tho every one must admire piquant Billie Burke with her radiant beauty and her marvelous frocks. One feels that Mr. Henry Kolker is not happily cast as the hero, Dr. Royce; sterling actor tho he is, the part is not altogether congenial. Mr. W. T. Carleton, the heavy father, is admirable. In chapters five and six Miss Burke appears in her famous lace "nightie," which, according to her voracious press-agent, cost one hundred and fifty dollars. Well, perhaps it did; but it's a lot for so little.

F. D. M.

"The Half Breed" (Triangle-Fine Arts).—A careful and appreciative picturization of a familiar Bret Harte story. Its locale is in the majestic redwood forests in the pioneer days of California. Douglas Fairbanks, as Lo Dorman, the half-breed Indian, plays his part superbly. He is called upon to show great strength, bravery, manliness, physical fitness, and pride and shame. "Deerslayer" is not a nobler character, nor better drawn nor interpreted. The work of Alma Reuben, as Theresa, a woman of the dance-halls, is an excellent piece of acting. For lovers of a genuine romance "The Half Breed" will do much to enhance the Fairbanks' reputation.

E. M. L.

"The Vagabond" (Mutual).—Charlie Chaplin as of old, with a leaven of serious acting that is very well done. In the rôle of an itinerant violinist who does some agile antics in competition with a German street-band, and who follows it with a series of love misadventures in a gypsy camp, Chaplin rises to the heights of David Warfield in the stage classic, "The Music Master." Almost a comedy-drama, in which heart interest mixes well with broad farce. Edna Purviance, as the "stolen child," is an excellent support. Our short story varies somewhat from the picture, as Chaplin is given to improvising much of his plot, and the film has been cut considerably.

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Elizabeth Richey Dessez

who is the greatest authority on the subject in America. The MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, assisted by a group of influential ladies, is organizing a campaign for the little folks, and they want you all to help. The first thing to do is to get a copy of the September CLASSIC, 15 cents, on sale at all newsstands on and after August 15th.

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PHOTOPLAY REVIEWS

"The Perils of Divorce" (World).—Featuring Edna Wallace Hopper and Frank Sheridan. Miss Hopper plays the injured wife who is separated from her rich husband and little daughter by her designing rival who covets the wealthy John Graham, excellently done by Mr. Sheridan. Miss Hopper works valiantly in an impossible rôle thru many tribulations to the happy ending. Some good night photography is shown, including a skating carnival with gorgeous fireworks, and Edna palpably ill at ease on her skates.

F. D. M.

"Fathers of Men" (Vitagraph).—A long, red-hot story of the cold Northwest, in which Robert Edson does some of his best work in a triple rôle. His facial expression registers remarkably well. William Humphrey's pallid face looked out of place, and was otherwise miscast. Naomi Childers is a beauty, but it requires other clothes than those she wears in this to set it off. Her acting, however, was good, as was also that of the entire cast. This play is not a masterpiece, but as an exciting melodrama it ought to be popular. Photography and settings excellent. J.

THE ANSWER LADY

By ROSE TAPLEY

EDITORIAL NOTE: Letters for this department should be addressed to Miss Rose Tapley, care of Vitagraph Co., Brooklyn, N. Y. Miss Tapley will answer by mail if an addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed. While the articles entitled "How to Get In" are running, Miss Tapley will not answer letters on that subject, nor will she answer any questions in the Magazine that are not of general interest, nor any that properly belong to the Department of The Answer Man.

C. T. W.—You have reference to Grace Francis. She has not as yet appeared in any of the Vitagraph releases, but I am sure she will do very good work if she gets her opportunity.

CARROLL DEAR.—Your letter did not fret me, as you suggest it might. It was lovely. I do indeed believe it is the illusion which they are seeking to pierce and that, were they to realize their longings, they would be very disappointed.

M. V., KANSAS CITY.—My dear child, so you and about ten others who have written me this month want Anita to marry Earle Williams. Why not let her enjoy her beautiful youth and give you all the benefits of her talents for awhile longer? She adores babies and loves a home so much that were she also to love any one special man, she would be very apt to forget any career that might be before her.

THE ANSWER LADY

WORRIED.—Neither the stage nor the Moving Pictures are "low down." The ministry, itself, has had its "black sheep," but that does not mean that all ministers are bad, nor the Gospel they teach wrong. There are many noble men and women in pictures and on the stage who are doing their best in helping to preach the love and brotherhood of man.

H. S. H., BOSTON.—Yes, indeed, Pearl White is a lovely girl. I have not seen her in some time, but I believe that her eyes are a dark blue.

L. B., TEXAS.—My grandmother was Caroline Bartlett, so you see the name is familiar. Shall be delighted indeed to play in your play if my firm will produce it. Best luck to you.

ANNABELLE DEAR.—His name is Arthur Cozine and he is a very nice young man.

MY DEAR LITTLE SISTER ELAINE.—I wish I knew your mother, and I would tell her that if you are looking for evil, you will probably find it, but that most of the directors nowadays are either married, with a family to care for, or too busy making good to their firm to bother about any of their company. Tell mother this, and if she feels you are the right kind of girl—and I am sure you are—she will no longer hesitate to let you take advantage of the opportunity offered you.

RACHEL E.—Thank you, dear, for your nice letter. Hope you become a great photoplay writer.

SISTER SALLY.—You have splendid ambitions and lots of good common-sense. Am glad you are such an admirer of Miss Shay. I did indeed think she was lovely.

ELIZABETH DEAR, WASHINGTON.—If you are really sincerely earnest in your desire to do anything, and if you really have talent in that direction, the opportunity must come which will give you your chance. Keep on with your education, however, as that is a most valuable asset.

LOUISE OF CALIF.—My dear girl, there are two books which I would recommend above all others to those who are studying literature and the drama. They are the Bible and Shakespeare.

STEWART LOVER.—Miss Stewart is even sweeter and dearer in reality than she seems on the screen. I have known her from a very young girl. I wish you might hear her play some difficult classical selection on the piano, and then, just as simply and as perfectly, play and sing some lovely old ballad, until you feel the choke in your throat and the tears smarting your eyes.

EMMA L., LANSING, MICH.; LUCRETIA B.—I regret that I haven't a photo of myself at present; when I have time I will have some taken.

FRANCES K., GIPSY DEAR, CLEVELAND, OHIO; VICTORIA Z.; J. R.; SAN JOSÉ ADMIRER.—Read the "How to Get In" articles now appearing in the Magazine and Classic. They will answer your questions very fully.



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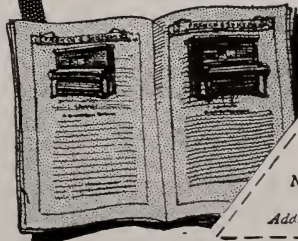
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Spending Money to Reduce Selling Prices

IF you were going to give a large entertainment, you wouldn't go out personally and deliver a hundred or so invitations verbally, would you? Of course, you would have them engraved and mailed to your guests.

You would in this way spend money to save money and time, which is also money.

Any man who has anything to sell has the problem of getting his invitation to buy before the largest possible number of prospective buyers.

The larger the number he interests, the more units he can make, and the lower his producing cost descends. So he takes the quickest method of reaching a large number of people—printing advertising.

If anyone tells you he is able to sell you his goods at a lower cost because he had no advertising expense, laugh at him.

Advertising reduces sales expense, because a single ad calls on thousands, while a salesman can call on one or two. Advertising reaches an individual at less than 1% of the cost of telling the story to

that person in any other way.

Advertising increases the keenness of competition so that prices are forced downward.

It would not be possible to produce a lead pencil for two cents, a tube of paste for ten cents, a collar for twelve and a half cents, were it not for the force of advertising in creating a wide demand, permitting quantity production and labor-saving machinery, thus cutting costs.

There are other reasons why you should insist on the advertised product.

The purpose of most advertising is to establish the reputation of a name. In order to live up to that reputation, defi-

nite standards of quality must be maintained in the product. It must live up to the claims of the advertisement. Faking or misrepresentation cannot stand the light of publicity.

Advertising is your protection and safeguard. It points out the lines of goods of whose quality you can be sure.

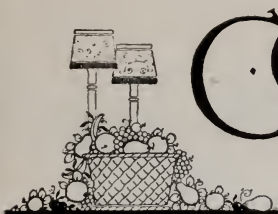
Write us for free booklet. This is written for buyers like yourself and every man or woman who buys any kind of commodities will find it profitable reading.



This article—one of a series to Advertise Advertising—was written for the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World (headquarters Indianapolis) by

W. C. Chalmers

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What is the matter with my skin?

Examine your skin closely! Find out just the condition it is in. Then read below why you can change it and how.



Here is why your complexion can be improved, no matter what is keeping it from being attractive now. Your skin, like the rest of your body, is changing every day. As old skin dies, new skin forms in its place.

This is your opportunity. By the proper external treatment you can make this new skin just what you would love to have it. Or—by neglecting to give this new skin proper care as it forms every day, you can keep your skin in its present condition and forfeit the charm of "a skin you love to touch." Which will you do? Will you begin at once to bring to your skin that charm you have longed for? Then begin tonight the treatment below best suited to the needs of your skin, and make it a daily habit thereafter.

To correct an oily skin and shiny nose

First cleanse your skin thoroughly by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now work up a heavy warm water lather of Woodbury's in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit, and before long you will gain complete relief from the embarrassment of an oily, shiny skin.

To clear a blemished skin

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy "soap cream." Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this. Let it dry and remain

on over night. In the morning wash in your usual way with Woodbury's.

Repeat this cleansing, antiseptic treatment every night until the blemishes disappear. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so strong and active that it will keep your complexion free from blemishes.

To whiten freckled, sun-tanned skins

Just before you retire, cleanse the skin thoroughly by washing in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and lukewarm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture, but leave the skin slightly damp. Now dip the cake of Woodbury's in a bowl of water and go over your face and throat several times with the cake itself. Let this lather remain on over night, and wash again in the morning with warm water, followed by cold, but no soap except that which has remained on the skin.

This treatment is just what your skin needs to whiten it. Use it every night unless your skin should become too sensitive, in which case discontinue until this sensitive feeling disappears. A few applications should show a marked improvement. Use Woodbury's regularly thereafter in your daily toilet and keep your skin in perfect health.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any of these skin treatments. Get a cake today. It is for sale by dealers everywhere.

Send today for week's-size cake

For 4c we will send you a week's-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For 10c samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Powder. Write today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co. 1730 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, O.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 1730 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

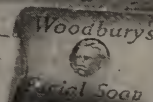


If an oily skin and shiny nose is your bugbear, make the lather treatment a daily habit.

A freckled, sun-tanned skin will yield to this effective treatment described on this page.

Tear out this cake as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's today at your druggist's or toilet counter

Disfiguring blemishes need the "soap cream" treatment.



GALLERY OF
PICTURE-PLAYERS



GRACE CUNARD
(Universal)



WHEELER OAKMAN (N. Y. M. P.)



MARIN SAIS (Kalem)



Photo by Brunel

CHESTER BARNETT
(World)



HAZEL DAWN (Famous Players)



H. B. WARNER
(Triangle)



NELL CRAIG
(Essanay)



HOWARD ESTABROOK (International)



JEAN SOTHERN (International)



Photo by Rembrandt

WILLIAM SHERWOOD
(Metro)



Photo by Hartsook

MARJORIE DAW (Lasky)



HARRY MOREY (Vitagraph)

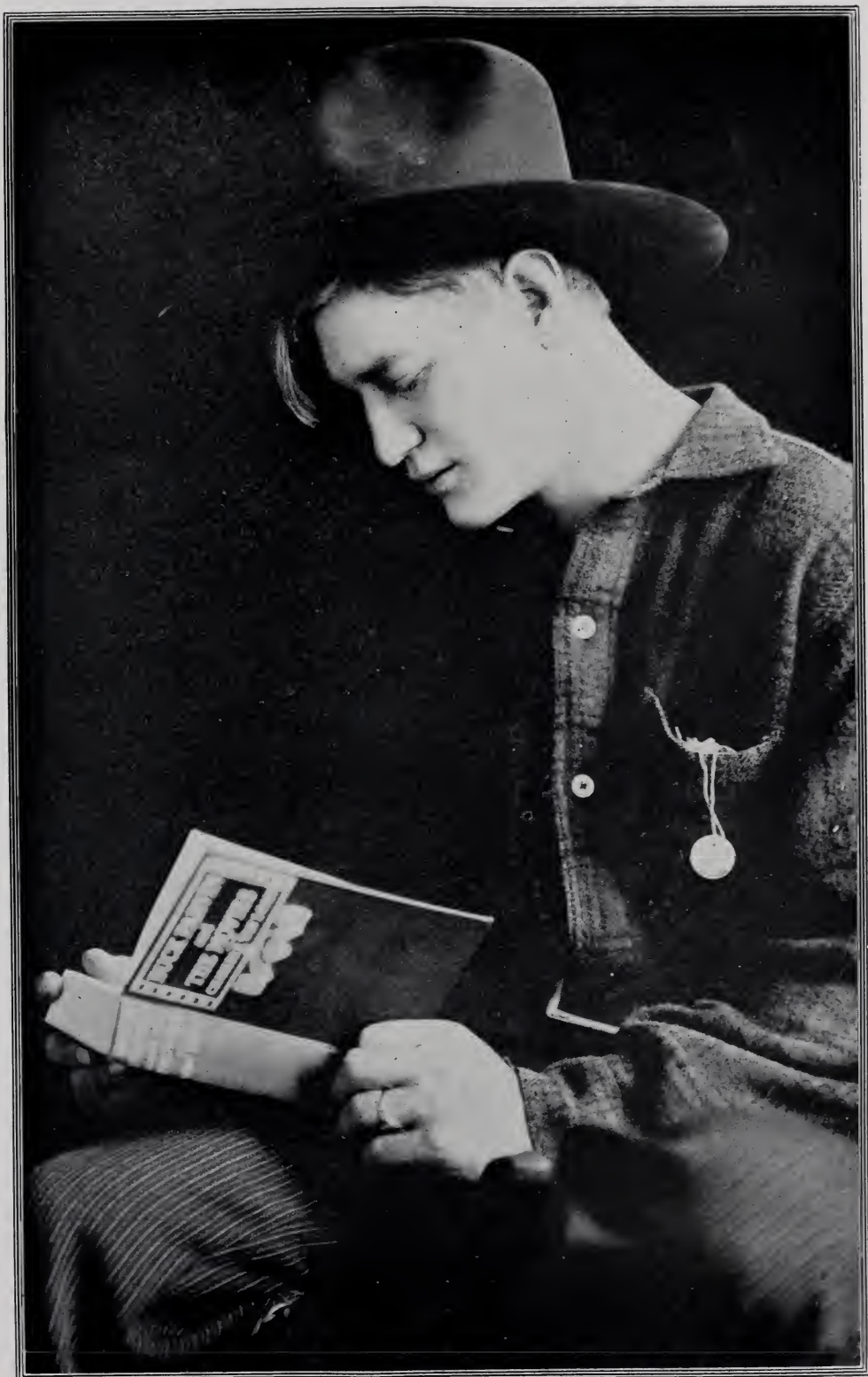


Photo by Campbell

THEDA BARA (Fox)



WILLIAM COURTLEIGH, Jr. (Famous Players)



ART ACCORD (Mustang)



EVE STRAWN (Pallas)

The TARANTULA

Vitagraph
-by- *Gladys Hall-*



CHONITA BRINGS THE FANDANGO TO NEW YORK

IT was the hour just before dinner, when the habitués of the Billionaires' Club sat before the wide windows facing the Avenue, reading their papers, nursing their anticipatory cocktail, or gossiping man-fashion, belief to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Our 'Beauty' is up to old tricks, I see," observed Fitch Brokaw with a significant nod in the direction of a flawlessly attired youth with a downy cheek, a cynic's lip and a sensualist's mouth. At the instant of the remark "Beauty" was ogling a passing bit of femininity with all his usual finesse.

Clyde Manning and Nesbitt Stuyvesant laughed. They weren't at all interested—

"Beauty" Smythe and passing bits of femininity were all in the day's work.

Stuyvesant yawned. "Oh well," he said, "boys will be boys, and, anyway—poor creatures—the woman pays!"

"Right!" affirmed Manning.

"I—wonder—" said Fitch Brokaw, and a bruised place in the heart of his buried youth gave a quick, ugly throb.

"There are times," said a quiet voice from the depths of a great chair a bit apart, "when the *man* pays—to the uttermost."

"It sounds like a yarn," said Manning, with a glance in the direction of the grill.

"It's a tragedy, rather!" answered

Van Allen, the speaker, gravely, "and not exactly a pleasant hors d'œuvre; still——"

"Tell it," begged "Beauty" Smythe, who flirted even as he walked or performed any other mechanical function, without the least impairing his senses otherwise.

"Yes," laughed Clyde Manning, "it will teach our 'Beauty' a moral lesson. Van Allen, it is your duty as a Christian. The way he goes on is *scandalous*."

Van Allen drew his chair nearer and leaned his courtly, white head against the head-rest.

"This is the story of a man," he said, quietly, "who played with women as one plays with dolls or pulls inanimate puppets to one's will. He married and had children, because it was being done—it was the thing to do. After the too brief honeymoon, he went serenely on with his liaisons and affairs. He was the product of a spoiled and pampered childhood—the result of servants' rearing, and the lack of the great lessons of self-respect and self-control.

"There came a time when he found that women were not *all* pretty recipients of flowers and jewels and motors and caresses. There came a time when the money was not made gold enough to buy silence and forgiveness, pure enough to blot out the wrong he had done. He had to pay, as I have said, to the uttermost.

"I am telling this tragedy intimately, because it is of my nephew I am speaking. It all happened some three years or so ago, and you have forgotten his name, those of you who are able to remember.

"It was after a peculiarly unsavory episode, one to which much unpleasant notoriety was given, that his parents prevailed upon him to go down to me in Mexico for a few months until the scandal should die out and be trampled into oblivion by a new one.

"He was bored by New York, its women and its ways. Bored by his wife and home, bored by his children, who were strangers to him; bored, most of all, by himself. Much drinking of the cup o' pleasure had brought the sediment of gall early in life.

"So he came down to Mexico, and to doom. I can see him now the day he arrived, and I met him at the station in the scorching, Mexican, midday sun. Despite his weaknesses—and they were many—despite his sins, and they were scarlet, I loved the lad. Perhaps because I never had a son; perhaps only because I had no one else to love. But I thought then, and I've *always* thought, that good stuff was deep down under the lad's skin; that a *real* man might have been grown out of the child that was. 'As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined.' He had a tailor's dummy and a gambler for a father, and a numskull of a mother, but that is neither here nor there. Pardon an old man's story.

"As I say, I can see him now, that scorching day I met him, tall, blond and piercing blue of eye, with the build of an Adonis, and a flash of white teeth; he was fit to charm the heart from any girl. Beside the swarthy-skinned, black-haired Mexicans he stood forth like some young sun-god. Compared to their rather sullen manner, their fitful, occasional bursts of hilarity, his happy disposition and merry, frequent laugh were like sunlight after storm.

"He had 'a way with women,' an old phrase and, in his case, a pathetically true one. He had that commixture of manliness and boyishness that appears to be irresistible to the feminine heart. He appealed alike to their passion and their tenderness. He worked his way into their hearts till he stood between them and all else on earth. He blinded their eyes to the sun, moon and stars. He blinded their hearts to all hearts but his—and then he forgot.

"Two weeks after his arrival he met Chonita Alvarado. She was the daughter of a wealthy Mexican of old Castilian blood, a Don Fernando Alvarado. He was a business associate of mine; but he condescended to business, and made his condescension obvious. He harked him straight back to the first families, to the purest, unmixed blood of old Castile. He had all the fierce, racial pride of his kind. Outside of that he was a good sort.

"His next great passion was his daughter. It had descended from mother to



DON FERNANDO BANISHES CHONITA TO THE COUNTRY

child. You could see by the way he looked at her that he worshiped her—she was all he had.

“Chonita was the belle of society in Mexico City. That does not mean—certainly did not mean then—what the same term means up here. Here we buy our favors with the things that money buys—we intrigue and outrive and forget; down there they buy with blood—with long lifetimes nurtured on revenge—with vendettas too gruesome to describe. Down there only one atonement goes—that one is death. Only with one’s life-blood has one wiped clean one’s slate. It is a country of no compromise.

“I said that two weeks after his arrival Teddy met Chonita. So he did—officially. But they had met before—furtively. It had been a case of the

duenna off her guard—Teddy passing the grated balcony—a rose thrown in the dusk—a kiss on a willing hand—the ignition of a passion that was to rage too high.

“The first weeks of Teddy’s arrival he had worked like a Trojan. He had never really worked before, and I began to have hopes—to believe that possibly work would be his salvation, as it had been many another man’s. The second week he idled, drank a lot, was moody and irritable. Had I been very astute, I would have employed the old phrase of ‘*Cherchez la femme*’; but I didn’t think, and of course I didn’t know that he had even seen Chonita Alvarado.

“Chonita Alvarado! That blossom of old Spain. God! but there was fire to the girl—fire that burned the flesh from



WORD COMES TO FERNANDO AND PEDRO OF CHONITA'S DOWNFALL

off the bones—fire that did not sear, but destroyed. She had sloe-eyes; cheeks of old ivory with a stain of blood beneath; hair like some treacherous night before a storm, with a vivid, fragrant flower in it; lips more vivid and more fragrant than the flower; a body all sinew and satin, all strength and weakness, all question and answer.

“Teddy had never seen her like—no, nor have any of us. We do not breed that kind up here—and it is just as well.

“Only one had witnessed that flung

rose in the dusk—that stolen kiss while Donna Luz, the duenna, was off guard. That one was the very one of all others who should not have seen it—young Pedro, the son of Don Alvarez, a friend of Don Fernando’s—and Pedro loved Chonita with every fiber of a nature as fierce, as clamorous and as fatalistic as her own. His blood went bad. He knew that Teddy was not as others who wooed her. He knew that, proud-blooded as her father, she did not give her favors thus to any other. And even



TEDDY WINES AND DINES THE DANCER IN HIS APARTMENT

thru his blinded senses he could see the charm of Teddy.

"They met officially in front of my office one day, when Chonita and Donna Luz and Pedro had driven Don Fernando to a business conference. Their glances met and glanced again like living flames. She caught her under lip between her teeth. His great chest heaved. The very atmosphere was volcanic. Things are extravagant in Mexico. There is much of the primitive—little of the effete.

"They met again at the Embassy Ball. Teddy was at fault thruout—the blame is on his shoulders—tho his long, young years in the grave must have won him pardon now. But she flirted with him that night—perilously. I saw the danger really for the first time that night. I knew Ted—and I knew my Mexican—and I was afraid.

"So open were her favors—so flagrant was their infatuation that Donna Luz reported Chonita's actions to her father. Fernando was angered. His heart was

set on her marriage to Pedro Alvarez, and he told her so and ordered her to go down to his costly hacienda with Donna Luz, until she could recollect herself.

"I know she wept and stormed; I know she paced the floor of her chamber and beat upon the barred casements like a tigress. I can imagine it all. The Donna Luz gave me, afterward, only the barest outline. Wonderful, human animal, that's what she was—rendered woman by reason of the heart within her breast—rendered diabolical by the intellect she had. Purest Castilian blood? Yes—but blood that had been poured from white-hot vein to white-hot vein thru smouldering generations. Blood imperious with the pride of the ages—drunk with the breath of the poppy—inflamed by the body of the sun.

"I did not know that she had gone—did not even know where the Alvarado hacienda was located. Hence, when an American resident of the place invited Ted on a hunting trip, I gladly assented.

I did not want him hot-footing it back to New York because of ennui.

"The hunting trip took them straight into the immediate vicinity of the Alvarado hacienda. I don't know anything about fate, or predestination, or the psychical attraction of concrete bodies, or the call of the blood across the vast; but, anyway, my Ted went straight as a die to the Alvarado hacienda, and one

vener again. I am an old man, but I know I could not have. If life had vouchsafed to me one stark, nude moment such as that—it would have been enough.

"I know they told their love there in that primitive place; I know that they clung together as tho they never would part—tense, breathless, a fused element in an elemental world.

"Perhaps they met several times after



WHILE HER HOST SLEEPS CHONITA FREES THE DEADLY SPIDER

cloudless day they met by chance in the woodland, he and Chonita—

"They were all alone; it was a jungle place—full of the odors of insidious flowers, the pungent tang of the passing of wild beasts, the sudden nerve-tautening call of some strange bird to its mate. It was a treacherous place—a place where blood casts off its civilization and its petty, acquired niceties—a place where man and woman are man and woman, and the law is the law they make.

"I do not blame her. I blame him for all those others of whom she was only one. I blame him that he could ever go back—ever put on his coat of

that. I suppose that they did. I suppose that each time the flame in Teddy abated; he had not the inexhaustible fire of Chonita or her country, you see, and he was not giving the first of his youth by far.

"Then Donna Luz noticed a change in the girl. She did not know of the secret meetings, but she became alarmed; she was guarding the last of the Alvarados—the last Alvarado who held within her veins the proud blood of that ancient, dim Castile. She sent for Don Fernando.

"I suppose there must have been a last meeting. I can hope that it was not in that place rich with the smell of Eden.



WHEN PEDRO
CAME, IT WAS
NOT ALL OVER

She must have told him proudly—retaining the imperious manner pathetically. He must have laughed. I know he did. Teddy had laughed before. He knew how to do it to perfection. The flame was cold in his sated veins; she was only a Mexican girl—an alien thing. It really made no difference.

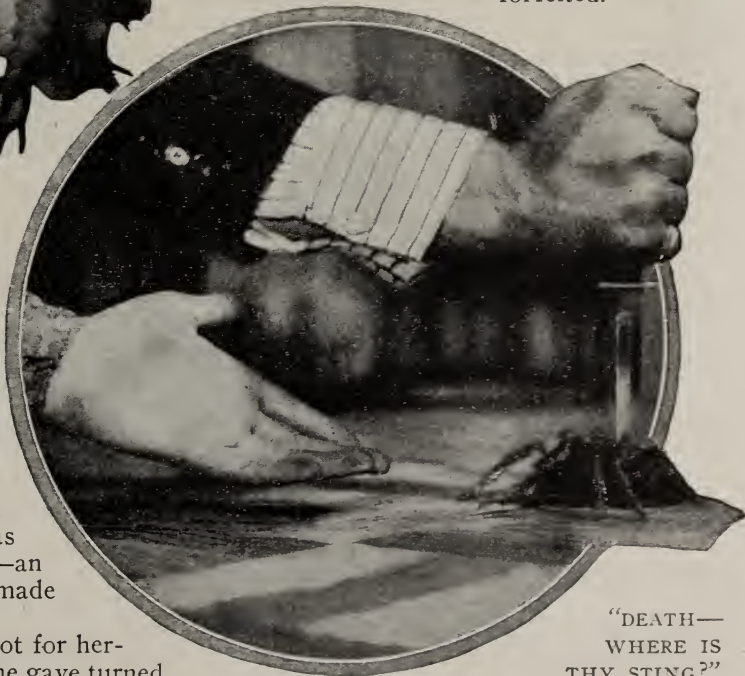


“Then she begged—not for herself, for the great love she gave turned into hate that moment—a hate that burned as violently as ever her love had raged—a hate that could not be stilled, save by the uttermost. She begged for the little life that could not beg for itself

—for the past and gone ancestors, whose memories she would taint—for her father, whose graying head would be so humbled by her sorry shame.

“He was obdurate, of course—he could not marry her, being married. I do not believe he would have if he could. Already he had begun to weary for the lights of Broadway—for gold hair and white soft shoulders, blue eyes and baby lips. He had played the game, and the game was done—for him. That it had just begun for *her* could not conceivably be *his* fault—just her misfortune. He was beastly sorry—he told her so. He thought that was enough.

“Then she told him that Donna Luz knew—that she had sent for her father and Pedro—that Mexican retribution was swift and certain—that if he did not make good, his life would be forfeited.



“DEATH—
WHERE IS
THY STING?”

“Teddy believed that—and he ran. It was a hot chase, for Don Fernando, Pedro and a dozen or more of the peons were on his trail within five minutes.

"But Teddy was an expert runner, and he had the lead. He made the station and he made the north-bound train with only a few scratches and the prick of Pedro's knife.

"Old Don Fernando called on me that afternoon—and he *was* old. The flower of his pride—his ancient, inherent pride—had been trampled in the stench of dishonor. Both were gone—his ancestral glory and his daughter—his little daughter, that flower of old Spain.

"I told him, reluctantly, with shamed grief, that Teddy could not be made to atone, because he was already a married man with children. I also told him, reluctantly, something of Teddy himself and the many others who had been burnt sacrifices on his way. He did not listen very attentively.

"That very night he ordered Chonita from his home. Pedro was there, and the broken-hearted Donna Luz, who accompanied her charge into disgrace and exile.

"Some months after, Chonita's little, dead baby was born. The burning hate in her killed it, no doubt. I do not think she cared. I do not believe she cared for anything then but vengeance.

"She had to live and dancing was her only marketable commodity. She danced, billed and posted as the 'Last of the Alvarados.' Pedro, chancing into a music-hall one night, saw her, and his heart throbbed with the horror of it—an Alvarado dancing for low peons—swaying and undulating and throwing kisses to their lustful eyes.

"He saw her behind the scenes that night, and begged her to marry him, but she refused. Her mission in life was not love, but hate—not marriage, but death.

"He sought old Don Fernando out in his club and told him of her sad plight—of the baby who had never lived—of the dancing for her bread and butter, the insults she was subjected to, the disgrace of it all. But the old Castilian shook his snow-white head. 'The dancing woman of whom you speak,' he said coldly, 'is no daughter of mine.'

"Some months after that, Freddie Dupont, the first of the cabaretists, was touring down in Mexico and took Chonita back to New York with him, to dance in his cabaret.

"She was a sensation, a big one. And Teddy met her again. The night she met him, she sent for Pedro to come to New York. I do not know all the communication that passed between them—it does not concern us—and I am nearly thru.

"A week later she accepted an invitation from Teddy to spend the evening with him in the apartment he kept exclusively for just such purposes.

"Hate is the inversion of love. Perhaps it even took on love's semblance that evening. Perhaps she made him remember that solitary spot in the jungle, with its insidious flowers and its breath of wild beasts.

"Perhaps he grew fond of her again. He toasted her charms in much wine, and in the end fell into a pleasant, dreamy doze.



AFTERWARD



SHE MARRIED PEDRO AND WAS FORGIVEN BY FERNANDO

"Then Chonita fulfilled the half of her mission. She unlocked her jewel-case and the great, poisonous, fatal, Mexican spider—the famous tarantula—crawled from the carven case—crawled to his unsuspecting hand—froze the amused smile on his lips to his death-mask, sent thru his fickle blood a hell of agony—paid Chonita's score—gave her her vengeance of blood.

"That's not all. The girl meant to kill herself too. And Pedro, an hour ahead of his appointment, found her on the polished floor, half crawling, half writhing, quite insane—after the tiny minion of Death. His knife speared it just as her hand was about to close over it. That's about all. The truth was hushed, and Teddy was buried where he had been expecting ever since the wrong he did to her—the wrongs he did to all women who loved him overmuch.

"She went back to Mexico, I believe, and in time recovered her senses and the most of her heart. Afterwards she married Pedro, and was forgiven by Fernando. Not a very pleasant tale, eh? But it goes to show that sometimes—sometimes it is the *man* who pays."

The listeners sighed as tho one person. "Good God!" sighed one of them.

The grill door opened, and they rose, stiffly, silently.

"Beauty" Smythe surreptitiously felt in his vest pocket. He drew out a scented, violet note and tore it into fragments. "Thanks, Van Allen," he said.

Fixing Film

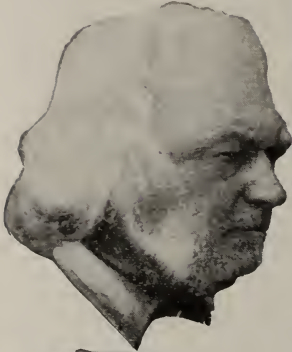
Masculine Foliage — Galways,
Uncombed Spinach — Is
Charm or Repel

By ERNEST

CHARLES FRENCH
IN "THE COWARD"



WM. HOOSER
IN "THE RETURN"



BOLD, bad, or sickly and sentimental—take 'em as they come—male photoplayers enjoy the monopoly of the most exacting phase of make-up, for face fungus means considerably more than attaching a piece of crêpe hair to one's cheeks or lips. Indeed, it may be included in the category of the small details that count.

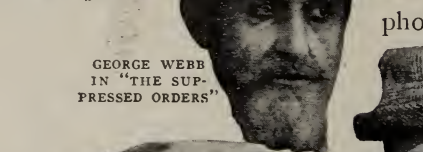
Who has not seen footmen and butlers wearing side-whiskers, which reach almost down to their necks, and so unevenly joined to their natural hair that one laughs in a very sad scene? In one photoplay, an Indian (by the day) actually wore a beard.

An English friend of mine points out that American photoplay actors spoil themselves for adaptations from English novels because they part their hair in the American style. In "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," for instance, as produced by the Famous Players Company, Alec was clean-shaven, while Thomas Hardy's book mentions him as having a mustache and occasionally side-whiskers.

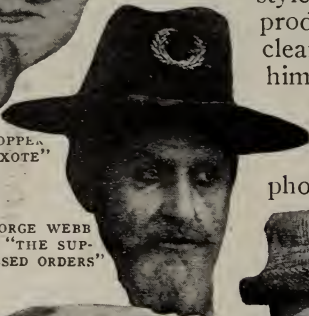
Officers in the British army are not permitted to cultivate beards or mustaches, yet, in a recent photoplay dealing with British army life, the leading male characters had to carry face fungus around with them.

Comedians are greatly addicted to the use of facial moss, and, naturally, their make-ups are of the grotesque order. What would Charlie Chaplin be minus his mustache?

DE WOLF HOPPE
IN "DON QUIXOTE"



GEORGE WEBB
IN "THE SUP-
PRESSED ORDERS"



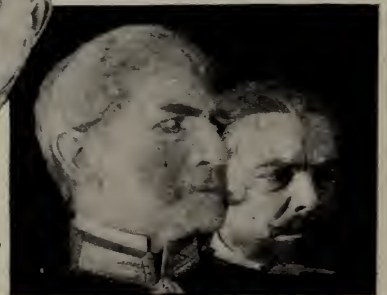
DICK SMITH
IN "FLIRTING
À LA CARTE"



KARL FORMES
IN "THE
FLYING TORPEDO"



FRANK E.
MC NISH
IN "THE
POSTMASTER"



H. COOPER
CLIFFE

HERSCHALL
MAYALL

Face Fungus

Sluggers, Dundrearys, Imperials and Planted and Cultivated to the Fair Sex

A. DENCH

But in drama, face fungus is there with a purpose: to represent the character faithfully. One well-known photo-player prefers the genuine article to the crêpe kind, so when he was recently assigned the leading rôle in a production, he was granted two weeks' notice that his mustache might sprout to the voting stage.

How do the other ninety-and-nine proceed about adorning their faces with weedy growths? The articles used are crêpe hair and spirit-gum. The hair is never gummed to the face with one operation; that method is too crude. The player, keeping the technique of his art in mind, gums a carefully combed small lock, of the exact shade as his own, to his face and continues the horticultural operation until the facial foliage looks the right thing in the right place, finally trimming the growth with a pair of scissors.

Curly hair is manufactured by either wetting it, or else by placing it on the radiator and turning your back while it curls up and dries.

One actor, who was given a character part in a hurry, found himself without the requisite crêpe hair. An Airedale terrier, roaming about the studio yard, gave him an idea, so he caught the dog and made him a prisoner while he performed his dark deed. Said dark deed was depriving the animal of the hair off his back in order to make a beard for a Peruvian rôle, and the director proclaimed his make-up as being satisfactory. As he didn't use his voice in the picture, it did not disclose his Peruvian bark.

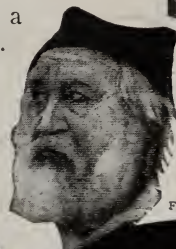
ARTHUR MAUDE
IN "REVELATIONS"



HUGH THOMPSON
IN "BEYOND THE LAW"



PAUL PANZER



WILLIAM WEST
IN "NORMA
FROM NORWAY"



WALTER
STULL



HARRY CHIRA
IN "THE IDOL OF THE STAGE"



CLARENCE WHITNEY

WILLIAM BOYD
IN "KISS OF HATE"

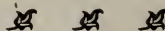
But the director has his troubles as well. He prefers types, as extras, who possess the requisite face fungus. A director of my acquaintance, in gathering unshaven soldiers for a big war-production, visited the docks of a Southern seaport and hired many out-of-works who sported a pungent collection of seaweed on their faces. After using them in battle-scenes for several hours he patted himself on the back for the realism he had secured, but when the "soldiers" returned the next day, in accordance with his instructions, they had all blown themselves to a nice, five-cent shave. This was the worst joke a barber ever perpetrated on a harmless picture director.

This incident reminds me of a trip a photoplay director made to obtain a dilapidated farmhouse. His search being rewarded, he paid the farmer liberally for the privilege of using the homestead for locations. When he brought down a troupe of players on the next day, the farmer, who was to appear in the scenes for the sake of "atmosphere," had shaved

his long beard and trimmed his white hair. "Gosh ding it! I mean to young-up in the pictures," was his only explanation.

Wigs, unless great care is taken, are conspicuous, and a good actor never wears one that possesses a band which reaches over the forehead, as the join is hard to conceal. As a rule, the wig contains a forehead and eyebrows, and the join at the nose appears as a spectacle-mark.

Most actors would much rather wear a wig thruout a feature photoplay, because during the six weeks or more involved in the production they must not allow the barber to touch as much as a hair on their head. If they yielded to this temptation, they might be seen leaving a room with a full crop of hair, but once outside it would be noticeable that it had been trimmed. This discrepancy would occur because exteriors and interiors are generally taken weeks apart. So, ladies, dont complain if your favorite often looks as if he needed a hair-cut—verily the hairs of his head have been numbered by the director.



A Movie Fan's Soliloquy

(With apologies to a well-known Elizabethan scenario-ist.)

By EMMETT O'DONNELL



o go, or not to go—that is the question;
 Whether 'tis wiser in a flat to suffer
 The care and tedium of an eve at home,
 Or laugh and leap beneath the movies' spell
 And thus to end them? To laugh, to weep,
 Yea, more! by movie throbs, to say we end
 The backache, and the thousand jolts and jars
 A business day engenders—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To laugh, to leap,
 To watch, perchance to thrill—ay, there's the rub!
 For with those flickering phantoms come delight,
 Emotion's surge, all the panorama of life,
 To give us joy. Transported all, alert,
 Intent on spectacle of storied knights,
 Or ecstasy of happy loves, we sight
 The oppressor's wrong, the villain's contumely,
 The insolence of office, or the fun
 And frolic of some comic spirit bright.
 Then, who would dullness bear,
 Who'd grunt and sweat under a weary lot,
 When that the pictured plot, so tense with life,
 Replete with legend, history, myth, romance,
 Can dissipate the gloom and weight of time
 And grant us leisure kings of yore might prize?
 Thus movies doth make "live ones" of us all.

Making a Movie Queen

A True Story of How a Popular Film Star Was Manufactured
by a Director and a Press Agent

By ——— (?)

EDITORIAL NOTE:—For obvious reasons, all names are omitted in this article. We do not wish to detract from the popularity of any player, but we cannot mention names nor undertake to answer any questions regarding the persons mentioned herein. This magazine is now in its seventh year, and the same editors and publishers who started it have always been in control. It was the first in the field. During the last six years many other Moving Picture magazines, weeklies and newspaper departments have been started, and some still exist. Most of these were controlled by persons new in the film business and it was not a difficult matter for publicity men to *make* Movie Stars by foisting "fake news" upon them. Let us hope that the day when that can be done has gone by. But it *has* been done, as witness the following remarkable narrative from the publicity records of a well-known company.

ASK the manager of any Motion Picture theater to name the ten greatest actresses in the films, and he will choose the ten who, according to his experiences, have the strongest drawing power—those who are "box-office successes."

Not all exhibitors will select the same ten, but you can be sure of this: somewhere on every list will be the name of Methra Morrell.

Morrell isn't an "actor's actress," like Mary Pickford. Film folk don't throng to see her and to study her ways. No director would call her great; no keen critic of dramatic art would select her as a model for students who would learn to portray emotion.

But it always is a happy exhibitor who carries a five-reel Morrell "show" out of the film exchange. He knows that her name makes the lines long in front of his theater.

We manufactured her into a star as deliberately as any real estate agent ever built a house. We *made* the public like her.

There are hundreds of girls in this world just as talented, just as beautiful as Methra Morrell. The only thing she had, that they haven't, is the chance.

Because a Morrell feature always will bring in from \$50,000 to \$75,000 in bookings (those are conservative figures), the Monarch Film Company, of which I am publicity manager, has just signed her to a new contract for \$1,000 a week for three years. We had to pay her that to keep her from going to the King Com-

pany. Tho she will receive from us more than \$150,000 before her contract expires, we think we bought a bargain.

About three years ago Methra Morrell was a stenographer in San Diego. She is a beautiful little girl; there is no doubting that. Her hair is almost black and her eyes are big. She's the Marguerite Clark type, only not so tiny. "A love of a lass" was a line we sometimes used in billing her.

Encouraged by her San Diego friends, she came to Los Angeles and applied at almost all the studios. She was persistent, she had distinct charm, and, within a week after she arrived, our casting director had put her to work as an extra girl.

She knew nothing of acting, but she could wear clothes, and when she was cast as a *débutante* at a society function she looked it. Two years ago she was on our pay-roll as a regular at about thirty dollars a week. That was when the gods picked her out.

The gods worked thru the general manager, the president of the company, Charley Thomas, who is our best director, and myself—mostly thru me when it came to the final choice.

Methra Morrell doesn't realize that I made her what she is today, and she doesn't give a whoop whether I'm satisfied or not. She thinks of me only as an ubiquitous person who is continually bothering her with trips downtown to a fashionable photographer's—a young man who quotes her as saying a great deal about love and very little about art.

She also knows that I was the one who put into no less than 300 newspapers and magazines what she thought was a terrible photograph, one that tended to make her appear ridiculous in the eyes of her followers. It showed her in a dazzling evening gown of silvery spangles, astride a patient burro. Her hair was awry, and she was swinging a croquet mallet at a watermelon. Of that photograph more anon.

It would be Constance Creager, instead of Methra Morrell, who is getting that \$1,000 a week, were it not that Constance is a blonde and Methra is a brunette.

This is the way it came about. Anne Damrel had announced that she was going to leave us at the end of the month, when her contract expired. The United States Film Company had offered her more money than we could afford to pay. The general manager was all upset.

The Monarch Company, at that time, was not declaring large dividends and couldn't afford to pay for a leading woman of established reputation. So the G. M. decided to make one. It was the natural thing to do.

I remember the morning that we chose Methra. We had had the thing on our minds for a couple of weeks. In our companies were several leading women with reputations more or less large, but none would do. They were all too statuesque.

Marvin Martin was our star and Anne Damrel was his leading woman. "Marvin Martin and Anne Damrel" was a combination as well known and as much in demand as ham and eggs. Martin was tied up with us for two more years. Our new star-to-be must take Damrel's place.

Martin is rather small, and in order that he shall appear properly heroic his co-star must not be more than five feet four inches tall. So our other leading women couldn't qualify.

We picked out five girls who were the proper height and who photographed well, and we made innumerable trips to the projecting-room to look at films in which they appeared.

Marie Taylor was rejected because of what promised to develop into a double chin. Alice Benson was too old. Eliza-

beth Walker was a possibility until somebody remembered her mother, who was a studio pest and a trouble-maker.

That left Morrell and Creager. It was a toss-up. They were equally beautiful, both were easy to handle and knew how to obey orders. Neither was much of an actress, but that made little difference. The average Motion Picture actor is a marionette. The director pulls the strings.

Both were likable girls—wholesome, sensible and ambitious. The world is full of them, but it happened that we had only two that met all our needs.

I wish we could have bestowed our gifts upon both, but we needed only one. We chose Methra, and manufactured her into a \$1,000-a-week star. Constance, relying almost wholly upon her own efforts, possessed of almost exactly the same talents that are Methra's, now receives \$75 a week.

I have told you which one we chose. Now I will fade back and show you how it was done.

We were sitting in the G. M.'s office, overlooking the studio yard.

Methra and Constance were standing at one side, in the sunshine, leaning against a wall. Methra wore a black beach-robe streaked with white, and about her hair was a black turban. I don't remember just what Constance wore, but the general effect was gray.

"Either will do for me," said Charley Thomas, who was to direct whichever one we chose.

"I don't see that one has anything on the other," remarked the G. M.

"Do as you like," said the president to the G. M., and rose and went into his office.

"Turn your eyes away," I suggested, "and then just glance at them again."

Charley Thomas tried it.

"Which one did you see?" I asked.

"I don't know; Morrell, I guess."

The G. M. experimented.

"Morrell," he announced. "Because she has on that black-and-white thing."

"Try it again and look at their faces. Which stands out?"

"Morrel," they decided.

"She's a brunette and she shows up better against the concrete wall," said the G. M.

"Some of the best ones are blondes," said Charley Thomas. "It wont make any difference in the pictures."

"Not in Moving Pictures," I replied, "but in newspapers. We're going to make this girl by publicity. We're going to try to put her photograph in front of every reader in the country at least once a week. Well, blondes make rotten newspaper cuts. Brunettes stand out in sharp blacks and whites, while blondes show up in insipid grays. Did you ever see a really striking photograph of Lillian Russell in a newspaper? And did you ever see a bad one of Theda Bara?"

"Are you trying to tell me that Theda Bara is better known than Lillian Russell?" asked Charley.

"I am not. Lillian Russell wasn't made by newspaper photographs. But here are two girls, and you cant decide between them. Why not take the one that will give you a slight edge on your publicity?"

Well, my argument finally settled it. Morrell was selected.

We didn't tell anybody what we were going to do, but it wasn't long until every person who knew anything about the inside workings of the picture business realized what we were up to. As for Morrell, all we told her was that she had been selected to support Martin in "Forgiven Sins," our next five-reeler.

To protect ourselves, we tried to sign her on a three-year contract. We were right in thinking she was sensible. She signed for only a year, but she didn't try to hold us up. We paid her \$75 a week and furnished most of her gowns during the first year, and it was six months before she knew what to do with so much money.

Up to this time she wasn't Methra Morrell. Her first name was Helen. There were too many Helens in pictures, so we called her Methra. I made it up myself, and even Helen admitted that I had done a good job. When a movie patron speaks of "Helen" he may mean one of many. But there is only one Methra—that is, in pictures. No less than twenty-five mothers have written to Methra telling her that they have hung her name upon new-born daughters.

When these daughters grow up they can blame it all on me.

After I had received her O. K. on the name, I went to my desk and began designing a poster for "Forgiven Sins." I wrote:

Monarch Films Presents

MARVIN and METHRA
 MARTIN and MORRELL
 in

"FORGIVEN SINS"

I said to myself, with no little satisfaction, "I guess that's bad, eh?"

Then I went in to see Eddie Tener, our scenario editor, and got him to change the title of "Forgiven Sins" to "A Mother's Martyrdom." Eddie caught the idea, and wanted to make it "Mamma's Martyrdom," and couldn't understand why I wouldn't let him.

To help establish her, we changed to "Methra" the name of the character Morrell was to play.

A few days later I hunted up Methra. I thought it might be well to find out something about who she was. Sometimes, by interviewing actresses, you stumble onto a fact or two that can be used in writing their biographies.

I found trouble waiting for me. She had decided that she wanted to give her middle name an airing. She wanted to be dignified, which was just what we didn't want her to be. She would like to be billed, she informed me, as "Methra Jackson Morrell."

With that name she would have been left at the post. She was to play sweet little girls of eighteen or nineteen years. We wanted every patron of a movie show to wish he had her in his home. And who would want a youngster who insisted upon being called by three names?

I finally convinced her that the shorter the name the bigger the type, and pointed out that since no theater manager had an electric sign large enough to hold "Methra Jackson Morrell," he probably would compromise by making her "M. J. Morrell." I also reminded her that our greatest people used only two names. I referred her to Charlie Chaplin, Jess Willard and Gunga Din. She gave up the idea.

I proceeded to gather facts. She was born in the City of Mexico, she told me. It sounded like a promising start.

"My father was a mining engineer—graduate of Boston Tech," she said. "My mother was partly Spanish." As an afterthought she added, "Her grandfather was a pure-blooded Aztec."

"Really?" I exclaimed, but hastily added, "Never mind, I understand."

I was afraid she might tell me I had misunderstood her. It was a perfectly rotten start. I didn't want to remain, so anxious was I to dash back to my typewriter and tear off a yarn about how a beautiful Aztec princess, direct descendant of Emperor Montezuma, had finally consented to enter Monarch Films.

She had been around the studio nearly a year, but none of us had been sufficiently curious to learn that we had among us a descendant of one of the most highly civilized races in history. Of course, all persons who have Spanish-Mexican blood in them bluff about their Aztec ancestry, but I never questioned Methra's statement.

Who was I that I should doubt it? And, besides, I wrote so many stories about it that she and I finally almost believed it ourselves.

I was lucky in that I had chosen "Methra" for her name. It fitted in fine with the Aztec stuff. After a while I let the newspapers get hold of the news that "Methra" was an Indian name that meant "daintier than the breeze-brushed lily bells." I blushed not as I wrote it.

When we opened the campaign to manufacture Morrell into a star, I held back the Aztec story for a few months. It was too good to be wasted on an unknown. If you read that Nellie Smithers of Albany is an Aztec it is all right with you. But if you hear that about Ethel Barrymore you turn handsprings in your wild excitement.

There was no particular reason at that time why Motion Picture editors should run photographs of Methra Morrell. They had never heard of her. I had to create a reason. They didn't want to show their readers "Methra Morrell in 'Methra's Mysterious Mummeries,'" but they would use "Methra Morrell in a

new evening-gown designed by Maybelle, the famous Parisian modiste."

We found a well-known designer who was not averse to publicity, and, agreeing to use her name frequently, bought \$5,000 worth of gowns for \$1,000—just about cost. They were all startling—forecasts of freak styles to come. Men would make fun of them and show the photographs to their wives. Women would gasp and say, "What wont they have us wearing, or not wearing, next?"

Methra was photographed by the best artist I could find in Los Angeles, in ten poses in each gown, including a striking bathing-suit that never was meant for water. It would have been shocking on almost any one else, but Methra was such a cute little trick that it could give no offense. The pictures cost us more than \$300, and the photographer, who said he had been driven to such methods by society folk, made us pay in advance.

The gown photographs swept the country. They were beautifully done, well posed and on backgrounds well suited to make them come out sharp and distinct when reproduced. I had not guessed wrong when I thought that Methra would make a good newspaper cut. You remembered her face and her shiny black hair—oiled especially for these pictures—long after you forgot the gown.

First I gave them to the Motion Picture publications and to national magazines that printed photographs of actresses. Then smart fashion magazines printed them, and the Sunday supplements of the newspapers. The Motion Picture trade papers ate them up. Several magazines devoted to the dry-goods trade asked for them. The bathing-suit picture went big in publications that liked that sort of thing.

I sent them out in mat form, so a newspaper could cast a cut at little expense. A newspaper syndicate that issued a fashion service put them into several hundred smaller papers. Finally, I gave away cuts to weeklies and country dailies.

Within six months there was hardly an habitual reader of newspapers or magazines in the United States who had not seen a picture of Methra Morrell.

(To be concluded next month)

Viola Dana, Frockmaker

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

TRYING to capture and set down in bold black type the airy charm and loveliness of Viola Dana is like trying to capture a gorgeous-winged butterfly with a long, flat board. For instance, I might say that her hair is dark brown. But that wouldn't give you any idea of its glossy beauty or a hint of the golden lights that play in it. I might say that her eyes are gray, but I couldn't make you realize just *how* gray they are. I fear my mine is a hopeless task, but, nevertheless—I called at the studio and was presented. I was invited into her dressing-room, and we sat down. She curled up on a trunk and announced, soberly, that she was ready to be interviewed. She said it in such a resigned "all-hope-is-lost" tone that we both laughed, and that cleared the atmosphere a bit. She caught up a length of soft white muslin and said, a bit apologetically and formally:

"You wont mind if I resume my work?"

"I shant mind in the least," I assured her. "What is it going to be?"

"A frock," she answered, holding it up for my inspection. "I make a great many of my own frocks, and it's lots of fun. I can make them any way I want them, then. And if I have a design that I want to follow up, I am at liberty to go ahead, without explaining to a dressmaker who disapproves of my designs on principle."

And she's not quite eighteen yet, if you please, despite the quite grown-up air with which she delivered the foregoing speech.

"And what about your hats?" I asked, interestedly.

"Hats!" she breathed, ecstatically, dropping her sewing and folding her hands in an attitude of devotion. "That's my hobby—my greatest ambition—to have a new hat every day. Every penny I save from making my own frocks goes to buy a new hat. No, I dont make them myself, altho sometimes I do trim them.



Every time I go downtown in the afternoon—or morning, either, for that matter—mother says she begins expecting a rain of hats. I cant resist them when I see pretty ones."

Being a woman, with a normal love of pretty clothes, that speech finished me. From then on, I was chained to Viola Dana's chariot-wheels. We sat and beamed at each other on discovering these likes and hobbies.

"Then, I suppose the parts you like best are those that let you wear the prettiest clothes?" I asked, after we had finished an impromptu duet over the best places to buy the prettiest hats at the most reasonable prices. (Trust a woman to add that last clause.)

"No," she said promptly. "The parts I like best are the most emotional ones, those in which I have the widest range for characterization, regardless of what I am to wear in them. Some that I have most enjoyed are 'Gladioli,' 'The Stoning' and 'The Innocence of Ruth.' I never thought about what I was to wear when I was given those parts. Clothes were a secondary consideration. It's my life off the screen that takes to clothes."

And now for some biographical facts. Miss Dana was born in New York in 1897, and made her first appearance, as a dancer at an entertainment given by a New York club, at the ripe age of five. Since then she has been with Dorothy Donnelly in "When We Dead Awake"; with Thomas Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," playing Little Heindrick; with William Faversham in "The Squaw Man"; with Dustin Farnum in "The Littlest Rebel," and with William Courtleigh. Also a stock engagement with Jane Cowl, and in vaudeville for forty

but it's my chief sport, so I mentioned it first."

She has a smart little car and drives it herself. And in the summer, when she finishes work at the studio, she hops into the little car and drives, with all speed, to the beach for a swim. Her expertness in aquatic sports has earned for her the title of "Amphibious Wo-ee" from her friends.

But, to me, one of the most charming traits of Miss Dana is her devotion to her mother. They are "chums" in every sense of the word, and the little star at-



VIOLA DANA AND HER MOTHER

weeks. But, of course, her most notable achievement was the portrayal of "The Poor Little Rich Girl" for two seasons on Broadway. This led to the engagement with Edison, and later with Metro, where she is a bright particular star.

She is fond of reading, of course, and is quite a student. And her highest ambition, aside from a multitude of hats, is an opportunity to play Juliet.

"I suppose you are fond of outdoor sports, Miss Dana?" I questioned.

"Oh, of course," she cried, enthusiastically. "I love dancing, and swimming, and automobiling, and walking, and horseback riding, and oh, lots of things that can be done out of doors. Of course dancing is not an outdoor occupation,

tributes whatever success she may have had to her mother's training and devotion. Altho none of the family has ever been in theatrical work before, the mother's unwavering faith and plans for the daughter's success have been a very material factor in Viola Dana's present work.

There is another daughter, Leonie Flugrath, and the two girls are very much alike. The mother's unselfish devotion to her two beautiful daughters is very beautiful.

All in all, the Dana family seems to be a very happy one and a very busy one. And I'm awfully glad that it happened to be me who was assigned to interview this brilliant member of it.

"THE MILLINER'S SHOP IS AN EXPRESSION OF THE ARTISTRY IN WOMEN'S HATS"



Something New in Pictures

By MOSGROVE COLWELL

THERE is something new in pictures. The decorator has found an opening for a wide field on the screen. Only, instead of working on flat surfaces, he works with men and women.

His range is limited by the camera to black and white, but he suggests riots of color in his adroit designs. Thru his scenes runs a motive, a recurring note, as in a musical score.

A wider range of story-telling, too, has been opened by his touch. Those fairy fantasies of childhood—"Cinderella," "The Sleeping Beauty and the Beast," all of Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen—have been made possible by a bold departure from the use of ordinary "sets" and "locations."

Guarded jealously for weeks at the Western Vitagraph studio at Hollywood, the "novelty picture," designed and produced by Edgar M. Kellar, now has been released. While it was in the making, visitors were not even allowed to see the

scenes being filmed. The actors who took part in it locked up costumes carefully when not in use, and an air of mystery was noticeable at the plant.

The results of all this caution may be seen in "The Yellow Girl," Kellar's picture. For its short length, it is said to be one of the most expensive pictures ever offered. No wonder! Not an exterior or interior scene but what was laid out with brush and stencil by the artist; not a costume but what was designed and made specially for this picture; not a "prop" hardly but what was obtained for this one picture only.

There is something of the Futurist school in the effects of the pictures—their sharp contrast of black and white; the use of simplest decorative schemes in such a way that novel beauty is obtained; the conventionalized design running thru the whole; and the weird, fantastic trees and bushes made to grow in parks and fields never seen outside of fairy books.



Even the story of the picture is like a breath of romantic dreaming. There is a heroine, of course, played by Corinne Griffith. There is a hero—Webster Campbell. As they pass from scene to

scene, her dress of startling stripes, and his suit of more than up-to-dateness, blend with the background. Even the clothes seem a part of the story.

There are a milliner's shop and a



florist's booth. The two are side by side, and in their closeness lies much of the plot. They would "hit the eye" on Fifth Avenue or Rue de la Paix, but no merchant or modiste would dare to have one.

The park is near, but such a park!— tall, slender, writhing trees which thrust their bare branches hopelessly against an ebon sky; bushes no landscape artist ever planted, which remind one of the things

"THE PARK IS JUST SUCH A PARK AS ROMANCES SHOULD BE MADE IN"



that Aubrey Beardsley used to draw. Thru the park much of the action goes, and here, too, the same note of contrast—black and white in checks and stripes—mingles with the costumes.

To little Betty Baron is given the rôle of milliner's apprentice. One may see from the illustration the use she makes of the rôle. Unlike the others, she is dainty, old-fashioned in her flowered

"THE STAGE-ENTRANCE DECORATIONS ARE A PROMISE OF MYSTERIES"



FLORENCE VIDOR

dress and pantalets. The pantalets are paper, but their effect is charming.

Stage entrance, too (oh, yes; there is a stage entrance, and an actress), has

"HER DRESS OF STARTLING STRIPES, AND HIS MORE THAN UP-TO-DATE SUIT"



CORINNE GRIFFITH

WEBSTER CAMPBELL

felt the touch of the artist. Its decorations are a promise of the mysteries of stage and footlight glamor.

In place of the customary attempt to reproduce reality by painted scenes, there is suggestion of the thing rather than an

imitation. Thus the stage door gives the idea of the realm of the theater behind it. The milliner's shop is an expression of the artistry in women's hats. And the park is just such a park as romances should be made in.

"THERE IS A HEROINE, AND EVEN THE CLOTHES SEEM A PART OF THE STORY"



CORINNE GRIFFITH

"I tried to get away from the film idea of following the stage's footsteps," said the artist, Kellar. "Of course, in the type of photoplay called 'dramatic,' the scenery and properties must be practical and

corresponding to the rôles of the players. But in the fanciful stories, in the pictures where romance is told, I see no reason why we cant have a romantic rather than a practical background."

Frozen Echoes from the Movies

By LILLIAN BLACKSTONE



Photo by Bangs

MARGUERITE SNOW

Snow Dream

Do I need to designate what "Snow" I mean? Those who have not heard of the delightful Marguerite Snow and "The Million-Dollar Mystery," with its alluring prize, should be included in the list of impossibilities—that is, every one except the kiddies, and I'll wager there are a lot of them who have been just as excited over the serial as the "grown-ups." Marguerite does seem like a dream, so let's see what this echo is.

Ingredients: Lemon ice; whipped cream; maraschino cherries.

Any kind of a dish will do for this, just so it's pretty. Put in the lemon ice and cover with whipped cream. Place a cherry on top of it

THE Motion Picture world is so full of especially fine players that it seems as if I can never find enough "echoes" for them. Did you ever try to pick out your favorite? Well, don't do it—it causes too much worry and "brain storm." But let's see what actresses are favored this time—too much prolog is too much when we know something far better is to follow.





Photo by Sarony

MAY ALLISON (METRO)

May Allison American Beauty

Ingredients: Lady-fingers; vanilla ice-cream; butter-scotch syrup; whipped cream; maraschino cherries.

Place two lady-fingers in a shallow dish, and over these put the ice-cream. Pour on the syrup and sprinkle with a lot of pecans. On this put a regular mountain of whipped cream and finish the dish off with a

May Allison is surely a regular Southern American Beauty—isn't she? Don't you just love to watch her on the screen? I think it's a rather hard proposition to get a nice enough dish for her, but I've done my best, and here is the result:

cherry on top. Then see if it suits your fancy—it did mine to such an extent that I indulged in two dishes of it and then stopped simply because I could eat no more. I still wanted to, tho.



Photo by
Underwood &
Underwood

Before she signs a contract, Valeska Suratt must be convinced that the studio has millions to spend—mostly on her. Her gowns have made her famous, and she has made their designers sought after.



A Valeska Breeze

She is awfully breezy—isn't she? But I guess that's one of her affectations that makes the world-famous "Valesky from Terry Haute" so likable. She's extreme, and so is the dish, but they are both unlike most extreme things—they don't give nightmare.

Ingredients:

Bananas, cut lengthwise; vanilla ice-cream; chocolate syrup; chopped nuts and whole pecans; marshmallow whip.

In a shallow dish place a banana, cut lengthwise, and then place the ice-cream over these halves. On this put the chocolate syrup and chopped nuts. Cover with the marshmallow whip, and then sprinkle on the whole pecans. Then try it at a midnight lunch with your friends.





**EDITH STOREY
WONDER DELIGHT**

She is both a wonder and a delight—isn't she? I, for one, think she's just missed being called another wonder of the world in history, and I think every nice-meaning adjective in the dictionary should be applied to this most versatile of screen actresses. So, because of my deepest admiration for her work in "The Island of Regeneration" and other pictures, I have thought up a very alluring and refreshing dish.

Ingredients:
Slices of pineapple;
pineapple syrup;
vanilla ice-cream;
pecans; whipped
cream; maraschino
cherries.

In a rather shallow dish place a slice of pineapple, and in this put some ice-cream and pecans. Over this pour syrup and whipped cream.



Cerberus, the watchdog, is credited with having had three heads, thus permitting him to bark in three languages. Edith Storey is entitled to a dozen craniums, such is her versatility.



Lenore Ulrich Heart Special

First some one writes a song for her called "The Heart of Paula," and then I come in with my Heart Special. After this, I suppose there will be no end of "Heart" and "Paula" perfumes, candies, and the like. But Miss Ulrich deserves it all, and I am glad that I can express my appreciation for her splendid acting in this way.

Ingredients: Strawberry ice-cream; strawberry syrup; marshmallow whip; pecans.

In a dish put the first essential—the ice-cream.

LENORE ULRICH (PALLAS)

Over this pour the syrup and cover with the thick marshmallow whip. Cover with pecans, and then try it. I know it will prove a regular "Heart Special."

Mary Page Mystery

Need I explain today's craze? Mary Page is enough. And of course you will associate Edna Mayo's name with it. Who could help it? Well, this dish is also a mystery; when you read it you'll wonder how all the ingredients could be used and turn out deliciously.

Ingredients: Chocolate ice-cream; chocolate and maple syrup; maraschino cherries; whipped cream.

In a dish put the ice-cream and

surround with the cherries. Over this pour first the chocolate and then the maple syrup. Cover all with the whipped cream and garnish with a cherry on the top. It certainly takes a good play to inspire a dish like this, but I think "The Strange Case of Mary Page" is interesting and good enough to have all sorts of echoes, dont you?

Many of my readers have asked me to suggest color-schemes for table decorations when serving various "Frozen Echoes." What



Photo by Matzene

EDNA MAYO (ESSANAY)

is more appropriate than the colors most worn by the stars themselves? Marguerite Snow, for instance, most often dresses in blue; May Allison is fond of white and corn-yellow; Valeska Suratt believes that deep purple, or black with crimson trimmings, best suits her brunette type of beauty, and Edith Storey is partial to lavender. Lenore Ulrich says that she loves all colors alike, but, as Wetona, the Indian maid, she shows a predilection for russet brown; and as for dainty Edna Mayo, cream and ivory-white are her favorite shades.



A simple color-scheme of ribbons or crêpe-paper streamers in appropriate shades will make your table look dainty and give an added zest to what you serve.

A New Eleven-Year-Old Star



A new screen star has arisen. She is Joyce Fair, who first became famous three years ago in "The Dummy," a stage success. Then she made a hit in Essanay's photoplay, "Joyce's Strategy," and ever since then her star has been in the ascendency



A Natural-Born Gambler

Wherein Bert Williams, the Inky Comedian, Makes Foot Power a Fine Art

(Biograph)

By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

THE steamboat landing at Palmetto was mostly a litter of empty cracker-cases and wall-eyed "picks," tho the hackman who agreed to drive me over to the county seat was weathered enough to saw up for ancient mahogany.

His horse might have been younger by a few years, but ambition had long since fled from him. I settled my grips, leaned back in the buggy, and resigned myself to a long and creeping journey.

The dingy whiteness of the houses on the town's main street and the ossified state of traffic got on my nerves.

"Uncle," I said to the colored relic driving me, "this sure is a one-horse town."

"Yassah, Pa'metto aint wat it uster be, boss."

"How do you diagnose its trouble, Uncle?"

The yellow slits of eyes blinked profoundly and I felt that he was laboring with a defense.

"Cose de white folks aint got no push, and de cullud folks no pull, I reckon—and de big-bugs has all gwine away."

"And what takes them?" I asked, luring him on.

"De big hotels on de East Coas' done swallowed 'em all up—waitin' on de table, po'ters, tendin' bar—laws-a-massy! dey done skinned de hide clean offen Pa'metto."

I saw that he was a local patriot, and sympathized with him. "And have the palmy days gone for good?"

"Tooby sho dey is," he said vigor-

ously; "w'en a live nigger grows up in Pa'metto dey aint got no use fo' him."

I felt that a story was coming, so I offered the would-be narrator a Tampa cigar and waited while he sucked on it with toothless reminiscence.

"De price ob labor is way down in Pa'metto," he began, "en it's all cose dey driv de Honrubble Albut Willums out ob de community."

"You dont say!" I encouraged—"the Honorable Albert Williams!

"Yassah, indeedy, he wuz de organiker ob de 'Independent Order of Calcimine Artists ob Floridy' and de fust walkin'

him his ole plug hat en Sunday coat. Say, dat nigger swelled up fit to bust en ran up tick on Hostetter Jawnsen, who kept de cullud bar, fo' mos' two dollars. But all de time he wuz thinkin' en cogitatin' and bimeby he en Hostetter called



"HE RAN UP TICK FO' MOS' TWO DOLLARS"

delegashun on de St. Jawns ribber."

"And how," I asked, "did the community happen to dispense with his valuable services?"

"Dis here Honrubble Albut Willums," Palmetto's oldest citizen resumed, "made a flyin' landin' in Pa'metto from de steamboat as dey hadn't coll'cted his fare. Bime-by he witewashes de cellar ob Jaidge Cawnby's house en de Jaidge gibbs

"ALBUT'S" DUES WERE ALWAYS DUE

a meetin' en organikised de 'Independent Order ob Calcimine Artists ob Floridy.'

"Ebberybody jined. Dere wuz Limpy Jones, de only cullud man in Floridy wid de genuwine afflicshun ob de gout, en Hannibawl Rucker, en Gawge Washington Butts, en——"

"Never mind about calling the roll," I interrupted;

"go on with Albert's career."

"Tooby sho!" said the narrator, with a touch of mixed apology and hurt feelings in his tone, "en de Honrubble Albut became de most confluenshul pussun in Pa'metto. Nobody cud git a fence painted, er a lawn tidied, er a fish net meshed twithout goin' to Albut 'bout de cost.

"Sort of a King Albert of Ebonia," I suggested.

"Yassah, dat's it, en on account ob runnin' ebbrybody's business, Albut had hard scrabblin' hisse'f."

"Why, didn't the Honorable Albert draw down a salary?" I asked, with pardonable curiosity.

"Ez ter dat," explained his willing biographer, "de Honrubble Albut wuz to

'lowed he cudn't pay dues if de members didn't pay him.

"Parson Peabody wuz jubus 'bout dis, en called fo' de institushun en outlaws, but Albut swelled up big en mighty en 'lowed how ebbry low-down nigger in Pa'metto owed him money.

"Der wuz cries ob 'Hol 'im down!"



"'KER-PLUNK, KER-PLUNK' COMES DE FEET OB DE PUSSON CHASIN' DEM"

git whacks on ebbrybody else's, but w'en wages went sky-high jobs wuz scarce'n acorns in a pine woods, en Hostetter Jawnsen had to gib de Order tick fo' his back-room.

"Along about den Albut knowed truble wuz comin' to him at de next meetin' en sho' enough it did.

"Parson Peabody got up en axed Albut why he hadn't paid his dues to de Order, amountin' to two dollars en aight cents, en de Honrubble Albut said he

'Kick 'im out!' en Albut sure wuz a scairt buck nigger, but bimeby he stepped on Limpy Jones' sore foot sort ob hard lak, en Limpy riz up en thrashed round wid his cane twel he'd bumped ebbry haid in de room.

"Den de meetin' broke up, en Limpy lay on de floor groanin' lak de debbil in holy water. Parson Peabody axed me to druv him home, en Ah backed out quicker'n a scaired cat.

"'Lawsy! Parson,' Ah sez, 'Ah aint

gonna take no coon home at night wat resides at de end ob de grabeyard lane.'

"Den Albut he rolled his eyes s'prised lak en sez he wuz gwine ter carry Limpy home on his back.

"Purty soon he started out totin' old Limpy en Albut takes de short-cut right tru de grabeyard.

"It wuz darker'n a black cat, en Albut's eyes kep' a-gettin' shinier en shinier en his knees wuz ker-flippitin' wussen ma hoss.

hump deyselves inter Pa'metto, en back ob dem, '*ker-plunk, ker-plunk,*' comes de feet ob de pusson chasin' dem. Albut en Limpy ran straight back to Hostetter's, where de remains ob de Order wuz still holdin' out. De walkin' delegashun wuz de color ob tree moss en Limpy wuz madder'n a wet hen.

"Bimeby two young niggers wid gunny bags on der backs ran inter de meetin', holdin' der sides en laffin' fit to bust.



"SINCE W'EN DID GOOD POKER FEET ENTER INTO DEN GAME?"

"See heah, nigger!' he sez to Limpy, 'if we meets de debbil, yo' gotta look out fo' yo'self.'

"Jes den a big white t'ing flopped up from de groun' en gib a squawk lak a witch.

"Albut gib a big screech en draped Limpy in his tracks en skinned outer dat grabeyard 'zackly as if de debbil wuz a-jumpin' ater him.

"En Limpy forgot all about his foot en lit out, skedaddlin' faster'n Albut.

"Dem two skairt niggers sure did

"Ah s'posed you wuz a *walkin'* delegashun, Mistah Willums,' sez one ob dem, 'but Ah didn't know you wuz a *runnin'* delegashun, too.'

"Wid dat he opens de sack an' a big fat white chicken flops out.

"Dere's yo' debbil, Mr. Willums.'

"Ah knowed wat yo' wuz up to all along,' sez de Honrubble Albut, drawin' hisse f up, 'en Ah's prutty smart decoyin' yo' down heah. Yo' is carrin' on de prosperferous business ob chicken-stealin' widout payin' dues to de Order

en yo' is bofe hereby fined en de chickens sequestrated among de members.'

"Ater dat de Honrubble Albut wuz gived a vote ob confidence en ebbry member toted home a big, fat chicken.

"But Albut began to get monst'us big-gety in the cose ob time en ebbry pussen in de Order got to owin' him more money. Hostetter hadn't collect'ed rent in a passel ob weeks en de Honrubble Walkin' Delegashun was 'bliged to pay five cents cash fo' his drinks.

" 'Bout dis parlous time Cicero Samp-

wid two han's, en Hostetter flew 'round lak a hot termatus w'en de Noo Yawk nigger ordered de drinks.

"De Honrubble Albut closed his tired eyes en did some tall cogitatin', absentin' hisself from de Order en spendin' his ebenin's out at Limpy's house.

"At the close ob one day he toted a five-legged table down to Hostetter's en presented it ter de Order wid a few appropriatin' remarks 'bout der scarceness ob furnishure.

"Dat ebenin' Cicero came, ob course, en Albut suggested a lil game ob cards. Cicero pulled out his pow'ful roll en looked at it car'less lak.

" 'Xcuse me,' sez Albut, en steps out to Hostetter. 'Hurry up wid de paraflamalia,' he whispers; 'Ah's inveigled de United States Treasury.'



THE PASSING OF THE "WALKIN'
DELEGASHUN"

son kamed back from Noo Yawk en he sure wuz a gallus nigger. In de day he toted a lil cane no bigger'n a birch switch, wid a blue ribbon on his roun' straw hat, en at night he wore a two-tailed coat all open to de weather in front.

"De Honrubble Albut didn't lak his looks nohow en he'd stop en look at Cicero in de most dishrespectubble way. But Cicero he came to de Order en tole all de members 'bout how's he'd been a lion-tamer up in a cage in Coney Island.

"De lion's name wuz Leonidas en Cicero sez as how he'd eaten up all his pore white tamers but wuz terrubly scaired ob him.

"Now Albut hated lak pisen to take a back seat, but he couldn't pick no holes in Cicero's stories, so he jest sot back en scowled at him.

"Cicero hed fetch'd a pow'ful roll ob money wid him, mos' too big ter span

"Ater dat money came easy fo' de walkin' delcagashun en he confabulated enough pots ter pay back Hostetter all he owed him.

"Cicero moughta been a lion-tamer, but he was a lamb's tail w'en Albut got done wid him.

'W'en Cicero won a hand, Albut allus reached out en took half ob it, sayin': 'Dis am fo' de kitty; de kitty am to pay de expenses ob de game.'

"But de strangest part ob de whole confabulation wuz de intrust Limpy tuk in de game ob draw poker.

"He allus sat in en he allus dropped out ob de high pots, much to de constabulation ob de players.

"Albut cleaned up ebbryting—all Cicero's money, ob cose. De poker han's dat nigger held wuz sompin' scandalicatus. An' den jes as ebbryting wuz sailin' along lobely en de Honrubble Albut had paid a month's rent in advance fo' de Order, en hed sent for a melodeon for Parson Peabody, en moughter kep out o' work all tru de winter, Scat! de cat jumped outer de bag en spilled de milk.

"Cicero happens to drap a kyard on de floor jes' in de middle ob a big pot, en in reachin' ober fo' it he comes in collishun wid Limpy's foot.

"Wat he saw broke up de United States Treasury fo' good. Der wuz all de foot bandages lyin' on de floor en a neat set ob extra aces en kings en sech stuck atween Limpy's bare toes.

"Cicero got up from de table en he looked Albut hard in de eyes.

"'Ah see,' he sez, quiet lak, 'yo' hab de habit of holdin' good poker *han's*, but since w'en did good poker *feet* enter into de game?'

"Giddap!" The ancient steed pricked up his ears at the sight of the nearing metropolis and his jehu lapsed into reverie.

"But you haven't told me the rest about the Honorable Albert Williams," I protested—"how he got out of his scrape with Cicero."

"He jes' didn't get *out*," said the narrator, "he got *in*. When Jaidge Cawnby sentenced Albut to de jail he made him fork ober his plug hat en Sunday coat, en sez he, 'Albut Willums, w'en yo' free agin, yo' kin shake de dust ob Pa'metto offen yo'self. Ennybody es bright es yo' es dont belong here. Yo' es a *quadrumanus*—dat's de word! Yo' oughter be a head-waiter in an East Coas' hotel.'"



A Call from Mary Pickford

On June 23rd, without any warning whatever, who should drop in on us but dear "Little Mary" Pickford. She came in her motor car, and her mother accompanied her. The first person she asked for was "The Answer Man," and this kind old gentleman escorted the callers thru the entire plant, introducing them to every member of the staff, from the office boy and chef to the managing editor. She shook hands with everybody and greeted all cordially. She certainly made a hit, and she was unanimously pronounced even more entrancing and wonderful off the screen than on. She asked for a stenographer, and Joseph Pavloff was the lucky boy who received the dictation of the following note:

DEAR MR. BREWSTER:

I wish to thank the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and its readers for the beautiful graphonola. When I play it, I think of my good friends who have enabled me to win it, and I want to thank them and tell them how pleased I am with the prize they gave me.

After a rest of ten weeks, I am now ready and anxious to start back to work. We are going to live in the country this summer,

and on warm nights we shall pull the graphonola out on the porch and have grand opera all to ourselves. In fact, Caruso will be a member of the family.

With kindest regards to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE staff and love to all my friends,

Sincerely,

MARY PICKFORD.

The graphonola, it will be recalled, was a prize awarded to "Little Mary" in the Great Cast Contest. She was away at the time, and delivery was delayed. A great many stars have called at the home of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC, and they are always welcomed and shown thru the plant, with pride and pleasure. Miss Pickford had promised us this visit many months ago, and we had almost made up our minds that she had forgotten us. Perhaps it was her picture on the cover, that recalled her promised visit. Anyway, she found that she was very popular here, as evidenced by the fact that nearly every room in our two buildings contained at least one picture of the charming little heroine of "Tess of the Storm Country" and "Hearts Adrift."

OH, JUST LOOK WHO'S HERE!

THE LANNIGANS & BRANNIGANS BY JAMES G. GABLE

"Do ye belave in miracles?" asked Mrs. Brannigan, in the course of a little gossip over the backyard fence.

"Av coorse I do," Mrs. Lannigan declared indignantly—"av coorse I do. Dont we see thim every day? In 'Poor Little Pepperbox,' Mary Pickfoot's brother cuts her hair off rale short, but whin she mates her payrents, three years later, 'tis as long an' curly as iver. 'Tis meself that wud like to know what kind of hair restorer she uses.

"In 'The Yellow Passport,' fracturing Clara Thimble Stung, the vile villyun laves Rushia one day an' lands in New York the next. That's makin' purty good time aven for an arrowplane. An' I 'mind me av a play I saw lasht winter, 'The Deadly Toll.' In the first real, the villyun wore a pair of striped pants that wud make a barber-pole cry for help, an' a naygur went to break in the fillum and stale the whole suit. The next real was tin years later, but the omadhaun was still wearin' the self-same pants, an' they didn't look a bit the worse for wear, ayther. Shure, if Moike cud only do wan-half that well, I'd have a chanct to git a new dress wanct in a while."

"Have ye seen any good plays lately?" queried Mrs. Brannigan.

"I have that," Mrs. Lannigan re-

sponded promptly. "The Pennyroyalty av Sin' was an illegant thing. 'Twas got out by the Vitalcraft pape wid the ladin' part mistook by Mary Cinderson an' Lobster Camel. The hero was so handsome an' such a fine achor that I'd 'a' married him meself aven wid the experience I've had wid Moike Lannigan. The villyness is very beautiful; 'tis no eye-strain to look at her, but she had a disposition that was worse than your own, Mrs. Brannigan. She was the best bad woman I iver saw."

"Do tell me all about it," urged Mrs. Brannigan, tactfully ignoring the implication; "like a Jew, I'm all intrust."

"Well," said Mrs. Lannigan, "'tis no throuble to give the plot av the play, but 'tis not so aisy to put in worruds the wonderful actin', fine customs an' beautiful scenery. The whole play was a gem, an' 'tis meself that knows all about jools,

havin' wanct lost a coral ring on the lasht day av the wake. Bad cess to it! I was always unlucky av a Sathaday."

"But the play," urged Mrs. Brannigan—"what about the play?"

"The play? Oh, yis. Well, the villyness is married to an ould duck who has wan fut in the grave an' the other on a banana peel. He's very rich an' can draw his check where they wouldn't let a poor man draw his breath. He has



"A PAIR OF PANTS THAT
WUD MAKE A BARBER-
POLE CRY FOR HELP"

a sister whose face is her misfortune. She's an L. O. B. H.—an——"

"Hivens! What does that mane?" asked Mrs. Brannigan, in an awed tone.

"Left On Brother's Hands," Mrs. Lannigan explained—"an' she looks the part. She has no use for friend wife an' doesn't hesitate to say so. The latther goes alone to a Bluehaymoon Ball widout no chapteron."

"For what is a Bluehaymoon Ball an' a chapteron?" queried Mrs. Brannigan.

"A Bluehaymoon Ball," Mrs. Lannigan explained, "is a place where pable wid no reputations makes love to thim what has, an' a chapteron is an ould hand at the business an' shows 'em how. At the cabaray she mates Dr. Bent an' goes crazy over him, tho 'tis no grate distance she has to travel. He takes her home, an' they are havin' a lovin' time whin her husband, who has been to the millionaires' club on a lemonade spree, comes in, an' the sight av thim havin' what he cant get keels him over wid heart failure.

"Ye know, Mrs. Brannigan, there are two kinds av docthers: the radicals that kill you, an' the ould-fashioned sort that let you die. This was wan av the latther variety, but she wasn't, an' found it conveynint to give her husband an overdose av stinknine. The docther signs the death stitificat as h'art dis'ase; the funeral is largely attended; the widdy looks swell in black, an' he's mourned by a great number, for he owes nearly everybody.

"His sister suspects her an' puts a defective on her trail—she wears 'em long. The docther, to escape her unwelcome intentions, goes to a winter resort, where the snow is ten feet deep an' no wan nade worry about the iceman. There he falls in love wid a gyurl that is almost as pretty as my Mary. The widdy an' the defective follow him there, an' both mate their death av dampness, l'avin' the ould maid the money an'

the docther free to marry the gyurl he loves."

"What other good wans have ye seen?" demanded Mrs. Brannigan.

"Did ye see 'The Tummyoil,' fracturing Volley Volley, got out by the Muttonrow pable?"

"No, indade," declared Mrs. Brannigan, eagerly; "go on; do tell me all about it."

"Well, Jim Sheridan is the

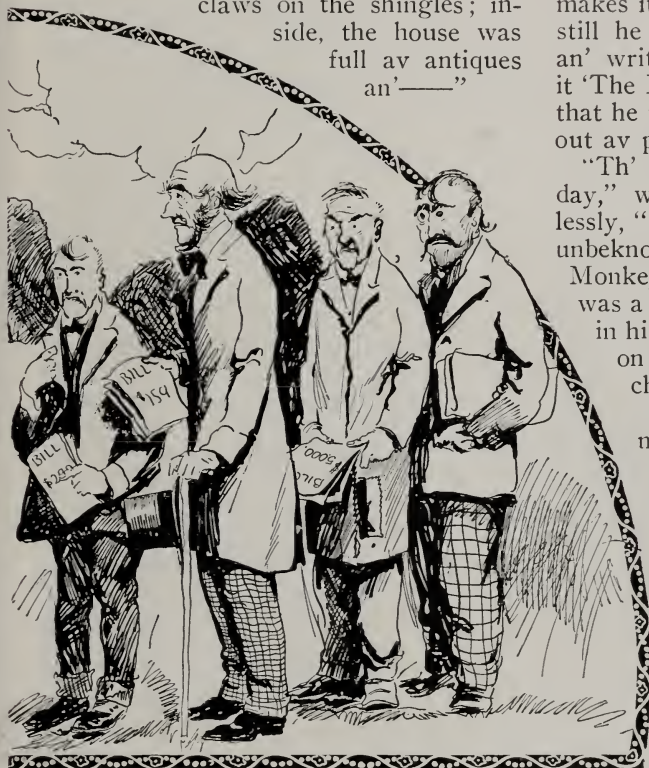


"THE WIDDY LOOKS SWELL IN BLACK,

invintor av a rheumatic pump. He is both rich an' famous an' has his picture in all the papers, havin' been cured by usin' only five bottles. He boasted av two sons, Jim junior an' Roscoe, an' was bored by Bibbs. Bibbs thot he wrote po'ttry, while the others thot av twinty-dollar bills. As a pote, Bibbs wud have made a good blacksmith. His writin'-freak worries his father, tho he has the patients av Job, who was cool aven whin he r'ached the boilin'-point.

"Roscoe doesn't nade an auto to set the pace for him, an' ruins his health drinkin' it. He's intrusted in business, an' his wife's intrusted in Robert

Ramshorn, who runs away wid Sheridan's daughter, Edith. Jim junior falls in love wid Mary Fourtrees, the daughter av a proud old Southern family who lived in an ilegant mansion covered wid gobbles, swell dormitory windows, an' cute little gargles on the corners. You can hear the dust roostin' on the furniture an' the mortgage sharpenin' its claws on the shingles; inside, the house was full av antiques an'——"



AN' HE'S MOURNED BY HIS CRAYDITORS'

"Shure that's too bad," sympathized Mrs. Brannigan; "mine was, too, but I killed 'em off wid gasoline an' insect powder."

"You should have used some on your head," declared Mrs. Lannigan, dryly; "it might have helped your intellect. Well, Jim proposes; Mary wants time to consider; so he thinks everything is going his way. But if ye'll notice, Mrs. Brannigan, just about the time a man comes to think ne houlds a first mortgage on the univarse, his friends gather round an' make remarks about 'How natural he looks' an' 'How beautiful the flowers are.' 'Tis so wid Jim. He's badly injured

while expectoratin' some steal work for the new factory. They send for the first aid to the undertaker, but he was a long time comin', so Jim, bein' av an independent disposition, dies without the aid av a physician.

"Sheridan breaks down under all his troubles, then Bibbs shows the man in him. He takes hould av the business an' makes it boom as it niver did befoor, but still he continues to decompose po'ttry an' writes an owed to Mary, miscallin' it 'The Rush Maiden.' She realized thin that he nades a g'ardeen an' marries him out av pity.

"Th' other night bein' Moike's birthday," went on Mrs. Lannigan, breathlessly, "I tuke fifty cints out av his pants unbeknown to him an' went to see Enuff Monkey in 'Civilizashun.' It seems there was a king who wint around wid a chip in his funnybone—no, 'twas an eppilet on his shoulder, an' joolry on his chest loike a show-windy.

"Anither king called him bad names, an' he prist a button an' sicked his army onto him. 'Twas thin Count Freddynand, the lover av Enuff Monkey, became at want the hero av his countree.

"The Count, a slip of a lad, was the invintor av a submaroon boat an' was counted on to stick a tomato under ivery wan av the inimy's dreadnothin's. But he was taken by Enuff Monkey to a meetin' av the 'Purple Cross'—a convinshun av wimmin apposed to war—an' signed the pledge himself.

"So, mind you," concluded Mrs. Lannigan, "when his submaroon was just ready to blow up the dreadnothin', Count Freddynand cried 'Stop! Bad cess to the tomato!' an' opened a sea-rooster an' drowned all the crew of the submaroon."

"An' did no one escapade at all?"

"Devil a wan, exceptin' Count Freddynand."

"I misdoubt not 'twas rale good," Mrs. Brannigan agreed, "but have ye seen Fatty Arbuckle lately? What do ye think av him?"

"Well, Mrs. Brannigan, iv'ry time I see him I think av the pound av coffee ye've owed me for the last three months."

An Interview With Irving Cummings, During Which He Talks About Every One But Himself

By EDNA WRIGHT

IT was not Irving Cummings who was loath to talk to me, but the public was loath to have *me* talk to Irving Cummings. You see, the occasion was one of much interest to Baltimoreans, it being after a performance of "The Saleslady," in which Mr. Cummings plays the lead opposite Hazel Dawn.

The idol of so many Moving Picture fans had consented to appear in person to answer the numerous questions fired at him with the rapidity of a "Busy Bertha"; thus it was not strange that my interview consisted of a line here and there, between the shoves and pushes of those eager to grasp the hand of him whom they had admired so long "from afar."

English is the first impression that one forms as Mr. Cummings speaks, so when he told me that he is of English and Irish descent, I was not surprised. The man himself is tall and slender, with dark, almost black hair, and eyes of deepest brown, which sparkle with the vim and vigor that have been so evident in his work on the screen. With clean-cut features and such an unassuming air, it is little wonder that the public has learnt to love and admire the "hero" of countless film dramas.

A burst of applause from the expectant and anxious audience was the welcome which awaited Mr. Cummings as he stepped onto the stage to make his little speech.

His first words were said with such enthusiasm and feeling that in a second the audience felt as if it had known the man before them for many years instead of a few moments.

"You know, it is five years since I've had a real live audience before me, and I'm having the time of my life up here. I am really not going to make a speech, for, if I did, you would all get up and go out, and I truly wouldn't blame you much. Well, I suppose you want to hear all about the experiences that I have had during the taking of Moving Pictures, so

let me first say that the public nowadays requires realism, so that it is *realism* that you are getting. It used to be in the old days that many of the thrilling undertakings could be faked, but not so now.

"A 'newsy,' after seeing a big scene faked, will rather proudly say, 'Oh! dat wasn't de real t'ing—dat was faked.' So it is for this reason that we picture players must resort to the real, and the real only.

"Why, in 'A Diamond from the Sky,' that serial just completed in the studio of the American Company, I was told by my director to be ready at nine o'clock to race in my car." Here, in an irresistibly funny way, Mr. Cummings laughed, and said, "There now, I bet you're saying, 'He's bragging, and just wanted us to know that he has a car!' Oh, no! All we players have cars—you can buy them cheap—every one has a machine."

Amidst more applause and much laughter from the audience, the hero continued his story: "I ran my car about forty miles an hour, neck-and-neck with an engine, and, at a given signal, I put on more gas, and passed in front of the puffing giant, not a second too soon. Had I been a second, or even half a second later—well, I wouldn't be standing here now. I am going to do no more serials, and I think, had they continued that one much longer, the title would perforce have been changed to 'A Diamond from Heaven,' as we all would surely have ended there.

"This film that you have just seen is my first with the Famous Players, and I had very little to do. But I must tell you how very attractive Miss Dawn is. She is certainly a very unassuming little lady, and I have enjoyed my short experience with her so much. Just think, I get paid for this! (More laughter from the audience.) And yet it is a hard life, consisting of frequent thrills and early hours."

From the following remarks, I judged that Irving Cummings is not loath—in



IRVING CUMMINGS

fact, is happy—to praise others, for he continued: “Aside from my personal knowledge of Miss Dawn, there is another I would mention, some one whom you all love, and that is ‘Little Mary.’ She is one of the pioneers of Moving Pictures, having started at five dollars a day, working steadily upward to the position she now holds, that of the most popular

star in the films, and in two ways a ‘silent partner’ of that large company, the Famous Players.

“I knew Mary years ago, when she was touring with Chauncey Olcott, and yet she has not changed since those days, when she was drawing forty dollars a week, and is still the most charming woman in the world.

"Some of the magazines infer that there is a professional jealousy amongst us players, but it is all untrue, and this petty jealousy does not exist. All this unhappiness is merely talk. For instance, it is commonly heard that Mary and her husband are divorced. Well, Owen has just returned from California, and if you could have seen the meeting between those two—*some love!*

"Then there is another whom I have found worthy of thought, and that is Miss Pauline Frederick. Here is a woman, full of magnetism, and a charm all her own. Then, too, my association with John Barrymore is gratifying. He is just as you see him—orders his beer like any one else, and drinks it so, too (chuckle from the audience)—just a plain human being, that's all." And so on, Mr. Cummings reiterated the numerous attractions of silent actresses and actors, seemingly forgetting himself, but all the while working his way unconsciously deeper and deeper into the hearts of his listeners.

He completed his talk by reciting, in a faultless manner, a piece of poetry, and

as modestly as he entered did he make his exit. It was while he was holding a reception, surrounded by an admiring throng of old and young, that I managed to learn that he was born in New York, October 9, 1888, received his education there and dearly loves the "Big City."

"God bless you." This was addressed to a cunning tot of about six, so my heart stopped fluttering, and I asked: "What stage experience have you had?"—"I'm very glad to meet you."—"Yes, we do."—"Nine years on the stage."—"Oh, no! We picture players never get hurt; it mustn't be done"—"Why, of course I am coming back here again. If you public can stand it, I can."

This is what I managed to scribble. True, it was something like a Hungarian goulash, but I was fortunate in getting even this, and, with a satisfied sigh, I was just about to retire to the background, when a young girl, one of the *matinée* type, rushed up and eagerly asked: "Oh, Mr. Cummings, *are* you married?" This sounded promising, so I lingered long enough to hear: "No, not married yet, but willing to be."

My Movie Maiden

By RALPH COOLE



Not where myriad lights are shining
Thru the blur of Broadway's whirl,
Not on silken couch reclining
Will you find my movie girl.
Go and seek where mountain ranges,
Rough and rugged, lift their peaks;
Delve in far and silent cañons,
Where the voice of Nature speaks.

Look where fleecy clouds are drifting
Thru the branches of the pine;
Where the trail goes winding upward,
There you'll find that girl of mine.
Not for her the gaudy tinsel,
Not for her the "smartest set,"
Brown of skin and lips like cherries,
Flashing eyes and hair of jet.

A broncho's back her only motor,
Hill and plain her castle grand;
Just the fairest, sweetest creature
Ever seen in all the land.
You may have your "six-reel thrillers,"
War-time films and all the rest;
Give me just my movie maiden—
"Spirit of the Golden West."

Does Immorality Exist in the Studios?

By BESSIE BARRISCALE

Editorial Note: Some time ago we received a despatch from the Coast, of which the following is a part:

"TUMULT ON THE PACIFIC.—There is no doubt that the Moving Picture theaters have a great educational value: for instance, they teach thousands of the unwashed how decent people live and behave. They exhibit the sure punishment for crime and they show that the way of the transgressor is hard, to some extent; that is, to some extent they show it is hard. But there is another side to the Moving Picture industry—its tendency to produce immorality. Thousands of women, married and single, have gazed into mirrors and upon the surface of still ponds, and seen that they are fair and desirable; these by the battalion have become infected with the idea that they can make a lot of money in the Moving Picture business. Los Angeles has just been torn up by a discussion on this subject, started by one of the ministers who runs his face in his advertising every Sunday; this man possesses certain evidence that many women are ruined by the Moving Picture business. The civic authorities of Sierra Madre, a mountain suburb of Los Angeles, have denied franchises to the Moving Picture companies: they cannot establish themselves amid the romantic scenery of Sierra Madre. And this action of the town council was not the fanatical theory of a lot of bucolic churchwardens, for here is the statement: 'After considerable argument it was decided for the upbuilding of the moral standard of the community that no such enterprises should be encouraged. Many of the movie concerns visit this place and the adjoining canyons owing to the picturesque scenery and unusual opportunities for good productions.' The actions of these people as observed by the town council taught them they are about as bad as a circus."

We believe that it would be an injustice to the players and to the Motion Picture industry to publish more of the attacks in these columns; but since the subject matter had been given wide publicity elsewhere, we asked one of the most prominent players of the Coast, Miss Bessie Barriscale, to make answer, and it is with pleasure that we publish the following able and convincing reply.

ANSWERING the statements—they can hardly be dignified as charges—contained in the attack on the Los Angeles Motion Picture studios is like answering an attack on art. One may find individual efforts to be condemned, but the art itself is above attack.

In the same manner the photoplay has risen above attack. Criticize, yes; point out defects and suggest improvement, by all means; regulate, legislate, if necessary, to do away with harmful conditions; but the work of the studios has brought success, recognition to the workers, despite the attacks which rise spasmodically, only to be forgotten overnight.

As to the sweeping generalization that the Moving Picture has a tendency to produce immorality, one well may be astonished at the temerity of its maker. What immorality has the Motion Picture tended to produce? Indeed, as the writer ingenuously says, Los Angeles might be thought to have been a "chemically pure" city before the photoplay actors came here, from his fear that the community will be corrupted by their presence.

Was immorality, then, unknown before

the Motion Picture "camps," as he calls them, were established?

Those of the speaking stage have suffered from the same loose statements regarding their morals. Certainly there were instances where the individuals erred, but the stage no longer is held to blame. It is not hard to find evidence of an attitude in former years which placed all those of the stage as unworthy of social standing; but the stage has triumphed over that view. In the same way the Motion Picture workers are winning their right to equal recognition.

Stop to consider the fact that by nature of their work the fierce light of publicity shines constantly upon the photoplay folk. Their every act is the subject of observation. When a woman errs, or a man is involved in scandal, his or her connection with the film industry brings far more notoriety to their shortcomings than if he or she were a bookkeeper or a telephone clerk. Trust the newspapers to know the value of news. A story on a Motion Picture actor is worth a column, where the same story concerning the average person is given a paragraph.



BESSIE BARRISCALE IN "LOVE'S
SORROW" (INCE)

The large majority of good, clean, upright men and women of the Motion Picture world never are mentioned, save in connection with their work, and thus undue weight is given the sensational stories which prurient minds find over which to gloat. Yet unthinking, self-appointed moral censors turn down their thumbs on the whole body.

It would be futile to say that immorality does not exist—not at the studios, but among those who are employed there. It would be just as futile to say that immorality is absent from those who work in factories, or among the army of girls employed in the department stores. But one does not cut off a hand to trim a broken finger-nail. Neither has any one suggested that the department stores be "regulated" or driven from the city because a girl "goes wrong."

The police reporters of the daily newspapers could, if their jobs permitted, put an end to much of the idle gossip concerning the movie actors. They know that, to make their stories better, mention of a "prominent" Motion Picture actress is their biggest aid. They know, too, that nearly all of those arrested for disorderliness, "joy riding," intoxication or immorality, who give their occupations as actors or actresses, seldom have seen the inside of a studio. It is a convenient phrase.

The poor, ambitious extra girl who is made the prey of the unscrupulous director is the sad heroine of many a gossip's tale. Thru acceding to his wishes only does she obtain employment; by keeping in his favor alone is she able to rise in her profession.

To believe that is to be so far wanting in faith in goodness as to believe that those in the ranks who have risen have done so at the sacrifice of their morals; that not ability, not ambition coupled with talent, have developed the Mary Pickfords, to name but one of the many stars who have worked upward from a beginning as an extra. Does any intelligent reader think the director, even if he wished, could stultify his work by using in his pictures anything but the best of talent he can get? Dare he put personal wishes before duty when he is working
(Continued on page 167)

The Twenty Greatest of Filmdom

Article the Second

By ROBERT GRAU

WHEN the first instalment of "The Twenty Greatest of Filmdom" was published in the May issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, the Editor expressed the opinion that this was an intrepid undertaking, even going so far as to say that no other writer would have even dared to embrace such a subject, and it was predicted that the frank statement presenting the names of the twenty selected as the greatest of all Filmdom would be followed by a storm of protests. Many persons truly believe that the writer's motive in proclaiming the twenty men and women as the elect of the screen was wholly selfish. Not a few, however, understood that the basic idea behind the scheme of creating a hall of fame in Motion Picture-dom was perhaps the most constructive initiative yet inaugurated in the domain of the camera-man.

Why? Because the viewpoint of so many readers of the Magazine, based on the idea that the "Twenty Greatest of Filmdom" was an ultimatum, was wholly wrong. As a matter of fact, the initial selection of names was merely the inauguration of a perpetual discussion, and the writer wishes to state emphatically

that it will be many years before the last word on this subject is written.

In the second paragraph of the original article on the "Twenty Greatest" in the May magazine, the author expressed himself in these words:

"In view of the amazing development of the Motion Picture art in the last few years, the writer has been tempted to establish a hall of fame comprising the twenty greatest of the screen, in the hope that his views will at least be interesting enough to provide others with the incentive to do likewise. At the outset the writer wishes to apologize by stating his belief that *there are more than twenty greatest in Filmdom.*"

This meant not only that the final record of Filmdom's greatest is sub-

ject to change in the number as well as the order in which the twenty are henceforth recorded, but it has taken only three months to add five more names to the honored list, making twenty-five in all to date.

Moreover, if the readers of this Magazine imagined that so complete an art as that of the Motion Picture, with its meteoric as well as retrogressive artistry, can be permanently secure in any hall of fame they have

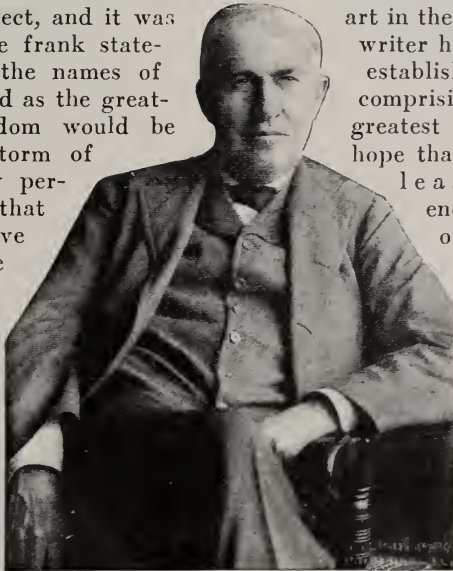


Photo by Pach Bros. Copyright

THOMAS EDISON

THE TWENTY GREATEST OF FILMDOM



Photo by Hartsook. Copyright

MARY PICKFORD

wholly misconceived the writer's aim, which, above all else, has for its goal a competitive and perpetual race for supremacy among the truly great of Filmdom. Moreover, while Miss Billie Burke was placed in Number Two because of her astonishing screen performance at her début in "Peggy," this charming actress must now be relegated to Number Nine, for the reason that instead of Miss Burke attaining to greater heights after "Peggy," by assuming progressive and artistic rôles, our best stage ingénue harkened to the call of Mammon by appearing in a serial, "Gloria's Romance," which, however interesting, could not compare with the performance she gave in "Peggy." Nor were the players and the environment of "Gloria's Romance" worthy of such a stellar figure as Miss Burke, who, tho she gained a tremendous fortune, is fairly no longer entitled to the position following the name of Thomas A. Edison.

Who will exchange places with Miss Burke now in Number Nine?

The writer hopes that in making this exchange he may be permitted to

discuss the reason why William Bitzer, a camera-man and an artist, was placed in Number Eight, between David W. Griffith and Thomas H. Ince. Simply because if there never had been a William Bitzer there might never have been a David Wark Griffith, and the honor bestowed on Mr. Bitzer is justified from more than one angle—but why Thomas Ince is now placed in Number Two, changing places with Miss Burke, should not surprise any one.

Mr. Ince was in Number Nine prior to the production of his masterpiece, "Civilization," for which the consensus of opinion was and is that by this great effort the master of Inceville has surpassed even Mr. Griffith—if in nothing else, at least in wizardry photography, and the stupendous and eclipsing splendor of the film as a whole. Until Mr. Griffith reveals in either "The Mother and the Law," or "The Holy Grail," a reason for another change in positions, few can begrudge to Mr. Ince his right to occupy the supreme position as a producer of a grand film spectacle "as pure as the violets and as welcome."



Photo by Apeda

ANITA STEWART

THE TWENTY GREATEST OF FILMDOM



Photo by Bangs

DAVID W. GRIFFITH

It will be recalled that the position of Number Eleven was bestowed upon Cecil De Mille, but with the restriction that the later productions of the Lasky Company have not been on a par with those which preceded them. This is to say that the writer qualified his remarks, insisting that lurid melodrama in these days of artistic screen productivity, if persisted in by Mr. De Mille, would relegate his position for the time being until Mr. De Mille enters the realm of the few truly great producers of today or tomorrow. Pending that day Mr. De Mille gives way to Herbert Brenon; first, because Mr. Brenon was first to delve into the virgin field which created "Neptune's Daughter" for the screen, and lastly because he followed this achievement by what is already accepted by those who know, as one of the three or four greatest film spectacles of all time, namely, the Fox-Kellermann picture, "A Daughter of the Gods."

This disposes of the changes to date, George Beban retaining his position of Number Five after following his portrayal of "An Alien"

with the name rôle in "Pasquale." Now we come to the additional five, making a complete total of twenty-five, which probably will not be further added to—the changes of position may be suggested.

Number Twenty-one is accorded to Miss Edith Storey, to whom the writer has paid tribute before this for her excellent performance of Glory Quayle in "The Christian," but Miss Storey's rank is justified at this time thru her remarkable versatility, and there are persistent rumors of an approaching portrayal which may well place this experienced actress far higher up. However, too much significance should not be given to the position of any of the recorded numbers. To be named at all is, after all, the more vital appraisal for each.

Number Twenty-two is given now to Mae Marsh without further comment.

Number Twenty-three to Charles Kent.

Number Twenty-four to Carlyle Blackwell.

Number Twenty-five to Theda Bara.



HENRY WALTHALL



JACKIE SAUNDERS (Balboa) enjoying her favorite pastime

Try a Limerick Cocktail!

Not Over a Bar-rail, Nor Under a Soda Fountain, But Fizzed from Your Own Brain Fount

"PIPIINGS" FROM "AN ALIEN."

GEORGE BEBAN's old pipe looked quite black,

At least "Rosina" thought so, alack!

"Dear Santa," she wrote,

"Please bring me a coat

And a pipe for poppa—his is black."

Beban cried, "What's da mat'

Wid a pipe lika dat?

You maka meestak', me fear.

Now, Rosie, look here—

It taka *t'ree year*

To mak' da pipe black lika dat."

ANNA ECKERT.

82 Madison St., Paterson, N. J.



GEORGE BEBAN

THIS is the limp season when bold, bad men line up in front of the bar-keep and coy maids flirt with the soda clerk.

There's relaxation, perhaps exhilaration, but it's awfully tough on the lining of your bread-basket. Nature's a wise dame, and a good anatomical dressmaker, but you cant expect her to stitch a lining in you that will stand the ravages of Citric Acid Sundaes and Fusil Oil High Balls. Pass the grape juice, Elvira!

Did you ever stop to think that a Limerick is about the nippiest cocktail you could devise? The Deadly Pousse Café has five layers of liqueurs, but a lively Limerick has five sparkling lines. Once having concocted a Limerick, it doesn't get a strangle-hold on your tummy, but runs like amber thru your brain. And the brightest, sweetest verse you've ever heard, is one you've shaped yourself!

Each month we offer \$12.00 in prizes of \$5.00, \$3.00, and four of \$1.00 each for the niftiest Limericks about plays and players. When you've got that "gone" feeling, try a Limerick Cocktail—your own brew—and send us on the recipe.

This month the prize brain-tonics were writ by Mr. Webster, Miss Zumstein, Miss Davenport, Mr. Taft, Mr. Harwood and Mr. Wallace, in the order named.

BILL'S FIVE-FINGERED TRADE-MARK.

BILL FARNUM is strong on the fight,
He can lick any fellow in sight.

As a "Spoiler" he's fine,
And it's quite in his line;
For spoiling a map's his delight.

FREDERICK WALLACE.

28 Oak St., Bristol, Conn.

A SURE HEART-SHOT.

ONE would think her a redskin, 'tis a riddle,

Her acting plays like a fine fiddle.

The "Girl of the Plain"

Has sure won her fame;

Her ways hit our hearts in the middle.

MARJORIE BANKS, Victor, Colorado.



WILLIAM FARNUM



ANNA LITTLE



ANNA LITTLE

HIS STARS AND BARS!

THERE ONCE was an old café fixture
Who knew each intoxicant mixture;
After mixing three * * *
At about fifteen bars,
He could reel thru a reel Lubin
picture!

S. ROSENBAUM.

64 W. 38th St., New York City.

IT'S DRIVING HIM BALD.

THE Edison star, Edward Earle.
Has hair that is "dying" to curl.
But he says, with a frown,
"It has got to lie down.
I don't want to look like a girl!"

FREDERICK WALLACE.

Bristol, Conn.



BILLIE REEVES



EARLE

THE DUMB GIRL OF DORKING.

A FELLOW who lived down in Dorking
Had a wife who would never stop
talking;
When the movies one night
Struck her dumb with delight
He exclaimed, "This is perfectly cork-
ing!"

S. ROSENBAUM.

64 W. 38th St., New York City.

NOT FOR RENT.

MY heart's an apartment complete,
With 'most every comfort replete.
I've no room to spare
For any more there—
Sweet Blanche occupies the whole suite!

C. F. OTTEN.

1416 Majestic Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.



BLANCHE SWEET

THEY DO, INDEED!

STARING hard, at the "Movies"
he sat
While Sid Drew kist each maid
'neath her hat—
With an envious gaze,
He asked, in amaze,
"Do they pay men to do things
like that?"

M. PIERRA.

1531 Euclid Ave., Phila., Pa.



DREW

PROMOTED BACKWARDS.

A TICKET dispenser named Spencer
Had ambition to be a great fencer.
But to the call to the trenches,
He said, "Me for the benches,"
And he's now a National Censor!

MRS. COLE THOMAS.

508 Lafayette St., Jefferson City, Mo.

GO WAY BACK AND SIT DOWN!

SAID a gushing young lady to Walthall,
"Now please do not think I am awful.
But I would like to know
Are you married, or no?
They tell me my question's unlawful."

LOUISE PETERSON.

126 North Spring, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.



THEDA BARA

HE NEVER PULLS LEATHER.
THE Western fans think he's a wonder,
 They know he is safe not to blunder;
 I speak of Tom Mix—
 When he rides 'em he stix—
 And the broncos all hate him like thunder!
 IDA McINTOSH ZUMSTEIN.
 1085 Teutonia Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

TO MAKE A GOOD PART, MEBBE!
My dear Mister Limerick-man,
 Please answer me this, if you can—
 Why actor-men wear
 Such awf'ly long hair?
 Most gratefully, A. Moviefan.
 MRS. F. E. BECKHAM.
 64 Lucile Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

WATCH OUT FOR YOUR AORTA, GIRLS!

THERE's a Francis whose middle name's X.,
 He may be in Cal. or in Tex.,
 But he's there with the looks,
 Like the "guys" in the books,
 And of the girl's hearts he makes wrex.
 WM. C. TAFT.
 Biwabik, Minnesota.

TOO WEAK FOR THE FINISH!

THEDA BARA has such an appeal,
 Bowls you o'er like an automobile;
 I heard of a cove
 Who went dippy with love
 After watching 1-8th of a reel!
 C. D. ROBESON.
 56 W. Union Ave., Bound Brook, N. J.

LOU IS DROPPED FROM THE RANKS.

GERALDINE FARRAR love's call has obeyed,
 Dropped from fair shoulders the mantle
 of maid,
 Once more has fell again,
 Now who can Tellegen
 What will come next in the passing parade?
 ELLEN M. DAVENPORT.
 53 Paine St., Worcester, Mass.

"CASH FOR OLE CLO'!"

IT was sweet Edna Mayo who sighed,
 "My clothes, I confess, are my pride;
 Please write me a play
 With ten changes a day,
 You could surely do this if you tried!"
 FREDERICK WALLACE.
 28 Oak St., Bristol, Conn.

HEARTS ACROSS THE SCREEN.

THERE was a young lady—Jane Gray—
 Played so well in a swell photoplay,
 That I lost of my heart
 The most valuable part,
 Yet I wouldn't redeem it for pay!
 E. WIGHTMAN HARWOOD.
 1400 St. Anthony Place, Louisville, Ky.



F. X. BUSHMAN

ON THE RAGGED EDGE!

ARTHUR HOOPES, a veritable flirt,
Fell in love with a peach of a skirt;
Said he, "Let us marry,
Too long do we tarry"—
And now she's a little Hoopes-skirt.

BEN WEBSTER.

120 First Street, Jackson, Mich.

OH, FOR A MONOPOLY!

I go to the movies each night,
Just to see the faultless Pearl White,
But I cant help but hiss her
When the other chaps kiss her—
Dont you think what I do is quite right?

M. JOICE.

Idaho Falls, Idaho.

WHAT IS A LIMERICK?

My brain I have racked
for an answer,
I've worn out my elbows
and pants, sir;
But I'm out of the woods
And right here with the
goods—
A Limerick's a pert "wally-
van," sir!

WM. NOWELL.
Nursery and Child's Hos-
pital, Baltimore, Md.

CHAPLINELLA'S
SLIPPER.

CHARLIE'S got 'em all
stopped in the art
Of originating a comedy
part,
The way he handles his feet
Has got them all "beet,"
And he takes home his cash
in a cart.

WM. C. TAFT.
Biwabik, Minnesota.



WALLY VAN

DOUBLE EXPOSURE.

A MODEST young thing
named Irene
Guessed she'd be a success
on the screen,
But they made her appear
With skirts up to—here—
Since then she has never
been seen!

IDA JONES BURT.
3118 Chestnut Ave., Kansas
City, Mo.

KEEPS HIM ON THE
GO.

JUST to see Miss Beverly
Bayne,
I've often walked blocks in
the rayne,
And a mile once or twice
Thru the slush and the
ice,
And "you betcha" I'd do it
agayne.

WM. C. TAFT.
Biwabik, Minnesota.

YOUNG-UP, ANSWER MAN!

Tis the season for greens, and that
"spinach"
Would reach from New York to East
Greenwich.

Wise, witty old frisker,
Do, pray, trim that whisker—
Be a kid, not a Hasbeenovich!

M. ELSIE MAIN.
R. D. 2, Westerly, R. I.

HE COULDN'T SEE THE SIGNS.

SAID a wise and ancient crystal-gazing
seer,
"I perceive the end of movies drawing
near."

Said I to that old satyr,
"You're a darned prevaricator,"
And the rest I had to whisper in his ear.

W. B. I. BLAKE.
56 Elm Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Davy Crockett

(Oliver Morosco Photoplay Co.)

With DUSTIN FARNUM in the illustrations as
DAVY CROCKETT

By NORMAN BRUCE

This story was written from the Photoplay of
FRANK MAYO, who adapted the
same from the stage play
of that name



HE was as much a part of the forest as the powerful oaks thru which they were passing, rugged, tough-sinewed, a thing of unroofed air and wild storms; she was as much a part of the forest as the playful sun-gleams spattering the leaves, or the delicate bluebells ringing fairy tunes atop their slim, swaying stems. Not lovers, these two, for they were very young, and a gulf of birth lay between them too wide and deep to be bridged by a frail thought of sentiment, but comrades, as the oak is comrade to the wind-flower. They walked for the most part in understanding silence, for the boy had few words at the beck of his tongue, and the girl was too sensitive to the forest mood to belittle it with the chatter of the manor-house.

Beyond the willows the river rushed by, streaked with gold and carrying on its current scarlet and yellow leaves, for, in spite of the warm wind and flawless

sky, the year was at its turning. Eleanor Vaughn plucked a stalk of goldenrod and held it, a trifle sadly, for him to see.

"That means winter, Davy," she sighed, "and an end to our good times. I could find it in my heart to be very sorry."

"There'll be other summers," said Davy, practically, "and, besides, the woods are full of things to see and hear and learn in winter-tide."

The girl shook her head. "But I shall not be here," she said. "My Aunt Bettina, in England, has written, and father and I sail next week. It seems I am growing up, and must be taught young-ladyish airs and graces, how to hold a fan, and embroider knights on tapestry, and strum the harpsichord." Her face clouded. She raised her wide, childish eyes, blue as harebells under clear water, to the boy's face. "When I think of growing up—I am almost—afraid."

The boy did not speak nor look at her. He grasped his rifle fiercely and strode on so fast that she had to run to keep pace beside him. Beneath the dark skin, not yet pierced by beard, his jaw was grimly set and his young eyes were somber.

"Davy! Where are you hurrying so fast?" the girl panted, shaking the fine, golden ringlets back from her moist forehead. "And aren't you a bit sorry I'm going away?"

"I'm goin' to look at my b'ar-trap," answered Davy, briefly. He ignored the latter part of her question. "You remember the b'ar we saw a ways back, headed this way? I'm thinkin' maybe he smelt the bait—the wind was right for't and the tracks lie that way."

He pointed to the moss at their feet, printed with a great, blunt paw, but the girl did not follow his finger. Her eyes, hurt and wistful, were on his face, and the corners of her full, child-pouting lips were quivering.

"You care more about your old bears and foxes than you do about me!" she cried, stamping a small, angry foot. "I thought you'd be sorry, and you aren't! Why, maybe I'll marry a—a lord or something, over in England, and never come back at all!"

"I reckon that's just what will happen," said Davy Crockett, slowly. He stood, big, straight, splendid of limb and muscle, before her, a dark, slow flush creeping over his set face. "You're Eleanor Vaughn, daughter of a gentleman. You're rich, you're book-l'arned—I'm Davy Crockett, son of a trapper. When you come back they wont let you speak to me—or maybe you wont want to. I dont like it, but it's the way of the world. I reckon it wont do no good to cry."

The girl's face had cleared during his speech, and now she burst into a peal of laughter, dancing up and down and pelting him with the crumbling gold of the flower in her hand. Her flowered, beruffled gown swirled about the immature grace of her slender figure, a trifle coltish as yet, with only so much beauty as the hard, green bud that will later uncurl and curve into a rose of men's desire.



"YOU CARE MORE ABOUT YOUR OLD BEARS

The boy's thick, black brows drew together under her dainty mockery.



AND FOXES THAN YOU DO ABOUT ME!" SHE CRIED, STAMPING A SMALL, ANGRY FOOT

And, suddenly, tears of boyish rage stood in his dark eyes. At the sight of them she was all contrition, and ran to his side, taking one big hand in her own.

"There! We wont spoil our last day with bickering," she wheedled. "I dont know why I laughed. I often do things I dont understand myself, and I meant to be so nice, too. See——"

She dived into a capacious pocket in the wide folds of her skirt and took out a small volume, flourishing it triumphantly. "It's a book of poems; they are much nicer than bears. Let's sit down under this tree and I will read them to you."

The forest was very still, as if holding its breath to hear. Full length on the moss the boy lay, chin in cupped hands, rapt in the dream her voice evoked as it swung into the stirring lilt of Sir Lochinvar. On his wild steed, the young knight galloped against a reddened western sky to the towered hall of his lady; the wedding guests whispered; the bridegroom paled, and fair Ellen smiled and sighed. Young Romance, haunting, wistful, sad with the tender grief of evanescent things, stirred their hearts. The girl's eyes were full of tears, as she finished reading, but the boy's gaze flamed, and he sprang with one bound to his feet, head flung back, arms clenched at his sides.

"He was a *man!* Cant you see him—the horse plunging, rearing—a great brute like your father's Devilskin? It makes me feel as tho I could—could do *anything!* It makes me proud to be strong and a man——"

Suddenly he looked at Eleanor, and a startled something sprang into his eyes, a something that had not been there before. It was as tho he had never really seen her till now. Their gaze locked, the forest grew suddenly hushed, and the girl's childish breast rose on the swell of her breath. There was all the purity of the dawn moment in this nascence of sex, passionless, awed and wondering.

"Davy! Davy!" she cried brokenly, and held out her hands. He went on one knee and caught them awkwardly, then dropped them. The touch had broken the spell, and once more they were Eleanor Vaughn heiress, and Davy Crockett the trapper's son. With new consciousness, she pulled her skirt over her slim ankles and rose, avoiding his look.

"I'm glad you liked the poem, Davy,"

she said sweetly, but there was cruelty in her veiled eyes, for had he not dropped her hands? "I'd leave the book with you—if you only knew how to read!"

The blood in the boy's cheeks answered the lash of her words. He stooped, picked up his gun, and set his teeth hard. When he finally spoke, his voice was curt. "I reckon I kin *l'arn,*" he said briefly, "an' now, suppose we go look for that b'ar?"

A week later Eleanor Vaughn and her father set sail for England, leaving the manor-house in charge of Vaughn's friend, Hector Royston. On that same day Davy went to the schoolmaster and asked to be taught his letters.

In two years a great deal may happen. An awkward hobbledohoy of a boy may change into a tall, handsome man; a slip of a girl may bloom into a beautiful young woman. But it takes more than two years to build a bridge across the chasm between a tiny trapper's cottage and a manor-house set like a proud jewel among age-old oaks and elms. Something of this thought was in Davy Crockett's mind, as he stood, one moon-plashed evening in spring, looking over the hawthorn hedge, flowered with white ghosts of blossoms, in the soft dusk, at the lighted windows of the Vaughn library. Within he could see several men sitting about a card-table, among them Royston, who, rumor said, was too fond of his little game for his own good. The other men at the table Davy recognized as a Colonel Crompton and his nephew, Neil, guests since mid-winter at the manor-house. With the sure instinct of male-kind, Davy's look halted on Neil Crompton's handsome, florid face with its easy smile and bold eyes under lids a trifle swollen and heavy. He was dressed in an assured, swaggering fashion, every article of his apparel just a shade overdone—the flowered waistcoat too gay, the white neckcloth too tall, the ruffles at his wrists too full and wide—yet withal, Davy admitted bitterly, a fine figure of a man and one to seize a woman's fancy. And now Eleanor was coming home.

"Davy Crockett," he said aloud, grimly, "you are a fool! What's the doings of the gentry to you with your



"IT MAKES ME FEEL AS THO I COULD—COULD DO ANYTHING!"

great, coarse hands and coon cap? And what's your midnight struggles with schoolbooks and the times you've fought a man's temptations and come out clean?

What's that to a lady like her? There's things i' this world that cant be downed —I can kill a wildcat with my bare hands, but I cant strangle what's atween

her and me. Oh, God! it isn't fair! It isn't fair!"

He turned abruptly and plunged into the darkness, drawing it around his misery like a cloak. Very like one of the strong, primitive forest creatures was this strong, primitive man—inarticulate, suffering dumbly with the instinct to hide his pain. When, an hour later, he strode

Davy looked at his mother dazedly.

"Is Colonel Vaughn dead?" he asked. The old woman nodded, important with news.

"A month ago—rest his soul! It was Bessie Merrill, the chambermaid at the manor-house, told me. An' the young mistress an' her aunt are comin' home tomorrow. Royston, the gamblin' old



DAVY "L'ARNS" HOW TO READ LOCHINVAR

into the tiny cottage sitting-room, where his mother and father sat, his face was swept of conflict. He tossed his fur cap into a corner and settled down over his schoolbooks, great shaggy head propped on his fists. Across his bowed shoulders the old people's gossip droned unheeded, till suddenly a name caught his attention.

"An' he was full ten year younger 'an ye, feyther, Colonel Vaughn was—a youngish man ye might a'most say. An' him to go so sudden! The ways o' the Lord are queer, to be sure."

rascal, is to be her guardian. Why, Davy lad, what's ailin' yeh? It's white as a sheet yeh are!"

"Nothing, mother," said Davy, and turned back to his book; but the letters might have been Egyptian hieroglyphics for all the sense they carried to his brain. Tomorrow he would see her, and after that all the tomorrows would be full of the need of her and empty with the lack of her. She would be farther from him at the manor-house than she had been across the seas. If it had not been for

the helpless old people nodding in their chairs, he would have flung his books aside, caught up his cap and hurried out into the night, never to return.

Yet, after all, the meeting was not so hard. Eleanor came toward him as soon as he stepped into the hall, the next afternoon—a new, beautiful woman—Eleanor, with the old frank friendliness in her bluebell eyes. She wore a black dress that added inches and stateliness to her bearing, and her face was a little worn with the recent tears, but Davy thought, as he looked at her, that very surely she was the most beautiful woman in the world.

“Davy!” Eleanor cried, tremulously—“oh, Davy, how big you’ve grown; how big and brown and splendid! Why you’re a *man*, not the boy who took me bear-hunting, and I—I suppose I’m grown up, too.”

“You’re grown up, too,” nodded Davy. He saw Neil Crompton lounging in the doorway beyond, an amused smile on his overfull red lips, and suddenly he felt clumsy and out of place in the white paneled room with its silken draperies and the supercilious family portraits on the walls.

“He looks at me as tho I were a servant,” he thought dully; “no doubt she thinks of me that way, too.”

As soon as he decently could, he slipped away, and thruout all the summer and autumn that followed he never entered the manor-house again. He saw little of Eleanor. Neil Crompton was with her wherever she went, and gossip had them betrothed before the first red leaf fell.

Gun over his shoulder, Davy roamed the forest, seeking difficult peace of spirit in its strong, calm silences. The shy wood-folk grew to regard him as one of their own kind and peered at him from bough and underbrush with bright, sympathetic eyes, or ran on tiny, silent feet at his side. So the long summer dragged by at last, and Davy’s forest was aflame with scarlet torches of death and decay.

He walked, on an afternoon in late October, thru a drift of painted leaves to visit one of his bear-pits at a great distance from the settlements. A strange hush was in the air, and the boughs moved restlessly at the will of a noiseless

wind. Dour clouds scattered across the sky, snuffing out the chill autumn sunshine, scattering a gray, woolly light over the world.

“Snow!” he muttered, “and soon, too! Ah——”

A white flake floated by his eyes, then another; in an instant the air was blind and breathless with the snow. Davy laid down his gun to draw his cap more closely about his ears; when he turned to look for it, it was gone—erased by the snow! There was no time to stop to hunt now. In another hour he would be lost beyond hope, for the wild swirl of the storm was wiping out landmarks on every side. With a flash of joy, Davy remembered the cabin he had passed a mile back on the side of a hill.

Ten minutes later, drenched to the skin, he staggered across the crumbling sill and jerked at the door with numbed fingers. Then he stopped, for somewhere beyond in the maelstrom of the snow he heard a woman’s voice crying hopelessly for aid.

“Coming!” shouted Davy, hoarsely. “Keep on calling, so I can find you!”

The thread of sound guided him thru a narrow strip of pinewoods, across a field, stumbling at every step, until he almost ran against a slim, black shape that rose suddenly out of the snow. Then the wind caught up his cry and whirled it over the forest to where, on a far-away hillside, a pack of lean, gray shadows ran thru the drifts:

“Eleanor! My God! ’tis Eleanor!”

At his touch, the girl gave a great gasp and crumpled forward into his arms. In spite of their danger, and the pain of his numbing limbs, a fierce joy shook the man, as he stumbled back to the cabin carrying the dear weight of her against his heart. But the first words she spoke when she opened her eyes dispelled it.

“Neil,” she moaned—“he fell—and then I could not find him. He may be dying even now.”

Davy’s face grew very white and stern. “Tell me,” he said slowly, “you care for this man’s life a great deal?”

In answer she held up one slim hand, on which a great ruby glowed and flamed like a naked heart. “It is—his ring,”

she stammered. "I do not know how much I love him, but I do know I would not have him die. Oh, Davy, you must save him! What are you listening to? *What is it you hear?*"

The man turned a quiet look on her that stilled her panic. Then he straightened his great shoulders and flung back his head with a queer little smile. "I will find him and bring him back to you if God will let me," Davy Crockett said solemnly and was gone.

The lean, gray shadows—how near they are! And now they speak with hoarse, howling cries that the wind brings to the ears of the man stumbling thru the snow. He hears them, smiles again that strange smile, and goes on to meet them down the hill.

Eleanor had given up all hope, when, moments or hours later, a staggering, swaying bulk sprawled across the door-sill.

"Quick!" said
a hoarse
voice she

hardly recog-
nized as Davy's
—"bar the
door. They're
right behind!"

He laid Neil on the floor and sprang to the door, forcing it shut; then the room rang to his cry of horror.

"The bar—it is gone!"

Eleanor pointed a shaking hand toward the chimney-place, filled with dancing flames. "I broke it up—to make a fire," she said huskily. "What frightful thing is coming? Oh, God!"

A deep howl answered her, and the door swayed open under the impact of a dozen panting bodies. Davy forced it back with an effort that brought the veins out on his forehead.

"Wolves!" he said. "I cant hold it against them, unless——"

He was tearing at his coat. She caught his purpose and cried out in protest, but too late. Down had slipped his arm thru the bar-sockets just as the mad-

dened animals outside flung their weight again on the door. A groan burst between his bitten lips, but he stifled it and managed a gallant, tortured smile.

"It'll—hold," he gasped; "never—mind me. Look—after him."

The next hour was etched on Eleanor's memory forever — the slow coming to life of the stunned man before the fire; the baffled howling outside; the tall figure



HE STUMBLED BACK TO THE CABIN, THE
DEAR WEIGHT OF HER AGAINST
HIS HEART

crouched against the door, smiling at her with white lips whenever she looked toward him; the poor, swollen arm with its great, hanging, helpless hand.

When the rescuers had come at last, they had had to cut the door away to set him free, but after that first involuntary tribute to pain not a groan had escaped his lips, tho the great drops stood out upon his forehead. For two weeks afterward, they told her, he had carried that arm in a sling—that much and no more

she heard of Davy, but sometimes the debonair Neal caught an absent look in her eyes that disturbed him.

"Gad! sir, I think the wench is daft over that trapper fellow," he fretted; "you must prod old Royston and have him hurry the marriage, for I've no mind to be jilted for a lout of a woodsman," he had urged his uncle, Colonel Crompton.

him she ran forward, holding out piteous little hands.

"Your arm, Davy?" she asked tremulously—"your poor, brave arm?"

He shook his head impatiently. "I came," he said somberly, "to say good-by. I am going away tomorrow, and I wanted to wish you—happiness—before I went. I *do* wish it, Eleanor, with all my soul."



"IT'LL HOLD!" HE GASPED; "NEVER—MIND ME. LOOK—AFTER HIM"

A few days later Davy heard that the wedding date had been set and the guests invited. His mother returned from a call on Bessie, with breathless tales of preparation at the manor-house, of a cake baked in a hogshead, flowers ordered from Jamestown, and a wedding dress as fine as the one the Governor's wife wore at the last Assembly Ball. Davy listened in silence. Then he set the coonskin cap on his dark head and went to the manor-house to see Eleanor. She was sitting all alone in the great drawing-room when he stood in the doorway, and at sight of

"You are going away?" She touched her throat with a small, trembling hand. "Not coming to my wedding? Davy, I can't be married without you there!"

He met her look with the eyes of a suffering wild creature, but no words came. Suddenly she touched his arm and began to speak very low:

"Davy, last night I learnt a shameful thing. Colonel Crompton and my guardian were speaking in the library very loudly, tho I would not have heard what they said if I had not crept downstairs after a forgotten book. I caught my

name and I listened. I learnt that Crompton won a large sum from my guardian at play—more than he could pay—and so he made a bargain to buy me for his nephew as part of the debt! Davy, do you think I can ever marry that man?"

He passed a bewildered hand across his eyes, as tho to brush away a dream too wonderful for belief. And the sleeve of his fringed hunting-coat slipped back, showing two livid scars on the white skin. Eleanor gave a little, broken cry and caught the hand in her warm, fluttering grasp.

"Davy, do you remember the poem I read you once long ago?" A tender mockery touched her lips. "What would poor Ellen have done if Sir Lochinvar hadn't come out of the west, do you suppose?"

Light leaped into Davy's dark eyes. Yet, still he dared not quite believe. "Eleanor!"—his deep voice caught on the word—"you mean——"

"Oh, blind Davy!" she whispered—"oh, stupid Davy! I have never loved any man but you. And now I dare say no more. There is some one coming. Go quickly, but remember Sir Lochinvar!"

The story was the talk of the countryside for a generation and became the heritage of folk-lore for lovers a hundred years later, to read with clasped hands. And yet, strangely enough, no two versions of it quite agreed as to

details. Some said that Eleanor was a death-white bride as she came into the Vaughn drawing-room that night, on old Royston's arm; others, that her face was rose-tinged and that she wore a triumphant smile. Some say that Neil Crompton, a personable enough bridegroom in his white satin and gold lace, came to meet her and tried to take her hand, but she refused it; others, that the bishop himself had joined their hands and had opened his book before the interruption came. But all stories unite on what happened to prevent the fair Eleanor from becoming a purchased bride. In the hush before the first words were spoken, the thud of swift hoofs was heard galloping up the avenue of linden-trees. And, at the sound, Eleanor sprang from her bridegroom and faced the doorway, thru which rode Davy Crockett on the great, unbroken mare, Devilskin. Straight thru the gaping crowd the black animal reared and plunged. Stooping from the saddle, the rider caught the bride, in her filmy robes, and swept her to the saddle before him with a single swerve of his splendid body. And then, while the onlookers watched, pallid with amaze, the great horse bounded thru the doorway and was gone down the path of the moon that led them thru the linden-trees into the wide world.

And so, dauntless in danger, modest in the courage of his heart and arm, and daring in love, Davy Crockett won his heart's desire at last.

No, It Is Not True!

May Allison Is Not Married to Harold Lockwood, as the Following Letter Proves

EDITOR MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE:

Dear Sir—I earnestly desire the correction of the story printed in a recent issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, in which it was stated that Harold Lockwood and I had been married. This is not true, and the publication of the story has caused me a great deal of embarrassment.

I can testify to the wide circulation of your magazine, because the letters have been pouring in upon me from all sections of the country ever since the story appeared. It is for this very reason that I want to correct the mistake, and I feel sure that you will be very glad to give prominent publication to this letter.

Mr. Lockwood and I left California to come East to play together in Motion Pictures just as we had done in the West, and

because neither of us announced our plans some of our friends on the Coast assumed that we had eloped. I fancy this was begun in jest, but it certainly finished in earnest because the story was sent out from the Coast as tho it were a fact.

I have every regard for Mr. Lockwood as an artist, and it is a pleasure to be associated with him in Motion Pictures, and we are perfectly happy playing together under the Metro banner, but it is unfair to both of us to marry us off in cold type without our consent.

May I say, in closing, that we appreciate very much the many courtesies extended to us by the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and the printing of this letter will greatly increase our debt to it. With best wishes, I am yours, very sincerely,
MAY ALLISON.

How to Get In!

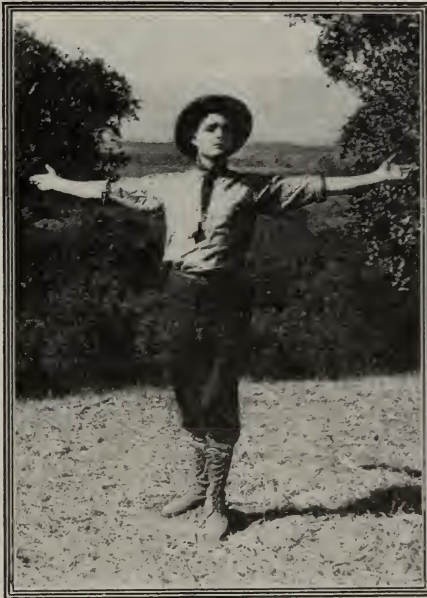
Authoritative Advice on How to Become a Photoplayer, by Leading Players and Directors

EDITOR'S NOTE: This series of articles began in the July issue of this magazine, which contained an article by Carlyle Blackwell. The series was continued in the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, which contained articles by Florence LaBadie, Lenore Ulrich, Lillian Walker, Theodore Marston (director) and Iva Shepard. In the August number of this magazine were articles by Thomas Chatterton, Marguerite Clark, Anita Stewart and Lillian Gish. In the August CLASSIC, Dustin Farnum, Wm. A. Brady, Cleo Madison, Edna Mayo and Edith Storey gave their valuable opinions, and our readers will hear from many other distinguished players and directors in following issues of both MAGAZINE and CLASSIC, including Crane Wilbur, Mary Fuller, Blanche Sweet, Ruth Roland, Norma Talmadge, Rupert Julian, Myrtle Stedman, Anita King, Marjorie Daw, Gail Kane and others. Those who are interested in the subject should read each and every article, because that is the only way to get a thoro and comprehensive view of the situation. Besides, opinions differ, and each writer seems to throw some new light on the subject. We wish to make it clear that we are not inviting people to try to get into the Motion Picture business; we merely wish to show the requirements and possibilities and to supply a long-felt want for dependable information on this important subject.

J. Warren Kerrigan

Says That the Field Is Overcrowded and, Therefore, Underpaid

MOTION PICTURES being a comparatively new industry, is one of the most popular and sought after of the day. Every one who is short of money, or perhaps is slightly undecided as to just what his life's work should consist of, "picks on" the pictures; consequently, the field is overcrowded and, therefore, underpaid. And the producers, being so well aware of this, are becoming more and more critical every day, picking out only the cream to make their pictures. Pictures are climbing rapidly toward the first industry of the world, but there are hundreds in every studio who are unable to "get on." It is such a pleasant and seemingly easy vocation, that too many do not take it seriously and think it but a pastime. The market is not oversupplied with desirable photoplayers, but it is with



"WALK RIGHT IN—THE DOORS ARE ALL OPEN!"

commonplace ones. There seems to be some demand for odd types, but it must be remembered that, unless the type is unusual, an experienced player could make up and dress the part, and play it better than could a beginner.

Small, indistinct features do not photograph to the best advantage, and light eyes are not as effective as dark ones. Prominent, heavy features are desirable. Complexion is not so essential, because make-up takes its place. Male actors should be the largest type of men, to be the more effective, but

with women almost the contrary is true. Outside of personal appearance, talent to act and willingness to learn are important. And then there is that indefinable something called "screen personality," which is all-important, for it usually combines a good personal appearance and

attractiveness with good photographic qualities. But, along with all these things, there is something else required, and it rarely is found with the other attributes—namely, lots of brains and common sense. A few players, it is true, have gone to the top thru the indefatigable aid and assistance of their directors, but these cases are rare; one must depend upon his own brains and not expect to lean upon the intelligence of others. Nearly all of the directors, I take it, are always glad to find talent, and when they do they naturally help it along.

Those who have had stage experience have the best chance to get in the pictures, and, if one has not had stage experience, it is best to start as an extra, taking whatever comes along and hoping that in time this sort of work will lead to bigger things. Unless one has a personal introduction to a director or to somebody in authority, it is necessary to do one of two things: either write a letter of application to the company, enclosing a full-length

picture and perhaps a bust picture or two, or call personally at a studio and register as an extra. The latter way is the more promising. An extra may get an opportunity to appear in a picture the very first day he or she calls, and it may be months. Nevertheless, and this may seem discouraging, it may be three months or more

before the result of one's first appearance can be seen on the film, and this means that possibly some extraordinary talent may pass unnoticed until months afterward, unless the director, or somebody else who chanced to observe the unusual work of the extra, "spotted" the talented one and took steps to give him or her other and more important work. The average pay for extras is \$3 per day; that of beginners in a stock company, about \$25 a week and up. Hard, steady work, with all attention to the

art, is pretty sure to advance a beginner, and originality counts for about 100%.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN.

Universal City, Cal.



BRYANT WASHBURN 2ND WILL SOME DAY
BE A CANDIDATE, BUT HE WILL HAVE
NO TROUBLE TO GET IN

Bryant Washburn Says There Is Always Room for the Capable

YES, indeed, there is always room—room for the capable, particularly for types that photograph well. Strong character players are needed most, and there is also a demand for eccentric types. Originality counts for everything—if it fits the circumstances—but some directors don't encourage it. Other directors give you the idea and let your individuality show in detail. Ability to act, poise, good physique, and a face that registers well are of course important, and given these,

plus conscientious effort, success is in sight and not far distant.

I am skeptical of the present schools of acting. All sound preparation is useful, but it does not take the place of experience. Any kind of dramatic experience helps, particularly stage experience. Without stage experience it would be necessary for a beginner to start as an extra. I know of many successful players who started that way, and several of them became leads in two years. I believe that

most studios receive all applicants who apply for work. If the applicant makes a striking impression, the chances are good, otherwise not. When application is made by mail it is a good idea to give

facts and figures and omit adjectives. Letters are usually answered, I believe, with printed slips.

BRYANT WASHBURN.

Essanay Studio, Chicago.

Ralph Ince

Director-General of the Vitagraph Company at Bayshore, Gives Some Interesting and Valuable Facts

INTELLIGENCE and a willingness to study and work are the principal requirements. The market is oversupplied with mediocre photoplayers; but, as in other professions, there is always room for those with unusual talent and ability. Experience is not essential, and a study of the drama helps the aspiring actor in the same ratio that a study of the make-up of a newspaper helps the aspiring journalist. Schools of acting and amateur theatricals help in overcoming stage fright and nervousness; but generally speaking, I think the only school is the school of experience in the studio. Beauty is essential, and a plain-looking woman must be unusually talented to become a screen star. For a man strength and character types are demanded. The day of the sport-shirt actor, with the long, wavy hair and the dreamy liquid eyes, is over. For a woman, beauty, of course, is three-quarters of the fight, provided the



RALPH INCE, DIRECTING A PICTURE

camera is friendly, especially in the profile views. Originality counts for as much as it does in any line of creative endeavor.

An applicant should apply to the casting director, or to the individual who performs such duties, sending both full and bust photos.

However, it cannot be determined from these photos whether a person will register and photograph well, as the movie camera differs greatly from the still camera. It has strong likes and dislikes. It smiles upon some, and frowns upon others, and in most cases it is difficult to tell how a person will photograph until the film is

thrown on the screen.

Furthermore, it must be remembered that

the still photo can be touched up and blemishes minimized, if not removed. The screen, however, reveals exactly what the movie camera recorded. Applications are usually answered, provided the sender indicates intelligence and sanity, and accompanies his or her application

with a stamped envelope. An introduction, or "influence," is not necessary. Influence will help in some cases to get an applicant a trial. After that, however, they must make good the same as any one else. The picture business does not differ from any other in this respect. It would be better still for an applicant to have a few feet of film taken of himself, or herself, somewhere, and send this with the application. I do not know of any companies that render this service, but I have, however, heard of a few studios that are willing to make this expensive test if impressed by the looks of an applicant. Extra work is a form of apprenticeship which a good many screen stars have served at some time or other. Unless a person comes to the studio with stage training, he or she must expect to serve this apprenticeship, and I know a good many extras who have finally gotten in. Extras get from \$1.50 to \$5 per day, everything depending

upon the studio and the quality of posing the extra does.

Stage experience is not absolutely essential, but in these modern days it is half the battle. Directors are so busy trying to turn out better and better pictures, that they are extremely reluctant about turning their studies into kindergartens for aspiring photoplay stars; however, a good many directors will coach extras who show talent. Extras can advance themselves by displaying intelligence and a desire to do something other than drawing their check at the end of the day. There is a fair demand for types such as fat men, old women, homely girls, etc. The camera sees what the eyes sees, and anything that is unpleasing or repulsive to the eye shares the same fate when the camera is focused upon it. Abnormal features will naturally handicap a person for serious work, and then again, they might help in broad comedy.

Marin Sais of the Kalem Company, Is Not Very Encouraging to Beginners

GENERALLY speaking, I would say to any girl: "Don't attempt to break in." But there are always a few who will try, anyway, and to those I would say: "Expect knocks and rebuffs; don't grow discouraged. Putting your foot on the first rung of the ladder is the hardest, but after that the climbing may be surprisingly easy. If your store of cash is low, don't attempt to break in at all, for the weary days of breaking in bring little return."

The market is already oversupplied with photoplayers. Preparing for picture work by patronizing schools of acting, a study of the drama, amateur theatricals, etc., all have their values, but the student must not look upon it as a guarantee of certain success without the need of traveling the road of Hard Work. The "ingenue" type of girl has the best chance of getting in. Beauty, if it photographs that way, and possesses piquancy and personality that makes a distinct impression, is surest of breaking in. Beauty, however, is not essential, as there are different sorts of work. The ability to grasp the director's meaning quickly and show it on the screen is a wonderful asset.

An applicant should apply to the person at the studio engaging the extras. Leave a photograph and your address. When he needs your type, you may hear in a rush. Applications by mail are usually answered, but it seldom goes further. A photograph should be sent with the application, altho it cannot entirely be determined from a photo whether a person will "register" and photograph well; still, it is better than none at all. An introduction, or "influence," always helps.

The familiar route of breaking in as an extra is always open to those unafraid of hard work, many discouragements, and lean weeks, but I surely advise beginners to start as an extra, if they start at all. I know of many extras who have finally gotten in.

Stage experience is not essential, but it helps. I got into pictures while on my vaudeville tour, which carried me to Los Angeles. I was interested in pictures and investigated. My daring horseback riding on the way to Kalem's Glendale studio came to the notice of the director, and he offered me a part in Kalem Westerns, and I have been with Kalem ever since. If I were a beginner, with no stage experience,



MARIN SAIS

Says that her daring horseback riding attracted the attention of a director and she was then offered a place in the Kalem Western Company

and wanted to get in, I'd wait my chance as an extra. Such types as fat men, old women, homely girls, etc., are frequently needed. In the course of the work, the directors will make valuable suggestions to the extras. Originality is subordinate to the director's will, and is given little chance, unless you have a trick of original facial or gestural play.

Very light blue eyes and very light hair do not photograph well, and are the principal detriments. It is, however, difficult to point out just the particular attributes of face, feature, complexion or form, but the successful screen players give the answer.

MARIN SAIS.

Kalem Studio, Glendale, Cal.

Gertrude Robinson

Leading Woman for the Gaumont Company, Believes There Are Qualifications as Important as Acting Ability

To begin with, I believe that the studios are oversupplied with players. The falling away of attendance at the theaters of the spoken stage, the dearth of good stage plays, the hard times in certain sections of the United States and Canada as a result of the war, the importation of English and foreign actors, the ever-shortening theatrical season, and many other reasons have driven thousands of actors into the studio fold.

My remarks do not sound encouraging; but now, as to yourself. Photoplay means much more than acting. As I think of the men and women who have made good in pictures, I am convinced that acting is only a part of their "right to live." Stage players are in most cases notoriously unathletic, and in photoplay it is just the reverse. Check off what you can do on the following list and you have gained so much toward qualifying as a performer on

the silent stage: swimming, riding, motor-driving, dancing, stage falls, wrestling, camping, cooking, skating, skiing, shooting, sailing, running, jumping, exposure to heat and cold, mechanics, mountain-climbing, fishing, and the one hundred and one other stunts that you have seen girls do in the pictures.

"All the world's a stage," and truly this applies to the Motion Picture stage. More scenes are taken outdoors than in, and most outdoor scenes must be a concomitant of living, breathing, actively moving nature. Looks and dramatic experience being equal, the outdoor, versatile girl stands a much better chance of making her mark in pictures than the exotic, indoor type, and don't forget that originality is the road to success, for there is always plenty of room for new stuff in pictures.

GERTRUDE ROBINSON.

Gaumont Studio, Flushing, N. Y.

William Farnum

Also Thinks That the Market Is Oversupplied with Photoplayers

WILLIAM FARNUM, of the Fox Players, writes such an interesting letter on the subject "How to Get In," that we publish the letter in its entirety:

Edendale, Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Mr. Brewster:

I hope you will pardon my seeming negligence in replying to your letter, but have been so very busy—that is my excuse—even now, I do not know that my answer will be satisfactory, as my head is full of lines from Shakespeare and my feet are full of "Motion Pictures." However, I will answer a few of your questions

on "How to Get In," and you may use it for your magazine or not, as you see fit. It will need considerable "doctoring up," but please take the "will" for the "deed."

You have asked me for a few remarks on "How to Get In"—a question that has many answers if each photoplayer told how he or she "got in," and as I do not think it wise to follow in the footsteps of some other fellow, I would by all means advise: "General tactics, or use an original way—individuality counts."

I believe that the market is oversupplied with photoplayers, but that remark need not be discouraging to aspirants for



DOROTHY BERNARD AND WILLIAM FARNUM IN "A MAN OF SORROW" (FOX)

screen honors, for every day new recruits are being added to the ranks.

Schools of acting, amateur theatricals, etc., are helpful, but not necessary in pre-

paring for a "screen career." Ability and sincerity of purpose go a long way towards making up for lack of experience.

Beauty is not essential, but is a valuable

adjunct. An applicant should apply personally to the director of a company; but if application is made by letter, a photograph of applicant should accompany it.

I advise starting as an extra; for if one is painstaking and sincere, he or she is usually helped to better things.

Will you please excuse me now? Photography is a very rushing art and business. I think I have given you some idea of what *my* ideas are, and if you can use them, you are welcome.

Very sincerely yours,
WILLIAM FARNUM.

Marjorie Daw

The Little Girl Who Became Famous Overnight, Tells How She Did It

EVER since I was a wee tot, I have been able to express my feelings freely; to laugh and cry at will. As I grew older, I suppose I accumulated more feelings—emotions some people call them—and at last my chance came to express them professionally. I have never had any stage experience, and don't believe I ever will have—I am too busy.

One day I decided that I was going to be a picture actress, so I went out to one of the studios, gained admission, and, to my surprise, was given a small part, "Youth," in a play called "The Love Victorious." I kept my ears opened and learnt things as fast as I could.

Another day I heard that Mr. De Mille, of the Lasky Company, wanted a little girl to play in "The Warrens of Virginia," so I hurried to the studio, rushed past the office-boy, and found Mr. De Mille on the stage. He said I just suited the part, and there I have been ever since. I suppose it's because I feel all the things I do and take lots of patience in performing the way a little girl should. Some people say that I am a natural actress, but I know that I have had to work very hard, and to "unlearn" a good many things, to learn how to be always natural.

MARJORIE DAW.

Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal.

Gail Kane

The World Company's Leading Woman, Does Not Mince Her Advice

TO be frank with young girls and young men trying to get into the Motion Picture field, I think that it is over-run, and that the struggle is almost too severe a one, especially as there are a hundred applicants for each position. There is one qualifying word, and I cannot repeat it too often: Talent! talent! talent! and nothing else. What is talent, and how do you know that you possess it? These are hard questions to answer, and the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Many a young girl would be saved bitter disappointments and a checkered if not thwarted career, if she could answer these questions. Perhaps expert advice and frank and severe personal criticism is the best answer that I can think of. Go to some well-known actor or actress with studio experience, who has no interest in taking your money, state your case and ask him or her to criticise a sample of

your posing ability. If you really have talent, a few moments of careful scrutiny will show it. If even the latent germ is there, no matter how restrained and almost awkward you appear at first, the real actor will see it. So I say: If you are really ambitious; if you do not intend making pictures a frivolous pastime; if you have talent, you have a chance of getting in.

And when you are once in, the battle has only begun. You will be more or less herded with other girls and boys—part of a crowd—and you have got to make your individuality and talent stand out above them. Study the work of the screen favorites; see how they get their results; then try to do likewise. "Preparedness" is everything when your chosen hour arrives.

GAIL KANE.

World Studio, N. Y.



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

"THE ADORABLE VILLAIN"

Patrons of Fox melodramas will not fail to recognize this lifelike picture of Stuart Holmes, who is much admired for his excellent villainy



Hartsook photo, copyright

"LITTLE MARY"

OF all the real romances of the shadow stage, the sweetest is that of Mary Pickford and Owen Moore. It is a romance that one never tires of hearing, because it is a romance that took place, during the birth of Motion Pictures, between two young people, then unknown to fame, who have risen so rapidly that their mere name outside of a theater brings thousands of people who never think of looking for the title of the picture which features them.

To begin at the beginning, as one should always do if one would make a story interesting, we must go back to June, 1909—seven years ago. That seven years has been the biggest and most productive period in the entire history of photoplay, as well as of the majority of the worth-while picture stars of today.

The first real part ever given to "Little Mary" was in a picture called "The Violin Maker of Cremona," which was produced by David Wark Griffith, then only a beginner in the work in which he was

Why Mary Pick

The First Romance in "Little Mary" When She Met Owen Moore

By ROBERTA

to rise, seven years later, to heights as yet undreamed of. Opposite "Little Mary," as her lover, was a good-looking young chap with merry, blue eyes and dark hair. It was Owen Moore, and this was their first introduction. It was a love-scene, too, "Little Mary's" first, and with an utter stranger!

Her heart sank, she trembled and flushed miserably, thinking of the empty studio, the impassive camera-man and the keenly critical little group of fellow players. She was unfamiliar with her director; it was her first good part, and at the beginning of her picture experience. Is it to be wondered at that her rehearsals almost drove Mr. Griffith mad?

"For heaven's sake," he stormed, in a burst of truly "Griffithish" rage, "you are supposed to love this man! Don't look as if you were afraid of him! Let him take you in his arms, put your arms around him—kiss him!"

And, with tears in her lovely, frightened eyes, she lifted tremulous lips to receive the first kiss of Owen Moore. She often laughs, with him, about their first scene together, and they have a great deal of fun over their emotions during the rehearsing and taking of it.

The people about the studio noticed the dawning interest of the two young people, and smiled about it, tenderly, among themselves. For these were then the youngest players at the studio and their affairs were of very real and kindly interest to the older players. Finally, Owen took to walking home with Mary from the studio in the evening, and often, stopping in to dinner, to meet Mrs. Pickford and "the children," Lottie and Jack.

It was no surprise to any one when their engagement was announced. At first Mrs. Pickford opposed the marriage, on the grounds of the youth of "the contracting parties," and because

Pickford Married Twice

Mary's" Life Began in 1909
ore in a Screen Love-Scene

COURTLANDT

she, of them all, partly realized the wonderful future that was to open at the very feet of the child with the sweet, wistful face. And she did not, for Mary's sake, wish that future jeopardized by any hastily assumed bond that could not be broken no matter how much the two might wish it. For they were, and are, communicants of the Catholic Church, and their creed admits of no such easy shifting of the marriage bond as divorce.

Mary and Owen both left the Biograph Company, in December of 1910, to join the Imp Company. This company was sending its first players south to Cuba for the winter. And Mary and Owen, leading man and leading woman, went aboard the s.s. *Havana*, which was to carry the little band of players south, as man and wife. Just before they were ready to come to the ship, their love had overcome all the scruples raised by opposition because of their youth, and they had hurried to a Justice of the Peace, been married in breathless haste, and reached the ship just before it sailed.

And Mrs. Pickford did not discover the marriage until the company had reached Cuba. Then, of course, she did only what any loving mother would do who had the happiness of her child at heart—she kissed Owen, welcomed him into her little family as her oldest son, and set about adding to their happiness as much as lay in her power. Mrs. Pickford has always been the chum of her three children. She looks after all their contracts and similar business arrangements, and thus, as she is an excellent business woman, saves them many worries and discomforts that would be bound to detract from their work.

Last spring, at the Mission San Juan, at Capistrano, Cal., there was held one of the most beautiful of spring services, and one in which the movie public would have taken the keenest interest had they



Hartsook photo, copyright

OWEN MOORE

only known of it. It was the wedding—a double wedding, by the way—of Pauline Bush to Allan Dwan (who was then Mary Pickford's director, but now Dorothy Gish's) and Mary Pickford to Owen Moore. The two latter people were attendants at the wedding of Miss Bush and Mr. Dwan, but as soon as that ceremony was over, in accordance with the usages and decrees of the Catholic Church, Mary Pickford was married to Owen Moore for the second time.

"The first wedding," explains Mary, quaintly, "was quite proper and legal, but little else. There could be no beauty about such a hurried affair. And Owen and I have never been particularly proud of it. A wedding ought to be something pretty and dainty, to look back upon with pride. So when Miss Bush and Mr. Dwan asked us to be their attendants, that gave us the idea. And we just got married all over again!"

Wasn't that a truly "Little Mary" idea?

As about all famous people, a great
(Continued on page 168)



N THE WAY IN

LITTLE WILLIE TOOK
ADVANTAGE OF AN UNEXPECTED
OPENING AND THEREBY ENJOYED
THE SHOW
WITHOUT COST.

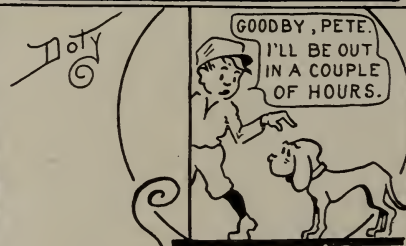


CAN I GET IN FOR HALF PRICE?

SOMETIMES IT MUST
SEEM LIKE THIS TO
THE BOX-OFFICE GIRL.



IT DOESN'T SEEM
EXACTLY FAIR!
IT COSTS ME
A JITNEY, TOO!



GOODBY, PETE.
I'LL BE OUT
IN A COUPLE
OF HOURS.



THE REAL MOVIE FAN ENJOYS HIMSELF WHILE WAITING IN LINE.

A Moving Picture
Romeo & Juliet

The Restrictions and Latitudes of the Screen in Presenting
the Greatest Lovers of All

By FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

SHAKESPEARE on the screen is a sign of the times. It is more than that; it is a hopeful sign. It shows what we who devote our lives to acting for the screen believe—that the highest art of which the drama is capable comes as easily within the province of the Moving Picture as the sensationalism with which the screen has been so long associated in the past and from which it is rising to higher things.

It was a well-known English manager who uttered the aphorism, "Shakespeare spells ruin." The careers of Henry Irving, Forbes-Robertson and Beerbohm Tree disprove that statement, for they won not only fame and fortune, but may, without exaggeration, be said to have received the honor of knighthood for their services in producing the works of the greatest English dramatist, who is also the greatest



dramatist of the world. So with Moving Pictures. At one time Shakespeare was thought to be an impossible proposition financially, but facts may once more contradict established beliefs.

In essaying to play Romeo on the screen, I am putting into execution an ambition, and I hope a laudable ambition, which I have had for years, for Romeo is one of the great test parts to which every actor aspires, just as he aspires to play Hamlet. Romeo has

this advantage over Hamlet, that the play is essentially one of action, and I need hardly say that it is action which counts most on the screen.

Interesting, nay entralling, as "Romeo and Juliet" has always been to the public, in the spoken drama, it will have, I believe, a still more extended vogue on the screen.

Music has been called "the universal language of emotion," for it speaks to

the heart of the world in a language which every ear understands. Remembering this, I may, without impropriety, call the Motion Picture the Esperanto of the drama, for, thru the eyes, our emotional message is carried to the mind and heart of all the nations of the world, no matter how different their languages.

Realizing this, I do not think I am essaying too great a flight of imagination if I say that it is my very firm belief that if Shakespeare were alive today he would rejoice

great lesson of the utter futility and stupidity of hate as a force in this beautiful world of ours.

While the screen's primary demand is action, yet, with the improved methods of technique which we are every day discovering, thought can be conveyed on the screen by facial expression almost, if not quite, as eloquently as it is on the stage by the spoken word.

It is perhaps trite to say that of all Shakespeare's plays "Romeo and Juliet" makes the most personal appeal to the



SCENES FROM THE METRO VERSION OF

at the opportunity of seeing "Romeo and Juliet" on the screen. Nay, more; I believe that he himself would have prepared the scenario for us to embody his vision, transmit his thought and set the story of his two lovers so that the whole world might rejoice with their joy and be enthralled by the pity of their fate, while it absorbed, perhaps unconsciously, the

heart of the world, for is it not a fact that "all the world loves a lover"? And the two lovers of Verona are the immortal lovers of the world. Romeo lives today as fully, as finely and as fervently in every land as he did in the Verona of the Middle Ages. You read his story in some form nearly every morning in the newspapers, and it is just as palpitating

with passion, just as thrilling with emotion, just as chilling with the breath of untimely fate, and just as tragic as is the immortal love-tale itself.

Consideration of the undying quality of Romeo's character and emotions has given me confidence in approaching the play, which has been for me a labor of love, as every great attempt must be to the soul of the artist.

The first searching question which the actor must ask himself in

guise by means of art as he can on the stage by skillful lighting.

Every one knows the famous axiom which declared that no actress can play Juliet until she is old enough to play the nurse, so, I suppose, the cynic of today might declare that no actor is able to play Romeo until he is old enough to play Friar Laurence. Let us hope that

we have outgrown such theatrical pessimism. Personally, I take heart

of grace when I remember that

I have probably some twelve



"ROMEO AND JULIET." FRANCIS BUSHMAN AS ROMEO

approaching such a part as Romeo, especially on the screen, is, "Can I look it?" It is a question even more pregnant with anxiety than that other necessary one, "Can I play it?" for the camera's "eyes" are far more acute than the eyes of the audience, and it searches out the handwriting of Time on the actor's face with a cruel insistence which he cannot dis-

to fifteen years to the good of most of the actors when they have played Romeo for the first time. I hope, therefore, that on the score of youth I shall, tho weighed, be not found wanting.

If I touch on this personal point of appearance first, it is because I realize the importance of the picture which is presented to the eye alone, for Romeo on

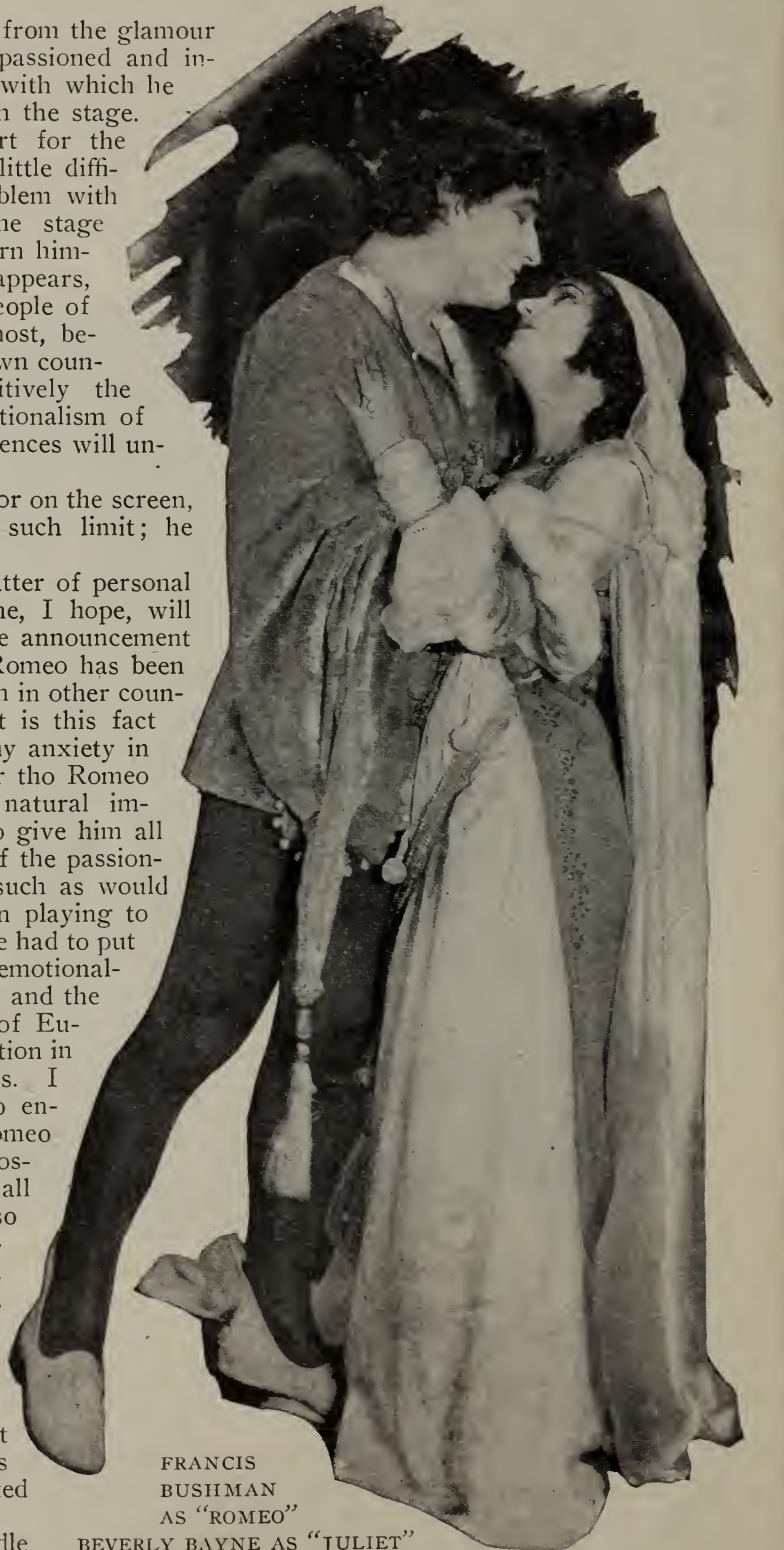
the screen has no help from the glamour of the poetry—the impassioned and inspired spoken words—with which he can enhance himself on the stage.

In studying the part for the screen, I have had no little difficulty in solving a problem with which the actor on the stage does not have to concern himself. The stage actor appears, as a rule, before the people of his own city, or, at most, before the people of his own country. He knows intuitively the boundaries of the emotionalism of the part which his audiences will understand and accept.

In the case of the actor on the screen, however, there is no such limit; he plays for the world.

It is, I confess, a matter of personal pride—at which no one, I hope, will cavil—that, already, the announcement of my appearance as Romeo has been greeted with satisfaction in other countries than my own. It is this fact which has intensified my anxiety in portraying the part, for tho Romeo is an Italian, and my natural impulse, as an actor, is to give him all the ebullient gestures of the passionate son of the South, such as would be used by a Salvini in playing to Italian audiences, I have had to put some restraint to that emotionalism, for our own public and the more northern people of Europe do not express emotion in such "voluble" gestures. I have had, therefore, to endeavor to present a Romeo who will be not only possible but probable to all races and peoples, so that it may be sympathetically understood in every country. If, therefore, my Romeo does not seem to the Latin as hot as an Italian actor would make him, he will, at least, not be so cold as if he were represented as an Anglo-Saxon.

In steering this middle



FRANCIS
BUSHMAN
AS "ROMEO"
BEVERLY BAYNE AS "JULIET"

course—and one must remember the soundness of the advice contained in the famous Latin aphorism, "In medias tutissimus"—I recall the fate which befell Italy's greatest actor, who played the principal part in a photoplay I saw a couple of years ago. It was a character full of emotion, and, while the wild distortions of the actor's countenance, his passionate gestures and the tortuous gyrations of his body were entirely natural in expressing his emotions to an Italian audience, to American eyes they were so ridiculous that the audience greeted his most passionate outbursts with laughter.

It would be the height of folly for me to attempt to play Romeo on those lines. On the other hand, it is impossible to represent him with his emotion unduly repressed.

The romance, the passion—using the word in its most exalted sense—the fer-

vor, must all be made perfectly clear, and yet must be expressed in such a way that it must appeal to the Italian as being sufficient, and to the colder races as not being overdone.

In seeking this middle course, I may claim to have Shakespeare's own justification, expressed in the advice he put into the mouth of Hamlet when he told the players that "in the very torrent, tempest and, as I may say, whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness." However essential smoothness is to the actor on the stage, it is infinitely more essential to the actor on the screen, who must also remember to "o'erstep not the modesty of Nature," for the screen necessarily exaggerates everything, and a very slight change of expression of the actor can convey a great change of thought to the audience.



A Ballad of Films of Yesteryear

By HARVEY PEAKE

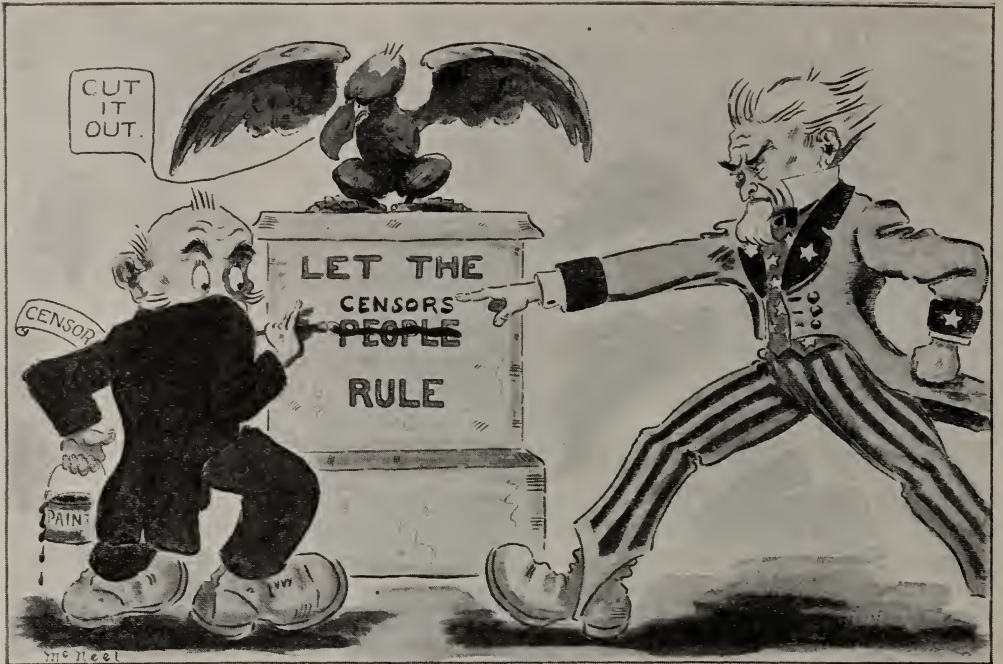
Tell me now, in what junk-filled room
Linger the films of a bygone day?
Covered with cobwebs and buried in gloom,
Surely they have not passed away!
We who remember them count them jay,
They were so crude that we laugh and sneer;
"How could the public have stood them?" we say—
Where are the films of yesteryear?

The ninety-foot strip of "The Happy Groom,"
Wedding a bride with a big bouquet;
"Runaway Horses" and "Garfield's Tomb";
"The Oncoming Engine," in faintest gray;
"Our Marching Troops," in brave array;
"The Country School," with antics queer;
"The Picnic Frolic," dim but gay—
Where are the films of yesteryear?

That pasteboard trick, "The Witch's Broom";
"The Ebon Cook Who Would Not Stay"—
Those chasing things have met their doom;
Where have they vanished to, I pray?
Oh, how we laugh at their mild display;
The films that are past make us shed a tear,
For memories back to our childhood stray—
Where are the films of yesteryear?

L'ENVOI.

Multiple reels are now *au fait*,
But they will grow old, you need not fear;
Films change ever, all styles decay—
Where are the films of yesteryear?



UNCLE SAM—SEE HERE, OLD MAN, I'VE STOOD FOR JUST ABOUT ENOUGH OF THAT!

Passed by the Censors!

By WILLIAM L. GEPPERT

THE Motion Picture censor flicked the ashes from his cigar, swore softly, and belched. He was in a hurry, and a delay annoyed him.

It was the halcyon days of the censorship boards. The censorship craze had passed over the country, and the people, well-meaning but thoughtless, had the delusion that their thoughts could be regulated by commission. As a consequence, Motion Picture censorship had become an important part of our political machinery.

The politicians had not stopped with a national censorship board, which had branches in every State and territory of the Union. With avidity, they had taken up with a popular cry, and had stretched the law-making powers to the utmost in a mad, sanctimonious rush to save the people from headlong, utter depravity. After the national came the State boards, then the county, school district and municipal boards. Then there were a few odd blue-ribbon, red-badge, gilt-seal and

palm-leaf boards, whose symbols denoted various degrees of film excellence. The S. P. C. A., the Anti-Vice Society, the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the Moral Welfare League, the ministerial unions and other organizations had special boards. There were boards to burn, and then some.

The Motion Picture censor was in a hurry to get thru his day's labors, as the Motion Picture Censors' Association of the Eighteenth District was to meet the next day, and he wanted to get an early start. Several amendments were to be proposed to various censorship laws and ordinances, and the meeting would be important.

Suddenly grim determination seized him, and he shook his head.

"This scene must be chopped out," he growled in his nice little, growly, censorship way.

"Why?" politely inquired the picture producer.

"It shows a child walking across a



UNDER HIS THUMB! HOW LONG WILL HE
STAND FOR IT?

street. That would never do. It might incite some reckless motorist to murder."

The film producer sighed, mopped his brow, and said nothing. Words failed him in the pinch.

"Also back there," the M. P. C. went on, "you have a scene that is absolutely impossible. It is where a little boy and a little girl sit together in a swing. Why, you ought to know better than that. We dont permit any such gross immorality. Cut it out."

The poor producer sank into a chair.

"Now, in regard to the grocery interior in the second act," continued the censor, "where a woman comes in and buys a sack of sugar. There's a tariff on sugar—yes, no? That conflicts with section 143a, which prohibits anything in the nature of partisanship. Kelley, in the Eighteenth District, is running for Congress against the tariff on sugar, and Murphy for it."

"Certainly," muttered the film-maker.

For fully three minutes the censor said nothing, and the producer's hopes rose.

Then the censor bestirred himself.

"The scene of the mansion interior cant get by," he observed. "The setting is too elaborate, too magnificent. Our board has ruled against these scenes. They incite envy, discontent and anarchy among the people. We think it best, for the good of humanity, not to tantalize people with things they cant have."

The censor sat silent a moment and apparently closed his eyes as some beautiful scenery passed in review.

"Are those navel-orange trees," he queried, "or Florida ones? You see there's a rate-cutting war on between the Southern and Western railroads, and we cant afford to antagonize them by showing preference."

A young girl lay dying and her mother knelt by the bed in an agony of grief.

"A bit too emotional," advised the censor; "we dont want to encourage people giving way to their feelings—hard or soft.

Cut it out. Maybe you think we censors are only destructive, but I've an idea I'll give you, how to strengthen that scene as well as teach a lesson."

He thought deeply, running his fingers, author-like, thru greasy hair. "Have the girl dying," he suggested, the light of inspiration in his eyes—"that's all right, but instead of her mother giving way to her feelings, why not have her read a newspaper? That's novel, neat, and appealing!"

The film producer swallowed his palate, choked violently, and would have passed away, if the benevolent censor had not thumped him on the back.

Next there flashed upon the screen a garret interior. Surely this would come within the bounds of decency and order.

"Very clever—very clever. Ah, let me see." The censor suddenly recollected something, and peeled over pages of a red-leather book. "Just as I thought. This garret scene conflicts with the State ruling that scenes of dire poverty must not be shown because they depress and

discourage the average citizen. It's a rotten shame, I know, and I think the State Board has gone the limit there; but"—he turned out his palms in a gesture of resignation—"censorship is censorship, you know."

The Motion Picture producer gasped.

"And this newsboy looks very much like he is going to smoke a cigaret as soon as he goes around the corner. Cut him out," came the order.

The film producer made a motion as if to speak, thought better of it, and relaxed.

"This drug-store scene is all right," went on the guardian of the district's morals, "but you will have to cut out a few feet where it shows the little girl buying chewing-gum. That might tend to increase the dreadful chewing-gum habit."

The producer merely bowed.

"Aside from these few little things," summed up the censor, "and the elimination of the ball-room scene, the kitchen scene, the river-bank scene, the front hallway, the downtown office, the tennis court, the house that looks like Hallway's, the German dialect in the subtitles, the opening, the closing, the climax and the picture of the Maltese cat, your play



THE SAME OLD STORY. HOW THESE OLD PRUDES DO LOVE THE DEAR PEEPULL!

will pass. Twenty-five dollars, please. Next!"

Sticking the remnant of his film into his waistcoat pocket, the poor producer reeled out into the sunshine and made straight for the river.



The Royal Road to Learning

By C. WHITLOCKE COLE



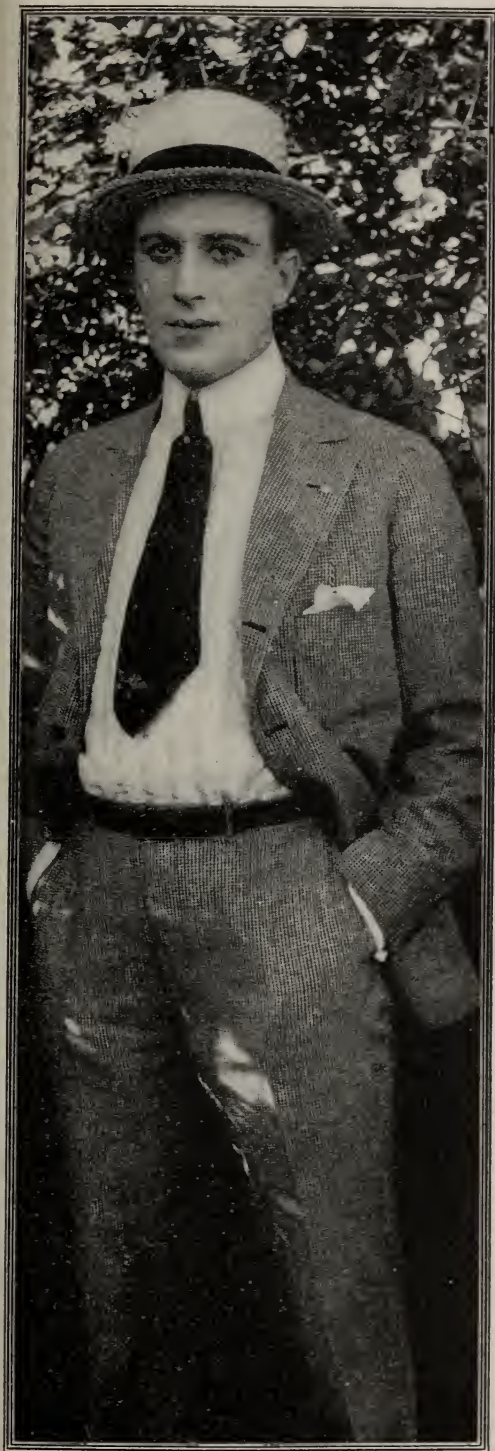
Fifteen million! daily learning,
All the nation goes to school;
Takes "The Royal Road to Learning,"
All the year around the rule—
All the nation goes to school!

Fifteen million! daily learning,
Where the "Camera is King!"
All the universe his empire,
Where we wander, wondering—
Where the "Camera is King!"

Fifteen million! daily learning;
There was never such a scene
Until science turned professor,
Turned the blackboard to a screen—
There was never such a scene.

Fifteen million! daily learning;
Every picture, you will find,
Stamps a faithful reproduction,
As a die stamps, on your mind—
Every picture you will find.

Fifteen million! daily learning,
Why not come and learn with me?
Light unlocks earth's hidden treasure,
Interest beckons, come and see—
Why not come and learn with me?



FRANK MAYO IN "GOOD OLD SUMMER
TIME"

"Unto the Third Generation"

The Gifts of Parents Have De-
scended to Frank Mayo

By PETER WADE

TWENTY years ago a theatrical troupe was on tour, making the big jump from Omaha to Denver. With the exception of a little lad of eight years, who crouched by his side, a grizzled and bent old man sat alone in the smoking-car. His name was Frank Mayo, a familiar and endeared name to the playgoers of a generation ago. The child by his side was little Frank Mayo, his grandson, who played child-parts in his grandfather's company. Sterling, vigorous, but sweet plays they were in those days, too, and no one better reveled in a whimsical, lovable rôle, such as "Puddin'-head Wilson" and "Davy Crockett," than old Frank Mayo.

And now, like Davy, he had come to the end of his journey and, with his eyes set toward the new West and with none of his dear company around him, was crossing the Great Divide.

The travel-worn actor died, his company disbanded, and little Frank was shipped East to his father, Edwin Mayo, then a rising young player. The boy was placed in the Peekskill Military Academy, and again, in the course of a few years, held the dying hand of a close blood-friend—his father this time. Low in funds and in spirit, the child's mother withdrew him from the academy and took him to England, seeking a home with relatives.

The stage was ineradicably in the boy's blood, and thru association with his famous grandfather, and a desire to promote the boy's unmistakable gifts, several of the better-known English actors took him under their wing and gave him a thoro schooling in the dramatic art. As a very young man, he grew tall and up-standing—six feet or more of splendid manhood. Red-blooded plays were the vogue then, and Frank Mayo played the leads in the original London productions



FRANK MAYO, MARGUERITE NICHOLS AND RUTH LACKAYE IN "SOLD AT AUCTION"
(BALBOA)

of "The Squaw Man," "A Fool There Was," "The Third Degree," and other notable productions.

Soon afterwards the mystic lure of the new art, Motion Pictures, began to interest him, and he made his camera debut with the London Film Company. Young Frank's talents were forthwith recognized by American producers, and it was not long before he was repeating his sad boyhood journey on his way to the West Coast to join the Santa Barbara Company.

'Tis said that road shows have made athletes of most actors—by forcing them to walk home. Thru no fault of their own, but thru the mismanagement of a distributing company, the new-born Santa Barbarites were forced to close their studio doors. And then took place a series of scenes that outrival the strike of the brewery workers in "Hit-the-Trail Holliday." The local sheriff and the city officials were powerless to curb the outraged actors, many of whom had gone without salaries for months. Picture a scene, if you can, of a violated temple of film art overrun by mad actors, each seiz-

ing a property or armful of wardrobe in the frenzy of their reprisal. Whether the athletic Frank Mayo led the mob or not is unrecorded in studio history, but he was not long in finding a new engagement. The Selig Company claimed him for a year, and then, last winter, a part appeared that was unintentionally written around Frank Mayo.

Dime-novel detectives have been, in the main, men of uncanny powers and miracle-workers who appealed only to the gallery gods. Unfortunately, we have far too many of this type in serial Motion Picture plays, but the rôle of Max Lamar, in "The Red Circle," is a human one. Frank Mayo was sought out and eagerly assumed the part, with the refinements of two generations of stagecraft back of him. He has portrayed the difficult rôle in a consummate but common-sense way. His Max Lamar makes none of the erudite deductions of Sherlock Holmes, nor does he descend to mere coincidence and "manufactured" clues. Frank Mayo apparently works out his problems in crime in the manner and

(Continued on page 168)

OUR SCREEN STARS ~and~ THEIR STARS ★ by Johnson Briscoe ★

How the Heavenly Stars Have Endowed Our Screen Favorites
The Solar Biologies of Some of Our Well-known Players

(While it is indisputably true that heredity, environment and association have a great influence upon one's character, in the present series an endeavor will be made to show the specific planetary influences which have governed many of our screen stars.)

RUTH ROLAND, Born August 21, 1893

(Read these articles carefully, because if you were born on these dates, the facts may apply to you as well as to Miss Roland and Mr. Reid)

THE Stellar Constellation at this time—the Leo-Virgo Cusp—saw the Moon in Sagittarius, with Mercury in Aries, and Venus influenced, only slightly, by Scorpio.

A bonny, capable lass is Ruth Roland—thoro, direct and positive—and she can bake a pie or direct a battleship with equal ease and facility. No matter what she undertakes, and her interests are many and varied, she is sure to bring it to a successful finish.

Dependable and thoroly self-reliant, Miss Roland goes serenely along her way—complete mistress of herself; firm in her own convictions; a faithful follower of her ideals and standards—and woe betide those who would endeavor to have her play fast and loose with her convictions. I' faith, the very charming Miss Roland probably refuses to concede much in the conduct code beyond "right's right and wrong's wrong," and that's all there is to it. Not that I mean to convey the impression that she is in any way a narrow-minded or bigoted person, for she is anything but that; but all the regenerate Leo-born possess, in a more or less degree, the very enviable quality of being thoroly able to think for themselves. Indeed, they most of them learn early in life that the best things come from within; that we ourselves, each individually, are the best mentors of our own



destinies, and that we must all make our own place in the world—make it and hold it against all odds.

Hidden way down deep in the cupboard of her ambitions, I'll wager Miss Roland cherishes a secret desire to head her own film company—to be the head and absolute directing genius of a picture company of her own. This same ambition would seek an outlet thru some other channel, if it had not so happened that she had become

a screen favorite. If she were upon the dramatic stage, stardom would be her goal; if a singer,

be satisfied with anything short of dominant leadership.

If only one could peep behind the studio scenes, there is little doubt that many times one would find Miss Roland involved in arguments and disputes with her directors as to how certain things should be done, certain scenes should be played. Of course she probably always gives in with a smiling face, but behind that same smiling countenance there is the sure, supreme knowledge that she could do things very much better if only she were allowed to do them her own way. And, the funny



Photo by Hartsook

RUTH ROLAND

the Metropolitan Opera House or Covent Garden; if a school-teacher, the head of a large woman's college, and so forth and so on. In whatever field of labor she was engaged, she would never

part of it all is, one would never guess this by merely watching her, because these clever Leo children have the happy knack of disguising their real feelings most of the time; they are so self-reliant,

so sure of themselves. Many a Leo-Lucretia Borgia hides behind the sweetness of a Mary Pickford manner. And the provoking thing about most of them is that they are nearly always in the right!

Miss Roland, so the stars tell us, is an impulsive, warm-hearted creature, generous to a fault, and any appeal to her sympathies or emotions rarely goes unanswered. Indeed, she will frequently go out of her way, even put herself out considerably, to do a kind or generous act. She possesses a strong love for home and domesticity, and she has a positive genius for hospitality and entertaining. She is never so happy as when giving pleasure to others, and she makes it a rule to surround herself with talented, clever people.

Born upon the Leo-Virgo Cusp, thus embracing the characteristics of both signs, Miss Roland both invites and resents criticism. She will lead you to believe that she likes to be criticised, most especially as regards her work upon the screen, but just let any one attempt to speak adversely of her work, and the result will probably be a pretty kettle of fish. However, this is only true of those whose advice and opinions Miss Roland holds lightly, for she is

quite willing to accept critical suggestions from people whose mentality she respects. Just the same, our pretty Balboa heroine has a nice introspective sense, she is an impartial judge of herself, and she is thoroly aware of both her capabilities and her limitations.

Adaptability is also to be listed among Miss Roland's accomplishments, and she can take her place and hold her own in almost any stratum of society. She can have the dignity of a dowager duchess or the frolicsomeness of a tomboy, just as the fancy strikes her.

In her affairs where Dan Cupid is concerned, this gifted screen star is capable of the most wonderful things. Lucky, indeed, the man upon whom she bestows her affections, for there is almost no limit to the nobility, the supreme beauty of the dictates of her heart. All Leo-Virgo people, especially when their self-confidence is held in control, are capable of the very finest things—devotion, self-sacrifice, loyalty, generosity, and all the ennobling traits—and they will practically stop at nothing in their happy desires to bring joy to their beloved ones. But—and here is the great tragedy with many of them—they far too often lavish their wonderful affections upon unworthy subjects.



WALLACE REID, Born April 15, 1891

The Stellar Constellation at this time—Aries—saw the Moon in Cancer, with Mercury in Virgo, and Venus influenced, only slightly, by Aquarius.

Well, well; small wonder that Wallace Reid has so quickly forged ahead into the front ranks of our most successful screen stars. Why, just let this lad set his mind upon a thing, upon its accomplishment and successful issue, and that same thing is already as good as done, no matter what obstacles and barriers he has to surmount. A good, plucky fighter, he plunges into every undertaking with the zeal and determination of the born enthusiast. Nothing infuriates him more than defeat, be it the collapse of a pet project or an irascible motor-car.

Now, you may not believe it, all you worshipers and devotees of our Lasky hero—he of the almost obvious arrow-collar school of pulchritude and shatterer of hearts feminine: but this same Wallace Reid has an extraordinary streak of the finely spiritual in his make-up, a delicate supersensitiveness which tends towards religious affairs. (Only think of the hullabaloo he would have raised had he become a minister!) Probably not even his closest friends suspect this spirituality within him, for it is an intimate, close part of him and one rarely revealed to the outer world. As he grows older, perhaps this quality will become more dominant, more easily recognized; he himself will understand it more and be able to give it better,

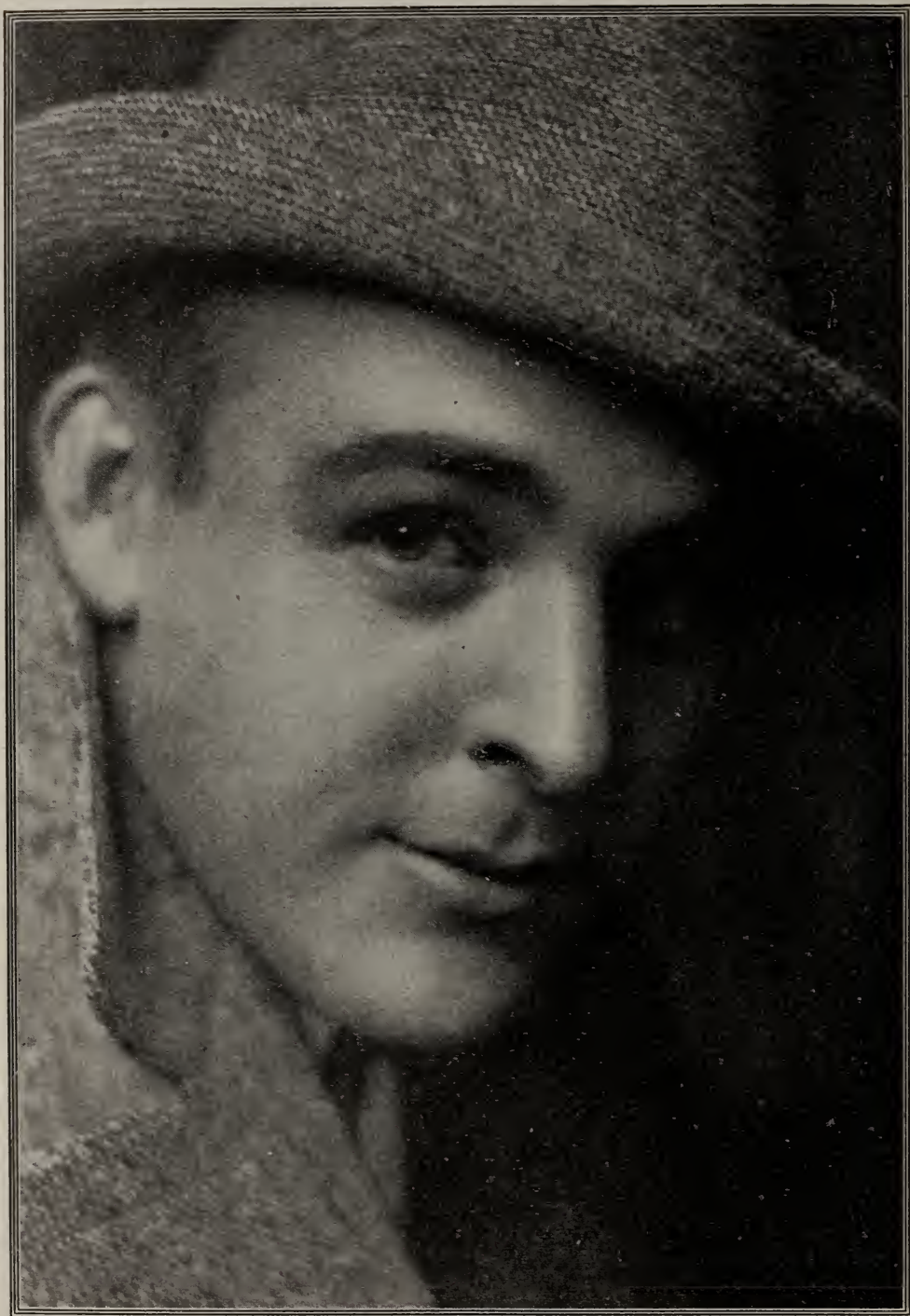


Photo by De Gaston

WALLACE REID

fuller expression. Just now it is a wonderful, beautiful, intensely intimate part of him, and he will brook no inquisitive curiosity seekers.

Dont infer from this, however, that Mr. Reid is a star-gazer, an impractical sort of person who walks about with his head in the clouds, seeking the unattain-

able, hoping to find the rainbow's end. He is nothing of the sort, let me assure you, for there is a lot of good, sound practicality within him—the sort which has a definite goal and which pushes over all obstacles to achieve it. He is a persistent “pusher,” too, and tho he has frequently worked against heavy odds, this very fact has merely inspired him to put forth more effort and determination.

He is a great sentimentalist, is this Reid chap—the sort who does the kind and considerate thing when the touch of sentiment gives it added value—and it is not at all surprising that pretty Dorothy Davenport led him to Hymen's altar shortly after he reached man's estate. Sociability is a strong characteristic, he enjoys recreation and pleasure as much as any one, and he can be most witty and amusing when the spirit moves him. He tells stories inimitably, and he is frequently the leading light at various social functions.

The chief faults of the Aries-born are their selfishness, egotism and jealousy, and if Mr. Reid has any enemies they surely came about thru one of these defects. Yet many Aries people are so grossly misunderstood, even when these glaring faults and shortcomings seem paramount. Their selfishness and egotism are so often merely a perverted sense of leadership; they will push and sweep over everything and everybody in their desire to accomplish their own ends, and, as they are willing to suffer and sacrifice themselves to bring about a desired result, they cant for the life of them understand why everybody else doesn't feel the same way about it. Hence they are often thought unnecessarily unkind, when it is generally a sort

of ambitious short-sightedness upon their own part.

And the jealousy of the Aries-born always makes them suffer far more than those around them. Their love-nature is so intense, so all-sweeping in its power, like a sort of tempest or whirlwind, that they are almost helpless in its guidance or direction. They know such pain thru the song of the heart that it is positive torture to them to taste of the pangs of jealousy. And a happy reciprocity in their heart-affairs brings out the very best, the very finest in them.

Mr. Reid's future should make a most interesting study, for he has achieved a great deal in his chosen work for a man as young as he. It has not all been easy sailing with him, I'll wager a great deal, and he has reached his present position only thru determination and endless inner struggles. So often the game must have appeared unworthy the fight, for our Aries children have such contradictory natures, and it generally takes them some time to find themselves, to discover wherein lies their best work; and their defects, at least to those who work out their own salvation, so often seem insurmountable. But they are such jolly good fighters!

One feels safe in saying, however, that Wallace Reid has thus far successfully overcome the barriers in his path, and there is certainly every reason to believe that he will continue to best them. And, those of you who know him, just watch his future spiritual development.

NOTE: The Solar Biologies of Mary Pickford, Earle Williams, Beverly Bayne, W. S. Hart, Marguerite Snow and Charles Chaplin will appear next.

A Suggestion

By E. W. TEITZEL



“We will build our next film round the Garden of Eden,”

Said the stately director, with consummate gall.

The office-boy offered this little suggestion:

“Have Adam and Eve do a comedy fall!”





Photo by Hoover

RENA ROGERS (Vogue) and her pet bull pup, "Peter"

Peggy Hyland

Wants Just a Little Niche

Peggy Hyland, British Star, Is Here for Her American Debut in Screenland

By LILLIAN CONLON

"ALL I want over here is my little niche—not anybody else's. But if I can fill that little corner to the very best of my



THESE PICTURES OF PEGGY HYLAND WERE TAKEN IN HER ENGLISH HOME

ability, I shall be supremely happy." Peggy Hyland, the celebrated little British star, who has crossed the Atlantic for the first time and is just at present feathering her nest in the Vitagraph Company's ever increasing galaxy of stage favorites, smiled radiantly, and perched herself complacently upon a huge table which offered the most comfortable seat within immediate reach.

"Of course the whole journey is a sort of voyage of discovery for me, as I have never set foot in your country before, and anywhere I look I find some new marvel to behold. I nearly fell overboard gaping at your tremendous sky-scrapers—they are the hugest things I ever saw in my life! When I heard all about them, I thought it was mostly exaggeration,

but they really beggar description. It was the first 'disappointment' I had upon arriving here, for I was all prepared to say 'I knew they were not so big as they said they were.' But I was fooled. They were twice as impressive as any one ever led me to believe them to be.

"How do you endure all the steam-heat? I should hate to think that you were a cold-blooded nation, but everywhere I go I seem to encounter a steam-pipe! Is that how you Americans get all your push and go? At any rate, you have it.

"Of course I have not been working in my picture so very long, but I have noticed many differences in method between the American and English directors. And I must confess that your methods are more thoroly business-like than theirs. There is less lost motion over here and more semblance of system in the way that everything is handled. It was positively astounding to find a bulletin in the studio which gave the personnel of each company and charted their movements like a railroad time-table. That sort of thing isn't done over on the other side—at least, not so far as my experience showed."

Just what did Miss Hyland's experience include, so far as the British film studio was concerned? Of course her fame as a member of Cyril Maude's Playhouse company and as the star of "The Little Café" and "The Yellow Jacket" on the stage had traveled three thousand miles before Miss Hyland made the journey herself, but concerning her Motion Picture achievements on the other side not so much was known.

"Oh, I played in quite a number of large productions in England," replied Miss Hyland, after cautioning the interviewer to make it plain that she was responding to a direct question, because otherwise every one would think her frightfully conceited and prone to brag about herself, and she was perfectly sure that nobody was interested in her. "The most important pictures were 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' 'Lochinvar,' 'Infelice,' and the rôle of Esther Eccles in 'Caste.' Sir John Hare played old man Eccles in that picture.

"I did several other films over there

in which I performed some crazy 'stunts' like jumping into the Thames and being thrown from a horse, but all that is very silly when it is done just for what they call 'thrillers,' and I am very sure that the Famous Players will not request me to do anything like that.

"Your shops are perfectly marvelous," remarked Miss Hyland, irrelevantly. "I have been snooping about a great deal since I arrived, and I think that some of your Fifth Avenue establishments are simply wonderful—they are so very smart. No wonder American women always look so perfectly charming. But there is one thing that astounds me—the extremely friendly attitude of many of the shop-girls.

"Over in England the shop-girls would never think of talking to one except on matters of business. They never become chatty. But the very first time that I entered one of your stores, as I believe you call them, the girl behind the counter said, 'Oh, you are English. I knew it the moment you spoke.'

"It simply stunned me for a moment, as that sort of thing is almost unheard of with us. But when I recovered from my surprise, and realized that the girl was not in the least impudent in her manner, I must confess that I rather enjoyed the novelty of the thing. That little incident occurred down in Jacksonville, Florida, where I had gone to do the exterior part of 'Saints and Sinners,' a Famous Players' picture and the first in which I appeared.

"It seems curious that the work of a British author should have been selected as my first vehicle in America, but I am told that the choice was purely a coincidence, as the only intent was to obtain a subject that would prove especially suited to me. It so happened that the lot fell to Henry Arthur Jones, but the chances are that I may not appear in another English story for a year.

"You cant imagine what a beastly time I had at first trying to understand the slang expressions in the studio. I didn't know what my director was talking about until I memorized the different expressions which you use over here. One of the most amusing terms you have is 'release,' which I finally learnt referred

to placing your films on exhibition. It was a long time before I could get any nearer to that than 'let loose,' because I always drew mental pictures of a reel of film popping out of the little green tin can in which it is confined.

"I have been rambling on so much that you will think I am frivolous. Really, I

country." And now for a little "penograph" of Miss Hyland. She is just what we expect from a "Peggy"—slight and



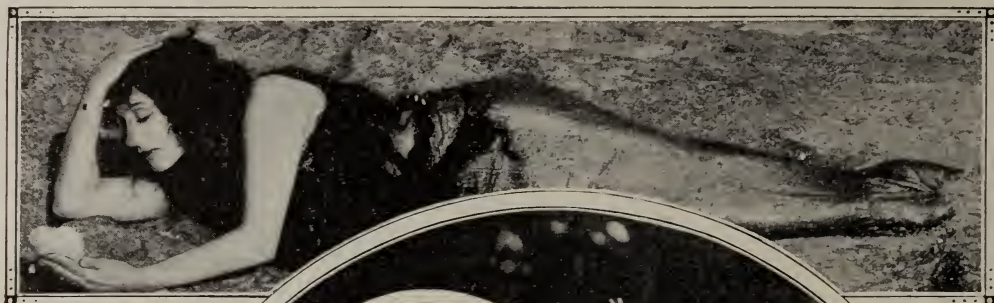
SCENES FROM "SAINTS AND SINNERS," IN WHICH PEGGY HYLAND MAKES HER AMERICAN DÉBUT

am sincerely earnest in my desire to win the esteem and admiration of the American people, and I shall do everything in my power to do so. It is a tremendous undertaking for a girl to cross the ocean all alone with the avowed intention of 'capturing a continent single-handed,' and I am very frank to confess that I approached it with fear and trembling. But I am putting my very best into my work, and I fervently hope that I will succeed, both for my own personal gratification and in order to justify the hopes of those who had the faith in my ability to bring me over to your charming



well modeled, curly brown hair, frank and brilliant brown eyes, with a manner just as open and sincere.

Bathers in a More or Less Natural State



ANNETTE
KELLERMANN IN
"NEPTUNE'S
DAUGHTER"
AND
"A DAUGHTER OF
THE GODS"



IDA SCHNALL AND A GROUP OF MERMAIDS IN A
SCENE FROM "UNDINE"

Popular Player Contest

July a Banner Month with Over a Million New Votes. A Nip-and-Tuck Race Among the Leaders

IT is quite evident that the women of the country are entitled to the vote. If enthusiasm and the exercise of the ballot are indications, the fair sex are far outdistancing the men. It is said that women are more intelligent readers than men, and, if so, the Popular Player Contest seems to have attracted about all the able-minded women in the United States. There may be a few who are not interested, but the 800,000 odd votes which we have received this month, and which bear signatures in feminine handwriting, are the best kind of proof that the ballot is being exercised with discrimination.

It is interesting to note how world-wide the interest in the Popular Player Contest has become. We have received tens of thousands of votes from Canada; thousands from England, Australia and New Zealand; hundreds from Mexico, South America and France, and many more from friends of the players in the far-off Philippines, and even from China, India and Japan.

Nor does enthusiasm flag. In the August MAGAZINE we told our readers of the tremendous value to players thru Popularity Contests, and our editorial was taken in good faith. During the past month the vote has more than doubled in numbers, and is now well past the million mark, with every day bringing us a splendid increase of mail.

An announcement elsewhere in our pages tells just how subscription votes will greatly increase your favorite's standing. The Circulation Department desires to make the obtaining of subscriptions and the votes that go with them an easy matter. Any one may become a special representative of the MAGAZINE in any territory. Simply write for information to the Circulation Department, and subscription blanks, with simple instructions on how to go about it, will be sent to you at once. By placing a few subscriptions among the members of your family and immediate friends, you will not only earn a liberal commission, but will obtain a gratifying number of votes for your

favorite photoplayer. As a special reward to representatives the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC offer several monthly cash prizes for the largest number of subscriptions obtained. These cash prizes are offered each month, and will amount to several hundred dollars all told.

Another easy and interesting method of obtaining votes is thru the organization of voting clubs. These clubs can be made as small or as large as your time and convenience permit. Three or four friends can get together and form a small club, or it can make a neighborhood affair with a membership as large as you wish. By working as a unit and canvassing all its friends a voting club will produce a large total of votes. The simple fact that you have an organization, informal or otherwise, will accomplish wonders.

To those campaigners who will interest their local exhibitors in displaying a slide on their screens we will send a handsome colored slide announcing the candidacy of any player that you may select. We prefer that a letter from the theater manager or owner accompany the order for a slide. In this way your favorite player will obtain many votes by having his candidacy called to the attention of thousands of people in your neighborhood.

Should you form a voting club or use any other organized method of obtaining votes it should be called to the attention of your local newspapers. Newspapers are usually willing to publish material that is of interest to an organized group, and a personal call upon the editors will undoubtedly help you in preparing suitable copy and in having it published. We would appreciate mention of the Popular Player Contest in any newspaper, large or small, and to any one who sends us a clipping mentioning the contest we will be pleased to send a copy of, or a complimentary subscription to, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, according to its importance. In case clippings from the same newspaper under the same date are sent to us, we will

recognize the person whose letter bears the earliest postmark.

The use of chain-letters has accomplished wonders in obtaining votes for candidates for political office, and their value as a vote-getter of course depends upon the continuity of the chain. An unbroken chain-letter will run into hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, with an enormous number of votes as a result. The originator of the chain-letter should write at least five short and appealing letters to five friends who the writer thinks will be interested, requesting a vote for a favorite player, and the use of a MOTION

PICTURE MAGAZINE voting coupon. Letters should close with a request that each recipient write to five friends in order that the chain may not be broken. It can readily be seen that such a campaign could grow to enormous results.

Let the good work continue. War and rumors of war, dog-days and vacations do not interfere with the world's simplest yet greatest entertainment—Motion Pictures—and how better can we show our appreciation than by boosting its silent players? Is it not a fact that certain players appeal to you? Then, why not appeal to them?

HOW THE LEADERS STOOD UP TO JULY 10, 1916

Mary Pickford.....	62,320	Kathlyn Williams.....	5,715
Marguerite Clark.....	56,801	Alice Joyce.....	5,690
Warren Kerrigan.....	43,335	Douglas Fairbanks.....	5,555
Francis Bushman.....	42,015	House Peters.....	5,520
Theda Bara.....	32,150	Tom Forman.....	5,360
Edward Earle.....	31,500	Violet Mersereau.....	5,330
Henry Walthall.....	31,240	Owen Moore.....	5,290
Anita Stewart.....	31,010	Richard Travers.....	5,275
Pearl White.....	29,825	Henry King.....	5,075
Wallace Reid.....	28,834	Herbert Rawlinson.....	5,050
Earle Williams.....	25,120	Mae Marsh.....	5,030
William Farnum.....	25,010	E. K. Lincoln.....	5,025
Billy Sherwood.....	22,490	Edward Coxen.....	4,995
Grace Cunard.....	22,470	May Allison.....	4,925
William S. Hart.....	22,190	Anna Little.....	4,825
Harold Lockwood.....	21,375	Al Ray.....	4,710
Alexander Gaden.....	19,210	Dorothy Gish.....	4,675
Pauline Frederick.....	17,690	Ruth Stonehouse.....	4,615
Nellie Anderson.....	17,635	Geraldine Farrar.....	4,605
Beverly Bayne.....	16,740	Robert Mantell.....	4,405
Ruth Roland.....	16,635	Louise Bates.....	4,360
Blanche Sweet.....	14,995	Florence Lawrence.....	4,315
Mary Fuller.....	14,730	Marie Newton.....	4,300
Crane Wilbur.....	14,410	Milton Sills.....	4,285
Marguerite Snow.....	14,320	Hazel Dawn.....	4,280
Mary Miles Minter.....	14,295	Mabel Normand.....	4,270
Robert Warwick.....	13,945	Ethel Grandin.....	4,260
Dustin Farnum.....	13,185	Irving Cummings.....	4,250
Mary Anderson.....	13,075	Ethel Clayton.....	4,240
Nell Craig.....	11,920	Maurice Costello.....	4,225
Carlyle Blackwell.....	11,525	Jane Novak.....	4,190
Florence LaBadie.....	11,335	Thomas Meighan.....	4,185
Olga Petrova.....	10,015	Naomi Childers.....	4,105
Norma Talmadge.....	8,850	Bessie Barriscale.....	4,065
Clara K. Young.....	8,635	Fannie Ward.....	4,064
Bryant Washburn.....	8,595	Cleo Ridgely.....	4,045
Creighton Hale.....	8,185	Lillian Walker.....	3,945
Cleo Madison.....	7,980	Lenore Ulrich.....	3,940
Antonio Moreno.....	7,915	Elizabeth Burbridge.....	3,940
Marguerite Courtot.....	7,810	Vera Sisson.....	3,915
Edith Storey.....	7,755	Marguerite Clayton.....	3,885
Edna Mayo.....	7,675	Harry Northrup.....	3,865
Francis Ford.....	7,660	Conway Tearle.....	3,865
Filla Hall.....	7,645	Hobart Henley.....	3,865
Charlie Chaplin.....	7,595	Louise Glaum.....	3,850
Harris Gordon.....	7,525	Mabel Trunnelle.....	3,850
Romaine Fielding.....	7,335	Lottie Pickford.....	3,845
Lillian Gish.....	7,305	Richard Stanton.....	3,835



PANORAMIC VIEW OF HOW A BIG SCENE IN A FEATURE PLAY IS FILMED. NOTE THE RAISED PLATFORM AND THE BATTERY OF CAMERAS

Filming Big Scenes

By ELIZABETH PETERSEN

THEY are flashed in a moment, these big scenes, that took perhaps several months of preparation, and many of the uninitiated find themselves asking, "Is it really worth while?" Maybe it is hardly to be expected that a layman can appreciate the vast importance of these little, big things, of the little intricacies, and twists, and turns that go towards making the big scene that makes the big play.

It was not always thus—undoubtedly the veteran fans can remember the little incongruities that abounded in the old days, such as telegraph wires stretched across the prairie lands during the first settlement days, or a huge safety pin holding together the fur covering of a ferocious Indian, who was seeing a white man for the first time in his life. Then, during the filming of a foreign location,

an American policeman would saunter thru the scene, or the bill of fare in a restaurant window would be written in the inimitable style of second-rate New York hostelryes. To remember these, and then to look at the little niceties in the modern pictures, is to applaud the work of the present-day directors. A foreign telephone used, when the action supposedly takes place in Europe, is a convincing point that reveals itself to a critical eye, and when you see in the home of an elderly gentlewoman a box of mignonette growing on her windowsill, you instinctively admire the pretty bit of local color. These are minor details, but they are the little things that count, and that can either ruin or perpetuate the effect of a picture to a discerning mind.

Some years ago only artificial flowers



TWO CAMERAS ARE TRAINED ON A SET IN "THE CRISIS." DIRECTOR CAMPBELL IS SEEN WEARING A STIFF HAT. BEHIND THE CAMERA-MAN IS MARSHALL NEILAN, WHO TAKES A LEADING PART IN THE PRODUCTION

were used for decorating, and when, in some Biograph pictures, unmistakably real flowers appeared, most people thought it was an undue expense and would soon be discarded. It was the master touch of David Griffith, and is one of the reasons pleasant memories of those old Biograph plays still linger—even in these days of the advanced photodrama.

Among the latest big scenes, some especially worthy of mention, are those in a late Selig release, "The Crisis." By those who are familiar with the novel by Winston Churchill, will the old-style Southern atmosphere prevailing throughout the picture be appreciated.

On the main floor of the studio, a most elaborate setting was accomplished after two weeks of hard labor. Every room was set up at the same time, and when finished, gave the impression of really being a floor of the old Southern home. Several articles of the bric-à-brac that were in the old St. Louis home,

where the author conceived his inspiration for the story, served as bits of local color that made the scenes "real." The dining-room boasted of a complete dinner set, formerly owned by Joseph Jefferson, and which was secured at great expense.

The extras were young members of Chicago society, who entered into the scenes with zest and forgot themselves in the characters they were assuming. They danced the old-fashioned waltz and minuet, from room to room, around the broad colonial stairs, and between the massive columns, almost believing they were living in those old antebellum days of the South.

And so they pass on, these wonderful shadow pictures—some into the depths of oblivion, others to the heights of posterity, and in the latter we know the director had amply indulged his taste in good local color, but must surely feel repaid in the generous praise that comes from it.

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

The latest picture captive is Charlotte Walker, the heroine of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," and her first screen portrayal will be for the Edison Company in a photodramatization of "Partners," a Rex Beach Western story.

True to the title of her coming production, "Rolling Stones," the fair Marguerite Courtot has left the Gaumont camp and wended to Famous Players. Owen Moore will twinkle opposite her.

We could not discover the whereabouts of fat and frisky Kate Price until the other day our Greenroom Man discovered her going thru a hilarious romp before Fatty Arbuckle's camera. Kate will be a Keystoner from now on.

On July 15th, a party composed of members of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE'S editorial staff boarded the s.s. *Bermudian* bound for the isle of onions and Easter lilies. The voyagers comprised Managing Editor Eugene V. Brewster, Hector Ames, the "Photoplay Philosopher," Richard Wallace and "Junius." Dull care was left behind and cameras and outing flannels were the principal baggage.

Now that the light fantastic toe is as expressive as the eye, Maurice, the international tango artist, has signed up with Famous Players. Florence Walton, who has danced with him in all the Continental capitals, will be his film dancing-partner.

The report of a falling out between Syd and Charlie Chaplin is herewith given the lie. "Deny it flat—somebody's foolish," wires Charlie, and Syd says, "Me too."

Tully Marshall has had his funnybone X-rayed and is going to take a plunge into broad farce with Fay Tincher, she of the stripes and angles. Fay promises to lead the dramatic star a merry chase over the water-jumps.

"The Devil at His Elbow" is the temptatious title of a coming Metro feature in which Dorothy Green will co-star with Clifford Bruce. One of Uncle Sam's newest submarines takes a prominent part in the story.

A ripping furore has been aroused among film fans thru the report that Anita Stewart had become the Duchess de Vizen thru her marriage to the Duke, thereby becoming an heir presumptive to the throne of Portugal. Anita Stewart *did* marry the Duke, but she was another Miss Stewart, the daughter of Rhinelander Stewart of New York.

The Alpha and Omega of filmdom is well illustrated in Fox's coming "Caprice of the Mountains." In it 18-year-old June Caprice makes her debut in the title rôle, and Sara Alexander, who has passed her 80th year, plays an important character part.

Earle Williams, while performing in a scene of "The Scarlet Runner," Vitagraph's new automobile serial, met with quite a serious accident recently at Tarrytown, N. Y. The car ran afoul of the railroad tracks and Mr. Williams was injured on the head and shoulders. It is hoped that he will be able to resume activities in a week or so, at the latest.

The East is going to steal some of its thunder from the West by holding a rodeo or cowboy horsemanship exhibit at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y., in August. Prizes amounting to \$1,000 have been offered for the most daring feats of horsemanship and skill in rope-throwing. A delegation, headed by Art Acord and Helen Gibson, is coming from the West Coast to compete.

At last the secret of Vitagraph Dorothy Kelly's solitaire ring has been disclosed. The charming star confesses that she is about to be married to Mr. Harvey Hevenor, a New York business man, but that after the wedding bells she will not desert the camera.

Ormi Hawley, the one-time bright particular star of the Lubin Company, and recently a Fox luminary, has transferred her affections to the Mutual trenches and will make her initial appearance in "Her American Prince," with Bradley Barker as her opposite.

Virginia Pearson, the Fox head-liner, has accomplished the impossible. She recently went on an impromptu trip to Savannah, Ga., for scenes in "A Tortured Heart." In Savannah, Miss Pearson attended several society functions, dinners and dances, always dressed in the same evening gown. She was the magnet of attraction even with the fair sex, however, and it came out later that her wardrobe had been shipped to Havana, Cuba, by mistake. Whoever heard of accomplishing a social campaign in one lone gown?

GREENROOM JOTTINGS

It is with great pleasure that we announce William Farnum's complete return to health. His exposure thru countless hazardous rôles had worn even his iron physique down and he became a victim to pleurisy. Mr. Farnum is now on his way East and hereafter will play parts requiring less strenuous interpretation.

Shooting his hydroplane thru the clouds at a mile-a-minute clip, Harold Lockwood, who is working his way East to star in Metro productions, has just won "the championship of the heavens" in a race over the St. Lawrence River.

Alice Hollister, the original vampire of them all, has just returned to New York after six solid years of performance for the Kalem Company, thus establishing a record for continued service. Miss Hollister is not yet ready to announce her plans for the future.

It sometimes takes two people to do a stage-fall and this is aptly illustrated by an experience of Vivian Martin in taking "Nell of Thunder Mountain." The dainty star was supposed to have her fall from a tree broken by a man from underneath, but he was not there in the nick of time and she fell heavily enough to become unconscious. With the usual pluck of picture-players, she insisted on at once going on with her work.

"In again, out again, Finnegan," can be said of Irene Fenwick who has made six lightning changes from the screen to the stage in one year. She has just closed her stage-play engagement in "The Co-Respondent" and will appear in Metro photoplays.

Just to prove his independence, Lou-Tellegen will desert Geraldine Farrar for at least one picture and co-star with that diminutive little titbit of impertinence, Edna Wallace Hopper.

Zena Keefe, the former Vitagraph favorite, has joined the Fox Company and will soon appear in support of June Caprice and Harry Hilliard.

Word has just come to us of the death by drowning of Page Peters of the Morosco Company. Mr. Peters was one of the best-known and well-beloved heavy leads in picture-land. His death occurred in a heavy surf at Hermosa Beach while in swimming.

Nell Shipman, of the Western Vitagraph players, had a brief but enforced rest in a hospital in Santa Barbara recently, where she was rushed after being injured in a scene requiring her to dive from a harbor wharf.

Anita King, the Lasky star, who has been confined to her home with a nervous breakdown, has completely recovered and surprised her friends by recently presiding over a dance given by the City Mothers, a voluntary organization that looks after the welfare of homeless girls in Los Angeles.

June wedding bells have echoed thru July for the following happy pairs: Helene Rosson has just become the bride of Ashton Dearholt and Webster Campbell of the Western Vitagraph players has taken unto himself Corinne Griffith of the same company.

Neva Gerber, the American Company's comédienne, will hereafter frisk and flirt, founce and frolic in the big Universal tepee.

No more will Max Figman and Lolita Robertson air their screen matrimonial tangles for the Metro Company. The unhappy couple have allied themselves with the Roma Company, where their family jars will begin anew.

From Oyster Bay, N. Y., comes the report that E. H. Sothorn and Peggy Hyland, his piquant leading woman, are in the thick of their first Vitagraph production. They both thoroly enjoy the beautiful locations of their present quarters.

May Allison and Harold Lockwood are still adventuring in the Thousand Islands, N. Y. Their latest adventure was being caught in a storm that marooned them thru a rain- and wind-swept night on a tiny island. As a consequence the entire company are now suffering with colds and talking thru their noses, which, luckily, doesn't make the least difference in pictures.

Mary Pickford and Pauline Frederick were the two bewitching delegates that Famous Players sent to Chicago to represent them at the Exhibitors' League Convention. Both fair delegates received such a hearty ovation in the Windy City that it will remain a bright spot in their memory.

We have with us this evening: Antonio Moreno and L. Rogers Lytton (p. 38); L. Rogers Lytton, Edith Storey, Antonio Moreno and Eulalie Jensen (p. 43); Bert Williams (p. 69); Dustin Farnum and Winifred Kingston (p. 93); and Charles Chaplin and Edna Purviance (p. 146).

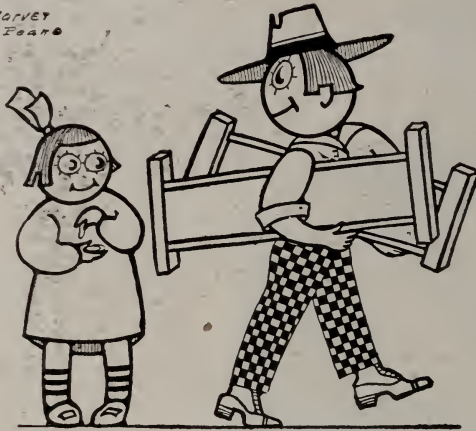


IDA SCHNALL, preparing for her morning bath at Coney Island

Mother Goose of the Movies

By HARVEY PEAKE

Harvey Peake



BUT THIS WASN'T OUR MARJORIE!

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Sold her bed and lay upon straw;
She said that she'd much rather sleep
upon hay
Than not see the Picture Plays once every
day.

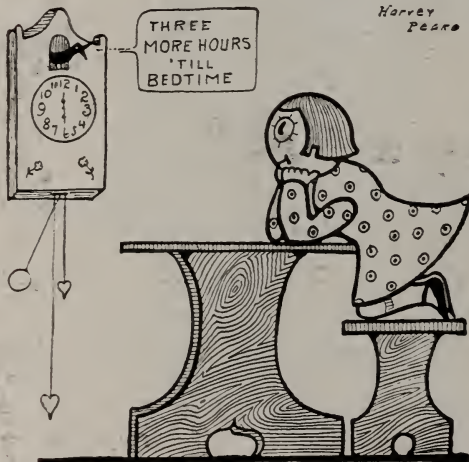
Harvey Peake



PILFERING PIGS POSITIVELY PAYS!

Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son,
Stole a pig and away he run;
But Tom wasn't bad when he did this way,
He was acting for a Picture Play.

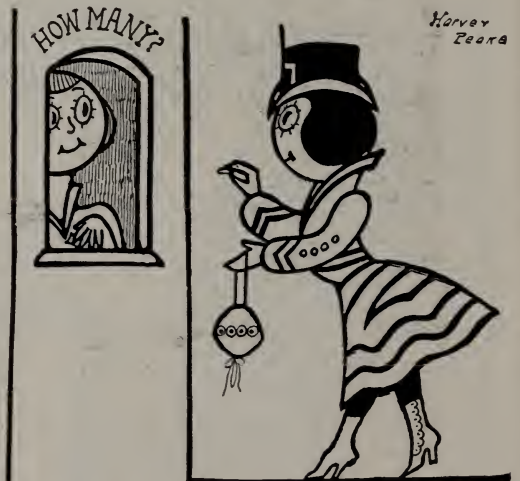
Harvey Peake



WHEN TEMPUS DOES NOT FUGIT!

Tick, tock!
Hear the clock—
How slowly time goes by!
But when we go
To the Picture Show,
How quickly it doth fly!

Harvey Peake



TOO GOOD FOR SOME KINGS!

Sing a song of six cents,
And only four cents more;
This is enough to take one thru
The Motion Playhouse door!
And when the door is opened,
And the reels their magic fling,
Are not they good enough, forsooth!
To show before a king?

“Arms and the Man”



WILLIAM RUSSELL and CHARLOTTE BURTON in an Expressive Interpose

“Unconsenting she consented” has never been better illustrated in art posing than in this scene from “The Highest Bid,” a brand new American Mutual Star picture. Elise, bound by her too ambitious mother, dares not give herself to the man she loves. The play of her heart against her duty is finely expressed—the pose of her head, the reluctant yet lovelorn eyes, the irresponsive yet clinging hands, and the back turned to her great desire, ably tell the story



The VAG

By John

An Idyl of the Highroad, Wherein the

“THE show closes tonight, boys.” Above the blaring rhythm of the closing chorus, and the whirl of din and dust from the knockabout comedian’s feet, the words echoed in the ears of the little first violinist. “The Broadway Belles” had been a fizzle, and, to make matters worse, the manager had run off with the box-office receipts.

Mae and Mayme, Gladys and Gladiola—stunning creatures in the spotlight—were ditched, along with the property-man, the bulbous doorman and the orchestra.

Charlie Rosen snugged his instrument

into its case and followed the trickling audience out. It was next to impossible to get an orchestra job in the city in summer-time, and his capital consisted of exactly twenty-eight cents and a tousled-topped head teeming with the street songs of every nation under the sun.

With a gulp and a sigh he passed by the little Hungarian café where nightly he had regaled himself on thick slices of cheese and copious draughts of red wine. No more of the easy, dreamy life for C. Rosen!

And then it came to him that somewhere beyond the cheap theater district,



ABOND

Olden ~ ~

Mutual 

Traveler Is Sentimental and Sacrificial

somewhere back of the quiet cafés and sidewalk tables of Second Avenue, lay the great East Side. There music-loving "Little Italy" held forth in serried tenements; there the nomadic Jews of Poland had founded a busy hive; there Syrian, Greek and Magyar were encamped.

The jobless musician thrilled with the thought of invasion. He would become the wandering minstrel of the earth's peoples—the player of their songs and the comforter of their hearts.

Bright and early the next morning, C. Rosen left his room and, with a heart bursting with brotherly love, paddled his

patched and venerable shoes into the heart of the Italian district.

Selecting a corner on which a group of sloe-eyed children were playing, he opened his case and drew out the charmed violin.

The strains of "Oh, Maria!" very well played, smote the ears of Little Italy. Shopkeepers looked up for a moment, to smile across their strings of peppers and festoons of figs and garlic. The children joined hands and started to dance. He was a success, this little man with the bulbous head, dreamy eyes and formidable feet.

Then something happened. A cacophony of blaring sounds quite devoured "Oh, Maria!" Fierce competition, in the shape of a hand-organ, with a burly Italian at the handle, ground out "Cavalliera Rusticana" from the opposite corner.

The children deserted the itinerant violinist and flocked to the noisier joy; the shopkeepers hummed the "Intermezzo," above the counting of garnishings.

C. Rosen, his ears offended, moved on to the next corner. The organ-grinder followed him. It was war to the knife, and, at last, defeated and chastened, the violinist realized he had no abiding place in the kingdom of the barrel-organ.

Then the recollection came to him of a little German colony with its neat shops and backyard beer-gardens, and he set out to find it. The comforting airs of Franz and Liszt came to him, and he already saw the look of pleasure on the placid faces of his audience.

He stopped just outside the trim trees of a miniature beer-garden and set the leaves a-tremble with "The Evening Star."

The little audience was moved, and a handful of coins were ripe for collection, but once again his hopes were blasted.

A band composed of interned sailors from a German steamship took up its stand and burst into a brazen effrontery of *Die Wacht am Rhein*.

Forgotten was the feeling rendition of Wagner. The placid Teutons were fired with patriotic ardor, and C. Rosen had the unadulterated agony of standing on one foot while the ear-piercing discords stole his popularity, to say nothing of his dinner, from him.

After that came a bold investment of five cents in a schooner of beer and a furious raid on the free lunch in a Bowery saloon, coupled with an invitation to "Beat it, bo, while yuh shoes is good!"

C. Rosen stood on the curb of a crowded world where good music was not appreciated. The rendition of street music, like everything else, was a close corporation. He was in half a mind to pawn the luckless instrument and forswear his art.

But adventure is always on the wing in a big city, and presently an empty

furniture van, with three whistling negroes on the driver's seat, lumbered up the street.

Our friend immediately took his cue. With remarkable agility for a person handicapped with such large feet, he sprang after the van and somersaulted onto the heap of sacking in its capacious maw. Seating himself, he cocked his ridiculous little derby over one eye and drew forth his instrument.

A syncopated melody, in tune with the dusky whistlers, filled the van with trembling melody. The furniture movers were themselves deeply moved, and thru-out the long, jostling journey to the green lawns of the suburbs they kept the errant musician busy with his magic bow.

Here, at last, was a friendly audience! They broke into song, a rivulet of sweet-sounding minors, drawn on by the little virtuoso.

And then came the haze of wide vistas across meadows and the lull of country roads. C. Rosen, much comforted, fell asleep and dreamed of barefoot days in Lithuania, or in Tambof, somewhere, at sometime, in the heart of "The Little Father's" country.

It was dusk when he awoke, and the van was making a Gargantuan effort to circle between the gate-posts of a lordly estate.

C. Rosen slipped over the tail-board and waved a silent farewell to the broad backs of his friends. The gathering dusk in the road hastened his feet onwards.

When darkness had shut about him like a curtain, a ruddy, wavering glow from a thicket ahead lured him on, and presently the canvas-topped van of a gypsy encampment shimmered ghostily in the firelight. The peripatetic musician had a dim recollection of the genus *Romany* from a one-night association with a gypsy orchestra leader, and he forthwith pictured a camp of long-haired devotees to the stringed art.

Instead of which, as he drew near in silence, he saw a burly ruffian in hand-me-down clothes lustily beating a slip of a girl about the ears. Castigation was a fine art with him—he enjoyed it—and the stream of oaths that duetted with her cries was none too fine music for the sensitive violinist.



He had never had the luxury of a sweetheart, much less a speaking acquaintance with a young woman, yet he was chivalrous, kind, and inclined to the sex. An overwhelming bashfulness and lack of opportunity had chanced to keep him at a distance from desire. Yet here was a pretty young thing in distress and crying out for protection.

C. Rosen drew back his sloping shoulders in military fashion and marched boldly forward. His up-ended violin-case might have been anything from a stuffed club to a bomb-throwing gun. And the wisp of a cane, which he always carried, fairly trembled with indignation.

He drew close, and suddenly forked the handle of his cane into the gypsy's arm, hooking a pending blow into the harmless air.

The gypsy turned with a snarl, and for a long minute the giant and the mannikin stood staring at each other.

Cool as a puppy's nose, the little intruder squatted on a log and drew out his violin.

"Cold blows the wind over my true love;
Cold blow the drops of rain——"

ran the rhythm of an old Welsh folk-song.

"Where did yuh git that?" asked the gypsy,

not unkindly. But the unbidden guest played on, running from one hedge-row tune to another, until a ring of silent listeners had formed around him.

Thru it all the girl made great eyes at him, sure signals of admiration, and he noticed how white and golden and blue-eyed she was against her swarthy background.

The fire burned low to his fervid bowing, and at last the burly gypsy stamped it out and bade them disperse for the night.

Then, in the blackness, the girl's cool bit of a hand slipped into the player's, and, never having possessed such a thing before, he started to put it into his pocket. But it slipped from him and was gone, and he found himself being led to a tent in which two ancient gargoyles lay snoring like swine.

He slept, and the gray of the morning found a rosy little foot prodding beneath the tent-flap and snuggling against his ribs. He awoke and clasped the eloquent thing with ambitious curiosity.

A little laugh sounded outside, and he followed it, to discover the pale girl of overnigh.

"I wanted you," she said; "come down to the brook."

C. Rosen watched her as she let her pail sink into the bubbling water.

"Why did you take your hand away so quick-like last night?" he demanded.

"Is that all you want?" she rallied; "here it is for the asking," and she pressed the cool morsel into his again.

The violinist eyed it dubiously. He was in many minds what to do next. In the past, somewhere, he had seen a painting of a

gallant pressing a kiss upon his maid's

hand. He raised her hand suddenly and planted a loud smack upon it.

She seemed pleased. "Where did you learn to do that?"

came from her red lips.

He was about to give explanations and a better demonstration, when the bushes parted and the burly bully stood glowering down at them.

"Take yuh hands off my gal," he cried, "and wash up before breakfast." Suiting the action to the word, he gave the violinist a lusty shove that tumbled him head first into the serene brook. There he choked and floundered and battled with the water, while the girl and the man laughed.

He knew he was as ridiculous as a puppy in a tub, but it hurt him to see the girl laugh. He had expected to see her cry, or at least faint.

"When you're dry," said the gypsy, "come up and have some grub," and whipping his arm about the girl's waist, he led her off.

C. Rosen meditated to some advantage as he lay drying in the sun. The girl was a flirt and a jilt, no doubt, but he loved her — of that there was never a question.

Her cicerone he did not like. He was too big and commanding and rude; also, he was perhaps a successful rival.

The violinist searched around for a sizable cudgel and wormed his way thru the bushes. On second thought he considered it best not to re-enter the camp at all, but to keep his eye on the girl from a place of vantage. Selecting a tree with a pendant limb, he swung himself onto it and lay flat as a serpent, while the hum of the gypsy camp went on below him.

In dumb play, and with much rude laughter, he read the

recounting of his recent misadventure. The burly gypsy was telling the story, and he noticed that the girl did not laugh with the others and that her face showed a fine glow of sympathy.

This set him to thinking, and, one thing with another, he hatched out a plan to work his revenge and get the girl in the bargain.

After a hearty breakfast, the wafted odors of which tantalized the lover's nostrils, the gypsies set about various tasks, and our friend slid down from his tree and stole up to the unguarded van by the roadside. In a second he had tumbled into it and lay breathing lightly.

Presently the girl passed by, and he raised up, putting his fingers to his lips. She drew back with a gasp, and would have fled, but he threw out his arm, as tho holding a violin, and pantomimed a silent symphony with his bowing arm.

She understood, and, with a quick glance of meaning, withdrew to the camp, shortly returning with his instrument artfully guarded in a fold of her skirt.

C. Rosen rewarded her with a fervent kiss on the hand. "Can you fix the horses to this thing?" he asked.

She nodded and brought up the horses, while he dumped the tangled harness out of the van.

Presently the thing was done, and the violinist drew the reins taut, while she stood staring wistfully. He tugged and hauled like a sailor with a wet sheet-rope, but the horses would not move.

"I guess you cant drive," she said; "it's no use."

"Get up and show me how," he said, with a voice as grand and threatening as the bully's.

The girl sprang to the seat obediently, and with the reins slackly in her hands, the horses started on a smart trot. Back of them came a ripping hue-and-cry.

"It's your playful friend," said the abductor; "I think he's missing you."

After that they drove on fast, until the camp had been put leagues behind and the horses were in a lather of sweat.

"Let's stop," he ordered; "I'm hungry." She reined in by the roadside, and he got down, looking aimlessly about him. Then the girl slid off silently, and presently returned with a fine young fowl and a

handful of fresh, nest-warm eggs. "Where did you get them?" he gasped.

"In the gypsy way," she said, and he let it go at that. As she built a fire and crouched over it, it came to him that the girl was beautiful. The rosy glow of the fire played with her hair and tinted her skin a deep coral.

But she was dirty. He noticed, with horror, that where the neck of her waist fell away a necklace of mother earth circled her throat, and deep in the roots of her spun-gold hair were the signs of fertile ground.

All thru his meal she sat and watched him, swaying and coloring to each glance of his eye. He formed a resolve, as he ate, and got up silently, taking a pail from the van with him.

Presently he returned with the pail full of clear water and made a motion for her to kneel down in front of it.

The girl did so, wondering.

"Do you see anything?" he asked. She peered at the reflection of her face earnestly. "Naught but myself," she said.

Then, brushing aside all hints, he told her boldly to give herself a good washing.

"As for that," she cried, "it is for pots and pans, and once in a while for a pig, if he sleeps with you."

At that, his indignation at her benightedness got the better of him, and he seized her roughly, dashing the water this way and that over her lovely face and hair. She took it meekly enough and dried the shimmering web in the sun.

Then they drove on, and as she drove he played, the young songs of devotion leaping and frisking from the violin's strings.

For a week they rambled thus, and in all that time he did not so much as kiss her. It was strange to distraction. He could not have told you so himself, but in him was a texture of prude and ascetic, true lover and æsthete, that refined his desires the closer he came to her. 'Tis hard to explain, like the miser who starves over his gold, the monk who bruises his body, and the artist who destroys his finished picture.

Thus her fires burned unanswered, and her advances turned to timid meekness.

One hapless day they came upon an



artist, bent close over his easel in a field, and he was struck with her idyllic beauty and must needs catch it on canvas.

Then the two of the gypsy van grew quickly apart. The girl was fascinated quite with the uncanny skill—and mayhap the good-looks—of the artist, and gave her bright looks, her smiles and her sighs, to him.

At the fall of day they dined on an up-turned wash-tub, and C. Rosen played the part of nimble host. He could not help but see that the girl was all eyes for the painter, and, if so, perhaps it was for her good.

So things went on for a week, until the picture was finished, and they parted, the girl standing all distraught, with wind-blown, sun-shot hair, in the road.

Hot for fame, the roadside artist took his portrait to an art gallery, where, in time, it was seen by a *grande dame* who stared, wide-eyed, at it thru her lorgnette and quickly fainted.

C. Rosen arose from his bed of piled hay beneath the van's flank and listened to the hum of an approaching car. It boomed angrily toward them and drew

up with a grinding of brakes. The girl slept, but to the call of the artist—a fetching bridegroom in gallant clothes—she stuck her rosy face thru the van's cur-

tains and came down to him with a free little cry of welcome.

Then the majestic woman with the lorgnette took her to her bosom, crying out quite naturally and naming the unkempt girl her child.

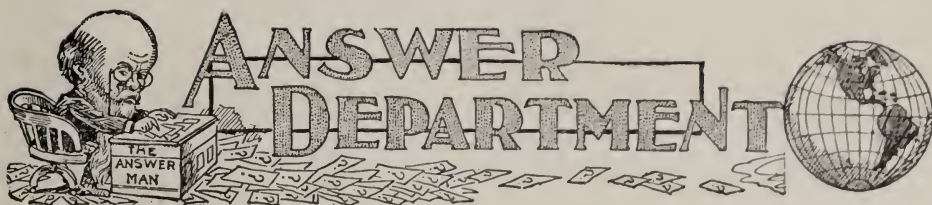
It was all over, with the gusty speed and tempest of a summer shower, and the girl, closely framed between her new protectors, clambered into the car.

It disappeared down the road in a whirl of dust, and C. Rosen was left alone. He stood, staring stupidly, as one who will not wake from a pleasant dream.

Then a smile of many messages—renunciation, pride for her and pity for himself—broke across his lips, and he turned away, gathering up the dusty violin and tucking it to his chest.

Once more he took to the road, while, unknown to his fluttering heart, the vanishing girl sat bolt upright in her gilded chariot and wept salt, uneasy tears.

(Continued on page 174)



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them. This is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

ABE, 99.—Blanche Sweet was Vera Maroff in "The Black List." Thanks, but I have seen those before.

LILLIAN LAV.—Address Mary Pickford in care of Famous Players Studio.

ETHEL T. C.—Yes, Milton Sills has played on the stage. Ella Golden was the dancer in "The Love Liar." So you thought it was a silly picture. Margaret Edwards as the "Naked Truth" in "Hypocrites." Her beautiful form was probably covered with silk fleshings. "I have always been taught," she says, "that my body is a temple of purity." This is strong but sound meat for the young!

CLEVELAND INTERROGATION POINT.—Marguerite Courtot now with Famous Players. She was born on August 20th, 1897, of French parents. She speaks French. She has gray eyes, golden hair. Arthur Shirley with Selig.

KITTEN KANT.—Thanks for your verses, but you must ask questions.

HAPPY JACK.—Mahlon Hamilton is with Famous Players. Helen Gardner was with Universal last. Lottie isn't playing now. Thanks for your nice letter. So you like the Answer Lady better than you do me! Ah, ha, Rose Tapley, what foul work is this?

TYLE.—Allah be praised! Let me know what you thought of that picture. So you didn't like Mary Fuller in "Huntress of Men." I cannot tell you how many photoplayers own pet dogs. Most of them do, and the little fellows are often trained canine actors. E. K. Lincoln owns the largest kennel of Chow dogs in America.

MARIE T.—Zounds! Zowie, Zuzu.—You ask, When a player puts an engagement ring on the girl's finger in the pictures does he really give it to her? Certainly not. It is a mere matter of cold business. In very few cases does it take. Frank Mayo was Jack in "Adventures of a Madcap." According to "Who's Who in America," Chas. Evans Hughes was born in 1862, Woodrow Wilson in 1856 and Theodore Roosevelt in 1858.

DIMPLES.—See above for Marguerite Courtot. She is in New York now. You know that Schopenhauer says that there are few genuine friendships and that there are usually some secret personal interests at the bottom of them.

LOUISE M.—Lottie Pickford is still with American, Irving Cummings with Famous Players and William Russell with American.

CARRIE C.—A man cannot see over his own height. Park Jones was Jack, and James Neill was the broker in "Ragamuffin" (Lasky). Always put your name at the beginning as you want it to appear in the Magazine, then sign your name and address below.

ABE, 99.—I have shaken off all of my old delusions. Disillusion is the chief characteristic of old age. Curtis Benton was Bruce in "The Girl Who Feared the Daylight" (Victor). Yes, Arline Pretty is still with Vitagraph. Of course, Louise Huff is with Famous Players. So you would like to see the Gallery in brown again. Most people seem to prefer blue-black.

WILLIAM R. O.—Madeline Travers was Leontine in "The Closing Net." No, Pathé produced it. As my old pal says, lots of "lovely lookin' women" can make a man look like a blasted fool.

JOCASTA.—Yes, but jealousy is the daughter of distrust; envy, the mother of theft. Edwin August was Adolph and John Boyle was Carl in "The Yellow Passport." Such is fame. Recently a letter addressed solely to "Old Curiosity Shop," New York, was forwarded to me by the postoffice.

MARTHA C.—I dont happen to know the salary of Marguerite Clark. Yes, she is just as attractive off the screen as on.

ALICE S., PORTLAND.—Thanks for the invitation. So you want more pictures of actors in the Gallery. Brougham is pronounced *Broom* in England. Yes, the Vitagraph Company put their girls thru a fire-drill each week, and I understand that there have been a lot of applications for the job of fire chief.

MILDRED B.—Dorothy Davenport is Wallace Reid's wife. William Courtleigh playing for Famous Players. Cant tell you the name of the picture, from your brief description. I agree with you that a woman is not necessarily a hot-house plant. A man, be he bramble or vine, likes to grow in the open air, but a woman, be she flower or weed, usually thinks she would be better under glass, but when she gets the glass, she breaks it and longs to get out.

HATTIE S. P.—Yes, we had a picture of Ruth Roland in April, 1916, and Frank Mayo in July, 1916. Yes, circumstances alter kisses. Wait till you see Bushman's in "Romeo and Juliet."

JACK FREEMAN, L. E. MONTGOMERY, and nine others.—I received your petition asking for cover design of Henry Walthall and Louise Huff; chats with Ruth Stonehouse, Lois Wilson, Flora Finch, Theda Bara and the Costello family, and gallery portraits of Justina Huff, Valli Valli, Holbrook Blinn, Edgar Jones and the Fairbanks twins, and I have handed same to the Editor. He groaned thrice, but said he would see what could be done. He said, "The greatest good to the greatest number," which means, I suppose, that he will do what the greatest number seem to want most.

JACQUI & DEETJE.—I enjoyed your very interesting letter from Holland. Wish you would tell me more about yourselves. Yes, that is perfectly true about American ladies. Some complexions are only temporary. Charles Manley was Tom and Harry Carter the villain in "The Master Key." Alan Forrest was Drake. Hart Hoxie was the sheriff in "The Gopher." Write again sure.

NIGGER BABY.—Blanche Ring was Jessie and Forrest Stanley was Jack in "The Yankee Girl." Frank Dayton is still with Essanay as character man. Perhaps you dont recognize him with the shaggy hair he is wearing in "The Strange Case of Mary Page." The director wont let him cut it until the series is over; worse luck!

MYSTICS.—Why dont you join one of the correspondence clubs? Address Mary Fuller, Universal Company, 1600 Broadway, N. Y.

ELVALINE H.—What did you want me to say—that when the war comes to New York I will fight? I am no fighter, I tell you. I see that they are now using one of my old jokes in the Winter Garden, namely, "If Roosevelt had been President the war would be over by this time."—"Yes, over here!"

SLIM X.—Vola Smith is with Universal, Ray Gallagher with Universal, Lillian Wiggins was with Lubin, June Keith with Essanay, Hazel Dawn with Famous Players and Norma Talmadge with Triangle.

ANNETTE K.—We shall be glad to furnish you with "The Life of Earle Williams" at \$1.25, "Here Lies" for 25c., "Primer" for 50c.; "Motion Picture Work," by Hulfish, for \$3.00; "How Motion Pictures Are Made and Worked" for \$1.65; "Making the Movies," by E. A. Dench, for \$1.35, and "The Art of the Moving Picture," by Vachel Lindsay, for \$1.35. Also, "Photo Drama" for \$2.10 and "The Plot of the Story" for \$1.20. Wallace Beery is with Universal. Marguerite Clayton was brought up in a convent.

SYBIL G.—William Hinckley was John in "Martha's Vindication," Douglas Gerrard was Alphonse in "The Dumb Girl of Portici," Neal Hardin was the villain in "Born of the People" and Mildred Harris was Goldie in "Hoodoo Ann." Yes, Seena Owen is very pretty. Eric Campbell is the 300-pound "heavy" in "The Floor Walker," on whose head Charlie Chaplin splinters a wooden box. It was tough on Eric, for this scene had to be retaken several times.

ATLANTA.—You have the correct address.

Warren Kerrigan was born in Louisville, Ky., in 1889. Lillian Drew is not Irish, as far as I know. She plays the Hibernian national instrument, but just because she's a harpist, she isn't a harp. I enjoyed yours.

ESTELLE W.—Thanks for the snapshots. Of course I like to receive pictures. I take anything I get. I advise you and everybody to read our "How to Get In" articles; they are very helpful.

COUNTRY LOVER.—The spring of New York this year was changed to fall, and we expect to have our spring next October. So you think Mary Fuller ought to be among the "Twenty Greatest." That's up to Robert Grau. Claire McDowell is with Universal. Clever letter!

HELEN C.—There are about forty-five different brands of photoplays produced in Los Angeles. Yes, the weather and scenery are more adaptable. Roy Fernandez.

RUTH N. P.—Eugene O'Brien was Hugh in "Poor Little Peppina." Lewis J. Cody was Dick in "The Mating." Yours was just right. See ad. of Film Portrait Company in back of book. They sell 100 postal cards of players for \$1.00. Signe Auen has been changed to Seena Owen, and now it is changed to Mrs. George Walsh. That's going some to have your name changed twice in one year. But dont let it occur again, Seena!

INEZ F.—Perhaps some of those scenes were taken out because an operator spoiled some of the film. This isn't very often done.

ROBERT H. C.—Thanks for the postals. Florence Lawrence isn't playing now, but she is organizing a new company of her own. Mona Darkfeather is not Indian, but Spanish descent. The Indians are very fond of her and have given her beadwork, jewelry and trophies.

VERA D.—So you like Dorothy Bernard and William Farnum. Yes, the tarantula is not so poisonous as the rattlesnake, but is more so than the Gila monster. A tarantula bit me once, but he is still living.

FRED M.—Write to Famous Players direct.

LEON E. C.—I dont understand why Annette Kellermann did not answer your letter. Wallace Reid was Karl and Dorothy Gish was Kathie in "Old Heidelberg" (Triangle). I am glad you are having such a fine time bathing in the Atlantic, but I advise you never to go in the water after meals. You will never find them there.

BETTY BELL.—So you think there will never be another player to equal Arthur Johnson. Come, you must find another player to admire.

NAT B.—Blanche Sweet. No, send your letter to Blanche Sweet, in care of the Western Lasky Studio.

HOWARD H.—Yes to your first two. Freddie the Ferret is playing for Vitagraph. You know ignorance of the law excuses no one.

LYDIA H.—Yes, Bessie Love is coming along fast now. She has many admirers. You know a miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich. I am neither one nor t'other.

WALTER K. B.—The "Tick-tock Girls" are in the "Midnight Revue" at the Ice Palace, New York, and have not been featured in pictures. Their clever effect is obtained by showing their pretty faces thru the empty dials of dummy clocks, which reminds me of the toast, "Her face would stop a clock; it was so fair that even time itself would long to linger there." William Shay was Chevalier de Vaudrey in "Two Orphans." Marguerite Skirvin is with Equitable.

W. SHEA, O.—You will find Billie Burke with the George Kleine Company, 807 E. 175th Street, New York. Maury Stewart is with Kleine. Edna Hunter with Vitagraph. Maurice Costello and Ethel Grandin are with Consolidated.

JULIUS T.—Of course I like to receive handsome pictures of the players. Mary Pickford was the last to give me a large, handsome autographed picture of herself, which I value highly, and I have it framed. Leah Baird some time ago promised me a picture of herself, but it hasn't arrived as yet. Leah, Leah, why hast thou forsaken me? Too busy house-building?

LOUIS S.—Address all the players in care of the companies. Some companies advise their exhibitors to tell their patrons as little as possible about their players on their programs or elsewhere. This seems to me a very short-sighted policy.

ADA B. M.—Adelaide Hughes was the daughter in "The Greater Wrong."



TAKING VILLA

CANADIAN-PICKFORDITE.—Guy Coombs was Tom and Katherine LaSalle was Hulda in "An Innocent Sinner" (Kalem). H. H. Horkheimer is not an actor, but is president of the Balboa Film Company. Mr. Horkheimer says that he regrets that he lost his lawsuit against Henry Walthall, as he intended to turn the amount of the verdict over to the Actors' Fund. Like the late P. T. Barnum, I think that Brother Horky has been kidding us again.

R. S. F.—According to the various interviews, the two Farnums were born in 1876. Hobart Bosworth is now with Lasky. Bert Williams is with Biograph. Mahlon Hamilton was Carl in "Molly Make Believe." Limerick is a city in Ireland of 38,000 inhabitants. No connection with our poets.

BERT A., PINE BLUFF.—Pauline Frederick was Valerie and Thomas Holding was Julien. The most famous street in the City of Mexico is the Paseo de la Reforma.

MAE S.—Ann Murdock is with Edison. Carlyle Blackwell is now with Solax and Alma Hanlon with Ivan. Rose Coghlan is with Ivan. Yes, it's true that Mary Charleson is with Selig. Frances Nelson is with Mutual. Jack Pickford signed up with Lasky. Eugene O'Brien is with Essanay. And last, but not least, George Baker, formerly Vitagraph director, is with Metro.

Miss K. G.—Marshall Neilan was Waring, Donald Crisp was commanding officer and Russell Basset was the father in "The Commanding Officer."

CUNARD-FORD.—Yes, they are both back with Universal.

B. E. K.—Thanks for the information. Will send the letter. You say "Still Waters" was taken in Easton, Pa.

GRACE C. CHRISTOPHER, ILL.—Never heard of Clyde Brown. You might write to Essanay for the information. I prized your letter highly, and I also prize your friendship.

MELVA.—I am holding a letter for you until you send along your address. Yes, Mary Pickford writes those answers herself. She and I had a long talk about them. Your essay on Eulalie Jensen is splendid.

LILLAS ST. C., SAN FRANCISCO.—Glad to hear from you again. Frankie Mann was Elena in "Youth" (Vitagraph). Cecile Stanton is with Horsley. Allen Murane is Arthur Varney in "The Mysteries of Myra." You can reach Jean Sothern, International Film Company. Monroe Salisbury was Alessandro in "Ramona." Adda Gleason was Phail. Shall be glad to take up that other matter.

M. P., NEW YORK.—Anita Stewart has brown hair and brown eyes. The British Empire is larger than Russia (and possessions) by three million square miles.

KATHLEEN L., COLORADO SPRINGS.—Yes, I have met Harold Lockwood several times, but he has never paid us a visit here. I really cannot tell whether Francis Bushman, Crane Wilbur, Earle Williams, Wallace Reid or Harold Lockwood is the handsomest man on the screen. Speak for yourself, John.

BLUE PAPER.—I dont see the resemblance between Mildred Gregory and Alice Joyce. Most of your questions are out of order.



TAKING IN THE COUNTRY SIGHTS

GRACE B.—Why, I have been writing these answers for about four years. We had a picture of House Peters in our May 1915 Magazine. You can obtain all back numbers direct from us.

E. C. C., THE D. G.—I am afraid I cannot entrust you with that secret. There are two reasons why we do not trust a person: because we dont know him, or because we do. Did you see Anita in "The Suspect"? She was splendid. So you liked Earle Foxe better than you did Cleo Ridgely and Wallace Reid in "The Love Mask."

CLIO.—Oh, joy! I expect to have Virginia Vanderhoff drop in to see me any minute. I dont know where Bessie Love came from before going with Triangle. George Le Guere is with Metro. See chat soon.

BABO, 777.—Ben Wilson was born in Corning, Ia. If you must be a pessimist, be a cheerful pessimist; dont let your face grow long, nor your disposition sour.

MYSTIC MURIEL.—I cannot remember the name of Mary Pickford's first Biograph picture. You refer to Jane Lee in "Galley Slave" (Fox). I believe that we were the first publication to adopt a Gallery of Players, also to write chats and interviews with them. In fact, we were the first magazine devoted to Motion Pictures. We fought the first battle and paved the way for the twenty or thirty who now thrive (more or less) on the road that we built. New York City is the second largest city in the world, Greater London being first, according to the last official census. Paris is third.

BERNICE M. W.—I really cannot tell you whether Madame Petrova or Grace Cunard has the prettiest figure. I am no judge of such things. Mary Pickford has violet-blue eyes. Thanks for the compliment.

FLORENCE.—Bradley Barker was Darnton in "The Luring Lights" (Kalem). You must think I am Rose Tapley—well, I'm not.

JOLIE.—You say you first liked Antonio Moreno, then Marshall Neilan and now Frank Mayo. And you want a picture of Earle Foxe and David Powell in the Gallery. Very well, sir, just as you say.

UNION ST., READING.—You must sign your name hereafter. Yes, it is raining here now. Jack Mulhall was opposite Vera Sisson in "The Man Who Called After Dark." Richard Willis is one of our contributors. Dorothy Davenport is with Universal. Wallace Reid with Lasky. Winifred Kingston and J. W. Johnston in "The Virginian."

MARIAN P.—Your sketch was good, but not quite good enough to be printed. Arnold Daly is not playing now. The longest span bridge is the one between New York and Brooklyn, 1,595 feet long.



DIRECTOR ON SURFACE (worried)—I'm afraid our leading man must have got stuck on something down there.

HELENE G., BRONX.—Billy Sherwood is said to be the youngest director now directing pictures, and he seems to have a lot of admirers. You ask of Marshall Farnum.

LOUISE H.—Every dogma must have its day, you know. It seems that the artist fell in love with Bessie Barriscale, and later with her sister. Bessie objects to this, and the play is called "Not My Sister."

REUBEN J.—You want to see Mary Pickford in a vampire part. Myrtle Stedman is about 26 years old. Thank you. Your definition of the Answer Man is worthy of a greater intellect than yours: "An old man who has no hair on his head, and no brains in it." Oh, fie, fie!

PAULINE B.—It is said that Gertrude Robinson is the Dickens "sleepy, fat boy" of Motion Pictures. Recently she nodded off while doing an outdoor scene and the members of the company piled pine-combs and flowers over her—because she was dead asleep. Harry Carey is playing samezever. You want an interview with him. Mr. Editor, please observe. I dont know of anything. Vivian Martin on Sept. Classic cover.

DAVID C., MARRICKVILLE.—You are correct, but while it was woman who first tempted man to eat, he took to drink on his own account afterwards. You refer to Clara K. Young in "Yellow Passport." "Romeo and Juliet" in next Classic.



FIELDING FAN.—Pauline Frederick was born in Boston in 1884. I dont think Romaine Fielding is playing now. You've got me. Last I heard from him he was secretary for the Pansy Club. My mistake, Florence Turner and not Florence Lawrence in "My Old Dutch." Do you know that you are a charming letter-writer?

BETH, N. C.—No to your first. Your second has been answered before many a time. You wont see Lottie Pickford for a while for certain reasons. Jack Standing with Triangle. You named your five playful kittens after your five favorite players? Did you think that would make them more playful?

OLGA, 17.—So here you be again! Please dont call me Angelface. Not with these glass eyes. You must come over to see us. What would life be without a letter from you every month?

MARJORIE C., MEMPHIS.—Thank you for the box of beautiful flowers. What are they? We dont have those up North.

OLIVE M. W., AUSTRALIA.—Minta Durfee was Lizzie in "Leading Lizzie Astray." And you want a photograph of Norma Talmadge in the Gallery. Thanks for the clipping. You know there are several letters coming in with postage due, and it would ruin us to pay them all.

MELVA.—Wilmuth Merkyl was Stephen in "Blazing Love." Yes, Louise Glaum is a very good—I mean a very bad—vampire. You think the Vera Sisson was the handsomest cover we have had. Just you wait!

W. S. A. H., PORTSMOUTH.—I think that Anita Davis is a Western girl, for she knows a good deal about forestry, birds and animals, and is a crack shot. Oh, yes, "David Garrick" wa: once produced by Vitagraph and also lately by Pallas. The yarn is a historical fact, and any company can produce it. Lots of similar historic incidents have been done more than once.

KETTLE JUNIOR.—Just because I wont state who is the best player and the best com-

pany, and who is married to whom, and so on, you call me a coward. I admit that I am a coward; that is why I make so few mistakes. Owen Moore is with Famous Players.

IVAN W. D.—"Hulda from Holland" is Mary Pickford's latest picture. I believe her next will be a gypsy picture, and then she will wear a black wig. You want us to double the picture gallery of the Classic. We probably shall when this infernal war is over and we can get the paper. Myrtle Stedman is with Morosco. Write to Pathé for pictures of Octavia Handworth.

ABE, 99.—Do you know that I admire your letter-writing? Billie Billings was the girl in "The Hunted Woman" (Vitagraph). Will T. Henderson's monthly hasn't been seen for some time now. True 'tis, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true.

DOROTHY B. LESLIE.—Charlotte Burton is with American. Marvel Spencer with Centaur. I guess Marguerite Snow answers letters. She is with the Ivan, and James Cruze is with Metro. Sydney Mason with the Jacksonville Gaumont Co. He is very fond of animals and is working to obtain an animal ambulance for Jacksonville.

LAUGHING MASK.—No, Arnold Daly is not playing for Pathé now. It hasn't been decided as yet. Grace Ellison has always made them sit up and take notice. It was as Molly in "Ourselves" and in "Damaged Goods" on the regular stage that she did the moral high-hurdles.

LOIS B.—You will get your answer by reading the article in last month's Magazine. Yes, Ben Wilson was John in "Souls in Pawn." The theaters that advertised "Pauline Frederick Sold in Five Parts" had no dire intentions on her anatomy. She is not a "vulgar fraction," but one of our greatest players.

ABE, 99.—You say you know several screen stars who are living off the printer's ink, and not off the celluloid. Press agent stuff! You will see Ruth Stonehouse in Universal pictures.

FLORENCE B.—I have never come across that snapshot. Yes, we published "A Million Bid" in February, 1914. It hasn't been reissued yet. Thanks for the compliments.

BRUCE W.—Mary Anderson was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on June 28th, 1897. Educated at Erasmus Hall High School. Expert Grecian dancer. Married to Mr. Pliny Goodfriend, director at Vitagraph Western. Her parents and she are typical Americans. She is very pretty. She applied at Vitagraph as an "extra," and has worked her way up to stardom.

KENNETH F., SAN DIEGO.—Sorry, Kenneth, but you should read "How to Get In."



Do Away with Motion Play Actors Their Clothes!

CLARA M. S.—Robert Barrat was Lieut. Coleman in "Her Own Way" (Metro). When you read of "a day's journey" in the Bible, count it as 33 1-5 miles.

MOLLY V.—George L. Guere was Bibbs in "The Turmoil" (Metro). The first cotton raised in the United States was in Virginia, in 1621, and the first exported in 1747. Why don't you get in touch with some company about it?

MARGUERITE CLARK KERRIGAN.—Walter Miller was the husband in "The Brute," and Elmer Booth was the girl. No photoplay has yet been produced without leaders or other explanatory matter on the screen, but I believe that Lubin are soon about to put a wordless photoplay out.

MARCELLA P.—Ethel Tully was Gertrude in "The Flames of Johannis" (Lubin).

RAYMOND M.—I find that some of the players are so thoroly subjective that nothing really interests them but themselves. Pathé produced "Starlight." So you are going to will your body to a medical college when you die. What for, to save funeral expenses? You see, you give yourself dead away.

NELLIE L.—Franklyn Hall is with Kalem, Muriel Ostriche with Equitable. I didn't mind your writing. Edna Mayo is an expert sculptor, painter, swimmer and rifle-shot.

MARY R.—Mahlon Hamilton was Carl Stanton in "Molly Make Believe." James O'Neill was the millionaire in "The Heart of a Painted Woman." Charlotte Burton is with American. Francis Ford and Grace Cunard in "Peg of the Circus."

Mrs. ETHEL B. R.—You can send your limericks, votes and verses to me, and I will see that they get to the proper department.

ABE, 99.—How often do you write to me? There was a Harry Eytinge with Edison; Billie Quirk was with Harvard Film Company. Don't know where Charles West is now, but he was with Lasky last. Vivian Prescott was with Imp last. Clara Williams was Mrs. J. Richards in "The Winged Idol." Anna Luther was the daughter in "Crooked to the End."

PEARL & ESTHER.—Greetings, ladies! Mabel Trunnelle is with Edison. Alice Hollister no longer with Kalem. Alice Joyce with Vitagraph. Harry Millarde with Kalem. I don't mind the single space and it was a splendid letter, 'deed it was.

NUTTY.—I haven't the name of the play Lew Dockstader played in. Charlie Chaplin played in "The Face on the Bar-room Floor." No girl in the cast,

and it was produced by Keystone. Not at all.

MARTIN T., OSWEGO.—I know for a fact that what you write about Mary Pickford is not true. A lie has no legs and cannot stand long without many other lies to help it, but it can run fearfully fast and cover a lot of ground. Yes, I like Leah Baird's playing. She always looks beautiful and carries herself well.

CLYTIE L., CANADA.—Jack Dean is with Lasky. Duncan McRae was George in "A Woman's Law."

KACIMO.—Robert Warwick was Cap John in "The Dollar Mark." We can't get a good picture of him. The Editor would be glad to use one in the Gallery.

H. J. N. M.—Pierre Le May was Philip in "Playing with Fire." Just write to Vitagraph for Anita Stewart. I can listen to anything from "ragging the scale" to a Grieg concerto, so send along that professional music. The average weight of an adult is 150 pounds 6 ounces.

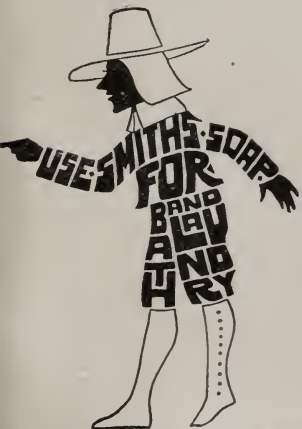
DOROTHY G. B.—My! but you must give your address. Baby Jerrold Badgley was the baby in "His Majesty the King." Yes, indeed, there are too many shooting scenes in the pictures. People get the impression that everybody has a revolver in his pocket or in the top bureau drawer. In the city of New York it is against the law to buy or sell or possess a revolver without a special permit from the police.

PEGGY.—I don't know anything about his wife. Yes, Douglas Fairbanks is married. Read interview in July Classic. I don't see where we "knock" Francis Bushman. He is a good friend of mine, and I have never said anything against him.

ANNETE G. B.—Thanks; that was a typographical error. *Bach* is the German for stream or inlet, and *bourne* the Anglo-Saxon.

THE THREE JAYS.—There is a book called "Friday, the 13th." Possibly that will be the name of the play.

ERNA R.—I don't agree with you at all about the Claplin comedies. They certainly make me laugh, and laughing makes me feel good. Let's see; wasn't it Old Josh who said, "Laffing iz the sensashun ov pheeling good all over and showing it principally in one spot"? Anna Luther was Mary in "Hounded" (Universal). Ben Wilson was Jim. Dorothy Davenport was Lucy in "Explorer." Elsie Balfour was Edith in "Bigge Man." Albert Chevalier was Cyrus in "Middleman." W. Johnston was Rudolph in "Out of the Drifts."



Advertising Slides! Let the Do the Advertising Upon

OLIVE R. W.—Most of the players use grease-paint in making up. Glad you liked the picture of William Farnum. Russia has 120,000 miles of telegraph lines, Germany has 140,000 and Austria-Hungary 60,000.

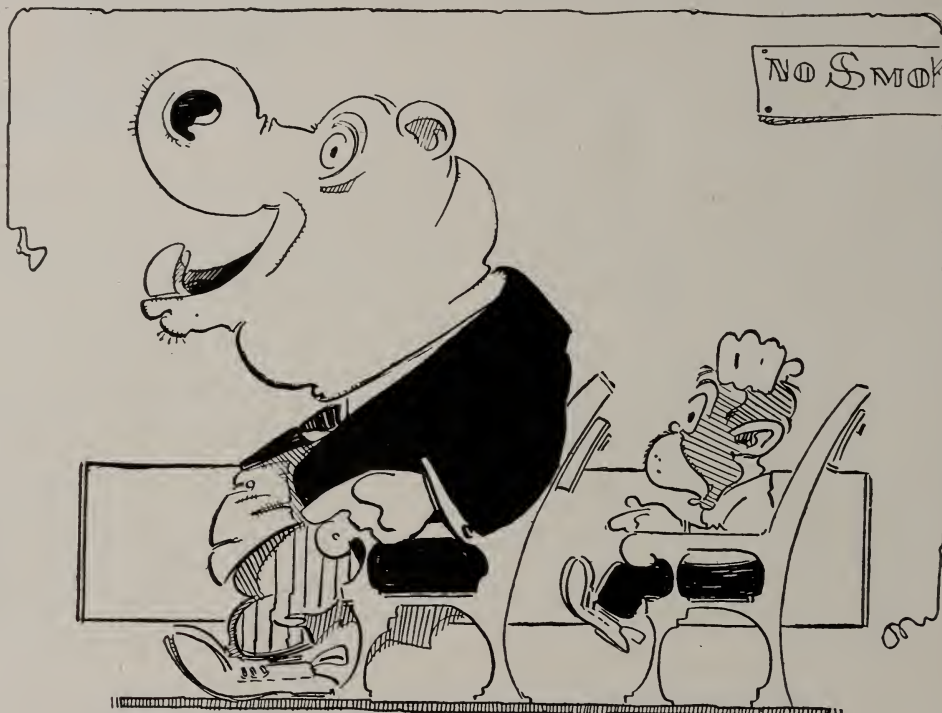
IRENE G.—That's the way the cast reads, but I guess you are right. Crane Wilbur was John in "Vengeance Is Mine." Cork is the bark taken from a species of the oak-tree. Yes, Frankie Mann was with Vitagraph. George Berringer was the brother in "The Family Secret."

HELEN M.—You want a picture of Thomas Holding in the Gallery.

about me, and all you read about me. I am a man, and I am 74, and if you people persist in calling me a woman, well, I'll do something desperate, 'deed I will! What greater insult can you pay a man than to say that he is effeminate?

GRACE D.—Edward Arnold was John in "The Primitive Strain" (Essanay). Walter Hitchcock was Graham in "The Blindness of Love" (Metro).

MRS. L. K., JERSEY CITY.—So you like our "How to Get In" articles. They are attracting a lot of attention. There is nothing further that I can say. Obey orders.



JUNGLEVILLE MOVIES.

Little Monk sat in a movie tent,
He missed 'most every scene,

'Cause Mr. Hippo was corpulent,
And shut off half the screen.

PEARL OF THE ORIENT.—Shall be glad to receive those famous cigars. House Peters was Basil in "The Pride of Jennico." It is impossible to get my photo in the Classic; I have tried. The Editor says that's only for handsome people. You remind me of a man who came in here the other day and wanted to bet \$100,000 he could name the next President. I told him that I bet that I could, too. I named Wilson and Hughes. The man fled.

NAOMI, OF ST. LOUIS.—Welcome back. So you are a Triangle admirer now. Bill Bailey is with Metro. Will be glad to get those snapshots of you.

F. W.—Jack Sherrill was Steve, the handsome man, in "Then I'll Come Back to You." He is now with Pathé.

EMILY P.—Dont you believe all you hear

GRACE B., CEDARTOWN.—Of course I like fudge. Who doesn't? I was pleased with all you said. I dont know where that came from. It's a wise joke that knows its own father. Most jokes are ancient.

CYRIL B., ALBANY.—No, we never printed the story of "The Masked Wrestler." If you vote for Roosevelt or Wilson, the votes wont be counted. While they have both appeared in the films, they are not in the same class with Bushman and Kerrigan.

R. W. H.—You ask, "Why is Paul Gilmore allowed to play in pictures with a face like his?" What's the matter with his face? Anyway, the face isn't everything. William Clifford in "Rosary," as Sir Jasper. Dorothy West is with Famous Players. Marion Warner was Grace in "The Heart of Paro."



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I know and I want you to know that we can sell you the same diamond for less money, or a bigger, better diamond for the same money. To prove it, I will send you and let you examine any diamond and mounting in our vast stock, at our expense. You will not be obligated to buy. I get all my vast business in this way. Doesn't this prove my prices lowest and my values best? I will ship anywhere, by any express or in care of any Bank.

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BARNARD & CO., Dept. 988Y S. W. Cor. Wabash & Monroe, Chicago

ERNESTINE V. T.—That was only a wig in "The Island of Regeneration." That Metro was taken in New York. If you are a bee, work for the good of the hive; if you are a hive, be good to the bee.

LUCIA E. L.—Of course I wish you luck and success in your new environment. Ruth Roland will be seen in Knickerbocker features, released thru General Film Company. She is still with Balboa, however.

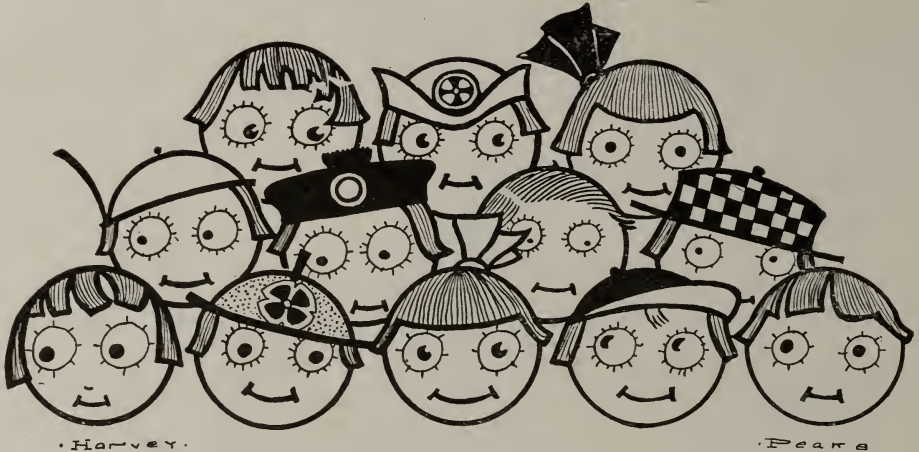
MARY D. C.—Robert Frazer was Pedro in "Pierre." Nellie Anderson is the mother of Mary Anderson with Vitagraph. Carter De Haven is playing with Universal comedies, Wallace Beery directing him.

J. K. E. R., LEXINGTON.—Carolyn Birch was Beatrice and Denton Vane was the Spider in "Heredity" (Vitagraph). Glad to see you again.

man as the banker's wife and Helen Eddy as Marguerite supporting George Beban in "Pasquale." It is an Italian-American photoplay quite as interesting as "An Alien." Hazel Neece was Ruth in "Embodied Thought." We expect to have a picture of Nell Craig in the Gallery soon.

GENEVIEVE.—Will Carleton said that "The proper place for self-defense to begin is against one's self," so that is where I will have to start. Fred Church was the Easterner in "The Edge of Things." Evelyn Selbie was the wife.

ALICE BRADY ADMIRER.—Alice Brady is a New York girl, but was educated at the St. Elizabeth College in Madison, N. J.: Soon after her graduation from college she made her stage debut in the Metropolitan revivals of Gilbert & Sullivan operettas.



Harvey

Pearl

We are waiting until it is time to go
To the Saturday morning Children's Show;
And we learn more there
Than anywhere;
It's School and Fun combined, you know.

ESTELE M.; MARGUERITE CLARK ADMIRER; ELSIE K.; JEAN STANTON; BLANCHE OF BISBIE; MARION B. OF KENTUCKY; HELEN L.; VELMER T.; ALICE F. OF NEW YORK; EVELYN NOYES; A KANSAS SUNFLOWER; IRENE HELEN W.; CUTEY OF TERRE HAUTE; GRACE ELLEN; EVELYN, ONTARIO, CANADA; BARRY TONE; MISS WILLIE MAY WHITE; A. W. K., CINCINNATI, OHIO; ROSE S., BROOKLYN; RANCH 101; IZA, So. CHICAGO; NOSEY; JAS. G.; BILLIE S.; MARGUERITE D., CANADA; CHARLOTTE S.; LA VIE; MARGRET O., BOB WHITE, MINN.; H. C., RHODE ISLAND; E. MCM., CHICAGO; ELLMER W.; CUTI; FORD-CUNARD ADMIRER; SLIM; PHILLIPS H.; IRENE B., LINWOOD, MASS.; BOZ; HELEN P. L.; DAVID B.; H. R. H., PENNA.; WILLIAM LOU; F. A. A., MASS.; LUCIEN LIZZI; CORALIE; NOBODY HOME; NORA MC.—Your questions have been answered before.

DAN, 88, & MELVA.—Please send your address, as I have two letters here addressed to you.

ROBERT H. R.—House Peters, Myrtle Sted-

JULIA D. T.—Thanks for the neckties. What event are you celebrating?

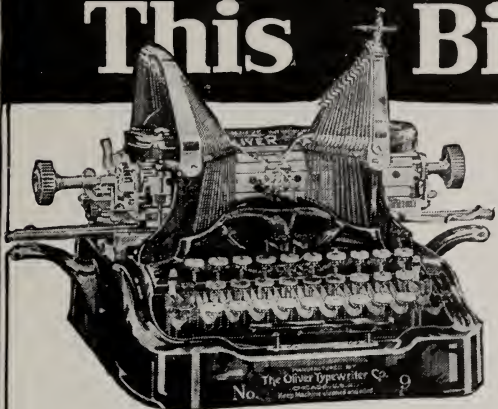
DUSHIE.—Thanks for entertaining letter. You refer to Jack Standing in "Fanchon the Cricket." No, not her brother. You can get the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE for \$1.50 a year. So you think that I am the only real live Answer Man in captivity and that all others are only poor imitators. I thank you, but I am sorry for the other chaps.

BETTY WHITE.—Thanks for the dime. Sorry you didn't get your answers before.

Mrs. L. E. P.—No, my head isn't quite as large as a washtub, and I am much disturbed because you dont like my dome. But there are a lot of them in California. Thanks for the picture you sent me.

MUSIC LOVER.—I muchly appreciated those magnolias. It was so nice of you to go to all that trouble. Judging from your picture, I should think you could make good in the pictur s. Not interested in that contest.

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No other typewriter on earth has the battery of advances that come on this new Oliver. One feature alone—the Optional Duplex Shift—multiplies speed! It is winning a host of touch-writers from rival makes.

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Name

Address

(496)

ARNOLD DALY.—That was a fair picture of Arnold Daly, but we cant use it. We have a dandy painting of Theda Bara and it will probably appear on one of our covers. I note that the word "pictures" is gradually coming into use in place of the word "movies." People now say, "I guess I will go to the pictures tonight."

MICHAEL, CANADA.—I hear it was so cold up your way last month that the cows gave ice-cream. Yes, that was fine photography in "Pasquale," but I thought George Beban did better work in "An Alien."

ETHELYN MAE.—Yes, to your first. Did you see Violet Mersereau in "Broken Fetters"? You ask for her picture on the cover.



CRUELER THAN THE ROD.

No more do mothers cuff and spank
Unruly little "mixtures";
Their punishment, altho severe,
Is abstinence from Pictures.

Announcement

Miss Pickford has granted us permission to offer the **first** Mary Pickford Art Calendar. So world-wide is the popularity of "dear little Mary Pickford" that nearly 4,000 concerns in many countries have requested (and had to be denied) the privilege of publishing her picture for other than dramatic uses.

To Miss Pickford:—We here publicly acknowledge our gratitude. We deeply appreciate the trust you have placed in us, and assure you that we are sparing no expense to produce in exquisite colors an Art Panel worthy of the girlish charm and beauty of you, the world's most popular woman.

Miss Pickford Posed 70 Times

Realizing that we were to produce the most expensive Mary Pickford picture ever offered for general distribution, Miss Pickford began posing for Ira Hill, the Fifth Avenue photographer, as far back as March 18. Only after 70 posings did Miss Pickford say, "This is my favorite photograph." Then the artistic Moschowitz did the wonderful color work. Now for many months Forbes, the Boston art-lithographer, has been making the engravings, and by October 1st each Panel will have gone through the press nine times. Thus, since Miss Pickford first began her patient posing, six months elapse before the final beautifully wrought Art Panel is ready for the public. Size, 28 by 7½ inches.

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So great will be the demand for this Art Panel that we fear we will be overwhelmed unless we distribute the rush over a longer period. By ordering now you are assured of getting your Panel promptly on October 1st. So popular have the annual "Pompeian Beauty" Art Panels become that each year we have to disappoint from 30,000 to 50,000 people who delay, and then write us after the edition is exhausted. So clip the coupon now before you forget it.

Picture Sent for 10c

This Mary Pickford Panel has a 50c Art Store value. We let you have it for 10c in order to make you feel friendly enough to

speak a good word to your friends about it and Pompeian products, provided, of course, you like them.

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Apply Pompeian NIGHT Cream with a cloth upon retiring and remove excess cream with dry cloth. So white! So cooling! So soothing! In the morning a dash of cold water on the face. Result? You start the day with a soft, clear, relaxed skin, looking and feeling like a new woman. Motorists' tubes, 25c. Jars, 35c & 75c at the stores.

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Oily skins are particularly benefited by Pompeian MASSAGE Cream. It purifies and youth-i-fies the skin. Use it before meeting people, and you'll look your best. Jars, 50c, 75c & \$1 at the stores.

Reserve your Panel by sending coupon now
Cut off, sign and send

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Gentlemen:—Please reserve and send Oct. 1st, a Mary Pickford Art Panel. I enclose 10c in coin (a dime preferred). For letting me have this picture for only 10c, I will gladly speak a good word to my friends about it and Pompeian products if I like them.

Name
Address.....
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1917 **POMPEIAN BEAUTY** PANEL
Forbes

Her own signature in facsimile on each panel
Reserve Panel Now
For October 1st Delivery

J. H. B.—Your first is forbidden. I believe that Broncho Billy Anderson is interested in a theater in New York and has permanently retired from playing the pictures. He was the "A" in Essanay (S & A), but the name remains unchanged. Marguerite Courtot is to make her *début* with Famous Players in "Rolling Stones," an adaptation of a recent stage success.

MYSTIC MURIEL.—I dont know, but I do know that an exhibitor in Brooklyn was arrested for showing "Where Are My Children?" and he was acquitted by the judge who said that he had seen the film and that it was not immoral. Yes, Biograph produced "East Lynne" and it was released in August, 1915. The Editor is preparing a chat with Bessie Love now.

J. N. S. W.—Yes, the Consolidated. Georgia Maurice is not playing now. Thanks for calling my attention to that error. Nellie Anderson is the mother of Mary Anderson. She is here in the East, while Mary is at the Western Vitagraph studio.

ABE, 99.—You say you are not a Republican and therefore wont vote for Chollyism. Who's he? You want sepia pictures for the Gallery. I will speak to the Editor about it. Ethnology is the study of races and ethnography is the study of habitations of races.

MAE S.—Your high compliments are muchly appreciated. Gail Kane was the heroine and Bruce McRae was the hero in "Via Wireless." Naomi Childers was Margaret and Darwin Karr the lieutenant in "The Tangle."



THE FIREMAN WHO KEPT THE SCHOOLHOUSE FROM BURNING UP



THE FIREMAN WHO KEPT THE ONLY MOVIE HOUSE IN TOWN FROM BURNING UP

ANTONYO.—Dont do it. There are too many of you young fellows coming in to our hustling, bustling, hungry cities. But alas! who can chain the young eagles to the eyries? Madeline Traverse was Kazia in "Fruits of Desire." Ben Deely was Carlyle in "East Lynne."

OLGA, 17.—Ah there, honey, so you've come back, have you? Good! I thought you couldn't stay away from me much longer. Your verses were indeed clever. You're a poet and dont know it. L. Sielke, Jr., is our exclusive staff artist, and his brush-work, as well as his fidelity to likeness and his remarkable color harmonies, make him the leading magazine portrait artist of today.

IVAN W. D., FORTUNA, O.—I dont know of many players, male or female, who can depict emotions by facial expression as well as can Anita Stewart. Her face is remarkably expressive. Katherine Calhoun was Mayme in "Dragon." Mary Charleson is with Selig now. Clare Horton still with Universal.

CLINTON M., MANCHESTER.—Yes, we had a picture of Theda Bara in our June 1916 issue. No, William S. Hart is with Broncho. You refer to "East Lynne."

N. R., STAMFORD.—"The Silent Shame" is the fourth instalment of "Who's Guilty?" Yes, Anna Nilsson plays a dual rôle. Likewise with Jackie Saunders in "The Twin Triangle." Ruth Lackaye does not appear in the cast. Haven't you? third. Lillian Walker and Evert Overton in "The Lonerlies." William Farnum played a dual rôle in "The Bondman." You seem to be doubling things these days.

MRS. L. G. S.—They were all Swedish players in "Last Performance." I cannot undertake here to describe how those tricks in Keystone comedies are done. You of course know that the players do not jump off twenty-story buildings, and that steam-rollers do not run over them. In most cases you will find that it is done by the substitution of dummies.

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Fastidious women all over the country are praising this distinctive Talcum Powder.

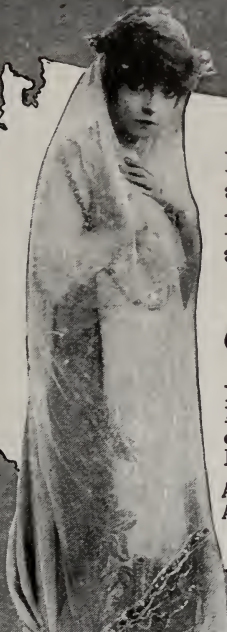
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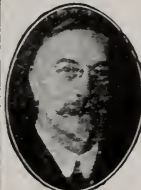
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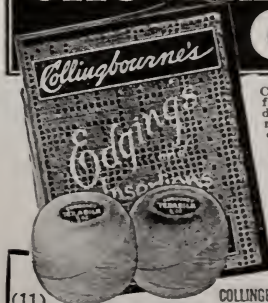
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(11)

JUNE G. H.—I sent the letter you enclosed. You are entirely wrong about Mary Pickford. She is just as young, and childlike, and unassuming, and jolly off the screen as on. I have met her and I know. She is one of the most charming little bodies I ever met.

KIT C.—I would advise you to write direct to Universal, 1600 Broadway, New York. You must always put the name you want to appear in the Magazine at the beginning of your letter, and sign your name and address at the bottom. Do you get me?

HENRY XIX.—I am sure I do not know who is my favorite villain. I am not particularly fond of villyuns, but I think that Stuart Holmes is a pretty good sort of gentleman villain. Bryant Washburn is pleasing, but he is not wicked enough. Elkus is the worstest vilyun I know, and I would not like to meet him on the screen some dark night, for he would give me the nightmare. Jackie Saunders is with Balboa. Chester Barnett is with Peerless. You will see his chat soon.

FLORENCE.—Dont you know that it's against the rules for me to answer letters when you do not sign your name? Charles Gotthold was George in "The Call of Love." Mollie King was Zell. Emmanuel Turner was Philip Benton and Belle Bruce was Grace in "Redemption of Dave Darcey."

ETHEL E. M.—A guilty conscience is the mother of invention, tura lura loo! George Walsh is with Fox. He played in "Blue Blood and Red." He also played in "Don Quixote." That will do from you.

PETER K. K. K.—Wait for the chat with

Bessie Love. Horace B. Carpenter was the chief in "The Sowers." Your letter made a bright spot in my memory which many poor ones cannot efface.

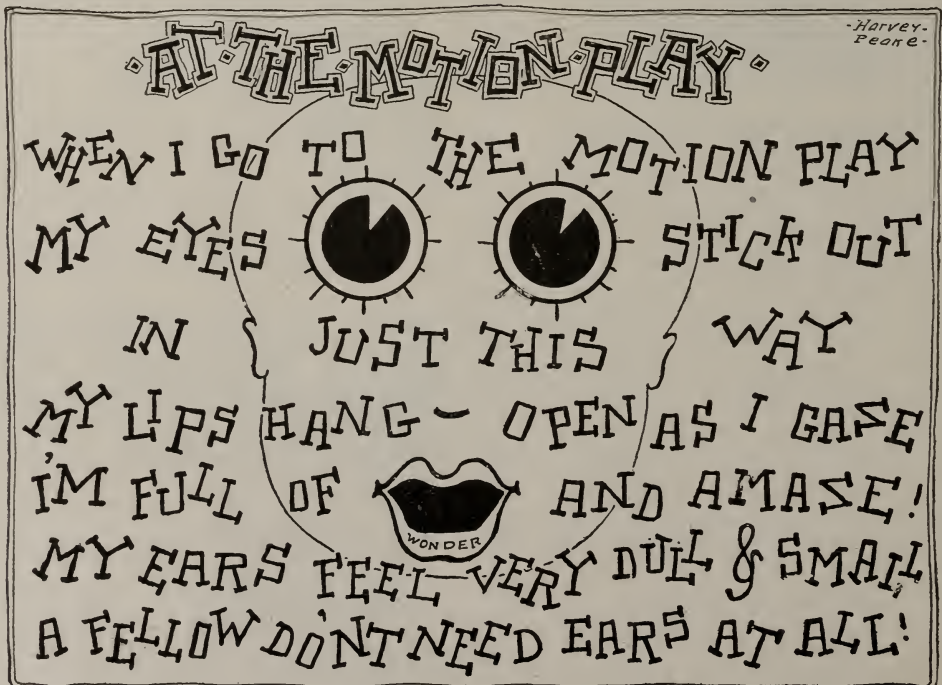
E. R. G., SAN FRANCISCO.—If you cant do well, do as well as you can, and try to find something that you can do better. There's plenty of room at the top, but the bottom is crowded. John Junior was Walter in "Blind Justice." Heap much thanks.

Mrs. F. J. M., BRONX.—No, my dear, I nevr jump all over people. Perhaps I would like to, tho. You can get all back numbers from our Circulation Manager. We have almost all of them.

ABE, 99.—I passed your petition along to the Editor. Leonore Harris was Myra in "Human Driftwood" (World). That news about Florence Lawrence was old here. What do you mean by comparing?

BASHFUL SIXTEEN.—Myrtle Gonzalez was born in 1894, and she is a blend of Spanish and Irish ancestry; after graduating in music and languages from a Los Angeles convent, she engaged in concert work, having a very nice voice; very fond of the open, and likes horseback riding and sailboating; plays tennis and basket ball, and shoots like a hunter; very fond of walking, and that's all I know. This department will become a "Who's Who" yet. Of course I enjoyed your letter; come again.

SHORTY, 16.—You think I ought to get \$100 a week. What would I do with the other \$92? Helen Holmes is directed by J. P. McGowan, but after studio hours she directs him—she is Mrs. McGowan.



VIVAUDOU'S
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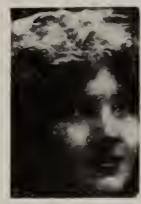


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VOTING COUPON

10
Votes

The Great Popularity Contest for the Players.

I desire to cast my vote for

.....as my favorite player.

Name.....

Address.....

HARRY G., PORT HENRY.—Lottie Pickford is Mrs. Rupp. She is with American. So you saw Vitagraph taking all the snow scenes for "Fathers of Men." No, thank the Lord, I haven't had infantile paralysis yet.

MISS A. H., NEW BEDFORD.—Yes, Cleo Ridgely took the transcontinental ride for us on horseback. You can get back numbers about the trip from our sales manager, and you will find fresh material in the August Classic. The Famous Players and Lasky are now the Famous Players-Lasky Corp.

MYSTIC MURIEL.—I can't keep track of all the different M. P. magazines, for they come and go like mushrooms. Louise Fazenda is with Kalem. Thanks for all you say—it is very beneficial. If we are wise, we are always glad to be told our faults. Zena Keefe is now with Fox.

M. Mc.—You say you don't know whether you have the spring fever, or the hay fever, or the brain fever, but I am willing to bet on the last. Your nut story would make a good scenario.

HERMAN.—I am not sure, but I think Marguerite Clark was about twenty-eight when she played "Wildflower," altho she looked to be about twelve. She was not much larger than the doll that Harold Lockwood gave her and she looked as much like a doll as the doll did. That was probably her most popular play, and she was certainly very charming and cute in it.

OLIVE B. ATHEL.—No, they are no relation. Marian Cooper is now Mrs. R. Walsh. Charlotte Walker is going to play for Edison in Rex Beach's "Partners."

BLANCHE SWEET ADMIRER.—Florence Dagmar was Millicent in "The Clown." I believe you show very good taste. Your letter was a model of good judgment and good English and good penmanship.

F. X. B. ADMIRER.—I favor more of the single- and two-reel films. I think that features are being overdone. We carried an interview with Beverly Bayne in Sept. 1915 Magazine and Francis Bushman Feb., 1915.

DOROTHY H. S., KINGSTON.—Thanks for sending me that correct dress-folder. I shall take heed. Jean Shelby was Alice in "The Shadow of a Doubt." Marion Dentler was the girl in "The Clarion." Hal Clarendon and Lionel Adams in "One of Our Girls." There were two "Roughnecks." Alton Goodrich was the girl opposite Harry Beaumont. Pauline Nell was Clementina in "The Man from Mexico." Harold Lockwood was Dauntton. Morosco and Pallas not the same, but address is. Your letter long but interesting.

OLGA, 17.—You say you would like to see Mary Pickford in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and wind up with, "Yours until the Mexicans get us." It looks now as if our boys at the front will never smell gunpowder, thanks to the statesman-like management of our President.

IDA M. S.—I don't know where Creighton Hale's father is, but Creighton is now with Powell. I think he is very interesting, but I've never seen any Edwin Booth qualities.

Florence LaBadie is still with Thanouser. Loel Stewart was the child in "His Brother's Wife." James Young is back with Lasky.

M. R., PORTLAND.—You're at bat, watch your step and keep your eye on the ball. So you think that Earle Williams' protruding forehead and deep-set eyes make him look too serious for light parts. Thomas J. Carrigan is still with Metro. Thanks.

A RANCH GIRL.—Yes, I believe there was a prize awarded for the most artistically decorated booth at the Board of Trade Exposition at the Grand Central Palace, N. Y. The Vitagraph Co. won it, and along with the prize was a statement that their players who appeared in person were the least "theatrical-looking" of those present. I don't know whether this is a forehand or backhand compliment. Helen Holmes, J. P. McGowan and Paul C. Hurst in "Whispering Smith." Loel and Eldean Stewart in "East Lynne." A vampire is one who preys upon others, and "vamp" is incorrect because it is a slang abbreviation. Never heard of a school for parrots. Don't think you did either. It's hard enough to teach humans to speak correctly.

LITTLE CHOCTAW.—I really don't know why Roscoe and Mabel separated. Roscoe is now the champion heavyweight on the screen. And you think that King Baggot is getting fat. Alas, alack! He must read "Eat to Grow Thin." Bruce McRae was Dr. Allison in "Green Swamp." Lola May was Betty in "The Beggar of Cawnpore." Louise Brownell was the mother in "Not My Sister." You will see both of those players soon. I enjoyed yours muchly.

ELIZABETH H.—Yes, come right along. Charles Richman likes the pictures so well he doesn't care if he never returns to the spoken drama—steady job, better pay. Address Grace Cunard, Universal City, Cal. You say you can't express your feelings? Then send them by freight.

L. R. D. HOTEX.—The National Board of Censors is now called "The National Board of Review." Its membership is drawn from representative social organizations, and last year it reviewed 10,500 reels or 10,500,000 feet of film. You refer to "Romeo and Juliet." Address William Hart, Triangle Company, Los Angeles, Cal.

DOROTHY B., LESLIE.—You know that the philosophers say that not pleasure, but freedom from pain is what the wise man aims at. No, they are not.

ELSIE.—George Anderson was John in "Little Pal." You must have the wrong title on that Kleine. Fuller Mellish was David in "The Dancing Girl" (Famous Players). No, Fuller did not do the dancing. Lasky released that Max Figman. Dorothy Green was Mazora in "The Wonderful Adventure" (Fox). Edward Brennan was Philip in "The Woman Pays" (Metro). Elliot Dexter was David and Frank Losee was Sir Brice in "The Masqueraders" (Famous Players). Very little or no make-up is used by the actors and actresses in French pictures.

Boost Your Favorite

There are two ways to help your favorite player to win the Great Popularity Contest for Players now being conducted by the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE :

- 1st. Use the coupon that you will find in this Magazine and also in the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC.
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Begin voting now by sending in coupon which you will find on page 163 of this issue. If you desire to enroll as Special Solicitor and Representative, fill out and mail coupon below. Address all communications to

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ANSWER DEPARTMENT

BRIGHTEN HAPPY.—I fully enjoyed "The Vagabond." I think it was one of Chaplin's best. I am glad your letter was typewritten. Oh, joy! Much obliged for your praise. I don't deserve it, but now that I have it I will make believe that I do.

CEDAR LAKE.—Yes, I reminded the Editor about that promised chat with Cleo Madison, and he told me to say watch out for an article entitled "A Case of Double Exposure," by H. H. Van Loan. Blanche Sweet was Olga and Tom Forman was Douglas in "The Thousand Dollar Husband" (Lasky). Winifred Kingston was the lead in "The Call of the North." Of course 140 B. C. is a longer time ago than 31 B. C. Thanks for wishing me a good vacation. I am perfectly happy when I have a pitcher of lemonade alongside of me and a box of chocolates and my pipe.

ROBERT WARWICK ADMIRER.—Zounds and gadzooks, but you must not write such long letters! Harry Carey was the leading man in "Just Jim." Frances Nelson opposite Robert Warwick in "Stolen Voice." Ruth Shepley was in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." Belle Adair in "Man of the Hour." Thanks for all you say. Heave ho, my lads; heave ho!

OLGA.—You ask me what is the greatest thing in the world. Drummond says it is love; but Phales said, "God is the most ancient of all things, for He had no birth; the world is the most beautiful thing, for it is the work of God; space is the greatest of all things, for it contains all things; intellect is the swiftest of things, for it runs thru everything; necessity is the strongest of things, for it rules everything; time is the wisest of things, for it finds out everything." I do not know how I can improve upon these answers, unless I should say that the dictionary is the greatest of all things, and you know why.

THE DUKE OF SAXET.—No, they are sister and brother, and not man and wife. J. W. Johnston opposite Marguerite Clark in "Out of the Drifts." Wallace Reid is with Lasky. Romaine Fielding is no longer secretary of the Pansy Correspondence Club. All you can do is to write to him.

LITTLE ACTRESS.—Mahlon Hamilton was the leading man in "Molly Make Believe." Gerda Holmes in "Ambush." Helen Eddy in "The Red Virgin" (Lubin). Violet Mersereau in "The Spitfire" (Famous Players). Albert Roscoe in "The Opal Ring." Robert Vaughn in "Still Waters." You should send your changes of address to our Circulation Dept., and not to me. I have troubles of my own.

WALTER H. S.—You failed to enclose the stamped, addressed envelope or the list of manufacturers. However, I was glad to hear from you. The person who is not affected by tears on the screen is a hard-hearted rascal. As Publius Syrus said, "Tears gratify a savage nature; they do not melt it." I sometimes weep so much that I have to put on my overshoes to keep my feet dry.

Does Immorality Exist in the Studios?

(Continued from page 80)

in a field where competition is keen and criticism cutting?

The writer of "Tumult On the Pacific" says "so stirred up was the town" by the looseness of the actors' lives that the managers of the Moving Picture studios "have agreed, as a consolation for the ruin they caused, to stick on every film 'Made in Los Angeles.'" He does not even read carefully the newspapers from which he obtains his "facts."

So far from right is he that I am angered at my inclination to reply to his attacks. The managers did not agree, as a consolation, to advertise the city on their films; they were earnestly asked to do so by a committee, of which Mayor Charles E. Sebastian and representatives of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce were members.

It must be a sorry world in which the writer lives. He sees his brothers and sisters weak, pitiful creatures, unable to work out their own salvation; like the censorship gentlemen, he believes that some one like himself is needed to guard them against themselves. But, to be logical, he should be concerned equally in getting some one also to guard him against his own morbid mind, his inability to see good in any one except himself.

As I said at the beginning, his excoriation is like "charging" the world with being imperfect; there is no answer. The world goes ahead and progresses toward the better. In the same way Los Angeles has gone ahead, and continues to thrive from the many benefits brought to it by the Motion Picture industry.



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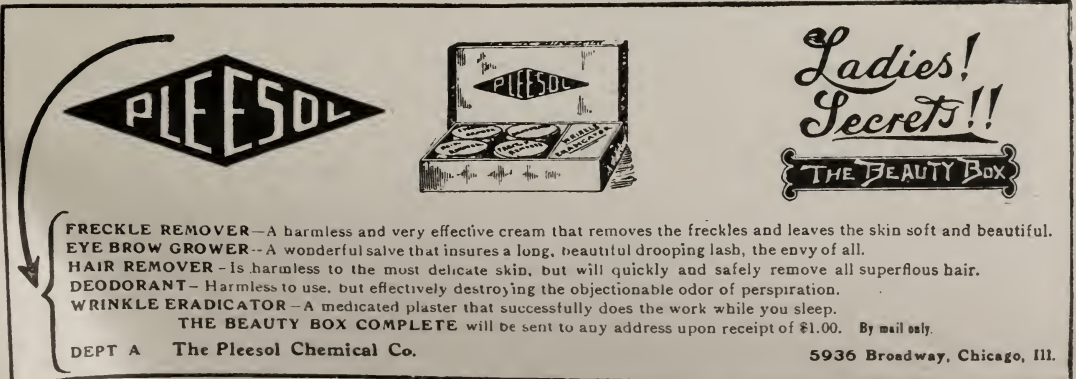


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"Unto the Third Generation"

(Continued from page 120)

pose of a highly trained police official. Therein he may miss opportunity for gallery play, but it is real life as he sees it, done in a realistic way.

Frank Mayo, the man, mourns the decadence of the stage, and looks forward to the day when the spoken stage will come into its own again, for he longs to revive the plays his grandfather made famous. The charm of his own life radiates from his personality on the screen. No man—he himself avows it—is more happily married. Mrs. Mayo, who is known professionally as Joyce Moore, is an Irish girl who shares the happiness of her home, as well as her cinematic talents, with her husband. They live in a very pretty and well-kept bungalow in the Long Beach "bungalowifer" colony; and in the twilight and moonlit hours of domesticity, grease-paint, "Red Circles" and film heroics are subjects taboo. It is then just "Frank" and "Joyce"—two good-fellows, who have caught Happiness

marauding in their garden and locked him in.

Why Mary Pickford Married Twice

(Continued from page 109)

many ugly, lying tales are told about these two young people, who have so early reached the top of the ladder called Success. And, of course, they hear them—there are people mean-minded and petty-spirited enough to write them and demand to know whether such and such a tale is true. Have you ever wondered how they take such gossip and ugliness? With a laugh and a glance of happiness, or, sometimes, with tears in Mary's eyes and anger in Owen's, for they are only human, and some of the barbed shafts are sure to hurt, innocent as the two are.

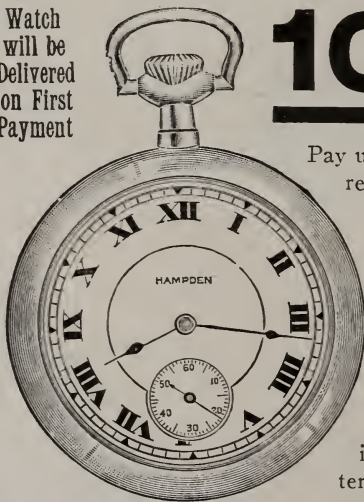
"Oh, my dear," says Mary, "what will they say about us next?"

"That I've been arrested for beating my wife, or that you've eloped with the organ-grinder," laughs Owen, contentedly. "But what do we care?"

"We dont," answers Mary, softly.



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ANSWER DEPARTMENT

BERYL, WARWICK.—Yes, Hø1 August is Edwin August's brother. The latter is not married. Dont know. Remember, we are never more positive than when we're in the wrong.

MILDRED T., BUFFALO.—No, I am no Adonis. Adonis was the beautiful attendant of Venus, who held her train. He was killed by a boar, and turned by Venus into an anemone, which is a flower. Be sure and read the story of "Romeo and Juliet" in the September Classic—illustrations by Bushman, Bayne & Co.

CUPID.—You want me to tell you what I think of you? Well, all I can say is that you write a clever letter and that I want to hear from you again. My impression of that Keystone is that it was a case of double exposure and also of indecent exposure.

MILDRED E. L.—You say that since I want to come to the country you would like to sell me your house. Please tear off a shingle and send it to me as a sample and I will let you know whether I like your house or not. Think player you mention too self-opinionated and devoid of the sense of proportion.

ABE, 99.—Tom Forman was Carvel in "To Have and To Hold." No, it is not necessary to give the name of the company. Yes, you bet I still have that loving-cup "my fans" gave me and it is always displayed on my desk. Begone, sweet flatterer!

FLUFFS.—Glad you like the Answer Lady. So do I. The violet is Rhode Island's State flower; the rose, New York State's; the red clover, Vermont's; and goldenrod, Oregon's.

KATHLEEN E.—Welcome. You say you would name Walthall first, Griffith second and Edison third in the "Twenty Greatest." Harold Lockwood was born in New York in 1883. He stands within one-quarter of an inch of six feet; clear blue eyes, smooth blond hair; is very athletic, and swimming and horseback riding are his favorites; he is a college graduate. He should wear French heels and make it an even six feet or more. Send along your votes.

W. W. W., WASHINGTON.—You ask me what a cat has that no other animal has. Too hot for such brain-racking problems, but I suppose you mean kittens. Haven't seen that play as yet. So Naomi Childers should not have been cast in "Fathers of Men" and looks better in dressed-up parts.

TYLE, THE CANARSIE MERMAID.—That's some name you have, and I am wondering whether you are fish, fowl or American, amphibious or just fibius. You think Pearl White is no spring chicken. Well, she was born in Missouri in 1889, so is no ancient.

Mrs. CHICK.—Haven't seen a copy of the *Coquette Herald* for some time. Your editor use to favor me with a copy once in a while. I believe they are both with Universal.

HOLLIE N.—Do you know that you are a charming letter writer? If you dont, I do. Winifred Kingston in "The Gentleman from Indiana." Monroe Salisbury was Don Louis in "Rose of the Rancho." You're welcome.

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Most of these great players, and most of the others, have already made their appearance on the screen, and every one of them has made stage history, as many of them are now making Motion Picture history.

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THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.
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ANSWER DEPARTMENT

RENEE R.—You say you had nothing else to do and thought you would write to me. You pay me an exalted compliment, my dear. Of course I get the whole \$9.00 at one time, but I don't spend it that way. Actions lie louder than words, particularly on the screen.

C. D.—Why do you ask if they are related? It seems I must learn the family tree and pedigree of every player rather than the plays they have played in. No, I haven't celebrated my one-hundredth birthday yet.

FLORENCE F.—Thanks, but I have already made correction.

L. E. G.—Creighton Hale and Pearl White in "Iron Claw." Arthur Ashley was Jim in "Little Mademoiselle." Mollie King in "Call of Love." Vivian Martin in "Little Mademoiselle." Sound moves 743 miles per hour. Think I told some one that before. You weren't listening.

JUSTIN B.—Gertrude Shipman was Camille in "Camille." Ada Gifford is no longer with Vitagraph. David Griffith produced "The Birth of a Nation" and Thomas Dixon produced "The Fall of a Nation," and Griffith had nothing to do with the latter, and I suppose he will be glad of it. Why compare "The Birth of a Nation" with "Cabiria"? Can you compare a racehorse with a reindeer? Mr. Dixon had nothing to do with "The Birth of a Nation," but it was filmed from his book "The Clansman."

ABE, 99.—You here again? Lester Chambers was Malone and Carl Harbaugh was Dawson in "Big Jim Garrity" (Pathé). Lewis Stone was Craig in "The Havoc" (Essanay). John Sampolis was Hanby in "The Social Highwayman." You say "Brevity is the best policy," but you don't practice what you preach. Phyllis Allen was the girl in "The Submarine Pirates."

When the Stars Appear

An Up-to-the-Minute Résumé of Popular Players' Plays for July and August

AT the request of thousands of readers who desire to find out, at a glance, when and in what photoplays the leading players will appear, we give here-with a condensed list of releases from mid-July to mid-August. It is impossible to cover all players, but from time to time the list will be added to:

Henry Walthall (Essanay)—Weekly episodes of "Mary Page" serial.

Edna Mayo (Essanay)—Weekly episodes of "Mary Page" serial.

Marguerite Clayton (Essanay)—"According to the Code," military, romantic drama.

Carter De Haven (Universal)—"From Broadway to a Throne," romantic drama.

Olga Petrova (Metro)—"The Eternal Question," a love-and-woman's-wiles drama.

Robert Edeson (Vitagraph)—"Fathers of

Men," elemental drama of the Northwest, supported by Naomi Childers.

Orrin Johnson (Lubin)—"The Light at Dusk," character study, emotional drama.

Kathlyn Williams (Selig)—"The Valiants of Virginia," love-interest drama.

Jackie Saunders (Balboa)—"The Grip of Evil," co-starred with Roland Bottomley; a new serial.

Pearl White (Pathé)—Weekly episodes of "The Iron Claw" serial.

Holbrook Blinn (World)—"The Weakness of Man," heart-interest, character drama.

Douglas Fairbanks (Triangle)—"Flirting with Fate," straight comedy.

Dorothy Gish (Triangle)—"The Little Schoolma'am," heart-interest drama.

De Wolf Hopper (Triangle)—"Stranded," straight comedy, supported by Bessie Love.

Florence Turner (Mutual)—"Far from the Madding Crowd," romantic drama.

Thomas Chatterton and Juanita Hansen (American)—Weekly episodes of "The Secret of the Submarine" serial.

Lenore Ulrich (Morosco)—"The Intrigue," romantic drama.

Billie Burke (Kleine)—Weekly chapters of "Gloria's Romance" serial.

Blanche Sweet (Lasky)—"The Dupe," character-study, romantic drama.

Clara Kimball Young (C. K. Y. Co.)—"The Common Law," sex-problem drama.

Harry Meyers and Rosemary Theby (Vim)—"The Connecting Bath," farce-comedy.

Lillian Walker (Vitagraph)—"The Blue Envelope," love-interest, adventurous drama.

Earle Williams (Vitagraph)—"The Scarlet Runner," an automobile serial of romantic and adventurous interest.

William Farnum (Fox)—"The Man from Bitter Roots," virile Western drama.

Helen Gibson (Kalem)—"To Save the Road," railroad melodrama.

Charles Chaplin (Mutual)—"The Vagabond," farce-comedy-drama.

Helen Holmes (Signal)—"Medicine Bend Western drama.

Alexander Gaden (Gaumont)—"The Hidden Face," mystery drama.

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne (Metro)—"A Virginia Romance," romantic, light drama.

Over the Studio Tea-cups

Spoonfuls of Gossip, Flavored with Players' Fads and Fancies

MARIE DRESSLER makes awful faces and rolls her eyeballs clean out of sight in "Tillie's Tomato Surprise," her latest Lubin escapade.

"Look at her eyes, mother," said an appreciative little girl in the audience; "you can see only the whites—the yolks dont show at all!"



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Whether you know it or not, he's on the lookout all the time for men he can promote. He's ready and anxious to give YOU bigger work with bigger pay once you prove you can handle it.

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Seena Owen has again changed her name. It used to be Signe Auen, which is fairly euphonic Scandinavian, but now it's just plain Walsh. "Handsome" George Walsh, of the Fox Company, rang the new change of name on her, and congratulations are now in order.

Because her father, as the court affidavit says, is "squandering and spending" her salary, little "Mary Sunshine," who, in private life, is Helen Marie Osborne, has had a trust fund created to take care of her studio earnings and to provide for her education. Pretty tough for a four-year-old to have to bring up father.

Anita Stewart is all wrought up because a sign-painter in Fordham, New York, happened to leave the letter "t" out of "immortal." The sign reads as follows: "Anita Stewart in Six Immortal Acts in 'The Suspect.'" Miss Stewart says that a Board of Censors is urgently needed for sign-painters.

While Bertha Kalich and her company were finding locations in Red Bank, N. J., they trespassed upon a beautiful private estate. Just as their camera was set up, the owner appeared, and they expected to hear a sharp reprimand. Much to their surprise, they were invited to his house, and he prepared a sumptuous dinner for them. The surprise of the evening followed when they were invited to view his private exhibition room, where he ran some excellent film for them. Miss Kalich and her company had run into a red-hot film fan without knowing it.

"Real atmosphere at any cost" is the slogan of film favorites nowadays. For "The Yellow Menace," a new Oriental serial of the Unity Company, featuring Edwin Stevens, Florence Malone and Margaret Gale, Charles Fang, a sure enough Mongolian, has written a special musical score with a decided chop suey twang. We assume that the extras will be supplied by the White Mice Society.

Fellow players of Marguerite Clayton are all "upset" because she is learning to play the ukelele. Most of the weird wails that she has as yet brought forth from the Hawaiian instrument have been likened to the baying of hound "dawgs" in full cry, but every now and then Miss Clayton strikes a hit-or-miss chord that is almost as sweet as herself.

The Cub Comedy Company believes in entertaining itself as well as its audiences. Its penchant runs to music, and a regular band has been organized with George Ovey swinging the baton. The Cub band made its initial public appearance recently, and managed to return to the studio unharmed.

Miss Favorite's Family Closet

Being the Homey Things—Clothes, Nick-nacks, Ideals and Home Comforts of My Lady Star and His Highness the Leading Man

ANITA STEWART has named her country place at Bayshore "The Wood Violet," and her beautiful bungalow is now nearing completion. The fair Anita is very partial to pets, and nearly every afternoon she can be seen on the Merrick Road taking a bull pup, or a canary, or a crate of prize chickens to her new home.

It recently got into the papers that Tom Chatterton was the proud possessor of a poultry farm near Santa Barbara, and as a result he is being flooded with orders for new-laid eggs from the young people of the city. Perhaps they have a hunch that if they eat enough of the movie hero's eggs they will turn into picture stars themselves.

Sometimes a director has pretty hard work in teaching a group of extras society manners, when they are not to the manner born. At a rehearsal of a recent Vitagraph lawn-party scene, the society folk did not show their most engaging manners, and Director Rollin Sturgeon was just a bit temperamental when he megaphoned them to "be perfectly natural and act like real society people by wiping teaspoons on the grass and putting them in their pockets as souvenirs."

To see Mary Pickford juggle the griddle and wrestle with the tea-kettle in "Tess of the Storm Country," one would imagine that she was a stranger to the culinary art, but the fact remains that Little Mary is a skillful cook, and often, in a pinch, prepares and cooks the family meal.

Mary Miles Minter has good reason to be superstitious, but she isn't. On her arrival at the American studio the number

(Continued on page 174)

ALL unwelcome hairs on arms or face removed instantly with one application of this famous preparation. In Paris and New York, famous beauties have used it the past 75 years, with approval of physicians and dermatologists. Try it. 50c and \$1. But refuse cheap, dangerous substitutes.

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Here is one of the most unique and picturesque characters in literature. He has just been created by one of America's greatest writers—

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(Continued from page 172)

"thirteen" stared at her over her dressing-room door. The studio manager offered to take it down. "Not a bit of it!" exclaimed little M. M. M. "On the trip from New York, my baggage check was 'thirteen.' Thirteen sat down to dinner at my reception last night, and there are thirteen principals in my first play. Let it go at that, it's a lucky number."

Charlie Chaplin's violin playing should be taken seriously. The other day, while waiting for a set to be put in place, he bowed a little Irish ballad all to himself. But an Irish carpenter happened to be working nearby, and he dropped his tools and stood listening until Charlie went into action. The old Irishman remarked to a fellow worker, "Why in the worruld does thot spalpeen tumble down and get up agin for a livin' when he can play a chune loike thot!"

Marin Sais says that she is organizing a polo team, composed solely of favorites from among the fair sex in the Los Angeles studio colony. She plans to pit her team against the Coronado, or some other strong masculine five. Even tho defeat is almost inevitable, there is a method in the athletic actress' madness, for the proceeds of the game will be turned over to the Actors' Fund of America.

From Bessie Barriscale's home, recently, was mailed a large and beautifully framed portrait of herself to a little country girl somewhere in Mississippi. In common with other stars, Miss Barriscale has been forced to ask a nominal price for her likeness, or otherwise go broke, but the little girl's letter said, "If you charge for your picture, let me know and I will save up twenty-five cents by selling wild-flowers to the rich people in automobiles." It is needless to say that Miss Barriscale's picture was sent as a present to her little admirer.

THE VAGABOND

(Continued from page 146)

As for the gypsy van, it was abandoned by them all, leaning over against the roadside, dingy and forlorn. Its romance had come and gone.

There came again the hum of an engine, which C. Rosen cast stoutly out of his ears. It cried out; it panted; it im-

plored close behind him; then drew up suddenly beside his shambling, frail figure.

The girl flung herself out and caught him in strong, young arms. C. Rosen held himself tense, and tried to frown her down with his determined look.

But somehow she read the cry of his heart beneath and held him roughly and close.

"I am a gypsy no more!" she cried; "I have burst my cocoon, the van. And you, dear, funny heart, with the sweet lips of your violin, must never leave me again!"

C. Rosen climbed into the car after her, chained to her hand. It was all very strange.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Frederick Wallace, 28 Oak Street, Bristol, Conn., contributes a charming essay on one Harry Carey, that, willy-nilly, convinces us:

As a constant reader, a frequent contributor, and a general nuisance to your Magazine, I take the floor to demand in carefully pasteurized English, "Why, O Editor, dont we get something now and then relating to Harry Carey?" Having waited for this news to sink in, I again demand, "Why?" and proceed to sit down, amid a death-like silence.

The prosecution says that he has watched the aforesaid Mr. Carey's work from the old Biograph days, and is convinced that he is second to none on the screen. He is quiet, forceful, magnetic; he never rants, poses or grimaces; he delivers the goods every time; wherefore, we should be grateful to him, and, being grateful, tell him so.

Did you ever see anything better than his work in "Just Jim"? Say, that man can express more by just standing still and looking at a rail fence than most of them can with both arms, all their features and an appropriate background. It always seems to me that he acts just as a real man would under the same circumstances, and not like an actor playing the part of a real man. He is awkward in all his big moments, but so is every man. Did you ever see a real son of Adam face an emotional crisis in a really graceful manner? I never did. In the supreme moments of life, I stand with my toes turned in, my scalp crawling up and down, and my hands sprawled helplessly down at my sides. I dont say any of those tender, soulful things a hero is supposed to say, either; it is all I can do to keep my Adam's apple from colliding with my common sense. That's why I like Harry Carey. He

(Continued on page 176)

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For \$2 we will send you complete course in modern advertising by the President of Buffalo Advertising Club.

Many have paid \$20 for practically same tuition. You pay \$18 less than that—if you act NOW. Similar to usual \$100 course.

\$5,000 a year is pay of many advertising experts. Men in all kinds of business have made fortunes by learning advertising. Here is your opportunity to study this money-making art at a saving of \$18. In order to introduce this Course, we offer only

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Send \$2 and we will mail you complete 90 lessons in book form for your confidential possession. This is just the book you have been wishing for—it is brim full of new ideas, etc. Every advertising man should own one. Pin a \$2 bill to your letter-head and mail it today. Do it Now.

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NOTICE

To satisfy a growing demand, the Photoplay Clearing House department of this magazine has opened a **Technical Department** dedicated to the service of our readers.

All questions regarding the production of photoplays, Motion Picture supply houses and other technical details will be answered when a stamped, addressed envelope is sent for reply.

In some cases, and when occasion demands, we will make investigations and act as purchasing agent for out-of-town parties. (All other questions as to scenarios, plays and players, etc., should be addressed to the proper departments announced elsewhere.)

We particularly invite the queries of churches, clubs and amateur dramatic societies. **NO FEES ARE REQUIRED.**

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Valentine Grant, Leah Baird, Anna Q. Nilsson, Mary Miles Minter, Bessie Love, Eleanor Woodruff, William Farnum and Anna Little, will adorn the Gallery of the September (out August 15) issue of the

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Try the new way—the Silmerine way—

and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

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is applied at night with a clean tooth brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At your druggist's.

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When answering advertisements kindly mention MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

(Continued from page 174)

acts as if he felt awkward and didn't care a hang who knew it.

In "Judge Not" he even went up a peg in my estimation. Here was a man who took the downward path as a duck takes to the water, but he was all right inside, all the time. Why, he was just like one of the fellows you used to play baseball with, who got a crack from the husky hand of Fate and went away to think it over, revenge himself with bad whiskey, and be ready to face the future like a man. And all the time he was drinking and gambling, he was thinking it over behind those quiet eyes of his, balancing the good and the evil against each other, and never letting himself go completely. You could tell by his face just what he was thinking of; but for all that he didn't roll his eyes and draw down his mouth, like he was going to pass the contribution box, and knew you had but one two-bit piece in your jeans. He's a chap that kinder sizes up the situation from all sides before he wades in, and when he wades in, say, it's a sight for sore eyes. I feel like saying with the adoring newsboy, "Say, dat guy's de real t'ing."

The other night I saw "The Knight of the Range," and that was the king-pin. That's the kind of a fellow I'd like to be if the Fates hadn't decided I should be a pen-pusher. It was "Arabian Nights," and "Treasure Island," and "Robinson Crusoe" combined, and the rippingest thing I ever saw. And every time Carey appeared on the screen the small boys went wild, the big boys pounded their knees, and the girls sighed rapturously, for he sure came as near being what God intended a man should be as anything I ever expect to see this side of St. Peter's game preserve. He's human, with a streak of good and a streak of bad, like the rest of us, and that is why he makes so powerful an appeal to all of us who have red blood instead of dish-water in our veins. He falls occasionally, but he takes his punishment like a true soldier, and you are sure that at the proper time he'll shed his worst faults and come up, bruised but unconquered, master of himself and of the situation. He's the sort of a chap that makes you feel as if the world was a pretty good place to hang around in, after all.

If any one disagrees with me, let him name his favorite method of dying, and stake off six feet of consecrated ground before I meet him; he wont have time afterward.

The writer of the following refers to a limerick which should not be taken seriously. Perhaps it was a little severe, however, and our, as well as its author's, apologies are offered.

Jessie Egan says in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, July number, that Mary Miles Minter has nerve and gall—the greatest she has ever seen—to say she is only fourteen years old.

Now, I am Mary Miles Minter's grandmother. She, her mother and sister have lived with me always. When she came into the world four-

teen years ago, on that bright April morning, I was the first one to take her in my arms. I could have no motive in deceiving the public about her age. She is truly just fourteen years old. Her grandmother,

JULIA B. MILES,
610 W. 139th St., New York City.

Wade Cummings, of Douglas, Arizona, comes forth in breezy Western fashion to give careless directors a few hints on "How a cowboy would do it."

I have been a reader of your MAGAZINE for two years, and find it one of the best of its kind published, as it deals most thoroly with the most important subject of the present day—namely, Motion Pictures.

I want to express my opinion on a few matters. I haven't the least idea that the public will ever see this letter, but I suppose you will read it thru.

I saw a picture a few days ago that really made me laugh, despite the fact that it was a very deep drama. It was entitled "How the Kid Went Over the Range," a Reliance picture. In one place the pay-roll check is given to a cowboy to take to town and cash. After getting the money, he engaged in a game of cards with an ex-gambler. The latter was caught cheating, after he had won nearly all the pay-roll money, and the cowboy shot him and escaped. When he was pursued by the sheriff he shot the officer, and the latter fell off his horse; but he arose and mounted his horse again, and he was only wounded slightly in one arm. A fellow must not have much nerve for a wound in the arm to knock him from his horse. Having seen a number of men wounded in my life, I find thru personal experience that a man will not really fall off his horse unless he is more seriously injured, because the fall may hurt him worse. Then the officer returned to the town and a doctor dressed his wound, and five minutes later he was again in pursuit of the murderer, and was using both hands with ease. Then, as he was hunting the outlawed cowboy, the latter's horse stuck his head in the scene, right beside the officer. Looks like the horse might have been tied some place where he couldn't butt-in. Oh, you Western directors, will you ever learn?

I enjoy the letters in your MAGAZINE very much, but when every one is praising different players they seem to forget sweet Dorothy Gish. Of course every one has their own opinion, and mine is that little Dorothy is so far ahead of Mary Pickford for real acting that there is no comparison. And Francis Bushman is a good actor, I know; but he never will, nor never did, come up with Richard Travers or "Dusty" Farnum. William Farnum is also very good, and for real Western acting, in my opinion, it is hard to beat William S. Hart, because he has lived in the West and knows.

"Margy" Clark, Ethel Clayton, June Day, Anne Schaefer, Ruth Roland, Henry King and Romaine Fielding are all good players, and all of them are my favorites.

*A camera that fits the pocket
A picture that fits the view*



No. 2C Folding

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The thin, narrow camera slips readily into the pocket; the somewhat elongated picture, $2\frac{7}{8} \times 4\frac{7}{8}$ inches, is *right* for landscapes when used horizontally, and for home portraits when used vertically. The pictures are, in fact, the same shape as those made by the most popular of all cameras, the 3A Kodak—but are a trifle smaller.

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Price with meniscus achromatic lens, $4\frac{3}{4}$ inch focus,	-	-	-	\$ 9.00
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And all of this for \$2.50—only \$2.50 per month—a great reduction in watch prices—direct to you—positively the exact prices the wholesale dealer would have to pay. We do not care to quote these prices here, but write—write before you buy. Think of the high grade, guaranteed watch we offer here at such a remarkable price. Indeed, the days of exorbitant watch prices have passed.

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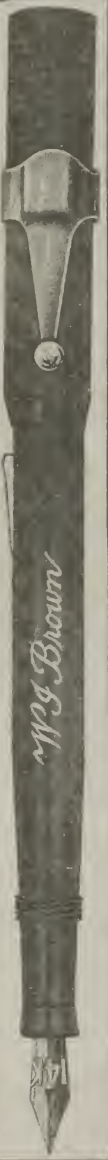
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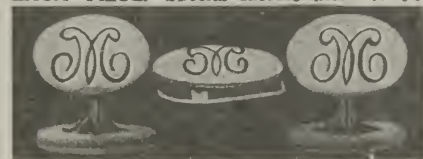
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