

SEPTEMBER

15 Cents

MOTION PICTURE

Supplement



GERTRUDE McCOY



READ THIS MESSAGE FROM
J. STUART BLACKTON

Author and Creator of

“The Battle Cry of Peace”

To the Mothers of America :

This Film is dedicated with respect, reverence and admiration, and with the earnest prayer that their eyes may be opened to the peril which menaces and will continue to menace them, their children and their loved ones until the present state of “Unpreparedness” has been remedied.

“The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world,” and in those mother hands lies the power to demand and to receive adequate protection against war, just as they demand and receive proper police protection against crime.

To the fearless patriotism of Hudson Maxim, and the plain, practical, straightforward truths in his book “Defenseless America,” I owe the inspiration and impetus which caused me to conceive and write the silent drama of “The Battle Cry of Peace.”

To over a score of other real Americans—some of the most prominent men in Army and Navy Administrative circles in the United States, I owe a debt of gratitude for the valuable assistance of their advice and counsel in the preparation of that photo drama and its subsequent visualization in motion picture form.

Nearly every important motion picture yet produced has been made from a story or a book. In this case the book was written after the completion of the silent drama.

The aim and object of both book and picture are to arouse in the heart of every American citizen, a sense of his strict accountability to his government in time of need—and to bring to the notice of the greatest number of people in the shortest possible time the fact that there *is* a way to insure that peace for which we all so earnestly pray.

“Let us have Peace!” General U. S. Grant, one of the mightiest warriors in the world’s history, coined that phrase. With his genius for command, for attack and defense, he whose business was *War*, wanted Peace.

No body of men are half so anxious for Peace as the Army and the Navy. Every sane, conscientious human being is against War and for Peace.

But as a Nation we must not only be Champions of Peace and of the laws of humanity, but we must have the Power to enforce those laws! The Power to insure that Peace!

Let us disarm—let us become helpless, unprotected, emasculated, and there shall be Peace, but not Peace and Plenty, not Peace with Honor. Crushed, bleeding and trampled upon, America may find herself on her knees begging for “Peace at any Price.”

J. STUART BLACKTON
Harbourwood
Oyster Bay Long Island

A Queer Sort of Fairy Prince To the Rescue



11 years old and so thin and so tired and so much work and so little to eat—no wonder the poor child lost heart when they took from her that last comfort—the old copy of Grimm's Fairy Tales. But she knew the stories by heart; so when this rider came to the rescue she recognized him at once as the Fairy Prince.

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The founder of a new literature—No wonder the sale goes up and up—higher and higher each day. Long ago he reached beyond the world's record for short stories. 1,200,000 already in the United States. How many in France and England—Germany—Africa—Asia and Australia—we cannot tell. Won-

derful stories he tells—to be sure—but they are more vivid than stories—bits of life—standing out sharp and clean cut from his pages. As the years go by our wonder grows greater—as the years go by his fame grows greater. Always healthy in his influence—always facing truth when truth has to be told—a bracer to the heart and mind—while the tears and laughter struggle together and neither wins. Don't get him to read him once—you'll read him a hundred times—and find him each time as fresh and unexpected as at the first. He puts his finger on the pulse strings of your heart and plays on them to your delight and your surprise—for that is the mystery of O. Henry—his power beyond understanding.

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Heart
of the
North

The
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MOTHER GOOSE OF MOTION PICTURES

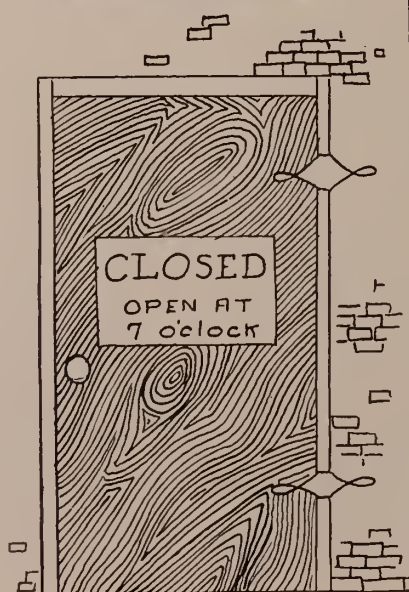
By HARVEY PEAKE

Cross Patch, draw the latch,
Sit by the fire and spin;
You'd forget your grouch, if you'd
take your pouch
To a Picture Play House, and go
in.



As I was going up Pippin Hill,
Pippin Hill was dirty;
There I met a pretty miss,
And she dropped me a curtsy.
Little miss, pretty miss,
Whither are you going?
Let me take you, if you please,
Where Picture Plays are showing!

The Man in the Moon
Came down too soon,
Closed was the Picture House
door;
But, for fear he would miss
Some Picture Play bliss,
He waited an hour or more.



MOTION PICTURE Supplement

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STAFF FOR THE SUPPLEMENT:

Eugene V. Brewster, Managing Editor.
Guy L. Harrington, Sales Manager.
Frank Griswold Barry, Advertising Manager.

Edwin M. La Roche,
Henry Albert Phillips,
Dorothy Donnell,
Gladys Hall, } Associate Editors.

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VIOLET MERSEREAU, OF THE IMP-UNIVERSAL PLAYERS

Miss Mersereau has been on the stage since she was nine years of age, and has played with such stars as Maxine Elliott and Margaret Anglin. While she is only eighteen years old and only five feet four inches tall, she has played all sorts of parts and is rapidly forging to the front as one of the leading photoplayers of the day.

Gallery of Popular Photo Players

FRANK
MERRITT



BEVERLEY BAYNE
(Essanay)



MARY MILES MINTER
(Dyreda)



LAURA SAWYER
(Dyreda)





PAULINE BUSH
(Universal)



MARY FULLER

(Universal)

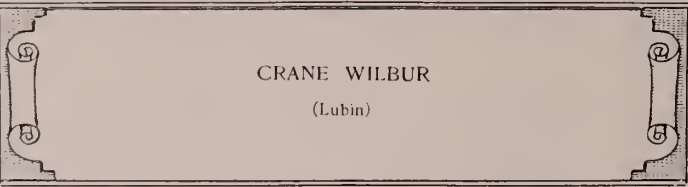


ANITA STEWART
(Vitagraph)



CRANE WILBUR

(Lubin)





VIRGINIA PEARSON
(Vitagraph)





VIOLA SMITH
(Biogr. pl.)

The BRIDE OF THE SEA

by
HENRY
ALBERT
PHILLIPS

❖ *Reliance*



F

AR down on the rocky shore, where the flotsam and jetsam were flung up by the sea in its angry mood, there was a rickety lean-to. One had to

wade thru an arm of the sea to reach the nose that supported the hut, and few but the shallow-water fishermen knew of its existence.

The hard-working people of the little fishing-village were too much occupied with their own affairs to question crazy old Ben as to where he might live. He regularly brought them fish and sea-crabs, which they sold with their lots and gave him a few coins, and he seemed satisfied. He took home his regular supply of coarse food and said nothing, as a rule.

There were those among the older fisherfolk who remembered Ben in the days of his prosperity. He had been one of the hardest, the bravest, the most resourceful fishermen of them all. His fleet yawl was always one of the first out on the banks, and his drop-lines seemed guided by a wizard. When the fishing fleet winged into

port freighted to the gunwales with glistening catches, the catch-phrase had always been, "Well, it's Ben's luck today!"

The old folks all recalled vividly, too, Ben's marriage to the beautiful girl from a neighboring fishing-village. As he led her to his whitewashed hut, with its garden walk of strewn shells, Mary was a sight to gladden men's eyes. She was tall and straight-standing, with thick, sea-bronzed hair, and her cheeks were tinted with the russet gold of the setting sun.

Then had come the child, a golden-haired daughter of the sea, and Ben could scarcely hold the measure of his happiness. At dawn he kist them good-by, and at the fore of the out-bound fleet, in the slanting sun, he stood at the tiller with his hand shading his eyes for a view of them on the beach. And in the slanting sun again, at the end of the day, his yawl raced home, lured by the vision of the wind-whipped wife and child on the beach.

All that was years and years ago—the sweet embrace at the landing; the counting of the catch together; the lisping prattle of his babe; the great storm—ah! that was not a thing of the past! Its horror still held his eyes

fixed; he could never blot out its heart-breaking toll.

Ben had taken his family out to the fishing-grounds, a rare occurrence in the nature of a lark. The funnel-shaped cloud came up out of the sea and, like frightened birds, the fleet made sail and scurried toward land.

It was too late. With a snarling roar, the storm broke around them, and the yawl half-filled with the flying scud. Less than a hundred yards from the barrier surf on the beach the yawl sank, spewing its precious freight into the whirlpool about it. Ben was plunged violently against the boat's side and struck senseless. He came to life, a shivering, staring thing, in the arms of kinfolk on the beach. But the others—the life, the heart of him—had gone forever.

That was years ago, and now a cottage colony had invaded the cliffs above the fishing-village, and city swells in vari-colored fashions were slowly crowding the fisherfolk out.

Grace Jennings' one darling and luxury in life was sickness—an indescribable irritation that rested oppressively on her breast and nestled nervously in her bones, bringing tears



AT EACH DAY'S END BEN'S
HEART TURNED TO HIS
FAMILY, HIS CHILD
AND WIFE OF THE
SEA

to her eyes and sighs and moans to her lips. Her cherished disease had been born in the selfish chamber of her cold heart; it had been nurtured like a rodent gnawing at the tender hearts and precious happiness of those nearest and dearest, and, after seven years, it had come to thrive upon the mute sufferings of two loving martyrs. The neurotic pet had never been christened and given a Christian name—possibly because its true cognomen was only to be found in another realm than Christendom. For that matter, it had eluded all tangible efforts to detect and label it by the most profound doctors, who had sent in astounding bills for their futile efforts. The old, wheezy, local doctor had alone given a diagnosis, declaring, in his usual blunt way, that “it was all d—n devilishness!”

Of secondary and tertiary interest in Grace's life were her devoted husband, Ralph, and her neglected daughter, Nellie—to be considered in the order named.

Ralph's great fault in life was loyalty—that is, it was a monomania with him, just as his wife's disease was an obsession with her; so the two just took their places on their little hilltops of eccentricity, feeling the hand of fate heavily upon them. Little Nellie lay, at first, then eventually squatted, crept, toddled and finally walked in the valley between them, puzzling over the two awful beings that Destiny had set upon the heights for her to look up to.

The first time Ralph had seen Grace she was so winsomely pretty in the exercise of one of her “spells” that he had made a resolution to capture the heart and hand of a girl capable of being so cute on occasion. His ingrained loyalty forbade a revocation of his original sentiment as the years wore on, and the cuteness became an ever-present specter. His wife was never satisfied, never willing, never content, never happy. They moved from place to place in a vain search for a climate or a locality that would be agreeable to the ailing member of the family. Almost immediate removal had been necessary, until they had found the little house set high upon the rocky cliffs overlooking the sea.

Here it was that Grace became strangely soothed and, in a melancholy way, almost happy. But the little home was made to suffer in a new way, for Grace neglected it and devoted herself to wooing the sea, as it were. She would steal away like a clandestine lover, whenever the least opportunity offered, to a niche in the rocks. She called stormy days her wooing season, and would neglect all things to sit in the damp cleft and listen to the blustering roar of the wind and the passionate beating of the sea upon the rocks at her feet.

Just why Grace invited her former chum, Maude Carrington, to come and spend a few weeks with them no one, not even herself, could quite fathom. Perhaps it was because of the despair

her freaks had wrought in the heart of her husband. She seemed quite unable to stem the tide of her folly, and the visitor's presence gave her freer rein. Her neglect from this moment forward became a vice.

If Grace had known that Maude had cherished a secret dream of love for Ralph since the days when they both were girls to be wooed and won, it is doubtful if she would have invited her to assume the woman's place in her home at this time. Fortunately stupid, Ralph had never been made to see or feel it. Thus Maude came at the call of her old friend, with the half-healed wound reopened at the inevitable thought of what might have been.

But Maude, in her daily cross-bearing, became clear-eyed and logical in this house of chaos. She could see both sides of the shield, and soon knew what neither of them knew or had felt. She saw a way out which she knew was dangerous for all aboard the frail craft. For one of them would have to become a Jonah and be thrown into the sea, to be fed upon by the very sharks they themselves would create. Too well she knew that the finger of Destiny pointed straight at her!

Maude told Ralph of her plan one night less than a week after she had come. Grace had slipped away immediately after supper, to stroll beneath the stars beside her lover, the sea. Ralph sat smoking in the dark shade of the veranda, wrapt in darkness and

HE CAME TO LIFE A SHIVER-
ING, STARING THING—THE
LIFE, THE HEART OF
HIM HAD GONE
FOREVER



the solitude of his thoughts. Maude had put little Nellie in her crib and now stole out where she could see the face of the man she loved as he drew in consoling puffs from his glowing pipe. After a moment's passionate indulgence in forbidden thoughts she stole up to him.

It was the longest while before she could make him understand. "You see, Ralph; love with a woman is such a vastly different thing from love with a man," she urged, with an undercurrent of passion that escaped him utterly. "Love to a man is but a gilded dream that he puts aside during his work-a-day hours and revives thru the action of his will at his pleasure." She could partly see his face as he turned and smiled sadly and indulgently at her. "With woman it is so different. Love is a wound which her beloved heals and reopens a thousand times. Requited love can heal, and time can cauterize—yet memory and reëxperience can reopen the wound at any time!" Maude sighed involuntarily.

Ralph turned sympathetically and laid his hand on her arm, which trembled slightly. "It is plain that you have been—wounded, Maude—have you?"

"Yes," she murmured, almost piteously, seeking the shelter of the shadow to protect her secret. "But it is Grace that I have come to talk about," she added quickly.

"Grace can never feel for me again," he sighed. "I must go thru

life unbeloved and dreaming only of a love that was."

Instinctively her hand sought his, and he held it. The girl's emotions smothered further utterance for a moment. Suddenly she roused herself from the stolen luxury and quickly withdrew her hand. "Perhaps we can make Grace feel again."

"Reopen the wound, in other words?" he asked, turning with scorching enthusiasm upon her.

"Yes," she continued hesitatingly, "we must reopen the wound."

"But how?" he asked eagerly.

It was a long time before she responded. "We must use the knife of jealousy."

"But how?" he persisted.

"Ralph, you must make love to me." She held her two hands tightly clasped as she continued rapidly: "You must ignore her entirely; encourage her to indulge her selfish fancies. We must appear to be wrapped up in each other. You must rouse yourself more, especially from this quiescent state of unhappiness, and become buoyantly jolly. We—" Some vagrant thought seemed to have cast a shadow on what was further in her mind.

"It will be hard work," Ralph confessed at length, "but I guess I can force myself to do it."

"Yes, it will be—hard work," she repeated, in a hurt tone.

"Shall we begin now?" he asked half-wearily. "When she comes back she should find us gone."

It was a perfect lovers' night, and they walked down toward the sea together, altho in her heart Maude knew she walked alone. He held one of her cold hands absently. He was gazing, with brightened eyes, toward an awakened future that might become real; she was transfixed by the vision of a reawakened past that could never be anything else but real. Thus they stood for a long while looking out across the opalescent sea.

Not twenty feet away, peering intently from the recess of a crevice in the rocks, one might have detected two luminous sparks that grew steadily in brightness until they bore a semblance to burning coals. In the darkness one could not see the half-crouching form of a woman, tho he might have heard her deep breathing had he stood near. Long after the two had moved away did the burning gaze pierce the place where they had been. At length she crept out and moved to where they had stood, half-kneeling in the sand to make sure that she had seen aright. With one hand she touched the deep imprints of their shoes; with the other she clutched spasmodically at her hair.

When she stood erect she gave a laugh bereft of mirth. It was taken up and reëchoed in the grottoes nearby. She listened until it had died away amidst the soft splash of the water far below. Then she turned and walked with a dignified and measured tread that reminded one of a bride moving majestically to the altar. On



HIS HEART BEAT DOWN ALL
DOUBTS AS HE SIGHED
HAPPILY

and on she moved, until the end of the rock revealed a gleam of the foam of the sea beyond. Scarcely did she hesitate at the very edge of the precipice to mumble a few words, when she sprang far out as tho into the arms of a hungry lover. A drowsy gull flew from its eyrie with a frightened scream and soared hoveringly down toward the heaving breast of the sea.

A minute before there had been an ominous splash, just as two ghostly arms of spray rose high in the air to envelop the hurtling figure that dashed between them.

Ralph and Maude had strolled home and, after waiting an hour in the hope of carrying their plan into execution, wearied of the heartlessness of the effort and retired to their rooms, as was their wont when Grace lingered late.

Little Nellie was the first to make the terrible discovery in the morning. She came running into the dining-room where her father and Maude sat waiting. The child merely pointed upstairs and began to cry. Maude followed him to her room. The bed was empty and untouched!

It was thirty years since old Ben had lost his young wife and child in the sea, and since that day he had spent the greater part of each night climbing up and down the precipitous

rocks, peering out into the beating surf for her return. When darkness had entered his mind, the light of hope had been left by an unseen hand dimly burning in his soul. So for thirty years he had watched and waited with that patience denied sanity, and at length he had been rewarded.

It had been a night luminous with burning stars, which he always gazed upon with awe. He sat blinking and shaking his head at their scattered reflection in the swaying sea. Suddenly he was half-startled by the frightened cry of a gull, and the next instant there was a splash, and the form of a woman rose as tho from the bottom of the sea and was borne toward him on the crest of a wave.

With a cry, old Ben seized her from the hole of a whirlpool grotto toward which the strong current was already dragging her, and carried her triumphantly to his hut.

Under the dim light of the kerosene lamp he looked for a long while into her face, passing his hand over his brow several times as tho in doubt, before he resolved that this was she. Then he noted that she had a deep cut in the back of her head, and, with a cry of solicitude, he set about at once to dress the wound.

It was several days before the woman returned to full consciousness. Then followed days in which she did little but shake her head in futile ef-

forts to brush away the cloud that had crept into her mind.

"Mary! Mary!" old Ben would cry, kneeling before her and holding out his hands. But she only shook her head the more and turned her face away. This would make the old man furious and seemed to recall certain facts of a previous existence that determined him to act. So the moment the woman rose from her bed he set her to the various tasks about the place. Thus she would work from morn to night with listless energy.

One day she was cleaning an old box, when a photograph of a child fell to the floor. She picked it up and looked at it a long time. Then she gave a glad cry that startled old Ben, who was sitting just outside the door. When he saw her cause of joy he, too, was elated and sat by, watching her kiss the photograph and hug it to her breast.

"My child! my child!" she whispered over and over again.

Old Ben was convinced, where there had been a nameless doubt before. In commemoration of the event he resolved on a desperate expedient to gratify her desire. Somewhere in the world there must be other children. He would steal one for her, and not tell her of the deception!

Four months had passed since the night that Grace Jennings had disappeared—drowned, no doubt, in the

HE HAD LOOKED FOR A LONG
TIME TOWARD THE OLD
FELLOW WHO HAD
SEIZED LITTLE
NELLIE IN
HIS ARMS



height of her insane folly. By common consent Maude stayed by the side of the man she secretly loved and for whom she would die if necessary.

But Ralph, in his blind loyalty to his wife, would have gone on forever, never dreaming of the heart he was daily wounding, had he not seen that heart bared by chance. He had come home unexpectedly one afternoon. Maude was nowhere to be found. Ralph walked toward his room. He paused as he neared the door. He saw Maude and little Nellie within. The child had just brought her father's picture to the woman and had naively asked her if she loved daddy. Maude looked at her a moment, then seized the photograph and covered the face with kisses. The next minute she put her face in the cushion of the chair and began to weep.

Ralph stole out and down toward the rocky shore. For two hours he sat there reviewing all that had come and passed in their life for years. He saw then what a wonderful woman Maude was, what she had sacrificed, how much she loved him, and what a wonderful wife she would have made.

He returned to the house, eager and curious to observe this woman that loved him, for the first time. At dinner he was cold to her, which had the miraculous effect of bringing all of her noblest and most affectionate traits to the surface, which she had hitherto exercised with impunity in the face of his crass stupidity.

After dinner he hurried out to think before the new emotions that thronged his soul should overthrow all reason. Little Nellie followed him and played about, while he sat on a rock and turned the matter over and over. There was loyalty to be appeased. But had he not been loyal thruout his wife's life, to no avail? And she—that noble girl!—was she not to be compensated for all of her loyalty? He rose affirmatively. He saw her standing in the doorway, the waning rays of the sinking sun gilding her glorious hair. His heart beat down all doubts as he sighed happily.

He could never forget each action up to that point. The rest were blurred by terrific emotions. First had come the cry of the child, and the fact gradually dawned on him that something was wrong. He had looked a long time toward the old fellow who had seized little Nellie in his arms before he could rouse himself to action. Then he rooted out that other deep emotion and tore across the rocks after the kidnapper. That mad flight over cliffs and precipices was the worst nightmare he had ever known. He fell many times; once he pitched headlong down fifteen feet, but was up again after the old man with his child, who seemed possessed of devilish skill. Then had come the sight of the hut in the shadow of the rocks into which the old man staggered with his burden. How he tore madly at the barricaded door! At last, with a rock, he broke

it in, and the next minute he had seen the old man, with a club upraised, before him. Finally he had sunk down, but not too late to see—yes, it seemed he did see it—his wife, Grace, rushing toward him, with that same dress on that she had worn the fatal night, only it was torn into shreds, that made her more than ghostly.

Ages of nothingness followed. Then one day he opened his eyes, and Maude was bending over him. Maude? He tried to think what it was he was going to tell her. For a moment his thoughts were lost in contemplating the change that had come into her. Her eyes had lost their luster; her cheeks were pale, and she had grown visibly older! Her unhappiness tore thru his memory, and things came back with a gush. He reached for the hand that had rested on his a second before. But it was gone, and she had drawn out of reach. For one moment she drank in what was in his heart and eye, and then, with a sigh and smile of gratitude that he would never forget, she said gently:

"She is coming—Grace, you know—she, too, has been ill. But she is really ideal now, and all well since she saw you again. She——"

"My wife—Grace——" he gasped.

"Sh-h! Here she is!"

And the woman with the wounded heart stole out of the room, while she who entered with a glad cry could never again be to him other than the Bride of the Sea.

THE MOVIES IN BEASTIELAND

BY WALTER WELLMAN.



In Beastieland, each comedy
 Is just as funny as can be —
 But you'll admit it's 'rough-on-rats'
 To be pursued by tommy-cats.



Most everyone has seen John Bunny —
 Because he's fat, we think him funny.
 These actors have him beat a mile:
 Each weighs a ton-without his smile.



Here's pig — he writes scenarios
 For which the 'beastie' actors pose.
 He thinks the plot all out, and then
 He writes it with his little pen.



AN ALL-ROUND MISTAKE

by
EDWIN · M · LA · ROCHE



This story was written from the

Photoplay of KING BAGGOT

JOHNSON," said the spare, deft-fingered woman, thrusting a wet dish behind her to the stout gentleman with the towel. "we've been married ten years and have never had a quarrel."

"Ten years and eleven days," Mr. Goody corrected. "And in all that time we've never been separated for over ten hours."

"Once," suggested Mr. Goody, "I was fifteen minutes late—the terrible thunder-storm of August, 1910, which lasted from six until five minutes past seven."

"How frightened I was!" Mrs.

Goody reminisced. "You arrived home in the grocer's wagon literally drowned."

"I spent most of the horrible trip," Mr. Goody revised, with a shudder. "chasing the wagon and clinging onto the tailboard. The brute of a driver heard my drowned screams at the end of several miles."

"And together we watched the rainbow, afterwards!" she exclaimed, her hands searching for the soap.

Mr. Goody sighed fondly and untied his apron at a signal from his wife's eye. Not one of his friends could point to his spotless record.

With a suddenness that startled him, Mrs. Goody thrust a suddy hand into his. "John, dear heart!" she cried, "I am the guilty one, to break

our perpetual honeymoon. Mother has sent for me—she is ill and pines for me to be at her bedside."

Mr. Goody vividly recalled his mother-in-law's last attack of inflammatory rheumatism and how his household had trembled at her every command and winced at her every blood-curdling groan.

"It is only right," he faltered, his toes curling up at the unpleasant memories, "that you should hurry to the afflicted one."

"I'm going tomorrow," announced Mrs. Goody, in measured tones, "on the four-thirty train. I've fixed the coffee-pot so that your breakfast will be very simple."

"I thought of breakfasting out," said Mr. Goody, venturesomely.

"Not at all"—there was just the suggestion of ice in her voice—"there is no reason to. The coffee is on the bottom of the pot, with your egg suspended in a cup just above it, and the cereal on top."

"I see," said Mr. Goody, very simply. "Do you suppose they'll all—eh—mature at once?"

Mrs. Goody laughed, somewhat harshly. "I just believe," she said, "that you're looking for an excuse—"

"No, no!" interrupted Mr. Goody, boldly—"not that; it's infernal simplicity awes me."

"John, my ewe lamb!" cried the departing one, "here are the keys. It is the first time that I have not answered your ring."

Mr. Goody pocketed the keys and smiled affectionately. "I feel," he ventured, "with all these keys, somewhat like that chap Bluebeard."

"John Goody!" Her small eyes flashed threateningly. "If the house didn't have to be locked up, I'm almost afraid to trust you!"

"There, there, duekie!" His lips boldly sought hers and sealed them with a vow of chastity.

"If you really love me," she murmured, designedly, "you'll carry my trunk downstairs. I'm afraid to trust the expressman with the new wall-paper."

The vanquished lover proceeded to his task, and, shortly afterwards, Mr. Goody, the trunk and several strips of wall-paper found themselves deposited at the foot of the stairs. Mr. Goody arose, and, while his wife scurried above for the liniment, he dealt the unoffending trunk several savage kicks. But, under her tender hands, his wounds became suddenly precious!y sweet.

On the following day Mr. Goody arrived at his office and set his watch before him upon his desk. His eyes scarcely left it until the hour of four. Thereupon he arose, snapped to his watch and made a hasty exit.

Mrs. Goody was already at the station. Tardiness was never one of her failings, and, while they waited for the train, she rehearsed his manifold duties in her absence.

The train drew in, and, with his hand in hers, Mrs. Goody stepped upon the car. Mr. Goody reached for a final kiss, but she wrenched herself suddenly aloof.

"There!" she cried, turning pale, as the train started; "I quite forgot to have a supper ready for you—cold ham (chug-chug from the engine)—ginger-snaps (chug - chug - chug)—coffee-pot (whirr-whirr)—pickles!"

Her voice was wafted off in a last, despairing wail.

"Whew!" said Mr. Goody, mopping his brow and holding himself back with a supreme effort—"pickles and ginger-snaps and that infernal three-storied coffee-pot!"

The faithful man turned and started for home, the unaccustomed keys jingling in his pocket with the eagerness of junk-wagon bells. He had gotten as far as the corner when a heavy hand fell athwart his plump shoulders.

"John Goody! By all that's strange! Good old John Goody!"

The assaulted man faced around to look square into the eyes of a ghost of long ago.

"Fred Dashing!" he gasped. "I'll be switched if it isn't old Fred!"

"Right you are, old school-mate," said the angular man



THE STAIRS WERE A PERILOUS BIT OF NAVIGATION

—"fresh as a daisy, after twenty years."

The pair stared at each other with a rush of forgotten memories. "You're my guest!" cried the little man, suddenly hooking his arm thru Mr. Goody's. "I'm on the trail of a big, thick steak smothered in mushrooms."

Mr. Goody's stomach gave a sudden flop. He tried to shake his school-mate free, but the bony arm held him as surely as an ox-bow.

"I'm all alone—on my way home!" he gasped.

"Tut, tut, and also tush!" said Mr. Dashing, unfeelingly. "You're my guest, I tell you"—he hissed the words awesomely—"steak and mushrooms, and iced cantaloupe, and—"

"Dont," groaned Mr. Goody; "if you knew the temptation!"

By now Mr. Dashing was sure of his victim and slowly edged him toward the glistening doors of a fashionable restaurant.

"Close your eyes, St. Anthony!" And Mr. Goody did, to find himself safely inside, with a grinning hat-boy reaching for his headgear.

The strum of soft music greeted his guilty ears as they slipped into their seats. A noiseless waiter hovered over his shoulder. Mr. Goody clutched his napkin firmly. His legs shot under the table.

"I haven't eaten away from home," he said, in a small, choked voice, "in over ten years—and, besides, my wife's away."

"Holy hornspoons, man!" articulated Mr. Dashing; "what's troubling you, then?"

"Just shock," said Mr. Goody, grimly casting the die—"bring on that imaginary steak!"

The dinner was toothsome to the last degree; the music, the lights were inspiring, and Mr. Dashing drew upon a fund of inexhaustible wit. "Look not upon the wine when it's red," quoth the bold Mr. Goody, draining his seventh glass of sparkling burgundy.

"Oh, thou laborer in the vineyard," said Mr. Dashing, softly misquoting, "sweet is the wine of adversity."

"Adver'ty," chuckled Mr. Goody; "le's make it 'absentee.'"

"Garçon, another bottle on the dear departed," said Mr. Dashing, pleasantly.

From the vinous stage, Mr. Goody rapidly descended to the maudlin. He drank with the thirst of Sahara upon him, and his unbosomed language became a clutter of sibilants.

"Got'sh inflam'ry rheumatish," he confided—"t'rr'ble 'flicshun!"

"'Deed it is," agreed Mr. Dashing, suppressing a yawn; "how'd you get it?"

"Wife's muzzer's trunk," said Mr. Goody, feelingly, and thereupon launched into the complicated and utterly incoherent description of the three-storied coffee-pot.

"Egg gets overheated an' scalds coffee tha'sh boils up an' burns lil' dish of cir'ul!"

Mr. Goody thumped the table with indignation and brought Mr. Dashing up with a jerk.

"Must have dozed off," he apologized. "Let's be getting along."

There was no throttling Mr. Goody's eloquence. With exquisite feeling he narrated his breakneck adventure with his wife's trunk and grasped the flimsy table in heated illustration.

The tablecloth whisked off in his hands, and with a din of broken glass Mr. Goody crashed heavily to the floor. The unfeeling Mr. Dashing disappeared as if by magic, and the fuddled orator felt himself being led toward the door by a bodyguard of waiters.

He stood outside, swaying majestically, making a mighty effort to marshal his scattered wits.

The restaurant door again opened and a kindred spirit lurched forth. Mr. Goody's heart warmed toward his benighted fellow sufferer.

"Thas'h all ri'," he said, hooking his arm thru that of the tall stranger's; "le's go 'ome togezzar."

Acting turn and turn about as crutch and armpit to each other, the two fuddled gentlemen wove a tortuous way toward Mr. Goody's doorstep.

They were not to arrive without an adventure of some consequence. Mr. Goody's companion espied a diligent Italian peanut vender plying his wares on a corner. He called Mr. Goody's attention to the industrious spectacle, and with the spirit of boyhood recrudescence our doughty Mohawk tried to purloin a handful of the street-merchant's wares. Result: A sudden weird shriek, a fluent Tuscan oath, and one neatly blackened orb to Mr. Goody's debit.

Nothing daunted, and indeed forgetting the incident, the adventurers at last arrived in front of Mr. Goody's domicile. Mr. Goody brandished the keys with a great show of triumph that was lost on his fellow sufferer, and arm in arm they entered the wifeless home.

With much by-play with obstinate matches, the procession came to a halt in the dining-room. Mr. Goody dove into the recesses of the sideboard and brought forth a dust-covered bottle.

"'S'fact," he asseverated, "older'n my wife," and forthwith the unquenchable ones proceeded to toast each other with bumpers of brandy meant to sauce some long-forgotten peach-crop.

(Twenty-one)

The stairs were a perilous bit of navigation, but with a beginner's luck Mr. Goody managed them safely on all fours and beckoned haughtily for his shipmate to follow. Thereupon, tossing off their clothes, the strange bedfellows crept between Mrs. Goody's immaculate sheets. Snow-white, virginal linen, unpressed and unclasped by none save the most pure! Fortunate indeed that that perfect housewife, Mrs. Goody, does not see your writhed and violated form!

The first peep of day saw a most miraculous apparition: an incoming train, with Mrs. Goody herself alighting bird-like from it. 'Neath her ministering hands and steaming flan-

Presently a hastily dressed lady, whose modesty was vindicated by a fur boa and a stylish hat, opened the door on the slant and peeked out. Mrs. Goody poured out a stream of fears to her greedy ears.

Plucking up courage between them, the housewives decided to investigate. Horrors! A fresh evidence presented itself: the fatal bunch of keys that Mrs. Goody had so completely surrendered to her husband lay in a jumbled sprawl in front of the door.

The women entered, mute horror widening their eyes, and Mrs. Goody's ally flung her boa and hat on the hat-rack. If a crime had been done she meant to stand by her friend to the

last. Together, with the stealthiness of cats, they tiptoed to the dining-room door, from whence the thick odor of brandy greeted them.

"Burglars! They've held an orgy!" hissed Mrs. Goody. "Oh, my poor little Goody lamb!"

The neighbor pressed her hand convulsively. All was deathly still above. Goody had met his fate in defense of his home! As the awful truth struck home, Mrs. Goody bowed her head upon the other's shoulder and a single tear as big and as painful as a marble coursed from her eye. They dared not venture above to the room

of horror. How strong the sterner sex seemed! Their only salvation lay in the arrival of even the baker's boy.

Mr. Goody's eyes opened and stared wildly about him. In the rack and wreck of things they searched for familiar landmarks. And what more natural than that they should turn to his sleeping spouse for comfort?

One peek at his pimply-faced bedmate, with his fangless mouth and buzzard's breath, fairly lifted Mr. Goody out on the floor. With his stockinged feet padding softly on the steps, he took them three at a time in his rush for sanctuary.

The hat and boa on the hat-rack brought him up standing. His feet seemed to freeze in their tracks and his eyes goggled like a toad-fish's.



ONE PEEK AT HIS PIMPLY-FACED BEDMATE

nel bandages, the incipient attack of rheumatism had died in its first stages.

Mrs. Goody had arisen before cock-crow to catch the first train cityward. She figured she would get home in time to surprise her husband with a breakfast of her own making. And her plans worked to perfection, for she approached the house with no signs of life coming therefrom.

On the doorstep a much-battered, villainous-looking derby hat caused her to stop in her tracks. There was an uncanny air of mystery, of outspoken tragedy, about the thing that sent cold chills galloping up her back.

In another instant she found herself next door, with her forefinger glued to the push-button.



UNUTTERABLE HORRORS! THERE WAS A WOMAN IN THE HOUSE, TOO!

Unutterable horrors! There was a woman in the house, too! Mr. Goody whipped himself about and fled up the stairs with the activity of a demented creature. Once inside his room—duekie's room also—he glowered at the creature on the bed and groaned aloud.

A newspaper lay in a snarl on the floor—that would at least tell him something. Mr. Goody picked it up and his tortured eyes drank in the account of the atrocious murder of a woman. He groaned again and closed his eyes. The damaged optic pained him so poignantly that he dashed to the wash-basin in search of aid. The mirror above it pictured his frightful face to him. It was the blaekened, distorted visage of a fiend!

The creature in his bed—the finery below—his violated features! The horrible affair was beginning to take shape in his brain. He, John Goody, the model of domestic virtue, was the assassin!

A heavy rat-tat-too of blows on the door below shook the house, instantly followed by a chorus of shrill screams. The maddened lust of battle shone from the cornered man's eyes. At least this seum in his wife's place in

bed should be made to answer.

Mr. Goody took three nimble and goat-like leaps across the room and landed on all fours on the bed. His massive shoulders butted violently against the blissful sleeper. "Stop your crowdin'!" said the sleep-dazed guest.

But Mr. Goody's blood was up. He butted, he catapulted, he drew off and came on head first. No bed-fellow could stand it, and together they bonned on the floor, rolling over and over in reckless abandon.

The bedroom door flew open and Mrs. Goody, the modest neighbor and two burly policemen crowded into the doorway.

One look was enough, then Mrs. Goody's face set as sharp as a flint arrowhead. Staring thru her fallen lamb like tissue, she waved one thin arm upward and commanded the law to do its duty.

It was a solemn and woe-begone procession, with a pitiless rear-guard, that wended its unstatesly way to the station-house. The tortures of the damned were as nothing compared to Mr. Goody's feelings.



"AFTER THIS, I WONT FORGET TO TAKE THE KEYS WITH ME AND LEAVE YOU ON THE INSIDE"

NOT ON THE SCREEN

By H. S. HASKINS

Upon a sentimental reel,
Two lovers pass before our eyes—
We thrill with all the joys they feel,
We greet their woes with tears and sighs;
Nor guess, in life, 'tis not a part
That one plays with a broken heart.

The film reveals a dozen clowns
In slapstick humor to our gaze—
We watch their mirthful ups and downs
And revel in their comic ways,
And none suspects that in a spurt
Of fun one clown was badly hurt.

We sit and view, with mock dismay,
Some tragedy upon the screen,
Applaud the parts which actors play
In railroad wreck, or battle scene,
Nor know that in the mimic strife
The reckless hero lost his life.

(Twenty-two)

A MAN AFRAID

ESSAY

by

GLADYS · HALL

F

EAR is a hideous thing. It makes a strong man weak and a weak man a driveling idiot. Physical fear, I refer to. Spiritual fear is another

thing. It is the tacit acknowledgment of a vast unknown before which the wisest among us must needs bow in the humility of awed mysticism. It is the fear of God. Physical fear is craven. It rots the spirit with its nauseating dominion; it throws a man, as so much pliant clay, to the healthy scorn of his fellow men and the contempt of his fellow women. Primordial man won primordial woman by his physical prowess. Thru all the ages since the old demand has persisted—Take me, win me, to have and to hold, by your man strength.

Austen Martin was but one of the inheritors of Stone Age customs. She did not wish Ted Barham, her newly affianced lover, to leap into an arena, or turn pugilistic, or join the Allies, but she did want to know instinctively that his strength and courage were hers for the asking. She wanted to feel secure tho dangers pressed close at hand.

The first little doubt of the sureness of his courage came to her on the very afternoon of their engagement. He had called directly after luncheon, and there in her father's library she had promised to take her place in his life. It had seemed a very glorious, a very desirable place to her, cradled by his arm, with his eager, firm-lined face smiling down on her.

And to Ted it was Heaven come to earth. He was not a man who, by the favors of many women, has become staled to the joy of one. A sentimentalist, or rather a romanticist by nature, he had dreamed many faces into his heart; kist more than one smiling mouth, and thought himself helplessly victimized by eyes of every hue. But fleeting as May and

harmless as baby strength, these affairs. And then he had met Austen Martin. With that meeting and the joy of their subsequent friendship had come to him what love may mean in the life of a man. This was not all May blossoms, and airy kisses, and playtime under sunny skies. This was the force that makes the world—the race; the stern desire that eats a heart away; the shadow and the sunshine of living.

And then into the perfection of the new bond had crept the first shadow of a doubt. Austen's father, who had been mother and father both to her for many years, had come in upon them in the library, and, after the announcements and the congratulations were over, had asked them to come down to the new power-house with him. On the way down they had picked up Bayard Schuld, who was a boyhood friend of Ted and had been his rival for Austen's hand. Calmly unaware that Ted had won out, Bayard devoted himself to Austen with his usual "this is my personal property" manner.

In the power-house Austen was childishly curious. The might and force of the works thrilled her naturally adventurous soul, and she listened eagerly to the superintendent's words. Schuld had dropped behind the rest of the party, and his eyes followed Ted, with something resembling a sneer in them.

"These," the superintendent was saying as Schuld drew nearer the party, "are the circuit-breakers. Just as much as to touch any of these switches means—*death!*" He laughed as Austen gave a little start at his dramatic climax; then he said anxiously, turning to Ted:

"Matter, sir? Aren't you feeling well?"

Ted laughed uneasily and passed one hand over his damp forehead. Austen regarded him solicitously; her father, amazedly. "It's nothing at all," he said at length. "I've a bad

nervous headache, that's all—nerves—er—"

"You'd better go home, then, Teddy," Austen advised him, "and sleep it off."

"I—yes, I believe I will." Ted met Schuld's eyes, still with that covert sneer in them, and his face reddened painfully. "I'll go now," he said more firmly. "Good-by, Austen; good-by, Mr. Martin; 'day, Schuld—"

On the way home in the Martin car, Austen, foreseeing another séance with Schuld, told him of her engagement to Ted. He took it more hardly than she had supposed.

"I—it's hard to believe—to credit," he said after a moment; "especially when a man's wanted anything as long and as earnestly as I've wanted your love, Austen. I—will you give me a few moments when we reach the house?"

"Certainly—but. Bayard, please dont make it hard for me. I love Ted—I cant help it."

"I wont, Austen. I—wait, here we are."

In the library Schuld drew a chair close to Austen's and leaned close to her. "Austen," he said emphatically, "you may loathe and despise me for this, but I do it from my deep love for you. You must not—*shall* not—marry Ted Barham. He is an arrant coward—"

"Bayard—you—"

"Wait, Austen. One man does not make such an accusation against another without some good and sufficient reason. I do not ask you to accept my unproven word. I do ask that you *test* my word and your-lover. That is only fair—first of all to yourself, secondly to him, and lastly to me. I could recount many things to you that would bear out my statement, but I want you to see for yourself first. Is Barham coming here tonight?"

"Yes." Austen's eyes were fixed; her lovely, mobile face was white. It seemed as if some ruthless hand had



"THEN I'M GOING TO HOPE, *CARISSIMA*," HE SAID SOFTLY. "I AM GOING TO—HOPE"

dashed a spray of cruel icy water on the sweet, warm flame of her love. Momentarily she was numbed.

"Then take him for a walk in the park—that's all I ask. The street entrance—tonight."

"It doesn't seem—fair." Austen said the words more to herself than to Schuld. "It seems to be such a—*a sneaking* thing to do."

"It's the only way you can be sure," Schuld said firmly. "Didn't you notice him at the works a while ago—how he looked when the superintendent told about the circuit-breakers? That was *fear*, Austen; naked, stark *fear*. Can you afford to give yourself to a—a coward?"

Austen raised her hand in protest and rose as if in dismissal. "I don't know what your plan is," she said wearily, "but I'll take Ted for the walk tonight. After that"—she smiled for an instant, with a flare of confidence—"we shall see."

It was nearing eleven o'clock when Austen and Ted came back from their walk that night. Austen walked straight to the table opposite the almost expiring grate-fire, then wheeled on Ted abruptly. "Well?" she queried tersely. "Well?"

Ted raised his head, and his face

bore that piteous look of a man ashamed.

"It is for you to say, Austen," he said gently. "On my part there is no need of speech."

"Then the part you acted tonight—the despicable part—is—*you?*"

"Part of me, I'm afraid, Austen. I thought I had conquered it, but it came over me this afternoon at the works—and again—tonight——"

"You coward—you—you miserable coward!" Austen's voice was low—almost a snarl in its rage of contempt and infuriated pain. There is no scorn so deep, no anger so scathing as that which we may feel for a loved one proven false or otherwise lacking. A whipcord on a sore can bring no crueler pain. "I"—she bent her taut body over in his direction, and her brilliant, angry eyes glared at him—"I *despise* you!" she hissed.

After he had gone—gone quietly and wordlessly—Austen paced the length of the room like some pantheress deprived of her mate. By nature passionate, deeply adoring, almost fiercely idealistic, Austen had concentrated all on Ted Barham. Had he committed murder, fallen violently prey to the wiles of a siren, or any brazen, desperate sin, she could have understood him and for-

given him more readily. But a *coward*—a puling, weak-kneed, whipper-snapper of a *coward*—that was the unthinkable, the laughable thing.

The shame of that episode in the park would outlive her very memory of it: the slouching figure in their very path; Ted's immediate throwing up of his arms before any molestation had been attempted; the tramp's offensive action in chucking her under the chin; his cool laugh and slow departure; her own frozen horror at Ted rooted to the spot, teeth chattering, utterly, incongruously afraid.

In the midst of her agonized thoughts the bell rang, and, too distraught to wait, Austen rushed to the door herself. In the vestibule stood the tramp of the park, and before she could frame her surprised inquiry the heavy beard and shaggy hair were removed, and Bayard Schuld stood disclosed.

Austen stood as one petrified.

"So *you*—" she breathed, "*you—that* was the test!"

Schuld stepped in and closed the door. "My poor little girl," he said compassionately, "I'm sorry—but you *had* to know, Austen. I couldn't let you marry him—not knowing. Do you believe me now? Are you going to—marry him?"

"I believe you, Bayard—of course. How can I help it—now——"

"Are you going to marry him—now?"

"No—no—not—now——"

Schuld took one cold little hand and leaned over it till his mouth pressed it. "Then I am going to hope, *carissima*," he said softly. "I am going to—*hope*."

Two weeks passed—leaden-footed days for Austen, seeing nothing of Ted, hearing only occasionally from Bayard, who was giving the old love time to cool before forcing the new.

She turned to her father in those days, as she had turned to him in the past with her childish griefs and troubles. Not so very far away from the ache of a lost love himself, he was able to understand the suffering of his little girl.

Most of the time she spent in the big book-lined library. From those crowded shelves came voices of all loves of the past to speak with her; loves shamed and crushed like hers; loves bruised and heavy-eyed, with ghosts in somber-shadowed faces.

Her father found her there on the close of one dreary day, and she knew at once that he had some glad tidings for her——

"Read *this!*" he exclaimed; "then ring up Mr. T. Barham and apologize for your actions."

Austen read with eyes that grew suddenly dim with tears.

"Oh, daddy," she whispered, "oh, daddy—he isn't—he isn't——"

"Of course he isn't—at this rate." her father declared, over-credulous for joy of seeing the animation in the pale face. "I never could see how he *could* be with his face and bearing—and the splendid mother he had! It's been an amazing thing to me. However, he seems to have proven himself otherwise, and I think, Austen, that I would phone him a little congratulatory message. I really would."

"Oh, I *will*—I will now."

Mr. Martin passed on, presumably to his den, but from the hall her glad voice halted him and brought a sudden ache to his throat——

"Yes—I *do* want you," she was saying. "Come over—*now*—*yes!*"

It didn't take him long to come, and it didn't take her long to find her place in his arms, with his mouth crushed down on hers and his eyes hungry with their long denial of her face. After the first rapture Ted led her to the chair where he had given her her ring.

"You read it in the paper?" he asked.

"Yes. Dad just showed it to me. Oh! Teddy-boy, it was glorious of you—and I—I am so bitterly ashamed."

"You mustn't be, dear." Ted's face was grave. He picked up the paper and glanced at the headlines:

"Ted Barham, wealthy young clubman and lawyer, saves 'Daddy,' character and tramp, at risk of own life." Followed in close print an account of a speeding automobile advancing upon "Daddy," all unheeded by his long-deafened ears—young Barham's sudden, courageous leap between the speeding death and "Daddy"—the saving. Ted dropped the paper to the floor and rose from his place on Austen's chair.

"Now that I have justified myself just the least bit in the world," he said, drawing another chair up to the fire, "I am going to tell you a few things. Before this I did not feel I had even the right to talk to you. A worm has no rights, 'tis said. I was—a worm.

"When I was a little shaver some ten years of age I was a dare-devil, the riskiest, peskiest kid that ever drove a mother to old age. One day—I recall it with painful clarity—three of us boys were playing circus in our barn. One of the boys was Bayard Schuld; the other was called 'Shorty' Bolmar. We were doing all sorts of antics, and they 'dared' me to swing from rafter to rafter—a peculiarly foolhardy task. I straightway proceeded to do so—and came an awful cropper. I must have been stunned by the blow, for when I came to mother was fussing over me and the boys looked scared stiff. After I told them I was whole, mother went on in and the fellows dared me over again. I started up and reached the rafters—and then an awful thing happened. The barn began to sway and rock; something inside me froze and sickened—I'd lost my nerve."

Ted lit a cigaret, and his hands shook a bit. Austen drew in her breath; then he went on. "I'd lost my grit. Schuld called me 'fraid-cat, 'fraid-cat, and I didn't dare to fight him. I—I didn't get over it. After awhile all the fellows found it out—Schuld told most of them. They wrote 'fraid-cat on the board in school when I'd come into the room. They pinned signs of it to my clothing; they delighted in luring me into danger, that I might display my pitiable cowardice for their amusement. God! how cruel a boy can be! How bitterly lonely I was! Only mother understood and helped me and shielded me and kept my self-respect alive with her pitiful pretense of admiration. How Christly a mother



"CAN YOU AFFORD TO GIVE YOURSELF TO A COWARD?"

can be, Austen, only the heart of a lonely child can know. There is no one else on earth who grasps our sins and our weaknesses, our contemptibility and shame to her breast, and loves us—loves us just the same.

"Well——" Ted drew a long breath and turned to Austen with a wry little smile. "So it has gone," he said, "until today. I was out at the ball game, and the pitcher de-

both in thought and word? I'm so sorry, dear, so very sorry."

Ted straightened up, as if trying to free himself from the sweet drowse that bade fair to overcome him.

"Austen," he said wistfully, "I'm glad you understand me better, dear, but that act this afternoon doesn't entitle me to you. That was done on the spur of the instant. I cannot marry you until I can face premeditated

squander his patrimony in proving his valor and then return to offer Austen what might be as painful to her as a coward—a pauper.

After much thought on the subject he decided to enter the automobile races for the Gentleman's Cup. They were always fraught with peril—with that mad spirit of youth that joys in keeping jowl to jowl with death. Add to this the fact that Ted



TED CONFIDES IN BAYARD HIS DETERMINATION TO ENTER THE RACES

livered a wild ball that caught me in the head. Instead of the old paralysis of sickening fear I felt suddenly reliant and strong—I wanted to *do* something to test this valorous sensation. Quite unexpectedly came 'Daddy' and the motor. The rest is in the paper."

Austen had come over to his chair while he was speaking, and now she sat on the arm of it and drew his head to her breast. "Poor boy!" she crooned to him tenderly. "Oh! Ted, and I spoke to you as I did. How can you love me when I insulted you

danger calmly and coolly—until I can know I am in danger for some long space of time and win out over fear. It may be *never*, Austen—but if it is I shall come for you quickly, truly, and if it isn't, I'll spare you the humiliation of being a coward's wife."

Being a modern young man in very modern times, Ted could not rush off, booted and spurred, upon some perilous quest. There were no new lands at hand to conquer, and wild-beast shooting had become an oft-told tale. Besides, he could not very well

was not an experienced motorist, and a pretty element of danger intrudes.

The day of the races dawned, and Ted thrilled at the setting for his dramatic strife for dominion over fear. In a far box Austen was entering with her father, Bayard Schuld and one or two others. Ted had not laid eyes on Schuld since that day in the power-house, and he knew that he would be surprised at his entry. Barton, the mechanic, was giving some last pokes to the machinery, and Ted adjusted his headgear.

(Continued on page 70)

DON CAESAR DE BAZAN



BY DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the famous Stageplay, as produced into photoplay by the KALEM COMPANY

They have told me thou art to wed, and
this thy wedding day—
Thy bride hath cheeks as roses red, and
mine are thin and grey—
Let thy living bride look on thy dead, on
this thy wedding day.

THE sad minor of the words set the still, sunny air a-quivering, while the tinkling guitar sent a silver shower of notes across the song like tears made audible.

Maritana, the gypsy, sank disconsolately on the stone bench and leaned her dark curls, in their red-and-yellow silk turban, back against the broken gray wall, gazing into the dazzling distance dreamily.

"*Olá!* a stupid world!" she sighed, "to sing of life and love and know neither—to watch the fine ladies roll

by in their satins and velvets and lace mantillas and to wear these rags!" She looked down scornfully at her red gown and shabby shoes; then, faintly approving, at her round, white arms and small, trim waist. "To be beautiful and young and unnoticed— *Ave Maria purissima*, send me a true lover with a fine cloak and ruffled shirt and heart of gold!"

With startling suddenness, on the heels of the words appeared, around the corner of the street, a splendid creature in silver-trimmed livery and powdered wig, who swept a glance along the narrow lane and paused before Maritana's bench.

"Art the lass who was singing but now?" he inquired. "Then bring thy guitar and follow me. Her Royal Highness, the Queen, requests thy presence at her coach-side."

With wildly beating heart the gypsy obeyed, and a moment later

stood trembling and curtsying beside the gold-and-white coach of the Queen. Maria Teresa leaned forward, smiling kindly.

"Pretty singer," she said, "there is that in thy voice which pleases me. I would hear more. Play me a song of love and roses to fit the morning."

Maritana swung the guitar over her shoulders by its crimson ribbon and swept her slim fingers across the strings, her fresh young voice lilting into a gay love-song of Seville. The Queen listened, twisting her jeweled hands about her fan, her long, lovely face fallen in somber lines of memory. It was whispered about the city of Madrid that the King was already weary of his year-long bride and looking restlessly for a fairer face. True, gossiped Rumor, Don José, his well-featured Minister of State, was a shadow of the Queen, but she favored no one but her royal husband.



MARITANA SINGS OF LOVE TO THE UNLOVED QUEEN

The song ended, Maria Teresa dropped a half-dozen broad silver pieces in the gypsy's apron.

"I thank thee for thy song," she smiled sadly, "and when next thou goest to Mass, praise the good saints who have given thee the blessing of poverty!"

The coach moved on down the cobbled street, leaving Maritana to ponder in amaze over the Queen's strange words.

"Ten pesos!" she cried joyfully. "Now I may have a new kirtle and a wide hat and perhaps go to the next bull-fight also! What fortune—truly this is my favored day!"

She moved on along the pavement to a sunny angle in the wall beside latticed gates giving a glimpse into a courtyard where palms rustled and a fountain sang. The palace of some grandee, she thought, who might chance to hear her song and send for the singer. A bright picture she made as she stood against the white wall, olive cheeks crimsoned with excitement, dark eyes flashing; but it

was not from the courtyard that her next listener came. A tall figure, in a long, black cloak and wide shadowing hat, strolling across the plaza at the street end, paused, then crossed toward the song.

Maritana looked up, to meet the admiring gaze of a pair of bold, piercing eyes set in a lean, discontented face that somehow chilled her eager mood.

"Thou art a pretty *bonita*," said the newcomer, softly. "What is thy name, my songbird?"

"Not one for your tongue," retorted Maritana, jerking her arm free of the stranger's touch. Twin flames played behind her eyes. "I know your kind—buyer of kisses! Well, I have none to sell. A girl may sing in the streets and be as honest as any fine lady. Take your hands elsewhere and begone!"

In the shadow of the cactus hedge beyond the gates, Don José, minister of the King and owner of the palace, laughed a long, noiseless laugh as he watched the baffled look in the lean

face under the wide, concealing hat of a cavalier.

"Our King seeks amusement afar," he muttered grimly. "Could the Queen but see him now perhaps she would listen to my suit more kindly. But yonder pretty gypsy seems obdurate; mark how our liege sovereign slinks away! *Por Dios!* if she knew that she scorned a king!"

Still chuckling gently, Don José strolled to the gate and beckoned Maritana near.

"Could you make your dearest wish, my girl," he asked her, "what would it be?"

The gypsy's eyes sparkled—another noble speaking to her—what a day!

"I would be a lady," she replied promptly—"a great lady of the court and marry a lord."

She did not at all understand why the fine gentleman behind the gates looked at her so strangely and muttered, "I wonder—could it be done? Then the King would make her his favorite, and the Queen—I wonder?"



THE CAPTAIN SPRANG UPON DON CÆSAR, AND THEIR BLADES
CLASHED INTO SPARKS

But she understood very well the gold piece he tossed her thru the lattice, and her heart danced as she turned away. She could buy a red cloak also—how beautiful she would look!

In a quiet corner by the plaza fountain three men bent eagerly over a dice-box, scanning the tiny cubes of fortune. One, a tall, ragged young fellow, with merry face under his scarecrow cap, slapped his side over the reading of them.

"*Miré!* but I shall sup today, after all," he chuckled. "It is more than I hoped to do. Five *pesos* at one fling!"

He bent to gather up his winnings, and whirled at a hand on his arm. Maritana stood by his side, breathing quickly and pointing an accusing finger at one of the scowling dicers.

"He had his dirk out to stab you," she gasped.

"Only a dog would bite a man in the back," said the winner, coolly. With a wrench of his sinewy wrist he tore the blade from his companion's hand and tossed it contemptuously into the fountain. "Get from my sight before I kick you, my brave braggarts!"

The two dice-players slunk away noiselessly, and the ragged victor,

stooping, gathered up his spoils and, with a smiling bow, presented them to Maritana.

"With my most fervent thanks," he cried whimsically. "*Por Dios!* 'tis a cheap price for my life, pretty one."

"No—no!" Maritana shook her black curls, looking up into the pleasant face of the ragged stranger. "I have much silver—keep it, *señor*"—her eyes flashed with sudden mischief—"keep it and buy a bodkin to mend thy coat."

She turned, almost brushing against Don José, who was walking across the plaza deep in thought.

"*Olá!* but 'tis Don Cæsar de Bazan," she heard the nobleman say, as she hurried away down a rose-bordered walk. "Whence came you to Madrid, *hombre?*"

"So he was a Don," the gypsy thought, excitedly. "What good eyes he had and what a merry smile! 'Tis a pity that the true men are never those to wear velvet cloaks and golden chains!"

"Whence? From everywhere!" cried the ragged grandee, lightly. "Fortune hath dealt me many a scurvy trick and left me with a wealth of creditors and my good sword."

"Best be sparing in the use of that, friend," advised Don José, dryly, with a gesture toward a placard pasted on the wall by which they stood. "Our good King forbids duels in Madrid on pain of death by a new and most wise decree."

"A most pernicious decree," Don Cæsar frowned. "When a man must live by the sword, an order like that furnishes a lean larder for his ribs, but *viva!* I shall dine on roses and sunshine, if on no stouter fare——"

A swift clatter of feet brought the heads of both men around. A boy in his teens, wearing the loosely hanging uniform of a private soldier, tottered around the corner of the walk and flung himself on the two men with tears coursing down his grimy cheeks.

"For the love of the Virgin, save me!" he wailed. "My master, the Captain, has ordered me beaten, and my back is still smarting from the last stripes he gave me."

Don José drew aside into the shadow of a near-by cedar, with the air of a man wishing to avoid trouble, but Don Cæsar thrust the boy behind him and whipped out his sword.

"'Tis but a child!" he cried hotly. "*Quito allá!*—for shame! What man

with blood in his veins would stand idle while a child screams?"

A group of soldiers, dashing around the corner at the moment, fell back before the menacing point; then the Captain, whipping out his own weapon, sprang upon Don Cæsar, and their blades clashed into sparks. A flock of red appeared on the soldier's sleeve. Don Cæsar dropped his sword with a bow.

"*Peste!*" shouted the Captain, clutching his pricked arm. "Seize him and bind him, men—he has broken the King's new law. Death within the hour for you, my bold blade! *Que lástima!*—what a pity! but you have spit my wing neatly with your cursed sword."

Don José shrank a little further into the protecting shadow as Don Cæsar passed him in the grip of the guards, head high and lips still smiling gallantly.

"By all the saints!" he muttered incredulously, "how luck plays into my hands! I was wishing for a noble husband for my gypsy, and here is one to my mind—one who will soon be out of the way and leave the new Countess de Bazan to the admiration of the King. I shall have no trouble persuading her at least to gain her heart's desire by marrying this noble gallows-food."

In his prison cell Don Cæsar de Bazan faced his fate philosophically, trying to comfort the remorseful youth whose flight had got him into such trouble.

"A short life and a merry one is better than sour old age, my lad," he said cheerily. "I saw no prospects of a dinner in this world, but I shall be just in time for that in the next. As for the stripes, I fear you will get them——" Don Cæsar was beginning, when the door was flung open, to admit the sardonic person of the Minister of State.

"Just in time for a cigaret before my execution!" Don Cæsar welcomed him. "As the host here, I ought to be the provider of hospitality, but, alas——"

"My friend"—Don José sat down

on the bench beside Don Cæsar—"I have a suggestion to make. I cannot—alas!—avert your sad fate, much as I deplore it, but I can gladden your last moments by showing you how you can do one more good deed."

"And that is——"

"To be married." Don José leaned nearer, speaking in a low, confidential tone. "The time is scant—'tis a sad tale and one that calls on your chivalry. A maid, cast out by her father for refusing to marry an old rake—penniless, shelterless. Now,



DON CÆSAR GAVE ONE HORRIFIED LOOK AT THE LADY

I have two worthy friends, the Marquis and Marchioness de Redondo, who wish to adopt a daughter, but she must be titled—they are very proud. If you could give this helpless maid the honor of your name——"

The generous spirit that had brought Don Cæsar to the edge of his life at twenty-seven flamed up at this tragic tale. Ten minutes later, Maritana and he, both masked, were standing before a hastily summoned priest in the prison yard, surrounded by the soldiers who were to perform the execution. Unnoticed in the confusion, the lad who had been Don Cæsar's fellow prisoner slipped over to the corner where the soldiers had stacked their guns.

The strange ceremony over, Don José took the bewildered bride by the arm and led her hurriedly into the prison.

"Your husband will follow later," he assured her. "He wishes me to take you to the palace of the Marchioness de Redondo, where he will meet you at the ball tonight."

Maritana was trembling and on the verge of tears. She felt as tho she must be walking thru some strange dream, but the sudden clatter of musketry from the yard she had just left sounded horribly near and real.

"What is that?" she screamed.

"Whom have I married, and where is he?"

"You have married a Count of one of the most noble families in Spain," said Don José, impatiently. "I have made you a Countess, as you wished. Tonight your husband will explain away all your fears. Meanwhile, come with me."

The next hours were dizzy ones to the poor, bewildered little gypsy maid. She found herself in a handsome palace with gold chairs and huge mirrors, presented to a short, fat, ugly little man and a hideous, little old woman whom Don José called the Marquis and Marchioness de Redondo.

She was dressed in trailing silks, had her hair powdered and her shoulders rouged in the fashion of the time. And, at length, she was led into a great room full of dancers and lights and music and told to wait on a pink satin divan for her husband to be brought to her.

"*Ave Maria!*" murmured poor Maritana, clasping her hands around a great plumed fan, "I would I were a gypsy again, singing in the moonlight out in the market square. I wish—oh! I wish I could see that kind man of the plaza!"

"Countess, your noble husband!"

Maritana looked up, with a sharp little cry. Before her, smiling and bowing, stood the stranger who had annoyed her that morning.

"No, no," she sobbed, "not that *hombre!* I will not go with him!"

The King cast a nervous glance about the room and turned to Don

José. "Not here—my hunting-lodge, in an hour," he muttered. "Bring her there! I go before—*adios*—"

As Don José turned back to the task of persuading Maritana, a servant in livery touched his arm.

"A man to see you in the hall, señor," he explained. "Not a grandee; a very ragged fellow in a monk's garb."

Don José threaded his way across the dance floor. A tall figure stepped out of the shadows to meet him.

"Aha! I have cheated the gravedigger, you see," said Don César de Bazan, gaily. "That young rascal of a lad yonder in the prison took the bullets from their guns and afterward got permission to cart away the body of his benefactor. A good monastery provided the costume, and here I am for my bride."

Don José smiled a sickly smile, hesitated, cast a hunted look at the door and disappeared, to return a moment later leading the attenuated, hideous figure of the good Marchioness de Redondo. Don César gave one horrified look at the lady and staggered back.

"That—my wife?" he groaned. "Saints in Paradise! why didn't I die happily instead?"

At that moment the ponderous outer door of the hall was flung open and a coachman appeared against the white glow of the moon.

"Carriage of the Countess de Bazan!" he shouted; "ready to start for the hunting-lodge."

And in answer to the call Maritana, cloaked and weeping, was led down the hall by the Marquis. The great door swung to upon her; a whip cracked outside, and swift wheels rolled down the driveway before Don César awoke to the true meaning of the occurrence. Then, wild with rage, he whirled upon Don José.

"So you tried to trick me," he cried, and whipped out his sword. "*Por Dios!* Out of my way, or I shall owe the law another life! Out of the way, I say!"

Don José watched the tall figure running down the driveway with a sneer on his lips.

"On foot you will not be there till

tomorrow, my friend," he murmured, "and then—your life is forfeit. I think I need not fear you overmuch. And now to the Queen for my reward."

In the King's hunting-lodge at midnight a score of lights blazed brilliantly. The monarch himself stood on the hearth, frowning angrily down into the flames and listening to the stifled sobs from the next room. Maritana had proved obdurate. She would not listen to him nor believe his claim that he was her husband. It



"WHY, SEÑOR, I AM THE KING OF SPAIN!"

was a humiliating situation for a King, and somehow just now he could not help remembering rather wistfully his Queen and his palace in Madrid.

To add to his confusion, the door opened presently, and a stranger, tall, shabbily dressed and covered with dust from hard riding, stood framed in the doorway.

"Pardon, señor," said the newcomer, courteously, "but seeing a light here I ventured to draw rein and rest. The night is fair above, but rough underfoot." He advanced calmly into the room and seated himself with the air of a man come to stay. The King glared at him.

"And who," he began blusteringly, "are you to make so free of another man's house o' nights, pray?"

"*Miré!*" smiled the newcomer, pleasantly, and drawing himself up with bombastic dignity, "who am I? Why, señor, I am the King of Spain!"

It was a farcical yet delicate situation for the real King and he faced it as best he could by a graceful exit.

Five minutes later, Don César de Bazan strode across to the door of the next room and flung it wide.

"Come hither!" he bade the weeping Maritana, gravely. "Thy captor has gone, child. I think I talked him away!"

Maritana gave one look into the kind, brown face bending over her and flung herself desperately into his arms. "*Olá!* the Virgin be praised!" she cried. "You will save me from my husband, will you not, kind señor?"

"Child," said Don César, slowly, "child, he is not your husband. It was I you married today."

There was brief time for courtship or love-making in the danger of their situation. But Maritana dried her tears straightway, and Don César, his brave, merry eyes very gentle, took his little bride in his arms and held her close one wonderful moment. Then the thoughts of both turned to practical things.

"The Queen!" cried Maritana, joyfully, "you must go straight to her and tell her our tale. She will help us, I know, for she was very kind to me this morning."

"To the Queen, then—*adios*, my sweet wife!" cried Don César, and was gone. The sound of his horse's hoofs faded into the silver distance. Maritana sat down in the big arm-chair to await his coming and dream wonderingly over the strange events of the day.

It was gray dawnlight when Don César returned, to find the King with her again, gesticulating angrily, pleading and threatening. He had not gone far, but had stolen back after making sure that the inopportune stranger had ridden away. Don



THE DEATH OF THE QUEEN'S LOVER, DON JOSÉ

Cæsar strode into the room with a face from which the other man, King tho he was, recoiled in fear.

"This sword," he said steadily, lifting a blood-stained blade to the King's gaze, "has but now drunk the traitorous life of a man who was threatening a woman's honor. Must it drink another's now?"

"By the saints, no!" faltered the King. "I have not harmed this maid—she would have none of my caresses. Is it not true, señorita?"

Maritana ran to Don Cæsar and hid her face against his sleeve. "It is true," she whispered; "he has not harmed me, my lord."

The King pointed sternly to the red-stained sword in Don Cæsar's hand. "And now it is my turn to question," he said. "Whence came that blood upon your sword? Know you not, unhappy man, that the King hath forbidden duelling, on pain of death?"

Don Cæsar turned white thru his ruddy cheeks. He glanced at his rapier and then at the King. All his bravado left him as he drew his weapon and held its hilt toward his sovereign.

"See," he said, "there is blood upon the blade, too—the keepsake of a six-inch thrust. Ah! it was glorious, that duello, and I feel the touch of his seeking weapon still against mine."

"Your looks warn me!" cried the King; "your mocking eyes frighten me! Come, out with the truth!"

"Have you ever nourished a kitten for days, in the end to have it sink its

fangs into your hand?" said Don Cæsar. "Your Majesty's lamentable ease is worse, your household pet being a snake."

"No more words!" cried the King; "out with it!"

"It is the blood of a grandee who insulted the King's wife," said Don Cæsar, slowly. "It is the blood of Don José, who died for kissing the Queen! By St. Anthony, I believe she had been unkist!"

In the silence of the room the King groaned heavily and buried his stricken face in his hands. Don Cæsar strode to the window, looked out, then went hastily to the King.

"They are coming, sire," he said rapidly—"the nobles and the Queen. I brought them with me to set aright a cruel slander whispered about the court against my King. Rise, sire, as behooves you, and meet them fitly."

When the nobles and the pale, silent Queen entered the room, it was to find the King with one arm about the shoulders of Don Cæsar.

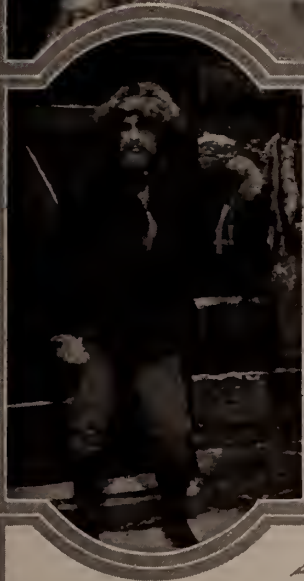
"We have visited our loyal servant, Don Cæsar de Bazan, to appoint him Governor of Granada," he said, slowly. "And now, my friends and my sweet Queen, let us mount and ride to Madrid and leave this newly married couple to their happiness."

The door closed behind them. In the first faint morning light Don Cæsar lifted his little gypsy bride into his arms, and their lips met in the shy wonder of their marriage kiss.



DON CÆSAR IS MADE GOVERNOR OF GRANADA

Vitagraph



The CHALICE of COURAGE

Francis William Sullivan

W

HEN her husband had left the cabin, Louise Newbold read again the letter he had innocently brought her from the mining-camp postoffice. It said:

All your letters and everything you can say and do only convince me the more that your heart is not in this marriage. You threw me down in anger, and you have married this Eastern "Willie" out of pique. Now, I wont stand for this. You are mine, and I'll have you as soon as I get down to Evergreen Gulch. You cant escape me. J.

True, all of it, and she knew it. Will Newbold's bride of two weeks, she loved Jim Armstrong now as she had always loved him. And as she loved him she feared him, for she knew he would keep his word. She shrank inwardly at the thought of his coming, fearing his black-browed, masterful way and the constantly increasing pressure of temptation he would put upon her.

But, dread him as she did, her course of action was clear. Newbold's wife, she put her honor and

his before everything, the more scrupulously since her husband had never seen nor even heard of Armstrong.

Leaning against the window-frame and staring out upon the sawdust street of the camp, she realized, for the first time, fully, the tragic mess she had made of all their lives.

But the need for action spurred her, and she roused. Armstrong was coming that day. What could she do? How end this struggle before it began?

Steps sounded on the flimsy stoop of the cabin, and, with a swift motion, she thrust the guilty letter into the front of her dress, where her trembling fingers crushed it against others Armstrong had sent her.

Then the door opened, and her husband came in. He had lumps of raw ore in his hands, and these he dumped on the table, as he slipped one great arm around her waist.

"Look, dear!" he cried, with boyish enthusiasm. "Those are the beauties I broke off that outcrop. They're simply rotten with gold! It's the greatest

NOTE: This story was written from the Photoplay and Novel by REV. CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY



"LOOK, DEAR, IT'S THE GREATEST LEAD I EVER SAW"

lead I ever saw." His eyes sparkled, then grew tender. "And it's all for you, dearest girl—no one else. I've got to start back to the mine today, but after this one trip—"

She trembled. Leave her alone now—with Jim Armstrong coming? Unable to face that test, she turned to him:

"Oh, Will, don't leave me now. You've only just come back!" Voice and eyes pleaded with an intensity that startled him.

"Do you want me as much as that, little bride?" he said tenderly. "But, don't you see, it's our chance—our one big chance? I've got to go."

Her arms crept around his neck, and she drew his head down to hers.

"Then take me with you," she begged. "I can't stay alone any longer; I need you."

He kissed her, worshiping. Then his clear eyes twinkled.

"I don't know whether we want any little tenderfoots—feet—whatever it is—around our tough old mine," he announced brusquely, and tweaked her ear.

"Tenderfoots!" she cried, scornfully; "I was riding every road in these mountains when you were learning to read."

"How did the baby-carriage stand it?" he inquired, and fled.

Two hours later they set out, mounted, driving their laden pack-mule ahead of them. The clear, mountain-air sparkled in the brilliant sun, and Evergreen Gulch smoked its stovepipes, peacefully, in the calm solitude of the enclosing forests. Far to the north, thru a notch in the hills, gleamed a single, majestic, white peak.

They reined in their horses at the log-built general store, and greeted the idlers: old Kirkby, the perennial stage-driver; Bob Maitland, the Cæsus of the camp, and the inevitable out-at-heel prospectors looking for a grub-stake.

"Givin' the leetle gal a reg'lar miner's honeymoon, eh?" croaked old Kirkby, beaming, and the girl smiled down on him. She had no better friend than he, tho they had eternally differed regarding her affair with Armstrong. From the first sight of him he had never liked the man.

With a laughing farewell, the bridal pair rode on, and, a moment later, passed the one shrine in Evergreen, where worship was held thrice daily, rain or shine—Mrs. Rawson's boarding-house. Newbold looked at the weather-beaten cabin with reminiscent tenderness. It was here he had first met Louise, two months ago, when he had arrived from the East, lonely and forlorn, with nothing but a Harvard degree to recommend him.

Then they left the camp, and the climb into the mountains began. The road became a path, then a trail, and always led steeply upward. At turns they looked down on great panoramas of fir-clad hills; the voice of a tumbling, white river far below reached them only as a murmur.

This was hard going, and Newbold's attention was never idle for a moment.

"Careful, dearest," he warned; "the worst of it's just ahead. Trust to the horse, and don't look down. I'll go first."

Again the trail narrowed. To the left was the face of granite, and to the right the cliff that gave precipitously to a ledge, and then down in a breath-taking fall to the stream.

Newbold was just rounding a sharp corner of rock, when he heard a sudden, scrambling noise behind him. Halting, he turned in his saddle. His wife had not followed. Dismounting carefully, he walked back, and, as he passed the corner again, staggered against the cliff as if something had struck him full in the face. Neither horse nor rider was visible.



"IF—YOU—LOVE—ME—KILL—ME. I—CANNOT—LIVE. KILL—ME"

Sick with a horrible fear, he lay down on the trail and looked over the edge. Then he closed his eyes dizzily, for below, on the ledge, her dead horse beside her, lay Louise!

From that moment until he stood beside the poor, broken body, Newbold never remembered what occurred. The scrambling to his feet, the finding of a crevice, the miraculous descent of it, were like actions performed in a delirium.

Now white, drenched with sweat, calling her name, he dropped to his knees beside her. Then he saw that she breathed. His voice seemed to rouse her, for she opened her eyes. But with consciousness came agony and a feeble moaning.

"Will — I — am — broken — to — pieces," came the whistling breath. "If — you — love — me — kill — me. I — cannot — live. Kill — me."

He shuddered away from her. Then he looked at her twisted, shapeless body and realized she was past all help. They were miles from any camp, and he knew that, even could he get aid, the mere fact of hauling her to the top of the cliff would kill her.

Again came that whistling prayer, like the voice of the soul itself begging release. His fortitude broke and, leaning above her, he whispered his consent. Then he kissed her once, and she smiled into his twisted face and closed her eyes.

Quite steady now, he got to his feet. He drew his revolver, examined it and cocked it carefully. Then, standing over her, he aimed at her heart.

She looked very peaceful in death. Reverently he composed her body and, as he did so, saw on her torn breast a gold locket. This, still warm with her life, he unfastened from about her neck and held in his hand. Then he opened it and stared, stricken, into the face of a strange man, dark-browed, with rugged features—a man he had never seen.

His pack-mule, wandering back to Evergreen Gulch, revealed the tragedy, and the searching party found him by a shallow grave he had dug, the closed locket in his hand. His hair was almost white, and he met them with blank eyes, mumbling over and over: "I killed her! Oh, my God, I killed her!"

When they lifted him, unconscious, from his horse, in front of the post-office at Evergreen, he had brain-fever, and it was feared he would lose his reason.

In five years Evergreen Gulch grew from a camp that had never been carried above the knees to a civilized,

(Thirty-five)



THEY LIFTED HIM, UNCONSCIOUS, FROM HIS HORSE

if not cultivated, community. It boasted a church, there was talk of a sewerage system, and the C. & L. had promised to double-track Evergreen Spur. Bob Maitland had twice been mayor, and Jim Armstrong had grown wealthy.

Externally, Armstrong was a different man from the rough, uncouth miner of former days. With interests in New York and Philadelphia, he divided his time between the East and West, dressed like the glass of fashion, and was known as a man of the world. His prosperity dated from the time when Will Newbold, under treatment for brain-fever after the death of his wife, had suddenly eluded his guards and fled into the mountains, never to be heard of again. Previous to that event, Armstrong, for some unknown reason, had been careful to remain away from Evergreen. He had gone shares with Maitland in a good many ventures.

Now, as he rode back toward camp along the forest-path, beside Enid Maitland, his partner's niece from Philadelphia, he was thinking of something besides business. During this camping trip, which, under chaperonage of the Maitlands, he had arranged for Enid's pleasure, his love for her had grown fast and received blossoming encouragement. Just that afternoon she had said to him, frankly:

"While I like you better than any man I have ever met, still I don't love you, and you must win my love before I can promise anything."

Now, with the tide strong in his

favor, he cursed the miserable fact that he must leave that afternoon on a business trip East.

Very friendly indeed, the pair rode into camp, where Mrs. Maitland and the two children awaited them. As they emerged from the woods, they encountered old Kirkby, the indispensable guide, philosopher and friend of such an expedition. Armstrong's eyes and his crossed like knives, and the former's fell.

It was the one anomaly in his otherwise successful life that he feared Kirkby. Never, so long as he lived, would he forget the old man's words when they brought Newbold into Evergreen the day of the tragedy.

"Jim, I reckon you'd better beat it before Bill Newbold gets his senses back," Kirkby had said. Nothing else had passed between them, but Armstrong, consulting his conscience, had gone, not to return until Newbold's final disappearance into the wilderness.

When Enid and Armstrong had passed, Kirkby stopped and looked after them. For two weeks he had seen this romance developing, and he sensed the inevitable result. A grim look settled on his face.

That night, after supper, when Armstrong had gone and the party was gathered about the camp-fire, Enid begged the old frontiersman to tell a story. The old man knocked the ashes from his pipe and refilled it slowly. Then, looking at the girl fixedly for a moment, he began the story of Louise Newbold's death, and held them spellbound to the end.



A MAN, BIG AND BEARDED, LEAPED OUT UPON THE ROCKS

Later, when the party broke up, Kirkby followed Enid to the door of her tent.

"That warn't all the story," he said, significantly, "and nobody knows the rest of it but me. There was another man in that case, and I l'arnt the fact in a strange way. When they wuz lettin' me down the face of that cliff to where poor Louise wuz, I found these behind a boulder." He pulled from the pocket of his coat a thin and soiled bundle of letters.

"They were from the other man," he said, simply, "and they must have dropped from her dress when she fell. Here"—he held them out to Enid—"you liked the story; perhaps you'd like to keep 'em. They're no good to me, an' they might come in handy for you some time. Who knows?"

The girl took the wrinkled, unsigned sheets, the germ of a human tragedy, almost with reverence, and, as she read them that night in her tent, she wondered what had become of Newbold, the man that didn't know.

A few days later, on a bright, autumn morning, Enid went fishing, working up the canyon from pool to pool, casting for trout. After an hour and a half of toil among the rocks, she came at last to an eddy that was deep enough for a bath.

Hot and tired, the still, cool water proved too tempting, and, with a long look about her, she cast off her clothes and slipped into the pool. After the first stimulating shock, it was delicious, and, like some water-nymph, she swam about, laughing and playing. But other wild things were

about, and, happening to glance toward shore, Enid saw a black bear drinking at the edge of the pool, beside her clothes.

Instantly, the primitive nymph became Miss Enid Maitland of Philadelphia, and she screamed with fright. The bear, startled, lifted his head, his red mouth dripping, and stared at her. Again and again she screamed, but the animal, bewildered, did not move.

Then, from farther along the pool, there sounded a sudden crashing of brush, and a man, big and bearded, with a rifle in his hand, leaped out to the rocky shore. Instantly he grasped the situation and, kneeling, fired swiftly. The bear swayed a moment, and then its huge body fell directly on the little pile of clothing belonging to Enid. The girl breathed a sigh of relief, as she realized her deliverance, but the sight of the heavy, bulky body on her clothes caused her fresh alarm. She remained in the pool, just her head and shoulders exposed, when she saw the man approach, without even casting a second glance at her, remove the cumbersome bear, shoulder his rifle, and disappear the way he had come.

As she dressed swiftly, Enid found that the wounded brute had fallen on her sweater and drenched it with blood, and, disgusted, she threw the garment into the river and watched it float down-stream.

Then, as she started campwards, she became suddenly aware that the sky had darkened, and, glancing up, saw black storm-clouds mounting the sky above the western hills. Thru

the forest sounded a long, preliminary roar.

The girl paled and started to run. In the faulty light she diverged from her trail into a deer-track that led away from the camp, and five minutes later, missing familiar landmarks, she knew she was lost. Then the storm broke. The rain fell in sheets, lashed by a hurricane that drove her helpless before it.

It was only in ignorance of the fury of mountain cloudbursts that she fought on. At last she stumbled out on the rocky bank of a stream already swollen to a fierce torrent by the rain, and, as she stumbled forward to seek shelter behind a huge boulder, her foot turned under her, and, before she could save herself, she was fighting for life in the raging current.

In the terror of her extremity she screamed wildly, her voice ringing out above the tumult of wind and water.

Exhausted already, the struggle was brief. There was one wild, choking minute, and she knew no more.

The stinging bite of whisky in her throat restored her to consciousness. She opened her eyes and looked into the kindly, bearded face of the man of the pool.

"I remembered you were out here alone in the storm," he said, smiling, "and started back. I heard your screams, and— Ah!"—as she sank down, groaning, after an attempt to sit up—"bones broken somewhere?"

"My ankle," she said thru set teeth. "I must have sprained it when I fell into the water."

Then, looking at him again, she saw that his clothes were drenched, and knew he had rescued her.

"This is the second time you have saved my life today," she said, humbly. "How can I ever thank you?"

He had glanced up at the sky with a look of sudden anxiety, and now he spoke with quick determination:

"By being brave while I carry you to my cabin. It'll be snowing a blizzard in ten minutes. It's the first storm of winter, and it's life or death for us. Quick!"

The storm lasted a week, but on the second day, Kirkby and Maitland, searching wildly for Enid, found the blood-stained sweater caught on a stone in the river, and believed that she had perished.

From the square window of the little cabin on the hillside Enid looked out upon a world buried under mountain snows. And yet, as she stood there in the room, where for so many weeks she had lived alone with Newbold, the hermit, she blessed that deep,

smothering whiteness for the thing it had brought into her life.

Love comes in strange ways and strange places, and it had come to her here with this big, gentle man, just as it had come to him. No word of their passion had passed, but every hour of every day throbbed with it; no word was needed.

Lonely, isolated, snowbound, their idyl had glowed warm, like the embers of the fire they loved to dream beside. There had been hours, and there were yet, when Enid mourned bitterly the thought of her father and her uncle's family. They had no trace of her since that morning of her fishing trip, and would have none, Newbold told her, until winter broke and he could get thru to civilization.

Newbold had done his best. Traveling for days with snowshoes and pack, he had found the old camp of the Maitland party, and left a note in a bottle, telling of Enid's safety and her whereabouts.

The girl, attired primitively in a dress she had contrived from a Navajo blanket, left the window and, taking up some sewing, sat down near the fire. A few minutes later the door opened softly, and Newbold came in. At sight of her, the lines of struggle and suffering on his face melted into adoring worship. He dreaded now that day in spring when, the trails open at last, she would leave him. But he dreaded worse the days and nights that she must still be with him, her sweet presence tugging constantly at the strings of honor and control.

He stirred, and she heard him and turned with a little, glad cry. Then, seeing him grave, she brightened into smiles and playful rallying, teasing him until, perforce, he laughed out, tho he yearned to take her in his arms. Then she took off his coat, lighted his pipe in the fond, accustomed way, and announced that he must talk.

"First," she commanded, "tell me why you are a recluse up in these mountains."

His face darkened for a moment, and then grew calm again.

"I'll tell you," he said quietly, and began the story of Louise's death. And, as he talked, the realization dawned on the girl that this was the identical tale that old Kirkby had told by the camp-fire, and she remembered the letters that he had given her—that she had with her now—the proof of the "other man."

"And so I killed her—my wife," Newbold concluded, gently; "and I have lived here alone all these years, trying to expiate that deed." Then he rose and brought Enid the locket he had found about Louise's neck.



"ENID, OUR POSITION HERE IS INTOLERABLE!"

In response to his nod, she opened it, and, as she did so, looked into the face of Jim Armstrong. Involuntarily, she stared. She knew now why Kirkby had given her the letters.

Newbold detected her movement of surprise.

"Do you know that man?" he asked quickly.

"Yes; his name is Armstrong. Dont you know him?"

"I never saw him." Newbold's salient jaw squared. "But some day I shall, and when I do he will have to answer for his picture in that locket."

Tho she could have cleared the mystery with the letters, she would not. It was not for her to assail the dead. If the time ever came, Armstrong must do the explaining.

The story, with its tense, suppressed emotion on both sides, drew them closer together. There seemed so much of tragedy in life that the imminence of their own denied love became poignant, tragic. And, as they sat there, unable to deny it longer, it came forth, a shining thing, and joined their hands. But because love is, first of all, honor, they did not claim its privileges, and parted with only a clinging of the fingers.

Late that night, unable to sleep, Newbold got up and softly opened the door of the room where she slept. With fists clenched and pulses clamoring, he watched her calm breathing and fought his battle. Long it waged, but at the end, shuddering but triumphant, he drew back and closed the

door. He drank deep of the chalice of courage that night.

Next morning, drawn and haggard with the night's vigil, he said:

"Enid, our position here is intolerable. I am going to break thru to the settlement at any cost and wire your people to come and get you."

In an hour he was ready, and again they parted with but a pressure of the hand. Tender-eyed, yearning, she watched him trudge down the trail.

Not far distant as the crow flies, three men stood in the snow, their packs on their backs, the light of hope and joy in their faces. For the third time Bob Maitland was reading to Kirkby and Armstrong the message Newbold had left in the bottle.

When he had finished, Armstrong turned towards the trail.

"Boys," he said, "come along as you like. I cant wait any longer. If Enid is to be found, I've got to find her." And he strode off into the forest.

Hours later, at the edge of a little lake, he left the trail and crossed the ice as a short cut to the end of the canyon he was following. Then, suddenly, he smelled wood-smoke. Following up-wind like a stalking hunter, he at last came in sight of Newbold's cabin and swiftly climbed the hill to it. At the veranda he removed his snowshoes, crossed to the door and softly opened it.

She stood there, dressed in her primitive garments, her face half turned to him. For a moment the



“BOYS, COME ALONG AS YOU LIKE. IF ENID IS TO BE FOUND, I’VE GOT TO FIND HER”

man devoured her with his eyes, his face working. Then, as if sensing his presence, she turned and saw him.

“Enid!” he cried, and strode towards her. “I’ve come for my answer at last!”

But, after the first shock of recognition, her amazement gave place to swift memory. With a step, she had placed the table between them.

“Your answer, then, is ‘No!’” she said coolly.

“What?” He could not believe her. “‘No!’ Why is it ‘No?’”

Without replying, she took from the table a picture of Louise Newbold and handed it to him. “This is why.”

He started, and his jaw fell.

“My God!” he muttered. Then aloud: “Where did you hear about that affair, Enid?”

“From Will Newbold, her husband, who lives here, and who saved my life.”

Suddenly Armstrong’s little, black eyes seemed to shoot sparks.

“The man has duped you,” he declared. “That affair with Louise was none of my doing. I didn’t love her.

It was the other way about. She wanted to elope with me after she had married this Newbold.”

Enid listened, wide-eyed, to his incredible mendacity. And this was the man she had thought once she could marry!

“Stop!” she told him, quietly. “You are lying to me, and I know it. If you hadn’t killed my feeling for you before, this would have done it. Don’t say any more, but leave me, please.”

“Enid!” His face was white with passion and chagrin. “I swear there was nothing between Louise and me. I never cared for her; only for you. I’ve never loved any one else.”

“Oh, this is unendurable!” she cried. “Leave me.”

“So that’s it, is it?” he sneered, suddenly vicious. “Unendurable? Well, listen to me. Perhaps it will be more endurable when you remember that most men wouldn’t care to chance marriage with you after the month you’ve spent here with Newbold.”

Her face flamed as if she had been struck.

“You beast! If he were here——”

“Yes, but he isn’t; and, by God” —with a swiftness she could not evade, he had circled the table and seized her in his arms—“by God, I will have you! You’re mine!”

She fought desperately, his hot breath on her upturned face, his great strength beating down hers. She was like a child in his hands, and, triumphant at last, he kist her again and again.

Then the cabin door suddenly opened, and Newbold, who had crossed the unexpected trail on the lake and followed it back, entered. With a roar like a wild animal, he leaped forward and tore Enid from Armstrong’s grasp. The latter whirled, and the two faced each other.

For an instant Newbold stared, fascinated. That face! For years he had seen it, known it, hated it. Then came the memory of the locket, and he knew.

“Armstrong!” he snarled.

“Newbold!”

The recluse thrust the locket before the other’s eyes.



WITH DIFFICULTY, THEY TORE NEWBOLD FROM HIS VICTIM

"What's your picture doing there?"

"Louise was my mistress," he lied venomously. "She was getting ready to fly with me when she was killed."

Newbold drew a great breath and tossed the locket to the table.

"Armstrong, you lie! You have insulted both my dead wife and the woman I love, and now I am going to kill you!"

Silently, like a panther, he leaped. But Armstrong was waiting for him, and they grappled. Armstrong tried to draw his gun, but Newbold foiled him. For a moment they swayed back and forth, and then the latter's great hand closed on his adversary's throat. Round the room they fought, wrecking it, their hoarse breathing sounding above the tumult.

Then, as Armstrong, black in the face, his eyes starting, went slowly to his knees, the door crashed open, and Maitland and Kirkby, who had followed the trail to the cabin, rushed in.

With difficulty, they tore Newbold from his victim, and then, while Kirkby lifted the half-conscious man to a chair and revived him, Enid sobbed out her story in her uncle's arms.

When she had finished, the old stage-driver faced Armstrong.

"Jim," he said grimly, "you alluz was a skunk, but now you're goin' to tell the truth. Louise Newbold never wanted to run away with you, and I kin prove it."

He turned to Enid. "Hev you kept them letters I give you?"

She nodded and, taking them from her dress, handed them to him. He held them in front of Armstrong.

"Recognize 'em?" he asked.

The man did not reply, but his expression was answer enough, and Kirkby, turning, gave the letters to Newbold.

The latter held them a moment, his face inscrutable. Then, without opening them, he crossed the room and dropped them on the fire.

The action, sublime in its simple assumption of his dead wife's honor, seemed to rouse in Armstrong some spark of latent manhood.

"I have lied," he said quietly "Louise was as good a girl as ever lived." He got slowly to his feet. "I have played for big stakes and lost." Then, without looking at any of them, he turned away and left the room.

For a moment the others stood silent in the grip of emotions that were too deep for speech. Then, rending the silence, came the sound of a single shot. The four rushed out.

There on the snow, before the cabin, his revolver 'beside him, lay Armstrong—dead.

Slowly, Kirkby walked to the body and placed his handkerchief over the white face, passionless and peaceful now in death.

"Newbold," he said, "he has paid his debt."

A week later, in Los Angeles, Enid and Newbold were married.

After they left the church and were driving back to the hotel ahead of the others, Newbold pointed out of the cab-windows towards the gleaming snow-crowned peaks that lifted their majestic heads in the distance.

"Enid," he said softly, "there is our home. "I found you in those mountains. Shall we go back to them?"

And she, glorying in this man who had drunk the chalice of courage to its dregs, yet was purified as with altar wine, gave him, with her fond eyes, the reply he sought.



THERE ON THE SNOW LAY ARMSTRONG—DEAD

Moving Picture ETIQUETTE

As it Were
Or advice to A young Man and A young Lady upon entering A Picture Show.

By THEKLA D. HARRISON

TO THE YOUNG MAN.—Let the young lady precede you and find the seats (if there is no usher). She not only likes to feel her importance, but it is gratifying to her to know that she is doing something for the good of man. You can afford to indulge her in this without loss of personal dignity, that is, if you have enough of it upon other occasions.

TO THE YOUNG LADY.—Dont get excited if the young man, not trusting to your selection, prefers to find the seats himself, and places you on his left side. He's probably not giving the wedding ceremony a thought. Firmly does he believe that a thing to be done well must be done by himself.

TO BOTH.—Dont talk at the top of your voices when you enter and are finding, and settling yourselves in, the seats. Just because everything is very quiet is no accurate sign that people are holding their breath to hear your melodious cadences.

TO THE YOUNG MAN.—Never explain a simple situation to the young lady. You never can tell how much a woman does or does not know, but



give her the benefit of the doubt. "Safety first!"

TO THE YOUNG LADY.—Dont weep too bitterly over the picture heroine's misfortunes—you offend the young man's vanity. Thinketh he: Did you look at and think of him for a moment, your countenance could but radiate joy.

TO THE YOUNG MAN.—Dont laugh too heartily over a Keystone. Your companion, who has not such a highly cultivated sense of humor as yourself, may mistake your levity for light-headedness.

TO BOTH.—Never read the headings aloud. The people near you may be able to read and might consider your careless instruction offensive.

TO THE YOUNG LADY.—If you dont wish to remove your hat, turn to the party behind, and say, in your sweetest voice (if you have one), "My hat doesn't disturb you, does it"—without a question mark. Only an unseemly brute of the worst variety would say "It does." Even then you needn't hear him. Of course you dont wish to appear disobliging. Oh, no! So, if your hat be small and easily taken off and put on, graciously

remove it, without a thought for your personal discomfort.

TO THE YOUNG MAN.—Never leave your umbrella in the picture show. You might find your best friend swinging it next day.

TO THE YOUNG LADY.—Dont talk about another girl whom the young man admires. She's probably sitting in back of you.

TO THE YOUNG MAN.—Dont endorse your favorite screen beauty too strongly. The young lady may say: "But I thought you said I was the prettiest girl you'd ever seen," and thus you would be forced to polka-dot your soul.

TO BOTH.—Dont inform your companion, or the people within a radius of six or more seats, about every incident before it occurs—if you happen to have seen the picture before. They came there "for to see"—not to hear.

TO THE YOUNG LADY.—Dont wear a sharp feather in your hat. Whether the party has two eyes or four, he isn't anxious, tho he may not have expressed himself about the little matter, to be deprived of even one of them.

(Continued on page 64)



Woman's Conquest in Filmdom

By ROBERT GRAU

Author of "Forty Years' Observations," "The Business Man in the Amusement World,"
"The Theater of Science," "The Stage in the Twentieth Century," etc.

IN no line of endeavor has woman made so emphatic an impress than in the amazing film industry, which has created in its infant stage a new and compelling art wherein the gentler sex is now so active a factor that one may not name a single vocation in either the artistic or business side of its progress in which women are not conspicuously engaged. In the theaters, in the studios, and even in the exchanges where film productions are marketed and released to exhibitors, the fair sex is represented as in no other calling to which women have harkened in the early years of the twentieth century.

Naturally, in the dramatic phase of the studios woman has

made her impress greatest. It is but an amazing truth to state that the real stars of the screen, over whom the people of two continents rave, are not former stage queens. Few, in-



FOUR VIEWS OF
ALICE JOYCE

deed, of the latter have made the invasion of the film studio from the playhouse with grace and dignity. Even the great Bernhardt—the Divine Sarah—who was wont to attract the public at \$3.00 a seat and who was paid \$30,000 for each of four of her film portrayals, did not score sensationally when her artistry was revealed on the screen so that all man-



kind could see her in the rôles that gave her renown.

Madame Bernhardt herself did not hesitate to proclaim that such of her art as she was permitted to reveal on the magic screen could by no stretch of the imagination be regarded as of the same caliber as were her stage portrayals. It was Sarah's wonderful voice and her superb diction in the interpretation of the text of a Sardou or a Rostand that induced men and women alike to stand in line for hours in the effort to pay fabulous prices for seats.

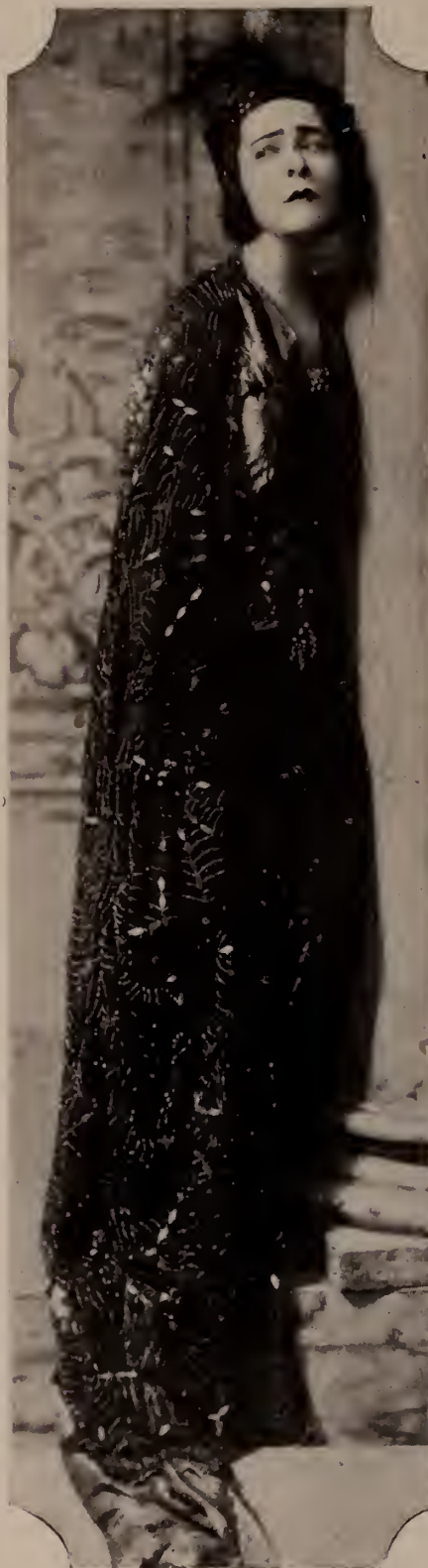
But in the photoplay house the

great Frenchwoman actually disappointed. Ask the first hundred men and women who emerge from one of these auditoriums if they would prefer to see Mary Pickford to the greatest actress the world has ever known.

higher price, than even the costly releases for which the great Bernhardt posed before the camera? Because Mary Pickford has mastered the technique of a God-given new art, whereas the Bernhardt brings into filmdom



MARGUERITE COURTOT



ALLA NAZIMOVA

You will discover that the majority prefer "Little Mary," who but a few years ago was earning \$25 a week, but who is now guaranteed \$25,000 a year by the Famous Players Film Company. Why do millions of movie patrons flock to the theaters where "Little Mary" is featured? Why are more "copies" of Pickford films sold to the film exchanges, and at a



LILLIAN WALKER

(Forty-two)



ETHEL BARRYMORE AND
HER CHILDREN



SARAH BERNHARDT

little besides her name and fame. And this explains why so many young women without fame on the speaking stage have entered the film studios bent upon conquest in a new field where the greatest requisite is an ability to express the emotions without the aid of the voice.

These young women felt that they could qualify. The directors of photoplays have always been on the lookout for what they call "picture faces." Stage experience is, of course, an asset, but by no means a necessity. In fact, the greatest director of Motion Pictures, David W. Griffith, who began at \$5.00 a day seven years ago and now earns \$100,000 a year, prefers to engage women who have, as he puts it, "nothing to unlearn," and this same Griffith now has as his "stars" four young women—girls I should call them—not one of whom was known by name as recently as two years ago. If they had stage careers, the writer cannot recall their achievements. Yet it may be stated with authority that Mr. Griffith would not exchange these four youthful products of a new art for the choice of any four celebrities of the speaking stage, and if the matter

were put to a vote in the 20,000 photoplay houses the same preference would be revealed by an overwhelming majority, for those four girls represent the rising generation of the theater. Such as they alone can portray with naturalism the characters intended to simulate real life as we live it in modern times, and this is the very essence of what is called Motion Picture realism.

Few there are who know that while the number of stars of the speaking stage is smaller today than thirty years ago, the decrease is not due to any decline in their artistic qualifications. One cannot name offhand more than five women whose names alone suffice to attract a crowded audience. Maude Adams, Alla Nazimova, Ethel Barrymore and perhaps as many more women stars of the stage still attract as of yore, but even in these exceptional cases "the play's the thing," and the best-known and most idolized of the three just named faced many empty seats on her recent New York engagement, while but a stone's throw away a play by an unknown author twenty-one years of age was packing a new playhouse to the doors, yet in the entire cast of

this play, "On Trial," there was not one celebrity. The play scored sensationally because its youthful author "put it over" in true movie style. Half the plays on view in New York playhouses at this writing utilize the method of the once despised films to help weave the narrative and to inject the much-desired "punch."

But if there are fewer stage stars, the playgoing public still has its idols. It is in the theater of science where these new celebrities hold sway, and, strangely enough, the young women who today command the highest salaries are facing the cameras in the film studios instead of audiences in the playhouses, while a significant illustration of the modern trend is the spectacle of a half-dozen women who never trod the boards in the flesh in their lives now earning an honorarium which a grand opera diva might well envy.

Probably there is not a woman before the public today who is better known by sight, if not by name, than Alice Joyce, the leading lady of the Kalem Company, yet Miss Joyce, tho one of the six most celebrated photoplayers of this country, had not the least stage experience.

Lillian Walker, who is affectionately called "Dimples" by her colleagues of the Vitagraph Company, joined that organization in sheer desperation when she discovered that her speaking voice was so thin that even her rare beauty did not atone for this failing. But on the screen Miss Walker has triumphed for her acting as well as for her charming personality. Her entire career has been spent in one film organization, and her salary, paid with clock-like regularity fifty-two weeks in the year, is as large, if not larger than, that of the average stage star. There is no need to stampede the engagement bureaus of Longacre Square. As long as Miss Walker desires to remain where she is, her career will be in the ascendant stage.

In the same company (Vitagraph), Anita Stewart, a girl of twenty years, no part of which was spent on the stage, has developed in three years from an awkward aspirant to one of the greatest living exponents of photoplay interpretation. A dozen of her portrayals are now a part of the history of the new art's amazing evolution.



NAOMI CHILDERS

Rosemary Theby, Margaret Gibson and Anna Nilsson are names with which to conjure in picturedom, yet none hail from the older field of the theater. But this does not mean that stage experience is not a great asset for conquest in the newer field. It does prove, however, that it is not a necessity, and there is not a film studio in this country that would reject a woman whose natural gifts lend to artistic achievement, no matter if she has been on the stage or has even studied its technique. Directors of photoplays welcome the aspirant who comes hither untaught and perhaps unspoiled, with an ability to "think in pictures."

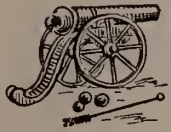
I have seen so often the spectacle of men and women famous on the stage "coming a cropper" on the screen, and I have gazed just as often at the triumph of others whose greatest asset was an ability to act naturally, that

I long since have maintained that the Motion Picture art is for young women with "personality," but also for serious-minded women who can grasp its technique. For these I hold that stage experience is not only unnecessary, but even not desirable. "The picture face" and "the picture brain" are the gifts possessed by heretofore unknown women who have "arrived" in photoplay.

MARY PICKFORD

The KAISER'S WAR PICTURES

BY CHARLES · R · DORAN



THE great European war is the first war in which the cinematograph has played an important part, and would have played a still more important one had the Moving Picture men not been restricted by the military censorship, which, in most cases, meant seizure of films likely to be of real interest to a foreign public.

The film man has had a very discouraging time; often his best pictures, taken at great risk to operator and machine, have been seized, and

only reels of little or no interest left to him, after weeks of hardships and sacrifices passed in getting scenes of events worth sending back from as near the front as he was permitted to get. He has been forced to work mainly in the rear of the fighting, or after the fighting is over, and only after the military authorities have been over the field and pronounced upon the advisability of letting him operate the machine at all, not infrequently where there was nothing left

to photograph but empty trenches, abandoned kitchen outfits, ammunition wagons, pieces of shattered ordnance, or wreckage in general. Nothing showing the fearful havoc upon life and limb, wrought by artillery or infantry fire, has been permitted to be photographed. Great cavalry charges, bayonet encounters or short-range artillery duels have not been caught by the camera for the Moving Picture world.

The war, from the cinematograph

A SIEGE-GUN JUST AFTER IT WAS FIRED IN RUSSIAN POLAND

BRITISH ARTILLERY GOING INTO ACTION IN BELGIUM



PHOTOS COPYRIGHTED BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD
ON OUTPOST DUTY. GERMAN CYCLISTS AND INFANTRY RECONNOITERING ON WEST FRONT. THEY HAVE TO MOVE WARILY IN SPYING OUT THE LAND



A FARMHOUSE IN CHAPPELLE CONVERTED INTO A GERMAN BLOCKHOUSE



GENERAL VON LINDEQUIST, PRINCE FITEL FREDERICK, GENERAL VON EINEM, THE KAISER, MAJOR VON BISMARCK



"UNTER DEN LINDEN," THE OFFICERS' ROW IN THE ARGONNE FOREST. THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS ARE LUXURIOUS COMPARED TO THOSE OF THE MEN, BUT EVEN THE FORMER ARE NOT ALWAYS EQUIPPED WITH "ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS"

man's viewpoint, has been a disappointment. A rigid and relentless censorship has done all but drive him out of the war entirely, as far as actual engagements of combatants were concerned. The German army has had its military cinematographs in operation thruout the war. Every army corps has from three to five machines with it. The destruction of a fortification, line of trenches or blowing up of the enemy's ammunition or provision trains by the Kaiser's army, is at once taken by the cinematograph. Everything that shows the work of the Teutonic ordnance, the great field-pieces, is photo-filmed. Whenever a company of soldiers of the enemy, pieces of artillery or battle-flags are captured, the film man is on the scene.

The French army has a few movie men with it, but their work has not figured very importantly, altho they have had doubtless much of interest to photograph, and the Paris government does not exercise so strict a censorship upon the film as does the Berlin government.

The Russian and Austrian armies have no military machines with their

troops—those who are getting pictures are either in the employ of the Moving Picture concerns or are working for themselves.

It is in Belgium, however, that the cinematograph has been most in evidence, and the film man has assuredly had a very eventful and interesting life these past six months. He is no favorite with the Belgians, who, for the most part, dislike to have the scenes of their destroyed homes and villages photographed. Especially is the German military movie machine disliked in the little kingdom. The Belgians will tell you it is made to play a rôle often very hurtful to the cause of the brave people in their awful struggle against their invaders. The Kaiser's film man has been instructed to take pictures of everything at all likely to interest the German public, and it is in Belgium the most of his work is now being done. The Germans are using the cinematographic war-scenes thruout their empire to keep up and stimulate interest in the conflict and create a stronger love of the people for things military. The Belgians claim the machine is used to spread

erroneous impressions of them and their national characteristics, and by so doing they are placed in the light of a nation of cowards, hypocrites, and often even of traitors to the love and traditions of their country and their church.

Recently, in Brussels, several young Belgian girls were arrested by the German military authorities for refusing to dance with the Kaiser's soldiers before the cinematograph. These girls claimed that to do so would defame them in the eyes of their fellow countrywomen, who knew only too well that the object of the picture was to tell to the world that "thru their kind and respectful treatment of the Belgian women the Teutonic soldiers had won their hearts." Often one sees in a German Moving Picture theater pictures thrown upon the screen of acts of generosity and kindness of the Kaiser's soldiers to the women, children, aged and infirm of the conquered provinces of Belgium or parts of northern France, where the great Teutonic army has operated in the war. These pictures are sure to call for applause for the military, and they, of course,



PRINCE VON BUELOW,
INTIMATE FRIEND
OF THE KAISER



GERMAN SHELLS BURSTING OVER COWS
GRAZING PEACEFULLY AT DIXMUDE



GERMAN MACHINE-GUNS AND OFFICERS, READY TO FIRE AT HOSTILE AIRCRAFT

strengthen the soldier's hold upon the civilian heart.

The cinematograph in Germany has, too, encouraged the troops to do much that has been daring, as they are ever reminded of the presence of the machine by their officers, and assured that every act of heroism and bravery is pictured, to be later sent back to the Fatherland, there to be shown to millions who attend the cinematograph theaters and who will applaud with pride their devotion to flag and kaiser.

The Emperor favors the military cinematograph, and has, upon several occasions, personally instructed the operator where to go and what scene to photograph, and he has commended, in person and thru his generals, the movie men who have at great risk secured for their machines pictures of unusual or exceptional interest.

The war office at Berlin sends out every week thousands of feet of film to its cinematograph men, and a bureau has been established where the reels are developed and otherwise prepared for the machines. The films are supplied to the Motion theater men at a very small cost above that which the bureau is put to in the

obtaining and production of them. This is done that the enthusiasm of the German public in the war, which has not abated since its outbreak, may continue to keep up.

Germany saw, from the outset of the war, the splendid use to which the Moving Picture machine could be applied, and France and England are now following her example in stimulating an interest in the soldier upon the firing-line by giving those at home a pictorial idea of what he is actually doing. Of course no history of the war that could be written would be so interesting, and could so graphically present the subject, as the cinematograph, and, while the censors fully realize the fact, they appreciate only too well that this is not the time for every phase of the awful conflict to be shown the public, and hence so few really interesting films are passed by the censors. It is believed many films of almost inestimable value, from a military standpoint or historical side, have been obtained and may, after the conclusion of peace, be allowed to be shown to the public.

In Germany no scene of a battlefield strewn with dead and wounded; no ditch into which the dead are being thrown, later to be covered

with dirt and thus serve as an immense grave for scores of bodies—an everyday occurrence in the eastern or western centers of the war; no hospital-ward with its wounded and dying, is allowed to be shown in a Moving Picture theater. To permit these films to be shown to the public, it is feared, might cast a gloom over the land and send such a horror of the cruelties and devastation of war home to the non-combatants as to cause public demonstration against further levies of men and taxes to continue hostilities. The censors in Berlin, and for that matter Paris and London as well, know all this, and they guard well against the possibility of the cinematograph awakening in the public mind anything that might discourage military fervor and enthusiasm.

In Austria and Russia, the Moving Picture machine has not been a factor in either showing scenes of the war or stimulating interest in the military to any appreciable extent. Petrograd has few Motion Picture theaters, and there are scarcely any thruout the Russian empire. Austria has some cinematograph theaters, but they are, with a remote exception, to be found only in Vienna and Buda-Pesth.

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A FEW "CLOSE CALLS"

By ALBERT MARPLE



THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN JUST TWENTY SECONDS PREVIOUS TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE INFURIATED LIONESS

APPARENTLY some Motion Picture actors and actresses are born with the words "close call" printed upon their foreheads. In other words, they seem to be gifted with the spirit of recklessness. The life of the average person is extremely dull to them. They crave excitement. They want to go some place where the other fellow is afraid to go; to see things that the other fellow will never see, and to experience sensations which the next man will, on account of his reluctance to take chances, never know. They seem to be cut out for the "daredevil" stunt, and the

strange part of the whole thing is that time after time they come out of the "fracas" alive and even unharmed. The chances are that, if the slightest bit of hesitation were injected into the work in hand, the result would be very much different. It must not be believed for a moment that actors are alone in this "close call" work, for this is far from the case. Many are the actresses who enjoy this work that has a risk attached to it, and the chances taken are often amazing.

Herewith we publish photographs which show four movie "close calls." While the danger connected with the

acting out of these "stunts" may seem great, it can truthfully be said that just as dangerous feats are being performed by Motion Picture actors and actresses every day in the year. These are just pick-ups from some of the recent releases. Illustration No. 1 shows where a movie actor is hanging from a signal tower above the railroad track, waiting for an approaching train, upon which he dropped while the train was traveling at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. He was supposed to have been an escaped convict, and this was the only

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HOW I BECAME A PHOTO PLAYER



EDNA MAYO

Luck! That's how I became a photoplayer. That is, I consider myself lucky to have had the foresight to change from the speaking stage to Motion Pictures when the opportunity offered.

After I graduated from a girls' college, in the suburbs of Philadelphia, at the age of sixteen, I had an opportunity to take a small part on the stage. Like most girls who have any leaning toward dramatics at all, I suppose I was stage-struck.

Among the plays in which I appeared were "Madam X," "Help Wanted" and "Excuse Me." It was while playing in "Help Wanted" that a Motion Picture director saw me, and told me he believed I would make an excellent actress before the camera.

I still had the stage idea, but, when he named his price, I succumbed and decided to give Motion Pictures at least a tryout. Now I wouldn't go back to the speaking stage for anything, and the tryout has strung out into a delightful experience of over two years.

I like the work much better. I can have some sort of home-life, and none of the jumps from hotel to hotel, with my wardrobe in my vanity box—no all-night train-rides, no re-

hearsal all afternoon and working most of the nights.

Besides, I believe there is a better future in Motion Pictures than on the speaking stage. Motion Pictures are a newer field and a growing field. The possibilities of the future are, I believe, unlimited. EDNA MAYO.



From "cowgirl" to Motion Picture actress is quite a jump, but that has been exactly my experience.

To begin at the beginning, it was originally planned that I was to become an artist. When a mere child, I displayed what was considered unusual ability with the sketching-pencil, and therefore, back in 1904 or so, my parents sent me to the Art Institute in Chicago.

But, instead of becoming an artist, I became an artist's model, and held that position for several years. About



MARGUERITE CLAYTON

four years ago, my family moved out to California, where we had an interest in a ranch and in some mining properties in the Funeral Mountains.

I was the only girl within a radius of two hundred miles, and, because help was hard to get, I donned trousers and chaps. This was my only attire for two years, and in that time I learnt to ride as hard, shoot as straight and throw a rope as well as any man on the ranch.

A couple of years ago I decided that it would be best for me to make my way back to civilization. Shortly afterward, a little suburb on the outskirts of Los Angeles became my home. As luck would have it, J. P. McGowan, the Kalem director who is producing the "Hazards of Helen" railroad series, was "shooting" some exteriors near the house in which I lived. Mutual friends introduced us, and, a few days later, Mr. McGowan offered me a place in his company.

I took part in the very next production. My work must have satisfied, because I have been with Kalem ever since. Of late I have been playing the leading rôle in the "Hazards of Helen" railroad series.

HELEN HOLMES.



HELEN HOLMES



VICTOR POTEL

I suppose it is rather unique, as well as prosaic, to have become a photoplayer thru answering an advertisement, but that is the way I got started. I graduated from St. Mary's Academy, in Salt Lake City, Utah, three years ago, and began my career by just wondering what I should do. My mother had been on the stage, and, naturally, I was ambitious to appear before the footlights.

I was casting about to see where I could find an opening, when I happened to see an advertisement in the paper to the effect that Mr. G. M. Anderson, of the Essanay Company, had just opened a studio at Niles, Cal., and wanted girls for photoplay work. I wrote to him and sent my picture, and was made happy a few days later when he told me to come on and try it. My salary wasn't much to begin with, but I was glad to get a start. Mr. Anderson tried me out in several small parts, and then—oh, joy!—I was given a lead. I was never so frightened in all my life, for fear that I might not make good. It was one of the "Broncho Billy" plays, and my part was emotional. So, you see, my pounding heart and trepidation was really a help rather than a hindrance to me. After my scene was over, Mr. Anderson said:

"Your work was fine, Miss Clayton. You show that you can put feeling into it."

Feeling! I should think I did put feeling into it. If I had had to be calm and composed, I never could have done it. But feeling! I was all feeling. Since then, by experience, of course, I have learnt to control my feelings, so as to give the right emphasis to my parts.

I am thoroly in love with my rôles in the "Broncho Billy" plays, and prefer playing in Motion Pictures to anything else in the world. I do not know anything about the legitimate stage from experience, but am more than contented in photoplay portrayal, and would not care to change.

MARGUERITE CLAYTON.



Failure! That spells the reason of my advent into the Motion Picture work. Imagine me, an elongated caricature of a human being, trying to make good as a living model for a clothing-house! I was trying to sell "gents'" clothes, and I thought I would wear a suit put out by the house I represented to entice customers. Did I make good? Well, one of my customers handed me these few kind words one day:

"Why, you poor, squeezed-out thread, bring your ear down from the ceiling and I'll whisper something that'll take a crimp in your length. You poor simp, do you think any one would look at a suit of clothes that couldn't possibly get below the knees, that wraps around you twice and you'd have to take a hem in a lady's garter to hold 'em up?"

I left him still mumbling and went out into the cold world, trying to decide whether the lake would be deep enough to hold me, or whether my feet would hit the ground if I tied a rope to the top of a skyscraper.

I suppose I was walking along the street looking like a steamship cable with the ends frayed, when some one clapped me on the middle and said:

"What's up, old top?"

I gazed down at G. M. Anderson, of Essanay, and all I could think of was, "Huh?"

He told me he was just leaving Chicago for California and wanted a freak for photoplays.

"I can tell 'em by looking at 'em," he said. "You'll do."

When he named the figure my smile came back, and I was tickled to death that I couldn't sell goods.

I went to work as "Slippery Slim" in the "Snakeville" comedies and have been at it ever since. As for going back to selling "gent's" ready-to-wear—nothing doing. I prefer Motion Pictures. VICTOR POTEL.



The charm of the screen—the lure of the silent drama—was irresistible. By day I pictured in my mind just how I would look on the screen; and sleeping at night, I enacted rôles for the camera and tumbled out of bed on several occasions at the climax of a dramatic situation.

In the spring of 1909 the stage became distasteful to me; thoughts of long rehearsals, hard study, short seasons, one-night stands and poor hotels sent the shivers down my spine. I looked around for a studio to make my wants known, but found that they were surrounded by a mysterious atmosphere of seerecy, located in lofts, barns and other undesirable places. A friend steered me to the Vitagraph plant. What a revelation this bright, clean, businesslike institution was to me! Mr. Smith and Mr. Blackton gave me the opportunity that brought me fame, and, like many more who were schooled at this studio, I graduated, so to speak, and became the emotional lead for Pathé Frères. My work in the Jersey City studio was ceaseless, as their production was very large, and with Paul Panzer and Crane Wilbur as opposites I portrayed nearly every type of part.

Then came my venture with the Excelsior Company, whose studio is located in the heart of the Adirondacks. While there I did leads in such well-known features as "The



OCTAVIA HANDWORTH

Path Forbidden" and "When Fate Leads Trumps." The work and hours were very exacting, and my health broke down under the strain, but after a complete rest I joined the Lubin Company, where ever since I have been playing leading parts. Ever onward, ever upward, is our motto, and this can only be attained by hard and diligent work, determination and stick-to-itiveness, which will also enable any one with talent to enter the movie field. OCTAVIA HANDWORTH.



Warren Kerrigan's Pets

By VIRGINIA WEST



W AY out in Hollywood, on a quiet street looking toward the mountains, is a little bungalow called "Kumfy Kerrigan Kottage." The man of this house really is the *men*, for are not Warren Kerrigan and his brother Wallace "honest truly" twins, both occupying the same position in their home? And the lady of this "Kumfy Kottage" is the very dearest mother imaginable. "My sweetheart," each of the brothers says.

One afternoon I was, by special appointment, to be at the "Kottage" at two o'clock. I got a good start, but two o'clock, then two-fifteen, and

finally two-thirty came before I, a stranger to Hollywood streets and directions, decided perhaps, if I turned and walked the other way, I might reach my destination some time before evening. So, hoping that Mrs. Kerrigan would accept my excuses and not refuse to see me, I walked back eight blocks, then three blocks more, then turned a corner, and there, half-way down the street, was a bungalow all covered with pink roses. I knew at once it was the "Kottage," so, with hardly a look at the number by the door, I went up the walk and onto the porch. No need to knock, for there at the open door stood a slender figure with soft, wavy, brown hair, "motherly" eyes, and a most welcome smile.

"Yes, I am Mrs. Kerrigan; but—

Why, come right in where it's cool, dear; you look warm."

With eyes wide open, I stepped from the porch into a big living-room, which, beyond an archway, extended into a dining-room with casement windows of leaded glass. My first impression was truly one of comfort. And flowers! There were flowers everywhere. This comfort later resolved itself into big, soft chairs and soft pillows, a fireplace, restful pictures, photographs, books, and a piano with lots of music on it; while in the dining-room a large, low-hanging chandelier and a long, low cupboard with tiny diamond-paned glass doors commanded attention. On the mantelpiece, the piano, the book-cases, the dining-room table and cupboard were masses of pink, white, red



glancing down at his house-slippers.

Mr. Kerrigan's artistically disarranged, curly, black hair and clear, hazel eyes were not wholly a surprise; but his voice—the soft, Southern drawl, the melodious speech of the Sunny South—was a quality entirely unlooked-for in this forceful young man. With hardly any realization of what it was he was saying, I listened to his voice as he talked, until



and yellow roses artistically arranged in vases and bowls.

We had barely seated ourselves—Mrs. Kerrigan in a “kumfy” wicker-rocker, and I on a built-in seat by the fireplace—when a door at the far side of the room opened, and there stood a young man who could have been no one else in the world other than J. Warren Kerrigan! Most striking-looking was this tall, straight, Irish lad, in his soft, white silk shirt, red silk smoking-jacket and white serge trousers.

“Miss West, may I introduce my son Jack? Jack, this is Miss West, who has been so kind as to come and see us.”

Mr. Kerrigan came further into the room and stepped into the sunlight that streamed thru the opened door. It was then I noticed, in his left hand, the inevitable cigaret. Going to the door, he tossed it outside and came over to shake hands.

“How-do-you-do, Miss West? I am very glad to meet you. It is indeed lovely of you to pay us a visit. Mother said you had telephoned, and I wondered if I could be here when you came. It is just fine you came this afternoon, for I got back from San Diego only this noon and don't have to go to the studio any more today. It seems good to be at home again and able to wear *all* the ‘kumfy’ things I please,” he added,



I had to fix my attention on what was being said in order to answer a question which, considering the reason, I am entirely unashamed to admit I had to have repeated.

“Do you like dogs—yes?” said Mr. Kerrigan, going to the door.

“Well, then, come in, Pard—you, too, Brownie! Aren't they fine dogs? Pard plays with me in lots of pictures. He is great! Brownie is a real, live Eskimo puppy and will make a fine, big dog. I am proud of my ‘pals,’ and we have heaps of

fun—don't we, Pard? (Business of petting the big collie.) Would you like to see my other pets?”

“Yes, indeed, I would. What kind are they?”

“Just you wait and see. Come; we will go out this way.”

With a backward glance at his mother to see if it was quite all right, Mr. Kerrigan took me thru the dining-room, on thru a shining, white, little kitchen (“where I help mother, sometimes,” he told me), and into the yard. At one side there were pigeons and doves, that came out of their cote when Mr. Kerrigan spoke, while at the end of the yard was a miniature chicken-farm.

“I've kept the best for the last, Miss West. Come over here and see my babies. Aren't they nice?”

“Oh, aren't they dear! May I hold one of them just a minute?”

“Certainly. Wait, now, until I catch one—they are lively, little scamps. Here we are!” and he put into my hands a soft, fuzzy, gray baby-rabbit. “And over here we have the twins! They came this morning, and we named them ‘Wallace’ and ‘Warren.’ They are Belgian hares and a most especially fine birthday present. Today is my birthday, you know!”

I hadn't known, and mentally breathed him a hundred more to come.

“Please come with me,” he said gently, as if divining my unuttered felicitations, “and I'll show you an actor who has ‘eaten up’ almost as much film as your humble servant.”

To my surprise, a magnificent, big, black horse answered Mr. Kerrigan's whistle, and came running up to the paddock-bars, nuzzling his nose thru to reach his master's hand.

“Permit me to introduce Dix,” he said, smiling, and patting the animal's broad forehead. “He usually lives out at the Kerrigan ranch.”

I needed no introduction to the lovable, powerful horse. Who of us has not seen him, with the firm, straight legs of Warren Kerrigan gripping his sides, cavorting over the prairie, or threading thru the maze of desert cactus?

“You shall have his picture,” said Mr. Kerrigan, and later on he gave me one of Dix, which is one of my most cherished possessions.

Just then the front screen-door was closed with a bang.

“There is Wallace. Let's go in.”

“Yes; but, Mr. Kerrigan, you really must give that baby-bunny back to his mother first, mustn't you? There—that's fine. Now we'll go in.”

We had gotten as far as the dining-room, when Warren Kerrigan called

(Continued on page 65)

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES POPULAR PLAYERS

MARY ANDERSON



Photoplay robbed the cradle, or rather the high school, again when Mary Anderson joined the Vitagraph players. She is another case of an "extra" with her hair still hanging down her back quickly becoming a regular stock member. Last year, when Mary was in Erasmus High School, she looked around for a practical way to spend her vacation. She had had no dramatic experience whatever, not even as an amateur, but her work as an extra soon brought her to the attention of the studio heads. The little schoolgirl was offered a position in stock, but her father objected strenuously. "Father," she pleaded, "if I don't make a hit in my first regular part, I promise you I will go back to school." She made her hit, playing her first part with dear old Bunny, and father was forced to surrender. She says that John Bunny was her first instructor in camera stagecraft, in her initial successes, "Father's Flirtation," "A Train of Incidents" and "An Old Maid's Baby." Since then she has appeared in several features, such as "C. O. D.," "My Official Wife," and the "Buddy" series.

IRVING CUMMINGS



he climbed so high is merely a matter of ten years or more on the stage,

(Fifty-three)

playing leads with Reliance, Pathé, Universal and Thanouser; of good looks, dramatic ability, a thorough knowledge of how to play up to the camera, and other simple little things that an amateur can possess in a week—maybe not.

For two years he was leading man in "The Man of the Hour," and for two more in "Way Down East." He has supported such well-known stars as Otis Skinner, Robert Mantell and John Mason. For years Mary Fuller and Irving Cummings were the co-leads in a Texas touring company. His l'envoi from the stage was as leading man to Lillian Russell in "Wildfire" and in "In Search of the Sinner."

His screen successes read like a catalog, his best-known Reliance productions being, perhaps, "The Open Road" and "The Fires of Conscience." While with Universal his appearance in "Success," "Ashes" and "The Man from the Outside" made him a favorite.

Like George Beban, he is especially fond of Italian character rôles, and his athletic hobby, when he has time, is the lure of a good baseball game.

BESSIE LEARN



Altho she is petite enough to almost conceal herself in a golf bag, Bessie Learn came near being lost to the Edison players when the great European war broke out. After a series of hair-raising adventures, she became stranded in London without a penny in her pocket, and finally—oh! shocking—came home in the steerage, which dreadful experience, no doubt, will help her screen characterizations.

Bessie Learn is another one of the famous California Motion Picture peach crop and is pretty close to the top of the basket. She was born in San Diego, and when twelve years old

started her theatrical life with Annie Russell, Robert Hilliard and Chauncey Olcott, playing in "Hearts Are Trumps," "Home Folks," and years and years of stock—just the finishing touches required to round out her sweet girlishness of manner, trimness of figure and wholesome beauty.

Bessie Learn Prösser is her legal handle. But we shall always know the little girl of "Polly of the Circus" and "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary" and "Santa Claus and the Clubman" as Bessie Learn, "The Girl Who Wouldn't Grow Up."

VIOLET MERSEREAU



Little Violet Mersereau is perhaps one of the most interesting stars in Camera land. She is only eighteen years of age, but for over nine years has carried tears and laughter and an unconscious love for herself into thousands of audiences. When Violet was still frowning her little girl's brow over her Third Reader, her father died, leaving the family almost destitute. Fortunately, it was soon discovered that Violet possessed rare dramatic gifts, and, with her little sister Claire, they started as Broadway stage children. She has done delightful children's parts with Maxine Elliott and Margaret Illington, and many remember her for her splendid part in "The Clansman." "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," however, is Violet Mersereau's greatest bid to fame. Some day she hopes to play this appealing rôle for the screen.

In Motion Pictures Miss Mersereau has been with Nestor, Pathé, and recently has become a star for the Imp Company. In "She Was His Mother" she shows her remarkable versatility by playing the entire gamut of a woman's life, from childhood to a white-haired octogenarian.



THE SCREENIES' ADVENTURES

(The Prodigal)

By SAM J. SCHLAPPICH



The Photoger and Screenie scout
 Stood up before the band:
 "Sir Noble Chief, that sent me out
 To spy this stricken land,

"You nobles all, I wish to state
 I find it rife with woe,
 With troubles for the small and great,
 'Most everywhere I go.

"The troubles are of sundry kind—
 No need to choose or pick;
 And of the troubles I can find,
 These need attention—Quick!"

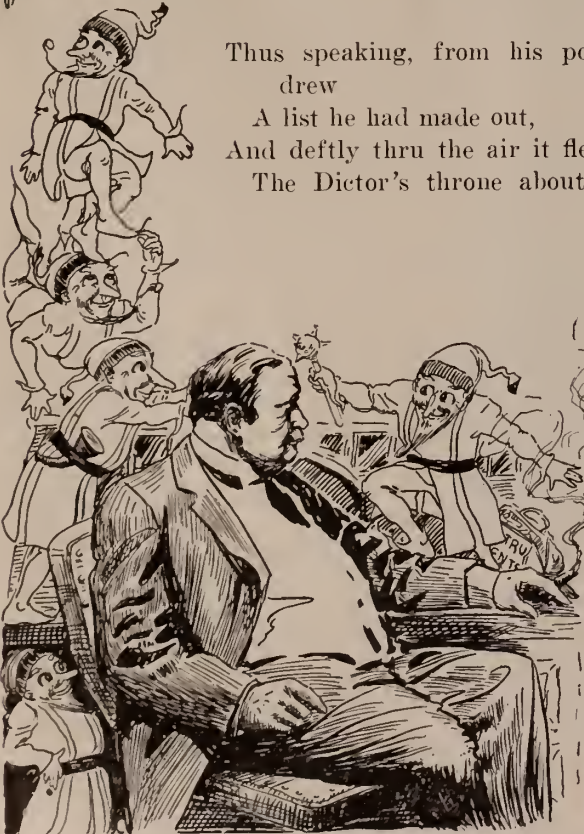
Thus speaking, from his pouch he
 drew
 A list he had made out,
 And deftly thru the air it flew
 The Dictor's throne about.

The Dictor took the list in hand—
 'Twas sixty miles in length—
 And proudly eyed the Screenie band,
 Quite conscious of its strength.

"Let's see," says he: "I feel quite
 sure
 This band can make things hum;
 So we must make our work secure
 On cases as they come.

"We'll take the first one noted here;
 Now, listen—thus we fare,"
 And then, his meaning made quite
 clear,
 They vanish thru the air.

For when their caps were on, you
 know,
 You could not see them come or go.



"Personality—Plus" on the Screen

By GORDON GASSAWAY

TODAY, from the manager of a Moving Picture theater to the actor appearing upon the screen, personality is without doubt the prime factor which is putting the "move" in Moving Pictures.

Dive from a cliff into a lake two

hundred feet below, if you want to; swim Niagara Falls, if you must; be run over by the Limited—it will avail you nothing in the Moving Picture world beyond a few dollars a dive, or a few dollars a swim, if you do not have the subtle yet potent thing called "personality."

Directors of the greatest film stars in the world are attempting now to account for or to define this thing. They will attempt it, and no two definitions are alike.

The other day we were sitting on the stage used by the Famous Players at Hollywood, Cal. Little Mary Pickford was "doing" a scene. The director, James Kirkwood, had just said:

"This is the picture. Camera, please."

Mary Pickford, tiny, blonde, without a single physical quality to mark her as different from any one of a thousand blonde young women with good looks, dropped her arms to her side, held them a bit rigid, and, with just a shade of a dimple showing, "put over" one of the greatest bits of film-acting which will probably ever appear in the silent drama.

As this thing was being done, a rather tall young woman picked her way behind the camera and spoke to the young Western manager of the company. That girl was good-looking and seemed not a bit different from any one of a hundred film actresses. She was well dressed, tho her shoes were worn a trifle too much at the heels. Her interview was brief. The manager told her that there was no position open.

I asked him why.

"She hasn't any personality, in the first place," he said; "and, in the second, she has had very little experience."

That was all. This young manager has employed some hundreds of leading women; he is as well qualified to judge "film personality" as any one I know. He defined it something like this:

"Film personality? Why, it's—it's when a woman, or a man, can 'get over' on the screen! What makes 'em get over? Hard to tell in words, but say, just look over there at Miss Pickford—she's getting over!"

Of course she was—to the tune of five dollars a minute.

But I was not satisfied. I was on a still hunt thru the studios for this "personality" bug, and quite determined to find it. In other words, I was asking myself, along with two or three million other Moving Picture



LOIS WEBER

(Fifty-five)



LILLIAN GISH



ROSETTA BRICE, OF THE LUBIN COMPANY

'fans,' the simple question: "What is a 'screen' personality?"

On the legitimate stage personality may be a thing of *internals*—voice, physical contact, psychic emanations, an aura; but on the screen the artist is reproduced largely only thru *externals*—in gesture, in facial expression and in bodily placement. Altho this sounds like a medical clinic, it is really a concrete factor, as I hope to show later. It's the drawing card. It culminates in the very natural curiosity of all film fans to see in real—not "reel"—life their heroes and heroines of the screen.

I learnt, shortly, that qualifications for film work must not be confused with that subtler thing—screen personality. Qualifications are certain, well-defined requirements, and any director can name them in his sleep. They include regular features, a quantity of hair (curly and blonde, if possible), and a well-rounded figure. Those hold for the general, "attractive" types. Those are the qualifications, coupled with experience and ability, which the managers are seeking. For character parts, almost any physical oddity may be chosen, even tho the subject does not possess a remarkable acting ability. Fat men, thin women, ugly men and huge women are in demand.

We moved on to another studio. Here Edith Wynne Matheson was "doing" a scene from "The Governor's Lady"—her first venture, by the way, in front of the lens. There was a perceptible feeling of apprehension in the air.

Would Miss Matheson "get over" on the screen? It was a shame, some one remarked, that her wonderful speaking voice could not be "canned" along with her pantomimic ability for the future generations to glory in.

Miss Matheson seemed a bit in doubt herself as to how she was registering. On account of the bright sun, she was wearing, during the momentary rehearsals, a pair of huge yellow spectacles, which she hastily crammed into the pocket of the Governor's lady's apron when the director announced camera.

"Have you a film personality?" I shouted at her during a lull.

"Heavens! what's that?" She opened her eyes very wide.

"Do you thrill your film audiences as you did those others at 'The Terrible Meek,' for instance?" I tried to explain.

She laughed—like silver chimes.

"Do you know," she said, "I have seen myself on the screen only once, and that was when I was in an automobile, shouting 'Good-by' to some friends. The start it gave me lingers



ANTONIO MORENO

yet, for, do you know, I could actually hear myself saying the words!"

Very interesting; but it did not help to solve my problem.

It is true that almost all of the famous actresses of America and of Europe have, at some brief moment, deserted the speaking stage for the fat offers from the Lords of the Flashing Film. Some of them have crept back to the rouge-pots a bit sadder for the experience. Others have been signal successes. Among these are Fritzi Scheff, Leslie Carter, Dustin and William Farnum, Florence Reed, H. B. Warner, Marie Doro and Arnold Daly. Marie Dressler almost failed.

(Fifty-seven)

Was it the very personalities that carried them into public favor on the legitimate stage which aided them so masterfully in front of the lens? Or was it their instinctive or cultivated pantomimic art? In other words, could their personal magnetism be seen on the screen?

I knew that, when Sarah Bernhardt stepped before the footlights, I had felt a very palpable and concrete thrill pass up and down my spinal column—it was from the sheer physical magnetism of the woman. A year later I saw her in a Moving Picture—and there was no thrill! To me she was nothing more than an old woman then, apparently doing calisthenics. Gone was the golden voice, and gone was the personal magnetism. Hers was not a "film personality."

Charlie Chaplin, on the legitimate stage, was never the success he has become in Moving Pictures. Mabel Normand was scarcely heard of before she became a film queen. John Bunny deserted the legitimate stage before he had won



ORMI HAWLEY, EARLE METCALF AND EDGAR JONES

laurels there—and took them, instead, in the photodrama.

In this investigation, call to the bar one Mary Pickford. She is accused of having a Moving Picture personality. The jury is impaneled; they will now decide for us this question:

Is a "personality," so called, sufficient to carry an actress to fame on the screen? The defendant is accused of being "The Darling of the Movies." Why?

The counsel for the investigation will state his case:

Mary Pickford went into the movies at an early age and became one of the pioneers in the business. Shortly she was made famous by David Griffith. All of his art, all of his enthusiasm poured into her plastic little soul, and she emerged from under his tutelage the foremost star on any screen. And why?

In the first place, she had certain physical attributes which marked her as a film subject—she was petite; she was blonde (I think, then); she had dimples, regular features and an expressive body. There are three thousand other young ladies who have these same attributes, yet the fact remains that they are *not* "The Darlings of the Movies," and no amount of press-agenting can make them so. What is it, then, that has won Mary Pickford her place in the sun?

It is her film personality—plus! That "plus" is found in every studio—I found it in the Los Angeles studios, out in California, and it solved the question of why some actors get over on the screen and others do not and never will. Take heart, you who aspire to the flashing film, for you may have the divine spark, with only the need of a David Griffith, or one of his kind, to fan it to flame.

The "plus" is found in the mentality which directs the actress—whether it be that of the director or her own—it is in the appeal of a glance, in the crook of an arm, in the twist of a



FRANCIS FORD

smile. Years of hard work may develop it—Mrs. Fiske deliberately created a stage "personality." But she had something to build upon—a

(Continued on page 67)

PENOGRAPHS OF LEADING PLAYERS



Ethel Clayton
(LUBIN)



FAY TINCHER



HARRON



ANDERSON



WALTHALL



MACK "AMBROSE" SWAIN



FINLEY



MARGARITA FISCHER



READY FOR THE DROP TO THE TOP OF THE ENGINE CAB

A FEW "CLOSE CALLS"

(Continued from page 48)

way he had of getting away from that particular section of the country. This scene was really acted out. The strange part of the whole affair was that, altho this actor dropped upon the cab of the engine, he was able to cling to the smooth surface until the engine could be stopped after it had gone out of the range of the camera. If everything had not gone off "just right," this fall might have meant the death of this actor.

The illustration on page 60 shows where a partially tamed lion, after reaching the point where the mother

(Fifty-nine)

and child were lying, was driven back into his cage, which is cleverly hidden among the scenery, by firing of blank cartridges. The animals used in this Motion Picture work are generally afraid of the report from a firearm, and it may be said that in many instances the directors rely almost entirely on the discharge of a weapon for driving back the wild beasts so that the ones who had knowingly put themselves in dangerous positions might reach a place of safety.

In the illustration on page 61 we see one of the most daring "slide" pictures that was ever put on. The actors appear just above the center of the illustration. This mountainside

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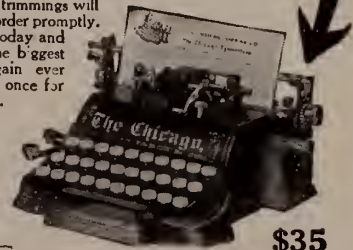
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L. Case Russell, the well-known photoplaywright, is its author, and new and interesting chapters are contributed by Eugene V. Brewster, Editor of the Motion Picture Magazine, and Edwin M. LaRoche, Editor of the Photoplay Clearing House. Replete with clever drawings, and it tells you how not to write in most entertaining fashion.

The most liberally quoted book of the year in trade publications, newspapers, book reviews and magazines.

The greatest obstacle in the way of a photoplay writer is the "Has been done before" rejection slip. It has been discovered that at least 80 per cent of the unsold scripts now on the market were written around stale plots. That is why they don't sell! For the first time, these forbidden themes have been collected, classified, crucified, and buried in a most emphatic manner. "Here Lies" is written in a most novel and refreshing manner, and the lessons it teaches will never be forgotten.

Read What Prominent Studio Editors, Directors, and Dramatic Critics Think of This Little Book:

I want to acknowledge receipt of your splendid little book, "Here Lies." So far I have only had time to glance at it, but I can readily see that it is going to be of great assistance to me. LOUIS GLASER, Motion Picture Editor, Washington Herald.

I want to compliment you on the booklet, "Here Lies." It is too bad nobody ever thought of getting it out a little sooner. It might have saved the editors lots of needless work as well as heartaches for the aspirants who think it is as easy to write scenarios as it is to see a nickel show.

Your book is so full of wit and humor that I took it home with me and gave it a place of honor on the same shelf in my library with the works of O. Henry and George Ade. EMILY BROWN HEININGER, Essay Editorial Staff.

Some time ago I wrote L. Case Russell my "heartiest congratulations" on the clever little book entitled "Here Lies." I sincerely feel that she has performed a great mission. My first thought after reading it was how can this be put into a wide circulation.

It has been my misfortune to be compelled to read hundreds of impossible photoplays and to give a truthful opinion to amateur authors. I shall gladly contribute from my weekly salary for the free circulation of "Here Lies."

It strikes so truthfully at the many pitfalls to all beginners in photoplay writing.

I feel confident that every producer shall feel it his duty to supply readers with copies of "Here Lies" for distribution among amateur writers.

BERNADINE RISSE LEIST, Kinemacolor Company of America.

Your little Dents in "Here Lies" articles should be a great assistance to scenario writers in general and amateurs and beginners in particular. If your little book serves the purpose for which it is intended it will be of great assistance to the editor.

With kindest regards and best wishes, I remain,

F. A. WALL, Scenario Editor, American Film Co.

I do not see why it should not be of great help to photoplay writers, and I am sure it will be to photoplay editors, in that it will teach outsiders to keep clear of the hackneyed themes which stare at us from every mail.

Best of all, and contrary to its more ponderous brothers, it gets to the point quickly and tells what to use and what not to, without confusing its readers.

Thanking you for my copy, and with best wishes,

CRAIG HUTCHINSON, Keystone Editor.

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THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



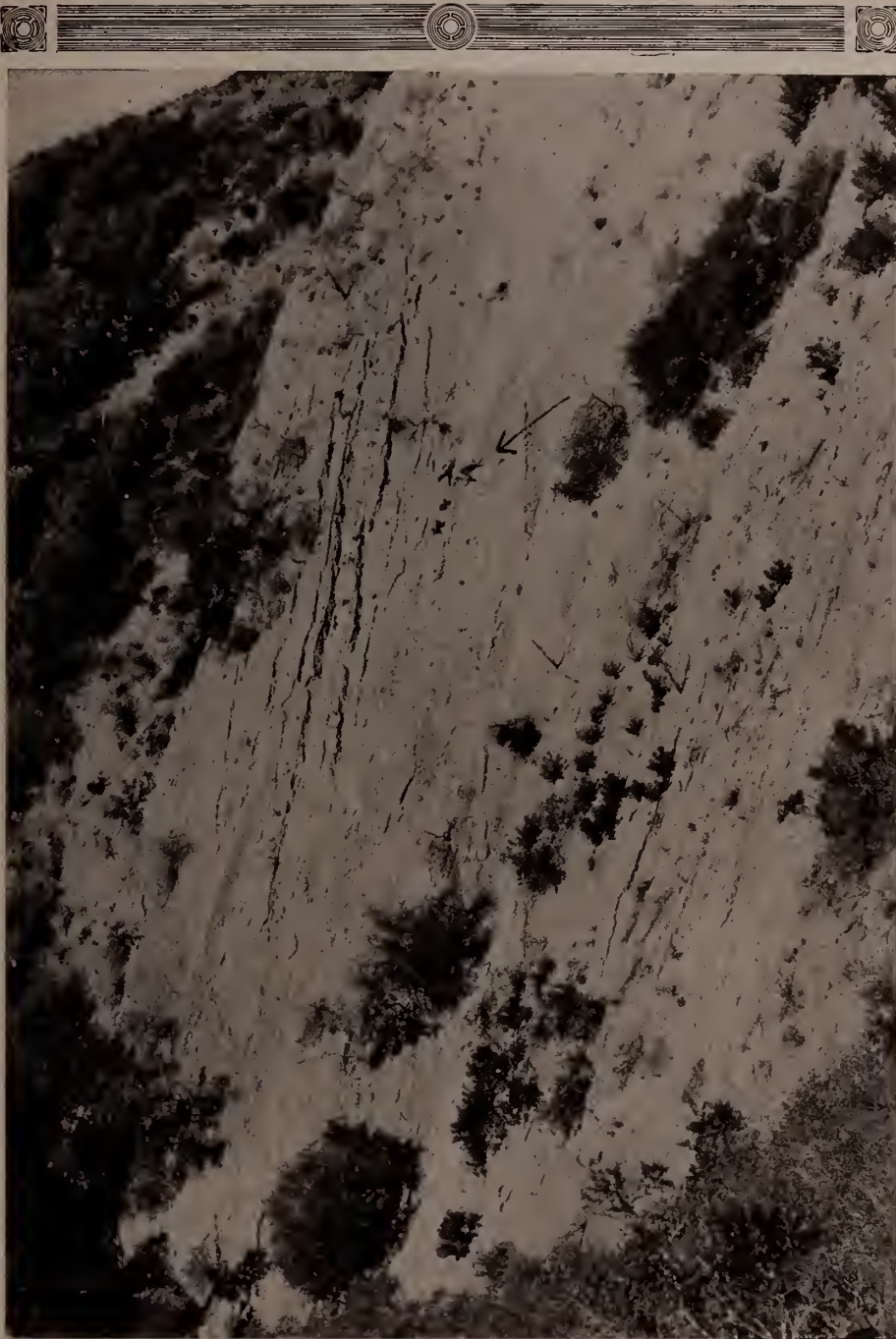
ATTRACTING THE LION'S ATTENTION AND DRIVING HIM BACK BY BLANK CARTRIDGES

was very steep and was several hundred feet in length, so it will be seen that nothing short of a miracle plus unusual athletic skill and quick wits brought this actor and actress out of the slide alive.

The picture used as our frontispiece is in itself unalarming, but an interesting story surrounds it. This child is supposed to have found these lion cubs, and was playing with them when the supposed parents arrived upon the scene. During the time this "still" was taken, the lioness could be heard crying for her babies. Twenty seconds later, just after the three had started for a safety cage, the lioness was liberated and came tearing

around the framework which held the clump of bulrushes.

An interesting incident is told where Miss Marie Walcamp, "The Daredevil of the Movies," came very nearly meeting death. It was during the making of a wild animal picture at Universal City, Cal. Miss Walcamp was supposed to cross a certain open space, and, when she was part way across, the lion was to be liberated, but not until the actress was sure of being able to reach the safety cage. When part way across, she heard some one yell, and, turning, she saw the infuriated lion only a couple of leaps away. It had been liberated too soon. As she turned,



REAL, LIVE PEOPLE WERE USED IN THIS UNIVERSAL SLIDE SCENE. THE ARROW POINTS TO ONE PERSON, AND JUST ABOVE HIM IS ANOTHER, WHICH GOES TO SHOW THAT PHOTOPLAYERS EARN THEIR SALARIES

however, she tripped upon a piece of brush, and fell. Before she could rise, the lion was upon her and ready to strike. Just at that moment the trainer sprang into the arena from a near-by safety cage, and, with a long iron rod, beat the crazed animal back across the cage. In a fainting condition, the actress dragged herself to a safety cage and fell within it, the door being closed by an attendant.

This "close call stuff" is surely great, but both of us would prefer letting the other fellow have all the fun.

(Sixty-one)

I suppose some people are just naturally daring and some just naturally timid, but the latter kind aren't built right for strenuous movies. A timid fighter, a weak-heart, a "rough-houser" who cant put all his bones and half his clothes into the scrap is no earthly use.

Nearly every photoplayer is called upon, sooner or later, to do this "close call stuff," as it is called, and several lives have been lost in doing dare-devil feats. The public must have its thrills, however.

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There never has been a period in the history of literature when a new field has so suddenly opened and has so rapidly expanded. Over 10,000 new Photoplays are demanded by the public each year. While it is true that many studios have taken on staff writers to help supply the demand, the services of outside writers of Photoplays are eagerly sought after.

The Photoplay Clearing House was established nearly three years ago to aid and counsel new writers and to market their plays. The high standard of our aims has received the unqualified endorsement of all of the leading studios without exception. During that period we have spent over \$15,000 in systematizing our sales bureau and in assembling a staff of well-known photoplaywrights and critics. In order to serve authors, our editors must be well qualified—must be successful writers themselves. Our editorial staff consists of the following established photoplaywrights who personally pass upon all manuscripts submitted: Edwin M. La Roche, Henry Albert Phillips, L. Case Russell, William Lord Wright, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Dorothy Donnell, Russell E. Ball, Gladys Hall, Herbert C. Chesnut, Bennecke Peterson and others. We have received over 5,000 unsolicited letters from both unknown and successful writers endorsing our method of critical advice and marketing of Photoplays.

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Dear Sirs:

In answer to your letter of December 12th, would say that we can handle almost any kind of good story, regardless of the character. Among our thirteen directors on the Pacific Coast, every sort of story, from a psychological drama to burlesque, is used. We will be glad to handle any scripts that you may send us provided they are at least partly new and the themes suitable to Western production.

Thanking you for your kindness in looking out for some new material for us, and hoping that the Photoplay Clearing House prospers, I remain,
Yours sincerely,
J. DAYTON, Scenario Editor.

Universal Film Mfg. Company,
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Gentlemen:

We are retaining "Jones, Adjuster of Difficulties," for further consideration. You seem to be doing excellent work at the Photoplay Clearing House, and we congratulate you most heartily. It would be much better for the business if more writers would work thru such channels and save them and us useless trouble. Hoping we will hear from you again, we are,
CRYSTAL FILM CO.,
per Howard J. Young,
Scenario Editor.

The Photoplay Clearing House is under the personal supervision of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and we vouch for its reliability in every department. Its honesty, methods, brains and resourcefulness make it a valuable aid to authors.
EUGENE V. BREWSTER,
Managing Editor, Motion Picture Magazine.

Photoplay Clearing House:
We accept the scenario, "His Father's Son," by Vance E. Rowe, Nowata, Okla., at \$25, and herewith enclose the usual form of release. Kindly fill in the author's address and return the release to us with usual signatures and we will forward check.

I trust you will have some other strong one-reel modern dramas to submit for consideration, and I greatly appreciate the personal attention you have given us.

PHIL LANG,
Scenario Editor, Kalem Company.

Gentlemen:
You are doing a great work with your Clearing House, and it has the endorsement of a great many writers. I am in constant touch with a great many of them.

H. A. PETERMAN, Jr.,
Editor, The Picture News.
Shreveport, La.

From the "Script," the official organ of the Photoplay Authors' League, Inc.:

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Your very welcome letter, announcing the sale of my two-reel photoplay, "Eternal Justice," to the Lubin Co. for \$100.00, received today. I am truly grateful for the work and interest you put into my play, and for the excellent price secured.

I am indeed fortunate in securing your services, which added more merit than I like to admit to my work. Again thanking you, I am,
ELWOOD BOUCHER,
Corvallis, Montana.

THE PLAN OF THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE

We are intimately connected with the Motion Picture business and in close touch with the manufacturers. We are advised of all their advance releases, their requirements and the kind of scripts they want. As suitable ones come to us, in salable shape, they are immediately sent to the proper studio. No stale, imperfect or copied plots are submitted.

All photoplaywrights are invited to send their Plays to this company, advising as to what manufacturers they have been previously submitted, if any. Every Play will be treated thus:

It will be read by competent photoplay editors, numbered, classified and filed. If it is, in our opinion, in perfect condition, we shall at once proceed to market it, and when we are paid for it, we will pay the writer 90% of the amount we receive, less postage expended. If the Scenario is not in marketable shape, we will so advise the author, stating our objections in detail, offering to return it at once, or to revise, typewrite and try to market it. IF THE MANUSCRIPT IS HOPELESS, WE SHALL SO STATE, and in some cases advise a course of instruction, naming various books, experts and schools to select from.

Fee for reading, detailed, general criticism and filing, \$1.00. (multiple reels, 50c. per reel extra). For typewriting, a charge of \$1.00 for each Play will be made, provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. RETURN POSTAGE SHOULD BE INCLUDED, and foreign contributors should allow for U. S. exchange. Enclose P.O. order, stamps, checks, or money with manuscripts. 1c. stamps accepted.

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THE KAISER'S WAR PICTURES (Continued from page 47)

In Serbia the cinematograph is still a new thing to most of the people. The Petrograd government has imposed no restriction upon the very few movie men who have been with the army. Austria has neither encouraged nor discouraged the cinematograph, yet the work of the operator has been subject to military censorship to more or less extent; the reels deemed inadmissible have been seized, the others allowed to pass thru—they have not amounted to much, since most of the fighting has been in mountain passes and ravines where the machine could get really few photographs other than those of scenes of firing behind improvised breastworks or under cover.

The Servian army has given the very few Moving Picture men operating with her troops full sway. There has been no censorship by the military authorities whatsoever. The war office of the plucky little monarchy contends that while a scene of victory for the Servians will, of course, encourage the people at home to make greater effort to keep up the struggle, a scene of defeat for their army will encourage them to greater sacrifice, that their brave men at the front may be longer sustained by this sacrifice to fight on until their powerful allies can eventually accomplish for them that, brave and indomitable tho they themselves are, they could never hope to accomplish alone. The rule works both ways in Serbia, but the field is a very small one, as there are not half a hundred Moving Picture theaters in all the Balkan states.

That we may look for a veritable avalanche, so to speak, of war-scenes once peace is restored, is the belief of many European film manufacturers, as the reels now held by the censors will be allowed to be given to the public; but most of these films will probably be of ruined homes, devastated bits of country, demolished fortifications and scenes that for the most part tell more of the destruction of property than of actual battles and what the big armies actually did when arrayed against each other in long lines of trenches, behind massive breastworks of stone and steel, or in mortal combat upon battlefields. Then, too, the panoramic opportunities of cameras operating from aircraft could give the entire battlefronts of large armies to the waiting nations at home. Our desire is to see what actually took place upon the firing-line, with the armies at the front.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Miss Pauline Hold, Miss Elsie Bender, Miss Rose Wallace and Miss Dorothy Bright, of Chicago, Ill., pay a glowing tribute to Miss Margarita Fischer, especially in "The Quest":

I witnessed the American Mutual masterpiece, "The Quest." It was really wonderful. I think it was the best picture I have seen for a long time. I was especially delighted that my favorite, Margarita Fischer, played in those parts. I cannot understand why they don't have her in every theater. I know she is not only admired but loved by the public—this I know from the remarks I have heard among the audience. She is the cutest player. Margarita Fischer won my heart in many features. She played with the Universal Mutual Company in "Slavery Days," "Shon, the Piper," "A Girl's Folly," "When the Prince Arrived," "Turn of the Tide," "Sally Scratches, Housemaid," "Missionary Box," "The Wrong Road," and many more.

She was so sweet and innocent, I am quite sure she deserves much praise. She also played in the Beauty films called "Bess, the Outcast," "Nieda," "Withering Roses," "The Quest," etc.

William W. Pratt, of Punxsutawney, Pa., is one of the many movie fans who believe that "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." Mr. Pratt hates to be fooled, and the other day the shock was so great that he immediately sat down and wrote us a letter, in which he bewails the futility of disclosing the inner knowledge of the movies to the innocent and trusting public, thereby destroying their ideals like a house of cards. In the language of the heavy villain: "Boo, hoo! boo, hoo! Oh! it was too much!"

I have something to say pertaining to the movies, and I believe you are the gentleman I wish to say it to. This is not a crank's letter, and it may seem foolish to you, but it is exactly as I feel.

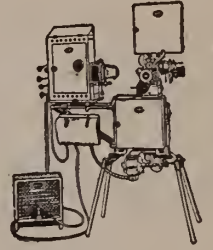
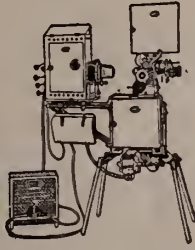
When the Universal City was first built I was one of their interested fans, and from that description I thought the city was built in streets representing different countries, and I enjoyed the first pictures very much; but a little later I saw a picture (a tobacco advertisement) of a play being filmed, and, to my surprise—and shall I say disappointment?—I saw the buildings on the streets were but walls with holes in them for doors and windows, and props at the back of them to hold them up.

Now, no one, especially movie fans, likes to admit they have been fooled, and I am not an exception; so the next Universal picture I saw I kept saying to myself, "Oh, that's only a wall and not a house at all," and was wondering what was on the other side of it (a field and a pile of rubbish, no doubt), and I lost all interest in the play. Therefore I shun all Universal pictures and try to find the theaters showing the good old "Generals" and "Mutuals," for if they are faking me I don't know it.

Am I foolish? That's for you to decide; but ask the other fans.

(Continued on page 71)

(Sixty-three)



The Ruling Powers of Europe

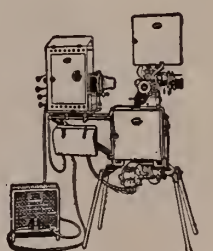
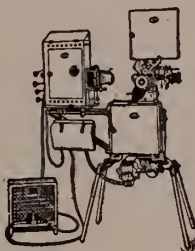
have been engaged in warfare for nearly a year and the question of supremacy is still undecided, but the supremacy of POWER'S CAMERAGRAPH No. 6A, the perfect Motion Picture projecting machine, has never been questioned, and it has been recognized as the RULING POWER of the projection world for years.

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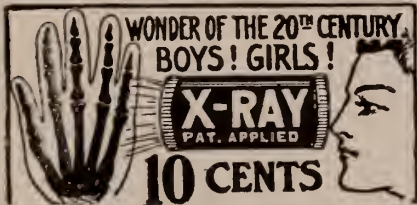
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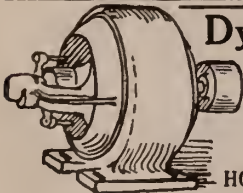


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Moving Picture Etiquette

(Continued from page 40)



TO THE YOUNG MAN.—Don't show that you are angry if the young lady discovers a male acquaintance sitting next her with whom she converses nine-tenths of the evening. The temperature of your anger is one method she uses for finding out how much you care for her.

TO THE YOUNG LADY.—Don't look squarely into the eyes of the strange man next to you. If you *must* look, do so in lightning flashes as you pretend to ascertain whether numerous persons in the rear can see over your hat.

TO THE YOUNG MAN.—Don't flirt with the possible beauty across the aisle. A dim light can do wondrous and mysterious things for freckles and pimples. Anyway, a bird in the hand—

TO THE YOUNG LADY.—Don't feel honored if the young man plays hands with you. It is not because your particular hands appeal to him—any other hands would do as well. But in the bottom of every young man's heart—even the fattest (men, not heart)—lurks the tender conviction that, given the proper chance, he could blossom forth into a world-famous actor. When he sees the picture hero enacting the love-scene, unconsciously he imitates.

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REV. CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

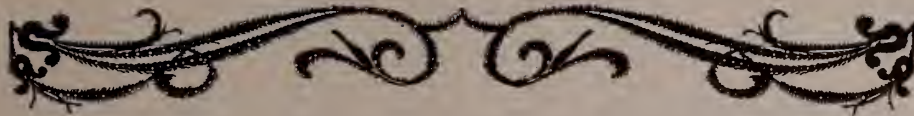
Among the other features are sixteen beautiful, full-page engravings of popular photoplayers, many special articles on interesting topics, "Greenroom Jottings," chats with the players, and twenty pages of interesting matter by the famous "Answer Man."

One hundred and eighty-four pages, fifteen cents a copy, on sale at all newsstands in the English-speaking world on and after the first day of September.

The Motion Picture Magazine was the pioneer of all Motion Picture publications, and the best, and is published by the same company that publishes the Motion Picture Supplement. If you like the latter, you will surely like its sister magazine. Don't confuse these two publications with any others! We publish all the latest news and the best photoplay stories of the month. If you are interested in Motion Pictures you certainly cannot do without the Motion Picture Magazine—at least, 1,500,000 readers think so! Subscriptions \$1.50 a year. Order now of any newsdealer or direct from the publisher.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Warren Kerrigan's Pets

(Continued from page 52)



WARREN KERRIGAN, HIS MOTHER, HOME AND DOG

out: "Hello there, Kid! Here's company to see you. Come on out, and say 'Howdy-do?' like a nice boy."

Wallace Kerrigan, whom I had met at Universal City a few days before, came forward, told his brother to "keep still," and said he had wondered how "the morning after" of my rather strenuous day at the ranch had appealed to me. I told him the dust had been easily gotten rid of, and that, after a good night's sleep, I felt better than ever for my day in the broiling sun.

As superintendent of the big Universal Ranch, where many of the outdoor settings for the Western pictures are placed, Mr. Kerrigan is occupying a most responsible position. It was, perhaps, his careful attention to detail that enabled you to enjoy so thoroly the last Western picture you saw, in which his brother played the lead, for he is never very far away when J. Warren Kerrigan is anywhere near the ranch.

"We are chums, you know," they say of one another, and, indeed, it is true.

A glance at the clock on the mantel-

piece told me I was prolonging my call to an unfair length.

"You will come and see us while you are here, Miss West?" Mrs. Kerrigan reminded me.

Warren Kerrigan must have seen by my face of what I was thinking, for, as I said good-by, he remarked, in a quiet, little aside to me: "And, Miss West, if you do get 'turned around' again, telephone here, and we'll all go out and hunt you up. I think we could find you, all right!"

I looked back at the three standing in the doorway—the mother in the center, with the arms of her two sons about her—and I was full of sheer delight in that I had made the acquaintance of so charming a family, for it is not the actual comfort of furnishings and flowers alone that gives the place its irresistible attraction, but the home and atmosphere, the gentle, kind hospitality of the South, and the sweet dignity of the mother, that make of this home "Kumfy Kerrigan Kottage." And then, too, Warren Kerrigan and his ever-increasing family of pets must be reckoned in.

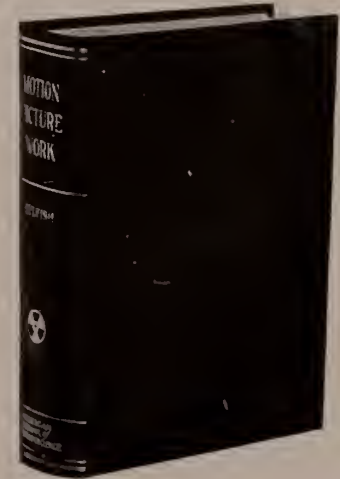
Do not confuse the "Motion Picture Supplement" with any other publication. This magazine comes out on the 15th of each month and the "Motion Picture Magazine" comes out on the 1st of each month. These are the only publications in which this company is interested.

THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Sixty-five)

"Motion Picture Work"

By DAVID S. HULFISH



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GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Little whisperings from everywhere in Playardom

ANNA NILSSON, the Kalem poster beauty, has left that company to ally herself with the Fox Company.

We are in desperate need of an astronomer to keep track of the hurried flights of stage stars—Marie Cahill is the latest celebrity in the Universal firmament.

Pauline Bush has received a woeful letter from a little boy, which reads: "i didn't want you to git marid i told you i wos going to mari you miself i dont like you so much now." Of course she has apologized.

Dorothy Donnelly, the stellar emotional lead of the regular stage, will soon be seen in Metro pictures.

Richard Tucker has returned to Edison and will play an important rôle in their feature production of "Vanity Fair."

Harold Lockwood, of the American Company, recently won a swimming contest at Santa Barbara beach. He was pitted against several fine swimmers, and won out by two splashes and a gurgle.

Keystone are evidently possessed to corner the funmaker market in one fell swoop; they have captured Eddie Foy, Joe Weber and Lew Fields.

MinA, the film child of David Horsley, has obtained a divorce from the General Film Company, and rumor has it that she will soon be adopted by Mr. Mutual.

Kate Price is being featured in "She Took a Chance," and in this play she had to chase a pig. Kate says that she thinks it's the pig who took the biggest chance, for if she had fallen on it—well—

The Kleine and Edison companies will release the larger pictures of their programs under the new combination—Kleine-Edison Feature Company. Ethel Grandin has just signed with the former.

Many directors direct their wives in leading rôles, but E. Phillips Smalley is unique in being co-director with his wife, Lois Weber. Their latest joint production of a Universal feature is "Scandal."

Ray Gallagher, of the Western Universal Company, received a pair of diamond-studded cuff-links from an unknown admirer and wants us to thank the giver.

Another desertion from the regular stage is Harrington Gibbs, who has joined the Morosco Company and will make his screen début in "The Rugmaker's Daughter." Maude Allen, the famous dancer, also makes her bow in this play.

Harry Beaumont, with the Edison Company, showed his nerve t'other day by allowing the poorly timed fuse of a bomb to eat into the flesh of his hand rather than cast it aside while the camera clicked.

That cleverest little comedienne, Billy Burke, has at last been cajoled into Motion Pictures—the N. Y. M. P. Company.

Robert Harron has the most extensive wardrobe of any of the actors in the Mutual studios in Hollywood. By actual count, he owns eighty-four hats of every possible shape and quality, and he has clothes, shoes and jewelry to match.

In "Temper," Henry Walthall's late Esanay picture, Ruth Stonehouse fits into the little school-desk seat so well and plays so cutely that she cannot be told from the real children about her.

Anna Little, of the Universal Company, had a very narrow escape from death, recently. It was at a railroad crossing, and her auto was caught by an engine just as its rear wheels crossed the track. She was thrown, but escaped by a miracle, with only scratches, bruises and a mangled car as mementos of her peril.



Edna Purviance, of the Chaplin Company, came out third in the bathing girls' parade at Ocean Park, Cal.

A funny story is told by Louise Glaum, of the N. Y. M. P., who went into a drugstore, the other day, suffering with laryngitis. In a hoarse voice, she asked the clerk: "What kind of soda have you?" "Chocolate and vanilla," replied the waiter, in an equally husky tone. "Oh, you have laryngitis, too," she rejoined, sympathetically. "No, no!" corrected the clerk, "only chocolate and vanilla."

Muriel Ostriche has left the Vitagraph Company, also Constance Talmadge.

Raymond McKee won a 16-inch high silver trophy and a gold medal at the Edison outing for athletic sports.

Here is a surprise: "The Island of Surprise." The photoplay has the same fascination as "The Island of Regeneration," and in it William Courtenay, the well-known actor, will make his Vitagraph bow, playing opposite to Edith Storey. Two beautiful girls and a man are marooned on an uninhabited island. The man is the husband of one of the girls, but the marriage has been kept secret. The other girl has been selected by their parents to become his wife. From this situation a remarkable story develops.

Earle Metcalf, who often plays opposite to Ormi Hawley, recently became a member of the Newport Yacht Club, R. I. Joining clubs is a hobby of his, as he can manage anything that steers, from a balky horse to a hydro-aeroplane. But he hasn't tackled a baby-carriage yet!

Helen Holmes' Hazards are not danger-proof by a long way. In "A Deed of Daring" she dropped from a bridge onto the roof of a freight-car, and crumpled up thereon with a badly sprained ankle.

It is said that Allan Dwan presented Pauline Bush with a kodak before his last trip East, and now no one is safe from being attacked by her—and she is a good shot!

Harold Lockwood also out-Absalomed Absalom by being swept off his horse by an overhanging branch and carried downstream in a flood right into the jaws of the mill-wheel.

While taking scenes for a Kalem play, Lloyd Hamilton suffered a compound fracture of his left leg. The picture was to be called "The Experiment," but as he did not like the way the experiment worked out he thinks it should be changed to "The Accident."

Like "A Diamond from the Sky" comes a new song by that name, dedicated to Lottie Pickford, of the American Company.

Neva Gerber, Lucille Ward, Louise Lester and Josephine Ditt make weekly pilgrimages to an orphanage at Santa Barbara, where they teach the orphans how to sew.

Florence Lawrence is dangerously ill at her home in Milford, Mass.

And here is a lot of news boiled down: Eugenie Forde is now with the American, Victoria Forde with Selig; Fred Vroom is a Biographer, and Paul Panzer a Universalist; Robyn Adair will share the "Hazards of Helen" Holmes; Edward O'Connor is to be "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" (Wharton); Clara Horton, Milton Sills, Stella Razeto and E. J. Le Saint have joined the company of the revolving globe; David Wall is again a Famous Player; Clement Easton has joined Than-houser, Frank Lloyd is with Bosworth, and our old Brooklyn friend, William Conklin, is with Balboa.

“PERSONALITY—PLUS” ON THE SCREEN

(Continued from page 57)

working base centered in her wonderful brain.

In Moving Pictures there is a factor which does not appear upon the stage—a director can, and often does, supply the brains to his actors. David Belasco could never have accomplished what he did with Frances Starr, with David Warfield, or with Leslie Carter, if they had not had brains. He could not put his brains into their heads and trust them out on the stage all alone for half an hour.

A director in a studio is like a painter



PHILLIPS
SMALLEY



working on canvas—he paints his pictures using living models instead of pigments.

So, when you hear a matinée girl at a Pickford picture, or a Marguerite

Clark picture, say, “I could just hug her to death!” you know that the Pickford personality—plus, the Clark personality—plus, the Smalley, Moreno, Ford, Gish, Brice, Weber, Jones, Metcalf, Hawley personality—plus, is getting in its subtle work. Many of us are born with personalities, but lucky are those who can direct them along pleasing lines!



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The ANSWER MAN

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 maga-



zine. 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.

MARGOT.—Ah! you have the honor of being the first to be answered in the SUPPLEMENT. Since the Editor announced in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE several months ago that I would answer questions in the first issue of the SUPPLEMENT, I have been getting stacks of letters, but yours came first, and I carefully put it aside so that your answer will come first. There are fifteen series to "The Goddess."

PANSY.—Fred Church is with Kalem. And you asking if Robert Conness is married? Shocking, Pansy! Dorothy Leeds was Earle Williams' fiancée in "The Awakening." I always enjoy your books.

OLGA, 19.—What do you mean by having two birthdays all at once? Thanks for calling me Solomon, but I cannot be as wise as he, because I have not 700 wives to consult. That's where he had a big advantage. Lillian Lorraine is featured in "Neal of the Navy" (Balboa).

RUTH W.—So you want Dorothy Hughes to contribute to our magazines. And you ask what nationality is Beverly Bayne. See chat. "The Goddess" was partly taken in North Carolina. You think that no other magazine in existence has so many good stories each month as ours, and that certainly no magazine can illustrate their stories as ours does. Right you be. You see the other magazines have to have artists draw their illustrations, whereas we have photos of real people and scenery.

ELOISE H.—Biograph are releasing their reissues every week. Yes, "Her Mother's Oath," "Man's Genesis," "The Last Drop of Water" are all revived. Louise Vale and Franklin Ritchie have the leads in "Under Two Flags" (Biograph).

MEREDITH VON VREEDOYCK.—Marie Newton has played only for Biograph. It hasn't been decided whether Chaplin will be released thru the V. L. S. E. program or thru the regular program later on. Kenneth Casey is in vaudeville.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Ewart Overton was Lillian Walker's husband in "The Lily of Bohemia" (Vitagraph). Joseph Totten was Bill Harrison in "Otherwise Bill Harrison" (Essanay).

SOCRATES T. E.—You are fastidious in your tastes. We haint quite got to the Port of Perfection yet. Marguerite Courtot and Tom Moore in "The Seventh Commandment" (Kalem). It was directed by Tom Moore.

CHARLES H., CANARSIE.—You need't be afraid; I will not run out of gasoline for some time yet. As long as my bright readers, like you, keep at me, I will never

rust out, and I am quite sure that I will not wear out nor burn out. Alice Joyce in "The Suffragette Sheriff" (Kalem).

CHARLES C. H.—You want more funny things? Like what, for instance? You ask how many companies produce in Los Angeles. I haven't the figures, but nearly every company has a studio in California. You want to know how much a theater would have to pay for "Tess of the Storm Country" for one night? About \$12.50 to \$25. If you write to Kalem they no doubt can supply you with back numbers of their Kalem Kalendar. Thanks for picture.

OTHELLO C., BRIDGEPORT.—It is seldom we see a photoplay that contains a laugh and a tear, altho there should be lots of them. Laughter is the sister of tears, and he who smiles must also sigh. Herbert Prior was the sheikh and Mabel Trunnelle was Mirza in "The Tragedies of the Crystal Globe" (Edison).

MEREDITH.—You refer to Jennie Lee. She is now with Mutual. No, Mary Garden has not as yet appeared in the pictures. There are several Motion Picture companies in Mexico and about everywhere else. You say that an Essanay title read: "The great railroad magnet"? Probably carelessness.

COL. JACK, MIDDLEPORT.—Jane Gail was Mary, Allen Holubar was Chip and William J. Welsh was Big Phil in "The Wrong Label" (Imp). In 1910 there were 28,297 actors in the United States and 31,775 photographers, according to the census.

MARION S.—Sidney Drew's style of comedy does not call for laughter and slapstick. He has adopted the serious style of comedy, which is sometimes more effective than the boisterous kind. That was Billie Rhodes in that Nestor.

BRONCHO BILLY'S PAL.—Thanks for the big fee. Frederick Lewis was Joe in "The Lily of Poverty Flat" (California). No, Violet Davis was the girl in "In the Days of Famine." Dorothy Kelly was the girl grown up. Margaret Prussing was Grace in "According to Their Lights" (Edison). Warren Kerrigan had the lead in "The Oyster Dredger" (Victor). Creighton Hale was Jameson in the "Elaine" series. The other girl was not cast. Yes, Mr. Anderson plays comedy, and drama, and Western. Peter Wade will pop up again soon.

MAE B., BROOKLYN.—I have noticed some resemblance between Clara Young and Nitra Frazer, but they are not sisters. It is not so that Edith Storey was without

raiment in the swimming scenes in "The Island of Regeneration." Miss Storey is too modest for anything of that sort. It seems that George Periolat is featured in "The Diamond from the Sky."

FRANK B. F., CHICAGO.—Harold Lockwood, Carol Holloway and William Ehfe in "Secretary of Frivolous Affairs."

GERTIE.—You here too? Good! While the story called for that player to be without her bathing suit, yet she certainly did not expose herself to the director or to anybody else. By clever manipulation the films are made to show all kinds of illusions.

GUY E. M.—You should never judge peremptorily on first appearances. Sometimes a player fails to register, but he may see his faults and do better next time. Lots of players have said, after seeing a film in which they have played, "Oh, if I could only do that over again!"

THELMA E.—I am sorry, but there is no place on this magazine for you. You say that you have a fiery per and want to know what magazine will give you the highest position quickest? I suggest, with all due respect, a powder magazine.

B., 19.—Glad to see you; but I thought at first that it was U. 29. Ough! I have my opinions as to who are the best players, but I am not expressing them. I am strictly neutral.

NAPOLION B. O.—"Simon, the Jester" and "The Beloved Vagabond," by William J. Locke, have been produced by Pathé. Jackie Saunders and Henry King in "The Tomboy" (Balboa).

ALVIN B., LOCKPORT.—The reason that there has been so much agitation about censorship is that a few companies who did not get the official stamp of the National Board of Censors have been releasing films that are obscene and immoral. One of these films does a great deal of harm to the other producers. If all companies would submit to the National Board, there would be no need of official censorship, which is always obnoxious.

JOHN L., SAN FRANCISCO.—When you come to New York make sure to spend one evening at the Strand Theater, Broadway and Forty-seventh Street. It is the best managed theater I know of, altho the pictures are sometimes poor. The Vitagraph Theater, tho much smaller, is also worth taking in.

ADA J. C., NEW YORK.—"Judith of Bethulia" is in four parts. Isabel Rea and Frank Newburg in "The One Forgotten" (Biograph).

KATHERINE C.—Oh, fiddlesticks! Your question is forbidden fruit. Kindly keep off the grass.

VERGYNIA.—You say you resemble Katherine La Salle. You ought to be thankful. Yours are too deep. Come up a little. Makes me feel like reading Homer in the original. Anyway, your letter gave me some good batting practice. The average number of vessels entering or leaving British ports is about two thousand a week. In twenty-two weeks of the German war-zone decree, only two hundred and eighteen out of twenty-two thousand were sunk, or about one per cent. Hence, British commerce was practically unaffected by those sensational submarines.

EDYTHE C., KALAMAZOO.—Webster Campbell was at the bat in "The Guy Upstairs." I dont know who was downstairs.

CARRIE C. T.—Those were real tears in "Her Mother's Oath," which I remember very well, altho it is now two years old. Tears, the silent language of grief, and those were real tears, and they were shed by Florence Lee.

HERMAN.—It is like playing ping-pong with a medicine ball to answer questions like yours in this department. This is no place for essays. To answer your question the way I want to it would take two or three pages. Have a heart!

BERTHA A., BROCKPORT.—I agree with you that there are too many drinking scenes in the pictures, but you are wrong when you say that most of our great men drink heavily. Roosevelt, Wilson and Bryan are all but total abstainers. Look not on the grape when it is fermented.

ESTHER C. H.—Margaret Gibson and Frank Borzage had the leads in "The Hammer" (Kay-Bee). Winnifred Greenwood and Edward Coxen in "The High Cost of Flirting" (American). Falstaff Films is a new brand under Mutual.

MARY L. L.—On the speaking stage the different kinds of plays are tragedy, comedy, drama, emotional drama, society drama, spectacular drama, comedy drama, musical drama, farce comedy, farce, burlesque, burletta, and comedietta, but each of these may be subdivided. Jane Cowl in "The Garden of Lies" (Universal Broadway Features). Seem to me they are all using "Broadway" before their feature names.

ELEANOR H. R., NEW ORLEANS.—Marc MacDermott was Eugene and Mabel Trunnelle was Madeline, Gladys Hulette was Eleanor in "Eugene Aram" (Edison). No, I dont know anything about the "Kelly Kids' Kabaret."

JOHNSON D.—So you like the "Ham" comedies. Ethel Teare plays opposite them. Anna Nilsson and Guy Coombs in "Hiding from the Law" (Kalem). Yes, Guy Coombs directs.

JESSIE L. C.—Yes, I saw "Midnight at Maxim's" (Kalem), and it was a very interesting picture, true to life. The "Juvenile" is an actor who performs youthful rôles ranging from fifteen to thirty years.

J. D., ARIZONA.—You see I have the advantage of you. Next to knowing when to seize an opportunity, the most important thing is to know when to forego an advantage. Being wise enough to discover this great truth, I am generous enough to let you down easy and not to make retort. Haven't heard much about "The Broken Coin." Fifteen episodes—thirty reels.

JACK G.—Violet Mersereau and Billy Garwood are featured in "The Wolf of Debt" (Universal). Wait until you see Harry Myers' "The Earl of Pawtucket."

(Sixty-nine)

MARY D.—Benjamin Wilson is with Reliance. A great many of the Edison players have left. Write to the Jungle Film Co., N. Y., about Paul Rainey pictures.

SHAKESPEARE No. 2.—I really cannot say which is the greatest play in literature, but Macaulay, a fine judge, said that Othello was the finest in any language. That was Pauline Bush you refer to.

BARBARA C. T.—Haven't seen Marguerite Snow and Francis Bushman as yet. James Cruze is in California now.

MARTHA T. J.—So you want to earn some money. Lots of my readers are afflicted with the same ambition. But remember that money is the greatest source of worry. Those who have little are worrying to get more, and those who have much are worrying to keep it. So you dont like to see the reissues.

GRACE, 17.—Carlyle Blackwell and Alice Joyce in "For Her Brother's Sake" (Kalem). Robert Vignola directs.

JOHNNIE, COLON.—You ought to wear a hot-water bottle under your pencil pocket. You are too cold-hearted. Cant you say a kind word for just one play or player?

GUSTAV G. T.—I am still strictly neutral, but I must admit that Germany has the greatest fighting machine that the world has ever seen. The other nations appear to have been taking things easy during the past quarter century, while Germany has been sawing wood and making a science of war. What Germany needs is a couple of allies who dont need so much help. I wish n.y readers would not ask questions about the war.

GERTE.—Welcome to our city. I may not have written anything that will live, but I suppose I should be thankful that I live in spite of what I have written.

MEREDITH VON VREEDOYCK.—Your four letters received. You must not ask if he is a brother to her. You also want Vitagraph to reissue their old plays—some of the old Turner pictures with Jean. Norma Talmadge with National. Irene Wallace had the lead in "In the Amazon Jungle."

ALBERT R.—A picture of Cleo Madison will appear soon. Yes, with Universal.

MABEL L.—You say you want to be a movie actress; but I really dont know how I can help you. Francis Bushman is in Los Angeles.

MARGOT.—Yours are always interesting. You say you attend the Vitagraph Theater every week and liked the way Anita Stewart cried.

BARBARA.—Yes, Arnold Daly played in "The Port of Missing Men." Would be glad to hear from you every month.

THE FIREFLY.—Gene Gauntier is with the Western Universal. Neglected? Sorry.

NEWCOMBER, BERKELEY.—David Powell was Daddy in "Dawn of a Tomorrow." I cannot tell you whether Edward Coxen belongs to the B. P. O. E. at Berkeley, but if important for you to know you might write him, care of American Film Co., Santa Barbara, Cal.

C. D. T.—Lottie Pickford is the sister of Mary and Jack Pickford. The cost of the war to Great Britain is about \$150 a second, or \$12,960,000 a day. Some experts figure it at \$15,000,000 a day. The cost to the Allies for the first year will be somewhere around \$10,000,000,000, and to their opponents about \$7,400,000,000. This amount would have built several schoolhouses and made several poor families comfortable—wouldn't it?

RICHARD III.—You ask me to answer part of your questions in the Magazine and part in the SUPPLEMENT. This I cannot do, sorry to say. Please, hereafter, write at the top of each letter "For Magazine" or "For Supplement."

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A Man Afraid

(Continued from page 26)

“Thirty-two’s got to win, Barton,” he remarked cheerfully. “It means more than a cup to me.”

“Yessir.” Barton gave minute attention to the self-starter. He seemed an inanimate sort of a cuss, Ted thought.

Of a sudden there was attention among the racers. The starter had taken his place. Boxes and seats were crowded—applause was beginning. The signal was given—the race was on.

Thirty-two seemed a thing of sensitized speed. Under Ted’s firm, sure fingers she ate the ground—flew around the high-banked curves like some swooping bird. From her box Austen Martin leaned forward with a great light on her face. She alone, of them all, knew that Ted was racing with his ancient enemy. Thirty-two, a mere, dizzy, revolving thing, whirled past her; then suddenly on the far side of the track it stopped. Some one was getting out of the car. Austen’s heart missed a beat; Mr. Martin leaned forward anxiously; Bayard Schuld snarled contemptuously. Austen did not wait the fraction of a second—

“I’m going to see, dad,” she explained. And before they could stop her she made her way from the box and flew around the grounds to the place where 32 had come to its abrupt halt. On the ground lay Barton, face averted, feebly explaining an illness. Ted, half-crazed by this ill-luck, was trying to coax another mechanic into accompanying him. The fellow refused, point-blank. “You’re too dare-devil for me,” he insisted. “I aint going to—”

Ted turned away with a groan, when Austen sprang into the car. “Come, Ted, quick,” she cried breathlessly; “I can use the oil-pump—dont waste a moment. *We mustn’t let them think you lost your nerve!*”

Once more 32 sprang into motion. From their box Mr. Martin and Bayard Schuld watched the mad act with strained, half-believing eyes. Mr. Martin’s hands clenched the seat until his knuckles all but burst the skin. Schuld swore softly under his breath.

And in 32 the race was on for fair. All had been going well. Ted had

known a great exaltation, for he was running apace with danger, consciously, willingly, and the Fear had not touched him.

And then Austen, watching him, saw him suddenly go white—a sickly, grayish white. She saw his hand go inert and crumple at the wrist. She had *not* seen a tiny stone come up and hit the delicate nerve-center on the back of his head, unprotected by the headgear he had left with Barton.

And in Ted’s mind the awful truth dawned. “God!” he cried under his breath—“the Fear—the Fear again!” Something like a sob whistled thru his teeth. He was losing—losing—and the race was almost won. This was his test—his big hour—his naked tryst with fear—and he was losing. Inside of him his very soul convulsed. Austen was beside him, sensing this struggle, no doubt; knowing that his pitiable cowardice might mean their death—splendid, and dauntless, and silent. And from out of the wrenched, sick depths of him a power, a strength supernal came to cast out fear. His white, bluish face relaxed; his helpless fingers tautened their grip—32 leaped forward, at the wheel a man reborn. And the race was won. With a rush and roar of her mighty engine, 32 tore around the last lap and nosed over the line—ahead!

That night Bayard Schuld, Ted, Mr. Martin and Austen were seated in the Martin library, when Barton, the mechanic, was announced. He appeared to be a man of few words—for his mission was speedily accomplished.

“You’re there, Mr. Barham,” he began abruptly, “and I got a conscience. I never play dirt with a sport—and you’re a sport, all right. This guy here”—pointing to Schuld—“paid me to fall down on you. He wanted these folks to think you had a yellow streak. I’m awful sorry, and I’ve come to tell yer so.”

Bayard Schuld did not need Mr. Martin to show him the door. He knew his cue, and he took it.

And back in the library Austen was kneeling by Ted’s chair, her head on his lap. Her eyes were lit with glorious fires of a passionate idealism at length fulfilled, and her lips uttered things that, because of their confessional sacredness, I cannot take from Ted.

(Seventy)

CONSTRUCTION PUZZLE

WE offer five prizes for the best solutions to the following Construction Puzzle, which contains the names of forty-eight photoplayers. Build the names from the pairs of letters, using each pair once only, as, for instance: AN DE RS ON. Address Puzzle Editor, MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., or enclose with other mail sent to same address. Each solution must contain the words "Construction Puzzle" and the name and address of the sender.

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 BR BR BS BU BU CB CD CE
 CK CK CK CL CO CO CO CO
 CO CO CQ DE DE DI DU DU
 EA EH EL EL EL EN ER ER
 ER ER ER ER ER ER ES EW
 EY EY FA FI FI FO FO FU
 GE GG GO GT HO HR IA IE
 IG IN IN IN IR IS JA JO
 KE KE KE LA LA LA LB LE
 LE LI LK LL LL LM LO LO
 LY LY LY MA MA MA MM MO
 MO MO MS NA NB ND NE NG
 NG NL NN NO NO NO NZ OD
 ON ON ON ON ON ON ON ON
 OO OP OR OT OU OW PA PI
 PR RD RD RD RE RE RI RK
 RM RN RO RR RR RR RR RS
 RT RT RT SE SH SL ST ST
 ST ST ST ST TA TT TT TT
 UA EW UP UR WA WA WI WI
 WO WR WT.

NOTE—This puzzle was invented by Henry R. Torr, of 664 Eighteenth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., who wins first prize in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE contest for the best puzzle submitted. The second prize goes to William A. Steinmüller, Jr., 7807 Monocacy Street, Bethlehem, Pa.

Letters to the Editor

(Continued from page 63)

Miss Edith M. Rossiter, 644 East 108th Street, Cleveland, Ohio, is wildly enthusiastic over the work of William Farnum, who, she declares, heads her list of photoplayers:

Please! Please!! Please!!! publish the very best (full face) picture of William Farnum in your gallery, soon, that you can find. I shall bless you forever if you can get a picture of him where he looks smiling and happy and boyish, as he does when he is introduced on the screen. I cannot think of any superlatives strong enough to describe the wonderful magnetism of his personality and his superb acting—indeed, one never thinks of his work as acting, he is so perfectly natural.

Neither you people nor Photoplay have ever given us one page about him—not even a picture! And he is so popular!—at least in Cleveland.

I am a very enthusiastic fan and have a number of favorites; but Billie Farnum heads my list.

(Seventy-one)

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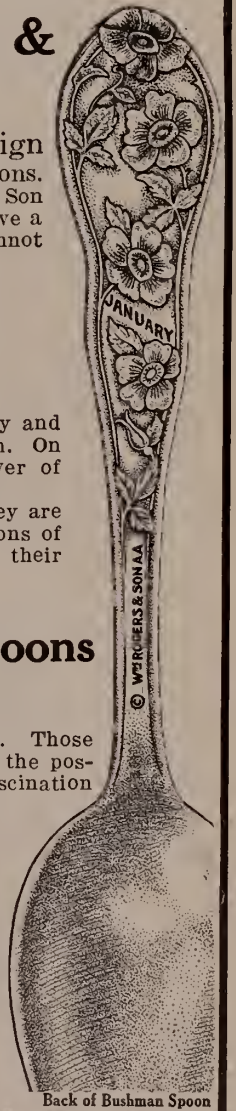
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By DONALD RICHARDSON

TREMENDOUS events often hang on insignificant trifles. "Enterprises of great moment" are stifled in their early stages by infinitesimal objects, and thus, in the words of Hamlet, "lose the name of action." Why emphasize the importance of the little thing? Because it is the infinitesimal cell of the human body which has such a potent influence in shaping the actions and governing the life of the individual, of whom it is a part.

The simple fact that the human body is built up of billions of cells, all resulting from the evolution of one original cell, is in itself interesting, but little more to the average person. The further declaration that health of the body depends upon the condition of each individual cell compels notice.

A GREAT SECRET OF LIFE.

When, however, along comes an individual who combines intimate scientific knowledge of the human cell with the discovery of the means to insure its health and develop unusual potency, who by reason of study, experience and a certain genius, shows us how we can put health and uncommon life into every one of our vast multitude of cells, thus giving the human body its maximum health and power, and do this in a perfectly natural, easy and practical way, then we are all attention.

This is the marvelous secret uncovered in a wonderful little book by Swoboda, a great pioneer on the realm of physiological science. Some day, perhaps, the complete history of "Conscious Evolution" and its discoverer will be recorded, with all its immense significance and far-reaching ramifications. This brief article can only sketch the rough outlines.

AND ITS DISCOVERER.

The story of Alois P. Swoboda is one of the romances of human history. As the discoverer of the origin and nature of the laws governing "conscious energy" and of a scientific system for applying those laws in a manner that has operated successfully on over two hundred thousand cases, Swoboda occupies a peculiar niche in earth's hall of fame. He did not merely write a great book, paint a great picture, invent some useful device, or win some particular battle. His fame is built on a far more substantial foundation. He is the wizard of the human body. He is the apostle of the greater, the successful life. Swoboda not only re-creates men and women; he makes them more powerful, capable, and happy than they were before. He advances them a tremendous way along the line of human development. The man himself—as well as his hosts of enthusiastic clients—is a most convincing example of the effectiveness of his methods.

HIS ACTIVITIES, PHYSICAL AND MENTAL, ARE AN EXAMPLE OF HIS WORK.

Swoboda fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with life and energy. And his mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. He discourses with learned fluency on the sciences of "Conscious Evolution" and physiology, entering with equal ease and facility on any phase of this all-important subject. Start him on this particular specialty—the development of human powers—and he pours out a veritable flood of illuminating exposition. Earnest and vehement, he rises to eloquence as he unfolds in his masterful manner the magnificent possibilities of man under the guidance of "conscious energy." You are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality, a superior product of the Swoboda system of man-building. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed person the best proof of the correctness of his theories and of the success of his "Evolutionary Exercise."

A NEW MEANING FOR THE WORD EXERCISE.

Unfortunately the word "exercise" carries with it visions of running, bag punching, club swinging, dumb-bell lifting, athletic training; in fact, straining of every character and over-taxation of the human system. This will gradually be overcome, says Swoboda, as people learn of the scientific nature of Conscious Evolution and Evolutionary Exercise. Swoboda's book deals with this subject in a manner which at once enlightens and compels conviction.

Mr. Swoboda must not be classed with ordinary physiologists, physicians, athletic instructors or with those whose aim is merely the development of muscle only. Neither his philosophy nor his science is confined to such narrow limits. Swoboda's plan comprehends the complete development of the human being—increase of internal force, more body power, more brain power, mind power, and, in fact, greater capacity in every way. He is primarily interested in those influences which make for a fuller and more potent life. He has revolutionized exercise and the methods of energizing the body and mind.

One cannot remain long in the presence of Swoboda without realizing that he is mentally and physically a superman. He makes you feel that you are only partially well, and vigorous and ambitious, only partially developed, that, in short, you are only half as alive as you must be if you wish to enjoy to the full the benefits of living—that you are leading an inferior life. No one can read his book without becoming conscious of his wonderful power and personality.

Swoboda is a man who is centuries in advance of his time. His discovery of conscious evolution is itself of epochal importance. But its scientific and successful application is more wonderful still.

The feat of Franklin in drawing the electric spark from the clouds was a wonder of the time. Yet it took a hundred years to master the secret of that electric spark and harness the giant force of electricity to the uses of mankind. Swoboda not only discovered the marvelous secret of Conscious Evolution, but applies it to individuals with results that are incalculable. Swoboda might, indeed, be called a specialist for the human race.

A single electric spark is of little importance. But intensify that spark and multiply it a billion-fold, and you have the power, the heat and the dazzling lights of a great city. So with our cells, says Swoboda. Quicken one, and it makes little difference. But energize and intensify them all, and you have a "live-wire" human being, with mental and physical potency plus—the Swoboda kind of body and mind. This is all explained in his new book.

THE HUMAN BODY IS A "WAR MACHINE."

The commander who goes into battle with an incapable army is handicapped at the start. The man who goes into the battle of life with his physiological forces far below par is foredoomed to failure. The great bulk of us are hardly drawing on our tremendous stores of energy and vitality. We are letting our cells grow stale and sluggish. Our human machine should be running in perfect condition in order that we may get the most out of it—before we can enjoy its full powers in complete and rounded fashion. Strengthen the vitality of these cells and you not only make the body more alive but the brain more susceptible to new ideas from without, as well as greatly increase its own power to generate ideas. Many a man is getting a great deal of pleasure out of his mind but nothing out of his body.

Swoboda demonstrates that no matter how old we may be we can make ourselves full-powered dynamos, with every part and wheel and power-belt thoroughly in trim, working smoothly and at maximum capacity—100 per cent. efficient.

More life is the need and will be the salvation of the present generation. The problem has always been how to get it. Eagerly we try each solution offered, swarming like the Athenians after every new thing. And yet the means lie right within us, as Swoboda in his book demonstrates.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GROW "OLD."

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This free book explains the Swoboda System of Conscious Evolution of the human body as it has never been explained before. It startles, educates and enlightens. It tells how the cells came to build the body and how to organize them beyond the point where nature left off, for each one of us. It will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course, the information which it imparts cannot be duplicated elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities through conscious evolution of the cells; it explains Swoboda's discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. It tells of the Dangers of Exercise and the perils of Conscious Deep Breathing. Swoboda's book shows how any one may possess unusual health and vitality.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind and for showing you how you may be able to attain a superior life.

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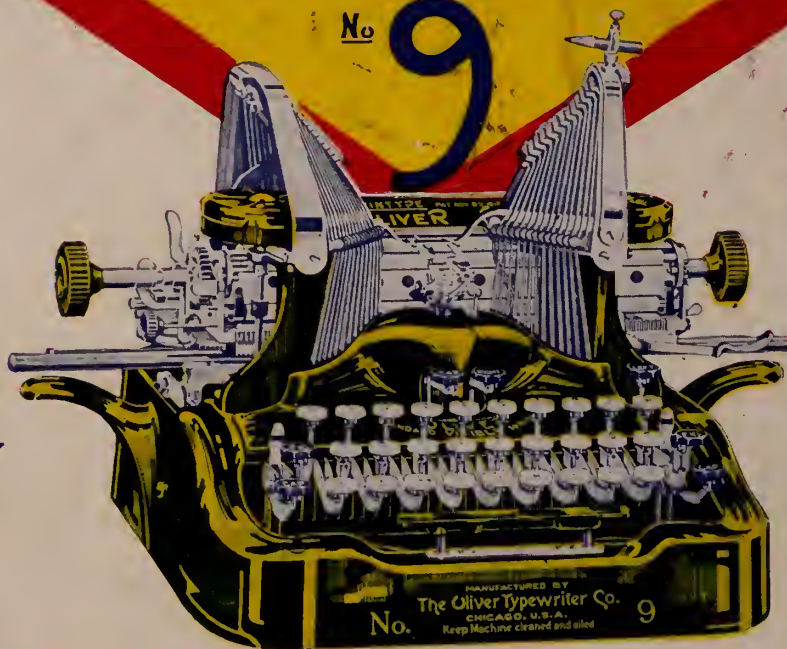
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PATRICKA deFORREST



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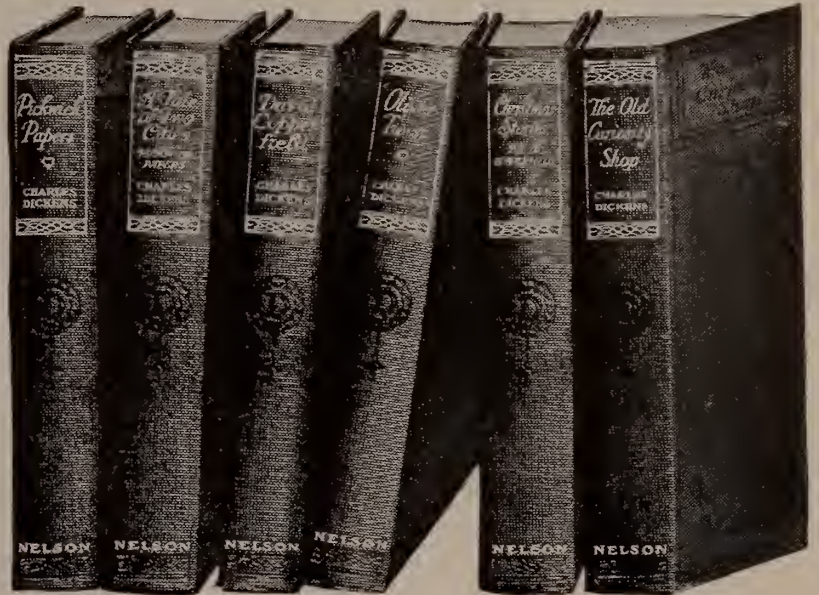
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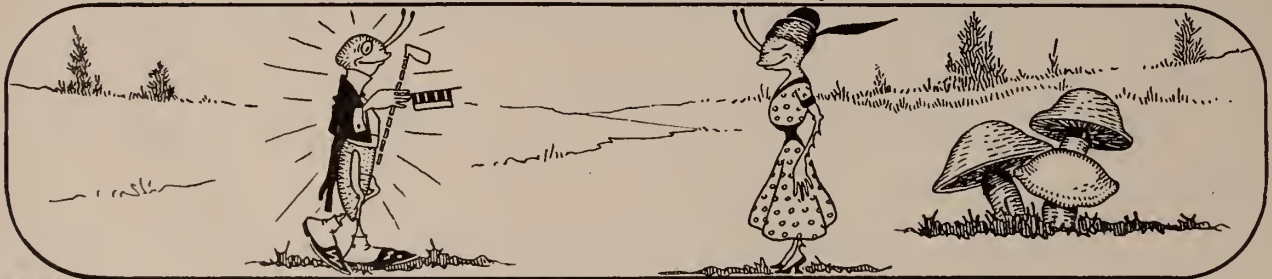
BY WALTER WEINMAN.



No Board of Censors comes around
In fact, no board like that is
found

In Bugville—and their picture shows
Are sometimes vulgar—Goodness knows!

This scene just makes the skeeters
shout,—
It really ought to be cut out.



You've heard of Mr. Firefly—

Well, he's some actor—that's no lie!

They need no artificial light

To take his picture in the night.

Old Humblebugg has made
a hit—

In slapstick comedy, he's 'it'.

They slam him round from
morn till night,

But he is tough, so he's
all right.



MOTION PICTURE Supplement

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playing opposite Billie Reeves, the famous Lubin
comedian.

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STAFF FOR THE SUPPLEMENT:

Eugene V. Brewster, Managing Editor.

Guy L. Harrington, Sales Manager.

Frank Griswold Barry, Advertising Manager.

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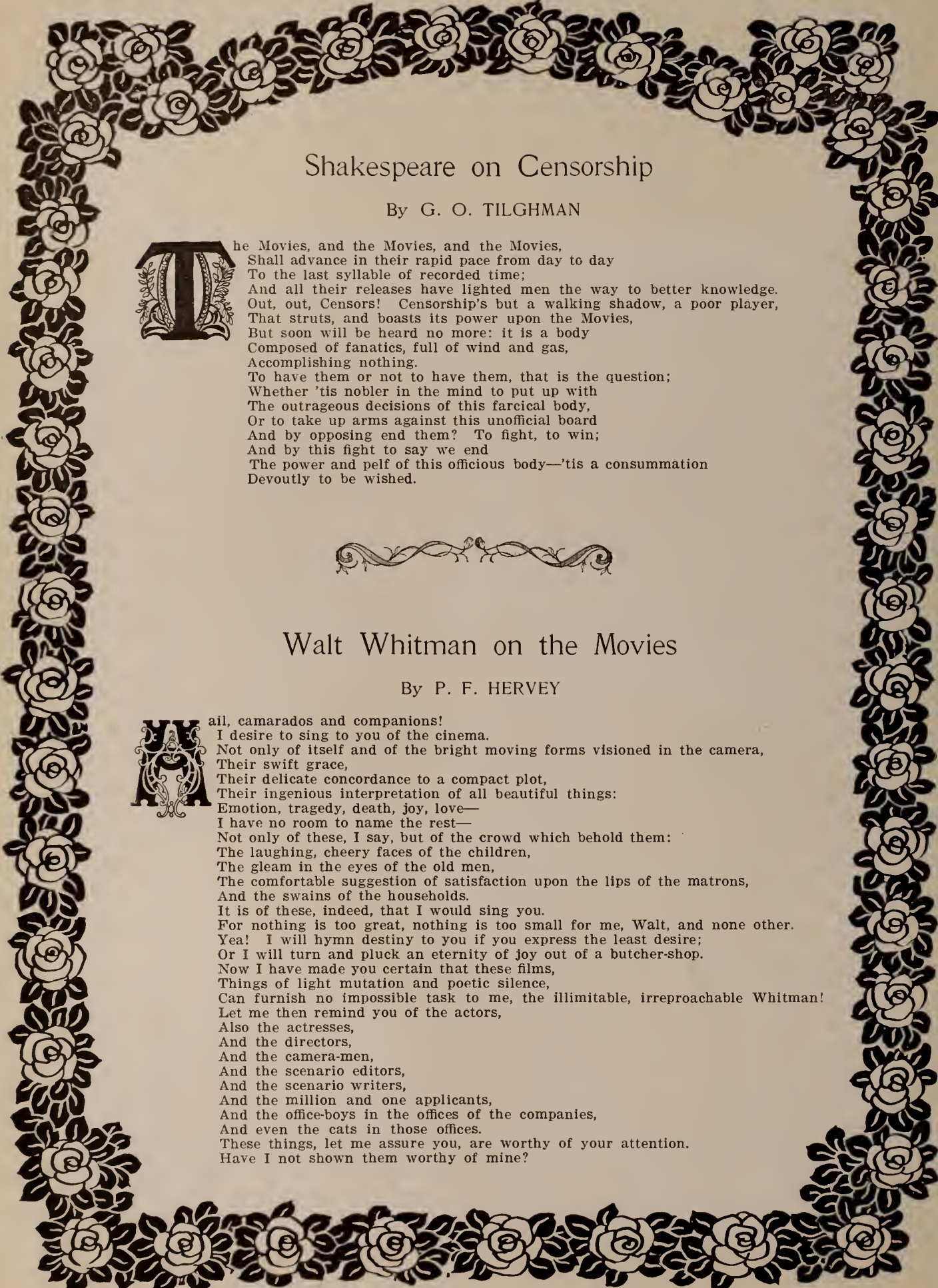
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stories. We use only material that deals with Motion Pictures. We can use special articles that are or can be illustrated, and drawings and
verses, for which we pay on the third of the month following acceptance. We do not pay for verses written in praise of players, nor for letters
to the editor. We return unaccepted contributions only when return postage accompanies the contribution.



Shakespeare on Censorship

By G. O. TILGHMAN

The Movies, and the Movies, and the Movies,
Shall advance in their rapid pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all their releases have lighted men the way to better knowledge.
Out, out, Censors! Censorship's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts, and boasts its power upon the Movies,
But soon will be heard no more: it is a body
Composed of fanatics, full of wind and gas,
Accomplishing nothing.
To have them or not to have them, that is the question;
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to put up with
The outrageous decisions of this farcical body,
Or to take up arms against this unofficial board
And by opposing end them? To fight, to win;
And by this fight to say we end
The power and pelf of this officious body—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished.



Walt Whitman on the Movies

By P. F. HERVEY

Hail, camarados and companions!
I desire to sing to you of the cinema.
Not only of itself and of the bright moving forms visioned in the camera,
Their swift grace,
Their delicate concordance to a compact plot,
Their ingenious interpretation of all beautiful things:
Emotion, tragedy, death, joy, love—
I have no room to name the rest—
Not only of these, I say, but of the crowd which behold them:
The laughing, cheery faces of the children,
The gleam in the eyes of the old men,
The comfortable suggestion of satisfaction upon the lips of the matrons,
And the swains of the households.
It is of these, indeed, that I would sing you.
For nothing is too great, nothing is too small for me, Walt, and none other.
Yea! I will hymn destiny to you if you express the least desire;
Or I will turn and pluck an eternity of joy out of a butcher-shop.
Now I have made you certain that these films,
Things of light mutation and poetic silence,
Can furnish no impossible task to me, the illimitable, irreproachable Whitman!
Let me then remind you of the actors,
Also the actresses,
And the directors,
And the camera-men,
And the scenario editors,
And the scenario writers,
And the million and one applicants,
And the office-boys in the offices of the companies,
And even the cats in those offices.
These things, let me assure you, are worthy of your attention.
Have I not shown them worthy of mine?

*Gallery of Popular
Photo Players*

FRANK
MERRITT

FRANK
MERRITT



DOROTHY DAVENPORT

(Lasky)



FRANKLIN RITCHIE
(Biograph)





CLEO MADISON
(Universal)



CARLYLE BLACKWELL

(Lasky)



GRACE CUNARD
(Universal)





MARY ANDERSON
(Vitagraph)



BETTY NANSEN
(Fox)



BESSIE BARRISCALE
(N. Y. M. P.)





G. M. ANDERSON
(Essanay)



Shorty's Ranch

by
Gladys Hall.
"Broncho"

DANG it all, what a beastly country this Arizona is, don'tcher know!" Sir Cecil Ballymore stretched his limbs, which would have been shapely had they not been

gouty, with perceptible twinges.

"Quite so, me Lord. Ow, *quite* so." James, busy unpacking innovations and covertly slipping on hats, top-coats and waistcoats behind the aristocratic back, replied abstractedly.

Sir Cecil let his monoeled eye survey the arid outlook, and his lips curled in distaste. "Pon me word," he said, irately, "it's like looking on raw meat, or—or a—person—in the nude, eh, James?"

James coughed suddenly and violently. His abstracted countenance went a John Bullish red. "Ow, I should say so, me Lord," he sputtered—"in the—er—nude—certainly—quite so, me Lord!"

Sir Cecil turned, groaned, and confronted James. "You're a blood, James," he said, reprovingly; "'pon



by
Gladys Hall.
"Broncho"



This story was written from the Photoplay of RICHARD V SPENCER and THOS H INCE

me honor, a valet for a blood—bursting in upon a defenseless maiden in the very act—ahem, James—of dressing—"

"I do *hassure* you, me Lord——"
Sir Cecil raised a protesting hand. "Furthermore, James," he continued, "you force this innocent maid to whip out her Colt and all but murder you. Really, it seems to me——"

"I do *hassure* you, me Lord," poor James gasped defensively, "that I

hintruded hupon the young lady in the hinnocence of me 'eart; I only mistook the number, me Lord. I'm a respectable man, Sir Cecil; my references——"

"Yes, yes"—the scion raised his hand again, weary of the bourgeois argument—"the young lady maintained her honor; you maintained your life; but you *wont* maintain your position, James, if I have an applicant here today."

There came a modest tap at the door; then the slow opening, unbidden and, except for the tap, unheralded.

"Who's without?" growled Sir Cecil, while James folded the last neat trousers from Bond Street and prepared to investigate.

"Without what?" came back a mildly surprised query.

"Without the door!" snapped his Lordship.

"Shorty," came back the meek voice.

"D—n it all, James; collar this fellow and bring him in."

There came a quick step over the threshold and "Shorty" appeared.



"I AM A RANCH INSPECTOR. I HEARD YOU WAS LOOKIN' FOR ONE"

"I AM. I HAPPEN TO BE THE UNFORTUNATE OWNER OF A RANCH IN THIS . . . BEASTLY COUNTRY, DONTCHERKNOW"

"I dont wear collars, Mister Ballymore," he protested seriously: "I—I cant afford to——"

"What an—er—extraordinary—person!" Sir Cecil surveyed the newcomer amazedly, and James coughed behind his hand. "Quite so, me Lord," the latter said.

Shorty looked alarmed, which was the first expression that had ruffled the bronzed immobility of his countenance. "Not at all, Mister Ballymore," he said earnestly. "I am a ranch inspector. I heard you was lookin' for one."

"I am." Sir Cecil motioned the fellow to a chair. "I happen," he said dryly, "to be the unfortunate owner of a ranch in this—er—Arizona, and, if you'll pardon my discourtesy, Mister—Shorty, it's a beastly country, dontcherknow—a bally unpleasant spot."

"Sure," sympathized Shorty, unpatriotically.

Sir Cecil managed a smile. James still stared. "I have also a frightful attack of the gont," Sir Cecil continued, indicating one bandaged foot, "brought on, no doubt, by your uncivilized climate."

"It's good for lungers," suggested Shorty, hopefully; "I was a lunger myself once."

"How—er—charming!" ventured Sir Cecil. There came a pause; then

his lordship said, briskly: "I have never seen this ranch, you understand, and, owing to my confounded gout, I shall have to remain here in Tucson for another week or more. I therefore require some one to go out to my ranch, inspect it, and report back to me."

"I'm your man," said Shorty, briskly. "I've inspected some five hundred ranches in my time, Mister Ballymore. I——"

"Really!" Sir Cecil raised his monocle and eyed the Westerner—"how extraordinary!"

"Oh, no," said Shorty, glibly. "I wouldn't say that; I'm just a hard-working chap, and I know my business—and—and——"

"Undoubtedly you are, my good fellow," Sir Cecil declared, "and I would like you to start today. I also would like an *immediate* report, as I do not care to be in this savage land an *hour* more than is necessary. There is Piccadilly, dontcherknow—and Leicester Square——"

"Sure," said Shorty, solemnly.

Sir Cecil roused himself and drew out his wallet. "Here are your expenses, Mister—Shorty," he said, "and I shall expect a full report, sir—'pon me word, a wordy thing."

But under Shorty's rough tan a flush had mounted, his glinty gray eyes flashed, his broad, square shoul-

ders heaved. "I'll report, Mister Ballymore," he said, his hand grasping the fat roll hastily. "Good-day, sir; good-day, Mister—James."

Once on the main street of the town Shorty began to see more clearly. In all his haphazard life he had never encountered such a strike as this. "What's the use of prospectin'," he inquired of himself whimsically, "when fools like this bally lord are rummin' around loose? And yet, snakes! I aint goin' to rob the unweaned babe of anythin'. I'll just have a little fun, that's all. And if fun aint legitimate stuff, then my name aint Shorty—Shorty—gee! it's a hell of a fix only to have one name. It aint euphonious."

After some cogitation and many drinks in Harry's saloon; after flashing a roll that turned the miners and other loungers green with envy, and after turning down some dozen offers to sit in at a game, Shorty decided upon his plan of action. He, Shorty the obscure, would be the lineal Lord of Ballymore. He would that day purchase a wardrobe fitting his rank and betake himself to Ballymore Ranch. Surely, he soothed his conscience, he could oversee things better if the men took him for the owner. He would endear himself to the boys by blowing them to the fat of the land. For this one week at least he

would live. He would get out of this rotten deal the ace-cards he had never had before. When one is born sans the surely reasonable expectation of a name, one is entitled to champagne, good eats and some smoking for a week. After that, no doubt, it would be the trail again, and the chance, and the game. But never again would he expect to find an English lord with gout; a fathead, and the Bank of England spilling from his pockets. The gods were fiends indeed if they sent such luck a man's way and expected him to turn up his nose.

"And me a prospector, too," scoffed Shorty.

Two days later, Camela Johnson was swinging on the Ballymore Ranch piazza when she was confronted by an apparition the like of which she had never before beheld—a short, square figure, done up in a short, plaid coat, short trousers rimmed with unthinkable white wearables, one leg swathed in bandages, and, on top, a somehow likable face and a cocky hat with a feather. Dangling from his ear by a broad ribbon was a monocle, which he now raised the better to view Camela.

"Well—really!" ejaculated Camela Johnson.

"Quite so!" responded the apparition, an odd mixture of cockney and pure Western in his voice—"ow-w, quite so!"

"And who are you?"

The incongruous figure drew itself erect and glowered at the evidently amused girl. "I am Lord Ballymore, my fine girl," he said with dignity; "my valet waits in the pasture with my luggage. Are my chambers ready?"

Camela was a simple soul and credulous. Outside the unpretentious cowboys and ranch-hands of Ballymore Ranch, the world and its people were fictional. For all she knew, the great English aristocracy were thus eccentrically appareled, and he *did* have nice eyes, she thought sentimentally.

Shorty, who had been appreciating the girl's prairie loveliness, was suddenly in no hurry for either his valet or his chambers. He drew a chair to the hammock, on which the girl was still indeterminately sitting, and lit a cigar.

"Bally hard place to spend money in—America," he said grandiosely. "Why, the boys in the saloon at Tucson were near floored because I lit my—er—weed with a—a tenner. Hinted that I might buy my valet some teeth—he—he hasn't any, you see; but I—"

"No teeth!" exclaimed the girl—"why, how terrible!"

"Yes, d—n it," the "lord" shook his head, "but I—er—that's somehow his mother's fault, Miss—er—"

"Call me Camela," the girl said easily—"every one does."

Shorty beamed. "Ow—che-armed, my dear," he chuckled. "I—do you know you'd grace an—an English country-seat—very well—er—charmingly."

"Oh, now! how do you know, Lord Ballymore?"

"'Pon me honor! by comparison, my dear—comparison with the blue blood of England, dontcherknow?"



SHORTY COUNTS OVER HIS EXPENSE MONEY AND DECIDES TO BECOME AN ENGLISH LORD HIMSELF

The—er—the daughters of the aristocracy."

"Are—are they very beautiful, your Lordship?" Camela recalled vaguely described and wholly unbelievable beauties in the occasional Sunday paper that drifted out to Tucson, and she thrilled at the thought of first-hand information from a real nobleman.

Shorty looked bored and swung his cane, with a thoughtful protrusion of his lower lip. "Ow, rather beefy, dontcherknow," he criticized; "rather beefy for my liking."

"Beefy! Why, how do you mean?"

"Why—er—like beef," declared Shorty, lamely. "I—I've never trotted with them much. They—they bore me."

"Oh!" Camela regarded with awe a man so satiate that he could be bored by England's fairest flowering. The daughters of belted earls, and yet he preferred to sit and talk with a simple ranchman's simpler daughter!

"You suit me better, dontcherknow," said Shorty.

"Oh, now, Lord Ballymore—wait till I call dad."

Shorty set his teeth. He knew his West—where jokes are either light as harlequin, or grim as a noose on the nearest tree. Not for nothing was Shorty a troubadour, a knight of the road, a gypsy heart. All games he had played for all stakes, and often the merriest frolic held the most treacherous current. He wondered what manner of man the girl's father might be. He sensed at once that he was the superintendent of Ballymore Ranch.

Here's where I play my last trick, he reflected, and lose or win. Here's where I feed my honorable veins with champagne and high living, or take to the trail again. "Ah, Mister Johnson?"

"Yes, my Lord. Welcome to Ballymore Ranch."

Camela Johnson was her father's daughter. If he was amazed and a bit taken aback at Sir Cecil's fantastic attire, no whit of incredulity touched him. In the East one might suspect masquerade; but in the West—well, a man is a man, and his name is the name he gives you.

After that things went easily for the spurious Lord of Ballymore Ranch. Johnson's word was law, and the various cowboys and ranch-hands accepted their lord and master with outward respect and inward facetiousness.

The valet was not so easy to swallow. Toothless, perceptibly shrunken within his clothes, palpably awkward at all tasks pertaining and appertaining to a valet, he remained a mystery to the end. And he must remain a mystery to us all, unless Shorty cares to divulge in what backwater of a mining-town he secured his services.

After a few days of Sir Cecil's visit of inspection, the cowboys grew enthusiastic. The great peer sent to Tucson City for champagne, the most costly cigars the place afforded, and all the delicacies that he had seen, read of or heard of in the course of his more or less checkered career. If it seemed obvious that Sir Cecil was in something of a famished state of being, none of the cowboys saw fit to allude to it.



THE GREAT PEER SENT FOR CHAMPAGNE AND THE MOST COSTLY CIGARS AND DELICACIES FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS RANCH-HANDS—AND HIMSELF

Mornings saw Shorty dutifully hobbling about the ranch, peering vacantly at the cattle, the alfalfa fields, the barns and outhouses—talking largely and vacantly with many dontcherknows and exaggerated broad a's. Afternoons saw him ensconced in the main room of the ranchhouse, surrounded by the cowboys, all but deluged with champagne. Generally, he was making miserable the life of his terrified valet, by forcing champagne upon him as one forces a bottle upon a reluctant child.

In the meantime, Johnson, in despair at the chaotic state the pseudo-owner had got the boys into, was having a sorry time with rustlers. No matter how vigilant his watch, some promising broncho, a few sheep, or one of his best cows would be gone in the morning. Ballymore seemed soddenly indifferent to his consistent losses, but Johnson was not. And neither was pretty, somewhat infatuated Camela.

It was she who brought Shorty to some dim realization of his responsibility, real and assumed. With characteristic energy, he straightway assisted Johnson and the half-inebriated boys in the building of a fence across the road, skirting the front of the

ranchhouse, which was the only way, they decided, the rustlers could rustle the cattle out and escape the inhabitants of the bunkhouse.

From Prairie Dog Siding to Canyon Creek a howl of protest went up. The country was white with alkali dust, with the sharp snap of bullets going wild, with defiant oaths and much horse-play. The road was public, the ranchmen protested, as they rode to Ballymore Ranch in a body to protest with Johnson. "The road is public, and the fence must go."

"The road is public," conceded Johnson, flashing-eyed Camela on one side of him and monoceled Shorty on the other, "but the ranch is *private*, and until the rustlers cease operations the fence must *stay*."

That night the fence was torn down, and on its neatly heaped remains was a scrawled warning signed by Evans, the ringleader:

We dont want gun-play, Johnson, but the fence has *got to go*. That's straight—as the trail to Mesquite Hill—and if it aint down tonight thar'll be hell to pay.

Johnson, Camela and his nibs read it together, and it was his nibs who stoutly declared that they should rebuild at once.

Camela's dark eyes flashed with admiration, and, curiously enough, Shorty looked away.

Together they had sat on the ranch piazza in the evening, watching the yellow moon ride high and effulgent over the suddenly mysterious prairie land; together they had smelled the commingled scent of the starry prairie flowers and heard the wailing of the coyotes. And who knows whether, in Shorty's breast, there rose the lone desire to be true—true to himself, true to this land that is so nakedly true itself, true to the fragrant, imperious girl? But back of him stretched some thirty vagrant years, and back of that a vagrant heritage. In his blood was the fire of the gambler who plays with the chips of days and nights and whose stake is life; and in his heart—the wanderlust.

Oh, but it is good to be
Foot-loose and heart-free!

When the sun rose on Ballymore Ranch the following morning the fence was rebuilt, re-enforced and defiant. Camela was watching for developments from the piazza. Shorty was imbibing the last of the champagne within doors, and Johnson was placidly at work in the alfalfa fields.

That the ranchmen meant business, and that business meant hell, not one of them doubted.

And at high noon hell broke loose. White clouds of alkali dust were seen afar down the road, dotted by an occasional upflung sombrero or the rapid fire of wild gun-play. Then the foaming-mouthed bronehos surrounded the ranchhouse and the fun began. Johnson and his men were on the immediate defensive, and leading the crowd was Shorty, Camela's bandana tied to his ornate, silken sleeve.

Thru the still agitated dust, under the scorching Arizona sun and into the rain of indiscriminate bullets, there trundled a wheelbarrow. It was wheeled by a cockney personage with an impassive countenance, and it contained the gouty limbs and most of the frame of the rightful Lord of Ballymore. His lips were moving, and as James, blanched of lips, leaned near to catch the august voice, he heard:

"'Pon me word, how *extraordinary!*"

"Ow, yes, me Lord," groaned James—"certainly."

The wheelbarrow neared the firing-line, and Sir Cecil raised one alabaster hand, on which the ringed crest of the house of Ballymore shone brilliantly. "Stop!" he commanded, "in the king's name!"

A shout went up from both sides as hostilities ceased, and the newcomer was inspected. Correctly cravated, spatted, monocled and manieured, Sir Cecil made a picture worthy our best cartoonists.

"He's escaped from the bug emporium," ventured Shorty. But Camela, watching, saw him go a sickly green.

Papers soon proved the identity of the now irate Britisher, and some plain language was spoken that the Westerners understood. Shorty was promptly and unceremoniously hauled to the bunkhouse and bolted, and the men gathered about Sir Cecil to decide upon the proper punishment.

The neighboring ranchmen were sent off with an invitation to return that evening and some compromise would be effected.

It was finally decided that Shorty should be imprisoned in one of the outhouses on bread and water for three days, and, that decided, Sir Cecil turned to James languidly: "My chambers, James," he said; "this is such a beastly country, dont-cherknow!"



SHORTY HIT THE TRAIL—THE LONGEST, STRAIGHTEST TRAIL FOR PASTURES NEW AND PATHS UNTROD

Outside—for even comedy may be an inverted bowl, and a comedian a tragedian under the motley—Camela was speeding to the bunkhouse. And as she ran she was saying, in a catchy, breathless little way: "He bought them—champagne—he used *all* his—money—and—they—" Then she opened the door for him, and, with one swift kiss, he ran into the desert dark.

Camela crouched by the bunkhouse door, watching him go. The West had given her many things, she reflected, with vision newly clear, but never before the love of a man. And such a man—such a love! A mere masquerader! A poseur who had, with a fool's light laughter, pulled the wool over her blinded eyes. Why, he had not even talked with sincerity, and all the while she had been drinking in his words hungrily—first, because she thought him a lord and was thrilled by his greatness; then, alas, simply because he was a *man*.

And she loved him enough to let him go, because she saw, with her new eyes, that he could never stay—that he was of those to whom life is a game to be played—that ever and always he must make new moves, dare new risks, take new chances. In such a heart, she knew, there was no place for a woman's love, save only when it could refine itself into sacrificial gold. And yet those nights they had watched the desert together there had been something in his eyes that was not wholly play. Something sweet, she had thought, and grave and very sad. Something that reminded her of a child groping for something that it will never find.

"He wasn't all a joke," she whispered to herself for consolation. "Way down in him there was something that was real, and I think what there was of it was *mine*. Of course he'll never come back again. Unless he could come a different way I wouldn't want him to. Where did I read something once about a 'Beloved Fool'? Oh, Shorty—Shorty!" And so she sat there, tense, crouched, living her first woman's sorrow as women must at all times live it—alone.

Shorty hit the trail—the longest, straightest trail for pastures new and paths untrod. And as he walked he hummed, with funny, twisted lips:

Yea, but it is good to be
Foot-loose and heart-free!



PHOTOPLAYER WOCHY

By L. N. COLLIER

'Twas Williams and the Kerrigan
Did Cruze and Clayton in the Shay;
All Wilson was the Pauline Bush,
The sky was Betty Gray.

"Beware the CourtenayFoote, my son,
The AliceJoyce, the GertMcCoy,
The EarleMetcalf, the Richardson;
Beware them all, my boy."

(Seventeen)

He took his Briscoe sword in hand,
Long time the Wilbur foe he sought;
Then Ostriched he the Sterling band
And Baggoted in thought.

And as in Pickford thought he stood,
The CourtenayFoote, with eyes aflame,
Blackwelled out of the BillGarwood
And Traversed as it came

Oh, ArtJohnson and Morrison!
His Briscoe sword went snickersnack;
He left it dead and with its head
He Henry Walthalled back.

And hast thou slain the CourtenayFoote?
It is quite Bayne, my Boardman boy.
"Pearl White! Lill Gish! Honk! toot-toot!"
He Gordoned in his joy.

It's a Long, Long Way to Filmland!

By WILLIAM LORD WRIGHT

"Dear Edith Storey," writes Maude Jones. "Come be my benefactress; Wont you tell me how I can be A Motion Picture actress?"

IT'S a long, long way to Filmland from Walnut Hills or Pleasant Grove! Miss Edith Storey, the charming actress for the Vitagraph Company; Miss Kathlyn Williams, of the Selig Company; Miss Mary Pickford, of the Famous Players, and half a hundred others of the Motion Picture stars, daily receive countless epistles, including photographs, letters, postcards and perfumed notes,

from stage-struck—no, screen-struck maidens of the susceptible kind:

DEAR MISS STOREY—I have admired your acting so much. I feel that I have talent. I am working in the Cobain grocery as cashier. The work does not appeal to me. I see you whenever you appear in the Motion Pictures. I am willing to come to you and work for my board until the time comes when I achieve the success that will be certain to come. All I ask is that I be permitted to work in your company.

The above is a fair sample of the missives received from Miss Hortense

Bourion, of Pleasant Grove, or Celestia Wilcox, of Bellecenter. Enamored with the romantic atmosphere of the screen-play, the love story unfolded, these damsels—and swains, too, for that matter—are ready and willing to relinquish the formerly pleasing clerkship to immediately become Motion Picture stars!

"So many aspiring young girls write to me and ask me how to become actresses in Motion Pictures," said a popular Vitagraph actress when discussing the letters which daily
(Continued on page 69)



EDITH STOREY, OF THE VITAGRAPH PLAYERS, IN HER TOURING CAR



Oil and Water

By
Henry Albert
Phissips

B I O G R A P H

P

OUR them into the same vessel and stir them about with a brisk movement, and you might think, for a moment, that they had become well mixed. But just let them stay thus for a while, seemingly wrapped up in the essential natures of each other. Let each become permeated with a sudden chill, and they will repel each other. No, it does not lie in the natures of the two—that oil and water should mix! Once the necessity—or accident—that brought them together is passed over, each seeks its elements again. Oil seeks and retains its upper stratum with a serene dignity; water becomes fixed there upon the bottom of things, destined by some inscrutable law of nature ever to feel the weight of its fellow irrevocably above it.

Ralph Hastings was oil—pure and rich. He emanated from the finest sources that thru generations of wealth and careful blending had produced a strain of super-refinement. He was quoted at top figure on the market of desirable commodities. As a constant source of virtues that any brand could scarcely excel, Ralph had a mother the essence of whose life he

became more and more as he continued to remain, uncontaminated and clinging, at her side. Mrs. Hastings was unctuous and serene and ever jealous of the fine qualities of the parental strain that she had poured into the blue veins of her son.

Mlle. Leonora Genova was water—volatile and sparkling. There were numerous unnamable impurities lurking in the proximity of the springs from which she had taken her origin. To the casual observer who imbibed of her charming personality there was nothing more deleterious than a constant procession of bubbles that sprang to the surface, imparting a delightful tang to the beverage. But a chemical analysis—such as the admixture of marriage, let us say, or the application of the hermetical seal of the home—would disclose a deposit of hereditary sediment with a dangerous tendency toward temperamental explosion under a rising temperature—especially when oppressed in the same retort with a fine quality of oil.

Ralph Hastings had ever been of a

studious bent that naturally abhorred all but the heaviest dramas. To attend a performance such as "The Dance of the Fleeting Hours," which was the rage of the hour, was unthinkable. Mlle. Genova, the remarkable danseuse, and her troupe might have continued their course of gayety, and he might have gone on his way serenely achieving new successes in the world of scientific research, had not fate thrust itself into a crevice of their lives and pried them both wide open to the distortions of tragedy.

It is usually such a minute and unexpected incident that ushers in the momentous events of our lives. Ralph's old room-mate at college, Mark Jennings, wired that he was running up to town to spend a day or two. Ralph was annoyed. He was right in the midst of a vexing problem. Before he had time to recover his equilibrium, however, Mark blew in like a sea-breeze and carried all thoughts out of the young scientist's head.

Mark's most serious occupation—he made no effort to conceal—was the pursuit of pleasure. He had come up to town—he confided—among other things, to visit him, Ralph, but primarily to make the acquaintance of a certain—here he winked broadly—little peach of a dancer. Of course



THEY MET AMID THE GARISH
SURROUNDINGS OF THE
TARNISHED SIDE OF
THE THEATER

Ralph would go with him to he show—he could do as he liked afterward, meet her or not. Mark had the entrée to the wings and an assurance that she would take dinner with him. Probably they could get another—another broad wink—little peach to come along.

Ralph was shocked. This sort of thing did not appeal to him. As the polite host of Mark, he was reluctant in voicing his protest, which he saw the young pleasure-hunter would not easily understand. In that moment of indecision the genial breeziness of his companion completely swept opposition from his mind. He closed up shop and they went out, arm-in-arm.

Both of the young men became absorbed from the first moment the curtain rose—Ralph in the performance, and Mark in the performers.

"A perfect orchard of peaches!" Mark whispered, with agitation.

"Why, it's the most intellectual performance I've seen in an age!" Ralph murmured, in rapt contemplation.

Ralph had feared an inane performance of brazen hussies in abbreviated costumes, vitiating the laws of harmony with syncopated utterances in rasping tones, that the program honored with the title of "high-class ragtime songs and music." But here was a great *idea* being delightfully interpreted and symbolized thru the medium of the dance! Ralph had not thought such a thing possible. Art was the fair sister of Science, at whose shrine he worshiped.

First the audience saw Grece in its youth. Venus, the Goddess of Love, ushers Youth into Earth's enticing premises. And this Venus was as lovely as the poet's dream of her. Suddenly Jupiter descends among the peaceful mortals, bearing aloft an alluring cornucopia filled with the roses of Happiness. Stirred by world-old desires, the mortals dance madly in pursuit of the Unattainable. Unseen by them, the sands of Time run on in the hour-glass that Venus tries in vain to thrust away from her. At length, Time himself, the Silent Reaper, shadows their mirth and revelry and passionate excesses. But the endless chase in quest of the phantom Happiness goes on and on, until Time begins to swing his scythe in broad winnows. The revelers pale, then miraculously become seared and gray. Venus pleads in vain, and the Youth of yesterday fades like flowers where they had bloomed in riot not long before. Venus, still supernaturally beautiful, winds in and out among the ashes of Youth like a luxuriant flower rising from the graves of the newly dead. The curtain falls, with her image standing out in rare contrast.

"Some peach of a show!" exclaimed the enraptured Mark, as they rose to join the murmuring audience.

"By Jove!" was Ralph's single, thoughtful comment.

All barriers were leveled by the artistic appeal. Ralph looked forward with pleasure to meeting the rare little artiste who had dominated the remarkable performance. They

met amid the garish surroundings of the rubbish and tarnished side of the theater. In the touch of the hand, the serious gaze and the restraint of manner, each saw another world of personality that suddenly attracted with a force greater than the steel bars of convention that had hitherto held them apart. Neither attempted to analyze this subtle influence that had thrust aside all things.

The three went to the restaurant in a closed carriage. A wild, passionate desire had grown up within the calm exterior of Ralph that burst into flame as his hand accidentally fell upon that of the danseuse. Without an instant's hesitation he grasped the little hand within his own in a manner that cried louder than thunder to their two hearts. He felt her fingers close gently about his own and knew that the tide within him was surging thru her veins.

Mark had ordered a private alcove where they might dine undisturbed. He left Ralph and the girl while he attended personally to the order for a sumptuous repast. The two looked at each other with a half-frightened air when they found themselves alone. Then Ralph seized her hand, and the next moment she was in his arms and their fate was sealed.

With that indomitable passion of opposites who attract each other, Ralph did not pause in his mad wooing until he had made Leonora, the dancing-girl, his wife. The girl was changed—there was no doubt about

DAY BY DAY SAW THE MASK
OF THE PART SHE HAD
BEEN PLAYING SLIP
OFF OF HER



it. She was infatuated, too, yet something infinitely more. It would seem that she had forsaken Pleasure and found Happiness. Her professional life and its sordid aspects became abhorrent to her and she gave up the full measure of her art in the adoration of the man of another world who had descended, like Jupiter, and was carrying her away to his heaven about which she had hitherto only dreamed.

Ralph's adoring mother was not a party to this experiment, as she would persist in calling it. She had always been a profound student in the chemistry of character, and she knew that in oil there may be some water, but water contained no oil. But Ralph's mother was not stony-hearted, and when she saw her idolized child, who had been nurtured that he might attract only the best of his own element, bring home a little creature of another planet, the mother-pity predominated, and she took the waif of society to her bosom and let her weep out the tragic happiness in her little heart.

For a time it seemed likely that Leonora was going to rise above the traditions of society. With the quick intuition of a born actress, she slipped into the new part in life she had essayed, and played it with such earnestness and realism that few could detect that she was not to the manner born.

A year passed, and the gray shadows of habit and the commonplace descended upon the married life of the Ralph Hastings. Ralph in particular had been drawn into the vortex of his scientific inclinations, which gradually came to claim the better

share of his time, attention and emotions. Even his mother, who for a year had been on guard continually, did not catch the full significance of the breach that Ralph was effecting thru his unnoticed neglect. Neither guessed the battle between loyalty and rebellion that was being waged in the breast of the little wife. The first great thing that had transcended the greatness of her married life always comforted her and saved her from the catastrophe that threatened.

The climax came with the coming of Baby. All the pain and struggle of her miscast part in this life among aliens was wiped out in a powerful sweep of the hand of fate that left a soft blur of happiness. Alone among them, she felt that the child was hers and of her.

What would seem to have mended the breach and saved the home from the wreck of a chemical explosion now took on the form of a new menace. The little girl of the boards whom they had taken into their home under a cloud of passion was now entirely displaced by this little bundle of flesh, in whose veins oil, and not water, coursed. Grandmother and father slipped unconsciously from the mother to her child, while the mother sought the comfort from her babe that had withered in the hearts of both her husband and his mother.

As another year rolled, like a log, upon the little prisoner of caste, she began to chafe under the weight that would never grow less. It was not until a third year was crushing her spirit to powder that Leonora discovered something that hastened the inevitable. She learnt that the child was

not her child, but *his*. They had known all along that she was a little aristocrat. They had rejoiced in it, in a sort of racial triumph over the poor little piece of clay that had given birth to the child.

Leonora felt the drift and now saw clearly outlined the heavy mass of the element with which they had vainly tried to mix her. It weakened her efforts to regain the footing that she had once held out of sheer pity. Day by day saw the mask of the part she had been playing slip off her. She shrank away from them in their happiness. She peered in upon their quiet, domestic-circle evenings and took her seat apart. In the mornings she sat hours, with the child near her, trying to plan some future that must include them both. Nights, she scarcely slept, trying to solve the terrible problem that would amalgamate the drifting hopes without and the gnawing desire within.

And all the while Ralph was sticking closer and closer to his mistress, Science. In vain Leonora besought him to take her out of it all for a breath of the life that was Life to her. In vain she tried to wedge herself between her child and his heart. She still loved him, and he paid her those attentions that were like blows in their manifest kindness and pity.

Even their aristocratic *noblesse oblige* would have been in danger had it suffered the assaults that her little character had withstood for nearly four years. Now, with the bonds that held her back torn to shreds, she began at last to peep out toward the beckoning world that was—the world that she now came to think he had

stolen from her. Suddenly the dregs began to show at the bottom of the cup she had drunk. She felt it all slipping and sought out her husband in sheer desperation.

Ralph was reading a heavy tome in his library, when she rushed in and



SHE WAS VENUS ONCE AGAIN

seized him as tho he were the last straw. She besought him to caress her, to shower affection on her, to kiss her, to take her in his arms. In his calm, unctuous way, he looked up, amazed. He frankly thought her crazy. She persisted just once again, and he turned upon her. Now he was the aristocrat and she the canaille—he the oil and she the water—and they both knew it. And for the first time she played her part and forsook his.

All the pent-up misery of that four years' bondage burned itself out in the few minutes that followed. She snatched the book from his hands and tore the pages from it and stamped on them. She told him what he was and what she was; that he had robbed her of her life and liberty and stolen her child; that he was a thief; that his mother was a thief; and that she hated them all from the bottom of her heart.

Ralph Hastings sat alone in his library for hours after she had left him, trying to put some reason into the nonsense the little dancing-girl—for she was nothing more—had abused him with. It was a dismal affair, to be sure, but scarcely cause for such a scene. He had always hated scenes and the sort of people—common people—who were responsible for them. He had been willing

to live by his bad bargain; why hadn't she? He had given her everything!

And, in the meantime, the little child had sensed something terrible in the charged atmosphere. She had seen her mother depart after kissing her passionately. Then she had run away from it all just as her poor, dear mamma had. There was no one about in the depressed household to stop her.

It must have been hours later that the devoted mother and son missed the child. Their first thought was that Leonora had stolen it, and their ire was equivalent to any swift retaliation within the law. The city was alarmed and a large reward offered.

But Providence had intervened in a final effort to frustrate a law of chemistry and specific gravity. The mother, bent on mad, wild pleasure that stings, that besmirches, that submerges, had sought and found boon companions. There were promise and danger in her mien

that old acquaintances had never seen before and that easily found gentlemen friends snatched at and bid high for. They were on their way to revelry. She was Venus once again, and these, the Youth of Greece, with Jupiter in their midst, she would follow till Master Time cut them down!

But Providence led them by the spot where a little tot crouched fearfully behind a billboard—the same Providence that was trying to mix oil and water. When she saw her child, the sin seeped out of her and she clasped it to her breast. Temptation was past, but the future was more bitter without it.

Several of her companions accompanied her back to the house where she had been imprisoned for four years, and she herself placed the child of her flesh within the arms of them who never could be, or desire to be, her flesh. A great bolt hovered over the destinies of all of them at that moment. She waited for, and wanted, the man who had taken the best of her love. But he had turned to stone.

"My ways are not your ways," he said, in that cold manner of his kind.

Thus the bolt descended on her and turned all that had been suffered for years to ashes.

Leonora went out with her companions, but not to revel. Revelry was to be her profession, but not her pastime. Like Youth in the memorable Dance of the Fleeting Hours, she faded. And, when she sought her former occupation, they bade her look into the mirror when she got home. So the incomparable Mlle. Genova slid down the ladder of fame to its lowest rung. Here, in a music hall, she beguiled the hours of a beery audience with dances that were an insult to intelligence and a sop to passion. She began at three in the afternoon and ended at three in the morning. Her rouged lips smiled and beguiled, but her heart was like a broken string and her soul was steeped in tears. These rough, and often vicious, people could understand her. Her voice, her laugh, her words, yes, even her thoughts, were attuned to their ears. But there was something in her that was different from them—a child's heart, perhaps. The audience was before her, but thru the haze of smoke she saw a cozy, luxurious room with three



LEONORA RETURNS TO SEE HER CHILD

persons around a fireplace: a man was holding a child fondly to him; an elderly lady gazed in rapture at them both.

But they were oil, and she was water.

What happened on the Barbuda

By Edwin M. La Roche



This story was written from the Photoplay of WILLIS C. PRATT

IT was ten o'clock, and the pier-head lights cast spots of uncertain light and deep shadows along the *Barbuda's* side. Four hours ago the raucous rattle of winches and the clamor and shake of derricks told the tale of a tramp freighter in the throes of filling her hold. At six the last bales were swung aboard, the hatchways were covered and the stevedore's crew clambered down to the pier. The *Barbuda* was ready to sail.

Then things began to happen. At seven o'clock the second mate hurried aft and reported to Captain Dent the loss of ten of the crew. The cook had seen them slipping over the side and winked at what he guessed was a parting drink in a West Street saloon.

As the captain stood swearing under his breath, a taxi dodged its way among the trucks at the pier gates, and the occupants climbed out and hurried for the *Barbuda's* gang-plank.

"Captain Dent, my daughter Ruth, who is making the trip with me. A touch of salt will do her good, I think."

The Captain shook hands with the

graceful, somewhat pale girl, and his mind reverted to his troubles.

"Ten of the crew have deserted," he said; "I'm short-handed as it is."

Doctor Disbrow's looks became suddenly troubled. "Will we lose time?" he asked. "It's a life-and-death matter with me."

"It means the loss of a day for me," growled the Captain; "an all-night hunt in the saloons and two thousand dollars demurrage—that's all!"

"It's too bad," agreed the doctor, with his mind on his own troubles. "I figured on saving three days before the Porto Rico liner sailed. The doctor at Ponce has been keeping the cables hot. His patient is a big planter with a bad heart, and every hour counts."

"Ah! here comes Hardy," said the Captain, with a look of relief. "He'll show you your quarters and give you the run of the ship while I slip ashore."

The first mate was a very much astonished young man and quite overcome with embarrassment when he found out that the *Barbuda* was going to carry Doctor Disbrow, the celebrated heart specialist, and his daughter as passengers. His hand trembled under the slight pressure of hers as he recalled seeing her picture in the society columns, beautifully togged at horse-shows and lawn fêtes.

Then he remembered that all his stunning pongee suits were in Ponce and that his wardrobe was bared down to one pair of cotton ducks and a dingy Panama hat. A wild inspiration seized him to excuse himself and dash ashore in search of a downtown outfitter, but the girl was talking "ship" at a twenty-knot clip, and he dared not leave her.

Doctor Disbrow went below and left them, and Captain Dent hurried down the gang-plank.

There was a full moon overhead; the pier was as quiet as mid-ocean, and Hardy was left entirely alone with the dazzling girl. Strange to say, lacking the appraising eyes of her father and the presence of his superior officer, Hardy began to recover his mental equilibrium, and, seeing lights in the wireless house, he suggested a voyage of discovery.

They entered a strongly built little deckroom that fairly glittered with glossy white neatness. On the starboard side was a long operating-table containing the compact sending instruments, and on wall-shelving were a set of metal boxes that looked like ornamental gas-meters.

The operator was bent over a telegraph key, and from beneath his fingers a noise like the buzzing of angry bees filled the room.

"He's testing the detectors," explained Hardy.

The buzzing came to a sudden stop, and Hardy seated himself at the sending-key.

"Click-clickety-click-click." It was just the same as an operator's touch in a telegraph office.

"We're not connected up," he explained; "but that little question mark has a range of over one thousand miles."

The girl's eyes fairly dilated with excitement.

"Just to think!" she cried. "The wonder and mystery of it all! A mother's dying wish; a lover's call; the news of a great battle; the cry of drowning men—all whispered across the sea from that little thing."

"It is wonderful," said Hardy, catching her enthusiasm. "Would you like to learn how it works?"

Ruth nodded, and, with Hardy as her mentor, the hours flew by as they delved into the mysteries of contacts,

they're as ugly a lot of mugs as you ever laid eyes on—but men we *must* have!"

The first mate's senses gradually adjusted themselves to stern realities. "There's no luck in this sort of thing," he said pessimistically; "it's generally a case of bawling them out all day long and following them around with a rope-end."

"It's rotten fish," agreed the Captain, "but, then, the *Barbuda's* just got to get off with this tide, and we can't go undermanned."

Hardy glanced up at the funnels. A thin stream of smoke was issuing

for all she cares. The call of the wireless—the thing that holds death at bay—has taken a hold on her."

Hardy was up at daybreak and scrubbed and scoured himself into a rosy condition for breakfast, but Ruth Disbrow did not put in an appearance. With the fever for neatness upon him, he sauntered on deck and set the watch to work polishing up the *Barbuda's* sea-slipped brass.

For the first time Hardy set eyes upon the Captain's new hands, and his hopes did not rise as he looked them over.

"There's trouble ahead," he surmised. "If these skates don't cut out in Ponce I don't know my men."

The *Barbuda* was hull down to the South Jersey beach resorts when Ruth came on deck. Hardy could have sworn that she looked directly thru him at the water beyond. But she smiled and then came toward him.



"JUST TO THINK!" SHE CRIED. "THE WONDER AND MYSTERY OF IT ALL!"

connections, sparks and Leyden jars.

With a sudden boldness that made him tremble to recall, he held his hand over hers on the sending-key and taught her to send the simplest yet the most tragic message of all—the "S O S."

She thrust a dazzling smile at him, with the knowledge of her new power.

"We're running on the storage batteries now," explained Hardy. "At sea we use the dynamo. If it ever breaks down, the first thing to do is to plug in the batteries."

The tramp of scuffling feet on the deck interrupted them. Hardy stepped out into the gloom, and Captain Dent drew him aside.

"I've picked up ten men," he whispered—"it's fishy. They've no papers, little or no experience, and

from them, and thru the ventilators he heard the distant scrape of a score of coal-shovels. The second mate shouted a volley of orders, and the crew cast off the heavy hawsers. The *Barbuda* slowly backed into mid-stream.

The first mate leaned on the rail and watched the dripping cables come hand over hand to the deck. As the *Barbuda* straightened herself in the river and poked her weather-beaten nose toward the Narrows, a series of whip-like snaps gathered volume in the wireless house. As she crouched at attention, a young girl's shadow came thru the window and stretched itself across the deck.

"Double-distilled fool!" muttered the mate; "I might just as well be a mutt stoker in the hold or a sea-crab,

"There's the last of land," said Hardy, pointing to the distant coast. "From now on we keep in touch with the world by wireless."

Ruth looked at him reproachfully. "I was just on edge," she said, "to continue my lesson last night when you suddenly disappeared."

"I'm ready now," he said, so eagerly that she laughed. "And you're going thru your paces with a vengeance."

The mate was an excellent teacher, Ruth an apt and enthusiastic pupil, and seated in the shadow of the wireless house he handed her a spare sending-key and a Morse code.

"Let's see what you've learnt," he commanded, cocking his head.

Ruth fingered out a quick message. "Sounds like G M; G E; G N—

good-morning; good-evening; good-night," guessed Hardy.

"Oh, pshaw! I sent you 'Go slow, officer!'"

"Now try the 'S O S' again," said Hardy.

To his unutterable astonishment the message clicked to him sharp and clear.

She eyed him with amusement. "You see," she explained, "I was determined to learn it and practiced it with a lead-pencil key for hours this morning."

Hardy's admiration for her took a sudden bound upward. "I'm going to teach you all I can," he said; "and we'll start with the aerial halliards aloft — the antenna that pick the

Seated at the sending-key, Ruth's fingers trembled violently. It was awesome, this monkeying with a mysterious, superhuman power.

"Seventy-three; seventy-three; seventy-three." She had sent the ship's best regards hurtling thru the air to the people on the other steamer.

For a time a blank silence reigned. Presently an insistent buzzing filled her ears, and the operator seized the phones and began to write rapidly.

She had made herself understood! Greetings and a babble of small talk

Hardy had barely touched his pillow, so he thought, when the frantic pound of a shoe-heel against his door brought him bolt upright. It was a sticky, gray morning, and Captain Dent, in the misty light, was as white as a fish.

"Hardy," he whispered, in half-choked staccato, "for God's sake wake up—something terrible has happened."

"It's that seurvy bunch of thugs. From the moment you shipped them I've been looking for trouble."

"It's come—with a rush," groaned the Captain. "Benson reports two of our men missing and ten more are flat on their backs with some kind of poison."



THE MUTINEERS MAKE THEIR DEMANDS ON THE OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE *BARBUDA*

vibrations out of the void and work right down to the ground lead in the hull."

It was dusk when Hardy declared the lesson finished, and the girl's face was white and drawn from the amount of wisdom she had absorbed and partly retained.

Later in the evening, with Hardy in command of the watch, the lights of a distant steamer shone like tiny eyes across the water.

"Come," said the mate, leading her down from the bridge, "I am going to let you send your first real message."

(Twenty-five)

were passing to and fro between the passing steamers.

Back under the stars again the girl wrapped herself in her cloak and peered enigmatically into the night. Far below them the hum of the engines and the swirling rush of the sea on the *Barbuda's* cutwater sounded like the distant beat of drums and the rush of giant wings.

Not caring to disturb her, Hardy lit his pipe and gave himself over to staring moodily at the night-shadowed contour of her unattainable, perfect face. When he turned to stifle a sigh she was gone.

Hardy's eyes widened and his jaws set. "Sit down, man," he said; "calm yourself—you're shaking like a leaf. Let's go to the bottom of things."

"First"—he checked the evidence off on his fingers—"the newspapers report our consignment of silver ingots to Ponee; second, ten of our crew desert on the eve of sailing; third, you run into this bunch of cutthroats and ship them. It's as plain as the smoke in your pipe!" he cried. "The whole thing is a frame-up—a damn clever, murderous scheme!"

"Hardy, you're right," moaned

the Captain, wringing his hands. "What can we do, man? What can we do?"

"Nothing — absolutely — nothing. Arm yourself; pass the word to Doctor Disbrow; go on deck about your business, and at the first shot we'll stampede for the cabin and hold them off."

"In all my forty years at sea," half-sobbed the Captain, "I've never even had to threaten my men." Nevertheless, Hardy saw him slip an antiquated revolver into his pocket before going on deck.

The mate slipped into his clothes and knocked gently on Ruth's door. As if suspecting evil tidings, she stood before him fully dressed, with an eager, trustful look in her eyes.

In a few words Hardy told her the dreadful situation and suggested that she show herself on deck with him. She nodded brightly, and presently they appeared above, walking the length of the deck and back for an apparent constitutional.

On the second lap Ruth stopped in front of the wireless house, frisked into its door and laughingly beckoned Hardy to follow.

He read the plan masked behind her smiling face and followed her in.

"Quick!" he cried, throwing in the aerial switch; "send the 'S O S' while I stand guard at the door."

There came a sudden rush of feet on the deck, a hoarse oath

and the powerful impact of weight against the door. It burst from its hinges, carrying Hardy down with it, and three of the mutineers piled into the room.

Hardy slowly picked himself up, to find himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver, and back of it was a grinning, rum-splotched face—the most evil, crime-marked, murderous face he had ever seen.

"Flash the wires, will you, you big stiff!" snarled the gunman. "It's the cooler for you with the other old ginks below."

Hardy was bound and led out on deck, where a quick glance showed him that the *Barbuda* was already in the possession of the mutineers. The crew were herded in the bow under

cover of the gunmen, and a fusillade of shots came up from the engine-room. Even the helmsman was covered, and as Hardy noted the clean-cut effectiveness of the *Barbuda's* capture, the steamer swung slowly around and headed due south.

"How'd you like a little spin to South America?"

Hardy turned toward the leering face of his captor. The whole plan flashed across his brain. They were heading for some God-forsaken reef off the South American coast, where they would beach the *Barbuda*, perhaps sink her, maroon the crew and passengers and make off with the loot.



HER FATHER AND THE CAPTAIN WERE STILL BOUND, UNHARMED

The cabin door slammed to back of him, the lock was turned, and Hardy found himself in the company of Captain Dent and Doctor Disbrow, as trussed and helpless as himself.

Ruth's first thought at the downfall of her protector was that of unutterable shame. She did not glance up while the wretches toyed with his feelings. But presently an unholy ealm fell upon the wireless house, and Ruth felt that she was alone.

Her first thought was of the wireless. Just one quick flash and her call for help would go speeding across the seas. She seated herself at the wireless table and, grasping the key, made the S O S signal over and over, until there could be no mistake.

A sharp "Huh!" from the open

window caused her to stop suddenly. The grinning face of the gang-leader peered in upon her.

"Playin' with that instrument, babe?" he said. "It's took sick, honest."

"What do you mean?" she gasped.

"Do you take me for a simp?" he said, tapping his greasy head smartly. "One of the gang has been above and cut down the wires."

A flash of hopeless anger shot from Ruth's eyes.

"Don't spill over, little one," said the gangster, with an appraising eye. "You're a pretty little dizzy-top, aw'right, aw'right. I gotta lot to do, an' when I come back I'll step in an' muss you up a little."

The villainous face withdrew, and the girl sank back, stunned. The oily wheedle of his words was worse than direct insult, and she trembled at the thought of his return.

The day wore on with torture-laden seconds—a beautiful day, with a cool, sparkling breeze spilling over the *Barbuda's* quarter, and the steamer rolling just a little as she plowed southward. Every now and then the tinkle of broken glass sounded from the deck and the rattle of tin cups against neckless bottles. The sounds made Ruth shudder. If the mutineers were beasts when sober, what would the raw spirits do to them?

Night came on, with a change of watch and hoarse singing mixed with curses swelling up from the fore'sle doorway. The breeze had freshened to half a gale, with the shrouds singing a high falsetto and every bolt and rivet in the *Barbuda* groaning in rusty chorus.

Suddenly the steamer veered with a sickening swing and lay rolling in the trough of the sea. Feet scurried along the deck, and on the bridge a man was bawling thru the tube for the chief engineer. Presently his shadowy form appeared and stopped in front of the chief mutineer.

"It's a broken shaft—we can't hold her head against this wind—drifting toward the Bahamas."

The import of the wind-tossed words came to Ruth in the wireless house; then a fierce rattle of oaths as the men hurried forward.

For hours the *Barbuda* lurched like a crazy thing in the waste of black waters, her deck as silent as the grave.

Then came a sudden jar, a roaring, grating sound, and a trembling from keel to masthead. The *Barbuda* had struck, at last!

It was the gray of the morning, with the gale cut down to a sickly, hot breeze, and the low-lying coast just visible from the *Barbuda's* deck. Ruth sat with her head bowed across the table, her senses half-numbed from the terrible night.

Suddenly a muffled report came from the cabin, followed by a sharp cry. The gang-leader stumbled up the companionway and peered into the wireless house. A smoking revolver was still grasped in his hand.

"Boat's ready," he shouted—"all of you ashore that's goin' ashore."

Ruth came out on deck, half-crazed at the dreadful import of the shot from the cabin.

"Let me go to my father—just one moment!" she pleaded.

The mutineer nodded and the girl flew down the companionway. The sight that met her eyes was sickening to a degree. Her father and the Captain were still bound and lying on the lockers, unharmed. Hardy lay half-double over a chair, the blood dripping from a shattered arm.

As she entered he made a dreadful effort to smile. "The brute winged me," he said—"I had just gotten free."

She rushed to him, wrenching at his bonds. The knots were water-soaked, and she worked helplessly, losing a full five minutes. A heavy pounding came from the deck, followed by a calling voice.

"Quick, Ruth!" cried the doctor;

(Twenty-seven)

"take this vial—it's morphine. Kiss me good-by, and use it if you have to."

The girl tore herself away and joined the mutineers above. The ship's boat already lay in the water, and Ruth swung herself onto the boat-tackle and rapidly slid down. The unconscious feat of skill caused the gang-leader to lick his lips.

The boat put out for the island and

She noticed that they all drank thirstily, and so she waited.

After a while, the gang-leader yawned and stretched himself out on the sand. It was most infectious, and one by one, as the drug took hold, the stupefied gangsters sprawled helplessly upon the beach.

Ruth ran for the boat and pushed for the *Barbuda*. As she did so the gang-leader slowly raised himself on one elbow and attempted to follow. But the grip of the drug was too strong, and he sank back helplessly.

The blood surged joyously in Ruth's brain, as she hauled herself up the steamer's side. In a moment more she was in the cabin, cutting free the captives.

Supported by the doctor, Hardy insisted on coming up on deck. Ruth's eyes fairly blazed as she explained the success of her scheme to him.

"If we only had the aerial in condition," he said, "we could tap out a message in a hurry."

Ruth glanced aloft at the swing-ends of wire, and she turned toward him suddenly.

"I'm going aloft!" she announced. "If you'll call up to me what to do, I'll try to repair the damage."

Instantly the girl had swung herself onto the shrouds and had climbed within reach of the cut wires. Hardy shouted up directions, and, with a pull here and a wind there, she succeeded in reaving the end of the aerial halyard thru a block and in drawing it taut.

One look from the dizzy futtock-shrouds shoreward caused her to scurry to the deck in alarm. The gangsters were beginning to show signs of life and were making feeble efforts to get to their feet.

(Continued on page 70)



RUTH ATTEMPTS TO SEND A "SOS" WIRELESS MESSAGE



CLAIRE McDOWELL, Leading Woman of the Biograph Company, and One of the Most Capable in Filmland

For the Love of Mary Ellen

By Norman Bruce

Majestic

This story was written from the Photoplay of
ELEANOR HOYT BRAINERD

"BUT it is sore, too—so there!"

"Georgie!"

"I mean it is sore, if you please," corrected Georgie, painstakingly. Grown-ups were so critical about trifling matters of expression! "If you'll look you'll see the ache, mother! Why, I haven't got hardly any swaller left at all!"

He gulped pathetically, wrinkling his nose to express, as dramatically as possible, the pain the operation gave him. Mrs. Carter sighed.

"Georgie, really your language gets more vulgar every day," she complained. "I'm sure you never heard little Violet Radcliffe or De Lancey Stone say *swaller*—I don't know where you pick up such things." She flounced off the chair beside his bed, scattering a purple wave of heliotrope perfume from her silken ruffles. "Of course, if you're *sick* you can't go to Violet's birthday party, but I think it is very *strange* you should get a sore throat or a sprained ankle *every time* you are invited to play with the children of your *own class*!"



She repeated the remark a few moments later to Georgie's father, at the luncheon table, with a good deal of emphasis.

"I'm sure it's very hard on me," she added plaintively, "after I've succeeded in making a real position in society for us, to have my only son prefer the company of *janitor's* children to that of little ladies and *gentlemen*. I can at least console myself that he does not get his low tastes from *my* side of the family!"

Georgie's father looked across the table as tho he did not see the handsome silverware, or the tall glass dish of fruit, or even Georgie's mother, with her crimped, yellow hair and dozens of rings and violet silk ruffles—as tho, in fact, he were looking away back along the years at a little barefoot girl-child in a gingham sun-bonnet and a torn pinafore full of red-cheeked "northern spies." Then Georgie's father said a queer thing.

"Thank the Lord the boy's got some sense," he nodded heavily. "Redecorate the drawing-room, Eva, or join a fancy dancing-class if you want to, but let the youngster alone."

Propped up in bed, Georgie ate, regretfully, an invalid's luncheon of milk-toast and white tea. It was not, to his way of thinking, even an excuse for anything to eat, but it was undoubtedly better than putting on a silly, white sailor suit with a lace collar and going to Violet Radcliffe's birthday party. Parties were, of all the experiences of Georgie's ten years, the most loathsome, with their giggling little girls in pink sashes, and

their pop-eyed little boys in squeaky tan pumps and hair parted beautifully in the middle. One boy in particular affronted Georgie's taste—a fat, pasty-faced youth, possessing the pleasing name of Montmorency Astorbilt Jones and an insatiable appetite for caramels. For years Mrs. Carter had held up Montmorency as an example to her son—Montmorency never got *his* hands dirty; Montmorency always said "Please" and "Thank you"; Montmorency practiced an hour every day on the piano—

No wonder Georgie's dislike for the example bordered on frenzy. It was the secret ambition of his life to fall upon him some glorious day and settle old scores with the primitive weapons given man for that purpose. But well he knew how such an act would be regarded by his mother. Hence it was safer to see as little as possible of Montmorency Astorbilt Jones.

He reflected drearily on these things

for an hour or so, until the welcome sound of his mother departing from the house in an automobile sent a ray of sunshine into the day. He sat up on his pillow and considered warily. His nurse, he knew, was dozing in her room beyond, secure in the delusion that a sore throat and confinement to one's bed were one and the same thing. His mother would not be back from her social labors before six at the latest. The world was, therefore, his for the matter of some five golden hours.

Ten minutes later, rather sketchily arrayed in his oldest suit and carrying his shoes in his hand like a hero of the melodrama, Georgie emerged from the rear alleyway of his home and sat down contentedly on the curbstone to pull on his shoes. A beautiful puddle of water, left by a recent shower, tempted him and lengthened the process by a half-hour, after which—moist, muddy and at peace with the world—Georgie set out for the humble dwelling in the rear street where Mary Ellen Rafferty, aged eight, resided with her mother.

Mary Ellen had black curls and dimples, and her hands were clean only on Sundays; hence Georgie adored her. Together they played Pocahontas and John Smith in the primeval forest of the Rafferty backyard; together they enjoyed lollipops and



"WHY, I HAVEN'T GOT HARDLY ANY SWALLER LEFT AT ALL!"

bananas, purchased for his lady from Georgie's weekly allowance of twenty-five cents; together they listened rapturously to the soul-rending harmonies of Tony the shoemaker's accordion across the alleyway.

But today a cloud obscured the usual serenity of Mary Ellen's sky. It was obvious, from the streaky condition of her cheeks, that she had been crying, and from the unstable expression of her chin, that she contemplated doing it again. Hurriedly, Georgie attempted to ward off the impending deluge.

"What's the matter with *you*?" he demanded, truculently. "You dont act one bit glad to see me. Guess I'll go home."

"O - oo - oo!" wept Mary Ellen. "Mama's sick. Oo-oo!"

"Well, then, why dont you get the doctor 'stead of bawling?" queried Georgie, assuming a masculine air of contempt. "If your mother's sick, why dont you call the doctor—hey? When anybody's sick at *our* house, we always get the doctor, we do!"

Mary Ellen only wept the harder for the advice. "We cant get the doctor 'cause we aint got any money," she explained, dramatically. "We aint got a dollar, we aint got fifty cents—we aint *got a d-d-dime!*"

Georgie was amazed. Such a state of affairs was beyond the range of his experience. He groped for particulars. "Then why dont you go to the bank and *get* some money?" he asked; "that's where our money comes from 'cause I've seen the bank man *give* a mama heaps."



MARY ELLEN'S MOTHER WAS SICK, AND THEY HAD NO MONEY TO GET A DOCTOR

Mary Ellen considered, then burst into



renewed woe. She did not know anything about banks, but she did know that her mother had told her they had no one in the world to go to, and that the landlord was going to put them out into the street tomorrow. Georgie, apprised of these gloomy facts, sat down on a nearby washtub to consider.

What did people do to get money? he reflected. His father was a lawyer, but one had to be grown up to be a lawyer and wear a beard. Then there were James, the chauffeur, and William, the butler; but Georgie felt quite certain that his mother would frown upon his becoming a butler. In books people robbed stage-coaches, but they had to possess pistols to do that. Regretfully, Georgie gave up the fascinating idea of a criminal career and turned to other, desirable professions. He might travel around with a monkey and a hand-organ, or black people's boots, or sell hokey-pokey from a little white cart—but no. Gradually, very gradually, there dawned upon Georgie a glimmering of that economic principle that to set up a money-making business requires capital, and a diligent search of his pockets revealed only a nickel and a penny jingling lonesomely therein.

Yet Mary Ellen must be helped, and there was no one but himself to do it. Georgie screwed up his face,

(Thirty-one)

winked very hard and did some really desperate thinking. And then—Eureka! he had it!

"You get me a piece o' cardboard and the ink-bottle, Mary Ellen," he directed, briskly. "I know what to do. Dont you cry any more, but just leave it to me!"

There was something so efficient, so masculine in his air, that Mary Ellen promptly wiped her eyes and obeyed instructions. Ensued a half-hour spent by both children flat on their stomachs, while strange characters gradually made their appearance upon the fair surface of the cardboard.

"And now," said Georgie, lovingly surveying his finished creation, "now I want a can—one of those old tomato-cans 'll do, an' a piece of string. An' dont you worry any more, Mary Ellen, 'cause I'm looking out for you. When I come back, I'll have heaps an' heaps of money. You wait and see!"

And tucking his square of cardboard and the tomato-can under one arm, Georgie pulled Mary Ellen's curls by way of affectionate farewell and trudged off down the alley on his mission of knight-errantry. Mrs. Rafferty's dwelling was located at some distance from the park, and Georgie's legs, being short, were extremely glad of a rest when its welcome shades were reached. He chose a prominent location on a bench beside the fashionable boulevard, and, arranging his effects suitably, sat down and closed his eyes, but not in sleep. Behind the screwed-together lids he was awaiting developments with as much patience as can reasonably be expected of a small boy. Sight being denied him, every other sense was unusually alert. He heard the footsteps of the passers pause before his bench, the sound of laughter, and now and then the clink of a coin at the bottom of the tomato-can. A longing seized him actually to look on the effect of his scheme, but the thought of Mary Ellen's tear-smudged face held his unwilling eye-lids grimly together. He shook the tomato-can hopefully now and then, and was rewarded with an ever-increasing clinking from within. Surely this was a more paying business than being a lawyer, or a doctor, or even a hokey-pokey man! He would, he decided, recommend it to his father when he got home.

The tomato-can was growing heavy in Georgie's hands, when a rough voice at his shoulder brought his eyes open with a relieved jerk. A policeman, looking queerly twice as large as a policeman ought to look, stood on the walk in front of him, staring down with a very grim expression indeed and twirling his stick unpleasantly.

"Who put you up to this game, kid?" the policeman growled. "Dont yez know that beggin' is agin the law?"

"I'm not begging," said Georgie, reproachfully. "I haven't said a single word to anybody. I'm just—just c'lecting money for Mary Ellen, that's all."

The policeman's face grew just a little bit pleasanter. He pointed his stick at Georgie's sign.

"Where did you pick up that?" he asked; "and who may Mary Ellen be after bein', wud yez explain?"

"Mary Ellen is my girl," said Georgie, proudly, "and I made the sign myself. It was pretty hard, too, because I'm only in the fourth grade."

He set the tomato-can carefully down on the bench, and then told the policeman the whole story, beginning—and ending—with Mary Ellen, who had black curls and dimples, and was the nicest little girl in the whole world. "I'm going to marry her when I grow up," Georgie confided, "so, of course, I've got to look out for her now, and

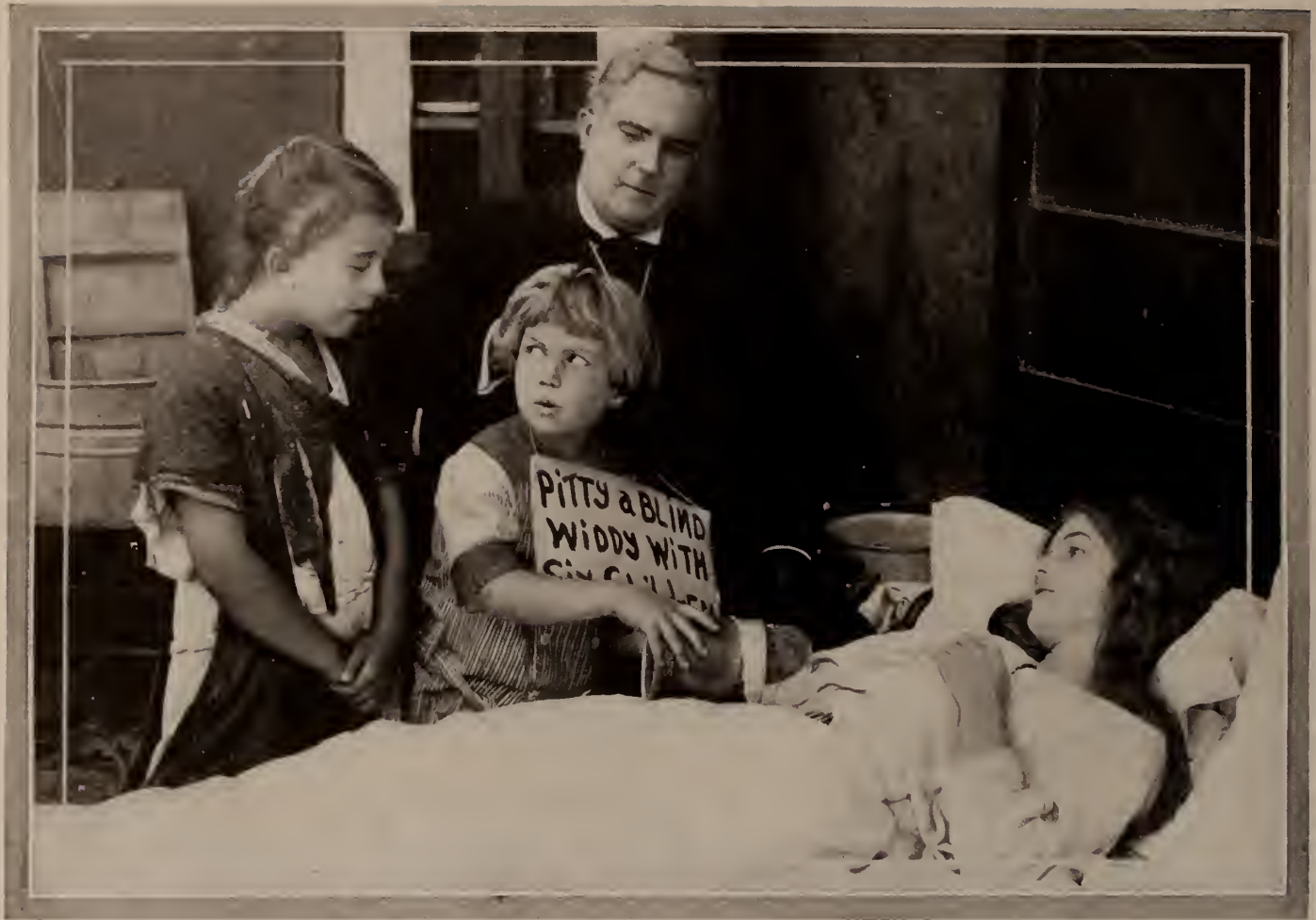
this way of of." into lice face. anxiously.

"Is c'lecting rent-money for Mary Ellen against the law?" he questioned.

Suddenly all the sternness left the policeman's face, and he doubled



"WHO PUT YOU UP TO THIS GAME, KID?"



GEORGIE, ACCOMPANIED BY JUDGE COSGROVE, MAKES MARY ELLEN AND HER MOTHER HAPPY

up in a long fit of laughter that Georgie did not in the least understand. Then he wiped his eyes, reached down in his pockets and fished up a dollar-bill.

"Here, me b'y; take thot f'r your Mary Ellen," he chuckled. "Shure we min-folks *has* got to look afther th' loidies, but dont yez tell any one that Casey spoke to yez, moind."

The last thing Georgie saw before he shut his eyes again was a pair of broad, blue shoulders, shaking with laughter, as the policeman strolled away.

Judge Cosgrove, Supreme Court Justice and former Governor of the State, was a very important man indeed. As he strolled along the boulevard, in his shiny silk hat and black frock coat, everybody who *was* anybody bowed to him, and all those people who *weren't* anybody nudged their friends and pointed him out to them. You would have supposed, to see the dignity and majesty of his walk, that nothing short of an earthquake could have attracted his attention, yet it was a small boy in a white, sailor suit, sitting on a bench beside the path, who brought the great man to an abrupt halt and sent his eyeglasses clambering bewilderedly to his

learned nose. Impossible! thought the Judge, but a second and still a third glance confirmed the first. There, suspended from a string about the youngster's neck, hung a placard, printed in wiggly letters, with this amazing legend:

PITTY A BLIND WIDDY WITH SIX CHILDREN

At the Judge's snort of surprise, the small boy opened a very bright pair of eyes and surveyed him gravely over the edge of the sign.

"W-where," gasped the Judge, with a certain feebleness of enunciation, "where is the—the widdy and the other five children?"

"Oh," said Georgie, politely, "there is really only Mary Ellen, but I made the card just like one I saw on an old woman the other day. She was getting a good deal of money, you see," and he shook the tomato-can thoughtfully.

"Well, bless—my—soul," said the Judge, wiping his forehead—"bless—my—soul!"

So Georgie told *him* all about Mary Ellen, too. When he was thru, even to explaining about his intention of marrying Mary Ellen some day, the Judge held out a hand to Georgie.

"Come and show me Mary Ellen,"

he said gently; "perhaps I can help even better than the tomato-can. son."

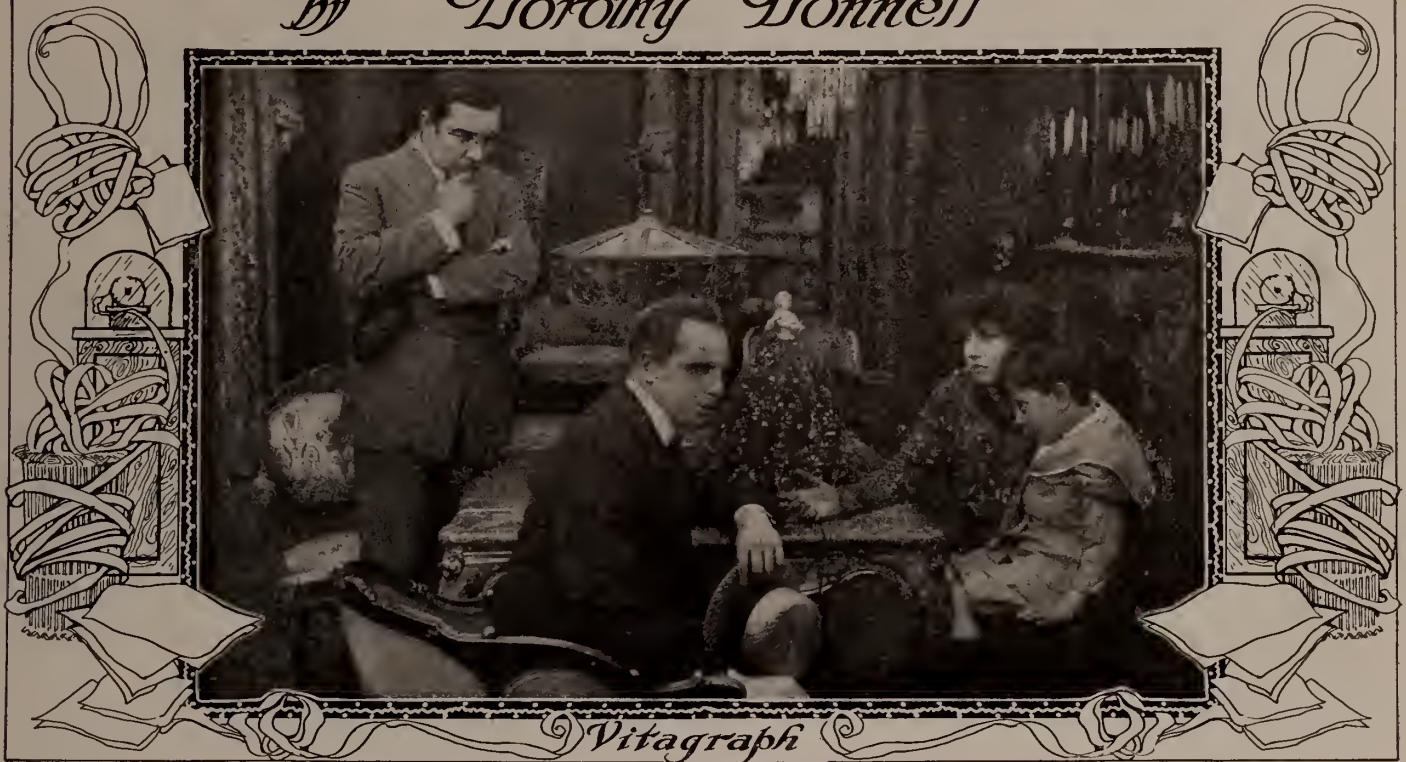
It was quite dark when Georgie arrived at his own home, still leading the Judge by the hand. When she saw who was with her son, Mrs. Carter smiled the pleasantest smile in the world. For the Judge, as I have said, was a very grand person indeed, and it was the ambition of Mrs. Carter's life to be invited to one of his wife's receptions.

"Madam," said the Judge, bowing very cordially, "I called to tell you that you have a son to be proud of."

And then, for the third time that afternoon, the story of Mary Ellen and Mary Ellen's mother, and Georgie's method of assisting them, was told, and Georgie wondered a little what made his mother put her arms around him so tightly and kiss him so many times with tears in her eyes. But he realized that here was an opportunity not to be wasted and took immediate advantage of it.

"Mother," he begged, nestling close up against her sweet-smelling violet ruffles, "mother, may I play with Mary Ellen, after this, instead of with Montmorency Astorbilt Jones? 'Cause, mother, me an' Mary Ellen, we're *sweethearts!*"

To Cherish & Protect by Dorothy Donnell



This story was written from the Photoplay of WILLIAM VAUGHAN PETTIT

BEG pardon, Mr. Poole, sir, but are you in?" The secretary, a brow-beaten and pallid youth, interposed his weedy form in the broker's furious pathway.

"Phoenix Bank, sir, been calling all the morning—"

Edward Poole flung his employee aside with a bull-like charge of his heavy shoulders. Under the damp hair on his forehead his face was purple with congested blood.

"Out of my way, you feeble-minded idiot!" he shouted. "Can't you see I'm not in? If the Recording Angel calls me up, I'm out—get me?—out!"

The door into the inner office slammed. The sickly clerk wiped his forehead, with an attempt at a laugh. The stenographer pinned on her saucy hat vindictively.

"I'd like to tell him to his face he's no gentleman," she observed. "It's little Mamie for the Mendelsohn and a four-room flat in the Bronx as soon as a certain party gets a raise, believe me!"

"Somepin's eatin' all t'ree o' dem dis mornin'." The office-boy wagged a wise head in the direction of the inner door. "Mister Bream and

Mister Crane come in a while back lookin' siek. It aint always de rich guys dat has it easy—naw!"

Beyond the flimsy partition the partners of the brokerage firm of Poole, Bream & Crane faced each other silently. On all three faces was written, in the taut handwriting of fear, the story of the dreadful morning on the 'Change.

"Well?" said Poole, finally—"well?" His voice rang like iron under the hammer, jarring the nerves. "Do you fellows realize what this means?"

"Failure," groaned Bream, the youngest of the men, and covered his face as if to shut away the vision—"disgrace!"

The third man, Crane, did not speak at all. He sat humped in his chair, great hands knotted into fists on his knees. By far the coolest of the three, his thoughts beat silently on the splendid barrier of his self-control.

"Disgrace!" Poole laughed grimly. "There's another way of spelling the word—State prison! You'll look well in stripes, Bream—devilish well, ha, ha!"

Bream sprang to his feet, with an hysterical scream.

"No, no! For God's sake dont talk like that! I wont have it! I'm too young—you led me into it, and now

you can get me out—you've got to! My God!"

He burst into sobs that shook his dapper, well-tailored shoulders; he wrung his manicured, white hands.

"Shut up, you young fool!" snarled Poole, shaking him viciously. "What are you whining for? You're a single man; you've got only your own preeious skin to think of; but Crane and I've got wives and children going over this Niagara in *our* boats—unless they leave us when the story leaks out into the papers."

He knew, and had known for years, that his own beautiful wife was bound to him with merely golden chains. Yet, loving her with the jealous passion of a dull, middle-aged man, he had built up, in his own soul, laboriously, the fiction that she cared for him as he did for her. The dread of losing his illusion was bitterer than the dread of impending disgrace.

Bream stopped his moaning and sent a swift look across the room toward the big figure humped silently in its chair—a look that was not good to see. Then he, too, laughed.

"Your wives!" he sneered—"maybe I *was* thinking of your—wives!"

Anything veiled in the words or glance went unheeded in the strain of the moment. The ticker-tape rustled in its corner, and the clock on



THEY STOOD LOOKING DOWN AT THE THREE TINY SCRAPS OF FATE IN THEIR HANDS

the wall ticked away five moments before any one spoke again. Then:

"And now what are we going to do about it, boys?" Harry Crane asked slowly. "We've taken our client's stock for our own use and—lost. That's the case in a nutshell. As far as I can see, we have just two alternatives." He checked them off on his great fingers. "We can run away to South America like cowards, or we can call a meeting of the stockholders, tell them the truth and take whatever medicine they decide to give us like men."

"There's one other thing we might do," said Poole. A curious note in his voice brought their eyes to his face. "We are all three insured for a larger sum than we've taken. If one of us should happen to—*die*—tonight, no one need ever know. The money would be returned and our families spared disgrace—if one of us should die."

Ten minutes later, they stood in a silent row, looking down at the three tiny scraps of Fate in their hands. Bream's weak mouth was trembling; Poole's broad face was white as death and beaded with tiny drops; but Harry Crane folded his little slip carefully and tucked it away into his pocketbook with steady hands.

"The insurance will run ten thou-

sand over and above, boys," he said coolly. "See that she—that Helen gets that. With the house and her jewels it ought to be enough for her and the boy."

He picked up his hat and went to the door, turning to nod casually at them. "Well, I'm going to beat it down to the beach and take a swim to get cooled off. So long, boys."

He went quickly down the stairs into the street, noting, with a sense of surprise, that it was still early afternoon.

"Too soon," he muttered; "it mustn't look queer. I'd better go to the club first and—yes, I'll telephone Helen."

He was, the men at the club remembered the next day, the jolliest of the crowd that afternoon. Speaking enthusiastically of business prospects, planning a jaunt out to the Fair in the early fall, he made a half-dozen engagements for golf and luncheon, and telephoned his wife over the club phone that he might be late for dinner after his swim.

Helen Crane, sitting dry-eyed thru the dragging hours of suspense and search, went over and over in futile iteration the words of that last message.

"He didn't even say 'Good-by,

dear,'"

she thought—"just 'Good-by.' If he had only said 'dear,' I could bear it better—he always said 'dear'! Oh, why couldn't he have said it *then*?"

She could not know that Harry Crane had locked his lips sternly over the tiny endearment, lest by mistake he should pour out all his love and longing instead. She could not guess that the hardest thing to him in all that hard, last afternoon was to refuse her the "dear" in his good-by. And three days later, when they found his body washed below one of the piers and brought it home to her, the sea had obliterated the features and locked the swollen, purple lips across the name they had breathed with their last breath.

The weeks that swept over Helen Crane after her husband's death left no mark of memory on her mind. She drew her tiny son, Ashley, aside into her own isolation of grief and left business affairs in the hands of her husband's partners, signing passively whatever they bade her sign. Even when one day they told her, not meeting her eyes, that she was ruined, the words brought no new terror to her numb brain. She listened to their glib explanations of debts, bonds, and stock liabilities and assets, without comment, until the end. Then she



EVEN WHEN THEY TOLD HER THAT SHE WAS RUINED THE WORDS BROUGHT NO TERROR TO HER NUMB BRAIN

faced them, slender and lovely in her sad gown.

"I was extravagant," she said simply. "If he had told me, I would have tried to save more money. Now all I can do is to sell the house and pay off as much as I can of our debts. I am glad to do it—indeed and indeed I am."

After the two men had gone, she sat in the firelight, making a gallant effort to plan and decide. But all the roads of her consciousness led to one *cul-de-sac*. Every stick of furniture connoted Harry—every picture and rug and insignificant thing.

It was his name that fell in a broken sound from her lips as she looked up and saw a man's figure, dim in the shadowed doorway. But James Bream answered her, coming swiftly into the circle of fire-glow.

"Mrs. Crane—Helen!" The words came hot and swift. She felt his breath on her hair and shuddered away, pale cheeks crimsoning. "I came back to speak to you alone—to tell you that I love you, Helen. I always have loved you. I should have told you sooner or later, anyway."

His tone and look frightened her, and the greedy touch of his hands.

"Oh, no—please, *no!*" she moaned. "Oh! I can't listen——"

"You've *got* to listen!" Triumph rode the words. "What else can you do? You haven't a penny in the world, but I've got plenty for you. Automobiles, horses, gowns, diamonds

—there's nothing you can't have, Helen——"

She sprang to her feet and faced the leering desire of his eyes, inaccessible as tho a sudden white flame hemmed her round.

"I can sew—I can take care of Harry's boy and Harry's wife, thank you!" she cried loyally. "When I need your help, I'll come to you for it, not before, Mr. Bream."

The man was abashed, but clung to his purpose doggedly.

"Who will protect you?" he sneered. "What do you know of the world, you impractical child?"

"To cherish and protect," she answered slowly. "That is what Harry promised to do, and he *will*."

"Harry is dead. Till death parted you, that was all he promised," Bream said; but he knew that, for the time at least, he was beaten, and turned to go.

"Harry is not dead as long as I love him and teach his boy to be like him," Helen Crane said quietly. "I shall take his protection with me wherever I go."

And so, a little later, she and Ashley left their beautiful, dismantled home and faced the world anew from the threshold of poverty. But Bream smiled grimly to himself and waited, knowing that a thousand evil forces were working in his favor every day.

Two years later, she surrendered. The real reason for her decision she

did not tell Bream: how one day hearing a scream from across the hall, she and Ashley had run into a meager, miserable room, to find a little girl, dress on fire, writhing on the bed; how, after the flames were beaten out and Helen sat comforting the child, Ashley had discovered, joyfully, a burglar's lantern and pistol in the table-drawer; how the owner of these tools had appeared suddenly, with threatening mien, and Helen and Ashley had fled, before his growling anger, back to their own room. But after this experience there was no faltering for the mother. What! Harry's son grow up among thieves and cut-throats?

"It is for the boy's sake," she told Bream, palely. "Don't make any mistake about that, please. I do not love you—I think that all my love lies in my husband's grave; but I will try to make a good wife—if you want me that way."

"I want you *any* way," he told her grimly, and with the pain of his first kiss on her lips Helen Crane tasted the knowledge of what her life henceforth must be.

"But Harry's son is the important thing," she told herself feverishly. "It's the children who count in the world."

So, like another Iphigenia, she dressed for her sacrifice in a second bridal-gown and joined her life to that of the highest bidder, James Bream.



ASHLEY HAD DISCOVERED, JOYFULLY, A BURGLAR'S LANTERN AND PISTOL IN THE TABLE-DRAWER

The "Baccarole" crumbled into a chaos of incoherent chords that reverberated like a scream thru the room. Helen Bream started up from the piano bench, face moon-pale above her violet draperies, and turned toward the dark square of window beside the instrument.

"The face! You must have seen it, there in the window——"

She sprang from her husband's jealous hand, pushed aside the heavy draperies and strained her look into the darkness with a curious desperation.

"It looked like—like *him*," she panted. "The third time! I tell you I saw it as plainly as tho he were alive."

James Bream's lips twitched, tried to smile, grew stern. He sauntered to his wife's side and coolly jerked the shade down, divorcing the room from the world outside.

"You are hysterical, my dear," he remarked lightly. "It is hardly flattering to a bridegroom of recent date to betray such emotion over a tramp. I must tell William to turn the dog loose and keep the grounds clear of the vagrants."

He yawned elaborately and glanced at his watch.

"Almost eight—the car will be here

for us in ten minutes. You had better ring for your cloak. It is very bad form to be late to a wedding."

"Weddings! What have I to do with weddings?" It was a cry of despair from her overburdened heart. With a convulsive movement, she sank into a deep chair and covered her face. "I cannot go! Dont ask it of me, James—let me sit here

as the head of the American Insurance Company, is not a man I can afford to offend for a whim." James Bream spoke coldly in a measured voice, as tho he were obliged to pick each word out of a tangle of words in his mind. "Kindly go to your room and add a little color to your face, put on your wraps and come down. I hear the car now."

He picked up his hat and, without glancing again at the shaken figure, passed out of the room to the veranda.

When, ten minutes later, false bloom in her cheeks, Helen followed, she found him staring, with starting eyeballs, away into the shadows, his face distorted and livid as a tragic mask. Her touch on his arm seemed to release him from a spell. He followed her into the car and sank on the cushions, breathing hard.

"Vertigo," he explained shortly. "I was always sbject to it. All right now."

"Perhaps we had better stay," said Helen, with a painful effort at sympathy. "We can send explanations, surely."

"No, no!" Bream spoke almost violently. "I tell you I shall be all right now. It wont return—I *must* go."

A reason beyond the one he had



THE FACE AT THE WINDOW

quietly tonight, alone. I—I would bring bad luck to any wedding—the smell of orange-blossoms siekens me!"

"I have told you, Helen, that Potts,



"NO, NO—I TELL YOU, MR. POTTS, I SAW MY HUSBAND JUST NOW AS PLAINLY AS I SEE YOU"

given tautened his voice, but she was not curious and pressed him no further. Later in the evening she understood many things.

The orchestra was dreaming thru a sensuous Venetian waltz, the music throbbing across the polite chatter of tongues, when Helen Bream, who stood chatting to the bridal couple, glanced beyond them, thru a half-opened easement, and uttered a faint scream. A strong hand caught her arm, drawing her deftly away from the curious crowd.

"My dear Mrs. Bream," Mr. Potts protested, "what has happened? You alarm me."

The eyes that met his concerned gaze were wide-pupiled and fixed.

"Tell me," whispered Helen Bream, "tell me—do the dead leave their graves, do you think? Do the dead know or care what we do?"

"My dear Mrs. Bream—a glass of sherry, now. The rooms are very warm, and you are a little overcome."

"No, no"—sanity returned to her eyes—"Mr. Potts, I tell you I saw my husband just now as plainly as I see you."

"But why not?" The insurance president was plainly uneasy. "I saw Mr. Bream myself a moment ago. Let me call him and have him take you upstairs to rest for a few moments."

"James Bream!" She swept a dazed hand across her face. "Oh,

God! what have I done? I was speaking of my *husband*—Harry Crane!"

The words rang, Valkyrie-like, across the startled room, and, as tho in answer, a tall, unkempt figure appeared in the window, holding out longing arms. At the same instant a shot spat from the darkness, and the elegant form of the insurance president crumpled to the floor in a limp, untidy huddle of clothes. Instantly the group of suave, correctly gowned men and women became a mob, shouting, shoving, fainting—reverted to the savage at the sight of blood.

Thru the windows hurtled two police officers and laid violent hands on the unresisting tramp who had preceded Death into the room.

"Caught with the goods, you sneak porch-climber, you!" they exulted. "Guess it's the 'lectric-chair for you this trip!"

His deep-sunken eyes sought and held themselves fixed upon one face alone. Helen sat on the outer edge of the crowd, her hands screening her eyes from the horrible sight of the murdered man. Her only emotion was the horror the sudden, bestial deed had filled her with.

The unkempt man held out his handcuffed arms toward her, his lips striving to utter words that would not come. Something compelling, the lost love of hers, forced Helen to glance toward him.

"Harry!" Her call cut thru the uproar like a trumpet-note. There came the sharp rustle of silk, a sob, and she had rushed forward and thrown herself into the man's arms.

Her worn, beautiful face pressed close against his seedy clothes, and her arms were flung around his shoulders in an effort at protection.

The astonished policemen stepped back, and the crowd of guests widened the tragic circle about them.

"Harry—oh, my dear one! I knew that death wasn't strong enough to keep you from me."

"All these years," he whispered, so low that she alone heard him, "I have tried to reach you—I have been stifled, gagged—my God! I must tell you all!"

"Quick!" she whispered, holding him to her—"had this man Potts anything to do with it?"

"Ah! you mean that poor thing on the floor there? I have never seen him before tonight."

She drew a shuddering breath, and he stiffened before the coming question.

"Why, oh, why, Harry, did you—did you do this thing?" Helen asked, and her words escaped and whirled around and about the circle of guests.

The ragged man pushed her gently from him and stared in a long, fascinated gaze at the grotesque, bloody thing on the floor. To their dying day those around him would never



BUT THE TRAMP DID NOT SEEM TO HEAR OR NOTICE THEM

forget the appealing, pleading, puzzled look in his eyes.

"God have mercy!" he cried. "Give me light! Give me light!" And he fell to his knees before the murdered man.

As the policemen sprang forward, an answer came to his prayer. He swayed—his eyes glazed—he sank forward on his face into sweet unconsciousness. The awful deed was curtains from his burning brain.

"Take it down—*straight*—I aint got much time, officer—" The words jerked painfully thru stiffening lips. The man on the poor, lean pillow raised himself on one elbow. "I got mine—wrestlin' wit the swell guy wot croaked the old man. Listen—Mamie, gimme a drink, will yer?—me an' my partner was hidin' in the bushes, waitin' t' make a getaway wit de swag—I seen it all. It wasn't—de hobo guy wot done it. A swell, tall, light-haired bloke comes up behind 'im wit de gun, but de hobo side-stepped an' de swell got de wrong man—I—seen it—all—gimme 'nother drink, Mamie—den *she* come to de winder an' de swell aimed de gun again—dat's where *I* come in. Y'see—onet she done my little—gal a good—turn—so I went for him—but—he

got me—good—an' dis is the truth—s'help me—Gawd—"

Bill the burglar's story cleared Crane, but James Bream was beyond the reach of man's justice when the officers went to look for him. He had taken, now as always, the easiest



"TAKE IT DOWN—*STRAIGHT*—I AINT GOT MUCH TIME, OFFICER—"

way out, and perhaps for the two he had reunited it was better that way.

Helen Crane listened to her husband's strange story incuriously as he told of the suicide pact; of his dis-

covery of the body on the beach and the sudden decision to exchange clothes with it; of his wanderings and return on hearing of her remarriage, only to find that his partner had cheated her of her fortune and forced her to his will. Thru long days and endless nights he had sat on park benches or unwatched piers at grips with the problem of his wife's life and his. He had weakened in will, in strength—his confidence was gone. It was a thousand times better that she should never see him again. He told her of the bitter shame that had dogged his footsteps thru the years of exile; of the new resolve to make what amends he could for his old sin and to atone to her for the sorrow that had grayed her dear hair, God giving him time.

She listened—but perhaps she did not understand, or understood as is the way of women, with her heart instead of with her brain. For when the long confessional was over and his head was bowed upon her knee, she laid her hand on his hair in absolution.

"You promised to protect and cherish, dont you remember, dear?" she told him simply. "Maybe you made a mistake in the way you did it, but it was because you loved me, and I expect God forgives those mistakes quicker than other kinds."



DOUGLAS GERARD

PAVLOWA

GRACE CUNARD

Why Pavlova Went to the Screen

An Interesting Chat with Russia's Favorite Daughter

By H. H. VAN LOAN



ADAME ANNA PAVLOWA, who is said to be the greatest dancer among actresses and the greatest actress among dancers, will soon make her début in Moving

Pictures in "The Dumb Girl of Portici," based on Auber's opera, "Masaniello."

"The Dumb Girl of Portici" is rich in opportunity for the pantomimist, and its highly dramatic and colorful story offers exquisite dance numbers for Pavlova and her famous Russian Ballet.

When Pavlova had completed arrangements with the Universal for her screen début, it was with the understanding that she appear as Fenella in a picturization of this great opera. This was the one moment for which she had waited. Ever since she began to consider a Moving Picture contract, her one conclusion has been that when that time came she wanted to play this wonderfully dramatic rôle of the dumb girl.

The scene of the story is laid in Italy in the seventeenth century. The first incidents in the narrative are concerned with the preparations for the marriage of Alfonso, son of the Duke of Arcos, to Elvira, a Spanish Princess. Alfonso is sorrowful because of his desertion of Fenella, whom he loved illicitly, without revealing his name and rank, and whom he had discarded when he had fallen in love with Elvira.

Lorenzo, his friend, is astonished to find Alfonso sad on his wedding-day, and Alfonso expresses his remorse for his treatment of Fenella, who has disappeared, and who he fears may be dead.

Elvira, surrounded by young Spanish ladies, her companions, and Neapolitan noblemen, makes her entrance. While they are being entertained by a dance, there is an interruption. Inquiring the reason, Elvira is told that it is a fishermaid pursued by soldiers, and, seeking shelter, Fenella flees to the feet of Elvira, in terror. By signs she indicates that she is dumb.

The Princess learns that Fenella

had been imprisoned by the order of the Duke, but had escaped. Fenella conveys to Elvira the story of her seduction and of her abandonment by her unknown lover, and the Princess, deeply sympathetic, swears that Alfonso, her consort, shall protect Fenella's cause and punish the one who wronged her.

The wedding proceeds and, as the married couple come from the church, the truth is revealed. In despair, Fenella disappears in the crowd.

On the sea-beach, between Naples and Mount Vesuvius, a fisherman, Masaniello, who is Fenella's brother, inquires of Borella, a friend, whether aught has been heard of the unfortunate girl, and, while he is inquiring, Fenella comes upon the little group. She refuses to divulge her seducer's name, saying that his rank is too great for him to marry her. Masaniello, furious, swears that his stiletto will find the philanderer's heart.

In Naples, Alfonso, tho protesting his love for Elvira, is having a sorry honeymoon. She, altho she loves him despite his falsity, declares they must part. He alarms her by threatening

to kill himself at her feet. She, impressed by this fanaticism of his love, forgives him, but insists that it shall



PAVLOVA SAYS THAT DANCING HAS GIVEN HER THIS FORM

be his special care to provide for the welfare of Fenella.

Alfonso sends Selva, his attending officer, to bring the dumb girl. Fe-

nella is found in a group of peasants, among whom is her hate-impelled brother. Selva tries to enforce his mission, but the peasants turn on the soldiers, using knives which have been hidden in their flower-baskets, with the result that the soldiers are driven away. The rebellion leaders, with murder rife in the air, dash off to kill, their torches gleaming blood-red against the gathering black of the night.

Alfonso and Elvira, seeking safety, knock timidly at the door of Masaniello's house and are admitted by Fenella. The dumb girl, in whom jealousy has overpowered every other emotion, decides that Alfonso shall be saved, but that Elvira shall die. The Princess reminds her how she had been merciful to her, and Fenella, moved by better motives, swears that she will save them both.

Masaniello returns, recognizes Alfonso, and wants to kill him forthwith, but Fenella tells him that Alfonso has sought shelter under his roof, and that he, as a man, must provide it. Masaniello yields. Alfonso and the Princess are guided to shelter, despite the roars of the populace. Masaniello is put at the head of the new government by and for the people.

In command of the palace at Naples, the fisher king has become demented. Fenella finally succeeds in impressing upon her brother the imminent peril—that Alfonso has rallied together an army and is marching upon the palace with cries of "No quarter!" Elvira enters, to find Fenella alone, and tells her to escape. Alfonso comes at the head of his victorious army and regretfully tells Fenella of her brother's escape. Fenella rushes to the edge of the terrace and throws herself into the abyss. At that moment Vesuvius bursts into eruption. A cry of terror leaps from Alfonso and Elvira. Down comes the onswEEP of devastating lava. Appalled, the people fall upon their knees in futile prayer.

This story, told from the operative version, will assume massive and spectacular proportions as the scenario grows under the spirited pen of Lois Weber, who is also directing the picture with her husband, Phillips Smalley.

Pavlova has never been seen in anything on the legitimate stage that could hope to equal this production, and she says the first showing of this picture will mean almost as much to her as did the night when she appeared before the "golden horseshoe" in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York a few years ago.

Up until the present the world has known only Pavlova the dancer; but

when it sees her in the rôle of Fenella, it will see that the great daughter of Russia is not only the most wonderful dancer of the age, but likewise one of the most dramatic actresses of her day. For Mr. Smalley says the diva is doing some remarkable work in the rôle of the dumb girl and will astonish the entire world when she makes her screen début.

"Ever since I was old enough to know what the stage meant I have



"THE DUMB GIRL OF PORTICI"

been possessed of a desire to play the rôle of Fenella," she said to me recently. "It has always been my one anticipation that I might some day be seen in a sort of dramatization of Auber's great opera, for I realized that it offered great opportunities for pantomimic work.

"When I visited Universal City some time ago I was greatly interested in the wonderful facilities offered there for great productions, and so, when I was asked by Mr. Laemmle if I would do a picture for him, the first thought that came to my mind was 'Masaniello.' I was not

(Continued on page 63)

Mrs. Mary Maurice, "The Sweet Mother of the 'Movies'"

By ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE

"To be good and to do good, and to help others to be and to do the same."

SUCH is the religion of Mary Maurice, "The Sweet Mother of the Movies," whose career as a Moving Picture actress has been one uninterrupted triumph from the very beginning, and who numbers more friends among the great legions of picturedom patrons than probably any other screen actress in the world.

Altho Mary Maurice's life has been devoid of any of the exciting episodes which many of those in the profession are prone to boast of, there is one thing that she can always look back upon with pride and gratitude, and that is: her career has been both notable and honorable. She herself values that much more than any of the picturesquely sensational incidents that she may have missed.

Born in Morristown, Ohio, a place that to this day she looks upon with loving remembrance, despite its bituminous atmosphere, Mary Morris attended school in Philadelphia, and graduated from the Normal School in that city. She is a thoro American and a still more thoro Ohioan, her ancestors having been of the good old English stock of the followers of William Penn. She was but a young girl when she first took up the stage as a profession, her career beginning at Pittsburgh, in stock. She drifted around in this work, with varying degrees of success, until the advent of the "star" system, wherein famous stars took the leading rôles, the support being supplied by actors and actresses of the stock companies; and what support could be better?—for from the ranks of the hardworking stock companies have come some of our most famous artists of today.

The very first rôle that Mary

Maurice played was that of the Prince of Wales in "Richard III." Later she rose to the dignity and long skirts of Lady Anne, in the same classic. Then there was a succession of plays

memory to even the veteran playgoer. These are names to conjure with: Joseph Jefferson, Lawrence Barrett, Edwin Booth, John McCullough, and others dear to the heart of the lover of the drama.

An experience that Mary Maurice looks back upon with special pleasure was her association with Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau. She was with Mrs. Chanfrau first, and later with the famous creator of "Kit," in the "Arkansaw Traveler." Then came a long spell of rest, after which the actress came back to the stage under more modern conditions. That was in 1900, and, during the time following that period, she was with Rose Stahl

in "The American Gentleman" and later with Robert Mantell, in "mother" parts, in romantic repertoire. Her work in many of Mantell's plays contributed not a little to their success. Among them were: "The Light of Other

Days," "Monbars," "The Face in the Moonlight," and others that gladdened the hearts of the playgoer fifteen or twenty years ago. Mary Maurice's experiences during the Mantell seasons are, she says, filled with the most delightful memories.

Then came a spell of melodrama, and, as Mary Maurice spoke of that period of her career to the writer, she laughed merrily, for the "blood-and-thunder" drama did not particularly appeal to her. At the same time she was fortunate in being cast in parts that were congenial. Two plays, of which she has particularly pleasant remembrances, were "A Midnight Marriage" and "Human Hearts," in the latter of which were some especially worthy scenes.

Then came the time when Mary



that were very popular in those days: "Rosedale," "Dora," "The Cricket on the Hearth," "Rip Van Winkle," with "Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Virginius" as attractions *de luxe*. The experiences of those days recall many famous stars whose names have become but a

Maurice left the legitimate stage forever. Her last engagement was with Messrs Cohan and Harris in "Fifty Miles from Boston." That was about five years ago, her engagement lasting for two seasons. Immediately on leaving the speaking stage, she joined the forces of the Vitagraph Company of America. Mrs. Packard, a well-known theatrical agent, strongly advised her to go into the "movies," but Mary Maurice felt dubious about the result, as "screen" work was an unknown quantity to her at the time, and appeared, from an outside viewpoint, so very different from that of the stage. However, on joining the Vitagraph Company, in the year 1911, it did not take long for the actress to adapt herself to the new conditions, and, from that time on, she has had one unbroken line of successes.

The first picture Mary Maurice appeared in was "The Legacy," with Charles Eldridge. Later, one of her biggest successes was "His Mother," which was really an adaptation of the sweet little story of "Laddie," which had become very popular as a Christmas booklet that year. Other photographs that have strongly appealed to the great Moving Picture world, and of which Mary Maurice will always have fond memories, were: "My Old Dutch," "A Modern Prodigal," "The Mother's Shroud," "The Seventh Son," "Mother's Roses" and "The Portrait." "The Return of Maurice Donnelly," a weird tale of a man who was electrocuted and brought back to life by a scientist, also stands out as a notable achievement.

Mary Maurice's success in Moving Pictures has been phenomenal. "My success has been so great," she said to me, "that I can scarcely realize it even now. I am in receipt of letters from all over the civilized world, and everywhere I go people seem to recognize me. And friends—God bless them all!—it seems to me that I have thousands, and in every walk of life. My life here with the Vitagraph Company is uneventful, but, oh, so happy! Every one with whom I come in contact, from the heads of this great

company to the most humble attaché, is goodness personified. It is that which makes the world go round—love, respect, consideration for the feelings of those about you, and then work that is congenial, which you cannot help but love. All these things contribute to make this old sphere—especially that portion of it occupied by my humble self—a delightful place to live in."

"What are your occupations—your recreation—when work in the pictures is over for the day?" I asked.

"Music first of all," she answered. "I am not a musician, but I am passionately fond of music and lose no opportunity in hearing the best there is, and I

and her real religion, is embodied in the splendid motto with which I have headed this article. If more members of the great human family adopted this formula for sane living, what a wonderfully beautiful place this old world would be!

Thousands upon thousands of picture admirers are familiar with the sweet and motherly face of Mary Maurice. It is like a summer day with a clear sky overhead. It beams forth a love and sympathy that hold our closest attention and interest. She is undoubtedly the sweetest old lady who has ever graced the screen.

TOM MOORE of the Kalem Players

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

I HAD tried again and again to interview Tom Moore, but I must confess that he is one of the most elusive young men that it has ever been my fate to come across. It's positively uncanny the way he slips thru your fingers (to speak figuratively) when you try to see him. Just when you think you have him where you want him, suddenly, like mist before a warm ray

of light, he vanishes into thin air.

I had almost lost hope, until I was placed next to him one evening at a dinner party. With a feeling of fierce determination in my heart, I made up my mind that I would interview the young man before we left that table.

No, I didn't tell him that I was Miss Courtlandt, from the MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT, and that I had been sent out to interview him. Oh, dear me, no! I took a leaf from the notebook of a sweet young thing in pink, who sat opposite me, and who was getting along so swimmingly with another rather bashful young actor.

"Don't you find Motion Pictures wonderfully interesting, Mr. Moore?" I gushed.

He said he did. But he didn't elaborate on the subject. So I tried again.

"Were you on the stage before you went into pictures?" I ventured.

"Yes," he said, non-committally.



doubt if any other place in the world offers better advantages to the music-lover than New York."

Only recently, the writer of this article had the privilege of playing opposite Mary Maurice, in one of the numerous episodes in "The Goddess." It was then that he had an opportunity of studying her methods at close range. When Mary Maurice appears in a Moving Picture—that is, if the rôle she assumes is one that appeals to her artistic nature—she does not act the part; she *is* it. Her whole personality becomes merged in the character she represents. Thus it is that her work has made a deep impression on the patrons of the Moving Pictures.

Altho Mary Maurice was brought up an Episcopalian, her real creed,

"In what?" I asked, just as non-committally.

I waited anxiously, then breathed a sigh of relief. He grinned, and laid down his fork. Evidently, thought I, he has decided that I must be exterminated before he should be able to finish his very excellent dinner.

"I was on the stage for a number of years," he began, conversationally. "I played for a long time in stock, doing juvenile leads. Then came several seasons on Broadway, during which I graduated into leading rôles. I have two brothers in Motion Pictures, you know—Matt, who is older than I, and Owen. So it was thru them that I first began to look kindly on Motion Pictures. The life looked interesting, for, where I had an engagement for three or four months, they had one for twelve. Where I had a home for four months, they could buy a house, furnish it, then settle down and live in it, in peace and happiness, and yet continue their work. I grew envious; so when Kalem offered me an engagement I accepted it. That was in 1911, and I spent that winter in New Orleans. That winter finished the last of my longings for the legitimate stage. I don't ever want to go back. Yes, I like my work in pictures very much, especially now that I am directing and playing leads."

And with that he took up his fork and resumed his dinner, evidently thinking he had squelched me. But interviewers are made of sterner stuff. They must be! I allowed him to cherish this hope in silence for a few moments, while I surreptitiously made notes on my menu card.

Later on I discovered, by more or less discreet inquiries, that he was born in Ireland, altho I couldn't learn anything more specific. He was educated in England, and came over to America first as juvenile lead with an English theatrical company. But, once here, he forgot to go back.

From personal acquaintance with him (before he learnt who I really was), I know that he possesses a fund of dry wit that keeps his associates always in a good humor. He never loses his temper, and his voice is seldom raised above ordinary speaking level.

Just at present he is directing his company of Kalem players, having as his leading lady dainty, exquisite little Marguerite Courtot. While he has become known as an actor of society rôles, opposite stunning Alice Joyce, he has demonstrated no mean ability as a character actor, and has even performed the much talked of, but seldom accomplished, feat of de-

ceiving his own fellow-players by his clever make-up.

By nature, he is quiet and studious, altho he is fond of dancing and is very clever at it. He has the artist's eye for beauty, and personally selects every location for his pictures. He never forgets a face, altho he isn't so quick at names. He is fond of reading, and is well acquainted with all the good old classics, of which he is very fond.

Y o u know how he



looks in pictures—and out of them:

he looks just the same—only more so! He likes to see Motion Pictures of all kinds (what real photoplayer does not?) partly to keep in touch with the market, but most of all for the personal enjoyment he gets out of them. He will sit uncomplain-

ingly thru almost any picture, even tho it be three reels long, in order to get a glimpse of some of Griffith's work. He, like a number of our best directors, considers David Wark Griffith the genius of the age.

And, by the way, isn't Tom Moore the youngest director in the business? At least, he's the youngest-looking. (Far be it from us to cause heart-burnings by mentioning the *handsomest* director!)

Among some of the better pictures that Mr. Moore has produced, since he began directing last spring, are "The Mountaineer"—in which he made up so cleverly as a backwoodsman that his old friends had trouble recognizing him—"The Girl and the Explorer," "The Black Sheep," "The Girl and the Boss" and "The First Commandment." And—Oh, of course you know he is married—and to Alice Joyce, often called "the most beautiful girl on the screen." And they are very happy. Their opposite rôles in the past have been beautifully sympathetic, even finer than that famous Carlisle Blackwell-Alice Joyce picture partnership of several years ago. Who, once having seen, will ever lose the imagery of Tom Moore and Alice Joyce in "The New Minister"—that beautifully rugged photoplay of real American hearts?

Oh, I assure you, Tom Moore is a very, very l u c k y young man



—"blest of the gods of 'L y m p u s.'" Dont you agree with me?



A Day with the "Little Ones"

By ALBERT MARPLE

SOME people seem to be of the opinion that the movie actor's life is all play; others are quite sure that it is all work; but neither case is true. Just as is

the ease with any other calling in the world, there is plenty of work attached to the Motion Picture business. The reason it seems so easy is the result of the cheerful attitude of the movie artists. Naturally, the movie actor or actress is cheerful, and it is this very cheerfulness which has the effect of driving away the very characteristics of work from their everyday toil.

But the actor or actress in the Motion Picture business comes in for his or her share of good times, and they invariably take advantage of every opportunity to get away from work and to give themselves to lighter, carefree pastimes. This assertion was proven recently at Universal City, Cal., when the first annual Baby Show was held at that place. On that occasion the city was thrown

open to the tiny visitors, and, throughout the entire day, directors, actors, stage-hands, property men, and even the janitor, entered heartily into the work of showing the little visitors the time of their lives. The babies, which included everybody up to ten years of age, were toted all over the city, were treated to everything that was good to eat and drink, were humored and petted and spoiled (just for the day), and were given reserved seats at every performance. There were several hundred children; but, if one were to judge from the merry chatter and the laughter that prevailed on all sides, one would vow that the number ran up into the thousands. But the employees of the city, from the manager-in-chief down to the water boy, declared that the patter of little feet upon the cement walks, as well as the laughter and the "squall," was merry music to them.

The feature of the occasion was the Baby Beauty Contest. Something like a hundred babies were entered, and, needless to say, excitement ran high. There were little babes and big babes,

ugly babes and pretty babes, fair babes and freckled babes—in fact, they were *all* there, and they were of both sexes. Some were laughing, some were crying, others were too puzzled to laugh, while still others were too "scart" to cry.

It was really a pleasure to see how these little ones were received by the employees of the company. The "heartless" villain seemed possessed (for the day) with an over-abundance of love and tenderness, and the way he "mauled" those little ones around was remarkable, showing that he wasn't so "heartless," after all. The world-famed heroine was in her glory, and she fondled babe after babe, kissing the candy-sticky lips and patting the Universal-City-dirt-covered little hands. Even the leading man and the director and the scenery shifter strayed so far from strict propriety as to play "doll," or "horsey," or "Injun" with the little guests of honor.

But the happiest child of the lot was Miss Georgia French, the winner in the Beauty Contest, and that she is
(Continued on page 71)



Deceptions in Motion Pictures

By ALBERT MARPLE



BARELY a few years ago, the very exhibition of Motion Pictures was marvelous to its audiences. The astonishing fact that people walked, ran, gestured, and performed as in real life, was of sufficient interest. The story that they told, the plot that they "carried," was of minor importance. Then came a cycle of trick pictures—absurd impossibilities—that the mechanics of the camera conspired to fool the eye with. There were automobiles running amuck up the sides and over the roofs of houses, saws that performed their tasks without visible hands, and miscreant runners knocking over lighthouses—all interesting and mystifying, but simply fooling with the laws of optics.

At last came the halcyon days of Motion Pictures, the days of today, when the pages from life are shown to us—strong representation, beautiful photography, vital, appealing stories. But still tricks are resorted to—in a newer light. They now have

become purely a matter of manufacturing convenience, and should not be considered the hocus-pocus foolery of bygone days. In this light it is perhaps well that we learn how some of the most common illusions are created. It may not be well to take the public behind the screen and show them how *all* deceptions are done, but it is proper, perhaps, to explain how *obvious* tricks are manipulated. When we see a steam-roller run over a man and flatten him out like a pancake, we know that it was a trick.

There is probably no business in the world the finished product of which is more deceiving than Motion Pictures. By this we mean that the Motion Pictures, when flashed upon the screen, appear to be an embodiment of the "real thing," when the fact of the matter is that, in nearly every instance, the scenery, often the properties, and sometimes the actors themselves, are "faked." This statement does not in the least detract from the value of Motion Pictures. On the contrary, it shows that this industry, to a greater extent than any other business on the face of the

globe, has become an art. Some of the greatest minds in the world are in the Motion Picture circle. Many of the leading theatrical men of the day have already turned to the "movies," and, as the days pass, those who have heretofore scorned Motion Pictures are gradually being won from the "legitimate" stage. And, too, a great many of the leading actors and actresses of the stage are getting into the fold of the films.

To return to our subject—the deceptions in the Motion Picture game—we would say that there is no particular part of this business which has a monopoly on the "fake" element. Every step or stage of the finished picture has been entered, until now, in many instances, it is the most successful company which can "put over" the greatest deception. Just to explain what we mean along this line, we want to show a few illustrations that will "show up" what some of the companies are doing in the "faking" line.

In Illustration 1 we see the makings of a city. Everything in the way of buildings for the construction of this



(Forty-five)



city is here. There are churches, stores, dwellings, garages, etc., but, of course, all of these are in miniature. The cutting out and building of these structures, and the composing of the city, kept workmen busy for several weeks, and the city was used for but a single scene. It was "shot" from above, the idea being to give the impression that this picture was taken from an aeroplane or balloon. This deception was complete, and the work was skillfully accomplished. Right along with this idea come the docks and vessels seen in Illustration 2. The exact size of these boats may be judged when compared with the silver dollar seen in the center of the picture. These "docks" were "shot" from close up, so that when they were projected upon the screen they appeared equal to the size of ordinary ocean steamships.

When one actor in a picture is struck by another with a bottle, those viewing the massacre naturally wonder how the actor who is struck ever lives thru the attack. The answer again is "fake." The bottles used are made of papier-mâché and weigh but three or four ounces each, notwithstanding the fact that they have the appearance of being genuine bottles. Several of these deadly weapons are shown in Illustration 3.

The men in the "utility" room of a Motion Picture studio are responsible for the majority of the "fakes" in the properties, etc. They will undertake any job, and invariably they accomplish what they start out to do. In Illustration 4 the "boss" of this department and his assistant are seen stuffing a leopard—excelsior and strong wire being used in the work. This skin was "captured alive" by one of the property men, and, a little over an hour later, was carried to the set, looking almost like a live animal.

One of the recent feats of an enterprising picture company was the manufacture of a "dummy" aeroplane. The tin engine of this plane is shown in Illustration 5. This is made entirely of cans, but, at the distance it was run from the camera, it appeared like the real thing. During the taking of the picture, thirty pounds of powder, which was previously placed within this engine, was exploded, the result being the annihilation of

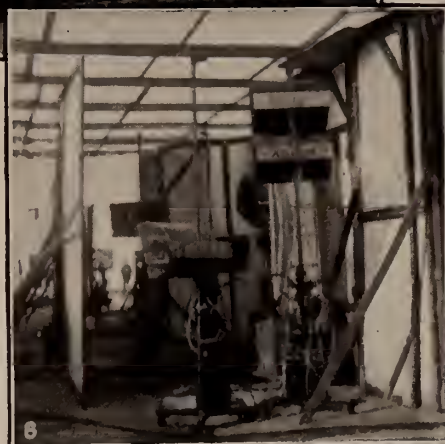
the aircraft. The explosion occurred while the machine was speeding thru mid-air—running upon a wire. Figure 6 shows how the tires for this plane were made—canvas and sawdust being used.

While on the subject of aeroplane-faking, the apparatus shown in Illustration 7 may be interesting. This is a movable cloud-machine. On this canvas is painted a continuous picture of the sky and clouds. The idea is to make it appear that an aeroplane, which is standing still upon the ground, is flying rapidly thru the air. The aeroplane is placed sidewise close to the canvas, and the actor or actress is seated in the pilot's chair. At a given signal the camera is started, and, slowly, the reel at one end—there being one of these at each end—is turned, this operation drawing the canvas scenery slowly past the machine. Other employees of the company slowly tip the plane from one side to the other to give this scene an even more realistic effect.

Illustration 8 shows how, during daytime hours, the moonlight scene is made. The room where this picture is taken is darkened by being enclosed, with the exception of a small section at one end. This makes it barely light enough for the camera man to work. At the rear of this room is a pair of pretty casement windows, which are swinging open. Several feet behind these windows is a painted scene of a pretty valley. Placed out of sight of the camera, and between the windows and the valley scene, are half-a-dozen

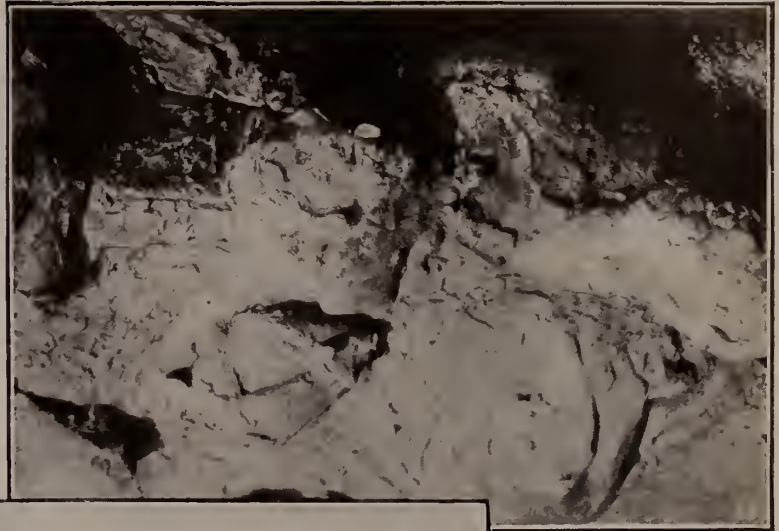
powerful, reflector, electric-lighting machines. Just before the picture camera is started, these lights are turned on, shining brightly upon the enclosure between the window and the scene and the painting. From the point where the camera is located, a glance thru the casement windows reveals one of the most beautiful moonlight valley scenes imaginable.

Faking, in the manufacture of the buildings used in Motion Picture work, is one of the most common tricks of the business. These buildings, whether singly or in the form of a row, are simply front exteriors; that is, nothing in the way of a real building exists, but simply the front walls, or, in other words, merely the portion or portions that will come within the range of the camera's



eye. Two street scenes illustrating this point are here shown. Illustration 9 shows an ancient street, which, so far as the camera is concerned, is complete; but the state of completeness which these buildings have in reality reached may be seen in Illustration 10. It may be seen that the backs of these front exteriors are simply a jumble of braces and supports. An interesting point to be noted is the manner in which sections of buildings which appear above the front main wall are made and placed. These sections are made a little larger than the part to be shown, and are held in the desired position by a scaffold and braces.

This building-faking idea is further shown in Illustration 11, which is an exact reproduction of a South African hut scene. Everything in this scene—trees and all—was placed there. How the rear of these huts appears is shown in Illustration 12. The manner in which "stone" huts are made is of interest—even "stones" are faked. The buildings are made in sections. After the foundation of a section has been finished, it is laid flat upon the ground, and upon it, at close intervals, various sized and shaped pieces of stiff cement are placed. When this is finished, burlap is stretched over the entire section, being pressed firmly upon and between the lumps of cement. The next move is to smear over this entire covering a comparatively thin mixture of cement, which gives the surface an uneven appearance and which also runs between the course weave of the burlap, fastening it firmly to the boards beneath. When dry, and the cement has firmly set, the section is ready to be placed in position. Illustration 13 is a close-up picture of a portion of one of these huts, showing where the outer coating of



ement has been knocked from the burlap.

We all want to know how explosion and fire pictures are made. Directly in the center of the stage and right before the camera, which has been partially hidden behind a shield, some highly inflammable material has been set off, while sulphur-sticks, used to increase the smoke, are seen burning at the extreme right side of the framework. The picture, Illustration 15, shows how fake "fall" pictures are sometimes made. It is an excellent example of the thrilling work that "Cahiria" featured in the siege of ancient cities, and that "Judith of Bethulia" was full of. In this instance the camera is so placed that it includes the top of the parapet, but does not show the net stretched at the side of the wall. The soldiers upon the wall are supposed to be endeavoring to repulse an attack of an enemy. However, one by

one the defenders are shot, and in turn they fall from the wall and out of range of the camera. Instead of falling to the ground, as is supposed by those witnessing the finished picture, they simply drop into the large net, like the flying-trapeze artists of the circus. Added reality is given by stopping the camera and taking a "flash" scene of the heap of "dead and wounded" at the foot of the wall.

It is pretty common knowledge that the startling deep-sea scenes in "Neptune's Daughter" were actually taken under water, in an enormous tank in which the camera was housed in a glass-fronted, water-tight room. But most of the submarine effects are very dry affairs. A thin glass tank, about four inches thick, is set between the camera and the actors and is embellished with such realistic properties as seaweed, shells and live fish. The



death struggle between the divers, or the rescue of the half-drowned maiden, is photographed directly thru the tank, the performers acting

on the studio floor as usual. When the representation of swimming is necessary, the camera is placed on an overhead platform, and the players

directly below perform aquatic stunts, make mermaid and merman love, or end their woes by "drowning" in a beautiful canvas ocean.

ILLUSTRATED MOTION PICTURE PHRASES

By HARVEY PEAKE



"A WELL-BALANCED CAST"



"A MOVING SCREEN-PLAY"



"PUTTING THE PUNCH IN IT"



"A CAPABLE LEADING MAN"



"IN TWO THRILLING REELS"



"END OF PART ONE. PART TWO WILL FOLLOW IMMEDIATELY"

(Forty-eight)

Society Folk

WHO HAVE RESPONDED to
THE PHOTOPLAY'S LURE



PHOTO COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

SOCIETY AT NEWPORT

THE THREE GENERATIONS. FROM LEFT TO RIGHT—THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH; MRS W. K. VANDERBILT, JR., AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS; MRS O. H. P. BELMONT

LET us hark back to the ark days of the Motion Picture. The theaters then were unpretentious stores, with ugly, sensational posters outside, enough to frighten any decent-minded person away. Inside, rows of wooden benches met the gaze, while the pictures on the screen were not only of a crude character, and oftentimes in the "rainy" stage, which made it hard for us to follow intelligently, and the projection was likewise shockingly bad.

The surprising thing was that the owners of these shows escaped being sued for damage to the eyesight.

Did a world-wide entertainment ever start under such inauspicious circumstances? I doubt it. Yet, in the face of these facts it was nothing extraordinary that the élite thought it beneath their dignity to recognize the photoplay as a new provider of amusement.

Gradually the Motion Picture discarded its ignorant, childish ways, and grew wiser by creeping up to the

standard of the legitimate stage. Elaborate movie theaters were built, the prices raised in accordance with quality; directors of proved ability undertook film production; skilled players came into their own, and authorship and camera work were entrusted to talented hands.

All this was mainly the outcome of the theatrical invasion, which set a new and advanced style of photodrama production altogether. Then society folk began to sit up and take notice by evincing an active interest in the new art, for that was what it had developed into.

It is now quite the fashion among our society leaders, and also in England, to break the "monotony" of their round of pleasure by forming Motion Picture parties, reserving seats at a high-class theater showing a pretentious feature photoplay.

"Personal movies" are quite the rage in Washington exclusive circles. No ordinary films figure on the programs, but pictures of a personal

nature are exhibited in their place. These depict their own set of people in functions they have attended recently, and the entertainments are appreciated highly by the guests.

The Gould family, for instance, has installed Motion Picture apparatus, and visitors are now treated to eight reels of the best current photoplays, besides the personal doings of themselves, riding to hounds, golfing, steeplechasing and other sports that lend themselves to the camera. The screen is fixed on the balcony, from where the films are witnessed, but Mrs. Gould contemplates introducing a miniature cinema theater in the casino at Georgian Court.

In England the titled folk are not considered up-to-date unless they possess complete cinematograph outfits. The fashion has spread to dukes, those conspicuous in this direction being the Dukes of Sunderland and Westminster.

In the aristocratic quarter of London—Park Lane, to be exact—there is

THE DUKE OF
MANCHESTERTHE COUNTESS
OF WARWICKGEORGIAN COURT,
THE BEAUTIFUL
LAKEWOOD HOME
OF MR. AND MRS.
GEORGE GOULDPHOTOGRAPHS COPYRIGHTED
BY
UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

a picture theater frequented only by "plutoocrats." It is open from two in the afternoon until eleven at night. The hall is elaborately fitted up in old Egyptian style, and it is said that it possesses the finest orchestra in the capital. The prices range from seventy-five cents, at which price one is entitled to a plush-covered armchair, to a luxurious box for two dollars and sixty-two cents.

In the evening many of London's notable men and women view the pictures in evening dress.

The upper ten have been exceedingly obliging in granting the use of their estates for picture-making purposes, and we have to thank them for the lovely outdoor backgrounds that it has been our pleasure to behold on many an occasion. They have also often coöperated in loaning rare and expensive tapestries and furniture for the improvement of the interior sets.

With the very recent invention of Panchroma are-lamps, whereby eight thousand candle-power is generated from an ordinary household current, the studios are invading a new field in their all-devouring search for material. The interiors of private and luxurious homes, with their beautiful decorations and works of art, are now

open to invasion for Moving Picture scenes. The Vitagraph Company were one of the first in the field to take advantage of this, and have leased the mansion of a Fifth Avenue millionaire. Many of the scenes in "Mortmain" will give us a "living" peep at the inside of an American palace.

Making Moving Pictures of their weddings is also a recent fad of the élite. Some of the wedding ceremonies in society have been filmed and shown exclusively to the inner circle of friends and relatives, but at the recent Duke-Biddle wedding, which united two prominent Philadelphia and New York families, the scenes preliminary to the wedding, and even the wedding breakfast, were done into a comedy, showing the various mishaps of the principals and even the servants. Its projection was hugely enjoyed by the bride and groom.

Even millionaires can see the funny side of things. Some time back, a certain film company badly needed a castle presumably in Scotland with a sunken garden and a rockbound coast. After much searching, the Napier Brown estate, in Newport, came up to their ideals, and permission was duly given. Later on, the particular photoplay happened to be seen by the

Vanderbilts, who are friends of the Browns. They noted the deception and greatly enjoyed the joke.

The ambition of the Countess of Warwick is to produce educational films in dramatic form. Besides writing the scenario, she has already produced one along these lines, using her beautiful estate for the purpose. She furthermore anticipates filming the romantic history of her ancestors—that is to say, those portions which provide abundant dramatic material.

Lady Townshend is very well known as a photoplay author. She prefers writing for the screen because it furnishes natural scenery and realism. Her specialty is melodrama, altho she invests it with refined qualities by contriving to present some problem of the day. "It is certainly fascinating," she remarked in an interview, "and I am interested in it, as I believe in the future of the cinema as a fine medium thru which one class of the community can observe the lives of others."

For an industry like ours to have redeemed itself within such a short space of time sufficiently to attract the whole-hearted attention of the élite is an accomplishment to be proud of.

A NEW SIDE TO THE LION IN PICTURES



BY H · H · POPPE

WHEN hostilities in the present war opened, the Bostock animals were ensconced in White City Park in London; but, with the influx of Belgian refugees into the world's metropolis, the British government requisitioned every space available as quarters for the unfortunates. By this order the animals were dispossessed of house and home, and, in order to make the best possible arrangement for the care of the collection, Mr. Harry E. Tudor, for many years in charge of the Bostock interests, came posthaste to America.

He was intercepted on the pier, so to speak, by David Horsley, and immediately an offer to purchase the lions was made to Mr. Tudor. Arrangements were at once made to transport the animals on the s.s. *Minnewaska* to New York, then by rail to Los Angeles, where Horsley Park, an especially constructed amphitheater, and new studios designed

and equipped particularly to facilitate making animal pictures, had been opened.

The trip was not without its accidents and interesting happenings. As the lions were being removed from their quarters in White City to the shipping cages, one of the group, responding to the name of Leo, became unmanageable and started on a rampage. Before the trainers subdued him, Leo crashed heavily against a board wall, plunging a big splinter into his head near the base of the skull and placing himself *hors de combat*.



DOCTORING A SICK LION

Ordinary remedies were applied to dislodge the dangerously annoying splinter, but none proved effective. When the consignment reached Los Angeles, Dr. Alvin Shattuck, a prominent veterinary surgeon, was called. An operation was found necessary; but, instead of pursuing the usual method of roping and throwing the patient, Dr. Shattuck decided to use the "twilight sleep" formula, which produces a deadening of all nerves and a consequent lack of susceptibility to pain, tho the patient is alive to all surroundings. The treatment was effective, and today Leo is again going thru his usual paces, none the worse for the experience.

An interesting event of the voyage was the birth, on board the *Minnewaska*, of three lion cubs. They were nameless until recently, when Mrs. Marshall, wife of the Vice-President of the United States, while visiting Horsley Park with her illustrious husband, selected some distinguished titles for the recent additions. "Bryan" was the cognomen attached to the first little fellow presented for



"LEO" AND HIS MISTRESS

M. GAY AND HIS TRAINED LIONS



A FIGHTING KANGAROO

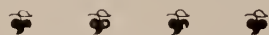
christening; but, when he evidenced a pugnacious spirit, the illustrative words, "The Scrapper," were substituted. The second cub, after being labeled "Wilson," balked temperamentally before a camera that was being used to record the proceeding, and was penalized with the sub-title, "The Obstinate." The third youngster was named "Marshall," and, because of his excellent behavior, the appellation, "The Gentle," was appended. The three frisky and healthy cubs are a source of much interest to the daily crowds of visitors to Horsley Park.

One of the unusual sights of Los Angeles is a weather bulletin, made daily at Horsley Park, forecasting the trend of the elements, based upon close observation of the peculiarities of twenty lions with the Bostock Arena and Jungle. The discovery that the lions were expert weather prophets was made by Captain Jack Bonavita, the famous trainer. He explains that it is a sure indication of rain if a

lion changes his "roar-tone" or shows reluctance to leave his lair, and, by careful study of the variation of these habits, it is possible to tell whether or not the storm will be severe and prolonged.

The extremes in weather for the day are forecast by the brutes in their seeming indifference to drinking. When leisurely and intermittently lapping the water, or when greedily taking the last drop as if fearing to be deprived of it, they herald a bright day. It is also possible to tell by the way the lions act after they have taken their water. If they sneak back to their lair, it is sure to rain; but, if they linger close to the bars, a good day can be expected. If the lions are at all restless, it denotes unsettled weather.

Dependent upon the forecasts of the lions, this weather bulletin is issued, and the people of Los Angeles rely more upon these reports than they do upon the government forecaster.



MAXIMS OF METHUSELAH

By HARVEY PEAKE

AND now remember, O daughter of mine old age, that the Motion Play purveyors have many tastes to consider, and what thou dislikest, and erroneously callest rotten, may be of the greatest joy to thy neighbors.

Be wise in thine own conceit, and talk not overmuch nor loudly, for there be those who come into the picture theater for the sole purpose of seeing the pictures, and not to hear thy conversation, no matter how clever it may seem to thee.

And beware, O child! Let not thine amorous swain implant the osculatory seal of his love upon thy chaste lips while the lights are dim, for there are always those present who are on the lookout for the real sensation, rather than the pictured one.

Buy not a five-cent Motion Theater ticket, in order to get a twenty-dollar bill changed, for thou art likely to get the nineteen dollars and ninety-five cents in nickels, and it would serve thee right.

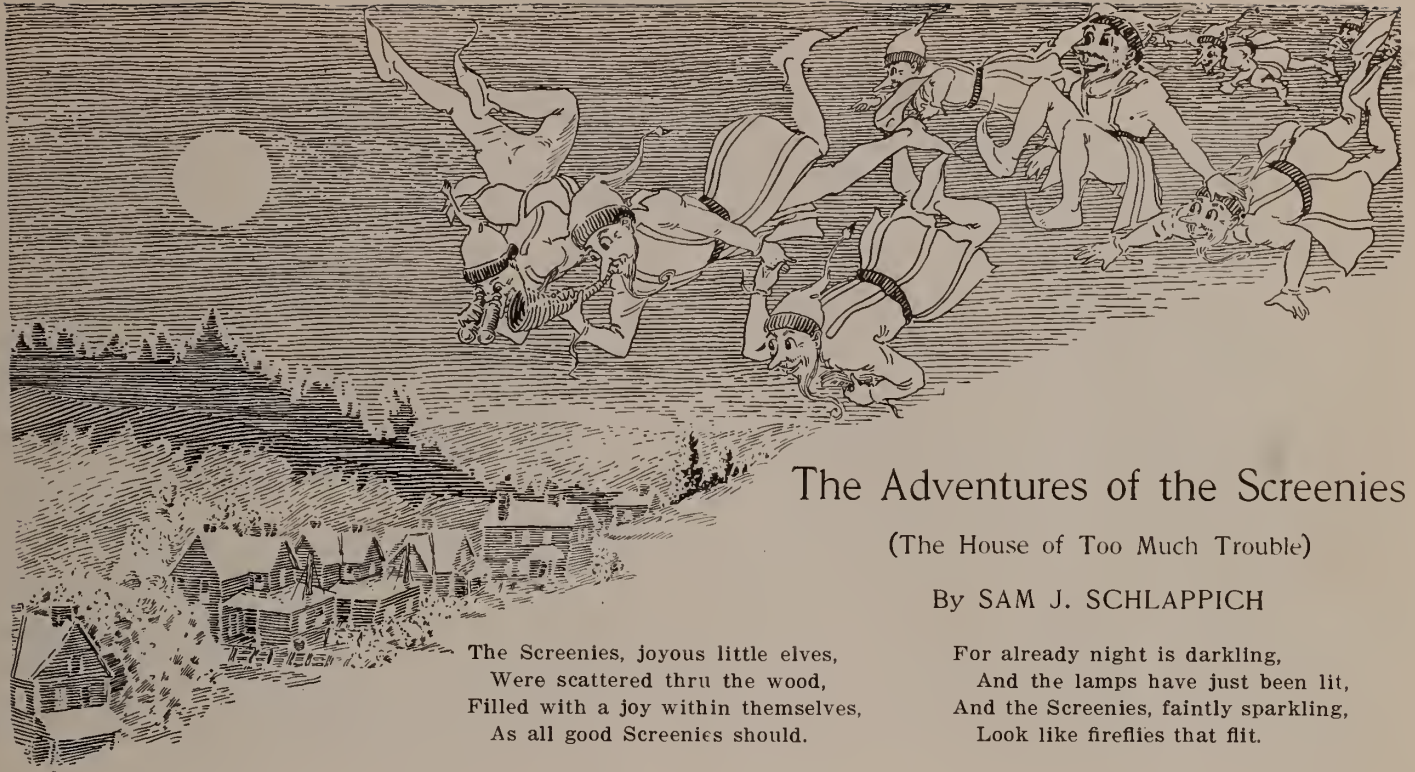
Preparations for the first picture, in which all the Bostock animals will take part, are busily going forward. Rehearsals have been going on for several weeks, under the direction of Captain Bonavita and M. Gay, who declare that their pets have in a very short time developed "camera faces" and adept posing ability.

For the "hero" parts in these creations, a beautiful lion, named "Apollo," has been chosen. All "hero" actors must be handsome, and in this respect "Apollo" well qualifies, for he is the handsomest lion in the world.

"Nero," the largest lion in captivity, has been chosen to portray "character" rôles. The villain of the pictures will be "Tiberius," who is indicated in a drowsing attitude beside "Apollo." Well may he play the "heavies" in pictures, for in ordinary animal life he is as notorious as the most ferocious, but withal the most intelligent, of all the African monarchs.

If thou art pleased with the shows, thou mayest do a double-barreled kindness because of it. Tell thy friends. They will be thankful that thou hast put them "hep" to a good show, while the theater people will be thankful for increased patronage.

And lastly, O daughter, remember that thou art at all times a lady, and that there are few places more fitted for the proving of this than the Motion Picture theater, where the rights of others are not always regarded by the patrons as they should be.



The Adventures of the Screenies

(The House of Too Much Trouble)

By SAM J. SCHLAPPICH

The Screenies, joyous little elves,
Were scattered thru the wood,
Filled with a joy within themselves,
As all good Screenies should.

For already night is darkling,
And the lamps have just been lit,
And the Screenies, faintly sparkling,
Look like fireflies that fit.

When on the air the bugle sounds,
Quite silvery and clear,
The Screenies haste with eager bounds
To form and answer: "Here!"

In this House of Too Much Trouble
Every member had a share,
Like a witch's brew a-bubble,
Boiling over everywhere.
Mamie just now slapped her brother,
Brother deftly boxed her ear,
Father scolding both, and mother
Sheds a sad and silent tear.

"'Tis time we hasten on our way,"
Thus speaks the Screenie chief;
"We have no time to waste in play
While thousands need relief.

On this noisy discord whooping
Comes another son apace,
Comes another son a-trooping
With the joy-light in his face.
For the Screenies, swiftly scouting,
Had detained him at the door,
And had left him busy shouting
As with glee he thumped the floor.

"We have a house of trouble here
That needs attention next;
Now let us work to carry cheer
To hearts so sorely vexed."

Forthwith the Screenies scheme and plan
The ways and means to use
To bring relief to maid and man;
The wisest way they choose.

"Listen, Dad!" he shouts. "We're lucky!
Guess what some one gave to me—
Five whole tickets for the Movie,
So we all can go, you see.
Such a funny, queer old humpsey
Asked me would I care to go—
Would I bring my dad and mumsey
All along to see the show."

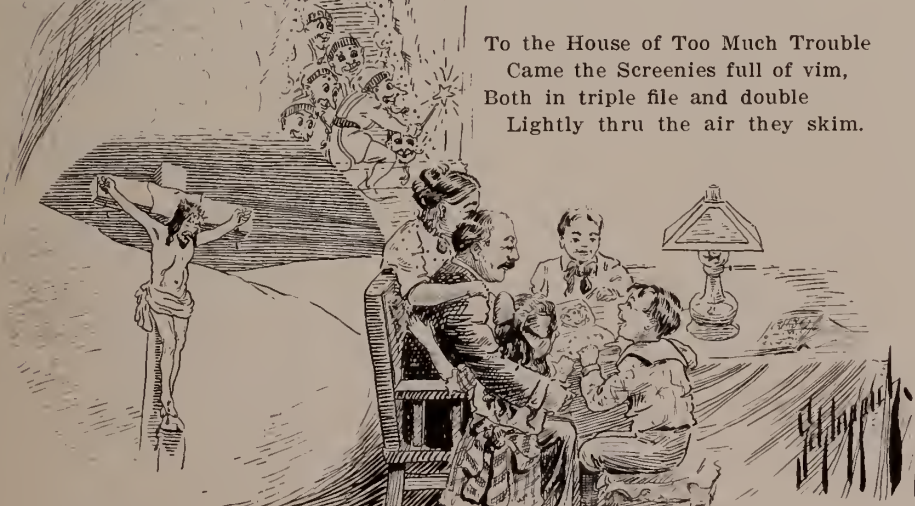
Their plans arranged, they haste away—
The Dictor leads the band—
Like warriors eager for the fray.
To conquer Trouble Land.

For folks in Trouble Land, you see,
Need deeds of kindness more than we.

To the House of Too Much Trouble
Came the Screenies full of vim,
Both in triple file and double
Lightly thru the air they skim.

Like the summer sun so quickly
Clears a sullen, weeping sky,
So these storm-clouds, gathered thickly,
Are as deftly made to fly.
For this deed the Screenies rendered
Bore its fruit that very night,
And forgiving love engendered
By the pathway of delight.

There the "Passion Play" in pictures
Taught its lesson—taught it well;
Caught their hearts in loving strictures,
Taught them selfish whims to quell.
Now in bonds of love cemented
They desert the house of woe,
Living happy and contented,
For the Screenies planned it so.





The "Jekyll and Hyde" of the Photoplay

By SELWYN A. STANHOPE



FIVE years ago, a handsome young man turned off Broadway, New York City, at Forty-second Street, stopped in at a Greek shoe-shining parlor, and ordered his patent leathers polished up a bit. That little incident proved the turning point in his career as an actor, and, tho he possessed only a little more than was required for the shine, in five short years he has become one of the highest-paid Motion Picture performers in the world. He is to the Motion Picture what John Drew is to the stage—brilliantly versatile and resourceful to an unusual degree.

A few evenings ago, at the Screen Club, the writer was fortunate in encountering Mr. Baggot and luring him to a secluded corner, where his past life was brought out of the closet along with many of his opinions concerning the photodrama, melodrama, and his fellow beings.

"So you would like to know all about what came before?" he asked, turning interviewer.

"How you came to enter pictures—broke into the business—yes," I questioned and replied at the same time.

"Well," he began, ruminatively, "I owe my start to Harry Solter, the

Motion Picture director and husband of Florence Lawrence. I was playing with Marguerite Clark in 'The Wishing Ring' in Chicago. The show closed, and I came over to New York to join another company. One morning I entered a Greek shine parlor, when some one called to me, and, turning, I found it was Harry Solter, with whom I had appeared on the stage several seasons previous.

"What brought you to New York?" he asked.

"I explained, asking him what he was doing.

"'Oh, I'm in Moving Pictures,' he replied. We both laughed, for he seemed just a little ashamed, and I didn't take the Motion Picture very seriously in those days. Solter asked me to go to the studio with him, which was the first Imp studio opened in New York City and one of the very first of the so-called 'Independent' plants. I was amused at the violent gestures and jumping about of the players, and mentally characterized the industry as a fad.

"I didn't become a picture player immediately, going back to the road for twelve weeks. Upon returning to New York, I hunted Solter up and told him I was ready to turn picture actor.

"The first picture in which I assumed a rôle of any consequence was

called 'The Awakening of Bess,' in which I played opposite Florence Lawrence. In those days we had a lot of trouble in producing a picture, and I recall that William V. Ranous, who was directing the play, was considerably put out because I couldn't do the things he asked of me. We had had to learn."

His statement, "We had had to learn," brought to mind a matter on which I desired his opinion. "Will the Motion Picture genius of the next decade spring from the ranks of the film men of today, or will the products of the stage assume commanding reins?"

"I believe the percentage will be about even," he said. "Some of the unheard-of people who are struggling along, ardent devotees to the stage today, will be the brighter lights of the Motion Picture play of tomorrow. The students of the silent drama of the present are sure to be leaders in the future. And, besides, rank outsiders will enter the field and make their mark. The Motion Picture world is a distinctly cosmopolitan one. It draws its artists from every walk in life."

The conversation turned to Mr. Baggot's previous achievements—early stage experience, and the like. I learnt that he was born in St. Louis, Missouri, November 7, 1879.



CHARACTERS PLAYED BY KING BAGGOT IN "SHADOWS," A WONDERFUL TENFOLD CAST ASSUMED ALMOST ENTIRELY BY HIMSELF

"Age," he explained, "is one of the greatest fears that a person in my profession has. Every actor who plays hero parts dreads the passing of the years. The Motion Picture camera is heartless. It allows no deception, and the art of make-up will not conceal the lines of age. If a man is fifty he looks fifty—perhaps a little older, for the high-lights and shadows accentuate the lines and wrinkles in his face."

Tho King Baggot talked about old age, I could not see any reason for it. He is decidedly youthful in appearance. Tho he is no longer a boy, it will be many years before the picture public hears of King Baggot stepping aside to make way for some blond and curly-haired youth.

"When the Motion Picture was quite young," argued Mr. Baggot, "all that was required of the hero was that he be good-looking, preferably with a long lock of hair in front and swooping down upon his forehead every time he dashed to the rescue of some fair maid in distress. Nowadays

the public expects much more of the picture-play hero. The dashing and reckless sort of fellow who held the villain off with one hand while he snatched the heroine from certain death with the other, has passed. The hero of mentality has found favor in the public's eyes in preference to the physical type. And there is a greater opportunity for the mental effect in the silent drama than there is in the spoken drama, tho many picture directors will not believe it. In the Protean photoplay, 'Shadows,' in which I portray all the ten characters in the story, the camera actually photographs thought. Sub-titles could have been used, but were not. The acting or mental effect rendered them unnecessary."

I had witnessed the play "Shadows"—a "distinctly different" Motion Picture drama, and one which reveals ability never before demonstrated by Mr. Baggot. The ten rôles he assumes are: a German innkeeper, a Chinese servant, a wayward son, an Italian villain, an American

detective, a betrayed girl, an old mother, a French jailer, a German policeman and an American physician.

"How did you come to undertake such a stupendous task?" I questioned.

"I dont remember just what gave me the idea. I was searching for something novel, and, when the idea did strike me, I immediately sought the aid of a photoplaywright in constructing a suitable plot. Of course the results were accomplished with the aid of trick photography, as it was necessary to have double and triple exposures in those scenes where three characters—all myself—appear."

Mr. Baggot glanced at his watch and hastily rose.

"I am sorry I have caused you to break an engagement," I put in, by way of apology.

"Oh, no; not so bad as that. You see, there's a King Baggot Junior now—my sternest boss, by the way—and I want to get home in time to play with him just a little before he drops off into dreams."



JUST A SMALL TOWN

By O E BEHMYER

Our town is so small you must look hard to find it,
From the train rushing by it is just a faint streak;
But you mustn't infer that we good people mind it,
We have plenty to thrill us each night in the week.

The world, with its pageant, is moving before us,
To keep us in touch with the latest events,
And when we are dull we have fun to restore us—
All for the price of a paltry ten cents.

(Fifty-five)

We travel abroad, on the wings of our fancy,
To lands full of marvel and matchless delight,
Enjoying the spell of a rare necromancy
That rescues us all from the common and trite.

Our town is a small one, but why should that grieve us?
We find it more livable, friendly and fair;
In fact, we are happy, if you will believe us,
Since we have Motion Pictures to while away care.

PENOGRAPHS OF LEADING PLAYERS



FORD



R.F.L.



VAN



COSTELLO



Gertrude
McCoy



VICTOR
POTEL



T. Couklin



EDWARD
EARLE

ONCE UPON A TIME

By JOHNSON BRISCOE

EDGAR CRUICK



Kathryn Osterman in "Miss Petticoats," appearing upon this date at the Jefferson Theater, Portland, Me., tho, as many of you probably know, his name appeared upon the program as "Lawrence Griffith."

October 1, 1903. — D. W. Griffith (Triangle) probably had little idea, then, of the screen-fame which lay before him, being a valiant worker in Melpomene's garden, as leading man with

opened for a stay of four days at the Majestic Theater, Grand Rapids, Mich.

at the Academy of Music, Charleston, S. C.



ing an engagement of half a week at the Baldwin Theater, Springfield, Mo., his offering being "The Man in the Iron Mask."

October 4, 1897. — W. S. Hart (New York) was enjoying all the thrills and delights of stardom, appearing at the head of his own company in a repertoire of romantic plays, this day opening



starring, being the attraction this date at the Opera House, Lexington, Ky.

October 6, 1908. — Florence LaBadie (Thanhouser) was a treat to behold as one of the little fairies who scampered about in "Ragged Robin," in which Chauncey Olcott was



de Bowery," in that bit of musical nonsense, "The Belle of Bohemia," and she, too, had a somewhat different cognomen, to wit, "Bonnie Clark," tho she did not retain that name very long.

October 2, 1900. — Marguerite Clark (Famous Players) was a newcomer in Broadway theatricals, having made her debut, a few days previous, at the Casino, playing Rosie Mulberry, "of



mille," in which White Whittlesey was concluding a stock starring engagement at the Alcazar Theater, San Francisco.

October 5, 1904. — Earle Williams (Vitagraph), who now portrays heroic virtue upon the screen, then seemed thoroly at home as the villainous Count de Varville in "Cami-



son, a servant in "Drusa Wayne," a new Franklin Fyles drama, which received its first presentation upon any stage.

October 14, 1901. — Harry C. Myers (Victor) was a stage climber in the ranks of the Girard Avenue Stock, Philadelphia, playing odds and ends of small parts, this day being cast for Wil-



Way," which, upon this Sabbath Day,

October 3, 1909. — Carlyle Blackwell (Lasky), probably hopeful of more ambitious things, brought all his well-known earnestness and sincerity to the rôle of Jack Brown in



this day being Servia in "Virginus,"

October 7, 1905. — Anne Schaefer (Vitagraph) was a happy worker in the field of classic drama, playing second leads in the support of Louis James, with whom she played for several seasons,



where he was seen as Claxton Madder in "Brown of Harvard," of which James Young (World) was the star.

October 9, 1908. — J. Warren Kerrigan (Universal) caused a perceptible flutter among all the feminine hearts gathered beneath the roof of the Auditorium Theater, Winston-Salem, N. C.,



October 10, 1898.—Miriam Nesbitt (Edison) made her début upon the stage as a professional actress upon this very date, being leading woman (no less) with James K. Hackett, who

was starring in "The Tree of Knowledge," the auspicious event happening at the Columbia Theater, Brooklyn.



October 11, 1911. — William Garwood (Imp) was working with a will in the stock company field, from which so many have graduated into film-dom, being an important member of the

organization at the Southern Theater, Columbus, O., the bill upon this occasion being "The Mills of the Gods."



October 16, 1901. — Mabel Trunnelle (Edison) was busily building up a large repertoire of rôles, as ingénue of the stock company, at the Columbia Theater, Newark, N. J., this day being quite in

her element as Dot in "The Ensign," a rôle after her own heart.



October 13, 1903. — Mary Maurice (Vita-graph) has repeatedly stated that she specially liked a Motion Picture career because it permitted her to have a home, and one can scarcely blame

her when it is known that she was to be found this day beneath the roof of the Kathleen Theater, in the town

of Moultrie, Ga., playing Bridget O'Grady in "The Light of Other Days," supporting Robert Mantell.



October 17, 1904 — Henry Walthall (Essanay) was a gallant young hero, Burleigh Mavor, in "Under Southern Skies," with which he was making a most extensive tour, upon this date giving joy

to the patrons of the Lyric Theater, Allentown, Pa.



October 19, 1908.—L. Rogers Lytton (Vita-graph) was enjoying one of the showiest opportunities he experienced during his long period behind the footlights, being King Saul in "The Shepherd

King," supporting Wright Lorimer, at the Alvin Theater, Pittsburg, Pa.



October 15, 1908. — Clara Kinball Young (World) was plodding away as a hard-working stock actress, playing a round of ingénue rôles with the Pantages Players at the Lois Theater,

Seattle, Wash., being to the fore in the then current production of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."



October 20, 1909. — Edward Earle (Edison) was delighted with the rapid progress he was making in the musical comedy world, at this time playing Algon Graham in "The Boys and

Betty," in the support of Marie

Cahill, and there can be little doubt that he was vastly liked this night when he appeared at Green's Opera House, Cedar Rapids, Ia.



October 31, 1908. — King Baggot (Imp) was thoroly agreeable and easy in the heroic lead of Mr. Bob in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," which this night concluded an engagement of

two weeks at the Majestic Theater, Brooklyn.



October 26, 1906. — Bliss Milford (Pathé) was striving for ingénue honors, being comparatively a newcomer to the stage, at this moment appearing with David K. Higgins, as Alicia

in "His Last Dollar," at the Alvin Theater, Pittsburg, Pa.



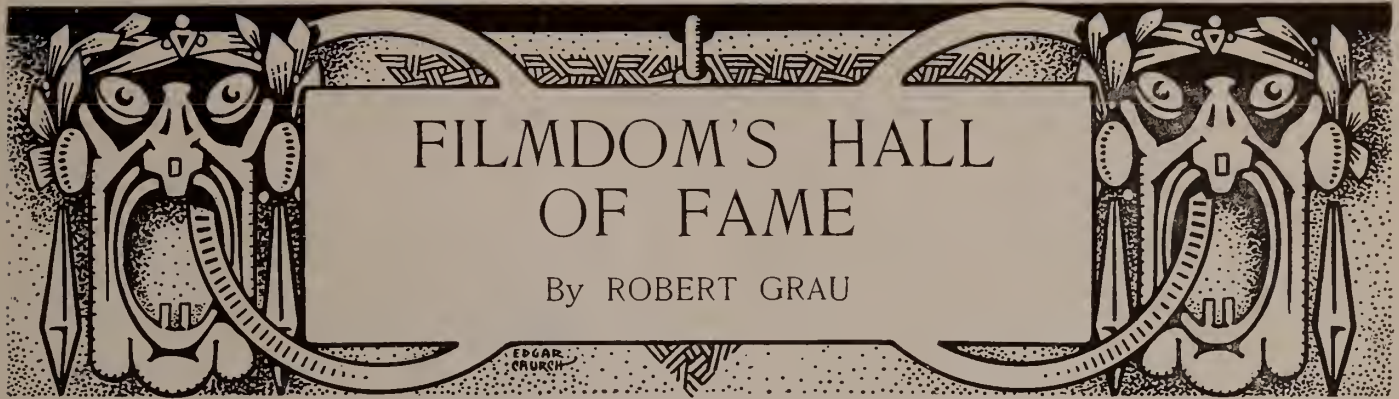
October 21, 1911. — Dorothy Phillips (Rex) was a joy to behold in the sympathetic rôle of Modesty in "Everywoman," the Western company, which had settled down for a

lengthy stay in the vastness of the Auditorium Theater, Chicago.



October 30, 1909. — Harry Benham (Thanouser) was gamboling gaily in musical comedy, playing the leading rôle in "The Gay Musician," which this day concluded a week's stay at

the Garrick Theater, St. Louis, Mo.



A stands for Anderson—Gilbert M.—who created “Broncho Billy” for the screen, who was one of the first to desert the stage for the film studio, half owner of “S and A,” a real product of a new art development.

B stands for Bushman—Francis—erstwhile struggling actor, now hailed as “Filmdom’s Perfect Man,” whose amazingly meteoric rise to fame and affluence is discussed in the press and magazines to an extent no stage star, past or present, has been honored.

C stands for Costello—Maurice—the first of all the matinée idols of the screen, who brought into filmdom a prolonged experience as a “stock” actor, whose portrayals are what they are because of the seriousness with which he embraces his task, whose entire career as a photoplayer has been spent in one organization.

D stands for Daly—Arnold—apostle of Bernard Shaw, who proved in “Exploits of Elaine” that sheer artistry may be utilized even in a “screen thriller.”

E stands for Eytinge—Harry—scion of an illustrious stage ancestry, one of the few photoplayers to grasp the significance of truthful typification of character, who can make the rôle of a policeman attractive and interesting without caricature. An actor with the true picture sense.

F stands for Ford—Francis—the man who put the “punch” in film serials, who directs massive productions with an intellect born in a photoplay era, whose character creations reveal an innate knowledge of dramatic value.

G stands for Griffith—David Wark—maker of film history. Greatest living exponent of speechless drama. The man who produced the first photo-spectacle, to see which the public willingly has paid two dollars

per seat; who attained his goal without resort to famous stars of the stage, and whose triumph was shared in by men and women who represent what Motion Pictures really stand for.

H stands for Hall—Ella—a dainty lady of the screen, whose rise to stellar fame is the natural reward meted out to one who puts her soul into her work. The girl who sheds real tears when she weeps, and who has often proved Ella Wheeler Wilcox to be wrong about “weeping alone.”

I stands for Ince—Thomas, Ralph and John E.—the three sons of an old-time actor, who did not live to see them achieve renown thru a new art. A name to conjure with in picture-dom. All three are now occupying the highest positions attainable in the field they have enriched. Actors who act too little these days, but who have by their artistic direction of photoplays immeasurably raised the standard of productivity.

J stands for Johnson—Arthur—whom stage folk refer to as the Sol Smith Russell of the screen, a concrete delineator of types, who writes and directs the photoplays in which he appears, beloved of all filmdom. Half of mankind is praying for his recovery from a serious illness.

K stands for Kerrigan—Handsome Jack—idolized by women and men alike, to whom many a mother has pointed as a model of manhood. A splendid illustration of the ideal Motion Picture actor, and one whose head has not been turned by worldwide popularity—who, in the rôle of “Samson,” contributed a portraiture destined to everlasting inclusion in the film gallery for posterity.

L stands for Leonard—Marion—one of the very first women to be featured in picture-plays, who holds that a Motion Picture actress should not reveal herself in the flesh to the public, who produces in her own studio, and whose ideals have ever been worthy of emulation.

M stands for Moore—Tom, Owen and Matt—a triumvirate of picture-craft, from whom it would be difficult to choose a leader.

N stands for Nesbitt—Miriam—one of the pillars of the Edisonian institution, who so radiates with personality that her tremendous following resents its utilization in other than ingratiating rôles, who is nevertheless the most able exponent of the adventuress type in the field.

O stands for Ogle—Charles—whose massive and picturesque figure and splendid gifts in characterization have long since commanded for him that fame which comes only to the great minority of actors who change their environment from stage to screen.

P stands for Pickford—“Our Mary”—filmdom’s greatest celebrity. Highest paid woman in all the world, and the most widely discussed personality in the amusement world, who but three years ago was not even known by name to the millions who now pay her homage—who became a Broadway star under Belasco’s management, but who was so unhappy away from the studio environment that she needed no coaxing to tempt her back to the screen.

Q stands for Quirk—Billy—with whom all the world has laughed simultaneously. One of the first of filmdom’s funny men, whose vogue is more lasting than sensational.

R stands for Richardson—Jack—who played the villains with the Flying A, when that brand of films was confined to Western life; who still plays villains in the same organization. The very last of the Flying A’s great quartet of 1913 and the only one to remain loyal to the last.

S stands for Stewart—Anita—who less than three years ago was unknown to the screen and who has never trod the boards of the stage in her life, but who is now one of the foremost, if not indeed the

foremost star of picturedom. The girl who, at the age of nineteen, became famous in a night in "A Million Bid," who is now being sought by Broadway stage producers, but who is reluctant to desert the gold-laden new art which has enriched her.

T stands for Theby—Rosemary—who, like fair Anita, came three years ago, unknown and unsung, to the portals of the film studio, and in a few months became a star, despite the fact that she, too, had never spoken a line on the stage.

U stands for Ulrich—Leonora—one of the last of stage stars to seek conquest of the drama of silence—the girl whom Oliver Morosco has predicted will bring new dignity to the screen.

V stands for Vernon—Agnes—of Gold Seal fame, who is fast marching on to that goal which is the reward of industry when accompanied by an unerring knowledge of an infant art's technique.

W stands for Weber—Lois—the wonder girl of Moving Pictures, whose struggles for recognition on the speaking stage were in vain, but who, in sheer desperation, found herself, by the aid of the camera man, creator of hundreds of film characters. Author and director of "Hypocrites," the most daring effort of "modern screen" productivity.

X stands for the mysterious, unknown star—the popular favorite—whom we are bound to discover next year.

Y stands for Young—Clara Kimball—who is as well known in Syria and Japan as in America; who, unlike most of her colleagues of the screen, has toured the world over in the effort to secure a greater realism for her film portrayals. The girl who made hundreds of blasé New Yorkers hold their sides in "Goodness Gracious" at the premier of the Vitagraph Theater.

Z stands for Zukor—Adolph—the man who conceived the idea of immortalizing the actor, who heretofore became a memory at death. Now, thru Zukor enterprise, all of the generations to come may enjoy the artistry of the famous players of this period, and that, too, in the same rôles by which their fame was achieved.

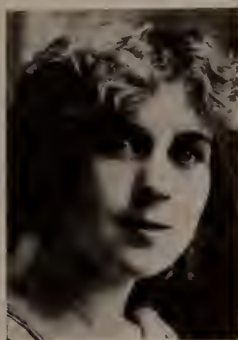
EDITORIAL NOTE.—While the foregoing interesting article was written by one of the foremost writers on Motion Pictures in this country, and by one who is considered an authority on many subjects, it may be a question if Mr. Grau has made a happy selection of his twenty-five characters to represent the letters of the alphabet. Nevertheless it is quite clear that no two writers (or readers, for that matter) could hope to agree on a matter of this kind.



HENRY WALTHALL, OF THE ESSANAY PLAYERS, IN A TYPICAL CHARACTER PART

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES POPULAR PLAYERS

MIGNON ANDERSON



While little Mignon Anderson, of the Thanhouser Company, is known as the "Dresden China Girl," it must be borne in mind that the name, which signifies all that is dainty, is in no

way connected with the many daredevil stunts with which she is credited. No dainty china, whether it be from Dresden or Sevres, could stand such strenuousness. It would break into a million pieces. But Miss Mignon is not broken yet, either in spirit or otherwise, and she is ever ready to risk life and limb at a moment's notice if it will add an extra thrill to the picture.

But at the same time I beg to assure Miss Anderson's legion of friends that when she is engaged in any picture where danger lurks around, the director has several husky attendants handy to hold the life-net. So she is never really in any danger. To see the little lady who weighs less than a hundred pounds fall off a stone wall fifteen feet high and live to appear in another picture, one would almost imagine that she was a trained gymnast. But she is not. She is simply the daintiest and one of the very cleverest ingénues in Motion Pictures.

As a child actress Miss Mignon appeared with Richard Mansfield, Julia Marlowe, the late Joseph Jefferson, and others, but papa Anderson, who was an actor himself, came to the wise conclusion that a period in school would be beneficial to his little daughter, so to school she was sent in Brooklyn. Shortly after leaving her scholastic studies she joined the Thanhouser forces and has been with that company ever since.

Mignon Anderson likes picture work very much better than the stage. For, she says, she has so much more time to herself, and, besides, she is

imbibing new ideas with every picture. For instance, in one picture she was a very talkative office-girl; in another she had an emotional, sad, weepy part; then, later, she was obliged to drive a big touring car in a race with a passenger train over in Jersey. On the legitimate stage no such chances for spectacular versatility are ever seen. And little Mignon isn't a bit conceited, either. She is a frequent visitor at Motion Picture theaters, where she takes delight in criticising herself and studying others who, she believes, know more than she does.

FRANK BORZAGE

Frank Borzage has the reputation of having better control of facial expression than any other screen artist before the public today. Slight of build, delicate of feature, with curly brown



hair, he can make of himself at a moment's notice either the ingenuous, lovable hero or the libertine rounder who arouses distrust and even antipathy among his audiences.

The leading juvenile out at the Inceville studios was recently playing in "The Panther," under the direction of Walter Edwards, who also played the title rôle. The company had gone into the heart of the Bear Valley to take some of the big scenes. A young Canadian (Frank Borzage) had been captured by The Panther (Walter Edwards), who tied him to a tree and proceeded to lash him with a rawhide whip. Several rehearsals of the scene had been taken, and, as Edwards was about to give the order to the camera man to "take it," he admonished Borzage not to lose his temper if the whip should really catch him in a tender spot. Thereupon the unfortunate "Canadian" up and spoke.

"If you want realism," he said,

"don't be afraid of hurting me, but go to it."

"Do you mean it?" asked Edwards, with the whip poised in mid-air.

"Sure I mean it," replied the juvenile. "I'll do anything to help make a good picture. Go to it; I won't wince."

Without another word Edwards brought the whip down on Borzage's back. Tied helplessly, the "Canadian" refused to cry out for mercy. With the twelfth blow an ugly gash showed redly across the actor's back, and with the eighteenth he collapsed completely, and as he sank thru the ropes to the ground, the camera man ceased "taking." The scene is a terribly realistic one on the film. In reality it was even more terrible still. When all was over Edwards looked at his leading juvenile admiringly and remarked grimly:

"God help the enemy, Frank, if Canadians in real life are as gritty as you have been today."

"That's all right," said Frank, with the smile of one who has nobly done his duty. "Give me a drink, some one."

RUTH ROLAND

Ruth Roland, long known as "The Kalem Girl," got her first job in Moving Pictures because she wore a brilliant green necktie and Mr. Hartigan, her director, was from the Emerald Isle.



But long before this, in fact when she was a four-year-old toddler, she appeared as the mascot in "Cinderella."

Ruth Roland is one of the several California girls to have blazed a theatrical career as a mere child, and has since become famous on the stage and in Motion Pictures. As a child-actress, she covered the "big loop" in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "The Ensign" and "Bootles' Baby." "Little

The Hit of the Photoplay Season

"HERE LIES" is a Little Book That Is Causing More Talk Than All the Scenario Textbooks.

The Brightest, the Most Timely, and the Most Valuable Contribution to Bewildered and Discouraged Writers.

We Have Exhausted the First Edition of 3,000 Copies. Second Edition Now Ready.

L. Case Russell, the well-known photoplaywright, is its author, and new and interesting chapters are contributed by Eugene V. Brewster, Editor of the Motion Picture Magazine, and Edwin M. LaRoche, Editor of the Photoplay Clearing House. Replete with clever drawings, and it tells you how not to write in most entertaining fashion.

The most liberally quoted book of the year in trade publications, newspapers, book reviews and magazines.

The greatest obstacle in the way of a photoplay writer is the "Has been done before" rejection slip. It has been discovered that at least 80 per cent of the unsold scripts now on the market were written around stale plots. That is why they don't sell! For the first time, these forbidden themes have been collected, classified, crucified, and buried in a most emphatic manner. "Here Lies" is written in a most novel and refreshing manner, and the lessons it teaches will never be forgotten.

Read What Prominent Studio Editors, Directors, and Dramatic Critics Think of This Little Book:

I want to acknowledge receipt of your splendid little book, "Here Lies." So far I have only had time to glance at it, but I can readily see that it is going to be of great assistance to me.
LOUIS GLASER,
Motion Picture Editor, Washington Herald.

I want to compliment you on the booklet, "Here Lies." It is too bad nobody ever thought of getting it out a little sooner. It might have saved the editors lots of needless work as well as heartaches for the aspirants who think it is as easy to write scenarios as it is to see a nickel show. Your book is so full of wit and humor that I took it home with me and gave it a place of honor on the same shelf in my library with the works of O. Henry and George Ade.
EMILY BROWN HEININGER,
Essay Editorial Staff.

Some time ago I wrote L. Case Russell my "heartily congratulations" on the clever little book entitled "Here Lies." I sincerely feel that she has performed a great mission. My first thought after reading it was how can this be put into a wide circulation.

It has been my misfortune to be compelled to read hundreds of impossible photoplays and to give a truthful opinion to amateur authors. I shall gladly contribute from my weekly salary for the free circulation of "Here Lies."

It strikes so truthfully at the many pitfalls to all beginners in photoplay writing.

I feel confident that every producer shall feel it his duty to supply readers with copies of "Here Lies" for distribution among amateur writers.

BERNADINE RISSE LEIST,
Kinemacolor Company of America.

Your little Donis in "Here Lies" articles should be a great assistance to scenario writers in general and amateurs and beginners in particular. If your little book serves the purpose for which it is intended it will be of great assistance to the editor.

With kindest regards and best wishes, I remain,
F. A. WALL,
Scenario Editor, American Film Co.

I do not see why it should not be of great help to photoplay writers, and I am sure it will be to photoplay editors, in that it will teach outsiders to keep clear of the hackneyed themes which stare at us from every mail.

Best of all, and contrary to its more ponderous brethren, it gets to the point quickly and tells what to use and what not to, without confusing its readers.

Thanking you for my copy, and with best wishes,
CRAIG HUTCHINSON,
Keystone Editor.

Sent, postpaid, to any address, on receipt of 25c. in 1c. stamps or coin. Published by

THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lord Fauntleroy" was her first stellar rôle.

After leaving school, she went into stock, and then joined the Kalem Company. Her first successes were in Western and Indian military dramas: "The Chance Shot," "The Round-up at Dawn," "Biel's Flute" and "The Sheep Man's Triumph." Then came the rapid series of Kalem comedies, such as "The Pasadena Peach," "Ruth's Hat," "Hypnotic Nell," and scores of others that added to her fame. "The Kalem Girl" was written especially to display her athletic prowess in riding, swimming and fencing stunts. The biggest surprise of all was the serial, "The Escapades of Ruth," in which Ruth Roland proved herself capable of portraying highly dramatic rôles.

Recently she has signed a long-term contract with the Balboa Company, at a salary, so it's said, that will permit her to keep a string of motor-cars, splash in champagne baths and otherwise luxuriate as a full-fledged star.

EARLE METCALFE



Varsity man, traveler, literateur and lover of books; soldier of fortune and real soldier in the Kentucky night-rider feuds; from barn-stormer and super to a leading man on the stage, are the ingredients that make up the delightful Motion Picture personality, Earle Metcalfe. Strange to say, the man from Abergavenny, Wales, is not noted for his good looks, as he is usually disguised in a character make-up. As a fact, he has the type of face and figure of a matinée idol—worse luck!

Earle Metcalfe served his school and college apprenticeship in Cincinnati. He says he was in and about the Ohio Law School a good deal—mostly about. Soon after he started with a "car show" in Texas and has played in numerous big city stock companies, as the leading man for such favorites as Stella Hammerstein and Zelda Sears. He has been with Lubin for over two years, and has been pictured in over one hundred subjects, his favorites being "Her Husband's Picture," "His Conscience" and "The Wine of Madness."

Just the slightest English accent adds charm to his diction when he

tells you about his fascinating ensemble of student, adventurous and footlight days.

MARY CHARLESON

"Such a broth of a beoo-tiful Oirish colleen," is the way one enthusiastic admirer of Mary Charleson put it. Yes, he was right; the heroine of "The Road o' Strife" is "Oirish," and



she glories in the fact that she was born in picturesque old Dungannon, not far from Belfast. When her parents came to this country pretty little Mary brought a bit o' the Imerald Isle along with her, for she sang Irish folksongs and danced Irish steps until she had the Celtic inhabitants round about Los Angeles nearly frantic with joy and admiration.

Mary Charleson adopted the stage when she was but a tiny tot, and at twelve attracted much attention by her clever work in "Rip Van Winkle." Later she played in stock companies—the greatest theatrical training ground in the world—and in both comic opera and vaudeville. But it is as a photoplayer that this little lady is best known and universally admired. She not only has natural talent for ingénue rôles, but can play with equal ease and intelligence almost any type of girl or woman in the whole gamut of femininity.

Her work with the Vitagraph Company will always be remembered with pleasure. She has played leads with the late John Bunny, Maurice Costello, Edwin August, and other photoplayers of prominence. Since joining the Lubin forces Miss Charleson has appeared in "The Governor," a three-reel drama written by Shannon Fife and in which she played opposite John Ince, who also directed the picture. As the heroine in Emmet Campbell Hall's serial, "Road o' Strife," she has made hosts of new friends.

This "little bundle of strenuous femininity," whose charming vivacity has caused thousands of photoplay lovers to forget their troubles for the nonce, is exactly two inches over five feet in height; her eyes are a mischievous gray-blue; she is of the brunette type, and altho very attractive upon the screen, is even more so off it as her sweet lovable self.



Why Pavlova Went to the Screen

(Continued from page 40)

over-anxious to go into pictures, and I recall that I stipulated if I did consent to make a screen debut it would



PAVLOVA, IN STREET COSTUME, ENTERING HER HOME IN RUSSIA

(Sixty-three)

have to be as the dumb girl of Portici. I was not easily converted to picture work. During the past three or four years I have been approached many times by Moving Picture officials who were desirous of having me act in their films, but I labored under the impression that my advent into pictures would injure my other work. I had many discussions with my manager, Mr. Max Rabinoff, on this subject. He pointed out to me that there were innumerable centers in Europe and America in which I had never been seen because these places offered no facilities for my large production, and even in the cities where I had appeared there were many thousands of people who could not afford to pay the admissions I must necessarily charge in order to maintain such a large expense.

"After considerable thought I finally agreed with Mr. Rabinoff, and accepted the offer of the Universal Film Company. Just what arrangements I made financially I do not think is of interest to the public.

"When the documents had been signed and the date agreed upon as to when my work should begin, I began to feel somewhat nervous and apprehensive as to how I would look in pictures. So I bought a camera and spent some of my idle time out in the country, where I had some of the members of my company take various photographs of me in different poses. Some of these were very satisfactory; some were quite otherwise.

"I have been most interested in Moving Pictures ever since they came into vogue, and while I had never attended a Moving Picture studio, yet I had read a great deal about them, and have wondered just how double exposures, 'close-ups,' and all those other things were made.

"Since I started work I am getting very curious to know just how I shall look when this first picture is released. I imagine it must make one feel rather uncanny to sit and see one's self moving about before one's very eyes, and I am beginning to wonder whether I will like it or not.

"The work is very enjoyable, and I find the time slips away almost too soon, so pleasant is the work and so courteous are the producers and stage managers. Every one seems to be interested in trying to make my work comfortable, and I am certain that I have formed a very great affection for a work which until now has seemed very foreign to me."

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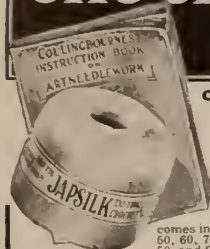


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The dawn wind, running with fairy feet
 Along the floor of the sea;
 The dewy essence of meadowsweet,
 A sun-wrought witchery;
 And mothering earth, who gave them birth—
 These are the pictured three.

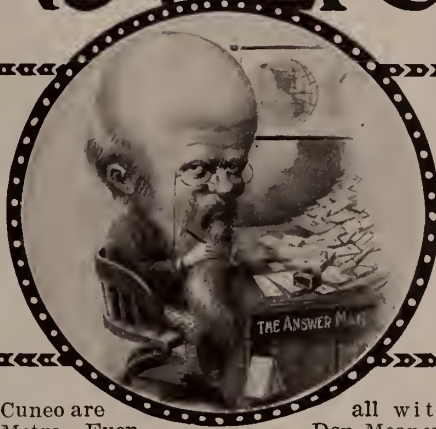
Fugitive Spring's imprisoned there,
 Never to fade or die;
 And Autumn, reaping its harvest fair,
 Under an azure sky;
 Youth's splendid dream, the dare supreme,
 And Wisdom's grave reply.

Could one but film that dream of youth
 That trembles half-awake,
 What virgin pleas and mysteries
 The camera would take!
 And what, if one could see it run,
 A movie it would make!

(Sixty-four)

The ANSWER MAN

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 maga-



zine. 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.

JACK FALSTAFF.—There might be a chance for you, if you have original ideas. Thanks for the clippings about Mary Pickford. Will Archie was Sweetey, and Mary Miles Minter was the Fairy in "The Fairy and the Waif" (World). The maid was Edna Purviance in "Work" (Essanay). Haven't the half-wit in "A Daughter of the People."

MARION F.—No, my dear, I don't wear a sport shirt. So you liked Mr. Costello in that sport shirt with a striped collar. Yes, but he looked great dressed up later on in that play. May Buckley is playing on the stage.

BRONCHO KID.—Mary Cooper was the Marietta in "The Burned Hand." Thomas Chatterton directs more than he plays. He played in "The Modern Noble." You think my department is too small. I have decided to work 24 hours a day instead of 16, and it may grow in time provided the Editor permits. You want to write to Margot.

ELLA H.—Yours was good, but here's a wonderful one: Stone and Wood stood on the corner. A maiden started to blubber. Stone turned to Wood; Wood turned to Stone, and they both turned to rubber. Edith Storey, I think.

JAMES C. T.—Leonore Ulrich and Sidney Mason in "Capital Punishment." Francis Bushman will be featured in Churchill's "Richard Carvel."

MARY PICKFORD FAN.—Anna Little was born in California in 1891. Edith Johnson was the girl in "His Jungle Sweetheart" (Selig). Address Ella Hall, care of Universal, Hollywood, Cal.

Mrs. W. H. S.—That is his correct name. Jere Austin was with Kalem last. I agree with you absolutely. Earle Fox and Stella Razetto.

MAIDA.—I think that play had more advertising than it was worth. So you would like to see Fay Tincher and Charlie Chaplin play together. You say you would like to have a picture of me eating green corn on the cob. Very well, provided you will give me a picture of yourself eating spaghetti.

FRANK G.—Harry Benham and Florence LaBadie in "When the Fleet Sailed" (Thanouser). Yours was splendid, and you are always welcome.

T. B., LOUISVILLE, KY.—Glad to hear from the good old State. Kentucky, O Kentucky, with all thy faults I love thy still! Yes, Beverly Bayne and Francis Bushman are to play opposite again. E. H. Calvert, Helen Dunbar, Lester

Cuneo are Metro. Even Don Meaney, Essanay's old publicity man, is with Metro. Betty Nansen is Danish. She will play in "La Tosca."

BETTY BELL.—Glad to see you here. Always pleased to receive my old magazine friends. Arthur Johnson is not playing now. He is still resting, but he has recovered. You will see mostly new faces in the Lubin plays hereafter, but Romaine Fielding remains.

CHARLIE H.—Yes, the Supplement seemed to make a hit; it struck twelve all over the country. Glad you like it. Yes, I get lots of foolish letters, but I don't mind. Says I, God bless the foolish people and don't let them run out, for I need them in my business.

PANSY.—John Sainpolis was Gaston in "Wormwood" (Fox). I understand that we are to have a chat soon with Theda Bara. Glad the club is coming along nicely. I still have that beautiful silver loving cup that you folks gave me, and everybody admires it.

BRONCHO BILLY'S PAL.—George Anderson opposite Mary Pickford in "Little Pal" (Famous Players). Claire Whitney was Georgia in "The Nigger" (Selig). Herbert Standing and Myrtle Stedman in "Hypocrites" (Bosworth). Anders Randolph was Delevan in "Mother's Roses" (Vitagraph). You have seen better lovers than Anders? Impossible—can't be true! Joseph Kaufman was Tom in "The College Widow" (Lubin).

OLGA.—What, again? I believe you refer to William West, of Biograph. You are generally right. As Lincoln once said, it is better only sometimes to be right than at all times wrong.

ERNEST, NEW YORK.—Marie Cahill in "Judy Forgot." You show excellent taste, and taste is the test of the mind.

GERTIE.—There is an old German proverb which runs, "Neutrals are soused from above, and singed from below." Quite appropriate just now, considering the aeroplanes and submarines, eh? Paul Panzer is playing with Mary Fuller.

SCOT, TORRESDALE.—We are all hard to please. I just read a letter in which the writer did not care for Ethel Clayton's work, and you have such high praise for her. Marshall Neilan back with Famous Players.

CRAIG KENNEDY.—Shoo fly! Tell that to the marines. I don't believe you. You ask why the mistake? You seem to be

one of those who see the fly on the barn-door without seeing the door. Everything has its defects. Nothing is perfect. Even the sun has its spots. There can be no sunshine without shadow. It is a good thing to criticise, but it is a pathetic thing when you become so critical that you cannot appreciate the good as well as condemn the bad.

MEREDITH VON VREEDOYCK.—You are correct. It is about 70 miles from Philadelphia to Long Branch, whether you walk, entrain or auto. Some beauty is not even skin-deep. Kalem are releasing "Stingaru" weekly as a series of twelve.

JULIET MAC.—Florence LaBadie lives in New York. No, my child, "M. P." does not stand for Molly Pitcher, Mary Powell, mince pie, milk punch, mustard plaster, Member of Parliament, or Mary Pickford, but simply for Motion Pictures.

Rex F. S.—Yes; Ella Hall is a good player. The latest comedian is George Ovey, announced as "The Funniest Man in America." There are a great many "funniest" men in America.

BRONCHO KID.—Winnifred Greenwood was the Adele in "Detective Blinn" (American). A chat with Winnifred is ready and waiting. Ben Wilson is with Eastern Universal. Dot Farley is with Fox.

CLARENCE F. P.—Webster Campbell and Neva Gerber in "A Taxicab Elopement." Richard Stanton and Margaret Gibson in "The Golden Trail" (Broncho). Beatrice Van was Helen in "The Mighty Hold." I do not care to advise readers about buying stock in the new Griffith-Ince-Sennett "Triangle Film Corporation." They must investigate for themselves.

FRANCELLA, BALTIMORE.—Please don't send any more overdue postage letters to me. I am well nye broke paying for letters that weren't fully prepaid. Like the moon, I am now on my last quarter.

NANCY LEE.—No, they never married. There's many a slip 'twixt the parlor and altar. Elizabeth Burbridge in "The Lighthouse Keeper's Son." William Stowell left Selig for American.

JOSEPH C. P.—No, I am not married; it is better to have loved and lost than to marry and be bossed. Still, the married man has his cares, but a bachelor has no pleasures.

JONSIE, 19.—Have you seen the portraits we are offering with the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE? They are very fine. They might do.

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AMELIA F. C.—Well, that was Walt Whitman as Rev. David Dowling in "The Heart of Jabez Flint," but it was not dear, great Walt Whitman of old. Louise Glaum and Harry Keenan in "The Toast of Death."

PATRICA, 18.—Hobart Bosworth and Jane Novak in "The Scarlet Sin." Nat Goodwin is going to play for Universal. Gene Gauntier and Jack Clark in "Gene of the Northland."

YRGGYNA.—Dont call me "Bluebeard" if you want me to say nice things about your letter. I dont mind "Diogenes," "Old Rip," etc., but I draw the line at "Bluebeard" for two reasons: (1) My beard is not blue; (2) I never had any wives, and dont want any more than one. Yes; I am the same Answer Man who writes for the M. P. MAGAZINE.

MARY ANN.—You ask me when I go to bed. When I am sleepy. Sometimes it is ten and sometimes twelve. I wish it would always be ten. I have sometimes sat up until the clock struck thirteen, but only when I have had letters as long as yours to read.

SHOO, SHOO.—Rosemary Theby and Jennie Nelson and Harry Myers in "My Tomboy Girl" (Victor). Rosemary Theby has an automobile, and Harry Myers has an automobile. I do not know the record, but I understand that Mrs. Bertha Dr ry, wife of a farmer in Taylorsville, Ky., gave birth to five children on February 12, 1914. Surely Mr. Roosevelt could find no fault with her!

GUSSIE U.—Mabel Trunnelle and Edward Earle had the leads in "Ranson's Folly." Vivian Martin and Chester Barnett in "The Little Dutch Girl." Owen Moore is with Griffith.

JENNIE L.—That was the right title, "Finn and Haddie," by Lubin. Came near being a fish, didn't it? Frank Moulan had the lead. Gail Kane with Famous Players.

JOHNSON, DOVER.—Thank you, for those jokes about the Ford car. They were "rattling" good. And now let us all join in singing that grand old hymn, "I didn't raise my Ford to be a Jitney."

MATILDA.—Kalem have a new Helen for the "Hazard of Helen" series. Helen Gibson will be the new Helen. Richard Travers in "The Man Trail" (Essanay). Marshall Neilan is with Famous Players for a while. Gladden James with Universal now.

JERALDINE.—Joy reigned in my hall-room when I read those clever verses of yours. The Admiral of the U. S. Navy is George Dewey, whose duty is designated as President of the General Board, stationed at Washington, D. C. Lawrence McClosky is with World.

WILLIAM T. H.—I have about 30 pages of yours to read thru, and then you will hear from me. In the meantime, be patient, sweet William.

IRENE Mc.—You dont seem to be getting along, so I will give you a problem in arithmetic: From "What I might do," take "What I am!" What's the answer? House Peters playing with William Hart and Enid Markey, N. Y. M. P.

DAN, BROOKLYN.—Viola Radcliff in "Billie's Goat" (Majestic). Sorry, but I haven't seen that Universal as yet.

CUPID.—No, my child, I had not forgotten you. Always glad to hear from Cupid. Edward José is playing in "The Stain." Clara Kimball Young's maiden

name was Kimball, and she married James Young. She is now with Equitable.

MEREDITH VON VREEDOXCH.—United Film Co. is right. Yes, that was Mary Pickford who was remarried to Owen Moore. They remarried because the first marriage was performed by a justice of the peace, and hence not according to Hoyle. The second was performed by a priest, which is as they wanted it.

SCOT, TORRESDALE.—I did not see "The Wild Olive." I dont think "The Blue Bird" has been filmed as yet. No, I know of no better child actor than Bobby Connelly, and he seems to have the makings of a great grownup actor. You never can tell, tho.

OLGA 17.—Crane Wilbur now with N. Y. M. P. Co. Now, dont get him mixed with Thomas Chatterton. Rose Coghlan is still playing occasionally—Lubin last.

GERIE.—That was a Chinese dinner they served. The "inou goo guy pan" was boneless chicken with white mushrooms, bamboo shoots and water chestnuts; the "foo yong ha" was omelette with lobster; the "chow mein" was fried noodles with boneless chicken; the "un doi" was boiled rice; the "gem get" was preserved oranges; the "bor low" was preserved pineapple; and the "tong moy" was preserved green plum. Francis Bushman was not there? What a shame!

MARION M. L.—Harold Lockwood in "The Great Question." You begin your letter by saying "There's no use talking" and then keep right on. But what you said was all to the merry, so I will forgive you that very long letter.

EDGAR, 19.—Kathlyn Williams has 532,560 votes as leading lady at the time of this writing. So you would like a picture of her soon?

MEREDITH.—Any company can picture a book after the copyright runs out, but it is not considered good policy for a company to produce the same book after another company has just done so.

EDITH C., BROCKPORT.—I must admit that we owe the Germans an everlasting debt of gratitude for their convincing and scientific exposition of the art of war. I wish, however, that it were a constructive rather than a destructive art that they taught.

BESSIE C. D.—You think that Mr. Bushman's popularity is due to the fact that he has the advertising capacity of Phineas T. Barnum. Many of my readers seem to think that his popularity is due to merit of the highest order.

MELVA.—And you here, too? That's nice. Kathryn Adams was the wife in "The Shooting of Dan McGrew." Betty Riggs was his daughter. You say that next to me the ice-man is your dearest friend? I feel highly complimented to think that I come ahead of the ice-man. And you think that Annette Kellerman has nothing on Edith Storey, and she must take a back seat when Edith is around? You must have been seeing that wonderful "Island of Regeneration." You must surely see "The Chalice of Courage," a gem and a masterpiece.

HARRY, 23.—That was an artifice, not art. He is a fine player for some parts. So you are glad Earle Williams did not accept Metro's offer of \$1,000 a week. The leading rôle usually gets the leading roll, but I guess there must be some attraction at Vitagraphville other than money. His salary is not announced.

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Little whisperings from everywhere in Hayerdom

MYRTLE STEDMAN some time ago undertook the vocal education of a young Italian girl who had been taking small parts with her benefactor in one of the Bosworth photoplays. Miss Stedman believes that she has "found" a budding operatic star and has become very much interested in the girl's future.

Imagine Harold Lockwood, tall, handsome, pink-cheeked and blond, attired in white flannels and riding in his white-enameled car in the beautiful boulevards of California!

Charlie Chaplin could resist no longer, and now he is signed up for vaudeville at, it is said, the mere trifle of \$5,000 a week.

Francis Bushman is to have his old film-mate, Beverly Bayne, back with him again, that lady having left the Essanay Company for the Metro.

Hazel Dawn, the charming star of "The Pink Lady," has abandoned the stage permanently for the pictures and has joined the Famous Players Company.

Rumor has it that Mabel Normand has opened a dancing school.

Viola Dana's hobby is dancing, classic dances being her favorites.

Bessie Barriscale has "arrived," apparently, and is making a strong bid for a high place among the leaders of the screen.

"The Broken Coin," by Francis Ford and Grace Cunard, has been expanded from fifteen to twenty instalments, which proves that there is no end of these serials, and no end of coins.

Little Bobby Connelly, of the Vitagraph Company, recently enjoyed the distinction of seeing his name on the "Cast Board" as appearing in five different productions. They were: "The Writing on the Wall," "Old Good-for-Nothin'," "The Patriot," "The Tigress," and "To Cherish and Protect." A schedule was arranged so that Bobby could whirl from one picture to another without conflicting.

Romaine Fielding says that his "The Great Divide," with Ethel Clayton and Robert Kelly, will be his masterpiece.

Mary Anderson is to play opposite William Duncan at the Western Vitagraph studio. Those who saw the latter in "The Chalice of Courage" will not wonder at "Junius," who says that his money goes on this team.

The "Six Diving Venuses," who swim, float and dive thru "Mashers and Splashes," a Wizard comedy, almost outrival Annette Kellerman in their expertness in the water.

Sixteen-year-old Edith Adele Peirce, who was awarded the second prize for the most beautiful girl in America at the Panama Exposition, has been secured by the Lubin Company. For the past nine years Miss Peirce has been in vaudeville.

Marguerite Snow had to undergo an operation recently, but is reported to be getting along nicely.

Raymond Hitchcock (Keystone and Essanay) prefers the stage to the screen, and so he is again back on the boards.

The Kalem Company is reissuing several fine Alice Joyce-Tom Moore plays.

Edna Mayo jumped from the deck of a yacht into Lake Michigan, a mile from shore. Henry Walthall leaped after her to make a rescue scene for the play, but as there was a high wind blowing, both players were washed far from the yacht before life-buoys were thrown over.



JIMMY THE DIRECTOR—Hurry up, dere, Broncho Billy, an' save de herowine from de mad bull!

(Sixty-seven)

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DONT MISS THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER

which will be out on Friday, October 1st, everywhere

It will be an unusually attractive number and will contain seven great, beautifully illustrated stories by famous authors, including one of CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY, than whom there is no better writer in America.

The cover will be an exquisite painting of Edna Mayo, of the Essanay Company, reproduced in all the original colors, and this alone will be worth the price of the entire magazine.

Seven interesting special articles and the usual departments, including sixteen engravings of popular photoplayers done in sepia on calendered paper, and over 100 illustrations, will help to make the November MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE the most attractive that has yet appeared.

If you like the SUPPLEMENT, you will surely like the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and it will contain 150 pages of valuable matter besides about 37 pages of interesting announcements, making 188 pages in all, and all for 15 cents. Three full pages of "Greenroom Jottings," twenty pages of answers by "The Answer Man," about ten pages of "Chats with the Players"—how can you afford to do without this peerless magazine?

Order the November MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE now from your newsdealer. While the edition will be 335,000 copies, they won't last long, and you had better make sure of getting one by ordering now.

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Motion Picture Magazine
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



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The first work of Norma Talmadge with the National Company, after her arrival in Los Angeles from New York, was in "Captivating Mary Carstairs." The sojourn beside the waters of the Pacific has been a succession of delights for the former Vitagraph star, who says she is enjoying every minute of her life on the West coast.

There are now thirty-five cars owned by players in the Keystone yard, and they are not all Fords, either!

Lou Tellegen, the actor who supported Sarah Bernhardt in America, is being starred in "The Explorer" at the Lasky studios, supported by Dorothy Davenport and Tom Forman.

Pathé Frères are issuing a new "Arnold Daly Series." Alas, alack! if this is to be a continuation of the terrible and endless Exploits of Elaine and Pauline!

Irene Hunt, champion cooker of California, is writing a cook-book, including all the tasty dishes that she has invented and tried on her many friends, all of whom still live.

Who is the photoplayer without a car? Not Vivian Rich, because she has just bought one, and it "aint no Ford."

Harry Myers and Henry Walthall are both artists and in both senses of the word. The former painted the peacock panels used in "The Prize Story," and the latter drew the cartoons used in "Temper."

The Vitagraph Company have organized a scientific department, in order to picture in a technically correct manner the scientific and surgical work so essential to the realism of many pictures now in course of production.

When Charlie Chaplin recently transferred his wardrobe from his studio headquarters in the Los Angeles Film Corporation building to the Majestic studios, he was asked if he had taken everything over. His answer was: "Yes; there wasn't much—one pair of shoes, a has-been hat, a forty-nine cent cane, and an assortment of mustaches."

Orral Humphrey, the "Marmaduke Smythe" in "The Diamond from the Sky," has earned widespread fame in this laughter-provoking rôle. Funny old Marmaduke's mutton-chop whiskers, his bandy legs, his luckless top hat, and his grotesquely humorous action, bring roars of merriment each time he appears on the screen. Equally famous has become William Dangman, who helped to make "The Goddess" so popular.

Our \$10 gold prize for the best story of the month goes to the author of "A Knight of the Trails" (Oct. M. P. MAGAZINE), second prize to the author of "His Transformation" (do.), and third prize to the author of "What Happened on Board the Barbuda," in this issue.

Frederic de Belleville will be Wallingford in the coming picturization of the famous get-rich-quick adventurer, which Pathé have in hand. Max Figman will do Blackie Daw.

J. Stuart Blackton's big masterpiece, "The Battle Cry of Peace," is to be run serially in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, beginning in the November number, written by himself.

Anna Q. Nilsson, formerly of the Kalem and now of the Fox players, has just finished "The Regeneration." Guy Coombs will probably be her opposite hereafter.

Victor Potel was hurled through a door and blown twenty feet into the street by the explosion of a cartridge in a stove in the Essanay comedy, "Snakeville's Hen Medic." Potel's clothing was almost torn off, and he was bruised from head to foot, but otherwise escaped uninjured. The cartridge exploded prematurely, hence Potel's hasty exit.

Did you know that Ann Luther and Bessie Eyton both have red hair? Well, they haven't; it's "auburn."

Anna Shaefer (W. Vitagraph) is known as Santa Monica's first citizen, on account of her kindnesses, charities and popularity.

We have with us this evening: Jack Hamilton and Jerome Storm (p. 14); Blanche Sweet, Lionel Barrymore and Henry Walthall (p. 20); Lawrence White and Gladys Hulette (p. 23); Augustus Phillips and William West (p. 26); James Cosgrave, Georgie Stone and Jack Hull (p. 29); Adoni Fovieri, Carmen De Rue and Elsie De Wolf (p. 30); Harry Northrup, Gladden James, Estelle Mardo and Bobby Connelly (p. 33); Harry Morey (p. 34); and Rogers Lytton (p. 37).

The Knickerbocker Theater, Broadway and Thirty-eighth street, New York, has been leased by the Triangle Company, and the price of seats will be from \$3 down. (Why not from \$3 up?) At the same time the Vitagraph Theater will be showing "The Battle Cry of Peace" from \$2 down.

Richard Tucker has returned to the Edison Company and will play George Osborn to Mrs. Fiske's Becky Sharpe in "Vanity Fair."

Hughie Mack, the heavy-weight comedian of the Vitagraph Company, has always had a latent ambition to play Romeo, but he is heartbroken at being unable to find a Juliet. His first choice was Flora Finch, but she refused absolutely. Kate Price was next in line, but, when the subject was broached, she gave him one look and Hughie wilted. Now the comedian says that if he can pluck up courage he will ask Lillian Walker.

Beautiful Mlle. Valkyrien (Baroness Dewitz), who was selected by the Vitagraph Company to play Ione in Lanier Bartlett's "Youth," is a descendant, on her mother's side, of Viking ancestors, beginning with Prince Guld, the Norse pretender of the ninth century.

Drink this down quickly: Violet McMillan is now with Balboa; Annette Kellerman with Fox; James Jeffries, ex-ring champion, is assisting Francis Bushman; William Sheerer and Ann Drew have signed with Selig; Frances Nelson and Violet Horner with World; James O'Neil with Imp; Barney Gilmore with Sterling; Sidney Olcott to direct Mary Pickford; Peggy O'Neil with Morosco; Helen Gibson replaces Helen Holmes in Kalem's "Hazards," and that will be about all this month.



It's a Long, Long Way to Filmland!

(Continued from page 18)

increase in number. "Altho the advice is not always well taken, I almost invariably say 'Dont' to them.

"A majority of the successful actors and actresses in Motion Picture work," she continued, "had the advantage of preliminary experience in the spoken drama, and this experience has proven of untold value to them in the pictures. It is true that others, now successful in Motion Picture work, were never on the stage; but many of them entered the studios some years ago and rose by the power of hard work and inherent talent. It is not at all easy in this day and age to obtain a start toward Motion Picture success.

"The managers of almost every studio will inform you that there are hundreds of applicants listed who wish positions as actors and actresses. Every director of Motion Pictures receives hundreds of applications thru the mail, and it should be remembered that the majority of these applicants are totally experienced actors and actresses.

"Then, again, those who would succeed in the art of Motion Picture acting must possess special qualifications. They must photograph well—not all people take good photographs; they must be physically perfect and possess iron nerves, for the orders of the producer are as law in this business. Foolhardiness—so some term it—is essential to success; for a leap from a precipice into a river, a struggle atop a moving car or a reckless race in an automobile may be ordered, and also experienced at any time by the Motion Picture actors.

"And there is little of the glamor

of stage life in connection with the work. It all becomes a day's employment, with the absence of the footlights' glare and the audience.

"The work is arduous; the hours are long. In many studios the time-clock is punched, just as in any other large business institution, and the romantically inclined young girl who dreams of signal honors as a screen favorite would soon be disillusionized should she visit the studio and actively engage in the profession of acting before the camera.

"Men and women of years of experience in the spoken drama are entering more and more largely into the work of the silent drama, and there is little opportunity for the young man or the young woman from Bellecenter to compete with these artists."

Yes, Maude Jones, it's a long, long way to Filmland! We advise you to stick to your present occupation, to cultivate home-town amusements and ambitions, and to enjoy the work of your favorites in the Bon-Ton Theater! Just the same, this well-meant advice will not be taken; the beseeching—and sometimes pitiful—letters to Motion Picture stars will continue to be received in an ever-increasing number. There is an unanswerable lure in expressing one's emotions thru one's very self—it tempts and satisfies one tenfold more than the putting of one's soul into paintings or poetry, or groceries if you will. But acting is a heaven-born gift—the reward of the few. Cobbler, stick to your last! Girls, round out your life and its happiness as best you can, but dont let sentiment run away with your natural common-sense.



MODERN THERAPEUTICS

By FRED W. PHELPS

To Cure the Blues—See Chaplin.
For Anemia—See Roscoe Arbuckle or Hughie Mack.

Old Age—Clara Kimball Young or James Young.

Poverty—Vivian Rich might help.
Sour Stomach—Blanche Sweet is advised.

For Heartache—See a good love-scene in which is featured one of the practitioners well versed in the art of mending broken hearts. Among the best might be mentioned Florence LaBadie, Mary Pickford, James Cruze, etc. Repeat dose until cured.

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| 4. | NAME OF PLAYER | in | | NAME OF PLAY |
| 5. | NAME OF PLAYER | in | | NAME OF PLAY |

Name of Voter
 Address of Voter.....



What Happened on the Barbuda (Continued from page 27)

"The brutes!" she cried, showing fear for the first time; "they're coming to life and crawling like maimed things on the sand."

Hardy took a rapid survey of the boat-davits. They were all empty, with their tackle swinging from the cranes. A glance shoreward showed him the row of boats drawn up on the beach. They were less than an hour's pull from the steamer. The gangsters were rapidly regaining their senses, and the *Barbuda's* cowed and fear-filled crew were already beaten men before they could make a show of resistance.

These things flashed thru Hardy's brain as he called up his men and armed them with crowbars and axes.

"Ah!" he had forgotten the wireless! One quick look at Ruth, and she understood—death or worse was in store.

She supported Hardy to the wireless house, and she plugged in the storage batteries. At his direction, she grasped the sending-key and sent out the long-desired, eloquent "S O S."

"Wait till you get an answer," said Hardy, "and I will give you our bearings to send."

For a heart-breaking half-hour she repeated the call over and over, with no answering sound.

Suddenly a roaring sound clashed against her ears from the phones, and she turned to Hardy. She instantly clapped the phones over the mate's head, and he shouted with joy.

"Quick," he said; "it is an American gunboat. Give them our bearings!"

And under his dictation her nimble fingers spelled out the latitude and longitude.

"I've got you!" came the answer. "We will run to you in three hours."

How long her trembling hand lay in Hardy's can never be known. The thump of the oars in the mutineers' boats came to his ears dully. The wounded man forgot his pain, forgot his peril, quite lost consciousness to everything but that little, pulsing, saving hand.

Suddenly the funeral beat of the oars ceased, and Ruth glanced up and gave a glad shout of discovery. On the sky-line was a long, black funnel of smoke.

"It's the gunboat," said Hardy, in a queerly sad voice; "they'll be here in less than an hour."

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Enclosed please find a one-reel scenario, written from script No. 9715, which you returned to me for rewriting. I have tried to follow your criticism as near as I can, and thank you for it. It is the most frank I have ever received, and has helped me considerably, giving me more of an idea of what is wanted of a writer than any I have ever received. I have tried to make two separate plays of it, as you advised, and will send the other later.
758 Bank St., Beaver, Pa. A. W. FARRAR.

Gentlemen:

It was indeed a pleasant surprise to learn of the sale of my first photoplay for \$50.00 to the Lubin Co. It has certainly encouraged me to try again. I will be pleased if you will notify me of the release date, as you have kindly offered to do. Thanking you for your co-operation, I am,
435 Washington St., Peekskill, N. Y. EMMA C. COX.

Photoplay Clearing House:

Your criticism and report on my scenario, "The Tramp Lawyer" (11,782), has been received, and I am much pleased with your system. Following the suggestions which you give, I will attempt to revise it myself, this being good practice for me. You will therefore return the manuscript to me, postage being inclosed. After its revision I will again forward it to you to be filed, pending possible sale. I am so well pleased with your service that any future scenarios of mine will, as a matter of course, be sent to you.
Windsor, Vt. GUY HUBBARD.

Photoplay Clearing House:

Yours of the 14th inst. received and, as suggested, the same comes as a pleasant surprise. I had just about resigned myself to the idea that the effort expended on the play was of no avail. Allow me to thank you for your diligence and co-operation in selling my script to the Lubin Co. for \$100.00.

If my testimonial with regard to your expert service can be of use to you, please use my name in any way you see fit. Trusting that our future relations will be both pleasant and profitable, I am,
Shawnee, Okla. Very truly yours,
L. W. MOSES.

My Dear Sirs:

Yours received and noted regarding scripts, etc. I shall take the matter up at the earliest possible date and notify you of my decision. If I can secure any desirable manuscripts thru your Clearing House, will be pleased to do so. It will save me writing them myself.

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Enclosed find the Biograph assignment for my play, "One Woman's Loyalty," sold to Biograph for \$35.00. It is properly witnessed. Hoping this is satisfactory and thanking you for your kind assistance.

MISS J. SALEHER.
951A Elizabeth Ave., Elizabeth, N. J.

Photoplay Clearing House:

I am in receipt of your favor of the 8th inst., and note that Lubin offers \$20.00 for my script, "The Wire Clew." This is acceptable to me.

I thank you for your interest in my behalf and hope that I may send you something in the near future.
Parkesburg, Pa. GEORGE M. HAYBURN.

My Dear Mr. La Roche:

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Fee for reading, detailed, general criticism and filing, \$1.00 (multiple reels, 50c. per reel extra). For typewriting, a charge of \$1.00 for each Play will be made, provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. RETURN POSTAGE SHOULD BE INCLUDED, and foreign contributors should allow for U. S. exchange. Enclose P.O. order, stamps, checks, or money with manuscripts. 1c. stamps accepted.

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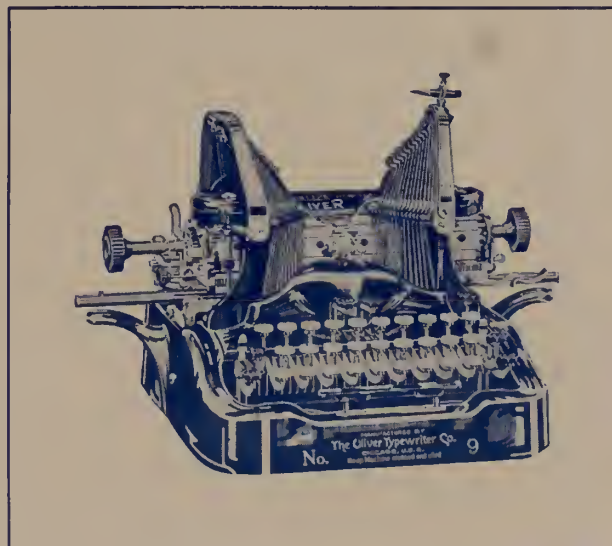
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NOVEMBER

15 Cents

MOTION PICTURE

Supplement



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EDITORIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

READERS of the MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT have pronounced it the "Classic" among Motion Picture publications, if not among all magazines. It seems fitting, therefore, that, since the Post Office authorities decline to give entry as second-class matter after the present issue, the name be changed from Supplement to CLASSIC. The Post Office authorities do not permit entry as second-class matter of any "Supplement" of another publication, and the name "Supplement" must therefore be abandoned by us. The new name will be shorter, more appropriate, more dignified, and more distinctive. For years its older sister, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, has been known as "the classic," because of its high-class literature and illustrations, and it promises to maintain, if not to exceed, that high standard, and to bend every effort to outstrip its young rival in the race for public approval. It will be an interesting race, and you, readers, are to be the judges.

Fifteen Cents Is the Price of Either Publication

The MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, as well as the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, will continue to produce such superior work that their readers will say of each successive number, "The Best Yet." We believe that we can do this for many months to come. Here are just a few of the special articles that are scheduled for the CLASSIC:

"Big Moments from Great Plays," giving illustrations from "The Christian," "A Good Little Devil," "Love's Sunset," and from many other favorite plays, new and old.

"My Favorite Scene," illustrated, a remarkable series of articles by Cleo Madison, Crane Wilbur, Pearl White, George Larkin, Harold Lockwood, Mary Fuller, Antonio Moreno, and other famous photoplayers.

"What Famous Fiction Authors Think of Their Photoplay Adaptations," illustrated, by Ernest A. Dench.

"All Is Not Gold That Glitters," by Robert Grau.

"Ten Big Arguments in Ten Little Minutes," by Dollie Hazlewood.

"Making Pictures in California," by Albert Marple.

"The Adventures of the Screenies," by Sam J. Schlappich.

"The Hermit of Las Vegas," by H. H. Van Loan.

"Once Upon a Time," by Johnson Briscoe.

And the usual departments and "Gallery of Popular Photoplayers."

Dont Miss the December Motion Picture Magazine

The December magazine will be an unusually attractive number, we think, and will fully measure up to "The Best Yet" standard. Here are a few of the special articles scheduled for it:

"The Battle Cry of Peace," by J. Stuart Blackton.

"Diary of Motion Pictures," by Robert Grau.

"The Lannigans and Brannigans," by James G. Gable.

"An August Scenario," by Bennie Zeidman.

"More Censorship Needed—More! More!!" by Hector Ames.

"The Seven Ages of Motion Play Patrons," by Harvey Peake.

The Great Screen Masterpieces Contest.

Chats with Marguerite Courtot, William Farnum, Mabel Trunnelle, Bryant Washburn, and Edwin August.

"A Silent Interview with Mary Pickford," by Homer Dunne.

"The Pastimes of a Motion Picture Actress (Pearl White)," by Arthur Pollock.

"A Personal Glimpse of Antonio Moreno," by M. G. Lachmund.

"The Origin of Broncho Billy," by Ivan Gaddis.

"My First Visit to the Movies," by Homer Dunne.

"A Visit to the Lubin Studio," by Marie Roy.

And the usual departments, including sixteen beautiful portraits of Popular Photoplayers, Greenroom Jottings, seven thrilling short stories, and twenty pages of The Answer Man.

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MOTION PICTURE Supplement

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THE
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NOTE: Beginning with the December number, hereafter this magazine will be known as the "Motion Picture Classic."

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Mary Fuller, of the Universal Company. Miss Fuller first became famous as a photoplayer when she was with the Edison Company. About a year ago she joined the Universal Company, and perhaps no name is better known to Motion Picture patrons throuth the entire world.

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STAFF FOR THE SUPPLEMENT:

Eugene V. Brewster, Managing Editor.

Edwin M. La Roche,	} Associate Editors.	Dorothy Donnell,	Guy L. Harrington, Sales Manager.
Henry Albert Phillips,		Gladys Hall,	Frank Griswold Barry, Advertising Manager.

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Note to Contributors: We cannot be responsible for the return of unavailable manuscripts, drawings, etc., because losses and breakage are sometimes unavoidable thru the mails; hence contributors are advised to retain copies of their work. We are not in the market for short stories. We use only material that deals with Motion Pictures. We can use special articles that are or can be illustrated, and drawings and verses, for which we pay on the third of the month following acceptance. We do not pay for verses written in praise of players, nor for letters to the editor. We return unaccepted contributions only when return postage accompanies the contribution.



A TRIBUTE

To the Inventor of Cinematography

By VIRGINIA CLEAVER BACON

So more than fair God made the earth for man!
He spread His wondrous valleys out beneath
The towering marvels of His mountains high;
He gave the flashing swords of silver streams
To sheathe themselves in curving canyons, wrought
With skill that shames all merely human craft.
With mighty brush He painted in the plains,
And then, with finest filigree of plant
And fragrant flower, all their breadth embossed.
In austere mood, He made the deserts sweep
Their wild and splendid wastes from sky to sky
In poignant beauty that should stir the heart
Of man far more than all the milder aspects could.
He hollowed out the cloudy mountain lakes,
Earth homes of all the stars, and made the plumes
Of trees to bend about their mossy banks.
He taught the inland seas to laugh beneath
The sun, and mirror in their deeps the moon;
He sent the great bride rivers seeking out
Their ocean lord, their wedding paths outlined
With greenery, their radiant selves o'erhung
With bridal veils of gleaming waterfalls
And bridal wreaths of silver fogs and mists.
He flashed the splendors of the northern lights
Across the ice-locked polar plains, and made
The palm-topped jungles of the tropic isle;
He set the emerald oceans vast astir
With snowy-crested waves to dash thru time
Against the yielding bulwarks of the land.
He made the whole round world to speak to men
Of His infinity; but men, held fast
By stern demand of daily duties, saw
It not, or saw the merest part of it.
How well, then, read one mind God's perfect plan,
And by mechanic means brought to us all,
Like unto life, with flashing light and shade
And movement true, upon a changing screen,
Our heritage—the beauty of the earth!

*Gallery of Popular
Photo Players*

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HERRITT



FLORENCE ROCKWELL
(Knickerbocker)



EDITH STOREY
(Vitagraph)



MARGUERITE CLARK

(Famous Players)



EDWARD EARLE
(Edison)





HAROLD LOCKWOOD
(American)





GRACE DARMOND
(Selig)



GEORGE LARKIN
(Selig)



MARGUERITE CLAYTON
(Essanay)





PAULINE MORAN
(Keystone)

SERGE PANINE

BIOGRAPH



BRIDE dressing to celebrate, or solemnize, her nuptials is a creature of mystery. Her slender, satin foot is

about to push aside the virgin soil of youth. Her eager eyes pierce the dim Beyond with a wonder like unto that of the star-gazer. Her thoughts run tumultuously—glad yet wistful—dauntless yet afraid. Perfect love casteth out fear—truly. But, alas, all nuptials do not lead into that Aready of love's young dream. More often than we care to realize young love does not figure at all. Hymen officiates sans any trace of the rosy, chubby Cupid with his inevitable arrow. In his place stand Convenience, Propinquity, Money, Reasons, and a motley troop of causes making straight for a tragic effect.

In the stately home of Madame Arnaud Desvaremmes, Hymen was to do double duty on a certain September evening. Madame was highly pleased at the fruits of her upbringing. She had schooled them well, her daughter, Micheline, and her foster-daughter, Jeanne. They had been properly trained for a life social, amative and domestic. They had been chaperoned strictly, and their names were fair as the fairest of France's lilies. And tonight they were leaving her together—Jeanne to wed Monsieur Cayrol, a middle-aged banker, comfortable, staid, genuinely fond of the humming-bird, Jeanne; Micheline to wed Serge Panine.

Of Serge Panine much might be

by
Alexander Lowell

This story was written from the Novel of
GEORGES OHNET

said. He was slenderly built, with the lithe slenderness of a trained-down animal. He had olive skin, a whimsical mouth and melancholy, Slavic eyes. He had a manner toward women that appeared to be irresistible. It held that deference, that veiled tenderness dear to all feminine hearts. As to his extraction, it was a mingling of the blue blood of France and the purest stock in Russia. That more than atoned for his financial state and for his business abilities, which were nil. Serge Panine was of those for whom the world works. He was the romance of humanity—the strain that is like the haunting, wailing note of an old violin. Once the love of him got into the veins of a woman, only death could draw it out.

Upstairs, in her bridal attire, Jeanne Desvaremmes was awaiting the

summons to descend. She had dismissed her maid, and her foster-mother had gone to Micheline. Over the cluttered silver the girl faced her own reflection. She was the humming-bird type—little and airy and dainty. Her small, pale face was lit by a pair of glorious eyes, and it seemed that all the fire of her body, the strength of her mind and the essence of her spirit looked out from those great eyes. One forgot the small, straight nose, the childish, scarlet lips, in looking at her eyes. She leaned nearer her reflected face. "How can you do it, Jeanne?" she asked herself. "How can you do it—and live—and smile? Mon Dieu! I never thought I could face the light of day knowing Serge to be in another's arms—held to another's breast—drawn to another's lips. I think that day he proposed to Micheline the old Jeanne died. Poor little one—that dead Jeanne. She was such a bébé—she so wanted to be happy. And then—Serge came. Serge Panine—Serge Panine—I think the name of him will be hissed by the very worms in your grave, Jeanne. I know that each drop of my blood, if it could be spilled out into letters, would spell his name. Serge Panine! Ah! Jeanne, he has brought you womanhood—and gall—and honey from the comb of ecstasy—and now—renunciation.

"I can see you now, false one, pleading with Micheline to wed with you. There were roses all about you—and you had told me that all flowers became scentless the day that I was born. Yet you tore one from its stem when she accepted you, Serge Panine,

and put it in her breast. How wicked Jeanne was—she prayed a thorn would pierce the breast of Micheline and all the life-blood would ebb out. That I should think so of Micheline—my sister by all but blood—so tender, and calm, and sweet. But, I am not calm—nor sweet. You have told me I am a concentrated storm, Serge. You have told me so many things—with your sleek, dark head against my love-wild heart. You said you loved to listen to it beat; it was like some pitiful, untamed bird hearing the mating-call and bruising its

'Jeanne,' he said, and his poor, young face was crooked and white, 'Jeanne—he's holding her—Serge Panine is holding my Micheline.'

"I struck at him with my clenched fist. 'Get away from me, bête!' I yowled. 'You're running a knife thru my heart!' Poor Pierre—pauvre garçon! He has not even the consolation of retaliation.

"I rushed from him into the big

ery—the diablerie. See, I kiss you, Serge Panine—I kiss you on your devil's eyes—your devil's mouth—I kiss your lean, dark head. For you have broken the heart of Jeanne."

In the adjoining chamber Micheline sat waiting for the nuptial strains. She had begged her mother to leave her alone for the last moment. In her plump, well-kept hands she held the photographs of Pierre Varnois and Serge Panine.

"I do not love you, Serge," she said sadly; "you frighten me with



"JEANNE," SAID PIERRE. "JEANNE—HE'S HOLDING MY MICHELINE!"

little self to death to answer. Do you make love like that to Micheline? You said we could not be poor—you and I. You had to have money—had to have it tho you crucified yourself; that when you got it some day we could be united. Little boy Serge—you did not know your Jeanne. For that day you proposed to Micheline I crept back to the house—a demon thing. Pierre waylaid me on the porch. Another wounded heart, for Pierre loved Micheline, Serge. And I think she cares for him—in her calm fashion. You have not fired *her* blood, Serge Panine, as you have fired mine.

"Pierre is but a poor youth—Madame's protégé—but he had love for Micheline. He drew me aside.

salon, and there stood Monsieur Cayrol with Madame. He looked hideous to me then—withal, he is big and kindly and so fond of Jeanne. Madame told me he was begging the honor of my hand. I flung my head back and looked Madame squarely in the eye. 'Thank Monsieur Cayrol for me,' I said graciously, 'and say that I accept.'

"And so this is the end, Serge—the end, my dear beloved, of you and me. The end of all those mad hours when the caress of your eyes on my face caught the core of me and shook it with passion. The wedding march is playing—I hear it now. The wedding march—for your marriage and mine. The irony of it—the frightful mock-

your gloomy eyes, your funereal hair, your voice like a lost chord. You are not sunshine—but dark. Ah! Pierre—beloved vagabond—oui, maman, I come!"

The Cayrols were giving one of their noted receptions. It was said that Madame Cayrol had one of the truly old salons. Undoubtedly there flocked about her vivacious little person some of the notables of Paris. Artists, statesmen, literateurs and the cream of the mondaine found pleasure in her company and hospitality in her home. And yet each and every one of them remarked that Jeanne Cayrol was more seeming than *being*.

"Sometimes I think," observed

Mons. Dutile, a rising young poet, "that a humming-bird has only a flaming heart inside its fragile body—a bursting, panting heart, whirling, whirring its mad blood away. It is so with Madame Cayrol—she is the humming-bird, and inside her fairy body is a flaming heart—but, ah, mes amis, it is not flaming for any we think. Not even—this is *entre nous*—for le bon Monsieur Cayrol."

This was the last reception of the season, and Jeanne was very glad. She was tired—so tired that she sometimes forgot even the ache in her heart—an ache that was so tremendous that it seemed now to be a physical thing

me a message. I am called to London tonight—on urgent business. You will make my adieux to our guests, ma chère, and my profound apologies?"

"Certainly—but I am so sorry—you are missing so much."

"I shall hear it all thru you, my little one, and our good Monsieur Panine has promised to play host in my absence. If anything goes wrong, you have your mother here and Pierre and Micheline. I shall set Jacques to packing my valise at once—and shall catch a train in an hour's time.

Jeanne, when he left just then?" Panine looked at her, a curious light in his eyes.

"He informed me of his departure—for London—tonight—why?"

"I thought so—Jeanne, you strange, white flower: the deathly perfume of you is eating my heart away. The desire for you is parching the blood in my body. Jeanne—you look at me with your great, hurt eyes, and I know that I have done a loathly thing. I thought to have money and to buy happiness, and now I know—I



OVER THE BODY OF CAYROL, JEANNE WHISPERED A PRAYER

permeating her entire body with torturing waves of pain.

The reception was going, in so far as she was concerned, as all its predecessors had gone. Her own spontaneity, that she seemed to watch as one apart, vaguely amazed her, and she was not a little incredulous that the sparkling creature could be really herself—pain-ridden, leaden Jeanne. About her circled her guests, witty, animated, flattering. By her side stood Monsieur Cayrol, ever the gentleman, the fond husband; never—never the lover. And like some dynamic force among the crowd, glided the feline form of Serge Panine. Jeanne could see him wherever she was looking, to whomever she was talking—his dark, lean head; his slumbrous, animal eyes; his long, graceful body. And the blood seemed to be strangled from her madly aching heart.

"Jeanne," Cayrol was whispering in her ear, "Jacques has just brought

Adieu, my very dear one; au revoir."

"Adieu—Cayrol."

Jeanne said the farewell absently. Into her brain an obsessing idea had mounted. "I cannot wait," she whispered to herself; "I cannot stand it—any longer."

"Jeanne"—Serge Panine was standing by her side, so close her limp hand felt the breathing of his body—"Jeanne—will you speak with me—in the anteroom—now?"

"Yes——" The reply came tremulously. Something warm and urging and sweet seemed to envelop her. Her will turned to water. She only knew, and only cared, that he was to be within touch of her again—that he would talk to her—alone—and apart.

"What did Cayrol say to you,

know that happiness can only mean you—you on an open road if need be—under the purple night. You and I, Jeanne, tho we drink down the sickly waters of death—together——"

"Serge!" The girl had crept closer to him, her fascinated eyes on his tense, heated face. "Serge—Serge Panine—I give you myself, beloved, without your asking. Tho my sins be as scarlet——"

"I shall return tonight," he whispered, "on some sound pretext or other, after the others have gone. In this one night, my soft, wild, velvet thing, we shall erush from life every last drop of her honey. We shall put out the stars and drain the sleep from the poppies. There shall be no more life for you and me, beloved, after

tonight. This is our life—tonight. We shall not want another. After this, who fears oblivion? Love like this, my Jeanne, is not for time to blur. Wistful, wonderful, white-flower thing—I'm coming back—"

Three hours later, the lights in the Cayrol mansion had been snuffed out for an hour. Over its ample proportions there was the calm of a righteously earned repose. A keen observer might have noted a faint rose-glow struggling to escape some thick, close draperies in an upper window, but that was all.

Stealthily creeping up the wide,

honeymoon has waned! Honeymoon—bah!" He shuddered and his knotted fist raised menacingly. "You shall pay for this," he bellowed; "pay with every drop of your accursed, tainted blood. Your foster-mother overheard you plotting this with your paramour and she warned me. She suspected you of harboring desire for this Panine even before you were married." The great, veined hand reached for a tall vase on a bed-table near-by. He caught it and raised it above his head. There was a moment of electrical silence—a moment in which Jeanne reached forth a palsied hand to touch the be-

her very bone, the life-blood in her veins.

To Serge Panine life was the joy it gave—the love he craved. After the despoiling of that, life did not matter. To him, fatalist, melancholy with the dull pathos of the Slav, his day was done. He did not plan ahead—made no evasions.

"Cayrol is dead," he announced calmly, as he entered the small salon where Micheline awaited him with her mother and Pierre, who had come for a brief stay.

There was the long silence that follows some frightful upheaval, natural, mental or emotional. Then Madame rose



"CAYROL IS DEAD?—THEN SERGE KILLED HIM!"

shallow stairs, the nocturnal prowler followed the glint of the rose-glow peering from beneath the crack in the door. When he reached the top of the stairs he stood erect, then bent his body till he could touch the knob of the door. It opened to his touch, and he stood framed in the doorway.

"Cayrol!" It was an hysterical scream. Jeanne, clad in some substance that resembled moonlight knotted with violets, sprang from the breast of Serge Panine. Panine straightened to more than his usual height and stepped in front of the violently quivering girl. Cayrol, his face a dangerous scarlet, kept his eyes upon Jeanne's face—dreadful eyes they were, bloodshot and glazed.

"You—courtesan!" he hissed: "you lower than that—a liaison in your husband's house before ever the

loved hand near her own; then the vase fell to the floor with futile aim, and Banker Cayrol crumpled up over the débris.

"He is dead, Jeanne"—Panine stood erect after a swift examination—"he is dead. Dont sob, my little one, my more than love—"

"You must go, Serge—go quickly—and summon the gendarmes. You must not be found here—for more reasons than one. Go, oh! I implore you—go!"

Over the still body of Cayrol, Jeanne whispered a sobbing, broken prayer. She prayed forgiveness for what she had unwittingly done, and she prayed that, wherever he might be, he would understand her as she was—understand the things that she had done and not blame her that the love of Serge Panine was the bone of

and left the room. Micheline, terrified, had dropped limply into the secretary's arms. Pierre stood tense and white. When Madame returned, she carried a pistol.

"Serge Panine," she said, "you have made trouble enough. Before the law does this for you, do it yourself. You have killed Banker Cayrol; you have ruined and widowed Jeanne; you have everlastingly shamed and disgraced my Micheline. You pose as a nobleman, who are but a light-o'-love. Die like a man—you have lived like a cad."

"I assure you, Madame"—Panine's lips were blue—"I assure you that Monsieur Cayrol died of failure of the heart. The physician will testify to that. Jeanne will know. Why should I die for the life I did not take?"

"You killed Banker Cayrol. If you

did not do it by the touch of your hands, you did it in a crueler, subtler way. I tell you, Serge Panine, that you must die. You have broken the hearts of women—and one woman is tired of you——”

“Jeanne——” Panine’s lips faltered her name, while his sloe-black eyes turned nervously to the door.

Madame smiled. “Jeanne shall live,” she said, “for even death, the

his dumb, sad eyes. Then he dropped, his long, lithe body stretched on the floor with some of that sensuous grace it had had in life.

Suicide, they called it. The detective, arriving a half-hour after, gave it out as that. Micheline, arms raised in grief and horror, remained mute. Madame stared straight ahead. Back in her early life a long, svelte figure of fire and romance still persisted.

Micheline sat with Pierre in the darkened salon. She had her hand in his warm clasp, and even on the eve of that sad day his presence seemed the promise of a sunnier tomorrow.

Upstairs in her old room, Jeanne was kneeling again by her silver-cluttered dressing-table. In her hands she held the pictured face of Serge Panine. “See,” she whispered,



MICHELINE, ARMS RAISED IN GRIEF AND HORROR, REMAINED MUTE

death of disgrace that you are going to, Serge Panine, could not keep her from you. Oh! I know—and now——”

Micheline stirred from her dead faint. Pierre stepped protestingly forward. But Madame was quicker than they. There came a shot, then suddenly over Panine’s white breast a gush of scarlet blood. It spread until it seemed to reflect in his olive face, redden his lean, black head, shine in

The romance had died, killed by abuse and torn faith. The fire had died, leaving behind a bluish, ghastly sear. Such a one was the dead Serge Panine.

Suicide, they called it. And they buried him the same day they buried Banker Cayrol. Afterwards they all returned to the home of Madame, where, a year before, a double wedding was in progress.

Pale and more slender than of old,

and her eyes were like the eyes of some dumb beast wounded unto death, “see, I kiss you, Serge Panine; I kiss you on your angel’s mouth—your angel’s eyes; I kiss, mon Dieu, mon Dieu! your lean, dark head. Listen, Serge; I lay it here among the laes on my breast. What are they whispering—the night and the stars? Serge Panine—Serge Panine—you have broken the heart of Jeanne.”

THEY WERE CURIOUS

By SHAW T. WATERBURY

TO WHAT lengths some people will go for a glimpse of the interior of a movie studio is illustrated by the true incident of two young men, who suffered great physical discomforts that they might satisfy their curiosity in this regard.

Attired in overalls and smock, acting as helpers to a friendly engineer, they spent the greater part of a day,

covered with dust and grime, working in the boiler-room of a building in which is located a certain well-known Moving Picture studio. Part of the time they were perched high above the hot flues. Most of their work was before the red-hot furnace doors, and their feet, when not lost to view in soft coal, were submerged in cold water.

Late in the afternoon, hands and face besmeared with grease, these persistent young men boldly entered the studio, unheeding the “No Admittance” sign. When asked their business, they audaciously replied, “We are looking for a leak in the heaters,” and so passed on from room to room, floor to floor, taking in all the wonders which had caused their curiosity.



The
ORCHID
 VICTOR
by
GLADYS HALL

C

LEO MARTELL had been nicknamed "The Orchid." And it suited her well. She

seemed to suggest far, tropic places; to convey the idea that she had reared her lovely, sinister head under mysterious skies; to breathe forth a perfume at once sickly and venomously alluring. She was super-passion as the orchid is super-flower. She was the last word in feminine cultivation. Her lips had been fed their scarlet by the blood of men's hearts; her

This story was written from the Photoplay of OLGA P. CLARKE

eyes glowed their mystic depths with the fervor of men's lost souls; the fibrous, twisted coils of her warm hair were glowing with the desire of youths grown early old. They plunged thru the thickets of passion, the mire of self-disdain, the turgid pools of illicit infamy for the touch of her. And, perhaps, because of this very condi-

tion, The Orchid was dying tonight.

She had been long in thought on the low, cretonned divan in her Du Barry pink boudoir. And the thought had led to the ultimate decision. After Life's dregs came Death—and she had had more than the dregs, God knew. There was one note to write—one explanation to make—and the vial to quaff. After that oblivion. She glanced at the orchids on the table near her and smiled crookedly. So must they die in the strange soil of their native swamps—die of the insidious poison that was themselves. She raised the vial, and a second after,

the long-lined, slimly curved body crumpled like a wilted flower. There came a sudden, gusty breath. The Orchid was dead!

Out in front, a gust of applause shook the house. There came the usual lulls, then an increased, imperative storm. Some one shouted, "Speech! Speech!" and flowers were carried up by the armfuls. Cleo Martell flushed



NAYLOR MARRIES HELEN FOR HER MONEY

a bit, radiant, infinitely beautiful, appeared upon the stage. Her lips moved in a silent little word of thanks; then, half hidden by those of the blooms she could snatch to her breast, she withdrew.

In the lower right-hand box, two men and a girl sat quietly after her triumphant exit.

"She scores again!" laughed Jack Stanley, but his eyes clung tenderly to the young girl still gazing rapt at the scene of the actress's new glory.

"She is superb!" Naylor Gordon said the words in a voice a bit husky. He believed at this moment that he loved The Orchid with all the force in his nature. Perhaps he did. At any rate, he wanted her—as he had never in all his libertine life wanted anything or any one before. She had his senses enthralled, and he struggled in their hold—futile, pitiable. His was not the desire that pictured the hearthstone, a nursery brooded over, a comrade with a steel-true faith. His was a craving for those maddening lips, those moon-white arms, those orchid-violet eyes. It was a poor thing, but his best, and there is much in that.

"Shall we go behind?" he asked, making a desperate effort to curb the eagerness that swelled his veins.

"Phone for Mr. Stanley," interrupted an usher, parting the curtains.

"You two run along," put in the

girl, Helen Forde, "and I'll wait here for Jack. Don't be long, Jack. Good-night, Mr. Gordon."

It seems impossible to get away from some reference to Fate and her malignancy. Perhaps the poor, abused creature plays her unholy pranks out of revenge, these days, rather than any real desire for the pranks themselves.

Anyway, she plays them. And now that I have

she had figured in many divorce cases; held the record of smashing more hearts than any woman on the continent; and had attributed to her all the vices, lovely and unlovely, from drinking cologne to opium. It was reputed that no man came within the radius of her awful eye and escaped unscathed.

As she entered Helen Gordon's dainty morning-room on this particular autumn day, she looked not a whit different from what she had on that far-away night when Helen and Jack Stanley and Gordon had watched her from their box. After the formalities, Cleo stripped off her gloves and drew her chair near to the chaise-longue still occupied by Helen.

"I have come for a long talk, Mrs. Gordon," she said quietly. "It is going to be a mental review as it were—sort of a hashing over our pasts—yours and Jack Stanley's—your husband's and mine. You note, perhaps, how I group the names. Ah, that tells! But which grouping brought the blush?"

Helen rose, indignantly. "If you have come here to insult me, Miss Martell—" she began.

Cleo raised one pliant palm. "Pardon," she said, contritely; "I have no intention of insulting you, tho you may think the things I am about to say are all that—and more. I want, first of all, to make an extraordinary announcement. You know, from various sources, the admiration, the adulation, the nauseating fools men have made of themselves for me. You know that from blue blood to plebeian I could have had my pick—and can have today. You do not know that there is but one man who has ever made my heart lose a beat. That man is your husband."

said that without which no tale of earth's creatures is truly complete, I will go on to the pranks.

"There is a Miss Martell calling, Mrs. Gordon," announced the Gordons' second maid, one afternoon, some six or seven years after the events in the theater just chronicled.

Helen Forde Gordon looked perturbed. "Are you sure you have the name right, Marie?" she asked.

"Yes, madam; she said it very distinctly."

"Show her up, then."

Life and arts—and the critics—had been very kind to Cleo Martell. She had risen from triumph to triumph, until her name was blazoned to the four corners of the earth. Her beauty was exploited in every woman's page and feminine magazine lucky enough to be allowed to hire some one to write her "Advice to Aspirants for Admiration." And even without that dubious seal of approval, her creams and emollients and cosmetics and hair-dyes were to be found carefully explained wherever printed matter was destined to interest womankind. Moreover,



"OH, LITTLE ONE—PRECIOUS ONE!"

"Naylor!" Helen's voice was incredulous.

The Orchid smiled, grimly. "Naylor," she reiterated; "just so. He has been my lover for years—for a year before that night you were all at the

theater together. He has been so ever since. While you thought him snugly domesticated here, while he has fathered your child, husbanded your household, spent *your* money, he has come to me—to *me*—for his halcyon hours. He has turned from your wifely lips to mine—hungrily, madly—like a fawning dog. And I—The Orchid—the much-desired—have cast the pearls of my flesh and brain and soul—before a swine!”

“I cannot listen—I——”

Cleo smiled, and the smile was not unkind, despite the bitter words. “I know,” she said; “I beg you to be patient. Then, if you wish, you may have me cast out as a lunatic. But I know you do not love him—I know these things cannot hurt you, excepting only thru your pride—and that is not pain. Last week—last week he told me he was tired of me—he tired of *me*! If it were not tragic, humiliating, unbelievable, it would be farcical. He has possessed the most noted beauty of the century, the keenest mind, the popular craze—and he is tired! There is one thing that he does care for—and that is *your money*!

It is because of that I have come to have my revenge. Mrs. Gordon, your husband is a murderer!”

The melodramatic announcement held, withal, the unmistakable ring of truth, and the woman on the chaise-longue bunched to the roots of her fair hair. “A——” the hideous words choked at her lips; “tell—me——” she managed, faintly.

Cleo leaned forward. “Do you recall that night in the theater when you and Jack Stanley and Gordon saw me in my famous death-scene from a box?”

“Yes—yes—go on!”

“After the final curtain, Gordon came around to see me—Jack Stanley was called to the phone, which he answered behind the scenes, and you waited in the box.”

“Oh, I remember—so well——”

“You had a long wait, Mrs. Gordon—for Jack Stanley.”

Again the strained face blanched, but it was a greenish pallor this time—the face of a woman in anguish—

in the anguish only the heart can ease.

“He—he is the murderer——” she said, chokingly.

“He is not the murderer; Naylor Gordon is. When Gordon came into my dressing-room that night, he was in a nicely wrought-up state. He began some of his accomplished heavy love-stuff at once and, as always, his cave-man method carried me away. Upon this interesting spectacle burst Harry Parker—my husband at the time. He also had the bad manners to be bestially mad about me. Blood rushed to his head, and he drew a pistol. Gordon snatched it from him;



AFTER THE PERFORMANCE CLEO NERVES HERSELF AND APPROACHES JACK

it went off—and I was a widow. I didn't mind that. I had seen too many varieties of the same thing too many times before. I did mind Gordon landing behind the bars. Just at this instant Stanley dashed in, having heard the fracas from his booth, and snatched the pistol from Gordon's hand, bending over Parker's body as he did so. Quicker than thought, I sneaked Gordon behind some heavy velours in my room, and when the law entered, a second later, it was to find Stanley bending over the corpse, grasping the gun.”

“Oh-h——” Helen gave a low wail. It held pity—passion—a mother note.

“He played the man—Stanley did——” Cleo lit a cigaret with shaky fingers; “he pleaded with me to disclose the true murderer—he wouldn't do it himself. He didn't

give another man away when that man was too craven to come forth. I remained silent. You may well shudder, Mrs. Gordon, but I loved Naylor Gordon—and Stanley was less than nothing to me. When a woman of my type loves—well, we *love*, Mrs. Gordon, and there is no child's play about it.

“Most of the rest you know. They took Stanley away and convicted him. No doubt he is serving his sentence now. You married Gordon because he dogged you—I must say it, Mrs. Gordon—your *money* so relentlessly. I egged him on because he promised to spend—your money—on me. He has done so. Now the game is up. He has tired of me. I have avenged myself—and, incidentally, told the truth. Not that that was my motive in coming here. And——”

But the girl—for she was little more than a girl, after all—did not hear. She was crumpled up in a heap, sobbing brokenly, desperately, with an abandon that was terrifying. The Orchid sat motionless.

Into the vortex of emotions in the room there burst a small whirlwind, comprised, it would seem, of ruddy curls, myriad ruffles and blue ribbons. “How dare you—you—to make my muvver cry!” Small arms akimbo, bright eyes ablaze, she confronted the lovely, silk-swathed Orchid, not a whit abashed by her regal splendor. “I—I'll—well I'll——” she finished, forlornly; then she, too, burst into sobbing tears—all her abortive bravado gone. Purely baby, she stood, crying wide-mouthed, tight-chested baby tears. And suddenly, primitively, with a force as mighty as creation and as old as the first cave-mother, the maternal instinct raged in The Orchid's breast. She held out her lovely, satin arms and drew the baby figure to her, starvingly. “Oh, baby,” she crooned, and her voice seemed wondrous soft; “oh, baby—little one—little, precious one!”

Women may be wanton, light of head and tainted of heart; they may stoop into the muck to achieve a paltry, driveling end; they may run a sword thru another woman's heart for the sake of a mean revenge; they

may marry, or consort with murderers, and drive the innocent to hell to suffer for the guilty; but the mother-note rings out above it all—sometimes, somewhere—piercingly sweet and clear—clean as a whistle—mightier than life or death.

When The Orchid finally released her strangle grip on the taut little form, she found Helen looking at her with a new, a curious expression.

"I didn't think you—" she began, tentatively.

"I never knew—until now." Cleo's eyes, sweet as flower-faces, sought Helen's, wistfully. "It must have been here"—she touched her breast—"some place; but I didn't know. There have been so many other things—base things—*man* things. They have rotted the flower and grown dank weeds. An orchid grows in a swamp, they say—a malarial, reeking sort of place. That is—like me. If I had ever

had—a baby—well, I shouldn't be here today."

"I know."

Helen breathed it, afraid to break the spell—afraid to shatter the tender calm that seemed to hang about Cleo like some shimmering veil. There was silence. Helen had taken the baby into her arms, and the child was lying there, watching Cleo with a conciliatory air. Helen broke the silence, a bit bashfully.

"I've been unhappy, too," she said; "he—Naylor—has been brutal to me. It is—a dreadful thing to be married to one man and loving another all the while. I've tried to be sporting—to play the game. But he has told me, over and over, how rottenly I've succeeded. He's taken my youth—the best of my life—my money—my lover—and all he's done is taunt me. It—it hasn't been quite—fair. And now—a murderer! Oh, baby girl, baby girl!"

And then—Fate, the jade, again!—the two women were in each other's arms, sobbing out a common grief together. And it was not for their youth despoiled, their smashed illusions, their wasted hearts they wept—but for the pity of the little child.

The following morning Helen called The Orchid on the phone, at her apartment on Central Park West. Cleo's Jap disturbed his mistress at the cru-

cial point of attacking her morning coffee, because of the agitation of the caller's voice.

"I have decided to go away," Helen's voice said, hurriedly, over the wire; "I cannot keep Baby in the same house with a—oh, I can't say it—but you know. It isn't my fault that he's—her father. But, anyway—I'm going."

"Where?" Cleo's voice was crisp and quite calm.

"West, I think. It seems big enough to hide us out there—and sort of—clean."

"May I accompany you—and stay?"

"You!" Helen's voice was wildly incredulous. Swiftly thru her mind ran reports of The Orchid's extravagances—her silken walls—



"WRITE A CONFESSION OF THE TRUTH, NAYLOR," SHE SAID GRIMLY

her velvet-shod floors—her perfumes and laces—her troop of servants—her equipages. Then she thought of the West she had pictured for Baby and herself. Money was not plentiful now. Gordon had acquired dictatorship of most of hers. And Gordon was away on business—so he said. She hoped never to see him again.

"You—you couldn't!" she called across the wire again.

"I could—and I must!" The Orchid's voice was suddenly tense and real. "I am thru with all this. I have had my share—more than my share. Soon they will tire of me. I am fortunate to tire of them first. I want to go—somewhere—to expiate my sins. I know this sounds like *Corse Payton*, or a paper-back—but it's true. May I—please?"

"Oh, of course you *may*—and we'll be so glad—Baby and I."

The West is wide and generous and bountiful to those who know her. But

she does not mince matters—does not compromise. And the effete are helpless in her crudity. Both Helen and Cleo found things bitterly hard after their money had given out. Helen had very little left from her own income after Gordon's heavy inroads, and, with the prodigality of her nature, The Orchid had squandered her own considerable fortune on whatsoever came to her purse and attention.

When the little girl fell ill from the unwonted hardihood, Cleo was desperate. As if her heart had two long strings, and the child's hands were clutching at them, she had yearned over little Lois Gordon. Not that she was Naylor's child—certainly not that; not for any reason of conscience; but, merely and elementally, because she was baby to her woman. Therefore she went down to the Lone Star

Dancing Hall and obtained a position as dancer for a weekly salary that would at least supply Lois' immediate wants.

When she thought of the managers who offered her thousands upon their bended knees, the humor of it all overwhelmed her. But she knew that to divulge her identity would mean little to the inhabitants of Mesquite Corners. If she could show a shapely leg, flash a smile, keep rat-

tling time with her feet, she was a go. If she couldn't, not all the fame in the East would buy her favor. The West is being—not seeming. And Cleo was daily learning what true *being* is. The living that consists elementally of wrestling sufficient food from the earth; of bending over a sick child, evenings, with prayers and tears; of getting down to the bed-rock of existence.

From her own room she would watch Helen kneeling in prayer, with the child—hear the baby's lisping, uncertain words—and know that all her art, all the applause and the fevered adulation could not weigh one tithe in the balance with the half-articulate plea.

It was at the Lone Star that Cleo saw Jack Stanley. She was dancing when he entered with a couple of cowboys, and she stared at him long, before she could be sure. It was the same Jack—lean-faced, square-jawed and honest-eyed. There was an un-

natural pallor on his cheeks now, and his eye held a hunted, furtive look that was not good to see. Cleo, watching, almost stopped her dance. "I did that," she muttered to herself; "among other things, I did—I did—that. Poor Helen—poor Jack—but, dear heaven! poorer me!"

After the performance, Cleo nerved herself and approached Jack. He was startled, and incredulous at first. Then, when she had told him who was living with her, she prevailed upon him to accompany her home. "She knows everything, Jack," she told him, as they followed the dusty, alkali road to the shack she and Helen inhabited. And she told of that day of bitterness when she had poured out the whole of her venom, and pain, and misery to Helen; when the old Orchid had withered and sunk away, and a new bloom had come to life—simpler, less expensive, but exhaling a perfume that was vital and life-giving. "You'll never forgive me, of course," she finished, with a dry laugh; "it's hardly to be expected that a man will forgive a woman's deliberately sending him to jail for seven years. But I loved him, Jack. Not that that exonerates me—but—"

"Yes, it does, in a way, Cleo." Stanley's voice was gentle. "I can understand—somewhat. Love is a terrible thing—it's an insanity. Of course, I'll never forget them—those prison years. And I may not have a chance to—I've escaped, you know. And I may be traced and taken back any time. But I want to tell you this much—I think you're awfully fine to have done what you have, to have been able to uproot yourself from the—swamp. It's hard to believe that The Orchid is really—here—this way. You're a peach!"

Cleo smiled to herself in the dark. Men had poured forth into her ear the uttermost fervency of their tongues and hearts. Yet nothing had ever sounded so oddly sweet as the simple praise of this escaped convict—this man who had suffered the direst fate a man could suffer—at her hands.

When they reached the shack, Cleo managed to escape—and far into the night she woke to hear his voice mingling with Helen's. And in between long silences—silences that seemed to throb with the starvation of the cruel years between.

Three days followed in which Jack and Helen, at least, got back some of

the fullness of being they had been wantonly robbed of. And Cleo went each night to the Lone Star for her dancing act.

Then, on the morning of the fourth day, the road before the shack-door was white with the dust of many rapidly advancing horses. Cleo, ever on the alert, turned to the others, white-lipped: "A posse!" she gasped; "tell Jack!" But it was too late. The door was battered open, and Naylor Gordon stood on the threshold, backed by the sheriff and his men.



LIFE BEGINS FOR JACK AND HELEN

Cleo felt a sudden courage fire her veins. Here was her chance—her splendid chance—to atone. The posse was surrounding the house and Jack had sprung for Gordon. Under cover of the confusion, Cleo leaned over Jack, who was struggling with Gordon. "The trap-door, Jack!" she hissed; "I have him covered."

Jack dropped from view, and the woman who loved him covered Gordon with her Colt. "Write a confession of the truth, Naylor," she said, grimly, "or I'll send you to the biggest confessional of all—"

"Orchid," the man sagged, weakly, "this is—" Then, with a sudden assumption of dignity and bravado,

"My wife ran away from me—I have followed her here with detectives. I find an escaped convict running around loose. Isn't it the law for a posse to hunt him down?"

"Write the confession—quick." Cleo paid no more attention to the words, coined, she knew, to gain time. And knowing the fiery spirit in the beautiful body, Gordon obeyed. "Now go!" she commanded; "get out of here—of this part of the world—for your life."

Outside, the posse surrounding the house saw a man issue forth, mount Jack's horse and tear off in the opposite direction. They gave chase, and some three miles from the shack they brought him down. When they saw their mistake they were aghast, and being Westerners, they took him straightway back again.

Helen and Jack stole away after a single glance at the still face, with the garish red staining one temple—Helen with a shudder, half horror, half relief; Jack with a sudden new glory of hope in his heart. He was free; Helen was free; Life was still young, and Love was living.

Back in the room where Naylor's body was resting, The Orchid knelt alone. She crossed his hands over his faithless heart and kissed his lying lips. "Whatever you were," she crooned, "I loved you with all my heart—with all of me—I love you still."

Her hour of trial had come, and she feared, with a woman's heart, to meet it. Should she turn Jack over to the sheriff and thus protect Naylor's name, or publish his confession and blacken it?

For bitter hours heart fought with soul, and the soul won. She handed Naylor's confession to the sheriff.

And late that same night, after they had taken him away, and Jack and Helen had gone walking, The Orchid sat alone, glorious, head bowed over a Bible. "The wages of sin is death," she read, slowly, and her mind saw that still, white face with the garish splash of red; "but he that believeth in the Lord shall be saved." She raised her face, lovely, inspired. Beyond the sad Today there loomed an after-life—a life where she and Naylor might suffer for their sins—and some day, perhaps, emerge triumphant. "Lord," her brave lips framed the words, "Lord, I believe—help Thou mine unbelief."

"ZAZA"



A

As she heard the familiar rap at the door of her dressing-room, Zaza called out, "Come in," and turned

from her satisfied survey in the mirror to find the figure of Eugene Cascart, her dancing partner, framed in the doorway. If the tones of her voice held more of weariness than of welcome, Eugene Cascart did not notice it. He, at least, was feeling as lively as tho he had just been thru rehearsal, and to judge by his countenance one might have supposed that he regarded the music-hall as a playhouse in the fullest sense of the word, rather than a workshop where he and Zaza and others of their kind must labor in order that their less gifted fellows might be amused.

Cascart, indeed, did not regard his work as labor. He loved it—the lights, the music, the sea of faces beyond the footlights. And he was proud of it all and of his part in it. He was proud of Zaza—for was she not his own discovery?—and he was proud of the gaudy poster in his hand whereon her name and his flaunted in bold type; beneath them the flattering caption, "Everybody's Favorites."

"What do you think of this?" he demanded, holding it out for her inspection.

Zaza inspected it coolly, inwardly somewhat amused at his still boyish enthusiasm. Tho many years his junior, it was she who seemed the professional performer, taking all

things as a matter of course. Cascart, veteran tho he was, would always be the amateur.

"It seems to be all right," she replied, in answer to his question. Then, noticing the disappointment in his eyes, she added, with a little more enthusiasm, "It looks very nice indeed."

Cascart brightened instantly.

"Doesn't it, tho?" he exulted. "I tell you what, we have been getting on since I first discovered you, eh, Zaza?"

A vision of herself as a ragged child dancing in the street flashed across Zaza's mind. It was Cascart

who had found her, the center of a group of gamins, dancing with that natural grace which is found in the children of no other city as it is in those of Paris. It was Cascart who had shown her how to turn her talent into money.

"We have, my dear friend," she admitted, with a slight unsteadiness in her voice. "I must have seemed a very absurd child that day prancing in my rags and tatters like a première danseuse.

"But I was happy," she continued, "happy in spite of Aunt Rosa and my rags. I think that, as I stood in front of my mirror that night, with your card in one grimy hand and my first bright ribbon in the other, I was the happiest child in the world."

Zaza thrust the pins into her hat and gathered up her gloves.

"Come," she said, "I must be getting on. Are you going my way?"

"As far as the door, at least," said Cascart, opening the door of the dressing-room, to find Zaza's friend, Louise, and her fiancé, Gaston. Louise wished to show her new dress to Zaza.

"Gaston bought it for me," she whispered in her ear.

Zaza admired it duly, and after one or two further delays she reached the street. The progress of a popular favorite of the music-halls from dressing-room to street is subject to many interruptions. At the curb Cascart left her.

That night Cascart was called to the telephone. It was Zaza.

"I need your help, Cascart," she said. "When I left you this after-

noon I saw a little girl, who was chasing a dog, almost run down by a beast named Dubois, who was driving his automobile like a drunken man. Fortunately, I snatched the child from under the wheels just in time to save her life. Dubois was insolent. A Monsieur Dufrene interfered, and Dubois challenged him. They are to fight a duel, but they shall not if I can stop them. Can you tell me where such a duel would be fought?"

"The last one took place in the Bois du Seine," said Cascart, "but if I were you I would not——" But Zaza was gone.

When she arrived upon the field, she found Dufrene wounded, seriously, but not dangerously. The surgeon consented to let her ride to the hospital in Dufrene's automobile.

It was during that ride that Zaza first began to take an

she told Nathalie to open the door, and darted behind the screen. Dufrene entered, to find the room apparently empty, but looking up, he saw Zaza peeping saucily over the top of the screen.

"Ah, there you are!" said Dufrene. "And there *you* are," retorted Zaza, "which is a good thing, for I am about to make a change!" And so saying, she tossed over the top of the screen a lacy petticoat, which enveloped his head and shoulders.

Laughing and chatting, she continued her disrobing, tossing various articles toward Dufrene. He was silent for a moment, and she climbed upon the couch to see what he was doing. Dufrene was solemnly inspecting the mysterious articles upon her dressing-table. She took aim with a slipper and narrowly missed his head.

"There!" she cried, "I thought that would get your attention. You must not display so much curiosity about my aids to

make-up on the last time I saw you."

"Ah, but that was in the street," said Zaza. "You see, when we are young, we make up for the gas-light, and go without it in the sunlight; but when we grow old, we reverse the process—we make up for the sunlight, and stay out of the gas-light."



ZAZA TOOK AIM WITH A SLIPPER

interest in a man as such. Hitherto they had been managers, actors, or stage-door

Johnnies, like the rich old Duc de Brissac. Bernard Dufrene had fought for her. He was a *man*.

It was several nights later that Cascart thrust his head in at the door of her dressing-room and informed her: "Your friend, Monsieur Dufrene, is in front tonight—in the stage box."

"Tell him to come back," said Zaza.

When she heard Dufrene's knock,

beauty. If you will be patient, I will show you how they are all used, as soon as I finish dressing. A handsome young man should be content when he sees women look their best, but if he must be curious, it is best that he should be instructed in the art of make-up by one who understands that art."

Dufrene laughed.

"I don't believe they are yours," he said. "I'm sure you didn't have any

She came from behind the screen, clad in her stage costume, but with her face still innocent of paint and powder. Dufrene thought there was little need for artificial aids to such beauty as was hers.

He glanced at his watch, furtively.

"I'm afraid I have overstayed my time," he said. "You will have to be getting ready."

Zaza pouted. "I can never learn my songs without a prompter," she pleaded; "since my maid is not here—wont you help me?"

With Dufrene's arm about her

waist, Zaza stood looking out of the window of her sitting-room, upon the garden of their little nest at St. Etienne. These quiet hours with her lover at the little house in the country were the happiest that Zaza had ever known. The sitting-room in which they stood, untidy, but cozy, appealed to a part of her nature which had never before been awakened. Growing up in hit-or-miss fashion, under the

tutelage of her irresponsible Aunt Rosa, and rounding out her

marry a woman of his own class, who would watch over his goings and comings as Zaza now watched over them. But that, God grant, would be a long time off, and meanwhile he was hers—hers to wait upon and cherish; hers to mother in the way every woman—moral, immoral, or merely unmoral—longs to mother the man who has won his way into her heart.

Zaza was of the last-named class.

"I was thinking," she replied. "I won't have it!" he chided, laughingly. "Zaza thinking! The next we know the birds will be singing sermons, and the squirrels delivering orations. Leave thinking to those who have nothing better to do. You and I have only one business in the world—to love and to be happy!"

"You forget, sir," said Zaza, with mock seriousness, "that I am a well-known actress."

As if in answer to her words Nathalie entered the room, bearing a letter which had come by special



WOMANHOOD upon the stage

"GET OUT OF MY SIGHT!" SHE SCREAMED

with Caseart, Zaza was, by nature and by training, anything but a domestic person. But hidden away somewhere in the depths of her personality, lay that instinctive love of home and all that the word implies, which must, soon or late, awake in every woman.

The little house at St. Etienne was untidy, tho clean, and the establishment was irregular, but Zaza loved it because it enabled her to do for Dufrene that which she knew in her heart some other woman must sometime do in her stead. In the very nature of things, Dufrene must eventually

Whatever she did that the world might disapprove, she did because she knew no better, and because, for a woman of her class, it was the natural thing to do. The thought of selling her love to the Duc de Brissac revolted her. The thought of giving it unasked to Dufrene had seemed to her as natural a thing as going into the sun to be warmed. She had done it without a thought beyond the fear that she might some day lose him. At present he was hers. She had made herself first in his heart. With this she must be content.

"Why so silent?" asked Dufrene.

delivery. Zaza took it carelessly, opening it by a thrust of her finger. She laughed.

"It is from Caseart," she said to her lover. "He, at least, has not forgotten that Zaza is an actress—a woman of talent, adored by the music-halls."

"What has he to say?" asked Dufrene, with just a trace of jealousy. He might have secrets from Zaza, but she should have none from him.

"He wants to come down and talk business with me. He says he has several good offers, and he wants me to come back to the stage."

"Will you go?"

"Go? Of course not, silly! Is a soul which has just found its way into heaven eager to leave it for a pleasure park? I wouldn't go if they offered me the lead at the Comédie Française."

"Are you, then, so happy here?" he asked, knowing her answer, but wishing to hear her say it.

"Happy!" she murmured. "My heart is so full of happiness that if the good God were to add to it one little bit more—Bernard, it would burst!"

Hearing a slight sound behind her, Zaza turned, to see Nathalie standing in the doorway, her fingers on her lips. Nathalie beckoned to her.

"Excuse me one moment, dearest," said Zaza to Dufrene. "I am such a poor housekeeper! I had forgotten to order luncheon."

She hurried out to the dining-room, where, as she had anticipated, she found her Aunt Rosa helping herself to a carafe of *vin ordinaire*. Aunt Rosa was no connoisseur, but she was an enthusiast. She required only one quality of her liquor—that it contain alcohol.

Caught in the act, Aunt Rosa hurriedly restored the carafe to the sideboard and hastened to embrace her niece. Knowing what was coming, Zaza warned her in a low tone:

"What is it, Aunt Rosa? Do not raise your voice. Dufrene is in the other room."

"Is he?" chuckled Aunt Rosa. "How very opportune! You see, my dear, your poor old aunt is again in need of money. I was afraid it might discommode you, but since *he* is here, of course, you can get it from him."

"From Dufrene!" Zaza's tense whisper was full of indignation. "I could not think of such a thing! I could not ask him for money. I am his only for love." She hurriedly stripped off one of her rings and handed it to her aunt.

"What a little fool!" hissed Aunt Rosa, as her fingers closed greedily upon the ring. "And you might have had the Duc de Brissac, with his loads of wealth!"

Zaza shuddered as she kist her highly practical kinswoman, and gently but firmly saw her to the door. As the door closed behind Aunt Rosa, Zaza pulled herself together and summoned a smile to her lips as she went back to her lover.

Her smile faded as she observed him upon his knees, packing his valise.

"Oh!" she cried, in a tone of keen disappointment, "you're not going back to Paris again so soon?"

"Sorry, my dear," he said, "but I

must. I intended telling you before, but I was afraid it would spoil your morning. However, I shall be gone only a short time—only three days."

"But you've only just come back!" protested Zaza, as she helped him to gather his things and pack the bag. "I thought I should have you for a week at the least."

"You will, my dear, you will, when I come again."

"Why don't you take me to Paris with you sometimes?" she asked, as she kist him good-by.

"Because you wouldn't enjoy these business trips. Three days are soon passed."

Zaza disagreed with him. Three days without him loomed as long as eternity, but he would not be persuaded: so, a few moments later, she found herself standing alone upon the



"MY HEART IS SO FULL OF HAPPINESS," SHE MURMURED

garden path, gazing, with straining eyes, up the road, for a last glimpse of Bernard, hurrying off on his way to Paris—and to what else?

On the morning of the third day of Dufrene's absence, Zaza woke with a feeling of impending disaster. Tho she knew she would soon see Bernard again, she could not help wondering if anything evil had happened to him in his journeyings about Paris. Had he been hurt? Had he, perhaps, impulsively engaged in another duel?

Impatiently dismissing her premonition, she went about her morning affairs, striving to make herself feel cheerful. When Nathalie announced Aunt Rosa, for the first time in her life Zaza heaved a sigh of relief at the mention of her name. This, then, accounted for her feeling of impending ill-luck—Aunt Rosa was coming!

Zaza was almost glad to see that

improvident person when she came sidling in with an air half-apologetic, half-defiant.

"I suppose you can guess, my dear, what has brought me to see you?"

"I can," responded Zaza, firmly, "and if you were any sort of guesser yourself, you could guess what my answer would be—not another sou until next week!"

Aunt Rosa protested volubly, but her protests and entreaties were cut short by the arrival of Louise, who had come to tell Zaza of her approaching marriage with Gaston. The sight of Louise's engagement ring brought wistful tears to Zaza's eyes, but she managed to utter the conventional congratulations without apparent effort.

Louise had scarcely gone upstairs, when Cascart arrived from Paris, armed with his contracts, and determined to persuade Zaza to come back to the stage. He found her in the little sitting-room, ruefully contemplating her own ringless fingers.

"I have come down," he informed her, "upon the business of which I wrote you."

"Then you have come upon a fruitless errand," answered Zaza, "for I have no intention whatever of returning to the stage. Bernard does not like to have me in the theater."

"Bernard does not like to have me in the theater!" mimicked Cascart, indignantly. "That is a fine thing to say to your partner—to the man who made you an artiste! Perhaps it is that Bernard does not want to have you come to Paris for other reasons than he has told you."

Zaza sensed some hidden meaning in his words.

"What do you mean by that?" she demanded. "Explain yourself, Cascart."

"I mean that you may be throwing away your career for nothing. I mean that if you had been with me in a certain summer garden in Paris last night, you would not now be turning up your nose at my contracts. If you had seen what I saw——"

"Stop! Stop instantly!" commanded Zaza. "I will not hear one word that you have to say, if it is anything about Monsieur Dufrene—anything that is to his discredit."

Cascart stopped suddenly and made as tho he would take his departure. Her curiosity getting the better of her, Zaza added: "However, you might tell me what you have to say, and I will see if it is anything to the discredit of Monsieur Dufrene—I am the best judge of that."

"Well," said Cascart, "I was in a summer garden where I had just dined. At a table very near me I



"I SUPPOSE YOU LOVE YOUR PAPA VERY MUCH?"

saw Dufrene dining with a lady. They got up and passed directly by my table, and as they were passing, I heard him say, 'And now, my dear, we will have a cup of chocolate.' Now, you know, Zaza, that a man does not offer chocolate to any one but his wife. Your affair with Dufrene cannot last forever. Suppose that he were married?"

Cascart paused. Zaza sat twisting her handkerchief into a string.

"And he asked her to have chocolate," added Cascart. "Quite domestic, eh?"

Suddenly, as if galvanized into action, Zaza sprang to her feet.

"You are going to Paris with me, Louise," said Zaza, rummaging in her desk for Bernard's card, bearing his name and address. "You are going to Paris with me. I don't believe a word of Cascart's story, but I am going to find out—and, married or not, I will spoil their chocolates for them!"

When Zaza and Louise presented themselves at the door of the house

No. 46 Rue du Richpain, they were almost immediately admitted by a trim maid, who said, "If you are Madame Dunoyer, Madame Dufrene is expecting you."

"Yes, yes," said Zaza, eagerly. "I am Madame Dunoyer." And thus they found their way without difficulty into Madame Dufrene's comfortable drawing-room.

Zaza was shaking in a fury of jealous rage as she and Louise awaited the arrival of Madame Dufrene, for now she realized that what Cascart had insinuated was true—Bernard was married! "I suppose," she said to Louise, in a biting tone, "that this is where they sometimes have their chocolates!"

Seeing a letter lying upon the table, Zaza picked it up without a moment's hesitation and read aloud: "Dear Louise—Since your husband is in Paris—" Zaza sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands. Suddenly she sprang to her feet and strode up and down the room. "I won't give him up!" she cried. "She shant have him. I'll tell her every-

thing and give her reason to free him."

Louise pointed to the doorway, where Toto Dufrene stood watching them with childish curiosity. Toto came slowly in and surveyed Zaza. "Why," she said, "you're not Madame Dunoyer—her hair is gray!"

"But I am another Madame Dunoyer," said Zaza; "cant we both have the same name?"

Won by Zaza's smile, Toto climbed into her lap and began to chatter of her home and her parents.

"I suppose you love your papa very much?" asked Zaza.

"Oh, yes, and mamma and I were so glad to get back yesterday. We have been in Italy for six months, and papa is going to take us to America next week for a long visit."

Zaza, in a daze, put Toto on the floor. Toto ran to the piano, where she began to play. Zaza turned to Louise. "I came for revenge," she said, "and there it is!"

When Madame Dufrene entered, Zaza looked at her curiously. "I have mistaken the house," she said, "and

having the same name as the one you are expecting, that accounts for my being here"; and, followed by Louise, she passed out.

When Zaza came wearily into her little sitting-room in the house in the country, she found a little surprise awaiting her. Her Aunt Rosa was there, holding a large bunch of roses. Zaza glanced at them inquiringly and caught sight of the Duc de Brissac peering out from behind the curtains.

Seeing that he was discovered, he sidled out from his

nity he could command, and was shortly afterward followed by Louise. Zaza was left to her own reflections.

It was a sober and changed Zaza who received Dufrene's kiss when he returned from Paris the next day. He did not notice her reserve, but drew her down upon the arm of his chair.

"My dear," said he, "I leave for America next week, but I'll soon return." Zaza pressed her nails into her palms.

"Yes, I know," she answered, calmly, "Toto told me all about it yesterday. Your wife goes too."

In the immensity of his relief, Dufrene reached out his arms to her, but Zaza shook her head and stepped back. He watched her a moment, then walked slowly out of the house, up the path, and out of sight.

One night, two years later, as Zaza stood in the greenroom of the Concert des Ambassadeurs, in Paris, surrounded by reporters, who sought information concerning the career of the popu-



TWO YEARS LATER, ZAZA MEETS DUFRENE

shelter and coyly offered her a box of jewels. Zaza seized them and flung them in his face. The tension of her nerves broke in a spell of fury.

"Get out of my sight!" she cried, seizing a vase and bringing it down upon the duc's outflung arm. "Get out of my sight and never let me see your smirking face again!"

The duc scuttled out of the house, so frightened that he did not even see Cascart, who was passing in.

Cascart, entering, found Zaza weeping, with Louise seeking to comfort her.

"About that contract——" he began, when Zaza jumped from her chair, and seizing the contract, tore it into a thousand pieces, which she threw in his face, crying out: "It was all your fault!"

Cascart withdrew with what dig-

Dufrene thrust her from him.

"You dared to go to my house, and talk to my wife and child? You——"

"Yes," said Zaza, flinging up her head, "and I told them everything!"

Dufrene sprang forward. Zaza could almost feel his fingers on her throat, when he regained control of himself and walked down the room for his hat. As he was about to pass out of the door, Zaza sprang in front of him.

"You can go home without fear," she said, "and find it as peaceful and happy as you left it. I lied. Your wife knows nothing."

lar favorite of the day, Nathalie brought her Dufrene's card. Upon it was written:

"Have been in front tonight, and am waiting to speak to you."

Zaza trembled like a child before its whipping, but presently she glanced up from the

words and saw him standing back of the others near the wall.

A look in her eyes made him step forward and greet her very quietly.

As they walked away from the stage entrance, Dufrene said, "Nathalie tells me that you have been ill. My wife was also ill—she died. I have come back to offer you what I could not offer you before."

"Your love is the last I have known or shall ever know," answered Zaza, "and I think of it and you as I think of the dead. You must leave me alone with my memories and my work, and go back to Toto. Good-by!"

GLADIOLA

NORMAN BRUCE



This story was written from the Photoplay of MARY RIDER



GLADIOLA BAIN sat up very straight on the rickety seat of the donkey-cart, holding the reins high on a level with her small, rounded chin, as fine ladies drove in the fashion pictures. The rattling milk-can behind the seat; the tiny, moth-eaten animal who shambled along patiently in front; her own calico dress, so scant that it showed every straight, slim, uncorseted line of her figure, did not in the least interfere with her happy make-believe.

"This," said Gladiola, aloud, with a sweep of her arm toward the sunny, wood-fringed road fluttering with golden butterflies and long-lashed blue aster-bloom, "this is Fifth Avenue, and I am Gwenivere de Lancey, the richest heiress in the world. We're

passing Mr. Rockefeller's house now, and I declare if there isn't young Mrs. Rockefeller sitting on the front stoop! And the lady in the purple satin dress with gold lace sitting beside her is Mrs. Astor, I do believe. My! isn't it lucky I thought to put on my mauve char-moos dress—tastefully trimmed with Persian embroidery an' draped at the knee over a lace tunic of the latest mode!"

She rolled the words joyously on her tongue, luxuriating in the expensive feel of them, her bronze-gold curls dipping and tossing as she bowed to her imaginary peers. Her soft, wide, blue gaze saw, instead of brown oak-trunks and slim-throated birch-stems, long vistas of shop windows heaped with diamonds and plummy hats and long-trained gowns and slippers fringed with jewels. To Gladiola's mountain mind, taught only by a Sunday supplement or two, a few

society novels and fashion books, the city was a wonderful white marble place, with wide, hurrying streets filled with smiling people that smelled sweet when they moved like Ned Williams—

Geranium scarlet burned her cheeks, and she whipped up the lagging donkey into resentful speed, as tho to drive away from her thoughts.

"Come, g' long, Nance—er, tango," she commanded. "We're going to be late to aft'noon tea at the—the Waldorf if you poke yourself along like this!"

Abner Collins, leaning on his scythe above the last curved sweep of fallen timothy, raised his head to the lilt of her laughter as the tiny donkey-cart whirled frenziedly around the curve. The blood flowed across his good, young face under the tan to the unsunned rim on his forehead that his hat left as he swept it off. Over

the stone wall he leaped, out into the dust that splashed under his great boots like gray water.

"Mornin', Gladiola."

She affected surprise at seeing him. A shadow of her childish dreaming still misted the blue eyes that met his, but her tone was arch.

"Forevermore! How'd you come t' be *here*, Abner Collins? Laws-a-massy! seems as if I just naturally trip over you ev'rywhere I go these days."

"I cal'late you know the reason, Glad," Abner said slowly. He reached a big hand up to the seat beside her, touching the bunch of red-and-purple flowers that wilted there in the hot summer shine. "Those posies always make me think o' you, somehow," he said awkwardly. "It aint any wonder, seein' how you grew up 'mongst the gladiolas and was named after 'em an' all, that you look jest like a flower yourself, Glad—"

His voice shook roughly over the clumsy compliment, but the girl gave a pettish frown on the seat.

"I hope t' goodness I dont look like *those* ugly things!" she sniffed. "And, anyhow, I hate my name— whoever heard of anybody's bein' named *Gladiola* afore, I'd like to know, an' all because paw raises 'em for market! Well, I s'pose I'd ought to be thankful 'twasn't Johnny-jump-ups he grew or lemon ver-bena."

The sharp edge of her broken day-dream was in her voice. Abner, with all her imagining, would never fit into her picture of the city— Abner, with his coarse hands and rough thatch of hair like a eollie's.

"Gladiola!"

cried the man, suddenly. "Why, it's the purtiest name in the world. I say it over to myself sometimes workin' in the fields, and it sounds jest like singin' to me—or prayin'—"

His voice sank to the depths of awe.

"I guess I got to say it all, Glad—I guess I cant keep it to myself no longer, tho mebbe I'm a bit sudden, seein' you're so awful young. But I been waitin' sixteen years for you to grow up, and I cant wait no more. I



ABNER

—I love you, Glad—you little pink-'n'-white-'n'-gold thing!"

"I—oh, Abner, please." Gladiola's chin trembled and the mist in her eyes distilled to tears. She shrank back in the seat, breathing fast. "I—you—oh, dear me!"



GLADIOLA

She began to sob easily, like a child. "O' eourse I *like* you, Abner. Didn't you always pull me to school on y-your sled and m-make me willow whistles and do my s-s-sums? But I didn't think—I didn't know—"

The man drew away from the

wagon-side and stood, arms hanging loosely, staring down at the furrowed road with dazed eyes. But in a moment he was himself again.

"Land! Glad, dont you take it so hard, dear," he said cheerfully; "I wanted for my love to make you happy; an' if it *cant* it aint your fault. It's mine. I guess I'm too rough an' big an' old for a little flower-thing like you. I'd ought to have known I was, on'y I cared so much I couldn't seem to see an inch beyant that—"

He was turning away, then paused, honest eyes on her flushed, quivering face. "I wont ever bother you again, Glad," he said quietly, "but I want you to know I'll always be the same, an' if you ever should change your mind I'll be right here waitin', dear—right here waitin', same's ever."

The words rang in her ears as she drove on thru a world whose shimmer and shine were tarnished somehow by the heavy feeling in her heart.

"But he didn't say it like the men do in books," she murmured disparagingly—"he doesn't look like the men in the books, all fixed up and handsome and—and—"

The words trailed, but the thought went on to Ned Williams in his smart, trim, city serge, with his smooth-shaven face and white, polished hands, and the child-heart, under the faded ealio ruffles, tripped singly away from pity and grief and Abner with his awkward words. The same heart beat faster that afternoon, held against the same, trim, city serge coat by the same, smooth, polished hands, as Ned Williams spoke like the men in books and Gladiola listened.

"To think that I never guessed when I came to Bursley that I was really coming to find *you*," he whispered into one small, shell-pink ear—"Little Rose Girl! Little Wild Mountain Rose!"

Gladiola shivered with joy. How much better it was to be a wild monn-tain rose than a stiff, hideous gladi-

ola! How deep his voice sounded—how soft his hands were about her cheeks!

“Would you like to see the city?” the vibrant voice went on—“it is full of wonderful things for you, Rose Girl—velvet and silk and satin—soft dresses and pearls for this little throat, and theaters and restaurants crowded with women, but none of them so beautiful as my little mountain maid. Would you like to see the city, Rose Girl—with me?”

“Yes, oh, yes,” she murmured. For was not this the coming-true of her dream? Then she clutched his circling arms and looked up eagerly into the handsome face above her.

“Will you love me always and always?” she asked him. “Will you care like the stories say?”

“I will care more than any story ever said,” he assured her—“I will love you today and tomorrow and week after next, which is much better than always and always!”

The gods, in a kindly mood that day, gave Gladiola one more chance. Secure as their trysting-place in the woods had seemed to be, the sound of angry, heavy feet crashing thru the underbrush now drew the lovers apart. Into the clearing strode Silas Bain, the livid color of anger, and lifted one horny hand in a gesture that was like a threat.

“A pretty gal you are!” he snarled thru bared, yellow teeth; “I never thought to live to see the day when my daughter’d shame her upbringing like this! An’ as for you, you sneakin’, white-livered cur—” He pointed a trembling finger at Ned, and the words caught on the jagged anger in his soul. But Gladiola interfered.

“I’m going to marry him, father,” she said bravely; “he is going to take me to the city and make a lady of me.”

That night she slipped from the old farmhouse that had heard her first, feeble wail, and ran thru the moon-splashed gladiola fields to join her lover at the little country station. And life closed over her like a wave, washing her out on the strong, treacherous undercurrent of love into unknown depths beyond.

Abner Collins, grown a little gray, a trifle round of shoulder during the last year, plodded down the evening-tinted road that wound past the great Bain gladiola field. In the soft half-light the flowers bent to the breeze like ghosts of their gorgeous daylight selves. Abner’s eyes sought them unwillingly, and the droop of his



NED

shoulders increased, but a sturdy whistle puckered his lips.

“Glory, glory hallelujah!” whistled Abner, cheerily, “as we—go—marching—on.”

The shrill, sweet whistle-tune ran ahead of him to a



FATHER

dim figure leaning idly on the Bain front gate and set it shivering. But, poised on the edge of flight, it hesitated till the man had emerged from the shadows into a white pool of moonshine. Then it gave a queer, muffled cry:

“Abner! Abner Collins!”

He stopped with a great start and peered up at her with the look of one listening to a ghost.

“Glad!” he muttered—“Glad!”

With a bound he was over the grass, and his hand was on the gate-post taut for vaulting, but her outflung arms held him away.

“No, no, Abner, you dont understand”—she hurried—“you dont understand!”

He drew himself up quietly.

“Excuse me,” he said; “I forgot a minute, seein’ you standin’ there like old times.

O’ course I should have said Mrs.—Mrs. Williams, shouldn’t I? Good-evenin’, Mrs. Williams.”

She did not touch his proffered hand. Even in the dusk he saw her face was pearl-white and her eyes dark with past tears.

“No, Abner; you’ve got the name wrong,” she said thru dry lips—“there is—another Mrs. Williams. This is just Gladiola Bain, the girl who ran away with a married man—the girl who’s disgraced her name and her town— Hark!” She lifted a thin hand, so frail that the light seemed to shine thru it. “Hark! do you hear?”

A weak wail sounded from an upper window in the house. Abner, hearing, gave a groan, like a man in pain, and covered a suddenly convulsed face with rigid hands.

“That is my baby,” said Gladiola, harshly; “and now what have you got to say to me, Abner Collins?”

His hands fell from his face, and it was as tho a cloud had rolled away from the moon.

“Why, that I’m glad to see you home again, Gladiola Bain,” he said gently. “Now, will you shake hands with me—for—for the sake of auld lang syne?”

But if Abner Collins was ready to overlook the past it did not follow that all Bursley would be as charitable. Ensued for Gladiola two years of decorous Christian torture, which, in the point of refined cruelty, can give valuable hints to the methods of unenlightened heathen savages. At

home she
was tol-
erated
—by

her
mother
with
q u e r n -
l o n s r e -

proaches; by her father with grim, unyielding silence. Whenever she appeared on the streets with her tiny, unfathered son clinging to her hand, she met either averted eyes or bold stares that seemed to her quivering imagination to paint a scarlet "A" upon her breast. Even in church she was aware of whispers and titters following her down the aisle. If it had not been for Abner's unflinching kindness, Gladiola would have found it hard to live in those dark days. But the sight of his good, rugged face and the sound of his gentle, hearty voice were like life-lines to keep her above the surface of her despair, and gradually, little by little, the girl began to climb out of the pit she had dug for her fall.

In the third year of her return she set up a tiny dressmaking establishment that prospered enough for her to take little Georgie into a cottage home of her own. And twice a week, as regularly as the calendar, Abner bent his tall form on her little doorstep, or wedged it into an inadequate chair in her cramped parlor.

It was on one of these visits that Abner, after a long silence, in which he had watched her slim hands flying to and fro above her needlework, bent forward and began to speak, groping for the right words.

"I told you once—mebbe you remember, Gladiola," he said, "that I wouldn't bother you again, and I never meant to. But I said another thing at the same time, and I want to repeat that now. 'Twas that if ever you should change your mind about me you'd find I hadn't changed mine about you—that you'd find me waitin' same's ever, Glad. An' that's true. I *am* waitin' same's ever, only more so, if anything."

"Oh!" cried Gladiola, "oh!" and she hid her suddenly stricken face in her thin hands.

"She's still grievin' for *him*," thought Abner, heavily, and stumbled to his feet with a great pretense of hunting for his hat.

"Well, I got to be gettin' along," he said briskly.

"Oh, yes, I thought there was somethin' more. Here's that willer whistle I promised Georgie. Well, so long, Glad—so long."

Behind him, in the bright, little sitting-room, the woman opened a table-drawer and took out a letter, shrinkingly.

"Tomorrow—oh, my dear Lord—what *will* I say?" she moaned. "If I only knew what was the right thing to do!"

Thru the warm, fragrant afternoon Abner Collins moved with measured step up and down the long rows of his corn. Beyond, in the interstices of waving green and golden tassels, the gladiola field burned like a palette of primary hues, lilac, rose, crimson and patches of purple petals as far as the eye could see. It was not of the flowers that he was thinking, as he sent a sombre glance over his work now and then, but of the girl who had been named for them, and whom he loved. So vividly was she present that at first the sound of her voice seemed a part of his day-dreaming; then, with a throb of realization, he knew that Gladiola herself was speaking beyond the tall bulwark of the corn.

"I let you come today, Ned, because I wasn't

sure," he heard her saying gently. "I thought maybe—what you wanted would be the best way. It's been—hard—the last three years—"

Across the frail thread of her words crashed another voice, deep, vibrant, with a shake in it.

"What do you suppose the last three years have been to me, Rose Girl? Oh, I know I did wrong by you, but you were the only happiness I ever found in life, and I—I couldn't pass you by! And when she died—God knows—my first thought was to come to you and make you my wife—in fact, as you've always been my wife in my soul."

"Wait—wait, Ned," Gladiola said quietly. "Once I thought I cared for you, but now I know that I never cared the real way at all."

A little pause, then the man, roughly, "How did you find that out?"

"I know," said Gladiola, sadly, "I know because I have learnt what real love means since I came home."

"No, no!"—the man's voice was a cry—"you're mine! And this boy here is mine! Why, your very disgrace and shame these last years have married you to me! If we are man and wife now, people will soon forget we haven't always been, but if you marry some one else the gossip will never die—"

"Hush!" the girl's voice was sadder than weeping. "Oh, hush! Don't you understand? I shall never marry him. It wouldn't be fair to the best man on God's earth. But I can't marry you while I love him. That would be doing a worse thing

than I did four years ago—a blacker, more wicked thing!"

Again a silence, then the ragged sound of a man's sobs, angrily, tearfully, and healing to the soul.

(C o n -
t i n u e d
o n p a g e
71)



(Thirty-two)



The WHEELS of JUSTICE

(Vitagraph)



By
Dorothy Donnell

This story was written from the Photoplay of EDWARD J. MONTAGUE



THE rabbit sat motionless on its haunches, gazing, with unblinking, pink eyes, at the beautiful green snake swaying its slim, shimmering arts before his fascinated gaze. There was death in the wreathing coils; there were mystery and amaze. The rabbit forgot his safe, friendly burrow, his round-eyed, cotton-tailed mate, and crouched motionless, gazing with all his artless soul at the charmer with her silver scales and green skin and golden eyes.

Ralph Brooks stood motionless, gazing with admiring boy-gaze at Rita Reynolds' white fingers fluttering above his necktie with little, clever prods and pats that sent, each one of them, a tingle to his brain like the prick of champagne. There was something heady about Rita's beauty, with its sparkle of gray-green eyes and dazzle of polished skin and hair that would have held its warning to a more seasoned diner at the banquet of life, but the flavor of flirtation was pleasantly unfamiliar to Ralph's lips.

"Jove! how beautiful she is!" he thought dizzily. "And I never saw her till tonight. We've both lived in New York for years and gone about to theaters and dances and the parks, and I've never seen her before—"

With the clairvoyance of a woman of the world, Rita sensed his musings perfectly. She let her slim fingers linger the merest trace along his arm and smiled up into his face with a

(Thirty-three)

soft, pouting curve of her full lips that was like a caress.

"There!" Her voice cooed across the words. "There! You're a much tidier child now. You must always let me do your ties for you after this!"

It was very crude work, but Rita knew her man. A great blush swept the boy's handsome face, and his voice stumbled among wild words.

"I wish you—could—always! Why—didn't I—know you—before—why—why—"

The girl behind the silken curtain-folds stifled a tiny moan in a gloved palm and slipped away blindly, to seek solitude beyond the mocking music and gossiping lights. She wrapped the cool darkness of the garden about herself and panted out her grief to the glow-worms and the far, pitying stars.

"Only engaged two weeks, and he can look at another woman as he looked at *her!* He never looked that way at me—dear God! I never wanted him to!"

In the alcove, with its flickering film of dancing figures beyond the draperies, Rita Reynolds echoed Ralph's sigh and trailed her soft skirts across to the shadowed window-seat. Over her shoulder she tossed bitter words:

"Why—why are we shuffled and dealt out and trumped like a deck of cards? Why



THE GIRL BEHIND THE SILKEN CURTAINS

do the fates play their cruel game with us and give me perhaps the knave of spades for a mate, when all my instincts cry aloud for a king? Why? So that the gods may laugh, my friend."

Her face, turned from him, was as composed as that of an actress in the wings waiting to play Antigone; her eyes were watchful, but her voice quivered with tragedy. The boy's heart was a sensitive instrument on which

Across Ralph's laboring mind flashed a moment's warning vision of his mother's softly wrinkled face and his young sweetheart's trusting eyes; then they were blotted out, as lightning blots out candles, in the scent of Rita's hair. He caught her hands down from her face in a grip that crushed her many rings into his flesh.

"Rita!" She read her conquest in his white face and rejoiced. "You must have seen that it meant some-

thing, our meeting here tonight. Why, I knew it as soon as I saw you. It was *meant*, Rita, from the beginning. Can you trust me, dear?"

Thru drooping lids she watched him thoughtfully. She was one to whom excitement and sensation were the breath of life, and her dull, good-natured husband had long since ceased to amuse. Here was a young soul, eager, impetuous — handsome, too, she noted. Why not? She wept softly, in the shadow of the curtains, on his shoulder. And their plan was soon laid.

Three evenings later, Mrs. Brooks, looking up from her sewing, saw her son striding rapidly down the hall, haste in every swing of his broad, muscled shoulders.

"Ralph!" She called him back in surprise. "Have you forgotten Julie is coming over this evening? Where are you going, son?"

"Business, mother — I'm — I'm *sorry*." The boy choked and laid his face an instant against her soft cheek. "Mother, do you love me?"

She was startled at the suddenness of the question. "Why, Ralphie, what ails you? Of course I do. Mothers always love their boys, dearie."

"Even when they're — naughty boys?" Her son laughed out harshly. "There! I've got to be going. It's — urgent business. Don't you wait for me if I'm — late."

"Oh, we'll wait, Julie and I," his

mother smiled. "I guess that's what women are for — to wait for their men-folks, son."

How long they would wait, they two, she could not guess as the door shut her son out into the night.

In a lighted, upstairs sitting-room a man and woman faced each other across a dreadful Something on the floor between. The woman's face, under her mask of rouge, was white



"THERE, OFFICER," SHE CRIED CLEARLY, AND

even unskilled fingers could play what strains they wished. There was passion in his low reply.

"You are not happy — tell *me*."

Of all the singing sirens that endanger the course of men, the most pitiless, the most terrible, the most to be shunned are the lovely wives with marital grievances. The wise fill their ears with cotton and sail by; the reckless find shipwreck on the shores of their sighs. Rita Reynolds gave Ralph a glimpse of a pair of drowned, gray eyes and quivering, round chin, and buried her face in her hands.

"How could you guess?" she whispered brokenly. "How could you know my secret soul so well?"



FELL INTO A BECOMING ATTACK OF HYSTERIC

and frozen. In her fingers she held a revolver, and the acrid smell of its firing soured the air. The point of the weapon was directed at the slouching figure opposite, like a dark mouth snarling menace.

"Say, lidy, you cant come that gime on me," whimpered the man, abjectly, smearing a dirty hand across his forehead. "You know I aint done nawthin'. I seen you myself, I tel. you. If you want t' have me copped f'r burglary — tho I aint took a thing — you can, but not — not *that!*"

He shuddered away from the Thing crumpled on the floor; shuddered again to hear her laugh.

"Who'll believe you?" she sneered.

"You have a police record—your pockets are full of burglar's tools—and I have sent for the police. A likely story, yours!"

She broke off, listening intently. A step creaked in the hall outside; then a low knock on the door.

"Rita—sweetheart——"

Still covering the burglar with the pistol, the woman stepped backward

did not seem to see. A heavy moment passed. Then he turned again, and she shrank from the horror of her in his eyes.

"Ralph!" She was fawning on him, wreathing her arms about his neck. "Dont you love me any longer? Look at me! See—am I not beautiful? We can go away—we can forget this in our love—*ah!*"

Reynolds bent a look of steely triumph on the white face of her ungallant lover and waved a slim hand.

"There, officer!" she cried clearly, and fell into a becoming attack of hysterics as the steel bracelets encircled Ralph's wrists.

"My husband!" she wept—"oh! my beloved husband! Come back to me—come back to me!"



"MOTHER—JULIE—MY GOD! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU"

slowly and fumbled for the knob. The impetuous young figure that sprang into the room held out eager arms that stiffened, dropped, at the sight of the grim thing in her hand.

"Ralph! Wait—let me explain!" She panted the words out between bitten lips. "He came back—I didn't expect him. I—I was frightened. Wait—dont look around yet—look at *me!*"

But he set her gently aside, and the dreadful Thing on the floor that had been a man met his gaze. The slouching figure of the burglar beyond he

She drew herself up, a tiger-glitter in her look, and the point of the pistol swung upon the man who had shuddered away from her.

"You may go," she said coolly over her shoulder to the tramp. "This—*gentleman* will suit my purpose quite as well!"

On the stairs outside sounded heavy feet. The door was flung roughly open.

"Where's the man who shot your husband?" snapped the police officer, with the matter-of-fact air of one whose business is life and death. Rita

Two years—years of marrying and burying and birth—years of weeping and rejoicing and anger and hopelessness—years of sitting in costly automobiles, of sitting on hard benches before a machine that endlessly made coarse prison shoes.

To Ralph Brooks, now a number instead of a man, time was measured by the tick of his thoughts going a well-established round. He ate and slept and worked mechanically, with none of the feverish activity of the short-term men. Twenty-three years longer! And out there beyond the one thick-

ness of stone wall were Julie and his mother—waiting— God! but it would seem good to see the elevated trains rush by again.

Then one day, when the turnkey's back was turned, Ralph's seat-mate, Tug Riley, a burglar serving out a ten-year term, nudged him from his musing and whispered hoarsely: "Now's our time, pard—pass the word along. Signal's when Dago Bill drops his awl."

Ten minutes

solitary f'r you if you're caught? Duck now, the guards is here!"

Sifting thru the twigs came oaths, blows, a shot and a shrill scream. Ralph parted a peep-hole thru the matted bushes and saw a half-dozen convicts spring

"The guards telephoned," hissed Tug in Ralph's ear, "an' mebbe it's lueky for us—they dont know we weren't on it, y'see. Now while the beatin's good let's beat it, pal, an' see if we eant round up a couple o' hobos who'll loan us their clo's."

"I dont believe it, Mother Brooks; not for one moment." The girl let the newspaper rustle to the floor and came across to the older



THE "THIRD DEGREE"

later, Ralph stood panting in the sunshine on the other side of that thick wall of stone. He breathed in the world in great, laboring gulps of his lungs, forgetful even of the need of flight, until Tug Riley shook him fiercely by the arm.

"Gawd! wot you tryin' to do?" he rumbled, and dragged him into the shelter of a clump of frowsy bushes. "Dont you know its extra time an'

out on the main road fifty feet below the prison and hold up a passing automobile. The terrified passengers sprang out, and the car, loaded with creatures in stripes, shot on down the hill.

"If we were on that!" he breathed. "Wait a bit. I aint so sure." Riley's look was keen. Below, on the road that spread out visibly for miles, darted the automobile, apparently well on its way to safety; yet even as they watched breathlessly the catastrophe occurred. The drawbridge swung open without warning, and the car, brakes shrieking with terror, shot out into the river and disappeared, passengers and all, beneath the sunny surface of the water.

woman's side. Her sweet face was shadowed, but calm as that of one who has lived with grief so long that she has made it her friend.

"Ralph didn't drown with the rest—God wouldn't let him die until he had had a chance to clear himself," she said, slipping down on her knees to lay her cheek against the white head. "It's all coming right some day, I know."

"We're in God's hands, child," said the mother, quietly. "He knows best—but if I could just live to see my boy again!"

She looked up patiently at the picture on the wall between the two windows; then Julie felt her grow rigid under the caressing cheek and swung about in terror. The room rang to her shriek.

"The face!—the faee in the window—"

But the mother rose, holding out shaking arms.

"It is he—Ralph," she cried—"my boy, my boy, you've come. I prayed so hard you would come—"

A shape of rags and tatters, unshaven, grimy, furtive; yet her mother-eyes had known him rightly. Thru the French windows he came like an ill shadow into the peaceful room, checking their questions and exclamations with a hurried gesture.

"Mother—Julie—my God! it's good to see you, but I haven't much time." He stood out of the range of the light, speaking jerkily as tho he had forgotten how. "Listen—they're hunting for me. They may be watching this house—I don't know. But—I had to come—I had to see—you two."

(Lumsily he shuffled to his knees before the two women who had waited, and his tears fell on the folds of their skirts clutched in his hands.

"Forgive—"

"Ralph! Ralph—*don't!*" Julie was at his side, arm around him—"as if we ever believed—anything—"

His jaw showed grimly thru the gray skin. "No," he said proudly, "of course I wasn't guilty of the shooting. But—I was *there*, Julie—I was *there*."

"All I care about now is for you to prove your innocence and come back home, dear," she told him quietly. A spark lightened his somber gaze.

"Yes, and I believe it will soon be proved," he cried eagerly. "Listen, we have a plan, Tug Riley and I—"

In quick, crisp words he outlined it to them—how the burglar who had seen the shooting two years ago had used his knowledge ever since to force money from Rita Reynolds; how he had come yesterday to the underworld den where the two escaped convicts were in hiding, and recognizing Riley as a member of his old profession, had engaged him to act as butler for Rita during her coming masquerade ball.

"He plans to rob the guests with Riley's help," Ralph explained, "but Tug isn't looking for any more trouble and—well, their diamonds are reasonably safe. The police have been warned of the plot and will be on the job, and if things go as I think they will, the truth about that business two years ago will come out. Then I can come to you in the daylight with all the world looking on—you dearest

burglar accomplice as the murderess of her husband two years before, furnished a sensation for New York's seven million and sold a dozen extras a day.

Then a king somewhere in Europe declared war, and a stock went up and another stock went down, and the Reynolds case was forgotten for newer marvels.

But the newspapers seldom print



THE HOLD-UP

mother and sweetest sweetheart in the world!"

The events that occurred at the masquerade ball given to society by young Mrs. Reynolds called for two days of the largest and boldest-faced type in the newspaper composing-rooms. The discovery that the man who had passed as the pretty widow's brother from the West was really a burglar and blackmailer; the appearance of the supposedly drowned convict, Ralph Brooks, in irreproachable evening-clothes, and the dramatic accusation of the hostess herself by her

the things that are most worth knowing. In obscure back pages, hidden among births and deaths and losts and finds, a month later appeared this simple announcement:

Married—July 8th, at home, Julie Marie Swain to Ralph Brooks, Rev. J. P. Brown officiating.

Yet on the pages of God's Book of Life, where faith and love and tenderness—the hoardings of man's immortal soul—are more important things than sin and punishment, these words shone, softly blazoned in letters of pure gold.



THE RE-BIRTH

Suggested by "The Man with the Hoe." By ANNA C. LAWS

A boy beside his father trudged,
With bowed and weary tread;
Behind, the soil of furrowed toil—
Before, the pallet bed.

Alike the emptiness of face
In father and in child;
Inert to woe, inert to glow,
From weight of centuries piled.

A new-made heap of building-stones
Proclaimed, with soundless cry,
From lands afar the gilded car
Of Trade was drawing nigh.

A question vague the boy essayed
Was crushed as it drew breath;
That stupid sire, in ignorance dire,
Was mute as graven death.

(Thirty-seven)

And day by day that building grew,
Till tall and fair it stood;
And day by day they went their way
In apathetic mood.

Within those walks came pictures strange:
The works of artisan;
The glorious earth, the season's birth,
The marvels wrought by man.

And day by day those slaves of toil
With heavy steps went by;
Father and son, like oxen dumb,
Nor raised a curious eye.

A human soul, by pity stirred,
Drew them within the door;
The elder gazed without amaze,
Then sought his bed of straw.

Upon the mirror of that mind,
Defaced beyond repair,
No image fine, by art divine,
Could stamp an impress there.

The boy alone stood rooted, rapt,
In paradise—apart—
A joyous sense, a pain intense,
Swept thru his hungry heart.

As ever and anon he came,
They saw the marked effect:
A wondrous grace illumed his face;
His figure grew erect.

The key of nature's lock was given
To this poor ignorant churl;
He opened the gate to God's estate,
And he possessed the world.



“Wild Animals I Have Met” on the Screen

By ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE

M.

PAUL DU CHAILLU, the noted African explorer, was one of those who wrote, enthusiastically, “*Le lion est le roi des animaux.*” He knew a lot about lions, did M. Paul, for he studied the “king of beasts” in his native haunts and underwent dangers of the most hair-raising kind in order to become on the most intimate terms with the wild denizens of the jungle. It is safe to say, however, that if M. du Chaillu had been told by some ancient Kaffir soothsayer that these same lions, which he had come to respect and fear, would at no distant date be posing for Motion Pictures, in the invention of which his friend and compatriot, Lumière, was deeply concerned, he would doubtless have put the narrator down in the same class with the imaginative author of *Aladdin*, *Ali Baba* and all the rest of the series of *Munchausen* tales in the “*One Thousand and One Nights.*”

It certainly would have done the heart of Paul good to have seen his friends and enemies of the African jungle disporting themselves before a “hand-organ” camera, the handle of which was turned by some intrepid human who apparently valued his life even less than did Paul. But the explorer of Darkest Africa missed that new sensation in the lives of mortals, and ten-to-one he never knew what a Motion Picture was. Then there

came Paul II—he of the African Hunt pictures. Rainey, of the Jungle Film Company, risked his precious neck in getting so close to the wild denizens of forest and jungle with a “movie” camera that it still gives an audience the cold creeps to see a lion, with tail lashing in the air, making straight for the innocent photoplaylovers, who paid their little dimes simply to see Anita Stewart, Bessie Barriscale, or Violet Mersereau do their inimitable work without the slightest danger of bodily harm befalling themselves (the audience). And how interesting it is to see a bunch of animals, that we were under the impression preyed upon each other, peacefully drinking side by side at a water-hole in the desert! Verily Paul II has educated us to a wonderful degree in the habits of the animals that haunt the long grass of Africa. But by this time Motion Picture audiences had become hardened to the imaginary dangers that hovered among the films. They had metaphorically put their armor on and cared not a jot whether a lioness, whose feelings had become outraged by too frequent prodding from a steel-tipped boat-hook, or a panther with eyes blazing with fury, suddenly spotted a nice, fat, little boy down in the front row and made a long, lithe-some spring at him. They had come to know that, before the panther or lion reached the apparent goal of his intent, a kind-hearted director would shout “Cut,” and what happened in the jungle studios after that did not concern them.

Then the time came when Motion Picture audiences, craving for fresh sensations, were not satisfied with merely seeing wild animals in their native haunts; they longed to see them upon more intimate terms. Both they and the producing directors began to argue that, if dogs, horses, cats and chickens could add realism to film dramas, why not lions, tigers, panthers and elephants? The thrills would be much greater; and what more delightful than thrills—if you are at a safe distance from the cause thereof? Thus there came into existence the Selig Jungle-Zoo, one of the largest institutions of the kind in the world. Located at Los Angeles, Cal., this marvellous collection of privately owned wild beasts is now contributing to innumerable screen comedies and dramas for the delectation of a very exacting public.

Then David Horsley loomed upon the jungle-zoo horizon. The owner of the Centaur Film Company, of Bayonne, N. J., quickly recognized the all-important fact that wild-animal pictures were in demand. He cast about him for a good collection, and soon had his eye on White City, London’s great perennial exhibition, for there was located the great Bostock collection of trained animals, which represents an investment of more than \$500,000. The Bostock animals were not only trained, but were selected with the greatest care, each one for some particular purpose. There were about 130 in the collection, including groups of many diverse species—box-

(Thirty-eight)

ing kangaroos, trained ostriches, elephants, lions, tigers, leopards, pumas, dancing, skating and plunging bears, monkeys and wonderfully intelligent chimpanzees, parrots and other birds of gaudy plumage in great variety.

When the European war broke out, the Bostock collection of wild animals was, as I said before, located in White City, London, but the thousands of Belgian refugees, who flocked to the metropolis of the world for a place to rest their weary heads, made it necessary for the British government to requisition every available space as quarters for the unfortunates. So the Bostock animals were turned out of their snug home. Then it was that Mr. Harry Tudor, custodian of the Bostock interests, cast longing eyes across the water and immediately sailed for the United States to see if he could not make some arrangement for the care of the animals. The result was that Mr. David Horsley made an offer, which was at once accepted.

that were christened, respectively, "Wilson," "Bryan" and "Marshall." "Bryan," however, has since had his name changed, owing to his pugnacious disposition. He is now

nal Bostock organization, I believe, for many years, and were retained by Mr. Horsley when he took over the animals and organized the Bostock Jungle and Film Company. At



SCENE FROM "THE TERROR OF THE JUNGLE"
(101 BISON CO.)



KENNETH CASEY, TEFFT JOHNSON AND THE VITAGRAPH ELEPHANT

their head is Captain Jack Bonavita, acknowledged to be the greatest lion-tamer alive. He became famous thru working twenty-eight lions at the same time. It will be remembered by many that, when at Coney Island

with the Bostock show, Captain Bonavita was attacked by the lions and had his right arm torn off. Since that time he has continued to do daring feats, and now has his animals trained so that leopards, lions, and other fierce beasts may leap upon him without danger.

Another of the trainers is J. MacField, who has had considerable experience in training animals for Motion Picture work. M. Gay, C. Beatty and four others complete the staff of male trainers. Gay is a young fellow of dashing personality and an exceptionally good lion-tamer, while Beatty's specialty is the training of leopards and tigers. The female trainers include Mme. D'Arcy, one of the best lion-tamers in the world, who for years toured Europe under the direction of Mr. Cochran, of the London Hippodrome. She is assisted by her daughter, Mlle. Ottawa, who is specially clever in her handling of pumas and leopards. Mlle. Gavette, another of the trainers, has a collection of nine wonderful polar bears, which perform most astonishing feats.

YOUNG ZEBRA CAUGHT BY J. C. HEMMENT IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA



WILD ANIMALS PHOTOGRAPHED BY PROF. HEMMENT IN AFRICA



known as "Scrapper." The story of how the lions eventually reached Horsley Park, Los Angeles, has been told here before, and need not be repeated here; but a word is due the trainers, who have made the Bostock show so unique. These trainers have been with the origi-



The first of the London collection to make the trip across the ocean were the lions. They were despatched on the steamship *Minnewaska*, and landed in New York after many exciting experiences for both animals and custodians. On the way over, one big lion, named Leo, was injured by coming in contact with a huge splinter, which lodged in his head.

He had to be operated on when he reached this side, but he is now all right and "as fit as a fiddle." Another interesting event of the voyage was the birth of three lion cubs,



THE LOWER GROUP OF ANIMALS ARE MEMBERS OF THE SELIG "ZOO"

(Thirty-nine)



SCENE FROM GOLD SEAL'S "FOR THE HONOR OF A WOMAN"

Anticipating everything in connection with the making of animal pictures in the Los Angeles Jungle-Zoo, Mr. Horsley now has facilities for the manufacture of one-, two- and multiple-reel subjects, high in quality and unique in their appeal to the insistent demands of the photoplay-loving public.

Perhaps the most intensely interesting scenes filmed at the Universal City Zoo recently are those in which Posie, the transatlantic man-killing lioness, takes part. She has one man to her credit, and several others will bear scars to their dying day. Being quite aware of this fact, Rex Roselli, the well-known trainer, not only enters the cage and strokes her soft coat, but he goes so far as to take from her one of her whelps every day in order to subdue that most fierce of all animal passions within her—motherly love. The greatest precautions must be used in taking some of the pictures in which wild animals figure largely, not only for safety's sake, but also to insure the taking of a perfect picture. The other day, Harry McRae, the "101 Bison" director, dug a hole in the ground and set a net for a lioness.

Then, in another cave, separated from the first by a small board partition, a camera was placed. The camera, on the ground above of course, caught the lioness as she rushed into the trap. As she fell, the camera below caught her dropping into the net and struggling to get away. Roaring, scratching, clawing, and biting at the entangling meshes, she thrashed about in their clutch in a frantic effort to escape. But every motion was caught by the camera at work on the other side of the partition.

As the accompanying pictures show, many kinds of wild animals now take part in photoplays: lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, camels, zebras, deer, monkeys, and even sacred cattle—those with the funny hump over the neck, you know. In one picture you see Miss Kathlyn Williams, of the Selig Company, nursing two tiny baby lions. And speaking of this young photoplayer recalls the fact that she has taken part in many thrilling dramas wherein wild animals had a terrifying share. She says herself that, among all her experiences "following the sun in its travel around the earth," those with wild animals

held for her a charm undying, and she believes that it was with them she performed her best. Miss Williams' hairbreadth escapes have been numerous, and Miss Marie Walcamp has also had a few that would make most people see things in their sleep. Her latest was a close call from an infuriated lion down at the Universal. Had it not been for the coolness and celerity of a trainer, the young lady would undoubtedly have forfeited her life.

Henry McRae, the director-general at Universal City, is considered to be almost without a peer in the production of wild-animal dramas. "A Daughter of the Jungles" is a fine instance. He has in that picture forced leopards and lions into attacking the actors before the camera-lens. Leopards leap from trees on horsemen passing below, and lions make mad rushes and seize actors and actresses in their jaws. How it is done the Old Harry—pardon, I mean Henry McRae—only knows; but it is done. We know that, for we have seen the picture, and in it Marie Walcamp does things that raise the goose-flesh all over one. Then, again, in "Lives of



THESE LIONS AND CUBS BELONG TO THE SELIG "ZOO"

KATHILYN WILLIAMS, OF THE SELIG COMPANY, AND HER PET LION CUBS



THIS IS NOT A WILD ANIMAL IN HIS NATIVE LAIR, BUT A TAME ONE, AND THE SCENERY IS A "STUDIO SET"



THIS IS A REAL WILD ANIMAL IN HIS NATIVE LAIR AND WAS SNAPPED BY J. C. HEMMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA

the Jungle," Vivian Reed encounters a lion and escapes, but not before she has caused several cases of heart-failure among the more timorous in the audience. "When the Leopard Passed" was another thriller, and

then there was that other jungle photoplay—I forget the name of it just at present—where a leopard carries off the homesteader's baby to its lair in the jungle. Of course some of us know that it is not really the baby that is carried off—only a dummy. But that makes little difference as to the result. We can easily imagine that it is the baby, and when the poor little mite, with very little clothes on, is eventually seen sitting up in the leopard's lair, crying bitterly, we all feel like shouldering a big game-rifle and hastening to its assistance. But, despite all the theatrical aid given to make the picture more realistic, the things really done by that leopard are truly astonishing.

Last year the Vitagraph Company had its own menagerie, consisting of elephants, bears, lions, monkeys, etc., and most of the actors refused to perform with them. Great credit is due to the daring of Julia S. Gordon, Harry Morey, Charles Kent and Flora Finch for the wonderful and thrilling pictures they posed in.

A famous star of the speaking stage once remarked, when he was told that animals were to be used in the movies: "It's the proper place for cattle."

And yet that same star has now condescended to relinquish for a time the winning of new laurels on the stage, in order to find out for himself if there is really any "dignity" in the Motion Picture. I believe he has long ago come to the conclusion that the real art of filmdom is Dignity personified—and then "money talks," dont you know. Anyway, many of us have wild imaginations, but the wildest never reached the length of seeing ferocious denizens of the jungles of Africa competing with humans on the Motion Picture screen. Yet, so it is. You never can tell.



UNDERGROUND WITH A MOVIE CAMERA

By ERNEST A. DENCH

"WHAT next?" one might well ask when referring to the accomplishments of movie photography. The ever encroaching camera has been taken below the ocean's depths, and just now the problem of taking pictures at night has been overcome.

There remains but one more difficult place—the underground; and, altho the fact is little known, it has not proved beyond the capabilities of the astute film producer.

It was a pretty dangerous thing equipping a coal mine with naked arc-lamps, but Pathé Frères did this in England, some time back, for a col-

liery picture. It might be pointed out, however, that the mine in question was one of the least harmful, for it contained a very small amount of coal compared with the amount of copper ore. But, even tho the dangerous gases were in the minority, it was a pretty hazardous task, all the same. The film director was given but six hours to accomplish his work, and, from midnight to six o'clock in the morning, himself, the players and the camera man worked like Trojans at the bottom of the pit. Their efforts turned out a success, and the whole party were as black as niggers when they came to the surface. Had the

Mine Department of the Board of Trade learnt of the thing beforehand, they would have prevented such a risky undertaking for sure.

Our American producers are not far behind, for a film was taken, at a depth of fifty-three hundred feet below the surface, at the Calumet and Hecla mines, Michigan. Artificial lighting equipment was installed.

In New York the Vitagraph Company succeeded in filming the MeAdoo tunnels under the North River, and the subways, for the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Sufficient light was provided for photographing by the special portable arc-lamp.

The Original "Stanlaws Girl" Now a Film Favorite

By ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE



LITTLE thought the beautiful Kalem star, Anna Nilsson, that day she walked along Riverside Drive, back in 1908, that she was soon to become a type of

girlish beauty for a famous portrait painter, and, thru her picture on a magazine cover, eventually to join the forces of the wonderful art of Film-dom. But so it came to pass.

It was Carol Beckwith, the noted artist, who saw the young Swedish girl pass along the Drive that day, and, struck by her unusual beauty, he asked her to pose for him. At first Miss Anna was indignant, but later, upon being told who this kindly-faced old man was, she accepted his offer. After the artist's death, some time later, Miss Nilsson posed for Penrhyn Stanlaws, and has the honor of being the original "Stanlaws Girl." Many noted artists were attracted by her beauty and transferred her striking face to canvas, among them Charles Dana Gibson, James Montgomery Flagg and Harrison Fisher.

One day Kenean Buel, one of Kalem's ablest directors, stood before a newsstand and inwardly marveled at the array of magazines for the month. His attention became riveted upon the picture of a girl on one of the covers. He hastily purchased a copy, studied the picture more closely, and then started out on an enthusiastic hunt for the beautiful original. The result was an offer to Miss Nilsson to join the Kalem Company.

Born in Stockholm, Miss Anna Quirentia Nilsson received her education in her native city and in Paris. It was in the latter city that she displayed a marked talent for designing ladies' gowns, and was soon doing this work for a Parisian firm known thruout the world for their exclusive designs. Miss Nilsson's fame in this line evidently followed her to these shores, for only comparatively recently one of America's most famous modistes made her a flattering offer.

Miss Nilsson has the lithe slenderness of youth with a joyous gaiety that bubbles and effervesces in a manner that causes her friends and acquaintances to become as blithesome as she. She knows nothing about woman suffrage, and has only one hobby—the love of pretty clothes. She is now with the Fox Company.



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ACTUAL BATTLE SCENE. GERMAN TROOPS OPPOSING A FRENCH ATTACK

Will the Present War Produce Great Photodramas?

By PETER WADE

A REMARKABLE thing about the history of literature is that the great creative works of art, whether dramatic, pictorial, writ in novel form or sculpted from marble, always followed a great war. In times of peace, the minds of men run to commercial and scientific pursuits, as witness the remarkable strides of the Germans, in the past forty years of Continental peace, in their reaching out for the world's commerce and their aptitude for applied science in the fields of chemistry and manufacture.

But given a great war—a struggle that tries men's souls more than their intellects—and the sure inspiration for art is bound to come. Hugo, Car-

lyle, Burns, Byron, and even Goethe and Tolstoi, were children sprung from the forge of Napoleon. In our own country, the slave question and its climax, the Civil War, inspired the genius of Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes, and silvered the tongues of Beecher, Phillips and Lincoln.

Elaborate photoplays dealing with the present war have begun to arrive—there are hundreds in the making—but, with the exception of "The Birth of a Nation," which deals with the problems of the Civil War, and "The Battle Cry of Peace," which is a noble and convincing arraignment of our own military unpreparedness, a great and lasting photoplay dealing with war has yet to be written.

The day of the heroic war correspondent, who messed with the troops, lived with them, and exposed himself on the firing-line, has come and gone. DeKalb, Kosciusko and Lafayette, who fought in the ranks of a strange country, are but names to conjure with. Nor are the romantic and appealing figures of Richard Harding Davis and Frederick Palmer, who told of battles just as they fought and felt them, factors in the present war. The news is collected by press agencies—censored and deleted down to cold dry fact. Neither have any camera men reached the firing-lines. Their firing-line is back of the troops, back of the great howitzers, even back of the military headquarters, and their



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BRINGING HEAVY AUSTRIAN ARTILLERY INTO ACTION IN GALICIA



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RUSSIAN PRISONERS CLEANING UP EAST PRUSSIAN CITIES, ILLUSTRATING GERMAN EFFICIENCY

photography is "handpicked" to suit the rigid censorship.

But some day the war will be over and its grimmer passions will be driven home to us. Men who will write the great photodramas of the present war will not of necessity be skilled dramatists. The sorely wounded trooper who has suffered the tortures of the damned, jolting over

a rutted road in a springless wagon; the "rookie" who has gone well-nigh insane from the ceaseless sounds of spades from the invisible enemy a few yards away, until he dreams they are digging his grave; the man who has lain in a field hospital with the shrieks and prayers and curses of his fellows ringing in his ears—these are the chaps to whom, when the war is over,

its impressions will never die. They can tell you, and will, that war is made up of sordid little common-places—its smells, its sounds, its songs and sighs are greater than its battles and its victories.

The great photodramas that we are about to witness will be great only as much as they reflect the soul of the man in the trenches.



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FRENCH PRISONERS CAPTURED NEAR ST. BLAISE IN THE VOSGES MOUNTAINS

The Millennium for Stage Folk

By ROBERT GRAU



THE first potent influence that Motion Pictures exercised on the speaking stage was away back in the late '90's, and the wonder is now that the vision of the stage folk was then so dim. Yet there were not a few far-seeing men and women who indicated by their activities that they were endeavoring to hasten the day when public entertaining was to be revolutionized all over the world by creating a new mode of expression for Thespian talent.

In 1898, a Brooklyn theatrical man became associated with the American Biograph Company, or rather the Mutoscope Company as it was called in those days. There were no studios then worthy of the name, and the so-called Motion Pictures were given to the public thru the slot-machines in penny arcades.

It was Wallace McCutcheon who first endeavored to tempt the actors and actresses of the speaking stage to seek the new field of art plus science. McCutcheon was then the treasurer of the Grand Opera House in Brooklyn. For a period he was employed by the writer, when the latter presented comic opera under a big, white tent at Fifth and Flatbush avenues, Brooklyn.

But McCutcheon was a clever showman: he knew that, looming on the horizon, one could already see photoplays in their primitive "peep-in" way. He was "fair, fat and forty" when he became the brains of the Biograph institution. Men like Herman Casler and Henry Marvin, now intrenched in the seven-figure class, looked entirely to the Brooklyn promoter, for they knew not where to turn. McCutcheon knew everybody in theaterdom, and, in an incredibly short space of time, he made the Biograph and the Mutoscope companies big dividend payers. Moreover, instead of paying actors to appear before the camera, he induced them to bestow of their genius for the mere advertising there was in it. Not all

of us forget how May Irwin and John C. Rice, in their famous kissing duet, were revealed on the screen, to the joy of thousands. Sixteen years ago these players were glad to appear gratis; today they would demand a king's ransom.

I remember seeing Marshall P. Wilder "putting over" his monolog on the screen in the very same vaudeville theaters where he was paid \$500 a week salary. If Wilder was paid for the films he posed for, I never heard of it. I do know that he regarded the whole idea as a great advertising feat, and he was wholly correct in this view.

Few persons can understand why there was such a long interval between the period when stage folk appeared without pay and the present era, when they are prospering in the most lucrative field of all the theater has ever known, yet they never understood the studio. There was a lapse of nearly ten years between the two epochs; in fact, the real procession of stage folk into filmdom began as recently as three years ago. It was not, as some believe, due to Sarah Bernhardt's advent in the film studio that the onrush began. The great moment in the affiliation between stage and screen was when once it was realized that in one Brooklyn film studio alone, the Vitagraph Company, there were already over one hundred actors of standard repute on the payroll.

Those who investigated discovered that men and women were no longer forced to accept unfair and one-sided contracts, with danger of being stranded far from Broadway. Even the spectacle of a domestic millennium was on view, in that not a few erstwhile strolling Thespians were now firmly intrenched in their own homes not far from the big studio. A half-dozen players, accustomed to flitting about from one road company to another, were speaking the glad tidings along the theatrical Rialto. These six players were all past the half-century mark in life's allotment, and not one had ever been with any other film company than the one operating the Brooklyn studio; and the shortest term any of the six stage patriarchs

had served was three years—years, not seasons.

But why were these men and women, some of whose names had been emblazoned on electric signs in the theater-zone of the metropolis, content to face the camera, instead of audiences as of yore? That they are now well paid does not explain it—at least not adequately. If you would ask them why they lend to the realism of photoplays by their intrepid feats, entailing, more often than not, a sacrifice of dignity, if not of health, they would quickly answer that it was the least they could do to show appreciation of their improved environment.

While you are talking with these one-time idolized stage stars, there comes along first one, then the other, of "the big triumvirate" of pioneers of a great industry, who have created, within the confines of the Brooklyn studio, a model stock company conceived with the idea that actors are human beings. You are attracted by the Chesterfieldian demeanor of the first of the three, yet you are amazed at his democracy, as he greets these happy players "at work": "Hello, Charley." "Good morning, Maurice." You hear the great magnate of filmdom pass a word always, with a vigorous handshake. He does not tarry long with any of the busy actors. To the young and usually beautiful women he nods gallantly; but now he stops for a moment while he chats, with animation, to a white-haired woman. She is the *grande dame* of a colossal film institution. For six years the studio has been her home; not once has she trod the boards, in the flesh, in the winter of her usefulness. Her world is there where photoplays are filmed for all of the people on two continents to see simultaneously.

Truly, one may no longer wonder at the spectacle of stage folk enjoying their millennium. There is no longer need to "make the rounds" of theatrical managers' sanctums. Even the "holy of holies" of theaterdom need neither be approached nor feared by the rising generation of public entertainers, for even in wartimes we have seen the number of

neighborhood theaters larger than ever before; and, while there has been retrenchment in the film studios, due to the lesser foreign demand for films, there is nothing to indicate the slightest retrograde movement. In fact, at every turn one may witness preparations for vastly extending the screen productivity in the near future, while hard-headed business men, to whom the theater as it was never appealed, are investing their capital in new undertakings in almost every branch of the Motion Picture industry.

Not only has the infant art provided a haven for the actor, but the playwright, probably the last to capitulate, is not only profiting from the picturization of his discarded stage plays, but he is now preparing for the day when the public will demand something more vital than plays adapted to the new art's requirements. Authors, whose names and past records sufficed to induce producers to mete out advance royalties before their plays were written, are now writing original photoplays. Moreover, they are taking their chances equally with the great unknown.

Fame on the stage may induce the film-producer to issue a contract for a brief term, but the playwright knows that he has to "show the goods"; and it is but a truth to state that some of the most prolific writers for the screen are men and women



without achievement to their credit in the older field. It is also significant that the same Roy L. McCardell, who conceived the "plots" for the Mutoscope slot machines in 1898, is about to

abandon news-

man behind the guns on the film stage. The crying problem with every Motion Picture manufacturer is to find capable directors, and when found to retain them at any cost.

Qualifications? Are there any qualifications? Or are there so many that all-around directors—big men—can command almost any salary they ask for? The latter assumption is correct. A director of the first water must needs be a high-class actor, a capable stage-manager, an author and creator, an executive and an artist who knows his camera like a brother, as well as having a "seeing eye" for effects, locations, lights and shadows and perspective.

Under the hands of such a one a few lines of action grow in stature like a beautiful child.

He pours his genius into his cast, making them feel as he feels and act as he acts.

Such men, requiring years of trained emotionalism,

could come only from the stage.

And what an array we have of them—

Van Dyke Brooke, the veteran director and actor of the

Vitagraph Company; H. Thomas Ince, head of the

new Triangle forces; David W.

Griffith, George Baker, Herbert

Brenon, Sidney Drew, Edward

José, Phillips Smalley, Lois

Weber, King Baggot—and so on

without number. It is truly the roll-

call of Thespia, these actors of a

few years ago who have taken up the

newer and greater calling on the

silent stage.

paper work to confine himself entirely to writing photoplays. This decision was due to the fact that Mr. McCardell had won three prizes (aggregating several thousand dollars), in different photoplay contests in one week, very recently.

We now come to the director—the



AWAKENED

By ISA L. WRIGHT

Time was, in childhood's golden, carefree hour,
My feet might stray
At will along the singing river banks
Of God's big open day.

But soon the wheels of life, in dull routine,
Moving apace,
Have marked in changeless lines that path wherein
I find my living-place.

I am not old—my heart has waked to know
All of life's day;
I have won back my open eyes of youth
Thru reels of picture play.

So long my heart forgot to ring with joys
Life meant for me;
I trod the dullness of my commonplace,
Ploddingly, sordidly.

But now, ah me! gay laughter walks my way—
I am not old;
The golden-hearted spring is mine, for I
Have learnt its joys untold.

POSSIBILITIES AND PROBABILITIES

By D. W. GRIFFITH

W

WHILE there has been a vast amount of discussion regarding the advent of the two-dollar Motion Picture, it seems to me that really there is no occasion for surprise that a picture of this calibre should be produced which vies with the best the dramatic stage can offer. After all, it is nothing other than the old first law of nature—the survival of the fittest. The remainder is purely a question of selection and execution. When it was first announced that we intended to present “The Birth of

a Nation” in a regular Broadway theater, which had never played a picture attraction before, the wisecracks of the theater-world said it could not succeed. You see, they knew little or nothing about pictures. Most people considered a Motion Picture drama a ten-cent proposition. They measured everything by the standard of price. It was not surprising they overlooked the fundamentals of the case and were unprepared to pass judgment upon the undertaking. But, in all truth, there was neither daring nor venturesomeness in this move. You see, we knew what we had. This was an advantage the other fellows had failed to take into consideration.

The significance of this is proved by the undoubted success of the big picture-drama. I am sure there will be many two-dollar Motion Pictures. The success will depend entirely upon how well they are done and reverts solely to a question of merit. It takes time, care, and a lot of money to produce a picture to compare with the best in the spoken drama. But given the theme, a complete understanding and ability to project his ideals, the Motion Picture director has a material advantage over the old-time stage director. The latter is confined and limited in his scope. He can only show certain scenes in the limits of three walls, and at best has only a



WHEN PRESIDENT LINCOLN WAS SHOT BY JOHN WILKES BOOTH, AS TOLD BY GRIFFITH IN “THE BIRTH OF A NATION”
(Forty-seven)



ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL, ALLEGORICAL CLOSING SCENES IN "THE BIRTH OF A NATION"

few square feet in which to place his characters. For his background he is dependent upon painted scenery and manufactured effects, which are, after all, only miserable imitations of natural objects. I do not mention this in any spirit of criticism. There are ideals of the spoken drama which make it the aristocrat of the arts. Every one of us has some pleasant recollection of rare moments when true dramatists enjoyed the privileges of artistic interpretations. When a great actor throws the best there is in him into a rôle in a fine play, you have a combination which is irresistible. I have been impressed deeply by such performances upon numerous visits to the theater.

What painting or piece of sculpture stands out in your memory to compare with this living, breathing thing you are a part of for a single evening? Long years afterwards, in pleasant reveries, you recall the junc-

tion of play and player. Whoever seeing Irving's matchless work in "Lionel Lincoln" can forget that wonderful scene when he urges the saintly images on his cap to grant him their favor and yet was equivocating at the same time? Can one ever quite efface from memory the majestic abandon of Mansfield, as Cyrano de Bergerac, when he throws his purse to the crowd? These are specific instances to illustrate my meaning.

There was the art interpretative glorified. The player and his mood become the dominant figure in such cases. With the Motion Picture it is different. The poetic simulation, the *tour de force*, which arrests attention and makes memories that are to live, is a silent power. The brain behind this art is never revealed. It lends itself to that concealment which is one of the attributes of true art. The living thing is subjective. There can be no rivalry here with the spoken

drama. Each has its niche and, if artistically done, will live. The mere presentation may be ephemeral, but the ideas and the recollections go on as long as life lasts.

In Motion Pictures we operate in a larger field. On the stage so-called "effects" are imitations. The film-play shows the actual occurrence and is not hampered by the size of the stage nor the number of people to be used. If your story traverses a battlefield, we show an actual battlefield. If it says that ten thousand men are fighting there, we engage ten thousand men, rehearse them in minute detail, and, when we are ready, we show you that scene as realistically as if you were looking down from a hilltop and watching an engagement of these contending forces.

But what about the cost of this? Such a scene for a Motion Picture might easily cost \$75,000. However,
(Continued on page 61)



SCENE FROM "HIS EGYPTIAN AFFINITY" (NESTOR)

The Picture Part of the Picture Play

By DOROTHY DONNELL

THE simple expedient of a pine board labeled very definitely, "This is the Forest of Arden," served Shakespeare for scenery.

Almost as naïve and childlike were the scenic effects of the earliest picture play. Indians clad in war-paint and feathers from the farmyard prowled in primeval forests, thru whose skimpy foliage one caught disconcerting glimpses of the skyscrapers of civilization. Dashing Western cowboys, trig and romantic in their spotless sombreros, somewhat marred the local color of their scenes by climbing cautiously upon a tree-stump and thence to their horses' backs with the timid precision of a Boston spinster mounting a trolley car.

The days of makeshift locations for picture plays are over now. Hundreds of keen-eyed men with a sense of artistic values are traveling about the country seeking unusual and striking scenic effects for Motion Pictures: a stone gateway here hung with vines; a twist in the roadway between high boulders; a seashore wild

enough for pirate hordes and Viking raids. Moving Picture camera men must have the picture sense; they know the value of a flight of stone steps, a high granite wall, a broken chimney, an old well-sweep. The audience watches a cavalier and his beplumed lady clatter into an old-time court-yard, cobble-stoned and irregular, with the swinging sign "Ye Red Lion" and towering and arched entranceway, and marvels that such picturesque places may still be found in America. Yet most people would have passed that very court-yard, minus its painted sign and quaintly costumed characters, without the slightest thought of its picture possibilities.

America furnishes most of the settings for our native films. There are a few companies who take an occasional trip around the world, gathering glimpses of strange lands; but for the most part, whether the picture be an Arabian romance with minarets and muezzins, an English village of thatch-roofed cottages, or a desert scene—camels, palms and sandy stretches—it is a strictly home-made product. Of course the property-man helps nature out, and many are the exotic scenes that blossom in the

studio: canvas skies, regal pillars of painted marble, potted flower-gardens and mountains of zinc, tarpaulin and moss. Certain great films like "Quo Vadis?" "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "Cabiria" were made abroad, but "Samson" is an American film, and its elaborate settings and scenic effects are combinations of artistic nature and natural artistry.

Motion Picture managers are champion borrowers. Wherever they see a background or a foreground that they want for a picture they do not hesitate to ask the owners of the property for the loan of it. The good-natured generosity of the public accounts largely for the beautiful home exteriors and interiors shown in an up-to-the-minute picture play. Formerly, when a ballroom was desired, the scene-painter dashed off a daubly imitation that did nothing more than imitate, and this was set up in the studio. Now the players are moved, ball-gowns and all, to a borrowed ballroom in some wealthy house, and the scene is enacted there. A conservatory—place for all proper love-scenes—was once supplied by three potted palms and a bench of property-stone. A brick prison cell waved gently when the characters raised a breeze in



SCENE FROM KALEM'S "DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN"



SCENE FROM A MÉLIÈS PHOTOPLAY TAKEN AT CATALINA ISLAND



SCENE BY PATHÉ REPRESENTING A HAREM OF ORIENTAL LUXURY

passing, and property boulders, rolled down some precipice by the villain, used to bounce into the air several times before settling down to business and killing the hero. Now, golf clubs, churches, garages, the Grand Central Palace, yachts, steel-construction work, police stations and Sing Sing are borrowed at need. A picture company that recently took possession of an old Colonial back yard with a treasure of a sundial was going thru a spirited scene in Colonial wigs and small clothes, when—presto! into the powdered midst of 1800 strolled Miss 1914, the daughter of the borrowed house, gowned in tight skirt and small, jaunty hat. And the startled and indignant citizen who tried to interfere with a lynching that he came upon in a sheltered corner of Central Park, only to be told in no measured tones to “get out o’ the picture!” is well known.

A sense of fitness and harmony is the keynote to the striking effects of the modern picture play. What if “Neptune’s Daughter” were taken in an enormous glass-tank instead of in the ocean depths? The audience saw green and mysterious distances, vistas of sea-caves, bright ocean flowers, strange animals and nymphs disporting on rocks; to them it was quite real.

(Fifty-one)

Shrieking cowpunchers no longer careen thru placid New England scenery; real sagebrush, alkali plains and rolling prairies give zest to Western plays. Most firms have winter quarters in California, where its old crumbling missions, its adobe, its Mexicans and monks, its orange groves and midwinter flowers, are a fit setting for romantic picture-love. Bermuda’s honeycombed rocks, Florida’s moss-hung banks, the rocky New England coast with its picturesque old salts—they are all here. Whatever is worth seeing, the camera brings to Broadway.

The Motion Picture man is discriminating. He seeks patiently for new and striking effects. That rocky ledge with the tiny rill trickling down is discovered to be a perfect setting for some white-robed Eastern maiden with her water-jar. That woodcutter’s hut may be a counterfeiter’s den, a witch’s retreat, or the refuge of an escaped convict.

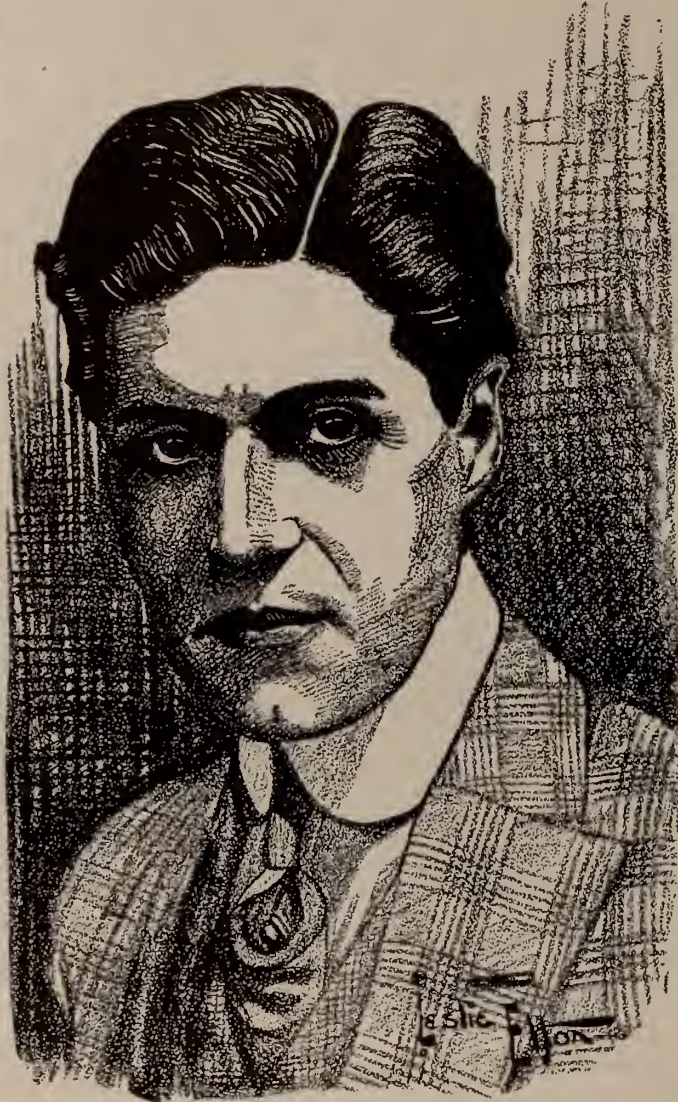
The active imagination of the picture man is always seeking the new which the public craves. It would seem that the limit of sensation had been reached. The camera has flown aloft and pictured a leap from a balloon to an aeroplane; it has descended to the bottom of the sea, showing men

and sharks in mortal combat. We have seen huge ships blown up, railroad trains derailed, conflagrations and earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. Enormous sums of money are continually being spent to enhance the picturesqueness of the Motion Pictures. “Monte Cristo” needed a castle built on a rock running out into the sea. Not being able to borrow such a castle, Selig promptly erected one. Films like “Cabiria” and “Samson” use thousands of supers, all in costume and working at the rate of thousands of dollars a day.

Those of us who drop into a Motion Picture theater and watch with careless admiration a silver moonlight scene in a fairy woodland glade, the quaint gables and gardens of bygone days, a harem of oriental luxury and beauty, the high-flung castles of romance and fairy-love, may not realize the immense amount of time, toil and money that has been expended to produce such a result; but we do know that our eyes have been charmed and our imaginations stimulated by the art and artfulness of the pictures on the screen.

Our imagination is the counsel for the defense. If the scenic effect produced is beautiful or true to life, we want to believe in its reality.

PENOGRAPHS OF LEADING PLAYERS



CARLYLE BLACKWELL



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG



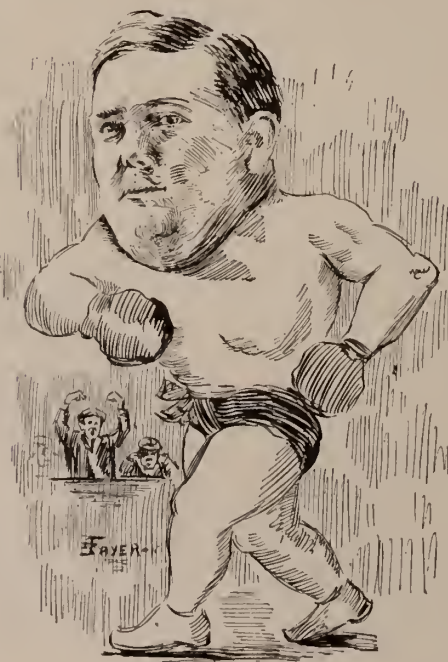
N.C. Goodwin



CAMPBELL



ANITA STEWART



MACK



TOM MIX

TALKS WITH POPULAR PLAYERS

GEORGE HOLT (Vitagraph)

By RICHARD WILLIS

THE name of George Holt has often been written up, and has always been associated with "heavies." Now he is a "heavy," and an excellent one, and he can look about as villainous as any "heavy" in the business, and, what is more, he has always made his characters stand out very prominently, so much so that in some cases his "heavy" has almost assumed the character of the lead.

Still, Holt is more than a "heavy" man. I remember two entirely different parts he played which stand out as almost remarkable contrasts. One was his pathetic part in "Daddy's Soldier Boy," in which little Buddy Harris played Holt's child. In this Holt played upon our heart-strings,

and I venture to say that very few out of the many thousands who saw that Vitagraph story left the theater without having shed a few tears. I know that I did. He made a veritable living picture of the grief-stricken man whose heart was wrapped up in the little boy.

He has given us several such clean-cut character studies, in which he shows himself a master of human emotions, and one of the biggest tributes he has ever received was when I was sitting next to him in a Los Angeles theater. A man was sitting behind us, and, when Holt appeared on the screen, he said to his companion: "There is the man who made me weep in 'Daddy's Soldier Boy.' Whenever he comes on the screen he makes me watch him, for he seems to be thinking all the time, but never seems to be acting. I would as soon see him as any man in pictures."

Holt was vastly pleased, I remember, and when we went out he turned to me and said: "That man said I appeared to be thinking, and that is just what I try to do—let the people read my thoughts as well as follow my actions. I am glad he said that."

The other part which stands out so prominently with me is his Tirzo, the spy, in "Captain Alvarez," another Vitagraph masterpiece, in which Holt played the "heavy"—and such a "heavy"! Here again one could almost follow Holt's thoughts, and he was positively uncanny in his villainy.

I have acted with Holt and know his methods well. Before he starts on a film he knows what his part is and what he has to "get over." From that time to when he first acts in the photoplay he is a very silent man, but he makes up very carefully and then paces the stage slowly, and it is clear that he is thinking out his part with sincerity.

One of these days Holt is going to make a director—a big one. He will not be what is termed in the profession a "footage" producer, a man who turns out so many feet a week and takes his salary, but one of the men who turn out photoplays marked by thought and attention to detail and

full of life's emotions. He looks forward to this work and has made up his mind that he will be a great director a little later, and when he makes up his mind to a thing it is preordained, for he is a stubborn and determined fellow whose mind cannot lightly be turned when it is once made up.

Holt is a great believer in the survival of the fittest and has but little sympathy with the man or woman who fails for want of experience. Here are his views, which are worth studying:

"I have predicted a change in the personnel of the studios for some time, and it is showing right now. Only recently three of the biggest companies have been laying off a number of people, and I notice that they have retained the artists who have earned their right to be acting—the ones who have had previous stage experience and know how to hold and carry themselves and wear their clothes. All of this shows on the screen, despite what



MR. HOLT AND HIS SON

(Fifty-three)



MR. HOLT IN A TYPICAL WESTERN PART



WILLIAM DUNCAN

GEORGE HOLT

SCENE FROM "THE MAN OF THE DESERT"

some of the managers think. The public is becoming more critical all the time, and it will not be so long before directors insist upon having properly trained artists to work for them. This goes with producers, too. There are too many of them who have jumped into the game—men without even dramatic instinct, whose self-assertiveness has gained them a position, but who cannot last in the weeding-out process.

Holt was early picked out to do "heavies" in addition to other parts and he was a well-hissed actor in the many melodramas which he appeared in with traveling and stock companies

all over the country. Later he joined Walter Whiteside in a series of Shakespearian revivals; was in Frederick Thompson's "Via Wireless"; with Fiske O'Hara, and a number of other plays and people before his opportunity to play for the screen arrived. Then it came, and for something like three years he would act during the regular theatrical season and be with the Lubin Company doing all sorts of parts during the "off" season.

"I wanted to go into the pictures, but I also wanted to make very sure I could be successful before I absolutely cast in my lot with the silent



PAUL W. SANTSCHI (Selig)

By ALBERT L. ROAT

PAUL W. SANTSCHI, the silent artist of the Selig Company, nicknamed "Tom" by his personal friends, is indeed one of the picturesque potentials of "The Silent Drama." Those who have viewed his efforts in pictures desire to know more about that herculean artist. So here is a little history of the man you admire.

"You got me!" declared the gentleman in question when I cornered him in the studio. "Fire away!"

"The White Hope of the Movies," as he is lovingly termed by his companion players, certainly did answer my questions with machine-gun precision.

"I was born at Lucerne, the city beautiful of the first republic of Europe, but migrated to America when a child and rambled thru the schools in the usual manner and

finished in St. Louis, which I call 'Home.'

"After a whirl in standard and repertoire drama in legitimate art, I drifted into pictures five years ago, and I certainly like the perilous and strenuous things I am called upon to perform. I was Bruce, the American hunter, in 'Adventures of Kathlyn' and McNamara in 'The Spoilers.'"

This man who faced the beasts of the jungle with Kathlyn Williams is not a matinee idol so far as he is concerned. His great physical encounter in "The Spoilers" showed him to advantage. But he is not a fighting man. Neither does he prowl about the earth seeking to devour or destroy. He is a man of sunny disposition; a

artists, and that is why I preferred to play during certain seasons with Lubin and not to take an engagement with the picture people right away." This is a sample of the thoroughness of George Holt, actor.

When once he had made up his mind, Holt went after his new work thoroly, and after a term with Lubin he joined the Solax Company and made a number of pictures in Colorado Springs, where I first met and was attracted to him. Then for a long time he was associated with the Universal, both in the East and the West, after which he was offered and accepted his present engagement with the Vitagraph Company.

Some of his best characters with this company have been the hypnotist in "The Spell," the sergeant in "The Passing of Joe Mary," Slim Driscoll in "Daddy's Soldier Boy," the spy in "Captain Alvarez," Trigger Jim in "The Sage-brush Gal," Dead-shot Jackson in "The Little Angel of Cañon Creek" and Armstrong in "The Chalice of Courage."

In private life Holt is a most likable man. He is the possessor of a striking actor's face, dark hair and keen gray eyes, and he spends most of his time at home with a charming wife and one of the jolliest little rascals imaginable—George Holt, Junior, who has appeared in a number of scenes for his daddy's company. He lives by the sea and takes his morning dip no matter what the temperature may be, and every evening he takes a long walk, so he is always physically fit and ready for the work on the morrow.

giant who smiles continually, jokes genially and has a wealth



of sympathy for his fellows. He is a red-blooded man who delights in the more strenuous things of life and one who glories in the great outdoors.

One of his chief delights is a rest-less automobile with a brake which is not working. Nothing brings the flush to his cheeks more readily than to climb aboard his "devil-cart," shove "high" into place and "step on it," leaving the rest to Old Result. He canters over the roads at about 80, and his brakes are as useful as a canal-boat in Death Valley.

His fad is drifting over the boulevards in his car, and his friends who have once taken a *spin* never repeat. The first memory is sufficient. He regards his studio work as serious business rather than art. He goes at it with the very same intensity and thought as he goes after road records in his machine. Santschi is a six-foot, steel-constructed bunch of energy. Wild animals are to be pitied as well as palpitating players when he is rescuing a beautiful heroine from the maws of raging beasts. Tom is no plaything.

A puma discovered that fact only

recently. The puma is one of the cat family, and this particular one measured fully eight feet from tip to tip. One of the keepers of the Selig zoo describes him: "De puma kin jump a mile an' bite off your head wid one snap." Santschi was in the studio arena waiting for a scene. He seated himself and chewed a straw while the animals were herded in. A puma became frightened by a falling timber and leaped high in the air, alighting gracefully upon Santschi's neck. That gentleman coolly delivered a stiff uppercut, and the puma landed where it came from.

Santschi has a real mission in life. It is providing joy for others in their dull moments. None but the initiated know anything of the ennui and bone-weariness of studio waits—the actors sit and stand or prowl about hour after hour, sometimes in extreme heat or in the rain or cold, waiting always for work.

At such times, and they are frequent, Santschi is a good Samaritan at the Selig zoo. He is a jester of the bright type. He is never at a loss for something new in the "put-up game."

Few have escaped him. Instead of human gloom, low growls and feverish impatience, the troupe have a substitute for work—the jokesome and lively Santschi, who always and consistently is the right sort and an acid-test man every part of him.

An estimate based on five years of daily observance must be worth something. If so, accept this most patent if surprising fact: Santschi is diffident, has a true sense of modesty, and he is unaffected as regards his work as a film actor and producer. Not so very long ago, when his popularity held Europe and other countries in a firm grasp, as did his own land, he was called upon to perform humble work in a certain production. He greeted that call with a cheerful grin, retorting to the half-apologetic request:

"Sure I'll take the part; why not?"

That is the other side of the man. A third is to be commended: He is one of those very singular beings who can mind the business of Santschi to the exclusion of everybody's else affairs. He is simple and direct in everything.



JACK PICKFORD (Famous Players)

By EDNA WRIGHT

VOLUMES have been written about the sisters Pickford—Mary and Lottie—of their talent and the remarkable success they have achieved in the realm of Motion Pictures, but there is another member of the famous family who deserves to be better known. I mean Jack, the youngest of the trio. Jack seems to have preferred to remain comparatively unnoticed, but, despite this innate modesty, he has been enacting rôles so well of late that he is literally being pushed into the limelight whether he likes it or not.

Meeting this young photoplayer one day at the studios where he poses, I started to ask him the usual questions which one reads in reference to film favorites, and was quite prepared to scribble his answers in my notebook, when he said:

"It is Mary who has made the name of Pickford so famous, therefore I refuse to claim any of the honor belonging to another. It is she whom the Motion Picture fans all over the world crowd the theaters to see; it is Mary whom the managers offer such tempting salaries, while I play only small parts in the pictures. Isn't it great to be the brother of such a favorite?" and his face lighted up. "I am certainly proud of my sister."

Now, all that Jack says may be true,

but the "small parts" that he plays are serving to prove that sisters Mary and Lottie are not the only Pickfords who have talent. I tried to persuade this bashful young chap to tell me a little about his stage and picture experiences, but he politely refused and went back further into his shell, with a final good-by and "Oh, it isn't worth bothering about—I've done so little."

This certainly did not sound the least bit encouraging, and I thought, as I put my notebook away, that the public was going to remain as much in the dark as ever. But "everything comes to him who waits," and the opportunity *did* come, not long afterwards. Meeting me at the studio one day, Mary extended to me an invitation to dinner. Now I would be able to gather a little data concerning Jack, so at seventhirty I promptly found myself at the door of "Little Mary's" apartment.

Secluding my pad and pencil as we sat down to our bouillon, I waited for a time

before beginning to ask questions, lest my "victim" discern my object.



Jack, not realizing that he was "going into print," was very submissive, and, by the time demi-tasse was served, I had all the information necessary.

While learning all of Jack's "bad" past history, I perceived that he is about the same height as Mary, tho, perhaps, a shade taller, but differs from her in regard to coloring. He has very black hair, and eyes of the same shade, while his complexion is olive. One's first impression, when talking with him, is his modesty, for he seems loth to converse about himself, tho always an interesting talker on any other subject. This feature, however, is not strange, as it is one that runs thru the entire Pickford family. His sense of humor is by far the keenest I have ever seen, and nothing delights him more than to entertain his family and friends with the latest jokes. He had several splendid ones, which he tried on us during dinner, so it was while the rest were convulsed with laughter that I managed to make notes on the pad in my lap. It is perhaps this sense of humor, which is so evident on the screen, aided by his talent, that has made him such a success, for he never fails to use it.

Like Mary, Jack has wonderful facial expression, and, as you watch him, the passing thoughts are plainly mirrored in his face. It is thru this facial expression that he touches the hearts of his audiences.

"I was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1897. When did I go on the stage? Say, this sounds like an interview—is it?"

The telephone saved the day, for, at

the conclusion of a long conversation, his question seemed forgotten.

"At what age did you say you went on the stage?" I ventured.

"I played my first part in Canada when four years old."

"No, Jack," corrected Mary; "you were only three."

"Well, a n y w a y," continued Jack, "it was what the theatrical people call 'a thinking part'—that means, you know, having no lines to speak."

Here sister Lottie came to the rescue.

"It was in 'The Little Red Schoolhouse,' and Jack was so proud."

"Then I was with Chauncey Olcott for some time," resumed Jack, "but not until I was twelve did I begin playing for the pictures. Mary was at the time posing for the Biograph Company, so they engaged me also. But I left them, after a time, and engagements with the Imp, Pathé and Mutual followed. Finally I became a member of the Famous Players, where I am now. What have I played with them? Oh, nothing startling—just small parts."

There it was again—those "small parts." Why would he not let them rest?

His acting in "Wildflower," with Marguerite Clark, was one of the features of this photoplay, while in "The Love Route," "The Commanding Officer" and "The Pretty Sister of José" Jack surprised every one—even himself.

While he was again answering the



telephone, his mother told me of his great skill on a horse, and of his fame for swimming. Jack is like his sister Lottie when sports are mentioned, for they both adore them and are noted out on the Coast and on Long Island for their nerve and ability in all branches. Managing the heaviest motor-car is nothing to Jack, who could do this when he was fourteen.

Fearing that my intentions might be discovered, I put my pad and pencil away, but Mary whispered, as I was leaving, "You might say that Jack is a wonderful dancer."



WILL THE SPOKEN WORD IN MOTION PICTURES EVER COME TO PASS?

By ERNEST A. DENCH

CERTAIN writers aver that the one direction in which the Motion Picture will be revolutionized will be in mechanical devices, so as to bring the silent drama on a par with the legitimate and vaudeville. These views, however, do not coincide with mine. They seemingly overlook the significant fact that the photoplay stands in a class by itself. The players are not seen in the flesh, nor do we hear their voices. In a sense, it is a dumb show—a highly developed shadow pantomime. And it is on these lines that the Motion Picture has achieved its wonderful success. No matter how a human voice instrument may be perfected, it can only be a feeble imitation of the real thing.

In a certain sense the photodrama has never competed with the speaking stage, because it has built up an en-

tirely new theater-going public of its own. It must not be said of our entertainment that in its lust for greed it has trespassed on what are considered the legitimate preserves of its sister profession.

To movie fans it will mean an end to the international aspect of the Motion Picture. No longer will they be able to enjoy and intelligently follow pictures hailing from such countries as Italy, France, Denmark and Germany, because if this new development assumes permanent shape it will be in the direction of introducing the human element with the films. Thus there will be some synchronizing connection with the reel, which will mean that the players' voices will accompany their acting as on the legitimate boards. It is certain that the performers will speak in their native language, and the same will be true

of American films in all countries where English is not spoken.

I do not think that I shall be overstepping the mark when I maintain that, should such developments come to pass, the death-knell of cinematography will be sounded.

Impossible, you may say, but it must be borne in mind that we flock to the movies because it is something quite different. When this distinction is taken away it will be of no interest to us whether we visit the movies, the legitimate or vaudeville.

That is why I firmly believe that the change for the worse will never come to pass. The far-seeing film manufacturers may be trusted to see to that.

All the efforts toward development will be in improving present-day films, for they are, even today, a long way from perfection.



ONCE UPON A TIME

By JOHNSON BRISCOE



October 8, 1900. — Helen Lindroth (Kalem), whom we know upon the screen as a character actress of the best type, was playing ingénue and sou-brette rôles with a popular-priced rep-

ertoire company, the Falk and Veronee Stock, opening this day, for a week's engagement, at Crawford's Opera House, Topeka, Kan.



October 29, 1910. — Leah Baird (Vitagraph) was experiencing the joys of life in a suitcase and trunk, touring the South as Carolina Langdon in "A Gentleman from Mississippi," and, co-

incidentally enough, she was playing in the very state of that name upon this date, at the Century Theater in Jackson.



October 22, 1906. — Dorothy Gish (Mutual) captivated everybody gathered within the walls of the Grand Opera House, Des Moines, Ia., where she was a vision of childish loveliness as little Mary McCann, an East Side waif, in "Mr. Blarney from Ireland," with Fiske O'Hara.

ness as little Mary McCann, an East Side waif, in "Mr. Blarney from Ireland," with Fiske O'Hara.



October 12, 1899. — Thomas H. Ince (Triangle) was a busy traveler at this period of his career, playing six different towns each week, cast for Blanc in the No. 2 company of "Zaza," ap-

pearing this day at the Opera House, Meriden, Conn., and the following morning he moved on to Norwich, in the same State, with New London booked for the day after that!



November 7, 1904. — Van Dyke Brooke (Vitagraph) was thoroly at ease in the character of James Ellington, a wealthy banker, in "A Fight for Love," in which that able disciple of

the tragic drama, Robert Fitzsimmons, was starring, opening a week's stay at the Empire Theater, Providence, R. I.



October 25, 1905. — Harry T. Morey (Vitagraph) was playing his third consecutive season in the rôle of Brigadier-General Riskitt in "The Wizard of Oz," with Montgomery and Stone, and

this time delighting those assembled at Ford's Grand Opera House, Baltimore, Md.



October 27, 1906. — Gretchen Hartman (Biograph) was a precocious youngster at this time, giving a most notable performance of the child, Cosette, in "The Law and the Man," in which

Wilton Lackaye was starring, this date concluding a three days' stay at the Davidson Theater, Milwaukee, Wis.



October 24, 1910. — Edna Mayo (Essanay) was valiantly striving to find a place for herself beyond the choral ranks of musical comedy, and she was particularly pleased at this

time because she had a few lines to speak, as Gertie Wilson in "Girlies," which was the dish set before the patrons of the Worcester Theater, Worcester, Mass.



November 5, 1903. — Lillian Gish (Mutual) was, of course, also a child actress at this time, appearing as Clara Hooker in a comedy drama, "At Duty's Call," which was playing a week's engage-

ment at the Girard Avenue Theater, Philadelphia, and as her rôle only figured in the prolog of the play it is safe to assume that, like all good little girls, she was safely tucked in bed each night long before the midnight hour struck.



October 18, 1900. — William Clifford (American) was an able exponent of stage-villainy, entering heartily into the spirit of the rôle of Michael, Duke of Strelsau, in "The Prisoner of Zenda," in which he was touring the Canadian provinces, appearing this day at the Opera House, Simcoe, Ont.



October 23, 1902. — Mare MacDermott (Edison) was a newcomer to our hospitable shores, making his American début upon this very date, appearing at the Garden Theater, New York, as the Baron Ludwig von Voelkerlingk in "The Joy of Living," in the support of Mrs. Patrick Campbell.



November 2, 1902. — Stella Razetto (Selig) was making an ambitious bid for success behind the footlights, being a hopeful young climber in the ranks of the stock company at the Central Theater, San Francisco, her rôle upon this occasion being the modest one of Fantine, a French maid, in that melodramatic success, "The Great Metropolis."



November 1, 1905. — Lottie Pickford (American) was at this particular moment a busy, energetic stage child, appearing in the support of Chauncey Olcott, and in his play at this time, "Edmund Burke," she had a fine opportunity to display her versatile talents,

being cast for two wholly different parts, Lord Archie and Micky Murphy, being the bill this day at the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn. But the chances are that many of you would have failed to recognize the present-day American star in her boy's clothes and under her real name which she used for stage purposes, Charlotte Millbourne Smith.



November 3, 1887. — Sidney Drew (Vita-graph) who at this time had never even heard of such a thing as a Motion Picture, was playing at the Fifth Avenue Theater, New York, being Georget in "Faustine de Bressier," in the support of Mrs. Brown Potter, who only three days previously had made her first appearance on the professional stage.



November 4, 1899. — Bessie Barriscale (New York) was a child actress in the long ago and a serious exponent of Shakespearean drama, cast for the part of the boy, Mamilus, in "A Winter's Tale," in which a tri-star east was touring, headed by Louis James. Kathryn Kidder and Charles B. Hanford, appearing this day at the Opera House, Wilmington, N. C.



November 11, 1910. — Earl Metcalf (Lubin) was laboring faithfully away in that most rigorous of all stage schools, the stock company field, playing important parts with the Arvine-Benton Stock, at the Majestic Theater, Indianapolis, Ind., and upon this particular occasion he had an unusual chance to display his versatility in the musical comedy, "The Talk of New York."



November 6, 1910. — Tom Moore (New York) was a very happy actor this day because it marked the beginning of an agreeable stock company engagement with the forces at the Auditorium Theater, Kansas City, Mo., the initial offering being "The Commanding Officer."



November 8, 1910. — Ethel Grandin (Grandin) captivated everybody thru her simplicity and girlish unaffectedness in the rôle of the little invalid, Nellie Barnes, in "The Adventures of Polly," an entertainment which was set before the patrons of the National Theater, Chicago.



October 28, 1903. — Laura Oakley (Universal) was even then trying her hand at eccentric comedy honors, being a vastly diverting Dame Durden in "Robin Hood," with the Bostonians, at the Victoria Theater, Dayton O.



November 9, 1908. — Ford Sterling (Keystone), who now affords us hysterical joy upon the screen, was then performing a similar service within the glare of the footlights, being happily placed as Orphis Noodle in "King Casey," in which Johnny and Emma Ray were starring, this day opening a week's stay at the Franklin Square Theater, Worcester, Mass.



EDNA MAISON

Universal Star Whose Name Recalls One of the Noblest Families of Old France

By HECTOR AMES

THE name of Maisonneuve is one of the most famous and honored in French history. Whether Carmen Edna Maisonneuve—or, as we all know her, plain Edna Maison, the beautiful Universal star—is a descendant of the chivalrous Marquis, I know not. She is certainly of French origin, so why not?

The handsome brunette, who rather recalls the child of some Spanish hidalgo, was born beneath the Stars and Stripes and the warm Californian sun. As a child, she acted on the stage, and later studied vocal music under Collamarini, eventually joining the forces of grand opera on the Coast. When Tom Karl, the famous basso of the Bostonians, of pleasant memory, was manager of the Californians, Edna Maison was a valued member of the company and received special training from him. She could not live outside the realm of art, and has brought to the Motion Pictures many of the most cherished

traditions of the speaking and singing stage.

Beginning with Pathé, Miss Maison went over to Universal, where she is highly valued and is winning fresh laurels every day. The charming artiste is very fond of children. This is so characteristic of her that she has often said: "Show me a man or a woman who is a favorite with the kiddies, and I will show you a person worth while."

In fact, wherever Edna Maison is during her "off" hours there you will find one or more children competing for the favor of her smiles. They all love her like the kind, big-little sister that she is, and theirs is not mercenary, cupboard love, either. It is not an infrequent sight to see some little tot tapping on the star's dressing-room door and shyly handing in, say, a mysterious parcel tied with baby ribbon. Mayhap the recipient, when she opens it, will sustain a momentary shock to her artistic sensibilities. But, once the

shock is over, a realization of the sweetness of the act takes its place, and ten to one that little tot will be smothered in the protecting arms of Edna Maison and completely "fed up" with kisses.

If a visitor to the Universal studio should be looking for Miss Edna Maison it would only be necessary for him to take up a prominent position, where he could command a fairly comprehensive view of the premises, and there wait patiently until he sees a beautiful Castilian maiden, with the sweetest of smiles wreathing her features and two or more little kiddies hanging upon her arm. He might then, with perfect assurance, say, as he doffs his sombrero—or whatever other headgear he may favor:

"Pardon me, Miss Edna Maison?"

Why, of course. There could be no mistake if you followed directions.

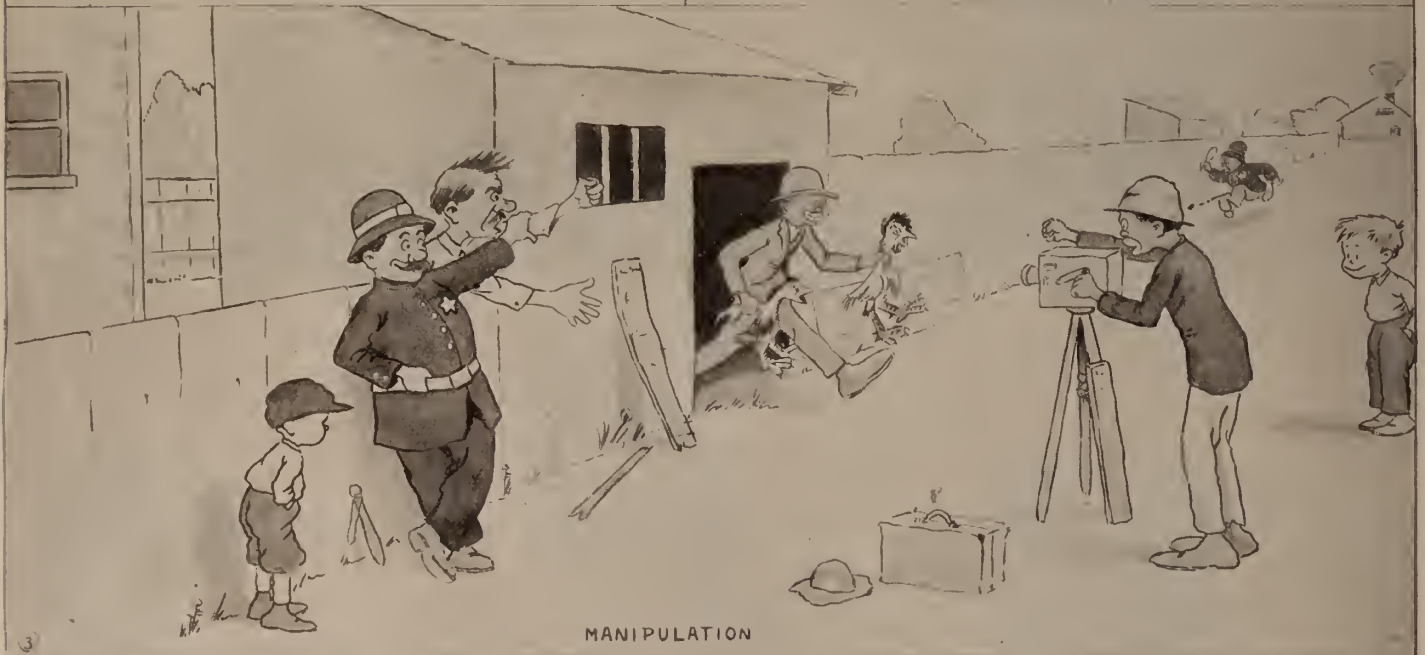
"Youth must be served." Young, beautiful, talented, Edna Maison stands lightly on the ladder of fame.



ADMIRATION



PREPARATION



MANIPULATION



SEPARATION



MASTICATION

NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION



Possibilities and Probabilities

(Continued from page 48)

the cost ends with the taking of the original negative. There are no salaries, nor traveling expenses, nor costumes to keep in repair after that. The only additional expense is the comparatively small one of making new copies of the original negative.

A spectacular production on the stage cannot possibly make room for over 400 people in a scene. This is an unusually big number. It takes almost as much time and pains to rehearse this small force as it does for the Motion Picture director to handle 10,000 men. But the stage production averages from eight to ten performances a week. In such a case, even the supernumeraries would pile up an expense of approximately \$2,500 a week. You realize that at the end of two seasons this cost alone would amount to \$150,000. Thus, for 400 people, who are not easily kept in action, the cost is two to three times greater than 10,000 men in Motion Pictures.

For a film-drama we can go afield and get anything we want. If there is a shipwreck to show, we also picture the angry sea and the restless waves. For romance we have but to pick out some sylvan dell and bring our lovers there. Let them act as two people very much in love would be expected to behave in like circumstances, and the audiences weave their own romance and do the larger share of the acting for that scene. On the side-lines we can reveal roses blooming in the sunlight, with a snow-crested mountain for our background. In our drama the trees sway in the breezes, and blades of grass, damp with the real dewdrops, become a part of the action.

The Motion Picture is no longer an infant art. It is the newest, but also the most graphic, form of dramatic expression. There is no end to where it can be carried. I firmly believe the day is not far distant when great poetic pictures will not only compare with the best on the legitimate stage, but will be upon a parity with the finest productions of grand opera and at corresponding prices of admission. It was less than ten years ago that the limit of extravagance for making a Motion Picture was \$500. These were played to five-cent admissions. Now we spend \$500,000 on a picture and crowd the theaters everywhere at a \$2 scale. What is to hinder the super-producer from putting on a picture that cost three times this amount and getting \$5 a seat for it?

(Sixty-one)

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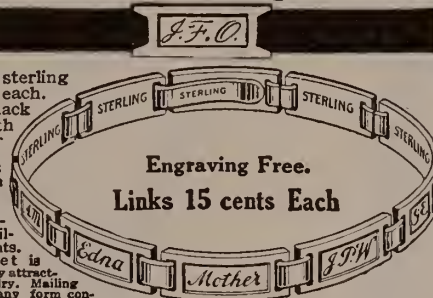
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X2234. In many of the smart afternoon dresses as in the illustration there is a combination of materials used. It is expected that where these elaborate combinations of materials are used the garments will serve beautifully to wear with fur coats for dressy afternoon wear. In this instance, the gown is featured in brown indestructible voile and panne velvet. The transparent effect affords a glimpse of the satin drop that is very attractive. Fitch fur is used on the collar and skirt. The hat with transparent brim is designed in the same color tones, lending a finishing note to the outfit.



X2150. One of the smart suits recently imported is shown in navy blue duveten featuring a flaring skirt and coat. The marked severeness and simplicity of this garment is broken only by the deep band of black seal fur which is evident on the flare of the coat, high collar and cuffs. Smart button boots and a trim velvet hat with saucy chin strap complete the outfit.

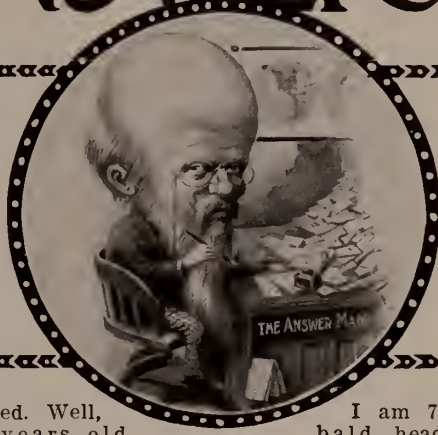


X2236. Many of the daintiest dance frocks shown are featured in filmy folds and tiers of silk net or tulle. Ribbon, metal lace and bead embroidery are especially smart when used to trim these gowns. The dance frock illustrated is a dainty creation of net and soft pussy willow silk. The colors, white and canary yellow — narrow bindings of the satin, dainty wreaths and a frill at the waistline are a few of the details that make it an adorable gown.



The ANSWER MAN

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 maga-



zine. 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.

HUDSON, M. C.—Herbert Kelcey is the husband of Effie Shannon, and they are now working in a picture. I seldom drink coffee. Some can drink it and thrive, but I cant afford to have too many vices. Tea, coffee, rum, tobacco, sugar and meat are all poisons. We can stand a few of them, but the more we cut out the better we will be for it. I take meat only about four times a week, and sugar sparingly. But you mustn't take me for a model—every man for himself.

TOI, TOI, PHILA.—Jennie Nelson is with Harry Myers' company. She played in "My Tomboy Girl." Ben Wilson is still with Rex. Wheeler Oakman is with the Selig "Periscope" Co., and he was the Broncho Kid in "The Spoilers."

J. W. B., NEW YORK.—No, bon ami. Harold Lockwood is not married. I observed a streak of gloom running thru your letter. Come, come, cheer up and take a good grip on the joys of life.

EDITH S.—Richard Willis is not a player. He is one of the important publicity men of the West. Velma Whitman and L. C. Shumway in "By the Flip of a Coin." Ethel Grandin is now with Kleine, who is on the General Film program and not United.

JOHNSON D. T.—Ina Claire playing with Carlyle Blackwell. The story "Leah the Forsaken," with Vivian Prescott and William Shay, has been reissued.

E. L. C., PITTSBURGH.—The Balboa company have some kind of an arrangement with Pathé, who handle their releases. Dont try to fool me—it wastes your time and mine. I'm sure to catch you in the end, and that's the wrong end. The expression "Government of the people, by the people, and for the people" is from Lincoln's Gettysburg address, delivered Nov. 19, 1863.

ESTHER C.—I recommend *The Moving Picture World*, a weekly trade paper. I do not attempt to answer questions outside of Motion Pictures when they require research, unless I happen to know the answers or have reference books at hand. The days are too short and few.

"220."—So you want a recipe to reduce. What do you want to reduce—weight, expenses, or doctor's bills? Hire a gymnasium. Then stop eating fattening foods.

PHYLLIS C.—Margarita Fischer and Lucille Ward in "Infatuation" (American). I would rather have your anger than to deserve it.

JOHN T. B.—So you have read about me, and would like to get better acquaint-

ed. Well, I am 74 years old, bald head, rather long beard, live in a hall-room, get \$7.00 per, and live mostly on butter-milk. No bad habits, guaranteed gentle and kind. I sit in my cage all day and read and answer letters.

MARY ELLEN.—You must be a sort of heathen. I am not very religious, but I would feel very sad if I did not believe that there was a power above us, an authority over us, and a goal before us. But let us keep religion out of this.

LOUISE B., CHARLESTON.—Carmen de Rue was the little sister, and George Stone the little brother in "The Little Cupids" (Majestic).

ESTELLE, LOS ANGELES.—I have the key, but cant find the keyhole, so I wont attempt to answer your profound query. Grace Darmond and John Charles had the leads in "A Texas Steer" (Selig).

LITTLE SUE.—Looky here! It's against the rules, and you might just as well get started right before going any further—matrimonial questions not allowed.



"I saw a fellow attempting the impossible today."

"How's that?"

"He was trying to take a Moving Picture of an Erie passenger train."

ERNESTINE M.—Martha Hedman was Alice, Dorothy Farnum was Peggy in "The Cub."

ELSIE C. P.—Jane Novak was the wife in "The Scarlet Sin." Hobart Bosworth was the minister. A German mark is worth about 23½ cents in our money. You see, you cant make a mark in Germany without being a counterfeiter.

CHESTER, BALTIMORE.—Pauline Bush was Betty, Arthur Shirley was Martin in "Betty's Bondage" (Rex). The Erie Canal runs between Buffalo and Albany, N. Y., is 287 miles long and cost \$52,540,800, most of which was said to be graft. The Florida East Coast Canal is 350 miles long and cost \$3,500,000.

CURIOUS CONSUMER.—Isabel Rea and W. C. Robinson in "Destiny's Decision" (Biograph). Yes, we used to call her Anna Stuart, but Anita Stewart is correct now. A chat with Leo Delaney soon perhaps. Thanks for yours.

BARBARA, PESTWOOD.—You might write Famous Players Co. for that information. Glad you like the Supplement. They all do, and why shouldn't they? Mary Pickford in "Madame Butterfly," released on Nov. 8th, Paramount program.

L. K. J.—Yes; Alice Hollister is with Kalem. So you want chats with Alice Hollister, Miriam Nesbitt, Viola Dana and others. All things come to him who is a good waiter. Louise Huff is with Liberty, who hail from Philadelphia.

HERMAN.—I did not know that business was as bad as you say it is. But I have often noted that the man who is always talking about the poor business outlook is usually the one who has a poor way of looking out for his business. The film, "His Transformation," has been changed to "The Social Lion."

DELLA AND BETTY.—Charles Richman and Norma Talmadge have the leads in "The Battle Cry of Peace." Dont you remember Carlyle Blackwell with Kalem opposite Alice Joyce?

ANITA WILL.—You will see pictures of children, also chats, in an early issue. Anna Little with American.

PAUL H.—Tom Mix was Tom Warner, Loulla Maxam was Jean, Pat Chrisman was Manuel, and Billy Brunton was Dixon in "An Arizona Wooing" (Selig). Lillian Leighton was the wife, John Lancaster the husband and Irene Wallace was the maid in "At the Masked Ball" (Selig). Marguerite Clayton was Margarita and Lee Willard the doctor in "Her Realization" (Essanay).



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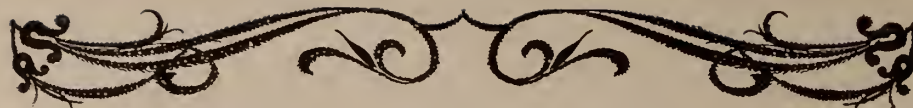
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MARGOT.—You say "Answer in either magazine, whichever is the quickest." What am I to answer, m'dear? Am hungry to receive those home-made crullers. So you didn't care for Mary Pickford in "Esmeralda." But you did like "The Case of Becky."

BRUNETTA, 17.—All of "Who Pays?" was taken in California. The best rule I know of is this: Try to keep your body comfortable, and when it becomes uncomfortable, see that you make an intelligent readjustment of your habits.

S. B. D., BALTIMORE.—Madeline Travers was Sonia in "Three Weeks." "The Adventures of Marguerite" are to be released every Friday by Kalem, Marguerite Courtot playing the lead.

GERTRUDE M.—And you want a picture of "Sweet Alice" Joyce. Thanks for yours. Certainly I believe in doctors—when they are necessary. But all a doctor can do is to assist nature. Dr. Nature is the only one who can cure. I wish we had more doctors who were paid to keep us well instead of so many who are paid to make us well after we are sick.

Mrs. T. P. L.—Sorry, no cast. Edward Mackay was the duke in "Secret Orchard" (Lasky). Cynthia Williams was the child. E. H. Calvert with Essanay.

QUIDNUNC.—Yes, most all of the New York theaters give out printed programs. We will have a picture of Blanche Sweet in the Gallery soon. So you dont care for the Biograph re-issues.

MEREDITH S.—The trouble with exercise is that the more you exercise, the more you will eat and drink, and therefore you cannot hope to reduce much except by dieting. Will hand your suggestion to the Editor. Bernhard's "Germany and the Next War" was written about five years ago, I think; a second edition later.

PELL WAY.—Yes; Myrtle Gonzalez in "The Chalice of Courage." Violet Mersereau is at the Imp studio. You must see that there is no postage due.

PORTLAND, MD.—House Peters is with Lubin. Aren't you ashamed? You have lost your temper. I never rely on what an angry person tells me. Anger always has a reason for everything, but seldom a good one.

MARY H. A.—So you want a chat with me. Very well, come right along and chat away. Blanche Sweet with Lasky. Florence Turner is in Europe. Lottie Briscoe is not pictorially located yet.

ELIZABETH K.—Herbert Rawlinson with Western Universal. Joseph King with Universal. William Bailey is with Metro. I wonder why folks are so curious to know about my personal habits, etc.

GRETCHEN, 16.—I never counted them, but there is an awful bunch of letters come in here every month—probably six or eight thousand. Your letter was very interesting. Perhaps in five years from now there will be a position for you.

H. H.—Please sign your name and address, and read the rules at the head of this department. I believe Vitagraph is the largest manufacturer. See Harry Myers chat in July, 1913, and Rosemary Theby in August, 1914, of the Magazine.

IDA M.—Tom Forman is with Lasky, playing in features. The three friends in Whittier's "Tent on the Beach" were Whittier himself, Bayard Taylor and James T. Fields.

GLADYS D.—Marjorie Beardsley was the little girl in "Ethel's Burglar" (Univer-

sal). Thanks. Edgar Jones is a director for Metro. Myrtle Stedman left Morosco and is now with Horsley.

THE BRONCHO KID.—Miss J. Williams was the colored mammy in "God's Witness." Ethel Jewett was with Than-houser. Crane Wilbur is with Horsley, playing opposite Marguerite Gibson.

CHRIST. A.—Anna Little was Calanthe in "Damon and Pythias." If I remember correctly, painting was called "the art of arts" because of the judgment of the blind man who, having first felt a statue and then a painting of the same figure, remarked: "If this flat surface looks like that round one, then this is the greater art." But that was several days before Motion Pictures were invented.

L. M. L., JR.—Marie Leonard was the princess in "The Pride of Jennico." Jack Pickford has gone with Selig. Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby in "The Birth of a Nation." Nicholas Dunaew with Fox.

W. E. T., MONTREAL.—That was a wig that Mary Pickford wore in "Little Pal." Indeed I did not think yours too long.

ABE, 99.—And you want a picture of the Fairbank twins. Yes; Lorraine Huling was the country girl in "The Flying Twins." Lois Weber was Daisy Dean in "Scandal."

DON MAX.—Drop in some time. I have nothing to do with the Letters to the Editor and Verses. All I can do is to hand them over. I am sure you are wrong about Charlie Chaplin.

GORDY B.—You can send two letters to the Answer Department, and at the top of one letter write "Supplement"; the other will be answered in the Magazine. Our writer is Dorothy Donnell, and the actress is Dorothy Donnelly.

MARTIN T.—So you seem to think we old people fools; we know that you young people are. Webster Campbell and Mary Anderson are playing opposite for Western Vitagraph.

MARY D. S.—"Seven Sisters" was taken in California. Ah, milord, but you should forget that little sting I gave you and remember the pats on the back. As Franklin says: "Write injuries in dust, benefits in marble."

JACK FALSTAFF.—Lorraine Huling was Faith in "The Dancing Girl" (Famous Players). John Hines was Red in "Alias Jimmy Valentine" (World).

PUNKYDOODLE.—So you want a picture of Lillian Gish in the Gallery. The capitol at Washington is 451 feet four inches long, and 350 wide, taking its greatest dimensions.

PEARL WHITE ADMIRER.—Your baseball team is fine, but it is a little chilly to think of baseball these days. Remember that you are not now what you once was.

YVONNE B.—So you want to see Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno in "The Island of Surprise." Edward Elkas was Three-Fingered Lew.

MARY B.—Bobby and Helen Connelly, of Vitagraph, are brother and sister. Edison are releasing under Kleine, features only. Write our Circulation Manager.

TRULY YOURS.—Chester Barnett was Rockmorgan in "Old Dutch." So you think Warren Kerrigan hasn't a good leading woman. Whom would you have?

JONI GEE.—Always write the players in care of the studio. Frank Borzage opposite Neva Gerber in Beauty brands. Josephine Earle was formerly a stage star; now with Vitagraph.

W. T. H.—You say, "Answer Man, thy name is Mystery. And as such 'twill go down in history. 'Tis a much-mooted question—answer, who can? Is the A. M. a woman or man? If old socks were at a premium, new ones as well, I'd give all of mine if only you'd tell. Of course I'm not curious—what man ever is? It's a woman, you know, who grabs off that biz. By that same token, you must be a man, sir, as you never ask questions, but always answer. Come on, now, A. M., tell us, a good fellow be, and we'll cheer you—hurry! make it three!" He, haw, he, haw! What need hast thou of an Answer Man? U R Yser than I am, or any A. M.

M. C., NEW YORK.—All three children are with Edison. Walter Hitchcock was Henry Randall in "It Was to Be." Irma Dawkins was Grace in "His Brother's Keeper." Beatrice Michelena was the girl in "A Phyllis of the Sierras." Gladys Hulette still with Edison. Katherine La Salle in "An Innocent Sinner."

MEREDITH S.—Fritzi Scheff played for Bosworth. Billie Burke is playing in N. Y. M. P. releases. The average cost of the regulation 1,000-foot Motion Picture reel is about \$2,000, altho some go as high as \$5,000 and some as little as \$500.

BRONCHO BILL.—George Fischer was Jack in Domino's "The Darkening Trail." I am sorry that you do not like our spelling. There are two kinds of people—those who are so constituted that an unaccustomed spelling offends them, which is a mere emotion; those who are so constituted that an unreasonable spelling offends them, and this is the protest of reason. Simplified spelling rests on reason, economy, authority. Reason dictates that what we write or print should represent only, and exactly, what we hear or speak. Thus, *catalogue* should be spelled *catalog*, as it is pronounced.

FLORENCE V.—The only thing I can advise you to do is to send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of manufacturers and write to them personally. It is pretty hard to get a position as actress. I couldn't do it myself, even at my age.

MORMON BOY.—Write Anita Stewart in care of Vitagraph. I lay that other player's downfall in popularity to his indefatigable efforts, which were directed in building the magnificent brewing industries of his city, as a permanent and absolutely uncontrollable consumer. Drinking soon showed in his work.

JUNIOR FAN.—Natalie de Lontan was Louise in "The Chalice of Courage" (Vitagraph). Thanks for all you say about my departments.

F. P. S.—That was not a Lasky. Hoot, mon! Dont shoot; I'll come down. I admit that you were right, but please dont ask whether Harold Lockwood is married, for he isn't, and doesn't want to be.

ELVIN, BROOKLYN.—Theda Bara was the leading woman in "The Vampire." I admit that I am not enough of a mathematician to answer your question. In marriage one and one make one; in divorce one from one leaves two; and if a man's wife is his better half, his second wife must get the other, or worsor half, and there cant be anything left of him at all, atahl. That's why I never married—I want to keep the whole thing myself.

BRONCHO KID.—Jerome Storm was the brother in "The Pathway from the Past."

DETROIT FAN.—Bryant Washburn's picture appeared in the March 1915 Magazine. Francis Bushman and Edna Mayo in "Their Courses Change" (Essanay). England is the mistress of the seas, and Germany was the mistress of the seize, until President Wilson put a stop to it.

(Sixty-five)

MEREDITH VON VREEDOYCK. — Charles Kent is with Vitagraph. Alice Joyce and Tom Moore are supposed to have signed with the All-State Feature Co. Juggernaut is a Hindoo god who has a famous temple in India. There is an immense car in the service of this god, which, when moved about the country, causes the greatest excitement.

BRONCHO KID.—Frank Borzage was Tom in "The Secret of Lost River" (Kay-Bee). Jack Hull was the chauffeur in "The Pirates Bold" (Majestic). Arthur Bauer and Inda Palmer had the leads in "Which Shall It Be?" Owen Moore with Triangle.

JOHNSTON T.—Indeed, indeed! That's nothing; I have correspondents who write a dozen verses a day and think nothing of it, and there are other persons who think the same.

VIRGINIA.—Your letter is as scholarly as ever. It seems all the letters you write me I hand over to the Editor for his perusal, so good are they.

FLORENCE ADAMS HULL.—Thanks for your verses, which I am quite proud of: Oh, Answer Man, you are strange yet sweet.

And should we meet in the crowded street, We would not smile, or even speak—

I would not know 'twas you.

Your office, your desk—a wonderful place; As a stern judge, you read the facts of the case

Of the girl in love with an actor's face— Who understands like you?

And then comes a boy—his face shows fear, His eyes speak suffering, methinks a tear

Falls, as he says his love she's been married years—

Who can console him like you?

Today a new prisoner is taking the stand; She is reaching thru space for a grasp of your hand; She is pleading her case—dont you understand?

She thinks very well of you.

MARGARET C.—Your questions are against the rules. You ask what kind of hair-grower I use on my beard, and wonder why I do not use it on my head. I suppose you mean that I should laugh at your wit, and I will. Ha, ha, he, he, and likewise ho, ho! Some say that hair does not grow well on brains, and others say that hair grows only on fertile soil—you pays your money and you takes your choice. And when a man's beard grows gray before the hair on his head, they say that it is because he has worked his jaw more than he has worked his brains. But I must be going—good-by; it's getting late.

Letters to the Editor

Albert V. Swan, South Yarra, Victoria, Australia, declares that the making of films in Australia is "a blue duck," which, being interpreted, means that the United States is providing most of the pictures at the Antipodes at the present time. Charlie Chaplin is an Englishman, having graduated from the London music-halls:

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(Continued on page 66)

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LOFTIS BROS & CO.,
The National Credit Jewelers
Dept. F 616, 108 N. State St.,
Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Pittsburgh;
St. Louis; Omaha

(Continued from page 65)

that reaches our shores from your great country. It supplies a link between the public and their favorites. Moving Pictures are here to stay; that's a cert. I notice that in the current number you state that Australians are enthusiastic picture fans. I can heartily endorse that statement. The picture boom started about four years ago here in Melbourne. A large number shrugged their shoulders and said: "Oh, yes, it's only for a while. The public will soon get tired of them." But now, in 1915, they are still going strong, and, what's more, the number of houses is increasing yearly. Long may they live!

My favorites on the screen are: Mr. Carlyle Blackwell, because he is so natural, for one thing, and he can act the thug as well as the gentleman. He plays any part, right thru all classes, with equal ease. He was excellent in "The Spitfire" (F. P.). Personally, I prefer the Kalem productions, especially the railway subjects, altho that smash in "413" (Vita-graph) was good enough for any one. Probably the best-known American artist in Melbourne is our old friend Charlie Chaplin (Essanay). Old veterans of ninety know him, and you hear little ones of three and four talking about "Charlie."

The making of films in this country seems to be "a blue duck." Several companies have at different times tried their luck, but no go. While America sends her films here, I don't think a home company will ever make headway. On a fair estimate, six out of every eight films in a program are American. Good luck to them!

Well, hoping I have not trespassed on your valuable time, I close this appreciation with best wishes for the future success of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and its new companion, the SUPPLEMENT.

List! there is a clash of arms—no, pens, we should have said, for is not the pen "mightier than the sword"? 'Tis but an exchange of courtesies between Mr. James Stevens, of Los Angeles, and Mr. P. F. Leahy, of San Francisco, over the respective merits of Shaw and Ibsen, Keystone and legitimate comedy. In the following letter Mr. Stevens has the arena:

I feel that the facile and irrepressible Mr. Leahy has made an assault upon my diaphragm, solar plexus, or wherever the giggles come from, that compels a reply. Mr. Leahy says that "The House of Bondage" is not considered a comedy and that Ibsen is not considered a humorist. The impression I meant to convey in my letter was that "The House of Bondage," as a drama, is senseless, shallow, superficial and merely luridly sensational. The sole purpose of the Keystones is to get the laughs, and they are successful. Therefore I rank the Keystones higher than "The House of Bondage."

Ibsen's "Lady of the Sea," "The League of Youth" and "Love's Comedy" are comedies. "Peer Gynt" is replete with humor.

Nietzsche says that there are heights from which the deepest tragedy has the appearance of a comedy. Joseph Conrad's novels are all terrible tragedies, apparently. Yet he says that every man is a pawn of fate, and therefore life in all its aspects is an amusing spectacle. I hold,

(Continued on page 69)

(Sixty-six)

The Call for Good Photoplays

Every Motion Picture Studio Is on the Still Hunt for New Material

PRICES DOUBLED IN ONE YEAR; WILL DOUBLE AGAIN

The Policy of the Photoplay Clearing House Has Contributed to Bring This About

In 1912 Photoplay authors were glad to receive \$10 to \$15 for their product. Last year competition, an open market, and the demand for stronger Photoplays forced prices up to \$20 and \$30 per reel. And now many of the leading studios are writing us, offering to pay \$35 to \$100 per reel. The art of Photoplay writing is just beginning to be worth while. Another constant call is, "Send us the work of new writers—the old school is running dry. Vital, dramatic, new ideas will be bought on sight."

The Photoplay Clearing House was established nearly three years ago to aid and counsel new writers and to market their plays. The high standard of our aims has received the unqualified endorsement of all of the leading studios without exception. During that period we have spent over \$15,000 in systematizing our sales bureau and in assembling a staff of well-known photoplaywrights and critics. Our editorial staff consists of the following established photoplaywrights who personally pass upon all manuscripts submitted: Edwin M. La Roche, Henry Albert Phillips, L. Case Russell, William Lord Wright, Courtney Ryley Cooper, Dorothy Donnell, Russell E. Ball, Gladys Hall, Herbert C. Chesnut, Bennecke Peterson and others. We have received over 5,000 unsolicited letters from both unknown and successful writers endorsing our method of critical advice and marketing of Photoplays.

THESE ENDORSEMENTS SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

Photoplay Clearing House:

I am herewith returning to you the duly signed waivers selling thru you the "Wolf Girl" to the Federal Film Co. I wish to thank you for your kind efforts in so successfully disposing of my efforts. To be candid with you, I tried to dispose of several scripts to leading studios, and, failing to dispose of them, believing the game was cornered by experts, I got out of it. I feel convinced that your plan is the only logical business way of selling scripts. I will renew my interest in the art and in a few days entrust to your care three that I have failed to sell to leading studios.

301 Centre St., Trenton, N. J. FRED A. LUCAS.

Photoplay Clearing House:

Please accept my thanks for the splendid work done on my scenario, "The Horn of Egremont Castle." I am so pleased with the appearance of the script and the business-like methods with which the work is done.

4207 Chester Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. M. E. CLAYTON.

Photoplay Clearing House:

I have received your check for "Love's Caprice," which you recently sold to Biograph for \$55.00. Your feat of selling this first attempt of mine after a year of placing speaks for itself.

701 27th St., Denver, Col. WESLEY A. POTTLE.

Dear Sirs:

Your check for "With Slight Variations" has just been received. Thanks for the check, but, with greater euphuism, thanks for placing the piece with a company whose name insures a worthy production. Your assistance enabled an inexperienced writer to fashion an acceptable product from a crude idea.

South Bend, Ind.

E. H. GEISSINGER.

Photoplay Clearing House:

We enclose check herewith for thirty-five dollars for manuscript by Olive V. Harms, 107 Elliott St., Peoria, Ill., entitled "A Bachelor's Button."

In regard to a carbon copy, as the author you state has not an extra copy of the manuscript, we will simply use the one copy we have.

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc.,
Motion Picture Dept.

Dear Mr. La Roche:

Enclosed are our release forms for scenarios "A Man's Conscience" (\$100.00) and "A Mother-Heart Awakened" (\$50.00). Congratulate the author of "A Man's Conscience" for me for evolving a good, strong and interesting plot. I think that a great photoplay will result from his idea.

LAWRENCE McCLOSKEY,
Editor, Lubin Mfg. Co.

THE PLAN OF THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE

We are intimately connected with the Motion Picture business and in close touch with the manufacturers. We are advised of all their advance releases, their requirements and the kind of scripts they want. As suitable ones come to us, in salable shape, they are immediately sent to the proper studio. No stale, imperfect or copied plots are submitted.

All photoplaywrights are invited to send their Plays to this company, advising as to what manufacturers they have been previously submitted, if any. Every Play will be treated thus:

It will be read by competent photoplay editors, numbered, classified and filed. If it is, in our opinion, in perfect condition, we shall at once proceed to market it, and when we are paid for it, we will pay the writer 90% of the amount we receive, less postage expended. If the Scenario is not in marketable shape, we will so advise the author, stating our objections in detail, offering to return it at once, or to revise, typewrite and try to market it. IF THE MANUSCRIPT IS HOPELESS, WE SHALL SO STATE, and in some cases advise a course of instruction, naming various books, experts and schools to select from.

Fee for reading, detailed, general criticism and filing, \$1.00 (multiple reels, 50c. per reel extra). For typewriting, a charge of \$1.00 for each Play will be made, provided it does not run over 10 pages. 10c. a page for extra pages. The fee for revising will vary according to work required, and will be arranged in advance. No Scenarios will be placed by us unless they are properly typewritten. Payment in advance is expected in all cases. RETURN POSTAGE SHOULD BE INCLUDED, and foreign contributors should allow for U. S. exchange. Enclose P.O. order, stamps, checks, or money with manuscripts. 1c. stamps accepted.

PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**GREEN ROOM
JOTTINGS**
Little whisperings from everywhere in Playerdom

RUTH ROLAND, idol of children, is a lover of them, but says the next time she is spotted by one in a store she will have to disappear in the crowd. Recently she had the rather embarrassing experience of being led along by one of her little admirers, who, at the top of her voice, announced the actress' presence.

The Mutual will soon introduce Mr. George Sydney. Well, Issy Busy again?

George Holt, Western Vitagraph, is once more wearing his usual pleasant expression. His wife has returned from an extended visit, and George's housekeeping days are over.

Vivian Rich's friends of the opposite sex are avoiding her nowadays. She is taking boy parts, and has started in borrowing good-looking ties.

Ten yards of Duchess lace came as a "Diamond from the Sky" to Charlotte Burton. She thanks her unknown admirer, and has added this beautiful gift to her "hope box."

Bryant Washburn, scapegoat that he is, recently had his ribs fractured in a gambling-house fight—a reel fight it was.

The Famous Players are recovering from their recent fire, and are already building a new studio.

"Damaged Goods" will be shown by the Mutual. Anthony Comstock is dead.

Mabel Normand was held up the other night. She says she lost nothing but her wits. After the robber departed she continued to hold her arms up in the air until she reached home.

Josephine Earl, well-known actress of the stage, will be the vampire in Vitagraph's "Gone to the Dogs." She reforms, tho, before the end of the picture.

Some people believe in chloroform, but the two pet white rats at the Vitagraph have been Gasolened. Having lost all her kittens, the studio cat, Gasolene, just had to adopt something.

If Edward Earle appeared a little awkward in "Ranson's Folly" he had good reason to do so. He says no more "out in the air" dressing-rooms for him during mosquito time.

Jackie Saunders is a real philosoph-ess. She says she hasn't any skin left on the soles of her feet, after wandering barefoot over the hills in a recent picture, but she saved shoe-leather, anyway.

E. H. Calvert, who shoots a bottle of beer off a lumberjack's head in "A Man's Trail," is a West Point graduate and expert shot—lucky thing for that lumberjack.

The report that Myrtle Stedman, popular star of the Oliver Morosco Co., was going to join the forces of another company is emphatically denied.

Most people have to pay to eat, but the Kalem players in the "Mysteries of the Grand Hotel" were paid to eat, and the meal was a genuine one, too, served by a leading dining place.

Ethel Teare says it is bad enough to have to embrace the living skeletons in the pictures, and she absolutely refuses to have anything at all to do with the collection of bones to be used in "Foiled."

Emelie Polini, of "Hindle Wake" fame, is a new addition to the World Films. You may see her by attending "The Little Church Around the Corner."

The Thanhouser Company has secured Wm. Parke, who staged "Peer Gynt," in which Mansfield starred, and Eugene Nowland, the violinist, is with Joachim. Weber and Fields will be seen in Keystone comedies. Crane Wilbur, popular Lubin player, has gone to the Mutual. Alfred Vosburgh is now with the American. Miss Adele Farrington, of Universal fame, has been borrowed by the American Co. to play in "This Is the Life."

We may expect some fancy steps from the Triangle people. Thomas Ince has established a dancing school at Inceville, with Ruth St. Denis and her husband, Ted Shaw, as instructors.

It wasn't enough to have to watch the Famous Players studio burn all night. When Director Ford picked up a bunch of sub-titles that had escaped the fire, the first to greet him was "The Lost Paradise," and then, "The Morning After." This was too much.

(Sixty-seven)

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You can have the same

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LASHNEEN COMPANY Dept 19 Philadelphia

IMPORTANT !!

On and after November 15, 1915, the name of this magazine will be changed from the MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT to

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

This change has been made necessary to facilitate entry as second-class matter by the Post Office Department.

In all other respects the Classic will be the same as the Supplement, and the price 15 cents at all newsstands.

REALLY HANDSOME

ARE THE PHOTO POSTCARDS WE OFFER

Eighteen of your own choice for twenty-five cents or a hundred for a dollar. Six poses of Mary Pickford, two of Marguerite Clark, two of Chaplin, a new picture of Theda Bara, Pauline Frederick, an autographed picture of Jack W. Kerrigan, and many other new Feature stars. Also actual photos, size 8 x 10, at 50c each.

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The safe preparation, proved by over 75 years' use in Paris and New York. X. Bazin removes the hair and retards its growth without any harmful effects. Approved by doctors and dermatologists. Easy to use, X. Bazin is not a liquid—it remains where applied. Try it and be convinced of its merit.



50c and **\$1.00** at drug and department stores. If your dealer hasn't X. Bazin, send us 50c for trial bottle. If you send \$1.00 for large bottle, we will include **FREE** a 25c trial jar of the famous Sozo Cold Cream.

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Large, Fine, Woolly Powder Puff free with a box of SNOWFLAKE FACE POWDER, used and highly endorsed by leading Film Actresses. Adds that dainty, smooth and diffused appearance to the tenderest complexion; so pleasing and refreshing you will become a constant user. This offer for 25 cents sent postpaid. You can get either White or Flesh Color. **EMIL A. KAHN (Manufacturer), 1392 Franklin Avenue, New York City.**

The Photoplay Hit of the Season
The Little Book of Honest Advice

"HERE LIES"

By L. CASE RUSSELL

WE have exhausted the first edition of "Here Lies," but not its demand. A second edition is now ready. This clever and timely booklet on **How Not To Write** photoplays is invaluable to bewildered and discouraged writers. The greatest obstacle in the road to success is the "Has been done before" rejection slip. At least 80% of the unsold scripts now on the market were written around stale plots. For the first time, these forbidden themes have been collected, classified, crucified and buried in "Here Lies." Read what studio editors think of it:

"Here Lies" could almost be guaranteed worth a half-year's time to any student of the photoplay.

LAWRENCE McLOSKEY,
Scenario Editor, Lubin Manufacturing Company.

Is subtle humor as delicious, while underlying it all there is so much truth that it is worth reading many times. It is of value to the trained and professional author, as well as to the amateur.

CALDER JOHNSTONE,
Universal Film Manufacturing Co.,
Pacific Coast Studios.

It would save some of these poor beginners many a heart-ache if they would learn what to avoid, and you seem to have struck the keynote in your Dont list.

LOUELLA L. PARSONS,
Editor of Scenarios, Essanay Film Manufacturing Co.

If "Here Lies" gets the circulation it certainly deserves, it should be a boon to writers and reconstructors who have to doctor up their work.

GEORGE RIDGWELL,
Of Vitagraph Company of America.

Sent postpaid on receipt of 25c in stamps or coin

THE PHOTOPLAY CLEARING HOUSE
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Balboa has applied to Postmaster-General Bursleson to reserve a million of the special one-cent exposition postage stamps now in use, because of the likeness they bear of Vasco Nunez de Balboa.

We, too, have promised "For better or for worse": Horace Plimpton and Marie La Manna; Julian Reed and Mrs. Mary D'Arcy Goodwin; Ed. Brady and Lillian West.

William Humphrey didn't get a chance to spring any "whoppers" after his recent fishing trip. The company had anticipated just such a thing, and met him at the studio door with a manuscript to be rushed.

Pat O'Malley, who does that clever wire-walking in "Boy King of the Wire," ought to be good—he was at it for eight years in one of the largest circuses in the United States.

Edmund Breese, Metro star, has a kind feeling for the Justice of the Peace in Rye, N. Y. What motorist wouldn't if he were discharged and told to speed on?

Besides wearing many stunning frock creations, Blanche Ring wears her famous pearls and her celebrated canary diamond pendant in "The Yankee Girl."

Before Hank Mann, of L-Ko Films, joined the pictures he drew "bulls" for Durham tobacco.

Louise Glaum is appearing with W. S. Hart by day, and at night is designing gowns for the coming "Vampire" pictures.

Where they are now: Louise Huff with Liberty; Viola Barry, Gladys Field and Teddy Sampson with the Fine Arts Film Co.; Nicholas Dunaew with Fox; E. H. Calvert remains with Essanay; Frank Borzage with Beauty; Edna Payne with Universal; Dolores Cassinelli with Emerald M. P. Co.

Milk of all kinds is at a premium in the vicinity of the Vitagraph studio. Dorothy Kelly is drinking quantities of sweet milk to increase her weight; Hughie Mack is absorbing quarts of buttermilk to retain his girlish figure.

As gold teeth photograph black in a picture, it was up to Colin Reed, of Selig, to study dentistry, as he is obliged to doctor up these molars and make them white.

Department stores are now showing films of the latest fashions. Why not?

Carlton King has a menagerie all his own. His elephants are so well directed they have been known to remain rooted in one spot for hours. Of course you know they are only of iron and china.

Myrtle Stedman received a letter from a lawyer telling her how she helped him win a case by the methods she employed as the jealous wife in "Kilmeny."

Weber and Fields narrowly escaped death in an accident. Two autos were to j-u-s-t pass one another, but—they met. Junkmen were called.

Here are a few changes: Hazel Buckham, Norma and Constance Talmadge with Criterion; William Wolbert with Vitagraph; Owen Moore and Dorothy Gish with the Triangle; Irene Warfield with Pathé; Carol Holloway with Beauty; George Beban with the World; and Gladys Hulette with Thanhouser.

Just now "Rumor" has it that Henry Walthall will rejoin Biograph or start a company of his own—who knows?

Lionel Barrymore will be seen in Metro pictures; House Peters in Lubin; Hazel Daly in Selig; Thomas Chatterton in Universal and Eugene Palette in Reliance; Guy Coombs will play leads opposite Mme. Petrova, in Metro pictures, and Tempest and Sunshine are with Mutual.

Lubin has lost Helen Eddy, but gained Ed. Sloman. Little Madge Evans has been placed under contract with the World Film.

Our ten-dollar gold prize for the best story of the month had to be divided between the authors of "The Little Life-Guard" (November Magazine) and "Serge Panine," because these two stories are, in our judgment, equally wonderful. The second prize of \$5 in gold is also divided between these two authors. The third prize goes to the author of "Zaza."

Dont forget to watch out for the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC on Nov. 15th, instead of for the MOTION PICTURE SUPPLEMENT.

Antonio Moreno had a birthday on September 26th, and a whole lot of friends did not forget the date. There were just twenty-eight candles in the cake.

ERRATA: Frank Borzage and Webster Campbell are not the same, but somehow or other their pictures in these magazines got mixed up and exchanged places. Frank Newberg, and not Alfred Vosburgh, married Miss Novak.

Lillian Lorraine, leading lady in "Neal of the Navy," announces that she is suing her husband, Frederick Gresheimer, for divorce. He was recently arrested in San Francisco.

\$1.50 **This Beautiful Scarf Pin,** round or oval, made to your special order and design, any 2 or 3 letter monogram, hand sawed in sterling silver or heavy gold front, sent to you on receipt of \$1.50 or in solid gold \$3.00



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November 15, 1915,

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TO

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

This change has been made necessary to facilitate entry as second-class matter by the Post Office Department. In all other respects the *Classic* will be the same as the *Supplement*, and the price 15c at all newsstands.

BIG PACKAGE OF FUN 10c



Imitation Gold Tooth, Voice Thrower, Roll of Stage Money, Chess and Checker Game, Fox and Geese, Nine Men Morris, Authors, Spanish Prison, Dominoes, 14 Flirtation Signals, 12 Love Letters, 73 Toasts, 16 Feats in Parlor Magic, 7 Fortune Telling Secrets, 10 Funny Readings, 15 Tricks with Cards, 40 Experiments in Magic, 52 Money Making Secrets, 250 Jokes and Riddles, 12 Flirtation Cards, 14 Pictures of Married Life, 51 Verses of Comic Poetry and 11 Parlor Pastimes; all for 10c and a 2c stamp to cover mailing.

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We'll send you a genuine Lachnite for you to wear for 10 full days. If you can tell it from a real diamond send it back at our expense. Costs but 1-30th as much. If you decide to keep it pay only a few cents a month. Write for catalog.

Genuine Lachnite Gems keep their dazzling fire forever. Set in solid gold. Cut by world renowned diamond cutters. Will stand fire and acid tests. All kinds of jewelry at astonishing low prices. Easy payments. **WRITE TODAY.**

H. Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Ar., Chicago Dept. 9368

(Continued from page 66)

with such critics as James Huneker and H. L. Mencken, that Ibsen wrote from the same standpoint. There is a sort of gigantic humor in Rosmer, Rebecca, Mrs. Alving and the other characters, vainly struggling with fate, environment and traditions. Divine comedy, to be sure, but comedy none the less.

A Keystone comedy is an atavism. To appreciate and enjoy one, the intellect, soul and spiritual conscience must slumber. They could be understood and appreciated by a South Sea savage. But it is unjust to condemn lovers of Keystone as ignorant and stupid. Perhaps the soul of the snickerer is dormant. Perhaps he feels that his physical self is a very material thing, a mortal house for his immortal soul.

Mr. Leahy writes fluently, lucidly and interestingly. He knows what he is writing about; he has fine perceptive powers; his analytical ability is greater than that of the average professional critic; yet in the face of these proofs to the contrary, he has been hypnotized into the belief that Shaw's satire is too much for his intelligence. He is a living example of the pernicious and paralyzing influence of "high-class comedies." He is his own refutation.

Laughter of any sort is desirable in this serious age. If the movies are to be instructive, may we not nourish the flowers of wisdom with clear, bubbling laughter, rather than with gray, bitter tears? Let us all be jaunty, jocose and jolly as our beloved Answer Man; and, when we must criticize, use this for our motto:

"Thus spake Zarathustra: 'Not a good taste or a bad taste, but *my* taste, of which I no longer have shame or secret. This now is my way; show me first your way. *The* way, however, there is not.'"

Give us more of thy wisdom, O brother fan, but remember that "David Harum," without William Crane; "It's No Laughing Matter," without Maclyn Arbuckle; "Tess of the Storm Country," without Mary Pickford, is like unto a frame without a picture.

"Abe, 99," who writes on the stationery of the mayor of Troy, Ala., will never become mayor himself if he says so many unkind things about other people as he says about players in the following:

Please just let me edge in a few criticisms in commendation and condemnation of the players and their plays.

Mary Pickford is just great, and cant be beat, tho Loraine Huling seems to think that *she* can. I noticed this in "The Bachelor's Romance" particularly. She reminded me of those Chaplin imitators who infest the country at present. Ruth Stonehouse is also great, but Essanay dont seem to know it; they dont feature or advertise her enough. Francis Bushman had better be careful, or he will follow in the footsteps of Crane Wilbur, and let his self-consciousness get the better of him. Henry Walthall is the greatest emotional actor on the screen; I dont believe he can be beat. Beverly Bayne, in my estimation, is prettier than Alice Joyce, but not so good an actress. Mary Fuller made a great mistake when she left Edison. She is a great artist, but doesn't have many opportunities with her present company. Richard Travers has

(Continued on page 70)

Photoplay Card Parties Are the Latest Vogue

ARE YOU A MEMBER OF A CARD CLUB?

Haven't You Often Had Trouble in Selecting Prizes for Your Card Parties?

The latest card party entertainment is to invite your friends to meet prominent Photo Players.

The following is the form of invitation:

Miss Alice Smith

Requests the presence of

Mr. John Jones

to meet

Miss Anita Stewart

(PHOTOPLAY STAR)

On Monday, October 4th, 1915

At the proper moment introduce your friends to their favorite Motion Picture actor or actress through the medium of National Film Star Spoons, which have masterpiece reproductions of the most prominent Photo Players.

After the introduction the spoons are given as prizes.

You can invite your friends to meet any of the following Motion Picture stars at your next card party: Anita Stewart, Francis X. Bushman, Mary Fuller, Alice Joyce, Earle Williams, Blanche Sweet, J. Warren Kerrigan, Clara Kimball Young, Mabel Normand, and others to follow.

What more pleasant memento of a card party, screen party, or a dance, could there be than National Film Star Spoons, which, in addition to being permanent reminders of the pleasure and sentiment of the occasion, are practical table silverware, made by the celebrated WM. ROGERS & SON. The price of these spoons is 30c each post-paid to any address. NATIONAL STARS CORPORATION, 1328 Broadway, New York.

"Advertising is the life of trade." If you have anything to sell, and would be up to date, announce it here!

(Continued from page 69)

an air about him which I do not like. (Pardon this seemingly unjust criticism, but probably you know what I mean—just dont like a fellow, and cant find an adjective in your vocabulary to describe said dislike). Anita Stewart's portrayals in "The Goddess" could hardly be excelled; neither could the fine acting of Earle Williams. They are both great players. Maurice Costello is too conceited, but is a good actor in some lines. Robert Harron reminds me of a baby rather than a man. I think he spoils the acting of Mae Marsh when they play together, and probably that accounts for my dislike for her. Kathlyn Williams is fine, and is to be especially commended for her excellent work in "The Rosary." I consider Helen Costello the best child actress, while her sister Dolores is almost as good. Harold Lockwood will pass on about 70% (just passable, uno). Clara Young has an appealing nature, but I dont care for the plays in which she is cast. Pearl White will soon become unknown, except to a small per cent. of the theatergoers of this country, if she keeps up those "nerve-racking" (et cetera) "Episodes," as she has been doing for the past year. Marc MacDermott is the greatest actor Edison has, and one of the best character men in the film world. King Baggot is too deliberate. Ruth Roland talks too much. Bryant Washburn is a good emotional actor. I like him opposite Miss Stonehouse. Harry Morey is a good villain. (He looks like a politician, doesn't he?) Louise Huff is a brilliant star-to-be. She is a good actress, and I am watching her. Louise, I got one eye on ye! Ford Sterling is disgusting (pardon, again). W. Chrystie Miller is an adorable old gentleman. I would like to see him and Mrs. Maurice playing together. Why doesn't Vitagraph catch him? I thought that was good work of Lois Weber and Phillips Smalley in "Scandal."

All of the following I consider good artists in their respective lines—Julia Swayne Gordon, Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Charles Kent, Helen Dunbar, Van Dyke Brooke, Thomas Commerford, Flora Finch, Edwina Robbins, Justina Huff, Edgar Jones, Margarita Fischer, Gertrude McCoy and Murdock MacQuarrie.

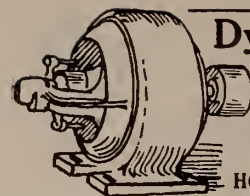
Let me register the following on the list as ones I do not care for: Wallie Van, Tom Moore, Owen Moore, Harry Mainhall, G. M. Anderson, Margaret Joslin, Marguerite Clayton, James Cruze, Ella Hall, Donald Hall, Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, Blanche Sweet, Sydney Chaplin and Chester Conklin.

But now to wind up, let's have a little more sweet with the bitter, a few more smiles with the scowls, a little more sunshine with the rain. And, to do this, I will extend the list of the players I like so as to include the following: Elsie Janis, Courtenay Foote, Alice Brady and Antonio Moreno.

Now, I assure you, Mr. Editor, that all the criticisms in this, "my first offense," as your correspondents are wont to call it, are made in earnestness and in all sincerity, and I hope none will take offense in the slightest.

And now, as a final word, let me congratulate you on the fact that you are the Editor of the best magazine in America, and I am sure that you will continue to boost the plays and players as you have heretofore, and that your magazine will

(Continued on page 71)



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(Seventy)



Gladiola

(Continued from page 32)

"Is it good-by, then, little Rose Girl—must it be? I—I care so much—I'm a selfish brute, but Heaven knows I mean right by you now—"

"It is good-by," said Gladiola, steadily; "do—do you want to—kiss the boy, Ned, before you go?"

Over the gladiola field the sunset lingered, touching the figures of the woman and child like a caress. The boy moved staidly among the satiny spikes, fondling them with unchild-like little fingers, but the woman stood motionless, gazing away into the bright west with wistful eyes. She had locked the door upon the past with her own hands, and the present was very lonely. What would the future hold for her and the boy who should never have been born?"

As tho in answer came swift steps behind her thru the flowers.

"Gladiola!" cried Abner Collins, vibrantly. "Look at me, Gladiola!"

Awed by the new mastery in his tone, she raised her eyes, and in his face she read the future—serene and beautiful and dear.

(Continued from page 70)

ever be an influence for a "higher plane" in the film world, and that eventually the Motion Picture industry will be one of the greatest in this country, and that we can look with pride upon the work you and your staff have done.

God's truth! it would be hard to please ye all, but such, i' faith, is e'er the object o' our mission. Now B. W. McCarthy, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, wants the elimination of the "fancy work" around the photos in the Picture Gallery, and also begs for "trimmed edges" to the magazine. Next!

I have a suggestion to make. Why not continue to cut the edges of the pages in each issue, as in the issues for April and May? I am sure it will be appreciated by all your readers, as the smooth-edged pages make it much easier to find a particular story or article.

Another improvement which, if I am correct, was suggested by another reader: to eliminate the "fancy work" around the photos in the Picture Gallery.

Hoping these words express my well-wishes toward the continued success of the magazine, etc.

After reading the stories in this magazine, ask your exhibitor to show the films on the screen. You will find that the Photoplay is doubly interesting after having read the story, and it will be delightful to see the characters you have read about MOVE!

(Seventy-one)

Ruth Stonehouse

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