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THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE MAGAZINE

420
P. 7

PHOTOPLAY

July

647
15 Cents



Mabel
Normand

Portraits of Winners
in the Beauty and Brains Contest

Beginning *The Glory Road*
a Great Novel of Moving Picture Los Angeles
by Francis William Sullivan



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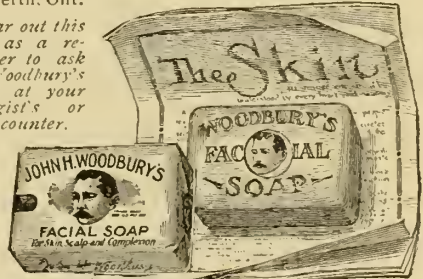
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Why Women Lack Health, Grace and Beauty of Form

By Andrew H. Hamilton

THE average woman of today lacks in Health, Grace and Beauty of Form because she is ignorant of the requisites of health and knows no more about her body than a child. Instead of exercise which would give her grace and health, she confines herself to housework or such simple duties as tend to destroy the freedom of bodily movement, stiffening and aging her when she is scarcely out of her teens.

Health is a matter of conforming to the laws of right living. True grace of movement is the result of thorough bodily control—of making housework, or any work, an aid in securing this, instead of the cause of losing it. Beauty of Form is something that can be attained by anyone who will study and apply the knowledge gained. This has been proven in many different ways.

I have seen women, corpulent and without shape, restore the graceful lines of youth by devoting a few minutes daily to the care of their bodies. I have seen others, many pounds under weight, angular and lacking in everything attractive, regain their normal weight and a beautiful figure. Stories of marvelous recoveries of health are no less frequent.

Women should realize that health and beauty can never be obtained and kept except through the observance of Nature's laws. Miss Kellermann, known the world over as the "Perfect Woman" and most wonderful dancer and diver on the stage, is a most striking example of what may be accomplished by properly directed exercise and sane living.

You must have heard her story—how as a weak, puny and deformed child she was compelled to wear braces upon her legs. Had she been content to live on in this way, she probably would be a burden on someone today instead of the Perfect Physical Woman. She might now be living on, hopelessly wondering why she was denied the health which was her birthright.

What she has accomplished was not the result of any great new scientific principle for health or development. The wonderful change was wrought by keeping before her the fact that every human body has the power within itself to be healthful and beautiful, if help instead of hindrance is but given it.

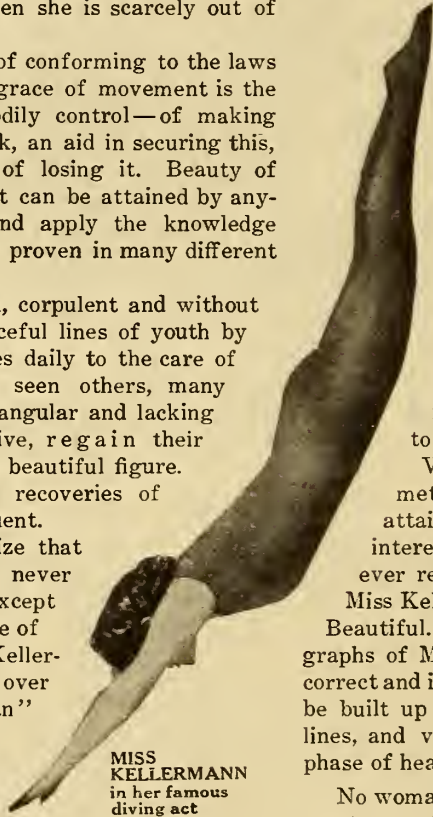
The great difficulty with which one must contend, is to select the real from the mass of contradictory theories and principles which have been expounded by over-enthusiastic or unscrupulous persons.

It took a number of years and involved a great many disappointing and discouraging experiences, but in the end she indubitably proved that a woman can be absolutely what she wills. She has proved that if one is too thin, too fleshy; if she is over or under-developed in any part of her body, the proper system will bring parts to perfect proportions. She has demonstrated that it is possible to develop the back of one's arm without affecting the front, to develop one side of the neck, one hip or one limb, without affecting the other. This is one of the most interesting and wonderful features of Miss Kellermann's methods, and, in all likelihood, is due to her wonderful knowledge of anatomy.

Volumes have been written on various methods for developing the figure and attaining health and beauty, but the most interesting and attractive book I have ever read is one written and published by Miss Kellermann herself, entitled "The Body Beautiful." This book contains many photographs of Miss Kellermann and others, showing correct and incorrect carriage, how the body may be built up or reduced to normal, symmetrical lines, and various chapters dealing with every phase of health and body building.

No woman vitally interested in self-advancement can afford to miss this little book, for it means the complete revitalization and reorganization of her body. To those addressing Miss Kellermann, Suite 410 P, 12 West Thirty-first Street, New York City, enclosing two cents, to cover postage, she will gladly send a copy of this book free.

If you are one of the women who would make the most of yourself, physically and mentally, send for this book immediately while the edition lasts. Prove for yourself that it is not necessary to suffer physical ailments, or deficiencies in appearance or figure, and that it is possible to remold yourself and enjoy a higher plane of living.



MISS
KELLERMANN
in her famous
diving act

Photoplay Magazine

"The National Movie Publication"

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VOL. X

No. 2

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From photo by Moody, N. Y.

"Beauty and Brains" Contest Winners

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MYRTLE STEGMAN, *M. ROSCO*

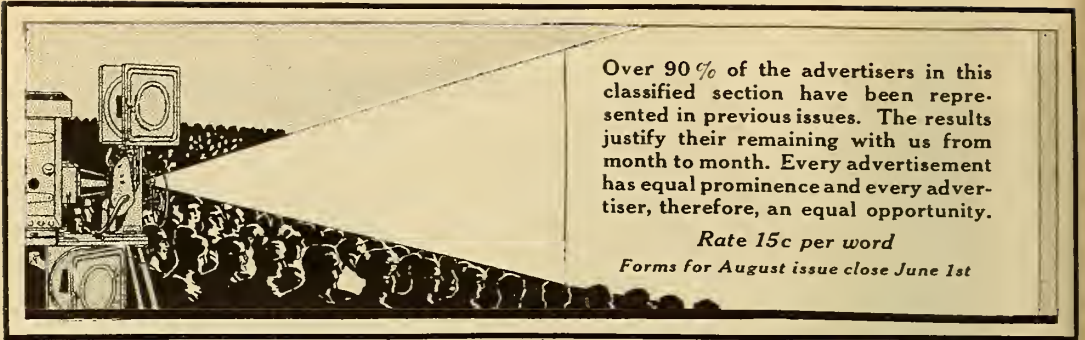
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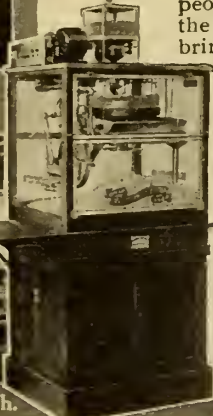
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Resinol Shaving Soap also contains the Resinol medication, making it most soothing and refreshing to tender faces.

♦ THE WINNERS ♦



Miss Lillian Russell,
First of the Board of Judges

Photo by Moffett

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

begs to present *The Winners*
in the great

Beauty and Brains Contest

This contest has proved in many respects the most unusual, interesting and successful artistic competition ever inaugurated in America.

The entries numbered more than ten thousand.

The contest began September 1, 1915; concluded February 29, 1916.

It was conducted under the sole auspices of Photoplay Magazine and The World Film Corporation.

The Judges were Miss Lillian Russell, Miss Kitty Kelly, Miss Sophie Irene Loeb, and Messers. William A. Brady, Arthur H. Spiegel and Julian Johnson.

The story of the winners of this contest begins on page 65.

• THE • WINNERS •



VIVIAN SUCKLING

is the winner from Canada. Her home is Winnipeg. She is a modern Evangeline, as beautiful as Longfellow's pen-dream of his tenderest heroine. Dying, her father left her an heirloom of valuable old coins. Some of these she sold to get money to pay the photographer who made this picture. She is 21; a descendant of Lord Nelson and Sir John Suckling, the English poet of some considerable celebrity.

• THE WINNERS •



ESTELLE CLAIRE JUDY

of McKeesport, Pa., is the chief operator of the McKeesport telephone exchange. She has dark brown hair, gray-brown eyes, a round rather than an oval face, perfect teeth, a medium-slender figure (weight about 125 pounds), is 23 years of age, and stands 5 feet and 5 inches. She is immensely popular in her town. Do you blame her town?

• THE • WINNERS •



LUCILLE ZINTHEO

is Spokane's winning contribution to the "Beauty and Brains" Contest. A resident of Washington state, she was born in Detroit, Mich., 20 years ago. Weight, 125 pounds; height, 5 feet 4½ inches; fair complexion, dark brown hair, very dark hazel eyes. In Miss Lucille's judgment film folk "must lead clean, wholesome lives, for the camera is merciless, and dissipation shows too plainly." Miss Zintheo is musical.

· THE · WINNERS ·



FLORENCE GRAY

has Washington's metropolis—Seattle—for her home. There she got her schooling, though she was born in Ellensburg, Wash., 20 years ago. This is Miss Florence's description: Height, 5 feet 6 inches; weight, 130 pounds; eyes, gray-blue. She is a good swimmer. Her reply to the question "What sort of parts would you like to play?" was "I will let you decide that." She has Clara Kimball Young eyes.

· THE · WINNERS ·



CLAIRE LOIS BUTLER LEE

lives in Wichita, and thereby proves once more that there is nothing the matter with Kansas. She was born in Plattsmouth, Neb., and is the second of the illustrious Lees named to win in the "Beauty and Brains" Contest. Twenty-three is Miss Claire's age, she is only 2 inches more than 5 feet high, has brown eyes, and weighs 124 pounds.

· THE · WINNERS ·



LUCILLE SATTERTHWAIT

is a daughter of the magnolias—born and bred in Waynesville, N. C. She is 21 years old, 5 feet 6 inches in height, weighs 125 pounds, and has eyes of the hazel shade. Her forebears were English and American. Miss Satterthwait was schooled at Elizabeth College in Charlotte, N. C., and Sweet Briar, Va. Out of doors, horses and tennis call to her with most appeal. Her mother was a singer and dancer.

· THE · WINNERS ·



PEGGY BLOOM

has the happiness to dwell in the land of the St. John's River. Orlando, Florida, is her home. Being of Irish descent, she has reddish-brown hair, blue eyes, perfect teeth, and an almost overpowering desire to smile all the while. Which are some assets. Miss Peggy is 21 years old. She stands 5 feet 5 inches and weighs 130 pounds. Plays tennis.

· THE · WINNERS ·



ALATIA MARTON

is a Texan, and a resident of Dallas, which has more attractive girls to the block than—but comparisons are poor taste. She is just 21 years of age, of American-Scotch-Irish descent; 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 125 pounds, and has gray eyes; telephone operator, and not athletic—but she could learn; you never saw a Texas girl who couldn't.

· THE · WINNERS ·



PHYLLIS E. CURL

is a real Down-Easter—Roxbury, a suburb of Boston, is her home. She is the daughter of artistic parents. Her mother was an actress, her father was a world-traveler whose business was the buying of art antiques and curios. Miss Phyllis is 10 years old, 5 feet 6 inches in height, weighs 128 pounds; a blue-eyed blonde. She's seen the world.

• THE • WINNERS •



MILDRED LEE

of Kansas City, Mo., is a tiny, graceful beauty of 21. She is of German and American descent, was born in New Albany, Ind., weighs 125 pounds, stands 5 feet and 4 inches in height, and her eyes are hazel. Miss Lee is a model in a millinery house, and has been an entry clerk and saleswoman. She is fond of canoeing, horseback riding, swimming and tennis. She has posed for millinery catalogues.

· THE · WINNERS ·



HELEN ARNOLD

lives in Louisville, Kentucky's social capital, far-famed for its lovely women. Her ancestors were French and English in blood. Miss Helen is 22 years old, 5 feet and 4 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds, and has hazel eyes. Being a Kentuckian, she is of course a fine horsewoman and a delightful dancer; also she can smash a straight drive across the tennis net. She believes the screen preaches as well as the pulpit.

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

July, 1916

Vol. X, No. 2

YOUTH

AFTER eleven pages of young beauty, making a premier leap into the arena of the world and flashing the shy but incomparable challenge of morning loveliness and consecrated ambition—come cold type, aged words, accustomed phrases!

A ridiculous jump-off, isn't it?

But listen a minute—here's what we wanted to say:

These eleven girls represent about all that is important in life.

They stand for determination and will, which have been the base of every human accomplishment.

They stand for imagination, the thing that found the poles and built the first suspension bridge and inspired every poem.

They stand for beauty—they *are* beauty—that which, in some form or other, makes existence endurable.

They represent the pluck of American womanhood, which works without precedent and glories in the unusual.

They forecast the new type of player; the native player; the player whose first and only study is the shadow stage, and who brings to it no prejudices of the theater.

They are an incarnation of *Youth*.

Youth is the wonderful thing which all the world acknowledges sovereign. The attributes before named are only a part of *Youth*. *Youth* is the whole of them—the iron of determination, the crucible of ambition, the white-hot arc of imagination, the invincibility which laughs at disaster, the crystal shell in which beauty dwells, the supreme hour of womanhood.

Photoplay Magazine feels very proud of these, its children.

It does not tell fortunes, nor distribute prognostications, nor pretend to read the future. But it believes that each of these young women is a daughter of destiny, and that she is ordained to splendid things. It may be that every one of the eleven will be a notable actress of extraordinary individuality and powers. It may be not. Nevertheless, Photoplay Magazine ventures that each has "the goods of success" in some form or other. The eleven have triumphed over thousands of other native daughters by sheer merit. This has not been an elective contest of purchased votes. It has been just a matter of—Beauty and Brains.

It has been remarked that the photoplay has developed more real beauty in five years than the legitimate stage in three times that period. Yet—

Can you find on the screen today any more charming types of loveliness than this all-America Eleven?



JUNE

In her movements there was an unstudied poise and grace suggestive of some wild thing. And this suggestion was borne out by a certain clear alertness of her face. Her whole being seemed to express an eagerness for life, less curiosity than thirst.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Herewith is presented the opening instalment of the first great novel written around the motion picture capital of the world—Los Angeles. Its chapters exude the living atmosphere of the studios, reflect their romantic glamour—and reveal at times the brassiness of the glitter. In order to preclude futile speculation, it may be stated that the characters in "The Glory Road" are not real personalities. Begin this vivid transcript from the most colorful page of life now.*

The Glory Road

By Francis William Sullivan

Author of "Star of the North," "Alloy of Gold," "Children of Banishment," etc.

Illustrations by
R. VAN BUREN

CHAPTER I

PAUL TEMPLE stood on a rock that outcropped from the green upward sweep of the canyon, where the cameras were being established and watched Tom Briscoe work. He was a tall young man of about thirty, distinguished by a faint gray at the temples, and a figure as lean and hard as that of a trained athlete.

The face that watched the dazzling scene was long and thin, and graven at salient points of eyes and mouth with the indelible marks of experience. It seemed to reveal a life triumphant after turbulent storms. Despite its look of power, a sensitiveness that indicated a fine delicacy of feeling was its dominant characteristic. And yet no one would have thought to ask Temple the time by his wrist watch. As the bright male constellation of the Graphic Film Company, he had scattered himself recklessly over too

much of the North American continent for that.

Almost his direct opposite was the man he watched—Tom Briscoe, the Director-general of the Graphic forces in California. Just now Briscoe was supervising the setting up of three cameras which would sweep the canyon from as many vantage points. He seemed to bounce rather than walk as he hurried from one to another, and as he issued sharp commands he clapped his hands with startling staccato reports. Short and chunky, with a large, square head, his every motion seemed to crackle with electricity. He radiated waves of it, and his ability to communicate those waves to others had raised him to his present high position.

Having managed to sight through a camera by standing on tiptoe, he lowered himself with a grunt of approval, and walked over to where Paul stood.

"Well, now that we're lined in, I suppose you're going to tell me that it's all wrong!" he remarked truculently.

Temple who, until this picture, had worked under Briscoe during the five years of his lens career, knew that savage tone too well to be alarmed.

"No," he drawled, "not yet. I'll wait till you've shot half your scene and then I'll tell you."

"Sure!" jeered Briscoe, "it takes you actors to save this business from the bow-wows!" Then, with a sweep of his arm, as he indicated the lay-out: "Well, how do you like her?"

"I love her," said Paul, pleasantly, "and have since long before we were engaged."

This reference to June Magregor, Temple's fiancée, plainly enraged Mr. Briscoe. A look of utter disgust overspread his features.

"You poor mush-head!" he enunciated, witheringly, "you and your love business! That's why you fellows never amount to anything." Then, clapping Temple on the shoulder, "Come on, now, what's your word? Spill it!"

Temple, looking at the scene, was whirled backwards seventy years to that half dreamy, infinitely poetic period of Arcadia when California was young. The treeless canyon, a vivid green stippled with darker growths, swept up from the azure sea two thousand feet to the still bluer sky. Here and there in the rough expanse gleamed the red and yellow of holly berries, and, faintly underfoot, the delicate hues of wild-flowers merged in a vast pattern.

On the rocky shore stood a village; one-story adobe houses with wide verandas, red tiles, lattices, and a profusion of flowers. Out in the cove rode a brig, her yards awry and her sails half clewed. Brass bow and stern chasers gleamed from her decks, and she was inhabited by a few villains whose cutlasses glittered in the warm February sun even at this distance. A pirate ship, by the Spanish Main!

THE cameras were established a quarter of a mile inland, and the location was peopled by two hundred principals and "extras," men, women, and children, ostensibly the inhabitants of the settlement.

Gay *caballeros* in blue and crimson velvet jackets, sombreros, frilled shirts, and

silk stockings, stood about in groups, smoking cigarettes and chatting with *senoritas* in black silks, red-heeled slippers and *mantillas*. The girls' hair was arranged in lofty coiffures held in place by high combs bound with gold. About their waists were sashes of bright colors, and some wore strings of jewels. Among them strolled hairy cut-throats in the baggy pantaloons, open blue shirts, sashes and woolen caps of their calling—pirates ashore.

This was the picture, and there in the warm afternoon sunlight, fanned by the balmy breath of the Pacific, Romance had her way with the imagination. Other days nearer, perhaps, to the heart's desire seemed to live again!

Then the "fade-out" began. One saw that every face was ghastly with yellow make-up; that all the silk stockings or shirt frills were yellow or pink, which would "take" white; that the California village at the water's edge was merely "backings" held by props. One learned that the dashing pirate craft was a dejected and condemned old hooker that had been towed gingerly out to this island from the mainland.

Shades of Helen Hunt Jackson!

The age disappeared slowly into oblivion, and the "fade-out" was complete.

And then comes the succeeding "fade-in." Anachronisms reveal themselves. Briscoe, Temple and the camera man are dressed in the riding breeches, puttees, flannel shirts, and soft hats of 1916. Up the canyon, beyond the field of the picture stands a great modern house, in the form of a mediæval castle, a three-story mansion of reddish brown stone, lonely and apparently deserted—the single gloomy note in the radiant landscape.

If there is still any doubt about the century, the idle chatter among the company will dispel it.

"I've got my suspicions of any gink that'll build a dump like that in a canyon miles from anywhere," hints a plumed and scented grandee, indicating the castle.

"Yeah, and there *is* somethin' funny about it, too. I guess." This from a languishing *senorita* who speaks indistinctly owing to her preoccupation in making the "flavor last." . . . "I heard in town—" She nodded in the direction of the only settlement on the island, a village devoted

to tourist-culture, two miles down the coast.

"Sure, so did I." The grandee spat. "Hotel man told me nobody knew anything about that place—who owned it, or anything. But the goin's on there sometimes—*some parties*, he said. An' the people never come by the steamer, either."

"Aw, what d'ye swallow all that guff for!" This from a ferocious-looking pirate. "It's just part of the tourist fodder like the fish yarns here. Probably there's strange lights and ghost walkin' in the place, too. D'ye ever hear of a castle that didn't have all them things? Put yer head in a bag!"

"YES," said Temple, slowly, after a long inspection, "it's great! *They certainly can't beat you at realism, Tom! Will you finish here to-day?*"

"Yes, we take the late afternoon boat back to Los Angeles."

Temple brightened visibly.

"Oh, fine! I didn't think you'd make it. I have to go back anyway and—"

"Oh, dear!" minced the director, rolling his eyes, "now you can ride over the beautiful blue sea hand in hand with *her!*" Then he growled, "I hope it storms."

"Not a chance!" Paul grinned at the characteristic performance. "But look here, Tom, do you still believe June has a real future in this business—that she will make an actress?"

The little man's square jaws set with a snap.

"Yes, I believe it just as much as I did a month ago when I brought her down from the north, and as much as I did six months ago when we discovered her at that Hudson's Bay Post in the wilderness."

"Well," said Paul, grimly, "you'd better make good! But for you we'd have been married a month ago. Because you wanted to give her a chance, and didn't want her encumbered with a devoted husband, I agreed to stand out of the way. The real reason I did was that I thought it the fairest thing to her. Now, you old big-end, you've got to produce!"

"I'll produce all right!" the other promised. Then he grew serious for a moment. "And believe me, Paul, I appreciate your giving us this chance."

"Yes, you appreciate it!" It was Temple's turn to sneer. "Appreciation isn't in a director's cosmos. Well, I'm going to stroll over for a little converse."

"All right, go on! Make a fool of yourself! I don't care!"

Paul crossed the open ground towards a group of young women who were standing at the outskirts of the company, and whose more elaborate and expensive costumes revealed them as principals and character people.

AS he approached, one detached herself from the others and advanced to meet him. She was of about middle height and walked with a lithe, undulating gait subtly different from the walk of cities. In her movements there was an unstudied poise and grace suggestive of some wild thing. And this suggestion was borne out by a certain clear alertness in her face. Her whole being seemed to express an eagerness for life, less curiosity than thirst.

"Well, do you like it?" she asked in commonplace tones, while her great dark eyes shaded by their long lashes said: "Oh, Paul, you were gone forever!"

"Yes, it's one of the best I ever saw!" he replied, banally, while he signalled back: "Darling, it seemed an age. But you know Tom asked me to do it, and I couldn't refuse."

June Magregor was playing a small part in the picture—that of maid to a proud Spanish *senora*—and was dressed in a full blue skirt, white waist confined by a sleeveless red velvet jacket, and low slippers. A black lace *rebozo* fell gracefully from her head over her shoulders, and her luxuriant dark hair was parted in the middle and fastened low at the back of her neck. With her strangely beautiful movements, the draperies seemed to flow about her.

Temple's eyes kindled.

"Oh, my dear," he said, in a tone suddenly low and intense, "you grow more beautiful every day. You mustn't! I can't stand it." They were walking a little apart now, across the canyon, sublimely certain that they appeared only as two friends walking together, not, of course, as two sillies engaged to be married.

June thrilled at the depth and tenderness of his voice. To think that she of all women could evoke that tone! And he thought her beautiful! Then she had not

lived in vain. And he always noticed; he wasn't one of those creatures who never knew whether you were wearing poplin or percale.

"Sh!" she warned, like a conspirator, "you mustn't say such things. People will hear."

Temple straightened, bristling. Here was a challenge cast by a prying world. He tingled, he meditated. Then he cast his proud gage of battle.

"Well, let 'em hear. I can think of several things I'd be more ashamed of than being in love with you."

Why is it that ancient civilizations, so prolific in unnecessary statuary neglected to portray the lover, that combination of raging lion and veal? . . .

THEY were deep in their intimate affairs, sublimely indifferent to tottering empires and a racked world.

"Is it certain you start for the Mexican border with your company in three days, Paul?"

"Yes, unless Stannard has brought some other word from the East. He got into Los Angeles last night, you know. Three days! Lord!" Then, dismally, "I suppose you'll get on all right after I'm gone."

"Oh, Paul, I don't know. A dozen times a day I'm ready to throw over the whole plan. Everything's so strange and upside down here! It's all like a dream. Summer in winter! Rose hedges in February! . . . It isn't natural. Oh, I wish we were married! I could learn this business just as well in your company as in Briscoe's."

He shrugged and made a dismissing gesture with his hand.

"It's too late to discuss that now. Briscoe wanted you all to himself long enough to make a moving picture actress out of you, and we both agreed he should have you. I'm a selfish dog, of course—" ("You're not, and don't you dare call yourself such names!")—"and didn't like it at first, but after a little I got Tom's point of view. Married and together, I suppose we would be mooning around useless for the better part of a year, but separated, and with marriage as a reward for your progress, you'll accomplish something if it's humanly possible—or at least so I have been led to suppose."

She sniffed.

"And besides," he concluded, "it's only fair to you. You have ability and ought to have a chance to bring it out; and the only way is to put you under a heartless taskmaster like Tom Briscoe and let you suffer. Imagine me trying to teach you anything." He laughed fatuously.

"Well, you could!" she defended. "I've known you to be very stern at times, Paul." He snorted.

"But when you have begun to be heard from, June, then we'll be married, and aside from our being happy, we'll have a future in our profession worth waiting for as far as business is concerned."

June sighed.

"I suppose so . . . And you won't come back until Tom sends for you?" she faltered, for that was the unwritten agreement.

"No." He tried to maintain the hope note, but failed dismally. "You've got to be either a success or a failure, and I don't care which! All I want is you."

"And all I want is you!" She lifted shy eyes to him, and he saw the fair skin of her throat darken as the warm color rushed up.

THE peace that breathed o'er Eden was broken by the advent of a jaunty person who wore a large cap on the back of his head and was continually engaged in trying to smoke a calabash pipe.

"Hello, lens louse!" he saluted Paul genially, "hast a thermal unit?"

"Terrence MacDonnell, as I live! Press agent and liar extraordinary to the Graphics. Go away from here. I refuse to be quoted." Paul gave him the desired match.

"Naturally. You're not fit to print. But never mind, I'll expurgate you. When do you start for Mexico?"

"In three days. But first I've got to pow-wow with the big chief."

"Yes, so I hear. Expect to be away long?"

"Yes, nine weeks on this picture, and then back to New York."

The forgotten match burned MacDonnell's fingers and he dropped it, smothering a curse.

"Good riddance!" he remarked genially, continuing the conversation. "What are you going to do back there? Go on with the directing you began in the north?"

"Yes, but first I'm going to play a new part that's ready for me. It portrays the lowest depth of degradation to which a human being may descend. I play a publicity man."

"Zing!" said Mr. MacDonnell, rolling up his eyes in token of this death thrust. Then, attracted by a stir among the company, he looked towards the scene of action. "Hullo," he said, "I guess Briscoe's about ready to shoot."

CHAPTER II

THE director, having lined in his scene, and being satisfied with the light, was bustling towards the crowd clapping his hands. A red megaphone dangled from one wrist by a rawhide loop.

"Ready for action, people!" he shouted, and instantly the desultory talk which, for continuous flow put Tennyson's brook in a class with a desert dry wash, ceased. "We'll continue the attack of the pirates from a point about a hundred yards this side of the village," he went on. "Pirates! Go down hill to where Nagle is standing, and spread out in a thin attacking line. Everybody got guns and ammunition?"

There was a chorus of assent as some fifty of the men started down the slope towards the assistant director.

"Californians, you proud remnants of a race of loafers! Line up across the canyon about where you are, and retreat slowly into the hills driving your women and children before you. And you, Stark, command the center of the retreating line."

At the sound of his name a young man dressed in the blue United States Army uniform of 1840 detached himself from the group of principals and came forward. Tall and with a handsome face whose salient features lent themselves perfectly to photography, he was a perfect type of romantic hero. To see him walk and note the proud carriage of his head, to hear his gay, ringing laugh, was to catch the first impression of his buoyant, self-unconscious zest for life, an enthusiastic relish of the things that are, that seemed almost pagan.

He was Romualdo Stark, a product of the two races which have made California history. His grandfather, a Yankee, coming with Fremont's first expedition, had

married a girl of excellent Spanish family. Their son, Romualdo's father, had taken an American wife, so that in the young man's veins flowed three-quarters pure New England blood. But the austerities of that strain had been warmed and softened by his Latin heritage, and he revealed the influence in the delicate shape of his strong hands, his grace of movement, and his passion for gaming.

The line of defenders spread out, the women behind it laden with bundles and herding children. June, who had taken her place beside the heroine of the story (whom she served) heard both their names called and went with her companion to Briscoe for instructions. This leading lady, a favorite Broadway legitimate star, was taking a flyer in pictures during an interval of "rest."

Briscoe handled her as if she were some lovely bomb, and when he had finished with her, turned to June.

"During the flight you become separated from your mistress," he explained. "In front of the last camera up the hill you are hit by a bullet, do a fall, and die. The incriminating letter drops out of your hand and the heroine's father finds it. See?"

June nodded eagerly. She liked the little bits she had to do, and this being her first picture, the romance and glamour of the work still fascinated her. She was particularly anxious to do well, both for Briscoe's sake and her own. Three weeks in the studio had taught her that stupidity before the camera was the one unforgivable sin.

AT last all was ready. Briscoe bellowed an order through his megaphone, and assistants ran along in front of both firing lines waving torches which gave off a thick yellow smoke—the smoke of battle which the discharge of the guns would not produce satisfactorily on the screen.

"All set!" screamed the director, watching the effect. And then a moment later, "Action! . . . Camera! Go!"

The guns blazed with pale stabs of fire; the hills reverberated; the pirates advanced; the Californians gave way stubbornly, while the women and children fled terror-stricken up the hill. In the center of the line Stark waved his sword, issued orders, and played the hero generally.

The three cameras caught the battle



"Lucky, June, that was your last bit," said Briscoe, as they got June to her feet
her swoon. She stopped,



again. She essayed a few steps, but the searing agony that followed almost made gasping, leaning heavily upon them.

from as many angles, and at the same time provided narrow fields where bits of individual action might take place. In the cutting room these would be selected and arranged into a single, chronological, gripping and unified whole.

June as she approached the last camera commenced her action. First she registered the universal terror, and then dismay as she realized that she had lost her mistress. For a moment she searched among the refugees streaming by her, and then fled over the rough ground towards the camera.

At a predetermined spot she suddenly stumbled, flung out her arms, wavered, and fell, letting the letter flutter from her fingers to the ground. Almost at once the proud old *hidalgo* came by, found the note, registered curses, and went on.

Two minutes later Briscoe gave the signal to "cut," and everyone ceased action and stood where they were for further orders.

It was two extra men who noticed first that June did not get up. She was sitting where she had fallen, and her face was twisted with pain. They hurried to her.

"What's the matter, Miss Magregor?"

"My ankle," she said, through set teeth. "When I stumbled I twisted it on a stone. Oh!" She closed her eyes as a surge of pain sickened her.

Not knowing what else to do, they helped her to her feet, while a crowd quickly gathered, inquisitive and sympathetic.

A minute later Briscoe arrived, followed almost instantly by Temple. The realization that it was his protegee who was hurt, gave the little director a bad moment, and his intense concern backfired in a sharp question.

"Well, June, what's happened?"

June described the accident, and when she had finished Paul quietly pushed the director aside and took charge.

"Sit down, June, and let's have a look at it," he said with kindly authority.

She obeyed, and Paul knelt beside her. Her full skirt had billowed over her feet, and he drew it up and commenced to search the ankle with firm but gentle fingers.

Despite the pain June felt utterly tranquil and secure. It was characteristic of Paul, this quick, sure dependability and action in the moment of need. With her

he had always been so. Through all the struggles and fears of their romance, worked out during the summer and fall in the forests of the North, this quality had most quickened her love. Because of it he had not only saved her life in a moment of physical peril, but had been a pillar of strength to her spiritually when all other human relationship had failed.

"There's some swelling," Paul said after a moment, "but no broken bones. I doubt if there's even a sprain, though a ligament may be torn. But we must have hot and cold water applications right away. Every moment counts."

"I know it!" fussed Briscoe. "Keep your shirt on. Here, you people, get back to your places. Nothing the matter but a twisted ankle. And if those damned pirates come rubbering up this hill, I'll kick 'em down again!"

THE crowd parted and Paul caught sight of the sombre stone house a little farther up the canyon.

"By George, that's the place! We ought to be able to get hot water there. Give me a lift on the other side, Tom."

"Lucky, June, that was your last bit," said Briscoe, as they got June to her feet again. She essayed a few steps but the searing agony that followed almost made her swoon. She stopped, gasping, and leaning heavily upon them.

"King's chair, Tom!"

But Briscoe, never for a moment unconscious of the hundreds of jealous eyes that watched him, turned away brusquely.

"I'll send you one of the extra men," he said. "Picture can't wait."

He had scarcely started down the slope when Terrence MacDonnell joined him, sucking hard at his dead pipe.

"Isn't it great!" the latter ejaculated, abstractedly, his face alight. "If the Associated Press falls for this, it will take all over the country like a disease."

"What?" demanded Briscoe, not catching his drift.

"Why, this story, man! Young movie actress falls down cliff during the climax of 'The Vanishing Race'. Stark rescues her after being lowered five hundred feet on a rope! And all the rest of it. *You* know."

MacDonnell was rapt in the exaltation

of imaginative exercise. Give him any little start, like a strained ankle, or a dime found on the sidewalk, and the finished product as he turned it out became a topic for nation-wide comment.

"You can't use that for Magregor," Briscoe told him. "She isn't ripe yet."

"Magregor, nothing! This goes for Chandler," (naming the star). "New York hasn't been bobbed for so long it's just howling for a chance, and when they fall there, you can hear it all over the world. You'll stand for the story, Tom?"

"Sure, if Chandler will."

"Chandler? She'll fall off a cliff or two just to oblige if we need her. And now watch this one grow!" . . .

BRISCOE sent the extra man back to Paul, and the two, making the royal chair of childhood, started with June up the rough slope to the great stone house.

From this side the place offered a sullen expression due to inscrutable windows and the blankness of solid masonry. Mutton chop whiskers of green ivy adorned its heavy jowls, and octagonal towers rising from each corner suggested horns.

The ground sloping up to the front had been smoothed and levelled, and was bisected by a blue stone path. Up this the burdened men went, and they mounted the steps to what was an unpretentious porch. As, panting, they set June down, the door suddenly opened and a stout woman in a black silk dress and white apron stood looking at them. She had white hair, peering eyes, and the general appearance of a housekeeper.

"Well, what is it?" she asked.

Paul quietly explained the necessity of the visit, and concluded with a request for hot water and a chance to bathe the injured ankle.

The old woman blinked at him a moment. Behind her there was darkness and silence in the great house; only a cold, dank breath issued from it.

"Well, of course, if the young lady's hurt—" she grudged, and turned to show the way.

Supporting June as she hobbled, the others followed, and in a moment found themselves crossing a rectangular hall lighted by a glass skylight in the roof, and with a wide mahogany staircase at the left. June had an impression of gigantic vases

and a deformed Oriental god, and then they were in a dark passageway. A moment later they came out into a large, sunny room whose many windows formed a semi-circle.

The men helped June to a lounge and she lay there for a little, panting, her eyes closed. Paul thanked his assistant and sent him back to the wars. Meanwhile, the housekeeper stood irresolute, her face expressing hesitancy and uncertainty, as if she already regretted admitting these strangers. But in a moment she hurried off for hot water and bandages.

Sitting down in a chair beside the lounge, Paul took June's brown, warm hand in his and kissed it reverently, as if to express by that act all the sympathy for her pain that he felt, and the misery of his impotence to relieve it. He was rewarded by a long, answering pressure of understanding and gratitude, and a look of adoration from her great, dark eyes.

Their hostess returned equipped for action, and Paul rose, and commenced to walk about the room.

"Oh, that's so much better! Thank you," he heard June's voice presently, and turned back. Peeping from beneath the warm, knitted afghan the woman had thrown over June, was a little pink foot surmounted by a lump of muslin.

"I'll be glad to help," he offered. "We've been trouble enough already, Mrs.—Miss—"

The old lady fixed him with distrustful, weak eyes.

"No, I'll do it." She hesitated. "Spence is my name . . . Mrs. Spence," she added after a moment.

AT the third step June sank down weakly in a nearby chair.

"I'm afraid I can't do it, Mr. Briscoe," she said, with white lips. She had removed her make-up some time since.

Briscoe and Paul watched her attempt anxiously. Three hours had passed, the scenes for the picture had been taken, and the company was preparing to return.

"Well, there's nothing to do, I suppose, but leave her," said Briscoe. "She can't walk, and it's nonsense to think of carrying her two miles along that beach. In the first place we'd never make the boat, and in the second, I think it's fixing for a storm. She ought to have a day's rest, anyway."

The facts were indisputable, and Temple, much as he rebelled against leaving June, saw the folly of resisting. Even the consolation of waiting over a day in the village was denied him, for his appointment that night in Los Angeles was with the president of the Graphic Company, and men did not waste that gentleman's time with impunity.

"You can keep Miss Magregor overnight here, can't you, Mrs. Spence?" he asked. "We'll arrange with somebody in the village to come and get her in time for tomorrow's boat. And we'll send a man up from the hotel tonight with her clothes." June was still in her Spanish costume. "And, of course, if there's anything to make right, the Graphic Company will attend to that."

The old housekeeper fidgeted.

"Why—yes. I—I guess it will be all right," she said.

"Good!" said Briscoe. "That's all, then. Good-bye, June. Don't worry, you'll be all right. Come on, Paul." He turned away. Mrs. Spence edged into the hall to speed their going.

Temple knelt beside June and, gathering her in his arms, kissed her.

"I hate your having to stay here alone!" he said, vehemently, "but there's no other way, and it really is best for you. But you surely must come back to me tomorrow. I'll meet the boat at San Pedro."

"I will," she promised, "if I have to walk all the way."

"Oh, Lord! come on!" growled Briscoe from the doorway, and the two laughed. The next moment Paul had gone.

MR. SPENCE did not return at once, and June had leisure for the first time, carefully to examine her surroundings. By now clouds had obscured the sun and objects were bathed in a clear gray light.

June observed that most of the furniture was of carved oak of that light tobacco color obtained only from the polishing hand of Time. It reminded her of some furniture from an old English Georgian house she had once seen at Moose Factory on Hudson's Bay during her childhood there. Upon the brown walls she saw what she supposed to be old Spanish prints, and on the mantelpiece over the broad stone fireplace were a few porcelains, to whose exquisite color and design she indistin-

tively responded. A single Japanese screen of cream-colored silk embroidered with flying birds arrested her attention in one corner.

Diversity, June thought, and yet not confusion; various decorative motives subdued and merged into a unique and harmonious whole. It was restful and yet stimulating.

From the couch where she lay she gazed out of French windows hung with dark silk curtains, upon a magnificent garden at the rear of the house, now just springing into new, green life. Off beyond through a notch in the cliff, she glimpsed the deep blue waters of the ocean and far away on the mainland, thrusting through a mantle of pearl gray clouds, the gleaming snow peaks of the Sierras.

June drank in wonderingly these beauties so new and strange to her, and yet curiosity dominated her delight. Why had this great house been built here isolated and alone? By whose whim had such luxury been lavished upon it inside and out; and for what purpose?

A vague feeling of disquietude followed her questioning, a feeling somehow associated with Mrs. Spence. . . .

The room grew darker; the malevolent face of a savage god leered at her fixedly from a corner, and she shivered a little. She felt suddenly very lonely and helpless, and wished vainly that Paul had not gone.

MR. SPENCE hurried in with lights and kindled the fire which was already laid. Then, without apology for having left her guest, she sat down nearby. June welcomed the company such as it was, and the opportunity to talk.

But Mrs. Spence was not communicative. In the frequent silences the storm that Briscoe had prophesied commenced to make its approach known by intermittent gusts of wind.

June remarked upon the beautiful things in the house, and upon their having been gathered in this lonely spot.

"Yes," said Mrs. Spence. "There's a bedroom off this room that you can use for the night. Then you won't have to climb stairs."

"Who owns this house?" June asked.

"Mr. Holt."

"Doesn't he use it?"

"Sometimes." Mrs. Spence rocked complacently and blinked her weak eyes. At a quarter to six she rose with the remark that she would instruct about Miss Magregor's dinner, and again left June alone.

IT had begun to rain. In the intervals between gusts there was a steady, solid drumming which increased with the volume of water. June was not yet used to the rains of a California winter, and now as the sky opened and the noise of water drowned all other sound, she felt herself in the grip of terror.

It was as if a cataract were falling upon the house. The wind was beaten down beneath the mass, and it seemed as if the hills must be flayed to the bare rock. Beneath and through the overwhelming sound, trickling, gurgling noises could be heard.

Presently Mrs. Spence returned wheeling an invalid's table which, after swinging across the lounge she commenced to set with linen, glass and silver.

In the midst of her labors the deafening deluge ceased abruptly, and the sound of footsteps that seemed to June to come from the veranda, became plainly audible.

"Oh, perhaps that's the man from the village with my things!" she exclaimed, hopefully.

Almost as she spoke a door leading from the west wing of the house opened, and a man, drenched and dripping, appeared in the doorway. At sight of June he stood, a look of amazement on his face.

Mrs. Spence glanced at him with what seemed to June apology, almost fear.

"No," she said. "That's Mr. Holt!"

CHAPTER III

DURING a long moment of mutual adjustment to the unexpected, neither spoke nor moved. Then June, to relieve the somewhat extraordinary situation, said simply, with quickening color:

"I must apologize for occupying your house, Mr. Holt, but the truth is I twisted my ankle this afternoon in the canyon, and was brought here. When this storm came up, Mr. Briscoe and—the other Graphic moving picture people, thought they had better leave me overnight."

The man's intelligent face, a rather

broad face with a salient jaw, and topped by a thatch of reddish-gold hair, changed expression slowly from amazement to contemplation, and finally to satisfaction. He nodded his head, smiling.

"I know now for the first time," he drawled, "why I planned and furnished this room the way I did. I must have felt that sometime you would materialize out of nothing, and be sitting on that lounge in that Spanish costume just as you are now, so I built the room to be ready for you."

The air of conviction that accompanied his words, robbed them of their impudence.

June laughed uncertainly and flushed still more.

"Oh—this dress! I had forgotten. We were doing a Spanish picture to-day, and the man hasn't come from the village with my clothes."

"I hope he doesn't," he replied, raising his voice to conquer the rain which had again begun to fall. "Meanwhile I am interfering with your dinner and I apologize." He turned to the housekeeper. "Spence, Amontillado and Chateau Yquem . . . There I go interfering again! But I was born under the sign of the Goat." He made a little gesture. "And now, madam, after the Spanish custom, as host I make you a present of the house and everything in it. But please don't forget that as guest you must give it all back again. I insist upon these little formalities. Meanwhile I am standing in a puddle and above all things I mustn't get my feet wet. I'll see you again. Miss—pardon, Senorita—"

"Magregor, Miss Magregor," June supplied.

He laughed. "Senorita Magregor! Never! You can't mix sherry and Scotch!" He made an abrupt motion of farewell, rugged, almost peremptory, and turning, left her.

June couldn't help smiling. She was a little out of breath mentally from trying to keep up with him, but she felt the exhilaration of the exercise after the stagnation of Mrs. Spence. That lady, ignored from the first, seemed to breathe more easily.

"Just a minute now, Miss, and I will have things in," she promised, with a noticeable change in tone and manner to-

The facts were indisputable, and Temple, much as he rebelled against leaving June, saw the folly of resisting. Even the consolation of waiting over a day in the village was denied him, for his appointment that night in Los Angeles was with the president of the Graphic Company, and men did not waste that gentleman's time with impunity.

"You can keep Miss Magregor overnight here, can't you, Mrs. Spence?" he asked. "We'll arrange with somebody in the village to come and get her in time for tomorrow's boat. And we'll send a man up from the hotel tonight with her clothes." June was still in her Spanish costume. "And, of course, if there's anything to make right, the Graphic Company will attend to that."

The old housekeeper fidgeted.

"Why—yes. I—I guess it will be all right," she said.

"Good!" said Briscoe. "That's all, then. Good-bye, June. Don't worry, you'll be all right. Come on, Paul." He turned away. Mrs. Spence edged into the hall to speed their going.

Temple knelt beside June and, gathering her in his arms, kissed her.

"I hate your having to stay here alone!" he said, vehemently, "but there's no other way, and it really is best for you. But you surely must come back to me tomorrow. I'll meet the boat at San Pedro."

"I will," she promised, "if I have to walk all the way."

"Oh, Lord! come on!" growled Briscoe from the doorway, and the two laughed. The next moment Paul had gone.

MRS. SPENCE did not return at once, and June had leisure for the first time, carefully to examine her surroundings. By now clouds had obscured the sun and objects were bathed in a clear gray light.

June observed that most of the furniture was of carved oak of that light tobacco color obtained only from the polishing hand of Time. It reminded her of some furniture from an old English Georgian house she had once seen at Moose Factory on Hudson's Bay during her childhood there. Upon the brown walls she saw what she supposed to be old Spanish prints, and on the mantelpiece over the broad stone fireplace were a few porcelains, to whose exquisite color and design she indistin-

tively responded. A single Japanese screen of cream-colored silk embroidered with flying birds arrested her attention in one corner.

Diversity, June thought, and yet not confusion; various decorative motives subdued and merged into a unique and harmonious whole. It was restful and yet stimulating.

From the couch where she lay she gazed out of French windows hung with dark silk curtains, upon a magnificent garden at the rear of the house, now just springing into new, green life. Off beyond through a notch in the cliff, she glimpsed the deep blue waters of the ocean and far away on the mainland, thrusting through a mantle of pearl gray clouds, the gleaming snow peaks of the Sierras.

June drank in wonderingly these beauties so new and strange to her, and yet curiosity dominated her delight. Why had this great house been built here isolated and alone? By whose whim had such luxury been lavished upon it inside and out; and for what purpose?

A vague feeling of disquietude followed her questioning, a feeling somehow associated with Mrs. Spence.

The room grew darker; the malevolent face of a savage god leered at her fixedly from a corner, and she shivered a little. She felt suddenly very lonely and helpless, and wished vainly that Paul had not gone.

MRS. SPENCE hurried in with lights and kindled the fire which was already laid. Then, without apology for having left her guest, she sat down nearby. June welcomed the company such as it was, and the opportunity to talk.

But Mrs. Spence was not communicative. In the frequent silences the storm that Briscoe had prophesied commenced to make its approach known by intermittent gusts of wind.

June remarked upon the beautiful things in the house, and upon their having been gathered in this lonely spot.

"Yes," said Mrs. Spence. "There's a bedroom off this room that you can use for the night. Then you won't have to climb stairs."

"Who owns this house?" June asked.

"Mr. Holt."

"Doesn't he use it?"

"Sometimes." Mrs. Spence rocked complacently and blinked her weak eyes. At a quarter to six she rose with the remark that she would instruct about Miss Magregor's dinner, and again left June alone.

IT had begun to rain. In the intervals between gusts there was a steady, solid drumming which increased with the volume of water. June was not yet used to the rains of a California winter, and now as the sky opened and the noise of water drowned all other sound, she felt herself in the grip of terror.

It was as if a cataract were falling upon the house. The wind was beaten down beneath the mass, and it seemed as if the hills must be flayed to the bare rock. Beneath and through the overwhelming sound, trickling, gurgling noises could be heard.

Presently Mrs. Spence returned wheeling an invalid's table which, after swinging across the lounge she commenced to set with linen, glass and silver.

In the midst of her labors the deafening deluge ceased abruptly, and the sound of footsteps that seemed to June to come from the veranda, became plainly audible.

"Oh, perhaps that's the man from the village with my things!" she exclaimed, hopefully.

Almost as she spoke a door leading from the west wing of the house opened, and a man, drenched and dripping, appeared in the doorway. At sight of June he stood, a look of amazement on his face.

Mrs. Spence glanced at him with what seemed to June apology, almost fear.

"No," she said. "That's Mr. Holt!"

CHAPTER III

DURING a long moment of mutual adjustment to the unexpected, neither spoke nor moved. Then June, to relieve the somewhat extraordinary situation, said simply, with quickening color:

"I must apologize for occupying your house, Mr. Holt, but the truth is I twisted my ankle this afternoon in the canyon, and was brought here. When this storm came up, Mr. Briscoe and—the other Graphic moving picture people, thought they had better leave me overnight."

The man's intelligent face, a rather

broad face with a salient jaw, and topped by a thatch of reddish-gold hair, changed expression slowly from amazement to contemplation, and finally to satisfaction. He nodded his head, smiling.

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"Just a minute now, Miss, and I will have things in," she promised, with a noticeable change in tone and manner to-

wards her charge. "But first the sherry —"

"It was thoughtful of Mr. Holt," June said, "but please don't get it. I'd much prefer hot tea."

THE house resumed its silence except for the drumming rain, and June had her dinner in solitude, a dinner that was an astonishing revelation of this mysterious *menage*. There were sand dabs fried in oil, a saddle of venison, and fresh strawberries, all prepared in what June had come to know in New York as the "chef manner." But now that she had met the owner of the establishment her wonder at it was tempered; he seemed the living symbol of the unexpected.

After dinner she asked Mrs. Spence for a book from the shelves along the wall, and read contentedly for an hour. Then there came a ring at the bell, and the housekeeper presently appeared with June's two drenched bags. June sent the intrepid adventurer who had brought them a dollar, and resumed her reading. By this time the swelling of her ankle had subsided considerably, and she had put on her stocking and slipper.

Another hour passed and June, yawning sleepily, was about to call Mrs. Spence and go to bed, when she heard approaching footsteps. A moment later, dispensing with any formalities, Holt walked into the room. He was dressed in a Norfolk lounge suit of tweed, and had the air of being at once exceedingly comfortable and indifferent to his appearance.

Closing the door behind him he walked to the hearth and stirred up the fragrant greasewood fire. Then turning, he rested his arm on the mantelpiece and looked at her.

"So you're with the Graphic Company," he said directly. "When did you join?" He apparently did not think it incumbent to mention his long and inexplicable absence.

Standing there dry and at ease he offered better opportunity for inspection, and June studied him. He was taller than medium height, with the loose, big-boned figure that is called "rangy." Yet he was not thin; good living had obliterated what must have been a boyhood lankness. Beneath his almost unkempt hair he looked at her out of steady, very blue eyes.

And yet, to June those eyes seemed by years the oldest part of him, for out of them gazed wearied boredom, the ennui of jadedness and disillusionment. He had the low-bridged nose of pugnacity, and his mouth and chin showed alternately good humor and iron determination.

"I've only been here a month," June deprecated, answering his question. "I came west with Mr. Briscoe and Miss Tanner after we came down from the North."

He stared at her blankly for a moment.

"Look here!" he said then. "You can't be the girl this director—er—Briscoe—found up there in the woods! You see," he laughed, "like everybody else in America, I waste my time keeping track of you movie people."

June's eyebrows ascended in the grand manner.

"I am none other," she said, melodramatically.

"Well!" He seemed astonished. He walked to a chair near the lounge and sat down. "You will now be examined in the Shorter Catechism," he announced. "May I have one of your cigarettes?" He opened a box of Chinese lacquer on a nearby tabouret.

She gave permission, smothering a yawn.

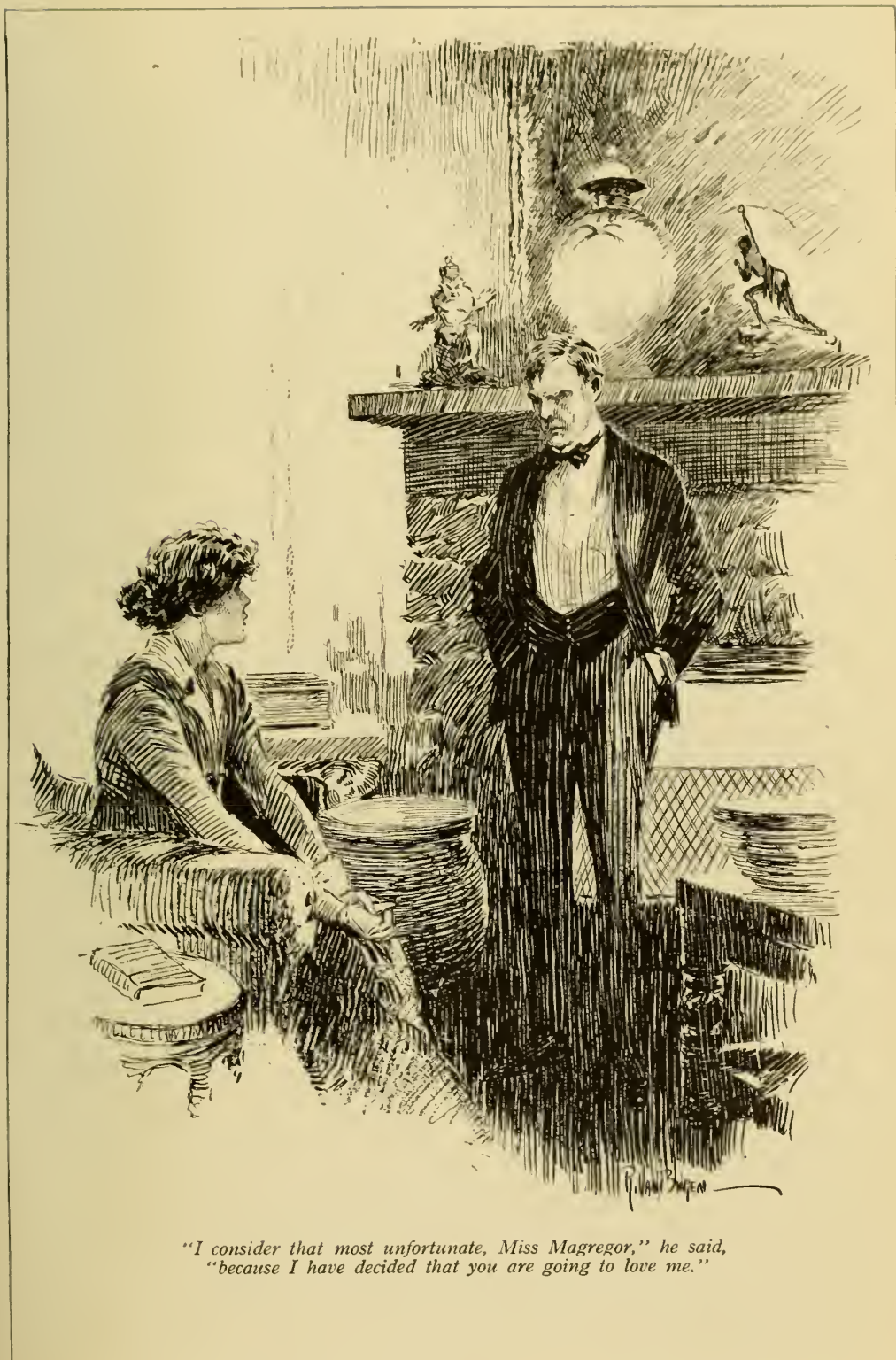
"I don't want to be catechised," she said. "I was just going to bed."

"Well, you can't go yet," he said, flatly. "Now, tell me, how did you happen to connect with these moving picture people?"

For a moment June rebelled. Then she laughed and gave way.

"I was living with my father at Fort McLeod, a Hudson's Bay Post on the Onipee River in Canada," she said. "When Mr. Briscoe and the eastern Graphic company came into the bush. They were filming 'A Wilderness Idyl,' and had a camp two miles above us on the river. We first came to know them when Mr. Briscoe wanted to use the Fort for exterior scenes—father was the factor there, you know. Of course, as they came up in August and stayed into December, I got to know them all rather well."

She stopped, smiling enigmatically at the threadbare recital, and at how it had hinted nothing of the swift, intense drama



*"I consider that most unfortunate, Miss Magregor," he said,
"because I have decided that you are going to love me."*

of emotion and feeling she had lived during those months. She recalled in swift retrospect her almost disastrous infatuation for Jack Baillie, a member of the Graphics, her rescue in the nick of time by Paul Temple, and the growth of her great love for him,—a love impeded, and almost destroyed, by the vindictive resurrection of his own earlier domestic tragedy.

"Yes," said Holt, "but that doesn't tell me how you came to be an actress yourself."

June shook off her memories. "It was quite simple. I accidently did a little part one day that Mr. Briscoe liked. And then another time I 'doubled' for the leading lady in a stunt in some rapids, and that pleased him too. He told me he thought I might do well some day."

"Bless my soul!" Holt exclaimed. "the woman's modest! But now, tell me this —"

THEY talked on. To June there was a feeling almost of unreality about this *tete-a-tete* which had come as a fitting climax to the strange events of the afternoon. Outside the rain drummed and beat with the rising wind; inside the yellow lamplight shone upon luxury unlooked for in such a place. The activities of every day, of Briscoe and Paul and the studio, seemed to recede as in a dream to a great distance.

Then, presently, her unsatisfied curiosity regarding her surroundings reasserted itself, and with an abruptness that savored of her host's own manner, she asked:

"But Mr. Holt, how did you reach the island? There is no steamer from the mainland at the time you came."

He stared at her a moment.

"My own *put! put!*" he replied. "I have a landing in the next cove."

"Really! I didn't notice any landing when we came over," she said.

"Concealed entrance. It used to be a pirate harbor." He rose, smiling, and walked leisurely towards the lounge. "And now I'll take pity on those yawns you have so dismally failed to conceal and let you go." He held out his hand. "Good-night. But first how's the ankle?"

"It must be much better," she said, ingenuously. "I haven't noticed it for fully an hour."

"I do indeed thank you," he said, and laughing, left her.

June's big, richly-furnished bedroom was in the west wing of the house. She awoke the next morning to the endless trickle and mutter of rain, and the gusty commotion of the wind against her windows. The storm seemed to her to have increased rather than abated, and she wondered whether men would come through such weather to take her to the village.

Obedying Mrs. Spence's instructions of the night before, June rang the bell on the little night table beside the bed, and the housekeeper appeared. First came the bath, and then breakfast in negligee at a little table by the window, a lazy experience novel to June. Afterwards Mrs. Spence treated the injured ankle, and bound it firmly with strips of muslin, remarking that it "weren't hardly swole at all." Nevertheless, June could hardly touch the foot to the floor.

By ten o'clock, wearing a trim, well-cut, blue serge dress, freshened at the neck with a white collar (all her present clothes were the result of a shopping *débauch* in New York), she was ensconced in a great comfortable chair near the library fire with a book. Through the windows the world presented a gray and dripping prospect; dim shapes of hills shrouded in fog, the canyon dark and wet, a beaten, bedraggled garden, and an occasional glimpse of a brown and tossing sea.

In half an hour unmistakably masculine footsteps sounded, and Holt made his appearance, arrayed in his tweeds of the night before, and with his reddish hair partially disciplined.

He played the host gracefully, inquiring after June's ankle, her night's sleep, and her breakfast, and he did it with an air and tone of genuine interest. Then, waving his hand towards the world outside, he said:

"I'm delighted to announce that you won't be able to go home to-day. Miss Magregor. I don't believe there will be any boat from the mainland."

"No boat!" she exclaimed. This was a contingency she had not thought of.

"No," he said. "it's too rough. Sometimes in the winter months, when the weather's very bad they skip a day, and that was a real storm last night. However, I'll send a man to the village this morning to make sure."

For a moment June was upset as she thought of Paul and his anxiety, but then reason told her that he would doubtless get into communication with the mainland office of the line, and learn the circumstances. After a little she resigned herself to the situation.

Noting her perturbation, Holt reassured her tactfully. He stood negligently at ease as he talked, and presently June saw his gaze kindle as he looked at her. It was the first time he had become aware of the slender, lithe figure made almost sinewy by former hardships in the North, that supplemented the unusual beauty of her face.

As he registered his undisguised admiration, June experienced the age-old, instinctive response—a little tick of satisfied vanity. A faint color stained her cheeks.

"I think this room is full of the loveliest things," she said, demurely. "I've been admiring them so much."

"Have you really!" he said, with quick pleasure, and turned to the mantelpiece. "Those—" he indicated the exquisite porcelains June had noted the night before, whose color seemed to bloom beneath their outer glaze, "those are Chinese of the Kang-hi period, and can't be duplicated. And this," he laid his hand affectionately on a chair set apart from the rest, "is one of the few genuine Sheratons."

He went about the room simply and happily, pointing out his treasures and telling their histories, and June noticed that them for a brief space the jaded, old look was gone from his eyes.

"I didn't have all this once," he said, suddenly, and the muscles of his jaw set. "But I always wanted it, and even when I was driving a truck I swore I'd have it." He seemed to speak through set teeth. "And I got it! By God, I made 'em come through, and my next birthday cake will have only thirty-six candles on it, at that!" He laughed suddenly as if to discount his earnestness, and turned to the ugly, leering god that June abhorred. . . .

THE transition from Samurai sword inscriptions to a game of cards *a deux*, had somehow been accomplished, and the two faced each other across a small table.

"Look here!" he said, crossly. "You know too much about this game. You get Big Casino every time."

"And why not?" she inquired, loftily. "Wasn't I the admitted Casino champion within a hundred miles of Fort McLeod? I could even beat father, though he always spoiled his cards by worrying about his soul. Dear father! He's sternly Scotch Presbyterian."

"Poor old chap! I prefer to be Methodist myself . . . But—look here! Confound it, you took all eleven points that hand!"

"There's so much in playing one's cards, don't you think?"

"Original thought, that! But quit putting on airs, young lady, or you won't get any lunch."

"You forget. This house and everything in it is mine. You gave it to me yourself."

He groaned. "The woman's right. But have a care, girl! I'll not stand oppression . . . Ah, the emissary of food!"

Mrs. Spence had appeared in the doorway, and now announced luncheon. Holt sprang up at once and, pulling out the table, helped June to her feet. Then she, with his assistance and that of a cane he had brought, made her slow way into the dining room, a spacious hall panelled in mahogany.

During the meal the gay mood of the card game persisted, and June could not help experiencing a sense of satisfaction at her ability to keep pace with Holt's lively banter. It seemed almost incredible that eight months before she had known nothing of this brighter world into which circumstances had so strangely precipitated her. But she was grateful for the strenuous preparatory course which six months with the Graphics in the North had given her.

They had just risen from the table when the servant who had been sent to the village returned with the confirmation of Holt's prophecy that there would be no boat leaving the island that day.

With June ensconced once more in her big chair, Holt took leave of her and disappeared. Again June mentally approved his good taste and consideration. Her experience, and the impact of new impressions and sensations had tired her, and she wanted to rest. She sank into a drowsy state of indolent relaxation.

Listening to the rain without, and the

crackle of the fire within, she felt extremely sheltered and cosy. To be thus wrapped in a luxury and comfort which made the world seem but a perfectly oiled machine of service, was a new experience, and suggested infinite delectable possibilities. She remembered, almost wonderingly, that always before she had had to battle with a vindictive Nature for the very right to exist. Now she basked. . . .

SHE was awakened from her somnolent, dreamy state by the muffled thrumming and tinkling of a stringed instrument nearby, and returned to the consciousness of her surroundings with a start. She saw that it was dark outside, and consulting her watch by the light of the candles Mrs. Spence must have lighted, she found it to be after six o'clock. She became aware also that the storm has ceased.

Now the strumming which she judged to be in an adjoining room, became a teasing vamp and almost at once a good baritone voice commenced to lament:

*"I'm 'way down east, down east,
And my heart is pining, pining for you,
You're 'way out west, out west,
And my soul is craving, craving for
you,
I love you so,
Just you, I know.
It takes six days to go there in a train.
Just one more week and I'll be with
you again.
I—long—to—be*

*"Down among the sheltering palms
Oh, honey, wait for me, oh honey, wait
for me,
Meet me down by the old Golden
Gate
Out where the sun goes down about
eight.
How my love is burning, burning,
burning,
How my heart is yearning, yearning,
yearning
To be down among the sheltering
palms,
Oh, honey, wait—for—me."*

Inexplicably the song moved June: somehow the "poet" had got the loneliness of separation and discouragement into the inelegant words, and the composer had

added poignancy with a pathetically gay melody. She applauded.

The music stopped, and the doors were pushed open to admit Holt in dinner dress and carrying a *ukelele*, the little four-stringed Hawaiian guitar.

"You did well to interrupt," he said. "I was just about to sing the second verse."

"I enjoyed it, really; it made me feel perfectly miserable."

"How you must look forward to music! But really, these song-factory hands sometimes do turn out a combination human enough to get a response from the White House to the poor house. Ahem!" He cleared his throat loudly in the approved oratorical method.

June laughed. This man represented a new type to her—a type whose occasional roughnesses chafed, and yet whose variety of charm undeniably intrigued the interest. Successfully unconventional, he seemed to combine the ruthlessness he had brought to bear to make his fortune, with a cultivation that fortune had placed within his reach. . . .

DINNER proved to be as merry but more formal a meal than lunch, a meal so perfectly prepared and served that when they had returned to the library again, June remarked upon it.

"Well, I ate camp chuck and rushed cafeterias so long in my early days," replied Holt, grimly, "that I swore when I got rich I'd make up for it, and I have. I usually do what I say, and get what I want."

"How delightful. You ought to reveal your method to the world. There's need of it." June had seen New York's East Side.

"I would, if it would do any good," he said, with sudden harsh intolerance, "but it wouldn't, for two reasons. First, most people don't know what they want, and second, they're too lazy to go after it till they get it. If they did those two things, they wouldn't need any information from me."

This led to a more or less serious discussion of motives and aims in which June was soon out of her depth, since her contact with the great world of struggle and ambition had been so brief and untroubled. She found Holt a curious mixture of sordid

materialism and bright, almost Quixotic ideals.

"But I think you're rather selfish," she said, candidly. "What good, for instance, is this big house and all the beautiful things in it when you are alone in the world?" She halted in confusion. "That is, I suppose—" she faltered, her voice trailing off.

He glanced sharply at her and then laughed shortly.

"Yes, you're right, I'm not married," he said. "I have yet to meet a woman friendly enough."

Her ripe lips made a little "O" of surprise and astonishment.

"Not friendly enough!"

"Yes. All the women I've known I've either loved or hated, and neither emotion seems a safe basis for marriage, if my observation is worth anything."

With the cynicism it seemed to June that the disillusioned look settled about his eyes, and this new manner disconcerted her a little.

"How interesting!" she said lightly. "Especially to the women if they could only know in advance, whether you were going to love or hate them."

He had risen and was standing with his back to the fire and his hands in his pockets looking down at her with a level implicit gaze.

"Well, as to that," he said evenly. "I can tell *you* in advance that I'm going to love you. Your knowing now will save any misunderstanding later."

FOR once June was at a loss how to meet him—what to do or say. In the same moment she was astonished, angered, amused, and a little frightened. His gaze was relentless, but she summoned her self-possession to meet it.

"That is thoughtful of you, I'm sure," she said gallantly, while the rich color flooded her neck and face. "And now

won't you sing something else? I enjoyed the other so much."

He did not move nor did his eyes leave her, but within he felt a stir of admiration for the splendid defense her inexperience was making. She felt his gaze, now, as something implacable.

"I see," he said, studying that flush and hazarding a shrewd guess. "You're in love with someone else. I might have known it."

"Yes," she told him, with a sudden surge of relief. "I am. I am engaged to be married." Her forgotten blissful state seemed a sort of haven of refuge in that moment.

Holt appeared to think.

"I consider that most unfortunate, Miss Magregor," he said, "because"—his voice was coolly purposeful—"I have decided that you are going to love me."

Her momentary sense of security dissolved, and she was at a loss again, this time out of her depth. But once more her wilderness instinct for self-preservation responded to her need. She stood up, forgetful of her ankle.

"I think I will say good-night now," she said with a fixed smile, her heart pounding.

He took his hands out of his pockets.

"Just a moment! You don't believe me, of course, Miss Magregor. That's all right. But I just thought I'd tell you this: When I want a thing, I get it. Good-night." And without glancing at her again, he walked out of the room.

THE next morning when Mrs. Spence entered June's room with a breakfast tray, the storm had gone and the sun was shining brightly.

"Mr. Holt's gone, Miss," that worthy announced, "and he said for me to tell you that there'd be a boat to-day. He also told me to say that you was to give the house back to me—whatever that means."

(To be Continued)



© Saronv

BILLIE BURKE

—or it might be Peggy Burke, for it was through the medium of that photoplay that Miss Burke was introduced to the film world. The debut was an auspicious one for both the star and the public. In the latter instance because another twinkling light was added to the screen firmament; and as to the star, it won for her an engagement for a film serial, "Gloria's Romance," at what is said to be the highest salary paid any actress for a period of any length.

Interviewing Fannie

PATIENT SCRIBE PURSUES
MISS WARD AND GETS— BUT
THERE ARE *SOME* FACTS

By
Kenneth McGaffey

Photography by Raymond Stagg

“GOOD morning Fannie.”
“Good morning, Mac.”
“Say, Fannie, I’ve got to write an interview with you.”
“All right, shoot; but for the love of Mike, don’t write about my jewelry. You have worked it to death.”

“Sit down here and tell me the story of your life, from the cradle to the grave.”

“Can’t stop now. Must hurry and make up. Mr. De Mille will be calling for me any minute.”

“When?”

“As soon as I get dressed and while we are waiting for a scene.”

(Business of waiting forty-five minutes for Miss Ward to put on one simple little gown.)

She appears. Interviewer steps forward expectantly. Voice of assistant director—

“All ready, Miss Ward.”

(Business of waiting one hour and forty minutes while scenes are being rehearsed and photographed.)

The scenes are finally finished and Miss Ward returns.

“Now, let’s go somewhere, sit down and you can tell me what you want.”

“Here, these chairs

“Be back in just a moment. Wait right here.”



Here we have Miss Ward and Friend Husband, whose name appears on the casts as Jack Dean. This photograph illustrates their first quarrel. (Bridal couples always smile like that when caught quarreling.) The goat is the Lasky mascot.





(Business of going into dressing room, removing many gowns from chairs and pausing with pencil poised.)

"Now, Miss Ward, you were saying—"

"Isn't it funny they cast me for these heavy parts? You know I always thought I was a comedienne until Mr. De Mille showed me different. Now I don't do anything

*"I always thought I was a comedienne. Now I don't do anything but emote."
(A scene from "The Cheat.")*

will do. Won't you be seated, Miss Ward?"

"Thank you. Now what is this interview to be about?"

"About two thousand words and— (voice of property man—"Will you please let us have them chairs. They are wanted for this set.")

"Well, we can go over, sit on that bench and have a nice, cozy little chat."

(Business of sitting on bench.)

"Now, Miss Ward, while you were appearing in 'The Marriage of William Ashe' in London, did you ever expect to appear in motion pictures in Hollywood and if so, why?"

"At that time in London the cinematograph was not very popular. as—no, you spell it with a C not a K—"

(Stage manager appears—"I am very sorry but I will have to disturb you folks. We are going to put up a ballroom here.")

"Come into my dressing room. They can't disturb us there."

"I told them I could not ride that horse and when it bucked me off right in Jack Dean's arms, there was nothing left for me to do but marry the man."



but emote. Why, I have shed—"

Voice of assistant director. "Mr. De Mille has called lunch, Miss Ward. One hour. Your car is waiting outside."

"My goodness, only an hour. I must hurry right home. I'll tell you all about it when I get back."

(Business of waiting one hour and thirty minutes for lunch.)

Miss Ward returns.

"Dear me, I hope I'm not late but just as we turned out of the drive, a tire picked up a nail and I had to wait until the driver changed wheels. Where was I? Oh, yes. I received these gowns from Paris. They were designed by Martial Armond, the

"All right, shoot; but for the love of Mike, don't write about my jewelry." (The desperado: Mr. McGaffey.)



The home in Hollywood which Miss Ward purchased last winter.



expected to be in Berlin any minute after he got to the front. You know that ermine coat I had on in 'The Cheat' when the bridge broke and I fell into the water? — well, I have taken—"

Voice of assistant director. "All ready, Miss Ward."

"Be back in just a moment. Wait right here."

(Business of gazing at gowns, mirrors, toilet articles, slippers, curtains and out of window for two hours and ten minutes.)

Miss Ward enters.

"You see it didn't take long. I knew I would be right back. As I was saying, I told them I could not ride that horse in 'Tennessee's Partner' and when it bucked me off right in Jack Dean's

famous costumèr, just before he was called to the front. He designs everything I wear. He seemed eager to join his regiment. He told me that after being a modiste as long as he had been, a few German armies held no terrors for him and he

arms, there was nothing left for me to do but marry the man. We don't care if we never see New York again. We've got the loveliest house up on the side of the hill and when we get it all fixed up it will be beautiful. I was just saying to Jack this

morning that the decorators and carpenters seem to have dug themselves in for the season and until they get through mussing up each other's work we had better live in the garage and hope that the championship will remain in America—"

Property man appearing at door. "Miss Ward, if you don't mind moving for a few minutes, we can put down this new rug on the floor."

"Oh, not at all. We can take a walk out in the lot and see what is going on. I just love this motion picture work. It keeps one out in the open air. Going to the theatre night after night breaks in so on your evenings. While I was playing 'Madam President' in New York, I had to give up my box at the opera. So different out here. I seldom, if ever, have to work at night. I look forward to the time when I can stay home evenings, sit in front of the fire and darn stockings. Just at present I sit in the middle of the dining room table and darn the decorators. But that is neither here nor there. You know I thought waiters were the lowest form of animal

life, but since we have started refurnishing this house I have discovered—"

Voice of excited director—"Hey, get out of my scene."

"Far be it from me to spoil his scene, but just because he was so noisy, I hope he gets static. Isn't it funny—the last two pictures I have been in I have had to wear simple little frocks or costumes and for five consecutive years I have won the prize as the best dressed actress in London. All summer I wore furs and heavy clothing and when the coldest winter California has ever known came along, I had about a million scenes in a light, thin tea gown. I did get to wear a couple of nice gowns in 'The Cheat,' but I have a number in my dressing room I have never had on. My maid thinks it's terrible that I don't wear them whether the story calls for them or not."

Assistant director appears, breathless—"All ready, Miss Ward. We have been looking all over the studio for you."

"My, how time does fly. I must hurry. Good-bye. I know you have enough about me to fill an encyclopedia."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *For the benefit of such readers as perused the foregoing with the expectation of acquiring some real information concerning Miss Ward—and who were as joyfully bunked as was the editor—the following data is provided: Miss Ward is a native of St. Louis and her family name was Buchanan. She made her stage debut in New York in 1890. First appearance in London in 1894. Was first American actress ever taken up by British society. Owns a beautiful home in London. Returned to America in 1906. Since that time has appeared in many New York and London productions. Has a collection of gems which was recently appraised at nearly a half million dollars. Owns three strings of pearls valued at \$200,000. Her first photoplay, Lasky's "The Marriage of Kitty." In private life, Miss Ward is Mrs. Jack Dean. Mr. Dean also plays leads for Lasky.*

NOTABLE WOMEN OF HISTORY

Theda Bara.
Cleopatra.
Elinor Glyn.
Teddy Sampson.
Pocahontas.
Cleo Madison.
Phoebe Snow.
Florence Lawrence.

Lydia Pinkham.
Ruth Roland.
Eva Tanguay.
Mae Bush.
Mrs. Caesar.
Lotta Miles.
Kitty Gordon.
Xantippe.

PITY THE POOR WORKING GIRL



Lillian Gish, the humble picture actress, creeps wearily forth at dawn to earn the pittance which keeps her from starvation.

Belasco's Teacher's Boy

THE GREAT HERITAGE AND GREAT
REALIZATION OF HOLBROOK BLINN;
MAN FIRST, ACTOR AFTERWARD

until she reached the severe and spectactled years of spinsterhood. She married, and from all accounts lived a long and praiseworthy life as a matron who had been a girl in California's morning, maturing with the golden fruition of its splendid noon. It is with her son that these paragraphs are concerned, for she married a man named Blinn. To her son she gave her maiden name: "Holbrook."

Holbrook Blinn became and is today one of the most illustrious and capable of American actors.

On the screen you have seen him in productions of the World Film Corporation. He has

Although a gentleman farmer, Mr. Blinn is not afraid to soil his hands with manual labor as these pictures indicate.

WHEN David Belasco was a small boy, attending the primitive schools of early California, his most resultful teacher was a Miss Nellie Holbrook. In his recently published autobiography Mr. Belasco says that it was she who stirred in him the first whisperings of dramatic ambition; that her faith, her big heart, her fine mind and her kind helpfulness gave him his first confidence in himself and his premier grip on the arts.

But Miss Holbrook—whom we are led to believe was a fascinating and thoroughly womanly young woman—did not continue as a pedagogue





"Journey's End," the Blinns' country place near Croton-on-the-Hudson.

played a varied line of parts, but all his delineations have been characters of power and thoughtfulness, lightened by brief, flashing touches of inimitably human comedy. Remember his grim and terrible McTeague—and the good-natured fun of the ungraduate dentist's earlier days?

His greatest single rôle was Jim Platt, the yeggman protagonist of "Salvation Nell." In this part he is known throughout the English-speaking world.

Probably his biggest dramatic achievement was the foundation of New York's celebrated Princess theatre of one-act plays, of which he was director during the three years of its policy of single-act-drama.

Holbrook Blinn happens to be the physical counterpart,

and in many ways the facial double of Napoleon. His appearance as Napoleon in "The Duchess of Dantzic" was a sensation in London, and he received an invitation from the Comedie Francaise to impersonate the Emperor in a French play in Paris.

He is married, and his wife is his constant companion. On the dramatic stage she has achieved a not inconsiderable reputation under her own name, Ruth Benson. They have no children.

Mr. Blinn's year-round home is "Journey's End," a country-place near Croton-on-the-Hudson, New York.

Here he is not a city man luxuriating in unaccustomed spaces and unwontedly clean air, but a resident farmer, who takes pleasure in his dairy cows, his horses and his crops.



Farmer Blinn and one of the equine pets from his stable of thoroughbreds.



Exclusive Stagg Photography

Mabel Normand—At Home Again

THIS has been the gayest winter in New York's history. Capital of the world, and all that.

Mabel Normand was there.

We don't connect the two events, any more than we connect sunshine and growing grass, or blue eggs and baby robins. Draw your own conclusions.

But what we took Remington in hand to say was: Mabel Normand has left her Broadway evenings, and her Fort Lee daytimes, and has transcontinentalized herself back to Los Angeles; the place which made her one in fame with the Queen of Sheba, and Juliet, and Empress Josephine, and other prominent society dames.

Herewith the lens paints her first lazy, loungy, comfy day in her own home on the Angel City's Orange street. Above, she is only eating a fountain pen; she is not really writing a letter. On the following page she is giving all outdoors a treat by looking at it; and on the page after that she becomes lost in the world's greatest magazine.



A study in black and white and pajamas.

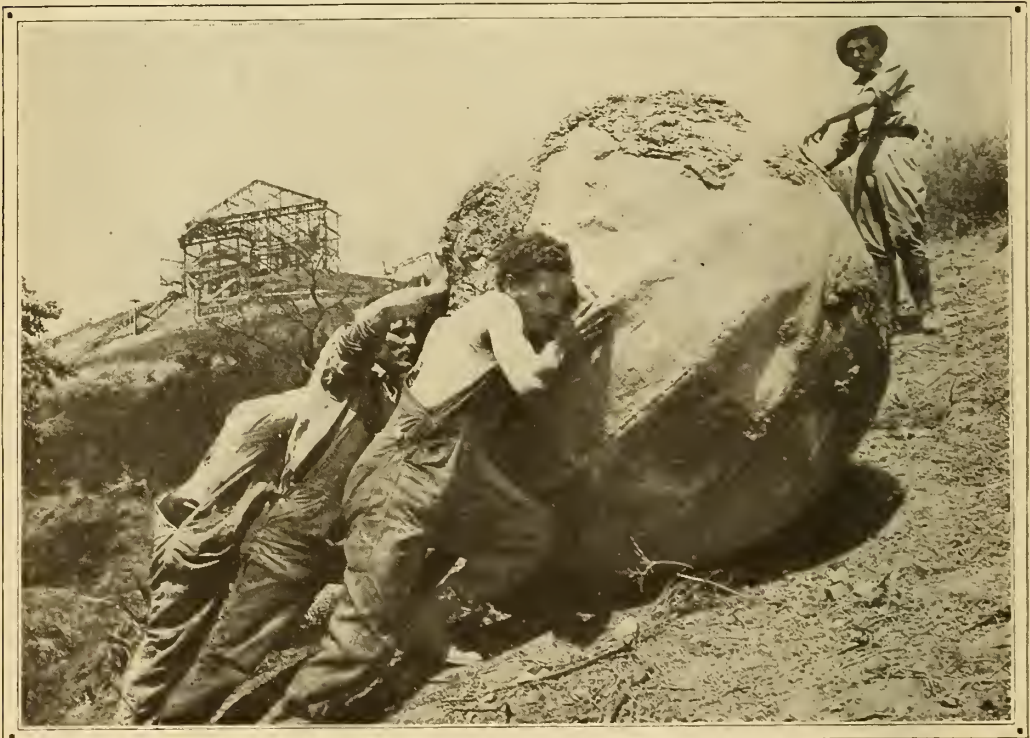


Miss Normand is very particular about her reading matter.

Film Folk of the Pacific Honor



Above—Some of the Los Angeles Photoplay folk who staged "Julius Caesar" al fresco at Hollywood: De Wolf Hopper, Frank Keenan, Tyrone Power, Sarah Truax, Theodore Roberts and William Farnum. Mr. Roberts shaved off his beard and moustache to play the part of the Roman Emperor. Below—Using the hill places of Hollywood to stage the "sets."



Shakespeare and Aid Actors' Fund



Above—Director Raymond Wells of the Fine Arts studios superintending the construction of Cleopatra's litter. Seats for fifty thousand paid admissions were placed for this monster production of "Julius Caesar." Below—Modeling miniature "sets" for the great pageant; the seated figure is Mr. Wells; W. W. Campbell kneeling; and J. F. McPhearson.



A RELIC OF THE SCREEN'S MEDIEVAL AGE



This historic picture is a Kalem "still" of the first photoplay in which Alice Joyce played the lead. She is being embraced by George Melford, now one of Lasky's chief directors. The two cowboys in the foreground are Dick Ridgely, husband of Cleo (with the white "chaps") and J. P. McGowan (at extreme right).

Can a Man and a Woman Live Down Their Past,
When They Have Quit It for a Clean Future?
That Problem John Remington Had to Solve.

GOING STRAIGHT

By Bernard McConville

Produced by Fine Arts Film Company

IT was the end of the business day in John Remington's office, and as he signed the last of the pile of neatly typed letters a stenographer had laid on his desk, he smiled. There was the certainty of a handsome profit in the clean-cut words of that letter, and a deal well turned meant to him always one thing, the purchase of more and more happiness for his wife, his children, his home. Signaling an assistant to take the finished mail away, he rose and stood at the window and gazed down into the busy San Francisco street, now filled with rush-hour crowds.

He wondered how many of those hurrying people were as happy as he. He wondered if many of them—if any of them—in the struggle for existence had been enmeshed in and fought free of as devilish a net of environment, of circumstance, of crooked impulse, as he.

"Ah well," he said softly to himself, "that's all in the past—thank God! What need to analyze one's happiness? It is enough to have it, and—yes, and to hold it! Let the dark past alone in its shadows. It is buried, forever buried. The present is to enjoy. The future is to achieve. I did not know success could be so sweet. *Clean* success."

As Remington strode through the streets to the six-o'clock train which would bear him to his home in Burlingame, a sodden man lurched out of a corner saloon and stared at him; the fixed, unseeing stare of the drunkard. And as Remington looked with a sick thrill of recognition into that bloated face, the pillars of his happiness seemed to crumble, the roof of his assurance to fall with a crash.

It was Briggs. Not the Briggs of other

days, but what liquor had made of him. The lurching slouch, the battered hat pulled down, the soiled and crumpled clothes, the burst shoes that had not been cleaned in weeks, these were but sordid details that etched into Remington's eye. It was the *face*—the face he could never forget! He had believed the man dead;

mangled under a freight train was the report. And here he was, like an ugly figure



—little Jim, the ragged newsboy whom he had picked up and attached to himself for the sake of the few nickels he could rob the boy of daily.

from the grave. *Briggs back again!*

"Did he recognize me? Did he see me?" The question leaped insistent, torturing, in his brain with every pounding of the blood at his temples, as Remington hurried past, fearful to look back and yet tantalized with desire to. No, surely, that fixed, drunken stare as they had crossed each other's path in the crowd held no sanity to observe. There was hope in that, and comfort. But the hope was not so strong as the fear; and in the train, as it sped him homeward, Remington sought vainly to blot out those features as he scanned the headlines of the evening paper. It was no use.

Grace and the children were waiting him on the lawn, and a great wave of tenderness rushed over him at sight of the

"Help! Help!" The woman's voice rang piercingly through the house, and a flood of electric light sprang up as her outflung hand touched the wall-button by her bed.



lovely picture. Like an evil blur the face of Briggs faded from his mind as she laughingly wafted him a kiss from her finger-tips and the kiddies swarmed upon him with cries of boisterous delight. Stooping, he gathered them in his arms; little black-eyed Denise, miniature of her lovely mother; small Jack, with his blooming cheeks and bobbed tow hair; and tiny Marjorie, the reticent, with "Muffit" for her household name. How he loved them! God, what they and their mother meant to him! Again the evil face of Briggs passed before his mind's vision. Grace must never know, never know, never know; the words drummed in his brain. They were so happy here. The past was buried. Grace must never know that Briggs lived.

And he fought to be his natural, bright-hearted self all through the hour at the dinner table.

DESPITE his drunkenness, Briggs had little difficulty in threading his way across the city to the dive district known as the Barbary Coast. His destination was a low groggery just off Dupont street, where of late he had spent most of his worthless time drinking and sleeping. At the door of the foul place he lurched into the object of his afternoon's search—little Jim, the ragged newsboy whom he had picked up and attached to himself for the sake of the few nickels he could rob the boy of daily. Neither had a home. The waif was sprawled on the steps of the dive, ravenously devouring a chunk of bread the porter of the place had given him. Briggs kicked him, in disapproval of his eating, and forced him to turn out of his pockets the pitiful earnings of his day.

For once in his life, Briggs had drunk as much cheap whiskey as he wanted. The boy trailing dimly behind,



"You! 'Society Shirley!' I've got—you—now! . . . You don't dare make a holler!" he breathed passionately into her face. "You aint done your—bit—for that Billington job—hold still!"

he made his way to a disreputable lodging house in the neighborhood, frequented by petty thieves and street beggars, and bought himself and little Jim a night's lodging, their bed being the bare, unclean floor. Briggs slouched at once into a stupor of sleep. Jim, barefooted and coatless, shivered in the night chill that crept in from the Bay. A big dog lay asleep at a drunken man's feet. The newsboy cuddled himself against the warmth of the animal's body and so spent the night.

THAT evening, when Remington had kissed his children good-night and they had been taken to their beds, his mind swung back to the disheveled man whose brief appearance in the streets had so startled and sickened him with fear.

The stupid stare of Briggs' bloodshot eyes bored into him, try as he would to fasten his attention on the magazine he pretended to read. He looked up at Grace. Had she sensed this upheaval of thoughts and spirit that had shaken him so? He believed not. How beautiful she was, there among the pillows of the lounge with her book. Then fell the coincidence, the

improbability that is odder than fiction, the occasional happening some of us call fate.

From Grace's book as she turned a leaf slipped a newspaper clipping and fluttered to the floor. She recovered it, and read it nervously. Her agitation was perfectly apparent to Remington, even the trembling of her hand. He crossed to her quickly, a dread of the impalpable at his heart. A swift glance at the garish headlines—and he knew that fate indeed was weaving the strands into a cord that would drag back to them their Past.

Across his vision sprang the whole train of things they two had been, and done, together, until that time when they struck out of the crooked trail into the straight, after little Denise was born. By common agreement, more implied than expressed in words, they had scrupulously avoided all through these later years of their happiness any discussion of that other life the clipping told of—that dark Past which Remington had fondly told himself, as he stood by his office window at the close of the day, was hidden away forever in its own sombre shadows. And now—. Now these

two, who loved so dearly, who together had cleansed the threads of their life and woven of them a bright fabric of sanity, of joy, of success, found themselves alike gripped by a sudden, strange fever to once more review together that Past, to "talk it out" with each other; and they yielded.

As they talked, in low tones, often tense, it was as though their minds were strung to a vague fear, unexpressed but perfectly comprehended each by the other, so one were they. And the episodes of that other life they had lived proceeded each other as though acted before their eyes upon a screen, so vivid was the recalling.

He had been Dan Higgins then; she, "Society Shirley." Their rendezvous was one of the underground chambers in old Chinatown's "Third Circle"—through which one of the initiated could pass, unobserved by the eyes of "outside" foes, from one end of the Oriental quarter to the other. Connecting with their main den was a small secret room, used only by Higgins, master mind of the gang, and Briggs, his chief lieutenant in their criminal undertakings.

ONE day, on the close edge of the crisis which was to bring about the Great Change in the lives of Dan and Shirley, he with Briggs was waiting in the secret room



Servants manacled and took away Briggs before he could expose by the screams, Remington told how he had come late at night to through a window as he arrived, had followed him—

her arrival. She came, wearing the veil which always had kept her the mystery woman to their confederates; they never had seen her face.

She gave her hand briefly to Higgins. These two never betrayed their affection in the presence of any other person.

"Yes?" said Higgins.

"I have it here," she replied, and there was in her voice the confident ring he had learned to associate with success in their undertakings.

She reached into her draperies and brought out a paper and handed it to him.



Remington's lie. . . . And to the household, aroused the Van Normands'; had seen a robber entering and was just in time to rescue her.

"Here is the floor plan of the house," she said in her deep, throaty tones.

Higgins took it and spread it out on a wall-table. He bent over it.

"You are—wonderful!" he said.

Behind her veil the woman flushed with pride. This man was her idol. He never made the false move of flattering her. When she had done well the thing needed, he gave a word of praise. If she came short of the part he had planned for her, he was silent. This was to be their biggest haul. To make possible the robbing of the Billington mansion she had got herself

a place there as governess. She had been in the position less than a week.

Again he said, looking up to her where he bent over the rough drawing of the floor plan of the house, "You are—wonderful. With this we know just what to do." He made a motion with his hand, and Briggs, with a look that swept Shirley's figure from shoulder to floor, quitted the room.

As the door closed silently behind him Shirley threw back her veil, and Higgins, straightening from his scrutiny of the drawing, took her into his arms.

"Oh, my dear!" he breathed against her face.

"Dan!" she whispered. "Oh Dan! When—when—we pull this off—can't we—quit? Please, Dan!" He could not stop the breathless passion of her words. "I'm your pal—I'll stick by you through *everything*, just the same as I have—but—Dan!—we're going to crash—I feel it—it's a woman's intuition—we can't go on this way always and get by—and oh, dear one, I love you so, and I do so want to go straight—with you—"

The man was shaken. He loved this woman. God, how he did love her! He was virile. His splendid health yearned to her. They were two magnificent animals, mentally fine, for some strange reason of the blood pitting their wits to snatch an easy living against the law; and the woman longed to lift her master to higher things, and to go upward with him.

THAT night they robbed the Billington place. The plan went like clockwork. Shirley—sick at heart but hoping for this to be the end of it and the beginning of another way—scratched a match at her window as the signal, and Higgins and Briggs climbed the pillars of the porch and in through the French windows.



Shirley guided them to the wall painting which hid the secret safe containing the jewels—and without a sound to arouse the household they made their haul and got away. Shirley noiselessly slipped to her room and into bed.

But Higgins and Briggs did not know that a man watched them. Tony Bellini, newly appointed private patrolman of the block. He was a real detective in the making; a combination of the fox and the Apache Indian; a fellow cunning and remorseless, once he had struck a trail and the earning of his pay was in sight. He saw the flicker of the match—the climbing—the exit. And, not caring to fight one against two, he went for the police.

It was not until the next morning, as Higgins and Briggs were threading their way to their Chinatown den, that they became aware of the pursuit. Bellini and a couple of police officers in plain clothes were chasing them! Over fences the two crooks jumped—into a tenement house they ran—up and up the stairs—over the roofs—and Higgins shot at the Italian, and thought he “creased” him. But the private watchman merely had dropped to his knees, and the bullet passed harmlessly over him. He stalked the two men to their rendezvous.

There, in the meantime, Shirley had

Then a fist—frenzied, a thing of iron—crashed into Briggs' face, and he crumpled to the floor.

come. The police surrounded the den. They broke in with axes—

Bellini leading them. It was the ugliest fight Chinatown's “Third Circle” ever had known. Briggs, yellow to the bone when cornered, tried to get away through the secret room. Higgins, intent while he battled upon seizing a chance to get Shirley away through that avenue, grappled with him—and in the *mêlée* Shirley escaped through the hidden chamber.

The police took the gang, handcuffed, at last.

It was a clear case in court against Higgins and Briggs, and they were sent to San Quentin for five years.

MONTHS of Dan's time had gone by, and Shirley, living quietly and free of suspicion in a little cottage in Berkeley, mourned the man she loved more dearly than her life. She was about to become a mother.

Her better nature, longing through the years of their criminal tie for a cleaner life, sprang into the full flower of purpose at the birth of little Denise. The wonder and the solemn joy of motherhood determined her. She wrote to Dan, and told him.

They must start life over again—when he got out. She need not tell him how

utter her devotion to him was, she said. He knew that. And now they two had this new thing to live for—their child. He was not only Husband now, he was Father. And Dan, brooding in his cell at night, felt come over him the tenderness she breathed to him. Not at once, for he was full of the bitterness of the caged man—the felon. But there came a night, in the still watches, when, lying rigid on his cot, he clenched his hands and swore whisperingly to himself in the stone silence: "By God, I'll go *straight!* I've got to!"

"NO!" said Higgins. "I'll not go and have a drink with you at Mike's. I'm *through*, Briggs. I've had my whirl at the stuff, and I've done my bit. And—I'm *through*. I go straight from now on. You go—as you choose!"

"Aw right—you d—n quitter!"

That was how the two men parted at the prison gates.

REMINGTON stared at the yellowed newspaper clipping—the fluttered leaf out of their buried past. And he and Grace looked long into each other's

"Grace!" Remington cried. "Grace!" And he seized her in a tumult of protection.

eyes. She must never know that Briggs lived. He must protect her from that. And the bloated face of the man who had lurched out of the saloon as he, John Remington, strode from his office that afternoon, blurred itself in between her features and his. Slowly he tore the clipping into bits, and dropped them into the grate. Grace came to him swiftly, and crept down into his arms.

But Fate had not done with Dan Higgins—*alias* John Remington.

At his office the next morning awaited a client, objecting to the location of a property under option. He suggested another that would suit him better, and Remington consented to look it over at once and state terms. He went out and found it—a warehouse affair owned by the man who kept a saloon next door. He entered the saloon to find the owner. The man was not in, the bartender was telling him—when the old, familiar "tick-tock" signal of his gang days startled him as it was drummed out on the bar. He turned—and looked into the bloated face of Briggs.

"Ha, Old Timer! All toggged out like real folks!" jeered the crook.



"I'll have a word with you—" and Briggs jerked his thumb toward a back room. Reluctantly Remington followed.

"Well?" Briggs snarled, when they had seated themselves at a table in a dim corner and he had ordered drinks with the shrugging remark to the bartender, "He'll pay!"

"Yes! Well? I want coin—see?" Briggs thrust his face across the table.

After stormy words, Remington gave up a roll of bills. "Grace must never know—must never know—he's alive," he caught himself muttering as he hurried from the dive.

Days passed—days of haunting fear. Then late one afternoon, as Remington waited Grace's return from a neighborhood visit, a ragged, forlorn newsboy rang the bell and the maid admitted him—with a letter. It was a note from Briggs demanding money and threatening exposure if it were not paid. Little Jim was the messenger. Remington gave him the money, and savagely warned him never to return. But Grace, crossing the street on her return home, saw the waif—and watched while he delivered the money to Briggs at the corner. *Briggs!* Then he was *not* dead! Instantly her mind was made up. John must never know that *she* knew.

WHEN did a blackmailer, free of bars, quit his prey?

Grace was at home when little Jim brought the next demand—for *five thousand dollars*. The very boldness of the demand staggered Remington, and enraged him. Where was he to lay hands on five thousand cold cash? It was impossible. As he read the impudent letter over again, Grace slipped up behind him playfully and, looking over his shoulder, scanned it. He caught her at the deception—and they two faced each other with sudden misery in their eyes.

"Oh my dear!" she cried, and slipped to her knees beside his chair. Her arms wound about him protectingly. "We will be brave—together—my Boy!" she cried.

He placed his hands on her head. "Grace," he whispered, "it has come—at last. Love me, dear—I need you now."

And as always it has been in the broken bridges of a man's life, she, the woman, rose swiftly to mend the fallen piers. She soothed him. And he, rallying himself to the protection of the weaker which

is in itself the stronger, comforted himself by comforting her.

Holding each in the other's embrace, they pledged they would pay no more tribute to their Past.

But Briggs had not played his last card.

He came himself that night, at the dinner hour; insolent, desperate, crafty. And when Remington would have thrown him bodily out of the house with savage refusal of his demands, Grace interposed.

"Wait—oh, let us wait and think!" she implored. And Remington yielded.

"That's better," leered Briggs. "Now we c'n talk. I don't s'pose you *have* got five thous' y' c'n lay yer hand on. I been bleedin' y' pretty stiff—wat say? Well, I've got another out fer y', an' I'll spread it. Look."

The crook's proposition was simple. He had a "crib" job on hand. Remington—Higgins—was an old hand at the cracksmen job. He should accompany Briggs, "pour the soup and touch 'er off," they would divide the "swag" "fifty-fifty," and Briggs forevermore would let Remington alone. Furthermore, he volunteered to quit the country.

Remington heard Briggs out in sullen silence. Then the rage that was consuming him flared up.

"You dirty hound!" he cried, "get out of my house! I was a crook with you—yes! But I'm straight now, and I have been for years. Before I'd go back to that rotten old life I'd—"

"Before you'd go back to 'that rotten old life,'" sneered Briggs, "you'd let me *put your wife in jail, eh?* Mrs. Remington!—'Society Shirley' *that was!* Remember! She's never done her bit yet fer that Billington job."

It was Grace who flung herself in front of Remington as he leaped for the other's throat. "*Don't! Don't!*" she screamed. "You'll kill him!"

Remington fell back. "That's what I ought to do," he muttered.

IT came to Remington as in a dream that night as he turned and tossed in his bed—the courtroom scene: Grace standing before the judge to be sentenced; the hand of the bailiff on her shoulder—dragging her away to a cell; her arms

(Continued on page 162)

Here Are the Winners!

"Beauty and Brains" Contest

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ALL OF THE WINNERS ARE
PRINTED IN THE FRONT OF THIS MAGAZINE

THE "Beauty and Brains" Contest, which was opened to the United States and Canada by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the World Film Corporation September 1, 1915, and closed

February 29, 1916, proposed the searching out and selecting of the eleven women—regardless of age—in the forty-six states of this country and the several provinces of the Dominion who combined the maximum of beauty and brains for the making of moving-picture stars. In other words, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the World Film Corporation by this contest sought to bring a great gift to the Art World of the Voiceless Stage—the gift of superlative beauty of face in a frame of superior intelligence.

The bigness of the plan was sensed by its projectors at the beginning, for it was certain that the contestants would number themselves by the thousands (as they did), so all-embracing is the appeal of the photoplay and so resultantly large is the number of women who yearn to become a working part in its production.

The planners of the Contest knew, of course, that whoever might be the eleven winners they would be types of beauty, being chosen from the entering thousands of two great countries; but they did not realize how stunning this beauty of face

would be. Literally, the "Beauty and Brains" Contest went out into a vast "rose-bud garden of girls," to borrow Tennyson's words, and gathered the fairest of the petals that are woman's face.

And these are the gift the Contest brings to the art of photoplay.

There is yet, though, a condition to be fulfilled: Under the terms of the Contest the eleven winners will be brought from their homes—all expenses paid—to New York, and tried out to determine their capabilities to act for the screen. There they will have the advantage of advice and instruction from William A. Brady, one of the nation's leading dramatic producers who is now general manager and director-general of the World Film Corporation, and Maurice Tourneur, a

pillar of artistic strength in that organization's directorial staff. Each of the eleven who sustains this test will be signed, at once, for one year at a liberal salary. Those who fail the test, if any do fail, will be returned to their homes, the richer for a splendid experience that has cost them nothing and given them much.

In next month's (August) issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, published July 1, will be outlined the complete plans for the winners' trip to New York and Fort

THE WINNING ELEVEN

Here they are!—the eleven winners in the "Beauty and Brains" Contest:

EASTERN DIVISION

PHYLLIS E. CURL, Roxbury (Boston), Massachusetts
LUCILLE SATTERTHWAIT, Waynesville, North Carolina

EASTERN-CENTRAL DIVISION

ESTELLE CLAIRE JUDY, McKeesport, Pennsylvania
HELEN ARNOLD, Louisville, Kentucky

WEST CENTRAL DIVISION

CLAIRE LOIS BUTLER LEE, Wichita, Kansas
MILDRED LEE, Kansas City, Missouri

WESTERN DIVISION

FLORENCE GRAY, Seattle, Washington
LUCILLE ZINTHEO, Spokane, Washington

SOUTHERN DIVISION

ALATIA MARTON, Dallas, Texas
PEGGY BLOOM, Orlando, Florida

CANADIAN DIVISION

VIVIAN SUCKLING, Winnipeg, Canada



*Director Tourneur
"takes a fall out of"
a property man who's
spoil'd a scene. George
Beban in the rear.*

Lee, which will be made about two months later.

DIRECTOR-GENERAL Brady has already begun a study of the various types of beauty represented by the fortunate eleven and their camera possibilities, so that none will be a total stranger to the guiding hand of the big film concern upon the arrival in New York. Mr. Brady has brought to the screen all of the subtle craftsmanship that distinguished him as a stage producer, and his personal interest in Photoplay's beauties must be of tremendous import to them. During their stay in New York they will be under the personal chaperonage of Miss Sophie Irene Loeb, noted writer and one of New York's leading women in social welfare work.

IT is interesting to note that the average age of the winning eleven is 21 years and 10 months—thus: the youngest 19, the oldest 23, these being their several ages—21, 21, 22, 23, 20, 21, 20, 21, 19, 23, 21. Their average height is 5 feet and $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, the tallest being 5 feet and 6, the

shortest 5 feet and 2. Their average weight is 125 pounds, 130 pounds being the heaviest and 118 the lightest. Four of them are hazel-eyed, two are blue, two gray, one brown, one gray-blue, and one gray-brown. Two were selected from the state of Washington, and one each from Texas, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, Missouri, North Carolina, Massachusetts, Kansas, Florida, and the Dominion of Canada. The cities which gave the winners are Seattle, Spokane, Dallas, Louisville, McKeesport, Kansas City, Waynesville, Roxbury (Boston), Wichita, Orlando, and Winnipeg.

LUCILLE SATTERTHWAIT of Waynesville, N. C., was born and reared in that town. From her twelfth to her sixteenth year she spent the winters in Cuba. She was privately tutored by a governess, and later graduated from the Waynesville High School, winning a scholarship to Elizabeth College, in Charlotte. She was voted the most beautiful girl in that school. She finished her class years at Sweet Briar, Va. At fifteen years of age she won the Southern beauty prize at Allenton, and at nineteen took the national beauty prize at Philadelphia. Her father owns the summer hotel at Eagle's Nest—five thou-



The whole out-o'-doors is behind the Fort Lee studio. Here a World Company is taking a big European exterior.

sand feet high in the Carolina mountains—and for the last three years Miss Satterthwait has been housekeeper there, and the hotel's chef of desserts and salads, which are said to be delicious. She has a coat-of-arms on both sides of her family; her grandparents on her father's side came over from Europe with William Penn, and the family of her mother is connected with British royalty.

FLORENCE GRAY of Seattle, Wash., excels as a swimmer. Her parents came here from Sweden. The beauties of Lake Washington, out Yesler Way way, are "all in her know," but she never has climbed into the surf at Coney or peered at the mysteries of life from the Woolworth tower; she understands how the world looks from Queen Ann Hill, but not from the Williamsburg Bridge—and she wants to! Miss Gray has had no experience on any kind of stage, either by way of the amateur door or the professional, and so she says with refreshing frankness: "I don't know whether I have the ability." She has the beauty, however. Clara Kimball Young and Alice Brady are Miss Gray's favorites on the screen.

CLAIRE LOIS BUTLER LEE of Wichita, Kan., doesn't care to be rescued from a burning skyscraper and believes firmly that the hoyden who rides cross-saddle twenty miles to save her lover by shooting his neck-ropes in two has no place in the better class of pic-

tures. Marguerite Clark's manner of adorning the screen suits her better. She has a wonderful coloring of skin, hair and eyes—a blending like the heart-flush of a Sunset rose. Born a Nebraskan, she graduated from a conservatory of music in Plattsmouth, where she undertook successfully the cultivation of a bright soprano voice. Miss Lee has had no dramatic training. Her photograph has been one of the noted art bits in a three-states photographers' exhibit. A remark of hers soon after entering "Beauty and Brains" Contest is worth quoting. She said: "I know nothing of acting and do not know what I could do in moving pictures. But if I do not win it shall not worry me. I have made up my mind on that. There are thousands of clever girls who have better chances than I." Modesty, thou art thy own reward!—sometimes.

PEGGY BLOOM of Orlando, Fla., has good red Irish blood in her veins—and by that same token some of it at the roots of her hair, which is abundant and teases one into thinking it was kissed by the warm lips of an autumn afterglow. She loves to smile, which is not a bad habit at all, whether skies be gray or grass be green o' the day. Miss Peggy was graduated from High School at sixteen, and has studied the violin and voice expression. She dances well. Tennis, swimming and horseback riding lure her out of doors. And—this will not be her first trip to New York;

she has threaded Broadway, a-visiting. She will tell Director Tourneur, when she's taken to the big studios at Fort Lee across the Hudson, that she'd like to be cast in comedy roles, if she can play them. God love the Irish anyway!

MILDRED LEE of Kansas City, Mo., confides that she is "just a movie bug!" Now she is on the way to become a movie bird—for the beauty and brains of her have bought her wings to fly! New Albany, Ind., St. Louis and Kansas City have known Miss Lee—she was born in the first, lived as a young girl in the second, and makes her home in the third. She has beautiful teeth and a captivating smile, two high assets for the screen. As a millinery model her face has looked out from the pages of many catalogues, under the shading of midsummer flares and the saucy precipices of December toques. She has a mezzo-soprano voice of real timbre, and has played in amateur theatricals in child parts. Like that young Napoleon of the photoplay, David Griffith, she thinks the best screen actors are those who are the most natural.

ESTELLE CLAIRE JUDY of McKeesport, Pa., not long ago led all contestants in a beauty contest arranged by a newspaper in her city, and at a national convention of photographers her photograph won first prize for a McKeesport exhibitor. For several years she was the chief operator of the Bell Telephone Company in her town. When she faces the camera at Fort Lee it will not be the first time that remorseless glass eye has surveyed her; she played the leading female part in a local photo-drama some time ago, and played it well. She confesses she was "terribly scared at first, but soon got over it."

ALATIA MARTON of Dallas, Tex., will plug in the "Busy" signal for two weeks this fall, when she quits her telephone desk in the office of the Portland Cement Company to travel some thousands of miles to the Fort Lee studios of the World Film Corporation to be tested by Director Tourneur for stardom in the "Beauty and Brains" Contest. Perhaps that "Busy" signal will become permanent—everyone who knows Miss Marton hopes so. She is a Texas girl, and Texas girls have a reputation for getting pretty nearly everything they go after. She is a graduate of the Dallas High School, and has had some experience in amateur stage work.

VIVIAN SUCKLING of Winnipeg, Canada, can trace her ancestry back to English nobles. Her father is dead; her step-father is fighting "somewhere in France." So is her only brother. That Lord Nelson whose heroic statue breathes patriotism through the vex of Trafalgar Square, was an ancestor of her father. That Sir John Suckling whose pen traced thoughts into the poetry of England is niched among her father's fathers. And the tender beauty of an Evangeline is hers. This will not be Miss Vivian's premier journey "across the border." Her girlhood education

was rounded out at Monticello Seminary at Godfrey, Ill. Afterward she studied instrumental music two years at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and she is an accomplished pianist. "Marguerite Clark in 'The Prince and the Pauper' is the dearest little film I ever saw," says this beauty of the Canadas.

LUCILLE ZINTHEO of Spokane, Wash., is a Diana in a cozy corner. Which is something to be caressed in dreams. She has a trick of stunning you with a rose-colored silk sweater against a background of coquettish hat and sun-shade to blend. And that is some stun. The charm of her is so fresh! You catch yourself musing under your breath that if all girls were—ah—like this, Cupid would be after hiring himself a room in a wearyhouse. She opened her eyes first in Detroit, and about the first thing she remembers is going to school at the age of six. Later along she recalls going to High School, and making a *pagal* of herself in the English courses and biting her thumb at all mathematics. Rose-colored sweaters may follow after English, but after mathematics never! Angular minds don't wear rose-colored stuff. Or indulge in sweaters. "Why," demanded Miss Lucille Zintheo with a tilt of her sunshade, "why does your algebra professor insist upon your finding out things about x when you yourself haven't the slightest curiosity?"

PHYLLIS E. CURL of Roxbury, Mass., which takes to itself the distinction of being a suburb of Boston, just after entering "Beauty and Brains" Contest had an opportunity to get experience on the speaking stage, and embraced it. She signed for a five-weeks' tour of New England with the William Hodge Company. Her mother had been an actress. Her father, whose death happened soon after Miss Phyllis came into the Contest, had traveled the world over many times, his business being the buying of art curios and antiques. On two of his long trips—to Australia, Africa, Japan and other far countries—he took Phyllis with him. She is such an accomplished horsewoman that lately she was offered a position as instructor in a riding academy for women in New York City. Her education has led her into both vocal and instrumental music. She shares with Billie Burke the delightful distinction of freckles which do neither fade nor mar; and she is a blonde with wavy hair and dark blue eyes.

HELEN ARNOLD of Louisville, Ky., believes that "often our greatest sermons are seen, not heard;" which may be taken to mean that her aspirations toward a screen career partake of the serious. It's a clumsy cast of the thinker's fly that fishes for brains where beauty is not, only. French and English are mixed in Miss Arnold's ancestry. She was born in Defiance, O., but her forefathers were Kentuckian. She is a graduate of Presentation Academy and Cross School (Louisville), and has had some amateur dramatic experience. Horseback riding, tennis and dancing are her favorite pastimes.



Photo by M. Clure

Peggy and America Discover Each Other

REVEALING JUST WHY MISS HYLAND, ENGLISH SCREEN STAR, WAS BROUGHT OVER TO FACE AMERICAN CAMERAS

By Randolph Bartlett

IF any explanation were required for embellishing these pages with similitudes of the winsome features of Miss Peggy Hyland, it would be found in this fact—that Miss Hyland is the first English actress ever brought to this country to act in moving picture plays. This fact, in itself, is not startling. The significant thing about the introduction of this young woman to American filmdom by the Famous Players is that she is *not* famous. She is well known to the English stage, a little more generally known, perhaps, to the British screen, but to America her name carries, for a few weeks, no special significance. Why then, import an actress with no drawing power, when there are many American favorites who could be engaged at less expense?

The answer to this question is of infinitely greater importance than the charming Peggy herself. It is that the most advanced of the motion picture producers are realizing that the pantomime art is develop-

ing pantomime artists, and when one of these is discovered, whether in London or Keokuk, it is wise to place her, or him, under contract. Miss Hyland was brought to this country because she is *par excellence* the moving picture actress.

It is only a few years ago that Peggy ran away from home, and went to London, ten pounds and a letter of introduction to Cyril Maude being her sole tangible assets. And it transpired that the letter of introduction was written by a young man who had never even met Mr. Maude. Miss Hyland says that the humor of the situation appealed to the actor-manager. Personally I am convinced that the determining factor was Miss Hyland's own individuality. Be that as it may, within a short time she was appearing with Mr. Maude in "The Little Café." Later she was engaged for the London production of "The Yellow Jacket," and then came experience in stock companies in London and Birmingham, before she heard the call of the shadow stage.

Her first film came near being her last before it was well begun. A scene required her to rescue a young man from drowning in the Thames, though it was mid-February. As she was about to dive from the Embankment at the director's order a police boat opportunely approached and the bobbies drew attention to the fact that at this point there was an irresistible suction which drew everything down under the overhanging masonry, even their boat having difficulty in fighting the current. Once past this crucial point in her career, Miss Hyland progressed rapidly, and her most important role was in a picture now being brought to America, "Caste," taken from the famous play of that name, and in which, as Publicist B. P. Schulberg of the Famous Players observes sententiously, "she was supported by Sir John Hare."

Miss Hyland's first appearance in this country is in "Saints and Sinners," cameraed.



As Miss Hyland appears in "Saints and Sinners," her first American screen play.

A pose of Miss Hyland which is a favorite of London cinegoers.



PETE "PROPS"

THE CONTINUED COMPLAINT OF A
PICTURE PROPERTY MAN—HERE
HE HELPS OUT THE PRESS AGENT

By Kenneth McGaffey

Drawings by E. W. Gale, Jr.

VI

IF dat press agent guy ever steps into dis here prop room, unarmed, he'll tink his name is Villa an dat he is in de middle of Arizona. We been tryin for tree days to entice him in here, but he walks around us like we was de Pacific Ocean. He can come in at either de door or de winders—we'll get him just de same. We got everything prepared for him but a gas attack, and we would of had dat if dose guys in de photograph labratory hadn't been so blamed stingy wid dere chemicals. Talk about nut directors,—dis guy gets mash notes from squirrels all over de world.

We was all nice an friendly wid him up to now—we would go out of our way to hustle stuff for him, hopin only to get a nice cigar or sumpin. Den he gets dis snake idea.

Dere is one of dese skinny-legged ingenues on de lot dat tinks dat all she has to do to be a Mary Pickford is to get some publicity. Every time she gets her picture in de paper she goes in an asks for a raise. She keeps pesterin de life out of dis press agent guy until finally he decides to pull a story about her dat would cause some comment. It was a fine trick if he had did it, but he didn't connect.

Dis ingenue dame wasn't hard to look

at a-tall, so de busy little press agent frames it up to have one of her jealous admirers send her a poison snake in a box tinkin dat when she opened de box de snake would jump out an bite her, an he would be rewenged for havin had her put de skids under him.

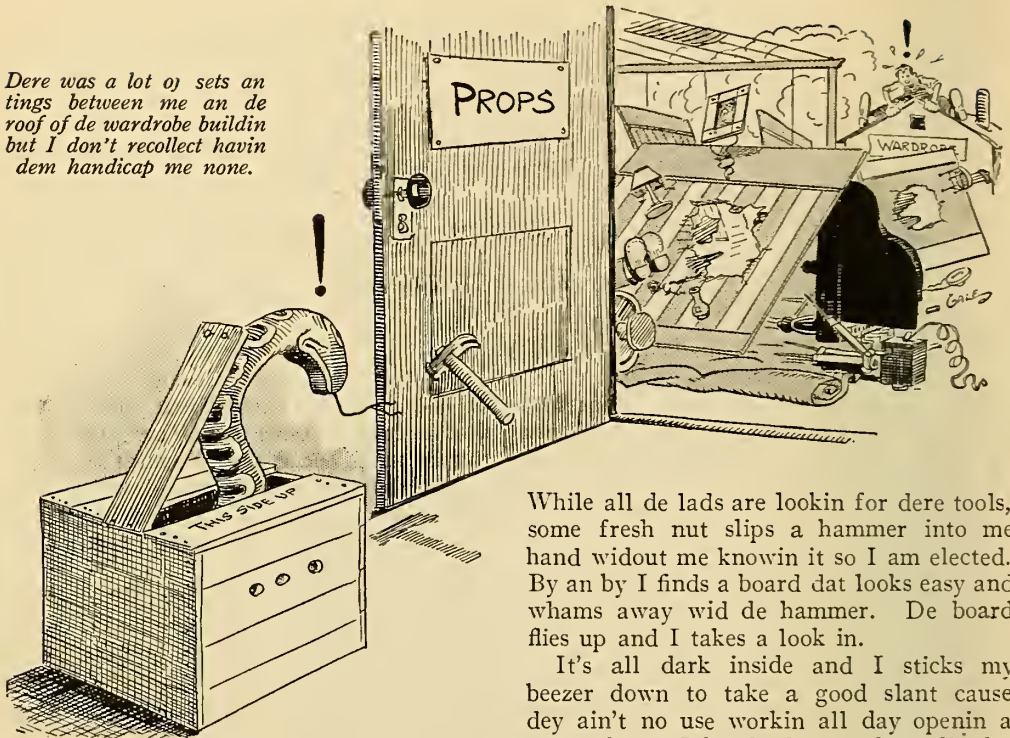
It was a fine little idear all right an listened swell to hear him tell it. Of course de dame wasn't going to get bit by de snake. She was to open de box an get a flash at de snake before it had a chance to leap an den notify de police dat de jealous guy, who was supposed to be a Spaniard, was after her fair young life. In dis way de reporters would get hold of it an it wouldn't look like a plant. We fuss aroun in de prop room an fake up a cute little box dat looked as if it just come through the mail, an de P. A. phones down to de snake garage for a snake.

I guess he said, "Send me out a neat and nifty snake," or de snake man gets his dates mixed, for long in de afternoon out comes a great big box. We don't know what is in it so we hists it up on a lot of stuff an leave it until de head props can open it. He always likes to open tings and as dese box nails pulls out hard, we let him have his wish.



*Dis ingenue
dame wasn't
hard to look
at a-tall.*

Dere was a lot of sets an tings between me an de roof of de wardrobe buildin but I don't recollect havin dem handicap me none.



De head props come breezin in, takes a slant at de box and den says, "Pete, open up dat box and we will see what's in her." I goes out to get five or six of de boys to help me, an I runs all over de place an finally rounds up a bunch of dem, an we are all set to lift it down from where de expressman tossed it, when de whistle blows an we have to leave it till mornin.

Next day, after we had rested from de long ride out to woik in de street car, and as all de nut directors were in a hurry for stuff from de prop room, we calls all de hands in an decides to see what's in de box. Accordin to de outside of de box it looked as if dere might be sumpin to eat or drink in it so all de brudders were assembled. Some of de boys wanted to open it from de top because it said "Dis Side Up" on it, but lots of times some of dese comedy packers puts dat label on de tops an den puts two or three extra nails in it to make it more difficult for us poor lads.

We counts de nails in de top an in de bottom an dere is two more in de bottom alldough one of dem looked like it didn't go all de way through. To stop de argument we takes a vote on it—best two out of tree—an decides to open de box from de top.

While all de lads are lookin for dere tools, some fresh nut slips a hammer into me hand widout me knowin it so I am elected. By an by I finds a board dat looks easy and whams away wid de hammer. De board flies up and I takes a look in.

It's all dark inside and I sticks my beezer down to take a good slant cause dey ain't no use workin all day openin a empty box. I bends down, when all of a sudden, I nearly pokes my bean down de throat of de biggest serpent in de woild. I gives one yell an ducks wid de gang after me. Honest, de way we got out of dat prop room you would of thought we were doin it on our own time instead of de company's. Dey told me afterwards dat dere was a lot of sets an tings between me an de roof of de wardrobe buildin but I don't recollect havin had dem handicap me none. Dere was me an de snake—an dere was me on top of de peak of de wardrobe roof. Dere was no fade out an in, to indicate lapse of time. From where I sat I could see dat snake comin out of de box. Dere must have been a mile of him, an he was as big around as a half-keg. Somebody had sense enough to slam de prop room door, so I clumb down.

Some nut seein us all boil out of de prop room tink dere is a fire an turns in de studio alarm an den pulls de box for de boys in de blue shirts. Well, in a few minutes, all of Southern California was a'gathered 'round dat prop room door. Two hose carts an a couple of hook an ladders drive up to de door all cluttered up with braveness. Right away dey was goin to put de snake back in de box, but after dey took a

slant at him through de prop room window, dey decides dat dere is no way a snake can be called a conflagration, an right at dat time dere duty was to sit out in front of de fire house an lamp chickens.

While all dis was goin on, de snake was prowlin around de props. Dere was only one window in de place and dat was in de prop room door, so dis Bo Constrictor, or whatever he was, tinks dat is anudder hole an starts to crawl through. Dis window is about six feet off de ground an dere ain't nuttin, tank goodness, for de snake to stand on, so all he can do is to raise hisself up an look at us yaps outside. He starts to stick his head through an jams his nose against de glass an knocks hisself down. By an by he raises hisself again, an bumps his nose again. Down he flops, sorer an a boil, an we can hear him smashin furniture an mus-sin tings up in general.

All de cow-hands hike around to get dere guns an shoot de animal, an we are all standin round scairt to death when who should walk in but "Little Merry Sunshine"—de P. A.!

"Has you got me little reptile for me, boys?" he says, gay an festive like. "Have you got de adder," he says, "what is to bite de fair Imogene on de eyebrow? Bring out de neat an nifty receptacle," he says, "an

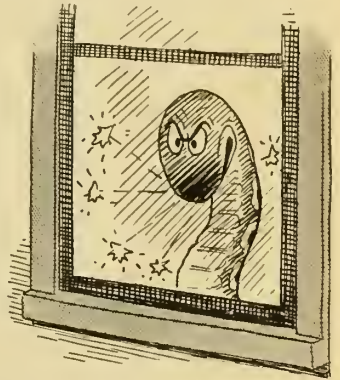


we will put de varmint in its lair." Just at dis minute de niue miles of sewer pipe takes anudder slant at us through de window. He got a hed on him like a barrel and his eyes look like a couple of baby spotlights. "My Gawd!" says de P. A. "Who let in de Chinese dragon?"

"Dat ain't no dragon," I says, "dat's de little rascal what's booked to nibble at de fair Imogene's eyelash," I says. "But," I says, "but, dat reptile in dere could swaller all of de fair Imogene," I says, "an' only tink it was one of Mr. Carter's little pills. Outside of making toothpicks out of a millions dollars worth of furniture, he ain't done a ting dis beautiful mornin," I says, "but make all de carpenters climb on de wagon for life," I says, "but when he gets through dat window dere is no tellin what he will do to dis temple of art," I says.

"Why don't you telephone de snake peo-

"Listen, Mister," I says, "Dat's your snake—you ordered him. He ain't to be used in no set. You go in dere, catch him by de ankle an put him in de little box for Imogene."



ple an have dem come out an tie him up," he says. "Or better still, go in dere yourself an make him behave."

"Listen, Mister," I says, "dat's your snake—you ordered him. He ain't to be used in no set. You go in dere, catch him by de ankle, an put him in de little box for Imogene," I says. "Why," I says, "you couldn't get one of his cars in dat box."

After much argument we telephones de snake man and he says dere has been a serious mistake—just like we didn't know it—de snake we got was for Madame Splotz, de Reptile Queen.

By an by Madam Splotz showed up. She weighed about ninety pounds an came into de studio all spraddled out. "If anyone has hurt my little Oswald, I will keel them," she yelled. "Where is he! Take me to my little Oswald!"

Can you beat dat? If she had called de

snake "Clarence," or "Alfred," I could probably have stood it—but "Oswald!"

When she started to open de prop room door we tried to reason wid her, but nuttin doing,—so when she throws open de door, she had plenty of room. De big snake was standin right dere an I tought he was goin to swaller her, but instead he came up to her like a cat. "Did de bad mans frighten my little Oswald?" she said. You would have tought she was talkin to a pet poodle. She takes Oswald by de back of de neck and leads him over to de box. "Now get in like a good boy an I will take you away from dese nasty mans," she says,—and

blowed if Oswald didn't climb into de box an because he didn't hurry, she slapped him on de side. She nailed de lid down again an we got a couple of strangers from outside to lift it onto de express wagon.

De funniest part about it is dat de P. A. wid all de excitement, didn't get a line in de papers, for just as de reporters was going to follow de fire carts, some steady advertiser sneezed an dey went to interview him about it for a couple of columns. But dat don't square him wid us.

We'll get him yet, and when we do, he will get a nice story in de "missing" colyums.

(PETE'S NEXT PLAINT IN THE AUGUST ISSUE.)

A SCREEN SONG

I SING a song of things that be
And yet are not; events that pass,
Leaving crisp shadows on the grass,
Yet never do existence see.

I sing a song of lives that threw
A shaft of light across my path;
Yet let him who a mem'ry hath,
Remember that these lives ne'er grew.

For arms that clasped all fond at dawn,
Yet knew not movement nor repose:
For smiles all blithe at even's close,
That never graced a mouth up-drawn.

So sing I of the magic screen,
Whereon move love and grim despair
In swift procession; aye, and where
Stalks Giant Nothing, white and clean.

L'ENVOI:

I sing to you, ye vanished host
Who never were, yet seemed so real!
How hath man made you, that you steal
Of all my love the best and most?

—Lilla B. N. Weston.



"CLOSE-UPS"

*In with
Both Feet.*

MR. Brisbane, in attempting to pull himself out of the tanglefoot of his own remarks on motion pictures, seems to have thrust his other foot into the fatal molasses.

In a recent New York address he recanted as follows: "The moving picture is to the theatre what the one cent daily newspaper is to literature."

Just what the old-line theatre managers and the public nonprogressives have believed right along:



*A Matter
of Balance.*

VERY much has been written, much more has been said, about the instability of the picture business, and varied uncertainties from its portrayals to its financing.

It should be remembered that the picture "business" is just beginning to be a business. In its few years of babyhood it has been a foundling infant; its product has been a thing so novel that not even a sage could predict whether it would remain a toy or become a staple in the world of imaginative endeavor.

When people became convinced that the photoplay was already a staple, the hastily knocked-together craft of active photography had a big boom. It was just such a boom as follows a gold discovery or an oil strike. It was governed by the same deep-seated, enduring reasons.

Following the boom there was settled prosperity in some quarters, or what appeared to be settled prosperity; in others, a series of vast slumps.

It is all a matter of balance.

The photoplay pendulum, struck by the mighty hand of creation—set swinging, in all probability, for the centuries—is still vibrating, trembling, thrilling with the violent impulse of pristine power. If it has swung too far one way the pessimists may deepen their melancholy to learn that it will also swing a bit too far in the other direction.

But all the time, like every other pendulum, according to immutable laws, it will be *getting right*.

This matter of balance, in the crafts and trades, is governed wholly by the law of supply and demand. In the arts supply and demand have much to do with balance, but not all. A popular growth to higher artistic ideals changes supply and demand itself; therefore ideals, in the arts, are the prime movers.

There is no doubt that active photography will be the biggest, sanest art-business that the world has ever seen. In its appearance from nowhere, in its unexpected quality, its universal appeal and its fitness to gigantic, modern, human needs, it is directly comparable to the automobile industry.

The moving picture camera was never quite such a joke as the original horseless carriage. By the time a man with a crank could make jumping snapshots there had been such a deluge of queer notions, such as the gas buggy, the phonograph, and these fellows who declared they would fly and would talk from distances without wires, that the world was stunned into a sort of amused credulity. Today, petrol moves the world, and the invisible shutter draws a curtain of forgetfulness over its troubles.

Like the automobile industry, the picture industry will naturally come to normal balance.

At present, it is suffering from overproduction — from too few really fine things and far too many mediocrities. There is a deluge of mediocrity. The remedy lies largely in the enforcement of the selective power of the audiences.



*The
Letter
on the
Floor.*

EVERY time we see a pictured letter dropped on a pictured floor by a pictured person we want to scream. For we know, just as certainly as we know that tomorrow's sun will get up, that this telltale writing is going to bust the plot like a dynamite bomb.

The dramatic critics, years ago, accused all the dramatists of overworking the telephone. It was a rather new thing, and the executioners of the pen swore that it saved invention, much mental labor and was the short-cut out of every difficulty. However that may be, no dramatist ever used the telephone so extensively and absurdly as nearly all the picture playwrights do the crumpled note. If you were in your wife's bedroom, with your wife around, would you toss your affinity's note on the dressing table and then stroll out for a little game of kelly pool? You bet your life you would—if you were a walking picture.

In a class with the Handy Note and the Letter on the Floor is our dear preparedness friend, the Gun in the Drawer. No home should be without a 38 in the parlor center-table, where the children can get it to play with; and where your wife can reach it in case you don't agree with her about the dinner hour.



*What
the
Censor
Fears.*

THE professional moralist is usually a long way behind the times for the reason that his zeal for others diminishes his ability to keep up with the procession himself. A decade ago, or more, a wave of discussion upon the power of suggestion swept over the country. By discussion of theft, you made thieves, it was believed. If you gave a man an expose of counterfeiting, he was liable to start making his own money. By the same process of reasoning, immorality and all the other evils were contagious, like measles or mumps or pranks with the livestock on Hallowe'en.

There *is* a certain quality in suggestion which all psychologists recognize, especially among persons of dwarfed, diseased or weak mentality, but suggestion does not extend to the absurd limits claimed for its powers in the 'nineties.

The censors, evidently, are still some distance south of the Spanish War. They are cherishing one of the fondest and strongest tenets of another day—at least this belief exactly accounts for the excision of the critical moments of all evil practices, though the before and after, and most of the evil itself, is never expunged. Thus, it is proper for a man to approach a house surreptitiously and leave it carrying away a baby, but he must not appear to take the baby from its cradle; shooting is correct, if we don't see the flash of the gun; in a theft, only the actual lifting of the article is wrong.

This decayed deduction, belonging to the age of Saturday night baths and cast-iron underwear, is the only explanation within the national limits of sanity accounting for the present censorial system of pruning and purifying.



*Fearful
and
Wonderful
Names.*

THE naming of plays is as hasty and unsatisfactory a matter, in many instances, as the juggling together of misfit words and phrases to form captions.

Channing Pollock recently wrote a corking, straightaway melodrama with this strong, direct title: “Who Killed Simon Baird?” If you could see that title a mile before you reached the theatre you would have an intelligent notion of the play just a mile in advance. It told something. But it wouldn't do, according to the producers; so it appeared in this guise: “By Whose Hand?” Not bad, but compared to Pollock's title, as obscure as a London fog.

Quite a number of years ago, under the direction of the late McKee Rankin, Nance O'Neil appeared in a great European drama which had this title—at once powerful, mystic, mellifluous, enthralling—“The Fires of St. John.” Photographed, this drama becomes “The Flames of Johannis.” This is as sensible as a pretty woman's sawing off of a Venusian limb in order to acquire a wooden leg.

What's the sense to this name, anyway: “A Modern Thelma”? The stranger and wayfaring man would think, by this, that Marie Corelli's original tale dealt with a Thelma who lived among the Norse gods. Not at all. The play is no more modern than the original novel, which is of today.



*The
Passing
of the
Thrill.*

IF you are careful, you may achieve notable results opening a single tin of sardines with a razor. But if you open a few more tins, the razor becomes a more ineffective and more dangerous tool than the phoniest professional can-opener that ever came from a ten-cent store. The thrill—the cheap, lurid, impossible thrill—has been the movie razor opening the sardine-tin of public attention. And it is worn out.

The moving pictures of five or even three years ago relied principally upon a succession of grotesque, wild adventures. It was not what the mimic characters were which engrossed the attention of author, director and beholder; it was the stunts they did. The chase, the heroic Western adventure, the gutter

nobleman of the city, the countryman on the asphalt and the asphaltian in the country—such were the personalities, uniform though played by a thousand, which enthralled us.

There is no thing in thrilldom which is not familiar to the American picture audience. Helen Holmes and Pearl White represent two extremes of feminine adventure; Bill Farnum and Doug Fairbanks have been to the poles of combat where men are concerned.

Do not mistake these words; struggle and strife represent life, and the drama that has not these elements is no drama, but a tract. So it will ever be. The thing that has gone is mere clatter and fury without reason—the Don Quixotish rescue when the lady could have walked down-stairs without even resorting to the fire escape. The “punches” are perhaps bigger and stronger than ever, but mere cutting up in a perfectly noble manner for the cutting-ups’ sake is no longer good form.



*Dehorning
Beauty.*

IT is said that the Vitagraph company proposes to gown its actresses in Martha Washington style to “conserve wholesome atmosphere.”

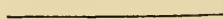
The late General Booth, Field Marshal of Salvation, is the only man who has really made pretty modern women horrify themselves in attire.

General Booth’s habiliments defy the stylist, and the Salvation lassie who really wears her uniform, from poke bonnet to skirt, is quite hopelessly bound up in lines which, no matter what their service, certainly do not accentuate the charm of God’s Second Attempt.

It is hard to believe that Vitagraph would seriously attempt such a system of dull standardizing, or that Vitagraph actresses would stand for it if it were attempted. If this goes over, other logical attempts would be the forbidding of the use of tobacco, swearing when one’s wrist is broken by a kicking crank, or flirting when the lonely lady at the next table seems positively dying for company.

Some minx of a Quakeress discovered that her decorous and proper gray could be bedevilled by insidious little pulls, puffs, touches and takes. Many a daughter of William Penn has thus taken many a worthy young Quaker’s mind off his devotions.

If you turn a flowering plant upside down the blossom will perform a revolution in a few days to seek the sunshine. The love of loveliness and adornment is as much a feminine instinct as the lure of power among men. It’s against nature to dehorn beauty.



The Scenarios They Want

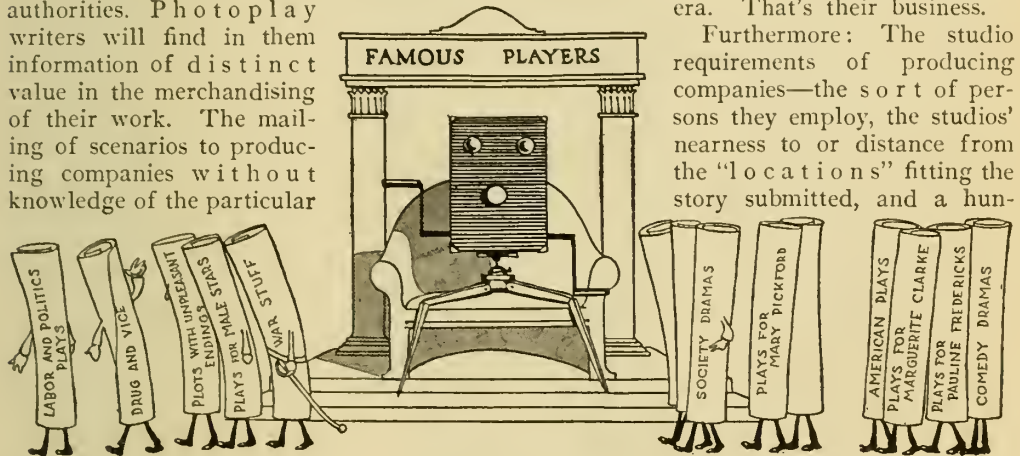
THREE LEADING EDITORS TELL THE SORT OF PLAYS THEY WILL AND WILL NOT BUY. THEY'RE AFTER THE ORIGINAL PLOT—NEVER MIND MECHANICS!

IN the June issue PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE announced that "Three distinguished scenario chiefs—Frank E. Woods of the Fine Arts Studio, Harry R. Durant of the Famous Players, and Colonel Jasper E. Brady of Vitagraph—will tell what the companies do and do not want in scenarios and plays."

Subjoined are letters from these three authorities. Photoplay writers will find in them information of distinct value in the merchandising of their work. The mailing of scenarios to producing companies without knowledge of the particular

plays which have no originality of plot. It is not unusual for a scenario editor to receive hundreds of scripts in one day. He literally blesses his luck if out of this mass of writing he can extract one play finger-marked with originality of conception. Give him the keen plot—and you'll get a check. He and his staff will gladly attend to the mechanics of the story for the camera. That's their business.

Furthermore: The studio requirements of producing companies—the sort of persons they employ, the studios' nearness to or distance from the "locations" fitting the story submitted, and a hun-



needs of the companies—hence without knowledge of the market—is the cause of the rejection of a very large percentage of scripts. The successful seller of anything is the person who first finds out, if the information be available, where his stuff is wanted. And why. And when.

The trend of the producing companies—the buyers of plots—seems to be toward the extended synopsis, the telling of the conceived story, instead of toward the acceptance of the technically correct scenario script. And that is logical. It takes only an acquired skill to build up the mere mechanics of a scenario: that is no more than craftsmanship. The making of a plot is the thing they are ready to pay for!

The mails of the scenario editors of the chief picture-making companies are clogged every day with "perfectly constructed"

dred-and-odd other details you can know nothing about—vary so widely that the building of the scenario (which is nothing but the working instructions to the persons who film the plot) can be done more skillfully, seven times in ten, under the supervision of the scenario editor of that particular company than by an "outsider."

Mr. Frank E. Woods writes PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE thus:

"We have found, in this studio, comparatively little value in elaborately worked out motion picture plays, and for the practical purposes of our production we prefer narrative stories, unless the writer can be present during the preparation of the script for the picture.

"The writer of a motion picture play who is unacquainted with the studio conditions of the company to whom he has sub-

mitted his manuscript, is almost certain to involve his story in difficulties which are impossible to overcome if his manuscript should be followed, and if the best results are to be secured. Each studio, no matter where located, is subject to local and production conditions that differ from other studios. There are many things to consider of which the free lance picture story writer must be ignorant. The types of players to portray certain characters must be available; the settings or backgrounds may be impossible to secure, or may be far too expensive in one studio, while they might be cheaply had at others; the element of time in which the picture must be produced must sometimes enter into consideration; the peculiar capacity of the director to whom the picture is assigned, must be taken into question; in short these and other conditions are so numerous and important that when it comes to taking a script, no matter how well prepared by an expert author who has perhaps mailed it in from a distance, and turning it over to a director to produce, there at once arise necessities for making changes—and like knocking down ten-pins, one change involves another, until the script becomes a tangled skein of thread not easily unraveled.

"Of course there may be exceptions to this general rule, but I cannot say that I recall any in our experience here. Our best success with outside writers who offer stories to us for sale, and who are capable of preparing working scripts, has been when the author could confer with the director and our scenario and production departments during the preparation of the manuscript. In each of such cases the result has been excellent. The author has been satisfied and aided in the development of his story, while the director has not been given the opportunity or incentive to make any radical

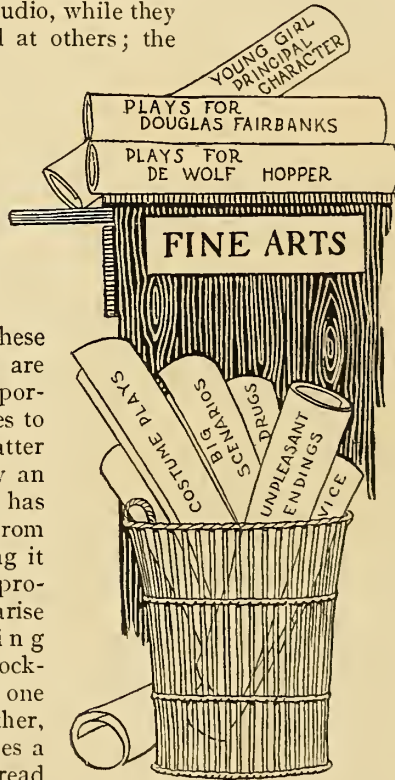
changes, such as are often complained of by motion picture playwrights.

"Although we have a considerable staff of writers in our scenario department, we are always desirous of securing good stories from outside. If we buy so little, it is because out of the mass of material that is being constantly offered we find so little that is adaptable to our peculiar wants. Everything we receive is carefully read, in the hope of finding somewhere a diamond in the rough; occasionally we find one, but not often.

"In order that photoplay writers may have a general idea of the character of stories we mostly desire, I will say that first they should consider the peculiar qualities of the stars attached to our studio. These stars and leading people at present are as follows: De Wolf Hopper, Douglas Fairbanks, Mae Marsh and Bobby Harron, Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish and Owen Moore, Norma Talmadge, Wilfred Lucas, Tully Marshall, Seena Owen, Fay Tincher, Bessie Love, Olga Grey, and Constance Talmadge. Usually two or three of these players may appear in one picture. You will perceive that the ingenue star predominates, and we are therefore always in need of stories in which the young girl is the principal character. Our requirements for Mr. Hopper and Mr. Fairbanks are quite obvious, as their peculiar

qualifications are too well known to require explanation.

"The next point for the author to consider is the theme of the story. Each story should have an idea in it greater than merely an interesting series of events. It should have a central thought or purpose, not necessarily heavy. I do not think the public likes to think that it is being preached to, or obviously taught; these elements in a story should be incidental. Generally speaking, the author should endeavor to so construct his story that when the picture is shown on the screen it will cause the specta-



tors to love or hate the characters as the case may be, and therefore care what may happen to them as the story unfolds. It has been my experience that tragic and depressing stories have no popular appeal, although they may be artistically superior.

"Historical or 'period' stories are not especially desirable, on account of the difficulties of costuming and settings. We might, however, accept stories that come under this class, if they have sufficient attractiveness; but as a general rule we prefer modern dramas, comedy dramas, or melodramas.

"One of the chief obstacles to the consideration of outside stories has been the idea among the authors who have submitted their material, that they must give us tremendous subjects that would require fortunes to produce. Owing to Mr. Griffith's great reputation—especially since his production of 'The Birth of a Nation'—a great many writers, among them some of the best in the country, are eager to duplicate that epoch-making motion picture. You can very well understand that such stories are scarcely ever possible for us to consider. It took Mr. Griffith more than a year from the time he decided to produce 'The Birth of a Nation' and commenced the preliminary preparation until it was finished. He has been at work on his present picture nearly a year and a half, and there is no reason to suppose that any picture he may make can be finished in less than a year's time. There is only one D. W. Griffith—at least up to the present time. And if there were another, and we had him among our staff of directors, we could not produce pictures of that character or quality in five reels and on a weekly program. Mr. Griffith merely supervises Fine Arts productions in a general way. The actual work of the produc-

tion itself must necessarily be in the immediate hands of our staff of producing directors, with the assistance and co-operation of our scenario and producing departments. While, therefore, we are glad to have big subjects, we would caution writers not to treat them in anything like the magnificent way in which they would expect to see a 'Birth of a Nation' produced."

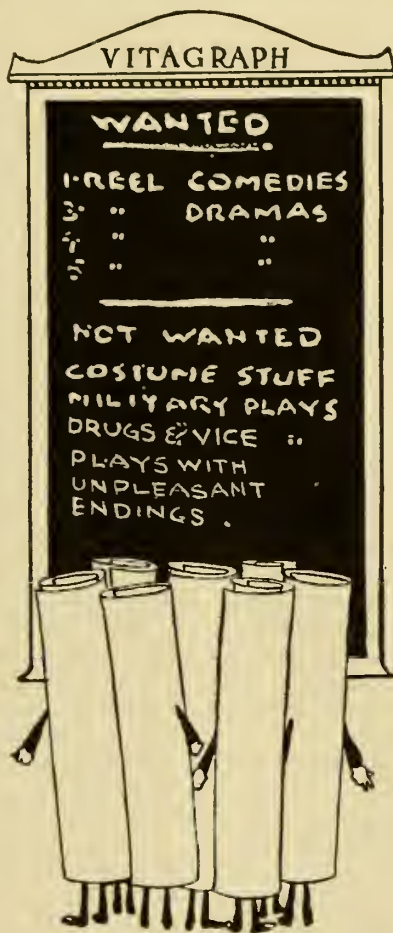
THE following letter is from Mr. H. R. Durant of Famous Players:

"With interest in the motion picture increasing steadily, and particularly in the motion picture plot and story, advice to photoplay authors can be found in numberless newspapers and magazines, not to mention those publications devoted exclusively to the films. This advice, however, on the whole is general, and any plan to give authors specific information as to the various markets for their wares should be of help not only to the author but to the motion picture manufacturer as well.

"Briefly, we are at present purchasing only ideas for five-reel feature pictures which are American in setting, which deal with modern characters and conditions, and which, above all, are original in theme and contain a big underlying proposition or motive, the whole cemented by a strong love interest. The leading role must suit one of our women stars—

Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Pauline Frederick, et cetera. Society and comedy dramas are particularly desired.

"Writing a five-reel feature is not, by any means, a simple task. You will more readily realize this fact when you stop to consider that the film of a five-reeler is approximately one mile in length, contains from one hundred and fifty to two hundred



and fifty scenes, and consumes one hour and fifteen minutes on the screen.

"In other words, the plot must be replete with entertaining situations, the characters must be human beings, and the suspense and denouement must be so handled by the action that the audience will be interested up to the last foot of film. Merely a series of incidents or episodes in the life of a character or group of characters is not enough. There must be a logical progression of events leading up to the one big climax of the picture.

"Strange as it may seem, fully seventy-five per cent. of the successful novels as written are unsuitable for feature material. Why? Mainly because they do not contain sufficient action. And for this reason fiction authors of wide reputation fail continually as photoplay authors—they do not understand that words and atmosphere, characterization and description, do not spell screen action.

"In writing a five-reel feature plot very much the same procedure might be employed as in planning a five-part magazine serial. Magazine editors and authors know the importance of the 'curtain' at the end of each instalment—the dramatic scene split in two, followed by the usual 'To Be Continued' notice, which rouses the interest and curiosity of the reader to the extent of purchasing the next issue—and authors should recognize the equal importance of big scenes and situations in the picture plot. Conflict, struggle, tense moments, amusing incidents to relieve the monotony—that is what the picture-goer wants to see in the neighborhood 'movie' theatre, and that is what we have to supply.

"What sort of material do we *not* want? you ask.

"We are not interested in stories dealing in any way with war—the public has been surfeited with this phase of history through the newspapers. Nor are we buying ideas which have to do with labor problems, politics, or dual roles. We are not in the market for costume plays or plots which are foreign as to locale, atmosphere and characters. We do not desire ideas in which drugs, liquor or vice play a conspicuous part; and at the present writing we are not buying stories calling for male stars. Plots which have an unpleasant ending do not appeal to us. The faith of the world is that *everything* is going to come out all

right in the end; so why not stick to this theory in the motion picture?

"Now as regards the form in which to submit material: Do *not* send us complete working scripts of your plots—that is, the technical scenario which maps out the action scene by scene. All we ask for is a detailed synopsis, two or three thousand words in length, outlining the story. Our working scenarios are prepared in our own office by masters in this art, for experience has taught us that scripts from the average photoplaywright, who knows little or nothing of studio conditions and the limitations of the camera, are worthless as such. Also, please do not submit plays, books or complete manuscripts of novels or novelettes, as we have not the time to wade through them. Send us only synopses, and if we are then interested, we may ask for the play or book, provided the story exists in either of these forms.

"Unavailable ideas are usually returned within a week after their receipt, but occasionally we become deluged with scripts and are unable to adhere to this plan. Plots which have possibilities are held for further consideration. In any event, we do our best to render decisions within a fortnight at the latest, and we pay the market price immediately upon acceptance.

"Authors should know that familiarity with the scenario market is half of the photoplaywright's game. To mail scripts blindly to the film manufacturers, regardless of their requirements, is the height of foolishness. While you are peddling your plot at random, a wiser scenario author may be writing the same general idea for some particular market, with the result that he beats you to it and your plot is rendered worthless.

"You can't sell a mowing machine to a butcher, nor a single-reel picture to a company that produces only five-reel features. Watch the trade publications and learn the specific needs of the film manufacturers. Then offer your goods to the proper market and you are certain to get results, provided, of course, your stuff is salable.

"In conclusion, writers should know that if an idea will not make a good novel of 70,000 words or a good four-act play for the legitimate stage when worked out properly, the same idea is *not big enough* for a five-reel photoplay. This is an important thing to consider. That authors are not

considering it is evidenced by the fact that out of the mass of material which is submitted to us we purchase only *one-half of one per cent.*"

COLONEL JASPER EWING BRADY'S letter of reply follows:

"The Vitagraph is in the market for good one-reel comedies, and three, four and five-reel dramas. We do not want costume stuff, and a military play would have to be of sterling worth to get a hearing. If the various authors and would-be authors would send a commonsense synopsis with their scripts they would get a great deal quicker consideration.

"I make it a point never to hold a script longer than a week at the most. I know this has not always been the case, but it is now and will continue as long as I am in charge of the scenario department. My theory is that an author honors us when he or she sends us a script. Perhaps their living depends on their writings. If that is so, it is but right that they should have prompt action, either for or against. I think you will find that the day has gone by when a

company can hold a script as long as it pleases and pay for it when it pleases. Good scripts are too scarce to have any foolishness along these lines.

"Comedies are the hardest things to get—good, bright one-reelers with a story running through their foolery. I want stuff for Frank Daniels, Billy Dangman and Hughie Mack, and the Vitagraph will pay well for them.

"Some days we receive as high as three and four hundred scripts, and many times not one is found acceptable. After a big murder case or some startling crime the mails are overburdened with scripts dealing with it in every conceivable form. I wonder if the public do not realize we are onto our jobs, and that our staff writers are looking for such things?

"The necessity for the trained scenario writer is here—but he has not reached the top of his earning power. That time is coming—and coming with the speed of a prairie fire—which, you will admit, is some speed. It takes a peculiar combination to make a good scenario writer, and few have the necessary qualifications."

TIGGS' CORNERS GAZETTE

A. BURSTEIN, Editor

The Chamber of Commerce, at their daily noon meeting over the feed store, decided—between pinochles—to have motion pictures made of the remarkable growth of Tiggs' during the past 30 years. The first picture will show Concertina Avenue in 1885, when it contained but thirteen houses, mostly wooden, since torn down, and the next will be an exhibition of the additions since that time, of the four dwelling houses, the garage, and the three story skyscraper apartments, Tiggs' Corners' crowning glory. No one has been able to suggest how they are to take the pictures of 1885.

Sol Leggo is displaying a nicely polished shingle in front of his new theatre which will be completed when the City engineers get around to make the needed electrical connections, or later. It is the same shingle which Sol regularly applies to his son Davie's pants, when the latter is in need of parental correction. Sol has named it "The National Board of Censorship."

The Calf County Weekly Liberator, following the lead of many others, has determined to issue a motion picture section each week.

They expect an early circulation of several thousands composed largely of exchanges with the small-fry movie periodicals. The only drawback to the plan is that the Liberator press may be unable to increase its output as fast as the number of exchanges grows.

So great was the crowd waiting to see Charlie Chaplin's fifth last S. N. A. release, that a line was formed along the fence with the Mayor and constable in charge. Lily Shorttry, after waiting over an hour, found herself before the ticket window entirely surrounded by men, and without the necessary change in her hand. She was compelled to retire from the line, remove the money from where it was contained, and then start at the end of the line again.

The Management of the Nickel-Odeon apologizes for its failure to present a show to its patrons last Wednesday night. The films were shipped by mail, but our esteemed and diligent postmaster, fearing lest some regulation concerning the mailing of inflammable material had been broken, decided to investigate, and applied a lighted match to the films.

Lost in Chicago's Wilds

BUT LATER THE ARTIST AND ONE OTHER
FOUND BESSIE EYTON, FAR ON A LONE
PRAI-REE, UNDER THE COOPER-HEWITTS

The Eyton awaits
an optic cue all
dressed up in the
things they wore
about "Crisis" time.

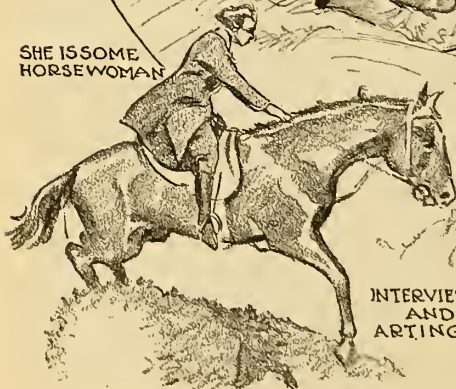
Penned by Sayford;
Pencilled by Bryn



"IN Heaven's name!" said the Editor genially. "Aren't you ever going to get me that Bessie Eyton interview? Don't you know as well as I that the Magazine goes to press—" "But—" said I—"But nothing," said the Editor, less genially. "Today's the deadline."

And presently through slanting sheets of rain, telephones having been manipulated with emphasis, came The Artist who was to go with The Man Who Was to Take Him Along. On a sunny day one must allow oneself (and The Artist) nine hours

SHE IS SOME
HORSEWOMAN



MISS EYTON IS QUITE
AT HOME IN THE
OCEAN



INTERVIEWING
AND
ARTING



and a multitude of minutes to get by street car to the Selig Polyscope studios, which are situate somewhere in the district of Chicago upon a prairie where the souls of dead Indians are said to come and dance weirdly in the moonmist. On a rain-sodden day it takes much longer. I do not know why this is so, but it is so.

Interlude. Arrival. Introductions. Interlude while Miss Eyton, wearing the beruffles of Civil War days, harks to the voice of Colin Campbell and steps daintily into a camera scene of "The Crisis."

"She has," said The Artist judiciously, "a voice as of velvet robes stirred softly by the breeze at dusk."

"So!" said I to myself. "Here is a two-way Artist. I must presently hand him something back, or he will overrun my job."

And without a moment's hesitation I replied:

"She has the grace of movement of a freed leaf in June breasting a scented zephyr. She—"

The Artist eyed me suspiciously. "Where did you crib that stuff?" he said.

With dignity I answered: "That is insult added to falsification. I looked at her—and made it up."

"I don't believe you," said The Artist coldly.

"George!" cried Colin Campbell to a shock-haired, gray garbed man of staunch bulk and no great height who stood beside a snowy Southern dinner table under the great swing of twenty Cooper-Hewitts and faced into the battery of carbon stand-lights whose brilliance is more fearful than the sear of white-hot steel. "Right there—now—where you stand! Age ten years in ten seconds!"

"See!" I said to The Artist. "The crags of his face are crumbling under the blows

of Time. His shoulders droop under the Mantle of Age, whose fringes are Death."

"I quit," said The Artist. "You attend to your part of this business, and I'll attend to mine."

I was immensely flattered, and outwardly unconcerned. I had taugth the beggar his place.

"Miss Eyton off!" called the director, and the fair lady came and stood with us, and we talked.

"Yes, that is quite true," she said. "California is my native state and this is the first time in all my life I have been out of it. And oh, I am *so* tired of the dirt and noise of your wonderful streets! In California I'd a bungalow—and my motor car. Here I live in a little apartment—and ride in the street cars. Every one in the pictures out there, no matter how poor, seems to be able to afford a motor."

"Af-ford"—? said The Artist. "Surely, surely—"

"Ah, no! no! I didn't, really! I *never* pun. But we got perfectly lost, Miss Lambert and I, our first day in Chicago. I don't know how many street cars you have in this great big town, but I *know* we rode on every one of them before we found our way out here to the studio."

Bessie Eyton entered moving pictures in 1910, and rose rapidly in the profession. Notably she has played Helen in "The Spoilers," and now is starring as Virginia Carvel in "The Crisis." She is an accomplished horse-woman and swimmer.



THIS IS MISS EYTON'S FIRST TRIP OUT OF CALIFORNIA



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Copyright, 1916

Where millions of people gather daily many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. One dollar will be paid for each story printed. Contributions must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to include your name and address. Send to: "Seen and Heard" Dept., Photoplay Magazine, Chicago. Owing to the large number of contributions to this department, it is impossible to return unavailable manuscripts to the authors. Therefore it will oblige us if no postage or stamped envelopes be enclosed, as contributions will not be returned.

Wanted More Room

LITTLE Willie was deeply interested in the arrangements for the wedding and the scene at the altar, but he could hardly contain himself when the film bride, suddenly discovering that she was marrying the wrong man, dashed out of the church.

William pondered the situation a moment, then turned to his mother with:

"So darn crowded she had to leave."

M. B. Coe, Flint, Mich.

None Colder

PROMISED sufficient funds to take him to a movie show, six-year-old Johnnie undertook a trip to the drug store for some cold cream for his big sister.

He returned with a carton of ice cream and sister waxed indignant.

"Well, that's the coldest cream they got" was Johnnie's alibi.

Mrs. Frank Mazur, Chicago, Ill.

Register Sudden Death

AN elderly woman and a little girl entered and took seats well front. A picture of a fast-running train showed on the screen, and as it flashed by the lights in the theater went out and the screen faded from sight.

"I wonder what's the matter?" the elderly woman murmured uneasily.

"Why, grandma, I guess the camera man got runned over," piped her small companion shrilly.

Leonard Richardson, Emmitsburg, Md.

A Reasonable Protest

HE was only five, but his eyes never once wandered from the picture during the whole of Theda Bara's interpretation of "The

Serpent." Loud were his protests when his mother rose to go. And as she dragged him down the aisle the whole house heard his despairing wail:

"But mother—mother!—I didn't see the snake yet!"

Lee Chappellear, Toledo, O.

How About the Wake?

LITTLE Jimmie sat with his mother drinking in "The Lily of Poverty Flat." The last part shows a man dying. The picture slowly dissolved, and the screen flashed "Good Night." Out on the sidewalk Jimmie stopped abruptly, and looking up sadly into her face said:

"Mother, isn't anybody going to stay to that man's funeral?"

Clyde G. Hair, Pipestone, Minn.

Dead? Not Friend Hamby!

"WELL, our old friend Hamby has joined the great, silent majority."

"What! You don't mean to tell me Hamby's dead?"

"Oh, no; he's left the stage for the movies."

George Oakes, Eloise, Mich.

A Cruel Preventive

THE two girls sitting in the row in front of me were criticizing the actions of the lovers on the screen. The hero and his heroine had embraced and kissed each other half-a-dozen times, and finally wound up with a long soul-kiss.

First girl—Aren't they the mushy things!

Second girl—It's sickening! They ought to make them eat onions before they do these love scenes.

Jack Mochar, Vancouver, B. C.

The Romance of a Great Inheritance Renounced,
Played Out over a Wide Area by Men of Bold
Type and a Vivid Woman Whom Fate Pursues.



*"Will you give me a trial spin?"
he asked. She could not well
refuse, even had she so desired.*

A MILLION A MINUTE

By Jerome Shorey

Produced by Quality Pictures Corporation (Metro)

"ETIENNE!"

The agonized cry of a heart-broken woman halted the fashionable wedding party as it emerged from the church, where Dagmar Lorraine, a few minutes before, had become the bride of Etienne, Duc de Reves. The woman ran up the steps and confronted the bridegroom, hysterically, holding a young baby toward him.

"Etienne! For the love of God! I do not care, for myself; my heart is dead. But you will not abandon our child! Tell me, Etienne, you will not!"

In horror Dagmar drew away from her husband and sought shelter in the protecting arms of her faithful friend Fanchette. The Duke clenched his fists and looked at the intruder, while there came over his

features an expression so terrifyingly cruel that the woman trembled and stepped back. Dagmar shuddered. The Duke's glance was at once a confession and a threat. In an instant he recovered his suavity, and turned toward his bride with a smile.

"The woman is mad," he said, but his voice trembled in spite of himself. "It is a case for the police."

His words aroused the woman to a frenzy. Handing her baby to a friend, she flung herself upon the Duke, threw her arms about his neck, and poured out a torrent of protest and appeal.

"Come, Fanchette!" Dagmar whispered. "We must escape."

Before the Duke could release himself and follow they had slipped through the crowd, hailed a passing taxicab, dodged

into a side street, and eluded all possible pursuit. Fanchette directed the driver to her own home. There they would be safe until they could decide upon their course.

Once in that haven, Dagmar's courage failed, and she sobbed in the arms of her friend—she never thought of Fanchette as a servant. Ever since she had come to Paris to study music, this sympathetic woman had been her constant companion. The adopted child of an American multimillionaire, Miles Quaintance, all doors were open to her, but always she returned to Fanchette for relief from the bewildering whirl of gaiety. She had not loved Etienne, but she had been fascinated, and unable, like many other and less fortunate women, to resist him. So finally she gave way before his persistent ardor and consented to become his wife. Now with this awful awakening came a realization that she was almost glad the dreadful scene had occurred—in time to save her. But one thing remained now—to escape permanently.

This she could not do if she remained in France. She must fly to America. Uncle Miles, as she called her guardian, would



"The woman is mad," he said, but his voice trembled

shield her, though she recalled with a touch of shame that he had warned her she must not marry a foreigner. That was the one



in spite of himself. "It is a case for the police."

restriction he had placed upon her when he permitted her to come to Paris to study. She had not even yet dared to tell him.

How she would be able to break the news she did not know, but she felt that he alone in all the world could save her from the consequences of her mistake.

And so, while the Duc de Reves combed Paris for his missing bride, she and Fanchette were already on their way to Havre to catch a ship sailing for New York the following day.

IN a little camp a few miles up the river from Kimberley in the South African diamond region, two men sat discussing a bundle of documents which the younger of them had been reading aloud. This younger man, Stephen Quaintance, after years of struggle had discovered a valuable mine, and sold out for a fortune to the great Kimberley Syndicate. The other, whose quest was ever for adventure and not for wealth, was Timothy O'Farrell, a newspaper correspondent and soldier of fortune. He had been chumming with Quaintance for more than a year, had helped him through several

tight places, and was now devoting his energies to combating Quaintance's determination to divide the fortune between them. It was in the course of one of these



That evening as Dagmar stood at a window, she was startled at the sight of a skulking figure.

interminable debates that a courier arrived with a package of legal documents, post-express from America.

"So that old devil, Miles Quaintance, has gone to his reward," Quaintance mused.

"Well, I'm glad I never met him. You see, Tim, it was this man, my uncle, who was responsible for my coming to Africa. My mother told me a story, just before she died, that left me unable to trust myself in the same country with him. He and his brother, my father, were rivals for my mother's love, and Miles persecuted my parents incessantly to get his revenge. He ruined my father, who died of sheer worry soon after I was born, and then he drove my mother into poverty. Now, just before his death, he has, in a conscience-stricken moment, taken this freakish step to atone. It seems that if I will only marry his ward, Miss Dagmar Lorraine, by midnight of May 31 next, we will inherit his ten millions; if I don't, the whole thing goes to charity. Well—thank the Lord I don't need his dirty money! So that simplifies things."

O'Farrell mused a few moments.

"But what about the girl?" he suggested. "Perhaps she's not so fortunately situated."

"I hadn't thought of that." Quaintance admitted.

As they sat there, puzzling over the problem, a seemingly empty canoe floated down the river toward their camp. They hurried down the bank, put out in their own boat, and stopped it. It was a fearful sight that greeted them. The body of a white man, cut and slashed by native spears, his features unrecognizable, lay in the bottom of the drifting boat.

"There's nothing left but to bury him. I suppose," O'Farrell remarked.

"Wait!" Quaintance exclaimed. "This is a heaven-sent answer. He shall be Stephen Quaintance."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll put my papers in his pockets and let him drift down to Kimberley. The word of his death will be sent back to New York and that will release the girl, break the diabolical will, and straighten everything. Come, Tim, rechristen me—you writer fellow! Give me a name for a new man."

"You've done it yourself—A. Newman—what better would you want?"

"Good. And now, off to America. I can't stay here after I'm dead. Come with me, Tim, and let's see if we can't dig up an adventure on Broadway."

So it was settled, and the body of the unfortunate was once more sent drifting



down the stream. "Why, it's Stephen Quaintance," she said, "the man who she felt for Miles
But it never will lose millions because he cannot marry me." Quaintance was
reached Kimberley. A few miles farther on it was again discovered, this time by
an outlaw, John Seager, wanted in a dozen places for various crimes of varying magni-
tude. With bulging eyes he read the Quaintance documents, learned of the for-
tune waiting in America, apparently for the dead man, discovered that Quaintance
was unknown in America, having been absent so many years, and in a few hours
was bound for Cape Town, where it would be a simple matter to raise funds for his
purpose with this complete identification. Thus another Stephen Quaintance set out
on the trail of the ten millions which the real Stephen had spurned.

WHEN Dagmar, Duchesse de Reves, arrived in America, and learned of her guardian's death and the terms of his will from his lawyer, Samuel Kraft, she was in a quandary. What little affection

destroyed by the freakish testament. He always had been kind to her, and yet there was something sinister about the man that repelled her. She was not without funds, for he had been extremely generous in his lifetime, and she was not extravagant, so with what money she had, and certain bonds she had left on deposit in a bank in Paris, the future for some time was provided for. What she missed was the sense of protection he could have given her. Still, she believed that in America she was safe from her husband. So with Fanchette she rented a little house a short distance out of town, bought a small automobile, sent an order to Paris to sell her bonds, and prepared to enjoy life as much as possible. After all, she was free—that was the principal thing.

But she had not reckoned with the persistence of the Duke. Whatever he may have been, he was completely infatuated



So they stood there in silence, and heard the little clock tick off a million dollars a minute.

with his American bride, and this infatuation was only stimulated by her flight, the course of which he soon discovered through detectives. Accompanied by his valet, Jules, his efficient lieutenant in many an escapade, he followed to New York. Here the trail was lost. For greater security, Dagmar had declined to give Kraft her address, and as she was virtually unknown in the city the Duke was baffled. Still he did not abandon his search, and one day Dagmar, driving slowly down Fifth Avenue in her car, for once unaccompanied by Fanchette, saw Jules suddenly dart out from the curb and leap into the vacant seat beside her before she could speed up and escape.

"Pardon, Madame la Duchesse," the valet remarked with obsequious irony, "but my master is verree, verree anxious to see you."

"He is here—in New York?"

"Mais oui, and so disconsolate. Madame."

"I will not see him! Tell him I never want to see him again—never!"

"Let us go somewhere that we may talk," Jules urged. "Perhaps we can arrange it—you and I."

"What do you mean?"

"We cannot talk here, Madame. Let us go to some cafe."

Dagmar drove to a

small restaurant, almost deserted at that hour of the afternoon, and there heard Jules' proposition. It was a very simple one—blackmail. For ten thousand dollars he would be silent. To this there were two objections: the first, that this was a great deal more than Dagmar could spare; the second, that she did not doubt that Jules, the money once in his hands, would break his word and tell the Duke of his discovery, to gain a second reward. Dagmar protested, pleaded, but Jules was inflexible in his demand. His bullying tone and sputter of broken English attracted the attention of two men sitting at a table a short distance away. They were A. Newman and Timothy O'Farrell, just arrived in New York from South Africa.

Coincidence? Yes, but what is life but a long series of coincidences? What has seemed nothing but chance has altered the course of thousands of lives, and even the destinies of nations. The verse speaks truly:

*Two shall be born the whole wide world
apart.
And these o'er unknown seas, to unknown
lands,
Shall cross, escaping wreck, defying death,
And all unconsciously shape every act
And bend each wandering step to this one
end—
That one day, out of darkness, they shall
meet,
And read life's meaning in each other's
eyes.*

There was fear in Dagmar's eyes, as Jules became more violent, and at length they rested in the strong, steady gaze of Stephen's. Jules leaned toward her, and began pounding the table. Dagmar looked an appeal she dared not speak. She could see that Stephen was a gentleman, and he could see that she was terrorized. With two steps he was beside her, and placed a heavy hand upon the shoulder of Jules. The Duke's valet started to protest, but Stephen's fingers closed like a vise upon his arm. Without a word he slunk away, turning at the door with a snarl.

"Thank you, so much," Dagmar said, simply. "He—I knew him in Paris, and he has been annoying me."

"May I see you safely home?" Stephen asked.

"No, thank you. My car is outside. I shall be all right."

Stephen accompanied her to her motor, but she simply bowed when he handed her his card, "A. Newman," and did not offer to reveal her own identity. She was grateful, but clearly had no desire to continue the acquaintance.

"Tim," Stephen remarked, when he returned, "I've got to know that girl."

O'Farrell was on the verge of making a bantering remark, but he noticed that Stephen's jaws were set, and that he was staring abstractedly at the door. His knowledge of men warned the adventurer that this was no subject for levity.

THUS a triple search for Dagmar was on foot, for Seager had arrived, presented his credentials and Kraft's own letter (to Stephen) to that lawyer, and promised him a big fee if he would lend his assistance in bringing about the ten-million-dollar wedding. Soon they had a detective agency searching the city and its environs for the missing girl. The Duke, however, had in his possession a specific clue, for Jules had the presence of mind, when Stephen drove him from the restaurant, to make a note of the number of Dagmar's automobile. Stephen alone had nothing to guide him, but one morning he decided that he would buy a car and drive up and down the streets of New York until he found the girl whose features had become indelibly photographed on his mind. He concluded that a small, second-hand car would answer his purpose, and scanning the automobile advertisements discovered one which was worded so unprofessionally that it arrested his attention. The description of the car, he then noted, tallied exactly with the one in which the mysterious young woman had driven from the cafe. Within an hour he was at the address given, arriving just as Dagmar was preparing to go for a drive.

Dagmar had received word from her Paris bankers that, owing to a complication, it would be necessary for her to come in person to attend to the sale of her bonds. Her funds were running low, and she decided to sell her car to provide money for the return to France. But when the man who had befriended her in the restaurant appeared as a purchaser, it was almost bewildering. Stephen, however, was quite casual.

"I understand you have a car for sale," he said.

"Yes. This is it. Do you want to buy one?"

"Will you give me a trial spin?" he asked.

She could not well refuse, even had she so desired. But there was something about this tall, handsome stranger that gave her a sense of security, and as they drove along through the country roads their friendship ripened swiftly. Always in the background, however, was the sinister figure of the Duke, and from time to time Dagmar would remember this and reestablish her barrier of reserve. With deep remorse she realized how delightful it would have been to fall in love with this Mr. Newman, if that were not entirely out of the question.

When the ride ended Stephen declared he was quite satisfied, and paid for the car, but said he would leave it with her for a few days until he decided where to keep it. Meanwhile she was to use it as if it were still her own, he declared. He insisted she should give him another lesson in driving it the next afternoon.

That evening as Dagmar stood at a window, looking pensively into the moonlight, she was startled at the sight of a skulking figure, darting from the protecting shadow of one tree to that of another. She watched for it to reappear, and her first suspicion was confirmed. It was Jules.

Quickly she called Fanchette and told what she had seen. They decided to leave for France without delay, and found that a ship sailed the next day. They hurriedly packed their few necessities, and shortly after daybreak departed, leaving the place in charge of a neighbor. But Dagmar could not bring herself to leave without writing a note to Newman, leaving it with the man who had charge of her car. She signed it "Laura Andrews," for it was by this name she was known to the few neighbors and the tradespeople, in her retreat. She merely told him that a cablegram had called her unexpectedly to Paris, hoped she might see him again when she returned, but added that this might not be for many months. And what she told Stephen, it required no great cleverness for the Duke and Seager's spies to learn for themselves, when they found the house deserted.

So it was not strange that, a few days later three men unacquainted with each

other, all pursuing the same woman but all with different motives, crossed the Atlantic on the same ship. But though Seager, the Duke and Stephen, never had come face to face, one day O'Farrell grabbed Stephen's arm, and pointing at Seager, said:

"Steve—look at that fellow carefully. Have you ever seen him before?"

"If I ever did, I'm sure I don't want to again. Gad, what a vicious face!"

O'Farrell was not satisfied and made inquiries, which elicited an astonishing fact.

"You may be interested in knowing, Steve," he said, a few hours later, "that your friend with the vicious face is Mr. Stephen Quaintance."

"The devil it is!"

"True for you, Steve! The devil it is, but he's calling himself Quaintance. I've taken another look, and I remember him now. He's a rascal, thief and cutthroat that I saw kill a man in cold blood in Johannesburg two years ago, only he had a stubby beard then. That's why I didn't recognize him at once. You see, he's robbed our friend in the canoe, and found your papers."

"Well, I don't care if he uses my name—never did think much of it. But I'm hanged if I want to see him using it to persuade some innocent girl to marry him to get ten millions."

"Then let me take hold of his trail. The minute we leave the boat I'll get two or three detectives to watch him night and day, and copper his game. Thank heaven, here's adventure again!"

BUT Stephen's own interests absorbed him to the exclusion of all else. His chase was a difficult one, but how difficult he did not know. He was looking for a Miss Laura Andrews, while Dagmar, knowing how futile it would be to try to hide herself in Paris, and her business affairs likewise calling for the use of her proper name, had taken apartments with Fanchette at the Hotel d'Artaile as the Duchesse de Reves. Stephen inquired at one hotel after another for Miss Andrews, visited all the public places where she might be expected to go, but the weary days passed without sign of her. Finally he began to understand what a hopeless quest it was.

Seager was more successful. He had

(Continued on page 152)



Old Doc Cheerful

NAMELY, DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS,
AND HE TELLS THE WHOLE WORLD
HOW TO BE ATHLETIC; HIS RULES

By K. Owen

*"Always smile. It
won't hurt you and
may help others!"*

"There are only two kinds of athletes that can afford to disregard rules—Spanish, and checker-players."—D. Fairbanks.

NOT so very long ago, Douglas Fairbanks was a Broadway idol. All the reg'lah fellahs used to imitate his walk, his gesticulations and other idiosyncrasies (this word comes very highly recommended). Then he was regarded as the *knee flush ulster* (this is a well known foreign phrase) of fashionable masculinity and matinee idolatrous femininity also looked upon him with favor, and languorous eyes. Then he was a Broadway star; now he belongs to the world, because he is "in pictures." Generically speaking, he has doffed his fine linen and is wearing the celluloid collar.

This is an athletic age. Everybody is more or less athletic, due largely to the advertising propaganda of the athletic underwear and corset manufacturers. Those that aren't athletic, want to be, and no one, man, woman or child, can be truly athletic without rules.

Mr. Fairbanks has come to the attention of the nation, via the ribbons of transparent celluloid, as an athletic type worthy of emulation. There has been a great demand for information as to how he keeps

himself in such excellent condition. The situation demanded an interview with Mr. Fairbanks. Well, here y'are:

"Mr. Fairbanks," said I, after he had crushed my typewriter finger in a spirit of friendly greeting, "how do—"

"Well," came the reply like the snap of a machine gun, "it's nothing but rules. Everybody who desires to be an athlete should have rules. Furthermore they should be printed rules. There are only two kinds of athletes that can afford to disregard rules—Spanish, and checker-players. Spanish athletes have attained the highest honors in their profession—I am speaking now of New York—with no further exercise than raising the right leg six inches and resting it on a brass tube at frequent intervals during the day and night.

"I do not like to converse regarding my own personality but I *can* say with all modesty that I *do* keep in the pink of condition; and I am not at all averse to telling the public just how I do it. I will proceed in language that I think even you may comprehend. You can write in a headline here entitled:

**"HOW TO BE ATHLETIC LIKE
ME."**

"First comes sleep. At least eight hours'



"A glass of hot water's the thing in the morning, an iced orange-juice is better, and a hot chocolate is coming up!"

that could be said—many more rules that could be given. What I have furnished you are merely the essentials. I know they are good rules because I am personally acquainted with fellows who have tried them. But the best rule

of an open window, as the breathing of fresh air is very good for one. Automobiles should be shunned. Shunning them is often very good exercise in itself. What I mean to convey, however, is that when a person has a machine, he rides instead of walks, thus losing much healthful exercise.

"Those who strive for physical prowess often neglect the mental and spiritual. A half hour each day should be devoted to serious reading—psychology and metaphysics, for instance. You will be surprised at the results—just as much surprised, probably, as I would be.

"There is much more

"Once in awhile we wear a flower on our coat to show ourselves how beautifully we can adorn Nature."



"Don't trifle with me, fellah, I might biff you!"

of all is, 'Don't worry.' Always smile. It won't hurt you and may help others.

"In conclusion, I might state that I am proud that I am an athlete. It is my intention to keep on being one, in the same old way."

Then Mr. Fairbanks made a futile attempt to shake hands with the interviewer, who had learned something in the course of the session; apologized for having to leave and blamed it on the director.

Just as a sort of curtain it might be added that probably no recruit to the screen from the speaking stage has made good in like proportion to Mr. Fairbanks.



Plays and Players

ABOUT THE PEOPLE OF FILMLAND,
AT THE STUDIO AND IN THE HOME

By Cal York

WANT to hear about Alice Joyce's experiences at the recent photoplayers' stage performance for The Actors' Fund, in New York City? With her husband, Tom Moore, she appeared in a one-act play, and thus enthusiastically she writes of her footlight debut to *PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE*:

"I've been on the stage! For years even the word 'stage' sent cold chills down my spine.

"I was quite calm just before the curtain went up. We opened on a dark stage and I was *supposed* to be excited. Good thing! Then Thomas, with all his experience, forgot the plot! Money on dresser—most important prop—he'd forgotten it. I was just about to give him the line when I saw him coming toward me. He then improvised a line of his own, about the money being on the dresser.

"After Tom forgot a few more lines I began to hope he wouldn't skip to the finish. Good thing I knew my lines so well! I've teased him ever since—tickles me that he, who has been on the stage for years, forgot. After such a severe test I ought to be able to work at any time on the stage.

"I was worried about my voice, but Anna Nilson, a severe critic, sat very near the back and heard every word. Only just when I began to feel easy—it was over!"

MABEL NORMAND, formerly a scintillating charter member of Keystone, is now a reg'lar individual star with a studio of her



Here is Gladys Brockwell, a meteor, rather than a fixed star in the film firmament. During the last few months she has been with Fine Arts and Universal, and is now with Fox.

own. After she quit the Arbuckle company in New York, Miss Normand returned to Los Angeles to begin her new line of dramatic work under the supervision of Thos. H. Ince. However, presence at the Ince studios is not required, as a special studio was built in Hollywood for Miss Normand.

THOMAS W. LAWSON, whose name was one with which to conjure in the devious ways of high finance some years back, has become a scenario writer. At the behest of William A. Brady, director-general of the World Film Corporation, Mr. Lawson has worked out a picturization of "Friday, the 13th," a novel which created quite a sensation in the heyday of the Lawson career. Robert Warwick is to be the star of the film play.

REPORTS from Los Angeles during the month had it that Edna Purviance, the dazzling blonde of the Chaplin company, had abandoned that concern. Several newspapers printed the report and then things began to happen. The Mutual company, which has invested close to a million dollars in the funny fellow, sent out many denials of the rumor, declaring that Miss Purviance was under contract with them (what does a woman care about such a trifle, anyhow, if she has a grievance?) and the redoubtable Charles spent at least \$2.28 on telegrams stating that Miss Purviance was still a member of his company. Another K. O. for Dame Rumor.

LITTLE Mary Miles Minter, the wonder-child of Metro, has enrolled under the American banner—that is, the banner of the American Film Company, which is the leading industry of Santa Barbara, Cal., next to the tourist business. We are told that Miss Minter has signed a five-year contract with that company, so she will be—let's see, she had her last fiftieth birthday on April 1—yes, she will be just seventeen when her contract expires.

EXCEEDINGLY exciting information is furnished by press agents occasionally. For example, we learn that when J. Warren Kerrigan recently returned from the mountains south of San Diego, "he was accompanied by a huge appetite." So huge, in fact, that he went into a cafe in San Diego and ate \$4.90 worth of food. Gracious, what an awful spender!

HAL COOLEY, who has been with American at Santa Barbara for some time, has joined the Monrovia company, located a few miles from Los Angeles, and he is to play the lead in a new multiple reel spectacle based on the early history of California.

GEORGE BEBAN, delineator of Italian character roles extraordinary and star of a half-dozen notable photoplays, is now a manager. After completing "Pasquale," for Morosco, Mr. Beban was offered the opportunity of taking charge of "Civilization," the big Thomas Ince spectacle, for its New York run. He is now in that city arranging for its *premier*.

IT looks like a certainty that Geraldine Farrar is to indulge in another season of celluloid drama. She has just leased for the summer Villa Blanca, the Hollywood home of Blanche Ring. Miss Farrar is under contract with Lasky.

JAMES YOUNG, husband of the renowned Clara Kimball and one of the country's leading photoplay directors, is no longer with Lasky. During the few months he spent in Hollywood, Mr. Young directed two notable

stars in two well-praised plays, Mae Murray in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs" and Blanche Sweet in "The Thousand Dollar Husband." Mr Young has been engaged to direct Mabel Normand at her new Hollywood studio.

ROSEMARY THEBY and Harry Myers who recently disassociated themselves from Universal, Eastern, are now in Jacksonville, Fla., turning out comedies under the Vim banner for the General program. We are reliably informed they are "refined" comedies.

PERHAPS on the theory that they will become more reconciled to their fate, the Governor of Arizona is said to be contemplating the reprieve of several condemned murderers who recently appeared in a Fox photoplay, so that they won't be hanged until after they see themselves on the screen. All of which speaks well for the humanitarianism of the Arizona executive and the Fox typewriter soloist.

AFTER all, the screen is no more hazardous than the stage, if Frank Campeau's experience is any criterion. After a season of Hollywooding, without personal injury, Mr. Campeau drifted East to play the villain in "Rio Grande," the new Augustus Thomas border drama. During the Chicago engagement, Mr. Campeau fractured two ribs while doing a heavy fall required by the action of the play, but he did not retire because of his injuries. Instead he continued doing the fall

every night and sometimes in the daytime also, so that there was little chance for the injured bones to knit.

VERA SISSON, one of the last of the Biographers, is Director Dan Cupid's most recent victim on the Golden Coast. Miss Sisson during the last month became the bride of Dick Rosson, who indulges in juvenile leads for the American Film Company at Santa Barbara, where they will reside. The bride was formerly with Universal, but she rejoined Biograph, where she remained until that pioneer concern quit the battle and ended its studio activities.



Photo by Witzel

You wouldn't know her as Mrs. Dick Rosson, so we will continue to call her Vera Sisson, late Biograph star, who became the bride of Dick Rosson of American last month.

FAMOUS old Drury Lane Theater in London has become a *cinema*. It is now housing "The Birth of a Nation," and most all of royalty are said to have braved the Zepps to see the Griffith production.

JACK CONWAY is a new directorial acquisition at Universal City and has been designated to boss the J. Warren Kerrigan company. Mr. Conway is a graduate of the Griffith school. He came to the Griffith studio to play leads and soon was directing features.

"BRONCHO BILLY" ANDERSON manages to keep his name in print despite his retirement from the screen. An actress has sued him for debt in Chicago and he recently purchased a half interest in the Longacre Theater, New York. It is not his first theatrical venture, as he experimented with a musical comedy house in San Francisco a few years ago.

OBBLIGATIONS mean nothing to some folk. Here we have Francis X. Villa (the X is silent as in cheese), under contract to appear in a five-reel Lubin play, deliberately falling down on his agreement to start work May 10. He has not even notified the company as to his whereabouts.

RICHARD GARRICK is no longer director-general of Gaumont at Jacksonville, Fla. He resigned, according to word from the new film center, with no reason given for the sudden retirement from the boss office.

WORD from farther south in Florida has it that Paul Gilmore's film company has disbanded at Tampa and that the former matinee idol is looking for someone to organize another company to exploit his histrionic wares.

IT is disclosed via Vitagraph's efficient publicity bureau that "In Miss Lucille Stewart, Mr. Ince has found an artist capable of fulfilling every difficult demand that he may make on her for the artistic and realistic production of the many features he has in contemplation." Inasmuch as Miss Stewart has, in private life, been Mrs. Ince for several years, the discovery must have been peculiarly startling to the director-husband.

USING the name of a real person in the cast of a reel drama is more often than not fraught with embarrassment for all hands.

Recently General T. Coleman Du Pont, United States senator and gunpowder magnate, compelled the Fox company to remove his name and that of his son, an honor student at Boston "Tech," from the photoplay "Blue Blood and Red." An injunction did the work. Then Universal took "Mrs. William Brandt" out of the cast of "Where Are My Children?" its much discussed sex-control photoplay, because of the protest of a well-known New York woman of that name.

MOROSCO is still actively engaged in gathering in new feminine talent. In addition to Edna Goodrich, that concern recently signed up Rita Jolivet and Vivian Martin. Miss Jolivet has appeared in but one film, "The Unafraid," done at Lasky's, and Miss Martin has been a featured player at Fox's Eastern studio for the greater part of a year.

HAVING completed a season on the legitimate stage, Richard Bennett has hit the Coast trail once more. He has signed with American at Santa Barbara, where he staged his celluloid version of "Damaged Goods."

CHARLOTTE WALKER, whose screen acting has been monopolized by Lasky thus far, has signed a contract with Metro, said to be a long-term document. In private life, Miss Walker is the wife of Eugene Walter, one of the country's best known dramatists.



Famous Players has a weakness for musical comedy stars. This is the latest peach plucked by that organization from the musical stage. Little Ann Pennington, Ziegfeld "Follies."

SINCE Edna May ventured out of her long retirement there has been a plethora of photoplays with a Salvation Army flavor. The latest to don the blue bonnet is Fannie Ward in Lasky's "The Gutter Magdalene."

DE WOLF HOPPER'S contract with Fine Arts expires in August, and he plans to make a tour over the various big-time circuits. Mr. Hopper's newest film play is "Casey at the Bat," in which is said to be visualized the various causes which contributed to the striking out of the Mighty Casey in the ninth, to the deep sorrow of Mudville.

LLOUD noises were made by Universal a few weeks ago anent the return of Florence Lawrence to the camera stage after a long retirement. There was just a whisper when Miss Lawrence resigned after appearing in a single picture. The corporation side of it was that the actress had an attack of temperament; the other side is mum.

KITTY GORDON, she of the alabaster shoulder blades, and Jack Wilson, her vaudeville partner, have gone into the film producing business on their own hook. There seems to be an epidemic of it. Mitzi Hajos—pronounce it any way you wish—of musical comedy fame, and Vaughan Glaser, who leads the matinee idols' league, are officers and chief stockholders of another new film concern. Both are to play before the camera as well as act in executive capacity for the company.

GLADYS BROCKWELL, who has recently appeared in Fine Arts and Universal films, has been annexed by the western branch of the Fox Company, as a new lead. Another recent acquisition by the same concern is Charles Clary, who was successively with Selig, Fine Arts and Lasky, as leading man. Both are playing in Director Raoul Walsh's company.

PERHAPS for the first time, the dramatic rights for a film play have been sold, thus reversing the usual order. The photoplay which is to be made over into a stage drama is "The Cheat," written by Hector Turnbull and produced by Lasky with Fannie Ward and Sessue Hayakawa in the leading roles. Several New York theatrical producers made bids for the rights, which were acquired by A. H. Woods.

ACCORDING to a recent interview by Col. W. N. Selig the publication of stories regarding the high salaries paid film stars is very detrimental to the industry. However, the salaries are actually paid as reputed, almost without exception, and it is the paying rather than the publication that hurts the producers most.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN is now the possessor of an estate. He recently purchased a home surrounded by 115 acres of land in a Baltimore suburb and he has already installed his family in the new domicile. He is said to have paid \$65,000 for the place.

THEDA BARA, who specializes as the third rail in Fox eternal triangles, plans to invade the field of fiction. It is announced that Miss Bara will soon offer for publication her personally written memoirs. Which is but prefatory to the press agent allegation that in her latest role the well-known vampire ruins the lives of three men. Furthermore, it is designated a "masterful" film drama.

DAINTY little Ann Pennington, for three seasons a star of "The Follies," has deserted the spotlight for the Cooper-Hewitts. Her celluloid debut will be as a Famous Player in "Susie Snowflake," a tale of the musical comedy stage. Another recent annexation by Famous Players is Peggy Hyland, one of England's leading stage and screen stars.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN believes that his reputation and fame will be jeopardized by the alleged padding of his Carmen burlesque from a two-reeler to double that size, so he brought suit for injunction against Essanay. The latter corporation, as an act of reprisal, sued Charlie for \$500,000 damages, alleging that he had contracted to produce ten pictures for them last year and only did seven. Outside of these preliminary flurries, the friendliest relations exist between the two sides of the controversy.



Vivian Martin is a very discriminating reader. If you don't believe it, see what she is perusing while waiting for her coffee. Miss Martin is now a member of the Morosco forces.

MARY MOORE, sister of Owen, Tom and Matt, is now appearing in Metro pictures. In "A Million a Minute" Miss Moore played the role of Francis Bushman's mother, but it was when the hero of the play was a wee baby.

EDWARD ARNOLD, one of Essanay's young leading men, is the newest benedick around the Argyle street studio. (No, not any sort of "Benedick" Arnold. The bride was formerly Miss Harriet Marshall, of Richmond, Va., and the ceremony occurred at the Hotel Sherman, Chicago, April 20.

Mrs. Arnold is a graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music and is prominent in Richmond society.

LUBIN'S Coronado Beach studio has again acquired Adda Gleason since the completion of "Ramona," in which Miss Gleason played the title role.

YEA, verily; the greatest of these is charity. The Balboa company announced that had it won that damage suit against Henry Walthall, the entire \$20,000 would have gone to the Actors' Fund. But—the announcement was made after the jury brought in the verdict in the actor's favor. Walthall was sued for jumping his Balboa contract and he convinced the jury that the company had not abided by the terms of that document.

HAZEL DAWN and her company of Famous Players spent several weeks in

Georgia for local color, and Director Frederick Thompson returned a cripple, suffering with water on the knee. It's about the only thing one can get in most of the Southern States now, either on the knee or the hip.

GETTING rid of the old family name continues to be the vogue at Universal City. The latest to ditch the prosaic patronymic for a more euphonious one is Anna Schraeder, L-Ko ingenue, who will henceforth be known as Anna Darling.

THE Ford-Cunard-Universal severance of diplomatic and business relations was short-lived. The two stars made a trip to New York, saw the Powers that be and also the Laemmle, and returned to the setting sun. Announcement followed that Mr. Ford and Miss Cunard would reappear as the principals in "Peg o' the Ring," the Universal serial upon which they were at work when they clashed with the new efficiency system. Ruth Stonehouse had been obtained to take Miss Cunard's place in the serial, and she has now been assigned to another company. Score one for art over efficiency.

JACK SHERRILL, who has been playing opposite Alice Brady, has quit the East for palm-speckled Los Angeles, where he intends to do some registering.

IT was announced during the month that Alice Joyce was to return to the screen via World films, but this statement was later denied, with the explanation that Miss Joyce had not as yet attached her signature to a contract of any kind.

OLIVE JOHNSON, one of the best known children of the celluloid stage, has returned to the screen after a successful experiment with vaudeville. Little Miss Johnson is to appear in Universal photoplays made at Fort Lee, N. J.

VICTOR HERBERT has broken into the films. That is to say, the noted composer has written the music for Thos. Dixon's "The Fall of a Nation," and because of that, it is now billed as a "grand opera cinema." Preparedness stuff.

MUSICAL NOTE: Carter DeHaven, once a vaudeville headliner and now a fixed star at Universal City, has purchased a saxo-

phone, which he exercises daily in his dressing room. Nothing of a criminal nature had occurred when the last mail arrived from the Coast.

LESTER CUNEO couldn't stand the excitement of a business career, so he is back playing heavies with Metro. Some months ago he deserted the screen to take a position in a Chicago bank. Counting money isn't much of a job unless it's your own money.

VICTOR MOORE, the Chimmie Fadden of stage and screen lustre, has quit the Lasky studio, according to information from the Coast. It is whispered that Mr. Moore was dissatisfied with his recent vehicles. Since abandoning footlights for silversheet Mr. Moore has placed himself in the front rank of film comedians.



Photo by Moffett

Richard Bennett will probably be the alcalde (Spanish for "Boss") of Santa Barbara before long. He went there recently direct from a Broadway success to take up film work.

FINE ARTS is going to turn out some two-reelers, the first since the "Reliance-Majestic" sign was taken down from 4500 Sunset Boulevard last winter. In one of the first ones Douglas Fairbanks is the star and John Emerson the director. After completing it, Mr. Emerson left for Fort Lee, N. J., to take charge of the Fine Arts Eastern studio. Five companies will be engaged at that studio this summer.

ANOTHER team has shaken the alkali of Universal City from their moccasins — E. J. LeSaint, the director

and Stella Razeto, his leading woman and also his wife. Just why they left has not been divulged.

CCHESTER WITHEY, of Fine Arts, is now a full-fledged director. "Chet" will be remembered as Fay Tincher's boss in the many office boy comedies. He has written a number of comedies which have been successfully produced.

AFTER suffering many hardships, an Edison company headed by Otis Harlan, has returned from the broiling desert where exteriors were taken. Oh, yes; the desert was at Amagansett, Long Island.

ROMEOS attention! Clara Kimball Young is looking for a Romeo who is qualified to play to her Juliet. Strangely enough, no one concerned is making the bluff that the production is to be solely in honor of the departed Shakespeare.

*Introducing May Thurman,
a luxurious Keystoneess.*



When She Swims

YOUR PICTURE PET AFLOAT IS AS SAFE,
SANE AND COMFORTABLE AS HER
BROTHER—AND INFINITELY MORE SCENIC!

California Photography
by Raymond Stagg



Mary Anderson and friend.



*Ro'll down, Ruth
Roland's silken
stocking, roll!*

*Is Cleo Ridgely laughing because Myrtle Stedman
found some slivers? If so, why is
la Stedman laughing?*





*Nell Craig,
fully
emancipated
for
swimming.*



*Here's Camille
Astor. The two
back ground
gentlemen who
won't look at her
couldn't do any
picking for us!*



*What does Norma
Talmadge do with
this blamed hat when
a roller hits her?*

*"Right back at you!"
says Grace Valentine's
camera.*

*Belle Iole, a
well-posted
Moroscoite.*



*Ethel Teave—oh, look at
Anita King running
toward us!*



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Cordially and sincerely yours,

Lucille French,

Photoplay Magazine

New York and Chicago

TILT ear, all you fair Clarices, Adeles and sisterfolk. It is decreed for the happiness of you who go down to the surf to swim, or to the beach to fill the masculine eye with delight, that to be completely *chic* you should wear this Summer of Nineteen and Sixteen a one-piece bathing costume. Not a suit. That word is now *passé*. A costume. And it is not only permissible but highly and eminently proper to case your toes ten in tall lace-up satin or canvas boots and carry a sun-shade (never, *never* say parasol) over your shapely shoulder. And an alluring range of bright colors for the one-piece is decreed, alike whether the



Changeable green and black taffeta with braid trimmings and bloomers of lighter two-tone shade, \$22.50. Cap of green rubber with yellow flowers, \$1.10. Satin shoes, white leather bindings, \$1.95.



Navy or black taffeta piped in white, \$9.75. Rubber fringed scarf, black and white or rose and gray, \$11.75. Shoes white canvas, leather bound, \$1.00. Rubber hat with scarf streamer in combinations, \$2.25.

beach be Californian, Floridian, Coneyan, Lincoln Parkwayian where the waters of the inland sea lap at Chicago's feet—or wherever it be. For it is ordained that the one-piece shall whisper—very loudly—to the surf skirt: "*Awaunt!*" Ah! Already you are gone! Oh, you are not? But you might as well be, for nobody's looking at you *at all*.

The one-piece, to be quite modish, may be of changeable taffeta, red and black; or of white embroidered in cube design; or of rose and gray; or flower-splashed like a coquettish voice out of the chintz days of our great-grandmothers' past; it may be vivid, conservative, bright,

Blue taffeta with rose ramie linen, or black taffeta with white ramie linen, \$16.50. Satin shoes with white leather bindings, \$1.95. Satin turban, white combined with colors, \$3.95.



cool, saucy, dawning - striped out with suggestions of lingerie, or plain; it may like a jersey, or loose; it may inwearing of long gloves, or be worn armed from the it may be fitted corset, or worn *au brassieres* are provided for those who desire them; many of the season's new styles in surf costume call for a wide-brimmed hat with fetching chin-ribbon effect, others are combined with the knotted or unknotted wound-turban to keep the hair from too much wetting. But whatever style be individually chosen, the season's one unalterable command is that the *ensemble* be of surpassing attractiveness to the eye, combined with superior freedom of the limbs. And it is to form a very important part of my shore lady's trunkful of wardrobe, if one is to be entirely smart. One day she will be a dazzling vision in white taffeta on the tawny sands of California or the pale drifts of Florida; the next she will appear a fascinating silhouette in trim black satin against the sun-sparkle of the waves; certainly on no account will she don the same costume two days running.

mure, of flare, fittings boldly cling close drape include the silk bare-shoulder; over a *naturel*;

grow slender"—if such the need be. There will enter in, among the fashionables, no other major vacation sport to compete. Sculptors' models may roll on the floor to gain Winter litherness, but they are to *swim* this warm weather of 1916. And for maximum freedom of movement and consequent enjoyment of exercise, there is nothing like the one-piece shore costumes of silk or wool-jersey in tunic models—tunic and tights, all woven in one. It's a jolly comfort!

The bloomer effect, for those who shrink from the very daring modes, will be quite correct, but its popularity will be far below that of the one-piece. The 1916 bathing costume in many instances will be so daintily accompanied with accessories as to attain almost the formality—despite its brevity of actual material—of a frock. A wonderfully smart beach get-up is a rose-colored satin in Russian blouse effect with trimming bands of fuzzy white toweling crash, and a wide rose satin hat with white rubber pond lilies to match. It is immensely effective after the dip, when sandwiches and cool beverages are being served on the sands.

And once again, we are to remember that we no longer tuck a bathing-suit under our arm. We frock for the beach!



Fiber silk in all colors: border and sash of white, \$12.75. Black tights. Coolie hat of gray rubber, red or blue trimmings, \$5.95.

The edict this Summer is, "Swim and

*Juanita Hansen looking
right across the ocean.*



*This is Billie, not
Gloria Burke.*

*This is Ann
Pennington's
favorite gesture
in footlights
or water.*



*Yes, we like your
bathing skirt,
Doris Kenyon.*



*Who? Ida
Undine
Schnall*



Sally Crute



Ollie Kirby

Nell Craig;
2nd reel.

Anita Stewart,
in a Summer
Setting

*Kicking is not always
having something to kick
about; sometimes it's a
matter of having some-
thing to kick with; so
say the twinkling twins
Myrtle Lind and Maud
Wayne.*



*The only man in
our flower garden:
Chaplin. The girl?
Edna Purviance.*



*Why go to the Metropolitan Museum to lamp statuary while
there are any Louise Fazendas left in the world?*

*"Isn't Lake Michigan
fresh!" exclaims Betty
Brown.*

*Not Pavlova—just
Hazel Childers.*



*The little girl on
the island is Edith
Johnson; the
great big lady to
your right, Edna
Goodrich.*

The Shadow Stage

A Department of
Photoplay Review

By Julian Johnson

*Geraldine Farrar and
Pedro de Córdoba in
"Maria Rosa,"
"a rich tapestry,
dramatic even in its
photography."*



WHAT we do to life, not what life does to us, is the stuff that makes literature. When we see a play we care not so much what happens to the chief character as how he takes it. Does fortune or disaster make or break him? Plot is only a hand opening the book of human character.

As long as photoplays persist the white heroes and the black villains will rage, the latter to be unvaryingly vanquished by virtuous victory in the last reel. There are a lot of mentalities so sluggish that their excitements and emotions must be borrowed or bought; and they can't be bought for much less than the motion picture dime. Though these spiritual snails are ever with us, the true photodrama is not their concern. It is the concern of the thinking man and woman who wish their art to be a chronicle of life; an expressive and sometimes inspirational resume of life; a mirror in which they may see their petty faults reflected in the deeds of others; an optic door through which peer the ghosts of

their secret hopes and joys.

The disappearance of complete virtue and viciousness in our best story-pictures is the frontier post indicating that we have crossed the border of nursery-fable into the land of reality.

As for instance:

"THE Law Decides," a Vitagraph drama written by Marguerite Bertsch, and produced, with remarkable fidelity to detail, by William P. S. Earle.

Lorenz, a family friend of the Whartons, John and Florence, is desperately in love with Florence, and takes no pains to conceal this fact. Wharton is not altogether praiseworthy in the conduct of his household: his stepmother, who loves intrigue and matchmaking as a Celt loves politics, lives in his house, and he sides with her, and deliberately permits her to annoy his wife. Such a woodenhead needs the meddling of a Lorenz to right his affairs via an explosion, and this is what



he gets. The elder Mrs. Wharton has a daughter of her own, by another marriage; *she*, in her mother's eye, was to have been Wharton's mate—not lovely but outland Florence. So Mrs. Wharton, with the cold blooded deviltry which only a smug and smirking woman of fifty seems able to acquire, inserts the invisible wedge that splits the home. Circumstance rises upon circumstance until the pinnacle of divorce is reached, and Florence actually marries Lorenz, and lives many months with him. Here the little play touches its truest form, and in the wretchedness of the *mesalliance*, and the loneliness of the broken home, is something very close to Zolaesque realism. The plot of Mrs. Wharton comes to the nuptial point with her daughter and Wharton, but it does not go through. Lorenz, sanctified rather than blackened by his pitifully unrequited love for the wife who never ceased being his friend's wife, has battled every foot of his losing way. He has given Florence a much bigger love than she ever knew before, probably a tenderer love than any save her child's, and he has been driven to the very brink of his cliff of life. The cliff in this instance is the French window of a New York apartment, hundreds of feet above the street. When Lorenz steps through this window and closes his book of sorrow in one downward plunge it is as breath-taking an instant as any photoplay has vouchsafed this year.

The delectable fiction of the mother who steals into her husband's house every night to see her baby is brought out, dusted, and screwed into place, yet notwithstanding several pieces of such antiquated dramatic machinery this play is a work of striking sincerity.

Harry Morey as Lorenz gets your sympathy, not your condemnation, whether you approve or not. The unexpectedness of life is shown in his planning, an hour before his suicide, a trip to Europe. His bursts of futile passion, crushing his unresisting but unresponsive wife to his heart;

Hamilton Revelle and Marguerite Snow in "The Half-Million Bribe."

his adorning of her room with roses; his piteous glances at the telephone even as—not at all according to the programme of Mrs. Machiavelli Wharton—he plans an elopement to give Florence her freedom, were the very essence of poignancy. The part of Florence Wharton established beautiful Dorothy Kelly as an emotional actress. Bobby Connelly was just such a kid as every father is sure his is. Louise Beudet was so good a Mrs. Wharton that, somehow, I can't disassociate her from this character. Only Donald Hall, playing Wharton, seemed at times very trite and stagey.

"SUSAN Rocks the Boat."

A critic whose opinions I generally respect has described this piece and the one I've just discussed as "wishy-washy," and "colorless." Why? He says of "The Law Decides": "Not good drama, but nevertheless an interesting depiction of a situation that might occur in actual life." Enough! And of "Susan": "at times it has a thrill, but is in the main quite colorless."

Yes, "Susan" was colorless, judged from the excitement standpoint and the thick plot peekhole.

It was a story about

Susan Johnstone, who had read of rich girls rescuing the worthy poor, and of settlement work, until she fancied herself a sort of Wilson administration Joan of Arc. Right here author Bernard McConville knocked his own plot down to show how silly all such plots have been. The things that Susan planned didn't happen. Not at all! She couldn't make bums into furious ions of effort with psalms and hot coffee. All she got from Larry O'Neill was derisive laughter and love in spite of himself, and—poor, pretty, pinheaded little Susan!—just as she thought she had converted Jim Cardigan, saloonkeeper and ward boss, she discovered in terror that Cardigan was merely hungry for her velvet face as pasturage for his coarse mouth. The rescue by Larry and the ensuing prophylactic romance is aside from our main contemplation, which is gently satiric.

This play was a Triangular affair, with Dorothy Gish as Susan, Owen Moore as Larry, Fred Butler as the bull-like Cardigan, and James O'Shea as a noble "stew." The littlest of the little Gishes is setting a pace for her next-size-larger sister.

Ince at his best has a ring of iron. "The Beggars of



"Why"—in "The Floorwalker," Chaplin's first Mutual release—"the almost total eclipse of Purviance, the loveliest blonde in speechless comedy?"

Cawnpore," believe its tale of drug debauchery and recovery or not, was convincing as shrapnel when it bursts right over one's head.

The military spectacles, the pandemonium of battle, the flash of heroism and the lurid dimness of cowardice and treachery—these things positively enthralled.

H. B. Warner's assumption of the frail officer was one of the finest pieces of character acting he has ever done.

"The Closed Road," a World photoplay featuring House Peters, is the strange and powerful story of a profligate whose ultimate impulse was for good.

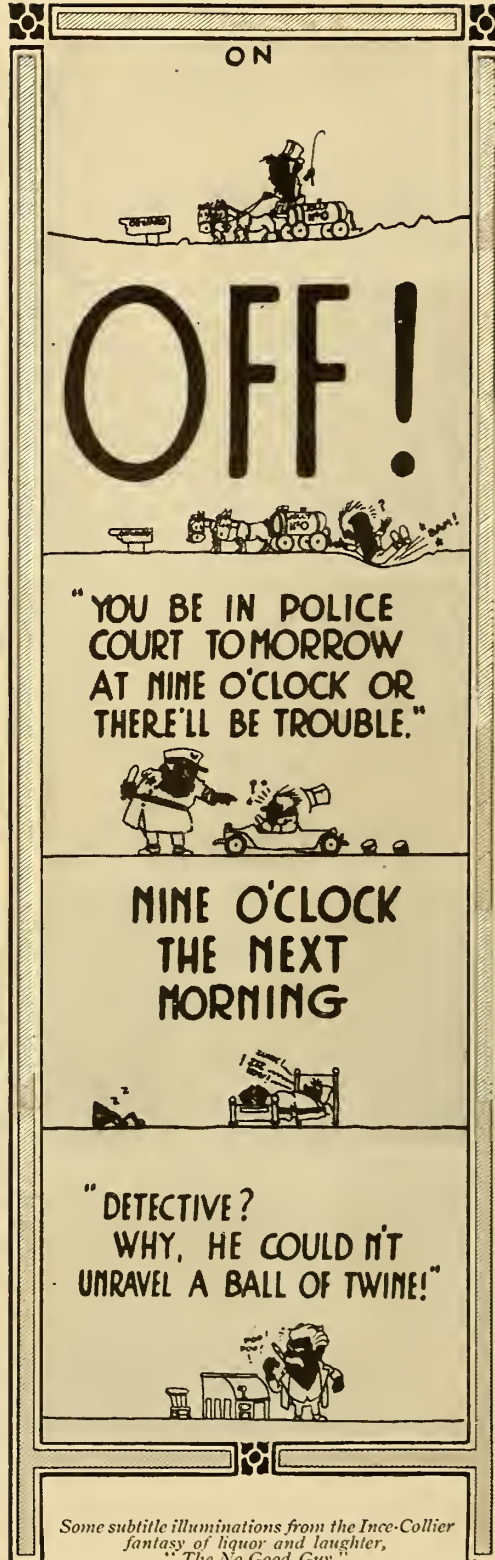
Peters plays Frank Sergeant, who, upon being told that he has but six months to live, is prevailed upon by a girl to accept the blame for another's (supposed) crime, and to agree to expiate it in the customary capital manner of the State of New York. How destiny creeps through mysterious byways to the gate of truth—staying the very hand of the executioner—is told in a fabric of absorbing and sometimes terribly thrill-

ing narration.

This is a photoplay from the hands of the director who shines out of the World master-cluster like a first magnitude star: Maurice Tourneur. Tourneur has presented realism without sordidness, sensations which seem facts, yet no horrifying detail. We have a murder play without a trial scene, that lugubrious lumber which clutters half our dramatic edifices like mouldy scaffolding—just as, in "The Law Decides" we beheld a divorce granted "in chambers," a thing so amazingly natural and everyday that it seemed incredible.

Barbara Tennant does good work as a very likable heroine, and Peters is his customary gigantic self.

TOM INCE threw out probably the month's biggest surprise in comedy. "The No-Good Guy" was a laughing success made in the captioning and assembling. Willie Collier himself, as a human bottle of assorted likable and perverse qualities, contributed much characteristic movement and glimpsing, and the all-eyed Enid Markey, as a kind of tamale villainess,



Some subtitle illuminations from the Ince-Collier fantasy of liquor and laughter, "The No-Good Guy."

handed a chatelaine of surprises to those who think of her only as something to be kissed or killed. But it was the captionry, as roistering a set of blackly illuminated subtitles as ever punctured a play, which lured guffaws from hiding places of years. Some of these silhouetted explosions are reproduced elsewhere on these pages. Did you see them in giant size on the screen?

In "The Red Widow" John Barrymore carried his chortling worshippers on a corset maker's adventurous wedding journey half around the world. I know of no one who could have so drolly turned inside out the shrimp soul of Cicero Hannibal Butts, the straight-front king. Flora Zabelle proved that the other half of the Hitchcock family is by no means devoid of comedy instincts, but by what process of reasoning the ama-

teu-rish and wearisome Lillian Tucker is presumed to be of Barrymore supporting calibre I cannot discover. She was the only butter spot on an otherwise perfectly fresh garment. Mr. Barrymore has proved himself a supreme farceur, and it is a matter of national remark that he has also proved a supreme tragedian: "Justice," the sinister Galsworthy expression, is the sensation of New York, and John Barrymore is enacting its principal role.

This has been a so-so month in the Keystone grist-mill. Plays have come from Fort Lee, and plays have come from Edendale. There have been

explosions of boisterousness, and flashes of pretty girls. I laughed most at Chester Conklin's uproar ament the regulation Western drama, "Bucking Society." The fellow who sat next me thought it dismal, and he was no undertaker, either. Write your own ticket.

IN "Blazing Love," an unbelievable compilation of various lusts, Virginia Pearson proves her right to almost any role her new master, Fox, may assign her. This is her first Fox picture, and in it she passes from languorous and seductive youth to seamed, hopeless, frantically struggling middle age. I have never seen a young woman so completely and credibly transform herself. Here is more than a set of facial lines. Here is an expression through



Dorothy, "littlest of the little Gishes, who is setting a pace for her next-size-larger sister."



dustily into the light, and suffers its little tin-horn appendages to have a polishing on behalf of a tardy exploiter, William Farnum. It makes a joke of its author, and as a vehicle for Farnum and Dorothy Bernard it is as appropriate as a suit of pajamas at a formal dinner. A real thrill at the finish enables it to get by; only Farnum could so terribly and realistically drag the villain through the whole length of a village street, and literally hurl him onto a pedestal for public recantation.

What is Fox going to do with Theda Bara?

This woman is

sheer mental attitude. In the latter part of this picture you don't feel that Virginia Pearson is craftily pencilled up; you feel that Margaret Walsh—her character—has actually become a bitter old woman. Throughout, hers is a magnificent performance in a smartly dressed, asthmatic joke of a play. Frank Burbeck, splendid and dignified character maker, is right beside her as long as his part lasts. Wilmuth Merkyl is merely an heroic statue of the genus Leading Man.

Henry Arthur Jones' melodrama, "Hoodman Blind," was—like 16 to 1 and Free Trade—a correct and acceptable argument in its day, but it should long since have been buried with its brethren. Under the name "A Man of Sorrow" it is brought

"The part of Florence Wharton, in 'The Law Decides,' established beautiful Dorothy Kelly as an emotional actress."

not only one of the country's biggest drawing cards, but she is a worker. She has brains, ambition, willingness to learn. Even in her explosive plays she has been improving right along. In "The Eternal Sapho" she shows flashes of character definition and intense dramatic expression which she has not previously manifested. The piece itself is ponderously negligible, except as peppery fodder for those who like their sex-drama raw, with a paprika plot to hide its vulgarity. As for personality—no woman on the screen has a personality more extraordinarily individual than Theda the Scarlet.

THE Moment Before" is a play of pretentiousness from the pen of Israel Zangwill. The moment before—what? Death. In that supreme instant, which

we have had described as the epochal period of those who tumble off high buildings or leap from bridges, one's life supposedly passes in review. So, when a gray-haired Duchess tumbles down in front of the altar of an Episcopal church through sudden cardiac insolvency, we see what *she* saw: the rapid panorama of a gypsy girl's incarnadined and far-flung life; a rise from tented slavery to mastery of castle and hall, and that not without considerable devilishness and the letting of blood as an atonement for vain desire.

The vision, comprising the most of the play, is really magnificent melodrama, told with a heartiness and fervor which are inspiring. The episode's surrounding is a

prize package of literary absorbent cotton.

The fact that Pauline Frederick is not especially pretty as Madge, the to-be-royal gypsy, does not detract from the passion and power of her characterization.

Thomas Holding, Frank Losee and J. W. Johnson are a male trio providing a support invariably good but at no moment brilliant.

"**M**ARIA ROSA," the third of Lasky's Geraldine Farrar plays, taken last summer—the story has been told at length in a previous issue of *PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE*—was unrolled publicly for the first time last month. It is a rich tapestry, dramatic even in its photography. In it the

Pauline Frederick as Madge, the gypsy, in "The Moment Before."





*Kathlyn Williams and Guy Oliver in "Into the Primitive,"
"another of the unending you-and-me-and-maybe-somebody-
else-on-an-island stories."*

singing pantomimist flashes back to her Carmenic variety, physical glamour and exhaustless resource. The whole

picture is a mosaic for detail, and, supported by the heroic Mr. Reid and the lithely dark Mr. Cordoba, Miss Farrar performs such a symphony of glowing love, purple hate and magnificent murder as our screens have seldom reflected.

THE Floorwalker," Chaplin's first Mutual release, seems hastily thrown together. The second of its two reels contains a good deal of action, but the piece as a whole is much inferior to "Carmen." Why the almost total eclipse of Purviance, the loveliest blonde in speechless comedy?

CLOSING dates have permitted me to see but the first chapter of the new Billie Burke serial, but this is epochal enough to inspire a paragraph about serials in general.

Serials may be of two kinds: a pro-

gressive story of whimsically interesting human nature, or a clattering set of links in a chain of mechanical

devilishness and deafening plotistic uproar.

"Gloria's Romance" is, unfortunately, about the first we have had of class 1. Rupert Hughes—or Mrs. Hughes, as you may believe—is writing this just as he writes his novels. His people are real people, so Gloria is a deliciously real chicken daughter of wealth ensconced at Palm Beach, and so blamed unhappy about having to hit the hay instead of a waxed floor, that she doesn't know what to do with her inquisitive, jumpy little self. I sympathized with the old banker who confided in Gloria: "They make me go to bed, too!" I could almost smell the salt air that rushed through Gloria's oft-shaken curls as she tore off mile after mile of moonlit beach in her stolen machine. I saw no scheme at all in chapter 1—only charm; the Billie Burke charm that Ince, somehow, missed in his bigger and more pretentious "Peggy."

(Continued on page 150)



Stagg Photo

Once a Dancer—

—always a dancer. And why not? Here you behold Mae Murray, now one of Lasky's most prominent emotionalists, harking back in spirit to the evenings when she was The Spirit of Christmas and the impish "Merry Pickem" of the last Ziegfeld "Follies."

THE STORY OF David Wark Griffith

HIS EARLY YEARS: HIS STRUGGLES: HIS
AMBITIONS AND THEIR ACHIEVEMENT

By Henry Stephen Gordon

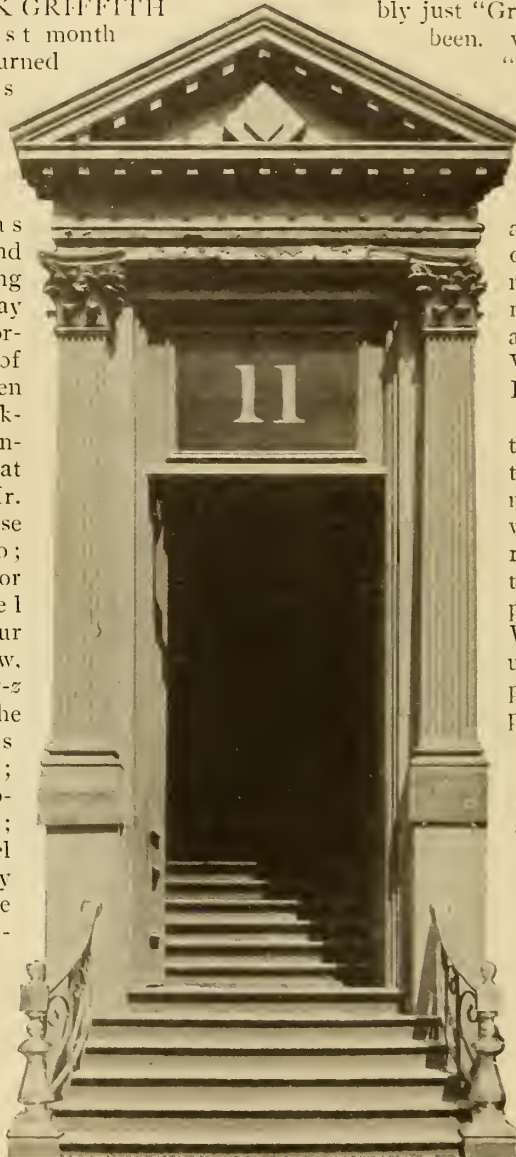
II

DAVID WARK GRIFFITH
was left last month
with upturned
knuckles

about to knock at
the door of Fame—
in that instance the
Biograph studio.

That door was
opened to him, and
now he is striding
along the fragrant way
of notability, of for-
tune; of that degree of
greatness where, when
attained, you go "walk-
ing right into the din-
ing room just like Nat
Goodwin," as Mr.
Heath used to advise
Mr. McIntyre to do;
the boy at the door
takes your laurel
wreath from your
thinly thatched brow,
and the whisper *z-z-z-z*
creeps all about the
grill — "There's
Blank the great";
Beauty hesitates a mo-
ment over her lobster;
the maitre d'hotel
seats you; you say
carelessly, just like
that, "Evening, Al-
phonse," and—
that's all.

That is one con-
stant phase of great-
ness arrived; an-
other no less certain
is the accretion
which attains a
name; in those days
this one was proba-



*Entrance to the original Biograph Studio, 11 East
14th Street, New York.*

bly just "Grif;" before that it had
been, when on the stage,

"Larry," for he was
programmed as
Lawrence Griffith;
then it was printed
D. W. Griffith; then
David W. Griffith;
and now it is the sonorous,
Anglic, consonantal,
triangle cognomen,
resounding with ancestral
dignity, **DAVID WARK GRIFFITH.**

That is the work of
the publicity expert;
that name means dig-
nity and aloofness; but
when a man really ar-
rives as has this one,
the people rule even his
press agent; David
Wark Griffith is now
universally known
plainly with the sim-
plicity of supremacy
as Griffith.

There's also the
greatness that is the
sauce piquant which
gives zest to the triv-
ial.

Take the case of
Frank Vanderlip, the
greatest executive of
the greatest bank in
the world — natur-
ally and inevitably
a Rockefeller bank.

Reporters circle
about him to note
down paragraphs of
grave financial im-
port; but when they

can induce Mr. Vanderlip to talk of his reporter days when he was a cub in Chicago, and when he followed Charlie Dillingham on the hotel run, and fell down on the job because he could not imagine stories with the unceasing certainty shown by Mr. Dillingham, that is something everyone wants to read.

There is more drama concealed in the commonplace than is visible in spectacular prominence. Accordingly before that door of Fame is finally opened to D. W. Griffith, before the artist David Wark Griffith is exploited, something of "Larry" will be found appetizing, will perhaps impart a sense of that touch of nature which makes the man in the trenches of more commanding interest than the General in his headquarters far from the scream of shell.

This man who gave the world "The Birth of a Nation," and who after fourteen months of unceasing toil is to give it perhaps an even more royal epic in "The Mother and the Law," perforce of distinction is becoming more and more remote from the rest of us who are either battling with engulfing billows of adversity or are treading water, satisfied to keep our head above; so before he becomes immersed in the isolation of great purposes we will rub shoulders a bit with him; he is quite simply indifferent to his preeminence in his world, but he does know the value of minutes and seldom has time in which to satisfy curiosity or even find relaxation.

EVERYONE can elbow and feel kinship with the unrecognized—so for the moment he is still "Larry."

"That movie king Griffith is a regular fellow," one time said an advertising solicitor who had got a good contract from him—and at that when it was money thrown

Griffith conferring with his chief executive aid, Frank Woods, and his head cameraman, G. W. Bitzer (in rear.)



away, for Griffith had nothing to advertise which would not advertise itself.

"He didn't need what I had to sell him, but he bought it," said the solicitor; "he was so easy that I went back the next day and asked him to double his contract. He laughed and said, 'You deserve what you ask for, because you've got the right nerve; I know your game, for I was in it once myself, but I'm afraid I lacked impudence; yes, you can double the contract; if I hadn't been lucky I'd still be a pal of yours.'"

That was caused probably by his memory of his "Baptist Weekly" business career when he walked through regions looking for Baptist churches, and writing news paragraphs about the congregations, and soliciting subscriptions as a return for publicity, depending on collections and a commission for his livelihood.

There are occupations better calculated to soothe a proud spirit than that of

soliciting advertisements which people do not need, and subscriptions to a paper which people do not read. But there are few that are comparable to it in the educative details of acquiring patience, endurance, and occasional eating without growing fat.

One of those few is that of the book agent.

Griffith was asked if he ever had enjoyed that branch of *belles-lettres*.

He grinned. "I will not unfold all the secrets of my young life," was his response. "and as to being a book agent, I refuse to incriminate myself. I stand mute. But I admit selling the Encyclopedia Britannica; that isn't a book, it is a freight commodity.

"I did not sell very many—but even an occasional sale carried a very fat commission and enabled me to pack a meal ticket with my sample bindings, and to travel in railway cars in place of underneath them on a brakebeam.

"I early learned to use means to discover the men who would likely want to listen to a seller of books; and had my friends and acquaintances trained to report to me information that might lead to a dicker.

"There was a day when some one told some one else to tell me that Cousin Janie had said to Uncle Sawyer that Jim Dodson had heard Sam Roller from down river say that there was a man living at Burgoyne co'te house who owned a Bible and a dictionary, and who wanted an encyclopedia."

Griffith told the rest of the story just as an amusing effort of a man hard put to it. But it thoroughly illustrates the resiliency of his mind, and—it may be valuable to book agents.

"My man lived in a country of pork and 'sides' diet," he said. "It was a hard, grinding school I had been through; one that had taught me to think before acting. Knowing the value put on fresh meat in that region, I gambled quite a bit of my resources and bought a lot of good steaks. I could have used those steaks myself to advantage—but business is business, and strategy is strategy.

"In a buggy with my bundle of steaks and my sample bindings and pages, we started one evening for my man.

"There were not any roads thereabout

when it rained. And it rained. We upset, we were bogged, but we managed to make progress until, while driving through a thick woods, a panther agilely dropped to the seat beside me from an overhanging tree, and I dropped out of the buggy. The beast had sniffed the odor of those steaks.

"There was a pretty scrap while it lasted, but the panther was dislodged before the steaks were swallowed, and we drove on.

"The farmer gave me shelter for the night, and for breakfast I presented my steaks, and before lunch I had made my sale."

THIS incident put Griffith in a reminiscent mood, and he kept on—oblivious of the notes being taken.

"Success does make a fellow feel a bit proud, even if he realizes, as any honest, successful man must realize, how little there really is to achievement," he observed.

"For a long time I was proudest over a journey I made from Minneapolis to my home on a capital of fifteen cents; and I still had the fifteen cents when I reached my destination.

"That was one of my early adventures on 'blind baggage' cars and brakebeams.

"I had been acting, when the ghost which had limped sadly for some weeks failed to walk, even with crutches.

"Luck had been favorable: I had made a living and had sent some money home, but back of the situation was a formidable oath I had taken when I struck out for myself that never would I ask for help from those I had left behind; as for meals and shelter, during a financial squall, that was different, and my thoughts and my feet turned toward the old plantation.

"There is considerable alertness required to swing onto a 'blind baggage' at the maximum of speed, to combine the minimum chance of discovery. When it happened that I was thrown off a train, I did odd jobs wherever I found myself, until the chance came rolling down the track again for another stage of the journey.

"Along with the experience was a knowledge gained of the great army of vagabonds who constantly migrate simply from the love of wandering, the enjoyment of the savor of change. During those years I met in more or less intimacy all kinds and conditions of men—all kinds; what Kipling

wrote of the Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady being just alike under the skin is equally true about the intellect of the 'pike' and the university gentle; the yegg and the poet, the peripatetic and the stationary philosopher.

"No matter how contorted one way or another the soul may be, the man is still a man, and with recognizable traits of relationship to all men.

"Somewhat illustrative of the domination of circumstances over mental attitudes is another instance of—at the time—great pride to me.

"This was an occasion around the warm cinders which had been drawn from the fire boxes of the locomotives in a round-house; the company was an assembly of tramps—hobos they are called now—and I was given the center of the stage, the best place at the ashes, and called on for a monologic account of the longest uninterrupted blind baggage ride then on record, something over two hundred miles out of Chicago.

"Louisville had again attracted me. A company had gone broke in Chicago and I with it. The way to arrive at a place, I had learned, is to start for it; so I walked from downtown in Chicago to Englewood, and there a train whizzed along so fast that the crew was not watching, feeling that no ticketless tourist would take the chance. This one did, and landed safely. It was a wild night, stormy and freezing; the crew of the train stuck to their snug quarters, not knowing their flying bailiwick had been invaded, until one brakeman made a perfunctory inspection. I also had grown careless from long immunity and sleepiness.

"Consciousness returned violently when I was assailed by two bulging red fists, accompanied by much language.

We made a fairly even match; but a second brakeman hovered along and then it was all over. I reposed gratefully on a snow bank with many minor injuries to my person and a realization that Louisville was a great deal farther away than when I had been in Chicago.

"Something led me to walk a bit, and I came to the round-house, the pile of warm cinders, and the gallant company of the Knights of Disindustry. When my story was heard there was acclaim, unenvious and generous comment, and the warmest place by the cinders.

"Which is generally more than a man is given when he succeeds with people who are—not hoboes."

There are many peppery stories about

Griffith walked on the scene, fussed about with the lion, pulled his ears and frolicked with him.



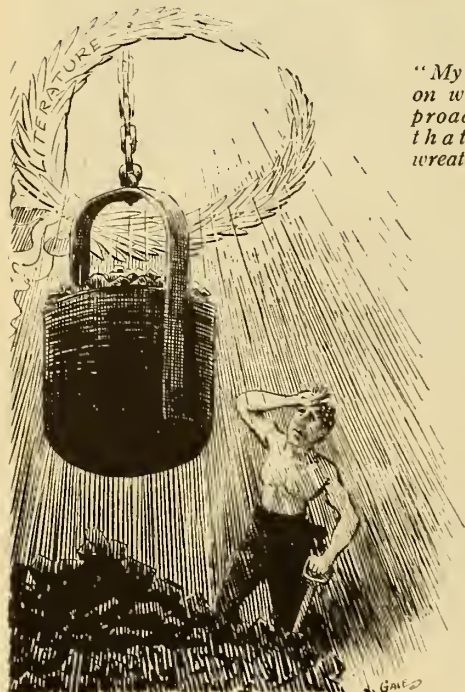
Some High Lights in the

As Visualized

When he walked through regions looking for Baptist churches.



With upturned knuckles about to knock at the door of Fame—in that instance the Biograph studio.



"My life flowed on with no approachment to that laurel wreath of literature."

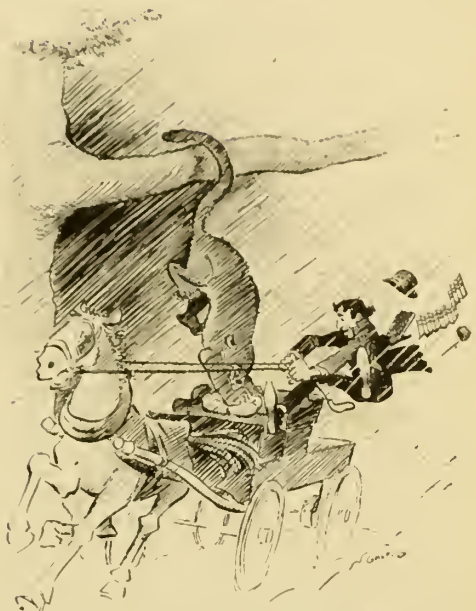


Early Career of D. W. Griffith

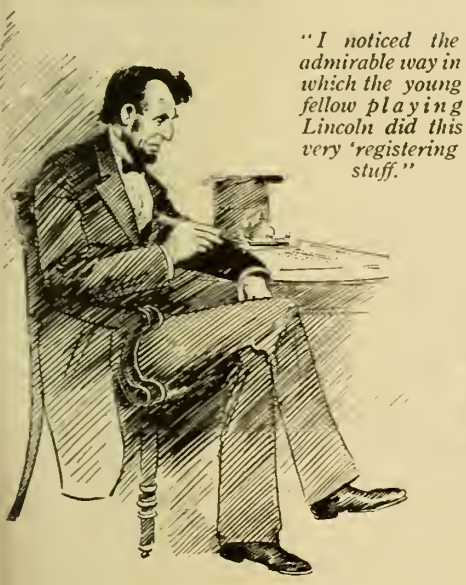
by Artist Gale



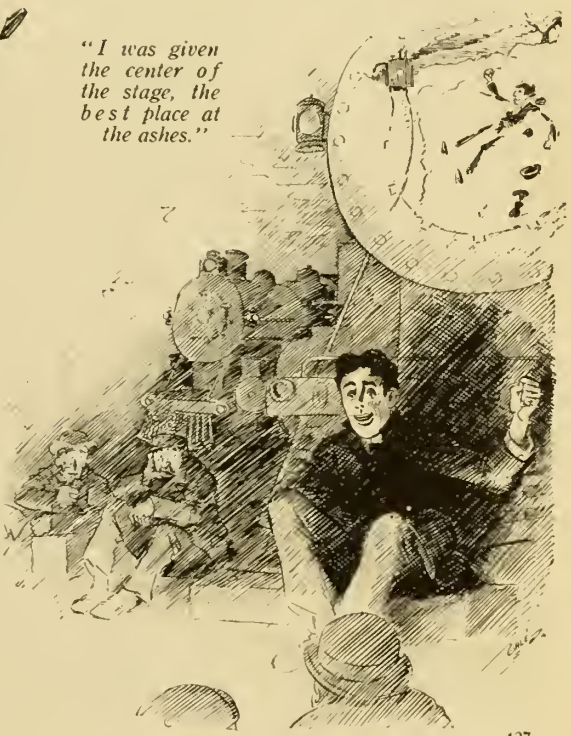
The stage director tried him out and turned him down as not good enough.



"The beast had sniffed the odor of the steaks."



"I noticed the admirable way in which the young playing Lincoln did this very 'registering stuff.'"



"I was given the center of the stage, the best place at the ashes."

the studios of Griffith's courage and strength. Any man who has a Duke of Wellington nose can be relied on for courage; as for Griffith's physical strength, a glance at him shows litheness, not massive, but a very athletic example of bodily architecture, and the celerity of movement which frequently arrives so rapidly as to defeat more potent but more sluggish muscles.

It is possible that he is a bit proud of his sturdy sinews. He climbs about all manner of places in his studio in order to study perspective, or whatever it is a director has to study, and it is axiomatic about the place that he never has asked any man or woman to do a "stunt" that included the precarious without first doing the same thing himself.

There was one occasion when this chronicler saw that trait bloom out.

There was a "set" arranged for an escaped lion to wander into a hotel office with panicky results among the guests, principal of whom was De Wolf Hopper. The lion was in his cage, ready to be prodded onto the scene; the "set" was surrounded by heavy wire barricades, the camera man being encased in a tooth-proof wire redoubt; several extra people and the beast's trainer were on the scene ready for rehearsal, and Mr. Hopper was outside the barrier waiting his cue. He was quite willing to go on with the lion, but there is really no use in cluttering up things until your call comes, and, anyway, the lion animal is perfectly harmless. Then came the story from an old-time attache of the studio in graphic detail of how that same lion a year before had with neatness and dispatch removed two ribs from an actor while feeling playful.

Just before the director was to begin, Griffith walked on the scene, fussed about with the lion, pulled his ears and frolicked with him.

Everyone else then made friends with the animal, and the play went on with Mr. Hopper. Well, of course, he knew all the time the lion was a good sort, and there's never any danger with a lion if you make him understand you're not afraid of him.—Come here, Nero old top!

THERE is a story told by his pals of the Biograph of how Griffith, requiring some exercise, had a middleweight

prize fighter come to box with him, and how at the first lesson Griffith knocked the bruiser down and out.

One man told the story and then whispered that the fighter had been doing some acting himself; that he felt there would be more money in the lessons if his employer were to be thoroughly convinced of his own latent superiority. Such things have been known to occur. Royalty rarely finds a courtier skillful enough to be victor in a bridge set-to; it isn't done. If that boxer was not knocked down at once by his employer he was a very poor fighter—with his mind.

But the somewhat slender, very agile picture-creator is quite able to take care of himself under all conditions: he proved this in his early directing, when roughnecks formed the artists of the lens and when the methods and etiquette of a second mate were essential to the handling of the crew of a movie.

It was when Griffith himself told of another venture into the land of ferocious effort that it was made evident why his surprising elasticity of physical resource is what it is.

"Nothing had changed my decision to be the world's greatest literary man," he explained while still discussing his life before the studio gave shelter; "and I felt that as a preparatory study, before I could have the world of letters at my feet, it might be useful to know a little more about certain phases of life commonly unfamiliar.

"My other adventures had been made of necessity; this was one of choice, for the knowledge of the working man—the toiler—I thought would be valuable.

"There was no financial need spurring me to ride hard over the rough spots in the highway of existence; a comfortable sum of a few hundred dollars had been accumulated by some occasional good fortune in the theater, and my duties toward those at home had been met.

"To be a puddler in a foundry, to do the real muscle-stretching, bone-bending work, and to live among the men who did such work, was my ambition, and naturally I went to Tonawanda. I didn't work at puddling first, but shoveling ore out of a ship's hold into the crane buckets.

"There were no union restrictions as to hours, or anything; the pay was not by the day but by the piece: so much money for

every ton of ore shoveled; it was good enough pay, so good that if a man would work until he dropped in his tracks he could pick up twenty dollars or so at a piece.

"It was work under tremendous competitive conditions; I mean the competition of emulation.

"Men would shovel down in that grimy, stuffy hold until they dropped in their tracks from utter exhaustion; then they would be chucked into one of the steel buckets, hoisted to the deck and flung to one side, to come to, or go to, as they listed.

"Under that stint system that work was probably the hardest in the world; for young men it was beautifully healthful; it was not long before I found myself capable of shoveling ore for twenty-four hours at a stretch. In some traits the men were as hard and exhausting as the life; they were naturally circumscribed, and if their daily existence was an orgy of labor, their life when released from toil was just as strenuous in their efforts to win relief.

"So, in one way or another, under this or that circumstance, my life flowed on, with no approachment to that laurel wreath of literature; I was acting most of the time, and essaying a few other lines of livelihood."

TH**ERE** is a singular lack of information as to Griffith's stage career; the few testimonies at hand all trend to the one definition of his exceptional ability, which appeared to be handicapped by disinclination to do roles in certain prescribed manners and methods.

Those few actors who have known him when he was a "talkie" agree that his work was exceptionally clever, and most of them qualify it by the term "original," which in theater patter usually means that an actor has a brain.

That as a rule is a drag to his progress. Stage directors have brains—always; and if an actor should have the habit of thinking, you can see it would be very embarrassing for the director; therefrom has grown the obvious fact that actors seldom think for themselves; they prefer to hold their jobs.

There is reason to believe that Griffith learned to be one of the latter class of historians—also that he did not like to be.

JAMES NEILL, who used to be a stock king in the West in those years when Chicago was still spoken of as a Western city, once employed Griffith; it was in one of the Neill stock companies, at that period known in Chicago as the Neill Alhambra Stock.

Mr. Neill had several stock companies then, and when he visited his Chicago theater he found them doing "The Ensign" with a particularly good Abraham Lincoln.

"In 'The Ensign,'" says Mr. Neill in telling about the incident, "we never gave Lincoln any lines, just as few words as we could get by with in the scene. It was thought the public would resent any attempt to carry Lincoln as far as really acting on the stage, so the part was kept almost entirely pantomimic—what we call in the pictures 'registering'—and I noticed the admirable way the young fellow playing Lincoln did this very 'registering' stuff.

"I asked my stage director, who was Oscar Eagle, about the actor, and he told me he was a 'rather bright young fellow named Griffith,' and somehow the matter dropped, and he never came into my mind again until a short time ago.

"I had been doing pictures, but the company I was working for cut down, and I wanted a position.

"The first place I called was the Griffith studio, and when I saw him I at once remembered our Lincoln in 'The Ensign' years ago. Mr. Griffith recalled the circumstance to me, and I rather apologized—for we had only paid him \$18 a week.

"It was a poor salary we paid you, Mr. Griffith," I said.

"It was a very good salary," he replied, "for I needed it tremendously, and it was much more than I was worth then, for I was a beginner."

"No, I did not go to work for Griffith, though he made it evident that I probably could have done so; but before I could get farther with the application something else came to hand, and I have not had occasion to see him since.

"He has always been spoken of in the profession by those who knew him in his acting days as 'a gifted young man.'"

There is a story floating about the cafes of Los Angeles when Griffith's name comes up, to the effect that when Clarence Drown (now manager of the Orpheum Theater there) was operating the Grand Opera



Griffith, the man in black, on a little inspection tour of the sculptors' studio where plaster of paris is used in carload lots.

House in Los Angeles with Theodore Kremer and Owen Davis dramas of abattoir qualities, Griffith applied for the place of "heavy;" that the stage director tried him out and turned him down as not good enough for "the big stuff" which the Ulrich Stock was then doing homicidally every week.

It should be a true story; that Griffith was turned down as an actor because he could not play the Kremer-Davis "big stuff" would be a bit of historic justice—but like most incidents wherein justice is said to mix, it is not sustained by witnesses, and it must be disregarded by the jury in arriving at a verdict.

Griffith's biographers will not likely find anything suggesting Shakespeare's poaching incident in his career.

Why compare him with Shakespeare?

Simply because he is the Shakespeare of the photoplay.

Exactly what the Bard did for the English drama, this man has done for the photodrama. It may seem an unduly exalted assertion, but think it over; compare his work with what was done before and since in photoplays—you will find it cer-

tainly true. He *made* the film.

But just as scholars and pedants have dived and written tomes about whether

Shakespeare was haled before Sir Thomas Lucy for deer stealing, and with quite as much interest as to whether he knew enough to write Hamlet or whether Lord Verulam wrote it for him, so sometime it is probable Griffith's adventures as a brakebeam acrobat and a book agent may excite antiquaries.

For in a study of the man, it is those days when he was sowing his wild wheat that excel in interest his making of "The Birth of a Nation."

In the latter, the genius radiates, but in the former the Man illumines a desolate milieu, and the Man is always the more fascinating figure of the two.

Griffith likes those reminiscent glances at what were cruel but savory experiences.

As to the ore-shoveling he said: "It was corking good. I feel the benefit of it every day I live; it gave me physical resiliency, fortitude, and some little muscle which has been of particular value to me many times.

"Every phase of life is good for you if

you face it all rightly, with fine cheer.

"For tramps, artists, ironworkers, actors, writers—all of us—are alike in our souls; it was in knowing all manner of men that I derived my most useful education."

"And then came the movies?" he was asked.

"And then came the photoplay," was his reply.

YOU mustn't use the word "movies" to some of the picture people any more. They like to refer to the early films as "movies" but believe it is not sufficiently dignified or expressive of the artistic films of today.

"It happened very casually, as most events do occur, for it proved to be an event to me," he went on. "It was one day in Chicago when with a friend I was knocking about town with no purpose in immediate view; he suggested that we go to a picture show.

"Never having seen one, the suggestion was inviting. We went; it was some boreful affair, exactly what, I have forgotten; my friend liked it greatly, but I found it silly, tiresome, in-

excusable. It was in no way worth while.

"But the great interest the audience evinced impressed me, and made me think; it seemed that if a thing which could attract the public as that picture did were to be done, it should be done better.

"What do you think of it?" asked my comrade.

"That any man who enjoys such a thing should be shot at sunrise," was my response.

"He looked at me in wonder and talked on, explaining why the picture was great; and when we went out he called my attention to the line of people waiting to enter the theater.

"Things did not go very well just then for me; I found myself out of work, and all the time pictures were being talked of, and unconsciously that interested audience and the line of people waiting outside stuck in my mind.

"Probably then, as now, there was no egotism in my thinking that I could write far better scenarios than were being shown, and that the acting of the pictures could be improved.

"As to whether I seriously at that time gave any studied

Sandwiches and coffee under the frowning walls of Babylon. The luncheon hour during the filming of "The Mother and the Law."



effort to the new profession, I cannot say; it is probable that unconsciously I gave it all considerably more attention than I then realized. For it was a prospect, and the feeling that you can do something perhaps a little better than it is being done makes interest acutely active.

"Finally I wrote a scenario and took it to the Edison studio. I left it and was told I would receive an answer.

"That scenario is still on file there, I presume; I never heard anything of it since."

There have been several notable philosophers who have ascribed the quality of success to the faculty of saying "No." Truly, "No" has saved many dollars and delirium tremens. But the ready negative in creative affairs has lost more fortunes for its users than "Yes" ever has gained.

SCORE up the sequence of "Noes" that editors hurled at Kipling when he first landed on these shores; remember Bayard Veiller packing "Within the Law" from manager to manager, and then selling it—to have the buyer employ George Broadhurst to rewrite it; there was Eugene Walter dodging laundry men and living on ham-and-egg sandwiches (not very many) while K. & E. and their c'mpeers noed "Paid in Full" year after year; there was—but as this is not written on space, a list of geniuses that would fill the magazine will be omitted who have had "No" flung at them until some unassuming fool of a publisher or manager hadn't any more conservative instinct than to say "Yes," and make fortunes for both.

The biography of that Edisonian who filed the Griffith scenario and forgot about its existence because it was "bum," would make interesting reading; he was probably so very negative that he said "It wasn't no good nohow."

Griffith's knuckles were calloused by that time, so he did not suffer particular disappointment at no results from the Edison folk.

But with head up and straight-eyed, he wrote another scenario and took it to the Biograph. They bought it for fifteen dollars and said he might bring some more if he liked.

He liked very much.

And he wrote more; the money came at the generous—then—rate of fifteen dollars for a half-reel and twenty-five for a full-reel picture.

"I managed to make enough to live on—with the aid of Hope," he says of those days; and then he got the chance to stage "The Adventures of Dolly," and that made him a Biograph fixture, and his life work was begun.

Dolly was quite an absurd young thing, flippantly of the Bertha M. Clay type, who found her habitat in nickelodeons; but Dolly dead, now buried in an unnamed grave of forgetfulness, played the part of Providence; Dolly brought the brain to its haven, where it could bigly work out its destiny.

She graciously opened the door of the Biograph studio to Griffith, a door that was not to be closed on him until he shut it himself and entered wider, more shining portals of consummate effort.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—We feel that August PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—on sale July 1—contains the greatest single historical chapter ever written about Motion Pictures. It is Part III of Mr. Gordon's factful and fascinating Griffith account, and it is a verbal closeup of those heroic Biograph days in which Mr. Griffith was changing screen entertainment from a set of slipping pictures to the photoplay. Everyone knows of the great artistic birth at this time; here's the clinical record of the birth chamber. You will find it vivified with extraordinary illustrations, including some stills from the first Griffith photoplays, "The Adventures of Dolly."

KRAZY KAT AND IGNATZ MOUSE GO INTO THE MOVIES



CHORUS OF ANIMATORS
LEON SEARL
FRANK MOSER
BILL POWERS
BERT GREENA.



Artist Geo. Herriman at work.

He draws these for the International Film Service.



- "KRAZY KAT": THE FELINE BLUNDER.
- "GOOSE BERRY SPRIG": ACT A PEACOCK, BUT STILL A BIRD OF NOBIL LINNAGE.
- "WALTER CEPHUS OSTRICH": ONCE A FIGURE OF FASHION; BUT SINCE THE LADIES TOOK TO WEARING "DOLL BISCUITS": NO BDDY.
- "ALISTER 'B PUPP": EX-BARTEADER, WHO NOW FINDS THE 'TRAIL' EASIER HITINGS AND HELPS OUT OF THE CINDERS
- "IGNATZ MOUSE": A 'VILLAIN' WHO BELIEVES IN GETTING HIS FUTURE NOW
- "MANNIE MUSKRAT": A POOR AND NOIST RELATIVE
- "JOE STORK": ALWAYS LOOKING FOR A 'CUSTOMER'.



Director Brenon started the day with a small megaphone—and used a very big one before he got through directing the City of the Gaomes!



*Above, the main street of Brenon's kingdom on a quiet day.
Below, Herbert Brenon, Jamaica's uncrowned monarch.*

The King of Jamaica

THIS is a story of The Story Without a Name. Herbert Brenon, director extraordinary for William Fox, made The Story, and likely he will have given it a name before these lines are read; but as they are being written it is still nameless, although its working title, while making, has been "A Daughter of the Gods."

Limits of space require that this narrative be staccato, because it is so crammed with facts there is not room for the spreading about of words.

The Story that Herbert Brenon made is a pageant tale of the Moors in a Moorish city of





Annette Kellerman and the nude babies in the shell scene.



Above, left to right: Mark Price, Miss Kellerman, Stuart Holmes. Below: Miss Kellerman takes the Lee babies for a swim.

long ago. He took four shiploads of persons and paraphernalia—to say nothing of Mermaid Annette Kellerman—to the island of Jamaica to make the story up. He was at it eight whirlwind months. He employed 20,000 men, women and children; spent about \$1,000,000; exposed 220,000 feet (forty-four miles) of film; will use in the finished production only 10,000 feet (less than two miles); expended great sums to make sanitary a mosquito-cursed section of Jamaica so the work could go on healthfully; kept a native band playing through the days



men; built a refrigerating plant to protect the celluloid films from tropical heat; schooled his mermaid girls to swim with their lower limbs encased in metallic mermaid tails; used up 2,000,000 feet of lumber, 2,500 barrels of plaster, 500 barrels of cement; ten tons of paper (for *papier mache* properties); used ten alligators, fourteen swans, ten camels, 2,500 horses, 2,000 cattle, 800 sheep, 1,000 donkeys, a flock of sparrows from New York, 500 miscellaneous animals, 2,000 lizards, 2,500 toads. And "shot" with six cameras in unison.

He put the Jamaican *siesta* about out of business so far as the making of *The Story* was concerned:

One of the galleys used in a Moorish fleet scene in Jamaican waters.



In the large picture a camera battery is shown in action. Six lenses were used simultaneously in the island filming. In the circle Mr. Brenon (the figure in pajamas) is superintending the taking of "water stuff."

dressed up 500 island pickaninnies in peaked caps and long beards and taught them to play as gnomes under artificial toadstools, after opening a school for them in fairy lore; let members of his company put baby sharks in his bathtub and kept his temper in the tropic heat; gave a concert and sold \$3,500 worth of seats for the British Red Cross; drove his people relentlessly from dawn to dark—and kept their loyal friendship, from Annette Kellerman, the star, down to the least considerable roustabout.

to the wardrobe,
between scenes



Lillian
Drew



Betty
Brown

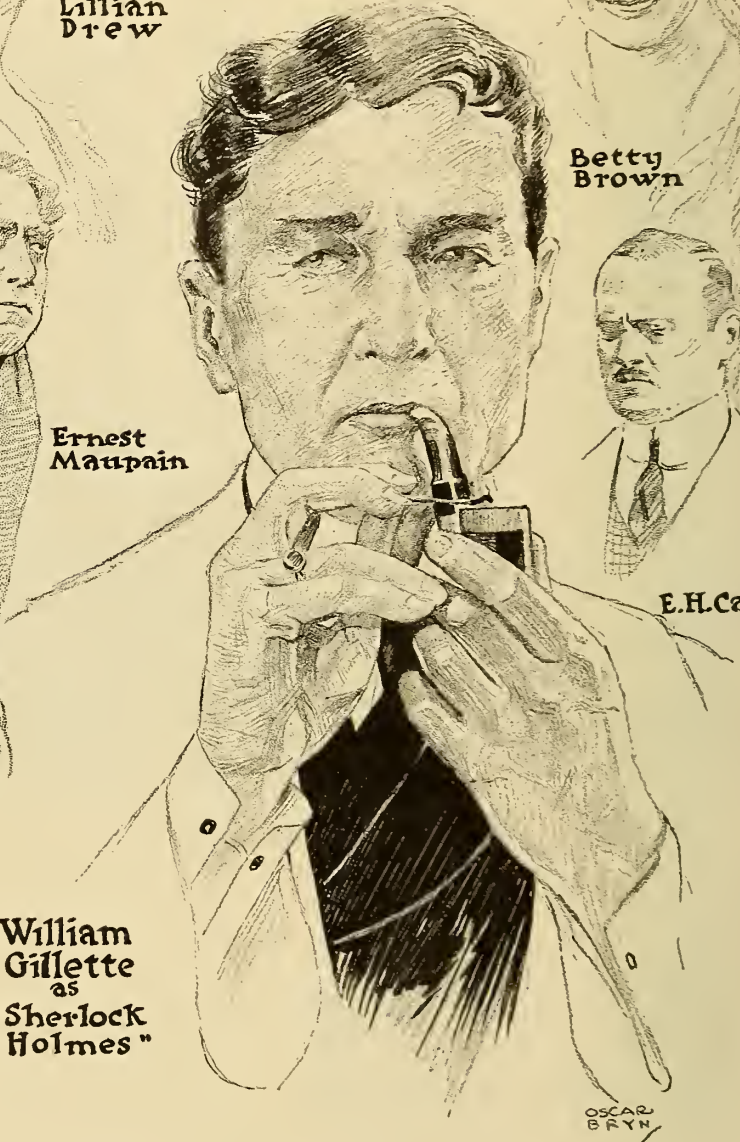


Ernest
Maupain



E.H. Calvert

William
Gillette
as
"Sherlock
Holmes"



OSCAR
BRYN

Pencilled "Close Ups" from Essanay

Being the record of a visit to the
Chicago Studio by Artist Oscar Bryn



Henry Walthall

Edna Mayo on the sidelines

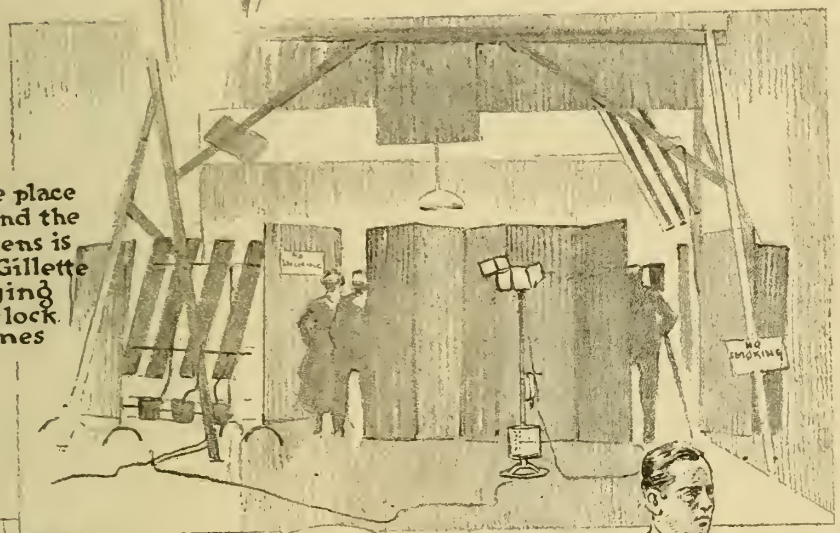


Knocking?



Good stuff Henry

Some place behind the screens is Wm Gillette playing Sherlock Holmes



NO SMOKING



bar room bums in "Mary Page"

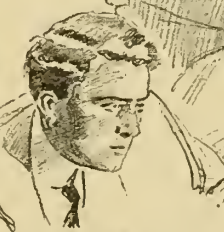
Warda Howard



Richard Travers



Billy Robinson, age 73, who played with Booth



Bryant Washburn

OSCAR BARN



Minister of the Gospel had always meant leader In

H E L E N
BADGELEY
was sitting between her father and the Count de Graffe the night of the Badgeley dinner to members of the inner circle of one of the most select metropolitan churches.

The Market of

THE STIRRING TALE OF A
COUNTRY PARSON WHO BRAVED
THE WRATH OF "SOCIETY"

There was a hilarious din, for it was an assemblage of "smart" folk. The women wore the extremest of gowns. Not one had more than a shoulder strap of seed pearls or brilliants to clothe the long stretch of flesh between earlobe and fingertips. And the men, models of tailored elegance, lolled comfortably in their chairs, watchfully waiting for any amusement that might come their way. The fact that this dinner was given to discuss the selection of a new pastor did not make it different from any other social function of this set.

Helen was a radiant girl, as extremely gowned as the older women. She was busily engaged in what seemed a determined effort to crack her dainty knuckles by pounding with all her might on the polished board before her. Her effort to gain a hearing above the general babble

was soon laughingly taken up by her father and the count, who joined her in the tattoo-beating.

"Fire, murder, Mexicans!" finally called the girl in a high treble as an aid to the knuckle bombardment. But it was of no use. Her mother, a majestic looking woman sitting opposite, still held her ground as ring-leader of the wordy riot that had the attention of most of the company. Helen gave a mock sigh of despair, jumped up, ran around the table, and clapped her hands tightly over her parent's lips.

"Young woman, I'll teach you to show the proper respect for your children," she called gaily. "He's my minister. I found him, didn't I, Dad? And I am going to have my say about him if I have to muzzle you. Maybe now you will be good!"



the great city church . . . he found himself an entertainer.

Vain Desire

By Mrs. Ray Long

Produced by Thos. H. Ince

"Hear! Hear!" now called the others, looking expectantly at Helen. The girl nodded appreciatively and continued to hold both hands firmly over her mother's mouth. But Mrs. Badgeley's eyes were not silenced. They beamed approval at her offspring's daring victory.

"Thus I silence a dangerous rival," laughed the girl with the impudence that is practiced alike by the children of the very rich and the very poor. "And," threateningly, "if you dare to smile too warmly on Mr. Country Minister when he comes, old girlie, I'll tell him your age." Here she paused dramatically for the ready cheers of the guests.

"You see, mother was on the premises when I discovered Mr. Armstrong, and the dear is a bit heady over it," she explained. "Mother and Dad took a quick look around

the boxy little Vermont church that first morning we were there, then planted themselves between Bobbie and me" (Bobbie was the seventeen-year-old son of the Badgeleys) "so Bobbie couldn't write me notes on his cuffs. They said they

didn't want the meeting broken up." And she stopped to giggle reminiscently.

"Go on, speed up," urged John Hayes, retired iron magnate and head of the church committee, with much the repose and dignity of a baseball fan cheering on a favorite player, for Helen's antics were a never failing delight to him. "Don't get sidetracked. Keep to the main trail, Sugar Plum."

"Yes, darling, we're simply dying of curiosity," broke in a portly millionairess beseechingly. "Do tell us about HIM, your angel man. Now, will I like him?" And she coquettishly folded her plump hands in playful prayerfulness.

"Will you like him?" gurgled Helen. "No, honey, you won't like him. You'll love him. I can just see you taking him your troubled soul to be smoothed out at

least three times a week. For he has the sweetest hair, and he's tall and straight as a church pillar, and he has the most come-hither eyes."

"Whoa, Bonbons, you're off the track again," called Hayes. "Back up and tell me this. Will he keep me awake? I'm tired paying for uncomfortable naps."

The girl took her hands from her mother's lips, patted the cheeks below her affectionately, and squared herself toward her questioner. "That all depends, grandpa, whether you are willing to bury your soothing syrup bottle," she said severely. "If you are, and bring along your five senses, he'll give you a chance to exercise 'em all. Why, when he told the story of the prodigal and his husks he made it all so plain you could hear the pigs squeal. And when he preached about the service the Magdalene did in wiping the feet of the Redeemer with her hair—"

"Helen, I insist, I positively insist—" broke in Mrs. Badgeley reprovingly.

"That for you!" and Helen silenced the protest by again clapping her hands over her mother's lips. "So, as I was saying, when he was telling about the service of the Magdalene, you knew at once by the way he described her that the poor lady wasn't having the picturesque time the

paintings depict of that incident."

"U-u-gh," shuddered the millionairess delightedly. "How terribly interesting."

"Rather, what you call, Zolaesque," commented the count, his beady little eyes gleaming in their puffy lids. "But I like, yes, I like." And he beamed at Badgeley, whose face was a cloudburst of fine laughter-wrinkles.

"Graphic, all right," said Hayes. "Looks as if you had picked a winner, Fudglets."

"Graphic?" Helen caught at the word exultantly. "That's exactly the word, old boy. Why, when he was speaking on the text about how it's always the little foxes that spoil the vines, he made everyone see as they'd never done before that it IS the little things that get away with themselves because we aren't watchful enough. This is the way he did it. He asked in his syrupy way, 'How many people do you suppose would notice it if a dead fly fell into a bottle of ointment? But is there any one of you who would fail to notice it if a dead horse fell in?'"

Here Helen went off into an infectious peal of giggles. "Just think of a dead horse in a bottle of ointment," she gasped between spasms, while the rest joined in the shouts.

"Why, the man is delicious," screamed one dowager.

"I, myself, would go to hear him," announced the count pompously.

When the wave of laughter subsided there arose a chorus of. "Do you think he will come?" "Oh, he'll



Helen was much with the foreigner. While talking, the count bent and kissed her hand.



There was no mistaking the woman. The stamp of the streets was upon her.

come," predicted Hayes suavely.

"I've always noticed that the call of duty is strong when accompanied by an offer of twelve thousand a year."

A MONTH later the Rev. John Armstrong was the most amazed young man in New York. Minister of the gospel to him had always meant leader. In Vermont he had virtually been the pastor of his flock. But here, in the great city church, where he had expected to be a power for good commensurate with the big salary offered him, he found himself an entertainer. His sermons were looked on as rousing lectures, his study was a meeting place for idle, bazaar-building women, and his calls were the signal for afternoon tea. Even Helen Badgeley patronized him—and that hurt.

For Armstrong had none of the servile in him. He was born an independent Yankee farmer. He began his speaking in political meetings, and no one was more astonished than he when he found he could do it.

Ten years before, he had come down from his hills to attend the primaries. He was called on to speak. He did not know that it was a joke, so got up and talked. The shouts and laughter died down. Boots stopped scraping. And as he looked

around he found he was being lis-

tened to. It was his revelation, the beginning of his career.

Up to that time the Bible had been his library, the Prophets his heroes. Now he, himself, would go forth to preach. So he entered the nearest theological seminary, to work his way while he studied. There the professors despaired of his homely speech and soon gave up trying to influence it. So, happily, he escaped without losing the primitively daring language of the hill country farmer, that had so captivated his present jaded parishioners in their search for something new. Besides, he had the clean, long build of the runner, a blond head with the set of an Apollo—and a congregation of admiring women with indulgent husbands. Hence the petting that had disheartened him.

Dinner invitations to the Badgeleys' were frequent, but Armstrong never forgot his first entertainment there. Helen appeared in a girlish gown with a goodly amount of filmy material over her shoulders. The less worldly apparel was a tribute to him, but he did not know it. He just thought the girl looked like some shining angel and he gazed as if he feared she might soar away.

"Dominie. I want you and the Count de Graffe to be acquainted," broke in Badge-

The affability of the man with the title made no impression on him. After one long, wordless look he turned abruptly and went to talk with another guest.



ley's voice on his reverie of admiration. Armstrong turned politely and held out his hand, but his blue eyes took on a gravity that Helen afterwards told her dearest friend gave out "shivers like you feel in a cold rain." And the affability of the man with the title made no impression on him. After one long, wordless look he turned abruptly and went to talk with another guest.

"The eyes of him—your curé—pardon, ministaire—they are one spyglass," said the count to Helen later. "I think they see the five cocktails in the bottom of my stomach and say to themselves—damn."

At a later dinner party Helen was much with the foreigner. While talking the count bent and kissed her hand. Armstrong saw, and felt as if he had had an electric shock. He was incensed, and man-like did not try to conceal it. His head went down like an enraged animal ready to stampede. Then he got control enough of himself to leave the house.

"Such a creature of moods, isn't he fascinating!" remarked a friend to Mrs. Badgeley. "He was talking with me beautifully, beautifully. Then suddenly he broke off right in the middle of a sentence and bowed himself away."

ARMSTRONG went directly to his study to think the matter out. He had disliked de Graffe from the minute he had first looked into his oily eyes. He hated him when he saw the ugly lips touch Helen's white hand. And he decided it was his duty as her pastor to immediately investigate the fellow's record. He went to the French consul.

"Count de Graffe, u-u-m, yes, I know him well, very well," the consul told him. "Roué, fortune hunter. I like him not."

The next day, armed with this information, Armstrong went to Badgeley. He was warmly welcomed as usual. "Glad to see you any time, dominie," he said genially, "but especially so today. Want to tell you the good news. You're elected to soon officiate at the grandest wedding this old town's seen in many a day. We're to have a nobleman in the family. De Graffe, of course."

The fine lines about Badgeley's eyes were radiating joyfully, when he noticed there was no answering smile on Armstrong's face. "Oh, he's the real thing," he hastened to add. "I've had him looked up. One of the oldest titles in France.

Still Armstrong was silent.

"Heard anything to his discredit?" de-

manded Helen's father, unable longer to refuse to see the other's silent disapproval. "Perhaps somebody's told you he was a fortune hunter. Well, he is. He doesn't deny it. He must have money to keep up his estates in the fashion to which Helen is accustomed, so, of course, I cheerfully supply it."

The last was said with an air of finality. Badgeley was disgusted with the pastor of his choosing for daring even silently to disagree with him. Armstrong arose. "May I see Miss Helen?" he asked. Badgeley nodded and Armstrong went to the drawing room to await the girl.

Helen came with alacrity, for the parson always amused her. She ran to him now, brimming over with her news. "Isn't it lovely?" she cried. "I'm to have a really, truly title."

Armstrong took both of the outstretched hands, but without spirit. "Is your heart in this man's keeping?" he asked as he looked down at her strangely.

Helen was all at once calmed. She looked up into his gaze till her bright eyes drooped. Then she pettishly pulled her hands away from his and said, "You kill-joy! I wasn't talking about hearts. I was

talking about heads and coronets. And I won't have you be so glum." She paused and looked up again, this time something of the wistfulness of a child in her eyes. "You don't know how, when I've been in Europe, I've always hated having to stand on the outside of grand things and places and be able to just look in," she said. "Now I'm going to stand on the inside and look out, and I'm crazy with delight."

"But you have to marry, marry, to do it. Don't you know what that means, little girl?"

Helen felt herself blushing and was furious. No one before had ever stood in her way of getting what she wanted, and it aroused her combativeness. "People of the better classes form alliances," she said haughtily.

Armstrong laughed bitterly. A fierce antagonism toward this girl of twenty, fashioned so beautifully, of such tender flesh, and animated with so much mind and so little soul, sprang up in him. Suddenly he hated her and all her kind. He said good-by constrainedly and strode out.

Alone in his study he paced up and down, rampant. "So they want strong stuff from me to stir them out of their leth-



But while the old sparkle lingered in her manner, there was also something new about her that baffled even her father, who knew her best.

argy," he muttered. "Well, they'll get it. I'll give them something to keep them awake."

The next Sunday the church was filled. Everyone was agog with the news of Helen's engagement. Everyone wanted to get a glimpse of the girl who was so soon to be a "great lady" on both sides of the Atlantic. And when she finally entered with the members of her family and the count, a flutter swept over the congregation.

Armstrong preached a mighty sermon, but no one listened. There was only one topic of interest and that was Helen's coming marriage. And it was not till he announced that he had something to say about an approaching nuptial that he got the attention of the packed house.

"The marriage engagement between a young woman of this city and a titled foreigner was formally announced this last week," he began clearly. "Their wedding ceremony is to be performed in this church, and I have been asked to officiate. I shall decline, because if I did so I should feel that I was committing sacrilege. Just how earnestly I feel this I can not tell you alone. Therefore I invited here today a girl from what is known as 'the tenderloin' to help me. Come, Belle," and he beckoned to a tawdry woman waiting in the pulpit entrance.

There was no mistaking the woman. The stamp of the streets was upon her. People sat aghast. And as she advanced to the side of the minister, curious eyes divided their glances between her and the Badgeley pew. There Helen sat wide-eyed, fascinated. Her father leaned forward as if straining to hear aright, and de Graffe gripped the head of his cane while his face went purple.

"Look," commanded Armstrong in a resounding voice as he touched the arm of the woman. "This girl is fair. Her hands are white and shapely and her figure is good. Too fair and too white and too shapely, she thought, to be marred by toil. So to gain the idle life she craved and keep alive the beauty of which she was proud, she chose to sell her comeliness on the streets instead of her skill in some office or factory. Now what I want you, my brothers, my sisters, to do is to ask yourselves in all sincerity in what spiritual way this poor daughter of sin is different from one of your number, who just now is on the

eve of bartering her beauty for gain in the market of vain desire?"

Armstrong's voice had risen till it rang like a trumpet. When it stopped he stood, arms folded, waiting for the storm that he knew would break. Badgeley was already on his feet.

"I demand an instant meeting of the church committee to deal with this—this outrage!" he cried chokingly. The count jumped up beside him, brandishing his cane. While Helen, lashed to a sudden, blind fury against everyone and everything, turned on de Graffe and ordered, "Sit down, you fool! How dare you make me so conspicuous?" Then she turned and glared straight at Armstrong while the count subsided, and Armstrong, glaring back, turned to follow the committeemen into his own study.

"You're fired," shouted Badgeley before the door was closed upon them. "You ungrateful ass! By heaven, I can hardly keep my hands off you. If you weren't hiding behind the cloth of a parson I'd thrash you."

"There's my resignation, ready," answered Armstrong, pointing to a paper on his desk. "And if I were not in the house of God I'd smash you, you bootlicker of titles. Fired!" and he laughed bitterly. "Why, I wouldn't come back to your church of hypocrites for twice my salary." And he turned and left the astounded men.

A YEAR later Helen Badgeley was still Helen Badgeley.

But while the old sparkle that so amused her friends lingered in her manner, there was also something new about her that baffled even her father, who knew her best.

"Something has come over the dear child," said Mrs. Badgeley to her husband one day. "I am afraid she is ill. I think she needs a change. She is so considerate of everyone and has taken to visiting a hospital for children. It alarms me."

"Looks like a daisy to me," answered Badgeley. "But if you think best we can go South at once."

"Do you think she is brooding over the past?" asked the mother anxiously.

"Not a chance of it." Both were back in their thoughts to the time of the terrible church scene. "Don't you remember, my dear, how plucky she was about it all?"

Mrs. Badgeley did "remember." For

when she had begged Helen to go on with her wedding, the girl had turned on her and said: "It was all only an ugly incident, and now it is a closed incident." And closed it was, for Helen summarily dismissed the count, and, more serenely than anyone had supposed possible, went her usual way.

When now the subject of going to the tropics was broached she laughed. "South," she said, "I go as far south every day as I want to. The Children's Hospital, you know." And that was the end of it. But her parents would have been more worried had they known that Helen only began her charitable work after she found that Armstrong, who had accepted a call to a less exclusive church, had been elected a member of the hospital board and visited there constantly.

Through the long months the minister had tried as hard as Helen to forget the unhappy affair that had spoiled their intercourse. As his anger died he began to know that more of his virulence had been caused by interest in Helen the woman, than by concern for Helen the soul under his guidance. And the thought tortured him. All her girlish graces visited his memory now, and stayed with him. And he groaned in spirit. Still, when he met her by the cot of a sick child in his hospital the old animosity made him ask: "Is this the way society seeks notoriety now?"

Helen took it gallantly. Less quick to speech now, she noticed more. And the hot flush that followed on the man's face, and its thinness and harried look, did not escape her. She went home, thoughtful; and it was then her mother began to worry at her quietness.

A few days later she was again at the hospital when Armstrong came. She disappeared quickly into a room as she caught sight of him, and when she emerged he thought she looked alarmingly pale. Even as he spoke to her she fell, seemingly exhausted, onto a cot.

"Miss Badgeley! Helen! Darling!" he cried, as he hungrily clasped her in his arms and carried her to another room. And it was only after he had told her he loved her, worshipped her, begged her forgiveness, could not live without her and

would never let her go, that her eyes opened with a half sad twinkle, and she said faintly: "You haven't a thing on me, parson dear!"

After that Armstrong forgot his anxiety for her health—everything—in their ecstasy. Helen was the first to get back to coherent speech. "Now that it's all settled that we are to marry and live happily ever after, when are you coming back to the church?" she asked.

Armstrong was firm in his resistance. "I told them I wouldn't go back for twice my former salary, and I will not," he said. "Don't ask it, dear."

Helen's pale lids fluttered and drooped. Armstrong was frightened. Had she fainted? He hunted for restoratives, for he thought it collapse. But it was only calculation. The quick mind behind the closed lids was running thus: Limousine, town car, decent little apartment, running expenses, summer place, clothes—oh dear-r-r—

"Helen, Helen sweetheart!" cried Armstrong frantically as he failed to find what he wanted. "I'll call a doctor. You're worse. I must get a doctor! I'll be back in a few minutes."

"Perhaps it would be better," sighed the girl, and Armstrong hurried out. But the instant he disappeared Helen came to life. She grabbed a bed telephone and called her father.

"Daddy, Daddy, listen," she commanded. "I'm to marry Dr. Armstrong. Hush. Don't interrupt. It's all settled. And Daddy, he must come back to the church. Positively. And he says he told you when you two flew at each other that he wouldn't come back for twice his salary. Remember? Isn't it great he said that? For of course he won't break his word, and so of course you must offer him three times as much: What? Would you have me live in some smudgy little place? The committee won't?—Well, what do I care about the committee? Dig it up yourself. Daddy! You will? Here's a hug! Good-by." And Helen hung up just in time to rub the liquid white from her happy face before the sharp-eyed physician and Armstrong came and found her better—very much better.



In Love—"Opposite"

SIDNEY DREW FOUND MRS. SIDNEY WHILE THE CAMERA WATCHED; AND THEY LOVED, AND WOODED AND WEDDED

By Allen Corliss

ROMANCE comes into its own on the stage some times.

The first time Sidney Drew saw Lucille McVey (who has done him the honor of becoming Mrs. Drew) she was playing opposite him in a comedy in the Vitagraph studio. Their personalities called to each other as the camera clicked. Each was fascinated by the other's work. "Off stage" they met and cultivated their admiration into friendship, the soundest basis of love. And presently they married. That was a trifle more than two years ago, just after Mr. Drew had forsaken the vaudeville stage for the celluloid and joined



the Vitagraph forces, signed to make one comedy a week. Later he went over to Metro, where he now directs his own productions and not infrequently writes his own scenarios. Mrs. Drew, besides playing with her husband in all of his pictures, writes many of the film plots they appear in. They collaborate on many of the comedy scenarios and rehearse them at home, as they are written.

Mr. Drew is of a long line of theatrical ancestry. He was born in New York City, August 28, 1864, the son of John Drew of Dublin, Ireland, and Louisa Lane of London, England. His mother was viewed by critics as the foremost comedienne

They collaborate on many of the comedy scenarios and rehearse them at home, as they are written.



The Drews are great lovers of the outdoor life.

of her time, and for a while she was associated with her son in the producing of plays.

The old South Broad Street Theatre in Philadelphia gave Sidney Drew his first stage. He showed there with Leonard Grover in "Our Boarding House," and made an immediate "hit" as a light comedian. Presently his work attracted the attention of Charles Frohman, who engaged him to play in many leading roles opposite Rose Fytinge, Ada Dyas and other stars of the period.

Later Mr. Drew, with his mother, organized his own producing company, and presented such successful plays as "The Road to Ruin," "The Rivals," "A Jealous Wife," etc. In the season 1896-97 Mr. Drew became a pioneer in offering legitimate drama on the vaudeville stage. His first play in this new field was "When Two Hearts are Won."

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 120)

In class 2 we have such a Frankenstein as "The Iron Claw," full of maniac revenges and monstrous criminals, minute-by-minute escapes and a machinery of device that squeaks and squeals. This is a good serial, of its kind. People who like such things, and the rest of us who consider Pearl White a bear of a peach—if such a faunal modification of flora exists—will probably continue to see it.

FRED BALSOFER, a sort of disputed quantity as director and producer, pretty definitely established his status with Metro followers in "The Comeback," the first of that concern's vehicle for Harold Lockwood and May Allison.

"The Comeback" shows that Balshofer is not a literary man, not an imaginative man, nor a cut-and-dried director; but it also proves that he is a human being, that he knows a good story when he sees it, and that he can go straight to the point.

"Dad, I won't write till I've made good!" There you are. That's the whole, old story. It's another "Pennington's Choice," but even more deftly managed and worked out. Balshofer's lack of imaginative ingenuity is shown in his employment of some of the oldest butlerian devices and complicating aids. But he tells a direct story, and Lockwood and Allison act it right nobly.

"Playing with Fire" is the best photoplay in which Olga Petrova has ever participated. Like her past performances, this is a sultry record, but it is not absurd. At moments it is vitally dramatic, and there are elements of pathos, as well. Metro has not withheld the check-book. Instead, it has flung its production money as nonchalantly as the classic hero flung his two-ended purse of gold. I'd like to know where they got that heart-jumping flash of a big liner *really sinking*.

Mabel Taliaferro's second Metro picture, "The Snowbird," is immensely inferior to her play of last month. It is an incredible frameup of big business virtue and villainy, in which a very snippy little girl holds all the trumps—and wins without playing them! This must not be construed as an abjuration of Miss Taliaferro. It is a Keystone kick at the piece they gave her.

THE Feast of Life," a Capellani-made photoplay featuring Clara Kimball Young, may be a mighty good Cuban romance, but it is mighty dull Gringo entertainment. A lot of Capellani's scenes could be cut out and framed as mural decorations. Locations and mere "pictures" have been superbly handled. The dusk Clara emotes dolorously through many reels. The piece is a sort of Kimball family act, for she has all her folks working.

If Kitty Gordon appeared at any moment to be sincere, possibly her photographic impersonations, as well as her personal appearances, would convey meaning and would impress. "Her Maternal Right," vacuous and echoey as the very mischief in plot, is not improved in the least by her personal drapings through its situations.

"Sudden Riches"—I slept through this one, so I can't justly say a word about it.

"BLUEBIRD" photoplays seem to have knocked off a bit from their original excellence. "The Crippled Hand" is indeed a sumptuous effort. It is so earnest an effort that even a casual spectator might bewail the play's lack of conviction. Here is one of the odd instances in which even complete sincerity carries no assurance. You feel that Bob Leonard, and Ella Hall, and Gladys Brockwell, and Kingsley Benedict, are all doing their very utmost to please. Perhaps the play slips because the central idea is sidetracked; if the episode of the piano virtuoso whose digital tendons were slashed by a ruthless woman were elaborated, there would be pretty big melodrama. However, to make a Cinderella story for Ella Hall, this seems to have been forgotten. There are lots of lights, and lots of clothes, and lots of locations, and lots of props and lots of people in this play. Doubtless those who assemble in organ places for the Worship of Ella and Bob believed in it, and still believe in it. At the Fine Arts studio Gladys Brockwell showed unwonted powers as a character actress, and here, a sex-magnet, she thrills as do few women in photoplayland.

"The Gilded Spider" merits the same criticism. A good cast, almost sensationally opulent surroundings and much feminine beauty are wasted on a noisily impossible melodrama.

Carter de Haven, a more or less young

stage person of considerable celebrity, romps amusingly through a feature known as "A Youth of Fortune." The title probably appealed to him. The comedy is a good old joker, done heartily, and it should be received in the same spirit.

"DAVID GARRICK" is the ancient play but unusual vehicle for Dustin Farnum this month. The issue is Morosco's; the product a creditable but not vital or important one.

"A P Piney Ridge," Selig output, is a faithful picturizing of David K. Higgins' solemn fabrication of the Tennessee mountains. It is not especially well directed, and this has added to the general incredibility of an old-fashioned, artificial drama which was vogue when wax-works were the favored stage population. Fritz Brunette, a voluptuous figure in spite of—or because of—her single and persistent garment of gingham apron, bravely bears ignoble persecution from start to finish.

"Into the Primitive," another of the unending you-and-me-and-maybe-somebody-else-on-an-island stories, presents Kathlyn Williams, Guy Oliver and Harry Lonsdale.

Here are three fine players who in spite of themselves make no impression in this worthless suggestion of "The Admirable Crichton."

VITAGRAPH'S "God's Country and the Woman," a huge eight-reeler featuring Nell Shipman, should be trimmed to five reels. The story is James Oliver Curwood's. We have the three V's of what may be called the Positive Drama: Vice, Villainy and Virtue; some splendid settings and much good snow work. Miss Shipman shows no especial talent in this picture. We happen to know that she has talents, and we should like to see them trotted forth.

"Britton of the Seventh" is one of the best and most timely American military plays issued this season.

"Flames of Johannis:" a case of drearily chronic self-pity.

"The Little Girl Next Door:" dirty flubdub paraded right by the censors while wearing a sanctimonious false face called "Vice Exposure."

Rose Upon My Wall

YOU'VE been asleep eleven months,
 And I suppose your voice, your warmth
 Are quite a way beyond
 The farthest stars.
 Yet every night mechanic incantation
 Brings you back for me alone:
 I trim my lamp; I set the reel;
 I turn the current on; I grind—
 Lo! It is morning, and your teeth and eyes
 Flash back the sun.
 Every midnight morn I see you say:
 "I love you!"
 Through every winter storm you bloom,
 A rose upon my wall.

—JOHN DALY NORMAN.

A Million a Minute

(Continued from page 94)

learned through Kraft the name of Dagmar's Paris banker, and here the name of Quaintance was an open sesame. Yes, the bankers had been advised of Mr. Miles Quaintance's strange will, but had not his nephew heard that Miss Lorraine married the Duc de Reves before she knew of this will? Yes, assuredly that was an annoyance. No, Monsieur le Duc was not worth ten million American dollars, yet he was, oh, quite rich. No, they had not examined the legality of the marriage, but doubtless it was quite valid. Yet Monsieur le Duc was a good Catholic, and Madame la Duchesse was surely a Protestant. Perhaps something might be done. Yes, for ten millions assuredly something might be done. Seager quickly telephoned to the Duchess Dagmar, asking that he might call.

Dagmar, at the other end of the telephone, turned to Fanchette. "Why, it's Stephen Quaintance," she said, "the man who will lose millions because he cannot marry me. I shall have to see him and explain."

One glance at Seager, however, filled her with loathing. Even had she been unmarried it would have been impossible for her to comply with her guardian's wish, with this man.

"I only let you come so that I could tell you in person how sorry I am that things have taken this course," she said hurriedly, to get the ordeal over as quickly as possible. "You see, I married before I knew of your uncle's death and will." She was glad she did not have to endure a siege of lovemaking from this brute.

"Married? Oh hell, that's all right. I've been talking that over and we can easy rig up some sort of a divorce."

"You will excuse me, but we wont discuss the matter. Goodbye."

"Goodbye nuthin'! Think I'm going to let ten million dollars slip through my fingers like that? Now you look'a here—"

"Will you go, or must I call the police?"

Seager backed out of the apartment, but before Dagmar could slam the door in his face her ears were assailed by a torrent of profanity and threats that made her tremble. Was there no escape from persecution? First the Duke, and his valet—now Quaintance. Where would it end?

It ended, for the time being at least,

naturally enough, in Dagmar consenting, through sheer weariness, to a proposition brought from the Duke. He assured her of his penitence, of his love, of his desire to be permitted to prove that he had become worthy of her. He told her that he had provided for that other woman and her child. And he promised that she should have her own apartments in his great house, with Fanchette always by her side. In short, all that he asked was that she take her place, nominally, as his wife, and let him try to win her back.

So she let him come and make his plea in person. He seemed sincerely repentant, and at least he would be able to protect her from this new peril, for since Seager's call she had lived in constant terror of him. He was not a man to be easily forgotten. So Dagmar accepted her husband's terms.

A few evenings later Stephen and O'Farrell, standing in a throng at a great public reception given by the President of France, heard the names of the Duc and Duchesse de Reves announced, and immediately there was a hum of comment all about them. "Duchesse? I didn't know Etienne was married." "Neither did I." "Oh yes. American girl—quite a sensational affair. Nasty incident at the church, but the Duke used his influence and it never became public." Curious to see the couple who caused such spicy comment, Stephen turned to the grand staircase—and gasped:

"My God, Tim, get me out of here! That's the girl I crossed the Atlantic to find—and she's married to a Duke."

BITTERLY Stephen nursed his disappointment throughout the ride back to the hotel, but eventually pulled himself together, shrugged his shoulders, and remarked recklessly:

"Oh well, it's all in a lifetime! Come, Tim, I've had enough of cities. How about you? Is it back to the veldt?"

"But how about Seager? We can't go without spiking his guns."

"Oh, let the girl take care of herself. Any woman that would marry Seager to get ten million dollars or ten times ten millions isn't worth warning. Come—let's pack."

"I suppose you're right," O'Farrell reluctantly admitted. "Still, I'd like to mix it with that fellow, just for the sport of the thing"

While they were in the midst of their plans for a return to Africa, one of Tim's detectives came hurrying in and excitedly poured out his story to O'Farrell.

"Your man has kidnapped the Duke and Duchess of Reves," he said. "I saw him and another fellow climb on top of the Duke's limousine, and followed at a distance on my motorcycle. In a dark street they sandbagged the chauffeur, one of them took the wheel and the other covered the Duke with a gun. Then they drove to a deserted house at Neuilly."

"Tim!" Stephen shouted, "what's the date?"

"May thirty-first."

"By heaven, I see it all now. If Seager doesn't marry Dagmar Lorraine before midnight tonight he loses the ten millions! Don't you see? My American girl, the Duchess of Reves, and Miss Lorraine, are all one person! Seager's playing some desperate card. Come!"

They got a taxicab and raced at terrific speed for Neuilly. A short distance from the house pointed out by the detective, they stopped. The Duke's limousine still stood in front. The lower floor was dark, but lights gleamed through the shutters of the second story. Quickly the detective forced open a window and they crept into the house. They heard the angry voice of a man, and the sobbing protest of a woman. Silently mounting the stairs, their revolvers ready, they groped their way to a door beneath which there was a thin shaving of light.

"Now!" Stephen whispered, and flung the door open.

"Hands up!" He shouted, and the three of them leveled their guns at Seager, another ruffian, and a third individual, evidently a notary. The stage was set for a marriage ceremony. Seager's hired bully, seeing escape was impossible, promptly deserted to the attacking party and seized his employer, shouting:

"He's a murderer! He's killed the Duke de Reves! I'm innocent—I swear to God! I didn't know he meant to kill."

Leaving the others to attend to the prisoners, Stephen hurried to Dagmar's side, and between sobs she gasped out her story. Seager first had tried to bribe the Duke to make an affidavit that he and Dagmar were not legally married. He offered a million dollars, then two, and up to five. The Duke contemptuously rejected his proposals. Then Seager called Etienne a vile name, and when the Duke sprang at him, shot him through the heart. Then, after dragging the body into a side room, he threatened the made-to-order widow with a similar fate unless she married him then and there. But Dagmar called the man Quaintance, and not Seager, throughout her recital.

"You see," she said, "my guardian was his uncle, and—"

"No he wasn't, dear," Stephen interrupted. "He was my uncle." And he explained his renunciation of the name and the fortune.

"Say!" O'Farrell called from the door, "do you two happen to realize that it is ten minutes to twelve o'clock, midnight, May 31st? If you want that ten million dollars you had better use this notary before we take him to jail."

"Do we want it?" Stephen asked.

"Do we?" Dagmar replied, softly.

"Say, Tim, just step outside will you, while we talk it over."

"For the love of heaven," the Irishman ejaculated as he disappeared. "Ten million dollars—'we'll talk it over'—and they're crazy about each other. A blind man could see it."

Again Stephen explained, more fully, why he detested the thought of touching his uncle's money. So they stood there in silence, and heard the little clock which Seager had put on the mantel to prove that his marriage was on time, tick off a million dollars a minute. With each second's tick they voluntarily gave up their claim to \$16,666.66 $\frac{2}{3}$. But it was not of that they were thinking, as they looked happily into each other's eyes.

Don't fail to read "The Glory Road" which begins in this issue. It is the greatest fiction story of motion picture life ever written.

PHOTOPLAY TITLE CONTEST

Number VI—Complete in this issue. For explanation see opposite page.

FIND TITLES IN THIS LIST

- ONE Woman's Way
The Other Man
A Page from Yesterday
Playing the Game
The Problem
The Right and Wrong of It
She Was the Other
Strength
Such a Mess
Was His Decision Right?
The Way of the Woman
When the Night Call Came
The Woman in Black
The Blacklist
A Pool of Flame
The Grip of Jealousy
The Traffic Cop
The Golden Chance
The Question
My Official Wife
Caught on a Skyscraper
Man and His Angel
John Needham's Double
No One
Playing with Fire
The Come Back
The Feast of Life
Sunshine Dad
Looking for Trouble
The Prize Baby
Letters Entangled
A Bold Impersonation
Both Sides of Life
Brave and Bold
The Brute
The Bully's Doom
By a Strange Road
By Fair Means or Fowl
The Cad
The Card of Mystery
Chicken
A Child of the North
The Choice
The Chicken Inspector
A Clean Slate
The Clubman
The Combination
Comrade Kitty
The Conqueror
A Costume Piece
The Coward
Curiosity
Curses! Jack Dalton
The Cynic
Slander
The Price of Power
The Melting Pot
Sold for Marriage
Audrey
Civilization's Child
A Bathhouse Blunder
Hell's Hinges
The Code of Marcia Gray
He Fell in Love with His Wife
Dollars and the Woman
- The Saleslady
A Wife's Sacrifice
The Kiss of Hate
The Gay Lord Warring
The Reapers
The Struggle
The Moral Fabric
The Village Blacksmith
Little Meena's Romance
The Warning
The Eternal Grind
The Habit of Happiness
Green Stockings
Then I'll Come Back to You
The Spider
A Night Out
A Dark Horse
The Deception
The Dictator
A Double Roll
Easy Money
Eleven to One
The Eleventh Dimension
An Enemy to Society
Extravagance
A False Move
The Fear Within
Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds
A Fool There Was
For Cash
The Forecast
For Love of Him
A Friend Indeed
From the Shadows
The Girl at His Side
A Good-for-Nothing
The Great Ruby Mystery
The Hammer
A Happy Pair
Heart's Desire
Patterson of the News
A Gentleman from Indiana
A Supreme Sacrifice
The Cycle of Fate
For Love of Mike and Rosie
Madame La Presidente
The Feast of Life
Susan Rocks the Boat
The Heart of Paula
The Race
Playing with Fire
The Red Widow
China Town
Childhood's Happy Days
Little Sunset
The Police Dog on the Wire
The Raiders
Martha's Vindication
The Woman's Law
Luke's Double
Peggy
Diplomacy
The Flirt
Out of the Drift
The Great Problem
- The Prince and the Pauper
Her Choice
He's a Bear
He Wanted Chickens
He Was Bad
Hidden Letters
His Fighting Blood
His Mysterious Profession
The Hold Up
A Horse of Another Color
In and Out
An Independent Woman
Infatuation
In Old Virginia
In the Background
In the Park
Into the Night
The Little He and She
The Living Fear
Love Finds the Way
Love Triumphs
The Lure of the Ladies
The Man in Black
Monkey Business
The Mysterious Contragrav
The Newsboy Tenor
Public's Approval
The Strange Case of Mary Page
Writing on the Wall
The Man Who Couldn't Beat God
Nearly a King
The Havoc
His Wife's Mistake
The Marble Heart
The Hand of Peril
The Devil's Toy
The Still Voice
Thou Art the Man
Artie the Millionaire Kid
Call of the Cumberlands
Stepping Stones
The Spoilers
Under Royal Patronage
Tennessee's Pardner
Unto Those Who Sin
Children of the Ghetto
The Vital Question
Lords of High Decision
A Fool's Paradise
A Child of the Paris Streets
Her Maternal Right
Sudden Riches
The Love Mask
The Snow Bird
Lying Lips
At West Point
David Garrick
Maria Rosa
The Law Decides
Kennedy Square
A Huntress of Men
The Beggar of Cawnpore
Feather Top
The Closed Road
Sunshine Dad

(List Continued on Second Page Following)

HERE ARE THE MAY WINNERS

CONTEST NO. 4

- First Prize, \$10.00, Lois Zeehandelaar, 607 So. Kenmore Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.
Second Prize, \$5.00, Agnes C. Plunkett, 41 Washburn St., Dorchester, Boston, Mass.
Third Prize, \$3.00, Chas. J. Cunningham, 1713 N. Madison Ave., Peoria, Ill.
Fourth Prize, \$2.00, C. E. Robinson, 137 Elmwood Ave., Providence, R. I.
Fifth Prize, \$1.00, Alberta Selter, DeLand, Fla.
Sixth Prize, \$1.00, Sarah W. Orvis, Thompson's Point, Vt.
Seventh Prize, \$1.00, Ethelyn LaClaire, Evans-ton, Wyo.
Eighth Prize, \$1.00, E. H. Sherman, 209 So. 27th St., Billings, Mont.
Ninth Prize, \$1.00, Mrs. John M. Northrop, 310 Washington St., Fayetteville, Tenn.
Tenth Prize, \$1.00, Mrs. E. F. King, Kensaw

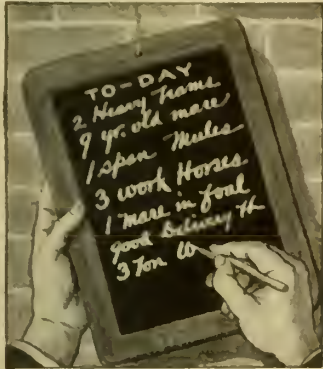
- Apts., Little Rock, Ark.
Eleventh Prize, \$1.00, Luther B. Moore, Box 384, Winslow, Ariz.
Twelfth Prize, \$1.00, L. P. Roberts, Hotel Roberts, Provo, Utah.
Thirteenth Prize, \$1.00, Mrs. Edward E. Smith, 1409 15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.
Fourteenth Prize, \$1.00, John W. Hystop, Aberdeen, S. D.

THE CORRECT MAY ANSWERS

1. "The Lily and the Rose."
2. "Old Enough to Be Her Grandpa."
3. "Putting One Over."
4. "The Pretenders."
5. "Aloha Oe."
6. "A Relic of Old Japan."
7. "By Whose Hand."
8. "Just Like a Woman."

FOURTEEN CASH PRIZES

FOR the correct or nearest correct answers to these pictures. The awards are cash, without any strings whatever to them. This is the sixth of a series of novel feature contests to interest and benefit our readers at absolutely no cost to them—the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE way. The awards are all for this month's contest.



1



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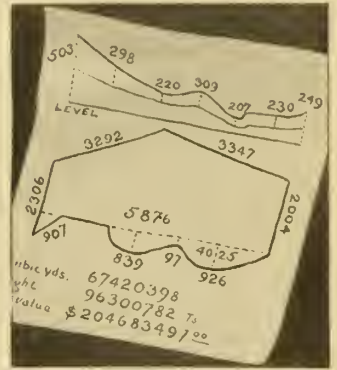


4

THE PRIZES

- 1st Prize, \$10.00.
- 2nd Prize, \$5.00.
- 3rd Prize, \$3.00.
- 4th Prize, \$2.00.
- Ten Prizes, \$1.00 each.

Each scene represents the name of a popular photoplay which will be found in the list on the opposite page and the page following. These illustrations are not of scenes from the plays, but are of the titles. In the case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded to the senders of the answers involved.



5



6



7



8

Directions

Write plainly below each picture the *title* which you think it best represents. Place your own name and complete address on the margin at the bottom of this page. Cut the leaf out and mail it to "Title Contest," PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago. Or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper. Number your answers to correspond with the numbers of the pictures. We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask us questions. All answers must be mailed before July first. Awards for this list will be published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Look for this contest each month.

PHOTOPLAY TITLE CONTEST

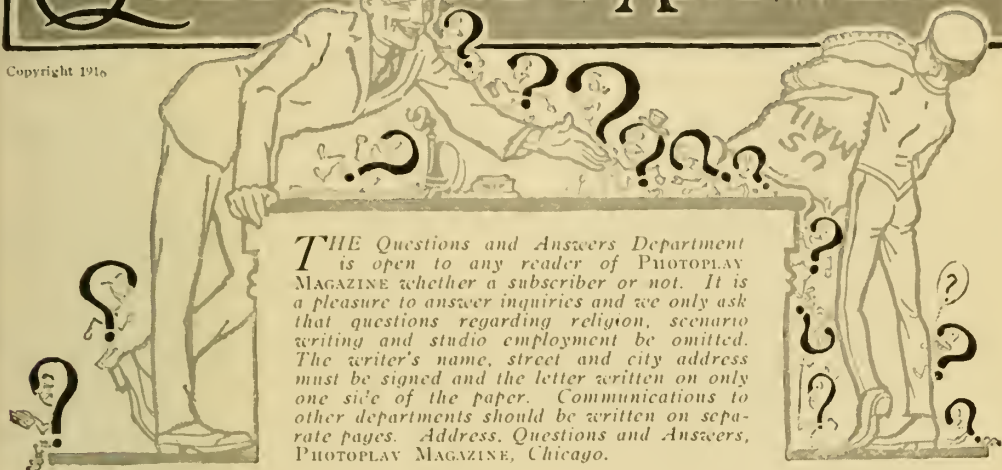
(See preceding page for explanation.)

LIST OF TITLES CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE PRECEDING

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>Tangled Hearts
The Quality of Fate
Blazing Love
Molly Make Believe
Carmen or Throwing the Bull
The Children in the House
His Neighbor's Wife
The No-Good Guy
The Ne-er Do Well
The Half Million Bribe
The Sowers
The Soul Market
Passers By
Her Great Price
His Hat and Cat
The Wall Between
Hoodoo Ann
Fighting Blood
The Mishaps of Musty Suffer
Lovely Mary
Blue Blood and Red
Betty of Greystone
The Greater Will
A Modern Thelma
The Lost Bridegroom
For the Defense
The Crown Prince's Double
The Immortal Flame
The Advisor
The Aggressor
Ambushed
And Then it Happened
And They Called Him "Hero"
An Officer and a Gentleman
Any Woman's Choice
Arm of Vengeance
Art of a Heart
Ashes of Hope
At His Expense
Tail of a Coat
Tainted Money
Tale of a Chicken
The White Rosette
The Tell-Tale Hand
Test of Courage
At Last We Are Alone
At the End of a Perfect Day
The Better Way
Between One and Two
Between the Two of Them
A False Beauty
An American Citizen
That Springtime Feeling
A Day on the Force
Her Great Scoop
After the Storm
Playing Dead
At the Flood Tide
Rags
Frenchy
Love, Snow and Ice
Around the Corner
The Moth and the Flame
Pokes and Jabbs
Freckles
The Guilt
The Honeymooners
The Chasm
This is the Life
A Dream of the Circus
The First Piano in the Camp
The Bridal Bouquet
Unlike Other Girls
The Alarm
Cinderella
Copper
Always in the Way
The Boss
The Forest Thieves
The Floating Call
The Jury Room
In the Candlelight
Love in an Apartment Hotel
Lola
The Little White Violet
Little Chrysanthemum
The People of the Pit
Won in the Night
Out of the Air
The Face Most Fair
When a Man's Pickle
Such a Little Queen
Beauty Unadorned</p> | <p>Sparrow of the Circus
Home, Sweet Home
Rivalry
The Fifth Commandment
Nerves of Steel
Only Five Years Old
Poor Policy
The Tightwad
A Question of Courage
The Desert Sting
The Good Old Summertime
His Last Trick
Lest We Forget
The Proof
Other People's Business
\$1,000 Reward
Officer Henderson
O'Flanagan's Luck
The Magic Note
The Merchant of Venice
Lost in Mid-Ocean
Just Jim
In Tune
Her Three Mothers
In Old Mexico
The Circular Path
Peggy Lynn Burglar
Naughty Henrietta
High Spots on Broadway
Cartoons in the Seminary
Pearls of the Baltic
Hunting a Husband
Dirt Face Dan
Gypsy Love
Going to the Dogs
Loyalty
Applied Romance
It's Very Trying
His Hour of Manhood
Mismatched
Mary Magdalene
Love Knows no Law
Caught in a Flue
The Pride of Jennico
No Release
Kronstadt
A Message from Mars
Me an' Bill
The Man Who Did Not Die
Oh, Baby!
Autumn Love
Recreation—Yosemite
The Clause of Greed
Zaza
Divorce
Shadows and Sunshine
The Bondwoman
Black Birds
As a Man Thinketh
Girl at the Curtain
In the Cow Country
The Creator of Hunger
On the Border
Pierre of the Plains
Shore Acres
The Wild Woolly West
Back to the Farm
Dawn
It Happened while He Fished
The Wrong Prescription
The Witching Hour
The Kid's Nap
Their Interest in Common
When Wife Sleeps
Venomous Tongues
The Face on the Ceiling
Strathmore
The Skinfint
The Ruse
The Wharf Rats
The Swinging Doors
Six Months to Live
Tap! Tap! Tap!
Sweet Land of Liberty
Sea Wolf
When Villains Meet
We Should Worry for Auntie
Vendetta in a Hospital
Sweet and Low
Saved by Telephone
Up in a Balloon
The Heart of Cerise
Susie's Suitors</p> | <p>The Broken Lullaby
Weighed in the Balance
The Two-Cent Mystery
The Eagle
Temper
Fleur de Lys
Stonewall Jackson's Way
In Search of the Castaways
The Lucky Shot
A Rival Pitcher
Sis
The Tango Craze
Unwinding It
Susie's New Shoes
Village School Days
The Gold in the Crock
The City
The World Upstairs
Simp and the Sophomores
The Healers
The Tardy Cannon Ball
West Wind
To Redeem an Oath
The Hand That Rocks the Cradle
My Madonna
Mary's Lamb
A Poor Relation
Victory of Virtue
The Galley Slave
Fighting for France
The Busy Bell Boy
When the Fleet Sailed
The Vanishing Vases
Wine
The Dream Child
The Silent W.
The Suicide Pact
The Rounders
The Scarlet Lady
The Spartacus
The Diamond of Disaster
The Gusher
Wealth of the Poor
Uncle Heck, by Heck
Trickery
Wait and See
Baseball Stars
Roping a Bride
An Inside Tip
Doctor Jim
At 12 O'clock
False Worship
Manlike
The Port of Missing Men
The Range Girl and the Cowboy
Little Mr. Fixer
M'dred's Doll
Steady Company
His Two Patients
Framed
The Gap
Peer Gynt
'Twas Ever Thus
The Cheat
Her Stepchild
The Reform Candidate
Vicar of Wakefield
The Reprobate
Spark From the Embers
Stung
Spades Are Trump
The Orang-Outang
Movin' Pitchers
The Klondyke Bubble
An Indian Legend
Gene of the Northland
Old Heidelberg
Jack and the Beanstalk
Miss Tomboy
Niobe
Frauds
The Black Fox
The Stay-at-Homes
The Pipe Dream
Awakening of Donna Isolla
Tiny Hands
Wasted Years
The Water-tank Plot
Nivisionist
Vanity Fair
Tony the Wop
The Stranglers' Cord
A Sprig of Shamrock</p> |
|--|---|---|

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

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THE Questions and Answers Department is open to any reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE whether a subscriber or not. It is a pleasure to answer inquiries and we only ask that questions regarding religion, scenario writing and studio employment be omitted. The writer's name, street and city address must be signed and the letter written on only one side of the paper. Communications to other departments should be written on separate pages. Address: Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago.

R. B., OTTAWA, ONT.—The stage presentation of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," is referred to in the biographical sketch of William S. Hart in the January Art Section. Charlotte Walker was *June Tolliver* in both the screen and the stage play, but Theodore Roberts took the role of *Jud Tolliver* in the Lasky film, the role which William S. Hart played on stage. In the film, *John Hale*, the revenue officer, was Thomas Mcighan.

M. C., POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., says, apropos the remark by B., COLUMBUS, in May PHOTOPLAY on page 153, "I'm a girl and couldn't be Miss Frederick's leading man, but I should love to be her maid in every picture." Tell us, pretty maiden, are there any more at home like you?

C. B., WINFIELD, N. Y.—Wilfred Lucas was *Manvers* in "The Spanish Jade," the same Wilfred Lucas who played the lead in "Acquitted," and "The Lily and the Rose." He was interviewed in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY. The other members of the cast in "The Spanish Jade" were Betty Bellairs as *Manuela*; Nigel de Brullier as *Don Luis*; Arthur Tavares as *Bartolome*; Frank Lanning, *Tornillo*; Howard Davies (the Mexican in "The Heart of Paula"); *Gil Perez*; and Lloyd Ingraham as *Sebastian*.

M. K., TEXARKANA, ARK.—Clifford Grey played the role of *Margot's* lover in "A Daughter of the Sea," an Equitable film featuring Muriel Ostriche. *Margot's* father was W. H. Tooker. Address any of the Equitable players at the address given in the Directory.

D. H., DETROIT.—The obstreperous woman with whom Syd Chaplin had so much trouble in "The Submarine Pirate," was Phyllis Allen; *Ricketty Ann* in "The Old Homestead," was Margaret Seddon. "The Birth of a Nation," was filmed in and around Los Angeles, California; the "Chalice of Courage," (Vitagraph) in the California mountains; "The Bondman," was filmed by Fox in Los Angeles.

M. A. M., INDIAN RIVER CITY, FLA.—Gertrude Selby is the girl in "Blue Blood and Yellow Backs," and Harry Gribbons, the Baron. The cast of Vitagraph's "Man from the Desert," included William Duncan, George Holt, Myrtle Gonzalez, Otto Lederer and George Kunkel, who were all members of the western stock company. In "Love, Snow and Ice," Wally Van and Nitra Frazer took the leads; in "Shorty's Ranch," *Shorty* is Jack Hamilton.

N. D., HARRISON, ARK., and M. S., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—"Youth," was a Vitagraph film in which Antonio Moreno, Donald Hall, Frankie Mann and Mlle. Valkyrien were the important players. It was released last fall. "Peggy," was filmed at Inceville, Santa Monica, California; "Tess of the Storm Country," in Los Angeles. Hazel Dawn was born in Ogden, Utah, in 1891; Irving Cummings in New York City in 1888.

R. N., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Ruth Stonehouse, formerly of Essanay but now of Universal, was born in Colorado in 1894. Brown eyes and light brown hair. She may be addressed at Universal City, California. George Bunny is a brother of the late John Bunny, not a son. Edith Johnson was born in your city in 1895 and went to school there until she joined Lubin in 1913. The following year she became a Selig player and has remained with that company.

M. J., EL PASO, TEX.—Fay Tincher of the Fine Arts-Triangle films was born in Topeka, Kansas. In the next letter M. A. W., Chicago, says, "Now that Virginia Pearson has joined the Fox company, wouldn't it be glorious to see her play opposite William Farnum?" We haven't said she musn't.

A. H., LOS ANGELES.—Ella Hall was *Mavis* in "Mavis of the Glen," a Universal, and Robert Leonard, Harry Carter and Robert Chandler were the three men. Billie Burke is with the Kleine company which is producing "Gloria's Romance." Please do not ask us to speculate regarding coming events, as you will find full announcements in Plays and Players when they have become facts.

W. C. P., HANNIBAL, MO., and S. H. S., NASHVILLE.—Chester Barnett plays "opposite" Vivian Martin in "The Wishing Ring," a World film of some time ago. The cast of "A Fool There Was" (Fox) included Theda Bara, as the Vampire; Edward Jose, as the Fool; Runa Hodges, as the Child; Mabel Frenyear, as the Wife; May Allison, her Sister; Clifford Bruce, the Friend; and Frank Powell, as the Doctor.

R. G., VICTORIA, B. C.—Herbert Rawlinson may be addressed at Universal City, Cal. Write us again, for we are always glad to hear from our friends and to know their ideas regarding the plays and players.

I. S., KANSAS CITY.—"Undine," was produced by Universal at the island off Santa Barbara, Calif. Ida Schnall played the principal role, Douglas Gerard was *Huldebrand*, Edna Maison was *Lady Bertholda*, Jack Nelson was Undine's lover *Waldo*, and Elijah Zerr was *Kuhleborn*, the ruler of the forest, who killed *Waldo*. In "A Woman's Past," (Fox) Nance O'Neil was the lady with the history and Alfred Hickman played the roles of the father and son who later defended his mother. Clifford Bruce and Carlton Macy were the other important players. Pauline Frederick has never been filmed by any company except Famous Players.

J. R. B., SEATTLE.—"The Explorer," was a Lasky film in which Lou-Tellegen played the principal role, Dorothy Davenport being the girl. Tom Forman, H. B. Carpenter and James Neill played the other important roles.

P., ST. CLOUD, MINN.—"Ramona" was produced by W. H. Clume under the direction of Donald Crisp; D. W. Griffith had nothing to do with it. Harry Carey, Hobart Henley, Jane Novak and Mina Cunard are the principal players in Universal's serial "Graft."

H. T., SAN DIEGO.—You will find a very recent photograph of Ethei Clayton in the May Art Section. "The Great Divide," a Lubin play in which House Peters plays opposite her is the most recent film in which Miss Clayton appears. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has no photographs for sale except those contained in the book of one hundred portraits, which will be sent you on receipt of 50c.

A. L. W., JACKSON, TENN.—Marguerite Snow was born in Savannah, Georgia, September 9, 1891, but she finished her education at Loretto Heights Academy in Denver. She will gladly send you a photograph if you write her in care of Metro enclosing a quarter to cover the expense. Winifred Greenwood is with the American at Santa Barbara.

M. G., STOCKTON, CALIF., and M. F., GREAT FALLS, MONT.—Herbert Rawlinson is the only name he possesses, off stage and on. Mr. Rawlinson is married but Miss Little is not. Probably your theatre is using different films, for Richard Travers is still with Essanay and is seen in their current plays.

M. C., SOUTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.—Marcia Moore and Ray Gallagher took the leading roles in "A Lilt of Love," and in "Extravagance," also a Universal. *Mrs. Stanhope* was Adele Farrington; *Minerva*, Cleo Madison; *Alfred Stuart*, Wyndham Standing; *William Marsden*, Hobart Henley, and the lawyer, Ray Hanford. Mrs. Thomas Whiffen played in "Hearts and Flowers," a Cosmos film.

F. H., BAYSIDE, N. Y.—Of the Jules Verne stories, "Michael Strogoff" has been filmed by Edison and Popular Plays and Players; "In Search of the Castaways," by World; "Around the World in 80 Days," by Lewis Pennant; and "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," by Eclair. "Jane Eyre," by Charlotte Bronte, has been filmed at least four times; by Whitman Features, Universal, Biograph and Thanhouser. Of James Fenimore Cooper's works, "The Pathfinder," has been filmed by the New York Film Co.; "The Spy," by Universal; "The Deerslayer," by Vitagraph; "The Last of the Mohicans," by Republic and by Universal. None of these films is current at the present time.

F. T., KANSAS CITY.—Florence Rockwell and Forrest Stanley played the leads in "He Fell in Love with His Wife," a Morosco film of recent appearance. Theda Bara is a screen name. Theodosia Goodman being her name in private life.

C. M., NEW YORK CITY and C. V., WINNIPEG.—Miss May Allison is unmarried, so your inquiry is easily answered. Myrtle Stedman is with the Morosco forces in Los Angeles.

B. W. H., FRANKFORT, KY.—The girl in "The Martyrs of the Alamo" (Fine Arts-Triangle), was Juanita Hansen, whose picture appeared in the May Art Section. *Silent Smith* was Sam de-Grasse.

A. G. E.—In Universal's "Stolen Hearts and Nickels," the girls were Louise Orth and Eva Nelson and *Bill* was Billie Ritchie. In "Saved by a Skirt," Billie Rhodes' brother is Neal Burns. Jane Cowl was the Princess in "The Garden of Lies," William Russell, *Mallory*, and Violet Horner, *Jessica*. The cast of "The Things at the Bottom of the Drawer," included Jean Hathaway, Helene Rosson, Alan Forest and Albert MacQuarrie. James Cooley played opposite Violet Mersereau in "The Broken Toy."

H. B., LINCOLN, ILL.—James Morrison's rival for Muriel Ostriche, in Vitagraph's "For the Honor of the Crew," was William B. Davidson. Theda Bara's first husband in "Lady Audley's Secret," was Clifford Bruce; *Norrie Ford* in "The Wild Olive," was Forrest Stanley, *Charles Conquest* was Edmund Lowe and the two girls were Myrtle Stedman and Mary Reubens.

V. W., ATCHISON, KANSAS.—"Old Heidelberg" was taken at the Fine Arts studios in Hollywood, California. Wally Reid, who played the role of *Prince Karl*, was on the stage for a short time before going into pictures, in association with his father, Hal Reid, a well-known player and playwright. Hal Reid lives in Goshen, N. Y. Dorothy Davenport is Mrs. Wally.

A. K., WATERBURY, CONN., and J. F., ELYRIA, O.—Betty Nansen's lover in "The Song of Hate," was Fritz de Lind, and, as you surmised, he is Olga Petrova's lover in "What Will People Say?" Write King Baggot at Universal's New York address.

E. B., SHELTON, CONN.—Hal Forde, Helen Martin and Lucille Taft were in the cast of "Lessons of Love," and Wally Reid, Seena Owen, Wm. Hinckley, Claire Anderson, Josephine Crowell and A. D. Sears appeared in "The Craven," from the Reliance-Majestic studios before they became the Fine Arts. Francelia Billington is now with Universal at Universal City, where she may be addressed.

T. V., ALLIANCE, NEB.—Edna Mayo's stage career included "Madame X," "Excuse Me," and "Help Wanted," prior to her motion picture work. She was later with Pathe and the Kinema-color and Carlyle Blackwell's "Favorite Players," with Famous Players in "Aristocracy," in which Tyrone Power played the part of *Mr. Stockton* and Marguerite Skirvin that of *Diana*, and now for over a year she has been with Essanay. She admits being born in Philadelphia in 1893.

H. B., ANDOVER, N. J., and N. R., STAMFORD, CONN.—Einer Linden is the name of *Don Jose* in the Fox "Carmen," in private life as well as on the screen. We did not see "The Gray Mask," and are therefore unable to tell you anything further about the alley scene. Hobart Henley played the title role in "The Measure of Leon Dubray," a Universal, opposite Luella Maxim.

M. M., ATLANTA, and R. J. L., RICHMOND, VA.—Gerda Holmes is with Equitable. She left Essanay nearly a year ago and has been seen in "The Victory of Virtue," a film which has had little circulation since that time. The "Trey o' Hearts" may be purchased from Grosset & Dunlap, New York City, but your newsdealer can easily get it for you.

L. B., MONTREAL.—Did you find the picture of Lottie Pickford in the March Art Section of PHOTOPLAY? Write Ella Hall at Universal City regarding a picture, and Lottie Pickford at the American's Santa Barbara studio.

N. L. B., CHICAGO.—Elmer Clifton's height is about five feet ten. He was born in Canada and began his stage career in 1907, playing in "The Girl from the Golden West," "The Dollar Mark" and "The Deep Purple." His first films were made with the Selig company and then he was seen in the Jack London plays under the Bosworth management. His later work in "The Birth of a Nation," "The Lily and the Rose," "The Missing Link" and "Acquitted" is well known.

G. Z., CHICAGO.—Jane Lee, whom you have seen in so many Fox films, was born in 1910, so she will be six years old some time this year, though we do not have her birthday. She has just returned from Jamaica with the Annette Kellermann company of Fox players. She was interviewed in the May PHOTOPLAY.

B. D., ST. ALBANS, VT., and O. N., FLORENCE, ALA.—Eugene O'Brien plays opposite Mary Pickford as *Hugh Carroll*, the District Attorney, in "Poor Little Peppina," the most recent Famous Players-Pickford release. In Thanouser's "His Vocation," *Beata* was Grace De Carlton, *Dan* was Bert Delaney, *Eulalie* was Helen Badgley and the nurse was Ethyl Cooke. In the cast of "The Devil's Daughter," (Fox) were: Paul Doucet, Theda Bara, Robert Wayne, Jane Miller, Victor Benoit, Elaine Ivans and Jane Lee. Valli Valli was born in Berlin, Feb. 11, 1882, was educated in England and made her stage debut in London. She has played in Europe and America in numerous productions—*Sonia* in "The Merry Widow," and *Wanda* in "The Purple Road," among them.

L. L., CUMBERLAND, MD., and L. N., ROGERS, ARK.—*Lord Huntersly* in "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo," (Lasky) was Frank Elliott. *Mr. Grex* was Theodore Roberts and *Miss Grex* was Dorothy Davenport. Mary Miles Minter has been appearing on the screen for over a year. The casts of "The Ventures of Marguerite," varied considerably but Marguerite Courtot in the title role appeared in all the episodes and so did Richard Purdon as *Peter Euright*.

A. E. H., LOS ANGELES.—Mary Pickford has announced that she would send photographs to friends who write for them, and further than that you will have to do your own experimenting. Billie Burke, so far as we know, has never done so, though you might write her in care of George Kleine company in New York. Whether either answers letters personally probably depends largely upon the demands upon their time at the moment letters are received. A. E. H. concludes, "I saw Billie Burke in 'Peggy' recently, and I think she is one of the most darling, most bewitching little actresses on the screen."

F. M., DUBUQUE, IA.—Lou-Tellegen is now known by that name only, but before the American courts extended him their kind services he was weighted down in private life by Isidor Louis Bernard Edmund van Dammeler. However, he claims to be a mixture of Greek, Dutch and French. He was born in Holland.

K. P., ENDERLY, B. C., and M. C. B., THOROLD, ONT.—Florence LaBadie's address is in care of Thanouser at New Rochelle, N. Y. Cyril Maude is a well known English actor, and for Morosco he played the title role in "Peer Gynt," with Myrtle Stedman, Herbert Standing, Charles Ruggles, and William Desmond. Yes, William Russell came to the screen with considerable football experience and so did Robert Warwick.

R. B., PHILADELPHIA.—"A Fool There Was," was the title of a Fox film in which Theda Bara played the vampire role; "The Melting Pot" was a Cort film, in which Walker Whiteside and Valentine Grant played the leads, with Fletcher Harvey as *Baron Ravendal*. "The Master Hand" was a Premo film released on the World programme, while "The Family Cupboard" was a Brady-World film in which Holbrook Blinn, Frances Nelson and John Hines took the principal roles.

T. H. K., MILWAUKEE, and H. K., PASSAIC, N. J.—Henry B. Walthall of the Essanay company is five feet six inches in height and has dark hair and brown eyes. Tom Mix is with Selig in Los Angeles now that they have closed the Las Vegas studio. He is a westerner and was one of the Rough Riders during the Spanish-American war.

B. D. S., GERMANTOWN, PA.—"The Beckoning Flame," an Ince-Triangle, was filmed at the Ince studios at Santa Monica and in the immediate vicinity. Francis X. Bushman is about five feet eleven inches tall and has brown hair. He played for a number of years on the stage prior to joining the Essanay company and continued with them until his present engagement with Metro.

E. W., ERIE, PA.—The cast of "Jewel," directed by Lois Weber, was as follows: *Jewel*, the little girl who dropped into "the house of hatred and discord," was Ella Hall; *Mr. Evringham*, the grouchy old gentleman, was Rupert Julian; the elder son, *Lawrence*, who died, was Frank Elliot; *Eloise*, the daughter of *Lawrence Evringham*, Miss Brownell; *Harry Evringham*, the younger son, who was responsible for *Jewel's* sojourn with his father, was T. D. Crittenden; *Mrs. Forbes*, the *Evringhams'* housekeeper, was Lule Warrington, and *Dr. Ballard*, whom *Mrs. Evringham* had chosen as *Eloise's* prospective husband, was T. W. Gowland. "The Unknown," a Lou-Tellegen vehicle, was filmed by Lasky in Hollywood, California, whereas "Bella Donna," with Pauline Frederick, gathered its Egyptian atmosphere in Florida.

G. B., BATON ROUGE, LA., and OMAHA.—The girl who did the diving in "Pennington's Choice," was Beverly Bayne. In "The Black Eagle" (Edison), Margaret Prussing was the girl, and Richard Tucker and Augustus Phillips, the two men. Marguerite Courtot will be glad to send you a small picture of herself if return postage is enclosed but she asks that the usual 25c accompany requests for the larger pictures. She is playing at the Gaumont studio in Jacksonville, Fla.

M. K., SALTVILLE, VA., and I. S. L., MEDFORD, MASS.—In American's "Lonesome Heart," *Samanthy* was Margarita Fischer, *Tom* was William A. Carroll, and *George Stuart*, Robyn Adair. Walter Duncan is not mentioned in Biograph's "Chain of Evidence." Shumway's name is Leonard C.

V. H., SAN FRANCISCO, and C. W., PITTSBURGH.—Hobart Henley, who has been appearing in Universal's "Graft" serial, was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1887. In Kalem's "Prejudice," Tom Moore was the *Rev. Lowell*, and Robert Ellis, *Dr. Byron*.

W. A. M., FLAGSTAFF, ARIZ., and L. C., INDIANAPOLIS.—Morris Foster played opposite Florence LaBadie in Thanhouser's "God's Witness," a film produced at the New Rochelle studios. Billie Burke was born in Washington, D. C., August 7, 1886.

E. E. R., CHICAGO, and G. S. R., BUCHANAN, MICH.—Yes, Margarita Fischer plays both the role of the mother and that of the daughter, in Equitable's "The Dragon." You might address Robyn Adair at the Signal Film Company studio. Miss Fischer is with the World and should be addressed at the New York office as given in the Directory.

P. L. A., ALBUQUERQUE, N. MEX., and D. B., WYOMING, IA.—Lillian Gish is with Fine Arts-Triangle and is being seen in "Sold for Marriage"; "Daphne and the Pirate" and "The Lily and the Rose" being the only other Triangle films in which she has appeared. She was born in Springfield, Ohio, in 1896; address, Fine Arts studios. Constance Talmadge is also with Fine Arts and was seen in "The Missing Link," with Elmer Clifton, Norma Talmadge and Robert Harron.

A. M. C., CRESTON, IA., and M. M. G., GLENS FALLS, N. Y.—Lillian Walker's name off-screen is Wohlke, but she is known to her movie friends only as Walker. She is with Vitagraph at the Brooklyn studio. We have no information about Consuelo Bailey at present.

H. W. K., BUCYRUS, O., and H. S. M., MONTREAL.—Mary Miles Minter may be addressed in care of Metro; Douglas Gerard at Universal City; Florence Reed in care of Pathe; Lottie Briscoe in care of this office.

R. H., BRADY, TEX.—Robert Warwick and Barbara Tennant were the featured players in "The Dollar Mark," from the World studios. Charley Chaplin is twenty-seven; Helen Holmes is twenty-three. George Larkin is with Equitable; Irving Cummings with Famous Players; Charles Chaplin with Mutual.

N. M., SALT LAKE CITY.—Victoria Forde is with Selig, one of her latest appearances being in a Tom Mix, "Too Many Chefs." Harry Carter is with Universal, but "Daddy" Manley died recently, as noted in the May PHOTOPLAY. Robert Leonard is twenty-six years of age.

E. K. C., SOMERVILLE, MASS.—Viola Dana began her stage career when five years old and played for a long time prior to joining the Edison company, from which she has traveled to Metro. Her best known legitimate role was that of *Gwendolyn*, the title role, in "The Poor Little Rich Girl," produced in New York City in 1913. Alan Hale was the dancing master in this play.

W. J. C., DETROIT.—*Suzuki* in "Madame Butterfly," a Famous Players film in which Mary Pickford played the title role, was Olive West. Address her at 318 West 46th Street, New York City. The Japanese soothsayer in "Butterfly" was Caesere Gravina, who is seen as the little Italian in "Poor Little Peppina."

I. K., HOUSTON, TEX.—Bessie Barriscale of the Ince-Triangle films, was born in New York City and at the age of five years was playing in "Shore Acres." Her most noted work was as *Juanita* in "The Rose of the Rancho" (Lasky later filmed her in this role), and, more especially as *Luana* in "The Bird of Paradise." She has been seen in numerous Ince-Triangle plays.

D. R., MENDOCINO, CALIF.—Mary Fuller was born in Washington, D. C., though the year is an inscrutable thing—"D. C." date concealed. Harry Hilliard played opposite her in "The Strength of the Weak," and also "The Little Fraud." Owen Moore is still on Triangle programme, but via Fine Arts now instead of Keystone; in fact, the change was made quite a while ago.

H. A. B., THERESA, N. Y., and V. M. S., PORTLAND, ME.—Forrest Stanley is with the western Morosco studios and should be addressed in their care. Thelma's name is Salter and not Slater, so evidently not!

C. C. D., OWATONNA, MINN., and B. D., URBANA, ILL.—"Does the leading man in 'The Typhoon,' still act?" Yes, indeed. That was Sessue Hayakawa who is now with the Lasky company. B. D. says, "Paul Capellani is the kind I have long looked for. It takes a gentleman to act a manly part and he conveys the impression of reserve power under wonderful control." However, B. D., as for "Carmen," we suggest you read the story by Merimee before you next letter!

J. N., PATERSON, N. J.—"Poor Little Peppina," directed by Sidney Olcott for Famous Players, was released on February 20th. It was an original drama written by Kate Jordan. Jack Pickford is now with Selig. What outside work a player is able to do when under a contract is usually determined by the wishes of the company employing him.

N. E. M., HASTINGS, NEB.—True Boardman, who plays the title role in Kalem's "Stingaree" series, is a Californian and played in various stock companies on the Pacific Coast prior to joining Kalem at Glendale. The *Stingaree* pictures were made in the vicinity of Los Angeles.

T. M., DANBURY, CONN.—Beatriz Michelena was born in San Francisco, Feb. 12, 1892, her father Spanish, her mother French. She is five feet four and a half inches tall, has red brown hair and dark brown eyes. Her stage career began when she was fourteen and prior to joining the California M. P. C. in April of 1913, she played in the legitimate production of "Princess Chic," "Peggy from Paris," "The Kissing Girl," and others. Her sister Vera has recently begun screen work and is seen in "Driftwood," a state rights film.

(Continued on page 166)

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Going Straight

(Continued from page 64)

outstretched to him to save her; and some unseen, intangible force crushing him back into his chair, while they took her away; and wavering between them the leering face of Briggs.

He woke in a cold sweat. There was deep silence. As in the stillness of that other night he had made his great resolve, so now—again—for her. *He would do it.*

Remington's explanation that a business deal would keep him in town over night fell in well with Grace's acceptance of an invitation from Mrs. Van Normand, a wealthy acquaintance, that she and the children come out to her country home for an over-night house party.

It was typical of Briggs' cautiousness that he had kept from Remington the name of the man whose house they were to rob.

"I got it marked out, an' I'll be there t' lead y' to it—aint that *eh-nuff?*" he had growled. "The kid—li'l Jim—'ill slip th' glass fer us—he's small an' easy t' hyst—an' me an' you'll foller in and you crack th' box whilst I snoop. See?"

But there was a surprise awaiting little Jim, a surprise entirely delightful to that small, starved waif but not at all in keeping with Briggs' plan to "crack old Van Normand's crib." The scrawny news-boy-protege of Briggs let himself noiselessly into the Van Normand home through the unlatched pantry window, and as noiselessly, in the dark, made his way, as Briggs had instructed him, toward the dining room, where a larger window could be opened for the men's entrance.

There was a dim slither of light under the dining-room door. First with fear, then with astonishment banishing for the moment all thought of his wicked errand, little Jim pushed his way silently into—a foray picnic of children seated on the dining-room floor and deep in the joys of a crock of stolen cookies! There was little Denise in her dainty nightgown, and small Jack in his absurd pajamas like rompers, and wee Marjorie, a fluffy doll—Grace never knew, asleep in the chamber upstairs which Mrs. Van Normand had set aside for her, that her kiddies three had stolen from the nursery adjoining and gone on a midnight expedition of their own! Four

children were to play Fate's hand in the life of John Remington.

CHILDLIKE, without suspicion, the three youngsters hailed Jim's entrance as an added zest, and made motions of small fingers on lips for silence while they offered him goodies out of the crock. He was stuffing a cake into his mouth when he caught a faint noise made by Briggs outside, that called him to duty. He wavered. How should he open the dining-room window and let two men climb in, with these children—

"S-t-t-st! Somebody's coming!" he whispered. "You kids ud better git back t' bed!"

It worked! With a patter of bare feet over polished floors and rugs, John Remington's children vanished up stairways. And little Jim, fumbling, opened the window.

As Briggs climbed in he picked Jim up and dropped him outside into the garden. "Beat it, brat!" he whispered hoarsely.

Remington started to work on the safe, sick to have the thing done with quickly. But Briggs, scenting loose loot, crept up the dark stairs.

"Help! *Help!*"

The woman's voice rang piercingly through the house, and a flood of electric light sprang up as her outflung hand touched the wall-button by her bed.

"*You—*"

Briggs' arms crushed about the woman as she screamed, and he muffled her mouth with his arm. "*You! 'Society Shirley! I've got—you—now!*" The words came in low gasps as the man strained to him the woman he had lusted for—long years—in silence. "You—don't *dare*—make a holler!" he breathed passionately into her face. "You aint done your—bit—for that Billington job—hold *still!*" The brute was utterly mad.

Little Denise, frightened by the cries, ran into the room.

"You let my mother go!" she screamed, and flung herself at Briggs. With a coarse oath he swept the child aside, and she fell heavily, and lay still.

Then a fist—frenzied, a thing of iron—crashed into Briggs' face, and he crumpled to the floor.

"*Grace!*" Remington cried. "*Grace!*"



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And he seized her in a tumult of protection.

"Oh, thank God! Thank God!" she breathed.

And to the household, aroused by the screams, Remington told how he had come late at night to the Van Normands' to acquaint his wife of a matter of importance in his business, had seen a robber entering through a window as he arrived, had followed him—and was just in time to rescue her, guided to her bed-chamber by her cries for help!

Servants manacled and took away Briggs before he had chance to expose Remington's lie. Below stairs, he escaped.

But little Denise, taken home by Remington and Grace, lay at death's door. Her fall as Briggs flung her aside had been a cruel one. Little Jim had made his way to "her house," with a ruffled flower from somebody's garden in his hand, and stood wide-eyed in childish misery at the foot of her small bed. Grace sat there,

anguished, silent. The doctor stood watching the child.

In a curtained alcove of the sick-room Remington tore himself with bitter thoughts. He—*he*, who loved them so, had brought all this upon them. What could he do to help? Oh, if only he could help them, *do* something!

The dusk fell. A man, stealthy-figured, vengeful, climbed to the balcony that opened off the alcove. As his hand, holding a pistol, brushed the curtains for aperture, some subtle warning stirred Remington to leap to his feet. Blindly he burst through the curtains—and his hands met and gripped the throat of Briggs.

Back and forth they lurched on the balcony. And when that short, fierce struggle was ended, a man's body lay broken and still on the pavement below. Briggs had paid.

As Remington groped his way back into the room, Fate cast him her infrequent smile. "Your child," said the doctor, "will live."

A Clever Disaster

ONE of the most unique enterprises in the history of films was ended by the government's arrest, on April 12th, in New York City, of five men who had endeavored to obtain a print of the Willard-Johnson prize fight which could be circulated in the United States in avoidance of the ruling expressly made against it. As you may or may not know, more than \$50,000 was expended by certain picture promoters to secure a negative of the championship battle in Havana a year ago. Then the United States authorities ordered that the negative should not be brought into this country, and that no print from it might be imported. Twelve months went by before James Johnston—who wrote a story for this magazine about a year ago—felt that he had an inspirational way of beating the

law. The negative, in Canada, was taken to Rouse's Point, N. Y., in charge of Canadian Customs officials, and was put in a printing machine six inches from the American line. Six inches on the other side of the line was the rest of the machine, with raw positive. There, with a national boundary between the two parts of the device, and Customs officers of both countries present, a print was made which complied with the *letter* of the law, since the negative had not been imported, and the print had never, in any stage, been out of the United States! But the government decided that a clever balk at the letter of the law could not suffice to break its spirit: so they arrested the smart boys, and would have taken away their picture, had they been able to find it.



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(Continued from page 160)

S. J. M., BAYONNE, N. J., and R. M. C., KINGSTON, ONT.—Address Mary Miles Minter, in care of the American at Santa Barbara. Yes, indeed, May Marsh had played leading roles in many films preceding "The Birth of a Nation"; she was in "Sands o' Dee," "The Escape," "The Battle at Elderbush Gulch," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Avenging Conscience," and others.

H. L. W., LYNN, MASS., and R. E. M., PORTLAND, ME.—No, Marjorie Daw has not appeared in any of the recent Lasky releases, but probably will be seen later on. "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" was a Metro film in which William A. Morse played the role of *Dan McGrew* and Kathryn Adams that of "the lady that's known as *Lou*"; Edmund Breese was "the miner fresh from the creeks," who pumped the lead into *Dan*.

M. B. W., LOUISVILLE, KY.—"The Valley of Lost Hope" was a Lubin picture, produced by Romaine Fielding, which has never been released, though originally scheduled for last July. There was no change in the cast of "The Great Divide" while the play was being produced. Yes, Henry Walthall played in "The Pillars of Society" when that Ibsen play was produced by Griffith.

R. J. W., CHARLESTOWN, W. VA.—The films which are exhibited in the theatres gradually become worn and cracked and are destroyed. The original negative, however, from which the exhibition copies are made, is usually preserved, at least in the case of popular plays, and it is possible to make new exhibition films—the positives, from it at any time. "The Virginian" may be booked by your theatre again; it is a matter that is up to the manager, if the film is still on the market.

J. W. L., WILLIAMSPORT, MD.—"From Out of the Past" was a Vitagraph film produced at the eastern studios. *John Wilson* and his wife were *William Humphrey* and *Belle Bruce*; *Helen Nash*, *Eulalie Jensen*; *Dr. Hudson*, *Harry Northrup*, *Maurice Costello* played two roles in "The Crown Prince's Double," *Prince Oscar* and *Barry Lawrence*; *Hart*, the American, was *Thomas Mills*; *Shirley Rives* was *Norma Talmadge*, and *Isabella Hart* was *Anna Laughlin*. Neither of these stories has appeared in PHOTOPLAY. When you desire books it is best first to consult your newsdealer.

V. K., ELIZABETH CITY, N. C.—In "The Birth of a Nation," *Flora Cameron*, as the little girl of the before-the-war days, was *Violet Wilkey*, but *Flora Cameron* later on was *Mae Marsh*. No, *Miss Marsh* does not play both parts.

M. T., BRAMPTON, ONT.—"The Yellow Streak" has been the title of plays produced by Metro, Universal and Selig. In the Metro film *Lionel Barrymore* played the role of *Barry Dale*; *Dorothy Gwynne* was *Virginia Dale*; *Irene Howley* was *Mary Austin*; *Jack Rader*, *William Davidson*; and the outlaw, *M. J. Faust*. *Cleo Madison* has red-brown hair and gray eyes. "Their Hour" is quite an old film and we are unable to tell you the name of the child playing in it.

F. G. S., LIMA, O., and M. W. MORRISTOWN, N. J.—George Probert played the role which gave the title to "The Spender," and the girl whom he married was *Alma Martin*. *Chester Barnett* has been seen in a number of World films. *Robert Leonard* is married; he was born in Chicago, October 7, 1889. *Tom Gordon*, the husband of *Blanche Gordon* (*Alice Brady*) in "The Rack," was *Milton Sills*; *Jack* and *Louise Frezman* were *Chester Barnett* and *June Elvidge*.

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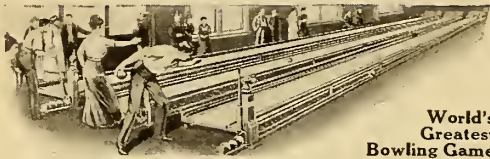
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F. W. N., DALLAS, TEX.—Elliott Dexter is with Morosco; Marie Doro and Wallace Reid are with Lasky. You will find the studio address in the Directory.

R. B. E., BUFFALO, and E. B. L., BUTTE, MONT.—You will have to wait until the identity of the "Laughing Mask" is revealed in the story of "The Iron Claw." Mary Fuller is playing with Universal at their eastern studios. Miss Fuller is a brunette and was recently seen in "A Huttress of Men." In private life Bessie Barriscale is Mrs. Howard Hickman.

Z. E. P., ITHACA, N. Y., and E. H. and H. B., MISSOURI.—The cast of Thanouser's "Mill on the Floss" is as follows: *Maggie Tulliver* was played by Mignon Anderson; *Tom*, Harris Gordon; their father and mother, Eugene Moore and Fannie Hoyt; *Philip Wakem*, George Marlo; *Wakem's father*, Arthur Bauer; the law clerk, Leo Wirth, and *Steven*, Boyd Marshall.

T. F. G., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—Julia Swayne Gordon is not related to G. Swayne Gordon, who is playing in stock. Address Creighton Hale, in care of the Pathe Exchange.

M. J. S., CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND.—Paul Scardon, who played the role of *Professor Stilliter* in "The Goddess," is still with Vitagraph but directing instead of playing. He is credited with the direction of "The Hero of Submarine D-2."

L. B. L., COLFAX, WASH.—Courtot is pronounced as though the last "t" had been cut out by the censors; Mersereau condenses that "eau" into a very simple "o." In "Lydia Gilmore," *Mrs. Stracey*, with whom *Dr. Gilmore* fell in love, to the ultimate disaster of most everybody and everything, was Helen Luttrell; *Pauline Frederick* played the lead.

3A., BERKELEY, CALIF.—Pauline Frederick may be addressed in care of Famous Players' New York office; *Billie Burke* at the New York office of George Kleine. Miss Frederick was formerly married; Miss Burke is Mrs. Florenz Ziegfeld.

O. O., LAKE MILLS, IA.—Toronto, Canada, was Lottie Pickford's birthplace, the date being June 9, 1895. She played for several years on the stage and was a member of the old Biograph company of players, but is best known to the public through her work in "The Diamond from the Sky," in which she appeared as *Esther Stanley*.

L. K., ATHENS, GA., and A. E. G., BOSTON.—Mabel Normand was born in Atlanta; Lillian Lorraine in San Francisco in 1892. You might address Lucy Blake at the Balboa studio. You will undoubtedly find Kathryn Williams pictures in an early issue—just be a bit patient.

V. K., WASHINGTON, D. C., and C. S., CHICAGO.—William Hart is unmarried, due he says, to a dearth of time on his part and of course being good movie goers, we must believe him. Frank Mayo is playing with Balboa.

N. W., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—William Farnum has been playing at the Fox Edendale studio, in Los Angeles for several months and it is this Fox company of players which several west coast notables have joined, among them Wheeler Oakman, Gladys Brockwell and Charles Clary. Turn to the Directory for the Fox western address. Maud Gilbert played opposite William Farnum in "The Gilded Fool," and Harry Spingler was also in the cast.

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M. M., TROY, N. Y., and L. P., TAMPA, FLA.—The leading man in "The Innocence of Ruth" (Edison) was Edward Earle, Ruth being played by Viola Dana. *Jeremy Sparrow*, in "To Have and to Hold," was played by William Bradbury, who may be addressed at the Lasky studio.

M. A., MINNEAPOLIS.—The principal players in "The Trey of Hearts" were Cleo Madison, George Larkin, Edward Sloman and Ray Hanford. Miss Madison played the roles of *Rose* and *Judith True* and George Larkin that of *Alan Law*. It was produced by Wilfred Lucas while he was with Universal. Frank Mayo and Ruth Roland were the principals in "The Red Circle."

S. H., TERRA BELLA, CALIF.—Wheeler Oakman and Kathryn Williams are the two leads in "The Ne'er Do Well," in the roles of *Kirk Anthony* and *Mrs. Cortlandt*. *Mr. Cortlandt* was Harry Lonsdale; old *Darwin K. Anthony*, Frank Clark; *Chiquita*, Norma Nichols; *Allan Allan*, the Englishman, Jack McDonald; *Alvarez*, the commandante, Sidney Smith; *Chiquita's* father, Fred Huntley; *Runnels*, Lamar Johnstone; *Weller*, Will Machin; and the detective, Harry DeVere.

L. G., CAMDEN, N. J.—Lilie Leslie, Jack Standing, Florence Hackett and James Cassidy were the principal players in "The Siren of Corsica," a Lubin release of over a year ago. Yes, Cleo Ridgely appeared in "The Love of Women," another Lubin, with Jack Standing and Lilie Leslie.

A. H., CHELTENHAM, PA.—"The Hero of Submarine 'D-2,'" was a Vitagraph picture adapted from the novel by Cyrus Townsend Brady, "Colton, U. S. N." *Colton* was Charles Richman; *Gilman Austen*, James Morrison; *Capt. McMasters*, Charles Wellesley; the Russian Ambassador, L. Rogers Lytton; *Caroline Austen* and *Ethel McMasters*, Eleanor Woodruff and Zeena Keefe.

E. B., MINNEAPOLIS.—Ruth Roland, who appeared in "The Red Circle" and "Who Pays," was born in San Francisco, August 26, 1893, Pacific time. She was on the stage and in vaudeville a long time before her advent in films, as she trotted out behind the footlights when four years old. When with the Kalem company she was featured in a number of detective stories. Dorothy Davenport was *Nancy Preston*, the American girl, in "The Unknown," in which Lasky featured Lou-Tellegen. *Captain "Devil" Destinn* was Theodore Roberts; *Capt. Arnaud* was Hal Clements; the hotel proprietor was H. B. Carpenter; and the two soldiers were Hatton and Forman.

F. B. F., PHILADELPHIA.—Walker Whiteside was born in Logansport, Ind., March 16, 1869. He was educated in Chicago and London, and went on the stage in 1884, later traveling extensively in repertoire with his own company. He first appeared in New York in 1893 as *Hamlet*, following which he toured the country in Shakespearean and other classical plays. In 1909 he appeared as *David* in "The Melting Pot," and in 1912 as *Tokeraum* in "The Typhoon." Mr. Whiteside married Lelia Wolstan of Hamilton, Ontario. His only film plunge was in "The Melting Pot."

E. D. B., HANNIBAL, MO.—Florence Dagmar was the girl from the north in "Pudd'nhead Wilson," and she may be addressed at the Lasky studio in Hollywood. Yes, she was seen in the first reel of "To Have and to Hold," in those scenes which were laid in England.

G. M. G., LAWRENCE, MASS., and K. E., LOS ANGELES.—James Cruze and Marguerite Snow are both with Metro and quite likely will be seen together again, perhaps "supported" by little Miss Julie. The cast of "Zudora," included Marguerite Snow as *Zudora*; James Cruze as *Hassam Ali*; Harry Benham as *John Storm* and John Lehnberg as *Mohammed*. Vernon Steele played the lead opposite Olga Petrova in "The Vampire," Fraunie Fraunholz was the artist and Mahlon Hamilton the spendthrift in "The Heart of a Painted Woman;" Guy Coombs played opposite Petrova in "My Madonna."

F. S. A., DULUTH.—In Universal's "Graft" series, *Jim Stevens* is J. F. Abbott and *Kitty Rockford* is Mina Cinar, but they do not appear in all the episodes. The cast of "The Strange Case of Mary Page," (Essanay) includes Henry B. Walthall, as *Phillip Langdon*; Edna Mayo as *Mary Page*; Sydney Ainsworth as *David Pollock*, who backs the show; Harry Dunkinson as *Daniels* the manager; and John Cossar as the *Prosecuting Attorney*.

D. G., ST. LOUIS.—May Allison is unmarried. The scenes you refer to in "The Iron Claw," are studio effects, very easily produced, if one knows how, which is the whole point of the matter. Make use of the Pathe Exchange address as a general rule in writing their players.

N. R., STAMFORD, CONN.—Harry Carey, who played opposite Julia Dean in "Judge Not, or the Woman of Mona Diggings," (Universal) is still with Universal and may be addressed at Universal City. Thomas Wise played in "A Gentleman from Mississippi," produced by World. In "Betty of Greystone," a Fine Arts-Triangle, Owen Moore and Dorothy Gish play the leading roles; in "The Call of the Cumberlands," a Morosco film, Dustin Farnum and Winifred Kingston are the principals; in "Peggy," Billie Burke is the storm center and William Desmond, the young minister.

H. W., AKRON, O., and A. N. D., OAK PARK, ILL.—In "Martha's Vindication," William Hinkley played the role of *John, Martha's* (Norma Talmadge's) lover; Seena Owen and Ralph Lewis were the other two. Address Harold Lockwood at the Metro office; Tom Forman (no, he is not married) at the Lasky studio.

I. E. A., LEADVILLE, COLO., and J. B. H., PATTERSON, N. J.—"The Disappearing Groom," was a Universal comedy in which Ray Gallagher and Billie Rhodes played the Newlyweds. William S. Hart may be addressed at the Kay-Bee studios at Culver City, Calif.

M. O., NAPA, CALIF., and M. A. S., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Claire Whitney may be addressed in care of Fox's eastern office—see the Directory. Miss Whitney recently returned from Jamaica where her company were making pictures. Henry Walthall and Elizabeth Burbridge played the leads in Essanay's "Blind Justice," *Ruth Travers* in "The Innocence of Ruth," a Kleine-Edison, was Viola Dana and *Carter* was Edward Earle. Mr. Walthall was born March 16, 1878 in Shelby County, Alabama.



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Casts of Stories from Photo-plays in this Issue

GOING STRAIGHT (By Bernard McConville)

Five Arts-Triangle

Grace Remington	Norma Talmadge
John Remington	Ralph Lewis
Jimmy Briggs	Eugene Pallette
The Waif	George Stone
Mrs. Van Dyke	Kate Toncray

A MILLION A MINUTE (By Hudson Douglas. Scenario by Howard Irving Young)

Metro

Daymar Lorraine	Beverly Bayne
Stephen Quaintance	Francis X. Bushman
A. Newman	Robert Cummings
Timothy O'Furrell	William Bailey
Seager	Helen Dunbar
Fanchette	John Davidson
Duke de Reyes	Charles Prince
Jules	

THE MARKET OF VAIN DESIRE (By C. Gardner Sullivan)

Ince-Triangle

John Armstrong	H. B. Warner
Helen Badgley	Clara Williams
Count de Gruffe	Charles Miller
Mrs. Badgley	Gertrude Claire
Belle	Leona Hutton

R. D., TIBURON, CALIF., and E. W., NAMPA, ID.—Julian L'Strange and not Julian Eltinge, is the man who plays in "Sold," "Zaza," and "Bella Donna." Eltinge is the female impersonator and he has never been engaged to play in films. Mary Pickford is an inch taller than Marguerite Clark. The exteriors of "The White Pearl," (Famous Players) were taken on Staten Island, near New York City.

P. R., ROGERS, ARK.—Marjorie Daw is the name by which she is known to her screen friends but off-screen she is Marguerite House. Mary Miles Minter's name when she is not filming is Juliet Shelby. Renee Nowell is the girl in "A Man Afraid."

M. M. M., MONTREAL, and B. H. S., ST. PAUL.—All of the players like to hear from persons who have seen their work and Mr. Hayakawa is probably no exception to the rule. He may be addressed at the Lasky studio. Yes, Arnold Daly's photograph is in the book of 100. B. H. S., says, "I bought the 'Perfect Song' (from 'The Birth of a Nation') from Lyon & Healy, and think it is beautiful. Thank you so much for telling us about it."

G. L., SEATTLE, says, apropos the editorial in PHOTOPLAY regarding Permanent Pictures. "Why can't we have 'Ivanhoe' with Thomas Holding in the title role and Pauline Frederick in the splendid role of Rebecca? I am sure Famous Players could produce a classic with Holding and Frederick as the leads."

(Continued on page 177)

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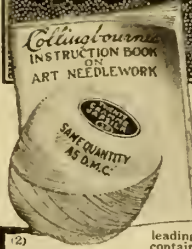
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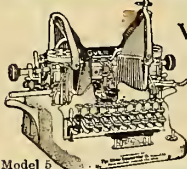
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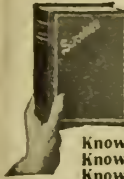


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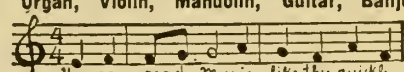


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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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(Continued from page 173)

G. L. S., CULPEPER, VA.—We have no numbers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE in which pictures of Frank Bennett appear. Address Vivian Rich at the American studio in Santa Barbara. Wally Reid was with the American films from November, 1912, until April, 1913. Elizabeth Burbridge is now at the Chicago Essanay studio.

J. C., BUFFALO, and F. C. L., OMAHA.—We rather think you refer to "The Amber Vase," a Universal in which Sydney Ayres, Val Paul, Scotty Beal and Doris Pawn appeared. Francis Ford is five feet eleven inches in height. Robert Harron was born in New York City in 1894.

L. S., FRESNO, CALIF., A. R., OAK PARK, ILL.—In "The Immigrant," (Lasky) Theodore Roberts played the part of the wealthy contractor, J. J. Walton, whom Thomas Meighan as David Harding was fighting. Valeska Suratt was the girl, Masha. Edna Mayo is not related to Frank Mayo. Fay Tincher is with Fine Arts and played Dulcinea with DeWolf Hopper in "Don Quixote," and the pretty widow role in "Sunshine Dad."

F. M., FLEMINGTON, N. J.—Alice Howell is the girl in "From Beggary to Billions," and the wife in "Under New Management," both Universal films. Universal City will reach her. "Playing opposite," is a rather indefinite term but is ordinarily used in speaking of one of the two players who take the leading male and female roles of a play. "Props" is the term applied to all sorts of sets, furniture, and other equipment needed in producing a play. The "property man" is the person who has charge or arranges it, therefore Pete!

B. S., So. DOS PALOS, CALIF.—Robert Warwick is with World, and so is Barbara Tennant, one of her recent pictures being "The Closed Road" with House Peters. There is practically no opportunity in screen work for an inexperienced person. There are too many capable actors and actresses having experience and ability, who are anxious to secure the openings which do exist.

R. G., CHELMSFORD, MASS.—Dick Rosson and Helene Rosson are with the American studios at Santa Barbara. We are glad indeed, that you liked "Wally, the Wonderful," and "That Splash of Saffron," as Wally Reid and Hayakawa merit your interest. Your requests have been duly noted and now you will have to watch for results.

H. D.—Mary Anderson was born in Brooklyn, June 28, 1897, and is the daughter of Mrs. Nellie Anderson who is also a Vitagraph player. They played the roles of the mother and daughter in "The Goddess," and you will remember that Freddie the Ferret (William Dangman) was the tough little brother who assumed the protection over the Goddess (Anita Stewart). Mary Anderson is now at the western Vitagraph studios.

J. E. D., CATTARAUGUS, N. Y., and L. I. S., VINELAND, N. J.—Ella Hall's address is Universal City, California. Eugene Ormonde played the role of Marcus in "The Morals of Marcus," opposite Marie Doro in the Famous Players' film. Thomas Meighan played opposite Charlotte Walker in Lasky's "Out of Darkness." "You can't print too much about Earl Williams; and why isn't he playing opposite Edith Storey? They are my favorites." Sometime we shall be compelled to print a blacktype line at the head of this department, "Not responsible for arrangements of casts."

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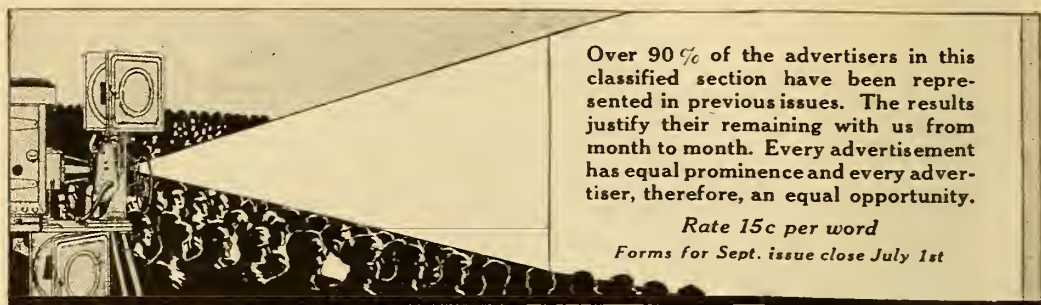
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VOL. X

No. 3

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Check Your Shoes, Sir?

By **JEFFERSON JONES**

The Washington author describes the picture theatres of the Orient, which do a thriving business despite topsy-turvy methods of conduct and personal demeanor. *Illustrated.*

Broadway-Cal By **GORDON GASSAWAY***

A verbal-pictorial dash through the white lights of Los Angeles—usually lit by the phalanx of out-door theatre-folk, bent on creating a gay white way of their own. Stagg photography; *Bryn crayons.*

Drama and the Screen

An **Extraordinary Article** by **THOMAS H. INCE**

bearing directly on the great Ince-Photoplay scenario contest which weighs anchor in the current number, but of widespread interest to all authors and playwrights as one of the first expressions of a master-producer on the technique of the silent play.

In Order of Merit

This might be a sub-caption for the extraordinarily interesting "Shadow Stage" in September. The accomplishments of the favorites and the newcomers, the celebrities and the unknowns, are weighed in the balances of the past year's artistry. An unusual summary, in addition to current comment and illustration.

My Lady's Dressing-Table

Lucille French departs from frocks and the foibles of them to describe and catalogue all of the little aids and non-commissioned officers of beauty—a perfumy, creamy secret of priceless worth in the hottest, tanniest month of the year.

* Announced for the August number, but impossible to procure for it because of unavoidable photographic delays.

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at a turning. Francis William Sullivan's great novel of motion picture Los Angeles reaches its first big crisis.

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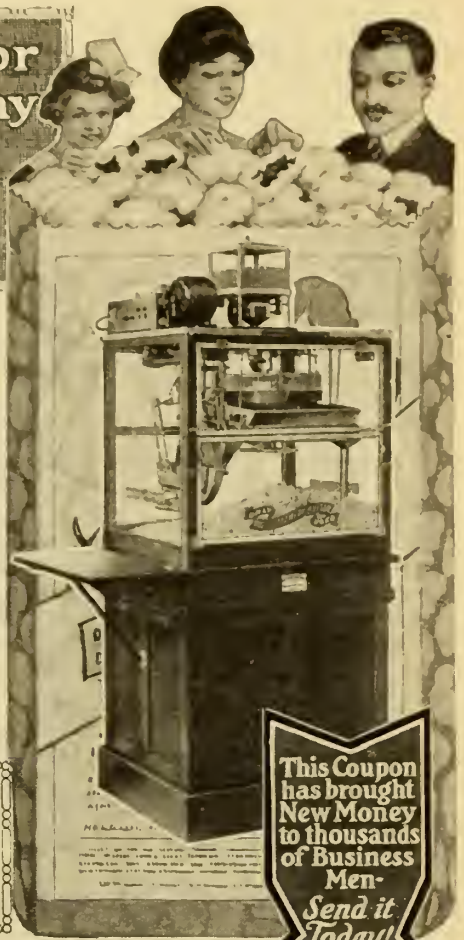
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Ostriche*

until four years ago had no stage experience. Then she enlisted in the now famous "extra" army of Biograph, and pretty soon she was playing ingenue leads. Too she has contributed to the screen successes of Eclair, Reliance and Thanhouser, and now she is a World star. She is to the white lights born—by environment: a native of Gotham town.



*Wallace
Reid*

plays Lasky leads, and puts character into them. He was born in St. Louis-on-the-Mississippi in 1891, the son of Hal Reid, the playwright, and was educated in a Kentucky military school. He has been a newspaper reporter, civil engineer, cowboy, editor, hotel keeper and first joined Selig. Afterward he went to Vitagraph, later was a Universal director, and then was with Griffith.



*Edna
Purviance*

is one of the loveliest of film comediennes, noted for her clever playing opposite Charlie Chaplin, toward whose success in fame and fortune she has tremendously contributed. She was born in Paradise Valley, Nev., was an Oakland (Cal.) stenographer, and her screen pranks have aroused the risibles of hundreds of thousands. She is now assisting in Mutual merriment.



*Marie
Doro*

had her name spelled out in incandescent lights long before the film lure won her as she was a star in the Frohman constellation for some years. Her first photoplay was "The Morals of Marcus" for Famous Players and now she is with Lasky. Her husband is Elliott Dexter, of the same company, whose bride she became just before the winter holidays.



*Mae
Murray*

is one of the desirable bachelor girls of the celluloid studios, and this is her alluring description; 20 years old, 5 feet and 3 inches high, weight 115 pounds, and adorned with light hair and gray-blue eyes. She was born in Portsmouth, Ol' V'ginny, and came to the camera from Ziegfeld's "Follies." Lasky is starring her now. Remember "Sweet Kitty Bellairs?"



*Francis X.
Bushman*

could be paged by virtue of his pulchritudinous features and stalwart form as readily as by his name in 'most any hotel lobby between the Selkirks and the Everglades. Which is being known some. He is a Virginian, a native of Norfolk, and is a trained athlete who still likes to train. He has been in pictures since 1911, and is now a star with Metro



*Alice
Brady*

was a dramatic star when other girls of her age were in the midst of a High School course. She is a child of the theater as she is a daughter of William A. Brady, the noted producer, who has added to his theatrical activities by assuming the management of the World Film Corporation for which his daughter does her camera acting.



*Blanche
Sweet*

is popularly supposed to be a Virginia-born Miss, but that's another; she was born within view of Chicago's most famed industry, the stockyards, and incidentally is one of the most charming of all the Cooper-Hewitt entrancers. First on the vocal stage, she migrated thence with D. W. Griffith, joining Biograph. She is now a star in Lasky productions.



*Florence
La Badie*

of the eloquent face and figure is a Thanbouser celebrity. She is 22 years old, French via Canada, was educated in New York City—her present home—and, after studying painting and sculpture, made her pictorial debut in a Griffith Biograph picture. She is unmarried, athletic, brown-haired and blue eyed, and attained international prominence in "The Million-Dollar Mystery."



*Henry B.
Warner*

is an Englishman and one of the best known actors on the foot-lighted and pantomimic stages. Before going into camera action he especially distinguished himself in a large repertory, by his interpretation of Hal in Charles Rann Kennedy's "These Are My People" and Lee Randall in "Alias Jimmie Valentine." He first played with Lasky and now is with Ince.



*Mabel
Taliaferro*

is very well known on the stage, and has lately made some interesting photoplays for Metro. She and her sister Edith, once favorite child actresses, have appeared much in plays where slender girlishness and charm have been the principal leading demands. Miss Taliaferro is of Italian ancestry. She is the wife of Thos. J. Carrigan, one of Metro's leading men.



*Tom
Chatterton*

plays leads for American at Santa Barbara-on-the-golden-Coast. He was born and educated in Geneva, N. Y., and walked onto the stage at the age of 17. After playing with Josephine Cohan and other noted folk, he enlisted under the lens banner in 1913 with Ince, and two years later transferred to Universal. He is an all-around athlete and very brunette.



*Viola
Dana*

treated the legitimate stage to portrayals in such electricities as "Rip Van Winkle," "The Squaw Man" and "The Littlest Rebel" before joining hands with Edison in the photoplay two years or so ago. She is now playing ingenue parts with Metro and is a clever lead. Miss Dana confesses to 18 years, 4 feet and 11 inches, and 96 pounds. And she has green eyes.



*Anita
Stewart*

is, as most everybody knows, a leading woman with Vitagraph and a very twinkling star, indeed. She was born across the tube from N'York, which is alias for Brooklyn, in 1896, and has light brown hair and brown eyes. Miss Stewart is one of the loveliest girls silhouetted against the celluloid. She's applauded for her youth, beauty, talent and application.



*Mollie
King*

came to the films via the musical comedy stage. Although now but eighteen, Miss King has been a headliner in vaudeville and a featured player on Broadway. She has been on the stage from infancy. Miss Mollie made her screen debut with World and thus far has appeared in two pictures in which the Company has starred her.



*Lottie
Pickford*

was born a daughter of the Canadas, in Toronto, in 1895, which proves that she has attained the age at which very young men are sanctioned to slip a ballot in the box. That she is a sister of the delectable Mary is not her biggest distinction—she has done things herself on the screen, and still is doing. At home Miss Lottie is Mrs. Rupp, mother of a three-months-old daughter.



PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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Vol. X, No. 3

AMERICA FIRST! .

We want American plays on our screens.

We want a consideration of present-day American problems.

We want to see American men.

We want to see American women.

This is *our* Art, *our* limitless stage, and *ours* the life of unlimited range and variety from which to draw enduring dramatic inspirations.

But we are not getting American plays.

We are not considering our problems, nor our life as it is *really* lived.

We only get an occasional photoplay American who impresses us as a contemporary being.

Seldom ever do we see a real American girl on the screen.

And when a simple American play like "Acquitted" comes along, it is such a novelty that it knocks us in a meditative heap from which we are months extracting ourselves.

Why?

Because we have a multitude of scenario-carpenters and very few authors.

Because the proper epoch of the director's ascendancy in all things continues out of time. Because the story-masters linger somewhere along the road, and in the multitude of *papier-mache* edifices thrown together by hundreds in lieu of solid plays we have only copying, the reflection of the ancient French idea in dramas.

Directors can't write. When you find any director who has real authorial talent, he is a positive freak of genius. It's not in nature that a man can do several things equally well. The Idea is one thing; the complete execution of the Idea quite another.

Our lovely girls play mannikins. They are never themselves—always the scarlet woman of ripe foreign literature, the impertinent ingenue of another day, the absurd country ignoramus, or the society dowdy who exists only in the back room of some washerwoman's imagination.

Our young men are funny "club fellows," or poor, struggling lads with nothing but as valet, a butler and fifty suits of clothes between them and work.

You are going to cite exceptions? Certainly there are exceptions, but we are peaking of the great bulk of photodramatic output.

It's not American at all—it's lachrymose, sentimental, puffy and powdered—the Lord knows what it is!

We are standing in the middle of a hundred-acre wheatfield of ideas twanging a jewsharp.

Give us a sickle!

Give us authors!

America First!



"The greatest happiness that Piffle could know was to see his antics bring smiles to childish faces and hear the unmeasured laughter of boys and girls."

THE story of a supreme sacrifice
by a hero of the sawdust ring,
and a girl who loved — another!

The CLOWN

By Constance Severance

Produced by Lasky Feature Play Co.

CRASH of brass and glitter of tinsel, thud of hoofs and reek of sawdust, the shrilling of a thousand childish trebles—the Big Show had begun.

To most of those present in the cramped circle of seats, it was just another circus; to little Jackie LeRoy it was more—an event, an epoch-marking event. To the other children it was simply their own play glorified; to Jackie, who never had known what play meant, it was a swift succession of miracles. Hopelessly crippled from infancy, his pitiful, twisted limbs baffling specialists who came thousands of miles in response to a grief-burdened father's "Cure my son and name your own fee," Jackie already had learned to sit patiently at the windows of life, and smother his sorrow in a sigh. But here he was, almost in a maelstrom of happiness, his little heart bursting with joy over his first circus, wriggling about in his seat in the front row in an ecstasy that was almost pain.

Piffle, the clown, had noticed him as he made his first round at the "Grand Entrance," and sensed the tragedy of the crutches. To Piffle the greatest happiness he could know was to see his antics bring smiles to childish faces and hear the unmeasured laughter of boys and girls. Beneath his grotesque exterior, his great heart yearned for love—love which had been denied his own youth—and yearning for it, he gave his own. To him, children were the one grand passion, an emotion so great as to hold him aloof from the tawdry and sordid imitations of love behind the scenes in the Big Top, so pure as to keep his life clean among men and women whose existence was so nomadic and precarious that recklessness became first a pose and then a habit. So Piffle saw in Jackie a child to be loved and amused

a little more than the others, to be helped to forget for a while his great tragedy. So he kept hovering near the place where the cripple sat, and displayed all his fummest antics for the enchanted lad.

Suddenly, in the midst of the excitement of a chariot race, there came a crash, a hush, a chorused scream. Jackie, beside himself with joy, had flung himself out of his seat against the flimsy railing; the loose clamps gave way, and he fell upon the sawdust, helpless and shrieking with terror, directly in the path of a Roman chariot. Paralyzed by their impotence, men and women shuddered and turned away. But swifter than the rushing steeds there came a flash of motley. Piffle, watching the boy from the inner ring, was first to see the fall. With a plunge like a ball-player sliding for a base, he flung himself across the track, and covered the boy's body with his own, arching his back to protect him from the wheels. A babel of shouts, a sickening bump, a cloud of dust, and two forms lay in the sawdust. Instantly, from all sides, performers and spectators crowded around them. Jackie, white and trembling, was uninjured. Tender hands half lifted Piffle from the ground.

"Is the—little—fellow—safe?" the clown gasped.

"Yes. He's all right. Where are you hurt?"

"I—don't—"

And the clown sank back, unconscious.

THREE weeks later, Piffle, sitting one evening in a big easy chair in the finest of all the luxurious rooms in the home of Judge LeRoy, gazed meditatively at a series of perfect rings of smoke. He did not see the rings; he hardly knew he was smoking. One thought alone recurred like the slow tapping of a drum:

"It's time to go—it's time to go—it's time to go."

He did not want to go. Something new had come into his life, something finer and sweeter even than the sound of children's laughter and the sight of their happy faces, and even as it had come, so it must be put aside. It was not for him. Three weeks ago the grateful father of the boy he had saved from death, had, with his own hands, helped carry the clown into this magnificent home. With the return of consciousness, Piffle found himself in such a bed as he had never dreamed of. He hardly felt the pain in his bruised body, so soothing was this quiet room. And then he felt a soft hand tenderly smoothing his brow, and looked up into the deep, liquid eyes of Millicent LeRoy, Jackie's sister. For days she hardly left his side, refusing even to permit the nurse to do anything for the injured clown that she could do herself. The expressions of gratitude from the other mem-

bers of the family were embarrassing to him, but Millicent's unspoken thoughts, beaming upon him, were like a silent benediction. It was a new vision of womanhood to Piffle, a revelation of sweetness and grace.

THEN, as his strength returned, his manhood awakened to a new emotion. In the ministering angel he began to see the woman—young, beautiful, pulsing with life. Together they passed swift, merry hours, entertaining little Jackie. Out of that treasure house of joy, his old and battered trunk, Piffle produced all sorts of wonderful things for the delectation of the happy cripple. Every day was circus day in the LeRoy home. But through all this play there ran, for the clown, an undertone of premonition. Little by little he knew that he had come to love where love could mean nothing but renunciation. And now, he began to understand that not only was it time for him to abandon this wonderful dream, but that it was best not only for himself but for the girl as well. Even supposing the unbelievable should happen, and Millicent should return his love—what then? Simply that two persons would be unhappy, instead of one. Between this magnificent home and the sawdust ring there was a great gulf fixed, and that gulf could never be bridged. Assuredly, it was time to go.

Piffle rose and went to the open window. The parklike grounds of the LeRoy home were bathed in moonlight. Within doors and without, everything was palatial, regal.

"Well, anyhow," Piffle said to himself, "I've known what it is to live like a millionaire for once. And so—tomorrow—"

A figure loosely clad in flowing white, darted



—“Is—the—little—fellow—safe?” the clown gasped, and sank back, unconscious.

out of the shadow of the house, ran unsteadily across the lawn, into the shadow of a big tree, leaned against the trunk, then sank down upon the grass. Piffle stared with a puzzled frown. In the few seconds she had passed through the strip of moonlight, he had recognized Millicent. What could be the matter? She rose unsteadily to her feet, and darted across to the shadow of another tree. She seemed to be running away from something, yet no one was following. At least, she was clearly in trouble, and that was all the clown needed to know. Silently descending the stairs, he hid in the shadows and watched. He did not want to intrude, but if she needed him he would be ready. Running and stumbling, the girl left the grounds by a path that led to a nearby stream. Cautiously, Piffle followed. He saw her stand, hesitating a moment, upon the bank, and then with a low, heart-broken cry, fling herself into the water. In an instant Piffle had plunged in after her, and was carrying her back to shore.

"Don't—oh don't," she moaned. "Please—*please* let me die! I *must* die!"

Bewildered, Piffle could only murmur soothing words, and plead with her not to make sounds that would attract others. At length she clung to him and sobbed, while he, careful not to make the slightest noise, carried her to his room. There, when she had finally mastered her emotion, she confided to him, in broken gasps of confession.

She had loved, she still loved, a young man whom her father disliked, Dick Ordway. Judge LeRoy said Dick was a spend-thrift, had no serious aim in life. So Dick had gone away to hunt his fortune in the desert mining districts. They had loved—too well—and when Dick went away they did not know—what Millicent now knew. And today word had come that Dick had died a terrible death in the desert. So there were just two alternatives—disgrace or death.

"You see—I have no choice," Millicent moaned. "You have saved me, but only for this time. You have tried to be kind, but you have only made it so much harder—don't you understand?"

The clown bowed his head. What could he say, what could he do, to help this woman whom he loved, even more than he loved little children? There was something he could do, of course; he had read of such things in books. But it seemed preposterous. Yet was it worse than death? Stumblingly he made his offer.

"I don't amount to much," he began. "I'm only a clown in a circus. But, I'm free. I've got no one in the world to care for. If you'll let me care for you—I mean—just marry you, and then go away. It would be a disgrace too. I know, but if I went away your father would forgive you after a while."

Millicent stared at him, wide-eyed. "But I can't ruin your life because I have ruined my own," she protested.

"But it wouldn't be ruining my life. Because—don't you understand—I—" and



"Don't," Millicent moaned. Please let me die! I must die!"

he hesitated.

"Yes?"

"I love you too."

"You love me—enough to marry me and go away?"

"I love you—and I've got to go anyhow. I was going tomorrow. It will make me happier to know my love has been worth something to you. Then, afterwards, if there should be anyone else, you could get a divorce—"

"Don't," she commanded.

"I love Dick still—I can never love again. But if I should—why you are the best man in the world."

THE next day they took a trolley ride to a nearby town, and were married by a much startled justice of the peace. Judge LeRoy's daughter eloping! Well, it was none of his business. He could not refuse to perform the ceremony. And so Millicent LeRoy became the wife of John Fuller, better known as Piffle, the Clown.

With many misgivings, they returned to the home of the bride to confess. Piffle expected the parents to be angry, and his trunks were packed. But what neither of them expected was what happened. Could they have foreseen, perhaps the girl would have chosen death.

The judge looked at them in astonishment—then laughed. It was just another of the clown's inexhaustible stock of jokes. But Millicent handed him the marriage certificate, bearing the seal of the justice of the peace. Then his astonishment gave way to anger. Yet he could not forget that this same clown had saved his son from a terrible death, and remembering this, his wrath was directed more against his daughter, who could so far forget herself, than against the man. And at the end of it all came his stern command.

"Very well then. You have seen fit to marry a circus clown. Then go with him,



He had a son of which he was not the

but do not come back pleading for a place in this home again. Never let me see your face again."

"But father—he wasn't going to take me away."

"He wasn't—" and the judge paused, looked piercingly at them, and added slowly and deliberately: "So that's it, is it? You didn't want to marry him, but you were afraid not to. My God!" He turned toward Piffle, enraged and furious. "And this is how you take advantage of my gratitude! Well, there is nothing more to be said. Our account is balanced. Go, both of you—forever." And he left



father; he was a husband without a wife.

them walking out of the room on uncertain legs, it seemed.

The months that followed were weary, dragging, interminable for the unhappy bride. In place of lover, father, mother, brother, she had only a man whom she had permitted to chain himself to her. In place of her beautiful home there was an endless series of hotels, mostly bad, even though Piffle's salary was large enough to enable him to procure the best that was to be found in the towns they visited. Not all her husband's tender solicitude could banish her deep regrets, and many a time all that saved her from

still carrying out the plan which Piffle had interrupted, was the thought of that other little life, a link between her present and her happier past. The season ended, the circus went into winter quarters, and the son of Dick Ordway and Millicent LeRoy was born.

IN spite of everything, the clown was not utterly unhappy. True, he had a son of which he was not the father; he was a husband without a wife. But at least it was the highest expression of his love for all children that focused itself in his affection for little Dick, and while he could not hope to win Millicent's love, at least he could be near her, help and protect her. Yet he knew that she never could be happy in the sort of life he had to lead, and even her joy in motherhood could not keep her from pining for her own people.

Then the thought came to him, that a year might have caused the heart of the judge to soften. He must love his daughter. Who could help loving Millicent? And now that Millicent had a baby, the judge might be willing to let her bring his grandson home. Secretly, so as not to arouse vain hopes the clown

once more offered himself as a sacrifice. He wrote to Judge LeRoy, and sent a photograph of the mother and child.

"Just let her come home with the baby," he pleaded. "She loves you more than she ever can love me. It is for her own good, and the good of your grandson, and I am willing to give them up. Don't think I am trying to get out of my responsibilities—but I don't want them to suffer for my selfishness."

"For my selfishness!" He wrote it with all the innocence and sincerity of his simple heart, and because he was sincere his letter touched the stern father's heart.



At last the clown crept away from the side of the sleeping boy to take a train somewhere — anywhere — back to the Big Top.

"I am coming to bring you all home with me," he telegraphed.

FOR six years the lives of all of them glowed with a golden radiance. Not theirs the ecstatic joy of a perfect marriage, for Piffle never abated his respect for the memory of the man his wife had never ceased to love. Yet they were happy, and their happiness centered about the boy.

"But I can't do anything outside of a circus," the clown protested.

"Nonsense," the judge replied, and set about to prove it.

In a short time, much to his astonishment, he found himself installed in a position of trust in a big financial institution controlled by Judge LeRoy, and to his still greater astonishment realized that he was making good. But his heart was never in the work.

From time to time he would meet a soft, wistful glance from Millicent, and he never abandoned hope that this woman,

whose lips he had not even touched, might one day voluntarily come to his arms.

Then, walking alone one day in the park, Millicent came face to face with Dick Ordway—not the gay, careless Dick of seven years ago, but a bronzed, rugged man, the same in feature, but with magnificent strength showing itself in his face and his swinging stride. Dizzily, Millicent sank upon a bench. Ordway bowed gravely and was about to pass on. But the wife of the clown had not been true to her first love all these years to let him pass so easily out of her life again. Her heart ruled and would not be denied.

"Dick!" she cried.

He turned, hesitated, and took a seat beside her.

"They said you were dead," she gasped.

"I know," he replied, still grave and aloof. "You married a few weeks later."

"But Dick, don't you understand? I had to."

"You had to?"



Millicent explained to the bewildered lad that he had lost one father but soon would have another.

Looking into his eyes steadily, she told him the whole story—of her attempted suicide, of Piffle's sacrifice, of those awful months with the circus, of the birth of the boy—"our boy, Dick"—and the return. Parts of the tale were hard for the man to believe, and yet he could not look into those eyes and doubt.

"The poor devil—how he must love you!" Ordway explained.

"Dick, I say it in all reverence, but if God were a man, I often think he would be just like John Fuller."

"And yet you did not love him."

"I have wanted to—oh, how I have wanted to. If you had really been dead, I am quite sure I should have. But somehow, way down in my heart, I must have known all the time that you were alive, and coming back, and I just couldn't Dick—I just couldn't."

"And now I have come back—seven years too late."

Millicent buried her face in her hands.

"What are we to do?" she moaned. "I love you so!"

"Don't," he pleaded.

"Of course, I must tell him I have seen you."

"No. It will only make him more unhappy. I must go away again. I struck it rich out there in the desert, and hurried back to bring the news to you. But I heard of your marriage and went away. I saw no one I knew. I buried myself in the mine, and a few weeks ago sold out. I thought you had gone for good, and never expected to see you. Now it's back to the desert for me—to try to forget once more. I almost thought I had."

"No, no, no! I can't let you go again."

"But I can't bear to stay here, to see you, and not to have you for my own."

"Anyway, don't go yet a while—please."

"The longer I stay the harder it will be for us both."

"But not for a few days. Don't you want to see our boy? He's a darling boy,

Dick. And do you know we named him for you?"

Ordway brushed something from his face.

"Very well," he said huskily. "I will stay a few days, and see the boy. My God, how hard it is going to be to go!"

THAT evening, when John Fuller returned to his home, he saw a light in his wife's eyes he never had seen before. She was crushing the boy to her breast and crooning over him. Her face was illumined, and yet as she looked at her husband a shadow passed over it. Drawing a deep breath, she set Dick down and told him to run to his nurse, for she wanted to talk to Daddy. Gently she led Piffle to the little den where they had passed so many lyric hours.

"Something has happened, John," she began. "Something wonderful—and terrible."

He looked at her questioningly.

"Dick Ordway has come back."

There was no need to say more. She knew he understood what that meant. They sat in silence for a long time. The man was stunned; his mind would not grasp it.

"He isn't dead?"

The sound of his own voice asking the foolish, banal question broke the spell, and Piffle laughed, a hard, metallic, grating laugh. It was the first sign of bitterness that this woman he had made his wife and given her freedom had ever seen in him.

"This world is a hell of a place," the man began, almost in a snarl. "God lures you up to the gate of heaven, and then slams it in your face. Hell's better. You don't expect anything."

"John!"

Her voice only intensified his sense of tragedy.

"Oh, what's the use?" he went on. "I never did amount to anything, and everybody knew it. When I was a kid I was kicked all over the place, and I guess that's all I was meant for—a human football. And now—"

There was a rush of little feet, a little bump against the door, a fumbling with the knob, and Dick ran in, flinging himself into the arms of the clown.

"Daddy," he said reproachfully. "You

never kissed me hello when you came home."

With a hoarse sound in his throat, Piffle gathered the boy into his arms, and sobbed brokenly, while the child drew back and looked at him in wonder.

"What's Daddy crying about?" he demanded of his mother, only to find that she was weeping too.

"What's everybody crying about?" he asked again, his own voice quivering.

Piffle pulled himself together with a supreme effort.

"It's all right, Kiddie," he said. "Daddy's got to go away for a long time, and he's sorry to have to leave you."

"I'd give anything in this world, John, if—" Millicent began, and paused. "But I can't help it."

"It's all right; don't worry about me. I'll be all right," and with steady tread Piffle made his way to the attic and began packing his old battered trunks.

The hardest thing was saying goodbye to the boy. Millicent, after all, he was not giving up. She never had been his. But Dick he had come to look upon as his own son, and loved him as few fathers love their children. But at last the long agony of that evening was over, and the clown crept away from the side of the sleeping boy to take a train somewhere—anywhere—back to the Big Top. And next morning Millicent explained as well as she knew how, to the bewildered lad, that he had lost one father, but soon would have another.

IN the dressing room of the Big Top, Piffle sat looking at a picture of a woman holding a baby in her arms. It was the one which had won over the judge, years before. And now he had just received notice of a suit for divorce, begun by Millicent on the ground of desertion. Well, that was all in the past now, and at least, Piffle mused, it was doubtful if divorce papers ever had been accompanied by such a letter from the plaintiff to the defendant as he had just finished reading. Rollo, the Strong Man, knew something of the story, though not by any means all of it, and came to Piffle's side.

"Lonesome?" he asked, pointing to the photograph.

"Lonesome!" the clown exclaimed. "Lonesome! Why, all the kids in the world belong to me!"

Fine Arts at Fine Arts



Stagg, Photo

Seena Owen's mirror critically observes the work of a stick of grease paint.



The shy Lady Kaufman — four times.

A LURE OF COPPER
HAIR, MUSIC, MOUTH,
EYES AND THIRD-
DEGREE SHYNESS



Ethel, Lady Kaufman

THE Kaufmans—Joseph, the Famous Players' director; and Ethel Clayton, his wife—live in an apartment on Riverside Drive, New York City. That's the reason the Hudson river came down to flow under the Drive—so that it could look up and see Mrs. Kaufman occasionally. It does that every spring; she blushes, and the ice melts.

"This," said the editor, handing a bunch of photographs to the art director, "is to be an illumination of the Kaufmans at home."

The art director began fussing with the pictures.

"No mere husband, whatever his fame or accomplishments," said he, "should be allowed to muss up such an exquisite feminine setting. Blow your comet for Mr. Kaufman in 'Shadow Stage' as you will—he's not going to get in here!"

So that's why you behold *only* the Kaufman controlling interest on these pages.

It may be difficult for you to see Mrs. Kaufman under any other conditions. She is not at all bashful before a camera, but in real life she's the shyest school-girl who ever stammered "Thank you!" when some two-hundred pounder stepped on her toe.

Her thick silk-skeins of hair are the only copper strands in the world which refuse to tarnish. The copper trust is said to have offered her a million for the secret.

She has two cars—a limousine and a roadster—and she drives them both very well through New York's streets.

She is probably the most accomplished musician among all the camera's women, being a piano virtuoso of extraordinary technique and unusual repertoire.

Plays of domesticity are her favorite dramas for acting.



How wonderful a death
That little finger has been given,
It wears a shroud of perfumed breath
While being bitten into heaven!

Breakfast, a mirror, correspondence, roses and Ethel Clayton.

Eleven Girls Waiting for the Train!

THEY ARE "BEAUTY AND BRAINS" CONTEST WINNERS; AND THERE'S SOMETHING HERE TOO ABOUT 10,000 OTHER GIRLS WHO TRIED TO WIN BUT WERE NOT SMILED ON BY FATE.

THESE are today eleven tremendously happy girls in the United States and Canada.

They are the winners of the "Beauty and Brains" Contest inaugurated and conducted by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the World Film Corporation. They were chosen by Miss Lillian Russell and the other members of the Board of Judges as combining—among the more than ten thousand entrants in the Contest—the maximum of "camera beauty" and aptness.

We think you will agree with the Judges that they are real American beauties.

Within six weeks of the appearance on the news-stands of this (August) number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE July 1, the eleven lovely victors will be on their way to New York City and the Fort Lee (N. J.) studios of the World Film Corporation to stand the test which is to determine their fitness to become moving picture actresses and eventual stars of the screen.

As this is being written, the plans for the trip are approaching completion. Exact information about how to proceed to New York from their widely separated homes will be communicated by letter to the winners well in advance of the date of their departure, and proper traveling funds will be sent them. All of the expenses of the trip will be defrayed by the conductors of the Contest. Entertainment of the victorious eleven in New York City and its environs will be on a generous and pleasing scale. The chaperon-in-chief appointed to see to the safety and comfort of the young women during their stay in the East is writing to each of the eleven instructions about clothing to bring.

TWO distinctively human characteristics stand out in the aftermath of the Contest—the generous spirit of losers and the bitter spirit of losers. From a great number of letters received by PHOTOPLAY MAG-

AZINE from those who did not win in the Contest, the following brief extracted sentences are of real interest, because they indicate how one person and another takes defeat. Also of interest are the excerpts from letters of appreciation sent by the winners of the Contest.

Dolly Morris, Jacksonville, Tex.—There is that within me which urges me on, and though I was not successful in the final elimination, I feel that there must be some way for me yet.

Minor B. Metcalfe, Princeton, Ky.—I am one of the many disappointed girls who failed in the Contest, but I intend to try every way possible to get a start in the film world. I think the winners are beautiful and I wish for each all success.

Claire Lois Butler Lee, Wichita, Kansas.—I am delighted to learn I have been chosen as one of the winners! I wish to thank you for your letter congratulating me. If sincere efforts and earnest endeavors will avail, I am certain I have at least these to offer towards becoming a success.

Frank Eleanor Clark, Oshkosh, Wis.—I am disappointed—but after seeing the portrait of Miss Claire Lois Butler Lee, I knew I had absolutely no chance to compete with her in my division. I wish the girls every success, and only hope that some day I will win in some contest.

Pearl A. Kleine, Indianapolis, Ind.—Have experienced many a failure in life, so am schooled to getting up, smiling, and going on.

Edith von Bielenberg, Ames, Iowa.—I have met hundreds of beautiful girls in the United States in my visit as Na-

tional Secretary of my Sorority, also I have traveled abroad, and I can sincerely say that I approve of the judges' selection.

Mary Denny, Chattanooga, Tenn.—While I admit with much regret that I wasn't one of the eleven winners, I want to congratulate those who won.

Vivian Suckling, Winnipeg, Canada.—I cannot tell you how delighted I am to be one of the winners. I realize the value of this great opportunity and am determined to make good.

Lucille Zintheo, Spokane, Wash.—Although I entered the "Beauty and Brains" Contest with great hopes and an earnest desire of winning, it hardly seemed possible that such good fortune could come to me, and I am sure I could never express to you what happiness my winning brought me. I sincerely trust that there shall never be the slightest regret on the part of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the World Film Corporation that they have chosen me out of so many thousands of contestants.

Grace Johnson, Los Angeles, Calif.—Well—I don't care. Didn't want to win anyway. Doesn't that heap coals of fire on your head!

Stella M. Henenthal, East St. Louis, Ill.—I, like hundreds of eager girls, was not a little disappointed, and I might honestly add that I looked with envy upon Dame

Fortune's favored eleven. But I am far from being discouraged.

Maxine Shepard, Norfolk, Neb.—I am the little girl, five years old, who was chosen among the last hundred in "Beauty and Brains" Contest. The young ladies who were selected are certainly beautiful.

To Those Who Did Not Win

A BIG part of life consists of not winning things gone after; and very often the spirit in which we lose is more important than the race we ran. Bitterness in disappointment helps none of us to try again. The thing we have decided is worth trying for *hard* ought to be worth trying for *twice*. The experience gained in the first attempt is just so much equipment for a second attempt if the earnestness to *succeed sooner or later* is there.

Thousands of entrants in the "Beauty and Brains" Contest in the forty-eight states of the United States and the twelve provinces of the Dominion of Canada read a disappointment in the pages of July PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE in that they were not winners. That is the one unhappiness which must attach to every big Contest—that only a few can win; and PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the World Film Corporation take this opportunity to tell the non-winners that the conductors of the Contest share wholeheartedly with "those outside the eleven" the disappointments that came at the end of the race. We wish that all could have won; but too we are sure that all, losers as well as winners, are richer for the competition experience, which cost them nothing in money beyond postage and the taking of photographs, and perhaps has given to their ambition a stimulus which will help them to eventual success.

The whole world loves a good loser. Maybe that's because some of today's biggest winners were yesterday's gamest losers.

"Little Dot" Clayton, Cleveland, O.—No wonder I wouldn't be chosen with a "map" like mine. Oh well, we can't all be good-looking.

Ruby Rush, Columbus, O.—I did not expect to be one of the lucky girls, especially as the pictures I had to send were no good. But I have a firm determination to try.

Clara M. Kroeckel, Indianapolis, Ind.—I don't begrudge my eleven lucky sister winners, because I know that they are experiencing the happiest and greatest moments of their lives.

Jacqueline Mason, Elkins, W. Va.—I regret very much to know that I am left behind. Mine was a terrible disappointment when I learned I had lost all that was going to be so

wonderful to me, after I was fortunate enough to enter the final elimination one hundred. I greatly admire the eleven fortunate ones. May they have success.

Peggy Bloom, Orlando, Fla.—I was surely delighted to learn of the success
(Continued on page 162)



Wilfred Buckland, art director of Lasky's going over a new "story."

The Art Director

SOMETIMES HE IS ALSO THE
TECHNICAL DIRECTOR AND
HE HAS SOME SITUATION

By Alfred A. Cohn

"HEY there, Jack! A rich man's parlor on the back stage!"

That was the old way. The director told the property man what sort of set he wanted. In fifteen minutes he had it, ready for one scene, or ten, if the scenario called for that many. It was all there; the painted walls, the much abused grand piano, a flock of fur rugs for the actors to wade through; gilded stiff back chairs niftily scattered about for the extra girls to stumble over; a massive deep-seated, be-velveted arm chair for the mahster; a gaudy electric chair, etc.

Or, if the director had urgent need of a "poor man's kitchen," it was there in a jiffy: sink, range of 1882 model, plaster-off-the-wall, etc.

Simple elegance was unknown in the homes of the movie rich; the domicile of the movie poor reeked of anarchy-inspiring poverty.

But that was before the days of the art director, known also as the technical director. And it wasn't so long ago either, as the art director is so new that in a num-

ber of well known studios there is no suspicion of such a personage about the "lot." Watch the pictures carefully and you can see the hand of an artist in the building of many photoplays; and note the lack of it in others. Or perhaps, you have done so already, without intent to be critical.

In the studios where there is no such official, everything is left to the director of the photoplay. Many directors are excellent technicians. But—

It betrays no confidence to state in this public manner that not all directors have first-hand, ocular evidence as to the aperturances and other innards of the abode of a railroad magnate, or merchant prince.

Why, you wouldn't believe it, but some of them even are in blackest ignorance as to the feminine fashions of 1864, the masculine styles of 1848, the brand of fire-arms

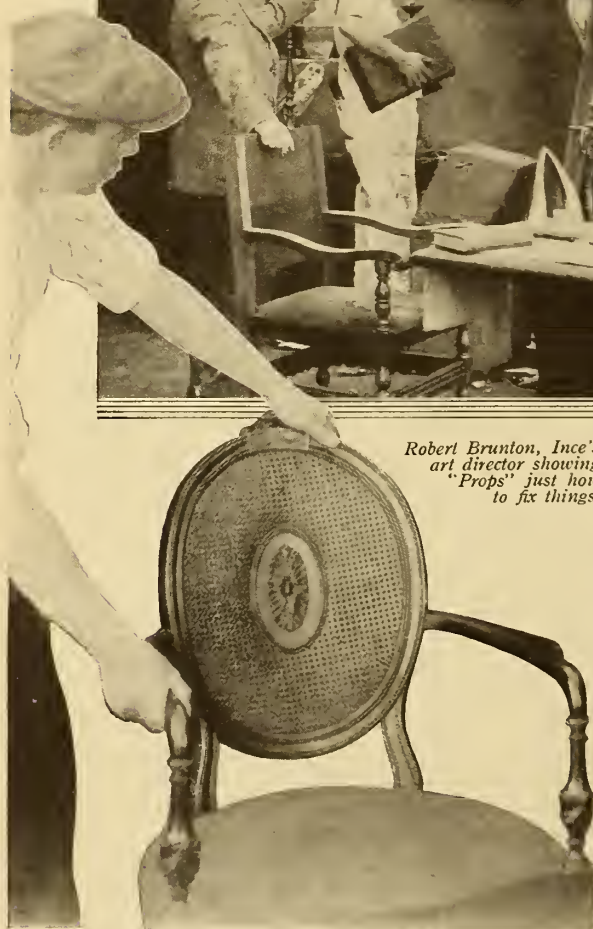
used in the late seventies or the sort of clothes worn by the men of the Vigilante period. It will undoubtedly stagger your mentality to learn that some of these directors know no more about Renaissance architecture than they do about the neo-

All of which is the reason for the technical, or art director.

He is the wise guy of the stu-



Robert Brunton, Ince's art director showing "Props" just how to fix things.



classic style of art of the Reformation period. If asked about the latter they would perhaps think it had some relation to the latest invasion of their town by Billy Sunday.

dio. There may be some things he doesn't know, but he *does* know how to find them out. He knows in just what section of the public library is hidden the fashion plates of 23 B. C. or 1871 A. D.; wood prints showing the coiffures in vogue back in Elizabethan days; inside information on the sort of negligee Camille would have worn had she been a sure-enough person; the actual dope on the kind of ice skates Anne Boleyn wore before she lost her head; the brand

of cigarets smoked by Julius Caesar; the breed of bull which Carmen slew or threw—if she did—and all sorts of things the average director wots not of, as the earlier poets used to say.



A Vitagraph set in the making under Charles Chapman's direction.



Hugh Ford, artistic executive of Famous Players.

Summarized briefly, the technical director is a well read and much traveled gentleman, who has broken bread in the poor man's hovel, and wine glasses in the rich man's palace. He knows the difference between a butler's garb and a drum-major's uniform; between a Corot and a chromo. He would never put pigskin puttees on Napoleon, or Mary Janes on Queen Elizabeth.

Nowadays, when a scenario calls for a rich man's drawing room, the technical director finds out from reading the script what sort of rich man the rich man is. If he is a raw recruit to the ranks of the rich—made it in copper, or "war brides," or stole it from the credulous—the set partakes of garishness. If he is one of "our best old families"—vanderbiltesque, as it were—the set calls for "quiet elegance." Whereupon blue prints are made of the set, showing every detail that is to be photographed, the master carpenter called into conference, and eventually the set is correctly built. The director in charge of the photoplay is usually present at these conferences and assists in planning the set, but the art director's technical knowledge and good taste are relied upon in the matter of furniture and decorations.

Many photoplay directors are quite capable of planning their own sets, and many of them do so in studios where the art director has not as yet made his appearance, but turning over the art details to the technician, gives the play director more time to devote to the play itself. If he is doubtful as to a detail in costume or scene, a word to the technician or the research bureau saves him the time required for that work.

The duties of the art director vary in the different studios, but the end sought is the same—better picture quality. In one of the largest studios on the Pacific Coast the art director's chief function is to view the sets after they have been dressed. He is equipped with a wide knowledge of picture conditions; knows what the camera will do and what it will not, and is an expert on color values as translated into the black and white of the screen. The artistic quality of the pictures from this studio has improved manyfold since the art director came on the job.

Another Coast studio, the product of which ranks well above the average, has in addition to an art director, a technical director, and easily accessible to both is a well organized research department. At this studio, the art director plans every interior set that is used in every photoplay, relying upon the interior decorator for the color scheme, but attending personally to every piece of furniture, every drape and every picture or ornament. He has studied the script carefully and he knows the character of the people who occupy the house. So he makes it fit them.

The research department puts in many busy days and nights when a foreign or costume play is in prospect; and libraries are ravished for illustrations and authentic descriptions of the properties required. Few producing companies indulge in costume plays these days; but those which do, aim to be accurate in every essential.

If Chinatown scenes are to be shown, a Chinese expert is called in and he sees to it that each laundry, tea-house or store has the proper sign over the entrance, so that no Chinese viewing the finished photoplay could find aught to criticize.

Irvin Cobb, the noted writer and war correspondent, once paid a visit to the Lasky studio in Los Angeles, just in time to save it from a *faux pas*, which probably would not have been noticed by one person in a thousand, but which would have been a source of humiliation to the director. German soldiers were appearing in a Belgian photoplay and some of them were permitted to wear their coats unbuttoned to add a sort of comfortable touch to the scene.

Mr. Cobb, fresh from the war zone, expressed his horror at witnessing such unheard-of negligence. "It isn't done, you know," explained Mr. Cobb, so the camera

was halted until the blouses were tightly buttoned. This writer also came just in time to settle a dispute as to the manner of wearing the well known Iron Cross, so that when the director finally gave the word to "shoot," everything was as it should be. The technical director would have been responsible had it not been.

The art authority at the Lasky studio is Wilfred Buckland, who is generally regarded as one of the leaders in the new profession. The closest possible attention to detail is observed at the Lasky plant, so close in fact that technical "breaks" are almost entirely precluded.

Mr. Buckland tells an interesting little story of the filming of "The Unknown," Lou-Tellegen's initial film vehicle. "One of the scenes was a street in a little Algerian town on the edge of the Sahara Desert. When it had been completed, an Algerian merchant in Los Angeles was summoned and he passed it as absolutely correct. But the art director was not satisfied. He felt that there was something wrong but could not detect it. Finally, after studying the set for several hours and from every angle, he found the flaw. It was too new. The atmosphere of an old city was lacking. There were no stains on the walls caused by the shoulders of countless thousands rubbing against them. This led to the discovery that the doorsteps of the buildings were not sufficiently worn.

So a corps of workmen was set to work rubbing the walls along the street until each had a well worn, smoothly polished line shoulder high; and the too-new steps were replaced by older ones.

With four or five productions on his hands simultaneously, the art director's job is no sinecure. He is the court of last resort in the matter of sets and appurtenances, and if he errs, he must shoulder the blame alone.

The same discriminating public which is responsible for the creation of art and technical directors is the *bete noir* of those officials, for technical flaws are quickly discovered by the "outsiders" and some of the more enthusiastic fans do not hesitate about writing the producer to "set him right." Then the art director hears from the "big boss."

No producing company devotes itself more assiduously to correctness of detail in
(Continued on page 177)

A French girl, a pair of Italian noblemen, an American boy and a Russian treaty whirl together in a maelstrom of passion and adventure. And at last . . . ?



From babyhood Beatriz was told that her life should mingle only with a nobleman's.

THE WOMAN WHO DARED

By Clarie Marchand

Produced by the California Motion Pictures Corporation*

I HAVE always believed the sturdy little Princess Beatriz, of the House of Rohan, with her deep chest and black hair and sensuous mouth, to be of Italian blood. She has a voice like the upper strings of a steel harp—you must have heard it, in the finale of "Caro Nome" in the San Carlo at Naples: pianissimo, trilling on E in alt as she cried to *Gualtier Malde*—verissimo, no French woman has a voice like that!

However: you have asked me to tell you, in a few words, of Beatriz' extraordinary

romance. I wish you had given me the pages of a novel, and Signor D'Annunzio to help me. It is not a mere story; it is a libretto for the early Verdi.

Not much could have happened to the little Beatriz before her conquest of Rome. Like a flower in a quiet field, she grew under a sunny sky, strong in stalk, beautiful in contour, with a face like the blossoms that stare from the cliffs of Capri. Despite the Bourbon blood that flows through the Rohan veins I think an an-

* Photoplay adapted from the novel by Mrs. C. N. Williamson.

cestor of Beatriz must have stealthily crossed the Mediterranean to mingle Tuscan fervor with south France aristocracy. So it was natural that the call of expression should lure her to Milan for study; it was natural that she should speak more perfect Italian than any *Signorina* from Firenze; it was natural that *Il Conte Maximilio Gasparro*—Italian Secretary of Foreign Affairs—should love her; and it seems natural, too, that she—not in love—should accept him. You see, the Bourbon blood in Republican France is like old wine of a vintage that can never come again. From babyhood Beatriz was told that her blood was noble, and that her life should mingle only with a nobleman's. The Count of Gasparro was young, handsome if you are not over-particular, and his people were the most exalted patricians in Rome.

Then came her supreme triumph—and Noel Brent.

I believe the rôle was Tosca; you see, her earlier style was changing. The *leggiero* perfection of her girlish voice was giving place to the lyric-dramatic note of womanhood. The little Beatriz' blood was stirring. There were to be no more pale, perfect Gildas and cadenzaful Lucias—but oh, how many Toscas and Mimis and Louises!

I describe Brent when I say he was *An American*. They have a way, these Americans, which our people have not. Their assurance is colossal. Perhaps they are bold because they are ignorant. Anyway, I like sometimes their directness and simplicity. Brent was simple, unafraid, humorous; generally honest, and always smiling.

LET us see, quickly, what happened: She has made, not a success, but a *furor*; she has started in her dreams, even, recollecting the furious cries of "*Bis! Bis! Bis!*" which hailed from every quarter of the royal operahouse; Her Majesty, the Queen of United Italy, has ordered a jeweled necklace as a gift, and Prince Pietro Buzzi will make the presentation; the prima-donna knows that the Count of Gasparro will ask her to share his title, and, in peace, happiness and splendor she waits the consummating day.

Then suddenly her best friend, her pal, the American boy, asks her to be his wife! Of course she refuses him.

I remember, when Brent went away,

how she wept! She reminded me of a beautiful animal, hunted. There is a flash, a report, and the lovely creature, stricken, limps bleeding, hating his hurt, not knowing whence, or why, except that he is not as he was and never will be again.

Beatriz de Rohan only thought she knew what love was. She thought it a comfortable, comforting sentiment; she didn't know that it was all fire and pain. Just so, she thought herself in love with the gloriously renowned Count of Gasparro, and it was days before she realized that her agony over Brent's mournful departure was love itself.

But at any rate, the great reception took place. Buzzi, I must tell you, had a sort of Machiavellian passion for the pretty singer. He was not by nature a marrying man, so I believe you will think all the less of him when I tell you that his desire for the exquisite Rohan was so furious that he was willing to break his tradition of shameful celibacy, walking over an altar and profaning a holy sacrament just to possess her.

Of course, you remember that at this time Prince Raoul de Rohan, brother of Beatriz, was the French Envoy in Rome? Ah! I was sure that you did. It happens that Prince Raoul decided the issue, brought a moment's happiness, only, into the heart of Count Gasparro, launched Buzzi upon his most diabolic villainies, cost at least two men their lives, and set his sister's stage for as robust a melodrama as ever woman played in.

The Great War has destroyed every archive, opened every secret cabinet, turned every scandal in Europe up to the sun. Therefore it is small matter that I recount the adventure of that secret treaty between Russia and Italy. No one will care. Who stops to pick up pins when his house is burning down above him?

The reception was in Colonna's historic house. Scorning electric lights, *La Contessa de Colonna* had her drawing-room lighted only with perfumed tapers, in the manner of a hundred years ago. In this soft illumination Boroffski, the Russian virtuoso, played weird Hungarian melodies upon an American Steinway, while jewelled bosoms and bare bosoms that were more wonderful than jewels flashed here and there among the flowers.

The Count of Gasparro had been search-



ing for Beatriz half an hour. Suddenly he encountered her at a window, looking rather wearily out across the *campagna*, a young moon level with her eyes, its light mystic in them. She was all in white, save for glowing arms and shoulders, and Gasparro could think only of the Vestal Virgins, twenty centuries behind her.

"Signorina—my wonderful," he said, quietly laying his hand on her arm. "I must ask you *now* . . . will you marry me?" It had come: the supreme question ;

Then suddenly her best friend, her pal, the American boy, asks her to be his wife!

more, the opportunity to do the service her brother — and France! — demanded. She answered slowly, without emotion.

"Si, si . . . grazie."

"Dio! Don't thank me," murmured the Count, brokenly and passionately. As she did not turn around he buried his kiss of acceptance in the close fragrance of her shoulder. She was only conscious that the hairs of his moustache were like wee cactus spines. Still, she intended to marry him.



"Going to be good, hey?" demanded Brent. "Basta!" snarled Buzzi in defiant reply.

Blood-royal is not privilege: it is obligation.

BRENT, on the night express to Paris, stared moodily from his compartment onto the flying Swiss fields. All day he had been saying "Of course I'll forget!" Now, he knew he couldn't.

Prince Raoul de Rohan had made his sister swear to purloin the Russ-Italian treaty from Maximilio Gasparro's official vault so that he could send the original document to Paris for absolute verification and copying. Then it could be brought back quickly, and, by a person in the Prince's confidence, could be restored no doubt to the files with no one the wiser—save enlightened, indignant, silent France!

Beatriz had not the slightest notion of any way to gain access to Maximilio's documents. Two *Camorristi*—thieves from the blackest quarter of squalid Naples—

solved the problem for her. These hired murderers, so ignorant that they knew only their first names, Tonio and Mitsora, had learned of the priceless necklace presented to the prima-donna. And, by the thieves' underground, they knew of Beatriz' simple life, her unguarded rooms, and the ill watch that she kept over her treasures, including herself. So, quite simply, they clambered up Beatriz' vined piazza, into her latticed window—and the queen's necklace went out with them.

When she discovered the loss, next morning, what was more natural than that she should take her rings and a great breast-plate of diamonds to Maximilio, and the Foreign Office, for safe-keeping? The problem of access had been solved by the thugs.

"I do not wish, *caro*, to give these to anyone but you," said Beatriz quite simply

to Maximilio as she sat on the arm of his chair. "I want them stored where no one but you and I may find them."

"Carissima," returned Maximilio, smiling before kissing her. "your pins and pendants may rest with the peace of Europe. Behind that steel door lies dynamite for thrones—go and put your baby treasures among it!"

When Beatriz returned from the terrible little gray vault she had the vilest of consciences—and the harsh parchment of the Russ-Italian treaty rasping the soft flesh beneath her lace blouse.

That night the trusted messenger of Raoul de Rohan read, with many unconscionable smirks at its sultry wit, a big illustrated volume of *The Decameron*, in the Paris express. Under the leather binding of *The Decameron* was the Russ-Italian Treaty.

Beatriz, returning from the opera, found Prince Pietro Buzzi awaiting her. She was tired, but he rather insistent, so she received him. Over a glass of cognac Buzzi came swiftly to the point of his call.

"Bella Signorina," he said, "I wish you to marry me." If his request had been couched in terms respectful or humble Be-

atriz would have refused him with cold politeness. But his manner was that of master ordering maid-servant.

"Of course I shall not!" flung back la Rohan.

Buzzi drummed on the table, evidently trying to repress a smile which at its best would be no more than a wide sneer.

"Love," he began introspectively, "is a key opening many doors, and locking many doors. I love you; if you love me—peace, happiness, serenity. If you do not love me, the Count of Gasparro may be asked to produce a treaty which he cannot produce; the Count of Gasparro may face the rifles of the Carabinieri as a traitor; the lovely little Princess de Rohan may be banished as a conspirator; her brother may disappear—ah, Signorina, I fear I am boring you with a weary man's twaddle of business. I will say good-evening, and wish you pleasant dreams!"

WHEN he had gone—and in the face of the singer's brave bluff, too—Beatriz collapsed. Not the sort of collapse which shrieks or faints: the collapse of hope and confidence. She saw that she and her



Only when he suddenly pushed her aside and leaped for her bedroom did Beatriz cry out in fear.



She was about to leave when amazement struck her that she had not searched beneath, around and above the fire basket in the chimney.

brother, to say nothing of the perfectly innocent Gasparro, were in the probosci of this hideous spider of Latin politics. She was clever enough to deduce what proved absolute fact: that Buzzi had a spy in her brother's own office, and that every step of the plot had been followed with Argus-eyed watchfulness.

Prince Raoul's messenger had scarce arrived in Paris when he received Raoul's cipher telegram to return immediately—that the French envoy's office was in great danger—that a spy had tipped the whole pot into the fire. The treaty was hastily copied, and the messenger started toward the station, taking time merely to put the document in a common envelope marked "Mortgage." Of course I was not there, but they tell how Buzzi's paid assassin, who had dogged this fellow's every step, stabbed him in the back, just as our disconsolate American, Brent, strolling through street after street to confuse his misery and lose it, turned a neighboring corner.

Did he welcome a fight at that time?

Does a healthy American *ever* miss a chance to battle for battle's sake? When he had finished with Buzzi's hired murderer that individual was in no condition to cry for a *gendarme*.

But Raoul's man—alas!—was dying. Struck down unfairly, he was hiccoughing his life away in the last agony, and he had strength only to tell Brent his amazing story. In substantiation was the treaty, still unplucked from his pocket—and an imploring telegram from Brent's beloved, begging him to save her brother and the man she had wronged! Only a woman would have so completely unmasked herself in trans-European telegraph wires.

DO not tell me of "honor among thieves"! I do not believe in it. Tonio and Mitsora, "trusting" each other, went to Paris, and there Tonio, waiting until Mitsora slept, stole the jewelled necklace from beneath his pillow. How the fleeing Tonio took Brent's train for Italy; how the vengeful Mitsora, weighted with gun and stiletto, pursued him; how Tonio took refuge in Brent's compartment, and, knowing that his only possible escape with life was to show Mitsora conclusively that the envelope he carried did *not* contain the twice-purloined necklace, exchanged his envelope for Brent's as Brent slept, might be told through several chapters. When Brent awoke, he had in his pocket Beatriz' jewelry instead of Count Gasparro's treaty—and something which he did not then know of: a slip of paper, in another pocket, purporting to be from a jeweler's clerk, alleging that he (the clerk) was pur-

sued by a dangerous crook, and that the only safety for his master's wares lay in entrusting them to the unknown traveler. If the unknown traveler—continued the note—would come to a certain address in Rome, he could have his no-doubt exceedingly valuable papers upon returning the jewelry!

The Buzzi assassin recovered, to wire his master that an unknown American would in all probability return the treaty to Beatriz.

Brent and Beatriz were constrainedly sitting upon a heavily padded sofa in the prima donna's drawing room. Neither knew what to say because both had far, far too much to say! Brent, in silence, had given his envelope to the girl when, with a sharp sound of rending iron, the lock upon her door gave way, the door flew inward, and Buzzi, with two members of the Carabinieri, stood before them. Brent leaped to his feet, fists clenched; tense, rigid. Beatriz at the sound had thrust her hand behind her; the envelope, far down into the upholstery.

"Signorina," snapped Buzzi in the nastiest of voices, "I shall trouble you, instantly, for the Treaty which your titled lover stole for you from The Foreign Office." Brent's arm shot out, but the policeman nearest him caught his wrist.

"I have no treaty! I do not understand you!" Beatriz' voice was shrill with fear. The lie, pitiful as it was, was the only thing she could think of. Buzzi merely smiled.

"Search *him*." He spoke to his men. A quick but thorough going-over of Brent's person, in an adjoining room, revealed nothing. The suit in which Tonio had surreptitiously placed his note hung, at that moment, over the foot of Brent's bed in his room in the Hotel Inglese.

Buzzi's mouth writhed in the wickedest of foul grimaces. "Will it be necessary, most beautiful, for *me* to search *you*?" He leered at the cowering girl.

"By God!" yelled Brent, "I wish I had you in Chicago, you wallowing wop pig!"

The policeman nearest struck him sharply on the cheek.

AS Beatriz in terror shrank away, Buzzi saw the corner of an envelope projecting from the plush of the deep couch. He jerked it out with a snort of derision. His jaw dropped in sheer amazement when

he tore from the paper container—the queen's necklace.

"She hid 'em there so *you* wouldn't get 'em, you cheap pickpocket!" howled Brent.

Buzzi, in a scarlet fever of abject apologies, left with his astomished dragoons.

BUT Beatriz, fingering the precious stones, was more distracted than ever.

"I'll get the guy who's really got it if I have to tip the old Colosseum upside down," exclaimed Brent, grimly rubbing the red spot on his cheek. Beatriz did not answer. Brent went to the door. "Miss de Rohan," he said softly, "you know I love you. But if . . . maybe—oh, hang it all, if there's any one of these royal reasons good enough to keep us from marrying, all I'll ask is to be your private detective, without pay. The Lord knows you need one, in *your* business!" Beatriz out of her tear-filled eyes glanced into his. They were smiling, but just a bit pathetic—and *so* honest! Then the girl knew that whatever her alliance or mesalliance, she loved him. And it almost broke her heart.

Buzzi quickly recovered from his embarrassment, and realized that in his astonishment at not finding the treaty he had been ludicrously sidetracked. Getting Beatriz' apartment on the telephone, he put vitriolistic meaning into a single sentence: "Signorina, return from the opera alone tonight, for I shall be waiting you!" Then he rang off.

Beatriz, of course, did the thing that every girl would have done, from Genoa to Singapore; she called the man she really loved, and after telling him of her terror warned him *not* to come. And did he remain away, as urgently requested? As all lovers would have done, from Singapore to Genoa . . . he *came*.

Count Maximilio was of suspicious nature. His protests were more or less angry when Beatriz nervously broke her late-evening engagement with him.

Prince Buzzi had little of the suave suitor about him when he came to Beatriz' apartment. She could tell him nothing of the lost treaty. After that he did not ask; he did not even demand; he tried to take.

Despite Brent's instant determination to spend the evening at Beatriz' side whether anyone else were there or not, he lingered in the garden adjoining her apartments. He did not fear for himself; knowing her

situation, he did fear for her. The windows were open, there were few street noises, any unusual disturbance in her apartment would attract him.

It was almost midnight when upon the prima-donna's blind he saw the shadow of a heavy-set man attempting to embrace the shadow of a woman, furiously but ineffectually repulsing him.

Throwing the porter aside, the young American dashed up the two flights of stairs to Beatriz' floor, and into the apartment, the door of which was not locked.

It would be an idle and false heroic to say that Brent's vanquishing of Prince Buzzi was an easy or momentary matter. Theoretically, Prince Buzzi was as good a rough-and-tumble fighter as the American boy. He was pounds heavier, but a righteous cause must mean something, and certainly youth counts for a great deal.

"Going to be good—hey?" demanded Brent at length, blowing the hair from his eyes and the blood from his lip simultaneously.

"*Basta!*" snarled Buzzi in defiant reply. But his hands relaxed their grip on Brent's shoulders. The boy let his antagonist arise. Truly, Buzzi was a sorry spectacle.

"Out!" said Brent, and even the word cost him effort. He did not realize how furious had been the fight before the terror-entranced spectatress.

While Beatriz murmured brokenly over her hero, as she bathed his face, and endeavored to restore some semblance of sartorial order to his raiment, Buzzi was busily informing Maximilio of Brent's presence in the girl's apartment.

It must have been just at the instant of this conversation that Beatriz, her mouth full of pins, in fastening up one of Brent's torn coat pockets unearthed Tonio's tiny note. You see—anticipating a possible bit of rough work—he had donned his travel-tweeds for the evening.

"We're safe!" gasped Beatriz.

"If I get it"—a ghost of bargaining Yankee ancestry rose in Noel's heart—"do I get you?"

"Oh, Noel, don't ask me. I can only tell you one thing. I love you. I love you."

Her face was very close to his, and he kissed her.

"Now you must go!" she whispered.

But such are lovers' partings that Count Maximilio di Gasparro had time to dress, call his car, and reach Beatriz's house before their hasty *au revoirs* were said.

It was no uncertain hand that fell upon the panel of her door.

"Into my boudoir—just a moment," whispered Beatriz. "I can't have this dreadful Buzzi find you here again. I'll get rid of him quickly."

When the prima-donna saw that it was not Buzzi, but her affianced suitor standing there, her terror must have written itself large upon her face.

"Out with him—your lover!" snarled Maximilio. He carried a light rattan cane, and as Beatriz did not at once reply, he struck her lightly but smartly across the shoulders. Noel Brent did not behold this brief beating of his beloved. Which was just as well, for the blow tore a great curtain from her eyes—and it did not hurt her at all. Had Brent seen—

The whiplike curl of Maximilio's stick about her tender flesh struck Beatriz merely into calm and resolve. To save this man's so-called honor she had been willing to sacrifice not only her love, but Brent's love. This was the first serious dispute that had ever arisen between the Princess de Rohan and Count Gasparro—yet without justification of his suspicions—incurred by Buzzi as Beatriz knew immediately—he had flashed back to the form of his Italian peasant ancestry. He was the Apennine goatherd that his ignoble forbears had been. Believing himself crossed in love, he had quite naturally commenced beating his woman. What if they had been man and wife!

"Count Gasparro," answered Beatriz, drawing her scarf about her welted shoulder. "I shall ask you to leave my apartment, and never return. Please go . . . now."

GASPARRO came back to his Twentieth Century veneer. He fell on his knees; he took the tips of Beatriz' cold fingers and brushed them across his lips; he implored pardon in poetic phrases. Finding her still obdurate his peasant gorge rose once more. He began to curse because she would not answer his questions. Only when he suddenly pushed her aside and leaped for her bedroom did Beatriz cry out in fear.

But Brent had gone. He had dropped ten feet into the leaf-mold about the

flowers, and was well on his way to Tonio.

"Why?" asked the Count, speculatively, "did you cry out when I started toward your bedroom . . . and why is the window open?"

"It is summer," answered Beatriz, "and my windows are always open in summer. I cried out because no man had ever set foot in my bedroom before. Now please go."

NOEL BRENT was in far worse trouble than Beatriz had feared for herself. He had found the place, in a sort of thieves' alley—and he had found, in a dark room, the dead body of Tonio. There was no gas, not even a candle, but by the light of his own matches Brent divined the cause: Matsura, following Tonio persistently, had found him here, had fought a knife duel to this evident victory, and again discovering in place of the jewels only the paper with seals, had dropped it in disgust to flee.

Still, all would have been well with Brent had not Buzzi's secret agent—a coward at heart, and unwilling to risk an encounter with either Tonio or Matsura—witnessed Matsura's departure and Brent's escape, determining thereupon to gain his master's ends by calling the police and having all within arrested as thieves. Buzzi would have been enabled to gain a private audience with the prisoners here: in the case of Brent, his royal influence could have him quietly set over the border.

Before the *Carabinieri* entered, Brent had barely time to thrust the treaty under a stone in the cold, ash-heaped fireplace.

The spy made a spy's characteristic wrong deduction: he believed that the thief Matsura had escaped with the treaty, and that on Tonio not being able to produce it, the American had killed him in a rage.

After a night of terrors, in which she sat in her bed too afraid to sleep, Beatriz was chilled by the Prince's silken voice on the telephone not much after dawn.

"Your American," drawled Buzzi, "has murdered for your parchment. It's a silly thing after all. I only want you—but do you understand that unless you are willing to marry me, now, I must perforce of my position make everything known?"

Beatriz, in desperation, pretended to commence a conversation, and then pretended to be cut off. In reality she discon-

nected the line herself. She remembered the number she had found in Brent's pocket. Dressing hastily in a cheap dark frock of her maid's, and throwing a veil over her face, she found her way there without recognition. At the door stood a sleepy policeman. Mumbling an excuse about wishing to see a friend above stairs, she passed him unquestioned, and a moment later slipped—shuddering—into the dirty room from which the body of Tonio had been but recently removed. A dark stain smeared the floor.

Beatriz had talked to Buzzi long enough to suspect that no one had the treaty. Therefore, since personal search is the first law of the police station, it must still be in this room! Slowly, painstakingly, with fingers determined though trembling, the girl went over every article of furniture, tore the vile bed completely to pieces, went thrice through the bare cupboard. Dirty-handed, exhausted, with tears streaming down her cheeks, she was about to leave, when amazement struck her that she had not searched beneath, around and above the fire-basket in the chimney!

TWO hours later, pale, but calm and exquisitely gowned, she entered the office of her affianced suitor. Count Gasparro was not yet down.

"I am singing at a matinee for crippled soldiers this afternoon," she said sweetly to Mastruc, his chief clerk. "Therefore, my jewels: may I get them?"

"Assuredly, Signorina!" exclaimed Mastruc, accompanying her to the vault, of which he and Gasparro alone carried the combination. Had it not been he to whom the Count had given explicit instructions concerning Beatriz' use of it for her personal property? And, as became a Roman gentleman, he did not linger inquisitively while a lady attended to her private affairs.

Buzzi, coolly defied by Beatriz, played his last card that afternoon. He went to Gasparro, with the Chief of Police, told him pretty much the truth—and Gasparro, with rather a sense of justice, said that the vault should not be opened except in Beatriz' presence.

It was a thrilling moment indeed. The door swung back noiselessly beneath Mastruc's fingers, Gasparro himself entered the vault, Buzzi clenched his hands in anticipation, and the Chief of Police rose, tense.

Gasparro returned. "My dear Prince," he said in a constrained voice to Buzzi. "I beg to present to you the Russ-Italian Treaty, which I find in the same compartment in which I placed it, and just as I placed it. You are of the reigning house, therefore I can say nothing. Were I your peer, I should ask your pleasure as to time and weapons."

Buzzi's departure was, for the first time in his career, flight rather than retreat.

"Count Gasparro," said Beatriz, when all had gone. "I lied to you last night. In the Municipal prison lies a young American—yes, Noel Brent—charged with a murder, the time of which has been fixed by physicians. I want you to procure his release, because it was absolutely impossible for him to have committed that murder. At that time, and for hours, he had been—

in my apartment. He is guiltless."

"You infamous woman!" cried Gasparro. "I shall do nothing! He may lie there till he rots!"

"Then there is nothing left for me to do, I suppose," murmured Beatriz, demurely, "but to sacrifice myself before the chief of police and the judges—and the gentlemen of the daily journals?"

"You cannot!" whispered Gasparro, savagely. "You are my fiancee—my name—the escutcheon of my house—"

"Then you must procure his release!" Beatriz's voice was fire, her tone little less than a cry.

Gasparro sighed and bowed his head.

"You—woman, you must marry this fellow!" he snarled. "My honor demands it!"

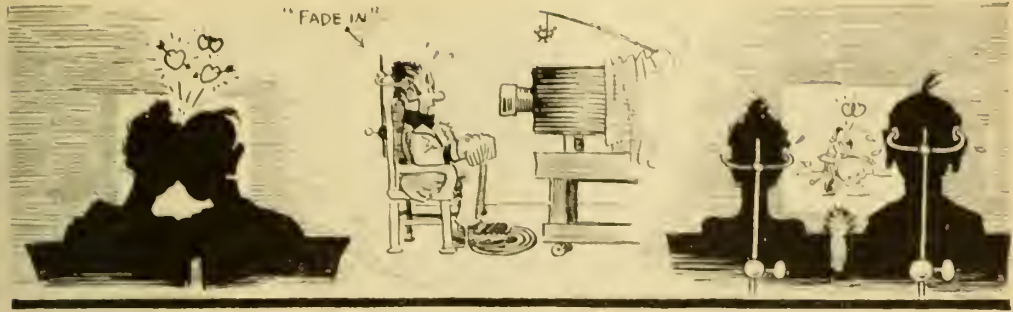
"That," answered Beatriz, with sparkling eyes, "is just what I intend to do!"

You Know the Girl; The Man's Her Director



This is a glimpse of Little Mary Pickford at rehearsal under the tutelage of director Jack O'Brien. The scene occurs in "Hulda from Holland."

"PREPAREDNESS" FOR PICTURE PALACES



You know how the tender passages are always blotted out by this silly silhouette on the screen?

You have also heard of this little device they used to hold our grandparents' heads still while they were having their pictures "look?"

Well, this is the idea - make every couple that can't produce a marriage license at least six months old, sit in seats equipped with these contraptions and give the man behind a chance.



Then just think of the war measures that could be made use of in the photoplay. Wouldn't poison gas be about right for the nut who insists upon reading the sub-titles, etc., aloud?

Why not utilize the lovely uniforms the ushers wear by forming a firing squad to take care of the boobs who supply the kissing sounds?



Suggested to the Board of Strategy
by GALE

And finally—wouldn't the periscope put the photoplay pests out of commission—the lady who removes her hat in fifteen minutes flat, the human Zeppelin that floats athwart your rapt gaze just at the climax and all of the fell crew?

ARE you one of the many thousands who have nourished a secret desire to become a screen star?

Are you one of the many millions who never have seen the Land-Behind-the-Screen?

If Yes, then it is to you indeed a mystery land, full of shadows through which weaves a life so shot with colors, so vivid, so palpitant, so ever-changing, so wonderfully commingling the personal existence of its actors with the imaginary adventures of its characters, that only one who has dwelt in it, breathed it, absorbed it for the purpose of telling the story of it to you, is equipped to write it actually and accurately into fiction.

This the author of "The Glory Road," whose opening chapters appeared in the July issue of Photoplay Magazine, has done. He is the first to achieve the real description of the real life of the moving picture studios of Southern California, the world's capital of the silent drama. It is a story of vibrant fascination, a story you cannot afford to miss following closely if the picture screen life attracts you, calls to you.

Francis William Sullivan writes "The Glory Road" as a sequel to "Star of the North," which came from him under the now discarded pen name "Frank Williams" and was published in Photoplay Magazine. The same principals pass through the pages of both stories, and are joined in "The Glory Road" by others of equal interest.

The Graphic Company's film work in the Hudson's Bay country, near the post of which June Magregor's father is the factor, and which furnished the plot for "Star of the North," is finished, and Tom Briscoe, the Graphic's director-general, keeps his promise and brings June as a trial member of the company out into the great world which she never has glimpsed. She is a girl to be loved, a pure snowflower of the North, the promised wife of Paul Temple, Graphic star. Paul is thirty; a lean, athletic, keen-faced, sensitive man who has lived in the world and knows life. His devotion to June is absolute. They have yielded consent to Briscoe's insistence that they put off their marriage day until he has tested June out and proved her a success or a failure as a screen actress. He predicts her success. Briscoe is the type of man who radiates electricity and issues orders like the blows of a pile-driver. Briscoe takes the company to California for the staging of a play of the days when that state was a Spanish colony. The "location" is a little island off the coast.

The story opens with Briscoe directing a scene of the play, an attack upon the island settlement by pirates from the Spanish Main. The leader of the defense is Romualdo Stark — a perfect type of the romantic hero. His blood is mixed Spanish and New England, his grandfather having crossed the continent to California in the days of *hidalgo* and married a cultured *senorita*.

Just before Briscoe's "Ready! Camera! Go!" in the



June

PRECEDING
CHAPTERS OF
The
Glory Road

"shooting" of the pirate scene, there steps into the story Terrence MacDonnell, "press agent and liar extraordinary to the Graphic." It is his habit to wear a cap on the far back of his head and smoke incessantly a calabash pipe. In the battle between the pirates and the men of the island settlement, June plays the part of maid to a *senora*. It is her business, as the women and children flee to the hills behind the protection of their fighting men, to fall as though shot, and let drop from her hand a love note appertaining to her mistress. She "does the fall" perfectly—but twists her ankle, and cannot rise. The scene taken, Briscoe and Paul hurry to her. Unable to walk, she is carried to a great house of gloomy and pretentious grandeur, secluded in a canyon of the island, near by. There they are reluctantly admitted by Mrs. Spence, the housekeeper; a matronly, strange, gray woman who seems obsessed by a great fear of letting any stranger upon the premises.

June is made comfortable in the big living-room, an apartment furnished with priceless treasures from far lands. Paul is forced to leave June to take the boat for the mainland; he has an appointment to keep that evening with the president of the Graphic. June is to follow on the next day's boat. This brief separation is made harder for the lovers because in three days Paul is to depart for the Mexican border to direct the making of a picture play.

In the midst of a terrific rain storm, which comes up suddenly, Holt, the owner of the great house in the canyon, arrives home. He surprises June reclining on a couch before an open

fire. A man of thirty-six, there is about him an air of world-weariness. As a truck driver he had dreamed of wealth and luxury and the culture that moneyed leisure can grasp. By the force of a dominant will he had wrenched all these things from the world—and he stood before June now, the man he had made himself; blunt, cultured, cynical, a perfect host; a self-made man who had polished himself while he made himself.

The storm continues the next day, and there is no boat. Holt, playing host with a touch of delicate charm, falls in love with June. "Yes, you're right, I'm not married," he says. "I have yet to meet a woman friendly enough."

"How interesting," June replies lightly. "Especially to the women if they could only know in advance whether you were going to love or hate them."

"Well, as to that," Holt retorts quietly, "I can tell you in advance that I'm going to love you. Your knowing now will save any misunderstanding later."

Standing before the open fire, his hands in his pockets, he looks at June long, intently. Finally he says: "You're in love with someone else. I might have known it."

June tells him Yes, she is engaged to be married. Holt replies that he will make her love him. And he leaves her with the words: "I just thought I'd tell you this—when I want a thing I get it. Good night."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Herewith is presented the second instalment of the first great novel written around the "inside" of motion picture production. If you did not begin "The Glory Road" last month, read the synopsis on the opposite page; or better still, buy a copy of the July issue. At any rate, don't fail to read this vivid tale of the unknown land behind the screen.

The Glory Road

By Francis William Sullivan

Author of "Star of the North," "Alloy of Gold," "Children of Banishment," etc.

Illustrated by R. VAN BUREN

WHEN, the afternoon of the same day that Holt left the island, June hobbled down the gang-plank of the steamer at San Pedro, she found Paul Temple waiting her. He displaced the ship's steward at her side, and as he helped her through the confusion of the wharf toward a long, black roadster, he plied her with anxious questions as to her safety and good health. They had been separated all of forty-eight hours.

She answered obediently and happily. It was good to be the chosen of Paul Temple, even though the tourists turned and stared after them with startled recognition and nudged one another, and whispered excitedly. Reunited with him, her spirits soared.

"What! A company car for me?" she cried, in playful awe, recognizing the roadster as they approached it.

"Well, rather!"

"But I'm only one of the 'Graphic herd of trained ingenues,' as Mac says," she protested.

He grinned.

"If Mac said that, of course that makes it untrue. But about the car; you see I'm a twinkling heavenly body, so since you've hitched your wagon to a star, this is the wagon."

June laughed with a feeling of security and contentment. It was good to have this big, quiet man, so gentle and yet so

strong, to arrange life for her. There had been a time when she had laughed at the thought of any man's help, but that had been in a simpler and less devious existence.

In this complex world where Paul was so obviously the master, she was forever discovering herself puzzled and at a loss, and resigning herself gladly to his masterful decisions. For June was as yet but two months old in the experiences of civilization. Educated at a mission school on Hudson's Bay, she had only heard of those wonders which have reduced the heyday of Rome to a fourth-rate exhibition. Now, precipitated suddenly into the midst of them all, she was devastated by the motor craze, clothes madness, and the joy of mingling with more than two human beings at a time. She was engaged sixteen hours a day in catching up with the centuries.

"Quite sure the ankle's better?" Paul asked, as the big car moved off.

"Oh, very much better," she told him, snuggling down in her furs—skins of black fox she had caught the winter before on her own trap line near Fort McLeod. "It was just as you thought, a strain rather than a sprain. But I'll have to use a stick for a day or so."

He voiced his concern, and as he guided the car into Harbor Boulevard for the twenty-mile run to Los Angeles they drifted into talk of the little, personal

things that were great and epochal to them.

He had not kissed her at meeting, but now out on the black ribbon of road that wound among the raw, rain-gullied hills, his big hand, strong and warm, closed over hers.

"Look here," he said, presently, "how did you make out in that house on the island? You know I hated your being there alone, especially yesterday when there was no boat home. Was everything all right, and did you get away as we arranged?"

JUNE had expected these questions, and on the trip home had considered exactly what position to take with Paul regarding the Holt incident. Honest to the core, and fearless of him, she had yet determined to touch upon it lightly.

In retrospect the episode seemed fantastic and unreal, so much so that she despaired of presenting the blameless reality. Moreover, she felt that the encounter was one of those chance affairs which end at their beginning, and that she would never see Holt again. Lastly, instinct told her that the unkindest thing she could do on the eve of Paul's departure for the South would be to stir him up unnecessarily.

She answered his last question first.

"Yes. The man you ordered in the village came this morning with his horse and buggy. He came by the beach, of course, and drove right up the canyon to the house. It was no trouble for me."

"I'm glad of that. But what about the rest of it? Did Mrs. Spence, or whatever her name was, look after you, and all that?"

"Oh yes, she was really very good. And Paul, you have no idea of the lovely things in that house. It's simply filled with them."

"Do tell!"

"Yes." She laughed. "And do you know, the queerest thing happened. In the very worst of the storm that came after you left, the owner suddenly arrived. He was awfully kind, and did everything to make me comfortable."

The demands of a reverse curve and the passing of two cars engaged Paul for a few moments.

"Must be a queer cove," he commented,

"to build a house like that off there and fill it with junk."

"He is queer," said June truthfully; "but his coming made my position lots easier."

"Naturally it would. We certainly planted you there without much ceremony." He turned to her and smiled. "But the main thing is you're back, and that's all that matters."

"Yes, and I'm so glad to be back." She snuggled closer to him.

It was after five o'clock, and the late February sun was low; the clear air blew cold on their faces. Over the world arched a sky of distilled and luminous light ranging in color from apple-green above the sunset glow in the west to rich purple in the east. Miles to the right, above the haze of distance, "Old Baldy" towered and gleamed in the last rays, and with him the other snow-haired Sierra patriarchs, "Grayback" and "San Jacinto," infinitely old and infinitely wise.

Then, presently, in the last of the light they approached Los Angeles, that radiant hybrid of hustle and hot air, publicity and Paradise. Queen of her mountain-ranged valley, the first lights on her hills gleamed like jewels in a crown.

"We'll go to Levy's for dinner," said Paul as they reached the outskirts, "and then I'll drive you home. And then it will be good-bye. I leave for the South early tomorrow morning."

"Oh, Paul!"

"Yes."

REACHING the center of town, they turned north into Spring Street. Between Seventh and Eighth Paul parked the car, and helping June to alight, they entered the restaurant. As they were led to a small table along the wall, many curious eyes followed Temple in swift recognition. He discovered several acquaintances at nearby tables, and after he and June were seated, others almost as well known as himself visited them for a word.

Momentarily he regretted having chosen this rendezvous of motion-picturedom for his last dinner with June, but presently they were left to themselves, and at once the lights and music and gayety became but a colorful shell enclosing their magic world.



*With a swift impulse
of passion . . . she
flung her arms about
his neck, and with
tear-dimmed eyes gave
him her lips.*

P. Van Buren

After dinner they drove homeward, first through the close-packed business heart of the city, with its tall buildings, gorgeous shops, and winking electric signs, and here again June was impressed by the number of open-air stores and stalls, a fact which Paul had pointed out to her as distinguishing Los Angeles from other cities. Then they drove out Sunset and Hollywood Boulevards through a new and far-sprawling residence district.

In the heart of Hollywood Paul turned up a side avenue and came to a stop before a low, gray bungalow with curved porch eaves. Here June lived with Elsie Tanner, a character woman of the Graphic Company, and Elsie's sister, a girl of fourteen. The three had rented the house furnished on their arrival, and practised in it the elastic housekeeping of their profession, having their meals at home or in a nearby cafeteria as necessity or their mood dictated.

Paul and June found the place deserted, and cold with the penetrating chill of unheated houses in winter. But snapping on the lights, they soon had the gas-log and heater in the big living room ablaze.

The bungalow, a one-story affair with an air chamber above, contained six rooms and rejoiced in all the "desirable" features—"disappearing" beds that vanished mysteriously into the walls, built-in bookcases and sideboard, and a quite unnecessary breakfast room in addition to the dining room. Experience had taught the inmates that to open the glass doors either for a book or a dish was to court pneumonia, for then the winds of the world seemed to pour unhindered through the flimsy outside sheathing.

The rooms were furnished with the usual presentable but subtly treacherous mission furniture of the commercial bungalow, vivid American rugs, cheap prints, and scanty bric-a-brac. The plaster walls were tinted.

"The girls must have gone to the studio to see 'The Tattler,' said June, as she helped Paul draw a davenport up before the gas-log. "I remember it was to be shown in the projection room tonight."

"Thank heaven!" he said, ungallantly.

At eleven o'clock Paul rose reluctantly, drawing June to her feet with his encircling arm. They had postponed the

inevitable as long as they could, but even now June, woman-like, shrank from it. Tears filled her eyes and she hid her face on his shoulder.

"Oh, dearest, I don't want you to go!"

"That makes it unanimous."

"What will I do without you for so long!"

"Remember, it hurts me worse than it does you."

She laughed tearfully, and he lifted her face and kissed it. Then, taking her by the shoulders he looked down into her eyes, his face grown suddenly grave.

"Dearest," he said, "sometimes—like tonight—I tell myself I'm a fool to go off and leave you here alone."

"Why, Paul? We love each other, don't we? What else can count?"

"Nothing else can count," he replied with sudden fierce intensity. "But oh, June, you're so young in the world, and the world is so ruthless! You're just trying your wings here, three thousand miles from home, where everything is so strange and new, and on top of that I'm going to leave you!"

She knew him well enough to know that he was deeply stirred.

"You're not afraid for me, Paul?" she asked.

He released her gently, and began to pace up and down before the fireplace.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, passionately, at last, halting. "When I think of what I've known and seen happen in the studios, I'm afraid for anybody. Ours is a different life. June; it isn't normal. Some of the bars are down, and that weakens all the rest. One's got to be strong if the old rotten taint isn't to get into one's whole life; it can get you before you know it. You've only seen the surface of things, dear, but I know what's underneath, and it's that that makes me wish sometimes we had never agreed to this separation. I've seen cruel things happen to people in this business, and—well, they mustn't happen to us, that's all."

"You don't doubt me?" There was a shadow of hurt in her questioning glance.

"Good God, no! You're the one thing in the universe that I *can't* doubt. But I know what life can do, what it does all the time, and if anything happened to take you away from me—" the muscles of his lean face tightened and a moment's silence

fell between them. Involuntarily the mind of each flashed back to the miserable tragedy of Paul's earlier marriage, a tragedy that had ended with Gertrude Temple's death in the wilderness.

Then, suddenly shaking off his black mood, Paul swept her to him with apologetic laughter. "But forget all I've said, dearest. It only shows what love can make of a man at the moment of parting. And now kiss me and forgive me."

With a swift impulse of passion, one of the rare flashes that she had permitted him to see, she flung her arms about his neck and with tear-dimmed eyes gave him her lips. . . .

Steps sounded on the porch outside.

"Oh, Lord! The others, I suppose!"

"Yes," plaintively, "and we've had hardly a minute together."

CHAPTER V

BREAKFAST in the bungalow on Rose Terrace was a movable feast dependent on the director's call-board notice of the night before. The morning after Paul's departure it occurred at half-past seven to permit Elsie Tanner's arrival at the studio an hour later. Elsie and her sister, who occupied one bedroom, were up first, and, mindful of June's injury, ordered her to remain in bed. But June by nature scorned ease, and she joined the others at the table, fully dressed.

"And how is the—er—limb?" asked Miss Tanner, with mincing propriety as she poured the coffee.

"My leg is fine, thanks. I can manage nicely today with a stick, I think."

"Be careful, dearie."

Elsie Tanner was a woman of thirty, tall, dark, with an attractive face slightly hardened by experience. The lack of the beauty which would have insured her "leads" was balanced by sureness and finish of acting, and she was absolutely dependable. Her principal fame rested on "stunt" work, and Briscoe refused to be without her in his company. In the past, unknown to anyone, she had worshipped Paul Temple, but time had assuaged the vain passion and left only a pleasantly melancholy regret which in no wise affected her relationship with June. With a great heart she combined complete disillusionment.

Elsie had met June in the North during the taking of "A Wilderness Idyl," and the two had grown intimate there, and afterward in New York. They were further united by common dangers shared during a "rapids" stunt in the wilderness, in which, but for Temple's heroism, June would have lost her life. Now Elsie Tanner mothered June as she did her own sister.

That young person, known to the world as Elaine Drake, was a flower half opened. At fourteen she was over-supplied with hands and elbows and knees, and when she walked suggested a colt. She had light brown hair, freckles, a piquant snub nose, and blue eyes that seemed to voice a perpetual query. A "cut-in" of her mind in leisure hours would have revealed a vague but handsome dark male whose entire business in life was to perform noble deeds for her exclusive glory. Sometimes he wore armor, sometimes a "period" costume, and on rare occasions his tall and manly form was encased in a frock suit of style-plate perfection.

Elaine was "in the pictures," but without a part at present. A year before, chancing to accompany Elsie to the Graphic's New York studio, her childish face had caught the attention of a director, and she had been given a trial. The result had been a ten-year contract. Not that she was a "find" or a "knockout," but the Graphics were investing in her, waiting for her to ripen to that perfect youthful beauty most desired in the business, and of which she gave promise.

During Elsie Tanner's absence in the North Elaine had stayed with friends, but when Elsie came West she had demanded that her sister be sent also. . . .

BY a quarter past eight the dishes were done, the subtly treacherous furniture had been flicked, and the three girls had started to the studio. However, on the steps of the bungalow Elaine stopped with a little exclamation of astonishment.

"Oh, there's the postman!" she cried. "Let's wait for him. My! isn't he early!"

Miss Tanner keenly scrutinized the man, who was some distance down the street.

"Better date up an oculist, pet," she advised. "Don't you get his make-up?"



*June's heart failed her for a moment.
"Oh, I hope I can do it."*

The girl colored sheepishly. "Oh, gosh! he fooled me. Yes, sir, there's the camera at the curb."

The incident struck the new keynote of the city; Los Angeles, and especially Hollywood, was already assuming its motley, its masker's garb. Under the promise of the high, tranquil sky, three score studios were sending forth denizens of a shadow world to enact their phantom lives of laughter, emprise, squalor, and knavery. The metropolis of perpetual carnival was beginning another day.

The morning air was cool, and scented with the tonic spice of pepper and eucalyptus trees, with a breath from the nearby sea. Set in the vivid green lawns, date palms like huge pineapples curved their feathery fronds above the grass. Here and there a purple bougainvillea cascaded down a white wall, and between the houses were hedges of rose or geranium as tall as a man.

As the girls walked they passed "locations" famous in every corner of the world; a church that had witnessed lens weddings enough to make the pastor's palm itch; a mansion which, with its big grounds and stately appearance, had furnished an estate for every clime and country. A constant stream of people, mostly young girls, flowed towards the studio, a stream augmented periodically

by the street cars.

The Graphic Company operated two studios in California, one in Hollywood for filming "interiors" or such "exteriors" as could be furnished by small constructed "sets," and a second called the "Ranch," some twenty miles away in a mountainous canyon by the sea, which furnished a variety of wild outdoor "locations" and the space for large "sets."

The Hollywood studio occupied a full block and was surrounded by a high board fence. The length of one side was taken up by "scene docks" — great chambers where the "flats" of scenery were stored; another accommodated the property rooms, and the film-developing and drying laboratories. In one corner towered a glass-covered stage for use in rainy weather, and in another stood the administration building.

June and her companions entered this, and passing along a corridor emerged into the sunlight again. At their left was the great open-air stage, sheltered by sun diffusers—long strips of muslin which, running on wires, blunted the sun's rays and cast an even, shadowless light upon the stage. In the foreground were several rows of long concrete buildings, one behind the other, with "streets" between — the dressing rooms.



"Look here! I'm not going to stall with you, so I tell you the truth. You and I will either make movie history in the next six months, or we'll be looking for a job."

All this took up half the acreage. Behind the dressing rooms was the "lot," vacant ground for the erection of "sets." Here, at present, stood a street of early California, an English village, and some lumber-camp shacks. A section of Chinatown was going up, and a Nihilist rendezvous was coming down.

The entire enclosure was already cheerful with color and light. Men and women in the costumes of a dozen periods hurried here and there; directors were shouting, and camera men aiming for their "establishing shots." Everywhere was confusion, but orderly confusion.

NO sooner had June hobbled into the maelstrom than she became the center of it. Everyone had heard of her mishap and now she was overwhelmed beneath an avalanche of curiosity and concern; for these people could always spare a moment for kindness.

Elsie Tanner, being the only one of the three working, hurried off at once to her dressing room. The other two made their way slowly along toward the farther end of the open-air stage where her picture was being filmed.

"Hello, love!"

June heard a familiar voice in her ear, and turned to see Terrence MacDonnell, the Graphic's press agent, sucking his customary dead pipe, and grinning at her. He was dressed in a gray flannel shirt, ancient trousers, and puttees, and appeared to have nothing whatever to do.

"Say, I owe that ankle of yours a treat," he went on. "Remember that little story we put over from the island for Chandler, the star of 'The Vanishing Race'?"

"Yes." June recalled that her injury had suggested some wild yarn.

"Well, New York took it, bait, hook, and sinker. Next morning we had sixteen telegrams from Chandler's friends, and the press clippings from the rest of the company are coming in in bales. If the Lord only lets me live, I'll make something out of this company yet!"

Elaine stood with her arm about June's waist, drinking in MacDonnell's hyperbolic pleasantries with utter credulity. As he talked on, Romualdo Stark strode up, his handsome face alight.

"Hello, Graces," he said gaily to the girls. "Where's number three? Or no,

you're the Fates. Anyhow, I know Elaine is my fate." He laughed down on the child, and tucked his hand under her arm.

"Fresh!" she said, jerking away, but blushed nevertheless.

"All right, young lady," he warned, as he went one, "you wait and see."

When the trio reached the stage where Elsie was working, they found the whole company at a standstill. The director, Joe Williams, a tall, thin man with a very prominent nose, was walking up and down, scowling savagely.

"Ah," drawled MacDonnell, "searching for the Czarina, or waiting for militant Marcia, a comedy staged daily, in one snarl and four curses. Always late."

"Oh, Miss Trent!" June said, naming the "lead" of the piece, and the female star of the western Graphics.

"The same, and I do love that woman! I suggested that she boom herself a little by speaking on censorship at one of the local theaters last week, and what she handed me was ample—absolutely!" He searched vaguely for a match. "Believe me, when they think they've got beyond needing a little publicity, they're heading out."

As he spoke Miss Trent came. She was a girl not over twenty, of medium height, and with a mature figure half concealed by the cloak that covered her ball gown. The scene represented an evening function. She was strikingly pretty, with red-gold hair, unusual hazel eyes, and pure, regular features. Her profile was like an old cameo. She had been a star for two years, and her public following was immense.

As she strolled leisurely into the scene, it was evident that she knew all this. She walked with an air which, while not actually arrogant, was nevertheless proud. Her chin was a little too high, though she strove for a modest mien with downcast eyes. It was characteristic of her that she was quick to answer a greeting, but slow to give one.

DURING June's brief studio life she had encountered Marcia Trent twice, and each time had experienced a little involuntary feeling of dislike—a reaction not normal with her. Now she experienced it again.

Williams walked angrily to meet the star.

"Really, Miss Trent," he said, "you can't go on holding us up like this. Every day we have to wait for you."

The girl's powdered face darkened, and she drew herself up.

"I'm sure it's not my fault," she said, haughtily. "If you fixed things so that I wasn't needed the first thing every morning, it wouldn't happen. And moreover, Mr. Williams, I don't permit my directors to speak to me like this. I won't stand it."

A quick, angry retort leaped to the man's lips, but as he looked down into those bold, challenging eyes, it died unspoken. For a moment the two glared at each other, and then, with what seemed almost a helpless shrug, he turned away.

"Why, how extraordinary!" gasped June.

"Oh, the Queen can do no wrong," explained MacDonnell cheerfully. "Joe Williams is like all the rest of 'em, poor devil! He knows which side his bread is buttered on."

"Is he afraid of her?" asked Elaine, wide-eyed. "Gosh! If any director spoke to me like that, I'd die."

"He's all of that, and then some," replied Terrence. "But you're too downy yet to understand these things, chick."

"So am I, dear," said June, comfortingly. "Let's go. I want to sit down and rest."

They turned away from the stage and walked to the next "street." This ran between two of the long, concrete buildings, each of which was a warren of dressing rooms or offices for actors, directors, camera men, and assistants. June went to a door on the lower right tier numbered 47, and unlocking it entered, Elaine following.

THE room was square, had a board floor and white-washed walls. To the right of the door as one entered was the mirrored dressing-table, its fresh chintz cover laden with the numberless necessities of make-up—pins, sticks, brushes, powders, and creams, in vari-colored jars. In one corner of the room was a washbasin equipped with running hot and cold water, and a wardrobe was built against the rear wall. A tiny desk stood at one side, and there was an easy chair.

June had softened the original bareness of the place with two inexpensive but

pretty rugs, chintz curtains at the window, and a few reproductions of French prints on the wall. Her dressing-table bore two photographs, one of Paul, the other of her father, showing that grizzled veteran of the North in a younger and handsomer day.

Elaine made June comfortable in the easy chair, and then went on to her own dressing room. Left alone, June permitted herself to remember for the first time that Paul was gone, and at the thought a sharp pang of loneliness stabbed her. For with him had gone her feeling of protection and support, and she faced the fact that the future depended entirely upon herself. She reduced that future to its one dominant element, and found that to be Work. And as her loneliness grew, she longed for work, for absorbing, exhausting work that would make her forget everything but its exacting demands, and the reward of happiness it held out.

In the midst of her thoughts there came a peremptory rap at the door, and in response to her invitation Tom Briscoe entered.

"Morning," he snapped. "How's the ankle?"

June explained for the thousandth time. "Good! Your square-headed lover left this morning, didn't he?"

"Yes." June smiled.

"Glad of it! Now we can make something out of you. We start a new picture day after tomorrow, and you have a good part. Housemaid; whole story turns on her. Trent stars, Stark is her lead, and you're next. Big chance."

June's heart failed her for a moment.

"Oh, I hope I can do it."

Briscoe barked.

"Course you can do it. Why not? I wouldn't have brought you out here if you couldn't." Suddenly he turned and closed the door, and swinging June's dressing-table chair around to face her, sat down solidly.

"Look here," he said. "I'm not going to stall with you, so I'll tell you the truth. You and I will either make movie history in the next six months, or we'll be looking for a job. I'm convinced that this business is about due for an advance, and I want to make that advance."

"Of course, and I want to help if I can," she cried, a little breathless in the



"But I can't do it that way. I won't,"
"We'll do this scene as I want it done, if we



*cried the girl with sudden passion. . . .
have to stay here all night," Briscoe told her.*

sweep of his energy. "But what will the advance be? In what direction?"

"I'm not sure enough yet to say," he answered, "but whatever I do start I want to work out with you. You've got the intelligence and the ambition, and you don't know it all"—this dryly—"and you'll either go higher than anybody else has ever gone, or you'll go right down through the bottom—and me with you, for I'll have my troubles. Putting something new over in this world is about as popular as the toothache."

He glared at her with his little, hard eyes as if she had challenged his statement. Then he added, grimly:

"So you see this little trip of yours along the glory road isn't going to be any personally conducted picnic."

June laughed, nerved as always by the inspiration of his restless genius.

"I don't want a picnic," she said. "I want to try for something big, and if we fail, at least we'll have tried."

Briscoe grunted. "I knew you had the nerve," he said bluntly, and shortly afterwards took his leave.

IT was almost eleven o'clock, and June rose to go home. The tests for the new picture—bits before the camera to try the effect of costumes and make-up—were not called until the next morning, and she had the rest of the day to herself.

On her way out, pausing to watch Elsie Tanner's picture for a moment, she found herself beside Marcia Trent, who was standing back of the camera awaiting her scene. The star was alone, her pretty face still sullen from her quarrel with Williams.

"Oh, good morning, Miss Trent," June said, offering the usual studio greeting. "I hope your picture is going to be good. Elsie has told me so much about it."

Marcia Trent raised her eyes with annoyed inquiry and examined June for a moment without speaking. Then she said:

"If it's not, nobody will be to blame but Williams." Then her eye caught sight of the cane June was using, and a look of surprise, almost recognition, flashed over her face. "Oh, so you're the girl that stayed over on the island."

June laughed.

"Yes, wasn't it stupid to pick out that of all places to be hurt?"

Again the other did not reply at once.

"Was it?" she said then, coolly. "I've heard some people say how—well, fortunate you were to sprain your ankle just there."

June was suddenly uncomfortable and repelled. There was in the other's words and tone a subtle but deliberate innuendo.

"Fortunate?" she repeated, a little blankly. "Of course it was fortunate there was a house so near by where I could be taken."

"Exactly." The other bared her even, white teeth. "You know there are some queer stories about that house, and I've heard that some people would stand a good deal more than a sprained ankle to get into it!"

"Really!" June said, quite at a loss. "I don't know what you mean, Miss Trent."

The other smiled again.

"No? Well, you will, I'm sure." She turned away and began to watch the action on the stage.

Rebuffed, and feeling somehow tainted or guilty because of she knew not what, there was nothing for June to do but go on. She was helplessly angry and puzzled, and as she went she tried to explain the meaning of this unearned attack. She could not, but she did know that for some reason Marcia Trent was her enemy.

CHAPTER VI

ONE morning about eleven o'clock there came a lull in a scene of "Woman to Woman," the new picture in which June was rapidly acquiring housemaid's knee. The company had been working on the open-air stage in a dining-room "set," but now the thin clouds which had hung overhead for two days darkened suddenly, blotting out the light.

As a result there was a wait while stage hands wheeled up batteries of "Klieg-lights," great white arcs of immense candle-power. During the interval (only one of a hundred such, daily) the actors sat about on the furniture, and Briscoe disappeared.

June had dropped down on a chair, when she was suddenly startled from aimless thoughts by the sight of Briscoe returning, accompanied by a man who, even at a distance, seemed vaguely familiar. A moment later she recognized Stephen Holt.

She was tremendously surprised at sight

of him, for absorption in her new work had dimmed the memory of the island episode. Moreover, she had mentally consigned him to the oblivion of all things past, upon the supposition that she would never see him again. Now he brought with him vivid recollections.

In retrospect that stay in the big house took the aspect of a rather charming adventure. Distance and intervening interests heightened its fantastic, fairy-tale glamour, and a feeling of amusement grew in June as incident after incident recurred to her.

She suddenly remembered that this normal, prosaic-looking person coming towards her in motoring cap and raincoat had said, "I am going to love you, and you are going to love me!" The thought almost made her smile. And yet she remembered that, at the time, she had experienced quite other emotions—fear and a kind of helplessness. Of course, alone with him there, under all the subtle influences at his command! . . . But now! The audacious absurdity of the man!

He and Briscoe were approaching along the open-air stage and beneath Holt's raincoat she could see the well-remembered informal tweeds. His big-boned frame towered fully a head above Briscoe, who was talking up at him in his characteristic staccato manner.

As they approached June began to wonder at a little surprised murmur among the waiting people on the stage. Then she saw Briscoe glance about the group, locate her, and turn his guest in her direction. Holt recognized her at a few yards' distance, and instantly she saw a look of mischievous amusement leap in his clear blue eyes. June rose.

"Miss Magregor," said Briscoe, "this is Mr. Holt, the lyddite behind this studio, the silent partner, the big boss of the Western Graphics. He's heard about your work in the North, and wants to meet you."

THE statement struck June dumb. Holt a dominant factor in the studio! She had always thought of Stannard. . . . But he was from the East, a visible and ostensible authority. Looking up at Holt, she realized how completely he had not confided in her during their former meeting, but meanwhile had. . . . She remembered the Shorter Catechism.

"I'm glad to know you, Mr. Holt," she said inanely, the conventional words coming without thought. Then she suddenly realized a startling truth: that Briscoe did not know he had left her in Holt's house on the island. The director's words and manner left no doubt of this. While she was trying to understand the fact, Holt was replying.

"I've heard so much about you, Miss Magregor," he said, still with that diabolical twinkle in his eyes, and then with ridiculous gravity added a banal question about the North.

Meanwhile Briscoe beamed proudly upon his charge. Had he not discovered this marvel? Was she not a living and breathing testimonial to his insight and astuteness? He permitted himself to expand. Then one of the men called him, and he turned away to inspect the arrangement of the Kliegs, leaving June and Holt together.

Instantly they dropped their small talk and regarded each other, he in smiling enjoyment of the situation, she a little resentful. He stood leaning easily against a table, and looking down at her. His cap was off and his red hair seemed as undisciplined as ever.

"You justify my fondest memories of you," he said abruptly, with urbane approval. "Also, I beg to report favorably on your manners. Mrs. Spence tells me that you gave back the house and everything in it as per schedule, something I consider noble in view of the covetousness with which you regarded some of my possessions."

June could not restrain a smile. He was perfectly the impudent Holt of the island.

"I'm so relieved that you approve of my manners," she told him. "But I'm afraid I can't reciprocate."

He looked shocked.

"Impossible! Why not?"

"Because you amused yourself at my expense in your house. You might have told me you were connected with the Graphics."

"Oh, never! That would have spoiled it all. We could never have had such a jolly time together if I had. Besides, I'd heard of you, and wanted to enjoy you in your natural, wild state."

"I wasn't half as wild then as I am now."

He laughed, a kind of delighted chuckle.

"I know it. And I like you even better now than I did then."

"Humph!" she sniffed, her nose in the air, somehow finding it impossible to be angry with him.

ABOUT them the busy activities of the studio went on; a stage hand whistled, there was the sound of hammering, and of a director violently directing. As the sky darkened, the diffusers slid back on their wires with a screeching rattle.

June thought of much she would like to ask him, but which she knew she could not. Why, for instance, did not Briscoe know of the house on the island? and what justification was there for Marcia Trent's strange innuendoes?

"After all, it was hardly fair, was it?" she asked, referring to his deception of her.

"Yes," he said cheerfully, "it was. You were a good deal happier and so was I."

"So that was happiness, was it!"

He assumed a hurt expression.

"You disappoint me. I was so hopeful for the future when I left!"

"And I was so absolutely confirmed in the past."

Now, as during their former conversations, June was beginning to experience a stimulation of the faculties, an exhilaration of spirit that she enjoyed.

"You're on the wrong side of the Present," he drawled. "Come on over."

She shook her head until her little stray curls danced.

"But I'm on the safe side," she retorted, "and I intend to stay there."

He was about to reply when Briscoe hurried up.

"Pardon," he apologized, "but Mr. Holt, I want you to see how we get this lighting effect with the Klieds."

Holt excused himself and strolled away.

Several of the principals were gathered about the battery of Klieds to which the men were going. Romualdo Stark, Marcia Trent, and character people. June saw Holt greet them all with the informality of an old acquaintance, and then Briscoe began to talk.

WHEN, at three o'clock that afternoon, June was removing her make-up and donning street clothes in her cheerful lit-

tle dressing-room, she was still musing over this re-encounter with Holt. It forced her to focus on facts from an entirely new angle.

She knew now that instead of never seeing him again, she probably would see him often, that rather than dismissing him from her consciousness, she would have to admit him into her life. She viewed the prospect as interesting and rather pleasurable, a fact due to his personal charm; his position carried no weight whatever with her.

She did not want to ignore him, because he was a new experience, and her life these days was just one glorious new experience after another. His attention was a heady compliment to a vanity just awakening after years of unnatural lack, and she liked this new intoxication.

He amused her, and part of his attractiveness lay in his audacity. Of course his absurd declaration was too stupid for words—merely the daring challenge of a bored man. She did not wish to think of it twice. But decidedly she welcomed Holt into her life again.

As June emerged from her dressing-room the rain which had threatened all day began to fall. The girl knew that these first scattered drops were the usual warning, and as she had forgotten to carry her umbrella that day, she hurried to reach home before the downpour.

But as she left the administration building the rain came down in earnest, and she retreated to the steps beneath the portico. At the same instant a man who had been tinkering with a motor car at the curb turned toward her, and she saw it was Holt.

"Oh," he said in surprise, recognizing her, and coming forward, "this is lucky! No umbrella, eh? Well, jump in here and I'll take you home."

"Thanks," she replied warmly, "but please don't bother. It's only three blocks, and the rain will stop soon."

"It will do nothing of the kind," he said with one of his flashes of brusque authority. "Don't be foolish. You'll be drenched." He was at her side now, and had taken her arm. "Watch that muddy place!" he directed as he started her forward, and a moment later June found herself in the car. The next, they were backing out from among the dozen cars

of the Graphic fleet parked in front of the studio.

"It's only three blocks," June told him as they shot forward. "Seventeen-twenty Rose Terrace. Do you know where that is?"

"Ought to! I named that street once in a poetic moment."

"You named it!"

"Yes." His broad, freckled face expanded in a smile. "I was a sort of papa to this neighborhood once. But they took away me che-ild—at a good figure."

June laughed, but the next moment as they turned up Hollywood Boulevard she gave a little exclamation.

"But this isn't the way home!" she cried. "We go the other way."

"I know it!" His voice had a kind of hopeless note. "But I just can't do anything with this car! It simply takes the steering-knuckle between its teeth and—"

She looked at him sharply, to find his distressed gaze limpid and innocent.

"Aren't you going to take me home, Mr. Holt?"

"Yes, Miss Magregor, as soon as I can reason with this brute, but I'm afraid we'll have to go the long way around."

"But I don't *want* to go riding with you!" she protested.

"Has the woman no heart!" he muttered, and then he appeared to struggle hard with the wheel, only to give up with a hopeless shrug. "You can see I'm perfectly helpless," he submitted.

The temptation to laugh assailed June, but her thorough annoyance conquered it. Released early from the studio, she had planned to use the time before supper in writing to Paul, and now she could not. She said nothing, and in silence they drove down the boulevard to Vermont Avenue, and thence north out along the road through Tropic and Glendale toward Pasadena.

THE side curtains of the car were not up, and gradually as June rode the new spring loveliness everywhere soothed her anger. The rain was warm and gentle, as if careful of the baby flowers, and the cool air was laden with odors, spicy fragrance of fallen pepper berries, and the intoxicating sweetness of first orange blossoms opening on boughs still laden with fruit. From treetops and posts came the

whistling of mocking birds, and the vehement chattering of red-throated linnets, joyous in nesting time.

Presently they passed Eagle Rock, and from there the Sierras appeared to have wrapped themselves in fog and withdrawn for meditation. Mist smoked in the cañons and crept down into the orchards. At the right, near a ranch house, a group of tall eucalyptus trees, their white limbs showing through tattered bark and foliage, stood huddled disconsolately like dryads caught in the shower.

"Early March and spring already!" June spoke involuntarily, thinking of Fort McLeod, doomed for weeks yet to its snowdrifts. "And such a spring! It's like Paradise."

"Yes," said Holt, "but a Paradise that man made. These miles of flowers and orchards and growing things are one possible excuse for man to clutter the earth—if there's any excuse." It was a sudden flash of the old cynicism.

"I don't understand," said June, puzzled. "Wasn't it always like this here?"

"No. All this country was a desert once, and if man left it for a year it would be a desert again. You know we have no rain here for six months, and yet we've done this!" He waved his hand towards the rolling lomas, vivid with the new green of bean and alfalfa.

"It's wonderful!" she said. "But how have you done it?"

"By letting the water on the land." He was silent for a moment; then went on in an amused, reminiscent drawl, unconsciously flavored with vernacular.

"Fifteen years ago I owned a well-rig, and nothing else in the world—a derrick and drill for boring wells—and for two years I packed that thing around the country south of here finding water for ranchers—farmers, you know. Every time I'd save a hundred dollars I'd buy a piece of desert, till finally I had about a thousand acres, all snowed under a couple of inches of alkali. Well, when I had all I could carry, I started to find water on that land—real water that wouldn't only wet my ranch but that I could sell to the whole district.

"I went down twenty-five hundred feet, and then went broke." He paused. "Meanwhile there was another *hombre* going down for water just outside my property—

represented a syndicate. It was plain as a schoolmarm that the one of us that struck it first would make the money, and, ten to one, cut off the other's supply."

June saw his blue eyes narrow at the corners and his square jaw set. A hard look crossed his face.

"Well," he said, "I managed to borrow enough money to go down fifty feet more. At that time I had a *cholo* working for me—that's a Mex, Miss Magregor—that I'd got out of trouble once, and one night he just naturally went over and did something to that other rig. I never asked him what, but it stopped their work. I went down forty feet—and struck one of the biggest artesian wells in this country."

He stopped on the climactic note, but June was aware of chilled enthusiasm within her. Something told her certainly that the Mexican had not wrecked that rival drill unbidden.

"Five years later," Holt concluded, "the alkali had been washed off that land, and the soil of it was like cream. That country is a garden now, just as this is. . . . And that's how we're making California."

Beneath the lightness of his words June detected a deep loyalty and devotion to this newest, friendliest West he had helped to build. And she glimpsed, too, something of the perseverance, patience, hardship and ruthlessness demanded of those who were to survive and succeed. She wondered if anything could defeat a will like Holt's. . . .

"AM I forgiven?" he asked, two hours later, as he helped her to alight before the gray bungalow with its low, curving eaves.

"I suppose you are," she admitted. "I must confess that the long way home was the most fun."

CHAPTER VII

AS the days passed, June found her desire for work amply gratified in learning the technique of her art. She already knew its inherent limitations; cramped space, the necessity for slower motions, and the tricks of perspective, and for some time Briscoe had been training her in the mechanics of expression.

She worked daily before her mirror, try-

ing to combine with expressiveness of the features the eloquence of hands and body; in short, to acquire the art of pantomime, that tonal dumb-show. Such training was not usual, but it was not Briscoe's intention to do the usual with her. He dreamed of something new, different, revolutionary. . . .

Occasionally he watched her and made suggestions. He was patient, but very exacting, and sometimes she felt that she would never achieve the unconscious, facile art he demanded. At other times she did well, and when she did he was equally just in praise, quoting when he could others than himself.

"Holt likes your work," he said, suddenly, one day. "Spoke very well of it in the projection room last night after we ran 'The Vanishing Race'. . . . Glad he does. If we ever want to put over anything new here, he's the man we'll have to look to."

MEANWHILE June was working hard at the studio in "Woman to Woman." Each day differed from the others. Sometimes because of inevitable delays the company worked two hours, and at other times fourteen. Now and again they went on "location," traveling in automobiles to the selected spot and carrying their lunch with them. Twice they went to the "Ranch."

When it rained they worked under the Kliegs on the covered stage, inevitably contracting "Klieg eyes" from constant looking into the intense light. The result was an epidemic of huge amber spectacles, such as the directors and camera men always wore.

FROM the first the studio had waited with curious eagerness for Briscoe to direct Marcia Trent. Such was her position and power, as well as her belief that she was indispensable to the company, that she had on occasion disregarded the authority of her previous directors. In her limited lexicon there was no such word as "boss," and her associates were praying that Briscoe would introduce her to it.

But conditions appeared even less favorable in his case than normally. For one thing, he had come West with a big reputation, and the movie shores of Los An-

(Continued on page 154)

Outing Fashions— All Our Own

SPORTS SUITS THE THING
FOR THE OUTDOOR GIRL
IN THE VACATION SEASON

By Lucille French



Milanese silk sports suit, sash bolted blazer coat, full pleated skirt. Colors: copenhagen blue, rose and green. Price \$19.75.

As you revert to the thrills of city life. "The light, the life, the joy of it" knows us not. The white glare of macadams sends us forthwith to rustic retreat. Not to the hardworking gaiety of the summer resorts taking over all the winter pastimes of dance, tableaux and cards, but straight back to the simple life of field and stream, woods and mountain. Hiking parties supplant the thé dansant, a good saddle horse does away with recriminations on the rise of gasoline.

It's a season of preparedness for the annual campaign to put us in fighting trim for the next eleven

months of hard work and equally hard play. For we Americans do nothing by halves. That this preparedness has taken hard hold, witness the rough and ready apparel we are packing into portmanteaus. We're going to be very fit!

Americans are finding their own country in these vacation days. Formerly it was a Cook's tour, a foreign spa or an Alpine climb that seemed the acme of the heart's desire. List over the friends who now speak enthusiastically of a canoeing trip through the streams of the Adirondacks, a horse-back ride through the Yosemite, or less ambitiously but by no means less novel is the hiking expedition through one's own territory. Every one is hiking it, ten or ten hundred miles from home—and the scenery is often equally new.

For this month our sports fashions are our own—truly American. We began with the sports suit last spring. In its tempting variations it carried all before it. We wore it when we first began to weekend out of town, we wore it when we stayed in town, and for general utility we wear it pretty much wherever we are. It may be wool, silk or linen and

Wool Jersey sports suit. Banded in white with white ball buttons. Colors: rose, green, copenhagen blue. Price \$16.75.





Milanese silk blazer, striped in rose and white, blue and white, black and white. Also to be had in plain colors. Price \$9.50. White tub satin skirt, gathered waist line, deep girdle belt, patch pockets. Price \$13.75.

are the regulation bandana draped bib-wise, a stetson felt feminized, gauntlet buckskin gloves, knickers and riding boots. Of special interest is the new shell skirt taking the place of the divided model. Buttoned both back and

front it opens to adapt itself as a cross-saddle skirt.

A remarkably attractive outfit on this order recently ordered by a well known screen idol for her month's sojourn in the Rockies is of suède leather in reindeer tan with knickers to match.

The regulation outfit for the public highways of the East is the long coat and breeches. Excellent suits of summer weight for sunrise cantors are to be had at a very nominal cost. The hiking suit with its Norfolk coat and knickers also makes an excellent canoeing outfit.

For the enthusiastic angler there comes a waterproof khaki short-skirted suit with coat collared and cuffed in corduroy, a replica of the masculine model with its deep inner fish coat pockets. A very reasonable fishing suit at ten dollars.

A boon to the vacationist as well as the week-end guest is the wide use of tub silks and satins in sports clothes. One can carry twice the amount of apparel in half the space. A suit of Milanese silk with a full pleated skirt and sports blazer coat which may be worn

acquired from the most expensive tailoring establishment or reasonably priced department store—but the slogan runs “the sports suit's the thing.”

Added to the everyday sports suit, putting frills and fluffs aside temporarily in our zest for a preparedness vacation, we now gather together our special outing togs. Whether it be a distant ranch or a nearby camp that calls, there comes first the khaki suit with its Norfolk jacket or the new preparedness suit with its straight cut coat and four flap pockets à la militaire.

If it's a ranch outfit to be had the needful accessories

At Your

FOR discriminating women who want the last word in or accessories, Photoplay Magazine maintains a complete Any of the articles pictured or described on these pages a check, or money order stating your requirements and I making no charge for the service.

Or if you wish detailed information and do not care personal letter, provided you enclose a stamped, addressed

Photoplay Magazine



Hiking suit of khaki drill. Separate Norfolk coat, price \$3.50, knickers \$2.25. Same Norfolk coat and shell skirt \$7.50.

separately, tucks away most conveniently amid the roughing it outfit and prepares one for the exigencies of more formal appearance.

The striped blazer is universal this season—the newest thing in sports coats. Likewise it is developed in the newest fabric used for midsummer wear, the Milanese silk which tubs with all the expediency for the tourist, of glove silk lingerie which endeared itself for this practical quality.

The newest in hot weather sports skirts, that of white tub satin, also has all the utilitarian aspects for vacationist and week ender. One of the best liked



Ranch or country suit, made of U. S. Army khaki, in dark olive, natural linen or white khaki drill. Price \$18.00.

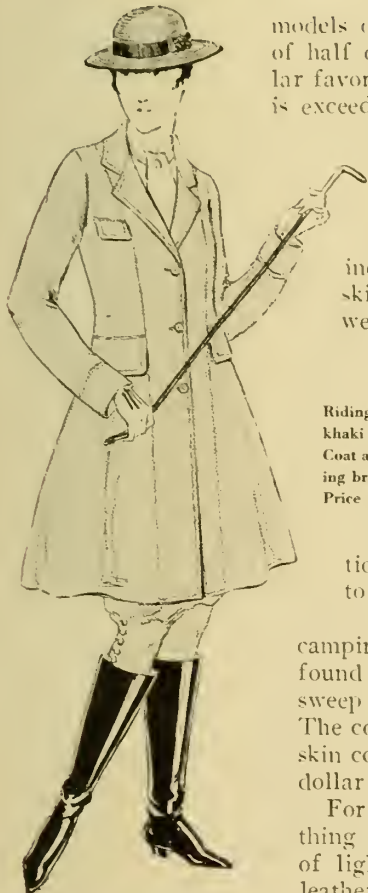
Service—

fashions whether it be in gowns, wraps, hats, suits, shoes fashion and shopping service, may be purchased at the prices stated. Simply send me will be pleased to execute your commission personally, to purchase the articles, I will be pleased to write you a envelope. Cordially and sincerely yours,

Lucille French,
New York and Chicago

models ordered in a lot of half dozen by a stellar favorite of the films, is exceedingly attractive

in its simple lines of deep hem, slightly gathered waistline broadly belted and finished with the inevitable pockets. Such a skirt is suitable in its simplicity for every day and dressier wear.



Riding suit of khaki drill. Coat and riding breeches. Price \$8.00.

For cool August evenings, for that's the joy of seeking a trip amid mountains or lakes, there must be included in one's equipment the wool jersey suit which made its debut this season. It commends itself for service as a separate knockabout skirt, whereas the coat smartly fulfills the role of separate blazer and the whole makes an ideal train suit when one sets forth for the real vacation in the open and goes in for a preparedness campaign to put one in the foremost ranks of fitness.

For those who will spend their vacations in the open, camping, fishing or boating, or all three, the oilskin coat will be found a great comfort. A new model has an extremely full sweep around the bottom and laps double across the front. The collar is fastened at the neck by a leather strap. This oilskin comes in yellow and the cost is but six dollars. One more dollar obtains a sou'wester in the same shade.

For the expensive riding boots which have become quite the thing for outdoor rambling, there may be substituted leggings of light cloth, which are preferred in warm weather to the leather puttees.

The Story of David

HIS EARLY YEARS;
AMBITIONS AND

By Henry

PART III

GRIFFITH'S attempt to conquer the eye that sees not, and the ear that heareth not, and the brain that thinketh not, led him to seek any and every possible place for employment.

He was, in his way, in the same position in which Rudyard Kipling found himself when he landed in San Francisco from India and discovered that the market place was barred to the novelty beautiful.

Kipling ran up and down stairs of newspaper offices, trying to sell sheaves of Tales of The Hills and Mulvany stories that would now be worth more than fine gold—and all without avail.

One editor of a Sunday supplement is still quoted in the San Francisco Press Club as having remarked to Kipling when he returned the young writer the manuscripts he had submitted, "you don't strike the right note; what we want out here is stories about local features; besides, there's no 'punch' to your stuff. That way out."

So with Griffith; he still had that scenario waiting unheeded at the Edison studio, and he couldn't wait much longer: his meal ticket was all punch scenes, and his belt was perforce worn in a fashion that might have caused suspicion as to his being trussed up in corsets.

Then came the chapter of accidents that generally happens to save the jewels from the dust bin, the pearls from the trough.

Griffith while striding about town—though not for an appetite—saw the Kalem offices.

He walked in and happened to be received by Frank Marion.

"I'd like a job as a director," he said to



Perched on a water tank platform, Griffith is here seen directing a scene in "The Birth of a Nation." At his feet is seated Lillian Gish.

Wark Griffith

HIS STRUGGLES: HIS
THEIR ACHIEVEMENT

Stephen Gordon

Marion without any ceremony.

After some inquiry as to experience Mr. Marion decided that there was no immediate requirement for Mr. Griffith's services.

"I'd like the job of scenario writer," then was proposed by the applicant.

The gaunt young man did not loom in that capacity in the Marion perspective.

"I'd like the job of an actor," was the next drive on entrenched Fortune.

Mr. Marion couldn't see his way to even let Griffith act: directing, scenario writing, and acting, all were then most crude and often worse in being stupid.

Marion did see that the young man with the nose of a Wellington and the forehead of a Keats, did have some ideas, was possessed of a native force, and talked with the potency of reserve vigor.

If Mr. Marion had hesitated a minute longer, there is likelihood that we could chronicle David Wark Griffith as asking for the job of shoveling coal, or juggling furniture in the "prop" room; but Mr. Marion was also a man who thought; there was no opening at all at Kalem for the eager young actor, but Marion recalled that he had a small block of stock in a concern called the Biograph; he did not think much of the stock and was perfectly willing to take a desperate chance; so he sent Griffith to the Fourteenth street studio where the Biograph was then unconsciously awaiting the barn-storming young actor, the friend of hoboes, the expert in iron puddling, the thoughtful genius who gave away tenderloin steaks in order to sell the Encyclopedia Britannica;—awaiting the coming of the



Elucidating the Griffith doctrines on woman strangling for the benefit of a too gentle heavy. The girl is Miriam Cooper.



D. W. Griffith climbed this old staircase of the Biograph studio to fame. So did Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet and many other film luminaries.

Here is the cradle of the movies—the old Biograph studio at 11 East Fourteenth Street, New York.

wonder worker of movies, cinemas, photoplays, whatever you may elect to call them; awaiting the coming of the man who was to take command of the industry and in thereby doing "put a roof over the head of every movie man in the country," as has been said by a wise commentator.

Marion, you will recall, had a little block of Biograph stock

He did not value it highly—no one, I understand, did then.

But he was a good fellow and he believed in casting good actions on watered stock, so they would return to him after some days.

This good action did; it gave Griffith a regular meal ticket; it placed his foot on the bottom rung of the ladder, and incidentally in a few months' time it made the Biograph stock, which was then off the board, strong at \$300 a share.

History does not record whether Marion cashed in his stock when it touched \$300; it is to be

hoped he did; thousands of people have been cashing in Griffith ever since; if Marion did not, it was another instance of the irony of beneficence.

In view of all that Griffith was to do, his reception was meagre.

Someone listened to him at the studio; he wanted to write scenarios, and he did sell one or two, but his first job was as an actor, for which he was paid \$5.00 a day.

Wretched pay?

Not at all; quite the reverse, it was royal emolument; if he had been paid enough to provide the initiation fee for the Lamb's Club, and to have credit at his tailors', and to have supped at Rector's, there would have been no David Wark Griffith; there would have been no "Birth of a Nation;" there would have been no "Mother

and "The Law" coming, and Griffith would likely have remained a moderately successful actor with his ambition limited to the reading of pleasant reviews of his acting, and possibly an offer from David Belasco or Charles Frohman.

It was that \$5.00 a day which acted as Fortune's spur and whip, in her riding his soul in the race of existence.

Those old-time scenarios were ridiculous affairs; still you may have occasionally noticed some ridiculous scenarios for the big reelers of today: true though, then all pictures were absurd, and Griffith knew it.

Relentlessly he pursued his fate; it was evident that to accomplish anything it was necessary to direct; anyone could write a scenario, anyone (literally in those days) could act in a picture; but the man who directed a picture in its making could do what others had not done; he could put beauty, creative faculty, impressiveness into the film.

So this sensitised human plate, from whose mind was to come the positive art of the photoplay, bothered the people at the studio until he was grudgingly given authority to direct a picture.

This was those "Adventures of Dolly" of which Griffith now speaks slightly.

At the time Dolly was produced the Biograph was putting out fifteen copies, but Dolly at once jumped this to twenty-eight.

And those champion hammer-throwers about the studio began to rub their chins, and find other reasons than Griffith for the sudden increase.

Even at that he was given scant regard; he wanted of course the best camera man, but G. W. Bitzer was then the chief



The punch scene in Griffith's first photoplay, "The Adventures of Dolly." The late Arthur Johnson is the hero and Linda Arvidson, the woman.



Two other scenes from "The Adventures of Dolly" all of which were taken from the film which is still in possession of the Biograph company.



An unusual pose of Griffith and three former humble Biographers, Blanche Sweet, Mary Pickford, and, at the bottom, Dorothy Gish at the age of seven in her first stage play, "Her First False Step."



photographer for the Biograph as he now is for Griffith, and he was then not permitted to do any work for an invader like the stranger fellow who had put into the few feet of Dolly's adventures more beauty, more thrill, more vivid interest, in fact more drama, than had been seen before in a dozen pictures.

He was given Arthur Marvin as his first photographer.

Marvin was described by Griffith as an expert photographer who was seldom afflicted with exuberance of ambition.

He would sometimes refer to himself as "the captain of the good ship 'Take-It-Easy,' with nine decks and no bottom, which sails on forever, and forever sails on."

He probably did have some hankering for Bitzer's job; not enviously, but in confidence in his own ability; but his master's certificate as skipper of "Take-It-Easy" forbade any such event.

"There was one occasion," says Griffith in talking over this companion of his early fighting days, "when Marvin took great satisfaction in what he considered 'putting it over Bitzer.'

"We were taking a canoeing scene; the



The Gish sisters toward the close of their Biograph days. In the center a favorite likeness of the late Arthur Johnson; and at right, Mr. and Mrs. Owen Moore in a screen ploy of other years.



hero and heroine floating calmly down a river in the canoe, toward the eternal happiness that is popularly ascribed to be an inevitable consequence of true love.

"Marvin in order to take the scene at its best point had to stand in water up to his chin, while turning the crank of his camera.

"It did result in a very beautiful scene, and Marvin was highly pleased, remarking as he blandly looked at the record, 'There's a bit of work that Bitzer never could do.'

"I was strong for Bitzer then as now, and also was strong for Marvin, but I could not refrain from asking Marvin why he thought Bitzer could not have done the scene as well as he.

"'He couldn't do it; not in a thousand years,' was Marvin's reply.

"When I pressed him for an explanation of his fancied superiority to Bitzer, he grinned and said, 'Well, Governor, I took that picture with the water just swashing past my lower lip; now I'm three inches taller than Bitzer, so you see if he undertook it, what would happen to him.'"

Marvin in his easy, unquestioning fashion was docile; this was then a quality of

inestimable value for Griffith, who was doing new things.

That Griffith is a big man as well as a big artist is shown by his sticking to his first photographer; later on he had Bitzer; he was given anyone or anything he asked for.

But when he quit the Biograph, Marvin quit with him; when he made his own pictures, Marvin worked with him at Hollywood; and until the day came when the good ship "Take-It-Easy" that was to "sail forever and forever sail," insisted on driving into the last port with Marvin's soul its only cargo, it was Griffith who, until those nearer to the dead in kinship could

come to him, did all that could be done to make the voyage free from tempest, and who sent along a fervent prayer that the Great Consignee would make it easy for poor old "Take-It-Easy."

It was now that the door of Happiness began to swing a bit open for this man combatting Fortune.

He speaks of the days that followed as something of a glorified life of what in Shakespeare's era were called "Strollers" and in Moliere's "Cabotins"

Griffith found the ways of the movie man paths of pleasantness and of peace, and with much of the panoramic beauty of variety. He strolled in motor cars,

Were you a movie fan in the days when these one-reel Biographs were shown? Then you will recall Mary Pickford in "A Mender of Nets" (left). "Lena and the Geese" below it; "All on Account of the Milk" with Arthur Johnson at the right and in the center with Dorothy Bernard. At the bottom (right) is Blanche Sweet in "With the Enemy's Help."



limited trains, sought a location at an Astor marble cottage at Newport, or in the sweetness of Nature at Cuddybuckville, with his fellow modern cabotins.

Cuddybuckville? That spelling is admittedly phonetic, but the place is still a cherished secret, part of which will be told of later.

But not like Moliere! Dancing for the Prince di Conti; riding in a cart or on a

Here we have Mack Sennett, now chief of Keystone, and Fred Mace in "Trailing the Counterfeiter," an early Biograph comedy. Above, Mary Pickford and Edwin August in "The Old Actor;" below them Mary in "Lodging for the Night" and behind Mr. Griffith, Fred Mace in "The Village Hero."

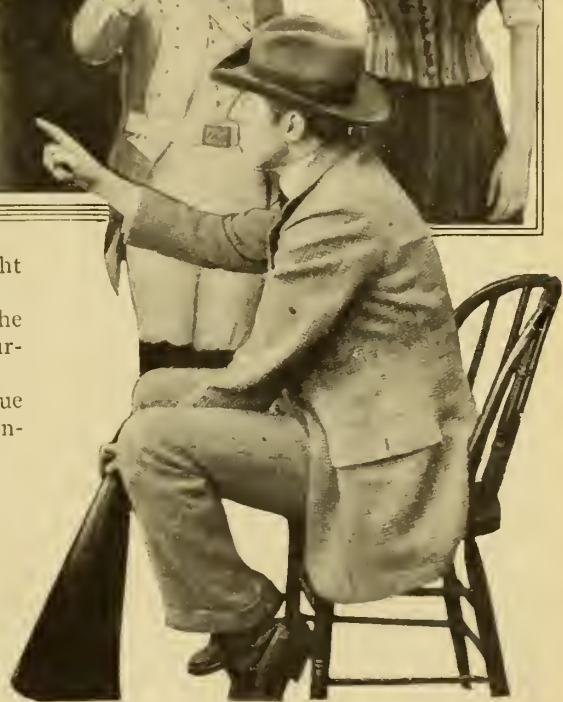


donkey from one-night stand to one-night stand; eating—perhaps.

Moliere was the King of Cabotins, the Columbus of Bohemia; and was brave surrounded by the brave.

There is that familiar bravely untrue verse given by Dassoucy in his "Aventures:"

*Qu'en cette douce compagnie
Que je repassois d'harmonie
Au milieu de sept ou huit plats,
Exempt de soin et d'embaras,
Je passois doucement la vie!
Jamais plus Gueux ne fut plus gras!"*



And Moliere, coughing away his life, when remonstrated with by Boileau replied as his reason for continuing to act: "Alas! It is the point of honor that makes me keep on."

"And what point of honor have you?" sneered Boileau; "you who paint your face, and put on the moustache of Snagerelle, and go out on the stage to be given blows from slapsticks!"

Griffith did not put on whiskers and received no accolade of slapsticks—but you see, Moliere was the precursor of the Sennett comedy.

"Those early Biograph days," says Griffith, "were the most picturesque since the time of Moliere and of Villon; true, there was no 'sleeping under the end of a star' and there were no medieval vagrancy classifications for us; but there were the freedom, the change of scene, and the couring about the country as Romans, pirates, royalty, great lovers and great villains; some days we would be playing at Commodore Benedict's great countryplace up the Sound, or at Seton-Thompson's home, and again would be chasing down a punch scene on the Bowery or in the midst of the human sewer seepage of Rivington street.

"There was then unusual interest in the new form of amusement, the Movies; we were generally treated with respect and given welcome and the consideration due to artists; but there were the sharp contrasts which give to life its personal dramatic fillip.

"It was in one of these expeditions that I discovered Cuddybuckville, the most beautiful, altogether the loveliest spot in America."

"Where is it?" eagerly asked the interviewer.

"I forget exactly; somewhere about a hundred miles from New York: I don't think you can find it in a Gazetteer for I don't even know how to spell the name; I don't want it found, and spoiled, for I hope some time to see it again, still untroubled by trippers, unmoved by flying tissue paper picnic napkins, untainted by cigarette-smoked advanced minds.

"Cuddybuckville is a place where Goldsmith could have written as he did of Auburn; which Tennyson would have peopled with the lovely majesty of romance; and where in our small way we found a perfect 'location' for scenes for a film of 'The Last

of The Mohicans;' the film is now and happily forgotten, but no one of that company can ever forget Cuddybuckville.

"That place illustrated what was the charm of that life; there we were in the dress and the demeanor of the Leather Stocking days, acting on a stage that was set by the One stage director to a perfection that even Cooper could not have described.

"There is a quality about the light there, particularly a twilight that I have never found elsewhere; it is transcendently illuminative for pictures.

"It was a natural place for romance, and here it was, I believe, that Mary Pickford's romance began.

"Moore and Mary were in the company; there were moonlight canoeing parties, there was every quality that develops, nurtures and fructifies romance.

"Mary was very young, and the most beautiful, charming girl known to the stage or the pictures; the lake at Cuddybuckville never had reflected so fair a visage in the gentle mirror of its bosom.

"She is more beautiful as a woman now; but she is remembered there as dressed in a colleen's raiment in another picture that is also like the Mohican happily forgotten—save for Mary's part in it.

"What a pity that picture cannot be made again as pictures are now made!

"There was an old gentleman named Godfrey who had a place nearby, something of the order of an English country seat; and he said of Mary: 'If Thackeray could only have seen this girl, and had let his heart work while he was writing of her, he would be the only man in the world who could do justice to her beauty and charm.'

"The whole world loved her; everyone does now who sees her. Mary to us all is like a sunbeam, like a rose-white cloudlet in a clear sky, like—well like nothing other than Mary.

"Everyone loves her and everyone is glad that she married the man she loved."

Before we leave Cuddybuckville, I'll tell you how it was discovered; it may be that you will want to do a picture there, so you will like to know the Griffith manner of finding what he wants—and getting it.

Some one had whispered the secret to him of Cuddybuckville's beauty, and

when he came to direct "The Last of The Mohicans" he knew that was a "location" he must have.

He asked the management of the Biograph to send him and his company there.

It was with scorn and wonder that the request was heard and rejected.

"A hundred miles of travel, railway fares, all manner of expense, for a rural scene? Bosh! Go up above Harlem for it."

Griffith made no reply; he has always been of the Oh!-what's-the-use type, when breast by imperviousness.

For some weeks he had been employed, and his pay had been raised as his value became imperative; never foolishly lavish he had saved quite a little "bank roll," and with this, dismantling his entire fortification against adversity, he paid all the cost of the excursion himself, and that with full knowledge that the items would never be passed on an expense account. But he got the scenes he had to have.

He was gambling?

No more than the insiders were gambling when a year or more ago they bought Bethlehem Steel.

Griffith knew, and was playing a cinch hand, with Fortune looking over his shoulder and chuckling sardonically at the manager who had refused the railway fares and grub expenses for the trip to Cuddy-buckville.

"Go to Harlem!"

He was on his way to his niche in the Hall of Fame; he paid his fare then, but the world has been paying it ever since.

For he had found his Aladdin's lamp by thinking.

He had learned that the path ahead was only to be found by discarding all sign posts left by past travelers; by ignoring all experience; in forgetting what everyone had been doing; and by giving the lie to all tradition as to the manner and method in which things should be done.

"I found that picture-makers were following as best they could the theory of the stage," he says of this period of his work.

"A story was to be told in pictures, and it was told in regular stage progression; it is bad stage technique to repeat; it would be bad stage technique to have an actor show only his face; there are infinite numbers of things we do in pictures that would be absurdities on the stage, and I

decided that to do with the camera only what was done on the stage was equally absurd.

"My first anarchistic effort was what we now call the 'close up.' This made me laughed at again at first; but I had become used to jeers, and feeling I was right I kept at it; what caused the fizzle at first was that in my attempt to get the actors closer to the camera I misjudged distance and their heads did not show in the film."

He laughed grimly. Perhaps if you recall some actor's heads you have seen in a film you may grasp the full significance of that laugh.

W. C. Cabanné, one of Griffith's most trusted and highly gifted directors, tells of how the idea came to his Chief.

"When Griffith began to direct," says Mr. Cabanné, "we used to act as people do on the stage; preserving distances, and as the story seemed to demand, standing quite a distance from the camera.

"What's the good of this?" he said one day; 'your legs and your feet do not act; it's your faces that tell the story,' and he marked new limit lines and had us stand so close to the camera that it seemed the result would certainly look foolish."

Probably that first attempt with the headless actors did seem to prove that Griffith was as crazy as the anvil chorus players termed him; but just as Columbus did not have to study long to make the egg stand on end, Griffith had no trouble in arranging the close-up so that the actors' heads and faces *would* show.

He tried it again, and focused the camera so that all the legs were cut off.

Then came the single close-up; the large, many-times-magnified face with full expression.

And then the "switchback;" this is probably the most effective innovation in picture-making; judged by its quick adoption and persistent use by all other producers, it is invaluable.

"The switchback," says Griffith, "enabled me to follow the story with exactitude and at the same time preserve in the mind of the spectator an unimpaired continuity, with added emphasis.

"For example, a character says to another: 'I hate you;' you show the speaker's face, and then switch in the face of the man to whom the remark is made with

its expression, and then perhaps a bit of a previous scene which laid the foundation for the hatred.

"That method is now used in a million different manners, and in a way has possibly transformed the entire procedure of picture-making."

It was not long before his brain, unshackled from what had been done by others, intent only on doing what ought to be done, devised the "fade-in" and "fade-out," a feature which combines with nice accuracy the utmost of realism and the ultimate of idealism; then the men who had been calling Griffith crazy and worse, "swiped" his novel ideas and are using them with the calm serenity which is a characteristic of theatrical piracy.

These startling developments did not

Do not fail to read Part IV of the Griffith story in the August issue.

come all at once, and with every step forward Griffith took, his competitors took one backward in terming him "ridiculous," varied in expression in all the eloquently vituperative patter which rivalry possesses in stage controversies.

One man, a Mr. Kennedy in the Biograph, stood by him at first: as the orders from exhibitors piled up others gave him support, and the glad hand began to swing toward him.

He took it serenely, and shook it genially, for he does not know what malevolence is.

No one then dreamed of what he still had in mind, no one contemplated a four or five-reel picture, much less a thirteen-reel like "The Birth of a Nation;" neither did Griffith dream it.

He knew.

Marin Sais: A Kalem Queen and Two of Her Pets



\$1000 for An Idea!

YOU HAVE A STORY IN
YOUR LIFE—READ THIS,
AND TELL THAT STORY
IN YOUR OWN WAY.



“A THOUSAND Dollars For An Idea!”

That means that the Thomas H. Ince-**PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE** scenario contest is now on.

It means more than that amount of money—that's only one of the prizes.

Ince, who burns up stories in his vibrating humanity mill on the shores of the Pacific Ocean as fast as a battleship's grates eat coal under forced draught, wants *bigger* and *better* stories representative of teeming, toiling America. He believes, as we believe, that the screen is the great mirror of our time. He is parading life before it, and he wants marshals and aides and orderlies—literally speaking—to help him assemble life's forces.

He is sounding his call through the art-industry's biggest megaphone: **PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**.

Write your photoplays and send them in to the Scenario Contest Editor, **PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE**, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago. The lists will

remain open until midnight of the 31st day of December, 1916. The manuscripts will then go to the judges for careful consideration, and stories about the winners, and their subjects, will appear in **PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE** as soon thereafter as it is possible for intelligent decisions to be made.

Here are the great capital prizes—the biggest yet offered in any similar competition of skill and imagination—for the scenarios of five-reel photoplays:

First Prize: One Thousand Dollars.

Second Prize: Five Hundred Dollars.

Third Prize: Three Hundred Dollars.

Fourth Prize: Two Hundred Dollars.

In addition, there will be other emoluments and further complimentary recognition for the winners of first and second place, the nature of which will be announced later.

This is the biggest competitive chance any author ever had in America. Why? Because photoplay is a new art



This man, C. Gardner Sullivan, is the author of nearly 200 Ince plays. His photographic novels are read around the world every day. Literally, eyes never close upon the pictorial creations of his imagination.

Descending, left to right. Louise Glaum, Wm. S. Hart,
Bessie Barriscale, J. Barney Sherry.



that has come to stay, and which will be the representative American expression — and because Ince is one of its biggest, most resultful masters, and certainly the most prolific. His guns don't salute once a year. He is volley-firing every day!

Now get these points:

Your manuscript must be typewritten, on one side of the paper only. If it's not typewritten, it won't even be considered.

If you wish it returned, if unavailable, enclose sufficient postage when it makes its initial trip.

Don't try to get a correspondence course of lessons in scenario form before sending in your story. Remember the caption: *\$1,000 for an Idea!* Put the big idea into the best scenario form you know—just tell it as best you can—and if yours is the best story, you will win. Always tell a story, remembering that it is story, unflinching, which makes play or novel. - Fine writing and ornamentation are to the elements of plot and character building only what foliage is to a tree.

Anyone may enter this contest except persons associated in any way with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or Thomas H. Ince's enterprises. Such are barred. Next month, about the judging, and other information.

In every American town and city the faces and the names of these actors appear so constantly that to all America they seem neighbors and friends. Yet they have exhausted a stock of stories which might serve as the foundation of a library. They must have new, virile and timely material or pass out of the picture. Will you help them get it?



Don't be in a hurry, rushing a good story until you've spoiled it. Take time. Elaborate your first inspiration. See if it holds water in the sea of reason. Make your characters human beings, acting like human beings. Listen to Ince a minute:

"I want five-reel plays representative of American life in any of its complex phases.

"I don't want political arguments or propaganda of any sort.

"I don't want dramas embroiling religious sects or political parties.

"I don't want any treatment of sex which will offend.

"My idea of a play is not sheer tragedy nor unrelieved comedy, but a serious story of real life—a story lightened here and there with laughter, brimful of the suspense of actual existence.

"Coming down to individuals I particularly want big, virile stories for William S. Hart; society or light comedy dramas for Bessie Barriscale; big dramas demanding strong characterization suitable for an actor of Frank Keenan's type; romantic plays (not costume drama) suitable for William Desmond, and strongly sympathetic plays—of the same generic type as 'The Coward'—for Charles Ray."

Descending, right to left, Clara Williams, Howard Luckman, Emil Markey, William Desmond.



Here are four talented and famous Ince players whose eternal supplication is not salary nor frocks nor pressagentry, but "Plays! Plays! Plays!" These young artists are in the zenith of physical power and mental accomplishment, and they are beseeching you for fitting vehicles.





The Girl on

DOROTHY BERNARD SAYS
PLACE IN WASHINGTON," BUT

By Bess



Some rather delectable poses
of Dorothy, particularly the
lower one.

"I GOT awfully tired of hiding behind a leaf when I was out on location and had to change my clothes. Once, in a scene for 'A Little Gypsy,' I came near being arrested because of the scantiness of me as I slipped from behind a clump of bushes where I had been fixing myself."

Dorothy Bernard trilled a laugh. "O Lord, but it would be nice to have a regular—real home," she said, turning serious without reason. "Nobody appreciates a sure-enough home like the one who can't have it. Did you know that? I was born in a little South American town, where my father was acting, and when I was four years old they started North with me. When I was grown I gave up my Los Angeles home to go to New York. I had no more than prettied my flat there when I married and went to Washington. It's in the District of Columbia. Then back to New York. Then back to Los Angeles. Life has been just one home-sweet-home-after-another to me.

"We have a duck of a place in Washington. Sure enough I'm married and kindly tell the people I'm proud of it, will you? Domestically I'm working opposite H. A. Van Buren. He's my husband, and I like him a whole lot. Also there's Marjorie——"



the Cover

SHE HAS "A DUCK OF A
SHE WANTS A "REAL" ABODE

Burgess

There certainly was.

That small person, aged six, came bursting in at the door, for all the world as though her entrance were a scene in a film play. "Ma-ma," she shouted, "pleath may I go and play some more, dear-heart, with Keystone Billie? We're Geraldine Farrar and Charlie Chaplin, mother-dear—may I?"

The Keystone studio is across the street from the Fox studio where Marjorie's mother was being interviewed.

"Why yes," assented "Dot" Bernard, "you may run along and have your fun, kiddie. Certainly."

"Thankyoumotherdear!" And there was a flash of small petticoats disappearing.

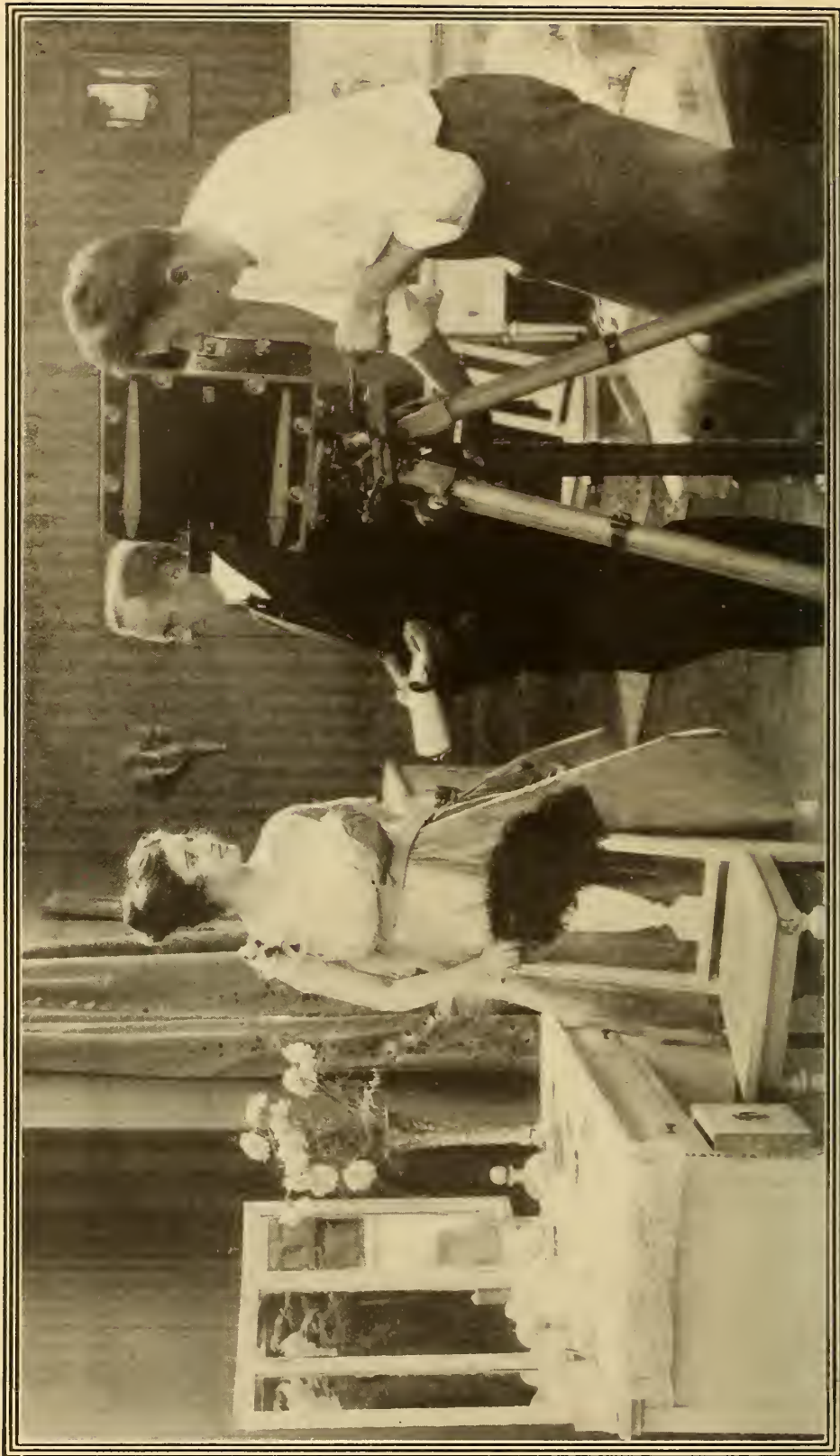
The whimsical look that entrances Dorothy Bernard's face touched her fine features. "I always have my baby with me," she said. "I guess I'm an old-fashioned mother. N—o, I don't let her go to the pitcures very much. She's too excitable.

Just how very pretty Dorothy Bernard is the films don't show. They give back nothing of the color and sheen of her radiance—the beauty that lies in peach-blush skin, the tints that come and go with quiet emotion, the leaf-brown eyes, and the gold-tint of her hair.

Miss Bernard is now with the Wm. Fox Company.



*More pictorially about Dorothy.
At the top she is besieged by
Stuart Holmes.*



Alice Joyce's First Day

in a studio since her retirement more than a year ago. This photograph was taken for Photoplay Magazine at Vitagraph, Brooklyn. With her director, William P. S. Earle, she is discussing the 'script of her new play "The Battle-Cry of War."

Ham and Bud

A BRIEFLY RELATED HISTORY OF TWO CELEBRATED CIRCULOIDERS

By Wm. M. Henry

Photo by Stage



THE long established firm of Ham and Eggs threatens to be supplanted in popular favor by an equally illustrious pair, to wit, Ham and Bud.

No cartoonist with a 42 centimeter funny bone was ever able to depict a more entirely laugh provoking couple than Ham and Bud. Ham can be funny without Bud and Bud can be funny without Ham but together they are the essence of canned comedy.

To begin with, Ham stands 5 ft. 11½ in. in his hosiery and genially admits a displacement of 225 pounds. Bud is built on a more compact scale and claims a height of 4 ft. 11¾ in. and a weight of 125 pounds.

Nature and geography strove nobly to keep these young men apart. Bud—his surname is Duncan—is a son of A. O. Duncan, a well known ventriloquist. He first demanded attention in the nation's

metropolis.

Ham, whose bills are made out to Lloyd V. Hamilton, uttered his first plaintive cry in Oakland, Cal., something more than three thousand miles from the scene of Bud's arrival.

Bud's fond parents destined him for the United States Army and he strove long and nobly to get into West Point. "Gee," said Bud, "If I'd only grown a foot higher I might have been in Mexico now." He gazed thoughtfully at Ham's No. 10 bluchers and mused, "That wouldn't have been so at that."

Brother Ham becomes an exponent of the uplift movement.

b a d
Des-
career.
s o n
one of
in the Liberty Theater at Oakland while
Bud skidded through all the various varieties of drammer.

tinued to a real estate Ham reneged and became recognized as the best spear carriers

About eight years ago the two met in Oakland, both having risen to the point

where they were playing good parts in musical comedy. When moving pictures began to occupy the center of the stage Bud was the first to jump. He played with the Biograph a while and then for a year played opposite Fred Mace with the Majestic. Ham continued his musical comedy career somewhat longer and then, a little more than two years ago went to the camera.

Ham's first venture was hardly a success. He was in stock for two weeks when the manager "flew the coop" with all the available funds and left Ham flat on his back. It was at this juncture that he joined the Kalem.

One day they wanted Ham to play a rube part. "I always felt at home playing a rube," said Ham, "and took some pains with my makeup." He dug up the scraggly moustache, the dilapidated pants and the mud-scow shoes and stepped into view.

One look at Ham was sufficient, the cameraman went into hysterics, the di-

L. V. Hamilton and B. Duncan, Esq., a couple of dudes going down to "Los."



Going over a script with Director Edwards.

rector had a fit and the stagehands all had convulsions. Ham was immediately assigned the task of heading his own company and turning out laughs by the reel.

Bud was immediately grabbed to act as a foil for Ham's grotesque humor and the Ham comedies began to make fame and fortune for the two unknowns.

Both are extremely serious looking to the unclad orb and no one to take a look at them would imagine that both are nothing more than a palpitating giggle from toes to thatch. Ham is a practical joker of considerable note and Bud constitutes the most enthusiastic of Ham's audience whether the joke is on him or on somebody else.

Each takes his work very seriously. Don't these pictures show it?

THE strange exploits of a government agent who innocently wooed his sweetheart's double.

THE OTHER SISTER

By Jerome Shorey

Produced by World Film
Corporation



Cautiously opening the door . . . Lisa saw, as if looking into a mirror, herself—but pale, and gasping for breath.

IVAN PAVLOFF turned from Mrs. Carter Merrill to his motherless twin daughters, playing on the steerage floor, and spoke bitterly:

"I can see it is best for the child. Russia has crushed me—let her have a chance in your world."

"You understand," Senator Merrill said, not unkindly, "we want the child to become absolutely our own, and in return will pay you twenty-five thousand dollars, to give you a start in America?"

Pavloff merely bowed. "Which one?"

he asked, in a low whisper. The three of them turned again to watch the children. It was impossible to tell them apart. Just then one of the little girls, tired of her toy, fiercely demanded her sister's. The other smiled, handed over the plaything, and kissed prettily the small tyrant. Mrs. Merrill seized the generous one to her breast.

"That is Lisa," Pavloff said. From the floor the other sister looked on unconcernedly, but with a calculating eye to see that Lisa received no gift in which she did not share.

The details of the transaction were quickly arranged. The legal steps should be taken immediately upon landing at New York. Pavloff watched the Merrills depart to the upper deck, brushed his hand across misted eyes; and returned to his place.

"Lisa!" he sighed. "But it's just as well. Olga can take care of herself."

THAT strange but not uncommon miracle, love at first sight, was the happy lot of John Huntington and Lisa Merrill. Nor was there any apparent reason why this love should not pursue an even course to its goal. Huntington, it was admitted in Washington, was a "coming man." He was wealthy, of good family, and after years of study of international affairs had offered his services to the Government with the high purpose of serv-

ing his country. Already the state department had found him a valuable agent in important foreign negotiations. All this was admitted by the Hon. Carter Merrill, dean of the Senate, when the impetuous lovers imparted their secret immediately upon their own discovery of it. But the senator and his wife loved their daughter too dearly to permit her to stake her life's happiness so impulsively. They counseled patience—that word so detestable to lovers; but in their counsel they were kind and encouraging.

"Let time and a few months of separation be the test," urged the Senator. "Lisa and her mother shall go abroad. If your love endures through a year of the diversions of Paris, I have no more to say, and nothing could please me more than to learn that you both still wanted each other at the end of that time."

There was reason in this, and the lovers consented.

In another week Lisa and her mother had gone, and in the months that followed Lisa was finding the mails from America of more absorbing interest than the gaieties of the French capital, while John Huntington devoted many of his leisure

hours to the pleasant task of engraving more deeply upon his memory the features of the girl who had so suddenly come into his life, and so suddenly been removed from it for a time. He surrounded himself with her photographs and marveled at their lovely variety of expression. Her moods, ever changing, were always delightful. She was a dozen girls in one.

SUDDENLY his dreams were intruded upon by an important duty. A slight misunderstanding had arisen between Washington and St. Petersburg—one of those small things in the history of nations which may have grave results if not deftly cleared away. To Huntington was assigned the task of placing the American case before the Imperial advisers and smoothing away the difficulty. Aside from the gratification over being entrusted with such a mission, he was delighted because this would take him to Europe, and it would be sheer theatricalism for him to avoid seeing Lisa. This her father admitted, and it was arranged that as soon as John had discharged his duty he should communicate with the Merrills in Paris. Lisa might meet him in Warsaw on his return, or he might join her in France, whichever they preferred. Already the senator was convinced that the attachment was deep and true.

That strange but not uncommon miracle, love at first sight.



"**E**VERYTHING has gone perfectly." John wrote to Lisa from St. Petersburg several weeks later. "I have succeeded in what I came to do, and am only waiting for permission from the state department at Washington to leave Russia. Next week I shall be in Warsaw, and will let you know from there whether I shall wait for you or go on to Paris. In any event, sweetheart, in less than a fortnight I'll see you again. I wonder which one of the many 'yous' I shall first see—for you are a whole garden of girls!"

Arriving at Warsaw, John found conditions not to his liking. The city was restive. Fraternizing with the gov-

ernment authorities, he learned that the Nihilists were more than ordinarily active. There had been several attempted assassinations. In the latest of these the agent of the revolutionists, a certain Ivan Pavloff, recently arrived from America, had been killed.

"Our greatest trouble," the prefect of police told Huntington as they drove about the picturesque city, "is unearthing plots hatched in your America. This Pavloff arrived here accompanied by his daughter. We had no reason to suspect him, and it was only through our constant vigilance that his plot was foiled."

And almost at that very hour, in a secret meeting place, Olga Pavloff was being sworn in as a full member in the Nihilist organization, at her own request, in order that she might "avenge her father's martyrdom." Moreover, it was upon the very man who sat beside John Huntington, the prefect of police, that this vengeance was to be visited. The bombs were prepared, the plot laid.

"His life or mine—I swear it!" Olga repeated solemnly, and accepted the grim obligations the order imposed.

Huntington returned to his hotel, and decided that the atmosphere of Warsaw was not the lyric setting he desired for his reunion with Lisa. It was too much like holding a rendezvous in a dynamite factory. He decided to leave for Paris the next day, and so telegraphed Mrs. Merrill. Still, as a student of government he found Warsaw interesting. His sympathies were broad. He believed that violence, however deplorable, is never an unprovoked phenomenon. Russian methods produced Nihilism; Nihilism caused the protective measures to be made more stringent and oppressive; this in turn only fed the desperation of the Nihilists. So it went 'round and 'round in circles of ever increasing hatred. He wondered what sort of people Nihilists were when they were not plotting. The prefect of police had pointed out to him several cafés

where it was known the members assembled for diversion. They might be worth visiting, Huntington decided, and the evening offered nothing better. So he set out.

After visiting casually a few of the cafés he began to find his interest flagging. They were picturesque, it was true, but perhaps not more so than certain quaint corners he had visited in New York. Men and women ate and drank, laughed and sang, and that was about all. He did not realize that he himself was more interesting to the people he was among than were they to him. The word was passed about that this young American had been in conference with the prefect of police, and in certain inside circles it was known what fate had been marked down for that official. The news narrowed into the society's funnel until it reached the chief Nihilist himself, and he in turn conveyed it to Olga Pavloff as hastily as possible.

"This man is from America. You may recognize him," the chief said.

SO Olga strolled nonchalantly into the café where John was sitting. He had lost interest in his surroundings, and was dreaming of tomorrow, and the road to Paris, and—Lisa. Olga, standing at one side of the room, gazed closely at him.



She seemed to remember having seen his picture published somewhere, but could not quite place him. He was looking down and she could not see his face plainly. Deliberately she spoke a few words in English and in rather loud voice. Huntington looked up quickly and saw—Lisa. He closed his eyes and rubbed them, laughing at himself. Lisa! Preposterous! He had been thinking of her, and so, hearing a woman speak English and turning to see who spoke, he had naturally seen her of whom he had been thinking. A mere psychological trick of his imagination. When he looked again, he would see the woman as she was. But when he looked again, Olga, satisfied that the man was a stranger and unknown to her, had turned toward the door. Yes, it was Lisa—he could tell by the shape of her head, by the dark lustre of her hair. He sprang from his chair to follow. But as he neared the door a group of half a dozen men and women, laughing over some light jest, barred the exit. He tried to edge his way through, politely, but two of the men, big, burly fellows, turned upon him and sputtered angrily in Polish, which he could not understand. He apologized, bowed, asked to be excused. They accepted his apology. They smiled. They insisted upon shaking hands with him. They invited him to drink a friendship cup with them. He protested. They protested. And so it went for several precious seconds that seemed hours. When finally he managed to reach the street, it was empty. He dashed back into the café and approached the man who had been standing beside Olga—beside his Lisa.

"That young woman," he demanded. "Where has she gone?"

The other looked at him in astonishment. Truly this was an innocent manner for a friend of the police to assume, in a place known to be a resort of Nihilists. The young man could hardly restrain his amusement.

"Is it customary in America," he asked, "for a man to pursue a young woman who



"This American, he says he knows you well—an old friend," the emissary reported.

happens to catch his fancy?"

"But, man, she's—she's—an old friend of mine! I know her well!"

"So—o?"

John drew a handful of coins from his pocket. "All this, and more, if you will find her for me!"

The Nihilist brushed his bribe away. "Your name?" he asked. "I will find her, and if it is as you say, I will bring her."

"John Huntington."

And the young man was gone.

IN the lodging where Olga had hidden since her father's death, the emissary found her.

"This American—he says he knows you well—an old friend," he reported.

"But I never saw him before."

"He seems to be infatuated," the mes-



mystery! The man on the box drove like mad, with many turns and windings, stopping finally in a dark and narrow alley. His guide stepped out first, and before he could stop to get his bearings the American was pulled through a narrow door, into a dim passage, up a flight of stairs, down another passage, downstairs again—all in utter darkness—led always by the hand. Finally they entered a small, almost bare room, lighted only by an open fire. And there, seated in the glow of the flames, was—Lisa. She rose and looked at him piercingly, while he gazed at her in wonder at the environment. Imperiously she waved her hand at the guide, and he retired.

"Lisa!" John exclaimed, and held out his open arms.

She turned her back to the fire so that he could not see the expression of astonishment that she felt coming over her face. Lisa! In a flash it all came back to her—the photograph of two children at which her father had often gazed with brimming eyes, his evasive answers, her eventual discovery that she had a twin sister who still lived, and whose name was Lisa. From the other end of the world had come the one man in the world—the man who loved her

sister, a man who had the confidence of the police, a man who thought she was Lisa, a man whom she could use as a tool in working out her vengeance! She stood silent, pondering, but never forgetting her single absorbing passion. Her brain alone ruled her. Her one thought was how she could make use of this man, lead him on, encourage his mistake, let him have his way with her so far as need be, only to use him in the end. But what were his relations with Lisa? Was he her sweetheart, perhaps her clandestine lover, maybe even her husband? This she must learn. So she stood with her back to the light, pondering.

senger continued. "He has lost his caution. We may be able to learn something worth while. Let me bring him. We will watch outside. If he becomes dangerous—" and he made a significant gesture. Olga saw the force of the argument. Her one passion in life was to avenge her father, to carry out her oath and kill the man who, she had been told, had been driving about Warsaw with this American. If it became necessary to kill the American—this John Huntington—also, then so much the worse for Huntington. That was all. Let him be brought to her. The messenger departed.

"Come," he said laconically to Huntington as he entered the café, and Huntington followed him without misgiving. He was puzzled, bewildered, but Lisa would explain. His guide ushered him into a closed carriage and drew down the blinds. More

"What are you doing in Warsaw?" Huntington asked in a puzzled tone. "And in this awful hole? I thought you were in Paris. Didn't you get my letter?"

"Of course," she replied cautiously. "But I thought I might meet you here."

"But why in this place? Why didn't you inquire for me at the Consulate? And where is Mrs. Merrill?"

The last question seemed easiest to answer. "She couldn't come. She is not well."

"We must hurry back to her, then, at once," he urged.

"Of course," she assented absently. "But I think she has left for home."

"And is this all you have to say to me. Lisa — *sweet-heart?*"

She turned toward him and saw his waiting arms. This was no time for hesitation. Olga had not known love; her life had been stern, rather sordid, dealing with hatred, intense and hereditary, not with love. But she moved toward John slowly, and then flung herself into his arms, her theatrical instinct coming to her aid, and met his lips impulsively with hers.

WHEN she drew away it was to take a deep breath and try to recover herself. A new emotion seemed to come over her—a strange, exquisite pain, surprising her out of herself. For the moment she forgot her oath of vengeance, forgot her dead father, forgot that this was the man she was to use for the ends of the order to which she had sworn fealty. She only knew that it was pleasant to feel his strong arms around her, pleasant to sense his strength, pleasant to meet the ardor of his kisses, though she knew they were not meant for her



But she regained her poise with a deep breath, and recalled her mission. "No weakness," she said to herself, and thought of the great Danton as he had uttered those words on the way to the guillotine.

"But tell me," she heard John pleading, "why are you in this place?"

She temporized. "There are some things about my life you do not know."

"I realize that," he admitted. "You left so soon after that night we first met. Why, it was only a week, or a little more. But tell me now."

"I cannot, not tonight. Give me a little time. And trust me. Meanwhile, you tell me about yourself and all you have done



When Olga strolled nonchalantly into the cafe, Huntington was dreaming of tomorrow—and Lisa.

What are you doing here, yourself? Why did you come to Warsaw?"

But Huntington had little to tell, after all. His mission to St. Petersburg was now public property, his visit to Warsaw was only an excursion. He had no reason for concealment, even from an enemy, much less a sweetheart. But his confidences were interrupted. There was a slamming of doors, hastening footfalls down the corridor, and the guide came rushing in.

"The house is surrounded by police!" he cried. "Our plan to kill the prefect has been betrayed! This—" and he pointed

since we parted.

ward the German frontier. Their words were few and perfunctory. Huntington was trying to piece it all together into a coherent whole; Olga was waiting for more clues on which to base her words and actions. It was nearly seventy miles, but the road was clear and there was no pursuit. Apparently they had succeeded in evading the police.

They reached the frontier, and Huntington's credentials convinced the officers, who winked slyly and pleasantly, that this was an *escapade du coeur*. So they were passed. A few miles farther on they felt quite safe, and coming upon a small inn decided to rest. But there was only one room avail-

his revolver threateningly at Huntington.

"No! You are wrong. He is a friend," Olga answered.

"Then let him prove it! There is one chance in a thousand, because he has passports. The tunnel to the stable, the sleigh is ready, then drive like demons for the frontier! It is you they are after. The rest of us are not accused."

"Good!" the girl exclaimed. Then to Huntington: "Come." And before he could stop to analyze the situation she was dragging him through another of those long, narrow, black passages which seemed to honeycomb the city. Another minute and they were in the stable—in the deep sleigh—racing out into the city, across the squares—into the country, and due north to-

able. Olga eyed John furtively. Now she would learn what was to be her rôle. He took her to the room and left her there alone, promising to watch for pursuers, though they were now practically safe.

Exhausted, Olga flung herself upon the narrow couch, but her alert mind would not permit her to sleep. She heard John approach, and closed her eyes. He rapped softly, then entered. He approached her couch, and she heard him remove his overcoat, and felt him cover her with it, gently tucking it in at the sides. Then he went out, softly closing the door.

Swiftly Olga flung off the covering, ran to the door, locked it, and in leisurely fashion began exploring the pockets of the big coat. She found a wallet crammed with letters, and soon her keen wit had pieced the story together. John and Lisa were engaged, but he did not know that she was not the daughter of the Merrills; seemingly Lisa herself had forgotten her own origin, if she ever knew. The Merrills evidently had not considered it necessary to enlighten Huntington until the young couple had passed the probation stage. What, then, was to be done? John would want to take her, Olga Pavloff the Nihilist, to the Merrills, and there she would meet her sister. To attempt to prevent this would raise complications that inevitably would reveal the truth. Certainly, also, she could not go back to Warsaw. For the present she was a marked woman. But now, most potent of all, was that constantly recurring remembrance of this virile man's arms around her and his lips on hers. It was the same Olga who had ruthlessly robbed Lisa of her toys. She returned the letters to the wallet, unlocked the door, covered herself with the coat, and soon slept soundly, having solved the problem of the future by determining to win John's love over to herself before he again met Lisa.

AND so they set out for America. As for her presence among the Nihilists, Olga explained this partly in truth and partly in falsehoods. She told of her parentage and her adoption—Lisa's adoption, but her own for the purpose of her story. She told of her father's exile and his return, of his being fatally wounded, and sending for her to come to his deathbed, and of police persecution merely because she was his daughter. But she said nothing

of a sister. The story was straight enough, and Huntington saw no reason to doubt it. Yet there was something different about Lisa. He had called her his "garden of girls," but this was a strange flower in his garden. It was not one of the wholesome blossoms he had known, but a strange exotic, exhaling subtle and unpleasantly intoxicating perfumes. She aroused his passions but not his affections, and the great respect and adoration he held for the real Lisa held him back. Not again did he take her in his arms, or meet her lips, which seemed so often ready with invitation.

Thus the game went on, day after day, until they two reached America. By long-distance telephone Huntington learned that Senator Merrill was away on a congressional tour and that Mrs. Merrill had not yet left Paris, so far as the servants knew. "She must have changed her mind," Olga suggested, and silently congratulated herself on the good luck that was following her.

But something was following her besides luck. She did not notice a swarthy figure eyeing her closely as she landed from the steamship, nor that this same figure followed her and John to the train that took them to Washington. Arriving at the senator's home, she was elated to hear the servants address her as "Miss Lisa." This, she felt, secured her position until the real Lisa should appear. Meanwhile she would make it her business so to infatuate Huntington, intoxicate him with her physical appeal if necessary, and lure him to marry her before the exposure came. This had become the ruling passion of her life, entirely dethroning the thought of avenging her father.

A FEW evenings later they were sitting together on a divan in the dimly lighted library. There had been a long silence between them. Then John leaned toward her and drew her close.

"Lisa, my beloved," he whispered with subdued intensity, "I don't understand you. Sometimes I think I do not love you as I did before you went away. You seem different, elusive. I have been fighting with myself about you. What is it? *What is it?*"

Olga's bosom rose and fell tumultuously.
(Continued on page 166)

Somebody Loves a Fat Man

SO MINTA DURFEE MUST
HIDE HER TALENT UNDER
THE MOTILLY OF KLYSTONE.

By Randolph Bartlett

*It was the sad
sea waves of the
Pacific that fur-
nished the back-
ground of the Ar-
buckle romance.*



SUPPOSE one of your parents was French and the other Welsh, and that you had the most wonderful reddish-bronze hair in the world, and that you had been a prima donna in musical comedy, and that you had had considerable experience in legitimate drama as well as in moving picture plays, and that, moreover and not of least importance, you were, despite all this, sufficiently young and handsome to look exactly like the photographs reproduced herewith—

In that event, wouldn't you think yourself entitled to a more enduring grip upon one of the upper rungs of the ladder of cinematograph fame than merely playing second or third fiddle to a big laugh, and

being mauled around by motorcycles and laundry machinery?

But—on the other hand:

Suppose you had discovered the utter falsity of the remark, "Nobody loves a fat man;" then what would you do?

At first glance there seems to be a hiatus, not to say a yawning gap, in the argument. Not so. Hearken a few harks!

Hast ever heard of Minta Durfee? No, and again, on second thoughts, yes. After a little reflection you will remember that charming young actress who appeared with Sam Bernard in "The Great Pearl Tangle," with Roscoe Arbuckle in "Fatty's Fickle Fall," with Ford Sterling in "Dirty Work in a Laundry" and a dozen other comedy



*She likes
adventuress
roles. The other girl
is Irene Wallace, and
the scene is from "The
Other Man."*

thrillers, Chaplin in tured Ro- which she youth and being), Conklin in "Thrills," comedies

she who confronts the serious problem, for she is the somebody who loves a fat man, and who is trying to figure out whether it were better to remain permanently eclipsed by the bulk of his hilarious personality, or to be separated from his company (both personal and business) and pursue her art in paths that may take her many miles from the haunts of said obese person, to wit: Roscoe Arbuckle, her only ownest husband.

It was the sad sea waves of the Pacific that furnished the background—or should one say the backwater—of the Arbuckle romance. It was at Long Beach—not the large and elaborately festive Long Beach of Long Island, but the little hamlet just on the back doorstep of Los Angeles—that it transpired. That was where Minta Durfee and Roscoe Arbuckle, long before the days of Keystone comedy—and that doesn't

with Charley and Marie Dress- "Tillie's Punc- mance," (in disguised her beauty for the time with Chester "Love, Speed and —good Keystone all. Well, it is

have to be so many million years ago either—discovered each other. They were musical comedians—meaning that Minta was musical and Roscoe was a comedian. But why intrude into these personal matters? They married.

After this the Arbuckles passed several years in that circle commonly known as Coast Defenders. At the Burbank Theater they appeared in stock company performances with the Oliver Morosco company. Then they joined the Ferris Hartman musical comedy organization, and played up and down the coast, from Seattle to San Diego. (It is interesting to note, right here, the transition. Hartman, formerly employer of the Arbuckles, is now Arbuckle's assistant director.) Under this management they made a trip across the Pacific, and entertained even in the wilds of Hong Kong. It was upon their return that Roscoe heard the call of the movies, and became a Keystoner. Meanwhile Minta had lost her voice, but she did not even then, for a time, recognize that this was a providential dispensation to force her into the flicker drama. In a few months, however, she became interested, and there you are—or there she is. 'Tis a simple tale of domesticity behind the asbestos curtain, containing no thrilling episodes.

Tom Santschi, Battler

SELIG STAR IS A PIONEER OF THE SHADOW STAGE;
HE CAN ALSO BUILD WATCHES, BUT DOESN'T

By K. Owen

Drawings by Oscar Bryn

HAD he lived several hundred years ago, Tom Santschi would probably have had a nice soft job guarding a French king. In those days when there was any fighting to be done for France, they used to let the Swiss do it.

And Tom is some scrapper, although his father tried to make him an exponent of the Swiss national game—making watches. As it was, he mastered that art early in life, but it was far from exciting. He had been brought to this country from his native land, Switzerland, at the age of seven.

Well, as stated in the foregoing, Tom—by the way, his baptismal name is "Paul"—got tired of taking 'em apart and putting 'em together again. No punch to it. He could have made a comfortable living punching the ivories, but walloping the keyboard of a piano seemed rather effeminate. However, he finds his chief recreation, outside of driving an auto, in playing the piano, although he doesn't know an arpeggio from a sonata. But he can play anything that anyone else can.

Tom Santschi is a living page of moving picture history, as he was one of the original Selig com-



*It interests him
very little to con-
verse about him-
self.*



He was a watchmaker.

pany that journeyed to the Pacific from Chicago in 1908 in charge of the late Francis Boggs—the first motion picture company in California. He has been with Selig ever since. His biggest portrayal for the screen was that of *McNamara* in "The Spoilers." He expects to outdo that in his present rôle, *Stephen Bryce*, in "The Crisis."

"Bryce is a character wholly different from McNamara, but in its way it appeals to me as strongly as did the other," he said, in a studio lull while a "set" was being staged for "The Crisis."

It interests him very little to converse about himself, but of his work he will talk. "My personal facts are few and I guess pretty well known to those who care about such things," he said. "No objection, however, to your noting my one obsession. It's automobiles. I've smashed up six of them in the last five years, I believe."

"What? Oh, that fight stuff. Yes, I've heard the story that certain friends of mine in the company tried

to make bad blood between 'Bill' Farnum and me to insure a knock-down affair in 'The Spoilers.' Silly-talk, that. 'Bill' and I are the warmest of friends. We were almost inseparable throughout the making of the play. But it was a real fight, all right. I took a blow in the mouth that loosened two or three

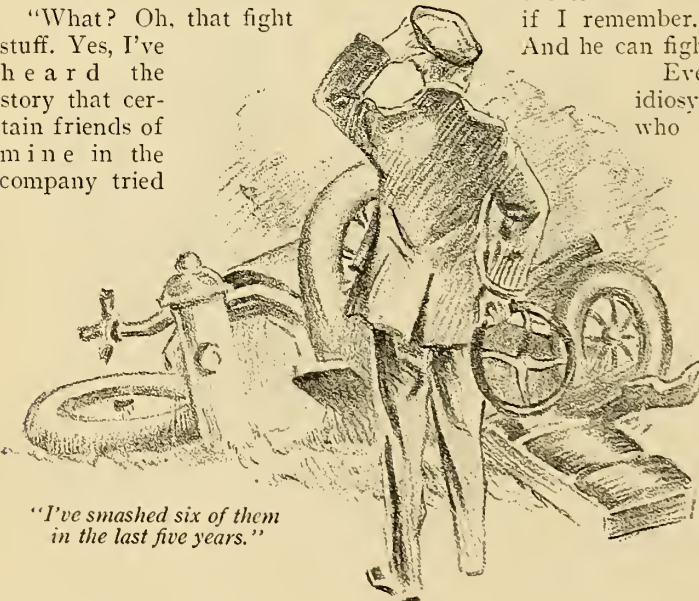
"But it was a real fight, all right."



teeth, fell over a typewriter and wrenched my back, got a couple of ribs battered, and was sore all over for a few days. I am six feet one inch tall and weigh two hundred and eighteen pounds. Farnum is shorter but at the time of our fight weighed, if I remember, two hundred and fifteen. And he can fight. I know it."

Every star has a right to his idiosyncrasies, certainly a star who has given as much of real worth to the photodrama as "Tom" Sant-schi. His *penchant* is failure and refusal to answer any of the thousands of letters from curious strangers which clog his mail. His indifference to these missives is no less than massive.

"Maybe," he is quoted as having said once, "I'll answer one some day—when I get one that's better than all the rest."



"I've smashed six of them in the last five years."

PETE "PROPS"

THE CONTINUED PLAIN OF A
PICTURE PROPERTY MAN—HE
PILOTS SHIPS OF THE DESERT

By Kenneth McGaffey

Drawings by E. W. Gale, Jr.

VII

I'M troo. Me for de road show just as soon as I can collect me wages, an me, wid me kiester — me satchel — in me mit,—back to Chicago. I'm just goin to dissolve out of dis silent drammer while de dissolvin is good. Dose dat like de caperin chromos can have dem—I don't crave no more. If any-one had of told me I would have fell for what I fell for last week, I would of busted dem in de jaw. Desert stuff!!! An I walked into it like I liked it — wid me eyes wide open an a smile on me map. It's bad enuff to have to juggle boxes out of de stage door in a blizzard, but dat ain't nuttin wid jugglin camels an animals wid de thermometer a million degrees in de shade —an no shade.

I want to declare meself right now dat de camel is de world's most onery animal. If I had one of dere dispositions I would bite meself an die in a foam fit. An I was de chaperoney for two of dem for nearly a week. I tucked dem in dere little beds every night an washed dere little faces every sun-up. In between I was wearin out perfectly good scantlin on dere moth-eaten hides. Nuttin will ever get speed out of a camel except de dinner bell.

It was dis way—none of de nut direc-

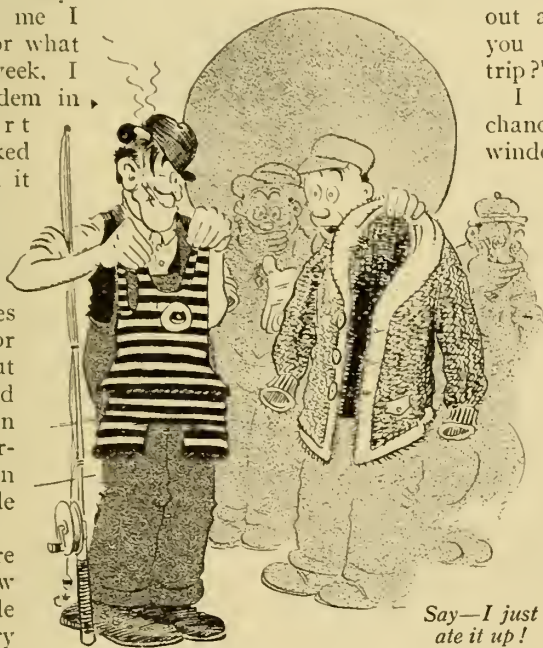
tors was a'needin any props so I was standin out on de stage in plain view, takin de mornin to dust off a couple of chairs so dey would know I was on de job, even if de chairs was to go back to de furniture company. I am a toilin away dere on dese two chairs, for maybe a couple of hours; when de boss props dashes out an says, "Pete, would you like to take a little trip?"

I been itchin for a chance to look out of a car window for some time so widout findin out anything about it, I says, "Shure!" "All right," he says, "put de old tooth brush in de kiester, you start for Indio to-night at eight."

I don't know where dis location is but I figures it will be pretty soft an maybe I can get a swim or a few trout every day. Dere ain't no fuss a round de prop room so dere can't be much stuff to

work. Probably all I got to do is to look after a couple of grips an be round so de nut director will have someone to bawl out.

All of de prop guys come clusterin round and tell me what a soft time I'm goin to have an how dey all wishes dey could go. I should have smelt a mice, but I didn't. One of de guys staked me to a fishin rod an another to a bathin suit. Dey told me dat dis Indio was by de side of a beautiful



Say—I just
ate it up!

river near de edge of de ocean—beautiful green trees, an de only place in dat country dat had a liquor license. One fellow had a sick wife an he asks me to send him a flock of nice trouts for her even if I had to buy dem off a native, an just for dat he let

Right den an dere me an de nut director goes tode mat.



me take along de sweater his wife gives him for Christmas so I wouldn't catch cold standin under de willow catchin de

speckled beauties. Say—I just ate it up! De whole prop department was standin at de door to see me off. Two minutes after I got back from dat bum joint, dey was all in de rafters.

I'm down to de station dat night wid me kiester, de fishin rod, de bathin suit an de sweater, but I'm held up by de trollies and just catch de train as it's pullin out. De assistant director gives me a bawlin out. me ducket an a bid for a shelf, an after I can't find no Pedro game in de smoker, I hits de hay after tellin de dinge to put a nice shine on me shoes.

De next mornin when I woke up I tought de car was on fire. Gee! I was nearly sufficated. I crawls out of de flop an takes a slant out of de smokin room window. Dere ain't no ocean or shady streams in sight—nuttin but a bum depo, a couple of cholos and a lot of flat desert. I takes a peep out of de oder side an it is de same—only more so. Right dere I got a hunch dat dose prop room comedians had hung somethin on me. A hour later I felt like a Christmas tree. I boils off de car an here is our special train on a sidin. Its early yet but de cowboys is up takin some horses out of de baggage cars. As dat wasn't in my department, I went up

to watch dem. Hot—holy mackerel! You could have fried a "ham an'" on de ground.

I'm up dere tellin de cow hands de best way to get horses out of a car when up dashes de assistant director like a wild man. "Where's de camel drivers?" he yells. Right den I knew all was not well. De crazy assistant runs troo de cars until finally one of de extras tells him he had seen de camel driver in a gin mill about five minutes before de train pulled out. I tries to ooze out of de scene—but not a chance.

"Pete," he says to me. "Pete, you are to look after de two camels."

"Camels ain't props," I says. "and I stick to me profession."

"Camels is props," he says, "or you get redlighted right here in de middle of dis oven."

"Camels is perishable props," I says, "dey shall have de lovin care of a mudder—only," I says, "let's shoot dese scenes an get back to Los. Dere is no use stayin out here till we fry." I says.

"O, we don't woik here," he says, careless like, "we got to go about twenty miles inland where dere is some real desert. We will be dere about a week," he says.

"When does de next train for Los stop here?" I says.

"Dey don't stop," he says, "dey don't even hesitate."

"Dey will if I lay on de track, won't dey?" I says.

"Oh, no," he says, "lots of de cholos dat haven't got no railway fare out of here lay on de track an let de train run over dem. De train people are glad to help dem out of dere misery," he says—"it's an accommodation train," he says.

"How far is it to de next town," I says.

"Dey ain't no next town," says de bum assistant. "Dere is a next state," he says, "but dere ain't no next town. De only way out of here is to stick right wid dis special. Do you tink," he says, "we could get a sucker to come on dis trip if dere was a way to go back? Onct you're hired for dis desert stuff you got to stay wid it until you're fired, whedder you like it or not. Now entice dem camels out of der coops an get all set for a nice little hike. It's only twenty miles," he says, "and if you step high an fast," he says, "de sand won't boin your feet."

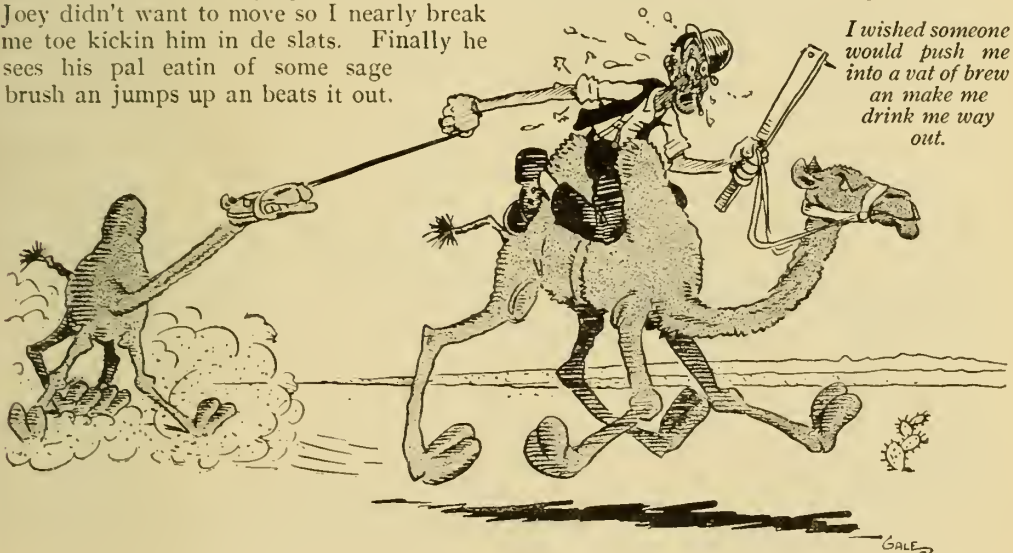
I goes up to de box car an here are two of de meanest lookin animals I ever see. I grabs one of dem by de halter an says—"Come on, camel." Say, dat two-humped son-of-a-gun didn't notice me atall. He just got up, knocked me down, put one of his hoofs on me chest an strolled out in de desert. I catch him an get one of de cow hands to hold him an go get de oder. Dis Joey didn't want to move so I nearly break me toe kickin him in de slats. Finally he sees his pal eatin of some sage brush an jumps up an beats it out.

I tries to prod dem down de road—but nuttin doin. Dey just stand dere an when I start to lam 'em, dey lay down. A fine flock of animals.

By dis time everyone else has rid off down de road. De cow hands stop just long enuff to give me de laugh an dash madly on. By an by I gets dem on dere feet again an fix a couple of rems on one, figurin to ride him an lead de oder. Dis bloomin goat stands so high dat I can't shin up on him, so I leads him over to a pile of boxes an gets nearly on when he reaches round an pulls me off wid his teeth. I'll bet I monkey wid dose birds most a hour before I get headed down de road after de gang. It's bum ridin cause he rocks like a ship in a sea. Den dey stop at de tank an each of dem drink about a million gallons of water. No wonder dey calls dem "de schooners of de desert," cause dey holds so much. Two schooners holdin as much as dem would put any bar room on de bum.

Finally we goes a 'racking along—me kickin de one I am ridin in de ear every time he turns his bean an de oder one hangin on behind nearly pullin me arm loose at every step. Gosh, but it was hot an dusty, an me wid nuttin on de hip. I wished someone would push me into a vat of brew an make me drink me way out.

It comes long time for de twelve o'clock whistle to blow an I can't stop for lunch. In de foist place, I had no lunch, an de second, if I ever tried to alight from de



goat, I never woulda been able to get back on again, so I had to ride all throo me noon hour, an you can bet I am goin to take it up wid de president of de union. Us boys is entitled to de little old hour's rest if dey want us to do our work properly.

We go along—me wishin' I could die of sunstroke an have it over, when all of a suddent de goat lets out a yell an starts runnin'. He seed where de gang had camped under some trees way up ahead. He doggone near bucked me off an I had to hang on to his front hump to keep from fallin' off. Right troo de camp he goes and all of a sudden stops in de middle. I keep right on a plow me map troo about ten feet of sand.

"Dis," says de bum assistant, "is de Sahary desert, and you will kindly not muss it up, cause we got to use it in a close-up." We was in a little valley wid nuttin aroun us but de white sand an a few palm trees.

"What kind of a place is dis?" I asked de nut director.

"Dis," he says, "is a little wal-lay I found all by myself. It's tree hundred feet below sea level," he says, "an onct was a ocean."

"Tree hundred feet below sea level," I says. "Well, for de love of Mike, take dat pick out of dat guy's hand before he springs a leak an we all gets drowned.

"An bad as I want water," I says, "I don't want no tree hundred feet of it and me wid dem two hump-backed dogs to look after," I says. "I'll bet," I says, "if dem two fur-bearing birds gets hurted, it would be charged up to me, an I had em wished on me."

"Go get on your costume," says de nut director, "you got to be a A-rab Shriek," he says, an "save de white girl from de clutches of de wild Bed-wins."

Dere weren't no use arguin wid dat man so I goes over an de wardrobe woman gives me a lot of cozy corner decorations to put

on until I looks like a Colonial Dame in a Mudder Hubbard. When I came back de camels trow up both hans an tries to climb one of de pam trees.

Right den an dere, me an de nut director goes to de mat. I tells him it ain't in my contract for me to be no actor, especially one dat has to doll up in a lot of portiers an ride camels an dat if dey start to red-light me, I will poke a hole in de tree hundred feet below sea level an drown de whole works. Take it from me, what wid de heat, de camels biting pieces out of me new overhalls, an de ki-monas I was a'wearin—I was desprit. I didn't care if I got no dinner nor nuttin. I could just hear Clark street—a big one wid a low collar, yellin' for me. Right den I could have kissed de porter in de Woikingman Rest.

De bosses were just debatin what to do wid me when over de hill comes de camel drivers, scairt to death. I didn't know whether to buy dem a drink or bust dem in de jaw. I shelled out of me draperies an tole one of dem to go an A-rab Shriek his head off. I couldn't have shrieked no way as me troat was full of sand. You can bet I stuck right around to see dem camel men didn't duck out again. At dat, de boss made me brush dere hair off every day.

Outside of dat it was pretty soft. All I had to do was to help cook wid de scoffins and see dat de hay for my little pets was all dusted off.

By an by we got troo an when we hit dat station I got right down on me knees an kissed de east-bound track.

When I got back to de studio I just dusted off de prop room wid some of dem comedians. I nearly got pinched. I told de Boss he could make out my ticket dat I was goin to go back into de spoken drammer where dey at least had hotels—bum as dey may be.

Yessir—scuse me while I see what dat nut wants.

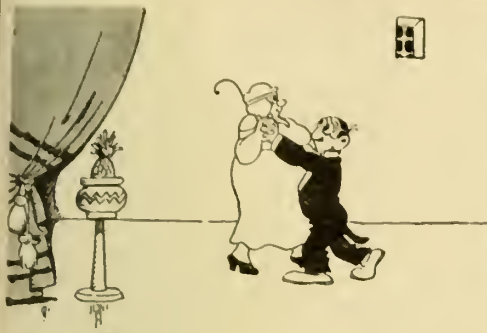
(PETE'S NEXT TALE OF WOE IN THE AUGUST PHOTOPLAY.)

It Helps Pay for Bullets

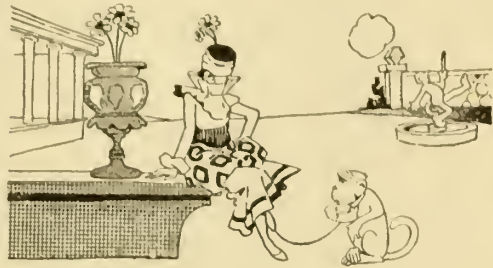
PATRONS of the photoplay, as well as other forms of amusement in Great Britain, now pay an Entertainment Tax. The only exception made is for children at special matinees. The movie tax ranges from a halfpenny to sixpence according to the entrance fee.

REEL INCIDENTS CAUGHT FOR ANIMATED NOOZ

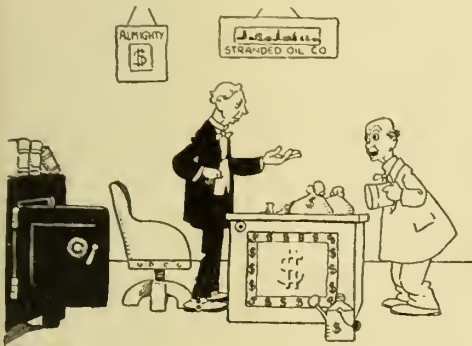
Done for Essanay by Wallace Carlson



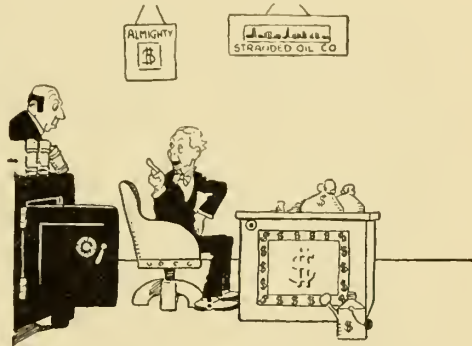
Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Shanty illustrating for Animated Nooz how to "Walk the Bow-Wow."



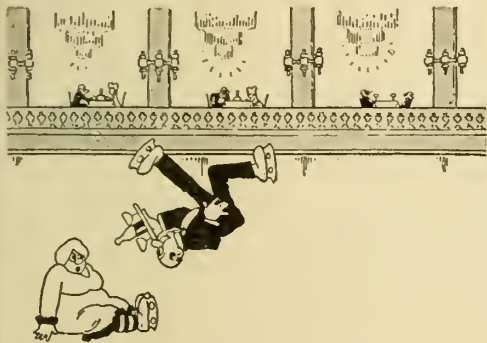
Miss Stake, society favorite, makes pet of monkey which appears on right of picture.



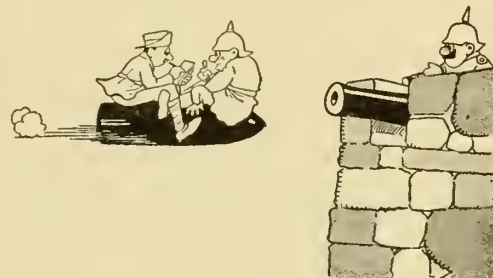
John Robbafeller makes a donation toward building a home for the homeless bar-flies.



Mr. Robbafeller then orders his secretary to see that gasoline is raised two cents.



Ball-room skating threatens to supplant dancing as the king of the indoor sports.



Doodabs, correspondent of Animated Nooz, interviewing General Frank Fuster on border.

Direction: A Matter of Period

1910

The Pioneer Age

READY with yer horse? How about them bandits half a mile down the road? What? You gave 'em seventy-five cents apiece? You know we never paid more than fifty cents before. *We ain't got it!* Fire two of 'em; we'll only use four. That'll kinda even things up. Here, Bill—when you ride off pick up something offen the ground; your handkerchief, say. Ain't got one? I'll loan you mine. Bessie, when Jim ties you up in the log cabin don't fight like you did last Sattiday. You busted two chairs and a center-table and I had to pay for 'em myself. Give *him* the wallopin'. He can stan' it, and we don't have to pay for *him*. All right, Bill. Got your catridges? And say—do it *right* when you do it. You know we can't have no more'n fifty feet o' retake. If we do, the fillum cost is up to me. What—the Wildcat company *frequently* takes 'leven hundred feet for a thousand to show? Well, let the fools waste their money. They can't last. What's that, Bess? Your sunbunit got tore on them bushes Sattiday an' you want a new one—what do you think this is—Marshall Field's, or Macy's or somethin'? Your costume bill last month was near seven dollars—they won't stan' it, I tell you! Who's makin' two-reelers? That's just a fad. Fifteen cents for a drink o' whiskey and thousand feet for a picture is world standards. Never be any different. I know what I'm talkin' about. *Ready! Camera!*

1916

The Material Age

BUT, my dear fellow, you have a Louis XV chair in a Louis XIV interior! Positively wrong! The chair came from Versailles? Send it back to Versailles. What if it is ninety feet from the camera? Some one *might* see it, and the whole artistic *ensemble* of this million-dollar five-reeler would be ruined. Oh, dismiss the company! I don't care what you do with the company. What are their salaries to me? You've hurt me, you've wounded me deeply with this chair—I wouldn't have believed it possible. . . . Well, a poor man can't choose. I suppose I must take the banquet of the Duke of Wellington this morning, then. Have you the four original Gainsboroughs? What—the British Museum would loan but three? Did you tell them *I* wanted them? Why didn't you? That's different. No, I can't wait. I must get this scene finished—I'm running across to get Windsor Castle for some exteriors—oh, yes; George's invitation. He said he considered it an honor to the crown—something like that—guess I threw his letter away. And Harry—have you the gold service from Tiffany's for that banquet scene? And just a minute, Harry—did you get those seven compartment cars from the Pullman company to throw down Grand Cañon? What? Oh, hang the cost—don't mind a little thing like—James, I told you I didn't want *scenery*; I want a real house to burn. Oh, spend \$30,000—we'll cheat a little on this one. No company here for the Duke of Wellington's banquet? My dear fellow, *I* don't need a company. When I get through with them they'll all be stars. Get the prop-room boys and the telephone girls and the janitor. . . . Come on, now! Ready? Lights! *Shoot it!*

1922

The Spiritual Age

TAKE away that curtain. Cut out the Cooper-Hewitts. Give me a gray drop behind them. That's it—I want nothing that will interfere with expression. One light will do. In the dimness I can see their souls walking. Take her hand, Eustace. Seem to speak to him, Guinevere, but do not speak. If there were words, some one might try to read them. No, Guinevere, I wanted a formless gown. The people must be conscious of nothing but your esoteric self. And you, Eustace—you have combed your hair too carefully! Oh, how could you! Now some one will notice that your hair is combed . . . *the message* will be forgotten. Are you quite ready with the chronicling machine, Harold? Then you may take carefully. *Eustace, do not move!!* Upon my word, you behave like a motion picture actor! No, Guinevere, you must not wink. Your eyelashes are too beautiful. Some one might see them. Then the significance of our soul-charade would quite disappear . . . quite . . . yes, quite. Stop breathing, Eustace! I know it's difficult, but with practice you'll contrive, somehow. The movement of your chest is so gross—upon my word, it's almost vulgar! Ah—h! That is sufficient. Harold, you may cease.

CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

“Look
Around
Now!”

HOW about fire protection in *your* moving picture theatre?

What is the construction of the projection booth? How about the exits? Do audiences habitually crowd the auditorium? Are your ushers trained and alert, or half-wits? What would *you* do in case of panic?

This is not a catechism. This is reminding you that man keeps on living only by eternal vigilance. Holocausts are forgotten as quickly as defeated candidates. You are much more in danger of a film-flame disaster in a small town than in a city, for in big communities the fire department pursues the photoplay impressario more relentlessly than the old-fashioned housewife pursues dirt. Sometimes things slide in the village. Probably the Collingwood school horror could not have happened in Chicago, or Philadelphia, or Kansas City.

Not long ago the writer sat in Chicago's Strand theatre, not far from the projection booth. Suddenly the film broke, and before the operator could remove the curled fragment from the danger zone it was in flames—the whole reel was a seething geyser of fire. Automatically, the little iron shutters in front of the lens fell with clicks scarcely audible. As the operator leaped to safety, the door closed behind him—automatically. In a minute the fire had died of sheer exasperation, and not ten persons in the audience realized that anything had happened save an annoying stoppage of the play! Would things “work” so perfectly in your theatre?

If they would not, don't you think it is up to you to see about it?



The Sense
of
Nonsense

IN New York, recently, we proselyted for pictures at a Ritz-Carlton luncheon whose partakers included:

A world-famous critic;

A world-famous novelist;

One of the greatest living editors.

The reviewer, the story-teller and the editor reviled motion pictures. They attacked them as absolutely illogical, thoughtless in form, inspirationless in execution, pabulum for afternoon sleepers, nursemaids and raw-kneed boys.

"But," concluded each bombardier, rather lamely, "I never miss a Charlie Chaplin!"

Here is fine fodder for a lot of thinking. We won't argue with the benighted who'll be sorry, some day, that they, too, couldn't perceive the artistic planet of Bethlehem, yet—why won't they miss Charlie Chaplin?

Why do sane, intellectual and otherwise perfectly sanitary folk achieve giggling hysteria in the leaves of Chaplin or Keystone albums which are entirely nonsensical?

Because they *are* nonsense. These folks have *The Sense of Nonsense*.

"It is the sense of nonsense that enables us not only to discern pure nonsense but to consider nonsense of various degrees of purity," says Carolyn Wells in her *Nonsense Anthology*. "The absence of sense is not necessarily nonsense any more than the absence of justice is injustice."

"Etymologically speaking, nonsense may be either words without meaning, or words conveying absurd or ridiculous ideas"—again quoting Miss Wells.

This easily paraphrases to embrace the nonsense of the films. It is really the same idea.

DeQuincey said: "None but a man of extraordinary talent may write nonsense."

Wells: "None but a man of extraordinary taste can appreciate first-rate nonsense."

Edward Lear, first of nonsense writers, was placed by John Ruskin at the head of his list of one hundred best authors, although Lewis Carroll, author of "Alice in Wonderland," is best known to Americans. His "Jabberwocky" is regarded as the best of all nonsense verse.



"The
Perfect-
formed
Woman"

THIS interesting physiological announcement permanently adheres to the outer battlement of one of Chicago's hustling little down-town cinema arenas. No matter whose shadow cavorts within, she is always "the perfect-formed woman." Bara, Young, Barrymore, Petrova, Brady, Purviance, Ridgley, Ward, Madison, Fuller, Stedman—all "perfect-formed" women, have blossomed in this Louvre of proclaimed Venuses. What will the house boss do when he gets Bill Hart or John Barrymore or House Peters? If the sign stays up he will probably get a good licking if he ever meets any of these gentlemen.

Information from a Los Angeles picture shop: "No children without parents."

Flo Ziegfeld's wife must have been dramatized, since an unerring electric sign on Chicago's Michigan Avenue recently made history as follows: "Geraldine Farrar in Maria Rosa and Billie Burke."

And we take it that this, from the Broadway theatre, New York, is Japanese a la Lawrence D'Orsay: "'Alien Souls,' with Sessue Hawkawhaw."

**"Favorite
Sons" Gone
One Better**

THE "Favorite Son" show is one of the asinine appendages of every national political convention. Regardless of following or fitness, there lives in every state some man with head so dead that he permits a lot of his fatuous friends to hire the K. P. band and toddle about the hot streets of an alien city on their poor round feet in his presidential behalf—wasting money, time and patience which should be seriously expended upon the country's grave issues. There are never more than a few men who could by any possibility become president of these United States; yet every man in politics seems to believe what his mother told him in primer days: that he and every other little boy have White House stuff in their make-up, and—well, who knows?

In chronicling Edwin August's "candidacy for the presidency" we feel as though some one had whispered to us on Fifth avenue that our trousers had been torpedoed in the stern. This is going too far. This is disgracing the family in church.

Why Edwin August—in particular? Why not Charlie Chaplin? He's far more popular and almost as funny. He could make an affidavit that he wasn't born an Englishman.

One Arthur Leslie is "chairman" of this grand movement, in which the motion picture actor has been formally announced. If Mr. Leslie is serious about this, Mr. August himself should gently but firmly apply a sponge full of chloroform to Mr. Leslie's nostrils and hold it there; we should say seventy or sixty minutes. If Mr. August is serious about it, he is the champion donkey of the universe.



**Motion
Picture
Scenery**

IT seems strange that no imaginative stage craftsman has yet evolved a method of employing motion picture scenery. A "drop" is a "drop," call it what you will, and a brushed backing of more or less verisimilitude certainly does not help the realism of any acted scene. The stage gets along very well with its interiors; its brocaded walls and resounding doors and real-glass windows are frequently better than the component parts of domestic edifices which have been inhabited by you and me. But it cannot portray outer distance without the aid of colored lights, and then only in the most primitive fashion. In the hands of some technical genius the animated camera is destined to become a miraculous hose of realism. With colored film, it is going to play upon the back canvas vast mountains of changing shadows, unresting sea and trees weaving in the wind. Recall the dirty, paralyzed oceans which "rolled" movelessly through every stage seascape you ever saw! Why cannot the camera resurrect this dead surf, those lifeless trees, and even the dull hillocks on which some house-painting Joshua has commanded the sun to stand?

Of course in a straight-front "throw" the actors would walk through this impalpable geography to its disaster. But there should be possibilities of side or top shots from a projector, or through a canvas from the rear.

An
Important
Legal
Victory

WHEN Governor Whitman of New York vetoed the Cristman-Wheeler Censorship bill he struck a nationwide blow for the artistic freedom of the screen. He probably realized this, though his action purported to be of local interest and application.

The significant feature of his veto is that it was a voluntary expression of his disapproval. The bill was what is known in New York state as a "thirty-day" bill. Had he neglected to veto it, it would have expired automatically. But he did not so neglect it. He killed it with his pen even as it lay dying, and gave his reasons for the legal execution, chief of which are the following:

Because it denies to film men the right of appeal from the decision of the censors.

Because the proposed "fee of inspection" is a confiscatory amount, and is an item which in its final exaction would fall upon the chief diversion of persons of very limited means—probably denying this diversion to numbers through the enforced closing of many theatres of five- and even ten-cent admission.

Governor Whitman's analysis is a lengthy and careful one, eminently just. When the executive of the Union's mightiest state can so thoroughly and intelligently interest himself in the status of photoplay, the regular "legal" sideshows in Ohio and Pennsylvania become medieval mountebankery.



Los Angeles'
Uneasy
Crown

THESE days there are other things uneasy besides heads with capital war-bonnets on them. One of them is the metaphoric caput of Los Angeles, with its golden laurel of picture supremacy.

Picture manufacturers have two complaints about Los Angeles.

First, ingratitude. They say that a set of unwise municipal politicians of the pork family has from time to time exacted so much in tribute of one sort or another, and in enactment hardship, that business life has become not worth the living.

Second, the famous "California light," during the past eighteen months, has been woefully obscured—chiefly by the "high fog" which rolls in from the Pacific, and, without precipitation, suspends itself in the air for hours and sometimes days together.

Southern California is truly an Edenic garden spot, but Los Angeles county especially should not forget its great debt to the new art, which chose it as its capital, and made its streets and environs familiar wherever men gather on the globe.

And jealous San Francisco stands winking and beckoning alluringly just over the fence of the Tehachapi.

Investing in the Movies

THE ELEVENTH OF A SERIES OF ARTICLES BY A RECOGNIZED
AUTHORITY ON THE FINANCIAL END OF A GREAT INDUSTRY

By Paul H. Davis

HUNDREDS of requests have been received by the editors of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE from persons who contemplate investment in moving picture companies and who seek advice on the subject. In many cases investigation showed that these people were being solicited to invest money in concerns that, in the face of existing conditions, did not have one chance in a hundred to succeed. Mr. Davis will be glad to answer any inquiries from readers.

THIS is a mighty good time to be exceedingly pussy-footed about investing in the Movies. When all of the signs point toward an unsettled condition in any industry it pays to be a little overcautious.

It is generally conceded at this time that the motion picture industry is undergoing a transition. By this I don't mean that the demand for motion pictures is becoming any less and that the enthusiasm of the fans is less zealous. I am referring en-

The market price alone is not a sufficient standard for judging the condition of these companies, but, when balanced with other indications, it points out clearly that something unusual has taken place. You can scarcely read a paper without seeing some reference to the unsettled condition of the motion picture business. So often you hear someone say that the time is ripe for a reorganization of the business—that the people in the game must get together—that something must happen sooner or later or

During the last year there has been a very decided over-production of films. Much of it has been trash, but it has increased the supply of stuff for sale and has diminished the profits in the business.

tirely to the "works" of the industry. It is easy to see the symptoms of this acute condition. When you look back at the prices at which the stock of several of the better known movie concerns were selling at six months ago and see the prices at which they are selling today, you will realize that there is something more than just a general financial depression back of their eccentric action.

I am listing here the market quotations of several of the better known companies as of May, 1915, and May, 1916:

	May, 1915		May, 1916	
	Bid	Asked	Bid	Asked
Mutual Film Corp. pfd.	60	63	40	43
Mutual Film Corp. c'm.	79	82	40	43
New York M. P. Corp.	75	80	38	42
Biograph Co.	65	70	40	45
General Film Co. pfd.	45	50	40	45
World Film Corp.	4½	4¾	1¼	1½

the movies will go to the dogs. Such statements of course must be taken with a grain of salt, but since observations such as these come from both the inside of the business as well as from outside they lead one to believe that a careful consideration of the situation, as a whole, is well worth while.

The fact that the motion picture business at the present time is in an exceedingly unsettled condition is evidenced by several obvious facts, some of which you have doubtless noticed. It used to be that almost any one could get a job in the movies, now it is hard for the regulars to keep their jobs. I recently heard it said that a well known club in New York City that is the rendezvous of screen stars now has all of the genial atmosphere of an undertaker's establishment.

In spite of the big salaries that are

headlined in the papers, there are hundreds of excellent motion picture actors and actresses who are not only out of regular positions but who are very glad to take jobs by the day as supers in the studios that are working. I recently heard of one company on the Pacific Coast that fired one hundred and fifty of its actors in one week. In New York I know of four concerns that within the last two months have stopped practically all of their producing. Throughout the country there are numerous studios that are dark.

There is a big scramble at the present time to get hold of big stars. When the motion picture business was an easy one no effort was made to corral the men and women who had made themselves famous on the legitimate stage. The ordinary screen actor was able to draw all the public's attention. Now, however, it takes an unusual personality or name to put a film across. The scramble to get stars, if a scramble were made in a sensible way, with the salaries in keeping, would be a sign of progress, but I am inclined to believe that at the present time it is a sign of

the motion picture business. The early settlers of the motion picture game, men who started in the business ten or fifteen years ago, have for the most part "cleaned up" and, having their bonds stored away in their safety deposit box, are not so anxious about rent and spending money as they use to be. I doubt if the old-timers are on the job in the way that they were in the early part of the game. Many of these men have not developed younger blood to take their place and, with the passing of the old school, many of the admirable qualities of the administrative end have been lost.

During the last year there has been a very decided overproduction of films. This overproduction has been due in part to the open market, which appeared to let down the bars for the little fellows both good and bad, has been in vogue and in part to the change from regular program films to features. A lot of the reels that have gone to make up an overproduction have been trash, but nevertheless they have increased the supply of stuff for sale and have diminished the profits in the business.

During the past two years there has been

The steel industry, which is now highly specialized, was once in about the same condition that the film business is in today. You doubtless have watched the automobile industry pass through the same kind of a transition.

weakness on the part of the larger companies.

You doubtless have noticed that during the last few months there have been fewer promotions of new film companies than at any time in the last two or three years. The promoters, against whom THE PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE have hurled many well-aimed bricks, are realizing that the general condition of the business is such that it is not so easy nowadays to hoodwink the public into believing that profits are sure things. When a business gets to a point where promotions are difficult it means that the business is either in exceedingly good condition or else in a critical condition. With the movies I am inclined to believe it is the latter.

There are several reasons that might be responsible for the present indigestion in

an overstimulation of the public taste. People have had so many thrills, put across in so many different ways, by so many different headliners, that their taste has become jaded, making it difficult for a film made by anyone at any price to get over. Most important of all has been the management of the companies. The motion picture business, being a hazardous proposition, dependent upon public taste, does not lend itself to such systematizing as do most other lines of enterprise. It has been impossible for the heads of the concerns to lay out any definite concrete policy and stick to it. In many instances this has led the companies into loose ways of doing business. The time is at hand when a producer can scarcely make a profit on his investment.

Every great industry passed through a

time when it was growing so fast its clothes did not fit. When one considers that the motion picture business is, commercially speaking, only a little over a decade old, and that it has grown to its present gigantic proportions in so short a time, it is not surprising that it should be full of weeds. The steel industry, which is now highly specialized, was once in about the same condition that the film business is in today. You doubtless have watched the automobile industry pass through the same transition.

There are a lot of people who believe that the time to make money out of a business is to get in when things are bad—buy a store when it is not paying profits, then you can get it cheap; buy a farm that is run down, buy stock when the markets are

very low and hold until they rise in price.

There are doubtless several motion picture companies that will pay handsomely on investments made at the present time, but you might have a great deal of difficulty in selecting the companies that will emerge from this depressed condition in good shape. The conservative investor will hang around on the side line to see what happens before parting with any large roll of real dollars.

I am reasonably sure that the same thing will happen in this industry that has happened in all great industries, that out of today's chaotic condition will develop a strong Motion Picture Industry that will be made up of companies whose stocks will be good business risks.

No Gloaming Slumber

NOT long ago "The Birth of a Nation" was showing in a certain city in the Far South. As the film play deals largely with the Reconstruction Period, and as this particular town in this particular state had an especially severe taste of carpetbagging in the years immediately succeeding the Civil War, the editor of the leading local paper decided to get the views of a number of prominent citizens, of an age sufficient to have remembered the actual event, on the question as to whether the film version correctly portrayed history.

Some he saw personally; some he reached by telephone. In the latter group was included a charming elderly lady of outspoken tendencies, whose husband had been a distinguished officer of the late Confederacy.

"Mrs. Blank," asked the editor over the wire, "have you been to the theater yet to see the moving-picture play called the Birth of a Nation?"

"I have not," said she.

"Then probably you wouldn't care to give an opinion of its merit and its educational value for publication?" continued the newspaper man.

"I'll say just this much," stated the lady: "I passed through the Birth of a Nation myself. And—believe me, young man—it was no twilight sleep!"—*Saturday Evening Post.*

First "Inflated" Salaries

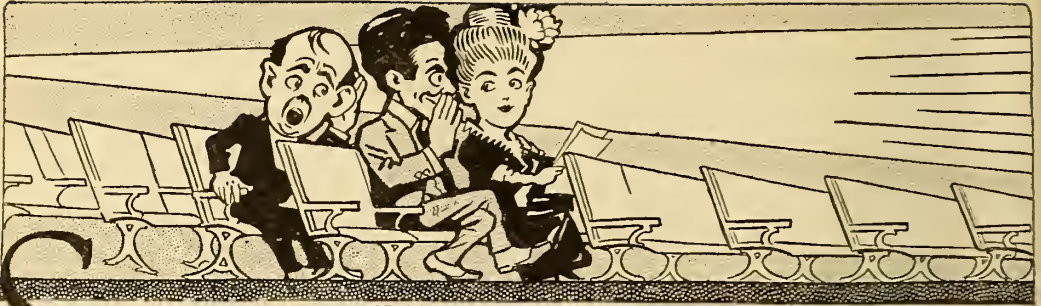
BACK in the pioneer days of '09 when Griffith was producing Biograph thrillers with the aid of Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Mack Sennett, Mabel Normand, Florence Lawrence, the late Arthur Johnson and others who have since won fame and fabulous salaries, the regular emolument for principals was \$5 a day. Doesn't seem true, but it was.

One day in the old Fourteenth street studio, Griffith was directing a picture and somehow or other, there wasn't enough "pep" displayed by the company. The scene called for a group rendering a college yell and the director announced that instead of the usual "five-spot," the actors showing the most spirit would get double that amount. The announcement created a sensation, as may be readily imagined.

There was a brief conference by the principals, according to "Billy" Bitzer, Griffith's head cameraman, who has a memory, which at times is embarrassing to some of the present stars. Then they got together and here is the yell that was yelled when Griffith ordered Bitzer to "shoot:"

*Biograph! Biograph!
Hah! Hah! Hah!
Ten dollars! Ten dollars!
Rah! Rah! Rah!*

All got the double pay and it never went back to \$5.



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Copyright, 1916

Where millions of people gather daily many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. One dollar will be paid for each story printed. Contributions must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper.. Be sure to include your name and address. Send to: "Seen and Heard" Dept., Photoplay Magazine, Chicago. Owing to the large number of contributions to this department, it is impossible to return unavailable manuscripts to the authors. Therefore it will oblige us if no postage or stamped envelopes be enclosed, as contributions will not be returned.

Respectfully Deferred

MOTHER, didn't the man and the lady get married in the last picture?"

"Yes, dear."

"Mother, didn't they have a baby in the next picture?"

"Yes, darling."

"Well—mother. Can I have a little sister tomorrow?"

Philip Davis, Yonkers, N. Y.

L. B. Will Grow—and Know

THE picture on the screen was of the hero rescuing the girl from a watery grave. He had taken her to shore, and now he supported her in his arms.

"Well!" said Little Sister savagely, "it's a wonder he wouldn't kiss her."

"Huh!" replied Little Brother belligerently, "ain't he done enuff for her already?"

Joseph Flanagan, Scranton, Pa.

Boy, Page the Brush!

HE was small and rather forlorn and quite ragged, and his rumpled hair fell into his eyes. He crept silently into the "movie show" and sat down beside a lady.

Presently, observing him, she bent down and whispered kindly: "Little boy, doesn't anyone ever comb your hair?"

"Yes'm," he whispered back, "but the people upstairs what lent us the comb has moved away."

G. G. Halloran, Newark, N. J.

A Potential Murderer

LILLIE had an Aunt Lucinda of whom he disapproved wholly. Billie and his mother were watching an eagle skimming a cliff and clutching prey in its talons, on the screen.

"Mother," observed Billie, "I wish I had claws like that and could fly high like that."

"And why, son? What would you do?"

"I'd pick up Aunt Lucinda and fly much higher than that with her."

Billie's mother (much amused): "And then what would you do?"

"I'd drop her."

R. P. Conway, Philadelphia, Pa.

Thanksgiving? Well No

THE screen showed a close-up of a man who had looked upon the wine when it was very red indeed and was seeing a good many snakes crawling about.

"Mother," whispered small Doris, "do you remember the time father said he had seen red-white-and-blue turkeys with straw hats on?"

Mrs. J. J. O'Connell, Washington, D. C.

Could Still Wiggle

IT was at a movie show in the moonshine belt. Two mountaineers came in just in time to see the villain bending over the hero.

"I reckon he's drunk," said one, of the prostrate hero.

"Naw, he ain't," said the other; "I just saw his fingers move."

J. J. Stork, Elmhurst, L. I.

Quite Old Enough

THE screen showed a little boy saying his prayers on his grandfather's knees.

Six-year-old Willie: What is he doing, Aunt Mary?

Aunt Mary: He is asking God to take care of his grandfather.

Willie: Isn't he old enough to take care of himself?

Miss Sophie Greenfield, Montreal.

W-c-l-l, a Little

THE film displayed several richly gowned women, *dcollete*, seated in an opera box.

"That makes a fine picture," remarked a woman in the audience to her husband.

"Yes," he answered, "but isn't it a good bit under exposed?"

Marcel Gaboury, Montreal.

Just a Little Love

AND ALSO A LITTLE LUCK
ON A CERTAIN AFTERNOON
WHEN BESSIE WAS VISITING,
AND GRIFFITH EYED HER

By I. S. Sayford

in the pictures, don't let your head swell.'

"Oh, but I've jumped a piece of the story. During that afternoon, while we two were visiting at the studio and after Mr. Griffith had looked at me so hard several times, the great man asked me to step out in front of the camera and act for a few minutes a part which he explained



HOLLYWOOD says the biggest film find of the year is Bessie Love; D. W. Griffith found her. She's only seventeen, and when studio masters are gossiping they speak of her as a second Mary Pickford. In which remark discernment seems to be mixed fifty-fifty with admiration.

Bessielove—you just can't help running it together, can you?—is one of the rare finds who got found without trying to have some director find her. She tells about it this way:

"Mother and I were visiting one of my girl friends at the studio where Mr. Griffith was putting on a new play. I noticed he looked at me rather hard a couple of times. After a while mother and I were about to go, when Mrs. Brown, the studio matron, asked us if we would stop in at Mr. Griffith's office on our way out. For sure we did.

"That night, at home, mother said to me—I remember it perfectly—'Now Bessie; just because Mr. Griffith has given you this big chance



She's only seventeen and when studio masters are gossiping they speak of her as a second Mary Pickford.



Bessielove—you just can't help running it together.

to me. And I did. And I think—though it was my very first attempt—I must have pleased him, or mother and I wouldn't have been invited to see him in his office."

Wouldn't you decide, you, as it did Bessielove's interviewer on the spot, that Motherlove's admonition about not letting a certain young head swell had been strictly observed?

She's a bit of a girl, is Bessielove, packed full of genius and art. Just one year out of Los Angeles High School. Texas is her birth-home, and her parents brought her to California and unseen fame seven years ago. Her father is a physician; her mother chaperones her at the Fine Arts studio.

"Down in Texas—I lived as a kid in Midland, you know—it was my ambition to grow up and be a school-teacher," said Miss Love. "Of course all kids' dreams are funny—to grown-ups. But mine isn't as funny as most, because—well—because a girl can be a school-teacher in Texas, or she can get married. And then this blessed opportunity came along. I know I'm talking at random—skipping the years and things—but I like to. Did you know—since my first picture I've played in six! Did you see me with William S. Hart in 'The Aryan'? He is a very wonderful actor. He has the soul of a poet. Yet he is just a splendid man! Some of my friends at the studio think I resemble Mary Pickford. Do you?"

Bessie Love's mind flutters from thought to thought as a bee to the phlox. She is all feminine.

"Do you know," she said naively, "I think if a girl wants to be a truly great actress she must study. I spend my evenings at home, mostly, studying. Dad's a doctor, and a great student. And some of it I get from mother, I guess. She's a great reader. I suppose—" The slim girl pursed her lips in thought. "I suppose my sudden success, never having had the least bit of theatrical training, may make a whole lot of other girls—like me—crazy to act in the pictures. Just tell them this, will you? I got my chance like one in a million. And it isn't easy. Oh, I know about the girls that have 'acted since they were babies' and would 'just love to be in the movies.' But they *don't know a thing about it*. Once in a long, long while a girl's born with a face to fit the films, and once in a longer, much longer while she



gets born at the same time with a fitness to go with her face. Do you know what I mean? When that happens, she's a whole dishful of luck, because it's poppies to peanuts some director will find her out. And then it's a whole dishpanfull of *work*—for her. My word, if girls knew anything about the work they have to go through to make good while the camera's watching you they'd *stampede* from the movie studios instead of flocking to them!"

Miss Love's first and instantaneous success was scored as the Swedish maid in "The Flying Torpedo," when, wholly untrained and practically without notice, she flopped into a scene with a character-sprawl and the daring cry: "He bane yumped to hell, py yimminy!" and with clenched fists and flashing eyes created a comedy in a minute. One of the best things she has done in cameraland was her excellent work in "The Aryan" with W. S. Hart, for which part Griffith lent her to

In
"The
Aryan"
with
W. S.
Hart

Tom Ince. No one else could be found who just fitted the rôle.

At the tail of her interview Bessielove mused a moment. She often does. "I mustn't forget," she said brightly. "what mother said about not letting my head swell, must I? But I do *so* love to talk about my work!"

Plays and Players

ABOUT THE PEOPLE OF FILMLAND,
AT THE STUDIO AND IN THE HOME

By Cal York

THE growing custom of engaging film players for one production only is making it increasingly difficult to "keep cases" on many of the shining lights of the celluloid. This custom had its inception in New York where many stage stars were granted occasional opportunities of doubling in celluloid, as it were; employing their spare time at the studios while engaged in stage work. In the west, it has been customary to maintain large stock companies, but the inability to keep all high salaried stars as busy as the paymaster, has caused many of the companies to adopt the "player for a play" system. Where the chronicler of screen activities suffers, is in the exploiting of well known film personalities simultaneously by more than one company, as a permanent fixture of their respective concerns.

"WESTWARD HO!" has become the slogan of Universal and the city in California named for that prolific producer is now the home of all its companies. A half dozen or more companies which have been working at Fort Lee, N. J., were affected by the mobilization order.

CLEVER idea that—running Edwin August, film actor, director, avowed author, etc., for the presidency of these United States; but in sanctioning such a stunt it probably never occurred to Mr. August that it would be impossible to obtain even the shadow of representation in the electoral college, or that in becoming an actual candidate, he would be compelled to use his own name, Edwin August Phillip von der Butz.

WHEELER OAKMAN who was the ne'er-do-well in the Selig production of

that name is Mabel Normand's new leading man at her very own Hollywood studio. Mr. Oakman quit Selig for Fox but only remained for a single picture. Lewis J. Cody, another former Seligite, is also in the Normand company, over which Director James Young presides. Miss Normand's first release will be a five reel drama.



Mrs. Charles F. Eyton, still professionally Kathlyn Williams. Hers was an early June wedding.

AFTER waiting vainly for some moneyed film magnate to meet her price of \$10,000 per week, Eva Tanguay, the vaudeville headliner, plunged into the screen pool "on her own" just to see how the water was. With the announcement of her first screen comedy came the statement that she was contemplating a western tour at the head of her own vaudeville company. The water must have been chilly.

GERALDINE FARRAR, the well known film star, has returned to the sun-lighted stage of the Lasky studio at Hollywood after an absence of nearly a year. During that time the famous screen actress had several brilliant and profitable months with the Metropolitan

Opera Company. Miss Farrar was accompanied westward by her husband, Lou-Tellegen, also a well known screen personality, who appeared during his absence in the east in "The King of Nowhere," a drama. No announcement has been made as to the next vehicles for the distinguished pair.

DESPITE stories that she is to join American at Santa Barbara, Helen Holmes and her Signal corps headed by Director J. P. McGowan, are now filming scenes in Honolulu and vicinity for a picture play which, obviously enough in that "location," has no railroad stunts. Before sailing denial was made that Miss Holmes was to leave Signal.

SYD AND CHARLIE CHAPLIN have come to the parting of the fraternal and commercial ways, according to reports from the west. Ever since Charlie got beyond the \$75 a week column on the Keystone payroll, Brother Syd has handled his business affairs. He is credited with being a shrewd business man and a cleverer director than actor. Syd is to head a company of his own.

PHOTOPLAY fans generally, will be interested in the return to the screen of Alice Joyce. After a number of the big concerns had flirted with her, financially, Miss Joyce finally appended her name to a Vitagraph contract. She is to appear in a sequel to "The Battle Cry of Peace," which is to have the same name with "War" substituted for "Peace."

RICHARD STANTON, once an Inceville director and later a Universal serial manipulator, is now a Fox shift boss, at the Coast studio. George Walsh is his leading man and Anna Luther, until recently a Keystone luminary, is leading woman.

ESSANAY won the suit which Charlie Chaplin brought against it and lost the first round of its own half million damage suit against the comedian, so it's a horse apiece, for the present at least. The New York jurist who heard the arguments in the Chaplin vs. Essanay suit held—that Chaplin's reputation could not suffer because his Carmen burlesque was padded after he had cut it. In the suit against Chaplin it is alleged that he did not live up to his contract.

IT would interest not a few of us to be apprised of what Messrs. Francis X. Bushman and Harold Lockwood thought, if anything, when they saw the recent advertisement which proudly announced that "Metro presents the screen's greatest actor, William Nigh."

KOLB AND DILL, the Pacific Coast Weberandfields, are doing Teutonic comedies for American at Santa Barbara. May Cloy,

a blonde Venus, is assisting in the humorous venture. The two comedians were until recently in business on their own hook but apparently, not with success.

HAVING finally and completely retired from the footlights a little behind schedule, E. H. Sothern has begun recording his portrayals on the celluloid ribbons at Vitagraph's studio. He is slated to do three photoplays for that company, under the direction of Frederick Thomson.



Photo by
O. C. Lundberg,
Chicago
Tribune

The Lou-Tellegens, caught by the camera en route to California to resume celluloid activities.

VITAGRAPH has recently undergone quite a reorganization although the Messrs. Blackton and Smith are still listed as its guiding spirits. New funds have been provided and ambitious plans are being worked out. Judging from the membership of the new board of directors, the financial aid came from Thomas F. Ryan, the railroad millionaire, and B. B. Hampton, of the American Tobacco Company.

FROM Universal City comes a pretty tale in which occultism and pre-science are mingled in about equal parts. Miss Mary McDonald, formerly a Winter Garden dancer, felt the call of the silent drama and stationed herself unsuccessfully in the line of applicants before the employment window for several weeks. One day Mrs. Phillips Smalley, the Lois Weber of the screen, felt herself strangely moved and looking about, caught sight of Miss McDonald. Asked if she wanted work, the girl replied in the affirmative and Mrs. Smalley took her to her sanctum. She gave Mary several small parts but could not persuade any of the other Universal directors to use her. One day Mrs. Smalley read a magazine story, "Shoes," and saw Mary McDonald in every line. Result: scenario, Mary starred and envious directors demanding Mary. But Mrs. Smalley held fast to her find, procured a contract for her and henceforth she will be known as Mary MacLaren. Universal City unites in the proverbial "brilliant future" prophecy for Mary.

THE Reliance Motion Picture Corporation, supposed to have retired from the active list last winter, has been resurrected in order to sponsor Sir Herbert Tree's film version of *Macbeth*, released last month.

LENORE ULRICH is back among the diffusers and the glistening tripods after a successful return to the stage in "The Heart of Wetona," one of the season's Broadway hits. Miss Ulrich will continue with the Morosco company.

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG will begin work for the company which bears her name this month, her connection with World expiring July 15. Her director will be Albert Capellani and they will endeavor to immortalize "The Common Law," the writing of which by Robert Chambers marked the beginning of the Franco-American literary era. It will probably be a sex-reeler.

AFTER thinking up a lot of things that might be said by way of comment, we determined to merely reprint the headline over a story from the Metro's caligraphic bureau which reads: "Sing Sing Welcomes Metro Actors."

"SOMEWHERE in France," one of the last stories written by the late Richard Harding Davis, is to be filmed by Thomas H. Ince with Louise Glaum in the leading role.

NELL SHIPMAN.

of Western Vitagraph is a rather indifferent fireman but a good swimmer. Therefore, Director Sturgeon has substituted a shipwreck for the fire scene in Cleveland Moffett's "Through the Wall." Fair enough. No complaints.

BROUGHT from England a short time ago because of her success in photoplays made in that country, Peggy Hyland has become a Vitagraph star. Miss Hyland appeared in one picture for Famous, "Saints and Sinners" and then asked for a release on her contract, which was granted.

MURDOCK MACQUARRIE, veteran director who was successively allied with Universal and Signal, has a new job. He has

become an American director with authority over Helene Rosson, the talented young star of the Santa Barbara concern. Miss Rosson also has a new leading man in Alan Forrest, once of Lubin's Coronado studio but since the arrival of Mary Minter, she can no longer boast of her 17 years.

IT was announced during the month that Mae Murray, once the darling of Ziegfeld's "Follies" and later a Lasky film celebrity, was to move her make-up outfit over to Ince's Culver City studio. Then it was announced that she wouldn't. Then Miss Murray went to New York and it was said she would re-enter the "Follies"; but she didn't and now Miss Murray is back at Lasky's.



Here's a new one—Ivy Close, imported from England to play for Kalem films.

CELIA TURNER, who won a \$4,000 verdict from a New York film concern because she broke an ankle while indulging in a comedy situation, lost out in the higher court. Miss Turner injured herself dropping from the limb of a tree while being pursued by a make-believe maniac. She said the director told her to jump but he said he didn't.

PERHAPS the first positive demonstration of the political power of the movies was given in Chicago during the last month. In the campaign for superior court judges prior to the election on June 5, Judge William Fenimore Cooper, one of the Democratic candidates, did not have the support of a single newspaper,

but he won re-election standing fourth among the successful candidates. The screens of practically every movie theater of Chicago, about 1,000, were used to electioneer for Judge Cooper, because of his blow at political censorship more than a year ago when he prevented the city authorities from putting the ban on "The Birth of a Nation." D. W. Griffith and his associates took a long distance part in the campaign through newspaper advertisements.

THE American Woman Film Company nearly came to grief within a short time after the project was launched by a number of Los Angeles and Pasadena women. A motor truck containing nearly all the members of the company overturned on a steep grade at Chatsworth, north of Los Angeles, and a score in-

jured, some seriously. One of the injured was J. Farrel Macdonald, former director general of Biograph, who is the executive head of the new company. None of the leading people was in the wreck. Lucretia Del Valle, star of the Mission Play; Arthur Maude, Mabel Van Buren and Juan de la Cruz are cast in the company's first effort, "Saul of Tarsus."

NO longer will the wide-eyed tourist be allowed to deposit his two-bits at the ticket widow and then be escorted by a megaphone-voiced guide through the highways and byways of Universal City. It has been sufficiently lucrative, this daily collection of quarters and it has been sufficiently diverting to the visitors who were allowed to see motion pictures in the making. It also gave the stars a chance to do some extra twinkling and gave otherwise subdued "extras" an opportunity of grabbing the center of the stage, as it were. But the management decided that the practice of allowing spectators to witness the doings before the camera was ruinous to screen efficiency. Hence, no longer will a trip to Universal City be included in the itinerary of the California tourist.

WALLACE BEERY, once Essanay's "Sweedic," is now a Universal director. He left Chicago to play with Keystone and Universal grabbed him. He is directing Carter De Haven.

IVY CLOSE, the English actress who was brought to this side to star in Kalem photoplays, has begun her new duties at the Jacksonville, Fla., studio of Kalem. She is declared to be "The most beautiful woman in the world."

HELEN GIBSON, starring in Kalem's "Hazards of Helen," recently jumped to a freight car from an aeroplane going 45 miles an hour. This news comes under the old heading: Important if true.

KATHLYN WILLIAMS, Selig's leading star and one of the best known of all cinema actresses, became a bride last month. She is now Mrs. Charles F. Eyton, and her

husband is the executive head of a rival studio—the Morosco Photoplay Company in Los Angeles. The wedding occurred at Riverside, Cal., the bridal party making the trip from Los Angeles in automobiles. A Methodist minister performed the ceremony. The bridal party included Edward J. LeSaint and his wife, Stella Razeto; Juan de la Cruz, a brother-in-law of Mr. Eyton and Mr. and Mrs. Al Filson, of the Selig company.

AL CHRISTIE, whose Nestor company was the nucleus unit of the Universal, is now directing comedies for David Horsley and his former comedians, Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons, and collaborating on comedies for Universal. Mr. Horsley was one of the original owners of the Nestor which was the first film comedy company on the Pacific Coast.



Reading left to right: Bryant Washburn III and Bryant Washburn IV. The latter has just made his film debut.

MISS IDA DAMON, of St. Louis, winner of the \$10,000 prize in "The Million Dollar Mystery" contest, was married early in June to Arthur Painter, a railway mail clerk of Chicago. Just 1,742 eligible bachelors proposed to Miss Damon through the mails and Painter won the elimination contest. Miss Damon supplied the best scenario for the closing episode of the mystery serial.

HAROLD LOCKWOOD and May Allison, who recently threw in their lot with Metro, have a new director, Henry Otto, whose chief claim to fame is his

artistic production of "Undine" for Universal. They are to make permanent camp in Southern California.

ANOTHER directoral change of importance is that of James Kirkwood, who switches to American. Mr. Kirkwood was a Biograph pioneer actor and director and since quitting that company he has directed a majority of Mary Pickford's photoplays. He was employed by American for the purpose of directing the films in which Mary Miles Minter will be starred.

DONALD BRIAN'S motion picture "debut" is being heralded. That idol of the musical comedy stage made his initial white curtain bow under the auspices of Lasky a year

or more ago in "The Voice in the Fog," or words to that effect.

MARIE DORO had a birthday party last month but the Lasky caligraphist diplomatically declined to state the number thereof. The feature of the party was the filming of an impromptu scenario with a motion picture camera which was a birthday gift from Charlie Chaplin. Those in the cast included the famous comedian, Miss Doro, her husband, Elliott Dexter and Douglas Fairbanks.

NORMA TALMADGE is back in New York after a year or so in Los Angeles studios. Miss Talmadge is still with Fine Arts and is playing leads under the direction of John Emerson at the Fort Lee studios of Triangle. Douglas Fairbanks is also at Fort Lee and others are expected from Los Angeles.

RUTH STONEHOUSE, who was injured while taking part in a photoplay at Universal City, is out of the hospital and back before the camera.

E. FORREST TAYLOR, for a long time with American at Santa Barbara, has quit the millionaire colony for Los Angeles to appear in Kalem's "Social Pirates" with Marin Sais and Ollie Kirkby.

NAT GOODWIN and Mirror Films have come to the parting of the ways. Nat has brought suit for \$13,750, alleged to be due him as unpaid salary.

PENNSYLVANIA censors sustained another severe reverse recently when a Philadelphia court removed the ban placed on "Dollars and the Woman." The court held that the censors "abused their discretion and authority."

AFTER appearing in a Selig play opposite Kathlyn Williams, Courtenay Foote is back at the Morosco camp. Morosco has also engaged Elliott Dexter, husband of Marie Doro.

OTIS SKINNER has begun his first camera acting at the studio of the California Motion Picture Corporation at San Rafael, Cal. The vehicle will be an elaborate film version of "Kismet," Mr. Skinner's great stage success. The scenario was arranged by Capt. Leslie Peacocke. George E. Middleton is the director.

MARY PICKFORD is reported to have signed a contract with Jesse Lasky. The emolument for Mary is placed at \$10,000 every Saturday night. This would be \$520,000 a year. But at this writing, it's only rumor No. 852.

IMPERSONATING film notables is not entirely a Pacific Coast sport. A man was arrested recently in Charlotte, N. C., for representing himself as Ford Sterling. He made it pay until pinched.

IT is with considerable pride that Ivan Films announces the annexation of pretty Marguerite Snow. Miss Snow, or Mrs. James Cruze as she is known in private life, has been with Metro for about a year and appeared during that time opposite Francis X. Bushman in several film stories.

"COUSIN JIM," is the intimate title of a five-reeler recently exhibited in Chicago, which bears several notable distinctions. First, it was produced without a professional in the cast, all of the players being prominent Chicago society folk. Second, it was filmed without the aid of a manufactured set, all scenes and locations having been the real thing. It was done for the benefit of the American Red Cross and the feature of the advertising was the emphasis placed on the "billion dollar cast."

H. COOPER-CLIFFE, who heaved through innumerable Fox thrillers to the great despair of numerous ingenues, is back on the three-dimension stage. He is playing Long John Silver in the production of Stevenson's "Treasure Island," and is one of the hits of that dramatic success.

WHY all the mystery about the authorship of Lasky's photoplay "The Clown," a narration of which is the first thing in this issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE? The producers aver that the play is a product of Marion Fairfax' typewriter, but others—who feel that they know—say that it was written by Luther Reed, former music editor of the New York Herald, who went to the Los Angeles studios a number of months ago.

HOBART BOSWORTH, who has been with Universal ever since leaving the company which bore his name, has been signed by Lasky to play an important role with Geraldine Farrar, in the diva's next screen play.

MARGUERITE COURTOT'S alleged double in the far west appears to be quite a busy little thing. Recently a report came out of Los Angeles that the little film star had been married at Phoenix, Ariz. Miss Courtot, who recently resigned from Gaumont, denies that she has been nearer the Arizona metropolis than Fort Lee, N. J., and believes that the young woman who committed matrimony under her name, is the same who masqueraded as the actress in Los Angeles.

SURROUNDED by a bunch of Vitagraph stars, Marc McDermott, one of the early stars of the photoplay, is doing his initial film for that company. Naomi Childers and William Shea are among those in his support.

EDISON has gathered in Ann Murdock and she will be starred in a picturization of William J. Locke's novel, "Where Love Is." Miss Murdock made her screen debut with Essanay in "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines."

Recognize this?
House Peters in
"The Girl of the
Golden West."



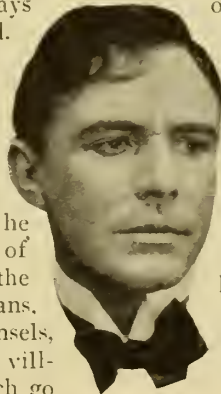
But about that outlaw
stuff. He hasn't quite
got over it yet. . . .
"For six years now,"
he confessed, "I've
wanted to play the role
of a road agent."

They Won't Let Him Be Bad

STUBBORN DIRECTORS INSIST THAT HE
MARRY THE HEROINE AND LIVE HAPPY EVER
AFTER, WHEREFORE HOUSE PETERS MOURNS

By Allen Corliss

"A W, kummawn, let's be a outlaw!" That's what House Peters says he said to himself at various hours of the day and night—many days and nights—when he was a kid. And in one way or another he got hold of a couple of rusty old pistols of ferocious muzzle and generally terrifying mien, and hid them under a winter coal-heap in a bin in his father's cellar, like a regular *Penrod*: and he dreamed the long, long dreams of Youth which have to do with the bloody slaying of painted Indians, the rushing rescue of lovely damsels, the deadly discomfiture of wicked villains, and many other visions which go



into the mixing-pot of ambition out of which comes a fine broth of a lad later on.

"Maybe I *would* have been an outlaw, or something, if my father hadn't uncoiled my arsenal and granted me a session in the garret, with an ancient razor-strop as the third principal in the scene." he mused, talking things over with his interviewer. "Did it ever occur to you what destinies may lie concealed in an old razor-strop intimately applied? Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay, may stop a hole to keep the wind away, but such a possibility is of small consequence compared with the latent potential-

ties of a good old-cast-off strop in the hands of a determined father minded to deal with the immediate present and resultant future of his male offshoot. Uhuh."

But about that outlaw stuff. He hasn't quite got over it yet, this big, great-looking, wonder-acting Adonis of the shadow stage. "For six years now," he confessed, "I've wanted to play the role of a road agent—a Dick Turpin or a Robin Hood or a Harry Tracy, I don't care which—and the directors won't let me! No. I've always got to be the He-ro. I don't mind rescuing the lovely maiden—that's fair enough; but why must I always be condemned to marry the heroine, pay off the mortgage, and live happy everafter? I tell you it gets to be monotonous. What do they think I am—a Mormon?"

"Why," mourned H. Peters, "with the exception of Ramerrez in "The Girl of the Golden West" I've never been permitted to so much as sniff around the rôle of the Bad Man. And then—*then*," in a deeply injured tone, "when I *did* play Ramerrez the darned pistol had to explode and I got badly burned on the face and hands. Pistols don't do that to real Bad Men. Just my luck."

They call House Peters "the royal romancer of the photo-screen" and "the handsomest matinee idol of the film stage." Peters opened his stage career in Chicago in "Money Moon," and a "movie" manager with a fat wallet saw him and promptly took him away into cameraland. Then it became necessary to get the best leading man for Mary Pickford that money could lure, and presently House Peters was playing opposite the most popular bit of womanliness in the studios.

Jesse Lasky made the next move. He wanted just such a big, handsome leading man as House Peters for his feature plays—and House Peters journeyed to Hollywood. The California Moving Picture Corporation bid next, and H. P. thrilled through five reels of "Salomey Jane." Then came Lubin and the World Film Corporation. He is now playing leads for the latter and he has scored heavily in his latest photoplays.

But they won't let him be a Bad Man. Wherefore House Peters mourns.

He never even budged when this flashlight was shot in his Hollywood bungalow.



"And then, when I did play Ramerrez, the darned pistol had to explode, and I got badly burned."




The

Shadow Stage

A Department
of Photoplay
Review

By Julian
Johnson



*This little child—
Jane Lee—is a lead-
ing figure in the
prologue of Bren-
on's "Daughter of
the Gods."*

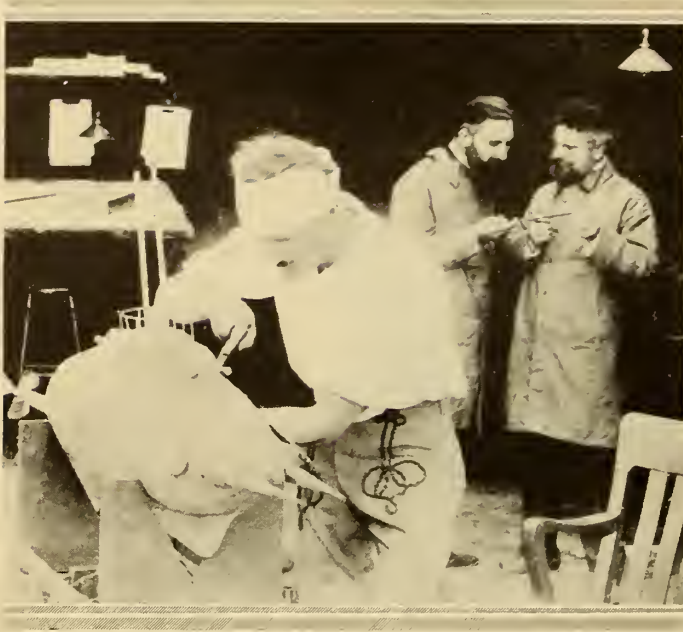
EDITOR'S NOTE: *The overture to the monthly discussion is a consideration of five huge productions. Each of these dreadnaught dramas has been designed as a full evening's entertainment. More money was spent upon each than upon the preparation of any Broadway "show" you might name, and should each be unrolled in its original uncut substance it would, like a feat of Chinese histrionism, link many nights together. The comment upon "Civilization," "The Fall of a Nation," and "Macbeth" is by Randolph Bartlett, of the New York staff of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.*

WE weary of every earthly thing—save the sea. The echoes of its first mysterious call have not ceased to sound through the ages, and it has kept a lure for every man who has been on, in or about it, from the first argonautic Greek to the latest commander of a U-boat. It was the sea which Herbert Brenon chose as canvas and ruling tint for his first heroic camera painting, "Neptune's Daughter;" and half a year ago, when he took the fabrics and arms of another Damascus, ten tribes of players, a seraglio of beauty, the edificers of a capital city, a day's steel from Bethlehem, the building materials of a new Jerusalem and the world's champion wet woman—he took them back to the sea. It was toward Jamaica that he steered the celluloid armada of William Fox, some time in the autumn of 1915; and it is from Jamaica that he comes in the early summer of 1916, with a great photographic ultramarine still wearing its prop handle—the sort they give unborn plays for convenience sake—"The Daughter of the Gods." Miss

Annette Kellerman, sweetly lustrous fish in "Neptune's Daughter," is the finny queen of the new expression.

It is not upon a scene of grandeur or voluptuousness that this curtain of shadow rises, but upon a little girl who sorrows because her caged canary pines for freedom. She releases it to join a frolicsome sparrow which parades its liberty in a nearby wood. But a dog—alas!—uses the sparrow as an entree, and the canary, finding free loneliness more terrible than solitary confinement, flies out over the sea, and flies, and flies, and flies until it falls. The lonely little royal child, pining like the lonely little free canary, soon sends its wee spirit winging out over the ocean of eternity. And there is a king's son, too, who finds a coracle on the crystal beach of the palace keep, and, as his guard slumbers, paddles out, and out, and out—and over he goes.

Enter tailed water-sprites whom Brenon learned to call by name three years ago. It is theirs to reincarnate the water-killed children; and, reincarnated and matured,



Howard Hickman as Count Ferdinand in "Civilization."

this pair of will-o'-the-wisp fortune is personated by Annette Kellerman and William Shay.

There's the pretty prologue to as grand a tale of nereids and necromancy, villains and voluptuaries, coryphees and combats as was ever wrought outside the Burton edition of *The Thousand and One Nights*.

If a cataloguer were sent to describe the articles in Captain Kidd's fabled treasure he wouldn't know what gold monastic cup or Aztec jewel on which to begin. I don't believe in writing a tale in a review, yet I don't know whether to jump in the middle of Brenon's picture and drill my way out with a hard pencil, or knock off specimen assays from its edges.

Seldom has any photoplay been conceived with such a wealth of varied material, with thrills so interspersed between moments of quaintness and closeup bits of expressive pantomime.

For sheer material size of spectacle, "The Daughter of the Gods" outdoes anything yet seen. The mighty plain across which white and black armies charge makes one wonder at finding so much dry Atlantic island outside Cuba. The crowds of citizens and soldiers — countless, almost — which surcharge the great squares beneath Brenon's long shots make one involuntarily applaud the discipline and military tech-

nique which made this picture possible. There are wall-battles with all the impedimenta of ancient verduning, outdoing anything in epic "Cabiria." The gnome village — a nation of miniature men — comes toward that *Somewhere in Arabia* hundreds strong, jogging absurdly on its score after score of donkeys; the reigning demoiselle of the fairies conducts the air with her demoniac baton — instantly it is a crusade, a mighty convoy of crossed and galloping white knights. There's the thrill of double exposure!

Architecturally. "The Daughter of the Gods" is another Troy. Not merely a fortress, a wall and a palace were erected for its taking pleasures; a whole city rose, with streets and armies for shooting, and, afterwards, for fiery destruction beneath an omnivorous lens which sometimes likes its fodder cooked.

Miss Kellerman does little acting, but much effective posing, and feat upon feat of daring which leaves no margin for further exploits. If she passes her water-valor here, she dies. I doubt if ever again will she undertake to swim in such a storm over such infernal rocks as those she is horribly tossed upon in one of these scenes. Nor will she do a more spectacular dive than her hundred-foot leap from one of the Brenon-built towers.

Nor will any more of Miss Kellerman be seen, for she performs the most of her finny duties with no adornment save an overplus of artificial hair.

From time to time producers have used nakedness as diversion or attraction, but Brenon has made a perfectly logical use, not of nakedness, but of nudity. One doesn't suppose that the belles of an oriental hammam wore Hickson swimming suits; the Persian poets don't suggest it, and Alma-Tadema, for instance, doesn't portray it. Mr. Brenon's exquisite galaxy of hammam-

ettes quite properly wear—nothing. And you are not shocked. There is far more indecency, you know, in a paraded bit of gauze than in the natural, absolute unclothed.

This is not a perfect picture. One wishes that there were more flashes of comedy to bind people and episodes together in warmer humanness. Occasionally Miss Kellerman cavorts like an H₂O prima-donna, getting quite out of the play to sing an optic cadenza of splash. And again one longs for the dramatic value of closer, more contrasty photography.

But what *has* been perfect since the Greeks finished their big house on the Acropolis hill? Here is a stunning photoplay which is a marvel of its kind, and the proclaimer of its author-maker as a master-director of first order. For every fault it has a dozen excellencies.

Mr. Shay is his sufficient self, and Jane Lee has an awful race for her honors as First Little Kid of Photoplay with her artless sister, Katherine. But it is Marcelle Montabat, a tinily intense French girl, who pirouettes away with all the acting honors.

WITH the arrival of the gentle month of June there descended upon Long-acre Square, New York, such a deluge of blood as would have flooded all the trenches of Europe. Two days before the murderous exploits of Macbeth were exposed at the Rialto, the Ince engines of destruction began their work of wholesale slaughter at the Criterion, and two days after the Shakespearean orgy of death, the Thomas Dixon massacres were confessed at the Liberty. It is more than a coincidence that Ince projected his peace fantasia, "Civilization" in the same theater which had housed Blackton's "Battle Cry of Peace" about a year earlier, and that "The Fall of a Nation" was

focused upon the same screen which for a year carried "The Birth of a Nation." This is more than coincidence, it is challenge, and even if one were not inclined to employ comparative criticism, such circumstances make it practically unavoidable. To state the case, arbitrarily therefore, the order of merit of these four war spectacles must be awarded in the following gradation: "The Birth of a Nation," "Civilization," "The Battle Cry of Peace," "The Fall of a Nation." And to make the statement complete, it must be added that an unassuming little five-reeler from the Fine Arts Studio, now several months old, "The Flying Torpedo," should be remembered, and given third place.

The strength of "Civilization" lies in a remarkable achievement by Thomas H. Ince, who has not permitted his story to be cheapened by the introduction of a trivial romance. The moment a titanic struggle such as is depicted in any of these creations is pushed aside to make way for personal romance, there is a long, hard drop. Mr. Ince has used just what story was necessary to knit his reels into a unified whole, and no more. The King of Wredpryd has become involved in a war for which there is no justification but conquest. Count Ferdinand, commander of a submarine, is influ-



Adda Gleason
and Monroe
Salisbury in
"Ramona."



The "Bryan scene" in "The Fall of a Nation."

enced by a vast organization of women, through the girl he loves, to refuse to carry out an order to sink a liner, and in the mutiny of his men which results, he is badly wounded. Hovering between life and death he meets the Christ in a vision, and the Divine Man says: "In your body my spirit shall return to the world of realities and spread the gospel of peace." Urged on by this spirit, Count Ferdinand, upon his recovery, makes his appeal, which finally touches the king and converts him. That is the entire story. Upon this slender but all sufficient thread, the theme is woven, showing first the beauties of pastoral life, then the calamity of war, and finally the return to peace. That universal appeal, absolutely necessary to the success of any art work, known as "human interest," is provided, not through a portrayal of the joys and sorrows of one little group of persons, but in a great series of bereavements and reunions. Thus there is not one "heart punch" but a score.

Here, then, is the grip of "Civilization," in that before Mr. Ince rolls on his heavy artillery, his 42-centimeter guns, his sub-

marines, his bomb-dropping aeroplanes, he has created a deep and enduring interest in the army against which these engines of death are operating. In the background are the deserted forge, the invalid mother, the tearful children, the shepherdless flocks, swiftly and graphically suggested in such juxtaposition that when the crash and flame of explosions leave the field strewn with bodies, there is a personal interest in the fate of the army, not weakened by futile guesses as to whether or not some handsome hero will stagger off the field to clasp to his bosom a beautiful damsel, but an interest which embraces all these men, compelled by the war power to abandon all that makes life lovely to engage in the business of destroying life.

The thrill of the spectacle must ever be secondary to the thrill of emotion, since it appeals to the brain instead of to the heart. Mr. Ince's spectacle is tremendous, its mechanical equipment a revelation, save in one respect. His air fleet is numerically strong, but battle planes are not to be had for the asking in this country. His aeroplanes are mere sky runabouts and roadsters, bearing

about the same relation to a war plane as the familiar Detroit road obstructor to the latest eight-cylinder go devil. On sea and land, however, the eye is satisfied. Devastation is not represented merely by shattering a rickety shed, and then showing a horde of people rushing pell mell out of a tenement. Nor has Mr. Ince indulged in that popular banality of showing soldiers pursuing and slaying civilians. He has endeavored to approximate, as closely as possible, actual war conditions, and has not attempted to lend spurious aid to his argument by introducing incidents of doubtful authenticity.

When the film was first shown to the supersensitive and hypermoral critics on the Pacific Coast, it is reported that a shrill protest arose to the effect that in portraying the Christus Mr. Ince had committed sacrilege. Despite the fact that Jesus was a historically real man, there is an absurd tradition which has fastened itself upon the stage, that He must not be impersonated. Writers, painters, sculptors, and all other artists, are free to present their visualizations of the Man of Sorrows, but the actor has been barred. There is no good reason why, if the spirit of Christ is one which should be brought before men, any method of achieving this end should be rejected. We believe that if Jesus were on earth today He would gladly employ this far-reaching influence. In "Civilization" He is seen moving sadly but majestically about the scenes of carnage, for the purpose of leading men to higher ideals than power. It is a symbolism which appeals to both the artistic and the ethical senses.

What, then, keeps this from being a Master Film? Simply its absence of intimacy. These people are not our people, this king not our king, this war not our war, this flag not our flag. It is a myth of the imagination. True, it all might happen to us, or to any other nation, but to realize this the audience must pause and transpose its allegory into American terms. Note the difference in "The Birth of a Nation." Here was a

struggle that meant something definite to every American, revived ancient passions and flung us back headlong into that maelstrom of the Civil War. Its scenes left us riven in every emotion and gasping for breath. It struck deep into the consciousness of every spectator as a visualization of something through which men he had seen in G. A. R. parades had passed. "Civilization" is addressed to the mentality, and even in its most emotional moments never touches the core of our lives. Yet it stands head and shoulders above any other picture drama which has grown out of this war era. The scenario is by C. Gardner Sullivan, with more than a slight suggestion that he has read or seen the Beulah Dix piece, "Across the Border." The acting is secondary. Howard Hickman of the noble brow is a consistent Count Ferdinand, Herschell Mayall an impressive king, and George Fisher a truly reverent Christus. "Civilization" was more than a year in making. In one scene the U. S. navy co-operated.



*George Beban
and Helen
Eddy in
"Pasquale."*

FIRMLY grasping the parachute, we now descend to a consideration of the Thomas Dixon confection, "The Fall of a Nation." Here we have our friend of last summer, "The Battle Cry of Peace," with the punch taken out and low comedy substituted, and Hoyt's "A Milk White Flag" resurrected as a serious finale. Here we have the Pilgrim Fathers taking possession of New England to the caption, "First they fell upon their knees, then upon the aborigines." Here we have a caption stating that Carl Schurz and his followers escape to America, followed by a picture of six men crawling through some shrubbery. Here we have a sweet young girl of about eighteen elected as leader of a sort of vast Federation of Women's clubs. Here we have plotters openly unloading guns from a truck in a city street in broad daylight. Here we have people taking seriously headlines in a yellow journal. Here we have a producer the limit of whose imagination in ridiculing the peace movement is repeating Commodore Blackton's lampoon of W. J. Bryan, tiresome even a year ago. Here we have, once more, the spectacle of high commanders of an invading army dropping everything to force their attentions upon sugar-plum ingenues. And so on, until, as a climax of pure, triple distilled saccharine to top this pyramid of glucose, we have the loyal Americans regaining control of their country by the simple and direct method of a great organization of 1,200,000 delectable

young females in natty white suits, winning the love of the soldiers of the army of occupation and persuading them to desert to the American forces, with their heavy artillery and side-arms. Oh joy! Oh cataclysms of bliss!

The fable itself is not worth repeating, for it is familiar to many as the plot of "The Battle Cry of Peace." with the sole difference that instead of saying, at the close, "This never happened," it shows the Americans regaining, in the bloodless fashion described, control of their land. The celluloid is described by its author as "A story of the origin and destiny of our republic by one who believes the time has come for a revival of the principles upon which it was founded." With the propaganda feature of this film, as with that of "Civilization," we have nothing to do. In these days of preparedness parades and political debates that can be safely left to the reviews which deal with such matters.

We are concerned solely with the question of whether or not this is good entertainment, regardless of the sincerity of the author's patriotic motives. And it is not good entertainment because it is neither original nor spectacular. At this writing, twelve hours after witnessing the display, it is impossible to recall one battle scene.

Yet the picture contains some of the finest acting, and offers some of the finest types, ever projected upon the patient white sheet, and the photography could not well be improved. Lorraine Huling, as generalissimo of the flapper army, is a delightful personality, despite the handicap of her silly role. Flora MacDonald



Blanche Sweet in "The Thousand Dollar Husband," a new Lasky photodrama.

as an Italian woman and Phillip Gastrock as her husband are perfect cameos of characterization. Numerous other types of minor importance are marvels of detail. But it cannot be said that these are of sufficient interest to redeem, even in a measure, the utter failure of the piece as a whole.

The advertising heralded this as "the first grand opera cinema." To our stubbornly literal mind, grand opera suggests, for some reason or other, a considerable amount of singing. In the entire evening no voice was raised in lay, aria, recitative, chorus, cavatina, glee, cadenza or madrigal, save that of Mr. Dixon, who came before the curtain (when the audience called for Victor Herbert) to say how glad he was we all liked his piece, when it was for Victor we were all rooting. Symphony-cinema it might be called, or better, a symphony with pictorial fetters. In the opening episodes, where the picture prelude was leading up to the founding of the American republic, Mr. Herbert displayed true Beethoven genius, introducing faint suggestions

of the themes of the various American national airs, and in the battle scenes the jargon and dissonance was so masterful that it almost hypnotized the audience into the belief that the picture was thrilling. It was the music which thrilled and awakened the flagging interest. It was not surprising, nor without significance, that the calls in the intermissions at the opening performance were all for the composer, nor was it surprising that Mr. Herbert did not care to appear in person. The question is, what will become of this splendid composition when the picture succumbs.

"RAMONA" is the white folks' favorite story about Indians. In writing it Helen Hunt Jackson didn't even penetrate the epidermis of the Indian character—much less that lack of character which un-makes the Southwestern Indian; indolent and hopeless amalgam of Castile, Aztec and Digger that he is, with just a trace of Sioux—though she fabricated a sentimental romance which seems liable to live a lot longer than the unpoetic truth.

"Ramona," from Clune's picture factory, has waited a long time for its filming. It is Mr. Clune's first feature output, and, directed by Donald Crisp, contains a lot of surprisingly good things in addition to missing a lot of things it ought to have.



*J. P. McGowan
(left, dealing)
as Whispering
Smith.*

The film's greatest weakness is in its inordinate length. As was said of a promising candidate the first day of the Republican National Convention, it talks itself right out of the nomination. It is as though Mr. Clune, thriftily observing many yards of "over-shoot," had remarked: "Well, we spent money for this; it mustn't be thrown away—we'll put it right in here!" The night I saw the picture I swelled with pride as I realized that, for the first time in months, I was entering a playhouse on time. But I was not on time. I was in my seat at New York's 44th Street Theater at 8:14, and the first reel was half over. As I had no cabaret dates that night, and no particular desire to get home before sun-up, I wrestled with the entertainment to its finish, but by that time the majority of the audience had departed.

There is a prologue and two acts, and each grand division is of portentous size and pretentious equipment.

The prologue passes in the bright guitary days of Spanish California. Here the Gonzagas and the Morenos enjoy life in sumptuous *manana* fashion; here Angus Phail, the Scotch ship owner, sails away—and here he returns to find that love has wearied, watching, and that another has claimed his bride. Soft Wind, the squaw, saves him from death, and to this tragically assorted pair comes the baby which will never be able to wholly ally itself with any race: Ramona. Here also is Phail's dramatic desertion of the squaw, his plucking of his half white child from its aboriginal mother, and his final bestowal of it, at death, upon the Spanish woman who is to be a foster-mother at once kind and cruel.

In Act II, Felipe, son of the haughty Senora Moreno, astounds his family and saddens the nineteen-year-old Ramona by declaring his love for her; and she, true to the whisperings of her maternal ancestry, falls in love with Alessandro the sheep shearer, son of Chief Pablo Assis of Temecula. As the prologue occupied the years between 1845 and 1864, so the second act supposedly occurs in 1879, when the eminently practical Americans were overriding Indians and proud but lazy Spanish-Mexicans everywhere.

In the final act, occupying the two years between '79 and '81, we see the Gringo occupation of California complete, and Alessandro, the Indian who will not under-

stand, burying his baby, driven from home, and finally over the weird borderland of madness by the rough pre-emptors among our brethren, who, if history is to be believed, *did* give the tan-skins a pretty rough deal when they legally hocus-pocussed them out of lands on which they and their forefathers had lived for centuries. At the death of Alessandro, Ramona puts a peaceful if not exactly happy finish to the film record by marrying the kindly young Spanish aristocrat, Felipe Moreno, who had to await her husband's passing to get her.

"Ramona" will interest Southwesterners in a hundred ways that won't touch the Easterner. If Director Donald Crisp's extraordinary—and successful—endeavors for historic accuracy in times and customs had been directed toward securing cumulative dramatic effect and sustained emotional appeal he would have been hailed as a new genius. But "Ramona" runs down hill. The prologue has poetry, romance, deep suspense, superb characterization, wonderful pictorial beauty and almost epic tragedy. The Scotchman Phail is a Homeric figure, with his love, faith and final Dantesque wandering. His Indian wife, deprived of her child, squatting on the ground with all of Lear's tragedy in the depths of her dry eyes, is a grand savage, and the only true one in the play.

Afterwards we run to sheep-shearing, and courtings, and ceremonies religious, social and civil—some way, the final two-thirds of the photoplay convince only on two counts: remarkable accuracy and opulence in property, costume and scene; and truly wonderful photography. The programme looks like the New York telephone directory, but as near as I can make out, the camera man was Enrico Vallejo. He deserves to see his name in the paper.

Miss Adda Gleason is a Ramona of winsomeness and sympathy, and Miss Lurline Lyons is remarkably true to type as Senora Moreno. Nigel de Brullier is equally satisfactory as Felipe Moreno, but Monroe Salisbury played Alessandro as no Indian who ever lived outside book covers.

In this monstrously long photoplay Mr. Crisp exhibited all his old master Griffith's ability to make a cast of unknown, and we should say in most instances comparatively inexperienced people, perform like veterans in the film Grand Army. Crisp was an apt student.

"MACBETH" is great because William Shakespeare invested it with all the magnificence of his opulent imagery; take away the language of "Macbeth," and as a story it is nothing more than a series of murders with the killer slain at the end. It is not half so good a story, for example, as was "The Price of Power," in which a man's greed overrides his conscience, makes him a wrecker of lives, and finally sends his own life crashing down with the others. To film "Macbeth," then, called for something more than two great actors to play the parts of Macbeth and his lady; it demanded a director who could add something to the story and produce a new grip, an original suggestion of the subtle psychic forces that drove Macbeth onward in his crimes.

The Reliance production, with Sir Herbert Tree and Constance Collier as the stars, is simply a good, straightforward picturization of the familiar tale of the Thane of Glamis. One hoped much of the witches, hoped for a stronger suggestion of the supernatural. True, Director John Emerson's hags are plenty ugly, and fade away in the accepted manner, as does likewise Banquo's ghost.

But all these things are familiar tricks. Speaking quite seriously, Director Emerson seems tied to a Tree. In a film which runs nearly three hours one has a right to look for invention, striking effects, tension and mystery.

The one great moment in the film, when everybody forgot the book, was where Macbeth and his wife wait in their room for Duncan to go to sleep, in order that they may have an opportunity to murder him. Other scenes alternate—the king's preparations for retiring, Macduff's premonition of evil—and then back again to these two tense, staring figures, immobile and portentous. Let the king pray, let Macduff ride like mad for Inverness, here is tragedy, poised and ready to strike. In acting and piecing of scenes this is a master bit.

But there are details that annoy, such as the huge harp with strings of loose rubber tubing, or some such material, and the projection of a scene wherein the army of Macduff, besieging Dunsinane, apparently thinks to capture the fortress by gathering in mass formation under the walls, where they will be handy recipients of molten metal, rocks, and such other missiles, and

trying to scare the defenders out by waving flags on the ends of spears. It is about time some director with a little curiosity in his makeup, took a day off to learn how the sieges of castles were actually conducted. The approved method was to surround them and starve them out, but that is not dramatic of course.

To return to the main theme, the picture fails of greatness because it relied upon stellar acting, and after the first few episodes, this acting consisted, on the part of Sir Herbert, of staring and wobbling, and the staring eye when translated into black and white, becomes extremely monotonous. Miss Collier was more versatile in her moods, and her sleepwalking scene was decidedly eerie. Doubtless, to the millions who never have seen Sothern as the arch murderer, and some actress of the caliber of the late Helen Modjeska as his temptress, particularly to the millions who never even have read the classic, this film will be a revelation of thrills. To us who have been reading and seeing the play for more years than we care to admit, it brings little of interest. But for one thing at least, many thanks—the Reliance folks were able to find material for their captions in the lines of the play itself, for the most part, even though there does seem to be a difference of opinion as to the spelling of the word "weird."

THE PROGRAMMES

VERY serious thing may be said about the regular issues of the manufacturers during the past month: it has been a month which, taken as a whole, would not have made one intelligent convert to photodrama.

What does this mean? It means that it has been one of the dullest, flattest periods in the history of film plays—apart from the extraordinary features just discussed. It has been a thirty-day term of repetition, tawdry romance, common crime, hackneyed atonements and sugar-coated endings. No studio bears all the blame; each one has some of it.

Photodrama needs intelligent converts, and any period that does not make them is an artistic tragedy. It is the intelligent man and woman who, by their demands, will raise this great silent voice to its supreme eloquence. Things happen in this world, and out of it, by virtue of causes.

An art rises in response to an artistic feeling in its vicinity; where there is no artistic feeling expression keeps its dead level of hopelessly uninspired mediocrity. The artistic photoplay is a kindler of emotion and favorable sentiment, but it is not a self-starter. If there is something to draw clever people to the silver-sheet temples, the clever people will see that clever plays are not neglected. But if our manufacturers continue to offer yellow-back adventures, servant's romances and messenger-boy thrills what clever person is going to pay any attention to the optic playshop?

Our producers won't find it hard to belling an audience into attending a "Civilization," or "A Daughter of the Gods," or a "Macbeth," but big audiences for these pictures is not the crying need of the photoplay field-general. We must have good plays in our programmes, for every day in the year it is the programme material which diverts the nation. The great multi-reel feature comes only once in awhile.

If the spurious dramatic coin now circulating is standard, something is wrong with the standard-setters. If this stuff is right, we *are* a nation of dubs, bounders, slackers, and half-wits.

"It's easy to tear down," you say?

Certainly. Then let's build up.

We need intelligent authorship and less demand for mere quantity.

Some one said, recently: "Photodrama burns up stories faster than all the creative imaginations of the world can make them. Plot falls down because it is bleeding to death. The authors simply can't keep going as long as the motto of a jaded public is 'a play a day.' The plays have got to be mediocre because there are so many of them."

Here's an expression diametrically opposed: "It is the producing manager who cuts the soul out of the plays. The producing manager has no belief in the intelligence of his audience. He is assured that the public does not want innovation, boldness or cleverness. Above all, according to his gospel, it does not want the truth. It wants to be lulled rather than stimulated; it wants the smirk of a sweetened lie in invariable preference to the roughly invigorating fist of honesty. According to the manager, the public wants pretty plays with taffy endings, and the fellow who can grind out this schedule most unfailingly is

the little white-haired boy among authors."

For ourselves, we believe neither of these statements. That is, we do not in any sense believe them wholly. We think overproduction has used up a lot of story-notions, and we know that managers are conventional and oftentimes timid, yet—

Our best producing managers are men, who succeeded because they were different from other men. Opulence has no doubt dulled the fine edge of their daring, but we doubt very much if they have the dreadful opinion of the American public which the pessimists prescribe for them.

The managerial sin—and this goes for pretty nearly every one of them—is overfaith in a director's ability to pick and write, and in underpaying the author. Time was when the director was czar—and deserved to be. But the art-business has broadened and widened until it has reached the specialization age. No longer can one man or one set of men do it all. Nowadays the director should no more be expected to write or originate his plays than he should be expected to keep the books or draw the payroll. Big authors will put their spiritual inventions into the camera's field only when the material return is proportional to the return for the same flow of originality between covers or behind footlights. Gold can't be melted into genius, but genius has learned to melt itself into gold. But do not forget that the manager is victim of a system which makes him produce more plays than he can possibly issue with profit.

AMONG the very few pieces of the past month which have any worth at all, Morosco's "Pasquale" sticks out like a sore thumb on a pianist.

It's fairly wonderful, when you come to think of it, that no one before Mr. George Beban and his collaborator dreamed of applying the war-problems of foreign born American citizens to purposes of dramatic plot.

Here we have a perfectly lifelike Italian grocer and a perfectly lifelike Italian banker, both moved by a great love for the fatherland—and both setting the match to incipient domestic tragedies by their departures. Had Mr. Beban found a way out of his five-fathom suspense other than through the death of his unwanted people, "Pasquale" would have been a complete

(Continued on page 160)



Photo by Witzel

All- Around Anita

AUTO OR AVIATION
STUFF, NO ONE
NEEDS TO DOUBLE
FOR ANITA KING

By
Grace Kingsley

ANITA KING, one of the most versatile girls of the films!

More and more the photoplay demands of those to whom it delivers regular pay envelopes that they shall risk themselves really, cry actual tears, laugh life-like, do pranks naturally, faint without fozzling, preside over a servanted dinner as one to the manor born, pour tea like an English Violet, climb the same side of a bronc as a Montana cowgirl does, perpetrate a rarebit without strings, fly a monoplane, simulate the saturated state of Carry when they had to carry Carry to the ferry and the ferry carried Carry to the Shore because Carry couldn't carry any more (which sort of simulation without stimulation isn't always so droll), sing beside babyboy in the dreamy dusk, loop the loop in a roaring automobile, and be prepared for action whether one is asleep with fatigue or too fatigued to sleep.

If you see Miss King in a photoplay, racing an automobile, or nursing a wounded soldier, or editing a paper, or managing a mothers' meeting, or addressing a crowd of men, or sailing a boat, or cooking a meal, or fighting a timber wolf,

or running an airship, or teaching school, there will be nothing "phoney" or faked about it. It will be the "sincere stuff," as the newspaper men say. Miss King not only can but has done all these things "off-stage."

How would you expect such a versatile young lady to look? Just irritatingly self-confident, disagreeably competent—a shirt-waist-and-skirt person with keen eyes and a cold, critical manner—wouldn't you? Instead of which, the young woman who met me at the door of her Hollywood bungalow looked as delightfully helpless, as charmingly useless (clad in a foolishly ruffled heliotrope afternoon gown) as any masculine heart could desire. Her voice has a slow, drawling note, and there's a softly humorous little glint in her eyes if you say anything that amuses her.

When she had made some lemonade, some very good lemonade, I was entirely convinced of her feminineness. No man ever makes lemonade.

She explained she was resting after the strenuousness of her last picture in which she is being starred by the Lasky Company with Victor Moore.

Tired? Not at all, despite the evidence; but ready for a race or a little jaunt to Frisco.



The fraction of a second after making a 72-foot leap—not hurt, just stunned.

"Can you shoot a gun?" I demanded.

"Well, yes, I've fooled 'round with a gun a little."

"Run an airship?"

"Why, I've done it once or twice—nothing to speak of—just happened—"

"Have you ever written?"

"Oh, I was women's club editor of a Minneapolis paper once. But pray what has all this to do with my career as an actress?"

Now Miss King is a very good screen actress indeed. So she naturally wished to talk about her work. However, a versatile person, who can do anything from running an airship to running an incubator, who can draw pictures as well as act in them, who is a milliner as well as a mummer—isn't that a sure-enough alliteration?—is too interesting to be allowed to escape without explaining.

About the gun. It was Carey King, her husband, now dead, who told me of that. A few years ago, at the beginning of the strife in Mexico, she was living on the outskirts of Mexico City. Some Mexican soldiers stopped at her house one day and asked for a drink of water. Her Mexican maid served them. One of them recognized the girl as a friend of the rival faction, and started to seize her. Miss King heard the girl's screams, and rushed to help her. There were no men of the family on the place—and Anita King got a bullet through her arm. The soldiers finally seized and shot the Mexican girl, but not



until Miss King had made a valiant battle and risked her own life! Some spark of manhood must have remained in the Mexican leader, for he called his men away, and left the brave girl alone. She managed to bind up the wounded arm, but fainted before the family came home.

And I think the bravest thing I ever knew a girl to do—since the feat called for no mere spurt of spirit but for steady courage, a dauntless will—was the thing she did last summer—driving across the country alone in an automobile. Accosted by Indians in Nevada, by tramps in the snowsheds of the Rockies, single-handed destroying a timber-wolf which attacked her on the edge of the big American desert, and most of all being at the mercy of the desert heat, of strange roads, of the storms of the Middle West and the dangers of the mountains.

"About writing, now?" one asks.

"Oh, I have the news sense," said Miss King. "I'm sure of that. And I love general assignments. But when the women's clubs began to fight, and my newspaper put me on that, I simply couldn't get used to the temperature. No, I'd rather run my car off the edge of a precipice"—a "feature" actually accomplished by her in her late picture for the Lasky Company—"than to try to report a meeting of a

women's club where the women are quarreling."

"Well, how about school-teaching?"

"No money, my dear. And while I loved the children, there's something about Friday afternoon piece-speaking that gets on my nerves. Besides, there are moments when nothing does Johnny any good except spanking, and confidentially I can't bear the thought of a big husky woman like myself picking on an infant. I leave it for someone else."

"And driving an air-ship?"

"Glorious! Glorious! But if you will look about you, you will notice a terrible dearth of air-ship lines. It seems not at all like a steady occupation, and a steady occupation I must have."

The latest accomplishment of Miss King, and the one showing an entirely different angle of her nature, is the formulating of a plan for the protection of girls who have dreams of becoming motion picture actresses. This she accomplished in consultation with Judge Thomas White, of the Women's Court, in Los Angeles, and Police Chief Snively, and in furtherance of the plan Miss King has been appointed a City Mother, and each motion picture plant will also have its woman officer, who will look into the qualifications, the lives and actions of all girls applying for work.

Once Upon a Time

THERE were no moving pictures then,
 Commotion tales of love and sin;
 No Keystone capers nor film newspapers
 To lure us from the traffic's din.

There were no boards of censors then
 To tell us what was wrong and what was
 right;

To muffle kisses or stay the hisses
 When the erstwhile villain, just before the
 last act, stepped in front of the Peruna
 ad. on the curtain and, in the voice of a
 sympathetic undertaker, announced: "On
 behalf of the management and the entire
 company, I thank you, and remem-bah—
East Lynne, tomorrow night."

AL. COHN.

PHOTOPLAY TITLE CONTEST

Number VII—Complete in this issue. For explanation see opposite page.

FIND TITLES IN THIS LIST

T ANGLED Facts	Half a Rogue	Playmate
Fate's Boomerang	Loyalty	On the Minute
Salvation Joan	Audrey	The Newlywed's Mixup
Tess of the Storm Country	The Corner	The Precious Packet
A Dash of Courage	The Supreme Temptation	Sign of the Times
The Bugle Call	The Little Shepherd of Bargain Row	Parting of the Ways
David Garrick	The Saleslady	Mysteries of Myra
The Floorwalker	Poor Little Pippina	The Closed Road
God's Country and the Woman	The Blacklist	Molly Make Believe
Caught by the Seminoles	Maria Rosa	The Lonesome House
The Feud Girl	The Eternal Sapho	The Snow Bird
A Perilous Love	Who's Guilty?	The Hero of Submarine D-2
The Unwritten Law	The Little Girl Next Door	The Strange Case of Mary Page
Her Maternal Right	The Primal Lure	A Modern Thelma
Not My Sister	The Cycle of Fate	Lying Lipps
The Turning Point	The Feast of Life	Blazing Love
The Sign	The Heart of Paula	The Moment Before
The No-Good Guy	Puddenhead Wilson	The Love Mask
The Feast of Life	Liberty Hall	The Feature of Life
Civilization's Child	A Youth of Fortune	The Sins of Men
Diplomacy	A Rough Night	The Stepping Stone
Big Jim Garrity	Out of the Drifts	My Lady's Slipper
The Gilded Spider	The Eternal Grind	The Eternal Grind
Crippled Hand	A Busy Day	A Day That Is Dead
Woman Behind the Man	A Colored Girl's Love	A Double Exposure
The Last Act	Across the Footlights	A Fatal Dumping
Slander	The Two-Edged Sword	Affinities
Damaged Goods	Marble Heart	A Flight for a Fortune
Counsel for the Defense	The Hand of Peril	A Fool and His Money
The Iron Claw	Tangled Fates	Some Speeders
Sins of Men	The Wrong Address	A Girl and Two Boys
Blazing Love	A Million a Minute	A Happy Pair
Conscience of John David	The Bugle Call	A Good Business Deal
The Good Bad Man	According to Law	A Man and His Mate
Half a Rogue	The Shadow of Doubt	The Single Act
What the Signpost Said	Nearly a King	The Reward
The Quality of Faith	The Comeback	The Rivals
The Struggle	Around the Corner	Persistence Wins
Revelations	Vultures of Society	One to Three
Gay Lord Waring	The Kiss of Hate	A Man and His Mate
The Race	Bucking Society	Race Memories
The Children in the House	The Beggar of Cawnpore	An American Citizen
The Woman's Law	Little Meena's Romance	The Better Way
The Spoilers	By Stork Delivery	A Matter of Seconds
Two Men of Sandy Bar	The Red Widow	The Black Hand
The Heart of Nora Flynn	A Wife's Sacrifice	Caught
A Mother Who Paid	The Foundling	An Inside Tip
Susan Rocks the Boat	Susan Rocks the Boat	A Peach and a Pair
The Quality of Faith	The Bugle Call	A Ride for a Bride
The Chain Invisible	A Half Million Bribe	As It Happened
The Crossing	The Matchmakers	At the Hour of Eleven
Sudden Riches	For the Love of Mike and Rosie	The Buried Treasure
The Yaqui	Susie the Sleuth	The Butterfly
The Lost Bridegroom	The Two-Edged Sword	Butting In
The Flames of Johannis	The Vital Question	By a Strange Road
His Bitter Pill	The Adventures of Kathleen	A Close Shave
Comrade John	April	By Whose Hand?
The Eternal Sapho	The Little Beggar of Shepherd Row	At 12 o'Clock
San Francisco's Chinatown	Feathertop	A Wild Ride
Blue Blood and Red	Race Memories	A Woman's Mistake
Playing with Fire	Alas and Alack	By Fair Means or Foul
The Elder Brother	A Lucky Blowout	The Card of Mystery
By Whose Hand	A Maid and a Man	A Case of Beans
The Crippled Hand	Rags and the Girl	Capturing the Cook
The Red Circle		Cats

(List Continued on Second Page Following)

HERE ARE THE JUNE WINNERS

CONTEST NO. 5.

First Prize, \$10.00, Mrs. R. E. Gann, 512 Locust St., Chillicothe, Mo.

Second Prize, \$5.00, Mrs. Vida L. Hannaford, 90 Kirtland St., Lynn, Mass.

Third Prize, \$3.00, Earl Smith, Cullison, Kan.

Fourth Prize, \$2.00, Mrs. J. W. Hinkson, R. F. D. No. 9, Cynthia, Ky.

Ten \$1.00 Prizes to the Following:

H. S. Dollard, Sumter, S. C.; O. C. Fletcher, R. F. D. No. 4, San Diego, Cal.; Mrs. James H. Gaynor, 415 Lexington Ave., New York City; Miss Florence Herman, 197 Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.; Ethel Nelde, 543 N. Fourth St., Memphis, Tenn.; F. Byron Neale, 19 Lake St., Coopers-

town, N. Y.; Miss Henrietta M. Dangerfield, 204 Auburn St., Grass Valley, Cal.; Miss Leona Ketchum, 188 E. 12th St., Portland, Ore.; Miss Elsie Erdman, 29 Romaine Ave., Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. Louis F. Payan, 143 Girouard St., St. Hyacinthe, Quebec, Can.

THE CORRECT JUNE TITLES

1. "Bad Man Mason."
2. "For King and Country."
3. "The Man with the Hoe."
4. "A Lodging for the Night."
5. "Hands Invisible."
6. "Dot on the Dayline Boat."
7. "The Fifth Commandment."
8. "Her Choice."

FOURTEEN CASH PRIZES

FOR the correct or nearest correct answers to these pictures. The awards are cash, without any strings whatever to them. This is the seventh of a series of novel feature contests to interest and benefit our readers at absolutely no cost to them—the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE way. The awards are all for this month's contest.



1



2



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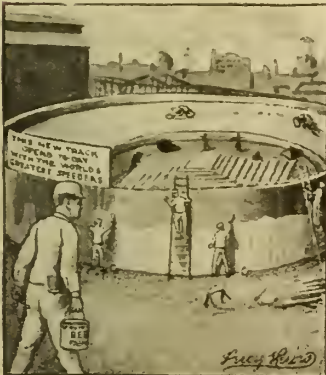
THE PRIZES

- 1st Prize, \$10.00.
- 2nd Prize, \$5.00.
- 3rd Prize, \$3.00.
- 4th Prize, \$2.00.
- Ten Prizes, \$1.00 each.

Each scene represents the name of a popular photoplay which will be found in the list on the opposite page and the page following. These illustrations are not of scenes from the plays, but are of the titles. In the case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded to the senders of the answers involved.



5



6



7



8

Directions

Write plainly below each picture the *title* which you think it best represents. Place your own name and complete address on the margin at the bottom of this page. Cut the leaf out and mail it to "Title Contest," PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago. Or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper. Number your answers to correspond with the numbers of the pictures. We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask us questions. All answers must be mailed before August first. Awards for this list will be published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Look for this contest each month.

PHOTOPLAY TITLE CONTEST

(See preceding page for explanation.)

LIST OF TITLES CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE PRECEDING

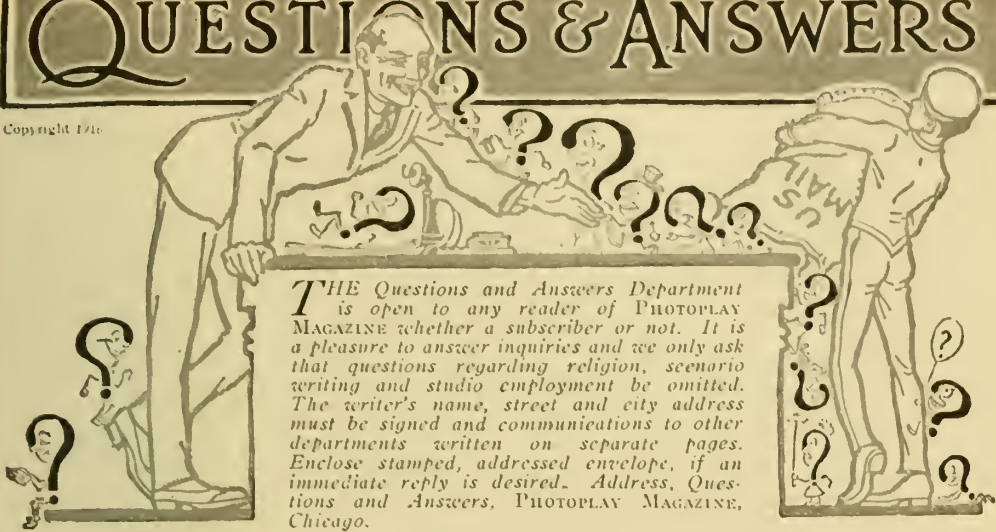
Caught By a Thread
The Winner Wins
A Woman Went Forth
The Western Way
What Money Will Do
When Fate Spins
The Widow and the Twins
The Victor
The Weaker Brother
A Stranger in Camp
Sweedie Learns to Ride
Sunshine and Showers
A Study in Tramps
The Test
Thanks for the Lobster
That Terrible Kid
She Was a Peach
No Quarter
The Chief's Goat
The Chicken Inspector
The Cherry Pickers
Caught With the Goods
A Race for a Life
It's an Ill Wind
"C D"
The Choice
A Close Call
Clothes Count
The Combination
Three Comrades
The Conquest of Man
The Drudge
Eagle's Nest
Eleven to One
The Elder Brother
Etta of the Footlights
Every Man's Money
Everything Against Him
An Expensive Visit
The Face in the Crowd
The False and the True
The False Shadow
Farewell to Thee
Fashion and the Simple Life
Fifty-fifty
The Running Fight
The Woman in Black
You Never Can Tell
The Upper Hand
Their Interest in Common
They Looked Alike
Through the Eyes of Love
Too Late
The Tramp's Dog
Two and Two
The Speeder's Revenge
Shadows
She Made Herself Beautiful
She Winked
The Open Door
Tiny Hands
Two Little Vagabonds
An Unlucky Suitor
The Usual Way
The Valley of the Moon
The Way Back
The Way of a Woman's Heart
What Might Have Been
When Her Idol Fell
When My Lady Smiles
When Rubin Came to Town
When We Were Twenty-one
Where Happiness Dwells
Which Shall It Be?
The Wolf-Man
The Woman Who Dared
A Chase by Moonlight
The Accomplish
Across the Great Divide
The Wood Nymph
Dizzy Heights and Daring Hearts
The Death Lot
Lydia Gilmore
Madame Butterfly
The Rack
Judge Not
The Other Side of the Door
The Unknown
The Labyrinth
How Molly Made Good
The Great Pearl Tangle
A Dignified Family
An Eavesdropper

Affinities
After the Storm
A Game of Love
A Girl and Two Boys
The Agony of Fear
A Healthy Neighborhood
A Maid and a Man
Man and His Money
A Man's Way
A Message through Flames
A Midas of the Desert
A Misplaced Foot
A Mixup in Males
And He Never Knew
An Honest Young Man
An Idyll of the Hills
An Image of the Past
An Independent Woman
A Girl Who Dared
A Happy Pair
A Night's Adventure
An Unlucky Suitor
A Peach and a Pair
A One Night Stand
A Question of Courage
Little Women
A Rural Romance
A Shriek in the Night
As It Happened
At the Edge of Things
At the Hour of Eleven
At the End of a Perfect Day
Autumn Love
A Will and a Way
Before and After
Big Brother Bill
Brass Buttons
The Brave Deserve the Fair
Caught in the Act
A Chasm
The Child of the Desert
The Clause of Greed
Coincidence
Dad and the Girls
The Children of the Forest
Comrades
Courage
A Day on the Force
A Deed of Daring
The Desert Sting
Destiny's Night
The Elder Brother
An Equal Chance
The Escort
The Eternal Feminine
The Family Divided
From the Shadows
From the Flames
Gentleman of Nerves
The Good Old Summertime
The Great Game
Her Choice
Courage and the Man
The Cross in the Desert
Her Easter Hat
Her Return
Brother Officers
The Hired Girl
His First Performance
His Last Deal
The Idlers
In a Difficult Position
In Fear of His Past
His Last Trick
His Sister's Kiddies
The House Maid
The Influence of a Child
In the Heart of the Hills
In the Midst of the Wilds
In the Open
In the Valley
It Was Like This
Into the Dark
Just Kids
The Leading Lady
Lest We Forget
The Proof
Producing a Nation's Pride
The Pipe Dream
A Pious Undertaking
Other Man's Wife
Other People's Business

Peanuts and Bullets
A Pair of Prodigals
\$1,000 Reward
Officer Henderson
O'Flanagan's Luck
Nearly a Bride
Mrs. Randolph's New Secretary
A Modern Othello
Modern Enoch Arden
The Merchant of Venice
Matty's Decision
The Magic Note
Lost in Mid-Ocean
The Lost Diamond
The Lilliputian's Courtship
Just Jim
The Jilt
In Tune
In the Vale of Sorrow
In the Hour of Temptation
In Old Mexico
In a Difficult Position
A Hot Finish
Her Three Mothers
High Spots on Broadway
The Greyhound
God Is Love
The Happier Man
The Double Shadow
Cousin Billy
The Circular Path
Broncho Billy and the Land
Cartoons in the Seminary
The Call of Motherhood
Business Rivals
Awakening of Donna Isolla
A Skin Game
An Eleventh Hour Performance
A Duel at Dawn
A Circus Romance
The Red Virgin
The Rajah's Sacrifice
Queering Cupid
The Pride of Jemico
The Pitfall
Peggy Lynn Burglar
A Paradise Lost
The Other Train
On the Job
Old Mother Grey
Naughty Henrietta
The Murdoch Trial
Me an' Bill
The Man Who Did Not Die
A Message from Mars
The Man Trail
Love's Railroad
In the Nick of Time
Hunting a Husband
Probation
Queen of Hearts
The Real Imposter
Pearls of the Baltic
The Parasite
The Outlaw's Revenge
One Summer's Sequel
Oh, Baby!
The Octopus
The Mystic Ball
Mismatched
Mary Magdalene
Love on an Empty Stomach
The Little Engineer
Kronstadt
Justice or Love
Izzy's Night Out
In the Ranks
Her Answer
Gypsy Love
Going to the Dogs
Frontier Mother
Eyes That See Not
Du Barry
Dirty Face Dan
A Cute Little Bear
Cohen's Luck
Caught in a Flue
Bobby's Medal
Ben Bolt
Applied Romance
A Matter of Seconds
A Fortune in Pants

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

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THE Questions and Answers Department is open to any reader of PHOToplay MAGAZINE whether a subscriber or not. It is a pleasure to answer inquiries and we only ask that questions regarding religion, scenario writing and studio employment be omitted. The writer's name, street and city address must be signed and communications to other departments written on separate pages. Enclose stamped, addressed envelope, if an immediate reply is desired. Address, Questions and Answers, PHOToplay MAGAZINE, Chicago.

M. E. Y., ATLANTIC CITY.—“The Golden Chance,” was so entitled because of the turn of fate which liberated *Mary Denby* (Cleo Ridgely) from her dissolute husband and gave her the opportunity to live the life for which she was fitted. Wally Reid apparently was the golden chance and she grabbed him in a manner, subtle, perhaps, but nevertheless sure.

U. R., KIMBALL, S. DAK., and G. E. M., BALATON, MINN.—Her name since her marriage is Lottie Pickford Rupp. Annette Kellerman, of course, played the title role in “Neptune’s Daughter,” but her sister, *Angela*, was Katherine Lee; *Neptune* was William Welsh and *King William* was William E. Shay. It was a Universal seven reeler. Irene Hunt and George Walsh were the principal players in Reliance’s “The Celestial Code.” In “The Quest,” by Selig, Ann Drew was the girl; in “The Quest,” by American, Margarita Fischer was the center of interest.

B. L., HAMILTON, ONT., and L. R., EAST HUNTINGTON, W. VA.—*David King* in “The Foundling,” with Mary Pickford, was Edward Martindell. Francis X. Bushman is married to a non-professional. “Why were the captions in ‘The Serpent’ written in poetry?” Why, indeed! The film Muse winged its way across that screen on very wobbly planes. The soldiers in the battle scenes were from the New York guard, the guns being those of the 2d N. Y. F. A. Addresses: James Morrison and Earle Williams, Eastern Vitagraph studio; Edward Earle and Kempton Greene, Edison studio.

E. C., REDONDO BEACH, CALIF.—*Mollie Wood*, opposite Dustin Farnum, in “The Virginian,” (Lasky) was Winifred Kingston. Billy Elmer was *Trampas*; Anita King, *Mrs. Ogden*; Monroe Salisbury, *Mr. Ogden*; H. B. Carpenter, *Spanish Ed*, and Dick LaReno was *Balaam Keith*, in “Rags,” was Marshall Neilan; the *Earl of Bassett* in “Greta Green,” was Wilmoth Merhyl. Lois Meredith and Owen Moore took the leads in “Help Wanted,” as the little stenographer and the son of her employer, who was Hobart Bosworth; the other stenographer was Myrtle Stedman and Helen Wolcott was Owen Moore’s sister.

F. P., HAMILTON, ONT.—In the Thanouser film, “In Baby’s Garden,” Helen Badgley was the youthful disturber who planted her uncle’s uncut diamonds in her garden to raise a “tarrara.” Thomas A. Curran was the man-from-the-colonies who became the diamond seedsman to Her Majesty, the Kidlet.

E. L., PORTLAND, ORE.—Wheeler Oakman, hero of “The Ne’er Do Well,” and the juvenile lead of “The Spoilers,” was born in Washington, D. C., February 21, 1890. He played for a time on the stage, going from the footlights to the Selig studios where he continues. He has been seen in a great many of their shorter films and in “The Rosary,” and “The Carpet from Bagdad,” as well as the two mentioned. Brown hair, blue eyes, six feet tall, weight 160. His wife is Gertrude Ryan.

I. C., OKLAHOMA CITY.—It is indeed the same Wally Reid who played the part of *Don Jose* opposite Farrar in the Lasky “Carmen,” and the part of the blacksmith in “The Birth of a Nation.” He also has the lead in “The Golden Chance,” and “To Have and to Hold.” Address Geraldine Farrar and Marjorie Daw at the Lasky office in Hollywood and Cleo Madison at Universal City.

H. A. W., OTTAWA, ONT.—Dustin Farnum is with the Morosco studio in Los Angeles, a recent film being “The Call of the Cumberlands,” in which he and Winifred Kingston take the leads.

J. Z., EAST DOWNTOWN, PA.—The exteriors of “The Eternal City,” Pauline Frederick’s first film appearance, were taken in Rome, though the interiors were from the Famous Players’ studios. The cast is entirely too long to print in full as there are nearly three dozen players mentioned, but Miss Frederick was *Donna Roma*; Thomas Holding, *David Rossi (David Leone)*; Frank Losee, *Baron Bonelli*; Fuller Mellish, *Pope Pius XI*; and Kittens Richert and Arthur Oppenheim were *Little Roma* and *Little David*. Pearl White was born in Missouri but you will have to do your own guessing as to her age, and we advise you to guess right, if you guess at all, as she has red hair. Address Norma and Constance Talmadge at the Fine Arts studio.

J. H., SYDNEY, N. S. W.—Many thanks for the clippings from Australian papers. Yes, indeed, pictures are the one standard subject of interest the world over, and the same plays are shown throughout all the English speaking countries. Write us again, even though it is a long time between your letter and the arrival of the magazine containing the answers.

M. B. W., LOUISVILLE, KY.—Lubin's "Valley of Lost Hope," was produced by Romaine Fielding and he and Mildred Gregory played the leading roles. Fielding also produced "The Eagle's Nest," and "The Desert Honeymoon."

J. C., WAYNE, PA., E. B., CHICAGO and L. F. B., OKLAHOMA CITY.—Lasky's production of "The Arab," was filmed at the Hollywood studio and nearby points. Yes, Theda Bara has played a "good" role, as she was one of the sisters in "The Two Orphans" (Fox). House Peters is married. Florence Reed may be addressed in care of Pathe; Fay Tincher at the Fine Arts studio.

P. A., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Blanche Ring appeared in only one film for Morosco, "The Yankee Girl," Forrest Stanley playing the part of the young American. Bessie Barriscale was seen in "The Green Swamp," "The Reward," "The Devil," and "The Cup of Life," besides the plays you mention.

W. O. K., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—A "slap-stick comedy" is one in which there is a great deal of rough and tumble work and horseplay. They are usually without much plot of any sort and derive their interest from the rapid succession of events and the mishaps that befall the characters rather than from the story. A "free-lance writer" is one who is not under contract with any company, writing as he sees fit and submitting his manuscripts to whomsoever he wishes.

A. C. P., NEW YORK CITY.—May Emory is the girl who ensnares father and son in "His Father's Footsteps," the infatuated father being Ford Sterling and the son Bob Vernon. May Emory is also the girl in "Perils of the Park," another Keystone. Your description of the other play does not serve to identify it and we shall have to pass it up.

C. N. B., WASHINGTON.—"Why doesn't Vitagraph let Anita Stewart play opposite James Morrison? He would make a much better 'teammate' than Earle Williams." Perhaps they will some time. James Morrison was born in Mattoon, Ill., in 1888. Essanay has not stated the name of the fat boy in "A Night at the Show," but we shall probably be able to give you the information later on. Julia Dean has played with Ince and also with Universal since she began picture work. So far as we know neither Nora Bayes nor Nazimova has been filmed.

H. C. B., TYRONE, PA.—John Hines was the funny reporter in "The Club," a World film, starring Martha Hedman. He played juvenile roles in "Sherlock Holmes" and "Too Much Johnson," both revivals of William Gillett plays, in December of 1910 at New York City. Pauline Frederick has dark brown hair. Owen Moore is with Triangle at present playing in the East, and will soon be seen opposite Dorothy Gish in other Fine Arts films. Robert Warwick is with the World and his last film so far is "The Fruits of Desire." Dorothy Green was the girl in "Women and Wine," with William Elliot, and she recently came upon the screen again as the vamp in "A Parisian Romance." We do not know of such a company as you mention.

L. M. C., COLORADO SPRINGS.—No, Marguerite Clark has never been married. Her stage debut was made in Baltimore in 1899 and her first screen appearance was in Famous Players' "Wildflower," released October 15, 1914. George Beban played the lead in "An Alien," (adapted from his stage success, "The Sign of the Rose"), "The Italian," with Clara Williams, and "The Pawn of Fate"; the last a World, the other two by Ince.

R. B., TUXEDO PARK, N. Y., and J. S., WINNIPEG.—Winifred Kingston played opposite Dustin Farnum in the film version of "The Squaw Man." Cleo Madison has never occupied the cover of PHOTOPLAY, although there was an interesting interview with her, entitled "Cleo, the Craftswoman," in the January issue. Anna Shaefer is with Vitagraph in Hollywood.

M. B., NASHVILLE, writes: "I had heard so much about 'The Birth of a Nation' that I was rather afraid I should be disappointed, but indeed I was not. It was the most wonderful play I ever have seen. I cried over it like a baby, and just imagine—it really happened! My father came from the place where the Ku-Klux-Klan originated and I have heard my grandfather talk about it a great deal. Mr. Walthall played his role just as though he were living it, and Mae Marsh and Lillian Gish were so real in their acting."

M. P., IDAHO FALLS, IDA.—We shall give you a Creighton Hale interview in a coming issue, and trust it will prove as interesting as his work is in the various Pathe films. He will continue to be seen in films with Pearl White on the Pathe programme.

V. B., MARLINTON, W. VA.—Both Anita Stewart and Earle Williams are unmarried; just as you hoped. Mrs. Mary Maurice pronounces her name as though spelled "Mu-ree-se," the accent being on the last syllable.

O. D., DENNISON, TEX.—Arthur Hoops and Ruby Hoffman played the leads in "The Danger Signal," a Kleine-Edison film. Ford Sterling is playing and directing with the Keystone-Triangle forces.

G. C., WENDELL, IA.—Hazel Dawn, whom you may address at Famous Players' New York office, was born in Ogden, Utah, March 23, 1891. She played numerous prominent roles before renouncing the stage for the screen, notably in "The Dollar Princess," "The Little Cafe," and "The Debutante." She created the role of *Claudia* in "The Pink Lady." Miss Ethel Fleming was playing with the Balboa company at the time of her marriage to William Courtleigh, Jr. Mr. Courtleigh was seen recently in "Out of the Drifts," with Marguerite Clark; one of Hazel Dawn's latest is "The Saleslady," with Irving Cummings.

E. M., SAVANNAH.—Famous Players have not cast Owen Moore "opposite" Mary Pickford recently, mainly because he is playing with another company. However, the Famous Players' policy apparently has always been to keep their stars distinct in the public mind and not to pair them with an "opposite," which perhaps explains the reason for so few Pickford-Moore, Pickford-Kirkwood, Pickford-Lockwood films, the rest of the plays featuring Miss Pickford having different leads. It has been just as noticeable in the case of Marguerite Clark, for, with the exception of the Clark-Lockwood films, Miss Clark has had a different "opposite" in practically all of her plays. Proper casting, too, requires radical changes in many instances.



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F. K., CHICAGO.—Bessie Love is a Texan, born in the Lone Star state at Midland, September 10, 1898. Not long thereafter her father, who is a surgeon, moved to Arizona, and from there to California, where Miss Bessie entered school at Los Angeles. She's five feet one and one-half inches tall, blonde hair, brown eyes. If she were a hyphenate she would be an Irish-American, but she isn't; she's just American.

B. W., REGINA, SASK.—The last interview with Pauline Frederiek appeared in the October issue of PHOTOPLAY, and we have no more copies on hand. An interview with Cleo Ridgely, however, was one of the features of the November number, and we still have a few of these in stock: 20¢ to Canada, you know. (And please do not send stamps, for we can't use them.)

N. W., BOULDER, COLO.—In "Zaza," Pauline Frederiek played the leading role; *Louise* was Blanche Fischer and the youngster was Helen Sinnott. In "The Goddess," featuring Anita Stewart and Earle Williams, *Mary Blackstone* was Lillian Burns and *Gunsdorf*, the strike leader, and his wife were Ned Finley and Eualie Jensen. The cast of "Peer Gynt," included Cyril Maude in title role; Myrtle Stedman as *Solveig*; Herbert Standing as *St. Peter*; Charles Ruggles as the button moulder; William Desmond as the parson; and Juan de la Cruz as *Robert*.

P. H., KANSAS CITY, MO.—No, Carlyle Blackwell is not in the cast of "The Woman." Among the players in this film were Lois Meredith as *Wanda Kelly*, the leading role; Theodore Roberts as *Hon. Jim Blake*; James Neill as the *Hon. Mark Robertson*; Ernest Joy as the *Hon. Mathew Standish*; Raymond Hatton as the secretary; Mabel Van Buren as *Grace Robertson*; Tom Forman as young *Tom Blake*, son of the *Hon. Jim*; and Helen Hill as the New England maid.

I. T. A., OSSINING, N. Y., and A. B., RUGBY, N. DAK.—*Skinny the Rat*, in "The Regeneration" (Fox), was William Sheer, the other important roles being played by Rockcliffe Fellowes and Anna Q. Nilsson. Kathlyn Williams is with the Selig company. When the *Mysterious Mr. X*, in "The Exploits of Elaine," was finally revealed he was Arnold Daly, though Mr. Daly did not play the character throughout the film. Pearl White and Creighton Hale may be addressed in care of the Pathe Exchange.

F. C. B., WESTFIELD, N. J.—"The characterization of the hen-pecked husband in 'The Wild Goose Chase,' was a perfect delight to me. Who played the part?" Raymond Hatton, who was *Betty's* father and Helen Marlborough her mother, Tom Forman and Ina Claire being the pair who took the course in love that ran rather roughly. House Peter's latest releases are "The Hand of Peril" and "The Closed Road," probably Mr. Johnson spoke about them in the Shadow Stage; did you look?

L. H., MINNEAPOLIS.—The despicable husband in "Should a Mother Tell," (Fox) was Stuart Holmes; the daughter was Jean Southern; Arthur Hoops, the Baron who was murdered, and Betty Nansen, the stellar person. *Alexis Karenina*, husband of *Anna*, in "Anna Karenina," was Edward Jose.

J. B., MONTREAL.—True Boardman, who plays the title role in the "Stingaree" series, took the part of *Hilton*, the house detective in nearly all of "The Mysteries of the Grand Hotel," another Kalem series of plays. However, in the second episode and perhaps the first, Charles Cummings has that role. Marin Sais is the girl detective who worked with *Hilton* through the series.

M. T. W., FORT WORTH.—Norma Phillips, we understand, has returned to the stage, which undoubtedly accounts for her absence from the films. You will be able to get a photograph of Geraldine Farrar from the Moffett studio, 59 East Congress Street, Chicago, for \$1. Write to Theda Bara, in care of Fox, and find out. M. T. W. says, regarding her success in obtaining photographs, "I have a darling picture of Blanche Sweet, which she sent me herself. But Mary Pickford, alas!"

E. C., NEW CASTLE, PA.—We are unable to tell you anything about Gerald Stoddard. "Why don't they put Florence LaBadie in better plays?" You are not alone in your wonderment, for Miss LaBadie has not had a real opportunity since "The Million Dollar Mystery."

T. H. B., WELLESLEY, MASS.—John Barrymore plays the roles of the *Prince* and *Jack Merrivale* in "Nearly a King." Katherine Harris, the *Princess*; Russell Bassett, the *Regent*; Martin Aslop, *Grant Mason*; Fred McGuirk, *Olaf*; and Beatrice Prentice, *Marya*. It is a Famous Player film.

(Continued on page 165)

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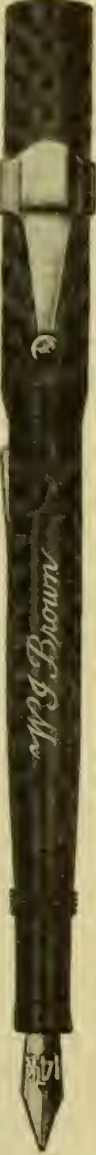
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The Glory Road

(Continued from page 74)

geles are strewn thick with Eastern genius wrecked on the rocks of local influence and jealousy. Furthermore, he had the air of authority, and appeared to know beyond argument what he wanted, and why. Therefore it was not long before the predictions of war were realized.

Much of Marcia Trent's original popularity had sprung from the combination of her really charming beauty and certain natural mannerisms of acting. Under weaker directors these mannerisms had been allowed to harden into habits.

The present play marked Marcia's advancement from light or romantic comedy to "drama," and almost from the first Briscoe had struggled with her on this subject.

"I don't believe I'd do it quite like that, Miss Trent," he said one day, soothingly. (He had a manner and tone for every person or occasion, and had long since classified his star among the cacti.) "You see in this picture you are a married woman in society, and are the hostess of a house-party at your country estate. Everyone is dignified and well-bred, and I don't think those delightful little comedy touches are quite in character."

Marcia had been flouncing about her drawing-room like a school girl. She had been deprived of her mannerisms so long that sudden rebellion rose in her. But almost at once the conduct of "ladies" as exemplified in her favorite literature—the works of Bertha Clay and Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth—recurred to her, and she restrained herself.

But literature could not always step into the breach, and the real clash came one afternoon during the climactic scenes of "Woman to Woman."

In this picture all the elements and emotions of the story culminated in a scene where Marcia Trent as the proud and wealthy society woman cast aside all distinctions of birth and station, and begged her maid (June) to clear her name with the man she loved—a scene which gave the picture its title.

"In this scene," explained Briscoe to Marcia, "you change absolutely. The veneer of civilization is stripped from you. Everything goes. Suddenly you have become just a woman pleading with another

woman for your mate. You throw yourself in front of June here, you grab her knees, you cry. It's a tremendous scene. Now," radiating enthusiasm, "let's go through it!"

It was an unusually hot day, and everyone had been working hard, especially Briscoe. He was dripping with his exertions. His hat and coat were off, his collar and tie hung over the back of a chair, and his shirt was open at the throat. Now as he sprang back to the camera, his hands clapped like a shot.

"Just a moment. Mr. Briscoe," said Marcia Trent, unexpectedly, following him. "I don't think Mrs. Mandeville would act like that to her maid—to any *servant*. It don't seem natural or in character, after the way you've made me do the rest of the picture."

The words were so clear that everyone on the stage heard them, and a sudden startled silence fell. Briscoe stared at her with a dazed expression. It was not easy to come back at once from his world of concentrated imagination. Then, after a blank pause, he patiently explained the whole scene again, trying to inspire the star with the sweeping emotion of the big moment. June, standing on one side ready for the scene, experienced it, but Marcia Trent would not respond.

"I don't feel it," she said. "It can't be right."

For a minute Briscoe studied her. Then his jaw set a little.

"Sorry, Miss Trent, but please try and take my word that it *is* right. Let's go through it now, please. Light's getting bad."

The girl shook her head.

"No," she said mulishly. "I can't do it that way. I don't feel it, and you have no right to ask me to spoil the picture!"

Briscoe stood rock-like. Such a situation was new in his experience. After a moment's thought he turned to the rest of the company.

"You can all go for tonight," he said. "Miss Magregor will please stay." And then, after the others had reluctantly drifted away, "Tim," to his camera man, "tell George to bring up the Kliegs. We may have to work tonight."



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Marcia Trent turned upon him.

"What do you mean, Mr. Briscoe? It's after five o'clock now, and I'm going in fifteen minutes. I have a dinner engagement, and—"

"Well, then, let's get through this scene," he smiled, with a sudden change of tactics. "We can do it in that time. I know we've all had a long day, and we're tired, but after the splendid work you've done in this picture, this little bit will be easy for you."

"But I can't do it that way, I *won't!*" cried the girl with sudden passion, stamping her foot. "And you sha'n't keep me."

"We'll do this scene as I want it done, if we have to stay all night," Briscoe told her.

SUNSET came, and the sky above them, cut into long strips by the diffuser wires, darkened to a clear, infinitely deep blue, in which the first stars coruscated. Silence fell over the studio as the day's activities ceased and the people went home. At Briscoe's word the Kliegs winked and flashed on, making a dazzling glare in the "library set."

Marcia wept, one minute in a frenzy of anger, the next in a misery of self-pity. June, shivering and hungry, sat on a chair and waited. The director, protected from the cold night air by a disreputable gray sweater, paced up and down.

Marcia was desperate. At this point she had usually conquered, but the certainty was gradually dawning on her that she would not conquer now. The knowledge maddened her, and she tried with angry, inchoate mind to plot revenge. This was the sign of capitulation for revenge predicates defeat.

SHORTLY after nine o'clock she got up, very stiff and white, from her chair. Her eyes were murky nebulae of anger.

"I'll do the scene," she rasped, sullenly, between set teeth. Obviously this was not yielding—only a temporary concession.

"All right, everybody, let's go through it." Tom Briscoe resumed his work where he had left it four hours before. Now that the struggle was over, for him the intervening time was annihilated. Personal considerations deflected him from his purpose not one whit.

Under the strained circumstances the scene was particularly difficult. Trent had to enter, make her plea to June, fall on her knees, weep, and plead again. It was June's part to repulse and humiliate her. Briscoe carried things briskly and with admirable impersonality during rehearsal.

Then, at last, he cried: "Ready! Camera!" and a minute later, "Go!"

Marcia's tears began to fall. This was defeat in earnest. Her emotion, only too genuine, surpassed Briscoe's most sanguine hopes.

"Cut!" he ordered. "Excellent work, Miss Trent. That's all for tonight."

In an instant the girl had leaped to her feet from the rug where she had thrown herself in the climax of the scene, and had faced him, her eyes blazing.

"That's all, is it?" she burst out, low and venomously. "You'll soon learn whether it is! You think you've beaten me because I did this scene tonight, but you'll find out you haven't. You can't treat me like a common extra girl, and make me the laughing stock of the studio and get away with it!"

She flashed a savage glance at June.

"And you, too! Do you suppose I don't know you're being pushed ahead here, that this man is going to star you ahead of me as soon as he can? Do you think I'm a blind fool?" Her voice and lips were quivering with anger and outraged pride. "Well, I'm going to bring this thing to a show-down! I'm going to take it straight to the top—to Mr. Holt; and *then* we'll see who'll win!" She stopped, panting, trembling, and spent, but with a note of triumph in her voice.

Tom Briscoe stood staring at her, motionless as a block of granite, until she had finished. Then—

"God!" he said, with a kind of contemptuous laugh. It was the despair of the dreamer at the nit-wits that forever bite his wings. Then he shook himself like a dog, and the old fire leaped out.

"All right. If you want trouble, start it, Miss Trent. If you think you can run this studio, or me, try it. Go as high as you like, the sky's the limit. But remember, I'm going to win!" He turned away briskly, but paused again.

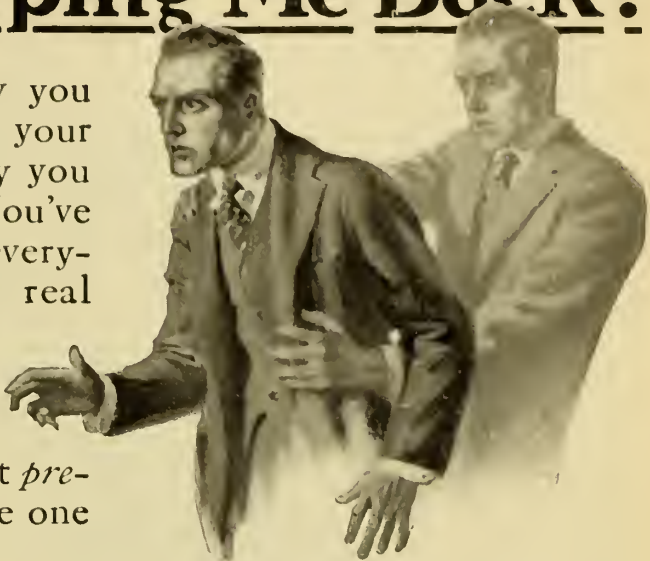
"Meanwhile," he said over his shoulder, "be on hand for work as usual at nine."

(To be Continued)

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These four factors make "Gloria's Romance" the year's most distinctive film play. The Star—America's greatest star—MISS BILLIE BURKE; the supporting cast, headed by Henry Kolker; the authors, Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes; the producer, George Kleine.

"Gloria's Romance" is a picture-play of society life with scenes at Palm Beach, Florida, and Riverside Drive, New York. It is now being presented at leading theatres in twenty chapters of pictorial splendor—a new feature chapter each week. If your favorite theatre is not showing "Gloria's Romance," ask the manager when it will be shown or write us and state at which theatre you would like to see it.

GEORGE KLEINE

805 E. 175th St., New York City.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 142)

masterpiece. As it is, its humdrum, conventional ending doesn't spoil the taste of a lot of superb characterization which goes before.

Not the least virtue of this effort is that it isn't a star play for anyone. Mr. Beban as the grocer, Nigel de Brullier as the banker, Helen Eddy as Margarita and Myrtle Stedman as the banker's wife have equal roles.

WILLIAM A. BRADY, who has stood sponsor for a lot of perfectly dreadful photoplays in the past few months, certainly exalts himself in appreciative minds by his production of Murger's ever-living story, "La Vie de Boheme." This masterpiece of youth has been endeared to the whole world in the chocolate melody of Puccini's "La Boheme"—and, I understand, the trustlike owners of the Puccini copyrights, the great Italian Casa Ricordi, vigorously endeavored to prevent Mr. Brady's issuance of his photoplay. A ridiculous thing, for what did Puccini do except provide an audible frame for another man's word-picture?

Albert Capellani produced the piece, and every scene is genuine Paris of another era. There is lacking the opulence—or is it, perhaps, the leisure?—shown in the Capellani "Camille," but the spirit of the story is in every situation.

Alice Brady is a delectable Mimi, and Paul Capellani as Rudolf is perfect as though drawn in Trilby's day by a Montmartre painter.

LASKY'S rather uncertain impression this month is bettered by such a simple, logical and well-played piece as "Alien Souls," the best note in whose motif is the underlying humanity of all peoples, whatever the pigment under their skins. We are interested to learn, here, that the Japanese are not the peculiarly monstrous Mongolians of the arts in general, but, after all, just—people, although a bit strange of habit and custom.

Sakata, a young Japanese merchant, does well in an American city. He loves his ward, Yuri Chan, but Yuri Chan loves Callot models, and she thinks she loves Jack Lindsay, a scamp whose motto is "Live easy and the world is with you."

The fact that Lindsay has partaken of the bounty of a Mrs. Conway, and has betrayed her heart and her confidence, is not apparent to the madly infatuated little Japanese girl, and the story revolves about Sakata's resolute untangling of her strand of falsely placed affection.

There is nothing untrue to life in this little drama. Things go on in it, and keep going on, just as you know they go on around all of us, loved, loving or loveless, every day.

And the Japanese girl and the Japanese boy, and the Caucasian woman and the Caucasian youth are just interwoven human beings. Because they're human beings and not the usual puppets, they thrill.

Sessue Hayakawa, and his smart and talented wife, Tsuru Aoki, are the Oriental pair.

SEE "Whispering Smith." If you don't like it, get your doctor to prescribe beef, wine and iron. Your blood's thin.

Here we have our lovely lady Pullman, Helen Holmes, in the role of a pretty woman without wheels—referring not to intellectual gearing, but to the freight and passenger rollers which have bumped this exquisite She into considerable fame and perhaps a bit of fortune.

J. P. McGowan plays Smith in a way that makes us sorry we have missed him all the months he has been chasing his Helenic wife over, under and through the locomotives.

The end of the piece is a surprise—probably forecasting a sequel.

SOMEONE asked me the other day: "What do you see in 'Gloria's Romance,' anyway? There's no plot to the darned thing!"

And I answered, truthfully: "I don't know just what keeps me interested, unless it's because everybody in the play acts like a human being, from Billie Burke to the outermost extra."

That must be it, for it's the first serial on record in which human beings have participated.

Having played "Sherlock Holmes" around the world, William Gillette has now made an imperishable though silent record of his famous character, for the Essanay company.

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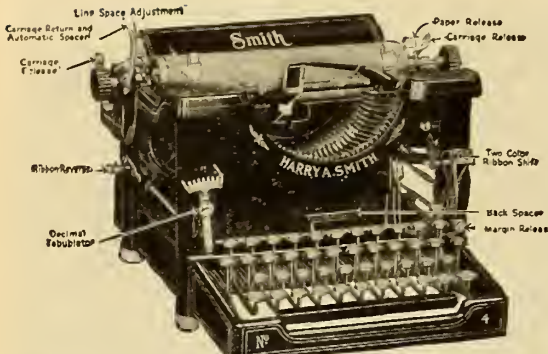
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When the typewriter arrives deposit with the express agent \$6.15 and take the machine for five days' trial. If you are convinced that it is the best typewriter you ever saw keep it and send me \$2.00 a month until my bargain price of \$34.15 is paid. If you don't want it, return it to the express agent, receive your \$6.15 and return the machine to me. I will pay the return express charges. This machine is guaranteed just as if you paid \$100.00 for it. It is standard. Thousands and thousands of people own and use these typewriters and think them the best ever manufactured.

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Name.....
 Address.....

Eleven Girls Waiting for the Train!

(Continued from page 42)

granted my pictures and letter, and I mean to do my best to justify the decision.

Evelyn Jones, Washington, D. C.—I was not finally chosen, nevertheless I rejoice at the good fortune of my competitors.

Kathryn Louise Reynolds, Montgomery, Ala.—But we cannot all win, can we?

Phyllis E. Curl, Boston, Mass.—I never was quite so happy as when your letter reached me last evening. It is altogether splendid, and I cannot yet quite realize that I have this wonderful opportunity before me.

Mildred A. Lee, Kansas City, Mo.—I am the happiest girl in the world. I thank the judges for the decision rendered in my favor. I trust they will not be disappointed in their selection, for I will do everything in my power to prove efficient.

Ruth M. Bradley, Caldwell, Idaho.—Accept my hearty (though humble) congratulations upon the successful way the contest ended. I admire all of the winners.

Meredith Fuller, Chicago, Illinois.—I do hope the girls who got such a splendid place in the film world by winning in this contest will have success.

Margery Castagmino, Memphis, Tenn.—I am sorry I didn't win, as I had set my heart on picture work, but I heartily wish success to the winners.

Marie Haynes, Chicago, Ill.—I experienced the most bitter disappointment of my life when I learned I was not one of the winning eleven in "Beauty and Brains" Contest. But I am only the more determined to prove that my success is to be made in the silent drama.

Eleanor Calvert, Kansas City, Mo.—I am not to be daunted by failure through the recent Contest, as I have taken up photoplaying in a small local concern and am more enthusiastic every day. "To the stars through difficulty."

Helen Prettyman Arnold, Louisville, Ky.—I wish to express my thanks to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and the World Film Corporation for this wonderful opportunity, which I realize may mean much to me in the future.

Marvel Voghts, Kansas City, Mo.—I have hitched my wagon to a star even if I did not win in "Beauty and Brains" Contest.

Mrs. Pearl Flenner, Martinsville, Ill.—Very disappointed in having to take defeat, but I am the daughter of a soldier and can stand it.

Estelle Claire Judy, McKeesport, Pa.—I wish to thank the Judges and all who assisted in the selection of the winners, and I will certainly do all that is possible to make good when the time comes for the try-out.

Mary Jane Manning, Covington, Ky.—Imagine my disappointment when I received my July PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and did not see Mary Jane among the winners—who I do think are very pretty girls.

Alatiä Marton, Dallas, Texas.—I feel very highly complimented at being chosen a winner, and assure you I will let nothing stand in the way of my taking advantage of this great opportunity.

Olive M. Norton, Cedarhurst, Long Island.—I am very sorry to say that the winners of the "Beauty and Brain" contest were not so very pretty, to my way of thinking. Of course there are many questions as to why they were selected, but I would like to ask a few. Why were brunettes favored? (I am a blond.) Why were there no New York girls or even in the vicinity of New York chosen? Are you very sure that "pull" had nothing to do with the selection?

I have just read over this letter and perhaps you might think I was disappointed in not having been selected myself, but I do know some very sweet, pretty girls who entered and not one of the "Movie Fans" in this town think the selections were even good to look at. We have the Triangle K. B., Famous Players, and Paramount pictures shown here every night so that is why we are good judges of acting and beauty.

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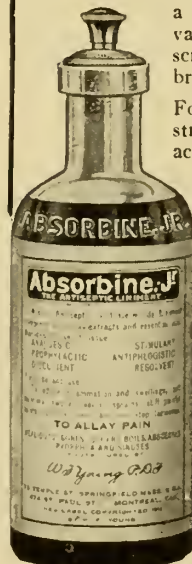
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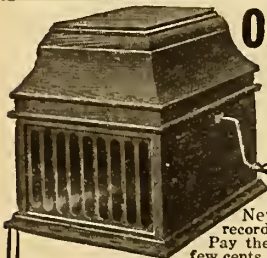
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STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (*) indicates proper office to send manuscripts; (s) indicates a studio; at times all three may be at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago (s); Santa Barbara, Calif. (*) (s).

BALBOA AM. PROD. Co., Long Beach, Cal. (*) (s).

BIOGRAPH COMPANY, 807 East 175th St., New York, (*) (s); Georgia and Girard, Los Angeles (s).

BOSWORTH, Inc., 222 West 42d St., New York City; 211 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles (*) (s).

CALIFORNIA M. P. C., San Rafael, Calif. (*) (s).
THOS. A. EDISON, Inc., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City (*) (s).

EQUITABLE MOTION PICTURES CORP., 130 West 46th St., New York City. (*) Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

ESSANAY FILM MFG. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago (*) (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM Co., 128 West 56th St., New York City (s) (*).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 West 46th St., New York City (*) (s); Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

GALMONT COMPANY, 110 West 40th St., New York City (*) (s); Flushing, N. Y. (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

GENERAL FILM Co., 200 Fifth Ave., New York.
DAVID HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles (*) (s).

KALEM COMPANY, 235 West 23d St., New York City (*) (s); 251 W. 19th St., New York City (s); 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Calif. (s); Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (s); Glendale, Calif. (s).

GEORGE KLEINE, 805 E. 175th St., N. Y. City (*).

LASKY FEATURE PLAY Co., 485 Fifth Ave., New York; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (*) (s).

LONE STAR FILM CORP. (Chaplin), Los Angeles, Calif. (*) (*).

LUBIN MFG. Co., 20th and Indiana, Philadelphia (*) (s); Broad and Glenwood, Philadelphia (s); Coronado, Calif. (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City (*). (All manuscripts for the following studios go to Metro's Broadway address.): Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 West 61st St., New York City (s); Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Quality Pictures Corp., Metro office.

OLIVER MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY Co., 222 West 42d St., New York City; 201 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles. (*) (s).

MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION, 71 West 23d St., New York City.

PALLAS PICTURES, 220 West 42d St., New York City; 205 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles (*) (s).

PARAMOUNT PICTURES CORPORATION, 110 West 40th St., New York City.

PATHE FRERES, Jersey City, N. J. (*) (s).

PATHE EXCHANGE, 25 West 45th St., New York City (*) (s).

SELIG POLYSCOPE Co., Garland Bldg., Chicago (*) (s); Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles (s).

SIGNAL FILM CORP., 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. (s) (*).

THANHOUSER FILM CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y. (*) (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

TRIANGLE FILM CORPORATION, 1457 Broadway, New York City; Fine Arts Studio (Griffith) 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. (*) (s); Keystone Studio (Sennett) 1712 Allesandro St., Los Angeles (*) (s); Kay-Bee Studio (Ince), Culver City, Calif. (*) (s).

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City; 573 Eleventh Ave., New York City (*) (s); Universal City, Calif. (*) (s); Coysville, N. J. (s).

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, East 15th and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (*) (s); Hollywood, Calif. (*) (s); Bay Shore, Long Island, N. Y. (s).

V-L-S-E, Inc., 1600 Broadway, New York City.

WHARTON, Inc., Ithaca, N. Y. (*) (s).

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 West 46th St., New York City (*) (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG FILM CORP., 126 W. 46th St., New York (*) (s).

Casts of Stories from Photo-plays in this Issue

THE CLOWN

(Original scenario by Marion Fairfax)

Lasky

<i>Piffle</i>	Victor Moore
<i>Millicent</i>	Florence Dagmar
<i>Dick Ordway</i>	Thomas Meighan
<i>Bob</i>	Tom Forman
<i>Judge Leroy</i>	Ernest Joy
<i>Jackie</i>	Gerald Ward
<i>Circus Manager</i>	H. B. Carpenter

THE OTHER SISTER

(By Frederick Kutz. Scenario by Gardner Huntington)

World

<i>Lisa</i> }	Gail Kane
<i>Olga</i> }	
<i>Ivan Pavloff</i>	Philip Hahn
<i>John Huntington</i>	Alan Hale
<i>Savaroff</i>	L. M. Sturcz
<i>Hon. Carter Merrill</i>	Carleton Macey
<i>Mrs. Merrill</i>	Lillian Page
<i>Petrovitch</i>	Maurice Freeman
<i>Gaganov</i>	Boris Karlin

THE WOMAN WHO DARED

(From the novel by Mrs. C. N. Williamson, scenario by Capt. Peacocke)

California

<i>Princess Beatriz</i>	Beatriz Michelena
<i>Prince Gustave</i>	Clarence Arper
<i>Noel Brent</i>	William Pike
<i>Duke Grozzi</i>	Andrew Robson
<i>Count Maximilio</i>	Albert Morrison
<i>The Duke's Spy</i>	Frank Hollins
<i>Tonio</i>	Al McKinnon

(Continued from page 152)

L. P., AVERY, ID.—Bessie Barriscale and Lewis Stone played the leading roles in "Honor's Altar," (Ince-Triangle) as the wife and the man who boasted that he had no sense of honor, while Walter Edwards was the husband who was responsible for the tangle. Myrtle Stedman was born in Chicago. Earle Williams and Anita Stewart are with Vitagraph but in different groups of players.

F. H., EUREKA, CALIF., and L. P. T., RICHMOND, IND.—*Randolph Ford* in "Tables Turned." (Metro) was H. Cooper Cliffe, the same player who took the role of *Janissary*, the guardian of *Decima* (Lois Meredith) in "An Enemy to Society." Addresses: Charles Ray, Kay-Bee studio; Edward Earle, Edison studio; Wallace Reid, Lasky studio—consult the Directory.

M. W., EUSTIS, FLA., and D. R., MT. VERNON, N. Y.—Lillian Walker was born in Brooklyn, April 21, 1888. Yes, you will undoubtedly see some of the John Bunny films again, for we ran into one less than a week ago. *Hugh Carroll*, the District Attorney, in "Poor Little Peppina," a Mary Pickford film, was Eugene O'Brien. He was with Famous Players for that picture only.

E. F., FORT LEE, N. J., and E. E. S., ABERDEEN, WASH.—Vivian Martin is unmarried. *Paul Pavloff* in "Hearts in Exile" (World), with Clara Kimball Young, was Vernon Steele. Yes, Louise Huff played on the stage prior to taking up film work and for two seasons was in the Klaw & Erlanger production of "Ben Hur."

(Continued on page 167)



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says

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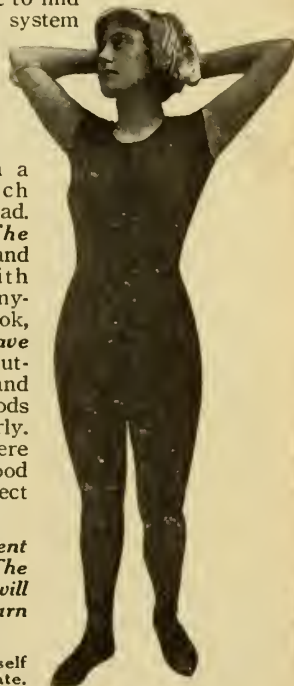
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The Other Sister

(Continued from page 104)

"Beloved," he went on passionately. "Beloved! I only know I want you—you. Be mine. Let us be married at once!"

She leaned toward him, and again their lips clung in passion. "Tomorrow!" she gasped, and tore herself from him that she might not betray her triumph. She ran from the house and into the garden. The night was scented with mysterious perfumes. She roamed into the shrubbery, and drew deep breaths. She had won—she had won! Let Lisa come. After tomorrow—

"Don't make a sound or I'll kill you."

A swarthy man had sprung from behind a lilac bush and was pressing a revolver against her breast.

"You swore to kill Kalmanoff," the man whispered.

"They discovered the plot. I had to escape," she pleaded.

"You must return."

"I will not. It would be certain death—or Siberia."

"Remember your oath—his life or yours."

"But it's impossible—unreasonable."

"The Order does not consider whether things are reasonable. You accepted the obligation."

"Well, give me time. A few days."

"No. You come tonight—now. An automobile is around the corner. Come!"

With a shrill cry for help Olga broke away, and as she did so the man fired, and ran. Huntington heard the cry and the shot, and hurried into the garden. He found Olga, bleeding from a wound just above the heart, unconscious among the lilacs, and quickly carried her to her room. "The doctors, then the police!" he ordered.

The doctors came, but there was little that could be done. They eased the agony, administered stimulants to add a few moments to the ebbing life, and left the dying woman with John.

A taxicab rolled up to the door, and two women alighted. They rang the bell, and the commonly imperturbable footman gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Miss Lisa! Why, I thought—"

"What did you think, Perkins?" Mrs Merrill demanded.

"The other Miss Lisa—upstairs."

"Mother! I see it all now. She is my sister—this woman they told us John had sailed with from Havre." And she sped up the stairs.

Cautiously opening the door of her own room, Lisa looked in. John was kneeling beside the bed, and there Lisa saw, as if looking into a mirror, herself—but pale, and gasping for breath. And Olga, looking up, met her sister's eyes. Placing her hand on John's head, she whispered:

"Look, dear—the door—your real sweet-heart—she will explain—goodbye—for-give—."

(Continued from page 165)

T. V., JAMESTOWN, N. Y.—*Don Jose's* leap from the cliff in the Fox "Carmen" was all that it appeared to be. Art Jarvis, the rider, being rather badly injured, though the horse, which was a trained jumper, escaped without hurt.

H. V. W., SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—Helen Gardner has been appearing in at least one Universal film in the last month or two, but we do not know what is scheduled for the future.

G. R. C., LOUISVILLE.—Richard Tucker was born in Brooklyn and began his career with a stock engagement of about a year's duration, following which he was for three years in Nat Goodwin's repertoire company. He also played for some time with Mrs. Fiske and since joining Edison has returned to the stage on one or two occasions.

E. E., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Lillian Gish and Jane Novak are both unmarried, and the former is with Fine Arts, the latter with Universal. William Farnum is six feet tall, and Dustin Farnum, his brother, a quarter of an inch over the six-foot mark; Herbert Rawlinson is just six feet in height.

E. C., BROOKLYN.—Hobart Bosworth was The Painter in "The Pursuit of the Phantom," produced by Bosworth, Inc., the Rich Man who won the girl (Rhea Haines) was Courtenay Foote; The Waif, whom The Painter found on the beach, was Helen Wolcott; The Painter's daughter was Myrtle Stedman, and the Rich Man's son, E. J. Flynn.

K. K., BUFFALO.—When you have seen "The Submarine Pirate," and noticed people and automobiles in the street six or eight stories below the actors, you will realize that "The Height of Humor" on page 58 of the February issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is mighty real. This is a "still" taken during the filming of that picture by the Keystone company.

L. W. S., REDWOOD, N. Y.—Yes, Arnold Daly is still producing pictures for Pathe. *Gen. McLain* and his daughter in "The Doorway of Destruction," were Harry Schumm and Mina Conard. Francis Ford playing the part of *Col. Freney*.

J. E. J., MORGAN, KY., and L. M. M., NEW YORK.—So far as we know "Helene of the North," has never appeared in book form. It was an original scenario. Sydney Drew, formerly of Vitagraph, is now in Metro comedies.



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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
348 North Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois

M. H., KOKOMO, IND.—Francis Ford and Grace Cunard are back at Universal City, their dispute with the management having been satisfactorily adjusted. It was rather a family affair which is not of any vital interest to the public. Yes, Norma and Constance Talmadge have a sister Natalie, who is, however, unknown to fame as yet. Lillian and Dorothy Gish are with the Fine Arts branch of Triangle.

J. T., ST. LOUIS.—The mulatto protege of *Stoneman* in "The Birth of a Nation" was portrayed by George Seigman, who is an Aryan of Teutonic descent. He is now an assistant director to D. W. Griffith. The young blacksmith who manhandled the Ethiopians in the gin-joint was Wally Reid, who is now starring with Lasky. All of this scene was not shown in the cities where censors are ultra-active.

CANADIANS and AUSTRALIANS: Please do not send us stamps, no matter how small the remittance, as we can not use them or exchange them. For large amounts buy the postal money orders, and for smaller ones the International Reply Coupons, which may be exchanged for six cents' worth of American stamps.

H. W. F., MONTREAL, and L. J. B., ROCHESTER, MINN.—It is hard to say what the derivation of "Metro" may be, but it is probable that it comes from "metropolitan," as it is pronounced the same as the first part of that word. Billie Burke is the wife of Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., who was formerly the husband of Anna Held. Miss Burke acquired the name Ethel early in life, but it has long since been displaced by Billie.

J. R. T., WALLA WALLA, WASH.—We don't know what has become of Romaine Fielding. He seems to have dropped out of sight, although we understand he is in Los Angeles. A letter addressed to Universal City might reach him.

R. N., SAN MARCOS, TEX.—"Mary Stuart" was an Edison film in which Mary Fuller played the title role. Marie McDermott, Miriam Nesbitt, Robert Brower, Bigelow Cooper and Richard Neill were other important members of the cast.

U. C., JOPLIN, Mo.—In "The Soul of a Woman," a Metro picture, Emily Stevens playing the leading role, George LeGuere was the young man who became a priest. "Where the Trail Divides" was a Lasky film in which Robert Edson played the lead as *How*, though *How*, as a boy, was Antrim Short. Winiifred Kingston was *Bess Rowland*, J. W. Johnstone was *Clayton Craig* and Theodore Roberts was *Col. Lender*.

C. M., HAMILTON, ONT., and L. R., HUTCHINSON, KAN.—Helen Eddy was the girl in that Lubin play entitled "The Candle." Dorothy Davenport was born in Boston in 1895. And here are the addresses: Lillian Walker, Vitagraph; Pearl White, Pathe Exchange; Crane Wilbur, Horsley; Norma Talmadge, Fine Arts. Use the directory for addresses. *Quercus*, in "The Perils of Pauline," was Paul Panzer, who is now playing with Universal; Pearl White was *Pauline*.

M. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The "new girl" in the Ham and Budd series of pictures is Norma Nichols, formerly with Selig, with whom she appeared as *Chiquita* in "The Ne'er-Do-Well." Katherine Kaelred created the part of the vampire in "A Fool There Was," when that play was first presented on the stage in 1909, but Virginia Pearson played the role throughout 1910-12. After the New York presentation Katherine Kaelred went to London, where she appeared in the same part with great success.

M. E. B., DOTHAN, ALA.—Evert Overton played the role of young *Vandergriff*, brother of *Virginia Vandergriff* (Norma Talmadge) in "The Battle Cry of Peace." He is still playing with Vitagraph at the Brooklyn studio: former newspaper man, born in Ohio in 1887.

E. S., DETROIT.—"Although I like Sessue Hayakawa very much, I went to see 'Alien Souls,' because I like Earl Foxe, and I wish there was some way of giving him credit for it, besides telling the theatre manager." Well, you might tell the Answer Man and he might run a line in his Department! Try it.

A. F., CLEVELAND, and G. T., CHICAGO.—"Do you think Wally Reid would answer a letter?" We don't think anything about it. Try it and see for yourself: Care Lasky studio. Mae Murray was *Miss Kitty* in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs;" *Sir Jasper* and *Kitty's* friend *Lady Julia* were Joseph King and Belle Bennett; *Kitty's* lover and the Colonel of his regiment were Tom Forman and James Neil; *Lady Barbara* and *Capt. Spicer* were Lucille Young and Horace B. Carpenter. "Anybody would fall for Murray; I don't see how she ever got away from the 'Follies,' but we'll praise Lasky that she did and let it go at that." No, Miss Murray is not married.

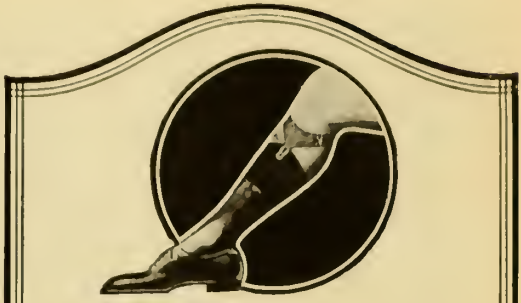
K. D., BERKELEY, CALIF.—"Peggy" was the Billie Burke picture that was produced and directed by Tom Ince for Triangle, while "Gloria's Romance" is being produced by George Kleine under the direction of Walter Edwin. We will give you one guess as to whether there will be a Billie Burke interview very soon, and if you guess wrong you must stay away from the movies for a year. Isn't that fair? Miss Burke may be addressed at the Kleine studio, which you will find in the Directory.

C. N. B., NASHVILLE, and F. A., NEW YORK.—Henry Walthall, Elizabeth Burbridge, John Junior and Ernest Maupain were the four important players in Essanay's "Blind Justice." No, Betty Nansen does not appear in the big Fox picture which Brenon directed in Jamaica: Miss Nansen returned to Europe several months ago.

H. L. F., HUNTINGTON STA., N. Y., and M. S., PITTSBURG, KAN.—So far as we know Gretchen Dale, the wife of Howard Estabrook, has never appeared in films. Mr. Estabrook and Miss Dale were married in December of 1907. Little Marie Osborne is with Balboa at their Long Beach studio, and her company may be willing to send you a photograph. We do not have Wellington Playter's present address.

C. B. F., LITTLE FALLS, MINN.—Harold Lockwood played opposite Mary Pickford in "Tess of the Storm Country." Write the Metro company regarding photographs of Lockwood and May Allison. Anna Nilsson may be addressed in care of Pathe. Hank Mann is playing with Keystone and aside from doing the leads in his own plays he seems to have formed the habit of appearing entirely unannounced in the midst of some other Keystone doing some deep stuff for our amusement.

H. K. T., ALTON, ILL.—You have a pretty good memory for faces, for the night watchman in "Acquitted," Fine Arts-Triangle, is the same person who portrays the soldier guarding the hospital entrance in "The Birth of a Nation"—W. J. Freeman. He plays the role of the bell-hop in "Sunshine Dad," and, under the name of Harry Le Blanc, the role of the condemned Apache in "A Child of the Paris Streets."



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F. B., BANFF, ALTA.—*Betty Warren*, in Lasky's "Warrens of Virginia," was Mildred Harris; *Agatha Warren* and *Ned Burton* were Blanche Sweet and House Peters. Theda Bara may be addressed at the Fox office in New York—see the Directory.

B. R., DOUGLAS, ARIZ. Norma Talmadge, now of the Fine Arts-Triangle, was the heroine of "The Battle Cry of Peace," playing the role of *Virginia Vandergriff*. You refer to Helen Tiffany in "The Family Stain," a Fox film; Kathlyn Williams in "The Rosary," Selig; Jane Novak in "The Little Brother of the Rich," Universal; House Peters in "The Winged Idol," Ince-Triangle; and Stella Razeto in "The Long Chance," with Frank Keenan. Frances Nelson is with World.

G. M., BALATON, MINN.—You do not specify whether you mean the Selig or the American production of "The Quest," but the leads in the former were Roy Clark, as *Chara* the East Indian boy, and Ann Drew as the wife of the American Consul. In the latter Harry Pollard and Nan Christy were the players in whom the audience was interested. In "The Spoilers," (Selig) *Cherry Malotte* was Kathlyn Williams; *Helen Chester*, Bessie Eyton and the two leading men were Tom Santschi and William Farnum.

C. M. L., ANTHON, IA., and J. E. D., LANSFORD, PA.—In "The Tricks of Fate," a Balboa film, *Naida* was Ethel Fleming. Biograph also produced a play by this name, but you refer to the Balboa film released by Pathe. Vivian Martin was the girl in "The Wishing Ring" (World), and Chester Barnett, *Giles*, the son of the *Earl*, Alec B. Francis. Among the World films in which Robert Warwick has appeared are: "The Face in the Moonlight," "The Stolen Voice," "The Flash of an Emerald," "The Sins of Society," and the recent play, "The Fruits of Desire."

L. A., DULUTH.—William E. Shay was born in New York City, and during his early career played on the stage. He was one of the principal characters in "Neptune's Daughter," which rivalled Aphrodite in the commotion incident to her arrival. The January 1916 issue of PHOTOPLAY contained his picture in the Art Section and copies are still obtainable from this office at the usual price.

E. W., WORCESTER, MASS., and A. L. U., HAMILTON, WYO.—Alfred Hickman was the villain in "A Woman's Past," featuring Nance O'Neil. In "The Twenty Million Dollar Mystery," Marguerite Snow was *Zudora*; James Cruze, *Hassam Ali*; Harry Benham, *John Storm*, and John Lehnberg, *Mohammed*.

F. F., MINNEAPOLIS.—We are unable to recall those two plays from the brief statement of the stories. "Lena Rivers" was a Cosmos film in which Beulah Poynter played the leading role; Robert Tabor was *Graham*. *Bill Cameron* in "A Kentucky Idyll" (Universal) was Warren Kerrigan; *Madge Lee* was played by Ethel Phillips; *Cynthia Plante* by Helen Leslie. In "The Coward" (Ince-Triangle), the buck-fever victim was Charles Ray as *Frank Winslow*; the *Colonel*, sub. was Frank Keenan; *Mrs. Winslow*, Gertrude Claire, and young *Winslow's* sweetheart, Margaret Gibson. *Rosanna Danford* in "A Girl of Yesterday" (Famous Players) was Frances Marion. Stewart Baird, Edward Mordant, Arthur Donaldson, Adele Ray and Irene Howley were the principal players in "The Moth and the Flame."

H. J., KINGSTON, ONT.—Marguerite Clayton came east several months ago and has been playing with the Chicago Essanay company since then and she may be addressed at that studio. She is unmarried. "The Vultures of Society," and "The Discard" are two recent Essanay films in which you will be able to see her.

R. D. S., BROOKLYN, and A. J. E., WEST MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—As we recall "The Floor-walker," Charles Chaplin played only one part. Alec B. Francis of the World films was born in England, but the date has slipped our memory.

A. A., LYNN, MASS.—The cast of "The Price of Her Silence," included Florence LaBadie, the secret-keeper; Mignon Anderson, the bride; Arthur Bauer, as the father; Harris Goodwin, the chauffeur and Thomas Curran, the artist. It was a four-reel Thanhouser of some time ago.

A. G., DENVER.—Geraldine Farrar will appear in grand opera as heretofore, her contracts being so arranged that there will be no conflict between stage and screen. She has recently entered into a new contract with the Lasky company. Miss Farrar was born in Melrose, Massachusetts, near Boston, in 1883.

A. S., OMAHA, and E. L. C., SEDRO WOOLLEY, WASH.—Harry Carey of Universal was born in New York City, January 6, 1880. So far as we know, Edith Storey is unmarried. William Farnum played in "Ben Hur," on the stage, but we do not have the role he assumed; he was not in the original cast. The two women in "A Wonderful Adventure" (Fox), with William Farnum, were Dorothy Green and Mary Martin.

M. C. K., PLAINVILLE, CONN.—George Walsh and Doris Pawn played the leads in "Blue Blood and Red" (Fox). George Walsh is a brother of R. A. Walsh now directing for Fox, and Miss Pawn recently transferred from Universal. Write either of them at the Fox studios in Los Angeles or write their company, but be sure to enclose a quarter for each picture you wish.

R. J., RICHMOND, VA., and M. S. A., HILLSBORO, N. C.—Florence Lawrence probably may be reached through Universal's New York office as given in the directory. You will undoubtedly see pictures of Thomas Holding and Fred Church in the Art Section in one of the coming issues of PHOTOPLAY. Address the former in care of Famous Players and the latter at Universal City. *Lindsay*, in "The Commanding Officer" (Metro), was Douglas Gerard, who is now with Universal, while the Prince in "Bullets and Brown Eyes," with Bessie Barriscale, was William Desmond, and *Michael* was Wyndham Standing.

M. C., FREEPORT, N. Y.—The book of one hundred stars of the PHOTOPLAY may be purchased from this office for 50c, postpaid to any city in the United States or Canada. Mary Pickford's birthday is April 8th; Mae Marsh claims November 9th. Yes, it is much better to enclose a stamped envelope in writing to your friends among the players, for courtesies of that sort are always appreciated and often bring a reply not otherwise forthcoming from a busy player.

L. H. D., PORTSMOUTH, N. H.—The girl in the picture on page 43 of the May PHOTOPLAY is Ruth Blair as *Mrs. Noland* in "The Fourth Estate." Clifford Bruce played the leading role in the film. We have no copies of PHOTOPLAY on hand which contain an interview with Beatrice Michelena, though she was the girl on the cover in February, 1915. Jackie Saunders is unmarried.

(Continued on page 175)

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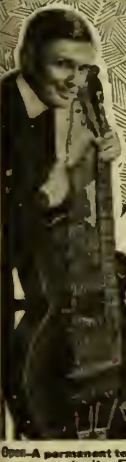
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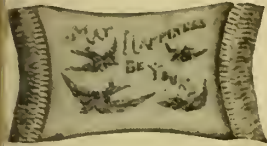
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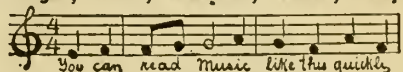
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

358 NORTH CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

(Continued from page 170)

J. M. A., FORT WORTH, TEX.—You might be able to procure one of the 8x10 photographs of Theda Bara, such as you see in front of the theatres, from the Fox Film Corporation's New York office. There will be other pictures of her in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and we suggest you keep watch for them. Yes, indeed, she is very popular with the other members of the Fox company of players.

A. E. B., MONTREAL.—After Ruth Stonehouse's contract with Essanay expired she appeared at various theatres in Chicago speaking to her many friends who have seen her only on the screen. You are very welcome and we hope to hear from you again.

H. C., AKRON, O., and E. S., ELGIN, ILL.—"The Little White Violet" (Universal), a Mary Fuller picture, was released July 5 last. Enid Markey was Dorothy Edwards in "The Friend," a two reel Domino released November 12, 1914. Webster Campbell and Charles Ray were the two artists in the cast, the former, who cast her off, causing her suicide.

M. K., SOUTH RIVER, N. J.—The girl in "The Rascal's Wolfish Way," was Mae Busch who is laying at the Keystone studios. The two girls in "A Tangle in Hearts," were Lucille Taft and Virginia Perry. In "The Absentee," a Majestic production, the Absentee was Robert Edson, the General Manager (Might), A. D. Sears; old Dave Lee and his two daughters, Augustus Carney, Corretta Blake and Mildred Harris, the former being the elder. Juanita Hansen and Olga Gray played the parts of Vanity and Justice.

L. V. W., BERLIN, WIS., and V. O. O., SAFFORD, ARIZ.—The cast of "Father and the Boys," by Universal included Digby Bell, Harry Ham, Bud Chase, Hayward Mack, Lon Chaney, Louise Welch (now Louise Lovely), Yona Landowska and Mae Gaston. "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," is one of the poems in Robert W. Service's "Spell of the Yukon," which may be obtained from A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, for \$1.00. Your newsdealer, however, will gladly obtain it for you. Always go to your newsdealer when you want books.

E. J. P., CHICAGO.—Arthur Hamilton Revelle, who has been seen in the Metro films, "An Enemy to Society," "The Price of Malice," and "The Half Million Bribe," is an Englishman, the son of Captain Engstrom of the Royal Horse Artillery. He was born at Gibraltar, May 31, 1872, received his early education in England and joined Augustin Daly's company when fifteen years old. He has had a very successful career on the stage in Europe and America. Upon entering the theatrical profession he adopted his mother's name, Revelle.

L. C., PAWBUKA, OKLA. and L. P., AVERY, IDA.—Claire Whitney, Stuart Holmes, Walter Hitchcock and Theresa Michelena were the important players in "Life's Shop Window," a Fox film. Lucille Lee Stewart, who has recently become a featured Vitagraph personage, is a sister of Anita Stewart, and both may be addressed at the eastern Vitagraph studios.

M. S. C., SULLIVAN, IND., and M. O'M., ST. LOUIS.—James Gresham, Alice Chandler and Andre Martin in "The Dollar Mark," (World) were Robert Warwick, Barbara Tennant and Edward F. Roseman. Address Pat O'Malley at the Edison studio. It has happened already; he was interviewed in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. 15c will purchase a copy.

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The Art Director

(Continued from page 46)

its interiors than that headed by Thomas H. Ince. One of the first producers to adopt real sets in place of painted canvas, Ince has spent more money on interiors than several other large companies combined. But he has employed brains also, and as a consequence his interior sets, particularly in society photodramas, have never been surpassed. Robert Brunton is the scenic oracle of Inceville and his technical knowledge of architecture, furniture and properties was brought to the motion picture "lot" from the legitimate stage.

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Famous Players depends upon its director-general, Hugh Ford, for the correctness and artistic beauty of its sets. Mr. Ford was known as one of the best stage directors in the country prior to going over to the screen two years ago as a director. One of his great successes was "The Eternal City."

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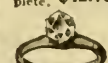
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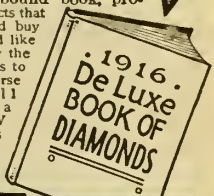
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VOL. X

No. 4

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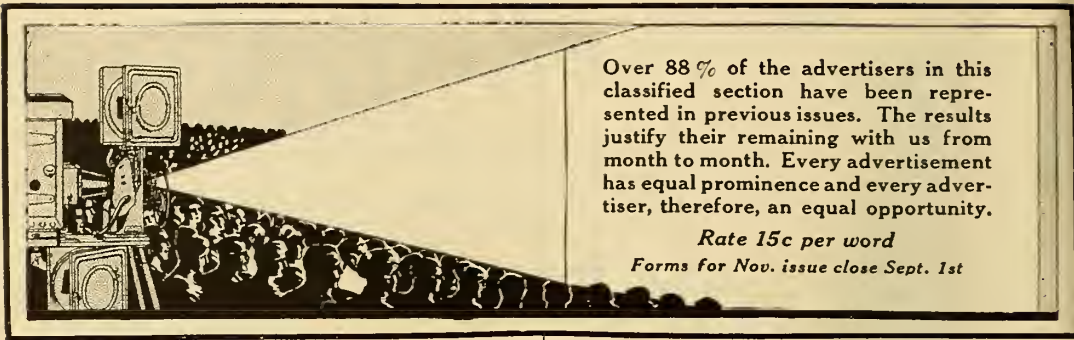
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Kelly* gave up a career as a magazine illustrator to become a screen actress. Since abandoning charcoal and crayons for grease-paint, not two years ago, Miss Kelly has become a star of considerable magnitude. She has never appeared in any but Vitagraph plays. Miss Kelly was 22 years old on February 12, last, and is an Irish Quakeress. Philadelphia is her birthplace as it was that of her parents.



*Earle
Foxe*

was born in Oxford, Ohio, in 1887, is a graduate of Ohio State University, and has been playing before the camera several years. Mr. Foxe made for himself many admirers by his portrayal of *Silver Spurs* in "The Love Mask" and *Dave Tolliver* in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," the latter with Theodore Roberts and Charlotte Walker, both plays of which were produced by Lasky.



*Mary
Charleson*

who has played leads for nearly all of the "old line" companies, can never be president of the United States, for she was born, 1893, in Dunganon, Ireland. She was educated in a Los Angeles convent and had stage experience before entering the pictures. She was successively with Kalem, Vitagraph, Lubin and Equitable and is now starring for Selig, her first photoplay under that banner being "The Prince Chap."



*Beverly
Bayne*

of Quality-Metro would be a Southern girl, you'd think, by the fact of her given name; but Minneapolis is to be thanked for making a present of her to Shadowstageland. She is twenty-one years old. Her first film work was playing Essanay leads—a born photoplay queen, you see—and particularly is her portrayal in "Graustark" a thing of happy memory. You don't need to be told she is F. X. B.'s leading woman.



*Sidney
Ainsworth*

perhaps best known to patrons of the screen as *Dave Pollock*, villain in "The Strange Case of Mary Page," was born in Manchester, England, and was brought to America by his parents when he was three years old. His boyhood was spent in Madison, Wis. Upon returning from the South, a volunteer, at the time of the war with Spain, he made his professional debut with Maude Adams in "The Little Minister." He joined Essanay in 1914.



Photo by Witzel

*Norma
Nichols*

delighted the film public with her portrayal of *Chiquita* the ingenue in "The Ne'er-Do-Well," a Selig production. From Selig, Miss Nichols went to Kalem, in whose studios she now is making fun in Ham and Bud comedies; she took Ethel Teare's place when Miss Teare was given her own company. Miss Nichols is one of the beauties of the screen—tumbled hair and great gray eyes.



Photo by Moffett

***Bruce
McRae***

came the seas across from foggy London, and has been variously a New Zealand rancher, English Government surveyor, traveler, stage director and both footlight and shadow actor. His stage career began at the age of seventeen, in England. Mr. McRae came to America in 1913, appearing with Fannie Ward in "Madam President." He joined Edison in films last year as an actor and then became a director.



*John
Emerson*

is a Fine Arts director, and also a talented actor. He first entered the pictures with Famous Players, appearing in "A Bachelor's Romance" and "The Conspiracy." Fine Arts then adopted Mr. Emerson, he became a director and among his productions were "Old Heidelberg" and "His Picture in the Papers." He acted in "The Flying Torpedo." He was for years a member of the Charles Frohman organization.



*Mary
Fuller*

is almost too well known to be biographed. Nevertheless: She was born in Washington, D. C., and long has been leading woman with Universal. She is one of the very cleverest of the clever screen stars, and among the most popular. She is 5 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 118 pounds, and has brown hair and eyes. Miss Fuller is still with Universal.



*George
LeGuere*

is one of Cameraland's clever juvenile-lead players; a native of romantic, gay old New Orleans. He began his stage career playing with such actors as Robert Edeson and Dave Warfield, and permitted Famous Players to take him and make a "screenie" of him; which was well. Then Essanay claimed him, and he is now playing with Metro. He's fond of water sports and riding, and is a writer of short stories.



*Dorothy
Phillips*

has long been a leading woman with Universal. Miss Phillips is a daughter of the Orioles, having been born in Baltimore October 22, 1882. The speaking stage gave her training for the silent stage, upon which she first appeared under Essanay, playing leads. She has scored triumphs in many plays of note. Miss Phillips' height is 5 feet 4 inches, weight 125, and her eyes and hair match in brown.



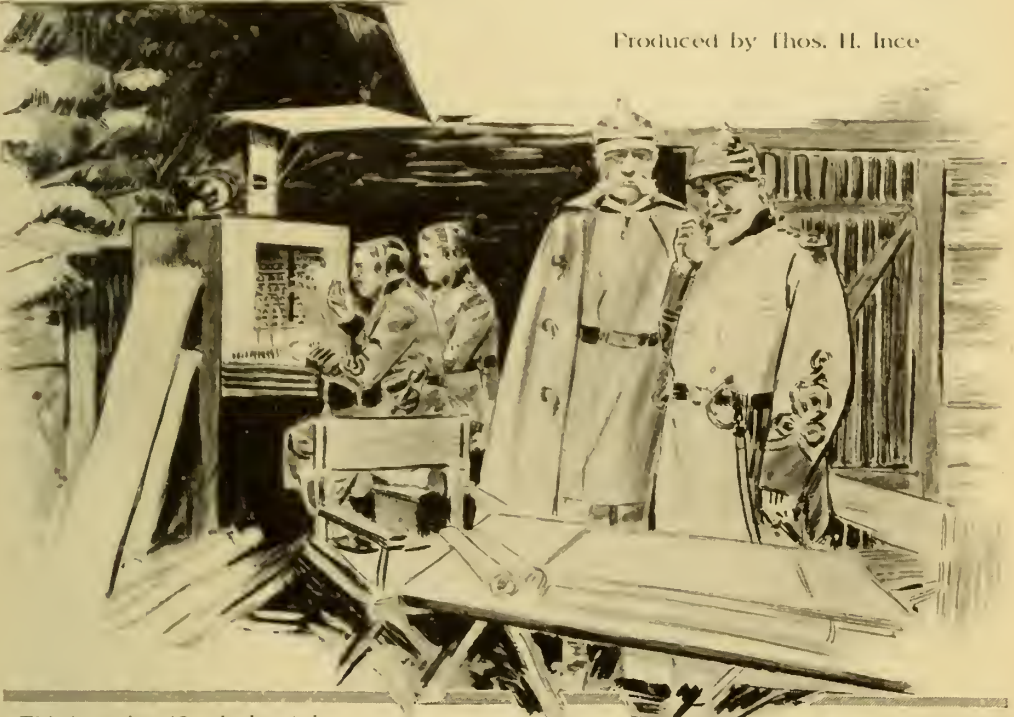
At that moment Helen and Adrienne reached them.

HERE is a gigantic story of the great war. It has love, mystery, tremendous adventure, heroic self-sacrifice, and above all a human quality that is indescribable.

"SHELL 43!"

By
C. Gardner Sullivan

Produced by Thos. H. Ince



"This is station 43—the heart, the eyes, the mind, the soul of all the German artillery!"

THERE are no side entrances to a war front. It was necessary for William Berner to reach the extreme military edge of France at once, but he must pass that way via Paris, and through Paris he did not wish to go. There were good reasons.

Nevertheless—

Both the concierge and the porter at Berner's modest *pension* were women; the first, a middle-aged Parisienne; the second, a sturdy peasant from Bordeaux. The concierge and the porter in *propria persona* had long since gone to Flanders. The porter would never return; the concierge still had a chance. The two women, though phlegmatic, were still a bit unused to their tasks. When they were disconcerted they clung together. When three privates and a corporal descended abruptly from a mili-

tary motor and asked more abruptly for one Guillaume Berner, both women ran to his door.

Berner was tapping out newspaper copy on a wee portable typewriter. He rose.

"Monsieur Berner?" asked the corporal, pushing the women aside.

"Yes," answered Berner.

"Will you be good enough to come with us?" asked the corporal. "It is about your papers and your authorization to proceed to the front."

"With pleasure!" exclaimed the one commanded, though he had never experienced less pleasure in his life.

Passes were being issued, passports inspected and various authorizations given in an ancient house which stood some distance from the road on the Avenue de l'Opera. Berner was conducted before a pleasant-

looking little French officer who sat incongruously upon a backless kitchen stool, before a Louis Seize table of magnificent mahogany. The officer was young—but only one sleeve of his coat was filled.

"You say that you are an American?" he asked.

"Certainly!" returned Berner, with some warmth. "I *am* an American."

"A good German name, indeed!" smiled the little officer, naively.

"My grandfather came from Hanover. He married a New England woman in New York. I was born in Buffalo, went to school in Chicago—"

"A rather new man on the Chicago Daily *Forum*, aren't you?"

"No, sir! I was on the city staff for years."

"I don't seem to remember you," said the little officer, gently, the smile fading. "I wrote *Art* for the *Forum* until September, 1914. You see, I am not a resident of France. I am a Reservist."

One of Berner's dreads of argus-eyed Paris was taking shape. But he exhibited no fear.

"That we didn't meet was my loss, I'm very sure," he answered, a faint sarcasm tinging his voice. "Here are the *Forum's* credentials to me—here's a letter from the publisher and owner, George Henry Slosson. I got it only yesterday."

The little officer examined the portfolio, the papers and the little leather card case politely.

An English officer of middle age, with drooping moustaches and an eye-glass, strolled in, absurdly tapping his puttees with a riding-crop—absurd, for he had arrived in a Lavoisier motor. The little Frenchman saluted, and rose as he did so. The Englishman wearily returned the salute. He did not notice Berner, and Berner paid him no more than a casual glance.

"What's this? What's this?" snarled the

newcomer, picking up Berner's scattered identifications.

"An American," answered the French officer in an undertone, "who says he represents a Chicago newspaper, but who looks to me like a reservist turned free-lance spy. I'm going to have him searched."

Unconsciously, his voice rose at the last sentence, and the words reached Berner. He was a brave man, but they gave him just a little catch in his throat. Yet he did not move or speak, and his eyes wandered about in idle curiosity. The Englishman glared at Berner for at least a whole minute. Berner returned the stare until it became impudent—then his eyes turned away.

"Of course you will send nothing, in any way, which does not go before the censor?" It was the Englishman speaking. He handed Berner his papers.

"Of course not!" answered Berner, briskly.

"Good day, and good luck." The French Reservist arose and extended his hand. Berner grasped it, heartily, "Any attempt to evade the censorial regulations, you know, means barring you from France for the term of the war. This covers photographs, too."

One can still go a little way toward the guns by rail.

The train crawled languidly through an afternoon of dazzling sunshine, and Berner complained to the guard that he wished to sleep—would the guard arrange the shades?

As the coaches creaked forward again Berner opened his coat in the semi-darkness, and nervously felt around the bottom of the lining. He made out the outlines of a thin fold of paper. It was in its place, nor had the seams been disturbed. He leaned back, smiling, and really went to sleep.

The paper was his Imperial Commission in the German Secret Service.

It was not long until, in the town of



Helen was the picture of some one to whom Berner could not return.

“Somewhere,” in Lorraine, William Berner—who had allowed himself to be “captured” by a German outpost in the night—began industriously leading two lives. Part of the time he was the pal of the lonely American consular agent, who chummed with him, and desperately retold every old story of Broadway, and Michigan Avenue, until Berner was nearly distracted. The rest of the time, in the splendid but reliquary town *hôtel*, Berner received the German secret service men. The American consul thought that they brought him his quaint stories of the countryside in war-time, of the makeshifts of the householder, of social life between the fire-curtains, which he sent to the American mails every week by post. In appearance, they might well have done so; they were Alsatian peasants with French names and Gallic traditions of the war of forty years ago, Belgian refugees, North France merchants and shop-keepers.

Whatever the success of Berner’s strangely assorted service of the Chicago *Forum* and Emperor Wilhelm, he was not happy. He had met the Baroness Caroline von Altman, and her two daughters, Helen and Adrienne. Helen was the picture of some one Berner had left behind to whom he could not return.

Before the White Papers, and the Yellow Books, and the Red paper of carnage over all, Berner had been very deeply in love. His marriage was soon to take place. Between two persons as intimate in thought as sweethearts an alleged correspondence which buries some other service is only a semi-transparent veil. *She* knew that Berner had another motive than newspaper work in going to France. What that motive was he could not explain or even intimate. She challenged him. He remained silent. *A woman!* What other solution does a woman in love ever have for a

mystery? Broken hearted, she implored in soul-tearing sobs. Summoning the last reserve, the *landsturm*, of his moral fibre, Berner refused to speak. His secret was like Lohengrin’s: it became a question of telling or breaking. After a night of agony he decided to break. He steeled his heart for his fatherland, and on its altar he sacrificed his youth, his love, his life. Just before he departed *she*, still in childish, unreasoning anger, married another man.

Now you understand why the Berner who reached France was no longer Berner the man, but Berner the magnificent machine.

While Helen recalled *her*, Adrienne, at seventeen, seemed to personify everything fervent, wholesome, innocent and wonderful. Adrienne was all the world’s youth and joy in a single set of skirts. Together these girls painfully reminded Berner that there was still clay in the cogs and rods of the mental engine he had thought to make of such hard, chill metal. That thought annoyed even as it saddened him.

And there was Jean Urlus, and through Jean a telling to Helen of the secret which, in its pristine inviolateness, had broken Berner’s life as a twig is broken across a



Adrienne—all the world’s joy in a single set of skirts.

child’s knee.

Urlus was a French peasant who brought to Berner—really—much of the light and absorbing literary material that he sent back to the United States. Was he a peasant, after all? Berner knew, presently, that he was not. But he said nothing. He waited.

The *Forum* correspondent went a great deal to Maison Altman—more than he should, he knew, but there was momentary peace under the great trees, beauty in grounds as ornate as those of Versailles, enchanted memories in the presence of Helen and Adrienne.

Fighting a bitterer mood than usual, he approached his acreage of surcease in the

calm of a bright Saturday mid-afternoon. Suddenly shouts arose ahead of him. Fairly within the Altman grounds he saw three helmeted German soldiers, crouching and running behind a hedge. Running in by a little path that he alone knew, he had almost reached the house when he collided violently with Urlus, creeping around a corner.

"They're after me!" whispered the peasant spy, frantically. "No trial—nothing but the wall and six rotten marksmen—butchery! I know who you are—"

Berner once more called forth the last reserve of his soul's steel. And that reserve answered! The chill in his eyes seemed to freeze Urlus' frightened, babbling tongue.

"They told me that you—oh please—"

"You are quite mistaken," said Berner, coolly. "Whoever told you anything, lied. I am an American non-combatant. If I interfere I too will be shot. I can do nothing."

At that moment Helen and Adrienne reached them. The two girls forgot that he might be a spy—they only saw in trembling Urlus a human being, hunted to death. Helen indicated a great, overturned vase hidden in a tangle of shrubbery.

"Quick! Quick!" whispered Adrienne, frantically. Urlus, mumbling gratitude, fairly leaped to his shelter. Berner looked on with a cold smile and colder eyes. Then the soldiers came, and the following crowd.

"You are quite mistaken, you see," said Helen gently to the officer. "No one is in the garden but ourselves—look!"

The furtively searching soldiers returned. They had found nothing. The commander of the detachment doffed his helmet and turned away. Already the wandering leaders of the mob, outside, were



baying like hounds on a new scent.

"Corporal!" called Berner, rather sharply. The soldier wheeled. "I was rather ahead of you, I think. These ladies spoke truly, for they did not see a man precede them here and secrete himself in that jar." Helen caught her in-drawn breath in a little cry. Even Berner was touched at the sudden wild, hunted look in Adrienne's eyes. The corporal gave a



"Corporal, these ladies did not see a man precede them here and secrete himself in that jar."

little exclamation, and ran to the old tree-urn himself. Urlus came out, sauntering forth to death with a nonchalant calm that was thrilling, now. But the concentrated hate of eternal perdition flashed from his eyes toward his betrayer.

The silence of the crowd was strange, too. As Urlus passed through them, two soldiers pinioning his arms even as he went, no one spoke; scarcely anyone moved.

Helen and Adrienne were transfixed. Urlus and his soldier attendants disappeared. The crowd began to drift away.

Suddenly, over the wall, a salvo of scattering shots.

With a little scream, Adrienne reeled and would have fallen but for Helen's arm.

Helen's trembling lips, as she came toward Berner, framing a question she could not utter.

"Such is war, girl," said Berner, quietly. Then he whispered: "He was a spy—a spy *against Germany.*"

"But why did *you* betray him?"

Berner did not answer. He only continued to look in her eyes and hold her hands. A strange expression of understanding came suddenly across her face.

"Forgive me!" she murmured, clasping her hands imploringly. "I did not know!" "You can trust us," whispered Adrienne. She too had heard!

In his room, the ghosts of a thousand things assailed Berner. His gentle, dead romance swung, a perfumed corpse, before him. The dying eyes of Urlus flung from every corner, glared out of every picture frame. He who had never shot so much as a deer had just sent a fellow man who trusted him—not merely to death, but to heinous execution! The sympathy of sweetly tender Helen stifled him like an overpowering incense. Her eyes, her face, her voice! She was a wild-sweet dream of something he had lost. And finally maddening: the calm, the innocence, the strangely-lighted eyes of the virgin he could not understand and whom he vowed never to love—Adrienne.

The steel was melting. "God," Berner

groaned, alone in his room. "God help me to finish what I have begun!"

Material war thrust its blunt face across psychic terrors and blotted them out, in the morning.

Like tiny vultures, enemy aeroplanes hovered overhead. The dread "drumfire" of a heavy artillery duel sounded from the horizon. Four brigades of German reserves rushed through the town, but despite the swiftness of the movement Lieut. Franz Hollen, of the 58th Bavarians, found time to visit the Baroness von Altman.

And Correspondent Berner got real news when, entering unannounced, he found Helen clasped ecstatically in Franz's arms. Helen was Frau Hollen. The wedding, quietly performed at the outbreak of war, had never been made public.

After scarcely a greeting, Lieut. Hollen was off. But not before he had warned the women to leave the little city.

"Go to the *château*," he commanded, brusquely. "Here, no one is safe. I'm telling you the truth when I say that tomorrow this house may be marked only by a shell's crater!"

But the women were obdurate. Youth cannot really believe in death, and a peaceful town cannot believe in war until that surge breaks murderously above it.

"I will see that they go," said Berner. "I'll take them there!"

Helen had a reason for departure which she did not reveal to Berner. But her persuasion, added to his, overcame the rooted objections of her mother and sister.

IN the wonderful days which followed, at Aisy-sur-Voise, William Berner forgot, for many hours together, that he was *not* a newspaper correspondent, but engaged in a service possibly despicable, certainly deadly. The womanliness of Helen, her gentleness, grew on him apace. How these at heart intensely German women trusted him! He





"Now," said Berner, "I think you will go home to your women."

knew that he was the secret deity of their forbidden shrines; he prayed to the God in whom he had not believed that he might not fail them; that from the strange web of monstrous circumstances in which they all were cast he might release these gentle creatures—sound, unknowing, believing.

"Do you like me?" asked Adrienne suddenly, out of an afternoon silence. She and Berner were in the château's arbor. She was plaiting a silly little wreath of grapeleaves for his head. It had been a very roguish afternoon.

"I should say I do!" exclaimed Berner, reaching for her hand.

She gave him her hand. The gay little wreath fell at her feet. Her clear blue eyes lifted themselves to his, tear-filled.

"I am so glad you do," she whispered, a little uncertainly, "for I like you—oh, more than I could tell you!"

Berner withdrew his hand, and looked

away. The little wild look he had seen when Urlus died came back into Adrienne's eyes. Berner asked himself, with all the bitter penitence of a flagellant, why he, in the full power of adult years, had permitted this gentle child to waste upon him her wonderful, crystalline glory of first love?

For . . . it could not be.

Hollen came again.

The two men sat late in the library; Hollen at ease, and gay, for he depended upon Berner's fidelity and integrity more than he would upon a brother's. Slowly, the German forces were moving southward. The Allies were concentrating, moving more swiftly northward than any save the secret agent knew. Suddenly Hollen arose, a sober look supplanting his usual boyish smile.

"Our great event is about to happen," he said. "We hope that it will be a boy. I shall be away, but—you will be here?"

"I . . ." Berner paused. "You may depend on me," he concluded.

A SPRING night, with a spatter of rain and wind. All along the German gun line the flower of the army alertly waited for the signal that was to begin the tremendous duel. Back of the trenches, and in front of the heavy artillery, clouds of infantry shifted in the dark. Six miles beyond the German front the English and the French lay silently, waiting the same sort of signal.

In the château Berner sat ready to spring the monstrous trap he had set with so much labor. On the extreme left of the German artillery, telephone signal pit 71 was busy with messages from the rest of the line. All pits connected with central pit 43. Pit 43 was a solar plexus of communication. Striking it meant crumbling the Teutonic offensive as a fighter crumbles after a thousand-pound smash to the stomach.

Hollen, detached for telephone duty, listened from pit 71 for orders he was sure would come in Berner's voice.

Underneath 71 an insulated wire trailed off six miles to British headquarters! Its placing and concealment had been a master-feat of mechanics and strategy.

Stranger still: there was a telephone connection between British Headquarters and the Altman château!

Hollen, tense and nervous for other reasons than shrapnel or blasting shells, wondered if he would ever see the astonished little visitor due to arrive that night.

Berner, meanwhile, expected Hollen's call. One of the two telephones rang. He sprang toward it.

"Are you there?" interrogated an English voice, softly. "Yes," answered Berner, and without revealing his own identity he continued the conversation.

"Righto!" exclaimed the distant officer, cheerily. "We're moving batteries 7, 55 and old 18 up to catch the Boches' left on a salient. Gad! It won't smash 'em—it'll pulverize 'em!"

Very softly, Berner hung up the 'phone. Three terrible batteries of naval guns, hurling blasting shells, moved "to catch the

Boches' left on a salient!"

Aisy-sur-Voise, long a sheltered island in the screaming iron sea, was now in front of the storm. The château was the bullseye of the new international target!

The other telephone bell.

"Berner!" exclaimed the voice of Hollen, nervously petulant. "The Colonel wants to know why you don't let go. The night is too short as it is. We're ready—got the range—everything."

"I . . ." Berner paused, choked with his own words. Unleashing the Krupp monsters which that night were to obey him like dogs meant roaring reply from the Britons. Reply meant—

A woman's cry, faint, wild, old as the world, came down the oak stair. The candle flames went up without a flicker. The only sound outside was the tap of rain, and the gentle sigh of the wind.

"How are . . . things there?" asked Hollen. The distant voice so startled Berner that he leaped from his chair.

"Splendid—I'll call you back, old man!" Berner hung up. It seemed to him that he would go mad.

The telephone bell.

"General Graham, sir. Wants to know when. Would advise immediate—"

"Yes, yes!" cut in Berner to the unknown. "Give me time—good God, who is doing this?"

"Very good, sir," came the voice. And a click indicated that he had severed his connection.

When Berner raised his eyes he thought a vision met them. It was Adrienne, on the stair and smiling at him as only a woman smiles at the man she loves.

"The baby is here," she said softly. "Sister is safe. Aren't you happy?"

And from the rack of his soul, Berner glanced up and smiled.

Throughout that night William Berner saw only one vision, heard but one sound. The vision was the new madonna-face of Helen, the mother; and the virginal wonder of Adrienne's eyes. The sound was the imagined crash of the first shell which, had he kept his faith, he would have released. He heard the crash of the shell, the tumbling of the house, three soprano death-cries and a fainter little shriek, the last and first of tiny lips—horror stricken, the half-mad Berner put his hands to his ears.

Dawn.

He knew that the greatest chance was over. Already the reserves of the tricked army were reaching the main body. He had failed, colossally, hideously.

He used his telephone, for the first time in hours. It was a message to the German hospital staff.

At noon an ambulance drew up in front of the Château. Into it he put Adrienne, the Baroness Altman, and a stretcher on which lay a pale, smiling girl and an animate bundle.

“This car will take you back into Alsace-Lorraine,” said Berner, sadly. “You will be quite safe there, now.”

“I have forgotten something,” cried Adrienne; and to Berner: “Help me find it.” He followed her into the house again.

She placed both her hands in his, and drew close to him.

“Is it very bold and bad for me to tell you that I love you?” she asked. “You know I do.”

Berner put his arms around her, and gently set his mouth against hers. Theirs was not a kiss of passion. To the child it was a caress of wondering love. For him, it was the sacred-sweet seal of an eternal farewell. He would never see any of them again.

THAT night, with the battle delayed beyond the psychological moment for one side, Berner stood in pit 71, as the busy Lieut. Hollen relayed firing instructions to battery captains. There was no dawdling now among the grim instrumentalists of the iron orchestra! The tympanic guns throbbed like drum-beats in an overture; overhead the shells screamed like a grand *tutti* of all the violins of hell.

Suddenly Berner saw that Franz, in the din, was crying out to him. He leaned forward to catch his words.

“A girl!” shouted Hollen. “Helen herself on the wire for one moment—it’s a girl!” Berner had not had time to tell him.

A shell exploded just outside the pit. Dirt and bits of wood showered over them. And the blast cracked Berner’s artificial steel, and the man—the hero—stepped forth. Hollen was visibly jarred, but clung more tightly than ever to his place.

“Get out of here!” yelled Berner. “They’ve hit the range—another minute,

and you may be in pieces no bigger than your little finger.”

Hollen looked at him, contemptuously curious.

“You mean quit?” he muttered. “Go to Hell. Run if *you* wish—I stay.”

“You have four women dependent on you,” shrieked Berner, “one, a very little one. I have no one.”

“You’re crazy!” howled Fritz Hollen, crying, fighting mad.

Another shell, bursting at one side, half wrecked the end of the pit.

Berner drew his revolver, and, quite coolly, shot Hollen through the shoulder.

With vast astonishment written across his face, the boy leaped to his feet, staggered, fell.

“Now,” said Berner, “I think you will go home to your women.” He called in an orderly’s squad, and the unconscious but not badly-hurt Hollen started for the base hospital.

Berner worked frantically over the wires. The crashing of shells on every side made no difference to him. He had done his last act as a man; once more, and finally, he was the machine. It was evident that pit 71 could last but a few moments longer in the metal storm. Berner fastened the slender wire from the English trenches to the main trunks leading to pit 43, the German central signal station—that station without whose words all their artillery would be impotent as a blind bull. His realignment of wires finished, he fled from the pit. Not many steps away an unusual detonation made him look back. Seventy-one was a cloud of dust, rising hundreds of feet into the air! But the deeply imbedded wires had held.

In pit 43 the senior telephone captain himself directed the German battery fire for the whole front. Berner, unnoticed, slid into the dugout, automatic in hand.

“Stand up!”

Amazed, the captain stared into a blue muzzle. He made a slight gesture to his orderly to curb the madman. Berner saw the movement. The orderly crumpled up—mortally hurt.

The captain backed away, and as he did so Berner, still covering him, seated himself on the edge of the operator’s stool, slid the headpiece over one ear, opened the key to demolished 71. Far away, he heard a voice, speaking rapidly.

The language was English! Berner knew that atonement was not merely a possibility—atonement was at hand!

There was a rapid identification. "This is station 9, sir," came the faint voice.

"I am exactly opposite you," said Berner. "This is station 43—the heart, the mind, the eyes, the soul of all the German artillery. You have your own range to an opposite point. Concentrate the fire of batteries 4 and 6—here. Shell 43!"

In a frenzy of despair, the outraged German captain, careless of the wicked gun, leaped at the man who threatened to destroy half the Teutonic army. Berner's pistol barked, but the shot went wild. The two locked in a death struggle.

Outside, 200 yards short, a shell exploded heavily. It was first shot from the English trenches as they felt for the range. Now the German's revolver spoke, and a jagged hole in Berner's right hand was the answer. He flung his gun to his left hand. Two shots. The German captain

dropped—then rolled over—dead.

Two more shells—

"You're 100 yards short, and a little to the left," cried Berner, feebly.

Outside he heard voices, and many men yanking and pounding at the pit door that he had fastened. Somehow, the alarm had been sounded . . . no matter; he had done all he could.

A tremendous crash seemed to drive his very ears in.

"Nearly right," he whispered into the receiver, leaning heavily on the telephone desk. "Just a *little* more to the left, just a *little*—"

The pit seemed to spring into the air in a great dazzle of white flame. A shell from the English guns had demolished the acting brain of the German artillery.

Through the dust and smoke the red after-glare illumined for a moment the calm, set face, not of William Berner, but of Lieutenant Stanley Harding of the English Secret Service.

The Fredericks Breakfast



At the left, Mr. Zukor's emotion promoter, Pauline; opposite is her mother, and facing us is a guest. The place is Miss Frederick's apartment on Park Avenue, New York City. The gentleman whom you believe a servant is an Oriental spy, working in the Frederick home while jotting down the numbers of the New York street-cars and the differing complexions of the policemen, for his government.

Ladies and Gentlemen— Introducing Tom Mix!



HE RODE THE GLORY
ROAD TO FAME ON
A BUCKING CAYUSE



YOU can put a horse's back under Tom Mix with a saddle to throw his legs over—and he'll do the rest.

They have a saying out in the cattle states that sooner or later a good rider is right sure to get killed by a better horse, and the annals of the corrals show there's a lot more truth than imagination in that remark. But it hasn't happened to

Tom Mix—yet. Here's hoping it never does.

When you're sitting far up in the front seats and a crazy horse comes tearing out of the screen and his hoofs are about to plunge off the canvas and down into the orchestra and climb out of that pit and over your shivering frame, you're safe in betting that Tom Mix is sitting that horse between cantle and horn. He won't be doing any such tenderfoot trick as "pulling leather," either. Which means that the only thing his hands will be holding onto is a pair of reins and his hat. For Tom Mix is one of the most accomplished rough-horse riders that ever

No, son, he does not wear The Hat in the get-up below—he wears it in the git-out above.

came out of the West to grace films and make hearts jump in Movie-land.

He used to be a cowboy in Wyoming, where he **threw rope** with complete aplomb and roamed the plains with keen and casual eye and rounded up indignant herds and "rode fence" and sang to milling cattle on dark and stormy nights so they should not stampede, and swore plenty when the rain soaked T. Mix. Then along came the "movies," and directors consulted managerial wallets and figured the value of men who really knew how to ride in plains drama. And Tom Mix exchanged wages for a salary.

The Selig Company first took Mix off the plains, and, starting in as "extra" man, he made a place for himself in the camera studios almost at once. He soon became a director. Riding, he's had his wrists broken, his arms sprained, and the circumference of his body generally distributed over the face of the immediate surroundings, but he doesn't call that getting really hurt. Every conqueror of horses knows that he has to get chucked off now and then.

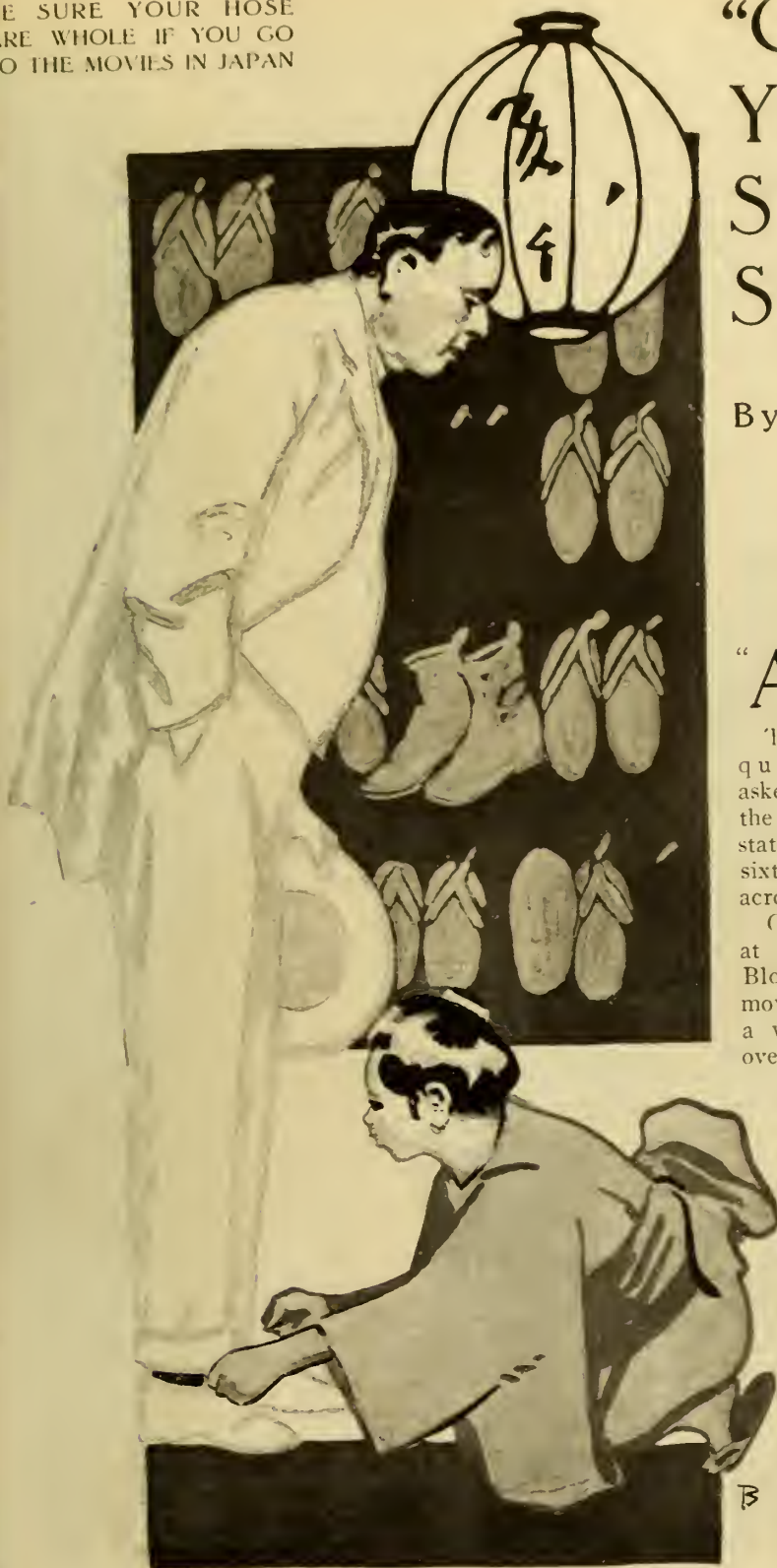
Mr. Mix is now starring in multiple reel Seligs.

T. Mix taking Vicky Forde, his leading woman, off a horse going full gallop.



Look out in the front rows for those hoofs.

BE SURE YOUR HOSE
ARE WHOLE IF YOU GO
TO THE MOVIES IN JAPAN



“Check Your Shoes, Sir?”

By Jefferson
Jones

Drawings by
Oscar Bryn

“ARE there any
movies in this
town?”

That was the first
question Blodgett
asked as he swung off
the train at Shimbashi
station, Tokyo, after a
sixteen-day voyage
across the Pacific.

Of course I laughed
at the idea of big
Blodgett being a
movie-fan—he is such
a whale of a man—
over six feet high and
more than 200
pounds in circum-
ference, with
hands and feet to
match. And I
laughed some
more when I
thought of what
was in store for
Blodgett, starved
for the movies
after a fortnight
plus of abstin-
ence, with an
appetite whetted by
my boast that for
novelty the Jap-
anese films had
those of the U. S.

completely backed off the screen.

Perhaps I should have warned Blodgett about some of the customs of Nippon.

In a pair of 'rickshas we were off in a few minutes, after Blodgett had registered at his hotel, movies-bound.

One of the main requirements of a foreigner visiting a Japanese moving picture theater is that he be equipped with a perfectly entire pair of socks. This is not

a law of the
land of smoky
lanterns,
b u t

In Japan labor is so cheap that theater managers can secure "artists" to illustrate their theater bills cheaper than they can have lithographs printed.



rather a custom that has been built up in order that the Occidental might—to speak in terms of the Orient—“save his face.” Blodgett was unaware of this custom and naturally his introduction to a Japanese movie theater was surrounded on all sides with embarrassment.

We alighted from our 'rickshas in front of the Aio-kan Theater in Asakusa park, the movie district of the Japanese capital, and I left Blodgett standing on the curb (surrounded by a mob of curious natives), gazing at the brilliantly electric-lighted scene which the theater front presented, while I stepped up to the box office and exchanged a twenty-sen piece, or ten cents American, for two seats. I say “seats,” when as a matter of fact Japanese movie theaters have no seats—but that is somewhat ahead of the tale.

When I returned to Blodgett and his mob he was still gazing at the mammoth, highly colored oil canvas that hung the length of the building above its entrance. The canvas bore four melodramatic scenes illustrating the movie bill to be shown that evening. One scene represented a samurai's son at his father's tomb, another the samurai's son on his way to Yeddo to swear allegiance to the Shogun of his clan; the third, his meeting with a pretty geisha girl, and the last picture showed him eviscerating two villainous looking knights in order to win the hand of the geisha. In Japan labor is so cheap that theater managers can secure “artists” to illustrate their theater bills cheaper than they can have lithographs printed. The result is, every moving picture theater in Japan has its oil canvas front.

Taking Blodgett by the arm, I ushered him to the main entrance, practically on the sidewalk: the “bathrobed” ticket taker opened the door, and we passed through into a little, electric-lighted lobby. The scene was too much for Blodgett. He took two steps, then stopped and stared at the wall ahead of him. From ceiling to floor there appeared to be a million pairs of wooden clogs, or Japanese shoes, hanging on pegs. He was still trying to interpret the meaning of it when suddenly two bright-colored kimonoed girls approached, kow-towed twice in Orien-

in fashion, and stooped down and started to unlace his shoes.

Blodgett's embarrassment was painful. He blushed like a schoolgirl, then turned towards me, and then started to draw back a step at a time, which only caused the girls to giggle.

“But most honorable sir, by all the virtues of our honorable ancestors we must request that you be so good as to remove our shoes,” said one of the girls, as only a Japanese can talk.

“What in heck is she saying?” asked Blodgett.

I reminded him that while in Japan he must do as the Japanese—he must not think of going into home, church or theater without first removing his shoes, for that is the custom of the people. Blodgett, suddenly coming to a realization of things Japanese, burst out laughing; but a few minutes later he discovered his laugh was not the last or the best one.

The Misses Chrysanthemum and Cherry Blossom in removing Blodgett's Number 2's had discovered that the big toe on his right foot was protruding from the sock, and so carried away with giggling were the girls they were forced to smuggle their faces in their kimono sleeves to preserve a semblance of the renowned politeness of their forefathers.

However, a Madame Butterfly person seeing the humiliation Blodgett was suffering, quickly gathered up his shoes from the floor, carried them to the wall, hung them on a peg, and returned and handed Blodgett a wooden check stamped with Japanese characters. It might be added for the reader's information that this pegged wall from which the footwear of the movie patrons is displayed acts as an adding machine for the manager of the theater. If he ever has any doubt as to the honesty of the box office, he simply takes a census of the clogs on the lobby wall and compares the total with the number of tickets turned in, of course allowing two clogs for each ticket. A wall of five hundred clogs means

that there are half that many persons in the audience.

But Miss Cherry Blossom, now recovering her composure, bowed us to a small stairway at the left, and, following in the tracks of Blodgett's socks and big toe, I mounted the staircase and passed into a lighted room which in general size and shape resembled the auditorium of the average moving picture house in America. But there were no seats in the theater, no boxes, no aisles. The floor, which inclined toward a small stage, was covered with tatamis, or straw mats, and on these the audience sat, their feet squarely turned under them.

Blodgett laughed and so did I. But that is the standard thing about Japanese movies—the foreigner gets his enjoyment not from the pictures shown on the screen, but in the lobby or watching the audience, before the first reel starts. Incidentally, the foreigners, this time, gave the natives a laugh.

Through an audience of fathers and sons, mothers suckling babes, and ten-year-old daughters holding two-year-old sisters



on their Japs, Blodgett and I steered our course, and suddenly coming to an unfilled mat we squatted down. All near-by eyes turned upon us with the exception of our mat neighbors, who had spied Blodgett's big toe and were trying to shield their laughter in their kimonos.

The amusement thus offered was suddenly cut short, however, when the lights went off, and "The Son of the Samurai" (in Japanese characters) was flashed upon the screen. The pictures might have been just as well titled "The Fishmonger's Son," or "How Sato San Gathers Rice." for Blodgett and I sat and watched the films for more than an hour and scarcely once did we get an inkling of what was going on. Blodgett said the play was a tragedy, but to the foreigner all Japanese movie films appear as such. No thrills, no action—in fact, all in all, Japanese movies are about as exciting as a Maypole dance.

But as there are many things in the Japanese life which the foreigner is unable to explain, so it is with their movies. Yards and yards of film are displayed showing a geisha expressing her love for some samurai by the aid of her fan, and yet while the native sprawls on his mat with laughter the foreigner just sits and wonders what is causing all the hysteria.

That is one reason foreign films have had such little success in Japan. Manufacturers have failed to study the characteristics of Japanese life. Where an American audience will work itself into a fit of laughter over the antics of Charlie Chaplin, the same film displayed before an audience in the Mikado's kingdom would be about as enjoyable or understandable as the Bible to a native of Kamchatka. In Japan, life to the average native means simply sacrifice and tragedy.

It is these characteristics of Japan which explain the phenomenal success which the pictured version of Tolstoi's "Resurrection" has had within the Shogun realm. Three years ago when that film was first shown in Tokyo, it created more interest

and excitement than did "The Birth of a Nation" in this country. For two solid years it was run before packed houses throughout the cities of Japan, and but twelve months ago I saw it screened in a theater in the little industrial city of Moji before an audience that wept and then banzaied as the plot unrolled. Stop any group of Japanese on the streets of Yokohama, Kobe or Kyoto today and ask him what his favorite motion picture play is, and the chorus will be unanimous: "The Resurrection." That reply is given because Tolstoi's play is understandable to the Japanese. It is a tragedy, and as such reaches into the souls of the people of Dai Nippon. Any American film manufacturer or exporter planning to enter the Japanese market would do well to make a specialty of death scenes.

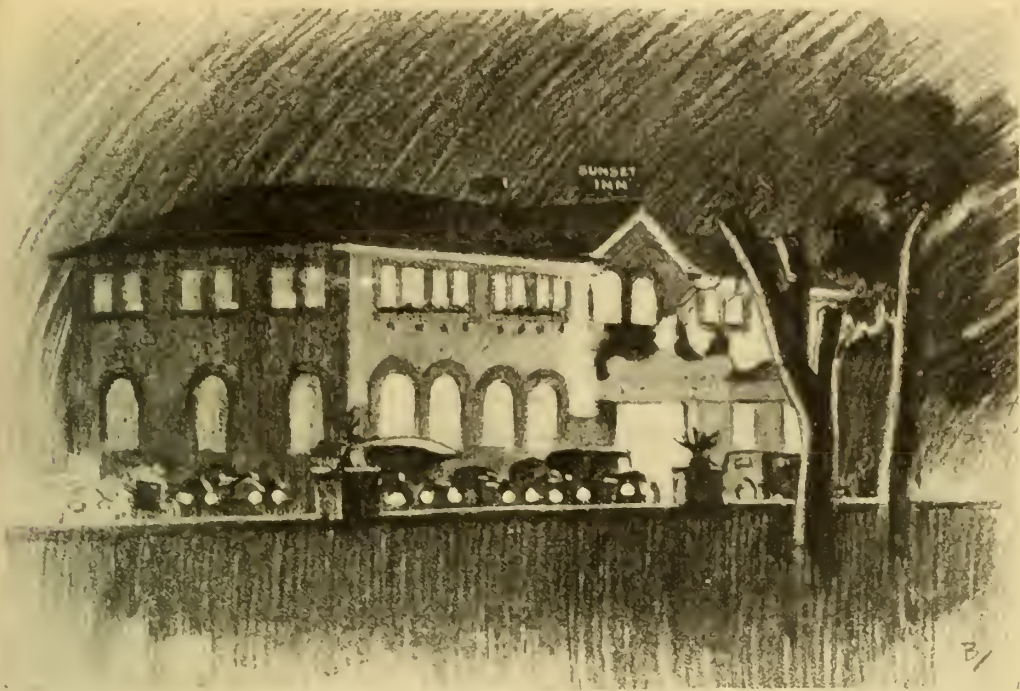
There is one feature of Japanese movie houses Blodgett learned of upon his introduction to Oriental films which probably cannot be found in any other theaters of the world—"talking pictures." During the presentation of a movie in a Japanese theater there is stationed behind the screen a man who plays the vocal parts of the characters which are being filmed. He furnishes the dialogue to the play, and whether it be the weeping mother who has lost her babe, or the parting wish of a samurai who is about to commit hari-kari, the man behind the screen is on the job and the voices of the characters float over the audience in front, rendering great aid in resuscitating pictures which otherwise might go very dead indeed because of the lack of proper portrayal or action.

Though the foreigner who enters a Japanese movie theater may know less of the films after leaving the theater door than before entering it, he at least should take advantage of the opportunity to learn something of what Japan does with its spare moments, for Dai Nippon is just one of many nations that are "movie mad," and film theaters are springing up in every good-sized hamlet on the island.

Casabianca

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but he had fled.
"I hope the censor'll let this pass,"
Was all the laddie said.

J. G. GABLE.



Sunset Inn, farthest north on California's Great White Way, is one of the chief joy stations after 9 in the evening.

“Broadway, Cal.”

THE GREAT WHITE WAY OF SUNSET LAND
AND THE LURE OF THE CELLULOID STAR

By A. A. Cohn and
Gordon Gassaway

“**A** LOTTA this bunk you hear peddled around about the movie stars is—bunk!” declared Steve disgustedly after a futile struggle with his two-cylinder vocabulary.

Although Steve is but a humble knight of the napkin, he comes in the category of “wise ’uns,” because nothing gets by him—neither tips nor studio gossip. He knows what each of the stars is playing in and all the dope about the latest changes in the various studios. But Steve is not a gossip or a scandal monger. He allows a few of us to get chummy with him only because we’ve got something on him. In an overwhelming surge of confidence one night he confessed that his right name was Sylvester; and he’s always nervous about us spilling it.

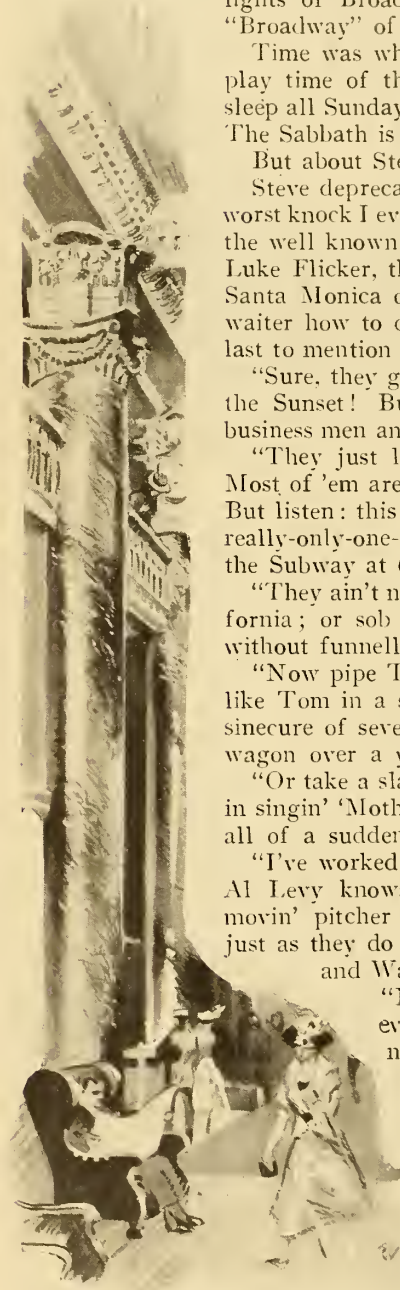
“For instance, this old gag about Harry

Drawings by
OSCAR BRYN

Lauder bein’ a reckless spendthrift alongside Charlie Chaplin. I ain’t sayin’ that Charlie is a wild-eyed spender, but nobody can tell me that a tightwad would have tossed 165 iron men on the table for a four-bit doll that was being auctioned off at Levy’s one night last winter to feed the poor on Christmas day. Some folks are always ready to tag a guy as a tightwad if he quits before he gets pickled to the eyebrows; or prefers the juice of the hops to that of the grape.”

Steve has toted ice-baskets from Coos Bay to New Orleans, from Sherry’s to the Cliff House. He has served Mary Pickford at the Beaux Arts and Brother Jack at Baron Long’s Vernon Country Club. When Brother Jack and his side-kick, Bobby Harron, want to be real devilish,

The brilliantly light-
ed lobby of the Alex-
andria, meeting
place of moving pic-
ture stars.



they go out to the Baron's and drink many, many lemonades, between dances.

But getting back to Steve—he knows “Broadway, Cal.” from preference to addenda; from Sunset Inn to Tia Juana. The day means nothing in Steve's fair young life. It is only after the sun, highly magnified and dripping gold, drops into the Pacific, that Steve awakens; when movie stars come out and twinkle among the bright lights of Broadway, Cal. Ah, you should see this golden shored “Broadway” of a Saturday night!

Time was when that was the eve of the *bourgeois*. It is now the play time of the photoplayers, stars and extras alike, for one may sleep all Sunday forenoon, and afternoon too, if more rest is required. The Sabbath is kept holy on the motion picture “lot.”

But about Steve, and his friends of the celluloid arena:

Steve deprecates the use of the anvil as a musical instrument. The worst knock I ever heard him utter was a wish that some day So-and-So, the well known film idol, would get a reg'lar man's haircut. But if Luke Flicker, the famous screen hero gets lit up like a battleship off Santa Monica on Fourth of July night, and tries to teach the head waiter how to dance the Keystone cement walk, Steve would be the last to mention it to an outsider.

“Sure, they go to the Baron's; sure, they go to Nat Goodwin's and the Sunset! But they don't get soused like some highly respected business men and sassiety folks I could mention,” said Steve once.

“They just like to have a good time after a hard week's work. Most of 'em are from the East and they are used to the bright lights. But listen: this little old white light zone of ours makes the original really-only-one-Broadway, as Charley Murray used to sing, look like the Subway at 6 in the A. M., Sunday.

“They ain't no ‘Broken Heart for Every Light on Broadway,’ California; or sob stuff like that, because our folks have a lot of fun without funnelling a lot of fizz into their interiors.

“Now pipe Tom Mix for instance. Can you imagine a rough guy like Tom in a soup-and-fish uniform, cuttin' up out at Vernon, the sinecure of several hundred admirin' eyes? And Tom's been on the wagon over a year!

“Or take a slant at Roscoe Arbuckle joinin' the cabaretters at Levy in singin' ‘Mother’ so sad that even Al himself gets a cold in the head all of a sudden.

“I've worked in all those places and I know what I'm tellin' you. Al Levy knows more movin' pitcher stars than anybody in the movin' pitcher business and they all call him by his front name, just as they do Baron Long and Bill Jones down at the Sunset Inn, and Ward McFadden at The Ship!

“Now don't get me wrong. These folks aren't rounders even if Vernon Country Club has got a sewing-circle name that would make some of the N'Yawk lobster palaces turn red with envy. They just drop in oncet a week, maybe, for a little dance, just to get the studio kinks outa their joints, and then they breeze along home, leavin' it to those who been starin' at 'em to get tanked up.

“Anyhow, what's wrong with a little whirl at Nat's, or a little trot at the Ship?” This defiantly.

“Of course there are some who don't care for the noise of the dancin' places. Fellows like Bill Hart, for instance. When I used to work

at the Hoffman down on Spring Street, they used to set the clock when Bill drifted in at 6:30 for dinner. A real friendly fellow is Bill, who likes German cookin' and never goes anywhere without his sister. If folks didn't stop and rubber at him, you'd never think he was an actor. Some man, that. But folks goes to the Hoffman to eat and maybe drink; and they start puttin' out the lights at about the time prayer meetin' ends. No dancin' or warblin'. Ole George Fawcett is another reg'lar at the Hoffman when he's workin' on the coast. And some of the young publicity fellahs and seenaryo carpenters like to go there evenings and play at bein' Bohemians, not realizin' that Bohemianism is a theory and not a condition. The seenaryo fellahs are pretty liberal spenders at times, the big idea being to get folks to listen to the stuff they spill about the millions they're shakin' out of their typewriters. The publicity guys generally clan together, maybe for self protection against the hospitable attacks of the stars. The way some of 'em funnel in the alcohol you'd think they was tryin' to demonstrate the proverb that 'self-preservation is the first law of nature.'

“But the real honest-to-goodness, million candle-power arc-light on our 'great white way' is the Keystone boss. Those warblin' dough-hounds around the piano—their idea of Heaven is a place where Mack Sennett sits on a throne twenty-five hours outa twenty-four and has 'em sing 'The Good Ship Rock-an-Rye,' surrounded on all sides and overhead with golden mazuma. He's one of the reasons why these so-called entertainers rides around in Fiats and Mercers and has bought-and-paid-for bungalows in Hollywood, just the same as movie stars.

“And the way he chucks the lucre at 'em! He thinks no more of tossing a shiny V to the pudgy-nosed buzzard with the tenor voice than he does of shaking salt on his eggs. His generosity is something horrible. If I could wait on Mack Sennett twice a day for a year, I'd ride around in a twin-six instead of that little old last year's Overland.

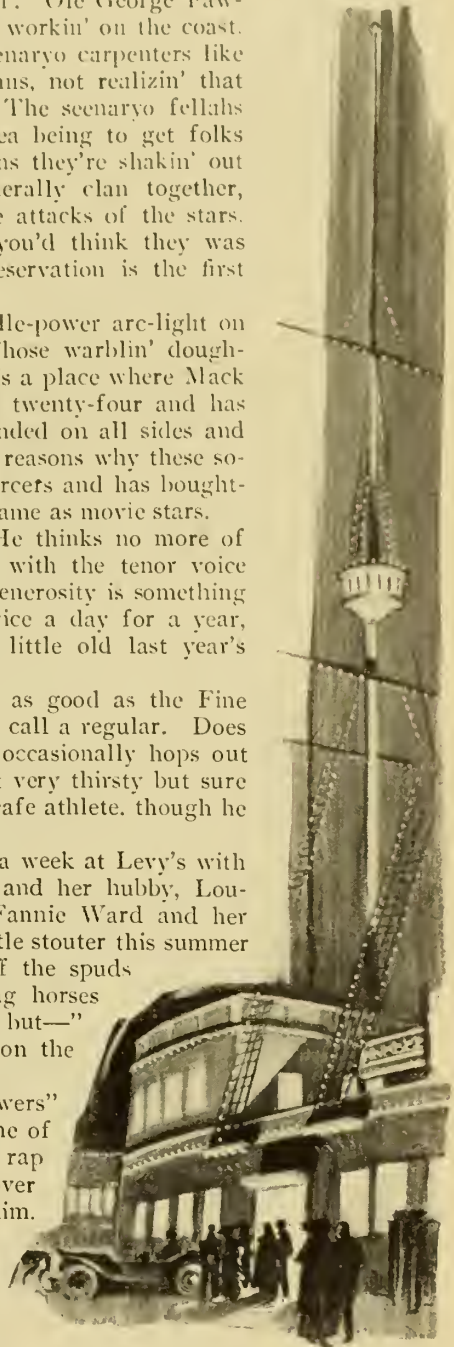
“And that bird is some dancer, too, but not as good as the Fine Arts chief, D. W. Griffith. He's not what you'd call a regular. Does most of his eating at the Alexandria grill and occasionally hops out to Sunset Inn or Vernon for a dance. He's not very thirsty but sure loves to dance. Neither is Tom Ince much of a cafe athlete, though he is seen once in a while in Levy's.

“Jesse Lasky can be found about three nights a week at Levy's with a crowd of his own—maybe Geraldine Farrar and her hubby, Lou-Tellegen; DeWolf Hopper and his wife, or Fannie Ward and her husband, Jack Dean. Geraldine seems to be a little stouter this summer than last, doesn't she? I notice that she is off the spuds and pastry stuff and they tell me she is riding horses trying to get down to her reg'lar fighting weight, but—”

Realizing that his monologue was bordering on the personal, Steve quickly changed the subject.

“Far be it from me to join the hammer-throwers” declared Steve virtuously. “Why, I've heard some of those professional anvil-wallopers sit around and rap Charlie Chaplin and then when he comes in, go over and try to coax a look of recognition out of him. I've even heard some of these sword-swallowers rap Charlie's table manners, but they ain't anyone eats here who is better acquainted with his forks and knives than that same Chaplin fellah. And another thing to his credit—he don't stand

The Ship, with its light-dotted masts lowering high above Windward Avenue pier.





Having a bite at Levy's. Among the diners are Fannie Ward, Wallace Reid, Jesse Lasky, Director DeWolf Hopper

at his chair before sitting down and give the place the once over to see that all eyes are on him, as—well, it would be kind of personal to mention any names.

"I've heard folks rap Wally Reid about his cafe manners. Suppose you were him. Suppose when you come



Myrtle Stedman, Anita King, DeWolf Hopper and Charles Murray, George Melford. Can you find them? Al Levy is midway between and Charles Murray.

into a place, Levy's, Vernon or Sunset Inn, all hostilities cease; every dame in the place speaks as follows: 'O! There's Wally Reid!' and every fellah in the place looks like six runs to the bad in the ninth inning; and everybody is rubbing like a epidemic of St. Vitus; and every once in a while some girl saying loud enough for you to

hear, 'Gee, aint he handsome!' What would you do—that is if you were him?

"Would you cast your eyes on the floor and snoop over to your table like a fellah that had just broke jail and didn't want anyone to notice him; or would you throw out your chest and laugh like you enjoyed this little old game we call life?"

We admitted that there was more or less logic in Steve's argument. Wally is recog-



The cafe which bears Nat Goodwin's name dangles out-over the Pacific Ocean on a wooden pier. . . . a sort of milestone in the real Nat Goodwin's financial career—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say tombstone.

nized as one of the welcome arches on California's great white way. He and Ford Sterling, the Keystone comedians and among the "steady customers" and rated among the best dancers in the film colony. Ford and his wife, Teddy Samson, have won many a prize at the Baron's, as have Wally and Mrs. Wally, who is better known as Dorothy Davenport. Another excellent dancer is Cleo Ridgley, who is usually accompanied by her husband. And another is Louise Glaum, the Inceville vampire, who may be seen at Sunset Inn, always with Harry Edwards, the Keystone director. He's her husband, so there's no gossip.

There is no dancing in the cafes of Los Angeles. Not so long ago, but before its Rialto teemed with motion picture stars, Los Angeles, because of its Puritanic government, was dubbed "the chemically pure" by a facetious writer. Even the dancing craze failed to bring about a change and those who would indulge in cafe dancing must do so at Vernon, just on the edge of the city, or at the beach resorts, thirty minutes away by auto or trolley. The cafe which bears Nat Goodwin's name dangles

out over the Pacific Ocean on a wooden pier, and Sunset Inn is a few blocks distant on Ocean Front, Santa Monica. There is always a mess of autos out in front after 9 P. M. The Ship Cafe is at Venice, a few miles down the coast, and there is a host of intermediate stops for the auto-riding joy seeker. The Ship with its light-dotted masts towering high above the crowds on the Windward Avenue pier is one of the landmarks of California's Great White Way. Aboard the Ship the nautical illusion is made complete by the ship's bell upon which is struck the time in sea-fashion. Dancing always ceases at two bells of the mid-watch.

Nat Goodwin's is a sort of milestone in the real Nat Goodwin's financial career—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say tombstone, for Nat admits that, as a purveyor of viands and liquefied victuals, he is a mighty good actor. So the seashore cafe is Nat Goodwin's in name only.

But the greatest magnet on "Broadway, California," is the Alexandria, the premier caravansary of Los Angeles. In the brilliantly lighted lobby of this common meet-

ing place may be seen each evening innumerable stars of the two stages. The Indian Grill is a favorite dining place for movie uppertendom, the glistening Italian dining-room is much patronized by the corpulent magnates and important looking film officials from the original Broadway, the importance of whom is completely overshadowed by the flocks of handsome leading men and the droves of pretty ingenues, famous leading women and lesser luminaries of the sunlight stages. The richly embossed gentlemen's “tea-room” is nightly alive with the chatter of cream-flanneled film idols and oily-haired, sport-shirted extra-men who generously allow their faithful retainers not of the profession to buy them fancy concoctions cleverly created by the white-garbed artists “playing opposite.”

One who would frequent the Alexandria lobby three nights in a row would get a glimpse of every star that twinkles on California's Broadway—every constellation in the heavens of movie-land. Chief-Hand-Shaker-and-Fixer “Bill” Sibbald, head of the Alexandria's staff, knows them all. Each has his or her name in his private autograph album, which has been on the job for years, corralling the John Hancocks of presidents and governors, millionaires and actors. “Bill” can remember the day when the house detective looked with suspicion on “movie” actors and hastened westward to guard the lunch.

There is another phase of the night life of the world's photoplay center that is little

known to the public. Many of the stars have their own homes in Hollywood—purchased or rented—and these provide a continuous round of house parties. DeWolf Hopper, Dustin Farnum, William Farnum, Marie Doro, Geraldine Farrar, Hobart Bosworth, Jesse Lasky, Douglas Fairbanks (when he is not in New York), Herbert Rawlinson, Fannie Ward, Victor Moore, Tully Marshall, Tom Meighan, Frank Keenan, Kathlyn Williams and Charley Murray are among the chief factors in the social life of the film colony and their homes have neither latch-strings nor latches for their friends. The bungalow life is “the life” for the star who has deserted the stage for the camera. But of course this has nothing to do with “Broadway, Cal.,” except to explain why many familiar faces are occasionally absent on stated occasions of gaiety.

“There is parts of Broadway, N'Yawk, just wakin' up when out here the lights has been put to bed and everything closed,” says Steve. “For why? Take a look at Wally Reid's alarm clock or the line on the call sheet opposite ‘Mr. Chaplin’ at the L. A. Athletic Club. At just about the time these guys are rubbin' their eyes, most of the reg'lars in the Big Town are just hittin' the ostermoor. ‘Location’ at eight-thirty is the answer and old One-Eye on the three-legged do-funny is death on them that try to cheat him with gobs of grease paint. Broadway, Cal., starts at six o'clock twilight and stops at one, past midnight. Take it from your Uncle Steve!”

The Optimist Says:

I do not object to conversation in a moving picture theater.

Some people do. If you make remarks about the play, the players, or the incidental music, they turn and stare at you, and sometimes ask you to be quiet, just as if it were a talking play and you were interrupting the actors. This is foolish. I like to read the captions aloud and tell my friends how the story is sure to end, and how much better some other director would have handled the scenario. I like to voice my opinion of the whole show, loud enough for those three rows away to hear me. I am a regular patron of the movies and my opinions are worth listening to. Certainly, I have no objection to conversation at the moving picture theater.

What I object to is *other people's* conversation.

Drama and the Screen

By Thomas H. Ince

TELLING a story is the screen's best work.

A story is the only literature—type or pictorial—in which humanity in general is really interested.

Remember that when you sit down to write your photoplays.

A story is the only thing which makes any art worth while.

"What about sculpture?" I heard your question! Did you ever see a heroic bronze that didn't set you dreaming of power and conquests? Or a marble of a lovely woman who didn't suggest a love story? Those were the biggest stories of all, for they appeared on the limitless page of your own imagination.

There are as many different kinds of stories as there are different tastes, and no one author has succeeded in pleasing everybody. Perhaps Shakespeare, a long-dead playwright, came nearer doing that than any professional pen-dragger who ever lived.

The only stories which convince are those which engage the human emotions. There is the grandest and commonest of emotions, love; there are fear, hate, ambition, parental and filial affection, gratitude—for instance. We cannot tell a convincing story which deals with mechanical things in which we have no personal interest. The most successful author is the man who uncovers our most secret emotions before us, in the simulated emotions and adventures of a fictitious character.

\$1000 for An Idea!

The Thomas H. Ince- Photoplay Magazine Scenario Contest

Is now on, and will remain open until midnight, Dec. 31, 1916. Send your photoplays to The Scenario Contest Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago. You may send one or fifty. Enclose return postage in each instance. Only five-reel plays wanted.

Thomas H. Ince, himself, will judge these dramatic efforts, and prizes will be awarded as follows:

1st Prize.....	\$1,000
2nd Prize.....	500
3rd Prize.....	300
4th Prize.....	200

All photoplay rights to be the property of Mr. Ince, fiction rights the property of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, publication dates to be held in abeyance to screen release dates.

Mr. Ince desires particularly

Big, virile stories for W. S. Hart; society or light comedy dramas for Bessie Barriscale; strong character vehicles for Frank Keenan; romantic plays (not costume) for William Desmond, and sympathetic plays (such as "The Coward") for Charles Ray.

He does not want

Political arguments, propaganda, dramas embroiling religious sects or political parties, or any treatment of sex which will in any way offend.

The emotional story is essentially dramatic in its integral parts; when to this is added the quality of suspense, you get force, mystery, climax—a play!

The story-teller has never found so pliant a medium for his interesting occupation as the screen. Drama has long been a thing of the artificially lighted stage, and it has been so bound in by time, by the mechanical exigencies of scene and costume, by the limit of human adaptability and endurance, that it is little short of marvelous that such complete representations have been made. You, writing for the screen, are not hampered by any of the bars put before the speaking-dramatist. He has at most four acts; you have a hundred, if you can handle so many and stick concisely to your plot. He has interiors, or unconvincing lights and canvas to represent daylight and outdoors. You have the actual outdoors—city, mountain, plain or sea.

With these princely gifts at your command do not ramble, preach or repeat. Do not waste your time hunting for a plot so utterly new that nobody will know the combination. There are no utterly new plots. Shakespeare found no new ones.

Let's see how *human* you can be. Can you make *me* laugh? Can you make *me* cry? Can you make *me* believe in your make-believe people and the reality of their adventures?

That's the way *I* judge a play.

Alice Brady

vs.

William A.

IT WAS A ROYAL LIBRARY BATTLE TO KEEP DAUGHTER OFF THE STAGE, AND FATHER AT LAST SURRENDERED—WITH CONCESSIONS

By I. S. Sayford



ONE rainy evening a handful of years ago Alice Brady, coming home late from a shopping-and-otherwise trip downtown, slipped out of her waterproof and sought her father in the library, where he was perusing the record of the day's transactions in the box offices.

"Father," she said, "I am going on the stage."

There was no indication that William A. Brady heard.

"Father," repeated Miss Alice, "I am going on the stage."

The statements rustled peevisly, and though Brady *pere* did not deign to look up he took the trouble to remark: "If you don't stop talking nonsense and interrupting me while I'm busy, you'll be put to bed without any dinner."

A moment's silence. Then:

"Father, I am going ON THE STAGE."

Then the storm broke. The evening paper and the theatrical financial slips rustled to the floor. Mr. Brady's observations were of the 42-centimetre bore, but Miss Brady cut in gallantly with a withering *mitrailleuse* fire, using up whole bands of ammunition like this:

"I was in to see Mr. Shubert this afternoon and he promised me a part in 'The Balkan Princess,' and I've decided that I will begin rehearsals Monday."

It was an unentrenched battle, in which the heavy artillery of Argument, the cavalry of Persuasion, the machine-gun squad of Command and Refusal, were all stubbornly supported in action by the infantry of Words. And along about three in the morning, with star-shells still illuminating the library battleground, General William A. Brady capitulated and handed



his sword hilt-first to Major Alice under the victor's promise that the enemy should be allowed certain concessions, which were these:

(1) She must not use the name of her father in her efforts to succeed; (2) She must not ask his advice about plays or roles; (3) She must make good absolutely on her own hook within one year, or quit.

Historians agree that the demanding of these concessions contained nothing of necessity, little of seriousness except surface, but enabled the enemy to save his face. For William A. Brady knew his daughter. Knowing her, he could not have feared any one of the things mentioned in the Articles of Concession: It was this—he knew the hard, hard life of the stage, its bitter trials, the unceasingness of its struggles if one would rise; and he was a father whose heart was set on shielding and surrounding with happiness and luxury his daughter—his child.

As we well know, Alice Brady made good. She is still playing important parts. Her first role was the one offered her by Mr. Shubert in "The Balkan Princess." Her musical work was so impressive that she was given a number of principal parts in the revivals of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas at the old Casino Theatre in 1913. Later

she played in "The Family Cupboard," and then took the title role in "Little Women," afterward was starred in the part of the *Maiden* in "The Things That Count," and followed this with a superb portrayal in "Sinners."

Fifteen months ago Miss Brady abandoned the lighted stage to study the art of photoplay acting at the studios of the World Film Corporation, of which her father is director general and general manager and of which she is now a company star. Her splendid screen work in "As Ye Sow," "The Boss," "The Ballet Girl," "The Woman in 47," "Then I'll Come Back to You" and "Tangled Fates" won wide appreciation. Her most recent successes were "La Vie de Boheme" and "Miss Petticoats," and she is now before the camera in "Her Majesty."

It is reported that Miss Brady drove a hard contract bargain with her father when she joined World Film, and that he was outwardly indignant and inwardly tickled and pleased. He hopes some day to see Alice back on the speaking stage portraying the important roles. But just now, between acts Miss Brady, following ardently in the footsteps of *Maestro* Luther Burbank, has established a mushroom farm in her cellar and is experimenting to produce a turnip which will have the flavor of parsley.



Valkyrien, A Brunhilde from Denmark



*Valkyrien—
in portraiture,
classic pose,
and on the
golf links in
Florida.*



STOP a moment and step back into the shadows of the Eighth Century. Behold a Viking prince, Guldharald, so named by the Danes because of his long golden hair, so long that he could sit upon it.

Return now into the bright light of the Twentieth Century. Behold a Danish girl, Valkyrien, whose yellow, gold-tipped hair reaches to her knees; her eyes are the deep blue of the Norse sea; her skin is like young ivory faint-flushed with rose-petal pink. The blood of Guldharald, threading its course through the centuries, is in her veins. In private life she is the Baroness Dewitz. She came to the screen from the Danish Royal Ballet. Her age is nineteen; in stature she is a mean between Psyche and Venus; she has the solid, rounded outline of limb and figure of the Ancients, combined with natural grace and nimbleness.

Valkyrien quit the ballet and entered moving pictures in her native land, which is an important producing and exhibiting center of the silent drama. Successes there extended her ambition, and with the Baron—himself a great admirer of the cinema and of his wife in it—came to America. He is a student of aeroplanics and allied explosives.

Valkyrien's first screen appearance in this country was in "Youth," a Vitagraph picture. She is now with Fox.

A-a-a-ll Aboard for Star-Land!

HERE'S HOW "BEAUTY AND BRAINS" WINNERS WILL SPEND TIME ON THEIR VICTORY TRIP, AND SOME BRAND NEW PHOTOS OF THE ELEVEN

"A--A--A--LL aboard!"

Within a few days the eleven winners of "Beauty and Brains" Contest will hear the train conductor's voice on the station platform instead of in their dreams.

Perhaps by the time this issue of *POROPLAY* reaches them, each of the winners will have been notified by individual letter what day, and by what train, she is to start on her trip to New York. Proper expense funds will be enclosed, and full directions given for each stage of the journey. If an East-bound train bringing a far Western winner is to pick up en route any of the other winners, each will be apprised in advance of the other's presence on the train, so that they may get acquainted and enjoy each other's companionship in the Pullman.

Miss Sophie Irene Loeb, the noted New York newspaper woman and civic welfare worker, who is to receive the eleven young ladies upon their arrival in New York and chaperone them throughout their stay in the East, already has written each of them advice about what wardrobe to fetch along. Here are extractions from Miss Loeb's chatty letter:

"First of all I am glad that the Contest is one of both beauty and brains. A beauty with-

out brains is like a wax flower in a glass case. A brainless beauty is the most tiresome thing in the world.

"Especially is this true of the woman who would appear in the films. Your beauty cannot possibly carry you through unless your brain acts—acts with intelligence. You can't just look the part—you must mean it.

"Therefore if you will use your brain every minute, your beauty will take care of itself. The easiest way to do this is to think honestly and forget yourself.

"When you come to New York remember that it is the greatest cosmopolitan city in the world and presents the best opportunity for individuality. The most common mistake of young women who come here is that they want to do as New Yorkers do, and they get Newyork-itis.

"They forget that there is a large section of New York besides Broadway—where people are real, where they see the real stars in the sky and are not blinded by the stars of the Great White Way.

"These are the people you will needs please most. They will recognize the real nugget of gold rather than the gold brick. You can't fool them. They make up your audience.

"Also New York is one place in the world



Lucille Zintheo of Spokane contributes a fair share to the outdoor attractions of Manito Park

where you can dress as you like and feel right accordingly. The one thing to avoid is to be too much dressed-up.

"So don't spend a whole lot of your money on clothes. A simply tailored suit and shirtwaists for traveling, and a hat that will stay on easily, are indispensable.

"With these bring the most comfortable shoes you have. Nothing so mars one's pleasure as to wear shoes which only look well. You will practically live in such an

outfit as I have suggested while going about the city.

"Therefore choose it with a view to solid comfort. Or if you do not wear shirtwaists, a simple serge dress that you can wear with or without a coat is most desirable.

"For evening a simple evening frock not too 'fussy'—although you will find often that a pretty silk waist will do very well with your tailored skirt, if you are too tired to dress in the evening.

"If you have a long coat for motoring, bring it. There may be a cool day. Also a fur neckpiece. A pair of black evening slippers which will go with all your clothes should be included.

"The main thing, however, is to dress in the clothes you feel most comfortable and happy in, just as you do at home. You get along better and have a pleasanter time.

"I shall be glad to answer any

In the circle, Helen Arnold of Louisville; below, left to right: Phyllis E. Curl of Roxbury, Mass., Vivian Suckling of Winnipeg, Claire Lois Butler Lee of Wichita, Kan.



other questions, and you may be sure that I shall be pleased to help you all I can.

"P. S.—The other day I wrote an article on the editorial page of the New York Evening World about a girl who wanted to imitate in the matter of clothes. It has nothing to do with 'Beauty and Brains' Contest, but may have some suggestions as to your appearance. So I am sending it along."

It is the plan of William A. Brady, general manager and director-general of the World Film Corporation, to have the eleven young women arrive in New York City on a day in mid-August, say the 15th, or the 10th, or an intervening date—they will be definitely notified. Here is a tentative outline of how they will occupy their time in and a'out the metropolis:

As much time as remains of the day of their arrival will be given over to rest after (for most of the eleven) the long journey.

The second and third days will be spent at the Fort Lee (New Jersey) studios of the World Film Corporation, under the chaperonage of Miss Alice Brady, daughter of William A. Brady and herself one of the most popular of moving picture stars. Miss Brady had a hard time getting on the stage because her father objected—the story is entertainingly told in other pages of this magazine. Miss Brady will take her winning protégés behind the screen literally, and no doubt will find opportunity to introduce them to some well known actresses and actors. This will be the winners' first chance to taste the atmosphere of the photoplay studio—a place commonly more difficult to enter than the White House.

Every woman who is a stranger to New York has wanted to see its wonderful shops and stores. Bearing this feminine weakness(?) in mind, Miss Loeb will take



Meditation pose by Lucile Satterthwait of Waynesville, N.C.; below: Miss Sophie Irene Loeb, chaperon, and (in circle) Peggy Bloom of Orlando, Fla.





The lady of the cascading hair and madonna eyes is Mildred Lee of Kansas City; Alatia Marton of Dallas, Tex., is shown in the circle; below are Estelle Judy of McKeesport, Pa., and (sitting) Florence Gray of Seattle.



care that the best to be seen in this field is put in the path of the eleven on the fourth day. In the evening, at 8:30 o'clock, there will be a talk by Mr. Harley Knowles, World Film studio manager, on "Essentials of Film Actresses."

Fifth day: Individual tests of each girl in the Fort Lee studios.

Sixth day: Sight-seeing in and about New York; talk by Mr. William A. Brady.

Seventh day: Contestants will view in projection room at Fort Lee studios the test films in which they acted on the fifth day; at 4:30 p. m. a talk by Gail Kane, noted stage actress and now a leading woman with World Film Corporation.

Eighth day: Morning, sight-seeing; afternoon, guests of Mr. Lee Shubert, the theatrical producer, at a special matinee at the Winter Garden.

Ninth day: Film work at Fort Lee.

Tenth day: Film work at Fort Lee.

Eleventh day: Sight-seeing and resting; talk by Mr. Maurice Tourneur, World Film director.

Twelfth day: Begin determining which (if not all) of the eleven Contest winners have qualified for contract as moving picture actresses and potential stars.

(Continued on page 171)



"Wait and see the respect given a man of your reputation."

An Author in Blunderland

"NOTHING EXTENUATE, NOR
SET DOWN AUGHT IN MALICE"

By Channing Pollock

Author of "Such a Little Queen," "The Little Grey Lady," etc., etc.

I LIVED in Eden.

Came to me one day the Serpent.

He was affable and ingratiating, as, according to history, is the nature of the reptile. Seated upon my front porch, he pulled the trigger of a siphon, and said unto me: "Doing anything this season?"

(This is the question most often asked of authors, who, being above such vulgar considerations as the butcher and the baker, are popularly supposed to labor only when the spirit moves them.)

"At the moment," I said unto the Serpent, "I'm on the point of beginning certain fiction for a magazine. Wouldst hear the story?"

(This is how the authors get even.)

"Now the serpent is more subtle than any beast of the field."

"Sure!" said the Serpent.

Another peculiarity of reptiles is their ability to swallow creatures of greater girth than themselves. This talent had caused my visitor to become a play broker. He specializes in motion

Drawings by
HERB ROTH

pictures. And his increment is fat.

"That's a corking story," said the Serpent, "and it seems a pity

to waste so much genius upon some insensate editor in return for a bagatelle of four or five hundred dollars. I know a writer of motion pictures who has two motor cars and a yacht."

"How did he get 'em?" I inquired, struggling to conceal my eagerness.

"Easy!" said the Serpent. "By not throwing away his ideas upon literature. You'd put in a week or ten days shaping and polishing that yarn for publication. Shape and polish are supererogation in a motion picture.

Call in your stenographer, dictate roughly what you have told me, and tomorrow you'll have a check worth carrying to the bank."

"It seems," I remarked, "like taking candy from children."

"In comparison," quoth the Serpent, "taking candy from children is tedious and exhausting labor. Writing for the camera, you've nothing to do with cutting, conferences, or rehearsals. When

EDITOR'S NOTE:—For months Photoplay Magazine has called attention to the weakest point in the imposing edifice of active photography: an unnecessary lack of competent authorship. Mr. Pollock's article is not by way of "comment." It is an impeachment, a broadside of accusation, a thunderbolt from the blue of fame and security! This terrific arraignment of a sneering artistic superficiality is going to make more stir in the world than the last Pollock high-explosive, "Swinging the Censor," which glittering and militant document is now engrossed in full upon the Congressional Record.

your 'script is delivered, you're through. Doing magazine work, or plays, you're a little frog in a big puddle. Here the reverse is true. Wait and see the respect—I should have said deference—given a man of your reputation. Consider the advertising; two billion people a day behold your name flashed upon the screen. Last, but not least, contemplate the possibilities of achievement. A new art—an art without traditions—in which everyone welcomes the novel and original. No unities; the camera can go anywhere. No restrictions and no limitations. Does what I say sound like sense?"

"To me," I murmured, "it sounds like poetry."

"Every year you have lived up to now," said the Serpent, "has been a year wasted; every effort you have made has been an effort lost. Of course, I know how little you care for money, but listen to me and reflect that every man has a duty to his family. You can get a thousand dollars a scenario! You can do a scenario a week! That's fifty thousand dollars a year, and two weeks to spend yachting in the Mediterranean!"

I tried to speak, but emotion choked my utterance. "Give me air!" I whispered. "Give me air—when you can get around to it—but, first, give me a stenographer!"

That afternoon the story was dictated roughly. The check didn't come "tomorrow," but it came soon enough thereafter to strengthen my faith in the millennium. My little play really was quite charming and fanciful, as was its title—"My Lady of Laughter."

Rennold Wolf is my friend, my partner, my collaborator. It seemed mean to have fallen into this fortune, and not to share it with him. I drove to town, going by the Motor Parkway, where the admission is a dollar. On the way, I stopped for sixteen gallons of gasoline, gave the garage attendant five dollars, and told him to keep the difference. With time worth a thousand dollars an afternoon, it would have been sheer extravagance to wait for change!

"Ren" has been in the theatrical business twenty years. Anyone who spends twenty years in the theatrical business without growing skeptical could spend his lifetime in a furnace without getting warm. "What puzzles me," said my partner, "is that everybody isn't doing it. Why are gifted

men and women squandering their time upon novels and plays? How does it happen that we still have literature and the drama?"

"Why?" I repeated. "Merely because everyone isn't alert as we are. Which only goes to indicate that we'd better get at this thing before the other fellows find out about it. The Serpent said a scenario a week. I did one in an afternoon, but let's be conservative. Fifty thousand dollars a year each is a hundred thousand for the two of us. I've an old note-book somewhere that must be worth half a million dollars at this moment. Do you remember how the elder Dumas hired a staff of assistants, and just kept 'em supplied with ideas? What we really want to do is engage two more stenographers, and buy a Ford delivery wagon!"

We compromised upon my secretary and an account at the Western Union.

Before we could get the factory going, however, Ren ran into a Philanthropist. The Philanthropist's regular job was being president of a Motion Picture Corporation. Ren mentioned that we were going to toss off a few hundred motion pictures, in spare moments, and the Philanthropist declared that where we made our mistake was in tossing 'em off without first being sure of a place to toss 'em. His firm was willing—nay, eager—to give us a contract for all we could toss, at a thousand dollars each. We asked the Philanthropist how many he could use a year, and he replied as many as we could turn out. Of course, this was merely foolish boastfulness, and we got down to an agreement by which he was to accept not fewer than ten scenarios, with the privilege of taking as many more as he liked. It seemed too bad that so guileless and benevolent a person should be trusted with money, and we felt a little ashamed to have taken advantage of him.

Three weeks later our contract arrived. As nearly as I can remember, it gave the Philanthropist an option upon everything we had ever done, jointly or severally, and upon everything we were doing, or might do, or that our sisters, our cousins or our aunts had done, were doing, or might do, whether for magazines, for the theater, or for home consumption, previously published and produced, or otherwise, in perpetuity, to have and to hold, now and forever, even unto the third and fourth gener-

ations. In return, the Philanthropist was to pay us a thousand dollars each for such manuscripts as he accepted, and there was some vague mention that the number he would try to like would be ten a year, but no time limit was set down in which he must give his decision, and no date for any payment. To acquire indefinite control of our output, at no expense whatever, the Philanthropist had only to sit back quietly and decline everything we sent him. Moreover, if he did accept a story, and produced it, that acceptance gave him a half interest in any novel or play that subsequently might be founded upon the narrative. We telephoned the Philanthropist, and he said there had been an oversight somewhere, but, as we couldn't see anything he had overlooked, we let the matter drop.

Meanwhile, somebody had suggested that, as we were going to write motion pictures, we ought to see a few, in order to learn what was to be avoided. Roughly speaking, I should say what was to be avoided was most of the pictures we saw. The first was a thing utterly trite, commonplace, and destitute of imagination. On the way out of the theater we bumped into a director of the firm that had purchased "My Lady of Laughter." "Hello!" he exclaimed. "What do you think of your brain-child?"

"My—WHICH? Man, dear, that—that melange of machine-made-murder and sudden death we just witnessed—that wasn't the play you bought from me?"

"The very same."

"But," I wandered on, "it isn't my story."

"That's all right! We had it rewritten by the office boy!"

(It *may* have been the janitor's wife. I have a bad memory, and can't be certain at this late date, but it was the office boy, or the janitor's wife, or someone equally famous for literary achievement.)

Nobody wants to believe bad news. "You must be wrong," I persisted. "This little masterpiece is called 'The Last Confession.'"

"Yes. We changed your title. One of our chauffeurs had a vague recollection that it had been used before. . . . Surely you saw your name on the screen?"

"No."

"It was there—right after our president's, and the director's, and the actors', and the name of the man who cranked the camera. Two billion people a day behold—"

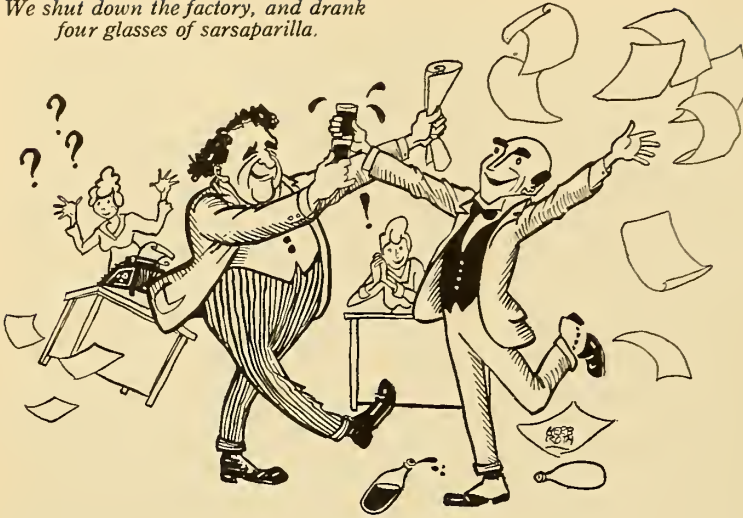
"Yes," I said; "I know they do. That is, they do, if they don't happen to wink at the wrong moment, or get a cinder in their collective eye. However, don't let that fret you. Mine is a self-sacrificing temperament, and would remain calm and placid if no human being ever suspected my authorship of this picture."



"What we really want to do is engage two more stenographers and buy a Ford delivery wagon."



*We shut down the factory, and drank
four glasses of sarsaparilla.*



The director wrung my hand, and thanked heaven he had lived to meet one of nature's noblemen.

Subsequently I discovered that no author ever recognizes his story on the screen, and that the film people joy in this fact, and boast of it. To the end of my days I shall never understand why anybody should purchase material from trained writers, at what the purchasers consider a fabulous figure, and then utterly destroy it. Like buying the Venus de Milo because you want the stone to build an ice-house.

By this time, our factory—Ren's and mine—was in full swing, though we weren't turning out a scenario a week, or anything like it. In the first place, we learned that somebody had slipped in ahead of us with about seventy thousand photoplays, all of which had been produced, and that these had used up pretty nearly every idea capable of being expressed in physical action. Writing plays, the fact that a situation has been utilized doesn't much matter. A new twist of character or of dialogue makes it a new situation. Ten thousand men might paint a sunset, and no two of them paint it alike. But the photoplay author is working with one color. Once somebody has used a sunset, sunsets are lost to him forever.

In the second place, that notion of dictating roughly proved to be an iridescent dream. Scenarios, we found, had to have as much thought and form and detail as ordinary dramas. "We can see no reason," the head of a scenario department wrote

me from Los Angeles, "why you shouldn't give as much care and consideration to a picture as you gave to 'Such a Little Queen.'"

I hate to seem mercenary, but the reason is that "Such a Little Queen" occupied me just one year, and I can't live on a thousand dollars a year!

In six months of as arduous labor as was ever done by dock-hand or stone-mason, utilizing every idea

we could dig out of a mouldy past, prying into newspaper files, treasured note-books, and sketches of plays and stories put aside to do "some day," Ren and I turned out fourteen scenarios. From these our earnings, minus the cost of typewriting, messenger fees, stationery, stamps and nerve tonic, but with no deduction for lost self-respect, was about five thousand dollars less than the smallest sum we had divided in the most unproductive six months of our previous partnership. We sold about seventy-five per cent of our product—which, I am told, is a very high average—and five of our works have been released already, with considerable profit to the releasers, but it is not the war alone this season that is keeping me out of the Mediterranean!

So much of our time and attention had to be given to marketing. The shortest period we waited for decision upon a manuscript submitted was one month. The best magazines make a point of accepting or rejecting within a week. Scenarios, we learned, had to be read by the president, all the directors, the scrub-woman, the elevator boy, and taken home to the president's wife's sister-in-law before they could be sent to the star in Savannah. Each of these officials was doing nine men's work, in a state bordering upon lunacy, and none of them kept notes, records, or indices. By the time the scenario got back from Georgia, everybody had forgotten what it was about, and, when you called to remind them, the manuscript had

been lost, and nobody had time to look for it.

When threats, promises and cajolery, by mail, telephone, telegraph and visitation, did bring forth a verdict, that verdict was never final. Manuscripts were declined, and, after they had been sold elsewhere, were accepted, and ordered back in a hurry so that the director could begin photographing them Monday. Two or three times we told the story of a rejected play to the man who had rejected it, and had him enthuse over and purchase it. Plays were "turned down" because the hero started in college and audiences were "tired of college plays;" because a blow was struck in the dark, and "you can't photograph darkness;" because the heroine was a newspaper woman, "and everybody knows newspaper women are masculine and unattractive." Usually, a little argument would induce the director to reverse his decision, because apparently, he had read only eight or ten lines of the story, and most of it was news to him, but, then, generally the reversed decision was re-reversed before we could get home and set down the sale in our note books.

Every now and again a director would tell us that a certain scenario didn't fit his requirements, but that it would be ideal for the firm that had rejected it and then advised us to send it to them. Once a well-known company accepted a synopsis, agreed with us upon terms, and mailed us contracts, wiring us the next day that the director had been "compelled to change his mind because of office politics." On another occasion, a scenario editor returned to us, with a letter of sharp criticism, a story that had been accepted, and paid for, and was even then in rehearsal. A third official wrote us that he liked a photoplay and would buy it if we would make changes he had in mind. That

was four months ago, but, in spite of numerous letters and telephone calls, we have never learned the nature of the proposed changes, or heard again from the director, who still retains our manuscript.

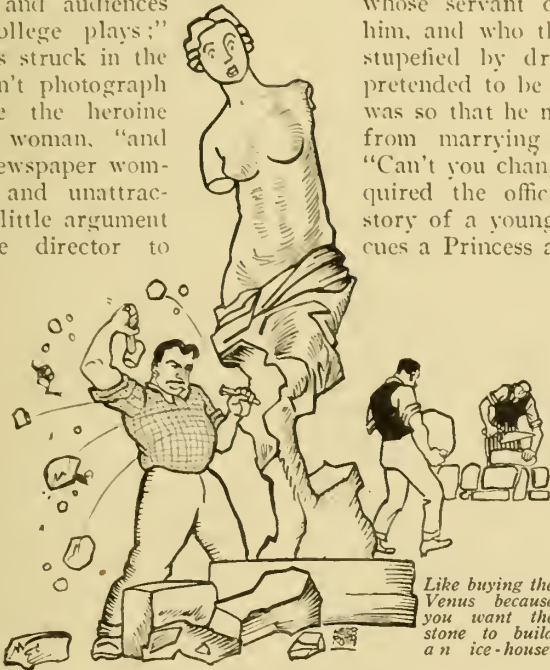
When a scenario was accepted our troubles began. It would seem that the only reason manufacturers ever buy a story is to get you into the office so that they can suggest your writing something totally different. The head of a big concern bought of us a narrative concerning a young nobleman whose memory was lost when he received a blow on the head, whose servant changed places with him, and who then left the servant, stupefied by drug-taking, while he pretended to be the person he really was so that he might save his cousin from marrying a dissolute rascal. "Can't you change that slightly," inquired the official, "and write the story of a young American who rescues a Princess and narrowly escapes becoming King?"

"Sure!" I answered. "As a matter of fact, I wrote that story ten years ago, and called it 'Such a Little Queen.' Anthony Hope wrote it, and Richard Harding Davis, and George Barr McCutcheon has written it four-

teen or fifteen times, and goes on writing it!"

A dainty little comedy, regarding a modiste's assistant who pretended to be a great lady and fell in love with a haberdasher's man masquerading as a millionaire, was turned back for revision so that it would be the story of a child, kidnapped by thieves, and, ultimately, thrust through the window of a house marked for robbery, only to find that the intended victim was her own father! "A new art—an art without traditions—in which everyone welcomes the novel and original!"

And, then, "when your 'script is delivered, you're through." Through with peace of mind! In Blunderland the insis-



Like buying the Venus because you want the stone to build a n' ice-house.

tence upon revision is an obsession. "We're about to begin photographing your new play," said a director. "You'd better take it home, and work on it!"

"What do you want done?" we asked.

"I don't know; work!"

Our secretary made a fresh copy of the manuscript, and it was put into rehearsal, a week later, without comment.

But no experienced photoplay writer expects to put through a story as it was delivered. Radical changes are made for any reason, or for no reason, or for the reason that the director believes himself to have been endowed, suddenly and unexplainedly, with the power to improve Pinero. Plots are changed fundamentally, and without a "by-your-leave," because "faking" has become difficult, and it is impossible to send companies to China or Africa. "The camera can go anywhere," but it can't make as wide a circuit as the scene-painter!

Most alterations are due to lack of training on the part of the editor, and to utter absence of dramatic instinct. When you are an over-worked director, grinding out a score or two-score five-reelers a year, you get into the habit of grinding down high spots. Everything gets to be formula, has to be uniform, becomes utterly commonplace, and like the other fifty-one five-reelers. Ren and I invented a mystery story, with an ending of the type of "The Lady or the Tiger?," that we still believe to be a remarkable effort of its kind. We have since sketched the narrative as a novel, and it will be published about Christmas. The scenario was sold to the first director who saw it. "This will be a sensation!" he said.

But to be a sensation, and to stand out from the enormous number of photoplays now being produced, a story must be basically and superficially different, and, by the time our story reached the screen, every single point of departure had been eliminated. We called the piece, "Who Killed Simon Baird?"; they called it "By Whose Hand?" The relative strength of the two titles is hereby left to the reader. We asked the question, "Who Killed Simon Baird?", of an audience intentionally baffled, intentionally led to suspect every character in the story, one after the other. They asked "Guilty or not guilty?" of a conventional jury, that returned the conventional verdict, after the dwindling

climax of a conventional trial. To create suspense, and concentrate suspicion upon the hero, our chief reliance was his possession of bills that had belonged to the murdered man. Our producers practically began the play by showing how the hero obtained these bills.

Twice we had the pleasure of selling stories, practically without sex interest, that afterward were interdicted by the censor or cancelled by a theatre manager on the ground of their immorality. I don't know what had been added to these plays, because I didn't see them on the screen, but, in one case, the president of the company, who *did* know what had been added, chivalrously came to our rescue with the public statement that he never would have sanctioned the use of our material if he had had any idea of its impurity.

Also to our rescue came the Serpent. Perhaps he had noticed the omission of our names from lists of sailings to the Mediterranean. At any rate he had dug up his own private and personal Philanthropist. This gentleman wanted a serial; fourteen episodes of two reels each; every story complete in itself, but all fitting together; a simple, little thing with all the mystery of "Sherlock Holmes," all the color of "The Garden of Allah," and all the action of "Les Miserables." The figure mentioned was fair—considering the modesty of the requirements. But, of course, even a Philanthropist couldn't be expected to "buy a pig in a poke." In the "big puddle" in which I am a "little frog" there is a foolish and wasteful custom of paying advance royalty for an option. In Blunderland you do the work before the man for whom it is done decides whether he wants it.

But "the serpent is more subtle than any beast of the field."

We went home and booked the order. Then, for two months, we toiled ten hours a day trying to be Conan Doyle, with an admixture of Robert Hichens and Victor Hugo. Also, we conferred! How we did confer! At all hours of the day and night! Of this more anon. The Philanthropist would listen to all we had invented in a week of struggle, and decide that it wouldn't do because of the improbability that a woman might break a string of beads without noticing it. (This same Philanthropist had previously written a

photoplay in which the hero lived for months in close companionship with the heroine without suspecting that she was his fiancée.) In the end we triumphed. Our scenario was pronounced waterproof, and formally accepted. The contract was signed. We declared a holiday in celebration, shut down the factory, and drank four glasses of sarsaparilla!

When we had done about a third of the actual writing, we heard again from the Philanthropist. He had been thinking the matter over, and had concluded that serials were not going to be worn next season. Therefore, instead of wasting our time on a serial, would we provide him with seven five-reel features? In other words, would we hold in abeyance the story we had invented, and that had been approved, and invent seven others? Fourteen episodes of two reels each make a total of twenty-eight reels. Seven of five reels make thirty-five reels. That he mentioned seven features, instead of five, only goes to show the innocence of this Philanthropist. Or maybe he was a poor mathematician.

Anyway, we wanted to be obliging, and we yielded, stipulating only that our new stories were to be accepted without question or delay, and that one of them was to be a condensed version of that already accepted. Since then, we have submitted more than a dozen sketches, of which all have been rejected but one. The process of rejection, in each case, has taken from two months to ten weeks. The only scenario refused promptly was that nominated in the bond; the story whose virtues won us the original contract.

There was another contract, made subsequently with another Philanthropist, but I won't go into that. This made three Philanthropists encountered by the pair of us, and everybody knows what happens when three of a kind meet a pair. Out of the three encounters, with incidental conferences and months of work; out of three contracts covering nearly forty pages of typewritten matter we got about thirty-six hundred dollars—minus the fee of the Serpent!

Conferences!

I have stood in an orchestra aisle, at a dress rehearsal, and seen my speeches reconstructed by a manager who boasted that he had never read a book in his life, but I never knew the meaning of humiliation

until I became a "big frog" in the Serpent's "little puddle." In my own pond, after years of labor, I had reached the point where I walked in unannounced to talk with Charles Frohman or Henry B. Harris. Blunderland taught me to wait patiently in dirty outer offices, surrounded by impertinent signs and by unfortunate creatures begging the chance to earn their daily bread; taught me to suffer meekly the snubs of office boys and telephone operators, to smile benignly at the curt retort of a graduated property man, and to fawn upon the assistant director I had known in happier days when he acted a "bit" in a play of my writing. After a while, I grew to believe that my original expectation of respect was due to innate vanity and over-estimation of my standing. Real authors probably were better treated. Then I learned of an appointment made with Had-don Chambers, who waited an hour, was told that "the boss" couldn't be "bothered," and finally retired without an audience. Mr. Chambers has since mentioned the matter, with comment, in an interview.

In response to an urgent telephone call, setting a time to confer, I have left my house in the country, motored seventy miles, waited until after dark, and then discovered that the man I was to meet had slipped out the back way and gone to dinner. . . . In six months of adventure in Blunderland, I have never had an official keep an appointment at the hour set, or make a payment when it was due!

My efforts at artistic and financial uplift in and through motion pictures have not been so conspicuously crowned as to make me feel qualified to give advice. But, since the foremost film manufacturer in this country has publicly put his finger upon the weak spot in his industry, and since, coincidentally, the organ of the greatest association of authors in the world has put its finger upon the other side of the same spot, perhaps I may be pardoned for bringing the two fingers together, and suggesting that the difficulty touched by one is explained by the other. "The motion picture dramatic art is at a standstill, as far as real progress is concerned, on account of the poorly constructed, quickly conceived stories or plays it is receiving from the majority of authors who are writing for the screen." Thus the foremost manufacturer in a leading magazine.

And, in *The Bulletin of the Authors' League of America* (Volume IV, No. 1), "It is a pleasure to see that members of the League are gradually awakening to the fact that writing for 'the movies' is sheer waste of time and energy. The same amount of thought and typewriting put into a magazine story, or sold to a newspaper, would pay better." . . . The President of the Authors' League is Winston Churchill; the Vice President is Theodore Roosevelt. With its affiliation, The English Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers, it includes practically every man and woman who earns his or her living writing fiction in our language.

The manufacturer quoted, who speaks of "poorly constructed, quickly conceived stories or plays" is the same man who could "see no reason" why I shouldn't "give as much care and consideration to a picture" as I "gave to 'Such a Little Queen.'" And my answer is the same to both quotations. Admitting that my partner and I were wrong in our first idea that authors can grind out motion picture plays as motion picture manufacturers grind out productions—an idea quickly corrected—where is the author's incentive to stop grinding? Photoplays that are not "poorly constructed and quickly conceived," or, at least, that come up to the standards of the regular theater, cannot be turned out at the rate of more than three a year. And this manufacturer's very top price for scenarios is one thousand dollars each. Does he expect established and successful authors to give "as much care and consideration" in return for three thousand dollars a year, and the glory of writing motion pictures? Or are we to change our field and make this manufacturer's fortune out of pure altruism?

Motion picture magnates have yet to learn the lesson that has been learned by publishers, by magazine editors, by regular theatrical managers, and at last by the financiers of vaudeville. They must learn that the important factor in any art is the artist, for without him there can be no art—and no business. They must learn that authorship is a vocation, not a vacation; work, and not play; that the men who practice it must earn a living, that they can earn a good living without writing motion pictures, and that, if they are to be tempted to write motion pictures, the

temptation will have to be substantial. There is no such thing as a bargain. Every purchaser gets what he pays for, and no more. Low prices only buy seconds—the material that its producer cannot get rid of in any other way.

Some years ago I received from a magazine, in return for a good story, three times what the story was worth. I asked: "Why?"

"The extra money" the editor explained, "purchases an option on the best stuff written in America. Next time you do something you think exceptional where will you send it first? To us! Of course! So will every other author who knows that our religion is the highest price for the best copy!"

This magazine is not run by bad business men, or as a philanthropical institution. Its circulation is the biggest in the world. It is the most profitable magazines that pay the greatest fees—and the business men of the film field may decide which is cause and which effect. Furthermore, the standard magazines pay upon acceptance, and accept, or decline, within a week of submission.

Is it any wonder that Mary Roberts Rinehart, after contracting with a periodical for seven short stories at two thousand dollars each, wrote my *Serpent*: "When the picture people are willing to pay prices that justify the attention of authors, come to me again"?

Is it any wonder that Edward Childs Carpenter, offered fifty dollars for a scenario, turned his back upon the films, and wrote "*The Cinderella Man*?" This piece, as a photoplay, would have brought him a thousand dollars: as a play for the theater it will bring him two hundred thousand.

Experience proves that it is not the novices, and the tyros, who may be depended upon for results. Eighteen out of twenty-one of the season's dramatic successes came from pens practiced in writing for the theater.

And, while this remains true, and plain, so that he who runs may read, the president of a film company, who as a theatrical manager, paid five thousand dollars for a pastoral play that earned half a million, and two thousand for a drama of business life that ran seven years, is said to have

(Continued on page 168)

CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

Alas,
Poor
Ruth!

OUR first-prize award, as the bill-board announcement of a theatre well located and well patronized remains: "Viola Dana, the Sweetest Girl on the Screen. No Children Admitted!"

For second honors we submit this, culled from a sign spacious and chromatic, upon the battlement of a down-town Chicago theatre: "Ruth Roland, a Matrimonial Martyr in Five Hand-Colored Parts."

2

Mary Pick-
ford: No
Accident.

MARY Pickford has just had a \$50,000 vacation.

About as expensive as some European monarch's war-party.

Had Mary Pickford been an accident of her profession; had her celebrity, her regal sway, her great salary been merely the result of a cumulation of fortuitous circumstances, she would not have had that vacation. She would have gone right on working, at a big salary — making pictures of *some* sort.

Of her recent unsettled condition — managerially — she says: "I have had offer after offer, at salaries which appalled me, yet I must be in a company whose calibre I am sure of, and under the guidance of a director that I am sure of. I had rather take half, or less than half, of the salaries which have been offered me, and make better pictures. I think I owe it to the public which has been so loyal and kind to me. I do not wish to be a financial skyrocket and a burnt-out artistic stick."

Miss Pickford continues: "Not all of my pictures have appealed to the same people. I have tried for a diversity of audiences. I realize that not all of my pictures have been good. The two pre-eminent things are plot and direction. I must have a good story, and it must be well told."

Despite her studio labors, despite a universal fame which makes her public movements as hampered as those of royalty, Mary Pickford sees more photoplays, of all sorts, than any other screen actor or actress. She goes to all sorts of pictures, all the time, anywhere that she may be.

She is her own severest critic; a harder worker than any member of her company.

Conditions are such that it may never be possible, in motion picture history, to again create so universal a symbol as Mary Pickford. Nevertheless, Mary Pickford herself is no accident.

An
Attempt
At
Class?

MUCH bandied-about lately is the European photoplay equivalent, "cinema." We have no patriotic or religious scruple against this verbal immigrant of three syllables, yet about half the population of the United States do not know what it means, and the half who do are hopelessly split up over its pronunciation. It is a common word in the trade, for it is a foreign designation in common usage. America invented the dignified term "photoplay;" it has long used the simple designations "motion picture," and "silent drama," and has cozily endeared the homely but expressive little colloquialism, "movie."

"Cinema" seems to us the monocle of the screen.



Servants
of
Society.

SOCIETY, like government, is supposed to be the servant of the people. Nowhere in the arts does society become such a monstrous master as in the motion picture.

Directors who can handle a panic on 'Change, a railroad wreck, a battle or a tragedy in a nunnery merely gibber when society invades them. That large store-room crammed with chromos, prop mantels, neophyte butlers and grinning extra men in waiters' small-clothes to represent a club is only the beginning of social misery. Nearly every society grand dame is all that the soap-box anarchist paints her. The average reception looks like a masquerade ball among the feeble minded. Did you ever see anything so utterly lacking in personality as the pictured dinner dance? And "at the opera!" Words fail. As they do for the ingenue pouring, the leading man filling out the villainess' dancing card, and the villain himself, busting up a home behind the "pamms."

Society is one of life's necessary small things—small in that it is essentially undramatic; necessary, in that some sort of more or less formal social intercourse surrounds each one of us. Society is a miniature, and so far the light painters have not been brushing out miniatures. There are pathos and humor and other very human interests in society for the man who will look carefully enough to find them, and work with a sufficiently delicate hand to reproduce them.



Water
and Its
Source.

THE old proverb about water's inability to top its source can be applied without material change to the manufacture of photoplays.

Unlimited money cannot make great pictures. Look around: are not the pictures of any given concern about on a par with the intellectual breadth and spiritual outlook of the head of that concern? His judgment dominates.

The great men of tomorrow's photoplay business will be rare men—rare in that they will combine the artistic and creative temperament with business judgment.

Super-
fluous
"Continu-
ity."

WHEN the screen became a track upon which real drama could roll, the shadow playwright gloried in his ability to present a more complete chronicle of movement than has ever been possible to the stage of artificial lights and artificial voices. The doctor is called from his home at midnight to the bedside of the dying man. On the screen behold the whirr of his telephone bell, mightily magnified; his hasty arising; the removal of his car from the darkened garage; his clamber to the seat, and the start; various scenes of his progress through darkness and storm; the stopping of the car in front of his patient's house; his ascent of the porch; his ringing of the door-bell; his reception, and the custody of his wraps by a servant; his ascent of the stairs: his hand upon the knob of the sick man's door—he stands before the sick man. On the other stage, the dying man's attendants summon the physician, there is an obviously insufficient interval, and he arrives.

Does it not occur to you that the screen sometimes overplays these possibilities, simply because they are its exclusive possessions? Our drama—we will suppose—lies in the dying man's discovery that the strange doctor hastily summoned is his once outcast son: *here*, after all, is the marrow of our play; upon these emotions, and their reaction, center our various attentions. The gargantuan telephone buzzer, the garage, the car, the night storm, the portico, the entrance, the ascent of the stairs—all mechanically interesting, of course, but do they not rob us of our time and the play of its concentrated fibre?

This is not a complaint upon our present system of ornate and elaborate pictorial expositions. It is rather a suggestion that in the future much that is merely functional will be carefully cut away to make more room for the heart of the drama. We are not yet quite out of our novelty days.



The
Ultimate
Grab.

THE spool of story is in its last fifty feet; you have had a patched-up suspense; a too-sudden righting of all wrongs; a complete change of motives; a thin infiltration of weak-tea happiness on a tempest of sordid woe. One thing more remains to be done:

He grabs her.

The picture is finished.

The high altitude of bliss, the supreme expression of love, a flash of heaven caught by some bold news-pictorial man who sneaked up on St. Peter: that ultimate grab.

The grab-and-kiss finish is the last paragraph of the old-fashioned cheap novel, printed on coarse paper and enclosed in a garish cover that tried to be naughty. There are some instances in which the kiss finish is legitimate; a great majority in which it is shoddy wrapper enclosing a hodge-podge of actions which meander aimlessly into nowhere.

BREATHLESS ANNOUNCEMENTS

FROM THE PRESS-AGENT'S CORNER:
PICKED, PASTEURIZED AND PARCELLED

By

J. A. Murphy

Author of the "Adam Sowerguy" stories, etc.

A GROUP of wealthy scenario writers met in the lobby of the Astor House last week and discussed plans for renting a typewriter. The sum of \$3.85 was raised including a dime found on the floor.

"THE Hook" is in active preparation by the Pompano Co.

INNA GANE is making a collection of bungs with the intention of building a bungalow.

"PROPER exercise for the working man"—Educational film—Released shortly by the Yawner Co.

BIRDIE ZUGVOGEL is now receiving sixty dollars per week from the Pompano Co. Fifty dollars alimony and the balance salary.

ACTIVE preparations for filming "The History of Hoboken" are being made by the Cheddar Features Co.

LAST week the president of the Fermento Co. gave a solo banquet. He invited himself to an oyster supper.

CHUDDY WARTZ is a lineal descendant of William Tell. Ann Soforth is a great-great-granddaughter of Poet and Peasant. Robinson Crusoe has no living relatives.

THE new studios of the Biffo Co. have just been completed again, making the fifth completion since the first of the year.

SINCE the early lives and occupations of many of our screen stars have been published, and read with deep interest, we think it no more than fair to satisfy the clamoring public regarding the former occupations of some of our studio managers, directors and chief executives. The following list will be supplemented as the evidence is secured. T. Borrows Byfew, president of the Gimmick Co., was a buttonhole designer; Edw. Wacker, art director with the Assofoetida Co., drove "string six" with the Andress Circus; Claude Monahan, cast director with the Goshall Co., was chief librarian of a news stand; Elter Skelter, comedy director with the Angora Co., was employed by a house-wrecking firm; Spofford Nokes, scenario editor with the Ephemeral Co., was a cement contractor; Teller When, studio manager Hibiscus Co., was a sardine importer; Cereal Granes, general manager Ochre Co., was a pop corn appraiser; Oakley Bark, production manager Hocus Co., was varnish mixer in a pretzel factory; N. A. Day, night watchman at the Bovolopus studio, was an actor.

T. D. PIPE, the resourceful director with the Bizzle Co., ordered a large tank built with the intention of using same in the studio cellar in one of his productions. Owing to some misunderstanding regarding the dimensions the carpenters made the tank too large for the cellar. Mr. Pipe was equal to the emergency. He put the cellar in the tank.

MORA BANDON has completed her beautiful home on Pemmican Heights and declares that nothing can induce her to leave it. She starts next week on her tour through South America, returning late this month in time for a trip through the Catskills.

THE Quisby Features Co. offer one thousand dollars for the best solution to the following: Colonel Tremors and his son Malcolm take a morning ramble through the woods. While walking through a hollow tree they discover a poacher. The poacher, when ordered off the premises, discharges his rifle at the Colonel and makes his escape leaving a bullet firmly embedded in the Colonel's wooden leg. Some years later the Colonel dies and the wooden leg is left in a damp cellar. A thick bark grows over the leg, completely concealing the bullet. Malcolm grows up, marries a bearded lady and works hard trying to sell her photographs. His old home is turned into a lunch room, and the proprietor, finding the wooden leg in the cellar, uses it for a potato masher. An intense longing to visit his old home seizes Malcolm, and without disclosing his identity he takes a meal in the lunch room that was once the parlor of the family mansion. He finds the bullet in the middle of a hard boiled egg and by accident touches a concealed spring which causes the hollow bullet to fly open, disclosing the deeds to some valuable swamp land in Florida—Read it in the Daily Miasma—See it here every Thursday—Try to get the Thousand Dollars.

NEW corporations: The Felicity Co., capital, \$550.00; to operate theaters, pool rooms, shine parlors and manufacture films; Baden Worse, president; Philippa Gilly, secretary and treasurer. The Volatile Co., Fuller Shotzer, president; Annie Gunn, secretary; Col. Powderly, treasurer. To deal in ship chandlers supplies, ink erasers, tin spectacle cases, spar varnish and conduct a general film business. Capital, \$2,000,000.

The Vendergood Film Corporation—To buy, sell and manufacture motion picture films and deal in bath tubs, beans, cigars, tripe, turpentine, soft coal and marriage licenses.

PETE "PROPS"

THE CONTINUED PLAIN OF A MOVING PICTURE PROPERTY MAN—HERE HE IS CHAPERONE TO A HIGH-BROW

By Kenneth McGaffey

Drawings by E. W. Gale, Jr.

VIII

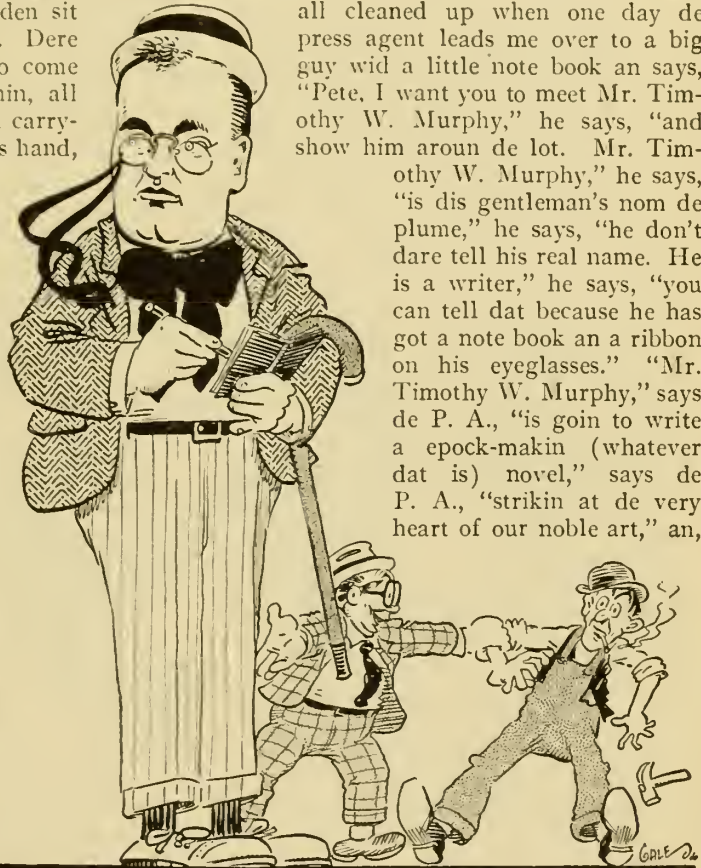
DE next ting I hate worser dan dry states is dese here geniuses—de four-flushers! I can stand de actors an actorines cause I been associated wid em for some time, an know how to handle em; but dese Windsor-tied litrary guys has got me angora screamin for assistance. Dere is more of dem aroun dis studio dan any place in de world.

As soon as dese gents hit dis neck o' de woods, dey climb into puttees, ridin pants an de old sport shirt, an den sit all day at dere typewriters. Dere was one guy what used to come into de studio every mornin, all flushed wid de exercises an carry-in his little ridin stick in his hand, an we had it all doped out dat he had been for a brief canter tru de shady lanes an figgered dat at last one of dem had made good an had really been on a horse, 'til finally one of de boys who had been sent up to de corner for a pack of cigarettes for one of de nut directors catches him hollerin "Whoa" as he gets off de street car.

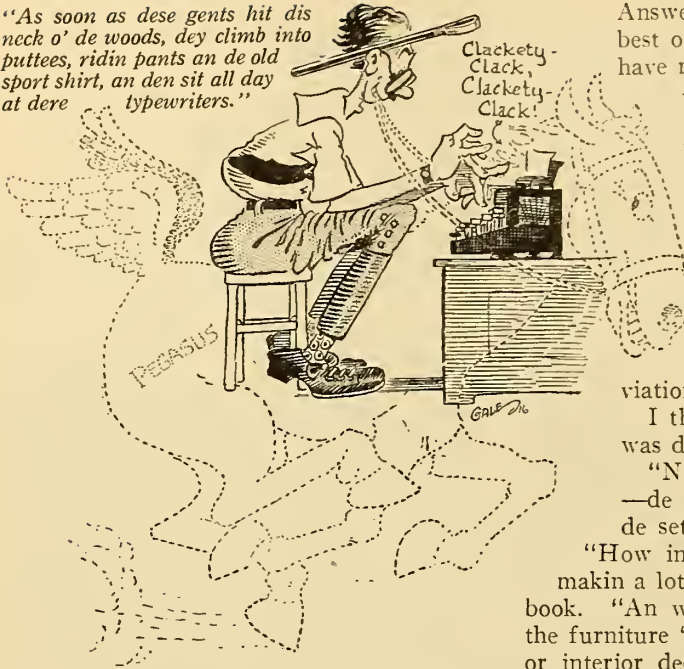
Den dere's anudder

"Pete, I want you to meet Mr. Timothy W. Murphy," he says, "an show him aroun de studio."

ting dat makes me know dat poisonin aint none too good for dat bum press agent. Dat's dese journalists an novelists dat flock out here all de time lookin for items. I never had nuttin to do wid any of dem, but I seen dem nosin aroun de studio an had to answer a lot of dere fool questions. Dere was one little bright eyes, Clemensaw Pontiff was his name, dat used to pester me wid a lot of bum comedy, but he got a job an went to work so I figgered I was all cleaned up when one day de press agent leads me over to a big guy wid a little note book an says, "Pete, I want you to meet Mr. Timothy W. Murphy," he says, "an show him aroun de lot. Mr. Timothy W. Murphy," he says, "is dis gentleman's nom de plume," he says, "he don't dare tell his real name. He is a writer," he says, "you can tell dat because he has got a note book an a ribbon on his eyeglasses." "Mr. Timothy W. Murphy," says de P. A., "is goin to write a epock-makin (whatever dat is) novel," says de P. A., "strikin at de very heart of our noble art," an,



"As soon as dese gents hit dis neck o' de woods, dey climb into puttees, ridin pants an de old sport shirt, an den sit all day at dere typewriters."



Answer all his questions to the best of your ability an may Gawd have mercy on your soul," he says —an beats it.

Out comes Timothy W.'s note book. "What is your employment?" he says, lookin at me over his baby spot lenses as if I had been in de jam pot.

"I'm props"—I says.

"Oh—props," he says

"—props—how interestin.

I suppose dat's de abbreviation for a stage brace," he says.

I thought he was kiddin, but he was dead serious.

"No," I says, "I rustle de props —de properties—de furniture for de sets—get me?"

"How interestin," says Timothy W., makin a lot of feverish notes in his little book. "An why, may I ask, do dey call the furniture 'props.' Why not furnitures, or interior decorations, instead of properties?"

"Because," I says, "we rent em an have to haul dem off of odder people's property before we can use em. See?"

"How interestin," says Timothy W., "an why, may I ask, do dey call dese scenes, 'sets'? I would tink," he says, "dey would use some other word—why 'sets'?"

"Well," I says, "it's because de carpenters set it up here. We set in de furniture for de extra people to set all over. De nut director comes in an sets down to dope out de scene—de camera man sets up his camera an occasionally some tourist comes 'round an offers to set up a drink," I says, "an," I says, "I am thirsty now."

Right over his head it went and him a tall guy at dat.

"Why do dey not put broad Roming stripes on dem awnins," he says, lampin de defusers. "It would remind me so much of Cairo."

"Was you dere?" I says. "So was I. I had de souvenir spoon privilege next to de German village. Dat Terpsechore stunt," I says, "—dat Terpsecorey stunt widout de aid of de feet certainly did pull in de Joeys." I said. "Youse guys certainly did mop up at that Exposish."

"I don't mean dat Cairo," said Timothy W., real haughty like, "—I mean de real Cairo in Egypt."

he says, "he may sell it." "He is out here to get some local color. Now, Pete," he says, "show him some local color, cause I jus got a letter from a man what owes me money, to show him a lot of tention, an if I don't do it," he says, "de man may get mad an never pay me de money, so," he says, "give him all de local color he wants."

"Sure I will," I says. "Come on Murph. All de local color is over on de paint frame," I says, "in cans. You can have a wagon load of it—I can slip you enough to make you look like a souvenir postcard sunset."

"Don't go gettin fresh Pete," says de P. A., "an go calling him 'Murph.' His name is Timothy W. Murphy," he says, "an you must call him all dat or else someone might hear you an not know you had de honor of givin a celebrated novelist a squint at de lot. Hearin his name. an seeing him," he says. "de people might buy one of his books out of curiosity, an he would get his little ten per cent. an what wid dis horrible war ragin in Urup. an de rise in de price of food stuffs. ten per cent aint to be giggled at. So take Mr. Timothy W. Murphy aroun de lot an show him all de sites—an don't let him back into no scenes or fall over any on-gee-news.

"Oh," I says, "I beg your pardon—I didn't know dey had anything but mud in dem Mississippi river towus. I was tru dere onct wid a boat show."

"How interestin," says Timothy W., and den he pipes one of de nut directors bawlin out a mob of extras in a court room scene. "An what is that excited individual tryin to say to those persons, may I ask"—he says.

"He's tryin to put some pep in dose near-hams," I says. "He's tryin to wake de dead."

"How interestin," says Timothy W. "But do dey permit him to address dem so roughly? Why," he says, "his langwich, altho forceful, is not good grammar. His direction is good but he splits some of his infinitives. I should think de" would rebel."

"I take it from me, Timothy W.," I says, "he is liable to split some of dem extras if dey don't come out of dere trances. As for rebellion—it can't be done for two bucks a day. You got to get over five hundred a week before you can rebel an get away wid it."

"How interestin," he says, an dashes down a bunch of writin in his little book.

"He's just takin trial heats now," I says—"wait til dat nut director gets all

warmed up to his work an you'll tink he is recitin poultry to dose boobes now. He's under wraps here an has got hobbles an toe weights on. If you wants to see him really perform, you should see him wid about a half hour more shootin light an ten scenes to get wid about four hundred extras. He's tree rings," I says, "—de platform an a couple of aerial acts," I says. "He's got all de Simon Legrees dat ever Simoned since dey invented de white slave traffic lookin like a kind-faced old parson tryin to get little Eva to recite 'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight' in de parlor of her parents' home, an he hopin to be invited to dinner.

"How interestin," says Timothy W., an out comes de little book.

"See," I says, "he is absolutely unarmed an goin right in amongst em. Dat means he aint goin to hurt dem none. If it was a regular scene," I says, "he would have a whip or a club," I says, "an de ambulance would be standin by. We is awful good to our extras," I says, "—lots of times we have sent flowers we don't want to dere funerals, an if dey get mangled in any way, an de ambulance aint busy, an gasoline is cheap, we drives dem to de hospital. If it wasn't for our art," I says, "a lot of dese medical school clinics would starve to death," I says. "Of course," I says, "dey aint as much in demand as dose dat get poisoned."



"He's tryin to put some pep into dose near-hams," I says. "He's tryin to wake de dead."

"Poisoned!" says Timothy W. "Poisoned! How interestin!" Den he swallowed hard.

"Sure," I says, "some of dese hams get to chewin de scenery in dere emotional scenes an get painters' colic," I says. "Dese kid doctors hangs aroun de door waitin for em," I says. "Dat's all right aroun here," I says, "but of course if we are out on location, we leave em lay," I says, "unless, of course, dere remains is in de way."

Dis guy must a'been a bum novelist cause all he could do was ask fool questions an say "How interestin!"

I was a'tellin him about de private cemetery we had for our own troupe an was just gettin ready to show him our flock of on-gee-news at work on dere daily occupa-

tion of knockin Mary Pickford, when up dashes the P. A. again.

Can you imagine a tenderfoot novelist being chaperoned by "Pete" through the wilds of Bear Valley, the "Alaska" and the "Canadian Northwest" of movie-land? It will be far more exciting than Roosevelt's trip to Africa, plus forty gun-bearers. This nobby travelogue will be found exclusively in October Photoplay, out September 1.

"Say," he says, "dere is a company goin to Bear Walley tomorrow on location. Dere is a great chance to get some real stuff. If you want to go along I'll fix it. I'll send Pete along for a chaparoney. How about it?"

"Delighted," says Timothy W. "I'll get ready at onct."

De P. A. beat it, and Timothy W. turned to me and said, "How interestin! And why, may I ask, do dey call it Bear Walley?"

"Cause dere is so many nude rocks," I says.

Right dere I could see dat I was goin to have a fine time wid Timothy W.

Yes, sir—comin. 'Scuse me.

A Too Real Drama

This was the plot as the author conceived it:
 A dashing young Lochinvar seizing his bride,
 And galloping off on a perilous ride
 With a leap so stupendous you'd scarce have believed it!
 And next, in the moonlight, a shooting affray
 In which the girl brought their pursuers to bay;
 Then, weary and worn, but undaunted by strife,
 By a goat-bearded justice she was made Mrs. Wife.

But here's what remained when the censors were through:
 They cut out the leap, for the S. P. C. A.
 Considered it crool—and the shooting affray
 Was bad form for a bride, so they cut that out too.
 And then—the example of those two alone
 Eloping on horseback, with no chaperone!
 So they cancelled the ride, and they canned the poor moon.
 And the time of the wedding was changed to high noon!

Jewell Parish.



I COULD hardly believe that at last we were to meet Charlie Chaplin's leading lady, Edna Purviance. I trembled as I thought of it. I spent the night trembling; at breakfast I trembled my cocoa upon the tablecloth; on the street-car I trembled my change right out of my hand as far as the pavement; at the door of her exquisite apartment I trembled the door bell until it rang.

"We are only the poor reporter." My voice trembled as I spoke to the maid.

But I need not have trembled so extensively. We were welcomed, cordially overwhelmed, by a person whom I am quite sure is the prettiest blonde in the world.

So many, far, far more talented than contemptible little we, have spoken to the

Interviewing Edna,

THE BLONDE ON THE COVER.
A MOVIE CHAT IN THE CUR-
RENT MANNER—NOT TO BE
TAKEN TOO SERIOUSLY

By Wilma Awstruck

actress about her great art and majestic interpretations, that we determined to note only the absorbing eccentricities of her strange, novel life. These must have an important bearing on her genius. Doubtless they are a part of it.

I found, for instance, that Miss Purviance takes a beverage upon arising. No, it is not liquor which touches her lips. It is a concoction, dark brown in color, which is brewed from the pulverized seeds of a berry grown in Brazil. These are ground in a small mill, water is poured upon them in the ratio of a cup to a tablespoonful, and the whole brought to a boil. Sometimes she adds cream and sugar!

"And then," whispered Miss Purviance, excitedly imparting to we a secret, "my favorite food in the morning is wheat



Close-up of the world's prettiest book-worm crawling right through a book.



dough which has been thoroughly baked — cut in slices and seared brown in front of wires heated white hot by an electric current." Even science bows before this lovely princess! "Next," continued Miss Purviance to me. "I spread upon this a thin coating of concentrated cream — cream beaten until it is no longer cream, but a rich, golden semi-solid." Sometimes she has, boiled in their natural limestone casings, the mere spiritual promise, the succulent souls of two fluffy little chickens that might have been!

We were also ad-



mitted into the thrilling secrets of the wonderful Purviance wardrobe. Shall we describe it to you? She has button boots of sixteen buttons, other boots with real laces, slippers with neither laces nor buttons! Isn't it simply wonderful! There are other secrets, even more sensational, but of course these were admitted to us in the strictest confidence!

Presently, summoning all my courage, we asked Miss Purviance what she liked to do best in all the world. What low persons would refer to as a hobby.

"Oh—act. I guess!" she laughed.



The photographer's best sleight-of-hand performance — and some kitties.



E. H. Sothorn wore a worried look his first day in a moving picture studio, as the photo attests. Perhaps that was wholly because the scenario called for it. Again, perhaps not. In the scene from left to right are: Director Fred Thomson, Cameraman Charles Davis, Commodore J. Stuart Blackton, Technical Director Charles Chapman, and Mr. Sothorn. The interpreter of "If I Were King" is doing three pictures for Vitagraph.

Milady's Friend: Her Dressing-Table



UNLATCHING THE DOOR OF THE *SALON DE BEAUTE* AND REVEALING THE MYSTERIES OF THE TOILETTE

By Lucille French

RECTOR 6111.—Is that you, Jerry? I'm just in on the 9.45.—No, not a bit tired. I'm uptown now.—Yes, in yesterday's mail. You are going out this afternoon with the Trevors for the weekend, you said?—That's alright, of course. I'm afraid I can't meet you at the Plaza for luncheon. I'm frightfully busy.—Why

yes, I'll eat somewhere, I suppose.—No, I have no luncheon engagement with Dick or any one else.—You don't? Well, how about The Trevors' sister?—I'm not sure where I'll be at one. I'll see you Monday.—But really I cannot. I have no luncheon engagement, I told you. You're quite unreasonable.—Well, I'll call up at 12.30,



When in clear, undeceiving daylight one takes stock of beauty assets and liabilities.

tion—as fortified as may be against the inroads of Age.

The rites may be performed here regularly or carried on conscientiously at her own carefully equipped dressing-table modeled hygienically after that of the most luxurious beauty salon with its rose-tinted booths each containing a glass-topped dressing-table set forth with crystal bottles and ivory-celluloid toilette requisites kept scrupulously antiseptic like a surgeon's table.

The first principle—indeed the indispensable and absolute foundation for the beautifying of the person—is the prosaic one of cleanliness. There are several different schools on the question of the bath, different methods and procedures, but all agree on the necessity of massage or friction for the skin and the use of correct brushes and soaps. The later application of creams, powders and beautifying agents is a matter of individual need and requirement.

The order of the bath may be made as intricate and luxurious as one please. The hot tub may be softened and perfumed with

then.—Of course I shan't forget!

"Plaza 4329.—Is this the salon D'Oro? Is Madame Julie there?—This is Miss Chandler speaking. Can't you possibly give me any other appointment but one o'clock?—Well, the begging half dozen cannot have mine!—Who did you say?—Oh, the moving picture actress? I think she is adorable. Yes, you may let her have my appointment, if you will give me Monday at ten."

Back they come from seaside and mountain, these Leilas with brow and neck shaded off the alabaster tone. Dulcies and Janes of noses piquant or patrician, but alike peeling, and with one accord they mecca to the beauty salon for all first aids.

The *salon de beaute* brings to the demoiselle in distress all the fine art of beautifying and correction to which science is handmaiden. Here she is in the hands of the pseudo-scientist who repairs the damages of reckless exposure to sun and wind, makes the skin white and satiny again, trains the eyebrows, multiplies the eyelashes, reduces pores, eradicates crow's

feet,
keeps
h e r
face fit and
in condi-



An astringent lotion is applied on small pieces of antiseptic cotton.



Do not depend on the lip stick. . . . The best effect is got from a light lip salve applied with the finger.

for the night session at the dressing table!

Beauty is no longer Heaven-sent. Following a regular routine in personal care and use of rightly selected beautifying agents, it puts itself democratically within the reach alike of headline society hostess and stenographer, moving picture star and telephone operator.

A visit to the salon of beautifying finds one reclining in a low-backed Morris chair before the dressing table with a white-clad attendant deftly performing the rites. First the face and neck are thoroughly gone over with a good cleansing cream, which is then wiped off with soft tissues made expressly for the purpose. Next an astringent lotion is applied on small pieces of antiseptic cotton, first soaked in water to make firm pads. The astringent tightens and closes the pores after the softening cream. Then, if there be need, a skin food, one of the new greaseless creams, is worked in by a

(Continued on page 160)

bran bag, bath powders or crystals, and a quaint bowl of wood filled with soap set aloft. These bowls with their stiff brushes are seen in nearly every English bathroom and have been imported here in recent years. Within easy reach is the long-handled brush which reaches the back, and the smaller ones for the twenty digits. For the face one chooses carefully the soap, unless she is wholly addicted to cold cream and the auxiliary astringent lotion. There are soaps with almond oil and glycerine, with sulphur, with vaseline, soaps antiseptic, borated, curative, stimulating and soothing, and perfumed with every known fragrance.

After the cleansing comes the cold spray, an invigorating rub with Turkish towel, a judicious spraying with one's favorite perfume from a fine atomizer, and finally an allover dusting with bath powder.

Now for the dressing-table and its secret rites. Three times a day at least one performs her devotions there. There is the first morning session, when in clear, undeceiving daylight one takes stock of beauty assets and liabilities. One looks to see the work of the bleach cream put on the night before; a close inspection discloses the fact that the nose would be benefited by a judicious use of good pore-reducing cream and the mental note is made to acquire such that day. The muscles about the eyelids may indicate a coming inclination to droop. Fortunately a special muscle oil may be had to build up the delicate tissues about the eyes. The work is cut out



If one decide on a fine arched line—



STOCK PHOTO

Universal City "Prop" Room: Ladies and gentlemen furnished with everything from Roman armor to new skeletons.

The Story of David Wark Griffith



A Silhouette of David Wark Griffith

HIS EARLY YEARS;
HIS STRUGGLES; HIS
AMBITIONS AND
THEIR ACHIEVEMENT

By
Henry Stephen Gordon

Part IV

a news way at once, and began to write about them. The daily papers could not "see" the movies as subject for anything except derision, so Woods finally interested the Dramatic News and was reluctantly given a restricted department on that weekly.

He probably then believed, and he now may believe, that it was the potent possibilities of the novel

entertainment which excited his interest. This chronicler does not believe anything of the sort, but that it was the then, and now, universal infection of the fever of writing scenarios that captured Mr. Woods.

In those days always, and in these days to some extent, when any intelligent person sees a Picture, the first thought is, "What a bum story!"

And then when you learn that people are paid real money for the stories, often very big real money, the second thought is, "Why, I can write a much better story for a picture," and you do, and begin to spend the money you wont get for it, before it comes back to you from the scenario editor.

Then, in a few months, you are likely enough to visit a picture theater and see your scenario before your eyes.

It's a coincidence! And that's another story.

Everybody's doing it now—writing scenarios.

IN the western portion of the mazy mass of erratic buildings of the Griffith studios on Sunset Boulevard, at the end of an involved passageway, over a door is a little tin sign reading: "Scenario Department, F. E. Woods."

There in an office about six by ten feet you will find Frank Woods—if you find him.

A glance at him, and you know he is a newspaper man, for he carries on his face and person the insignia of newspapering; you know it; that unconsciously alert, ready, sizing-up air. Woods is not a particularly handsome man; he is not impressively garbed; he is not tremendously important looking, but next to Griffith he is the most important man there, and he is amiable and receptive,—unless you try to sell him a scenario.

He was a New York newspaper man, a World man, when the movies began to attract attention; he saw their import in



*Frank
Woods,
Griffith's
right hand.*



Two reminders of Griffith's acting days. Above he is holding down the center of the camera stage, with left arm bared, in "The Stage Rustler;" at the bottom, he is apparently spurning the plea of Marion Leonard in "At the Crossroads."

(Reproductions by courtesy of the Biograph Company.)

There was no intention, he said, on the part of the studio people to give Griffith any fair chance; he was shunted off into the street to do his first picture, not even being allotted a company of players; he was told to "pick up" what people he needed; so he sought out the actors on Broadway who had been long out of an engagement, and who were too hungry to shy at the ignominy—then—of "making a picture."

As has been told, "Dolly" sold so well that Griffith was permitted to make two or three other pictures, of the conventional type of that era; raw, bleeding melodrama, extravagantly acted; but this thinking man managed to give the underdone stuff some consistency, and some dramatic interest; to the indignation of the studio experts, these pictures became in

great demand.

It was an accidental fortuitous incident that gave Griffith his final clutch on Fortune's reluctant hand.

The chief director was called away on some work and Griffith selected the best story he could find in the scenario department and put it on.

I have to tell you that it was the best story, because Mr. Woods in talking about it would not so characterize it; he wrote it.

Even now he blushes pink when he talks of it, not exactly from modesty, though, but because he now realizes what a punk story it was.

That Griffith picked out the scenario, that Woods wrote it, that the chief director was away, made the fortune of the first two and put the latter out of a job. •

When the picture was finished and exhibited at a nearby theater, it made a tremendous hit.

It was unlike any picture before because it was interesting; it was in a novel way sane and interesting.

And Woods did it.

A happy series of circumstances for them both brought Griffith and Woods together, and now, save in the actual making of the strictly Griffith pictures, Mr. Woods is Griffith himself.

He told me the incident of "The Adventures of Dolly."

And it put Griffith in full charge of the Biograph productions, with the former chief director having his mail sent elsewhere.

Of this production Mr. Woods said in a recent talk:

"I remember this picture more particularly, because by the rarest good fortune to myself it happened to be my own story, and the first one I had ever written.

"There was nothing about it that I could claim as original, for in truth it was based on Enoch Arden; I called it 'A Modern Enoch Arden,' and I fancy it was, very much so.

"Of course I twisted the end of the affair, in a manner that gave the picture the required 'happy ending;' Mr. Griffith made some judicious changes in the captions and other details, and renamed it 'After Many Years.'

"I remember very vividly that before it was completed the chief director returned to the studio, and when he saw on the screen some of the picture taken, or perhaps saw some of the picture being taken, I am not sure which, he put up a terrible protest.

"He was positive it meant a ridiculous fizzle; it would never do; people would laugh at it, and it might kill the whole picture game; why, the players were behaving like real human beings; how absurd! It was sure to be a failure. He would wash his hands of the whole affair! Bah!

"It was a very critical moment for Griffith, in view of the way things have turned out.

"For the officers of the company hesitated in face of the fearful curtain of flame the chief director drew over the Griffith effort.

"To us for a time it seemed as if the completion of the picture would be stopped. The officers debated; they had already expended, in their opinion, a huge sum of money on the production; something like



Henry Walthall and Blanche Sweet in last film play made by Griffith for Biograph, "Judith of Bethulia." Below Mary Pickford and Owen Moore in "The Indian Runner's Romance," an early Griffith-made Biograph.



\$150 or \$200. Economy prevailed; it would take but a few more dollars to finish the picture, while if it were not finished all would be lost; so after much discussion and controversy it was decided to let Griffith go ahead and work his fool head off, in proving that he was incompetent.

'It was finished, and it made Griffith,



Linda Arvidson and Wilfred Lucas in "After Many Years," an adaptation of "Enoch Arden." At right, Florence Lawrence in "Ingomar." The name of the bewhiskered individual has not been handed down to posterity.



for it sustained his contentions.

"Griffith showed at that beginning of his career the same qualities he has maintained ever since; careful advance consideration regarding every new step or departure from the beaten track; those many great improvements he made in picture-making were not at all freakish nor radical; they were studied out; all of the changes that are admittedly his own creations, such as the switch-back, the fade-in and fade-out, the various forms of the close-up, the novelly beautiful lighting effects, the natural and reserved acting, the careful captioning, all were results of study and thought.

"He then, as now, would discuss with his associates, at least those who were not openly hostile to him, the advisability of introducing into his pictures sane human action, instead of using the exaggerated method then in vogue; of all these remarkable changes I have mentioned, his scenario man, a Mr. Daugherty, was among the first to recognize the importance of the Griffith ideas.

"He was always a very hard worker; he had to be, to produce as he soon did two one-reel pictures every week, and at the same time give them sufficient thought to evolve in his careful way the numerous improvements and take the steps forward



Blanche Sweet and Ralph Lewis in a scene from the first photoplay which appeared as a Griffith production, "The Escape."



Here is a quartet of pioneer Biographers in one of the first Griffith creations, "Just Gold," dug out of the Biograph archives especially for Photoplay. From left to right: Lionel Barrymore, Alfred Paget, Charles West and James McDermott.



Lillian Gish and Henry Walthall in "Home, Sweet Home," one of the earliest of the multiple reel productions.

for which he is responsible.

"He has a faculty of doing nothing hastily, while at the same time working at top speed.

"Everything new he did then, was ridiculed; everything new he does now, is imitated.

"What he did then, made pictures immensely popular; what he began to do as soon as he got his feet fixed in the stirrups, was to interest educated people.

"It was six years of work and success before Griffith's name became at all known outside of the studio. The Biograph would not allow any publicity to any of their directors or artists.

"Mary Pickford was not known to the public, only in so far as the outside people named her on their own volition, 'Little Mary.'

"But not even the distinction of being known by face was the right of the producer; not one picture fan then knew there was a man named Griffith producing the new pictures which were impressing the people of the whole country; no one but producers knew of him; and they began to talk about him and quickly followed his lead, though not without much preliminary captious reviling.

"I remember well what was said about his first 'close-ups;' he began these by showing the action closer to the camera, the actors being pictured only from the knees up; there was a fierce outburst of scorn; 'this duffer is showing people swimming around without legs,' was sneered.



Florence Lawrence in one of her Biograph poses. Miss Lawrence recently "came back" to the screen, but only for a brief visit.

"On several occasions rival producers visited the Biograph, and protested, saying: 'This man Griffith will ruin the whole business by such silly revolutionary methods.'

"As the money was coming in stronger every day, the answer was generally that the Biograph would take a chance; if Griffith spelled ruin, the company would like to stand considerable more of the same sort of ruin it was enjoying; that if anyone were hurt it would be the Biograph, and the others would profit if Griffith were wrong.

"His very name became obnoxious to the others. 'My God,' shouted one then very prominent producer, 'do stop saying Griffith to me; every fool actor I meet seems to think Griffith is the only man in the world who knows anything about pictures.'

"I've had considerable confidence in the opinions of actors ever since then.

"It was only about three years ago, when Griffith left the Biograph and took charge of the Reliance and Majestic concerns, that his name began to be heard of in the newspapers. That's a short time for a man to achieve the fame which is his today.

"Just to illustrate the vanity of its policy of repression of its people—not in the least, in a jeering spirit, not in the least, of course not—I'll tell you that the company for which he first worked, and which refused him any recognition, now finds it profitable to re-issue all of Griffith's old pictures, made during his first six years of production, and label them with a main title of 'Produced by D. W. Griffith' or words to that effect.

"In those early days an actor once came to me, hysterical with excitement, and said: 'What do you know about this? I was working in a scene directed by that blamed fool Griffith just now, and he sent out and had a piano wheeled on the stage with a pianist to play for us; said it would help us; he's an idiot.'

That incident recalls the making of the Billie Burke picture by Tom Ince; the scene where the grand old character man Billy Thompson shares a sorrow with his wife, in a pathetic incident, was tried over and over without the results that either Mr. Ince or Mr. Thompson wanted; finally Mr. Ince had a soprano brought in who sang "Darby and Joan;" Billie at once responded to the sentiment of the voice, and those who have seen the picture con-

sider his "registering" of emotion one of the biggest things of the many big scenes he has done.

It is said that the Keystone comedies are now made to an accompaniment of "funny" music, whatever that is.

Of course Griffith was an idiot, just like William James, in thinking that music would assist acting in its psychologic effect. He thought it first; all producers know it now.

There is another marked difference between this moving star and others; he so rarely loses his temper or throws any manner of temperamental fits, that those who know him feel that he is deplorably lacking in those traits which "made" Mansfield, Mrs. Carter, David Belasco, and others esteemed as of the genus genius, as much as what they did in their work.

When other directors would froth at their mouths with language, Griffith sings.

And he doesn't sing so blooming well as to recall Caruso or Bonci.

He never has admitted it, in talking over reminiscences, but I have it authoritatively that he once early in life determined to be an opera singer; I should guess after hearing him several times that he thought himself a baritone.

Recently he was rehearsing Mae Marsh in a coming picture called "The Little Apache," afterwards re-christened "A Child of the Paris Streets." It was something of "The Two Orphans" idea. Mae was a long-lost cheeld in a Paris thieves' den; her real father comes in, not knowing his daughter, nor she him.

Griffith wanted this done so and so, but the actors did it such and such. Over and over he put them through the scene. Finally he stood up and looked them all over reproachfully, and then busted into song, doing the Pagliacci prologue.

Everyone looked very sad; Griffith aria-ed all over the shop, immensely pleased with himself, apparently, and everyone else becoming more and more sombre.

Naturally I thought it was because of the singing.

But one of the actors whispered to another beside me, "Gee! The governor's

real mad; he's singing twice as long as usual."

So it wasn't the singing that caused the sorrow; it was the realization by the company that it had fallen down.

In a few minutes the bel canto ceased cantering, and the great director began telling Mae Marsh how to have her dresses made, and then rehearsal was called off.

Mr. Woods tells me that only twice in his eight years of association with him has he known Griffith to show anger.

"Those two occasions were the only ones," said Woods, "and I hope they will be the last. When he does give way to anger, it becomes epical."

He did have a quarrel with Walker Whiteside while he was a member of that star's company, at a time when the star was not shining through the fog of gloom. It was not a serious quarrel, except as it affected Griffith's meal ticket and laundry bills.

Whiteside was paying him \$15 a week and Griffith insisted that he should be raised to \$18; Whiteside couldn't see that figure, and Griffith finally cooled down and continued to draw the fifteen per—for a time.

Recently in Los Angeles the two met at dinner at the Alexandria hotel, a luxurious and costly place. They renewed the controversy, and finally Whiteside agreed that Griffith was really worth \$18 a week. The same report has it that Griffith then paid the check for the dinner, amounting to Whiteside's admission of a fair week's salary.

"Just Gold" was Griffith's second picture. In making "Dolly" he had followed the scenario to the letter; that was the first and last time he paid any attention to the author.

From that day to this, he has never even had a scenario in his pocket when he made a picture; he has never made a note.

"In making 'Just Gold' I began to seek after atmosphere and effects," he said, "and the clue to causes. If I have had a measure of success, possibly that effort was responsible largely, for it started me in the right direction.



Walker Whiteside, who once refused to raise Griffith's pay from \$15 a week to \$18.

"It was in making a picture with Mary Pickford that I believe she first met Owen Moore. It seems to me the title of the picture was 'The Red Man,' or something like it.

"At any rate it was in this we perfected the fade-in and fade-out effect, after a lot of experimenting.

"This received most severe criticism, which continued as late as my 'Judith' picture. That was made, I think, about three years ago, and now that method is being used probably to excess.

"Mary Pickford's romance was reflected in her acting, which made the picture; it became in heavy demand and thereby proved my contention on the new effects.

"'Ingomar' with Florence Lawrence followed soon, and that went far toward sustaining all of my ideas which had been used in its making. As I recall it Miss Lawrence also had a romance created from that picture and married Harry Sutter, who became quite as distinguished as a director as was she as an actress.

"I could tell countless love affairs that developed into matrimony in those early days, but everyone had to work so hard, and so long, that it is difficult to understand how time was found for sentimental incidents.

"Those were the days of the half-reels; we made two pictures a week. It was something of a struggle to get them out, especially at the time when everyone was calling me crazy, and not only calling, but believing I was crazy. Or worse, a simple fool.

"Why, often we have got a picture completed in two days. Now we take that much time or more just to decide on the costumes we will use.

"Of course it hurts my sense of modesty to admit the fact, but it is true that in a few months Biograph pictures were considered far away the best.

"Newspapers began to notice them voluntarily, as a matter of general interest; the Biograph was quickly taken in by the General Film Company, which meant the largest organization and most profitable before or since.

"In 1911 the Motion Picture Patents Company, an adjunct of the General Film Company, earned 1,700 per cent on its capital stock, according to certified reports.

"A few two-reel pictures began to be seen; under that régime we would make one

reel one week and the other the next week. This was possibly the beginning of the serial idea of pictures.

"My largest picture with the Biograph was 'Judith,' a four-reel picture which I thought immense at the time. I made that with Blanche Sweet. She with Mary Pickford, in fact all the picture actresses of note, then came to the screen from the stage.

"One of my early pictures I did like was 'When Pippa Passes.' We put that on in three days; considerably less time, I fancy, than Browning used in writing the poem. We had to do everything at once.

"Then came 'Enoch Arden,' 'The Blot on the 'Scutcheon,' 'Taming of the Shrew,' 'Lines of White on a Sullen Sea,' and others; these were all one-reels, and all were made before 'Judith.'"

Probably those titles mark the difference between Griffith and other producers.

Usually, then, scenario writers were employed by producers to evolve their own ideas in some form of sweet sentimentalism, with the blowsy, inevitable "Happy Ending;" few of the stories if written in story form would be bought for publication by the cheapest magazines; the result in the effect on the public is evident.

That Browning, or Shakespeare, or Tennyson, could write a better story for the screen than John Smith, street car conductor, or Tom Brown, cub reporter, and that the public does prefer real art to bunk, is a lesson that was long difficult for the get-rich-quicker producers to learn.

Some quite noted ones haven't learned it yet.

Griffith learned it before he began; those pictures were the first to invite Art to the screen; it was then called "attacking Art;" possibly that was in a measure true; at any rate Griffith shot his arrow at a star, and it hit the shining target.

"Judith" was his last effort with the Biograph, and he quit that concern in 1913 to go with Majestic-Reliance.

Of all the financing he went through, I know nothing; the story is best told by his pictures—the ones he made himself, untrammelled by any control.

How about Paul Armstrong? may be asked; did Griffith keep seeking among the illuminati for his material?

If he did not keep gathering from the
(Continued to page 146)

Common Ground

BURIED in thought, neither hearing the rattle of the L trains nor seeing the queer sights and sounds of the tangled streets, Judge Evans left the dingy building where he presided over the Women's Night Court and strolled aimlessly toward the river. The futility of his work began to impress and oppress him.

A ROMANCE OF THE NIGHT COURT; A "SQUARE" JUDGE AND A PERSECUTED GIRL.

By Jerome Shorey

Produced by the Lasky Feature Play Company

Young and ambitious, he had deliberately turned his back upon many opportunities that promised fame and gain, because he believed that in this sordid work there were great opportunities for helping unfortunates. Had he been able to help them? What could he do to help?

There was the law to be administered—he could not ignore that entirely—and to be too lenient would only place a premium upon vice. To know intimately the conditions with which he was dealing he had gone so far as to come down to this dingy quarter to live, and he began to feel that his sacrifices were in vain. The difficulty was, he mused, that the law had singled out just one of the parties to what it designated a crime against society, and said the other might go free. It was the law that was to blame, and almost nothing could be done so long as the man—

There was a muffled scream. The judge looked about and found himself in a narrow and very dark street, almost deserted. Opposite, he finally discerned in a narrow entrance the figures of two persons, apparently in a struggle. That was nothing out of the ordinary in this quarter, and to interfere without invitation in common street brawls was not merely unwise but dangerous. However, the judge stopped, to wait for developments.

"Let me go!—let me go!"

It was the voice of a girl, and there was no curse in it. Judge Evans ran across the street. He found a slender girl fighting des-

Arriving at the farm, Kitty discovers a kindred spirit, little Bobby, to whom also the Judge is a wonderful hero.



perately against the attempts of a man to drag her through a doorway. Quickly overpowering the man, he demanded an explanation.

"What business is it of yours?" the man snarled.

"I am Judge Evans of the Women's Night Court. I believe you are one of the men who begin much of the trouble that comes to me."

The man tried to wriggle away. "Aw, can't you see—she's nothin' but a—"

"Stop that!" the judge commanded. "You will have to tell your story in court."

By this time a crowd had sprung up from nowhere, and in the course of time a policeman arrived. The judge delivered his prisoner, guaranteed personally the appearance of the girl to prosecute, and turning to the shrinking figure in the doorway led her through the crowd. Curious ones trailed them a few minutes, but soon they were forgotten, and the night life of the twisted streets was resumed as if nothing had happened.

The judge looked down at the wistful figure beside him and clenched his fists. She was still so trembling with fear that she could hardly tell him her address. This was the key to the degradation he saw everywhere—the organized vice ring lying in wait for unprotected victims. He knew of the existence of this ring. It was common knowledge. But to get specifically upon its trail was a different matter. Perhaps he now had found one end of the chain that might lead to the hidden power. He would pursue the matter relentlessly, and if he could find the evidence he was hunting, he would feel that his sacrifices, after all, had not been fruitless.

Meanwhile he interested himself in the girl. There was a quaint daintiness about her, a pitiful little display of love of finery, not for ostentation, it seemed to the judge, but because she had natural instincts that drew her toward the beautiful, so far as her small means and little opportunity would permit. Hers was not the sharp, pert face of the quarter, but

one in which modesty was mingled with a searching quality. She always seemed to be asking whether the person at whom she looked was to be considered a friend. She was apparently satisfied with the answer to her question in the case of the judge, for it was not long before she was entirely at her ease, and was clinging close to his arm while she replied to his questions.

Her name was Kitty Horgan, she had no relatives and few friends, she worked in a factory and made enough money to sup-



port herself in decency, if not an excess of comfort. Further than that there was nothing to tell. The honesty of the girl, her essential cleanness of mind, were manifest to the dullest observer. Yet there was a distinct trace of that primal, fighting instinct which is inevitable with girls who

have been left to struggle alone in a stratum of society where weakness for the briefest moment means submersion. There were sudden flashes in Kitty when she seemed a little like an untamed tigress. You knew instinctively that she would not only defend her own, but that she would not readily relinquish her pursuit of a dear desire.

As Judge Evans studied this fascinating little creature, he could not but contrast her with Doris Mordant—the stately, self-con-

for all the aid Mordant had given him, professionally and politically. For while Mordant was a politician he was of the superior sort—a man whose influence was founded solely in his high integrity; so everyone said. But as he mused over these things, Judge Evans could not help wishing either that Doris had a little of Kitty's spirit, or that Kitty had some of Doris' culture and refinement. Suddenly he asked himself why he should want Kitty to be other than she was, and smiled grimly at himself for a sentimental fool.



Burke, realizing the importance of convicting Kitty, takes part in the informal inquiry.

tained, brilliant, radiantly beautiful Doris, whom he would marry as soon as—well—as soon as things took definite shape in his life. He certainly could not ask the daughter of the highly respectable James Mordant to come and live down here in the slums. That would be poor payment

those aristocratic, college fellows, who wouldn't want to soil their brains by knowing any more than they had to. But I can only use moral suasion. The best thing is to frame up a case on the girl so that she won't have any standing in court."

WITHIN fifteen minutes of the time the judge had rescued Kitty, James Mordant's telephone bell rang.

"This is Burke," a voice said, speaking with rapid intensity. "Your sanctified judge is raising h— down here. He's just nabbed Kelly—our best man—and likely will try to send him over the road. If he does, Kelly will squeal unless we get him out of the fix. You've got to fix your judge."

"What was Kelly doing?" Mordant asked.

"He was *on business*—understand?"

"H'm. Well, you know I've got to keep my hands off Evans. I had him sent down there because I

thought he was one of



The poor girl told her story, while Mordant smiled scornfully and Doris sneered

"All right. But call off your judge as soon as you can, or the boys will all be getting leary."

No time was wasted in "framing" Kitty. At the session of the Night Court the next evening, Judge Evans was dismayed at hearing the name of Kitty Horgan called, as the routine of dismal cases proceeded. The girl was led in, dazed, bewildered. With a cry of relief she saw that the judge was her friend of the preceding night.

"Judge," she cried. "what does it mean? What is it all about?"

"Wait," he said, kindly. "We'll soon find out."

The evidence was brief and positive. Two slimy, ratlike stool pigeons came to the stand and swore away the girl's reputation. They were regular members of the "purity squad," but the judge was not satisfied. He called Kitty to him, and asked for her version of the story.

"There's nothing to tell," she said. "These two men came to my room and told me I had to go to court with them. That's all there is to it, Judge."

Burke, realizing the importance of a conviction, took part in the informal inquiry. He drew attention to the fact that these detectives would have no object in making up the entire story; there must be some truth in it; the girl must be concealing something.

"What's your interest in the case?" the judge demanded.

"Simply that this is my precinct, and I want to see things run straight."

The judge pondered. He did not connect the incident of the preceding night with Kitty's arrest, and he could not doubt her truthfulness. He knew Burke for a ward politician, but of at least a superficially good reputation. Yet there was something wrong here, he felt.

"Miss Horgan," he said at last, "I am satisfied there has been at least a mistake. I believe you. But I am, to a certain extent, powerless. What I propose to do is this: I have a little farm up the river, and I am going to send half a dozen young women up there—we call it probation, but

in your case I want you to think of it just as a holiday in the country. I intend to get at the bottom of certain things that are going on around here, and meanwhile you are to consider yourself my guest for a few weeks."

It was an idea the judge had cherished for some time, to test the purifying influence of life in the country for women of the streets. He disliked the idea of sending Kitty in company with girls of frankly bad reputation, but it was the easiest way to extricate her from the difficulty. Burke sneered and reported to Mordant. Mordant fumed and enlisted the co-operation of his daughter. Doris elevated her eyebrows, and sent for her fiancé.

"Do you realize what it means—practically taking these horrible women into your home?" she asked.

"It means that I am trying to help them to a new start."

"But it is too sensational. People say you are simply looking for notoriety. Father feels very badly disappointed in you, and

I—" she hesitated and lowered her eyes.

"Surely *you* understand. Surely *you* sympathize with the unfortunates of your own sex."

"Unfortunates? You really are too quixotic, Gordon. I think women are less sympathetic in these matters because they understand only too well."

"But Doris—"

"We won't discuss such things, please," and the stately Doris rose. "I can only say that if you insist upon getting your name mixed up in this sort of thing, I must reconsider my promise to take that name as mine."

Evans was surprised to find that the ultimatum left him cold.

"Very well," he replied. "I have felt for a long time that our views on important subjects were diverging. I cannot sacrifice mine to my personal feelings."

"Nor can I sacrifice my personal feelings to your views. But you must know that your career is at stake, as well, Gordon. Do not be impulsive. Think it over carefully. Give up this Night Court work ;

Bobby with precocious wisdom, scents the plot, and he and Kitty demand an explanation from Lou



you are too emotional for it. We won't say goodbye just yet, will we?"

Truth to tell, Doris was surprised and a little humiliated to find that her threat had so little effect. She never permitted her emotions to sway her deeply, but she was too proud to let Gordon Evans thus simply choose between his crazy ideas and herself. She wanted to delay the game until she would be at a tactical advantage, and haughtily dismiss him.

When Mordant received the account of the interview from his daughter he understood at last that he was dealing with a determined man, and that unless steps were taken to disarm Judge Evans permanently, he might chance upon the trail that led to the central power of the vice ring. So he sent for Burke, and together they worked out the scheme, not a new one and not always effective, but too frequently employed to shatter reputations. Burke was to arrange to have, among the girls who were to be sent to Evans' farm, several who would follow instructions, old habitués of the tenderloin, to whom the word of the stool pigeon was the only law they knew. They were to await their opportunity, and when Evans went to visit his farm, as he was sure to do, place him in a compromising position which could be used to oust him from the bench and discredit him in the public eye.

MEANWHILE Kitty had come to look upon the judge as the greatest man in her little world. With all the primitive force of her simple nature, she worshiped him. Twice he had saved her—once from danger and once from disgrace. In him she saw all the qualities of the heroes of the romances she had read. She looked upon herself as a Cinderella and upon him as a fairy prince, and to her unbridled imagination there was no dream of the future too glowing or extravagant. Arriving at the farm she found a kindred spirit—a homeless waif who likewise was a beneficiary of the judge's bounty. His only name was Bobby. To him also the judge was a wonderful hero, and with this in common he and Kitty soon became close friends.

But to the other girls who were sent to the country this was only a different kind of jail. The love of nature and simple life does not come instantly to the denizens

of the night life. It was dull. There was nothing to do, no place to go. Willingly would they have traded their clean beds and wholesome food for the rank fare of the cheap hasheries and their dirty, noisy tenement rooms.

The leader in the spirit of discontent was known to her friends and the police simply as Lou, and it was to Lou that Burke's agents had entrusted the task of compromising the judge. Gordon Evans, to her, represented nothing but the enemy in the eternal strife between the underworld and the law. To disgrace a judge was to win a skirmish in the age-long battle. That another judge would take his place meant nothing to her, and she experienced no difficulty in getting the other girls to see things her way. But little Bobby scented out the plot, with his precocious wisdom, and reported to his friend, Kitty.

"Dere's sumpin' rotten goin' on," he told her. "I dunno jus' what it is, but dey're plantin' sumpin' on de judge."

Together they went to Lou for an explanation.

"Look here, Kid," Lou said to Kitty, "You're kinda stuck on this judge, ain't you?"

"Never mind about that," Kitty replied. "He's been square with me, and I aint goin' to see anything framed up on him."

"Do you happen to know that he's engaged to a swell dame up on the Avenoo—Doris Mordant?"

"How do you know that?"

"Never mind. I know it. If we put over this thing on him, the dame will give him the icy, and then maybe little Kitty will have a show. Get me?"

Love and loyalty strove for mastery in Kitty's heart, and the fierce, primal passion conquered. It was like one of the old romances. The hero would come out victorious, and then—who could tell what might happen? So she sought seclusion in a corner of the big house, and dreamed.

UNSUSPECTINGLY the judge came out to visit his rescue farm and note the progress of the girls toward rehabilitation. The trap was simple and easily sprung—the ancient trick of the concealed camera and flashlight, touched off as Lou, meeting him in the hallway, threw her arms around his neck. Before he could recover

from his surprise the girl with the camera had disappeared through the back door and handed the apparatus with the incriminating negative to Burke's waiting emissary, who rushed it to the city, a toothsome bit for the sensational newspapers. The judge knew he had been tricked, and hurried back to the city; but still he was helpless.

for to take steps to forestall the attack would be regarded as a confession of guilt. Tortured with apprehension, he could do nothing but wait. And with the next morning the revelation came.

His hidden enemy had "got" him. The picture of Lou in his arms was reproduced in three newspapers, with varying comment.

There were demands for a grand jury investigation, for the immediate retirement of the judge, and similar attacks. Before noon the intimation was brought to him that if he would resign the matter would be dropped. Sick at heart, overcome with a sense of his failure, there was no fight left in him. He wrote his resignation, and buried himself in his quarters in the slums. For days he saw no one but the kindly old wife of the janitor, who brought him his meals and stood beside him, insisting that he eat something. His disgrace was common talk in the district, and the faithfulness of the woman alone interested him in life. She believed

in him, even though he did not take the trouble to defend himself.

As for Kitty, he had entirely forgotten her in his own troubles. She hardly stood out from the other girls whom he had sent to the country. His enemy had struck secretly, and he could not guess whom he should suspect.

Not that he consciously believed Kitty had been a party to the plot, but all the good that he had tried to do had turned out so badly that he did not separate any specific cases in his mind. He was soul-sick, dazed, spiritually numbed.

But Kitty had not forgotten her hero. She was a little surprised that her Galahad had not come unscathed through the ordeal. When the word came from the judge's successor that the girls at the farm were free to go where they pleased—their probation ended as the ring swiftly rewarded its allies—she brought little Bobby back to the city and set out with determination to enlist aid for the wronged man. Now her tempestuous love for her friend was secondary to a desire to help him.

She remembered what Lou had said about his engagement to Doris Mordant, and bravely went to tell her rival what she knew. Doris was about to send her away, but Mordant learned of the call and had

(Continued on page 154)



Plays and Players

ABOUT THE PEOPLE OF FILMLAND,
AT THE STUDIO AND IN THE HOME

By Cal York

MARY PICKFORD is to remain with Famous Players, or rather, with the new Lasky-Famous combination. This is quite the most important bit of news that has been created recently, as Miss Pickford has for some time been undecided as to her future course. Her indecision, incidentally, cost her something like \$50,000 as she was idle during the period she was engaged in rejecting offers from various film companies and since the completion of her last Famous Players film, "Hulda from Holland." Of almost equal importance is the fact that John Emerson, one of the chief directors of Fine Arts, is to direct Miss Pickford's next picture, a spectacular seven-reeler by Hector Turnbull, laid in India. It is understood that Mr. Emerson, who has been directing Norma Talmadge, has been engaged but for the single picture. Miss Pickford, it is said upon excellent authority, spurned an offer of \$10,000 a week because she feared for the quality of the photoplays in which she would be starred.

FAMOUS PLAYERS also signed Marguerite Courtot during the past month and will star her. Miss Courtot was last with Gaumont. There seems to be an extraordinary demand for premier young women.

A CAMP-CHANGING screen-queen is as much a mystery as boarding-house hash. For an A No. 1 instance, the celebrated Ma'amselle Normand: recently she went over to Ince, one of Triangle's two serious corners. Ince has flashed out funny as Falstaff, you know, in two or three five-chapter pieces, so when Mabel the Marvelous had fully demonstrated her superior comic resource, nothing

seemed more fitting than she should march under the Ince banner, in a grand division all her own. And they fixed it. And now it has come unfixed. Miss Normand returned from the East, puttered around a bit doing a lot of important nothing, and now it seems that her own company and her superior vehicles will arrive as programmed—under the command of her original leader, Mack Sennett. Her studio will, however, remain separate and apart from the workshop of the Keystoneers; at least a mile away.



Here's a new one of Gertrude McCoy who is now Gaumonting for Mutual. The animal in her arms is a pickle-hound. Pickle-hounds are always known by the sour look.

WHICH probably accounts for the transfer, the inaction and the departure of James Young. With the announcement that Mr. Ince would manage Miss Normand came also the tidings that Mr. Young would direct her. And to that end he transferred himself from Laskyville, where he had been conducting the Misses Sweet and Murray in a series of celluloid concoctions. Days grew into weeks, and weeks into vacations. Miss Normand fretted. Mr. Young, ditto. Mr. Young has returned to Lasky. Miss Normand's director will probably be J. Farrell McDonald, formerly of the Biograph, and more recently of The Woman's Film Company of Los Angeles.

which died of financial appendicitis before a single picture could be completed.

HERE is an item for men only. How many times has Seena Owen, the lovely Dane of Fine Arts, given you palpitation of the heart? Don't let it happen again. She's married. The fellow who acquired palpitation for life is George Walsh, one of William Fox's handsome huskies in the Pacific studios. He is a former Griffith disciple himself. Mr. and

Mrs. Walsh announce that they were really married several months ago, but just thrilled in the possession of a secret.

THE new Ziegfeld Follies, at the New Amsterdam theatre, New York, contains mimic representations of a number of celebrated persons from the classics, including Juliet, Juliet's Nurse, Theda Bara, Romeo, Mary Pickford and Othello.

ORRIN JOHNSON has returned to the sunlit stages. Lubin will next present him. Johnson's last screen appearances were in Triangle's plays.

INFORMATION comes, and from no salaried evangelist, that Pearl White has a pet pig. The Armour family, the Swift family, the Cudahy family—all these once specialized on pigs, and now look at them. Miss White is beginning right, if she does not limit her attentions to a single porker. She is at present using her swine solo in lieu of a claxon for her Stutz car. Who was it said that the Chicago packers utilized all of the pig except his squeal? That's where Pauline Pearl Elaine begins.

THE week of June 19 was assuredly one of death and disaster in moving picture California. The death of Page Peters has already been chronicled. June 20 Don Rayburn, publicity manager for the American studios at Santa Barbara, was killed by a collision of his automobile with a telephone pole. Francis MacDonald, husband of Mae Busch, himself a Universal actor, was injured seriously but not fatally in the collision of a motor and a street car. Nell Shipman, of Vitagraph, was hurt by being caught between a boat and a dock. Hazel Hanson, of the Continental Film Company, was among the survivors of the steamer "Bear," wrecked off the California coast. Four players in an automobile fell into San Pedro harbor through a mechanical miscalculation during the taking of a "hazardous" scene in which the hazard proved quite too genuine. They were cut,

bruised and half drowned before being extricated from their overturned car.

LOLA MAY, whose summit of lince acting appears to have been reached when she played the Queen in "Civilization," has just been awarded damages of \$2,163 for breach of contract. The lince directors claimed that she forfeited her contract by not appearing for work. She claimed that the weather prohibited her reaching the studio.

THIS piece of hymeneal news had to be gotten by deduction, sleuthing, guessing and the divining-rod. Remember Rena Rogers, the blonde bonbon of Universal and Vogue comedies? If you've seen Mrs. Smalley's tragic "Where Are My Children" you'll recall her as the much-wronged ingenue. Well: it was announced that she had married, that Anna Little had acted as bridesmaid, and that Miss Rogers "had married Anna Little's director." As Miss Little, according to her press-agent, is "now appearing in a tensely dramatic role," in a piece written and directed by Frank Borzage, we come finally to the conclusion that Rena Rogers is now Mrs. Borzage.



Marie Doro has a tiny moving picture camera that works just like a business one. The nurse who is being demonstrated to is Blanche Sweet.

OTIS SKINNER will not commence work upon the picturization of "Kismet" until autumn, according to a late report. "Kismet" was to have been the chief summer magnificence of The California Motion Picture Corporation, and in the sunlight of San Rafael the actor was to have perpetuated the fine irony of Hajj, the beggar. A nine-reel scenario had been carefully made from Knoblauch's play upon the deft typewriter of Captain Leslie T. Peacocke.

EVER see "The Mysteries of New York?" Probably you did, but not under that name. This is the Continental cognomen of Pearl White's gentle little domestic drama, "The Exploits of Elaine." The serial has been a success in France and Portugal as well as in England.

WONDER what is the status of those Universal eastern stars who didn't like the order for West Coast mobilization, and who are said to have refused to migrate to Universal City? Among these was Mary Fuller, whose contract expired July 1. Violet Mersereau had a "New York clause" in her contract, and so did William Garwood. Edna Hunter, who played opposite King Baggot, also remained East, joining Vitagraph to support Comedian Barney Bernard. Miss Fuller's contract appears to have been renewed, whatever her residential determination, judging from the present cordial relations between her and her employers.

ANANIAS note: Little Mary Miles Minter is designated by the news dispenser of Mutual as the "sixteen-year-old bundle of beauty and sunshine." Yet we were solemnly assured some months ago that Mary-o'-the-Ems was just fifteen on April first last—that is, on April 1, 1916.

CLOSELY following his announcement as a presidential candidate, comes the word that Edwin August has separated himself from the World payroll. No reason was assigned, as the morgue reporter says, but apparently it was not that the candidate desired to devote all of his time to furthering his candidacy.

BIOGRAPH is realizing regular returns by resurrecting, renovating and releasing many of the early one- and two-reelers in which Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet and other stars appeared in the days when their names were unknown to fame and their salaries easily contained in two figures. Most of the releases were directed by D. W. Griffith, a fact which Biograph is not backward about exploiting.

MARY CHARLESON, whose service in the films dates from the time they referred to leads as "movie queens," has joined Selig and is playing in "The Prince Chap." The Chicago studio was utilized for the picture, and Marshall Neilan directed it.

BIOGRAPH is back in the producing business with some short comedies in which Bert Williams, the ebony star of the Follies, is featured.

HAVING incorporated herself, Clara Kimball Young has insured her life for something like a half-million dollars, according to the Selznick caligraphist. The fact is also heralded that in the event of illness, the star will collect a thousand dollars per week.

OF course you remember "Gus," the wicked black corporal in "The Birth of a Nation."

So remembering, you may be interested in the news that Walter Long has gone to Lasky's to play in a Blanche Sweet production. Long has been a character bad man for Griffith during many years.

AND now it is Margaret Anglin who has deserted the stage for the screen, which she is to invade in a company of her own. Much money has been expended in preliminary advertising.

EUGENE O'BRIEN—the handsome fellow who played the district attorney in "Poor Little Pepina," with Mary Pickford—is now with Essanay in Chicago. His first appearance with that company is to be in a picture with Edna Mayo. Another recent acquisition by Essanay is Antoinette Walker, who is playing opposite Henry Walthall in "The Sting of Victory."

RUMORS persist that John D. Spreckels, San Diego

millionaire, is the new controlling owner of Universal, and film people accept it as a fact. However, Carl Laemmle is still president, and Pat Powers remains treasurer. But the Hub of the Universal is now in the West.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is "scared to death" of an auto. Says so himself and admits that he couldn't be hired to drive one. Early in his career he drove one into a building and since that time he has been perfectly willing to let the chauffeur do it.



The warlike implement of which only the trigger shows would indicate that Helene Rosson is a disciple of preparedness. Also, she was one of the several June brides of the California film colony.

ALAN FORREST, who acquired a large following while playing leads for Universal and Western Lubin, has been engaged by American as Mary Miles Minter's leading man.

LOTTIE PICKFORD is to come back to the blackbordered curtain in a sequel to "The Diamond from the Sky," according to studio whispers. Her last appearance was in that widely seen serial.

GRACE VALENTINE had a narrow escape from being devoured by a shark while swimming at Del Mar, N. J., last month. At least a shark was seen several hundred feet away and the bathers, including the Metro star, hastened shoreward. At least, they thought it was a shark. At least, the press agent said so. At least, some one *had* been bitten by a shark elsewhere on the Jersey coast.

"A FOOL There Was," the Hilliard play which gave to the screen lexicon the maddeningly reiterated word "vampire," is to be revived on the stage. Katherine Kaelred, who has been working exclusively for the camera recently, is to return to her original role, the vampire.

SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE has quit New York for the magnificent distances of the Fine Arts studio, where his "Macbeth" was filmed, to take part in another film play. Chester Withey will be the director and the vehicle is said to be an original one by the titled actor.

FAY TINCHER comes back to the famous black and white color scheme in "Stars and Stripes," her latest Triangle comedy. It may be recorded incidentally that Fine Arts is now turning out two-reel comedies.

EDWARD J. LESAINT, formerly a director with Selig and Universal, has been added to the Lasky staff and his first production will be "The Honorable Friend," with Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese star, in the principal role. Elizabeth Brock McGaffey wrote the photoplay for Hayakawa.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE, who during the winter has been making Keystone comedies quite independently at Fort Lee, N. J., will return to Edendale, capital of Keystone, in a short time. This appears to settle the rumor that Arbuckle and Keystone were saying good-bye. Al St. John will also return to the Pacific side.

ALICE HOLLISTER, with Kalem for six consecutive years, has resigned from that company. Miss Hollister has appeared before Kalem cameras in Egypt, Palestine, England, Scotland, Ireland, France and Germany, usually in heavy rôles.

LEWIS J. SELZNICK, anxious to vicariously serve his government, posted a notice that any employee who enlisted in the New York State Militia would have his job held for him, and would be paid full salary while in the service. Nobody enlisted.



Mabel Trunnelle has been missing from the screen for a long time but this "still" would indicate the early return of the ranking senior among the lady planets of Edison.

SARA ALEXANDER, one of the "spryest," most convincing and most human actresses of elderly women on the screen, began her stage career in the '50s, and is now just beyond her eightieth milestone. She has commenced a book of memoirs.

"DAMAGED GOODS," the Bennett film issued by Mutual, will be withdrawn from view after Sept. 1.

OF course, when carefully analyzed, it's none of our business, but there might be some explanation of Dorothy Kelly's persistence in wearing a brilliant solitaire diamond and a happy smile about

the Vitagraph plant these summer days.

LITTLE HELENE ROSSON, the seventeen-year-old star of the American at Santa Barbara, became a bride during the month of June. Hubby is Ashton Dearholt, who has been playing juvenile leads for the same company during the last year.

VITAGRAPH, Western, also came through with a sure-enough romance during the month of brides. Webster Campbell, the well

known lead, induced Corinne Griffith of the same company to become his wife, but nothing was said about it for several weeks.

PAGE PETERS, one of the best known film actors on the Pacific Coast, was drowned while swimming in the Pacific Ocean at Hermosa Beach, June 21. It is believed that nothing less than heart disease caused his death, as he was a strong swimmer. Mr. Peters was with Lasky and later with Morosco and Pallas, playing heavy leads in many of the Dustin Farnum pictures. He was married. No, he was not a relative of House Peters.

FRANCES NELSON and Mollie King have quit World, the former for Mutual and the latter for Ivan Films: Miss Nelson's first photoplay for Mutual was "The Decoy" in which the brunette emoter was directed by George W. Lederer.

GEORGE ELWELL, Thomas Ince's boy actor whose work in "The Raiders" won much commendation, is now carrying a rifle as a steady job. He enlisted during the war excitement in a California militia regiment that had been called to the border.

MAYBE it was only a make-believe squabble. Anyhow Fannie Ward and her husband, Jack Dean, are back in Hollywood earning their daily angel food at the Lasky studio. It was reported in the New York papers during their stay in that city that they would not return to Lasky, owing to Miss Ward's displeasure with her future pieces.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS nearly lost an eye or two a few weeks ago when an excited mob leader fired a revolver point blank at the actor. The pistol was so close that Mr. Fairbanks' left eye was burned by the powder.

THE Wally Reid-Cleo Ridgley combination seems to have been broken up. Word from Lasky's Hollywood studio has it that Miss Ridgley is to play opposite Lou-Tellegen in his first screen play of the season and that Mr. Reid is to appear with Geraldine Farrar.

AFTER many false alarms, dream interviews and inspired merger stories, one honest-to-goodness combination of motion picture producers has been effected. Famous Players and Jesse L. Lasky company, both of which

have been providing photoplays for the same releasing organization have merged in a twelve and a half million dollar company which is to be known as the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. "The ever-increasing demand for more and better photoplays" is given as the chief reason for the merger. Cecil B. DeMille and Daniel Frohman will continue as the actual producing chiefs in the Hollywood and New York studios, respectively, although it is intimated that the California city will become the center of production of the new concern.

CHARLOTTE WALKER, whose sole appearances on the screen have been under Lasky auspices, is to appear next in an Edison piece, a dramatization of "Pardners," by Rex Beach. It is being made in the East.



A recent photographic study of Page Peters, well known film player who lost his life by drowning near Los Angeles.

WILLIAM FARNUM is through with "scrapping" rôles. At any rate the Fox star has declared that when he resumes work in the east it will be in plays "requiring more finesse and less physical effort." Well, we'll see what we'll see.

DALE FULLER, one of the most agile of the Keystone maidens, is laid up in the hospital for repairs. The extent of the damage is two cracked ribs, incurred in some typical Keystonery. Fritz Schade, who attempted a rescue of another Keystone mermaid in the studio plunge, sustained a broken arm. It's a gay life.

A SORT of club for the extra girls of the studio has been opened at Hollywood, Cal. "Mother" Lule Warrenton, of Universal, was prominent in the promotion of the project.

BESSIE LOVE, the Griffith star, is running Anita King of Lasky's a close race as an official opener of theaters. Miss Love recently placed a Long Beach, Cal., theater in commission.

THE interesting news comes from Paris that Max Linder, the famous French screen comedian, is to become a Keystone. After shrapnel and "big Berthas," custard pies will be easy for Max.

EDISON has made a single reel film play which is to be used in its crusade against impure milk. The name of the lacteal drama is "The Trump Card" and its purpose is to call attention to the danger of using milk in which the animal life has not been stilled.

Polly of the Laughs

KEYSTONE'S "ENGLISH"
COMEDIENNE ISN'T;
SHE'S A DAUGHTER OF
THE AMERICAN DESERT

By Constance
Severance



Witzel Photo

SHE was away and away in East Africa, at Durban, when the Keystone cable offering her a long-term contract came. Distance lent no enchantment to the view—Miss Polly Moran voted for a close-up; and she packed her trunks while the crashing of the cable key still echoed, and sped for Los Angeles on the other side of the world. That was a year ago. Since then pretty much the whole of North America has giggled and galed with laughter at her comedy work as screened under the direction of Mack Sennett. For she is irresistible.

The movie-going public is wont to think of Polly Moran as an Englishwoman, which is wrong. She is an American of the Americans, though almost as much at home in South Africa and Europe as here. Her mother's arms cradled her first on the ovenish brink of Death Valley, that deep basin

of heat that lies like a curse between the Panamints and the Funerals; and there is something of the wideness of the Desert in her eyes, and of the Wastes' inscrutable calm.

Odd then, think you, that comedy and not tragedy should be her photo-forte. Did you know that the greatest fun-makers wear still countenances bewhile?

Delicious is the humor of Polly Moran on stage; dainty and delightsome is her personality off it. Perhaps the drear aridness of her birthplace set a longing in her soul for wealth of flowers: her garden, which with her own hands she tends, enfolds her private life with fragrance. As a side-light on character, one who is privileged to visit her in her California home notes that she is immensely popular with her parents, who live with her.

On the film stage Miss Moran in char-

acter parts is distinctively sleazy, and never lazy. It is her diversion, when leisure hours intervene between sets, to tog out as an extra and work—for the fun of it—with some other Keystone company, much to the satisfaction of the director in charge. She rises every morning at 6:30, breakfasts with her father and mother an hour later, puts in twenty minutes in her motor spinning through the fresh California air to the studio—and is ready for the day's work. Seldom does she get home before 5 or 6 o'clock in the evening; then, if not too tired, she likes to put on a great apron and take shears and go among her flower-beds, clipping blooms for the dinner table. After dinner there are the evening papers

to glance through, perhaps a chapter in some favorite book to read, and not later than 9 o'clock is bedtime.

"Terribly commonplace, isn't it?" Polly Moran smiled, as a knock on her dressing-room door reminded her that a scene was ready; "but I find it not at all humdrum. I love my work before the camera, and of course I hope I may be always under Mr. Sennett's direction."

Miss Polly Moran waved an affectionate hand to the walls of her dressing-room, covered with tokens of love and trophies of her Art from all the world over, and fled gracefully to the waiting stage to transfer more laughs to the celluloid via the clicking camera.

"Ramona" Number One



Though the Clune-made "Ramona" is now filling whole evenings, and long ones at that, it is interesting to recall the Biograph production, astoundingly compressed into a single reel! This picture was released May 23, 1910. Ramona was played by Mary Pickford, Alessandro by Henry Walthall, Felipe by Francis Grandin, Senora Moreno by Kate Bruce, and Father Salvierderra by W. Chrystie Miller. Above are Miss Pickford and Mr. Walthall, in their characterizations. This photoplay, taken in California, was directed by a man who made a number of pleasing little pictures about that time. If we remember correctly, his name was D. W. Griffith.

THE DIPLOMATIC NOTE SITUATION

All Neutral Citizens Should Wear Bullet-Proof Trousers.



Office of Secretary of State.
To His Majesty, the King of Bologna:
If you don't stop shooting my citizens I'll get
sore and break the glass on your wrist watch.
Sec. of State.



Royal Palace, King of Bologna.
Dear Sec:
Your note received. You cannot break the
glass on my wrist watch because I don't wear a
King of Bologna.

DEADBURY, MAINE

Great fire in Dopem and Choken's drug store causing a loss of \$3.70 worth of merchandise and the night watchman's whiskers.

Chief T. M. Drousy, of the Deadbury fire department, whose heroic work in keeping the fire going till the rest of the department woke up, saved the day.

A mass meeting of the citizens was held later to take up a subscription for six yards of hose and an alarm clock for the chief.



IN constructing the novel "The Glory Road" William Francis Sullivan has invaded the mystic precincts of the moving picture studios and literally picked out and picked up and carried away chunks and bits of life as it is lived behind the screen. These he has put into Art's melting pot, and out of the brew has come the One Great Story of the photoplay, how it is made, and the people who make it.

The fact alone that it is next to impossible for an outsider to gain visiting admittance to any moving picture studio wraps the space behind the screen in a mystery which tantalizes and lures. It is a new art, prosecuted with new tools, producing examples of experimental worth, and embracing the whole world in its patronage. The magnitude and universality of its appeal—to every class in all lands—is a new thing in the annals of society.

It is natural then that there should be abroad a curiosity amounting almost to a longing, on the part of frequenters of moving picture theatres, to penetrate behind the screen into that Cameraland where the pictures are made. In "The Glory Road" Mr. Sullivan opens the studio door and passes you in. It must be borne in mind, however, that the characters in the story are purely fictitious. Appended is a brief *résumé* of the chapters which have preceded this installment.

The Graphic Company's film work in the Hudson's Bay country, near the post of which June Magregor's father is the factor, and which furnished the plot for "Star of the North," is finished, and Tom Briscoe, the Graphic's director-general, keeps his promise and brings June as a trial member of the company out into the great world which she never has glimpsed. She is a girl to be loved, a pure snowflower of the North, the promised wife of Paul Temple, Graphic star. Paul is thirty; a lean, athletic, keen-faced, sensitive man who has lived in the world and knows life. His devotion to June is absolute. They have yielded consent to Briscoe's insistence that they put off their marriage day until he has tested June out and proved her a success or a failure as a screen actress. He predicts her success. Briscoe is the type of man who radiates electricity and issues orders like the blows of a pile-driver. Briscoe takes the company to California for the staging of a play of the days when that state was a Spanish colony. The "location" is a little island off the coast.

The story opens with Briscoe directing a scene of the play, an attack upon the island settlement by pirates from the Spanish Main. The leader of the defense is Romualdo Stark—a perfect type of the romantic hero. His blood is mixed Spanish and New England, his grandfather having crossed the continent to California in the days of *hidalgo* and married a cultured *senorita*.

Just before Briscoe's "Ready! Camera! Go!" in the "shooting" of the pirate scene, there steps into the story Terrence MacDonnell, "press agent and liar extraordinary to the Graphic." It is his habit to wear a cap on the far back of his head and smoke incessantly a calabash pipe. In the battle between the pirates and the men of the island settlement, June plays the part of maid to a *senora*. It is her business, as the women and children flee to the hills behind the protection of their fighting men, to fall as though shot, and let drop from her hand a love note appertaining to her mistress. She "does the fall" perfectly—but twists her ankle, and cannot rise. The scene taken, Briscoe and Paul hurry to her. Unable to walk, she is

carried to a great house of gloomy and pretentious grandeur, secluded in a canyon of the island, near by. There they are reluctantly admitted by Mrs. Spence, the house-keeper; a matronly, strange, gray woman who seems obsessed by a great fear of letting any stranger upon the premises.

June is made comfortable in the big living-room, an apartment furnished with priceless treasures from far lands. Paul is forced to leave June to take the boat for the mainland; he has an appointment to keep that evening with the president of the Graphic. June is to follow on the next day's boat. This brief separation is made harder for the lovers because in three days Paul is to depart for the Mexican border to direct the making of a picture play.

In the midst of a terrific rain storm, which comes up suddenly, Holt, the owner of the great house in the canyon, arrives home. He surprises June reclining on a couch before an open fire. A man of thirty-six, there is about him an air of world-weariness. As a truck driver he had dreamed of wealth and luxury and the culture that moneyed leisure can grasp. By the force of a dominant will he had wrenched all these things from the world—and he stood before June now, the man he had made himself; blunt, cultured, cynical, a perfect host; a self-carved man who had polished himself while he made himself.

The storm continues the next day, and there is no boat. Holt, playing host with a touch of delicate charm, falls in love with June. "Yes, you're right, I'm not married," he says. "I have yet to meet a woman friendly enough."

"How interesting," June replies lightly. "Especially to the women if they could only know in advance whether you were going to love or hate them."

"Well, as to that," Holt retorts quietly, "I can tell you in advance that I'm going to love you. Your knowing now will save any misunderstanding later."

Standing before the open fire, his hands in his pockets, he looks at June long, intently. Finally he says: "You're in love with someone else. I might have known it."

June tells him Yes, she is engaged to be married. Holt replies that he will make her love *him*. And he leaves her with the words: "I just thought I'd tell you this—when I want a thing I *get it*. Good night." Then he quits the room.

June returns to the mainland. Paul meets her at the wharf and takes her for a spin in one of the Graphic Company's cars. She decides not to tell him of Holt's declaration of love—because she herself does not intend to take it seriously, and does not wish to make trouble between the two men. June, Elsie Tanner, and Elsie's younger sister, Elaine, together occupy a bungalow in Hollywood. The three go to the Graphic studio, where all are employed. There they witness a set-to between Briscoe and Marcia Trent (the company's leading lady) in which Briscoe forces Miss Trent to play a part the way he wants it played, and she, finally yielding in tears, swears retaliation. Briscoe biings Holt into the studio—and June discovers that he is the principal owner of the Graphic Company! Work over for the day, June starts home; it is raining, and Holt, about to enter his motor car, politely compels her to get into it, and instead of driving her directly home takes her on a long roundabout drive.

PRECEDING
CHAPTERS OF
The
Glory Road

FOR the first time in the brief annals of Moving Pictures a real writer of stories has written a real story of the real life and passions and successes and hopes and failures and uglinesses and tendernesses and brutalities and gentlenesses and meannesses and great-hearted generousities of the photoplay capital of the world—Southern California. You will miss much if you miss reading this serial story. The opposite page will give you the run of the story up to the point where it is resumed on this page.

The Glory Road

By Francis William Sullivan

Author of "Star of the North," "Alloy of Gold," "Children of Banishment," etc.

FIVE minutes after the dramatic scene which had marked Briscoe's victory over Marcia Trent and her threat of an appeal to Holt, the open-air stage of the Graphic studio lay silent and almost deserted under the glittering night sky. With his parting order to be on hand for work next morning the director had disappeared, leaving a memory of belligerence, and June, weary and dejected, had gone to her dressing room. The yawning "grips," calloused by many rows, at once commenced covering the "set" for the night and reckoning their "over time."

Marcia, left alone, became acutely conscious of the cold night air on her bare shoulders—she was in evening costume—and turned to take her cloak from the chair where she had thrown it. In lieu of the maid usually in attendance with powder puff, make-up box and wraps (this was her night out) she found Tim Barr, the camera man, waiting with the garment in his hands.

"You certainly handed it to him then, the big bullhead!" he said, with downright desertion of his chief.

"Well, he'll get more than that!" she spat with a wicked flash of the eyes. "I never was so outraged, so insulted, in my life! The idea of his *daring* to treat me like this!"

"Seems to think he's a damned king!" They started walking along the electric-

Illustrated by R. VAN BUREN lighted path toward the entrance.

Barr was a not unusual type in the profession. Timothy Barenstein was his name, and he had been born of immigrants in a tenement on Tenth Avenue, New York. After completing the compulsory public schooling he had begun his career by licking stamps and maddening actors in a theatrical manager's office. But not for long.

A well defined "hunch" put him into the pictures, and he entered the business in New Jersey as an assistant camera man and factotum at twelve dollars a week. In time he achieved artillery of his own, and soon, under the impulse of his racial artistic instinct, developed lighting and trick effects that soon raised him above his rivals. Now, at twenty-two years of age, he was head camera man of the Western Graphics at a salary of three hundred dollars a week, and had been assigned to film Briscoe's work.

He had a long, narrow skull, sloping forehead, and very curly black hair. His skin was dark, and he had the thick lips and heavy nose of his type. A long cigar forever protruded from his mouth in defiance of all studio rules, and it was a current remark that he still had the first dollar he ever earned, and all the rest of them.

His present solicitude for Marcia Trent was but part of a pre-determined course of

life, *for he intended to marry her.* The world and the girl herself were both unacquainted as yet with this future honor, but even had Barenstein heard their derisive laughter, he would have continued steadfast with the same bland smile and unchanged purpose. His ultimate ambition lay in the manufacturing end of the film industry, and marriage to Marcia, he knew, would open up double his present opportunities.

So, under his clever handling, the girl was unconsciously growing to find him necessary to her life. He was always on hand when wanted, never irritating, tireless in attention, and subtly flattering during her moods of anger, jealousy, grief and despair. It was characteristic of their relationship that she forgot ever to confide her joys or pleasures to him.

Marcia's car was parked in front of the studio, and Tim at once busied himself installing her. She was an expert driver, and a minute later was under way, her motor snarling like her own soul. After she had gone she remembered that she had neglected to thank Barr for his attentions, but in a moment she dismissed the thought.

"Oh, he won't mind," she told herself. "That dog-like, faithful kind never do."

But Tim was not oblivious of her treatment. He shrugged as the grime of her departure showered upon him.

"After all, what difference does it make?" he thought. "I'll get her anyway in the end."

MMARCIA TRENT occupied a rented bungalow, and lived alone except for a colored servant and her maid. She had been born and brought up in Minneapolis where her father was a locomotive engineer, and her parents still lived there, basking in the effulgence of their daughter's glory, and too dazzled on the rare occasions when they saw her to do anything but worship. A chorus girl with a show stranded at Winnipeg when the war broke out, she had come south to Los Angeles on the chance of getting into the pictures, and had succeeded.

She drove out Hollywood Boulevard to La Brea Avenue, and thence north towards the foothills to a sparsely settled section. The bungalow sat by itself in a large piece of ground carefully laid out in lawn and flower beds, and plentifully studded with

fruit trees, and now Marcia noted that it was brightly lighted.

Turning up the concrete driveway, she ran the car into the garage and then entered the house through the kitchen door. The housekeeper, a decent, middle-aged negro, sat motionless in a kitchen chair in an attitude of complete dejection.

"Everything's done ruined, Missy," she announced, tragically.

"Well, I can't help it. You don't suppose I came home this late because I like it, do you?"

The other sighed heavily in reply, but said nothing, and Marcia passed through the swinging doors of the butler's pantry and into the dining room where the table was set for dinner, glittered and sparkled under the light from the colored glass dome above it. As she did so Stephen Holt appeared, walking toward her from the living room in the front of the house. He looked annoyed and held a half-finished cigarette between his fingers.

"Well," he said, not quite with good temper, "I had given you up and was going down town for something to eat when I heard your motor. I come here so seldom it's too bad this had to happen."

"Well, you don't suppose I'm to blame, do you?" the girl snapped crossly. "Tell Emma to bring in the dinner while I'm getting off this make-up." She passed on into the adjoining bedroom without pausing.

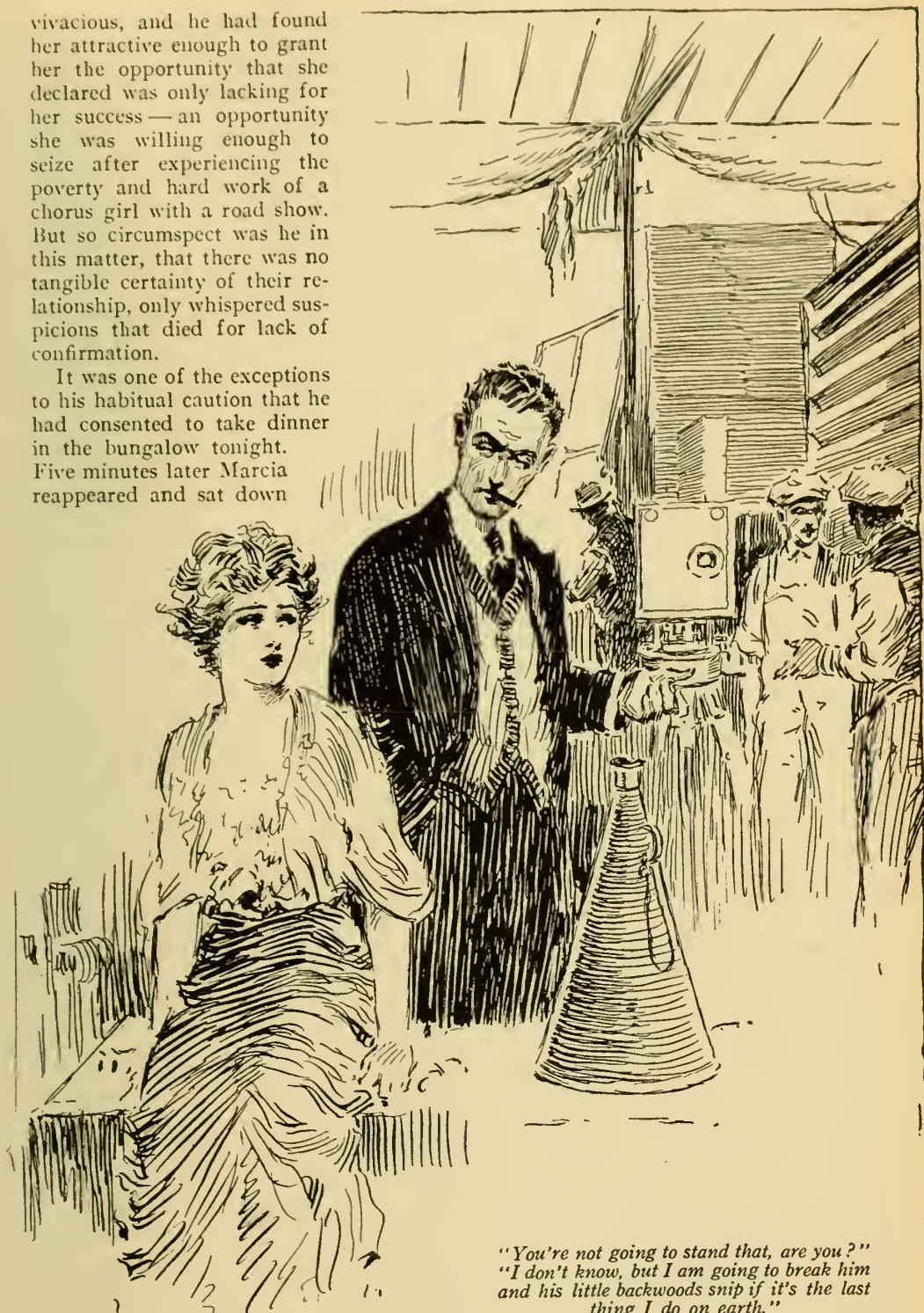
Holt rang the bell and sent the order. Then he continued to pace up and down.

The bungalow was of the better class, and was well furnished, though in a costly manner rather than with taste or individuality. The silver and linen were good, and the furniture of new mahogany and deeply upholstered. Rugs covered the polished floors, and there were excellent photographs of California mountain and valley scenes on the walls. Gas heaters fixed beneath registers in each room furnished warmth in cold weather.

Marcia Trent's rise to her present position of importance in her profession had only been rapid within a year, a period which also measured Holt's connection with the Western Graphic Company. He had found Marcia an ordinary member of the stock company playing small parts, but with no more talent, perhaps, than any of the half dozen other young girls in similar circumstances. But she was pretty, and

vivacious, and he had found her attractive enough to grant her the opportunity that she declared was only lacking for her success — an opportunity she was willing enough to seize after experiencing the poverty and hard work of a chorus girl with a road show. But so circumspect was he in this matter, that there was no tangible certainty of their relationship, only whispered suspicions that died for lack of confirmation.

It was one of the exceptions to his habitual caution that he had consented to take dinner in the bungalow tonight. Five minutes later Marcia reappeared and sat down



"You're not going to stand that, are you?"
 "I don't know, but I am going to break him
 and his little backwoods snip if it's the last
 thing I do on earth."

P. Van Buren - 7/1/16

with her guest to the oysters Emma had brought in. She looked pale, and her pretty young face was ravaged by the excess of her recent emotions.

"I'm so tired and hungry I *can't* eat now," she complained. But she tried, nevertheless.

"What was the matter?" Holt inquired, still testily.

"I phoned the studio about seven and the girl said that Briscoe was keeping you, but he shouldn't have kept you this long."

"A lot was the matter," the girl cried angrily, not attempting to answer his question, "and I'll tell you this, Steve: that man has treated me this way for the last time!" Her dormant anger suddenly flamed up again, and her voice rose. "He wanted me to do a thing a certain way and I said I wouldn't, and he made me stay until I did!"

A faint pucker of amusement showed at the corners of Holt's eyes.

"Tell me about it."

She did so, pausing occasionally to eat.

"And I told him," she concluded passionately, "that I'd see whether he could treat me like that; that I'd take this thing straight to you and have a showdown on it right now! If he thinks he can make a show of me before everybody in that studio he's very much mistaken, and I want you to tell him so!"

Holt slowly laid down his fork, his amusement still faintly visible.

"Marcia, you're a fool," he said, amiably. "I shan't tell him anything of the kind."

"What!"

"No. You've got this thing wrong. I let you bully those other directors as long as you could get away with it without injuring your pictures. But if one of them had put his back up and fought you, I'd have stood behind *him*. The director's the boss, and you're not. Briscoe is the biggest director we've got, and for me or anyone else to take sides with you against him would be perfectly ridiculous. This time you've gone too far, and you'll have to back down."

The girl looked at him almost incredulously. Her red-gold hair was dishevelled, and she absently pushed back loose strands that hung in front of her eyes.

"Do you mean that?" she demanded with tense fury. "Do you mean you're go-

ing to let that man get away with his schoolroom stuff with *me*?"

"Yes, I do." He was quite undisturbed now. "You're in the wrong and *I'm not going to stand back of you*. If you had done what he told you in the first place, there wouldn't have been this trouble."

"Oh, you—you—" she began helplessly, and then she burst into tears. "I'll cancel my contract! I'll never go to the studio again! I won't finish that picture!"

He shrugged indulgently.

"Forget it now," he said. "You're tired and nervous and don't know what you're doing."

"*I do* know what I'm doing, and *you're a brute, and I hate you!*" she wailed.

He said nothing. There were times, with Marcia, he had come to know, when any influence, human or divine, was quite useless. The storm had to rage itself out. He could recall occasions when she had quit the company cold as many as three times in one hour. And present indications pointed to a new record.

"Ring the bell," he suggested, quietly. "I'm starving, and we'll both feel better when we get something to eat."

AT nine o'clock the next morning when the "Woman to Woman" company assembled, Marcia Trent was among those present with make-up on and ready to work. Her face was smooth, and gave no indication of the trouble of the night before.

Briscoe included her in his general salutation and apparently did not think of her again. He did, however, wonder whether she had taken her troubles to Holt as she had threatened, or if that was still to come; but he was content to wait until the sky fell before prophesying rain.

But Tim Barr, from long study of his idol's moods, reached the conclusion that something drastic had occurred. It was mid-morning, however, before he found an opportunity to speak with her.

"Well, did you take it up with Mr. Holt?" he asked, as he arranged a diffuser overhead to shade the chair in which she sat.

"Yes." At the first words her eyes had snapped, so near to the surface was her anger.

"What did he say?"

"Said he wouldn't stand behind me, and

that I'd have to back down for that—devil!" A flash towards Briscoe.

Barr whistled softly, conveying infinite sympathy and comprehension. "You're not going to stand that, are you?"

"I don't know, but I'm going to break him and his little backwoods snip, if it's the last thing I do on earth!"

"Good for you!"

"It'll take time, and it'll take care."

"How?"

"I don't know—yet. I'm thinking."

"Go to it!" he encouraged heartily.

Then as Briscoe, rapidly thumbing his typewritten script, looked about for him, "So long," he said, and hurried away.

CHAPTER IX

THERE had been a time in the North when June Magregor had found life bewildering. That had been when she first encountered experience and love, and the inevitable processes of sophistication had left her at a loss. Now, months later, she was not so much bewildered as perplexed, for somehow life did not seem to be keeping faith with her.

It had been beautifully simple in the timbered living room of Fort McLeod to agree with her father and Tom Briscoe that she should enter the Graphic forces and become a success. It had been even more glorious to feel Paul Temple's arms about her, and to dream blissfully of their unshadowed union. But experience was, as usual, tarnishing belief.

Externally, her life in Los Angeles had proven all she had anticipated; its beauty was beyond her imagination: Italian skies, white, embowered villas, flooding sunlight, and a kind of green immortality of Nature tinted by the rainbow brush of a Master.

Externally, too, she had found the studio life a delight. It rippled on like a brook to the tune of its own merry chatter. Its gaiety and laughter were infectious; these happy-go-lucky folk seemed to dance through the days like butterflies in the sun, with no other aim than the expression of their own vivid life. They lent touches of pageantry to the streets by day, and pitched the note of pleasure in downtown resorts at night.

It seemed to June for a little, as if she had entered a kind of earthly Paradise.

But not for long. She was gradually learning as spring advanced that, beneath the colorful, gay surface, as beneath the surface of a crisping, opalescent sea, there were dark and hidden things, for actuality is the rainstorm on the clear film of illusion.

She commenced to discover, for instance, the normal attitude of jealousy, suspicion and envy among those in the studio who had greeted her on arrival with the most gushing affection. She became acquainted, also, after several rebuffs from the exalted, with the sharply drawn lines of caste which divided managers, actors, camera men, and helpers; a feature which had been practically non-existent among the Graphics in the North, owing to the inevitable democracy forced upon them by the primitive life. But here, as always in civilization, the paycheck determined the aristocracy.

It was to be expected that Marcia Trent would be meticulous in all these observances, and she was. Still, June felt that there was more than pride of rank in her enmity. Apparently she had convinced herself that June had come to supersede her, and she was prepared to fight. A product of favoritism herself, she knew the system, and its axiom that, once the sun has begun to set, the night must come. The only hope is to consult the case of Joshua vs. the Luminary, and to take a leaf from his book if possible.

BUT when June thought deeply, it seemed to her that something else stood between them, a mysterious and intangible element that always suggested to her her first encounter with Marcia after the island episode and the other's insinuations as to her stay there.

This "something else" she associated, too, with certain incidents in the life about her; men laughing uproariously in a corner of the stage but lowering their voices when women approached; narrative girls told of experiences with extra men on "location;" questionable stories told in dressing-rooms over cigarettes.

Why she joined the thought of these things with the thought of Marcia she could not have explained, but she did. And remembering Paul's words of the night he left regarding the "taint that can get us before we know it," she commenced to wonder if this was what he meant.

THESE things were the chief currents in her new life that exerted pressure upon her. But there was one other which had gradually become stronger than any, and this was the influence of Stephen Holt. It had grown steadily but imperceptibly, for Holt was clever and June was sincere and unsuspecting.

She liked Holt. He offered in Paul's absence a mental stimulation and refreshment she found nowhere else and which she needed. Briscoe could have furnished it, but it was not in his nature to do so. He lived in his work and for it, and even June was to him but another and better instrument with which to carve the future.

June was not without other admirers. She attracted youths from the Graphic and neighboring studios, youths handsome, or fast, or ignorant, or presuming, as the case might be, but who merely accented by contrast the pleasantness of Holt's society.

Binding together at one point all these variant issues in her life, as the pin binds the sticks of a fan, was June's engagement to Paul Temple. The shuttle of the mails continually wove to strengthen their love in absence, and they wrote when they could.

Paul, himself, weighted down with the supervision of the Mexican picture in which he was starring, managed to send a letter several times a week, and these had their own place in June's emotional life. They brought into it that same powerful undercurrent of passion and emotion which, from their first meeting in the North he had conveyed to her. And there was, too, the lover's delightful playfulness, the veal tendency showing through the dominant leonine strain.

June's own letters were tender, naive, and amusing. With straightforward honesty, she mentioned Holt when events justified it—when, for instance, he had given the company a treat or made his hand felt in studio affairs.

In a business way Paul naturally knew of Holt, had known of him for the past year, since the latter acquired an interest in the Graphic company. The two men had met once, and Paul had liked the other, but actually he knew very little about him, and had heard little.

The thought that this man with his wealth and position could be any less scrupulous in matters of honor than he himself, did

not occur to Paul, for with all his experience of life, he still possessed a certain constant flame of faith and belief in humanity; just such faith as had won him June from among the black uncertainties of their earlier trials.

For his part, Holt thought little of Paul and cared less. June, fresh and different from the women he knew, had roused his predatory instincts, and with thoroughly characteristic selfishness he indulged them.

That unwilling motor ride with him to Pasadena had been but the first of other hours for her under his influence. She was seldom with him alone, for he was too clever to make his attentions pointed. Their intercourse progressed under the protection of numbers.

One time it would be a supper party at Levy's after the private showing of some film in the company projection room, and would include, perhaps, Briscoe, Elsie Tanner, Stark, Marcia Trent and others; for Holt ignored caste at such affairs; the effect upon his guests amused him, and besides he considered usages in general as designed to shatter.

Another time he would unexpectedly appear at luncheon when the company was on "location," driving up in his roadster with a great hamper of what he called "caterer's chuck" beside his feet. On such occasions he divided his attentions impartially, but always managed to have a chat alone with June.

It was only rarely he ever suggested to her an expedition *a deux*, and then usually on some Sunday afternoon of idleness, when the lure of the wonderful California outdoors was like a call in her blood, and she with Elsie and Elaine sat disconsolately beneath the palm tree on their lawn, pondering the advisability of purchasing a motor car "on time." He encountered no resistance then, except June's reluctance to leave her companions.

But her conscience on this score was soothed when, returning home on two occasions, she found Tom Briscoe in the house, and learned that the sisters had just come back from a spin with him to the mountains.

It was after such expeditions alone that Holt commenced to occupy (she did not realize it) a larger and larger place in her thoughts. Their bouts of wit, his varying moods, evil as well as good, and his unfaith-

"It's easy enough to see why they sent you off to the mountains, you poor darling. It was just to get you out of the way so as to give her a chance. And they say Holt's rushing her to beat the band, too!"



Thus he won her trust and her interest, and lulled the dogs of watchfulness to sleep.

CHAPTER X

ing taste in all things, were a constant refreshment which she grew to look forward to.

Not since their first meeting in the studio had he made any reference to his audacious threat of the island, and then it had been only a hint. Now he did not even hint. Unconventional and startling he sometimes still was, but impersonally; his attitude was one of robust friendliness.

ONE evening the little gray bungalow on Rose Terrace, all prinked and shining, was the scene of riotous festivity. It had all come about through the discovery among certain choice souls of a mutual affinity for cheese. Elsie Tanner was reputed capable of a Welsh rarebit as smooth as cream, and without a sinew in its whole

guileless system, and the elect had gathered like flies to the honey pot—the “poison squad” as Romualdo Stark described them.

He was present, strumming on a ukelele Elaine had recently acquired with fifteen free lessons, as the result of a wild yearning to imitate the girls she had been seen playing along the streets on their way to and from school. Terrence MacDonnell was there, khaki-clad, and sucking an extinct pipe, and Tom Briscoe, his armor of reserve pierced utterly, the keenest cheesehound of them all.

Briscoe had a dark secret in both his past and present; he was a cook. Just as certain other great men read detective stories by way of relaxation, so he cooked. He was a gourmet rather than a gourmand, and he corresponded regularly with queer persons in all parts of the country, men of his own gustatory enthusiasm, with whom he exchanged recipes or described recent achievements.

Elsie had somehow heard of this hobby, and now was nervous and a little pale before her ordeal. The thought of that first terrific moment of judgment after the initial forkful unnerved her.

While Stark, his handsome head uplifted, warbled (rather too significantly, Elsie thought) “Wal, this is the end of a perfect day,” Elaine watched him in silent adoration. She looked exquisitely fresh and girlish in a short pink dress with a little oval of low neck edged with lace where the ends of her cylindrical brown curls rested caressingly, and her cheeks were glowing with color.

June, her eyes like stars and the banner of her dancing-blood in either cheek, was radiant in blue silk with white piping on waist and skirt. She was devotedly trying to relieve Elsie of all necessity to entertain, and was thus throwing the other back mercilessly upon her gloomy forebodings.

The talk, of course, was of “shop.”

“I wonder if Graphic is going to merge?” inquired Stark, tinkling to a stop. “Everybody’s doing it, and Stannard’s office is full of the lean and hungry every day.”

“Nothing in it,” stated Briscoe, with a touch of authority.

“Good-bye, old Graphic!” declared MacDonnell. “When the high and mighty deny the hardest, the ink is already drying on the contracts.”

“Considerable fire out at Stellar, wasn’t it?” Elsie interjected convulsively from the dining room, determined at all costs to maintain her reputation as hostess.

“Yes,” Terrence told her, soberly, “that’s the only way Quincy, the publicity man out there, can get the Stellar name into the papers; has to set fire to the plant.”

“Gee! Is that right!” Elaine was regarding him with big round eyes and pursed lips. “I shouldn’t think they’d allow that, it’s so dangerous with all that film around.”

“Oh, don’t flatter him that way, infant!” Stark, strangling the ukelele with one hand, seized her arm with the other. “Come over here on the sofa and tell me why I never noticed you were so pretty before.”

“Tell him it’s because he was so stupid,” said June, who was already on the sofa. She, too, had noticed Elaine’s sudden recent ripening, like the unfolding of a flower in the sun.

“Oh, gosh!” breathed the girl in awe, quite scarlet and speechless.

“How did that last batch of scenario geniuses from the East make out?” This was MacDonnell again.

“Pretty well,” said Briscoe. “Three lasted a week, one two weeks, and the last one’s going tomorrow. But they aren’t to blame. Nobody in this business knows what they want except the Wilcox people, and their studios are abattoirs.”

Elsie appeared in the doorway, calm but resolute.

“Come on, folks,” she cried, gaily. “We’re all ready.”

OWING to a politely ignored but mysterious shortage of chairs in the living room, most of the company had been standing, but this phenomenon was explained away when the articles were discovered about the dining room table. It was apparent that, in furnishing the house, the landlord had not bargained on his tenants possessing the social instincts.

All seated themselves, June and Elsie at the ends of the table, and the others two on a side. Briscoe had just lowered his bulk, and was beginning to survey the arrangements with a critical eye, when there came an ominous *crack!* and his support sagged under him. His astonished bark joined Elsie’s startled scream.

“Oh, I made a mistake!” she cried. Then, with sudden grimness: “Elaine, *did*

ou change those chairs? . . . Oh, on't bother trying to fix it, Tom. It will ave to be glued."

A thousand suggestions were offered with the net result that presently Briscoe was safe, and Elaine was penitently teetering in the wreck.

Then the work of art proceeded.

"Cheese looks good," approved the director, inspecting the dish heaped with gold. "Not oily, and not too rich. Cut just the right size, too, though some like it grated. A little too much water in your hating-dish pan though, Elsie; ought to ust cover the bottom."

"Oh, don't watch me! Butt into the onversation."

But expectation was drying the wells of thought on all sides as the supreme moment approached.

"Now the egg!" pealed Briscoe, as it rived.

"Terrence, get the beer, Romey, pour the egg," ordered Elsie, like a general disposing his forces, and began to stir faster.

MacDonnell departed, and Stark stood up holding the saucer.

"Now!" Briscoe took command of the situation. "Hold it higher, *higher*. Oh, not all at once! Pour it slowly, thin, so it will blend." He half rose from his chair. "That's it, now you've got it! Fine!"

MacDonnell appeared in the doorway, his arms full of beer bottles.

"Camera!" he bawled, completing Briscoe's directorial efforts, and everybody roared.

In the midst of the tumult there came a loud ring of the door bell and the merriment suddenly fell. The next moment the door was heard to open and close, and this was followed by resolute steps in the living room. An instant later Stephen Holt appeared grinning in the doorway, his sandy hair looking as if he had just got out of bed.

"Ha! Caught in the act!" he jeered. "Thought you could pull this off without me, did you?"

"Well, I'd like to know who told you!" laughed Elsie.

"The mustard bird, a creature which perches on the back of the cheese-hound while it roves the forests in search of its prey."

"Sit here," said June, commencing to move her things over, and indicating the

space beside her. "Boys, drag in the Morris chair."

"Elaine," directed Elsie, "give Mr. Holt your glass."

"Don't you dare, Elaine! June's will do very nicely for us both. Two mouths that sip as one, and all that rot."

June laughed. "Oh, this is thrilling! But will you be content with water? This glass has pledged its young life to Prohibition."

"Good heavens, woman, do you want to kill me? I spurn your old glass! I'll throw these roses out and use this vase! It looks like a regular Pilsener hod."

"Only over my dead body," challenged June. "Some unknown admirer sent me those few poor posies yesterday, and they stay right there."

"Elaine," commanded Elsie, like the mother of a wrangling brood, "do as I said in the first place. Give Mr. Holt your glass and use a cup."

The child obeyed with almost tearful resentment. It was hard to have one's youth and juniority thus continually exposed while *he* was present.

PEACE was restored, and Elsie commenced to serve the bubbling subject of so much prayerful solicitude. Briscoe closed his eyes over the first mouthful.

"Holt, you pretty near ruined it," he reproached, a moment later, "but it's a dream; most gorgeous thing I ever threw a lip over. Elsie, you're a wonder." He beamed upon her with an expression of just having realized for the first time exactly who they had with them.

For a while conversation languished. Then as Elsie started making the second round it revived. Holt and June kept up a running fire, criticising each other's manners and chiding each other liberally, with a freedom from constraint and an evident enjoyment that revealed the intimacy of their relationship.

"I say," cried Holt, presently, to the table at large, "this crowd must get together sometime at the 'Ship' in Venice."

"Oh, let's!" cried June, as the proposal was greeted with cheers.

A moment later Holt slapped his knee as if he had suddenly thought of something, and seized June's hand.

"Come in here a minute," he cried, getting up. "I've got a secret to tell you."



"I was more or less fooling then, because it amused me, going to love me, I tell you! What chance have you had



but I'm not fooling now! You know it! And you are to love? None! But you are going to have one now."

He pulled her to her feet and, laughing, they ran into the living room, hand in hand like two children. He could be heard growling for a moment and then they were back again, giggling.

"Well, spill it, spill it!" commanded MacDonnell.

"Then why is a secret, please?" asked June.

"To spread information in the shortest possible time," said Elsie.

So the evening passed. . . .

When the company had at last gone, and Elaine had dropped into bed, Elsie and June took off their dresses and washed the dishes.

"Oh, wasn't it lovely!" cried the latter, her eyes still glowing. "Everyone is so jolly and good and friendly. Isn't it wonderful just to be alive!"

"Yes," replied Elsie, non-committally, and took a fresh towel. Then after a ruminative pause: "Everybody is all those things as long as they get what they want in this world, especially men. And the bigger the men, the more they want, and the more determined they are to get it."

"Rave on, Mrs. Pankhurst."

"And so far as I can learn," continued Elsie, unmoved, "Holt's no better than the rest of 'em."

"Oh!"

"Yes. You and he are pretty good friends. Everybody can see that. And of course you're engaged to Paul Temple." She set away a stack of plates. "It's your business entirely, pet, but I just thought I'd tell you."

June laughed happily.

"Foolish girl," she said. "You're a dear, but don't you worry for a minute. I never forget."

THE thing of note about the law of perspective is that the object diminishes in ratio with the distance it is removed. What is nearest looms the largest, regardless of its real value. One cannot change this law.

There is a perspective of the emotions as of Nature, and it is equally immutable. Stephen Holt was the nearest object to June's inner eye, and it was inevitable that he should gradually assume dimensions of importance.

The Welsh rarebit party in the bungalow seemed to mark a stage in the development

of their relations. After it in fairly rapid succession, came two or three gatherings of the same congenial crowd, once at "The Ship," as Holt's guests, and once in Brocoe's bachelor apartment, where he did the honors himself.

It was not, however, until one warm afternoon in late April that June glimpsed for a moment how far they had drifted.

Chance threw them together alone. June had been working at the "ranch" all day when a telephone message from the studio in the middle of the afternoon summoned her to town for night work.

That same day Holt had been going over the management of the "ranch" ignorant of her presence, and came out to his car just as June appeared. His instantaneous offer to drive her in to the studio was accepted.

They came in by way of Wilshire Boulevard, and at the Los Angeles Country Club a great, gray, rambling pile surrounded by a rainbow of flowers on a hill top, Holt turned his roadster up the driveway.

"I'm simply parched," he said, by way of explanation. "You've plenty of time to rest and drink something, haven't you?"

She was not expected at the studio until after dinner, and the prospect was too inviting to refuse. Drawing up at the motor entrance in the rear, he directed her to go through the building to the front terrace and to wait for him there while he parked the car.

She did so, experiencing an immediate sense of rest in the high, oak-paneled rooms, whose cool darkness was relieved by gleaming silver trophies. As always, and now more than ever, things of luxury appealed to June. And it was Holt who had always supplied them.

On the concrete terrace, quite deserted, she went to a wicker table beside the balustrade and seated herself in one of the cushioned easy chairs. Then she remembered a letter from Paul she had carried all day without a chance to read, and drew it from her bag.

She did not attempt to read it even now but glanced hurriedly through the pages to assure herself that he was well and that his work was ending satisfactorily; for the Mexican picture was practically finished and Paul expected to leave for New York within a few days.

She had satisfied herself on these points when she heard Holt's step and re-folded

etter. As he sank into the chair be-
her, he removed his cap with a sigh
tief and motioned the attendant stand-
tt the door.

Scotch and soda, and a bottle of
er ale," he ordered, knowing June's
e without asking. Then he glimpsed
masculine handwriting on the sheets
were disappearing into the envelope,
smiled. "Governments get rich be-
lovers have to repeat themselves!" he

ie shook the letter with a little pout.
haven't had a chance to read it yet,"
complained.

Go ahead. Don't mind me."
No, I'll wait."

LITTLE silence fell, and for a bit
they sat looking off across the expanse
rich valley, with its clusters of oil der-
s, to the green and brown foothills in
North. Far away the houses of Holly-
d looked like toys and, nearer, those of
erly Hills clustered about its great
l. The middleground was a patch-
k quilt of farms, alive with crawling
ns, and nearby was the golf course, its
ns vivid with gay blazers and white
nels.

Holt laughed.

"I wonder why is love anyway?" he
d, suddenly. "The wise ones say it's
ure having her way with us, and that
takes any advantage she can. Well,
lieve that—the last part of it, anyway.
's a treacherous devil, Nature."

Perhaps. But she gives us the greatest
in the world."

And man out of pure gratitude invents
divorce court. People gallop into mar-
ge as unreasoningly as horses into a
"

The waiter appeared and served their
nks. When Holt had signed the card
l the man had gone, June said:

"That isn't fair. The great majority of
ple, people you never hear about, make
ir choice and stick by it."

"Pride! Nothing else. And this making
ir choice you talk about is the biggest
ce of the lot. It's usually about as much
d choice as the number the little ball
ps at on a roulette wheel. Take your-
f, for instance. By what law of reason
sense are you engaged to be married?
hat did you know of the world, or of

men, when you came down from the North
with your whole future salted away?"

He drank slowly from his frosted glass
and then regarded her with half whimsical,
half serious, blue eyes.

IT was the first time he had ever alluded
to Paul directly or indirectly, but June
did not resent his words. Something im-
personal in his manner robbed them of
presumption, and besides the growing inti-
macy of the two had gradually increased
their freedom to touch on personal mat-
ters. Still she felt that this was, in a way,
a challenge.

"I am engaged to Paul because I love
him," she said simply.

"Listen," he replied. "Suppose I
awarded a contract to a firm without ask-
ing bids, just because I didn't know any
other firm. Would that be fair to my-
self?"

"No-o, I suppose not. But this isn't a
parallel case. Love is a matter of feeling."

"That's where Nature got in her crazy
work. Under the circumstances of what
happened in the North—and I say this with
all respect—any other man who had done
what Paul did—and there are a great many
in the world equal to it—would have won
your love, wouldn't he? You had no
choice, June."

"I don't want any choice," she said,
loyally.

He shook his head, smiling at her.

"That's prejudice."

She shook her head in turn. "No, it's
love," she said.

Still, she could not escape the under-
lying reasonableness of his argument. In-
experienced in casuistry, she felt the lack
of logic in her stand, forgetting that love,
in the last analysis, is, like religion, a mat-
ter of faith.

As she absently watched the bubbles rise
in her glass, she remembered the incidents
that had marked the growth of her love for
Paul, and recalled that, through them all,
his had been the attitude of giving. Love
had meant to him not selfishness, but un-
selfishness, even sacrifice. And yet, as Holt
said, could one of a hundred other men
have been as great in those moments?

She did not know what to think . . .
Had she pledged her life unfairly? She
felt for the first time how much her new
experiences had broadened her, and opened

up new vistas of understanding and development. In every ordinary circumstance of life—in food, clothing, amusements—her opportunities for choice were infinitely greater than ever before; she was bewildered by the opulence of selection. Were, then, the opportunities for the most important choice of all equally great and deserving of discrimination? she asked herself. The thought frightened her a little.

"Why do you say this to me?" she asked, almost in anger.

He met her gaze steadily.

"Because I must. What I have told you is the truth, but you haven't realized it. . . . It's time you did, because you've been unfair to both of us long enough." There came a sudden change in his voice, almost a thickness. "You don't know what you are to me, June, how wonderful, different from any girl I've ever known! . . . You're a forest lover, and a Princess, and a kid sister, all in one and—"

"Stephen!" She used the name instinctively. "Please. You mustn't talk like this to me—"

"Yes, I *must!* That's the trouble." He laughed unsteadily. "Remember that night on the island, when I told you I was going to love you, and you were going to love me?" He leaned towards her, his eyes bright with the fire of excitement, and the whole tremendous force of his vital being compelling her. "Well, I was more or less fooling then, because it amused me, but I'm not fooling now! I love you. You know it! And you're going to love me. You are, I tell you! . . . What chance have you had to love? None! But you're going to have one now."

The girl sat motionless, almost fascinated, while the thought flashed through her brain: "To think that I—I—should mean this to *him!* That he should love *me!*"

The music of his passion was sweet to her. For a moment she basked. Then the thorough realization came and she started awake.

"Stephen," she cried, tensely, a little pale, but with eyes steady and fearless, "you mustn't talk to me like this. I won't have it. If I've been to blame for your misunderstanding anything—"

"You haven't. I've understood everything from the first."

"Then you must understand that this is

the end of any such talk between us am going to marry Paul Temple."

As she watched, his face suddenly summed the hard, ruthless look that she seen upon it twice before.

"You can marry whomever you want," he told her with grim quietness, "*but you going to love me!*" Then with a characteristic change, and a cheerful grin, "Now let's talk of something pleasant."

CHAPTER XI

CALIFORNIA had bloomed. Her wimperial length lay under the sky stripes and patches of pigment. The cnyons were silvery with myriad white blossoms of the scrub growth, and the grass slopes were a carpet of starry wild flowers blue and pink and yellow. The sunny ground of wild mustard lay in great brush strokes on the hillsides, and outlined the windings of the roads. Poppies sowed the world with new minted gold. In town, roses bloomed in tumbling profusion, as though as dandelions. Acacia trees had flowered and the fruit blossoms with their girafgrances were gone. Orange picking was past its prime, and now the ranchers were plowing and harrowing the vast expanses of dark, rich soil, secure in the knowledge that the rains had finished for the year.

Motion picture producers were happy. All lensing was done outdoors. The Klieg lights and Cooper-Hewitts were idle, except for occasional night work, and "Don't Shoot" flag moldered in its locality. There were, of course, the usual days of "high fog," when a mist far above earth falsely hinted at rain, but these had lost their terrors for the experienced, the fog, obeying the laws of its being, always drifted harmlessly out to sea.

At the Graphic studio times were good. Recent pictures had been popular, several competitors had decently gone into bankruptcy, and considerable promising material had been got under contract, both literary and literary. But the chief joy of the season was reserved for a noon entertainment in May.

June and Elsie were standing in the dressing-room "street" discussing some detail of the morning's work with Briscoe when there came a loud cry of female alarm behind them in a slightly hoarse voice.

and love you, but you're a sight for yes! I been fed up on scenery, but was nothin' like this!"

They turned and all three gave little nations of amazement.

"Goldie Burke, you old dear!" cried in delighted welcome.

The lady, who was really past her first, and had played "mother" parts with Graphic Company during the work in North, rushed upon them with flooding on and kissed them repeatedly, in- ing Briscoe. Her dress, as always, was elation of coming styles, and her care- blonde hair was elaborately coiffed. xhaled the aroma of her favorite mint

For a moment the babel of astonished ings ruled. Then Goldie, with a little f "Oh. I forgot! I knew I would!" d to a tall melancholy young man who his while had stood silently in the ground.

"Folks, this is my new husband, Ed!" nounced.

The gaping speechlessness of astonish- fell. Goldie married! Embarked for hird time upon the vital voyage! June pted to bridge the silence that could nger be ignored.

"What a delightful surprise, Mr. e!" she began cordially, and then ed confusedly.

"Oh, that's all right," Goldie laughed, her inexhaustible good nature. "I t blame you. He has got his own name lake, hasn't he?"

"But what brought you out here?" This Elsie who stood now with her arm t the other's waist.

Ed's work. He was engaged in New k to play juveniles out here, and I— of course, you know I've always said oman's place was by her husband's ." She made a little gesture of submis- and lowered her eyes with decent ility.

"But you're going to work too, aren't Goldie?"

"Well, I guess! I'd look fine doin' a estic part, with a blue egg in one hand a bunch of punctured socks in the er, wouldn't I?"

"You've done it often enough in pic- es."

"But I was a 'mother' then," she minced, l burst into a roar of laughter. "Mr.

Burke" studied the dressing rooms above him with deep interest.

IN the midst of the hilarity, June glanced down the "street" and gave a little ex- clamation.

"You arrived in good company, Goldie. Marcia Trent's back."

"Oh, say, where is that pill? I want to lump a human bein' that draws down a thousand a week for the stuff she pulls!"

June pointed out the star in front of her dressing-room door some hundred feet away.

"Cheer up, Tom," comforted Elsie, aside, "you've got another day of life, lib- erty and the pursuit of happiness. Her new picture doesn't start till tomorrow."

Marcia Trent had arrived that morning from a three weeks' trip with her company to Bear Valley, where she had been film- ing a feud story laid in the Kentucky moun- tains. This expedition was the direct result of her conflict with Briscoe, for, so serious an issue had she made of her defeat, that Holt had considered it better, both for the star and the general studio discipline, to separate her for a while from the di- rector and let the air clear. Accordingly, Briscoe had remained at the studio, and the Bear Valley crowd had gone out under Joe Williams. But now she was to return to Briscoe's direction.

After the comparative discomforts of primitive surroundings, Marcia was glad to be back at the studio; to see the streets bright and moving with the peoples of the earth, the half-open dressing-room doors where men and women read, or gathered for the endless gossip, or played cards. It called her as strongly as the scent of tan- bark stirs the circus trouper.

In her own dressing-room, while her maid unpacked her bags and restored to it a look of occupancy, she greeted her friends who commenced to drop in as the news of her arrival spread. They came in as they could; a few of the "leads" of both sexes, several of the more ambitious minor people who hoped eventually to enlist her influ- ence in their behalf, and a young girl of about Elaine Drake's age who was in the throes of a schoolgirl "crush" on the star; a delirium that found expression in con- stant attendance upon her, and imitation of her clothes, voice, and mannerisms.

From these Marcia commenced to glean

the news of events since her departure, picking up a bit here and there as a hen picks up scattered grain. Al Quigley, a heavy, had quit after a row with one of the directors; Helen Wright, a minor player was going to marry an assistant camera man; Marguerite French, leading woman of the Eastern Graphics had gone over to Al Bergman's Stellar Company, at a figure said to have made even the press agent's typewriter stammer when he came to write the announcement; everybody had heard that June Magregor was going to be starred pretty soon.

This was little Queenie Gilmore's contribution, and she interpreted it in the light of her own blind loyalty and worship.

"It's easy enough to see why they sent you off to the mountains, you poor darling! It was just to get you out of the way so as to give *her* a chance. And they say Holt's rushing her to beat the band, too."

MARCIA TRENT'S heart seemed to stand still for a moment. This was the first time she had heard any rumor linking June's name with Holt's, and the gossip disturbed her. If it were true, events had indeed progressed since her departure—events gravely serious to herself. As soon as she could she dismissed the mooning girl.

Judging from the fact that nothing definite was known and very little hinted regarding her own association with Holt, and knowing Holt's secretive methods, she was half convinced that this rumor was false. Still, to learn the truth of the matter, she that afternoon felt out Tim Barr, her fountain-head of knowledge.

In her absence he had watched over her interests with characteristic devotion, and now furnished startling information. There had been several parties at which Holt and June had both been present, and once the pair had been alone together at the Country Club.

"I know one of the stewards out there," he offered in proof, "and of course he knows Holt—everybody does. He asked me who was the girl Holt was rushing, and I said I didn't know. Then he described her, and of course I knew it was Magregor. 'Well,' this fellow said, 'Holt must be nuts over that dame; he certainly looked mushy enough, and he seemed to be workin' the tremolo stop overtime.'"

When Barr had gone, Marcia went back to her dressing-room to think and to face this new and startling situation. It touched her life in its most vital issue for, leaving out all personal considerations, she saw that it threatened her long established position as autocrat of the Graphic studio, a position achieved through Holt's invisible influence, and dependent for its maintenance upon that influence.

With its loss she knew that her prestige would go. She would continue to be a Graphic star—as long as her pictures continued to make money she would be that—but her power for influence and favoritism would dissolve; and this to Marcia's immature soul was unendurable.

She experienced, too, but in a lesser degree, anger at the thought of losing Holt. He had been endowed with the power to awaken love in women, and he had aroused more than mere ambition in her. Though harboring very few illusions regarding men, she yet possessed the feminine instinct to cling to the one she had conquered and she clung thus to Holt. . . .

AS a result of these cogitations, Marcia's long smoldering personal and professional jealousy of June flamed up into inflexible determination to crush her, and she constantly sought the means. She had not forgotten Briscoe's earlier triumph over her, and her promise to "get even" for it, but now her desire for revenge centered on the girl rather than the man. Still, she realized that to damage June's career would accomplish her double purpose, since it was plain that Briscoe's future happiness hung upon June's success.

What form her retaliation was to take Marcia could not determine off hand, she saw that such an achievement was a matter of a moment or of an impulse that it would require thought, and care and skill. In the hope of a more thorough triumph, she suppressed her first angry desire for an open scandal, and sought a subtler way.

It was some time before the simple and obvious course presented itself to her. Then she thought of Paul Temple and drew a quick little breath of inspiration.

There was nothing secret about June's engagement; everybody knew of it. But there was much unknown, even unguessed

(Continued on page 173)



William H. Thompson does his best screen work in "The Eye of the Night," but the piece is significant for its revelation of Marjory Wilson, an ingenue who combines real girlishness with splendid emotion.

The Shadow Stage

THE YEAR'S ACTING: A REVIEW
OF PERSONAL PERFORMANCES

By Julian Johnson

THE "fiscal year" is not the only twelvemonth which makes a face at the calendar and ends topsy-turvily in early summer. The first flash of hot weather sees the end of the theatrical year; and while the movie camp boastfully proclaims itself perpetual as a Klondike palace of chance, there are no more reasonable days in which to survey the grand collection of impersonative reflections than the long days, the lazy days, of July or August. The daylight platform is not completely dissevered from the sunless stage. So, as the theatrical managers are now making their 1916-17 plans, rehearsing their new pieces and hiring their actors, the *photoplay padrones* are casting about for wider fields, mechanical innovations, bigger productions, new people.

Considered en masse, the interpretative performances of the camera year aggregate

more acting than the English-speaking theatre ever saw *in a decade*. As an artistic distillation, this vast volume shrinks prodigiously, but there remains an essence of much good acting, some very fine acting, and a few really great characterizations.

The most significant single event has been the complete collapse of the notion that a fairly good footlight performer must necessarily be great before the camera. A few actors made genuine screen successes. The majority made themselves ridiculous, and almost broke their awe-stricken movie managers.

AMONG the really distinguished performances of the year what shall we first consider—Wilfred Lucas's marvellous characterization in "Acquitted," or Mabel Normand's bulwarking of all the Keystone comedy with her own slender shoulders?



Ethel Clayton's inimitable human portrait, in "Dollars and the Woman," or Charlie Chaplin's unflinching rise to world-wide fame? We might with propriety make any of this quartet the opener; while some of the year's acting achievements have been concentrated in single parts, other triumphs have been the quieter but no less certain victories of steady, consistent playing.

Very few people outside the profession realize what Mabel Normand has meant to the Keystone organization; not that her comic excellencies are not apparent in any given part, but who, among the merely entertained, asks why and wherefore? The theory that the playgoer asks only to laugh, or to emote, is, rightly or wrongly, the cornerstone of the show business. It is neither exaggeration nor personal tribute to say that Mabel Normand knows more about screen comedy,

Francis X. Bush, man as Mr. Romeo, a Robert W. Chambers gentleman who lived in Verona during the Seventeenth Century.

and has made better screen comedy, than any woman actively photographed. This statement is merely a cool appraisal. Who pulled "My Valet" through the breakers of failure? Mabel Normand. Who put the legerdemain of appeal into "Stolen Magic," and the charm of the romantically ridiculous into "Fatty and Mabel Adrift"? Mabel Normand. And who—if you'll pardon a backward jump of more than a year—gave lovely relief to Chaplin and Dressler in "Tillie's Punctured Romance"? Normand, surnamed Mabel. Her few Fort Lee pictures have made us wish for more frequent appearances.

You have not seen on any silversheet a single piece of acting surpassing Wilfred Lucas's impersonation of the persecuted book-keeper in "Acquitted." If I may quote the eminent PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE: "Lucas's marvellous fidelity to type has never been surpassed in photodrama. Here is a man you and I know. He belongs to every American town. Let calamity hit him, and he performs according to programme. Otherwise, he brings up his decent, inconspicuous family in a decent, inconspicuous way. He never does anything worthy of note. He gets his name in the local papers when he is born, when he is married, when his firm gives him a dinner or an uncomfortable watch on the twentieth anniversary of his faithful serv-

ice—and when he dies." A simple annal!

I can think of only one companion-piece to Lucas's book-keeper: Kathlyn Williams's *Mrs. Cortlandt*, in Colin Campbell's production of "The Ne'er-Do-Well." Here was an impersonation of the subtlest and finest kind; an impression painted in almost invisible strokes; a pantomimic character devoid of gesticulation; an optic creation in which the creator vouchsafed psychic effects instead of the sign-language of motion.

Ethel Clayton I have mentioned. There was nothing Claytonianly new in the purveying of author Terhune's heroine; Ethel Clayton did much the same work in her own domestic drama series last season, but latterly this play and "The Great Divide"—to a far less degree—alone served to indicate what fine arts are slumbering within her well-coiffed head.

George Beban's viol of talent seems to have a single string, yet what beautiful variations, what harmonics, what chromatics of laughter and tears he can summon from it! The simple, child-like Breton peasant of "The Pawn of Fate" was the simple, childish Italian grocer of "Pasquale," yet so exquisitely drawn was each character that each seemed absolutely individual. Here was shadow-acting with the abundant character of a well-worded book personage.

The only criticism we can level at Mr. Chaplin's comediettas is a lack of finish and a lack of that serious touch which Mr. Chaplin can so superbly bestow. What, after all, is the Chaplin seriousness? Merely his natural sincerity applied to a serious situation. The proof of comedy is a situation not funny. Your insincere, get-the-money "artist" vanishes in thin air when asked to put over anything except the vacant guffaw. Mr. Chaplin can, if he will, summon the tear as deftly as he can lure the smile. He is a fun-maker not ashamed of his happy business. Our hat is off to him; may he go farther, slower, a little more thoughtfully. He is original. And he is what no other screen player of any country has ever been: he is universal. He can summon a laugh from an Arab or a Chinaman, an Igorrote or an Eskimo, as easily as



Mary MacLaren, a Lois Weber discovery, in Miss Weber's remarkable play, "Shoes." Here is a play big in thought and treatment—marred by melodramatic crudities.

he does from the American peace-eater and the European soldier.

Speaking of comedy: the dumb stage has never had so quick, big and wholesome a triumph as that of Douglas Fairbanks. And that without especially good vehicles. Fairbanks' success has been in his assumption of brisk American boys who were blind to obstacles, deaf to the quavering voice of fear, ready with the left hook, strong for

chicken garnished with marriage license, and constantly, completely ablink in dazzling smiles. When Fairbanks came to the screen he was the



Arthur Ashley and Frances Nelson in "What Happened at 22." This crime story, logical, baffling, dramatic, is so far ahead of recent releases of the same general nature that there is no comparison.

most popular young American actor of virile type—playless. In his first year on the screen he has always played himself. Won't someone please write a regular two-dimension classic for D. F.?

An even more boyish type of boy found its ideal, this year, in lovable "Charlie" Ray. No actor has had a greater personal success than Ray's in "The Coward." No play of his since has approached that thrilling adventure, though "The Deserter" has an appeal which even its morbidity cannot dim.

Mary Pickford has accomplished an eerie feat: she has remained the photoplay queen, the regal personage of black-and-white—without any plays! Her few vehicles this season have been of no moment; her subsequent vacation, distractingly long. Yet, such is the Pickford individuality, so compelling is her gentle art, that she is still the arch-actress of pictures. The new amalgamation in which she has just found herself vigorously afloat should do real things

for her in the year to come.

Lillian Walker's performance in "Green Stockings" is of a piece with Wilfred Lucas's sudden flash in "Acquitted." Both were players of experience, reputation, long and steady endeavor. Both, quite unexpectedly, offered an interpretation which was a gem of humanity as well as flawless technique. Miss Walker's repose, her elegance, her surety of touch should make "Green Stockings" a permanent record.

So with the misbegotten "Don Quixote," Fine Arts' most unworthy attempt among the masterpieces. From this welter of key-stonery by an undertakers' convention, Fay Tincher's Dulcinea shines like a starbeam from another century. The thing should live for this jewel of impersonation alone. Fay Tincher visualized Cervantes. She became the

little serving maid of the dying Middle Ages; in her eyes was humble wonder, and when the senile knight caressed her cotton stocking with his lips it was as though repentant Kundry had seen The Grail glow crimson.

Theodore Roberts earns a place as one of the really impressive performers of the year by no one perfect part, but by many. We are not decrying the Lasky excellence, nor the DeMille thoroughness, nor the valiance of the Hollywood *ensemble*, when we say that the camp on Selma avenue is inexpressibly fortunate in the possessor of the most reliable, most intelligent all-around character-maker in motion pictures. Robert's parts have not been of equal vitality, but in every one of them—father or fiend, Russian or Iowan, Thespian or diplomat—he has injected indescribable power, clarity of expression and a learned understanding quite foreign to character parts in the films.

Tyrone Power, traveling from Selig to

Universal, hits third speed under the direction of Lois Weber. As an embodiment of austere authority, mature force and iron gentility Power stands alone. It is a significant note that he has not yet played any part which approaches his possibilities in characterization and power. All he needs to make a nationwide explosion is a two-fisted author.

Harry Morey, a name it has been the pleasure of this cackler's corner to feelingly inscribe more than once, appeared to enter a new phase in the recent play, "The Law Decides." To this piece he brought all of his old, indescribable virility, buckled into a visualization of the primitive man in the corsets and lingerie of civilization.

Geraldine Farrar's three Lasky plays were inground more than a year ago; yet as her face and figure are now autographing much more celluloid, a résumé of the gift she gave the screen is not inapropos. As a blazing expression of physical beauty, of the dramatic value of movement, and as a demonstrator of real pantomime, Geraldine Farrar is alone and unequalled. New to the screen, she made a lasting and immediate hit, a hit apart from her operatic celebrity, because she brought to the canvas tints it had never reflected.

It is hard to draw the line of correct demarcation between work which is excellent and work which is really surpassing.

However you rank them, you will admit that this year's end finds the reputation and popularity of these people distinctly and deservedly advanced.

For instance: the Drews, Sidney and Mrs. Sidney. A year ago floundering in rather uncertain mediums, the Drew advent at Metro marked the arrival of comedy scripts



M. Chaplin and Mlle. Purviance in the newest Chaplin expression, "The Vagabond."

which were really authored. Now, this husband and wife are presenting problems of everyday domesticity which often wax uproarious in the untangling. We are sort of funny, after all, in our relations with the butcher, the baker, the cook and the swell family next door. Drew is putting a microscope on an apartment-house.

For instance: Roscoe Arbuckle. Half a dozen years ago Arbuckle was learning the Shakesperean essentials by being bumped all over cheap stock opera stages. Some time later he began filling up the celluloid. A little after that he floated under Mack Sennett's wand. He was not ashamed to be a pupil. He has been an apt pupil. He is now the best of Keystone's sub-directors and one of the cleverest of Keystone's funsters. The Keystone Fort Lee episodes are all his.

We might take all of good Keystone and dispose of it at once. Chester Conklin's



Ann Pennington, in "Susie Snowflake." Here is a bright little star so far without an appropriate picture play. "Susie" was dreadful.

"Mr. Walrus" is more than a misfit suit. a sly wink and a motorman's eyebrow on the upper lip. It is a real and uproarious character. Fred Mace and Charles Murray are on the credit side of the ledger. So is Minta Durfee, the shapely Mrs. Arbuckle.

At the World studios Alice Brady has done much fine and consistent work. There is a frightened little note of pathos, a bird-like insistence to please, which is half the charm of this girl's acting. Gerda Holmes, coming out of a year's lethargy, shows splendid possibilities in "The Chain Invisible." Frances Nelson, in such plays as "What Happened at 22," has proven an ingenue of serious dramatic ability as well as statuette size and 1800-volt sex. Frank Sheridan shows in "The Struggle," and in a few other pieces, what he can accomplish

in portraits of middle-aged men.

Is Tom Mix no more than a rough rider? I believe he is an actor. Wait for his "Light of Western Stars." His past year's work in drama and comedy-drama has been fitting him for real rôles. Bessie Eyton has held her place, and has distinctly advanced, though she has plainly shown the need of another "Spoilers." Perhaps she will find the vehicle in "The Crisis."

Theda Bara has gained—what? A world-wide box-office following. Dramatically, she has not approached the mark she set under Herbert Brenon's direction in "The Clemenceau Case," and "The Kreutzer Sonata." Virginia Pearson, whom we may describe as a college-educated "vamp," evidences a worthy desire

to put character into her evil portrayals. In "Blazing Love" she grew old before one's eyes—grew old more truly and terribly than any actress whom we have ever seen essay public ageing. Dorothy Bernard, one of the loveliest of young leading women, has not only doubled, but has at least trebled her popularity as well as her artistic effectiveness since she has entered the Fox ranks.

At Laskyville the interpretative institution seems to have moved ahead en masse. A year ago, who had heard of the generally adored "Wallie" Reid? This brief word of appreciation may also serve as a croak of warning—Reid's great acting with Farrar has not been duplicated in recent photoplays. Why? Sessue Hayakawa has carved an ivory niche of appreciation in which he sits securely. Hayakawa is wiser than Reid

in that he works for a new "rep" in every piece. So does his wife, that Oriental doll in Lucile frocks: Tsuru Aoki. Victor Moore, despite a vehicle or two of deadly dullness, wields laughter pretty much as he will. Raymond Hatton, the chronic mean guy, has dispensed an adorable double distillation of villainy from California of the Bear Flag day to Petrograd, the revamped Petersburg. And as a modest and faultless orchestral instrument in this fine ensemble, let us not forget James Neill. Blanche Sweet is emerging from her sulks. Cleo Ridgely has responded to the directoral megaphone with beauty plush dash. Thomas Meighan is making distinct advances, and Tom Foreman has, on the whole, done admirable acting.

From Inceville William S. Hart has blazoned across the motion picture sky a newer, finer type of Westerner than the screen ever knew. Louise Glaum, the champion dance-hall "vamp," has wrought artistic destruction in many a fictional camp. Bessie Barriscale, giving a lot of splendid characterization to many fairly good pieces, appears to wait only the sterling vehicle for a repetition of her "Cup of Life" sensation. J. Barney Sherry has been as staunch in Ince's service as Roberts in Lasky's.

At Fine Arts pieces like "The Penitentes" have demonstrated

the spiritual fineness of Seena Owen's dramatic sensibilities. Lillian Gish has been completely outclassed, lately, by her roguish little sister Dorothy; "Susan Rocks the Boat," "Little Menie's Romance" and "Betty of Greystone" are a fine trio of Dorothyisms. Norma Talmadge, too, has put the best of her shapely feet forward in her longest stride of accomplishment. (Which is Norma Talmadge's best foot?)

At Essanay, despite a desperately bad serial, Edna Mayo has more firmly entrenched herself in popular favor than ever. Much credit is due, too, to those sterling actors E. H. Calvert and Ernest Maupain.

Really—the list of progressors and progressees is quite illimitable. We have Helen Holmes and J. P. MacGowan, forsaking mechanical thrills for real drama in the Spearman stories; John Barrymore, in such uproarious concoctions as "The Red Widow;" "Dot" Kelly, a splendid actress full blown from the ingenue bud, in "The Law Decides;" Bushman and Bayne, a progress sometimes uncertain artistically, but undoubtedly large in the favor-general. There is that darling ingenue, Marguerite



Lewis S. Stone (left) in "According to the Code."

Courtot, now sheltered in the Famous fold.

As a type of the younger actors who are not stars and will not be, but whose painstaking delineations are the underlying substance of the profession, I might mention Nigel DeBrullier, a young Californian with a grave liking for character—and a knack for it, too. DeBrullier's wide range of work is best shown in his Felipe, in "Ramona," and the Italo-American banker, in "Pasquale."

DO you realize how many stage celebrities have come screenward during the past year? I don't believe you do! I didn't, until I began to foot up a list which is only representative.

I should say that the most brilliantly successful of all is Fannie Ward. Here is a woman whose first bloom of youth has long since passed, according to the calendar—a bloom which she is just entering if we are to believe every evidence of the camera and every iota of personal appearance! Never has a stage person thrown such enthusiasm, such abandon, such personality into her work as Miss Ward brought to pieces like "The Cheat," and "Tennessee's Pardner."

Marie Doro is working valiantly, but has yet to equal the spontaneity and charm of her "Morals of Marcus," an old Famous Players photoplay. Pedro de Cordoba flashed forth lithe and sinister alongside Farrar; then again into his theatrical scabbard. Charlotte Walker has made several good plays.

At Inceville William H. Thompson has tellingly put over character after character. William Desmond, a Morosco speaker, flings the C. Gardner Sullivan uniforms about the silversheet with magnificent abandon. H. B. Warner, as a serious performer, has done the best work of his life in front of the same cameras which canned "Civilization."

Truly, the list of the season's successes is long, your patience and these pages short! Frank Keenan, in his teuse plays of war or modern life; Forrest Stanley, a likable

Morosco lover; Frank Campeau, Virginia-eternal; Tully Marshall, a contriver of devilry in odd make-ups; H. Cooper-Cliffe, suavest of roués; Arthur Ashley, awful until he became a villain; Lewis S. Stone, Essanay's superbly virile capture; Frederick Warde, unforgettable as Silas Marner; Willard Mack, Lou-Tellegen, Charles Ruggles, Orrin Johnson, Herschell Mayall—all have spoken loudly through the silences!

Among pretty, potent women behold Jane Grey, Grace Valentine, Olga Petrova, Gail Kane, Mabel Taliaferro.

Harry Watson brought his one make-up and three uproarious expressions from burlesque and The Follies.

Ham and Bud, permanent screen possessions that they seem to be, were recruited



*Blanche
Sweet
in "The
Dupe."*

from the land behind the asbestos curtain.

NOT all the famous folks hit the bulls-eye when they shot at it with a camera. With most of them, it seems to have been a case of too much fame—anything would be easily won in so childish and puerile a sport as photoplay-making!

There was Willie Collier. Ince pulled him through once with the funniest set of captions ever shot through the magic-lantern. His own son Buster beat him to a frazzle in that juvenile hurricane, "The Bugle-Call." Otherwise—muffled drums, please.

There was Raymond Hitchcock, for whose success Mabel Normand was a vicarious sacrifice.

There were Weber and Fields, funny in one picture, but as doleful in the rest as a couple of grave-diggers during a season of unexampled health.

There was Eddie Foy, who had a contract, and got his big money notwithstanding. Mr. Fitzgerald—for such is his quiescent moniker—is alleged to have murmured, as he stood against a Keystone fence, baffled, blinded, all but strangled during a preliminary pie-hurling: "Throw 'em, you — — —! Throw 'em, for it's going to cost you \$1,000 a pie!" And it did, or thereabouts.

And last of all: that delightful gentleman, grand curtain-speaker, and footlight veteran—also that celluloid lemon and shadow ruin—DeWolf Hopper. Let us forbear.

A baffling tragedy is Billie Burke's, "Peggy," with Tom Ince's personal direction and every opulence of equipment, did not get over. "Gloria's Romance," equally sumptuous, now seems doomed to the discard of unworthy things.

And here are notables who did not get far in the land of story-telling shades: John Mason, Valli-Valli, Donald Brian, Anna Held, Constance Collier, Sir Herbert Tree, Edna Goodrich, William Gillette.

IN the bright list of real stars the year has created I think Bessie Love stands first. Here is a talent more direct, simple and sweetly sincere than any discovered since Mary Pickford. Mary Pickford and Bessie Love slightly resemble each other,

physically; spiritually there is a much stronger resemblance; mentally—I don't know Bessie Love, so here I cease.

Edna Purviance is more than the loveliest blonde in picture comedy; she is that wonderful creature, a pretty girl with brains.

Gladys Brockwell brought glowing youth and a tremendous dramatic talent out of Fine Arts early in the season. She has not done so much lately, but with the right play and the right director she is an artistic wager than which there is no better.

Louise Fazenda possesses the ornamental physique without which no Keystone seems fitted for that studio's spirituelle atmosphere—plus that supreme comedy gift, an ability to draw the smile which is brother to a tear.

Adda Gleason's rendition of Ramona is a more than ordinarily fine effort.

Speaking of girls—why shouldn't we forget them and say something nice about that apotheosized jumping-jack, Al St. John, youngest and in some ways liveliest apostle of St. Sennett?

HERE are some of those who have maintained their places without special advance: a statement which is of no final significance, for even before these lines are printed any one of these popular men and women may have had a masterwork cranked in.

It seems almost impossible for Holbrook Blinn to find a good play. Here's an actor who's fairly colossal—bound to the rut of the commonplace by a lack of scripts. Of his most recent effort, "The Weakness of Man," a Chicago critic wrote, "Why waste so much celluloid when there's such a demand for washable collars?" Contemptuous and perhaps flippant, but it was the answer.

Harold Lockwood seems tied to plays more or less uninspiring, as does William Russell. Anna Little is where she was three years ago—a Western rider. Art Acord started a series of promising comedies, but the spotlight turned elsewhere. Will Mary Miles Minter, she of the motionless age, simply keep flashing the fine promise which doesn't come to fulfilment? Nance O'Neill, by ferocious swimming in a sea of choppy scripts, just manages to keep above water.

William Farnum, at \$75,000 a year, re-

mains on the sea-level, though his popularity is doubtless ever widening. Tom Santschi, Stuart Holmes, William Shay, House Peters and Bruce McRae; five dissimilar men who are standing still.

Lovable Tom Moore, Jack Standing, J. Warren Kerrigan, Eddie Lyons, Lee Moran, Owen Moore, Dustin Farnum—about as they were, a year ago.

The ladies: Pearl White, for instance, is too grown-up to keep on in physical melos like "The Iron Claw." One such she can pull up; another will pull her down. Edith Storey is standing still. Marguerite Clark, Hazel Dawn and Pauline Frederick, potential persons and royal princesses in following, need real vehicles. Frederick has had none since "The Spider;" Clark and Dawn none in immemorial months.

Eulalie Jensen, Ruth Roland, Nell Craig: afloat in the actor ladies' Sargasso Sea.

THE most cruel thing to wish upon a player is a great success. The star who has once touched a mile-a-minute gait must keep the pace or be spoken of as a has-been. Let's call the roll of people who've subsided a bit in the past six or eight months. Is it, even in a majority of cases, the fault of their acting? Not at all. Great plays make great actors very often, and their big parts haven't been repeated. The Fine Arts people, now quiescent, may blaze forth more splendidly than ever in Griffith's new picture. It's all in the George Bernard Shaw aphorism: *you never can tell*.

Mae Marsh has never had a part to compare with Little Sister, in "The Birth of a Nation." Edward Earle can lay his present inconspicuousness to Edison. So with Mabel Trunnelle. Lillian Gish is pigeon-holed with Mae Marsh. Where is Bobbie Harron? Mack Swain seems to be left out of the shifting styles of Keystone cutupery. Anita Stewart, Vitagraph's maiden-queen, hasn't had a real play in many months. If Earl Williams has done anything notable lately we've missed it. Marc McDermott, a really great character actor, seems to have been forgotten by the dramatists as far as real plays go.

More conspicuous than any of these is

Henry Walthall, a year ago acclaimed the screen's very finest intellectual-poetic male product. Walthall is still Walthall, but where are his plays? Echo answers, Essanay wails. Somehow, his ventures have been flashpan misfires.

The list of those whom the parts won't hit might be continued for pages—Charles Richman, Joseph Kilgour, Thomas Holding, Richard Travers and Herbert Rawlinson.

There are other fellows, other complaints. Carlyle Blackwell, essentially one of the cleverest of leading men, is altogether too prone to carelessness. Crane Wilbur is just solemnly absurd. Robert Warwick carries on as no human being ever carried on over land or sea. So does Francis Ford. Robert Mantell upon the screen is a sort of scene-eating monstrosity. King Baggott belongs to the old school of gesticulative grandeur. Courtenay Foote gets nowhere. Billie Reeves ought to get somewhere—just where, we won't say.

Ethel Barrymore, a really great actress, has been only tiresome and absurd upon the screen. Florence La Badie has made no progress whatever in a year. Cleo Madison, though continually acting, means nothing to interpretative art. **Neither does** Grace Cunard, nor Violet Mersereau, nor Ormi Hawley, nor Rosetta Brice. Enid Markey, with her golden chance in "Civilization," was a bitter disappointment.

HOW long since you've seen—at least in new roles which impressed you—Charlotte Burton, Miriam Nesbitt, Mae Hotely, Grace Darmond, James Cruze, Spottiswoode Aitken, Marguerite Marsh, Mary Alden, Morris Foster, Maurice Costello, Julia Swayne Gordon, Margarita Fischer, G. M. Anderson, Hobart Bosworth or Mary Fuller?

HERE are some babies, either in age or film experience, who'll bear watching. They're possibilities. Anna Pennington, Doris Kenyon, Marjorie Daw, Camille Astor, Marjory Wilson, Dorothy Green. Extend this list and exercise your fancy by adding your own selections.



Seen and Heard at the Movies

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Worse Fates There Be

IN the picture the girl had lured the man on until his money was all spent, then had quit him.

An observer in the audience remarked to his friend: "After all, a man is only a worm!" "Yes," came the dry response, "and he'd better hide or some chicken will get him."

Rose Damus, Prince Rupert, B. C.

Couldn't Even Stay Bad

AS the movie actor crossed the screen the man observed to the woman: "He's certainly a fine looking chap!"

"Oh yes," she answered, "he is that, but he is such a great hypocrite. He was the villain in a picture I saw only last night, and now he is acting as a minister of the Gospel. Such inconsistency is deplorable."

Myrtle M. Griffin, Spencer, Ind.

What! In Erudite Indiana?

TWO women sitting in front of me discussed during the intermission the advertised program for the coming week. Said one:

"I see they are going to have 'Romeo and Juliet.'"

"Oh pshaw!" said the other; "I've read 'Romeo' and it's no good. I'll bet 'Juliet' isn't any better."

"Well," was the answer in a superior tone, "you know they're a good bit alike; the same man wrote both books."

Ruth Binder, Columbia City, Ind.

And Then, Deep Silence

DEEP silence was broken by an exaggerated gasp of horror from the young man when the heroine appeared on the screen in an extremely fashionable get-up.

"Why, what's the matter?" demanded the young woman. "Short skirts are all the style now and she has a perfect right to wear them."

"Oh, a perfect left too, I should say," he murmured shyly.

Carl Howard, Wakefield, Neb.



They Went

Father—"No, I'm not going to take you to the movies; and, do you know what I'm going to do if you keep up that dreadful noise?"

Clara—(Sobbing)—"Yes."

Father—"Well, what am I going to do?"

Clara—"Take me to the movies."

Married? You'll "Get" It!

FIRST Movie Fan: Why is it the picture always ends when the hero marries the girl?

Second Movie Fan: Why, don't you know? It's against the law to show fight pictures.

Jas. E. Liston, West New York, N. J.

Dead Ones. All Dead Ones!

LITTLE Horace was watching enviously the small boy on the screen who was the recipient of a vast supply of drums, skates, air-rifles and so forth, from his indulgent uncles.

Horace: Mother. I say, mother. Oh, mother.

Why do the men give that little boy so many things?

Mother: Because they're his uncles, dear.

Horace: Well, where's my uncles?

Mother: Your uncles are dead, Horace dear.

Horace: Aw, gee; that's just my luck to have a bunch of dead ones.

May T. Watson, Los Angeles, Calif.



The Sting of Victory

SOMETIMES THE GREATER
HEROISM IS TO LIVE ON,
SMILING THO' DEFEATED

By
Mrs. Ray Long

Produced by
the Essanay Film Co.

*"But I want to talk with you, Ruth—about something we can
only talk of alone, and I must leave tonight."*

A SPLENDID old man stood at the entrance of the Players Club in New York one night in early June. His head was lifted and poised majestically. His thick white hair, sweeping back from the forehead, gleamed in the lamplight. There was fire in his gray eyes, and his nostrils quivered. As he stood there he looked like some living statue of heroic Americanism with the stone porch for pedestal. And well he might have been, for he had served through four years of Civil

War and two years of reconstruction, and was now the warrior again as he listened to the fife and drum, the marching feet and the bursts of cheers that came to him in rousing confusion through the trees of Grammercy Park.

Whatever his thoughts, they were suddenly interrupted. Four young artists who had been dining inside rushed out into the porch with excited clatter. One nearly bumped into him.

"Pardon the avalanche, Captain Spen-

cer," he called jovially as he took his stand close to his older club brother, "but that hubbub got us." And he peered interestedly across the old square. The marchers, newly mustered-in members of the state guard, were not in sight. But the streets streamed with people running toward the stirring sounds, despite the rain that was falling.

"Holy Mackerel, but that gets a fellow's blood up!" exclaimed the tall cartoonist, just becoming popular on a big daily.

"Makes a man feel like chucking the illustrating and going after the Greasers too," said one of the two magazine illustrators.

"Will you listen to that?" called the cartoonist as a mighty cheer arose. "I tell you it's the boys who go to fight who get the recognition, isn't it, Captain? Who else gets escorted to work by a band? I'm strong for the soldier stuff."

"Do you mean it?" demanded his guest, a maker of pictures for an advertising firm. "Because if you do, I'm your man."

"What, pass up your four hundred a month for thirteen and hash?" scoffed one of the illustrators incredulously.

"But think of the excitement. Just listen to that!" And all four craned their heads farther forward as a new volley of cheers from far down the line of march broke back, a mighty wave of sound, growing and swelling as it came.

"Hooray! Let's run over to the recruiting station and sign up," cried the cartoonist.

"I'm with you," answered the advertising artist. "I'm sick of drawing well corseted

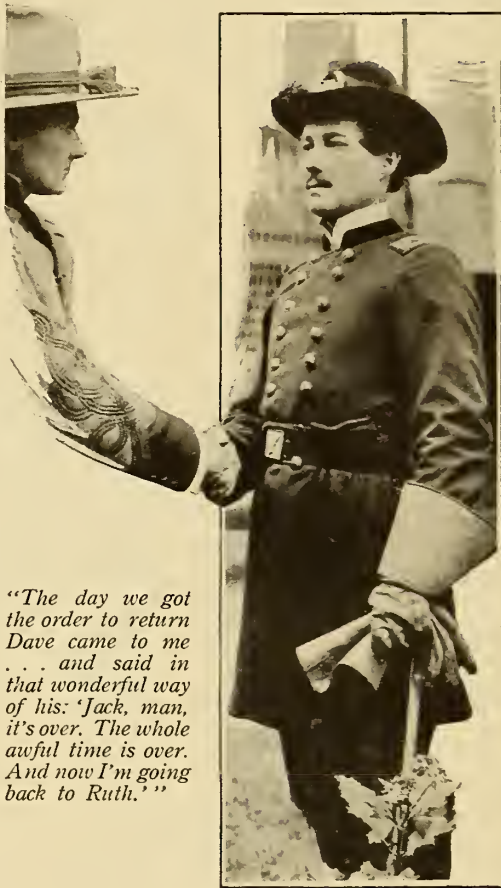
ladies and peanut-headed dudes. Anyway, they can wait. That's the way to look at it, isn't it, Captain?" And the enthusiastic young face turned expectantly to the old, commanding one. But the veteran did not try to answer till there was a lull in the din. Then he searched the eager faces crowding around him and spoke slowly, gravely:

"When his country really needs his defense, no man worthy of the name holds

back," he said. "But there are many other ways in which his country needs him. And it's true a lot of fuss like that," thrusting out an arm toward the martial noise, "is made over him if he goes to war. The bands play and the people on the sidewalks cheer. They did the same when I marched away. And I felt a tingling as if my heart would burst. Then I served six years, two-thirds of the time helping beat the South down and the rest helping to build her up again. But when I came back, there wasn't any band to welcome me. And there wasn't any cheering from the people along the streets. Neither were there any good jobs await-

ing me and my army comrades. The fellows who had stood cheering us when we marched away had the good jobs, and had them riveted down. Six years is a long time. They were the six best of my life—from twenty-four to thirty."

The young men still stood with their faces turned toward the old soldier's. He eyed them squarely, almost defiantly. The maker of advertising pictures at a hundred a week was the first to look away. He glanced out into the rain, shrugged his good shoulders, and said, "Jove, this driz-



"The day we got the order to return Dave came to me . . . and said in that wonderful way of his: 'Jack, man, it's over. The whole awful time is over. And now I'm going back to Ruth.'"



"Oh, Davy, you mustn't talk that way to me. Walkah, wouldn't like it. I'm going to marry Walkah. He asked me last night."

zle is chilly. Let's go in for a while."

IN the lounge room a genial blaze had been started in the big fireplace, and the comfortable couches invited. The cartoonist stood, his long body with back to the blaze, and indicated a seat facing the fire often occupied by the old man. "Wont you sit awhile, Captain, and tell us some of your experiences?" he asked. "I know you've written 'em, but we're busy beggars and have to hustle, so you know we can't read everything."

"Do, Captain, it would be just the thing tonight," urged one of the illustrators. "I think we need a little first-hand war stuff." And he fitted himself into a spacious couch corner while the others settled themselves comfortably and took out cigars as if making ready for a stay.

The old man was pleased. Youth doesn't often ask anything of age these days. A little flush of pride warmed his white temples. "I will tell you about Dave Whiting," he said simply.

"David Whiting came into this world with a gold spoon in his mouth. And if ever a man deserved a gold spoon start and a gold spoon finish, he did. The first time

I saw him was when I was a lad of sixteen entering Amherst. He was about the same age. I knew he was a Southerner by the look of him, so, like the young upstart I was, I lit into him in the blunt Northern way.

"'You haven't any right to hold men slaves, even if they are black,' was about my third welcoming statement. But he didn't retort. He just looked at me with his earnest eyes and asked in his pleasant voice, 'Why?'"

"And that was the way of him from that day till he was my Colonel in a Northern regiment. Yes, Northern. His mind was always open. He always wanted to know the reason. And if the reason satisfied him he accepted it.

"Well, it didn't take me long to love the Prince of Richmond, as we called him. And he loved me just as wholeheartedly. When we graduated he staid up here with me and we started to read law together in a firm where we were paid for clerking services. It was in those days I first went down with him to visit his home. And of all the surprised youths I was then the most surprised. I had of course heard much of the South, but I had never dreamed



"That afternoon Dave went to say good-bye to his family. Ruth was there too. So it was harder for him than any battle he had ever gone into."

of it as it really was. It was like fairyland to me. I didn't believe people lived that way outside of books.

"You know those were days of hot opinions and hot hatreds. I was an anti-slaver, of course. I had thought that I despised the South and Southern ways. But, bigot that I was, when I found myself down there in those soft days of pleasure and overwhelming hospitality, I'm ashamed to say the glamour of plantation life almost overcame me."

Here the old man's voice fell and he glanced around as though pleadingly. He sat a little straighter in the armchair, where his hands rested dignifiedly on the cushioned arms, a wonderful figure of Old School courtliness in that modern group of

carelessly lounging young manhood.

"Dave's father, I think, interested me most. He was as different from mine as two tall, handsome, successful men could be. Mr. Whiting was blandness and good nature itself. He seemed always to have been sitting on a shaded veranda in an easy chair with something cool to drink beside him. And Mrs. Whiting seemed always to have been sitting near him, smiling. Then there was Dave's brother, a handsome daredevil, and his sister Edith. And on the next plantation lived Ruth Tyler, the prettiest little fluff of thistledown that ever made a summer day more lovely.

"The first time I saw her I thought the girl more like a goldfinch than a human. Her eyes were bright and had that pert look that you often catch in a bird's. Her little face was pointed like a delicate egg and looked out from a mass of curly shining yellow hair. And when she talked she cocked her head on one side and was more birdlike than ever with her

running chatter that was just pretty and didn't have a word of sense in it. I think I must have looked at her too much. For when we were alone that night, Dave and I, we got to talking of her; and I saw at once how it was with him. He loved the girl, had loved her since she could walk.

"Oh, but those were golden days down there. They went by in a kind of mellow maze. I almost forgot that I must hate Southern institutions, and Ruth Tyler helped me. She seemed bent on winning Dave back from what she called 'horrid Yankee ideas.' And it all had its effect on me.

"One late afternoon I remember particularly. It had been a drowsy day and while sitting around we had got to arguing

a little. It was the old, old theme. Ruth babbled indefinitely on how much happier the negroes were in bonds than they ever could be free. 'You all come with me,' she finally challenged daintily, and we followed her down toward the 'quarters' on her father's plantation, although we hated to leave the leafy bower where we had been so comfortable.

IT was that lovely hour of late day when the shadows lengthen and a sup-pertime feeling's in the air, and as we neared the cluster of cabins the smell of bacon frying and corn pone browning came out to us. It makes my mouth water now when I think of it. It made us hungry then on the minute.

"Oh, law now, how the pooh niggahs do have to live," drawled Ruth ironically, while she wrinkled her small nose and sniffed the delectable odor. 'How they just ought to be saved from such misery.' And, as if in answer to her challenge, there came several negro men up from a field, carrying their hoes and singing, and as one turned the corner of his cabin two little pickaninnies ran out of the door to meet him. He dropped his hoe, swung them onto his shoulders, and asked in pretended confidence: 'Wha's you ma got for suppah?' The little black mouths whispered something. 'Ham-m-m-m?' The man's face split into a great laugh, and he ducked with his babies into the door of his cabin.

"'Howdy, li'l' missy,' said one of the others cordially, as he passed near Ruth.

Not one seemed a bit abashed at the girl's presence there with guests, and she waved an answer to their salutations in a way that made me think a lot of people up North must be mistaken in their belief that the South did not really love its slaves. But on the way back we passed close to a deserted-looking cabin. From inside came heart breaking sobs.



"The sweetness had somehow gone out of her. She had become just . . . a vain little parrakeet."

"'What's that?' I asked, and I know I seemed startled.

"Ruth's manner did not change, except to become a little indignant. 'That's only Amanda,' she explained. 'Fathah sold heh down Georgia way yestehday, an' she's heathless enough to want to take heh two baby boys with heh, though she well knows they couldn't evel stand the climate. Fathah's been kind enough to assign Mammy Martha, Amanda's own mothah, to do nothing else but mind the babies and bring them up strong, but Amanda only shrieks. The ungrateful thing.'

"We didn't say much on the way back. I don't think Dave said anything at all. And when I came back North he came with me.

"For two years we worked away at the law, and talked everything that was in our hearts, from Ruth Tyler to the great cloud of anger that was looming up between the North and the South. However, I never knew just where Dave stood till after Lincoln was elected President. Soon thereafter, you know, came the secession of the Southern states, and I'll never forget Dave's answer when I asked him what he was



going to do. The beautiful look, perhaps reverent is the better word, that sometimes came over his face was on it then. 'I am not a disunionist,' he replied. 'My President put the case rightly when he said to the South, "We *won't* go out of the Union, and you *shan't*."' "

The old man had flung his head high with the utterance of Lincoln's words, and fire gleamed in his eye. He was silent a minute. Then resumed:

"With that all questions for David Whiting were settled. He went to the

"Her eyes were bright and had that pert look you often catch in a mass of curly shining yellow hair. And when she

nearest recruiting office with me, and we enlisted together. He joined the North, not because he was against the South or wanted to harm her; he joined the North to help carry out the President's command, and to keep his home in the union.

"Well, you can imagine what effect that had on his folks down in Virginia. Of course he couldn't make them see the thing as he did, so he had to bear fighting against his brother and his boyhood friends. He



bird's. Her little face . . . looked out from a talked she cocked her head on one side.

rose to be colonel of the regiment in which I was a captain, and when the end of the war came in sight he was crazy to go down into Virginia to help his beloved South onto her feet again. Our regiment went, and our headquarters were a stone's throw from Dave's old home.

"Young men," said this warrior of almost two generations before, with tremendous earnestness, "many a time you will hear some one defend a rascal because he died

well. But I want you to consider this: I've lived a long time, and I've seen all kinds of men live and die; and it isn't the way a man dies that counts, it's the way he lives; it's the test that comes to a man every day which proves his manhood, not one dramatic moment at the end. Dave Whiting met that test every day as few have met it. He was man through and through.

"Can you think what it must have been to him to stand the scorn, and worse, the unhappiness of his family and neighbors, through those weeks and months? His father still sat on the shaded veranda, but there was no longer anything cool to drink beside him. His blandness had gone. He was peevish and crushed. And the wife who sat near him no longer smiled. She mourned. For weeds were the only crop on the wide acres, the buildings were deserted, and the livestock had long ago been run off to feed starving soldiers. Walker Whiting was home from his four years' fighting with the Confederates, but he made no move to help work the place. He did not think such labor befitting an officer of the South. Only Edith, whose likeness to Dave had grown more striking, was really doing anything. She grew the vegetables that made the meals, and then prepared the meals.

"Over at headquarters Dave sat by the hour, planning how to rebuild his family fortunes. He knew he could not hope for help from his brother. The war had made Walker gaunt, but it hadn't sobered him. Edith was his only counsellor. She would come with a lunch she had prepared, and they would go over things like two earnest partners, till they finally figured a way to get at least half of the plantation under cultivation. Then they set to work, like the thoroughbreds they were, to do it. He in overalls, she in calico, they plowed and sowed, till they could get negroes who were willing to work for what Dave could pay them.

"Sometimes Edith brought Ruth Tyler with her. Then the three would make a little picnic of it. Several times they invited me."

The old man was gazing steadily into the fire, so he did not see the sympathetic smile going around. He only leaned forward and spoke on with deeper feeling. "I tell you, the South had her share of beautiful

women," he said, "extremely beautiful women. And she had her share of good women, and brave women. But she also had her full share of spoiled, embittered women, at that time, and Ruth Tyler was one of them. In those reconstruction days she was just as pretty and just as dainty as in the years before, and just as bird-like. Only the sweetness had somehow gone out of her. She had become just a little contraction of gay colors, pert ways and selfishness. She was nothing more than a vain little parrakeet."

"A good deal like some of the new cars I have to draw," broke in the advertising artist; "lots of decorations on the body, but nothing much under the hood."

"Quite so," smiled the old man. "In all that time, while Edith was working so hard, Ruth never once helped her to spread the lunch or tidy up afterward. She acted as if she belonged to royalty and had to be waited on. She never for a minute let herself accept the fact that her South had changed. But Dave did not see. To him she was still a delicate, lovely flower, to be tended and cherished. He would sit and look at her with his heart in his eyes, and she would tilt her little head and gurgle and talk sweetly about nothing.

"Finally we were ordered North. By that time Dave had used up all he had saved, to get the old place going again. He hadn't had any help. Walker was still the elegant rogue, busy as usual at cards or otherwise with the loose company he craved more than ever after the hardships of army life. And when he wasn't pursuing that kind of dissipation he was draped gracefully on the Tyler veranda, smiling at Ruth.

"The day we got the order to return Dave came to me and put both hands on my shoulders, and said in that wonderful way of his: 'Jack, man, it's over. The whole awful time is over. And now I'm going to Ruth. Come, walk a piece with me.'

"Of course the town was all excitement. Everybody was out. And as we reached the main street we saw Ruth at some distance, coming toward us, fluttering along under a bright parasol. And then, a little ahead of us, between us and Ruth, out from a house well back in the trees came Walker Whiting, carrying the red sunshade of a woman known as Pet La Tour, and grinning into the insolent dark face she lifted to

him. Dave grabbed my arm in his eagerness and rushed me forward with him, so that we could shield Ruth from a view of Walker and the woman. But we were too late. Ruth came trippingly on, and met the pair just as they stepped out onto the sidewalk.

"I could feel Dave's hand cold on my arm. But Walker did not show the least concern. He lazily raised his hat and halted. And Ruth half stopped too, shook her curls at him, giggled, and said something like, 'Naughty, naughty, Walkah. Then she nodded gaily and came on.

"I looked at Dave, and his face was like chalk. I suspect mine was too. Anyway, Ruth greeted us with, 'Pray, where may you two death-heads be going?'

"'I'm going to your home and I want you to come with me, Ruth,' said Dave earnestly.

"The girl laughed and said, 'I like it bettah heah.'

"'But I want to talk with you, Ruth—about something we can only talk of alone, and I must leave to-night.' Fine old Dave was pleading. And then what did that vixen do but giggle again in his face and say, 'Oh, Davy, you mustn't talk that way to me. Walkah wouldn't like it. I'm going to marry Walkah. He asked me last night.'

"'Walker?' breathed Dave, as if he only had life enough left to say the word. But his burning eyes followed his brother's tall form, disappearing down the street beside Pet La Tour. Ruth's eyes followed his, then turned back at him with a hard, glinty sparkle in them. 'I do not mind in the least—not in the least,' she said. 'I like a gentleman, a gentleman of the South, who fights for a gentleman's country, and doesn't do the work of a niggah. And why shouldn't a gentleman be entertained?'

THAT afternoon Dave went to say goodbye to his family. Ruth was to be there too. So it was harder for him than any battle he had ever gone into. But he did it, for, as I have told you, he was not the dramatic-finish kind of man; he could stand the every-day test. And he got away without saying or doing a dramatic thing, came North with his regiment, and was spoken of with honor. But what did he have out of it all, young men? His country? Now that depends on what a man's country means. To me, country does not

mean much unless it holds the home the man yearns for with his loved ones around him."

The old warrior stopped.

"What finally became of Colonel Whiting?" asked the cartoonist.

"He worked up a good law practice in the face of every kind of obstacle, took care of his parents, and then of his brother Walker's children. He died four years ago."

"And Edith, the sister?" asked the maker of advertising pictures.

"Edith," said the old man and started. He quickly took a handsome gold watch from his pocket, snapped open the face case, worn thin by time, and said surprisedly: "It is half-past eight, gentlemen, and

I must be going. Edith—Edith had the same idea of her country as I: a home and her loved ones around her. And she'll be home in a few minutes. She deserted me tonight to dine at the Children's Home that she's interested in. She loves the homeless children."

"See here, Captain," said the cartoonist, as they all arose, "haven't you been kind of putting one over on us? It seems to me, from your own count, that there must be two sides to this going-to-war stuff. You might have told us your own story, you know."

The old man straightened up in his courtly way, and his eyes gleamed. "So I might have," he said happily. "So I might."

The Christening of Thomas H. Ince



We don't mean what you think we mean. This Tom Ince is red, not white, and he was named after the play-maker. His last name is Thunderbull, and his papa, Charlie Thunderbull, the chief of Inceville's Indians, stands grinning foolishly at the right. Mr. Ince-Thunderbull is grasped firmly by his svelte mamma, who is comforted by the christening minister's wife. She, with her baby, assures Mme. Thunderbull that once upon a time she was equally embarrassed.

PHOTOPLAY TITLE CONTEST

Number VIII—Complete in this issue. For explanation see opposite page.

FIND TITLES IN THIS LIST

A GAINST Heavy Odds
 A Good Business Deal
 A Little Teacher
 All at Sea
 A Man Afraid
 A Matter of Seconds
 The Double Shadow
 A Dream of the Circus
 The Eagle's Mate
 A Message for Help
 Does It End Right
 The Ebb Tide
 A Mix-up in Males
 A Mother's Choice
 The Engine of Death
 The Face at the Window
 And He Never Knew
 A Night's Adventure
 The Fatal Hour
 Flight of a Night Bird
 Down By the Sea
 The Destroyer
 For Cash
 Framed
 From the Shadows
 The Gangsters
 Around the Corner
 Down By the Sounding Sea
 Girl on the Engine
 The Guiding Hand
 Her Choice
 A Hot Finish
 Hiding From the Law
 into the Foothills
 Jail Birds
 Kidnapped at Church
 The Limited Peril
 The Man on the Watch
 A Man's Shadow
 Motherhood
 The Old Curiosity Shop
 On the Border
 Old Enough to Be Her Grandpa
 The Lost Treasure
 Petrof the Vassal
 The Darkening Trail
 A Bear Affair
 The Danger Line
 A Gentleman for a Day
 That Springtime Feeling
 Carmen
 A Midas of the Desert
 Around the Corner
 The Baby Show
 The Chasm
 The Better Way
 A Day on the Force
 The Terror of the Mountains
 The False Clue
 Tangled Paths
 Soldiers of Misfortune
 The Double Chase
 The Gilded Cage
 The Key to Possession

Shore Across
 The Road to Yesterday
 The Money-Sharks
 Old Man
 The Rounders
 The Little Blonde in Black
 Price She Paid
 A Bold Impersonation
 In the Purple Hills
 Between Bars
 A Change for the Better
 In Wildman's Land
 The Captive
 Her Great Scoop
 In the Firelight
 The Kickout
 Movin' Pitchers
 The Other Train
 The Figure in Black
 The Girl from the East
 After the Storm
 The Man Within
 Out on Business
 A Pair of Birds
 Spotted
 The Test
 The Runaway
 The Price
 Adrift
 Without Pants
 A Tale of the Desert
 The Fat and Thin of It
 Black Hands and Dirty Money
 The Undertow
 The Fatal Step
 Across the Atlantic
 His Last Chance
 When They Grew Jealous
 The Stone in the Road
 All at Sea
 Renunciation
 Duty
 Greatest of These
 On the Verge
 'Cross the Mexican Line
 The Way of a Mother
 A Bad Man and Others
 A Bird's a Bird
 A Circus Romance
 A Dip in the Water
 Behind the Screen
 Bunny in Bunnyland
 Caught
 The Chasm
 Chasing the Limited
 The Conspiracy
 The Cross in the Desert
 A Dog's Love
 Branch Number Thirty-seven
 Davlight
 A Day on the Force
 Alien Souls
 After the Storm
 A Flurry in Art

The Only Child
 Lambs Gamble
 Officer 666
 Playing with Fire
 A Flight for a Fortune
 Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight
 Frenchy
 In Old Town
 Last Days of Pompeii
 The Phantom Happiness
 The Record Breaker
 The Accomplice
 At the Sign of the Flaming Cross
 Damaged Goods
 The Hired Girl
 The Lion and the Mouse
 At the Hour of Dawn
 The Musician's Daughter
 Over Night
 Absinthe
 A Crook's Sweetheart
 Barren Gain
 For Cash
 The Lost Sermon
 Not Wanted
 Playing Dead
 The Naked Truth
 Learning to be a Father
 Destiny's Trump Card
 The Magic Note
 The Old Grouch
 Coincidence
 A Bunch of Keys
 Hypnotic Monkey
 The Klondyke Bubble
 Over Secret Wires
 An Eavesdropper
 A City Beautiful
 The Bells of Death
 An Indian Legend
 Some Cop
 Memories of Years Ago
 On Rugged Shores
 The Hedge Between
 At Three O'clock
 The Price Paid
 The Strange Signal
 Out of the Depths
 The Hole in the Garden Wall
 On the High Seas
 The Third Party
 Firelight
 Out of the Valley
 A Wild Ride
 The Circus
 In the Clutches of the Villain
 Redemption
 The Man Who Came Back
 In and Out
 Our Land
 The Danger Line
 The Man Who Was Misunderstood
 The Derelict and the Man
 A Rural Affair

(List Continued on Second Page Following)

HERE ARE THE JULY WINNERS

CONTEST NO. 6.

First Prize, \$10.00, Esther Buchanan, 4133 Walnut St., Kansas City, Missouri.

Second Prize, \$5.00, Mrs. A. L. Phelps, 221 Centre St., Dorchester Centre, Mass.

Third Prize, \$3.00, Mrs. H. H. Bennett, 15229 Loomis Ave., Harvey, Illinois.

Fourth Prize, \$2.00, Miss Elsie Barnes, 310 S. 9th Street, St. Joseph, Missouri.

Ten \$1.00 Prizes to the Following:

Miss Anna W. Abbot, Orleans, Mass; Margrate Mitchell, 163 Nepean St., Ottawa, Ont., Canada; Mrs. D. C. Lowrey, R. F. D. No. 4, Cleburne, Texas; J. E. Page, 293 New York Ave., Jersey City, N. J.; Mrs. A. B. Lueders, 218 Division St., Bellevue, Ky.; Jno. D. Fisher, 1622 Cadiz St.,

New Orleans, La.; R. P. Decker, 3939 N. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.; Carl Wright, 414 N. 12th St., Sac City, Iowa; Arthur Pickler, 946 23rd Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.; John W. Hyslop, Aberdeen, S. D.

THE CORRECT JULY TITLES

1. "The Blacklist."
2. "The White Rosette."
3. "At West Point."
4. "A Fool's Paradise."
5. "No One."
6. "The Wall Between."
7. "For the Defense."
8. "Her Great Price."

FOURTEEN CASH PRIZES

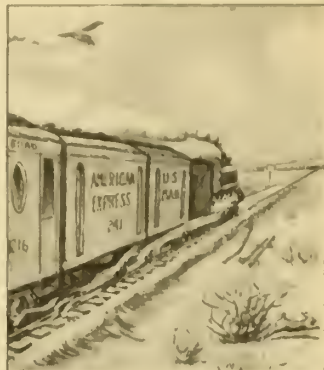
FOR the correct or nearest correct answers to these pictures. The awards are cash, without any strings whatever to them. This is the eighth of a series of novel feature contests to interest and benefit our readers at absolutely no cost to them—the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE way. The awards are all for this month's contest.



1



2



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THE PRIZES

- 1st Prize, \$10.00.
- 2nd Prize, \$5.00.
- 3rd Prize, \$3.00.
- 4th Prize, \$2.00.
- Ten Prizes, \$1.00 each.

Each scene represents the name of a popular photoplay which will be found in the list on the opposite page and the page following. These illustrations are not of scenes from the plays, but are of the titles. In the case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded to the senders of the answers involved.



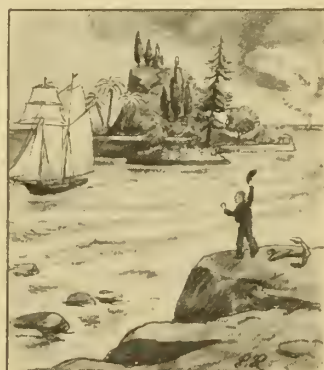
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6



7



8

Directions

Write plainly below each picture the *title* which you think it best represents. Place your own name and complete address on the margin at the bottom of this page. Cut the leaf out and mail it to "Title Contest," PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago. Or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper. Number your answers to correspond with the numbers of the pictures. We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask us questions. Only one set of answers allowed each contestant. All answers must be mailed before September first. Awards for this list will be published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Look for this contest each month.

PHOTOPLAY TITLE CONTEST

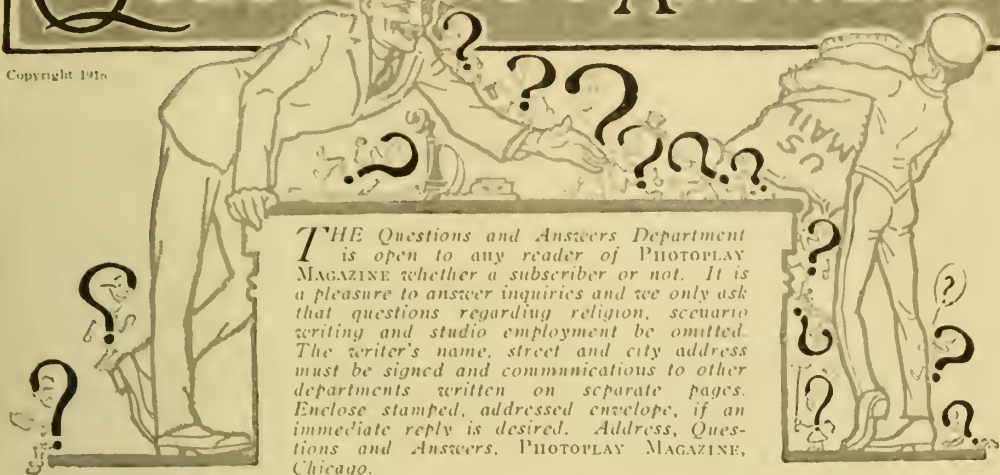
(See preceding page for explanation.)

LIST OF TITLES CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE PRECEDING

The Link that Binds	A Long Chance	Into the Wilderness
Country Innocence	The Frame-Up	The Midnight Alarm
The Decision	Disguised But Discovered	For a Woman
A Close Call	The Island that Never Was	The Black Sea
Shadows	The One Woman	Pretender
Rural Adventures	Behind the Curtain	Honor Thy Father
He Never Said a Word	Their Act	The Way Out
The Girl Who Won	The Iron Ring	The Moth and the Flame
The Tenth Commandment	Across the Hall	The Valley of Silent Men
The Rock of Hope	On Dangerous Ground	The Old Derelict
The Best Man	The Eyes of Fear	A Barnyard Filtration
For the People	A Bad Man and Others	The Valley of the Shadow
Man to Man	Nearly a Lady	The Trail of the Upper Yukon
A Friend in Need	Across the Way	The Alien
An Ill Wind	Above the Abyss	A Daughter's Sacrifice
The Two Thieves	A Marriage of Convenience	A Gambling Rube
The Life Savers	At the Edge of Things	A Message for Help
The Storm	A Red Man's Heart	The Turning of the Road
Morning Paper	The Million Dollar Mystery	Arizona
After the Storm	At the End of a Perfect Day	The Turning Point
Old Curiosity Shop	The Night	The Other Man
In the Valley	Ben-Hur	Neptune's Daughter
Perils of Pauline	The Edge of Night	At the Flood Tide
Into the Foothills	Booming Trixie	Betty's Dream Herp
A Bag of Gold	Into the Dark	Chains of Bondage
In the Hills Beyond	Caught in the Act	The Panther
Adam's Ancestors	When the Light Came In	Daylight
In the Southern Hills	The Colleen Bawn	The Rivals
Against Heavy Odds	Daughter of Kings	Fair, Fat and Saucy
An Idyll of the Hills	The Coward	The Sharpshooter
In the Heart of the Hills	A Disciple of Plato	Flight of a Night Bird
An American Citizen	Marriage of Kitty	Getting the Gardener's Goat
A Relic of Old Japan	The Face at the Window	Her Convert
Ben Bolt	Call of Yesterday	Rags
In the Open	The Fixer	The Hidden City
In the Twilight	The City	In Tangled Webs
Beppo	Getting Rid of Algy	Keno, Bates, Liar
The Bondwoman	The Gold in the Crock	The Honeymooners
The City of Darkness	Commanding Officer	The Birth of a Nation
Caught with the Goods	Her Birthday Present	Lovers' Post Office
A Peach and a Pair	Madame Butterfly	Their One Love
A False Beauty	His Last Fight	Miss Jekyll and Madame Hyde
The Comet	Guarding Old Glory	On Dangerous Paths
The Daughters of Men	In Search of the Castaways	The Knight of the Trials
A Girl and Two Boys	Second in Command	The Last House
Faces in the Night	The Kangaroo	Motherhood
Fleur de Lys	Brother Officers	The Little Soldier Man
A Girl of the Seasons	King and the Man	Refugees
A Happy Pair	Stonewall Jackson's Way	Down on the Farm
Where the Road Divided	Love, Snow and Ice	They Didn't Know
Her Birthday Present	A Spy for a Day	The Return
The Wanderer	The Missing Man	The Fat Girl's Romance
Kathleen, the Irish	The Spy	The Call of the Waves
The Warming	Putting Her Foot in It	Her Escape
Love, Speed and Thrills	The Brink	For the Defense
It Happened on Friday	Men or Money	The Coward
Love's Strategy	Does It End Right	The Wise Guys
The Dawn of a Tomorrow	Slim, Fat or Medium	Black Hands
Cousin Billy	When Rogers Fell Out	Treasure Seekers
Bad Man Mason	One Hundred Years Ago	Smugglers Island
Love and Law	Pants and Petticoats	A Woman's Debt
Their Last Howl	His Return	The Man Inside
Her Bargain	A Sea Mystery	The Useless One
The Awaited Hour	Across the Line	Lights and Shadows
Terror	One Who Passed By	A Gentleman of Art
The Recoil	The Face at the Window	Caught with the Goods
On Dangerous Ground	Cornered	Three Times and Out
Two Mothers	A Happy Pair	Two of a Kind
Police	Between Two Fires	On Desert Sands
The Race	In the Grasp of the Law	A Man's Temptation
Prowlers of the Wild	The Eagle	Stars of the Sea
An Example	A Maid and a Man	The Unhidden Treasure
A Small Town Girl	The Struggle	Easy Money
Just Kids	Into the Light	Six or Nine
The Silent Peril	A Peach and a Pair	The Recoil
The Rival Pilots	Fifty Years Behind	The Hard Road
The Other Half	Copper	It Might Have Been Serious
A Tribute to Mother	Freaks	A Martyr of the Present
The New Dress	At the Crossing	Saints and Sinners
The Unexpected	Midnight Scare	His Last Deal
A Perfect Match	Coming Home	Going Straight
Helping Mother	The Intruder	Old Man
Playmates	His Captive	One Flight Up
A Family Affair	On the Rock	On the Ledge
Just Kitty	For Cash	Riding the Flume
The Go-Between	Alien Souls	Shore Acres
It Can't Be True	Nabbed	Sparrow of the Circus
As In a Dream	In the Hills Beyond	The Isle of Content
Reclamation	The Man Between	The Lure of the Sawdust
The Man in the Chair	The Other Side of the Door	Under Southern Skies
Kitty in Danger	Birds of Passage	Pokes and Jabbs
Beach Birds	One of the Finest	A Chase by Moonlight

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

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THE Questions and Answers Department is open to any reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE whether a subscriber or not. It is a pleasure to answer inquiries and we only ask that questions regarding religion, scenario writing and studio employment be omitted. The writer's name, street and city address must be signed and communications to other departments written on separate pages. Enclose stamped, addressed envelope, if an immediate reply is desired. Address, Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago.

W. M. R., SHERMAN, TEX.—The report that Harold Lockwood and May Allison are married is untrue. Miss Allison says that she has no time for such serious thoughts, and Mr. Lockwood is understood to have been married in 1906. His wife is said to be living in New York. George Le Gner was the son in "The Blindness of Love." Marguerite Clark claims 1887 as her birth-year, and you must not dispute it with her petite majesty. She has never been married.

H. A. B., DANVILLE, IND., and H. K., ST. PAUL.—Ethel Clayton is at none of the Lubin studios, as she has recently joined World, but her director-husband, Joseph Kaufman, is now with Famous Players. Miss Clayton joined Lubin in the fall of 1912 after four years of stage experience. She was born down in Champaign, Illinois, along about 1890. Yes, there is a Talmadge street in Hollywood, California, and it is just as sweet of us to presume it was named after Miss Norma, as to presume anything else.

J. S., MICHIGAN CITY, IND.—Dorothy Kelly was the girl in "Mi Perdita," or as Vitagraph translated the title for the screen, "My Lost One." Wally Reid was *Prince Karl* in "Old Heidelberg," (Fine Arts) opposite Dorothy Gish as *Kathie*.

L. M., INDIANAPOLIS.—Thomas Meighan, who played the part of the young Russian Prince in whom we were so interested in "The Sowers," was born in Pittsburgh. He was on the stage, but he has been so long with Lasky that his foot-light experiences may be classed along with the mumps, whooping-cough and measles. Five feet ten inches in height, dark hair, dark brown eyes. Mr. Meighan is the husband of Frances Ring, a sister of *Blanche*.

L. E. and H. B., MUSKOGEE, OKLA.—Henry Walthall is a Southerner, born in Shelby County, Alabama, and perhaps that did make his work a truer characterization in "The Birth of a Nation." No, Miss Marsh did not jump off the cliff in this play, for she is a fixed star when it comes to hundred-foot leaps.

W. E. C., SALT LAKE CITY.—Whaddyemean, a Beauty and Brains contest for men? Dye want to get us all shot and killed and massacred? It can't be did.

E. M. F., PHILADELPHIA; B. W., REGINA, SASK.; K. T., BALTIMORE, and C. C. M., BRISTOL, CONN.—*Silver Spurs*, your ideal highwayman (supposing there may be such a person) in "The Love Mask," was Earle Foxe. This is his second Lasky appearance, as he played *Dave Tolliver* in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," with Theodore Roberts and Charlotte Walker. Foxe comes from Oxford, Ohio, where he was born in 1887; he attended Ohio State University and has been playing for a number of years. He was married to Celia Santon in October of last year. "*Spurs*" has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes.

BLANK, PARKERSBURG, W. VA.—It's ferninst the rules and regulations to pay attention to anonymous communications, but just this once, we'll break 'em. Marshall Neilan played opposite Miss Clark in "Mice and Men." Better send your name if you want the magazine sent you.

J. D. H., CINCINNATI.—The blonde in "A Mix-up in Photos" was Rena Rogers, who has been playing with Universal until recently. Ray Gallagher was born in San Francisco in 1888; Neil Burns in Bristol, Penna.; Billie Rhodes in San Francisco. All of them played on the stage and in vaudeville before going into the films.

E. F., MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Yes, in the old Biograph days Mary Pickford was known to her friends in England and the Colonies as *Dorothy* or *Dolly Nicholson*, and *Mabel Normand* as *Muriel Fortesque*. At that time the producing companies did not announce the names of players in their pictures, and the British distributors found it necessary to supply them because of the public clamor to know the identity of their favorites.

H. M. M., BARRE, VT.—Jane Grey is a Vermonter, Middlebury claiming prior rights to her affections. There are undoubtedly other players from your state, but her name is the only one that occurs to us. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, who began playing together when with Essanay. Marguerite Courtot is now at home in New York.

DUTCH, BRUNSWICK, MO.—Richard Stanton is now a director for Fox at Los Angeles and is not married. Aren't you glad?

P. C. V., LIVE OAK, CALIF.—Your letter may refer to either of two players in "The Alien." Blanche Schwed played the part of *Rosa* and Thelma Salter played the part of the little girl who was kidnapped. Whether either of these appeared in "The Little Girl Next Door" we are unable to say as the Essanay Company says it does not feel that it would be just to the players in the latter film to publish their names. Probably not.

V. E. I., HAMMOND, IND.—Pretty sure Marguerite Clark will answer your letter. Tom Moore's address is care Pathe Exchange, New York. No boldness at all! That's what we're here for.

W. J. K., WALDO.—For information regarding projection machines and theatre equipment, we would suggest that you write the Precision Machine Co., Inc., 317 E. 34th Street, New York City; the Nicholas Power Co., 90 Gold St., New York City; or the George Kleine Optical Company, 166 N. State Street, Chicago. Any one of these three companies will gladly supply you the information desired.

M. G., CASTLE GATE, UTAH, and T. G., ONSET BAY, MASS.—Ella Hall and Robert Leonard may be addressed at Universal City, Calif. Contrary to their plans, when Miss Stonehouse joined the Universal, she does not appear in "Peg o' the Ring." Grace Cunard returned to the Universal in time to take up the thread of the story where she left off. Miss Stonehouse will be seen in other Universal films however.

R. C., DETROIT, MICH., and M. R., SPRINGFIELD, MO.—*Giuseppe* the Italian in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird," was William Sorrelle; Charles Cherry of course was the star. Gerda Holmes played the important part in "The Seventh Prelude."

A. G., CHICAGO.—William S. Hart uses his real name. He is six feet two inches tall; brown hair, blue eyes; unmarried and will be forty in December. We had a nice story about him last fall. Tell "Dad" he has good taste.

M. H. W., BURTON, CALIF.—Your Earle Foxe questions were answered in last month's PHOTOPLAY and in this issue. Mr. Foxe is 6 feet and 1 inch in height and he was born in Ohio in 1887. The young gambler in the closing episodes of "The Strange Case of Mary Page"—the Essanay Walthall-Mayo serial, is Arthur Bates.

J. S., SAN FRANCISCO, suggests renaming the Pacific Highway. "New York can keep its great White Way since we have got our Glory Road," and forthwith nominates Old Doc Cheerful as Glory Road's first Lord High Commissioner. Edison lights, Universal cement, Triangular sign posts and American ears are a few of the other suggestions.

J. R. N., NEWPORT NEWS, VA.—Charles Chaplin now has a company of his own very properly named "The Lone Star Film Corporation"—the address is given in the directory herewith. Mr. Chaplin was born in France in April, 1889. Since leaving the Essanay "Broncho Billy" (G. M. Anderson) has been organizing a company of his own. Further news regarding him later on.

MAX and JERRY, DENVER.—Thomas Meighan is your hero in "Armstrong's Wife," with Edna Goodrich and Jimmie Cruze. Hobart Henley is the man in "The Substitute Widow."

M. A. G., SALT LAKE CITY.—Mae Marsh appeared in "The Avenging Conscience," but in a rather minor part; Blanche Sweet took the important role opposite Henry Walthall. How long has Norma Talmadge been discovered? She joined the Vitagraph Company in 1910 and continued with that company until last year, when she traveled to the Fine Arts' western studio. Neither Norma Talmadge, Mae Marsh, nor Anita Stewart ever played on the stage prior to their work in the films.

M. D., DENVER.—"Out of the Drifts," that comparatively recent Marguerite Clark picture, in which she played opposite William Courtleigh, Jr., was filmed at the Famous Players studio in New York, and in the Adirondack Mountains. Mary Pickford is the sister of Jack Pickford. Billie Burke is the wife of Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., the well-known theatrical producer. Billie Burke was her father's name, and when she made her debut on the stage she substituted Billie for Ethel.

M. H. C., NEW YORK.—Sheldon Lewis has two perfectly good hands, so your friend of the "iron claw" must have been mistaken. "What Happened to Mary" and "The Adventures of Kathlyn" were the first serials. Cleo Madison is "somewhere in thirties."

L. N., CENTRAL VALLEY, N. Y., and E. T. M., VANCOUVER, B. C.—Eddie Polo of "Broken Coin Fame" may be addressed at Universal City, Calif. Marie Walcamp, and Tyrone Power take the leading part in "Where Are My Children," the other important parts being played by Rena Rogers, and Juan de la Cruz. This is a recent Universal produced by the Smalleys.

E. B. R., LOWELL, MASS.—The girl who played the part of *Marcine* in "The Pawn of Fate" opposite George Beban was Doris Kenyon. There will be more pictures of her shortly.

G. U. R., MIAMI, FLA.—Alice Hollister has just quit Kalem, and if Marguerite Clark is dead, no one has told her. H. B. Warner is with Ince at Culver City, Cal. Evidently you know more about the concern you mention than we do, as we never heard of it.

T. A., BENSON, MINN.—"Thou Shalt Not Covet" was a Selig play released last February. It was written by James Oliver Curwood, produced at the Selig studio in Los Angeles, and Kathlyn Williams, Tyrone Power, Guy Oliver and Eugenie Besserer made up the cast. No, the basic idea is in no wise new, though it may be unfamiliar to many people.

R. H., NEW CASTLE, PA.—You have your Pickfords mixed. Mary has no children. Marguerite Clark confesses to having seen twenty-seven summers. The latest Pickford play is "Hulda from Holland."

MARIAN, HOLLYWOOD, CAL.—We understand that Jack Sherrill is now in Hollywood. Can't say for sure that he is the youngest leading man. If he says he's 18, he undoubtedly is. No actor was ever known to prevaricate about his age. At this writing, he is not employed.

(Continued on page 150)

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The Story of David Wark Griffith

(Continued from page 86)

illuminati, he illuminated the other sort, on whom he drew for subjects.

He did use Paul Armstrong's "The Escape" for his own first and one of his most impressive pictures, and Armstrong made \$2,500 in royalties from the picture, which is thought to be much more than he ever made from the play. It only had a brief run in Los Angeles, where it was produced first by Oliver Morosco; Armstrong himself produced it in New York—with disaster.

There was a tip-top theme for a play, but Armstrong did not quite hit the right angle. He tried too much for the curves.

In this picture Griffith did hit the angles, all of them; the film had much more "punch" than even the master of "punch," the hard-hitting Armstrong, had put into the play; some of it was fascinatingly repulsive, so much so that people were irresistibly drawn to see it again and again.

And it had the best fight ever put on the screen to that time; one which William Farnum has hardly excelled in his numerous exhilarating examples of white-hope acting.

Strange to say, Armstrong and Griffith had no quarrel.

De mortuis nil nisi but forgetfulness of their regrettable traits. Armstrong, however, had such a prevailing insistence on quarreling with his friends that it is not indecent to recognize that fact, now that he is gone.

"No, I had no difference at any time with Paul," says Griffith of this incident, "but I fancy that was because he had nothing to do with me, nor I with him, in the making of 'The Escape.' He wrote to me suggesting its being made into a picture and sent me the 'script'; I read it, and thought it would do, and did it.

"He never saw it in the making, and, as I remember, he made something like \$2,500 out of the venture.

"He did have some differences later, of a passing kind, with some of our business men, but it was all satisfactorily arranged."

"The Battle of the Sexes" followed quickly, and then came his center shot, "The Birth of a Nation."

Probably one of the poorest plays ever put out was "The Clansman," Thomas

Dixon's novel dramatized. The novel was a best seller, and a cause for controversy.

The play was not a best seller; one manager told me, some time ago, that he paid a dollar apiece to ten negroes in San Francisco to form an Afro-American League which was to institute legal proceedings to stop the performance of the play. If I recall correctly it was Sam Friedman, the ever alert youthful theatrical expert, who tried this big business trick.

He paid for the filing of the injunction papers and hired lawyers to defend his side, meanwhile supplying the League with po'k chops and cigarette money.

Friedman won his case against himself, and the League paraded in sorrow before the theater, where the intake that night was something less than \$100. Not enough, anyway, Sam said, to pay for the meal tickets he had bought.

Ask any theatrical man how much "The Birth of a Nation" has made, and he will immediately make a record elevation flight among the millions.

Admitting that Mr. Dixon did a fairly good piece of work in writing the story, you will have to admit that Griffith did a masterpiece in his treatment of the book.

It is very like the comparing of the original, forgotten, Italian tale of Romeo and Juliet with what the Bard did with that.

The story of the first showing of "The Birth of a Nation" in Los Angeles and of Griffith's surprise at what he had done, has been told.

Clune's auditorium was packed to the fire limits that night, for much gossip had circulated; the racial excitement had either been artificially or naturally aroused; the city councilmen with a "close-up" of the negro vote before their imagination had at one time decided to stop the production, and a lot of lawyers had to be retained, and to some extent the word got about that the picture was an incendiary, dangerous affair.

There were coveys, even flocks, of policemen on hand with riot sticks; but the only riot was that of recognition of a great piece of work.

A number of negroes filled portions of the house; whether they liked the picture or not they said nothing, and very wisely kept their and everyone's peace.

It was my fortune to see several scenes of that picture in the making. That one

(Continued to page 148)



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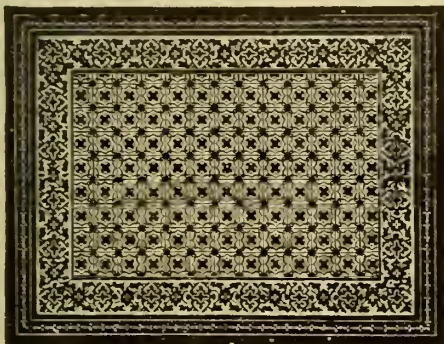
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The Story of David Wark Griffith

(Continued from page 146)

where Booth leaps from the President's box to the stage of Ford's theater was rehearsed something like fifteen or twenty times with the camera.

All of those I saw were gone over and over, with very slightly differing "business;" there was enough film thrown away to make scores of thirteen-reel pictures.

A favorite story at the studios is of the horror of a man interested in the making of "The Birth of a Nation," who saw Griffith throw out seventeen thousand feet of film and take the scenes over again!

He was one of the later fellows who thought D. W. G. crazy.

I asked Griffith: "What has made the Biograph go down in value since you left it?"

"I can't tell you," he said with a laugh; "I'd hate to say it about myself."

And then he talked about the reissues of his old pictures; pictures that he would like to have forgotten, just as Browning shuddered at the revival of his early efforts.

(The next installment will appear in the October issue)

"I understand they are billing those old affairs as 'Griffith Masterpieces,'" he said, "and I can tell you they seem very bad affairs to me now.

"I used to think they were rather good pictures; but everything has changed since then, acting, effects, methods, photography,—everything.

"Those pictures are my children. I admit, but their very existence is justification for my disowning them."

And now he has been nearly two years on his next picture, "The Mother and the Law."

Who is the author of the scenario? For part, at least, a poet who five thousand years ago wrote an epic in the cuneiform characters.

Griffith can quote beautiful passages from that cuneiformist, and, odd to say, they sound something like a futurist effort; they particularly look futuristic when read in the pasturistic original.

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(Continued from page 144)

D. S. G., BLOOMINGTON, ILL.—*Madame Chevrassat* in "The Breath of Araby," (Vitagraph) was Helen Gardner; her father was L. Rogers Lytton; the man her father wished her to marry, J. Herbert Frank; *Capt. Thurston*, Paul Scardon, and the wealthy Persian, Templer Saxe.

F. S., CHICAGO.—Gracious, girl, how long have you been reading PHOTOPLAY? We had a most felocious interview with Wally Reid just a few months ago. Of course he's superb. One of his own family told us. Don't you mean Earle Foxe? Well, Earle has been with Lasky for some time and also played in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." His picture's in the Art Section.

H. S., SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—The principal players in "The Fool's Revenge," (Fox) were William H. Tooker, Richard Neal, Maude Gilbert and Ruth Findlay. Ernest Maupain played the role of *Flagg* in "The Unknown," an Essanay featuring Marguerite Clayton. Oscar Wilde's story, "The Picture of Dorian Gray," was filmed by Thanouser and released in July 1915. A. Howard playing *Basil Hallward*; Harris Gordon, *Dorian Gray*; Ray Johnston, *Lord Wotton* and Helen Fulton, *Evelyn*. *Lord Huntersley*, in "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo," (Lasky) was Frank Elliot. *Mr. Grex* was Theodore Roberts and the *Grand Duchess* was Dorothy Davenport.

I. K., CHILTON, WIS., and R. E. W., GUTHRIE, OKLA.—Address the Fairbanks Twins at the Thanouser studio in New Rochelle, N. Y. In "The Lamb," (Fine Arts-Triangle) the fleecy one who developed horns out in the desert was Douglas Fairbanks; his sweetheart was Scena Owen; her mother, Lillian Langdon; her cousin, Monroe Salisbury; the Lamb's mother, Kate Tonray, and *Bill Cactus*, Alfred Paget. In "Hop, the Devil's Brew," (Universal) *Ward* and *Lydia Jansen* were Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber; *Jane Leech*, Marie Walcamp; *Councilman Waters*, Norman Hammond, and *Con Leech*, Juan de la Cruz. The film was produced by the Smalleys.

H. E. W. FORT WAYNE, IND.—The accent is on the last syllable of *Suratt*. Charles Chaplin was "discovered" by Mack Sennett while playing on the stage in Los Angeles and his film career began at once. He is now with Mutual, his first release being "The Floorwalker." *Carmen*, and "Police," however, are Essanays.

HELEN, DES MOINES, IA.—Fearfully glad you like PHOTOPLAY so much. You must remember though, that even the Bushmans, etc., have their friends. We'll have Mr. Johnston have his picture taken before long and print it. How'll that be?

J. H. M., LAKE MILLS, WIS.—"An Alien," was produced by Thomas H. Ince but not released in the usual manner of Kay-Bee films. George Beban was the Italian and Blanche Schwed, his little daughter, *Rosa*.

G. L., SEATTLE, says "All the girls in town entered the 'Beauty and Brains Contest,' which was lots of fun, but, sadly, we couldn't all win. I wish the lucky ones all kinds of success." Pauline Frederick and Charles Waldron take the leading roles in Famous Players' "Audrey," Waldron being the noble lord whom *Audrey* marries after the author allows her to discard her ragged attire.

A. G. E., TORONTO.—Harold Lockwood and Elsie Jane Wilson played the leading roles in "The Lure of the Mask"; Irving Cummings was the Prince; Hal Clements, *Giavanni*; Lucy Payton, *Enrichetta*; Carol Hallaway, *Kitty*; William Ehfe, *O'Mally*; King Clark, *Billy*; Smith; and G. E. Rainey, *Joe Simon*. In "Mixed Valuables," *Emily*, *Jimmy* and *Van Dyke* were Fay Tincher, Elmer Booth and Chester Withey. In "Stolen Hearts and Nickels," *Ethel* was Eva Nelson. "The Woman Next Door," was a Kleine Irene Fenwick film; Ben Taggart played opposite Miss Fenwick, and Lawson Butt, Della Connor, Camille Dalberg, and John Nicholson made up the remainder of the cast.

R. S., GREELEY, COLO.—Willard Mack, who is of Irish descent, was born in Morrisburg, Canada, but moved to the United States when five years old. From Georgetown University, where he seems to have been quite an athlete, he went into newspaper work and then to the stage. He is equally well known as an actor and as a playwright, "Kick In," probably being his most successful piece of authorship. From a recent engagement at the Ince-Triangle studios he has gone back to writing. Mack is five feet eleven inches in height and has black hair and blue eyes.

R. E. M., TIRO, O.—Cleo Madison is playing and directing for Universal at Universal City. She was interviewed in the January issue under the title "Cleo, the Craftswoman," copies of which we still have on hand. The leads in "The Wolf of Debt," were taken by Violet Mersercau and William Garwood; in "The Lion and the Mouse," by Ethel Clayton as *Shirley Rossmore*, the daughter of *Judge Rossmore*, and George Soule Spencer, as *John Burkett Ryder*, the money king. We have no record of "Taking Care of Sylvia."

F. E. A., CINCINNATI.—The order of production of the Lasky films featuring Geraldine Farrar, was "Maria Rosa," "Carmen," and "Temptation," but the order of their presentation to the public was, "Carmen," "Temptation," and "Maria Rosa."

D. A. N., MONTCLAIR, N. J.—Charles Clay played opposite Blanche Sweet in "The Blacklist" (Lasky) as *Warren Harcourt*. He was born in Charleston, Illinois, and after several years on the stage, joined the Selig company. You probably remember him as *Umballah* in "The Adventures of Kathlyn," as *Brian Kelly* in "The Rosary," and as *Father David* in "The Penitentes." He is now with Fox in the west. Conway Tearle is Marguerite Clark's hero in "Seven Sisters"

R. H., ROANOKE, VA.—Irving Cummings is with Famous Players and is not married. Neither is Jack Pickford who is with Selig. Bryant Washburn's wife was known to the public as Mabel Forrest. Mary Pickford's complete name is Mrs. Owen Moore, or Mrs. Mary Pickford Moore. Take your choice. Write again.

C. and M. G. CLEARFIELD, PA.—Universal City is about eight miles from the heart of Los Angeles and is reached by electric car or jitney bus over the hills. It is a comparatively small place but it is entirely devoted to the production of motion pictures for the Universal Company. The city or plant is on one corner of a ten thousand acre ranch. No, it is not Poverty Flat or any other Bret Harte town brought to life.

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M. T., MUSKOGEE, OKLA.—“The Red Circle,” the recent Pathe serial, was filmed at the Balboa Studio, Long Beach, Calif. Ruth Roland was the featured person. Miss Roland was born in San Francisco, August 26, 1893; Frank Mayo was born in New York, June 28, 1886. The office boy in “The Raiders,” with H. B. Warner and Dorothy Dalton, was George Elwell. He is a real kid. We are glad to note your request.

L. S., MILWAUKEE.—Your opinion about Douglas Fairbanks makes it unanimous. His contract with Fine Arts expires early this fall and he is in New York because that document stipulates that a certain portion of his time be spent there. His wife is not an actress, we believe.

K. H., DES MOINES, IOWA.—Almost all of the “Birth of a Nation” pictures were taken in and around Hollywood, California, though some of the plantation scenes were made in Texas. “The Raven,” featuring Henry Walthall, was reviewed in the Shadow Stage of the January PHOTOPLAY. We are always glad to hear from you, Des Moines.

O. O., LAKE MILLS, IOWA.—May Allison and Harold Lockwood are playing with Metro and may be addressed at the New York office as given in the directory herewith. Whether she would answer you would probably depend a great deal on your letter. Why not experiment?

J. W., EUNICE, LA.—Myrtle Stedman is playing with the Morosco Company in Los Angeles and has recently been seen in “Pasquale.” Mabel Normand is with the Triangle Film Corporation in Los Angeles but now is heading a company of her own. She is no longer with Keystone. The Horsley picture, “A Law Unto Himself,” with Crane Wilbur, was released on February 28th. Did you see the Harold Lockwood interview in the December issue? We are still able to supply you at the usual fifteen cents per copy.

H. L., PASSAIC, N. J.—We have it on excellent authority that Jacqueline Saunders’ name in private life is Jackie Saunders. Sure, Jimmie Cruze is still “in pictures.” With Metro, last we heard of him.

A. B., MONTREAL, P. Q.—There was a Ruth Roland interview in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for June, 1915. In it Miss Roland discussed the matter of gowns and costumes. We will be glad to supply you a copy for twenty cents.

W. T., HUTCHINSON, KANSAS.—We will gladly send you any address that you desire if you will specify the player you have in mind. A great many are given each month by this department. A large number of the players answer letters from their admirers. There is no definite length of time for a production of a serial—it all depends on the picture, the sort of scenes, the number of retakes, and so forth.

T. G. C., AMERICUS, GA.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE does not purchase scenarios. You should submit your plays to film companies. Practically everything appearing in PHOTOPLAY is written on special order.

E. B., OMAHA.—You must be more specific in your questions. To ask us to “tell you something about Wallace Reid, Pearl White, and Sena Owen” is rather indefinite. William Farnum, Tom Santschi, Kathryn Williams and Bessie Eyton were the principal players in “The Spoilers.”

D. W., KIRKLIN, IND., and M. P., CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.—We cannot recommend any “moving picture schools.”

L. H., MANCERONO, MICH.—In “Anna Karenina” the heroine’s brother *Alexis*, was Edward Jose. The part of *Wronsky* was played by Richard Thornton.

E. C. W., LEXINGTON, KY.—We are unable to supply any back number of PHOTOPLAY containing an interview with Norma Talmadge.

M. M. S., PITTSBURGH, PA.—We understand that Betty Nansen has returned to her home across the Atlantic, which explains why you are not seeing her in new photoplays. But she has promised to come back. Do not think there is a *Senora de Cordoba*.

C. E. A., NEW YORK CITY and F. A. M., ERIE, PA.—Miss Mabel Normand is unmarried. Gladden James played the part of *Lord Algy* with Kitty Gordon in “As in a Looking Glass.” He was formerly with the Vitagraph Company. Mabel Van Buren, who is now being seen in “Ramona,” played with Selig about two years ago. In “The Last Act,” a recent Ince picture, the maid was May Allen. Bessie Barriscale, Clara Williams, and Robert McKim were the important players in the cast.

H. K. MCD., DEL RIO, TEXAS, and E. D. L., ST. LOUIS, MO.—William Garwood may be addressed at Universal City, Cal. Mary Fuller never lived in St. Louis. Marguerite Marsh has been seen in “Mr. Goode, the Samaritan,” with De Wolf Hopper, Edward Dillon, and Fay Tincher. Harris Gordon was born at Glenside, Pa., in 1884, and he is married to Louise Emerald Bates, who is playing with Thanouser. Theda Bara and Florence LaBadie are both unmarried.

S. H., TERRA BELLA, CALIF.—Creighton Hale took the part of *Jameson* in “The Exploits of Elaine,” but Sheldon Lewis is not in this serial. So far as we have heard there was no one killed in the film “The Birth of a Nation”; at least none of the principals. Norma Talmadge may be addressed at the Triangle Studio, Fort Lee, N. J. The Actor’s Fund is being raised to provide a home for old actors who are unable to provide for themselves and to aid worthy players who are in need of temporary assistance. It is a very laudable project.

J. E. T., EVANSTON, ILL.—Billie Burke has not confided to us her plans for the summer, and we have not heard that she is to be in Evanston. Crane Wilbur is with David Horsley Co. Dustin Farnum with Morosco, Los Angeles; Dorothy Davenport, Universal City, Cal.; Francis Bushman, Metro, 1476 Broadway, New York; Marshall Neilan, Selig, Chicago. Most of those supporting William Gillette in “Sherlock Holmes” were members of his own dramatic company.

G. D., DALLAS.—Pearl White is five feet five inches in height and weighs 120 pounds. She has red hair and green eyes. Crane Wilbur is married, his wife being a non-professional. Yes, “The Exploits of Elaine” was Creighton Hale’s first venture before the camera, but he had played in numerous legitimate productions. Miss White may be addressed in care of the Pathe Exchange.

(Continued on page 158)

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make it *fast, accurate and amazingly speedy*—how this will *inevitably* increase your income. By all means, mail the coupon or just a postal or letter NOW. What so many others are doing you too can do. With the book we will send our Special reduced price offer. **WRITE TODAY** before this opportunity is past.

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"Am now Chief Clerk to the Dept. of Parks and Public Property. Salary is exactly double what it was when I took up the study of the *New Way*. I can only say if you desire to increase your ability and salary, you will make no mistake in taking this course. The instruction is of the highest order."—Anna S. Cuhilson, 109 Hoerner St., Harrisburg, Pa.

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his cause their own through the sympathy of the downtrodden.

THE rehabilitation of Judge Evans was prompt and complete. Atonement was offered him in the form of various tempting appointments. But at last he began to understand the nature of the people he had been trying to help, and he simply asked that he be reinstated as Night Court judge.

And what of Kitty and her flaming, unreasoning love? The judge realized at last that there was something more than gratitude in his feeling for this girl, who had organized the battle to save him from disgrace. He saw the magnificent strength of her sincerity, the possibilities latent in her nature.

"Kitty," he said one evening, "would you like to go to some school for a year or

two—just to—well—"

"I understand, Judge. I'm rough. But how could I be going to a school?"

"Won't you let me send you? I owe you that much."

"You don't owe me nothin'—anything," she retorted, almost savagely.

"But I want you to go—and," his voice dropped to a more tender pitch, "while you're there I want you to be thinking of me quite a good deal."

"Judge!"

"And don't think of me as 'Judge.'"

Kitty looked up at him, her eyes brimming with joy.

A year later a magnificent, radiant Kitty had come into being. And now there are two persons who devote their lives to studying the problems of the unfortunates—together.

Lillian Walker's Rolling Pin



Try this over on your sidewalk: take three tons of pie crust dough, spread evenly on any fairly clean surface, massage deftly with the little vibrator shown above, and for some dessert bake quickly with twenty Broadway peaches.



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Your chance to *be somebody*, to hold a position of responsibility, to have an income that will provide every comfort of life, is within your reach.

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Don't play blindman's buff with your future! Start today and train yourself to do some one thing better than others.

You can get that training in spare time through the International Correspondence Schools, just as others have done for twenty-five years—just as more than 130,000 ambitious men and boys are doing right now.

Choose your own career. The I. C. S. will train you for the position you want in the work you like best. And you need not lose a day or a dollar in your present occupation.

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In October, 1916, the International Correspondence Schools will celebrate the completion of 25 years of successful educational work in the interest of technical and industrial preparedness. More than 130,000 men and women are NOW STUDYING I. C. S. Courses, preparing for advancement and increased earnings and greater service to their employers and their country.

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(Continued from page 152)

D. J., VICKSBURG, MISS.—Marshall Neilan's wife was known on the shadow stage as Gertrude Bambrick; Tom Santschi's wife is not a professional, and Miss Eytan is not married at present.

W. L. T., MADISON, WIS.—Yes, E. H. Calvert of Essanay is the "Billy" Helm of your city; the same "Billy" Helm who was one of Wisconsin's most redoubtable football stars in the old days: one might say the "Pat O'Days." We have no idea why he changed his name.

C. M., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Marin Sais, of Kalem, is a native daughter of California and was born in Marin county. The accent is on the "in."

S. W. S., MOORESVILLE, N. C., and E. M. M., WALKKILL, N. Y.—In "His Golden Grain," William Duncan, Jack Mower, Myrtle Gonzales, Otto Lederer, George Stanley, George Kunkel and Alice Neice made up the cast. Velma Whitman, Raymond Gallagher, Henry Stanley and Charles K. French were the important players in Lubin's "Bridge of Sighs." Joe Welcher in "Neal of the Navy," was Richard Johnson.

R. B., MISSOULA, MONT.—Richard Stanton, now with William Fox, was born in Philadelphia. He came to the films by way of the stage and his screen career has included engagements with the old Melies with Ince and Universal.

J. R. V., CAPE GIRARDEAU, Mo.—The cast of "The Yellow Passport," (World) included Clara Kimball Young as *Sonia*; John Sainpolis, the police spy; Alec B. Francis, as *Sonia's* uncle; Edwin August as young *Rosenheimer*; Robert Cummings as Captain of the Black Hundred, and Nicholas Dunaew as the music master.

B. Y., NEW ZEALAND.—The price of "Stars of the Photoplay" is the same to Australia, New Zealand and Canada, as in the United States—fifty cents. We shall be glad to fill your order at that price. Many thanks for the information about Wellington and its theatres.

K. B. T., PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The part of *Justice* in "The Absentee" was played by Olga Grey. You evidently missed "Double Trouble," as she had an important part in that film, playing the part of a medium.

S. G., BROOKLYN, and H. M., DETROIT.—San Pedro, 22 miles from the city's center, is a part of Los Angeles, and it was at San Pedro harbor that the various water scenes in "Shanghai'd," were taken. Yona Landowska may be addressed at Universal City.

E. W. B., VENICE, CALIF.—"The Hateful God" was an Ince picture released in the fall of 1914; J. Frank Burke, Enid Markey, Marvel Stafford and Harry Keenan made up the cast. Tsuru Aoki may be addressed at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, California.

M. K., SALT LAKE.—Write Ethel Clayton, care World Film; Kathlyn Williams at Selig's, Los Angeles; William Farnum, Fox, New York; Annette Kellermann, same, and Irene Wallace, Triangle, New York. Billie Burke is not quite thirty. Pronounce Cunard with a short "u" and accent the "ard." That's it!

P. R., FT. WORTH, TEXAS.—Don't ask us concerning ways and means for getting into the films. It is a very hopeless road for an amateur because of the strenuous competition and we do not advise you to give it a serious thought.

(Continued on page 163)



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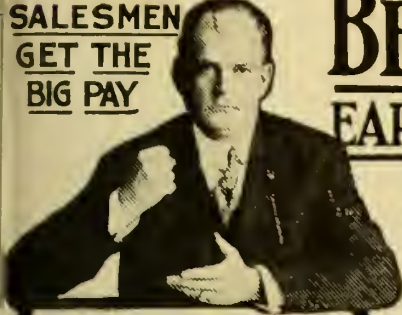
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I have received requests from more than 15,000 of the biggest and best firms in America for Trained Salesmen—men I had trained and could personally recommend as competent, and capable of filling good paying positions as Traveling Salesmen. These firms employ thousands of Salesmen every year and are constantly calling on me to supply them. I merely mention this to emphasize the unlimited demand of the business world for Trained Salesmen, and the fact, too, that good Salesmen are always the sought instead of the seekers; always the makers of terms and the dictators of salaries. They are the most independent, best paid body of men in the world.

There is a position as a Salesman ready for you—a good position where your Earning Power will be unlimited—when you are ready for it. Prepare yourself now.



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I took your course two years ago. Was earning \$15 a week clerking. Am now selling many of the largest firms in the U.S. I have earned more than \$100 in a day. You secured me my position. Our Sales Mtr. is a graduate of yours.
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I am in the \$2,500 to \$10,000 Class
I was a carpenter, am now a Salesman and can proudly say I am in the \$2,500.00 to \$10,000.00 a year class. Wish I could invest more dollars that would bring me the big returns those invested in your Course did.
J. E. WOOD,
Rooms 332-54
Pacific Bldg.,
San Francisco,
California

I Made \$280 and Expenses the First Month
Any ambitious man can become a Salesman and increase his earning power by taking your Course. Your Employment Bureau is a dandy. I had no trouble in securing a good position and will be delighted to boost for the N. S. T. A.
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P. O. Box 1812
Great Falls,
Mont.

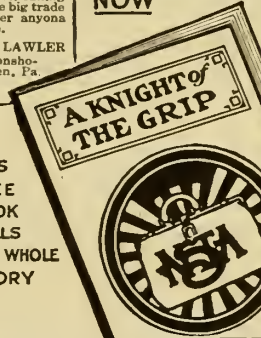
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Last year I only earned \$300.00 as a clerk. This year I have earned \$6500.00 and have been promoted to Salesmanager and done it by studying your Course during spare time. Your Employment Bureau offers one many good positions.
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Have derived great benefit from your Course already. Before I enrolled I only earned \$70.00 a month. Your instructions have enabled me to earn over \$370 this month. They will help an old Salesman as well as a beginner.
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You Make Your Promises Good
Was formerly a telegraph operator. Am now a salesman thanks to you. My earnings are more than I ever before thought possible. I cover Pa., N. J. and Del. calling on the big trade—Refer anyone to me.
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PROF. ANTHONY BARKER
 5206 Barker Bldg., 110 W. 42nd St. NEW YORK CITY

Milady's Friend: Her Dressing Table

(Continued from page 77)

gentle tapping process under trained fingers, stirring up circulation and creating a glow. There may be occasion also to use a pore cream, especially on the nose, for foreign substances the ordinary cleansing cream cannot at first remove. This is preferably applied at night on retiring. Perhaps the eye-brows need pruning and shaping. If one decide on a fine arched line, one must be prepared to encounter a half-stranger in the mirror.

The skin food is also a foundation cream and serves to hold the powder smoothly. One is now ready to go as far as she likes with lip salve and rouge, eyebrow pencil, and perhaps a very tiny eyelash brush is used to darken the lashes with cosmetic. The most effective make-up is that of the invisible variety, and the individual studies this out for herself.

It is at night that restoratives are applied to work their good. The beauty sleep goes on with the beautifying agents aiding and abetting nature. The skin food puts in its efforts building up tissues, or an especially good bleach does its chore. First of course the face has been thoroughly cold-creamed to free the pores of the day's grime. The eyelash and eyebrow grower, whether it be just vaseline or a scientifically prepared cream, busies itself at this time.

When one seats oneself before the dressing-table for the purpose of preparing for public appearance, the process may be limited to the simple expedient of shaping up the eyebrows between thumb and finger or a pass at powdering the nose. But even she blessed of the gods with skin of peaches and cream, or lacking it entirely but endowed with an exemplary nature, must at times resort to defensive preparations against dust and wind. A good powder makes a far better covering for the pores than a coat of dust. One of the new powders combines ingredients which act also as a skin food. An excellent greaseless foundation cream is an adjunct for every dressing-table. It not only serves to hold the powder smoothly, but is a protection to be used in motoring and sailing.

If one go in for any of the retouching processes it is always advisable to contemplate oneself by a strong north light. This makes sure our friends do not see more of the work than is intended.

After the face is well cold-creamed it is ready for the keying up of color. A liquid rouge is applied over the cheekbone. If the face be markedly thin the color is worked outward for breadth, if the contrary be the case it is put nearer the nose. A light rouge is used for daytime. The greatest care should be taken to blend the edges. The success of a good make-up rests more upon the skill in blending than anything else. After the rouge comes a liquid powder, which may be got in varying shades to suit the individual. It works more evenly and covers blemishes more discreetly than simple face powder. The liquid, applied on a bit of absorbent cotton, should be spread over the entire face, up behind the ears and over the neck. Through this the rouge glows faintly and is sufficient if there be no high color desired in the cheeks, just a faint glow of health; otherwise dry rouge may be added as a last touch.

The next step is to accent the eyes and mouth. This is most carefully done, penciling lightly the brows and, if necessary, using a wee brush to apply mascaro to tip the lashes. One may go further, but with utmost care. A brown and black cosmetic may be mixed on a tiny palette and applied by a fine bristle brush with a very steady touch to accent the line of the lashes on both lids. Then take the little finger and blend.

As to the mouth. Here the makeup is often too apparent and badly done. Those who wish an obviously artificial appearance accent this particular feature, but for those who do not, this advice is given: Do not depend on the lip stick. This does well enough to lightly touch up with occasionally, but with it careful drawing is impossible. The best effect is got from a light lip salve applied with the finger. The lower lip is never as wide as the upper.

The final finishing is a light dusting with an individual powder. The shade has less color for the street than for evening. Set rules for individual make-up are of course impossible in detail without having the subject for contemplation. One rule, however, is not amiss, and that is, success depends upon too little rather than too much. It is a peculiar fact that a great many women and girls of high respectability do not realize the disagreeable criticism they subject themselves to in public places by over-rouging; not only their taste, but often their personal rectitude, is questioned.



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AMERICAN FILM MFG. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago (s); Santa Barbara, Calif. (*) (s).

BALBOA AM. PROD. Co., Long Beach, Cal. (*) (s).

BIOGRAPH COMPANY, 807 East 175th St., New York, (*) (s); Georgia and Girard, Los Angeles (s).

BOSWORTH, INC., 222 West 42d St., New York City; 211 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles (*) (s).

CALIFORNIA M. P. Co., San Rafael, Calif. (*) (s).
THOS. A. EDISON, Inc., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City (*) (s).

EQUITABLE MOTION PICTURES CORP., 130 West 46th St., New York City. (*) Fort Lee, N. J. (s).
ESSANAY FILM MFG. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago (*) (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM Co., 128 West 56th St., New York City (s) (*).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 West 46th St., New York City (*) (s); Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

GAUMONT COMPANY, 110 West 40th St., New York City (*) (s); Flushing, N. Y. (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

GENERAL FILM Co., 200 Fifth Ave., New York.
DAVID HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles (*) (s).

KALEM COMPANY, 235 West 23d St., New York City (*) (s); 251 W. 19th St., New York City (s); 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Calif. (s); Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (s); Glendale, Calif. (s).

GEORGE KLEINE, 805 E. 175th St., N. Y. City (*).
LASKY FEATURE PLAY Co., 485 Fifth Ave., New York; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (*) (s).

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OLIVER MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY Co., 222 West 42d St., New York City; 201 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles. (*) (s).

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Casts of Stories from Photo-plays in this Issue

"SHELL 431"

(By C. Gardner Sullivan)

Ince-Triangle

William Berner	H. B. Warner
Adrienne von Altman	Enid Markey
Spj	Jack Gilbert
Lieutenant Franz	George Fisher
Hollen	Margaret Thompson
Helen von Altman	Louise Brownell
Baroness von Altman	

COMMON GROUND

(By Marion Fairfax)

Lasky

Kitty Horgan	Marie Doro
Judge Evans	Thomas McElghan
Burke, a "practical politician"	H. B. Carpenter
James Mordant, the "Man Higher Up"	Theodore Roberts
Doris, his daughter	Mary Mersel
Kelly	Billy Elmer
Lon	Veda McEvers
Billy	Billy Jacobs

THE STING OF VICTORY

(By Charles M. Peck)

Essanay

David Whiting }	Henry B. Walthall
Walker Whiting }	Antoinette Walker
Ruth Tyler	Anne Leigh
Edith Whiting	John Lorenz
Jack Spencer	Thomas Commerford
David Whiting, Sr.	Miss Frankenfield
Mrs. Whiting	

(Continued from page 158)

E. T., MONTGOMERY, ALA.—We cannot recommend anyone for the work you mention.

A. S., NEW DECATUR, ALA.—Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn in 1887. May Allison in Georgia in 1895; Marjorie Daw at Colorado Springs, Colo., in 1902. Philo McCullough was with Balboa at Long Beach, Cal., at last reports. Messrs. Reid and Lockwood are married. Sure, write often.

F. C. M., PROVIDENCE, R. I.—Mary Pickford was born in Toronto in April, 1893, so she is a little over twenty-three years old. Olga Petrova was born in Warsaw, Poland, in 1885, but she refrains from committing herself as to whether she is married or not.

F. J. H., MOOSE JAW, SASK.—Frank Keenan was probably the player you saw in the role of Jack Rance in "The Girl from the Golden West," as produced on the stage with Blanche Bates in the title part. This is the same Keenan who played in "The Stepping Stone" and "The Coward," both Triangle films.

J. S., ST. LOUIS, and M. D. C., KANSAS CITY.—Aldrich the gambler in Selig's "Cycle of Fate" was Lewis J. Cody, Bessie Eyton and Wheeler Oakman being the other principal participants. William Desmond played opposite Lenore Ulrich in "Kilmenny," but he is now with Ince. Alice Taaffe is the youngster in "Not My Sister," a recent Ince film in which Bessie Barriscale and William Desmond take the leads. She is an added starter and looks very promising.

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Dept. 12, Chicago, Illinois

A. L., MONTREAL.—There was one or perhaps two film companies in Canada, but we do not know of any in operation at the present time. The one in your city burned down and was not rebuilt. Scads of war pictures of the Canadian troops and their training are being taken for the news films, however.

H., NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Cleo Ridgely, the girl in "The Love Mask," is the wife of J. M. Ridgely. They used to play in the east, but have been in California for about a year and a half, since their trans-continental horseback ride, which perhaps you remember. Mr. Ridgely is not playing in films at present.

J. P. F., CANTON, O.—The World film, "By Whose Hand," ends with the mystery unsolved. It was originally entitled, "Who Killed Simon Baird?" and at the close the old judge still ponders the question, unsolved by the jury's verdict.

L. W., BEVERLY, MASS.—Harry Morey began his motion picture career in 1908, joined Vitagraph in 1909 and has been with that organization ever since. He was born in Michigan and completed his education at Ann Arbor and played for a number of seasons on the legitimate stage prior to beginning his film career. He is well known as a heavy in Vitagraph plays and has been seen in "A Million Bid," with Anita Stewart; "My Official Wife," with Clara Kimball Young, and more recently "The Price of Folly," with Edith Storey.

WILD MAYFLOWER, PHILADELPHIA.—Of course Philadelphia is not slow. We never even heard it accused of being such. Crane Wilbur was born Nov. 17, 1886, at Athens, N. Y.; 5 feet 10½ inches; 169 pounds; brown hair, gray eyes. The others you mention have never appeared in pictures. Don't be afraid to write.

R. N., SAN MARCOS, TEX.—Evelyn Nesbit Thaw and Jack Clifford played the leads in a Lubin film called "Threads of Destiny" some time ago. The then Mrs. Thaw, who is now Mrs. Clifford, played the role of a Russian girl who found herself too much beloved by distasteful police officials and sought refuge with her lover in America.

J. S., ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., and E. M., SEATTLE.—Dorothy Davenport is the daughter of Alice Davenport who plays in Keystone comedies; the latter was in "The Perils of the Park," with Harry Gribbon and in "Wife and Auto Trouble," you perhaps remember. In each case it was William, but in "The Island of Surprise" it was Courtenay, while in "Out of the Drifts" the last name was Courtleigh, and "Jr." at that.

H. M., BALTIMORE.—The title of the first of the "Who's Guilty?" series was "Puppets of Fate," and in it, as in all of the succeeding chapters, Tom Moore and Anna Q. Nilsson played the leads. The wealthy widow was Octavia Handworth. The names of the characters change with each episode.

E. S., PORTLAND, ME.—Yes, Dorothy Dalton, who played the weak and erring wife in "The Disciple," with William Hart, is also seen as *Aun of Austria* in "The Three Musketeers," another Ince film in which Orrin Johnson takes the hero-lead as *D'Artagnan*. This is especially interesting to those who have read Dumas' series of *D'Artagnan* stories. Lewis J. Cody is now with Mabel Normand's company. Cody comes from Water-ville, Me., where he was born in 1885, while Miss Dalton was born in Chicago.

(Continued on page 169)



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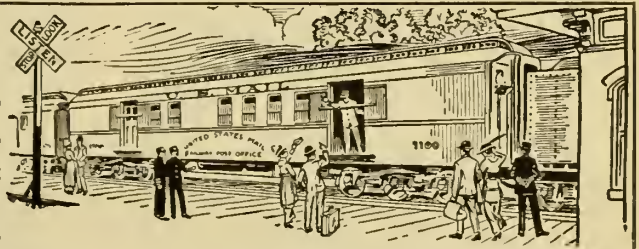
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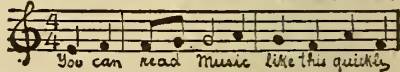
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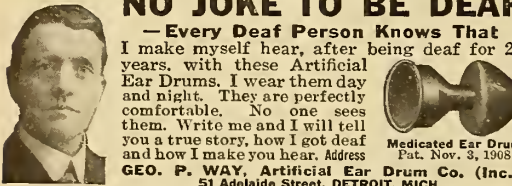


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An Author in Blunderland

(Continued from page 62)

exclaimed: "No more of these high prices! No more throwing away money on authors!"

Money paid to authors is no more thrown away, when you want to run a theater, than money paid for gasoline is thrown away when you want to run a motor engine. Motion picture men must learn this. They must learn that they can do without actors, but not without authors. That they can do without scenery, but not without authors. And they must learn, too, that no reputable author, no matter what his emoluments, will wait upon whims, or condone a broken agreement, or beg an audience of the office boy, or submit to having his play rewritten by the stage manager. When they have learned this some day they may obtain work that is not "poorly constructed" and "quickly conceived."

Some day—but not now! For the present they have lost their opportunity. The author is "on." If you doubt this, or think our experience unique, ask Augustus Thomas, or Eugene Walter, or Bayard Veiller, or Willard Mack. Most of us started with enthusiasm, eager to try our hands in a new field—a field with "no restrictions and no limitations." We were soon bereft of that. Where a man can have no love for his work, or pride in it, he may be won to do the work for big pay. You don't get the same result, but you may get something near it.

Meanwhile, our factory has shut down. I am "out" of pictures—not without having trod the trail of the Scriptural Serpent, to whose hearkener it was said: "Henceforth, in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life."

One Way to Get the Money

A WELL known producer sitting in a theater inspecting the work of a rival, was astonished to see on the screen a well known character actor playing a "bit." He was so impressed with the willingness of the actor to play a minor part that he determined to engage him. He sent a scout to ascertain what the character man was getting in the way of salary. The scout reported, \$125 weekly. When negotiations ended, the actor was with the same company but getting \$500 a week.

(Continued from page 164)

J. P. B., INDIANAPOLIS.—Lionel Barrymore and Lois Meredith were the featured players in "Seats of the Mighty," a World film of a year or more ago. No, not Charles Waldron but Edward Martindell played the role of the artist-father in "The Foundling," Mary Pickford's lover in "Fanchon the Cricket" was Jack Standing; Clara Kimball Young's lover in "Trilby" was Chester Barnett—the young artist.

W. W., DETROIT.—If you are on the stage, you ought to know the way to break into the movies. Just hit out for one of the film centers, Los Angeles or New York, and apply for a job. Perhaps you will have to "buck the extra list" at first, but if you have ability a place in stock ought to follow.

E. S., TORONTO.—We referred them to the Hollywood Commercial Club regarding Wally Reid because of the well known willingness of California commercial clubs to tell anybody anything that has to do with the club's own fair and famous city, which, etc., etc. And we felt that such a personal question should be answered only by a friend of the family. Tom Forman is five feet ten inches tall, has light brown hair and grey eyes.

W. G. C. S., JACKSONVILLE, FLA., and L. O. L., ST. JOHN, N. B.—Ramon Alfaraz, the Comandante of Police, in "The Ne'er-Do-Well," (Selig) in private life bears the quite usual American name of Sidney Smith. Wheeler Oakman and Kathlyn Williams play the leads. Kitty, in "Colorado," (Universal) was Louise Baxter. Elsie Janis never plays under any other name, so you were evidently wrong.

S. F. T., COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Bryant Washburn of the Essanay company is married to Mabel Forrest, who has been seen in a number of Essanay films, though not a member of their stock company. The Moffett studio, Chicago, will supply you with a photograph of Mr. Washburn for \$1.00. He is about five feet ten or eleven inches in height and has brown eyes and dark brown hair.

F. E. R., MINNEAPOLIS.—You undoubtedly refer to "A Soul Enslaved," a Universal film in which Cleo Madison played the leading role and took charge of the directing as well. It was a five reeler released January 24th. We have no idea what "the Ford bandit picture" may be.

M., SYRACUSE, N. Y.—"The Martyrs of the Alamo" was a Fine Arts Triangle film dealing with the Alamo days in the Texas fight for freedom. It was directed by Wm. Christy Cabanne under the supervision of D. W. Griffith and the cast was as follows. *Silent Smith*, Sam De-Grasse; *Santa Anna*, Walter Long; *Sam Houston*, Tom Wilson; *David Crockett*, A. D. Sears; *James Bowie*, Alfred Paget; the Revolutionary War veteran, Augustus Carney; *Col. Travis*, John Dillon; *Capt. Dickinson*, Fred Burns; *Mrs. Dickinson*, Ora Carew; and the old soldier's daughter, Juanita Hansen.

P. J. F., PHILADELPHIA.—Nearly a dozen of Dickens' works have been filmed, among them "Nicholas Nickleby" by Thanhouser in 1912; "Martin Chuzzlewit," by Edison in 1913; "David Copperfield," by Hepworth, an English concern, in 1913; and "A Tale of Two Cities," by Vitagraph in 1911. "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" was done by World in 1914.

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Included in these chapters—which give advice upon the sorts of subjects in favor, the construction of screen comedy, form, titles, captions, the detailing of action, etc., etc., etc.—will be *a model scenario* chosen by Captain Peacocke himself, from a library of scripts which have seen successful production.

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Photoplay Magazine 350 North Clark Street
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

All Aboard for Starland

(Continued from page 54)

Included in the program of entertainment are trips to Coney Island, Long Beach, photoplay studios as the guest of Doris Kenyon, a talk by Miss Kenyon, and various other pleasant things.

The six winners who live west of Chicago and who therefore will pass through Chicago on their way to New York, will stop over one day en route and be entertained in the Windy City by theatrical folk and PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. They will be the guests of Messrs. Jones, Linick and Schaeffer, proprietors of the Studebaker Theatre, at a matinee performance, after a luncheon given by Mr. Aaron Jones. Also the young ladies will be taken on a motoring trip through Chicago, stopping in North Clark street to visit in the offices of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. The six are: Alatia Marton, Dallas, Tex.; Lucille Zintheo, Spokane, Wash.; Florence Gray, Seattle, Wash.; Claire Lois Butler Lee, Wichita, Kan.; Mildred Lee, Kansas City, Mo., and Vivian Suckling, Winnipeg, Canada.

"When you come to the end of a perfect day" on an important business-and-pleasure trip of this magnitude, for the fact that it has been perfect one may largely thank one's chaperon.

Miss Sophie Irene Loeb is among the busiest of the busy New York women who are devoting their time and talents to unselfish efforts for public welfare; yet she writes that she is looking forward with keenest pleasure "to the privilege of being chaperone to eleven young women from all over the United States and from the Dominion of Canada whose beauty plus brains, in the estimation of the judges, has entitled them to this rare chance to grasp a career."

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is in receipt of the following letter from one of the victorious eleven:

"Since the announcement of the winners in the Magazine, I have received loads of letters of congratulation from all over the United States, and as it will be impossible for me to answer them all, I wish to ask if you will permit me to thank them through PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE?"

This is the answer: Assuredly! And PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, takes pleasure also in extending this thanks for the eleven.



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Here is a little talk about
Photoplay for October

It will be with you the first day of September

PHOTOPLAY is a thirty-day newspaper. It is more and more a volume of last-moment information and exclusive illustration, and so it becomes increasingly difficult to herald its contents with anything like dependability.

NEWS is *Photoplay's* big tin god. You don't look for dry theory and dusty history in these pages. You look here to find out what's going on—what the live ones are doing, saying, planning—to see which way this leaping art is going to leap next. That's why, time after time, announced features have been sidetracked to let limited trains of big news go thundering by.

In *October Photoplay* Elizabeth Brock McGaffey will offer you an irresistible humoresque, "The Autobiography of a Scenario," decorations by Gale; Harry Chandlee, author of "The Blessed Miracle," "The Struggle," etc., etc., will begin a short series of articles on the creation of photoplay plot—an inestimable help to every man or woman who has looked hopefully toward the *Ince-Photoplay* scenario contest as a gate of creative expression; the greatest evil of the voiceless stage—"picture racing"—will be reviewed, correctively and constructively, by all the big manufacturers; you will see "Their Kisses," a photographic interlude of your favorites at their osculations—

We stop. We hadn't commenced to nominate *Photoplay's* interesting features, now in preparation. But we can't forecast what's going to happen in a news way, and of this you may be sure: *October Photoplay*, from cover to cover, will be crowded with the tersest, snappiest news; the crispest comment; the prettiest women; the most interesting happenings; the most pungent wit and humor of the hour.

Photoplay is the French mirror of the motion picture business.

**D. W. Griffith's
 new play is about
 to be released**

In another month or two, at most, the whole theatre-going world will be clamoring for facts about this remarkable man. There is only *one* Griffith story. *Photoplay* has it.

"The Glory Road"

is the first great novel of the screen. Are you reading it? This installment is a whirlwind. The next—even in the midst of its thrilling action and tingling romance—opens a door through which one looks upon the future of active photography with the prophetic eyes of genius.

"The Shadow Stage"

is the only general and authoritative department of photoplay criticism yet inaugurated. Find the pulse of the silent drama in these pages.

**Another tremendous
 short story**

by the author of "Shell 43!" (in this issue) will be published in

**OCTOBER
 PHOTOPLAY**

The Glory Road

(Continued from page 118)

at, regarding Stephen Holt's apparent devotion to her, and if she could somehow apprise Paul of this—!

Like everyone else, Marcia had heard much of Temple's exploits in the North, and comprehended his character both by personal acquaintance and hearsay. As a result she knew beyond question that he was the last man in the world to stand tamely by and see another man try to win the girl he loved.

But how to inform Temple without involving herself? A dozen obvious methods, such as sending an anonymous warning telegram, suggested themselves, but she rejected them all. She thought of an intimate friend she had in the Eastern Graphics, and the idea came that she might write this girl the situation, and trust to her ingenuity to get the facts before Temple. But this plan, like the others, she dismissed as revealing too plainly the trail to the source of things.

Subduing her anger and impatience with a strong hand, she forced herself to wait until the way opened of itself. Meanwhile, she went to work again under Briscoe's direction with such docility that gossip declared she had been "broken" at last. June was again in her company, and towards her the star maintained her usual attitude of superior courtesy.

To Holt she had said nothing as yet. She feared him a little, and besides, she wanted, if possible, to accomplish her end without exposing herself, even to him. She regarded the three as in conspiracy to accomplish her downfall, and felt that she must of necessity defeat them all.

Then one day while she stood watching a scene, the idea she had sought came. At first it seemed wild, ridiculous, absurd, but the more she considered it the more reasonable and effective it seemed. Her whole body grew tense with the hope and daring of it. When the company was dismissed for lunch that noon Marcia walked to where Tim Barr was inserting a new reel of film in his machine; and when he had finished she drew him aside.

(To be continued)



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PHOTOPLAY

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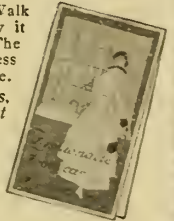
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Photoplay Magazine

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VOL. X

No. 5

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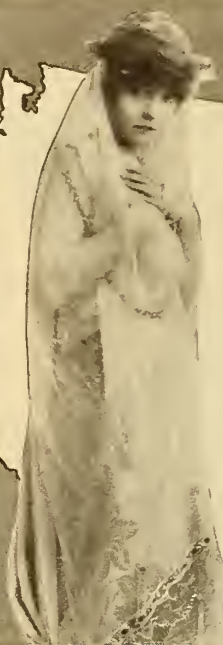
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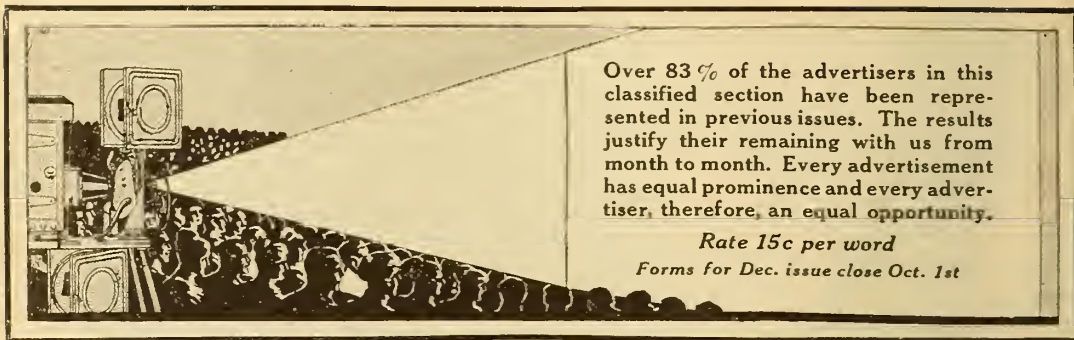
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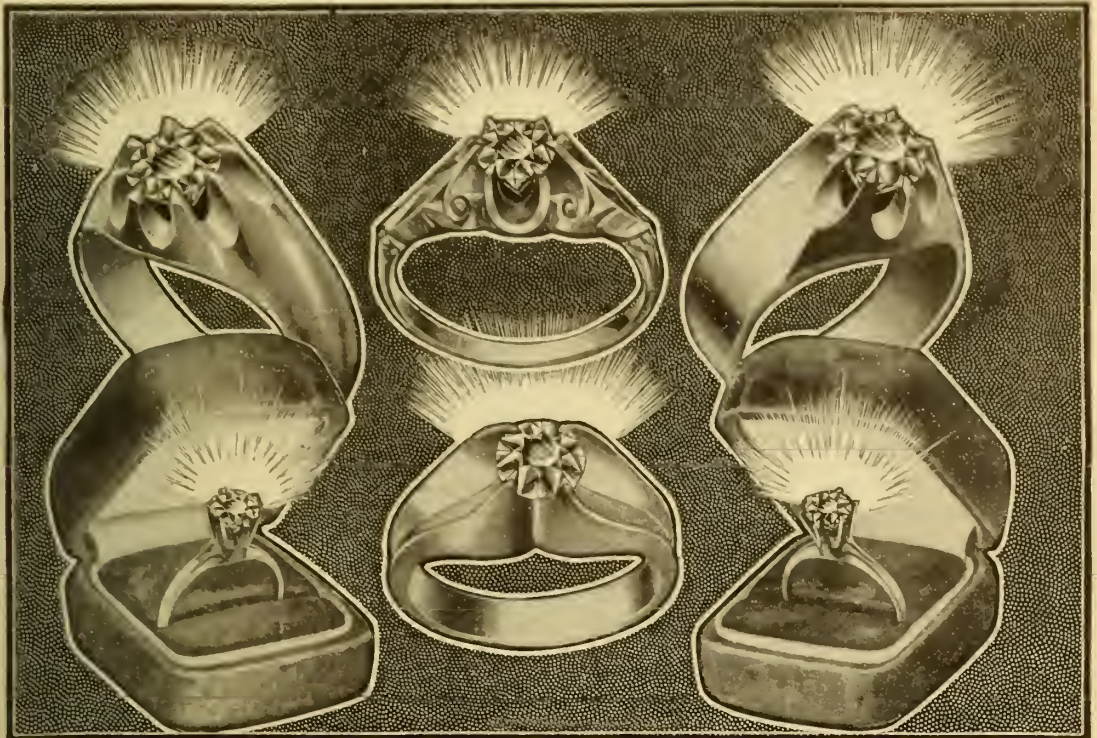
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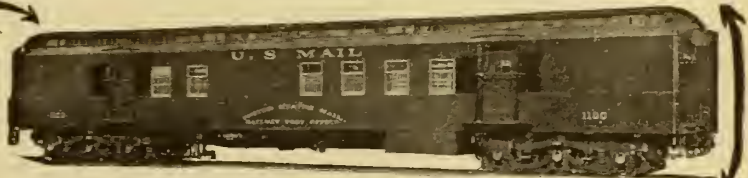
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Popular Photoplayers



CAMILLE ASTOR

was cradled in the crater of an unborn war; a Pole of the Poles, native of Warsaw and 25 years old. Miss Astor has appeared in many Lasky productions and is well remembered for her *Duchess* in "Chimmie Fadden," with Victor Moore. Miss Astor is convent-educated and is an accomplished ballet dancer, as well as a splendid swimmer.



PEDRO DeCORDOBA

was born in New York City of Spanish and French parents, and quite naturally turned to an operatic career, which soon merged into superior portrayals on the drama stage under Frohman and with Sothern and Marlowe. Entering moving pictures with Lasky, he played leading roles in the first three pictures Geraldine Farrar made—"Maria Rosa," "Carmen" and "Temptation."



IRENE FENWICK

first returned the camera's cold stare in a George Kleine studio where "The Commuters" was being remade for the screen. Later she gave the shadow-house public that wonderfully sympathetic interpretation of Jenny Gay in "The Woman Next Door" which won her many new admirers. Just now she is appearing in photoplays issued by Metro.



HENRY B. WALTHALL

is a Southerner, an Alabaman, a fact which he admits may have helped him to make such a tremendous success of his interpretation of the *Little Colonel* in "The Birth of a Nation." He early forsook the study of law for a stage career, and played in stock until the outbreak of the Spanish war, when he enlisted. He was won to camera acting by Biograph, and is now with Essanay.



ANNETTE KELLERMAN

came to the camera from the vaudeville stage where she had won international renown by her diving and swimming prowess as well as her physical charms. She hails from Australia and made her celluloid debut in "Neptune's Daughter." Her only other screen appearance is in "A Daughter of the Gods," the big Fox

B/16

9/51



ADDA GLEASON

quit a stock company in Chicago for the shadow stage in California, making her initial appearance with Selig. Subsequently she played in many Western Lubins and then in "The Voice in the Fog" with Donald Brian for Lasky. Her big chance came in Clune's "Ramona" in which she plays Ramona Phail, one of the chief parts in that production.



BETTY SCHADE

was born in the German Kaiser's town of Berlin, and educated in Chicago. A stage career in stock, vaudiville and repertoire preceded her alliance with moving pictures, which first claimed her through Selig. In 1913 Miss Schade went with Universal, then to Lasky, and later returned to Universal to play in "The Dumb Girl of Portici." She now is in wild animal pictures at Universal City.



NORMA TALMADGE

is now shining in the New York Triangle studios as one of Fine Arts' brightest stars. Miss Talmadge is 21 years old, and is one of the few-and-far-betweens who stepped out of absolute inexperience into almost immediate fame before the camera. She took the leading role in "The Battle Cry of Peace," her last Vitagraph venture.

THE WORLD'S LEADING MOVING PICTURE PUBLICATION

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

October, 1916

Vol. X, No. 5

AREN'T YOU TIRED OF TRASH?

AREN'T you tired of Trash?
Of the endless jumble of picture mysteries?
Of comedies without a glint of humor?
Of dramas without a gleam of originality?
Of love-stories that haven't a semblance of humanity?
Of acting as flatly uninspired as floor-scrubbing?
Of houses that never could be homes? Of adventures that are plain frame-ups?
Of ladies who aren't? Of gentlemen who couldn't be? Of plots as original as another piece of spaghetti?

It has come to this, picture-followers:

We must have fewer plays, and better ones.

If a play is worth doing at all, isn't it worth doing as well as possible?

A good play well done is a play that will run.

When you had "Cabiria," or "The Birth Of a Nation" in your town their welcome wasn't worn out in a day.

It isn't a question of ten reels, or twelve, or five. A photoplay should be of sufficient length to swiftly, logically, completely tell its story. No more, no less.

The picture masters themselves are beginning to see that their heaven lies in quality, not quantity.

One of the greatest and at the same time one of the most prolific photoplay-makers in the world said to us a few weeks ago: "My ambition is to eventually turn out one play a month, instead of the ten or fifteen that now come from my studios—one a month, with every inch of it personally directed."

A manufacturer gives as his battle-cry: "Every photoplay on its own merits!"

Is there something the matter with the motion picture business?

There is, and there are thousands of self-wise who can misfire woefully when a tempting to name the complaint.

The ailment of the industry is feverish over-production, and from the desire for first and biggest place in the projection machine's sun spring all the kindred weaknesses of worthless plot, mechanical acting, dull direction, scenic sameness.

These four negatives added must produce trash, because they can produce nothing else.

Aren't you ti—we mean: if Trash were an animate thing, couldn't you *murder* it?



A picture bride,
three Japanese,
and what happened.

The Honorable Friend

By Elizabeth Brock McGaffey

THE Honorable Kayosho smiled upon Makino, youthful manager of the Cherry Blossom Gardens and Nursery. There was reason to smile. The profits to him under Makino's scrupulous handling of the business were climbing. And he said:

"What thing is there I can do to show that I am pleased?"

Makino, confused with the happiness of unexpected praise, stammered out his one and secret longing.

"A wife, perhaps. O Kayosho, my patron and benefactor—a little wife from my own country! For I am lonely here in the strange America, lonely among a strange people."

"It is a good asking, though large." Kayosho pondered. "We shall see. Come home with me to the evening meal, and I will show you some plants that are newly set in my garden."

The house of Kayosho looked out from handsome environs upon blue San

Here is a story by a new and promising writer, who has studied the lives of the Oriental residents of the Pacific Coast at first hand. The Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company has just made a photodrama from this story, and these illustrations have been taken from the film.



"Kayosho! Forgive!" he shrieked.

Francisco Bay and away to the headlands of the Golden Gate where ships from the East came in. His establishment was presided over by Hana, a Japanese girl. She was the daughter of Goto, and these two shared together the wish-born belief that one day Kayosho would marry her. He was rich; she, faithful.

Makino's household gods must have been busying themselves to give him his heart's desire: for as the two men, merchant and manager, motored home from the nursery the postman brought a foreign-stamped package to Hana, and she was still in a flurry of delight over what it contained when they arrived and entered the reception hall.

"See!" she cried softly, and held out to Kayosho the delicately tinted photograph of a young girl. "It is Toki-ye, my cousin; is she not beautiful?" she said, warm with generous love.

The flower-like face of the pictured girl in faraway Japan made its instant appeal to the two men, but differently, as even the impassive features of Kayosho betrayed. Makino's honest eyes filled up with a sort of reverent ecstasy as he gazed at the photograph; but the eyes of the other narrowed with evil desire. As he looked steadfastly at the pictured Toki-ye, lines of gloating etched themselves into his face, a faint leer came on his lips; and then the mask slipped back into place, tied with the faintly cynical smile which some men affect as the badge of their wealth and worldliness.

But Goto, the father of Hana, had seen and divined, and his features stiffened at Kayosho's words to him—

"Your niece shall come to America!" And to Makino: "She is indeed beautiful, as Hana has said, this little Toki-ye. Eh? Eh?"

There passed across the screen of Goto's thoughts a happening of not long since between Kayosho and Hana, and his ears repeated to him her humble pleading for justice in her relations with the man. It had wrung Goto's heart, which was clean, the heart of a father.

Now he looked Kayosho full in the eyes. "Toki-ye," he said with a meaning in his voice that could not be mistaken, "little Toki-ye, my orphaned niece, shall never leave Japan."

Kayosho was a master at playing subtle. He gave himself an injured air, part whimsical.

"How swift you are to wrong me, Goto," he said. "It is in my thought that your Toke-ye would flower in full perfection here—as the wife of our good Makino. Certainly that shall be arranged." He smiled benevolently.

Hana's face cleared at once, but not Goto's. Makino was in a daze of delight. "But how," he doubted, "can this thing be done? Hard I have worked, yes, but only forty dollars have I been able to put by as a saving."

"Aye; and six

hundred or nearly it costs to bring a bride from Japan," spoke Goto.

"Peace to your troubling," said Kayosho abruptly. "I will lend the money to Makino, and moreover I will give myself the task of speaking to the august head of your society, Makino, and assure him of your ability to support a wife."

Such benefaction wiped Makino's lips of words. He could only express himself in profound bows. But the eyes of Goto were cold with distrust.

Kayosho drew Makino from the room on the pretext of looking at the new plants, and when they were out of earshot he said impressively:

"We will surprise the excellent Goto and prepare together, you and I, O Makino, a happiness for the dear Hana. It is this: We will tell them that we send for Toki-ye next year—but in fact we will send at once. And until the surprise of the coming, this shall be a secret between us, myself and you. Eh? So!"

MAKINO spent the evening at Kayosho's, but his head was in the clouds and his heart was on the sea. Life opened to him like a golden door. When he made his way home that night, he carried Toki-ye's photograph with him—shyly "borrowed" from Hana; in the little cottage in the nursery garden he made a shrine for it. And in due time another photo, showing Makino at his brave best in American clothes, arrived at the home of Toki-ye the orphan, in Cherrytreeland.

On her side of the ocean as well as on his there was a yearning; Toki-ye was as earnest to come to America as Makino was to receive her, but her desire was not born of sudden love like his, though, curiously enough, a photograph lay at the back of it. Goto's daughter had sent her cousin one time a colored post-card picture of San Francisco, and with it came into the drab, drudgery life of little Toki-ye a big



"Please, you not stop me - I go meet my bride off the ship!"

wish to adventure to the new, strange world and become a part of it, like Goto's Hana. When a missionary gave her an English primer, the big wish became a silent determination, a vital dream with fulfillment lurking just around the Sometime turn in the Lane of Waiting. She studied that mission gift book—name of heart's desire, how she did study it! And in good season it came to pass that she could say "The dog ran," "See the boy in the tree" and "The cow is the mother of the calf" with an almost startling distinctness. It was a proud and noiselessly superior Toki-ye, you should believe, and very dignified!

But all the dignity took heels on a day when arrived a letter from America asking Toki-ye to come across the sea and be the bride of the good looking young man in queer clothes whose photograph was enclosed along with a sum of money which was very much more than the flower-faced mistress of the well thumbed primer could begin to count up in English, and which therefore rather scared her. Toki-ye bubbled over like a spring fresh-fed from the mountains! She would have liked to shout and run about very fast and clap her hands, so that persons should understand how happy she was and what a wonderful world she lived in; only, marriagable maids in Nippon are not that hoydenish, and one must act grown up when one's hand has been asked for a wedding.

Toki-ye's mistress, in the house where she served, could not hide her gentle envy of the girl's great adventure—not for an instant did Toki-ye debate with herself the going; and she found it very easy to think of Makino-of-the-photograph as her waiting fiancé. The mistress gave Toki-ye cunningly woven baskets to pack her modest wardrobe in; and the master of the house himself conducted her before certain officials and saw that she was registered in a great book.

At Nagasaki, Toki-ye saw her first steamship—the one that would carry her across the leagues of ocean to her picture bridegroom in America—and the spectacle confused her between awe and thrill.

There were no tears at parting, only a misting of the eyes as the ship drew to sea and the shore lines of the land she loved blurred out in the distance.

Then came the fleeting days of the voyage, twenty-four of them, with Toki-ye

tucked away most of the time in her cabin puzzling out the intricacies of English vocabulary and waylaying at every approach an American stewardess who treated herself to considerable innocent amusement at playing the game of Little Red Schoolhouse with an eager-eyed picture bride-to-be. So the learning grew.

WHEN it lacked two days of ship time in San Francisco, Makino celebrated that fact by cleaning his cottage (which was always perfectly clean anyway), brushing his best suit, and impressing dignity upon his dog.

That night came Kayosho to collect the week's profits on the business. On his way to Makino's he had stopped at other nurseries in his chain, and now was carrying a good sized sum of money. As he added Makino's to the roll of bills he did not see an evil face watching him through the cottage window. Nor did Makino. Half way to the nursery gate two shadowy forms leaped out from behind the palms, and Kayosho went down under their assault with loud cries for help. Makino with his dog came racing from the house, in time to prevent the robbery, and the thugs fled. But Kayosho had been roughly handled; there were wounds on his head which would take a fortnight or more to mend. Makino helped him to a hospital.

And now at last the Day of days! and Toki-ye's ship lying all safe at quarantine. With what artist's skill of fingers and what pleasurable shaking of the heart Makino dressed out in gay-colored flowers his miniature delivery car, and started for the immigration station on Angel Island! The big Irish policeman on the corner stared at the festive vehicle and would have stopped it out of curiosity had not the natively dressed Japanese at the steering-wheel waved gaily to him and called with a disarming smile:

"Please, you not stop me—I go meet my bride off the ship!"

"Well then," spoke Murphy with a grin at the receding nuptial chariot, "it's some home-coming she'll have, for sure."

Safe in the consciousness of an early start, Makino stopped on the way at Kayosho's hospital. As he was taking leave of his injured employer, Kayosho raised himself from the pillow and said abruptly, in the manner of one giving an order:



A long moment they gazed into each other's eyes before Toki-ye's drooped in modesty.

"I can not go with you to the shipside, but bring your bride directly here, that I may see her—and judge."

Makino gave eager assent. Blinded by his own honesty of purpose, he suspected nothing. His thoughts were a whirlpool of tender anticipation and high plans.

Toki-ye was only one of fifty picture brides gathered on the decks of the great vessel as it steamed slowly in through the Golden Gate. Each had exchanged a photograph with her husband-to-be, each of whom had been properly vouched for by the head of his society, and relations of the bride-grooms in Japan had viewed the girls critically before the sailing.

His eyes searched her out at last, and claimed her, there among the throng in the island station, and at the same instant Toki-ye saw and knew him; she was clasping tight in her hands the photograph sent

her, but there was no need to give it a last look of identification now that he stood before her—she had carried his picture more meaningly in her heart than in her hands.

A long moment they gazed into each other's eyes; and before Toki-ye's drooped in modesty a look of perfect happiness flashed over their faces.

Within an hour an official pronounced, briefly and with curt formality, the marriage service between them, as the law requires, and Makino was given the wedding certificate. He could not read it, there had been nothing like these words in Toki-ye's primer lessons, and they decided it was just the official way of giving them permission to quit the station and go where they willed; they were quite unaware that they had been made, in the eyes of the American law, man and wife.

Nothing could have fitted more neatly

into Kayosho's plans than this simple ignorance on their part.

TOKI-YE had not in all the few years of her life seen, much less imagined, a building so big, with such wide halls and silence, as the hospital where Makino helped her to step out of the flower-trimmed car; the swift-moving nurses quite awed her, what with their trig uniforms and air of complete efficiency.

It was with a voice in which the glee of the boy mingles with the more sober happiness of the man when first a woman has acknowledged her dependency upon him and upon his support, that Makino ushered Toki-ye to Kayosho's bedside.

"Most Honorable Kayosho, Toki-ye has come and she is here, my bride," he said.

Kayosho, where he lay bandaged against the pillows, tasted Toki-ye with his eyes, lingeringly; it was the estimate of an epicure in feminine charms, and a woman's sure instinct rang an alarm in Toki-ye's breast, as she stood there with lowered glance. Then Kayosho spoke, authoritatively.

"You are not married—yet," he said. "You will not be until the Japanese ceremony can be performed—later—on a day when I am recovered. I will make the arrangements."

Sharp as was Makino's disappointment at being thus held at arm's length from his bridal tide, he believed Kayosho blindly, trusted him implicitly, and was used to obeying him wholly. So now. He acquiesced, and let Kayosho extract from him a solemn promise pending the wedding to treat Toki-ye as a guest in the nursery cottage, and as a guest only.

If the coming to him of Toki-ye was robbed for the time of its honey for Makino, it was at least full of wonders and excitements for her. She had stepped out of Old into New. And of course the great adventure was of more import to her because she was so young. Youth looks always through one sort of glass or another. The straight stare at things as they are is kept back for the years that come. One thing, though, in this happyland of strange people and strange ways Toki-ye found that was familiar—Makino's garden and nursery. As the days passed and they courted among the flowers, it irked the lovers that Kayosho had laid a ban between

them. It was hard for Makino to remember to keep his arms to himself while their eyes played the oldest game in the world.

Kayosho's sickness passed and the doctors gave him leave to go home. There Hana waited, eagerly. Doubting this man, she loved him. Perhaps the lure of the luxury he had surrounded her with had seeped in. He was of a birth below her cast. He was incapable of the finer emotions, but skilled in simulating them. He would have liked to be known at life's table as a gourmet, knowing himself a gourmand. Withal, there was a magnetism about the man in his higher moods. He appealed by the very art of his conscious insincerity. He liked you to know that he was a cynic (without seeming to show you he was), because he held cynicism to be a hallmark of superiority.

Yet it had not occurred to him to rid himself of that brutalism in abrupt moments which is ingrained in the Oriental. He missed in his personal scheme the fine point that cruelty is coarse.

So, returning convalescent to his house after feeding long days on selfish thoughts, Kayosho's first order was that Hana and Goto should get out. He conceded only the brief explanation that he "expected guests from Japan."

Outwardly, Hana took her dismissal like a stoic. Goto showed his sense of outrage only in a narrowing of the eyes. Of Sumurai blood, he was too proud to avow dishonor: it was for him to withdraw, and determine *the means*. "Be ready to depart with me on the day after this," he said briefly to Hana. Then he went and sat all night by his open window, thinking.

"In the evening of the second day," Kayosho telephoned to Makino at the nursery. "bring Toki-ye to my house. The wedding will be then, and I have ordered food and wine to be set. Save your thanks. You have served me well, Makino; it is now my pleasure to assist. Be prompt."

"AND now, Honorable Kayosho, the wedding?" asked Makino when he had brought Toki-ye on the second day and the salutations had been made.

"Your duty, Makino, is accomplished. Go."

Makino stared at his employer.

"The wedding," Kayosho continued, "is of Toki-ye and me—Japanese fashion."

And he struck his palms together for his servants to bring the two-spouted cup.

From behind curtains they came instantly, and Kayosho, taking the nuptial cup from them, held it out to Toki-ye, saying:

"O flower of Japan, young flower the dew has just kissed, it is I whose bride you are to be—I thought my own picture might not tempt you so much, because the years are beginning to touch me, so I sent the picture of Makino. But now there is no longer need of harmless deception, bud of the morning rose, I—"

Toki-ye knew now why she had *felt* the eyes of Kayosho that first day in the hospital room when she had lowered her glance from his honorable face.

"I will kill myself before you shall touch me," she said. And she looked straight into his eyes, that were narrowed. Her slight figure straightened, her hands clenched.

At last Makino understood. Like a man

coming out of a daze he took an uncertain step forward—then leaped at Kayosho, his face convulsed, his fingers crooked for the other's throat.

Kayosho's servants flung themselves between. Kayosho kept his eyes on the woman; then, superbly ignoring the struggle, went to her swiftly and took her, resisting, in his arms. "You may have your Makino," he mocked, "when he has payed me back the six hundred dollars I sent you."

Makino was one against too many. The servants dragged him out of the room and threw him down the stairs, and Kayosho bolted the door behind the fight.

The bird at last in his grasp, he played with her misery; her rage was an exquisite bait to him; her rigid refusal of him whetted his zest; he caressed her like a beast with a silken paw. And as she bent fiercely away from him blows were struck on the door.

Passion ebbs at interference. Kayosho,



Kayosho, where he lay bandaged against the pillows, tasted Toki-ye with his eyes, lingeringly; it was the estimate of an epicure in feminine charms.

hesitating, called "Who is there?"

"It is I, Goto."

"Wait."

Kayosho pushed Toki-ye into an adjoining room and locked the door. Then through the outer panel he called to Goto, "Another time I may speak with you; go away; I am resting."

He waited until he heard Goto's retreating footsteps. Then, grown suddenly weary, he sank down into a deep chair before the unlighted grate and gave himself up to that great weariness which comes to men when the fires of their blood have outburnt the years. Strength had left him. He only wished for quiet.

Noiselessly through a curtained window a figure crept. From behind the chair Japanese hands gripped Kayosho's throat. There was no sound in the room but the writhing of his body as he flung himself from side to side convulsively, fighting for breath. So the life went out of him.

WHEN it was over, arms lifted the limp form. And one watching might have seen in the moonlight a man staggering under a dark burden cross to the lily pond behind the palms.

Then another figure, shadowy, slight—Toki-ye, climbing out of the window of that other room, and seeking escape. Fearful, feeling an uncertain way through the deep shadows of the palms, she came to the water's edge. Which way would lead out of these unfamiliar grounds? Where was Makino? What should she do?

Despairing, Toki-ye stood at the marge of the pond. The bulb of a lily, gleaming faintly white where the water lapped, made her stoop with a little cry of childish pleasure to pluck it—and with a scream of terror she sprang back. Her fingers had almost touched the distorted face of Kayosho where his body lay in the shallows.

Her cry reached to a policeman walking his beat outside the grounds. He found her standing there, gazing at the horror of that swollen face; and as she turned to run from his questions which she could not understand, she stumbled against Makino. Dumbly she pointed him to what lay in the water, among the lily pads; and she saw a great fear come in Makino's face. *Had he done this thing?*

Servants came running, attracted by her scream. "She is the one—arrest!" They



*"O flower of Japan, young flower the dew
—there is no longer need of harmless deception,
before you shall*

clamored. The policeman grasped her by the arm, not roughly.

"Come," he said. "And you too," putting a hand on Makino.

Where now were the words Toki-ye had remembered so carefully from the English book and the stewardess on the ship! Surely not on her tongue. Hysterically in Japanese she began to deny her guilt—any



has just kissed, it is I whose bride you are to be bud of the morning rose." . . . "I will kill myself touch me," she said.

knowledge of how this thing came to Kay-oshō—and the look of fear in Makino's face caught her lips and closed them.

"Can't you talk United States, any of you?" the policeman demanded, and the law's impatience in his voice nerved Toki-ye to the sacrifice that is immemorial with women who love men.

"I—Toki-ye—do—thiz theeng."

She made the damning confession simply, with dignity, almost proudly; but her face, quiet now and unafraid, was turned to Makino as she spoke, not to the officer.

As the women of every race have done, she was shielding her man.

And as some men of every blood have answered when the woman was at peril, whether in White speech or Yellow, Makino answered now, and his voice was not the voice with which he had obeyed Kayoshō—

"No! She know not what she say. I,

Makino, *I kill Kayosho.*"

Toki-ye slipped to the ground.

"Tell the Sergeant that," the policeman said. "Come along."

In the shadow of Kayosho's house Toki-ye stood alone in her misery. Here she had come, so blithely a few hours before, to be made the wife of Makino. And now Makino was gone, and a great trouble lay between. This was to have been their first honeymoon night in the cottage where he had made a shrine for her picture; but here, where she was, there was only horror.

With dragging feet she approached the house. She entered. Silently she crept upstairs, aimlessly; and through a half opened door saw her uncle Goto seated by a window, face buried in his hands. A sudden longing for her own people swept over the girl, and in her noiseless way she stole up behind his chair, and slipped her little, cold hands about his neck.

Goto started up in terror, and a strange, choking sound came from his lips. Then: "Oh, it is only you, Toki-ye!" There was no pleasure in his voice.

"Yes, Uncle Goto. I—I did not think to frighten you. Where is Hana?"

"Gone. Gone. Without a word. Her room is empty. Gone." He buried his face in his hands.

AT the jail next day they would not admit Toki-ye to Makino, nor did they seem to understand at all the great difficulties she had overcome in finding the place. She got to the house of the Japanese Consul, and he heard her story. When she had finished he said:

"Describe to me the ceremony that was made at the immigration station," for he wished to test her.

She told it faithfully.

"That is well," he said. "You are Makino's wife. The law had made it so. Kayosho deceived you."

With the knowledge that she was the wife of the man she loved—the man in prison for her sake—Toki-ye's timidity fled. "His wife." The meaning of the words, their very sound, cleared away all the drooping of her spirit. She did not know whether Makino had killed Kayosho; she did not know at all who had killed him; she only knew that she was Makino's wife and must devise his freedom.

It had been so hard when she went alone

to the jail to beg for a favor that was not granted; it seemed now so easy when it was the Consul who asked;—it was no time at all when they were let through into the barred corridors and stood before Makino's cell.

"*Toki-ye!*" Makino said.

She slipped one hand in through the steel rods.

"Why did you kill your employer?" the Consul asked.

Makino was silent.

"Speak swiftly, that I may employ a lawyer," he said.

Makino only bowed.

Then words leapt from the lips of Toki-ye that set Makino straining against the bars—

"Speak, O Makino, my beloved, *my husband!*"

"It is truth," said the Consul. "She is your wife. The American law married you at the immigration station. They gave you a paper—it is the certificate. Speak now, and let *her* help you."

As once before, a look of perfect happiness flashed between the two; and for an instant neither saw the steel rods that latticed their faces.

Toki-ye had a sudden inspiration, born out of craft without guile. "Goto," she whispered, "is these days very queer. He trembles much. He fears to have one approach swiftly to him from behind. He—he tells me assuredly that you killed—Kayosho."

The Consul, who was too true an Oriental to ignore a psychological moment, put his voice into the tone of a friend and said:

"*Tell* now, Makino. Her heart breaks for you."

And Makino told—a simple story, done in few words, how he had lied to the policeman to save Toki-ye when arrest threatened.

"We go now," said the Consul presently. "Soon you should be free. I seek the head officers. We shall scent this out."

Officialdom bows to officialdom. Makino, "just a Jap," became quickly Makino, a citizen of Japan.

In his private office the Chief of Police took from a drawer and held out to the Consul an amulet. "My men found this at the edge of the pond, a few feet from where Kayosho's body was," he said.

"Maybe you'll know who might have owned it?"

"Goto's! He wore it!" cried Toki-ye in Japanese.

"She says," the Consul interrupted, "that it belongs to her uncle Goto. He is the father of Hana, whom Kayosho had in his house."

It was of no use giving the third degree to Goto, whom the police found still sitting in the upper room of the house of Kayosho, brooding for Hana, the vanished. Not even would he answer; only now and again he gesticulated, which was meaningless. At last they left him; and left two of their number to guard the house against their return.

A certain great detective of Paris is credited with the idea of trapping a criminal by reconstructing his crime—startling him into confession by the recreation of the scene and its actors. But that scheme had root in the East before ever it bore fruit in the West. It was no great task to instruct Makino in the part he was to play when connivance had secretly unlocked his cell door and let him out for the game that was to come.

Exhausted with the ordeal of official questioning, Goto sat brooding in the upper room of Kayosho's house where they had left him. Night had fallen, and there was no light except the light of a fitful moon straying in through the window. Suddenly

the curtains parted, and to the terror-stricken Goto the murdered betrayer of his daughter entered, face shrouded in the flowing sleeve of a kimono. One outstretched hand held an amulet.

Goto's breath came in gasps. He fell to his knees.

"Kayosho! Forgive!" he shrieked.

Out of the kimono sleeve the figure spoke.

"Why?"

Goto groveled on the floor.

Again the sepulchral voice intoned:

"Why?"

"I kill—yes! I kill—to avenge Hana," Goto moaned.

At the words of confession lights sprang up, and the room filled with strange men, detectives. Two of them dragged Goto to his feet and handcuffed him. They led him away.

TWICE the seasons have come and gone, and now there is a new blossom in the nursery garden where Makino and Toki-ye have discovered that honeymoons need not end, a blossom whose petals are rose-bud lips that stir to the dew of a mother's kiss. There will be need of another primer, soon!

Two tourists stop to buy flowers. "What placid lives these Japanese live," says one. Toki-ye looks at them.

"'Plac-id'? What is thad?" she asks, sweetly.

The Color Line

Little girl on the screen,
If I only knew
That your eyes are blue
I could promise you
That my heart would be true—
Little girl on the screen.

But if they were green,
Little girl on the screen,
Or brown, or grey,
My heart would say
"Alackaday!"
For the eyes of the girl that I love *must* be
blue.
If I only knew! If I only knew!
Little girl on the screen.

—By *Hatton Larch*.



MAE MURRAY

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

[Drawn by Mr. Flagg for Miss Murray]

When a Crayon Beat the Camera

One of the camera's most difficult tasks, it seems, is catching the elusive personality of this famous little dancing actress. Four times out of five it has failed, but as far as we know this is Mr. Flagg's only attempt at a hand-made Murray portrait and it is a success.

Talking All Around Mae Murray

By I. S. Sayford

FANNIE WARD keeps 800 diamonds. Caruso cartoons himself and his friends (of whom he is one) with a pencil on the tablecloth.

Taft plays golf.

A stocky man who carried a big stick likes to slam the little ball across the net—or into it.

A skinny person with an unupholstered scalp keeps a gasoline can in his safe.

Darwin was interested in a monkey's claw instead of a rabbit's foot.

Boswell had his Johnson.

Shakespeare his Hamlet.

Anna Held kicked naked heels at the world from a bathtub of milk (we once heard).

Hugo wrote a *chef d'œuvre* about Napoleon and never got it read.

Eva Tanguay didn't care.

Moliere made laughs for the world while he died slowly.

Della Fox once wore a skirt.

Poe tried to write humor.

Heine thought to marry a wife and found he had clasped a "marble beautiful and marble cold."

A king of Portugal fancied a dancer of Paris.

Lily Langtry slipped a piece of ice down the back of a sovereign at a dinner and lost his favor.

Henry VIII had a penchant for changing wives.

Al Levy put his original tamale wagon on the roof of Los Angeles' best known restaurant to show that he wasn't ashamed of an early start when it meant advertising.

Dave Griffith tried to be an actor and still thinks he was.

Robert Mantell once tried to smile while the camera looked.

Geraldine said she wouldn't marry until she was forty.

So why hasn't Mae Murray a right to have a hobby too?

It's cats.

"They are all Angoras, and they are all in the silver-gray shade," she said. Only fancy!

"Their names? Oh, just Silver Sam and

After you get into this two or three miles you may begin to wonder how the discussion concerns her. Don't worry. It's a short lane that has no billboards and an old tale indeed which has no wag.

Mauve Kitten and Blue Jeans and Silver Tabby and Fox Gray and Shimmer and—"

"I thank you," said the interviewer. "That will quite do. About yourself now?"

Mae Murray pealed out a little laugh. "Don't you know, you poor man, that when a girl has spoken of her hobby she has told you all about herself? You're an ignorant sort, you men, but you're nice."

"But I have to write an interview," the interviewer said.

"Certainly," said Mae Murray. "Ready? Take it down. I've always loved cats, and I've always had them. When I took up dancing I found myself studying their movements—that's where I got my inspiration."

"You mean that—that the catlike in the cat appeals to the feline in the—er—woman?" the interviewer stumbled.

"Of course you would have to scramble yourself all up in an impertinence you didn't mean," said Mae Murray with dignity. "Now take it down the way my press agent would write it. Say: The cat is particularly helpful to study in her supreme dignity, agile grace and perfect poise. She furnishes the best example of perfect equilibrium, the basic study for a good carriage. Few people, I notice, carry themselves well. The study of my cats has been very helpful to me in giving me ideas for my dancing. Cats are endowed with a perfect sense of pantomime; they have the expressive quality. I sometimes go up to the Bronx Zoo and study the tiger families there. To me the study—"

"Thank you *so* much," said the interviewer. "A press agent seems such a needless expense, doesn't it?"

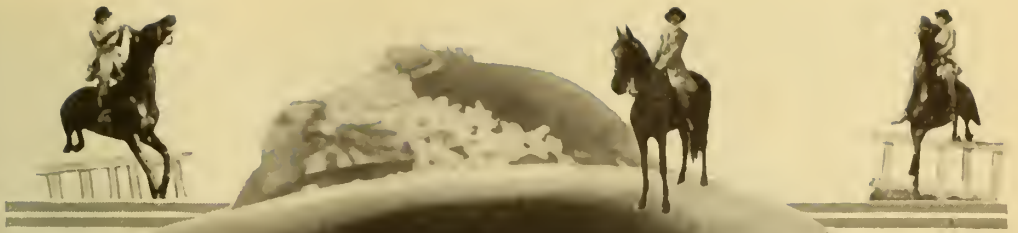
"Let's laugh," said Mae Murray. "Next to my cats I perfectly love a good laugh."

MARY ELLEN, WAS THIS YOUR LETTER?



Stagg Photo

At any rate, Wallace Reid has a tableful of correspondence in his Hollywood home, and by the white-scabbarded pen in his hand Sherlock Holmes would infer that a good deal of it is personally answered. Don't you think his choice of intimate companions is rather catly?



“Kentucky Babe”

By Orma Jordan

ORIGINALLY, for Margery Lee Wilson was born in the blue grass.

Also she has the traditional love for fast horses that is inbred in the souls of all Kentuckians.

For the first time in a number of years, Miss Wilson now has her own horse, a beautiful Kentucky thoroughbred, which has won a number of prizes for hurdling.

Miss Wilson has attained considerable distinction as a star at the Ince studios

and during her leisure hours she may frequently be found jumping gates on her horse.

In the vicinity of Beverly Hills hotel a fox chase is inaugurated each year and the expert horsemen and horsewomen gather from miles around Los Angeles to engage in this popular pastime.

This year Miss Wilson formed one of the party and her horse made ten fences out of the eleven distributed about the fields in which the chase was held.

Miss Wilson, like many of the southern women prefers the English style of riding, but when snapped the other day she was wearing a French riding habit of checked tweed, the coat of which has less severe lines than the English costume. A belt separates a blouse effect from the long skirt of the coat, while knee trousers and leather boots are worn. The hat affected by Miss Wilson is a French flat derby.

With Wm. H. Thompson in "The Eye of the Night."



BREATHLESS ANNOUNCEMENTS

FROM THE PRESS - AGENT'S CORNER:
PICKED, PASTEURIZED AND PARCELLED

By J. A. Murphy

Author of the "Adam Sowerguy" stories, etc.

BORNE on The Buffeting Brine—Industrial-Heinz production—57 distinct types in the cast—Released by all grocers.

MR. P. O. TATO, president of The Ephemeral Co. made a flying trip to New York last week to engage stock for the western company, but failed to secure any actors. Two thousand applicants were interviewed, but they were all directors.

THE studio manager of the Gimick Co. bought six gilt chairs last week. They will be used in all interior sets of future Gimick productions.

FATZ MOREFAT has been engaged to create the role of Santa Claus in the toy department of one of the largest stores in Boston.

IN the Bright Darkness," by Flavia McGlone, was awarded first prize in the scenario contest conducted by the Sciatica Co. The second prize, a handsome moonstone hat pin, was won by Rubin Walken.

MOST friendly relations exist between the Gimick and Ochre companies. Last week the Gimick loaned the Ochre Co. an ironing board and the Ochre loaned the Gimick Co. a couple of smoke pots. A big merger is expected soon.

THE production of "The Seminole," by the Ephemeral Co. has been abandoned. M. P. O. Tato, president of the company, decided that a Seminole was only half a nole and it would be impossible to make more than a split reel out of it.

MR. VERBAL WORDER, president of The Avalanche Co. in the course of a recent address remarked: "The importance of comedies on a program can not be over estimated and great care should be taken in selecting proper vehicles for same. The Avalanche Co. always endeavors to make its comedy productions as subtle and impressive as the multiple reel features." Current release, "Painting Patsy's Purple Pants." Nov. 10th, "Gorgeous Gertie's Gandy Garters."

JOSHING the Undertaker," a breezy farce from the pen of Moran Dumore, youngest director, will be marketed through the Lumbago Sales Co.

THE Calomel Co. has consolidated with the Rutebago Features.

MORAN DUMORE enjoys the distinction of being the youngest motion picture director. He is now eleven years of age. He directed his first picture at the age of six. He has produced three hundred and eighty-two photo plays, three hundred and eighty of which are from his own pen, the other two he wrote himself. He leads a quiet life, is unmarried and occupies his spare time building cement bungalows for his neighbors.

AN endurance contest is announced for Aug. 10th at the Idle Hour Cinema Theatre. Twenty-eight reels will be projected and a handsome umbrella cover presented to the person remaining until the finish.

THE speedy growth of the Lumbago Co. has been noted with interest. They have just completed a single reel comedy and if they sell it they will make another.

LLOYD CELLU has left the Bovolopus Co.

J. GERONIMO JONES, newly appointed efficiency expert with the Sciatica Co. expects to greatly curtail production costs of features. In a recent production he used three nail kegs instead of four in an explosion scene, and ordered the fourth keg converted into a stump for setting a lumber camp scene. He is now working out a plan to dispense with camera men.

"THE Lure of the Tank," by the author of "The Cinnamon Taster's Secret," will be given a private showing in the projecting rooms of the Cascade Ice Co., Nov. 30th.

LLOYD CELLU has rejoined the Bovolopus Co.

FORTY-FIVE players from the Febrile Features Studio, and a number of invited guests will have an all day outing on the river early in November. A twelve-foot launch has been chartered for the occasion.

GEARIN COGS, camera man, has succeeded in photographing an echo. The echo was started through a megaphone at the upper end of Grand Canyon. Mr. Cogs panoramed with the camera catching the echo three times. Then the echo struck the sharp pointed Van Dyke beard of a tourist and split in half, one half slid over a smooth rock and was killed, while the other half blew up an alley. Mr. Cogs will repeat the experiment and use two cameras.

THIS is the story of a clear-eyed girl who determined to save her family from the perils of too much money.



Mrs. Wheaton saw that in the girl who had come home to them was, after all, her old and eternal ideal of womanhood.

“Home”

By C. Gardner Sullivan

Produced by Thomas H. Ince

DURING Bessie Wheaton's four years in Europe she learned thoroughly what she would not have learned at all had she spent those same four years with her parents in New York City: obedience, gentleness, and the real value of money and station. She had been sent to finishing school in Southern France shortly after her father, mother, sister and brother migrated to the metropolis from Butte, Montana. They came to New York simple, sensible Americans, hard-bodied and soft-hearted. The Gopher mine had a lode of copper like the Scriptural widow's ruse of oil, the great war made copper in some quarters more precious than gold, and every dollar of income the Wheatons had expected to receive, ten came in. Like many another American family, hard work and privations had only strengthened them, while limitless prosperity spoiled them. Of genteel parentage, Mrs. Wheaton became afflicted with an arch-gentility that broke out upon her in formality and functions;

the boy Bob gazed with shocked eyes upon his associates who disgraced themselves by going “into trade;” and it was left for Inez, the calf-eyed ingenue, to revive that sport of American maidens in our national semi-barbarous period—the pursuit of an impecunious foreign title. Old man Wheaton might have corrected his general domestic lunacy by a club or through starvation. But he chose neither to swing the bludgeon nor withhold the money. Instead, like an ancient grizzly bitten by its own bad cubs, he retired to the corner of his cave, flashing scorn from bear-like red eyes, and literally barking when anyone came near him.

On a bright June morning, Bessie marched merrily down the gang-plank of *The Lafayette*, at the pier in North River, to greet the family she had left simple, sensible, hard-bodied and soft-hearted. She found a family of nonsensical simpletons, hard-hearted and soft-bodied.

“Ah there, Sis! Some weather for voy-

aging—what?" The drawl was Bob's.

"Boy! Boy!" cried Bessie, puzzled even as she was enraptured. "Who put brakes on your voice?"

Robert slowly drew an amber cigarette holder from his lips—it seemed at least three feet long to Bessie—and started to make reply. His mother, quicker, answered for him.

"Robbie is a bit more cultured than when you last saw him, my dear!"

Bessie did not hear. She was engrossed in a terror-stricken observation of a monstrous, dirty-white germ of some sort, nestling under Inez's left elbow.

"What is that thing?" Her inquiry was an awed whisper.

"My prize Pomeranian," pouted Inez, deeply wounded. "Where've you been existing, pray—London East Side?"

Nothing more was said until they stood at the side of the family motor. Bessie laughed as she entered the snowy tonneau of the Rolls-Royce.

"Remember when papa took me to the merry little old *Carpathia*?" She addressed her brother. "A prehistoric Ford was good enough for us then!"

"My dear, don't speak of it!" There was infinite misery in her mother's voice.

"Oh!" It was all Inez could say, but it was quite enough.

"Beastly cars—these American alarm-clocks," commented Bob, wearily. "Dammed funny they can't put up a decent petrol cart in the States—but they can't."

And once more Bessie laughed.

"Eh?" From Robert.

"Just wondering, Bobbie, old dear, if you spell 'cawn't' with one 'w' or two?"

Bessie found that her family now inhabited—they did not really live in it—the palatial house of a steel king on Riverside Drive. The iron gentleman had built the house as an intended home, but, finding that the ancient Knickerbocker society of Fifth avenue would not admit him, had disgruntledly gone back to Pittsburgh.

The Wheatons had made no attempt to invade that circle of old-time nobility, once and still called "The 400." The magic of this crowd is felt less and less by interlopers, who, now that New York has grown so great, set up temples and palaces afar, and have social creeds of their own and just as sumptuous festivities. The Wheaton women were of the new-rich West Siders—

of the sort who never miss a first-night Longacre, who have houses at Long Beach, lodges in the Berkshires, boat-houses on the Hudson and the avaricious respect of every head-waiter from the Brevoort to Claremont. Mrs. Wheaton's natural cleverness told her that money had never broken down the old-line demarcations of upper Fifth, but that a real title—a coronet on her daughter's head—might be more powerful than any golden lever.

As the Teutonic philosopher evolved the appearance of a camel from his inner consciousness, so Bob, from his inner consciousness, summoned the notion that he was a business man. Business men, his spirit told him, toiled only with ticker tape. So Bob a broker would be. Of course his father did not buy him a seat on 'Change, but he became a curb-broker, and proved that fool and his *gulden* are as quickly divorced on the asphalt as in the seats of the mighty.

Throwing double-eagles at cracks in the sidewalk was not—to his father—Bob's most annoying habit. Not content with brushing lightly among the feminine attractions from Murray's to Montmartre the young gentleman had formed the great passion for one Daisy Flores, a literal pill of entertainment in a summer show. Bob would marry Daisy. When his father threatened disinheritance Bob merely grunted "Old kuff, Guv'nor!" and grinned. Wheaton, Sr., knew it was old stuff, and cursed his impotence in not being able to threaten Bob with a new and really frightening punishment. The fact that Daisy in her perfectly innocuous and worthwhile way, really fancied Bob, made matters much worse. Old Wheaton would have known how to expose a "gold digger," the tribe of heartless Broadway sycophant has been aptly called, but he was helpless before a silly, uneducated, underbred little jane who was, for the moment, honest crazy about his son; and who, in a few weeks or months, would be just as honest crazy about somebody else, the sordid marriage-license tape notwithstanding. Things drifted along.

The big punch of Bessie's home-coming was her meeting with Allan Shelby Shelby's new novel, "The Idlers," satirize society from cover to cover. And society, like a dog kicked by the master whom it adores, will lick the hand of anyone who can cleverly give it its real name. The



Bessie grew far more enraptured over the prospective annexation of a title than even Inez herself.

Wheaton family, though every man in America knew the name and face of the grizzled old copper king, had been just so much more pitiable amusement for Shelby. Secretly, he planned to put fussy old Dowager Wheaton into his next satire—then he decided he wouldn't, for he had met Wheaton, Sr., and both liked and pitied him. His sense of risibility flashed back when Wheaton told him, with pride, that he had a daughter about to return from Europe. Here would be the prize package! Dumpy snobbery in styleless English frocks, hog-tied and gagged with garlicky strands of middle-Iowa French!

They met at the Biltmore, at tea-time of a bright, snappy afternoon. Shelby was utterly unprepared for his glance into eyes of serene, clear blue, and for the hard grip of the cool little hand that shot like a cordial bolt into his fist.

"Do you wish tea—and all this . . . rot?" The question was Bessie's. "Would you walk with me?"

"Certainly!" Shelby's challenging spirit met hers. "Walk you from here to the

Cathedral of St. John the Divine!"

"If your boots and your toes will stand that much," laughed Bessie, "I'll buy you some tea at Claremont!"

"I never allow ladies to support me," insisted Shelby. "It will be dinner time, and you'll be hungry, and if I may I'll taxi you back to have strong primitive grub in high art surroundings at the Vanderbilt. I'm living there, and I only pay my bills in return for country victuals."

"I want a steak—and pie!" whispered the ecstatic Bessie. "At home they'll give me guinea hen under a bell, and Bombe Alaska."

"There'll be onions on your steak, and apples in your pie," confirmed Shelby. "Come on!"

Early the next week Robert dropped a hint of his approaching nuptials at the usual miserable state dinner at "home." His father exploded. Mrs. Wheaton wept. Inez pouted distantly. The head of the family followed his now-usual course: after a fierce abjuration he retreated to the refuge of his club. He might not return

for half a week. Bessie was the only calm member of the dinner party, and to her Bob turned for consolation and justification, in equal parts.

"I should like very much to meet Miss . . . Miss Flores; she must be splendid," said Bessie, quietly, as soon as Bob had done acclaiming her more than queen and but little beneath the angels.

"Why, Bessie!" The protest of dismay was from her mother, who, upon renewed tears, floated from the room. Inez gazed sadly upon her cloddish kinfolk, and thought of her count. But she said nothing. Words would scarcely be worth while.

Gethsemane is not only a forgotten garden in Palestine. It is a midnight corner in the heart of each of us, and, sooner or later, each of us unlocks its brambly gate.

Bessie sat amid the thorny dark flowers of her Gethsemane most of that night. It was Gethsemane only because she saw, always farther and farther away, the perplexed, hurt eyes of Shelby. How much Shelby meant to her she had not known. She had decided upon a course which would separate them, she knew very well.

The black-and-gold of the Claridge lounge and grill are rather Babylonian, don't you think? Anyway, the black and gold, and the irregular lines of the great room make a setting of insolent magnificence for the insolently beautiful women who grow in it every lunch-hour like tropic flowers upon a torrid field. As Bessie entered it with Bob, to meet Daisy, her heart throbbed suffocatingly as she thought of her first dinner with Shelby in the recesses of the Vanderbilt *Della Robbia*, with mystic distant violins chanting Tschaikowsky's "Sleeping Beauty" waltz.

Daisy was the frank, coarse little pagan



Somehow, it was hard for Bessie to smoke without strang-smoked like a rebel.

of Bessie's imagination. She had an irregular mouth that was generally smiling and horribly sensuous in or out of its red blanket of carmine; fat but shapely hands well jewelled by Bob; and she wore a frock which, confined only at her bust, made small pretense of covering her well-shaped, high-booted legs. Her best expressions were "Oh, boy!" and "My Gawd!" with a roll of the eyes as sauce for the first. Her vocal gear slipped in a lot of "aints" when she talked fast, and her conversation with Robert was all upon White Way scandal, which she retailed behind



ling, but she mastered the "art" in a fashion. Daisy lious carburetor.

her hand in a high-pitched voice, and referred to only as "dirt."

Bessie listened interestedly, looked about with alarm from time to time lest she behold Allan Shelby, and thrust a well-dressed sentence into Daisy's vocal Keystone as often as she found opportunity.

"Daze, hun, you're using 'aint' again," complained Bob, startled at a comparison of his sister's conversation with the show-girl's chatter.

"I aint, either!" howled Daisy, in G sharp.

At the end of the luncheon Robert was

so astonished that the *maître* had to remind him at the door that his check was unpaid. Daisy had remarked that her show was closing that night at the Globe, whereupon Bessie had invited her to spend a fortnight with her, at the family home!

For the Wheatons, and especially for Shelby, the following two weeks were a dreadful nightmare. Bessie not only enjoyed Daisy's noisy and muchmartygardened presence in her room, but strove to ape her "un-conventionalities," as Bob had once called them. With Daisy, she dined unescorted at Bustanoby's, learned to call the waiters at Reisenweber's by their first names, visited the Ziegfeld Frolic with a theatrical party known to none of the family, and ordered the butler to serve "stinger" cocktails at her place with all meals. Though Bessie in Europe had moved in a circle where freedom was only fenced in by self-respect, she had not learned to smoke. Women about her smoked. She had not cared to smoke, and no one had insisted—no one thought anything of it either way, in fact. But Daisy smoked like a rebel-

lious carburetor. She was not in Bessie's room a day without burning the dresser edge repeatedly with forgotten cigarettes. Somehow, it was hard for Bessie to smoke without strangling, but she mastered the "art" in a fashion.

Bob was furious, but he could not speak.

It was hard for Allan Shelby to credit the change in Bessie—much harder than he thought, and he knew, by that, that he had really loved her. She had seemed such a womanly creature! Were there really, as he had cynically preached, no more *women* left in the world—only hard female unmoralists?

On a warm evening early in September

Bob came in very late. He had been hurling his Delage runabout up and down the glens of Central Park, trying to escape the pandemonium of his own thoughts. There were lights in the lower part of the house, and though it was past midnight, the sounds of a phonograph and high voices assailed him as he turned his key. The dining room table was covered with bottles. Daisy was

congenially "stewed;" Bessie—apparently—very drunk. She rose, at her brother's entrance, and wobbled toward him.

"Bob! Sssh! I got a bear of a new story—come here an' I'll whisp—whisp—whisper it to you!" He caught her by the wrist, so cruelly that she fell at his feet with a little cry.

"Go to bed—do as I tell you—upstairs to bed—you common little drunk!"

Whimpering, Bessie obeyed. Daisy stood on her feet, scared sober, ready for trouble.

It was not the sycophantic, dawdling Robbie who spoke to her; it was the Bob Wheaton of former years.

"How much do you want to go back to Pittsburgh, and stay there—at least as far as I am concerned?"

She looked him in the eyes, and up and down, and her eyes traveled about the room. It was a full minute before she answered. Then she said, quietly, almost abstractedly: "Ten thousand dollars."

To raise that amount Bob had to sell his light car, but the sum was paid, and Daisy, true to her instincts, went away.

With the exception of Inez, the Wheaton family was panic-stricken over Bessie. Her father accepted her actions as final proof that the whole world was irremediably wrong. But his eyes were damp as he

thought of her—was she not his baby, after all? Bob thoroughly hated himself, and set out to make amends by as hard and practical toil as he could find. Mrs. Wheaton saw that in the quiet girl who had come home to them—alas, to disappear so soon!—was, after all, her old and eternal ideal of womanhood.

Inez was unmoved. Her beloved Count Henri d'Orr was returning to town. *He said* he had been at Newport through August, and Inez felt that with papa's money, and a coronet, the sooner she made her escape from her funny family the better. Did she have any objection to introducing the very excited Bessie to her royal lover? Oh, no. He would have to meet all "the folks" at least once, anyway. Heaven had given her relatives, but thank Providence she could choose her husband!

Never had the now-disgusted Mrs. Wheaton seen such a slavish case of title-worship, such an awful attack of snobbery as that



Bessie had seemed to Allan Shelby such a womanly creature! Were there really no more women left in the world—only hard female unmoralists?

which seized Bessie upon her acquaintance with the nobleman.

D'Orr was scarcely a prize either in looks, physique or conversation. Indeterminately between forty and fifty years of age, early dissipation had left him really very infirm. He chatted aimlessly of the races, or pictures, and of the European war, reiterating again and again his great sorrow that he had not been accepted as a soldier—"on account of a very slight previous wound while rescuing a subordinate, single-handed, during an uprising in Algiers." He spoke of a chateau near Biarritz, and of extensive acreage in the shell-plowed wine country, but he always walked instead of riding, when alone—"for my health." he

explained. To Inez his French was just beautiful; to Bessie it was plainly provincial, and tinctured with Basque.

Nevertheless, Bessie grew far more enraptured over the prospective annexation of a title than even Inez herself. The Count lived “with my aunt,” on 112th street, and Bessie would prepare a wonderful box of flowers for “the aunt,” and persuaded Inez to accompany her on its delivery, of a mid-morning.

In a plain boarding-house they surprised Count Henri, decidedly dishabille. Perspiring in a red undershirt, he was reading a morning paper and eating his eggs and coffee from a window sill—the only cool spot in the room—as they entered. In a corner, with streaming face, a greasy Italian boy wielding a gas iron was vigorously putting knife-like creases in the Count’s apparently lone pair of trousers.

Probably not Inez nor Bessie, nor the terror-stricken Count, could ever have told what happened in that moment of social calamity, nor have repeated the words that passed. The Italian boy was the only nonparticipant—he understood nothing.

Presently the girls were in the car again. Who got the flowers? Were they given to anyone, or did they tumble unheeded down the stairs? It was Inez, who, with half a sob, broke the silence.

“We’re contemptible, that’s what we are!” she exclaimed, between sniffles. “With his grand estate ruined by the great war, poor Henri hides his poverty to keep up his pride, and we pry into his little economies like detectives—we laugh at him—we seem to fling our hard gold into his face

—it’s horrible, and we’re horrible!” Inez wept dimly.

Secretly, Henri D’Orr was enchanted by Bessie, where before he had only been enraptured at the thought of possessing a large share of Inez’s patrimony. When he found that, though she had successfully unearthed his “little economies,” Bessie apparently thought no less of him, he took on a fine Latin frenzy.

He gained his ultimate opportunity in the tiny garden back of Wheaton’s house upon a Sunday afternoon. Bessie was more cordially coy than usual; it was she, not he, who suggested sitting in the little nook secluded from all observers. Even as they sat down he seized her hand. Then he fell upon one knee.

“Mademoiselle, hear me! Before you came into my life I deceived myself to think your sister beautiful. I have seen you—she is the end of a rainy day compared to a sunset across the Palisades. I could not marry her — I love no one but you. I swear — I swear that I have never loved her, not for



“When I returned home I found Bob a fool!”

one little moment—”

“Bessie!” The girl leaped from her seat, at the agonized cry. At the entrance to the wee glen stood Inez, her face dead white, her lips straight and hard, the dawn of a terrible understanding in her eyes.

“I am sure I don’t want him, dear,” said Bessie to her sister as she passed her, going out. Inez drew away her skirts, as if she were afraid she would touch her. Then came the Count, more dishevelled and humbled than he had been on the revelatory morning on 112th street. He mumbled incoherently to Inez.

"Go away, you horrible thing," she said dully, just as a girl would speak to a hideous spider, if spiders could understand.

The Count did indeed go away, and quickly. Inez refused to listen to Bessie, though Bessie followed her to the door of her room. Then Bessie went to her own room. On her dressing table lay a special-delivery letter. She opened it, mechanically. It was from Shelby.

"Bess"—he had written—"I'm feeling so deuced rotten this morning that I've engaged passage on the *Cameronia*. I'm going to France and the ambulance service. Maybe a German shell will—oh, that's rot—forgive me! What I meant to say was this: when I first met you you were the most wonderful thing. A woman fine and strong, and real, clear through. I didn't believe your sort existed. When I found you I didn't fall in love with you—I tumbled. Bess, I was just crazy about you. Then this tin-plated person from the chorus came along and cracked your veneer. I suffered the agonies of three deaths. Next, the phony count and your devotion to him. I'm still suffering, for my grand idol has fallen on top of me and battered me all up, but there's got to be an end, so here goes. My ship will be tugged past Quarantine a week from Monday. I love you still, and hate myself for doing it. Allan."

Bessie sat in her room until dusk. To her, the passing time might have been five minutes or five hundred years. She was aroused by the voice of her maid.

"Your father asks if he can see you in the library," said the servant.

In the library Bessie was dimly conscious that she faced, not a casual query from her parent, but a family conference.

"Sit down, Bessie," began her father, gently. She did not sit down. He cleared his throat, moved about, and continued: "Your mother, here, and Inez, and Bob—in fact, Bessie, I may say that I don't understand your recent actions, either. You've been playing fast and loose with appearances, and you know appearances are what count—"

"Right there, father, you stop and I begin!" Bessie's voice was clear and ringing—dramatic, even, and her father paused in sheer surprise. She went on.

"Four years ago I left a home where everything was reality, and appearances were secondary. I returned to find a house, not a home, where appearances were everything, and realities had been kicked right out into the street—yes, father, even by you, for when mother and Inez began going to the society dogs, and Bob to the doggeries,

you just sneaked off and left them to their fate. I found mother a climber, Inez a snob, Bob a fool, and you a grouch."

"I say, there!" The interruption was Bob's.

"Shut up!" snapped Bessie. "What was I to do? I couldn't tell them anything! They wouldn't believe me. Nor you, father!"

"Bessie, I never believed the day would come when you would speak like this to your own father and mother," whimpered Mrs. Wheaton.

"Cry, mother," commented Bessie, quite impersonally. "A good *honest* cry will do you a lot of good. You haven't had one in a long time. Back to the subject: I couldn't head anybody off, so I determined to show you all up!"

"I suppose that's what you learned abroad at father's expense—to make game of your own family," muttered the spiteful Inez. "Father couldn't afford to send *me* abroad!"

"Not at *your* expense this time," cried Bessie, in so thrilling a voice that Inez started as though she had been struck; "at *my* expense! I broke my heart to save you, and in spite of it I wonder if you and Bob, at least, are worth saving! You wonder what I learned in Europe. I learned that to be a human being is the finest and greatest thing. I learned to take men at their own worth, and women, too, and that's why when I met Allan Shelby I loved him—frankly, passionately, for he was a real man, and I am a real woman. I wanted to marry him, but I felt that my debt to you came first, so I paid it, and I have paid it with my soul! Do you think I wanted Bob's colorless little jade infesting my room and nauseating me with her cheap ways, and her cheap talk? No! but what other way had I of tearing the veil from his eyes? I showed her to him continually in a home, for the tawdry, contemptible thing she is—and he got enough! Do you think, Inez and Mother, that there was ever a moment in which I didn't loathe your bogus Count? No! but it took me weeks to disabuse your little minds of his false greatness. I had to endure his society, to be seen in public with him, to laugh at his dull wit, and at last to permit him to fondle me and make dreadful love to me before you two would wake to your snobbery! I have finished my work, but Allan Shelby has finished

with me—he has told me so—he has gone—you’re out of your swamp, and I’m crucified—crucified—crucified!”

The strain of her weeks of make-believe over, her heart-strings suddenly broken, Bessie fell to the floor, and a moment later was unconscious.

“By God, she’s right!” exclaimed Wheaton, as, presently he stood alone in his emotional arena of judgment and truth. “God, what a family! What a family!”

As the *Cameronia’s* sailing date approached, Allan Shelby was more and more miserable. Bob’s chorus girl had disappeared, the Count was seen no more—a big change seemed to have come over the Wheaton family and all its doings. Bessie he did not see. And, louder and louder, a little voice in his heart cried that she was not the fickle, silly creature he had thought

her; that there was some great story back of the sham.

Finally he decided to call upon Bessie, never being able to get her voice upon the telephone. For the first time in his life he found the family all at home, and, apparently, unusually happy and reposeful. Bessie was above stairs.

She came down, presently. He was waiting her in the music-room. He spoke first.

“Bessie,” he said, “I’ve got just a hint of the truth. Will you forgive my blindness, and let me find out the rest myself?” He held out his arms.

“Are you sure that you’ll be interested . . . clear to the last chapter?” Bessie’s demure voice was almost a whisper. She gazed steadfastly at the floor.

“Why, bless your heart, there isn’t going to be a last chapter!” exclaimed Shelby.

James W. Horne and Family



Not his honest-to-goodness one, however; just one he borrowed at the Hopi Indian village on the Painted Desert of San Diego’s Exposition. The crouching figure, third from right, is not a Hopi; merely Marin Sais, who is starring in “The Girl from Frisco,” which Horne is directing for Kalem.

Only Bad Pennies Return

SO THIS VERY GOOD PENNY HASN'T BEEN BACK TO CAMDEN SINCE SHE LEFT IT TO BECOME A STAR; SMALL, BUT GEE WHIZ HOW BRIGHT!

By Randolph Bartlett



Above, as she looks when lunching at the Claridge, New York's smartest theatrical restaurant; below, as "Susie Snowflake."



NO woman with Ann for a name should be hard to find. The sound of it is like reaching for the hair brush where-it-always-is-of-course without taking your eyes from the back-glass in the morning. Ann.

Clarice or Adèle or Rosemarie might be expected to be out and away some place; not Ann.

Some names just naturally stick around and fit on, like an old shoe without a horn or a glove without powder.

Ann.

So you can imagine the injured feeling to yourself when you are told that Ann is not in.

Ann Pennington. Just like flour on the arms and a pie going into the oven. New England kitchen setting. Hollyhocks. Board walk. Pump.

But Ann aint in. Come out of the dream stuff. Forget the pie. There may be powder on her face, but there's no flour on her wrist. If hollyhocks bloom it's in a florist's window at two a doz. This is New York, not New Hampshire. And Ann's to be interviewed.

You will bear in mind, interviewed.

You go to the studio of the Famous Players. You ask:

"Is Penny in?"

Naturally you don't say, "Z Ann in?" and obviously you don't inquire whether Miss Pennington is at home. You just say, good natured and polite, "Is Penny in?" Everybody who is anybody calls her that, Penny.

"Ought to be; she's working today," you're told. "Have a cigar. I'll find out."

Wait.

"No, not here. Just finished scene. Won't have another for two hours. Gone to the Follies to rehearse. Sorry. Have 'nother cigar. G'bye."



You get on a Seventh Avenue surface car and ride back to New York, which is on Forty-second Street. You arrive at a theater. You iron out your breath and remark to somebody: "'S Penny around?"

"No. Just left. Finished rehearsal and gone to 'er costumer's. S'long."

You go away from the theater and start out again. You arrive.

"Penny here?" you ask.

"But no, monsieur. Zee Penn^{nee} have just go at zee Famous Player after she ordair eighteen gown."

Instead of buying a taxi you set out on foot to save time. You are only ten minutes behind

when you reach the studio and mutter to some sort of person or other, "Penny here?"

"Nope. Gone for the day. Just left."

You ride around awhile on the roof of a bus to cool off, and after-

ward you sit down sternly at your desk and copy things out of a book:

"Pennington, Ann. Born _____, Camden, N. J., where parents still live; and so forth."

In the evening you abandon your bank-roll to a gentleman who hands you a ticket to "The Follies," and see Ann dance.

Ann Pennington.

No wonder you couldn't catch up. Too much speed.

One Thousand Dollars for An Idea!

EVERY MAN HAS AT LEAST ONE REAL STORY IN HIS LIFE; HAVE YOU DONE ANYTHING WITH *YOURS*?

DO you know a story? A new story that nobody else has told?

Is it worth telling?

Do you know how to tell it?

Do you know how to tell it so that the expression of the face of the person you are telling it to will change from moment to moment as you tell it?

HAVE YOU THE DRAMATIC INSTINCT?

If you know a story, a new story that nobody else has told, a story that is worth telling, a story your dramatic instinct tells you will pull the features this way and that while you tell—can you tell it on paper instead of with your tongue?

That doesn't mean can you write a piece of literature. It means can you set down a plot?

Not a story that will live because of the words it is dressed in, but because of the things it makes happen—the thrill that is in it—the suspense that makes you demand to know what will happen next—its action—its plot.

"The only stories which convince are those which engage the human emotions."

And the only stories that live are those that convince.

Have you a convincing story—one which will appeal to the big emotions?—to love, to laughter, to courage, to pity, to honest anger, to the gentle and the heroic?

The world loves a story as it loves nothing else. From jungle to palace, from

\$1000 for An Idea!

The Thomas H. Ince-Photoplay Magazine Scenario Contest

Is now on, and will remain open until midnight, Dec. 31, 1916. Send your photoplays to The Scenario Contest Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago. You may send one or fifty. Enclose return postage in each instance. Only five-reel plays wanted.

Thomas H. Ince, himself, will judge these dramatic efforts, and prizes will be awarded as follows:

1st Prize.....	\$1,000
2nd Prize.....	500
3rd Prize.....	300
4th Prize.....	200

All photoplay rights to be the property of Mr. Ince, fiction rights the property of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, publication dates to be held in abeyance to screen release dates.

Mr. Ince desires particularly

Big, virile stories for W. S. Hart; society or light comedy dramas for Bessie Barriscale; strong character characterizations for Frank Keenan; romantic plays (not costume) for William Desmond, and sympathetic plays (such as "The Coward") for Charles Ray.

He does not want

Political arguments, propaganda, dramas embroiling religious sects or political parties, or any treatment of sex which will in any way offend.

snow hut to desert tent, from prattler to gray-beard. the human race cares for a tale. With the new way of telling it—on the screen in actions instead of on the page with type or the tongue with words—a universal language has been created for the unfolding of the same story to all peoples, without any interpreter!

To all who compete in this across-the-world story-telling for the screen, Producer Thomas Ince says:

"Let's see how human you can be. Can you make me laugh? Can you make me cry? Can you make me believe in your make-believe people and the reality of their adventures? That's the way I judge a play."

Would you ask a fairer judgment? Can you measure up to it?

One thousand dollars if you can measure up so your heels instead of your chin will be on the top rung of the ladder!

Five hundred if you are Number Two in the climbing race!

Three hundred if you come next behind Number Two!

Two hundred if it's your head that bumps Number Three's heels!

Next month: "The career of a Play at the Ince Studios," told entirely in photographs. This will be the most pictorial analysis of the picture-drama's internal progress ever made, and you can't afford to miss it whether you participate in this big contest or not.



Chaplinettes,

born on the end of Bryn's pencil during that artist's recent visit to California. Above, the gypsy van of "The Vagabond," and la Purviance in her dressing room. Below, an impression of Chaplin's indoor studio, and the "set front" of the house down which Charlie lugged the little fake Edna in "The Fireman."



OSCAR
BRYN
LA'



Our Lady

BEING SOMETHING ABOUT
NAMED PETROVA WHO

By Constance

VAMP: (According to the dictionary.) 1—The piece of leather forming the front part of a boot. 2—Something added to give an old thing a new appearance.

VAMP: (In music.) To improvise an accompaniment.

VAMP: (In the movies.) A woman who loves not well but too wisely.

IF you kick anything around, it is the vamp of your boot that comes in contact with the thing kicked. Similarly in the moving picture fables, if any person is to be kicked about, emotionally rather than physically, the vamp (or vampire) is called upon. Likewise, if new scenarios are scarce, old ones can be made to look like new by introducing the vamp in an original piece of seductive business.

In life (and so, of course, in the movies) the conventional accompaniment, or companion, of the hero, is a wife or sweetheart. The unconventional, or improvised accompaniment, is the vamp.

But in order to be a perfect vamp, the third definition must be made to apply. The minute the vamp loves



of Troubles

A SHADOWLAND PATRICIAN
CAN VAMP QUITE A FEW

Severance

well, rather than wisely, she ceases to perform her function, and forthwith becomes either the victim of a male vamp, or a reclaimed victim, who, according to the best usage, is known as the Magdalen, whether the descriptive prefix be "modern," "innocent," "eternal," "gutter," or "unhappy."

In these piping days, no moving picture corporation can maintain its self respect unless it supports at least one vampire. It is a mark of distinction without which the producer feels himself hopelessly behind in the race. And so the Metro literary bureau insists that Olga Petrova is the private vampire of that busy organization. Be it so.

But Petrova, as I have seen her on the screen, at work in the studio, and in the seclusion of her home, is something more than this. She is a patrician of the voiceless stage. Count upon your fingers—and you won't need many—the actresses, in pictures or out, whom you can imagine in the environment of a royal court, taking their places with the utmost dignity and unconscious ease among princesses of the blood. What name comes to mind so instantly as that of Petrova? Whether obeying the mandates of a director, or





daintily engaged in making lobster Newburg, she never loses that poise and elegance of manner, because she never assumes it. It is part of her. One would as soon write her a "mash note" as invite the President to dine at Childs.

"Do you prefer playing these unhappy roles?" I asked her.

"Yes," she replied promptly, "because it is through them that the problems of life are most clearly to be seen. There is little to be learned from a happy, romantic life."

"Yet we all want to be happy, and they who live their romances are happiest."

"Certainly, but what would art be without the unhappy characters. The tragedy is ever greater than the comedy. Would you trade Hamlet for Falstaff, Macbeth for the Dromios, Jean Valjean for Mr. Pickwick, a Madonna for a cartoon from Punch? We must go down into the deeps of existence, if not to learn the dangers, at least to realize our own good fortune."

"But is it not depressing to yourself?"

"On the stage it might be so. But in this fine free life of the moving picture world, with its brief scenes and long rests between, its open air and constant variety, it is not the case."

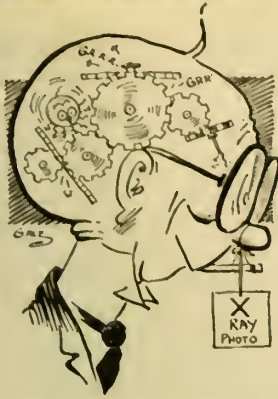
And to know Petrova is to believe. There is no suggestion, in her personality, of the star of "The Eternal Question," "What Will People Say?" "My Madonna," or "The Vampire." Off-stage, the reposeful patrician, on stage, Our Lady of Troubles.

Petrova is of Polish birth and English education. She played in the Folies Bergere in Paris, and was brought from there to America for the late Henry B. Harris' enterprise of the same name, which failed. Then under the Shubert management she scored a distinct success in "Panthea," and was a vaudeville headliner. From there she went to the Metro, and has proved one of the most popular players in that organization.

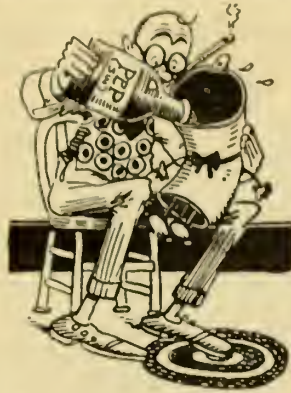
A Real Achievement



— on the part of Mlle. Normand: getting a six-cylinder laugh out of Mack Sennett, who spends a grim and tragic life getting laughs out of other people. The pigeon-toed pullet enjoying herself in the background is Teddy Sampson.



The first thing I remember was my father turning me over in the back of his mind.



Father fed me all sorts of tonics. I began to grow in the most amazing places.

The Autobiography of a Scenario

[IN WHICH M. SCRIPT TELLS
REALISTICALLY THE STORY
OF HIS EVENTFUL CAREER

By Elizabeth Brock McGaffey

THE first thing I remember after I came into the world was my father turning me over in the back of his mind, admiring me and saying,—“You’re a darn good little idea.”

I stayed in his mind for some time—and grew—and grew—and grew—and finally I became so big that father decided to put me on paper. Lighting a fresh cigarette, father dragged his chair up to the typewriter, placed a rather dilapidated looking piece of paper on the roll, and began slowly to pound me out. Even after I had been transferred to the paper I could see that I was not as big as I thought I was—only three or four hundred words long. But father looked at me and said,—“Not so bad, I will ’tend to you later on.” Then he lighted a fresh cigarette and went to work at something else.

I hung around for nearly a week until finally one day father’s wife came in and said to him,—“You’d better get busy and peddle another scenario, the groceryman’s getting real fresh.” So father rummaged around and once more brought me to light. He looked me over and said,—“You are all right, though you haven’t got much pep, but I think I can doctor you up and col-

lect on you.” He continued, “I am going to strengthen your plot—put some more action in your first reel, and bolster up your heart interest, and then maybe I can get two or three hundred dollars for you.”

Father fed me all sorts of tonics. I began to grow in the most amazing places. Whole squibs from the papers were forced down my unwilling throat. But I grew—there was no doubt about that. One day he called in his wife and handed me over to her. After she had carefully read me, she said only one word—“Punk,” and started out of the room.

“Step-mother,” I muttered, and father agreed. He became all excited, commenced to argue with her and made glowing comparisons of me with other scenarios of whom his friends were the fathers and which had evidently appeared on the screen—the seventh heaven for all scenarios.

Father and his wife argued more and more, and finally she told him he had better go back to truck driving, and leave scenario writing to people with intelligence—which made father quite mad, and he took his pencil and tore out several incidents and then doctored me up again until I was much bigger and better. My theme



A hard looking individual, smoking a big, black cigar, sat behind a huge roll-top desk.



So once again I went to the typewriter and I was turned, twisted, and yanked about.

was original and I worked up to a nice dramatic climax,—and some of my situations were unusual.

Father looked me all over again—made a few minor changes and stuffed me into his pocket and went down to a studio. He waited around in an anteroom for some time and was finally admitted into a little office, where a hard-looking individual, smoking a big, black cigar, sat behind a huge roll-top desk. Father began to describe me to this man, to whom I had taken an instantaneous dislike because he sat and smoked and never said a single word.

At last the man said,—“Give me the script and I will have somebody read it over.” I was handed over to this disagreeable person and cruelly hurled into a pigeon-hole and there I remained for several days, until an excited person came in and said, “I must have a story for Flossie Film.” Then I was brought out, and once again I changed hands.

This time I was read over carefully, with now and then a grunt—some of approval, some of condemnation. My present murderer said I was a fair story, but I wouldn’t do for Flossie Film. He called in another man, who wore a high brow and a Windsor tie, and, after handing me over, said,—“Fix this up so Flossie can have more sympathy and cut down the male lead, for she will never play it this way. Stick in a good comedy character and a lot of exteriors.” So, once again I went to the typewriter, and I was turned, twisted, and yanked about until I was but a shadow of

my former self. My feminine rib was swelled all out of proportion—while my male side, which formerly balanced so perfectly, was all shriveled up and dwarfed, and I felt like a paralytic.

Then I was introduced into a beautifully furnished dressing-room, where a pretty blonde lady sat at a make-up table, chewing gum and admiring herself in the mirror. My sponser said, “Here is your next story, Miss Film.”

Miss Film looked at my title, then out of the window, and said.—“Rotten. I won’t play it—won’t have anything to do with it. If the company insists upon my doing this I will leave immediately and go get a regular job.”

My sponser protested and said.—“You haven’t read it yet—read it over and tell me what you think of it.”

“I know it’s rotten by the title,” said Miss Film. “You would think that the man was the star. Am I going to be insulted by having people think that I am a mere extra girl? I want the title so that everybody will know that I am the star in the play.”

“But this title just fits the story”—again protested my surgeon.

“That makes no difference.” Miss Film exclaimed. “I don’t care whether the title has anything to do with the story or not—but it has got to suit me. I will read it over, but I tell you now, I don’t like it.”

She read me over and then threw me on the floor.

“I won’t play it,” she exclaimed. “I



Miss Film looked at my title—and said, "Rotten!"



There was nothing left of me but my star role.

won't have anything to do with it,—the idea of humiliating me with a script like that! Both the heavy woman and the leading man have several scenes in which they are in the foreground! I won't have it! Terrible story!"

Heart-broken, I was picked up from the floor and again taken into the operating room. Here I was distorted more than ever, until there was nothing left of me but my star role, atmosphere and background. My title was changed and I was taken in to Miss Film again and she was delighted with me, and said I was a wonderful story, and that it could be announced to the waiting world that she was to appear in a picture exactly suited to her wonderful artistic ability.

Then a man, called the continuity writer, was brought in, and he read me over with many an exclamation of disgust, and proceeded to chop me up into little bits until I felt like a long string of sausage. When this was all done a man called a director came and got me, read me over and after saying lots of mean things to the continuity writer, marked me all up with his pencil and said, "Well, I suppose I will have to shoot this, but if they ever hand me another one like it—I will walk out of this blooming studio."

The director called his company around and read me over to them, and after he had finished, everybody held his nose. Miss Film was not present.

The man who was supposed to play my lead then jumped up and exclaimed,—“If

that blonde hussy thinks that I am going to play an extra, she has got another guess coming. I haven't even got a decent close-up."

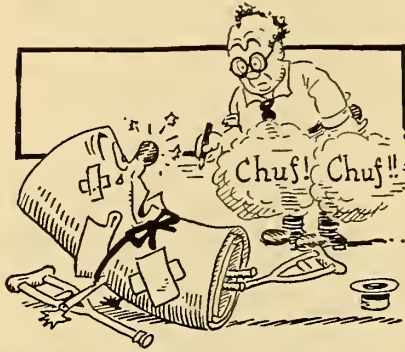
The director said,—“Don't worry about that, Bill, I will fix that for you when Film isn't looking.”

I was then taken out on the stage and scene by scene I was photographed. Many, many times there were arguments over me and I was the bone of contention with everyone.

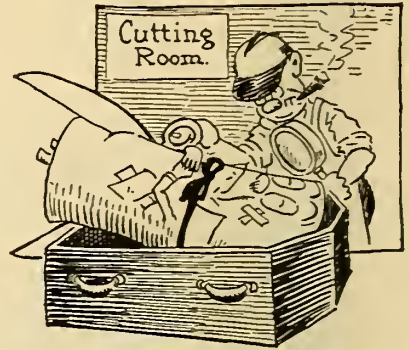
When I was about half completed, the studio press-agent came along, looked me over and said,—“Terrible; how do you expect to do any business with a thing like that? There isn't a stunt in it, and the Censors will pass it without a murmur.”

The director argued, but finally put in an automobile accident that stuck out on me like a wart and had nothing whatever to do with my story.

At last I was all photographed and taken into the cutting room. Here, with a pair of scissors and a magnifying glass, I was murdered again, and when I was measured I was found to be too long, so I was cut down again. Lots of my prettiest scenes were made mere flashes, and lots of my flashes were thrown out entirely. Then I was given a private running and at the conclusion I was heart-broken. It seemed that I had no continuity—I was poorly directed—badly photographed, and my sub-titles belonged to another script. The star said it was the worst thing she had ever done in her life,—the entire cast was



The director argued, but finally put in an automobile accident that stuck out on me like a wart.



When I was measured I was found to be too long, so I was cut down again. I was heartbroken.

a joke, and everybody was shocked that I had ever been permitted to see the light of day. However, I was shipped East.

I will never forget my first night as long as I live. My very celluloid seemed to crackle with nervousness and I know I flickered badly from sheer fright.

When my introduction flashed on the screen, I wished that I could burn up on the spot, but gradually as I began to unroll I felt better, and I had not gone very far before I got some applause. Several times I was out of frame, but the operator, although shooting craps with the re-wind boy, kept one eye on the screen.

At last I was all projected and the final scenes were greeted with an outburst of applause, and I knew that I was at least a partial success. But it was not until I saw the review that I learned I was what they call a "knock-out."

Eventually I got from many sources the real truth of my success. Father said to his wife—"In spite of what those boobs did at the studio,—cut my story all to

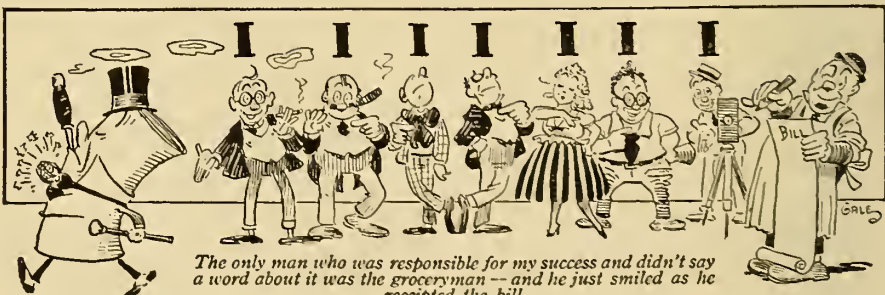
pieces—they didn't kill it, and by golly, the next story they want from me, they will have to come across for it strong."

The man who smoked the black cigar at the desk, said,—“Tell me I can't pick 'em! I spotted that good story the moment I laid my eyes on it.”

The man with the flowing tie said,—“If it wasn't for my work on that story it would have been a flivver, but you never get any credit around here.”

The continuity man said I was the real stuff because he had rewritten me. Miss Film demanded a raise and a month's vacation because she said she and her clothes had made me. The director said his changes had put me across. The camera man confided that his superior photography had saved my life. The leading man told an ingenue his support had been all that held me and the star together.

The only person who was responsible for my success and didn't say a word about it was the groceryman—and he just smiled as he receipted the bill.



The only man who was responsible for my success and didn't say a word about it was the groceryman—and he just smiled as he receipted the bill.



CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

The
Saddest
Season.

WE need our humor in the summer.

It is easy enough for the average man to be cheerful on a bright day that snaps its fingers in his face. One does not require to search a spirituous brazer when it can be obtained by an inch-lift to the office window. Walk briskly on a late autumn afternoon and you'll need no

Keystone to enable you to guffaw at the world.

But on those teakettle days when collars and souls wilt alike, when one is imbued with all the energy of tropical malaria, when it is too hot to love or fight, when the powder flows off your lady's face,—oh, where does the spirit of mortal to laughter incline?

Give your iron crosses and your garters and *pour le merites* to the fellows and flappers who can make us smile through tears of perspiration, who can make things a little lively when all the world's a Turkish bath.

It's really easy to laugh when the thermometer has a kick like a chorus girl.



The Height
of
Insult.

PROBABLY believing that it adds class, several press-agents recently have referred to the player acquired from another organization as "the noted *stage* star." And this has been applied to persons who never saw footlights except across the front fence!

It reminds us of being ashamed to speak to one's mother, when meeting her by chance in Longacre Square.



Why not
the Whole
Distance?

IF announcements are to be believed, Universal will rename its young stars in the future, titling them with filmonymics which will be Universal property, and from which they will be disembodied if they ever depart from Universal's artistic domination.

For instance: little Mary Smith, showing that she is a sensational Burbank cross between Mary Pickford and Theda Bara, will be renamed Guinevere De Vere, and will no doubt attain sixteen-story fame—or as many stories as the press-agent is good for.

Then she receives an offer which Universal will not trump, and she departs, but not as Guinevere.

No; Guinevere still hovers ghost-like over San Fernando hills, and plain

Mary Smith starts at the bottom of her stair of repute and walks all the way up again. That is, if she can, without driving a nation's audiences distracted with confusion over her shed identity.

If this is a good notion it ought to go the whole distance. Why not dispense with names altogether? Why not permit the overworked critics to say that in Comedy U-39 Nos. 4, 11 and 44 were great, 13 was doubtful, and 23 positively rotten? After numbers, a uniform would simplify things. Drab—say—would do nicely in skirts, while stripes would be just lovely for the men.



**Beating
The
G. O. P.**

YOU don't have to wait until November to see whether the Republican elephant will be victorious or vanquished. He already has been beaten, and in his own arena.

The July motion picture exposition in Chicago buried his record. Heretofore, for attendance and enthusiasm, the parties of the celebrated elephant have made all the records in The Coliseum, the great Wabash Avenue convention hall.

But on the Mary Pickford evening 30,000 people paid \$15,000 to stand in the suffocating heat hour after hour—merely to glimpse their idol. Mary Pickford was just a big moment in this convention. There were other stars, other days, continuous enthusiasm, a big and ever-changing throng.

More people attended the moving picture exposition in The Coliseum than were ever seen there at any function.

When a great city's thousands make torrid pilgrimages not to see but to learn something about motion pictures, it is ample proof that motion pictures are not an inconsequential diversion but an enduring field for the release of toil-bound imaginations.



**The Optic
Ponce-de-
Leons.**

ROMANCE never dies. Only names change.

Every age has its Spanish Main.

The Argosy is as immortal as youth.

Do you imagine that Ponce de Leon was the first or last to fling himself into the wilderness for the magic fountain? Not all the Ponce de Leons have gone to the material wilderness; not all have sought mere physical springtime. The Greek philosophers sought the springtime of the soul, the grim monks of the Middle Ages harried themselves and their neighbors for a childish peace of mind. De Leon and his kind sought waters of perpetuity for the flesh.

There is a new Ponce de Leon abroad, a scientific cavalier of the imagination. He is seeking—he and his brothers—the alchemy which will hold forever the pastel of a rose, the fire of an eye, the blush of a girl's cheek, the palette of the sunset, the Urban-blue of a tropic sky.

He seeks true color photography.

When he finds it he will have set the seal upon, he will have breathed immortality into, the great art of the Twentieth Century.

Klondikes
of
Location.

THOSE who always have tears to shed part with them quite freely when considering beautiful Southern California, and its locations, once thrillingly strange, but now worked out as Virginia City or the placer mines along the Sacramento.

As a matter of fact, California locations have been mere loose gold. No one has gone below the surface, as far as American locations as a whole are considered. For instance, the great city of Chicago: Essanay has been as blind to its industries and great buildings as to the real splendor of Michigan Avenue, the American Champs Elysees. Whatever Essanay has missed, Selig has missed more—and whatever the omissionals sins of these Chicago corporations, they are as naught compared to the things the pictorial New Yorkers forgot. Here is the greatest city in the world—a riot of a hundred individualities.

The country as a whole is simply waiting; it is a Klondike of location.



Marketing
A
Commodity

YOU can't make a man hear you without casting your voice in his direction. The motion picture manufacturer has been expecting his public to answer, when he hasn't been addressing his public at all.

He has been exclusively addressing the exhibitor.

His appeals have all been to the man behind the ticket window instead of to the man in front of it. His advertising is aimed at a single pair of eyes: those of the picture retailer. His public statements have usually been verbal gospels intended to convert some house-owner to his programme.

While the motion picture is an art, it is also a commodity, just as opera is a commodity in Italy, or Bryan's lectures on the allied fields of Chautauqua.

You sell commodities by telling the buyer about them.

You buy Old Dutch Cleanser from your grocer, but you hear of it and its works because its manufacturers appeal primarily to *you*, not to the man who retails it. The retailer handles it because of the demand you make, and for no other reason.

A soap product and a photoplay are scarcely synonymous? True, but the theater manager handles his business in exactly the same way. Theatrical advertisements are written for the man who pays, not for the man who distributes.

It is by no means a question of advertising alone. The man with a spoken drama to sell keeps close to his public all the time, via the box-office. While the motion picture exhibitor probably observes his box-office as closely as does his "legitimate" brother, the motion picture manufacturer is content to observe the exhibitor.

The motion picture manufacturer is always acting on second-hand information.

The Nightmare of a Movie Nut

By Gordon Seagrove

I dreamed that Blanche wore whiskers,
And kid gloves on her feet,
And rode astride a whiffenpoof
Which murmured, "Ain't she Sweet?"

I dreamed the handsome Kerrigan
Had somehow lost his nose,
And in its place had slyly put
A Sixty-third street rose.*

I dreamed that Farrar cried to Lou:
"You are THE MAN of men!"
It may be true, it may be true,
But one can't Tellegen.

I saw Lil Gish, the lovely;
She stood knee deep in June,
And cried, in bass, "Cherchez la femme,"
But don't cherchez too soon!

And Little Mary Pickford
Had lost her gentle way
And brandishing a bowie knife,
Cried, "Blood! I wish to slay!"

While William Hart, the virile,
Wore satin pantaloons
And cried, "I simply dote on Brahms!"
While munching macaroons.

Charles Chaplin played as "Romeo"
To Bara's "Juliet";
He kicked her twice beneath the chin
To her intense regret.

And then I woke—the house was dark,
Cold sweat was on my brow;
"Come on." the usher said to me,
"You'd better beat it now."

* The author says it's a cabbage.



Plotting the Photoplay

WHILE PRODUCERS CLAMOR FOR USABLE
CAMERA STORIES, HIT-OR-MISS METHODS
OF AUTHORSHIP FEED THE RETURN MAILS

By Harry Chandlee

Author of "The Blessed Miracle," "The Struggle," etc., etc.

BIGGER stories! Better stories! We must have them!"

That is what practically every producing company in the country is saying today. They all want stories; they are crying for stories—begging on bended knee for stories; and yet they are not getting them in response.

"We want strong, virile dramas full of action and suspense, with logical situations well worked out," they say; or, "We want comedies that have amusing plots—not meaningless jumbles of horseplay. If you have any pith in your heart, send us two dozen assorted masterpieces by return mail, and let us mail our check drawn to your order without delay."

Producers are offering almost any price for real plots; appropriating dollars by the hundred thousand to be spent for 'scripts, conducting extensive contests in the hope of getting usable plays.

"Write us something we want, and we will pay you well for it," is the constant cry.

"Write us something we want!"—that is the real kernel of the situation. Producers will tell us what *kind* of story they want—that they will buy dramas of American life, or costume plays, or war pictures, or comedies, as the case may be; but none, so far as I know, has ever said what he really considers to be a story—what *structural* type of composition he requires; and so the aspiring author starts in to write, still as far away as ever from definite knowledge of what he must put into his stories to make them salable. Meanwhile, the supply of 'scripts remains the same that it has been for years—about one-half of one per cent. of these stories submitted is available for use.

Producers will tell us what kind of a story they want, but none has ever said what he really considers to be a story—what structural type of composition he requires; and so the aspiring author (is) far away from definite knowledge of what he must put into his stories to make them salable.

Many producers, despairing of finding enough original 'scripts worth using, have rushed to the magazines and the spoken drama for material to adapt to pictures; but you have only to consider the average adaptation you have seen to decide for yourself whether this plan has been successful.

Some stage plays and some stories have made wonderful pictures. Others—many of those which proved real "knock-outs" in the original—have been dismal failures on the screen.

This fact gives rise to a question: "Why is it a book or a stage play which pleases us, almost invariably disappoints us when we see it in pictures?"

The answer is that a photoplay requires something different from the average magazine story or stage play. It requires a plot of a certain structural type; a plot that is built on a particular plan; a story modeled for the screen—written to fit pictures as a method of expression.

A magazine story may be almost without plot and yet be interesting; a stage play may hold us enthralled without great complication of structure. In each instance, our attention is held by something which takes the place of real plot. It is held by the author's method in his work—in the story, perhaps, by the perfect characterization, the vivid description; in the stage play, by the brilliant or witty dialogue. Both are examples of superior craftsmanship on the part of the author; but in pictures, the author's *style*—his method of expression, his selection of words—is lost. It never reaches the public. His best building of characters is worthless without interesting plot complication; the charm of his diction cannot be appreciated on the

screen; action must speak for words.

The prime requirement in a story for screen production is a plot which in itself arouses interest—one which holds attention, regardless of the personalities of its characters.

Of course, to make the story seem natural we must draw our characters carefully; must make them seem like real persons. Their actions must be logical. We must govern them by reasonable motives; but we cannot depend upon characterization alone. We must have something behind the people in our story—a well-defined plot which the audience can understand and appreciate.

Above all, we must have before us constantly the development of the dramatic. Dramatic situation is the vital part of every true picture story.

Sometimes it is difficult for a beginner to recognize the dramatic—to know what constitutes dramatic situation.

We might define it as a situation which interests us, vitally, in the immediate outcome of events—when we are on pins and needles as to what is going to happen next, and are held tense, almost breathless.

For example, a dramatic situation arises when a character in whom we are interested is walking blindly into danger—danger which is well known to us, but unseen by the character; the kind of situation which makes us want to lean forward in our seats and warn the person on the screen.

We have a dramatic situation when an "interest character" is "between the Devil and the deep sea"—when he must decide between two courses, either of which seems certain to plunge him into misfortune; or when he is hopelessly involved in trouble, with actual disaster impending and only a step ahead.

In the first example, we are interested because we can see what should be done to avoid trouble—because we are filled with the desire to put the screen-person on the right track. In the last two our interest comes from the fact that we are baffled *with* the character. Unconsciously, we put ourselves in the character's place; we must

decide what we would do under the same circumstances—which of the two courses we would take, or what we would do to get ourselves out of trouble and escape disaster.

In Hector Turnbull's masterly photoplay, "The Cheat," there are a number of well-defined dramatic situations, which serve as excellent concrete examples.

In "The Cheat" the wife is a society butterfly, who numbers a wealthy and unscrupulous Japanese amongst her friends. She is the treasurer of a Red Cross organization, and has \$10,000 of its money in her care. Her husband is engineering a big business deal; he cannot spare money to grant her whims. The Japanese offers her a loan, hoping to entangle her for his own purposes, but she refuses. A friend gives her a tip on the stock market, and on the assurance of big returns in a few days she places the Red Cross money with him for investment.

At this point in the story the first dramatic situation begins. We know that the Japanese is waiting to entrap the wife; we are well aware that the stock market is a dangerous thing to fool with—especially with other people's money. We have the desire to warn the foolish wife—to "spank" her if necessary, to make her sensible. Not only do we fear that she may lose the Red Cross money, with consequent disgrace, but we are afraid that its loss may place her in the power of the Japanese. We are intensely interested in what is going to happen.

As it develops in the play, the money is lost and the wife is distracted. She seems hopelessly involved in trouble. When the Red Cross writes for the money, disaster seems only a step ahead.

Then, the Japanese learns of her difficulty, and suavely offers to lend her the money—she can pay it back as soon as her husband's deal is through. He protests the strongest friendship, and she believes him—but the audience knows that this is all part of his plot; and again there is the desire to warn the wife.

Almost as soon as the foolish woman has accepted the loan and made good the money, her husband gives her a large check

The prime requirement in a story for screen production is a plot which in itself arouses interest—one which holds attention, regardless of the personalities of its characters. We must have something behind the people in our story—a well defined plot which the audience can understand and appreciate.

as a reward for her supposed patience in waiting for his success. She hurries to the home of the Japanese to repay him.

Alone with the Oriental, she soon sees his real purpose. The Japanese declares that she is his—that he has bought her; he refuses to allow her to buy herself back. The things that are his, he marks as his own—and so, while she struggles futilely, he brands her shoulder with his mark of possession—the Japanese Chrysanthemum and his name. But on the table there is a revolver, and while the Oriental holds the wife to him, she shoots him. Then she escapes.

A moment later the husband enters, searching for the wife. He finds the Japanese unconscious, grasping a piece of the woman's cape; and he knows that his wife is guilty!

The police rush in just as the Japanese opens his eyes, and the husband is arrested on a charge of attempted murder. He must make his decision; will he protest his innocence with the arrest of his wife as an almost certain consequence?—or will he choose the only alternative, admitting that he shot the Japanese? He chooses to protect his wife, and is brought to trial.

The Japanese, not mortally wounded, keeps the truth secret—with the husband in prison, he can easily make the woman his.

At this point in the story Hector Turnbull, by the perfect *mechanics* of his plot construction, has brought about the tensest kind of dramatic situation. The necessity for decision has now shifted to the wife. She must determine whether she will save herself by allowing her husband to be convicted, or save him by a confession.

Here, the character of the wife, as built up in the picture, plays an important part. From her selfish and irresponsible nature we have every reason to believe she will think only of herself; and we are alarmed at the husband's danger. We have the desire to "tell on the wife" ourselves—to save the husband in spite of himself. But we'd like to save the wife, too, if we could.

Then the woman decides. In the crowded courtroom, as the jury pronounces her husband guilty, she rushes to the

judge's bench, bares her branded shoulder, and cries out her confession.

The seared scar of the hot iron on her flesh makes her act justifiable in the eyes of the law.

It is such stories as this which make perfect photoplays.

As produced, "The Cheat" is a masterly film in every way; but even if it had been acted poorly—directedly carelessly—it would have held attention. Shorn of all detail, the *plot itself* is interesting; it has a wealth of dramatic situation.

Analyzed specifically, dramatic situation proves to be a circumstance which may be told in a few words, yet which will arouse interest.

A "gentleman burglar" finds himself robbing the home of his sweetheart, who thinks him honest.

A man, introduced to his friend's wife, discovers that she is his former mistress.

A woman with a doubtful past marries and promises her fortune to her husband for an important business deal. One of her former associates appears and demands money on pain of exposure to her husband.

What will she do? If she pay the blackmail she will have to explain to her husband; if she refuse, she will be exposed by the blackmailer.

Father and son are fighting in opposing armies. The son is captured as a spy and brought before the father for trial. Will the father's love be stronger than his sense of duty?

These all are situations in which there is a strong dramatic element.

There is a tendency on the part of every beginner to confuse Dramatic Situation with what is only spectacular action.

For example: A building is on fire. One of the characters in the play is trapped in an upper story. Another character goes to his rescue, at great risk to himself, and succeeds in saving him.

This is action; it is spectacular; it will have a measure of interest—but there is nothing dramatic in it. There is no decision to be made—no danger which the rescuer cannot see and understand. Nothing is involved save the actual physical

Above all, we must have before, us constantly the development of the dramatic. Dramatic situation is the vital part of every true picture story. We might define it as a situation which interests us, vitally, in the immediate outcome of events—when we are on pins and needles as to what's to happen next.

danger to the characters, and hence the psychological element does not enter in.

If, however, when the rescuer reaches the person in danger he finds that the man is his bitterest enemy, the dramatic element enters strongly. What will be the outcome? Will the rescuer leave the other to his death, or will he save him, in spite of the relations between them?

Again, suppose the rescuer finds the person in danger to be the woman he loves—the woman for whom he has sought vainly for years. His search is ended, but he finds

her under circumstances which make it seem that neither can escape death.

In both of these situations there is interest *in addition* to the simple question of whether the characters will escape; there is something *behind* the mere spectacular action—something which raises it above the ordinary events of life. Dramatic situation is present.

Analyze your plot for dramatic situation; it is the basis of every successful picture play. If it is absent, your story will not sell.

Mr. Chandlee has written for November PHOTOPLAY what seems to us the simplest, sanest and most logical exposition of plot getting and plot mechanics which has ever been put into type. Plot in its final analysis is INSPIRATION. Perhaps it would be best to say that the germ of every plot is IDEA—it sounds a little less psychic, or like a gift of tongues. Mr. Chandlee recognizes this, but he also shows, in the most convincing manner, that the expert dramatist, by arduous labor, often builds his greatest successes from tiny seeds of thought so small that the novice in playmaking wouldn't recognize them as the precious essence of INSPIRATION, or IDEA, at all. Mr. Chandlee as a lecturer upon photoplaywriting has a delightful faculty of never trusting to abstract statements. When he tells you that a thing should be thus, or so, he tells you exactly why—and then gives you a concrete illustration. His article in the November number of this magazine is so full of precious, plainly-told information that it will be of great value to every photodramatist, no matter what his experience.

Wanted: An Inspiration

I never wrote a movie play, although some folks may doubt it;
But still I will be frank, and say I *have* thought some about it.
I've thought some day I'd write a play, and thrill the bloomin' nation,
From Bangor, Maine, to 'Frisco Bay—if I get an Inspiration.

An Inspiration! There's the rub! I wonder how you nab it?
I've wooed the amber by the tub, and tried the cocaine habit;
But it's a blamed elusive thing, as skittish as a rabbit,
And straightway puts itself to wing whenever I would grab it.

One time I jerked my pencil out, and grabbed a ream of paper;
I blew huge clouds of smoke about, and cut an awful caper.
I thought I had it by the ear, and set myself to labor.
But it was gone—now ain't that queer?—the words froze on my Faber.

I never wrote a movie play, the reason I have stated;
Although I know I will some day if I get inspired.
And Inspiration—darn the thing! I've got a ton of paper
And all the needed other truck,
But yet, it seems that I am stuck
Right here, unless I have the luck
To soar aloft on fluted wings, or—or find an inspirator.

—Harry Clifton Hosick.

PETE "PROPS"

THE CONTINUED PLAIN OF A MOV-
ING PICTURE PROPERTY MAN—HE
PUTS ONE OVER ON THE NOVELIST

By Kenneth McGaffey

IX

I WAS a-tellin you about dis funny writin guy, Timothy W. He had dis wild desire to go to Bear Walley on location, an I was sent along as his chaperoney; I should have been his nurse.

De train didn't leave till about nine de next mornin, but I got down dere about seven to help load de baggage car an dere was Timothy W. all dolled up an ready to go.

Say,—he looked like one of dese Swiss bell ringers dat scamper up an down de Alps. He had on knickerbockers, a funny coat, a dinkey cap wid a fedder in it, an over one shoulder he had hung a spyglass an over de udder a camera. On his back he had one of dese knapsacks. Put a gun in his hand an he could have invaded Mexico on a minute's notice. He didn't need no gun—de *cholos* seein him would have laughed dereselves to death, dereby givin us more ammunition to sell to de Allies.

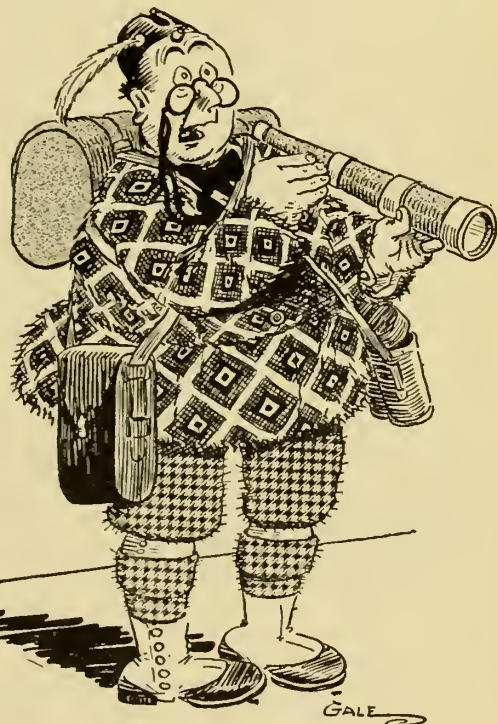
Drawings by
E. W. GALE, Jr.

By an by de nut director sees Timothy W. an gets all sore an excited tinkin dat some comedy company was comin along to steal his locations. He calms down somewhat when I tell him dat Timothy W. is only a harmless book writer an wouldn't hurt nobody. In de meantime Timothy is takin notes in his little book of everything dat goes into de baggage car. You would have tought he was a shippin clerk.

By an by he clumb onto de train an right away started minglin wid de talent. Say—he was about as welcome as de poison ivy till dey found out dat he was a novelist an den he nearly got killed in de rush. You would have tought dat he was a dramatic



By an by de nut director sees Timothy W. an gets all sore an excited tinkin dat some comedy company was comin along to steal his locations.





It would a done your heart good to get a flash of de ingenue, wid her little eyelashes flutterin, lookin him square in de map, tellin him how she set up nights revelin in his books.

cricket. It woulda done your heart good to get a flash of de ingenue, wid her little eyelashes flutterin, lookin him square in de map, tellin how she sat up nights revelin in his books when she didn't know whether he wrote de almanack, or "One Thousand and One Ways to Mix Drinks." An he just ate it up! Like cream puffs. How anyone could look at Timothy W. in dose funny clothes widout registerin amusement, had me beat.

De leadin man was just promisin him a autographed photograph for his very own when de train drew into San Berdoo.

When dey got into de automobiles to ride up to Bear Valley all of de troupers tried to climb in wid Timothy W. an dere was darn near a riot. By and by we got dem all in de boats an up we goes. De guy dat laid out dat road must have been a contortionist or figured it would only be used by snakes. It was de crookedest ting I ever seen, an straight up. Dere was never no argument dat we wasn't goin up hill.

Some guy dat tought dat I musta moidered his mudder or done something else terrible an wants to get even, slips me into de seat alongside of Timothy W. Timothy W. was a'makin notes like mad all de time we was a'scamperin along. When he wasn't writin, he was doin' de Christopher Columbus stuff wid de spyglass, an murmurin—"How interestin."

Everybody was having a beautiful time but Timothy W. He was afraid some data

for his immoral work would get away from him an he was busier dan a one-legged chorus girl trying to crack her heels togedder.

It was some jaunt before we gets to Pine Lodge where we is to make our headquarters an I gets chucked in de same cabin wid Timothy W. He may be a novelist now, but when he sits down to de scoffins, his real trade comes out. He was a table finisher. Honest—he ate more dan all de extras put togedder, an you know how a extra can eat.

After we gets troo Timothy W. says, "Well, I got to go an pour over me notes."

"What are you going to pour over dem," I says, "have you got sumpin on de hip?" I says, "cause if you are goin to do any pourin," I says, "I can stand about four fingers in de bottom of a wash tub," I says.

"No," he says, "I got to read dem over to see if dey are right."

I bows meself out an goes over to see if de actors will let me in dere poker games.

I always love to sit in a actors' poker game, specially if dere is a lot of looker-ons. De gay young bloods try to show dere true reckless spirit an bet regardless, an if you play close to your chest an don't let no one put dere foot on your chair, you can nick dem every time an show a profit on de night. I learned poker in de good old school where it wasn't considered no disgrace to lay down two pair when you got bumped by a one-card draw when de fireworks begins.

Tings break good an when we cash in along about midnight. I have done real well an outside of having to laugh at some of de talents' bum comedy, it hadn't cost me a cent. I rambles back over to me cabin—you know we all has cabins flocked in about a big dinin room buildin, instead of having rooms like in a regular hotel.—an dere is Timothy W. pourin over his notes. He'd poured enough over dem to

droun dem. I was sleepy, so all I had to do, after I got in bed, was to tell him how de lights attracted de catamounts down from de hills an he undresses in de dark.

Up wid de dawn was Timothy W. At de foist peep of day Timothy commenced peeping too, an it took a lot of langwied on my part to get him outside so I could grab off me beauty sleep. Den I got to worrying dat de talent would eat up all de breakfast before I got to it, so I didn't get no rest at all. I was more wore out dan usual when I finally gets up.

Gee! but we had a swell breakfast! I got in early an et nearly all I wanted before de rest of de gang showed up. Den de waitresses was so busy, I walks out an comes back in again wid de crowd but I couldn't eat so much de second time. I gets away wid seven cups of cawfee before de waitresses call de proprietor's attention to me.

Den we all goes out to de location at de edge of de lake. Timothy W., gay as a nightengale, makin notes, trippin over roots and bumpin his head against de tree branches.

In de pitcher dere is a guy supposed to be on de lake in a canoe an de heavy shoots de canoe wid a gun from de shore an just as de hero is supposed to sink, up dashes de herowine in anudder canoe an rescues him from de wet, an clasped in her strong arms, he sobs out de story of his love, dey clinch, and like as not de canoe turns over.

Dere is a lot of beach stuff before we shoot de lake stuff, and I have to rope Timothy W. to keep him from gettin in front of de camera. All de time he was gettin in de way afraid some little note would get away from him. Finally I has to lead him out in a pasture all by hisself.

I tells him about shoot-in de canoe, an he says, "How interestin."

"What happens," says Timothy W., "if he hits de fellah in de canoe, instead of de canoe?"

"Oh, in dat case," I says, "we have to get a new

actor an de guy wat does de shootin," I says, "has to re-load his gun. But he better not miss de canoe more dan twice," I says, "cause while we is long on actors we is short on catridges, an I didn't weigh meself down wid enough amunition to bombard Verdun. De script only calls for one shot," I says, "but I brought a extra shot along in case of a re-take, but if we want any more, I got to go back to de studio an get dem. I brought two on me own responsibility—nobody never told me to bring no more, and if dey waste dem," I says, "I'll lay it onto de assistant director. I got enough responsibilities, what wid havin to keep de beer cool, not to have to look after a lot of amunition. If dey was goin to do a lot of shootin, dey should have brought de dinamite man along," I says. "He's paid to handle explosives."

"How interestin," says Timothy W.

"If dey is goin to kill anybody," I says, "I hope dey do it out on de lake, cause dis disground is too full of rocks to dig holes in, an out dere, it's just gurgle, gurgle, an all is still."

"Say! Timothy W.," I says, "dere is a

Right away de altitude begins to affect Timothy W. an he had to go right back to camp.



chance for you to get in a scene an get all cluttered up wid local color," I says. "You double for de guy in de boat, an I will do de shootin," I says. "I never shot a gun in my life," I says, "but I've seen how it's done," I says. "An den," I says, "if you are still conscious when you comes up," I says, "dere is a fine chance for you to do a clinch wid de leadin lady," I says. "An' to hear her tell it," I says, "dere is a lot of guys dat would risk more dan dat," I says, "to get a chance to kiss her ruby lips." I would do it in a minute," I says, "but she's not my type," I says, "an besides, I got a wife in Chicago I haven't seen in eight years," I says, "an she wouldn't like it if she tought I was de least bit forward. I'll go and fix it up," I says.

I goes over to de nut director an gives him a long song an dance, and finally he says it will be a good stunt to kid de novelist, so he tells me to bring him over.

"All de guys are afraid to go out in de boat an be shot at," I tells Timothy W., "because de heavy has got Saint Vituses dance," I says. "Now is your time to show dem up. You are as safe out dere

as you would be in de trenches," I says, "an I'll stay here on de shore an hold your note book,—an," I says, "I'll send it home to your folks if anything happens. You don't even need to leave me de stamped envelope," I says, "I like you, Timothy W., an I'll send it to dem at me own expense, if you don't come back."

Gee! Timothy W. gets all het up an excited. You never see a man carry on the way he does. He even forgot to say "How interestin."

We was all havin a fine time kiddin him along and he was a'takin it straight. One of de extras even showed him de size of de catridge, an dat it wouldn't make a big hole even if it did hit him. Right away de altitude begins to affect Timothy W. an he had to go right back to camp— an he did. We was all sorry to see him go, but he went staggerin off as if he was liable to be overcome any moment. Den we went ahead wid de scenes widout bein annoyed. When I gets back, dere is Timothy W. in bed all curled up. De next day—

Yessir, dem bottles was right dere— someone musta tooken dem. 'Scuse me.

The Stainless Screen

By ARTHUR TURNBULL

HER sins, she knew, were unpardonable ;
 So she resolved to ride out of the world
 On a train of acid.
 To steady herself for the journey
 She wandered into a picture show:
 She laughed at herself, soundlessly,
 Since the story was a cheap one
 With a lot of murders and dull lust.
 How like my heart, she thought,
 Is this filthy screen,
 Clotted with shadows of blood,
 Sticky with ghosts of guilty kisses!
 Suddenly the booth artilleryman fired a
 blinding light
 Washing the screen snow-white!
 Then a baby came into it,
 The morning sun making it blink
 As it toddled through a field of flowers.
 The woman went out crying, not unhappily.
 The acid she threw in the gutter.

A Scene from
Lois Weber's
Play, "Saving
the Family
Name."



The Shadow Stage

A Department of
Photoplay Review.

By Julian
Johnson

AFTER a month devoted to 200 accounts of the same murder, 300 ways of bisecting the eternal triangle, 400 styles of perfectly innocent girl among perfectly awful men, and at least 1,000 still pictures of the same sappy ending, I beg to call your attention to a real drama written by J. G. Hawks, executed in the Ince photo-factory, directed by Charles Giblyn, and entitled "Honor Thy Name."

Plays such as this, occasional though they are, make the film an art record, and film acting the peer of any emotional performance.

"Buck" Castleton, Southern and a Colonel, sends his boy Rodney up to a New York school. Colonel Castleton is approaching patriarchal years, but he has been a man first, last and all the time, and he gives the lad a man's advice about life, duty and pleasure in a speech which is positive literature in its simplicity and force. Cutting back—in days just following the Civil War, "Buck" enjoyed the smiles of Rosita, prima-donna of the French opera at New Orleans, and forsook this sweet sunshine only upon discovering her quondam affection for another man. Rodney in New York wilts beneath the eyes of one to whom love is more profession than passion, and his father comes to save him. He attempts to do this by completely disillusionizing him. The elder Castleton shows, conclu-

sively, that the mercantile little creature tumbles always for the John with the most guilt; and he learns that she is a daughter of no other than Rosita, who, in later years, contracted a marriage of some sort. For the time being, Rodney is saved. Here would end your ordinary photoplay; here the third speed of this drama begins. Where is the boy who'll take his father's word, or even his father's proof, against his girl's tears? He's as infrequent as octopi in Hudson Bay. Rodney is no exception. When Viola has had one good cry all over his vest, father's fine structure of real evidence is blown higher than a trench mine. In goes the champagne, on go the nuptial handcuffs. Rosita, a fat old spider, crawls horribly down her web, and orders the now-chilled Rodney to take her pretty brat—his wife—to the ancestral Belle Meade. They go, and the fine old father, unable to budge the girl with offers of money, sets the boy free by driving his best black span, and himself, and the red-lipped little incubus, over a cliff.

Ibsen had but one scheme of play-construction: going from a cause to its logical, inescapable effect. This is the first photoplay I ever saw which is absolutely Ibsen-esque, and at every moment logical as a sunset. "Buck" Castleton's liaison with Rosita in New Orleans strikes a deep note in the bass clef whose soprano arpeggios die away in the death-cries of Rosita's



Theda Bara as Cigarette, in "Under Two Flags." She makes the transition from vampire to vanguard with complete success.

sadly ill-born off-spring in Virginia.

This is the best screen work I have ever seen Frank Keenan do. He has all the power he had in "The Coward," plus ease, repose and naturalness he lacked in that play. In the midst of his strength are innumerable touches of tenderness, and toward the end, the ironic shadow of the inevitable. I know of no juvenile who could put simple, boyish honesty and helplessness around Rodney as Charlie Ray does. Louise Glaum, scarlet canker of the West, is purplish perfect as Viola, and there are a number of minor parts, all feelingly contrived. Brunton's settings have the air and are in the manner. Mechanically, there is a new sliding cut-back which is a sensation. Hail Author Hawks and Director Giblyn, for theirs is man's-size work. What next from these boys?

I HAD to throw my jack-stones to decide which piece to write up first—"Honor Thy Name." or "The Half-Breed." As you see, the jacks fell for the former; and through sheer gambler's luck we will now discuss the Fine Arts tableaux in which Douglas Fairbanks revels. The story is a Bret Harte extraction, and deals with the Carquinez woods adventures of one L'Eau Dormante (Fairbanks), orphaned child of a renegade white man and an Indian woman.

If a Frenchman were describing this play he would, speaking with his right hand, both shoulders and his lips, say that it was "up!" from the first scene. Up, capital "U." quotes and exclamation point, word-pictures its general style and atmosphere. Up, above the ordinary level of mere narrative. Up, above ordinary pictorial beauty. Up, in sheer daring of caption and situation. Up, in the way it gets you. Up, in the beauty of its women and the wild loveliness of innumerable locations. Allan Dwan staged this forest symphony, and every scene manifests laconic grace combined with force.

Fairbanks plays, as usual, with a passion for work as good-natured as furious. Alma Ruebens as the half-Spanish Teresa is now and again poignantly beautiful. Jewel Carmen, light, fickle, hauntingly pretty, is the ideal embodiment of Nellie, a pretty, shallow girl. Winslow Wynn, a character of the period so typical that he could not escape Bret Harte's remarkable eye for local color, is exceptionally well acted by Frank Brownlee. In scene and photographic mechanics "The Half-Breed" is more than flawless; it is creative. And it gives Fairbanks a serious chance.

The captions flash like rapiers. Whoever assembled these sets of words had his typewriter eating right out of his hand.

LOIS WEBER, the unconventional, rivals all her past performances in an odd drama-comedy called "Saving the Family Name." The device starts black with death, and finishes in a tempest of loving laughter. Briefly: a stage girl without sin is loved by a rich boy with good intentions. He means marriage, but at one of the most ghastly and decrepit family councils you ever dreamed of seeing his weaker mind is won by senile assault; he agrees to save the family name by not completing his allegiance with this dreadful theatrical person. Then he goes upstairs, and out of his misery by the well-known Lead and Powder Route. The girl, of course, is quite cut up and doesn't know whether to live or die. When the manager of her show vulgarly proposes to mention her and the catastrophe in his advertising she thinks she ought to die—and decides to live when she gets a mailed curse from the dead boy's mother. She goes on, and stays in, and wins a lot of notoriety. Eventually another rich young man falls in love with her, and she falls in love with him, a bit less furiously than she loved before. Number two happens to have a determined male relative who wishes no entry of his family into the suicide club, and much less a mesalliance. His way will be to kidnap the designing cutie on his private yacht, via the time-honored false message. The love-forgery works successfully, and the misunderstood maiden is locked in a stateroom until an island is reached. The plot is to give her current or series victim time to cool his heart, and to suspect her of infidelity. At this juncture nature begins to work, and, as inevitably as grass growing after a spring rain, the kidnapper falls in love with the kidnapped, and the end of the play shows the hunter bagged by the game, and a good time being had by all.

The worth of this piece, as of almost every Weber play, lies in its many human touches, in its naturalness of development, and the lifelikeness of its characterizations.

Miss Weber's plastic and pretty living statue, Mary MacLaren, is convincing as the girl, and there is a very good supporting cast. The value of slender, round-faced MacLaren is her perfect pliance beneath Weber's artful modelling.

AMONG the Lasky-Famous Players performances of the month I am divided in favor between "The Woman in the Case," a Pauline Frederick drama, and "The Dream Girl," which Mae Murray did for Lasky. Not as a matter of strength or importance. Dear me, no! I mean, in charm.

"The Woman in the Case" is Clyde Fitch's play, rather startlingly (and a bit incongruously?) brought up to date and the present war, and creditably presented in all ways by The Famous Players. Here we have the old story of a nice woman fighting by almost every means for her husband's life. Mossy as the subject is, Fitch's unique touches, a clever adaptation, and the power and beauty of Frederick give it vivid life. Miss Frederick is not able to play the innumerable pretty parts which offer themselves on every hand for our reigning ingenues, and it is therefore a matter of congratulation to see her in genuine drama, where her strength, her loveliness and her fine spirit of characterized emotion have room for sway. No more potent personality has ever come to the screen than Pauline Frederick. Here's hoping that her real parts continue.



Douglas Fairbanks
and Jewel Carmen
in
"The Halfbreed."

A Scene from
"The Devil at
His Elbow."



Mary Pickford back to us on a set of wooden shoon, is notable for the sweetness and simplicity of its story rather than for any strength of plot or characterization. It is a keyboard of laughter alternating with pathos, of tenderness against strength, upon which the warm-hearted Pickford plays with a virtuoso's sureness and effect. Nor is Miss Pickford a model of sedateness; in the scene in which she falls through a skylight to her sweetheart's bed she is positively Sennettesque, and the laughs rise in sheaves of shouts.

"Common Ground."

As to the mischievous Murray—sensuous, luxurious child: "The Dream Girl" is practically the first soundless operetta to really exploit *her*. The other pieces in which she has been cast, excepting "To Have and to Hold," have visioned a stiff little creature as far from Mae Murray as Cairo, Ill., is from Cairo, Egypt. Not that the dainty Mae is by rights cast in rags and flung into ash-barrels; but in this play is all the charm of her, that grace of line and movement which made her an illustrious metropolitan dancer, and an indefinable, maidenly voluptuousness which seems the essential spirit of her best photographs. And to whom has the still camera been more kind? Theodore Roberts' Jim Dugan is an oily, negatively comic scoundrel worthy a place in the works of an American Dickens—if we had a Dickens. With what infinite hauteur does he brandish his highly individual decoration, a beer-opener slung monocle-fashion around his neck upon a piece of twine! James Neill supplies a fine cameo of character as Benjamin Merton, and Charles West is sufficient as English Hal. Behold, ye village queens who lie abed munching chocolates and envying the movie princess, glorious Mae in the garbage container, and the scuttle of ashes and dirt dumped unceremoniously on her soft hair! This is our high tragedy in beauty's disasters.

"Hulda from Holland," which brings

with which Lasky projects Marie Doro upon current screens, is the story of a waif who made good for the man who was kind to her. And in the end, of course, she marries him. The big, human note of this story was the insistent humanity of the girls who framed the judge of the night court. The one thing lifting the play above the commonplace was the treatment of their repentance, their sullen, half-frightened, highly realistic determination to make good and undo their own lies. Once more Roberts is to the fore—this time as the bland, superficially elegant "man higher up." How different a character from poor, funny Jim Dugan! How fine an actor is this man! Miss Doro's work is intelligent throughout, at times very sympathetic, never distinctive.

"Under Cover," made by The Famous Players, is the celluloid version of Roi Megrue's play of the Customs Secret Service. The snapper of this piece is in its tail: tip the tag, and your whole story is a plate of melted ice-cream; paint the mystery too thickly, and nobody gets you, going in or coming out. Considering these difficulties, the picturization was very deftly handled, in direction, and it makes its points in the silences as surely as it did in words. Hazel Dawn is optically perfect, at least in the leading assignment; but why the air of flip, sneery smartness which Owen Moore believes fits him like a frock

coat at an afternoon party? Owen, observe your wife and realize that greatness lies in naturalness.

"DAVY CROCKETT" has thrilled all sorts of boys, from the lad who sat on the floor and read the story by the flicker of pine knots, to Mrs. Western Union's son, humped over a dog's-eared volume while burrowing through upper Manhattan in a Bronx express. "Davy Crockett," via the smile and biceps of Dustin Farnum and the appliances of the Morosco company, keeps up the good work of amusement and muscle-tingling.

"UNDER Two Flags" was an especially fortunate selection as the flight of steps down which Theda Bara should walk from her heights of deviltry to the sympathetic level of real if not ordinary human beings. Miss Bara makes the transition from vampire to vanguard with complete success. No more of the snake in the parlor, the scorpion among the roses, the tarantula in the bananas. Instead, we have with us today—if the politicians will pardon me for thus stealing the chief oratorical two-by-four of both platforms—a being shy, birdlike in movement, somewhat childish in appeal, rather tigrishly merry, sincere in her sorrows and believable in her manifestations of affection. The last, to me, was the chief proof of Bara's successful transmigration. I beheld the Ouida story in the midst of an audience who knew Bara only as hell's hired girl, yet her timid love-making, her shallow little sorrows and her ultimate sacrifice carried as much conviction as though performed by Marguerite Clark. I don't know of any one among the film women who would have done better with the role. Stuart Holmes was a magnificent Chateauroye, and the thrilling sabre debate waged with Herbert Heyes, as Bertie Cecil, was the only real study in *schlager* I've ever seen on the screen. Bara, all her

life a languid leopard, is here as strenuous a horsewoman as Anna Little. You'll like the film despite some ridiculous incongruities of scene—such as a forest in the desert, or Bara's immediate and spirited return to camp on the jaded horse which has already carried her multitudinous leagues.

The young person whom William the Fox elects to call "June Caprice" is captivatingly pretty, and acts out artlessly in a shadowlet entitled "Caprice of the Mountains." She is by no means suited to emotional performances, but is a winning child.

During at least two reels and a half of "The Beast" I sat very straight in my seat, believing that at last we had a cave man story in which the cave man would carry his kick right with him into frock coat and silk hat. This, too, in spite of a derisive snort from my neighbor at my intense interest in the close-up of George Walsh doing a cigarette as a solo for right hand; I love the sciences, and I see no reason why our photoplays should not encourage them. Anyway—"The Beast" is the old story of the lion tamed and shorn by love, to say nothing of being caged in a boiled shirt. It started out in grand power on a wet desert and coughed its life away among the teacups. Walsh is there as far as the scenario permits, and Anna Luther is a quite admirable specimen of female girl.



Anita Stewart, in "The Daring of Diana."

Mary Pickford,
in "Hulda From
Holland."



Would that a scenario fitting the peculiar needs of William Farnum would roll down New York's Forty-sixth street to his *padrone's* door! "The Man from Bitter Root" will doubtless please a great many people, yet it was not only perfunctory but watered; properly compressed, this story would not fill two reels.

RETURNING to Triangle's transparencies, we find, on the Fine Arts side, a real Ibsen play. "Pillars of Society." This picture makes little impression. It is much more than a year old—Walthall is its leading man—and is full of old-fashioned frocks and old-fashioned methods. The air reeks with plot. The development of character, and cause and effect, were Ibsen's fortes, never mere mechanical design. Strangely, "Honor Thy Name," on the same program, exploits the Ibsen notion exactly, while Ibsen's own play, run through the developing tank, comes out a fleshless skeleton.

"The Little School-Ma'am" is a tame story, indeed; "The Marriage of Molly-O," a pleasantly innocuous trifle, and "The Devil's Needle," a rather punchy though tawdry warning on drugs. Tully Marshall, our most prominent mimic dopester, is the horrible example, and Norma Talmadge is the attractive design on the cover.

"The Captive God," an ambitious undertaking from Inceville, was a great triumph in production, a success in acting, and a flop in story. The efforts of William S.

Hart, Enid Markey and the rest in vitalizing this tale are praiseworthy though vain. The yarn breathes only while the pulmotor is upon it; otherwise it is one with Nineveh and Louvain.

"The Payment," a Sullivan fiction, with Barriscale and Desmond as chief interpreters, backed by Gertrude Claire and the quintescent Ince stock company, is a splendid example of the imaginative, normal, superbly produced and finely acted five-reeler. In fact, it is a model of its kind. It is a story neither of happy

nor unhappy, but natural finish.

"Shell 43?" is splendid military melodrama, with very considerable verity and much mystery. It is capitably acted by a cast headed by H. B. Warner.

"The Wolf-Woman," with Glaum, Ray, and Standing, is splendid in setting, acting and direction. It has one big thrill—the fall of the pier-glass upon the vampire—but its story is dull and shop-worn.

MY month's biggest uproar was a pretty little thing entitled "His First False Step," touched off by that mess of maudlin mirth, Chester Conklin. Here's all of the gee-haw and ya-hoo of Keystone, in two machine-gun reels. Coarse? Yes. Silly? Certainly. Reasonable? No, but not positively unbelievable. Fast? Comparatively, the Twentieth Century Limited is an Erie accommodation. Pretty women in their naturallest lure, plus some fairly reasonable burlesques on real life, anticked out with incredible swiftness—there you have Keystone's eternal recipe.

AS a matter of single-handed time-trifling and one-man farce-juggling, Chaplin's performance in "One A. M." is of course the current record.

No other human could detain an audience, as Chaplin does, through two quite full reels of solo performance in an interior set. Chaplin knows this. So do all the other laugh-jugglers, but they've never pretended to be able to do it. Charlie's

A Vital Moment
in "Honor Thy
Name."



feat is like that of some great vaudevillian, who can stop a whole review every night for thirty minutes—and his unduplicatable specialty.

Chaplin's one worth-while discovery is the most astounding bed of the centuries. It is one of California's convenient (?) wall contrivances, and the things it does for and to C. C. make risible history.

Congratulations, Mr. Chaplin, on speaking your piece so nicely, but—come on back, Edna!

"**B**EATRICE FAIRFAX," the new International serial, appears to be a series of adventures of the usual astounding sort, with the editorial office of a New York evening newspaper as the focal center. Grace Darling, a very pretty though somewhat colorless young person; and Harry Fox, far funnier in the footlights than in photography, are the head workers.

Newspaper men seldom desert the typewriter for the spotlight with any degree of success, but it is pleasing to report the complete triumph of a deserving New York writer named Brisbane, who gives an energetic and characterful performance in this serial. Mr. Brisbane is said to be enter-

taining offers from William Fox to create a series in male deviltry. The young actor's people are alleged to have told reporters that he was once opposed to pictures, but, considering his present devotion to his art, we are inclined to gravely doubt this far-fetched statement. He will do well.

"**T**HE Daring of Diana," a newspaper melodrama, with the fascinating Anita Stewart in the principal role, is the best Vitagraph picture I have seen this month. It is not altogether plausible, but it is thoroughly forceful and entertaining.

"The Tarantula," a rather startling tragedy in natural history, recently occupied the attention of Edith Storey and Antonio Moreno—this time a villain.

ONE of the best Metro pictures in many weeks is "The Child of Destiny," featuring Irene Fenwick. Its story is fragile, and rather antique, but it has charm, the picture is made with care, and the characterizations are excellent.

"The Devil at His Elbow" is a present-day thriller with the beautiful Dorothy Green prominently displayed as chief pictorial attraction.

BILL S. HART GOES BREAKER-BUSTING



THE supply of cayuses has been exhausted by the war, Delysia, and that's the reason your hero has started in to tame the surf. No, child, of course he doesn't wear his spurs! The sand fleas sent a complaint to the Humane Society, so he took them off and stuck them in a horse. What is he doing with the big rock? Delysia, aren't you stupid to ask! He is going to hit the water and stun it. When water is senseless it doesn't care what liberties you take with it. In the large picture notice the water beneath your hero's extended left arm—it has seen the rock coming, and is turning white from fear. Where was this picture taken? In some pirates' cove off the lee shore of Venice, California. When? During the latter part of July.



“Give Me Half an Hour—



—And I'll Add Forty Years!”

This defiance of Time's speed limit is Dorothy Kelly's, who is both Autumn and Springtime in the seasonal panels shown above. There is no other pretty celebrity in the movies who is as willing to take on the snows of age as Miss Kelly. Most of them have a horror of colorless cheeks and gray hair.



The Dawn on the Cover

By Mrs. E. W. Mason

SHE was told that she could choose between much interview and wee illustrations, or big pictures and two inches of story. She took a look in the glass, and then whispered (with what we consider very fine intuition) "Make it *all* pictures!"

However, she lives in Amityville, Long Island, a sort of rollicking, tomboyish life with her folks, and being requested to tell something of her long life and marvellous adventures, narrated as follows: "I was born in Utah, and we all went to England to live when I was quite a child. I studied music and things in Paris and Munich, and learned the violin. Then I had my first chance, in 'Dear Little Denmark'—it never came to America—at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London. The rest I suppose you know. There was 'The Pink Lady,' 'The Little Cafe,' 'The Debutante,' and now the pictures. Though I adore pictures, I still like the footlights pretty well, and this fall I am going back in a production by Mr. Dillingham."



Photos by White



"Isn't it lovely out here? Why do people live in the city?"
"See over there—that's Frank Tinney's place. Will Rogers, the lariat monologist, has a ranch, as he calls it, farther on. Fred Stone's summer home is just past ours. You ought to see it a little later—it's lot's prettier then! If you'll come out here you can have any one of the fourteen rooms in our house. And we've two automobiles, and two motor-boats, and chickens, and a horse."

The Story of

David Wark Griffith

HIS EARLY YEARS: HIS
STRUGGLES: HIS AMBITIONS
AND THEIR ACHIEVEMENT

By Henry
Stephen Gordon

PART V



EDITOR'S NOTE: After giving his remarkable and never-told account of the inspiration of "The Birth of a Nation"—printed in the following pages—Mr. Griffith says: "A historic play of the life of Christ cannot be staged without incurring the wrath of a certain part of our people. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, if reproduced, will cut off the toes of another part of our people." At the time this interview was given these seemed mere supposititious instances of narrow-mindedness. Now it is quite plain that Mr. Griffith was speaking prophetically of his huge new production, which contains both the St. Bartholomew massacre and the Christ episode. What will happen as these are shown in various parts of the country?

WHAT is Art?
Was it not Mr. Ruskin who said
it was Truth?

A great French Ruskin, said: "Art has
nothing to do with Truth."

Club women will tell you that D'Annunzio
and Maeterlinck are the only present
Art creators of the stage.

Club men will hold that Georgie Cohan
and Charlie Chaplin beat the Belgian and
the Italian to the flag by miles of laughs.

Carlyle defined genius—and that is Art,
in its results—as the capacity for taking
infinite pains. And to that word "pains"
all of its meanings should be given.

Ruskin again calls attention to his climb
to the top of Cologne cathedral and his
acrobatic investigations of portions usually

inaccessible where he found the same per-
fection of craft in the masonry and stone
work that was to be seen on the tiers down
by the sidewalk: a Carlylean verification.

But the definition that seems to cover the
length and breadth and deeps of Art is
that given by England's best modern poet,
about poetry, which, he said, is "the record
of the best moments of the brightest minds
and the brightest moments of the best
minds."

This is all, so we can understand what I
am to say.

And another and personal digression is
required for lucidity: for while English is
the noblest of all languages it is also the
vaguest: I who write am nothing in this
essay at giving some information about a



A moment of motion picture history: Mr. Griffith's first reading of his notes upon "The Birth of a Nation," to his company. Of the story the director says: "It fascinated me until I arrived at the point where I had to make the picture; if I had known that the result would mean disaster I do not think it would have mattered."

observation, waiting for the flood of trash to subside.

I do recognize this man Griffith as the one artist in the business; as the one man who can and does use an intellect in a way that is recognized with equal delight by the floor walker or the professor of dramaturgy. Since this is my story I want to give you my personal opinion. You may disagree.

If your wife says in looking into a milliner's window "isn't that a love of a hat?" she is justified, for if she has the right face it is a love of a hat for her; the best combination of true beauty in the decorative treatment of a woman's hat is quite as much art as Mr. George

Primrose's dance steps, or Mr. John Milton's "Il Penseroso."

Art is catholicity of achievement; Tetrazzini used to have it when she sang "Caro nome," and by the same token Grace La Rue has just as much art when she sings, "She Was a Dancer in a French Cafe."

Just as a guarantee of good faith let the writer add that he owes Mr. Griffith nothing except having several scenarios declined

notable feat by a notable mind; but to prevent what may seem to be sloppy superlatives becoming soggy, I may be permitted to explain that I do not value the movies in general highly; that while forced by my occupation to see them in countless flickering miles they do not arouse as much responsiveness in me as would one line spoken by Otis Skinner, or David Warfield. Deductively I am not hostile to the pictures. I am patient. I am Noah, in my Ark of

with thanks, for which immense gratitude is now "registered."

Now that we understand each other, I can soberly write, with security of being comprehended, that February 8, 1915, forms an anniversary of Messianic salvation to the movie Art.

That was the date of the production of "The Birth of a Nation."

As has been told, Griffith did not know the proportions of what he had done; he really thought he had simply transferred into a photoplay Dixon's story, "The Clansman," and he so titled the picture.

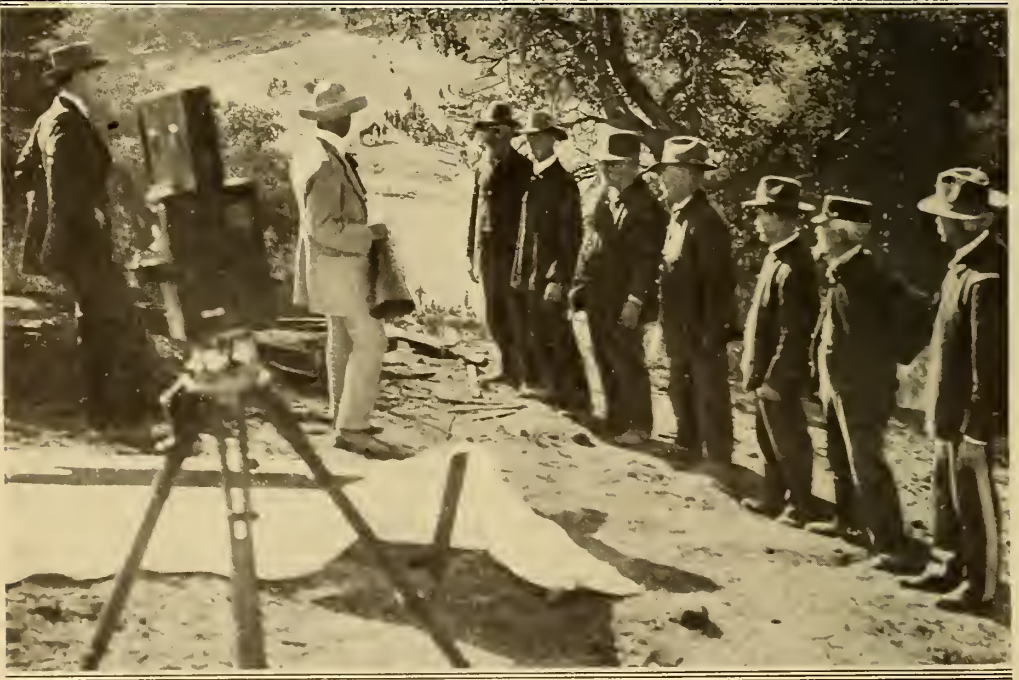
But when the audience walked out of Clune's Auditorium that night, it was plain as Polaire's face that it had witnessed something as much bigger and stronger and more vital than the factitiously interesting novel as a Swinburne poem is above a Marie Corelli souse of sentiment.

All creative arts have such red letter anniversaries; one such was in 1830 when Victor Hugo's "Hernani" began a literary revolution which is even yet doing its work.

Edmund Gosse, in introducing Ibsen to the English speaking world in 1872, lighted a weak little flickering torch of light, which William Archer eighteen years later fanned into a flaming devastation of cribbed stupidity by teaching the world what Ibsen meant; with the result that there has not been a play written since that fails to show the



Above: The assassination of President Lincoln (Jos. Henaberry) by J. Wilkes Booth (Raoul Walsh) scenes of the same production.





effect or the Ibsen faculty of truth, and the Ibsen craft of stage technique; even David Belasco has been obliged to enhance his former beautiful puerility with more splendid verity.

What Debussy and Richard Strauss and Puccini have done for music, what Monet and Manet did for painting with their "pleen air" implacable to translation of fact into art, what William Dean Howells accomplished when he published "Silas Lapham," a touch of Rodin's vivifying boost of sculpture, Buckle's miracle of making history a science, something of the same as all these breaking of the fetters which made their respective arts hobble along the ruts, was done when Griffith created "The Birth of a Nation."

For he had first sown and harvested a complete and perfect technique all his own; he applied this technique to an epic theme and a masterpiece panoplied in beauty sprang from his brain.

It has taken in receipts so far well up into seven figures. How many we can only guess on the basis that as royalty Mr. Dixon has received something probably in the hundreds of thousands.

And it is still a going, with three-quarters of the world left as uncropped region.

This picture was the first to invade the White House.

On February 15, 1915, it was displayed in the East room of the White House for the President.

in "The Birth of a Nation." Below, left: Griffith and veterans of the Civil War, at work on battle Right: "The gathering of the Clan."





Walter Long
(Gus)



Miriam Cooper
(Margaret Cameron)



Mae Marsh
(Flora Cameron)



Spottiswoode
Aitken (Dr.
Cameron)

Here are some of the tremendous characters of "The Birth of a Nation." Do you recognize them—out of the attire of '61 and in the garb of 1916? So powerful were these assumptions that each has since been associated with the personality of the player.

the cabinet, Miss Wilson, and the wives and daughters of the cabinet ministers.

On the following evening a similar production was made attended by the Chief Justice and Associate justices of the supreme court, the diplomatic corps, and senators and congressmen—an audience of five hundred.

In recording the history of this picture, Frank Woods again takes the center of the stage as the moving movie, Impulse.

It was in 1913 that Mr. Woods suggested to Mr. Griffith the value of the Dixon book as a feature picture.

A year or so before, based on a scenario by Mr. Woods, the Kinemacolor people had made what was called a "Clansman" film.

But the picture was so bad, from the difficulties of photography, and lack of discriminating direction, that it was never assembled for exhibition.

Griffith inclined to the idea and re-read the book and—but here is his own little story of the undertaking:

"When Mr. Woods suggested 'The Clansman' to me as a subject it hit me hard; I hoped at once that it could be done, for the story of the South had been absorbed into the very fibre of my being.

"Mr. Dixon wrote to me suggesting the project, and I re-read the book at once.

"There had been a picture made by an-

other concern, but this had been a failure; as the theme developed in my mind, it fascinated me until I arrived at the point where I had to make the picture; if I had known that the result would mean disaster I do not think it would have mattered to me; truly I never was sure that the result would be a success; that first night showing at the Auditorium, if anyone had offered me just a shade over what it had cost, I would have taken the money just as quickly as I could reach for it.

"There were several months lost in the negotiations for the rights, as by that time other producers had gained the same idea, like myself, undeterred by one failure having already been made.

"As I studied the book, stronger and stronger came to work the traditions I had learned as a child; all that my father had told me. That sword I told you about became a flashing vision. Gradually came

back to my memory the stories a cousin, one Thurston Griffith, had told me of the 'Ku Klux Klan,' and that regional impulse that comes to all men from the earth where they had their being stirred potently at my imagination.

"But there was nothing of personal exhilaration required to make a picture out of that theme; few others like it in subject and power can be found, for it had all the deep incisive emotionalism of the highest patriotic sentiment.

"I wouldn't say that the story part of that picture can ever be excelled, but as for the picture itself, there will be others made that will make it appear archaic in comparison.

"For the feature picture has just begun to come into its own; my personal idea is that the minor pictures have had their day; the two and three and four reel ones are passing, if not gone.

some few notes I made as I read the book, and which I read to my company before we began. Naturally the whole story was firmly in my mind, and possibly the personal exuberance of which I have told you enabled me to amplify and to implant in the scenes something of the deep feeling I experienced in that epoch that had meant everything, and then had left nothing to my nearest, my kin, and those about me.

"There was not a stage star in my company; 'Little Colonel' Walthall had been out with Henry Miller, and had achieved some reputation, though by no means of stellar sort. Possibly he felt a bit of the impulse of locality, for his father was a Confederate colonel.

"Miriam Cooper, the elder, Cameron sister, was a perfect type of the beauty prevalent below the Mason and Dixon line, and Mae Marsh was from the same part of the Union, while Spottiswoode Aitken—'Dr. Cameron'—was related to a large group of distinguished Southern families.

"These people were not picked because of place of birth or of their personal feeling about the story; still, it was a fortunate incident that they were what they were; it is hard to figure exactly how far what is bled in the bone will shine through the mind.

"The casting frankly was all done by types; Miss



Ralph Lewis
(Stoneman)



Mary Alden
(The mulatto)



Henry Walthall
(Ben Cameron)

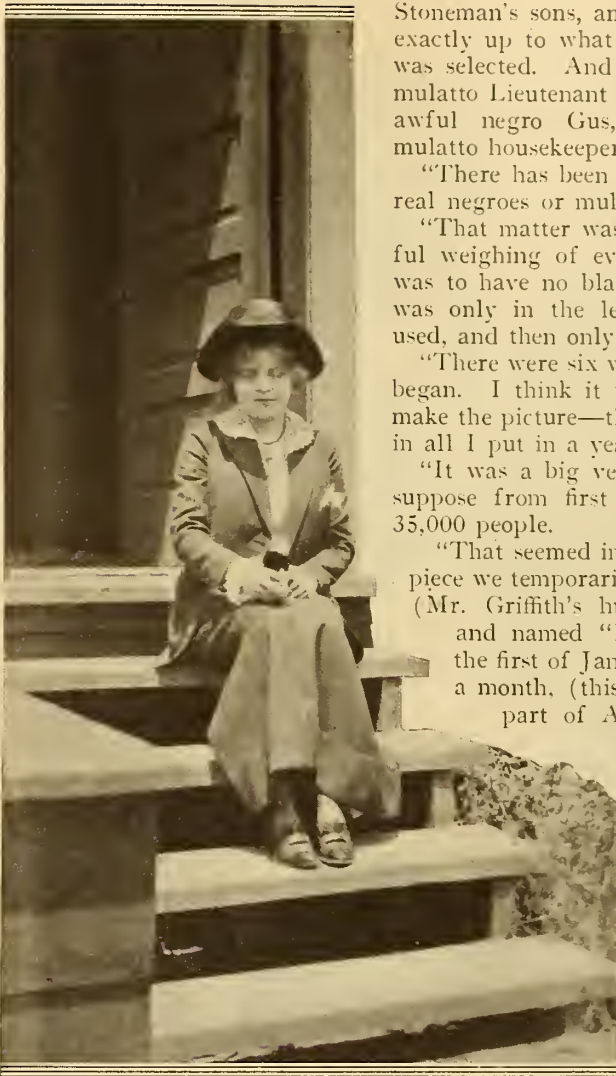


Geo. Siegmann
(Silas Lynch)

"As I worked the commercial side of the venture was lost to my view; I felt driven to tell the story—the truth about the South, touched by its eternal romance which I had learned to know so well.

"I may be pardoned for saying that now I believe I did succeed in a measure in accomplishing that ambition.

"It all grew as we went! I had no scenario, and never looked again at



Cooper, for instance, I kept in the company for all the months between the idea that I might make the picture until the work began, because I knew she would be an exact 'Cameron' girl.

"Everyone of the cast proved to be exactly what was required.

"When I chose Lillian Gish as Stoneman's daughter, she seemed as ideal for the role as she actually proved herself to be in her acting. Mae Marsh had driven her quality so thoroughly into the estimation of the public in 'The Escape' that I felt absolutely sure of her results. It was the same with Robert Harron and Elmer Clifton, for

Stoneman's sons, and Ralph Lewis as Stoneman lived exactly up to what his personality promised when he was selected. And there were George Siegmann, the mulatto Lieutenant Governor, and Walter Long as the awful negro Gus, and Mary Alden, Stoneman's mulatto housekeeper.

"There has been question as to why I did not pick real negroes or mulattos for those three roles.

"That matter was given consideration, and on careful weighing of every detail concerned, the decision was to have no black blood among the principals; it was only in the legislative scene that negroes were used, and then only as 'extra people.'

"There were six weeks of rehearsals before we really began. I think it took something like six months to make the picture—that is, the actual photography; but in all I put in a year and a half of work.

"It was a big venture in numbers at that time; I suppose from first to last we used from 30,000 to 35,000 people.

"That seemed immense at that era, but now, in the piece we temporarily call 'The Mother and The Law,' (Mr. Griffith's huge new feature, just completed, and named "Intolerance") we have used since the first of January about fifteen thousand people a month, (this statement was made in the latter part of April) and I cannot see even the beginning of the end as yet.

"With 'The Clansman' it was



Above, an unconventional camera pastel of Blanche Sweet at the time she first came under Mr. Griffith's direction, at Biograph. Right, in one of the first Griffith close-ups.

not alone the first expense, but the incessant fighting we had to do to keep the picture going, that cost.

"We spent over \$250,000 the first six months, combatting stupid persecution brought against the picture by ill-minded censors and politicians who were playing for the negro vote.

"Lawyers had to be retained at every place we took the picture, and we paid out enough in rents for theaters where we were not allowed to show the picture to make an average film profitable.

"But we finally won.

"Now we are showing the picture with no hindrance, and most of those who opposed us at first, are now either admirers of the picture or quiescent.

"While on this censorship, this drooling travesty of sense, I want to say something that I have said before, but which is essential to a right understanding of my purposes and work.

"The fore-
m o s t



Here is Florence Lawrence in what is said to be the first close-up ever made. The picture was directed by Mr. Griffith. Above is Charles West, one of the early Biographers, who is still a popular player.

educators of the country have urged upon moving picture producers to put away the slapstick comedies, the ridiculous sentimental 'mush' stories, the imitation of the fiction of the cheap magazines and go into the fields of history for our subjects.

"They have told us repeatedly that the motion picture can impress upon a people as much of the truth of history in an evening as many months of study will accomplish. As one eminent divine said of pictures, 'They teach history by lightning!'

"We would like very much to do this, but the very reason for the slapstick and the worst that is in pictures is censorship. Let those who tell us to uplift our art, invest money in the production of a historic play of the life of Christ. They will find that this cannot be staged without incurring the wrath of a certain part of our people. 'The Massacre of St. Bartholomew,' if reproduced, will cut off the toes of another part of our people.

"I was considering the production in pictures of the history of the American people. This got into the papers. From all over the country I was strongly advised that this was not the time for a picture on the American revolution, because the English and their sympathizers would not take kindly to the part the English played in the wars of the American revolution, and that the pro-Germans would not care to see the Hessians enact their harsh roles in the narrative of our freedom.

"Bernard Shaw spoke fatefully and factfully when he said: 'The danger of the cinema is not the danger of immorality, but of morality; people who, like myself, frequent the cinemas testify to their desolating romantic morality.'"

"Do you anticipate a similar fight when your 'Mother and the Law' picture is produced?" Griffith was asked.

"That depends upon what degree of success I achieve in my efforts to portray Truth in the picture."

That remark sounds as if it had been made by

Columbus, Socrates, Christ, Gallileo, Robert Emmett, Joan of Arc, Guttenberg, and the others of the holy and noble army of martyrs of sodden, stupid, blear-eyed disgust at Truth, inevitably frowned at first by the mass of human kind.

After all Mr. Griffith only uttered a commonplace.

Try it yourself! If you have a glimmering of a great fact, if you can prove that a certain line of thought or action has been wrong, pitch your truth to the world and then turn tail and run like hell fire, or you will be immersed in that very same!

"If I approach success in what I am trying to do in my coming picture," continued the creator, "I expect a persecution even greater than that which met 'The Birth of a Nation.'"

Out and about Los Angeles, people still talk about the making of "The Clansman."

Some of Griffith's stockholders also still talk and mourn over his exactitude—and its cost.

Something over 150,000 feet of negative was exposed in the making of this, and of this about 30,000 was "assembled for the making of the thirteen reels." from which the final production—less than 12,000 feet—was selected.

All the technical science used was Griffith's own devising. A new feature was the taking of battle scenes at night by the use of

deftly placed artificial lights. These scenes look simple enough in the picture, but they were the object of repeated experiments and they caused all manner of excitement: the light illuminated the skies, and the explosions were the basis for many interesting rumors of foreign fleets attacking the California coast.



This bit of romantic comedy from "The Birth of a Nation," exquisite in its fineness, and electric in its quick relief of a serious situation, was voted "immoral and degrading" by a state board of censors! The players are Lillian Gish and W. F. Freeman.

The November installment of Mr. Gordon's absorbing narrative does not, we hope, end Mr. Griffith's life story; but it does conclude this series, for it brings his career and his achievements down to the moment. Heretofore these chapters have recalled, in fascinating style, incidents, people and achievements which have gone before. The next and concluding installment deals with the great new picture, the present moment, and the future. It is a bit of thrilling foretelling you can't afford to miss. Anybody can make a guess at the pictorial future. Only Griffith can predict. And here is his prediction. Magnificent illustrations.

From "Wop" Parts to Bossing the Job

JEANIE MacPHERSON ONCE QUIP
DIRECTING TO BATTLE WITH FARRAR

By Alice Martin



The powder puff is only a bluff, as the scenarios are written with the pencil.

THE left half of Cecil De Mille's brain would have been famous anyway. Surgeons may carp, but Mr. De Mille should speak with authority of a matter so personal. And he identified that half as the Scotch-French individuality of Miss Jeanie MacPherson.

No more active person than Miss MacPherson ever busied a make-up set or crowded a typewriter. She is a Scotch epigram with a French wording. Recently, since she has stopped doing "wop" parts, as she calls them, she hasn't received so much advertising. But the Lasky studio knows her that much the better, to the profit of that institution. Listen to a tale

of this dynamo with dimples, and judge for yourself.

Boston was her birthplace, and her family one of the most prominent and proper in that area of prized propriety.

When she was but a child Miss MacPherson went to Paris and entered Mlle. De Facq's school.

"In Paris," she confesses, "I wrote po-

etry, French poetry, very bad indeed. But friends assured me my center of song rested below my brain, so I went to Chicago to become a grand opera singer. Vocal work there made me suspicious of my friends.

"Then I went into caucus with myself, and the result was a visit to New York to get work on the stage. I wanted to act, always have wanted to act, and always will. I was fortunate in getting a part in the cast of 'Caesar and Cleopatra,' in which Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson was starring. I played for a season, and followed with another season in 'Strongheart.'

"But my friends impressed me with the loss the operatic stage was suffering through my clinging to straight acting. So I martyred my ambitions for my well-wishers and gaily spent my patrimony with a flattering vocal teacher in New York.

"I got discouraged and decided to put myself to the test, so went into musical comedy, playing the part of *Tita* in James Powers' 'Havana.' One season of that, and I wrapped my vocal ambitions in a sheaf of cancelled checks and tucked them away for memoirs.

"All I knew was that I wanted to act. Then someone told me about motion pictures, how drama was filmed. I was fascinated. I like mechanics anyway. I hunted all over New York for a studio—and couldn't find one.

"At last a super told me a man named Griffith was doing pictures for the Biograph company. I promptly went there.

"Mr. Griffith wasn't in. His assistant was. I told him my stage experience. He ignored it, scorned it. 'We want to know what you can do before a camera,' he said.

"I said: 'If you get me on my Scotch day, I can't do anything, but if you get me on my French day, I can do 'wop' parts. He told me he would see what could be done.'

Griffith summoned Miss MacPherson by telephone, and the result was one year of constant labor under his direction. Mostly she played emotional parts.

Then the Universal offered her a splendid advance. On a Scotch morn-

ing she accepted, and on a French afternoon she made good. She came West with the company, still doing "wop" parts, a leading lady with an unusual technical knowledge of the work.

At Universal City a dearth of scenarios developed. Miss MacPherson began employing her literary talent and dramatic ability by writing scenarios for other Universal companies, when the need was extreme. Next she was writing them for herself.

One was "The Tarantula." When it

Miss MacPherson as a director—you can almost see the directorial lace boots.



was finished under the direction of Edwin August, it was accidentally destroyed. And Mr. August had gone to a rival company.

The big chief came to Miss MacPherson next day and said: "Young woman, you've been pestering me a long time about getting a company to direct. Here's your chance. Remake 'The Tarantula.'"

"Done," said Miss MacPherson.

The result made history for the Universal. For a time it was the most popular and profitable film the company had produced.

That established the girl who could play "wop" parts so well, as a directress. The Universal gave her the "Powers" brand as her own. She wrote her own scenarios,

directed her own company, and played the leading rôles. The result: success and nervous prostration.

When she recovered she met Cecil De Mille, Lasky's director-general. He persuaded her to quit acting and devote all of her time to scenario writing, directing and film cutting. Her place is established.

Only once has Miss MacPherson played truant and gone back to her first love, acting. That was when she "played opposite" Geraldine Farrar in "Carmen" and participated in a thrilling and wonderfully realistic fight with Miss Farrar in the cigarette factory. It was a real scrappy climax to a first-class film career.

THOSE "BEAUTY-BRAINS" GIRLS

Last-Edition News on the Travellers of Lovely
Cleverness, Whose Motto is "Eastward Ho!"

THERE'S nothing to tell you, this month, about the winners of the Photoplay Magazine-World Film "Beauty and Brains" contest, except that they are at this moment (September 1) actually en route to the great city which, at the very least, is about to afford them the most wonderful outing of their lives.

They are due on Broadway Wednesday morning, September 6th.

The Western girls, by arrangement, were to meet in Chicago, make the acquaintance of each other, and proceed to New York in a sociable little party.

The girls from the South and East will proceed to Manhattan individually, by their best respective routes.

The first day in New York will be a day of rest, in which, under the chaperon's care, they will have nothing to do except follow their own ideas of recuperation after travel. It may be imagined that the inevitable bit of shopping, of clothes renovation, and lots of peeps at other (and probably far less pretty) girls along Fifth avenue will make this day pass as though the clocks were all racing.

Following comes the strenuous time: a time of lectures by studio experts, of actual demonstration before the camera, of instruction by world-famous directors, of association with celebrated players, of trips, sight-seeing, theatre-going, motoring, excursions upon Long Island Sound and Hudson River.

The young women who show genuine screen ability in the opinion of the World's Director-General, William A. Brady, will be given contracts for continued employment at Fort Lee, or wherever their acting duties may call them upon World locations. The others will, after two weeks of studio work and research, together with glimpses of the autumn plays and a resume of the sights and attractions of the world's greatest city, be returned to their homes without expense to them in any way.

The winners of this contest, now embarking upon the New York trip, are:

VIVIAN SUCKLING, of Winnipeg, Man.

ESTELLE CLAIRE JUDY, of McKeesport, Pa.

LUCILLE ZINTHEO, of Spokane, Wash.

FLORENCE GRAY, of Seattle, Wash.

CLAIRE LOIS BUTLER LEE, of Wichita, Kas.

PEGGY BLOOM, of St. John's River, Orlando, Fla.

ALATIA MARTON, of Dallas, Tex.

PHYLLIS E. CURL, of Roxbury, Mass.

MILDRED LEE, of Kansas City, Mo.

HELEN ARNOLD, of Louisville, Ky.

LUCILLE SATTERTHWAIT, of Waynesville, N. C.

Plays and Players

GLEANINGS FROM CAMERALAND; AT HOME AND ABROAD WITH THE FILM FOLK

By Cal York

D. W. GRIFFITH'S new "sun play" was announced for initial presentation at the Liberty Theatre, New York City, late in August. Known for nearly two years under a working name as "The Mother and the Law," its final public title is "Intolerance." This name is said to reflect the entire scheme and purpose of the drama. Constructively, and in story, it is undoubtedly a most original artistic fabric. It consists of several parallel narratives, allegedly of connected interest, showing that intolerance, or bigotry, or the proverbial unwillingness of the human mind to harbor new ideas, is a fundamental fact in every stage of the world's development. One of these episodes is of the present, another is laid in Paris during the sixteenth century St. Bartholomew massacre, still another is Judea in the time of Christ, and—it is said—the last is the Babylon of Belshazzar. From time to time PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has commented on the unusual preparations for this picture, the archaeological researches on behalf of accuracy, and the colossal advances in spectacular photography probably being made in it. Also these pages have shown, exclusively, many of its mighty settings. Practically the entire "Birth of a Nation" cast excepting Walthall, with many new principals and hundreds of supernumeraries, are seen in it.

CENSOR note: Emily Stevens is back at Metro after having had a successful deletion of her appendix.

THE past month saw a recrudescence of Minteritis. The grandmother of

Mary Miles, the perennial child-star, came to the bat with a so-help-me letter, asseverating that the aforementioned starlet was just fourteen years old; that she was there when Mary first opened her eyes on this over-press-agented world; and that she defies anyone to prove that the date was not April 1, 1902.

WHILE on the subject of ages, a unique situation in the Farnum family is brought to light by an accidental perusal of the vital statistics of William and Dustin. The strenuous Fox star, it is set forth, was born July 4, 1876, while his kid brother Dustin, the *Morocco* luminary, began his earthly career on May 27, 1876. Figure it out for yourself.

DUSTIN FARNUM was all set for a transcontinental auto trip this summer when his other brother, Marshall, arrived in Los Angeles from the East, badly used up in health. Whereupon Dustin called off his trip and devoted his attention to "Marsh," who, by the way, is a director. William also had a siege of illness—pleurisy, caused by exposure during the filming of some "water stuff." Upon recovering, William announced that he was through with rough performances and that hereafter Mr. Fox would have to provide him with "polite" roles.

EULALIE JENSEN of *Vita-graph* is entitled to the honorary degree of "champion mother." In private life Miss Jensen is Mrs. Webb Lawrence and she is the mother of a boy and a girl. Recently her heart was touched



Louise Glaum, Inceville's chief vampire is not turning on the sluice gates to drown the hero—merely piloting her launch.

by a little eight-year-old girl in an orphan's home. She had herself appointed the child's guardian and soon had the kiddie in a nice home.

ROMAINE FIELDING, former Lubinite and an early film idol, who has been out of the camera's eye for many months, has bobbed up on "small time," opening a vaudeville engagement at Winnipeg, Canada. It is his first appearance on the stage in ten years.

ANITA STEWART is convalescing from an attack of typhoid and is able to look over the new contracts which have been offered her. Miss Stewart's time with Vitagraph expires in a few months and the market is active. Metro is said to have bid \$1,500 weekly for the slender brunette.

HOT weather note: Fourteen members of the Metro company, headed by Harold Lockwood and May Allison, had a narrow escape from death in an avalanche while filming scenes in the Sierra Nevada Mountains.*

*The press agent probably got his August and December files mixed.

THOMAS MEIGHAN, a Lasky pioneer, has temporarily forsaken the screen to appear in stock with his wife, Frances Ring, in Pittsburgh, Mr. Meighan's former home. Upon his departure from Los Angeles the "Only Their Husbands Club"—of which he was an honored member—drew up suitable resolutions. The desertion of Owen Moore was also a heavy blow to the club. The organization meets at regular intervals and reads over letters which their respective wives receive from their admirers. The board of governors comprises Elliott Dexter (Mr. Marie Doro), Lou-Tellegen (Mr. Geraldine Farrar) and Jack Dean (Mr. Fannie Ward).

UNIVERSAL has a new woman director in Ruth Ann Baldwin, who has been connected with the editorial department of Universal City for several years. Miss Baldwin was a recruit from the newspaper field, joining Universal as a collaborator in "The Black

Box" serial with E. Phillips Oppenheim, the English novelist. She has long been regarded as one of the most capable of Universal's staff.

FRANK MILLS, who did such excellent work in several Ince-Triangle productions, has become a Mutualite and made his first appearance under that flag in "The House of Mirrors." His last Inceville production was "The Moral Fabric."

PATHE has acquired a pair of male celebrities in Alan Hale and Niles Welch, the former having been engaged to play opposite Pearl White in a five-reeler and the latter to play the juvenile lead in the same piece. Hale came from Famous Players, where he played opposite Pauline Frederick in "A Woman in the Case."



Not many screen idols would pose like this for fear of being accused of matrimony but Jack Kerrigan is fond of his niece, Virginia.

HOBART BOSWORTH, sterling forty-niner of the shadow play, is staging a come-back as a producer. San Francisco capital is said to be backing him in his studio venture, and he signed as his first star Fritzi Scheff, who is to do a trio of pieces for him. During the last year Mr. Bosworth has been playing leads for Universal. At the moment he is completing a special engagement with Lasky.

AGALE which swept over New York late in July completely destroyed an Italian village which had been constructed at the Brighton Beach race track for the filming of "Romeo and Juliet."

The Bushman-Bayne combination were about to take the exteriors when the zephyrs played havoc with the Veronese fronts.

CLEO MADISON has quit the tortoise specs and puttees for good and will act and not direct henceforth, according to a bulletin from Universal City. Her first starring vehicle under the new arrangement was "The Chalice of Sorrow," a Mexicanized version of "La Tosca."

SOON they will be calling him "Prof." Walshall. The Essanay star has accepted an invitation to lecture on the art of the photograph at the Indiana State Normal School.

HERBERT BRENON and William Fox have said, "Goodbye, God bless you," each to the other; or words to that effect. The magnate and the director are said to have fallen out over the credit for "A Daughter of the Gods," so-called million-dollar photoplay which Brenon produced in Jamaica recently. The magnate is said to have taken the viewpoint that the man who fills the pay envelopes is entitled to more credit than the actual producer of a picture, whereupon the director handed in a minority report. Mr. Brenon has formed his own company and has announced that his first production will be a picturization of "War Brides" with Nazimova, the noted Russian actress, in her original role.

THEY took out the old proverb, "To the pure all things are pure," dusted it off nicely and polished the corners, but it didn't do a bit of good. A license was withheld from the Mutual company for the showing of "Purity" in New York until some of the nudeness was removed from the film, despite the protest that it was the highest form of art. Audrey Munson, who posed for much of the San Francisco Exposition statuary, supplies most of the spectacular scenes of the photoplay.

MMARGUERITE CLARK, regarded by many as runner-up in any contest to discover the world's-most-popular-photoplayer, is to go back to stageland, whence she hailed. Charles Dillingham has obtained her signature to a contract. Miss Clark's last footlight appearance was in "Prunella," three seasons ago.

PRESENCE of mind is something every film star has, according to the press agent. The most notable recent example is that of Ormi Hawley, who, upon discovering a bundle of dynamite in the bottom of the automobile in which she was jolting over some rough Maine roads, and realizing that any old jolt might set it off with disastrous results to her new shoes, grasped it in her arms until the end of the journey. How did it get in the auto? Search us.

THE mimeograph department of the Fox Film Corporation furnishes a thrilling account of Actor George Walsh's remarkable feat of rolling a cigarette with one hand in "The Beast," in which (quoting verbatim) "the Fox star reaches the height of his art, proving that ambidexterity is not necessary or

in any way required in rolling a cigarette." Realizing what a boon to humanity this feat would be close-ups were made "so that all might see just how Walsh did his magnificent work."

IN the sovereign state of Ohio, "The Birth of a Nation" is inhibited, but the people are allowed to see such vice films as "The Little Girl Next Door." Further opaqueness on the viewpoint of the Buckeye State censors is provided by their embargo on a George Ade comedy done in celluloid.



Ethel Grandin has come back to grace the screen with Maurice Costello.

JJEAN SOTHERN, who was starred in "The Mysteries of Myra" by International, has gone to Pathe for further serial service.

MMAURICE COSTELLO and Ethel Grandin are starring in a serial which bears the sanguinary title, "The Crimson Stain Mystery." Olga Olonova, who is described as "a young Russian vampire woman," will do what heavy work is required and Eugene Strong will be the juvenile.

NOT to be outdone by rivals in prodigal splashing of dollar signs, Universal announces that it will soon allow the public to hold its breath over a lavish filmization of Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." The film has been more than a year in the making, submarine parts having been filmed in the Bahama Islands and the remainder at Universal City. Stuart Paton is responsible for the direction. Of course, it's heralded as a "million-dollar" film. Nothing less would do.

IT'S a long cry from "Macbeth" to way-down-east drama, yet Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree's newest celluloid vehicle is "Old Folks at Home" for Fine Arts. Chester Withey is the director.

JJAMES CRUZE and his wife, Marguerite Snow, who have been trying out the studio life of various concerns since quitting Than-houser, are moving westward. They have reached Cleveland, where they are playing in a feature for the Kimberley company. They expect to appear later for the McClure syndicate.

THE nomenclatural vagaries of studio bosses are beyond the ken of ordinary mortals. For instance, the Morosco company discarded a hummer of a title in "Nell of Thunder Mountain," to substitute that perfect

bromide, "The Stronger Love." It is a first play for Vivian Martin, who recently signed a long time contract with Morosco which means a long stay on the coast.

MARY PICKFORD has begun a crusade for better music in picture theaters. It is not a new idea with her. Once she attended a showing of her "Madame Butterfly" and the organ genius favored with "Alexander's Ragtime Band."

UNIVERSAL'S pioneer director, Otis Turner, has shaken the alkali of Universal City from his lace boots. The "Governor," as he is familiarly known in the film colony, has joined Fox, and his first assignment was a picture featuring George Walsh.

WILLIAM FOX'S Western cohorts recently made a raid on the various comedy studios and got away with enough loot in the shape of comedians to start several comedy companies going. Walter Reed, ex-Keystone, will direct one company and Charles Parrot another. Hank Mann, also of Keystone, Carmen Phillips, Elsie Greeson and Charles Arling are among those who will appear in Fox comedies. Other diversified talent was also acquired. Hetty Gray Baker, scenarioist and title writer at the Griffith studios, took charge of the Fox story department, and Nell Shipman, author-actress, forsook Vitagraph to play leads with Farnum.

KITTY GORDON and her scintillating back will no longer appear in Bradymade films. The noted beauty has moved her rocks out of the World studios as the result of a difference of opinion with the heads of that concern. It had been announced that she was to appear in a picture version of "Thais."

SPEAKING of S Gordons, Harris Gordon, for a long time with Thanhouser, is to make his next screen appearance opposite Emmy Wehlen in a Metro play. In addition to being no relative of Kitty, Mr. Gordon is the husband of Louise Emerald Bates, who has long

played leads for Mr. Thanhouser.

WE never knew there was a third Talmadge until Dorothy Gish plunged into the ocean and rescued Natalie from the swirling waters during the filming of a Fine Arts story. Natalie is a younger sister of Norma and Constance, and is also a Griffithite.



From trenches where he dodged bullets comes Max Linder to dodge pies—maybe.

FOREIGN advices that Max Linder, celebrated European celluloid comic, had signed a Keystone contract were slightly inaccurate. It was Essanay who requisitioned the French comedian, and he will begin drawing sections of his \$400,000 a year salary next month when he reaches this land of the screen. George K. Spoor, president of Essanay, braved the perils of the mined and submarined Atlantic to make the deal with Max. A half dozen years ago, before the development of American comedy standards and while Charlie Chaplin was tumbling about in front of the footlights for some thirty-five sesterces per week, Max was a great favorite on both sides of the water.

PAULINE FREDERICK attached her name to a two-year contract with Famous Players-Lasky last month, thus disposing of rumors that she was about to return to the electric stage. It's different, though, with Gail Kane, who will be John Drew's leading woman in "Pendennis" this season.



Grace Darmond is another film come-back. She has returned to star in a Pathe serial.

PRESS agents are prone to jump at conclusions. It was announced a few weeks ago that Frank Daniels, Vitagraph comedian, had broken an arm jumping from a bridge to an auto. A more complete inventory showed that it was the auto that was damaged.

LURLINE LYONS, whose character work in the big Clune production of "Ramona" has won much commendation, has the lead in "The Eyes of the World," Harold Bell Wright's best seller, which is the next Clune production. Jack Livingston plays opposite.

FOX did not overlook the American

trenches in his drive on the Western front. On the Santa Barbara sector he grabbed Juanita Hansen, the Spanish-Scandinavian prize blonde, who has been secreting in the submarine for a score or so of episodes. She is to be co-starred with George Walsh, the distinguished cigarette-rolling hero.

WHOOPS, my dear! And then some more whoops. Nothing has been said about it by Keystone's mimeograph department because it's such a childish thing that the victim probably had the item "killed" before it got out. But even if it does come under the general classification of juvenile indoor sports, it is very, very annoying. What's it all about? Oh, nothing more exciting than Mabel Normand having an attack of whooping cough. But she's almost well now.

EVEN Charlie Chaplin had to bow to the epidemic in New York. Exhibitors in the metropolis asked Mutual to cut the price of Chaplin releases from \$50 a day during the prevalence of the inhibition on children under 16 attending picture theaters. Mutual declined and then the exhibitors, representing 250 theaters which had signed for the latest Chaplin, cancelled, and the releasing concern decided it would be content with a half loaf.

ANNA Q. NILSSON of "Who's Guilty" fame will appear next in "Her Surrender," an Ivan picture, with Wilmuth Merkyll, Rose Coghlan, Harry Spingler and Wm. H. Tooker.

MMARGERY DAW, the little Hollywood girl who has been appearing occasionally in Lasky photoplays, is to become a star, according to advices from the coast. She is to be taken East to join the ingenue colony of Famous Players-Lasky in New York, where she will head her own company. This will leave Fannie Ward in sole possession of all honors as Lasky's premier child.

THE McClure syndicate has gone into photoplay production on an elaborate, although more or less secret, scale. The magazine people have obtained the services of Holbrook Blinn and it is understood that he is to be starred in the syndicate's first celluloid venture. The Edison studios in New York are being utilized.

PERHAPS more persons read "The Common Law" when it appeared serially than any novel ever written. For this reason the cast of the film version will undoubtedly be a matter of interest to many thousands. Clara Kimball Young, whose company is producing the Chambers story, will of course be Valerie West and Conway Tearle is to play the role of the artist lover, Kelly Neville. Querida, the Spanish artist, will be portrayed by Paul

Capellani, and Edna Hunter is to be Rita, Lillian Cook will be Stephanie, and the artist's parents will be played by Edward Kimball and Julia Stuart. It will be a six-reeler.

VALKYRIEN, otherwise the Baroness De-Witz, is swinging around the circle at a nifty clip. First it was Mutual, then Fox and now the Danish beauty has signed up with Metro for a series of pictures.

NECROLOGICAL note: Edwin August, it is announced, has returned to the Kinemacolor Company, for which he will direct and act. Mr. August, whose announcement as a candidate for president of these here—or should it be this here?—United States has been given more or less publicity, has apparently retired from politics.



Alan Forrest who is now ex-officio love maker to Mary Miles Minter.

DOROTHY BERNARD has quit Fox for a little spell of home life, during which she will be just—not plain—Mrs. A. H. Van Buren. Meantime Husband Van, who has been playing opposite Theda Bara, will continue to draw down Fox-made checks. Miss Bernard played opposite William Farnum in many photoplays.

ANOTHER Dorothy—Dalton. A last name—starred in a recent divorce court action recently at Los Angeles. Until then few outside of film circles knew that in private life she was the wife of Lewis J. Cody, former Seligie and now heavy in Mabel Normand's company. She charged her husband with Keystonism,

alleging that many nights she was compelled to dodge shoes and vases hurled with Arctuckian precision by her playful spouse. Decree granted.

JUST about the time Universal started a series of "kid" pictures, in which all of the roles were played by children, along came another company and grabbed the director, Mrs. Lule Warrenton. She will make the same sort of pictures for the Monrovia Film Company.

HELEN WARE is back on the daylight stage, playing the lead in Selig's multiple-reeler, "The Garden of Allah." Miss Ware made her celluloid debut with Universal and played in several Fine Arts features before returning to the vocal stage. Colin Campbell, Selig's premier director, is in charge of the production.

THE mystery which has surrounded the ring finger of demure Dorothy Kelly for several months has been solved. He is a young New York real estate man, and after the wedding bells have notified a waiting world of the great event, some time this fall, Miss Kelly will have become Mrs. Harvey Hevenor. But she has promised to remain with Vitagraph.

THIS IS THE NEW FALL STYLE IN CAMERA "MEN"



Stagg photo.

Meaning, the style you could fall for. Nor is this a masquerade get-up. Margery Ordway, regular, professional, licensed, union crank-turner at Camp Morosco, has gone into camera work as nonchalantly as other girls take up stenography, nursing, husband-stalking.

Result: Doris Kenyon

WHAT HAPPENED AFTER SHE HAD
TRIPPED DOWNTOWN A SNOWY DAY

By Bess Burgess

PRETTY Doris Kenyon went tripping down to Thirty-fourth street in Gotham one snowy December day not many months ago to take her music lesson. In the midst of her singing exercise, Victor Herbert, the celebrated American composer, who happened to be a friend of Doris' teacher, came into an outer room.

He listened. He was pleased. He said:

"Whose voice is that?" This answer:

"Doris Kenyon's. She's the sweetest little thing that ever was."



*Bringing some
new, new fashions
to the old, old sea.*

Herbert liked the voice. And after a moment's chat with Doris he liked Doris too. Result: Three weeks later Doris—she's twenty-one now—opened her stage career in a small part in "Princess Pat" at the Cort Theatre.

The critics were kind. They gave her a pleasant little mention in each review.

One evening some officials of the World Film Corporation had a box party at the Cort. Doris Kenyon came on in the first act—and the film party sat up and took notice.

At the end of the second act she came on again.

At the end of the play one of the film party excused himself and sought the girl in her dressing room.

Result: Miss Kenyon promised to visit the studios of the World Film Corporation at Fort Lee, across the Hudson, on the next Sunday for a film test.

Result: Doris Kenyon did well in her first important picture, "The Pawn of Fate," and in her second, "The Feast of Fate," she sailed into her own on the spread

Star!

wings of Triumph—and she was cast in support of one of the best known of the photodrama stars too.

This success secured to her a three-years' contract with the World Film Corporation.

Which means that her feet are on the heavenly ladder of stars.

When her present (third) picture is finished Miss Kenyon will be starred in a specially writ-



ten scenario, recently completed

Miss Kenyon, instead of two but

Margaret—was born in Syracuse, N. Y., September 5, 1895, and was educated in Packer Institute, Brooklyn, and Columbia University.

You see by this that the Kenyon, like Kellerman, is a water star.

The statement has been made that in her first important picture Miss Kenyon did well. She did—for a beginner; for an experienced actress it would have been below par. At least that is Miss

Kenyon's opinion. That was not because ability was lacking, but because she was a greenhorn, sailing a boat when she knew nothing about sailing boats.

"My work was all square at the corners and bumped into the artistic at every turn," she mused. "I knew it. Thank the Lord I had enough sense to see it. I deserved to be taken in hand and talked to with some brevity and much point. I guess my not having seemed conceited over my good luck helped the experienced people around me to be kind and helpful, instead of unsympathetic. I remember being comforted in my discomfort by one dear man. He said—something like this:

"'Buck up-O! All you need is a bit experience, my young lady, and bless us, there's not one of us wouldn't be better for a few more pinches of the same. You're all right. Just keep your nerve, watch the ropes and how they're handled, and you'll come out a first-class able seaman in no time.'

"I've done my best to follow his advice."

This is the prettiness that in "Princess Pat"—a comic opera—was prominent enough to open the studio door and drive its owner away from the stage.



IN the studios—behind the “movie” screen—what a mysteryland lies there!

Those within may close and bolt the door, but they cannot keep the lure of it from seeping through.

The life that artists live beats often with a more feverish pulse than the lives their art depicts. Its passions and pleasures, its strivings and defeats, its pay and—its price; what a writhing and a weaving in and out we should peer at, if only the door were not shut!

What a tumult worth watching! A world of art, of itself and sufficient to itself. It has its own social levels,

Chapters that have gone before in *The Glory Road*

its aristocracy of thousands-of-dollars-a-week stars and its democracy of three-dollars-a-day “extras.” It has its fierce hatreds and bitter rivalries, and now and again its surviving friendships and surpassing self-denials; its loves that flower into homes, and its attach-

ments that bear fruit of ruin. It has its own stumbling-blocks, its own goals; and it speaks a language all its own.

Behind the screen! What a mysteryland lies there!

But see now—the door has been opened, a little stealthily, not flung wide, but opened enough for you who stand Outside to enter unnoticed and be Within, and with curious eyes watch and tense ears hear the strange, glittering, colorful, galloping, unreal, changing life that throngs the reach and turnings of

“The Glory Road!”

Here is a brief outline of the chapters already published of Francis William Sullivan’s remarkable novel of love and intrigue picturing with camera-like fidelity of detail the life of the moving picture studios in Southern California, photoplay capital of the world. The author spent months there, gathering his material at first hand. The result is the first great serial story in this field of a new art which numbers its devotees by millions. Of course the names under which the characters in “The Glory Road” play out their parts are fictitious.

The leading characters of “The Glory Road” thus far introduced are: June MacGregor, the heroine, a lovely girl born in the Hudson’s Bay forests and reared there by her father, the factor of a trading post; she is getting her first draught of big-world life as a member of the Graphic Company, whose director-in-chief is determined to make of her a star or—demonstrate that she is incapable of becoming one. Paul Temple, the hero, a Graphic star; he is engaged to marry June; a man still young, world-wise, of scrupulous honor and quick sensibilities; his wife, a moving picture actress who had made his life unhappy, died in the snows of Canada and was buried there. Stephen Holt, a self-made but cultured millionaire, principal owner of the Graphic Company; a man of grim moods and intervals of a charm touched with boyishness; ruthless in going after and getting whatever he decides he wants; he has decided he wants June, and has told her in his abrupt way that he is going to make her love him. Tom Briscoe, Graphic director-in-chief, a man of dynamic energy, big heart and bawling voice; he knows his business thoroughly—and gets results. Marcia Trent, Graphic star, half

secretly under Holt’s protection; no one can say that so-and-so in the case between them, but—; she is a woman of shallow soul and completely selfish impulses; cunning, vindictive, determined at all costs to keep her grip on Holt, who has put and is keeping her where she is professionally. Terrence MacDonnell, Graphic press agent; true to the type. Elsie Tanner and her younger sister Elaine, Graphic actresses, who occupy a bungalow with June. Tim Barr, Graphic cameraman; he is secretly determined to win Marcia Trent as his wife in order to further his schemes to become a film producer.

Paul and June having pledged Briscoe that they will let their wedding wait until June has proved herself a star or a failure, Paul is sent to Graphic offices in New York and thence to the Mexican border to direct the making of a picture; June plays on under Briscoe’s tuition in the Los Angeles studio.

Nothing would have more shocked June or been more instantly protested than a hint that Stephen Holt was coming to occupy too important a place in her thoughts—and she the promised wife of another. Yet it was true, and a little truer each day, that the reined passion of this masterful man for her, the frankness of his admiration, his sometimes gay, sometimes deeply vibrant, wanting of her, was stealing upon her senses dangerously, and like a habit-forming drug was becoming daily more to be desired, though she realized it not.

Marcia Trent, the Graphic’s temperamental star, senses danger to her interests in the acquaintance between Holt and June, and sharpens her claws for fight. In one of her absurd tantrums she undertakes to teach Director Briscoe “his place,” and comes off second best. Dining in her bungalow that night with Holt, she demands that he discipline Briscoe. Holt tells her she is a fool and refuses to interfere. He causes Marcia to be sent away for a few weeks “on location” with her company to make a picture.

Holt’s way of thus handling a delicate situation is like a cipher key to the man’s character. He is most Americanly capable of managing both his business and his intrigue without injury to himself through either, when the two threaten collision and wreck. In this contretemps it is not Briscoe the man he backs, but Briscoe the studio genius, factotum of the business whose success Holt is responsible for and whose course he controls. Instantly informed by his own common sense that Briscoe is in the right and Marcia in the wrong, he is incapable of permitting the consideration of sex to influence him. “You’re a fool,” he tells the woman at her own table, without the slightest emotion; and within the same moment, without so much as raising his voice, restrains her from a storm of hysteria and makes her be quiet. Typically, he says nothing about the incident to Briscoe. Typically, he sees to it that Marcia’s departure for work “on location” suggests to her no hint of its real purpose—she does not see the cynical smile or suspect the unhurrying hand that lifts the lighted match and deposits it a safe distance from the powder keg. And Briscoe? He doesn’t have to be told. His high-candle-power discernment illuminates the situation for himself perfectly. And, typically too, he says nothing to Holt.

Returned, the cameraman Barr tells Marcia with calculated effect that in her absence Holt has been very friendly with June. All the tigers in her aroused, Marcia plots to ruin June’s career and smirch her character. Thus—her thoughts run—she will subtly accomplish these things: Punish June by taking from her her art and Paul Temple; eliminate a studio rival; regain her hold on Stephen Holt; and reap a rich retaliation against Tom Briscoe through crushing June, his protege and professional boast! To these ends she schemes.

The Glory Road

By Francis William Sullivan

Author of "Star of the North," "Alloy of Gold," "Children of Banishment," etc.

Illustrated by R. VAN BUREN

CHAPTER XII

AT the same time that Marcia Trent was seeking some means by which to ruin June Magregor's career before it had begun, thus insuring her own continued supremacy in the Graphic Company, Tom Briscoe was working toward exactly the opposite end. For years it had been Briscoe's steadfast ambition to discover and launch some screen artist whose name should be perpetually linked with his in greatness, and whose work should embody his beliefs and theories regarding the photo-drama.

The accidental discovery of June in the North and her subsequent revelation of talent had led him to believe that she was the find he had been seeking. She was ideal material to work with—modest, eager to learn, and unhampered by former training. More important still, she believed in him, and they were joined by strong bonds of mutual respect and regard.

Only one thing he had against her—"this d—d love business;" but as time went on he was delighted to encounter very little interference from it. This was as he had planned, for he had stipulated in making his final offer to June in New York that she and Paul should separate until June had either proved or disproved her ability. He had flatly refused to direct her under any other circumstances, and the lovers, perceiving the sound reason in his demands, had consented.

As already has been said, Briscoe had been training June thoroughly in the technique of her art since their arrival in Los Angeles, and at the same time providing her with experience by actual work in the pictures. Harsher with her than with others, so afraid of prejudice in her favor that he leaned in the other direction, he had at last come to the conclusion that she was ready for bigger work, the work he had planned so long. This conclusion was strengthened by the press comments on the

"Woman to Woman" picture, comments which in several instances had awarded the triumph of the piece to June rather than to Marcia Trent.

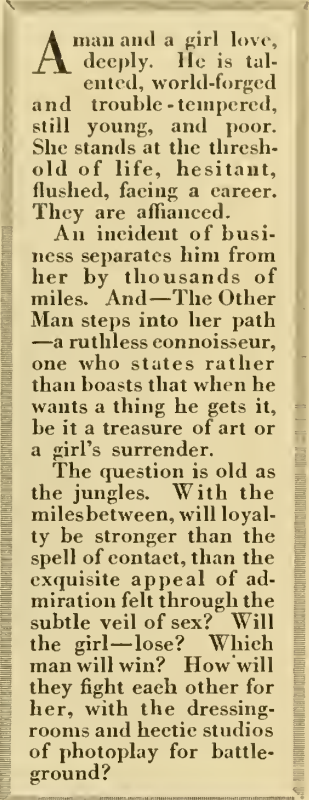
It was the commonest of jealous remarks in the studio that June was a product of

favoritism—had a "pull." This was of course true, since she was Briscoe's protégée, but it implied no novel situation. Almost without exception every man or woman playing leading parts in the pictures did so through some influence, and it was a fact illustrated continually that a known talent without influence could circle forever in the backwaters of obscurity.

June had a "pull," but as yet even her bitterest enemy could not have assailed it. No person who knew Tom Briscoe, even by hearsay, was capable of the usual suspicions connected with the word "influence," for sex, age, beauty or charm seemed to bound alike from his invulnerability.

June had "influence" according to the necessity of the business, but it was clean influence, acknowledged and open.

One morning, in pursuance of his convictions regarding June, Briscoe went to



A man and a girl love, deeply. He is talented, world-forged and trouble-tempered, still young, and poor. She stands at the threshold of life, hesitant, flushed, facing a career. They are affianced.

An incident of business separates him from her by thousands of miles. And—The Other Man steps into her path—a ruthless connoisseur, one who states rather than boasts that when he wants a thing he gets it, be it a treasure of art or a girl's surrender.

The question is old as the jungles. With the miles between, will loyalty be stronger than the spell of contact, than the exquisite appeal of admiration felt through the subtle veil of sex? Will the girl—lose? Which man will win? How will they fight each other for her, with the dressing-rooms and hectic studios of photoplay for battleground?

Stephen Holt's office. This was on the second floor of the administration building, which stood in one corner of the studio grounds, and the sanctum was defended by an anteroom.

Being informed that Holt was alone—Stannard's recent departure for New York had resulted in Holt's more frequent presence at the office of late—the director went in. The room was square, and had windows on two sides, one of which overlooked the teeming, kaleidoscopic activities of the stages and "lot." The walls were tinted a soft fawn color, good rugs were on the floor, and the furniture consisted of a flat-topped desk covered with glass, numerous filing cabinets along the walls, and several uncushioned armchairs, all of sunny oak. Through a closed door at the left came the dry tapping of a typewriter.

Holt was reading a legal-looking document. He laid it aside with a smile of greeting when he saw his visitor, and motioned him to a chair beside the desk. The two men had always got on eminently well in a business way, particularly since the clash with Marcia Trent. Holt's support at that time had never been mentioned between them, but Briscoe had a tacit understanding of it and was correspondingly grateful.

Now he entered at once upon what he had come to say. He described his work with June, reviewed her progress, and in conclusion stated his conviction that she had advanced to a point where she was capable of playing leading parts.

"By that you mean you want to star Miss Magregor?"

"Yes."

"All right, go ahead. If the public is acquainted with her and she is getting good reviews, I can't see any objections."

"Thanks."

Sitting erect on the edge of his chair, Briscoe stared out of the window a moment. Then he cleared his throat.

"I want to star June in a different way," he said. "That's what I came to see you about."

"Yes?" Holt seemed a little surprised. "How different?"

Briscoe cleared his throat again and launched into his theme.

"Well, I want to make a new kind of picture. I think we've gone about as far as we can along present lines. Everybody's

doing about the same thing, and we can't improve the stuff much except in details. The serial's done for, and so is the stunt picture. Both are money-makers, perhaps, but rubbish; no art; no resemblance to life; twaddle!"

As Briscoe paused a moment, Holt smiled.

"This is treason, my friend, but go on," he said. His blue eyes had narrowed thoughtfully, and he had slid down in his chair, regardless of the consequences to his new summer khaki suit.

Briscoe went on with a little gesture of suppressed feeling; he was giving expression at last to all he had pondered so long and so deeply.

"The pictures are an art," he said. "Everybody admits it. The art will live, not the rubbish. I want to develop the art."

"How?"

"Something like this." Briscoe leaned forward. "People talk about pictures forcing out the drama. I don't believe it. Pictures in my opinion are literature, not drama. They'll grow more like it all the time. Now the pictures we've all been making so far—what I call action pictures, and by that I mean anything you can go into a theater and see to-day—these seem to me about the type of the adventure story or the detective story in literature. Mighty entertaining, but not the highest type of fiction."

"But more people read that sort of story than any other, don't they?"

"Day by day, perhaps, but not in the long run. Think of the books that live. Now here is my point: Moving pictures aren't any longer a show for the mob—"

"Oh, aren't they?" interrupted Holt sardonically, and picked up a sheet of paper from his desk. "Do you know, Tom,"—he consulted the paper—"that 64 per cent of the men who run movie theaters in America can neither read nor write the English language, and that 18 per cent can't *read or write any language?* Do you know that the plot these men prefer in a picture is"—he consulted the paper again and quoted—"something with a couple of good fights, a criminal assault, and a murder in it?" Well, those things are true. They're not guesses, they're facts, and of course those men only voice the preferences of their patrons."

The director sat silent a minute, overwhelmed by this evidence. Then his jaw

squared. It was not Briscoe to weaken. "All right," he snapped, "all the more reason for us to haul the business above that level, and I stick to my point. More and more intelligent people are going to the pictures, people who enjoy the beautiful and who think and want something to stretch their minds. Crudeness, and melodrama, and untruthfulness to life disgust these people in a moving picture just as they do in a book. Then why not give 'em the picture literature they want? Something to stimulate their minds while they're being entertained, just like the books they read?"

In the moment's silence the sounds of the studio came up to them, voices, and hammering, and the rumble of a scene truck crossing a stage. A cool breeze blew through the open window.

Holt regarded the other with astonishment. Like everyone else, he had yet to learn just how deep was all that lay beneath that uninspiring exterior. His curiosity was aroused by the unassailable truth and logic of Briscoe's argument.

"And what kind of a picture would you give these intelligent people?" he asked.

Briscoe leaned forward again.

"A picture of emotions instead of action or setting! I'd tell the story subjectively, not objectively; that is, entirely by what the person feels rather than what he does or what other people do. This isn't a new idea—we all attempt something of the kind now—but my idea is to develop this line tremendously. I believe the time will come when the soul experiences of one character, if properly portrayed, will make as fascinating a picture as any thriller of to-day."

"Yes, but where's your action?"

"Wait a minute. Action, after all, is only suspended interest, isn't it? Well, then, what's more interesting than to watch the effect of life on a human soul, the way that soul acts when certain things happen to it, and what it does under those circumstances? The why of action, not the what; causes, not effects. For instance, take 'Carmen.' If we could show the influences which made that girl what she was and made her act as she did, would it be inter-



He mused a moment. "Besides, after all there's a gamoling chance of success for the Company in it. Come back at four o'clock and I'll give you my answer."

esting, or not? What do you say to that?"

Briscoe paused almost triumphantly.

"Yes," Holt admitted, and then sat in thoughtful silence, tapping the blotting pad before him with a pencil balanced between his fingers. For a long time he pondered, and then he shook his head slowly.

"Granting all you say, Tom," he said, "that sort of picture would only interest a select minority."

"That remains to be seen. And, of course, now we're at the nib of the thing. Will you, speaking for the Graphic Company, permit me to make that sort of a picture?" His inspiration suddenly flamed up again. "Why, damn it, Holt, this is the chance of a century! Graphic'll be made forever! We'll be doing something that'll send our names down in history."

"Yes, and ourselves into a receivership. This is idealism of the rankest sort, Tom, the sort that doesn't pay."

"In dividends?"

"Yes, in dividends."

"But Holt, that sort of picture has got to come. I know it! I feel it!"

"Let George do it."

The old catch-phrase voiced the inevitable attitude of finance towards the new and risky. Briscoe exhaled a long breath.

"I knew the profit question was where we'd break," he said in an altered tone. "But I'll stake my reputation that a picture of this kind would create a furore."

"Possibly."

The director recognized the signs. Considerate and patient as Holt had been, Briscoe knew he would be immovable where the interests of the Company were concerned. And he respected this attitude, for there had been a time in the past when for hard, ruthless practicality there had been no equal to Tom Briscoe in the Graphic forces. But he felt that his own artistic salvation and the future of the Graphic Company depended upon the defeat of this attitude now.

Achieving fortune, success and fame, he had not been content to stand still, but had resolved to make a constructive effort for the progress of his art; to leave his name written across the page of its development. And he desired to make that effort now. He looked at Holt, and in the intensity of his desire he felt the impulse to reveal something of this to the other.

"Holt," he said, "I see your point of

view exactly, and understand it. You're doing what you think is for the best interests of the company, and if you turn down this idea of mine, all right. That's up to you. But I'll still make those pictures when the time comes, somewhere else if not here. But I want to tell you something." He rested one pudgy, square-ended forefinger on the desk leaf for emphasis. "In my life I've had two ambitions: to make the pictures I've described, and to discover and train a star who would act in them." He spoke slowly in his earnestness.

"I think I have found that star in June Magregor," he went on. "She has what any actor needs for greatness—talent, imagination, brains; and what's better still, she knows what I want. She has been working hard and sincerely ever since she came here, and now I think she's ready." He paused, and then added with intense conviction: "If I should succeed, it would make her the biggest actress in the business."

As he spoke, Holt's eyes had narrowed again and his face had assumed a certain expressionlessness. And yet, there was about his attitude a hint of rigid attention, motionless but alert.

"Of course, Miss Magregor is a good property," he said matter-of-factly, "and is valuable to the company. She is the best publicity proposition we have, and we have managed to keep her story enough in the dark to make it new, live stuff when it's released." He hesitated as if pondering.

"And I'll admit she has talent," he added presently. "I think she's capable of almost any development under the right direction. But this new-fangled business of yours—!"

"She's the only woman in the world I'd care to try it with," said the director bluntly. "We understand each other, and I want to do it for her sake as well as my own. That's what I brought her out here for."

Holt's brow knit, and he tapped on his blotting pad for a moment with his pencil. Then he stood up suddenly.

"I can't settle all this in a minute, Tom," he said. "I'll say frankly that I'm not in favor of your proposition, but I'm not going to turn it down finally this morning when it seems to mean so much to you." He mused a moment. "Besides, perhaps after all there's a gambling chance of success for the Company in it. Come back at four o'clock and I'll give you my answer."

WHEN Briscoe entered the office that afternoon, it was Holt who went at once to the subject.

"Well, Tom," he said cheerfully, "after looking at your scheme from about eight thousand angles, I've decided to try it."

Briscoe granted.

"But that doesn't mean it'll go through," Holt hastened to add. "All I can do is to support it at the next directors' meeting, but I'll guarantee to do that." Then he smiled a little ruefully and shook his head. "That's the trouble with us Westerners," he said. "We simply can't resist a gamble when we see one. I suppose you realize that we'll be risking about \$40,000 on this venture?"

"Yes, I do."

Holt laughed.

"All right. I only mention it so you'll be properly grateful."

In the sanctity of his apartment that night Briscoe growled gratitude for the adventurous western spirit. Nor was he at all nervous regarding the outcome of the directors' meeting, for a very reliable source of information had told him that Holt owned 51 per cent of the Graphic's Western company stock. But, as plans for beginning work surged through his head, he kept asking himself, wonderingly, what consideration could have influenced Holt strongly enough to make him reverse his first and safer judgment.

CHAPTER XIII

The Ansonia,

New York City, May 20th.

JUNE dearest:

It would be a queer sort of happy man who couldn't find some beauty and romance in this vulgar and cynical city. They're here if one can see them, though I'll confess it is the first time I haven't had astigmatism in over five years. When we were here in December and January, on our way down from the North, past events were too recent. The city was like a first-aid station to me then; a place where the cuts and bruises on my confounded ego could be dressed. Now it seems like a glorified circus parade.

But after all, I suppose it's the kind of glass one looks through that colors what one sees, and things reflect according to the mood we bring to them. At least, that's the way it's always been with me, and it is more than ever so now, New York becomes Bagdad, or Whitechapel, or Nineveh, or the Tower of Jewels, or La Trappe, according to the way I am wearing my aura, or what I have had

for breakfast, or the contents of your letter. And by the way, why is it that women's letters will require excess postage at the receiving end, and yet be read in less than half a minute? They remind me of those meringue things confectioners serve sometimes which promise a lot, but which disappear into thin air at the first crunch.

All of which leads (have you guessed it?) to the fact that I am lonesome. Surrounded, submerged, buried in mankind, still I yell for a little company, for certain company, for my guardian spirit, my other half, my absolute dear. But she, alas, is listening to one set of sad sea waves while I am listening to another. But no! Pardon me! That was the elevated, not the ocean. Above all things, truth even at a poetic moment.

To discontinue, we arrived here on the 16th from the Mexican border. Of course, with the trouble down there we couldn't actually cross, but the terrain (military expression) is just as bad one side of the line as the other, so that didn't affect the local color or atmosphere any. By the way, if I wanted to get even with Mexico for all she's done to us I'd present her with large portions of our border States. Put enough desert in her way and she couldn't cross to raid us. Hence, security, peace, plenty. I shall write to the papers about this.

I think the picture we took down there—they haven't got a name for it yet—is good. Stannard and the department heads made a noise like enthusiasm when it was run in the projection room, but you know how much that means! Some of the worst flivvers get the biggest hands. I was nervous, of course, as it was my first big job, but nobody asked me to resign, so I look forward to my check as usual. By the way, they pay Monday here; keeps all hands poor against the temptations of the week-end. The men's wives approve of it, so I suppose they'll have a fervent testimonial from you presently, something as follows:

"Sirs: Before you instituted your plan of paying the hands on Monday, it was all I could do to get my husband safely over the Sabbath. He was hopelessly addicted, and had been for years, to pineapple juice in its most vicious form. When night after night he failed to return home, I would say in despair to little Paul: 'Go, child, to the Dairy Lunch and bring your father home again,' and the lad, old with horror before his years, always found him there. My husband was incorrigible. I reasoned with him, pleaded with him. We tried everything, but to no avail. He *would* saturate himself with that awful poison. But now—" And so on.

We begin our new picture next week in the Fort Lee studio, and Stannard told me just yesterday that it would be a case of hustle it through. You see, there has been quite a shake-up owing to Marguerite French's popping to Stellar, and we'll have to work nights, etc., in order to substitute releases and get them out on time.

That's about all the news there is for me to tell you, and it isn't much on the surface, but oh, Snowbird, if you only knew how much



"Oh, you're a dear, Tim." Her tone was almost affectionate. Then



added modestly: "I think I helped a little, too. Now, if it will only work."

there was under the surface! If I could only make you feel how good life seems to me now! Wanting you as I do, and empty as this place is without you, yet every minute is happy just as if some exquisite essence of you kept flowing across all the thousands of miles into my heart.

Time seems endless until we see each other again—won't you please become a wonderful star right away?—and sometimes I rebel against this stupid separation. And then I wonder what you are doing out there and what is happening to you. But those are only moments after I've botched my work, or come to the conclusion that I'd better go back to the pick and shovel. Except for those times I am happy, you don't know how happy, just in the knowledge that you exist and that you have given me the dear blessing of your love. I feel young and radiant as if I had just burst out of some darkness into a new world all lighted.

And when I come actually to realize that you do love *me*, I sometimes laugh at the perfectly incredible idea of it, and tell myself, "Why, this is ridiculous. She can't understand what she's doing." And then comes a letter telling me all over again that it is true, and I wonder what I've done to deserve you.

"Oh, we *will* be happy, June. There never will have been such happiness as ours. Life is just beginning for me now, and when you're great and famous at last, and we can live the life together that we long for, I know I'll believe there is a Paradise on this earth after all. And that forces me to a confession. I don't believe Eve ever ate an apple. I think she slipped on a banana peel and made herself ridiculous, and when Adam laughed she got peevish and bounced an apple off his bean. After that, when the story got around, she moved out of Eden to escape the notoriety, and that's all there is to *that* yarn!

Well, bless your patience! this is all. Best love to old Tom Briscoe, Elsie and Goldie and Elaine, and all of them. As for yourself—

Continued in our next,

PAUL.

JUNE, still smiling, folded the rustling sheets gently and then held them clasped in her hand. She was sitting on the cushions of her bedroom bay-window, wrapped in a blue quilted Japanese dressing-gown gay with pink chrysanthemums, and her luxuriant dark hair hung in two braids over her shoulders. Her knees were drawn up, and sitting as she did, her profile to the window, the clear, limpid light of closing day outlined half her face with cameo clearness, and threw the other half into complete shadow.

It was a simple, unpretentious room with its white iron bed in one corner balancing the oak dresser at the window, a trunk paralleling the bed, a small oak table in

the center, and a brace of the subtly treacherous chairs at points of vantage. The cream wall paper with its border of roses, and the chintz at the windows in the same pattern, lent cheerfulness; the silver-backed dressing things on the bureau, intimacy; photographs and three red roses in a vase on the center table, touches of color and homelikeness.

For a little June mused, smiling, over the letter she had just finished, a letter thoroughly characteristic of Paul. Then, quite without warning, she experienced the queerest sensation of her life. She realized that *she was going to marry him*. It was as if, having forgot the fact, she had just been reminded of it. She felt for the first time in months a sense of strangeness in Paul, felt their wonderfully close union temporarily severed.

This experience, compounded of uncertainty and a little fear for the future, comes to every girl who has promised herself. But it had come to June less often than to many, perhaps, for both her own and Paul's love and faith had been tempered in the fire of suffering and sacrifice. Consequently to experience her present feeling was a revelation of what had been taking place in her life, a recognition at last of Holt.

As she faced the situation fairly for the first time, June lacked any sense of guilt or wrong-doing, so gradual and pleasant had been her progress to this point. There had been a time at first when inherent, rigid scruples had disturbed her. But, like any other normal human being plunged into a strange, new life, she had dreaded exposing these to ridicule. Especially so when she witnessed the conduct of her associates under similar circumstances.

Among these gay folk she found betrothal and marriage regarded more lightly than at Fort McLeod. It seemed to be the fact that unless the lover or husband were on the ground in person, a girl was considered completely free, and open to any amount of attention. This fact, of course, had its foundation in the character of the work—work in which members of a company were thrown together at the studio or on "location" often for weeks at a time.

Thus, in the newness and strangeness of it all, taking her cue from her companions, she had done as they did, dreading more

than anything else to give offense in those first crucial weeks of adjustment after Paul's departure. Inevitably, then, the doubtfully viewed ways had become the familiar and accustomed ones, and her suspicions had been lulled to sleep. Now she found herself wondering what had taken place in her, for she seemed no longer to think of her marriage to Paul Temple with a tender, secret glow of anticipation, but as an accepted and prosaic fact.

Were she and Paul to be like so many of these other married and betrothed couples about her, she wondered, apparently indifferent, a little free, unideal? She had dreamed of something different, something holier, more sacred. Must that go too, like so many of the other girlish dreams and illusions? . . .

AND as she thought, the short twilight deepening about her, Holt constantly obtruded himself upon her mind; his broad, freckled face, the sense of fun he conveyed, some of the things he had said, his mannerisms. Vivid as was Paul Temple in his characteristic letter, yet Holt was more vivid because he was nearer. It was as if dust had settled over the picture of Paul in the secret place of her heart, while Holt's, constantly before her, had been kept bright.

She was going to marry Paul of course. How wonderful and splendid and tender he was!

And yet Stephen Holt had said, "I love you!" Stephen Holt, who had wrung a fortune from the desert, who seemed the very essence of his West, who had conquered culture after conquering the sand. (He was always this to her; never the power behind the Western Graphic Company.) He had said "I love you!" and she knew that he meant it.

He had, by those words, made himself a factor—one who must be taken into account.

His remark, made on the terrace of the Country Club, that she had been unfair to herself in becoming engaged to Temple without experience of other men, returned to her, and she both scorned it and was troubled by it now as she had been then. More troubled still was she by the fact of his declaration. That sort of thing could not go on, of course. He must be

made to understand that. She was another's.

She was the woman, and naturally upon her, since he had revealed himself, rested the responsibility for his conduct. She felt that she was able to control and command the situation, for she was going to marry Paul Temple and she had told Holt so plainly, just as plainly as she had told herself so now. He could not misunderstand that; it had been clear and simple and final. If he was the man he had led her to believe he was, he would appreciate this fact and act accordingly.

And yet there was that last look of unconquerable determination, and his last words to be reckoned with: "You can marry anybody you like, but you're going to love me!" She felt a little dismay as they returned to her. Then she laughed at them as absurd, reminding herself with a sense of security that she was going to marry Paul; as a knight might have assured himself that he was *cap-a-pie* as he approached a dangerous spot on the high-road.

JUNE was young and proud; she was experiencing the delayed enjoyments of worldliness; she was unconscious of the strength of the thing she had permitted to spin its apparently weak straits about her; she was acquainted with the theory of spontaneous combustion only by hearsay.

Not for a moment had she consciously compromised her beliefs or ideals. She felt again now as she had always felt, secure in her strength and ability to control the events that were arising about her. And with that security came again the certainty of her love for Paul.

As she rose from the window-seat in the darkness to dress before getting supper, she kissed the letter she held, conscious of peace, of having faced a problem squarely, and of having disposed of it.

CHAPTER XIV

LOS ANGELES in three years has become the Carnival City of the world. Within her far-flung boundaries lie desert, mountain, sea and plain. Her Riviera encroaches upon her Zermatt, her Zermatt upon her Sahara, and her Sahara upon her rich, water-rescued fields.

In all of these, as well as in the noisy, business-like streets of stone that form her

throbbing heart, you will find the camera folk. But though Los Angeles is the Carnival City, within her lies another and truer land of Masque where the pageant people live their two-dimension lives.

Its buildings are of canvas and plaster and wood, roofless and without backs. Its rooms want ceilings, and the rented furniture has a strange, unhomelike look. Its citizens rarely go to bed, and then only that they may awaken at once and emote.

Their meals, which always seem at the black coffee stage, are dyspeptic flashes, and their favorite tippie appears to be ink. Added to which, they are forever experiencing things at a tremendous rate. Being young or old, as necessity dictates, they have set Time at naught; they die and are resurrected a dozen times a month contrary to all the laws of Nature, and, if wedding ceremonies be counted, some are outrageously polygamous.

The streets of this metropolis are trod by the peoples of all history, yet all speak with one tongue. Its flag is a dollar sign rampant on a field *or*, and its government is autocratic. The ruler has the title of Director, and his reign must be prosperous or he is overthrown.

Dynasties change often and without appeal. Publicity is the Order of Merit in this land, and this honor is bestowed by a functionary called the Press Agent. Altogether it is a happy land, and when for any cause its motley life spills from its flimsy walls into the great and solid and real city, it enlivens the soberer streets with a fantastic touch that is always welcome.

ONE afternoon toward the end of May, the maskers laid aside their masks for charity. In response to a nation-wide appeal they united in a huge lawn fete, to be held on the grounds of a mansion in Hollywood famous as a "location" and owned by one of the wealthy men of the pictures.

This villa was situated in the section north and west from Highland Avenue at Hollywood Boulevard, and crowned an eminence from which its acres flowed down on every side. The house itself was a broad, three-story structure of saffron-colored brick, which, despite its solidity, had an effect of airiness by reason of the many long French windows on the first floor and the usual screened sleeping-porches above.

Thirty-five steps which turned in the ascent led from the driveway to the veranda, and were bordered on each side by lavender cascades of low, star-flowered lippia, which in solid stripes marked also the faces of the terraced lawn. Bugin-villæa, blooming again after a brief respite during March, showed its hot, grapey purple on porch pergola trellisses, and against the chimneys. And everywhere, in beds, in borders, in entire hedges, were roses—red, and pink, and white—rising to a climax in a great triumphal arch of blush-tinged yellow Gold of Ophirs down the perspective of the garden.

A dry stream bed meandered through the grounds which surrounded this chromatic acropolis. It was shaded by tall eucalyptus trees with their hanging tatters of bark, and formed an axis for the scheme of landscape work and also for the bazaar. By entering one gateway and following the paths, one encountered every booth and presently emerged at the opposite entrance.

It was only a little after one o'clock when Marcia Trent disposed herself carefully in her roadster in the driveway of her bungalow, and, repeating to her maid where to meet her at the bazaar, and what indispensable articles to bring, drove indispensably away. Once in Hollywood Boulevard, she took a course west and south to a humbler part of town, where she had promised to pick up Queenie Gilmore, her adorer.

Marcia to-day would have contributed a festive note to any occasion. She wore a pale green taffeta dress with pink paniers and a tiny pink jacket, relieved by black velvet bows at the wrists. Her skirt was very short, and revealed white silk stockings terminated by dazzling gold slippers with very high heels. Her bright hair was confined by a dainty poke bonnet with pink roses, which, nevertheless, could not restrain a certain number of disturbing little curls. An emerald pendant dangled at her throat, rings sparkled on her fingers, and she carried a little gold mesh bag. She was a real illumination, like the Tower of Jewels.

QUEENIE was waiting for her and advanced down the walk with what was a faint mimic of Marcia's characteristic gait. Her hair was dressed in the style Marcia had made popular, but her simple dark blue dress necessarily stopped short

of what Marcia had achieved. She was a little thing with black hair and sparkling black eyes, and her voice had a husky, throaty note.

"Gosh, you're just lovely, darling," she breathed as she climbed gingerly into the car.

The other, gratified by the looked-for tribute, smiled and they began to move away.

If silence is golden, Queenie Gilmore didn't assay a trace, and her horizon was bounded by immediate personal interests. The chatter, therefore, which she immediately began revolved about studio affairs, and was tinged by a characteristically intense partisanship. Marcia's every thought and feeling found poignant echo in her, and she lent herself passionately to the other's triumphs and despairs. Thus, on the present occasion, as always, after circling through minor considerations she entered upon the primary matter which was agitating both their lives.

"What did I tell you about their starrin' Magregor? Aint they doin' it, just as I said? And her a dub that can't get out of her own way! Why, when you come on, darling, she looks like a hunk of the set furniture. But say, what's this new stuff I hear Briscoe's goin' to pull off? Some mystery about it, aint there?"

"How should I know, dear?" Marcia inquired. "You could hardly expect they'd tell *me*. But from what I've heard outside, it's going to be something different."

"Yeah, that's all I can find out, too. Every time I go near that end of the stage the set's enclosed, and has a 'Keep Out' sign on it. But I hear it's goin' to cost a bunch of money. Magregor certainly must have Briscoe sewed up in a bag for him to do all that for her."

Marcia laughed.

"You don't suppose Briscoe can risk the Company's money on his own hook, do you?" she asked, as if stating an elementary fact.

"That's so." Queenie paused a moment, thoughtfully. "Well then, by gosh, it must be Holt," she exclaimed, as light broke upon her.

"Oh, Queenie!"

"Sure it is. Why, of course, after the way he's been rushin' her."

Marcia seemed to muse, so much so that she nearly ran over a cat at the corner

of Cherokee Street. Then she said:

"I've *wondered* if that could be true. Really, I've suspected something ever since that time Magregor was over on the island with that crowd shooting the 'Vanishing Race.'"

"That time she sprained her ankle, you mean?"

Marcia laughed shortly. "Well, yes."

There was silence as they turned out of Hollywood Boulevard into Highland Avenue.

"You mean she didn't hurt her ankle?"

"I don't say that. But you know that big house where they took her and left her?"

"The place she stayed two days, you mean?"

"Yes."

"Yes, I remember."

"Well," Marcia spoke slowly to give her words weight, "that was Holt's house."

Queenie's eyes grew bigger and bigger as this truth sank in.

"Gosh!" she breathed; then, "What do you know about that!"

Marcia turned the car into a wide parking space already nearly full, and brought it to a stop.

"Well," she cried brightly, "here we are. Now, darling, you'll have to run along while I sell my tickets."

Queenie, still impressed by the magnitude of the thing she had imagined, got out. Then she took an affectionate leave of her idol. She was accustomed to dismissal, as she was to summons, and accepted either as a favor, being happiest in her infatuation when she could serve.

Presently Marcia, after visiting both the manager of the affair and her maid, appeared among the gathering throng armed with books containing tickets which were chances on an automobile to be raffled later in the afternoon. She sauntered down the paths under the eucalyptus trees, radiant, beautiful, striking, quaint as a china shepherdess, suggestive of exquisite passions.

BY three o'clock the lawns and picturesque little glen were a surging mass of people to some extent professional but in great part consisting of the public. For though the "shooting" of a picture in public is now of comparatively small interest to the resident Angeleno, the town is picture-mad,



"June," he breathed, "you love me! God! You do love me!" And swiftly, conqueringly, he took her into his arms.

and the favorites have immense followings; a state of affairs due to the fact that world-famous men and women may at any moment be seen on the streets, and that the little intimate stories of their human characteristics gain wide circulation, and make them flesh-and-blood beings rather than the usual intangible shadows.

Under the tall, whispering trees the sight was brisk with color and motion. The men were in flannels for the most part with gay striped shirts and neckties, and the women's dresses after running the color scale of the spectrum mingled in kaleidoscopic rotation. Silks and laces there were, but wisdom supplemented them with furs, a thing which roused all the rebellion of Goldie Burke.

"I'd just as soon trim red flannel underwear with lace," she said disgustedly, surveying the confection she had on, "as wear my fox with this outfit. If this is Climate, give me a cyclone in Longacre Square."

Camera men from the various news weeklies were present, shooting characteristic scenes, and to the practised eye the film folk were as

carefully graded as oranges in a separator. These were owners, directors, and their wives and children; scenarion writers, camera men and stock people, many of these pretty girls with two or more admirers. Red-necked cowboys in store clothes for the occasion, their sombreros on the backs of their heads, and brown paper cigarettes dangling from their lips, passed up and down in groups with their rolling, ungraceful walk, laughing and indulging in the rough horseplay of embarrassment. Extra men, some of them with hard, tough faces, failures at everything else in the world, trailed girls whose acquaintance they had made on "location."

At the booths, which were round or square, flower-covered or decorated with bunting, the famous beauties of the profession displayed their charms and sold articles. The curious visitor could pass in turn Blanche Sweet, Mabel Normand, Ruth Stonehouse, Dorothy and Lillian Gish, Enid Markey, Ella Hall, Ruth Roland, and others known in every corner of the globe. There was a Punch and Judy show operated by a famous comedian, a little stage where a one-reeler was continually being filmed for the benefit of the uninitiated, and a summer house covered with roses and honeysuckle where June Magregor, garbed in a priceless Ojibway Indian dress, told fortunes.

And through it all moved Queenie Gilmore, gravitating from one group to another of her kind.

"Say, what do you think! No wonder Briscoe's goin' to star Magregor," and so on, through the complete innuendo.

Then the replies.

"Holt, eh? Don't some people have all the luck, though? Think of gettin' a chance like that!"

"Aint I always said it?" A third, bitterly. "Real merit aint got a show in this business."

"What's merit got to do with it? It's an honest girl that aint got the show" . . .

THERE were mottlings of sun and shadow on the moving mass, and a constant babel of conversation punctured by blasts of motor horns. Out of the azure sky came a cool, balmy breeze that bore the mingled fragrances of flowers, and also, as if it were a war gas, the insidious poison

of Rumor which spread and intensified as it advanced.

"Say, this is the best yet. Did you know Holt and Magregor were hitting it off? Yes, he's given her a house and lot on some island."

"I hear that was all fixed up before she ever left New York."

"That fake engagement to Paul Temple was certainly a clever stunt to cover this" . . .

But Rumor took a devious and careful way. It passed Romey Stark and Elaine Drake where they sat in a swing together, he laughing and boyish, pouring out a flood of merry talk seasoned with mischievous compliments, created so that he might watch the changes on her pretty young face; she demure, flushed, alternately exalted and drooping. To her he was wholly wonderful at this time, and she was quite defenseless against the extraordinary personal charm that endeared him to everyone, and caused his dressing-room, from the gatherings in it, to be known as the Palace of Chance.

It passed Holt and Briscoe, chatting pleasantly with a group of society women who had lent their patronage to the affair, and it circled MacDonnell, Elsie Tanner, Goldie Burke, and "Mr. Burke," whose own gossip could hardly have been recommended.

Marcia Trent in due course completed the trip from the entrance to the exit gate of the grounds. At the former she had dismissed Queenie Gilmore in possession of inferred scandal, but too wise in experience and loyalty to divulge its source. Here she met Kate Devlin, a hopeful retainer, bursting with news.

"Say, did you hear about Holt and Magregor?" etc. A monstrous story now and embroidered with details.

"What are you talking about, Kate? Are you crazy?" Marcia demanded angrily. "You ought to know better than to say anything like that to me about a decent girl. I don't believe it for a minute, and I don't want to hear such scandal. And you'd better not spread that around, either."

She passed on, leaving Katie staring after her, crushed and ashamed.

LATE in the afternoon when most of the crowd was massed about the open space where the automobile was to be raffled off,

Marcia drifted to a spot under a tree where Tim Barr, his long cigar protruding from his mouth, stood negligently. She greeted him with a bright smile.

"Well, Tim," she asked, "did you put yours over?"

"I sure did."

"Oh, you're a dear, Tim." Her tone was almost affectionate. Then she added modestly, "I think I helped a little, too. Now if it will only work."

"It'll work all right, Marcia. Just leave it to me," he assured her. "But say, you look tired out. Sit down in this chair and let me get you something to eat."

"Thanks, Tim, I will," she said, gratefully. "My Lord, it would be a nice world if everybody looked after me like you do!"

"Well, maybe everybody don't think as much of you as I do, Marcia."

CHAPTER XV

THE bazaar came at a time not only of seasonal changes, but at a period of June's development and experiences which marked the close of one phase and indicated the commencement of another.

Locally, the month meant that the eastern tourist trade, upon which Los Angeles depends so much for support, was dead. A period of stagnation existed which followed the departure of those who had come for the winter, and precluded the summer arrival of gasping hundreds from the fiery border States. Easterners have yet to learn that summer is the most delightful season in California.

At the same time all the natives (real or adopted) who could, were starting East for a vivifying breath of Atlantic culture and climate. Rows of houses stood vacant in Hollywood and Los Angeles, but many of these would be occupied by newcomers. At the beaches, which, rarely more than twenty miles from Los Angeles, extend fifty miles up and down the coast—for the metropolis is inland—cottages, shacks and tent cities were beginning gradually to fill up. Catalina Island was bidding loudly for the summer season by which alone she existed.

Everywhere the annual battle with drought and dust had begun. The water of the winter rains, stored in the high mountain reservoirs many miles away, was poured out in a ceaseless flood to keep

the city green. In the great lawns, water systems with spray nozzles regularly interspaced had been laid beneath the turf, and an acre at a time could be made one vast silver fountain playing upon a glistening emerald. Elsewhere pipes a hundred feet long and perforated on one side lay along the grass, and in operation suggested the barrier fire of the European battlefields.

In the country, the principal activity was haying. Miles upon miles of land lay dotted with heaps of drying alfalfa. Here and there by the baling machine the structure of bales arose, apparently small at a distance, but as big as a warehouse, and surrounded by a circle of brown plowed earth as a protection against fire.

The cutting altered greatly the appearance of the country. From a rolling green sea it had suddenly become tawny, and very dry. The round hills had the appearance of close-clipped blond heads. The summer change was showing everywhere. Mountains and uncultivated hills were taking on their summer cowls of Franciscan brown, and only the vivid green expanse of beet and bean fields, or orchards, relieved the sober tintings. These, of course, depended for life upon the silver thread of irrigation that wound up and back into the mountains.

At the studio, although there was ceaseless general activity, the main interest now centered about Briscoe's work with June. He permitted her time to think of little else, and she wished to think of nothing else. Inexplicably she was glad that her work kept her from frequent contact with Holt. She saw him often in the studio, but seldom elsewhere, as she was too tired to have company or go out in the evenings. And her previous disposal of him in her mind had left her strangely unconvinced and dissatisfied.

Briscoe had evolved a play for his new star from a script turned in by one of the Graphic scenario staff. The germ of the idea had been good, but the "continuity," as the sequence of scenes is called, was not in line with Briscoe's contemplated treatment, and he had re-written it.

LIKE many other directors of intelligence in the business, Briscoe felt strongly the great need of better stories if his art was to advance. And yet he refused to lay all the blame for failure in that

direction. He knew too well the facts of wavering policy, stupidity, office intrigue, dishonesty, and the fact that many companies did not know a good story when they saw one, or would not pay adequately for one if they found it.

In his present work Briscoe was not presenting so much a new type of story as trying to evolve a new method of presentation. He did not flatter himself that he was going to revolutionize the business; he knew he was only groping in what he felt to be a right direction toward the permanency, dignity and beauty of the photoplay; and he expected execration and possible failure. He would have preferred to hire a company and go off into some far corner of the world to experiment, but of course this was out of the question.

The chief novelty in Briscoe's improved method lay in the acting, and this was practically a real return to pantomime—an art as yet little observed in the Anglo-Saxon photodrama. Violent facial contortion and overacting already stand as axioms of bad taste and direction, yet they are far from extinct even among the film favorites; while those few who practice restraint tend to the wooden and unyielding—at least the ungraceful. It was to steer between these extremes that Briscoe aimed.

To this end June had worked so hard before her mirror. She had learned not only to express the faintest shades of emotion but also to convey the most powerful feeling by slight but unmistakable means. Especially had Briscoe insisted on the psychologically correct transition from one emotion to another. For instance, in her new play there was one long scene, almost a "close-up," which showed her watching through curtains what was taking place in the next room between her husband and her sister. It was Briscoe's idea to reveal to the audience the full story of that next room by the play of emotion on June's face, rather than by the usual method of a separate scene between the pair.

It followed, therefore, that the director did not depend for his effects upon the play of the features alone. He emphasized greatly the position and motions of the head, hands, arms, and of the whole body when possible. He knew that to an alert, intelligent audience a certain slope of the shoulder might convey laughter, and the strange position of a head on its neck,

creeping horror. Pantomime is pan-racial.

He aimed at suggestion raised to the *nth* power, for though emotions may be as lurid and violent as a volcanic eruption, to express them so makes them merely ridiculous. So Briscoe was working up a means of "getting over" to the audience what his characters felt by showing alterations in the color or shape of objects and environment at the moment of their intensest emotions, something along the line of the Munsterberg idea.

A natural corollary to all this was the almost complete elimination from the film of sub-titles and spoken-titles.

These, then, were the basic ideas underlying Briscoe's attempt, and, as always with pioneers, he had to make his own trail. As a result, for the sake of better concentration and protection from prying eyes, he had his sets built at one end of the long open-air stage and screened with "flats" of scenery. In addition his people, from the "grips" up through Tim Barr, were enjoined to silence.

The only judgable results of his efforts were the scenes shown every few days on the projection room screen to the members of the company, Holt, and the other Graphic directors. And with the first, there was a significant lack of spontaneity in the favorable comment.

Holt wisely held his counsel, but Briscoe's colleagues out of consideration tried to praise, and only succeeded in damning, for, like normal human animals, each without intentional malice resisted any innovation not his own. Alone together, however, or in their private opinions expressed to Holt, they united in rejecting Briscoe's theories and scorning his results.

Both the director and June could not avoid consciousness of this, and the latter's feeling was particularly acute since the success of the attempt depended so largely upon her work. She was, of course, merely obeying direction, but she knew to what extent her future depended upon success.

ONE day it seemed as if she could do nothing as Briscoe wanted it done. They were rehearsing the scene in which June peered through the curtain, and in order to help her the two other characters were acting out their parts. But today she felt dead, unresilient, without response, and Briscoe finally perceived the fact. At three

o'clock he said kindly, but in his usual staccato manner:

"That'll do for today, June. You're not up to it. Go home and rest, and don't think of your work at all. Forget everything, and tomorrow it'll come to you just as we want it."

June, aware that the entire day had been wasted, went home dejected and discouraged, her failure accentuated by Briscoe's consideration. Because she was conscientious and earnest instead of a slacker and waster as so many were, the reaction was correspondingly powerful. She suffered with the intensity of youth, and lacked the solace of indifference, cynicism or conceit.

"Oh, I'll never do it, I never will!" she thought passionately, sinking down into the Morris chair in the living-room of the bungalow. "I can't act! I'm an utter failure! Oh, I wish I had never come here!"

A great flood of homesickness rushed over her; she yearned with an acute physical pain for the friendly scenes and faces of earlier days. There are times in all lives when no love can comfort except that which watched our wavering first steps and bore our childish burdens. We turn when weary and broken to the haven that never failed, to the strength and wisdom that rose superior to every test and demand.

So now June, forgetting any other love, longed for her father, the dour, gray factor at the fort, who, since her babyhood, had been mother to her also. It was the month of June, and soon he would be leaving the Hudson's Bay Company which he had served for thirty-five years and starting south to join her, as he had promised the winter before. But she could not look for him yet. It was too early.

As she sat weighted down by her depression, the black marble clock with its onyx pillars ticked comfortably on the mantelpiece. It was the only sound in the house. June was alone, and she knew she would be, since Elsie and Elaine were going to town shopping after work, and looked forward to their wildest spree, the fifty-cent dinner at Christopher's.

June was thankful. She wanted to be alone, for at such times, trivial as the cause may be, the human soul realizes to the full its utter isolation in the universe, its complete alienation from those physically

nearest; a *homelessness* akin to despair.

How long she sat she did not know, but it was considerably later when she was startled by the ringing of the doorbell. At first, overwhelmed by apathy of spirit, she remained motionless, but at the third insistent peal she rose and went to the door. Opening it, she saw Stephen Holt standing there, and for a moment was taken aback by his unexpected presence.

"Just in time," he smiled, "I was going away." Then, noting her lifeless face and manner, "You don't look quite well, June . . . Anything the matter?"

"Oh, there's usually something the matter with the world, isn't there?" she replied, pushing open the screen door. "Do come in. I'm sorry I kept you waiting. I didn't hear your car."

"No, I walked. Genevieve's having her valves ground."

He entered and hooked his cap on the hall-tree with a lucky toss. "I saw you leave the studio about three, so I thought I'd run down. It's been a long time—too long!" He regarded her face again seriously. "Look here, nothing's happened, has it?"

"Oh, no. I've just bungled my work until Tom had to send me home, and I'm at the point where I wish I'd never seen a camera. I'll never be able to do things the way he wants them. Never!"

"Nonsense!"

THEY were in the big living-room, June in a creaky, uncushioned rocker, he in the Morris chair. "You're doing wonderfully in that new work. Of course it's discouraging. What do you expect when it's all so different? But I tell you your work's good," he said earnestly.

"But it isn't what Tom wants. And then after all the whole thing may be a failure." She made a little hopeless gesture.

He smiled into her troubled face.

"That needn't worry you. That's the Company's lookout. Why, see here, don't you know that this mood of yours is the surest sign of a healthy ambition and talent? These tumbles in the dumps mean that next time you'll go higher than ever. It's like crankiness in an invalid, a sure sign of improvement. It's the people that are beyond these ups and downs that are through."

"Oh, but you don't know what it is," she insisted wearily. "How should you, when you've reached success and can do or have anything you want?"

Her words seemed to strike some hidden chord of thought in him, and he sobered.

"If I only had reached the success you think I have," he said wistfully. "You don't know! The curse that's on me is that what people call my success hasn't made me happy, and what use is a success that doesn't do that? I'm like a desert rat whose pockets are stuffed with nuggets, but who can't find the water-hole that will save his life. I seem to be always looking for something that I never find, the one thing that will make life ring true, make it worth while. What is any other success beside that failure?"

He stopped, still smiling faintly, but June could not reply at once. His confession of lack, of defeat, was as uncharacteristic as it was unexpected. It was as if June's mood had communicated itself to him, with startlingly powerful effect.

"Oh, but think of all you've accomplished!" she protested, ranging herself once more as she normally did, upon the side of hope. "Think how splendidly you've done against big odds. You ought to be the happiest man in the world!"

"Yes. But I'm not." He seemed to subject her challenge to a long "close-up."
 . . . "Maybe it's because I don't think much of the world. It's always been ready to knife me if I didn't knife first. I've been swindled by my partners and sold out by my best friends. Even my parents made life hell for me. I'm suspicious of everybody on earth except you."

There was no self-pity and very little bitterness in his tone. It was that of one merely stating facts, and June felt that this at last was the true expression of his inner self. She was conscious of a faint tinge of disappointment at first, then pity touched her heart, for none seems so pitiful as those in whom no illusion remains, or those who live for today in the certainty that there is no tomorrow.

"Oh, Stephen," she cried, "you mustn't feel like that. You mustn't! Life *is* good, whatever it seems to do to us. A world as full of wonderful things as this is *must* be good!" The words were an echo of Paul Temple's philosophy, but she did not realize this, nor stop to trace them to their

source. The man absorbed her.

He smiled a little, and she thought that never had his rugged, unhandsome face appealed to her more.

"You see how much richer you are than I am? You have faith."

"You admit then that there is such a thing and that it's worth something!"

"Yes, if it's saved in time. Mine wasn't. But sometimes you've made me think I might get it back." He spoke as to a third person.

"No one can give that to you—really; it's something from within, not from outside."

"But once it's dead it has to be born again, and born of inspiration; and the inspiration must come from outside. For me it would be in watching your splendid faith."

She made a deprecating gesture.

"My faith!" she said scornfully. "It's hardly an example. It gives way regularly, as it did today, and then I have to climb all the way up again."

"But I'm down to stay; can't even climb. And people call me successful and happy!"

THE desire to lift the man out of his mire of hopeless cynicism became an imperative need with June, and in her anxiety and eagerness she forgot herself and her own discouragement. The transferred interest and effort brought her a sense of wholesome warmth and returning happiness. She had learned the first lesson in peace.

They talked on, and Holt, as if his long-pent thoughts had been like dammed waters, let them sweep him along. There was little they did not discuss, and through it all he sat, as it were, at her feet, eager to learn.

Meanwhile, outside, day was fading. The "high fog," an almost daily visitor at this hour, had floated in, darkening the sky as if for rain. It came far above the earth, thick and gray, and was fitted to the bowl of the sky like a woolen lining to a hat. It truncated the mountains, and boiled and smoked down the canyons with the eddying breezes. And it brought cold.

"Will you turn on the lights, please?" June asked presently. "Just behind you in the wall."

"Look here," he said, standing up briskly,
(Continued on page 144)



Step This Way for the Promised Land, Which in this instance is somewhere in California's Ventura County, famous for its beans and beets. "The Caravan" is the name of the photoplay in which this bit of "desert stuff" will appear. It is a Universal, directed by Raymond Wells, the megaphoniac in the foreground.

WHOM the sea hath joined the
love of a child can part when
woman's heart calls to woman

The Unwelcome Mother

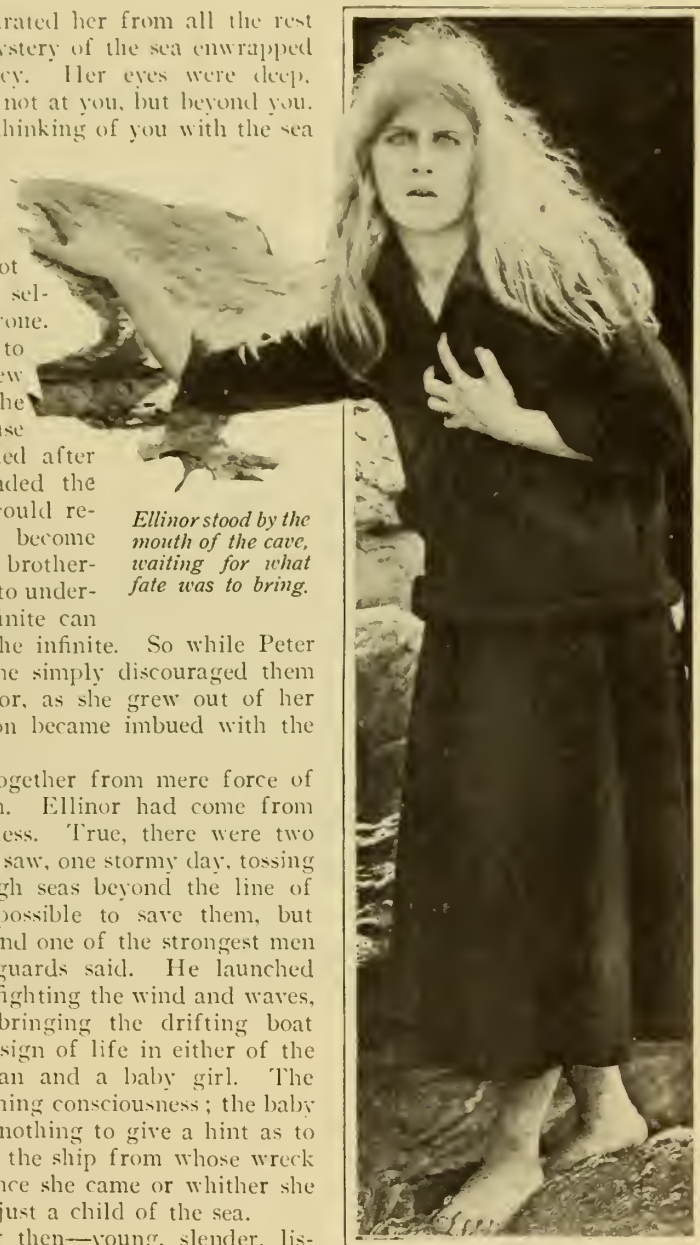
By Jerome Shorey

Produced by the Fox Film Corporation

LIKE a veil that separated her from all the rest of the world, the mystery of the sea enwrapped Ellinor from infancy. Her eyes were deep, fathomless. They looked not at you, but beyond you. Always she seemed to be thinking of you with the sea as a background, as if she did not trust her own judgment of you, but was seeking counsel of distant waves. But this was not often noticed, for it was seldom that she met anyone. There were few visitors to Peter's Point, and those few were not encouraged. The Point, where the lighthouse had been built, was named after Old Peter, who had tended the light as long as anyone could remember, and Peter had become a member of that silent brotherhood which comes as close to understanding the sea as the finite can come to comprehending the infinite. So while Peter did not repulse visitors, he simply discouraged them by his silence, and Ellinor, as she grew out of her prattling, baby years, soon became imbued with the same spell.

Perhaps it was not altogether from mere force of imitation of the old man. Ellinor had come from the sea—virtually parentless. True, there were two in the boat that Old Peter saw, one stormy day, tossing in the troughs of the high seas beyond the line of breakers. It seemed impossible to save them, but Peter was younger then, and one of the strongest men in the service, the coastguards said. He launched his sturdy little skiff, and fighting the wind and waves, at length succeeded in bringing the drifting boat ashore. There was little sign of life in either of the occupants, a young woman and a baby girl. The mother died without regaining consciousness; the baby was Ellinor. There was nothing to give a hint as to her name, or the name of the ship from whose wreck they had escaped, or whence she came or whither she was bound. Ellinor was just a child of the sea.

Peter's wife was living then—young, slender, lis-



Ellinor stood by the mouth of the cave, waiting for what fate was to bring.



some, full of joy, but childless. Truth to tell, she was not of the brotherhood of the sea, and not long after her marriage she discovered that, while her love for her big, silent husband was steadfast, she could not enter into that other life of his, that life which was lived in long hours of silent

Ellinor and Peter would sit for hours,

gazing across the billows from the top of the lighthouse, or from the rocky shore. So she welcomed Ellinor, and clung to her with new hope and joy. But, baby though she was, the child of the ocean already seemed obsessed by the great tragedy



watching the waves, listening, dreaming.

through which she had passed, and often in the midst of some childish game she would stop suddenly, and stare out across the water. This added sorrow and isolation was too great a strain for Peter's wife, and she failed swiftly; so while Ellinor was

still too young to understand, she and Peter—they of the brotherhood—were alone in the lighthouse.

Thus girlhood passed, and the bloom of womanhood began to ripen on the girl's wind-tanned cheeks. Ignorant she was, almost illiterate. Old Peter—that was

what they began to call him now in the neighboring village—considered all learning useless, further than what was necessary for buying and selling the necessities of life, and this he undertook to impart to Ellinor in leisurely fashion. All other wisdom, to him, was concealed out there in those ceaselessly tossing waves. There was the enigma of life, and what use to search for the solution of the riddle in books? They would sit for hours, this strange pair, by a mossgrown log in the mouth of a sheltered cave, silent for long periods, listening, dreaming—of what, only they themselves knew, and that but vaguely. Occasionally Peter would tell some weird old story of the ships. Sometimes Ellinor would ask simple childish questions, to which Peter would only shake his head, and look out again across the waves.

But Peter was growing old, and Ellinor was just coming into the doorway of life.

"There must be something more than this," she would say to herself, as vague awakenings stirred within her bosom. But there was no one to guide her, and she would stare, and stare, as if she would force from the ocean an answer to the eternal question of existence.

She was standing thus one day when she discerned something that made her heart beat faster. A ship had anchored off the coast the night before and its sails were now swelling as they tugged its huge bulk out toward the horizon. But between her and the ship there was something moving in the water. It would rise with the wave, and disappear in the trough again. It was not a boat, and it was not driftwood. It was alive. She could see an arm reach out

in powerful strokes, and push toward the shore, in the unusually calm water. It was a man, swimming toward the spot where she was standing. She wanted to escape but she could not. Perhaps this, after all, was the answer to her unspoken questions. Perhaps this man would bring her a message of the meaning of life. So she stood by the mouth of the cave, watching, and waiting for what fate was to bring.

The man reached shallow water, stood up, saw the girl, and strode toward her, his clothes dripping. He was no hero of romance, but Ellinor had read no romances. Her only comparison was with Peter. His

face was not so kindly as Peter's; it was almost sinister, but it was the face of a man of great power, a man who would not easily be denied. He came close to her and looked down into her eyes without smiling; she returned his gaze with the same gravity. She was not afraid, only filled with wonder, and she was the first to speak.

"Who are



"I've got to go," he said at last. "They'll send ashore at the first port and start a hunt for me."

you?" she asked.

"Mason. Who are you?"

"Ellinor."

"Live around here?"

"Yes. At the lighthouse. Why did you swim ashore?"

He laughed. It was almost a snarl.

"See that ship?" and he pointed at the rapidly receding vessel. "Well, I killed the captain last night. If I hadn't, he'd have killed me. But it wasn't safe to stay. So here I am."

"You killed a man?" and Ellinor drew back a little.

"I tell you it was a fair fight," he said fiercely. "Things like that happen at sea."



Peter: "We sea folk do not take kindly to the cities."

"Is everything about the sea hard and terrible?" Ellinor asked.

"No, little Ellinor," Mason replied, and his voice was almost tender. "There's the light of the moon on the waves in the quiet tropic nights, and there's the whip and the sting of the spray that makes a man of you if you've got it in you—and all the time, there's love at the end of the voyage."

"Love?" The word came tremulously.

"Yes—love." He came closer and took her by the arm, and she did not flinch. This hand that had killed another man was holding her, but the man was of the brotherhood of the sea. She was not afraid.

"I don't understand," she said.

"But you shall. You're one of us. I see it in your eyes. You've watched the storm come up, and the sun go down—you've seen the foam creeping along in ragged lines and the ships go staggering by. You'll know love, little Ellinor, like only us of the sea know it."

There was something hypnotic about the man, and she sat beside him on a rock while he talked and talked, and told her stories of distant lands, and always the burden of the tale was love and the sea. Her heart beat faster. For Ellinor this was a day of revelations.

"I've got to go," he said at last. "They'll send ashore at the first port and start a hunt for me. I'll come back one day, but now, before I go, you shall be my wife, by the law of the ring and the wave."

Mason took from his pocket a key ring, slipped a curious gold band from his finger and a little ring from Ellinor's. Fastening the two upon the key ring he flung them out into the surf.

"Now you're mine," he said. "Whom the sea hath joined, only the sea can part." Gripping Ellinor's wrist, he stared out at the spot where the rings had disappeared. And a few minutes later he sprang to his feet without another word, bounded away

across the rocks and soon was hidden from the sight of the girl he had thus declared his bride.

Ellinor said nothing of the encounter to Old Peter. Out of the deep there had come to her a word that never had been spoken between them, arousing emotions which the girl felt the silent old man would not understand. If these emotions had been deeper, they would have so changed her that Peter would have noticed, or that they would have forced her to confide in the only confidant she knew. But after all, it was hardly more than a word that had been thus suddenly brought into her life—she had come at last to know what love might mean, but not as yet what it did mean. Still, it was a partial answer to her incessant questionings of those tossing waves, and it was with new hope that she returned to her silent existence in the lighthouse.

She enjoyed being alone, even apart from Peter, to muse upon the past and dream of the future. Would Mason come back? Did she want him to come back? She hardly knew.

IT was thus that George Hudson found her one day, and, attracted by the mystery in her eyes, he paused for a few moments' idle conversation. Ellinor knew him by sight, as the wealthiest man in the little fishing port where she had occasionally gone with Peter to make their small purchases. The conversation flagged. Mentally, they had little in common. Hudson, a scholar, man of the world, and something of the aristocrat, could not readily discover common ground for intercourse with this child of the silent places, and yet she interested him. And Ellinor began to understand that there was

a strength which was not physical, not brutal; a strength very different from the monotonous pounding of the surf, and no less different from the animal ferocity of Mason. It was the first of many meetings. Hudson realized that the girl fascinated him; he tried to stay away from their trysting place, but could not.

"It is ridiculous," he told himself. "What can she ever be to me?"

He could make himself no answer; yet he always returned to the spot where he was sure to find her. He was a widower, with three children, the eldest a sensitive, almost super-refined girl of twelve. He tried to imagine Ellinor in his home taking the place of the mother of whom Ann never ceased speaking, though Mrs. Hudson had been dead five years. He felt that Ann never could accept Ellinor, not merely because of the reverence in which she held her mother's memory, but because Ellinor was of a different mould. Ann was a child of civilization. Ellinor of the wild places. Yet he knew he wanted Ellinor. And meanwhile Ellinor had learned that love was something more than a word cast up by the waves. The spell of the sea was



Ellinor loved Hudson, but for the first time in a year longed for the solace of the sea.

broken, at least for the time.

"Ellinor," he said one day, "I want you to be my wife."

She did not speak, but with a hopeless expression scanned his immaculate garb, and then glanced down at her own simple garments.

"I understand what you are thinking," he went on. "I have thought it all out. I want you to study, to develop your mind, to learn to be at home in the sort of life I live. It will not be a prison, for I too love the sea and the 'far-seeing places.' But



"I must go," Ellinor said. She seemed held in a sort of trance.



there are beautiful things about my world too. Won't you let me send you away for a few months, perhaps a year, to a dear friend of mine, and learn to be at home in this other world—to return then and be my wife?"

"Do you think I could?"

"Of course you can. Will you?"

"We must ask Peter. He has been so good to me."

And they sought out the old man at his cabin near the lighthouse, and told their story. Ellinor was the spokesman, and she broke the news simply and without affectation. Peter listened in silence, imperturbable but manifestly doubtful of the wisdom of the plan.

"We sea folk don't take kindly to the cities," he said.

"But Peter, perhaps I am not of the sea folk at all. I want to know," Ellinor replied.

Peter shook his head doubtfully, but the girl's earnestness and Hudson's evident sin-

cerity outweighed his objections. Besides, he knew there was more than a touch of selfishness in his desire to keep Ellinor with him. So he consented at last, and in a week she had gone.

A YEAR later, George Hudson led a transformed, elegantly gowned Ellinor to the altar, and to his home. In the intervening months he had devoted a great deal of time to preparing Ann for the event.

"Wouldn't you like to have a new mother?" he asked her one evening.

"A new mother? There never can be another besides Mamma," she replied, in a puzzled voice.

Her father explained as best he could, but the child could not be convinced that in some way her sacred memories were not being slighted. So it was a somewhat grave and silent wedding party. From her first meeting with this child, Ellinor's alert instincts sensed antagonism. She wanted to draw back, but said nothing. She loved

Hudson, and she had given her word, but for the first time in a year she longed for the solace of the sea, as she entered the home where she was confronted by the task of being mother to a child who regarded her as an intruder. Ann was not openly antagonistic, and made many pathetic little attempts to be friendly, but often would rush away to the seclusion of her room, and sob her grief to her pillow.

Even when she was alone with her husband, Ellinor could not overcome the feeling of oppression. It was only when they would escape from the house, and return to the cliffs beside the sea where they had first met, that she became her old self again. So she began to accuse herself of failure. She thought she never could become a real part of that other life, and must always be just a child of the sea. The deep was calling to her once more, and the faraway look in her eyes returned.

"Why so silent?" Hudson asked her one day.

"It is the sea. I cannot escape it. I cannot be happy away from it, and now I cannot be happy beside it."

"Forget the sea, and think of our love. That will break the chain."

"If only Ann would love me," she sighed.

"We must be patient. That will come with time."

So Ellinor tried to be patient and tender, but Ann retired more and more within herself. At last the crisis came. One evening Ellinor, her nerves wrenched with longing for joy and harmony in the home, swept Ann into her arms, and almost hysterically pleaded for a little affection, for she had come to love the child despite the barrier between them. But Ann stiffened herself, drew away, and quit the room without a word. Ellinor flung herself upon a couch and wept, and it was thus that Hudson found her. She calmed herself, with a great effort, and faced him. She had reached her decision.

"I must go," she said. "This never can be my home—our home. I am trying to sit in a chair that is occupied by a ghost. The sea is calling me, and I must go."

"You shall not go," he answered. "You are my wife."

"I cannot stay—I cannot! I must go, now—tonight. I have broken my vow to the sea." Suddenly she remembered Mason, and the ceremony of the rings and the

waves. She never had told Hudson of the incident. It had seemed only a dream, from the day she first met him. "Whom the sea hath joined, only the sea can part," she said.

"What do you mean?" Hudson demanded.

She told him of Mason, of his mysterious coming, of the word he had brought from the deep, the word she did not understand until Hudson interpreted it—the word "Love." She told of their rings, flung into the surf, and Mason's promise to return.

"But that was only a childish fancy," he insisted. "You did not love him. It was only a game. And he never did return."

While he was still speaking the door was thrown open unceremoniously, and a big man in oilskins strode into the room.

"I have returned," he said grimly. "Come, Ellinor—my wife."

"It is fate," Ellinor whispered. "It is the answer."

They stood there a full minute, motionless, except as they looked from one to another. Hudson broke the spell with a nervous laugh.

"Why it's all ridiculous—preposterous," he said. "You can't do things like this. You can't break all the laws of God and man because of a childish game."

"You don't understand," Mason replied, in low, solemn tones. "There is no law to govern the sea and its people, except the laws we ourselves make, and obey. You may try to forget for a while, but once you have known the sea you always must return."

"I must go," Ellinor said, her tones void of expression. She seemed held in a sort of trance.

"But you love me," Hudson urged. "How can you go?"

"I love you, I love your children," Ellinor answered, in the same monotone. "I wanted to be part of your life, but it is impossible. There is no joy in the sea, and I wanted joy. But there is none here for me either. I wanted to bring happiness to you and your children, but I bring only sorrow and bitter memories. I must go." She turned toward Mason. "I am ready," she said. "I will go with you."

Hudson bowed his head upon his breast. He realized he was defeated. He felt the hopelessness of argument against such emotions as these. After all, perhaps, Elli-

nor was right. Perhaps he had had no right to try to transform her into a conventional wife. All the mystery of the situation began to weigh down upon him, and he grew numb and cold. As if he were witnessing a play he saw Ellinor stand, half turning toward Mason, and yet seeming to wait for his consent.

"If it must be—it must," he said, brokenly. "I have tried to make you happy, but it seems, after all, that love will not break the spell of the sea."

Ellinor took a step toward Mason, but a cry from the doorway stopped her.

"Mother, mother," Ann called. "Don't

go—please don't go—I didn't understand. I didn't know."

And with a rush the child flung herself at Ellinor's feet and clung to her knees. In an instant they were sobbing in each other's arms and kissing away each other's tears. Hudson dropped into a chair and buried his face in his hands. Mason looked on, still stern and grim, then turned away and strode toward the door.

"You were wrong," he said, pausing before he passed out into the night. "Love can break any spell. It's the only thing that is bigger and stronger than the sea. Goodbye."

"Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea"



Universal has just finished a spectacular camera transcription of Jules Verne's old story, title above. Their rendition is accompanied by many curious and some astounding devices of optics and personal safety under the sea. A large part of the play was really acted—examine the scene above—on the tropic ocean bed near the Bahama Islands. Guns which fire under water, diving costumes enabling the players to move with alacrity and remain submerged for hours, and a submarine camera "taking" through heavy French plate glass were a few of the properties equipping this production. This singular U-boat among dramatic craft will probably receive its launching late in the autumn.



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Where millions of people gather daily many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. One dollar will be paid for each story printed. Contributions must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to include your name and address. Send to: "Seen and Heard" Dept., Photoplay Magazine, Chicago. Owing to the large number of contributions to this department, it is impossible to return unavailable manuscripts to the authors. Therefore do not enclose postage or stamped envelopes as contributions will not be returned.

Where Innocence Is ——?

SMALL daughter to youthful mother, six rows back: O ma-ma, lookie! That big girl across the aisle has got her head on the gentleman's shoulder! O--o-o!

Youthful mother: S--h-h, he might hear you.

Small daughter, wonderingly: Why, doesn't he know it's there?

Alfred S. Herzig, Brooklyn, N. Y.

And the Female of the Species—

ON the screen was being shown "The Harmless One."

He: When I was a boy, you know, the doctor said if I didn't stop smoking cigarettes I would become feeble-minded.

She: I should think that would have made you stop.

Elsie Stevenson, Woodstock, Ill.

Youth's Simple Faith

THE scene in the society drama showed the heroine searching madly in dresser drawers for a lost diamond brooch. She was revealed in a gown extremely décolleté.

Alice, aged four: Brother! Brother! what ith the lady hunting for?

Rupert, aged eight (blushing and incensed): H-s-s-h, you little silly! Don't talk so loud! She's hunting for some clothes to put on.

Isabel Nichols, Dallas, Tex.

Yessch, He Suttinly Ruined!

ON the screen the villain had committed a terrible murder and been arrested, and a close-up showed him peering from behind bars.

First colored spectator: Whut dey-all a-goin-a-do wif him, Sam? Does you know?

Second colored spectator: Co'se Ah knows, niggeh. Dey goin' tak him out an' set him down in a cheer; an' strap he's ahms an' laigs tight. An' den, dey goin-a press a button.

First c. s.: Y-y-y-es. Den whut?

Second c. s.: Den, niggeh, he jes' natchly goin' to be ruined foh life.

B. L. Willman, Louisville, Ky.

And the Burial Proceeded

IHAVEN'T much patience with the person who makes comments aloud in moving picture theatres, but the other day I freely forgave one for the excellence of the story he told three feet behind my ear.

The screen had just shown an open-grave scene in a cemetery. "That reminds me," spoke up the voice to rearward. "In some parts of Pennsylvania it is an old custom that no clods of earth shall be dropped on the lowered coffin until someone has said a good word for the dead. At one of

these occasions there was a long wait. John Smith had been such an ornery citizen that nobody could think of a nice thing to say over his corpse. The wait was becoming awkward, when finally a neighbor stepped out to the grave's edge, and said solemnly:

"Friends, I want to take this opportunity to say—to say—that John Smith was not always as mean as he was sometimes."

C. A. McAlpine, Berkeley, Cal.



"Yo ho, Willyum, come over, the camera man's a goin' to take some movies of the monkey."



“Let’s Go” McGowan

HELEN HOLMES’ HUSBAND-DIRECTOR-ACTOR
LIVES A STRENUOUS LIFE, AND HE HAS A
WAY OF PROPOSING INSTEAD OF ORDERING

By Allen Corliss

OF course, that’s not his honest-Injun name, but if the copyright laws would permit it the chances are those two words would be reserved for his own special, individual use. Without them life would be a burden to him and he would be forced to learn to talk with his hands. Denied their use, he would ask that his name be stricken from the payroll, and future generations of theater-goers would know him not. They are typical of the man J. P. McGowan, and to think of him directing the production of a photoplay without the use of the magic pass-words “let’s go,” is like trying to imagine Camembert without the green kalsomine trimmings, boarding-house hash without a lurking suspicion of previous acquaintance, or the pride of Henry Ford without a rattle.

Taken by themselves, perhaps, the words mean little. By inference, however, they speak worlds. “Let’s go!” as employed by this tall, angular Australian really means “Come on, boys! Follow me!” and it is generally conceded that the millenium will not be far distant when he changes from that form of address to one which implies “Go

*As Director
General of
the Signal,
Mr. Mc-
Gowan’s
duties are
many. Here
he is acting
and direct-
ing.*



At last the location is in sight, but "shank's mules" have still to carry the company across the Colorado, quicksand notwithstanding.

ahead, boys. You do it and I'll wait for you." For thus far there is no record of his having asked a man to do what he himself was unwilling to do.

"That's just the trouble with him, dah-gun 'im!" remarks one of his assistants. "He'd rather do my work, if I overlook a bet, than to tell me to do it. An' that makes me feel like a boob."

Possibly he knows this. Possibly it is in this knowledge of human nature that his system lies. At any rate, it is certain that for systems as they are generally understood he has no time. Notwithstanding all the treatises that have been written by bulge-browed professors on the subject of scientific management, the elimination of waste energy and all the rest of it, *ad infinitum*, he pooh-poohs it all, snaps a rubber band around it and pigeon-holes it under the general head of "bunk." Moreover, to argue with him on the subject is the one sure way to start something.

When the Signal Film corporation was organized several months ago, a salesman came to him with the suggestion that he buy a time-

clock. At the mention of the word Mr. McGowan stopped the person.

"I believe in system to the extent of disliking anything in the way of waste energy," he remarked. "It would be a waste of energy for you to continue your discourse. I want no time-clocks."

"But," replied the salesman, the light of sales battle shining in his eye, "surely you understand that—"

"Surely I understand that I wouldn't have a man working for me who would consent to punch one of those automatic spotters," interrupted Mac. "I could not be insulted more neatly than by being asked to punch one, and I won't



His training on Australian cattle ranches stands him in good stead in stunts of this sort.

insult my boys by asking of them what I myself would refuse to do.”

“But punctuality—”

“Punctuality your eye. I want no punctuality that can be measured by a mess of springs and wheels. I want no man working with me who arrives at the same minute each morning to punch a clock, for he will be quite as punctual in punching it on his way out in the evening. I want no man who comes merely to spend a specified number of hours at the studio. I want the men who come because they have work to do in which they are interested. If that interest is not strong enough to get them here on time, no time-clock would do it. They might get here on time but they wouldn’t be ready to work. No, sir. Take it away. I want no men with time-clock souls. Good day.”

A short time ago there came a hurry call from an Eastern exchange to rush through a certain film at once. The company had worked most of the previous night, and after a few hours sleep had come back to the studio and worked all that day. They had shot the last scene, and Mr. McGowan was just sitting down to dinner when the wire came. He read it standing and he stepped to the phone.

“Denny,” he said, when he had the laboratory superintendent on the wire, “we’ve got to work tonight. I’ll send a machine for you. You pick up the other boys on the way over. Get me a print of to-day’s work as soon as you can. I’ll cut it tonight, run it about three-thirty tomorrow morning, take continuity and we’ll shoot it down to the six o’clock train East.”

Kindly note that he made use of the first person, plural, throughout the conversation, and that he reserved for himself a considerable portion of the work laid out. He could have turned the whole thing over to his laboratory force. But no. It is his idea that when there is extra work to be done his place is in the thick of it.

This sounds as though working for J. P.

McGowan is pretty hard pickings. None of the company seems to think so. As a matter of fact, the only man in the company whom Mr. McGowan overworks is J. P. McGowan. For himself he has no pity. He knows nothing of hours and carries no watch. A characteristic of the man is to start to work on something after dinner to kill time—and forget to quit until he is called for breakfast.

As director general of the Signal, Mr. McGowan’s executive duties are many. In addition to them he directs in person the Helen Holmes company, and in the majority of their pictures he plays a leading role. While he is producing one picture he is collaborating with Miss Holmes on the scenario for the next one and as fast as the exposed film is printed and developed he cuts and assembles it for shipment to the Eastern exchanges. Outside of this, he has very little to occupy his attention.

He thrives on this sort of thing. Work seems to be recreation in his scheme of affairs. When he decided to take a vacation and go to Honolulu, at the last moment the thought of being so long away from his work was too much for him. Accordingly one night instead of going to bed he amused himself by writing a scenario which he called “The Diamond Runners.” Next morning he told his company to pack up and go with him on his vacation.

“While I am lolling around aboard ship resting,” he said by way of explanation, “I might as well make a picture.”

The time he spent as skipper of wind-jammers, the service he saw during the Boer War, the part he played in the De Villier African explorations, his life on ranches and through Mexico, all these have left him thoroughly at home wherever he can find a peg long enough to hang his hat on. Also the wealth of material he gathered during those years is probably largely responsible for his success as a film producer, and for his fondness for the slogan “Come on, Boys! Let’s go!”

Earth’s Twelve Greatest Men

Charles Chaplin.
Nero.
Dr. Munyon.
The Ford Bros. (Francis and Henry).
Pancho Villa.
Lewis J. Selznick.

Crane Wilbur.
S. L. Rothapfel.
Wilbur F. Crafts.
Broncho Billy.
Pete Props.

PHOTOPLAY TITLE CONTEST

Number IX—Complete in this issue. For explanation see opposite page.

FIND TITLES IN THIS LIST

Sally in Our Alley	The Musician's Daughter	The Abandonment
Tangled Threads	Putting One Over	The Woman
The Man from Bltter Root	Jack and the Beanstalk	Tough Luck
Hulda of Holland	Lena Rivers	The Figure in Black
Salomy Jane	A City Beautiful	Fine Feathers
Fathers of Men	Business vs. Love	A Buried City
The Shop Girl	The Black Mask	Builder of Bridges
How Britain Prepared	Freckles	By Fair Means or Foul
The World's Great Snare	House with Nobody in It	The Country Chairman
The American Beauty	My Lost One	The Cub
Flirting with Fate	A Child of the Surf	Copper
The Deserter	A Fireside Realization	The Family Bible
The Mystery of the Leaping Fish	Mistakes Will Happen	The Greater Courage
The Grasp of Greed	The Pretenders	From Italy's Shores
God's Country and the Woman	A Divine Decree	Frauds
The Phantom	Crossed Wires	Jane Was Worth It
The Spider	Gene of the Northland	Lights and Shadows
The Evil Thereof	An Equal Chance	Let Us Have Peace
The Masked Rider	The Idlers	The Ladder of Fortune
Eye of God	Little Grey Lady	Lives of the Jungle
Destiny's Toy	The New Butler	The Morals of Marcus
The Seeker	Disappearing Necklace	The Rug Maker's Daughter
Safety First	A Wife at Bay	Stolen Goods
An Innocent Magdalene	Sting of Conscience	The Reward
Concealed Truth	O'Hagan's Scoop	The Unafraid
The Crucial Test	All at Sea	The Avalanche
The Vagabond	Who's Guilty?	Broken Ways
The Valiants of Virginia	The Sheriff of Pine Mountain	The Clue
Caprice of the Mountains	The Broken Law	A Doomed Hero
Diplomacy	Apostle of Vengeance	The Double Standard
The Crucial Test	The Lamb	Father's Money
According to the Code	The Limousine Mystery	The Bridal Bouquet
The Mesh of Mystery	The Capital Prize	The Circular Staircase
Bubbles of Trouble	Out of the Quagmire	The Corsican Brothers
The Crippled Hand	Betty of Greystone	The Battle
The Flower of No Man's Land	The Innocence of Ruth	Broadway Favorites
The Feud Girl	The Lightning Bellhop	The Black Fox
Silks and Satins	A Traitor to Art	The Belated Honeymoon
Britton of the Seventh	Love's Crossroads	A Child of the North
Casey at the Bat	A Gentle Volunteer	Cinderella
Mr. Goode, the Samaritan	Borrowing Trouble	Who pays?
The Moment Before	Unto Those Who Sin	The Night
The Clown	Captain Swift	The Night of Thrills
The Three Godfathers	One Day	One Man's Evil
Caught with the Goods	Willie's Wobbly Ways	In the Dark
Around the World in Ten Minutes	The Human Cactus	A Business Buccaneer
An Hour Before Dawn	The Hazards of Helen	Tribby
One of our Girls	The Jester	Alias Jimmy Valentine
Jordan is a Hard Road	Good Night, Nurse	The Alien
Old Heidelberg	The Scarlet Mark	Always in the Way
A Tale of the North West Mounted	The Hare and the Tortoise	Ambition
The Secret Sin	The Sentimental Lady	The Arrival of Perpetua
The Criminal	Preparedness	The Crucible of Fate
Hypocrites	Through Flames of Love	Hearts of Women
Fighting Bob	The Scapegrace	As Ye Sow
The House of a Thousand Candles	It Happened in Honolulu	Counsel for Defense
Mumps	The Cage Man	Cinderella's Slippers
A Dog's Love	The Devil's Image	Miss Tomboy
Battle in the Clouds	Monte Cristo	Between Men
The Littlest Rebel	The Hebrew Detective	Neptune's Daughter
Cupid Takes a Taxi	The Stampede	The Breath of Araby
The Guilt	Rupert of Hentzau	The Boss
In High Life	Four Months	The Blood Yoke
Kidnapped at Church	The Fight Rein	The Black Ring

(List Continued on Second Page Following)

HERE ARE THE JUNE WINNERS

CONTEST NO. 7

First Prize, \$10.00, Miss Florence Soule, 28 Leyden St., Brockton, Mass.

Second Prize, \$5.00, Mrs. J. P. Brundige, 3503 Chestnut St., New Orleans, La.

Third Prize, \$3.00, Mrs. A. A. De Leo, S-320 Browne St., Spokane, Wash.

Fourth Prize, \$2.00, Andrew Fueyer, Jr., 3405 Park Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Ten \$1.00 Prizes: Miss Kathryn Grace Rapp, 308 N. 7th St., Lebanon, Pa.; Miss M. D. Foster, Box 288, Bath, Me.; Miss Alma Timmerman, 4344 Hamilton Ave., Cincinnati, O.; Miss Alta Carter, 726 Washington St., Columbus, Ind.; G. A. Doetlaff, 110 E. Virginia Ave., Arlington, Md.; Mrs. S. E. Black-

well, 5931 West End Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Miss Hazel Rust, 1530 Bever Ave., Cedar Rapids, Ia.; Mrs. L. K. Leggett, 36 Buttles Ave., Columbus, Ohio; Miss Elsie I. Mishler, 1480 Second Ave., Detroit, Mich.; W. J. Scofield, Box 914, Bandon, Ore.

THE CORRECT JULY TITLES

1. "Parting of the Ways."
2. "The Wrong Address."
3. "A Lucky Blowout."
4. "The Little Girl Next Door."
5. "The Last Act."
6. "The Red Circle."
7. "C. D."
8. "A Matter of Seconds."

FOURTEEN CASH PRIZES

FOR the correct or nearest correct answers to these pictures. The awards are cash, without any string whatever to them. This is the ninth of a series of novel feature contests to interest and benefit our readers at absolutely no cost to them—the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE way. The awards are all for this month's contest.



1



2



3



4

THE PRIZES

1st Prize, \$10.00.
 2nd Prize, \$5.00.
 3rd Prize, \$3.00.
 4th Prize, \$2.00.
 Ten Prizes, \$1.00 each.

Each scene represents the name of a popular photoplay which will be found in the list on the opposite page and the page following. These illustrations are not of scenes from the plays, but are of the titles. In the case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded to the senders of the answers involved.



5



6



7



8

Directions

Write plainly below each picture the *title* which you think it best represents. Place your own name and complete address on the margin at the bottom of this page. Cut the leaf out and mail it to "Title Contest," PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago. Or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper. Number your answers to correspond with the numbers of the pictures. We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask us questions. Only one set of answers allowed each contestant. All answers must be mailed before October first. Awards for this list will be published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Look for this contest each month.

PHOTOPLAY TITLE CONTEST

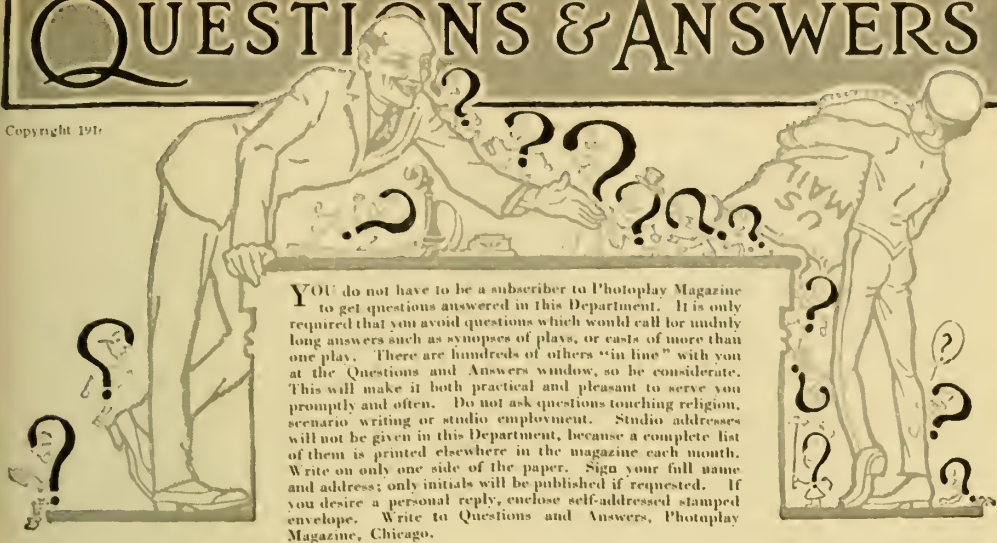
(See preceding page for explanation.)

LIST OF TITLES CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE PRECEDING

- Birth of a Nation
The Captive
Captain Fracasse
Captain Courtesy
The Candidate's Past
The Canceled Mortgage
Call of the Waves
Called Back
The Blessed Miracle
A Difference of Opinion
The Disillusionment of Jane
The Dictator
Death's Marathon
The Death Dice
In the Days of Famine
The Dawn of a Tomorrow
A Daughter of Earth
The Dancing Girl
For Her Friend
For Her Happiness
The Forest Thieves
The Boss
Bought and Paid For
The Branded Six Shooter
The Figure in Black
Brave and Bold
The Buckskin Shirt
The Busy Bell Boy
A Coat Tale
The Comeback
Comrades
A Country Lad
The Broken Doll
Bumped for Fair
Cupid Incognito
Curiosity
A Day's Adventure
The Destroyer
The Dog Raffles
The End of the Trail
The Enemy
A Far Country
The Fascinating Eye
Fate and Three
Father's Money
Fighters of the Plains
The Firing Line
From Dawn Till Dark
A Gentleman of Fortune
The Girl Who Won
The Hands of Providence
A Happy Pair
Her Nerve
All Over a Stocking
The End of the Play
Getting the Grip
The Haunting Eye
His Gratitude
In Peril of the Sea
In Wrong
An Innocent Sinner
Just a Lark
The Knight of Her Dreams
Indiscretion
His Return
In the Sunlight
Red Wins
The Fatal Hour
Between Savage and Tiger
The Broken Coin
Woman Behind the Man
Wrong All Around
When a Woman Waits
When East Meets West
When Hearts Are Trumps
When Souls Are Tried
Where Love Dwells
Which Would You Rather Be?
The Widow's Children
The Victim
What a Blind Man Saw
Unlike Other Girls
Through the Dark
Tracked Across the Desert
The Raven
Three of a Kind
This Is the Life
The Way of a Mother
The Third Partner
The Secret Sin
The Miser's Reversion
- The Modern Child
The Mountain Girl
The Old Clothes Shop
The Other Man
The Pride of the Force
Emmy of Stork's Nest
The Headliners
Their One Love
The Last Act
The Lure of the Sawdust
A Test of Courage
The Test of Flame
The Test
A Submarine Pilot
The Alarm
The City of Darkness
The Danger Line
Across the Desert
The Ring Master
Safety First
Old Man
On the Brink of the Abyss
The Quest
One Night
The Open Door
A Girl of Yesterday
The Man With the Iron Heart
The Master of the House
Like Father, Like Son
Little Mischief
Jealousy
Dust
The Man from Nowhere
The Perils of Divorce
Redemption of Dave Darcey
Blazing Love
East Lynne
Into the Primitive
The Flying Torpedo
The Three Godfathers
The Ordeal of Elizabeth
Letitia
Mr. Leeson's Will
The Making of Maddalena
Once a Feat
Shoes
The Shadow of Scandal
The Dupe
The Eye of the Night
A Million Bid
What Happened at 22
The Girl Who Feared Daylight
The Bugle Call
Elusive Isabelle
Sons of Immortals
Siberia, the Unknown
A Gutter Magdalene
The Man Behind the Curtain
Final Payment
Susie Snowflake
The Stolen Master
The Dupe
Those Who Told
Ambition
Ruff House
Just for a Kid
Reggie Mixes In
The Broken Promise
The Weaking
The Eyes of Fear
Beverly of Graustark
The Girl I left Behind Me
Homecoming
By Fair Means or Foul
The Country Chairman
The Cub
Copper
The Family Bible
The Greater Courage
From Italy's Shores
Double Trouble
Life's Pitfalls
The Glory of Youth
The Voice in the Fog
Body and Soul
The Mayor's Decision
Let Kitty Do It
Fatty and Broadway Stars
The Comet
The Cheat
When the Light Came In
- Heart of Blue Ridge
The Miracle of Life
The Euzzard's Shadow
The Lilly and the Rose
Vengeance of the Wild
The Primrose Path
The Soul of Broadway
Lakeside Topics
A Daughter of the Sea
The Alster Case
A Woman's Conquest
Sins of Society
Sealed Orders
One Million Dollars
Armstrong's Wife
The Mill on the Floss
The Widow's Secret
Carmen
My Madonna
A Night in the Show
A Gentleman of the West
Zaza
And He Never Knew
Chance
Almost a Winner
For Art and Love
All About a Baby
The Baby's Doll
The Angel in the Mask
The Animal
Are You a Mason?
The Artist's Model
Arms and the Man
At the Mask-Ball
Be Neutral
A Bear Escape
Bean and Hobo
Behind the Gun
The Call of the Waves
Called Back
Capturing the Cook
The Cause
A Chip of the Old Block
A Circle in the Sand
Civilized and Savage
Close to Nature
The Club Man
Between the Two of Them
By the Sea
Cast Up by the Sea
Caught with the Goods
The Danger Line
A Dog's Tail
A Gentleman from Indiana
Beware the Dog
The Blank Page
The Blond Lady
A Dangerous Experiment
The Double Cross
A Dream of a Painting
The Easiest Way
The Eleventh Dimension
Empty Pockets
The Escape
The Face at the Window
The Faith of Two
False Colors
His Guardian Auto
The Cowardly Way
Where the Road Divided
In the Heart of the Hills
A Fireside Realization
A Man and His Mate
A Ride for a Bride
A Rural Romance
As a Man Thinketh
Broncho Billy and the Land
Bubbling Water
Man to Man
Comrades
Daylight
The End of the Run
Crossed Wires
The Face at the Window
The Stay at Homes
From the Shadows
Getting Acquainted
Girl at the Curtain
The Good Old Summertime
Lights and Shadows
Hearts United

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

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YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. There are hundreds of others "in line" with you at the Questions and Answers window, so be considerate. This will make it both practical and pleasant to serve you promptly and often. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

SEBASTIAN, BATAVIA, D. E. I.—Glad to learn that PHOTOPLAY is popular so very far away from home. We have several subscribers in the Dutch East Indies. Yes, Kathlyn Williams is still with Selig. Any bookseller should be able to obtain the books you ask about. Shall be pleased to provide you with the addresses of any photoplayers you are interested in.

G. D. N. ANNAPOLIS, MD.—So far as we know William A. Brady has never been an actor or a playwright, but for a great many years he has been one of the country's greatest theatrical producers. As you surmised, he is Alice Brady's father. Also, he is the husband of Grace George, the noted actress.

S., PASADENA, CAL.—Dorothy Davenport is Wallace Reid's wife; Cleo Ridgley is the wife of J. M. Ridgley and Earle Foxe's better half is Celia Santon. The others you mention are not married. You are only a few miles away; why don't you ask Mr. Reid for a photograph?

M. M., NASHVILLE, TENN.—We cannot recommend any schools. If you have had dramatic experience either on the stage or before the camera, you should be able to get a trial. Many more photoplays are made in Los Angeles than in New York, therefore more are employed on the Coast and the chances for employment should be better.

L. M. R., SALEM, ORE.—Your request noted. But why make it on a Thanksgiving post card?

B. G. W., DALLAS, TEX.—William S. Hart was born in 1876; is not encumbered; answers letters from his friends when addressed to him, care Thos. H. Ince, Culver City, Cal.

F. H., SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.—William Farnum is married. Nothing funny about the question at all. Ask some more.

B. H., LOS ANGELES.—Jack Sherrill took the male lead in "Then I'll Come Back to You;" he can be addressed care Frohman Amusement Corporation, New York City. He has appeared in "Builder of Bridges," "Just Out of College," "John Gayde's Honor" and "Body and Soul."

H. E. H., ELKHORN, WIS.—The Ince play is known as "Civilization" and it is not released on the Triangle program. Ask your theatre owner for the addresses of the papers you want.

VINCENT, PASADENA, CAL.—Mary Miles Minter is now with the American company at Santa Barbara and it is very probable that she will send you a picture if you enclose the usual mailing fee, twenty-five cents.

S. H., TERRA BELLA, CAL.—Miss Kathlyn Williams reluctantly acknowledges that she was born in 1888; her height is five feet, six inches; her hair is blonde and her eyes blue.

TILIKUM DEAR, SEATTLE, WASH.—Hello, yourself! Thomas Holding is 36 years old, English born and Rugby educated. Why not write Famous Players and ask them to give him better roles? Sure he deserves them. Both girls in the August issue are Mary Pickford. S'prised you didn't recognize her. No, we can't do a thing about it; but you know the old adage about imitation.

M. A. F., NEW YORK CITY—Arthur Johnson died last February in Philadelphia after a long illness and was buried at Chicopee Falls, Mass. He left a wife and one child, a daughter.

C. M. A., BROOKLYN—Cleo Madison's family name is Bailey and she is all American. She was in the Art Section of October, 1915, PHOTOPLAY, and she was interviewed in January, 1916. She is not married.

M. S., W. SOMERVILLE, MASS.—Jean Sothern's address is care International Film Co., 2 Columbus Circle, New York City. "Shoes" has been released; but the name of the star has been changed from Mary McDonald to Mary MacLaren. There is such a company as you name in Cleveland. Edith Taliaferro is not before the camera at this time.

SWEET ALICE, HANCOCK, MICH.—Henry Walthall is married. You say you would "like a chat with Dustin Farnum." Well, why not call on him? If you mean an interview in PHOTOPLAY, we had one in July, 1915.

MADALINE, BENSONHURST, N. J.—Thomas Santschi is still with Selig. His wife is not a professional. Sydney Ainsworth was on the stage before going into the silent drama.

R. B., MISSOULA, MONT.—Richard Stanton is now a director for Fox. He is not married, so cannot give you the name of his wife.

L. L., CUMBERLAND, MD.—Pleased to learn you liked the August issue so much. "Answer Man" will do as a salutation. Robert Warwick is still with World. Lillian Gish was born in October, 1896. You're entirely welcome.

F. N., GRANT'S PASS, ORE.—"Gretna Green," with Marguerite Clark in the leading role, was released a year ago last March. No, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid have no children; Mr. Reid's parents live in New York; his wife is now with Universal. "Most terribly handsome?" Well, yes; rather awfully.

A. McB., YUMA, ARIZ.—May Allison took the part of the *Wife's Sister* in "A Fool There Was." Harold Lockwood is married, but not to May Allison; she remains a stranger to the orange blossoms. Yes, Lottie Pickford's was a girl and so was Alice Joyce's; bless us, what good guessers you women are in these affairs! The last we heard Fred Fischback was still with Keystone. No, Mabel Normand is not married to Mack Sennett, who is not married to anybody—yet. Write Fannie Ward, care Lasky; Theda Bara, care Fox, and Mary Pickford, care Famous Players, in each instance enclosing twenty-five cents.

M. W. I., PASADENA, CAL.—In the film version of Du Maurier's "Trilby" these four characters are ascendant: *Trilby* (Clara Kimball Young), *Svengali* (Wilton Lackaye), *Gecko* (Paul McAllister) and *Little Billie* (Chester Barnett).

B. G., SOMERVILLE, MASS.—J. W. Johnston played the part of *Ned Warner* in "Runaway June."

MAY, CHORUS LADY, FT. MADISON, IA.—Your question is almost epic: "Why do almost all the girls affect curls? Some of them look positively ridiculous." Of course they do; but not more so than when almost all the girls wind furs around their necks in August and bare their chests to the December curbs, or don boots one-third of the way to their knees and skirts one-third of the way below. Of course she has a right to make herself look inartistic and lumpy; there can't be anything done about it on the day she decides to wear a gold key-ring in her nose. Conway Tearle played *Horkoy* in "Seven Sisters;" Marguerite Clark was *Mici*. Address Earle Williams, care Vitagraph, Brooklyn. Gladys Hulette is with Thanhouser. Lillian and Charlotte Walker are not related. The only way to find out whether Beverly Bayne will answer your letter is to send it. Are we, personally, the Answer Man, married, you ask? Would we dare to talk at all in this column if we were? Would we know how to if we weren't?

L. M. A., NEW YORK CITY.—You might be able to get "a complete list of all the pictures released by Famous Players, Lasky, Morosco and World Film Corporation during the past three years, with the names of the stars who appeared in same," by writing to the publicity departments of the companies named. But if we were you we'd rather be on the outside of the door when the request falls out of the morning mail.

PARSON JONES, FORT PRICE, FLA.—Universal's latest list of players employed does not include the names of Mary and Marguerite Wilson.

A FAX OF MANCHESTER, N. H.—Helen Holmes was born June 19, 1893. In his published biographies Tom Chatterton does not state his age. Helen Wright was last listed with Universal, but that company's latest list of players employed does not include her name. The cast in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine;" *Devil Judd Tolliver*, Theodore Roberts; *June Tolliver*, Charlotte Walker; *Dave Tolliver*, Earle Foxe; *John Hale*, Thomas Meighan. J. P. McGowan's given name is James. The obvious way to find out whether a certain theatre will grant your request to run a certain picture, is to ask that theatre. How in the world should we know?

MISS PEGGY, GALESBURG, ILL.—Mary Pickford has hazel eyes. The *District Attorney* in "Poor Little Peppina" was Eugene O'Brien. Marshall Neilan is both a hubby and a daddy, we are told. Violet Mersereau is not married. She has been in the pictures about six years. The cast of characters for "The Million Dollar Mystery," sent out by Thanhouser, does not include the character of the *Office Boy*. It is considerate of you, Miss Peggy, to remember not to forget and "ask too many questions" all at once. Thanks for that.

ANOTHER BILLIE, GALESBURG, ILL.—Billie Burke is 30 years old, Fannie Ward's age is referred to elsewhere in this department, Vivian Martin is 22, H. B. Warner, 40, Dorothy Dalton, 23, Jack Dean, unrecorded. Flo Zeigfeld Jr. is the only husband Billie Burke ever had. As far as we know, H. B. Warner and Vivian Martin are unmarried.

M. E. T., DANVERS, MASS.—Marshall Neilan married Gertrude Bambrick, a former Biographer. He played opposite Mary Pickford in "Rags" and with Marguerite Clark in "Mice and Men."

G. M., HAMILTON, ONT.—In "The Hunted Woman" Charles Wellesley played the part of *Fitzhugh senior* and George Cooper the part of *Fitzhugh junior*. In "The Chalice of Courage" Myrtle Gonzales portrayed *Enid Maitland* and Anne Schaefer portrayed *Mrs. Robert Maitland*. The character of *Louise Rosser* was taken by Natalie De Lontan. It was Eulalie Jensen who played *Rita Reynolds*, the faithless wife, in "The Wheels of Justice." It is not true that Charles Chaplin has been or is being boycotted in England "because he has not given anything to the English Red Cross." He contributed \$2,500 in one gift, recently. But he has been criticized for signing a Mutual contract which prohibits his leaving the United States within the life of the contract, one year—he being a Briton.

COOPERITE, GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Miriam Cooper plays leads. In addition to "The Birth of a Nation" she has appeared in "The Dishonored Medal" and "When Fate Frowned." Miss Cooper is a native of Baltimore, and made her debut in pictures as an "extra" with Reliance-Majestic, later going to Fine Arts and then to Fox. She has dark brown hair and dark eyes. She is a skilled swimmer and horseback rider. Write her in care of Fox, Los Angeles.

MARGARET BUSH, BEMUS POINT, N. Y.—Billie Burke's company and address are given elsewhere in this department.

(Continued on page 146)



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Take a cloth. Dip it in Pompeian NIGHT Cream. Go over face and neck with this cooling, snow-white cream. Oh, so soothing! So refreshing! Now remove excess cream with dry part of cloth. Then a dash of cold water. Result? Skin soft, clear, relaxed. You feel refreshed and look years younger and prettier. Try Pompeian NIGHT Cream tonight before meeting friends or upon retiring. It also solves the complexion problem of women who motor. Motorists' tubes, 25c. Jars, 35c & 75c, at the stores.

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(Continued from page 123)

"let's stow all this now and forget it. Suppose I 'phone for the car, and we go down and have dinner and watch the skaters at the Bristol? I think I can manage to get a table even yet."

June considered a moment.

"It's kind of you to think of it," she said, "but somehow it doesn't seem to appeal to me tonight. I'm not in the cabaret mood. But won't you stay here for supper? I don't know what there is in the house, but we ought to be able to rustle something." June was proud of that word with its Western flavor.

"Oh, that will be more fun still! I haven't rifled an ice-box in years." A flash of boyish enthusiasm was like a ray of sun through the gray clouds of his former mood.

She sprang up, infected too by the reaction toward gaiety.

"Well, come on, then! Do you promise to eat what there is in the house?"

"Gladly! Shall I begin on the Morris chair, or the pictures?"

They laughed, and ran into the kitchen, where, rummaging, they brought to light a can of baked beans, potato chips, a head of lettuce, and a cantelope.

"You prepared me for the worst just to hear me rave," he accused her.

"Honest! Cross my heart, I didn't know Elsie's marketing this week. But isn't it frightfully civilized grub?" She paused a moment as a vision faded into her mind. "When I look at this and then think of a camp fire and trout baking in the ashes, or venison steaks on sticks, and the forest green and quiet all about—oh,"—she sighed—"oh, why is civilization?"

"And when I think of a greasewood fire, like a rose in the endless purple of a desert twilight, with a cold wind off the mountains behind you, and the bacon and flapjacks in the skillet, and the burros munching tin cans nearby—say, have a heart, will you, and quit digging up my past? I'm a respectable citizen now!"

SHE laughed. She was setting about the preparations, the sleeves of her linen dress with its sailor collar and cuffs rolled up over her round, brown arms. Her dark eyes were bright, and her hair just disarranged enough to shade them softly. Her scarlet tie seemed to tinge her cheeks.

After the storm and stress of the after-

noon these placid waters of their friendship seemed very beautiful and grateful. Her feeling toward him was deepened and warmed by her protective maternal instinct he had unconsciously aroused. Her knowledge of his hard, unfriendly childhood, and his bitter early experiences—his whole lack of the tender, gentle things that contribute so much to life—made her pity him, and she was softly glad to see him happy again.

When they had eaten and returned to the living-room, he saw Elaine's ukelele on the mantel-piece, and took it down. June said nothing as she seated herself, and he walked about the room, striking sweet, muffled chords on the little instrument. Then in a moment he began to sing softly in his fresh baritone.

*Sometimes between long shadows on
the grass,
The little truant waves of sunlight pass.
My eyes grow dim with tenderness the
while,
Thinking I see thee, thinking I see thee
smile.*

*And sometimes in the twilight gloom
apart
The tall trees whisper, whisper heart to
heart.
From my fond lips the eager answers
fall,
Thinking I hear thee, thinking I hear
thee call.*

The sweet melancholy of the song matched the mellow, half molten state of June's feelings, and when he ended she sat silent in a dreamy mood of self-communion. He seemed equally oblivious of her, and leaning against the mantel-piece, played aimlessly for a moment. Then suddenly he began in a low voice to sing that incomparable song of love and farewell, "Aloha Oe." He sang in Hawaiian, the liquid words with their soft, long vowels conveying an immeasurable suggestion of loneliness and regret. And through them the music throbbed like an aching heart.

June felt the wounds of life touched by a gentle healing, felt all bitterness loosened and melted within her by a supreme manifestation of beauty. She experienced a triumphant consciousness of good and the soul, that exaltation which, felt in youth, in some natures becomes dedication to great causes. But for her the beauty was enough. She was lifted above the earth, and vibrated in harmony with some music



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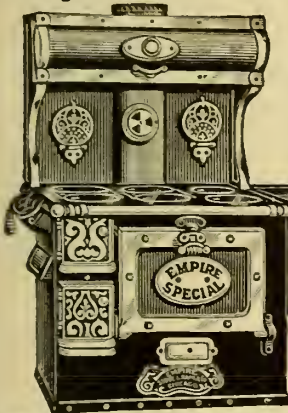
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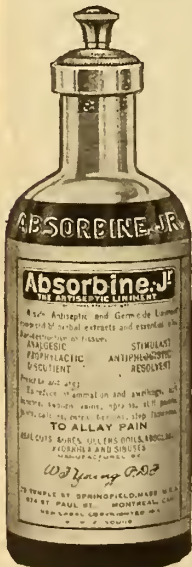


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W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F.
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outside and beyond herself. Her eyes grew dim with tears.

The music throbbed softly and died away, and Holt looked at her. She was quite still, her face cast in lines of profound sweet emotion. He laid the ukelele down gently and came toward her. She was conscious of his approach, and at the command of some inner urgency, stood up.

"June," he breathed, "you love me! God! You do love me!" and swiftly, conqueringly, he took her into his arms.

As always with him, her instinct of self-preservation fought for her. She struggled, pushing him back with her hands against his shoulders, writhing in his grasp. But he would not be denied now. Almost brutally he beat down her resistance, and crushing her to him, kissed her again and again. As he sought her mouth she tried to turn her head, but could not. His lips crushed upon hers, and something within her seemed to break. A mighty tide that in the past had but just stirred, swept up in her, clamoring, bearing her with it, helpless. From the fierce command of his kiss there was no release; and slowly, instinctively, her arms went round his neck.

(To be continued)

(Continued from page 142)

A. D. T. CLUB, MIAMI, FLA.—So tickled to learn that we are your favorite magazine that we will promise anything. Your request has been put up to the editor, who said "Yep." So look for something about Ethel Grandin soon. If you read this department you will find something about Marguerite Clark in every issue.

K. E. P., NEW ORLEANS.—Sure, Miss LaBadie has her own auto but we don't know the make. Your question about "Thanouser" is indefinite.

F. Y. F., MONTREAL.—Mme. Petrova's name in private life is Stewart. Her husband is a physician. Think she will send you a photograph.

H. E. K., NEW ORLEANS.—Mabel Van Buren is the wife of Ernest Joy, of the Lasky Company. She is not related to Dorothy Bernard. Alan Forrest is now with American playing leads opposite Mary Miles Minter.

LUTIE, KANSAS CITY.—Glad you liked the August. Will try to comply soon with your latest request.

PAULINE, PANAMA CITY, FLA.—G. M. Anderson is not with any company at present. He's a capitalist now. Darwin Karr is with Essanay. We'll have an interview with Flo LaBadie very soon, also some of the others you mention.

M. E. E., VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—By this time you have probably learned just how the "Exploits" ended. Anyhow, why anticipate and lose all the fun of it? You show good taste in picking favorites.

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PHILM PHIEND, ROCHESTER, N. Y.—“One best magazine today?” Thanks, awfully. No argument. We admit it. Edward Earle is still with Edison. Tom Moore is with Pathe and Owen with Famous Players. The next Kerrigan release has not been named. Walthall still with Essanay, Chicago. “The River of Romance” and the “Masked Rider” with Lockwood were made before he went to the Coast.

E. B., KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Donald Brian is with Famous Players. Ina Claire was born in Washington, D. C. Laura Hope Crews is in the early thirties, we understand. Stephens is Edna Goodrich's real name. So far as we know, John B. Mason is not married; his address is Empire Theatre, New York City.

W. A. K., ITHACA, N. Y.—We never have heard of an attempt to film Milton's “Paradise Lost.”

CUNARD ADMIRER, DALTON, GA.—Mary Fuller played the title role in “Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots.” The play “The Aero Dived” is a stranger to us. Grace Cunard has a sister but no brother. In “The Stepping Stone” the character of *Mary Beresford, the wife*, is played by Mary Boland, that of *Flora Alden* by Margaret Thompson.

MILDRED N., TOULON, ILL.—Cleo Madison is unmarried. Her off-stage name is Lulu Bailey. Our understanding is that Hobart Henley is not married; address him care Universal. Jack Standing played *Laundry*, opposite Mary Pickford's *Fanchon*, in “Fanchon and the Cricket.”

L. B. L., COLFAX, WASH.—In “The Awakening” the character of *Vivian Gray*, the surgeon's unsympathetic fiancée, was played by Dorothy Leeds; the character of *Jo*, the girl he falls in love with, by Anita Stewart. Mary Moore played the part of *Ruth's* sister-in-law in “The Great Divide.” Anna Nilsson is 5 feet, 2 inches high.

ELSIE T., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The character of *Paul* in “One Day” was taken by Victor Sutherland. The play was produced by B. S. Moss, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

L. A., SACRAMENTO, CAL.—“The Ne'er-Do-Well” was produced by Selig. Harry DeVere played leads with Oliver Morosco until a few months ago; he is a native of New York City and antedated his film career with many successful years of work on the speaking stage; height, 6 feet; weight, 190 pounds; gray hair, blue eyes. This information should help you to determine whether Mr. DeVere is the old friend you have in thought. Dustin Farnum is married. G. M. Anderson is married. He is not playing at the present time.

BUSHMAN-BAYNE ADMIRER, EVANSVILLE, IND.—*American Joe*, the crook in “For High Stakes,” was played by Joseph Moore. Beverly Bayne (Pearl Van Name she was born-and-christened) gives 1895 as her birth year but does not state month and day. In “The Evangelist” *Rev. Allen* was portrayed by Jack Standing; the cast given out by the producers does not include the name of the actress who took the part of the Evangelist's daughter, *Naomi*. The cast of “Unfounded Jealousy” was not sent out by the producers. Ask again for it, later. New episodes in “The Mysteries of Myra” are still being released at this writing. Sorry we can't tell you “what the men actors do with all their money,” and we consider it more Charles Chaplin's business than ours to know “what he does with all his.”

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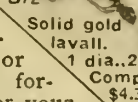
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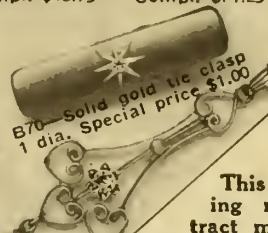
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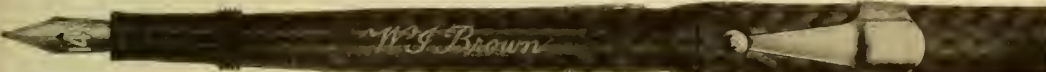


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C. L., WOODWORTH, N. D.—Maud George took the part of *Muriel Evers* (*Mrs. Paul Potter*) in "The Little Brother of the Rich." Florence LaBadie played *Florence Gray*, Hargreave's daughter, in "The Million Dollar Mystery."

ANNETTE, TONOPAH, NEV.—Yes, Alice Joyce is "back in the pictures" with Vitagraph. You can obtain April, 1915, numbers of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE by remitting fifteen cents per copy. Write again.

A. M., NEW YORK CITY.—The "handsome boy" you refer to in "Their One Love" was Robert Wilson, who played the part of *Jack*, the soldier. Regret we do not know with whom he is now playing or where he may be addressed.

BERNICE, TRAVERSE CITY, MICH.—To answer at one time all of the questions your letter contains would be to cheat other inquirers of their fair share of space in this department. Suggest that in a spirit of consideration for fellow readers of the magazine you submit your requests in two or three monthly installments. We'll cheerfully answer all we can; but do not ask us to give synopses of plays. This department has to share the magazine's space with a good many other features.

H. C., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Your career information of Howard Estabrook is so complete that we can add little to it. "The Butterfly" was produced by World Film Corporation, "The Closing Net" by Pathe; so you were correct in both "thinkings."

LAURETTA, LYNN, MASS.—Francis X. Bushman's portrait was published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE (Art Section) for November, 1915, and again in August, 1916. The other players you mention may be similarly honored at any time; the only way is to watch for them. Wilmuth Merkyl as *Jack Dexter* plays opposite Mile. Petrova in "The Soul Market."

MISS ELEANOR C., NEW LONDON, CONN.—Your "Molly Make-Believe" question is answered elsewhere in this department. The character of *Owen* in "The Eternal Grind" was played by John Bowers. Yes, it will seem a bit odd at first to see the Fox brand on comedies. Not very practical, is it, to try to compare the child picture you enclosed with photos of Cleo Ridgely, who is a very much grown-up girl? Some might see a resemblance between Peggy Bloom, winner in "Beauty and Brains" Contest, and Winifred Kingston; they are both very easy to look at.

MISS MARY D. C., KANSAS CITY, MO.—It was Mrs. Lewis McCord who played *Chimmie's Mother* in "Chimmie Fadden." *Jeremy Sparrow* in "To Have and to Hold" was played by William Bradbury. In "Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo" Gertrude Kellar impersonated *Lady Hibourn* and Dorothy Davenport *Miss Grex* (*Grand Duchess Fedora*).

A. B. and H. S. Q., CHARLESTOWN, W. VA.—Earle Foxe's last picture was "Public Opinion," (before he left Lasky). He is married.

B. N., BEMIDJI, MINN.—Geraldine Farrar is 34 years old. She has appeared before the camera in "Maria Rosa," "Carmen" and "Temptation."

MAGDALENE G., UTICA, N. Y.—Sorry, but the cast given out by the producing company does not include the *bellboy* character in "Drugged Waters." The play was filmed in California. Other readers have made the same guess as yours. Quite a mystery. Do not hesitate to write again; it is a pleasure to answer questions when the necessary information is gettable.

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U. M. O., COLUMBIA, PA.—The husband of Billie Burke is the junior Mr. Zeigfeld. It was Tully Marshall, not Lou-Tellegen, who played opposite Norma Talmadge in "Martha's Vindication." Anna Nilsson is not married.

M. A. B., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Besides "The Cheat" and "The Typhoon" Sessue Hayakawa has appeared in "The Wrath of the Gods," "After Five Years," "The Clue," "The Secret Sin," etc. He now heads his own Lasky company at Hollywood. His wife, Tsuru Aoki, plays with him.

C. W. A., BERKELEY, CAL.—"Out of the Drifts" was filmed in this country, not abroad. State the name of the character in "The Girl of Yesterday" if you wish her identified. Yes, it is understood tentative plans are afoot for studio establishment in the Berkeley Hills, but no definite announcement yet has been made. Owen Moore is with Famous Players. Elsie Janis is not now in pictures. She's abroad.

R. J. W. OF CHARLESTON, W. VA.—Hobart Bosworth has been playing with Farrar in the Lasky studios, and is now engaged in organizing his own producing company. Harry Spingler plays the part of William Farnum's chum in "The Plunderer." In "God's Country and the Woman" the leading parts are: *Philip Weyman*, William Duncan; *Josephine Adare*, Nell Shipman; *Arnold Lang*, George Holt; *John Adare*, William Bainbridge; *Miriam*, Nell Clark Keller; *Jean Croisset*, Edgar Keller; *Thoreau*, George Kunkel.

E. W., LOS ANGELES.—William Farnum was born in Boston July 4, 1876, according to his sketch; he was for years a legitimate star before entering the photoplay studios, where he has become one of the highest paid of all the male stars. Notably he has been filmed in "The Spoilers," "The Redemption of David Carson," "The Sign of the Cross," "Samson," "The Gilded Fool," "The Nigger," "The Plunderer," "The Broken Law," "A Soldier's Oath," etc. Thank you graciously for your kind thought, and we think you can hear clear across the many miles our echo of your wish that we might have been there to see the great Julius Caesar spectacle staged in Hollywood for the Actors' Fund. PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE published some pictures of it—did you see them? It is outside the rim of our ken to guess whether Dustin and William Farnum ever will act together on the same camera stage, but that would be peculiarly interesting, would it not? They are so essentially different.

L. B., NO ADDRESS.—No record has been preserved by the producing company of the persons who played the minor parts in "Hearts Adrift." In "The Yaqui" the part of *The Wife* (opposite Hobart Bosworth) was taken by Goldie Colwell. We have no data of Leone Morgan. Romaine Fielding is not now playing. Elsie Greeson is with the Fox Company in Los Angeles. *Setsu* in "The White Pearl" was Cesare Gravina. Yes, Sir Johnstone Forbes Robertson starred in a camera version of "Hamlet." We have no record of Seymour Hicks or Eve Balfour. Ellaline Terriss played in "A Woman of the World."

H. W.—For the names of all Lasky releases before June, 1915, suggest you write that company. "Billy" Sherwood was *Bob Adams*, the adopted son, in "The Spell of the Yukon."

H. C. W., LONDON, ONT.—S. Rankin Drew takes the part of *John Aldous* in "The Hunted Woman." So you really think there should be a "Beauty and Brains" contest for males? Of course, if you yourself can qualify as a beautiful man—

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H. A. J., OREGON CITY, ORE.—Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are not husband and wife. Ruth Stonehouse was to take Grace Cunard's role in "Peg o' the Ring," but Miss Cunard recalled her resignation and returned to Universal, making the substitution unnecessary.

M. J. W., BALTIMORE.—Eugene Ormonde played the part of *Marcus Ordeyne* in "The Morals of Marcus." Marie Doro is 34 years old. You ask whether Anita King really took the automobile leap as pictured in "The Race." We know of no risk Miss King has tried to sidestep when realism was at stake. Pauline Frederick is not married. "Zaza" was filmed in New York and New Jersey. Of three actresses you ask in your letter, "what will she appear in next?" Questions of futurity touching the making of moving pictures and the movements of players, are nearly always futile and often idle. Producers' and directors' plans shift to the swirl of a thousand changing currents. Be content to enjoy what today gives, and with your neighbor await with pleasant curiosity what tomorrow may bring forth.

I. X. L., DAYTONA, FLA.—*Scott Winthrop*, father of *Florence Winthrop* in "Ben Blair," is portrayed by Lamar Johanson. Do not believe he has ever appeared in plays filmed at Jacksonville.

T. P., AMHERST, WIS.—Photoplays in which Mae Marsh has appeared include "The Sands o' Dee," "Man's Genesis," "The Escape," "Home, Sweet Home," "The Swindlers," "The Great Day," "The Birth of a Nation," "The Wild Girl of the Sierras," etc. An interview with Miss Marsh was published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for July, 1915. Blanche Sweet is 20 years old and not married; address, care Lasky. Your how-to-get-a-photograph inquiry is answered elsewhere. It is not the policy of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to recommend particular schools of dramatic art.

A. D. T., MINNEAPOLIS.—The principal roles in "He Never Knew" are: *Madame Rence (Grace)*, Anita Stewart; *Earle Castro*, James Morrison; *Mrs. Castro*, Rose Tapley; *Mrs. Perrin*, Julia Swayne Gordon.

EDDIE LYONS ADMIRER, BUSH, ILL. — *Fifi Hampton* in "Under Southern Skies" was played by Mary Moore.

EDWARD RUEHL, HOLSTEIN, IA.—Maudie George is 26 years old, Gloria Fonda 20, Dorothy Phillips 34; the circulated biographies of Lois Wilson, Roberta Wilson, Florence Lawrence and Anna Q. Nilsson do not state their several ages. Alice Joyce is now appearing in "The Battle Cry of War" (Vitagraph). Ruth M. Purcell is not appearing in pictures.

H. H., BUFFALO, N. Y.—The principal characters in "The Girl and the Game" are: *Helen*, Helen Holmes; *Paul Storm*, Leon J. Maloney; *"Spike"*, J. P. McGowan. In "Destiny"; *Richard Waldron*, Bryant Washburn; *Ethel Dixon*, Ruth Stonehouse; *Robert Gray*, Sydney Stone; *Mr. Waldron*, Charles J. Stine. "The Iron Claw" features Pearl White, Sheldon Lewis and Creighton Hale. In "Neal of the Navy" Lillian Lorraine, William Courtleigh Jr., William Conklin, Bruce Smith, Helen Lackaye, E. J. Brady, Henry Stanley and Richard Johnson were principals.

M. P., SACRAMENTO, CAL. — J. W. Johnston played *Sam Rogers* in "Molly Make-Believe."



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JEAN C., WAYNE, PA.—Letters containing a great many questions, instead of a reasonable and considerate number, are apt to keep the writers of them waiting for reply. The leading lady for a given play may be designated by a director or at a conference of officials of the producing company. Cecil B. and William C. DeMille are brothers. As Harold Lockwood is married to someone else, it is quite safe to assume he is not engaged to Miss Allison. Marshall Neilan is directing for Selig. So you think him "a peach"? That ought to please him. The late Page Peters was married. Ned Finley played *Mr. Gundsorf* in "The Goddess." In "413" Harry Northrup played *Baron Barcellos*, Harry Morey portrayed *Raymond Davis*, and Paul Scardon took the part of the *Sub-Chief*. Gail Kane plays opposite Wilton Lackaye in "The Pit." Blanche Sweet does not use a stage name. Jack Pickford played *Jose* with Marguerite Clark in "The Pretty Sister of Jose."

A. S., MONTREAL.—We don't know whether "the articles that are supposed to be written by Mary Pickford" are "really written by her" or whether "they just pay her so much for using her name." We only know that Miss Pickford is perfectly capable of writing her own articles. Antonio Moreno is playing leads with Vitagraph. Bryant Washburn is the husband of Mabel Forrest. You were right in addressing both Wallace Reid and Cleo Ridgley in care of Lasky Company.

HAZEL L., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—You think William S. Hart ought not get married because he likes to fight too well, eh? He gives PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE a different reason for his unmarriedness. He writes: "I never had the chance." And you think Arnold Daly shouldn't get married either, for he "don't know how to kiss." What's the right way? Aw kummawn, tell a felleh. You're a poor guesser, Hazel; our personal hair is far, far from light, our eyes are not blue (they have been black), and instead of impinging upon approaching baldness we have to be shorn of our locks 50 cents' worth twice a month to keep the growth from running wild. But we forgive you, and humbly thank you for the dime you enclosed to buy an ice cream soda, though it was swiped before it reached our desk. But remember, bribery is a pen offense. Hobart Bosworth's nationality? Ohio-American. Eddie Polo is still with Universal. Lou-Tellegen and his wife, Geraldine Farrar, never have played together.

EDNA, MINNEAPOLIS.—John Junior is still playing Essanay leads. He has portrayed *Dick Conklin* in "Daughter of the City," the reporter in "The Misleading Lady," *Dick Harding* in "Blind Justice," etc. He was born in Minneapolis December 17, 1890, and is unmarried so far as we know.

M. C. B., MEDFORD, ORE.—Alice Joyce's baby was born November 23, 1915, Lottie Pickford's in February of this year. In "The Man from Oregon" Howard Hickman played "Honest Jim" Martin. Mary Pickford has been on the shadow stage about seven years. Each lover of photoplays must decide for herself, or himself, as between her and Marguerite Clark; for ourselves, we prefer them both.

M. F. B., SAN FRANCISCO.—House Peters, who played lover to Beatriz Michelena's *Salomy Jane*, is married to Mae King.

A. M., BRONXVILLE, N. Y.—Address Cleo Ridgley and Earle Foxe, care Lasky. It is the custom of players to honor request for photograph when twenty-five cents is enclosed.

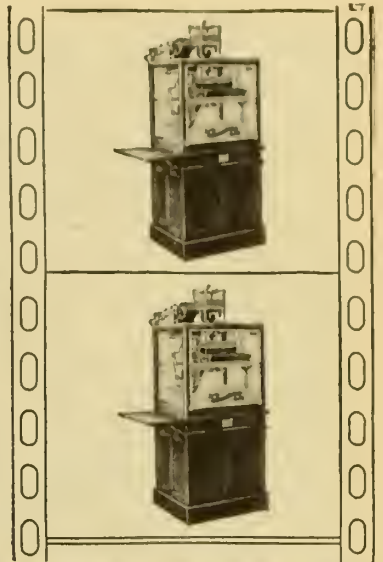
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N. R., HARRISON, ARK.—How does Ince pronounce his name? Well now, how would you pronounce quince? Think it over seriously. We do not recall Dorothy Gish and Wallace Reid playing together except in "Old Heidelberg." Perhaps the Misses Gish's press agents could tell you the makes of cars they use; press agents can always be reached in care of the persons they press for. Pedro de Cordoba took the part of the Toreador in Lasky "Carmen." Bessie Love has played prominently in "The Flying Torpedo," "The Aryan," "Acquitted," "The Good Bad-Man," "Reggie Mixes In," and "Stranded."

E. W., EVANSVILLE, IND. — Lamar Johnstone played *Runnels* in "The Ne'er-Do-Well." He is now with American at Santa Barbara.

G. L., TOLEDO, O.—Yes, quite so; the same David Powell in "The Dawn of a Tomorrow" and "Gloria's Romance." Now here is one of the most exciting questions we have headed into in a while: "Is it true that Marguerite Clarke 'knocks' the motion picture concerns while away from the studio?" Well, she never did in our presence. Wilmoth Merfyl played opposite Petrova in "The Soul Market." Francis Bushman is married and the father of five children. *Dukane Sr.* in "The Incurable Dukane" was portrayed by W. T. Carleton.

D. O., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—The character *Owen Wharton* in "The Eternal Grind" was portrayed by John Bowers, whose address is care Famous Players. Tom Forman can be addressed in care Lasky Company. Billie Burke, in care George Kleine.

L. R. M., TEXAS.—You are quite right, Margery Wilson (*Lois LeMoyné*) played opposite William S. Hart (*Angus McConuell*) in "The Primal Lure." Miss Wilson was born in Nashville, Tenn., and bred in old Kentucky; was leading woman of her own company at sixteen; a couple of years ago or so while vacationing in California she visited the Fine Arts studio in Hollywood—and was so taken with the drama of the lens that she applied for a position as a "movie" actress and was engaged by Griffith; then she changed her allegiance to Ince and is now at Culver City.

ALABAMA GIRL, CINCINNATI, O. — Henry B. Walthall is still with Essanay; no wonder you were not sure where he was; they have been keeping a bushel around his light. His last appearance was in "The Sting of Victory." No, Mrs. Walthall (*Isabel Fenton*) is not on the stage; she was. Sorry not to be able to please you by saying "Yes, his wife is Warda Howard." But we men have a way of arranging these matters to suit ourselves. Sometimes.

D. G., MAHOPAC FALLS, N. Y.—Address W. S. Hart, care Thos. H. Ince, Culver City, Cal. If you wish a photograph of a player the quickest way to get it is to send him, or her, twenty-five cents and the request. Florence LaBadie is coming up right soon now in a Thanhouser picture released by Pathe; just a little more watchful waiting, please. The part of the woman thief in "Who's Guilty?" was acted by Dorothy Gwynn.

F. S., NEW YORK CITY.—Now that is a very interesting question—"Why do producers feature good-looking girls who are always the same and get monotonous, and not even mention an artist like this one?" The ways of producers are past finding out, but if you would like us to page Mr. Solomon—

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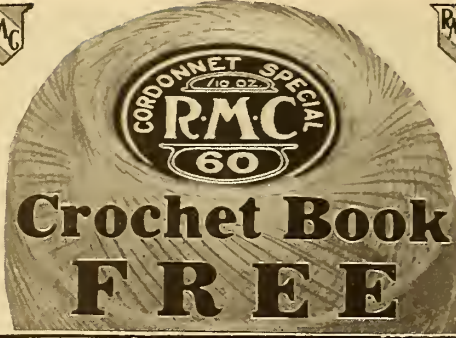
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M. H. KOKOMO, IND.—“The Madcap Queen of Crona” was not staged in Grace Cunard's home; Ruth Stonehouse is not to appear in the later chapters of “Peg o' the Ring.” Alma Hanlon is with World.

L. M. CHICAGO.—Alice Taaffe took the part of *Ruth Tyler* in “Not My Sister.” Leonie Flugrath and Vivian Martin belong to that silent and respected majority who do not have their age engraved in the upper left-hand corner of their calling cards. The former has light gray eyes, brown hair, 4 feet 11 inches of height, and pounds to suit. No, we have not heard anything about Earle Williams leaving Vitagraph. Anna Little says she is 22 years old, weighs 126 pounds, and stands 5 feet 6 inches high. Margaret Gibson is 20 years old.

W. M. B., TORONTO.—Robert Gray was *Captain O'Hara* in “Sweet Kitty Bellairs.” You have said it, Alice Davenport of Keystone is Dorothy Davenport's mother; a whole lot of talent in one household, isn't it?

V. N. J., WELLINGTON, N. Z.—With the exception of Violet Mersereau, we have no record of the plays or players mentioned in your questions numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, 7, 9, 10, 11, 12. Vera and Violet Mersereau are sisters. “The Eagle's Mate” was staged in Los Angeles. *Pundita* in “The Adventures of Kathlyn” was played by Goldie Colwell. The form of your question regarding the “Henry M. Stanley” play makes it difficult to know which character you refer to, but *Ada Payne* was played by Mona Darkfeather and *Nina* by Marie Manley.

W. S. K., LOUISVILLE, KY.—Chester Barnett avers that, notwithstanding he was born on the leap year date February 29, 1888, he is unmarried. The hard luck some of these film fellows have to put up with is a caution. Address him in care World Film Corporation.

J. M. L., ROANOKE, VA.—Sorry, but your question about the identity of the negro character in “The Birth of a Nation” is not sufficiently definite for purposes of identification. Can not you make it more so?

E. MACM., BEDFORD, IND.—*Might senior* in “A Man and His Soul” was played by Charles M. Prince, *Might junior* by John Davidson. Just as sad as can be, for your sake, that Will'm Nigh wasn't where you wanted him to be; would forward him your letter if we thought such generous praise would be good for him. But you're right, he's a regular film fella. Unfortunately, he has not taken this Answer Man into his confidence as to matrimonial state and age. Why don't you just up and ask 'im? No, Bessie Eyton and Kathlyn Williams are not related. How does Juan de la Cruz happen to be a brother-in-law to Chas. Eyton, Miss Williams' husband? Why you see, he married Mr. Eyton's sister. All plain now? Matt Moore is still with Universal. Don't see why in the world Blanche Sweet wouldn't send you a photo of herself if you enclose a quarter; try it. Even to be able to supply information concerning “all these folks” is an enviable position, think you? Child, how you do ramble on.

W. B. B., FARGO, N. D.—Asking you to print for you in this department the full casts of twenty-three plays is a pretty big order, isn't it? To comply would be to give a page or more of the magazine to your query. Do you think that would be quite fair to some thousands of other inquirers?

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Casts of Stories from Photo-plays in this Issue

THE HONORABLE FRIEND

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Toki-ye	Tsuru Aoki
Kayoshio	Raymond Hatton
Goto	G. Kino
Hana	M. Matsumoto
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HOME

(By C. Gardner Sullivan)

Ince-Triangle

Bessie Wheaton	Bessie Barriscale
Bob Wheaton	Charles Ray
Inez Wheaton	Clara Williams
Allan Shelby	George Fisher
Clara Wheaton	Agnes Herring
Jeremiah Wheaton	Thomas S. Guise
Daisy Flores	Louise Glaum
Count d'Orr	Joseph J. Dowling

THE UNWELCOME MOTHER

(Adapted from Henrik Ibsen's "The Lady from the Sea")

Fox

Mason	Walter Law
George Hudson	John Webb Dillion
Ellinor	Valkyrien
Old Peter	Tom Burrough
Ann	Violet de Biccari

LOLLY M., ROCKY MOUNT, N. C.—The new Fox production, "A Daughter of the Gods," at this writing has not been released and no release date has been announced. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati.

E. A. N., MONTCLAIR, N. J.—You have—let's see—asked just thirteen questions. Well, we'll try to answer them all, briefly; we don't want to try *your* patience. Wallace Reid, 6 ft. 2 in., 25 yrs.; Valeska Suratt, about 5 ft. 6 in., in the 30s, understand not married; supremacy in feminine beauty or masculine good looks is purely a matter of individual preference; Dorothy Davenport, 25 yrs.; Mae Murray, 5 ft. 3 in.; Elliott Dexter plays *Pierre* in "Helene of the North"; Marguerite Clark's opposite in "Out of the Drifts," William Courtleigh Jr.; Wallace Reid, married about 2 yrs.; not true Mary Pickford married twice.

L. H. K., GENEVA, N. Y.—Roscoe and Maclyn Arbuckle are not related. The London Film Company made the picture "Brother Officers" for Paramount; the Photo Drama Company made "The Last Days of Pompeii" for George Kleine, and Kleine filmed "Anthony and Cleopatra."

M. P., PENSACOLA, FLA.—Edna Mayo has blue eyes and light hair. Bryant Washburn played opposite her in "Frauds." The *Pirate* in "Daphne and the Pirate" was Elliott Dexter.

G. B. M., DENVER.—Geraldine Farrar and Lou-Tellegen never have acted together, except once on the matrimonial stage, last winter; an engagement which still holds. Yes, the "You Know Me Al" series has been discontinued.

(Continued on page 167)

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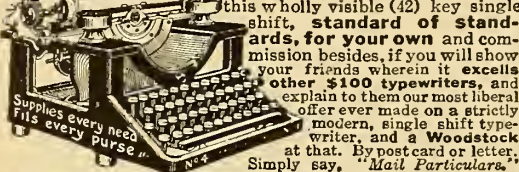
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(Continued from page 163)

F. I. W., DORCHESTER, MASS.—The leading female part in "The Soul of a Woman" was played by Emily Stevens (not Olga Petrova), and George LeGuere played opposite. Nolan, the chauffeur in "The Heart of Nora Flynn," was Elliott Dexter. In "The Snowbird" Edwin Carewe took the character Jean Corteau, whom Lois Wheeler (Mabel Taliaferro) finally marries.

M. T., CALGARY, ALBERTA.—The cast in "The Eternal Grind": Mary, Mary Pickford; Amy, Loretta Blake; Jane, Dorothy West; Owen, John Bowers; Ernest, Robert Cain; James Wharton, J. A. Hall. Yes, Francis Ford always has directed his own plays, and always has acted with Grace Cunard; he was born August 15, 1884; he is married. Other than Charles Chaplain, the two highest salaried film actors who devote all of their time to the pictures are William Farnum and Douglas Fairbanks; as for fame, popularity—these are at best relative terms and subject to the discrimination or prejudice of those who judge. No cast of "The Last Days of Pompeii." Until just lately Jack Pickford has been playing Selig leads; he has appeared only a few times with his sisters, when with Famous Players. Marguerite Clark is single; Cleo Ridgley married. Mary Miles Minter was born April 1, 1902, at Shreveport, La. Your Bushman inquiry is answered elsewhere. "Chip of the Flying U" was not filmed, we believe. American Film Company (Publicity Department), Santa Barbara, probably will answer your "White Rosette" question.

I. B., HUNTINGTON, PA.—Ruth Roland was born in San Francisco August 26, 1893; her studio address is Balboa, Long Beach, Cal.; her hair is auburn, her eyes blue, her height is 5 feet 6 inches, and she is not married. The only way to determine whether she will answer admirers' letters is the obvious way—write and see. She starred in the "Who Pays?" series, "A Message from Reno," "Comrade John," etc.

C. L. S., QUEBEC, CAN.—No, Francis Bushman did not play in "Four Feathers;" Howard Estabrook was featured in that film.

SUE, WILKES-BARRE, PA.—Mighty sorry your questions weren't answered. Uncle Samyouell borrowed part of our staff for to pacify Villa; or maybe it was Carranza; we forget. Anyway, it was Margaret Thompson who played Eleanor Ames, Dick's sister, in "The Mating;" and Blanche Sweet played opposite Henry Walthall in "Oil and Water;" and Mary Pickford has not a son five years old, or five minutes old—Sister Lottie is the only proud parent among the Pickfords junior; your friend at Delaware Water Gap saw something what aint. Yes, for the 301st time, F. X. B. is a married man; when PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE alluded to—no, referred to—his family, it had in mind five young and lusty Bushmen all his very own. Don't mention it; the inquirer who shovels across less than half a dozen questions in a batch is a person of superior clay and to be propitiated. Long live you.

A. J. W., TROY, N. Y.—The only comedy of any note in which Charles Chaplin and Mabel Normand played together was "Tillie's Punctured Romance." Only two Gisb sisters, Lillian and Dorothy. Twenty-five cents and a request sent to Billie Burke (whose address is given elsewhere in this department), ought to bring you her photograph. Same, Antonio Moreno, care Vitagraph, Brooklyn. Same, Wallace Reid, care Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.

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A. N. S., MANKATO, MINN.—Mlle. Olga Petrova was born in Poland May 10, 1885. She married an Indianapolis physician. Her address is given elsewhere in this department. Shouldn't be surprised if it would be worth your while to watch out for pictures of the Polish-British beauty and Fritz de Lint in the Art Section soon. Petrova's height is 5 feet 6 inches. Her latest picture is "The Eternal Question." Julia Swayne Gordon and Kitty Gordon are not relations; the former is an Ohioan, the latter an Englishwoman. Anita Stewart has no "regular" leading man.

R. C. I., MINNEAPOLIS.—Marguerite Clark was born February 22, 1887. She appeared in many plays with DeWolf Hopper before joining the pictures. No, she was one of those who never became the wife of Mr. Hopper.

C. F., STURGIS, MICH.—Our impression is that "A Day That Is Dead" was produced by Reliance-Majestic. Charles Clary played the part of Edward Gray, Seena Owen portrayed Elaine, and Olga Gray impersonated Enid.

R. D'E., BILLOXI, MISS.—Helen Marten is not playing now, according to the personnels of the studios. Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn, and is unmarried; she has one brother and one sister; the sister's name is Lucille Lee Stewart. Her parents are living.

R. M. M., ST. PAUL, MINN.—The Judge in the second episode of "The Strange Case of Mary Page" was Thomas Commerford. Charles Sydney Ainsworth is still deep in single blessedness. Know of no reason why he would fail to send you his photograph if you enclosed 25 cents with the request; address him care Essany Studios. To find out whether and where "In the Palace of the King" was shown in St. Paul, write the General Film Company, in your city.

P. A. S., OAKLAND, CAL.—Before her marriage the present Mrs. Sidney Drew was Lucille McVey. We haven't seen Robert Harron slip a ring on Mae Marsh's finger, and doubt the authenticity of the report. You failed to give the name of the photoplay in your Aurora Floyd inquiry.

B. B., COLMAN, S. D.—Herbert Gale, the cad in "The Cad," was portrayed by Joseph W. Girard. Address your inquiry regarding "The Broken Coin" to Publicity Department, Universal Film Mfg. Co., Universal City, Cal. The only bookstore where you can procure a copy of the "book" of "The Little Girl Next Door" is the archives of the office of the Secretary of State of Illinois, whom address. "The Little Girl Next Door" was found by the impassioned scenario writer in the Illinois Vice Commission report.

E. B., SALINAS, CAL.—We take it as real sociable of you, dear lady, to ask our name, but better let the Mystery be. "The House of the Lost Court" was staged in New York. William Farnum and Francis Bushman married non-professionals. As James Cruze is not being starred, he has no leading lady.

G. E. F., SAGINAW, MICH.—"Maria Rosa" is Farrar's latest picture on the screen. Beverly Bayne is not married to Francis X. What's the matter with all you girls that you insist on matrimonializing these two together all the time? Give the man a little peace! he has a wife and five children already. No, Harold Lockwood and May Allison have not done the Little-Church-Around-the-Corner act. Try again.

J. J., TORONTO.—Prominent among Anita Stewart's play successes are "A Million Bid," "He Never Knew," "Sins of the Mother," "The Goddess," "My Lady's Slipper," "The Wood Violet," "The Lost Millionaire," "The Treasure of Desert Island," etc. It is customary to write direct to a player for her photograph, enclosing twenty-five cents. Miss Stewart's sister is Lucille Lee Stewart, in private life Mrs. Ralph Ince; she is "in the pictures." Henry B. Walthall and Edna Mayo played leads opposite in "The Misleading Lady."

C. N. B., WASHINGTON, D. C.—We know of only one Mary Alden in moving pictures, the one whose portrait appeared in the June PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. The initials N. S. E. mean News-Standard Edition.


L. W. H., WATERBURY CENTER, VT.—Biograph may be able to give you the cast of "The Old Code," and you might get the cast of "Cinderella of Cripple Creek" from Vitagraph. This was the cast in "The Deep Purple": Doris Moore, Clara Kimball Young; Rev. Moore, Edward M. Kimball; William Lake, Milton Silis; Harry Leland, Cranford Kent; Gordon Laylock, DeWitt Jennings; Pat Connolly, Walter Craven; Pop Clark, W. J. Ferguson; Mrs. Lake, Mrs. E. M. Kimball; Ruth Lake, May Hopkins; Kate Fallon, Grace Aylesworth. You may get your Lillian Gish wish 'most any time now. "The Wild Olive" (novel) was written by Louis Anspacher. We have no record of a Ruth Roleau, or King; Ruth Roland's the nearest. For answer on Vermont-born players see reply to H. M. M., page 143, September PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Maurice Costello has organized a moving picture company of his own, the Consolidated Film Corporation. (P. S.—For an initial effort at question-asking, you have done right well.)

J. P., SHERIDAN, WYO.—If Dorothy Phillips or Ben Wilson is married, neither has confided the secret to us. Some moving picture players do, and some do not, use their real name on the stage. The Young Sister in "The Price of Her Silence" was Mignon Anderson.

A. F., PORTLAND, ORE.—No; no children; only one Little Mary so far. How old is Fannie Ward? Old enough to smile indulgently on the curiosity of others, young enough to keep us all sitting up in admiration of her art, which is above the jurisdiction of age. Some plays other than "The Chorus Lady" in which Marjorie Daw has appeared are: "Love Victorious," "The Open Shutter," "The Warrens of Virginia," "The Captive," and "Out of Darkness."

H. F., SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Florence LaBadie is not married. Neither is Pauline Frederick nor Edna Mayo nor Ruth Roland. There are two reasons why Ella Hall is not the wife of Robert Leonard. There already is a Mrs. Leonard, and Ella is not married. Francis Ford is married: Charles Chaplin is being paid \$670,000 for one year's work; you can figure the monthly pro rata as easily as we; the salary of the President of the United States is \$75,000 a year, and he is allowed an additional \$25,000 a year for traveling expenses; you couldn't have read the May number of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Owen Moore is now with Famous Players. Ruth Stonehouse is married to Joseph Roach, a writer. Marjorie Daw—Say now, wait a minute. It's very nice that you are a constant reader, but would you mind saving the fifteen more questions in your letter for another time? Quite a number in line, you know.

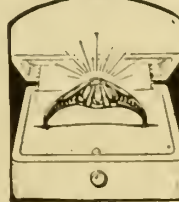
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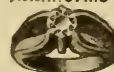
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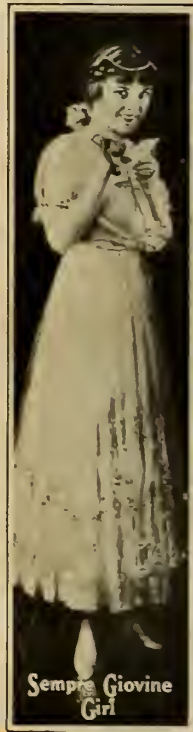
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Photoplay Magazine

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VOL. X

No. 6

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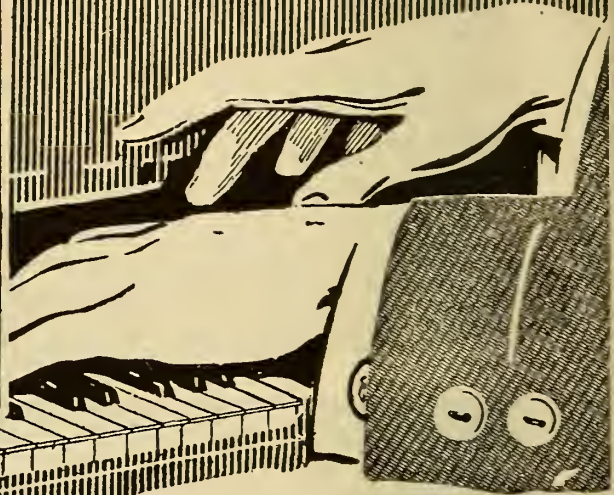
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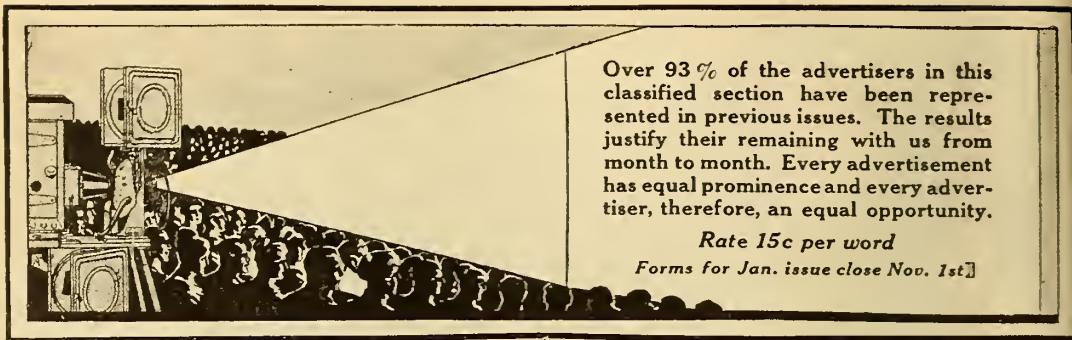
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¶ Remember that revelatory series of photographs, with informing captions, "Locations—Western"? Next month the photographer will do in these pages for the East what he has already done for the West; the magic spots of the Atlantic seaboard will shed their magic, and stand revealed for what they really are.

¶ "Picture Politics" will show you all parties rushing to old winking one-eye—Republicans and Democrats trying to elect their candidates via the films. It's a Washington story, racily told, racily illustrated.

¶ "Intolerance" is now admitted, generally, the most stupendous spectacle of any description contrived in modern times. It will be the national topic of conversation. A care-

ful, descriptive analysis of this picture will lead next month's "Shadow Stage"—now recognized as the world's foremost department of photoplay review.

¶ Delightful "Bill" Henry will return to these pages to describe "the house the boys all live in"—the story of a world-famous Los Angeles club which has become an incarnate movie. Harry Carr, whom readers of *Photoplay* knew as a rare discusser upon screens and screeners before he became a famous war-correspondent, shies another live topic into the ring. Randolph Bartlett is going to tell you about America's "Photoplaywright Deluxe"—no, this elegant dramatist is *not* C. Gardner Sullivan.

¶ To the photoplaywright, any style, any class: for years you've been hearing about what actor, director, exhibitor and manufacturer want in the way of silent drama. Next month Thomas H. Ince is going to get down to the real kernel of the nut, and tell you *what the public wants*—the sort of play that has sold, the sort of play that's selling, the sort of play which, apparently, is going to sell tomorrow. In conjunction with Harry Chandlee's highly instructive technical article, it will be incomparably precious advice.

¶ There will be other special articles and illustrated features, exclusive and of absorbing interest, description of which is here impossible because of the very news which is their essence.

Remember: PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is at once the historian, the mirror and the prophet of the Motion Picture Industry.



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Lubin



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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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GEORGE KLEINE

80 5th Avenue, New York City



Sincerely,
Mary Pickford ©

1917 POMPEIAN BEAUTY PANEL
By Forbes

To Miss Pickford: We here publicly thank you for honoring us with the permission to offer the first Art Calendar of you, the world's most popular woman.

A Mary Pickford Secret

You know that she has a rare charm of youthful beauty. But do you know that she has a quality of perseverance almost unequaled in the history of the world's famous women? For example, she posed 70 times over a period of many weeks before she was satisfied that this, her *first* Art Calendar, showed herself and her pet, "Canary Billie," in just the best possible pose. In her motion pictures, her writings, her charities, etc., etc., she is satisfied with only the best.

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Art Panel of Miss Pickford and Pompeian NIGHT Cream sample sent for 10c. Size, 28 in. by 7 1/4. Art store value, 50c. In exquisite colors. Please clip the coupon now before you forget it.

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Popular Photoplayers



FANNIE WARD

is the greatest living exemplification of the optimistic saying that "a woman is as old as she looks;" conceding the truth of which makes the Lasky star about voting age. She is one of the wealthiest women of the stage and maintains homes in London and Hollywood. In private life she is Mrs. Jack Dean, her husband being a member of her company. Her most notable film play was "The Cheat."



EDDIE LYONS

came out of Beardstown, Ill., to chase Thespian fame and fortune, and has run down a share of each. Before entering pictures he made a success of light comedy, and formed a working partnership with Lee Moran. These two have just signed a new contract with Universal to run two years, by the terms of which they will jointly direct themselves in the making of short screen comedies.



Victor Georg Photo

EUGENE O'BRIEN

although having had a successful career on the stage, became a film notable over night because of his portrayal of the leading character opposite Mary Pickford in "Poor Little Peppina." Then he went to Essanay. Mr. O'Brien was born in Dublin, Ireland, thirty years ago, is six feet tall, weighs 160 pounds and is a dark-blue-eyed blond. He is a University of Colorado graduate.



Copyright, Ira L. Hill Studio

GRACE VALENTINE ·

excelled as a more or less weepy ingenue under the Oliver Morosco stage colors before tripping into the camera's vision, creating the leading role in the original production of "Help Wanted." Most of her celluloiding has been done for Metro and she has appeared with Lionel Barrymore in a number of photoplays, one of the most recent being "Dorian's Divorce." She is a blonde.



Copyright, American Film Co., Inc.

HELENE ROSSON

is the head of the Rosson family, filmatically speaking, the other acting Rossons being Dick and Queenie, and they are all with the American at Santa Barbara, Cal. Although but eighteen years old, Miss Rosson has been playing leading roles for more than two years. Recently she joined the long list of real reel brides in the California film colony by marrying Ashton Dearholt, also of American.



DEWOLF HOPPER

began his stage career before most of today's film idols were born and for years was one of the foremost comedians in light opera. He has just concluded a year before the camera with Fine Arts, his film debut having been made in an elaborate version of Don Quixote for that company. He is married and has a young son, DeWolf, Jr. Mrs. Hopper was known on the stage as Elda Furry.



Witzel Photo

DOROTHY DALTON

is one of the chief stars in the Thomas Ince constellation where she has twinkled for more than a year. One of her best portrayals was given in "The Disciple" opposite the strenuous William Hart. Miss Dalton prefaced her film career by an extended stage experience. She is a native of Chicago and is 23 years old. Miss Dalton has appeared in many of the best Ince productions.



CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

is probably the most distinguished brunette in photoplayland, and is one of a half dozen film actresses whose popularity is world-wide. She was born in Chicago, began her theatrical career with her parents at the age of three, and gained her premier screen experience as a member of the Vitagraph company. More recently, she was the World Film Corporation's foremost star. Her latest artistic departure has been the organization of her own producing company.

The Real Story of "Intolerance"

AN EXCLUSIVE ACCOUNT OF THE INCEPTION,
CREATION AND PHILOSOPHY OF THE GREATEST
SPECTACLE EVER SHOWN IN ANY PLAYHOUSE

By Henry Stephen Gordon

Photographs by Raymond Stagg, and scenes from the play.

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the spectacular, fact-ful conclusion of Mr. Gordon's story on the career and achievements of David Wark Griffith. "Intolerance" has already been produced in the metropolis, and the cool New York critics have spun far more ardent typewriter rhapsodies about it than Mr. Gordon has here woven. Photoplay feels that even as "Intolerance" itself is the most sensational artistic achievement of the year, so this story—an authoritative, unduplicated narrative by the man who knows Griffith better than anyone else—is the greatest magazine story of the month, anywhere. Do not mistake this for Photoplay's critical review of the work. Next month Julian Johnson will give it an elaborate analysis and description as a feature of "The Shadow Stage."

"O FTEN in my atrabiliar moods when I read of pompous ceremonials," writes Herr Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, . . . "and how the ushers, macers, and pursuivants are all in waiting; how Duke this is presented by Arch Duke that, and Colonel A by General B, and innumerable Bishops, Admirals, and miscellaneous Functionaries are advancing gallantly to the Anointed Presence; and I strive in my remote privacy to form a clear picture of that solemnity,—on a sudden as by some enchanter's wand the,—shall I speak it? the Clothes fly off the whole dramatic corps; and Dukes, Grandees, Bishops, Generals, Anointed Presence itself, every mother's son of them, stand straddling there, not a shirt on them; and I know not whether to weep or laugh."

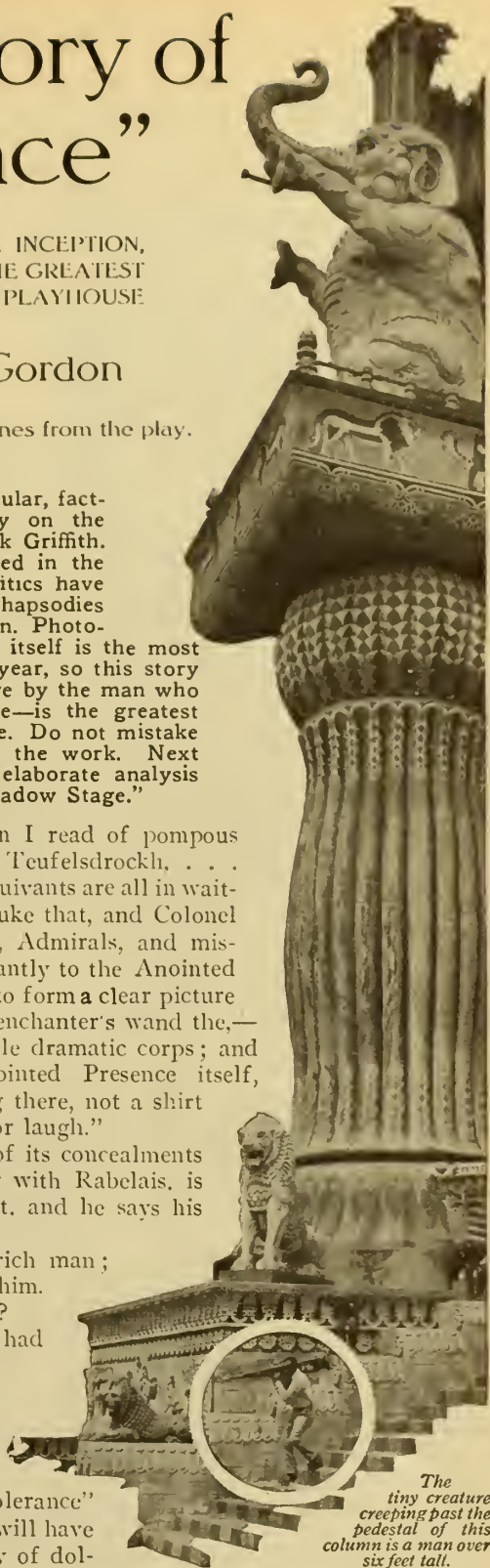
That quality of seeing mankind stripped of its concealments which Herr Teufelsdröckh had in company with Rabelais, is the fearless theme of D. W. Griffith's latest, and he says his last, photodrama—"Intolerance."

"The Birth of a Nation" made him a rich man; money, gold, at once began to flow toward him. over his shoulders,—would it submerge him?

Would it drown the poetry which he had coined into tremendous dividends?

Could he write a second camera epic?
He has.

There is no provision that can determine the event of an effort which depends on the mood and perception of the vast many; "Intolerance" when this is printed will have made itself, or will have unmade Griffith, judged by the peerless jury of dol-



The tiny creature creeping past the pedestal of this column is a man over six feet tall.

George W. ("Billy") Bitzer, and the remarkable camera which ground in the gigantic scenes of "Intolerance," "Static" is the peculiar electric manifestation which causes flashing white spots in the film; it is a bane of the business. Static is caused by cold, and the gentle heat from the attached bicycle lamp has obviated it in this great picture. Under Mr. Bitzer's left hand is his original "diaphragm fade-out" appliance, directly attached to the lens. Everyone who knows anything about camera operation is of course perfectly well aware that Mr. Bitzer is the Griffith of camera men, even as Mr. Griffith is the Bitzer of directors!



lars in the box office. Judged by the tables of Verity and of Art, it stands as a terrific arraignment of fustian humanity, under the indictment brought by implacable Fact.

Those seventy-five millions of people out of the hundred millions of our population who are writing at scenarios will be interested in knowing where and how this theme was written.

It never was written.

It was created by suffering.

I have told you of Griffith's combat with hypocrisy and imperious traditional Boetianism from the day he stepped forth from that impoverished manse of the Kentucky plantation, to and through his struggle for the survival of "The Birth of a Nation": of how in one community the creations of the negro vote, and in others where the negro was not maintained in his odor of martyrdom, the decayed prejudices of the Civil War were venomously injected into the controversy for artistic survival.

"The Truth? What is Truth?" asked Pontius Pilate.

And all through the centuries since, you and I and the other fellow have been shouting.

"Truth is what *I* believe."

After he had won the scrap and "The Birth of a Nation" pictured the registering of gold. Griffith determined to do one more photodrama,—and he said then, and says now, only one more,—and in that he would give some manner of response to Mr. Pilate.

He did not look over the card indices of scenarios which Frank Woods had listed, though he did think of the Bible and of the temperamental incident that happened between Cain and Abel because of jealousy and thereby hatred.

But a report of a Federal Industrial Commission fell into his hands and therein he found a large part of his never written scenario.

In that report was a mention of a certain combination of

chemical factories,—a business combination under the control of a man who was fervid in charity, acrobatically zealous in ecclesiastical activity.

He did not wear a halo in public, but he was invested with one by all the financial secretaries of Societies for the Propagation of Piety Among the Humble Poor, or for the gratuitous distribution of Tracts to the Hungry.

This official report went on in the coldly mechanical style of an adding machine to tell the profits of this Chemical Trust; the public had previously had described to it how generously the head of the concern used his share for promulgation of Beneficence accompanied by brass tablets bearing the name of the Founder of the particular Beneficence.

With no particular emphasis the report said among other minutia that the laborers in the plants of the company were paid \$1.60 a day; that living conditions had altered may or may not have been indicated, but the workmen wickedly refused to be comforted because their overlord gave hundreds of thousands of the dollars they had aided in the making, to an Evangelical Society for Enlightening Natives of Boroboolaa Gha with Warming Pans.



In the court of Prince Belshazzar, before the Persians came.

Those workmen had no objections to the Overlord spending his pocket money for Tracts or Warming Pans or Brass Tablets, but they wanted \$2.00 for slowly stifling their souls in the vats of his works.

The Overlord said them nay, and they struck, and the Overlord employed goths and ostrogoths in the guise of deputy sheriffs and constables as is the custom of Overlords since the trade in Hessians and Swiss mercenaries has gone into desuetude; and the wage scale of \$1.60 a day was maintained, and the men all came back to work in submission,—all except nineteen.

These nineteen could not testify to their humble change of view because the Overlord's little army of private grenadiers had exercised the military basic principle of Frigntfulness; the missing nineteen had had their heads shot off and had thus escaped the righteous punishment of being sent to jail for ingratitude.

On that feeble incident of ignorance of man's kinship, of hatred of gentleness and right, Griffith built the theme of "Intolerance;" he cast back five thousand years into the supreme civilization of Babylon and there planted one of his incidents; he walked down the aisles of Time to that St. Bartholomew's Day when hatred and fear cut the throat of the best thought and patriotism of France, and there he planted another romantic incident; with the living Christ in Nazareth he finds a living theme; and then to yesterday, or today or tomorrow as you like, he came and rooted there another, making the quadripartete of romance, of truth, and ingenuous fearlessness of the evil that is in all hearts; the substance of his unanswerable charge is that all the evil, cruelty and wrong of the world comes from man's implacable belief that what each man believes to be true, is true, and all else is false, wicked, and should be destroyed.

In making his first big picture Griffith while using no scenario, did have the memory of reading the Thomas Dixon novel to guide his progress, though, as you will remember, the picture is far from following the details of the story. In this "Intolerance" he had little more than his own idea of the incident in the Industrial Commission's report on the Christian charity of its Overlord, and the intolerable audacity of those nineteen laborers, who were blinded by their intolerance of be-

lieving they were entitled to more of Life than \$1.60 a day would buy.

At the first "runoff" of this picture in the little projecting room of his studio, Griffith had as audience one of the foremost war correspondents of this era,—a man with not a shred of emotion left to him; a night editor of thirty years dealing with the dramatic of life, and to whom the dramatic had become a puerile everyday incident; a city editor who was on intimate terms with all the grinning skeletons of a big city, and a writer of a long life spent in chronicling most of the tragedies and comedies of a huge country, with the machinery of the stage direction of them at his fingers tips.

When the last foot of film had passed these sat silent, the fibre of their natures torn and ravelled; they could say nothing; one rose and without phrase gasped Griffith's hand.

Those four world-worn men had been shown not only the futile hypocrisy of the rest of the world, but their own as well.

And then from the darkness of the little room came the sound of the voice of Griffith; possibly he felt from the silence of his audience that the picture had failed to impress; possibly he was moved himself; he is as facile in betraying his emotions as the Sphinx.

He told of his last visit to his Kentucky homestead; of an admirable, gentle-hearted, Christian-spirited, high-bred woman of near relationship, of deep orthodox belief; of how this woman whenever she saw a well-known Christian Scientist of the place approaching, would cross the street; of how a Catholic priest had installed a chapel of his faith there and of how all of all the other creeds combatted his work.

It was an epitome of the story of Babylon we had just seen; the glorious city of a glorious civilization where one of the first and one of the best Bibles had originated,—and all of it made the victim of hate and jealousy and greed.

Remembering that this later picture attacks with the precision of mathematics all intolerance, the result of its effect in the "tryouts" in neighboring places to where it was produced might give the Devil a richer idea than ever of the comedy of human seriousness.

So far none of the creeds, theories, or



Mr. Griffith instructs a rigorous French churchman in the annihilation of a Huguenot. The modern gentleman holding the blunderbuss is George Seigmann, Griffith's assistant.

sociological ideas which the picture eviscerates has had its followers respond with a single protest; each sees the picture and goes away thoroughly satisfied that it is not his pet belief which is assailed, but that of the fellow who believes differently; Catholic, Jew, Protestant, possible survivors of the Babylonian theogony; prohibitionists, wine-makers, liberals and conservatives, all have been pleased and flattered by what they have seen.

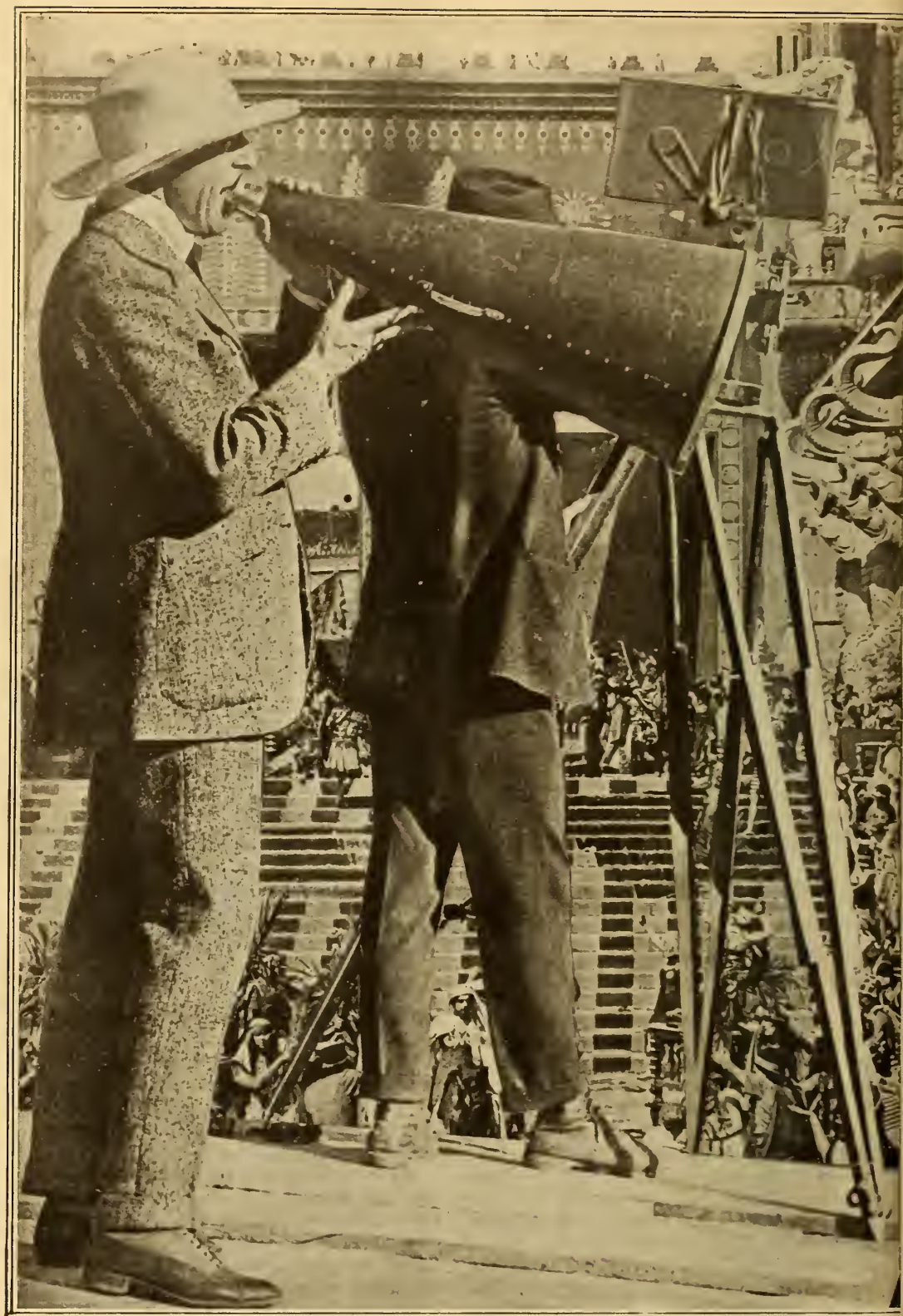
What Mr. John D. Rockefeller, the friends of the late Russell Sage, Mr. Carnegie, and the bounders who have been founders, will have to say remains locked

in the secret now, of the photoplay's success or failure.

When it is plain as a pike staff that intolerance of prohibition is a feature of the drama, what are we to think of prohibition leaders in prohibition Riverside praising the picture?

When it is equally an assault on money bending thought and creed to its devices, what deduction follows when a millionaire who has endowed colleges of sectarian type found the picture when shown at Pomona altogether admirable?

When in one appalling scene Protestants are shown savagely slaying Catholics and



*Filming the most stupendous festival ever recorded. Beside Griffith, with the megaphone, stands George Bitzer
history—it was the premier*



and his vision-embalming camera. The subject is that Feast of Belshazzar described in the Scriptures and orgy of the ancients.

in another the murders of St. Bartholomew's Day are depicted in ghastly reality and Protestants and Catholics both have found the picture to their taste, what can you think?

Nothing can be thought save that the great drama shown has undisturbed our universal capacity of seeing only that side of the shield which reflects ourselves.

"Is this truly to be your last picture?" Griffith was asked.

"It is," he replied; "intolerance that I have met with and fought with in my other picture makes it impossible to ask investment of the tremendous sums of money required for a real feature film with the result dependent on the whim or the lack of brains of a captain of police."

At that "runoff" showing, after the four spectators of fishy capacity for emotion had found their feet again firmly fastened in the clay of the commonplace, one said, "You've made a wonderful picture but you did have to pull the 'old stuff' to send 'em away with a good taste in their mouth."

"You're plucky but you didn't dare finish the picture true to life, and have The Boy executed, as he would have been in real life; Carlyle might well have written your scenario up that finale; but there you allowed the Despot of the stage to rule and you saved The Boy simply to satisfy the lust for comfort which audiences demand."

"You're one of the fellows who would have stood up and answered Pilate's question, 'What is Truth?'" said Griffith.

"That finale is Truth, and because it is a comfortable truth you thought it false."

"If you had read the newspapers as much as you've written for them, you would know about the Stielow case in New York; Stielow was convicted of a murder and sentenced to die; four times he was prepared for the chair, four times he and his family suffered every agony save the final swish of the current."

"What saved him was exactly what saved 'The Boy' in my picture; the murderer confessed, the final reprieve arrived just as the man was ready to be placed in the chair, his trousers' leg already slit for the electrode."

And picking up the copy of the New York paper containing the account, Griffith read former president Taft's sentence of the criminal law, "The administration of criminal law in this country is a disgrace to civilization."

The man who objected to the conventionally happy finale did it because he fancied himself just a bit more cultured than most, and believed that Art was only true in being disagreeable.

There are no great actors in "Intolerance," none whom you will recognize; though Sir Herbert Tree, I am told, in one scene played an extra man's part, just to be in the picture.

De Wolf Hopper for the same purpose in another scene was one of the hundreds in a mob.

Tully Marshall donned the robes of a priest for one brief scene.

But of the players in general, few names will be recognized.

One of them is the woman who rocks the cradle in that mournfully magnificent recurring interlude.

That is Miss Lillian Gish.

Nabonidus the King was done by an extra man.

Out of the sixty-odd thousand people who appear these are probably the ones who will be more or less known to the public.

In the modern story:

Mae Marsh as *The Girl*.

Robert Harron as *The Boy*.

Fred Turner as *The Father*.

Sam de Grasse as *Jenkins, the mill owner*.

Vera Lewis, *Jenkins' sister*, who creates the "Foundation."

Walter Long, the *Musketeer of the slums*.

Miriam Cooper, *The Friendless Woman*.

Tom Wilson, *The Kindly Heart*.

Ralph Lewis, *The Governor*.

Lloyd Ingram, *The Judge*.

The French period:

Frank Bennett, as *Charles IX*.

Mrs. Crowell as *Catherine de Medici*.

Joseph Henaberry as *Admiral Coligny*.

Margery Wilson as *Brown Eyes*.

Spottiswoode Aitken as *Her Father*.

A. D. Sears as *The Mercenary*.

Eugene Palette as *La Tour*.

W. E. Lawrence as *Henry of Navarre*.

Babylonian period:

Alfred Paget as *Belshazzar*.

Seena Owen as *Princess Attertia*.

George Seigmann (Griffith's chief director) as *Cyrus*.

Constance Talmadge as *The Mountain Girl*.

Elmer Clifton as *The Rhapsode*.

E. Lincoln as *The Faithful Guard*.

Jewish Period:

Howard Gaye as *Christ*.

Olga Gray as *Mary Magdalene*.

Lillian Langdon as *Mary*.

Bessie Love as *The Bride*.

George Walsh as *The Bridegroom*.

William Brown as *The Bride's Father*.

If you have seen the picture when this appears, or when you do see it, those are about all the characters you will recognize as played by known people, if you are the most erudite "fan."

And you will see thousands on thousands of others, all apparently expert artists, all trained to the thousandth fraction of right "registering."

Griffith does not believe that an actor can make a producer a success, but he has proved that a producer can make an extra man an actor.

Those fighting scenes of the picture were made by men trained to the same degree of ferocity that has made the killers in the Somme region turn the fields of France into human abattoirs.

During the progress of the making of the picture they became known as "Griffith's Man-Killers."

The story is told that later Cecil de Mille of Lasky's wanted some foot soldiers in a fight scene he had to make, and requisitioned the Man-Killers.

They were to be entrenched, and a column of cavalry was to sweep down and annihilate them.

They were carefully rehearsed and all went well until the camera was placed and the action began.

Then the cavalry caracoled out and spurred their horses at them.

Some fellow in the trench yelled "Here they come, fellers, now show the dash-blanks what Griffith's Killers can do!"

They did; all the rehearsal directions vanished, they couched their lances and unhorsed every trooper, and then ran them off the field,—and spoiled the scene.

I can well believe the story, for I was a witness of one of the assaults by *Cyrus* on the walls of Babylon.

The barbarians swept over our spear-proof safety coign, and we had to dodge arrows and javelins while scudding for the clear.

George Seigmann, a man as big as two Huns, strove to subdue their onslaught as

they were driving the Babylonians too swiftly for the camera, and meanwhile the Babylonians took advantage of the relief expedition by Seigmann and retreated within the city.

Did those barbarians care?

Only so much as to fall on each others neck and crop until there was a riot of directors.

There were only sixty calls for the ambulance that day, but the injuries when examined at the studio hospital did not exceed those pleasing black eyes, bent noses and gallant contusions, which are the *croix de guerre* of any well-designed scrap.

There was no fatality at all in the taking of the picture, though many times several thousands of warriors had to contend with life-like verity of death.

One man was killed when it was all over.

This by a sardonic freak of Fate was a steeplejack employed because of his surety of foot on heights.

When a small set was being dismantled after the taking of the picture this juggler with altitude was employed as one of the wrecking crew of carpenters.

He was at work on a scaffold eighteen feet from the ground when he made a mis-step, fell, and never knew what had happened.

For weeks before he had been stationed on the perilous points hundreds of feet high and had gayly coquetted with death from a station which would make a blue-water sailor dizzy.

I believe that of all the impressiveness of this picture the recurrent scene of Rocking The Cradle will be found most enduring in its elusive poetry of symbolism.

How this came to be created illustrates a Griffith trait.

Years ago when he was in a road-company with Wilfred Lucas the two were walking one day when Lucas saw a woman rocking a cradle.

He called the scene to Griffith's attention and quoted the Walt Whitman lines:

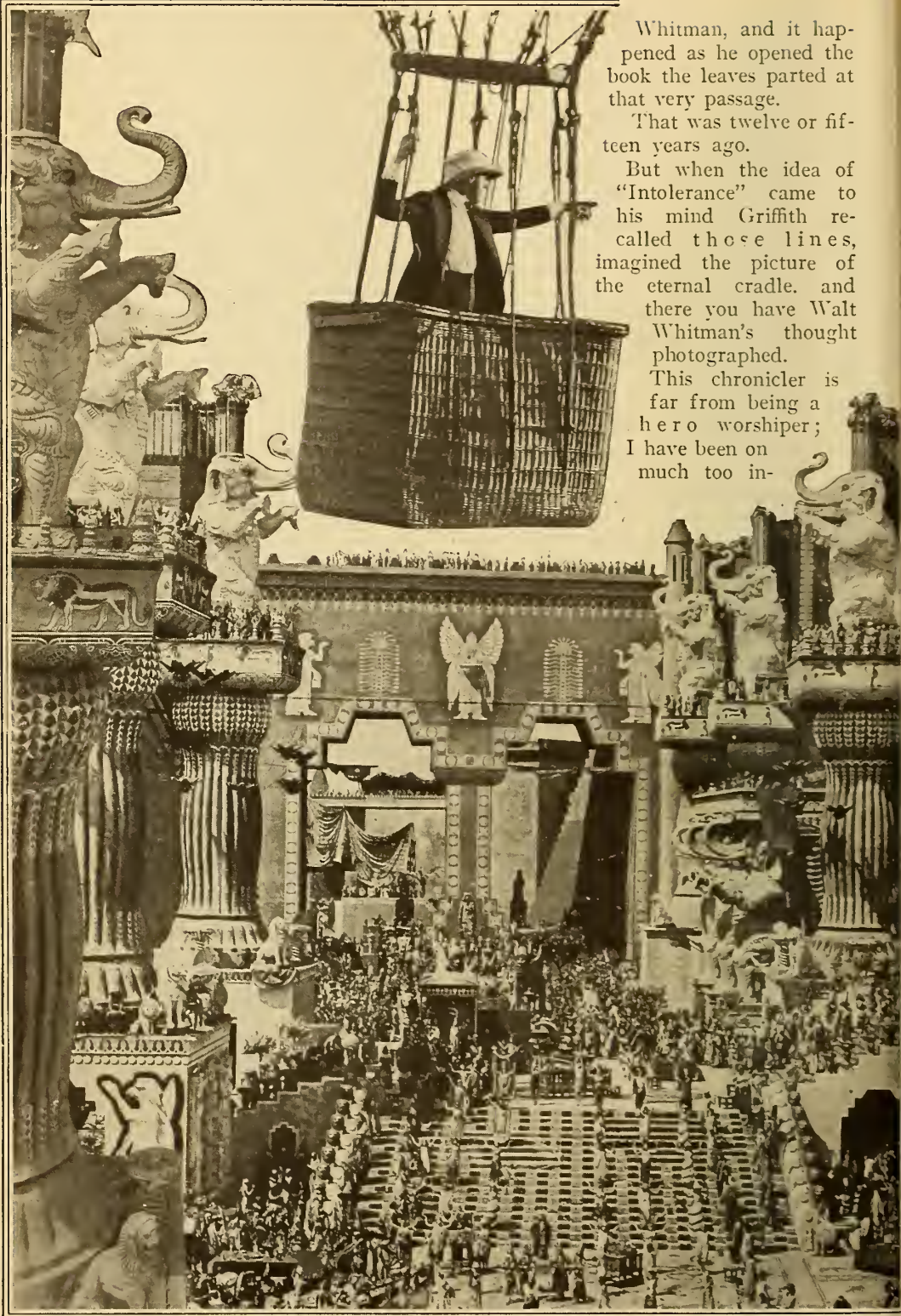
" endlessly rocks the cradle,

"Uniter of Here and Hereafter."

"Who wrote that?" asked Griffith.

"That's from Walt Whitman," said Lucas, "you'll find it somewhere in his 'Leaves of Grass.'"

Griffith said nothing but darted away and found a book store, bought a copy of



Whitman, and it happened as he opened the book the leaves parted at that very passage.

That was twelve or fifteen years ago.

But when the idea of "Intolerance" came to his mind Griffith recalled those lines, imagined the picture of the eternal cradle, and there you have Walt Whitman's thought photographed.

This chronicler is far from being a hero worshiper; I have been on much too in-

Some of the Babylonian "stuff" Griffith had to direct from a balloon, so impossible was it to see all of his "field" at once.

timate terms with far too many heroes to fondle any illusions about them; they often wear patent leather shoes with spats, and sometimes they bandolier their hair, and often they are careless about marriage vows and going to church, and paying debts, and occasionally I've met the best of them who can adroitly eat peas with his knife, and a lot of them wear wrist watches, and some use perfumery, but when a man can make a camera fasten to a negative film Walt Whitman's intellect he is none of these types but a man hero, and I kow-tow to him as being no less a poet than Whitman himself.

Beyond argument the measure of achievement today is that of money.

How much did it cost? will be the prime question about this work of beauty.

I know exactly and I will tell you exactly.

This picture of "Intolerance" cost five times as much as "The Birth of a Nation."

But what the latter cost no one but those who paid the cost know.

The press agents concerned, claimed all manner of figures from \$250,000 up to half a million.

An estimate from a number of those expert in judging, places the expenditure for "The Birth of a Nation" close to \$100,000, some going as high as \$200,000, none going much below the first figure.

This last picture has been two years in the actual making, and work on the preparatory stages was begun over three years ago; considerably more than sixty thousand people were engaged at one time and another in the acting, and more in the various forms of effort outside of the acting.

I do happen to know authoritatively that much over 300,000 feet of film was used in the making and that this was cut in the "assembling" to the present limit of the picture of between 12,000 and 13,000 feet.

As for carefulness, it is a fact that the captions have been set and changed close to two thousand times.

As for Griffith himself, he has put his heart's substance into the labor.

I saw him the day before he left for New York; he was brave, even gay mentally, jesting and debonair; but he was gaunt and excited though in thorough self command.

I asked him, "Now that your work is over what is your idea of your future? What is your next ambition?"

He looked frankly at me and said unsmilingly. "My idea of life now is a tremendously large bed, in some place where no telephone, no messenger boy, no newspaper, no telegram, no voice, can reach me, and to sleep for a solid week, only waking very occasionally long enough to eat a good dinner, and then roll over and again sleep."

"What will you do if 'Intolerance' fails?" I asked.

Blandly smiling, he said, "I'll seek the Jersey coast and try to find one of those man-eating sharks."

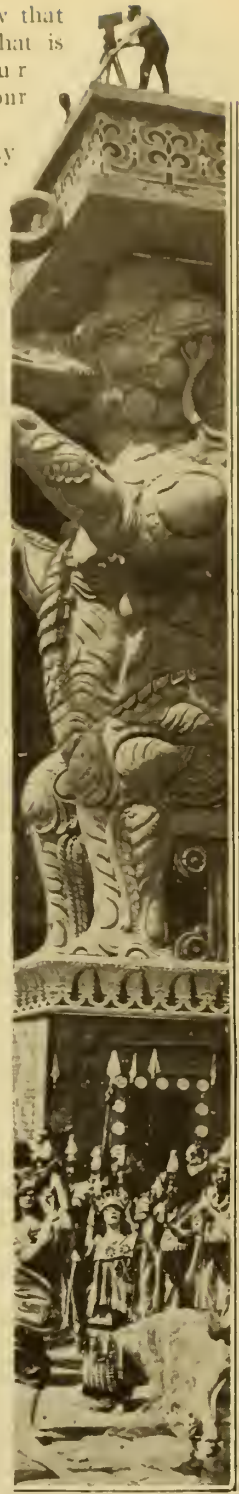
"And what if it wins?"

"I have told you before that this will be my last picture.

"That is as true as anything can be which the future holds."

"The speaking stage, producing drama?"

"I have told you before that such was my desire; if the picture succeeds it will not, it cannot, make the money that in fabulous fashion pictures are credited with making; theatres cannot hold



Bitzer and the miracle-box, atop a Chaldean elephant.

as much money as some newspapers say some pictures make.

"The matter of the money to be made is very like the fellow blowing the bassoon in the orchestra who was told to blow louder; 'That's all very well,' he replied, 'but where is the wind to come from?'"

He says he intends to take up the stage next as a means of finding expression unhampered, but when asked what he would do, and how, he side-stepped.

"There will never be any combination of the speaking and the photo drama," he added with a tang at satire, "not if audiences can help it.

"The stage is perfect now, to my mind, because it enables us to make moving pictures so much easier than it might.

"I'm sorry that Mansfield, that Daly, that Irving, are dead, but as a moving picture man I am glad, for the movies' sake, that they are gone. If those men were now alive, we of the movies would have to work harder than we do, and I don't know how that could be done, for I figure that now we work fourteen and fifteen hours a day, but if the stage were different we would have to work thirty-six hours in the twenty-four; so we are glad that competition with the stage is not fiercer than it is."

"Don't you regard the modern part of your picture as an attack on the courts, on judges?"

"I certainly do not, because it is not.

"That Stielow case in New York is exactly like the murder case in the story; only reality goes the picture three better in the way of reprieves. Stielow and his family faced death-suffering four times, and three times the reprieve came at the very last minute.

"If I had shown scenes like that on the screen it would have made the public laugh as impossible, but the people should not laugh at the courts; judges do not make the laws, you, I, everyone, are responsible for the laws.

"I have met several judges and have always found them



Here, just as Herodotus and other historians describe them, are the rawhide towers of continuously and well, sixty men went to the hospital as a result

very nice and often very wonderful men. Real gentlemen, in fact.

"What has seemed peculiar to me about the law is that after so prolonged an experiment with the principles of Christianity we still find as was found through all the ages that justice demands if a man kills another he in turn should be murdered.

"No, I am far from attacking the courts or judges, for the only thing that has stood between the pictures and the censors and thereby prevented the pictures from utter extinction, has been the courts."

Here are his reasons as dictated by himself, for making no more feature pictures:

"It appears that henceforth there will be no middle ground in the pictures; there will be the



the attacking Persians, just before the assault upon Babylon. In the foreground, a net for falling wall-scalers; though it worked of this encounter. Note the intrepid Ford, right at home in the domain so soon to be won by Kaiser Cyrus.

ten, twenty and thirty cent pictures, and the big two dollar ones.

"The first classification does not attract me, and the second offers too many stupid, cruel, costly and apparently ineradicable offensives.

"Of necessity the stage must tell the truth more freely than any other method of expression. It is the only means existing today of even attempting to portray the truth.

"I do not mean the drama as it is known to Broadway, but the drama as it is known to dramatists.

"I have tried to tell the truth in my new picture.

"But I find that what we call the Movies are less free now than ever, and are more and more dependent on the censor, and on that account I feel inclined to stop.

"There are but a few means of conveying what we believe to be truth; the college is seriously handicapped, as too many of the universities are endowed by a few rich men whose brain power has been used only to acquire wealth; these have little or no knowledge beyond their immediate needs; they have never taken the time to gain knowledge of human nature in the little nor in the mass; they have their own ideas of life and deride everything foreign to their own little circles; they know little of the present and less of the past.

"There is very little doubt that most college professors' opinions on morals, politics, and even of history, are very different in their private and their public capacities.

"Who can believe that a man dependent on a university will have an opinion for the public which is not more or less sicklied with the pale cast of thought about the men who put up the money for the institution?

"The world can hope for no boldness of verity from the colleges.

"The preacher of today is as always, swayed to some extent by the majority of the sect to which he belongs; he can seldom speak as an individual, and of necessity he cannot launch what may seem a new truth that infringes on what was an old truth, and remain in his denomination.

"I wondered recently at the daring of a certain professor of Assyriology who said in a little-read magazine that the aver-

age normal being of today would find himself with more decent associates and in happier surroundings in Babylon, or ancient Egypt, than in any intervening period of the world's history, up to the Eighteenth Century.

"The newspaper and magazine appeal to a certain clientele which they must please, and are forced to listen as a rule to the hydra-headed monster called Public Clamor, more than to her gentler sister, Public Opinion.

"But the producer of a feature picture depends on a much larger audience than any of these means; he does not have to defer to what Mrs. Smith thinks, or what Mr. Jones believes, for he has a million Mrs. Smiths and a million of Mr. Jones, and he is far more certain to get a fair hearing, or he would be if it were not for the censor.

"Isn't the folly of it all palpable? Because a new idea is expressed people are not forced to accept it. But certainly in this country there should be no objection to the discussion of all subjects.

"What kind of people, what sort of race, can continue to exist that is afraid of discussion?

"The politics of the world is founded on so much hypocrisy that everything is done, not for what is right, nor even against what is wrong, but for the effect on a majority of the people.

"That is why all Europe is slaughtering.

"That is why 'Christian' nations will murder Turks and crucify pagans and slay with zest 'foreigners.'

"A 'foreigner' is always a man with a head so dense that he will not think as we think.

"The story for Truth as we see it has become barred from the pictures, so that anyone who has a real idea to express should not look to the moving picture as a means, but if he has enough money, to the stage.

"We of the moving picture craft admit our defeat; it is impossible for us to take any big subject of interest without the fear of the autocrats above us taking away our property.

"I now contemplate turning to the stage in making an attempt to find freedom of expression."

This ends what I have to tell about David W. Griffith.

"Somewhere in France"

OPENED BY

No. G.7/A.—
Communicative Dept.

MEMORANDUM.

From Miss E. Ardath
3 Gladstone Street
Leicester
England.

From

To Miss M. Fuller
New York
U.S.A.

To

ANSWER.



*I thank you for your letter
written in your
Dear Miss Fuller
you will be glad to
watch me on the
screen
Mary
New York City, N.Y. U.S.A.*

Dear Madam,
The
months ago, no
forwarded to
Through the
rectory I was
dress on the
and I have mu
them herewith.
Unfortunately can
stand the pho
months ago, s
his
certain the
I trust the
able momento.
of the perso
entrusted.
I ma
picked up near
positions whi
suffered not lightly.

IF Mary Fuller were a playwright as well as an actress she could evolve from an experience of hers a tragedy which could be named "The Crimson Photographs."

In a letter to Photoplay Magazine, enclosing an official memorandum from the War Communicative Department of the British Government dated from Leicester, England, Miss Fuller tells of the grim yet gently touching incident. With her letter came the two blood stained "snapshots" reproduced on this page.

These twin postcard photos were sent by Miss Fuller a year ago to a British soldier who at that time was being drilled in an English reserve encampment and who later was ordered to the front "somewhere in France." He had asked her by mail for the pictures. Miss Fuller writes:

"His last letter to me assured me that the photos would go into battle with him, and that he hoped he would live through the engagement to see me again on the screen. The postcards in their present bloodstained and battered state just reached me with the accompanying memorandum from the War Communicative Department. Although I never met the young man personally, his various letters commenting on my films in sparkling vein were much enjoyed, and I really feel a personal loss in the matter."

The War Department memorandum, passed by the censor, says, in part:

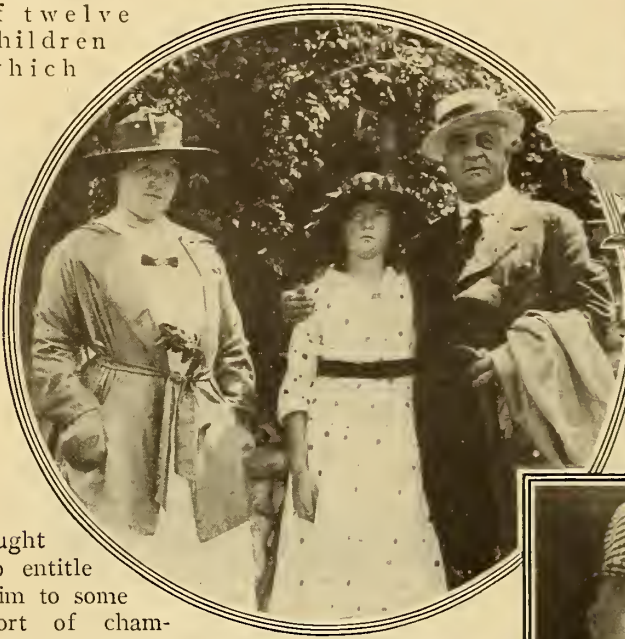
"The enclosed were found some months ago, near Loos, and have been forwarded to me for disposal. The addressee unfortunately cannot be found, as I understand the photographs were found many months ago — picked up near one of our artillery positions which—I am sorry to say —suffered not lightly."

I am
very Truly
Yours
Hon. Sec R.C.S.

Filmland's Champion "Daddy"

By Gilbert Craig

SPEAKING of actors who hesitate to acknowledge marital ties, consider for a moment that sturdy pioneer of the stage and cameraplay, Herbert Standing. Mr. Standing is proud of the fact that he is the father of twelve children which



ought to entitle him to some sort of championship. Five of them are daughters and seven are sons, and all of the sons who are not on the stage are fighting in France, for the Standings are English.

It was just about less than fifty years ago Mr. Standing first trod the boards—at the Queen's Theater, London. The Queen's was owned at that time by the celebrated Henry Labouchere, wealthy proprietor and editor of "Truth." Then for twenty-three years Mr. Standing originated parts at the Criterion, of which during some of that time he was co-lessee with Sir Charles Wyndham.

On the shadow stage he has won international favor as a portrayer of character roles and with Bosworth Morosco and Pallas he has played in scores of film dramas.

As the old monk in "Hypocrites" he achieved an artistic triumph, which he fol-



Above in "The Call of the Cumberlands"; in circle, with Mrs. Standing and Joan, 12 years old, their youngest child.

lowed up by striking a no less notable opposite as the chief of the gypsy bandits in "Kilmeny." As *St. Peter* in "Peer Gynt" it was Mr. Standing's privilege to renew an old acquaintance with Cyril Maude, who starred in that masterpiece and with whom Standing had appeared in London successes. He played finely with Maud Allan in "The Rugmaker's Daughter," portraying *Halib Bey*, father of *Demetra* (Miss Allan). Later he appeared before the lens in "The Yankee Girl" with Blanche Ring, "The Gentleman from Indiana" with Dustin Farnum, and "The Call of the Cumberlands." Apparently his favorite rôle is that of father to Winifred Kingston—in the films, of course.

The Return of Draw Egan

By
C. Gardner
Sullivan

Produced by
Thos. H. Ince



"A slender, brown haired girl, with mysterious violet eyes and a serene face of wonderful, smiling comprehension."

HAD a painter stood on the buttes to the north of Muscatine his appraising eyes would have been delighted with as serene and splendid a scene as ever swam into an artist's vision. The intense sunshine of a southwestern afternoon poured like a torrent of unlimited white fire from a sky so blue that it seemed to have a vibrant life all its own. Here and there dust spirals rose into the sky like ghosts of giant palms. To the south, world and heaven met in tremulous heat waves somewhere in Mexico. To the West dark shapes of mountains pierced the light like a broken saw done in purple pastel. Eastward the plain melted away into invisibility beyond which was Texas. In the far north a solitary peak, visible where all other sight failed, suggested snows early and late. It was very hot, but it was also very dry, and one is not oppressed by a dry heat.

In the midst of this vast embossment of jewelled nature lay the man-made town, a clod of dirt on a bronze shield. Muscatine's inhabitants were not abroad admiring the hot and magnificent world. Some of its few women were asleep, and others were going a slow round of baking, boiling,

IN which a bad man suddenly begins to deal a straight game and finally wins out

scrubbing, mending. Practically all of its menfolk were assembled in the town's social center, the saloon.

At the bar stood Mat Buckton, a big, grizzled, not unkindly man, easily in his late forties, but imposing with the power of a rugged life. He had come all the way from Yellow Dog—forty miles as the coyote lopes—to find a man who would be willing to court law and order for that lawless little settlement of canine name.

At the other end of the bar slouched Frog Jones, heavy, sloppy, nastily liquored. He listened to Buckton's talk with a characteristic sneer. Finally he laughed.

"It'd be a joke on you, Parson," he said, addressing Buckton, "if Draw Egan'd cure your complaint with a dose of lead pills on the way home. Don't you want some o' our women folks to tote you back?"

Buckton, plainly a man of peace, walked slowly toward Jones, who, seeing a middle-aged antagonist unarmed, bristled visibly. Buckton spoke, not unkindly.

"I'm here," he replied, "to get a man to keep the peace. I'm going to get him, and I hope there won't be none as'll make me declare war while I'm doing it."



Suddenly he realized that he loved Myrtle desperately, terribly.

Frog Jones dissembled with a horsey guffaw. Buckton added that he neither knew nor cared who Draw Egan was; he had never even heard of him. Then they all laughed, and each man began explaining.

And it did seem strange, too, that Buckton knew nothing of the ferocious outlaw who had terrorized New Mexico; on whose head the territorial governor had set a price of \$1,000, and who was popularly believed to be incinerated in the ashes of his cabin far up the border mountains. Here a pitched battle had ensued. Shorty Warner, an able lieutenant, had been shot in the leg and was now doing his grudging bit in the territorial prison. It was quite certain that Oregon Joe, known sometimes as Draw Egan's trigger finger, had escaped. He had raided a ranch or two for forage for his horses and provisions for his handful of men. Oregon Joe's second sobriquet was merely by way of doubtful compliment; Draw needed no trigger finger other than the one nature had given him. Between the challenge and the bullet—with him—there wasn't time to snap a camera; the word passed, and the other fellow dropped.

While the interesting if jumbled recital was in progress a man of more peaceable mien than Buckton, if there might be such within the bounds of virility, had tied his horse to the rein-rail, and had entered. He was a little more than six feet tall, heavy with bone and muscle but utterly devoid of fat, and with a smooth face which was a perplexing mask. Buckton saw him first, decided that he was an itinerant minister determined to preach in a saloon, that he was a gambler exiled from Tucson, that he was a rancher, that he was of the secret service, that he was a renegade Mexican of light complexion—all these decisions he made and rejected in half a minute, watching a steady-eyed, thin-lipped face which was at once all nerves and all steel. The man was in heavy riding order, and far down his right hip swung a veritable mountain howitzer.

"Whiskey!" It was the only word he spoke to the bar-tender.

"What'll ye have?" answered that functionary, at once genial and facetious. "We got Bourbon—or Bourbon; and if ye don't like either o' them we got a little Bourbon."

"What you said last," responded the stranger, in kind.

He poured a small glass level full, raised it to his lips and drank it slowly, as if it were a sweet liquor instead of raw, unaged fire that would be dashed to the floor in any bar east of the Missouri. He pushed aside the glass of warm, uniced water thrust out as a chaser.

His mastery of venomous alcohol won either admiration or hatred on the part of the boozier-bully, Jones, who approached with unsteady gait and thick tongue.

"Have a drink with me, partner!" he exclaimed.

"Much obliged," answered the stranger, "but as I never take no more'n one drink o' whiskey you'll let me have a segar. It's very kind of ye, I'm sure."

"I didn't say nothin' 'bout no stogie," returned Jones, in a blaze of maudlin indignation. "I give ye a man's invitation to a man's drink. Now what'll ye have?"

The stranger explained again, very

gently: "I don't drink whiskey because I like it. I only drink it as a kind o' medicine when I'm very tired, and never more'n one glass. I'll have a segar, an' thank you."

"You'll have a drink!" roared Frog Jones.

"Who are you talking to?"

"You, you milk-drinkin' baby!"

The stranger paused, uncertainly, and looked around. Complete silence had fallen over the saloon, and the man addressed seemed vastly more embarrassed by the general attention than by any words. But he continued, in his gentle voice: "I didn't come here to start no trouble, but no man ain't never rode me yet, and you ain't goin' to begin now. You take back that remark about a nursin' infant, an' we'll call the deal closed."

"Take back nothin', you soft-headed, soft-handed, soft-hearted son of a chicken!" Frog Jones fairly whooped. The stranger started toward him. Jones drew his gun, and the crowd, following instinct and Frog's past performances in the more or less serious puncture of tenderfeet, fell behind card tables, chairs and kegs to get out of range of the imminent shrapnel. Buckton alone, fascinated, stood erect and exposed, his eyes fixed on the newcomer.

The stranger made no hurried moves.

Instead, he walked slowly to Jones, and, with a sudden twist of his left hand, jerked the gun from his grasp. At the same time he brought his right up from the ground, and when it met the point of the bluffer's jaw, there was a splendid imitation of a railroad collision.

Frog went back several feet in no appreciable time, and met



The principal reason Oregon Joe continued to stay after he had worn out his short line of tricks in honest endeavor, was — Poppy.

the saloon wall with great force. His vanquisher turned toward the bar, breaking and emptying his antagonist's gun as he did so. His own weapon had been undrawn.

"I'll have a bit segar, please, like the gentleman asked me to," he said gently to the bartender. Receiving it, he thrust it into his pocket, at the same time rolling a cigarette with the fingers of his right hand. He dropped Jones' empty gun on the bar, and shoved it in his general direction.

Buckton came out of his hypnotic spell.

"By the sperrit o' old Kit Carson," he cried, "you're the man for me. I got a job for ye!"

"Doin' what?" The stranger smiled faintly.

"Law-and-orderin'! Yellow Dog, a growin' city, needs a regular man to kick it around an' make it a good pup. We got too many gamboliers now—next we'll have some o' the Draw Egan bandits these fellers talk about. We want—"

Buckton stopped, his tongue halted as his eyes beheld the amazing spectacle of a man laughing uproariously but without sound. The stranger was doubled up in a convulsion of merriment at the bar. But when Buckton stopped talking he stopped laughing, and as suddenly. He came toward the Yellow Dog representative.

"Can't say as how I've had any experience in your line, Mr.— Mr.—"

"Buckton!"

"—Mr. Buckton, but if you'll put up with an amateur, I'll do my best."

"Don't handle the boys too rough, of course," counselled the peaceable Buckton.

"That's a hell of a piece of advice to give him!" chortled the recovering Jones, now sitting up, albeit weakly, in his corner.

As the sun set Buckton and the stranger drove into its red furnace, overflowing Buckton's rattly "buggy," drawn by two mighty mules, behind which obediently trotted the new marshal's horse.

"You don't even know my name," murmured that official, speculatively.

"That's so!" laughed Buckton. "But what's a little thing like a name between regular fellers? It might be handy for social purposes, though. Spill it!"

"Blake," said the peace officer, after a moment's reflection. "William Blake."

AND Blake fulfilled all Buckton's anticipations in Yellow Dog.

It was a smaller community, even, than Muscatine, but it was made up of a differ-

*"I'm tellin' ye not to run bad again, Joe," he murmured
kick your carcass clear 'cross*



ent sort of people. It was both better and worse. To explain: the majority of the inhabitants were among the first irrigation farmers in New Mexico, going far to attend their watered lands, but living in a community for mutual benefit and protection. Upon them preyed a set of cheap gamblers, grafters, low-class robbers, and a few vicious women. Yellow Dog's saloon had not the hardy, quick-shooting, self-reliant line of cowmen which patronized the liquor emporium in Muscatine. It was wholly an evil resort, spreading slimy ten-

tacles farther and farther into the decent part of town.

And through this crew William Blake thundered in judgment as did Cromwell through royal and degenerate England. He did not attempt to eliminate them, for he knew he was on the frontier, and the frontier is wild. He kept them in bounds. He made them realize that if they retained the right to lead their lives, the lives, habits and beliefs of all individuals in the community were as inviolate. He maintained respect most often with his fists, occasionally, when his job was of wholesale nature, with his shooting iron. His subdued associates did not understand him; the pious rather feared and avoided him—and William Blake began to ask himself if the mummery were all worth while. Then—

Myrtle Buckton, daughter of the chairman of uplift who had found Blake in the Muscatine saloon.

To describe Myrtle I can think only of the old, old simile of the violet that thrusts

*because if ye do, sure's as there's cactus and sage I'll
strut into Death Valley!"*





"All right!"—Oregon Joe's eyes were distended with fear—"Do you know what kind o' prunes you pious pups is? You got a man for law-an'-orderin' with a price on his head!"

its pure face out of dust and seeks the light between two ugly stones. A slender, brown-haired girl, with mysterious violet eyes and a serene face of wonderful, smiling comprehension, Blake first found her defending him. The pious were revolting against one who made peace with a (figurative) sword. The churchwomen were for exiling him along with those whom he had exiled. And it was her brave little soprano, raised in high protest and hot denunciation, that drew Blake's attention to Myrtle as he was passing by. Immediately they were great though exceedingly discreet friends; and well they needed all their discretion, for the ungrateful community was scandalized. Only Myrtle's father, who neither approved nor disapproved, did not join the soft, sibilant protest against this amazing chumship.

I am quite sure that Blake had no intention of loving this girl. Nor did she realize that sympathy is akin to love. Blake had never loved anybody—except, vaguely and distantly, his mother—and he had not been much with women, hence he did not realize for a long time that it was love

which made him sit alone in his little room of straight board walls hour after hour, thinking thrilling, unutterable things; remembering the pressure of her fingers at their last hand-clasp, his eyes burning with the recollection of her rich red lips; his heart leaping as the evening wind seemed to breathe over him once more her faint fragrance. Suddenly he did realize that he loved Myrtle—desperately, terribly; that he never should have loved her: that his life had not been one to fit him for a home and the little homey things that women adore. As for Myrtle, she loved Blake frankly, utterly, and in complete unconsciousness that her sentiment was love. So the fighting peace-bringer, presently, used himself to the idea of domesticity: reflected that despite a not untarnished record he was still sound, strong, and possessed of a certain future, and every night had a roseate vision of the home, the quiet life, the happy little family of *Mr. and Mrs. William Blake*.

Then came Oregon Joe.

Oregon Joe was the sort of creature the
(Continued on page 146)

Is It Impossible? Marie'll Do It!

By James Bell

MISTER DIRECTOR, lookee.

Do you want a "stunt girl"?

A girl who thinks it's big fun to fall over a cliff one

long into deep water to avoid the consequences of a leopard's leap? A girl who personally trained a horse to turn a somersault, with her on its back, at racing speed, so she could do a picture fall and laugh about it afterward? A girl who—

That's what the press agent says she has done, and will show you the films to prove it!

Miss Walcamp was a chorus girl, then a comedy lead, before entering the "movies" a few years ago and is with Universal.

Yes, it's a real lioness in the middle picture. Below, Marie posing with the scenery.

hundred and fifty feet high and snatch at a bit of ledge while she's falling and hang there until the hero can be lowered by his ankles and in that position "skin" out of his coat and reach down the sleeves to her so she can grasp them and be pulled up to safety? A girl who grins at being abducted from a forty-mile-an-hour passenger train through the window and onto a galloping horse's back? A girl who thinks it cute to be half leaped over and half landed on by an irritable lion while the camera clicks? A girl who'd like the chance to make a pet of the man-eating shark that knocked her rudely off her surf-riding board in Honolulu waters and tried to taste her? A girl who dived from the towering bow of an ocean liner before breakfast just for the sport of it? A girl who thought it a cute trick to plunge head-



His Job: Directing Mary Pickford



Mr. Emerson plays the part of stern Director—

JOHN EMERSON, Mary Pickford's director in her newly formed producing company which bears her name and will return its monthly balance sheets off the ledger direct to her, didn't do the press agent stunt of tumbling into the "movies" by accident: he entered them deliberately, by plan, concoction and forethought. Entered them to learn how to become a director. He knew he didn't know, and he determined to find out.

That was eighteen months ago, when Mr. Emerson was a stage director in the employment of Charles Frohman. He reasoned it out with himself. He decided that a man who is to make of himself a first-class photoplay director can best serve himself by learning how to be a first-class photoplay actor; for how can you teach if you have not learned?

So John Emerson, "legitimate" actor, stage director and dramatist, self-introduced to the playgoing public with Bessie Tyree in "Tit for Tat," as a successful comedian in "Are You a Mason?" and "Military Mad" and with Leo Ditrichstein, betook him to the Griffith studio in Los Angeles. His first "job" was acting and his first role that of *Winthrop Clavering* in "The Flying Torpedo."

He learned fast. He had it in mind that one may be a "legitimate" star and yet utterly unfit for stardom on the screen stage. And because he was not cock-sure of himself or puffed up with his own importance, but was filled with genuine earnestness to succeed in the new field, and because he combined adaptability with genius, he came along. His first directorial job was handling Dorothy Gish and Wallace Reid in "Heidelberg"—and he

A studio scene showing John Emerson directing Miss Pickford in "Less Than the Dust."

JOHN EMERSON
DECIDED THAT
YOU HAVE TO
LEARN BEFORE
YOU CAN TEACH

By J. A. Kent



registered success. Now he has quit Fine Arts to direct Mary Pickford in her own company productions, and their first release will be "Less Than the Dust," a lens drama of considerable power. His last Fine Arts picture was "The Social Secretary," in which he directed Norma Talmadge.

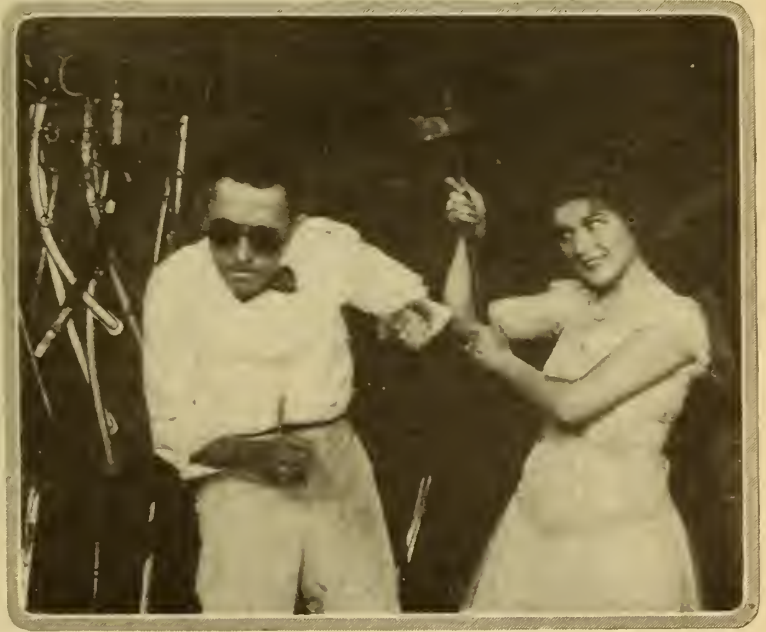
Mr. Emerson was born in Sandusky, O., May 29, 1874, and so is forty-two years old. His finishing education was obtained in the famed University of Heidelberg, after a course in the University of Chicago. He studied with intent of making of himself a minister of the Episcopal Church, to follow in his father's footsteps; but the drama called to him, and eagerly he answered.

It took him only eighteen months to graduate from the position of actor in photoplay to that of director of the premiere photoplay actress, a niche immensely enviable.

Mr. Emerson put in three years of preparatory study before going upon the footlighted stage, and a portion of this time was spent in teaching in a Chicago school of acting. His first engagement was in a small part with Tim Murphy—and at the end of the third performance, according to his scant biographies, he was discharged for incompetency! Instead of reading discouragement and abandonment in this rebuff, he read "More preparation," and set himself to get it. Before long he was managing Mrs. Fiske's productions and putting on plays of Clyde Fitch's. Then with Mme. Nazimova he stepped into leading roles.

—But Mary P. soon gets the upper hand, you'll note!

Norma Talmadge with Mr. Emerson during the filming of "The Social Secretary"



A BUMPER CROP IN MOROSCO-LAND



The little child on the bumper with the 1910 model coat, peekaboo hosiery and poor-little-poor-girl foot-wears is Vivian Martin; the delighted looking chap is Colin Chase, another Moroscovian. This was a "surprise" snap-shot as no one but Miss Martin and Mr. Chase knew it was to be taken.

An Ince Play, from Script to Screen

THIS is a biographic set of illustrations taken especially for PHOTOPLAY, intended to accelerate the enthusiasm and perhaps improve the aim of the young idea that thinks it knows all about shooting a scenario. On this page you see the arrival of one of those happy manuscripts destined for gelatine immortality. At the conclusion of the series of pictures the completed film, cut and ready for

presentation, is being boxed up for the long shipment across the continent to New York City. Even this is a romance—here is an everyday business transit over the illimitable desert, the boundless plain and the mountains of East and West: a journey to which some of our forefathers devoted their lives. The conditions of the Ince Photoplay Play Contest are described on another page.



The manuscript arrives at the Ince postoffice in Culver City, California.



The play has a first reading, by editor R. C. Smith.



C. Gardner Sullivan gives it a final reading.



Director Giblyn (right) casts the play with Business Manager E. H. Allen (center) and Superintendent of Production David M. Hartford.

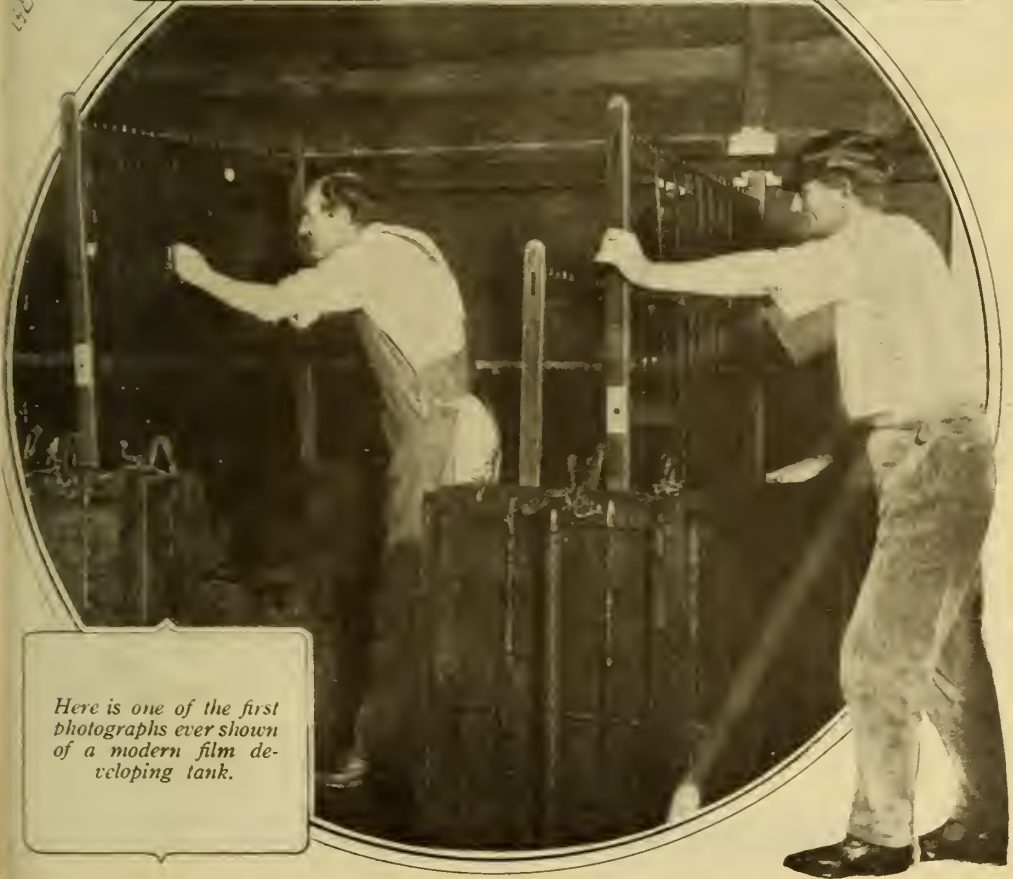


Director Giblyn conducts Miss Clara Williams through an exterior episode.

Then he gives Miss Williams a bit of personal direction in an interior set.

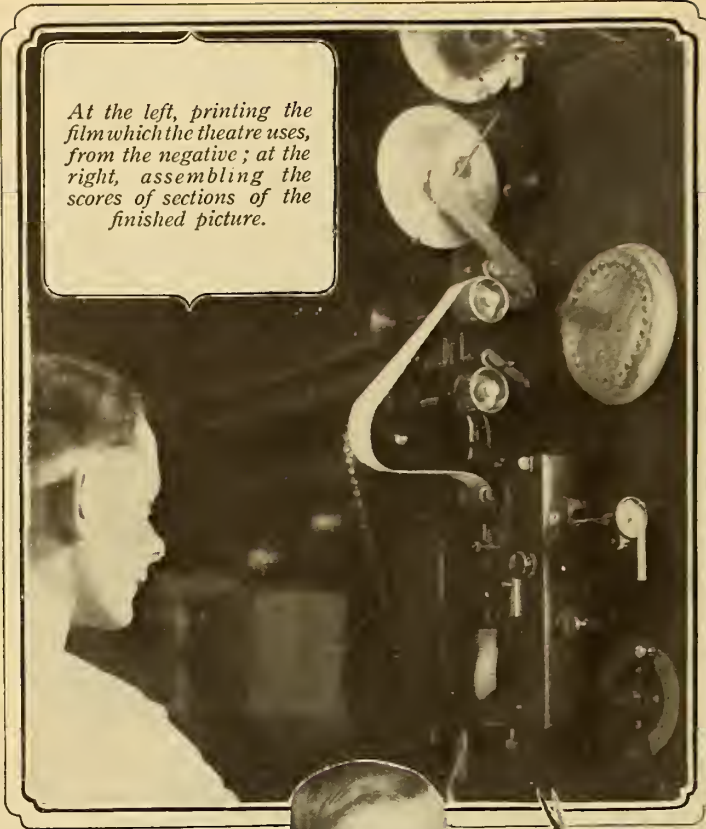


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Here is one of the first photographs ever shown of a modern film developing tank.

At the left, printing the film which the theatre uses, from the negative; at the right, assembling the scores of sections of the finished picture.



At the right, the final cutting—a careful, tedious, expert process. In the small picture above, shipping.



A familiar "tough guy" portrayal — and Hatton himself.

That Mean Guy, Hatton

RAYMOND, THE VILLAINOUS, BEGAN HIS INFAMOUS CAREER AS A LITTLE EVA IN IOWA

By Allen Corliss

WHO stuck pins in baby's neck? Hatton! Who stole the child and burned the papers? Hatton! Who threw the ingenue out in the snow and generally spilled the beans? Hatton! There is no deed too low, desperate or daring for Raymond Hatton to do—on the screen. He is a virtuoso through the whole scale of crime from making faces at the beautiful heroine to murder in the first degree.

He can be the mean man in the high hat and the frock coat, or the rough-neck in rags. It is all the same to him on the screen. He can be a child pick-

pocket of twelve, or a refined forger of seventy. He has no age limit—on the screen. When the war paint is removed, however, he is a perfectly respectable young business man, a little undersized, perhaps, but respectable. Kind to his dog, and everything like that.

Hatton began his career of crime as Little Eva—went to heaven twice a day and all that—in a tent. That was at his birthtown, Red Oaks, Ia., when a circus came along. His parents let him go on tour under the chaperonage of the wife of the manager.

Our hero probably



In "The Honorable Friend."



"Gewhilliker Hay" in
Tennessee's Pardner.

"The Puppet Crown," and that eccentric Bret Harte character, *Gewhilliker Hay*, in "Tennessee's Pardner."

Hatton does not make up and present a type as he thinks that type would act. He does it as he *knows* that type would act.

For his *Dope Fiend* in "Public Opinion" he spent several days in the psychopathic ward of a hospital watching victims of the drug habit. For *Gewhilliker Hay* he chanced to be in the neighborhood of the place where Bret Harte laid his scenes, and talked with the greybeards about the real *Gewhilliker*. His old *Mexican* in "The Love Mask" was an exact reproduction of a frail, dilapidated old Don who loiters about Tia Juana and permits tourists to take snapshots of him at two bits a snap.

He made up so well as *Kayosho*, the Nipponese Villain in "The Honorable Friend" that Sessue Hayakawa talked Japanese to him all through the taking of the picture, and Hatton is worrying yet as to whether Hayakawa was complimenting him on his make-up or roasting him as a bad actor.

Outside the studio, Hatton amuses himself teaching new tricks to his little Chihuahua Shepherd, who is his constant companion, or going on hunting trips with his chum Tom Forman. Hatton was never known to hit anything with a rifle, but cheers himself with the sweet thought that his efforts help keep the wolf from the door of the poor, starving munitions makers.

would be playing Little Eva yet, but his voice began to change. The ethics of the profession demand that Little Eva's be soprano, so when Raymond developed a sopralto, the manager's artistic instincts were jarred and Eva was sent back to Red Oaks.

The call of the footlights returned to him after a brief time, and he ran away and got an engagement playing boy comedy parts with a rep. show in St. Louis. From this he graduated into better companies. Finally arriving in California, he went to work for Mack Sennett in motion pictures.

His first part was that of an old Russian, and during the taking of a scene his crepe-hair beard and long, flowing robes caught afire. After leaving the hospital, Hatton joined the Lasky Company, his first part with them being that of the *Hunchback* in "The Circus Man." In "The Girl of the Golden West," as the *Mexican*, he established himself by making a thrilling two-hundred-foot fall down the side of a mountain. Since that time he has been the "mean guy" at the Lasky studio.

A master at make-up, Hatton has been able to depict every conceivable character. Most of his work has been Bowery types, Mexican bandits, Russian spies, cocain fiends, and the like, but he scored a pronounced hit as the lovable old *King* in



Hatton as the
Mexican in
"The Love
Mask."



Dese Goimans forgot everyting about de Fodderland but de fodder.

“Battle Stuff”

PETE “PROPS” ON THE FIRING
LINE PROVES THAT NO FILM IDOL
IS A HERO TO THE PROPERTYMAN

By Kenneth McGaffey

Drawings by E. W. GALE, Jr.

DIS guy Sherman had a doggone small repertory of words if dat was all he could say about war. We been doin battle stuff out on de ranch for de past week, an believe me, Mr. Webster ain't got enough wòrds in his book to tell what I tink about it. De film is de sequel to all dese here nation pitchers, an is called “De Skidding Community.” Its got a lotta battle stuff in it dat appeals to every fireside.

For one whole week I am out dere wid-out even a Sunday off. De boys in de trenches had nuttin on us. Rushing props for a army is some hard work. Two thousand extras dere were, an dat meant four thousand arguments. Den dey slept an ate out dere. Dat meant two tousand flops an eight tousand human bein size meals tree times a day.

De two armies was recruited down on de plaza where de bums hang out an one side was English, an de odder, Goiman. De nut director was foolish like a fox. He put all de Moiphies and Finnegans in Goiman uniforms so dere would be plenty of action. Dey made us prop boys dig de trenches while de army sat around under de trees an kidded us. Dat ain't accordin to de rules of civilized warfare.

Anyway, we did all de woik an de armies had all de fun fightin. De only fun I got outta de whole week was stickin a sword between de legs of handsome Clarence, de star, an sendin him on his bean.

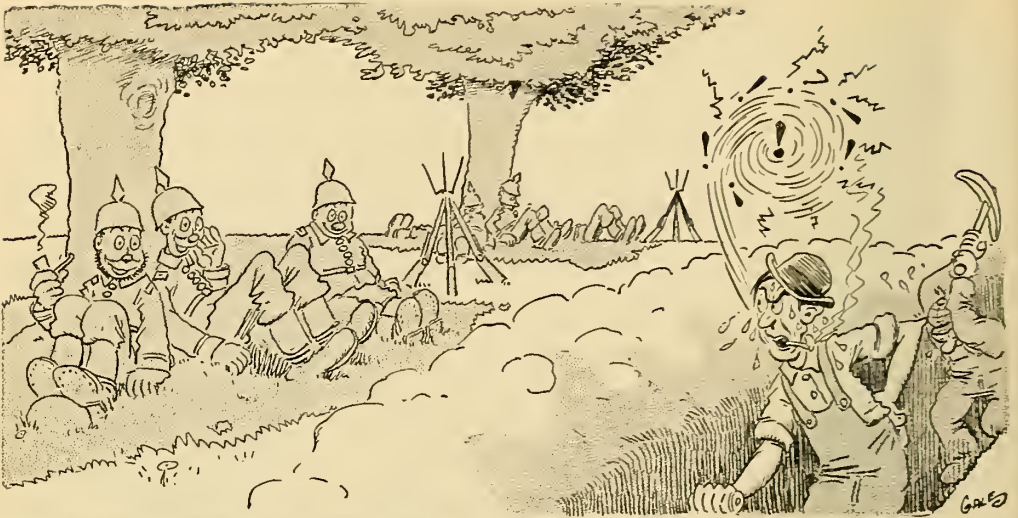
Dis is de idea. De English cavalry is sup-

posed to charge de Goimans in dere trench. Clarence, who is a Goiman spy in disgust, spurs ahead of de rest an fearin not shot nor shell, leaps de trench an returns de poipers to his general—gets de double-cross, or whatever dey give heroes, an wins de goil. Clarence has to be a dashin leftenant of de English Huzzies an de poor lad, ever since he left de ribbon counter, had never rode nothin more spirited dan a jitney bus.

Dis was goin to be a big spectacle an we combed de Pacific Coast for spirited chargers. Dere was no horses left anywhere. De day of de battle dere wasn't a milk or delivery wagon moved in Hollywood.

You know dese extras has got to look like Francis X. in a uniform or it spoils dere whole day. Dese lads come fresh from underneath de thru freights an dey an dere clothes has probably been pals for years, yet if dere coat is one size too large, dey raise more fuss dan if dey was paying for it. An de sight of a dirty spot just makes dem cringe.

We finally get dese gay soger boys into dere clothes, put guns in dere hands an den starts to drill em. Right away dey get all cluttered up wid a lot of hurty feet an have to pause every few minutes.



Dey made us prop boys dig de trenches while de army sat around under de trees an kidded us. Dat aint accordin to de rules of civilized warfare.

Den we had to pick out de riders for de de British cavalry. As soon as dey discovered dat de riders would get two dollars a day extra, de whole Goiman army surrendered. Any lad dat ever saw a horse swore he was a equestrine, but we had old Katy dere. Katy is a fine an fancy buckler. Anybody dat can hang on to her for tree jumps is a rider. She only had to dump about four into de cactuses before all was satisfied. I tried to get handsome Clarence on Katy, but was all out of luck.

Finally we gets five hundred of de cavalry out on de field an learned em to ride in a straight line widout fallin off. Den we had to teach em how to wave dere swords real fierce like. After dey had stuck each oder a few times an knocked dere hats off some more—an stabbed dere horses an got bucked off, dey was already to start.

De idea was dis. De gallant English lead by handsome Clarence was to charge de bloomin Toots. De nut director wants to shoot de charge itself an den have anudder shot when dey hit de trenches. Dat's two different shots an means dat de lads has got to charge twict so de camera can grab twict.

For 'de first shot of de charge we move de Goimans back of de Englishers' horses, give dem each a lath an tell dem when de bugle blows to wallop de horse. I appointed meself to see dat handsome Clarence's nag got a lotta encouragement.

I drove a tack in de end of me lath wid-

out tinkin, an den forgot all about it. Sure I did! De nut director asked me about it later an I told him de same ting. We lead de nags up to de camera line an de idea is to slap dem an have em jump into de scene filled wid action. Handsome Clarence is right down in de foreground. De nut director yells, Camera!—Action! an I, forgettin all about de tack, wallops Clarence's nag. Say, dat animal jumped clean out from under Clarence widout even rubbin him.

Clarence hung around all by hisself in de air for a minit wid one of dese Up-boy-an-at-'em poses, an den come down all spraddled out. It was too bad he stayed up so long, cause if he had came down sooner, de horse might have kicked him. It wouldn't have hurt de horse none unless he had of hit Clarence on de head.

Anyway dey had to go chase all de horses an put de cavalry back on dem an den take de shot all over again. Dere was eight cameras on de scene so you can guess dat dey was some excited. Honest to goodness—I disremembered all about dat tack!

De next time, dey let someone else help Clarence's horse on his getaway, an put me over diggin de loads out of de catridges dey was going to use for blanks in de hope dat I might blow myself up. I didn't want to do it, but after de bawlin out de nut director give me, I felt as if I needed peace an quiet.

Dey got de charge all right widout my

assistance an de next ting we had to do was to get de Goiman army in de trenches an let de cavalry ride over dem. Dis took a lot of argument cause de extras sorta objected to havin de horses step on dem for two dollars a day. De extras, I mean;—of course de horses got more dan dat.

We get dem all in de trenches an all ready for to shoot de pitcher, an de fool cook blows de dinner horn. Say! If Henry Ford had of tought an taken one of dem horns over on his comic ship, he sure would have had de boys out of de trenches. Dese bloomin Goimans forgot everyting about de Fodderland but de fodder. Dey had to stop an eat, an den dey forgot everyting we had taughen dem before dinner.

We finally gets dem all lined up again, an I hands out some blank catridges for dere guns. Some of de assistant directors are in uniforms an dey are supposed to be de ossifers, so of course tings are even more bawled up.

By an by we get all set for de charge. In de trench de brave Dutch are shootin blanks regardless of expense, as at dem dash de fearless Huzzies wid sabers flashin in de back light. In de lead is Clarence, de brave, hangin on wid bot mits an wishin to goodness he could go straight up, but not darin to stop cause he might get hit wid a sword from de back—or go ahead, for a wad might spoil his manly beauty.

When de horses get near enough to see

de guns dey stops all of a sudden like. A lot of Huzzies keep on goin an land in cute little bunches on top of de shootin Dutchmen. Clarence's nag puts his foot on de bank of de trench an stops,—but not Clarence. He is to bring de poipers, so he does tree Arabs and a head spin,—plows up a lot of dirt wid his profile an has a poifectly gran time. De nut director said he was goin to use dat shot if it cost him his job. Which goes to prove da directors ain't as bad as dey looks.

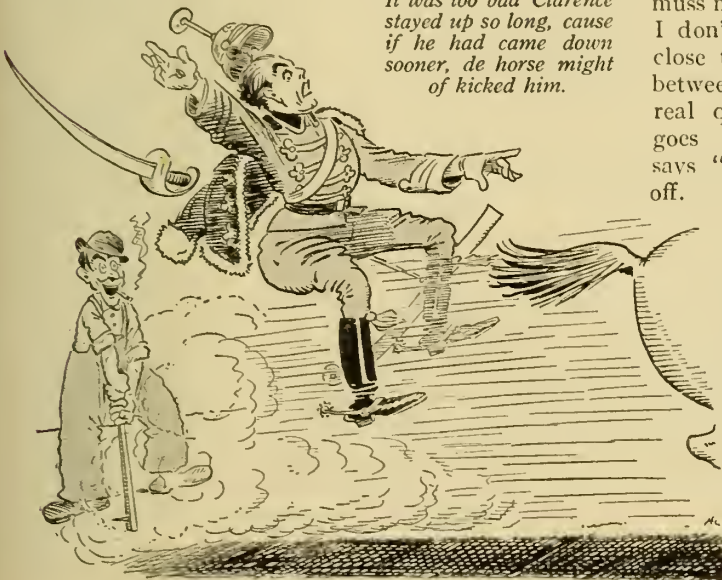
While all dis was a goin on, de two armies was indulgin in dis famous hand-to-hand fighting. It seemed dat some of de Goimans who were startin de horses, stole my stuff an put tacks in dere laths so de English were layin for dem when dey hit de trench. A jab wid a sword an de two armies mixed it. Dere was more free fights dan at a Irish picnic. A couple of Britishers would jump off de top of de trench on some poor Toots neck an den a couple of Galway Toots would paste de Britishers. It would have did your heart good to have saw it.

When dey digs de dirt out of Clarence's face so he could talk, he has de noive to blame me for de whole ting. Can you beat does hams? An all I did was to trow my cap in his horse's face so it would look like a real battle. De cap was round an it mighta photographed like a cannon ball.

Clarence comes over to me real rough like—just as if he was goin to muss me all up. I pretends like I don't see him, an as he gets close to me, I stick me sword between his legs an toin around real quick like—an Bing! he goes down again—gets up—says “Excuse me”—and walks off.

What do yuh know about dat poor fish tryin to pull any rough work wid me? He mighta knew he wouldnt get far in a reglar no-holds-barred mixup. Dese here actors got a swell chance to get gay wid me. Any of dem try dis funny stuff,—I'll haul off and bust—Yessir, I'll fetch de cigars in just a minute.

It was too bad Clarence stayed up so long, cause if he had come down sooner, de horse might of kicked him.



BREATHLESS ANNOUNCEMENTS

FROM THE PRESS - AGENT'S CORNER:
PICKED, PASTEURIZED AND PARCELLED

By J. A. Murphy

Author of the "Adam Sowerguy" stories, etc.

CONNIE REAGAN, door tender at the Gimick studio, was the recipient of a handsome gift on the occasion of his sixty-fifth birthday. The members of the company presented him with a solid silver olive pit container.

TROUT fishing in the Sahara—Educational—Released Feb. 9th. Febrile Features Co.

THE incidental music for "The Goose Herder of Galipolis" was arranged by Bychtl Wunzk. The Ephemeral Co. constructed a sound-proof composing room for the purpose. Now if we could have sound-proof orchestra pits for some of our cinema theatres—but, great reforms work slowly.

P. O. TATO has tendered his resignation as president of the Ephemeral Co.

STENCHWATER FALLS, S. B.—The Geek Brothers will erect a two-story motion picture theatre, hall, office and store building thirty-nine by eighty feet. The fire department will also be housed in this capacious structure.

BINGO, NEB.—Spawner and Shadd contemplate building one of the finest picture theatres in the state. The plans provide for a one and a half story structure thirty-two by seventy-five feet, the upper portion to be used for dwelling purposes. \$750.00 is the estimated cost.

MR. P. O. TATO has been re-elected president of the Ephemeral at an increase of salary.

MONACHER, IDAHO.—The Queen Theatre on Regent St. has been moved to King St. and is now known as the Monarch Theatre. A. Printz is manager.

THE Ochre Co. will hereafter take all-night scenes at night. The Hibiscus Co. takes all-day scenes all day.

THE Assofoetida Co. has equipped a shipyard and dry dock at Mussel Shoals where a large force of ship-builders are engaged night and day. Twenty ocean steamers are in course of construction, all of which will be used in "The Gripe of The Green Grape"—a forthcoming Assofoetida production.

THE Wunapenny Bros., proprietors of the Goitre Theatre, announce a steady increase of patronage. Receipts up to Thursday were \$7.65. They expect to reach the \$12.00 mark

before the end of the week. "The utmost development of the motion picture industry is still unforeseen."

OYLER SPROCKETT, camera man, who has lately turned his attention to commercial photography, has experimented with a lens which will magnify ground pepper three thousand diameters. The fly specks can be readily distinguished from the pepper and will enable the grocers to dispose of these products separately. Mr. Cogs ran fifty feet of the film at a private showing, but was unable to project more, owing to its spicy nature.

POYNTER PENSYL wrote three scenarios this summer while bathing in the surf. The stories were written on sheets of tin with a sharp pointed steel nail.

MYRAN LARUNE presented Stephanie Yog with a handsome crocheted skirt, the work of his own hands.

THE Five Embouchres have canceled all of their vaudeville time and will appear as trumpeters in a military photodrama by the Febrile Features Co.

MINNIE FUMP, comedienne with the Hocus Co., while filming an episode in "The Bride of Woonsocket," fell over a thirty-foot embankment and landed on a load of hay. Miss Fump, who is nearly six feet tall and only one foot wide, considers she had a narrow escape.

STEPHEN GASER has perfected a shark proof bathing suit. The costume is equipped with lens, electric bulbs and reflectors to back focus. The shark, thinking he sees a man behind him, turns, snaps at the reflected image and bites himself in half. A very satisfactory demonstration was made in the tank at the Goshall studios last Thursday.

"SLEIGHING with Her Slayer," a six reel photo drama by the Ochre Co., is nearing completion. Yvonne Goghegan is featured.

"THE House Painter's Hope," (Synopsis): Billy loves Lily, so does Mike. Lily's father doesn't like Mike but invites Billy to supper. Mike borrows an auger and while Lily's father is at supper, Mike leans in the window, bores a hole in father's overalls and drops a lighted candle in the aperture. Eight hundred feet of similar episodes and two hundred feet of misspelled leaders make "The House Painter's Hope" one of the most popular single reel releases on the market.



CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

The
Motion-Picture
Crisis.

THE art-industry of motion pictures is in the midst of its greatest crisis.

“Crisis” is not synonymous with “fatality.” It is impossible for any crisis to exist where there is not life. Such things are unknown in graveyards, and life without crises is mere suspended animation.

We hear of this, that or the other remedy spoken of as necessary to “save” the movies. The movies do not need to be saved from destruction, because they cannot be destroyed. A vehicle of beauty, instruction and emotion so flexible and so inexpensive as the motion picture would go on existing if every film manufacturer on the planet were wiped out in utter failure. In the sporadic pictures springing up here, there and everywhere there might be little of beauty, a mere suspicion of emotion and nothing at all informing — but there would be pictures.

We recognize the present situation as a real crisis because now must be decided a question of manufacture: in the future, will picture plays be turned out as abundantly and as thoughtlessly as tin cans, or will the essentially competitive struggle be continued on a basis of intelligent appeal and high specialization? More simply: will we have a mass of pictures cheap every way, or will we have fewer, better pictures; more carefully, more thoughtfully, more leisurely produced?

So far as the great photoplaymakers are concerned, things for the past three months have been chaos. The manufacturers have been shedding their skins, appearing in new mottlings, rising, falling; according to rumor trust-heads one day, and according to the same rumorers, cracked clay idols the next.

When the merging, shifting, shaking and earthquaking are over, you will see lions and lambs sleeping together on unaccustomed ostermoors, and lions at war, and lambs kicking each other — and other lions and lambs you won't see at all.

Here is the condition of a few of them as these sentences are typed, early in September:

The heads of one stupendous concern have been in New York for four months, futilely struggling for realignment. Not through lawyers or business agents. These men have been meeting in person, neglecting their picture-making, trying to satisfy each other and their muttering bankers at one and the same time. This mighty organization, heralded as the invincible directoral combination, has made great programme material — and has lost the equivalent of Captain Kidd's treasure while doing it. A great rival

combination, a few weeks ago, summarily deposed its chief. Simply dropped him. This man had perfected the one organization which was an equal artistic and commercial triumph.

Another manufactory, reported bought, sold, traded or absorbed times without number since Spring, is about to swallow a neighbor corporation as big as itself.

Three valiant old-time concerns have ceased to produce.

Another seems to have passed out of existence.

A pioneer, an old man beloved wherever the lens winks, has dribbled back the fortune the pictures made him, and has resumed the gentle, humble trade from which the gelatine ribbons plucked him a decade ago.

And everywhere, people are going to motion pictures. There are more picture theatres in the United States today than ever; more patronage, more money passed through the box-offices.

There are several answers to this puzzle—most of them correct.

Here's one set: Terrific competition, a poor average turnout, and no more of the big, easy profits that simply fell into the hands of the picture Forty-niners.

Another set: Overproduction, swollen salaries, a fall in the price of goods between manufacturer and exhibitor.

Of individual evils, the cancerous salary is the most conspicuous and most stupid. Managers highly intelligent have fallen for actors' graft like children. "I didn't want to do it, but the other fellows made me!" is their favorite song.

Several distinguished comedians who went to California have literally been worth their weight in gold to their firms' cashiers, and have not returned even legal interest on their purchase price.

One, positively citric in the shadows, receives \$75,000 on a yearly contract.

Others, who hastened off the sun-stage with all the rapidity they could decently muster, made away with sums varying from \$10,000 to \$50,000.

Nor is the West Coast doing any solos. A Brooklyn emotional munitions-works annexed a little retired stage comedian on a long contract at \$1,000 per week. He is just tiresome.

There seems to be no satisfactory explanation of the doubling or trebling of an actor's salary when he (or she) steps before the camera for the first time.

A character actor, of national repute in one part only, who never received more than \$400 a week on the stage, gets his film thousand per, whether he works or not.

A husky and lovable stage juvenile, who made about \$500 per week behind footlights for not more than eight months of the year at most, is drawing \$75,000 for his year's picturing.

A favorite Western type, who once made his \$200 or \$300 per week on the stage part of the year, is now getting somewhere between \$70,000 and \$100,000 for a year's work in front of the camera.

A stage star of piquant fascination has spent about a year making a very mild serial. For nearly nine months she has been drawing \$4,000 a week in salary, working on an average about two days in each week. Her leading man, who to the best of the writer's knowledge never got more than \$300 or \$350 a week on the stage, gets his regular \$750 in this picture. Her "juvenile lead," who was given theatrical employment two years ago at less than \$100 a week, gets \$500 in this picture. The "first old man"—as the ancient stage chroniclers would put it—receives \$250, though he has been out of service, as far as the stage is concerned, many seasons. Other expenses in this picture have been in proportion, including an art director *for* the art director—a human review of reviews, as it were—at a salary of \$150 a week.

Pauline Frederick, Marguerite Clark and Olga Petrova while on the stage got \$400, \$500 and \$600 a week, respectively. They now receive \$2,000 a week, each.

Lenore Ulrich received \$200 on the stage, and gets \$1,000 in pictures. Robert Warwick went from an electric \$400 to a sunlit \$1,000; Holbrook Blinn, from \$500 to \$1,250.

Mary Pickford now receives \$260,000 a year.

Charles Chaplin—is there any little boy in Kamchatka or Irkutsk who can't tell us about Chaplin's half-million-plus per annum?

Yet, on account of the great number of pictures produced, not even the names of these people can, in every instance, command prices which make their photoplays profitable.

Do you realize that not more than fifty plays a season are presented in the theatre, and that at least four-fifths of these are railed at by the critics as being mere rehashes of old ideas? How much greater, therefore, is the cause for the same complaint before the two-dimension platforms, where a thousand five-reel features are issued in a twelve-month, with many times that number of shorter pictures? Haste and prodigious over-production have stripped the photoplay bare of ideas as a November tree of leaves. When we see a new screen notion nowadays we fall to our knees in involuntary thanks.

More compact—and perhaps more ruthless—organizations, with reasonable salaries, and fewer and better productions, are a certainty of 1917.

And, such is comic human nature, it is quite within the bounds of expectation that these organizations be hailed as "art-destroying trusts!"



Fact
versus
Fiction.

THE *Scientific American*, in a recent issue, notes that in the constant betterment of motion picture audiences, and in the increase of serious attention to films, there is a continually increasing demand for fact versus fiction; for science made popular, for pictorial news, for films of travel.

"In a great measure," says the editorial writer, "this sudden change of

mind in the average audience is due to the fact that pictures are now appealing to a better and more cultured class of people than ever before. Yet more likely it is that the screen is reflecting the tendency of modern Americans to drift away from fiction toward fact; we are fast becoming a scientific people. . . . All this must be considered only a beginning. As time goes on it would appear that more and more the general public will lean toward science, toward fact, and away from fiction, although the latter will, of course, always be appreciated in its proper place."

While PHOTOPLAY does not agree that science, not fiction, has first place on the screen, opinions such as these are authoritative affirmations of the constant betterment of motion picture audiences, and of the immense, almost unsuspected educational power of the films.



They're
Supervising
Now!

A SIGH for the good old nights when a nickel — or, to be luxurious, a dime — brought one into personal contact with short works by E. S. Porter, or Mack Sennett, or Colin Campbell, or Tom Ince, or David Griffith. And in those one-or-two-reelers behold, sprinkled everywhere with the prodigality of heaven's dew, Walthall, or Mabel Normand, or the Gish miniatures, or Blanche Sweet — even those golden objects, Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin.

The actors and actresses are famous and exclusive now. They appear singly, portentously, occasionally, in big events.

And the directors haven't dabbled their fingers in a little play for years. Lately, they haven't personally interfered with many big ones.

They're Arting.

They're *supervising* now!



Uplifting
the
Movies.

SLUMS, immigrants, sweat shops, moving pictures, coal mines, Chinese laundries, Esquimaux, isolated farmers, the Four Hundred and Darkest Africa all need a little uplift.

The movies are about to get theirs from an institution of higher life and finer thought known as "The Motion Picture Welfare League." To quote: "It is essentially a concentration of the demand for a higher type of picture than is generally being shown at present, and those who are interested are invited to become members." It plans to coöperate in conjunction with the newspapers, and chapters are being formed "in every town that can be reached," says the announcement. As, through railroads, surreys, Fords and one thing or another you can now reach quite a lot of towns, there must be lots of chapters a-forming. Persons prominent in civics, education and the boost-general will write pieces for the papers telling what the vanishing pastels ought to be like but aren't not. Only one paper in each chapter-village will be permitted to print these pieces.

Any significance in the fact that the New York offices of these elevators are in the *Rubber Building*?

Chasing the Plot Germ

JUST WHAT THAT RARE BIRD LOOKS
LIKE IS HERE TOLD BY AN EXPERT
FOR THE BENEFIT OF PLAY WRITERS

By Harry Chandlee

Author of "The Blessed Miracle," "The Struggle," etc., etc.

A GREAT deal of advice has been given on how to go about getting plots. Newspapers are often suggested as a fertile source of story material; court records are offered as a field in which the Plot Germ runs at large and in which he may be stalked to his lair.

This is no doubt true, but if we go a-gunning for that rare bird the whiff-sniff, we must know what a whiff-sniff looks like. Correspondingly, we must be able to recognize a plot idea when we see one.

Some writers are fortunate enough to be able to get a plot out of nothing at all. They sit at their typewriters, whistle, snap their fingers, say "Here, Story!"—and a fullgrown Plot crawls out from under the bureau!

Or, a man comes in to sell them shoestrings. They do not buy the shoestrings, but before the disappointed vendor is half-way down the stairs they have a story all thought out—about a worthy man who sells shoestrings for a living and finally marries an heiress.

But these articles are not intended for such as they—touched by the spirit of Homer; I am writing for the benefit of those who, like myself, have to work for a living.

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We may read an account of a murder or robbery, but if it be an ordinary murder or robbery it will not serve our purpose. Such things have been made the bases of thousands of photoplays already; and the demand is only for something new—something which is interestingly new.

Suppose, however, the robbery is not an ordinary one—suppose there is something in it which does not appear on the surface. We will say that coincidence has entered the affair and has been noted by the reporter who wrote the news story. It is pure coincidence, nothing more.

The robber's name is Jones, and the policeman who arrested him is also named Jones. Jones is a usual name; the thing might readily happen; but if our sense of plotting is working well, we should be able to see that if the name were not Jones, but were Thornhill, for instance, or some other unusual name, there would be strong chance of relationship between the two, however distant.

Now we have a breath of the dramatic. The closer the relationship, the greater is the dramatic element; if they are made brothers, the drama is strong. We make them brothers, and we have a dramatic situation which may form the basis of a story.

The plot germ is not a new one, by any means, but we have something to work upon. We may have a new angle on the situation, and if we hold to the new angle we shall get a new story.

If you are interested in the policeman and his robber brother, and want to know what came of it, figure it out for yourself. I don't know. Try it anyway—you may get a story.

mind in the average audience is due to the fact that pictures are now appealing to a better and more cultured class of people than ever before. Yet more likely it is that the screen is reflecting the tendency of modern Americans to drift away from fiction toward fact; we are fast becoming a scientific people. . . . All this must be considered only a beginning. As time goes on it would appear that more and more the general public will lean toward science, toward fact, and away from fiction, although the latter will, of course, always be appreciated in its proper place."

While PHOTOPLAY does not agree that science, not fiction, has first place on the screen, opinions such as these are authoritative affirmations of the constant betterment of motion picture audiences, and of the immense, almost unsuspected educational power of the films.



**They're
Supervising
Now!**

A SIGH for the good old nights when a nickel — or, to be luxurious, a dime — brought one into personal contact with short works by E. S. Porter, or Mack Sennett, or Colin Campbell, or Tom Ince, or David Griffith. And in those one-or-two-reelers behold, sprinkled everywhere with the prodigality of heaven's dew, Walthall, or Mabel Normand, or the Gish miniatures, or Blanche Sweet — even those golden objects, Mary Pickford and Charlie Chaplin.

The actors and actresses are famous and exclusive now. They appear singly, portentiously, occasionally, in big events.

And the directors haven't dabbled their fingers in a little play for years. Lately, they haven't personally interfered with many big ones.

They're Art'ing.

They're *supervising* now!



**Uplifting
the
Movies.**

SLUMS, immigrants, sweat shops, moving pictures, coal mines, Chinese laundries, Esquimaux, isolated farmers, the Four Hundred and Darkest Africa all need a little uplift.

The movies are about to get theirs from an institution of higher life and finer thought known as "The Motion Picture Welfare League." To quote: "It is essentially a concentration of the demand for a higher type of picture than is generally being shown at present, and those who are interested are invited to become members." It plans to coöperate in conjunction with the newspapers, and chapters are being formed "in every town that can be reached," says the announcement. As, through railroads, surreys, Fords and one thing or another you can now reach quite a lot of towns, there must be lots of chapters a-forming. Persons prominent in civics, education and the boost-general will write pieces for the papers telling what the vanishing pastels ought to be like but aren't not. Only one paper in each chapter-village will be permitted to print these pieces.

Any significance in the fact that the New York offices of these elevators are in the *Rubber Building*?

Chasing the Plot Germ

JUST WHAT THAT RARE BIRD LOOKS
LIKE IS HERE TOLD BY AN EXPERT
FOR THE BENEFIT OF PLAY WRITERS

By Harry Chandlee

Author of "The Blessed Miracle," "The Struggle," etc., etc.

A GREAT deal of advice has been given on how to go about getting plots. Newspapers are often suggested as a fertile source of story material; court records are offered as a field in which the Plot Germ runs at large and in which he may be stalked to his lair.

This is no doubt true, but if we go a-gunning for that rare bird the whiff-sniff, we must know what a whiff-sniff looks like. Correspondingly, we must be able to recognize a plot idea when we see one.

Some writers are fortunate enough to be able to get a plot out of nothing at all. They sit at their typewriters, whistle, snap their fingers, say "Here, Story!"—and a fullgrown Plot crawls out from under the bureau!

Or, a man comes in to sell them shoestrings. They do not buy the shoestrings, but before the disappointed vendor is half-way down the stairs they have a story all thought out—about a worthy man who sells shoestrings for a living and finally marries an heiress.

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But maybe we are not lucky enough to find even a coincidence of name to start us going. We are reading of the murder, this time, and it is an ordinary one—just a straight account of a killing. It serves to start us thinking of murders, however, and if we are earnest we must try to get a plot.

Instead of dismissing the thing for some more pleasant subject, we must ask ourselves: "What is the most dramatic circumstance that could surround such a happening? We are not interested in either the murderer or his victim—but what would give us interest in them?"

It would not be sufficient for us to answer: "If the murdered man were our father, we should be interested"—because that would be a personal interest; it would not claim the attention of the public. The interest in a situation must be general.

But again, if we be alert the thought that the victim might have been our father should give us a fresh start.

Suppose the dead man had been the father of someone we knew and were interested in; then the newspaper account would be of importance to us; but still our interest would be personal—and we should have nothing dramatic.

We are a little further toward a story, however; we are thinking of someone else, not ourselves; and if we can arouse general interest in that person and supply the dramatic element, we are getting things going.

If we are young, we may have a sweet-heart, and we may picture her as the grief-stricken daughter of the dead man. Naturally, we would go to her to comfort her; but suppose, instead of yielding to our arms—instead of nestling, tear-stained, against our shoulder—she should recoil from us in horror; suppose she believed us to be the murderer!

We have a double situation then—an innocent man believed guilty by his sweet-heart, and a girl torn between her desire to punish her father's slayer and the agony of seeing her lover go to his death!

We have chased a Plot Idea to cover!

This is an old plot germ also, but we are

interested in it because it has come out of our own minds—and personal interest in our story is the thing which makes for inspiration. If we put our characters in a new setting—supply new motives to govern them, and be on the lookout, constantly, for the "new twist," we probably shall succeed in the development of our tale.

But let me say here, that because I have used a robbery in one example and a murder in another, it is not to be understood that a plot must be sensational to be dramatic.

I have used these only because they may be best understood. In fact, the further we can keep away from sensationalism, yet hold interest, the better chance our story will stand with the present market, which is for stories with strong plots, rather than sensational details.

Sometimes we may find an idea for a story in a single line of a poem, or in the title of a picture; but no matter where the idea starts it must lead us to a dramatic situation

or it is not a real idea.

After you have started your brain to work as a "plot hound" you will be surprised how quickly it will pick up the scent of a story. You may not have to go to newspapers or elsewhere for ideas—they may come without suggestion.

I remember, once, at the Lubin studio, there was a sudden call for one-reel scripts—and there wasn't a single-reeler in the "ice box." I was a staff man under Lawrence McCloskey, and he called what he used to term a "think-fest." Seven of us found ideas for nineteen stories in an afternoon—I forget who thought of the other eighteen.

When starting to "think plots," we must remember, always, that our story when completed must be a new one. When our first idea is obtained—when we have caught a dramatic thought and have reached our starting point, we must stop and ask ourselves whether it is an old and hackneyed subject. If it is, we need not necessarily throw it away; we shall make better progress, perhaps, if we try to make our old idea new.

Last month I used two examples of

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dramatic situation involving a building on fire. Suppose we have thought of the example in which a character, rushing into the burning building to rescue a person in danger, finds that person to be his sweetheart. It is an old idea—the basis, no doubt, of hundreds of stories; it would occur to almost anyone. Of course the rescuer will do his best to save the girl—and the audience knows that he will succeed; otherwise, the story would have a bad ending.

What can we do to put the audience in greater suspense—to place the outcome more in doubt? We think a little and possibly the other situation comes to us. The person in the fire is not the rescuer's sweetheart at all—is not even a woman. It is a man—a character in whom the audience is interested, but the bitterest enemy of the rescuer!

Possibly the person in danger is innocent of all wrong; the enmity existing between the two may be all the result of a misunderstanding; yet the chances are that the rescuer will leave him to his fate!

Now we have a situation worth six of the other. We have given the old idea a new twist. It may have taken a little ingenuity to substitute the enemy for the sweetheart, but we have made the situation far stronger; we may be on the way to a good story.

It is true that the twist will give us an entirely different plot, perhaps, but we must be always ready to make a change, provided it be a change for the better. We must never tie ourselves to a first idea. Possibly we can write another story about the sweetheart, using a development which will make it new. If we can, so much the better; then we shall have two stories instead of one, and both from the same plot germ.

Sometimes, of course, a story is started in the mind of the author not by a situation at all but by a bit of incidental action or "business." If it is to be developed into a good plot, however, situations must be supplied which will give suspense and interest to the tale; and thus, again, the dramatic

element becomes the vital part of the play.

There is another method of getting plot ideas; but it is dangerous for beginners, and is likely to result in unintentional plagiarism. This is the plan of "reversing the premises" of a story one has seen or read.

The system consists of writing a list of the important elements of any story—the things which give it its being—and then determining in one's mind what would have happened if things had not gone as they did, in one or more of the various stages of the tale.

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We might take, for example, "The Merchant of Venice." The crux of the story is reached when Antonio is in danger of death at the hands of Shylock, when the latter demands his "pound of flesh." Of course, he is saved by Portia, who is sagacious enough to see that while the Jew is entitled to the flesh, he can shed "not one drop of blood."

In "reversing the premise" we ask ourselves what would have happened if Portia had not proved herself an able lawyer—if, perhaps, she had been of the character of Juliet, instead. Antonio would have been "up against it," to say the least. We'd have to get him out of trouble some other way, and if we succeeded, we'd have the ending of another story.

But we should have to be careful of our other details. We could not give our Shylock a claim upon a "pound of flesh"—the source of the story would be too obvious; and we should have to take the tale out of its period, and out of Venice.

If we have laid the scene in present-day New York, for instance, and if we have been careful of our details, we may have a story of unrecognizable source.

The danger of this method lies in too close an adherence to the original plot. One must be adept to succeed. My example will serve to show the method.

It is a plan to be tried only after one has freed his brain of all trammels—when he can throw everything aside except the reversed premise—the thing he has thought of himself, and can build an entirely new story solely upon that.



LASKY'S "LOT"—

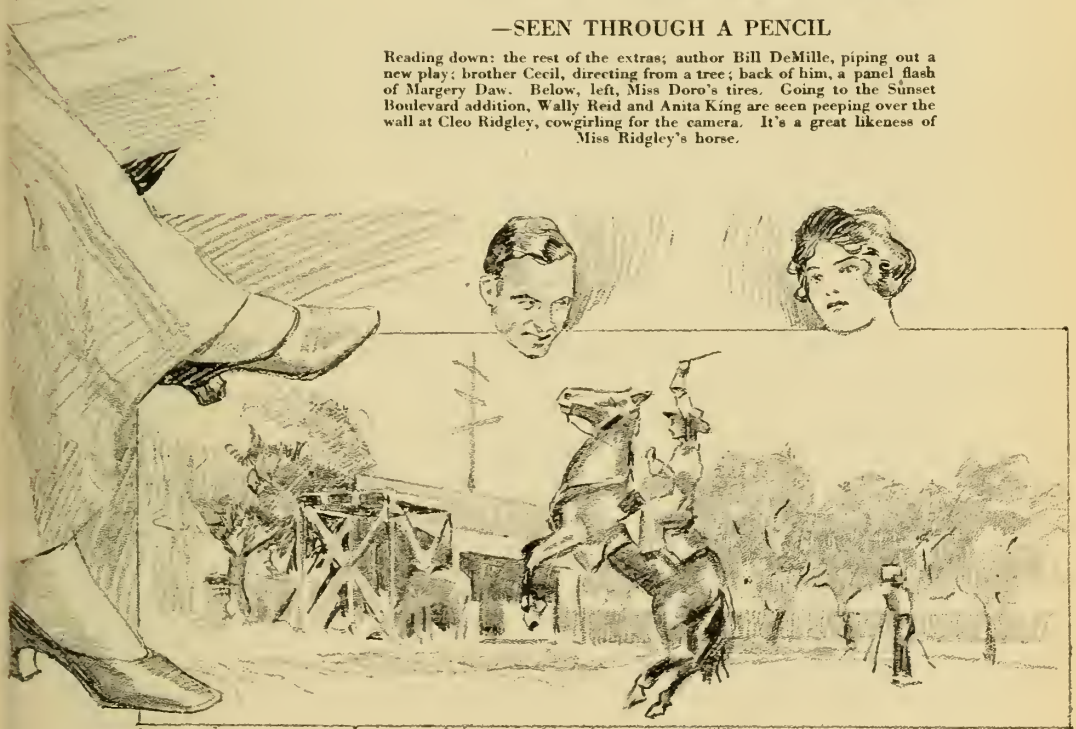
At the top of Bryn's museum, behold varied extras, stalking across two pages. Below, we come up on the starboard quarter of Miss Farrar, donning her war-paint. The big picture is little Marie Doro. At the lunch-counter Indians and Crusaders consume sinkers and Java, while before their refectory Blanche Sweet, prominent Lasky hired girl, whirls to her drudgery.





—SEEN THROUGH A PENCIL

Reading down: the rest of the extras; author Bill DeMille, piping out a new play; brother Cecil, directing from a tree; back of him, a panel flash of Margery Daw. Below, left, Miss Doro's tires. Going to the Sunset Boulevard addition, Wally Reid and Anita King are seen peeping over the wall at Cleo Ridgley, cowgirling for the camera. It's a great likeness of Miss Ridgley's horse.



Joy-Riders of the Theatre

WHAT THE MANUFACTURERS SAY ABOUT
FILM RACING, A CURRENT EPIDEMIC

By K. Owen

BILL isn't a very high-brow name, is it?

Nevertheless my friend Bill has a forehead so lofty that I wonder how he happened to be born without snowy hair.

Until I subpoenaed him to a photoplay of the highest order recently, Bill hated motion pictures. Since then he hasn't hated the pictures; he has merely ridiculed them. My excellent entertainment turned out to be a jumping-jack show. Here's the why:

The operator, says his controlling exhibitor, had a 10:58 date with friend girl, while the controlling exhibitor had an 8-reel programme and a lot of announcements. Everything proceeded at schedule speed until the lad cut into the five-reeler for the finale. My friend and I had entered a moment before. Just then, too, Romeo Operator glanced at his watch. Not for nothing had he pitched for the Crank Turners in their memorable 11-inning game with the Ushers! His wound-up arm began to unwind, and as it twirled in tremendous drives around the curves and appalling bursts of speed on the stretches, my perfectly good photoplay spattered against the screen and rebounded to our eyes in galvanized fragments of heads, arms, legs, bodies, scenery, motors, furniture, sky, ocean and mechanical impedimenta which made us almost tumble from our seats in sheer dizziness.

My friend the unbeliever said nothing until we reached the sidewalk. Then he suddenly clasped my hand with a warmth and fervor which were suspicious.

"Thanks for the treat!" he exclaimed. "I had expected to be merely bored. I didn't look for an indoor joy-ride. I had all the sensations of falling over a cliff in a Ford, and being pinched by a speed-cop at the bottom!"

Bill hasn't been among the leaping shadows since. Thoroughly outraged, I've been asking the picture manufacturers what may, or may not, be done to stop *picture racing*, an evil existing mainly in cheap, poorly-run theatres, but which once in awhile pokes its sinisterly rapid head among the seats that retail at a quarter or a half a dollar.

Every manufacturer of consequence has answered the long-sufferer's appeal, and their comments are of extraordinary interest.



First of all came the reply of Nicholas Power, probably the world's foremost manufacturer of projection machines. Says Mr. Power:

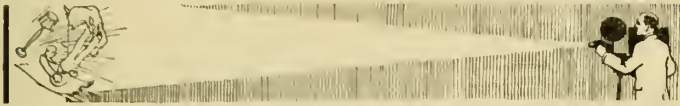
"Films are supposed to be universally taken at the rate of 16 pictures to the second. The trouble in projection does not come through ignorance on the part of operators as to what is the proper speed, but from the willingness of some exhibitors to totally disregard the merits of the picture to serve the ulterior purpose of finishing the show in as little time as possible.

"I do think that programmes are too crowded in the majority of cases. It is the tendency of rival theatres to locate too closely together which causes neighborhood competition. The aim of this neighborhood competition is to beat the other fellow's show. For instance, if the theatre on 'C' street has a seven-reel show, the competitor on 'D' street will give a nine-reel show and

'race' the films through in the same amount of time in order to clear out his house to accommodate those waiting for an opportunity to enter for the next show. With two evening performances the time of exhibition of complete programmes is limited in a very peculiar way: the beginning of the first must not interfere with the dinner hour of the patrons, and the first show with a very long programme must end at approximately the same time that the competing house ends with the shorter programme, in order that the house will be filled for the second show also.

"It is mechanically possible, but I do not believe it would be practical, to manufacture films which could not be run faster than a predetermined speed. It is not only possible but practical to manufacture a projector which could not be operated beyond a certain speed. This speed would, of course, have to be the maximum speed on which any film show would be run. But I do not believe that a construction of this sort would meet favor with the exhibitors.

"In the last analysis, public demand will control this situation."



Here is a very pertinent observation from Jesse L. Lasky: "Probably in no other branch of the industry does the personal element figure so prominently as in exhibition. The work of months in the production of a photoplay, sincere and artistic thought and effort, may be swept into an incoherent mass by imperfect projection. I do not consider it possible to establish universally and insist upon a projection speed which would be marked in each instance upon the reel, because mechanical equipment is not standard. I am rather of the opinion that inexperience and ignorance on the part of the operator, and lack of discipline on the part of the house manager are more likely to be the causes of 'film racing' than a deliberate desire to save three or four minutes on a five-reel film. People will go earlier and stay longer to see a heavy programme, provided they get the opportunity. When The Strand theatre of New York presented 'Carmen,' they gave a supporting programme to their feature, but they allowed for the additional time by opening the house at 10 in the morning and remaining open until after midnight. More than 144,000 persons saw 'Carmen' there the first week."

William Wright, vice-president of Kalem, says: "On numerous occasions we have remonstrated with exhibitors, and from their attitude I am led to believe that a certain class of theatre-owners consider that they must give their patrons a certain *number* of pictures—that quantity is the sole desire, even if it becomes necessary to grind films out like sausages in order to make good."

Mr. Wright makes an exceptionally good observation when he remarks: "Many theatre owners appear to believe that a comedy may be run through the projecting machine several minutes faster than a dramatic picture and still give satisfaction. They forget that the director and players had already speeded the action up to comedy tempo, and that further 'racing' in the theatre must result in the loss of characterization and all artistic 'bits.'"

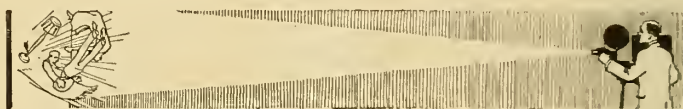
Adolph Zukor, president of The Famous Players, suggests: "These improvements in projection should be recommended to every individual exhibitor, and to exhibitors collectively through such agencies as their municipal, state and national leagues. The fact that programmes are crowded is no excuse for racing projection, as any public, intelligent or otherwise, will undoubtedly prefer fewer reels operated in such a manner that their full value can be appreciated."

"Several months ago," writes Thomas H. Ince, "I raved over this very

situation that PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has taken up. I personally called on some of the managers, and in most cases was politely but firmly informed that the operators absolutely knew their business, and that they personally had been praised by their patrons for wonderful projection as well as for wonderful theatrical management. In our larger theatres, and in a great many of the smaller ones—those run by intelligent showmen—the projection is not only excellent, but at times well-nigh perfect. But I know this by first-hand observation: that there are not a few motion picture houses in which, on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, the exhibitor instructs the operator to 'get it over as soon as you can.' Result, fresh nickels and dimes from an increased number of shows—an all-wrong policy meaning disaster to that particular exhibitor in the end."

Here is an interesting observation by Mr. Ince: "If I have a scene in a story in which I want tempo and action increased I photograph it slower—twelve or even ten pictures to the second. Then, when projected at the normal rate of sixteen pictures to the second, I get exactly the fast action that I need."

David Wark Griffith says: "I believe that in most cases the exhibitor is mainly desirous of pleasing his patrons, and if he appears to be running his pictures too fast to suit some people, it is probable that his fast runs are made because his patrons like to take their pictures that way. So far as it is an evil, I believe it will naturally correct itself in time."



In the opinion of E. D. Horkheimer, of Balboa: "It's the old story of merchandising. In the old days a glass of peanuts was sold for a nickel, and the glass in the seller's hand looked like a fruit-jar, but the bottom was so thick that when its contents were turned into a bag the small boy found that he had about half as much as he had bargained for. The same old trick with new variations is played upon the innocent customer every day. It applies directly to the exhibition of pictures, and to those exhibitors who pretend to give a great deal in a very short time. Where the 'slick' exhibitor makes his mistake is in considering the patron a picture ignoramus. He's not, by any means. He has learned a lot about pictures—he knows something of action, light effects, perspective, photography, properties, costuming, continuity; pretty soon he'll tell the manager of his favorite theatre what he knows about film racing. Then somebody will wake up!"

Edwin Thanhouser believes that "This very serious fault could be obviated by turning the projectors by electric power. It would be a simple matter to make an adjustment of speed gears on the motors so that they could be readily employed in exhibiting all pictures properly. It would help, too, if the manager watched his screen, and insisted on his operator grinding at the proper speed."

From William Fox: "I believe it rests with the manager of the theatre as to whether he will give his films proper projection. I congratulate PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE on opening this discussion, and I sincerely trust it will win the co-operation of exhibitors throughout the country in its laudable campaign."

William A. Brady, George K. Spoor, Ira M. Lowry of Lubin's, R. A. Rowland of Metro, and Alexander Beyfuss of the California Motion Picture corporation express themselves firmly on exhibitorial responsibility.

In fact, only two manufacturers declined to give this pertinent topic any consideration.



"Don't Call it 'Beauty and the Beast!'"

By Jerome Beatty

GLADYS HULETTE swung around in her chair and dropped a powder puff into a box.

"Look out for the paint!" she warned, and the interviewer crawled under a ladder, stepped cautiously past a man in overalls and reached a



Panthus takes a piano lesson. The knees on the right are Miss Hulette's.

chair over in a neutral corner.

Miss Hulette was having her dressing room at the Thanhouser studio redecorated. There was just room in it for Miss Hulette, the interviewer, two painters, a paperhanger, two ladders, four buckets of paint, twenty or more costumes and newspapers, covering the floor.

Miss Hulette glanced around.

"They're so crowded," she laughed, "that they had to take up the carpet in order to make room for the newspapers. Hadn't we better go outside?"

Miss Hulette was informed severely that this was a regular interview. Therefore, no matter what con-



dition the dressing room might be in, there was where it must take place.

"I have come," stated the visitor, "to see the ugliest pup in the world."

The paperhanger looked up uneasily until he was sure that the remark was not personal.

"Here he is," Miss Hulette said. She whistled. Out of a pile of papers in one corner poked a hairy little nose, followed by blinking black eyes and two sharp ears.

"That's Panthus," explained Miss Hulette.

Not until Panthus laboriously extricated himself from his couch was it possible to believe her. He didn't look like a dog. A person uninformed would have said he was a hopeful muskrat, disappointed in love, who was afraid the entire world had turned against him but who was anxious to be convinced that he was wrong.

Panthus pricked up his ears, waiting.

"Do you like moving picture work?" the interviewer asked him.

Now here is where most interviewers would try to make you believe that Panthus talked back, conversing intelligently upon the advance of the film drama and stating his views regarding the present demand for good scenarios.

As a matter of fact Panthus spoke no English.

"Woof!" he answered and having thus bared his inmost thoughts he leaped into Miss Hulette's lap and stared impudently at the visitor.

Panthus was obtained as a result of Miss

Hulette's appeal for the ugliest pup in the world. She needed him to use in "Prudence the Pirate."

The appeal was successful. She received eleven pups and more than fifty photographs of uncomely canines and when Panthus appeared there was no doubt as to his qualifications.

He was brought to the Thanouser studios by the New Rochelle dog catcher and it is with no little pride that the citizens of New Rochelle boast of the fact that the winner lives in their town.

Panthus didn't like studio life at first. After he had appeared in several scenes, one day he disappeared. A wide search was instituted, for if Panthus disappeared all the scenes in which he had appeared would have to be taken over again—when a substitute was obtained.

A search was made of the studio. He wasn't in his silk-lined basket in the dressing room selected for him. His pork chop lunch was untouched. He was gone.

Late in the afternoon Panthus was found. Like Huck Finn, he hadn't liked luxury. He was captured in an alley trying to pry the lid off a garbage can.

Now, however, he has become inured to a better life. Everybody around the Thanouser studios pampers him.

As the interviewer was leaving, somebody suggested, "Call your story 'Beauty and the Beast,' that would be a good title."

"No!" cried a chorus of the ugliest pup's loyal friends. "Panthus is no beast!"

So be it.

Pork Versus Art

THE residents of our small town
Must be the slowest of the slow;
We have the grandest Postoffice,
But not a single picture show!

We sent our Congressman this wire
In desperation, yesterday:
"Please take back your Postoffice,
And build a House of Photoplay!"

James G. Gable.

FARMER WHITE DOESN'T ALWAYS WORK




Having pitched several tons of hay, fed the horses, milked the cows, sheared the sheep, oiled the reaper, harvested the pumpkins, plowed the corn, hoed the watermelons and mended the windmill, Farmer Pearl reads her favorite periodical while breakfast is cooling.



Sironi Photo © 1916 Geo. Klein

Gloria of the Romance

The heroine of what is probably the most widely "read" film serial ever produced, Billie Burke, charming actress of stage and screen, has acquired a following that is remarkable for its large size and extreme loyalty. "They flock to 'Gloria's Romance' weekly as they do to church" declared a film reviewer recently, "and the missing of an episode is regarded as a bereavement."



Bessie Eyton and
Thomas Santschi
in "The Crisis."

The Shadow Stage

A Department of
Photoplay Review

By Julian
Johnson

A SMASHING, thrilling photoplay without a murder, a cliff, a railway collision, a fight, a motor-chase or divorce-court material! It can't be done? Yes, it can. "Jaffery" is the answer.

"Jaffery" is as perfect and exquisite a bit of architecture as any photoplay manufactory ever turned out. As a demonstration of what may be done with a story completely devoid of melodrama to sustain interest, snare suspense, and give every beholder a vital interest in each character it is all alone. It may have successors; it has no predecessors.

Your old friend William J. Locke wrote the book; one Anthony Kelly made a scenario from it. George Irving produced it for the Frohman Amusement Corporation, and it is released by International.

See how undramatic a simple recount of the incidents sounds: Jaffery, globe-trotter, war-correspondent and grizzled bachelor, is one of a group of English gentry friends. The others are polite stay-at-homes. With a companion, Jaffery tramps the war-seared Balkan mountains. Here he finds an annihilated camp, and the only living

thing a dash of bandits had left: Liosha, daughter of an Albanian chief. He takes Liosha with him—switch-back to England, please. Hilary, of the friends, has just completed a novel of which no one knows anything. It is called "The Diamond Gate." Hilary dies, bequeathing his manuscripts as a sacred trust to Adrian. Adrian, ardently wooing Doria, is told by Doria's papa that he must accomplish something before he can claim the young woman's hand. Adrian falls for the temptation he carries about in his pocket, metaphorically speaking; he publishes "The Diamond Gate" as his own work, and leaps into fame. Back to the Eastern fight-arena: Liosha, taught English by Jaffery and his traveling companion, has married the companion—who dies of mountain fever. Jaffery brings his adorable charge, fully as useful as a fifth wheel, to England, puts her in a boarding-house, while, he (Jaffery) is fearfully smitten by the charms of Adrian's fiancée, Doria. Asked to produce a second masterpiece, Adrian can't do it, and dies writhing in a mess of conscience, confiding *his* secret to Jaffery.



Madge Evans (left) Holbrook Blinn and Ethel Clayton,
in "Husband and Wife."

Little Liosha, whom you have seen growing up like a dark passion-flower all this while, is just crazy about her guardian, and he continues mooning over Doria, now keeping a memory-tryst with her meanly dishonest husband. To make Doria happy, Jaffery writes a novel of his own and has it published as the work Adrian was preparing at death. And Doria finally refuses him. Liosha, lonely kid, has taken up with a Scotch vaudevillian encumbered with a wife and four likenesses. To rescue her, Jaffery takes her on a sea-voyage as cabin boy; and when he returns Doria knows the truth: he no longer loves Doria, and he does love Liosha, who has always loved him! There you are; seemingly, not even a director of serials could put quick breathing into this.

In the first place, wonderful discretion has been used in the jumps of continuity. Here is a book of great spaces, to be turned into an hour's drama. With unerring surety, the scenarioist has picked just enough of each episode, and has bridged from situation to situation with strands of invisible steel. On this point alone this work deserves the minute attention of every would-be photoplaywright.

Next, the director has had the good sense to play upon simple emotions without making them complex. For instance, the intense love of Jaffery for Doria has been sufficient unto itself, without dragging in any of the wild vagaries of material excitement or unspeakable coincidence generally employed to throw a pair of quivering but hesitant lovers into each other's grab. Jaffery's flash of passion, in which he crushes Doria to his breast and paints her face and throat scarlet with unwanted kisses, could be an ultra-violet moment in any cave-man love story. Or consider the slimly beautiful Liosha, when the man she loves is perilled among shifting cargo in a ship's hold. Off goes her civilization with most of her clothes, and in the murk her

white shoulders cut and bruised by flying boxes, she stands once more the devoted barbarian, glorious and thrilling.

Mr. Locke's lines, always very easy on the eyes, have been admirably culled. If you've seen this piece you won't forget Liosha's adorable plight with her feathered pets—"Why can't I keep chickens in the Savoy? It's a perfectly good hotel!"

The centerpiece of this charmingly pictured tale is C. Aubrey Smith, in the name part. Smith, who distinguished himself in the "Builder of Bridges," is a sort of furry gentleman—the product of some malevolent fairy who cast the soul of Prince Charming into an ogre's hide. He wields with equal facility both parts of his dual being.

If I did tatting and fancy work, I would say that Florence Deshon is positively darling as Liosha. Since I tat very rottenly, I'll think it, but I won't say it. In the crooning of tin-pan alley, this Balkan baby is a doggone dangerous girl.

Eleanor Woodruff provides somewhat ordinary leading woman's support as Doria. Paul Doucet is rather original as Adrian, and the rest of the cast is conventionally acceptable.

THE Fine Arts studio has a greater aptitude than any other photodramatic establishment for sociological studies. In reality, big things are the little things of life, and little things make the big things. In the same class as "Acquitted" is "The Little Liar," a play by Amla Loos about a small girl unfortunate enough to have an Arcadian imagination born in a back alley. So far removed is this piece from the ordinary celluloid novel that one New York critic pronounced it "silly, interminable twaddle." Really, here's a sermon for thoughtless parents such as you'll find between few covers.

Maggie, it is true, isn't much of a hand for general housework, hustling beer for her old man or serving soup for the land "lady" to whom she is bound out. But she can invent the most beautiful stories for the delectation of the tenement children! In fact, her imagination is tireless as the wings of a (picturebook) angel, and every little thing that ever happened to her was a romance. Has she a new hair-ribbon? Some uncrowned prince presented it to her. Does she chance upon a picture of disaster? She was there—just escaped with her life! Is there a lovely story involving heroines and villains? The prominent persons were her relatives.

Of course the tenement women, bodies and souls scented by too much yellow soap or no soap at all, are scarcely in sympathy with this little soaring Sappho. She is not a little dreamer. She is a plain little liar. With her penchant for endowing conventional personalities with Arthurian attributes, she makes a floor-walker who soups and sleeps at her boarding-house a Rudolph Rassendyl in disguise. His woman, a shoplifter, secretes the laces which they have jointly stolen under Maggie's attic mattress. And there the plain-clothes men find the imaginary queen, dolling herself in the stolen gauds in a perfect frenzy of pretense. She finds almost as few believers in her dreams in jail as she did in the streets, and, taking the advice and the dope of a despairing regular, she swallows her ticket to the shining fields of eternal romance, leaving a scrawled "obit" which is proclaimed

incipient literature. They give her a nice funeral, a lot of flowers, and everyone says the loveliest things.

The peculiar poignancy of Mae Marsh is employed in an absolute vitalization of the queer little Maggie, and throughout this play, there is an astonishing amount of clever character work. Reality rules, and the death of the forlorn one became high tragedy because it was utterly devoid of sentiment. There were neither tears nor mushing. Maggie died like a little cast-off animal, and everyone took her departure

a s a
matter

*C. Aubrey Smith and
Florence Deshon, in
"Jaffery."*



of course—hence the scene's shudderful power.

I imagine the Eastern critic who called this piece silly twaddle was angry at the author for getting his lachrymal goat. She had mine, from horns to hoofs,

MMARGARET TURNBULL'S adaptation of Alessandro de Janelli's story, "The Victory of Conscience," is as pure a touch of genuine romance—romance of the French school, passion-and-hearts à la 1840—as the screen has ever reflected. The story has all the sword-hilt ring of renunciation and till-death devotion that characterized the literary flower of the past mid-Century. The old boys who had to make novels without typewriters had a knack of gaining extreme passion and utter purity at one and the same time. We don't often do that nowadays; more often we get an anemic ghost of passion combined with purity which is sewerlike. "The Victory of Conscience" belongs to the older, whiter, if perhaps less realistic day.

Rosette Burgod, little dancer at a French country inn, is virtually kidnaped by Louis, a Paris gentleman. Taking her ultimate gift without returning anything more than a passing fancy, Louis is set upon and almost slain by Rosette's rustic lover. Recovering, he vows his life to the church, and, as a priest, determines

to rescue the girl he ruined, and who, since her moral destruction, has risen to fame, luxury, and other rewards of wickedness. She adores him, and virtually her adoration makes her turn to the sisterhood. In the present war both are slain, and, presumably, unite in Elysian fields. Here is the best-beloved Gallic theme—a theme which, by the way, is perfectly good psychology, for it makes great drama on the close relationship of the sex and religious instincts. The highest expression of this motif in modern literature is "Thais," where, indeed, it runs its ultimate course of sanctimonious cardinal.

This play is positively thrilling till its last half-reel is reached. Then the honest sugar becomes chemical saccharine, and the fine corn-syrup finish gums up much of what has gone before. However, the bulk of the piece is so vivid that the weak finale does not materially mar it when viewed as a whole.

Of course Miss Turnbull and M. Janelli had a wonderful assistant, in the presentation of their doctrines, in the renowned Lou-Tellegen. Miss Farrar's husband throws himself into these grandiloquent periods with infinitely more fervor than a mere American—plus a sense of humor—could command, and the result is always convincing. Cleo Ridgley responds aptly and adeptly as Rosette, the courtesan who becomes a nun.

Also in the their-husbands club is Elliott Dexter, the Doro spouse, playing a picturesque character role.



Adolph Menjou (left) Lottie Fickel and John Bowers, in "The Reward of Patience."

AMONG numerous World misfits, branded "Brady-Made," one play shines like a good deed in a naughty universe. This filmed blessing is "Husband and Wife," in theme not at all original, but humanly wrought out, carefully and logically executed, captivatingly captioned, and presented, as a whole, in thoroughly convincing style. Charles Kenyon, who wrote "Kindling," Margaret Illington's one real stage triumph, typed "Husband and Wife."

Last year I didn't think much of Barry

*A scene from
"The Footlights
of Fate."*



O'Neil as a director. Then some one told me that he left a former service because the cutters did such devilish deeds with his pictures. I began to wonder . . . ? The excellence of "Husband and Wife," over which swung his marshal's baton, convinces me that those cutters threw a lot of mud on his reputation.

"Husband and Wife" simmers in essence to our old friend the bank cashier, pilfering for his queen-style spouse. There is the wife's friend, and the reconciling finish. This sounds novel as an ear of corn, doesn't it? But as Mr. Pollock has shown you, there aren't any really original themes left in the world. Mr. Pollock insists that the stage is the only platform upon which clever variations of the old ones may be eternally demonstrated. Mr. Kenyon, Mr. O'Neil and Mr. Brady's actors prove that Mr. Pollock is wrong: that on the two-dimension theatre there is as much chance for endless variety as anywhere else.

The finish of this play: after the bank

examiner and the wife's friend have conspired to jointly rescue the husband from his financial swamp the bank examiner is bowed out by the Japanese servant. As he goes he says to the brown boy: "Well, Kamura,—is every little thing all right?" And Kamura, glancing into the room where Mr. and Mrs. are reorganizing, says with measured emphasis: "Yes, sir, every little thing is all right!" Quick diaphragm fadeaway.

The vivid reality of the situations is enhanced by a magnificent cast. Holbrook Blinn plays the husband, Ethel Clayton his wife, Montagu Love—remember him in "Hearts-in Exile"?—the wife's friend, and Emmett Corrigan, the bank examiner. Small parts were confided to Gerda Holmes, Dion Titheradge and little Madge Evans. Here truly is a star cast in a worthy play.

IN the realistic depiction of a place, a period or a sectional episode Colin Campbell has few peers. Mr. Campbell



Mabel Taliaferro, in a scene from "God's Half-Acre."

by a deal of strength and honesty. Bessie Eyton, as Virginia Carvel, has never seemed so beautiful, so flower-like in grace, and so apt in her adaptation to the manners and attire of a gone half-century. George Fawcett, as Silas Whipple, the abolition judge, has never given a finer screen depiction. Matt Snyder, a remarkable old man, eighty-two years of age, gives virile life to the lovable, forceful Col. Carvell. He has perhaps the longest single part (should "appearance" be the movie word?) in the drama. Eliphalet Hopper, a singularly sly scoundrel as Churchill displayed him, becomes a small-time villain in the picture. Sam Drane is astoundingly like Lincoln in appearance and gesture, and has more to do than

can make you believe in his Alaska, and in his next play convince you that he has spent all his life in Central America.

When it came to "The Crisis," a multi-reeler from Winston Churchill's novel, Mr. Campbell was once more at home. The new photoplay is not as big an achievement in some ways as either "The Spoilers" or "The Ne'er-do-Well," but it is good drama, a convincing love-story, and sufficiently correct, broad and intelligent to deserve a place in a permanent library of photo-fiction.

Churchill's three related novels, "Richard Carvel," "The Crossing," and "The Crisis," took descendant members of the same family from the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi river, in three epochs of American history.

Selig is the most ardent of all manufacturers for real location. He does not believe that the earth from Jaffa to Joplin can be materialized successfully in Hollywood. Accordingly, his "Crisis" aggregation went up and down the Mississippi, and the thrills of Civil war times were reproduced in original scenes. Vicksburg is the real Vicksburg through and through.

Thomas Santschi rises to heroism as Stephen Brice. Mr. Santschi has little of romance to proclaim him a leading man, but he makes up, partially, for this lack

any pictorial Lincoln who has ever been reincarnated. And Mr. Drane died, a few weeks ago, without beholding a foot of his visual impersonation.

Too many excellencies of detail in domestic situations, characteristic of Campbell's artistic efficiency, exist for comment here. The battle scenes, thanks to our Ince-Griffith magnitudes of the past twelvemonth, alone seem tawdrily inefficient.

MONTE KATTERJOHN'S drama, "The Patriot," just missed greatness. As it was, it stands a unique, touching and timely film document, particularly pertinent when applied to our relations with a border state.

Bob Wiley, faithful soldier of the United States, has his mining claim muddled in the murk and fog with which Washington sees fit to surround many of its dealings with private citizens, and, not being as sharp as the unpatriotic sharpers who propose to jump his rights, loses his property. Does the government he served protect him? Not at all. When he gets back to the desert country he finds that after eviction his little boy, the only warm human touch he had with the world, has died crying for his father, and has been buried by a faithful old Indian. Heart-

broken, the soldier slowly begins to hate the stripes and stars, and, in the end, sells out to one Pancho Zapilla, a thinly disguised Villa-character just across the border. How even recognition by his old commander in the Philippines fails to retrieve him from intended treachery—and how he is rewon to manhood and honor by the faith of a lonely little boy like his own lost child fills up the whirlwind final reel. Here is a story of power and suspense, brimming with realisms which might be called newspaperisms, quite sufficient in sentiment though entirely devoid of sex-interest.

William S. Hart plays Bob Wiley as no one else could, and little George Stone is so touching as the forlorn and fated child that the man who can watch his reflected impersonation dry-eyed may be suspicioned a defective. When Bob Wiley, returning from his fruitless trip to Washington, paused to buy a big wooden duck for the little fellow of whose death he could not know, I found that my Adam's apple was about the size of an ostrich egg.

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE'S novel, "Joan Thursday," rather stupidly renamed "The Footlights of Fate," suffices to reintroduce Marc McDermott in big plays.

Singular are the portions of an artist. McDermott is one of the finest, subtlest character makers the silver sheet has ever revealed. In the force and spirituality of his best parts only Henry Walthall has approached him. Yet, like Mary Fuller, the past two years have found him empty of achievement. In his case, it appears to have been wholly due to surroundings. He has not been often put in the way of good stories, or with directors of sufficient calibre to exploit him.

"The Footlights of Fate" begins as a piece worthy of the best Vitagraph tradition—but it ends tawdrily, spoiled

rather in direction than in story—unless we accept some flat moments and an uninspired finish on the part of the author.

Naomi Childers is seen with Mr. McDermott, and though "The Footlights of Fate" as a whole disappoints, there are several really splendid scenes—finely evolved by the dramatist, superbly handled by the director, magnificently performed by Mr. McDermott and Miss Childers.

TRIANGLE still seems to be a triangle, though two of its sides are badly sprung. Ince alone is holding up the full productive repute of this three-way playmaker.

Beside "The Patriot," Ince's Culver City crucible has given forth half a dozen recent vehicles which are out of the ordinary. Among these is "The Wolf Woman," a vampire piece morbid in plot but startling in its climaxes and brilliant in acting and staging. Louise Glaum is the cankerous female, of course, and Charles Ray and Howard Hickman are her masculine setting. "The Jungle Child" exhibits Hickman and Dalton. It is a novelty, though not much of a drama. "Home," with Bessie Barriscale, is a solid, entertaining comedy of city life. "Lieut. Danny, U. S. A.," presents William Desmond and Enid Markey. A pair of unusual plays are "The Dawnmaker," with



Helen Holmes, in a scene from "The Diamond Runners."

William S. Hart, and "Plain Jane," plus Bessie the Bonnie and Wonder-Boy Ray.

An occasional sensation like "Little Liar" does not make up for a long series of dull, insipid plays, when those plays issue from a studio with the Fine Arts traditions and the supervision of the most famous shadow-sculptor in the world. Last month we had occasion to regret "Pillars of Society," an Ibsen piece which in its photography had seven fathoms of plot and about half an inch of characterization. How much more unworthy is a trifle like "Hell-to-Pay Austin," employing the talents of Wilfred Lucas and Bessie Love. Or "Gretchen the Greenhorn," a true Keystone plot treated seriously.

Fine Arts reckes little the loss of its high-calibre directors. W. Christy Cabanne, who made the early Fairbanks pictures, has gone to Metro. John Emerson is directing the new Mary Pickford company, and the Franklin Brothers of "Kid Plays" fame have been annexed by Fox.

Keystone seems completely in eclipse. Since "His First False Step" I have not seen a Keystone comedy worthy the brand. There is a lack, here, not only of the vigorous old direction, but of the *esprit du corps* which has always distinguished the Edendale burlesquers. Louise Fazenda, the comic Venus, and Charles Murray, reliable wheel-horse of the Sennett old guard, alone remain to bolster up a fabric of somnolent glory.

The answer, of course, is the unrest and upheaval that ails the whole photoplay business on its financial side. You cannot expect a mill to grind out XXXX flour in the midst of an earthquake and fire.

METRO plays, despite a now-and-then piece of preposterousness, are on a steady up-grade.

Have you seen "The Pretenders"? It is a detective comedy by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf, produced by Rolfe, starring Emmy Wehlen, who is really a stronger argument for the Teutonic cause than the Kaiser's Brandenburgers.

With a socially scheming mother, a merry and conniving father, a very real daughter, an adventurer posing as a nobleman, and a nobleman merrily making his living as a chauffeur, the cocktail of mixed personalities begins to shake.

Paul Gordon does excellent work as the young nobleman who chauffers for his cakes and hay.

"God's Half Acre," another pleasing Metro play, seems wrongly named. Is it possible that the High Grand Entitler in Rowland's offices doesn't know what this old expression means? Anyway, here's Mabel Taliaferro, whose ability to play the beloved waif girl is second only to Mae Marsh's.

AT The Famous Players "The Reward of Patience," a sweet little commonplace of Quaker customs, modern evils and eternal love, is made notable by the return of Lottie Pickford's passionate dark beauty to screens which have long been pale for lack of it. Louise Huff plays the rôle opposite Miss Pickford.

LASKY has produced a number of unusual plays recently.

One of these is "Public Opinion," a very clever study of men's minds and the conventional pumpkin-headed jury which "lets off" a woman on trial for murder. Though the woman is innocent, material evidence is against her, and the male jury's traditional chivalry to the pretty thing is followed by social ostracism almost more terrible than capital punishment—an isolation which continues until a highly conventional dying confession at once clears the air and the lady's name. The genuine thought in this play is shown in its procedure, for main dramatic effect, *beyond* the end of a murder trial, and a conclusive exhibition of the effect of silent public condemnation. Blanche Sweet, very well supported, is the principal performer.

"The Honorable Friend," a story of the Japanese in America, with Sessue Hayakawa and Tsuru Aoki, makes good eye-reading for those who like their screen meat of unusual flavor.

MOROSCO'S shipping clerk nailed up two unusually good films for Eastern expressage last month.

One of these, "The Parson of Panamint," had the advantage of Peter B. Kyne's stalwart authorship. Dustin Farnum, as the fighting minister, led the exercises, while the scheme of the novel, and its characterizations, were very well preserved.

Vivian Martin, in "The Stronger Love," a somewhat conventional Southern feud play, triumphed by an appealing impersonation, clever direction, and generally excellent support.

OUR great humorists have invariably immortalized themselves by seizing upon the lowly traits of our native life. We have produced few who can fresco, but many who can whitewash. When Mark Twain, penning his idylls of boyhood, looked about for America's representative in the fluid pigments, did he write of a frescoes—*an unsung Whistler, or some Spoon river Corot?* He did not. He wrote about a boy, a pail of whitewash, and several other boys, all (for a moment) anxious to be great artists, leaving imperishable splashes on the board fence.

So, we have known right along that some day a genius would take our liquid folk music, the eating of soup and watermelon, right up to the Olymps of natural performances. The omnipotent Mr. Chaplin has done this in "The Count." True, he

has spun many a supernal melody from cascading consomme, but these Campbell-can preludes, compared to his reckless emotion with the seedy salmon of vegetables, are as pencil-sketches beside a Meissonier battle-painting. When the emerald rind closes ecstatically behind Mr. Chaplin's ears you feel that table accomplishments can offer you no more. Even an orgy of toothpicks in a psychopathic dining-hall could not compare.

La belle Purviance is the lustrous lily springing from this rich edible soil. Glad to see you back, Edna. Folks well?

"The Count" has some unnecessary vulgarisms, which may be forgotten even if not excused in the melon melange.

"The Diamond Runners," a Hawaiian melodrama glorified by the perennial beauty of Helen Holmes, is a winning Mutual offering.

I believe "Gloria's Romance," as at present plotted in a perfect circle, could, like Tennyson's generally well-known brook, go on forever.

The Lonely Girl at the Picture Show

BY GORDON SEAGROVE

SHE sits alone like a soul apart,
 And the world grows bright to her
 poor tired eyes,
 For it gives its best to a starving heart
 Which lives at night and at dawning
 dies ;
 The sweetheart's troth and the long embrace ;
 And men who die that a love may live ;
 The trickster mean, with a scar cut face,
 And the ugly thrusts that his knife can
 give ;
 The plots and plans of ancient land
 Where the Nile crawls on by the tombs
 of queens,
 And white limbed slaves win a monarch's
 hand
 By fair or foul—or other—means :
 All pass her eyes, and for the night
 She knows the love that a queen would
 know
 As she sits alone, so small, so slight
 The lonely girl in the picture show.

The Girl on the Cover

AN OPEN LETTER TO HER
NEWLY ACQUIRED HUSBAND



To Mr. Friend Husband of Dot Kelly:
CONGRATULATIONS! You are the first man I ever heard of that could make Dot Kelly keep an engagement.

Understand me, please. I have had several engagements with Dorothy, but, of course, they were not like yours. Mine were arranged by mere press agents around the Vitagraph plant in Flatbush, and if you haven't found it out already, old top, let me introduce you to an important fact—Dorothy has been raised a pet. If the press agent said, "Miss Kelly, a handsome and distinguished representative of PHOTOPLAY will be here next Somethingday to get an interview and photographs, it is quite important that you be here." why then Miss Dorothy would say, "Certumly." and forget

At Left: "In the Secret Kingdom."

And isn't she the cutest "boy"



all about it. Then the press agent would apologize to everybody, including Miss Dot, and try again.

I'll never forget the time I first met her. It was the hottest day in the summer of 1915, and Dorothy was so overcome by the heat that she forgot herself and



Miss Kelly in the
back door of her
own home.



that I say "congratulations." Any man who can make Dot Kelly keep an engagement is *Some Man*. May you live happily ever after, and all that sort of rot, but remember she was raised a pet.

Confidentially;
RANDOLPH BARTLETT.

reported for work. I caught her just as she came to, and had started back for Brooklyn, and interviewed her on the L, and had an ice cream soda each at Huyler's.

Our next meeting was a year later. Again I sought photographs—these which adorn the adjacent pages and the cover hereof. She had eluded me successfully for nearly a month.

It is because of these things, old dear,

FOR the information of those who are uninformed, Miss Kelly never has been with any motion picture company but the Vitagraph, and had no previous stage experience. She is now about twenty-two and five-eighths years old. Her most recent pictures have been "The Law Decides," "The Battle Cry of War," and "The Scarlet Runner." She was married the last week in August to Harvey Havenor, real estate dealer of Brooklyn, who fell in love with her screen picture, and found the original even more to his liking. She will continue with Vitagraph, for the present, at least.



There Wally and Estelle would linger, pretending that this was their ancestral hall, and that they had been married—oh, years!

HERE is the record of a terrific battle between Love and Prejudice. Prejudice wins and keeps on winning, until—

“Saving the Family Name”

By Clarie Marchand

Produced by the Universal Film Co.

THERE is a surviving ghost of puritanism throughout America which regards the stage as an abominable vocation. This ghost sees the stage woman evil and artful; the theatrical manager a compound of Nero and Satan; the stage man an unfailing nonentity of weak wickedness. Frequently this ghost inhabits houses whose inmates are fond of the theatre; he, or it, is a ghost not to be found in any particular attic, but which may be discovered under the roof-tree of ancient New England or immigrant of the preceding generation, in the mansion of the rich man or the place the poor man calls home. Why is this attitude peculiarly and provincially American? There are many answers, from that distant echo of Massachusetts rigor to America's mere insularity. Find your favorite guess and keep it; you will probably be right as anyone else.

None of these things occurred to Estelle Ryan, when it became necessary for her to make her own living or become a charge upon Queen's County, State of New York. She was very young, and she had the figure, the enthusiasms, the vivacity, the beautiful skin and the jewelled eyes of youth. Why should she drudge in an office, or die slowly behind a counter, when, congenially employed for three hours each evening before a row of bright lamps, she could (when not rehearsing) make double the salary she could ever earn elsewhere? This is a sensible sort of self-question, and Estelle Ryan had no hesitancy in answering it. She chose the stage.

Theatrical managers are not the ogres whooping reformers paint them. They

are pretty much like other men, struggling for their wives and homes, or themselves; a few of them are very good, a few are very bad, and the great majority are neither very good nor very bad, but even as you and I. Estelle met a member of the great majority. He advanced her as he found she pleased his patrons. Once he collided with her, glowing and not burdened by very many clothes, in the wings. With a timid sort of roguishness he pinched her cheek and called her a “pretty baby.” His personal acquaintance went no further. Thereafter he passed very close to Estelle a great many times, and did not appear to see her at all.



The same queer hypocritical smugness which condemns the theatre and all who labor therein regards the stage as legitimate prey for that odd bird, the “man about town,” as long as he does not marry behind the footlights. When that freak disaster occurs all the Pharisees laugh save the Pharisees of the victim's immediate family; his ladies weep and his male relatives curse.

When Wally Dreislin began paying ardent attention to Estelle Ryan his mother and his aunts pretended not to know of his playhouse visits. His grandfather and his uncles laughed coarsely, and thought of their own early mornings in the wild oats field.

In this connection let's compare the lovers. Estelle's people were of Eastern Pennsylvania: plain, hard-working, church-going folk. When Estelle was eleven, her father got a position as head of the kitchenware department in Lacy's great store. It was at no large advance in salary,

but it made him a city man, Estelle's mother became a city "lady," and Estelle went to school. But how it cost! Mother made her exit with pneumonia, after an illness of four days, when Estelle was sixteen. The next year her father, broken by disappointment, sorrowing for his wife, yearning for the old days in the country, died. At seventeen Estelle was penniless and alone. But she was young, strong, healthy, and in New York. Could she be really unhappy?

As for Wally, his account is even shorter. His father, a remarkable Chicago lawyer, married the daughter of Cornelius Van Sant, descendant of the Dutch pioneers upon Manhattan. Then *he* died, and Wally, inheriting all of his father's lovable naturalness but none of his grim aggressiveness, was left alone with his formal mother, his formal uncles and aunts, twenty millions—in trust—and a weary reputation.

Wally's people all came out to see the premier of "The Gay Dawn," and when the wonderful-limbed Estelle leaped to the footlights with her cohort of tulle, bare-legged beauty, Wally's heart pounded strokes of thunder. She was his! All his! And he looked at her with a love as pure as it was virile. Did Wally's aunts know that this young person with the Greek legs and the severe, almost melancholy beauty was the wanton charmer of their boy? They had heard as much, but they would not admit it even to themselves. Young men must be young men, and afterwards, wed to humdrum respectability!

But it was not their boy who, two hours later, in the rear of a limousine, held a pensive, quiet girl very close, kissing her gently, wordlessly. She spoke first.

"I love you, Wally," she said in a little crying whisper.

"Oh, *can* you!" He breathed on her cheek. "Why, isn't that wonderful!" And in his voice there was the surprised ecstasy of an awakening Adam.

Much more serious conversation developed at the little Fifty-first street apartment which Estelle occupied with Vinie Dare, her team-mate, and Florence Hope, a small-part girl of maturer years.

"Dearest," said Estelle. "I think we should marry, but if you marry me, everyone will say I'm a common 'gold-digger,' and you—just a silly."

"What do we care, Estelle?" murmured Wally, passionately, pressing her close, and squeezing the blood away from her hands.

"If it can't be marriage—"

"Wally!" cried Estelle. It was not the acting of craft which masquerades as hooted virtue. It was the soft, surprised exclamation of a girl startled by something she had not expected to hear.

"Forgive me! I *will* marry you—I don't care what you say, I don't care what my people say—I don't care what anyone says! I must have you for my wife. I could not live without you."

The boy's last sentence startled Estelle. In it there was a desperation which confessed not only utter affection but a sort of pathetic, childish helplessness which appealed to every maternal instinct in this very real—and therefore maternal—girl. She turned quickly, and took him in her arms as he had taken her.

"My little boy!" she whispered. "My little baby boy! You need me even more than I need you!"

Estelle's love was very genuine—as genuine as his—and they were very happy. For her, and for Vinie



Dare and Florence Hope, he secured a magnificent apartment, with three bedrooms and two baths and a salon like that of some old French chateau. On the divan in front of the great mantelpiece he and Estelle would linger before going out to dinner, pretending that this was their ancestral hall, and that they had been married—oh, years!

One evening Estelle sat up very straight, and puckered her brows in the darkest of frowns.

“Don’t think so hard!” laughed Wally; it’s very ageing!”

“I am thinking of something serious, dear,” she said. “It’s this: we can’t go on this way; it’s all quite innocent, but who would believe it? It’s not just to you, or to me, or—to your mother. Wally, you must tell your mother that we are to be married. You must win her consent.”

When Mater was told—the crash.

The excellent Mrs. Dreislin retired to her room with nervous prostration; young Mr. Dreislin’s relatives all but donned mourning. Wally watched for the alienists at every corner.

Mrs. Dreislin said many things about actresses in general, and Estelle in particular, which reached the girl’s ears, and made her very angry. Against her better instincts Estelle listened to Wally’s passionate pleadings to “marry anyway!”

She had insisted on giving up the gorgeous apartment in Central Park West, and had gone back to the little cosy-corner in which she had first entertained the man whose bride she was to be. There they stood on the hallowed night preceding their nuptial dawn.

“I’m not going to make any sneak of

it,” he proclaimed bravely. “They know I’ve fully determined to marry you. All they don’t know is the date. That’s just the into they’re going to get tonight. I’m going home, get my stuff, tell ’em honest, kiss mamma—and beat it to the Knickerbocker. I’m a man now—I’ve got to stand for myself.”

Estelle could not speak. She kissed him with a trembling wet mouth, and her tears rained on his cheeks. Hers was the fear and wonder of a girl’s first love.

When Wally entered his ancestral portal he thought he had fallen into a memorial service. There, in the drawing-room, sat his decrepit uncles, his ancient cousins, his moth-bally aunts, his teary mother, who seemed to regard him as a sort of convicted son, doomed to die at dawn. It was a terrible family conference.

His Uncle, John Van Sant, custodian of the old name and the old fortune, began to roar.

“Marry this jade, and out you go—neck, crop, duds, inheritance.”

Wally smiled good-natured defiance, and looked hopefully at his mother.

Then John Van Sant played his trump card.

“I will save the family name at any cost!” barked the acidulous old man. “Your mother is dependent upon me as sole trustee of your father’s estate. Marry this creature, and I forbid your mother to ever see you again; and neither she nor you gets another penny.

How true John Van Sant had sent his bolt—or his bluff—he did not know until, a half hour later, washed in his mother’s bitter tears, his heart dead and his soul dying, Wally suddenly murmured in gentle

Wally had been found dead on the floor of his room at daybreak.





"Am I?" returned Estelle. She hurled the tray at his feet.

hopelessness: "I quit, folks. You win. Don't worry, for I—I shall not marry Estelle Ryan. Do you mind if I go? I'm very tired, and I . . . good-night, mother."

ESTELLE had a very happy night. Until the smallest hours she sat at her window, staring at the wonderful moon—big and round, rising from East River like a great world of luminous gold, transforming every humble thing in the vast city to an edifice of love and glory. Vinie and Florence returned and went again—came in, singly and long apart, and went to sleep. Finally Estelle slept, suddenly and dreamlessly.

She was awakened by the postman, who had a special delivery letter for her. She read, uncomprehendingly, these words: "Darling girl, don't always think me a weak coward. I suppose I was born in a golden jail from which there is no escape.

If you had known every circumstance—dearest, if we can go on loving, *there*, be sure my lips are forever whispering 'Estelle! Estelle!'"

A little chill seized her. She rushed to the telephone. A strange terror prevented her from raising the receiver to her ear. Just then Vinie came in. A frightened look was on her face, and she held her early afternoon edition away from Estelle—whom she had not expected to find awake—as if it were a dreadful, poisoned thing.

"I can imagine," murmured the stricken girl, dully. "Let me know just how it was. You see, I have a letter."

So Vinie handed her the paper.

Wally had been found dead on the floor of his room, at daybreak, shortly after summoning the butler and handing him a special-delivery for mailing. No, the butler hadn't observed the address.

Vinie and Florence were terribly frightened because Estelle cried only a little, and said nothing at all. She sat continually on the end of the divan, gazing out of the window. Vinie and Florence thought, with terror, that she did not breathe for minutes at a time. When she did breathe, her respiration came in a long, shuddering sigh.

At 1 o'clock Wagenheimer, her manager, and DeKalb, his fat, rosy, shallow little press-agent, came to see her.

Wagenheimer, awkwardly sympathetic, patted her hand as he spoke what he thought were words of consolation. "Ye see," he began, "every cloud has a kind of a hollow lining, or something like that, as the old proverb says. Yer miserable now, but this is going to make you famous, little girl. You've got a career! Don't fergit that. You'll be on hand tonight?"

"Yes," said Estelle, chokingly, starting to cry. "First of all, the theatre!" It is the true actor's motto. A player cannot desert the show, any more than a sentry can desert his post.

"Say, kid, how's this?" Something in DeKalb's flabby, fliply insincere voice struck Estelle like a blow. She rose, quickly, only to stare at the copy of a huge half-page "ad" that he had prepared for afternoon insertion. It was a cheap, lurid bill-posting of her as a combination of sorcerer and murderess, with the Dreislin reference thinly veiled. It recounted, nauseatingly, physical charms "which have sent

men to their death," and smackingly assured the public that she "appears without fail at every performance!"

"Get out!" screamed Estelle, to the horror of the time-serving Vinie and Florence, who were all servility and obsequience in the presence of Wagenheimer. "You are the murderers! You gave women of the stage their reputation—the reputation that made this possible—inevitable! Now I won't come tonight! I won't come any night! I am through! Get out—oh, get out!"

But Vinie and Florence had little time to condole with Wagenheimer and DeKalb at the head of the stairs. Estelle, now in positive hysterics, demanded their earnest attention.

When she had recovered control of herself she got the Dreislin home on the telephone. No, of course Mrs. Dreislin could not come to the telephone. Yes, Mrs. Dreislin's maid would speak. To her, to be conveyed to Mrs. Dreislin, Estelle conveyed the secrets of her heart, the melting, poignant tragedy of her soul. How she wanted, in that hour, the hand of a mother! How she longed to be folded in Mrs. Dreislin's arms, and to feel her tears in her hair!

An hour later, a messenger arrived. He bore a note to Estelle, marked in an aristocratic scrawl, "Personal!"

It was in Mrs. Dreislin's handwriting, and said only this: "I accept no condolences from unscrupulous women such as you. I only hope that God will punish you as he is punishing me—for what, I do not know."

Estelle started to weep—laughed harshly.

Five minutes later she had her manager on the telephone.

"Wagenheimer," she said, still laughing, in a curious little snigger, "I was a bad girl when you were here, wasn't I? Just a little temperament—I'll be down tonight, of course, and . . . Wagenheimer, I have no objection to DeKalb's ad."

Wagenheimer returned a coarse, jovial, uncom-

prehending but not unkindly laugh.

THREE months later, Estelle Ryan became a star in Wagenheimer's theatre. Her work from the day of Wally Dreislin's death had a style and dash it had always lacked before.

She had many admirers. To none of them, save Jansen Winthrop, did she pay the slightest attention. Jan had been a friend of Wally's but had considered him a weakling.

Estelle's acceptance of Jan's attentions was, at first, a mockery of men. Inwardly, she had never recovered from the desperate wound of her first tragedy. The only balm for her bleeding heart was a jest; its only surcease, laughter.

Bye and bye—she did not care how people talked, or what they said, as long as they advertised her—she began to realize that Jan was older, stronger, more self-reliant than Wally had ever been, and she began to like him very much.

"Poor little bird!" she murmured.



Jan pressed his suit with the ardor of the original Romeo.

"But," explained Estelle, gently; "I don't love you, boy. I only *like* you."

The bubble Reputation may be red or white, according to its filmy substance.

The bubble of Estelle's reputation grew, alas! too rosy. Every woman whispered of her as a heart-breaker, a home-wrecker, a debaucher of youth. In truth, she was far less flirtatious than the average society woman; less crafty than the wife of many a shop-keeper.

When she found that she had this reputation, it horrified her. To justify herself, she promised to marry Jan—at once.

His women heard of it; wept, fumed, berated, and gave him up.

Not so his uncle, Robert Winthrop, to whom the news came while upon a fishing trip. He threw down his fishing tackle, lit his pipe, sat in the stern of his scow, smoked . . . at the third pipeful he had the solution, and, giving his gear and his boat to a caretaker, hurried to the shore and his motor, and thence to town.

So it came to pass that Estelle received a note from Jan, asking her to accompany his uncle, Robert Winthrop, upon his yacht to Belle Isle, where they had a lodge, and where his people would be pleased to receive her. Estelle smiled at her easy conquest, and imagined the bald-headed, senile, grinning, sentimental thing who would meet her at the dock. While the girl indulged this fantasy, Winthrop tormented his brain with the drab vision of a chorus girl in too many feathers, too many gauds, too few clothes, and quarts of scent.

As the motor-boat put away from the dock Estelle saw at the ship's gangway an erect, powerfully-built man of 35—bronzed and alert.

"Some smart officer you have!" she said to the boatswain. "Your captain. I presume?"

"No indeed!" returned the boatswain. "That there's Mr. Winthrop hisself!"

"What!" gasped Jan's indifferent fiancée.

"Damn it!" muttered Winthrop, as the boat approached, bearing erect in its bow a tall, slender, classic-faced virgin severely gowned in simple, elegant blue. "Here I wait for Jan's dowdy chicken, and his mother deports an upper avenue girl!"

The white launch rattled against the gangway.

"I beg pardon, Miss," said Winthrop, gallantly. "I don't believe I've had—"

"I am Estelle Ryan," said the girl.

DURING the voyage down the bay, Estelle wondered why Winthrop gazed at her so earnestly and curiously. Because, she thought, he had had such ridiculously wrong notions of her style and general deportment. And her surmise was partially correct—just partially.

They talked of myriad subjects. He seemed astonished to find her a well-bred, well-educated, rather clever human who could use polished English as well as express a very certain sex attraction. She,

upon her side, laughed a little in secret at the virile vision which stood so strongly against her preconceived notion of age and prejudice.

"'I'm tired,'" she said, finally. "Might I rest a bit?"



"But he can't take me—unless I want."

"I should be delighted to show you your cabin," he answered, with alacrity, rising.

It was, indeed, a beautiful cabin in ivory and gold, equipped with every convenience a woman might ask. And, laughing, she lay down to sleep.

Estelle was rather disturbed, upon rising, to find that she could not open her door. An annoying jam of new varnish and sea air, indeed! She searched for a bell or a button; she found none. Then she began to call. Presently the colored steward answered. She was astounded—transfixed

—as she heard him say, gently but firmly: "Ah cain't open yo do', Mis'. I'd laik to, but it's agin Misto Winthup's orders."

"What do you mean?" cried Estelle, in rage and humiliation, beating the panel with her fists. But there was no answer.

She turned away, and sat down on her bed, sobbing bitterly. Was her life to be always a poor little jumble of misunderstanding and persecution—loveless, faithless, hopeless?

With the darkness came a warning knock, a rattling key, a back swing of the door—and Winthrop. He found a light switch near the door, and flooded the apartment with a quick white blaze before which Estelle blinked.

"Miss Ryan," he said quickly, before she could ask any explanation. "I am not very well versed in affairs of the theatre, but they tell me that you have—well, to speak frankly, they say that you have ruined the lives of several young men. We think a great deal of our Jan, and I've decided to take you away from him—as he won't leave you. The note was my forgery. I am taking you to Belle Isle, where you will have every comfort and every courtesy."

"How dare you," cried Estelle, shrilly, "take me from my life-work, from the theatre—"

"I shall be glad," cut in Winthrop, bowing, "to make any financial arrangements that are agreeable to you."

"You—!" Estelle paused, in a blaze of passionate, speechless anger. Before she thought, she had struck him a resounding slap with her open hand, full in the face. Because he merely bowed again, and did not even take a step back, or raise his hand to ward another blow, she was as instantly sorry.

"We won't discuss this



to go with him," Estelle finished.

any further tonight," said he, very gently. "Thomas"—he turned to the negro, who had been standing behind him—"will you give the young lady her dinner?"

The black man brought in a wee table, and a tray of things of wonderful appearance.

"Take that away!" stormed Estelle.

Winthrop dismissed the negro, and, nearly but not quite closing the door, said, gently but firmly, "You are going to eat, my girl; understand that, please."

"Am I?" returned Estelle. With which she picked up the tray, and hurled it crashing at his feet.

Winthrop slowly opened the door, and, turning, called in the same gentle, slightly weary voice: "Thomas . . . Thomas! There has been a slight accident to the tray. Please attend." Both stood in silence watching the negro remove the fragments of food and pieces of dishes. He went out.

"That will be all for tonight, Miss Ryan," said the man. "But tomorrow you will eat if I have to force you." She was alone, and the door was locked again.

The next day being calm and pleasant, Estelle ate several excellent meals.

Once on the island, there was a remarkable, insidious change of preconceived opinion on the part of both. The days passed, not slowly, and they were much together. At first they talked warily, as diplomats do when beating name forever about a subject they must not name; then they laughed and romped and raced like two merry children, and only once in a very great while would Estelle remember that she was a prisoner; or Robert, that he was a jailer.

Winthrop went shooting one day. He did not know that Estelle was anywhere away from the lodge, and he was not a little startled to find her, in a copse at the edge of the water, stooping over the still-twitching body of a dove he had just killed. He came up behind her, treading the soft sand without sound. She raised the warm, limp mass of feathers in her hand and stroked the dead, red breast softly.

"Poor little bird!" she murmured; "Poor little bird!"

Winthrop saw a tear fall on her hand. He shot no more that day.

Nor did he sleep that night.

Nearing forty, he had found himself.

Rather, he had trapped himself. Under the stars, with the primitive silence about him, he realized that with all the fervor of fine, conserved manhood, with all the ultimate yearning of maturity, with every strong and every tender thread of his being—he loved Estelle Ryan, his nephew's fiancée.

Estelle slept—fitfully.

While she woke, and always she saw Robert Winthrop's face, felt the pressure of his hand, was wreathed about with the strength and grace that were manfully his. Was it unfealty to Wally's memory that she realized that her thoughts of him had never been like this? As to Jan—she would not admit Jan to her Congress of reflection at all. Did she love Winthrop? She didn't know. Certainly she liked him immensely. But since he despised her, what was the use of all this pother?

In the morning, Robert dispatched the yacht and a cablegram. The message was to Jan: "We've all made a terrible mistake. Estelle Ryan is the world's champion woman. Come at once. Boat will wait. R. W."

And, presently, Jan came.

There were very troubled and uncertain hours, between. Winthrop remained moodily alone. Estelle was solitary and unhappy—until, quite unobserved, she beheld Winthrop passionately kiss a picture of her he had suddenly uncovered in a pictorial paper. From that moment Estelle was a sprite of laughter, and Robert the sad couldn't understand her at all.

In his old way, Jan dashed up the gravel walk.

"What's all this mean?" he asked, rather brutally, as he came close to his waiting Uncle and erstwhile fiancée. Rather unconsciously, Estelle compared the two men to a little flivver and a mighty Fiat. And she laughed.

As Jan reached for her, she shrank back—practically into the arms of Robert, who stood like a statue of astonishment.

"Bless you—bless you both!" he cried, finding his voice. "Take her, Jan, and happiness be with you!"

"But he can't take me, can he, unless I want to go to him—although the men of your family do seem to take when and where they will!" Estelle finished mischievously.

(Continued on page 168)

EXPONENTS OF A NEW BEAUTY THEORY



Stagg photo

"The reason I frequently use young girls for women's roles is the velvety softness and freshness of their skins. Throw a girl's face on the screen and her skin looks like a woman's, where a more mature person's may more nearly resemble a bath-towel," says D. W. Griffith. These new Fine Arts fascinations are Pauline Starke and Mildred Harris. Griffith stars of tomorrow? Miss Harris, who is pouring, played with Sir Herbert Tree and Miss Starke played opposite Wilfred Lucas in "The Rummy". Each has reached the advanced age of 15 years.

Plays and Players

FACTS AND NEAR-FACTS ABOUT THE
GREAT AND NEAR-GREAT OF FILMLAND

By Cal York

TALK about taking chances in order to give the public a thrill, what do you think of an actor who would butt right into a real battle and face a rain of bullets? Now, mind you, we aren't saying that Crane Wilbur *did* that little thing. We are merely mentioning it, incidental like, while awarding the month's prize to the author of that thrilling story "Mutual Star in Clash with Mexicans and American Troops." Lack of space precludes publication in its entirety but listen to these exciting excerpts: "The conflict lasted fifteen minutes, during which Wilbur and members of his party braved a storm of bullets coming from all directions in the eagerness to secure several much needed scenes . . . the tripod upon which Cameraman Turnbull's machine rested was shattered by bullets. . . . Although facing a storm of machine gun fire, the Americans charged and captured the gun and the Mexicans. Not once did Turnbull stop turning his machine and every move was filmed. So as to use the scenes in his latest starring vehicle, Mr. Wilbur joined in the rush and was in the thick of battle." What? You don't believe it? Why, *that* makes it unanimous!

SIR HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE is through celluloiding and is once more on British soil. His parting with Fine Arts is said to have been hastened by a directorial desire to have the distinguished actor appear in black-face. The desire, it is said, was inspired by the discovery that the limited success of Sir Herbert's filmed "Macbeth" did not justify his large salary.

AFTER satisfying herself that the relentless camera was not too cruel, Ellen Terry, England's most noted actress, ventured into the lens' vision for one photoplay. The title is "Her Greatest Performance" and London will first glimpse it in January.

BRONCHO BILLY ANDERSON is playing a new role these days, that of supervising director for a series of films in which Kitty Gordon will appear. Nothing has been said as to the probability of Mr. Anderson featuring himself in any of the Gordon pictures.

ONE of the most important personal shifts of the past month was that of Kathlyn Williams, whose name has been almost synonymous with Selig productions since the beginning of photoplay history. Miss Williams left her old affiliations to go with Morosco, the manager of which is Charles F. Eyton who recently became the husband of the star. It is said that she will return to ingenue roles and to play opposite her, Morosco has obtained the services of Thomas Holding, erstwhile Famous Players lead, seen most frequently with Pauline Frederick.

SEISMIC disturbances have changed the contours of Vitagraph payroll during the last thirty days. Among those who have gone elsewhere are Leah Baird, now at Universal City; Donald Hall, Harry Northrup, Belle Bruce, Rodger Lytton, Harry Davenport, Van Dyke Brooke, Donald McBride and Caroline Birch. Rollin Sturgeon, for a long time leading director for Western Vitagraph, also made his adieus during the month.

MIRACLE NOTE: Published reports that Douglas Fairbanks had signed up for another year with Fine Arts at a salary of \$3,000 a week were denied by Mr. Fairbanks.

FOLLOWING the example of Mrs. Castle and Mae Murray, Joan Sawyer is to dance her way through a motion picture story. The William Fox Film Corporation will sponsor it.

EDNA HUNTER, who went from Universal to play the part of Rita in Clara Kimball Young's "Common Law," is now serialing for the Monmouth company, a newcomer among the producers. Other familiar names on the cast are E. K. Lincoln, Paul Panzer and Doris Mitchell.



Here is Henry Walthall "hitting 'em up" on a Chicago course.

BLANCHE SWEET, Lasky star, has a new director, viz: Marshal Neilan, who recently clambered onto the directorial map with "The Prince Chap" and "The Country that God Forgot," for Selig. Neilan and Miss Sweet formerly played together in early Biograph days. Since that time he has been with a number of companies.

TULLY MARSHALL, one of Griffith's best known heavies, also became a Laskyite recently, thereby uniting in a professional way, the Marshall family. Mrs. Marshall is known to the public as Marion Fairfax, dramatist, and author of many of the best Lasky photoplays.

CZAR NICHOLAS is dead but his demise brought no joy to the central powers, because this particular Czar Nicholas was not the Russian ruler, as many perhaps will have guessed while reading this brief paragraph. Czar Nicholas was the pet Russian wolfhound—or Siberian fishhound, or something—of Theda Bara, the noted vamp, and his dissolution occurred suddenly, according to the Fox bureau of intelligence, which also states that the entire force of one of the largest corporations in the United States mourned for him. The name of the corporation is not given.

"**MILLION Dollar Mystery**" fans will be interested in the announcement that Sidney Bracy is to appear in some picture plays for Pathe which are to be directed by Howell Hansell, who produced the famous serial for Thanhouser.

HERBERT RAWLINSON, one of Universal City's leading citizens, sustained a six-weeks vacation recently in a bit of realistic fighting before the camera. The chief injury was a badly lacerated knee. Harry Carey, former Universal cowboy lead, also is recovering from a similarly incurred vacation, after which he will join the Fox forces.

LACK of a releasing outlet is said to have caused the suspension of operations at the Horsley studio in Los Angeles late in August. All except a few stars were discharged pending the closing of new marketing arrangements. The concern had been releasing through Mutual.

COSTLY experiments with more or less famous stage stars having resulted in more or less financial havoc, Fine Arts has gone to another extreme. Raymond Jerome Binder, whose face on the films may recall well advertised brands of men's wearing ap-

parel, has been engaged to play the lead in a photoplay or two, the first to be opposite Dorothy Gish. Fine Arts probably argues that inasmuch as girl models have become famous film players without stage experience, there is no reason why a male model can't be modeled into a Francis X.

TALKING of Francis X., we note that Earle Williams is being rather absurdly advertised by Vitagraph as "The Great" in his serial reappearance on the screen. The name of the vehicle, both celluloid and wheeled, is "The Scarlet Runner." Edith Storey accompanies him. The serial is from one of the Williamses' auto stories.



A new portrait of Helen Ware who returns to the camera stage for "The Garden of Allah."

NOT because of its importance but merely in the interest of news telling, we are chronicling the fact that Vitagraph has absorbed the V. L. S. E. exchange system, leaving Selig and Essanay to join Kleine and Edison in inaugurating the K. E. S. E. Just another shift in the producing kaleidoscope.

WEDDING bells rang in the celluloid circles of East and West coasts during August. Dorothy Kelly and Nance O'Neil were the brides of the East. Miss Kelly became the wife of Herbert Havenor, a New York business man, and Miss O'Neil was wedded to Alfred Hickman, who has played opposite her both on the stage and in the films. They are now with Metro.

AT Santa Barbara occurred the nuptials of Anna Little, celebrated centauress of American and Alan Forrest, champion juvenile of the same company. This romance dates back to early Universal days when Miss Little and Mr. Forrest were playing opposite each other in Laemmle thrillers. Mr. Forrest is Mary Miles Minter's leading man at present.

IF conflicting reports from the west are correctly untangled, Tyrone Power is now somewhere in Central America playing the lead in a sort of roving scenario which is in the directorial hands of John Ince, one of the famous Ince trio of brothers.

ONE of the original film star partnerships has been dissolved in the departure of Robert Leonard from Universal to join the

Lasky production staff. Ella Hall, who formerly played with Leonard, remains at Universal City as a Bluebird star.

MEANEST MAN NOTE: Charles Miller, Ince director, takes company to Santa Monica and uses his own home for a location. Has J. Frank Burke, one of the company, filmed behind a lawnmower, in rapid action. Has several retakes by which time the lawn is thoroughly sheared, whereupon Miller brazenly admits that there was no film in the camera the first few times and that his lawn needed mowing anyhow.

FAMOUS PLAYERS lost Mary Pickford but gained two other Pickfords, Lottie and Jack, neither of whom is a stranger to Famous cameras. Jack is to be starred as Willie Baxter in Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." Lottie celebrated her return to the old home in "The Reward of Patience."

HERBERT BRENON lost the first court round in his suit against William Fox when a New York judge denied him an injunction to prevent Fox from exhibiting "A Daughter of the Gods" without giving Brenon credit on the screen as its author and producer. The court held that Brenon's only claim was based on an oral agreement. He will carry the case to a higher court.

ADDITIONAL legal batteries were focused on Fox later when Valkyrien, otherwise Baroness DeWitz, brought suit for \$25,000 damages, alleging that the producer had induced her to leave Thanhouser on promises of starring her as an exceptional luminary in his thespian constellation, and that he had failed to "deliver." Her one appearance for Fox was in "The Unwelcome Mother."

STUDIO SCANDAL: Robert Vaughn, one of the supporting cast in "The Fugitive" with Florence LaBadie was christened Robert Alfred Paul Vaughn Bergen Von Skinski and his father was a Polish count.

UNIVERSAL CITY was deserted during the month by Matt Moore and Jane Gail, who trekked it back East after completing their scenes in "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," in which both are to be starred. Mr. Moore, who is a brother of the Misses Alice Joyce and Mary Pickford, expects to become a producer on his own hook.

OTHER Universal defections of the month were Andrew Arbuckle—Maclyn's brother but not Roscoe's—and Charles Gunn. Arbuckle joined the Lockwood - Allison company to play characters and the gentleman with the preparedness name will work under the Ince colors.

ZENA KEEFE and Earl Metcalfe recently completed a fifteen-episode serial for the Niagara Film Company at Buffalo which is to be released through the Times of that city. Its title is, "Perils of Our Girl Reporters."

MARY ALDEN, who enjoys the distinction of having played in more Griffith films than any other player, has quit Fine Arts. She is now in New York with the Mary Pickford Company.

DE WOLF HOPPER has completed his remunerative year "in the pictures" and is preparing for an invasion of the vocal stage. He should do better there, even if not in a pecuniary way.

VINCENT SER-RANO has temporarily abandoned the stage to participate in his second picture play, "A Modern Monte Cristo," at Thanhouser's New Rochelle plant. His other screened appearance was as the heavy in "Lydia Gilmore" with Pauline Frederick.

LOS ANGELES is to have its studio directory increased by the addition of the Ivan Film Company, which will quit the East with the arrival of the first cold wave. Anna Nilsson and Rose Coghlan will probably be in the first consignment of talent shipped out to the land of oranges.



Dustin Farnum (at right) returning from a fish hunt at Catalina. He has just snared a 180 pound sea bass.

SPORTING note: A large number of clubs have been organized in England and the United States in honor of a Universal star. Oh, yes; his name is Eddie Polo.

MARIE DRESSLER is fixing up "Tillie," of the stage play, "Tillie's Nightmare," for a return to the screen under World auspices. "Tillie" became famous under Keystone with Chaplin and Normand in "Tillie's Punctured Romance," but fizzled when Lubined as "Tillie's Tomato Surprise."

THERE are limits even to the credulity of one who believes press agent stories. For instance, the Keystone Oliver-mauler brazenly announces that Boss Sennett recently ordered the recostuming of the Keystone bathing girls to conform to an edict of a beach jurist who objected to abbreviated sand gowns. Why they wouldn't be Keystone bathing girls without the sts. (meaning abbreviated suits).

HELEN HOLMES and her Signal company are filming scenes for an entire set of serial episodes at Arcata, Cal., in the big tree section of that state. In order that the public would not suffer for lack of incidental "news," Publicity Chef Beebe was ordered by Director McGowan to accompany the north-bound caravan.

PONCE DE LEON note: In "Witchcraft," the Columbia University prize photoplay, Fannie Ward portrays a child twelve years old. And strangely enough it has not inspired the announcement that Miss Ward would not return to New York until after the infantile paralysis epidemic is suppressed.

EUGENE PALLETTE, long with Fine Arts, is to serialize with Ruth Roland for Balboa. He has heaved in many Reliance-Majestic and Fine Arts reels.

DIRECTORIAL salary records were smashed recently when W. Christy Cabanne signed a contract with Metro which calls for \$900 each and every Saturday night for 52 weeks. Cabanne began as an extra for Biograph about eight years ago, became Griffith's assistant director and then graduated as a full fledged director under the Griffith supervision. He is to direct a serial for Metro in which the Bushman-Bayne duo will predominate.

MARY FULLER is no longer with Universal and at this writing she is trying to determine which of several contracts she will sign. King Baggot retired from the Laemmle organization at about the same time.

SCENES from Metro's latest Nance O'Neil photoplay, "The Iron Woman," were taken at a steel plant at South Bethlehem, Pa., which is as it should be. We were almost induced to add that "The Iron Woman" must be well cast.

PROMINENT players at Santa Barbara, Cal., recently took part in a more or less impromptu presentation of Barrie's "Pantaloon," at an exclusive society function. Among them were Richard Bennett, his wife Adrian Morrison, James Kirkwood and Jack Barrymore, who was vacationing among the Santa Barbara millionaires.



"Who's boss of this family anyhow?" is the title of this snapshot of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Forrest, nee Little, but we can't find out who said it.

MARGARET SHELBY is playing in an American production with her little sister Mary Miles Minter. And, by the way, we can state with the greatest degree of authenticity that the correct age of Miss Minter is fourteen years and six months. We have it in her own spencerian that she was born at Shreveport, La., at 10:10 P. M. o'clock on April 1, 1902. Margaret is two years older.

CAMILLE ASTOR, one of the Lasky pioneers, has changed bosses and is to appear next in "The Garden of Allah" which is being done by Selig on a lavish scale.

ing done by Selig on a lavish scale.

RECURRING to the subject of ages, we considerably refrain from commenting on the unreliable memory of the well known film player whose self-composed biography contains the rather conflicting facts that he was born in 1888 and that he made an excellent record in the army during the Spanish-American war.

OLLIE KIRKBY, one of Kalem's best known leads, is now leading in the Jacksonville studio of that company, having been transferred from Los Angeles.

CAUBREY SMITH returned from London where he visited William J. Locke, the author of "Jaffery" in the picturization of which Mr. Smith played the name part. They have been friends for years. Mr. Smith is now being filmed in "The Witching Hour."

REINCARNATION note: Metro has a publicity writer whose name is Grimm.

J. W. JOHNSTON, well known player of film leads, is a recent acquisition of Fort Lee Fine Arts and will play in Allan Dwan's company. He was for a long time with Famous Players and more recently with Metro, playing opposite Mabel Taliaferro in "God's Half Acre."

THE veil of secrecy which has hidden from public knowledge the doings of Geraldine Farrar at the Lasky studio has been removed, disclosing the talented diva playing "Joan of Arc" for the screen. The production, it is said, will far surpass anything ever transferred to celluloid at the big Hollywood plant. It will be twelve reels in length and is practically finished, Miss Farrar having returned to the East. Wallace Reid and Hobart Bosworth have prominent parts in the big photoplay. Secrecy was maintained during the filming because of the experience of Lasky with "Carmen," which was duplicated by another company. "Joan," it is understood, will constitute Miss Farrar's sole celluloid endeavor of the year.

SCREEN "supers," or "extras," have formed a union in New York, which is reputed to have 10,000 members. They have formulated a scale of wages which ranges from \$2 a day for "tramps" and gangsters to \$7.50 a day for any extra called upon to do "bumps." They are also planning a clubhouse. The organization came as the result of alleged extortionate "hold outs" by super employment agents who are said in many instances to have taken more than half of the emolument provided by the employers.

ALMA RUEBEN who was seen recently opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Half Breed," has been loaned by Fine Arts to Ince for a photodrama opposite William S. Hart.

ESSANAY has been sued by Frederick Lawrence, a well-known newspaperman, who alleges, briefly, that Essanay's "Little Girl Next Door" was his brain child; that he

had presented it to the company; that they rejected it and subsequently had another writer draw up a scenario along the Lawrence specifications. Those who have seen the vice play will agree that in claiming authorship, Mr. Lawrence has exhibited remarkable bravery.

MAX LINDER'S salary has shrunk to \$260,000, a paltry five thousand simoleons per week, even before he has started work on his American comedies. Paris advices state that Max is getting together a wardrobe that will result in the creation of any number of new "quiet zones" in Los Angeles.

NOTHING is said about the permanency of the change but for one picture at least, Myrtle Stedman is to appear under the Lasky banner. The Morosco star is to make her Lasky debut as co-star with Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese actor.



This might be labeled "Lottie Pickford caught at a studious moment" but she wasn't caught; she knew the picture was to be taken and you'd know it was a fib, anyhow.

LASKY has also annexed Nell Shipman, former Vitagrapher, to play the lead opposite Lou-Tellegen in a photoplay of Spanish locale. Miss Shipman starred in "God's Country, and the Woman," for Vitagraph and then went to Fox for a single appearance.

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES, candidate for the presidency, was a visitor at Universal City during his trip to

California and was honored by having his photograph taken with President Laemmle.

HEALTH authorities in New York lifted the ban on children over twelve attending motion picture theaters when the infantile paralysis epidemic subsided early in September and as a result hundreds of thousands of children who were denied the pleasures of the "movies" for months resumed their greatest recreation.

IT is not unusual for a film star to move into a new home, but because the location of Miss Edith Storey's new domicile is called Eden's Neck, the fact of her removal is placed on record. Isn't that a heck of a name?

NEW YORK is suffering from an adjective "Intolerance."

THE TINY STAR OF A MIGHTY PICTURE



TO everyone who saw Ince's "Civilization" little Lillian Read, aged two and one-half years, was the biggest bit of humanity in the whole pretentious spectacle. In the quaintness of her unconscious acting was

wonderfully effective pathos. She was comedy riding awide on a butterfly's wings. Ince needed a mite of a thing for the picture, and he was at wit's end to know where to get it. "Let me try Lillian," said Lillian's dad, who is by way of being in the city directory J. Parker Read Jr., head of one of the Ince departments. "But she's too young, Jack," Ince demurred. "Well, anyway, try her, anyway," said J. P. Jr.

There was a brace of ducks in the scene. Two-and-a-Half-Lillian decided they hadn't any business to be there, cluttering things up and quacking all over the lot. "G'way, you bad t'ings!" stormed Lillian, and while she chased them in true housewifely indignation an inspired camera man cranked steadily.

Like many things that aren't intended, the scene came out the big hit of the whole picture.



If a moving picture star should say to you, "Come out to the studio and spend the day with me and watch us work"—would you go?

If a friend introduced you to a director, and the director said, as he shook hands good-bye, "We're putting on some big scenes tomorrow, why don't you run out to the studio and look us over?"—would you?

If you happened to have a bowing acquaintance with the president of a film producing company and he should hail you from his car at the curb and say, "Want to take a spin with me out to the studio? We'll sort of look about a bit and see who's on the job today"—would you say you had another engagement?

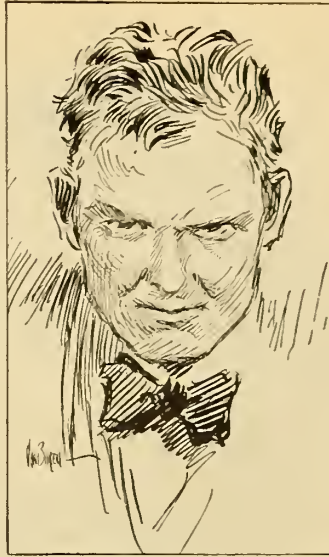
When Francis William Sullivan wrote "The Glory Road" he unlocked the gate of Filmland, where photoplays are made, and invited the public in. This hadn't been done before.

"Come," he said. "I will show you how the women and men you see on the screen and see so much about in print, live. What they do and what they are supposed to do when they come to work. How they act. How they behave when they are acting. Their great moments. Their little meannesses. How they love. And hate. And plan for bigger things and things they think are bigger. Their fag at the day's end. Their romps, parties, extravagances, economies, Fords and can't-affords. How the lure of luxury holds out its arms to them. What happens sometimes when they yield to its caress. The tragedy of rivalry, and the fine spur that rivalry wears. The friendships. The enmities. The day's work. Come with me behind the screen. I'll show you."

"The Glory Road" is a face-to-face, behind-the-screen narrative of photoplay art in its capital, Southern California. While the characters are purely fictitious, the types might have been culled from life. Mr. Sullivan spent months in the Coast studios getting his atmosphere. The result is the first novel of photoplaying which combines thrill with accuracy, action with detail, plot with style. A brief outline of the story as thus far told, is this:

June Magregor, the heroine, a lovely girl out of the Canadian wilderness, is being tried for star material by Tom Briscoe, director-in-chief of the Graphic Company. She is engaged to marry Paul Temple, a Graphic actor-director. While the company is "out on location" on an island off California June falls and twists her ankle. She is taken to the magnificent house of Stephen Holt, a self-made millionaire who has acquired polish with his wealth. Notwithstanding she is affianced, he tells her he will make her love *him*. Business takes Temple to the Mexican border. June discovers Holt is the principal owner of the Graphic Company. He courts her, carefully. She cannot hide the fascination his personality has for her, but she again reminds him that she is promised to Temple. She tries to take refuge with herself in this thought.

Only a beginner in learning the lessons of life as it is lived among men and women of the world, June was no



Stephen Holt

Preceding Chapters of The Glory Road

the flame burn steady?

Marcia Trent, Graphic star, is under Holt's patronage. Fearful of losing her place in the sun through his attraction to June, she skillfully plots the destruction of June's good name and her consequent dismissal.

In the dusk of a foggy evening Holt is calling on June at her bungalow in the foothills of Hollywood, and they have been speaking seriously of life and work. "The desire to lift the man out of his mire of hopeless cynicism became an imperative need with June, and in her anxiety and eagerness she forgot herself and her own discouragement. They talked on. . . ."

Holt picks up presently a Hawaiian ukulele and sings softly in the gathering dark, "Aloha Oe."

"June felt the wounds of life touched by a gentle healing, felt all bitterness loosened and melted within her by a supreme manifestation of beauty. . . . She was lifted above the earth, and vibrated in harmony with some music outside and beyond herself. Her eyes grew dim with tears.

"The music throbbed softly and died away, and Holt looked at her. She was quite still, her face cast in lines of profound sweet emotion. He laid the ukulele down gently and came toward her. She was conscious of his approach, and at the command of some inner urgency, stood up."

He lets his passion sweep him off his feet, and takes her almost brutally in his arms.

"As he sought her mouth she tried to turn her head, but could not. His lips crushed upon hers, and something within her seemed to break. . . . From the fierce command of his kiss there was no release; and slowly, instinctively, her arms went round his neck."

less but rather more the woman for having spent all the years of her childhood and youth close to Nature's secrets—in the great, silent heart of the North wilderness, her one companion her father. She had none of the weapons that experience in man-fending teaches a woman to fashion for herself; but she had womankind's universal combination weapon-and-shield-instinct, and the shield-half of it was polished and the blade-edge of it was uncommonly keen.

She had no need of her instinct to warn her that Stephen Holt had made her his quarry: he himself had bluntly told her that. "You can marry whom you like, but you are going to love *me*," he had said. The girl was too unworldly wise to sense the whole ominousness of this domineering threat, but instinct did warn her that with her, the woman, rightly rested the say of how far this man should go.

Yet withal, realizing this, June put her feet in the footprints that other women's feet have worn deep and deep since Eld, because it is pleasant to be wooed without respect to having been by another won. She did wrong; subconsciously, and sometimes very consciously, she knew in her heart she did wrong; but she balmied her conscience with the steady-flame thought that it was Paul she *loved* and it was Paul's wife she was to be. *How long will*

The Glory Road

By Francis William Sullivan

Author of "Star of the North," "Alloy of Gold,"
"Children of Banishment," etc.

Illustrations by R. Van Buren

XVI

FOR a long moment, oblivious of time or things, helpless in the grip of a power stronger than herself, June clung to Stephen Holt. Then, as the supreme emotion passed, reason and remembrance reasserted themselves. With an inarticulate sound and an access of strength that shame and horror lent her, she broke from his grasp and faced him, trembling, her eyes dark with despair, her hands pressed to her flaming cheeks.

"Oh, what have I done!" she cried. "Go! You must go!" Then she turned and fled from the room. He heard the key turn in the lock of her bedroom door.

At first the man stood dazed, too dazzled by what had occurred, too shaken by his feelings to be quite sure of reality. But the sound of the key roused him, and he returned to the present with the muddled look of one awakening.

Briefly he wavered. Then he obeyed her. Walking towards the front door, he took his cap from the hatrack where he had so carelessly tossed it a few hours before, and left the house. On the street his tightly strung nerves and surging emotions, almost more than he could endure, goaded him to the relief of physical action, and he commenced to walk.

It was cold enough in the night air for an overcoat, but he did not notice it. He was oblivious, too, of the luminous dark blue sky with its bright low stars, the fragrances of eucalyptus, petunia, and honeysuckle, and the quiet of the windless calm that preceded the fog bank.

He was walking in a world of his own in which a mellow, gracious flood of golden light poured down upon him, coloring alike consciousness and environment.

Something within him exulted:

"Elaine, darling," she cried, "what has happened?"



"She loves me at last! I've made her, as I said I would! God! She loves me!"

His head went up, his chest out, and he seemed to walk on air, for this was a sensation of triumph such as he had never experienced. Pride and passion alternated in him. His was the triumph of the conquering male.

But this phase was not all. Because he was a man, the mental glory persisted and dominated—there remained that effect as of golden light. Stirred to depths that had never been stirred before, he was almost transfigured. The thought of his other loves made him sick with loathing. He knew them now for the false and cheap things they were, and remorse, a consciousness of utter unworthiness swept over him.

This was love, he told himself. Never in the world had anyone known its like; it was recompense for the whole of life that had gone before. A kind of regeneration and rejuvenation, as of Spring, took place in him. He burgeoned. Life was beautiful, and seemed to hold wonderful and undreamed of possibilities.

Strange radiant aspirations towards God rose up in him; he perceived that loving, and kindness and giving—all beneficent things—were the foundations of happiness, and he felt a great impulse to dedicate himself to them. He felt that a whole lifetime

of good works could hardly pay for the thing that had come to him.

Stephen Holt in his triumph, pride, and humility, was very near to that state of feeling which produces "conversion," that revolution of all concepts and determinations towards "good." His natural hard cynicism was melted. He glimpsed hints of deeper, higher things that the soul instincts of a million years had planted in him, but which he had derided and denied. He was emotionally ready for the crossroads of his life which he was so swiftly approaching.

L YING on her white bed in the dark, her hot face pressed into the tear-wet pillow, June was trying to visualize life as it was now. She burned all over with a sense of stain, as if some dark angel in passing had branded her with an ineradicable mark.

For long after flinging herself upon the bed she could not think. Her mind was a seething chaos over which boiled horror and shame for the thing she had done, and beneath which, grand and sweet as in the cosmic dawn, sounded the motif of creation. Loathe it with her reason as she did, she could not forget that moment in Holt's arms; she could not despise him, try as she would. But she despised herself, and she feared him, shrank from the shock of the thing he had aroused, even as it tingled like wine in her blood. With a sickening sense of futile self-loathing, she knew that she would kiss him again did he hold her in his arms that instant.

"What has happened to me? What has come over me?" she asked herself. "Do I love him? Do I feel this way only out of duty to Paul?"

She did not know. She could not analyze then. She could only feel. Always having followed simple and straight lines of conduct based upon the normal conception of right, she yet found herself now helpless, all her conceptions and thoughts of love swept away by an obliterating fire. She had revered equally the trinity of love—body, mind and spirit, but now one element only seemed to exist, the flesh.

But this was subsiding before conscience and the increasing shame of her treachery towards Paul, a shame which seemed to enclose her heart in a leaden ball. Ancestry and training had equipped her with a deep loyalty and certain almost narrow convic-

tions. She was of the type to stand by her pledged troth in letter and spirit even though it meant disaster. Therefore, that she had failed in her plain duty was a crushing realization. A second, which emerged into it, was that in smirching herself, she had equally defiled Paul—a bitter thought when she remembered his clear and unquestioning faith in her.

She recalled his letters, sweet with his happy, almost boyish pride and glory in her love, and in her unworthiness she wished she could die. She knew that *he* could never have failed as she had done, and that he believed *her* incapable of failing. The fact of her wrong would be hurt enough to him,—full well she knew that—but far more cruel and bitter would be the thought *that she could have done so*.

She wept again, there in the dark, miserably, hopelessly, her body shaking with great agonized sobs. She wept for all that had been, for all that was to come. Remorse, regret, and pity for Paul, drowned her, but her honor, abnormally sensitive now, did not confuse this with an uprush of the old love. She was too fresh from Stephen Holt's arms for that.

A ND yet, condemning herself with the exaggerated censure of an unblunted conscience, she found, in all fairness, some defense for herself. She perceived for the first time how unsuspectedly it had all grown; how, being wrapped up in the urgent exigencies of her new work, she had not been aware of the gradual, insidious development of her feeling for Holt. She could not surmise the skilful and determined siege he had undertaken and so cleverly concealed.

Looking back she could not put her finger on any one spot where she should or could have said, "No! This ends everything." Especially at the Country Club when he had declared his love, had she rebuked him, reiterating her loyalty to Paul, and forbidding him ever again to speak of his passion.

But she had thought of him, permitted him to permeate her life as a fragrance permeates the air. This was her sin, and an unconscious one, for she had not dreamed that all action first originates in thought, and that a human life is the reflection of its mental processes, the product of innumerable minute decisions. . . .

From the past her thoughts returned to the present.

What should she do?

The answer came quickly with no vacillation or uncertainty. She would stand by her pledged word to Paul, and Holt should be dismissed forever from her life. But even in the instant of proud decision, she shrank. Never to see Holt again alone; to sever all the happiness they had known; deliberately, perhaps, to bind herself in what might be a ghastly mistake! These possibilities suggested themselves with terrible vividness.

But she did not turn back. And with her decision came comparative peace. Also came what seemed a compelling necessity to confess to Paul. Slowly she got up from the bed and groping in the dark, turned on the lights. Then, both physically and nervously exhausted, she commenced to take off her outer clothes.

After bathing her face and braiding her hair she put on her silk kimono, and sat down to her table to write. But with the pen in her hand, she paused. "What about *him*?" she thought. "I don't matter any more, but he does. Can I do this to him?" She knew the terrific intensity of Paul's inner feelings, and hesitated. "It must have very, very great justification," she thought.

She mused, fighting down the thoughts of Holt, telling herself over and over that that was buried forever.

"Since—it's over,—why needlessly break Paul's heart? I shall marry him anyway. I can at least spare him this."

She sat long, and in the silence the black marble clock in the living room struck ten. Then at last she dipped her pen.

"Stephen," she wrote, "I can never forgive myself for what happened last night. It ends everything. I shall never see you alone again, and if you are the man I think you are, you will respect this wish.

"JUNE MAGREGOR."

XVII

PAUL TEMPLE'S life in New York and at the Fort Lee Graphic studios was like that of any other laboring man. The amount of time and attention he could give to it was limited only by his ability to resist sleep.

Temple lived in a suite of two rooms and

a bath at the Ansonia Hotel, a great gray pile on Broadway in the 70s, situated conveniently between the Rialto, which, commencing at Sixty-sixth Street runs southward, and the 130th Street ferry where he crossed the Hudson to Fort Lee.

He rose profanely at six o'clock every morning and proceeded to bathe and shave. By seven he was downstairs and at breakfast in the hotel dining-room. At quarter to eight the man from the garage brought his roadster around to the hotel, and he drove leisurely northward to the ferry, drinking in the sweet freshness of the morning along Riverside Drive at a time when the pearly mists were still hanging above the Hudson.

Leaving the ferry on the Jersey side, he drove several miles north along the palisades to the big studio, whose glass roofs rose high above their surrounding white walls. His baggage usually consisted of a leather brief-case full of scenarios, notes or stories he had been working on the night before, and he went at once to his office, a clean square room in the main building, comfortably furnished and well lighted.

This was always about half past eight. Here he quickly ran through his heap of mail, setting aside important matters for his personal answer, and diverting the greater part of it to his stenographer, a very clever girl who, through long practice could answer any routine letter quite as well as himself. She also dispatched Paul's photograph to any who sent a quarter of a dollar for that purpose. It was this person's boast, to his relief, that she was the only woman in America who had never felt romantic yearnings towards Paul Temple.

But it was Paul's unique distinction to have developed during the last year into primarily a man's actor. Where in Briscoe's wilderness camp of the August before most of his personal letters had been from women, now more than half of them came from men who had been stirred to admiration by the intense virility and force of his portrayals. And it was the strength of his inner convictions and feelings thrown into his work that made these so powerful—a thing which June had long realized.

PAUL and his company always assembled before nine o'clock, though the start and progress of the day's work if "exterior" or outdoor sets were used, depended

entirely on the weather, for the California certainty of rainless months was here pointedly absent. Waste in the daylight that is money, was a much more serious problem.

As Paul was now directing as well as acting, his time was reasonably full. He believed in releasing his company by five o'clock, but circumstances determined this. Lunching at the studio, he was lucky to get home to a seven o'clock dinner at his hotel, usually bringing with him material to be read or studied afterwards. He worked a good many evenings, but he found his relaxation in light musical comedies, a few social gatherings, and in breathless detective fiction.

Obviously this life did not provide time for much fast traveling along the White Lane. The fact of the matter was that Paul found it necessary to observe the hours and habits of an athlete in training, a mode of life to which he subjected himself for reasons of experience, and not because he was "better" than anyone else. Like most men he could look back on wild days.

The life of the screen had long since lost for him any illusion, glamour or romance that it might once have held. It represented hard work leading to the goal of affluence and independence, and he adhered to his strict life primarily because reason told him it paid the highest dividends.

His employers were aware of these facts and trusted him correspondingly. His judgment was good, and Stannard often consulted him on matters vitally important to the Company's interest. He was well on the way to becoming a leading figure in his profession, and June Magregor, placed between Paul Temple and Stephen Holt, a man equally big in his way, was in the position of the grist between the mill stones.

Wednesday evening of every week was set apart for viewing new Graphic productions, a function which everyone of importance in the company was expected to attend, and which took place in the projection room of the executive offices located in a sky-scraper near Broadway and Forty-second Street.

This room was a tomb of a place provided with a slanting floor and fitted up luxuriously with opera chairs and deep-pile carpet. The usual screen was at one end, and square holes cut in the other allowed

for throwing the picture from the operator's fire-proof box just outside.

This Wednesday evening as usual men and women commenced to drift in at quarter to eight, being deposited by the elevator at the fifteenth floor in groups of two or three. Most of these were Graphic people, but they included also news and trade-paper reviewers.

Paul arrived almost at eight o'clock, in company with Gene Perkins, his camera man, a long, melancholy individual who had directed the artillery during Briscoe's work in the North, and was accustomed to risk his life with an unchanging expression of *ennui*. They managed to find seats and a few minutes later the lights were snapped off and the showing began.

The first release was a five-reel feature called "For Conscience Sake," and had been made in the Fort Lee studio though not by Paul's company. As each character was introduced at the beginning of the picture, he or she was greeted by applause. Similar praise greeted particularly well-done scenes.

At the end of each reel the lights flashed on to permit of changing the film, and people blinked and discussed the picture with their neighbors. Here and there laughter sounded, and there was an intermittent shuffling of feet as late comers entered and stood at the back of the room.

Following the feature came the Graphic weekly, shown here for final editing. At this time feverish preparations for trouble with Mexico were under way and many of the scenes were martial. But there was the usual interspersing of accidents, sporting events, and freak items. Finally, after an extraordinary photograph of a cyclone approaching a Kansas town, this title appeared on the screen:

**HOLLYWOOD, CAL., MOVING
PICTURE STARS WORK
FOR CHARITY**

**International Favorites Unite in
Monster Lawn Fete for the
Actor's Fund of America**

Instantly Paul Temple was alert, hoping to see June, for she had written him of the preparations for the event and of the part she would take in it.

The title disappeared and the picture flashed on, showing the throngs of people surging beneath the eucalyptus trees and

about the booths. The photographer had evidently occupied an elevation and "panned" the scene (made a panorama), for one got a good idea of the general layout of the grounds.

The view then changed to the midst of the crowd and showed municipal notables grouped with girl stars whose faces are known in every quarter of the globe. Exclamations of recognition broke out in various parts of the room.

"Oh, there's Marcia Trent!"

"All lit up like a circus horse!"

"Wow! Goldie Burke, Goldie!"

"And friend husband!"

"Must be all of that by this time!"

"There's Romey Stark. . . . Over there in the swing."

"And Elaine. He's holding her hand."

"Poker hand, you mean."

The camera left them and commenced to throw brief flashes of the various booths and activities. Paul was growing disappointed. He had not seen June. Then, suddenly, without announcement or correlation, a new scene flashed on the screen.



It was the interior of a summer-house whose walls were masses of roses, honeysuckle and interwoven vines. The light was not of the best, and the two figures seated on either side of the table, were barely distinguishable. But one of them Paul instantly recognized—June Magregor in her Indian dress. Who the man was he could not tell.

June had written him that she was to be the time-honored fortune-teller of such affairs, and he perceived that obviously this was a scene during a fortune telling. She sat with the man's right hand in hers, palm up, but she was not looking at it. She was looking into his face.

A brief silence had fallen upon the audience. The bad photography and irrelevance of the subject had puzzled them. They were trying to identify the people.

Finally a male voice in the rear of the room cried:

"Holt! That's who it is! Steve Holt actin' for the camera. Ha, ha, ha!"

A ripple of laughter spread. . . .

"Does he call that charity?"

"Who's the girl?"

"Whoever managed that lighting must have been brought up in the subway."

"By George, that's Magregor! June Magregor!"

Amid a buzz of amused comment action was taking place on the screen. Paul saw Holt suddenly lean towards June and cover her hand that held his with his other hand, all the time talking earnestly, almost passionately.

The projection room roared.

"Some actor! Some actor!"

Paul saw June sit motionless beneath the spell of Holt's words for a moment, her face as near as he could see it gentle, almost rapt. Then he saw her shake herself and

glance with swift apprehension toward the door. The next moment she had risen and forced Holt to rise with her, ending the scene.

"What has happened to me? What has come over me?" she asked herself.

The room rang with delight.

"Hey, Stannard, sign Holt for life."

"Compared to him Romeo lived in the ice age."

"Didn't look at the camera once."

Then the Voice of Authority:

"Say, Jake," to the editor, "how did that thing get in? Holt trying to kid us?"

"I guess so. It was so good I thought I'd run it for the crowd."

"Well, kill it."

"Yes, sir."

By this time the reel had switched to some other news event and the incident was rapidly being forgotten. In a few minutes Paul got up quietly and made his way out of the room. Taking the elevator from the deserted front office he descended to the street. There he turned towards Broadway.

IT was a warm June night, and the air was laden with the odors of warm asphalt and motor oil vapor. All the theatres had "gone in" and the crowds were thinned for the time, but the streets were light as day and in the northern sky a distant sign with its streamers of color suggested a new *aurora borealis*.

Paul considered the project of walking to his hotel, but he was tired and decided against it. He signalled a passing taxicab and got in. Duty and interest in the showing had alike departed.

He was puzzled and disturbed. He could not get the extraordinary picture of June and Holt out of his mind. He had a feeling of something queer about it, something not *bona fide*. The general assumption that it was a joke did not satisfy him. The poor lighting and photography suggested a picture taken under unnecessary difficulties; nor was there anything about Holt's actions which suggested that he was making a fool of himself for the amusement of the East-ern Graphics.

Paul's puzzled suspicion was suddenly illuminated when he remembered June's swift, anxious glance towards the doorway of the summer-house in the middle of the scene, a flash whose significance seemed to have escaped the other observers. It was just such a glance, indicating fear of discovery, that a girl might have given under those circumstances, and it proved to Paul that neither June nor Holt was conscious of being under the camera's eye.

Paul's rather heavy brows drew down as he realized this. It meant that the emotions he had witnessed were genuine, not assumed. Instantly the whole matter took on deeper significance. Recalling June's expression, he experienced for a moment a shocking fear that chilled him to the marrow, but which he instantly put away from him. That was nonsense! But his uneasiness was not dispelled. The question persisted: "What could have been happening to result in such a scene as that between them?"

By this time the cab had reached Seventy-second Street, and Paul leaning forward directed the chauffeur to drive through Central Park. They turned east and at Eighth Avenue entered the comparative quiet and leafy darkness of the West Drive. Cars with round, dull eyes passed constantly, the arc lights beside the road made patches of vivid green among the tree leaves, white figures on the grass or the benches were dimly visible.

Manlike, Paul's interest flashed to Holt. What was he to June? What part had he been taking in her life since their separation? He remembered meeting the man once, and, as far as he could recall the impression had been a favorable one. But of his personality and life he knew nothing, and that was the vital point.

He tried, by recalling June's letters, to widen his knowledge. All he could remember were a few casual references to occasions when Holt had appeared on "location," or had been the host at some social gathering of the company. He was further reassured by remembering that her later correspondence had been filled almost entirely with the details of her new work with Briscoe, and her varying enthusiasms, hopes and fears.

Still, what could have led to that scene, with its obviously sincere emotion?

TEMPLE trusted June completely, an honor which she shared alone with Briscoe, for Paul, though an idealist at heart, knew life for the cruel, ruthless thing it is. He no more doubted her than he doubted himself. But as time had passed he had grown to forget the difference in their ages and experience, and especially in their equipment to meet the life of their profession. He did recall this now in a vague way, but so great was his faith in her

that the thought of it seemed to him a sort of unworthy suspicion.

Still that scene. . . .

It might have meant anything, he told himself, an excited moment of some warm discussion between them. Praise of her work, perhaps. But that was not very convincing. And it cast no light on the reason for the picture, and the fact that it had been taken surreptitiously through the rose wall of the summer-house.

Paul was not afraid, but he was perplexed. He pondered long as the taxicab rolled through the quiet park. Finally he directed the chauffeur to drive him to his hotel. In his sitting room there, a place of soft colors and rich furnishings, he lit a pipe and, letting a pile of work lie untouched, pondered still further. Then he sat down at his desk and wrote a letter to Elsie Tanner.

They had long been excellent friends, having worked together even before their experience in the North, and he had written her once or twice thus since leaving California. The letter tonight was largely descriptive of his doings, and included much of the gossip and shop talk he constantly heard. But it was all written for the purpose of including two sentences casually slipped in towards the end:

"I suppose everything is all right with June as usual. Living there with you it couldn't be anything else, but you know what a fool a man in love is, so drop me a line saying so."

XVIII

CONSIDER the perfect moment of all youth; that sublime, brief interval radiant with promise, which divides immaturity and full ripening. It is one of Nature's lyrics tossed off amid the stress of greater works, and remains exquisite forever. It dreams into being suddenly amid the pearl and rose of dawn; it comes upon a flower ere the blossom is full-blown; it glorifies the gracious Spring of our own youth.

Then the last of our trailing clouds of glory still cling about us, the pride of invincibility is ours, and somewhere we have gathered a matchless equipment—confidence, ideals, buoyancy, tirelessness. A miracle has taken place within us so that suddenly we have eyes that see and ears

that hear. Dead-white sexlessness is gone and the world glows with colors, and is full of strange beauties and sensibilities. Curiosities gnaw us, new and wild elixirs course in our blood, and the imagination never rests.

The chrysm of the moment was upon Elaine Drake. Fifteen now, there seemed to unite in her the perfect moment of all the dawns of the world, and of every expanding flower. The warm fingers of development had lovingly shaped her and made her woman; she lived in imagination, not reality; her spirit was a butterfly about to meet the winds of the world. And she loved Romey Stark.

Everything she did, all she said, took form and substance from thought of him, was measured by the question of his approval. "Would he like this? Was that worthy of him?" It was almost the devotion of a *rèligieuse*, and was tinged by that mystical eroticism. But it was physical, too. They had worked in one picture during the action of which he had swept her into his arms and kissed her, and she had never forgotten that, could not forget it. She lived that moment over and over, giving her imagination rein at night when Elsie, dead to illusion, it seemed, lay sleeping prosaically beside her.

But in his presence what a difference! All the blood seemed to rush to her heart, her mouth became dry, her pulses pounded. She could only giggle and give vent to monosyllables, or, her cheeks like wild roses, sit watching him with great eyes. Sometimes he would come and sit beside her and talk in his characteristic, teasing way:

"Getting prettier every day, ain't you! 'Tain't legal, kid. You get twenty years for that in California! Believe me, all kinds of things are likely to happen if you don't quit. Some night I'll just naturally bean you with a stockin' full of 'dobe dust and carry you off to my cave in the mountains. So you look out!"

Elaine dreamed of that cave in the mountains. . . .

But if he sat down beside any other girl in the company and dared so much as look pleasant while doing so, then the sun went out for Elaine. Was he interested in her? What was between them? Tortured by jealousy, she tried to find out how he spent his leisure hours.

To all outward appearance Elaine was a normal member of society, but this was the life of her mind, her true life. And June and Elsie, wrapped up in their own affairs, did not realize it. Physically Elaine was safe enough, for her sister paid attention to that obvious phase, but somehow they forgot the perennial miracle of romance.

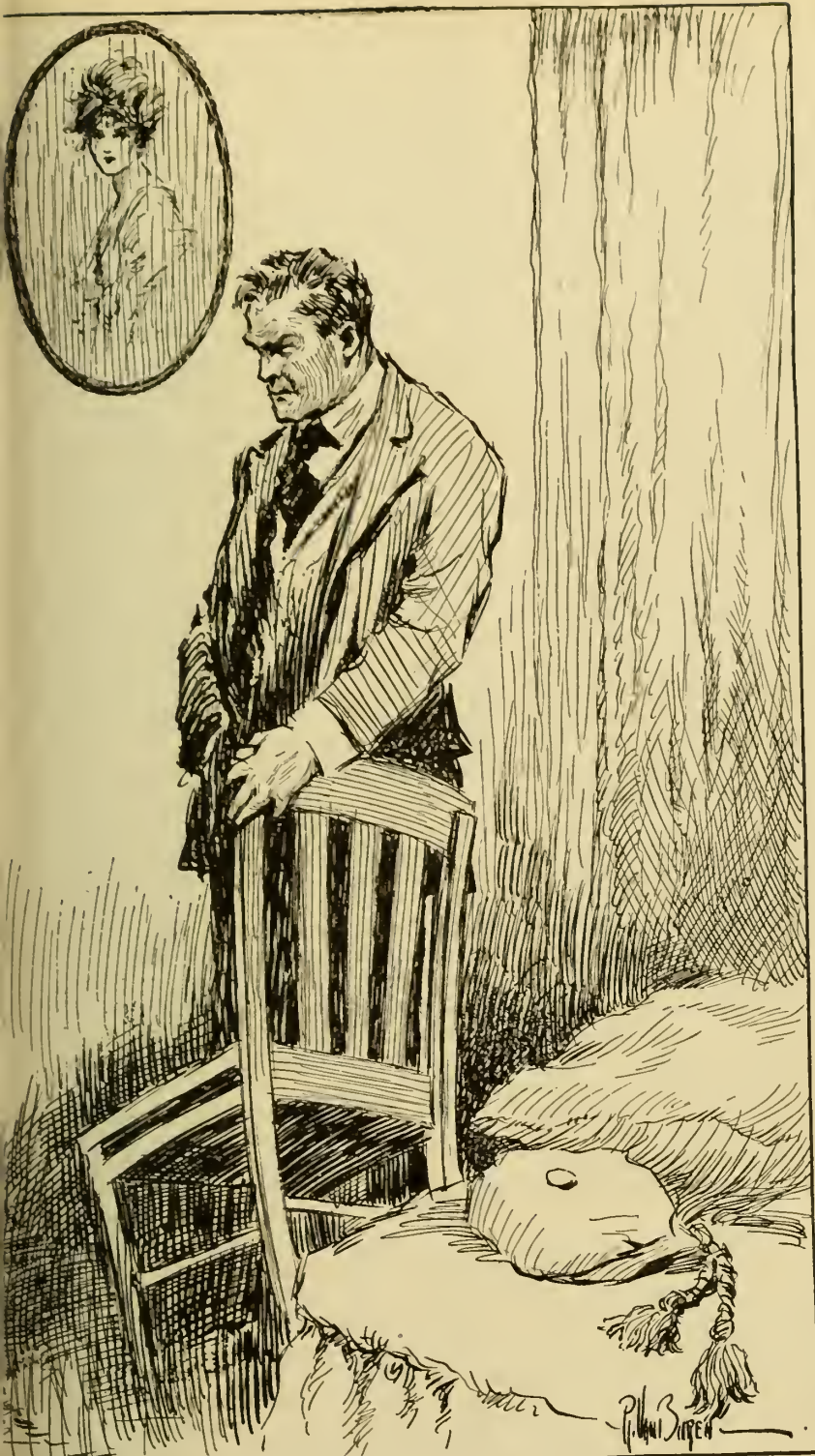
ONE morning about a week after the crisis between Holt and June in the bungalow, the three girls left for the studio shortly after eight o'clock. They talked little, for each seemed busy with her own thoughts. Elsie especially appeared pre-occupied.

They joined the stream of "extra" people flowing from the street cars, and at the studio corner encountered Goldie Burke and her husband, immortalized as "Mr." Burke by June's original blunder.

"Hello, darlings," sang out the former with a little difficulty,



The stroke fell like a blow from some heavy instrument, dazing her



irst. Then she commenced to feel the terrjic pressure of the threat.

being in the act of subduing her morning ruminative. "Ain't this the weather though? Br-r-r! I'm marble from the waist down."

"And concrete from the neck up," added her husband.

"Why, you little reptile! Ain't he gettin' to be a devil, though, girls?" Withal there was a little note of pride in her voice. Goldie could find it in her nature to be demurely proud of a beating; rugged mastery stimulated her affections. "If I don't watch him, he'll get as sassy as my first one. But say, d'ye get that earful about Romey Stark?"

"No. What is it? Anything happened?"

The group were entering the doorway together.

"Nothin' much, He just got hitched for life yesterday, that's all."

"Married, Goldie!" June and Elsie cried together. "Why—!" They stood speechless and aghast.

"That's what it's called." The incorrigible gossip was enjoying the effect of her news.

"But who—who did he marry?" June inquired, when she had caught her breath.

"Nobody I ever heard of, some Los Angeles girl."

"Outside the profession?"

"Yes." Goldie's voice took on an ironical note. "Nice home-body I hear, darns socks instead of damns 'em; the kind that can find any chapter of the Bible in the dark but couldn't locate a highball in broad daylight; thinks a welsh rabbit's a cousin to a Belgian hare, and—"

"Go 'way, you liar," said Elsie, pleasantly, "who wound you up this morning?"

Goldie grinned.

"It's the gospel! Romey wanted to settle down and wallow in this fireside stuff. And now look at him! Ruined for life! A 'flash' of that might go, but to make a five-reeler of it—! Ugh! Please omit flowers!"

By this time they had passed through the building and out into the bright sunlight again. But Elaine was scarcely aware of the fact. Nothing was clear before her, she was walking mechanically, praying that she might not scream or faint before she reached her dressing-room. Encountering friends, the others lingered, but she went on. One or two "extra" people, seeing her face, turned to look after her alarmed, but no one stopped her.

Habitual reflexes made her enter her dressing-room—it was in the second tier of the block that contained June's—and lock the door behind her. Then she sat down in the chair before her table and holding her white face in icy fingers, stared stupidly at her reflection in the mirror. It was a seared and writhing soul that looked out at her.

Her perfect moment was gone, never to return. The dawn had been rent by a bolt of lightning, the rose blighted, the lyric defiled. . . .

After a while her director sent for her. She returned word that she was sick and could not work.

ELAINE did not know what to do. With hands clenched and teeth set, she was suffering as if her body were wrapped in flame, an agony that seemed insupportable. She was conscious of great roaring sounds and seemed to see foam-flecked bestial teeth flashing at her out of the darkness. She wanted to die, she wanted to kill herself, but she lacked the courage. She began to

cry with pain, and flung herself on the sofa in her room, clutching the pillows with fingers that a dozen times in imagination had framed his dear face for kisses.

But there was no relief, and at last she could stand it no longer. Sobbing, dishevelled, she crept out of her room and down to June's, for somehow she could not take this to Elsie.

June, after an hour's work, was changing her dress, and stepped back with a cry almost of terror as the broken little figure with its tear-stained cheeks and swollen eyes stumbled in unannounced.

"Elaine! Darling! What is it?" she cried. "What has happened?" She threw the dress she held across a chair and opened her arms. The child flung herself into them almost strangling with sobs and wept there speechless. Then the story came out bit by bit.

As she listened June's face relaxed, and her eyes grew suddenly old. Facing her own Armageddon of conscience, it seemed a bitter, cruel thing to find the eternal tragedy commencing to repeat itself in this young life. The whole adventure of experience seemed to her suddenly unutterably sordid and tawdry.

And yet, though she could find no solace for herself, the depths of her nature yielded comfort to this bewildered soul.

"There, there," she soothed, patting the soft head upon her breast. "Men do these things . . . and we women have to stand them as best we can. But try not to think of him any more, darling. You're young, so young, and the man that is to love you hasn't come yet. But he will, he'll come when it's time."

"No, no! I don't want anybody else. I want him, *him!* I love him. Oh!"

"Yes, dear, I know, I know. But listen. After all, it's you that counts, nobody else. And you must be bigger than these things, we all must. It's all there is in life—to be bigger than life. It's the only way to happiness."

About them were the sounds of the studio, hammering, a distant shout, a burst of laughter from a nearby dressing-room. People in bright costume passed now and then, the golden sunlight poured down; all the accustomed bright externals presented themselves. And the realization came to June that beneath the motley each gay mummer lived this other life of struggle

and defeat, aspiration and denial. In that moment there seemed concentrated in her the infinite melancholy of all humanity. But still something spoke from within her and she talked on. Gradually Elaine grew quieter, and the racking sobs came with greater and greater intervals. At last she lifted her pale, wet face.

"I hate him!" she cried. "I hate all men! I'll never love anybody again. Never!"

"No, no!" June said. "You mustn't say that. Don't hate him, for it wasn't what he did but what you thought, that's brought this. And most things are like that. And now, darling, go home and lie down and rest. You must, you're worn out."

Elaine sobbed a moment and then kissed her sweetly.

"You're an angel and I love you, June," she said, and when she had made herself presentable, left. But June saw on her childish face a new hard look that sat strangely, pitifully, there, and the fact inexpressibly saddened her.

DURING these days, owing to her work with Briscoe, June had scarcely a moment to herself for thought—a great boon, for she was in a dangerous condition of mind and spirit. The very foundations of her life were trembling. So, under the pitiless flagellations of conscience and the gnawing misery of doubt, she turned gladly to the exhausting sedative of work.

Outwardly she was a little paler, seemed a little more subdued, as if tired; but to her daily associates she maintained the vivacious and spirited front demanded by her world. She confided in no one, yet Elsie Tanner was not oblivious of the fact that all was not with her as it should be.

In the course of two weeks after Holt's visit to the bungalow, June's picture, which had received the tentative title "Any-woman," was practically finished. There were still the final touches to be added before the film could be shown even to the company, but that done, release was a quick matter.

In anticipation of this event great preparations were under way. Not only the announcement of a new method in pictures offered immense possibilities for publicity, but the fact that this was June's real screen debut, increased them. For, in bringing her from the North, Briscoe had displayed the

better part of valor, and managed to keep out of print almost all of her romantic story.

Of these considerations Terrence Mac-Donnell was joyfully aware, and now, being given the word, he "smote his bloomin' lyre" with a heavy hand; and, as the offspring of lyres is lies, he achieved what even he himself had to admit was in the general direction of a masterpiece.

BRISCOE had found himself more and more pleased as the work drew to its conclusion. He had—for reasons unassignable—latterly found a swift and broadening growth in June's art. She was, as it were, more plastic under the fingers of his direction. He could not know that she was emotionally on the hair trigger, doubly responsive to the excitation of which he was so subtle a master. His hope and faith in success grew.

"If it's a go it'll be your triumph, June," he said.

"I don't care about that," was her reply. "All I want is your success."

ONE day returning to her dressing-room about noon, she met Stephen Holt in the deserted "street." It seemed premeditated encounter and she was displeased. Why would he not help her in her resolution?

"June, I must speak to you a minute," he said, hurriedly. The calm, assured directness of his gaze was gone. He seemed anxious, driven-looking.

"I've told you I can't see you alone, and I sha'n't," she said resolutely, though she smiled to divert the suspicion of any prying eyes at dressing-room windows. "This is the second time you've asked me, and I tell you it's impossible. My note said all there is to say. Can't you respect that?"

"No, I can't. It isn't fair, it isn't reasonable! Are you trying to drive me crazy, June?"

"You understand the situation as well as I do, Stephen, and there's no use discussing it," she said, and without waiting for him to reply walked on to her dressing-room.

Holt had presence of mind enough not to run after her. Thrusting his hands in his pockets, he strolled on, staring at the ground, and then, circling the block of dressing-rooms, made his way back to his office. He flung himself into the chair by

his desk, and with chin sunk on his chest stared into space.

Since the morning that had brought him June's laconic note he had been in torment. It was like a bolt from the blue. At first he could not believe it, and almost stupefied he had written her for confirmation. Her reply had furnished it unequivocally. Then had come an attempt to explain to her as well as adjust himself to these bewildering conditions.

Chief, at first, was the blow to his pride, the realization that he, who had never before failed to conquer, had failed now. Added to this was the knowledge that his position in the Graphics had counted for nothing with her.

More potent still was the fury of baffled desire. Having tasted the sweets of her surrender, every nerve clamored to renew them. His mind was filled with tormenting pictures of their moment of passion, and the thought that these were over forever, was unbelievable, maddening. Like a paranoiac he craved the thing that brought him Paradise.

Helpless, he alternated between rage and despair. He felt that somehow he had been cheated, tricked; that June's attitude was a lie. He told himself that she loved him, and that could he but get her under the spell of his power again, he could break down her resistance.

In that first day of reckoning he refused to accept defeat, and determined to violate the trust she had laid upon him in her note. He tried to meet her alone, to plead with her. But June had anticipated this contingency, and used every artifice at her command to defeat it. She remained constantly among people, and, when not required to work, brought her book or sewing out on the open stage. She came and went from the studio with Elsie or Elaine, or both, and contrived always to spend her evenings with them or with others.

Yet, despite this, Holt had been able to accost her twice, as upon this occasion, and with this result. Now sitting by his desk his resolution to break down her defense was stronger than ever, had become almost an obsession.

"By God, she's *got* to see me, she's *got* to!" he swore, clenching his fist upon his knee. "The little fool doesn't know what she's doing to bait me like this. I'll smash things. I'll kill somebody!"

THERE was something ironically retributive in his humiliated and agonized state. He had threatened June with love, but now it had flown back upon him like a carelessly flicked whip lash. And the lash had bitten deep. He was no longer the gay, cynically confident Holt of the island. He could think of nothing but June and of possessing her. Though for the looks' sake he forced a calm outward appearance, yet he was a man distraught, unable to concentrate upon business, and, beneath an outer show of calmness, seething like a volcano on the verge of eruption.

But now, though he was desperate, he could still force himself to await favorable circumstances, for he knew that any precipitate or false move must inevitably result in failure.

THEN one afternoon as he morbidly watched the studio out of his window, he saw June coming toward the Administration building dressed for the street. He knew that her picture was completed now, and divined that she was going home early, the one circumstance under which she would be alone.

Seizing his hat he hurried downstairs and out of the building by a rear door almost at a run. He then encircled the block and came back to Clematis Street so as to intercept her at a convenient distance from the loiterers about the studio entrance.

The whole proceeding infuriated him. He felt that he was acting like some school-boy in the throes of calf love. What the devil was in this girl to make such a fool of him? he raged. Why didn't he give her up, quit thinking about her? Heaven knew there were plenty of other women on earth!

But he groaned with impotence. The thought of renouncing her gave him a sensation of physical faintness such as comes with terrific pain. He knew he would swallow the humiliation—anything—to gain his end.

His circuit had been made barely in time, and he met June at the corner as she came along. Seeing him her eyes widened with surprise and displeasure, and her face, which showed little of its natural color now, took on a momentary harassed look. Then she walked on, and he was forced to hurry to keep pace with her.

"June," he said, determinedly, "forgive

me for meeting you like this, but you force me to do it. There's something I want to ask you, and you won't give me a chance. I want you to let me come and see you. There's something I have to say that in all fairness you ought to hear, but I can't tell you now or any other way but alone. I—"

She interrupted him.

"You can't come, Stephen. There's nothing for us to say to each other. I said all there was to say in my note."

"Said it all!" he cried. "You haven't said anything! After that night you send that note saying that everything is over between us. Not a word of explanation, nothing! And you seem to think I'll take that and be satisfied. Well, I won't. I'm going to have some explanation."

Her dark serious eyes met his for a moment.

"I shouldn't think any explanation would be necessary," she said.

"Well, it is. But that isn't all. There's this thing I want to talk to you about—"

"Nothing you can say can change things, Stephen."

"But good Lord, you can't put me off like this! Things have gone too far!" His eyes were blazing. "You've *got* to see me this once, I tell you! Just an hour, a half an hour—anything you say—just so you see me, and alone."

HIS voice had mounted and he was breathing hard. They were approaching Hollywood Boulevard and there were people at the corner, in all probability studio people. In addition to a certain justice in the man's claims, the thought of a possible scene frightened her. She capitulated.

"Well . . . I will see you," she said.

His whole tense body relaxed with relief.

"Thank God! . . . When?"

She considered a moment.

"Tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock in the bungalow for half an hour. Some of the girls are coming at half past three."

He groaned. "No longer than that?"

"No. And remember," her voice was sharp and clear, "it's for the last time."

They were very near the corner now.

"Thanks," he said with an attempt at casualness, and lifting his hat turned down the Boulevard.

He had gained his point—an opening.

XIX

CALM and strong in the certainty of the course she must follow, June sat in the living-room of the bungalow waiting for Holt. Hours of unsparing self-examination had transformed into certain knowledge what she had felt after his last disastrous visit—that, for the salvation of her self-respect and inner integrity, she must remain true to her engagement with Paul Temple. This without regard to any "mistake" she might make by so binding herself, a "mistake" constantly suggested by her treacherous feelings. Her one need now was to make reparation to Paul, and this she had resolved to do at all costs. Nevertheless, she feared this meeting because she feared the thing in her which Holt could rouse, a lawless, barbaric thing which, even at the mere thought of him, seemed to stir in its uneasy sleep.

This was June's first experience with the passion of violence and vehemence, the passion that can inspire infinitely great and infinitely little deeds, and must leave ineffaceable memories. Her experience with Jack Baillie in the North had been of a totally different type—a girlish infatuation on the order of Elaine's infatuation for Romey Stark. But this affair with Holt went to the roots of the instincts rather than to the roots of the heart. Surrounded by all the glamour that Nature can lend to her aims, it promised glowing fulfillment, a fulfillment the thoughts of which blinded to any consideration other than itself, and this, June knew, was her real foe.

The living-room was filled with the lucent darkness of shades drawn against bright sun, for the summer had come at last. June was dressed accordingly, but instinct had warned her to unite simplicity with coolness for this interview. She wore a white piqué skirt and plain white shirt waist, relieved by a long azure four-in-hand tie. Her shoes were of soft white kidskin with rubber soles and heels. She had dressed her hair low on her head, parting it slightly on one side, so that it fell softly about her face and ears, waving in the Grecian style to a high knot behind. The effect, as always, was to soften and emphasize the girlishness of her features, and to lend depth to her eyes.

At five minutes to three she heard steps on the walk and rose with a little pang of

breathlessness. It was Holt, and when she opened the door, he entered smiling, his pith helmet in his hand, and his blue eyes searching her face shrewdly. He seemed in a totally different mood from that of yesterday; the fact of having gained this interview apparently having restored much of his confidence and assurance.

"Well, summer seems to be here," he said, easily, with his familiar winning smile, and brushed back his disorderly hair from his forehead. "That sun scorches as if it came through a burning glass. And perhaps you don't know it, not being a Native Daughter yet, but those are real clouds in the sky, not fog. Sure sign of summer. It means that they're having devilish thunder storms in the desert on the other side of the mountains."

THE cool end of the living-room was at the left as one entered, and here June seated herself in a rocking chair near the dead fireplace, now blocked with an obviously hand-painted sheet-iron screen. Holt followed and sat down opposite on the lounge. He wore a cream-colored suit of pongee, a lavender-striped silk shirt, and necktie, and looked cool. A slight heat flush, however, brought out the freckles at his cheek bones.

June from the first could not but feel all his customary charm and force. But, having anticipated this, she ignored it, and for a moment replied to his trivialities. Then when he had lighted a cigarette, she came directly to the point.

"You said yesterday that you wanted to come here to tell me some particular thing," she said pleasantly, yet with a coolness that sounded the note of their new relationship. "What did you want to tell me?"

"I wanted to ask you something," he corrected with a half smile. "I wanted to ask you to break your engagement to Paul Temple." He paused a moment. "I feel that is the only thing to do in fairness to both you and myself." His words were simple but with a curious lack of vernacular, as if he had rehearsed them beforehand.

She was intensely surprised. Curiously enough, because he had mentioned Paul or their engagement only once during their friendship, such a request as this on his part was the last thing that she would have

expected. But there was no uncertainty in her reply.

"Oh, no, I couldn't do that. It's quite impossible. You must realize that."

He regarded her steadily.

"Why is it impossible?" he asked, reasonably. "Certainly not if it's the fairest, most honest thing to do. Remember that day at the Country Club when I told you you had signed away your whole future without having known the world or men? Well, that's why I want you to do this. You owe it to yourself, to your own happiness."

She was not unaware of his emphasis upon her interests rather than his own, and she knew also that he had touched a vulnerable point in her defense. Never yet had she been able satisfactorily to answer to herself his statements of that afternoon at the Country Club. Yet with her high object before her, she ignored this also.

"No," she said, "I should never do that. There's no use even talking about it. You came to ask me this, Stephen, and that is my answer."

HER delicate attempt to end the scene there nettled him, and he showed it by a slight squaring of the jaw. Then he returned to the attack.

"Look here, June," he said, crisply, "I have a right to ask you to be fair with me to-day, absolutely fair and honest. And when you refuse to discuss this, you're not fair and honest. Now I'm going to tell you something that may surprise you." He paused a moment, inwardly nerving himself. "I know this—and so do you—that you don't love Paul Temple as you used to think you loved him. You can't," he added with simple finality, "after the other night."

She was taken aback, both by the clearness of his penetration and the audacity of his assurance. A tinge of color came into her cheeks and she bit her lip almost angrily.

"Isn't that so?" he asked.

"You have no right to ask me a question like that."

"Pardon me, but I think I have. And if you're the person I think you are, you won't refuse to answer it. I love you, my whole future depends upon this, and you'd regret that refusal as long as you lived. You say this is my last talk with you. If

it is, then for Heaven's sake be honest with me and yourself. You dare not tell me that you love Temple now as you did before you came out here. *You can't!*" he repeated with unshakable conviction.

June felt the eminent justice in the man's plea for a hearing. She believed that he loved her, and her deep affection for him (sure as she was that nothing he could say could change her) besought her not to make their last interview one which later would be an angry and bitter memory to him. Compassion united with reason to make her meet him honestly for this last time.

"Well," she conceded slowly, "I'll be frank with you, Stephen, because you ask it, and because I want you to feel that I refused you nothing that you asked. But I can tell you now that it won't make any difference in my decision."

"Then I am right?" His eyes lighted for an instant.

"I suppose so. I don't know *what* my feeling for Paul is. But I'm going to marry him."

"Ah!" He crushed out his cigarette and leaned towards her eagerly, his eyes holding hers. She felt the compelling force of his personality that had always swayed her creep about and envelop her, like some invisible emanation.

"June," he said, sharply, and his voice was electrical with passion, "that isn't all. You love *me!* I know it! After that night, after that moment of heaven, you can't tell me that it meant nothing to you. You *can't!* I know it! It wouldn't be you to have done what you did then, and admit it was a lie now."

Instantly, for all her preparation, he struck fire from her. Her color deepened, and her breast rose and fell more quickly. But she commanded herself.

"Stephen, you must not talk to me like this," she said, with the tone of resoluteness. "It does no good, and only makes things harder. Go now. I've given you my answer and there's nothing more to say."

"I sha'n't go," he said, flatly. "You're breaking your word. You said you'd be frank with me, and now you're telling me to go. Do you suppose I can't see the truth? You *do* love me and you know it! Why do you deny it? Why do you try to deceive me as well as yourself?" An im-

pulse to crush her in his arms and overwhelm her resistance surged through him, but he fought it down, knowing the inevitable fatality of such a course.

Unable to command him, she wavered, feeling herself weakening beneath his inflexible purpose. Her eyes were troubled and pitiful, her mind adrift once more upon the old sea of doubt and longing. Oh, to be honest, to do the true, big thing! Was there some law higher than conscience, some standard higher than her ingrained principle?

"Oh, I don't know, I don't know," she cried, suddenly and bitterly, giving voice to her own perplexities rather than answering his questions.

"Ah, I knew it!" he exulted. "You *don't* know. And that's why I wanted to see you to-day. That's why I ask you to break your engagement and give me an even chance with Temple for your love. You can't refuse me that."

Still she clung doggedly to her idea of reparation. Reason, audible still through the tumult of her feelings, whispered that this way only lay salvation.

"Yes," she said, tremulously, "I can, I must, I will!" And then, torn by her impotence to explain all this, "Oh, you don't understand, you can't understand, but you must believe me when I say it is impossible." She rose suddenly, pale now, her hands twisted together. "You must believe me! You must! And I want you to go now."

He, too, rose, but his patience was fast going now, and anger showed in his sullen eyes and harsh voice.

"Is this your frankness, your honesty? You admit that you don't know whether you love Temple or not, and you'd admit that you love me if you'd let yourself, and yet you refuse and refuse and refuse to listen to reason and common sense! How can you do it? Are you baiting me, trying to make a fool of me?"

"No, no, Stephen, you know I'm not," she cried. "You know I wouldn't—couldn't do that."

"Well, then, why do you refuse to break your engagement? Is there any sane reason on God's green earth for you to treat me this way?"

"None that I can make you see," she replied, with dull hopelessness. "It's myself. I could never be happy, never, if I

broke my pledged word. I promised to marry Paul, and I shall."

HE felt as if he had been beating at an adamant wall and had not inflicted a single mark. And into his anger now came fear—the fear of ultimate defeat. Life without her after all! And she loving him all the while—as he believed! A swift uprush of his baffled desire furnished the climax to his feelings.

"Then it's your damned stubborn *conscience* that's doing this! And you're going to let that stand between us and happiness, are you? Going to ruin our two lives for a scruple! Well, I won't stand it! By God, I won't!"

They faced each other tense, bitter in an enmity that was a strange fruit of their real feelings. She did not resent his words for she felt their tremendous sincerity, and the depth of his suffering and desire. But still she could not yield, though she realized that they had reached a deadlock, the breaking of which must come swiftly and violently. She made a final appeal.

"Stephen," she begged, "*please go now*. Can't you see it's no use, that you're asking me to do something I could never forgive myself for doing? I'm sorry—"

As if she had touched fire to gunpowder the change came upon him. He thrust his head forward, his heavy square jaw clenched and jutting, his lips a thin line, and his blue eyes narrowed and literally flashing sparks. It was the look of savage ruthlessness which she had seen earlier in their friendship, but now intensified a hundredfold.

"Then you refuse this one simple thing I ask."

She met that glance quailing, but replied through the imminent tears of weariness and self-pity, resolute still:

"I refuse to break my engagement."

"All right!" His face was as ugly as his voice. "Now I'm going to say something. I've reasoned with you long enough and I'm through. I love you and you know it. You love me and I know it. That's all that's necessary. You belong to me and I'm going to have you, and if I can't get you one way I'll get you another. Don't you doubt that for a minute. For the last time, will you give me a fair chance?"

She felt terrified, beaten, bruised, like a

lone young tree tossed by a hurricane. But the tap-root of her character held.

"I can't," she whispered through bloodless lips. "I can't."

There was an instant's dynamic pause, an instant in which to Stephen Holt everything became an incoherent blur before his eyes, and he could have killed her. Then he spoke harshly, furiously, in a voice she scarcely recognized as his own.

"That's your answer, is it! Well, then, this is mine. Everything between us ends right now! Everything, do you understand? That new picture of yours—It's dead! It'll never be shown! I'll destroy it myself. I'll see that it's never heard of again. Everybody's been against it from the first, but I've supported it, stuck out for it against them all—just for you. And now I'm done!" He was talking evenly now in a kind of calm, white-hot fury.

"And do you know what that means? It means that you throw away \$200,000 of the Graphic Company's money for a scruple; that you destroy a year of your life and your future. And it means—" his lips curled with his sneer—"that you destroy what Tom Briscoe has worked for so long, and wreck the ambition of his life! God, how righteous and noble you must feel with your conscience and your scruples!"

The stroke fell like a blow from some heavy instrument, dazing her at first. Then she commenced to feel the terrific pressure the threat put upon her in involving Briscoe. She only thought of that. She did not care for herself now, so tired and embittered was she by the struggle. But Tom Briscoe!

As she tremblingly sat down in her chair again she shrank from this fearful responsibility, felt to the full the cruel unfairness of Holt's move. For her debt to Briscoe was incalculable. She owed him everything—what little she was, opportunity, inspiration, growth. And now his dreams and hopes lay here in her hands to crush or to cherish.

The situation seemed to knock every prop from under her conceptions and determinations; it piled her carefully erected structure of conscience and duty in a tangled mass. She could not reason, she could not think. She could only give voice to her horrified distress.

"Oh, Stephen, don't do that! Don't!"

"I will!"

(continued on Page 166)



A Council on "War Brides"

ALLA NAZIMOVA, the Russian emotional actress, is the most recent of the uncelluloided stage celebrities to come into the film firmament, (Herbert Brenon of many directorial achievements having been the persuader (of course the clink of gold may have accompanied the spoken word)). "War Brides," the abbreviated stage vehicle by Marion Craig Wentworth, in which the noted Russian scored her great success in vaudeville is being screened at the Brenon plant where this photograph was taken. Nazimova is the dark lady in the calico gown on the left; Mlle. Dazie, the dancer, is in the middle registering mild interest and Director Brenon evidently is going over the script. The little tray on Nazimova's lap contains either make-up paraphernalia or a portable luncheon from a nearby eating emporium. Your guess is as good as any.

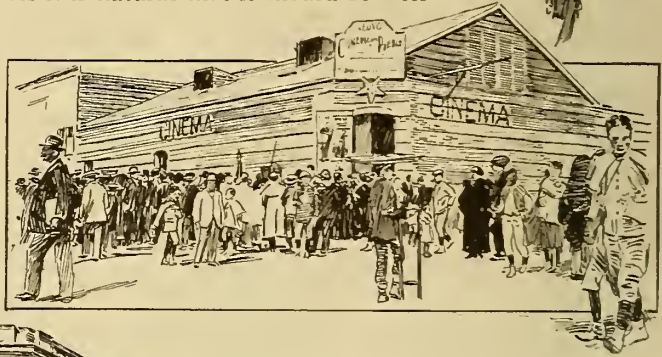
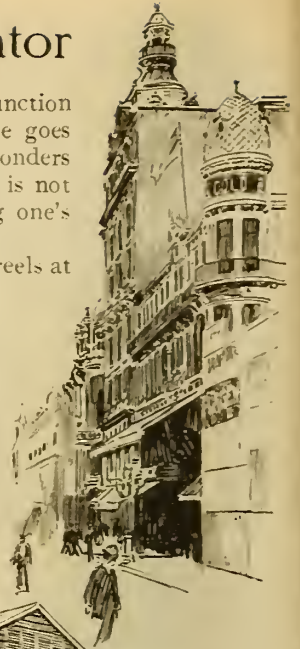
"Movieing" Under the Equator

GOING to the "movies" in South America is a social function instead of merely an entertainment or distraction. One goes to see the pictures, of course, but a visitor often wonders whether the play is the thing or whether seeing one's friends is not the greater attraction. And plenteous opportunities of seeing one's friends are afforded.

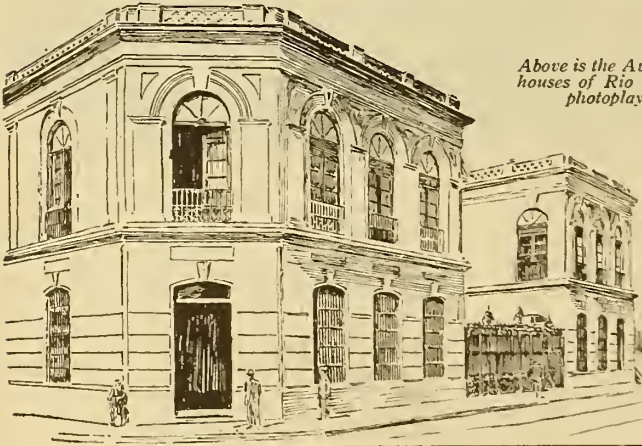
Throughout South America the custom holds of splitting all reels at least once, sometimes twice or three times, and turning up the lights between the various parts. Then everyone in the audience is instantly on the *qui vive*, looking about eagerly, bowing to friends and staring at strangers. One peculiarity of Brazilian photoplay-theater etiquette is that in these brief intermissions all the men put on their hats; the moment the lights flash up, heads are covered, only to be uncovered a few seconds later.

South American business has been interfered with by the war to an extent undreamed of in the United States; so when entertainment is offered at a much lower cost than in the legitimate playhouses it is natural that it should be well patronized.

In North America the public demands a happy ending of a photoplay as a rule. In South America a play cannot be a success unless it ends unhappily. The emotional



Above is the Avenida Rio Branco, one of the chief "movie" houses of Rio de Janeiro. The center drawing shows a photoplay theater in the suburbs of Lima, Peru.



leanings of the people demand it. It is quite common to see, in the lights-up intervals between parts, men's faces streaming with tears. They love to have it so; just as they love to stamp their feet in applause or whistle and snort in disapprobation. That is the Latin, and this is true of the refined people as well as of the rude.

At the left is the Nacional, the only "Movie" house in Asuncion, Paraguay. At the right is a lens temple in Corrientes, Argentine Republic.



A photograph taken by the International Film Service when four of the winners arrived in Chicago. Left to right, Florence Gray, Seattle; Mildred Lee, Kansas City; Lucille Zintheo, Spokane; Alatia Marton, Dallas.

Beauty Winners Face the Camera!

THE eleven winners of "Beauty and Brains" Contest have won to their first goal!

They arrived in New York September 14th for their tryout in the Fort Lee (N. J.) studios of the World Film Corporation as possible screen stars; and in and about New York City under the chaperonage of Miss Sophie Irene Loeb and Mme. Schaats, an international authority on etiquette, they were given splendid reception and entertainment.

Four of the Western winners—Miss Lucille Zintheo of Spokane, Miss Florence Gray of Seattle, Miss Alatia Marton of Dallas and Miss Mildred Lee of Kansas City—were the guests of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE in Chicago while they stopped over a day on their way to New York. A handsome suite at the Hotel Sherman was placed

at their disposal, and they were entertained at luncheon at the College Inn under the chaperonage of Miss Margaret Oettinger, and in the afternoon visited the offices of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE in the Thompson Building. Then they were taken on an automobile trip through the city and to Lincoln Park.

The auto route brought them back to the Sherman, where at dinner they were entertained, and later they were box-party guests at the Garrick Theatre at a performance of "Step This Way." Then there was a theatre supper at the College Inn.

Next morning they left Chicago for New York, joined meantime by Miss Claire Lois Butler Lee of Wichita, Kas., who had not arrived the previous day. In New York, at the Marie Antoinette Hotel, they met the other Contest winners—Miss Vivian

Suckling of Winnipeg, Can.; Miss Estelle Claire Judy of McKeesport, Pa.; Miss Lucile Satterthwait of Waynesville, N. C.; Miss Peggy Bloom of Orlando, Fla.; Miss Phyllis E. Curl of Roxbury, Mass., and Miss Helen Arnold of Louisville, Ky.

The Western winners will be seen by those who have followed the course of "Beauty and Brains" Contest in the weekly pictorials put on the screen by the Selig-Tribune photographers—who "shot" them at Lincoln Park.

After quitting Chicago the Western winners, en route to New York, stopped at Detroit, where they were guests of the local manager of the World Film Corporation, and in the City of Auto Factories they made a brief appearance at the leading World Film playhouse.

In New York City the eleven winners made each other's acquaintance. They had read much about each other in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE while the Contest was on. They, eleven girls, were *winner*s among thousands of entrants in a two-Nation competition! They had not met face to face before; and the fact that each knew a whole lot about the other ten had not dulled the appetite of each to know a whole lot more about those ten. They were on the threshold of a great experience. A few of them, two or three or so, already had seen the world's most wonderful city; to the rest New York was a new country, apart from their experience but close wrapped in their dreams.

Through its wonder streets they shopped. In its famed restaurants they dined. They learned the uncomfortable mysteries of its Subway and the excitements of the "L" and the droll uselessness of the surface lines. They explored the Grand Central Station, most palatial of all the railway depots of the world. They were shot under Hudson River through the "Tube." They threaded the Great White Way of fact and fiction. They were guests of the celebrated Sophie Irene Loeb at her beautiful summer home Harmon-on-the-Hudson. Most

of these girls had been writing letters to her in the later months of the Contest after the announcement of their success, and these letters Miss Loeb had answered, so they did not feel strangers with her.

This issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE goes to press too early to state the girls' stories of their experiences at Fort Lee; whether they found the lure of the "movies" held true, or rang false; whether getting the Great Chance was all they had dreamed it would be; whether they wanted to "stick around" and give Fate a chuckle for a slap, or concluded that Life after all was really bounded by the outskirts of Home; whether that cold, critical, relentless eye we call the "movie" lens beheld in them star stuff for the screen or condemned them as "Not camera faces." An odd thing, that! Some of the most celebratedly beautiful women, on and not on, the footlighted stage, have been conspicuous studio failures when they faced the photoplay camera! Their faces simply wouldn't do for the screen. The skin that was lovely to look at was a texture that would not photograph; or the smile would not "register;" or grace of movement would not reproduce except in lying awkwardness; or—but there are so *many* "ors" in front of the crucifying eye of the "movie" camera! No one can know until the test is over!

Aside from the fact that it is a big thing to be one of eleven winners among thousands of contestants for the privilege of proving oneself capable of attracting the attention of experts who are looking for "movie" stars, it is a big thing to have won the right to go behind the screen in one of the world's most noted studios and associate with men and women who have made that studio what it is. Actors and actresses whose names are world-wide and whose filmed faces are as widely known as their names, are the hosts and friends of these girls who have won in the Contest.

And all will be richer for this experience.

Such Is Life

He kissed her eighty times a week
 Upon the brow, the lips, the cheek;
 He kissed her eighty times a week—
 But off the screen they didn't speak!

Madison Kay.

Anton the Terrible

By Jerome Shorey

Produced by Lasky Feature Play Company

IT was a great festival day in the little village of Korel. The Grand Duke Feodor Ivanovitch had come to inspect the Cossack forces which were quartered just on the outskirts of the town, and there would be splendid sports for his entertainment, and games, and general holiday. Perhaps there would be a good deal of drinking too, concerning which the women entertained certain fears and not a few of the men much anticipation. But at all events, it was remarked, there would be official sanction, and even example for the drinking.

The villagers nudged each other, whispered and winked, at the demeanor of the Grand Duke's companion on the inspection, General Stanovitch. It was only mid-day, but the General was well past that half-way point to intoxication. The Grand Duke himself, occupied with the generous entertainment offered him by the head men of the village, had not noticed, at first, but as the official party was about to leave for the place where the field day and inspection were to be held, he could not overlook the unsteady condition of Stanovitch. He frowned, but soon smiled. After all, what did it matter? This was only a holiday; let the General enjoy himself in his own way. So he led Stanovitch aside, and in friendly words suggested that he should go back to his lodgings and take a sleep. Could he have foreseen what grave consequences for Russia would result from that bit of leniency!

WITH shouts and cracking of huge whips the official party set out for the sports, the village rapidly emptying itself in their wake. Stanovitch watched them a moment, then turned back toward his lodgings. A bit of song floated down from an open window, a light carol from a girl's throat. The General stopped, looked about, and saw, leaning out of a second-story window, as pretty a picture as he had ever seen in all his travels. The

A grim tale of Russian brutality and a life dedicated to human revenge.



girl was garbed in all her simple finery, ready to go to the review, but had turned back, as the others left, to pick a flower for her bodice from a window-box.

"Hello, sweetheart," the General called.

The girl gasped, and quickly disappeared within.

With a brief laugh Stanovitch lurched into the house and climbed the stairs. There was no one in the street to hear the cry of protest, the pleadings, the scream for help. Then silence. A while later Stanovitch reappeared, a little less unsteady in his gait, and looked up and down the street somewhat shamefacedly. Then, with a shrug of his shoulders he went on.

In the first excitement of the big event, the girl's absence was not noticed, but soon Babushka realized that her pretty daughter was nowhere about, and when she asked others they said they had not seen her. Thinking the child might have stayed behind to perform some task, Babushka hurried back to the village. She must not be such a drudge on this day of days, when their Anton was winning such laurels with his wonderful horsemanship. But there

was no reply to the mother's calls as she reached home, and she ran through the house, wondering what could have happened.

She found the girl in her room, lying on her bed, blood flowing from a great wound in her side. With a scream of horror the mother bent over the limp form, and began trying to staunch the flow. It was too late. The girl smiled feebly, but did not speak.

"Who did it, my baby—who did it? the mother cried.

"I—myself," came the whispered answer.

"But why?"

"A—man—came. I—could—not—resist—"

"His name—tell me."

But the girl's strength had been taxed too greatly, and she could only gasp. Babushka redoubled her endeavors to fight back the grip of death, but while the life still hung upon a thread, the girl could not find strength to speak.

At last there came the sound of galloping hoofs, growing louder and stopping as the rider reached the house.

"Mother!—Sister!" a man's voice called.

The girl's eyes fluttered and the mother rushed to the stairs, imparting the awful news in a dozen words. Anton flung himself on his knees beside the bed, moaning words of affection, and putting his arms around his sister as if with his great strength he would protect her from death. But he saw that she had not many moments more of life, and there was something he must know. Her death would mean a certain, specific duty. He must know the name of the man.

"Tell me," he demanded, almost roughly.

He saw her lips move, and put his ear close to them, and then she fell back, dead, in his arms.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, wild-eyed, as he placed her gently upon the bed, and crossed himself.

"Who?" Babushka demanded, but he brushed her aside and staggered from the house.

Taking his rifle from his saddle-bow, Anton started toward the Inn where the ducal party had been quartered. As he reached it the Grand Duke and Stanovitch were entering their carriage, to be driven to the railway station. Anton lifted his gun, but before he could take aim and fire,

half a dozen villagers had leaped upon him and disarmed him.

"Are you mad?" they cried.

The Grand Duke saw the commotion.

"What is it, my friends? Has anyone been wronged? Were not the prizes sufficient? Here," and he flung a heavy purse into the crowd. "Let none say the Little Father is stingy."

And with this the duke and his companion drove off, among cheers of the populace, while Anton struggled impotently with his captors. They would not release him until the train had departed, and he would not explain. And so he returned to the little home, to comfort his mother as best he could. The villagers gossiped about it for a few days. Was it some member of the ducal guard? Or was Anton crazed with grief? They never knew. Even when Babushka would ask. Anton's sole reply was:

"Never mind, little mother. The duty is mine."

So Babushka sank into a stolid apathy. But from that day there was no act in the life of Anton Kazoff that did not bear him toward a certain goal.

FIFTEEN years passed, with Anton completely possessed by his single idea—vengeance. First he allied himself with the most desperate branch of the Nihilists, thinking he would be able most easily to strike at his enemy through this organization. The ordinary Cossack, formerly with small ambition and showing no unusual intelligence, became a leader of the most desperate body of men in all the world, and his wits, sharpened by his determination, became almost superhuman in their acuteness. There was no movement aimed against the government or any of the government officials of which he was not fully advised. But little by little, as the years went by, he began to see more and more clearly that there was just as keen intelligence guarding those who sat in the seats of the mighty as was focussed upon their downfall. He could strike—yes; but it would mean death. To give his own life in taking that of his foe would be only a half revenge. He could have ordered any one of thousands to strike for him, and he would have been obeyed. But this did not suit his purpose either. He must strike this man himself, and go free.

So he despaired of success through the Nihilists, and with the boldness of genius, genius born of hate, he went over to the other camp overnight. To him, his associates in the great Brotherhood meant nothing, except as he could use them for his purpose. He could not use them, he found. So he deserted them.

And not merely did he desert them—he sold them. In one day he became the most hated and most feared man in the Empire. Professing a complete change of heart, he went to the chief of the secret police, and offered his services in the incessant war between the police and the revolutionists.

"Do not believe me," he said. "Test me."

He was tested. With every precaution taken to protect the authorities, in case Anton were playing a double game, the inner circle of police officials demanded certain information which would result in the capture and conviction of several of his former lieutenants. Anton delivered into the hands of their enemies the men with whom he had sworn a fearful oath of brotherhood. Not once, but a dozen times in as many months were the officials enabled to execute important *coups* through the information given them by the renegade. In less than a year he had won the perfect confidence of the Government. In two years he was in an important executive position. And in the course of time he found himself in the post to which he had aimed—Chief of the Okrana—the silentest, most powerful official police organization in the world, an organization which knows no laws save the orders of those entrusted with the authority to issue commands.

GRAND DUKE FEODOR and General Stanovitch sat in the Grand Duke's library, deciphering the despatches from the front. Disaster after disaster had overtaken the branch of the army whose operations they were directing. Stanovitch, in the war with Japan, had been one of the few Generals to win distinction, and was the hope of Russia in its first desperate campaign with Germany, though he made his plans in secret, issued them from the capital, and was not known to the world as the ruling power. But no matter how brilliant a movement he devised, it was always anticipated and resulted in disaster.

"Thus has passed the point where we can call it coincidence," the Grand Duke observed. "We are being betrayed constantly."

"But how? By whom? Who is sufficiently conversant with our system?"

"I cannot guess. But there is one man who can uncover the traitor—Major Kazoff."

"Anton the Terrible!"

"Terrible, yes, for the enemies of Russia. The most valuable civil officer in the Empire, Stanovitch. Send for him."

"Now?"

"Immediately. Every hour means the loss of thousands of our soldiers."

THUS it happened, so far separated are the military and civil authorities, that for the first time in fifteen years Anton came face to face with the man he sought to destroy. But in fifteen years he had learned to master his emotions, and he looked into the faces of these two men, immobile and expressionless. The situation was placed before him tersely.

"It is for you to save Russia, Kazoff. Find this traitor, and name any reward you desire."

Anton smiled. There would be difficulties, he explained, but he would overcome them. He must speak more fully with the General. He must know the nature of the plans that had been betrayed. He must be made familiar with the military organization. He must have one of his own spies in the General's house—he knew the very one, an old woman who would attract no attention. He went away with Stanovitch to make his preparations. As they entered the General's house, a young woman came to meet them, and Anton was introduced to Vera, Stanovitch's daughter. He looked at her intently, almost piercingly, pulling at his long moustache. A new idea became grafted upon the old. He could see the affection these two held for each other. Why not strike the father first through the daughter, just as his sister had been struck. First the daughter—then the father. In an instant he had adopted this new program.

ANTON found it necessary to call frequently upon the General in the days which followed. He had Babushka installed in the house, instructing her to

watch and listen constantly, and tell him all that went on. She could not understand, but she had faith in her son, and believed it was all, in some mysterious way, for the good of Russia. No one was to be permitted to know their relationship. Again she could not understand, but obeyed. Meanwhile the betrayal of the military plans ceased, and while Anton had made no arrest, he was given the credit for safeguarding the operations, and Stanovitch took occasion to express his gratification and confidence.

"Then perhaps," Anton replied. "I may hope that you will permit me to ask a favor."

"Certainly. What is it?" Stanovitch asked.

"I have become very fond of your daughter. Have I your permission to pay court to her?"

"She must decide for herself, Major. I cannot command there. But I will speak

for you. I will help you if I can.

"I fear you will meet some opposition. She has been seen much with one David Burkin. A dangerous man. General."

"Why, he is a petty officer in the army."

"Yes, but secretly a member of the Radicals."

"But not of the dangerous section."

"All Radicals are dangerous. Today a philosophical Socialist—tomorrow a bomb-throwing Nihilist."

"Yes—that is true. I must speak to Vera. And I will urge your cause."

Vera was obdurate. Her father stormed, but she pleaded. He ordered her not to permit David to come to the house, and she wept. He was coming that afternoon. Very well, let this be the last time. Meanwhile, Vera should think well of Anton Kazoff, if she would please her father. More tears. That awful man! She would not listen to her father's account of his valuable services. She would only weep, and wait for David.

So when the young officer came Vera poured out the tale of disappointment, and told of her father's objections to him because of his dangerous political views. David laughed.

"Dangerous? Why, we are the most peaceful lot of men in all Russia. We simply discuss ideas for the betterment of the people. You should come to one of our meetings. Why not? Then you can tell your father for yourself, and he will believe."

"A splendid idea. When?"

"Tomorrow night. I will wait for you at eight o'clock, just outside your house."

All of which Babushka reported faithfully to Anton.

There was no secrecy about the meetings held by David's little group. Anyone was admitted, and anyone might take part in the debate. But they were astonished at the large attendance at the meeting to which David took Vera. Anton had issued orders that a score of known Nihilists must be present, on pain of being sent to Siberia the next day if they refused, and that two of them must make inflammatory speeches, urging violence. They were promised immunity if they obeyed. They disliked the task, though they had no love for these so-called "Radicals," but the word was received in a way that made disobedience dangerous.



There came a light tapping on the wall, and Vera recognized the "checkerboard code," and found herself in communication with David, who had been placed in the adjoining cell.

In the midst of one of these violent speeches, Anton's police raided the meeting, arresting everyone present—excepting the Nihilists themselves, who were permitted to escape in the confusion. So the bewildered Vera found herself occupying a cell in one of Petrograd's prisons. A few words with David, as the raid took place, convinced her that something was wrong, and intuitively she placed the blame upon Anton Kazoff. While she was pondering the mystery, there came a light tapping, irregular and yet methodical. Suddenly she recognized the "checker-board code" which David had taught her. They had used it often for conversation in public places. Pulling off her shoe, she rapped out a reply, and found herself in communication with David, who had been placed in the adjoining cell. Then, letter by letter she received this message:

"Prisoners learn of your arrest. You are sure of speedy release. Tell your father Kazoff is German spy. Have father set trap. Informants dare not tell more."

Then the footsteps of guards were heard in the corridor outside, and the tapping ceased.

WHEN Stanovitch discovered that his daughter was missing he hurried to Anton with an appeal to find her. The Chief of the Okrana reassured the General, and promised to restore Vera within twenty-four hours. His confidence reassured the father, and increased his good will toward this resourceful official. After delaying for sufficient time to make it reasonable that he had been forced to make an extensive search, Anton drove to the prison, and ordered Vera brought to him.

"I am sorry," he said, and held out his hand as she entered the ante-room. "But the orders were to arrest everyone at that meeting."

Vera drew back, and made no reply. In silence they drove to her home, and Anton restored the missing girl to her father. Again he expressed his regrets, and explained the arrest. When he had

Then, letter by letter she received this message :





"It's true, then!" Stanovitch shouted. "You're the spy who has been betraying us."

left the house Vera quickly told what had happened in the prison, but her father refused, angrily, to listen.

"My daughter the consort of Nihilists, conversant with their secrets, their code, listening to their accusations against one of the Czar's best servants? Vera, my child, you have made a grave error in judgment."

"If you won't listen, I shall go to the Grand Duke himself," Vera insisted. "David is innocent—I know it. At least, if Major Kazoff is not a spy, it will do no harm to test him."

"Very well—go to the Grand Duke. I am sorry I cannot go with you. I leave in a few hours for the front with important despatches—so important that I dare not take the least chance of their going astray. But promise me, while I am away you will

do your best to keep out of trouble."

Babushka, the ever present Babushka, heard, and within the hour Anton knew of Stanovitch's intended departure. His plans were not progressing as well as he had hoped. He had David in his power, but he needed to get into Vera's confidence to carry out his new plot, and this seemed impossible. He must concentrate still upon Stanovitch, and here was the opportunity. No one but the Grand Duke and Stanovitch knew the contents of these despatches. If they reached the hands of the enemy, Stanovitch would be disgraced forever. He hurried back to the General's house, and found him preparing wrappings for the precious papers.

"I came back to see if you desire to interpose in behalf of David Burkin," Anton said.

"No. Let him be justly punished," Stanovitch answered. "I only wish I could persuade my daughter to consider your suit."

"Leave that to time," Anton replied. "But what is this? You are dressed for traveling."

So perfect was Stanovitch's confidence in Anton that he did not hesitate to tell of his journey and its cause. He explained that he would not even entrust the sealing of the despatch-cases to subordinates.

"You are the first and only person beside myself and the Grand Duke to see these documents," he said: "But I must hasten."

"Well, now that I have seen them, let me seal them, if you have any other matters to attend to," Anton suggested.

"Thanks. I will pack my traveling bag if you will finish the job," and Stanovitch left the room.

Quickly Anton unfolded the documents and began making notes. Here indeed was news for Germany. Ten army corps involved. Old line abandoned. So engrossed was Anton that he did not notice Stanovitch return.

"It's true, then!" Stanovitch shouted. "I thought you were as safe as myself. But it's true!"

"What's true?"

"The word Vera brought back from the prison—that you're the spy who has been betraying us."

Anton strode to his side, dragged him into the room, and closed the door.

"Yes," he said, fiercely. "It's true. And I'll tell you more. I did it to ruin you—do you understand? And now that you've found out, I'm going to kill you. Do you hear me?—I'm going to kill you. And I'll tell you why. Do you remember the inspection of the garrison at Korel, fifteen years ago? I suppose not. Do you remember the little girl you destroyed that day? Perhaps you don't remember her either. But I'm her brother, and I've been waiting fifteen years for this minute."

Anton did not even permit Stanovitch to speak. Gripping the old man's throat between his powerful hands, the lifeless form of the object of his long hatred was soon lying before him.

Anton had instructed Babushka to hear everything, see everything. He looked up from the General's corpse, and met the

horrified gaze of his mother, watching him.

"He was a traitor," Anton said hurriedly. "I had to kill him for the sake of Russia, to get these papers. Here," and he handed her the despatches. "You must hide these until I come for them. And tell everyone that the General has gone on a journey. I will hide the body. Go."

Trembling, but believing implicitly in her son, Babushka obeyed. She hid the documents beneath the mattress of her bed, and knelt in prayer before the ikon on her wall.

AT first the Grand Duke was as skeptical as was Stanovitch of Vera's charge against Anton, but at length he agreed to listen to David's story. An order on the prison brought the young officer speedily before him. Still his confidence in the Chief of the Okrana was unshaken. There was no evidence except the word of men whose reputations were extremely bad, from the Government viewpoint, but in whom David was ready to believe implicitly.

"Your Highness," David said at last, "I will stake my liberty upon the truth of the charges. Lay a trap for Major Kazoff. If he stands the test, send me to Siberia. If he does not, set me free."

An hour later, Anton, who had gone to his office, received word that through the connivance of a guard David Burkin had escaped from prison, and also had gained possession of the new military despatch code. "He must be recaptured and the code restored before it can reach the hands of the enemy," was the message from the Grand Duke.

"Before it can reach the hands of the enemy," Anton repeated with a snarl. Even now, his revenge complete as he could make it, so far as the General was concerned, his habit of betrayal remained. Here was a prize for his German friends. So he set out again for the Stanovitch home, confident that David would go to Vera the moment he was released. He was not mistaken. A servant admitted him, and without a word he searched the house, soon discovering his quarry.

"So," he sneered, covering the pair with a pistol. "You have almost escaped. And a thief too. And also a traitor. Hand over that code. Quickly! This is war-time, and it is easier to take documents

from a corpse than from a living man."

For answer David rushed to the stove, and flung a sheaf of papers upon the blazing fire. Anton strode to his side, but it was too late. In his rage he grappled with the youth and bent him back over a table. Vera seized the free hand in which he held his revolver, but a new thought came to Anton. Releasing David slightly, he demanded:

"Did you memorize the code before you destroyed it?"

"Yes," David replied.

"Then sit down there and write me a copy."

"Write you a copy? What for? The Government has others. You have no right to it."

"Don't talk—write," and Anton emphasized the order by cocking his revolver.

"When General Stanovitch returns you will have to answer to him," said David, as he began writing.

"Stanovitch, ha! Don't worry, my lad. He'll not return."

"What do you mean?" cried Vera.

Half-crazed with his lust of vengeance, Anton turned upon her.

"I mean that the Stanovitches are a lot of devils, traitors, ruiners of women, and—why not—she was just like you—my sister—"

Forgetting everything but his one all-possessing idea, Anton laid his weapon on the table, and took a step toward Vera. In an instant David had the pistol in his hand, and had signalled to the Grand Duke's men, who were waiting outside the house. They entered, Ivanovitch himself at their head.

"He was forcing me to make a copy of the code I pretended to have. Also I accuse him of the murder of General Stanovitch," said David.

"Search the house," the Grand Duke commanded.

In silence they waited for the men to return, Anton stolid and defiant, Vera relieved, yet fearful of her father's fate. In a few moments the men returned, leading Babushka and bringing Stanovitch's despatches.

"We found the woman praying before an ikon, and the papers were beneath her mattress. General Stanovitch has been murdered, apparently choked to death. His body was hidden in the library."

"You killed my father!" Vera shrieked at Anton. "You would have killed me!"

Babushka looked from one to another. All she knew was that her son was in danger.

"He did not kill him," she said, slowly. "I am a spy. I poisoned the General and stole the papers."

The Grand Duke looked from one to the other, mother and son, keenly.

"She has confessed to being a spy," he said to Anton. "Spies are shot on sight. Here," and he handed the Chief of the Okrana a revolver. "do your duty."

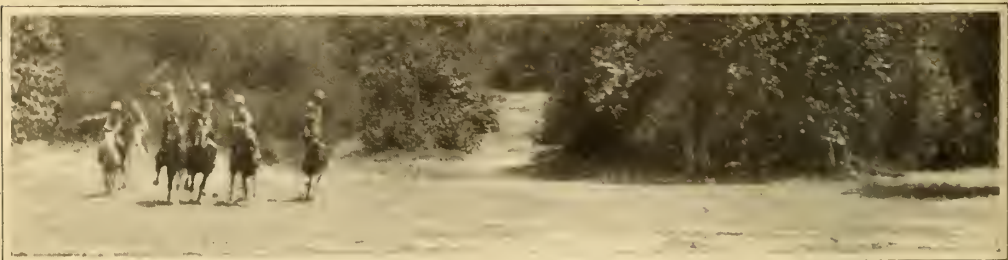
Mechanically Anton took the pistol in his hand, but at last the cord of hate that had throttled his life, snapped.

"Mother!" he sobbed, and gathered her in his arms.

One long embrace, and then he turned to the Grand Duke.

"I have been an officer, and have served the Czar well, although also ill. But I know my duty, and ask that I be permitted to carry it out. Let me step into that room one minute—no more. You may surround it with guards. I ask only a minute."

The Grand Duke bowed. Anton opened the door, and closed it behind him. A shot rang out.



C. Hale, Human U-Boat

By I. S. Sayford

TELLYEWHAT; we'll use silk cord—silk-cord knots'll slip when other kinds won't."

"That's th' stuff! Great head."

So they bought and fetched silk cords, and they bound Creighton Hale hand and

O-never-mind that, it's a mere detail and nobody will ever notice; but *I'm* here to remark that I got a letter from some girl away out West saying she had spotted me as *The Laughing Mask* in 'The Iron Claw' because I wore a Norfolk jacket I had worn previously in 'The Mysteries of Myra.' Beat that if you can. Audiences are becoming all the time more and more critical, not only of detail but of the whole woof and warp of a screen story; quick to sneer at improbabilities of plot, swift to jeer at frowsy workmanship in the studio, and correspondingly keen to praise real stuff. You can't get by with imitation. You'd better not try. The public will hook you."

When Creighton Hale was born his parents were acting on the English stage. He first entered pictures as an extra man at Fort Lee in the early days of Solax and Eclair, then returned to the speaking stage. He is now with the Frank Powell Productions.



Hale in two of his pictures. The girl in each is Pearl White.



foot, tying with excessive care certain knots guaranteed to slip at a wiggle. And then they cast him into deep water. Not stopping to consider that *wet* knots, whether of silk or otherwise, don't slip worth a hang.

If C. Hale hadn't been a human U-boat he would have been neatly drowned like the harem lady who talked too much with her tongue and got a potato sack for a casket and the Bosphorus for a tomb, and the exploits of Elaine woodah haddah gettah 'nother 'ero. As it was, they fished C. Hale out and emptied him and dried him, and after awhile he became a little more alive than dead, and the picture proceeded.

It's a sweet life, the movies.

And you have to be so enormously careful of details, Mr. Hale says. "Directors are all the time telling you to



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Where millions of people gather daily many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. One dollar will be paid for each story printed. Contributions must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to include your name and address. Send to: "Seen and Heard" Dept., Photoplay Magazine, Chicago. Owing to the large number of contributions to this department, it is impossible to return unavailable manuscripts to the authors. Therefore do not enclose postage or stamped envelopes as contributions will not be returned.

Anyhow It Was Spoiled Goods

FIRST little girl: Pretty good show, isn't it?

Second little girl: Yes; I'm glad I came. We tried to get into the show across the street, but they wouldn't let anyone under sixteen in.

"What was the picture?"

"I forget. Oh, yes, I know now. It was 'Damaged Rags.'"

Mary Martin,
Youngstown, O.

Also Beginning with Aitch

IN "The Scarlet Woman," Olga Petrova's husband, learning from her of her self-sacrificing infidelity, hurls her to the floor. Crouching, she raises herself slowly, pressing one hand to her head.

"Father," demanded the youngster behind me, "has she got a headache?"

"No," came the reply; "worse than a headache."

Cynthia Dodge,
Ypsilanti, Mich.

There Is Only One Cure

TWO young persons seated in the theater were reading aloud the captions that appeared at brief intervals on the screen, and at the same time keeping time with their feet to the music the orchestra played. An old man sitting directly in front of them finally turned around, and in a gruff voice demanded:

"What's the matter with you two? Have you got foot-and-mouth disease?"

Mrs. Opal Pinkerton, Denver, Col.

No Faith In Gabriel

ON the screen was being shown an aged woman worn out with overwork. Two old ladies were viewing the picture together. One of them said: "That makes me think of myself. Looks like I never do get a chance to rest."

The other answered: "Cheer up. You can have a nice, long rest in the grave."

"No. It will be just my luck to be buried twenty-four hours before Judgment Day."

Harriet C. Allen,
Louisville, Ky.

Why of Course, Betty

The big collie had just rescued the child from the burning building, and now sat by the youngster's side, panting heavily.

"What's he doing, mother?" asked Betty.

"Why, he's hot and out of breath," mother replied.

A pause. Betty (judicially): "I know what he's doing, mother. He's fanning himself with his tongue."

Irene Trick,
Mt. Vernon, O.

Perfectly Reasonable Question

THE picture had started and seven-year-old Ruth sat watching intently, when she heard a man behind her exclaim peevishly:

"I can't see a thing, madam."

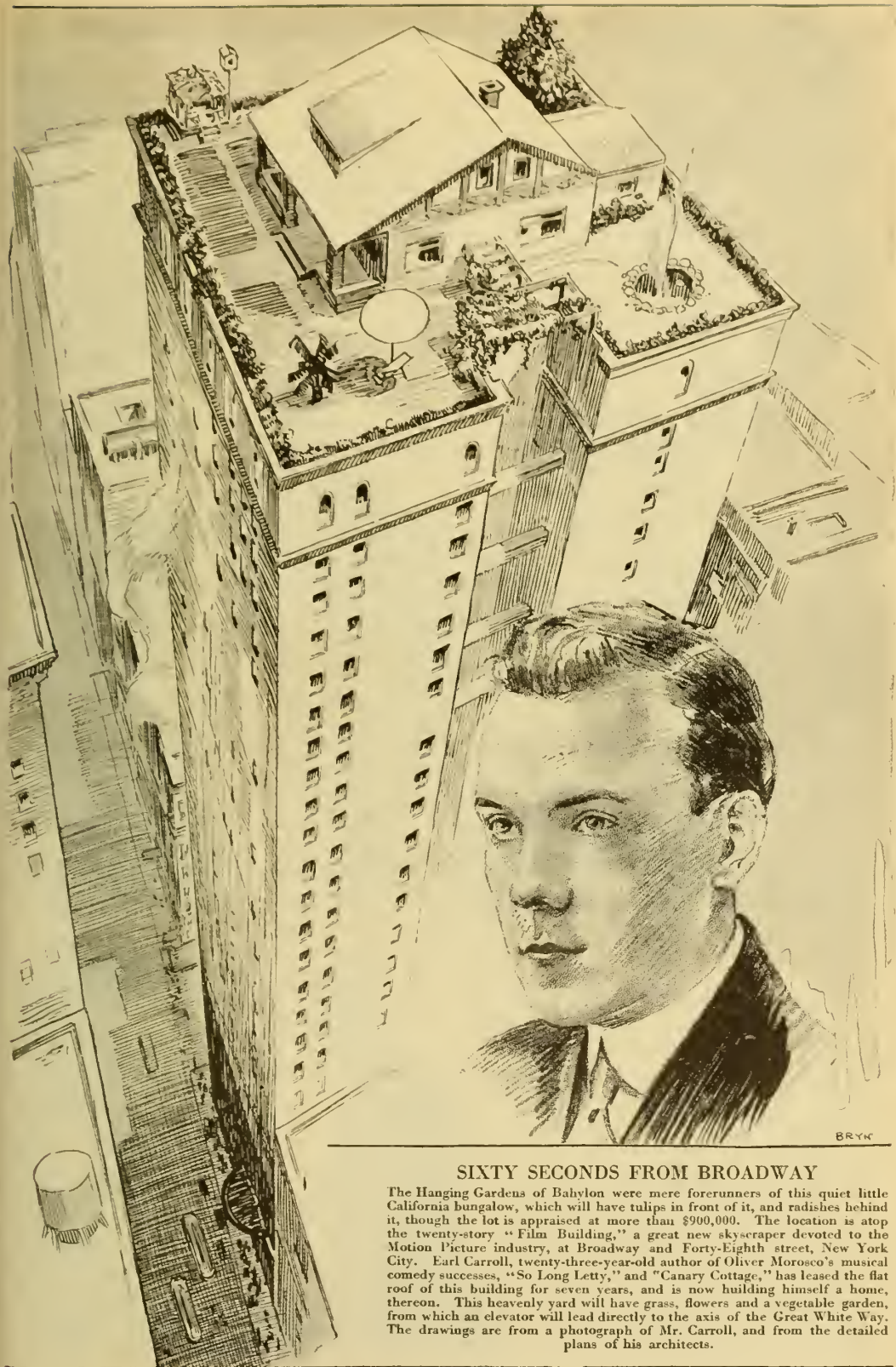
"Mother," demanded Ruth, "why does he come here if he can't see?"

Marcelina Connelly,
Nantasket Beach, Mass.



Not That Green

"Now, see here Jim, you needn't go tellin' me any stories about them showin' some pictures of th' ocean, an' that th' film busted an' the water ran out an' drowned lots of people. If you ain't got the price to take me in, jest say so, an' I'll think jest as much of you."



SIXTY SECONDS FROM BROADWAY

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon were mere forerunners of this quiet little California bungalow, which will have tulips in front of it, and radishes behind it, though the lot is appraised at more than \$900,000. The location is atop the twenty-story "Film Building," a great new skyscraper devoted to the Motion Picture industry, at Broadway and Forty-Eighth street, New York City. Earl Carroll, twenty-three-year-old author of Oliver Morosco's musical comedy successes, "So Long Letty," and "Canary Cottage," has leased the flat roof of this building for seven years, and is now building himself a home, thereon. This heavenly yard will have grass, flowers and a vegetable garden, from which an elevator will lead directly to the axis of the Great White Way. The drawings are from a photograph of Mr. Carroll, and from the detailed plans of his architects.

Some Hints to Scenario Contestants

THERE remain ninety days of the Thos. H. Ince-Photoplay Magazine Scenario Contest, the four winners in which will receive cash prizes of \$1,000, \$500, \$300 and \$200, and in which non-winning manuscripts which tell unusually good screen stories will be purchased at prices attractive to contestants. As announced, all rights to accepted scenarios become the property of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, all screen rights the property of Thos. H. Ince. The fiction versions of the plays will be published concurrently with the release of the pictures.

Despite the announcement of the few simple rules governing the Contest, the management receives many letters daily asking about them. The rules are here and now restated for the benefit of all inquirers:

1. It is preferable to have the play submitted in full scenario form, but a detailed synopsis instead will be accepted.
2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and on one side only of the paper. Manuscripts in long hand will not be read.
3. Self-addressed stamped envelope must be enclosed if return of rejected manuscript is desired.
4. The scenarios submitted must be suitable for five-reel plays, and must be repre-

sentative of American life in one or more of its phases.

5. Photoplays containing political arguments or propaganda, or embroiling religious sects or political parties, or treating the sex question indelicately, or which are absolute tragedy or unrelieved comedy, will not be acceptable.

6. Amateurs' manuscripts will be as carefully considered as professionals'. No prize will be awarded or scenario otherwise bought on the strength of the author's name; the scenario must be its own letter of introduction.

7. A contestant may submit as many scenarios as she or he wishes to.

8. (This is not a Rule, just a suggestion): Mr. Ince particularly wants big, virile stories for William S. Hart; society or light comedy dramas for Bessie Barriscale; big dramas demanding strong characterization suitable for an actor of Frank Keenan's type; romantic plays (not costume drama) suitable for William Desmond; and strong sympathetic plays—of the same generic type as "The Coward"—for Charles Ray.

The Contest closes at midnight of December 31, 1916; the postmark on the manuscript cover must be earlier than that hour.

Title Contest Winners

Following are the winners of the September Photoplay Title Contest, No. 8:

1. Mrs. A. B. Lueders, 218 Division St., Bellevue, Ky.
2. Mrs. Herman P. Wunsch, 315 Lonsdale Ave., Pawtucket, R. I.
3. John J. Maxwell, 850½ Ferry Park Ave., Detroit, Mich.
4. Mrs. F. C. Everts, 642 Woodward Ave., New Haven, Conn.
5. Henry Plymire, 522 Fifth St., Marysville, Yuba Co., Cal.
6. D. Coyle, Weedsport, N. Y.
7. Dersie Trammell, Davis, Okla.
8. Mrs. E. B. Turner, Box 577, Davis, Okla.
9. C. E. Cole, 325 N. Capitol Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.
10. Mrs. A. E. Bright, Grant Orchards, Wash.

11. Mrs. H. F. Weller, 507 Frederick Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
12. Miss Ottillia M. Trott, 412 Continental Bldg., Denver, Colo.
13. J. A. Reeves, 40 Yard Ave., Trenton, N. J.
14. Mrs. J. P. Klein, 5943 Washington Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

The correct titles for the September Contest were:

1. The Destroyer.
2. Saints and Sinners.
3. Going Straight.
4. Reclamation.
5. The Other Side of the Door.
6. Alien Souls.
7. The Man Inside.
8. The Island that Never Was.

He "Didn't Want to Do It"

By Karl K. Kitchen



WHEN Paul F. Lawrence came to New York from Cleveland, Ohio, he had thirty-four suits of clothes, a private haberdashery, a full grown *savoir faire*, \$15,000 a year and some ambish. He went to work in the Eastern agency of his wealthy father's publishing business and had private offices and a noble desk on which he could rest his patent leathers at No. 11 Park Row, if he had worn them.

But he wasn't content. He longed to relax. That is how he came to be a "movie" actor—one of the few to whom mere wages are not so awfully important, for he doesn't have to hire a large and luxurious one of his own.



Paul Lawrence and Ethel Barrymore in "The Final Judgment." The picture below shows Mr. Lawrence playing with Valli Valli.



A young Russian actress, Mlle. Yona Landowska, was visiting at the Lawrence home in the upper Eighties. One day Lawrence accompanied her to the Metro studio and a director mistook him for one of the hired actors and brusquely put him to work. At Mlle. Landowska's suggestion he "fell for it."

He quit Father's job and became a "movie" actor. In another city Father saw Son's face on the screen—and went wild and wrote a letter and enclosed a check and said "Get out of town!"

Son took a vacation to the Bermudas, then came back and got into the pictures again, because he couldn't keep out!

Have You a Little Movie in Your Home?

IT'S a far cry from the old red-plush covered family album that showed mother and father in all the fuss and pride of their wedding finery—father seated with head very erect, thanks to the photographer's concealed head gear, mother standing by with right hand on shoulder of spouse—to the home projection machine showing little Archibald romping on the lawn with lifelike animation.

Yet, like scores of other inventions that have made the last two decades the most remarkable of history, it is here, and will soon be as much a part of the home life, if not more so, than the singing machine, the horseless wagon, or the electric washlady.

It marks the beginning of a greater and wider utility of the moving picture.

Does it require a great imagination to realize that the photoplay theatre is only the beginning? Isn't it a logical development that the projection machine will, in the near future, take its place in almost every school-house and Sunday school as an indispensable aid in the teaching of geography, history, botany, bible study, surgery, in fact almost every branch of learning?

This branch of animated photography is now at the creeping stage of its development. Its possibilities are so great, and its adaptations so numerous that the farseeing man who considers them is fairly bewildered. There seems to be no end.

There are possibly ten cameras and projection machines for amateur use now being sold or ready to be placed on the market. Thousands of them are already in use in American homes, and numerous patents are being granted every year to inventors who are seeking one goal—simplicity in construction and operation and production at a "popular" price. There are

millions in it according to the inventors.

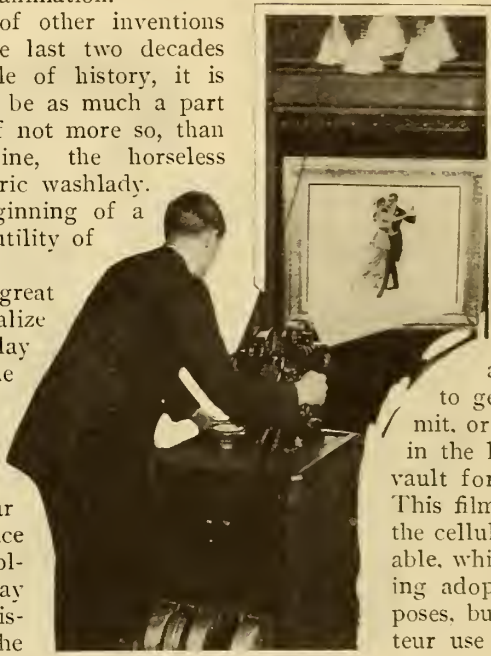
Just recently a patent was granted for a machine that will operate on the principle of the camera with the film roll, with daylight loading facilities, so simple that the man who can take ordinary camera pictures can operate the moving picture camera with almost equal ease.

Several companies are now selling projection machines that are simply smaller models of the regular motion picture camera, operated in the same manner, and using a film of proportionate size. What has done more than anything else to make it possible for the home, however, is the invention of a film which will not burn.

and so it is not necessary to get a fire department permit, or build a projection booth in the living room, or a storage vault for the film in the garage. This film is more expensive than the celluloid and not quite so durable, which accounts for its not being adopted for commercial purposes, but for the home and amateur use the difference in cost is slight, in the quantities used.

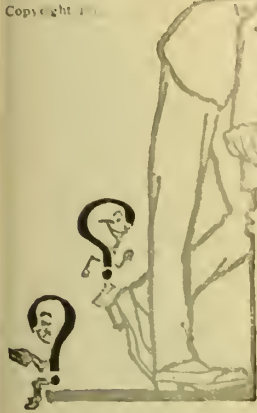
Nor is the amateur confined to his own scenarios or *homeologues* for his exhibitions. Already this infant industry has its own exchanges and lists of features. Travel pictures, dramas, and educational subjects are turned out in quantity, photographed upon the small film from the standard reels. Whereas the commercial motion picture exhibitor pays from \$10 a reel per performance for first releases, down to \$2 a reel, the amateur can get his supply for from 30 cents a night to 60 cents a week, depending upon the extent of his demands.

And herein is provided another reply to those pessimists who declare from time to time that "Movies are only a fad."

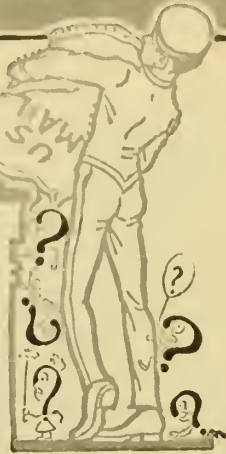


QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

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YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. There are hundreds of others "in line" with you at the Questions and Answers window, so be considerate. This will make it both practical and pleasant to serve you promptly and often. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.



CONSTANT, DETROIT.—Of course if you are positive that Marguerite Clark has been married, why that ends the argument. But it will be an awful shock to her if she finds it out, so we will keep your secret. Mary Pickford has been married about seven years and has no children.

FRANCES, NEW YORK.—If the information concerning Mary Pickford's life you desire was not contained in the story of her life, it was withheld because it was considered a strictly private matter. Would it make her more interesting if you knew what her father or grandfather died of? Miss Pickford now has her own company and her plays are to be released through the Artercraft Company. Yes, "A Good Little Devil" in which she played was a Belasco production.

ESTHER, BALTIMORE.—The animal that seemed to be a lion in "Sunshine Dad" was a real lion, Esther. And believe us, Esther, we're not lion (terrible) about it because we saw the lion personally. His name is Leo, which is the usual name for boy-lions, and he only played opposite DeWolf Hopper in the one picture.

G. and I. N., MINNEAPOLIS.—We think Billie Burke still has her adopted baby. Mary Miles Minter admits that she reached the advanced age of 14 on April 1 last and Mary Pickford's hair is not a store product. John Bowers was *Allan* in "Hulda from Holland." Miss Burke is about 31.

DELVES, LANCASTER, ENG.—Now see here, old top, you can't get us into any controversy as to the relative merits of any actresses. We're absolutely neutral—or even more so. If you think that Blanche Sweet and Pauline Frederick are better actresses than Miss Pickford, you aren't going to get us to disagree with you, or agree with you. Alma Taylor and Chrissie White are probably all you say for them, but over here we don't get to see them. As for Florence Turner, don't you dare claim her as your own because she's an American. Believe that Edna Purviance

would answer your letter if you repeat what was in our letter about her.

HELENE, MONTREAL.—You probably misread the article. Mr. Farnum may have been Mary Miles Minter's father on the stage but we are sure the relationship never went father than that. At any rate we know for sure that he is not her father. So you don't like Pete Props. Well; well. And we think they are so funny that we pay a man sure-enough money to write them! Theda Bara is not hyphenated but pure Cincinnati and is about 26. She was interviewed last fall. Neither Anita Stewart nor Earle Williams is related and both use their real names. Your requests have been turned over to the editor. Thanks for the good wishes.

The aim of this department is to answer the same question but once in each issue, so the answer to your questions may be found under the initials of someone else.

See the directory on another page for all of the studio addresses.

C. L., OSTERVILLE, MASS.—The price of film rental depends almost entirely on how soon your theater receives it after released. The photoplays you mention are no more expensive than other high-class pictures.

PEG OF B. C., VANCOUVER, B. C.—The Ford-Cunard combination is now engaged in making another serial, "My Lady Raffles." Florence La Badie is still with Thanouser. Jimmie Cruze and Marguerite Snow are to go to McClure. Lila Chester is with World.

ALPHA BET, WILMINGTON, MASS.—The Universal is not conducting a contest at present. Alfred Vosburgh played opposite Vivian Rich in "The Little Troubadour" and George Periolat played *Joshua*. Yes, he's the same who played *Luke* in "The Diamond from the Sky." You are probably mistaken about the name of the Mix play. Glad to meet you; come again. You don't mind us calling you Alpha Bet for short, do you?

PRISCILLA, HOUSTON, TEX.—We are most certainly sure that Mr. Foxe would not permit his secretary to answer a letter from you but would answer it himself if you told him how much you liked his acting. He is now in the East. Interview soon.

L. G., SHREVEPORT, LA.—Frank Losee was *John Walton* in "Hulda from Holland" and his son *Allan* was *John Bowers*. So sister thought *Marshall Neilan* was conceited? Well, we're neutral. Your letter not only did not bore us, but was read with much interest. My dear, you should see some of the letters we get!

ELIZABETH, ST. LOUIS.—Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain, September 26, 1888. Everyone born in that city in September is of Spanish birth. He came here at the age of 14 and joined Vitagraph in 1915.

F. S. R., NEW MEXICO.—Sarah Bernhardt has been married but is now retired. Mary Fuller is a brunette and weighs about 115. As Caruso never sang for the camera we have not gone to the trouble of gathering statistics about him. Just imagine what would happen if Mary Pickford sent a lock of hair to all who admire it. She answers letters when they are interesting.

ELIZABETH, PEQUAMING, MICH.—We'd just be plum tickled to accommodate you but do you realize that you have asked us to print the casts of 52 plays and that if we did so it would require the work of a stenographer for several days and occupy several pages of the magazine? For the lovva Mike be reasonable. When we first glanced at your letter we thought it was a scenario for the photoplay contest.

ANNETTE U., TONOPAH, NEV.—Thank you for your praise of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S contents, its paper quality and mechanical construction. Careful appreciation is always pleasant to get. The first nationally distributed issue of PHOTOPLAY was dated February, 1911. Louise Huff's chief pictures with the Famous Players bear these titles: "The Old Homestead," "Destiny's Toy" and "The Reward of Patience." We do not recall Anita Stewart playing in "Suzette." Write again, Miss Nevada.

PEGGY, WEST MONTCLAIR, N. J.—It is altogether too bad you have had to wait such a long time for your answer—it happened by oversight, not intention. If you're still in the mood to know, purple photographs nearly black, yellow photographs white, rose pink photographs

dark gray, so do green and brown, red is black and so are orange, gold and black, gray is gray. This little lesson in chromatics should help you to decide for yourself whether "an actress would ever wear anything pink before the camera." All actresses at one time or another in their make-believe life wear wigs, but be you assured that Little Mary Pickford has one fine suite (isn't that what you girls call it?) of hair all her own. There is no reason to fear she will not send you her picture if you enclosed cost money in your letter. Marguerite Clark's hair is brown. So is Anita Stewart. Run along, now.

R. S. V. P., WINNIPEG.—Aren't you out of breath, young man? Questions just naturally tumble off your tongue, don't they? Mebbe-so there will be another doubles contest one of these days—whom do you look like? Address Flo La Badie, care Thanouser, New Rochelle, N. Y. Carlyle Blackwell is married; his address is care World. Antonio Moreno is unmarried; his address is care Vitagraph, Brooklyn, N. Y. Winifred Kingston played opposite Dustin Farnum in "Ben Blair," likewise in "Davy Crockett." Mary's sure-enough maiden name was Smith. David Powell played *Richard Freneau* in "Gloria's Romance." That all?

The Wail of The Answer Man

I TOSS and I leap and I turn in my sleep—
My slumber is restless and harried;
For years and in vain I have sung my refrain:
"No, Bushman and Bayne are not married!"

But still they pursue me till life becomes gloomy,

These fans with the query eternal.
They will drive me insane with their Bushman and Bayne,
Or into a grave that is vernal.

It is really too bad that I should go mad
In answering movie fans' queries,
And I dream with delight of the angels so bright

And Heaven, and life with the fairies.
For I'm steeped here in woe as I've written a "no"

With a pen that has never once varied
To the unending quiz, the meat of which is:
"Were Ford and Cunard ever married?"

And this is not all that has deepened my gall;

May Allison adds to my state,
For she lengthens my task when the movie fans ask

If Lockwood is really her mate.
Now I shoot you this hot: "NO, LOCKWOOD IS NOT!"

And if you would render me placid
Please bother no more as you bothered before—

Or it's me for a phial of the acid!

MISS H. E. W., CINCINNATI. — You certainly have a crush on Creighton Hale, haven't you, sister! Well, he's a fine fellow and a mighty good actor. No-o, we wouldn't presume to say it's bad taste on your part to call him "the best boy on the screen," but we can't help it if that makes him grin. His picture is in the art section of PHOTOPLAY for March, 1916; be glad to send it you for fifteen cents. His principal film plays are "The Exploits of Elaine," "The Perils of Pauline," "The Iron Claw" and "The Grip of Evil." Pearl White was in all of these plays. His height is 5 feet 10 inches and he weighs 145 pounds. In this department we cannot undertake to discuss the merits and relative merits of plays; read *The Shadow Stage* for that.

MISS SOUTHERN CROSS, SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—The picture of Cleo Madison appeared in the October, 1915 issue. The only 1915 numbers remaining are those of April, November and December. We have all of the 1916 issues.



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F. E. S., EVERETT, MASS.—Vernon Steele played opposite Mme. Petrova in "The Vampire." You may address her at "Broadway, Flushing, Long Island." Sorry, but we have no record of Betty Nansen's present address the other side of the Atlantic.

J. M. G., MINNEAPOLIS.—The Misses Taliaferro pronounce their name as though it were spelled "Tolliver." William Courtleigh Jr., is the husband of Ethel Fleming; they were playing with Balboa at Long Beach, Cal., at the time of their marriage. Shouldn't be surprised a-tall if his picture found its way into the art section one of these soon-to-come days. You're mighty welcome.

MARTHA G., VICKSBURG, MISS.—Yes indeed, we certainly will settle "this question" right now, without any idea of amends, explanations or apologies, but simply with a flat statement of facts: We do *not* "intrude into the matrimonial life of players"—we only answer matrimonial questions for you and others when the information for answering has come from an authentic source. You say: "A person recently circulated the report that you had written her a personal letter in which you stated that a certain prominent player is married and the father of five children. All other magazines, and this man's friends, say he is single. I do not think this is the policy of a first-class magazine. Please let the answer appear in the columns of the November magazine." Surely, surely! It has pleased the "certain prominent player" to announce world-wide that he is a single man. This magazine has announced, again and again, in answer to insistent inquiries, that Francis X. Bushman is married and the father of five children. If you think the truth is bad policy, by all means avoid it!

JUNE 17, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—"Oh, what is so rare—" There we go, Lady June, trying to quote again when there isn't a bit of sense in doing so. But you're a "new beginner" in this question class and we thought to welcome you with a flourish. You are enthralled with "Bettina Loved a Soldier"? It is a sweet play, and these folk played it: *Abbe Constantine*, George Berrill; *Mrs. Scott*, Francelia Billington; *Bella*, Zoe Rac; *Bettina*, Louise Lovely; *Paul de Lacardens*, Douglas Gerrard; *Jean Reynaud*, Rupert Julian; *Pauline*, Elsie Jane Wilson. You think the Lovely one was "just too cute for words"? We-I, you can't get away from a pun—she was lovely. Maybe Three Wise Men could forecast for you when a serial is going to stop serialing; we're only One, and we can't. Good-bye, come again; you're real sensible.

W. M. S., GRIMSBY, ONTARIO, CAN.—In "Bella Donna" the title role was played by Pauline Frederick, with Thomas Holding opposite as *Nigel Armine*. Stop worrying, Victor Moore isn't dead, he's just quit Lasky, and is vacationing at his Long Island home. Robert Warwick is with World Film Corporation. Oh, you do, eh? You agree with W. E. C. of Salt Lake that a "Beauty and Brains" contest for men would be great fun? Do you know any beautiful men?

P. T. B., SEATTLE, WASH.—You have it all down except the hyphens; you certainly should have put the hyphens in, like this: I-think-Crane-Wilbur-is-a-fine-actor-what-color-is-his-hair-and-eyes-and-what-is-his-age-and-is-he-married? Sure he's a fine actor and his hair is brown and his eyes are grey (not gray, please) and he was born the seventeenth of November, 1886, so figure it out for yourself and he was married last winter to a non-professional.

WARREN, SPRINGFIELD, Mo.—Mrs. Henry B. Walthall was Isabelle Fenton when she was on the stage.

J. C. S., CHICAGO.—We altogether agree with you that Marguerite Clayton is "a charming little lady," and as to the other part of your question we can say, only, that we are not that mighty thing called a director and therefore cannot tell why she doesn't appear in more pictures. However, look out! She's just finished "The Prince of Graustark."

D. J. and D. D., DENVER.—Lookey, Doris and Dorothy; do those cute envelopes with the lining inside like a pink-striped petticoat or a zebra or something grow in Denver, or do you send away for them? My and my, but you're strong on the faint perfume, aren't you? We would have swooned had we had time. Yeh, Wallace Reid's married; the lady he is so fortunate about is Dorothy Davenport; you know her well on the screen. The mail man will connect you with Marie Doro if you write on the envelope "In care Lasky, Hollywood, Cal." Anita Stewart's address is Brightwaters, Bay Shore, Long Island. Wallace Reid's is care Lasky, Hollywood, and Douglas Fairbanks' is Triangle, Fort Lee, N. J. Now for you, Doris: Addresses—Marguerite Clark, Famous Players, New York City; Billie Burke, care Empire Theater, New York City; Helen Holmes, care Signal Film Corporation, Los Angeles, Cal.; Marguerite Courtot, Famous Players.

CHRYSANTHEMUM, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Probably the world would forgive you for just liking W. S. Hart if you stopped it and asked it; think it would loaf along with you awhile and say so too. If you will turn to the October, 1915, issue of PHOTOPLAY you'll find a three-page story about him, titled "Hart of the Plains;" with pictures. No; DeCordoba, not Tellegen, played opposite Farrar in "Temptation." Hobart Bosworth is an American.

YVETTE, WATERLOO, N. Y.—Just crazy about the man, aren't you! Well, it takes all kinds of girls to make women. Here's your information: Carlyle Blackwell is still—well this side of the Osler age, and he's married; born in Syracuse, N. Y.; educated in that city; he knows better than we whether he answers letters, and been on the stage since he quit Cornell.

V. L. R., PHILADELPHIA.—Your appreciation of Theodore Roberts is prettily put—"I'd rather have the privilege of playing opposite him than be a Clark or a Pickford." Genuine admiration always touches the heart of an artist.

F. E., CHILTON, WIS.—This was the cast in "A Royal Family": *Angela*, Ann Murdock; *Countess Carini*, Lila Barclay; *Dowager Queen*, Mrs. Mathilda Brundage; *Crown Prince of Kurland*, Montagu Love; *Cardinal Casano*, Fuller Mellish; *King of Arcacia*, W. J. Draper; *Duke of Berascon*, Edwin Mordant; *Crown Prince of Arcacia*, Niles Welch; *Crown Prince of Arcacia (at the age of four)*, Albert Lewis; *Innkeeper*, J. D. Cowles; *Kurland Officer*, Charles Prince; *Baron Holdensen*, Wm. Nigh.

C. F., LITTLE FALLS, MINN.—The cast of "The Lure of the Mask" was: *Jack Hilliard*, Harold Lockwood; *La Signorina* and *Sonia*, Elsie Jane Wilson; *Prince Monte Bionca*, Irving Cummings; *Giovanni*, Hal Clements; *Enrichetta*, Lucy Payton; *Kitty*, Carol Hallaway; *O'Mally*, William Elfe; *Billy Smith*, King Clark; *Joe Simon*, G. E. Rainey. Haven't the back issues you ask for.

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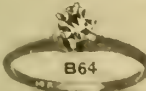
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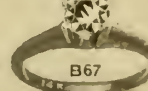
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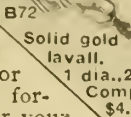
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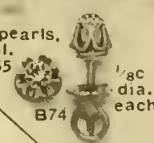
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The Return of Draw Egan

(Continued from page 48)

"romantic bandit" usually is in reality; a stout fellow, devoid neither of animal magnetism nor a certain form of physical courage; lazy, treacherous, ready to sacrifice any person or principle for self-interest, and, in the deeper and finer definition of valor, an utter coward.

Blake's hang-out, perforce, was the saloon. Here, on a bright afternoon in New Mexico's mild winter, he stood distantly watching a card game to which a notorious cheater threatened to bring early gun-powder trouble. He leaned against the bar. Oregon Joe, dusty, travel-stained, walked in, passed him, slouched heavily against the bar, casually glanced at Blake—stood up as straight and suddenly as though a ramrod had been thrust against his spine. Blake saw the movement, and looked at Oregon Joe. Neither spoke. Oregon Joe ordered his drink, consumed it slowly, and walked outside. Blake, who had given him scarcely a glance, followed slowly, after an interval of a minute or two. Oregon Joe was at the hitching rail, pretending to worry a hard knot in his pinto's reins.

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed, talking to the horse and yet for Blake's ears; "here of all places! I come in for a slug o' rye an' I meet the big chief himself—Draw Egan a constable! What's the idear?"

"No idea," answered Draw Egan, softly, his lips scarcely moving, except that I'm ridin' on the square now, Joe, and—"

"Get out! To Chihuahua with that patter!" Joe laughed uproariously.

"Just that!" Egan's voice was sudden thunder. He continued, more softly: "But you're all right with me, Joe. You can stay here's long as you like, an' be perfectly safe, 's 'long's you don't commence any sort o' rustlin'. Live honest, an' you'll find this a good town. Play snake, an' I won't turn ye up; I'll run ye out!"

Oregon's face was a study as he replied: "I ain't exactly understanding, Draw—but I'm staying on for awhile."

The principal reason that he continued to stay, after he had worn out his own short line of tricks in honest endeavor, was—Poppy.

Poppy was a dance hall girl. Origin-

ally, she was from San Francisco, she had stabbed two men who had laughed about her kisses, and she had made a desperate, unavailing play for Draw Egan—William Blake. This perplexed her when indexing her own resources, made her furiously angry when she thought of the marshal.

Oregon Joe became desperately enamored of Poppy, and she gave him an indifferent sort of affection in return for the revenge she hoped to get.

Continually, she urged him to show up the officer whom the girl did not know was his former chief. At first, Joe had no mind to anger Egan, for, in his sleek way, he admired him, and he believed that the whole world was like himself: never a moment on the level. When Egan nipped his card-cheating schemes, put the hatchet to a crooked wheel he had set up for Poppy to twirl, and kicked him into the gutter for drunkenly ya-hooing at Myrtle, he realized that the bond between them was finally severed, and that it was up to him to make good blackmailing profit out of his investment of knowledge.

The opportunity to spread his cards on the table came after a Saturday night schutzenfest in Frisco's saloon. Joe's gun had perforated the fine bar mirror with a cryptic decoration which he claimed constituted his initials. Egan called him aside.

"I'm tellin' ye not to run bad again, Joe," he murmured, "because if ye do, sure's as there's cactus an' sage I'll kick your carcass clear 'cross country into Death Valley!"

"You lay a hand on me," promptly answered Joe, "an' I'll show you up. Now go ahead an' arrest me!"

"I'm an officer of the law," returned Draw, as coolly, "and I'll do my duty, and to hell with what people think!"

"Even—her?" Joe smiled.

Egan could have killed him for even mentioning her impersonally. But he turned and walked out into the darkness.

FOR the next fortnight, he avoided Oregon as much as possible. Poppy's laconic interest in Joe was fanned to a flame by his apparent bloodless conquest of the mighty marshal; and, under Poppy's

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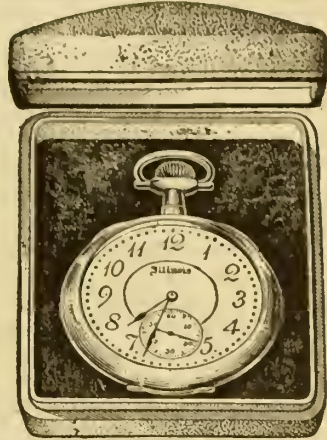
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sultry and enthusiastic kisses, the bandit dropped all caution, all reason, all memory of gratitude.

The crooked gambler faction, whipped by Egan, was not dead but merely cowed and somnolent. The strange conquest by Oregon made them flock to him as to a staunch captain. For the first time in his life he tasted real authority. Like a lick of blood to a tiger cub, this swept him to open defiance. Under his leadership the gang bled suckers in fixed games, taunted the decent men of the community, made night hideous with revels and brawls, and insulted the name of "William Blake" at every opportunity.

Draw Egan had no disinclination for a quick, sharp fight face-to-face. Oregon knew that if he fought Egan, Egan would kill him. And he knew, too, that Egan would not shoot him down from behind.

The troubled keeper of peace realized that matters approached a climax when Myrtle's championship involved her in a nasty altercation with other women of the town. She stoutly defended him—the women inferred things—Egan knew then that to save this girl as well as others he would probably have to declare himself—and enter the territorial penitentiary, his chance of love and life gone forever.

Oregon Joe brought the climax himself.

One evening, fuller of whiskey than usual, he listened to the siren voice of Poppy as she said: "Hon, there's an awful lot of deadly dames and old grandpas in these woods. Can't you make 'em go 'way—so us an' the rest o' the real fellers can have Yellow Dog for our own little cosy-cosy? I could really love you for that, you know!" And she would not permit him to quite reach the kiss she put up tantalizingly on her two lips.

Joe strode out to the bar.

"Gents!" he cried, unsteadily mounting a chair and pounding a heavy beer-mug to pieces for order. "This is a good town! I like it! I'm going to stay here! So are you—but there is them that ain't! We want a man's town, not a petticoat settlement. Are you with me?"

Enthusiastic whoops of profanity proclaimed that the revolt had genuine support.

The following day was the first day of May, and Buckton, and others of the better element, celebrated it as Arbor Day, carefully planting many little trees which

should provide shade for future generations.

As Buckton's little procession returned through the main street, they were confronted by Oregon Joe and his gang.

Joe's speech was short. "By five tomorrow afternoon all of them that we ain't exactly hankerin' for will of left these parts for good." He named them—all of the town's good people.

"Do you mean to say," gasped Buckton, "that you cutthroats intend chasin' us out of our own town?"

"You got me," affirmed Oregon. "An' we're shootin' if necessary."

"Then you're shooting some," shot back Buckton, "an' you'd better begin right now!"

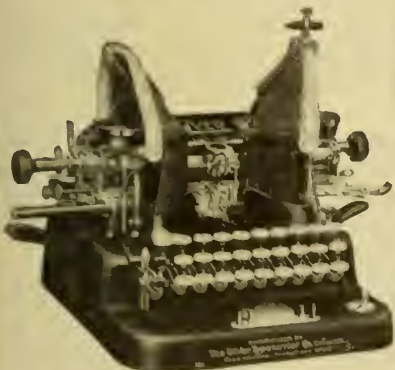
A human catapult bolted into the circle. It was the discredited marshal.

"Folks," he exclaimed, "there's only one man goin' to leave this town, and that's the skunk that did the speechifyin'. You!"—his voice rang as he addressed Oregon—"Listen to me, you damn, low, sneakin' hound—I'm callin' your bluff!" Oregon started to speak. "Go on," howled the marshal, triumphantly. "I know what you got to say. Say it!"

"All right!"—Oregon Joe's eyes were distended with fear: he was at the wall: his breath came in gasps—"Do you know what kind o' prunes you pious pups is? You got a man for law-an'-orderin' with a price on his head. Ever hear o' the bandit Draw Egan? That's right! Sure yo' have! Low me, ladies an' gents, to present your p'liceman, Mister Draw Egan! Blake? Blake hell! If you don't bleeve me, go to Shorty Warner, his pal, in the pen. *Or ask him!*"

"You don't need to ask me, folks," cut in Egan, in a quiet, weary voice. "I am Draw Egan. I wanted to go straight, but—this." He paused. The crowd had drawn sharply away from him, as though he were a thing of horror. All save Buckton, who, with a melancholy smile on his face, stood looking at the ground. Egan close at his side. Myrtle sobbed like a little child—pitifully. Egan began again: "I've lived some bad, an' I ain't denying it. I was doin' my best, but I'm the man they're lookin' for 'way out yonder, and I ain't tryin' to get away." He paused, and as quickly commenced in a vibrant tone: "I claim just one right. I'm marshal o' this town till six o'clock tonight. At six o'clock

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If you do not find it to be the best typewriter that you ever examined, satisfactory in every respect, the best value offered anywhere, then you simply return it to the express agent, who will give you back the \$4.80 and return the typewriter to us at our expense.

If you decide to keep it, the express agent will forward the \$4.80 to us and it will be deducted from the \$42.80 price, leaving a balance of \$38.00, which you can pay at the rate of \$2.00 per month, the first monthly payment not being due until one month after date of delivery.

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Otherwise I will keep the typewriter and the \$4.80 will be forwarded to you to apply on your special purchase price of \$42.80, and I will pay the balance of \$38.00 in 19 consecutive monthly installments of \$2.00 each, commencing one month from date of delivery.

The title of the Oliver Typewriter remaining in you until it is totally paid for.

Name.....

Address.....

References.....

(363)

I surrender myself, to—Mr. Buckton, or anybody else—but until six o'clock will you let me alone?"

No one spoke save Buckton, who said "Yes!" quite loudly. But there were several nods.

"Thank ye! Thank ye!" exclaimed Egan, in humble sincerity. He turned and eyed Oregon. "I want to finish with you—that's why I asked fer a little recess. You've played bad man because you thought I was afraid to stop you. Well, the game's over, an' we'll cash our several chips." He pointed to the sun, already nearing the horizon. "See that?" he asked. Oregon stared at him, but gave no sign. "In half an hour that sun'll be shining in 'Frisco's west windows. Go in there, an' get all the whiskey he's got. Stay there, and when the sun hits the bar, know that I'm comin' after you—*then, get ready!*"

Egan turned with amazing abruptness, and walked rapidly away. No one followed him. Instead, they all stared at Oregon. His stock had crashed, but somehow, he must make good. He followed Egan's advice to fill himself up with whiskey at 'Frisco's, while his soaked mind strove to find the way out. He thought and drank, puzzled wildly and drank furiously. He ordered his 'steenth round of drinks—the sun hit the bar.

Drawing his gun, his eyes glazed with more than drunkenness, Oregon staggered outside. Egan was there—coming! *Coming!*

Oregon began shooting. His first shot was wild, and so was his second. Yet, Egan came on, gun in hand, not evincing a tendency to shoot—not even showing haste! Again and again Oregon fired—his gun was empty!

With a cry that was half oath, half scream, he threw it far, and began to go up the street in the comic, lurching run of a drunken man.

He kept on running till he reached the edge of the settlement; then, crazy with whiskey and fear, he wandered on and on, for hours, into the desert, under the moon, chattering to himself, moaning, weeping, whining. A slender, diamond-backed thing beneath his feet resented being roughly trodden on, and, with hideous head flung back, rattled furiously. Oregon shambled along. The thing struck. A wild, gurgling cry, as ludicrous as horrible, went a

little way into the splendor of the Western night . . .

Draw Egan sat in the ramshackle jail where Buckton and the rest had locked him, by request.

"I had it coming to me. I had it coming to me," he repeated dully, over and over again.

He was so absorbed in his own melancholy reflections that for several seconds he did not notice that the door had opened, and that its aperture framed Mr. Buckton, and the whole dozen of the uplift committee.

"Mr. Egan," began Buckton, with heavy hemming and hawing. "we been thinking it over, and we come to the conclusion that this town needs you a damn site more than any jail whatsoever. The Gov'nor is a long way off—an' he's got 'nuff on his mind, at that! We ain't carryin' no tales. Besides, as far as law an' order goes, we figger that a feller that's been through the fire knows jest how hot it is, an'—well, we want you to stick, an' we're calling you *friend!*"

The hands were going in a moment, as pikes used to go on the ships of olden time.

Still, Draw Egan was uncertain.

"Boys," he said, wiping his eyes with the back of his hand, and looking away. "I'm all broke up by your kindness, but I don't know; it seems like I ought to be goin'. They's another reason—I must go!" His voice rang with sad decision. A little figure pushed through the crowd about the door.

"Even if I asked you to stay?" asked Myrtle.

"Why," said Draw Egan, looking down with startled eyes, and putting out his hand as if he expected to find a phantom before him, "if you really want me, they couldn't blast me loose!"

"Out!" bellowed Buckton, thrashing his arms like a runaway ship's propeller. "Out!"

In the little space the retreat left Egan leaned tenderly over Myrtle, without touching her.

"Little girl," he murmured, "I sure got a heap of explainin' to do for you!"

"Hus-s-sh!" she said softly, reprovingly, laying a cool finger on his lips: "I love you!"



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(Continued from page 144)



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The Pink Complexion Cake

W. R. C., GADSDEN, ALASKA.—Henrietta Ciosman's published address is "Care of Maurice Campbell, 133 West Forty-second street, New York City."

EDWARD H., DEERLAND, N. Y.—Glad you enjoy PHOTOPLAY; there are more than a quarter of a million more. Alice Joyce is with Vitagraph. Mabel Normand has her own company. Norma Talmadge is not married.

H. F. W., DELTA, UTAH.—The chief characters in "Cinderella" were; *Cinderella*, Mary Pickford; *Prince Charming*, Owen Moore; *The Stepsisters*, Georgia Wilson and Lucile Carney; *The Stepmother*, Isabel Vernon; *The King*, W. N. Cone.

M. H. F., NASSAU-BY-THE-SEA, POINT LOOKOUT, N. Y.—Pearl White should be addressed in care Pathe, New York; Creighton Hale at Frank Powell Production Co. Harry Watson is remarkable on the screen; yes indeed. Herbert Brenon is acknowledged one of the best directors. It would be rather dandy to come to your camp for a vacation, and the invitation is charming. Can't get away, though. Who'd answer for the Answer Man if we skipped?

LIEUTENANT J. B. B., SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE.—Your request to write the address on your letter to Miss Gray, the Seattle winner in "Beauty and Brains" Contest, was complied with at once (July 31. Your letter to us bore date July 9). It was a pleasure to be of service to one at the front. Happy to know that PHOTOPLAY reaches you in the trenches and others of our Canadian friends. Write again, if you should see this answer "somewhere in France."

Z. P., MINNEAPOLIS.—Edna Mayo and Henry B. Walthall are not in any way related. Both should be addressed in care of Essanay, Chicago.

DOROTHY W., NEW YORK CITY, (who always has to forget something and add a P. S.).—It's a bit delightful of you to call us "Dear Answer Man;" we like that; especially we like it because it's not official. Florence LaBadie's jump from the vessel is a genuine one. Are you making a feeble attempt at kidding when you ask whether Charlie Chaplin is still playing and whether he is deaf and dumb, or has some one been kidding you?

C. B., JOHNSTOWN, PA.—Your spicy adjectives, borrowed, you say, from a friend, lure one to answer you; but you didn't snuggle your name and address down in a corner of your letter. Too bad a correspondent who can be so prettily unprosaic and so freshly unconventional with her d's should go unanswered!

MARY BELLE, BIG TIMBER, MONT.—An interview with Ruth Stonehouse was published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for February, 1915. She was born in 1894. Richard Travers was born at a trading post in the Hudson's Bay country. "Are people allowed to call at the motion picture studios?" you ask. In some, yes; in others, no.

M. T., CALGARY, ALBERTA.—Bruce McRae and Gail Kane played the leads in "Via Wireless." Pauline Frederick is not married. By consulting the directory of film companies in PHOTOPLAY, published monthly and corrected to date, you can find out what the affiliations of the various concerns are. Glad you like two of the eleven winners, sorry you don't like 'em all; no doubt you would if you saw them face to face. Write again.

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| William S. Hart | Mary Fuller | Billie Burke |
| Marguerite Clark | Cleo Madison | Edna Mayo |
| Charlie Chaplin | Ella Hall | Betty Brown |
| Mabel Normand | King Baggot | Edith Storey |
| Clara K. Young | Grace Cunard | Earl Williams |
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I. B., OMAHA, NEB.—The best big-brother advice to you, little twelve-years-old, is to make up your mind to be a **BIG girl** until you are several years older, and hunt happiness by trying to make those around you happier in every little way you can think of (just-after-you've-gone-to-bed time and while-you're-getting-up time are the very best of all times to think up happiness things, and all-the-time time is a good time too). There isn't any chance for you to "get into the movies" just now, child; maybe there will be a few years later. But never-ever forget that unpleasant thoughts, especially toward one's mother, don't make a lovely face.

F. M. L., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver in 1883; has been fourteen years in dramatics; made his stage debut in 1901. He is married and has a son. You are right, he is one of the really big figures inside the screen frame.

RUTH B., NEW YORK CITY.—Of Purviance you say: "She may possess beauty also brains, but what does that count if you can't be funny?" You can be, Ruth, so you ought to know.

SANTA FE, GALESBURG, ILL.—Miss Clark no doubt will mail you a photograph of herself if you ask for it and enclose twenty-five cents to cover expense. She was born in 1887.

NELLIE E., SANDUSKY, O.—No, we answer by mail when a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed, and we should have been very glad to for you. Otherwise we answer in these columns. Ask us another question, and see. A handful of thanks for your liking the magazine as "the best ever." Nothing spurs a staff to get out a better one than frank praise of a good one.

K. S., CIRCLEVILLE, O.—Theda Bara is not married. Her ofstage name is Theodosia Goodman, and she was born in Cincinnati about 1890. Her latest picture is "Her Double Life"

T. C., POPLAR BLUFF, Mo.—One of the few things we don't do in this department is to keep a list of the kinds of motor cars actresses use. We have to stop somewhere. You're very welcome and be kind enough to ask again some time. We'll never print your name when you ask us not to.

JOE M., COVINGTON, Ky.—You will have to ask the Famous Players Company how high was the cliff she jumped off—it is against the policy of us to exaggerate.

ELIZABETH H., WEBSTER GROVES, Mo.—In "The Ordeal of Elizabeth" the character *Paul Hallock* was played by Denton Vance; *Julian Gerard* by Ewart Overton.

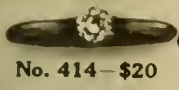
MILPRED P., ALBANY, N. Y.—Grace Cunard was born in Paris, France, April 8, 1891. "Peg o' the Ring" was filmed in California.

F. H. B., BUFFALO, N. Y.—These are the addresses you ask for: Wallace Reid, care Lasky, Hollywood; Earle Foxe, care Dramatic Mirror, New York; Edward Earl, 2936 Bainbridge Avenue, Bedford Park, New York City; Alice Joyce, Vitagraph; Bessie Love, Fine Arts, Los Angeles; Jack Pickford, Famous Players, New York City; Jack Standing, care NYMP, Culver City, Cal.; Dorothy Davenport, Universal City, Cal.; Tom Forman, care Lasky; Marguerite Courtot, care Famous Players. Howard Estabrook is married. Sixteen episodes of "The Mysteries of Myra."

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STUDIO DIRECTORY

For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (*) indicates proper office to send manuscripts; (s) indicates a studio; at times all three may be at one address.

AMERICAN FILM MFG. Co., 6227 Broadway, Chicago (s); Santa Barbara, Calif. (*) (s).

ARTCRAFT PICTURES CORP. (Mary Pickford), 729 Seventh Ave., New York.

BALBOA AM. PROD. Co., Long Beach, Cal. (*) (s).

BIOGRAPH COMPANY, 807 East 175th St., New York, (*) (s)

CALIFORNIA M. P. Co., San Rafael, Calif. (*) (s).

CONSOLIDATED FILM Co., 1482 Broadway, New York.

THOS. A. EDISON, INC., 2826 Decatur Ave., New York City (*) (s).

ESSANAY FILM MFG. Co., 1333 Argyle St., Chicago (*) (s).

FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM Co., 128 West 56th St., New York City (s) (*).

FOX FILM CORP., 130 West 46th St., New York City (*) ; 1401 Western Ave., Los Angeles (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

GAYMONT COMPANY, 110 West 40th St., New York City (*).

DAVID HORSLEY STUDIO, Main and Washington, Los Angeles (*) (s).

KALEM COMPANY, 235 West 23d St., New York City (*) ; 251 W. 19th St., New York City (s); 1425 Fleming St., Hollywood, Calif. (s); Tallyrand Ave., Jacksonville, Fla. (s); Glendale, Calif. (s).

GEORGE KLEINE, 805 E. 175th St., N. Y. City (*).

LASKY FEATURE PLAY Co., 485 Fifth Ave., New York; 6284 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Calif. (*) (s).

LONE STAR FILM CORP. (Chaplin), Los Angeles, Calif. (s) (*).

LUBIN MFG. Co., 20th and Indiana, Philadelphia (*) ; Broad and Glenwood, Philadelphia (s); Coronado, Calif. (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York City (*). (All manuscripts for the following studios go to Metro's Broadway address.) ; Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 West 61st St., New York City (s); Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Quality Pictures Corp., Metro office, Yorke Film Co., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

OLIVER MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY Co., 222 West 42d St., New York City; 201 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles. (*) (s).

B. S. MOSS, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City. MUTUAL FILM CORPORATION, 71 West 23d St., New York City.

PALLAS PICTURES, 220 West 42d St., New York City; 205 N. Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles (*) (s).

PATHÉ EXCHANGE, 25 West 45th St., New York City (*) (s); Jersey City, N. J.

ROLFE PHOTOPLAYS, INC., 3 W. 63rd, New York.

SELIG POLYSCOPE Co., Garland Bldg., Chicago (*) ; Western and Irving Park Blvd., Chicago (s); 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles (s).

SIGNAL FILM CORP., 4560 Pasadena Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. (s) (*).

THANHOUSER FILM CORP., New Rochelle, N. Y. (*) (s); Jacksonville, Fla. (s).

TRIANGLE FILM CORPORATION, 1457 Broadway, New York City; Fine Arts Studio (Griffith) 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. (*) (s); Keystone Studio (Sennett) 1712 Alessandro St., Los Angeles (*) (s); Kay-Bee Studio (Ince), Culver City, Calif. (*) (s).

UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. Co., 1600 Broadway, New York City; 573 Eleventh Ave., New York City (*) (s); Universal City, Calif. (*) (s).

VIM COMEDY Co., Providence, R. I.

VITAGRAPH COMPANY OF AMERICA, East 15th and Locust Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. (*) (s); Hollywood, Calif. (*) (s); Bay Shore, Long Island, N. Y. (s).

WHARTON, INC., Ithaca, N. Y. (*) (s).

WORLD FILM CORP., 130 West 46th St., New York City (*) ; Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG FILM CORP., 126 W. 46th St., New York (*) .

Casts of Stories from Photo-plays in this Issue

THE RETURN OF "DRAW" EGAN

(By C. Gardner Sullivan)

Ince.

Draw Egan	William S. Hart
Poppy	Louise Glauu
Myrtle Buckton	Margery Wilson
Oregon Joe	Robert McKim
Mat Buckton	J. P. Lockney

ANTON THE TERRIBLE

(Photoplay by Marion Fairfax and Charles Sarver.
From story by Thomas H. Uzzell)

Lasky.

Major Anton Kazoff	Theodore Roberts
Vera Stanovitch	Anita King
Adjutant David Burkin	Harrison Ford
Grand Duke Feodor	Hugo B. Koch
General Stanovitch	H. B. Carpenter
Babushka	Edythe Chapman

"SAVING THE FAMILY NAME"

(Photoplay by Lois Weber. From story
by Evelyn Heath)

Universal

Wally Dreislin	Carl Von Schiller
Estelle Ryan	Mary MacLaren
Jansen Winthrop	Jack Holt
Robert Winthrop	Phillips Smalley
Mrs. Dreislin	Girard Alexander

BERTHA S., EAST ORANGE, N. J.—Dorothy Kelly's name in private life is Mrs. Herbert Havenor. She has a sister, a non-professional. Miss Kelly's permanent address is 69 Madison Avenue, New York City.

ALICE D., BISBEE, ARIZ.—Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn April 12, 1887. Tom Forman is not married. Jack Curtis played *Master Ned* in "Lydia Gilmore." Beverley Bayne was interviewed in October PHOTOPLAY, 1915, and that month her face was on the cover.

LEO, NEWARK, N. J.—Mary McDonald is the real name of the girl who played the lead in "Shoes," but Universal rechristened her MacLaren. Muriel Ostriche will be 20 next March and is not encumbered with a husband.

M. V. B., NEW YORK.—Thomas Meighan has not deserted the pictures but is back with Lasky after a vacation. Chas. Ray's best recent photoplay was "Honor Thy Name." He was interviewed some months ago, and was in the Art Section of the June issue. Yes, Wallace Reid will play opposite Geraldine Farrar in her next photoplay. The release date has not been fixed. There is no lead in Griffith's "Intolerance."

ELEANOR, KANSAS CITY.—Sorry to inform you that you have been correctly informed as to the matrimonial status of Ernest Truex. Has a wife and two kiddies. Edwin Carewe, the Metro director, was born at Gainesville, Texas, and is a graduate of the Universities of Texas and Missouri.

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Annette Kellermann

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V. M. J., WELLINGTON, N. Z.—Mrs. Sidney Drew was Lucille McVey. The only published cast names in "Her Triumph" are Gaby Deslys and Harry Pilcer. Karin Walker Norman is Lillian Walker's sister. Dustin Farnum is married to a non-professional. Viola Dana is married to Joe Collins. Harold Lockwood's name is not in Metro's cast of "The Heart of a Painted Woman;" James O'Neil played *Wealth* in that picture.

A. J. P., ESSENDON, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—No, nothing about Courtenay Foote, but that doesn't mean there won't be.

MARIE, ST. PAUL, MINN.—Violet Mersereau, care Universal, New York City; Herbert Rawlinson, Universal City, Cal.

INTERESTED READER, TERRE HAUTE, IND.—Creighton Hale's picture was published in March PHOTOPLAY, 1916, Art Section. Be glad to mail you a copy on receipt of fifteen cents.

R. H. B., BOSTON.—Your question is not only not foolish, but it is a natural one; "reel" is, in scenario sense, a technical term meaning approximately 1,000 feet of film. It is customary in the making of photoplays to make a "reel" synonymous with a "chapter" in a story. Does that explanation help you? Detailed information about the framing and marketing of photoplays is contained in our book "Hints on Photoplay Writing," which we shall be glad to mail you on receipt of 50 cents.

E. W. N., MISSOURI CITY, Mo.—It is the custom for film companies to return rejected manuscripts within from one week to a month; anyone having submitted a scenario in May and not heard from it by August would do no more than protect an author's rights in asking why, when return postage was enclosed.

ROSE, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—What a charming all-together name you have! Is it your real one, or did you dream it for yourself in the dusk after the mill was closed? If you did, you are a poet; and poets are not happy, Rose. Crane Wilbur's address is care Horsley, Los Angeles, Cal.; he is twenty-seven years old; married.

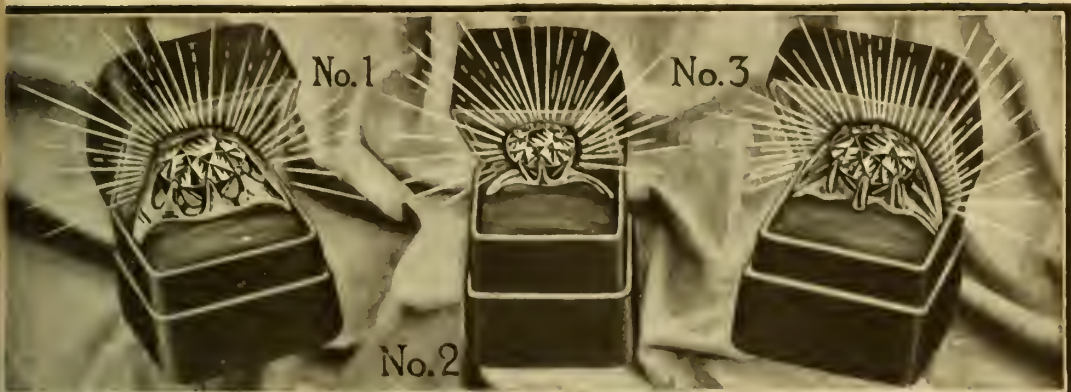
STEPHEN, ATTLEBORO, MASS.—Elmer Clifton played opposite Dorothy Gish in "The School Ma'am."

HAZEL, OMAHA, NEB.—Yes, Mae Marsh and Marguerite (Lovely) Marsh are sisters. Indeed you are welcome.

G. A. M., MILWAUKEE.—Yes sir, we can relieve your deep anxiety. The lady who as a department store detective bent frozen brows and sneering eyes on C. Chaplin in "The Floorwalker" was Charlotte Mineau.

PHOTOPLAY ADMIRER, WILMINGTON, N. C.—We know of no publication which prints "the synopsis of all the plays released." The moving picture trade journals print many of them.

MABEL, PETERSBURG, VA.—Bless your heart, we don't mind at all; that's what we're here for. Now then. Juanita Hanson is about twenty years old. She was born in Des Moines, Ia., and is now with Fox. Yes, she is charming on the screen. Likely she will write you in answer—try it. Mabel Normand's address is "Care Mabel Normand Feature Film Company, Hollywood, Cal." Your letter is pleasant to read, and we'll be glad to hear from you again. G'bye.



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MRS. R. S. S., SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA.—At least, dear lady, you are refreshingly direct; it is news to us to hear that we in America are "hard up for beauty." Such connoisseurs as your late Edward of England opined that "American women are high-steppers and bridle-wise"—rather horsey talk but a pretty play on words, don't you think? Let's chat a bit about this, you and we. Texture of skin and cheek-coloring, you Englishers outdo our women quite, saving in San Francisco; figure, yours are too apt to be rangy, sketchy, shallow-bosomed; hair, it's fifty-fifty; voice, yours are utterly delightful, deep, throaty, often with the cling of an unmeant caress, while ours are too frequently spoiled with stridency or introduced to the ear by means of the nose; clothes, ours are as far above and beyond and away from you as—as—oh, toot, yours just don't know how to wear duds at all, that's all; *chic*, we'll lay you Fifth Avenue of an Autumn afternoon against Picadilly any time you like between three and six. And you think only one of the eleven "Beauty and Brains" winners is good looking! My, my, if we were a woman we'd hate to have you for our man.

M. C., CORAOPOLIS, PA.—The character *Billy Weed* in "Thrown to the Lions" was played by Clifford Gray.

ALICE J., CHICAGO.—No, the cast of "The Woman" does not include Blanche Sweet. It's a long way from us to blame you for having her for your screen favorite; she's some sweet.

FOREIGN INQUIRERS PLEASE NOTE:—In ordering any copy of PHOTOPLAY or any book publication issued by Photoplay Publishing Company, please be careful to enclose an international coupon (instead of the stamps of your own country) or a postoffice money order. We cannot use foreign stamps.

MARY F., EVANSTON, ILL.—For pictures of Mae Murray see PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for March, July and October, 1916; Wallace Reid, March, April, June and August, 1916; "Tom" Forman, January of 1915 and April of 1916.

A. E. G., DENVER.—Theda Bara is not married. In the Fox play "Under Two Flags" the character *Bertie Cecil* was played by Herbert Hayes.

MISS "NICKNAMED BILLIE," SAN SABA, TEX.—Do you mean how many speaking-stage appearances or how many shadow-stage appearances Billie Burke has made? Two of the latter—"Peggy" and "Gloria's Romance." Two also for Annette Kellerman, "Neptune's Daughter" and "A Daughter of the Gods."

M. H. R., CLEVELAND, O.—Ella Hall first entered pictures in 1910, when she joined Biograph under Griffith. She was born March 17, 1896.

G. E. C., NORTH ADAMS, MASS.—Address Mary Pickford care Art Craft Film Co., New York. No, one's features do not have to be perfect "to play in the movies;" such a requirement would bar from the screen ninety-nine per cent. of the faces that now occupy it.

SOUTHERN CROSS, WEST AUSTRALIA.—Rollo Lloyd played the student part (*Mr. Shye*) in "Midnight at Maxim's," a Kalem production; suggest you address him in care of Kalem, New York, enclosing fifty cents to cover photo and mailing cost. No need to let you down lightly; it is always a pleasure to hear from our Australian readers and certainly no less a pleasure to answer them.



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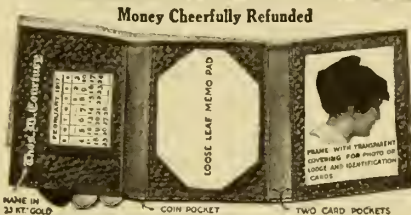
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MISS BLANK, SHELTON, CONN.—Your request that we mail a sample copy of PHOTOPLAY to your friend was filled gladly. Your questions are not answered because you failed to sign your name and address. Not too late to ask again.

A. S. L., SISSON, CAL.—Anna Little was born in Sisson, Cal., February 7, 1894. She is now Mrs. Alan Forrest. Thank you for your happy wishes; they are much appreciated.

C. G. H., ROANOKE, VA.—Miss Kellerman is married. Beverly Bayne, Mabel Normand and Blanche Sweet are not. Their ages, in the order of their names, are: Early thirties, 21, twenties, 21. Thanks.

M. H. W., HOUSTON, TEX.—Wheeler Oakman should be written in care Fox, Los Angeles. He was born in Washington, D. C., in 1890; played on the speaking stage in "Checkers," "Strongheart," "Under Southern Skies" and repertoire. His height is 5 feet 11 inches and he weighs 190 pounds.

MISS B. W., COALMONT, IND.—Address Grace Cunard care Universal; Kathlyn Williams care Morosco, Los Angeles; Mary Miles Minter, American, Santa Barbara, Cal.

A. R., CHENEY, WASH.—Ruth Roland's name in private life is the same, Ruth Roland.

L. C. R., WILKES-BARRE, PA.—The first half of your first question was so interesting—"Please tell me all you know"—and then you had to go and spoil that delightful prospect by adding the second half. Well-well, the feminine gender of ginger is Anticipation 'n always will be. If you'll read back through earlier numbers of PHOTOPLAY you'll find out a great deal more about Mary Miles Minter than there's space to tell you here. No, we wouldn't say we think she's "a bear," but we do think she's a dear child and the gods tucked a good many crowns on her curls before they let her climb down off their knees. "Do we get tired answering questions?" No, indeed, not while there's butter on our bread.

E. M., ROSALIA, WASH.—The "Impression" of Marguerite Clark in February PHOTOPLAY went along like this: "New illustrations for Alice in Wonderland. A child who long since threw her calendar away. A French doll revived by a Chicago pulmonator." What's that? No, the last we heard Miss Clark was quite well.

E. M. K., CHICAGO.—The three fashion photos of Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark you inquire about were published in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for November, 1915. Be glad to mail you a copy; 15 cents.

E. M. S., HENRYETTA, OKLA.—Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Can., April 8, 1893; she has no children. Anna Nilsson was born in Ystad, Sweden; she is not married; address, care Ivan Film Company. Mary MacLaren's address is Universal City, Cal.

E. L. D., EARLVILLE, ILL.—"Eagle's Mate," "Hearts Adrift," "Miss Caprice" and "A Good Little Devil," plays starring Mary Pickford, were produced by Famous Players. A film company cannot "get the exclusive right to produce a play" such as "Carmen" because the basis of the photo version is the published legitimate drama "Carmen," which is (now) unprotected by copyright; anyone, therefore, is privileged to write and produce a film version of Prosper Merrimee's famous work.

H. L. Z., TIFTON, GA.—Illian Gish is not married. Neither is Pearl White.

BELLE, DEVIL'S LAKE, N. D.—We are a reasonably patient person, but don't expect us to make up your mind for you whether Wallace Reid or Warren Kerrigan is the better looking; girls ask pretty silly questions now and then, don't they? Is Pauline Frederick classified as good looking? Yes; as a stun. A star works every day if her director says so; a director with any proper sense of fear won't say it.

K. D. K., DETROIT.—The money Thomas Dixon has made out of D. W. Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation" has been made in royalties because he is the author of "The Clausman," the novel on which Griffith founded the play. This ought to straighten you out.

A. A. A., BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—The stage style of Petrova's name is "Madame." She can be reached by addressing in care of Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City. There is an interview with her in last month's issue.

H. F., ST. LOUIS.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has published a photographic collection of moving picture stars called "Stars of the Photoplay." It will be mailed you on receipt of fifty cents. Yes, actors and actresses can be addressed in care of the studios where they work. This magazine publishes monthly a corrected list of the principal studios with their addresses.

V. W., WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.—Thank you for your dandy praise of PHOTOPLAY. Your Kerrigan question has been asked by several others and is elsewhere answered.

GAIL, EUREKA, KAN.—Now what sort of answer would you make to a girl who says that she "always takes the opposite side of everything"? Wouldn't it be safer to say not much of anything? Not responsible for the names we give answers to in this department; their names, not ours. We have not heard of any diminution in the tide of Pearl White's popularity.

H. M., SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.—The information about Myrtle Stedman you ask for you will find in the March (1916) issue of PHOTOPLAY.

E. O. G., BOSTON.—Neither Charles Chaplin nor Edna Purviance is married.

E. P. C., BANGOR, ME.—Your letter of many questions and requests and some assertions, shows that you have not been reading the magazine from month to month. Nearly all of your answerable questions have been answered in this department, and the Pickford pictures you ask for have been conspicuously published this year.

J. A. M., CHATHAM, N. Y.—Perhaps the public library in your town can tell you what collection of verses contains "The Face on the Bar-room Floor." We try to walk around the block on such things.

C. A. H., JR., NEW YORK.—There is no complete directory of photoplay actors and actresses with their addresses, but current directories are printed from time to time in trade journals.

MISS J. A., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Sessue Hayakawa and Tsuru Aoki are husband and wife. Quite sure they would be glad to send you their photographs if you enclosed the customary fifty cents (for the two pictures). Address them care Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.

(Continued on page 167)

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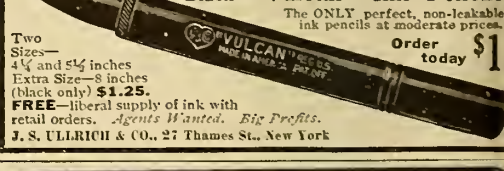
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The Glory Road
(Continued from page 122)

She pleaded no more, for she knew there was no mercy in him now. Again she tried to consider what to do, but she could not.

"I can't answer this now," she said, faintly at last, brushing an uncertain hand across her forehead. "I must have time, I must think, and I can't think now."

Holt looked down at her appraisingly, and gradually the dark cloud of passion lifted from his iron face.

"I'll be reasonable, which you're not," he said shortly but in a changed tone. "I'll give you a chance, which you haven't given me. You can have till to-morrow to think this over. Then I want your answer."

"Till to-morrow," she repeated, dully. "Oh, longer than that. I must think. I must think. I can't decide this in a minute."

"That's long enough," he said, brutally. "I'm going to have this thing decided once and for all now."

She was helpless in the hands of his pitiless dominance, like a child in the hands of a giant.

"I'll write you, to-morrow," she said.

"No, you'll see me; or I'll see you. Can I come here to-morrow at this time?"

She forced herself to think.

"No, the others will be here, and there are people coming in the evening."

He pondered a minute stolidly.

"Then there's only one thing to do," he announced. "Come to my office at the studio at eight in the evening. If you don't, I'll come here and get you."

She was beaten down, crushed, bewildered. Her mind was incapable of resistance or decision. Exhaustion in every nerve and fibre weighed her down like lead, numbed her like an opiate.

"I'll come," she said, faintly. "And now go—"

(To be continued)

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RUBBER HEEL

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(Continued from page 163)

I. D., BARTLESVILLE, OKLA.—Grace Cunard appeared in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE of January, February and September, 1915, and April, 1916, and February, 1916; Francis Ford in April of 1916 and September of 1915; Marguerite Clark in March of 1916 and May and November of 1915; Mary Pickford in August of 1916, February, March, May, September and November of 1915, and January, February and April of 1916, and January, December and August of 1915. We can supply you with copies of any of the 1916 months, but only have a few in 1915 of the months April-November-December.

JACK H. S., CHIPLEY, FLA.—There is a lot of rt horizon in your ankle-contest suggestion.

H. H. B., CALUMET, I.A.—Address Francis Bushman in care of Metro Pictures Corporation, New York; Blanche Sweet, in care Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.

MISS CRISSIE, HAWKE'S BAY, N. Z.—It was a olly letter you sent. You bet you may write again. Don't make it too long betweenwhiles.

MILDRED AND MARGARET, WALLA WALLA, WASH.—This Answer Man did not know (and therefore, after the manner of men, would not have believed) that any one corner of the earth held two females who didn't care whether F. X. B. was married. Inasmuch as you say you don't, be blessed of us by Heaven! Sure we'd tell you how much older than forty he is if we knew, but he says he's thirty-two. Such an interesting age, don't you think? Now look here, we don't in the least mind being kidded, but when a pair of girls ask a man to tell them how another man does his hair, we assert our right in behalf of ourself and J. Warren Kerrigan, co-members of the dominant sex, and enunciate "scat." Did you get us? Scat! (Which doesn't mean we don't thank you for your alleged personal regards; we're a forgiving brute.)

PEARL, MILFORD, CONN.—Marguerite Marsh (formerly known on the stage as Marguerite Loveridge) has been playing leads opposite De-Wolf Hopper at Fine Arts. We do not pass upon the relative capabilities of players in this department. Gladys Hulette is a Thanouser leading woman. Yale Boss can be addressed at 2675 Decatur Avenue, New York City. What was Bosworth, Inc., is now Morosco and Pallas; but Bosworth is organizing a company of his own in San Francisco.

PEG, SPOKANE, WASH.—By the skirts of our grandmother (who was a gossip and impeccably feminine), you can toss a bunch of ????? over our side fence! "Don't we like your Spokane girls?" We're not blind, are we? And we don't have to be hit over the nose to make us turn around and look, either. And you're "not a beautiful girl yourself, nor even pretty"? You are "a freckled-faced, grinning sort of person who has to be good-natured"? Bless your heart! good nature in a girl is about one of the most fadeless styles of genuine beauty there is. Hang on to it with both fists tight; they don't keep it in the lost and found columns.

M. W. S., JEFFERSON, WIS.—Billie Burke is the wife of Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr. She was born August 7, 1886. Harold Lockwood is with Metro. In "Gloria's Romance" the character Dr. Stephen Royce is portrayed by Henry Kolker, and Richard Freneau is played by David Powell.



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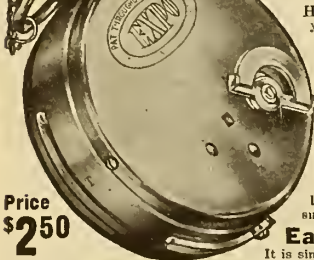
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“Saving the Family Name”

(Continued from page 98)

To that very awkward situation there seemed no finish until Jan, outrageously puzzled, walked away abruptly.

“What are you doing? What’s the idea? I had him come here expressly to get you! It’s my only reparation!” Winthrop spoke in a thundering whisper.

“Don’t you see,” said Estelle in a penitent little voice, brushing an imaginary dust speck from his lapel, “that I was only trying to do as I thought you’d have me do—help save the family name?”

Robert looked at her a full half minute. When he spoke his voice was thrilling in its vibrant softness.

“Is it that, or—Estelle, you don’t mean—it can’t be that—”

“Yes, it *is*,” answered Estelle, lifting helpless, pleading eyes.

Robert Winthrop drew her to him very gently, but his arms tightened and tightened until—quite gloriously—she could scarcely breathe. He poured a torrent of passionate whispering into her neck, just below her ear.

“My sweetheart, my girl, my wife-to-be—I love you! I love you! I love you!”

“I love you, too, Robert, very deeply,” said Estelle, closing her eyes.

Their first kiss.

C. M., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Miss Marin Sais was born in California, the daughter of one of the oldest Spanish families in Marin County.

T. J., TORONTO, CANADA.—Ella Hall was born March 17, 1896. Her height is 5 feet, 1 inch. She has light hair and blue eyes. Before joining Universal she was with Reliance’s Eastern Studio. Before going on the screen stage she was on speaking stage under the management of David Belasco. Dorothy Philips was born Oct. 28, 1882. Billie Rhodes is in the twenties. Zoe Beck, whose name has just been changed to Zoe Rae, is five years old. Wm. Garwood is now a Universal director.

A. B. C., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—A letter to Miriam Cooper addressed to the Fox Studio, Hollywood, Calif., probably will be forwarded to her. Your description of her suggests that she is the girl you met. She played in “The Birth of a Nation.”

HARRIET C. HAZLETON, PA.—Yes, we have copies of Harold MacGrath’s novel, “The Adventures of Kathlyn.” The price is fifty cents, postage prepaid.

L. MCG., VICTORIA, B. C.—The only relationship between Mary Pickford and Alice Joyce arises through the fact that they married brothers. Triangle is composed of Fine Arts, Keystone and Kay-Bee.

J. P. L., THETFORD MINES, QUE.—No, Broncho Billy is not dead; only the pious die young. Henry Russell played *Fidèle*, the son, in "The Bond Within." Robert Harron is 22 years old. Haven't heard about his ordering the Mendelssohn March for himself and Dorothy Gish.

N. D., BLOOMINGTON, ILL.—Eddie Lyons' eyes are gray, his hair is dark brown. Edward Coxen's press notices describe him as "strikingly handsome," which ought to be enough to hold your champing interest. He was born in London and his family brought him to the United States when he was a youngster. George Larkin is 28 years old and he is with Kalem at Jacksonville, Fla. Tom Chatterton's address is care American, Santa Barbara.

MISS R. K., HARRISBURG, PA.—We have on hand a few copies of the December, 1915, number of PHOTOPLAY, but none of the August or July. Send fifteen cents for copy; no charge for postage. The "Hints on Photoplay Writing" is fifty cents, mailed.

GLADYS, OAKLAND, CAL.—In "The Ne'er-Do-Well" Lamar Johnstone played the part of *Runnels, master of transportation*.

B. W., BROCKTON, MASS.—The cast of "The Battle Cry of Peace" was: *John Harrison, Charles Richman; Mr. Emanuel, L. Roger Lytton; Charley Harrison, James Morrison; Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Mary Maurice; Mrs. Vandergriff, Miss Louise Beaudet; Mr. Vandergriff, Harold Hurbert; Poet Scout, Capt. Jack Crawford; The Master, Charles Kent; Magdalen, Mrs. Julia Swayne Gordon; Vandergriff's Son, Evert Overton; Alice Harrison, Belle Bruce; Virginia Vandergriff, Norma Talmadge; Dorothy Vandergriff, Lucille Hanmill; Butler, George Stevens; Columbia, Thais Lawton; The War Monster, Lionel Brehan; George Washington, Joseph Kilgour; General Grant, Paul Scardon; Abraham Lincoln, William Ferguson.* The cast of "Always in the Way": *Dorothy North, Mary Miles Minter; Dorothy North at age of 4, Ethelmary Oakland; Winford North, Lowell Sherman; Mrs. Helen Stillwell, Edna M. Holland; May Stillwell, Mabel Green; Alan Stillwell, Harold Meltzer; Harry Blake, James Riley; Reverend Goodwin, Arthur Evers; Mrs. Goodwin, Charlotte Shelby; John Armstrong, Hal Clarendon; Robert Armstrong, Franklin B. Coates; Zulu chief, Harry Blackmore; Kinnely, Mrs. Boots Wall.* "Isn't Mary Miles Minter more than fourteen years old?" you ask. Well, Mary's been a long, long time "going on" fifteen.

M. R., SPRINGFIELD, MO.—William Souelle took the part of *Guisepe* in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird."

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VOL. XI

No. 1

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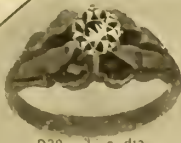
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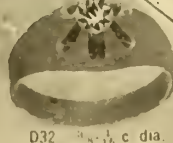
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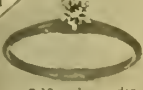
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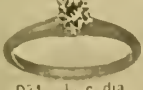
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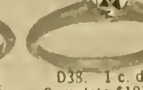
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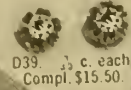
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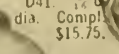
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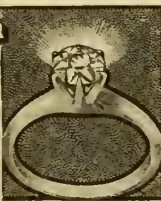
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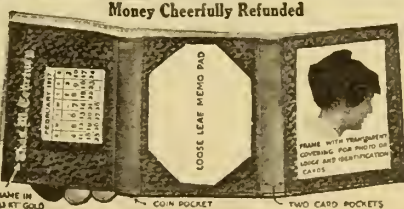
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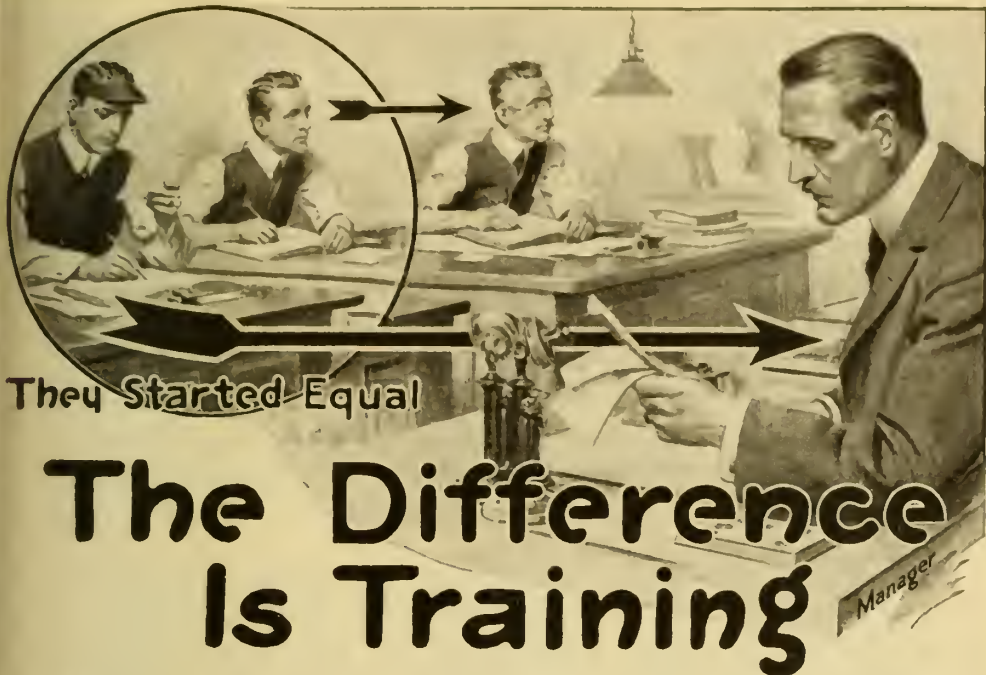
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IRENE CASTLE

won renown as a dancer with her husband, Vernon Castle, before becoming a star for the International Film Service. She was born "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway"—in New Rochelle, to be exact, and is 23 years old. Her maiden name was Foote and she was on the stage for six years. She was married in 1910. Mrs. Castle is five feet and a half tall and is a blonde.



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was well fortified in stage experience before attempting a camera career, having played as leading man with some of the notable stars of the footlights. He became known all over the world as the "Clutching Hand" in "The Exploits of Elaine." Mr. Lewis was born in Philadelphia and is the husband of Virginia Pearson, stage and screen star. He is now with Powell Productions.



CLEO RIDGELY

is a grey-eyed blonde who has appeared so frequently and successfully in Lasky pictures that it has almost been forgotten that she was once a Kalem star. Miss Ridgely's parents were named Helwig; she is of German descent. She is a native of New York City and was educated in the Middle West. She had some stage experience. Miss Ridgely is five feet, four inches in height.



WILLIAM DESMOND

first attracted national attention by his work in "The Bird of Paradise," in which he played for two years. Then he went to the shadow stage under Thomas Ince and has been with him ever since. He was in stock for more than five years in Los Angeles and also in Australia. Mr. Desmond was born in Dublin, Ireland. One of his best recent photoplays was "Lieut. Danny, U. S. A."



BESSIE LOVE

became a star over night, following her "discovery" by D. W. Griffith, and at the age of 18 years, is one of the notable figures of screenom. Miss Love is a native of Texas, and graduated from the Los Angeles High School a few months before she went to the Fine Arts studio to be discovered. She was recently seen in "Hell-to-Pay Austin" and "A Sister of Six."



MARY MACLAREN

made an abrupt debut as a film star in "Shoes," a Lois Weber production, her name previously having been unknown to the land of the camera. Since that time she has appeared in "Saving the Family Name" and "Wanted— a Home," additional Bluebirds of Weber direction. Miss MacLaren is 17 years old and her honest-to-goodness name is Mary McDonald.

PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

December, 1916

Vol. XI, No. 1

“Beauty and Brains”

The Successful Finale

CLOSE OF THE GREAT, YEAR-LONG CONTEST
A COMPLETE TRIUMPH—FIVE ARE BIG WINNERS

AFTER one year of steadily-maintained, nation-wide public interest, the Photoplay Magazine-World Film “Beauty and Brains” contest, conceived by this magazine and Lewis J. Selznick, is at an end.

It has been a complete success.

From more than 12,000 eager entries eleven girls were selected as the chief exponents of lovely cleverness in their respective quarters of the nation, have been taken to New York, have been thoroughly exploited before the camera, and—at least an extraordinarily large percentage — have been rewarded by the success which every ambitious girl dreams of, and which not one in ten thousand attains.

Here are the results, which speak for themselves:

First in point of immediate and brilliant triumph is Miss Helen Arnold, who came from Louisville, Ky., to an immediate ingenue-lead in one of the finest studios,

and under the tutelage of one of the foremost directors, in New York City.

It must be confessed that the World Film Corporation was a little slow in grabbing genius. Miss Arnold, although proclaimed by William A. Brady as a young person of extraordinary beauty and promise, was not hired by Mr. Brady or his corporation, but by William Sherrill, president of the Frohman Amusement Corporation. Mr. Sherrill immediately intrusted Miss Arnold to George Irving, the director who made “Jaffery,” and he gave her the leading ingenue role



From a new photograph by White, N. Y.

Miss Lucille Zintheo

in his filming of Augustus Thomas' great American play, "The Witching Hour." Neither the importance of this detail, nor the completeness of this girl's metropolitan triumph can be overestimated.

Equally interesting was the experience of Miss Lucille Zintheo, brilliant Pacific Coast beauty. Miss Zintheo was hired within a few days after her arrival in New York by the World Film Corporation. That is, she considered their terms, and the World lawyer offered her a contract. Mr. Selznick, however, eagerly on the lookout for rare young talent, had one talk with Miss Zintheo, and trumped Mr. Brady's high card of contract with a monetary ace. Her final arrangement was consummated with Mr. Selznick.

Another girl who has already been given permanent Selznick employment is Miss Alatia Marton, of Dallas, Texas.

As magazines must go to press far, far in advance of their publication dates, the final arrangements made for two other successful girls cannot be printed in detail. These young ladies are Miss Peggy Bloom, of Florida, and Miss Lucille Satterthwaite, of North Carolina. At this writing these two juvenile successes appear to be concluding arrangements which will



be entirely and mutually satisfactory.

Both Miss Zintheo and Miss Marton will probably "break in" to actual, professional camera employment under the masterful eye of Herbert Brenon.

Later, Miss Zintheo is to appear in "The Price She Paid." Norma Talmadge's first picture under her own corporate name. Here Miss Zintheo will be directed by Allan Dwan.

Miss Marton will probably join Clara Kimball

Young's company after her short Brenon experience, and be directed by Albert Capellani, who avers that he has found her a creature of remarkable promise.

Now these, you understand, are the early-October arrangements. When these typed lines reach you it will be November 1, or after. Meanwhile, the young ladies may, through some at-present-unknown exigency of a highly nervous business, have changed pictures and directors. But they will be working, learning under the best directors in the world—honestly and finely paying their respective ways with regular salaries.

There you are: of the eleven, you see Miss Arnold, Miss Zintheo, Miss Bloom, Miss Satterthwaite and Miss Marton have really been sight-unseen successes, plucked almost at random, as it were, from four corners of the country, and set down in the



*Reading up:
Misses Marton, Satterthwaite and Bloom;
Novices a month ago; now professional
film actresses.*

metropolis amid thousands of other girls—countless thousands, it seemed to some of PHOToplay's royal visitors—all striving, and even more desperately, for the same sort of recognition.

dates—almost fifty per cent!—is an extraordinary and unduplicatable showing. It was characteristic

PHOToplay MAGAZINE feels that five genuine winners from eleven candi-



Studio Portraits of "Beauty-Brains" Travellers

Upper trio, left to right: Mildred Lee, Vivian Suckling, Florence Gray. Below, same order: Claire Lois Lee, Estelle Claire Judy, Phyllis Curl.

White Photography

of the pluck and grit of the whole team that less than half the remaining six were willing to return to their homes on the tickets and expense money immediately proffered, in compliance with the promise of the contest, to those who did not photograph satisfactorily enough to inspire a cool-headed manager to invest in them and their futures per contract form.

The final outcome of this contest has been an average of success higher than has ever been reached in a similar affair. A few years ago a big film corporation conducted, with vast noise and clatter, a "beauty contest" that endured for many months, and enlisted the attention of many thousands of girls in all parts of America. Finally more than half a hundred "ultimate beauties" were gathered up and taken to the Pacific Coast—*one*, only, distinctly made good before the camera.

The day-to-day detail of "what happened" is best told by the letter of one of the girls to her cousin, in Chicago. It so completely covers the subject, from a girl's standpoint, that it is a far more interesting narration than any reporter's account. Minus the superscription and signature, here goes:

"Dear Kitty:—

"I suppose you are anxious to hear about all the things we have done, all the places we went, all about the marvellous shops we visited in Fifth Avenue, and so on. To tell you the truth it has been such a constant whirl of auto rides, theatres, parties, teas, visits to st. ges. posing for photographs, and so on and on and on, that I can hardly tell you a thing. And besides, we weren't able to enjoy things the way we should, because there was always that question lurking in the back of every one of our heads: 'Am I going to land a *real job*?'"

"The most important thing is the way the various directors made the tests to find out about our talent for motion picture acting.

"First, there was Mr. Brady. Mr. Brady, who they tell me is actually the busiest man in New York, gave us his own very real time, but honestly, Kitty—he seemed to me to be terribly bored by all of us! We went across the Hudson river to the Paragon studio in the rambling town of Fort Lee, where Mr. Brady laid out a scene, and we were called upon, one after another, to play it. Some of us played this

scene with Carlyle Blackwell—really, Kitty, I'm not kidding you!—and some of us with Irving Cummings. It was wonderfully exciting; in fact, too exciting for us to do our best work.

"Mr. Capellani, Clara Kimball Young's director, was next. Miss Young, by the way, was a *perfect dear*. You would have thought her a big sister to each one of us—a bit different, I must confess, from Alice Brady, who, when we were at the Paragon studio, glanced at us with a little very icy laughter, and finally consented, at her father's request, to appear with us for a few moments.

"Mr. Capellani took his stenographer, and sat down with each one of us, alone. He asked us all about our plans, our ambitions, what we had done, what we thought we were fitted to do. For each of us he had a little scenario, which we acted I think with a lot more intelligence because of Mr. Capellani's kind, patient exposition.

"Next, Herbert Brenon tested each of us for photographic and acting capabilities. He sat on a table, talking to us as if he'd known us all our lives. He would ask, for instance, if we had ever been in love, if we had ever had a great sorrow—or he would tell us a funny little story just to see us laugh—and all the time, though we didn't know it then, the camera-man was grinding in a motion picture of these natural expressions on our faces! This is what I call clever! And the proof of the optical pudding is that Mr. Brenon found one of our eleven who, after she has had several different experiences in different sorts of plays, he is going to take on a three-year contract.

"So much for the principal business for which we came here. Now for the diversions. To begin at the beginning—though goodness knows where I'll end, because I haven't kept a diary—we were met at the station by the New York business representative of the magazine, and we piled into a lot of taxicabs and drove to the Marie Antoinette Hotel, at Sixty-sixth street and Broadway. It took us nearly a day to get settled down, and feeling at home with our chaperones, as well as getting acquainted with one another. The next day we motored out to Longue Vue, a suburban restaurant, up near Hastings-on-the-Hudson, for tea, and then clear to the other end of the world—the whole length



Helen Arnold, in "The Witching Hour"

This young Louisville girl is a winner in the "Beauty and Brains" contest. Proclaimed by William A. Brady the most beautiful girl he had seen in years, Miss Arnold was engaged a few hours after her arrival in New York City by an alert representative of the Frohman Amusement Corporation. She was immediately assigned to a position as ingenue in the company of George Irving, the director who made "Jaffery." This picture is a scene from the filming of Augustus Thomas' great play. Miss Arnold plays Viola, and opposite her is Jack Sherrill.

of New York, across Brooklyn, to Coney Island.

"It was Mardi Gras, and you never saw such crowds in your life. I don't think I would care much to mingle with it too intimately. It isn't that it's rough, so much as the boisterousness of it. It makes one feel so mussy. But it was a wonderful sight from the side-lines.

"The next afternoon—I think it was Saturday—a *Mrs. Newhouse* talked to us in the parlor of the hotel, and (lean close, and I'll tell you a secret while I blush) I don't know in the least what she talked about. I was thinking all the time how much rather I would have put in the afternoon going through Wanamaker's, or Altman's, or some of the big stores. Somehow everything looks so much more beautiful in New York. It's all glamour, I suppose, and they tell me that the same things you see here are to be found, almost duplicated, in the high class shops in almost every little city in the country. But it's different. After all, New York *is* the centre, where things begin.

"In the evening we saw 'The Man Who Came Back,' a very thrilling melodrama about a man and a woman who were drug fiends and helped each other quit.

"Sunday we just lolled around, and then Monday we had those tests at the Paragon studio. In the evening we went to the Hippodrome, and saw the Pavlova ballet and the Ice ballet. It's the hugest place you can imagine. But the funny thing was that next day there was a story in the papers about one of the girls putting on skates and doing stunts in the Ice ballet, and another doing a little part in the Pavlova number, when the truth of the matter is, not one of us left our box until the show was over. And the girl they said did the skating, never has had on skates in her life. They said it because she came from Winnipeg I guess, and they thought she simply must skate if she came from there.

"The other shows we saw were a musical comedy, 'The Girl from Brazil,' and a farce comedy, 'Seven Chances.' Both were very lively and helped us to forget for a while guessing what our fate was to be.

"One of the most enjoyable days we had was when we went as guests of Miss Sophie Irene Loeb to a lovely little place they call 'The Country Playhouse,' at Harmon,

somewhere north of New York. We had tea and danced, and met a lot of interesting people. The most interesting, to us, was Lillian Russell, because you know she was one of the judges, and it was great fun seeing if she could remember us from our photographs. Then we met Bayard Veiller (who wrote 'Within the Law') and Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Lasky, and Julia Dean, and a lot of others. And last but not least, Clara Kimball Young, who we just adored at first sight. Miss Young, you know, had just finished doing 'The Common Law,' and the first showing was an invitation affair at the St. Regis Hotel. Miss Young sent us all invitations. But if I get started writing about her I'll never stop.

"To return to the Country Playhouse—presently we went over to the quaintest place you ever dreamed of, Tumble Inn, for dinner.

"A lot of other places where we teaed and dined I guess I have forgotten, but there was tea at the Ritz-Carlton (oh, such a dignified and fashionable place it is), and luncheon at Lord & Taylor's store. It was almost bewildering, going to so many places and all so different, and at that, of course we didn't anywhere near get a suggestion of the variety that is available in New York.

"Another evening that was most interesting was the first public release of 'The Common Law,' which went on at a dozen or more of the Loew Theatres in New York the same night. Miss Young appeared in person at several of the theatres the opening night, and we drove around with her. We almost lived in automobiles all the time and I believe I've almost forgotten how to walk.

"To tell you the truth, some of us had some rather absurd ideas in the parts of our anatomy where we were supposed to carry the 'Brains' part of the contest title. For instance, in spite of all the articles that have been published telling how pictures are made, when we went to the first studio we visited, one of the girls looked around at the sets and said:

"'Why I thought they built whole houses. I don't see how anyone could act in a place like that—just two sides of a room, with all the ceilings and things off!'"

"'Hopefully'—"

THE GIRL ON THE COVER—MARIE DORO



© Hartsok

YOU have Pennsylvania to thank for Marie Doro, for she was born there one bright May day during the proper phase of the moon—several years ago, which according to the archaic art of astrology, ought to make her one of the sweetest things in this large round world.

If after looking at this picture you have the effrontery to assert that there's nothing to astrology, it is time you called in your favorite psychopathist and said, "Doctor, O doctor, please tell me what is wrong."

For Miss Doro has ten times the admirers in the cinema universe that she had upon the legitimate stage where she was one of the ruling favorites for years in "Diplomacy," "The Richest Girl," "The Butterfly on the Wheel," "The Morals of Marcus" and "Oliver Twist."

Two years ago when she first tried pictures, she turned those soulful eyes of hers upon a lowly prowler of the press and lowered his temperature 30 degrees by announcing that at the end of the two she would forever forsake the screen. "To leave it," she added, "at the height of my career."

Now, as the novelists will have it, a long year has rolled by and the adorable Doro is still cineming with the Lasky with every prospect of so continuing—and for more than two years too!

And again the publicist's pulse is up.

An Admira

STUART HOLMES CAN SLE

By E.

SUPPOSE a man had done so many crooked things that he couldn't even sleep on the square, what would he do?

Obviously, he would equip himself with a circular bed. The answer is almost too easy.

Yet Stuart Holmes, that talented and



The villain and two of his ever-present props, the mustache and the cigaret.

highly polished villain of the screen drama declares that the bizarre bed owes its existence to a superstition. He speaks:

"I never felt really happy as long as I had to take a chance on getting out on the left-hand side of the bed. At last came the inspiration. A circular bed was just the thing. There's neither right nor left to it."

As may be noted by the observant, Mr. Holmes' bed chamber is *some* boudoir and quite in keeping with the personality of a male vampire.

And talking about vamps, the tiger cat in this picture is the vanquisher of Theda Bara's lap dog which succumbed to an attack of acute indigestion recently. Stuart kept the striped kitten in a little room at the Fox studio, and one day Miss Bara deposited her doggie in the same room without taking an inventory of its contents.

ole Villain

ONLY IN A ROUND BED!

Owen

According to the story, when the two animals mixed, a parrot, which like the tiger cat, had been brought from Jamaica, cried out, "Camera! Camera!" Kitty sustained a bite on the leg but Fido was a total loss.



"Villaining"
Claire
Whitney



IT'S ALL BROADWAY!

No wonder Broadway is the street of streets, the copied name at every cross-roads. On these two pages are three pictures as different as imagination could direct; and each is a picture of Broadway. Begin at the top—the way all young folks are doing nowadays. This view is sometimes known as the world's greatest sky-line. Certainly it is the world's most expensive sky-line. These battlements guard earth's treasure-chest. Here today, at the foot of Broadway, Everyman buys and sells and banks his money. Below, at the left, is a view of Longacre Square—heart of the "white lights," mid-Broadway and mid-town, and world-metropolis of the theatre. And at the right, below, is the pastoral, frog-honking, sparrow-cheeping, cricket-creaking upper end of Broadway—simply a dreamy, run-down old farm near Dyckman Street. William Nigh, of Metro, claims to have been this farm's discoverer. He used it in Irene Fenwick's picture, "A Child of Destiny."

From photographs by White, taken exclusively for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, with the exception of the New York streets at Longacre Square and Georgian Court, which were reproduced from photographs copyrighted by Underwood and Underwood.



“On Location”—East Coast and Metropolitan

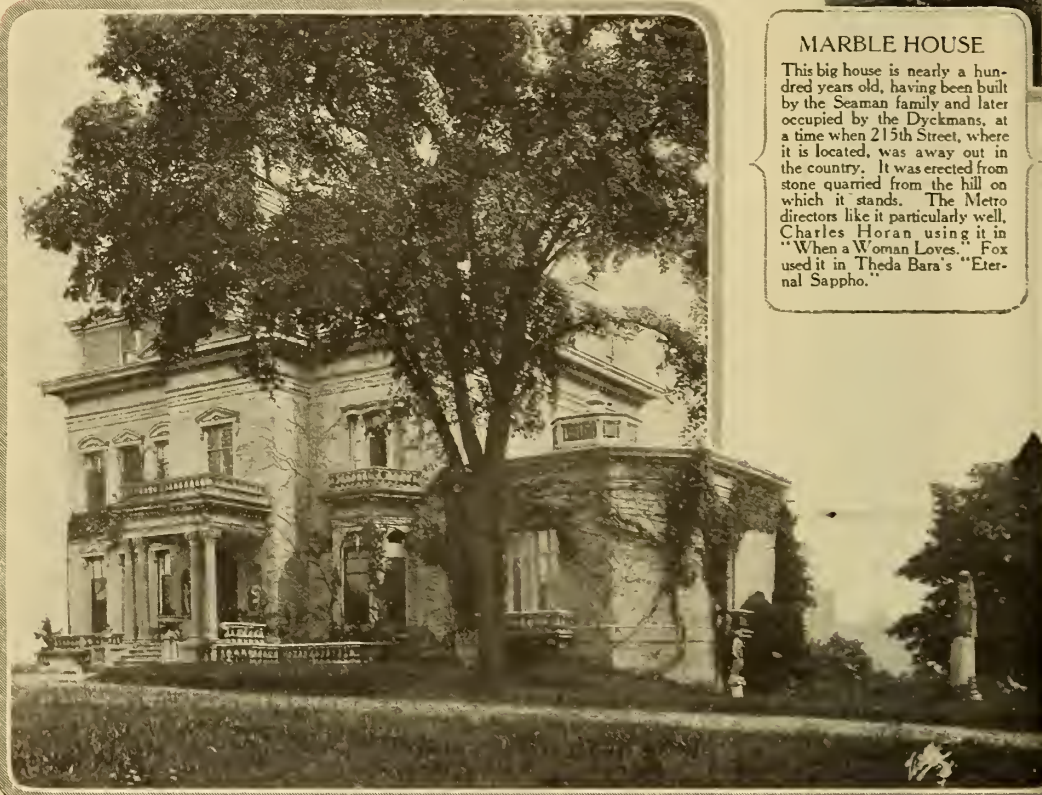
SOME months ago *Photoplay* reproduced the pictorial verity of a lot of famous picture sites along the Pacific Coast—country houses that had been many things in many lands, Los Angeles streets that had been “shot” for thoroughfares from Chicago to Berlin, court houses and public buildings that had served every purpose of foreign state, and winding roads and curving bays which had moved on the maps of imagination from Monte-Carlo to Yokohama. Here are some of the lens-volleyed spots of the East. In the past year, with picture-drama activity in and about New York City constantly on the increase, certain favorite and adaptable locations have been used over and over again by directors. The house which you were sure adorned the Nevsky Prospect has, strangely, journeyed to the environs of Paris. Or you find it in London, or prospectally in New Jersey; and you begin to wonder what it *really* is, after all. One beautiful country estate, for instance, has been used again and again by the lens painters. It has served every sort of function, serious and gay, which might be disposed in such surroundings by civilized peoples anywhere. *Photoplay* has received many inquiries as to this place’s reality. You will find its type-and-picture truth on one of the following pages.





BILLINGS HOME

Not ten minutes walk from the Broadway Farm is the magnificent estate of C. K. G. Billings, which begins at Riverside Drive. When these photographs were taken the Billings family was not at home, and the guardians refused the photographer admission. Director Vignola of the Famous Players was more fortunate, and he succeeded in persuading the owners to allow Hazel Dawn and the other members of the company to enact scenes from "Under Cover" there. William Nigh of the Metro managed likewise to get past the portullis for Russian Castle scenes in "The Kiss of Hate," kissed by Ethel Barrymore.



MARBLE HOUSE

This big house is nearly a hundred years old, having been built by the Seaman family and later occupied by the Dyckmans, at a time when 215th Street, where it is located, was away out in the country. It was erected from stone quarried from the hill on which it stands. The Metro directors like it particularly well, Charles Horan using it in "When a Woman Loves." Fox used it in Theda Bara's "Eternal Sappho."



CHURCH OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD

For six days a cameraman waited at 208th Street and Broadway, praying for rain, while the Church of the Good Shepherd, of the Paulist Fathers, gazed unblinkingly back at him. Not all the prayers of the man at the crank, or of Director Edwin Carewe, of the Metro, availed, and Emily Stevens, starring in "Destiny," went on drawing salary. The sixth day it rained, and the picture was made.

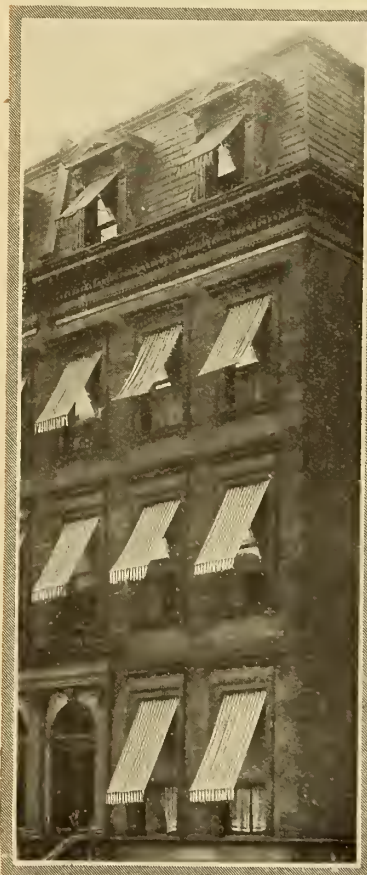
BILLIE BURKE ZIEGFELD'S HOME

It was pretty soft for Billie Burke when the Kleine serial, "Gloria's Romance," reached the scenes transpiring at the country estate of Gloria's male parent. All Miss Burke had to do was stay home until the company arrived. In other words, the residence of Miss Burke at Hastings on the Hudson was location used in the later episodes of the Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes picture novel.



THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

When the PHOTOPLAY location squadron reached the Metropolitan Museum the man with the camera said, "Well, how much of it do you want to show?" Since the new south wing has been added it would need a twenty-four sheet to do justice to the building. So we said, "Shoot the steps," and he shot them, narrowly missing seventy-five automobiles and a school of buses. The Museum is as near as the picture folk ever can get to Central Park, which is taboo for photodrama. If the building were not there you could see the Park, but in that case the picture would not be printed, and so you wouldn't see it. Director Ford of the Famous used the Museum entrance in "Sold."



"BOB" INGER-SOLL'S HOME

This typically ugly New York house suggests why, perhaps, Ingersoll was an atheist. It is quite conceivable that a man living in a house like that, if he were sensitive, would believe that if there were an omnipotent God he would not permit such an eyesore to exist. However, it suited the purposes of the Metro folk who were filming "The Half Million Bribe," featuring Hamilton Revelle and Barbara Tennant. The house is at Thirty-sixth street and Madison avenue, diagonally opposite the much more attractive home of the late J. Pierpont Morgan.





**WILLIAMS-
BURG
BRIDGE**

Of all the engineers who designed the bridges across East River, only those who planned the Williamsburg Bridge had any feeling for the moving picture man. Not only did they arrange the various concourses so that they could be photographed readily, but they erected also a very fair imitation of the London Thames Embankment.



NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC CLUB

Most of the New York Clubs are too dignified and aristocratic to permit moving picture companies to use their buildings for scenery. But the National Democratic Club is democratic in this as well as its politics, and so the building on Fifth Avenue near Fiftieth Street has been placed upon the screen in "The Eternal Question," as a background for the tale of Olga Petrova, and in many other metropolitan pictures. This is one of the few locations in the heart of New York that have been used in pictures, because the traffic department has no soul for art, when art blocks a busy street. Fiftieth on Fifth Avenue is pretty well out of the jam, however, and so this club has been available.

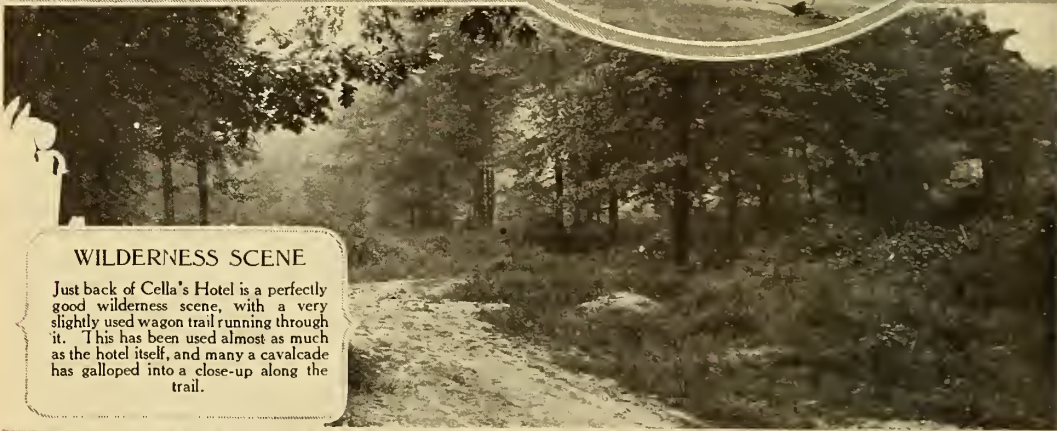
FT. LEE'S FAMOUS HOTEL

"What companies have used your hotel in pictures?" the PHOTOPLAY scout asked the proprietor of Cella's Hotel, Ft. Lee. "What companies have made pictures in the East?" he replied. "Those are the ones." It is convenient to most of the studios on the other side of the Hudson, and the proprietor encourages the boys and girls to visit him. Universal, Fox, Metro, World, Keystone,—but why write a motion picture directory?—all know Cella's, and so do the spectators of their entertainment.



WILDERNESS SCENE

Just back of Cella's Hotel is a perfectly good wilderness scene, with a very slightly used wagon trail running through it. This has been used almost as much as the hotel itself, and many a cavalcade has galloped into a close-up along the trail.



GEORGIAN COURT—THE GOULD HOME

Ordinarily when a moving picture producer obtains the permission of one of the New York millionaires to use his country estate for a photoplay, the director is sworn to secrecy. One of the few exceptions of this is the case of the George Gould home at Lakewood, N. J., used by Director Ford of the Famous Players in "Niobe."



Votes "Via Voiceless"

SILENT SCREEN SUPERSEDES THE SPELLBINDER OF THE PAST.

By Alfred A. Cohn

THE scene is almost any place you choose, and the center of all things social, the cinema, is doing a wonderful business. Out in front stand the froth and stability of the community, nervously awaiting the signal to enter.

"Aha," you guess, "this is the opening night of Bertha M. Mudd's great serial 'A Hellion's Hate' with Francis Z. Elderberry as the Hellion and Rebecca Burke as the Hate. But you are wrong.

Then as the pipe organ within begins shredding the national anthem into minute particles, it dawns upon you that this indeed would be no properly incidental ditty to accompany the unwinding of a Franciscan drama, or Burkish romance. Suddenly comes a flash that the spectacle you are about to witness is the "Democratic movies!" And despite the knowledge that there will be no terrible leap from the cliff and no thrilling Lovers' clinch in the last ten feet, you are deeply interested, because for the first time in history, the nation's political leaders are appealing to the big army of voters through an animated visual medium.

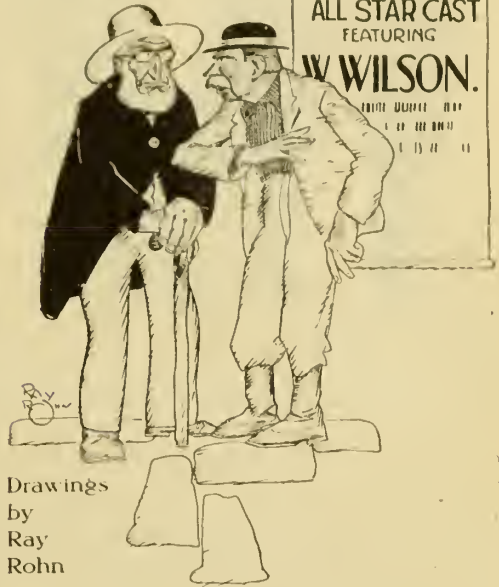
Somewhat amazed at the inevitableness of the movie, you enter and as you pass down the aisle the usher informs you that never since the first run of "Why Girls Leave Home" has the house been so packed, and courteously pushes you backward into a seat. Now with a swelling fortissimo the organ begins heavy duty on the "Star Spangled Banner" and the projector is being focused. And in the next minute this leader flashes:

*"SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY McADOO."

In another second he is "on." And every second after that he is talking. Apparently he is arguing why you and all your fellow pewholders should vote for his father-in-law and the Democratic ticket.

And right here is a salient point in favor of movie campaigning, at least if the word of the Democratic Campaign Com-

After all it may take some time for the pioneers who are accustomed to voting for Bryan to get used to the new system.

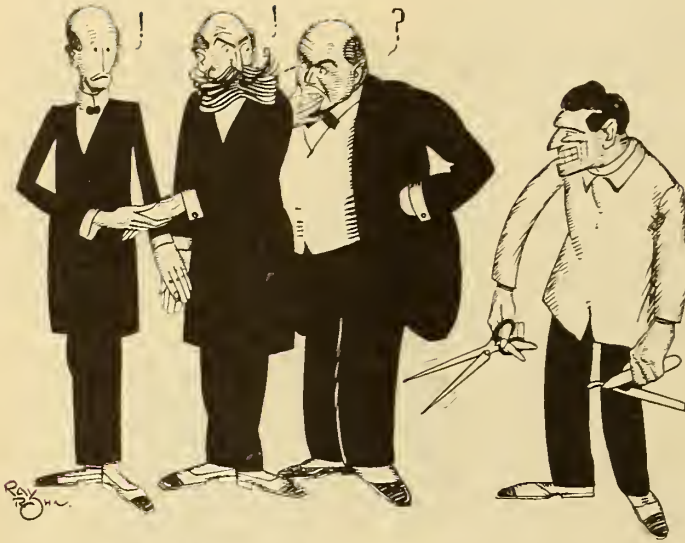


Drawings
by
Ray
Rohn

mittee which fathered the idea is to be credited; you are not swept away by Andean flights of rhetoric, the rush of a majestic phrase and the pat lines of the professional arc-light Demosthenes. Before you is a silent man talking silently and allowing his spiritual makeup to be judged from his face alone so that what he says afterward in a printed insert flashed upon the screen you judge with calm reflection uninfamed by any spellbinder tricks.

For a moment you are awe stricken. It is all so simple, so reasonable, so unruffled, so prosaic, so logical. And you hark back to the days when the old boy who put the bunk in Bunker Hill, with a long tailed coat and a voice like the drums of doom, Billy Sundayed his hearers into a mental condition where they would vote against their own kin and be glad of the chance. And here you sit on the eve of a presidential campaign listening to arguments possessed of your common sense and reason and with no possibility of the political sawdust trail ahead of you!

The secretary does a quick "fadeout" presumably back to his children, the screen flickers, the organ draws in an extra supply



"And what to the hues of Hughes?" you murmur.

of wind and gives forth an extra blast of patriotism, and before your eyes appears that idol of the films, Woodrow Wilson, who if reelected will make almost as much money in his two terms as Chas. Chaplin will make this year.

You note that he does not face the camera, that his gestures are finished, that his appearance is that of one to whom the chalklines are home. This, children, is the result of practice and experience and there was a time when he had all these faults, to be exact before he essayed the lead in the famous features "Paddling Pancho," "You And The U-Boats" and "Mr. O'Leary's Bull."

You look closer—and are astounded. He knows what to do with his hands! In this so many actors have failed, but the president acquired the trick by observation and careful watchful waiting, so that now he handles them like a Kerrigan as he addresses the caller who somehow got by the office boy in the picture.

You begin to wonder in an abstract way whether every one in the White House is an expert actor when a new scene or two is flashed and Newton D. Baker the Secretary of War, and Secretary Redfield of the Department of Commerce are "on."

"Aha," you say again for the second time in this story. "Here are a couple of extra people. Clever boys, yes, but no finish, no finish whatever!"

Inveterate cinema fiend that you are, it gives you joy to have picked out their defects and weaknesses, the unbreakable trick the amateur has of looking and talking right into the camera. And Redfield and Baker both have it. A little patience—a few more years . . . by 1920 perhaps; well, who knows?

And as Redfield and Baker fade out to make way for a subtitle or two you cannot help but drop an honest tear for the former, so ambitious, so earnest in his desire to be a great actor.

For the camera has ruined his whiskers! Those Titian triumphs, those billowing beauties of aggressive red have lost their color to the soulless screen. They are black, plain black! And to stifle your sorrow you eat the bon bons that have rested in the little box before you since 1892.

But there is no surcease: at once comes the speculation as to what the camera would do to the trim chin ornaments of Charles Warren Fairbanks of the Republicans and Indiana.

"And what to the hues of Hughes?" you murmur. And if you are a Republican you vow not to see the Republican movies. If you are a Democrat you vow you will.

Just at this moment the action speeds up. The climax is coming, the big scene. And when the Capitol looms up you



The man who put the bunk in Bunker Hill.

chortle, "This is it!" and hold your breath.

But what a disappointment! It is only Vice President Thomas Riley Marshall sitting on the front stoop, rocking and talking to himself—maybe kicking because he is cast for so small a part—a sort of cinematic afterthought.

But just because "The Government in Action," as the Wilson film is officially known, contains no dramatic thrills, don't get the idea that no exciting incidents were ever photographed for campaign purposes.

It is related that several months ago, a well known playwright "doped" a thrilling two-reeler, which was calculated to turn the solid south for Hughes and make his election unanimous. It is further related that he was paid something like \$35,000 for the film. Then the more far-seeing members of the Republican National Committee took a look at it. Their verdict was that even if shown in Vermont, Wilson would carry that state by acclamation, or something to that effect. So the thriller

was juiced, or sold to some munitions maker, or something.

There was also much talk of a reel or two of Colonel Roosevelt in affecting reconciliation scenes with Professor Taft, spiced with frequent flashes of Mr. Hughes, but at this writing, less than a month before election day, no such films had appeared. Perhaps there was a dispute as to who was to get most of the close-ups, or some other technical controversy. Quien sabe?

However, one thought is impressed on your mentality as you leave the playhouse, no matter what your political predilections may be—that by 1920 the nation will have accepted the screen as its chief medium of political expression.

It is almost safe to predict that by that time the cinema will be also a medium of better campaigning than has ever characterized our quadriennial elections—that is, of more truthful, more honest and more unflamed campaigning—a consummation much to be desired.

Read This Before Voting

KNOWING that the moving picture enthusiasts of the nation would be in doubt as to how their votes should be cast on November 7, until they learned the political predilection of their favorite stars, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE undertook to make a canvass of the actresses now in California, who will cast their first votes for president. Here is how they stand:

Kathlyn Williams: If I ever vote anything but the straight Democratic ticket, take me back to the lions, lock me in and throw the key away. Wilson, of course.

Fannie Ward: If I were old enough to vote, mister, I would do my best for Hughes. I think he's a terribly nice man, who ought to be encouraged.

Mae Murray: I can't vote here, but if I could it would be Hughes, because he's from New York, and besides I like the way he parts his whiskers and besides, I never knew anything good to come out of Jersey.

Marie Doro: I shall vote for Wilson because I do not believe this is a time to change administrations.

Dorothy Gish: Hughes and Fairbanks, if I had a vote. I think Douglas is a perfect darling.

Myrtle Stedman: I am for the demoli-

tion, abolition and utter annihilation of the entire Democratic party.

Cleo Ridgely: After using Wilson for four years, I think we should use no other. I think he's just splendid in those serious things. And those subtitles he writes are grand. Wilson, that's all.

Anita King: Judging from his makeup, I consider Hughes a better business man than Wilson and will cast my vote accordingly.

Louise Glaum: I'm for the Johnnie who wants to have rum abolished. I think his name is Benson.

Bessie Barriscale: Wilson has saved the country from chaos. He gets my first vote.

Dorothy Dalton: The prices of clothing have gone up so high during Wilson's administration that I will vote for Hughes.

Winifred Kingston: As long as Oliver Morosco is not running, I'll vote for Hughes as his platform is much superior to that of Wilson.

Vivian Martin: I simply can't see Hughes, he's too handsome. Let me have homely men about me. Me for Wilson.

Charley Murray (who is not an actress): I am not in favor of any change of administration at this time so will vote again for Andrew Jackson.



You've Heard About "Supervising"—

—well, here's a pretense of it. In the chair, Owen Moore, pretending to read a book. In the Vanilla parfait suit, D. W. Griffith, pretending to tell him something. Hanging on Mr. Moore's chair, Del Henderson, pretending to listen. Place, the New York Famous Players studio, pretending it's a Griffith sui-arena.

HOW a woman, driven to
desperation by the loss of
loved ones, defied an empire.

War Brides

By Jerome Shorey *

Produced by Herbert Brenon

sympathizing with the sufferings of her fellow workers she went a step farther, and began to ask, not only herself, but the others, why they did not do something about it.

"What can we do?" they asked, helplessly.

"Leave old Bollings to run his own factory for a while, and see how he likes it," she replied.

"But we will starve!"

"Then let's starve for a few weeks. It can't be much worse than the way things are."

The older ones, ground down until there was no spark of resistance left, shook their heads, but the seed of rebellion planted by the vigorous Joan found fertile soil in the younger generation, and it was not long until the unheard of had happened. They went on strike, the momentum of their defiance carrying with them even the pessimistic conservatives. And because no one ever had suspected there ever could be such a thing as a strike, the factory owner was unprepared. His blustering and threats made no impression against Joan's magnetic leadership, and soon he was forced to give in, rather than suffer large losses. Thus Joan still further cemented her hold as leader of the humble peasants.

It was at a great picnic, held in celebration of the victory, that Joan finally encountered her "bigger man." As the day passed, a few of the young men became boisterous. Joan, a little tired from the long strain of bearing the brunt of the battle during the strike, strolled away from the crowd, and found a secluded nook where she might rest. One of the rowdies followed her, and, his judgment unsteadied by too frequent potations, attempted an



JOAN was
born for
leader

ship. As a baby, she led in play; when she budded into exquisite maidenhood she led in the village festivities; reaching young womanhood, she became the arbiter of many a pretty quarrel, the cicerone of forlorn damsels, and incidentally the despair of wooers. Perhaps it was her very independence that kept her immune, and made the young men almost afraid to speak of love; and so she went her way, ignoring glances and sighs of would-be amorous swains. The village folk twitted her, told her she would be a spinster, but she looked at them gravely.

"You talk of love and marriage as if it were a game of grabbag," she said. "If I ever marry, it will have to be a bigger man than I have seen yet."

It was not that she was cold or disdainful. Joan's sympathies were always on the alert, poured out freely for the poor, the sick, the oppressed. And there was no lack of opportunity. The workers in the big factory which gave the village its reason for existence, were underpaid and overworked. They endured it all, year after year, as a matter of habit. But when Joan entered their midst as one of the workers, she refused to take for granted that things must always be as they had been. From

* From a scenario based upon Marion Craig Wentworth's play.

uncouth courtship. It was impossible to escape, and Joan was too proud to scream. But the boor only laughed at her biting, scathing words, and persisted. He was just about to take her in his arms and force a kiss upon her, when there came a noise like a huge animal crashing through the brush. A young giant appeared, and seizing the bully by the shoulder flung him headlong down the sloping sward, and towered over him as he pulled himself together and slunk away. The giant turned to Joan.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," she panted.

"I happened to be passing, and heard what you were saying to him," the young Hercules explained. "Why didn't you call for help?"

"I don't know. I suppose it's foolish, but—it's very hard for me to admit I am beaten. Who are you?"

"Just a common yokel. Franz, they call me. I and my three brothers, and my mother and sister live yonder across the hill. We don't go to the village a great deal."

"No," Joan observed, studying him closely. "I would have remembered seeing you. You're bigger than the village men."

"That's what they said when I took my military training."

"You're a soldier?"

"Just the same as everyone else. Even the farmer cannot escape his year of soldiering. Not that I wanted to. There's something fine about it—to learn to defend



Franz drew a picture of the violation of homes, and Joan, closing her eyes, their bayonets pointed

your country and fight for your King, if the need ever should arise."

"Somehow I can't bear the thought of it," Joan answered. "When I hear them talking about soldiering it gives me the strangest pain here," and she pressed her hand to her heart.

Franz laughed.

"Don't fear," he said. "There isn't going to be any war. We have nothing to fight about."

So they strolled through the summer woods, as the evening fell softly and the shadows closed about them, and told each other of their lives and dreams. They did



saw a row of hard-faced men, lust and greed written plainly upon their cruel toward her breast.

not notice that the crowds in the field below had gone back to the village, and night was upon them before they realized the sun was setting. But not before Joan understood that at last she had met her "bigger man."

JOAN and Franz had scarcely been betrothed a month when whispers began to circulate through the country—sinister half prophecies of war. No one dared speak his suspicion and his fear, for the country was governed after the strictest military fashion, and to voice that which was contrary to the government's an-

nounced policy was dangerous. Until the men at the capital in authority spoke of possible war, no one else dared speak of it openly. But it was in the air. No one knew the source of the rumors, but they persisted. Franz and Joan heard them, and while they could not believe them to be well-founded, they shortened the period of betrothal, and one day went quietly to the priest and were married.

It was hardly a happy wedding. The old pain which always clutched at Joan's heart when soldiering was mentioned, was incessant now. Her forebodings would not be stilled. Franz clung outwardly to his patriotic views, and even suggested that he should wear his uniform at the wedding. But the idea caused Joan such an outburst of weeping and terror, that he quickly abandoned it. Not that Joan was a coward. Everyone knew that. It was that her vision

seemed to pierce the future, and brought the conviction that through war she would be made to suffer unnamed things. Now that she was marrying a soldier, and at a time when the country was buzzing with gossip of war, the premonitions were so much the more intense.

For a time the sense of being under the protection of her splendid husband lulled Joan's fears. He was so big, so strong, it seemed that, no matter what transpired, nothing ever could happen to him. One could not think of him as other than as he was—tall, magnificent. Joan the leader was now Joan the worshiper. All her self-

assertiveness was buried in her adoration for her husband, her confidence that he could shield her from all the perils of life.

Then, one day, gossip gave way to certainty. War was no longer a mere probability—it was an assured fact. Preparing swiftly and secretly, the King finally decided the time had come to strike at a neighboring monarch of whom he had long been jealous. The standing army was well equipped and ready, and with the announcement of the ultimatum came the summons to the citizen-soldiers to report for active service, and Franz was among the first called. It had not been for nothing that his splendid physique was noted by the military instructors, and a commission was sent to him by special messenger. A few hours after the storm broke he was on his way to the capital.

A few hours of time—but an eternity for Joan. In those few hours she suffered the pangs of a lifetime. Yet she would have endured them for days, weeks, months, years, could she but have clung a little while longer to her idol, held him back a little longer from that awful maelstrom into which his duty drew him irresistibly.

Franz, too, became infected with her fears, and as they sat through the vigil, clinging desperately to each other, he told her of some of the dangers against which she must guard, dangers more terrible even than those which the soldier must face on the field of battle. He spoke of things which had happened in other wars, of the ruthlessness of invaders, of their pillaging and cruelties. He drew a picture of the violation of homes, and Joan, closing her eyes, saw a row of hard-faced men, lust and greed written plainly upon their cruel lips, advancing toward her with bayonets pointed at her breast.

"Don't," she gasped. "Don't tell me any more. I can't bear it."

"I am just telling you so that you will know the worst that can happen." Franz replied gently. "You must be brave and strong. You *will* be. You can be nothing else."

WHEN Franz had left, Joan, almost paralyzed by her suffering, sank into a stupor from which nothing could rouse her. For hours she would stand by the window, gazing off into the distance, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. Not all the

gentleness of Franz's aged mother nor the tender solicitude of his sister, Amelia, could touch her. Dry-eyed and almost stolid she moved listlessly about the house, doing her share of the work despite the pleadings of the others. When they would try to relieve her she would turn upon them almost fiercely.

"For God's sake," she would exclaim, "let me *do* something that will help me forget, for a little while at least."

The only occasions upon which she showed any emotion were when, one by one, Franz's brothers were called—George, Eric, and then the youngest, the baby—Arno. That was almost as hard as letting Franz, himself, go. But when that was over, the end was reached, and again Joan sank into her apathetic mood. Strangely enough, it was only when she was utterly exhausted, and nature asserted itself in sleep, that she was disturbed. Then she would dream, and the dream was always the same. She saw Franz, the big, splendid Franz, lying crumpled and still in a big ditch, with a dark stain spreading over his bosom. Then she would awake suddenly with a sharp cry, run to the window, and stare out into the night.

When the news finally arrived, it was hardly a surprise. Joan always had known that Franz would be killed in battle. She now believed that she knew it that day in the woods, when he first told her of his military training. Yet the blow was none the less crushing because it had been hanging over her for so long. With a wild, agonized cry she fell to the floor. The heartbroken mother lifted her tenderly and sobbed words of comfort. At last Joan struggled to her feet.

"Ah yes," she said to the older woman. "You have three other sons. But I have nothing. My world is empty." Then, realizing the stab in her words she sobbed in contrition. "Forgive me, oh forgive me. I didn't know what I was saying. It is the end of everything for me. The very end."

Turning away she leaned upon the mantel over the hearth, and her glance rested upon the revolver Franz had given to her the night he told her of the perils that might come.

"The very end," she repeated to herself. "Why not?"

And she took the gun in her hands. A second, and all the suffering would be

ended. Perhaps, who could tell, she might be with her beloved Franz again in that other world.

A word from the mother called her back—a word and a gesture. In a sewing basket there was a heap of soft fabrics, little garments finished and in the making.

"You have



Joan had always known Franz would be killed in battle, but the blow was none the less crushing because it had hung over her so long.

not the right to die." Joan heard the mother say.

Then she remembered Franz's words:

"You must be brave and strong. You will be. You can be nothing else."

THOROUGHLY prepared though the King had been for his invasion, he had not reckoned with the determined resistance of the defenders of the neighboring land. He had put his faith in his perfected military system, neglecting to consider the philosophy of justice.

Thrice armed is he who hath
his quarrel just.

And he but naked, though
locked up in steel.

Whose conscience with injustice
is corrupted.

The campaign had not proved so simple as he had anticipated. One after another he flung his army corps against the frontier defenses, only to receive reports of their annihilation.

"Give me more men—more men," he demanded of his ministers.

The wiser, cooler members of the ruling clique shook their heads. It was all well enough to ask for more men. Perhaps victory could be achieved eventually by force of numbers. But afterwards—what of the country then, its finest manhood destroyed? What of the next generation? Diplomatically they suggested this phase of the problem to the King. He frowned an instant—then issued his mandate.

"Post a general order in every city and village, that as soon as an unmarried man is called to the colors, he shall take for his bride any young woman he may choose. Appeal to the patriotism of the women, but if any persist in refusing to marry, punish them until they consent."

The novel idea spread like wildfire through the country, and without counting the cost, young women by the thousand offered themselves as war brides to carry out the wishes of the King. It gave them

a sense of their importance. No longer were they merely passive creatures standing helpless while the men gave themselves to their country. They had a duty fully as vital. Nay, more than a duty—a privilege. With almost fanatical fervor they welcomed the King's mandate. Marriages took place by the thousands, and so numerous were the couples seeking to be united in this strange sort of "holy wedlock" that scores were wedded at a single ceremony.

Joan, sadly preparing for approaching motherhood, heard the news. As she pondered, her hands became idle over the tiny garments. A new thought came into her mind.

"Is my child to come into the world, only to go as his father has gone? Or if, God forbid, it should be a girl, is she fated to suffer as I have suffered?"

Day after day she brooded, and the aged mother looked in wonder at her idle hands. She could not understand why Joan had lost interest in the responsibility she had accepted. One day she asked for the explanation, and Joan, the old fire of leadership blazing in her eyes, leaped to her feet.

"It shall not be," she exclaimed. "I will not sit here, silent, while these foolish girls dig the graves of their own happiness. We women have a duty—yes. But it is not to the King. It is to ourselves, and more



The dream was always the same—Franz, crumpled and still in a big ditch—and she would awake suddenly, run to the window, and stare out into the night.

important still—to our children. What war has done to me, and to you too, mother, it shall not do to others if I can prevent it."

"What will you do?"

"I will go out among the women and tell them what it is they are doing. I will tell them what I have suffered. I see it all now. Without women's help, there can be no more wars. Then let us show the King that we understand, and tell him that wars must cease, or we will refuse to give the country another generation of soldiers."

Joan's apathy ceased from that moment. The mood of resignation passed away, and in its place was reborn all the militant determination with which she had led the factory workers through their strike. In and out among the homes she made her way, spreading her gospel of defiance. The people listened, because they were in the

habit of listening to Joan, and because her tragedy was known to all of them and lent authority to her words. The younger women attended with something akin to awe, for there was the fire of prophecy in her voice. So completely was she possessed by her mission that her bearing was dominant, exalted. Instead of arguing she seemed almost to command, and the women obeyed. Fewer and fewer war brides appeared in the marriage market at the

recruiting station, and when the soldiers sought for mates they were repulsed.

The situation was so serious that the authorities could not ignore it. At first they were sorry for Joan. They had known her husband, and liked him. They pitied his widow, and looked upon her outburst as the result of a temporary mental derangement. But insanity or not, it was interfering with the carrying out of the royal mandate, and it must stop.

Captain Bragg, in command of the village, discussed the matter with Lieutenant Hoffman.

"Joan will have to quit this preaching—that's all there is to it," the Captain said finally.

"What if she won't?" asked the Lieutenant.

"If the worst comes to the worst," the Captain replied slowly, "we will have her court-martialled and shot."

"You wouldn't dare shoot a woman!"

"I dare anything in His Majesty's service."

"The devil of it is," Hoffman mused. "I want that pretty sister-in-law of hers myself."

"You shall have her," and Bragg pounded the table with his fist. "Go get her, and if there's any trouble, report to me. We'll settle this thing right now."

So Hoffman set out, though dubious of success, in quest of his war bride. He



A second, and all the suffering would be ended. Perhaps—who could tell—she might be with her beloved Franz again.

was not left long in doubt. Entering the home of the forlorn woman he blurted out his demand. Amelia was not engaged to be married, she had rejected several proposals, the time had come for her to marry.

Joan flung her arms around her dead husband's sister, and faced the officer defiantly.

"She shall not marry you. I will not permit it, even if she is willing."

"Why not? Amelia likes me well enough."

"Likes you—perhaps—but not the business you are in."

"By what right do you interfere?"

"The right of a woman who has been robbed of everything that made life dear. The right of any woman to protect another from horrors which she does not suspect."

"I am not asking your consent. Amelia, what do you say?"

"I—I did like you—Charles—but now—I—I'm afraid," and Amelia

buried her face in Joan's arms and sobbed.

"You shall answer for this, Joan," snarled the Lieutenant, and returned to his superior officer.

WHEN Captain Bragg visited Joan's home, he anticipated no difficulty in frightening the rebellious young widow into submission. He held the power of life and death over all who resisted the King's orders, but he had made his calculations in ignorance of an important fact. When



Joan flung her arms about her dead husband's sister, and faced the officer defiantly. "She shall not marry you," she said.

he told Joan that she would be shot if she did not abandon her campaign she laughed bitterly.

"You dare not shoot me, Captain," she said. "I'm a woman."

"You are a traitor, and traitors of either sex are subject to the death penalty."

"You don't understand," she replied, and showed him the unfinished baby clothes. "See—you dare not shoot me."

Bragg stared, then frowned. This was a new situation. Joan was right. He dared not execute a woman who might become the mother of a soldier. He tapped the floor impatiently with his foot. Then an idea occurred to him. If he could not have her shot, he could put her where she could do no more harm.

"Very well," he said abruptly. "You are

immune from capital punishment, but you are not immune from imprisonment. You are under arrest."

Joan shrugged her shoulders.

"It makes no difference now," she said. "I have done my work. Even if you were to kill me you could not undo it. Put me in the deepest dungeon in all the land, but the women will not forget my message."

"We'll see about that. Come."

Even had Joan desired to resist, she knew it would have been useless, so she marched off, head erect, between two files of soldiers. But the news had spread through the village of what was going on. Hoffman had dropped a few indiscreet hints of the fate that had been decided upon for Joan. So there was a great throng of women in the street, and for a moment it seemed that they would fling themselves upon the soldiers and try to rescue their leader.

"It's all right," Joan called out. "They're not going to kill me. I'm too valuable an animal to be killed. They're just going to lock me up, so they can be free from hearing the truth. You see what it is they care about. It isn't us

women. A lot they think about us. It's only because they need us to give them more soldiers. Don't let them fool you, my friends, with their talk of your duty to your country. When they ask you to be war brides, remember Joan."

The officers dared not silence her violently, but they hustled her along as rapidly as they could to the little jail, and turned away with relief when they saw her locked up.

ABLE-BODIED men were becoming scarce, and so a woman had been appointed jailor. She seemed safe enough, even from the magnetism of Joan. She was a huge termagant of a woman, disliked by everyone, and with none too savory a
(Continued on page 112)

ELLEN TERRY PERPETUATES HER ART



Here is shown a scene of "Her Greatest Performance," in which Ellen Terry, England's most beloved actress, is the star. Although long in retirement, Miss Terry consented to appear before the camera so that future generations might see her living shadow on the screen. The Ideal Film Co., Ltd., produced the photoplay which has been commended by the London press, although the public will not be permitted to view it until January 22.

THEIR MOTHERS — "YOU'VE"

Anna Little.



Mack Sennett.



J. P. McGowan.



Ollie Kirkby.

Their mother.

Nona Thomas.



WHEN you stop to think that some mothers are proud of their sons and daughters even after they have lost sixteen jobs in as many weeks, it's a safe speculative proposition that the mothers disclosed above are super-proud parents. If a little bit of sentiment is permissible here one might safely assume that the various sons and daughters likewise exhibited here reciprocate in full the affection and watchful care that has been lavished upon them.

For instance, you never hear Anna Little complain about the way the eggs are scrambled. Her mother supervises all the cooking in the Santa Barbara bungalow of the Little family and she believes that a person cannot act properly unless properly fed. She is shown here admonishing Anna not to race with the limited trains. Anna's original name was Mary Brooks, so her mother is Mrs. Brooks. You'd think

Just below are J. P. McGowan, chief executive of Signal, and his mother whom he has just brought over from Australia. You'd think with Helen Holmes her daughter-in-law always jumping on and off locomotives, she'd worry a bit. But no—she lets J. P. do that.

The trio adjacent comprises Nona Thomas of Inctown, her sister, Ollie Kirkby of Kalem, and their mother, Mrs. Thomas; the latter being

GOT TO GIVE 'EM CREDIT!'



Juanita Hansen



J. W. Kerrigan.
© DeGaston



Mary Miles Minter.



Neva Gerber.

at the right. How do the daughters come to have different names? Search us. Maybe someone wished it on her, or she found it. In the center circle is Mack Sennett looking across the page at his aged mother, who is tremendously proud of her husky son. She enjoys the excitement about the Keystone studios almost as much as she does the comedies themselves. The two girls at the right are Juanita Hansen and her mother. Juanita is the one with the striped sport coat over a one-piece effect. Adjoining are the inseparable Kerrigans, J. Warren and his mother. Mrs. Kerrigan is a talented writer and her son well, just about everything nice that can be said has been said about him. In the frame below, Mary Miles Minter and her mamma are caught in an hour of relaxation at the beach. Mary's mother, Mrs. Shelby, is her constant companion and business manager. At the left is a snapshot of Neva Gerber and her mother—to say nothing of the dog. They are pals and seldom apart—Neva and her mother.

CLAIRE WHITNEY'S PET: SHE'S A MARMOSE



THE interviewer stumbled, brain a whirl, out of the studio where he had just finished talking to Claire Whitney, muttering as he went:

*"I never was a marmoset;
I never thought I'd see one,
But Claire, if I could be your pet
My Land! I'd try to be one."*

Because Miss Whitney's marmoset has the well known lamb bleating for mercy when it comes to following her around. What is more, it is even allowed to kiss her as many times a day as it wants, which is not our idea of harsh treatment. The only thing against the marmoset is that *her* name is Ermytrude, and that it is a sort of monkey.

It is said of the marmoset that it never grows after it attains a certain length which is usually about one foot, divided 50-50, body and tail. This is considered very remarkable by some naturalists while others look upon it as very natural. Miss Whitney was presented with the pet while in Jamaica. But she could give no more information about the quasi-monkey then her press agent could find in the encyclopaedia.

Then the interviewer quoted another famous poet:

*"I'd scorn strong drink
and scoff at foods
Could I intrude where
Ermytrudes."*

The Angel of the Slums

A Movie Nut Sundae— 99¹¹/₁₀₀ % Pure



"Come! Drink!" cried Manly, and dashed another malted milk into his already tortured vitals.

Directed by Gordon Seagrove

Cinematographed by Quin Hall

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This is the only film story that ever won the unqualified approval of the Ohio and Pennsylvania censors. Its author has offered a genuine handstitched doily to anyone who will produce it; to anyone who will go to see it after it is produced he offers an additional prize consisting of twelve lessons in the cross stitch by Mrs. Hartley Ipecac, author of "My Needle and What It Needs." Now go on with the story.

THE CAST

MANLY LOVE.....*The dissolute son*
HIRAM LOVE.....*His stern old papa*
ALBERTA WHEAT.....*An heiress*
LITTLE NELL.....*A child of the slums*
JOEY.....*Her little brother*
CHATSWORTH CHEWEASY.....
.....*A villain without whiskers*

PART 1.

IT was quarter of nine, and Lovely Manor was ablaze with lights. At that hour, late as it was, there could be only frivolity afoot. In the drawing room Manly Love, the magnate's dissolute son, was carousing with Alberta Wheat, a beautiful unprincipled woman with whom he was infatuated. Alluring indeed was she to look upon in her . . . evening gown as she sat toasting her shins before the great fire.

"Come! Drink!" cried Manly, his face flushing. And with mad abandon he dashed another fiery malted milk into his already tortured vitals.

"Your twelfth!" the girl responded

recklessly; then draining her glass added: "My fifteenth."

Alberta Wheat had not always been what she was today; she could sometimes remember (with the aid of an ice pack) the time when her first egg chocolate had set her head reeling, but that had been long ago and now the lines about her face showed the ravages that drink had made.

As she set her glass down Manly leaned forward. How alluring she was in the . . . evening gown. How entrancing! How he yearned for her! Suddenly his lips set in a harsh hard line, like the N. Y., N. H. & H.

"Do you know what I am going to do!" he hissed as he fingered his sport shirt convulsively. Alberta shook her head.



With an agile leap, she was at his side.

"No," she murmured thickly as the chocolate mounted in her veins. And again, "No," but she was apprehensive, for she feared young Love for all of his 92 pounds.

"I am going to kiss you!" he thundered. And before the beautiful woman could beat him to it, he had seized her and kissed her again and again, just below the right ear.

"You are mad!" she exclaimed hoarsely. "What will Ohio say?"

"Yes, yes, I am mad," he hurried on, scorning her question, "but you have made me—so there! For twenty years I have loved you, for twenty years I have yearned to kiss you on the lips but you always lived in Pennsylvania. To-night I could stand it no longer . . ."

"But your father? He will cast you off. You know his attitude . . ."

Suddenly the man raised a warning finger.

"Dear Heving!" Alberta cried. "It is your father now." And with a low moan she fainted into a ladylike position with no ankles showing.

It was true. Too true to be good. As Manly looked up he saw his aged sire standing on the floor, his long beard cascading over the newel post. All his life Hiram Love had done good and kept out of the newspapers and when he had reached 75 the community had presented him with a silver halo with a neat attachment by which he could adjust it to his head. Just now it gleamed with the lights from the chandeliers, and shook under the stress of the old gentleman's emotion.

"My son," he said, great sobs welling up in his throat well, "long have I put up with your profligate habits, seen you reeling out

of low dives reeking of nut sundaes but now you have broken my heart . . ." He stopped, and then cried dramatically, "I saw you kiss that hussy!"

Manly flushed to match his necktie. "Have a care, father," he muttered. "Alberta is no hussy. She will tell you so herself."

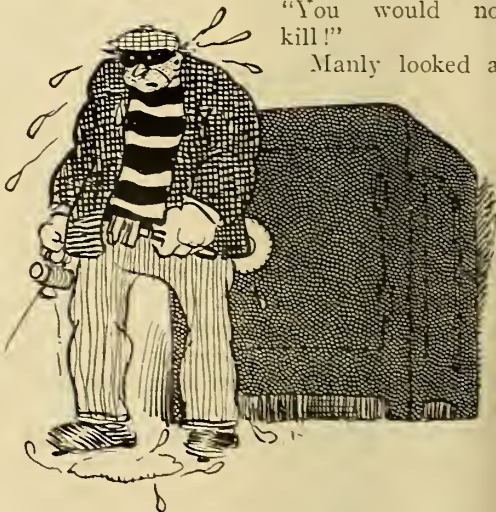
The old man recoiled, then his voice broke. He raised one long hand and pointed to the door. "Never darken that there portal again," he cried finally, his voice utterly broken now. Slowly his arms fell.

So did his son's spirits. He saw everything slipping away from him; the open air sleeping porch, his tea and wafers, his beloved parchesi board, his ukelele, the church socials at which he had once ruled favorite, his soft flowing neckties. All, all would be no more.

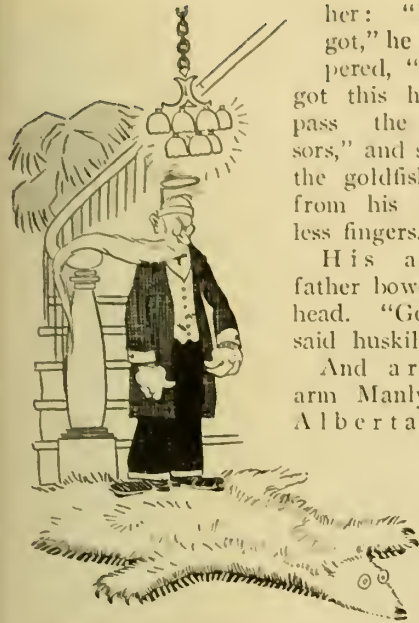
Suddenly he saw red, not the red of Western plays but a nice gentle red, suitable for chintz hangings or perfectly elegant for a princess slip under black georgette. Just as soon as he saw thus, his soul became possessed of rage. Seizing a giant goldfish from a nearby bowl he uttered a demonic scream and drew back his arm to hurl it at his aged father. But Alberta saw the situation. She couldn't help it—she was right there where everything was going on. With an agile leap she was at his side clutching the upraised arm.

"Not that! Not that!" she begged. "You would not kill!"

Manly looked at



Great tears appeared in his eyes and splashed heavily on the floor.



Then cried dramatically, "I saw you kiss that hussy!"

Lovely Manor forever and went out into the night accompanied by incidental music, by Carrië Jacobs Bond.

PART 2.

Little Nell sat on the bitter cold pavement. It was hard on the pavement. That is, hard on little Nell. And although her feet were bare she smiled happily, for such was her sweet happy nature.

When her father had been killed she had smiled and said: "Ah, no matter, it can never happen again," and when her mother had died leaving her twelve cords of wood to split, she had fallen to and finished the task, whistling to cover the ache that stabbed at her back. Once when a street urchin had nearly brained her with a cobblestone, she had retaliated by buying him American Beauty roses with her last penny.

So little Nell had found The Light—the light of happiness that comes of doing good and saving souls. And so now although the icy blasts were blasting away at her bare feet she could smile—even at the bent figure of an old man who passed her.

It was Hiram Love. Running to him she flung her arms around his neck.

her: "I forgot," he whimpered, "I forgot this had to pass the censors," and slowly the goldfish slid from his nerveless fingers.

His aged father bowed his head. "Go," he said huskily.

And arm in arm Manly and Alberta left

"I will help you," she bubbled, all a twitter.

The old man looked up. Tears were streaming down his face. As they kept on streaming he told her what he had done—denied Lovely Manor to his only son.

"Can't you forgive, mister?" she asked. "Think of me with little Joey home sick with laryngitis, meningitis, bronchitis, whooping cough, la grippe, and appendicitis, and not a drop of food in the house. Why, mister, I'm as happy as a lark."

At this old Love only wept the harder. "Don't cry," begged little Nell as she slipped one cold little foot into one of his great furlined pockets. "I will help you."

Even this only seemed to affect him more deeply. "What have I done . . . what have I done . . ." he murmured over and over, and then breaking away ran to the great bridge nearby, and still weeping, plunged into the icy waters below.

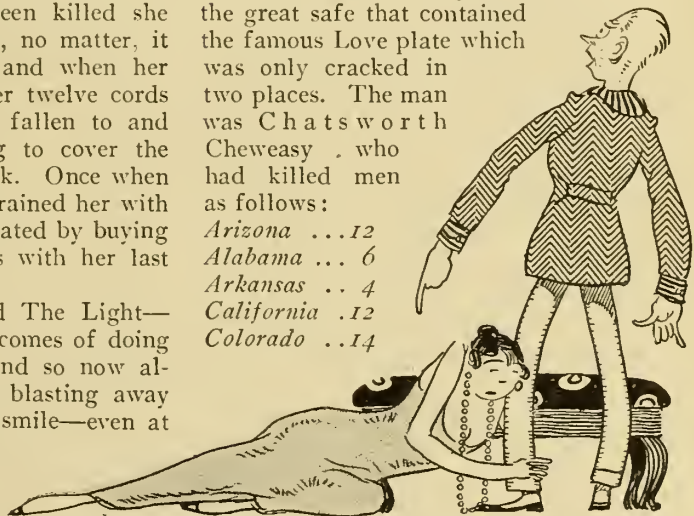
Luckily for Nell she had remembered to take her foot from his pocket ere he went, and now she ran after him and plunged in. It was no work at all to save him.

"Gee, mister," she said. "That may go in California, but they won't stand for suicides around here."

Still sobbing bitterly old Love called his town car and in another half hour they were at Lovely Manor. Quietly they entered. In the drawing room they stopped breathless (all the places were closed). Yes, yes, they stopped breathless—

A man was bending over the great safe that contained the famous Love plate which was only cracked in two places. The man was *Chatsworth Cheweasy* . who had killed men as follows:

- Arizona . . . 12
- Alabama . . . 6
- Arkansas . . 4
- California . 12
- Colorado . . 14



"Have a care, father," he muttered, "Alberta is no hussy."

Delaware	12
Florida	3
Illinois	8
New Jersey	2
Wisconsin	3

"You are discovered," cried the head of Lovely Manor.

"That's the only way I can get on these days," Cheweasy returned modestly. "The censors won't stand for breaking and entering scenes at all."

And then his eyes fell on little Nell. All of his misdeeds came up before him. Great tears appeared in his eyes and splashed heavily to the floor.

"Drink led me to do it," he cried over and over. Little Nell placed two cold hands over his head.

"I will save you," she said simply. (She was kind of simple, anyway.)

Old Love was crying now too, and so they made it a threesome. It was just midnight when they stopped and little Nell covertly snatching a crust for Joey, said, "Come with me."

Once again they went out into the night, this time to the bitter slums. The car drew up against a curb and in a shadow its occupants saw two figures huddled.

One was Alberta Wheat. The other was Manly Love. In vain they sought shelter under his windsor tie and as they huddled there the tears they shed froze into hailstones on the icy paves.

Both burst into additional tears when they saw Little Nell. Alberta had vainly sought employment as a stenographer but she had no white shoes nor a fox fur and could not pass the once-overs she got from the chicken-fanciers. Manly, too, had tried to get work as a Russian dancer but the market had been flooded because of the war in Europe and the best he could get in the way of employment was a position as understudy to a dresser. Both had learned that

the way of the transgressor is sprinkled with tacks and broken bottles. Their pride alone prevented them from returning to Lovely and seeking forgiveness and three squares, to say nothing of the family limousine, and the player piano.

"Don't cry," declared Little Nell, as she approached the weeping twain. "Remember," she continued gladly, "that it is always darkest before dawn, that every cloud has a silver lining and that misery loves company."

"See over there in the East, just over the new addition to the glue factory, is the first faint flush of dawn presaging the advent of the glittering orb of day. Let it not find bitterness in your hearts when its initial rays come glinting on the windows of yon knitting mill."

Then the Angel of the Slums pushed Alberta and Manly into the limousine, climbed into the front seat where the floor was warmer, lighted a poor little relic of a Fatima on the patent electric lighter and told the chauffeur to "step on it." She knew that in the tonneau the rest of the cast would come to a suit-

able understanding.

When old Love saw the depths to which his first born and his sweetheart had fallen, he fell on their necks and they fell on his. "Love will find a way," he solemnly declared, without intention of punning, while Cheweasy, who had been making up for lost sleep, opening his eyes merely to murmur "old stuff."

"My son, I forgive you," asserted the father. "Now that you have repented of your rash act, we will visit the dominie so that you can remove the 'License Applied For' tag, and then I will supply you with two yards of railroad tickets each, so you can go out West and start life anew—"

"And we owe it all to Little Nell," murmured Alberta.

"Yes," wept Manly, gladly. "Little Nell, the Ange-ull of the Slums!"



"Don't cry," begged Little Nell as she slipped one cold little foot into one of his great fur-lined pockets.

CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

Married — and Ashamed of It.

THE picture-acting profession seems equally divided as to the honor of marriage and child-bearing. Here is a peculiar side-light: most of the acting married women prefer to be known as "Miss," but, if they have children, are gloriously proud of them. There are exceptions, of course. Men seem to have the opposite viewpoint; few of the married actors have any real objection to a limited public acquaintance with their connubial state, but are in desperate fear lest known fatherhood despoil them forever as matinee jewels.

"Actorial Vanity," often slightly referred to, is only the vanity that pertains to all of us. The leading man unconsciously and very humanly resents anything which he thinks might debar him from being a lover forever, and the leading woman — "Miss" to her grandchildren — simply must remain the eternal, unsophisticated sweetheart.

It is particularly discouraging to PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to find a leading man with five well-known and perfectly lovely children denying from year to year the fact that he has even married.

To the few queer movie mothers ashamed of their babies, the example of Alice Joyce should be particularly refreshing; to girls confidentially married, as it were, the fame achieved, held and immeasurably increased by Mary Pickford after she became Mrs. Owen Moore.



Wildcatting Personality.

QUITE suddenly, increasing numbers of people, more or less prominent in motion pictures, believe that they should be exploited by individual corporations built solely to present and uphold their unique attractions. This extraordinary angle of the star system is the new bane of the industry.

Originally, this new, throttling, highly-original case of stellaritis was entirely justified in theory. One can blame neither the star nor the management for the formation of exclusive companies in the cases of — say — Mary Pickford and Clara Kimball Young. As popular entertainers and profitable business factors, both these young women may claim to do more than merely dominate a producing organization. Such is their movie greatness that each is inherently an organization in herself and it seems probable that both will realize full anticipated success.

But how many Youngs or Pickfords are there in America? Common sense and a survey of the field tells you that neither is duplicated among picture women. This is an apparent fact to everyone except the near-stars

and those aloof stage celebrities who, while "going in for" pictures, do not wish to mingle with the common lens herd.

At present, four more producing companies headed by women are actually grinding out plays; one stage star of picture repute is forming her own company, and a lovely minx with whom the country in general has become acquainted only in the last year has a company with a famous director almost completed on the managerial stocks.

Nowhere does the spirit of imitation grow in ranker weediness than by the photoplay roadside. It is not prophecy, but a statement of logical sequences to say that in six months there will be an avalanche of these demi-star manufactories choking up the exhibitor's every avenue. We are not arguing for the programme against the individual play—as a matter of fact, we believe that every play must stand firmly on its own legs of situation and character—but for reason and art as against mere wildcatting of personalities.

The motion picture star-system now imminent is as preposterous, anarchistic and insidious an evil as has ever been introduced into dramatic art in America. The results of its frantic competition can be eradicated only by years of combat.

The power of combination and co-operation, in the arts and in business, is the premier discovery of this era. These alleged artists would drag film-making back to its days of solitary, suspicious feudal inefficiency.

‡

Less
Slaughter;
More
Subtlety.

IN spite of the quadruply-exposed war of Ince; in spite of the intimate clinics of flowing blood in "Intolerance," the movies are gaining in subtlety and losing in slaughter. The sheer physical thrill is passing for the spiritual thrill of situation. The dramatists of the continent found long ago that mere murder is a soporific; a dead man has no emotions; there is no drama in decease. Problems are much more terrific when everyone is left standing on his feet, and the audience realizes that death, the gruff but really easy old solver, is not coming to the rescue in the last quarter-reel.

Physical thrills have their place, and always will have. Mr. Ince could not very well substitute tracts and powder-puffs for the blasts and blows of "Civilization," nor could Mr. Griffith limn the Babylonian intolerants solely with sounds of harp and psaltery and the glimpsing of pleasant dances. Yet the beloved *gun in the drawer*, the ready cliff, the burning house, the sinking ship, the suspense of the gallows, the lurking assassin and the providential avenger are slaying properties less and less in use.

On the whole, the motion picture directors and the motion picture authors are beginning to realize, as did Mr. Ibsen, Mr. Pinero, or our own Mr. Thomas, that the most terrific dramas of life are acted within domestic walls; that the things of heaven and earth about which Horatio has not dreamt rise in no concourse or court-room; and that the heart-moving substance of literary and dramatic art—the picture play is an amalgam of both, plus—dwells in the casual processes of everyday life.

Under
Cover.

THERE are no greater proclaimers of honesty than the scenario departments of the various film companies. And as far as the time-honored charge of unwarranted appropriation of manuscripts is concerned, there is very little truth in the accusation. Theatrical managers suffer from a plague of blackmailing authors — Mr. Belasco, for instance, has a suit or so a year from this breed — who take the remotest resemblances, the most absurd claims into court expecting snap judgment and easy money from the fruits of another's labor.

There *is* pilfering in film-land, but the amateur author, despite his frequent wails of robbery, is not so often the victim. Like marauding ants, the celluloid hordes prey upon each other.

It is safe to say that nowadays there is not a big production which does not contain two or three spies among its extra men. A California producer who recently sent forth a great new play built a wall about his premises, and during month after month neither "still" photographer nor newspaper reporter — nor, indeed, any casual visitor — was allowed within. Yet the producer's first cry, after showing his picture, was: "They have stolen my stuff!" A neighboring producer made exactly the same charge, a few weeks previously. Directors and actors have worked as extra men for days — scouts in alien territory.

Announcements of singular, impending productions have often been delayed for fear of imitation. And such imitations have been made. We can think of one exceedingly conspicuous instance last season. Phonetic similarity of title, similarity of plot, similarity even in unique characterizations is not unusual.



You Never
Can Tell.

WE have in mind a certain Western photoplaywright who is as prolific in plots as Nick Carter's literary papa; who is strong on human characterizations; who is a Samson in powerful situations — but who shows the most lamentable lack of knowledge concerning everything in the American metropolis. He gives you no impression of knowing what Fifth Avenue, or Wall street, or Longacre Square, are really like. He has absolutely no New York atmosphere. Manhattanly speaking, he is as naïve as a school-girl writing about Broadway from a maidenly conning-tower in Butte. As a great many of our photoplays are, per force or fashion, laid in the Twentieth-Century Babylon, this provincialism is a bit unfortunate.

So, one recent evening, upon meeting the shadow-Pinero's manager, we ventured to suggest for him, a month or so among the white lights as a mere matter of necessary education.

Silence.

"What part of the woods" — we continued — "does he hail from?"

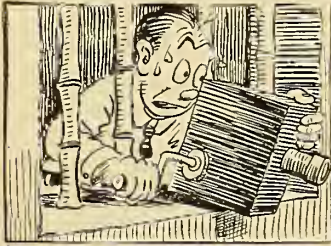
Answered his manager: "Born, raised, educated and always lived in New York City."



The Camera Man's Romance

By Madison Kay

Says the ingenue a-speakin' to the cam'ra man, McMeekin:
 "I won't marry you!" And then, so he'd forget,
 Bill sailed to an isle where breezes were so warm that pink
 chemises
 Were unheard of by the natives black as jet.
 And the very night he landed on the wharf were black men
 banded,
 There to watch the Bazoo's daughter pick a mate.
 And—she picked *him* for the victim! Tho he fought, the van-
 dals licked him
 And in jail he waited for the wedding date.



Ev'ry day the Bazoo's daughter came to woo, and bring him
 water,
 So one morn he "snapped" her with his new machine.
 When she'd gone, he broke a fetter, and sat down and wrote a
 letter
 To the ingenue, the one and only queen.
 "Dear," he wrote, "My Gosh! Take pity on me in this heathen
 city,
 Where the grave is better than a maiden's kiss!
 Once again, I beg you, marry! Otherwise, it's hari-kari,
 Or a life on Easter island here with—THIS!"



(He inclosed the snap of Princess, who was quince of all
 the quinces.)
 Days went by, and all his hopes grew faint and chill,
 But one day before the wedding fell a letter on his bedding,
 And it said: "Come home. . . I love you. . .
 really, Bill!"
 Now when full of love's sweet dreamin' ev'ry cam'ra man's
 a demon
 Who would make a common lover gasp and gape!
 And who hedged by bride and sentry, and some other strong
 armed gentry
 He planned that very evening to escape!



From his jeans he took a doughnut. (Long the sentry'd longed
 to own it;
 Such a treasure Easter black men rarely see.)
 And at dawn this priceless ransom crossed the palm of sentry
 handsome,
 And the gate swung softly open! He was free!
 Hours later, bells were tolling, but the cam'ra man was rolling
 'Cross the seas, and nearer home at ev'ry lurch!
 And far back across the water sat the Bazoo's frightful daughter.
 Far from weeping—she was cussin!—at the church!

Dallying with the Smoke Pots

PETE PROPS PUTS A LITTLE PEP
IN SOME FIRE STUFF AND SUSTAINS
A BUNCH OF ACHES FOR HIS PAINS

By Kenneth McGaffey

PPIPE me arms—I got more
boins on me than a bride
learnin how to cook. De next time
any of dese nut directors announce dey
are goin to do any of dis fire stuff, I am
goin to resign an duck for de ocean. I got
em in de big fire scenes in de spectacle
“Boined to Ashes,” or “Choked by Smoke,”
or somethin like that. Dey hired a lot of
guys to put out de fire dat couldn’t put out
dere cigarettes.

De big punch in dis fillum is de boinin of
a ten-story buildin regardless of expense an
de savin of de child by a desprit slide down
a rope wid de hoses playin an de flames
a-flamin. Real fire engines an all dat.

O’ course we don’t build no ten-story
buildins to be boined down—it was to be
done regardless of expense if it didn’t cost
too much. We goes down town an wid a
few smoke pots in a office buildin fake de
long shots an den build a four-story affair
for de close-up stuff.

De buildin is supposed to be crowded wid
women an children, an de streets filled wid
horrified spectators when de engines dash
up an de brave fire laddies shin up de lad-
ders. De walls is about to cave in when
Handsome Clarence, who happens to be
passin along de street—after a can o’ beer,
or sumpin—spies de woman he loves

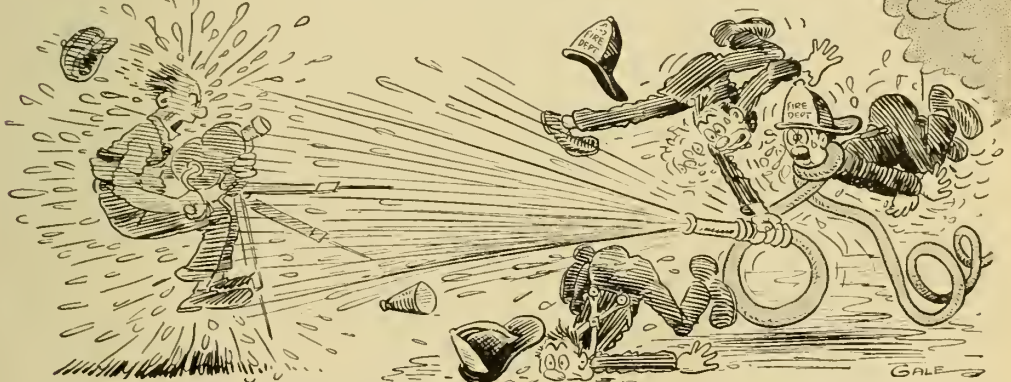
Drawings by perched high on de top most
E. W. GALE, Jr. bough beyond de reach of all aid

or assistance. De boys in de blue shirts say
dey are powerless to reach her an de coroner
is just lickin his chops when Clarence
scampers up, grabs a coupla thousand feet of
ladder an through de flames an totterin
walls brings her to safety midst de cheers of
de multitude. When she is prone on de side-
walk wid her heart on Clarence’s manly
busom, she opens her eyes an says—“My
hero!” an fade out on twenty feet of kiss.

Dats de way de rummy of a continuity
writer wrote it—but was
it de way it was took?—
Not on your life!

We got a swell buildin
up wid real glass in de
windows an de two upper
floors built on rockers so
de walls could swing out
as if dey was fallin. It
was a darn good dramatic
picture, but it would of
got more laughs if de good
old Hanlon Brothers had
a-p-l-a-y-e-d de leads. It
needed acrobats.

In de foist place we was
held up by not gettin de
loan of de fire depart-



Dese guys had never even watered a lawn before.



He had been braggin about how he had Steve Brodie looking like a creepin child but right away when he sees dat thirty foot drop, chilblains set in!

ment. Dey had to put out some sucker's house just when we wanted em. Dat was de assistant director's fault cause if he had engaged dem in advance it never would a happened. Dis makes de nut director as peevish as de deuce an he was just a-goin to call up de mayor an bawl him out for havin such a bum fire department when Little Lizzie, de tempermental star, announced dat she hopes she never has another close-up if she goes in dat upmost window an has to sniff all de smoke pots on de lot.

Believe me it takes some time to get Lizzie pacified an by de time she gets into de loft all de extras what is to be de populace has hid out an has to be rounded up. We get dem shooed out on de set an den de fire engines show up. De boys wid de broad suspenders all put out an peevish cause de fire dey had been to had spoiled a good cribbage game, an it was in a piano factory at that, an no chance to put any of de stock under dere coats when dey went prowling aroun lookin for some last lingerin flame.

One of the firemen told me dat if dere

wasn't an alarm turned in from some grocery store pretty quick his fambly would starve to death. He was darn near ready to quit de department cause dey had had nuttin but lumber yards, hardware stores or boiler works, an he said he hadn't trown a axe through a sideboard for so long that he was afraid he had lost his cunnin.

We get the engines lined up an de people all set in de windows—de smoke pots an de flares placed an are ready to start shootin when de head of de firemen finds out dat dere is nuttin in de set for dem to break so dey refuse to go on.

"If we can only have a winder or two to break," de chief says, "dat's all we wants. We want to be reasonable but de boys can't display dere talents unless dey break sumpin. "O' course," he says, "we will turn de hose on everything in sight but we got to break sumpin before we can really call it a day."

An dey wouldn't go on either. Dey said we could take the engine as dat didn't belong to dem anyway, an we was tax-payers so it was all right. It was gettin late so de nut director shooed a dozen extra men over to de wardrobe to put on de shoits an helmits. Dese guys had never even watered a lawn before.

Us property men had to stay behind de set to see dat de smoke pots an flares went off all right an to tell de supers when to jump into de net. I get assigned to a guy who is to make a leap dressed like a woman.

De nut director gets de close-up of de fire engines in action an den tells dem to turn de water into de hoses. Tree of de birds are holdin de nozzle as if it was goin to break an when de pressure hits dem it won't do a ting but knock dem clean across

de lot. Say, maybe you don't tink tings were movin for a while. Finally us props had to sit on de hose so de extras could catch it again.

We got the smoke pots an de flares going fine an den I rush up to help me little friend out of de winder. He had been braggin about how he had Steve Brodie lookin like a creepin child but right away when he sees dat thirty-foot drop, chillblains set in. Him an me is up dere arguin an finally I gets his head out of de window just as de brave fireman turn de hose in. While he was a-wondering what submarines had torpedoed him, I shoves him out an to make it good, sets his nightie on fire wid me flare. Talk about your human pin wheels. Dat lad had em all skinned. He went down end over end looking like one of dese here comets.

Den came de scenes where Handsome Clarence was to grab Lizzie from de trap of death. We foist get a shot of him

prancin along de street; den a close-up of him archin his handsome eyebrows at sight of de fire; den a cut-back to Lizzie in de window surrounded by flames tellin us to keep de smoke pots out from under her nose or she would clean out de studio; den back to Harold seein his beloved hoggin de footage.

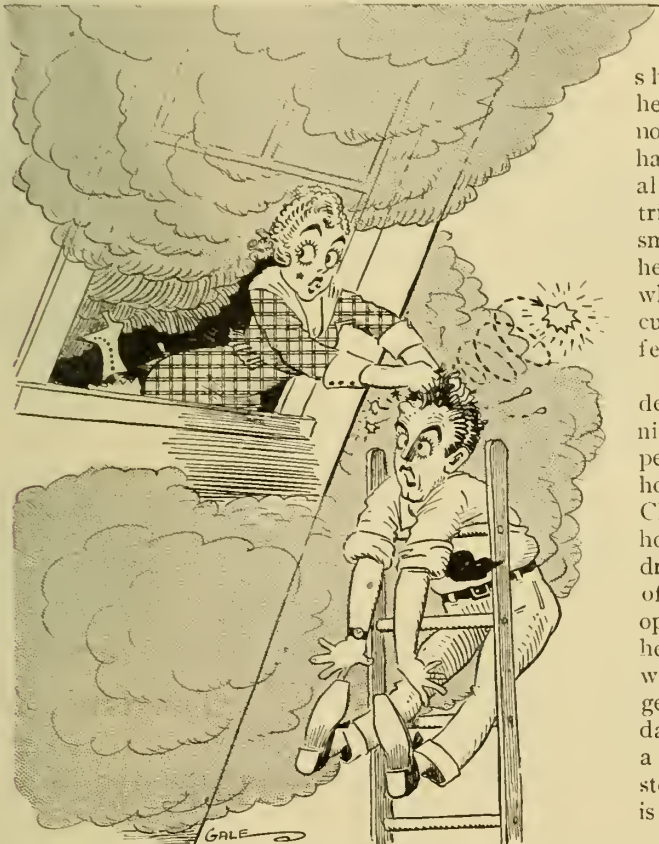
'Tis her! He dashes forward tossin policemen right an left—falls over de hose into a puddla water an gets hissself all muddy. He dashes over to pick up a ladder but de ting is so heavy he can't lift it. Den we have to let Lizzie simmer while we put wires on de ladder to help him get it up. Finally we get it up an he starts to climb to Lizzie when de nut director calls to de lads on de rockers to tilt it out a little as if de wall was about to fall.

Dey get nervous an tilt it out so it hits Clarence on de bean an nearly knocks him off his perch. Lizzie saves herself from fallin by grabbin Clarence by de hair. Den de rocker boys get scared an swing de wall back real quick and Clarence

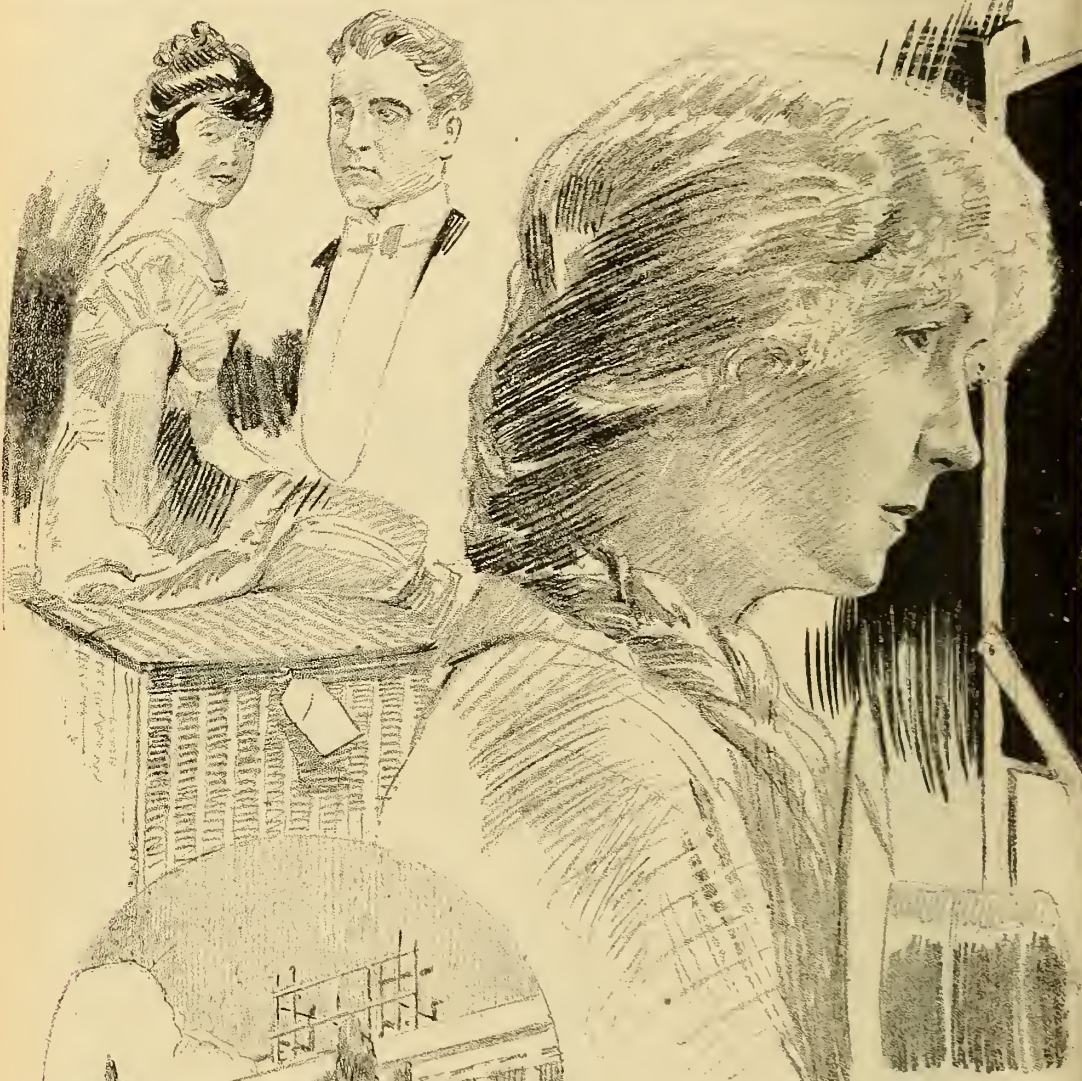
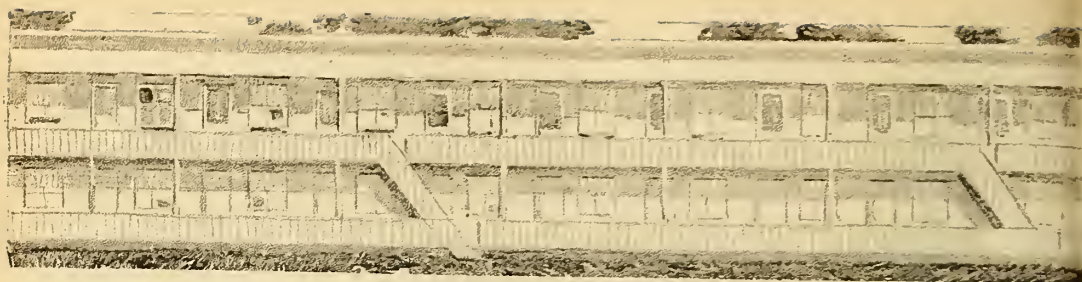
shoots trou de window like he had been shot from a cannon. De human cannon ball had nuttin on him. He falls all over Lizzie who gets sore an tries to lam him wid a boinin smoke pot, but I get it out of her hand just in time. Dat's where I got dese boins—rescuin Clarence from a deadly female of de speeches.

While all dis is goin on in de air, de nut director is runnin around on de ground bitin people. De brave lads wid de hose, tinkin dey should cover Clarence's sudden exit, toin de hose trou de window an near drown us all. Lizzie got most of it in the mout' when she opened it to tell Clarence what he reminded her of. I tought dey was both goin to de mat an forget dere art, so I yells to dem dat de director was figuring on a close-up at de window so dey stops to find out who of dem is to get it.

Clarence starts to climb out of the window an knocks de ladder down. O, it's a great life!



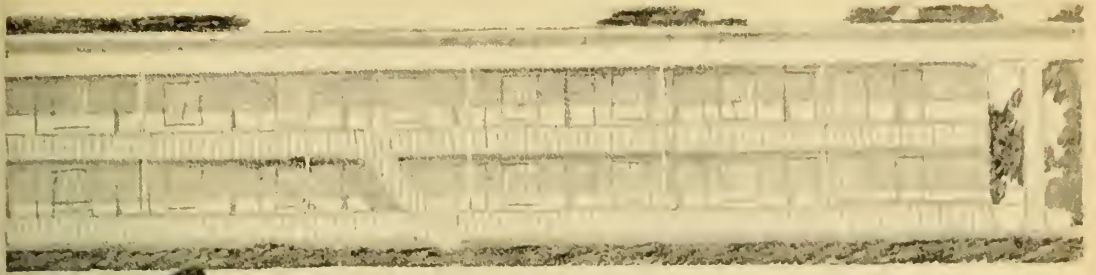
Lizzie saves herself from fallin by grabbin Clarence by the hair.



A Few Lines from

By OSCAR

ABOVE, the unique galleried dressing-rooms lining the inner quadrangle, situate between Los Angeles and the sea-ment of the wall's exterior — it's quite evident that every Kay Midway in these two pages the invisible cameraman would a-Bessie Barriscale as his field. Back of Miss Barriscale William cuss a scene while awaiting some indispensable "props." ing Hand are the faces of Howard Hickman, William S. Hart them the wicked eyes of Claum balefully reflect the rays of an right, Robert McKim, Margaret Thompson, Charlie Ray and Frank cers of Ince Restaurant in varying moods and make-ups.



Culver City

BRYN

wall of Ince's great new studio
Lower left, a microscopic seg-
Bee flies to work on gas wings.
vignetting go, with the face of
Desmond and Enid Markey dis-
Beyond the cameraman's Clutch-
and Clara Williams, and back of
innocent little candle. Below,
Keenan await the goulash-cannon-

How to Develop a Plot

TAKING THE STORY APART TO
SEE WHAT MAKES IT GO; AND
THE VAGARIES OF COINCIDENCE

By Harry Chandlee

BY far the most difficult part of photoplay building is the development of the plot, after we have conceived the first germ of our story. We may have in mind a wonderful situation as a starting point, but the more novel and interesting it is, the more difficult, probably, will be its development.

It is true that when we have inspiration, a story may fit itself together and come out a complete thing with little or no effort on our part. But inspiration is an elusive thing; it does not come at call; and if we depend solely upon the Coy Goddess, we may find ourselves, at times, hard pressed for cash wherewith to pay that classic triad headed by the butcher.

If we are going about the writing of plots, it is well to know what our work requires. If we do know, and start to work upon a basis of knowledge, we shall often find that inspiration, perhaps absent at first, will come uncalled. Inspiration is only an interest in what we are doing, and a conviction that our work is good.

Some authors have a facility at plotting which makes it possible for them to write good stories without really knowing why they are good; but those who go at the thing from a more mechanical angle—with an ability to tell right methods from wrong ones—are doubly equipped; they can start themselves going properly, and they can tell when enthusiasm is leading them astray. The "sure fire" writers—those who write salable stories without fail—are those who know the game—who sit down with a compass and T-square, so to speak, and design a plot in much the same way that an architect designs a house.

If we could take the average picture

THIS is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Chandlee on "Plotting the Photoplay." The first appeared in the October number of Photoplay Magazine and dealt with how to create the dramatic situation. The second was published in the November issue, and told how to "chase the plot germ." This installment treats of the development of the plot after the plot itself has been determined. Mr. Chandlee is an authority on scenario writing.

story apart like a clock, to see what makes it "go," most of us would be surprised at the mechanical quality of its construction. If we continue the simile, we find that, like a clock, the story has a mainspring—the thread of interest which keeps it going; a detent—the obstacles which present themselves to the characters and keep the plot in check; and various

little wheels and bars—the details of development which make the plot complete and give us accurate time—an interesting tale.

All stories that are real stories consist of similar elements. Primarily, each must have its interest thread and its menace thread—and by "menace thread" I mean that part of the tale, generally represented by the "villain," which threatens the happiness of the characters with whom we place our sympathy.

If we stop to analyze any plot, we shall find these present. In the frank and open melodrama, we see them plainly—Mary is in love with John, but Desperate Desmond has sworn to make the girl his own. The lovers are the mainspring; Desmond is the detent. He holds the story back by his machinations, and we sit breathless, until the car which he has bought with stolen money plunges over a cliff, and Mary rests her head on John's shoulder, as the hands reach twelve o'clock.

If we consider Lois Weber's beautiful allegory, "Hypocrites," we find the same construction, even though the wonderful artistry of the production has all but obscured its mechanism. In it, the Monk, in his efforts to bring Truth to the world, holds our sympathy enthralled. There is no active element of menace—no personal

villain, but there is something far more powerful in its subtlety—the smug and complacent hypocrisy of Humanity, which rejects Truth and twice sacrifices her apostle—once as a monk, transfixed by a broken spear, again as a minister, dead at the foot of the altar.

On their faces, the two plays are entirely different. One is the work of an artist—the other of an artisan, yet their basic structures are identical. Both follow the simile of the clock.

I have said in earlier articles of this series that dramatic situation is the real basis of the picture play; but dramatic situation will not alone make a story. If any situation is to be understood, we must lead up to it; the conditions which give rise to it must be explained; and while we are explaining, we must have something more than dry facts. We must have something to give our story interest, and interest is created when we bring menace into conflict with sympathy.

Suppose we were writing a story around the situation of the detective who, arresting a man, finds that man to be his own brother. It would not be sufficient to establish the fact that one character is a detective and the other a burglar—our story would be over before it was well started. We would have to handle things more subtly. We would need an arrangement of the early part of our story to hold our audience.

But suppose the detective had been very aggressive in his work, and had been marked by the crooks—suppose they were trying to discredit him with his superiors. Then we would have conflict—there would be something active in our plot. By this arrangement, also, we'd establish an important plot element—one having a definite bearing on later events. If we have taken the audience into our confidence and have shown them the relationship between the two characters, they will foresee the detective's dilemma should he be made to arrest his own brother. They will see that he must decide between delivering him to justice and releasing him—the latter course

being certain to put the detective in the power of the crooks. It is always well to construct a story so that the spectators may see trouble coming; it gives them the desire to avert it; it increases interest; but it is the worst kind of construction to let them see in advance the *solution* of a difficulty.

Usually, also, a story requires a thread of love interest; it must have a woman somewhere in its plot. In rare instances she may be dispensed with, but not often; and it is as rarely that a love theme can be made the *sole* basis of a plot. The mere question of whether a certain man will win a certain woman does not greatly interest a blasé public. Audiences believe in the "other fish in the sea" theory. Love stories of the Libby school do not appeal to them; there must be complications *behind* the love interest to hold their attention.

Putting a love theme in the "two brothers" story should not be difficult. We might give the detective a sweetheart, and make his marriage to her dependent upon the promotion which will be his if he rounds up the gang of crooks. If we do, we have a third "bend" to the situation—an additional

sacrifice if the detective releases his brother. Or, we might place the love situation between the burglar and some woman; but if so, it should have some effect upon the burglar's part in the story—it should influence the working out of the plot. It would not do to drag in his wife or his sweetheart for the sake of a love element alone.

But, if we were plotting such a story as this, it would be the wisest plan to work out the means by which we intend to get our characters out of the difficulty in which we have placed them, before bothering ourselves with other matters. If we cannot solve their problems, the work of placing them in the situation will be wasted. It is always best to clear up the ending of a story before spending much time on its beginning. The things which we need to clear up a situation may often suggest what should go before.

Of course we could end this story by

ALL stories that are real stories consist of similar elements. Primarily, each must have its interest thread and its menace thread—and by "menace thread" I mean that part of the tale generally represented by the villain, which threatens the happiness of the characters with whom we place our sympathy. If we stop to analyze any plot we shall find these present. . . . The lovers are the mainspring. . . . dramatic situation is the real basis of the picture play.

having the detective brother release the other, because the burglar promises to go straight, the detective taking the consequences, himself; but we would have an unsatisfactory ending—and such an ending is the easiest thing in the world to produce. Real art lies in involving our characters in trouble, seemingly beyond hope, and then logically extricating them by some unexpected means.

Sometimes, when we encounter a difficulty we can solve our problem by changing a point in the early part of our plot.

For example, we may start on a story involving a man and his woman employee. We may decide that he is to be a mill owner, and she a factory hand, and we may work out situations accordingly.

Suppose, however, that at one point in the plot the girl must find a letter received by the man. It would be difficult to get it into her hands logically if she be a worker in his factory. The old expedient of having her find it by accident is too threadbare for use. If we be committed to the factory-owner and mill-hand idea, we may rack our brains for days, and never find a way out.

If we think back over the story, however, we may see that a slight change would make things easy. Instead of being a mill worker the girl might be a stenographer or secretary; then, her work would give her access to his correspondence, and the letter might logically come before her. She would still be his employee; the change would not affect our main idea, though it might be necessary to alter details.

We might make a change in the detective-and-burglar story by making the "good brother" the district attorney who prosecutes the other, or the judge who tries him—the situation would not be changed—or we might shift the whole thing around, and make the prisoner the persecuted hero, and the other brother the villain. We should be ready to do any of these things if it will give us a better ending. If we can train ourselves to see an idea from all angles, we shall find our work easier.

There is one thing we must always guard

against—the use of the illogical or unreasonable. Our characters are supposed to be human beings, and we must make them act humanly.

In a picture which I saw recently there is a girl living in a backwoods mountain district who spends her time reading trashy stories, and does no useful work, because her aged father indulges her. In a different setting this would be all right, but this girl was born in the mountains, and has never been out of them. In such an environment women grow up with no knowledge of anything but work; the girl would take labor as a matter of course, and a mountaineer would be the last person in the world to tolerate idleness in his daughter—no matter how fatherly he might be. The thing is possible, but it is highly improbable.

Another thing which is the undoing of many an amateur writer is the wrong use of coincidence. Probably more stories fail to sell because the author makes something happen at just the right time, for no reason at all, than from any other single cause.

Coincidence, however, has its place in plotting; we should have few stories without it.

Coincidence may be used for getting characters into difficulties, provided it be used reasonably, but never for getting them out.

For example, John may be crossing Brooklyn Bridge, and may meet Mary in the center of the span. Their meeting may be the starting point of our entire story. It is when coincidence is used to make people appear at just the right moment, or to cause the finding of a new will, or evidence pointing to the real murderer, just in the nick of time, that it is bad. It would never do to take John out on the bridge just in time to prevent Mary from "ending it all" by a plunge from the rail. His being there would be too much a matter of luck to ring true.

Another thing to keep away from is the deathbed confession. If you cannot finish your story without confessions or coincidence, put a fresh sheet in your typewriter and start something else. Just do that!

A story . . . must have a woman somewhere in its plot. In rare instances she may be dispensed with, but not often; and it is as rarely that a love theme can be made the sole basis of the plot. The question of whether a certain man will win a certain woman does not greatly interest a blasé public. Audiences believe in the "other fish in the sea" theory. Love stories of the Libby school do not appeal to them. There must be complications to hold their attention.

The Peter Pan of the Movies

SHE'S GOING TO STAY WITH THEM
HOW LONG? WHO KNOWS?

SAY what you will about Marguerite Clark, she is no deserter, and that is why she is still in the movies.

The one big reason she didn't return to the legitimate as announced some months ago is that she simply couldn't have her dreams muddled up by the recurrent picture of a vast army of cinema slaves standing under her window chanting the dolorous chorus of "Forsaken."

Of course the little Famous Players star wouldn't make anywhere near the salary that is hers on the screen by returning to the stage—but what is fine gold compared to a 5,000,000 following? (That sounds good anyhow, doesn't it?)

"As a matter of fact," said Miss Clark in the act of making a phonograph record for the fans' consumption. "I love the theater with all my heart, and I really thought of going back, even though it would have meant a great monetary loss to me, but when the time for decision came I didn't want to do it, I didn't want to do it. For I knew I'd be deserting thousands of new film friends for the comparative few of the steel curtain drama."

When the move was first mentioned the fans grew hectic and wrote great reams of pleas begging her to reconsider, and before posting, immersed them carefully in tears.

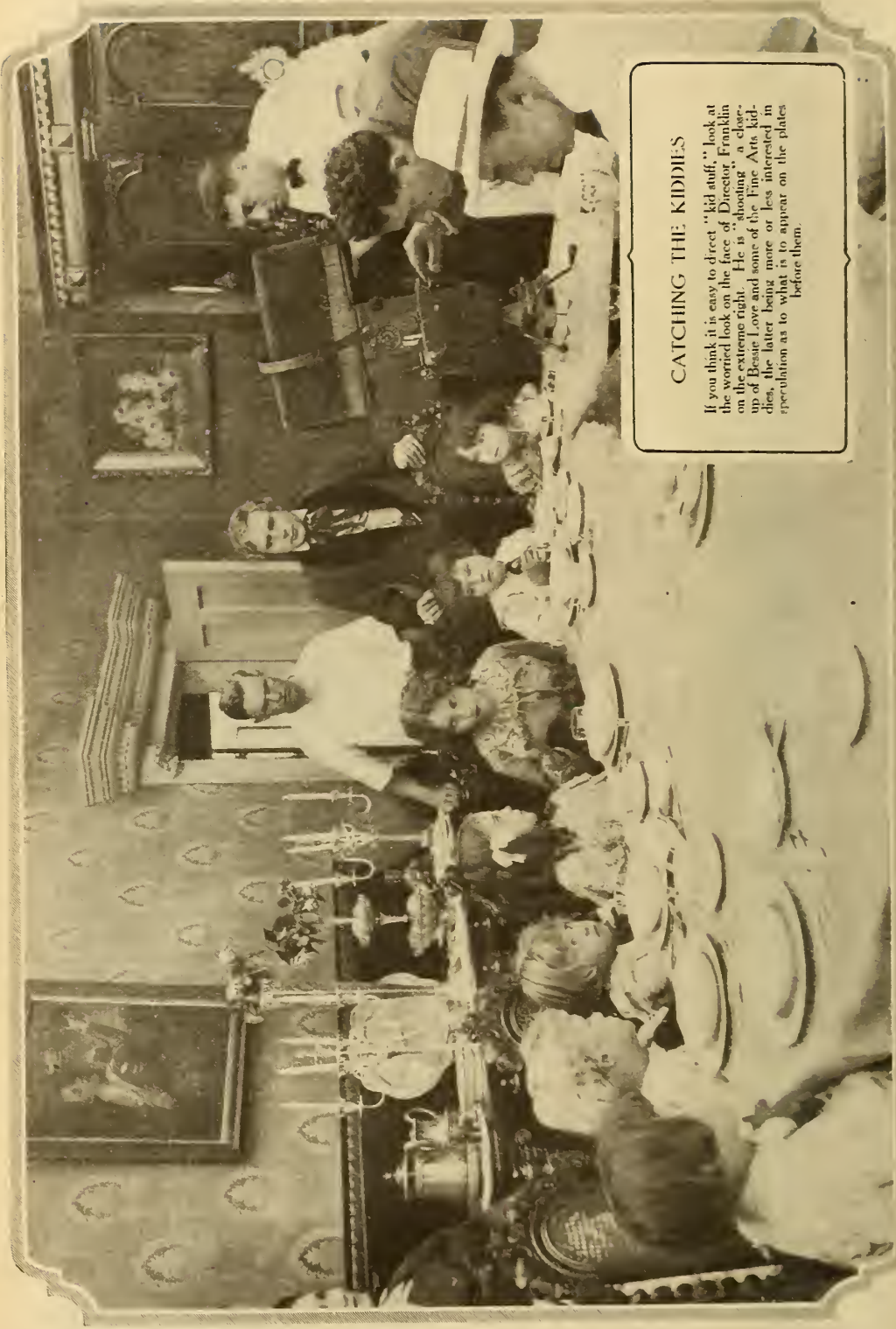
But they told her she just *couldn't*.

In fact, they insisted on adopting her permanently. Ever since she entered the static world they've adored her—this little Peter Pan of the movies—because she never seems to grow old and is always a little bit prettier than she was the day before.

Miss Clark made Cincinnati famous by being born near by, and attained some laurels herself as one of the few women who haven't married De Wolf Hopper, although she played with him in "Pickwick" and "Happyland."

She's been starring and making friends ever since. And when you look at her picture it isn't very hard to explain.





CATCHING THE KIDDIES

If you think it is easy to direct "kid stuff," look at the worried look on the face of Director Franklin on the extreme right. He is "shooting" a close-up of Bessie Love and some of the Fine Arts kiddies, the latter being more or less interested in speculation as to what is to appear on the plates before them.

Lillian Gish
in
"Intolerance"



The Shadow Stage

A Department of
Photoplay Review

By Julian Johnson

THE metropolitan critics who preceded me in learned discourse upon Mr. Griffith's sun-play, "Intolerance," shot away all the superlatives which were our common property. Thus deprived of the communal ammunition I must lay about me with a week-day set of words and present facts garnished neither with rhapsody nor raillery.

"Intolerance" is a collective story of the penalties paid through the centuries to those "who do not believe as we believe." It occupied its maker's entire attention for at least a year and a half. Both the notion and the generalship are his. "Intolerance" is more than the world's biggest photoplay. In size and scope it is the biggest art-work of any description in a decade.

Here is a joy-ride through history; a Cook's tour of the ages; a college education crammed into a night. It is the most incredible experiment in story-telling that has ever been tried. Its uniqueness lies not in a single yarn, but in the way its whole skein of yarns is plaited.

Its distinct periods are four: Babylon,

at the end of the regency of Prince Belshazzar; Judea, in the time of Christ; France under the inquisitorial high tide of St. Bartholomew's; and the American Now, with the intolerances of capital, labor, and the courts. None of these tales runs straightaway. You stand in medieval France and slip on the banana-peel of retrogression to Chaldea. You are sure America has you—a wink has aviated you back to Palestine. It is much like listening to a quartette of excellent elocutionists

simultaneously reading novels by Arnold Bennett, Victor Hugo, Nathaniel Hawthorne and Elinor Glyn.

Any of these carnivorous legends would fang you emotionally if you were left long enough in its cage. But just as it is about to bite, out you come, slam goes the door, and you are thrust among the raveners of another century.

There has never been such scenery, anywhere, as the edifices reared for the Babylonian episode.

Pictorially, the greatest filmings are the Judean scenes, perfect in composition, ideal in lighting, every one in effect a Tissot

*The Harem Favorite Attarea
to Prince Belshazzar, as he
goes forth to fight:*

"My Lord, like white pearls I shall keep my tears in an ark of silver for your return. I bite my thumb! I strike my girdle! If you return not, I go to the death halls of Allat!"

*"Intolerance,"
Babylonian Episode.*

painting of the time of Christ.

The Chaldean visions will teach history to college professors.

Altogether, the accuracy and authority of "Intolerance's" historic information is stupendous.

The finest individual acting accomplishments are Mae Marsh's. The unique figure is Constance Talmadge, as The Mountain Girl; the most poignantly beautiful, Seena Owen, as Attarea, favorite of Belshazzar. But there are no male assumptions even approaching the chief portrayals in "The Birth of a Nation."

Mr. Bitzer's photography, devoid of anything sensational, flows like the transparent, limpid style of a finished writer. It is without tricks, and without imperfections.

An attempt to assimilate the mountainous lore of this sun-play at a sitting results in positive mental exhaustion. The universally-heard comment from the highbrow or nobrow who has tried to get it all in an evening: "I am so tired!"

Profoundest of symbols is the Rocking Cradle—"uniter of here and hereafter"—which joins the episodes. This mysterious ark of life, the stuff of a dream in the dimness of its great shadowed room, almost belongs to infinity. Lillian Gish is the brooding mother.

The music is sadly inefficient—the most inefficient music a big picture ever had.

Thousands upon thousands of feet of this photoplay never will be seen by the public. In the taking, this story rambled in every direction, and D. W. G. relentlessly and recklessly pursued each ramble to its end. At least half a dozen complete minor stories were

cut off before the picture was shown at all.

In all probability, "Intolerance" will never attain the popularity of "The Birth of a Nation." It has not that drama's single, sweeping story. It appeals more to the head, less to the heart.

Babylon is the foundation-stone, and seems to have been the original inspiration, of this visual Babel. Its mighty walls, its crowds, its army, have won many long-drawn "Ahs!" of sky-rocket admiration. But these were not essentially Griffith—anyone with money can pile up mobs and scenery. Mr. Griffith's original talent appears in recreating the passions, the ambitions, the veritable daily life of a great people so remote that their every monument is dust, their every artwork lost, their very language forgotten. This is more than talent; it is genius.

You were taught that the Jewish Jehovah traced destruction's warning in letters of fire on the wall of Belshazzar's palace; and that Cyrus, to get in, drained the Euphrates river and walked on its bed under Babylon's gates. See this picture and get the facts. Babylon was peacefully betrayed by the priests of Marduk long after it had successfully withstood as frenzied a siege as the Persian conqueror could bring.

Not content with rearing the vast barriers and marvelous gates you have seen illustratively reproduced in these pages, the California necromancer showed life as it ran its slender course among the poor more than twenty-five centuries ago. Always of this undercurrent is The Mountain Girl, a wild, wonderful little creature, to be followed from



Of Intolerance: (reading down) Seena Owen as Attarea, Miriam Cooper as The Friendless One, Frank Bennett as Charles IX.

semi-slavery through the civic courts to the marriage market, where she is released by an impress from the roll-seal Belshazzar has strapped upon his wrist. Thereafter she is, to the death, a sweet Amazon in the service of her great *Sar*. The camp of Cyrus, with the "Institution" of the Medes and Persians, is as instructive as a West-Asiatic history. The attack upon Babylon, with its terrible towers, its demoniac "tank" of Greek fire—flaming prophecy of the *Somme jugernauts!*—its ferocious personal encounters, is unparalleled in battle spectacles. Behold the vivid though perhaps dubious realism of gushy close-ups on sword-thrusts. Heads literally fly off above shearing swords, hot lead sears, rocks crush, arrows pierce horribly—and withal there is the unconquerable animation and fury of ultimate conflict.

Otherwheres, the sensuous glory of the Chaldean court. No brush-master has painted more Oriental splendors than those boasted by the golden bungalow of Nabonidus, quaint father of the virile voluptuary, Belshazzar. Beauty blooms in wildest luxuriance in this New York of the Euphrates. The dances of Tammuz, god of spring-time, flash forth in breath-taking nudity and rhythm as frank as meaningful. They are flashes, only; that is why they remain in the picture. One cannot imagine a more beautiful thing than *Seena Owen* as *Attarea*—veritable star of the East. The tiny battle-chariot with its cargo of a great white rose, drawn down the table to *Attarea's* Belshazzar by two white doves, chances to remain the only untouched thing in the palace of death which *Cyrus* enters. There is pathos! Tully Mar-



Of Intolerance: (reading down) *Constance Talmadge* as "The Mountain Girl," *Mae Marsh* in the modern episode, *Josephine Crowell* as *Catherine de Medici*.

shall as the High Priest of Bel, *Elmer Clifton* as the Rhapsode, *George Siegmann* as *Cyrus*—three players who are especially redoubtable.

The magical *David* pounds his points home by contrast. From the solemn grandeur of *Ishtar's* high altar, with its costly burnt offering of propitiation, he flashes to an aged widow offering her all to the same deity—three turnips and a carrot, covered with a little oil.

The France which our film-etcher rears for the massacre of *St. Bartholomew* is as fine a France as *Stanley Weyman* pictured in words. *Griffith* spares neither exactness nor feeling. With delicate touches he builds up keen interest in the home of *Brown Eyes*—then slaughters the whole family. Wonderful characters here are *Josephine Crowell's* *Catherine de Medici*; and *Charles IX*, as played by *Frank Bennett*.

Much has been taken from the Judean scenes, but so much remains to hail as optic poetry that the loss is negligible. I can think of nothing finer in the handling of light, nor in the massing and moving of figures, than the "marriage in Cana." More education! The complete wedding rite, with its odd observances according to Hebrew tradition, is a transcription from *Minor Asia* such as one cannot find outside the pages of *Josephus*. Stirring dramatic, yet faithful to the letter of the gospels, is the scene in which *Jesus* faces those who would stone the woman taken in adultery. There is a scene of *The Christ* laughing, conversing, supping, interchanging views—a man among men. And there is the *Via Dolorosa*.

The modern story is, among



Clara Kimball Young and Conway Tearle in a scene from "The Common Law." Here is a genuine celluloid novel. It has a perfect cast and an environment which bespeaks not only gentility, but absolute reality.

other things and preachments, an attack upon the arrogance of "Foundations," and that tyranny of some organized charities which makes their favored more victims than beneficiaries. In its essence, the modern tale seems to me a dull, commonplace movie melodrama. In it Mr. Griffith seems to lose his perspective of character. He makes commonplace types and personifications, not his usual creatures: thinking, feeling men and women.

Mae Marsh and Robert Harron portray victims of poverty, lack of education and evil surrounding. Both are driven from the home town by strike participation. The boy turns *cadet*—eventually reforms to marry Mae. His underworld master, "The Musketeer of the Slums," frames him criminally for this desertion, and, in the language of the caption, he is "intolerated away for awhile." In the interim, the Musketeer endeavors to "make" the boy's wife, who has lost her baby to intolerant uplifters. In the grand encounter of

Musketeer, Musketeer's girl, boy and wife, the monster is shot, the boy is blamed though the mistress did it, and the capital sentence is carried out—nearly, but not quite—in the perfect gallows-technique of San Quentin penitentiary.

Best in the modern spectacle are not the dull details of things that happen, but the lifelike performances of those to whom they happen. Mae Marsh's flirtation in court with her husband as the jury deliberates his life away—she a scared, drab little figure of piteous noncomprehension—here is a twittering smile more tragic than the orotund despairs of Bernhardt. Miriam Cooper, as the Musketeer's mistress, gives an overwhelming pastel of jealousy and remorse. All actresses who honestly provide for home and baby by the business of vamping and gunning, would do well to observe Miss Cooper's expressions and gestures. Miss Cooper is police dock—she is blotter transcript. Her face is what you *really* see some nights under the green

lamps. Harron is ideal as the boy, and Walter Long, as the Musketeer, approaches but does not equal his performance of Gus, in "The Birth of a Nation."

Spades are not once termed garden implements in this sector, nor are the kisses paternal or platonic.

In this stupendous chaos of history and romance the lack of a virile musical score is the chief tragedy. Proper melody would have bound the far provinces of this loose empire of mighty imagination into a strong, central kingdom.

I wish Mr. Griffith had worked out a whole evening of his great Babylonian story. Sticking to this alone, he would have added an art-product to literature as enduring as Flaubert's "Salammbô."

If I may predict: he will never again tell a story in this manner. Nor will anyone else. The blue sea is pretty much where it was when the sails of the Argonauts bellied tight in the winds of a morning world, and so are the people who live in the world. Still we wish to follow, undisturbed, the adventures of a single set of characters, or to thrill with a single pair of lovers. Verily, when the game is hearts two's company, and the lovers of four ages an awful crowd.

WE'VE long been waiting the real screen novel. "Gloria's Romance" so announced itself, but slid from novel into dime-novel. Five reels is too short a space for novelization; ten reels, too much unless the tale is mighty in substance and fat with incident.

Eight reels seems to be a happy medium, and "The Common Law," of that length, a genuine celluloid novel worthy the name.

It is Clara Kimball Young's first photoplay under her own brand. It is of Selznick release, is adapted from Robert W. Chambers' novel of the same name, and was directed by Albert Capellani. It has a perfect cast, flawless production, generally good acting, and an environment which bespeaks not only gentility, but absolute reality. In fact, if I were commanded to select the big popular success among all autumn screen plays, this would be my choice.

To begin with, here is a love-tale firmly entrenched in American favor. It's rather idle, I think, to recount the story of Valerie

West. Most of you remember her dying mother; her search for work; her failure to find congenial employment in the theatre; her posing in the studio of the magnificent Neville; Neville's heart-smash on her behalf, and the fierce wooing of Querida, the Spanish artist, who would mate upon the "common law" plan—no court ties for him! So to the end, where Querida dies in a fall from Valerie's window, and Neville draws his model into his arms and home despite the pleadings of his adopted sister and his family.

Miss Young, as usual, touches no moment of great emotion—but then, neither did Valerie, if we remember the story correctly. She is always charming. The posing scenes Capellani has handled adorably. In making the disrobing girl sit in a heavy-armed Roman chair which reveals most disconcerting flashes while keeping modesty within perfect censorial bounds, he exhibited true Gallic wit.

*Earle Foxe
and Pauline
Frederick
in "Ashes of
Embers."*



E. H. Sothorn and Peggy Hyland in "The Chattel." This production, made by Vitagraph, marks the screen debut of the most distinguished American romantic actor.



Conway Tearle, as Neville, combines intrinsic elegance with force and perfect repose. Consider this trio of remarkable qualities again—elegance, force, repose—how often do you meet even two of them together? Here, actually, are the three, combined in one super-leading man.

Paul Capellani, as Querida, does the best work he has put upon American films.

There is verity in the exterior locations, and such a real and charming air about Neville's great studio that one wishes it were not a transient make-believe of lumber and canvas and props, but an enduring place which might be visited.

I WAS about to inquire as to the decline of Famous Players productions, when some one asked me if I had seen "Ashes of Embers." I said I had not. "Go!" said my questioner, in such a tone that I knew the piece must be a pearl of perfection or a ruby for rottenness. Both extremes have entertaining possibilities. It is only mediocrity which is unendurable.

I cannot say that the play is the perfect pearl, but Pauline Frederick, in the dual—here I think it should be spelled *dual*—role

of Agnes and Laura Ward, is a pair of pearls. It is Miss Frederick's most remarkable performance on the screen, and—like the rendition of Miriam Cooper in "Intolerance," may serve as the collegiate model for all young women cast in such histrionic environment.

One of the sisters Ward is a cat; the other, a dove. The dove works in a department store: the cat works her eyes and tries to get a rich husband. She succeeds, but not until she has stolen money from her toiling sister's counter. The latter, unable to explain, goes to Blackwell's Island to expiate in the only way that a New York shop girl may, and remain virtuous. The cat becomes Mrs. William Benedict, and promptly annexes a lover in the person of a young architect. Tra-ped, she brazens it out—fools even the detectives of her husband after ensnaring his lawyer. This lawyer hires her own sister to impersonate her—which the dove does, at first unknowingly. The end is a gunshot from the outraged husband for Mrs. Benedict: the love of the young architect for the good girl.

The remarkable feature of this play is Miss Frederick's astounding psychologic

changes of expression to depict two souls as far apart as the poles of the universe. Such pictures are beyond the powers of make-up. One person playing two people is the commonest thing in moving pictures, but not in screen history have there been two such complete characters drawn by a single individual. Even as fine an artist as Tyrone Power—who had a two-part piece not long ago in "John Needham's Double"—is left at the post by Miss Frederick's tremendous, sweeping performance. The insincerity, the evil beauty, the sinuous grace, the searing physical passion of Benedict's wife blaze in full luridness only when contrasted with the pale quietude and strong, passive affection of her gentle sister—a being whose very face, motionless, tells a story of suffering, sacrifice and purity.

For a long time Pauline Frederick's indifferent work in indifferent plays has made me regret her present drifting after turbulent, current-conquering triumphs of the past. Here, in a play no more original, and in two parts essentially no better than the average, she has done something which, if repeated in person upon a Broadway stage, would be one of the sensations of the year.

Earle Foxe, formerly of Camp Lasky, is

really quite appealing as the coerced boy lover, and Frank Losee is conventionally correct as the purse-proud, doting husband.

This play evidences a powerful new hand in Famous Players' direction. The hand is Joseph Kaufman's. It is by no means Kaufman's first picture here, but it is the first in which he has shown his old gait as a master of domesticity.

A PART from this smashing melodrama, Famous is indeed negligible. For months this fine studio, glorified by great traditions, has sent out the dullest, most conventionally stupid plays!

This month, for instance, why such an optic bromo-seltzer as "The Daughter of MacGregor," or such a really dreadful, dreadful exhibition as "The Quest of Life," a solemn hilarity promulgating the prominent prancers, Maurice and his lady Walton?

If you had a musical show would you recruit its female chorus from a home for the aged? If you had a grand opera would you get Raymond Hitchcock or Eddie Foy to sing it?

But Vitagraph got its centenarian chorines, and launched Eddie Foy in "Lucia"—metaphorically speaking—when

it presented Edward H. Sothorn, certainly America's finest romantic actor, and one of the greatest romancers of modern times, in "The Chattel."

Here is the type of play the late Charles Klein used to write for Edmund Breese; the play in which the front character, having walloped the stiff business world, trips over the pretty furniture in his own house, and falls flat. I do not pretend to know whether Vitagraph wished this onto Mr. Sothorn or whether he wished it onto himself. If the latter is the case he should have been protected against his own folly by a diplomatic and soothing management.

In his earlier years Mr. Sothorn was a great

Left to right: George Fawcett, Will Machin and Thomas Santschi, in "The Country God Forgot."



success as a comedian. In fact, his recent revival of his father's tumultuous triumph, Dundreary, proved that the sparkle and spatter of mirth are still in his soul. It has been his mission to bring love or laughter into the theater, and he has brought both abundantly. We had never suspected that he would be a success impersonating the side of a warehouse, the bars of a bank or the plane surface of a shop counter. And—speaking from the comparative standpoint of his great accomplishments—he isn't. I imagine that one who had not seen Sothern at all, nor had ever heard of him, would find him, in "The Chattel," as satisfactory as most of the actors who have played these thundering Klein magnates.

Miss Peggy Hyland, who looks like an impression of country England in Springtime, plays one Leila Bard, a pretty thing bought as a chattel by Kaiser Sothern—in the play, Blake Waring. The story ends happily. The chattel is transformed into the wife, and in the transformation there are moments when Sothern manages to strike a romantic note in spite of conventional tailoring, a stiff collar, scant hair and many undeniable portents of personal autumn.

The production is in spots amazingly shoddy. Here we are, in the domestic surroundings of a Twentieth-Century Cræsus—there is much lumber and impedimenta, but little constructive style, and none of the arts of architecture, furnishing, comfort or charm with which so weighty a man would have invested the golden cage of his maiden-bird.

What environment and real directoral cleverness can do to make up not only the flaws of an incredible story but a lack of impressive acting is revealed by Ralph Ince in "His Wife's Good Name," a play by Josephine Lovett. Here we have a young collegian who, by nearly falling out of his bathroom window, can flirt successfully with a doveling who, to consummate the acquaintance, almost falls out of a window of her own. The lad marries the lassie, and the twain are set upon by the most amazing paternal conspiracy ever put over on stage of sun or electricity. The bridegroom's father employs a gunman to frame an improper party as "a friend of her husband," and to this orgiastic celebration the son is conducted by his duping

father. Of course the boy believes everything his old man tells or shows him. The pathetic dame is resuscitated from a self-imposed gas attack, husband returns, and father is forgiven—all in a perfectly impossible way.

Now the one thing that makes this photoplay observable at all is in the fine manner in which Ralph Ince has handled every incident, getting 100 per cent humanity wherever humanity is possible, and equipping the various scenes with material surroundings which are positively lifelike. Miss Lucille Lee, as the misadventurous bride, Mary Ellen, has not sufficient personality to stand the test in big emotional scenes.

LOIS WEBER has done it again in "Idle Wives," a piece that is rather chaotic in spots—idle wives disappear, anon, and much sociology and philosophizing take their places—but, everything considered, it is a splendid parallel study of a rich man's wife who goes among the poor to find the love she cannot get in her own home, and of a tragic young girl who meets disaster not while going to the traditional devil, but to the light, laughter and forgetfulness which she cannot get in the unhomey bunk of her failure-progenitors.

Technically, "Idle Wives" is a stunt, too, for it has a double story: the story of a whole community of dissatisfied husbands, wives, sweethearts and parents who see a reflection of themselves on the screen of a motion picture theater. Using the stage as an incident, using the stage to show a stage, is the oldest of tricks; getting the screen to storyize itself is only a slight variation, but it is new.

One of the most interesting features of this production is Miss Weber's own appearance as the unappreciated wife of wealth. Her grace, her poise, her surety, and above all, her great charm, make her the most astonishing of author-actors, male or female. Who else is there—save possibly Leo Ditrichstein, of the articulate stage—who can so successfully vivify a piece of personal imagination?

Mary MacLaren, Lois Weber's living emotion-statue, plays the girl who gets into trouble, but who, somehow, doesn't seem to oldfashionedly "go wrong." As usual, she is a living reflection of her director's thoughts.

THE best Triangle entertainment of the month is unquestionably "Manhattan Madness." I do not say this is the best play. I haven't seen all of them, I don't think this is an exceptionally original play, and further, it doesn't make a darned bit of difference whether it is or not. It is a huge, roistering joke of a good time, with Douglas Fairbanks as head joker.

Steve O'Dare, Western gent, comes to Manhattan with a load of horses for the Russian government. Waiting, waiting, waiting for the final details of his transaction from official sources, he thoroughly annoys every fellow at the club where he has been given a two-weeks' card by his deprecating comparisons. Nothing Eastern is worth while. Every man is insipid or dishonest, there are no adventures, the life is unhealthy, there is no real sport, and absolutely no wonderful women—well, that is, except one who is pretty nice, after all. Only in the West, evangelizes Mr. O'Dare, can life be found and lived. So be it. Presently Steve finds himself fairly well avoided, and is not sorry when he receives a summons to the Russian agent's house, in the outskirts of New York City, for a conclusion of the transaction, and payment. Once there, Mr. O'Dare finds that insipid New York has taken a day off and is celebrating like a two-gun cowpuncher full of Indian whiskey. First he detects a plot to assault and rob him. Next he discovers that the girl of his—well, even as much as it hurt him, he had had to admit it—admiration was there, a prisoner. Setting about to save his roll and rescue her he sees two men murdered before his very eyes. Staggered, but by no means put down for the count, he essays to right all these iniquities personally, and his ensuing hour probably made Nick Carter turn over three times in his grave of yellow covers.

At the finale, battered, bruised, bleeding and victorious, Mr. O'Dare winds up at a table in the murder house's dining room, beside which all his club acquaintances pop up quite suddenly, with the defended girl laughing heartier than any of the rest. He admits that there can be some excitement east of the Hudson, and pulls the last frameup himself. With the aid of his own punchers he kidnaps the girl, makes an ocean liner with his not heartbroken captive, and is married at sea.

Mr. Fairbanks, the delicious Jewel Car-

men, Macey Harlan, George Beranger and Eugene Ormonde are the headliners in this entertainment.

The story was written by Charles F. Dazey, veteran author of "In Old Kentucky." If this lovable pillar of the popular drama can produce any more of this brand he has a new road to wealth and celebrity carved out in the shadows.

Since the Fine Arts company is responsible for Mr. Fairbanks' breezy interpolation it is no more than fair to put a big black debit on the other side of their ledger for "Old Folks at Home," an unsightly mess of reels presenting the distinguished English actor, Sir Herbert Tree, in a story written by the distinguished American novelist, Rupert Hughes.

Here Tree is confoundedly miscast to play an ancient, up-state New Yorker who becomes mighty in his own esteem and the esteem of his townsmen, only to be abated to whatever is currently used for sackcloth and ashes by the escapades of his son, victim of a vamp, and, through love for her, a murderer. I presume in the British provinces Mr. Tree will be taken for an extraordinary replica of the American country politician; but, like imitation caviar, these things should not be devoured too near the native element.

The best thing about the story is the rather novel movie fact that there is no mawkish attempt to palliate truth in the killing. No one else fired the shot. The boy did it—and he is acquitted, at that. The best thing in the acting is Josephine Crowell's sympathetic, pathetic portrait of the old-fashioned mother. A splendid character woman, this lady! Note, when you have the opportunity, the masculine, cruel, implacable cunning of Catherine de Medici in "Intolerance"—Catherine and the rural mother are both Josephine Crowell. Elmer Clifton is more than acceptable as the son.

MR. INCE'S recent performances are the doings of the girls and boys he left behind him. Now that he has returned from his four months' Eastern visit personal participation in his distinctive pictures may be expected—or at least, the Ince touch which shows that the boss shadowman is on the ground.

"Plain Jane," featuring Bessie Barriscale

and Charles Ray; and "The Return of Draw Egan," a Hart picture, are the best of the month's output.

A story well-told, but missing in its pictorial phrases the extraordinary dash and brilliance of the typed original, is "Somewhere in France," Richard Harding Davis's brief masterpiece. Charles Giblyn has directed this, with great care and generally fine effects, and much military and continental accuracy. Louis Glaum, as the vamping spy, and Howard Hickman, as the spy's heroic and avenging brother, are the principal performers.

"The Jungle Child," a weird wandering from South America, with Dorothy Dalton and Mr. Hickman, occupies the shadowy borderland between plain punk play and babblingly bumptious burlesque. I think it's the latter.

"THE Country God Forgot," a Selig-Western deploying Tom Santschi, George Fawcett, Will Machin, Charles Gerrard and Mary Charleson in rôles typical of a Western picture-play, is so simply and directly told, so human in its characterizations, and so full of physical

suspense of the honest, old-fashioned type that it brings home to one the eternal verity of plain, hard tales of the out-of-doors. A story of simple folk in simple surroundings has a much easier time in being big and fine than a story about artificial people in artificial surroundings.

Machin, Fawcett and Santschi play partners in a mining outfit. Machin is killed in a brawl and Santschi eventually marries his daughter, played by Mary Charleson. Gerrard, as a rascally government agent, lured the wife from the monotony of her life, and endeavors to escape with her and the government's money. He is captured, hanged—and the wife goes back to really love the husband who has always loved her. This, you see, is the simplest of old-fashioned recipes, but the actors, and Marshall Neilan, who made his directorial departure from Selig here, ennoble it. There are some anachronisms of elapsing time—certainly Santschi and Fawcett would have aged in the years that the little Charleson took to grow up—but apart from this and one or two other apparently unnecessary slights the visual tale is a gem of the soil.

Vignette of a Blonde

SHE was eighteen. Her piquant little face under its mop of yellow hair smoothed about the ears with bandoline disclosed no emotion other than the most insistent interest in the young man who at that moment happened to be occupying her dreams. He was a dancer in a cabaret and genuinely worthless.

She was a stenographer. She was not even a good one. Nothing had ever inspired her. The theory of effort rewarded had never occurred to her. Her work ended with the last "yours very truly" and began the next morning when she removed her gum from under her chair and began again to type badly.

One night she went to a movie. Somehow they had never interested her before. She went because her "fella" had to work.

And there she saw a beautiful woman, loving and being loved. Something thrilled inside of her. She didn't know what it was. She only knew that she wanted to do as that woman was doing, to be what she was, to have people know her name, to watch for it in electric lights, to be interested in her minor habits.

Ambition—that was what it was!

She did not know that her ambition was vain, that she never could obtain what she fancied in her dreams. But somehow she was happy—happier than she had ever been, and in the morning her machine was rattling like mad—and accurately too.

"Look at little Smith," said the bill clerk. "I don't know what to make of it."

Little Smith did though. She thought she was on the way to be a great actress. But she wasn't.

She was on her way to be a good stenographer. (Which is rarer.)

And she was happy.

Kay Carewe.

A Photoplaywright De Luxe

HECTOR TURNBULL IS NOT A FILM PIONEER BUT HE HAS DELIVERED MUCH GOODS

By Randolph Bartlett

HE occupies one of the most luxuriously equipped offices on Fifth Avenue. He is assisted by a highly organized staff. Himself a successful

*The Turnbells:
Hector and
Margaret*



author of scenarios — one of the most successful in the world, as a matter of fact—he has dropped independent writing to develop new material and discover new talent. He believes in the art of the photoplay, and with success beckoning to him in several directions, he has elected to devote himself to missionary work. Above all, he is essentially a man who knows what he is trying to do, and not guessing around here and there, satisfied with the “just as good.” He is Hector Turnbull, head of the scenario department of the Famous Players-Lasky combination.

Turnbull is the sort of man who proceeds rather upon dead reckoning than by inspiration. His heavy, black eyebrows and steady dark eyes mark him for an analyst rather than a poet, and give point to his theories. You know that he has thought the subject out carefully, keenly, incisively. You do not think of him as the possessor of creative fire, and yet this same man has established a new record, reversing the old order by having sold the stage rights to two scenarios, written primarily for the moving picture market. Scenario rights to hundreds of plays have been bought, but Turnbull's “The Cheat” and “The Heart of Nora Flynn” are the first scenarios to have been sought for stage plays. Here is his explanation:

“A good moving picture scenario must be, fundamentally, a good play; a good play is not, necessarily, material for a good moving picture. The moving picture must tell its dramatic story in terms of physical action, and with that as its basis, providing the story does not cover too much ground, geographically, it has the foundation for a stage play. On the contrary, the speaking drama often owes so much to its



dialogue that it cannot be translated into a picture.

"That is the function of the scenario writer," Mr. Turnbull continued, "translator. He must learn to tell his story in action—to forget his literary sense and think only of the dramatic situation. Too often the beginner who conceives a strong situation thinks 'What would the man say?' instead of 'What would he do?' When he has learned to translate what the man would say into terms of action, he has mastered the art of the scenario."

"Then you do not uphold the theory that the moving picture will cause the evolution of a new form or type of story which can be told adequately in no other way?"

"Certainly not. If a writer has the dramatic sense, it is only a question of what form of expression he will use. If he is naturally discursive he will write novels; if dialogue is his forte he will write plays; if he thinks in terms of action he will write scenarios. Moreover, the scenario department, as we have organized it here, provides a market for the man who has ideas and no ability to put them into shape. There is one man who has received checks from us for \$3,000 in the last three weeks for mere ideas.

"The demand for scenarios has become so great, and the competition for good ones so keen, that the most important part of my work now is to consult with authors

who have marketable ideas, and show them how to put them into shape, how to translate their stories into action. For this reason I have discontinued all my own writing. It seems fairer that while I am handling the writings of others I should do none of my own. My last scenario was 'Less Than the Dust,' which I wrote for Mary Pickford while I was coming east from California."

Turnbull's career in moving pictures has been brief, but already has belied the ancient cynical observation that "A critic is a person who can't, scolding the work of men who can." He was a successful dramatic critic on the New York Tribune, before he felt the call of the screen. With his sister, Margaret Turnbull, he wrote one play, "The Deadlock," but this was his sole venture in writing for the stage. For the last year he has been engaged by Lasky, and out on the Pacific Coast handled the scenarios for this producing company. When Lasky decided, a few months ago, to make a well organized effort to improve the quality of his picture plays, he summoned Turnbull back to New York and gave him complete charge of the work.

And that a man of this type is in such an influential position, a man who regards the author as the source of motion picture greatness, surely is an encouraging sign to those who are hopeful of breaking into the "scenario game."

Title Contest Winners

Following are the winners of the October Photoplay Title Contest:

1. Mrs. J. H. Wilt, 616 Oswald St., Toledo, Ohio.
2. Helene E. Geisser, Elmira, N. Y.
3. Lemuel L. Foster, Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn.
4. Emma Tussner, 2312-A Russell Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
5. William J. Wear, Jr., 34 N. 62nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.
6. George Cordingley, 320 E. 4th St., Bridgeport, Pa.
7. Marjorie Castagnino, 515 S. 3rd St., Memphis, Tenn.
8. Adelaide P. Hamaker, 1723 Pacific Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.
9. Mrs. E. T. Julian, 2022 Wabash Ave., Terre Haute, Ind.
10. Ethel Shoemaker, 90 Elliott Mfg. Co., Franklin Bank Bldg., Philadelphia.
11. Minnie C. Flegel, 1310 E. 18th St., S., Portland, Ore.
12. John Ward, Thief River Falls, Minn.
13. Frank Connor, Jr., 749 N. 23rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.
14. Mrs. C. E. Shields, Austin, Tex.

THE CORRECT TITLES:

1. Just for a Kid.
2. The Eye of the Night.
3. A Gentleman from Indiana.
4. Who's Guilty?
5. The Figure in Black.
6. The Spider.
7. All over a Stocking.
8. For Art and Love.



White Photo

Subtitle—Mary Pickford at Home

But the truth is, poor little Mary hasn't any home. This cosy-corner telephoning is a wretched studio frame-up. While we're writing these lines, Mrs. Moore is in Boston, but when you read them, she'll be back in New York. She has given up her place on Riverside Drive, and husband Owen is leaving their down-town apartment in the Algonquin. Life for them is just a million a year and one tavern after another.

Plays and Players

FACTS AND NEAR-FACTS ABOUT THE
GREAT AND NEAR-GREAT OF FILMLAND

By Cal York

IMPORTANT happenings of the past month served to relieve somewhat the unsettled condition of the photoplay industry. Chief of these occurrences was a reorganization of Triangle which had been threatened with disintegration. Under the new arrangement Griffith, Ince and Sennett will continue producing for the three-sided concern, but it will be possible for exhibitors who do not subscribe to the regular program to obtain Keystone comedies. Another important event was the consolidation of Morosco-Pallas with Famous Players-Lasky, thus placing all of the companies which release through Paramount in one organization. There were rumors of further aggression by Vitagraph, which seems to have swallowed Lubin, lock, stock and barrel, but no announcement was forthcoming.

THE retrenchment axe was swung with vigor at many of the studios during the month, the casualties having been very large at the American in Santa Barbara and at Keystone. Harry Gribbon and Louella Maxam were among the victims at the latter and among the important players who left Santa Barbara were Jack Richardson and Louise Lester, the last of the "Flying A." There was also a slump in the "extra" market owing to the completion of "Joan of Arc" and "The Garden of Allah" by Lasky and Selig, respectively. William Fox continued his raiding tactics, having annexed Margery Daw, erstwhile Laskyite, and Charles Clary of the same company. Other Fox acquisitions were Director Harry Edwards and comedienne Julia Faye of Keystone.

NORMA TALMADGE is the latest screen actress to surround herself with articles of incorporation. She is to shine as an independent star under Selznick auspices, a la C. K. Young, and it is understood that Allan Dwan who directed many of her Fine Arts photoplays will accompany her. A film version of "The

Price She Paid" will be the first venture.

LASKY'S "The Cheat" met with a diplomatic repulse in London and Australia, the authorities forbidding it because the villain is a Japanese and the Japanese are Great Britain's ally, but the photoplay is still showing in Paris. Similar action was taken in Australia with reference to "The Kiss of Hate" in which Ethel Barrymore is starred, because Russia happens to be an ally. However, we should be the last to criticize the act of a foreign government while the state of Ohio forbids "The Birth of a Nation" in deference to the wishes, or demands, of the colored vote.

THE somewhat familiar story of Adam and Eve is to be filmed by a newly organized company in Southern California and Frank Beal a former Selig director is to boss the job. Only one of the stars has been tentatively chosen, Jerry, the boa constrictor of the E. & R. Jungle Film Co., who is now in active rehearsal for the role of the serpent.

WALLY VAN is no more with Vitagraph. His last directorial job was the production of "The Scarlet Runner" serial in which Earle Williams is starred.

Molly Malone, Universal ingenue, thinks these leopard kittens are just too cute for anything, but she won't be fondling them a year from now.

HOUSE PETERS has said *adios* to the East and is back in his Hollywood bungalow, having quit World for Morosco. Incidentally, the

Morosco intelligence bureau refers to Mr. Peters as "the well known motion picture heavy."

"OLIVER TWIST" is to be produced by Lasky with Marie Doro in the name part, according to information from the Coast. Hobart Bosworth is to portray the role of the sweetly ingenuous Bill Sykes and Tully Marshall the heroic Fagin. Sounds like some considerable cast, from this distance. We might chronicle, at the same time, the information that Mr. Bosworth has signed a long



time contract with Lasky, which would indicate that his plans for a production plant in the environs of San Francisco had not materialized.

AS an offset to the news that Pauline Frederick and Marguerite Clark would remain exclusively in the field of photoplay endeavor comes the announcement that Hazel Dawn has deserted the movies for the musical stage in a Dillingham-Ziegfeld show.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS was among the first of the early fall migrators to the West Coast. He is back at Fine Arts where he is once more being directed by John Emerson. He was given a Wild West reception upon his arrival in Los Angeles, which is the highest honor which can be accorded a film star.

DEATH robbed the film world of a number of its notables during the month, the list including Arthur Hoops, Sidney Ayres and Henry Woodruff. Mr. Hoops was stricken with heart disease in New York City while riding in an automobile which he had purchased a few hours before. He was 46 years old and had played in many Metro photoplays. Sidney Ayres, who had been a leading man for Universal, died at Oakland, Cal., after a long illness. He was 37 years old and leaves a wife and daughter. His right name was Daniel S. Ayres. Mr. Woodruff died in New York after a brief illness at the age of 47 years. He was a popular stage star for many years before playing for the shadow stage under the direction of Thomas Ince.

ESSANAY lost two of its best known players in the demise of Camille D'Arcy and Richardson Cotton. Miss D'Arcy was the wife of Dr. Loren Wilder, of Chicago. She was the victim of an unusual infection thought to have been caused by swimming in Lake Michigan. She was 37 years old and had had a long stage career. Mr. Cotton was struck and killed by an automobile while "on location" in Wisconsin for some scenes of "The Chaperon."

S. RANKIN DREW has followed his father, Sidney Drew, to Metro. He was one of Vitagraph's best known leads and directors.

IT will be more or less difficult to keep track of the Famous Players-Lasky stars since the amalgamation of the two companies. For instance, Thomas Meighan, long associated with Lasky, has gone to the New York studio and Mae Murray has switched back to the Lasky studio after a Famous photoplay.

WARDA HOWARD, long identified with Essanay, recently resigned to return to the legitimate stage. Her husband, John Lorenz, accompanies her.

EDITHE STOREY is now playing for the camera at Vitagraph's Hollywood studio. She stopped off en route West at a number of cities to make personal appearances in theaters. She was accompanied by her mother.



And here is a new one of Norma Talmadge who is now a corporation, all by herself.

DIRECTOR DAN CUPID reports an excellent month. One of the most important alliances registered during that time was that of Gertrude Robinson and James Kirkwood, the result of a romance which dates back to old Biograph days when both were humble players for the then despised screen. Miss Robinson since has become a popular star and Mr. Kirkwood one of the best directors in the business. They were married in Los Angeles and then took up double harness in Santa Barbara where Mr. Kirkwood is directing Mary Miles Minter. He was for years Mary Pickford's director.

REVERSING the procedure geographically, Bessie Eyton and Clark M. Coffey went from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara for the tying of the nuptial knot. Mr. Coffey is a young attorney of Vicksburg who met Miss Eyton when she was in the Southern city some months ago for the filming of "The Crisis." The marriage license gave the name of the actress as Bessie Harrison, her name before marriage to Charles F. Eyton, who is now the husband of Kathlyn Williams.

THEN there was Irene Hunt, former Reliance-Majestic star and now with Universal, who eloped with Lester Scott, a Fox director. Just why they eloped is not made apparent, but probably it seemed more romantic to drive down to Santa Ana, Los Angeles' Gretna Green, for the ceremony.

CONVERSELY, meaning on the other hand, three well known players of the California film colony became involved in divorce proceedings. Tom Mix, the Selig cowboy star, was sued for divorce by his wife, who asks the custody of their child, and Billie Rhodes brought suit against her husband, the papers in the latter case indicating that Billie's sure-enough name is Levita Fulgham. The third principal is "Shorty" Hamilton, whose wife asserted that he did not confine his Keystone comedy to the studio. After which we will return the skeletons to their respective closets.

KEITH ARMOUR is the new Chicagoesque name conferred upon Raymond Jerome Binder, former Windy City clothing model who is being transformed into a screen actor at Fine Arts Hollywood studio. His debut is to occur in a race track story opposite Dorothy Gish.

IF California goes dry this month, Wallace Beery will probably have to change his surname. The former Essanay "Sweddie" recently gave up his job as a Universal director.

NAT GOODWIN threatens to start a motion picture company of his own on his ranch in the San Jacinto Valley, California. But it's time enough to worry about misfortunes when they come, so why anticipate?

AND we hear that Romaine Fielding is endeavoring to do likewise in Western Canada, having selected Calgary as the location. He has been playing in vaudeville in the Northwest.

THE stork played a limited engagement at Universal City recently with the result that the population was increased by two, both of the stronger sex, in a manner of speaking. The fathers are Jack Mulhall, leading man, and Milton Moore, cameraman. It may be mentioned in passing that Mrs. Milton Moore is better known as Laura Oakley, who is the chief of police of Universal City as well as one of the pioneer character actresses of the film municipality.

ALFRID VOSBURGH is now a member of the Morosco company, having gone there after a long engagement with American at Santa Barbara. Estelle Allen, ingenue, was signed simultaneously.

NEARLY forgot to mention a couple of additional marriages. Max Dill, American comedian, was married in Los Angeles to Josephine M. Clark, a member of his company. This leaves one unmarried man on the American's payroll and he's a chauffeur. The other marriage was that of Hal Roach, director general of Rolin in Los Angeles and Margaret Nichols, who plays leads in one of his comedy companies. Guess that takes them all.

MARIN SAIS is out of the pictures temporarily because of an accident sustained while engaged in filming a scene at Kalem's California studio. The bridle slipped from her saddlehorse and a sudden movement of the animal's head hurled the bridle into her face, breaking her nose. Helen Gibson, another Kalem star, is reported to have been seriously hurt in the filming of a scene at the same studio by falling between two horses she was driving.



Arthur Hoops (left) and Sidney Ayres, two well-known screen actors, who died during the last month.

WILLIAM GARWOOD, Universal leading man, has renounced the films temporarily for a stage engagement in Los Angeles stock. He is playing the lead in "On Trial." Neal Burns, one of Universal's comedians, is appearing simultaneously in another Los Angeles theater.

OUR idea of zero in publicity stunts is the little note sent out by the Essanay essayist to the effect that Edna Mayo has learned to play a u k u l e l e, otherwise known as a Honolulu groan box, when stronger language is unavailable.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN will start a company of his own; he will go into vaudeville for a year; he will remain with Universal. The first two reports come from the press agents and the third from Universal. All of which would indicate that the beauteous Jack will remain a Universalite at a greatly increased stipend.

LILLIAN WALKER, she of the dimples and taffy hair, nearly drove her automobile into the obituary column the other day. As it was, she and Director Wilfred North were considerably shaken up when the machine collided with a taxi on Long Island. Both cars turned turtle and Miss Walker sustained some severe abrasions and much incidental publicity, which didn't hurt a bit.

MARY CHARLESON, who has been appearing with much success in recent Selig features, has been acquired by Essanay to play with Henry Walthall in "The Truant Soul," which is being heralded as a wonderful production. The play is by Victor Rousseau.

RECURRING to the subject of actorial divorcees, it is not amiss to recount the fact that Theodore Roberts, stellar Laskyite, is now a free agent, matrimonially speaking. The Roberts affair has dragged out for a half dozen years in one of the most sensational separation cases affecting stage people ever recorded. A Los Angeles judge did it.

HOBART BOSWORTH expects to collect \$50,000 from Universal for an alleged violation of contract. The suit is based upon the company's action in featuring Dorothy Davenport as the star in "The Way of the World," a film version of the Clyde Fitch play, instead of Bosworth, which was contrary to the contract, according to the plaintiff.

LEO WHITE, the make-believe French count and recipient of innumerable Chaplin kicks, punches and fancy swats during the last year and a half, is now doing funny stunts for Fox, having deserted the Chaplin colors for more remunerative employment.

CHARLOTTE WALKER recently completed one of the McClure feature series and has joined Thanouser for a New Rochelle production or two.

THERE was something or other about America that Ivy Close, famed English beauty, didn't like. So after participating in a few Kalem comedies at Jacksonville, Fla., she took passage for home. Recently she lost a brother in the war and her husband, Elwin Neame, is expecting a call to the colors.

ANITA KING, the Laskyite who put the "Chat" in the McGaffey Chataqua circuit, is about to have a rival on the lecture platform. Kathlyn Williams, of the famed

"Adventures," has been invited to deliver a series of lectures on the art of photoplay at the University of Wisconsin and expects to make the trip to Madison some time this month.

FRITZI BRUNETTE is no longer vamping for Selig. She and her husband-director, Robert Daly, recently resigned from that organization.

BECAUSE of their expertness with the rod and reel, Dustin and William Farnum have been elected members of the Tuna Club, of Catalina Island, the ambition of all salt water fishermen. During their stay at the island they caught several swordfish which averaged 300 pounds each.



All bridal couples have their pictures taken, so Irene Hunt and Lester Scott had this snapped at the beginning of their honeymoon.

MARGUERITA FISCHER is back in Mutual films which have the additional distinction of being taken within the walls of the San Diego Exposition. Harry Pollard, her husband, is in charge of the studio and direction. Beatrice Van is another leading member of the fair grounds company.

E. H. SOTHERN completed his first, and probably his last film engagement, at the Vitagraph studio on September 16, his screen repertoire consisting of three photoplays. Upon leaving he conferred valuable gifts on those who had assisted him.

N. Z. WOOD, who was a member of the Signal Film company since its formation, died in September after a brief illness. "Daddy" Wood, as he was

known to the California film colony, became a character actor after having spent a lifetime as a locomotive engineer. He appeared in all of the Helen Holmes productions of the past year and had a host of friends.

ADDA GLEASON of "Ramona" fame is taking part in another California spectacle-photoplay which is to be known as "The Spirit of Seventy-six"—which sounds like more preparedness. Others in the cast are Doris Pawn, Jane Novak and Howard Gaye.

A Close-up in
"The Dream Girl."



They Loved a Bandit

By Alec
Tierney

UP until the time he played the bandit, *Silver Spurs* in "The Love Mask" with Wallace Reid and Cleo Ridgely for Lasky, Earle Foxe had been merely a talented and experienced actor with no particular cinema following.

But when Earle rode into the scenes of "The Love Mask" with his huge spurs and patent leather hair, he galloped into the hearts of some thousands of girl film fans, and, you may believe it or not, gave even the married ones some fleeting regrets that they had married as they did.

Cablegrams poured in from Baloochistan and Paris (Ky. and Tex.) demanding his Bertillon and where he had served, etc. And just about that time he quit Lasky's for the effete East and Famous Players, his first Eastern appearance being with Pauline Frederick in "Ashes of Embers." Earle confesses that his sudden popularity is puzzling.

"When I went to Miami Military academy," he said between swapping one automobile for another. "No lady ever



sent me a box of bon bons.

"In the legit in London and America I never found that I had to build a trough to catch the bouquets. It used to break my heart.

"Even after I broke in to the movies in 1912 and served under the Griffith banner in 1914 nobody evinced any palpitant curiosity. But since this bandit part . . ." he shrugged his shoulders conclusively. "And now I shall play nothing else!"



With
Charlotte
Walker
in "The Trail
of the Lone-
some Pine."



In the red day which followed British soldiers avenged the murdered English women and children.

The Victoria Cross

By Clarie Marchand*

Produced by the Lasky Feature Film Co.

WHITE dust, white houses and whiter sun. And night a gleaming, steaming blanket. Ralph Seton stood in the door of his bungalow, nerves on edge, arms extended to the brass horizon of the sunset.

"Always the fierce light!" he exclaimed to his servant. "And when the light is gone, the heat, the heat, the heat! You could offer me the Maharajah's diamond or a cool breeze of England, and I would take the cool breeze of England. I'd welcome a London fog—God, I wonder how snow feels! It looks like purple fire on the Himalayas."

"Line water, Sahib," crooned Cassim Beg.

"And if I drink it, I'll be seven times hotter," laughed his master.

He went to his rattan table and turned up the oil lamp. A copy of the London Times lay

under his hand. He seized it with an eagerness almost pathetic. On the stand it would be three months old; it was still a newspaper in Cawnpore. Cassim Beg motioned to a boy squatting in the corner.

The dark little fellow rose, and began monotonously to swing the hinged fan that, hanging from the bamboo ceiling, was propelled by a cord.

"Don't—Stop. I tell you!" commanded Seton, irritably. The boy's motion slowly ceased.

"But Sahib," counselled Cassim Beg, as a mother might speak to a sick child, "the lamp and the flying things—"

"All right—forgive me, Cassim—I'm pretty ugly to-night, old fellow!" Seton laughed again, but in a different way. He ran his hand through his luxuriant hair, and focused his attention on the printed column. The fan again began to move.



* From the scenario adaptation of Paul Potter's novel.

Ralph Seton was a Major in the British army. It was his second year of uninterrupted duty in Her Majesty's Indian Empire—he had gone out in '55. He was tall, with almost supernaturally broad shoulders, and very handsome, but his looks carried with them a suggestion of weakness. There was no evil in his face, but it was a wonderfully high-bred face, with fine lines about the mouth that suggested a woman's nerves, eyes that either blazed or were gentle as a child's, and sensitive lips that quivered under stress like the nostrils of a race-horse. India in the heats of 1857 was much less endurable than the India of today, although external conditions are much the same. Then there was little real society—and ice-machines were unheard of! The India of 1857 was a place where tough, gnarled men grew tougher and more like mahogany in color. A thinking organization would never have sent a Ralph Seton to the coral strand for a period of years—but military organizations are notably machines.

A soldier under slow, nerve-torture has two obvious dissipation before him in India: alcohol and native women. Major Seton had extensively

His mess-mates hailed him as a cowardly Joseph slinking from the caresses of some glorious Mrs. Potiphar.



essayed the forgetfulness of the first; against his will, he was being commanded by one of the second. The fact that the female he had charmed was none other than Adala, half-sister of the Begum (the ruling Maharajah) made his position almost hopeless. She was not unlovely, and to flout her at that time was nearly as dangerous as contemptuously snapping the thumb at the friendly nod of an emperor. And as the evil climate lured Seton to the forgetfulness of tropic kisses, so Adala was formidably urged into a liaison for which she had marked taste.

Though no Englishman in India realized it, the dawn of the never-to-be-forgotten Sepoy Mutiny had begun. All over India ambitious natives—more than half of them trusted guardians of the British crown—dreamed of restoring the glories of the Indian kings, not only of crushing but of completely exterminating the infidel, and to do this planned to kill the Englishmen with their own guns. Foremost in the plotting was Azimoolah, a fierce dreamer born out of time. Azimoolah was a tragedy. Handsome, bearded, dark, stern, he was of perfect physique and a dangerous antagonist for an ordinary man half again as big as he. He did not belong to the race of his brothers. They, drooping in the heat from century to century, had become listless, resistless subjects of the unknown, white monarch fifty days



across the sea. But Azimoolah was as quick, as leonine, as strong as the priest-kings who made the temples of Elephantis; in his veins flowed some of the restless, marauding blood of the mighty Mongol, Ghengis Khan.

On the day following the night in which Seton, in his doorway, cried out against the furnace sun and the brass sky and the blanket of hot stars, Adala passed through the officers' compound in her palanquin, borne by four nearly-naked tribesmen. She had no especial business that way. She thought that the afternoon air would benefit her—and she might see Seton. She did see Seton. Further, Seton saw her, as, with every art of the oriental coquette, she drew the dark-red silken curtains of her carriage just far enough to permit a glance into her slumbrous eyes—then closed the curtains as though in shocked modesty. A faint, erotic perfume fled under the officer's nostrils—truly, Adala was good to look at; further, she and all her suite were as delicate, as well tubbed, as daintily groomed as English ladies.

I ask you, what can a chap do when home is over two oceans, and—these were Seton's yielding reflections.

The Major had not been alone in his observation of Adala's sly pilgrimage. Behind a post of the compound, apparently inspecting the sentries, stood Azimoolah. Not a movement, glance or indication had escaped his ferocious eyes. The little sepoy's trusted men were already prepared for a raid on the ammunition stores; that very night he could disaffect enough of the guard to murder every Englishman in Northern India, but—he must have, first, the official sanction of Seerek, the Maharajah. Hurrying to Seerek's palace, Azimoolah, in a torrent of invective and patriotic forecast, begged his native master to unleash the striking word. To which Seerek, fat, good-natured, really peaceful, replied: "Do you see, there, the dancing-



*"Did I not say,"
reiterated the
splendid Indian,
"it is for the faith
of India?"*

girl my cousin in Rangoon has just sent me? Do you not think it must have been a great elephant whose tusk supplied the ivory to make her?"

Azimoolah chewed his lips to keep from speaking his mind to his slothful lord, and sought the apartment of Adala.

But Adala's doorkeeper, instructed by a mistress who half hoped that she would have an English caller that day, smiled with his bow, and ventured that even his grandfather's ghost sighed as he—the servant—had sorrowfully to admit that the Princess was not at home.

"It concerns," whispered Azimoolah, folding his arms, "an English gentleman."

Without movement the servant ventured: "Her Majesty may have returned by another way. I will see." And he disappeared within, leaving Azimoolah to enjoy his sarcastic smile alone.

But Azimoolah got no farther than the latticed door of the women's court. Adala had always mistrusted her fierce countryman—most of all since that day when,

upon his insinuation that loving him might be the price of her safety in the British protectorate, she had sent him swiftly about his business. Since then, he had appeared before her three times, each time upon a mission of hate. Her heart was rather soft this day, and she disliked especially Azimoolah and his revenges.

"Even the lattice is a charming frame for the daughter of the crescent moon," began the sepooy.

"Your business . . . soldier." Adala's lip curled in scorn.

"Well then," returned the Indian officer, as quickly dropping all pretense, "it will be a service to all the faithful to have your London officer here tonight."

"What London officer?"

"I leave that to you. But I say, it will be best—"

"Nonsense, Azimoolah; you are always plotting, plotting—"

"Did I not say," reiterated the splendid Indian, in a ferocious whisper, "it is for the faith of India?"

Adala's eyes drooped. Then she reflected that, whatever devilry was broiling under Azimoolah's jewelled turban, Seton could come to no harm were he with her. She raised her eyes. They, and her lips, were smiling.

"He shall be here."

Azimoolah salamed profoundly. "You are a daughter of kings and a child of the faith," he murmured, retreating.

Accordingly, Adala sent a rose from her hair, exotic with the fragrance she had wafted gently toward the Englishman earlier in the day. And wrapped about the invitation was a little parchment scroll, requesting a call from the Honorable Officer.

Seton dropped the note carelessly to the floor. But the perfume of the rose thrilled him, and he closed his eyes.

"Sahib." It was Cassim Beg's voice. Seton started slightly, and the bruised rose fell to the table. "A letter: it came by messenger, just now."

The note informed him that the writer, Sir Allan Strathallan, was at that moment on the way to Cawnpore with the Victoria Cross, which had been awarded Seton for heroism in action. And Sir Allan concluded with the comment: "You remember Joan—my daughter—in school when you were here? She is with me."

Seton's eyes flashed and his lips tightened

as he thought of the glory of his rare decoration. But when he remembered the blonde Joan, with her full laughing mouth, her tender blue eyes and the arm-thick rope of blonde hair flung down her back in a great hempen braid he walked to his closet and put therein his brandy-bottle and its glasses.

Night came, and heat more oppressive than ever. A half dozen officers in Seton's command dropped into his bungalow. One by one they called for the brandy, and, one by one, Seton served them. But he did not drink himself.

In her own bungalow the Princess Adala waited hour after hour for her officer, first with impatience, then with injured pride. Finally a messenger brought to Seton, chatting with his fellows, a tiny box of sandalwood. He read the note on top, which said: "From one you have forgotten." As he held the box closer to the light it slipped from his fingers—its contents, rose-leaves, rained in an odorous shower upon the table.

During the gibes of his mess-mates, who hailed him as a cowardly Joseph slinking from the caresses of some glorious Mrs. Potiphar, Seton, unconsciously, consumed several drinks of brandy. The new puzzle had made him completely forget his temperate resolve.

Was it the brandy, curiosity, the mad heat, or inward waywardness which made him finally say to himself: "Why not? Life is lived but once—and Strathallan may be months away." His letter had been written in London.

So he went to Adala, to her arms and the inmost divan of her sensuous boudoir—but to the full expressions of her love? No. Adala was then in no loving mood just then. She was afraid; afraid for herself, for her people, most of all for the officer who was her momentary passion. From her window, an hour before, she had seen Azimoolah stab an English guard. She saw coolies slinking by with muskets; a donkey, drawing a load of hay beneath which gleamed the brass locks of three ammunition cases. What was going to happen she did not know. She felt that the English were to be wiped out like a chalk-mark on a black board.

An hour later Strathallan arrived in Cawnpore, and proceeded directly to the barracks.



Joan refused to send the note to her father begging him to withdraw the British troops from Northern India. "Then," said the Maharajah, "you will don the dress of a Nautch-girl and amuse my household!"

Azimoolah, haunting Seton's quarters, received the guests.

Seven glasses were upon the table, and a reek of brandy rose to the ceiling.

"Who," snarled Strathallan, aged, feeble, but always of the army tradition, "am I to beribbon? Did I come across seas to decorate a sot?"

"Father! father!" reproved Joan, gently. "There are worse things he might do. This is India, and he must be dreadfully lonely." Azimoolah smiled in his beard.

"Where is he—you Sepoy—do you know where this fellow is?"

"At the Palace, Sahib," answered Azimoolah, inclining his head in mock humility, "with the Maharajah."

"Conduct me to him, if he's in a condition to be seen," ordered Sir Allan, turning away.

Though Azimoolah and his guests went directly, a swift-running coolie had carried the news in advance. Seton's fellow-officers, who were being mildly diverted by Adala's dancing girls, escaped unseen. The

Major himself was of course in the Princess' own apartments.

Azimoolah's plan went wrong in that the slow-thinking Sheerek did not fall in with his quick speech of veiled information implying that Major Seton was there—or, of course, had been there recently.

"Here?" answered the stupid Maharajah. "I have not seen him in weeks!"

"I was mistaken," admitted Azimoolah, shrugging his fine shoulders. "He came this way, I am sure. He is presumably making a round of the sentry posts. If your excellencies will return with me—"

"No," thundered the impatient old man, "find the fellow! Find him! I want to know where he is and what he is doing!"

Azimoolah bowed himself away.

Then began the mischief. The Maharajah, stupid enough, had indeed a quick eye for a pretty woman. And Joan, now, was more than pretty; she was beautiful. Seton had not without perturbation admired her in the bud: full-blown, she would have swept any court. Into the Indian chief's



Before the Maharajah's very throne, back to the quasi-monarch, Seton clutched the Indians with his old, tremor he said. They advanced, the dragged coolies howling and chattering, their bodies

slow mentality flashed the programme—revolt under Azimoolah's direction, his own establishment as supreme monarch of his territory—it would be well, all things considered, to have this wonderful English flower in his own garden, handy for plucking at the opportune moment.

"Your daughter, the white dawn, shall have my sister, the Princess Adala, for her handmaiden," said Seerek, rising.

"My daughter stays with me!" Sir Allan barked like a howitzer, even in his kindest moments.

"I am offering you the hospitality of the East; here I rule; I should deeply deplore the day when the best I and my family have is not at the service of my overseas masters!" Seerek inclined his head and spread out his fat, soft hands in a sort of stage humility.



dous grip and held each at arm's length as Joan crouched close. "Come," preventing the blows or weapons of their comrades.

"You don't understand, sir, that—"

"Father," interrupted Joan, softly, "I am sure that we shall be very pleased to call upon His Excellency's royal sister, at least."

AND so the thing happened which not one of them—least of all Azimoolah and Ralph Seton—had anticipated. Led by the Maharajah, Sir Allan and Joan

went directly, by private doors, to the boudoir of the Princess Adala.

Quicker than the thought of Seton or the suspicions of Strathallan were the eyes of Adala. But not so quick as the eyes of Joan. Though she did not know who he was, she saw an English officer pass behind a screen in Adala's bath.

Joan was alarmed. She feared treachery of some sort, and in her excitement she did what she never would have done upon deliberation. She whispered to her father of what she had seen. And Strathallan, who could go no way but forward or utter no speech without roars, thundered: "Excellency, there is an English soldier here. I charge him with gross breach of discipline. I command him, in the name of the Queen, to step forth."

And amid general, speechless confusion, Major Ralph Seton stepped out and saluted.

It was a wordless party which went its different ways homeward. With the characteristic inconsistency of a voluptuary, the Maharajah was beside himself with rage at his royal sister's act. Had he been as sure of himself as were his immediate predecessors he would, without any doubt at all, have had her assassinated in the night—and would have risen with a devout, clean-hearted feeling

in the morning. Joan cried a little. She did not realize, until she had to choke back her tears, that she had made a deity out of Major Ralph Seton, all during her long voyage to India. And as is the way with old men, Sir Allan seemed crushed, broken, by his discovery. Progressing toward his bungalow, Major Seton walked in front of them, much as a man going to a gallows precedes his guard with

a sort of last dreadful pride. Cassim Beg arranged chairs, started the swinging fan. No one sat down save Joan, and she only because she did not know what else to do.

"Sir," began Sir Allan, as if he were stripping the epaulets and the buttons from a traitor on parade, "I came half around the world to bestow a decoration on an unworthy object. Take it, sir, and may the sight of it revive any spark of English manhood which still lingers in your breast." He flung the box to the table.

Ralph Seton made no answer.

"Now then," trumpeted Sir Allan, "explain your conduct tonight."

"I cannot, except that I had been drinking."

"Explain yourself more fully, sir!"

Seton shrugged his shoulders hopelessly, and turned away.

"Tonight you caused the death of several innocent men"—Seton turned, wildly; Joan started; if mischief were afoot, where had the wily old man gotten his whiff of evil?—"and I shall see to it that you are courtmartialed. Come, Joan!"

So crushed, so hopeless, so despairing was the young officer that even at the door, with her hand on her father's arm, she relented, turned, ran back to the table.

"Ralph," she cried, in the words and tone of country England in other days, "I am so sorry!" The youth reached his hands out to her. Her hands fell—and her fingers crushed a dead rose. Quickly, she raised it to her nostrils. Even its dead petals flung out the insidious scent of Adala's palace. She burst into tears. When conscience-stricken Seton dared turn his eyes toward her again the room was empty.

BLACK as the ensuing days were for India, they were more than midnight for Ralph Seton. As

*"No time," said the faithful servant.
"Hurry!"*



often when men wake to see the preciousness of things they have carelessly flung beyond their reach, he realized that he loved Joan Strathallan with all the tenderness and sincerity that was in him. He realized too that she had finally gone out of his life, that his career was closed, that nothing but dull indolence and a shameful grave remained for him. The Princess Adala still wanted the wreck that had once been Major Seton; she received that wreck, as her due.

Azimoolah, still fanatic in his hatred of the English, still with his single purpose of English extermination, captured the girl, and took her, as his prisoner, to the Maharajah. This was to be his bribe to the Maharajah to give the word for open revolt.

Little did Seerek care for Azimoolah, his traditions, his ancient memories, his ambitions, or his revolution! But he did covet the Kentish pearl that Azimoolah's slaves had stolen, and he ordered her, as a hostage, to send a note to her father begging him to withdraw the British troops from North India lest she forfeit her life. This she proudly refused to do—which was exactly as the Maharajah had foreseen.

"Then," he said, contemptuously, "you will don the dress of a Nautch-girl and amuse me and my household!"

THE fires of revolution began to burn. Ralph Seton, seeing through a mist of alcohol the open rebellion, the nightly murders, the hopeless state of his countrywomen and their children, felt that, some way, his debauchery had caused it all. So, when Adala found him in his own quarters one night pressing a pistol to his head, she realized that she must confine him in her own compound to save his life.

And here, in native costume, dining jocosely with the native woman in disregard of his birth and his people's needs, Joan found him.

The sight of her

and her suffering eyes—and the exquisite figure that the Nautch costume half revealed and wholly suggested—tore a festering lid of foul weeks off Seton's soul. He leaped to his feet, away from the Princess' side.

"Why — you — Joan — what has happened?"

"You are not an Englishman any longer," said Joan, quietly; "you are less than a Hindu servant. Why should I tell *you* what has happened? Why should I tell *you* anything of the revolt, of the shame and death of our own people. Go back to your chocolate mistress!"

But Seton was himself agam. He followed her even into the presence of Seerek.

"Go back, dog of an infidel!" shouted the Maharajah, rising heavily, clumsily from his dais-chair.

"I demand the right to safe-conduct this Englishwoman back to her father," returned Seton, "and afterwards, an explanation from you of how this hideous thing happened!"

"She is my hostage," sneered Seerek, "and were it not for some sick fancy of my sister's, your carcass would long ago have mulched my flower-beds!"

"Yes?" answered Seton. And he laughed as he had laughed of old, and Joan thrilled from the roots of her hair to her toes. Why? she could not say. Mere danger no longer moved her, even in its extremes.

Seton's work was as fast as incredible. Near at hand lounged a Nautch girl covered, between her dances, with a long and gorgeous coat of brocaded blue. With a single movement he snatched this from her shoulders, over her head, and about Joan. It fell to her ankles, a complete covering. As he did so the Maharajah clapped his hands and two coolies dashed forward to seize the audacious interloper. Before the Maharajah's very throne, back to the quasi-monarch, Seton clutched the Indians with his old tremendous grip and held each at arm's length as Joan crouched close.

"Come," he said.

They advanced a few feet, she dragged coolies howling and chattering, their bodies preventing the blows or weapons of their comrades. As they reached a latticed window Seton flung them backward with a great whirl of leonine power. Their hurt-

ling bodies fell like ludicrous missiles among their fellows, knocking half a dozen from their feet. Amid the enraged shouts of the Maharajah, Seton, with Joan now in his arms, dropped easily to the soft earth of a flower bed.

That night Azimoolah's arguments swept easily over the outraged Seerek's last caution. The open revolt began next day. Soon, it was a siege, and it ended only in surrender when Azimoolah, in command, offered safe passage to Allahabad to all who would lay down their arms. This surrender was by no means counseled by Seton, who feared native treachery. Sir Allan, before the enclosing wall of steel had made passage impossible, had rushed to Calcutta for assistance.

Azimoolah's characteristic performance need not be told in detail. His treachery—suffice it to say—reached here its fullest, reddest flower. As he stood with folded arms, watching, with a slight smile, his man fire upon the astonished, unarmed Englishmen and Englishwomen and English children, he was all that Seton's now-clear brain had pictured him in the preceding nights of horror and suspense.

Joan thought death had come to her—blindly, coldly, terribly—she woke to the truth as the water rushed away from her eyes. Seton had seized her, and, swimming under water, had, momentarily at least, found a way of escape for both.

For three days the pair wandered in an impenetrable bamboo forest.

On the evening of the third day, weak with hunger, shivering as the sudden sunset chill of the tropic jungle struck through Seton's coat, about her shoulders, Joan raised her arms and put them about his neck. It was hard to bring his face to hers. He did not seem to want to kiss her. But at last he did kiss her, fervently, with trembling lips. A salt tear fell from his eyes into Joan's mouth.

"I am so unworthy!" he whispered. "If I had twenty lives, I would give them all for you, but if one kiss would take me out of hell—after what's happened—I don't think I'd dare ask it."

"Ralph," whispered Joan, "I love you. You see, I'm afraid that we—well, we may not see England again . . . And I wanted you to know."

"*You'll* see England again!" exclaimed Seton, rising in a sudden fury of ultimate

resolve. "As for myself, never mind. What happens to me don't count, but you're going to go through."

Then he took from his undershirt the Victoria Cross.

"Keep it always," he said, handing it to her, "for the sake of the Queen who bestowed it."

"For you, dear boy," answered Joan. Then, with a simplicity which was quite virginal, she unfastened her torn waist, and, opening her shift, fastened the Victoria Cross beneath all her garments, so that it lay hidden against her bare breast.

Beyond them was a half mile of open space about which they had been skirting for a day and two nights. Beyond that—safety. But the arena of danger was patrolled.

"Under my arm!" whispered Seton, bravely. "Remember the Maharajah's palace, and my two human bowling pins?" Joan laughed. So, they advanced into the field. Two coolies espied them as they came crouching through the barley, half across.

Seton had at them in the manner of his premier encounter, but even the highest resolve fails unless it is humbly supported by a filled stomach. For three days Joan had eaten little; he had eaten nothing. The two rice-filled coolies found it the work of but a moment to lay him ingloriously upon his back.

Back in the palace of the Maharajah, Seton was quickly sentenced to death by hanging—and Joan, he knew, was unspokenly sentenced to worse than death. From hour to hour Seerek—"King," he called himself, now—came to feast his eyes upon her in the little room where they were confined during Ralph Seton's last hours.

The only commotion was the arrival of the Princess Adala, tearful, imploring, and,—Seton viewed with dull wonder his life's final observations—fatter than ever. She clung about Seton's neck in a wild ecstasy of terror and remorse, protesting her love, and imploring Seton to caress her and, vowing a new affection, renounce the English girl at his side. Seton endured her perfumed caresses till they became nauseous.

"Lady Adala," he said, rising and thrusting her gently away. "I love this girl of my own people. I am to die at sunset,

they say. Let me have the hour that remains with her alone."

The Princess drew herself up, a plump pincushion of wounded dignity.

"Die, then, like the infidel chow-dog that you are!" Her forced laughter as she flounced from the apartment was the cry of a barbarian's broken heart.

A few minutes later, as Joan lay relaxed in Ralph's arms, while he, in turn, looked steadily out into the bright and fatal afternoon, a rifle-bearing coolie appeared at the door, head down, so that his features could not be distinguished.

"Sahib will march to yard," he muttered. Joan shrank back with a cry of terror. "Lady must come too," continued the native, in a rising voice. "Quickly."

Something in the final word filled Seton with a vague wonder. Still, he obeyed the humble mandate, and, before the single rifle barrel he, and Joan, walked down the silent corridor. At the end they paused, bewildered. What to do next? There was no yard—nothing but the compound fence, and beyond, trees and the white road. Seton turned.

The coolie was close, now, and his face was upturned. It was Cassim Beg.

"No time," said the faithful servant. "Hurry! . . . No, I will get away. They do not know I am even here—my brother was your guard—Seerek did not know."

The road was a rear one, and this time Seton and the girl made their escape complete.

At sunset their white path branched into the broad Calcutta highway.

Seton laughed. "This is the hour," he began, "in which I was to—"

"Don't say it!" said Joan, sharply, putting her hand over his lips.

Neither Seton nor Joan could understand the silence, the lack of natives. Here was a thoroughfare down which the British might return, not even patrolled.

Suddenly, from behind the trunk of a great palm, a native rifleman appeared.

"Behind me!" murmured Seton. "I've nothing but rocks to throw, but thank God I may hit him before he sees me—why, it's Cassim Beg once more!"

The servant told them quickly of his escape from the house, which, indeed, was easily effected because the "King" was in

(Continued on page 146)

A Youth of Promise

By Seth Gordon

THE number of old actors who have played with Booth and Barrett according to this year's statistics runs into two million—which is regarded as a "healthy increase."

But here is one who really did tread 'em with the famous pair. He is Matt B. Snyder, one of the grand old men of the movies, who, at 82, plays *Colonel Carrel* in the Selig production, "The Crisis." If anyone thinks that 50 solid years of acting have caused Mr. Snyder's eyes to seek the wheel chair ads, he is mistaken. In fact when certain scenes of "The Crisis" were being filmed at Vicksburg, Miss., and the younger bloods were growing weak in a temperature of 100 degrees, the old gentleman was up and doing all the time.

"Where does he get that pep?" someone asked.

Well here's the secret. He got it at Annapolis. Anyone who ever went there knows that you get enough pep at Annapolis to keep you going for a couple of centuries. Mr. Snyder never ran out of his supply.

It's strange he didn't though, for he had enough experiences: after leaving school he toured the world with the navy, but the life of a gay sailor dog was not for him, and when the Mason and Dixon line jumped into fame he signed up with the Confederates. Whoever directed the battle stuff in those days must



Mr. Snyder uses his own beard in all his roles. Below he is seen with Bessie Eylon in "The Crisis."

have liked his work, for they promoted him from extra man to major.

With the war over, he was out of a job. When you get that way it's time to act. Anyone will tell you so. So Snyder acted, and he's acted ever since. In his theatrical experience he was a stage director for Frank Sanger, produced "Under Two Flags" for David Belasco and played in the companies of both English and American stars.

Incidentally, for a young man he has a brilliant future ahead of him despite what Prof. Osler and his disciples have said. After playing in "The Crisis," Mr. Snyder went to the coast and has since taken part in several new photoplays.



YOU, who read this now, have you read "The Glory Road" from its start?—How June Magregor, a motherless girl of the Canadian wilderness brought up by her father, a Hudson's Bay post trader, encountered in the North woods a moving picture company and fell in love with Paul Temple, the company's star; and how Tom Briscoe, the company's director-in-chief, a bluff man devoted to his business only, thought he saw star material in June and persuaded her old father to let him take her out into the world she never had seen and try her to determine whether she had the star stuff in her.

And how, months after she had come out of the wilderness and was beginning to make good in a great play Briscoe created for her, Stephen Holt, chief owner of the company she worked for, a man who had heaved himself up from the poverty of a truck-driver's life to the luxury of a millionaire and cultured himself while he climbed, found out she was worth hunting down and told her she could marry whom she chose but he would make her love *him*;

Have you followed June Magregor's struggle to stay true to herself and Paul Temple while her whole being yielded toward the fascination of Stephen Holt, and gleaned how in one moment of tremendous ecstasy she gave herself into his arms while he sought and found her lips and cried out to her "You love me! God! you love me!" And have you read how she begged him out of the house and fled into her room and locked the door and threw herself down on the bed and sobbed, and sobbed, because she had been in thought untrue to Paul—

Have you read "The Glory Road" as Francis William Sullivan meant you should read it, a story, *the story*, of the "movies" as they are actually lived in the studios of Southern California?

This is what happened to June Magregor when she tore herself from that impetuous, wild embrace of Stephen Holt's.

Holt staggered out of her house, dazed with her surrender. He was so happy that the stars he looked up to seemed close to him. But June came back to reason. Her convulsion of self-abraiment over, she realized what she had done—and found a strange, sad pride in the consciousness that she would do it again if Stephen Holt seized her in his arms and kissed her.

But reason returned, nevertheless. And June saw her way clear. To be honest with herself and belatedly honest with Paul, she must not again see Holt alone. Day after day she avoided him. It ran into weeks, and Holt became almost mad for a talk alone with her. Finally he forced it. She told him everything personal was over between them. He pleaded with her. He made her confess that since that night when she had thrown her arms about him and yielded for a moment to the wonderful thing he had aroused in her, she did not love Paul as she thought she had.

Then Stephen demanded that she break her engagement to Paul and give them an equal chance to win her. Her New England instinct toward faithfulness made her

refuse, through a terrible scene in which he domineered and she alternately pleaded and was firm.

At last Stephen Holt's patience gave way entirely, and he hurled at her this threat: If you don't break your engagement, you and I break now! I'll kill the picture Tom Briscoe has made you in! That means you throw away two hundred thousand dollars of the company's money, and it also means that you destroy the big dream of Tom Briscoe's life—the man who brought you out of the woods and made you! How virtuous you must feel!

The threat and the mad contempt struck June like a fist blow—the threat to destroy Briscoe by killing the picture! She begged for time to think.

Stephen Holt looked at her savagely. Then he said all right, he'd give her until five the next evening, when she must come to his office and make her answer. She must say *then* whether she would break her engagement with Paul Temple and give him and Paul an even chance.

"As she tremblingly sat down in her chair again, she shrank from this fearful responsibility, felt to the full the cruel unfairness of Holt's move. For her debt to Briscoe was incalculable. She owed him everything—what little she was, opportunity, inspiration, growth. And now his dreams and hopes lay here in her hands to crush or to cherish.

"The situation seemed to knock every prop from under her conceptions and determinations; it piled her carefully erected structure of conscience and duty in a tangled mass. She could not reason, she could not think. She could only give voice to her horrified distress.

"Oh, Stephen, don't do that! Don't!"

"I will!"

June sank into a chair.

"Go," she whispered. "Go, now."

Holt, tight-lipped, grim, ugly, stalked out of the bungalow and down the white street.

In constructing the novel "The Glory Road" Francis William Sullivan has invaded the mystic precincts of the moving picture studios and literally picked out and picked up and carried away chunks and bits of life as it is lived behind the screen. These he has put into Art's melting pot, and out of the brew has come the One Great Story of the photoplay, how it is made, and the people who make it.

The fact alone that it is next to impossible for an outsider to gain visiting admittance to any moving picture studio wraps the space behind the screen in a mystery which tantalizes and lures. It is a new art, prosecuted with new tools, producing examples of experimental worth, and embracing the whole world in its patronage. The magnitude and universality of its appeal—to every class in all lands—is a new thing in the annals of society.

It is natural then that there should be abroad a curiosity amounting almost to a longing, on the part of frequenters of moving picture theatres, to penetrate behind the screen into that Cameraland where the pictures are made.

Preceding Chapters of The Glory Road



June

The Glory Road

By Francis William Sullivan

Author of "Star of the North," "Alloy of Gold,"
"Children of Banishment," etc.

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

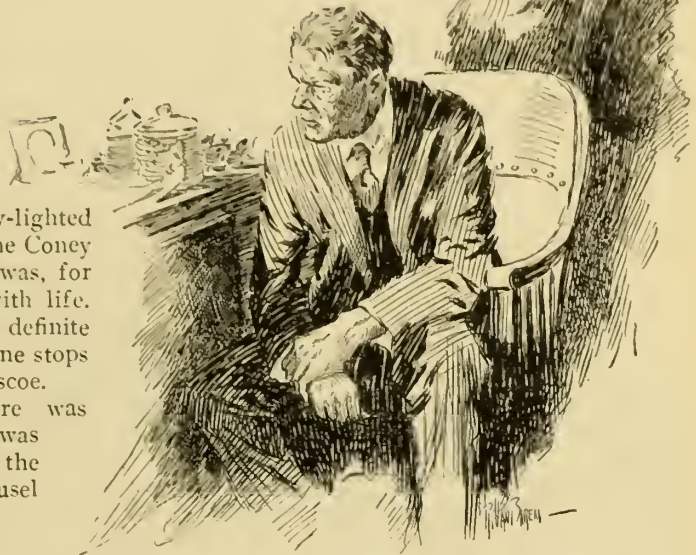
XX

AS, on the evening of the same day that had witnessed Holt's ultimatum to June, Tom Briscoe paced with restless energy up and down the noisy, brightly-lighted amusement pier at Venice, the Coney Island of Los Angeles, he was, for a brief moment, satisfied with life. He had reached one of those definite periods in existence where one stops to draw breath—even a Briscoe.

His revolutionary picture was done, and he felt that it was good. Even here amid the clamor of ballyhoos, carrousel organs, peanut machines, and the surge of humanity, the thought of it made him dream of the future. He planned great things, and always June was in them; mentally he had signed away their lives for the next ten years.

Then he remembered that he was expecting guests, and searched the milling crowd. The pier, lined on either side with food stalls and amusement booths, extended out into the ocean behind a breakwater, and was garish with jeweled lights. The chief sensation it conveyed was of bewildering confusion beneath a painful glare. The fresh, cool breeze was laden with odors of fish, popcorn, "hot dogs," and gun powder. Ashore loomed the ridiculous gimcrackery of the "Venetian" architecture to which the hotels and principal structures had been subjected. At close range their gingerbread fronts showed different colors, pink, green, blue, yellow.

There was a single unique and dignified note in the cheap and noisy *ensemble*. Before Briscoe, and motionless because built



"Love me! God! What a conceited fool I am, to think that a girl like that from another world would look at a raw, selfish, cruel brute like me."

solidly on the pier, rode a great white Spanish galleon, her yards, masts and rigging outlined in colored lights. Fore and aft she rose high, but was cut low amidships. Across her stern, which was banded with a frieze of Castilian coats of arms, blazed the proud name *CABRILLO*, and if one had been permitted to dream there, he might have imagined this the ghostly vessel of California's discoverer returned. But alas for dreams! Now through her open ports came raucous singing, and one could see glittering tables, perambulating waiters, and dancing couples. It was a very gay and spicy restaurant.

Briscoe was pondering these things when he caught sight of a gay, gesticulating group pushing through the crowd toward him. The newcomers were five in number, and all, though afoot, wore motoring togs, having parked their car amid sublime historical surroundings, including the Doge's

Palace, St. Mark's (hotel) and the Bridge of Sighs, not to mention canals upon whose placid bosoms slewed hither and yon the romantic gondola.

The party which surrounded Briscoe in a noisy, chattering group included Elsie Tanner, Terrence MacDonnell, Romey Stark, his bride — Adelaide, a self-contained, "homey"-looking girl who appeared a little startled by her surroundings; and, lastly, Lola Tremaine, a new member of the Graphics who had played a second lead to Briscoe's liking in "Anywoman." Under the arc lights this last named was revealed as a tall, graceful girl of about twenty, very blonde, and with an oval, mischievous face, set off by a broad, black hat worn rakishly.

After the greetings their host searched anxiously among them.

"Look here, where's June?" he exclaimed.

Elsie Tanner spoke up.

"It's a rotten shame, Tom," she said with indubitable sincerity, "but June's practically sick abed. She felt awfully about missing this, but she had a splitting headache when I left, and couldn't have gone to her own wedding."

There were sympathetic murmurs from the others.

"'Tisn't the old crowd without Holt and June, is it?" said Stark in his rich voice, as Briscoe led the way toward the entrance to "The Ship."

"No," he admitted, "but I wasn't expecting Holt. He told me when I asked him that he had a Chamber of Commerce dinner on tonight."

They entered the door in the waist of the ship and found themselves at the edge of the dancing floor which at the moment was empty. The interior of the place carried out the ship idea, being built like a cabin. The butts of the three yellow masts supported it, the windows were port holes, and in the form of a gallery there was an upper deck in which above the rudder stood the huge wheel, taller than a man. On the dancing floor at the stern was a short flight of steps mounting to a poop-deck, and toward this Briscoe now led the way, both Stark and himself being at once recognized and made the target of batteries of eyes.

Briscoe's table was placed against the railing which overlooked the dancing floor, and was laden with an extraordinary as-

semblage of articles; a chafing-dish, a pitcher of cream, an awkward squad of condiment bottles, a bowl of rice, and a large platter of rosy shrimps on lettuce.

Bitter cries of despair broke from the victims.

"Another of Tom's butcheries!"

"Good-bye all. I die innocent!"

"My insurance is paid up. Fire when you are ready, Gridley."

"Lord! This aint fair! I'm young yet; I want to see something of life!"

"Any way you look at it, it's better than drowning."

The director commenced to beam, for this, he felt, was the pinnacle of praise. By personal preference he would have given the party in his own apartments, but had chosen this place so that the young people could dance, an indulgence forbidden in the Los Angeles restaurants.

Almost the instant they were seated the music struck up, and MacDonnell, seizing Elsie's arm, bore her away. Romey attempted a similar *coup* with his wife, but without immediate success. It was plain that she was battling with conscience, for the fast-looking men and girls at the surrounding tables roused all her abundant sense of propriety. Still, Goldie Burke's description of their union as that of "a flash of lightning hitched to a bean bag" was hardly justified, for seeing the look of disappointment on her husband's face she finally went, leaving Briscoe alone with Lola Tremaine.

This young lady's real name was Bessie Snooks, but she had enjoyed it only two days at the studio, for MacDonnell, in aesthetic anguish, had refused such a cognomen any publicity since the Graphics were not making comedies. He had evolved the present "monicker" and considered it a triumph. Now its bearer launched platitudes at Briscoe in a slight lisp.

When the dance was ended there was a tinkle of silver on the floor as appreciative dollars danced across it towards the musicians, and one of the men, picking them up, sailed them into the huge metal horn of a hollow phonograph across the room, where they fell clinking upon previous offerings.

When the party had settled themselves again Briscoe nodded to a waiter and cocktails were served. Again Adelaide Stark bridled a little, but once more her sense of social obligation triumphed, though her

politely grim mouth said wordlessly: "I perceive that there are several things which will have to be understood before we go much farther!"

Meanwhile, amid the babel that resounded through the room, Briscoe arose to create his masterpiece. As one who performs a sacrificial office he took cream and poured it into the chafing-dish. He measured to the fraction of an eye-lash; his hands moved among bottles and utensils with an air of benediction; his unpromising face was beatified. Paprika followed, and a bay leaf of precise area. He stirred tenderly.

plates which he placed beside the chafing-dish. He stirred now with solicitude.

"Tom," said Elsie in a dramatic whisper, "you've forgotten the ketchup."

The breathless, pregnant silence that follows sacrilege descended. Even MacDonnell wouldn't have dared this.

"Haven't forgotten it! Never use it!"

"Oh, but Tom!" This was an artistic anguish equal to his own.

The triumphant hand faltered, cut the corners as he stirred.

"Eh! What about ketchup!"

The others glanced at each other.



"Well, Holt being a man, what's usually the matter with a man where a girl's concerned?"

The music struck up again, but his guests sat rooted. There are moments for the indulgence of gayety and youthful spirits, there are moments for lightness and frivolity and for the lesser considerations, but this was not one of them. This occasion demanded undivided concentration from all present, as during thought-transference or prayer.

Shrimps and rice followed in proper order, and a tormenting exhalation commenced to penetrate each twitching nostril. Anticipatory groans followed. Briscoe signalled, and a waiter appeared bearing hot

This was an unbelievable concession. What toleration did it not imply!

"It makes it, Tom!"

"Eh! Umph! Ketchup in cream?" he demanded, witheringly.

"Oh, yes. At the right moment."

"Umph!" He paused, but did not lift his eyes, and the universe hung in the balance. "How soon?"

The incredible had happened; to those present returned a lost faith in miracles.

"In a quarter of a minute." Then, frantically, to the waiter, "A bottle of ketchup, quick!"

The man flew. When he had returned, Elsie poured out half a cup of the condiment and dripped it into the steaming creation, staining it a pink describable only in the language of the flowers.

"Now serve it!" she commanded at the psychological moment, for there is a psychological moment in these things; and Briscoe obeyed. At the same time he snapped an order at the waiter, who disappeared to return with champagne. Then amid fluttering trepidation came the first taste, and though all clamored for expression, they mastered themselves, and waited for the Jovian approval. It came in time.

"Elsie!" Briscoe said with tremendous feeling. That was all, but it was as if he had taken a wreath from his own square dome and transferred it to hers. The praise, bubbling now from the others, was a suitable obligato to his resounding approval, and the affair was a success.

There was only one untoward incident. Adelaide Stark waved aside the napkin-covered champagne bottle as it hovered over her glass. There were limits even to the demands of hospitality!

WHEN they had finished, the music went no longer unheeded, and the two younger men disappeared with Adelaide and Miss Tremaine, leaving Briscoe and Elsie Tanner together. He was smoking a cigar now, and she, quite frankly, a cigarette. Though no word was spoken, there seemed to exist a certain subconscious accord between them, a harmonious culinary vibration of kindred souls, as it were. But this remained unvoiced, and when finally Briscoe spoke it was to say:

"Sorry June couldn't be here. Half her party, you know, to celebrate the picture. What's the matter with her?"

A look of concern came into Elsie's sallow and slightly hardened face.

"I don't know. I got home at half past five and found her in bed. She'd been crying and seemed all worked up about something. I tried to find out what was the matter, whether anything had happened, but she wouldn't say." She paused a moment and puffed her cigarette. "Do you know, Tom," she went on, "I'm kind of worried about June. She hasn't acted the same lately; or looked the same, either."

"That so?" He was surprised. "What's the matter?"

"I've got my ideas."

"What are they?"

Elsie considered a moment with narrowed eyes. Then she made her decision.

"Well, I'll tell you, but understand, I haven't told anyone else, and I want you to keep this under your hat." She paused, watching him. "I think it's Holt."

He stared at her a minute.

"Holt! What about Holt?"

"Well, Holt being a man, what's usually the matter with a man where a girl's concerned?"

His eyes slowly widened with dawning comprehension.

"Not some more of this damned love business!"

She gave a dry laugh.

"No! He's after her savings." Then, exasperated: "Haven't you seen? But of course you haven't, you never would. For months there's been something going on there. Then, two or three weeks ago, they had some sort of a break, because she never sees him, and she stays away from every place where he's invited. And now to-day something else must have happened."

"Something else?" Was there no end to this nonsense? "*What*, for heaven's sake?"

"I don't know. I couldn't get a word out of her."

Briscoe chewed his cigar.

"D'you mean Holt's in love with her?"

"My Lord, Tom! *Yes!* And traveling on the high lope."

"Damn fool!" He was oblivious of double meanings. "Is *she* in love with *him*?"

"I don't know, but if I know Holt, he's tried hard enough to make her. I've just got wise to that guy, and he's so cadgy it's taken me till now to find out he's had a sketch on with Marcia Trent for nearly a year."

Briscoe fidgetted uneasily, but Elsie's frank discussion of facts in the professional manner steadied him.

"I know it," he said.

"Yes, but after all, that isn't the main thing now. There's another angle that I'm more afraid of than that."

"What?"

"Paul Temple," she said.

He gave an involuntary startled grunt.

"Lord! A mix-up."

"You dazzle me, Thomas! You make my head swim."

"Lord!"

"This is the point. Awhile ago I got a letter from Paul asking me if everything was all right with June. He said that seeing she was with *me* everything *would* be all right, of course. But I didn't like that. It showed in the first place that he was suspicious of something, and in the second that he was passing the buck to me. I keep out of other people's business, so I got out from under this."

"Eh? How?"

"I wrote Temple to come on here. Just that. Didn't try to tell anything, because I don't *know* anything. But I thought if anybody ought to look after his property, it was him and not me. And that's the way things stand now."

"Is he coming?"

"I don't know. I haven't heard from him, but I should think if he was coming he'd wire me. Now what do you think about all this, Tom?"

The man's brows knit, and his face grew anxious as he mutilated his cigar. For the first time he seemed to realize the seriousness of the situation. Elsie felt relief at the thought of his strong shoulder helping to share the burden that had grown heavier of late than she cared to bear alone. He suddenly struck the table with his fist.

"By thunder!" he exclaimed. "We just finished that picture in time, didn't we? I had a little luck for once!"

The music had stopped and the dancers were moving back to their tables. As Elsie sat there speechless, the others of the party approached the table and dropped into their seats. With the maddening cheerfulness of the unconscious, Briscoe turned to Miss Tremaine with an amiable remark. Elsie almost had apoplexy. The conversation between them was not resumed.

XXI

FOR Stephen Holt the day of June's promised evening visit to his office was the longest of his life. Every consideration gave way before the great question, "Will she give up Temple or not?" He was in a fever of anxiety that would yield to no sedative of mind or body.

Alternately he touched the heights and depths of expectation as he soared with hope or tumbled like Lucifer in despair.

"Oh, she *will* do it, she *will* be reasonable," he would tell himself, eagerly, in one phase. "And if she will just free herself—I'm not afraid then. She loves me now, and once free of Temple—"

He saw himself triumphant; in imagination experienced June's next and final surrender; visualized every ecstatic detail of their union, and felt himself, at the mere thought of it, gloriously strengthened and grateful—proof against any calamity life could bring him.

"But her conscience, her sense of duty! She'll never give in, never!" he would suddenly think in reaction, and begin again his breath-taking plunge into the abyss.

"Love me! God! What a conceited fool I am, to think that a girl like that from another world would look at a raw, selfish, cruel brute like me. Oh what a fool I've been to think that she might love me! I ought to be thankful that she lets me see her now and then. No! She'll turn me down, Briscoe and all, and then what'll I do? God, what'll I do *then*?"

His desire and need of her grew, for he was suffering; not in the bleeding way of very sensitive natures, but stolidly with a mute, animal-like endurance that had something pathetic about it. The punishment softened him and brought to the surface a new tenderness towards her which was the result of mutual experience, for he had seen her suffer.

He remembered her as he had seen her last, crumpled in her chair, white, pitiful, broken, and with himself standing over her harsh and relentless, and an infinite longing to take her in his arms and obliterate the memory of that cruelty with tenderness rushed over him, combined with the bitterest self-denunciation and abasement.

"Oh, God forgive me for that!" he prayed. "What kind of a dog am I that I could treat her like that!" He wanted to kneel at her feet and beg her forgiveness, to humble himself in any way that would bring him relief.

And then, as always, the old resentment, the old sting of defeat, came back. "But hadn't she earned it? Hadn't she deserved it?" He had tried every other way to make her listen to reason—

He began to ask himself what spring of motive or desire actuated her indomitable stubbornness. The answer did not come at first, but presently he saw: her duty to

someone else—to Paul Temple. And what lay at the bottom of his own will, had always lain at the bottom of it? Self! Self, nothing else, ever! A perceptible difference, he admitted, with a wry smile.

What had he ever done for anyone else, even June Magregor, voluntarily, gladly, disinterestedly? Nothing. Remorse and

self-condemnation surged over him. The stirrings of his first aspiration towards "good" on the night he had held June in his arms, were repeating themselves. Conscience, duty, thought of another, had again united to produce the sacrament of self-communion. And the thought of her purely and nobly putting aside self without question brought his feelings to a climax.

Because of her, in the last month he had altered many little matters in his life, and one great one. So despicable had his love for June made his other loves appear, that he had seen Marcia but once in all that time, and then only when she had sought him, really alarmed, but resolutely bidding her time according to Tim Barr's counsel.

Now, in the light of his past life, the conviction of his utter unworthiness of June crushed him, and he experienced a thrilling demand to prove himself of metal as pure as her own. It was an inspiring challenge to his courage and manhood, a challenge to cast the clay aside and consult only the promptings of the spirit. The thought seemed to bear him upward. He drew great breaths of a new air, he seemed to tower high and serene among the mountain-tops.

Tonight, then, if she should still remain true to her own higher principles, he would remain true to his, and give her up. There lay salvation for him. The rich glow that follows difficult decision suffused him, and brought what was an almost mystic gratification.

Once more Holt had almost reached that point where the kaleidoscope of a life may be given a turn and a new pattern result. And yet he had

She felt the silence, became aware of their comparative isolation and recognized the alarming disadvantage this was to her under the circumstances.



not quite reached it, because his aspiration rested on emotion rather than on unshakable inner conviction. He had achieved a lofty eminence but did not stand upon a rock. Now he turned his eyes below, and, as he saw the old tormenting picture of life without her, barren, useless, futile, the earth began to slip beneath his feet.

He could not endure that picture, and he groaned in the pain and bitterness of its thought. "Oh, I can't, I can't," he said. "I must have her." Then with the first relaxation, all his old doubts and disbeliefs and gross materialism rushed up to complete his overthrow.

Normally Holt nursed a contempt for mankind, and a belief that humanity in the last analysis serves its personal ends first—that all action is based on the desire to avoid pain or discomfort, whether of body, mind or spirit. This conviction returned to him now, and changed his high conception of June's sacrifice into disparagement and suspicion. He impugned the motive of her act, and denounced her loyalty to Paul as false.

"She's sticking to him not for the sake of *his* happiness, but for her own, because it will quiet her conscience and bring her peace," he told himself. "It'll make her more uncomfortable to love me than to keep her word to him, though she must know that she was a fool to give her word to him in the first place. She's like everybody else, selfish, and doing what will be easiest for herself in the end.

"She refuses to free herself, then why should I give her up? I *won't* give her up. She loves me, and by that right she's mine. What her decision will be tonight I don't know, but whatever it is, *I'm going to have her.* . . ."

The glow that had surrounded and illumed him, half revealing exalted vistas of beauty and nobility, had faded now to a faint dusk. It disappeared. The innumerable pre-causes of his life had wrought their inevitable effect.

XXII

AT a quarter to eight that night June hung on a rusty nail in the kitchen wainscoting the towel with which she had been drying the dishes, and untying her apron hooked it over a similar nail behind

the door. Elaine, who was "washing," looked at her reproachfully.

"Oh, gosh, June, you've hurried so, and now you're through! You always beat me whether I wash or wipe! Look at that 'sgusting skillet I've got yet!"

June teasingly informed her that she must look to lack of practice as the reason for her lack of speed, and left the kitchen. In her own room she slipped quickly out of her "bungalow set" and put on the dress she had laid across the bed, a suit of thin soft silk, canary yellow in color, made with a short, full skirt and belted jacket. She completed the costume with a wide, very soft Panama hat, and a warm silk sweater-coat of rich blue as a protection against the cool of the July evening.

In five minutes she was ready, and without hesitation walked through the dining room and into the living room where Elsie sat reading. The latter glanced up and at sight of June's street dress looked her surprise.

"What's the big idea, darling? Don't you remember some of the crowd are coming tonight?"

June pushed shut the door leading into the dining room.

"I'm going to the studio for a few minutes," she said, evenly, "but I won't be gone long."

"The studio!" June felt the swift suspicion. "What for at this time of night? You're not working."

"I'm going to see Mr. Holt," she replied frankly, realizing the futility of deception. "It's about the new picture." Which was only too true. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

"Why can't he come here and talk about it like he's always done?"

"Because it's something that has to be settled tonight, and of course with people here he wouldn't talk business."

These subterfuges angered Elsie.

"Why has it got to be decided tonight?" she demanded. "I didn't know there was any such rush."

"Well, there is, dear." June turned away. "Good-bye, I won't be long."

Elsie knew now that her recent fears were only too well grounded; she felt that tonight would see some crisis. Suddenly she stood up.

"It's such a grand night, do you mind if I just get my hat and coat and stroll



June, in her stupefied amazement which now more and more included apprehension, was the fi



to find speech. "Paul!" And then after a pause, "How on earth . . . did you get here?"

down with you? I can wait outside till you're through."

Swift displeasure passed over June's face.

"Oh, that's not necessary—really. Thank you just the same, dear, but you know somebody besides Elaine must be here to meet the people."

Elsie felt that she could press no farther. For a moment she was powerfully impelled to take things into her own hands and, as a deterrent, tell June what she knew of Holt's life. But both instinct and reason told her that this was the worst possible moment for such a move, and that along with accomplishing nothing she would only bring down misunderstanding and hatred upon herself. She shrugged. Later, perhaps, if the chance offered, but not now.

"All right, dearie," she said with an assumption of cheerfulness, "come back as soon as you can."

JUNE went to this critical meeting strangely helpless and unprepared, for an almost sleepless night and feverish day of anxiety had evolved no influence powerful enough to change her attitude of yesterday regarding Paul.

Aside from her great need of making reparation to him, she was experiencing one of those inner convictions which admit of no argument, a conviction which told her that either to break with Paul or yield to Holt would be equally fatal. And in support of this she felt a keen rebellion against Holt's unreasonable ultimatum. The fact that the cutting of their Gordian knot could only be accomplished by the sacrifice of one among Paul, Tom Briscoe, or herself, outraged her sense of justice. There seemed no break in this vicious circle; and yet she felt that she must break it somehow, if only by a desperate appeal.

AT the studio all was dark and still except in the administration building, where a single dirty and fly-specked globe shone in the lower hall, and a bright glow filtering through drawn shades upstairs indicated that Holt already had arrived.

June found the front door ajar and encountered the reek of strong tobacco in the hall, evidence that the watchman had just passed on his rounds. She mounted the carpeted stairs and in the upper hallway found herself at the barrier of Holt's outer

office, a wooden fence with a swinging gate in the middle. The door was open, and as she hesitated a moment he crossed her line of vision, pacing up and down the far end of the room, a sturdy figure in white flannels with his hands in his coat pockets and his head slightly bent.

For the first time the clandestine nature of their meeting startled her; she felt the silence, became aware of their comparative isolation and recognized the alarming disadvantage this was to her under the circumstances.

At the click of the little gate as she entered, Holt turned sharply, and came forward to meet her. She noticed that his usually ruddy face was colorless and looked worn and haggard, and that his welcoming smile was grim.

They met near his big yellow oak desk, and she held out her hand. He took it gravely, and each found the touch cold. With a banality concerning her promptness, he drew out two chairs a little distance from the desk and seated her. Then he walked to the door and closed it.

Her feeling of uneasiness increased. With that act, though it had been but a precautionary measure on his part, she seemed somehow completely cut off from the safe, normal, wholesome world with which she must at any cost keep touch. For an instant she had a tick of indefinable fear, a feeling which she had last experienced in the house on the island when she had first met him. But this passed immediately.

Returning, he seated himself in the other chair almost opposite and a little distance from her and regarded her face for a moment.

"You look tired, June," he said, and then added with a faint smile, "but it becomes you. And now what have you come to tell me?"

"What I must," she said, resolutely, in a low voice, "that I can't break my engagement." The hand upon his chair arm contracted as with a spasm of pain. "Oh, I've fought it over and over and over," she said, wearily. "I lay awake for hours last night trying to find the right and fair and honorable thing to do for both of us, and there's no way but this. Oh, Stephen, won't you believe me! You wouldn't ask me to do what I don't feel is honorable and right!"

"I ask you to do only what is reasonable

and fair," he replied in a voice harsh with disappointment and anger. "Good God, June, haven't I got any rights in this matter? Don't I mean *anything* to you? You think of nothing but Temple, a man you've drifted away from, and who probably has drifted away from you. You stand by a pledge that was broken the minute your feelings changed towards him, but when it comes to me—"

"Oh, it isn't that!" she broke in, passionately. "It isn't that! It's what I owe him. It's the fact that I know he *hasn't* drifted away from me, that he loves me as he always did. Oh, you don't know him! I do. He went away trusting me, believing in me, and if he thought that I'd wavered in my faith and love it would kill him. *That's* why I can't do this. I'm all he has in the world and I can't break his heart."

"And you're all I have in the world!" he cried. "Did that ever occur to you? Did it ever occur to you that I'm a human being, with every bit as much feeling and claim in this matter as Temple has?"

"Oh, no, no, you haven't! That's what you can't see. I gave my love to Paul, and that's the difference, that's why I'm bound."

"And you haven't given your love to me?"

"You know I haven't."

"What about that evening in the bungalow?" The gleam of his eyes pierced her like steel blades.

"That—that—" she buried her flaming cheeks in her hands—"that's at the bottom of everything. *That's* the dishonor, and it's because of it I can't fail him. Oh, can't you see, can't you see?" Her hands dropped in a gesture of despair. "I never could be happy, never, if I gave him up—now."

"But you love me."

"I don't know. I don't know!"

With an inarticulate sound he got to his feet and walked toward the window, where he stood, his hands clenched at his sides, staring blankly at the shade. In the momentary silence there were no sounds except the clang of a street-car bell on the boulevard and the ticking of a little clock on his desk. Then he turned back to her.

"Then if that's your decision, all right," he grated. "What I said yesterday, goes. We drop Tom Briscoe's picture tomorrow. If you sacrifice me, you sacrifice him and yourself."

The old circle had closed round her again. In vain she had shown him where honor lay for her, had revealed most secret and intimate things in her life. She had failed utterly to illuminate, let alone convince him. And now the thought of his revenge about to fall because she had been true to herself, roused her to a last plea.

"You mustn't do that, Stephen," she cried with blazing eyes, "you mustn't! You've no right to make Tom suffer for what I do. It's cruelly unfair and wrong. I've tried to find some honorable way out of this, but I couldn't. Is that his fault? Is he to blame? What right have you to make him pay for that? Has he ever hurt you or the company in any way?"

"I'm not asking you to do this for me, but to do it for your own self-respect. . . . I know you can be hard and unforgiving, Stephen; I know that you threatened this yesterday, and that you think you've got to keep your word, but there's something in you that's fair and generous and just.—and that must be telling you now the senseless malice of doing what you say you'll do."

She leaned toward him, swept on by the torrent of her sincerity, her face almost translucently pale beneath her dark hair; her eyes soft, firelit pools of pleading. He stood by his chair, his hand on its back, watching her sombrely.

"You say you love me!" she cried, bitterly. "Is this love? Threatening me, crushing me, trying to force me into doing what I know is wrong? If you love me the way you say you do, you wouldn't hurt me and humiliate me like this by taking your revenge on the friend that I owe everything to."

"Everything!" He laughed harshly. "You owe everything to him, do you? Who got permission for him to make this picture? Who gave Briscoe his big chance? I did. And *of course* I did it for *his* sake! Oh, yes! There's nothing I like better than to throw away a couple of hundred thousand on a director. Why, an idiot could see that his hare-brained scheme would fail, and it would fail yet if I'd let it go. Are you getting it now that I did this for *you*? For you because you were the star and wanted the thing?"

"Then it's your idea of love, is it," she flashed back, "to take it away from me now because I don't happen to please you."

to destroy a good man's work, and mine, out of spite like a spoiled child? Answer me this! What has Tom Briscoe's work to do with my keeping my promise to Paul Temple?"

"It has this to do with it," he retorted, savagely, "that it stands or falls on your stubbornness. I ask a chance to win you that any man has a right to ask of any woman, and you refuse to give it to me. I told you yesterday what to expect if you refused, and now you come here and try to beg off from that. God!" His face was livid with anger and outrage as sincere as her own, and his frame trembled as he went on.

"You put everybody on earth before *me* — Temple — Briscoe — yourself. You arrange things to suit them and then tell me to take the leavings and consider myself happy! Well, I won't do it, I tell you!" He paused an instant for breath. "But it's what I might have expected. I thought once that you were different from other women, but you're not—you're just like all of them, asking everything and giving nothing! Tom Briscoe mustn't be interfered with; Paul Temple mustn't be hurt; your conscience mustn't be disturbed; but *what about me?* I can get hurt, I can be made the goat for all this, but that's nothing! Well, it *is* something, and I won't stand it, so help me God!"

He stopped, weak and spent, and looked at her with haggard, blood-shot eyes in which hurt and a sense of wrong burned as fiercely as anger. She returned his look with one equally intense, and they faced each other as far apart in point of view and spirit as the poles, hopelessly at odds and dead-locked in a climax of bitterness and acrimony. Over both of them came the conviction that there was nothing more to say, that if they talked a thousand years neither could or would recede from his position,—that they had reached the breaking point.

HOLT turned away and once again walked to the window, this time trying to conceal the mad impulse seething in him to take by force what she would not give in what he considered justice. But now for once reason checked him. He saw that she could not be beaten by force, that it only increased her resistance. Intuition told him that to continue in the present

direction would be to lose all, and that he must take some other tack. But what? He could not think or plan or reason.

As defeat stared him in the face, his own anger suddenly departed like the ebbing glow of a stimulant and left him trembling with nervous exhaustion and reaction. He turned back to his chair and dropped into it. He seemed beaten himself, broken in body and spirit. He buried his face in his hands for a moment. Then he sat up and looked at her, all the weariness and loneliness of human despair in his eyes.

"Oh, let it go, let it go!" he said slowly and hopelessly. "What do these things matter? There's only one thing in the world for me, and that is that I love you. I don't care whether the sun rises or sets, or the world comes to an end, if you'll only love me as you can love me. Why all this fuss! Why are we arguing here when we both know we were made for each other, when with one little word we can have such happiness as we've never dreamed of!"

With the blind luck of one who has ceased to try, Holt had found the one key that would unlock her emotions. June sat, as he had stood by the window, spent in the reaction from the high point of their conflict, her heart bleeding, her whole being raw with the shock and pain of it.

And now his despair and anguish roused all her swift and tender compassion, and his root and stock of woman's nature, and his gentleness melted her within, so that a rain of tears bathed her heart at the futility and worthlessness of all struggle.

"Why *are* we arguing here, when with one little word we can have happiness?" she repeated to herself. "Oh, God, why? Happiness . . . I want it. Oh, God, give me back happiness! I can't struggle any longer . . ." Her eyes grew dim and her breath caught in a sob.

He leaned forward and gently took her hands in his. She could not find the strength to withdraw them.

"What's the good of living if we've got to make pain for ourselves all the time?" he said. "Isn't there enough misery without our wasting days and months and years making more? And if we can't be happy when we're young, good God, when can we be happy? Oh, June, June! haven't we wasted enough time on rights and wrongs, and things that don't matter? We have, we have! Oh, let's forget them all

and claim our love. What is life for if it's not for loving? Without it we might as well kill ourselves."

His voice was husky with emotion but vibrated with the tremendous intensity of his feelings.

Never had she been so moved. Beneath that gentle, infinitely tender speech, trebly enhanced by his restraint, his great yearning cried out to her. It shone like a hot, restoring sun upon the flood-torn desolation of her heart. It offered rest, and haven, and the end of struggle, and indescribable delights. The touch of his hands seemed to transmute the blood in her veins to wine.

But through her brain went a thought like a bugle call:

"No, no! This mustn't be. I must go. I must go before it's too late." She freed one hand, and her dying resolution got her to her feet, repeating: "I must go before it's too late; *if he takes me in his arms I'm lost!*"

Holt also rose, and there was a swift, wild light in his eyes. Then, before she could resist, he had stepped toward her and gathered her to him and his lips were upon her cheek.

And then, as her last instinctive resistance gathered itself, they grew conscious of a sound—a clear tapping on the door. Holt raised his head and stared, a look of dazed fury on his face. "Damn that watchman," he swore under his breath, "I'll kill him!"

Again came the knock. With a supreme effort at self-command he released June, who stepped back unsteadily and rested, with her hand upon the edge of the desk.

"Well, who is it?" snarled Holt.

In reply the door opened, and Paul Temple came slowly into the room.

XXIII

AFTER two or three steps he stopped and stood looking from one to the other, trying to comprehend the scene before him; June, flushed, drooping, confused, her face a mirror of astonishment; Holt, furious with exasperation and chagrin, and in a mood for murder.

It needed but a glimpse of their attitudes and a moment in that surcharged atmosphere to tell Temple that he had

interrupted a crucial scene. What it had involved he did not know, for he had not eavesdropped, and had heard no words as he reached the door. Holt and June, similarly, had been so engrossed with their problem, as well as unsuspecting of anyone's coming, that they had not heard his approach up the carpeted stairs and through the outer office. Each confronted the other, then, in equal ignorance.

June in her stupefied amazement which now more and more included apprehension, was the first to find speech.

"Paul!" And then after a pause, "How on earth—did you get here?"

She could not cease staring at the familiar figure, tall and sinewy, with an athlete's poise and grace. How familiar the face was, too, lean and strong, with an expression of perpetual wistfulness which experience had given it, and which even his present iron sternness could not dispel. His gray eyes were as cold and cheerless as sea under fog.

Temple did not answer at once. As if by instinct he reached behind him and pushed the door shut. Then he walked toward her, ignoring Holt completely, and taking her two lifeless hands in his, looked down into her shrinking face. For an instant he probed her soul, and she felt that there was no iota of her pain, humiliation and struggle that he did not divine. And she, with the strange irrelevancy of such moments, noted the ingrained dust of travel on his blue coat.

"Poor girl!" he said, gently. "You look worn out!" Then he dropped her hands and answered her question. "I don't suppose you were expecting me. I didn't intend you should. I wanted to see how things were, myself."

She flashed him a hurt look, but he had turned a cold and steady eye upon Holt.

"From one thing and another I learned that everything wasn't all right with you, so I came on to find out what was the matter. I went straight from the train to the bungalow, and Elsie told me that you had come here." He omitted mention of all the fears that Elsie had poured into his ears during their few moments together.

"And now," he demanded, fiercely, "what are you doing here?"

June had no chance to reply, for Holt, whose revived emotions had become jealous fury, broke in:

"I'll tell you what she's doing here." He took a step forward and met Temple's gaze with the hot light of his own. "She came here to see me; to try and tell me some reason why she shouldn't break her engagement to you."

The shock of the words was terrific. Paul seemed to recoil, though he did not move, and for a moment he looked dazed.

"Break her engagement!" he repeated, stupidly.

"Yes!"

Paul pulled himself together and turned to June.

"This isn't true, June! This man's lying!" he said, almost in a tone of confidence.

"I came to say I *wouldn't* break my engagement to you," she replied.

"Yes," snapped Holt, "but only because her sense of duty keeps her bound to you—not her feelings. I'm glad you've come, Temple! There's nobody I'd sooner see right now than you. June and I've been thrashing this thing back and forth till I'm sick of it, and I'm going to have it settled one way or another here and now—to-night."

"You needn't worry," Paul assured him, "it'll be settled." The men were bristling with animosity like two dogs. "Now I want to know what you mean by saying only June's sense of duty keeps her bound to me."

"I mean just that. She doesn't love you as she did when you went back East. She admitted it to me yesterday, and she has admitted it again tonight. More than that, she doesn't deny that she loves me. Yet she won't break her engagement just because she gave her word to you once, before she knew enough of the world or of men to give her word rightfully to anybody."

"That side of it is none of your damned business."

Holt shrugged, with a deprecating motion, as much as to say, "That's a matter of opinion."

Temple was white, not only with anger but with distress. He had never pictured such a situation as this. The whole of the beautiful structure that he had been living in and adding to for months was crashing and tumbling about him. Could it be that at the threshold of the happiness he had so hardly won, fate and life were to trick him

again? A thousand disbeliefs and questions regarding June, as torturing as they were inevitable, surged through his mind, but he knew he could not go into that phase now. The present situation must be met first.

And he must go to June for confirmation of her own defection! He turned to her. She had sunk into the chair nearest the desk, and resting her elbows on its arm had buried her face in her hands.

"Is it true," he asked, and hesitated, "what this man says?"

"I suppose so," she said, pitifully, "things are—are different—since you went away."

Somehow, though she spoke the truth, she felt that the words placed her unjustly in the wrong, after all her struggle to do the right and honorable thing. And yet she was helpless between the strong passions of these two men and without power or means of making them see. Life, which has no mercy toward intentions and judges only by facts, could only place the extreme interpretation on her words.

She might as well have told Temple the worst, for he felt that it had occurred. His face grew pinched.

"Of course you love June?" he said to Holt.

"Of course!" angrily.

Suddenly the bitter cruelty and unfairness of it all rushed over Paul.

"Well, what *right* have you got to love her?" he demanded, hoarsely. "What *right* did you have to try and make her love you? You knew from the first that she was engaged to me!" A murderous impulse to take matters into his own hands, to wreak a physical revenge upon Holt, surged through him.

"I did know it, yes. But if she made a mistake, hasn't she a right to break that engagement? I tell you she had no right to be engaged to you, knowing as little as she did when she came here."

"And I tell you you had no right to make love to her if she was engaged to the man in the moon! Because she was alone and strange was all the more reason why you should have protected her! Instead of that you took advantage of her."

"What's the use of your talking like that?" Holt's face was mottled with heat. "It doesn't alter the facts, does it? It doesn't alter the fact that things are

changed, and that morally June isn't bound to you any longer."

Maddening and despicable as this was, Temple could not deny it. Whatever his personal feelings, he knew himself to be helplessly in the wrong. And yet fearful thoughts thronged his brain. He took a sudden step toward the other.

"What I want to know is how far this has gone," he snarled. "June, has this man hurt you, or harmed you in any way?"

"Oh, no, no! Paul! Please!"

Vividly into her mind flashed the memory of a little river island in the wilderness where on another occasion Temple had fought for her with his bare hands. He had been incontestably right in doing so then, but he would not be now.

At Paul's implied threat Holt's desire leaped forward to a combat for which he himself yearned. But victory in another direction was more essential. He recognized that so far he had the upper hand in the present struggle,—and that the moment had come to make his position unassailable.

And just as he had known in his designs upon June, that if he tried to force her without the apparent cloak of honorable intention he would have wrecked his chances instantly, he knew now that a repetition of that intention was doubly necessary.

"I want June to be my wife," he said coolly. "That's how far this has gone."

"Well, you're long enough saying so. damn you!"

"I've always wanted it," Holt lied, "but honorably. That's why I fought to have her break her engagement. I love her, and I demand a fair chance to make her love me."

"And she wouldn't do it."

"No."

"Well, why wasn't that enough for you?"

"Because it's not fair." That he felt himself deeply injured was obvious. "The question is are you going to leave June free to choose the man she loves, or aren't you?"

Paul was silent. The instinct to snatch back his own by force, to avenge himself upon this man who had stolen the woman he loved, still throbbed through him, but he perceived clearly that the right was not his. In truth, with matters as they stood, Holt's position was without vulnerable point.

He raised eyes full of hatred.

"I release her from her engagement," he said.

A low cry broke from the girl, bowed in her chair, and she suddenly burst into suppressed but uncontrollable weeping. After the long bitter struggle to spare Paul this,—after her brave defense and protection of him in her own heart, to have him throw it all away!

Temple turned to her.

"Come, June," he said, gently. "I'm going to take you home, you're worn out." Then as Holt made a protesting gesture, "And if *you* say a word I'll thrash you within an inch of your life."

For an instant the other's face grew savage, then relaxed. Let it go! He had won his point, and his rival could have all the empty satisfaction there was in an unaccepted challenge.

THE brief walk home was accomplished almost in silence, but as they neared the bungalow Paul said:

"I'm not going to ask you tonight how all this happened, June. Neither of us is in any mood to be reasonable or understand, so it's better not to talk about it at all. But I'll come tomorrow morning if you can see me then."

"Yes," she said, "come here. My picture's done, and I'm not working now."

"I was in the middle of mine when I started West," he said, dryly. Then he glanced at her face which showed white and tired by the light of a street lamp. "Poor dear," he said, compassionately, "you must have been through a lot." She was ready to burst into tears again, but commanded herself. "But don't think about it tonight. Whatever you do in the end will be all right, and you must have a good night's sleep. Try to get it, will you?"

"I'll try," she said, obediently, as he took her hand in his at the steps.

"Good! And I'll come about ten. Good night."

Dropping her hand, he lifted his hat and walked away.

The shock of this parting was like a dash of cold water. Not since coming from the North had they separated thus, with no kiss, no embrace, no clings in a hundred farewells each sweeter than the last. That uncompromising reality brought home to her as nothing else could have done how

far things had gone and how irrevocable they were. Unreasonably, she was hurt. Then she realized that Paul was playing the game, and she was reduced to shame.

"If he can be brave, why can't I?" she asked herself. "Have I no pride or self-respect left? I suppose not. Or perhaps he doesn't need to be brave—now."

She turned heroically toward the house, where sounds of revelry indicated that the company had arrived and that, if measured by noise, the occasion was a complete success.

ONCE again on the Boulevard, Paul Temple could have taken a car up to the hotel more than a mile away. But he did not. It was part of his plan to avoid all publicity for the immediate present, and he had managed to accomplish this so far. On approaching the bungalow from his cab that night and becoming aware of festivities, he had waited his opportunity and rung the bell when Elsie was near the door, drawing her outside with a warning of silence when she answered.

Now he proceeded west to Citrus Street, where he turned north toward the hills. He walked absolutely oblivious of the soft, luminous night about him; habit and memory, acting independently from his aching brain, directed his steps.

Following his own advice given to June, he refused to ponder upon or examine the disaster that had come upon him. He discouraged the dull lassitude that seemed to have numbed all his faculties, and prayed that it would last until he could have slept and recovered balance and judgment and the power of decision.

Reaching a large, rectangular, three-story apartment house with tall, white pillars in front, Paul turned in and entered the hall. It was half past nine. Familiar with his surroundings, he mounted the stairs to the second floor and tapped on the door at the right of the hall.

A bull-like voice adjured him to enter, and he did so, to find himself, as he had expected, in Tom Briscoe's apartment. The director was in his shirtsleeves and seated at a table littered with papers. At sight of his visitor he leaped up.

"Well, what the devil!—how!—by thunder!"

"Hello, Tom. Can you give me a bed?"

"Six or seven of 'em! Well, you old cuss!"

The greeting was rarely warm and affectionate. Then, after the usual preliminaries: "What you out here for?"

Twitching with frayed nerves, Paul lit a cigar, and in colorless, bloodless speech told him, managing to keep his emotions well in hand with the aid of the leaden weariness of five days and nights of travel and uncertainty.

"So you see," he concluded, "every thing's off between June and me, Tom. We're wrecked."

Briscoe made guttural noises of helpless sympathy.

"And this is what's come of your scheme," Paul went on bitterly, but without personal animus. "I wanted to marry June, but you wouldn't let me. You wanted to make an actress of her, and you wouldn't let us be together. And you wouldn't let us marry and be separated. And this is what's happened."

Briscoe stood, his hands in his pockets, his unbuttoned vest hanging loose, an unbeautiful figure; but on his rugged, square face was tragic regret the more bitter because he was helpless. He was deeply fond of Temple.

"Say it, Paul," he said, humbly. "I deserve it. Oh, I wouldn't have had this happen for the world!"

"I know, Tom, but it's happened."

Before that unanswerable logic Briscoe averted his eyes. Then suddenly an oath like a hot coal leaped from his lips.

"Look here! I'm responsible for this. Now listen. If you've lost June through me, I'll get her back again—somehow. I don't know how, but I'll do it. Just leave it to me."

Paul shook his head.

"I don't want you to do anything. If I can't win her back myself you couldn't help me."

"Couldn't! Rot! I could and I will. You'll see. *I'm going to do this.*"

Temple said nothing. He was too weary even to think of argument or resistance.

Will Paul win back the heart of June or will Holt triumph? The next instalment of *The Glory Road* will appear in the December issue of Photoplay.

Once of the "Hey You!" Squad

By Allen Corliss

ONCE there was a young lady named Rosemary Theyby who was very beautiful and also lived in St. Louis which is not paradoxical as every good St. Louisian knows. In spite of her good home Rosemary longed for footlighted fame and she spent her nights dreaming of the time when Bernhardt would weep with jealousy of her.

Finally she attended dramatic school and then went right down to New York to "knock 'em dead" as they elegantly express it on the perfumed Rialto.

But "they" remained disgustingly alive and wouldn't knock worth a hoot so Rosemary stormed Vitagraph and was employed as "atmosphere"—in other words a "filler-in"—one of that scared squad

that tremblingly jumps forward when a low-browed assistant sub-director yells "Hey You!"

But Rosemary didn't tremble long. Neither did she jump for any protracted period. For she had studied and observed, and in a short time was promoted to "extra." Then came small parts until finally she went to Universal to do real acting—whereat St. Louis rose in a body and declared her its own fair haired child.

Now she is a star in Vim comedies with Harry Meyers and deals in laughs.

Harry Meyers is the man opposite.





An Impromptu Interview La Badie

WHEREIN THE INTERVIEWER GOES OVER HIS NOTES ALOUD IN THE HEARING OF AN OVER-ZEALOUS STENOGRAPHER



WHEN Miss La Badie dropped into my humble office at four o'clock in the afternoon, she left her limousine downstairs, doubtless to keep from vulgarly displaying her wealth. She's a nice girl. I always loved blue eyes and pale gold hair. . . . I wonder why all the girls I know are brunettes?

Let's see. Where are my notes . . . ?

Miss Cohen! Bring me my note book, please. . . . Thank you:—Ah, here we are!—

Florence La Badie:

Residence, 200 Claremont Avenue, New York City.

Born in New York City.

Father and Mother born somewhere in France—Paris, she thinks.

She first went into the studios five years ago with the Biograph.

I asked her age.

She replied.

"What is the usual age for interviews?"

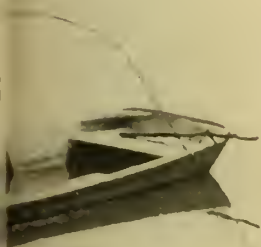
"Nineteen is quite popular this season." I answered.

She agreed to that, so I put her down as nine-



view With Florence

By George Vaux Bacon



teen. In reality, she looks about 24.

While I was noting the latest in fall street gowns, she opened wide her eyes of corn-flower blue, and said sweetly,

"My favorite flower is the geranium."

I realized at once that she was an experienced interviewee. My own incompetence dawned upon me. No interview is complete without that time-honored and classic bit of knowledge.

I hastened to apologize for my oversight. She forgave me graciously.

"What is your favorite sport?" I asked.

"Gold mining," she replied.

"And your favorite country?"

"Iceland. I think the volcanoes and glaciers and sagas and things in Iceland are perfectly sweet!"

Her enthusiasm was contagious. I was thrilled.

"Your favorite author?"

"St. Augustine."

"Your favorite actors—stage and screen?"

"Al Jolson and Raymond Hitchcock."

"Raymond Hitchcock?"

"Yes. I think he is perfectly wonderful on the screen, don't you."

"Extraordinary!" I agreed, with feeling. "What is your favorite book?" "The Bible," she replied.

It's a wonderful lineup of stuff. We both agreed that it was about as original a bunch of information as was ever gathered together in one notebook.

She's a pretty nice sort of a girl, Florence is, and after we got the notes down, we had quite a chat. I find out that she's a corking good skater and a true Frenchwoman. She told me that her favorite author was Lewis Carroll, and that next to "Memoirs of the French Court" she preferred "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."

"So your favorite flower is the geranium," I said, harking back to the notes I had taken for the formal interview which was to result from our earlier conversation.

"Geraniums? Heavens, no! I adore American beauties—the most expensive money can buy. You know, most people will insist that one should have simple tastes, so I told you that my favorite flower was the geranium in order that I might not appear to be trying to be out of the ordinary. I wonder why it is always considered a crime to like beautiful, expensive things?"

"Miss La Badie," said I, "It is sweet to hear you. Mine ear is accustomed to much hullabaloo and piffle of the variety generally handed out to a sweetly unsuspecting public by the interviewer and the unimaginative press agent, as to the tender simplicity of the average actress' life, when I know there is not one who does not prefer champagne to beer and beer to water. I know not one that does not adore delicate salads, expensive viands and luncheon at the Claridge. The theatrical person is a lover of the luxurious things of the world. I wish that I could write an interview some day and tell the exact truth about people as they are."

"You may about me," she replied brightly, running a spatulate hand through the strands of her pale gold hair that the wind had loosened so that they fell over her collar in a wonderful loop of scintillant golden threads. "I am an Indifferentist. I don't care what happens."

"I should say you don't!" I expostulated warmly. "Why, the trouble is, if I were to tell the truth, no one would believe me, and do you suppose for one moment that I, a writer of interviews of some standing in

several communities for his truth-telling proclivities, wishes to be branded far and wide, from sea to sea and from pole to pole, wherever PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is read, as a graceless, brazen liar, imposing on innocent editors in order that I might shout my hoarse falsehoods to all the tribes of men? Never. I shall die before I tell the truth! Woman, think of my reputation!"

"Yes," she murmured, rising and bestowing an azure glance from her eyes and a pearl and scarlet smile, "I suppose, poor man, you must consider your reputation. It is too bad. The thought of reputation keeps so many from having so many good times!"

The woman has a diabolical faculty for speaking the truth. The thought of her is a poem; the sight of her is the "Vissi d'arte" aria in the second act of "Tosca," and all ye who have seen Geraldine Farrar on the screen, and then imagine her voice as a thousand times more marvelous than her acting in the last scene of the Lasky "Carmen," will realize that Florence La Badie, in whose veins flows the blood of that France whose saints, sinners and heroes are immortal, and the beauty of whose face is as the beauty of all women, as the Gaels say, is worthy a poem by Swinburne carved into marble by Rodin.

After I bade her good-bye, and she had vanished through my portals en route to her waiting limousine below, I sighed. The delightful part of my meeting with the delightful lady was over. There was nothing to do but make up an interview and write it. . . .

"Oh," said Miss Cohen, "wasn't that the interview? I've taken it all down!"

"Great Scott! Have I been talking aloud?" I demanded.

"Yes."

"Very well then. Write it down and mail it. We will send this account of a real conversation with the real Florence La Badie as a shining mark which all interviewers forever hereafter may look back upon as a precedent granting them forever hereafter the right to tell the truth!"

No man is a hero to his stenographer. Miss Cohen went to her typewriter with a sardonic smile, while I retired to my sanctum with Miss La Badie's copy of "Memoirs of the French Court." She had forgotten to take it with her.

A story of love and
intrigue in the early
days of California.

A Sister of Six

By
Mrs. Ray Long

Produced by the
Fine Arts Film Co.



THEY say in the Great Southwest that Spanish blood mixed with any other spoils both. Joaquin Sepulveda was by birth half Spanish and half American. By occupation he was head vaquero on the ranch of a Spanish subject, Don Francisco Garcia. No man ever had a more excellent chance to become a rogue.

It was in the stirring days of the early fifties. Much land was still held in grant from the crown of Spain. Don Francisco's had been a royal gift. For his government loved his absence well. And although half a world lay between him and his native Madrid, he was still the typical grandee.

One lovely west coast morning Don Francisco mounted his horse, drew its blood with a silver spur, and rode into the south. Sepulveda was busily taking account of sheep when he dashed up.

"Sepulveda, thou art a good Spaniard—half of thee," he said leaning indolently forward in his saddle and eyeing his foreman smilingly.

Sepulveda looked up quickly.

"Across those hills," and Don Francisco pointed a jeweled riding whip, "just across those hills is much gold. I know it."

"On the Winthrop rancho?"

Don Francisco carefully flicked some dust from the sleeve of his velvet coat. "I understand a Yankee coyote has his den over there."

Sepulveda stood waiting.

"Coyotes are bad things to have around," mused Don Francisco. "I speak of it to thee because thou art facile with thy gun, Sepulveda."

The vaquero looked intently into Don Francisco's small eyes, now mere black slits. "There are very little children over there, and they have no mother," he said gravely.

"Yes," I have seen those very little coyotes. Also the bigger one, Prudencia she is called." The black slits of eyes drooped lazily. But the gaze behind their smile was keen. "Perchance thou too, Sepulveda, hast seen the bigger one, Prudencia?"

"Too thin," commented Sepulveda with an impatient look toward his waiting account book. "Not at all like the beautiful Senorita Isabel."

The Senorita Isabel was a dancer of Vera Cruz. She had long charmed Don Francisco. He had found her while sojourning in the cities, spending his last fortune. That fortune had been gleaned from a temptingly insecure bank vault while he was enjoying official life at a New World capital. When it was gone he had graciously accepted the California grant and become the baronial overlord.

"No, not like," conceded Don Francisco. "And of a very great thinness, to be sure."

But Longstreet, that wise prospector, says the nearer the bone the sweeter the meat. I know not of a certainty but it is always well to be informed. So take care—when shooting coyotes. I wish again to see the little Prudencia. Her eyes are of the brightness of jewels."

Sepulveda pocketed his account book and swung into his saddle. He knew that he had received a command. "I go over the hills to the south," he said.

Don Francisco looked long and searchingly after the disappearing man, horse and rider loping as one. There was both envy and hatred in the look. He envied the youth of Sepulveda. He hated and distrusted the half of him that was American. Sepulveda's mother was the daughter of a New England sailor who, early in the century, had left the sea at Monterey. Finally he turned and went leisurely northward.

At Santa Rosa, the Winthrop ranch, Prudence Winthrop was diligently shelling peas. Her demure face glowed as six little Winthrops, yelling and dancing like Indians celebrating a hard won scalp, circled about her. "The next one for me. The next one for me!" they shouted in chorus. For Prudence was delivering into their red mouths the tenderest pods, filled with juicy balls, too tiny to use. Suddenly the shelling stopped and Prudence held her head as if listening. "Here, grasshoppers, you may have all the rest," she said and held out the pan. "I've enough." And she walked swiftly to the kitchen.

"Here are the peas," she told the Indian woman cook. "I think a calf is lose out there and I must hurry." She sped toward a clump of trees beyond the garden.

When well in the depths of the shade she gave a low call. An immediate answer, soft as her own, came back. She made her way gingerly through the thicket. A strong brown hand caught hers and helped her through. And the next instant her little head was snuggled comfortably almost under Sepulveda's chin.

"I heard your whistle above the racket of the children," she told him. "Wasn't it careless to be so unguarded?"

The answer was not in words.

"But how could you come to-day?"

Again Sepulveda's only reply was to clasp the slender shoulders more closely.

Prudence now looked into his face more earnestly and was startled at what she saw there. "What is it?" she asked.

"You must go back to your East," he said solemnly. "There is danger here for you."

Prudence looked down admiringly at the muscular arms holding her, then up at the alert face above her. "Cannot you and my father take care of so little a person as I?" she asked.

"Your father is in danger also. And I—soon will be. You must go East and I will come for you soon I hope. Your father will agree about the danger when I have seen him."

"Indians?" asked Prudence, trembling now.

"Worse," answered Sepulveda. "White men."

Prudence looked about fearfully.

"Not now. There is yet time." Sepulveda assured her. "But get the children ready and pack your things. I must help you all to get away to-night. Longstreet, the fox-nosed prospector, has discovered gold on this ranch. He has sold the secret to Don Francisco: And that man never stops at anything when he's once smelled treasure."

Prudence was convinced. She had heard about Don Francisco. "I'll hurry," she said. "but what about you? What will that



Prudence knelt sobbing, her hand on her father's still breast.

Spaniard do to you when he finds out that you warned us? Stay here. I can't have you leave us now."

"I must find your father," said Sepulveda, gently. "Where is he?"

"In the west pasture. He was to be home by five."

Sepulveda disappeared as silently as he had come. He



When she finally closed her eyes it was only to start up in terror at any strange noise.

kept to the wild mustard till he was well on his way to the pastures. He found Winthrop, a middle-aged man, active and genial, trying to put the New England work spirit into some lazy Mexicans. Sepulveda asked for a word and they rode off together. In the creek bed of a shaded ravine Sepulveda leaned to Winthrop and said softly, "I was sent to kill you."

The older man's goodnatured face did not change its expression. "Well, I ought to be an easy mark," he laughed, squaring his broad shoulders.

"You are," answered Sepulveda. And he told again what he had told Prudence. But Winthrop would not listen.

"Go back and tell Garcia that this is the United States, not Mexico," he said. "I bought my land in a regular way from the original settlers. And I'm going to keep it. Tell him too that if he or any of his greasy Spaniards set foot on it I'll have the sheriff after them."

"If you start to-night I can tell Don Francisco I have put you out of the way," was Sepulveda's only answer.

"I'm going back to that pasture to work," retorted Winthrop, "and if Don Francisco wants me he will find me there."

When Sepulveda reached his employer's

ranch house the favorite horse of the Don stood saddled at the veranda. Its coat shone with much brushing. Evidently Don Francisco was going out to call on some neighboring rancher. As Sepulveda jumped from his own mount the Spaniard appeared.

"Thou hast seen the coyote," he asked.

"I have seen him."

"Will he cause trouble?"

"I think not."

"Ah, then, the little Prudencia, she must be cared for."

Sepulveda's eyes sought the ground. The other regarded him narrowly. His searching gaze went to the young man's hands and noted that they were clenched to fists. An amused smile showed his white teeth. "That is all, Sepulveda," he said gently, climbed into his saddle, and cantered away.

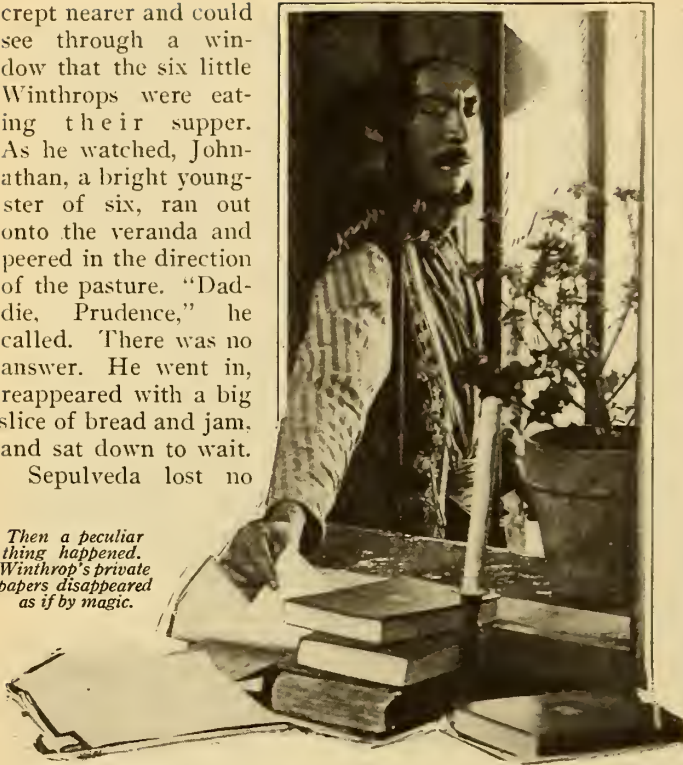
Sepulveda went at once to his own quarters. There he packed his clothes. For he knew that if he was to live to help Prudence he must be out of Don Francisco's reach when it became known that Winthrop was unhurt. With his bundle he started in a roundabout way for the Santa Rosa ranch.

It was near nightfall when his low call sounded from the tree clump. Again and again he whistled. No response came. He

crept nearer and could see through a window that the six little Winthrops were eating their supper. As he watched, Johnathan, a bright youngster of six, ran out onto the veranda and peered in the direction of the pasture. "Daddie, Prudence," he called. There was no answer. He went in, reappeared with a big slice of bread and jam, and sat down to wait.

Sepulveda lost no

Then a peculiar thing happened. Winthrop's private papers disappeared as if by magic.



time conjecturing. He left the trees and sped toward the pastures.

When he neared the ravine where he and Winthrop had talked earlier in the day he heard low cries of distress. At a bound he was inside and had dropped to his knees over the prostrate form of the man he sought. Prudence knelt sobbing, her hand on her father's still breast. "God," muttered Sepulveda as he bent to the clean hole over the dead man's heart, "that devil's bullet. How did he know?"

A FEW hours later muffled hoofbeats broke the stillness of night on the trail leading from the Winthrop ranch. Sepulveda's horse led, carrying his master and two of the Winthrop children. Prudence and the American nurse followed with the other children in a light wagon. Silently as possible the little cavalcade wound its way toward the nearest stage coach town. It was morning before a stop was made. Then Sepulveda bundled the little Winthrops into the big carry-all going eastward with the gentleness of a woman.

When the coach driver mounted to his high seat tears blurred the girl's tired eyes

so that she couldn't see. She waved a fluttering good-by. She did not try to look again till they were miles from their starting point. Then to her amazement, she saw Sepulveda riding along beside the coach. He staid till he was satisfied that they were out of danger. Then he saluted cheerily and rode back to look after the deserted ranch.

Eventually Don Francisco appeared there. Simultaneously Sepulveda's right hand dropped into his hip pocket. Don Francisco smiled amiably. "So all of the coyotes are cleared out," he commented, looking about at the silent house, as if he had not seen it before. "Thou hast done well. As I have always said, thou art a good Spaniard—half of thee. But why loiter here? Thy work calls."

Sepulveda considered for a moment. He knew Don Francisco knew. He

patted the cold steel in his pocket, nodded as if nothing had happened and went to whip Don Francisco's work-hating vaqueros once more into good herdsmen.

DON FRANCISCO made a trip to Los Angeles "to attend to important business" shortly after Sepulveda again took charge of his ranch. He was gone several weeks. Before he returned the Santa Rosa house was as lively with the pranks of children as it once had been. Caleb Winthrop, a wealthy Boston ship builder, was the new master there. He had come for two reasons: to avenge his brother's death and to take out the gold he had learned was there through the same prospector, Longstreet. The wily prospector had sold his secret to Caleb too—for a consideration.

The New Englander brought with him his lawyer, a mining expert, his brother's children, house servants, and enough Americans, picked up along the way, to man the ranch. He hated Spaniards and Mexicans alike. His first act was to get rid of all the "oily devils" around the place. His first command was that any dark skin that should present itself should be run off.

Prudence heard, and not having been named in vain, made no mention of Sepulveda. She also took greater pains to veil their meetings.

Suddenly these meetings ceased. Don Francisco was back at his ranch, smiling, grandiose, more pleased with himself than ever, and doubly watchful.

"The world is good, and Spain is its favorite child," he told Sepulveda. "A great surprise I bring about those Santa Rosa hills to the south. There was a mistake, a very great mistake. Santa Rosa was a royal grant to my late friend, Don Juan Hernandez, whose heir I am. The Yankee coyote had no claim. Santa Rosa is mine. The sheriff will reclaim it for me."

The rest of the story of Don Francisco's peculiar business in Los Angeles was brought to Caleb Winthrop by his lawyer, who had stopped off in the little city to look up the records of the Winthrop claim. He told that Don Francisco had been there

before him and had asked to examine the court titles of ranches in the vicinity of his own. Most of the court attaches were still of the old Spanish régime and the courtesy was granted. Then a peculiar thing happened. The records disappeared and were returned as if by magic. So did Winthrop's private papers. And the court documents came back more voluminous than before. For it was found on examination of the records of transfer of the Santa Rosa ranch that a claim antedating that of the settlers, from whom Amos Winthrop had bought it, was on file. It told all who might be concerned that the Santa Rosa lands had been granted by the crown of Spain to one Don Juan Hernandez, long before Southern California was settled by Americans.

The spirit of the Winthrops of seventy-six rose in the breast of Caleb Winthrop when he learned of the attempted fraud. Good New England money had bought that ranch, its foothills were rich with gold, and the Winthrops were going to reap the reward. Without waiting to parley with



Sepulveda seemed a human howitzer. Dropping from his horse he seized the rifle of a fallen man, aiming from his knee.

Don Francisco he and his counsel started for Los Angeles to sift the matter in the courts.

FOR days after their departure things went placidly at Santa Rosa. Don Francisco made no attempt to intrude there. Sepulveda kept watch but saw nothing. Don Francisco showed only interest in the numbers and fine condition of his flocks. To celebrate, he called in all of



They say in the great Southwest that Spanish blood mixed with any others spoils both. Joaquin Sepulveda was by birth half Spanish and half American. He was the exception which proves the rule.

his vaqueros from their outlying stations to partake of the annual barbecue.

The preparations went forth merrily till the great day was but a night away. Then Don Francisco called Sepulveda and intrusted him with an important message to a distant sheep grower. The young man took his orders quietly and went at once.

A few hours later of that same day Prudence received a note that set her blood bounding. An American youth brought it and did not wait for an answer. The note read:

Dear One:

I come again. To-morrow at three I shall be with you. I shall be thought to be fifty miles away. But I ride all night to spend the hours, allotted to the return, with you. Your

JOAQUIN.

After the coming of the note the time dragged for Prudence. She helped put the children to bed, hunted for lost chickens, helped the cook, did anything to speed the hours till she could fall asleep and awaken to a new day. When she finally closed her eyes it was only to start up in terror at any strange noise.

She listened with all her might. The dogs began to bark. She thought of the men of whom Sepulveda had warned her. The children awakened too. Trying to still her own terror she opened her shaking arms to baby Priscilla, who ran to her followed by the usually undaunted Allan.

Soon the household was aroused. But nothing more was heard. The dogs quieted down and the children slept again. Prudence was left with her thoughts and strange forebodings. Before she could feel content to close her eyes she located one of her father's revolvers in a drawer of the center

table in the sitting room adjoining hers.

At a quarter to three the next afternoon Prudence was carefully adjusting a dainty lace collar when she was told that a man named Sepulveda had asked to see her. Prudence's hand trembled. This was the first time he had called at the house.

"Bring him into the big room," she told the maid. "I will be out directly."

"But he's a Spaniard. Miss Prudence." objected the maid.

"Hush," cautioned Prudence softly, afraid lest Sepulveda should hear, "he is my friend."

"When Prudence, flushed and trembling, entered the sitting room, a man rose to greet her. He was a smiling, eager looking man, but he was not Sepulveda. He was Don Francisco Garcia.

(Continued on page 168)

The Poor Little Rich Girl

A HARD LIFE, HERS;
ALL SHE HAS IS
YOUTH, FRIENDS AND
A GOOD SALARY



MOST of us are all at sea when we're born. But Vivian Rich was born at sea. Just the same that didn't stop her from appearing on graceful sea legs, and when scarcely more than a child, in that warm land drama "The Country Girl."

After yo-ho-ing with the hearties of the legitimate for some odd years she backed her main yards—or whatever a lady skipper is supposed to back in a case like this—and squared away for the movies. The voyage was highly successful, for she became known from coast to coast for her work in the American Filma com-

pany's dramas and now she's with Fox.

She loves music, and her hobby is collecting rare prints and bronzes. In the accompanying scene she has just sighted a fine Inca bronze far out-beyond the breakers and is telling the handsome fisherman in the \$18 boots all about it.

You will not need your lorgnette to see that in about another minute the honest fellow will be plunging SSW through the breakers after it.

One can scarcely blame the boy. Who wouldn't? The naves are in the minority. Meaning, the eyes have it.



Did you Know that "Fairbanks" was an Indian Name?

Neither did we—until a little bird whispered its translation to us. It's pretty long and clumsy in United States, but literally, here it is: *Young-Stage-Hero-Not-Ashamed-of-His-Son*. On the port side of the junior is Mrs. Fairbanks, who, on the coming ninth of December will assist the shortest (not necessarily the youngest) Mr. Fairbanks in the celebration of his seventh birthday. If his father participates, the whole neighborhood will probably be shot up. This family of three is sitting on the front stoop of the Douglas Fairbanks home in Hollywood, neither too close to nor too far from the Fine Arts Studio. As *pater* hops from ocean to ocean with the same alacrity that he hops onto his pictorial enemies, the family has another home in New York. The metropolitan *maison*, however, is the congenial Hotel Algonquin, in West Forty-Fourth street, which shelters many a famous player in his or her terms of Manhattan incarceration. Mr. Fairbanks' last photoplay was made at Fort Lee, just across the Hudson; the preceding one, all over Los Angeles county.

A "Good Little Sport"

By Betty Shannon

THE name of Charlotte Burton conjures up the face and form of a soulless vampire of the screen, a wicked creature whose cruelly beautiful hands and fascinating eyes lure on her victims to a living death.

The name of "Cholly" Burton does no such thing. It brings to the minds of those who know her, the small trim figure and laughing eyes of a "good little sport."

If on the screen Charlotte Burton plies her trade of soul-strangling with alacrity, it is only to throw her all the more violently into her real occupation of making every one happy when she is away from the camera and the studio.

If her long slender fingers seem to be made only for enmeshing the hearts of helpless victims in the land of shadows, they are all the more steady and sure for driving her motor over the clean Californian roads

or for sending the tennis balls over the net when work hours are done.

London, Ontario, was the home of her childhood but Miss Burton left Canada long ago.

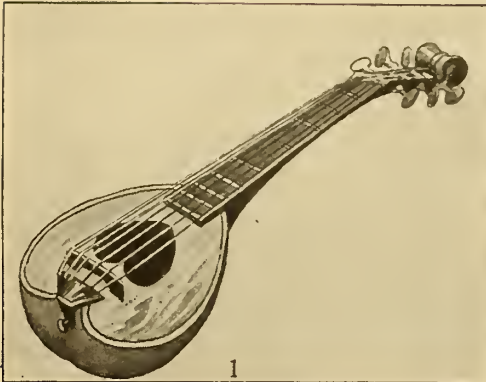
She also likes to golf and she rides "Old Snort," her horse, like a house afire.



MOVING PICTURE

FOURTEEN PRIZES

NUMBER ONE



THE PRIZES

1st PRIZE	\$10.00
2nd PRIZE	\$ 5.00
3rd PRIZE	\$ 3.00
4th PRIZE	\$ 2.00
TEN PRIZES, each	\$ 1.00

These awards (all in cash, without any string to them) are for the correct, or nearest correct, answers to the six pictures here shown. The ten answers may readily be found in the condensed scenario printed below. While this is one of the cleverest puzzle arrangements ever devised, it is really quite simple to solve.

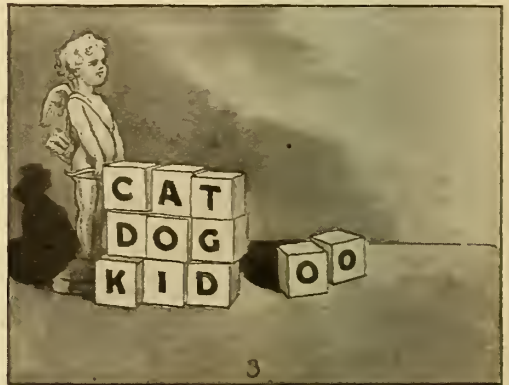
As you read through the scenario, the answers will bob up at you, one after another. Just follow the directions on the opposite page. Be sure to write your answers and name and address distinctly.

This novel contest is a special feature department of Photo-play Magazine for the interest and benefit of its readers, at absolutely no cost to them—the Photo-play Magazine way.

The awards are all for this month's contest.

Now, just to start you off, we will mention that one answer to one of the pictures is "Sunset."

All answers to this set (number one) must be mailed before December first.



"Christmas Carols"—A Drama in One Reel.

SYNOPSIS—Miss Perkins, a village spinster, brings her late brother's little daughter, Lettie, to live with her in her cottage among the flowers. Bob Wright is secretary to A. R. Bassett, big manufacturer. Bassett's niece, Grace Dodge, visits him. Grace has left city to escape all associations of a severed engagement with an unworthy suitor. Bob meets her often, becomes infatuated, but Grace cannot forget her other experience. Bassett instructs Bob to send important telegram, Bob does, but telegram is grabbed from messenger by dog and lost. Bob is afraid to report. Therefore, important contract is lost to rival company. Bob is seen talking with President of rival company. Bob is fired. Grace is cold to Bob, so he goes to work in City. Later soiled telegram is found and returned to Bassett, but he still doubts Bob.

Lettie goes to school and plays with Bess and Bobby. Grace drops package from wagon, containing love letters, ring, etc., which she is about to mail back to old suitor. Lettie finds it, her aunt tells her to return package to Grace, she does.

Miss Perkins' health fails and she dies, leaving Lettie in care of neighbors. Bob, home at his sister's for the holidays, rescues Grace from probable death by stopping her runaway horse attached to cutter, which was dashing down village street toward crossing as Overland Limited rushes through.

Christmas eve, Bess and Bobby returning with Don from edge of town at sunset. Don discovers Lettie half frozen on her aunt's grave in cemetery. They get her to road and passing expressman takes them home. Their mother tucks

Lettie in bed as the waifs are singing Christmas carols outside. Christmas morning Lettie is recovered, and helps Bess and Bobby feed their pets. Grace comes with present for Lettie. Grace has an understanding with Bob and accepts him. Uncle Bassett takes Bob back and gives him interest in the business. Bob and Lettie have Christmas dinner at Bassett's, who insist that they come and live with him and that he will adopt Lettie.

"And there was peace and happiness apleenty."

CAST

Miss Anna Bell Perkins.....	a village spinster
Little Lettie.....	her orphan niece
Bob Wright.....	secretary to Bassett
Grace Dodge.....	Bassett's niece from the city
A. R. Bassett.....	a rich manufacturer
Bess and Bobby.....	Bob's sister's kids
Don.....	their collie dog

LEADER Subtitle 1. A Melody on the Heart Strings.

(ALL THE ANSWERS WILL BE FOUND

SCENARIO PUZZLE

ALL IN CASH

BY PERCY REEVES

DIRECTIONS

A word or very short sentence to be found in the printed matter below is represented in these pictures.

Pictures No. 1 and 6 each have **one** answer; pictures No. 2, 3, 4 and 5 each have **two** answers.

Look at each picture and see what describes it and then read every word of the scenario—and you'll find all the answers.

For your convenience and avoidance of mistakes we have left space under each picture in which you can write your answers. Remember to write your full name and address on the margin at the bottom of both pages. Cut out these pages and mail in, or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper, but be sure they are numbered to correspond with the number of each picture.

Address to Puzzle Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago.

We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask us questions.

Only one set of answers allowed each contestant.

Awards for answers to this set will be published in Photoplay Magazine. Look for this contest each month.



Time: Late Summer. Scene 1. Village station. Miss Perkins and Lettie alight from train. 2. Garden walk to cottage door. They enter. 3. Bassett's office. Close-up: Bassett. Bob enters. 4. Village station. Bassett meets Grace. 5. Bassett home. Bassett and Grace enter. 6. Grace in her room. 7. Close-up: Grace. 8. Fade in, Grace in city home with betrothed. 9. Roadhouse. Grace sees her betrothed come out with flashy woman, both full. 10. Bassett lawn. Bob meets Grace. 11. Tennis court. Bob and Grace in game. 12. River road. Bob proposes to Grace. 13. Bassett office. Bassett dictates telegram. 14. Close-up of telegram accepting order at price. 15. Bob gives telegram to messenger. 16. Factory front. Dog grabs telegram from messenger. 17. Dog drops telegram. 18. Prosperous-looking man converses with Bob on street car. 19. Close-up of same with Bassett's clerk in background. 20. Bassett's office. Clerk reports seeing Bob with man. 21. Bassett writes Howard & Co. 22. Close-up: letter. 23. Close-up: reply. 24. Bassett discharges Bob. 25. Street. Grace cuts Bob.

Time: Early winter. 26. Soiled telegram found and returned to Bassett. 27. Lettie, Bess and Bobby

on way to school. 28. Lettie drops package of love letters and returns to Grace. 29. Miss Perkins dies. 30. Lettie cared for by neighbors.

Time: Midwinter. 31. Living room at Bob's sister's. Bob arrives for holidays. 32. Village street. Grace in cutter, horse running away, appears in distance. Cut. 33. Onrushing express approaching crossing. Cut. 34. Grace drawing nearer. Bob appears. Cut. 35. Express rushing on. Cut. 36. Bob stops runaway just as— Cut. 37. Express rushes past.

Time: Christmas Eve. 38. Sun setting, snow-covered country. Bess, Bobbie and Don seen approaching, cemetery to right. 39. Don discovers Lettie on aunt's grave. 40. Lettie doesn't move. Don rushes off picture. 41. Bess and Bobby carry Lettie to road. 42. Expressman takes them home. 43. Lettie tucked in bed. 44. Waifs singing carols. 45. Window. Bess, Bobby and Lettie feeding sparrows. 46. Bess, Bobby and Lettie feeding calf, chickens and rabbits. 47. Living room. Grace brings present for Lettie, makes up with Bob and accepts him. 48. Bassett dining room. Bassett, Grace and Bob at Christmas dinner.

IN THIS SPECIAL SCENARIO)



Seen and Heard at the Movies

Where millions of people gather daily many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen. We want our readers to contribute to this page. One dollar will be paid for each story printed. Contributions must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to include your name and address. Send to: "Seen and Heard" Dept., Photoplay Magazine, Chicago. Owing to the large number of contributions to this department, it is impossible to return unavailable manuscripts to the authors. Therefore do not enclose postage or stamped envelopes as contributions will not be returned.

A Natural Question

IN "The Moment Before," the doctor was attending the Duke, who had fallen from his horse. Turning to the Duchess, the doctor said, "His Grace is fatally injured."
"Marian," demanded a little girl behind me, "What part did it say was injured?"
Mae Gendreau, Plattsburg, N. Y.

Always the Same!

HAM and Bud were disporting themselves through various catastrophes, much to the delight of the small boys in the audience. The old lady in front smiled genially.
"Yes," she said to her companion, "Charlie Chaplin's always the same, but somehow he always makes them laugh."
Jeannette P. Beard, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Retort

Discourteous
WHILE at the "movies," little Bobby had the misfortune to stub his toe on a seat and fall down. A kind old gentleman next to Bobby, wishing to be sympathetic, asked him:
"How did you come to fall down?"
Bobby replied indignantly, "I didn't come to fall down; I came to see the show."

Mrs. M. K. L., Idaho.

Can't Lose Him

IT was the last part of "The World's Great Snare." Myra comes back to the apartment and finds Bryan there. She says, "Oh, Bryan,

you've come back." A lady in the audience burst out in a voice audible over half the theater, "Yes, Bryan always did come back."
Emma Thompson, Quincy, Ill.

It Comes Last. Anyhow

THE society queen on the screen had just finished her breakfast. As she dipped her dainty fingers in the finger bowl, a girl remarked to her companion:

"Look, she's puttin' her hands in the soup."
"That ain't soup," replied her companion disgustedly, "that's a demy tass."

J. B. Powell, Columbus, O.

What the Trouble Was

"WHAT a nuisance," exclaimed a man at a production of "The Birth of a Nation," as a young fop near him explained every action to his companion.

"Do you refer to me?" threateningly demanded the fop.

"Oh, no," was the reply, "I referred to

the musicians there, who keep up such a noise that I can't hear your conversation."

Henry S. Johnson, New Haven, Conn.

Wanted—a Husband

A LITTLE girl of three was watching a picture in which a little boy was playing. "I wish I had a brother," she said wistfully. Her aunt smiled. "Why don't you save your pennies and buy one?" she asked.

The child looked at her and said earnestly, "I can't; I'm saving mine to buy a husband."

Alta M. Franklin, New York City.



Scenario writer: It's funny I can't sell this comedy.

Candid friend: Well, if it was funny you might sell it.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

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YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. There are hundreds of others "in line" with you at the Questions and Answers window, so be considerate. This will make it both practical and pleasant to serve you promptly and often. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

SILVYA, NEWARK, N. J.—Thanks for your letter. Were it not for such as you, life would be a drab, dreary existence. Of course if you know that Petrova was married to Arthur Hoops, that Henry Walthall is a bachelor, that Theda Bara is a native Saharaian and that F. X. B. is not married, why that ought to settle things right there and it is kind of you to try to set us right. You ask us if having five children isn't "a little too much" and we can only refer you to Mr. Bushman himself. How'd you like to trade jobs with us sight unseen?

F. N., PASADENA, CAL.—William Farnum is older than his brother Dustin. The former played in "Ben Hur" in 1907.

A. E. S., UTICA, N. Y.—Just as an offhand, or sidewalk opinion, we should say that wearing glasses would not prove a detriment to a prospective film actor unless he contemplated doing high dives or some other hazardous stunt. It would be awful, for instance, if you had to do a high dive and being near-sighted, missed the water entirely; wouldn't it? Mary Boland is not in pictures at present. You will have to write Triangle about your other question. Do we think our Shadow Stage "critic" is efficient? Oh, so, so. Why? Want the job?

MARIE, ATCHISON, KAN.—Harold Lockwood's self-executed autobiographical document declares that he is unmarried, which ought to settle that argument, for a month at least. Dorothy Davenport is with Universal. Elmer Clifton was opposite Dorothy Gish in "The Little School Ma'am." Yes, Conway Tearle is "terribly handsome." If he were more so he'd be awful pretty. He's around thirty.

PEGGY, CALGARY, ALTA.—You poor thing! It must be terrible to be so far away from London but just console yourself with the thought that

This department will not consider anonymous communications. All letters must contain the right name and address of the writer.

It is the aim of this department to answer the same question but once in an issue. If your initials do not appear look for the answer to your questions under the name of another. For studio addresses consult the studio directory in the advertising section of this issue.

no Zeppelin has ever navigated that far. However, it is not unpatriotic to become attached to the American stars and your favorites are just as popular in England and the colonies as at home. Write Mr. Farnum, care of Fox, for a photo.

N. P. C., TUCSON, ARIZ.—No record of George Whittier. Lewis Stone was on the stage for years before venturing to the films. His first success was in "The Bird of Paradise." How is the Old Pueblo anyway?

MARIAN, SACRAMENTO, CAL.—If anyone had told us there was one woman in these United States and Canada who didn't know— But what we started to say in answer to your query was that the man who played *Frank Graham* in "The Sparks of Fate" was Francis X. Bushman.

MYRON, PHOENIX, ARIZ.—How tall is Ann Pennington? Why she isn't tall at all; she's 4 ft. 8 inches short.

E. C. T., BROOKLYN.—Your guesses are wrong on Kitty Gordon, Earle Williams, Mabel Norinand and Grace Cunard. though of course Earle may be engaged without us knowing about it. But Kitty is still Mrs. Beresford (not Lady) and the others have no husbands.

KIA ORA, WANGANUI, N. Z.—Is it spelled right? Had us guessing for a while. Your words of praise are deeply appreciated. The many letters we receive from New Zealand make your little island seem very close to us.

MIAMI FAN, MIAMI, FLA.—Don't write to us again on your boss' time. Take your time next time and maybe the letter will be easier to decode. However, H. B. Warner is at the Ince studio, Culver City, Cal. Don't know what has become of Walter.

D. W., DELTA, O.—We have no record of Jane Fearnley since September, 1915, nor of the play you mention. We quite agree that "The Firing Line" would make a good photoplay.

L. R., ST. LOUIS.—Norma Talmadge does not make a practice of answering letters. She gets too many of them, she says. Think letters to the others will bring results.

M. E., LANCASTER, PA.—Douglas Fairbanks is married and glad of it. Mary Pickford's hair is not bought. Yes, she was christened Smith. No, she has no children. No trouble. Come again.

F. M. H., TAMPA, FLA.—Vernon Steele played opposite Marguerite Clark in "Silks and Satins." You must obtain permission from the author before scenarizing it.

MABEL, NEW GLASGOW, N. S.—Sorry, but we haven't received the late measurements of the stars you are curious about. Miss Minter is about five feet, Marjorie Daw a little taller and Billie Burke about five feet four inches. Both Olga Petrova and Pearl White have green eyes. Always glad to hear from Nova Scotia.

G. M., ERIE, PA.—Now listen, girlie; we can't tell from a mere description whether or not you could ever become a movie actress, and besides, there's a rule against us giving any advice regarding employment. You don't really *know* you can act, you just *think* so, as does every nine out of ten persons. Better try to content yourself in some other vocation.

M. R., GRANT'S PASS, ORE.—Can't tell you definitely what Jack Kerrigan's plans are. One day we are informed that he is to go into vaudeville and the next day he is forming his own movie company, a la Clara Kimball Young, et al. Forrest Stanley is still with Morosco-Pallas. He is not married at present. Theda Bara is single. Glad you think we're the best of all. That makes it unanimous.

SWEET SIXTEEN, MARION, ILL.—Herbert Rawlinson will be 31 this month and is a native of England. He is 6 feet high and weighs 175 in his stocking feet. Can't say about the mayorality of

Universal City. Any time you just *can't* wait, send a two-cent stamp and you'll get a reply by mail.

THE ANSWER MAN INTERVIEWS HIMSELF

To interview myself I sallied out to where they keep insane, And as I gripped my hand I said: "What! Are you here again?" "Yes, yes," I cried in accents wild, "But only for the night." "How odd!" I said and calmed me down, "Just lately you were right." "I know," was my reply to me, "but pause, and you shall hear Of what it was, and who it was that crooly sent me here."

"It was," I said, "the movie-nuts who dote on Wallie Reed, A form, a class I can't define, sans reason, love or creed; From Mohawk, Maine, to Timbuctoo they take their pens in hand, And muss up all my waking hours by asking, 'Ain't he grand?' And 'yes' I wrote a million times. Ah, stranger, do not scoff, A million times!—it's true—and then—Ah then they took me off!"

"But man," I said, "was there nought else to drive you where you are?" And feeling sorry for myself I proffered a cigar.

"Ah, yes," I said, and took it then—"the Marguerite, la Clark! Because she lives, I turn and toss unsleeping in the dark.

A million plus have written in to ask me, 'is she wed?' My 'NOS' mean nought—they still write in. I wish that I were dead!"

I poured myself a drink of rum and passed it in my cell, Then listened for myself to start the story that I'd tell.

"And Kerrigan," I soon resumed, "they ask me if he's tied.

Two million times I've written 'No'—and still they think I lied.

House Peters is the other cause, they ask me 'ain't he dear?"

And coming eighty times a day—that's why, old man, I'm here!"

I jotted down my own strange notes, then bid myself good-bye,

But ere I'd gone a dozen feet I caught my eagle eye.

"Say this for me," I said to me, and shook my fevered palm,

"That if the fans will not restrain from breaking up my calm

By questions such as these above and others I could tell,

I'll never be myself again—I NEVER WILL GET WELL!"

ence Dagmar is still with Lasky. She is not related to Ernest Joy. Anita King was married to an auto race driver who died. Glad you like Bessie Barriscale and Pauline Frederick. The former is 26 and was born in New York City.

H. W., DECATUR, ILL.—So you thought that because she was a diva that we ought to print some beach pictures of Geraldine Farrar. Well, we were willing, but the pictures never came.

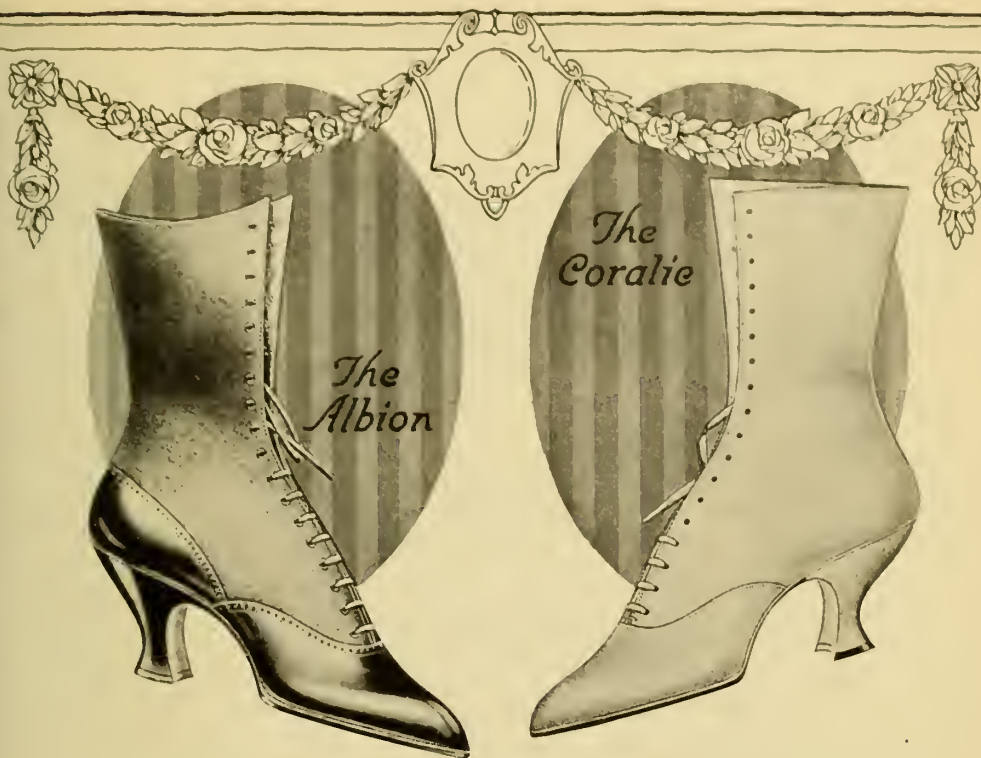
A. B., MINNEAPOLIS.—Alice Taafe is at Culver City, Cal., with the Ince company.

STANLEY, YORK, PA.—Charley Chaplin is not married. Don't think he is even contemplating matrimony, while the cost of living is so high. Sorry, but we can't settle your argument about Fox and Metro pictures. Both make good pictures—sometimes.

MURIEL M., VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.—If we were giving prizes for the best letter received each month, you would be this month's winner. Wonder why it is that some of our best letters come from Australia; can you enlighten us? Every line of it was thoroughly enjoyed. You have our most sincere wishes for a successful career. No, the Lind and Wayne girls are not related and when the picture was taken they were with Keystone. Ben Wilson spends most of his time directing Universal films. He was on the stage ten years; is nearly six feet tall, weighs 180 pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. We have no other data concerning him. Wish we had more space for you.

PEGGY, GLENS FALLS, N. Y.—Bessie Love was born in Texas about seventeen years ago. Pearl White is of Italian and Irish descent. Alice Joyce will appear next in Vitagraph's "The Battle Cry of War."

MISS MOVIE MAD, BERKELEY, CAL.—So you thing PHOTOPLAY gives more real information than all of the other magazines put together? Well, that's nice of you, and we must admit the truth of your remark. Think Florence King was married to an auto race driver who died. Glad you like Bessie Barriscale and Pauline Frederick. The former is 26 and was born in New York City.



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Look for this trade mark on the sole.

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TRADE MARK



(Continued from page 54)

reputation. Even Joan had never been friendly toward her, for it was not possible. Conscious of her unpopularity, she had repulsed the advances of even the few kind souls who would have been glad to help her. Yet, lurking somewhere beneath the forbidding exterior, there beat the heart of a woman, and these were the days when a subtle realization of kinship thrilled sympathetically between all who had ever known the kiss of a lover or the caress of a son. It was inevitable that Joan and her jailer should have a few words of commonplace conversation, if only as a matter of routine. From that it was only a step to the discussion of mutual interests, and the subject uppermost in the minds of all the people. Joan, the mantle of prophecy on her shoulders, soon had made a disciple of the pariah.

This, however, made little difference in her position. No visitors were permitted to enter the jail, and as the Captain came daily to see that she was still in her cell, there was nothing to be gained by an escape. It would only have meant self-imprisonment in some hiding place, perhaps less comfortable than the jail. For with this new friend she had made, now in perfect sympathy with her, the days did not drag as slowly as they might, and every possible comfort was provided.

One day the jailer came excitedly back to the prison, after a trip to the military headquarters for supplies.

"Joan, Joan," she whispered, breathlessly, "I've heard some interesting news. The King will pass through the village next week."

"The King!"

"Yes. Don't you think there's some way we could get your friends to ask him to pardon you?"

Joan shook her head. "No, my offense is too great. I've told the truth to the women."

"Well, if there's anything I can do—" and the jailer stopped short and turned away, ashamed that she had betrayed her feelings, so strongly had her habit of aloofness fastened itself upon her.

Far into the night Joan tossed upon her bed, pondering. The King was coming. Something should be made of that. It was an opportunity that might never return. Certainly the King should be received with

all due honor by the women to whom he had assigned this great duty of making future wars possible. At last the idea came. Unable to wait until morning Joan called to her jailer. The woman rubbed her eyes, yawned, grumbled, but at the first word she was wide awake.

"No, no, no," she protested. "I dare not. They would kill me."

Joan refused to have her plea set aside so easily, and poured her heart into the task of persuading this strange creature to redeem her life in one daring act. At length she saw the woman slowly bow her head. The battle was won.

"They'll kill me, but I'll do it. Come," and the gaunt outcast unlocked the door of Joan's cell.

When Bragg visited the jail the following morning, it was empty. Prisoner and keeper both had disappeared. A search was instituted, but no trace was to be found of either. Bragg suspected that some of the women who denied having seen the fugitives were not telling the truth, but there was nothing to be done.

THE next few nights, if there had been vigilant sentries sufficient to have patrolled the entire village, they might have seen a slim, heavily cloaked figure darting from one house to another. But patrols were considered unnecessary, for the village was a long distance from the frontier, and they would have ample warning of the approach of an enemy. As for Joan, Bragg was not unwilling to abandon the search. If she only kept quiet, it made no difference where she was.

Joan, however, was not keeping quiet. She never had been so active. Whatever she had done in the past was as nothing to the new task she had assumed. But she succeeded in so impressing upon all the women the necessity of absolute secrecy, that no solemn obligation of fraternal order was ever held more inviolate than their promise to Joan not to betray the plan.

The day of the King's visit arrived, and the small troop which was quartered in the village rode out to meet him. Scarcely had the last man disappeared in the distance, than there poured from the houses a great stream of women, draped from head to foot in black. This, in itself, was in direct disobedience to the royal command.



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Name

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..... (603)

At the beginning of the war it was decreed that no person should wear mourning, or in any way publicly give evidence of their grief for their loved ones. The King knew that the cumulative effect of such witnesses to the awful cost of the war would be to arouse the people in the interests of peace. So now the women had disobeyed the order, and not alone those who had lost husbands, fathers and sons in battle, but all the women of the village had draped themselves in this sombre garb.

Joan was here, there, everywhere. Her genius for leadership made it a simple matter for her to form the women into a long, double line, and they set out slowly, on foot, in the direction from which the King would approach, chanting in wailing tones. Like a great black ribbon they wound slowly along the road, until at length the sound of a bugle told them that the King was near.

As the royal advance guard rounded the shoulder of a hill, they reined up their horses, rubbed their eyes, and stared in astonishment. Casting military discipline to the winds, they shouted to those behind, and were soon joined by their officers. Bragg was among them.

"Good God!" he exclaimed. "The King must not see this. Stop him."

But it was no easy matter to stop the King, and a still harder one to disperse the women. They had not dared go this far to scatter at the first order. Even Bragg, desperate as he was, dared not ride them down, these hundreds of women. While he was still shouting and threatening, the King rounded the turn in the road.

Angry as the ruler was at the scene, he was no less curious. Spurring his horse into a gallop he rode up to the head of the procession of women.

"Your Majesty," said Bragg, as he saluted, "it is all the work of that woman at their head. She escaped from jail a few nights ago. She is a traitor, but for a certain reason which I will explain later, I did not have her shot. I have been too lenient, and I crave Your Majesty's pardon. I will now make amends." He turned to Joan. "Lead these women whom you have deluded, back to the village, or I will order you shot here and now."

Joan stepped forward a few paces, and faced the King, ignoring Bragg.

"In the name of these women I present a petition to Your Majesty," she began, in clear, steady tones. "Nay, not a petition—a demand. We call upon you to bring this war to an end. This, we cannot compel you to do, but we—these women and their sisters throughout your kingdom—can prevent future wars, because without us there can be no soldiers for future armies. You have taken my husband, but I will not give you my child. This is the message I bring you in the name of womanhood."

She ceased speaking, and in the silence which followed stepped back, drew from beneath the folds of her cloak the revolver Franz had left her, and, pressing it to her heart, looked upward and said:

"Franz—my beloved—you told me to be brave and strong."

With the last word she pulled the trigger. She had delivered her message to the King.

H a v e Y o u a F r i e n d

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“I own a bookstore in a town of 11,000 people. Three years ago I became the local agent for the Oliver Typewriter Company. It was a lucky day for me. Not merely because I have sold one Oliver for every fifty inhabitants in this town, and made the large commission, but because I became a part of the Oliver sales organization. That means that the company has given me advantages which I could not have gained elsewhere. In other words, they enrolled me in their sales school and gave me a new business education. They told me how other men had made successes and how to avoid common difficulties. The Oliver traveling representatives came to see me and gave me additional pointers. They gave me a bigger and broader vision of modern business, and I learned the value of getting ideas from others. With some of my first earnings I took a trip to Chicago to visit the general offices and to get a lot of ideas from the big bookstores in the city.

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This is merely one of many stories that might be told by Oliver agents. Others will tell of the things they have bought with Oliver commissions. Some might tell how the Oliver paid for a college education. Thousands of Oliver agents in all parts of the country have shared in the millions of

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(557)

Name

Address

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

The Victoria Cross

(Continued from page 104)

a state of feeble terror. It was evident that the revolution was nothing but ineffectual rebellion. Azimoolah and Seerek had quarreled bitterly over the former's murderous policies, the Maharajah realizing that his consent to his "General's" assassinations had cost him his title, his place and his property forever, probably his liberty, and possibly his life.

Darkness had scarcely fallen when Sir Allan Strathallan and the rescue regiment crashed suddenly into the feeble, straggling trio at a turn of the road.

In the red day which followed British soldiers avenged the murdered English women and children. One meal, and Major Seton was with them.

When he returned, Strathallan met him, with his usual pompous awkwardness. Seton expected more thunderous vituperation—but he did not care, now. Joan loved him, and was she not safe?

"Colonel Seton," began the blustering knight, "my daughter has been making a

fool of herself carrying around a Victoria Cross which belongs to you. I have ordered her to restore it to you immediately."

"I asked her to keep it, sir," replied Seton. And at that curiosity ran away with him completely. "You have spoken to so many officers this morning, Sir Allan, that I fear you made a mistake. You addressed me, you know, as *Colonel*—"

"Silence, sir!" roared Strathallan. "Think I'm an idiot, giving wrong titles like some cannibal king? I said *Colonel* Seton, and I meant *Colonel* Seton, for you are *Colonel* Seton."

Just then Joan appeared.

"Sir Allan," ventured Ralph, "much as I prize my decoration and my new rank, there is one thing I want more than—"

"Take her, sir, take her!" interrupted her father. "You've earned her, as well as your new title and your ornaments. And I believe she'll be fool enough to love you."

"But, Ralph," protested Joan, plaintively, "I'm not a *thing*!"

A Glimpse of Universal City's Sculptors at Work



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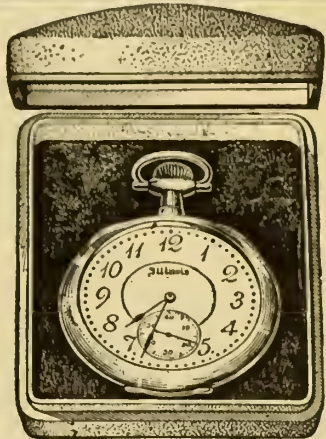
You know this Watch. The best jewelry concerns all over the country handle and recommend it. It is made by the Illinois Watch Co., Springfield, Ill.—one of the greatest and oldest watch concerns in the country.

But we send the Watch on trial. Wear it 30 days. If you are not satisfied with your bargain, send it back.

Send us only \$1 when you order. If you don't like the watch, we will send the dollar back. If you do like it, send us \$1 a month. That will give you over a year to pay.

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This watch has a 17-jeweled movement—it is a perfect timekeeper. The price seems impossible. But we guarantee this watch to have 17 fine jewels, and to be a genuine Illinois watch, exactly the same as sold in jewelry stores.

The case is a 20-Year Gold-Filled Case. That is, it is warranted for 20 years. It is open-face and a beauty. The back is handsomely engraved. It has a screw back and bezel, so it is positively dust-proof.

The watch is guaranteed for 25 years. We send with this watch this guarantee certificate. Think of that—only \$13.75 for almost a lifetime of perfect watch service. The watch is a perfect timekeeper. No better timekeepers were ever made than the 17-jeweled Illinois. Every man who knows watches knows this.

If you want to sell this watch back to us, after 30 days' use, we will return every cent that you pay on it.

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Spiegel,
May, Stern & Co.
3734 Wall Street, Chicago

(Continued from page 140)

N. M., PITTSBURG.—Yep. Same David Powell played *Freneau* in "Gloria's Romance." Address him care Kleine.

M. S., DANVILLE, VA.—Gene Gauntier has retired from the screen, we believe. Arthur Johnson died in January after a long illness.

GARLIC, ST. LOUIS.—Gee, but you ask some foolish questions. If it means anything in your young life however we will inform you confidentially, of course, that Crane Wilbur is more "beautiful" than we. Sorry to tell you though, that he is a married man and his wife is *not* the blonde who plays opposite him.

MRS. REIHM, NEW YORK.—We have no record of any boy of the names you mention.

WINNIE D., NEW YORK.—Gertie Bambrick retired from the pictures when she married Marshal Neilan. They are now separated.

ARIZ. PAL, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—The *Sheriff* in "The Desperado," Universal, is Jack Holt.

R. B., BROOKLYN.—The doctor in "Still Waters" with Marguerite Clark was Robert Vaughn. Haven't seen anything of him lately. The ranch owner who married Gladys Hulette in "When She Played Broadway" was Howard Mitchell. Did you see the story about Gladys in the November issue?

K. O. R., WARRENTON, N. C.—Billie Rhodes is not the wife of Ray Gallagher. All of the players you mention are in their early twenties. Edna Mayo is not Frank's sister. Joyce Moore is his wife.

BABBETTE, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.—Now, looka here, Jessie, we don't mind being sworn at, but don't call us "Fair one!" Or you'll need a *nom de guerre* instead of a *nom de plume*. Suppose you saw Mildred Harris in the November issue, yes? Fairbanks twins seem to be on a vacation. We always aim to have new photographs in the art section, so quite naturally they seem new to you. Glad also that you like "Plays and Players." Cal York is one of our favorite authors.

K. M. H., ST. LOUIS.—Charles Ray, William Desmond and Frank Keenan are respectively in, early twenties, early thirties and early fifties. Bessie Barriscale's husband is Howard Hickman. Carlyle Blackwell is with World. Just *what* do you mean when you say "it is very amusing to read this department?"

HARRIET, LOUISVILLE, KY.—Says: "Looks like if they were interested in the players, they would remember what they read about them," referring to some of these who ask questions which are answered in nearly every issue of the magazine. "Sunday" was filmed by the World with Reine Davies in the lead but we have no record of the other you mention. Sure, come again.

VALERIE, MILWAUKEE.—Crane Wilbur is married. Don't know about Mae Gaston. Vim company at Providence, R. I.

ROSELLA, WEST PHILADELPHIA.—Of course, you're not rude. We've already published stories about some of the favorites you mention and no doubt the others will appear in time. Mrs. Bryant Washburn was known to the public as Mable Forest before she retired.

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LILLIAN, HARTFORD, CONN.—The fairy queen's name is not given in the cast. Douglas Fairbanks and Jewel Carmen are still with Fine Arts and playing at the Hollywood studio.

HONOLULUAN, BERKELEY, CAL.—Never heard of the play you mention. Perhaps you have the title wrong. House Peters is appearing quite regularly now. Did you see him in "The Rail Rider" and in "The Velvet Paw"? Yes, he's married and happy. Can't we do anything else for you?

R. C. M., MUNCIE, IND.—Wallace Reid and Charles Ray are excellent selections. And do we understand that you are playing Tom Forman for third place? His picture has appeared in the art section recently. Want one? Hazel Belford was the girl who married Charley Ray in "The Deserter."

C. S., PORTLAND, ORE.—Maud Gilbert played with William Farnum in "Samson." She is not in the films now, we believe.

MARGUERITE, MT. HOREB, WIS.—Perhaps the person who berated the moving pictures so bitterly was not successful on the shadow stage. What do you think? Maude George is 26 years old, a native of Riverside, Cal., and five feet, seven inches in height. She was on the stage before beginning a film career.

FRANCES, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Tom Forman was the drug clerk in "Public Opinion." Always glad to answer your questions.

EMERSON, MONTREAL.—John Emerson is a native of Ohio—Sandusky. See page 50 in the November PHOTOPLAY.

G. E., WINCHESTER, IND.—You probably missed the issue that contained the Hart interview. Don't know Grace Cunard's husband. Barbara Tennant has not appeared in a photoplay for about a year. Glad you like us.

LILLIAN, KANSAS CITY.—Cleo Madison is not married at present. Herbert Rawlinson's wife is Roberta Arnold, of the speaking stage. Yes, Frank Newburg is the husband of Jane Novak. Hobart Henley is not married, we believe.

F. G. F., CHICAGO.—Yes, there is such an actor as Francis Ford, but a list of the films in which he has appeared would fill half of this book.

MARGUERITE, CALUMET, MICH.—Warren Kerrigan is not married and not even thirty. Anna Little's husband is Alan Forrest, who is Mary Miles Minter's leading man. Edward Coxen, we believe, is married, but we have no documentary proof.

R. D., CONNELLSVILLE, PA.—Theda Bara is single; so is Earle Williams. Mrs. Bushman is not an actress. Hart was never with Universal. Stanton left Universal about eight months ago. You'll have to ask Vitagraph why Earle and Anita are not in the same company.

EDDIE, IRONTON, O.—Whaddayeh mean, Solomon? Wasn't November even better'n October? Ruth Roland and Frank Mayo are still with Balboa and will probably appear together regularly. You are a gentleman of discriminating taste, so as to say.

ROSE, RUMFORD, ME.—Sorry we can't send you a picture of the *Laughing Mask*. See the Creighton Hale story in the November issue of PHOTOPLAY.



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H. B. ROCHESTER, N. Y.—The studio scenes in "The American Beauty" were taken at the Morosco-Pallas studio in Los Angeles and the models were members of the company. We do not know if the story was published.

BILLIE, NEW YORK.—It will be a different cast in the sequel to "The Diamond from the Sky" which is now in process of filming at Santa Barbara. You are probably right about Miss Williams. Mary Fuller is not married. Why not speak to the manager of your favorite theater about "Gloria's Romance" if you like it so well?

DOROTHY.—Camille Astor is now with Selig and will next be seen in "The Garden of Allah." Her photograph appeared in the October PHOTOPLAY with some biographical facts.

SHERRILL ADMIRER.—Picture of your favorite is now on the fire. Coming up soon.

PEG, NEW YORK CITY.—Mrs. House Peters (Mae King) is not in the pictures. That's a good quartet you picked, Peters, Hart, Rawlinson and Ethel Clayton.

LILLIAN, HARTFORD, CONN.—John Bowers played opposite Mary Pickford in "Hulda from Holland." Jewel Carmen is with Fine Arts and at this moment is playing in Fort Lee, N. J.

HELEN, SHARON, PA.—Don't know what became of Casey. Maybe he struck out. Marc McDermott will appear with Alice Joyce in her first Vitagraph picture. Bobby Connelly was the boy in "The Suspect" and S. Rankin Drew was Anita Stewart's husband in that film. Miss Stewart has just recovered from an attack of typhoid. So Theda sent you a nice photo? Well, father was right.

MARTHA, LOS ANGELES.—That was another magazine in which you saw the statement that Harold Lockwood and May Allison were married so do not hold us responsible for it. They're not.

RUTH ELLEN, DETROIT.—Bessie Love should be addressed, care Fine Arts Company, Los Angeles. Better forget your film star dream and stick with the school books a while longer.

THE GUSHERS, BROOKLYN.—Where did you get that flock of big words? Were it not for them we would have adhered to the rule which provides that all letters must contain the name and address of the writer, or go into the waste basket unanswered. However, Bessie Barriscale is twenty-six years old and married. Dustin Farnum's sweetheart in "Day Crockett" was Winifred Kingston. Clara Kimball Young's latest picture is "The Common Law." Robert Warwick was thirty-eight years old in October.

C. K. GRIMSBY, ONT.—Naturally, the "old home town" would be interested in following the successful career of Wilfred Lucas. Address him at Fine Arts, Los Angeles.

LILLE, CONCORDIA, KAN.—Sorry that your message could not have been delivered to Mr. Hoops. Presume you saw in the papers the sad news of his death in New York in September.

MOLLIE, GOLDFIELD, NEV.—Judging from the fact that he was born in St. Louis, and that his parents' name was Von Der Butz, we deduce the fact that Edwin August is of German descent. He's not married. Thanks for your good wishes.



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M. D., ALBANY, N. Y.—Yes, "man" is right. Henry Walthall is 38 and is all you say of him. We agree with you that the best there is in plays is none too good for him, but we wouldn't like to be the one to advise him what to do without being asked.

C. S., LENOIR, N. C.—Harry Carey is now with Fox in Los Angeles and Herbert Rawlinson is still with Universal. The doctor in "Gloria's Romance" was Henry Kolker.

BLANCHE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—What do you mean by "an alias?" If you mean what we think you mean we can say that neither Tom Forman nor Harold Lockwood has one. Tom is single. Marguerite Clark is about 28 and Mary Miles Minter just half that.

M. B., ALAMEDA, CAL.—Geraldine Farrar's only photoplay this summer was "Joan of Arc." Address her at Lasky's. Lou-Tellegen is somewhere around thirty.

MISS LEE, PHILADELPHIA.—Billie Burke is married to F. Ziegfeld, Jr., the man who invented the Follies and she gets her mail at Geo. Kleine's studio in New York. Address Mary Pickford, care Arcraft.

MAUD, BROWNSVILLE, TEX.—Can't tell you a thing about the Houston company or any of its players. The name you mention is entirely strange to us.

L. R., ST. LOUIS.—Pearl White, Creighton Hale and Norma Talmadge are unmarried. Write them for pictures.

M. M. M., PHILADELPHIA.—The other day we got a letter from a lady—yes, we're sure she is—threatening to call upon us with a horsewhip and various other punitive impedimenta if we ever told another inquisitive questioner that Francis Bushman was married and had five children and being that you think he is ideal, we are not going to tell you what the lady said we shouldn't say any more. We will answer the other part of your question however by stating that there are a half dozen or so reasons why Mr. Bushman and Miss Bayne are not married.

L. O., GRACEVILLE, MINN.—A perusal of the vital statistics indicates that Jack Conway is a native of your own city of Graceville. So far as we know, Ethel Barrymore has appeared in no play of the name you mention. Yes, we think Norma Talmadge has beautiful eyes. Didst think we were blind?

W. L., SALT LAKE CITY.—Arthur Shirley was John Gallant in "The Valiants of Virginia." Write him care of Selig.

ELIZA, PAOLI, PA.—Earle Foxe's wife is Celia Santon. Marguerite Clark has no husband, poor thing! Bessie Barriscale's is Howard Hickman and Clara Kimball Young's is James Young. She's in her middle twenties.

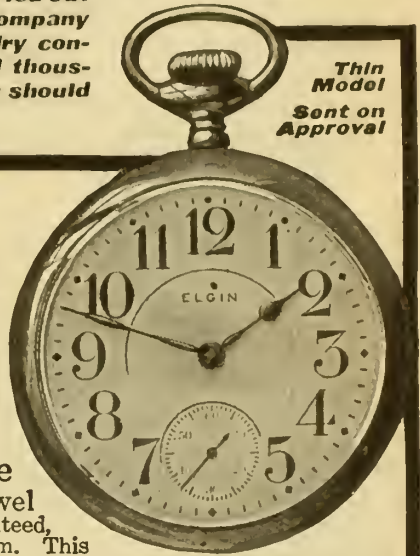
E. M. H., CHINO, CAL.—Are you trying to pick a fight with us—or what? We have Miss Stonehouse's own word for it that she is married and that her name in private life is Mrs. Joseph Roach. Now will you be good?

HORACE, VINELAND, N. J.—Sorry, Horace, but we're not operating a correspondence club or matrimonial bureau, or any little thing like that. Conway Tearle played last with Clara Kimball Young. Never heard of any Bunny, Jr.

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F. M. F., MINNEAPOLIS.—"Pillars of Society" was filmed just prior to Walthall's joining Essanay. He had quit Griffith for Balboa after completing "The Birth of a Nation" and then returned two Ibsen pictures. Here's your "Wild Goose Chase" cast: *Betty Wright, Ina Claire; Bob Randall, Tom Forman; "Grind," Lucien Littlefield; Mrs. Wright, Helen Marlborough; Mr. Wright, Raymond Hatton; Mr. Randall, Ernest Joy; Mrs. Randall, Florence Smythe; Horatio Brutus Briggs, Theodore Roberts.*

BIDDY, BAKER, ORE.—The best way to start out to be a movie star is to get a job in a moving picture studio, and then show the boss that you have the makings of a star. That's the only advice we can give you. Yes, we accept "little gifts" for our services. They come in an envelope every Saturday night. You can read all about the Beauty-Brains girls in another part of this magazine. Tell Dad's stenographer she isn't barred from writing to us.

GWENDOLIN, NATICK, MASS.—Orrin Johnson would certainly feel humiliated if we repeated what you wrote about never having heard of him before, so we refrain. Mr. Johnson had a long and successful stage career before invading the realm of the films. He has appeared in Triangle's "D'Artagnan" and "The Price of Power." He was born in Louisville, Ky., and went on the stage in 1887.

P. A. S., BERKELEY, CAL.—Marguerite Clark has decided to remain another year in pictures so will not return to the stage this fall as previously announced. Your other questions cannot be answered from our records.

ALICE M. C., LOS ANGELES.—Well you see, Mr. Hyde was Dr. Jekyll and Dr. Jekyll was Mr. Hyde, so we'll really have to ask you to puzzle those two pictures out for yourself. Wish we could help you out. Write us again about something else.

CHARLOTTE, MINNEAPOLIS.—Roscoe Arbuckle's wife is Minta Durfee, Frank Mayo's is Joyce Moore, Anna Little's is Alan Forrest and the others are either single or married to non-professionals.

MIRIAM A., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Thank you cordially for your appreciation of Mr. Johnson's review of the year's plays, also for the suggestion list you submitted. It is to be seen that you are observing.

WALTER L. S., PORTSMOUTH, O.—Likely you could find out about books on the construction, care and operation of motion picture machines by writing The Pathoscope Co., Aeolian Hall, New York City.

LACRICH B., BUFFALO, N. Y.—The *Judge of the Night Court* in "Common Grounds" was Thomas Meighan, and you may address him in care Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.

MISS MARY H., BERKELEY, CAL.—Sorry to have to tell you that the October (1915) issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE containing the story about William S. Hart is "all out."

HART, DALLAS, TEX.—Miss Clark probably received a telepathic warning of your impending protest as she will not return to the stage this fall. Naturally, we used our influence. David Powell was *Frencaur* in Gloria's R.



The Secret of Fast Typewriting

New method enables anyone to write 80 to 100 words a minute without mistakes. It's all in the FINGERS!

nimble enough. This new easy method overcomes this at once—develops finger strength and flexibility by simple, easy exercises away from the machine—trains the fingers beforehand for their work on the machine—and the results border on the miraculous.

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Now, for the first time, has an idea been discovered which puts speed—great speed and accuracy—within the reach of every typewriter user. Almost overnight it has revolutionized the whole typewriting situation.

Stenographers who formerly never exceeded 30 to 40 words a minute are writing 80 to 100 words with less effort and with far greater accuracy than ever before. And their salaries have jumped from a meagre \$8 to \$15 per week to \$25, \$30, and even \$40.

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No matter how low your present speed, no matter how labored your efforts, no matter how weak or clumsy your fingers now seem to be, no matter how little or how much experience you have had, no matter what other courses you have taken, this new method will positively bring you the desired results, as thousands of stenographers—and ministers, lawyers, reporters and writers as well—have already proven. There are only 10 lessons, amazingly easy and fascinating. A few short weeks of spare time study is all that is required.

Trained Fingers—The New Way

European music teachers, when training their pupils for the piano, invariably give special finger exercises. This is because the untrained way is not the right way. The best results cannot be obtained—the fingers simply cannot be used correctly—unless the student develops and strengthens the proper muscles. This training is even more essential to expert typewriting. The reason that so few people can write more than 30 to 40 words a minute is because their fingers are not flexible or

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We have prepared a book which tells all about the wonderful gymnastic finger exercises and explains the course in complete detail, which is free to those interested, if 4c in stamps is sent to cover postage, wrapping, etc.

It is a big 32-page book, brimful of eye-opening ideas and valuable information. It explains how this unique new method will quickly make your fingers *strong and dextrous*, bring them under *perfect control*, make them extremely rapid in their movements—how in ten lessons in a few short weeks you can transform your typewriting and make it *easy, accurate and amazingly speedy*—all this and much more is told in detail. No instruction book ever written, no matter what its cost, ever told so plainly the real WHY and HOW of expert typewriting.

If you are ambitious to get ahead—if you want to make your work easier—if you want to get more money in your pay envelope—don't wait a single moment before sending for this book of information and proof. Merely enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage, wrapping, etc.

This new method is bringing such marvelous results to others—is proving itself to be so sure a means of quickly increasing salaries—that you will be doing yourself New Way in Typewriting. This incurs no obligation on my part. I enclose 4 cents in stamps to cover postage, wrapping, etc.

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Why are most stenographers getting only \$8 to \$15 a week—while others get \$25, \$30, and even \$40? Eight words tell the story. It's nothing in the world but *lack of speed and accuracy on the typewriter* that is keeping salaries down—that is robbing most stenographers of the pay they ought to get. Think a minute. What is a stenographer paid for? Isn't it for the *finished product*—for the quantity and quality of letters or other typewritten matter you can turn out in a day?

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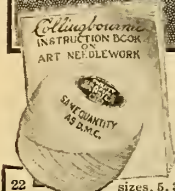
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J. W. V., St. Louis, Mo.—Yes, you are right, Miss Lillian Gish was educated at the St. Louis convent you name. Please don't ask us to discuss the relative merits of players; that's against the rules of this department; and anyway, how much more satisfactory to make up one's mind for oneself in such matters. Dorothy Gish is playing with Fine Arts, Hollywood, Cal. It is obviously impossible to tell you "who her director is," because directors come and directors go, but plays go on forever.

FRANCES, UTICA, N. Y.—You must have missed the April issue of PHOTOPLAY, which contained an illustrated story about Grace Cunard and Francis Ford.

GLADYS, PHILADELPHIA.—Sessue Hayakawa is pronounced Ses-soo Hah-yah-kah-wah, each syllable having the same accent. Now, try it on your Carola.

G. E. S., BOUND BROOK, N. J.—The scenes for "A Woman's Way" were not taken in Italy. Thomas Meighan was the prince in "The Sowers."

MISS MARY H., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Know just how you feel, Miss Mary-O, because we've been there too—waiting and waiting for the thing we wanted that wouldn't come along like a good ship and be tied up-O. But mebbe-mebbe, if you just keep your hands in your pockets (now, now, all the newspapers say you girls are going to wear 'em this winter) and your eyes on the ground, and your feet stubbornly in the patience path, why, p'raps that coveted interview will show up-O. Anyway, drop in on us via mail again soon. G'bye.

J. W. C., KNOXVILLE, TENN.—At this writing the prize for "The Diamond from the Sky," had not been awarded but the announcement was expected daily. We quite agree with you.

RUTH E. H., INDIANAPOLIS.—What an ingratiating way you have anyhow, but what do you mean by saying the "Beauty and Brains" Judges "picked such old girls?" Heh? What do you mean? Two of them are 23; one is 22; five are 21; two are 20; one is 19; wherefore the average age of these beauties is 21 years and 1 month and several days, and you have the darned audacity to say they're old. Listen to your sarcasm "Is there an old maids' convention to be held in N. Y.?" Do you know what we ought to do with you? We ought to print your name and address, and give those eleven old young ladies a round-trip ticket to Indianapolis!

M. C. B., MEDFORD, ORE.—Thanks for your words of appreciation. It seems as though everyone is for us, doesn't it? Grace George is Alice Brady's stepmother. Bessie Barriscale was on the stage ever since childhood and is a cousin of the Taliaferro sisters. She has been in the pictures for two years. Interviews with your favorites soon.

G. K., PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Theda Bara is 26 years old and single, but we do not know how she is fixed for brothers and sisters. Do not think William Farnum has any children. Yes, he's one of the best of 'em. William Lampe is his real name not his name in "Saints and Sinners" only.

HOWARD, NEW BEDFORD, MASS.—Sister was right. It was Wally Reid and not Dustin Farnum in "To Have and To Hold."

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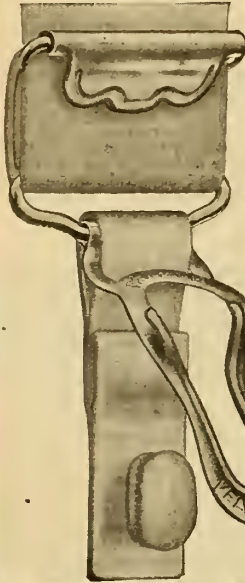
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When you come home after spending an enjoyable evening at your favorite "movie theatre"? Has the constant attention to the flickering screen caused a strain on your eyes—do they feel heavy, tired?

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Is for tired eyes—it's a safe and efficient eye relief—it soothes and comforts the eyes after they have been subjected to unusually hard conditions of constant use or excessive concentration.

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a drop of Murine
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It makes them comfortable
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B. J., SAVANNAH, GA.—It was Page Peters, not House Peters, who was drowned. House Peters is married.

E. G. C., NAPIER, N. Z.—Pictures of and an interview with House Peters appeared in July PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE; be glad to send it to you; 25 cents. Your favorites request has been submitted to the Editor. Thank you heartily.

L. P., OASIS, UTAH.—No; Roscoe Arbuckle would assure you that the report of his death is greatly exaggerated.

MISS Z., HASTINGS, N. Z.—Nell Craig's address is care Essanay, Chicago. Glad you admired the picture of her in PHOTOPLAY, and more glad that you like the magazine so much.

RUTH K., DORCHESTER, MASS.—Wallace Reid's height is 6 feet and 2 inches; his complexion he says is "mixed." A blind person or a jealous woman might call Mary Pickford homely. We'll talk to the Editor about your Dorothy Davenport request. Certainly she is clever in the films; has a world of admirers, too. And you think Wallace Reid is the handsomest and best actor on the screen? So does Dorothy Davenport; she's his wife. That family ought to love you, Ruth. Mr. Reid is a few months more than twenty-six years old. Francis Bushman's residence is near Baltimore. So you have been trying to solve the mystery of Us, eh? whether We are "an old, young or middle-aged man or woman." Well, you can bet one thing, We're not a woman. Yes, by all means, write again; it'll make you feel better. Us too.

MRS. I. B. H.—Rose Coghlan's address is care New York Dramatic News, 17 West Forty-second Street, New York City. Carlotta Monterey's address is care Oliver Morosco, New York.

H. B. H., NEW YORK CITY.—There is really no reason why you should hesitate to write Mr. Warwick and Mr. Bushman for their photos in evening dress, enclosing twenty-five cents to each. We know of no other way for you to get them. Thank you for the pleasant wishes.

IDA MAY ROWE, PITTSBURGH, PA.—No discriminating person would quarrel with your taste in selecting Carlyle Blackwell, Harold Lockwood, Norma Talmadge, Violet Mersereau and May Allison as your screen favorites.

N. K. S., ST. LOUIS.—PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE published in the art section the photograph of J. Warren Kerrigan in June, 1915; Olga Petrova in April, 1916; Alice Brady in August, 1916; Harold Lockwood in July, 1915, and Henry B. Warner in August, 1916. An Alabama Governor told Lois Wilson she was the prettiest girl in her State; isn't that sufficient personal description for you? If all the girls (and men) would follow your example and typewrite their inquiries, we'd never work Saturday afternoons, bless you forever and a day.

LOUISE H. B., NEW YORK CITY.—"A Child of the Paris Streets" was filmed in Los Angeles.

MRS. V. K., DODGE CITY, KANSAS.—Did you find the pleasant surprise awaiting you at page 129 of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for September—the same picture of Mary Pickford which you sent us with the much appreciated suggestion for its use? Your taste and Miss Pickford's are the same, for this is the photograph she selected to send to the Belgian trenches. For your kind letter, our sincere thanks.



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Straight
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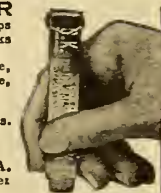
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For the convenience of our readers who may desire the addresses of film companies we give the principal ones below. The first is the business office; (*) indicates proper office to send manuscripts; (s) indicates a studio; at times all three may be at one address.

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Casts of Stories from Photo-plays in this Issue

WAR BRIDES

(By Marion Craig Wentworth)

Brenon.

Joan	NAZIMOVA
George	Charles Hutchinson
Frans	Charles Bryant
Eric	William Bailey
Arno	Richard S. Barthel- mess
Amelia	Nila Mac
Their Mother	Gertrude Berkeley
The King	Alex K. Shannon
Lieut. Hoffman	Robert Whitworth
Capt. Bragg	Ned Burton
Mina	Theodora Warfield
A Financier	Charles Chailles

THE VICTORIA CROSS

(Photoplay by Margaret Turnbull, From Story by Paul Potter)

Lasky.

Major Ralph Scton	Lou-Tellegen
Joan Strathallan	Cleo Ridgely
Sir Allan Strathallan	Ernest Joy
Princess Adala	Mabel Van Buren
Azimoolah	Sessue Hayakawa
Cassim Beg	Frank Lanning

A SISTER OF SIX

(By Bernard McConville)

Fine Arts.

Caleb Winthrop	Ralph Lewis
Amos Winthrop	Ben Lewis
Prudence	Bessie Love
Jonathan	George Stone
Eli	Violet Radcliffe
Priscilla	Carmen DeRue
Benjamin	Francis Carpenter
Abigail	Beulah Burns
Allan	Lloyd Pearl
Joaquin Schulz-edp	Frank Bennett
Don Francisco Garcia	A. D. Sears
John Longstreet	Charles Gorman
Diego	Charles Stephens
Miss Ruth	Alberta Lee

R. E. I., ANSONIA, CONN.—The cast of "The Blindness of Love": Joseph Wilton, Julius Steger; Robert Wilton, George LaGuere; Grace Maynard, Grace Valentine; Aubrey Maynard, Edgar L. Davenport; Herbert Graham, Walter Hitchcock; Molly Wilton, Maud Hill; George Lennan, Chas. F. Gotthold; Leeds, Harry Neville. The cast of "My Lady Incoq": Nell Carroll, Hazel Dawn; Rene Lidal, George Majeroni; Teddy De Vaux, Robert Cain; Mrs. De Vaux, Dora Mills Adams; Chief of Police, Franklyn Hanna; Bull Rice, Frank Wunderlee. Robert Warwick (Robert Taylor Bien) was born in Sacramento, Cal.

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(Continued on page 167)



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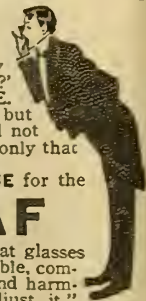
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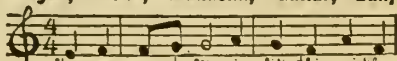


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(Continued from page 163)

C. T., NEW ORLEANS.—This is the cast of "To Have and To Hold": *Lady Jocelyn Leigh*, Mac Murray; *Capt. Ralph Percy*, Wallace Reid; *Lord Carnal*, Tom Formau; *Nicolo*, Raymond Hatton; *Jeremy Sparrow*, William Bradbury; *George Yeardeley*, James Neill; *Lord Buckingham*, Bob Gray; *King James I.*, Lucien Littlefield; *Patience Worth*, Camille Astor; *Red Gd.*, Bob Fleming. No indeed, it is not necessary to "belong to any club or pay a fee" to have questions answered in this department; all you have to do is ask them.

S. U. B., BROOKLYN.—Pearl White's hair is reddish blond. She gives her age as 27. Address her care Pathe, New York.

D. K., BROOKLYN.—Yes, Anita Stewart has just come through an attack of typhoid fever.

R. M., HOUSTON, TEX.—Mabel Normand was born in Atlanta, Ga., and is in the early twenties. Myrtle Stedman is a native of Chicago; her birthday is March 3 and she was born in 1890. Ruth Roland was born in San Francisco August 26, 1893. Marguerite Clark is a Cincinnatian; on the 22nd of next February she will have a birthday. Wonder what you're planning to do with all this list of birthdays? But you're very welcome.

D. M. W., PALESTINE, TEX.—Gladys Hanson played *Joan* in "The Primrose Path." Velma Whitman married Jack Roseleigh; he is a photographer.

"PLEASE," CICERO, ILL.—Five and one-half pages about Pearl White (with pictures) in PHOTOPLAY for January, 1916; copies to you in the mail, 15 cents each.

J. D. B., ATLANTA.—Why do you conclude we are a woman? Well, well. Address Grace Darmond in care Pathe, New York.

H. K., HOBART, OKLA.—You enclosed the addressed envelope but forgot the stamp. We have to observe the rules.

FI-FI, HAVERHILL, MASS.—Sorry your copy of PHOTOPLAY was several days late; that's annoying. Your five brief reasons for liking the magazine suggest that you are a discerning reader; there is often as much interest tucked away in the advertising pages as in the other text. Cleo Madison is not married. You can put yourself in communication with her by writing in care of Universal, Hollywood.

ALINE G., CHICAGO.—The William S Hart interview was published in October, 1915, PHOTOPLAY; that edition, we are sorry to have to tell you, is sold out, so it is not possible to mail you a copy. Mr. Hart has omitted to state "what the S. stands for" between the beginning of his name and the ending thereof. What difference does it make anyhow?

E. B., SALINAS, CAL.—Your request has been laid on the Editor's desk. He knoweth. It is not practical to say what will be the next picture in which individual actors will appear before the public; plans of players, directors, producers and distributors are subject to change. Both Georgia and Florida surroundings entered into the filming of "The Wall Between." The Mexican characters were simulations.

H. F., PASSAIC, N. J.—Mary Pickford is in good health. Lottie Pickford is married to a non-professional, Bert Rupp.



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A Sister of Six

(Continued from page 132)

"The Senorita Prudencia," he murmured, and bowed low. "It gives me great pleasure to meet thee. Of a neighborliness I have shown too little. I come to make amends."

Prudence paled. "But why come as Mr. Sepulveda?"

"It pains me quite as much as thee that I come as my—as Sepulveda," he explained haughtily. "But I come as I must. I have important business with thee."

Prudence backed toward the door. Don Francisco saw, but continued smiling. "I come in peace," he said presently. "I know of the dislike of thy uncle. It is unfounded, ridiculous. With thee I would make friends. Come, let us converse."

Prudence advanced proudly and sat opposite her visitor. "Perhaps he really means it all," she thought. Her opinion of their neighbor grew better as he talked. It was possible that her uncle and Sepulveda were wrong. She might be able to put things on a more favorable footing. So she was gracious.

At the end of his call, Don Francisco held out both hands to Prudence. "So, we make friends," he said entreatingly. And she placed her hands in his.

At the touch of her, Don Francisco threw his pretended courtesy to the winds, and amorously drew the slender figure to him. The girl was suddenly strengthened by fear. She broke his hold and ran for the door. Don Francisco followed. And before she could escape he cut off her retreat. She circled to the center-table of the room, keeping it between them.

"I want thee! I will have thee! There is no use to call. My men are here; they will do what I bid." Don Francisco breathed hard as he spoke, and tried again to catch Prudence in his arms. But again she eluded him.

"Thou little devil! I love thee the more for thy strength," he cried. "Come," and he held out his arms. "I am the man for thee. I am of the blood of nobles. Better be my favorite than marry with a vaquero."

Prudence had gained the table again and was groping wildly. Suddenly her hand felt the cold of the revolver in the drawer. In a flash she held the weapon, pointed it at the Spaniard, and pulled the trigger.

The noise of her shot produced a terrible effect. Spaniards sprung from everywhere.

The house was surrounded. Servants screamed, and the children, who had been taking their afternoon nap, started crying.

But Prudence had head now. An enemy lay dead at her feet. She had tasted of victory. With a cautioning word to the children to stay right where they were, she grabbed a rifle from the wall and ordered the house locked.

Then from a window the battle began. She held her enemies while two of her uncle's men, working not far from the house, could run to her aid. But both were killed by the time another dusty horse and rider pounded into the yard. He came with both guns firing into the Spaniards. He seemed a human howitzer. Dropping from his horse he seized the rifle of a fallen man, aiming from his knee.

"Sepulveda!" went the word from one Spaniard to another, and those who could, broke and ran.

SEPULVEDA explained everything to Caleb Winthrop when he returned with the re-established deed to Santa Rosa. He acknowledged that he should not have loved Prudence clandestinely. "But," he added, "if it had not been so, I would not have ridden all night in order to take advantage of the fact of your absence to see Prudence. And if I had not arrived when I did, well—" The young fellow paled under his tan.

"Then it really was you who wrote the note to Prudence," said Winthrop, puzzled.

"I did not. I never wrote. I came. Don Francisco was always extravagant with words. He never thought a man would ride all night, because he never loved a girl; but he knew how to talk and write love. I'd ride two nights for five minutes with your niece."

"That sounds like Californian for New England push, all right," agreed Winthrop. "You'll do—that is, if you'll stand for the other six." Instinct compelled him to try to make a good bargain.

"I stand for 'em," answered Sepulveda heartily.

They say in the great Southwest that Spanish blood mixed with any other spoils both. Joaquin Sepulveda was by birth half Spanish and half American. He was the exception which proves the rule.

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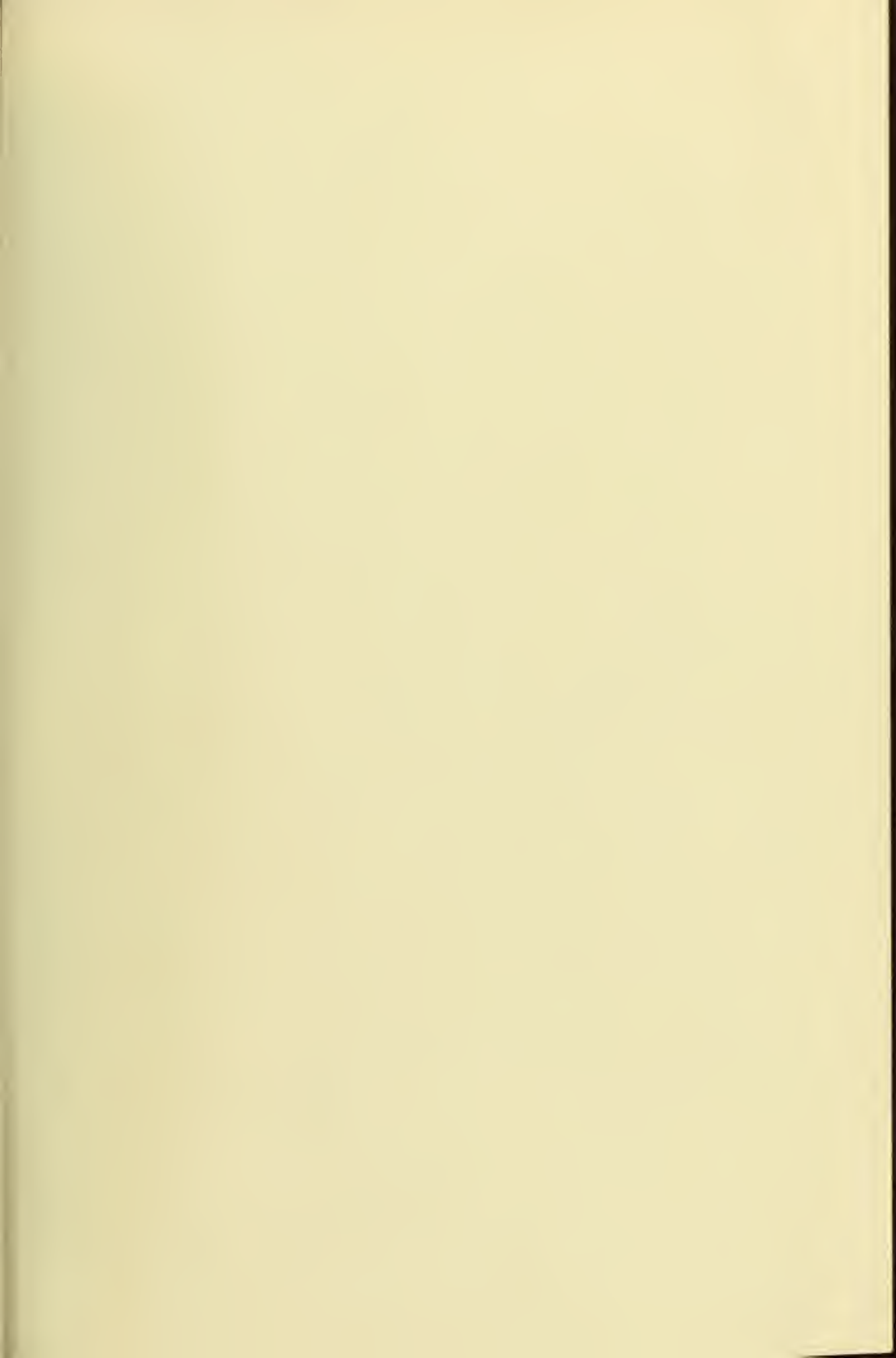
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