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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

Beatriz Michelena

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>
> Through the New York Evening Sun, the Vitagraph Company of America is conducting at this writing a prize photoplay contest. The first prize is one thousand dollars: the second, two hundred and fifty dollars; and there are consolation prizes of one hundred dollars each. These prize contests have greatly encouraged and stimulated the amateur photoplay writers throughout the country.

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ELBERT MOORE (Former Scenario Editor) Box 772 IB **Chicago**

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

VOL. VII No. 3

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Popular Photoplayers

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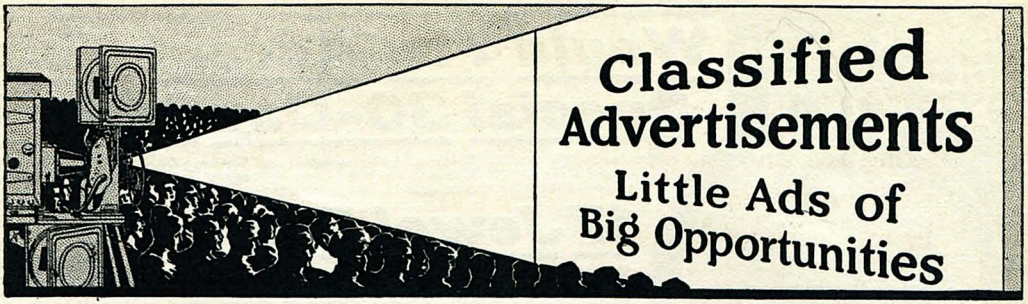

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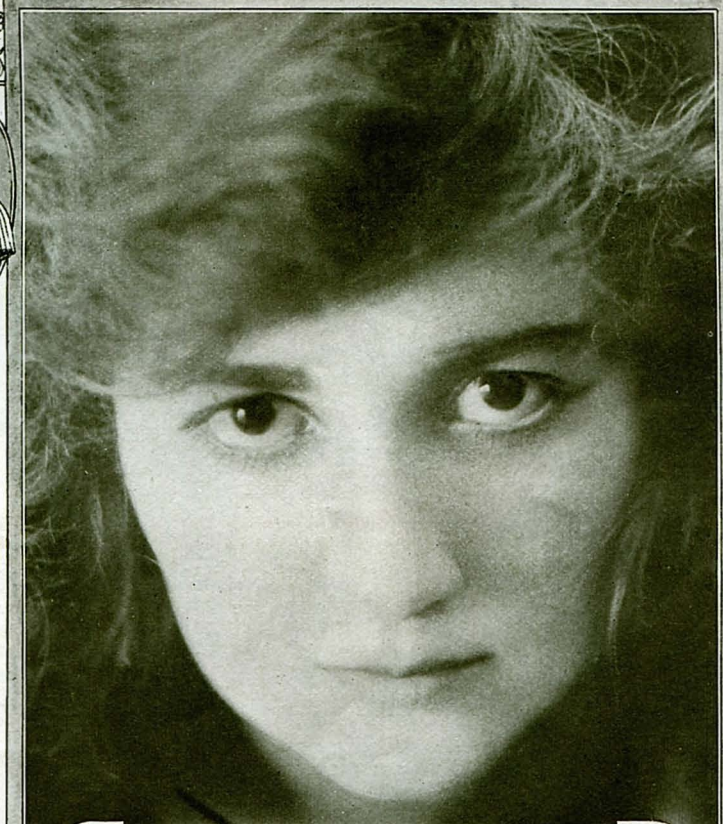


MARY FULLER

Photo by Floyd, N. Y.

TOM SANTSCHI

is not nearly so serious as he looks. When he makes love to Bessie Eyton in a Selig production, such as "The Test," he can smile as winningly as any actor on the screen. The only thing in his life to which he finds it difficult to become reconciled is his curly hair. However, he is absolutely the only person who considers it a liability and not an asset.

HELEN HOLMES

is absolutely fearless, as she has proven time and again when playing the lead in any of the thrilling parts of the Kalem series, "The Hazards of Helen," for Miss Holmes is cast in real old-fashioned melodramas of the kind where the "villyun" is invariably thwarted in the last hundred feet of film, while the handsome lead comes to realize that life will be one long dreary desert for him without *Helen* as his wife.

Photo by Witzel

HOBART BOSWORTH'S

life story reads like a melodrama. He ran away to sea at eleven and before he was twenty-one had cruised all over the world. From stevedore to stage idol seems an impossible shift but Hobart Bosworth managed it. His successful appearance with Julia Marlowe, Henrietta Crosman and Mrs. Fiske was interrupted by an illness which sent him to California. In pictures he has found expression for his genius and the means to health. He now heads a producing company under his own name.

Photo by Stickel, Los Angeles

HELEN WOLCOTT

born and bred in the Colorado mountains, where most of her life was spent out of doors, is a college girl. It was at the University of Colorado that, for the first time, her passion for outdoor sports was superseded by another interest, an interest in amateur theatricals. The result is her enviable position in the Bosworth Co. It is perhaps unnecessary to state that she is an uncommonly beautiful girl and is possessed besides of that priceless gift—personality.

Photo by Mojonier, Los Angeles

NORMA TALMADGE

went straight from the school room to the Vitagraph studio. It is reported that she has mastered the art of "make-up" to such an astonishing degree that she can now boast the achievement of assuming a disguise that completely deceived even her director, Mr. Van Dyke Brook. She appeared one day as a society belle of 1880 and no one about the studio recognized her. It was a real triumph.

CONSTANCE TALMADGE

is three years younger than her sister Norma and she has had four years less experience, but already it begins to look as though her success is assured. She has been playing the lead in Vitagraph light comedies with Billy Quirk and has done besides some creditable work in several pictures with Maurice Costello, Sydney Drew and Edith Storey

ROBERT BRODERICK

may well be proud of his initial work in pictures. He played the role of the Giant in "Jack the Giant Killer" with a skill acquired through many seasons on the legitimate stage with Francis Wilson, Virginia Harned, Joseph Jefferson, and other noted folk. His latest film appearances are in "One of Millions" and "In the Name of the Prince of Peace," two wonderful productions of the Dyreda Film Corporation.

Photo by Apeda, N. Y.

ELSIE JANIS

can turn hand-springs like a boy; she can dance with inimitable grace and she can mimic any one in the world. As the *Slim Princess* in "The Slim Princess" she was irresistible and movie fans throughout the country should rejoice that they may now see her in this, her biggest success, recently released by Bosworth, Inc.

THOMAS CHATTERTON

began his theatrical career at fourteen, in his home town of Geneva, New York. Thomas was scene painter, property man and stage director of his own company, which performed in the big Chatterton barn on rainy afternoons. With this as a start he was soon appearing with the Shubert stock company at Syracuse, New York, and after many years of road and stock experience became leading man of the Alcazar stock in San Francisco. In May, 1913, he joined the Kay Bee, Broncho, and Domino forces as leading man.

Photo by Lorillard

VERA SISSON

the pretty and petite lead of the Victor western company, is envied by thousands and thousands of pretty maids the country over, for it is she who plays opposite handsome Warren Kerrigan in scores of pictures. Miss Vera is as popular as she is pretty, and as proficient as she is popular. But her present position is due to lots of hard work and endless hours of study, and not to "luck" or a "pull" with the studio manager. She has the lead as *Princess Beatrix De Grandlieu* in Victor's "The Inn of the Winged God."

Photo by Hoover Art Co., Los Angeles

MATT MOORE

big, broad and good looking, will be instantly recognized as the leading man of the eastern Victor company, for Matt has become a screen favorite with a following all his own, just as did Owen and Tom, his popular brothers. Being related to Owen makes him related to Mary Pickford of course, and you can be sure Matt is mighty proud of that. To see him at his best, hunt up a theatre where they're showing "For the People," the big political drama put out by the Universal, and you'll find Matt as the *Senator*.

Photo by Bangs, N. Y.

CLEO RIDGELEY

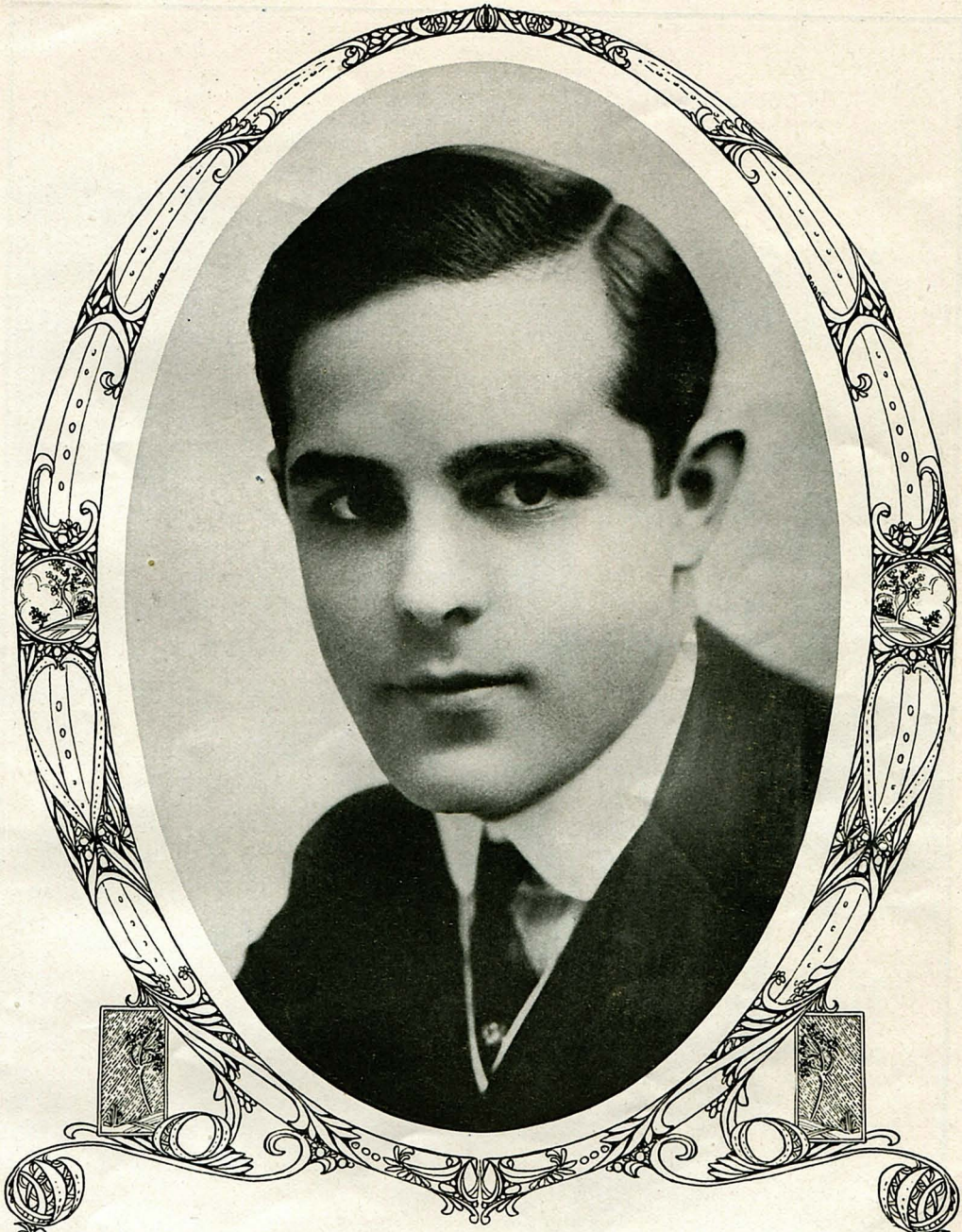
has long been identified with the Kalem Company, and her work in its productions has endeared her to photoplay fans from Maine to California and from the theatres of Minnesota to those of New Orleans. She is good looking and can assume roles of the most varied nature at almost a moment's notice. One of her very recent appearances was in the two reel Kalem drama "The Smugglers of Lone Isle," in which she plays "Jeanette."

Photo by Witzel, Los Angeles

ETHEL GRANDIN

is so young that the record of her achievements, both on the legitimate stage and in pictures is a really remarkable one. Her triumphs with several of the motion picture companies have now resulted in her engagement by the Smallwood Film Corporation, who are releasing one film a week in which she is starred, under the brand name Grandin.

Photo by Unity, N. Y.



ANTONIO MORENO

comes of an aristocratic family in Madrid, Spain, a fact which deters no one at the Vitagraph studio from addressing him as "Tony." He delights in the nickname or course, just as he delights in the fact that he has won success without any aid whatever from his family. Until a few weeks ago he played leads opposite Norma Talmadge. At present he is appearing with Edith Storey.

Mme. Bertha Kalich, one of the greatest of the tragic actresses, appeared as Marta, *and Wellington Playter as* Manelich, the Shepherd, *in the Famous Players' production of "Marta of the Lowlands."*

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
"THE FILM BOOK"
VOL. VII. NO. 3 FEB., 1915

Just A Moment, Please

BEFORE you pass on into the Magazine this month, the Editor wants to whisper a few confidences in your ear.

We have some mighty interesting and entertaining features in store for readers of Photoplay Magazine. Some of them are so original and precedent-smashing that we hesitate to talk about them in advance, lest our statements savor of the usual first-of-the-year statements of plans for the coming twelve months.

We would have our readers say, "See what Photoplay Magazine *is doing,*" rather than, "See what Photoplay Magazine *says it is going to do.*"

Photoplay is essentially a magazine for the home—for the millions of homes in which there is intense interest in the wonderful new art and its exponents. Permit us to assure you that this fact is always kept in mind in the editing of its pages—both editorial and advertising.

The most vital part of any publication is its readers—not the paper on which it is printed, or the material that goes into its pages.

The Editor invites readers to express their opinions on Photoplay Magazine—to make suggestions for the enlargement of its scope of usefulness and the betterment of the art of motion pictures.

On the next curve the car shot by the Har-

The Speed King

From the Scenario by Philip Lonergan

ARTHUR ATHLEY sat at his desk in the offices of the Randall Motor Company, one cool morning in May, going through a pile of mail with swift fingers. His mouth was rather more serious than one expects to find in a man so obviously in perfect health and well under thirty. It was the mouth of a young man whom circumstances had sobered but not in the least conquered. And now, as the president of the Randall company entered, the lips parted in a smile of the frankest friendliness.

"Hello, Mr. Randall, how are—why what's up?" For Arthur Athley saw at once that Mr. Randall was worried.

"Arthur, we've lost the race without a run for our money. That Frenchman has just broken his arm in two places. He won't be able to drive again for a couple of months."

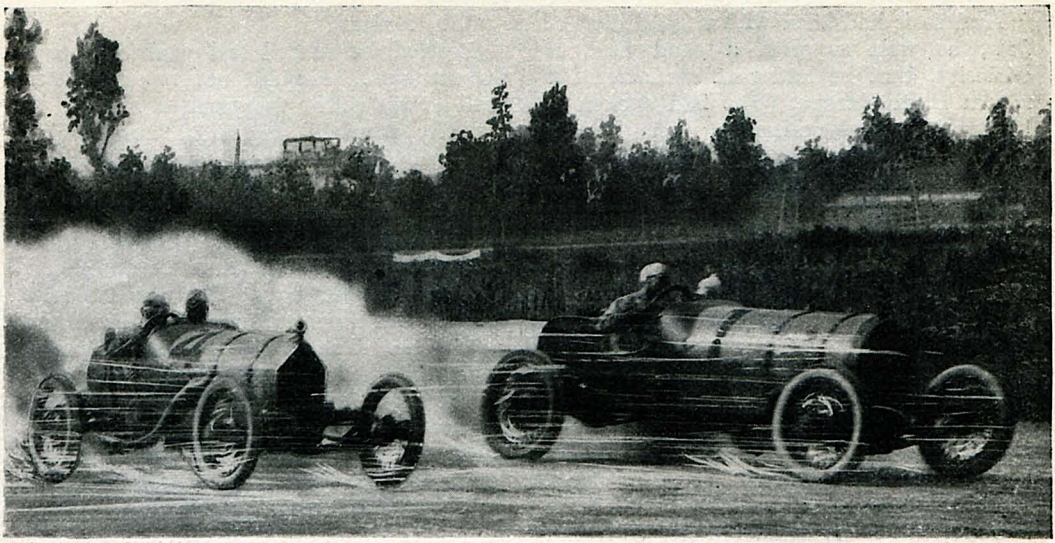
"How on earth did he do it?"

"He says he slipped and fell down; but I happen to know that he got thrown head first out of Conlin's restaurant last night; and I imagine that if you went back far enough you'd find that he had been drinking more cognac, or absinthe, or whatever it is he drinks, than he needed. It doesn't make any difference. The important thing is that he broke his arm. I think we had better withdraw our entry at once. There's no use in trying to use Hallowell. He's a clever boy but he hasn't got either the judgment or the nerve. We might just as well give the race to the Gordon people."

Arthur Athley looked out of the window. To give the race to the Gordon people was the one thing he could not bear to think of. He thought of George Ranston, salesmanager of the Gordon company, and scowled.

"Mr. Randall," he said suddenly, "I'll drive in the Brighton race. Put somebody in here to do my office work and I'll spend the two weeks till Decoration Day getting used to the car. I guess I learned something about what a car can do in those days when I was whooping it up around town even if I didn't learn much else. And I've got the nerve."

"I know you've got the nerve, Arthur, but I don't want you to do it. It's one thing to



mon; on the straightaway it picked up the Belleville.

hire a man who has made race driving his business to drive for you. You feel that if he gets killed it's up to him. But I won't have you running the risk."

"Nonsense. I am going to drive. I shouldn't be surprised if I win, too."

Mr. Randall did not submit without further protest, but in the end Arthur Athley silenced all his objections.

"You know what I owe you, Mr. Randall," he said. "It's—"

"You don't owe me anything," Mr. Randall retorted. "You're the most valuable man in my organization. That means I am in debt to you—"

"No, Mr. Randall. You're the only man in this town who stood by me when I was down and out. When all my friends were saying to each other: 'There's Arthur Athley; you know they caught him cheating at cards and expelled him from the club,' and cutting me on the street you gave me a job and told me you believed in me and here I am—thanks to you."

"Arthur,—"

"Just a minute, Mr. Randall. It isn't just because of what you did for me that I want to do what I can for you. I want to do anything I can to beat George Ranston. If it weren't for that man I'd be your son-in-law now. And because he's taken Lucy away from me I want to show him."

Mr. Randall did not comment at once, but after a thoughtful pause he said:

"All right, Arthur. You know your own mind. Go ahead and do what you think best to do. I've nothing more to say." And he walked out of the room just as the stenographer came in.

But Arthur Athley sat for five minutes staring out of the window while the young woman waited with pencil poised for him to begin his dictation. He was not thinking about the race, or the preparation he would have to make for it. He was thinking about Lucy Randall. He had been in love with her in the days when he was an idle young man about town, living on an allowance from his father. He had trusted her. And when she had repudiated him because of the scandal that had enveloped his name over night, he could hardly realize that she did not trust him. He had gone to see her expecting to be assured that she knew he was innocent and that she would stand by him, whatever happened. And instead of faith he had met with unfaith. She had sent word that she did not care to see him. The next day he had received his ring by mail with a formal note breaking their engagement. The next week she had sailed for Europe and for nearly three years he had not seen her. He had often told himself in those three years that he did not love her, that he could not love her. But in his heart he was afraid that he did; and the memory of her that came to his mind was of the first time he had kissed her.

And so it had been with a good deal of fear, as well as with a good deal of curiosity, that he had met her after her return from Europe. She had spoken to him with formal politeness. And he had realized instantly that he did not love her. She was beautiful, but she seemed to him cold, almost calculating. The three years, and the knowledge that she had not believed in him, had done their work. He was no longer in love with Lucy Randall. Somehow he was a little sorry. He had lived with memories of her for so long that he hated to lose them; and he knew that he would lose them, now that the illusion on which they were based was gone. Muriel Randall, he reflected, had always been quite different from her older sister. He had not seen her since her return from Europe, but he remembered her as a girl with her hair down her back—thick, dark, curly hair—and eyes that looked straight into his. She was a girl who was just growing out of the stage of being a tomboy. She had come up to Arthur Athley on the street just before she left and shaken hands and said:

"Never mind; it'll all blow over; and I for one know you didn't do it;" then—frightened, perhaps, by her own frankness she had walked off up the street holding her chin very high. It was a curious thing for a girl of eighteen to do, he reflected. But just then Arthur Athley's dreams were interrupted by a sharp tattoo on the slide of his desk. The stenographer had grown impatient to the point of exasperation and she had begun to tap with her pencil on the hard wood to arouse her employer.

"I beg your pardon," Arthur Athley said. "I guess I was day dreaming." And he began to dictate rapidly. He had a busy day ahead of him if he wished to spend the two weeks which remained before the Brighton race with the Randall racing car and two weeks was a brief enough period in which to prepare for that terrible three hundred miles in competition with the best machines and the most daring drivers the world could offer.

That night, as Arthur Athley was leaving the Randall factory he met Muriel Randall. She was sitting in her father's touring car waiting for him, and Arthur, his mind full of many things, would have passed her without seeing her if she had not called out:

"Oh, Arthur!"

Startled, he turned and walked toward the machine. He did not recognize her until he was within two yards of her.

"Why Muriel," he said, "how you've changed. The last time I saw you you were a little girl with your hair down your back and now you are a woman."

He looked at her a little wonderingly as he spoke. And Muriel Randall was a girl to look at wonderingly. She was still very young. But the angularity of girlhood was quite gone. The hair that had once hung in a great braid over her shoulder was now coiffed in the simple fashion of the day. It gave her rather a demure look, Arthur Athley thought, as of a little girl who had "done up" her hair as an experiment.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I've been staring you out of countenance and I did not mean to do that."

"You haven't been staring at me any harder than I have been staring at you, Arthur," Muriel responded with a smile. "You haven't changed much. You're a little more solemn than I remember you but—"

"You know why that is," he said.

"I know—it's that old scandal you mean. But it's time you forgot it. Everybody else has and—"

"My father hasn't. He hasn't spoken to me since that day."

"He will forget. He wants to believe in you. And he must see what you've done in the last three years. Father has been telling me about the success you've made of it. He's as fond of you as if you were his own son. But forget about it. For heaven's sake be yourself again. I want to hear all the gossip of the town. What's become of Harold Hilton and Jack Reed and Dwight Allen?"

Arthur launched upon the answers to these questions, and they led to others, so that it was a most animated conversation that Mr. Randall interrupted when he came out of the building.

"Come along home to dinner with us, Arthur," he said cordially.

"I'll ride part way with you if I may, but I can't come to dinner."

Mr. Randall took the wheel and Arthur stepped into the tonneau. But the merry conversation was not resumed. Some constraint had come over the two. Muriel made several comments as the machine

rolled up the street but Arthur leaned back in his corner and looked at her, saying nothing. He had not remembered that she was so beautiful. She was rather dark, with a flush of color in her cheeks; she had a low forehead and long eyelashes; she had a short upper lip. Arthur Athley enumerated these points as he looked at her and wondered just what it was that made her face so attractive to him. Just then she smiled and he realized what it was that made all the details of her beauty seem trivial—it was that frank, friendly smile of hers that so lit up her beautiful face!

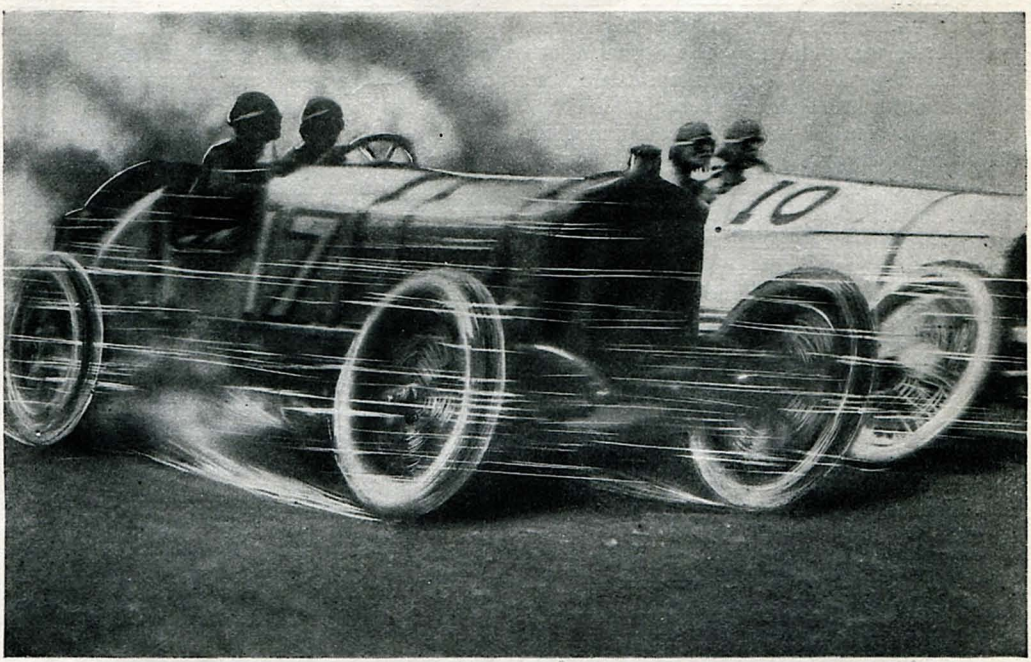
"Drive in the Brighton race?" Muriel cried out. "Why, father, he might get killed!"

"I know it," her father said. "But I hope he won't."

"Hope he won't! Why good heavens, he mustn't run the chance. I'm going to ask him not to."

"I wouldn't if I were you," Mr. Randall said. "He's bound to do it anyway and so you'll only give him one more annoyance by asking him not to at a time when he needs to be free from annoyance."

Muriel said nothing more. But she



Now the front axle of the blue car was even with the rim of the Francia's front wheel.

"Goodnight, Arthur," she said, extending her hand as the machine stopped in front of the house where he lived. "Goodnight, Muriel," he returned, pressing her hand in his.

"I am awfully glad to see you," she added, and he felt that there was far more in the words than mere politeness.

"I am awfully glad to have seen you," he said, as he lifted his hat. Their eyes met, and they both felt that they had said more than their words had conveyed.

As the car moved on, Mr. Randall spoke: "You know Arthur is going to drive our car in the Brighton race."

realized that she cared a great deal about Arthur Athley.

The two did not see each other for more than a passing moment during the two weeks that followed. Arthur was busy working with the car every day. The pit men had to be trained to their work, so that they could change the tires of the big car in seconds instead of minutes. Every part of the motor required testing and retesting. In addition, Arthur needed all the practice in driving at speed that he could get. A three hundred mile race requires more endurance than a human being possesses unless custom and habit have made the process

of driving nearly automatic, so that without thinking, almost without willing, he does all that is necessary. Arthur knew that long before that three hundred miles was over he would be like a man in a daze. He would not know consciously what he was doing. And his muscles would have to be so well-trained that they would continue to do their work almost without any assistance from his mind.

Decoration day dawned like a morning in August, hot and breathless. Arthur and his helpers were out very early, but already the streets leading to the Brighton Motor Dome were filled with a solid mass of humanity slowly making its way to the big gates, whither it was drawn by the desire to see men risk their lives, and perhaps lose them, in the great brick-paved saucer which was to be the scene of this astounding modern sacrifice to the god of speed.

Henri de Regnier, the famous French driver who had so incontinently broken his arm, sat in the Randall pit watching the tuning up spins of the rival drivers.

"Borkman, in the Fancia," he said, as he pointed with his finger. "He is one devil."

The Frenchman watched broodingly over the scene, and occasionally turned to report some detail he had observed to Arthur. It was evident that he wished he could drive himself. At last he said: "There is no driving any more. It is all tires and the devil."

Arthur Athley smiled to himself. That was just the way he had figured out the race. It would be won by the man whose tires did not fail him and who had the daredevil sort of courage to drive the last twenty or thirty miles at the highest possible speed regardless of what might happen. If a tire failed then death would be swift and sudden. If all four tires held the race would be won.

About noon, Arthur took a look at the grand stand through a field glass. The field was surrounded by a solid bank of humanity. But in the Randall box almost straight above him and not more than a hundred feet away he could see Lucy and Muriel, with a party of their friends. Muriel was engaged in an animated conversation, apparently oblivious to the preparations in the pits and thoughtless of the game of life and death that was about to be played in the great saucer below her. That moment of thought was all that Arthur Athley gave her then; thereafter he was too busy with the work before him to think of anything else, even the girl he was in love with and who was not—he was sure in love with him.

At last the time came. Arthur Athley put on the bright blue duster with the cap and goggles that fitted down over its headpiece and got into his seat in the Randall car. Young Johnny Korshak, his mechanician, took his place beside him. Arthur shifted a lever and the big car moved off in a staccato of explosions, faster and faster, like nothing so much as a Maxim gun.

High up in the grand stand Muriel Randall leaned over the edge of her box, her face pale, her lips drawn, her fingers white where they gripped the rail.

Arthur took two turns around the track, the engine running like a great heart, and then drew up near the starting line. Borkman, in the Fancia, drew up beside him. Then came the Belleville and the Harmon. There were other cars but Arthur had eyes only for these. The others were not dangerous. He felt strangely cool and calm now that the time to face death for hours on end had come. His pulse was beating no faster than normal. But he was planning to drive as he had never driven before, as no man on that course had ever driven before.

The starter raised the flag as a signal for the cars to take their places across the starting line. Then the assistant starter read the rules and asked each man separately if he were ready. And then some disagreement among the officials wasted minutes. Arthur was a little nervous when finally he saw the flag raised again and the pistol in the starter's hand pointing skyward. The engine roared in his ears and he put his fingers on the spark.

The flag fell, and with a leap and a roar the cars were off. The explosions came so rapidly that they were no longer separately distinguishable but broke into a solid roar. Round the turn and down the stretch and round the turn again they sped, the mechanics swinging far out as the cars rose against the steep curve of the turns. Through the grandstand a long sigh rose as the spectators settled back in their seats to watch, to watch, that is, for death.

High up in the grandstand Muriel Randall bit her lip and whispered a little

prayer; then smiled gaily in acknowledgment of a wave from a friend in the next box who had just caught her eye.

Arthur Athley settled down into a perfectly mechanical routine. As the car neared the curve he gave a slight twist of the wheel and lifted the weight of his foot a little from the pedal. As the car reached the end of the bank, he gave another little twist of the wheel to swing her into the straightaway and pressed down with his foot. He knew from the speed indicator, hanging steadily at a little over a 100 in the straightaway, wavering back to 90 on the curves, that he was doing each lap in the same time as the preceding one. The fact that three of the cars were half a lap ahead of him did not bother him in the least. He knew how much tires could stand and he knew they could not stay there if he kept to the pace he had determined upon.

Even as this thought passed through his mind he saw the Fancia bumping rakishly across the track ahead as it came to a stop at the pit. As Arthur shot by in the Randall he could see the pit men tugging at the Fancia's rear wheel. She had ruined a tire already.

The spectators grew apathetic after the first half hour. No accident had happened. Down below in the brick saucer one car followed another round and round the track more rapidly than express trains. Occasionally a car stopped at a pit. But for miles and miles there was no change in the positions of the cars except as a stop at the pits re-arranged them momentarily. The Fancia had gone ahead again and directly behind it roared the Harmon and the Belleville. Arthur Athley in the Randall kept to the fourth position, nearly a lap behind the Fancia. The other cars were strung out behind him. It was anybody's race.

When Arthur swung into the Randall pit for his first change of tires Henri de Regnier smiled at him.

"You know?" he shouted.

Arthur nodded. For the race had not yet begun, whatever the people in the grandstands thought.

At one hundred miles one of the cars that was farthest behind threw a tire, whirled sideways across the track, and plunged over the rim of the track. In an instant the grandstands were in a tumult. The gasp of fright that went up was half a gasp of triumph.

High up in her box, Muriel Randall shivered. It seemed to her that the crowd about her was like that in the Roman amphitheater that cried always for blood and more blood, and horrified, yet fascinated, her eye followed the blue Randall car as it swung round the curve ahead.

At two hundred miles it was evident even to the uninitiated that the race was between the Fancia, the Belleville, and the Randall cars. Never more than half a lap separated these three. Borkman was still ahead, determined to keep the lead until the end. Fanzler in the Belleville seemed equally determined. Both these men had reputations for dare deviltry. The question in the minds of the experts was what Athley would do. None of them supposed he would be able to stick it out, but some of them were betting that he would last the first two hundred and seventy-five miles. It was generally agreed that he would be distanced in the final dash.

Arthur was of a different opinion. He resolved to change his tires at the two hundred and fifty mile mark whether it seemed absolutely necessary or not and after that not to stop at the pit whatever happened, but driving with all the speed the big car could carry round the curves to make the finish the most terrific in the history of that track. He did not believe that Borkman and Fanzler would be able to stay with him then.

High up in the grandstand Muriel looked down at the speeding blue car. Tears ran down her cheeks. It seemed to her of a sudden that the blue duster and the goggled helmet that Arthur wore was a mask of death.

As Arthur Athley and the faithful Johnny Korshak left the pit for the last time there was a gleam in Henri de Regnier's eye. He knew Arthur's plan. The rest did not. When they saw the blue car come hurtling round the curve and into the stretch like a great screaming projectile they gasped. Mr. Randall did not need to look at his stop-watch to see that the car had greatly increased its speed. And the next time the car came round it was with the same terrific speed. On the next curve it shot by the Harmon; on the straightaway it picked up the Belleville, held it for a moment, and went by. Now only the Fancia remained—and the twenty-four miles still to go.

Borkman was evidently in no mood to be passed. The two cars came hurtling past the Randall pit side by side. Side by side they raced for the curve. Together they struck the bank. And then the Randall car slipped back and into a position not a yard behind. At the straightaway the blue car came again alongside. At the curve it again dropped back. And on for mile after mile the struggle continued, the two cars nearly a lap ahead of their nearest competitors.

With fifteen miles still to go, the Harmon stopped at the pit and lost a lap. With twelve miles to go the Belleville stopped and the Harmon again took its place. With ten miles to go the Fancia and the Randall car were still neck and neck in the straightaway and still only a yard apart round the curve. But the Fancia led.

Henri de Regnier stood up now at the edge of the pit, his cap in his hand. He knew that if Borkman kept his nerve and his tires for a few minutes more he would win.

Again and again Arthur Athley tried to pass the man ahead and again and again he was compelled to fall back. There was not room on the straightaway—the distance was too short. At last he shut his teeth hard. He was going to win or die. Only three miles remained. This time he kept his foot hard down on the pedal as he approached the curve neck and neck with the Fancia. Round the curve they shot, the Randall car taking the high bank and traveling faster in order to keep up and putting a strain on the tires such as they could not stand many times—even if they stood them this once.

The spectators were standing up now and shouting. The blue car crept on and on. Now its front axle was even with the rim of the Fancia's front wheel. As the two machines hit the straightaway, the Randall gained another yard. Mr. Randall's face was pale and his lip was bleeding where he had bitten it. He had not wanted this of Arthur! It was only a question of whether a tire burst on this curve or on the next. Rubber could not stand the strain of such a speed round such a curve. But the blue car was going right on. It held its own on the curve. On the straightaway it gained two yards. On the next curve it held even what it had made. On the straightaway it gained another yard. On the next curve it held. Now it was almost clear of the roaring Fancia. And then Borkman gave up. There was no use. It was suicide to take the curves at this speed. And he for one was not going to commit suicide.

With the last mile still to go he slipped back ten yards, then twenty. The blue Randall car roared on and on. The starter picked up his flag, the breathless spectators uttered not a sound, but each, with his eyes glued on the blue machine, watched for something to break. On and on swept the blue car. The pit men were dancing like dervishes now. Henri de Regnier threw his cap high in the air. Only half a lap more to go. And then the gun roared and the race was over and the Randall car had won.

But even while the people turned to leave the grandstand there was a shout and a cry. The blue car had gone on to the next curve at full speed, and, as it struck the embankment it flew into the air as if propelled by dynamite. Turning turtle as it rose, it dropped Arthur and the mechanician on the track, and shot endways over the edge of the saucer track.

High up in her box Muriel Randall sobbed out the name of her lover and then everything went black and she swayed and would have fallen if some one had not caught her.

Three days later in the hospital Muriel Randall sat beside Arthur's bed. He was bandaged almost beyond recognition. His hand played idly with the coverlet. He did not yet know what had happened.

Of a sudden one eye, the only eye she could see for the bandages, stared at her.

"Muriel," he whispered.

"Arthur! Oh, Arthur!"

See the announcement on page 79. **It is of interest to you and to your friends. It tells you how you may win a prize by looking and listening when you are at the movies.**

Charlie Chaplin

THE COMEDIAN WHO, ALMOST UNKNOWN A FEW MONTHS AGO, IS NOW SAID TO BE THE HIGHEST SALARIED FUNNY MAN IN THE FILM WORLD.

By E. V. Whitcomb

"SAY, Jennie, do I have to sit through this whole show just to see Charlie?"

With the name of the lady changed to fit the one addressed in each case, this question or ones to the same effect have been asked thousands of times during the past few months.

Going to see Charlie Chaplin has become a habit all over the country.

With his doleful countenance, his heavy feet, his characteristic French kick, his diminutive moustache, and his ridiculous actions, he has earned a place all of his own in the realm of motion pictures. And it is only a few months ago that he walked unannounced into the office of Mack Sennet, director of the Keystone company, and asked for a tryout as a comedian.

But the funniest thing about this extremely funny man is his violet-like reluctance to talk about Charlie Chaplin.

"There's nothing worth while talking about," he says. "I am no one—just a plain fellow," he told me. "There is absolutely nothing interesting about me. I have no fads, no automobiles—I am just myself. But, if you insist, I will be very glad to talk to you."

A lad about twenty-five years of age, a very lovable lad, with a delicate sensitive face and with his hair painstakingly wetted and smoothed down, came into the reception room of the club where he lives, all apology for having kept me waiting. And he was as appealing as a little boy who runs up to you and says, "I am sorry; please forgive me."

We talked for nearly two hours and I have tried to put down here exactly what he said in the way he said it.

"I have always worked hard ever since my father died, when I was seven years old. My mother was a wonderful woman, highly cultivated, yet life was very hard on her. We were so poor, she used to sew little blouses by hand, trying to earn enough to keep us. That was in England—she died there. Poverty is a cruel thing, and I sometimes think that if I had not worked so very hard as a child, I would be much stronger now than I am, because, you see, I am not at all strong, physically.

"I have never had a day's schooling in my life; my mother taught us what she could, but after she died, I was an apprentice to a company of traveling acrobats, jugglers, and show-people. That was in England too, and, oh, what hard work it was. I have never had a home worth the name. No associations that might have helped me when I was young. Looking back upon it is no joke, and that is why it seems so out of place to me when I am made much of now.

"I came to New York with my brother Sidney, while I was still a boy, he is four years older than I am, and is the only relative I have in the world. You have no idea how terribly lonely we were when we arrived in this country. Sid was out hunting for work and I sat looking out of the window of the shabby little boarding house bedroom. The Times Tower loomed into the sky and I sat there with my head on the window sill and cried, I felt so lonely and forlorn. That was the loneliest I have ever been. The world has never seemed so big nor so lonely since then.

"My brother Sid and I went on the road together doing one-night stands with a

traveling company called, 'The National Amusement Company.' I remember one night Harry Lauder came directly after us on the program. He refused to wait for us to pull off our stunt but insisted on going on first. I hated him for that—it was so cold to stand in the wings, lightly clad as we were, and wait. I watched him do his stunt and even while I hated him fiercely, I couldn't help applauding him as a great artist and laugh maker. It was after this that I went with the Keystone Company.

"Last month I went to San Francisco to appear in person at a theatre. The people applauded me very much. And the more they applauded the more serious I became, and the funnier they thought me—so I gave it up. You see, I wasn't meaning to be funny then. I am not a bit funny, really. Of course, I have a sense of humor, but not as much as my brother has and he is much more of a business man. Sid is much more gifted than I am in every way, I think—and he is married. He hasn't had any professional pictures taken since he came to Keystone, but I know that my brother Sid is going to make a sensation.

"When I am not working, I just sit around and dream mostly. I get a lot of ideas that way. And sometimes, when I haven't any special idea in mind, the camera man and a few of us with our make-up on, go out to a location. For instance, we go out to the races, take a few scenes (whatever happens to suggest itself), then other things suggest themselves, until the story is built. All the time this is going forward things pop into my head which help to make people laugh."

Mr. Chaplin's account of producing a comedy sounds very simple and easy but is a little misleading. It is a well-known fact that the members of his company doing slapstick have to be able to stand more "punishment" than the members of any other company, when he himself is directing. Already the Essanay players are shaking in their shoes, for Mr. Chaplin has just been signed up with Essanay as the highest priced comedian in the world. He is to direct a comedy company at their Chicago studios.

Photoplay Information Department

Is at your service

IS THERE something you want to ask about the motion picture industry or people prominent in the pictures?

Is there some idea about the movies that you have wanted to discuss? Some suggestion or comment you would like to make?

We will do our best to answer all *serious* and *worthy* questions about the movies that you may ask us. The questions and answers will be printed in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

We will *not* answer questions such as "Does John Bunny dance the hesitation?" or "Does Lillian Walker chew gum, and if so, how many sticks a day?"

If you have any suggestions or comment send it to us. There will be a place in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE for just this sort of thing. These columns are yours if you have an idea.

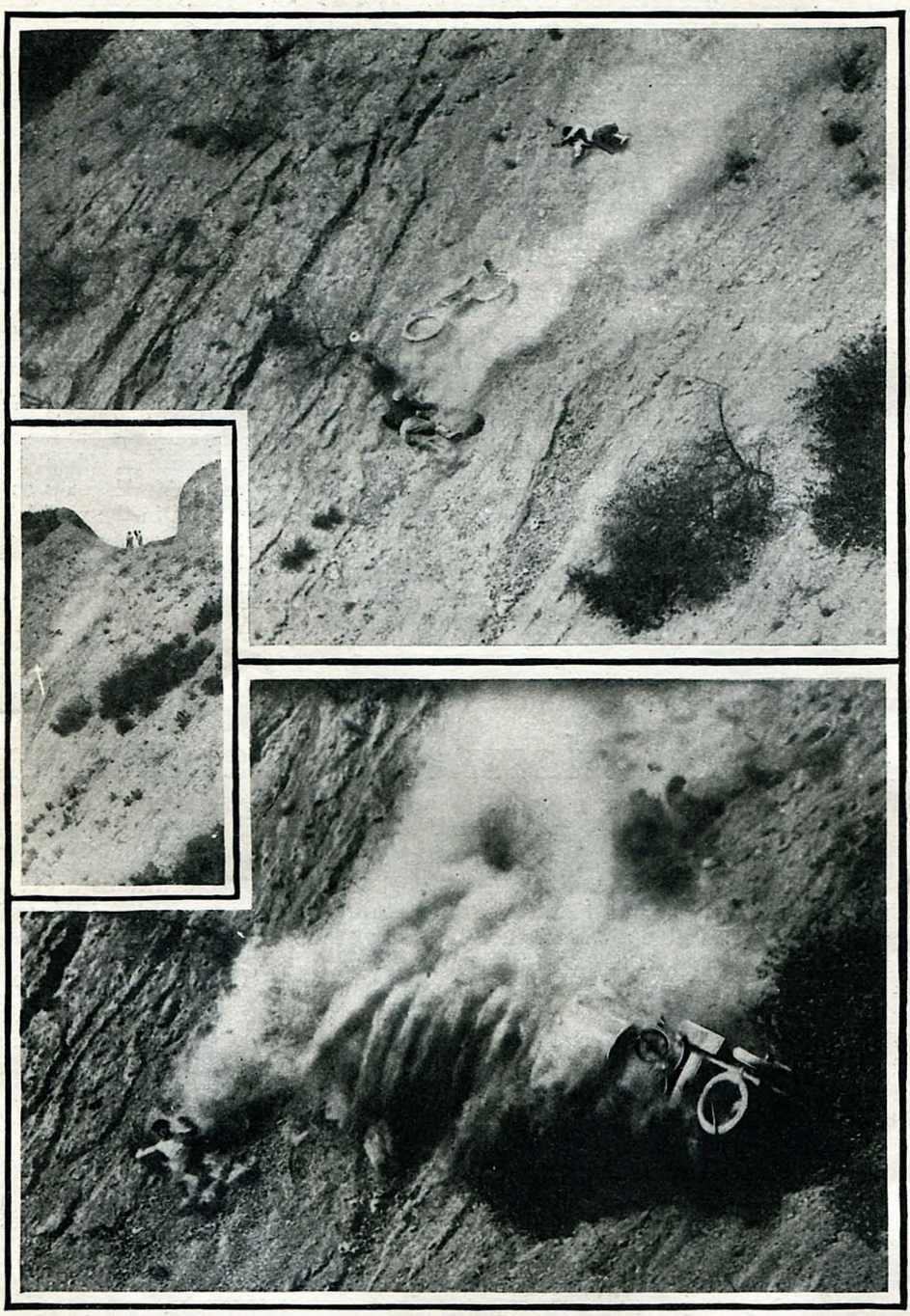
When writing, please observe these rules:

Use one side of the paper only. In asking about plays, if possible, give the name of the company. Always sign your own name and give your correct address. These, of course, will not be printed.

If you wish an immediate reply, you must enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Send your contributions to the "Give and Take Editor," PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

When Cleo Madison



Top—A "Trey of Hearts" episode. Cleo Madison and George Larkin in a two hundred foot plunge down a mountain side on a motorcycle. Insert—View of the mountain side with the camera man and director at the top where the plunge was taken. The white arrow points to the spot where the motorcycle turned turtle. Bottom—Ray Hanford and a companion, following close behind George Larkin and Cleo Madison, took the same plunge in an automobile. Both the motorcycle and the machine were completely wrecked but all four people escaped without injury.

Was Afraid

By Herself

WE were taking some scenes for a three-reel feature called "The Madonna of the Moon." In one scene I had to stand far out on a jutting ledge of rock and hold a tiny baby high above my head toward the moon. Joe King, my leading man, standing close beside me with his arm around me, supported me to some degree, but the place on which I had to stand was so uneven and so slippery and the strain of holding the baby up while they took a fade-in and a fade-out was so great that I was terribly afraid I might fall and hurt that precious baby. I stood in that position and waited and waited for what seemed an eternity. I never faint, but I had begun to waver back and forth and everything was going black before my eyes, when I heard a faint sound which I knew was Mr. Lucas, the director, saying, "Cut." And then I laid the baby in Mr. King's arms and collapsed absolutely. I have done so many dangerous stunts in "The Trey O'Hearts" that I thought nothing could frighten me, but I was mistaken. My sensations when I made that 200 foot plunge down the mountain side, with George Larkin on a motorcycle and Hanford and Barkus "came tumbling after" in a great automobile were nothing compared with the sensations aroused by this apparently trivial incident. I was never so afraid of anything in my life as that I would let that darling baby fall.

"Movie" Stars on

By Charles

THE Federal league "has nothing on" the photoplay field for "jumps" of a sensational character, on the part of stars whose names have grown to be household words.

They are telling an interesting yarn about "Little Mary" Pickford, than whom there is probably no more popular player on the picture stage today. In the closing weeks of December, just at a time when announcements were beginning to creep into the trade journals that this famous actress had signed a new contract for a long period with the Famous Players Company, like a flash of lightning from a clear sky came the news that "Little Mary" had been engaged by the New York Motion Picture Corporation at a salary of twenty-five hundred dollars per week.

Moreover, according to the story, Adolph Zukor and Adam Kessel, heads of the Famous Players Company and the New York Motion Picture Corporation respectively, had actually bid against each other for her services in Mr. Zukor's office.

Picture then, dear reader, Mary with a languid gesture commanding silence and then, in a voice as languid, announcing:

"It is useless to play out this farce, gentlemen. Flattering as is Mr. Kessel's offer, I cannot consider it. My feeling towards Famous Players is one of such loyalty that I must stay with them. Anything else is unthinkable."

Well, it makes a good story, doesn't it? And, of course, not a word of it is true. But there have been persistent rumors to the effect that Mary Pickford was making a change to give credence to this story. At this writing, however, it has never got farther than rumor.

Mary seated in the office of Mr. Zukor, a pen newly dipped in ink in her little hand and in the very act of "signing on the dotted line" that new and crinkly contract which Mr. Zukor held out to her, when suddenly Mr. Kessel appears.

"Stop!" he shouts. "Before you sign the papers, hear my bid!"

"How much?" Mary inquires indifferently.

"How much did he offer?" Kessel answers, pointing to Adolph.

"Two thousand a week."

"Twenty-one hundred!" cries Kessel, which Adolph promptly answers with, "Twenty-two hundred!"

the Move

W. North

"Twenty-three hundred"—this from Kessel.

"Twenty-four hundred," retorts Zukor.

The climax is reached when Kessel makes the figure twenty-five hundred and offers Mary a generous percentage besides.

Charlie Chaplin, the irresistible Keystone comedian who has made a world-wide reputation for himself in both vaudeville and pictures, "closed" with Keystone at the end of one week and before the end of the next had signed an Essanay contract, at what is alleged to be the highest salary ever paid to a motion picture comedian.

The Balboa Amusement Producing Company of Long Beach, California, a concern which has long been making films, though the majority of them have been released abroad rather than in the United States, leaped into the limelight about the middle of December by engaging Henry Walthall, the famous Griffith star, who before appearing in such films as "The Clansman," "The Avenging Conscience," "Home Sweet Home," and other Griffith releases, was a Biograph and a Reliance photoplayer. The week following, the Balboa people followed up this success by signing Ruth Roland, known to picture fans the country over as "The Kalem Girl."

The Jesse Lasky Feature Play Company also acquired a Mutual star when Blanche Sweet, for years known as "the Biograph blonde" but more recently appearing in Griffith features for the Mutual, was induced to join the Lasky forces, under contract to appear in big multiple reel productions only. Her debut as a Lasky star was made in "The Warrens of Virginia."

Since William Garwood left the American Film Manufacturing Company to become leading man of an Eastern Imp company, Irving Cummings, who will be remembered for his excellent work in Thanhouser and before that in Reliance features, has been secured to play leads in the first American Company, opposite pretty Vivian Rich. Richard Travers, says rumor, is leaving the Essanay Company to accept a large salary with another concern and even such players as King Baggot, Francis X. Bushman, Kathlyn Williams and Warren Kerrigan are reported to have received highly flattering offers from other concerns than the ones with which they are now affiliated. Where they will jump to and when, time alone will tell.

Training Recruits with Motion Pictures

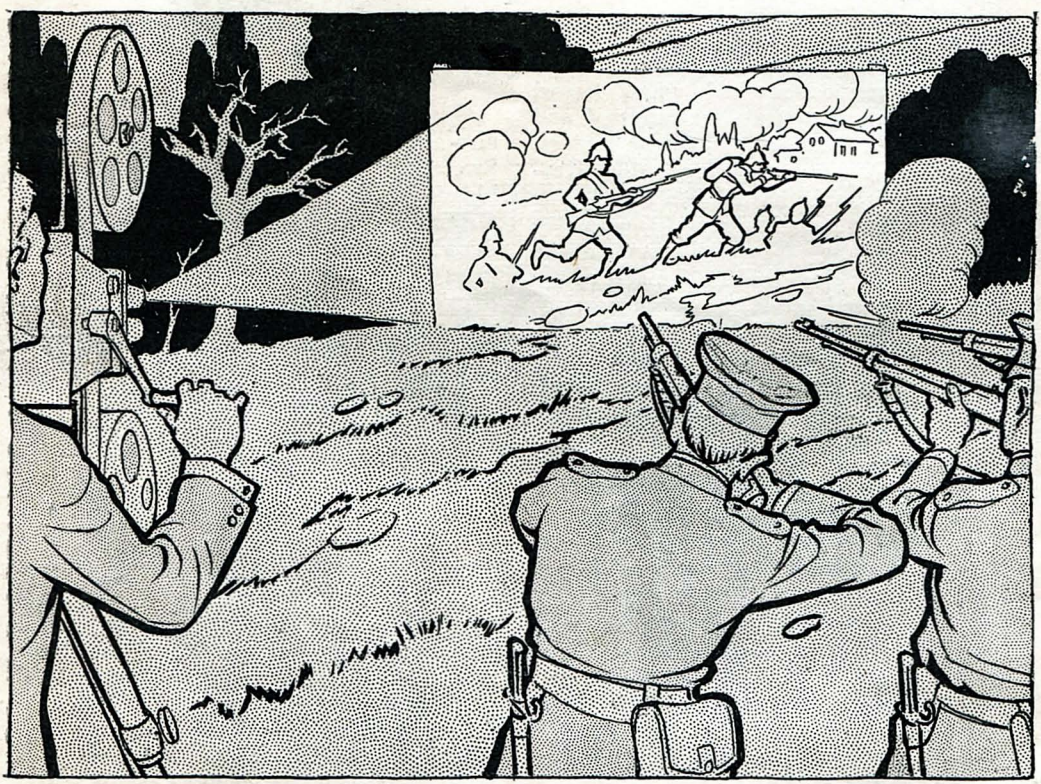
SHARP-SHOOTERS PRACTICE FIRING AT LIFE-SIZE FIGURES AND THE RESULT OF EACH SHOT IS RECORDED ON THE SCREEN.

THE moving picture camera has taken its place with the aeroplane and the submarine as one of the inventions of the last few years that have been used with telling effect in warfare.

The English, French and German armies are now using motion pictures to make their soldiers efficient marksmen. Pictures are prepared showing men clad in the enemies' uniforms, engaged in charging, and fighting from trenches. Screens are set up in the open, and, as darkness comes on, these pictures are thrown on the screen. The recruits fire at the moving figures, and as the bullets hit the screen the film comes to a standstill, and at the hole pierced by the bullet a bright light appears. The picture then continues, other shots are fired, and the machine is stopped again to note the effect. The process continues as long as desired.

The French employ the same method. At one end of an interior shooting gallery a screen is set up and at the other end a group of soldiers with their rifles raised, watch for the appearance on the screen of a company of cavalry charging.

During the Japanese-Russian war, moving pictures of the Japanese soldiers in action were made by the government and were shown throughout that nation to arouse enthusiasm. It has been suggested that this might prove successful in dispelling the lethargy of the English in recruiting for service in France. Roumania possesses a nine reel picture of the recent Balkan struggle, and this film is being kept for future generations.



The Recruits fire at the moving figures and the machine is stopped to note the effect.

The Girl on the Cover

TALKS ABOUT HER "DADDY" AND INCIDENTALLY ABOUT HERSELF

"I am going to leave the movies after a while. I am going to study more with Daddy and he is going to take me to Europe to put the finishing touches on me."

BEATRIZ MICHELENA is one of the new recruits of the back-to-the-land movement of actors and actresses. For that is what moving picture acting in California means. One can manufacture stage in-door film shows anywhere, but any sort of an out-of-doors play can be staged in California the year round, so the actors and actresses who sign up for film acting in that state are promptly shipped to the country where they take on a deep tan, buy a home and raise chickens and dogs.

It is almost unbelievable about an actress, but it is a fact that it is nearly impossible to get Miss Michelena to talk about herself, for she insists on talking mostly about her "Daddy." She is under the impression that her "Daddy" is the most remarkable man in the world,

and she declares that all she ever knew she learned from her "Daddy."

She is so brimful of enthusiasm about her swimming, horseback riding, "Salomy Jane," her dogs, her Swiss chalet up in the hills of San Rafael, and finally her music, that it is refreshing to hear her. She is a native daughter of California, and is utterly obsessed with that wonderful worship of everything Californian, which characterizes the sons and daughters of the Golden State. She talks about San Francisco as if the city were a pet cat and as if she were stroking it.

"The other actors and actresses seemed to be astonished to find that I could swim and ride horseback."

"If I stay in San Rafael long enough, I'll vote at the next special election."

Miss Michelena jumped from musical comedy, in which she has done all her theatrical work, to the movies only a few weeks ago. She has been starring since she was sixteen. She has taken leading roles in "Princess Chic," "The Girl from Dixie," "Peggy from Paris," "The White Hen," "The Kissing Girl," and "The Tic-Toc Man of Oz," and she has been a head-liner on the Orpheum circuit singing comic and grand opera selections.

"Well, I suppose you want to know why I changed from comic opera to motion pictures," said Miss Michelena to her interviewer in San Francisco after she had told him all about her experiences in the "fire," and had recounted a dozen legends of the Robert Louis Stevenson and Bret Harte country across the bay.

"Well, it was this way. My Daddy brought us up for the opera, my sister Vera and myself. And he used to say," —here Miss Michelena broke into galloping Italian—"it means," she continued in explanation, "he who sings well speaks well. He always insisted that all opera singers must have experience in the drama to learn to enunciate. Daddy always said it was ridiculous to be able to sing prettily when

nobody could understand what the singer was saying. He was equally insistent that we must learn to act intelligently.

"I always got good notices on my acting as well as on my singing, but I wanted dramatic experience and I was planning to go on the dramatic stage before making a plunge for grand opera when I received an offer to go into moving pictures with the California Motion Picture Corporation. I laughed at the idea first, and then I began to think, and I talked it over with Daddy and he thought it would do me a heap of good to rest my voice and to see myself as others see me.

"Those folks up at the studio thought I would be afraid to spoil my music box by plunging into a stream."

"As a matter of fact it does not seem to me that I see myself in the movies at all. It is funny, but 'Salomy Jane,' seems to be another person altogether.

"Well, I had no sooner settled down out there among the hills in Marin county, than I began to like the movie game. I bought the prettiest little Swiss chalet in the outskirts of San Rafael and I live there with my maid and horse and two dogs. If I stay there long enough, I'll vote at the next special election.

"When I started work, the other actors and actresses seemed to be astonished to find that I could swim and ride horseback. I have to thank my Daddy for that. I don't remember the time I couldn't swim, and I have ridden horseback ever since I was a little girl. Then, those folks up at our studio thought I would be afraid to spoil my music box by plunging into a stream. But that's all nonsense. Only hot house singers are afraid for their voices, and they, like fools, smoke which is worse than a cold plunge, Daddy used to say."

"Now, Miss Michelena, stop talking about your

Daddy please, and talk about yourself and your film plays," the interviewer made bold to remark.

"Oh, the plays. Well, we first put on Bret Harte's 'Salomy Jane.' I played Jane and just loved it. I am crazy about the part. Do you known where old Hangtown is? It is Placerville, a very respectable old village these days. We went up there and staged part of the show and we had a coachman that was a corker. He had driven a stage in the old days and he went down to the Portola Theatre in San Francisco to see the films, and when the stage came out, he piped right up 'that's me driving that stage.'

"After 'Salomy Jane' came 'Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,' and I had to play 'Lovey Mary.' I didn't like the part at all. It is too weepy to suit me. Then we put on 'Mignon,' and I was in the seventh heaven again. Give me 'Mignon' in opera and 'Salomy Jane' on the stage and I'll work my eyes out.

"Well, 'Salomy Jane' has made such a blooming success that we are going to put on Harte's 'Lil of Poverty Flat,' and I am going to play the leadin' 'Lil.' Then we're going to put on 'The Price She Paid,' and 'Salvation Nell.'

"I am proud of one thing, people tell me that I am altogether different in 'Salomy Jane' from what I am in 'Mignon.' I have made 'Mignon' a perky, nosey little thing. Daddy says I did good work in both, and he knows.

"Yes, I am going to leave the movies after a while. I am going to study more with Daddy and he is going to take me to Europe to put the finishing touches on me, and then I am going to make my debut in grand opera. But I would like to try 'Salomy Jane' with a good support on the stage first. I am just balmy over 'Salomy Jane.' "

She is a very vital, likable young woman, this American-Italian Beatriz Michelena. San Rafael, where the California Motion Picture Corporations studio is located, is near the Petaluma poultry district and if Miss Michelena stays up there much longer, she will be elected queen of the next Petaluma egg carnival. No higher honor could come to a lass in that neighborhood.

POKING FUN AT THE CENSORSHIP

IN "Pruning the Movies," the Nestor comedy released January first, that most potent of all measures, ridicule, is used to drive home a point in which every one in the motion picture business is interested. It is a slap at the local boards of censorship which have sprung up all over the country.

The comedy illustrates concretely how titles are changed and scenes retaken and gives the motion picture theatregoer an excellent idea—from the point of view of the film manufacturer—of the way in which censorship boards can mutilate an innocent film beyond recognition. The delightful thing about it is that in this instance, the manufacturer of films is driving home his point so good-naturedly. From start to finish the picture is full of laughs.

A LONG wisp of artificial grain that served as a stick-up on the sweet girl's hat was placed horizontally, so that it tickled the face of the man who sat next to her in the moving picture house, until it came to a resting place with the end nestling in his right ear.

After a few trying minutes, the man was seen to remove from his pocket a large jackknife, which he proceeded to strop on the palm of a horny hand.

Excitedly the girl inquired:

"Why are you doing that?"

"If them oats gits in my ear agin," the man ejaculated, "there's gonna be a harvest."

The Three of Us

ADAPTED FROM THE B. A. ROLFE FEATURE FILM, RELEASED BY THE ALCO FILM CORPORATION, AND BASED ON THE PLAY BY RACHEL CROTHERS

"NO, SIR!" said Rhy MacChesney. "I'm not ready to quit! Clem—I'm ashamed of you! Haven't you any faith? Can't you believe that things are going to be all right, if we just have the nerve to stick?"

"I have not!" said her brother, Clem. A good-looking youngster enough, Clem didn't have his sister's fine, firm lines of face. There was more iron in her than in him; more of the sort of stuff that pioneers and those who seek to wrest a living from the earth itself must have.

"I want my chance," said Clem. He said it doggedly; it was as if he were reciting a lesson, almost, as if he had made up his mind in advance as to what he meant to say. "I want to go back to New York where I'll have a chance to amount to something." He swept his hand out with a magnificent contempt for the town, for the mountains, for the whole of Camp Warren—which to be frank, was not in a position to resent contempt. "How can one ever hope to do anything here? You know what Beresford says—"

Rhy's face clouded.

"I know what Lewis Beresford says—yes," she admitted. "And I suppose it counts for something. But—he doesn't know. Dad did know. Do you suppose he would have stuck, when everyone else quit, if he hadn't been sure there was gold in the mine? Oh—if he hadn't—if that blast hadn't killed him! Then you wouldn't be talking like this, and Lewis would know!"

"Oh, Dad might have been mistaken, you know," said Clem. "Other men who knew just as much about gold and mines have been. Rhy, old girl—I know it's hard. But isn't it time you made up your mind that we've got to do something? We stay here, and stay, and stay. And nothing ever happens. I can't do anything here. I'm strangled. I want my chance to grow. Beresford says he'll get me a job if we go to New York. Come on—"

"No!" Rhy shook her head; the note of doggedness had got into her voice, too, and into her look, as well. "No, Clem. I won't do it. I'm sort of sorry that everything is up to me, the way it is. I wish things were different—and yet I don't. I'm not going to pull up stakes here and go back East. Not for a while, anyway. I'm going to spend all we can on "The Three of Us"—I'm going to give that mine one more chance, anyhow, to make good. Then, if it's still a failure, I—why, then I'll be willing to think of making a move. It would cost a lot for the three of us to go back East, you know, Clem. Here we at least own our house, such as it is. And—everything's cheaper."

They had had such arguments before. More than once since the blast had killed his father, Clem had wanted to abandon the mine and follow the example of most of those who had abandoned Camp Warren when the boom that had made it had ended. There had been gold there once; of that there was no question. And there were those who, like Rhy, still believed that the gold was still there. They spoke, as did Rhy, of the lost vein—the mother vein, that, when it was once found, would bring back the days of Camp Warren's glory. They never doubted that somewhere that vein lay, waiting to be found, to make the man who should rediscover it rich.

Lewis Beresford laughed at them. He had come to Camp Warren some time before, weak and ill. It was to recuperate, to recover the strength of which a long illness had robbed him, he explained, that he was there. He admitted that he knew something about mining, but the practical men of the camp, real miners like Steve Towney, soon decided that his knowledge was theoretical, and therefore not anything to boast of. Beresford was quite willing to let it go at that, it seemed; to do him justice, he never did boast. He fished and he hunted, when he grew strong enough, and he seemed to enjoy the quiet, rather

stagnant life of the camp. But it had for some time been obvious that he was no longer staying on for his health's sake. And the camp, and, more especially Steve Towney, felt fairly certain that it was Rhy MacChesney who kept him from going back whence he had come.

Clem MacChesney, after he had left his sister, walked along until he met Beresford. He was sulking, there was a scowl on his face, which was not dissipated by Beresford's cheery greeting. The older man pursed his lips as he saw the scowl.

"No luck, eh, Clem?" he said.

"Luck? No!" said Clem. "Says she'll stick it out! Oh, I say, Beresford—why do you suppose you can't argue with a girl?"

"I don't know, my son," said Beresford, with a grin. "But you can't, can you?"

"It's Steve Towney that's making her stay here," said Clem, savagely. "As long as he keeps puttering away at that rotten claim of his she'll stick. They both say that the big vein is in one mine or the other—or more likely in both. That if one finds it it will be just as good for the other. But I can't see that. I think Steve is plumb crazy—hanging on here the way he does when he might be making good money if he'd dig out and go to some live place."

"He's his own master, of course," said Beresford, thoughtfully. "But it does seem pretty hard on you, Clem. I wonder, now—isn't there some way to discourage Steve, perhaps? It would be for his own good, you know. He's all wrong."

Clem stopped abruptly.

"I say—you know I'm glad you agree with me and all, Beresford," he said. "But—why are you so anxious for us to go?"

Beresford smiled cheerfully.

"How old are you, Clem?" he asked. Then he made his smile even broader, more cheerful. "Come—that's not fair, either. But I'll wager one thing. You never-er—cared a great deal for a girl, did you, Clem?"

"Oh!" Clem stared at him and flushed a little, as a normal boy does when love is mentioned—especially if his own sister happens to be concerned. "You're stuck on—Rhy? Good Lord—why?"

She remembered so well how they had come to Camp Warren in the old stage coach.

The accident that killed her father had followed. She could remember the horror of that day.

Beresford laughed outright at that.

"That would be telling, wouldn't it, Clem?" he said. "But—you needn't be so surprised, young man. I suppose you wouldn't see what a charming—what a wholly delightful girl she is. Let that go. Suppose it were true? You're tired of this place. Can't you imagine that I'd like to get back to New York myself? And put it that I wouldn't care very much about going unless I knew I could see Rhy there."

"I see," said Clem. After a moment he began to laugh, too. "That's great!" he said. "It's awfully funny, though. I say—can I be best man? And is Sonnie old enough to be an usher?"

"Not so fast—not so fast," said Beresford, somewhat confused. "You're running ahead too fast, Clem—altogether too fast. But just keep your eyes open, will you? If you see or hear of anything new about Steve's crazy claim, let me know. I think he'd give something to keep you all here—the three of you."

"Well—I'm for you and New York," announced Clem. "Sure I'll let you know if anything turns up. But it won't. Nothing ever does in this God-forsaken hole of a place!"

And meanwhile Rhy had gone to the mine—to the "Three of Us" that seemed to her to typify her chance of keeping the little family she had inherited together. Rhy was wholly devoted to her two brothers. She had looked after them since her father's death; even before that, when her mother died, she had had to assume a great part of the responsibility. She remembered so well how they had come to Camp Warren. They had driven up in the old stage coach. Her father had been so fine and big; she remembered herself, a long-legged girl with pigtails down her back. Sonnie had been only a baby; Clem a sturdy youngster. They had been happy at first. Then her mother had died, and she had hardly got over the ache of that loss when the accident that killed her father had followed. She could remember the horror of that day; how she had clung to Steve Towney's arm. The mine reminded her of the past. It was shut down now; the workings were empty; no blasts shook the air. And yet they did, but from a distance. In the next claim Steve was at work. Steve, who had been her father's right-hand man and had, from the first, been her own most loyal friend and servi-

tor. It was Steve to whom she had gone for advice in her hard times—which had been many. So now, after a little time in which she looked at the dead mine, she went on until she came to the heading where Steve was at work. She called and in a minute he came out, his face lighting up at the sight of her.

"Hello, Rhy!" he said. "Hard at work, you see! It's getting pretty near the end of the work, too. My option is up tomorrow, you know."

"Aren't you going to renew it, Steve?" she asked.

"'Fraid not," he said, with a shake of his head. "No use. I've got just about enough money to do it. And if I spent all that—I'd have nothing to work with. No. Unless I strike pay ore before then I'll have to quit, I guess—for a while, anyhow."

It discouraged her. She wanted Steve to encourage her own determination to stay; her refusal to yield to Clem's urging. But this hardly looked as if he could do it.

"There's one thing, though," Steve went on. "If I have to quit here I can turn in and do some work for you, Rhy. You'll be wanting your assessment work done pretty soon, anyhow. And it'll save you paying wages if I do it for you."

Her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Steve!" she said. "Why are you so—decent to me? Why do we stick here, anyhow, you and I? No one else has any hope. Clem wants to go; Mr. Beresford thinks the camp is dead. Even the Bixes haven't any hope. They stay because—oh, just because. And it's that way with the others here, too, isn't it? They've sort of lost their ambition. They stay because it's easier to stay than to go."

"Well—I stick for the same reason you do, I guess, Rhy—because I know that sooner or later that old vein's going to turn up. Your dad knew what he was talking about. When he said the gold was here, that went for me."

"I know. That's the way I've always felt, too," said Rhy with a little sigh. "But when everyone is so sure we're wrong and we don't seem to get anywhere—"

Steve came over to her, took her by the shoulders, and shook her playfully.

"Quit it!" he said. "Do you hear? Quit it! First thing you know you'll be having me discouraged, too. Oh, Rhy, girl—you're not going to turn me down like the rest of them here, are you? You're going to keep on believing?"

"Then I'll keep on hoping," he said. "I can do that, can't I?"

"I'm going to try mighty hard to do just that, Steve," she said, and the smile was back in her eyes. "I just wanted you to brace me up. That's why I came."

"Rhy," he said. There was something different in his voice, and she drew a little away from him. "Rhy—I s'pose it's no use askin' if you've changed your mind? You aren't ready to—think about marryin' me, are you?"

She shook her head.

"No, I'm not, Steve," she said. "I don't care about you that way, Steve. And—and, even if I did, I wouldn't marry you. It wouldn't be fair, Steve. Not to you or the boys. Can't you see that? While things are like this I wouldn't have any right just to think about myself. We've got to hang together, the three of us—Clem and Sonnie and I. If there was plenty of money it would be easier. But I've got to keep myself for them, Steve."

"But, Rhy—suppose that part of it was settled? Would you marry me then? I'm not asking you to do it now—only to tell me that you would if you thought you could."

"That's not fair, Steve," she said. "You oughtn't to ask me that."

"Why not?" he broke out suddenly. "Rhy—I'm not such a fool as you think! I can see what's happened! Everyone in camp can! That Lewis Beresford is stayin' here just on account of you! An' I suppose you—"

He didn't finish for the excellent reason that there was no one left to hear him if he had. Rhy had vanished; he caught a glimpse of her flying skirts, heard the thud of her pony's hoofs.

Rhy was not pleased. But neither was she quite as angry as she meant Steve to believe she was! Before she had finished her wild ride back to camp she was smiling, and she looked anything but angry when she drew rein at Mrs. Bix's house and dismounted.

"Now—what can I do to help?" she demanded, when she was inside.

Mrs. Bix was in her kitchen, a motherly soul, hands and arms to the elbows white with flour.

"Not a thing, Rhy," she said. "Unless you want to take a look at the table. I think everything's all right. But you might just make sure of those pun'kins. A Hallow'een party without pun'kins wouldn't be right, even here, would it?"

Rhy laughed and went in to attend to the final touches of the table. This Hallow'een party that Mrs. Bix gave each year was the one great social event of the camp. Everyone who was in any sort of standing for miles around was invited. First there would be a glorious dinner, a feast to make the mouth of the camp dwellers water when the thought of it came to them, months before the feast itself. And then, when full justice had been done to Mrs. Bix's cooking, there would be the old Hallow'een games, with ducking for apples, and all the rest of the traditional fun, and then a dance that would last, unless all precedent was broken, until the sun was up next morning.

"Everything's all right," Rhy announced to Mrs. Bix. "And now I'm going home to dress. Oh, you haven't any idea how gorgeous I'm going to be! I'm going to wear my grandmother's dress, and I'm going to have little bobbly curls, and those old-fashioned mittens that come half way down one's hands—oh, I tell you I'm going to be grand!"

"You needn't tell me!" said Mrs. Bix. "I know it already, Rhy MacChesney! Be off, now!"

And then, outside her own door, she met Lewis Beresford. He had been waiting for her, and he barred the way now.

"I'm in a hurry, Lewis," she protested, still laughing.

"Please," he said. "I want to talk to you, Rhy. I've been seeing Clem. Rhy—don't you think you're just a tiny bit selfish? Don't you think you owe it to Clem to let him have his chance? This place will never give it to him. And you—why, you oughtn't to be buried out here, Rhy. You ought to be in New York, where people could see you, and you could wear beautiful things, and go to the opera, and do all the things you'd like."

She looked up at him quizzically.

"How you do talk!" she said. "Lewis—how could I wear such things and go to such places in New York? Do you know what going to New York would mean? It would mean a cheap flat in a cheap house, without an elevator. Opera! I'd

Clem had started to climb in through the window when he heard their voices.

She looked about nervously as she opened the door of the Bix house.

be lucky to have a chance to hear the band play in Central Park!"

"You know what I mean!" he said, almost fiercely. "I could give you all those things, Rhy. And I want to—more than I ever wanted anything! I love you, Rhy! I—"

"I'm sorry, Lewis," she interrupted, gently. "You are a good friend. But—I can't do it."

"You mean there isn't a chance for me?"

"I don't want to say that!" she cried. "I don't know, Lewis—really, I don't! I like you, oh, ever so much! But I like—"

He was too wise to take up that unfinished sentence.

"Then I'll keep on hoping," he said. "I can do that, can't I?"

"Yes," she said. She gave him her hand. "If you want to, Lewis. I do like you."

Clem was just inside the door when she opened it. She saw at once that he had been listening. Indeed, he confessed it.

"I heard Lewis," he said, sullenly. "I didn't mean to—I just happened to hear. Rhy! Why can't we go back? You like Lewis. He's a corker. And we'd all be happy then—"

"Clem!" Her cheeks were flaming. "Mind your own business! I'll do as I like about that! And you shouldn't have listened—even if you didn't mean to. It was dishonorable!"

She was still angry when she began to dress in the old fashioned garments that had been treasured so long. Into her mind there kept the faintest of questions about Beresford. Why was Clem so earnestly on his side? Was he trying to influence her through her brother? And then, clamoring, banging at the door, came Steve Towney.

"Rhy!" he shouted. "Rhy! Come out, quickly—I've got to see you!"

She was all dressed then, and she ran to the door—Steve was not the sort to call like that unless the occasion were real and urgent. And so he was the first to see her as the vision of loveliness she was that night in the old world dress.

"Gee!" he said, bewildered. "Gee! Rhy! You—why—I never saw you before!"

She laughed at him.

"What is it, Steve?" she said. "What brings you thundering at the door this way?"

"It's the vein, Rhy!" he cried. "I've found it! It runs right through the two claims! We must have the best of it! And luck—it was the purest luck! I was sort of thinking—after you went. And I guess I was sort of careless. Anyway, I fired a blast without meaning to at all—not in the place she opened up. And there she was! Chock full of gold! Look!"

He poured out from a sack a little heap of quartz fragments. Rhy cried out as she saw the free gold in the rock.

"Oh!" she said. "Steve! It is! Isn't it wonderful? After all these years!"

They weren't listening to what was going on within a few feet of them. They didn't know that Clem had started to climb in by the window from the rear of the house, as he often did, nor that, when he heard their voices, he stopped, and listened. They couldn't see the expression on his face.

"Wonderful—yes," said Steve. "Rhy—this means you've been right from the first. It means that you're going to be rich. I am, too—but it's for you I'm happiest.

"The Three of Us" is going to make good for you. But I'm sorry about this Hallow'een party," he added, abruptly, his tone changing.

"Why—what do you mean, Steve?"

"I can't come, of course," he said. "I've got to ride over and take up my option. I wouldn't take a chance—and it expires at noon to-morrow, you know. So I reckon I'll just about have time to snatch a bite, and then I'll be off."

Rhy's face fell.

"Oh, Steve!" she said. "I—I want you to be at the party! Why, I was just thinking what a celebration it would be, and if you're not there—"

"Shucks, Rhy," he said, "you'll have just as good a time. Of course, I'll hate to miss it, but I guess I've got to."

"No!" she said. She put her hand on his arm. "Steve—I want you to come. And in the morning I'll ride over with you. I'll—"

There was something in her eyes that, suddenly, he understood.

"Rhy!" he said. "You're not playing with me? Why, this afternoon—"

"This afternoon everything was different," she said. "I couldn't tie myself around your neck like a stone, could I, Steve? And—I didn't know, either. But now—oh, you've done everything for us, Steve. You've had faith when no one else had it. I—"

And then, belatedly, he knew enough to take her in his arms, gown and all, and silence her. It was no time for words, anyhow. That came later, when he had to go and dress.

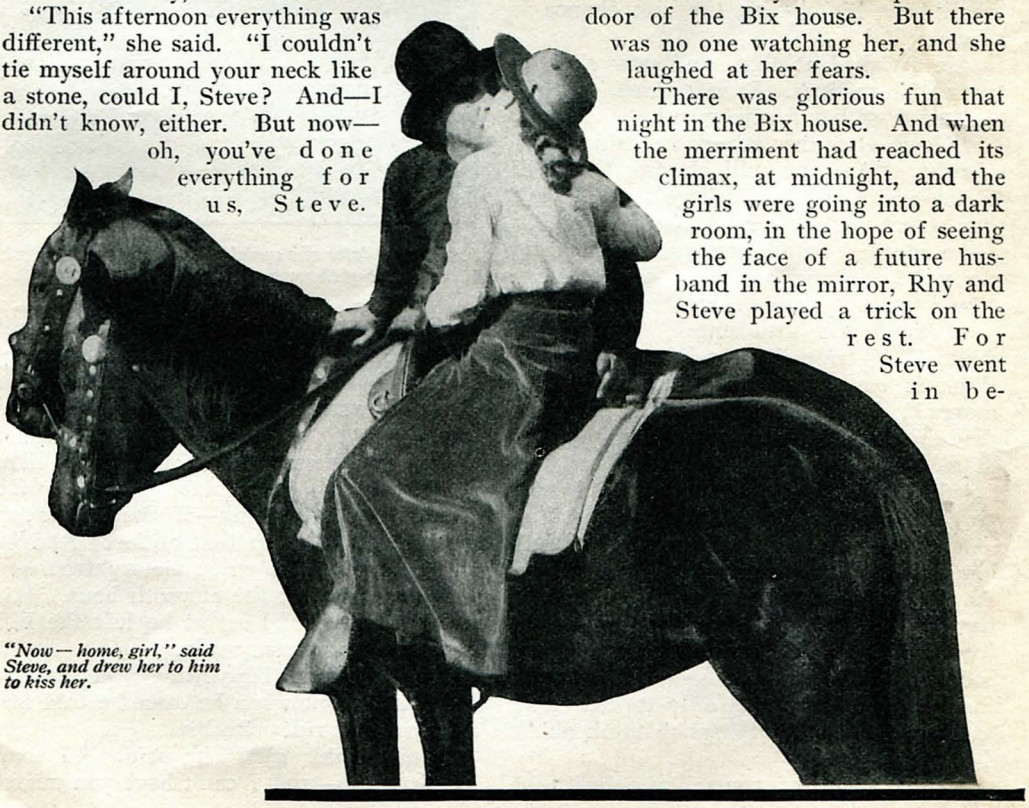
"I'm going to give you the option and the money to take it up," he said. "I want you to take care of it for me. Will you?"

"Yes," she said, wondering. "But why, Steve?"

"Oh, just because," he said. "There's folks who'd like to get that claim now, girl. Folks who'd go a long way to keep me from taking up that option in time, and be ready to take it for themselves. So it's better to be safe."

She took the precious paper and the money, and then, when he had gone, debated as to where to put them. And at last, woman like, she decided on the old flowered bag that already contained her dancing slippers, that she was to wear after the great dinner. But the possession of such valuables made her uneasy. She looked about nervously as she opened the door of the Bix house. But there was no one watching her, and she laughed at her fears.

There was glorious fun that night in the Bix house. And when the merriment had reached its climax, at midnight, and the girls were going into a dark room, in the hope of seeing the face of a future husband in the mirror, Rhy and Steve played a trick on the rest. For Steve went in be-



"Now—home, girl," said Steve, and drew her to him to kiss her.

hind her, and she saw his face, as they had planned, and then she came out, and told them all, blushingly.

"And this time it's true," she said. "Steve and I are going to be married!"

Until that moment she had forgotten Lewis Beresford, such is the utter selfishness of love! It was only the sight of his face, suddenly gone white, that reminded her now, and she was full at once of contrition and concern. She escaped from Steve, jealous already, and made her way to Beresford.

"Lewis—I'm sorry," she said. "This afternoon, when you—when you spoke to me, I didn't know. I didn't mean to deceive you. And just now I was so happy that I forgot!"

"I see," he said after a moment. His voice was cold. "I hope you won't find that you've made a mistake, Rhy."

She did not notice the coldness in his voice, nor the curious words.

"And there's another thing," she said. "'The Three of Us' has proved itself at last, Lewis. It's a real mine. We're all going to be rich as well as happy. Clem shall have his chance, the best chance in the world."

He laughed at that, and now she did notice his manner. It was harsh, grating. It jarred on her festive mood.

"Good Heavens, Rhy!" he said, impatiently. "Are you still chasing that will o' the wisp? Do you believe that Towney has struck real gold? A pocket, perhaps —no more! I tell you you're throwing away the substance for the shadow! I can give you more than he will ever have—"

"Lewis," she interrupted, "you're not yourself. Please don't talk so! Do you think it could make any difference—the money? It might make things possible that couldn't be thought of otherwise, but that's all."

"We'll see," he said, roughly. "I suppose I must wish you happiness, Rhy."

And then he turned, abruptly, and left her, and the house as well. For a minute Rhy brooded; it is hard to lose a friend. But she did not stop to wonder how Beresford had known what she meant, how he had had knowledge of a secret that Steve, she knew, had confided only to her. She had too many other things to think about that night.

It was Clem, of course, who had told Beresford; Clem, utterly under the spell of the older man, and ignorant, too, of the real reason for Beresford's presence at Camp Warren. Only Beresford himself knew that; Beresford and the syndicate that had always believed that proper methods, with unlimited capital, would make great mines out of The Three of Us and Steve Towney's adjoining claim. Beresford had been waiting patiently for Steve's option to expire, meaning to take

A month later she watched the firing of the first blast of the revivified "Three of Us."

it up himself. He had planned, too, to get "The Three of Us." But there his motive had not been wholly ignoble. He did love Rhy; he wanted her to owe everything to him.

And now he saw defeat waiting for him. A defeat, too, that was complete. He would lose everything—if Steve Towney was able to take up that option. And he was determined to wrest victory from defeat even now, at the eleventh hour. His face was grim and set as he left the Bix house; his plan was made.

Sunrise found Rhy ready and waiting for Steve. But when he came he told her she must not ride with him.

"I'm afraid, girl," he said. "I may have trouble—and I can't have you mixed

in. I'll make it alone. Ride to the fork in the trail with me—then go home."

It was a new sensation for Rhy to take orders. But she did not mind. Meekly she obeyed.

"Now—home, girl," said Steve, and drew her to him to kiss her.

She watched him ride off. She even turned homeward. But something checked her; some premonition of evil. And, not knowing why, she turned again, and rode, not by the trail that Steve had taken, but by another, toward the town where the option was to be renewed. She scarcely knew why she went; she only felt that she must.

And, once started, she rode hard. The trail she took was the longer, but she knew that, by hard riding, she could easily be at the appointed place before noon. And she rode hard. So hard that when she was still five miles from her destination she overtook a man cantering leisurely along; Beresford! He pulled up his horse and stared at her, in astonishment.

"Where are you going, Rhy?" he asked.

She told him, and saw him bite his lips.

"I'll ride with you," he said.

They rode along in silence. Sometimes Beresford spoke, but her answers did not invite more talk. Soon they came in sight of the lawyer's office. In that high mountain air things were easily visible a mile away. But Rhy's eyes, searching for one thing, missed it. Steve's horse was not outside the lawyer's office!

In that moment she took her decision. She was riding close to Beresford; suddenly she cut her whip sharply across his horse's head. It was cruel, but she had to do it. The horse reared; Beresford, taken wholly by surprise, was thrown. And in a cloud of dust Rhy was off, galloping wildly toward the office.

When she was almost there she looked back; Beresford was running toward her; his horse had disappeared. She leaped from her saddle, and ran in.

"Has Steve Towney been here?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," said the lawyer. He glanced at the clock. "His option expires in just two minutes, too. Want it, ma'am?"

"Wait till the time's up," she said.

Would Beresford get there? She dared not look to see; she could only watch the clock, the big hand creeping, so that it seemed not to move at all, toward the hour of noon. And then, just as she heard running steps outside, the lawyer spoke.

"Time's up!" he said. "Ma'am?"

"I'll take an option—here's a hundred dollars to bind it!" cried Rhy.

He was counting the money as Beresford, his face streaked with dust and blood, burst in.

"It's your's, ma'am!" said the lawyer, reaching for his pen.

"Stop!" cried Beresford. "I'll buy that claim — I'll double any offer — don't sign—!"

"Too late—I've given my word," said the lawyer.

And then Rhy fainted! When she came to Beresford, a silent heap, lay in a corner of the office. Steve was holding her.

"Was I in time, Steve? Did I save it for you?" she asked.

"You sure did!" he exulted. "Beresford's gang held me up—and I thought I was too late. Got here just in time to give him what he deserved! But it's all right now!"

* * *

She was Rhy Towney when, a month later, she watched, with her husband, the firing of the first blast in the revivified "Three of Us."

YES, RATHER

THE New Yorker was descanting on the glories of Broadway.

"The streets are ablaze with light—a veritable riot," he said. "Why, there is one electric sign in front of a moving picture house with 100,000 lights."

"Doesn't it make it rather conspicuous?" asked his English friend.

Pauline Frederick

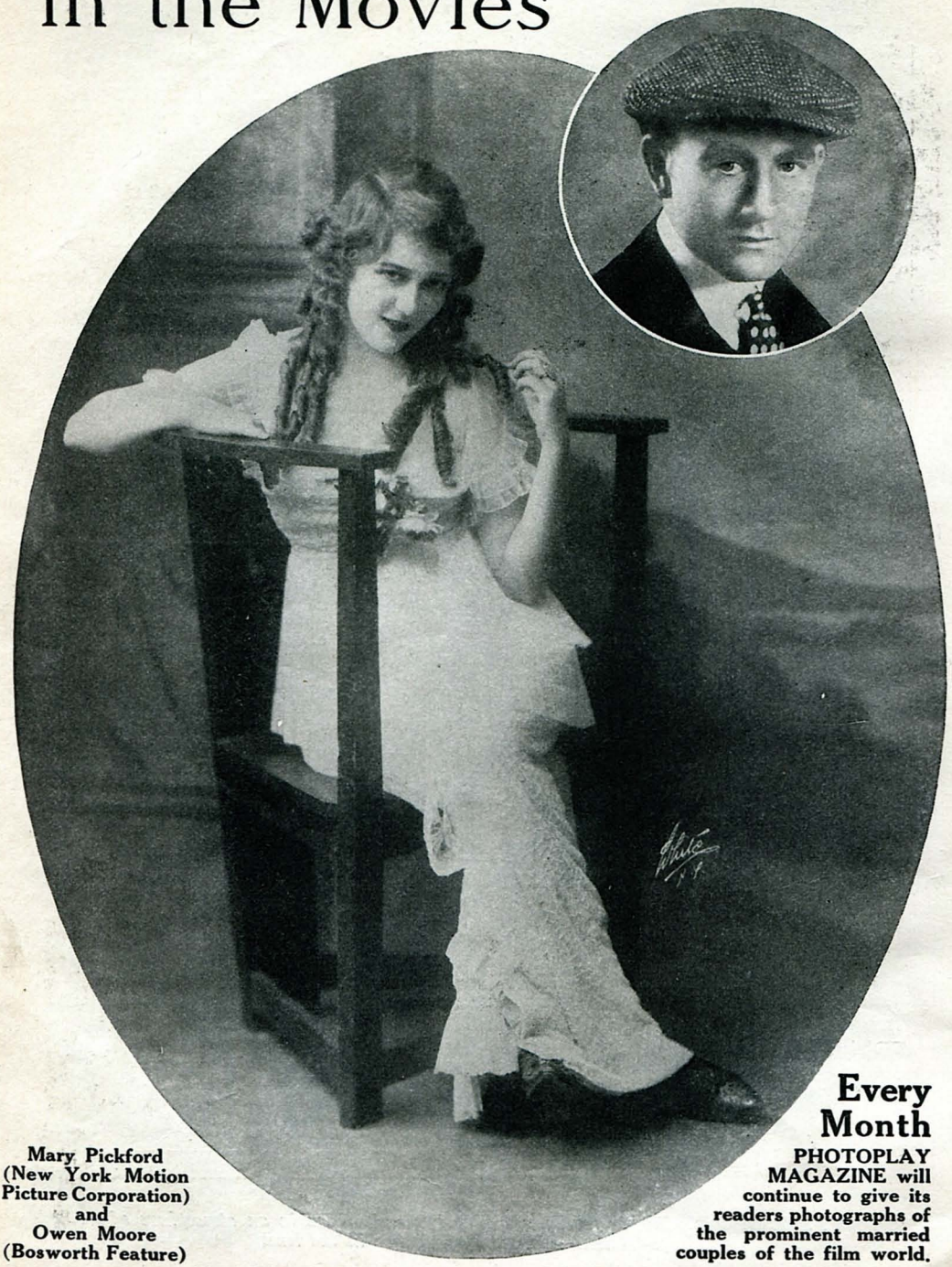
"IF I hadn't gone into the movies, I might never had discovered that a day is made up of morning, afternoon, and evening, instead of afternoon, evening, and night. I never before realized that there was such an hour as nine A. M. I realize it bitterly now that I have to get to the Famous Player's studio at that hour, but really the acting itself is a lark."

In "Innocent," her stage success of the fall season, she was a gay, wistful, coquettish, capricious girl.

In the "Eternal City," her first motion picture play, she is a tragically beautiful woman.

Miss Frederick lives with her family who keep her enshrouded in an atmosphere of proud adulation—without spoiling her in the least

Who's Married to Who in the Movies



Mary Pickford
(New York Motion Picture Corporation)
and
Owen Moore
(Bosworth Feature)

Every Month

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE will continue to give its readers photographs of the prominent married couples of the film world.

Owen Moore and Tom Moore are brothers. .There is still a third brother in the Movies—Matt, who appears in Universal Films

Alice Joyce (Kalem) and Tom Moore (Kalem)

Married Couples Who Have Made

Mr. and Mrs. Henry King have both done notable work with the Balboa Company. Mrs. King is known in the films as Gypsy Abbott.

Gerda and Rapley Holmes, both of the Essanay Company.

Their Marks In The Film World

Mr. and Mrs. Cruze are now playing the leads in "Zudora."

Marguerite Snow is Mrs. James Cruze when they are not playing in the Thanhouser films.

Mrs. Louis Weber Smalley and Phillip Smalley of Bosworth fame.

The Treason of Anatole

By Vivian Barrington

Illustrations from the Imp Film.

"LISTEN!" said Fritz von Holm. His eyes grew soft. "There it is again—the violin! Ach, but he can play, that one! Do you hear, Freda?"

"I hear, Fritz," said his wife.

It was after dinner, and the night's work was done. And now, as the music of the violin came down the stairs, out and down, and through the window, filling the whole place with its sobbing cadence, the two tow-headed children, so unmistakably German, so unmistakably, too, the children of Fritz and Freda, ceased their play and crept to their mother's side to listen.

Down came the music. At first the violinist played aimlessly, passing at random from one strain to another. Then he passed into a melody of Dvorak; familiar strains succeeded, familiar, at least to the two older ones, son and daughter of a musical nation. He played everything, this unseen violinist. Beethoven, Schubert, Grieg, sometimes a noble theme from Bach. And always, after these preliminary wanderings there would come wild, strange harmonies that the listeners could not identify. These must be his own, they guessed.

It was not long before the children, curious, as children are, knew all that anyone in the house could know about the violinist who had so greatly delighted them. He was a Frenchman, and, they thought, very old. (Later Fritz learned that he was not yet fifty.) Every morning he went out, sometimes carrying his violin, sometimes without it. Sometimes, instead of the violin, he carried sheets of music, carelessly done up, which he always brought back with him. He lived alone, in the cheapest, poorest room in the house, and he prepared his own meals—though, from what the children said, these needed little preparation.

Fritz and Freda saw him, too, having come to watch for him. They saw a stooping man, who looked older, they thought, than his years, and who seemed to have suffered much. When he passed them on the stairs he always smiled, and stood aside, politely, to let Freda pass; they saw the depression, the sadness, that really marked his expression only when he thought himself unobserved. In public his smile was always ready, as if he felt that there was enough of gloom and sadness in the world without any addition to the store from him.

And that, for a long time, was all that the Von Holms knew of the French violinist who lived above. Even so, it was a great deal. Though they had never spoken to him, he had revealed his soul by means of his violin. And it became their greatest pleasure to listen to the music that he made. Fritz belonged to a great singing society, through which some of the Germans in New York kept in touch with the fatherland, through its wonderful songs, that so gloriously express the soul of a great people. Its rehearsals he attended religiously. But when he came home, on those evenings, his first question was always the same: "Well, what did the violinist play for you to-night?"

But there came a night when there was no music. And then—another. And then, two nights together, and a third. Fritz looked at Freda; she at him.

"I am going up," said Fritz. "I am afraid there is something wrong!"

Something was very wrong indeed. Fritz went upstairs. He knocked at the door; there was no answer. Again he knocked, and heard a faint movement within. And now he entered. Lying on the bed, fully dressed, was the violinist—too weak to rise, though he made the effort. Fritz took in the situation with a single look. The room, indeed, spoke eloquently.

"Come with me!" he said.

He helped the Frenchman up, supported him to the door, and down the steps. And, once in his own apartment, he did what was necessary. Brandy, first; that gave strength. And then, hot soup, which gave

more strength, and warmth, as well, to the chilled body. And then, after a time, and with gentle pretences, a real meal. So Anatole—and they were never to learn another name for him—ate his first meal, the first of many, with the Von Holms, It was the beginning of a friendship between him and the German family. And after that he made his music for them again, but now he sat by their fireside to play, and begged them to tell him what it was that they most desired to hear.

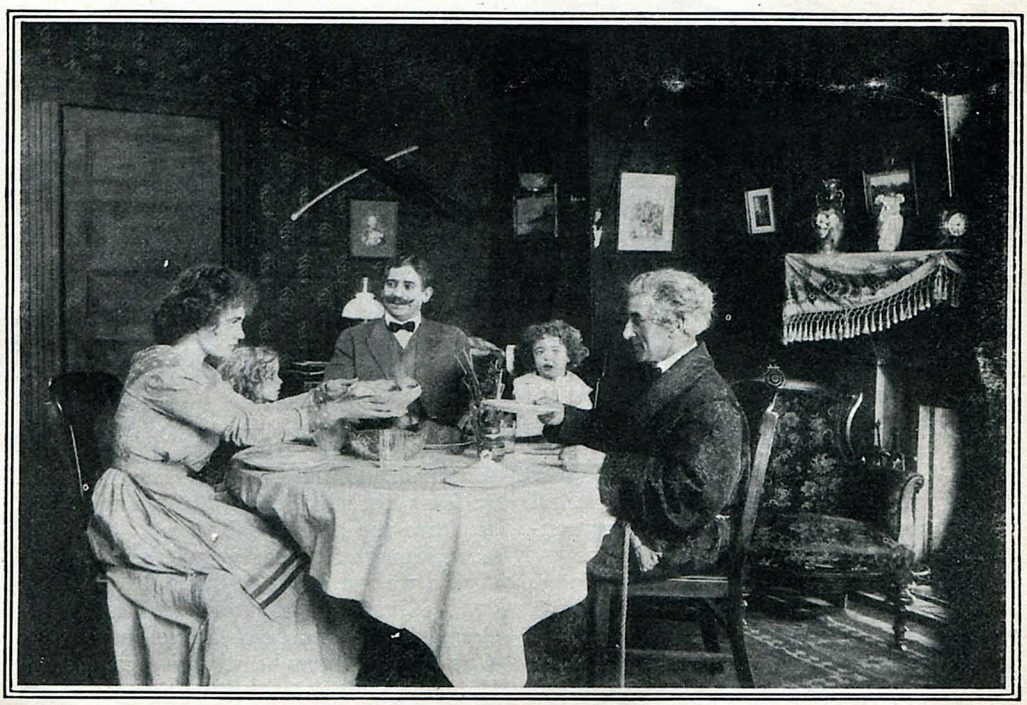
Gradually, they learned his story. The story of an artist, impractical, helpless in mundane affairs. The peer of any violinist in America, beyond doubt, save for the rare geniuses like Kreisler and Ysaye, Zimbalist and Kubelik, he could get no engagement with one of the great orchestras, since he did not belong to the musical union, and could not raise the almost prohibitive entrance fee. And his own music, for some reason, found no publisher. He had come to America with high hopes; they gathered that he had chosen the new land that he might forget some great grief. And he had found—starvation.

Fritz von Holm was a doer, though, being a German, he was a dreamer, too. He worked in a great mercantile house; he might have been supposed to be out of touch with the affairs of one like Anatole. But he proved that he was not. Herr Schmidt, proprietor of a famous restaurant, had been with Fritz in the army; they had served their military period side by side. Fritz told him of Anatole, brought him home to hear the Frenchman play. Schmidt heard and knew what he was hearing; he saw, too, the value of Anatole's romantic appearance. And he engaged him, at a salary that seemed, to Anatole, fabulous, to play nightly in his cabaret.

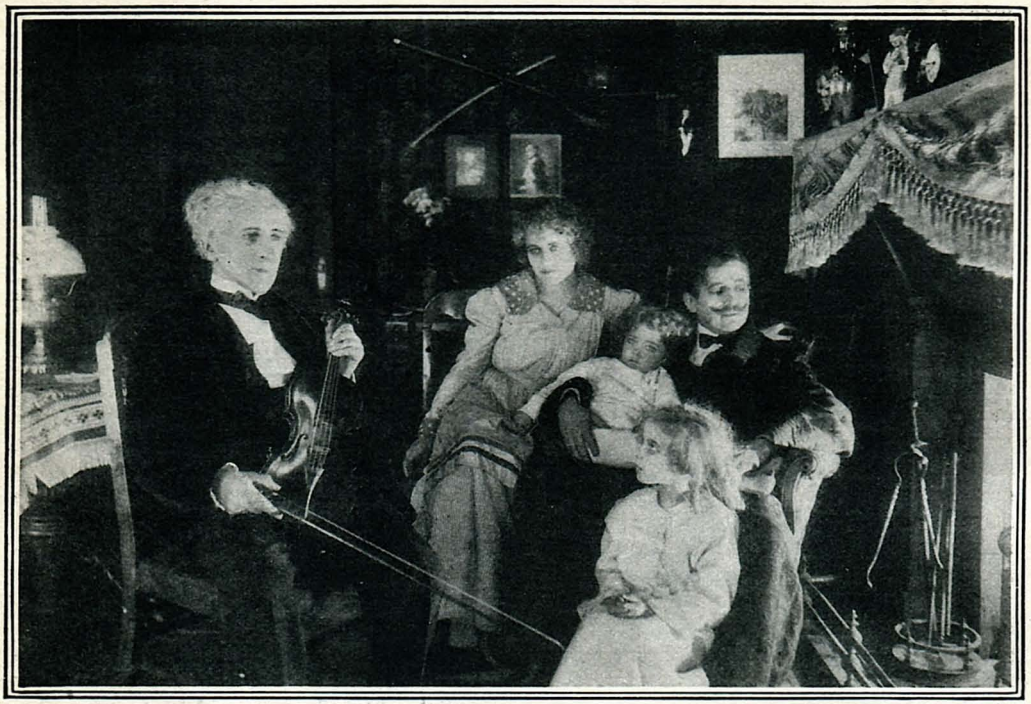
Anatole became the rage. He played, sometimes, music of his own; a publisher heard him, and demanded manuscripts immediately. And so prosperity, fame, of a sort, fortune, of a very real sort, came to Anatole, bewildering him, mystifying him. And all, all, he owed to Fritz.

"I am happy—almost—again, Fritz, my friend," said Anatole again and again. "And I owe it all to you."

He came to live with the Von Holms now. But about that there was almost a quarrel. Fritz had urged him to come, but when Anatole brought with him a portrait of Napoleon, Fritz balked.



Anatole at his first meal, the first of many, with the Von Holms.



Now he sat by their fireside to play and begged them to tell him what it was they most desired to hear.

"A picture of that—monster!" he cried. "Never!"

"Then I do not come!" said Anatole, bristling. "Were not you Germans revenged in 1870 for all he did?"

And Fritz gave in. His wall saw the incongruity of a picture of the Corsican, the Little V Corporal, beside the newer portrait of a man in Prussian uniform, his moustaches upturned, like Fritz's own—Wilhelm the Second, Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia. And nightly, now, there was a little ceremony. On Monday Anatole, taking his place beneath Napoleon's portrait, would play the Marseillaise. Then he would move a little, and, beneath the picture of the German Kaiser, he would play "Deutschland, Deutschland Ueber Alles," or "Die Wacht am Rhein." And on Tuesday he would play the German anthem first, and then the French hymn.

And so there was peace, and happiness. Until, like a bolt of lightning, leaping from a clear sky, came the fearful news of late July—the news of war. Once more France and Germany were at one another's throats. Fritz, without a moment's hesitation, arranged his affairs. He reported to the German consul, and obtained his instructions for reaching Germany and reporting to his regiment. He was a reservist, a soldier of Germany still, even in this new land, and Freda, tears in her eyes, bade him go, proudly. Already her wedding ring had vanished, and in its place she wore a plain iron ring, inscribed with the legend of the war of liberation: "Gold for this iron I gave, in the hour of my country's need!"

So Fritz sailed, on the neutral Dutch liner, to disembark at Rotterdam, and make his way through Holland to Germany and the army that had lent him his life, and now claimed it again. And on the ship he met Anatole—bound for Boulogne, determined, despite all the French consul in New York had done to discourage him, to force the army of France to take him back, though he was beyond the age limit.

"So we are enemies!" said Fritz.

"Never!" said Anatole. "You are my friend in life and death, in peace and war. Our countries may be at war—though only the good God knows why! But you and I are friends, Fritz. Listen. I have earned much money, thanks to you. And I have

spent but little. I left all with those who will see to it that Freda and the little ones lack nothing while you are gone, Fritz. I knew you would not let me do it, if you knew—and so I waited until you could not say no."

Fritz had no words to thank him. He wrung his hand, instead, in silence. And he hoped that they would not let Anatole go to the front. But he did not know Anatole yet, for all their friendship.

Anatole bade farewell to Fritz at Boulogne, and went ashore, carrying his head high. He was an old soldier, after all, was Anatole. He had seen service, too, during his term with the colors; service in Algeria, by his own request. It would be strange, he thought, if they would not let him fight now! He thrilled at the sight of marching men in uniform; as he made his way to Paris he saw that France was a nation in arms, and rejoiced.

Anatole presented himself, as soon as he reached Amiens, which was the depot of his old regiment, of the Second Army Corps, at the old caserne—the barracks—which he remembered so well from the days of his service with the colors. But they laughed.

"You are too old, Monsieur," said an officer. "Your spirit—ah, that is admirable! But this time France is prepared. We shall not need to call upon our boys and our old men to beat back the Prussians now."

Anatole pleaded, respectfully at first, furiously at last.

"Come, then!" he said, his eyes flashing. "I am too old, eh? Sacred name of a green cat! Give me a foil, and I will fence with the best swordsman you have here! If I beat him—will that be proof enough that I am still fit to serve France?"

It wouldn't have been possible, of course, in any other country. But this was France—the France that had done the impossible so often that to attempt it was the proper thing. Anatole had appealed to the sentiment of those who barred him. They called for Jean Douay, who was the best swordsman in that army corps, if not in all France. So they said. And there, with the officers looking on Anatole fought for his right to fight for France. And won, too. In five minutes he had sent the other's foil flying. That was enough. He got his uniform, his rifle, his equipment.

Anatole became the rage, playing nightly in the cabaret.

Within a week he was off to the front, with his old regiment of the line. And he never lagged. He took his part in all the bloody fighting of the long retreat from Belgium that carried his army almost under the walls of Paris; he won the cross of the legion of honor in the days of the battle of the Marne, when France, at bay, turned, and drove the Germans back. He was a good soldier.

And Fritz von Holm, meanwhile, had joined his regiment, too. But he was the mass. But Fritz played his part, too. Once or twice he did emerge, briefly, from the mass. He picked up a wounded officer, for example, and carried him across a bullet swept field—for which he received the Iron Cross.

And this exploit won him recognition of another sort, too. There came a time, during the terrific fighting in the north of France, when it became of vital importance to secure certain information. And Fritz's company commander, who, as it chanced,

Fritz was called before a council of officers and asked to do volunteer service as a spy.

younger; he had no trouble in getting his place in the ranks. It was all in his little book; he was late in reporting, but he had a good excuse for that, and his commanding officer told him that many of those who had been in America had not been so lucky; that they had not been able to return when the Fatherland needed them most.

Fritz was a good soldier, too, though a soldier of an entirely different type from that which Anatole represented. The German army does not encourage the individual soldier. He is not supposed to think overmuch for himself, but only to obey. The individual is strictly subordinated to

knew a good deal concerning him, suggested that Fritz be invited to volunteer for the service. So he was called before a council of officers.

They explained the peril that he must face. And the reward, they told him, would be as great as the peril. If he succeeded, if he returned with the information, he would have, not only his Iron Cross, but a more precious decoration than that, the order "Pour la Merite," and, with it, a commission. He would become an officer.

"I will go," said Fritz. "But not for the reward; for Germany."

And so Fritz, without his uniform, went

out from the German lines, and into French territory. He spoke French like a native; he worked carefully and swiftly, and in three days his task was finished. He had the information; there remained only the task of winning his way back to his own army and giving his report. It seemed that that must be easy. And then, when success was within his grasp, and escape from his danger, chance struck at him. A man who had known him in New York, a waiter, indeed, who had often served him, recognized him and denounced him. He was seized; incriminating papers were found upon him. That was in the early evening; before the moon was up he had been tried, condemned, and sentenced to be shot at sunrise.

Fritz shrugged his shoulders. It was, after all, what he had risked with his eyes open. He thought, as he lay sleepless, of those who would wait in vain for him to return; of Freda, and the tow-headed children. * * * At midnight his guard was changed. The new guard looked in; a light fell on Fritz's face.

"Fritz—my friend!"

It was Anatole who was to guard him in his last hours of life!

"It is the fortune of war, Anatole, old friend," said Fritz. "I am glad that you are here. You can write to Freda for me. I was afraid that she would never know what had happened. Do not concern yourself, Anatole. I knew the risk I ran. I am willing to die."

"Tell me! what is it?" he said.

And Fritz told him; there was no reason, now, why he should not. When he had done Anatole held the door open.

"Go!" he said. "The way is clear. You can escape. The word is—"

He gave the countersign of the night.

"Go? And leave you here, to suffer for my escape? Not I!" said Fritz.

"Go!" repeated Anatole. "Think of Freda, and the little ones. Go for their sakes."

"They would not have me back if they knew the price that you must pay, Anatole."

"But—I am an old man. My life is worthless. No one depends on me."

They argued. But in vain did Anatole seek to shake Fritz's determination. Until, at last, he made his final effort.

"Go, then!" he said. "For the sake of the Germany that you love and the Kaiser you revere! You know that which would help them. Can you refuse—for their sakes?"

And to that plea, shamefacedly, with hanging head, Fritz did respond. And so Anatole became a traitor. They found him, in the morning, his prisoner gone. He was arraigned before a court-martial within the hour. He confessed. He did more. He told what Fritz had learned of the French plans, that these might be altered, and so prevent any gain to the Germans as a result of the information. So, knowing what his own fate must, none the less, be, he made atonement for his treason.

It was he, not Fritz, who faced the firing squad.

FROM THE LAND OF HAGGIS AND "SCOTCH"

THOMAS H. INCE, the noted motion picture producer, comes from good old Scotch stock, his forebears having migrated to America from the heather several generations ago. With that instinct born of Scotch descent Ince dearly loves a story and will walk a mile out of his way to listen to any new one from the land of haggis and "Scotch."

"A British steamer," he said, "in the Oriental trade stopped at a port in Scotland and two Highlanders in full national regalia, friends of the captain, came aboard on a visit. They were met by the Chinese cook, who was making his first voyage abroad and obviously was much impressed by the visitors. Going below he announced to the skipper:

" 'Scuse me, sir, two piecy missus come topside deck makee call."

Norma Talmadge—the Adorable

By Elsie Vance

IT MAY have been the eyelashes—which are the longest you ever saw—or the dimples—which are the deepest you ever laid your eyes on—or the sparkling brown eyes, or the rebellious brown curls, or the pink cheeks; or, it may have been all of these things. At any rate, when Norma Talmadge applied for a "job" at the Vitagraph studio without an introduction of any sort, Mr. Spedon singled her out from about sixty other girls and gave her a chance to tell him what she thought she could do.

Four years ago Norma Talmadge was attending a high school in Brooklyn, now she is being featured by the biggest film company in the world.

"In my eagerness to make an impression on him," Miss Talmadge said, "I leaned way over the railing that separated Mr. Spedon from me (once, I nearly lost my balance) and I talked for half an hour straight, but I can't remember now what I said except that he gave me a job."

This was four years ago, and Miss Talmadge was born in 1895, so you can figure out for yourself just how old, or perhaps one might better say just how young she was when she got her first "job." She was just a school girl attending a high school in Brooklyn, and spending part of her time with half a dozen other girls of her age in a stuffy little motion picture theatre adoring "the girl with the eyes and the man with the dimples" (Florence Turner and Maurice Costello).

In "John Rance, Gentleman" her make-up was perfect and her acting was well nigh perfect, too.

"It all looked so easy," she confided to

A handsomer pair of lovers than Norma Talmadge and Antonio Moreno never appeared on the screen.

Her eyelashes are surely the longest you ever saw and her dimples the deepest you ever laid your eyes on.

me impulsively, "that I made up my mind that I could do it too, and I never gave my mother any peace until she let me apply at the Vitagraph studio to see whether they'd take me on. Of course, now I know that it isn't easy at all and perhaps my mother knew that too, and just let me try because she was so sure that nothing would come of it. But at any rate, I did try, and here I am."

And there she was, looking utterly adorable and utterly absurd. Her delicate skin was covered with a thick coat of paint; her long upcurled eyelashes were heavily beaded, and her lips were outlined with vermilion, and the sunlight that streamed through the glass sides and roof of the great studio mercilessly revealed all of the "make-up," but it could discover not a wrinkle on the smooth forehead, not a mark about the eyes, not a blemish on the smooth skin. In spite of the "make-up" Norma Talmadge was the prettiest thing you ever saw. She wore a dancing frock with a bodice of apple-green velvet cut very low and sleeveless and held in place by crystal bands over the shoulders. The skirt was of pink satin, rather short, and "slit," revealing high arched feet clad in street shoes of grey suede and grey silk stockings. Bear in mind that this was the costume of the leading lady for the Vitagraph play and that in the finished picture it would look quite perfect, and you will see how little illusion there is when a picture is being taken.

I had entered the studio during the rehearsal of a drawing-room scene. A group of about seventy-five people were gathered in the drawing-room listening to a musical. French windows open at the back, gave one a glimpse of a conservatory and of handsome Antonio Moreno making love to Norma Talmadge. It looked very pretty, but as I skirted the side of

More and more Miss Talmadge is playing parts in which she has a chance to demonstrate her genuine talent for emotional acting.

the set and came out at the back, I discovered that the marble bench on which the lovers were seated was of painted wood; that the French windows were bare frames without any glass in them, and that there was no conservatory there at all, merely a group of dusty palms.

Miss Talmadge came toward me holding out her hands in the friendliest fashion, but I discovered from the fact that she bit her lip and twisted her fingers that she was just as shy as though she were still a school girl.

"Since we have so short a time before you go back into the scene," I began, "the only thing for you to do is to talk every minute."

"What about?" she asked.

"Oh, tell about how you live outside of the studio," I suggested.

"Well, there isn't very much to tell. My mother and my sisters and I have an apartment not very far away from the studio. We don't really keep house, but we have our breakfasts there. Then I usually have luncheon here at the studio with my fifteen-year-old sister, Constance, and then in the evening, we all go down to Mrs. Zimmer's for dinner. 'We' means most of the people here in the company. We call Mrs. Zimmer's 'The Club' and if we are not going to the theatre or going to dance or anything like that, we stick around there all evening. In the summer time when work is over, we usually all go down to Rockaway and go in swimming. I can swim five feet now without calling for help. And then, we all go riding a lot. Everyone in the company has his own horse to be used in the pictures and they let us ride them outside of hours. You can see how nice that is. We can go galloping across country any time we feel like it—most of us adore it."

The director signaled and Miss Talmadge held out her hand.

"You see, I have got to go back now. If you can stay until the scene is finished, I'll be glad to talk to you some more. I'm afraid that I've not been very interesting."

I should like to have stayed—but the studio was intolerably hot and dusty and the rehearsal of the scene with its crowd of extras seemed to me unutterably tedious, so I pocketed my note-book and prepared to leave. As I skirted the crowd of spectators and stage-hands and property men and directors at the front end of the studio (at least I suppose that is what the group was made up of) Miss Talmadge caught sight of me. Evidently it was not a crucial moment in the scene, for since she could barely see me over the heads of the people between us, she jumped up on the garden bench and waved her hand to me and smiled.

What a slender, vivid figure she made against the background of dusty palms—and how utterly absurd and yet how utterly adorable!

HONORING "LITTLE MARY"

ONE of the most striking demonstrations ever shown a popular favorite was the gift sent to Mary Pickford recently from Sidney, Australia, an immense silver loving-cup and a big album of autographs from her Australian admirers. Miss Pickford was rehearsing a scene from "Cinderella," when the representative of "Little Mary's" admiring public of Australia arrived at the Famous Players studio. Daniel Frohman, who was directing, stepped upon the stage and stopped the scene while he ushered in the bearers of the loving cup. The speech of presentation brought smiles and tears, but when it was over, Mary turned, her face alight with happiness, and said:

"Through you, I thank Australia for making me the happiest girl in America."

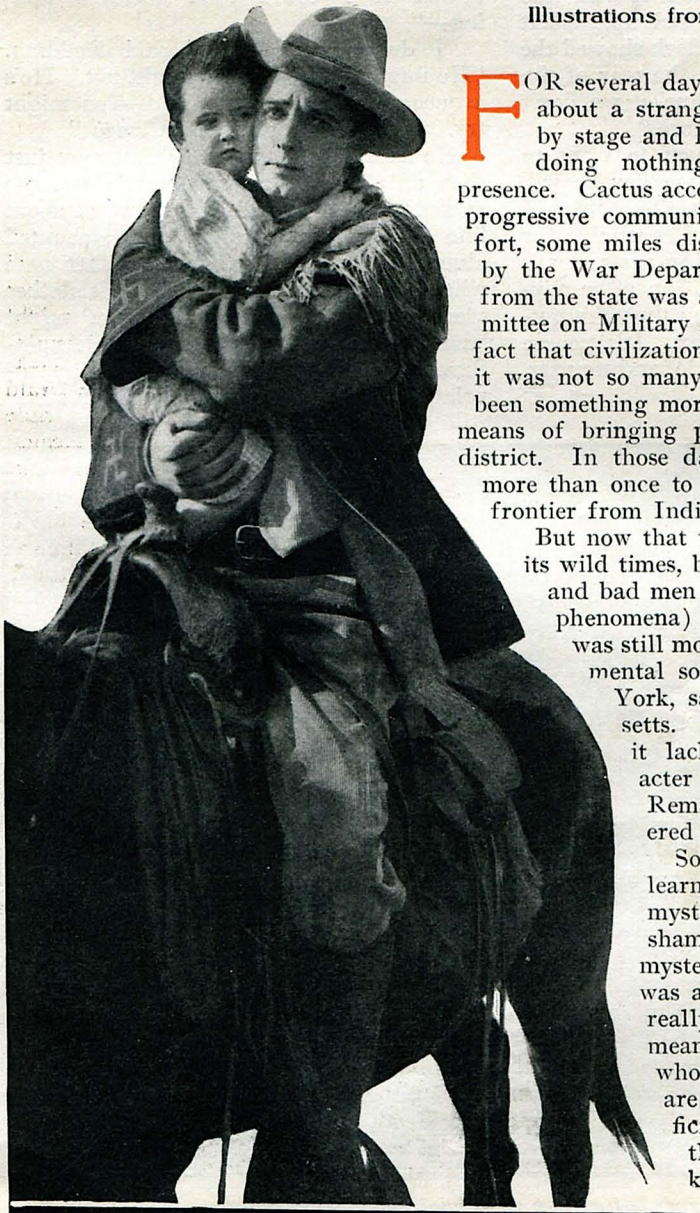
A motion picture was taken of the presentation of the loving cup and album and this will be sent to Sidney so that the donors can see just how "Little Mary" looked when she received them.

On Desert Sands

A FAMOUS NOVELIST ASKED AN OLD PIONEER TO TELL HIM A STORY—AND THIS IS THE STORY THE MAN TOLD.

By Bruce Westfall

Illustrations from the Big U Film.



FOR several days Cactus had been puzzled about a stranger who had reached town by stage and had, since his arrival, been doing nothing in explanation of his presence. Cactus accounted itself a civilized and progressive community. In effect, it was. A fort, some miles distant, and still maintained by the War Department because the Senator from the state was also Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, bore witness to the fact that civilization had advanced in Cactus; it was not so many years since that fort had been something more than an ornament and a means of bringing public expenditures to the district. In those days troops had sallied out more than once to protect what was then the frontier from Indian raids.

But now that was past. Cactus still had its wild times, but it was drunken cowboys and bad men (these last very occasional phenomena) who supplied them. There was still more life of the primitive, elemental sort in Cactus than in New York, say, or Dedham, Massachusetts. But it was sporadic, and it lacked the picturesque character of the West of Frederick Remington and the paper covered chronicles of Buffalo Bill.

So Cactus, when it finally learned the truth concerning the mysterious visitor was a little shamed. No need to make a mystery of it here; this visitor was a distinguished novelist. A really distinguished one, I mean; not one of the sort of whom tales of wild adventure are written. It will be a sufficient tribute to him to say that he was almost as well known in Cactus as in Boston, and in both places re-

spected because he was a real writer. Cactus felt that he must have come in search of literary material, and delegations of the leading citizens began to apologize for their town, seeking the novelist out for the purpose.

"You see," said Bill Redding, who kept the store, "things ain't the way they used to was. Now, if you'd come along before they cleaned up Crazy Cow's outfit, we could hev shown you sumthin'. That was a real honest to Gawd fight, that was—the wust since Custer got chewed up. That was the time when Cameo Clark showed the sojers how to get aroun' in the rear of the Injuns. But, nowadays shucks, we don't have no times like that no more."

"It's awfully good of you to want to arrange an Indian war for me, you know," said the novelist, with a smile. "But I wouldn't have you take all that trouble for the world. It's not what I'm after at all. In fact, I don't know that I'm after anything. But I can assure you that I'm getting more than I hoped for. It's people I study, my friend, not battle, and murder, and sudden death."

Bill Redding chewed that over for a moment.

"Jest the same," he said, "I reckon you can learn a sight about folks from the way they act when battle and murder and sudden death come along, unexpected like—which is the way they used to come, regular, around these parts."

"That's as true as it can be," said the novelist. "Now, if something would happen to stir up this Cameo Clark you tell me of—or if I could even get him talking—"

"I dunno about that," said Redding. "He might start—and he might not. He's a queer sort, is Cameo. Still—you might try. Here he is, now. Oh, Cameo!"

He addressed a tall man, riding by just then on a horse that was well above the average of the range. This man had about him a certain distinction that amounted almost to foppishness, yet lost that note when his face was considered. His clothes were unconventional; a Mexican might have worn such things, but very few Anglo-Saxons. Yet on Clark they seemed appropriate. Perhaps it was a touch of silver

So K Troop rode out and we went hunting for those Indians.

"She was the trustingest little mite—snuggled right into my arms first thing."

in his hair; perhaps the extraordinary delicacy and fineness of his features. Whatever the reason, he was a fine figure of a man, as he rode; it was easy to see whence came his name of Cameo.

He stopped and dismounted, coming up courteously, courteously acknowledging Redding's introduction. His face lighted up when he learned the stranger's name.

"I've read your books, suh," he said, with the faintest of Southern drawls in his voice. "But I never expected to have the pleasure of meeting you."

"Tell him about this country, Cameo," urged Redding. "Gosh—you know more about it than it does itself! Nineteen, wasn't you, when you began scouting for the government? See if you can't sort o' make those old times trot out—an' maybe we'll get into a book yet."

Both Cameo and the novelist laughed at Redding's departing back. But then the novelist grew more serious.

"I wish you would, you know," he said. "Not for a book—but just for me. You say you've read my books. I've told you stories, then. Tell me one!"

"But those I know aren't finished," protested Cameo, a litttle dubiously. "I only know so much—"

"Ah!" said the novelist. "You see that, do you? We have to finish our stories, we people who write. Nature so seldom does! That's what makes story telling an art, I suppose. Give me one that's unfinished. And perhaps I'll try to finish it for you."

"If that's a bargain!" said Cameo, suddenly alert. "Is it, suh?"

"If you like," agreed the novelist. "Now I'm interested!"

"Well—I have seen queer things," Cameo began. "Puzzling things. I've wondered why folks do some things they do. But I'll tell you about the most puzzling thing of all I ever was mixed in—just because I've tried to work it out so many times—to finish the story, if you like to put it that way. I'd like to see how it strikes you."

"I'll light my pipe," said the novelist.

"This thing began when I was first scouting for the government," said Cameo, then. "In those days, as you know, suh, I take it, men like me, who knew these plains

"He beat her—for which I've beaten him."

pretty well, and something of the ways of the Indians, were attached to all the posts. This was mine. And one day we got an alarm about raiding Indians, over toward the mountains there."

He pointed with his hand toward a distant range.

"That was fine country for them, you see. Good water, lots of shelter; it suited them first rate. So Troop K rode out, and I with it. And we went hunting for those Indians. But they'd fooled us. Either they got around behind us, or they'd never been where we went looking for them at all. They raised a lot of hell right about here, where Custer is now; massacred up some families, burned a goodish few ranch houses, and all that. And they wound up by giving the troop a nasty fight. A lot of the boys were hurt, and I rode through to the fort to get them to send up reenforcements in the way of hospital supplies and ambulances, the fighting being pretty well over.

"I got through easily enough, and, when it was done, I rode back toward my own place to see what was left of it. And, on the way, along the trail, I raised a little disturbance. That's the proper start of this unfinished story of mine. The first thing I saw was a smoke where there shouldn't have been one. That made me cautious, and I spotted it, before long, as a wagon, burning up. There were only two of them, a couple of stray bucks we hadn't rounded up. I knew I was too late to help the people who belonged to that wagon, but I got the two Indians, by way of punishment. And what do you suppose I found, there by that wagon?"

The novelist only smiled. He had asked just such rhetorical questions himself too often to be trapped into an attempt to answer.

"A little girl child!" said Cameo. "Yes, sir—a girl not more than five years old! And she was the trustingest little mite—snuggled right up into my arms. Scared? Yes, some. That was natural, of course. But it wasn't enough to hurt her any. I picked her up; and off we rode, with her in my arms, and we hadn't gone a mile before she'd forgotten all about that wagon, and the dead people, and couldn't think of anything but where we were going!

"Well, I suppose folks would say that was strange enough. But it wasn't so awful strange—for those days. Lots of things like that happened, in those times, before the railroads were running Pullmans across the continent. What was strange was this. I made camp that night with that kid. And in the morning, while I was getting breakfast, she sort of wandered around, picking wild flowers. And, sir, she plumb disappeared! Vanished—just as if she'd melted into air! I searched for her all that day. And for days afterward I searched. Days? I searched for years! I'll get the fit on me even now, fifteen years after it happened, and go for another look. Because, if she died, some way, or was killed, there should have been some trace."

"And that's the end of your story?" asked the novelist.

"That's the end," said Cameo. "Now that's what I call a really queer thing. Perhaps you won't see how queer it really was, suh. Perhaps you won't understand what a strange awesome thing it was to have even as little a body as that vanish in a country like that. It wouldn't have seemed queer in a city, full of streets and houses. But out here!"

"What do the others here say about it?"

"They haven't had a chance to say any-

thing, suh. Because I never told them about it. That'll show you how queer it was. These folk know me. But they'd never have believed that yarn, suh!"

"Your story's more than unfinished, my friend," said the novelist. "It isn't even begun!"

"I won't hold you to that promise about finishing the story," said Cameo, with a smile. "You haven't got the data you need, suh. But it was queer."

The novelist admitted it, and, after a little more talk, Cameo rose and went about his business. But the novelist was to see him again—and that night. It was in Horgan's place—splendidly named the Cactus Waldorf-Palace, where one could get drinks of all sorts, and, if one hankered for it, action for one's money in all the recognized games of chance from poker and seven up to faro and roulette.

Cameo was playing, very idly, at a faro layout, risking little, and not really gambling, but playing for amusement. The novelist, his eyes half closed, sat against the wall, watching the gamblers with an absorbed and tremendous interest. Here he was seeing what he had come to Cactus to seek—human nature in the raw. There were men of all sorts in that room. Cowboys, sheepman, flea bitten, hard-faced veterans of plains and mines, Mexicans, one or two white faced, soft-handed men who might have stepped from the pages of Bret Harte or from the green room of a Belasco melodrama. There were good losers, bad losers; men who hid any emotion they felt behind a mask of imperturbability.

And one man the novelist had selected as unique, even in that company. This was a big blond beast—no other words describe him. Unmistakably of a Scandinavian type, he was a degenerate of a great breed, brutal, besotted. Cameo, coming over to greet the novelist, desisted from his idle play.

"Who is that man?" asked the novelist, nodding toward the Scandinavian, playing poker, ineptly, with three Mexicans and one of the white faced professional gamblers.

"I don't know," said Cameo. "Stranger here. Comes from the mountains—a prospector, I suppose. He's been around—he's

For a moment, when the cheating was discovered, there was a furious fight.

pretty drunk now. Says he hasn't seen a town before in ten years. Did you see a wagon outside, with a girl in it, half asleep?"

"Yes."

"His daughter! Pleasant for her, isn't it?"

"His daughter? Incredible!" said the novelist. "I never saw such a brute! He's impossible! There never really was a man so besotted, so utterly like a beast—"

"He's pretty bad," said Cameo. Then, suddenly, he straightened up. Eyes from all around the room were turning toward the table where the big man was playing. Some sort of altercation had arisen there. And in a moment all the room knew what it was. The Scandinavian—some one said he had called himself Olaf—had lost all his money. He wanted to keep on playing, on credit, on borrowed money—anyway. The others refused. Suddenly he dragged the nearest Mexican to the door.

"You see that girl?" he said. "I bane play you for her!"

While the novelist, seeing raw life at last, gaped his wonder, the monstrous thing was arranged. Grinning, the Mexican agreed. The cards were dealt by a third party—it was to be a single hand. Stakes were arranged—a hundred dollars against the girl!

"But—a thing like that's not possible! You can't mean to allow it!" cried the novelist.

"Hold on—no one can interfere yet," said Cameo. "Wait!"

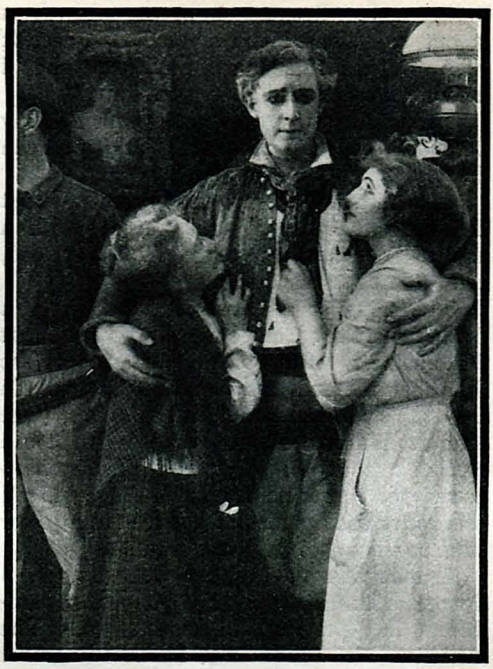
The hand was dealt. And Olaf lost. The Mexican leered.

"I'll go get my girl!" he said, showing his teeth.

Then Cameo Clark was between him and the door.

"Just a minute, Pedro," he said. "I'll play you—five hundred dollars against the girl. Agreed?"

The Mexican hesitated. He stole a quick glance—the novelist, rapidly learning this strange life, wondered if Cameo saw it—at the white-faced gambler with the smooth, prehensile fingers. Then he agreed. Once more the cards were dealt. They were shown down; Cameo's, seemingly by deliberate intention, first. He held a pair of kings. And then, with the swiftness of light, his hand shot out, and he forced the Mexican's cards down on the table—two tens, an ace, two smaller cards—and, falling from his sleeve a second ace!



And so the story had a happy ending.

For a moment there was a furious fight. But the cheating had been plain; the town of Cactus could back Cameo without the abhorred interference in a personal quarrel. The girl was his. And before he took her he spoke to the novelist.

"Seems to be my destiny to rescue girl children, don't it?" he said, dryly. "Wonder if this one will vanish, too? But it's different."

"What are you going to do with her?" asked the novelist.

"Take her to my mother," said Cameo, simply. "She's an old, old lady—but she's the one for this case."

And take her he did. The novelist thought he had seen the last of Cameo Clark. But he had not. A sudden illness laid him low; when he was well enough to move, Cameo was waiting.

"I've got a wagon that'll be easy for you, suh," he said. "And a place where you'll get back your strength. And—something else!"

"What?" asked the novelist. "I'm coming—but what else is it?"

"A chance to finish that story!" pro-

claimed Cameo. He would say no more until they started. Then he explained.

"That girl—that girl of Olaf's!" he cried out. "It was the child I saved from those Indians! Do you know what she did? She wandered away—and ran across Olaf's wagon. He was drunk; he didn't see her. She crept in, and he drove her off into the mountains. He kept her; I suppose he didn't know what else to do. She says he beat her—for which I've beaten him! And now—well, now the story's being finished."

And at Cameo's home the novelist learned how it was being finished. For he had not been there three days before he saw what had happened. The girl was a beauty, nothing less; she had blossomed out in a place where love and kindness were her portion, instead of the brutality of so many weary years. Cameo was in love with her; in a very agony of love. And he was ready to renounce all claim to her, for there was another, a young Manning.

"You see the end of the story now, suh, don't you?" asked Cameo, after a few days. "I'm an old fool. But I can stand aside. She'll marry Manning."

"Perhaps she will," said the novelist. "If—she makes up her mind that you don't want her! Man—you're not old—though you are a fool! Take her—that's the end of the story!"

"You—don't mean that," said Cameo, slowly, distinctly. "You're trying to cheer me up, suh—"

"Ask her—give her a chance," urged the novelist.

And that was what Cameo did. He took the word of the man whose business it was to read hearts and knew how stories should end.

And so the story had a happy ending!

EVER HEAR OF THE CAST DIRECTOR'S JOB?

WHO is there outside a motion picture studio who has heard of the "cast director?" And yet, all the largest motion picture companies employ a man in such a capacity, a man who is a specialist in selecting suitable people to fill the endless roles in a big company's output of picture plays. He has to be a great student of human nature; he has to interview from ten to a hundred people a day; he has to decide whether or not there is a chance for them in a picture and then he has to tell them about it. He is an absolute autocrat. If he says he'll use an extra man, he gets the job. If not, there is no chance whatever for him.

Of course, it is not all a matter of selecting new people. A cast director comes to know a thousand actors and to know just what part each of them may be called on to play successfully.

It's up to him to cast, except for the leads, every picture produced by his company. He must know who would be best as the winsome ingenue, who as the weak sister, the strong brother, the erring husband, the foolish wife, who is the best looking society girl; he must know whose face will bring the tears, the heart-throbs, the thrill; he must know what man can make up to look more like a genuine gunman than "Gyp the Blood" ever did. When he does good work, there is seldom an appreciative word; when he makes a mistake, well—he "gets everything in the deck from the ace to the ten-spot." But it is seldom known outside the studio what an important part he plays in the making of a picture. His hand is seen on the screen but never recognized.

Truly, his would seem to be a hard life. And yet he knows what he accomplishes, and he likes it.

The Original "Prince of Pilsen"

ARTHUR DONALDSON, WHO CREATED THE ROLE, MAKES HIS BOW

By Jane Bryce

In the season of 1903-4, Arthur Donaldson created the role in "The Prince of Pilsen," and played that role for four consecutive seasons

As he appeared in his own play "The Power of Music," which ran for three years in Sweden

EVERYONE has pleasant recollections of "The Prince of Pilsen" and the merry folk who made it a delight, and everyone would probably be interested to learn something of the creator of the title role, the man who sang it 1,345 nights in succession.

His name is Arthur Donaldson and when, in his attractive home, surrounded everywhere by an air of quiet domesticity, he grew confidential, you may be sure that I grew interested. Briefly, his story went thus:

Born in Sweden, he developed, as a very small boy, unusual talent for mimicry, and when only seven years of age, he made his first appearance in a play called "Uncle Brown's Leather Couch," produced at the Stora Theatre, in Norr Koping, Sweden. His first American appearance was made with a Swedish company in 1890. Finally his magnificent baritone voice attracted the attention of certain managers, with the result that he was engaged by the Duff Opera Company, and subsequently, with the famous Emma Thursby, in concert tours under the management of Maj. J. B. Pound. In 1893, he

organized a Swedish Stock Company, in Brooklyn, N. Y., to play at the old Athenaem, and the following season he brought this company to Chicago. In 1896-97, Mr. Donaldson was engaged to sing the title role in "Rob Roy."

"And that was a very lucky engagement for me," he said, his eyes lighting as he looked across the room to where stood his wife. She is a lovely woman, this Mrs. Arthur Donaldson, formerly Florence Walcott, a famous prima donna with the Aborn Grand Opera Company, and with the Metropolitan.

"It was during this engagement that I met my wife, then Miss Florence Walcott, who was singing the role of 'Maid Marian.' Afterwards," (and here the "I" died, "we" began) "we were engaged by the Tivoli Opera Company, in San Francisco, where we had a very successful season. In the season of 1903-04, I created the title role in 'The Prince of Pilsen,' and played that role for four consecutive seasons, giving 1,345 performances in London and America."

Now for his picture work.

"First, in 1911, with the Kalem Company, I worked under the direction of Mr. Sidney Olcott. After leaving the Kalem Company, I went back to my native country, where I produced my own photoplays for the Swedish Biograph Company. On my return to America, I played for Pathe and Kalem, my last appearance with Kalem being as Marquis de Montcalm, in 'The Conquest of Quebec,' produced by Mr. Kenean Buel. Since then, I have played with the Olcott Feature Players, under the direction of Sidney Olcott, and am now to work in a fifteen-reel serial for Mutual, to follow 'Our Mutual Girl.'"

SEEN AND HEARD

At the Movies

This is the title of a page that begins in the March issue of Photoplay Magazine.

Where millions of people—men, women, and children, gather daily, many amusing and interesting things are bound to happen.

We want our readers to contribute to this page. A prize of $5.00 will be given for the best story each month, and one dollar for every one printed.

The stories must not be longer than 100 words and must be written on only one side of the paper. Be sure to put your name and address on your contribution.

Think of the funniest thing you have ever heard at the movies and send it in. You may win the five dollar prize.

Score of Prizes for Readers Every Month

$1,000 REWARD!

to anyone who can look at this picture of

Roscoe Arbuckle

(the heavyweight comedian of the Keystone Company) and retain his grouch

The Scorpion's Sting

By Richard Dale

Illustrations from the Kalem Film.

This is an unfinished story. Not since Frank R. Stockton wrote "The Lady or the Tiger?" has so absorbing a problem been presented as the one raised in this photoplay by C. Doty Hobart. How do you think this story ends? The National Board of Censorship wants to know. So do we. The best endings (not more than 150 words in length) will be published over the writer's name. Send your solutions in to "Unfinished Story Editor, Photoplay Magazine."

HORACE MARSTON was a just man. He could justify every action of his life. To his dead wife he had meted out a justice that, in the end, had killed her. Yet had anyone told him this he would have looked at them in a scornful amazement. To him it meant nothing, less than nothing, that she had never, from the day of their marriage, been able to call her soul her own. To him the word "obey," in the marriage service, was not an empty, meaningless form. He exacted obedience from his wife; he exacted it, too, from his daughter. He clothed this girl, and fed her; at his discretion she enjoyed luxuries. What more could she demand?

The principle of an exact and even justice, as he saw it, ruled Horace Marston's life. He neither asked for nor granted favors of any sort. He was prepared to make an exact and balanced return for everything he got; he exacted a similar return for everything he gave. The principle of Shylock was his; what was in the letter of the bond he would perform. He demanded his pound of flesh; he might have used Shylock's words to the court in extenuation, had he ever read them. Had Lyda Marston, his daughter, been a Portia, she might have conquered him. But she was not. Portia, it may be remembered, was a new woman; a pre-Pankhurstian feminist. Like many of Shakespeare's characters, she was a lady well ahead of her time. But—she was the product, as Shakespeare very well understood that she must be, of peculiar circumstances. By virtue of her wealth, inherited, it may be presumed, from a careless father, who had not thought of imposing upon her the restrictions that, in those days, it was supposed to be desirable to impose upon a woman of means, she was independent. Lyda was not.

Lyda was not even a feminist. Perhaps she would have been one. The surge of that movement, that is making women who don't know the meaning of the word, independent, in a great measure, and ending the age long tyranny of men—men, who, in nine cases out of ten, didn't mean to be tyrants, didn't know they were tyrants, and, when they were tyrants, were so just because it was the conventional thing for them to be, had touched her, of course. But Horace Marston was an effective bar to her self-expression. She never had money enough. She was lucky if she had carfare. But she had her charge accounts, of course, in all the stores; subject to the auditing of the monthly bills, she could buy what she liked.

This story really begins with the flaming of a fierce quarrel between Horace Marston and his daughter. Lyda had asked him for her mother's engagement ring—and he had refused to give it to her.

"I do not approve of the wearing of elaborate jewelry by a young girl," he said. "You have all you need."

"But what are you going to do with it?" she asked. "What good is it locked up in your safe?"

"I have thought of that," he said, with a frown. "It is no good. It represents a tying up of just so much capital. I think I shall dispose of these jewels. Later, when you are older, I shall provide appropriate jewels for you, of course."

The stark brutality of that didn't penetrate his mind at all. Her frantic plea that he should at least keep these things

He threw off the thing that oppressed him, and for a time they were busy just in being happy.

for her left him unmoved; an appeal to sentiment, which he did not possess, always did. He was cold about it; dispassionate. He could justify his decision to himself. That was all that was necessary. He crushed her final attempt to argue.

"Go to bed," he said. What could she do but go?

He had business matters to decide before he followed her. He stayed in his library; left it, for a few minutes, to return, not having locked his safe. And when he returned he saw at once that a man was at the safe; a man who was working busily at the inner compartment. And Marston knew the man. The lighting up of his eyes showed that. His revolver was out in a moment.

"Good evening," he said, icily.

"Well—what are you going to do?" asked the man. "Damn you—you've driven me to this! If I could prove—"

"You're mistaken," said Marston, easily. "No one could make you a thief except yourself. You entered into a contract with me; you could not keep it, and I exacted the penalty. Now you are trying to recover that by extra legal means. That's the idea, is it not?"

He was still fingering his revolver, and smiling coldly. The man by the safe did not reply.

"I will tell you what I am going to do," said Marston. "You would tell the story of our relations if you were arrested, I suppose? You would win some sympathy from a sentimental public—and I should be attacked, as usual. A jury might even acquit you. Well—I do not care for that prospect. So—I find you, a burglar, a beast of prey. I shoot you—so—"

On the word, he fired. But the man by the safe jumped; the bullet went wide of its mark. He fired, too; his bullet shattered the lights in the centre of the room. Marston fired again; the thief gave a sharp cry, and his revolver spoke. Marston crumpled up, and lay still; in a moment he was alone in the room.

It was there that Lyda found him. She had heard the shots; she went straight to the room. The butler had heard the shots, too; he followed his own instinct, which was to get a policeman. And so it was that the butler, coming, with Officer Donovan, of the police department, found Lyda bending over her father's body.

They arrested Lyda! Donovan thought she was too cold, too little shocked by the tragedy. He didn't see grief in her eyes, in her bearing. And so she was brought to trial.

There was no case against her, of course. It collapsed in a score of places. There had been four shots; the revolver they had found beside her had only been fired twice. There were obvious traces of burglary. It couldn't seriously be argued that Lyda had stolen the things that were missing; jewels, chiefly, since the money had not been reached. And, too, there was a good deal of doubt as to whether there had really been a murder. Horace Marston, certainly, had not been shot to death. He had been wounded, but the wound was a comparatively trifling matter. His heart had killed him; a heart that was diseased and unable to endure such a shock.

There could be only one outcome to such a trial. Lyda appealed to the jury; her acquittal was certain from the start. And with her acquittal her new life, and her real life, began.

Lyda felt more grief for her father, probably, than he deserved. Death wipes out the memory of many things; the natural tug at her affections, and the vastly more important fact that she did not realize at all how badly he had treated her, were also factors. And yet it was not the same poignant sort of grief she had felt after her mother's death. It couldn't be. She got away, as soon after her trial as she could, from her house.

Horace Marston was like Portia's father. He hadn't made a will. And so all the money and the property went to Lyda, without restrictions of any sort. He would have made a very pretty will had he not been one of those men who think that death is something that is never going to touch them. He would have tied up that money of his, so that his sense of justice would have gone on being a malevolent, ignoble force long after he himself was in his grave. But he didn't—and so Lyda could go and bury herself in the country.

She bought a little house, and she went there, all alone, and lived. Really lived. She read all the books her father had never allowed her to buy. And she straightened out a number of things, not at all according to the principles of abstract justice that her father had sworn by.

She let emotion rule her, instead of reason. She probably made a lot of mistakes. No doubt she made a lot of entirely undeserving people ridiculously happy; people who hadn't the wit or the strength to win happiness from life for themselves, and were, therefore, according to her father's code, not fit for happiness. She did all the things, as a matter of fact, best calculated to make Horace Marston turn in his grave. But if he did that, he turned alone and unseen; his turning didn't stop any of Lyda's absurd and unscientific benefactions.

And then she met Leister Mann. He was a fisherman. He lived near her little house and he used to fish all the time. That was what made her curious, at first. She didn't see how a man could fish so eternally without getting tired. He was at it every day and all day long. He used to go out on the lake, and she would see him, typifying patience, waiting for bites. It piqued her.

He saw her, presumably, but he didn't pay any attention to her. And that wasn't normal. She knew it. She wasn't bad looking; she was the only young female in the neighborhood. Also—he was the only young male; the only one, that is, who could win from her the sort of look a woman gives a man capable of arousing the life force that is the beginning of love.

Not that she fell in love with him at sight, of course. It was nothing so crude. But this girl was pretty normal. The big instincts that work in men and women alike had free play in her. And the biggest of these instincts is the one that compels men and women to think of love, since, if they didn't think of it, the world would presently cease to afford occupation for the men who take the census! So she took notice of Leister Mann and she wondered why he didn't take notice of her.

It was a short step from that state of mind to a determination to find out what it was in his fishing that so absorbed him. She got out a boat of her own, and sent to town for fishing tackle, and a book on how one catches fish, and then she set out and tried to fish. And she made horrible mis-

His revolver spoke. Marston crumpled up and lay still.

"Come," he said. He gave her his hand, standing in the boat, to help her from the dock.

takes, and he had to row over and show her about them, and so, of course, they came to know one another. And, after that, Leister Mann did take notice of her, and before long was making up for lost time in that respect.

In that wilderness which she had chosen for her country home they were attracted to one another, naturally, like magnet and steel. They fished together, and they talked, and walked, and rode together. She wondered why there was a peculiar, haunting look in his eyes, and why he relapsed into unaccountable silences in which he was a thousand miles away from her.

He didn't propose to her precisely. Certainly she had a feeling that he hadn't meant to do it. They just came together, one day—and, without conscious intention, almost without words, they were clinging to one another, determined that they would always cling; that nothing should separate them.

"I'm a beast," he said. This was later; for a time speech had seemed unnecessary as well as impossible. "But I do love you, my dear. I love you well enough to go quite away, and stay."

"There's something mysterious," she said. "I know it. But need you tell me? Can't we just let it all go—take everything for granted?"

"I wish we could," he said. He was vastly troubled. "But—no, I don't suppose we can."

He broke out fiercely.

"I've got an awful thing in my life," he said. "A thing that haunts me, and frightens me, and that is going to come up and make me go through hell before it's done with me. And yet—I can look into your eyes, even now—to-day—this day of days!—and tell you that I haven't done anything that's really wrong! I can tell you that I was driven to do what I did, and that I'm really not guilty, even though most people would say I was!"

She covered his hand with her own.

"Isn't that enough?" she asked him. "Have you got to tell me any more?"

"I don't know," he said. "I must think it out. I must see what is right."

Then, for a time, they were happy. He threw off the thing that oppressed him, and for a time they were busy just in being happy. They were together every day; she abandoned herself utterly to the joy of being loved, of being the first thing in a man's life. She had never had that sort of happiness before, and it was wholly new to her and very, very sweet. The shadows of the past seemed to fall away. She tried to forget everything that had preceded this time. But still, ever and again, she saw the look in his eyes that took him so far from her, and warned her that his problem was still unsolved.

And then, all at once, the whole thing came out. Chance managed that; chance is the stage manager of most of the tragedies of the world, it seems.

She was waiting for Leister one day. And he didn't come when she expected him. She went to look for him. And she heard him talking to another man; a man whose voice was hoarse, with the sort of hoarseness one associates instinctively with vice and low things generally. And what they were saying was a revelation; a revelation so horrible that it stunned her. She heard enough to know the truth; to know that this man to whom she had given her love was the one her father had encountered in his library, the man in whose place she had stood at her trial.

The complexity of emotion that the revelation was to cause came later. In the beginning her one feeling was of rage. He had tricked her; he had won her love by a fraud, a fraud so wicked, so inexcusable that it staggered her. Her first instinct was to give him up; to betray him to the law, the justice, that awaited him.

But the visualization of what that would mean checked the impulse. If she did that it would all come out. People would know how he had tricked her, had held her in his arms. And then there came a new thought; the first she had in extenuation. He hadn't known — he couldn't have known!—that she was Horace Marston's daughter. Somehow that soothed her. It concentrated her thought on the old offense; it made it possible for her to absolve him from the newer one, the horrid thought that, knowing, he had been able to love her and make her love him in return.

She pleaded a headache when he came at last; she wasn't ready to see him yet. And in a sleepless, tossing night, she came to her decision. She had a courage of an extraordinary sort, this girl; a courage so high that she could face the fact that, in spite of everything, she still loved this man. And by morning, she knew what she would do. The law was helpless here. It was for her to administer justice, after the code of Moses—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life. She would kill, and she would die, too. It would be easy. A boat, out on the lake; his strength could not check her there. They would drown.

She was resolute when she met him. She told him she wanted him to take her for a row; he agreed. He was very sober.

"I'm going to tell you everything this morning," he said. "I'm glad you want to get out on the lake. It will be . . . easier. I'm going to tell you what I did, and why—and that, though I killed, I did it without the intention to kill, and, after all, in self-defense."

She felt herself choking. This was worse than she had feared it could be. It was his silence that had helped to steel her against him. But now—was he going to tell her everything? His eyes said that he was.

"Come," he said. He gave her his hand, standing in the boat, to help her from the dock.

Doubt had come back into her eyes as he rowed toward the middle of the lake. What—what, after all her agony of decision—was she to do?

WHO SAID FIVE DOLLARS A DAY?

HE WAS going through some of his old papers, was Romaine Fielding, when up popped a little red ticket bearing his name and stamped with the bold stamp of Sir Arthur Johnson, albeit of Lubin, and dated May 5th, 1913. It looked like—it *was,* the conventional slip issued to extra people by directors as evidence at the cashier's window that said extra had worked one day at so much per. Here was a jolt handed to the pride of ye actor—and the deuce of it was, Mr. Fielding could not remember ever having played second fiddle, let alone extra man, to Mr. Johnson. Then recollection began to slowly percolate. Ah yes, it all happened during a business trip to Philadelphia when his company was stationed in Nogales, Arizona. Mr. Johnson had made the dare—Mr. Fielding had accepted, had received his little red ticket and departed hence, foregoing the five beans rather than lose this monument of good-fellowship.

MAYME: (at the store the next morning.) "In the first reel he choked her twice and threw her down stairs to show his love for her!"

Clara: (listening to the description of the picture play.) "Ain't that grand? But there ain't no earnest love like that in real life, is there?"

Taking Tea with Alice Hollister

By Pearl Gaddis

A ROOM of dull-green walls, almost covered with photographs large and small, of celebrities known throughout the world, with here and there a fascinating bit of jade, a piece of Egyptian pottery, odds and ends from the four corners of the globe; over all, a soft shaded light—such is the living room of Alice Hollister, that arch villainess of the screen. And it was here I found her, in a charming, soft grey frock, eagerly ready to dispense hospitality to the stranger within her gates.

Now, the very first thing you must do, if you would learn to know her, is to forget the "reel" Alice Hollister. For, truly, they are very little alike. The Alice Hollister of the films, is cruel, designing, an adventuress to her finger-tips; the Alice Hollister of her own home is kind, clever and sweet, with a natural gaiety that causes one to rejoice with her over mere trivialities. The real Alice Hollister is slender, well-formed, and has lots of shining black

The real Alice Hollister is slender, well-formed and has lots of shining black hair. Her eyes are velvety brown and there is in them a tiny wistful look that is alluring and elusive, but none the less real.

hair, that, when allowed to do so, falls in riotous curls far below her waist. She has eyes that are very large and velvety brown. And there is in them a tiny, wistful look that is alluring and elusive, but none the less real. She has skin that is clear white, with the pallor that bespeaks health, rather than frailty; and there is a flush of pink in the cheeks that comes and goes charmingly with "My Lady's" moods. Oh, I warn you, she is captivating, and too long acquaintance with her is like to prove dangerous!

She has half a dozen hobbies which studio life in Florida makes possible of realization.

An old colored "Mammy," in a clean black frock, her spotless white apron, and turban finishing out the picture of the typical "befo' de Wah" slave-time negress, answered Alice's ring for tea, and a tiny, bright-yellow canary in a cage above the window, was singing as if he would burst his tiny throat, to a particularly unresponsive mate who huddled unsociably in her own corner, pretending that she was asleep.

Miss Hollister admits to being "ridiculously fond of her pet canaries and her absurd little dog."

"But she really isn't," said Alice, as she followed my interested glance. "She's just making believe. As a rule, I don't care for pets at all, but I am ridiculously fond of my canaries and my absurd little dog."

"Do you know what I'd like most of all to do?" she asked me, as she filled a silver tea-ball. "I'd like most of all to have one season on the regular stage, in some strong, emotional play like 'To-day,' which I saw a short time ago. I've never been on the stage, and now, I feel that some stage experience is absolutely necessary to help me round out my picture work. "I suppose, that's my hobby — acting. I don't think I shall ever be happy until I've had my fling at

stage work. Please don't misunderstand me," she interposed, hastily, putting an impulsive hand on mine, in her earnestness, "I'm very happy here in the studio. There can't be any people nicer than Kalem people, and I love my work devotedly. But there is just a wee little bit of me that yearns for a brief glimpse 'behind the scenes' of a real theatre. It's just that, having tried picture-work and found it good, I long to have a try at the stage."

We sipped our tea in silence for a few moments, and then she trilled a gay little laugh, as if in defiance of the earnestness with which she had advanced her theories of the stage.

"When I feel like that about the stage, I always seek a quiet corner and have a heart-to-heart talk with Alice Hollister," she said, merrily. "I always tell her that she has the advantage of a legitimate actress in many ways. First," and she enumerated them on her finger-tips, "Alice Hollister can go to the picture theatres, see herself as others see her, and thereby correct and improve her work. Second, I have my home here, and oh! how I love it! Third, my leisure time can be spent in a number of ways that must remain closed to the legitimate actress.

"Guess how I spend several hours a week, when I get through work too late to go down town, or anywhere else, before dinner? I go down to the end of the dock there, and with my little fishing rod, I catch the nicest little fish you ever ate, for dinner. And then, there are days when I am not needed at the studio at all. Then I may sew, go motoring, go sketching, to picture theatres—oh! there are a million of things Alice Hollister can do that no legitimate actress may hope to!"

And motoring, by the way, is another of Alice Hollister's hobbies. Once she expressed a desire to drive a car herself. Instantly, there were numerous offers of cars, as well as of car owners, who wished to help teach Miss Hollister the ins and outs of driving a motor. A teacher and car were selected, and for two days Alice was content to just sit beside the proud teacher, and, as she expressed it, "watch the wheels go round." However, "watchful waiting" palled upon the vivacious little leading-lady and, snatching an opportunity when the car's owner had gone into a shop, she decided to try her all-too recently acquired skill. Instead of gliding smoothly forward, as a well-mannered car should do, her machine gave a groan, a couple of back flops, and succeeded in holding up traffic for a spell, until the owner could make a dash to the rescue. Alice was highly indignant that the car should prove obdurate to her commands, and now, she allows someone else to drive, while she admires the scenery.

A group of callers entered, to interrupt us—"Helen Lindroth" and other well-known Kalem folk, so I regretfully took my departure. Miss Hollister accompanied me to the door of her charming little home, and her last words, as I left her standing at the top of the steps, were:

"But I really would like to try one season on the stage!"

SH-H-H—A GERMAN SPY

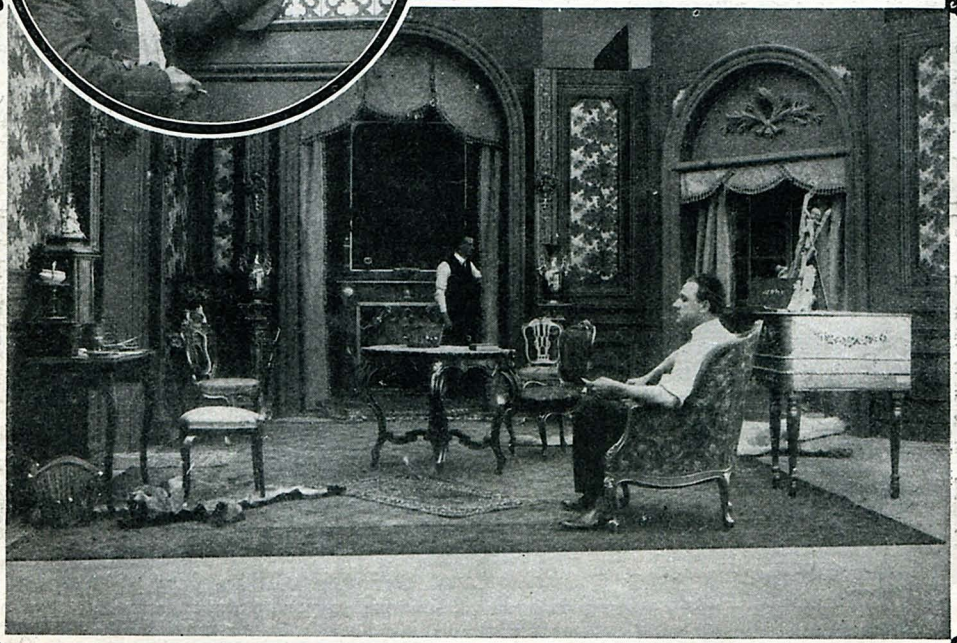
A FEW weeks ago, the manager of an English moving picture theatre had occasion to send his operator a telegram. It instructed the operator to substitute Lubin's "When the Earth Trembled," for an airship film. The wire was phrased as follows:

"Keep airship off arriving seven twenty when the earth trembled."

A few minutes after the telegram was received, the operator was placed under arrest as a German spy, and the manager was also detained until the telegram was explained.

Genuine Antiques for Colonial Photoplays

An unusually expensive setting which was rented at the rate of $500 per day. The piano in the lower picture is the only one of its kind in New York City. The scenes are from the feature film "Seats of the Mighty" produced by the Colonial Motion Picture C»rporation.



The Friendship of Lamond

YOU PROBABLY NEVER CAME ACROSS A MORE QUIXOTICALLY GENEROUS YOUNG KNIGHT THAN THE LAMOND OF THIS STORY, WHO SACRIFICES THE FRIENDSHIP OF A LIFETIME—BUT WITH WHAT A HAPPY RESULT

Written from the Scenario of Emmett Campbell Hall

By Helen Bagg

Illustrations from the Lubin Film

VICTOR LAMOND gazed at the blue Virginia sky overhead and then at the Blue Ridge mountains in the distance; then he lit another cigarette and resumed his tramp up and down the gravel path that wound in and out of the gardens of Elmhurst. He was thinking that his visit to his old chum, William Hardy, the master of Elmhurst, had turned out to be only another of those disappointments that a fellow is always encountering when he isn't working.

To do Lamond justice, it must be admitted that he was usually working. He was what the people who write fiction like to call "a soldier of fortune;" though quite as often it had been misfortune. Though still a year or two under forty, he had been a cowboy, a newspaper correspondent, a filibuster, a prospector and a breeder of fine horses. At the present moment he held in his pocket a letter from the Minister of War in Venezuela offering him a commission as Colonel in a war that the said Minister meant to bring off as soon as possible. Lamond had been debating for two or three days the advisability of turning down the offer and spending the following year on a ranch which he owned in Wyoming.

"I tell you, Elsie, there's nothing I wouldn't do for you—nothing."

The visit to Hardy had been a bit of recreation which he had promised himself ever since he had learned of his friend's marriage, some four years ago, to pretty Elsie Manners, one of Virginia's most popular beauties. It had seemed so ridiculous—good old William marrying a beauty! What in the world would he do with her, Lamond had asked himself, laughingly. Hardy was a business man through and through and, like many men of today in the South, realized the tremendous energy required of the Southerner who would overcome the inertia which surrounds him. He had made money, as the luxury of Elmhurst bore witness, and he was still making it, and Elsie—well, Lamond frankly admitted to himself that the root of his disappointment lay in the character of his friend's wife. There are women, he told himself, who manage to combine outer and inner beauty, and why William Hardy, of all men, hadn't drawn one of the best, was incomprehensible. Of course, she was young and probably in time—Lamond threw aside the cigarette and entered the house through the conservatory, which adjoined the library.

It is odd upon what small things big things continually hinge.

If Victor Lamond had heard anything else except the particular words he did hear, he would undoubtedly have turned and left the conservatory as quietly as he had entered it. As it was, he remained exactly where he was behind a palm, and listened shamelessly. It was Elsie's voice that he had heard and what she had said was:

"No, Harold, I can't! I tell you I haven't the courage!"

"You've courage enough; the trouble with you is that you don't want to be free. You'd rather live on here and grow old and stupid, neglected by a man who cares for nothing but making money, than be happy with some one who would devote his life to you."

Lamond had no trouble whatever in identifying the second voice. It belonged to young Harold Maxim, the good-looking New Yorker who was also a guest at Elmhurst, and who, quite patently to everyone but Hardy, had been making love to Elsie for some time. With a tightening of the lips, Lamond placed himself in a still better position for deliberate eavesdropping.

"No, oh, no!"

"Then why do you hang back when I offer you freedom? You're the sort of woman who ought to be loved by a real man—a man of action—not a half dead money grubber like Hardy. I tell you, Elsie, there's nothing I wouldn't do for you—nothing!"

"I know it, but I—oh, it's such a dreadful thing to do! It's so cruel! I may not love him, but to go away and leave him without a word—"

"It's the only way you'll ever have the courage to leave him. Listen, sweetheart, there's only one train a day out of this beastly place and that's at five in the afternoon—"

"Two." Elsie's voice was mechanical. "There's another at five in the morning."

"H'm! Well, we won't take that one. You get your things and slip out at four o'clock and meet me in the shrubbery, and we'll be having dinner together in Washington tonight. Say you will."

"I—I want to, Harold, oh, if I was only as brave as you are."

"If you want to, that settles it. I'll be brave for both of us." There was a silence of a moment and the eavesdropper, who could see as well as hear, observed that the "man of action" was adding example to precept, and embracing the hesitating lady. It was much to Lamond's relief that the luncheon gong sounded and the couple rose to leave the conservatory, for he doubted his ability to get away unheard and to be discovered just now would be the ruin of his plan. For, he told himself, Hardy's honor must be protected—aye, more than that, his faith in the woman who did not deserve it must be preserved.

"The little fool!" he said to himself, unsympathetically, as he heard Elsie's nervous laugh in the library. "She doesn't deserve to be helped, but she belongs to Bill and I'm not going to see Bill suffer if I can prevent it. 'Man of action,' indeed." And for the first time in days Lamond chuckled aloud.

Victor Lamond never ate luncheon. It was a habit easily acquired and awkward to be enslaved to. Instead, he strolled down to the stables, where he found Jasper, the old coachman, currying a handsome bay mare.

"Morning, Jasper, how's she behaving?" The old darky chuckled as he touched the silky coat of the thoroughbred gently.

"Lawdy, sah, she's de beatenest female ever was in dis stable, sah. She done kick down mos' all her stall las' night, an' ef Ah didn' have a gift fo' han'lin de sex, sah, Ah sho' does believe she'd have kick de shins offen me, an' dat's er fac', sah. Keep still, yo', Babe, yo' hyah me?"

"High spirited, eh? How's the gray?"

"Fust rate, sah. Yo' gwine sen' em out to de ranch, sah?"

"Yes. Had the saddles on them yet?"

"Yassir, me an' one ob de boys done rode 'em las' night, sah. Dat gray sho' has a rough ole trot, sah." Jasper chuckled. "When de foot of him come down hit come lak de foot of Providence—mighty hard."

"Mrs. Hardy ride much, Uncle?"

"Wal, sah, not much lately, sah. Not sence we been havin' company, sah, an' Misto Hardy always dat busy. Mis' Hardy, she ain't had 'Buster' outen de stable dese fo' weeks, sah."

"Saddle him at two o'clock, with the gray and 'Babe.' I think I'll start the family in good habits while I'm here," and Lamond went back to the house. On the way, however, his face lit up in a smile. "The foot of Providence!" he laughed. "Why not?"

Luncheon was over and Lamond found

"I tell you, I saw you do it. D'you think I'm blind that you can put a thing like that over on me?"

Elsie alone in the library. She was standing at the window and her face was drawn and nervous he thought.

"I've been down to the stables," he began. Elsie never took the trouble to make conversation particularly easy for him, he reflected. This time she looked up and said "Yes?" rather encouragingly but nothing further. Probably she was worried; she ought to be, anyhow. Five o'clock!

"I bought a couple of horses to send out to the ranch, and they arrived last night. I've been down taking a look at them."

"Yes?"

"I was rather looking forward to a few rides with you and Bill, but—"

"We haven't been riding lately. Will's always so busy and I—" she paused, awkwardly.

"Doesn't Maxim ride?"

"Oh yes, I suppose so, but—there are so many walks around here and—and there have been so many other things—"

"I wish you'd go out with me this afternoon. I want to try the horses and it's a wonderful day. Won't you?"

"I'd like to but—well, you see, I don't suppose Mr. Maxim has any riding things here, and I couldn't go away and leave him when Will's so inhospitably busy, could I?"

"I've got plenty of riding togs, if that's all the trouble. Here he comes now; I'll ask him."

"But—"

"Oh, Maxim, look here a minute. Mrs. Hardy wants you to come out with us to try a couple of horses and I've told her I have some extra riding togs in my trunk. What do you say?"

"This afternoon?" Maxim's face was blank.

"I—I told Mr. Lamond that you—that you might not care to," Elsie said, feebly.

"Nonsense, he's a good sport, of course he'll come. I want him to try out the gray—splendid horse—I'll probably sell him to you after you've had him for an hour. I'll see Jasper about it," and without waiting for an answer, Lamond started for the stable, leaving the young couple staring at one another in dismay.

"You can't go riding at two and catch a train at five," remarked Maxim, crossly. "Why didn't you say you had a headache?"

"He didn't give me a chance," Elsie looked as though tears would be a relief. "He simply came along and told me I had to go. He's—he's the most determined person!"

"If we miss the five o'clock train—"

"I told you there was another in the morning," crossly. "And I *have* got a headache and I don't know that I shall care if we do miss it."

"But, dearest, we musn't miss it. Remember your promise."

* * * * *

Two o'clock saw a party of three start off a' horseback, two of whom went most reluctantly. Lamond, mounted on "Babe," who danced and shied and gave every evidence of a lively disposition, saw Maxim approach the gray, with a feeling that would have been pity if he had not remembered so clearly the recent scene in the conservatory. Elsie, still inclined to be cross, glanced at her lover critically. She had never seen him on horseback before—and she was a Virginian. Her face grew red, and she turned her attention stubbornly in the direction of her horse's ears.

The party lasted some two hours and a half. The efforts of Elsie and Maxim to cut it short were frustrated by the stupidity of Lamond, who displayed positive genius in taking wrong roads and insisting on abiding by them. The anguish of Harold Maxim can only be fully understood by those who, in absolute ignorance of every law of horsemanship, have found themselves obliged to ride a trotting horse for two hours and a half, and to be pleasant and affable while so doing.

In vain would Elsie try to keep to a gentle canter; Lamond's mare was determined to trot, and what she did the gray did also. In spite of her anger with him, Elsie found herself watching Lamond, whose easy, western riding seemed to her the acme of horsemanship. And then to look at Harold, who, bobbing about, like corn in the popper, his face red, his knees bent, his breath coming and going in gasps! It hurt and Elsie had a horrible feeling that Lamond knew that it did.

Of course no one caught the five o'clock train. Lamond, who spent the time between their return from the ride and the dinner hour in the conservatory, which commanded a view of the shrubbery, ascertained that. He also overheard the end of a conversation between the lovers as he happened to be going upstairs, which explained Harold Maxim's disappearance on the early morning train the following day.

"I thought so," he told himself, grimly. "It was the heroic atmosphere that the rascal threw around himself that she was in love with—not himself. The foot of Providence worked uncommonly well."

* * * * * *

During the remainder of his visit, Lamond had many opportunities of observing this trait in his friend's wife. She had evidently acquitted him in her mind of any guilt toward Harold Maxim, whose departure left her much in his society. She had an almost pathetic admiration for the picturesque. Will Hardy's quiet virtues and steady cleverness, she seemed never to take into account. To attract her, a deed must be performed in the lime light. Lamond reflected, with some contempt, that the hero of a best seller would probably command her undying respect. Once Maxim had dropped out of her imagination, he seemed to have dropped out of

This, then, was the wonderful courage that she had dreamed of, this cold blooded murder!

Suddenly Victor Lamond turned, quick as thought, and fired.

her life, and she waited patiently for a new hero to adore. And yet, she was a sweet, lovable little woman—if you didn't understand her too well, he told himself. That was why Bill worshipped her; he didn't know her. He had built the same sort of shrine for her in his imagination that she was forever building about her heroes, and he was blind to her faults.

To Lamond's horror, he soon found that he, himself, was beginning to take Maxim's place. Elsie would listen to his stories of the adventures he had met with, and her eyes would flash and glow as they never flashed or glowed for William Hardy's rather stodgy reminiscences. She wanted to ride with him every day, insisted that he teach her to ride cross saddle, and was tremendously impressed when allowed to read his letter from the Venezuelan Minister of War.

"Watch out, old chap, she's going to make just as big a fool out of you as she did out of young Maxim," he told himself, one day. "And it's not as disagreeable as I had supposed it might be." That night he told Hardy that he thought the following week would see him started for the ranch.

"Oh, I hope not," Hardy was genuinely distressed. "I thought you were going to stay with us all summer. Elsie will miss you like the deuce, Victor. It's pretty dull for her with only me around."

"Nonsense, Bill, don't let her be dull. Ride with her—give her more of your time—wake up a bit."

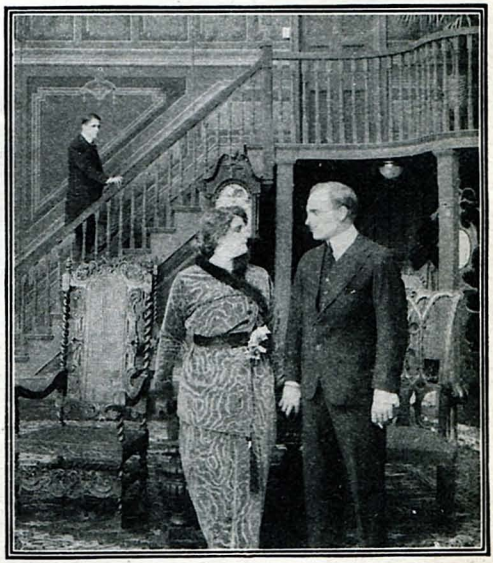
Hardy laughed good naturedly. He was a big, good looking, easy going fellow, who loved to see his pretty wife enjoy herself.

"Why, I'm rather heavy company for Elsie," he said, "I keep the machine going while she buzzes around and has a good time. I wish you'd stay a bit longer, old fellow; I won't be so busy next month and then we'll manage to see more of each other." And so things went on from day to day, till Lamond made up his mind there was only one way to make Elsie Hardy appreciate her husband.

"She's got to see him display some of this courage and heroism that she's always talking about," he said to himself. "It won't be easy for Bill doesn't lean toward heroics—and yet—why, there's not a man in America with a keener sense of honor than Bill Hardy, or a better notion of fighting for it if he has to. That's it—that's the game—she's got to see Bill fight! It won't be easy, either. There's no one for him to fight but me or Jasper. Oh, hang these sentimental women, anyhow; why can't they raise 'em with horse sense?"

* * * * * *

A month had gone by since the episode of young Maxim, and Elsie, Lamond and



Victor left the room and also left a wife who had fallen in love with her husband.

Hardy were sitting in the library one evening. The two men were indulging in a friendly game of cards, while Elsie was sitting near, book in hand. She was not reading, nor was she watching the card game. In her mind, she was comparing the two men, as they sat there; wondering what Will would have been had his life lain along the lines of that of the younger man. Will was so good and kind, so indulgent of her every wish, and yet—so—so—uninteresting! No one could possibly imagine him fighting in a Venezuelan revolution, rounding up outlaw cattle, daring the dangers of a filibustering expedition—in short, doing any of those fascinating things that seemed to be plain, every day matters to Victor Lamond. He was just weak, that was all, weak! And she, who admired courage above everything in a man, was married to him.

It was just at this point in her meditations that she became conscious that the game had stopped. Someone's voice was raised in anger. Elsie turned white and dropped her book with a crash. The words had been harsh and decidedly to the point, and it was Victor Lamond who had spoken them.

"I tell you, I saw you do it. D'you think I'm blind that you can put a thing like that over on me?" his face was ugly and his voice hard. He held in his hand a card that he tore in half and flung in Hardy's face. Elsie held her breath. Never in her pleasant little life had it been allowed her to hear the voice of one gentleman raised in anger against another. Teamsters and people of the streets, yes, of course—but in a lady's library! It was quite different from the quarrels that they put in books, oh, quite! Hardy's face was purple and he was evidently trying to control his temper.

"Don't be a fool, Lamond," he said. "Elsie, please leave us, my dear."

"A fool—" Lamond burst out again passionately. "I tell you, I saw you take that card from the bottom of the pack! I say you—I—"

Hardy rose from his seat, his face disfigured by an anger that Elsie had never seen before. He leaned over the table and said in a tone of concentrated fury:

"You lie, Victor Lamond, and you know it!" There was a cry of rage from the younger man, who jumped to his feet, and they stood facing each other like a pair of bulldogs ready to spring. Elsie, unmindful of Hardy's request, ran between them.

"Will," she cried, "Will, please—"

Hardy started. He had evidently forgotten that she was still in the room.

"Go upstairs, Elsie. Go at once!" His tone was as hard and ugly as Lamond's had been. Frightened, the girl went slowly up the stair, leaving them facing each other.

"You'll answer for this, Hardy! I tell you—"

"I'll answer for it whenever and however you like." Both voices had lowered, but Elsie could hear them from her room at the head of the stairs. It was more than she could bear, and softly she opened the door and leaned over the railing of the stair. Lamond had taken down the heavy pair of duelling pistols that had hung on the wall ever since Elsie could remember. He had loaded them and had handed one to Hardy, who examined it grimly. Elsie felt as though she were paralyzed and without the power of speech. Silent as the men themselves, she watched them measure the distances and, turning their backs upon each other, walk the required number of paces. This, then, was the wonderful courage that she had dreamed of, this cold blooded murder! Oh, to be able to scream and run down the steps to prevent the slaughter!

Suddenly (she could never forget the sight as long as she lived) Victor Lamond turned, quick as thought, and fired. Fired upon a man whose back was turned to him! Elsie's voice came back to her! With a shriek she rushed down the stairs and threw herself upon her husband.

"Elsie!"

"He shot—I saw him—the coward—when your back was turned! Oh, Will, if he'd hit you—if he'd hit you!"

"But, my darling, he didn't." Hardy's voice was gentle as he caressed the hysterical woman. Then he turned to Lamond, who shrunk away from him. "You puppy," he said, scornfully, "Get out of here before I forget myself and shoot you!"

"I'm sorry—don't—don't shoot! I lost control of myself." Lamond's voice was strange and faltering. He did not look either the husband or wife in the face, but

dropped his eyes and edged toward the door. "Sorry—didn't mean anything anyhow. Apologize, I'm sure." He spoke thickly, like a drunken man. Elsie, ashamed for him, averted her eyes. Hardy spoke briefly.

"I don't understand it, Victor, but, of course, if you apologize—"

"I'll be leaving in the morning. Going on the five o'clock train. Sorry it had to happen this way. Good evening," and Victor shambled out of the room.

"I don't understand it," Hardy repeated. "Victor Lamond, of all men in the world! I'd have just as soon suspected myself of playing the coward."

"You—a coward?" Elsie's voice rang out proudly. "Will, you're the bravest, truest, best man that ever lived, and I—oh, I love you a thousand, million times more than I ever dreamed I could! If you'll only, only forgive me for never having half appreciated you, I—" and she tumbled, crying, into his arms.

"Why, Elsie, dearest, what nonsense! You—the best little wife that ever lived. Stop it at once."

* * * * * *

The next day a lonely traveler stepped on the train at five o'clock. As he seated himself, he drew a letter out of his pocket and eyed it smilingly:

"I reckon I'll give that Venezuelan job a once over before I turn it down," he observed, replacing it in his pocket. "A revolution sounds rather good to me just at present. Guess I'll run down there."

SEGREGATED AUDIENCES

MAJOR FUNKHOUSER, the official guardian of Chicago's morals, aided and abetted by Chief of Police Gleason, is sponsoring a new plan—the segregation of motion picture audiences. The plan proposes that in all motion picture theatres one side be reserved for unescorted women, the other side for "unescorted" men. "Couples" will be permitted to sit side by side in the center.

After Chief Gleason and Major Funkhouser had discussed the idea, they passed it on to Mayor Harrison. The Mayor submitted it to the City Council and it has now been put up to Corporation Counsel Beckwith, who is to give an opinion as to whether or not such an ordinance would be legal.

This is the second time within six months that the question of segregating men and women in public places has come up in Chicago. Last summer the Lincoln Park Board ordered the segregation of men and women at the Diversey Bathing Beach, and a wire fence divided the bathers throughout the summer.

To the exhibitor, this is a truly serious one. The great danger, of course, is that his audiences will be cut down at least fifty per cent. It cannot be supposed that when a pretty girl's lack of a "man" is published to the world, she will continue to patronize the movies as freely as she now does. And to the forlorn and lonely "boy from the country" the place will be utterly robbed of its glamor. He will have to sit in loneliest isolation among others of his sex, just as lonely.

What, pray, do the City Council and the Civic League, and Major Funkhouser and Chief Gleason and all the rest think of young people anyway?

Ruth Stonehouse Entertains

By Katherine Synon

IF Elbert Hubbard were to revise his famous series of Little Journeys to include journeys to the homes of well-known motion picture players there is little doubt but that he would write a Wordsworthian classic around a visit to Ruth Stonehouse. For there is something Wordsworthian about this player of the Chicago Essanay Company, something so naively simple that complete and adequate description of her in her own setting would require the gift of a Blake or some other artist in words of one syllable.

To begin with, any one who goes to see Ruth Stonehouse has to adjust all his preconceived ideas of her as a tragic actress. Miss Stonehouse has played so many parts of persecuted heroines, of wronged wives, of sad and solemn daughters, that the public has come to confuse her own personality with her roles. Then, too, she has great dark brown eyes that look as if they were wells of grief, and dark hair that holds midnight in its thick strands. And she has a pensive mouth that droops a bit at the corners when she isn't smiling. Having been liberally endowed with the attributes for the playing of sad sisters, Ruth Stonehouse might be expected to live up to her looks.

She doesn't.

When she is at work, she is whatever the part requires of her. On the fringe of her work, when she is in the studio or the dressing rooms, she doesn't quite get away from her tragic air. But when she is at home in her pretty apartment on Argyle street, close to the Essanay studio, Ruth Stonehouse is quite herself. And that self is a blithe, child-like young person, who is interested in everything about her, who is radiantly happy, and who takes a delighted and delightful pleasure in living life simply.

The other day—fortunately for her, a rainy day that prevented the taking of studio reels—Ruth Stonehouse was at home, tying up packages, bulky, Santa Claus packages that overflowed the corner of the living room. It was the ending of her chosen Christmas task of making happy the holiday for some poor children who would not otherwise have Christmas happiness. Like a youngster herself, she sat on the floor, continuing her task.

"You know," she said, "that I'll never get it done if I don't finish it today. For you never can tell when bright weather will come, and then we'll have to work to make up for the lost time of these dark days.

"Don't you think," she asked "that having a house of your own is the biggest fun in the world? I suppose that any one who has always had a house never appreciates it in quite the way that the homeless people do. Most of the motion picture people have been actors who had a home in Massachusetts, which they might see once a year, or a home in Indiana which they passed twice in the course of their tours. But, just the same, I do like the motion picture work so well because having a home permanently instead of theatrically is the greatest inducement.

"I suppose," she went on, "that there isn't a woman living who doesn't like to make curtains and embroider tablecloths and napkins and fix pillows and cook, yes, cook. Oh, I know some women say they can't abide cooking and that sewing bores them to death, but I don't believe they really mean what they say. It's part pose. I know that I love to cook and to sew, every bit as well as I love to act."

If you could see Ruth Stonehouse busying herself about the kitchen—when she doesn't have to—you would have to credit her entire sincerity. No one would pretend—least of all Ruth Stonehouse—to the liking of something as prosaic as cookery when there are so many other activities to choose from. And sewing! She says that she sewed nearly half the pretty things that make her Argyle street apartment so attractive, a place of brightness and sunshine, of gaiety and charm of which the pivot is the girl who admits that she isn't yet graduated from playing with her old dolls and whose joy in life is that of the children with whom she plays and whom she loves.

Ruth Stonehouse was at home, tying up bulky, Santa Claus packages that overflowed the corner of the living room.

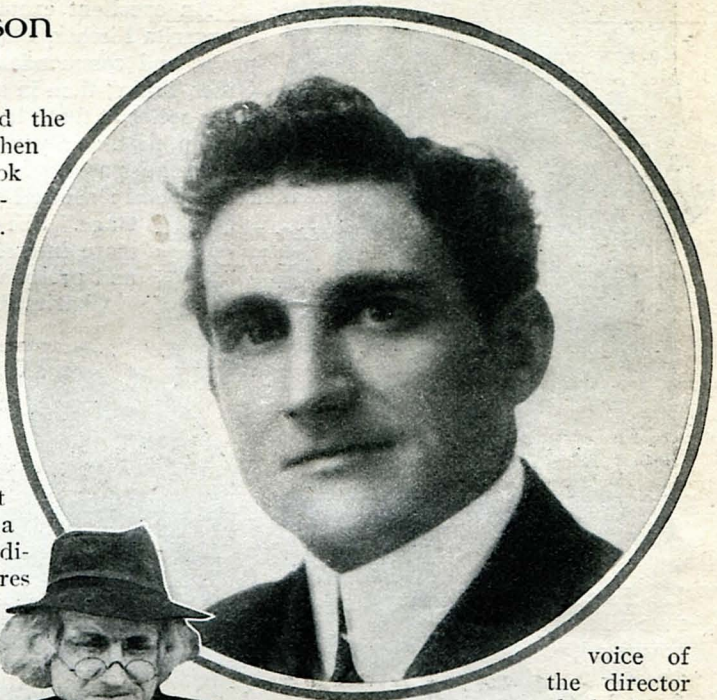
She had letters to write and she sat at the desk by the windows of the sun parlor.

Miss Stonehouse admits that she isn't yet graduated from playing with her old dolls.

This player of tragic roles has sewed nearly half the pretty things that make her apartment so attractive.

Whiskers and False Pride

By C. W. Garrison



"ALL ready," called the director, and then he gave a final look of inspection before beginning the scene. "Hey, you Smith! Where's the beard I told you to put on? Hurry up and get behind it."

"Smith" drew himself up to his full height and, in a manner indicative of injured pride and righteous resentment, began to explain that he did not think he *ought* to don a beard—that he owed the audience a glimpse of his features as he really was—that it was much beneath his dignity and—

But the sharp, snappy voice of the director rudely interrupted the actor's objections to hiding his handsome features behind a bunch of false hair.

Although Murdock McQuarrie's impersonation of an old man does not do justice to his own good looks, nevertheless he delights in just such parts.

"All right, get out and *stay* out! Jones, take Smith's place," was all he said. Few words, those, but that director "said a bunch" when he told "Smith" to get out. Smith "got out and *stayed* out." And since then he has never known what a steady job is like.

Now pride is a mighty fine thing. Pride in self, pride in work and pride in position are good things to have. But, too much of a good thing is to be avoided.

Take the case of "Smith." He was an unusually good looking chap but totally unable to appreciate the fact that versatility is of as much value as personality.

Little Katie Fischer detests putting a cigar in her mouth, but she can, and does, smoke, a property cigar with all the swank of a jaunty "knight of the road."

ciate the versatility of an actor or actress. The proper tribute is given to the cleverness of a player who can act any part from that of a young person to that of an old man or woman.

An excellent example of this is furnished by Margarita Fischer, who has received more letters of praise and commendation for her acting in "The Other Train" than in any other picture, and it was a one-reeler at that. In this photoplay Miss Fischer was seen, first, as a young girl and then as a middle aged woman, passing from beauty to sordidness, and then the picture showed her in the sere and yellow stage. She says that such a part is far more interesting than playing a young and pretty woman all the time.

Charles Ray of the New York Motion Picture Corporation is one of the young actors who can take any sort of a part and can make up so that he is thoroughly disguised. Who would think that this handsome young fellow could possibly be the same person?

He lacked the faculty that marks the successful photoplayer of today, of adapting himself to any line.

Imagine Pauline of "The Perils" refusing to do some stunt because she thought it obscured Pearl White. Think of Kathlyn Williams refusing to don some outlandish costume for the reason that it was unbecoming! Can you imagine Henry Walthall refusing to disguise himself with a beard or a mustache or both? Where would Ford Sterling be if he did not use the queer little bunch of hair that always adorns his face?

No, the really big photoplayers are those who have evinced their willingness—nay, eagerness—to use as many different make-ups as possible. The public appre-

Who would suspect that lovely Barbara Tennant could appear so unattractive as she seems to be in the lower picture?

sibly be the misshapen figure shown in so many films?

And who would believe that pretty Adele Lane of the Selig Company could disguise her charming features and make some of the baffling character impersonations that completely hide her real self in the part that she is playing?

Murdoch McQuarrie does not resemble the old man that he is here shown impersonating, and the character he represents does not, in the least, do justice to Mr. Murdoch's appearance. Yet he takes delight in assuming disguises that are almost impenetrable.

Grace Cunard forgets everything but the part she is playing; nothing seems impossible to her. A comparison of her picture as she really is with that of an impersonation of a half-witted boy fails to reveal any resemblance. This character is anything but a desirable part, yet Miss Cunard played it without protestation of any sort.

Of course, there are some of the popular players who never don a disguise of any sort. The directors appreciate the fact that the picture going public like to see them as they really are, rather than in character.

Grace Cunard completely submerges her own personality in the rather undesirable part of a half-witted boy.

Maurice Costello, Edwin August, Jack Kerrigan, Francis Bushman, and a few others are among those whose faces almost always appear on the screen without beards or mustache. These are players who possess unusual personal magnetism. But not one of them would hesitate to assume any disguise that the director suggested.

John Bunny is a specialist. He has commercialized his face and form (or lack of form) to such an extent that to disguise him would be to invite a storm of disapproval from his world-wide audience.

There are specialists in slap-stick comedy which requires exceptionally good acrobatic ability, specialists in heart-interest drama where intense interest must be registered, and specialists in every phase of acting.

Merit is the essential quality for success in everything. Versatility is another prime factor. The day of "Smith" who refused to don a beard has passed. And in his place has come the player who will put his heart into the work despite all efforts to hide his features behind false whiskers.

In playing the part of an old lady, Margarita Fischer dons spectacles and substitutes old slippers for her usual trim little shoes.

The Alarm of Angelone

HE TURNED IN A FIRE ALARM THINKING HE WAS OPENING A MAIL BOX—AND THEN HIS TROUBLES REALLY COMMENCED.

By Edith Huntington Mason

Illustrations from the American Film.

A GREY haze smothered the bright blue of the bay so that island of Capri was no longer visible from the Posilippi drive and even obscured the city so that the white porch of the Bertolini Hotel ceased to beckon from the hillside. Between Naples and Pompeii a modern trolley line extends, and along this trolley line, in the green, luscious valley, are numerous little villages. In one of these in a street so narrow, so dirty, and so beautiful that you catch your breath with the pleasure of beholding it, Angelone, the carpenter, was saying good-bye to his wife and little children. Hard by old Vesuvius threw a tiny plume of smoke upward above the ring of blue mountains that lovingly guarded entombed Pompeii, which lay some miles to the southward. Close at hand the life of the village went its usual course, for all the world as if Angelone were not going to America, as if his wife were not weeping her heart out on his bosom while his children clung passionately to his legs reciting in sobbing chorus:

"Addio, Pappio! Addio!"

* * *

EDNA LANE was a peculiar girl, at least so thought her fiance, Dan Grey, for although she had everything in the world that money could buy, she was not happy.

"I must have something to do, Danny," she sighed, "something to account for myself to the world. It's so lazy just to exist and spend money!"

They were motoring up town from the young man's office in Wall Street, where Edna had called for him.

He skilfully avoided an electric driven by a dowager with a detached air, then cast the young girl a whimsical look.

"I suppose the job of looking after a poor fellow like me isn't enough for you," he said, and then, rapidly, as she blushed and frowned, "you know how much I want you to name the day for our wedding, dear, but you always have some reason for putting me off."

"Why no, I haven't," she protested, her eyes big and dark under her small white hat. "I don't want to put you off, but there always are reasons, really and truly."

The light died suddenly out of his eyes and he turned and busied himself with the wheel.

"Just so," he said tersely, "just so."

A small gloved hand was laid impulsively on his arm.

"Don't be cross," said the girl, "you know I love you, it isn't that only I—I—"

But the caress which on former occasions of a similar nature had been sufficient to banish his frown, was this time lacking in effect.

"Only what?" he said briefly. "What is it that you want, Edna?" He turned to look her full in the face. "Come, tell me what you have on your mind. I've been wanting to know for some time."

"Wait till we get home," she replied, her pretty face graver than usual. "I can't talk about serious things in a car with every crossing policeman staring me in the face."

Mrs. Lane, Edna's mother, was not at home when they arrived, so they had luncheon by themselves, as they often did. Although the lilac buds were bursting in the park, the air was still chilly and the maid had lit the wood fire in the tiny grate. The dining-room, with its tall, heavily curtained windows, massive walnut furniture, and high ceiling was quiet and made them feel at ease and secure, and the duck, and salad, and cool, sweet compote were just the things to tempt their appetites after their brisk ride. The young attorney sighed as he looked at the girl opposite him in her trim tailored dress, which only accented the more her exquisite femininity.

"If only it could be like this forever!" he said.

The color rushed into her face. She leaned toward him.

"It will be, dear boy," she said, "it will be. But first—but first—" she paused.

"Well," he said, "tell me. I can't wait any longer!"

She laughed a little.

"I'm so afraid you'll be angry when you hear what I've done," she said. "But do you know, dear, I'm going to work. I've taken a position on a salary."

He stared, astonished.

"You've taken a position?" he echoed. "What under the sun do you mean by that?"

"Why, you know," she replied, "I've told you all along that I must have something to do, must try to 'find myself,' like Kipling's ship, so when this splendid job was offered me—superintendent of an employment bureau in the tenement district—I took it!"

"I see!" he said. "It's very interesting, but I can't say that it sounds like getting married."

She looked a trifle confused, a trifle grave.

"No, it doesn't," she admitted, "and you see that's just it. I don't want to be married until I've proved myself, until I've found that I can fill some useful position in the world. It's a hobby of mine, as I think I've told you, that girls ought to 'make good' before they think of marriage."

He grew rather pale.

"A very original theory, no doubt," he said, "but isn't it just a little, just a little hard on the chap you are engaged to marry?"

They rose and seated themselves before the fire while the maid removed the dessert.

"I suppose so," she said in a troubled way, "but, Dan, if it's a matter of life and death to me—if I think it's necessary to my happiness to do this—you won't mind, will you?"

"Yes, I do mind," he said and there was anger in his eyes. "I mind very much, and I don't understand it, either. You don't know anything about employment bureaus and you won't 'make good,' as you call it, if you stay there till doomsday,

Angelone, the carpenter, was saying good-bye to his wife and little children.

Hardly had he passed the customs house gate when new hope, new fortitude seized him.

and, in the meantime, I have to wait. It isn't fair, Edna, it isn't fair!"

"I'm so sorry you're angry," she said with the meekness of the person who intends to have her own way, "for I wanted you to see my office. It's such a duck of a place! And such interesting people keep coming up the stairs!" She looked at him sideways through her lashes. But he was not to be cajoled.

"You'll have to excuse me," he said, rising to go, "on the proposition of seeing your office. I don't approve of it and shall not go near the abominable place—"

"So there!" she finished for him, mischievously, but was grieved to see that he left her without a smile.

* * *

SLOWLY the great steamer crept down New York harbor, the lights on the Singer building beaconing from afar, the dull gray water alive with tugs and hurrying ferry boats—dim shapes in the gathering twilight. It was a marvellous sight enough, that ring of gigantic buildings that hemmed it in, and in the midst the lofty arm of the Statue of Liberty waving a welcome to the whole world! But its grandeur, its majestic beauty was lost on at least one passenger, a gentle-faced Italian in the steerage who stood by the rail apparently with seeing eyes, but whose vision was introspectively intent on another bay, another harbor ringed about not with buildings but with mountains and guarded by the most beautiful city in the world.

But Angelone was not homesick long. Hardly had he passed the customs house gate when new hope, new fortitude seized him. The rattle and bang of the strange city streets which he passed through on his way to the employment bureau to which he had been directed, seemed somehow to speak to him of the fortune he was going to amass in this rich country of America before he sent for his family, and he clasped his bundle resolutely and with a stout heart, plodded up the stairs to the office.

The Italian had rather dreaded his first encounter with an employment bureau.

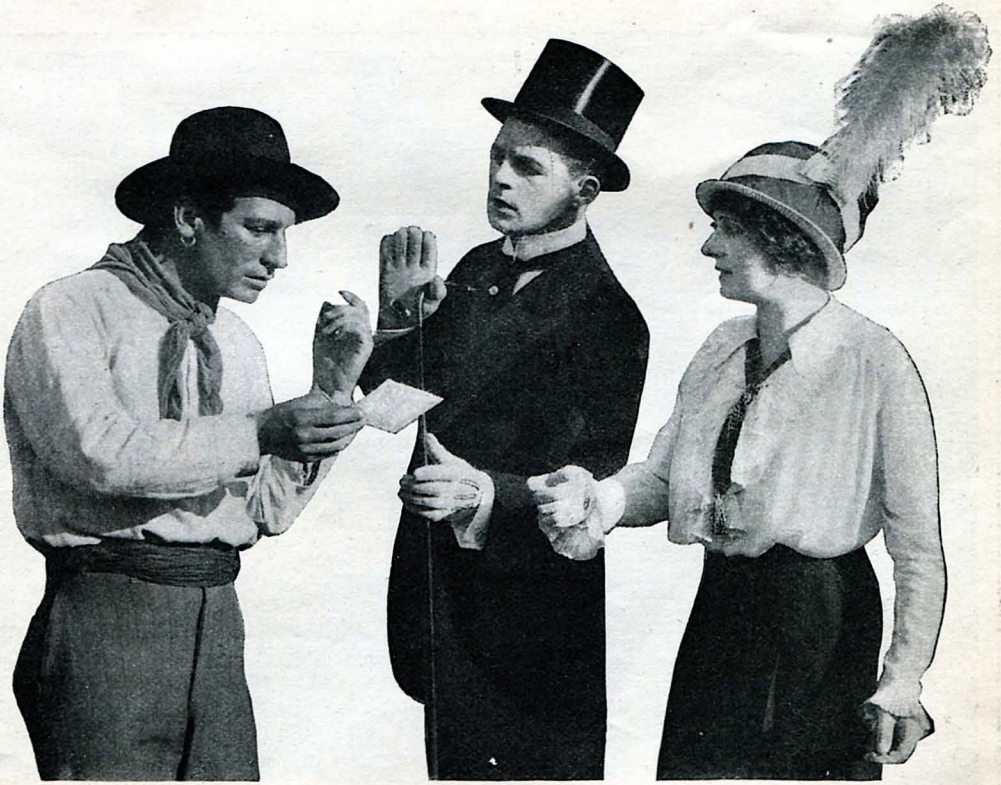
They didn't have such things where he lived. The very name itself had a formidable sound, and he had expected to find a great room filled with busy people who would pay no attention to him. He was somewhat startled, therefore, upon pushing open the door when he saw, in the bare, prosaic little place with its two roll top desks, a clock high on the wall midway between, and a railing hemming "them" in, not a crowd of persons at all, but only a girl and a man. The girl, he observed with his artist's eye—the universal heritage of his race—was beautiful and, although the waist she wore was simple, he knew at once that the small horseshoe at her throat was made of diamonds.

It was not the girl's beauty or her clothes, however, that aroused his interest, it was the fact that upon her lovely flushed cheek were drops brighter even than the diamonds. At first Angelone was shocked. All his tender Latin sympathies were aroused and his impulse was to go to her and say—only in Italian, of course:

"Never mind, pretty one, Angelone loves you anyway." But fortunately, perhaps—as it is possible this demonstration might have been misunderstood—the young man who was bending over her seemed already to have qualified in the role of comforter of Beauty. At least he was agitatedly mopping those precious tears with his own handkerchief, and although Angelone could not understand his words, his actions were as plain in English as Italian, and their tenderness was unmistakable.

"Of course, I wanted to come," he was saying. "You couldn't keep me away, darling. And if you want me to, I'll wait forever, only, of course, I can't help hoping it won't be too long before you 'make good!' "

What more he would have said is not known, for just at that moment the two caught sight of Angelone nodding and smiling in the doorway—full of delight over the reconciliation. The alacrity with which the girl sprang to her feet, and the blush that swept her fair brow might have



Much amused with Angelone's efforts to insert his letter in the fire-alarm box, they took it from him.

flustered another than Angelone, but the simple child-like soul knew not the meaning of the word.

He walked into the room and up to the confused pair, quite at his ease, and won Miss Lane's heart at once by bowing low and ejaculating as he reached her the single word "Bella!" His manner was so quaint, his dark face so gentle and friendly, the atmosphere was cleared at once, and the two burst out laughing.

"Call in the interpreter, please, Dan," she said all business again, "and I'll see what our friend wants!"

A job with a building contractor was found for Angelone and he set to work with enthusiasm to do his part toward erecting a cheap clothing store on East Fourteenth street.

And with the end of every week in which a pay envelope was handed to him his heart grew lighter, and the prospect of seeing his wife and children again more real.

"Soon I shall send for them," he would whisper as he sat in his little room and counted over his savings. "Soon I shall see them all again!"

At last the time came when he had accumulated enough to pay the coveted passage over on the big boat. Two well-dressed women who stepped out of a motor in front of a fruit store, stopped to stare at him as he passed for he had not been long enough in New York to lose his picturesque look.

"Poor fellow!" said one to the other, "how sad to think of him tramping our ugly city pavements, probably with a basket of unsalable statuettes on his arm. He was much better off in the vineyards of his own sunny country!" She meant well, but she did not know that the man she pitied was Angelone going to post the letter that was to bring his family to him across the water.

But an untoward event marred the happiness of that day for Angelone. A passerby had directed him to the mail box and he had mistaken the firebox on the other side of the post for the one indicated.

Poor Angelone, he was very simple! As

Where was that dear familiar smile, the strong clasp of the kind brown hand?

They all found themselves in Angelone's cell. And oh, the joy on that gentle face.

he was wrestling with the little red iron door who should come along but Miss Lane, the young girl who had found him his position with the contractor, and with her the young man he had seen that day in her office. Much amused with Angelone's efforts to insert his letter in the fire-alarm box, they took it from him, laughing, and put it in the militant green box on the other side, stamped with Uncle Sam's initials.

But that was not enough for Angelone. Relieved from anxiety about his letter his interest in the firebox only increased. A few minutes more fiddling resulted in his putting in an alarm and in less than no time the engines were fuming at his elbow. O how Angelone regretted his curiosity then! His great eyes of blackest velvet opened to their widest as he raised expostulating hands before the officer who confronted him.

"I did not know! I did not know!" he stammered. "I am sorry."

But his apology, far from being accepted, seemed only to enrage the officer. And a heartless magistrate, ruling that ignorance of the law was no excuse, fined the unfortunate Angelone sixty dollars. And when his wail of protest was interpreted to mean that he had just sent his "all" to Italy, the same heartless person who had become so surfeited with the sight of human suffering that he would not have blinked even at the burning of Rome, said in laconic tones, "Sixty days, then."

And so they locked him up, the lovable, loving and inoffensive Angelone, who had promised to be at the dock to meet his wife and little ones three weeks from that day, and who was now cut off even from sight of the sun. It was enough to make angels weep, but Angelone wept instead.

A warm June day, and again a great steamer came into port with its adventurers from the old world. Among them was Mrs. Angelone. Poor thing! All the way across the Atlantic she had buoyed up herself and her little family with pictures of the joy which awaited them when "Pappio" met them at the customs house gate. And now, where was he? Maria was dazed, lost. Adrift in the great city she hardly knew which way to turn.

But fate was playing Maria's cards that day. It happened that a countryman of hers of evil disposition encountered the little party wandering through the streets. Pretending friendship, he soon had her story from her and assuring her that he knew her husband, persuaded her to enter the gloomy doorway of a dark tenement. There he would certainly have succeeded in robbing her if her cries had not attracted to the scene a young girl in smart black suit and hat, who happened to be visiting a sick woman on the floor above. It was Edna Lane, of course, and soon Maria was sobbing out her story on her kind young shoulder, the thief having taken to his heels.

Edna led her upstairs where the sick woman she had been attending who could speak English as well as Italian, translated for them both and soon Edna was in possession of the facts. The name of the lost husband, Angelone, attracted her attention and when Maria had described him carefully, she gave a little surprised exclamation.

"Why!" she said, "I believe that's my Angelone!" and to the poor wife's joy she told her that she knew her husband, although she did not know where he was then, and would help her find him.

The days passed slowly for "Mrs." Angelone in this new land without her husband, and to relieve the monotony for the children she sent them out into the street with accordion and violin to earn a few pennies with their music. Silvio, the boy, a dark-eyed child with a little white, three-cornered face, had a very sweet voice and the brave little pair found themselves quite prosperous in their adventure. Ah! Heaven-born inspiration, Mrs. Angelone!

For one day when the heart of July had descended upon the city and the breeze from the river seemed to have taken a permanent leave of absence, the two little children, trudging the dusty pavements, paused before the long windows of a big, gloomy building in the centre of a block and lifted up their voices in harmony. It was a song their father used to be fond of when they had all been happy in Italy together, a simple air, but O how wonderfully it fell on the ears of a little man with soft black eyes and gentle smile, who occupied a small barred room just above the heads of the children.

"Silvio mio! Lucia cara!" he called, his voice quavering on a sob. "Look up, my dear ones, it is your father!"

And what a glorious news was that with which to greet the mother who never laughed now, but went always with a tear on her lashes. They had found father! They had found father! How they ran!

Not long after they had reached their home, an agitated woman with a shawl thrown over her head, hurried into the office of Miss Edna Lane. It was just time for closing the bureau and Dan, with the automobile, was waiting for her down below. But when the interpreter had translated the news, Edna was almost as excited about it as Maria.

"Come," she said, "we'll get the children and go and find him!" And she hurried the woman downstairs and into the waiting automobile, where the plan found a no less eager ally in the young attorney. Silvio and Lucia were soon ensconced in the tonneau and the whole party whirled away to the prison door.

A little delay while Dan, instructed by Edna, paid the prisoner's fine, and they all found themselves in Angelone's cell. And O the joy on that gentle face!

"O Maria, mia! My dear one. O thou sweet-voiced Silvio and my little girl, my baby!" And the tears which the little carpenter unashamed shed on the bosom of his Duse-like wife, drew sympathetic tears from the eyes of Dan and Edna.

"O, Dan! They are so happy! Isn't it a wonderful world?" said Edna, relaxing her usual dignified mien and clinging to the young attorney's arm as they walked down the corridor, even as Maria was clinging to that of her new-found husband.

"Yes, dear," he said, "and you've been the one to make it so for Angelone and Maria! Don't you think it's about time we decided that you've made good?"

Her lips denied him what he would have asked for.

"Not here, darling," she said, "not here!" But though she pushed him away from her with the small white hands that had wanted so much to do something for others, her eyes held a promise for her lover that opened the gates of Paradise.

And Now Lillian Russell Becomes a Movie Actress

HER SKIN IS AS SMOOTH, AND HER EYES AS CLEAR AS A 1915 DEBUTANTE'S, AND HER BEARING AS REGAL AS WHEN SHE WAS THE IDOL OF A CONTINENT

PERHAPS there is no stage favorite who has triumphed over the passing years more superbly than Lillian Russell, who made her first appearance at an amateur performance of "Time Tries All" at Chickering Hall in Chicago, nearly forty years ago. Certainly, it is not Father Time's fault that Lillian Russell's beauty is of our mother's generation and not ours, for he has dealt lightly with her. Her hair is as thick and burnished as it was when she was a girl; her eyes are as clear and her skin as smooth and delicate. She is a beauty, and no mistake about it. But when one sees her, one realizes how fast our standards of beauty have changed. Together with militant suffrage and the feminist movement has come the ultimatum that a beauty of the twentieth century must be lithe and slim and boyish, and Lillian Russell still adheres to the princess gown which fits without a wrinkle, the lines of a "perfectly molded" figure.

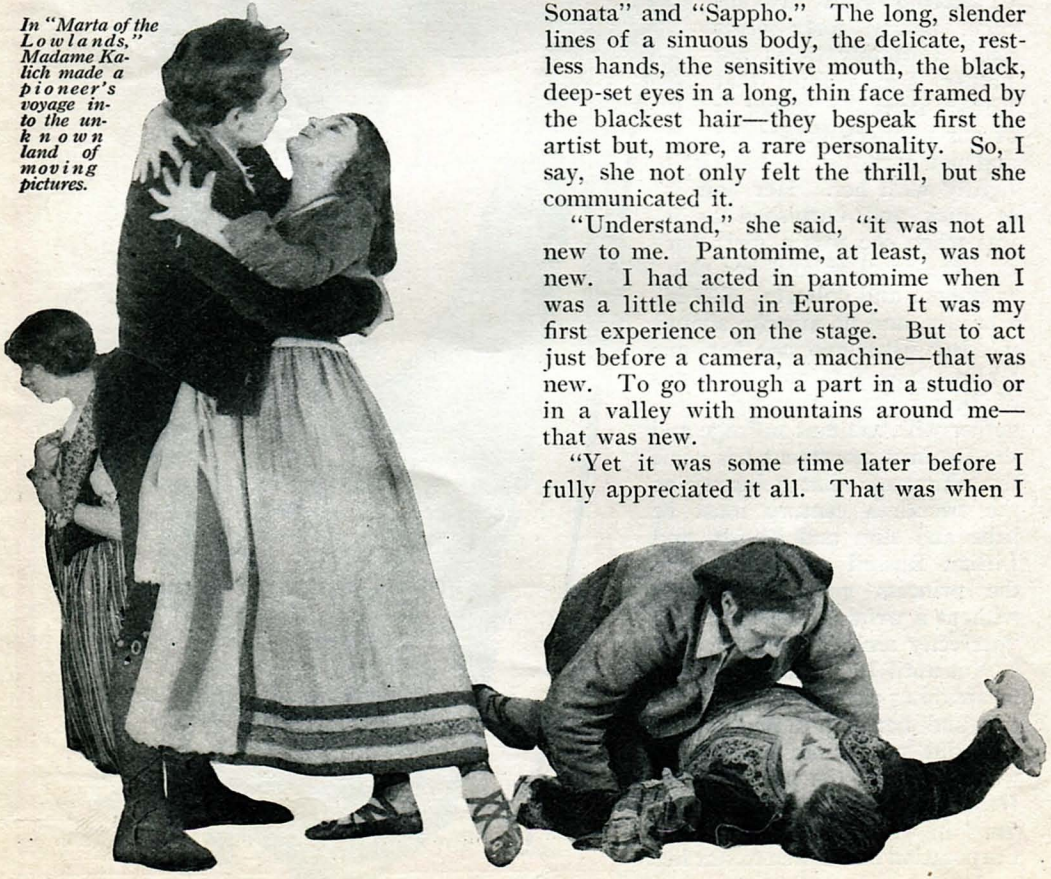
Not until 1904 did she appear in anything except musical comedy and her big dramatic success did not come until 1908, when she took the part of Mrs. Henrietta Barrington in "Wildfire," in which the World Film Corporation has chosen to star her.

The Great Adventure of Madame Kalich

By Nathaniel Pfeffer

"MARTA OF THE LOWLANDS," one of the recent Famous Players films, should have had a subtitle. This should have read "The Great Adventure of Madame Bertha Kalich."

Talk to the great Polish tragedienne about this, her first experience in moving pictures and you will come away with the sense of having heard the story of a pioneer's voyage into an unknown land.



In "Marta of the Lowlands," Madame Kalich made a pioneer's voyage into the unknown land of moving pictures.

When I saw Madame Kalich—shortly after she had posed for Marta and when, incidentally, she was seriously considering appearing in another film drama—the impressions of her experience were still fresh. She still felt the thrill and she communicated it. And I may say that few women are so capable of doing that.

Sitting on a divan Bertha Kalich is as strange, as magnetic, as picturesque a figure as the Bertha Kalich of "Hamlet," "Monna Vanna," "Rachel," "The Kreutzer Sonata" and "Sappho." The long, slender lines of a sinuous body, the delicate, restless hands, the sensitive mouth, the black, deep-set eyes in a long, thin face framed by the blackest hair—they bespeak first the artist but, more, a rare personality. So, I say, she not only felt the thrill, but she communicated it.

"Understand," she said, "it was not all new to me. Pantomime, at least, was not new. I had acted in pantomime when I was a little child in Europe. It was my first experience on the stage. But to act just before a camera, a machine—that was new. To go through a part in a studio or in a valley with mountains around me—that was new.

"Yet it was some time later before I fully appreciated it all. That was when I

first saw part of the films run off. The part I saw was that in which I am in Menelik's hut, a strong part, you remember. That sensation I cannot describe and can never forget. It was uncanny, worse than a nightmare. I wanted to shut my eyes and I couldn't. I had to look—I stared dazedly. I kept asking myself, 'Who is this woman? It isn't—it can't be—myself.'

"I wanted to laugh, then cry, then scream. I watched it, fascinated. It was as if I were looking at the struggles of another woman, a stranger. I thought it was real. It was perhaps the most terrible, vivid experience of my life. When it was over I awoke as if I had been in a trance. Never before had I even a definite idea what I must look like to the hundreds before me. Imagine seeing myself with my own eyes—moving, talking, suffering! Do you wonder?"

Madame Kalich calls the moving picture "the flaming torch of the new temple of the theater."

I didn't. Put baldly in words and set in cold type, this may lose its tenseness, its convincingness. In Madame Kalich's vivid speech, flavored by the pleasant accent she retains, and emphasized by eloquent gestures, it did not. You felt as she did.

But Madame Kalich's reactions on her first moving picture experience are not all personal. She is an artist and a serious artist and she has some definite—and interesting—views. She sums up her verdict on the moving picture in one trenchant sentence:

"It is the flaming torch of the new temple of the theater."

Here it is apt to relate Madame Kalich's confession. Several years ago when moving pictures were an experiment and no actress of even moderate distinction had yet appeared in them, a New York manager came to her with a flattering offer to appear in a certain drama on the films. She was indignant, startled, almost humiliated. She thought it a reflection on her art, almost as if she had been asked to do a clog dance. That was several years ago. Today she is proud of having been on the screen. She knows that while she thought she was guarding the ideals of her art, she was in fact only conservative. And she has the grace to confess it, and to record not only her conversion but her faith in the moving picture as an art.

"People are accustomed to say," she says, "that it is a great thing for the public, for the people who cannot afford to go to the ordinary theaters. To me it is just as great a thing for the actor and actress. Don't think I deny that it is a great educator for the public, that it gives thousands an opportunity to see great artists in great plays and that it will give them a desire for better things. I don't. But just as much I think it will improve the quality of the acting in our theater.

"Just consider what a terrible record the film is. It sets everything down; it records everything; it puts in permanent form every blemish, every error. When people see you in an ordinary drama, they carry away only impressions. The things you have done wrong can be corrected, can be wiped out by doing them better. But you can wipe out nothing from a film. It is a permanent, irrevocable record of your mistakes.

"Don't you think that will make us actors and actresses more careful? Don't you think, also, that it will make us learn? If we see our mistakes, not only will we be able to correct them, but if they are down

in black and white so everybody can see them, we will have to correct them.

"So you see the moving picture opens up a big art to a public which has never had it before; it is an educator for the artist himself; it also—by taking scenes in the outdoors, in natural scenery, without the artificial stimulus of stage devices—makes the drama more real, more vital; it reintroduces the great art of the silent drama. Don't you think I am right when I say that the moving picture is the flaming torch of the temple of the new theater?"

Madame Kalich doesn't look entirely on the favorable side, however. She is not insensible to the need for improvement. She thinks that a more delicate, sensitive camera must be perfected. She thinks also that the art of lighting must be improved. The art of shadows must be introduced, she says. Lines must be softer, colors less bald, tones more subtle. But all this, she agrees is only mechanical. It will come with experience and improvement.

Just as an aside Madame Kalich spoke of the great good of moving pictures for the humbler concerns of the actor.

"It is foolish to say the moving picture spoils the actor. It helps him. If he watches his faults, carefully corrects them from the record before him, he will learn faster than if he is in a 'legitimate' drama under a stage manager.

"Yes, the moving picture is a sort of training school. It is a teacher. It is a sort of—what shall I say?"—

The sentence was supplied by a demure young woman who had modestly sat in the background—a frank looking girl with a pleasant face, a voice of soft modulations and cadences, and an ingratiating manner.

"It is the preparatory school for the higher university of acting, mother."

She was Madame Kalich's daughter.

THE REEL OF LIFE

By Berton Braley

TIME was a man had need to go
And travel far and patiently
To glimpse strange scenes in Borneo
Or Syria or Araby,
Upon the spot he had to be
Where foreign lands their sights reveal,
But now—they're brought for him to see
He'll find them on the movie reel.

The book that used to make you glow
With fear and doubt and hope and glee,
The fairy tales you used to know
And listen to at Mother's knee,
The tales of old mythology
Of gods and men, of woe and weal,
They live again for you and me,
We'll find them on the movie reel.
The whole world furnishes our show

A swift and throbbing history
Of folk that hurry to and fro
Of comedy and tragedy,
Love, hate and war—the pictures flee
They make their quick and sure appeal,
Life, life itself, keen, vibrant, free—
You'll find it on the movie reel.

Envoy.

Only the future has no key,
No glimmer of it may we steal
And yet, in time, who knows but we
Shall find it—on the movie reel?

Dressing For The Movies

It needs someone as beautiful as Clara Kimball Young to wear anything so gorgeous as this gown of Persian Patterned silk bordered with crystal beads, girdled with gold colored satin and with a petticoat and diminutive sleeves of gold lace.

From the buckle of brilliants on her satin slipper to the bow-knot of brilliants in her shining hair, Arline Pretty, leading woman with King Baggott's Imp company, is the personification of artful simplicity. The sleeves of chiffon, the low neck banded with ermine, proclaim this a dinner frock, whose trailing skirt of softest rose-colored velvet enhances the delightful dignity of its youthful wearer.

In the Imp picture, "Ambition," Frances M. Nelson wears an afternoon frock that is vastly becoming. The short jacket of black velvet is braided and buttoned down the front with silk buttons. The kilted skirt of blue charmeuse hangs in soft folds below the knees and suggests a freedom of movement denied by the narrow underskirt of velvet.

Violet Mesereau, Universal leading lady, wears a Gidding's gown whose simplicity of line is designed to emphasize the sumptuous richness of its material. Gold colored chiffon velvet is left unadorned in the bodice, but in the skirt it is covered with gold net spangled with opalescent blue sequins hanging in straight folds that are weighted down by a broad border wrought in a rose design in gold beads.

Many ropes of pearls and a broad band of black velvet are the only garnitures on a wonderful gown worn by Louise Orth of the Western Universal studio, which is made of successive layers of the most delicate fabrics, lace over pale blue flowered chiffon over the filmiest of chiffon satins.

Simple enough for a debutante, but beautiful enough for a Princess, is the lace and chiffon dress worn by demure little Vivian Martin in "The Wishing Ring."

The Strange Case of Princess Khan

WHEN PHILIP DAWSON, NOVELIST, STEPPED FROM THE TWENTIETH CENTURY TO THE TENTH FROM THE OCCIDENT TO THE ORIENT, LED BY SADI KAHN, THE MYSTERIOUS HINDU, HE KEPT HIS TWENTIETH CENTURY EYES AND BRAIN ALERT — AND THE RESULT MAKES THE STORY WORTH READING

Written from the Scenario of James Oliver Curwood

By Wallace Hill

Illustrations from the Selig Film.

THE roaring of the lion is entertaining only to his hearers; to them only is it a novelty. To the lion himself it is likely to be a bore; he gets too used to it.

So Philip Dawson, notwithstanding the soft words and softer looks of the semi-circle of Paquin-created women that hemmed him in around a divan, found himself suffering from a vivid though suppressed sense of ennui. To be sure, he was a successful novelist and part of the price a successful artist pays for his success is the duty of roaring. Just the same he found himself distinctly though resignedly bored and though it was the Carewe ball and the atmosphere was regal and the women queenly,—well, he was very bored, indeed.

Then the semi-circle was bisected.

"Mr. Dawson, I have some material for you!"

The speaker was Mrs. Carewe, mistress of the Carewe mansion, the most fashionable of the fashionably gowned.

"Yes, some real material. You are going to meet the seer of seers, master of the unknown, who possesses the key to the lock of all the mysteries. Wait!"

And with that portentous promise she hurried away, only to reappear with what, in appearance at least, fulfilled her promise.

Accompanying her was a strange figure —a long-bearded, turban-topped Oriental, with the face of a patriarch, the sunken, burning eyes of a traveler of the paths of the unknown, and the flowing robes of his race. One lion met another. Philip Dawson, novelist, exchanged bows with Sadi Khan, the Mysterious Hindu, the dealer in magic who was just then furnishing society with its newest thrills. For a minute, as the two exchanged courtesies, even the light-footed Gardens, who were illustrating their newest steps to an admiring circle of new-dance enthusiasts, were eclipsed in interest.

"Sadi Khan," Mrs. Carewe confided to Dawson privately, "has promised to give a demonstration for a few of us tomorrow evening. Will you come?" And, fascinated, he accepted.

So the next evening Dawson found himself, all unexpectedly, on the threshold of adventure. As the low-bowing Hindu servant opened the door to Sadi Khan's house, Dawson stepped from the twentieth century to the tenth, from the Occident to the Orient. The mystery of India hung on the walls, lay in the divans, curled up from the hookahs, faintly glimmered from the exotic ornaments strangely placed here and there. Yet he felt as if a sudden oppression had been laid on him as he was conducted by another servant up richly carpeted stairs where already the small group of Mrs. Carewe's elect was awaiting its induction through the veil of the unknown. And oppression turned to distrust as they seated themselves in a semi-circle at the bidding of the swarthy and inscrutable Ben Saada, confidante and assistant to Sadi Khan, and awaited the Great Seer himself. Nor did it abate when he came, suddenly and noiselessly gliding toward them from behind thick, dark red curtains of velvet.

They sat silent while servants tied their wrists behind their backs and listened to Sadi Khan.

"Tonight, O my friends," he intoned

slowly, "tonight the spirit of a long dead princess of India will respond to my call."

And as he spoke he drew near them, passed around the semi-circle, looking fixedly into the eyes of each, and gently waved his hands from side to side before them. Back and forth from one end to the other he went until the consciousness of all of them lay in the palm of those delicate hands, until all were transfixed in the rigidness of hypnotism. Still eyeing them fixedly and slowly moving his arms above his head and lowering them in rhythmic swing, he began stepping away from them until he reached a tall ebony cabinet. Then, with arms raised, hands joined and head bent so that his face and body were hidden behind his loose robes, he stood motionless.

So he stood for fully several seconds. Then the arms dropped and there stood—a woman. A woman of strange beauty, with light hair falling in clouds about her shoulders, with a small white ornament on her forehead, eyes that looked as from beyond, and clad in shimmering robes that faintly revealed the lines of her body.

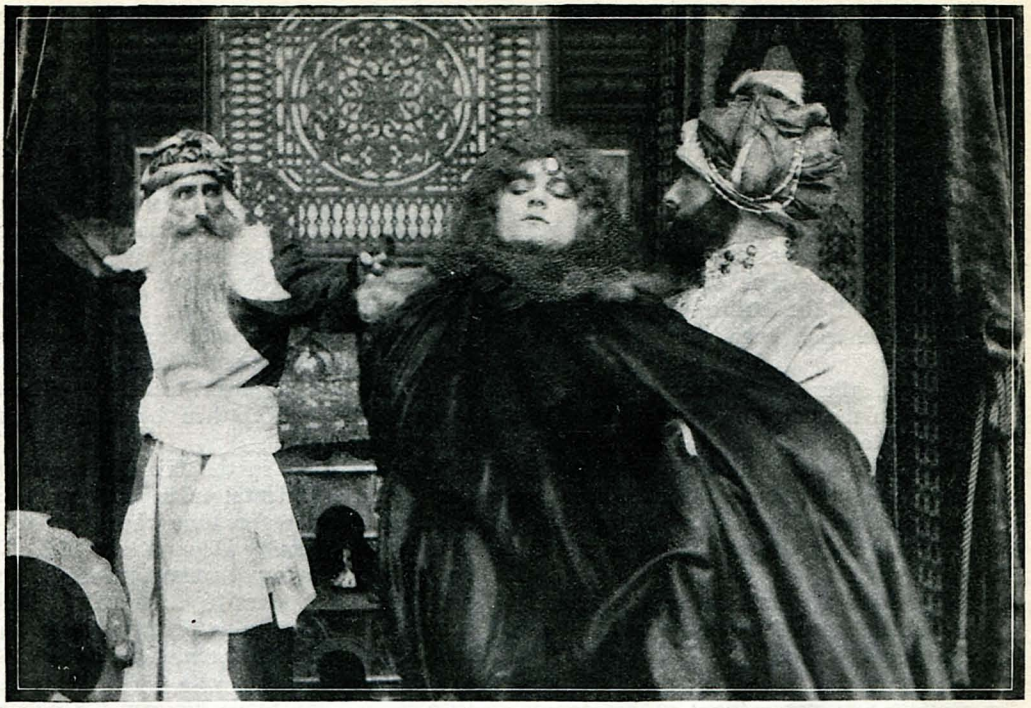
For a second or two the woman—or apparition—stood still and then, gliding as in some strange ancient dance, she approached the semi-conscious watchers. Stopping directly before Dawson, she bent in the low bow of the Orient, forehead to the ground, and receded as she had approached. Before the ebony cabinet she, too, raised her arms, joined her hands and bent her head so that the robes fell about her face, she too stood motionless and dropped her arms, and as the draperies fell aside—Sadi Khan stood, gravely surveying the circle.

Now he moved less ceremoniously. He approached his hypnotized guests, sharply clapped his hands before the eyes of each, and each jumped into wakefulness. As they did so the servants unloosed their wrists and they stood forth, dazed and startled, the mist of the trance still in their eyes.

"My friends," Sadi Khan intoned once more, "you have seen the soul of an Indian Princess whose body has been dust for three thousand years."

To all but one of the seer's fascinated guests the demonstration was no more than

There stood a woman of strange beauty, with light hair falling in clouds about her shoulders.



They wrapped the "Princess" in a cloak and prepared to take flight.

a new sensation for animated dinner conversation. That one was Philip Dawson. The oppression and distrust with which he entered doubled as he went out. And as he walked to his rooms they approached suspicion.

Still in puzzled meditation, he was sitting in his armchair an hour later when the glint of something light on his coat attracted his attention. He bent over to examine it. It was a hair—a woman's hair!

He caught his breath exultingly between his teeth.

"I knew it! The flesh and blood of a woman! It was flesh and blood! The soul of an Indian Princess? I thought so."

To the resolution born of that discovery was due the visit Dawson paid to Sadi Khan the next afternoon. Met by Ben Saada he was taken into the seer's presence.

"My friend," he said, after being greeted unctuously, "I am writing a novel on occultism and I need material. I will give you $1,000 if you will bring back the spirit to me alone."

Perhaps warned by intuition, Sadi Khan hesitated, but as he did so his eyes met those of Ben Saada, who nodded an almost unnoticeable assent and the seer consented. Dawson was immediately taken to the room in which the previous demonstration had been given. So anxious was he that he did not stop even to hang up his hat, but took it in with him, laying it on his knees as his wrists were tied behind him. Just as before, he was hypnotized, the figure of Sadi Khan faded into that of the beautiful woman, and the latter came to him in her glide. Only this time she came closer to him, her head bending nearly over his lap as she made her strange obeisance. And this time, when he came out of his trance, he was even more wrought up than before.

"Who is that?" he burst out almost as soon as his wrists were untied. "Who was that I saw?"

"Why, you were hypnotized, my young friend," responded the Hindu. "It is an illusion of your brain."

Leaving the seer's house he strode swiftly down the steps to his motor. As he raised his hat to put it on something white dropped out of it. Agitated, he hurried

into his car, opened the note and read:

"Once a week my reason is unlocked by my uncle with a powerful drug. The rest of the time I am under a hypnotic spell. I am writing this in my normal self in the hope that it will reach a friend. I am half English, but he calls me the Princess Khan."

Trembling with excitement as he read this Dawson directed the chauffeur to make for the nearest police station. There he excitedly laid the entire case before the officer in charge, even showing him the note.

"Officer, there is a woman being imprisoned in the house of that impostor," he declared, "and we've got to free her."

Ten minutes later he was speeding once more to the seer's house, this time with two detectives beside him. There was no wasting of ceremonials as they entered this time.

"You have a woman in captivity here," Dawson flatly accused Ben Saada. "We've come to look for her."

If the crafty Hindu servant was perturbed it was not evident in his countenance. As for Sadi Khan, he looked indulgent and amused. He did not flinch even when the note dropped into Dawson's hat was shown him. He even laughed.

"You see," he jokingly explained to the detectives, "I amused myself by writing this note. I apologize. But you may search the house if you choose."

They did search, but their efforts were futile. They looked into all the mysterious cabinets and recesses and rooms, but they found nothing, and when the detectives drove off with Dawson they were convinced that "the old geezer was telling it straight about the note." Not so Dawson, however. It had gone beyond argument or question with him. He knew beyond possibility of doubt that there was a woman and not the spirit of a princess in that house and he meant to find it—if not through the police, then by some other means.

Nor was there in the Hindu's house at that time the Oriental calm which marked it before. At the very time when the detectives were informing Dawson that "the old geezer was playing it square," Sadi Khan and Ben Saada were in close and excited converse. A few minutes later the latter was dispatched with the mission of shadowing Dawson's movements. At the same time Sadi Khan made his way through a concealed trapdoor to a secret alcove. There, on a divan, apparently asleep or unconscious, lay a beautiful woman. Her face was the face of the "Princess of India."

As one awakened in a new world, she gazed about her, and made ineffectual attempts to discover where she was.

"My princess," he murmured, "my real princess."

With a sardonic leer the seer bent over the divan and scrutinized the woman as she lay asleep. Then from within his robe he took a vial half-filled with a dull red liquid. He reached down as if to force the liquid down her throat, but quickly drew back. Instead he bent still more closely over her, drew his hands over her face several times and then slowly straightened up. As he did so, the woman, with her eyes still shut and apparently unconscious, followed him. As he stood erect, she stood erect. As he stepped back, she stepped back. Thus he led her about the room, as if she were a wooden toy on a string. On his face was the cruel exultation of a man who has a dagger at an enemy's throat and is toying with him before he puts him to death. Then he led her back to her divan, let her head fall back on the pillow, and locked her in, content in the feeling that she was secure.

In the meantime Dawson was acting on his resolve. He drove immediately to his rooms, called two of his intimate friends, a scientist and a newspaperman on the telephone, told them the story and appealed for their aid. He not only obtained promises of such help, but induced them to come to his rooms immediately. And as he clicked the receiver at the end of his conversation there appeared against the window pane behind him a brown face, the face of a Hindu. While Dawson waited for his friends he mapped out a plan of action whereby the seer and his servants could be taken by surprise and the entire house searched before they be warned. This plan was laid before them when they arrived and they made ready to leave immediately for its execution. And as they were donning their coats, the same brown face appeared against the window-pane. It was the face of Ben Saada. He was carrying out his mission faithfully.

So faithfully and successfully did Ben Saada carry out his mission that before Dawson and his friends were even in their automobiles he was giving warning to Sadi Khan. Nor did they lose time. While an automobile was being summoned for them, they went into the secret alcove, wrapped the "princess," still in a hypnotic trance, in a cloak and veil, and Ben Saada gathered her in his arms to take flight. Hindu imperturbability was at an end; they were resolved on flight.

But they had little time to waste; so little that they had but started when Dawson's high-powered car came in sight and the pursuit was on. The stake being big, discretion was cast to the winds. The Hindus made recklessly for the open country, with Dawson and his friends not far behind them. Mile by mile the wild chase continued, past suburbs, past farm houses, past fields. Little by little the pursuers gained. On and on the two cars rushed. Finally when the pursuers were so close that capture seemed inevitable, Ben Saada suddenly arose in his seat, pulled out a revolver and began to fire. His enemies were prepared for him, however. And as they dashed on, the bullets flew from car to car and it seemed as if the race would be not to the swift but to the quick of aim.

It was to neither. It came to an abrupt end when the Hindus' car suddenly disappeared from view. It had gone over a bridge.

Frantically Dawson led his friends on a search for the bodies—or, rather, for the body of the woman. They found all three, Sadi Khan and Ben Saada dead and the woman unconscious but alive.

The next afternoon in the home of Philip Dawson a gray-haired woman was

bending over a young woman seemingly fast asleep. The gray-haired woman was Philip Dawson's mother, the younger one was the "princess." The latter was uninjured by the accident that killed her captors, but she was still imprisoned in the bonds of sleep. The secret of the drug by which her senses had been periodically released was dead. It had died with the Hindu seer. For days physicians puzzled over her in vain and each pronounced the fateful judgment: "She must sleep thus forever until the drug is found."

It was found. From a secret pocket in the robes of Sadi Khan was taken the vial he had brandished but a few hours before and which he had taken with him to his death. It was given to Dawson to bring life to the woman he had saved. With trembling fingers he emptied the vial into a glass, poured the liquid down the girl's throat and waited.

There was a long-drawn sigh, her breast heaved, and slowly, experimentally, she opened her eyes. As one awakened in a new world she gazed about her, gained her feet, and made ineffectual attempts to discover where she was. She staggered now here, now there, until by chance she came face to face with Dawson. She stared at him, then shrank back as a frightened child from a stranger and fell back on the couch in a deep sleep—the sweet sleep of utter weariness.

* * * * * *

On a golden afternoon weeks later a girl sat on a little pile of rocks clustered as a nest in the shelter of thick beech trees. Beside her stood a man eagerly talking, then bending to look into her eyes and to close his hand over hers.

"My princess," he murmured.

And the eyes of the princess "whose body had been dust for three thousand years" glowed with the joy born of youth and life and love.

Seen *and* Heard *at the* Movies

WATCH for this heading in Photoplay Magazine next month. It's worth waiting for, because under it you'll find many a laugh, and many a grin.

We're giving some one five dollars—maybe it's you—for the best little yarn, of less than 100 words, of something seen or heard at the movies. And even if you don't get the big prize there's a dollar consolation prize for everyone whose story is printed.

Think! Write! Send!

Address "Seen and Heard" Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 8 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

The Most Important Man

By John Oscar

IF YOU were asked off-hand to name the man who is at once the most important man inside a motion picture studio and the least important outside, what would your answer be? You'd, doubtless, have to think a bit and then you'd probably answer, the camera man. But it is not even the camera man. It is the director—in this case, John Adolfi.

Mr. Adolfi has done great things since he threw his cap into the ring seven years ago. He was an actor before becoming a director, and as an actor he became well-known. As soon as he was advanced to the more important position of director, he dropped out of the public eye and he has stayed out, although every month has seen him make significant advances in his chosen work. He did his first directing for the Powers Company, where he stayed for only six months, and then

John Adolfi is above the average height, well-knit and vigorous, dark-haired and determined.

I found him out back of the studio, with several members of his company, including Mary Alden, Sam de Grasse, and Eugene Pallette gathered about him.

changed to Reliance and Majestic, where he has been for two years. He is one of the few Majestic workers who were retained when director David Griffith took over the Mutual Company.

Having, in much the manner of the presiding officer of a club, presented all the data at hand, we will now present the gentleman himself:

Mr. Adolfi is a tallish, good looking man, well-knit and vigorous, dark-haired and determined; his mouth and chin suggest that their owner expects (and intends) to have his own way unless he is convinced that the other fellow's is better.

His mouth and chin suggest that their owner expects (and intends) to have his own way unless he is convinced that the other fellow's is better.

I found him out of doors in the studio yard with several members of his company, including Mary Alden, Sam de Grasse, and Eugene Pallette seated about him. He was reading a scenario aloud to the company, and as I came up, I heard him say:

"We'll get to work on this first thing in the morning, folks," and the players hurried away, their day finished at four-thirty o'clock.

"What do they do when they aren't working, Mr. Adolfi?" I asked.

"Heavens, I don't know," he answered, a bit dazed with the suddenness of my question. "Eat, sleep, dance, I don't know. You see they are not around here then, so I don't know what they do."

Then I asked some more questions, and learned a number of things.

First, that Mr. Adolfi often writes his own scripts, and that those that are not from his own pen—pardon me—typewriter, are gathered from the four corners of the earth by the scenario department.

"Do you, personally, select your own cast for each play?" I next asked.

He didn't seem to think it any of my business, but he answered very courteously:

"Yes, always. Then I select the out-door scenes, consult with a stage carpenter about the necessary inside 'sets,' next comes a seance with the property man, a consultation with my assistant director, and then the camera man. We figure out just how things should go, to get the best results. And then comes the actual directing of the players."

Aren't you beginning to agree with me about the most important man?

"And what about make-up and costumes? Do you order them changed, when necessary?" I ventured.

"Yes, to all of that. *When necessary*. It seldom is. But now and then a player's idea of a part differs from a director's, and then it is necessary to compromise."

Compromise! I'll wager I can guess who it is that gives in when it comes to compromise—and it isn't the director!

"And how much time do you spend on one reel?"

"About a week. We rehearse each scene, usually only once or twice, but at times, when the action is a bit difficult, we go over it several times and rehearse until everyone knows to a dot, just what is required of him. Thus we avoid expensive, troublesome 'retakes' and everyone is entirely satisfied."

I didn't have to ask him whether he did out-door "interiors," for I could see at a glance that he did. And who wouldn't, in California, the land of flowers, where the light is like liquid gold? The stage where Majestic, Reliance and Komic pictures are produced, is a large one, 80 by 120 feet, and beautifully located.

The latest pictures on which Mr. Adolfi has put his O. K. are, "Through the Dark," "A Blotted Page," "Broken Nosed Bailey," "Blue Pete's Escape," "A Woman Scorned," "The Horse Wranglers," and "A Diamond in the Rough."

The Wooing and Wedding of Slippery Slim

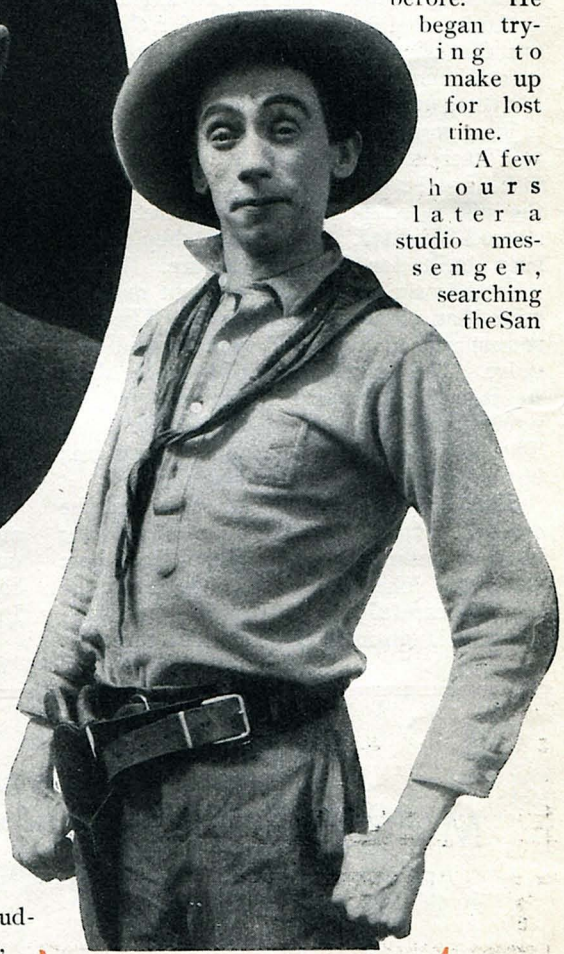
Victor Alfred Potel has found some one who takes him seriously. A few weeks ago, Miss Mildred Pam became "Mrs. Slippery Slim."

THE greatest of the worries of Victor Alfred Potel, who is the one and only Slippery Slim of Snakeville, comedian of the Niles plant of the Essanay Film Company, has always been that no one would take him seriously. Now he has a new worry—But let's begin at the beginning.

A very short time ago, Mildred Ludmilla Pam, daughter of Leopold Pam, the theatrical promoter, and niece of Judge Pam of Chicago and of Max Pam, the prominent attorney, went gayly out, one bright California day to visit the Essanay studio in Niles.

At the studio she met a very tall, young man who manifested an extreme interest in her presence. Victor confided later to at least five people that he knew the minute he saw Mildred that he had lost several years of his life in not having known her before. He began trying to make up for lost time.

A few hours later a studio messenger, searching the San



Jose valley for Slippery Slim, was recalled by the studio manager who had found Victor—and Miss Pam. In his haste the manager addressed Victor as "Slim." Mildred looked upon Victor with eyes of awe. She didn't laugh when she learned that the debonair young man was the original of the farcical human corkscrew of the Essanay films. She told him that she thought his work was wonderful.

For eleven days Victor kept the studio in a ferment of continuous and usually futile search for him while he told Mildred, who was staying with some friends in Niles, the story of his life. It's not such a very long life, but it took Slippery more time to tell it than it takes him to get out of a comedy situation. He told of how he had started out to be a travelling salesman for a clothing house. He had to admit that he had failed in this business for the reason that the firm he represented was misguided enough to use him as a model for the garments they wished to sell.

The garments seemed desirable enough to Victor Alfred when he spread them out in his hotel rooms. When he wore them to the offices of prospective customers they seemed blighted. Of course, they hadn't been built for his architecture. Victor Alfred is six foot four in height and not more than eighteen inches wide. The narrowest suit in his stock went around him twice. The longest one let his ankles show in chic Parisienne fashion and let his wrists come down in up-York-State style. The merchants greeted him with rapture; but nobody bought his goods.

Finally, as Victor told the girl from the east—he must have told her, the other Essanay actors say—he decided that there was some joke about him. He examined his line carefully. He couldn't find anything to laugh at in the excellent garments which he offered to the trade. Finally one of the trade told him the truth. "The joke, my boy," he said, "is not in your line. It's in you."

Now Victor is a bright young man. He saw the point. "If that's so," he said, "I'll capitalize myself. People like jokes." And he set out to find how to do it.

He says that he was on his way to Essanay's Chicago studio when he met G. M. Anderson, the "A" of Essanay and the "Broncho Billy" of motion picture fame. Mr. Anderson sighted Victor Alfred a block away, for Victor Alfred is of the build of an old-fashioned clipper ship. He saw the possibilities for motion picture fun in the structure of the remarkably tall, remarkably slender young man. He halted the youth. He offered Victor Alfred a chance of a job. The rest of the story every one knows.

Eight days after Miss Mildred Pam arrived in Niles she telegraphed her father, requesting his immediate presence there. Eleven days after she met Slippery Slim of Snakeville Miss Mildred Pam became Mrs. Victor Alfred Potel.

Everybody made it a festive occasion, particularly Victor Alfred Potel's friends. In fact they seemed to find so much reason for mirth that Mrs. Victor Alfred said she didn't see anything funny in two people who liked each other getting married. And then everybody but Victor laughed.

Some one took Slippery Slim aside. "Slim," he said, "if you lose your sense of humor, you'll lose your job."

Victor ruminated. "That's not what's worrying me," he announced. "What I'm afraid of is that my wife's going to be so good a cook that I'll lose my figure. I could get along without a sense of humor. But what'll I do if I ever get fat?"

Matrimony *is* a problem!

LOOKING FOR EASY WORK

MANAGER of Picture Theatre: (to applicant for work.) "What kind of work can you do?"

Applicant: "Well, boss, I think I'd make a fine prompter for the actors on the films."

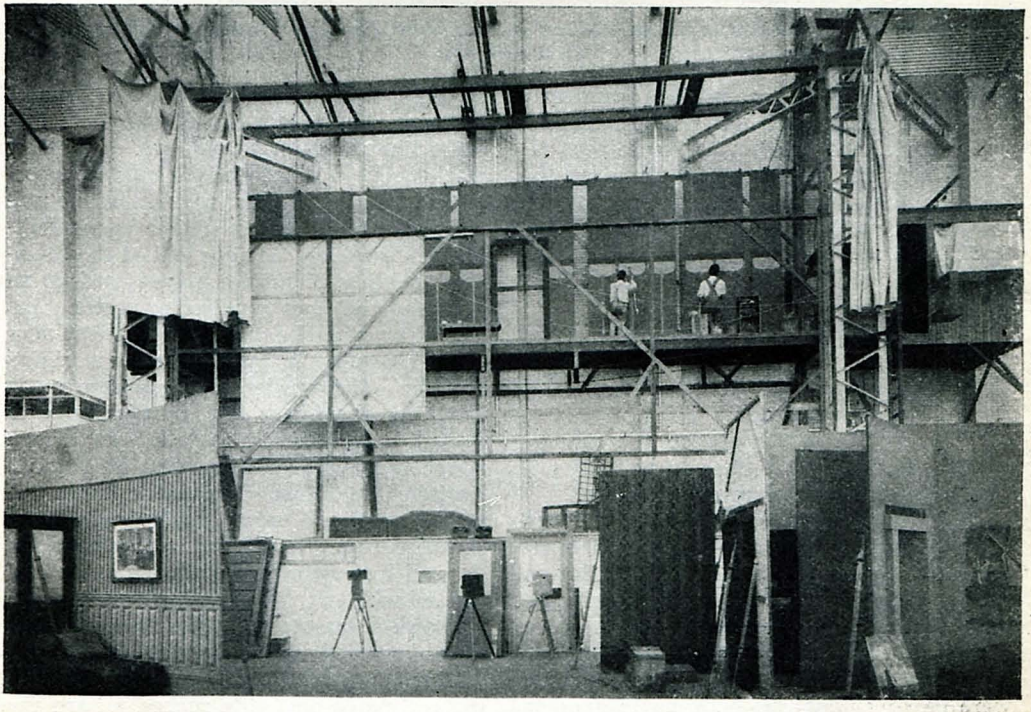
On the Inside at Lubinville

By Esther Pennington

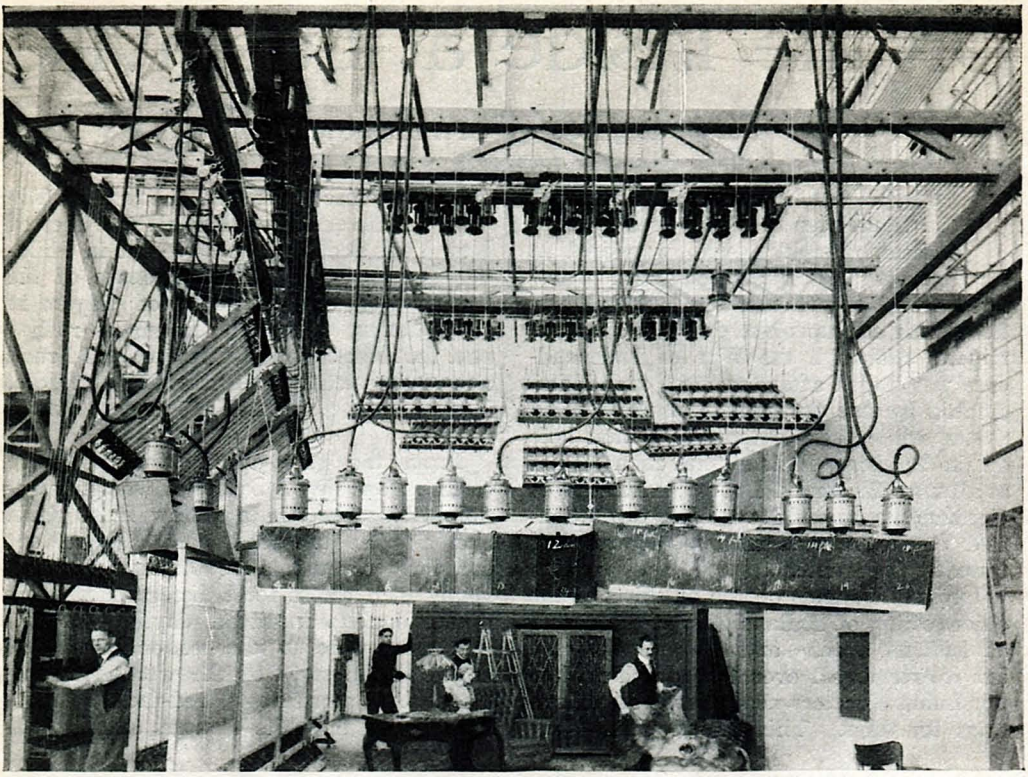
LUBINVILLE is the only place in Philadelphia not discovered by Benjamin Franklin, who wandered in from Boston one day and transfixed everything in the City of Brotherly Love with a benevolent eye and a bronze tablet. Although the War of Independence was waged after that time and Philadelphia became the capital of the United States, while Washington was a mud hole on the Potomac, Philadelphia changed not at all until Siegmund Lubin, arriving from Germany by way of New York, revolutionized the town with motion pictures and founded Lubinville.

Lubinville stands on the outskirts of the older section of Philadelphia at the corner of Indiana avenue and Twentieth street, but it extends all over Philadelphia when the Lubin directors need metropolitan settings for films. This extension has done more to arouse Philadelphia from its Rip Van Winkle existence than all the jibes of New York and Chicago. No one in Philadelphia knew the real significance of the Liberty Bell until a troupe of players in revolutionary colonial costumes rushed past the intersection of Chestnut and Broad streets, pursued by a man waving a camera. Nevertheless, Lubinville proper is a fortress.

From the gate of the fortress there emerged one day a beautiful woman magnificently attired in a yellow satin gown and a pink brocaded coat. She swept haughtily through a double line of blase young men whose total disregard of their dinner jackets in broad daylight argued that they were to the manor born, and ascended the steps of the waiting limousines. A perspiring, red-faced, gray-haired man in white trousers and a vivid



You may find the painters at work on a new set in the same studio in which scenes are being filmed.



This gives a very good idea of the tremendous amount of artificial light needed for taking interiors on a dark day.

shirt of violet stripes, rushed frantically from the other side of the automobile. "Get back," he cried, "get back!"

"What's the matter now?" inquired the lady in the pink brocade, pausing at the door of her vehicle.

"That's the same coat you wore in the last scene, and you're supposed to have changed," roared the interrupter.

"Well, no one told me," she assured him, "and you'll have to wait till I change." She swept back again through the gateway with the same regal air.

"Whew!" breathed one of the dinner-coated youths. "It's great to be a director's wife and make him stand around."

"Get out of the way!" the gateman growled at him, and the blase troupe all retreated to let the perspiring gentleman of the violet shirt pass through the lodge.

Within the gates there flashed a scene that for an instant looked like the interior of a British barracks. Red-coated soldiers were passing from one building to another across a courtyard set between structures of high, military walls. On the benches lounged men whose khaki looked at first sight like the undress uniform of Tommy Atkins, but who proved on closer inspection to be clad in exact replicas of the uniforms of the American soldier in the Philippine campaign. At one end of the courtyard, soldiers of France played cards in an unconsidered and undirected scene that looked exactly like one of those in "Under Two Flags." A girl in western riding costume of corduroy and sombrero stood watching them. A girl in Quaker garb waited in a doorway to talk with a man whose raiment proclaimed him an English Puritan of Oliver Cromwell's time, but whose unalloyed mirth marked him more Cavalier than Roundhead. Suddenly she slapped him squarely across the cheek and ran off with gay laughter, followed by unpuritanical threats from the wearer of the broad-brimmed, high-crowned black hat.

Suddenly there clanged a brazen bell. Instantly men and girls rushed toward the doorway in the left-hand corner of the

courtyard. The tall buildings around the place emptied other men and other girls from low doorways and from high stairways that led up to other doors that seemed to be set in the glass roofs. "Luncheon!" a girl shouted shrilly. A man mocked her high soprano. "Luncheon nothing!" boomed a deep bass. "I'm going to eat a dinner." They wedged somehow into the doorway, flocking up the stairs like a mob in a play, a strange medley of nationalities and periods, all the way from tuniced Romans to double-tuniced evening gowns, and all the grades from emperor to scrubwoman, all happy, all ravenously hungry.

Into the dining room they rushed after their ascent had brought them to the highest floor of the building. Waitresses before steaming, nickel-plated urns kept passing cups with a speed that betokened long training in railway restaurants. Orders flashed to and fro, attended by airy badinage. Some one flung a biscuit. "Stop that!" an authoritative voice commanded.

Amid the chatter of two hundred people it was hard at first to distinguish either people or conversation; but at the end of the long counter a very pretty girl made a place for me beside her. Her smile had that familiar quality that devotees of motion pictures come in time to recognize as one that they have seen in pictures somewhere. She wasn't Ethel Clayton, for Ethel Clayton was down at the other end of the counter, perched on a high stool and wearing a deeply decollete gown of black velvet. This other girl wasn't in costume, unless a fascinating poke bonnet of the very latest style might be called a costume; and she was so exceptionally, tantalizingly pretty that it was almost impossible to think that one might have seen her picture without remembering her name. She smiled a whole battery of dimples. "I'm Louise Huff," she said, "otherwise Mrs. Jones. And that's Florence Hackett on the other side of you," she introduced.

To those familiar with the Lubin films Florence Hackett is a gaudy adventuress. She always plots and intrigues and connives. She steals the jewels in the great jewel robberies. She forges letters. She kidnaps children. She disrupts dynasties. Acquaintance with her acting would lead her followers to believe that she would be a haughty woman of slant eyes and a cruel mouth. But this girl at the other side had merry brown eyes that twinkled and a humorous mouth that ran into little laugh wrinkles when she talked. She talked between mouthfuls of strawberry pie.

"I love to be a villainess," she said in explanation of her work. "I'd love to be a real villainess in real life. Everybody

The wardrobe room of the Lubin plant is a fascinating place and its resources are illimitable.

walks all over me," she said plaintively, "except Louise. Louise couldn't walk over anybody." She gave a glance down the counter that fell upon several sisters of the studios, who received it directly above their own pie-laden forks and returned it with compound interest. "But I'm not going to let people impose upon me any longer," Miss Hackett announced in a tone that carried to the extreme end of the room.

"Was any one trying to, Florence dear?" Ethel Clayton inquired.

"Not twice," said Miss Hackett without the meekness that she claimed. But in an instant her assertiveness had departed as she began to talk of her love for Lubinville. "I'm the veteran here," she said. "I'm the oldest woman on the place." Louise Huff laughed heartily.

"What about Jane?" she inquired. "Jane," she explained, "is seventy-eight."

"Well, she came after I did," Florence Hackett said. "I mean that I was the first actress whom Mr. Lubin engaged for Lubinville. I'm awfully proud of it," she declared. "Once, a little while ago, I was having some trouble in Philadelphia and I thought I could not stay in this town because of my own unhappiness. I told them here, and they told me that, even if I went, I could come back whenever I

You wouldn't believe that a chicken yard could be part of a motion picture plant, but raising eggs is only one of the infinite variety of minor activities carried on at Betzwood, that magnificent country place which is an adjunct of Lubin's Philadelphia Plant.

Betzwood can furnish this troop of cow-boys with a setting that no one in the world would take for anything but Wyoming.

wanted to come. Mr. Lowry advised me against going, though. 'You're not as miserable here as you'll be anywhere else,' he told me. And I found that he was right. I was more miserable away than I had thought was possible. And one day I telephoned him from New York. 'Come right back,' he said, and I cried over that telephone for ten minutes before I dared go out on the street."

"It is home, sure enough," said Louise Huff. Florence Hackett smiled fondly at the girl. "It should be for you," she teased her. "Louise met her husband here," she said. "He's one of the directors. We all knew he liked her a long time before Louise seemed to find it out, for he put on all the sort of pictures that

It was not many years ago that Lubin's machine shop in which his cameras, projecting machines, etc., are made, was as jealously guarded as a cloister, so keen was the rivalry among the various motion picture companies.

called for a girl of her type." Louise blushed furiously. "And he's still putting them on," the older woman continued.

Then at the door appeared a short, rather stoop-shouldered man with a shock of gray hair, a drooping gray mustache and kindly blue eyes. A cry of greeting whirled out to him. "That's Mr. D'Arcy," some one explained. H. A. D'Arcy he was, who is Siegmund Lubin's son-in-law and publicity manager, but who won fame even before the days of the movies as the author of that famous poem, "The Face on the Floor," that has gone through all the nations of the world under the title he didn't give it, but which it won for itself as a stone wins moss, "The Face on the Bar Room Floor!"

He smiled genially upon the crowd, summoning a man whom he sought, and stepping to one side to give a glimpse of Siegmund Lubin, who was showing some visitors through the wonderful plant, and expatiating upon the mechanical marvels of the place. A bald man of shrewd eyes and a wide brow, "Pop" Lubin only when he isn't around, the man in the doorway was one of the tremendous figures in the newest and most rapidly growing of the great industries of the world. With the power of a great executive he dominated the place while he stayed. It was not merely that he owned Lubinville. It was because of his vivid personality that the lunchroom was silent while he remained. With his going the work bell clanged.

Down the stairway rushed the actors, through the courtyard and into other doorways and up other stairways, going to their dressing rooms and studios, prepared for the rush of work that is so characteristic of the Lubin studios. The wheels of activity whirled fast beneath the glass roofs. No one loitered now. Every one worked. But the same spirit that had marked the noontide recess, the spirit of camaraderie that is so noble a feature of Lubinville, the spirit of fun and mischief, pervaded the work, a fire in the volcano that old Benjamin Franklin would have enjoyed if he could come again through the streets of the red brick houses with the rocking chairs on the porches and the "busybodies" on the second-story windows. For he would have remembered the experiments with lightning that he himself made in the Pennsylvania city and he would have appreciated how "Pop" Lubin still plays with the lightning under the glass roofs of Lubinville.

"Those Thanhouser Kids"

"The Thanhouser Twins," known throughout the world by that name, are Marion and Madeleine Fairbanks. There was a time when no one could tell them apart, but some of their friends claim they know them now.

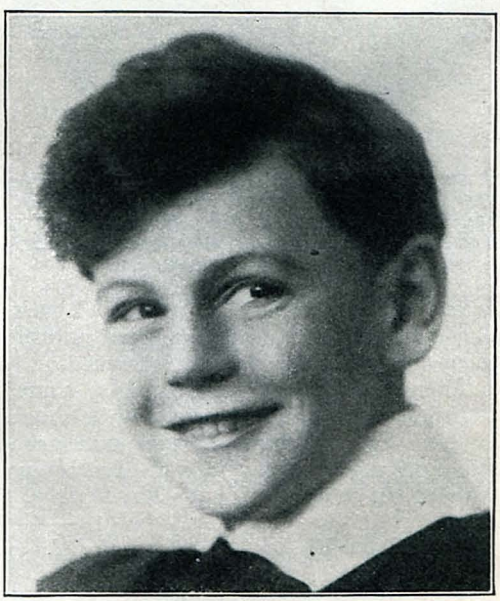
SPECIALIZING in children isn't supposed to be the line of work for which a motion picture studio is best adapted; but the Thanhouser has come into quite as much fame through its staff of children artists as through the excellence of its photoplays. Therefore the children of this plant are the bright and shining stars of the place and the center of the spotlight whenever they stand in one place long enough to have it thrown upon them. For the quartette of youngsters whose photographs under the Thanhouser imprint are known from one end of the world to another are the Fairbanks Twins, Madeline and Marion, Helen Badgley, the baby, and Leland Benham, the eight-year-old boy.

To see them in the pictures is to believe that they may possibly be children whose serious purpose in posing for motion plays may divert them from the more real purpose of playtime. But to see them together in one of the big rooms of the studio is to know that the four youngsters are having the time of their lives and turning the workaday place into a veritable Toyland.

Almost any day in the Thanhouser studio in New Rochelle there go on games of hide and seek, of blind man's buff, of London bridge, that would demoralize any public school and that would bring joy to the pedagogic heart of a Montesorri. In and out between busy actors and actresses, who are never too busy however to give them an encouraging pat on the head, run the Fairbanks twins, the Badgley baby, and the Benham boy. Sometimes they take refuge in a corner to hold remarkable conversations that prove extremely enlightening as well as amusing to those who happen to overhear them.

One of these took place not long ago when the four of them made a playhouse out of a scenic set and proceeded to have a tea party, importing Helen Badgley's dishes for the occasion. It would have been a notable success had Leland Benham been able to keep still. But that's another part of the story. Dave Thompson, who was dressing in the next room, says that one of the twins—no one can tell their voices apart, but he thinks from the context that it was Marion—remarked, "I'm tired of adulation."

"What's that?" asked the Badgley mite, who is five years old, with ravishing brown eyes and golden curls and pink cheeks.



Leland Benham of the Thanhouser studios who plays "Boy" and whose favorite play is "Just Play."

Helen Badgley, who is "The Thanhouser Kidlet" is only five years old, but is already the real prima donna of the studios, having more temperament than Emma Eames ever had.

"It's a bad cold," said the other Fairbanks twin.

"No, it is not," said Marion.

"It is, too," said her sister. "For mother said you were getting too much adulation and you know that you ain't got nothing but a bad cold here."

"Well, I don't know what it is," said one of the brown curled beauties, "but it ain't a cold, and whatever it is, it's nice."

Perhaps they might have gone farther into the philosophy of the things that are nice but not advisable for daily use had not Leland Benham upset Helen Badgley's tea set. There was no tea in the cups or the teapot at the time, but there was grief in Helen's soul for the tea that might have been spilt. And she wept as if the floor had been inundated with the fluid that had never been present. The twins tried to comfort her and banished Leland to the outer darkness.

The banishment was an evil thought. When next discovered Leland, who is eight years old and possessed of a demon of mischief that peeps through the curtains of his brown eyes on divers occasions, was found in session with the janitor of the Thanhouser plant. The session was stormy on the part of the janitor, placid on the part of Leland.

Leland was standing just outside a square of cement that had been carefully fenced in to keep passersby from stepping upon it while it was in the process of hardening. The cement had not yet hardened but distinctly visible in it were the imprints of two feet strikingly similar in size to the sturdy ones of the Benham boy. The janitor was surveying them.

"You did step in there," he was saying.

"I did not," said Leland.

"You did, too," shouted the irate guardian of the cement.

"I did not," insisted Leland.

"I saw you," cried his accuser.

"You never did," said the Thanhouser boy, "for I looked both ways and there wasn't anybody at all in sight."

And the session broke up in a riot.

Between playtimes however the Thanhouser kids do some genuinely hard work, although they call it "other play." Helen Badgley has been in "Brother Bob's Baby," in "The Tin Soldier and the Doll," "Coals of Fire," "A Clothesline Quarrel," and a score of others. The Fairbanks children, as the Thanhouser Twins, have been in hundreds of motion pictures. Leland Benham is having almost as many to his credit as are his father and mother. But the studio knows the youngsters by their play rather than by their work. And if a rushing director falls over a hobbyhorse, what would he dare say when two score men and women stand champions for four busy-brained children?

DOROTHY GISH INJURED

THE production of "How Hazel Got Even" was, a few weeks ago, stopped by an accident which occurred to Miss Dorothy Gish, who was being featured in the picture. She was on her way home from the Majestic studio, in Hollywood, Cal., when she was struck by an automobile and the wheel passed over her foot, breaking several bones and making it impossible for her to appear before the camera for several weeks.

Three Rough- "The

By

Robert Harron is distinctly different from any resemblance to this role that he plays.

WHEN David Griffith planned to stage the photoplay "The Escape," drafted from Paul Armstrong's hectic and brutal melodrama for Helen Ware, he made some radical changes so that the photoplay stands out as a man's rather than a woman's play.

In the original Helen Ware ran away with all the show except that part in which Harry Mestayer did one of the finest pieces of acting of a Bowery type ever seen on the stage. In the photoplay, in spite of the intelligent work of Blanche Sweet and Mae Marsh, "The Escape" was dominated by the work of the three men who did the intensely disagreeable roles of the terrible McGee, the weak brother, and the drunken father.

To Donald Crisp, to Bobby Harron, and to F. A. Turner go the honors for the masterly performance of these trying parts.

Griffith, who is one of the most painstaking directors in the world, sent Crisp, Turner and Harron to New York's Bowery to study the types they were to play. When they had mastered their atmosphere and their general idea of character in the roles, Griffith set them to work at the definite sculpture of their individual roles. The result is the trio that makes "The Escape" a noteworthy photoplay.

Donald Crisp followed a well-known Bowery Character until he could emulate every movement.

Robert Harron as he really is.

Outside the film Harron, who is the youngest of the group, is so distinctly different from any resemblance to the role he plays that a word of explanation of him may be necessary to those who see him in the part. He isn't twenty years old yet. He came to the Biograph's plant when he was only fourteen. He worked as a messenger boy for six years. Once in a while Griffith put him on the stage to do messenger roles. Harron's naturalness

necks from Escape"

Richard Willis

and ease proved an excellent foundation for motion picture work, but it was not until Griffith tried him out one day as a waif of the streets that young Harron showed that he possessed real talent in the playing of these difficult roles. From that time the Biograph studio was without the services of R. Harron, messenger. R. Harron, actor, had taken his place.

Donald Crisp in real life.

Crisp, who played the ferocious McGee, was educated at England's famous boys' school, Eton, where he won the annual cross country run of ten miles and where he was one of the stars of the Rugby football team playing during his entire course. Later he served in the British army, having been with the Tenth Hussars during the Boer War. He was wounded three times during the course of the conflict and was promoted to the post of color sergeant for conspicuous bravery.

The big Englishman owes his theatrical engagement to the fact that John C. Fischer heard his tenor voice and immediately signed him up for opera tours through Cuba, Mexico, and South America. On his return to New York he played the

Turner mastered the general idea of this character in Salvation Army Headquarters.

leading part in "At Yale." After an engagement with Cohan he met David Griffith. The producer engaged him for the Biograph company where he has been playing for four years.

F. A. Turner, the last of the trio, has been playing before the footlights for twenty-two years. During that time he has played with nearly all the important American and English actors and in numerous stock companies.

To the cooperation of these three men, their enthusiastic entrance into the director's idea, and their fine work before the camera, "The Escape" owes that "punch" that characterizes it as one of the exceptional productions of the Biograph studios.

F. A. Turner doesn't look much like the "roughneck" he plays in "The Escape."

Can She Bake a Cherry Pie, Billy Boy?

ONCE upon a time May Irwin astonished the world by proving that she was a most wonderful cook. Her expert knowledge of the culinary art seemed to come as a shocking surprise to the public, who somehow didn't seem to associate cookery and comedy, much less cookery and high tragedy. "Why shouldn't I cook?" the buxom May retorted. Her retort registered. Since that time the association of actresses and frying pans has been more common until now the assertion that ninety-nine per cent of the motion picture actresses are good cooks doesn't meet with any excitement.

But if you think of what some of the actresses have to do in the intervals between meal times, you'll realize that one must be a very remarkable woman in order to accomplish these somersaulting feats. Look at Kathlyn Williams, star of the Selig Polyscope Company, who tames lions and tigers and panthers and plays with bears and elephants. Now Kathlyn Williams can bake cherry pies and many other kinds of pies after she comes in from the lion's cage. And the best of her pies, she says, is a lemon custard pie, for which she gives this recipe: Ingredients—two eggs, one cup of granulated sugar, one cup of water, one tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon of cornstarch dissolved in water, and one lemon. Grate the rind, then peel off the thick white skin, and grate the rest of the lemon, being careful to remove the seeds. Mix, and pour in pan which contains pie dough as prepared in usual way. Save out one of the whites and beat to a stiff froth with a tablespoon of pulverized sugar. After the pie has baked, place the whiting on top and return to the oven until it is a delicate brown.

Then Mary Fuller, who is put through all the daredevil feats that the scenario editor of Universal can think up for her, is quite expert on cooking. This is her own testimony. People who've eaten what Mary's cooked say better of the result than she does.

"Cooking?" she says. "Let me see. Yes, lately I have been most occupied cooking up scenarios. A good scenario, done to a turn, well seasoned with spice, stuffed with meat, stirred with motion, sweetened with sugar, and served appetizingly, is at present my favorite recipe. It takes some thought to prepare this dish, but if a success, it is much praised, and has a widespread demand.

When you stop to consider that Cleo Madison has to do just such stunts as this between meals, you'll realize how remarkable an accomplishment it is for her to make the best ripe olive salad you ever ate.

In some of the days of yester-year, however, I did cook very well with a stove. When I was in the seventh grade, cooking was included in the course, and once a week I donned a rather wrinkled apron and cap, and with kindred spirits leaned over stoves and looked into cook books. I learned how to burn my fingers, inhale the smoke of burning vegetables and redden my face to the hue of a turkey gobbler's snout.

When I rose to the surface again after my term of cooking lessons there was one thing I could make very well, so my girl friends told me, but there was one other

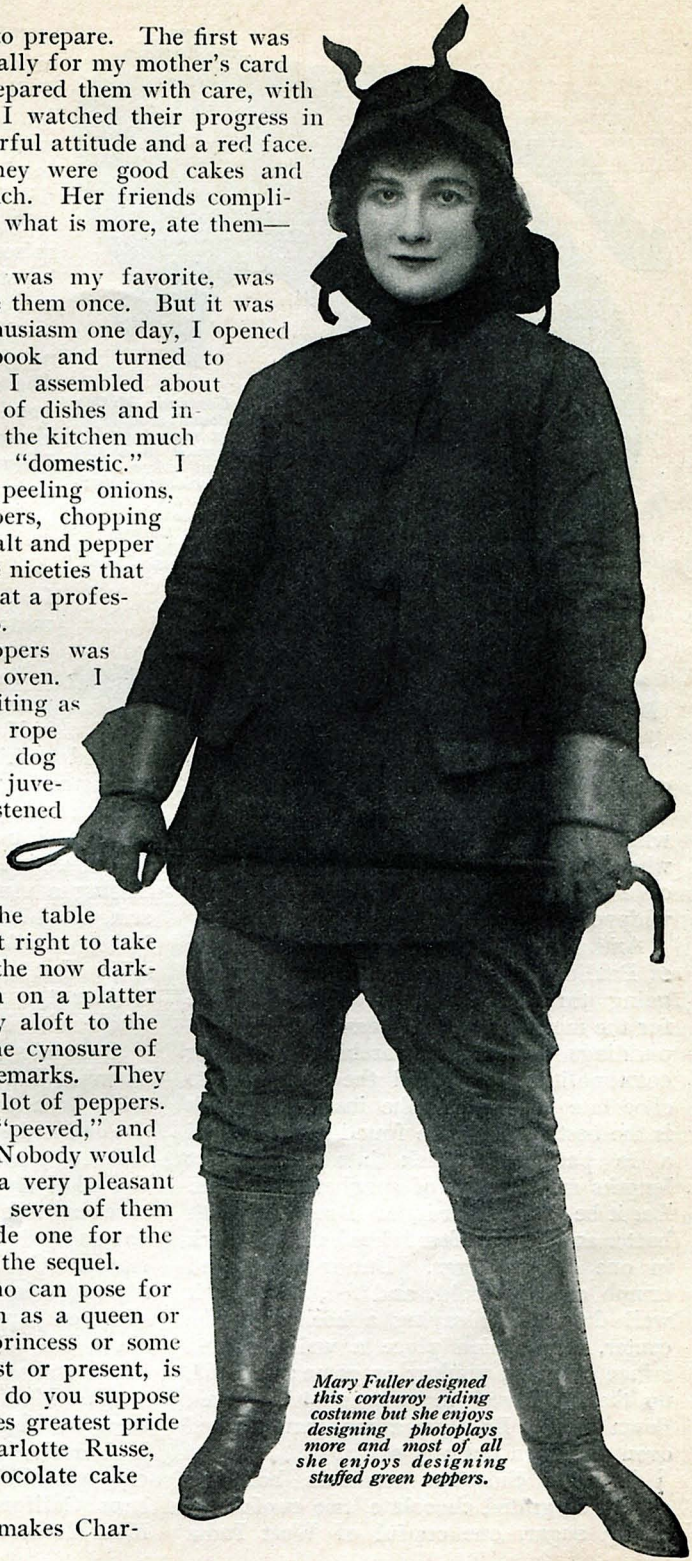
relish that was my favorite to prepare. The first was cake. I baked cakes principally for my mother's card parties and musicales. I prepared them with care, with bounty yet with economy. I watched their progress in the oven zealously in a prayerful attitude and a red face. I iced them lovingly. They were good cakes and pleased my mother very much. Her friends complimented me on my skill, and what is more, ate them—the cakes.

The second dish, which was my favorite, was green peppers. I only made them once. But it was memorable. With great enthusiasm one day, I opened my neatly inscribed cook book and turned to "Stuffed Green Peppers." I assembled about me on the table a quantity of dishes and ingredients, and bustled about the kitchen much to the discomfiture of our "domestic." I was busy for a long time, peeling onions, with results, cleaning peppers, chopping meat and bread, measuring salt and pepper and butter, and doing all the niceties that an amateur cook does and that a professional one doesn't need to do.

At last my fleet of peppers was placed expectantly in the oven. I whiled away the time of waiting as best I could—jumping the rope in the street, "sic-ing" my dog down a rat hole, and such juvenile refreshments—and hastened back to the stove. Our dinner hour was called before they were done, and the family assembled at the table some time before I deemed it right to take them out of the oven. In the now darkened kitchen, I placed them on a platter and bore them triumphantly aloft to the dining room. They were the cynosure of all eyes, and the butt of remarks. They were a disappointed-looking lot of peppers. Some were sad, some were "peeved," and some were fat and helpless. Nobody would eat them, though they had a very pleasant aroma to me. So I ate all seven of them myself. Seven—I had made one for the dog, too. You can imagine the sequel.

Clara Kimball Young, who can pose for the World Film Corporation as a queen or an empress of an oriental princess or some magnificent dignitary of past or present, is an expert cook. And what do you suppose are the works of art she takes greatest pride in? Fluffy foods, like Charlotte Russe, and angel food cake, and chocolate cake filling, and Saratoga chips!

Here is how she says she makes Char-



Mary Fuller designed this corduroy riding costume but she enjoys designing photoplays more and most of all she enjoys designing stuffed green peppers.

Gertrude McCoy doesn't mind being a ragged kitchen wench in a film but when she's making her famous Spanish salad she insists on looking like a veritable musical maid.

lotte Russe: Mix one pint of rich cream, one-half cup of powdered sugar, and one teaspoonful of vanilla. Have very cold and whip to stiff froth, turning under cream when it first rises. Line dish with sponge cake or ladyfingers and fill with the whipped cream.

And Pearl White, who does the Perils of Pauline for the Pathe Freres Company, going through every devisable escapade for the making of thrills, can make French puddings and Welsh rarebits and other cosmopolitan dishes, all the way over to chocolate caramels. She insists that this is the best recipe to be found for spaghetti a la pauline. Break into very short lengths small sticks of spaghetti and boil. Let it be rather overdone. Dress this with butter and cheese after it has boiled. Work in one or two eggs. Butter and bread crumb a plain mold, and fill, pressing it well down and leaving a hollow in the center, into which place a well flavored mince of meat, poultry or game; then fill up the mold with more spaghetti, pressed down well. Bake in a moderate heated oven and turn out and serve.

And for chocolate caramels, boil one cupful of grated chocolate, two cupfuls of brown sugar, one cupful of West India molasses, one cupful of milk or cream, butter the size of an egg. Boil until thick, stirring constantly. Pour out on buttered plates and when it begins to harden, mark in small squares so that it will break easy when cold.

Sally Crute, who was born and raised in Chattanooga, Tennessee, boasts of her chicken fried southern style. "As a youngster," she testifies, "I had an old black mammy who was an excellent cook. She taught me how to cook all the good things for which the negro mammies of the South are noted. I always prepare fried chicken just as my old black mammy did.

First, I unjoint the chicken, wash good in salt water, then let stand for about an hour in fresh salt water. Then I dry the meat with a nice soft cloth, and after salting and peppering, roll it in flour. Next, I place the pieces in a frying pan which is half full of bacon fat, covering up and cooking slowly for about half an hour, turning the pieces over until all are well done and good and brown.

Next, I make a gravy from the bacon fat in which the chicken has been fried, adding a pinch of salt, enough butter to suit, a tablespoon of flour, and stir until it becomes brown. Thin with cream or milk. Let this cook until it thickens, pour it over the fried chicken, and serve the whole with hot biscuits.

Gertrude McCoy of the Edison isn't Spanish, but her best contribution to the table is a Spanish salad. Besides that, she can make an outing sandwich that provides a picnic with luxury. She makes the salad thus: Place small leaves of lettuce around a dish, then slice Spanish onions and place on top of the lettuce leaves. Cover the onions with sliced tomatoes, then cover the tomatoes with strips of green peppers. After letting stand for about ten minutes, pour a salad dressing of oil and vinegar over it.

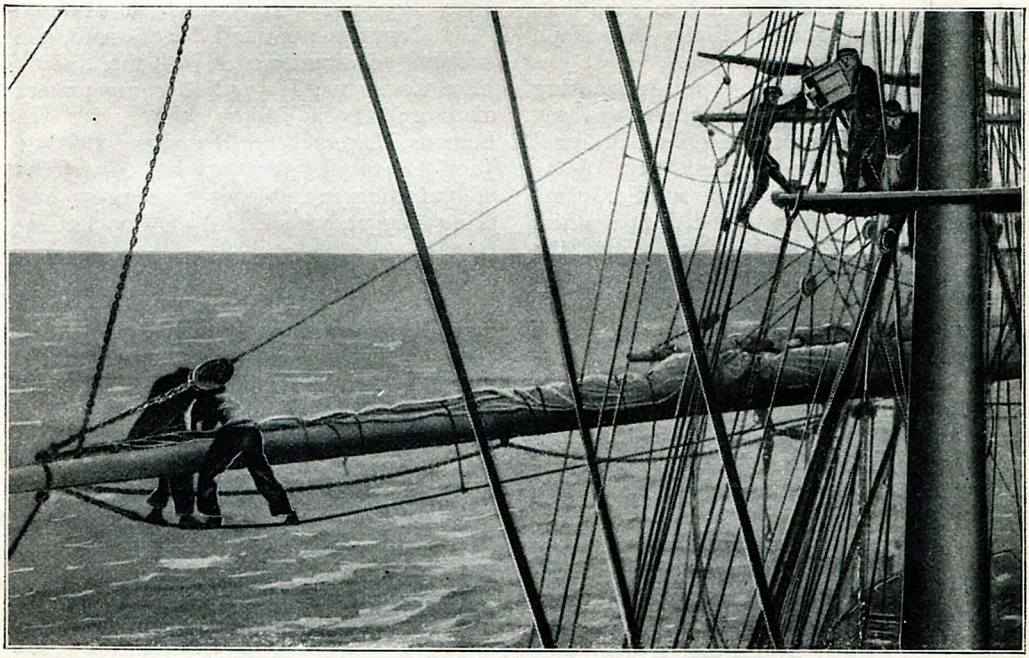
Cleo Madison, who has all the adventures in "The Trey of Hearts" with the Universal, also runs to the Spanish in cookery, specializing in ripe olive salad. Perhaps California is responsible for both. Miss Madison makes it this way: Take the

inner stalks of a bunch of celery and put into cold water, leaving until crisp, then drain and cut into small pieces. Seed and quarter some large, ripe olives, also have some English walnuts chopped, not too fine. Mix all together and add some rather tart mayonnaise dressing. Let stand a few minutes, then serve very cold on lettuce.

Rose Tapley can make all sorts of food triumphs, being a wonder with roast beef and roast lamb. But in addition to her photoplay acting she has an amazing reputation as a jellymaker. This is her secret of being a success as an artist in jellies: In making jelly I use absolutely no water, extracting the juice from the fruit by mashing it a little and heating it, being careful that it does not scorch. Then I put it through a collander and drain the juice. Next, I strain the whole through jelly bags, straining it several times, but trying to keep it as hot as possible, as it jellies better if it is never allowed to cool. I measure it and allow a cup of sugar to a cup of juice, placing the sugar in the oven to heat, stirring it frequently so that it will not caramel; when the juice has boiled hard for about ten minutes, I add the hot sugar very slowly. Then I let it boil for about twenty minutes, trying a little of the jelly on a very cold saucer to see if it has been cooked sufficiently. If it jells quickly, I pour into jelly glasses. Pour melted parafin over the top and place in the sun for a few days, as this clarifies the jelly and gives it a lovely color.

And among the ladies enters John Bunny!

John can make a punch. He says it is a good punch. So do all who have sampled the Bunny brand. John, being generous, tells how he does it, vowing that the world needs more joy. Here's the ladder to John's joy cart: "To make John Bunny punch," says the contributor, "take six oranges, eight lemons, one and one-half pounds of sugar, one-half pint of good brandy or rum, six slices of canned pineapple, halved, and one gallon of water. The result is a drink as delicious as is Mr. Bunny's gorgeous smile."



Filming A Real Sea Story

A three-masted bark rigged Norwegian vessel has been procured by the Vitagraph Company for the purpose of producing some of the stories of Morgan Robertson, spinner of sea yarns. Pictures will be taken out where the ocean is truly king. The picture suggests many possible thrilling scenes that may be filmed up in the air.

Growing Up with the Movies

MISS LAWRENCE, IN 1907, WAS A "PIONEER" MOTION PICTURE ACTRESS, AND NOW, SEVEN YEARS LATER, SHE IS A "VETERAN" OF THE GAME.

By Florence Lawrence

In collaboration with

Monte M. Katterjohn

FINAL INSTALLMENT

MY motion picture public did not learn my real name until I became an Imp player. That was during the summer of 1909. Upon leaving the Biograph Company I accepted a road engagement with Ezra Kendall, and for a little more than a month appeared before the footlights instead of the camera. While playing a one night stand in some little town out in the middle west I received a telegram from Mr. William V. Ranous, the man who had tweaked my ears for trying to steal into the projection room at the Vitagraph studio some two years previous.

"I am helping to start a new moving picture company and want you for my leading lady. Come to New York at once," it commanded. And I went.

So I listened to Mr. Ranous' offer. Carl Laemmle, the proprietor of a Chicago film exchange, had decided to embark in the business of manufacturing motion pictures. At that time his was a very nervy decision, and one that not only required a lot of determination, but many thousands of dollars. Associated with Mr. Laemmle were the Cochrane boys—Robert and Thomas—who were then conducting an advertising agency in Chicago, in addition to being interested in a song publishing house. The "plunging" spirit evidenced by Mr. Laemmle was natural with them, and the result was the organization of the Independent Moving Pictures Company of America. The name of the film brand—Imp—was coined by making a word out of the first letters of the words "Independent Moving Pictures."

That was Carl Laemmle's start as a manufacturer of motion picture films. Today he is the active head of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company—the largest single producing corporation in the world. And when we Imp players began the production of the first Imp picture, a comedy drama called "Love's Stratagem," we did not have a studio, so we could not make any interior scenes!

Among the first players to be engaged by Mr. Ranous for the Imp Company were George Loane Tucker, now producing director for the London Film Company; John Brownell, now with the Holland Film Company; Farrell MacDonald, the well known director now with the Tiffany Film Company; Harry Solter, my present director; Owen Moore, now with the Famous Players Film Company; the late John Cumpson, who was the Mr. Jones of the Biograph "Jonesy" pictures; and King Baggot, who is still an Imp leading man.

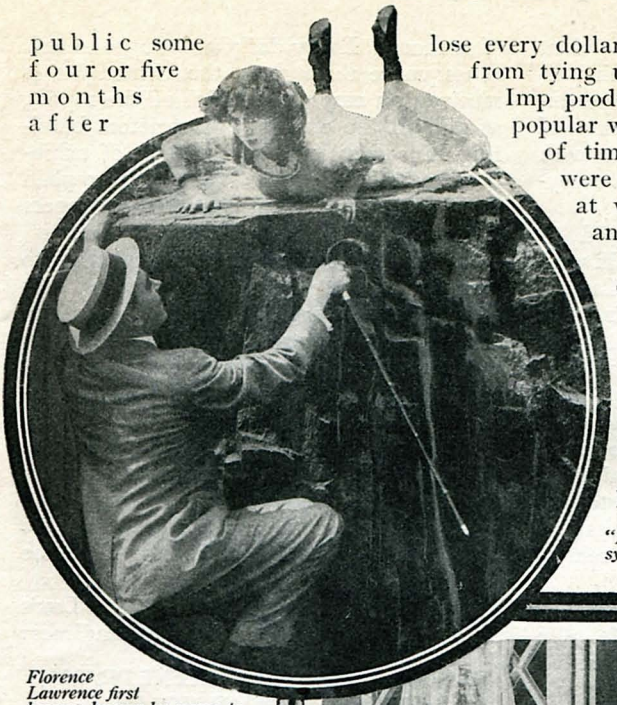
Owen Moore came to the Imp Company early in 1910 and remained until after I had left the Imp players. Although younger than Mr. Baggot, he played the heavy in nearly all the Imp pictures. I used to call him "the little villain" at that time, for he was of so slight a build and hardly more than a youngster. He was really funny wearing a desperate mustache and brandishing bowie knives and pistols. We all knew that he was better suited to playing juvenile leads, but there was a scarcity of good actors, and players with the natural ability possessed by Owen Moore were not to be had for the mere crooking of a finger. Owen made no complaint, for he was determined to get on as an actor, no matter what his parts might be.

Imp pictures began to "take" with the

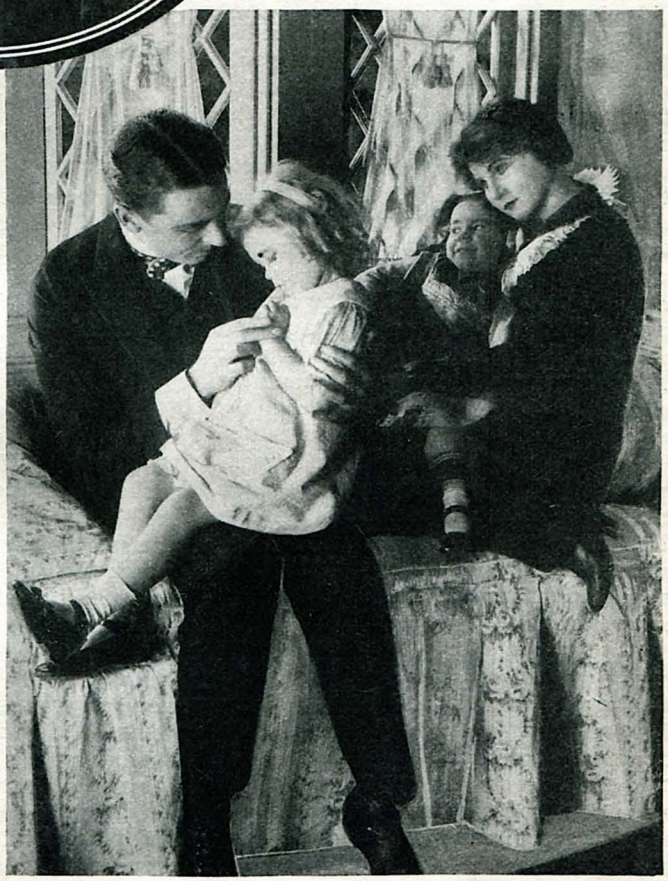
public some four or five months after their appearance. At first our photography was poor, and we experienced many difficulties in getting suitable settings. Our studio was inadequately equipped and new scenery and new pieces of property could not be built and painted with the speed of today. We borrowed furniture and the like from stores and factories and made out as best we could with our very limited means. Mr. Laemmle was engaged in a bitter fight with the Motion Picture Patents Company and at times it looked as though he would lose every dollar. This legal battle prevented him from tying up any great amount of money in Imp productions until they began to become popular with the public. It was just a matter of time, however, and pretty soon there were two producing directors constantly at work—one producing farce comedy and the other producing dramas.

During this time a number of special detectives were kept about the studio constantly to prevent the seizure of our cameras and to keep spies from coming among us and learning our plans, particularly whom we sold our films to. Those were perilous days for the independent film producer! The Motion Picture Patents Company claimed

"It was a relief to intersperse comedy with the sympathetic and genuinely appealing roles that sometimes fell to my lot."



Florence Lawrence first became known by name to the public as the delightful leading lady of the Imp Comedies put out in 1910. This is a scene from "All for Love."



that all cameras used by the independent producers were infringements on their patents, and every independent studio momentarily expected an officer and a score of deputies to swoop down upon them with some sort of court order and seize everything in sight.

Even the players were subjected to espionage. We were forbidden to talk with the players of other companies. Instant discharge was the penalty for violating this rule. Our every action was watched while we were at the studio, and under no circumstances were we permitted to go near the camera—the most treasured possession of all. When we went on trips to make exterior scenes a detective accompanied us, either to see that we were not molested by the spies of rival manufacturers or that we did not attempt to steal the camera secrets of our own company.

It was about this time that I had the most astounding adventure of my life. On my way to the Imp studio on the morning of February 19, 1910, I chanced to buy a newspaper out of pity for the half-clothed little newsboy who accosted me with the plea that he was hungry. My mind was so absorbed with my plans for the day, for I had heaps of work to do, that I had no intention of reading the news. But half-consciously I glanced at the paper and was startled to see several likenesses of myself staring me in the face, topped by a flamboyant headline announcing my tragic end beneath the wheels of a speeding motor car. To say that I was stunned would be putting it mildly. I screamed at the thought, and several passers-by turned to see what was wrong. Not caring to make a scene on the street I hurried away and to the studio, where I read the account in full. According to the story, there was no doubt about the matter—I was dead. I was angered and depressed. I did not know what to do.

Mr. Katterjohn takes up the story

The report of Miss Lawrence's death, which originated in St. Louis, spread from coast to coast in a day, in spite of the fact that telegrams were being sent out of New York and Chicago by the hundreds to the effect that she was very much surprised to hear of her death. It was believed these telegrams would silence the report and restore Miss Lawrence to her normal self once more. Every daily newspaper of any consequence throughout the United States received an emphatic denial of the report, as did all the exchange proprietors handling Imp films and the hundreds of exhibitors who had immediately telegraphed their exchanges. But the smaller papers copied the story from the city dailies.

The matter became more aggravating to Miss Lawrence when it was charged that the whole story was a press agent frame-up. Several rival picture companies stooped to the charge, with the result that Miss Lawrence, already in an extremely nervous condition, broke down completely.

As soon as the Imp actress was able to return to her work it was arranged for her to go to St. Louis where the story had originated and personally appear before the public to refute the statement—that she was dead.

On March 21, 1910, "The St. Louis Times" contained the following headlines:

LEADING WOMAN OF SILENT DRAMA, REPORTED DEAD, TO APPEAR IN ST. LOUIS.

Florence Lawrence, with King Baggot, St. Louis Actor, to Describe Work.

An account of the arrival of Miss Lawrence in St. Louis, as seen through the eyes of a woman reporter of "The Times" reads as follows:

"At five o'clock in the afternoon I reached Union Station. There was an immense crowd inside the depot—much larger than the crowd that had greeted President Taft upon his arrival here a few months ago, and akin to the reception accorded Dr. Cook, the North Pole discoverer. Suddenly the throng broke into wild tumultuous shouts as a remarkably pretty young woman appeared at the gate marked 'Track Eight,' on which a Pennsylvania train had just arrived. The crowd surged toward her like a wave, and for a moment it looked as if the young woman would be drowned in the human sea, it being necessary for policemen and station attaches to plunge to her rescue. When a way was cleared for her a tiny woman with a face like a wild flower nervously passed through the narrow aisle, hurriedly climbed into a waiting car and dashed to a hotel. It was Florence Lawrence, 'the Imp Girl,' who had come to St. Louis to refute the repeated reports of her death."

Photograph by Moody, New York.

Florence Lawrence is as fair as a snow maiden but she can look as barbarically beautiful as any Eastern princess.

Miss Lawrence resumes the story

I shall never forget that trip to St. Louis. It simply overwhelmed me. For two days and nights I made short talks—"clever little speeches," so the newspapers said—telling how I came to enter motion pictures. Events came so thick and fast that I was dazzled, but there is one thing I was convinced of, and still believe. The American public, when it loves its heroes and heroines, can love them with a better spirit than any people I know.

Upon the termination of my contract with Mr. Laemmle I spent three months in Europe, recuperating, studying foreign customs and types, and then returned to America to begin my fourth year as a motion picture actress playing opposite Arthur Johnson in Lubin productions.

Mr. Siegmund Lubin, the active head of the Lubin Manufacturing Company, is the most genial, democratic and interesting big man I have ever known. He is a veteran film man and began working on the problem of motion pictures about the time my mother thought it necessary for me to learn my a, b, c's. It is he who has built up the mammoth Lubin business in which his cheerful philosophy has played so big a part. Mr. Lubin is one of those rare lovers of wisdom who follow the precepts of Montaigne and practice what they preach. He is a man of peace, averse to strife of any kind, and it was this happy disposition of his that won me away from the Imp studio.

"My pictures are pretty pictures," he argued. "They are as clear as a bell, and beautiful to look at. You will be pretty in them. Florence Lawrence pictures will be most beautiful."

Throughout the year that I was a Lubin player Mr. Lubin called me his "pretty daughter." I liked him immensely for that, although no one could help liking him whether or no he said pretty things to them. He is known as "Pop" Lubin by all his acquaintances—an affectionate appellation, and he, in turn, speaks of his employees as "my children."

In February of 1913 I left the Lubin Company to take a long rest. My work had been very arduous and trying, and I was extremely nervous, so much so that I could not work to my own satisfaction. I wanted to get away from motion pictures and motion picture studios for a while and made the great mistake of going to Europe. I found Europe a bad place for an American to rest in, even in the days when the great war was undreamed of. I made a much longer trip than that of the previous year, taking many side trips into Palestine, Turkey, Italy, Greece, Germany, France, Sweden and Denmark—the very spots now drenched in the blood of war. At Luxor, Egypt, I met Miss Gene Gauntier and her Kalem players, and steamed up the Nile with them. In Italy I watched motion pictures which would never pass our censorship in this country.

Upon my return to the land of my birth (the reports that I am a native of Ireland are buncombe) with the aid of Messrs. Patrick A. Powers and Harry L. Solter, I founded the Victor Motion Picture Company, which later became the property of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company. After a year in Victor pictures, I gave up work and devoted my time to rose and garden culture at my country home at Westwood, New Jersey. But, as Mr. Katterjohn has already told you, I was unable to resist the desire to be back in the harness and at work, trying to do bigger and better things than ever before. Of my recent work, you are the judge. I have just completed my sixth year as a motion picture actress, and now I intend to devote several months of my time to resting at Westwood before yielding again to the desire to live amid the studio props, to hear the sputtering of the blazing lamps, the whirr of the camera and the commands of the director. These are the things that count to one who has grown up in their midst. 'Tis like the call of the sawdust ring to one who has always known and felt the pomp and display of the circus. And what are my plans, do you wonder? Dear readers, have I not told you that Fate shapes our destinies, leading the oldest and most experienced of us where she will? If you have enjoyed reading any part of this, my own story, I am more than repaid for the writing of it, and I hope to greet you anew on the silent drama screen.

And now I say good-bye. I love you all—love you with all my heart and soul. When I look from my window at night I wonder if there is anything I have ever done to cause you pain. I hope not. So again, good-bye!

"The Lens Squirrel"

THIS IS THE NAME THAT I HAVE ACQUIRED SINCE I STARTED BEING A GOOD POLICEMAN AND FALLING FOR EVERYTHING FOR FILM COMEDY.

By Charles Murray

TO BEGIN with, I can truthfully say that I was born at a very early age, from poor but honest parents, just as the sun was casting its gleaming rays over the White Water valley at Laurel, Indiana. I was pronounced a healthy, robust child, and I have proven this statement, as I've been with the Keystone Company seven months, and am still able to navigate. Being a good policeman, I have to fall for everything.

Before I started to cheat the camera and gained the name of "Lens Squirrel" I tried to gain fame as a clown with the old John Robinson Circus, in '81. I was successful for two circus seasons until I tried a triple somersault, which put me out of the arena with a badly sprained back. In '83 I joined Prof. Crocker's Horse Show, where I acted as chambermaid to a skating shetland. I was eliminated from said duties at Columbus, Ohio, the latter part of that season, by the frisky shetland, who planted both skates on my weak chest. I never did like ponies anyhow and the glasses are *so small* in Columbus. I rode home in a paint car, and when I arrived in Cincinnati, my home town, I was arrested and sent to the House of Refuge for cheating a poor railroad out of $2.18. Then, after I emerged from this temple of peace, I decided to enter the medicine show business, with White Cloud, a long-haired Indian doctor from Copenhagen, Denmark. We sold everything but the "license," and cured every ailment but premature burial and static. I performed everybody's act but the armless wonder, and I couldn't get my feet from

I go to the studio every morning with my dinner bucket and I come out with a lantern.

under the table, as I wore clog shoes—on and off; then fate threw Ollie Mack in my pathway and we joined as a team and played every State in the Union for over twenty years, under the team name of Murray and Mack. A few of our successes were "Our Irish Neighbors," "Finnigan's Ball," "Shooting the Chutes," "McKemas' Flirtation," "A Night on Broadway," "An English Daisy," etc., etc. We separated in Grand Rapids, Mich., January 30th, 1901, and I went with Joe Weber's Alma Company. After that season I joined the Biograph company as principal comedian, where I remained two years. Then Mack Sennett of the Keystone Company offered me a place in one of his companies, which I accepted. I have received the usual amount of Keystone bruises, but with the help of Dr. Sloan's Spavin Cure and a proper amount of arnica, I still survive.

Yes, I like the picture game. It is disgustingly healthy. I go to the studio every morning at 7:30 with my dinner bucket, and I come out with a lantern. My usual role is that of an Irishman, but I don't confine myself to that alone, as I have played everything from a "Hail-fellow-well-met" to a "Clinging Cactus," but I do enjoy the work, and if they don't catch me at it I hope to stay for the rest of my professional life.

Now, if I have missed anything, don't think I am holding out, but I can't tell you the color of my eyes, as they are never the same when coming out of scenes. Just the same, America is a great country.

New Faces for Photo-Fans

By Vanderheyden Fyles.

AND still they come! New faces from the "legitimate" stage continue to appear on the screen. And surely none could be pleasanter to see there than May Irwin's. Her broad, genial, all-embracing smile is as potent there as in the flesh. I hope Miss Irwin takes no offense at the word flesh! Frankly, I am not much afraid, because it is her way to make fun of her generous proportions before anyone else has the chance. And in her first appearance on the screen she finds a better chance than in all her years on the "boards." The best part of the four-reel adaptation of George V. Hobart's farce called "Mrs. Black Is Back," in which Miss Irwin appeared several seasons ago and which emerges now as peculiarly well filmed by the Famous Players Company, are the scenes of her efforts to reduce her weight. Mrs. Black is a widow with her eye on a possible second husband, and she is not going to lose him if losing some pounds of flesh will turn the trick. So one of the four reels is entirely devoted to her strenuous and varied methods of exercise. Yet in the end she tips the scales at 180 pounds instead of at her original 174!

Better subtitles than are usual are among the merits of "Mrs. Black Is Back." Some of them are really funny. For instance, when the end of all the widow's efforts to reduce herself in order to ensnare a second husband is the gaining of six pounds, the phrase flashed on the screen is, "Love's labor's lost!"

An extraneous interest is added to this delightful film by the fact that the outdoor pictures were taken on Irwin Island, the Thousand Islands home of the actress. So much has been heard of that place that there would be interest in seeing it on the screen even without a rollicking farce turning it topsy turvy; and the pictures are clear and often beautiful.

Vivian Martin is just the type of girl that is sure to win countless admirers among photo-fans. She is petite, demure, roguish, just a little too sweetly good for sophisticated folk. And "The Wishing Ring," the five-part play in which the World Film Corporation introduces her, is equally appealing to people who laugh and cry readily and who just *love* love.

Miss Martin, who seems to have the makings of another Marguerite Clark or Mary Pickford in her little person, appears as the daughter of an English country parson. Of course, he is very poor and she is a bundle of rags. She thinks it a shame that the altar vases have to go flowerless and, after brooding over it, she finally steals some roses from the garden of the rich man of the neighborhood. One morning she is caught by the gardener, a very attractive gardener, who starts by scolding her, but very soon is bewitched. Now, we know something about that gardener, for the first reel has shown him at college. The boy was such a cut-up that finally he was expelled, and his angry father, who is no less than an earl, cut him off with a shilling. Nay, more; he swore he never would forgive his son until he had earned a shilling.

The earl's son is not earning that shilling by his garden work, having simply been taken on without pay by the owner of the place, an old friend. Well, he and the parson's daughter take many a long walk, and we are glad to go with them, as their taste in scenery is irreproachable. One day they happen upon a gypsy camp, where a fortune teller foresees that the girl will marry a nobleman and where the pseudo-gardener buys her a wishing ring. In time, by accident, she discovers his true station. Then she sets about patching things up between him and the earl, and, of course, she eventually succeeds.

The rose garden, the gypsies' camp, the mountain of the magic herb and the old earl's horseback trip, all these are reasons why this adaptation of Owen Davis's play is more effective on the screen than on the boards.

John Barrymore is the latest representative of the numerous, distinguished Barrymore-Drew-Davenport-Rankin family to appear on the screen. As an appropriate vehicle for him the Famous Players Film

The production of "The Straight Road" brings an especially charming recruit to screenland in the person of Gladys Hanson, who plays the role originally created by Blanche Walsh.

Cecil Spooner makes her debut in "The Dancer and the King." The play is a pretty, tawdry business, but her own work is by no means discreditable.

May Irwin makes her screen debut in "Mrs. Black is Back" and her broad, genial, all-embracing smile proves as potent in the films as in flesh.

Vivian Martin is petite, demure and roguish. "The Wishing Ring," in which she appears, is equally appealing.

"Mrs. Black is Back," adapted to the screen proves a more satisfactory vehicle for May Irwin than was its stage version.

The new six-reel production, "Damon and Pythias," is a wonderful and beautiful photoplay in which a series of the wonderful ruins at Athens is introduced to give a sense of remoteness and actuality.

The Famous Players Company has chosen the farce "The Man from Mexico" originally adapted from the French by H. A. DuSouchet for William Collier in which to star John Barrymore.

Some of the funniest scenes are those on Blackwell's Island where the husband is a prisoner.

Company has chosen the farce adapted from the French by H. A. DuSouchet for William Collier called "The Man from Mexico." The point of it is that the man has never been to Mexico. He goes out one night, raises a rumpus in a restaurant, is arrested, is impertinent to the judge in the night-court and is sentenced to thirty days on the island. After great effort, he induces the officer in charge of him to let him go home for a couple of hours to put his affairs in order for his sudden absence. He tells his wife that he must be away for thirty days on a business trip to Mexico. She is ready to accept his explanation because she has a secret of her own. Overhearing her husband's plan for the previous evening, she had decided to follow him. Escorted by her sister's fiancé, she had gone to the same restaurant which was raided just after her husband's arrest. So she too was dragged to a police court. The resulting complications are uproarious fun. Some of the most novel scenes are those on Blackwell's Island, where the husband is a prisoner, and where he is thrown into terror by the visit of his wife and sister-in-law, quite unconscious of his presence, with flowers to cheer the prisoners.

John Barrymore has an expressive face that serves him well in a photoplay; and, of course, he has a large following of admirers.

Lionel Barrymore is only one of several stars to be seen in "The Seats of the Mighty," an elaborate and very interesting seven-part photoplay produced by the Colonial Motion Picture Corporation, under the direction of T. Hayes Hunter. Mr. Barrymore appears in the villainous but dominant role of Monsieur Doltaire, "created" on the dramatic stage by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree; Thomas Jefferson is Louis XV of France, whose wicked agent Doltaire is; and Grace Leigh and Marjorie Bonner are the king's rival favorites, La Pompadour and Du Barry. Glen White and Millicent Evans are the young lovers about whom the story revolves.

The story gets under way rather slowly. It is questionable whether the entire first section, the scenes in France, might not be dropped entirely to the advantage of the whole. They concern the intrigues of Du Barry and La Pompadour for ascendency over the weak king and they offer almost boundless opportunities for opulent display, of which the producer has availed himself with extraordinary lavishness. But the action is quicker and less confused when the scene has shifted to Canada. Doltaire has been sent over by King Louis to recover the incriminating Du Barry letters, having been empowered by his sovereign with unlimited authority, the period being just before the American Revolution, when Canada was still a province of France. Doltaire has come over only for the letters, which have fallen into the hands of an English adventurer, Captain Moray, realized as quite an ideal hero of romance by Glen White; but he soon develops a more personal hatred of Moray. They are rivals for Alixe Duvarney; and, I need hardly add, Moray is successful in the end. But before that happy outcome many trials are endured.

Among the most animated scenes are those of the battle on the Plains of Abraham, where the English, under Wolfe, defeated the French. A thousand men are said to take part in these scenes, and it is entirely credible. A few of these pictures are taken a little too close, but those of more sweeping space are excellent. However, it is in its "atmosphere," in its recreation of the Colonial spirit, that "The Seats of the Mighty" is most to be praised.

Clyde Fitch wrote many better plays than "The Straight Road," but it is doubtful whether any of the others would come out so well as a photoplay. Then, too, the Famous Plays' production of it brings an especially charming recruit to screenland in the person of Gladys Hanson, who plays the role originally created by Blanche Walsh. That character is a New York tenement girl, who has inherited a taste for drink from a worthless mother, but who, we are authoritatively informed by a subtitle, has otherwise traveled the straight road. This road, by the way, is symbolically represented at the start of the play. When we get into actualities, they are rather sordid. Mary is almost ensnared by a young waster from up-town, who smokes cigarettes and has his shoes shined every day and is generally no good. Nevertheless, a rich young settlement worker is going to marry him. Without knowing of his attentions to Mary, this girl aids her, encourages her until she overcomes the drink habit and finally takes her to her

own country place, on the Hudson. This happily gets us out of the slums and permits some beautiful views.

The photoplay follows the original fairly closely. Several scenes have been added to it which show the saloon run by Mary's faithful suitor, to whom, we hope and trust, she is now happily married. In the Fitch play, he was more or less incidental, merely being on hand to bring the drama to a happy ending, that being (in fiction) marriage!

A very good idea is carried out in "Damon and Pythias," the Universal Motion Picture Company's six-part photoplay, for carrying the spectators back through the centuries. Before the play proper, a series of motion pictures of the wonderful ruins of Athens gives one at once a sense of the remoteness and the actuality of the story of 400 years B. C. For this drama Grecian cities were constructed, villas reared, gardens and flower-covered pergolas laid out, a whole world it almost seems, brought into being at the $1,000,000 studio at Universal City, California. The result is extraordinarily beautiful.

James Dayton and Ruth Ann Baldwin, scenario writers, and Otis Turner, producer, have beautifully embellished the familiar story of those fastest of friends, Damon and Pythias; but the special value of the photoplay centers in the spectacular scenes, notably chariot races in the stadium.

Cecil Spooner cannot be said to have made her debut on the screen very auspiciously, for "The Dancer and the King," the second of the Blaney "releases" to be shown by the World Film Corporation, is a pretty tawdry business. Her own work is by no means discreditable, and such favorites as Victor Southerland, as an unbelievably noble young king, and Arthur Evans and Marquita Dwight, as equally incredible villains, a prime minister and a countess, offer attractions to photo-fans; but the story is quite too silly, trite and unconvincing and the workmanship is hardly, on the whole, up to the World Film's high standard.

The story rather hints at being the case of Lola Montez and her Bavarian king—some subtitles mention her as Lola and the scene as "Bavarre"—but historical facts are not allowed to get in the way of sentimental or adventurous flights of fancy, and such invaluable modern inventions as the motor car and the carpet-sweeper bring the period up to our own enlightened time.

There is nothing novel in "Across the Pacific," another Blaney feature released by the World Film Corporation, but it gives almost uninterrupted opportunities for outdoor scenes, and these are admirably met.

The story starts some time in the eighteen-seventies, when crossing the American continent still had some of the dangers of pioneer days. A man and his wife, and their little girl, are making their way to Montana in a wagon. While arranging to camp for the night, a band of Indians attacks them, kills them and sets fire to their wagon. Fortunately, little Elsie had wandered away to pick flowers, so she escapes. A lieutenant, Joe Lanier, attracted by the flames, rides up and takes charge of her, later entrusting her to the care of his mother. At that point, please jump twenty years.

We are now in 1898. Joe has given up the army and become a successful miner and Elsie has grown into a very charming young woman. Joe loves her, but she has been fascinated by a bad boy from the city. (Are all city men wicked?) Elsie all but elopes with this one, but as she doesn't quite, we may pass over that matter, and, indeed, embark for the Philippines. Elsie does no less. You see, America is at war with Spain, Joe has reenlisted and Elsie has realized her love for him. So what more natural, that being the case, than that the girl should don a sack-coat and a pair of trousers. Didn't Mary Garden do no less the other day, and weep bitterly when found out, and refused a gun by a French enlisting officer? Well, perhaps she did and perhaps she didn't—anyway, it made a good newspaper story; and Elsie went to war like a little man.

The last scenes of "Across the Pacific" are laid in the Philippines. Quite the place to be, too, for the entire cast has moved there. For instance, the bad boy from the city is now Joe Lanier's superior officer. Nursing his grudge, he sends him through the enemy's lines to defend a fated block house. But he reckoned without Private Elsie. Where another might hesitate or fail, she leads a rescue party to the house, not forgetting to take a flag with her, so the drama ends with love united and the Stars and Stripes waving over all.

"I'll look at them," he said, as one large white hand swept a square of velvet in front of her on the showcase.

Beauty to Burn

By George Orcutt

SYNOPSIS OF FIRST INSTALLMENT: *Bernice Frothingham, an heiress to millions, who lives a lonely and secluded life with her step-father and her step-mother at their country-place, "Red House," at Lake Geneva, falls in love with young Robert MacCameron, the son of a farmer in the neighborhood. Colonel Frothingham, her step-father, violently opposes the proposed marriage. When Bernice defies him, reminding him that she is old enough to choose whom she shall marry, he informs her that she is dependent on him until she comes into her money, at the age of twenty-five. Colonel Frothingham persuades Robert MacCameron's father to send the young man to Argentine for three years. Bernice is thoroughly disillusioned by her lover's tame submission to this plan. She resolves to run away from home. She has a few dollars and a rope of pearls that had belonged to her own mother. She is adventurously resolved to try living without some of the things that money can buy. With the aid of Triggs, her groom, she sends a trunk on ahead. At midnight she rides twenty miles across country to a railway junction where she can get an early morning train to Chicago.*

CHAPTER III—continued.

BERNICE walked up and down the platform of the little station, her heart thumping and every nerve in her body tingling. It was all she could do to restrain herself from running or dancing, from laughing aloud or crying. Never in her life had she been so completely excited. Her state of mind was one which oscillated between extreme joy and extreme pain. It was for her one of those days on which every incident, however trivial it might seem, was sharply recorded in her memory. It seemed as if the train would never come.

She was torn alike by her fear that she had not really escaped, by the memory of her love, which in this crisis came flooding back on her mind. But above all she was passionately eager definitely to be off on this, the great adventure of her life.

All sorts of possibilities, extreme, improbable, even incredible, occurred to her. What if her flight had been discovered? What if even now the big touring car was tearing down the road she had just traveled on horseback? She imagined it all so vividly that involuntarily she looked toward the street, as if expecting to see a pair of motor headlights swing round the corner and jolt to a stop while Colonel Frothingham stepped out of the machine and seized her. But only the faint yellow gleam of an oil street lamp lit the corner. She felt the rope of pearls in her pocket and stuffed her handkerchief firmly down over them. If she should lose them she would indeed be helpless.

Her glance rested, after a moment, on a card tacked to the bulletin board beside the waiting-room door. She moved forward to read the card. It was a notice issued by the Illinois Vigilance Association warning passengers against friendly strangers.

Bernice read the proclamation through. Then she smiled. Perhaps if she had been familiar with the wild tales of daughters of powerful and wealthy families having been kidnaped she might have been a little frightened by the prospect of arriving in Chicago alone and unprotected and without a friend to call upon. But the only reference to the subject that she had ever heard was one of contemptuous impatience with the people who believed such yarns. What-

ever danger Chicago might hold for her, this was not one of them, Bernice thought.

The train whistled in the distance, and a moment later it came clanging and grinding into the station. Bernice ran up the steps and found herself in a car which was empty except for a single passenger, a young man with a bright red necktie who slept with his mouth open. Bernice smiled as she approached him. There is always something pathetic and touching in the spectacle of a human being asleep in the seat of a day-coach, even when it is also amusing or absurd. But as chance had it, the young man opened his eyes just as Bernice passed him, and caught the smile that was intended for no one but her own inner self.

The effect was instantaneous. The young man straightened up in his seat, adjusted his tie, flicked a bit of lint from his coat, and turned his fascinated gaze toward Bernice. He was not a man to overlook the smallest invitation from a woman in the least attractive; in this case the invitation seemed to him peculiarly frank and friendly and the woman the most attractive that he had seen in all his life. He was a little disconcerted to see that she was looking out of her window, her chin resting on her hand, as if she had forgotten him. His impulse was to advance at once and ask permission to sit beside her, but some vestige of discretion restrained him. She was so beautiful, so well-poised, that she frightened him, though, to his taste, she was very simply and plainly dressed. He turned over the seat ahead of him and sat down facing her. She continued to gaze out of the window for full five minutes, the while the rumblings and crashings of milk cans, being loaded into the cars ahead, could be heard. But as the train started she turned, her face brightening with relief—and met the gaze of the young man. He looked so eager, his anxiety was so patently written on his face, that involuntarily Bernice smiled again, before she dropped her eyes.

The young man did not hesitate. He jumped to his feet and descended upon the astonished Bernice.

He swept off his hat with a flourish and began boldly.

"May I—," but something made him pause. He stammered out: "H-haven't I seen you before somewhere, Miss?"

Bernice's bewilderment vanished at once. It was the first time in her experience that a man who had not been properly introduced had ventured to address her, but she rose quickly to the situation.

"I'm sure I don't know," she said coolly. "I am sure that I have never met you."

The young man, a moment before so sure of his reception, colored. He did not know whether to run away or to beg her pardon. The result was disastrous.

"Better late than never," he said, with what he believed to be an engaging emphasis, and moved as if to sit down beside her.

"I wouldn't if I were you," Bernice said coldly. "You will be much happier and I shall be much more comfortable if you will go back to your seat and to sleep. I do not wish to talk to anybody."

The young man opened his mouth as if to speak, his face as red as his necktie, closed it and fled. Nor did he stop at his seat. He went on through the door and into the smoker, there to reflect on the mystery of woman, and to wonder what he should have done or said, to have avoided this rebuff.

Bernice forgot about him in two minutes, but somehow the incident set her to thinking of Robert MacCameron and their rides together. She was no longer in love with him. She was quite sure of that. She did not believe she would ever be in love again. How could she trust any man completely again? And weren't love and trust the same thing? No, love was not for her. Henceforth she would devote herself to finding out what the world is really like, and to work. She wanted to "be somebody;" to be somebody important; that ambition was more important than love; and she could trust herself to it; it would not betray her. The harder she worked the better she would get on; whereas the more she had loved Robert the bitterer had been her disappointment when he had failed her, when he had meekly accepted his father's decision to send him to the Argentine.

She wondered how Colonel Frothingham had succeeded in making that arrangement; but of course money would do anything. Or almost anything. It had no power over her. He would discover that if he attempted to force her to return to "Red House." What could he do? What

would he do? Bernice pondered this question as the train hurried along through the gradually lightening mists of morning. If her flight had remained undiscovered until now, and she saw no reason why it should not, it might be noon before there was any search for her. Or would Johnson report her absence at once? Of course the moment her horse trotted into the stable yard a search would be begun. The whole country-side would be enlisted. There was little chance that any one would find the riding boots she had left in the hazel clump and Triggs would probably be able to manage so that no one discovered the fact that he had shipped a trunk to Hammond, Indiana, for her. On the whole, it seemed to her that she was safe for a week at least, unless some one chanced to recognize her on the street in Chicago. That risk she would have to run, for she had no intention of breaking into her limited capital in order to travel farther. Chicago offered her as good an opportunity as any city and if Colonel Frothingham discovered her there he could only beg her to come home. He had no power to demand.

But thoroughly as Bernice convinced herself of her independence of her stepfather, there was a tear in each eye. She hated scenes, she abominated family rows, she wanted to be let alone. And she did not see any prospect of avoiding the most unpleasant row possible before the family decided to let her go her way. Why was it that a young woman who had done nothing of which she was ashamed, nothing, indeed, that anybody could call wrong was in such dread of her family? Bernice wondered just how different everything would have been if her father and mother had lived. For one thing, they were fond of young people and "Red House" would have been no such lonesome place as she had found it. When Bernice reflected on this, and remembered that there was not a single girl of her own age in all the world whom she could call her friend, in whom she could confide, and that there never had been any, the tears stole down her cheeks. She stiffened herself, wiped her eyes, and forced a smile to her lips. This would never do, to weep at approaching freedom she had longed for! Once or twice, in the remaining half-hour of her journey, her lip quivered a little; but no more tears came. Her mind was made up.

CHAPTER IV.

As Bernice walked briskly through the smoky, dirty train-shed into the smoky, dirty Union Station she caught the odor of coffee. It was not the odor of such coffee as she was accustomed to at "Red House;" indeed, it was the odor of the coffee then steaming in the great nickel urns of the station lunch-room—a very different beverage. But to Bernice it was on this occasion the odor simply of coffee, and for once the most delicious odor in the world. She went through the swinging doors with a light heart, and with a smile that required no effort of the will, to a seat on a round stool at the lunch counter.

The waiter in his white coat smiled back at her.

"I want a Spanish omelette. May I have that?"

"Yes, indeed, Miss," he answered.

"But I want coffee right away," Bernice continued. "A pot of coffee."

"We don't serve coffee in pots, Miss," the waiter said regretfully. "Only at the tables."

Bernice glanced scornfully at the tables. Was she to give up the fun of sitting on a stool at a lunch counter for the first time in her life for coffee served in a pot? Not for a moment.

"I'll have a cup, then," she said.

And dexterously the waiter produced a great cup, a *tiny* jar of cream, and a napkin. As Bernice sipped, she looked about her. She was as curious and as interested as would have been the girl behind the cash register if she could have sat down in the breakfast room at "Red House." Bernice was the only woman at the counter but all the men were too busy with the supremely important matter of breakfast to glance at her—or almost too busy. She surprised a wide-eyed look over the rim of a coffee cup, and a gray-haired man in the blue uniform of a conductor smiled at her quizzically as he paid his check. Excited as she was, Bernice felt somehow at home. She was sure she was going to like Chicago. And the omelette was delicious, the rolls, too. It was true the butter was a little salty but then—what could one expect?

Twenty minutes later Bernice walked out across the bridge and down Adams Street into the Loop. She had been through Chicago a dozen times but this

was the first time she had ever walked its streets. Always before she had been whirled in a motor from one station to another; or she had stayed at a great hotel and visited only two or three exclusive shops, and a tailor, with Mrs. Frothingham. She had been to the theatre and a concert at Orchestra Hall, and she had made calls in Bellevue Place, but never had she walked more than the distance across the sidewalk, from the door of a building to the curb. Now she was to have a chance, she thought, to become acquainted with Chicago, and to make friends, and to establish herself.

Straight across town to Michigan Avenue she walked, her eyes as eager for every new glimpse of a shop window, as curious of this or that face, and as easily delighted as a child's. The vista of the Avenue stretching out before her seemed glorious, and she had seen the Champs Elysees and Unter den Linden! Gayly she walked—this girl who had had no sleep, who had run away from home, and who had not the least idea what she was going to do next.

A blouse she saw in a window reminded her that the one she was wearing was hardly fresh and that she would not have another until she had recovered the trunk at Hammond. She went in, found a blouse she liked, put it on, and carried the old away in a bundle—to the scandal of the salesgirl. There was no address to which Bernice could order anything sent! That, she decided, was the first thing to do—to secure an address. At the corner, she bought a paper and turned to the want-ad section.

As business-like as if she had done the thing a dozen times before, Bernice tore out the column containing notices of rooms to let and approached the policeman at the crossing to ask the way.

"Ohio Street?" he said, as he waved back a solid line of motor cars. "What number?"

"Twenty-six East Ohio."

"Walk two blocks west to State Street and take a North State street car. It's about a mile. And when you get off walk east—toward the lake—until you find the number. It'll be in the first block."

Thus Bernice found herself before a tall narrow house, forbiddingly ugly, with a sign "Furnished Rooms" in the window. An elderly and not too tidy woman opened the door in answer to Bernice's ring. She looked Bernice up and down.

"What do you want?" she asked flatly.

"I am looking for a room," Bernice answered, as if she were asking a great favor.

"I rent rooms only to men," the woman vouchsafed and closed the door.

Bernice was hurt. It was so different from what she expected of Chicago. But she smiled firmly and glanced again at her list. There was another Ohio Street address, 56 East. She would try that. But when she saw the house it was too awful. She could not bring herself to ring the bell.

She wandered on to the corner and turned north, an eye out for signs in the windows. It was a curious part of the city, compact of rooming houses, factories, and fine residences. Bernice wondered why it was so mixed, and she would have wondered more if she had had any notion of how wonderfully and fearfully mixed it was. But she had not gone very far before she saw a card in the window of an old brick house, newly painted red, that looked cleaner, if not less ugly, than the others.

It was a man who came to the door this time, a friendly old man with a G. A. R. button in his coat lapel.

"Yes," he said, "come in. We have one room vacant that I'll be glad to show you. 'Tisn't often we have a room," he continued, with obvious pride.

He led Bernice up a long dark stairway, with a handrail of dark walnut, and on up another, and still on to the fourth floor, and down a long dark hallway to a door at the back, which he threw open.

It was a tiny place, with old-fashioned furniture—a dresser of walnut and maple, an iron bed, and two chairs upholstered in worn red plush. But there was a window through which a bit of afternoon sunlight came. Bernice's decision was made.

"How much is it?" she asked.

"Four dollars a week," the old man answered. "In—in advance."

Bernice opened her purse.

"I'll take it," she said, handing the old man his four dollars.

She would have liked to stay and take a nap, but paying for the room had left her just sixty cents in change. She must go out and pawn the rope of pearls at once. Somehow or other that was an adventure which did not appeal to her. She realized

"I am Miss Gale," Bernice said. "I want a job." Mr. Morgan's smile broadened the merest trifle.

that she had been putting it off ever since she had crossed the Adams Street bridge and that now she could not put it off any longer.

"I'd like to stay here tonight," Bernice explained. "My trunk won't be here until tomorrow but I shall manage till then."

"And the name?"

Bernice hesitated just a perceptible fraction of a second. She had not been prepared for this question. But the thought shot through her mind that if she gave her real name it would only be a question of hours before Colonel Frothingham found her. And yet?

"Miss Bernice Gale," she said.

She was a little startled to see how gray her face looked in the mirror, and how dark were the circles under her eyes, but a dash of cold water made a great difference. It is only Chicago after all, she thought, only soot and not fear. And she ran bravely down the stairs.

The search for a pawnshop was longer than she had anticipated. She had seen several in the morning, when, as she knew now, she did not want to find one but she could not remember where they were and she did not like to ask even a policeman the way to a pawnshop. Why is it that human beings object almost as much to going to a pawnshop as to a dentist?

Bernice saw, at last, a window full of jewelry and revolvers—the fact that such were the windows of pawnshops had impressed itself on her that first morning in Chicago—and glanced upward for the gilt sign, with the three balls. It was there. Bernice wanted, then, to walk on by but she held herself to her purpose and walked in.

An ingratiating person with large white hands approached.

"I have some pearls I'd like to pawn," Bernice began.

"Pearls?" the man answered, his eyebrows lifting. "We don't usually lend money on pearls."

"Why not?" Bernice asked sharply.

"Well, madam, to be quite frank, I will tell you. Pearls are not usually genuine."

"But these are," Bernice replied, tugging at her pocket.

"I'll look at them," he said, as one large white hand swept a square of velvet in front of her on the showcase.

Bernice laid down the rope of pearls.

He picked them up and looked at them casually, as if they did not interest him. Such a necklace was worth $5,000 or it was worth very little, and he was not in the habit of seeing jewels worth $5,000 tossed upon his counter.

"How much would you like to borrow?" he asked.

"Just as much as I can get," Bernice answered.

"I'll see," and the large white hand moved slowly off as its owner started toward the back of the shop. Bernice watched him, not knowing what she ought to do. Would the man steal her necklace? She waited, nervous as she had been that morning on the station platform. Minutes passed. She watched the time by the big clock on the wall.

The man came slowly back.

"We haven't anything to lend on this to-day, madam," he said. "You'd better try somebody else."

Bernice did not know what to make of this decision but she was so anxious to get away that the full force of it did not reach her consciousness until she was once more outdoors. Then it occurred to her that if she could not borrow money on the pearls, or sell them, she could not get her trunk, she could buy only one more meal. After to-night she would not have so much as carfare. She would be helpless. She would be so helpless that she would be compelled to go back to "Red House" with Colonel Frothingham. Indeed, she would be lucky to have the chance to go with him. She bit her lip to stop the tears.

It was already dark. In a few moments the pawnshops would all be closed. But, as always, when she was most frightened she was most determined. And now she walked down the street searching eagerly for another gilt sign.

This time she knew better what to say.

To the young man with a big diamond in his tie, a supremely ugly young man with a pimply face, she said:

"I have a pearl necklace that I'd like to borrow a hundred dollars on."

"Let me see it."

The young man glanced languidly at the pearls which Bernice produced and, like his predecessor in appraising them, departed for the back of the shop. He was gone only a minute.

(Continued on page 168)

The War Photographer's Job

By Parke Farley

IT is doubtful if many people who enjoy the motion war pictures from the placid security of theatre seats realize the hardships that have been undergone to obtain them.

Valor the war photographer must possess in a degree equal, or even superior, to that of the common soldier, whose lot he shares and whose risks he runs with surprising intrepidity.

The soldier has a single aim; to obey the commands of his officer, to charge the enemy and take his position with no thought of personal safety. His thoughts have a single groove. Indeed, death may overtake him before he has time to think, but in the contagious enthusiasm of his comrades he is upborne to whatever fate awaits him. If he escapes, he has the soldier's award of glory. The war photographer is usually alone, carried like a leaf on the current, obliged to make his own quick decisions, realizing that on these decisions his fate will depend. He knows that the success of his mission depends upon his personal safety and on the safety of his camera; and even while these two conditions must be continuously uppermost in his mind, he must yet take chances for which there is no iron cross, no decoration of the legion of honor to reward him.

Photos © Int. Nat'l News Service

Edwin F. Weigle of the Chicago Tribune, taking pictures among the ruins of Termonde. Mr. Weigle was caught between the retreating Belgian army and the advancing Germans.

A number of war photographers who have just returned from the front have thrilling stories to tell, not only of the risks they have run, but also of the veritable endurance tests which they have had to undergo. A war photographer shares the fate of the army to which he happens to be attached. If ordered to march he must march; if halted in the trenches, he must halt; and if, in the face of fire, he wishes to get pictures, he must expose himself bodily as a target; for he can not get war pictures lying down. Instead he must set his camera up on its tripod and grind ahead, oblivious of the rain of shells.

It was not a particularly enviable position that Mr. Edwin F. Weigle of The Chicago Tribune found himself in when he and Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson, after "covering" the action around Termonde, were caught between the retreating Belgian army and the advancing Germans! Yet Mr. Weigle clung to his camera and stayed, taking motion pictures until the Germans, as he says, were too close for safety, although as a matter of fact they had been too close for safety long before he decided to take up his forty-pound equipment and follow after the Belgians. Mr.

Weigle was in Antwerp during the bombardment of that city by the Germans, and the story of his night-long imprisonment with three others in the basement of a house that was shelled above their heads, as told in his booklet, "My Experiences on the Belgian Battlefields," carries a thrill of terror even to one safely removed by many thousand miles from the scene of danger.

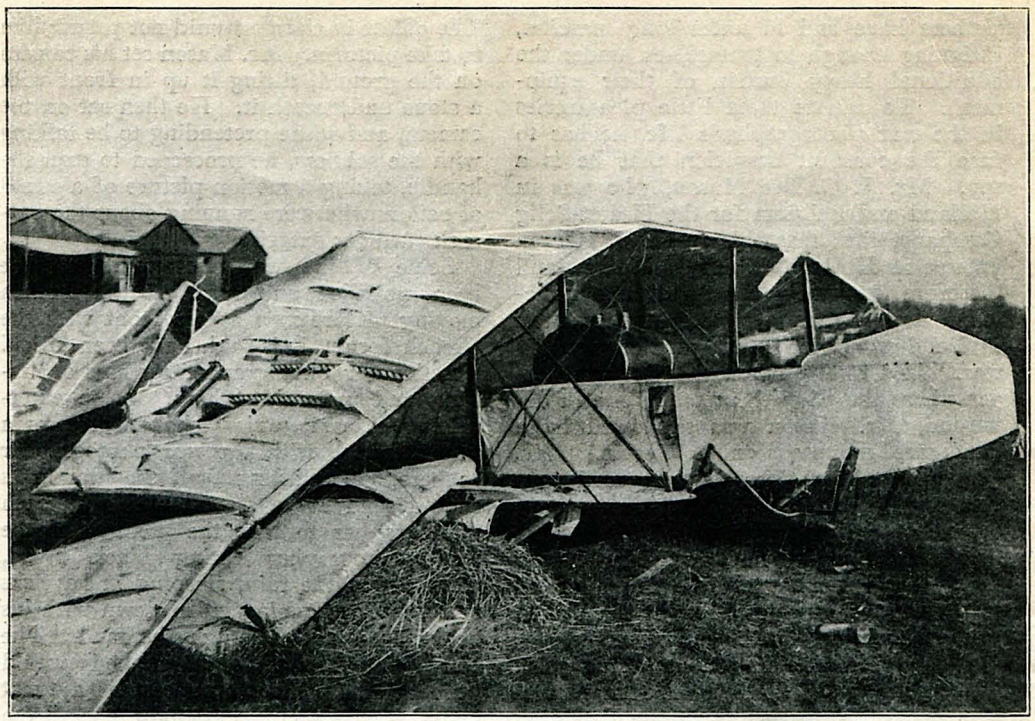
"The next thing that happened was the falling of a mass of debris, which we knew represented the top of our building crumbling in. It followed immediately after a volley of shot. We could hear brick and other material pounding on the door of our sub-cellar. Pieces of the debris forced their way through the door and imbedded themselves in the mattresses. We did not dare to get out. We only could stay there and wait until death came.

"We waited and waited. The hours passed slowly. We watched the minutes pass. Suddenly, at 3:30 in the afternoon, a shell struck our house with deadly crash. The entire building crumbled. Debris poured in. The dust and smoke, from the burning matter above, were suffocating. The air was clouded with smoke. We felt sure that we would smother or burn to death if we did not get out. We decided to get out instead of being burned alive."

J. M. Downie is a Universal photographer who scoured the battle fields of France securing war films.

Fortunately Mr. Weigle not only got out alive, but brought his camera with him! If there is one thought that the war photographer has in mind even beyond that of personal safety, it is the thought of his camera. Even while he accepts every hazard as regards personal safety, the camera must also be protected at all cost. Sometimes, as in a severe rain storm, the photographer will cheerfully expose himself to the drenching elements while he uses his coat as a shield to protect his camera from the weather. Not only has the war photographer to be agile-minded and agile-limbed, but he has to be as stout

A Group of Belgian soldiers operating machine guns near Maliens.



One of the German aeroplanes which returned safely from Paris in spite of the devastating effects of French shells.

as a pack-horse as well. In Belgium the photographers have labored under the constant difficulty of having their automobiles or conveyances requisitioned for ambulance service or red cross work in caring for the wounded. The result is that the photog-

The Belgian Firing Line near Antwerp

raphers have had to make long marches, fatiguing enough in themselves, under the additional heavy burden of their equipment. To add to these little pleasantries in the war photographer's life, he has to face the constant suspicion that he is a spy. Mr. J. C. Bee Mason, who was in Holland and Belgium for the Hearst-Selig Company, says that this suspicion is even greater in Holland, which is neutral, and therefore extremely watchful and punctilious lest it endanger its neutrality, than in Belgium, which is actively engaged in war. In Croningen, on the German border where the English prisoners are in detention, Mr. Mason was shadowed by a gendarme mounted on a bicycle. The gendarme placed himself on guard outside a cafe into which Mr. Mason went ostensibly for refreshment. Before satisfying his hunger, however, Mr. Mason perched his camera on the ledge of an upper window and got a reel of the British soldiers marching in the square below.

Mr. Mason also tells an amusing story of conditions under which he secured picturs of British prisoners in the detention barracks in the same town in Holland. The officer in charge would not permit him to take pictures. Mr. Mason set his camera on the ground, tilting it up in front with a stone underneath it. He then sat on the camera, and while pretending to be talking with the soldiers, he proceeded to turn the handle, taking a motion picture of a squad of sailors who were running about the barrack yard for exercise.

Some of the war photographers have been wounded and some of the French moving picture men at the front with the French forces, it is said, have been killed. Yet the war photographer remains an unsung and unheralded hero. Some enterprising scenario writer should give us a film romance with the war photographer as hero. Or, failing that, the film firms should send out a second man with each photographer to take the pictures of the war photographer eating black bread, shivering in the rain, sleeping in hayricks or lofts, or marching laden down with his heavy equipment through the mud. The war photographer photographed would have as much human interest as a great many of the pictures brought back from the field of battle.

MORALS AND MOVIES

MORAL questions are best handled by public opinion. They are bungled by politicians. A vast new art, with direct appeal to millions, must involve moral influences. The moving picture is the most amazing art-form of our time. In impress upon national life, the movies are comparable to the school and the newspaper. . . .

How little the National Board of Censorship, after five years of cooperation, now needs to interfere with the manufacturers is shown by the figures for October. "Eliminations" are nearly always comparatively slight and changes inexpensive.

Number of subjects viewed	571
Number of reels viewed	915
Number of pictures in which eliminations were made	71
Number of eliminations made	175
Number of subjects condemned	3
Number of reels condemned	10

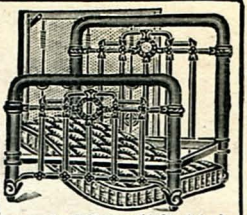
In other words, the big national manufacturers try to act on the principles already worked out and clearly written down. They realize that they need, nevertheless, a certain supervision. All they dread is the substitution of arbitrary political ignorance for well-informed, tolerant, careful and disinterested criticism. . . .—Harper's Weekly.

Three-Piece Mission Set Bargain

No. MH109. Solid oak, fumed finish, 3-piece Mission Set. Table 34x24 inches, strongly built; convenient book shelf at either end. Rocker and Arm Chair made to match; upper and outside panels upholstered with "Imperial" Spanish leather; seat set on 4 springs, expertly filled and upholstered. Price **$11.78**

75c Per Month

Complete Bed Outfit Bargain



No. MH113. Consisting of 1 1-16 in. continuous post iron bed with 5-16 in. fillers; 57½ ins. high; all metal steel support spring, and cotton top fibre filled mattress. Outfit comes in full size (4 ft. 6 in.) only. Colors: White, Pea Green or Vernis Martin. Our price only.... **$9.89** **75c** Per Month

Collapsible Go-Cart Bargain

No. MH111. New One-Motion Collapsible Go-Cart equipped with large foot well and detachable storm front. 3-bow adjustable hood and foot well. Instantaneous motion folds cart. All steel construction covered with black "Imperial" leather. Half in. rubber tires. Nickel trimmings and fenders. Adjustable back. Price **$6.98** **75c** Per Month

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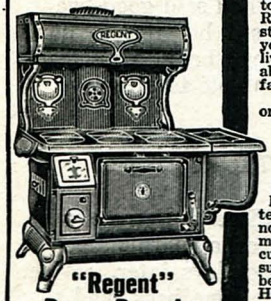
FREE Send your name and address today on a postal card and we will send you absolutely free, postpaid, the grandest, most interesting and most beautiful Homefurnishing Goods catalog you ever saw—hundreds of pages done in beautiful colors—you see Rugs and Carpets in exact color reproductions—Furniture, Clocks, Stoves, Refrigerators, Sewing Machines, Jewelry, Washing Machines, Dishes, Bedding, Curtains; all reproductions from photographs. This catalog is like bringing into your home the largest stocks of the largest city stores. Send today for copy.

This is the largest institution of its kind in the world, with a purchasing power of over Ten Million Dollars.



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No. MH112. Complete with high closet. Made of best cast iron in very finest manner. Large oven 16x16x11 ins. in size; duplex grates; 6-hole top; oven thermometer; improved flue system and steel high closet. Trimmed in silver nickel. Cast encased reservoir. Price, without reservoir, **$22.78.** Price, with reservoir, **$27.78.** **$1.75** Per Month

Price **$12.85** **$1** Per Month

Refrigerator Bargain

No. MH 103. Sanitary Refrigerator. Best cold air circulation, and superior method of insulation works wonders in saving ice. Size: 43 ins. high, 25½ in. wide, 18½ ins. deep; large provision chamber, white enamel lined. Splendid drain. Has ice capacity 75 of lbs.

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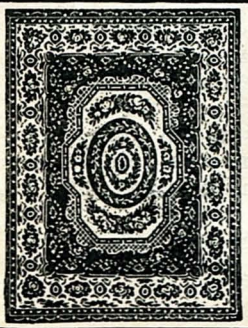
No. MH104 Selected walnut smoothly sanded finish. Base has white-wood table top 42x26 in. Sliding breadboard, two cutlery drawers, 2 sliding 50 lb. flour bins. Top has two cupboards, glass door, tilting sugar bin, shelf space, spice and utility drawers. **$8.73**

75c Monthly

No Reference Is Required

No Money In Advance



Seamless Velvet Rug Bargain

No. MH100. Beautiful Seamless Velvet Rug in an elegant new design, 9x12 ft. Best wearing yarns in a pattern that is sure to please. Rich medallion center and harmonizing border of Tan, Green, Brown, Red and light colorings. A very choice Rug and one from which lasting service can be had. Price **$14.75** **$1** Per Month

Comfortable Rocker Bargain

No. MH110. A large, comfortable Rocker at a bargain price. Made of solid oak in golden finish in a very choice design. Is upholstered with "Imperial" Spanish brown leather on seat and back. Seat has 4 springs, stuffed with tow and cotton. Front and back posts are handsomely carved. Seat front plaited and back is button tufted. Strong posts and runners. It represents the best rocker value ever offered at the low price of..... **$3.45**

50c Per Month

Order any one of the items shown in this advertisement. They will prove beyond all argument the true value of the many wonderful bargains in Hartman's Mammoth Catalog.

HARTMAN Furniture and Carpet Co., 4088 Wentworth Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Beauty to Burn

(Continued from page 162)

"You can have it," he said and made out the ticket and handed Bernice ten $10 bills.

She stuffed these into her purse, feeling nervously afraid that she would lose them, far more afraid than she had felt about the immensely more valuable necklace. So it is with money: a hundred dollars is security for a couple of months, if one does not demand too much.

Bernice had to fight for standing room in a car, and it was then that she realized how tired she was. She hated the pushing crowd. Her head ached with the nervous strain of the long day; indeed she ached from head to foot. She had lost a night's sleep and she had eaten nothing since breakfast. She wished she could cry. She got off the car at Ohio Street, although the place in which she had found a room was a block or two farther north, because the corner was familiar. She did not notice a man standing on the corner who glanced quickly at her.

It was only after she had gone a block and stood hesitant a moment while she realized that she must go north that she saw him. He stepped forward quickly.

"Hello sister," he said, and took her arm.

Bernice was too much frightened to break away from him.

"I'm going your way," he continued and Bernice mechanically walked on. "Had your dinner?" he asked.

"No," Bernice cried fiercely at him, and, as he started back, she slapped him with all the force she could manage and ran. She ran desperately for two blocks, to the brick house on the corner. Only when she was at the top of the steps, her hand on the bell, did she look around. The man was nowhere in sight.

The door opened slowly, and the old man with the G. A. R. button in his lapel appeared.

"I forgot to give you a latch-key," he began gently.

"Never mind, get it in the morning," Bernice panted and flew up the long stairway. Sobbing for breath, she slammed her door, locked it, threw herself on the bed, and burst into tears. They came in floods now, after being held back all day. All the piled up fears and anxieties of the day swept through her and spent themselves in sobs. And when the fierceness of her fright and her grief had spent itself and she crawled into bed, her purse under her pillow, she was lost to pity of herself. Had any girl ever had so hard a time? She had lost her love, and been driven away from home, that was the way she put it now, and suffered insult and vile pursuit at the hands of men—all in one week. She went sadly over the summer, her first meetings with Robert MacCameron, the rides together, his look when she teased him, the swing of his body when he galloped the big black horse, his first kiss, the furious ride in which he had caught her and kissed her again—and, sweeter and sadder than any of these, the last meeting in the wood when she had said good-bye to him forever and refused her lips to him. At the memory of that hour fresh tears came, and so she went off to sleep.

CHAPTER V.

It was a very different Bernice who studied the want-ads of a morning paper over her breakfast two days later. With sleep her courage had come back, and the color that gave life to her finely-chiseled beauty. There were, she decided, three advertisements that interested her. One was that of a photographer who wanted a model, and the other two were those of department stores.

After some trouble, she found the door of the former, on the top floor of an old building in State Street. The room she entered was empty except for a frowsy boy.

"Answering the ad?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Nothin' doin'," the boy replied. "Boss has more'n he c'n use now."

Bernice turned to go, but as she reached the elevator the boy came running after her.

"Here, come back a minute," he said brusquely.

Bernice followed him. A young man whose hands were stained a deep yellow, shading into brown on his fingers, stood in the doorway.

"I think I might be able to use you," he remarked. "Ever pose before?"

We Invite Every Thin Man and Woman

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We invite you to try a new treatment called **"Sargol,"** that helps digest the food you eat—that puts good, solid flesh on people that are thin and under weight.

How can "Sargol" do this? We will tell you. This new treatment is a scientific, assimilative agent. It is used to increase cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made—put red corpuscles in the blood which every thin person so sadly needs, strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract in such shape that every ounce of food gives out its full amount of nourishment to the blood instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated.

Women who never appeared stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness, men under weight or lacking in nerve force or energy, have been made to enjoy the pleasures of life—been fitted to fight life's battles, as never for years, through the use of "Sargol."

If you want a beautiful and well-rounded figure of which you can be justly proud—a body full of throbbing life and energy, write the Sargol Company, 571-B, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y., to-day, for 50c. box "Sargol" absolutely free, and use with every meal.

But you say you want proof! Well, here you are. Here is the statement of those who have tried—been convinced—and will swear to the virtues of this preparation.

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says:

"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment, and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds, and now weigh 170 pounds, and, what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning-point in my life."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it, and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this makes twenty-four pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before."

CLAY JOHNSON says:

"Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 138 pounds, and now, four weeks later, I am weighing 153 pounds and feeling fine."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 23 days' treatment. I can not tell you how happy I feel."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. I took only two boxes of Sargol. My weight was 120 pounds, and now I weigh 140, and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

Full address of any of these people if you wish.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! "Sargol" does make thin people add flesh, but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Write us to-day and we will send you absolutely free a 50c. package for trial.

Cut off coupon below and pin to your letter

COME, EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in stamps in letter to-day, with coupon, and the full 50c. package will be sent to you by return of post. Address The Sargol Company, 571-B Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y. Write your name and address plainly, and

Pin this coupon to your letter

"No. Not regularly."

The man looked her up and down with an eye that seemed to Bernice to penetrate her clothes.

"You are a little slim," he observed. "But you might do. Altogether, or just head and shoulders?"

"I don't understand," Bernice answered, feeling thoroughly uncomfortable and yet unwilling not to see the thing through.

"I mean," the man explained irritably, "do you pose in the nude or only for the head and shoulders?" As he spoke he put his hand on her shoulder, as if to satisfy himself that it was well rounded.

Bernice shrank away from the touch of that yellow hand. She did not know that the stain was due to the pyro developer in which the man constantly worked, but she knew perfectly the meaning of his gesture. It was so precisely like that which she had often made in looking over a new saddle horse!

"I don't believe I care to pose," Bernice said quickly, and walked out.

"I'll make it worth your while," he called after her. But Bernice had had enough. She would try the department stores.

On the top floor of one of the great buildings in State Street she found a line of girls waiting to see the manager, and others busily filling out application blanks. Two young men distributed the blanks and kept the line straight.

One of them glanced at Bernice.

"You're looking for the fitting room, madam, aren't you," he offered politely. "It's over on the Wabash Avenue side. This is the manager's office, where applications for employment are received."

"Then this is the room I want," Bernice said. "May I have a blank please?"

"O, certainly," the polite young man gasped. He knew the difference between a tailored suit at fifteen dollars and one that had cost more than ten times as much, and he was frankly astonished.

Bernice studied the blank. It demanded a fairly complete history of her life, with emphasis on the working part of it. What answer could she make to the question why she left the place "where last employed?" And how could she fill the spaces left for references as to her character, when she was living under an assumed name? She decided boldly to use the names of people who knew her as Bernice Frothingham, trusting to luck that the firm would make no inquiry.

But the manager was not simple.

"I see," he commented, when Bernice's turn to be interviewed came, "that you give Mrs. Norman Cochrane of 11 Bellevue Place as a reference, Miss Gale. Is Mrs. Cochrane a former employer of yours?"

"A—an acquaintance," Bernice stammered.

The manager continued to study her application blank for a couple of minutes. Then he looked at her, taking in the cut of her suit, noting her gloves, her purse, her blouse, her hat. He smiled quizzically at her.

"Tell me," he said, "are you doing this on a bet or is it a practical joke, or what?"

"I am doing it because I want to earn my own living," Bernice answered.

"It's a poor way," the manager observed solemnly. "A very poor way for you. I'd go back home if I were you and forget about it. You don't belong here."

Bernice realized as she passed the still accumulating line of girls seeking work that she didn't belong there, that her clothes announced to all who had eyes that she did not belong. Where did she belong? For she was equally sure that she did not belong at "Red House." Bernice was not seriously discouraged. She had money enough to last for a time and she believed that something would turn up. But what? She wished she knew somebody to talk to. She was tempted to go to Mrs. Cochrane and tell her the whole story. Mrs. Cochrane might feel bound to report Bernice's whereabouts to Colonel Frothingham. What if she did? Sooner or later her step-father would find her. The scene that Bernice had so far taken so much trouble to avoid was bound to come. Or was it? Perhaps her step-father had given her up. There had been nothing in the papers about her disappearance. For all Bernice knew "Red House" had accepted her absence without the slightest interest. But she knew "Red House" had done nothing of the sort. What the Colonel was doing she could not guess; that he was not idle she knew.

That night Bernice sat writing letters and tearing them up when there was a knock at her door. When she opened it she saw a pleasant-faced girl, three or four

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1ZC65 Suit $10.98

TWO REAL BARGAINS

5ZC67—A Modish Winter Coat made of a fine imported Astrachan Cloth. Coat is one of the new Redingote models and is cut to conform slightly to the lines of the figure; it has a wide stitched belt of self material. The lower part is made with a graceful rippling fulness and flares at the lower edge as pictured. The collar (which may be rolled up or turned down) and the turn back cuffs are of rich Seal Plush. Coat has very wide revers and fastens with two large plush buttons. It is lined with good quality Venetian and measures 48 inches in length.

COLORS: Black, navy blue, brown or Russian green. Sizes 32 to 44 bust, also proportionate to fit misses and small women, 32 to 38 bust.

Special low price, all mail or express charges paid by us $9.98

1ZC65—A Smart Tailored Suit made of a fine quality all wool Diagonal Cheviot. Coat is designed in Redingote style, being cut away in front to reveal the skirt, and having a broad, stitched belt of self material, fastening with velvet buttons and trimmed with two rows of velvet buttons in back. The cuffs and stylish roll Medici collar are of rich velvet. The model is gathered at the belt in pretty folds and measures 42 inches in length. It is lined to the waist with good quality guaranteed satin. The skirt is made with a yoke extending to the hip line and has a double panel box plait down center of front as pictured.

COLORS: Black, navy blue, brown or Russian green. Sizes 32 to 44 bust, 23 to 32 waist, 37 to 44 length. Also to fit misses and small women, 32 to 38 bust, 23 to 28 waist and 37 to 40 skirt length.

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BELLAS HESS & CO
WASHINGTON, MORTON & BARROW STS.
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years older than herself, who extended her hand like a man.

"I'm Sarah Wilbur. Who are you?"

"I'm Bernice Gale," Bernice answered, smiling in spite of herself. "Won't you come in?"

"That's why I knocked—because I wanted to come in," Sarah Wilbur observed, as she took one of the red plush chairs.

Bernice was a little disconcerted.

"Won't you have some tea?" she asked, desiring to be hospitable and not knowing what to say.

"Yes—tea and talk."

Bernice lit the alcohol lamp under the little tea-kettle she had stowed away in her trunk when she left "Red House" and took some cups from a drawer.

"There isn't any cream."

"Cream is superfluous," Sarah Wilbur said. "What are you doing in Chicago?"

"Looking for a job."

"So are we all. But why did you leave home?"

Bernice bent over her tea-kettle and adjusted the flame of the lamp. Her impulse was to answer this question frankly. Why not trust this girl? Could there be any danger in trusting a person who so directly spoke her own mind. She wanted desperately to talk to somebody. She looked up at Sarah Wilbur.

"I ran away from home."

"I thought so," Sarah responded cheerfully. "So did I."

"What are you doing now?"

"I'm a trained nurse," Sarah answered. "Twenty-five dollars a week when you work—and you *do* work, believe me. Just now I am resting after six weeks with a pneumonia case."

"Do you like it?" Bernice asked eagerly.

"More or less. It takes two to four years to prepare yourself for it. What kind of a job are you trying for?"

Bernice told Sarah Wilbur of the photographer who advertised for a model and of her talk with the manager at the department store. That led to explanations; and before she realized what she was doing she had told Sarah Wilbur her whole story.

Sarah looked at Bernice with new interest as she paused.

"You have been having a run of it, haven't you?"

Bernice was relieved that Sarah Wilbur made no criticism of her conduct. She had felt a little foolish in telling of how she had defied Colonel Frothingham, and of her ride across country at midnight. But evidently Sarah Wilbur was an understanding person.

"And now," Bernice concluded, "I don't know what to do. I spose the first thing to do is to get references."

"I can manage the references easily enough," Sarah Wilbur assured her. "But why don't you try the movies? They won't ask for any references when they've had a look at you. If I had a profile like a Greek goddess and hair that came down to my knees I'd be haunting the studios and I don't believe I'd be haunting very long."

"I hadn't thought of it," Bernice answered slowly. And then, with an access of frankness, she added, "I had thought of the stage."

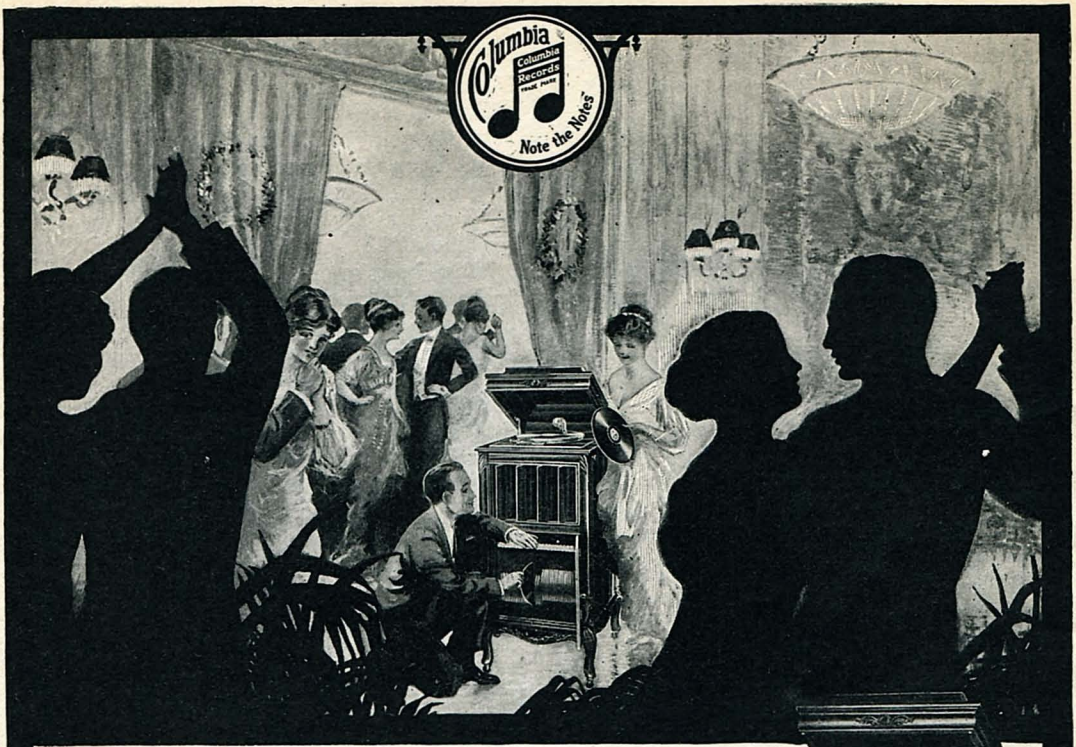
It was the first time she had ever freely admitted this ambition.

"It's harder to get on the stage than into the movies just now," Sarah Wilbur explained. "You don't do one-night stands in the movies, either. Try the movies. If they like your looks as much as I do they'll take you on and teach you how to act."

Bernice went to sleep that night dreaming of the movies and of Sarah Wilbur. She liked Sarah Wilbur better than any other woman she had ever known. She wanted to be her friend. And she was excited about the prospect of calling on the directors of all the moving picture studios in Chicago to ask for a chance.

CHAPTER VI.

Bernice's first call was at the studio of the Pontifex Producing Company. But the inevitable office boy informed her that "they're not hiring nobody this week." The second place on her list of three was more promising. A dozen young women and girls were seated about the ante-room into which she was shown and one by one they were permitted to pass through a door into the assistant director's office. Bernice waited an hour for her turn, listening meanwhile to a chatter about movie stars and movie directors which was almost unintelligible to her because she knew so little of what the names meant.



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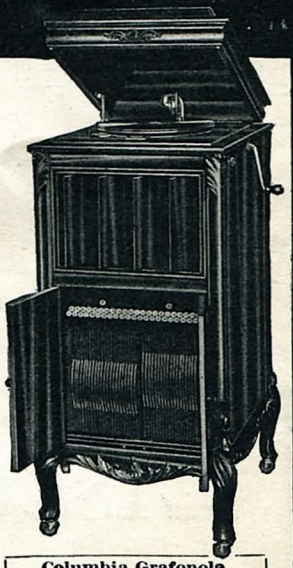

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After a long hour's wait Bernice's turn came. She knew the moment she looked at the man that he would give her nothing.

"What experience?" he asked.

"None," Bernice answered shortly.

"None! Why ask for a job, then?" he sneered.

"One has to begin," Bernice said coldly. "People aren't born with experience."

"No, but they generally begin when they're several years younger than you are."

"You have nothing for me, then?"

"No. We aren't hiring amateurs."

A little nettled and a good deal hurt, Bernice was not sure that she wanted to try the third place. She thought of putting it off until tomorrow. But she did not want to report to Sarah Wilbur that she had failed to try every chance that offered and so she took a car for the office of the Transcript Company. She had learned enough from the gossip she had heard to ask for Mr. Morgan, the director.

The office boy seemed impressed. He offered to "see."

A moment later a young man with heavy eyebrows, thick black hair, and an engaging, crooked smile, appeared.

"I'm Miss Gale," Bernice said. "I want a job."

Mr. Morgan's smile broadened the merest trifle.

"I'm glad to meet you, Miss Gale. What can you do?"

"I can ride. I can really ride well. And I can swim, I can do many things."

"But you've never done any acting?"

"No, I haven't," Bernice admitted, "but I can learn, I know I can learn. I am willing to try hard."

"I see you are," Tom Morgan observed. "And I am willing to give you a try-out."

"You are?" Bernice cried. "When?"

"I said a 'try-out,' not an engagement, you know."

"But how soon?" Bernice's face was flushed with triumph.

"Is tomorrow soon enough?"

"Of course," Bernice answered.

"Tomorrow at nine o'clock, then. Nine sharp, Miss Gale."

"O, thank you," Bernice cried, but Tom Morgan had already turned his back.

Bernice walked out of the building with shining eyes. It seemed as if her dreams were beginning to come true. How pleased Sarah would be! She could hardly wait to get home to tell her about it. "Home!" Already the hall bed-room on the top floor was "home."

Up the long stairway Bernice ran as she had run the night the man in East Ohio street had so frightened her—but with a difference. This time she ran gayly, joyously, happily, up the next flight, and the last flight, and down the long dark hallway.

"Sarah! O, Sarah!" she cried. But Sarah did not answer.

Bernice threw open the door of her room.

There in one of the red plush chairs, his hat and stick beside him, sat Colonel Frothingham.

(To be continued next month.)

The Photoplaywrights' Department

BOOK ADAPTATIONS

IT IS futile for the beginner to attempt to adapt books and magazine stories, yet many of the studios are receiving adapted stories from amateur writers, with the result that they are immediately returned. It is practically impossible for a new writer to put into satisfactory scenario form the copyrighted material of a professional. Nothing but experience in this sort of scenario writing will equip the average amateur sufficiently to be able to turn his time profitably to adaptation. Every book is not adaptable for picture purposes, neither is every magazine story filmable. The film success of an adapted book depends on its possessive features that give the players and the camera man the action to produce a story that is easily comprehensible and interesting to picture play house patrons, for what may be immediately grasped in fiction may be unrecognized on the screen. It may be possible to put into picture almost anything that may be said in words, but it is impracticable to make the attempt when the thing told in words does not lend itself to being acted out before the camera.

THE PHOTOPLAY CRISIS

ALL the incidents of a dramatic photoplay that lead up to a crisis—a point of interest—but go beyond it because of the writer's inability to discern when to *stop* to make the crisis felt by the spectator —lose their value. Often for want of the expressive sense in the writer such a point is permitted to pass after the story, in its unraveling, has prepared for it. "But first, what is a crisis, and when do I know when it presents itself?" some one ventures to ask. As an illustration, let us imagine a story in which a young girl is in love with a police captain. The mother of the officer has never seen the girl, and for the sake of invention, we will have the captain called out of the city. During the interval, the girl takes a position in the captain's home and as a matter of plotting, she is accused of stealing certain papers. The girl is discharged and procures a position as usher in a theater. The captain returns and learns of the theft of the papers, but he does not know his sweetheart is accused. Later, the officer's mother attends the theater and is ushered to a seat by—the girl. Now, the *crisis* appears. The woman and the girl recognize each other. Will the woman have the girl arrested? That is the point of suspense—the crisis—and we must leave the situation there—*stop* there—for if we proceed without a pause and show the arrest, the crisis has lost its value. Such a situation must not come too soon; the story must lead gradually up to it; and when it does come it must be used.

THE CONVENTIONAL THINGS

PLAYERS may superbly resist all tendencies to appear unreal; they may accomplish much in the way of "putting on" the story, but in many instances the interest is lost because the author's effects are all familiar, conventional ones. To say a story is too conventional does not always mean that the characters and their parts are commonplace, it may mean (and does, time and again) the use of certain effects and settings. Recently, a number of films were viewed with this subject in mind, and note was made of the following—indicating the use and re-use of worn-out properties and effects, together with many of the "necessary technical things" to "put the story over." The first story, a western subject, showed the "hero" as having come from the east; the girl's picture was there; he wrote a note, his partner entered, saw his chum holding the photo of the girl he, too, loved —in the east; there was the same quarrel, the same conventional ending. The side window effect was used, the gun on the wall was brought into play, the same old table was upset, the little bag of "dust" was exhibited, the winner of the girl was left with the same old suitcase and a few clothes—just like every other western story. The things utilized had no awakening effect on the audience. The second story was a society drama, opening in a drawing-room. There was the leading woman at the piano; the window with movable shade, to be raised on signal; a note, delivered to the woman, was "flashed" on the screen: "Meet me under the old linden tree at 9:00." She telephoned her acquiescence; the same

chairs, parlor screen and lady's desk were there; a little child ran into the scene—to her mamma—and the woman was brought to realize that she *must not* leave her home—the intent of the story. The same conventional ending was the result. The players had handled their parts well, the settings were really beautiful, the plays were "staged" properly and well produced, but because of the conventional devices used and the conventional action of the story these plays were uninteresting. The play that calls for something new in effects is the play for which the biggest price will be paid. Conventionality lessens a play's selling value, and never establishes a firm foothold for the author.

BREVITY IN SCENARIOS

IT IS unquestionably easier for the average writer to obscure his story with an avalanche of detail than it is to condense action and scenes to what the average studio editor admires—brevity. A photoplay is simply a story told in action, without words. But it needs to be told well. One way to do it well is to condense it, to explain scenes and action in the least number of words so that the scenario editor can see its essentials almost at a glance. Then it may be the kind of play that will interest an audience. In Russell E. Smith's Majestic story, "A Mother's Trust," is found such brevity as most writers are unable to secure. True, many of the scenes are cut-backs, but it is the unusual condensation that is notably interesting. The first ten scenes of this story will show how a play may be condensed and yet be understood readily by editor and director.

Scene 1—Poor Room.
Mother working—sewing. Boy in, demands money; mother refuses. Boy angry; mother counts out few coins. Boy hurries off.
Scene 2—Street.
Boy on and off.
Scene 3—Room.
Mother sewing.
Scene 4—Saloon, Exterior.
Boy on and in.
Scene 5—Saloon, Interior.
Boy in—drinks, etc., with boys at table.
Scene 6—As in 4.
Well-dressed man, drunk, on, rambles in.
Scene 7—As in 5.
Drunk in—gets drink—displays bills, etc.
Scene 8—Close-up of boy, et al.
Boy and gang see roll—intent to rob, etc.
Scene 9—As in 5.
Drunk staggers, rolls out—boy and gang follow.
Scene 10—As in 4.
Drunk on—down alley—boy and gang after.

These scenes "tell the story"—no more is necessary. The shorter the scene the less confusing. Put nothing in it that can not be quickly understood and developed. Time is the essence of the photoplay, and it means much to the writer—even as it does to the editor who reads the scenario and the director who produces it.

THE DEMAND FOR SCENARIOS

PREFERENCE of story rather than preference of author is one of the marked features of photoplay writing, though it is a difficult matter to make "outside" writers believe it. Yet, were there to be a struggle between new talent and old for studio script-writing supremacy, undoubtedly, the old would win. Why? Because the old writers *know* the public's preference, the studios' requirements, the editors' wants—and most of all, they can distinguish between *what is plot* and *what is not*. As in writing for the legitimate stage, "A name will not save a failure." If a scenario is poor in plot, action, and value, it stands no better chance of purchase if it has the mark of a known writer than if it had come from Lizzie Jones, of the Kentucky hills. Every studio is looking, searching, longing for new material, new writers, and new ideas, regardless of whence they come. There are many reasons why the producers turn to novels and magazines for photoplay material, but it is chiefly because of their inability to keep up with the public's demand for new subjects—inasmuch as the few good photoplaywrights are unable to supply the demand, and the amateurs are wholly unfitted for the work. Kay-Bee, Majestic, Reliance, Selig, Edison,

Universal, Holland, Eclair, American, Lubin, Rochester and Frontier editors are calling for stories, but they qualify the call by saying: "We want photoplay scenarios that we do not have to reconstruct, that are written in proper technical form, and most of all we want—*we demand*—stories with new life, new ideas and originality that mark such scenarios as worthy of our time and consideration." Nothing could be more emphatic. These editors are sincere—their market *is* good (better than it has been for some time), but the only playscripts salable are those containing ideas.

FILM CONSUMED BY LEADERS

TEN leaders of ten words each in a full-reel story means that the author has asked the producer to permit the use of 100 feet of film to allow him to express what he has been unable to put into action. Thus one-tenth of the story is reading matter instead of performance. Every word in a leader or cut-in requires one foot of film to keep it before the audience long enough to be read and understood. Action is always more interesting than words, even though the author resorts to "fades" and "visions" to make his points and cover lapses of time or use the "cut-back" to save explanations in words. The expense of production should be considered when the story is written, and one of the expense items to be watched is that of film for leaders, especially as this use of film does not, generally, strengthen the subject.

THE SCENARIO MARKET

WHILE the film industry perhaps has not been affected by the war as much as some other lines of business, there has been a lesser number of stories purchased during the past few months. The producers have yielded to a desire to dispose of a large number of old prints and to use up scenarios purchased months and even years ago. But the scenario market is bound to improve. Serials are not as popular as heretofore, and book and dramatic productions are no longer the drawing cards they were last year. The time is not far distant when the author with an original story—one totally different—will come into his own.

Where to Send Your Scripts

The names, addresses and scenario wants of the film companies that are in the market for photoplays. All manuscripts must be typewritten. They should be folded, not rolled and addressed to Scenario Editor, with the address of the company following. A stamped, self-addressed envelope should always be enclosed to be used in case of rejection.

American Film Mfg. Co., Santa Barbara, Cal. F. A. Wall, editor. Novel subjects with big, fresh ideas running from 500 to 8,000 feet. Exceptional one and two-reel dramas and comedies especially desired. This company also reads for "Beauty" and desires small cast, heart-interest dramas and comedies for Margarita Fischer.

Balboa Amusement Producing Company, Long Beach, Cal. F. Wiltermood, editor. Big American dramas wanted; three, four and six-reel plays that show good romance and plot of intrigue.

Beauty—See American Film Mfg. Company.

Biograph Company, 807 East 175th street, New York City. Strong one and two-reel scenarios of their own style. Also farce comedies and burlesques of half-reel length.

Bison 101—See Universal Film Mfg. Company.

Eaco Films, 110 W. 40th street, New York City. Three-reel dramas with a "punch," which may be used to feature Edwin August. One-reel westerns and comedies.

Thomas A. Edison, Inc., 2826 Decatur avenue, Bronx, New York. One and two-reel plays. Modern settings desired and action must embrace incidents with which the average person is familiar.

Essanay Film Mfg. Co., 1333 Argyle street, Chicago, Ill. Slap-stick and straight comedies. Buying very little at present.

Famous Players Film Company, 213-27 West 26th street, New York, N. Y. B. P. Schulberg, editor. An almost impossible market for any but experienced scenario writers. For stories in four reels without a single flaw in plot or theme, this is a splendid market, but they *must be strong* enough to compete with popular novel adaptations.

St. Louis Motion Picture Company, Santa Paula, Cal. Strong western and Spanish dramatic and light comedy scripts in one reel.

Gold Seal—See Universal Film Mfg. Company.

Historical—Historical Feature Film Company, 105 W. Monroe street, Chicago, Ill. One-reel comedy.

Holland Film Mfg. Company, 105 Lawrence avenue, Dorchester, Mass. One and two-reel comedies and comedy-dramas. Three, four and five-reel dramas with New England settings. Plenty of action. Send to scenario editor.

Imp—See Universal Film Mfg. Company.

Joker—See Universal Film Mfg. Company.

Kalem Company, 235 W. 23rd street, New York. Phil Lang, editor. Single-reel, farce comedies and two-reel dramas. Underworld and crime stories not desired. Address all scripts to the *scenario department.*

Keystone Film Co., 1712-19 Allesandro street (Edendale), Los Angeles, Cal. Craig Hutchinson, editor. Farce comedies, fast and logical action and plot; will read good synopsis only.

Komic—See Majestic-Reliance.

L-KO—See Universal Film Mfg. Company.

Lubin Manufacturing Company, Indiana avenue and 20th street, Philadelphia, Pa. Lawrence McCloskey, editor. One-reel light comedies, unique in character and incident; strong multiple-reel dramas replete with novelty of plot and climax.

Miller Brothers, 101 Ranch, Bliss, Okla. Three-reel melodramatic westerns with Indians figuring prominently. Only high-grade scripts of this class considered.

Majestic-Reliance Studios, 4500 Sunset boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal. Frank E. Woods, editor. Reads scripts for Reliance, Majestic and Komic. Novel stories in one and two-reels, filled with dramatic action desired for first two companies and one-reel comedies of farcical nature for the other two. Stories submitted in synopsis form only will be considered. Stories *must* have the "vitally different twist."

Majestic—See Mutual Film Corporation.

Nestor—See Universal Film Mfg. Company.

North American Film Corporation, 111 Broadway, New York. Mrs. Catherine Carr, editor. Strong, one, two and three-reel dramas and one and two-reel legitimate comedies without objectionable features.

Powers—See Universal Film Mfg. Company.

The Photoplay Entertainment Company, 7311 Greenwood street, Pittsburgh, Pa. Short and snappy original comedies of about 10 scenes, 200 feet of film, or less for Animated Jokes, a 1,000-foot reel to be issued weekly and consisting of about five short comedies. Pay 2½ to 5 cents per foot of film.

Reliance—See Majestic-Reliance.

Rolfe, B. A., Photoplays Inc., 1493 Broadway, New York City. One and two-reel comedies.

Rex—See Universal Film Mfg. Company.

Selig Polyscope Company, 20 East Randolph street, Chicago, Ill. J. F. Pribyl, editor. In the market for everything from split-reel comedies to five-reel dramas. Former must be lively and humorous and latter big and gripping. This is one of the few firms buying single-reel scenarios at the present time, and they *demand* the best.

Smallwood Film Corporation, 1303 Flatiron Bldg., N. Y. In the market for one and two-reel comedy dramas suitable for featuring Miss Ethel Grandin, an ingenue lead. Prefer small cast stories.

Sterling Motion Picture Company. Hollywood, Cal. Fred Balshofer, editor. One and two-reel farces that will fit Ford Sterling. They must be along novel lines, compelling in action and virile in plot.

Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Eastern office, 1600 Broadway, New York. Jack Bryne, editor. Uses modern and society scripts principally and reads for Imp, Powers and Victor. Stories fitting Ben Wilson, Mary Fuller, Harry Meyers and Rosemary Theby especially desired. Western office, Hollywood, Cal. James Dayton, editor. Not buying much at present, but considers all novel plots suitable for production in California. Reads for Gold Seal, Rex, Nestor, Bison, Universal Ike, L-KO, and Joker. Pays good prices for available stories and gives credit on screen to the author.

Universal Ike—See Universal Film Mfg. Company.

Victor—See Universal Film Mfg. Company.

Vitagraph Company of America, East 15th street and Locust avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Marguerite Bertsch, editor. Are well stocked with scripts on account of recent prize contest, but will buy any scenario or plot that is novel. Whether it be good comedy, strong drama or melodrama, the prime requisite is that it shall be *different, uncommon.*

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