January

Fifteen Cents

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

A complete Novelette

"Rose of the Rancho";

and first installment of

our new serial "Beauty to Burn"

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

"The National Movie Publication"

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✤ ✤ ✤ ✤ ✤

Those are the exact words of one of our subscribers upon looking over the December issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

The December number WAS good. And this—the January number is EVEN BETTER.

It contains so many good things that we can not enumerate here for lack of room. But "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." This number is SOME PUDDING and—figuratively speaking—WE WANT YOU TO EAT IT and let us know how it tastes.

The February number will be even better. New stories, interviews that are different from any you ever read, a big bunch of stories and over 100 pictures.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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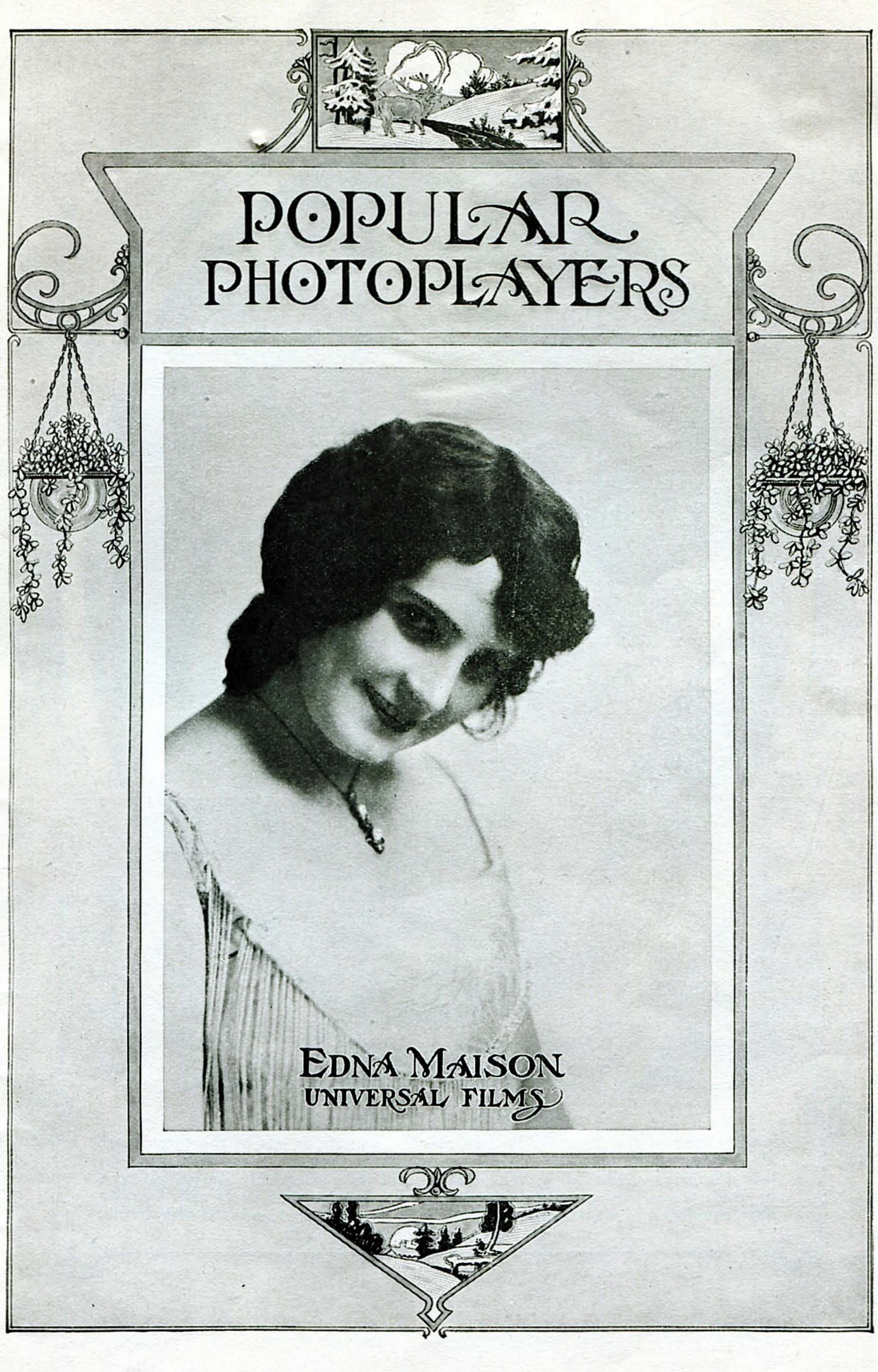

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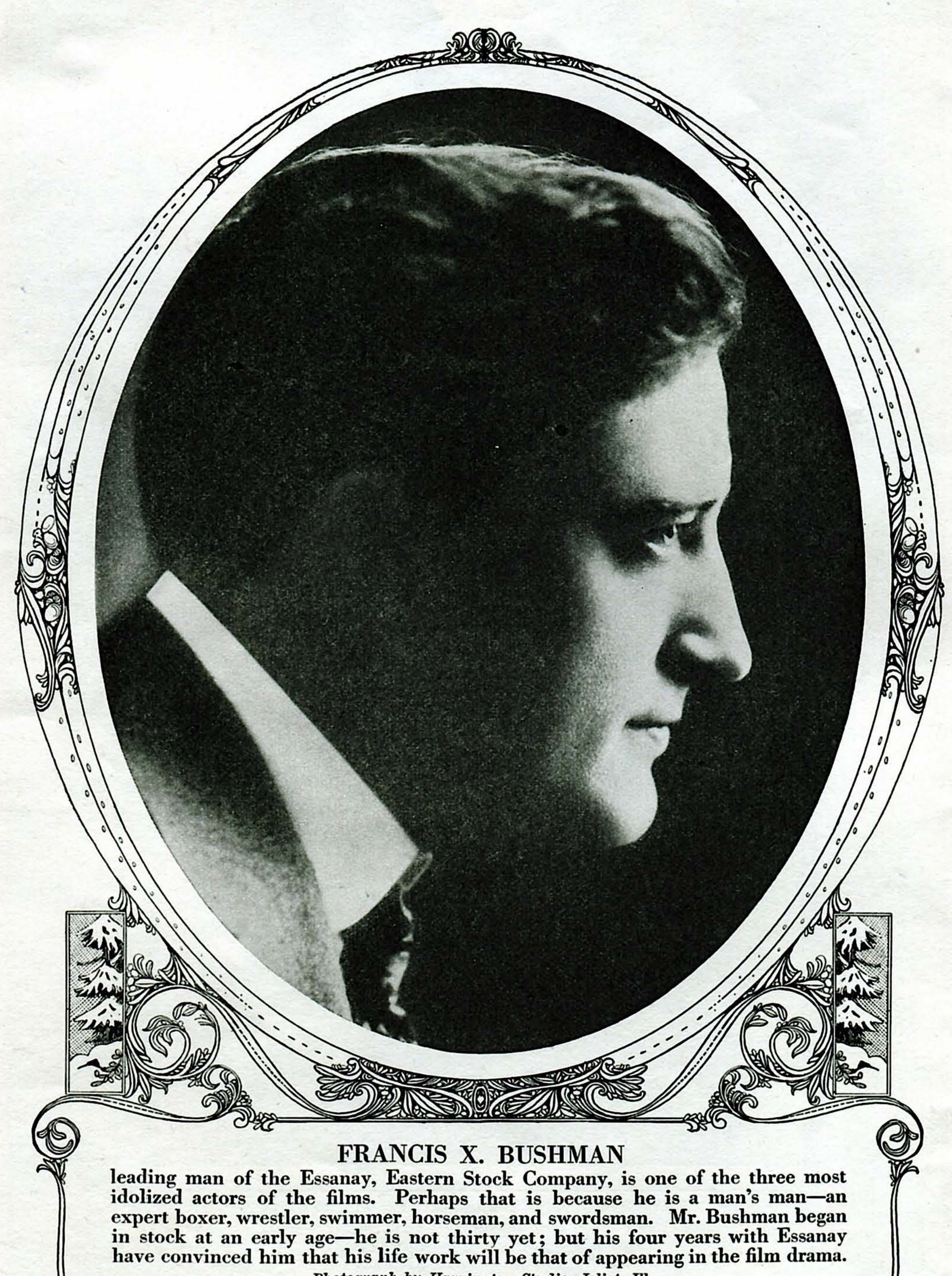


FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

leading man of the Essanay, Eastern Stock Company, is one of the three most idolized actors of the films. Perhaps that is because he is a man's man—an expert boxer, wrestler, swimmer, horseman, and swordsman. Mr. Bushman began in stock at an early age—he is not thirty yet; but his four years with Essanay have convinced him that his life work will be that of appearing in the film drama.

Photograph by Harrington Studio, Joliet, Ill.

RUTH STONEHOUSE

who is often called the "Colorado Girl" because she came from Victor, Colorado, is not yet twenty years old. She began as a dancer. Now she is a leading woman whose vivacious face is familiar in such productions as "The Ghost of Self," "The Hour and the Man," and "The Wood Nymph."

Photograph by Matzene, Chicago

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR

actor, athlete, and Irishman, has never done anything better than his interpretation of the title role in Captain Alavarez, but he has done things just as good. He is tall and distinguished looking, has kindly gray eyes and a mouth that bespeaks humor, and this, of course, accounts for some of his great popularity in the Western Vitagraph pictures.

Photograph by Witzel, Los Angeles, Cal.

ALICE BRADY

the charming daughter of William A. Brady, has been engaged by the World Film Corporation to appear in pictures. Her talents are many, and with her training which has included years of work at the Boston Conservatory of Music, such parts as Meg in "Little Women," the lead opposite Jack Barrymore in "A Thief for a Night," and Pitti San in "The Mikado," are certain to contribute much toward a successful debut on the screen. *Photograph by White, N. Y.*

VELMA WHITMAN

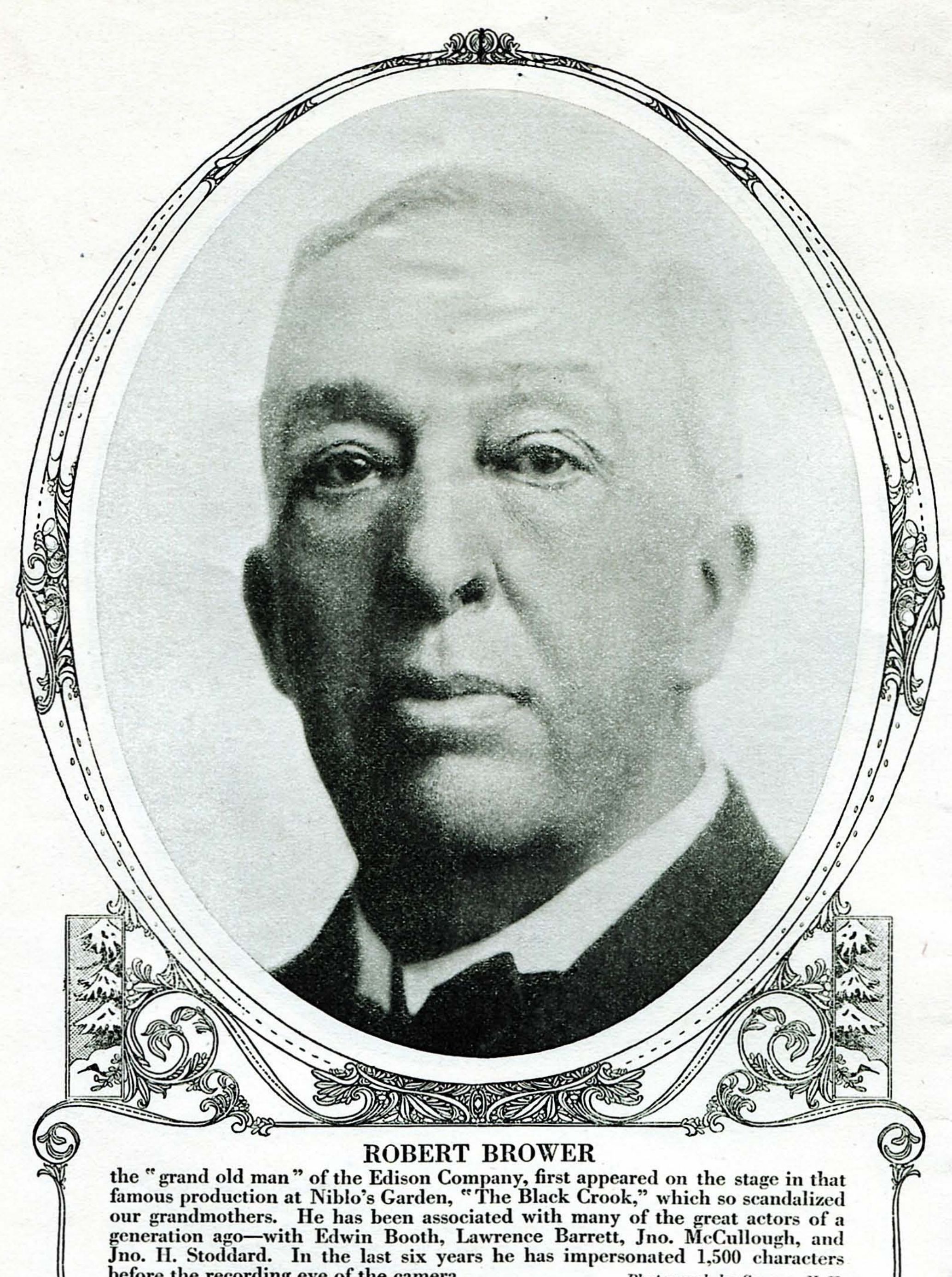
was born in the fine old Southern city of Richmond, Virginia. It is only a little more than a year since she joined the Lubin Western branch at Los Angeles, California, but her experience in stock with Corse Payton and a year's playing the lead in "The Servant in the House" served her in good stead. She has been starred this year in a notable series of multiple reel productions.

Photographed by Hemenway, Los Angeles, Cal.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN

of the Universal Company, is so well known to motion-picture fans that it is impossible to tell anything new about him. They call him the "Jack of Hearts." He came from the South and has had a chance, in the brief five years since he was old enough to vote, to display his handsome profile in many a role from that of Sampson in a biblical production to that of a cowboy in a Western drama.

Photograph by Mojonier, Los Angeles, Cal.



ROBERT BROWER

the "grand old man" of the Edison Company, first appeared on the stage in that famous production at Niblo's Garden, "The Black Crook," which so scandalized our grandmothers. He has been associated with many of the great actors of a generation ago—with Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Jno. McCullough, and Jno. H. Stoddard. In the last six years he has impersonated 1,500 characters before the recording eye of the camera.

Photograph by Sarony, N. Y.

CLEO MADISON

besides being one of the most beautiful actresses for the films, is also one of the most daring. She can wear a blue checked gingham apron and look stunning in it, and she can hang suspended in mid-air from a derrick or take a two hundred foot fall down a mountainside on a motorcycle, apparently without blinking an eye. She began in stock, played with James K. Hackett and Virginia Harned, and did the Orpheum circuit in vaudeville before she became a motion-picture star.

Photograph by Witzel, Los Angeles

EDWIN AUGUST

has had almost as many names as he has talents. His mother called him Edwin August Philip vonder Butz. His friends call him Eddie. He began as little Lord Fauntleroy and turned to the pictures only after a long and successful career in stock companies and two years in support of Otis Skinner. Now he writes his own plays, stages them before the camera in the Eaco Studios, and acts the leading part. *Photograph by Witzel, Los Angeles*

BESSIE EYTON

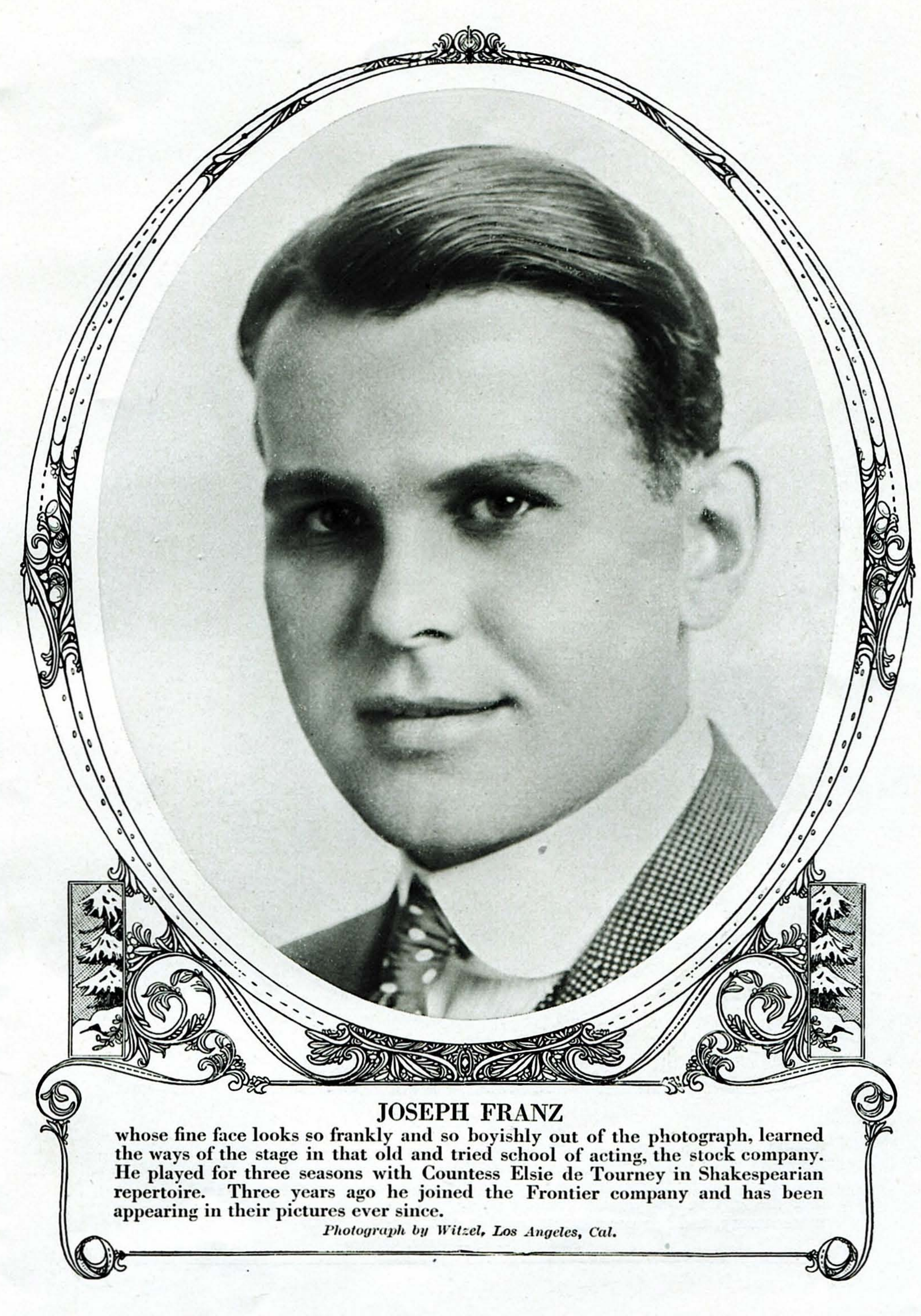
is a star of the Selig films. She was born in Santa Barbara, California, and, though her pictures have gone around the world, she herself has never been outside of her native state. Her childhood on Catalina Island, where she swam in the surf, and rode horseback in the hills, gave her the daring and endurance which, together with her wonderful beauty, have made her a successful actress.

Photograph © Selig Polyscope Co.

JEAN DARNELL

is a Thanhouser favorite who is "expected to do something daring all the time," as she herself says. The exciting experiences and narrow escapes, resulting from this demand, have more than once made it necessary for her to stop work in order to recuperate. But she always comes back a rejuvenated Jean Darnell, full of fire such as she displayed as Cigarette in "Carmen."

Photograph by Unity, N. Y.



JOSEPH FRANZ

whose fine face looks so frankly and so boyishly out of the photograph, learned the ways of the stage in that old and tried school of acting, the stock company. He played for three seasons with Countess Elsie de Tourney in Shakespearian repertoire. Three years ago he joined the Frontier company and has been appearing in their pictures ever since.

Photograph by Witzel, Los Angeles, Cal.

BETTY BROWN

was born at Nyack-on-the-Hudson about twenty-two years ago. She went directly from the girls' school at which she learned all the fashionable accomplishments, into the Essanay Studio without any professional experience whatever. But she had the charm and beauty which go a long way toward making experience unnecessary, and her success is a notable one.

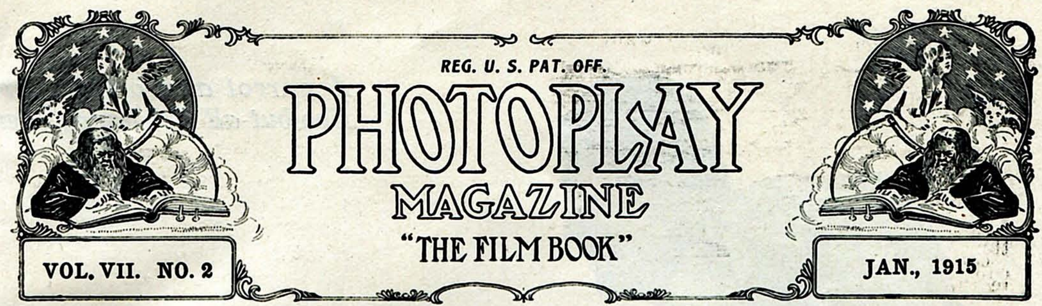
Photograph by Matzene, Chicago

WILTON LACKAYE

is one of the best-known actors in America. He will soon be seen in pictures as Beb Shemual in the production of Izrael Zangwill's "The Children of the Ghetto." Not everybody knows that Mr. Lackaye became an actor by the barest margin—he was about to be ordained a priest when he changed his mind. Later his acting in an amateur dramatic club attracted the attention of Lawrence Barrett, and he was launched on his stage career. *Photograph by White, N. Y.*

MISS BEVERLY BAYNE IN THE WEDDING SCENE OF ESSANAY'S "UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE."

—From "Dress in the Movies."



Special Announcement

THIS month we publish the first installment of the best magazine serial we have read in a long time. It is called "BEAUTY TO BURN" and it is by George Orcutt. We think that before you have finished it you will agree with us that it is the most unusual love story published in an American magazine this year.

This first installment introduces an American girl, Bernice Frothingham, whom you will want to meet and whom you will want to know. Bernice Frothingham was brought up to expect every luxury that money can buy, as a matter of course. She had never done her own hair in her life until she was twenty years old—there was always her own maid to do it for her. Then she came to hate the life she had lived so much that she ran away from it and became—but that would be telling. All we have to say is that exciting things happen to Bernice.

But exciting as they are, they are all true. Or they might have been. Anybody who reads the newspapers knows of the case of a society girl who has done in real life more than one of the things that Bernice Frothingham does in fiction. Read "BEAUTY TO BURN" and then let us know if there was ever a love story like it.

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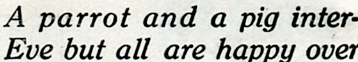


A parrot and a pig inter-
Eve but all are happy over

"Sweeney's Christ-

By Marie Coolidge Rask

Illustrations from the Vitagraph Film

"OH-O-O-O-! Oh-o-o-o-! Sure 'tis a sorry day for th' Sweeney family."

The cries of the mourner awoke the echoes of the dumb waiter shaft in the Hoolihan tenement, but they failed to awake the deceased. In vain Norah Sweeney poked at the rigid form with a lean forefinger and felt of the upturned toes. It wasn't a fit this time.

"Oh, wirra, wirra—" wailed Norah.

The door of the dumb waiter shaft in the flat below opened violently. A ponderous voice floated upwards.

"Mrs. Sweeney! Mrs. Sweeney!" it called.

Flinging her hands wildly above her head the bereaved one sprang toward the dumb-waiter door in her own flat, flung it open and thrust her head into the aperture. The large, purple rose on her faded straw bonnet nodded aggressively toward the upturned face of the woman below.

"For th' love of hivin, Mrs. Sweeney!" she exclaimed as Norah's head appeared. "What-iver is th' throuble?"

"Ye may well say it's throuble, Mrs. Clancy," the bereaved one replied, excitedly trying to loosen the bonnet strings tied tightly under her chin, the better to express her grief. "Sure, I niver thought it would happen so soon, an' him not old, at all, at all. Oh-o-o-o!"

"Th' saints preserve us, Mrs. Sweeney! D'ye mean Sweeney's crazy drunk?"

The wails of the weeping woman ceased. The purple rose swayed like a reed in the wind.

"Sweeney!" she shrilled. "An' d'y think I'd be breakin' th' heart af me over that man? He's aslape in the parlor this minute, an' me off to me duty, wid poor Caesar dyin' widout a friend near him on the kitchen table."

"Caesar!" snorted Mrs. Clancy, drawing her head back, like a gigantic turtle into her own apartment. "Th' Lord be praised. If iver there was a nuisance in this tinni-ment it was him. Ye may well be thankful, Mrs. Sweeney, to be rid of that bird," she shouted, triumphantly, as she slammed shut the door of the dumb-waiter.

"An' to think that dacint people have to live in th' same house wid th' loikes av her!" stormed the irate wife of Patrick Sweeney, shaking her fist at the dumb-waiter and flouncing into the next room.

"Pat," she cried to the sleeping man on the sofa, "wake up! What d'y mane, sleep-in' here on me new sofa whin I told you to

rupt the peace of Christmas
"a foine four-legged birrd"

mas Bird"

Scenario by Arthur C. Lichty
Produced by George D. Baker

stay in th' kitchen? A foine man ye are to look afther th' house wid me off to me duty an' you sleepin' here wid poor Caesar dyin' alone on th' kitchen table."

"Th' divil!"

Patrick Sweeney's stout form slowly rose to a sitting posture. He blinked at the tall, aggressive figure of the wearer of the purple rose, like a culprit o'erwhelmed with guilt.

"I—Caesar—" he gasped, uncomprehending, "what's th' matter wid him?"

"He's dead. Oh-o-o-o! Poor Caesar!" Norah's grief broke forth afresh. "An' to think that only this mornin' he was whistlin' 'It's a Long Way to Tipperary' as good as any man."

"Maybe he had a warnin'!" exclaimed Pat in an awed tone, crossing to the kitchen table and awkwardly taking the dead parrot from his cage. "He was swearin' like the divil whin I wint to sleep."

"May th' saints forgive him," piously exclaimed Norah, drying her eyes on the corner of her gingham apron. "He was a swate birrd. There'll niver be another loike him."

"He was that," agreed Sweeney, lugubriously. "Maybe we ought to have a wake?"

"That we will not," sniffed Norah. "Tomorrow's Christmas day!"

"Well, I'll give th' poor birrd dacint burial, anyway," said Sweeney, picking up his hat. "Lay him out th' way you want him an' I'll fetch a bit av a board."

Half an hour later Sweeney, his shovel over his shoulder, stood waiting. A rough board, with the words "Our Polly," painted upon it in letters of white, was held carefully, paint side out, before him. His round, florid face was puckered, dolefully.

"It's a long, long way—" he commenced to hum, then paused and gulped ponderously. The corpse was being brought out.

"I'd betther wrap him in a piece of newspaper," said Norah, reverently. "It'll seem more dacint and them Clancys down stairs won't be havin' th' laugh on us for not doin' things proper."

She produced the paper as she spoke and wrapped it about the dead bird.

"'Tis a bit large," she remarked, as Sweeney took the parcel from her hands, "but poor Caesar always liked plenty av room, so I wrapped the paper loose." She threw her apron over her head and sank, limply, into a chair.

The Sweeney funeral cortege started on its way.

At the first corner the procession paused

and gazed thoughtfully at the sign of a large and belligerent goat swinging idly in the cold, December air. "Sure," exclaimed Sweeney to himself, "we ought to have had a wake!"

Then Mike Clancy came around the corner and he had a bundle, too. At sight of his neighbor Clancy stopped abruptly, slowly deciphered the epitaph which preceded the pallbearer and accosted the hearse.

"My Gawd, Sweeney!" he exclaimed, in an awed tone, "what's th' manin' av that?" pointing in the general direction of Sweeney's stomach on which Caesar's head-board rested lightly.

He Commenced to Hum, Then Paused and Gulped, Ponderously. The Corpse was being Brought Out

"'Tis th' bird," answered Sweeney, solemnly. "We're afther buryin' him to-day, for to-morrow's Christmas."

Clancy's face cleared.

"Aw, brace up, me b'y," he exclaimed, cheerfully. "Come in an' have a drink. Me ould woman sint me down to buy a turk for to-morrow's dinner an' I've fifty cents left over."

The burial of Caesar was postponed. During the period of postponement two newspaper enshrouded bundles lay, side by side, on a table behind the swinging doors of a cafe.

"We—hic—ought to—hic—have had—hic—a wake," declared Sweeney an hour later as he picked up his bundle. "But the missis—hic—wouldn't have it."

Shouldering his grave-digging implement and the mournful inscription, Sweeney set forth, groaning dismally, toward the nearest vacant lot. Clancy, his bundle under his arm, moved, somewhat unsteadily, in the opposite direction.

"'Tis a foine bird that,'' Clancy announced some time later, as he handed his wife the parcel. "It took a long toime to foind him, but th' man said—"

Clancy paused, mouth open, hands raised in despair. That was not a turkey his wife was drawing from the carefully wrapped bundle he had handed to her. It was—it was—Clancy clutched his hair in despair—that devilish Sweeney parrot whose burial he had so joyously celebrated.

For an instant Mrs. Clancy gazed blankly at the prize which she held in her hand, then she rose in her might and raised to heaven the sound of a voice—the voice of a woman wronged.

"A foine bird, is it?" she cried. flinging the dead parrot at the head of her trembling spouse. "An' is this what ye've taken th' whole mornin' to buy an' me waitin' here wid th' pots and pans on the stove to cook th' same? I'll teach you—"

The sound of a heavy body falling, of smashing chairs, of cries and oaths and the pleading tones of a man at bay floated up the dumb-waiter shaft into the house of mourning above.

Norah Sweeney sprang to open the door for her returning husband.

"Whist, Pat," she cried, pointing toward the dumb-waiter, "listen to that! Th' Clancys are at it again."

For the time being the joy of listening

to the fray below caused both Patrick and Norah to forget their grief, but as silence fell the sight of the empty cage recalled their bereavement.

"Cheer up, darlin'" exclaimed Patrick, "'twas a beautiful grave I made him. He was bigger than I thought." Pat sighed, in spite of himself. "Sure, he was a foine birrd. An' now I'll be afther orderin' a Christmas turkey."

"Tell th' butcher to send it up right away," called Norah, as Sweeney plodded down the long flights of stairs.

Clancy, sitting by the open door of the dumb waiter shaft, where he had been hurled as the domestic cyclone subsided, heard the promise and the shouted admonition. Then he dropped off into a slight doze. The rumble of the ascending dumb waiter aroused him. Picking up the dead parrot which lay beside him, he peered cautiously over into the shaft. It was coming, slowly, but very surely, the Sweeney Christmas turkey! Another moment and it was just on a level with his hand. Whisk! Off came the turkey, on went Caesar, up went the dumb servant of the tenements to pause at the floor above. Like a criminal, Clancy hurried toward the cellar, the turkey clasped in his arms.

"I'll hide it till th' night," he thought, covering it with old papers, "an' spring it on th' ould woman whin she comes back." For Bridget Clancy, in her rage, had fled from the Clancy home.

When Norah Sweeney opened the door of the dumb-waiter, in response to the butcher's call, she staggered back with a wild scream of terror.

"Caesar's ghost!" she cried. "Holy Saint Patrick! Save me—it's alive!" for the vibratory motions of the dumb-waiter had their effect upon the upturned claws of poor Caesar.

It was some minutes before Norah could persuade herself to make a closer investigation of the strange night rider in the darkness of the shaft. When she did do so and realized that it was not a ghost. but poor, dead Caesar's own mistreated form that she held in her hands, her anger knew no bounds.

"An' Sweeney told me he buried him deep!" she exclaimed aloud, tears in her

It Was—It Was—That Devilish Sweeney Parrot Whose Burial He had Joyously Celebrated

eyes, fury in her heart. "As if it wasn't bad enough to lose him widout havin' him come back to me this way. Oh, the villain! Just wait till I get hold av him!" Meaning Sweeney and not the parrot.

But Sweeney, having been denied the pleasure of a wake, was bound for a Christmas raffle. Bridget Clancy, returning unexpectedly to her home, found her husband chastened, even deferential.

"Ye'd better behave yourself," she announced, as he backed cautiously toward the door, "or I'll trounce ye again. Now here," counting out some money into his hand, "take that an' go get another turkey. And see that ye don't come home with a dead dog or a rat instead of a Christmas fowl."

Mindful of the plump turkey hidden away near the coal cellar, Clancy hurried off with remarkable celerity for one so badly battered. "I'll find Sweeney," he thought, "an' we'll have a celebration."

At the raffle he found Sweeney, and for once in his life Sweeney was lucky. He won a pig.

They carried it home together. At the door of the tenement Clancy suddenly paused. A fit of trembling seized him at the thought of what would happen if Bridget caught him without a turkey.

"You go on up wid th' bast," he exclaimed, shoving the pig into Sweeney's arms. "I've got to go down cellar a minute." He disappeared around the corner of the hallway. Sweeney trudged on up the long flights of stairs, his round face beaming with joy in the possession of the little pig he clasped in his arms. He opened the door of his flat softly.

"Begor, Norah'll give me th' glad hand whin she sees this," he said to himself. Then something strong, and heavy, and dark, something that seemed to be a compromise between a blackjack and shilellah, descended from out the darkness and smote all further reflections from the mind of the astonished man.

Norah, flatiron in hand, hauled him on into the room.

"Ye great, drunken, lyin', lazy spalpeen!" she cried, wrathfully. "Ye buried Caesar, did ye?"—whack—"Said ye'd buried him deep"—whack—"Goin' to send home a turkey"—whack—"Ye poor, half-witted fool—What did ye do with Caesar?"—whack—"I say, what did ye do with—poor—dear—darlin'—Caesar?"

"'Tis a Foine Four-legged Birrd," Declared Clancy, "That Sweeney Won at the Raffle"

Norah, her rage exhausting itself in a flood of tears, turned and grasped poor, dear, darling Caesar's corpse in her hands and extended it, tragically, toward her husband.

The sight of the bird he had so reverently laid to rest, as he supposed, only a few short hours before, was too much for Pat. The cherished pig slipped from his arms and slid forlornly across the floor.

"'Tis — 'tis Caesar!'' he gasped.

"''Tis th' same," answered Norah in a sepulchral tone, "Caesar that you buried this mornin' come back in th' dumb-waiter shaft."

"'Tis th' Same," Answered Norah in Sepulchral Tone, "Caesar, that Ye Buried This Mornin', Come Back in th' Dumb-waiter Shaft"

"Howly Moses!" yelled Patrick, as a light dawned in his brain. "An' where's th' turkey I sint?"

"'Tis divil a turkey have I seen in this house th' day, Patrick Sweeney," declared Norah through her sobs, and again the flatiron trembled in her hand.

"'Tis some of Mike Clancy's doings," declared Patrick, now in a rage. "Th' low-lived, sneakin' scoundrel. He's dug up poor Caesar for spite." Sweeney pulled off his coat and flung it on the floor. "Now," he roared, rolling up his sleeves and making for the stairs, "me an' Mike Clancy for it."

Clancy, down in the cellar, failed to find his hidden turkey. In vain he searched among the papers where he had so carefully placed it. It was gone.

"Janitor!" he shouted, peering up into the dumb-waiter shaft. "Hey, you, come down here a minute. Somebody's stole something!"

A jovial black face appeared at an aperture above. "I'll be right down, boss," it said.

The janitor came.

"Yassir, yassir,'' he explained, "I done seen a tu'key. Mis' Clancy she done seen him first."

"Mis' Clancy she wuz washin' clothes down here in th' laundry,'' interpolated the janitor's wife, peering over his shoulder, ''an' she done seen th' dogs carry it off."

"That's right," declared the janitor, turning toward the furnace room. "Mis' Clancy she done call to me an' I done cotch de dogs an' rescue mistah turk, but dere wa'n't much of him left." He laughed at the recollection. "Mis' Clancy, she say as how we bettah take de remains fo' de chillun's Christmas dinner, so praise de Lord, we's got im."

"Well, you give him—" Clancy commenced, then stopped short at sight of terrifying figure with blazing eyes and muscular arms ponderously descending the stairway.

"Come on," shouted the on-coming Nemesis. "Come on, you rid-headed, freckle-faced Mike Clancy; ye dhirty, thievin' scoundrel; come on an' foight a man o' yer size!" for Sweeney was twice the size of Clancy. But the little man was game.

"Who's a thief?" he bellowed, lustily, squaring for defense. "Don't ye come callin' names around here, Pat Sweeney, afther th' dhirty, low-lived thrick ye played me this mornin'."

"Thrick is it?" thundered Sweeney, aiming a blow at Clancy's eye and missing it

by a close margin. "Who took my turkey off th' dumb waiter an' dug up my wife's parrot an' sint it up til her, instid?"

"'Tis a lie," snorted Clancy, dancing around like a disturbed bantam. "Ye stole my turkey, that's what ye did, right whin I was settin' up th' dhrinks fer ye over in Schultz' saloon."

"I'm a liar, am I?" muttered Sweeney, puffing from his unwonted exertion, "well, ye're another." Sweeney's blows came thick and fast. Norah, from the stairway, shouted encouragement.

"Give it to him, Pat," she cried. "Hit him agin!"

"Help! Bridget, help! They're after killin' me!" yelled Clancy, now down on his knees.

His shouts floated upwards to his wife. Bridget, the belligerent; Bridget, the powerful, sailed forth like a gigantic battleship cleared for action. Grasping a three-legged stool as she rushed from the kitchen, Bridget hurled it ahead of her as she neared the scene of action. It struck Sweeney's rear anatomy as he bent over the prostrate Clancy. With a wild yell he bounded into the air just as Norah flew at Bridget like a wild cat.

"Ye'd murthur me husbint, would ye?" she shrieked, pulling at Bridget's hair in a fury. But Norah was no match for Bridget, and Pat soon ran to her aid. Clancy, with a fearful groan, rolled over on his back, stretched out his legs and remained motionless. It was easier to play dead than to fight. With a shriek, Bridget rushed toward her husband and lifted his head in her hands.

"Oh, Mike, avourneen machree," she exclaimed. "Spake to me. Tell me ye're alive."

Clancy cautiously opened the one eye that still responded to muscular effort and turned it upon his wife.

"Janitor, janitor," she called, as running footsteps sounded, "he's comin' to—glory be to God!"

But the footsteps were not those of the janitor. He had done his duty when he telephoned for the police. A wise janitor hears nothing, sees nothing, knows nothing. The janitor of the Hoolihan tenements was wise. The police appeared alone.

"Whist! Th' cops are after comin'," cried Norah, gathering up the shreds of her dress and preparing for a leap into the coal cellar, but the warning came too late.

In the night court—the night court on Christmas Eve—they sadly told the story of their wrongs.

"He stole our turkey," declared Sweeney, pointing a finger at Mike.

"He buried our turkey an' sint us a divilish poll parrot instid," stormed Bridget. in spite of the Court.

"But what about the pig?" asked the magistrate, suppressing a smile. "Isn't the pig enough for you all?"

"'Tis Sweeney's pig," muttered Clancy.

"He'll divide with you," said the Court.

"Indade, an' I'll not," grumbled Sweeney, "divide wid th' thavin' spalpeen."

"Then I'll fine you ten dollars," was the decision. "Ten dollars or divide up that pig."

Norah rose to her feet. "May it please yer honor," she asked with a quavering voice, "to give us tin minutes to think it over for—poor Caesar's not buried yet?"

The request was granted. Ten minutes later a meek and subdued quartet trudged forlornly down the street toward home early on Christmas morning.

Norah and Bridget roasted the pig while Patrick and Mike buried Caesar. At noon the dinner was served.

"Sure, 'tis a foine four-legged birrd," declared Clancy, "that Sweeney won at th' raffle."

WE WONDER WHERE HE WENT.

THE tired traveler arrived at the gates of Heaven and was accosted by St. Peter. After presenting his qualifications, he was just about to enter the sacred gates when he thought of something he wanted to know.

"Tell me," he said. "Do you have moving pictures here?"

And upon St. Peter's answering negatively, he turned around and walked sadly away.

The Girl on the Cover

SHE TALKS ABOUT CLOTHES—AND OTHER THINGS

By Lucy Davis

"WHY don't you say that motion pictures are taking the place of fashion books?" It was Winifred Kingston who spoke.

"I will, if you say so," I answered.

"Well, I do say so," she laughed back at me.

"It is an interesting idea," I said.

"And true—which is more than can be said of some interesting ideas. Given a few more years of motion pictures, and there won't be anything left to the old joke about backwoods people and the clothes they wear. How can there be? You know how quick a woman—any woman—is to copy the latest fashion when she has the chance. Well, she has every chance now. When a film is released, it is sent all over the country, and the woman in the little town has before her eyes the latest styles. All she needs is a memory, a needle and a hand which knows how to use it, to look like the woman in the picture—or at least to have her dress look like the actress's."

"Women have always taken styles from the stage, haven't they?"

"Of course they have. But that is quite different. For instance, it is only in the large cities that the expensive productions are put on. And in the large cities women have other ways of knowing what the styles are. They need only to look into the shop windows, or to walk down the fashionable streets to know 'what is what' in the matter of clothes. But of what use is the theater as a fashion guide to the woman in the little town? None. That is the answer. But the same motion picture which is shown in New York and Chicago and San Francisco is shown in the town where there is only one store and that behind the postoffice. I tell you the motion picture is going to make every woman in the country a well-dressed woman."

"But all women aren't clever enough to copy fashions."

"No," laughed Miss Kingston, "but there are few women who aren't clever enough to get what they want. I will never doubt that, after something which happened to me while I was in Southern California. 'Brewster's Millions' had just been released. In it I wore a Salamander dress. It really was very fetching. I had not seen the style in California and for a very good reason—until the picture was released the fashion had not reached the coast. A few days after the picture was shown in Los Angeles, two young ladies called at the Lasky studios and asked for me. They seemed timid, but finally they overcame it sufficiently to ask me if I would give them the pattern for the dress. They said they were afraid they wouldn't cut the goods just right, from memory, and so if I would lend them the pattern. . . Well, of course, I lent it to them. A few days later I saw them walking—really strutting would be a better word to use—through one of the hotels, wearing exact duplicates of my Salamander dress.

"That makes me think of another interesting thing about motion pictures," went on Miss Kingston. "I've often wondered why it is that people seem to regard us motion picture folk as more real human beings than they do actors and actresses whom they see upon the stage. It would seem more probable that we, being seen in pictures only, would not seem nearly so real to them, and yet exactly the opposite seems to be

true. The incident of those young women coming to me for the pattern of my dress is a case in point. Of course, they might have done it if they'd seen me on the stage instead of the pictures of me, but I rather doubt it. Then, in so many ways we're constantly learning how friendly our audiences feel toward us.

"Often, of course, we go to private houses for the staging of a scene. I don't know about all companies, but I know that when one of the Lasky plays calls for the interior of a fashionable house, the picture is taken in such a house. No stage properties or painted scenery in our pictures, but the real thing! What I was going to say to prove my point about people being friendly is that some of the most delightful times I've ever had have been in some house where we were doing a picture. I haven't felt as if I were working, but as if I were being entertained by friends. Usually, we are entertained, too, for we're always being invited to stay for luncheon or for tea, according to the hour.

"Photoplay stars are just as important in their way now as the legitimate stars. I refused a good offer from a legitimate producer in New York this season, and I'm not the only actress, either, who has chosen to stay with the motion pictures.

"Our producers certainly go further than the legitimate producers to get their effects. For one picture, 'The Call of the North,' in company with Mr. DeMille, Wilfred Buckland, Stuart Edward White and Robert Edeson, I traveled far up into Canada for the taking of some scenes, and for the 'Squaw Man' we traveled by caravan from Hollywood, California, to Green River, Wyoming —over 700 miles, I believe. It was a wonderful outing, really. I don't always envy the producers, let me tell you. I don't suppose on the legitimate stage it is any too easy, but at least there one's responsibility ends when the stage door has closed on the actors and actresses. But when we are taken across continents and through wildernesses and deserts, in order to make pictures, of course there is the great work of caring for us—making sure there is a place for us to sleep and things for us to eat.

"I must say I think the producers manage marvelously. I, at least, have never undergone any hardships at all and yet, as I have pointed out, I've traveled endlessly in out-of-the-way places. When our company staged

'Rose of the Rancho,' Mr. DeMille imported a lot of Mexicans, and, do you know, he saw to it that they had their native food, while we had the things to which we were accustomed. It was like running two commissary departments at the same time. Of course we didn't always keep strictly to our own national dishes. Some of the Americans grew very fond of the Mexican dishes, and in return the Mexicans, probably out of courtesy, would eat some of our food, but I don't think they cared much for it. Probably it wasn't seasoned highly enough for their taste."

"There is no need for me to ask you if you like the movies, is there?" I said.

"Well, hardly," she answered, "I often have to stop and pinch myself to make me believe that I am really an actress. There is no use going into the hardships of a legitimate actress's life. You know as much as I do about the hours one has to keep and about going on the road and about never having a real home of one's own and never being able to celebrate holidays the way ordinary folks do, but being a motion picture actress has all the advantages, and it seems to me, that a trip like the one we are going to make is so entirely different from anything I have known before. We stop off in New Orleans to work, of course, but what legitimate actress during a three weeks' engagement in the city ever discovered anything about that city—ever got the flavor of its distinctive charm. Now, while I am in New Orleans, the actual taking of the scenes will give me a chance to see a good deal of the city and I'll have leisure to explore the whole place. When I leave at the end of three weeks, I'll know a good deal about what sort of a place New Orleans is."

There is just one thing more I want to add.

Miss Kingston laughed. "I refuse to talk about movies," she said. "I talk about motion pictures. I can't bear that word movie. I think it is too bad to use such a word for our art. So please don't use it when you quote me, will you?"

I promised.

And just as a friendly word of warning—if you should ever have the pleasure of meeting Miss Winifred Kingston—remember that she is a *motion picture* actress. Just forget you ever heard or used the word movie.

SEEN, BUT NOT HEARD

VISITOR: "Why, little girl, you are a regular picture!"

Little Edith: "Yes, I'm a Moving Picture."

Visitor: "But I don't understand."

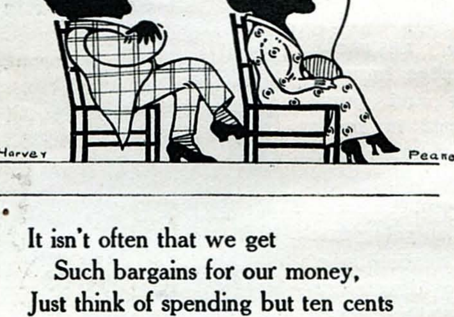
Little Edith: "Well, Mamma says I may squirm around all I want to, if I won't talk."

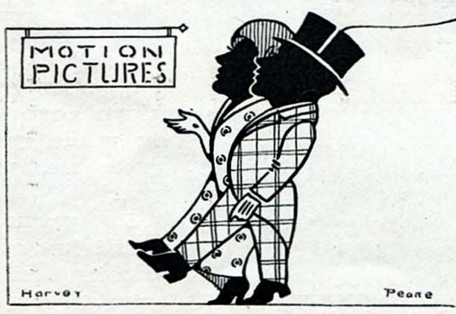
CHRISTMAS CAROLS ABOUT MOTION-PICTURE PLAYS

By HARVEY PEAKE

That Motion Pictures still improve
We notice every day,
It won't be long before each is
A perfect wordless play;
We don't know how we got along
Before they were created;
But now they say
They've come to stay,
And we are much elated!

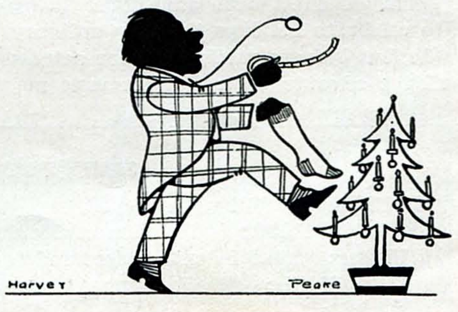
The spoken play must doff its hat
Before the Play of Pictures,
For Nature's backgrounds better are
Than artificial fixtures;
Then, too, we do not have to list
To conversation borey,
But use our eyes
To get quite wise,
To all parts of the story.





It isn't often that we get
Such bargains for our money,
Just think of spending but ten cents
For two hours, bright and sunny!
We used to pay two dollars for
A drama no more snappy;
But now we know
Just where to go
To save and still be happy!

And so we wish that Santa Claus,
If he desires to please us,
And win our lasting gratitude,
Would with surprises seize us!
And this is what we'd have him bring,
With just a few additions:
A year's supply
(Or very nigh)
Of Picture Play Admissions!



"The Rose of the Rancho"

Novelized from the Feature Film Based on the Play of David Belasco and Richard Walton Tully

By Bruce Westfall

Illustrations from the Film Produced by Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Co.

Chapter I

AT the head of his table sat Don Manuel Jesus Maria Calderon y Espineza. His table groaned with the weight of the good things his bounty provided, not only for himself and his daughters, the three daughters who made up his household, but for such guests as might come beside. Guests were welcome, always. The latchstring was ready for them. In the California of those days no guest had need to announce his coming. Riding upon such business as he had, the sun alone named his host. At whatever ranch was nearest when it was time for a meal the traveler turned in, sure of a welcome. If he were a caballero, he would dine in the great house; if a vaquero he would still be cared for, according to his station.

This evening Don Manuel and his three daughters dined alone. Not in many weeks had such a thing happened; they had exchanged wondering comments. I say they dined alone; the duenna of the three senoritas, of course, was present. Their mother was dead; they were safe, however, in the care of a lady of blood as good as their own.

The three girls, as became them, were silent, leaving the art of conversation to their elders, save when they were called upon to answer a direct question. Senora de la Barra, the duenna, was speaking of the Gringos.

"It is well to despise them," she said, easily. "Yet, since the government has given up California in the treaty, would it not be well, perhaps, to comply with the law? After all, it is a small thing—this registering of your title—"

"Never!" thundered Espineza. "My land my forefathers held by patent of the King of Spain. Even the revolution and the coming of a republic in Mexico did not invalidate that! Shall these Gringo pigs make a new law now?"

The lady did not argue. She knew her place too well. She was a woman, and, therefore, by custom and tradition ignorant in such affairs.

"This man—this Kinkaid," she said, "has stolen many ranches. Their government is

behind him, one hears. Of course, when the armies of Mexico drive out the enemy, all will be well. But for a little peace and quiet, meanwhile? No matter! You know best."

She stopped. Espineza was staring at her, his face fixed in a grimace of amazement and fury. Slowly she realized that it was not meant for her. She turned, to see, behind her, a tall, spare man, who stood looking at Espineza. He was tugging at a small goatee. A Gringo! For a moment she was about to send her charges from the table, fearing an explosion from Espineza. But the tradition of hospitality was too much for the ranchero.

"You come to share our simple meal, senor?" he said, rising. "I bid you welcome."

"You're right kind," said the American. "But—this happens to be *my* ranch. I'm here to take possession. Glad to have you take your time moving out—especially if the young ladies will stay with you."

Espineza, speechless with rage, stared at him.

"*Your* ranch?" he said, finally, in a voice choked with rage.

"My ranch," said the other. "You'll find the entry all properly made. I've staked my claim. Ezra Kinkaid's my name. On this property, which wasn't registered, and was therefore open to settlement, under act of Congress."

Espineza clapped his hands. Half a dozen servants appeared.

"Throw this man out!" he ordered.

"Hold on!" said Kinkaid, quietly. "I don't want no trouble, Mr. Espineza—Senor, if you like that better. I've got authority for this, and the United States troops will back me up. Better go easy. I've got men here—"

"Throw him out!" shrieked Don Manuel.

Kinkaid whistled shrilly. In a moment there was a scuffle; a sudden crackling of pistol fire. And Don Manuel Jesus Maria Calderon y Espineza pitched forward upon his own table, with a bullet through his brain. His own pistol was in his hands; he had brought his fate upon himself. He had resisted the authority of the United States.

Chapter II

THEN, for five minutes, rapine ruled the house. Kinkaid, smiling, sardonic, watched the work of his men. They were not Americans. Half breeds, Indians, renegade Mexicans, they were free, for the moment. One seized Isabella, the eldest daughter of the dead man, as she threw herself upon his body. The duenna screamed; the two younger girls joined their wails to hers, as they huddled together in one corner of the patio. For a moment Kinkaid seemed

He Dismounted and Walked to the Side of Her Horse Hat in Hand

"He Tied Me—and Held a Gun in My Face"

moved to stop the scoundrel who had seized Isabella. But his chief lieutenant, as much of a spectator as himself, checked him.

"It is only one woman," he said. "They must have their way, if we are to retain them. And—a lesson may be good for the others. We do not want them to resist."

Deliberately Kinkaid turned and walked through the gate. As he did so, Isabella, freeing herself for a moment, seized the pistol from her father's hand. She fired once, and sank, lifeless, to the floor. And it was in that moment that a new figure appeared; the figure of a young man, as tall as Kinkaid himself. He had Kinkaid by the shoulder.

"You've gone too far this time, Kinkaid," he said. "You have your rights, worse luck! But murder isn't one of them!"

"You make me tired, Kearney," said Kinkaid, quietly. "The man was shot because he tried to shoot my men. The girl—you saw that yourself. I'm sorry—she didn't need to shoot herself."

The newcomer swore, beneath his breath.

"Perhaps your hands are clean—technically," he said. "But—I'll get you for this, Kinkaid, if I have to wait till I get back to Washington! There's another thing for you to explain. By what right did your men outside here stop me and tie me and my servant up?"

"Pshaw! Did they do that, now, Kearney?" said Kinkaid. "My men? They were disobeying my orders."

"Pedro Lopez is your man, as all the country knows," said Kearney. "He tied me—and held a gun in my face."

"He didn't tie you very tight, or you wouldn't have got away," said Kinkaid, dryly. Suddenly his voice grew harsh. He shook his fist in Kearney's face. "Listen to me, Mister Frank Kearney!" he said. "You may represent the United States Government—but I've got the law on my side! The law—and some influence you never heard of! Keep away from me, and you'll live longer and die richer! I know my rights and I mean to have them. I don't care that for you and your sniveling friends! I hurt no

man who doesn't try to hurt me; I want no dealings with any of their women. I try to keep my boys in hand. But those who take the chance of getting in our way know what to expect. Is that plain enough for you?"

"It is," said Kearney, his face flushed with anger. "And is this plain enough for you? So long as you stick to the letter of the law, I can't touch you. But if ever I can prove that you had a hand in a murder, in the illtreating of a woman, I'll get you!"

He strode from the patio without a backward look. In a moment he was riding away. But a sudden thought turned him back. A sudden thought and the screams of the women who were left behind. He strode into the patio again. Off came his hat to the duenna.

"What has been done I cannot undo," he said. "I am at your service, senora, for what I may still do. I beg that you will allow me to escort you to the house of your nearest friends."

Chapter III

AFTER he left the two girls and their duenna at a ranch house owned by a man who was safe from the raiders of Kinkaid, Kearney, his eyes set in a scowl, rode on toward the mission of San Rosario. All about him were the lovely fields of California. Never had he seen such a fair and smiling country. But the waste!

"They'll be Americanized," he mused. "They'll wake up. They'll make this a paradise in every way. But if Kinkaid and his kind are to steal their land?"

The thought of Kinkaid enraged him. It was not only the swift tragedy at the Espineza ranch. He was ready to believe that the old ranchero, in his pride and stubborness, had given some excuse for the violence there. The tragic death of the girl had moved him greatly. But he was a practical young man, this Kearney. He knew only too well that he could never punish Kinkaid for what had happened at that ranch. He had no proof of murder, of other things. And it was his main concern, now, to prevent such happenings in the future.

"This is to be the garden of America," he thought. "But if these people are going to hate all Americans, if they are to fear us, and despise us—how can we govern here? That is not the way that we have spread our rule over this country. We must make them understand what it means to come under the flag. Kinkaid! And his political friends!"

Suddenly his servant, a negro boy, pulled up beside him.

"Look yonder, master," he said. "They's folks a comin' this way!"

"You're right, Sam!" said Kearney. "Regular cavalcade, too! By Jove—there's a girl, on one of their crazy contraptions—saddle like a house."

Kearney smiled as he neared the strange little procession. He had been long enough in California to know that what he saw was simply the ordinary thing if a senorita of good family chanced to go calling. Peons and vaqueros for escort, her maid—in this case an enormous negress—altogether, quite a troop. Suddenly Kearney's lips tightened. He was thinking of how Kinkaid's bullies would scatter the little troop. At the thought, which came to him as he had turned out to allow the other party free passage, he changed his mind. He had saluted the young lady on the horse at first in a grave and courteous fashion, and she had replied with the faintest of bows. Now, however, he dismounted and walked to the side of her horse, hat in hand.

"Your pardon, Senorita," he began, in his awkward Spanish. "I feel that I should warn you."

She regarded him coldly.

"You may speak English, Senor," she said, her accent perfect.

"Thank you, Senorita. May I urge you to go no further along this road? There are those not so far behind me whom it would be as well for you to avoid."

"I travel where I please," she said, haughtily. "To-day I ride to pay a visit—only a mile from here."

"Ah, that is well, then. You will not meet them in that space. But the times are such that it is wise to be cautious. There has been trouble at the Espineza ranch."

"Trouble?" she cried, startled. "Tell me, Senor, what sort of trouble?"

"I beg that you will await until others tell you," he said. "And that you will believe that it is for your own sake that I warn you."

For a moment her eyes flashed angrily. It was easy to believe that this young woman was not wholly Spanish. She had not that submissiveness, that shy retirement, that is characteristic of the women of that race.

Nor did she look altogether Spanish. There was a hint in her features of Irish blood; in her sparkling eyes, as well.

"If you are quite done with your orders, sir—and by what right you give them I cannot imagine!—I will proceed."

Kearney flushed and turned away at the words. He was angry; angrier, he knew, than he had any right to be. Among the good families of the Mexican days, Americans were not popular. But something made him turn to look at her again. He saw that she was smiling at him, over her fan.

"That was not—nice," she said. "You mean to be very kind, and I am grateful. My mother, the Senora Castro-Kenton would wish me to thank you."

He bowed, very gravely, and went back to his horse. Perhaps she noticed the easy grace with which he sprang into the saddle, the supple giving of his lithe body as he cantered away. As for him, he knew who she was now—the Senorita Juanita Castro y Kenton, daughter of the proudest of all the rancheros who were defying the government and making possible the work of Kinkaid and his kind. Her father was dead; he had been an Irishman, who, crossing the mountains into California, years before, had won the hand of the heiress of the great house of Castro. Even for his memory, however, his widow had not brought herself to tolerate the Gringos. He sighed at the stubbornness of these people, which threatened to make his task so hard.

The government had sent him to report on the land conditions in California; to check, so far as was possible, the work of Kinkaid and the other land jumpers, and to try to persuade the Spanish families to accept the American rule gracefully. There was no desire in Washington to maintain a military occupation of California.

"But for Him!" He Cried, Pointing to Kearney, "Who Can Tell What They Would Not Have Done?"

Kearney meant to spend that night at the mission of San Rosario. He had a letter of introduction to Padre Antonio, the priest who was in charge of the mission. He had not far to ride, after leaving Juanita, to reach the mission. There he would have been welcomed, even without his letter of introduction. With that, however, he was made to feel at home at once.

Chapter IV

"I WOULD like to see more Americans of your sort here, Mr. Kearney," said the priest, after the formalities of their meeting were over. "We have had much trouble here. I fear that we are to have more. My people do not understand your government."

"It is your government, padre, as well as mine," said Kearney, gently.

"My son, I stand corrected. That is so. It is the business of my cloth to accept meekly such changes of government as God ordains. I am not sure that we shall not be far happier, when better times come at last, than we ever were under the old regime. But it is hard to make my people see this and submit themselves to the inevitable. They are proud; they are stubborn."

"I look to you for help," said Kearney. "Even to-day, this afternoon, I have seen a sad and terrible thing."

Luis, Bending Low from His Saddle, Bowed to Mother and Daughter

Briefly he told what he knew of the tragedy at the Espineza ranch.

"I was detained on purpose, of course," he said. "But what proof have I? I was released after a very short time. The man who had stopped me pretended that he believed me to be an outlaw for whom a posse was searching. When I was free to ride on to the Espineza place it was all over."

The priest shook his head sadly. Before he could answer they were interrupted by another priest.

"An Indian, who wishes to see you, padre," he said.

"I will see him," said Padre Antonio.

The man came to them. He fell at the knees of the priest and seized the cross that hung from the padre's rosary. Kneeling he told his story, the story of the raid on the Espineza ranch.

"But for him!" he cried, pointing to Kearney, "who can tell what they would not have done?"

"Rise, my son," said Padre Antonio. "Go to the kitchen. You will be cared for there." He turned to Kearney. "There is the part of the story you could not tell, my son," he said, sorrowfully. "I believe it is all true—but what would such evidence be worth?"

"Very little," said Kearney, with a short laugh. "I see that there is much to be done. Padre, can't you help me? Can't you persuade your parishioners to yield—to register their lands before it is too late? If one influential one, like the Senora Castro-Kenton did it, others would follow. I saw her daughter to-night."

"Juanita?" said the priest, his eyes lighting. "The rose of the rancho—we call her that! Ah, my son, there is the type that I hope to see ruling this California of ours, half Spanish, half American. If they were all like her."

"Padre!" said Kearney. "They couldn't be! Like her? God could only make one like her!"

The priest shot a sudden, swift look at Kearney. What he saw made him smile, at first. But then he sighed.

"My son," he said, slowly, "you ask some-

thing that I shall be glad to attempt. But the chance of success is small. We must fight with the inherited pride of centuries. I fear—ah, I fear greatly that there is little I may hope to accomplish."

Kearney's eyes were wandering. A bell had begun to toll. And through the gate of the patio of the mission came a girl. It was the same girl he had seen before. Behind her, at a respectful distance, walked her maid. Now, however, her eyes, were downcast. He did not see the one quick glance she shot at him. But Padre Antonio did—and smiled, wisely.

"Vespers, my son," he said. "Wait here. You are not of our faith, I think. I do not ask you to come into the mission. I must leave you, but I shall soon return."

Kearney waited. The dusk was beginning to fall. Quietly he moved nearer to the door of the mission. He could hear the voices within, as the brief services proceeded. Then there came a rustling. One after another those who had gone in came out. Last of all appeared Juanita. He was directly in her path, and he bowed low as he faced her.

"Senor!" she said, tremulously, a little startled.

"I am delighted to see that you returned safely, Senorita," he said. "And—I should like your assurance that I am forgiven for my presumption in warning you?"

"There is nothing to forgive," she said. She seemed to be chastened, in some strange fashion. "I was—a very silly girl. I was rude to you."

"Senorita!" he said, in protest.

"I have heard—of what happened at the Espineza ranch," she said. "And that you interfered. Oh, Senor, can you not drive these Gringos away? These men who disgrace their nation and their flag? I—I, myself, am half American. It makes me ashamed."

They talked. Kearney sensed, vaguely, how utterly against all the conventions of her family, her country, such a conversation was. And yet, in the growing dusk, in the old mission patio, heavy with the scent of

Juanita, Looking Mutinous and Bored, Held Out Her Hand for Him to Kiss

flowers, it seemed the most natural thing in the world. They passed to talk of themselves. She asked him of places of which she had heard her father speak; he answered her. But at last she could ignore the distress of her maid no longer.

"Good night, Senor," she said.

"I shall see you again?"

"Who knows? One may hope, perhaps, that it will be permitted!"

Again she flashed that look at him, that look in which there was so little of the Spanish girl of high degree. He wanted to follow her; to seize her and carry her away. But instead he bowed and let her go. And a moment later he turned to face a young man of about his own age, a young man tall and finely built, dressed in clothes of the most gorgeous fashion. He knew him at once for one of the old Spanish aristocracy of California; one of those whose pride he was to try to lessen.

"A word with you, Senor!" said the Spaniard. "You were speaking to a lady who has just gone. By what right, Senor? I demand an explanation—I, Luis del Terre!"

They Pretended, at Least, to Work. But I Think There Was More Talk Than Embroidery

Chapter V

JUANITA did not miss the appearance of Don Luis. She saw him very well indeed. She heard him, too, and it is necessary to admit that she pouted. She heard Kearney's hot reply. And then she vanished. She went home, frowning a little, and smiling a little, too, in spite of the frown. Don Luis, of course, had a right to be angry. It was well understood that Juanita was to marry him—by everyone except Juanita. Her mother had arranged it. That was the chief trouble. She liked Luis well enough; she might, perhaps, be willing to marry him. But she wanted to arrange the details herself. Her mother, she complained, forgot that she herself had eloped. Why, she had even married a Gringo! The thought of

that sent the color flaming to Juanita's face. But then she laughed.

Juanita would have liked to stay to see the outcome of that clash in the patio of the mission. Not that there was likely to be trouble. Padre Antonio would prevent that. But she would have enjoyed a sight of what passed between them. That was impossible, however; she knew that perfectly well. So she walked back, very quietly, very sedately.

said her mother, crossing herself devoutly. "He was a son of the Church, and he became a Californian. As for this Senor Kearney—he is an agent of the Gringo government. That is enough. For us he does not exist."

Juanita considered a reply. Fortunately for her, she found none she quite dared to utter. And then Luis del Terre came riding in, with a great flourish. He might well have walked, having been in the mission.

Into the Patio of the Castro Rancho Rode Juanita that Afternoon

She sat down in the garden, with her mother and answered dutifully the questions that that great lady asked her.

"You will be married very soon, now," said the Senora Castro-Kenton. She spoke as of a purchase of silks. "It will be better so. These Gringos are becoming insufferable. You will be better off with a husband to look after you."

"All the Gringos are not like this Kinkaid," said Juanita. "Senor Kearney tried to save the Espinezas. And papa—"

"Your father was an exception to all rules,"

But that would not have been the proper thing. He had to make his entrance effectively. And he did! There can be no doubt of that. A fine figure of a man, of his type, was Luis. A far finer figure, for example, than his friend Don Jose Epinas, an older man, and one with an eye for the widow of the house—and for her broad acres.

Luis, bending low from his saddle, bowed to mother and daughter. Then he dismounted.

"I want to talk to you, Luis," said Senora Castro-Kenton. "I am glad you have come.

These Gringos are becoming intolerable. You must rid the country of them."

"So we will," said Luis, cheerfully. "We begin—*manana!*"

"But to-night there are other things of which we must speak. Juanita—to your room. Your embroidery has been shamefully neglected. I wish to speak of things that are not for your ears."

"I am desolated," said Luis. He dropped to one knee, and Juanita, looking mutinous and bored, held out her hand for him to kiss. "*Buenas noches.* But I shall see you to-morrow?"

"If your eyes are good you must see me, I suppose," she said, ungraciously. And, not unwillingly, took her departure. How much embroidery she did, it is not for this chronicle to relate. She and her maid got out the frame, and they pretended, at least, to work. But I think there was more talk than embroidery!

Meanwhile in the garden the Senora Castro-Kenton decreed the future.

"Juanita is old enough to wed, Luis," she said. "You have been patient—you shall be rewarded. To-morrow night I shall give a dance. Had this sad affair at the rancho of the Espinezas come about in another way I should have postponed it. But it is for us to show these Gringos that they cannot disturb us. I shall give the dance, and your betrothal to Juanita shall be announced."

He voiced his delight gracefully—as he did everything.

"And the wedding shall be—soon?" he pleaded.

"Soon," she agreed, with a smile. "You are an impatient lover, but it is not for me to complain."

"Fair daughter of a fairer mother!" he quoted. "The poet must have seen you in his vision, senora!"

She was pleased, certainly. She would never be too old to receive a compliment, and to enjoy it.

"It is well, then," she said. "I shall be glad to have a man to lean upon again, Luis. In these troubled times a woman is afraid. I shall depend upon you. You must protect me if I am threatened by this man Kinkaid."

"Kinkaid!" Don Luis laughed. "He will never dare to trouble you, Senora! He has run his course, I think. We talked of him to-day—I and other caballeros. Perhaps we will have to kill him, who knows? We shall drive him away—far, far away—*manana!*"

"To-morrow—yes. That will be well done, Luis."

She was thoughtful. Was she thinking, perhaps, of a man in whose vocabulary *manana* had never taken root? Who never left for the morrow what could be done upon the day?

Chapter VI

KEARNEY had been more amused than angered by his encounter with Juanita's lover. At first, certainly, he had been angry enough. But he could allow for the other man's point of view; he could bridge, with a certain understanding, the vast gulf that lay between himself and the Spaniard, a gulf of manners, of customs, of upbringing. He had refused, simply and sharply, to answer any questions, but he had managed to avoid a quarrel that might have been serious. And he had been rescued, in the end, by Padre Antonio himself. The priest had sent Luis away with a stinging reproof.

"Poor Luis!" Padre Antonio said. "He is like most of my people. He cannot understand that certain things have passed and gone as if they had never been. You must forgive him, Senor Kearney."

"Oh, as for forgiveness! I don't blame him. I know something of the customs of this country, Padre. He is affianced to the young lady?"

He could not keep a certain note of eagerness out of his voice.

"Yes—and no," said the priest, slowly. "We are all Americans, now, I suppose, Senor. Juanita is half American by blood, however. Between her and Luis a marriage has been in contemplation since both were children. But—I sometimes wonder! Would they be happy? Perhaps—but I am not sure. And I wish to see her happy."

Kearney had that to sleep upon. He told himself, angrily, that it made no difference to him whether Juanita married Luis or not. A day before he had never seen the girl; why, then, should he care? But he did. There was the rub. She haunted him that night. Love at first sight? Perhaps that is going too far. Put it that he could not endure the thought of her belonging to another man; that he wanted his chance with her, if, presently, he should want to enter the lists. If he was in love he was not quite sure of it. But he was willing to be in love;

She Saw the Look, Almost of Scorn, that Juanita Gave to Luis as He Bowed Low Before Her

that much, by morning, he understood very well indeed.

Officially, Kearney's position was one of considerable delicacy. He might despise Kinkaid; he might, and did, resent bitterly, the man's claim to political influence. But he could not ignore it, for he knew that Kinkaid did, as a matter of fact, have powerful friends in Washington, friends who would undoubtedly share in the profits of his land jumping. He had to be careful, therefore. If he sided openly with those whose land Kinkaid sought to steal under the cover of a necessary law, he might expect to be recalled.

His best chance, as he knew, was to catch Kinkaid himself in the act of breaking the law. And, meanwhile, the only way in which he could help the rancheros, with whom he sympathized deeply, was by trying to induce them to bow to the superior force and recognize the hated Gringo government to the extent of verifying their titles to their land by registering it. His duty, under the orders he had received in Washington, was to report on the actual conditions, and to use his authority to suppress any illegal acts by Kinkaid and his fellow jumpers. To this end he had certain powers; he had the right, for instance, to call upon United States troops, if necessary, to enforce such orders as he gave.

His first move, on the morning after the stirring events of the day in which he had first seen Juanita Castro y Kenton, was to call upon Juanita's mother! Padre Antonio, had he known of his intention, might have saved him the humiliation that was in store for him. Senora Kenton—as he made the mistake of calling her—received him, indeed. But she received him as she would have received a servant. She let him speak. And then she withered him.

"I feel competent to manage my own affairs, Senor," she said. "The title to my land is good. No such law as you speak of can affect it."

"But—I know that Kinkaid has his eyes upon your property, Senora," he said. "Will you not listen to reason?"

"I have listened to you, Senor," she said. "And now may I be alone? Or does your government compel me to receive you?"

He flushed, bowed, and left her. Once more, however, he was more amused than angry. Amused, and pitiful. These people would not see! He sought out Padre Antonio, and the priest sighed at what he told him.

"I, too, have tried," he said, gently. "Senor Kearney—you are a good man. You are patient when you are insulted. You do your best for those who refuse to understand your motives. But I am afraid that we are helpless. There is, perhaps, one chance. I am about to do a thing that is very wrong. But, stay here. Talk to the one who will soon come. She may listen to you."

Juanita could not know that she would find the American in the patio of the mission. And yet—maybe she did know it. He stopped her, as she was about to pass by him.

"I have been forbidden to speak with you, Senor," she said.

"Yet it is urgent, Senorita," he begged. "Give me a moment. Sit down, for just a moment. I must try to make you understand."

She yielded. She listened while he explained the new law to her, and the reason for its enactment. And she nodded, wisely, when he had done.

"After all—there could be no harm," she said. "But, Senor—why do you care so much? Why do you interest yourself in us?"

"It is in you that I am interested," he said. "Senorita—can you not guess? Is there no mirror in your mother's house?"

"A compliment!" she wondered. "And from you—a cold American?"

"Ah, I am cold?" he said. Suddenly he knew; knew that he loved this girl who flouted him, only to smile a moment later. He took a quick step toward her; in a moment she was in his arms, startled, struggling. Then he kissed her. She cried out, faintly, but—she returned his kiss. At that he released her, trembling. They stared at one another.

"Forgive me!" he said. "I—"

"I am well rewarded for my disobedience," she said. "I was warned that I must not trust an American. My mother was right."

She left him, abject, crushed. But he summoned all his courage.

"Be as angry as you will, Senorita," he said. "I deserve your anger. But believe me when I say that you must yield to the law if you would avoid the loss of your home. Kinkaid is merciless; he will have his pound of flesh."

She did not answer. He could not see her eyes. They were shining as she walked away from him, and her lips were curving in a faint smile. She did not look angry.

Chapter VII

INTO the patio of the Castro rancho rode Juanita that afternoon. She had been out alone with Pepite, the Indian servant without whom she never left the patio, save to pass into the garden of the mission. Her mother and her grandmother were examining the wares of a peddler. She expected a scolding; she had not had permission to ride. But her mother called to her, gently.

"To-night is to be a great night for you, Juanita mia," she said. "Here, when all your friends are assembled, we shall make a great announcement."

Juanita stared at her. The color rose in her cheeks, but she said nothing.

"Your betrothal to Luis will be announced. He asked me again last night for your hand. Always before I have told him that you were too young. But last night I agreed. In three weeks you will be married—as soon as Padre Antonio can cry the banns. You are a lucky girl."

"Mamma!" The cry was wrung from her. "I—I do not know that I wish to marry Luis!"

"That does not matter, child. It would be unmaidenly for you to have a wish on such a subject. I have arranged all that for you, as it is proper for me to do."

"But—it was not so that you married my father, mamma!"

"Enough!" For the first time the mother seemed to understand that it was not mere modesty that made her daughter speak. "It is settled. Ah, here is Luis now!"

She welcomed the interruption. There was something in Juanita's eyes that puzzled her. She saw the look, almost of scorn, that Juanita gave to Luis as he bowed low before her. And then, when Luis straightened up, she saw that he was angry, furious.

"It is with sorrow that I come, Senora," he said. "I am mistaken perhaps. I was wrong when I believed that you had promised your daughter's hand to me—when I

thought that our betrothal was to be announced to-night?"

"Luis! What do you mean?"

"I mean, Senora, that only this morning my promised bride was in the arms of a Gringo—that this morning she submitted to his kiss!"

For a moment Juanita winced. But then she faced him, bravely.

"Juanita!" cried her mother. "Is this true?"

"Don Luis has said it," said the girl, angrily. "Let him add that I resisted—that I am weak, without a man's strength. But—no, let him add nothing! It is enough. I have not promised to be his bride! I shall never make that promise now!"

"Luis," said the senora, slowly. "Leave us. I do not quite understand. But you have done enough in telling me. The betrothal will be announced to-night. It is time that you claim your bride, and exercise a husband's right to protect her."

He bowed. He did not meet Juanita's scornful eyes. Instead he turned and left them. Mother and daughter faced each other.

"Juanita, is this true?" said her mother, tensely.

"True—yes! The American is a man, at least. He would not bear tales! Luis—I would not marry him now, if he were the last man on earth!"

"Juanita!" Her mother's voice cut like a knife. "You will obey. Everything shall be done as I wish it."

"I will not obey! I am half American myself! I will choose my own husband!"

With a cry of rage her mother turned. In a moment she had snatched up a heavy whip.

"To your room!" she said. "Will you obey—or shall I beat you, like a disobedient dog?"

For a moment Juanita held her ground. But then sheer strength, the strength of years, conquered her. That, and the tradition in which she had been reared. With a low moan she turned and went into the house.

"Dear God!" she cried, as she flung herself, sobbing, on her bed. "What can I do?"

"To Your Room!" She Said. "Will You Obey—or Shall I Beat You, Like a Disobedient Dog?"

What could she do, indeed? Kearney might help her. But she had sent him away. And, after all, might it not be that he was only playing with her? That he thought of her only as a girl to be kissed? Men were like that, she knew. She must obey. No peon on the great rancho was more helpless, more wholly at her mother's mercy.

Chapter VIII

ENDLESSLY the hours of the long afternoon dragged themselves out. Servants came and dressed Juanita. She was young; the fascination of new clothes was too much for her to resist, after all. She could not be wholly unhappy. After all, there were things to be remembered. Many there would be, among the evening's guests, who would envy her. The wife of Luis del Terre would be a great lady. It might be that her mother was right; that, after all, the young could not be trusted to think for themselves in such things.

Later she watched the coming of the guests, to be received by her mother and her grandmother. They sat on a raised dais in the patio. All who came bowed to the ladies; to those deserving of special honor Donna Maria rose and gave her hand. Later still a cloth would be spread for the dancing. And already, in a balcony, the musicians could be heard, making sweet music with mandolins and guitars.

Not until all the guests had come, when it was quite dark, did Juanita herself appear. Luis, too, had stayed in the background. But now, when the time came, there was a pretty ceremony. Luis and Juanita appeared, together. Senora Castro-Kenton advanced with them. In the presence of all the guests she joined their hands.

Then came congratulations. It was a great occasion. With Luis Juanita began the dance. Then he danced with her mother. And so the night of festivity began. And then, suddenly, with no word of warning, an alien figure was among them. Into the patio, with clinking spurs, strode Kearney. He went straight to Senora Castro-Kenton, who stood, very stiff and straight, to receive him.

"Senora," he said, "what I feared is about to happen. Kinkaid and his crew of bullies are on their way to this place. They mean to drive you out to-night and take possession. I beg of you to go quietly, before they come."

"Luis!" said Donna Maria. A faint smile was on her face. "Will you speak to this —Gringo for me?"

Kearney turned, courteously, to the Spaniard.

"It is as I have said, Senor," he said. "Unhappily, Senora Kenton has put herself in the power of this scoundrel. Later, I hope, I shall be able to secure a change in the law that will make everything right. But now there is nothing to do but to yield to the law, which is on his side. I have come here, at some risk to myself, to warn you."

"We appreciate that, Senor," said Don Luis, with a sneer, baring his teeth. "Danger must distress you. We are armed; the dance may continue, I think. I thought of this Kinkaid; we are in a position to defend ourselves."

Kearney sighed.

"Against Kinkaid—yes," he said. "Against the power of the whole United States? I think not, Senor. The law is on his side. If he meets resistance, he has the right to call upon the troops to aid him."

"Let the troops come," said Don Luis. "We will not be afraid, Senor."

"Good God!" Kearney exploded. "You talk like a child, Don Luis! There are women here. You may sacrifice your own lives in vain heroics—I'll not try to stop you. But consider them! I tell you this scoundrel has the law on his side. You are helpless against him. I begged you all to make him powerless. I was insulted for my pains. He has sent a man to file his claim to this rancho—the law holds that it is his!"

"No!"

It was Juanita who spoke. She held up a paper.

"I believed you, Senor Kearney!" she cried. "This afternoon I rode myself to the land office. I filed the claim. I registered the land. This man has no right to come here!"

"Thank Heaven that one among you had sense enough to do that!" said Kearney. "That changes everything. Don Luis, you are right. We will fight. If I cannot drive Kinkaid off by telling him this, I shall be glad to fight with you. I shall send my man for the troops."

In the confusion that had followed Juanita's disclosure, he alone kept his head. During the turmoil he gave orders to his negro servant. Senora Castro-Kenton was upbraiding Juanita. And then outside a wild yelling rose. Half a dozen shots were fired.

Pepite, the Indian, ran in, his forehead furrowed by a bullet.

"They are attacking us!" he cried.

"To the roof!" shouted Don Luis. "The guns are there!"

Chapter IX

FOR a few minutes there was hot work. While the women were pushed behind a shelter the men lined the parapet. Kinkaid and his ruffians had planned a capture by a sudden rush. But they were beaten off, with small loss. Don Luis lost a little blood. A bullet grazed Kearney's cheek. And then Kearney, before any of them could guess what he meant to do, rose on the parapet, shouting to Kinkaid. He waved a white handkerchief.

"I want a parley, Kinkaid!" he called.

"I'm listening, Kearney," shouted the raider, from below. "How are you going to explain this in Washington? Better come down while there's still time."

"Don't worry about me," said Kearney. "Kinkaid, this time you've overshot your mark. This place is registered."

"That's a lie!" roared Kinkaid. "I've sent a man to file my claim."

"I'm telling the truth, Kinkaid. Come in, by yourself, and I'll prove it to you. What you're doing here is plain murder and robbery. The law is against you, for once."

"You can't bluff me, Kearney," said Kinkaid, with a sneer. "I'll give you two minutes to come down. You've done all you can for your friends. Now save your skin."

For a Moment Juanita Winced. But Then She Faced Him Bravely

"I've warned you," said Kearney. "All right. You know the risk you run. This time I've got you, Kinkaid. You'd better kill me. If you don't you'll land in jail for this."

He leaped back among the defenders. Don Luis held out his hand.

"Senor Kearney, my apologies," he said. "You are a brave man! To face those treacherous hounds as you did takes courage. I have wronged you."

"Never mind that," said Kearney, brusque-

ly. "They'll be after us again in a moment. Post your men, if you're in command here. Cover every possible means of approach. I know those devils. They'll leave no stone unturned to get at us. And they must outnumber us three to one. We can hold this place—it's as strong as a fort. But there'll be hot work before the troops come."

"We will not need the troops," boasted Don Luis.

And he could act as well as boast. He was a born soldier, and now he arranged the few men he had in the best positions. They commanded the approaches to the patio from the parapet; it was impossible for any of Kinkaid's men to get inside and attack them from behind, as long as that withering fire swept the approach.

"That's well done," said Kearney. He was a little dizzy, and now he found that his eyes were full of blood.

"Where can I find some water?" he asked. "I'll tie a wet rag around this—shan't be much good until I do."

"Where the women are," said Don Luis. "It is a good time. We shall need you later."

Juanita herself bound up his trifling wound. And now her mother did not reproach her. Instead she came to add her apologies to those that Don Luis had offered.

"You overwhelm us all, Senor," she said. "But one brave enough to act as you have done will be generous enough to overlook a woman's rudeness."

"Senora, I beg of you!" said Kearney. "You have suffered enough from unworthy Americans to be excused for condemning all of us. But better times are coming. Your daughter has saved the rancho."

"She has disobeyed me," said Donna Maria, "And yet, I do not know. It was so that her father might have acted."

From the parapet there was a renewed outburst of firing. Shouts and yells redoubled the din. And Kearney, looking to his pistol, ran quickly to the front. The besiegers had made an attempt to raise ladders, covering their movements with a shield of boards. But the Spaniards had been ready for them. Below half a dozen of Kinkaid's men lay very still; two or three others were crawling back to the shelter of a clump of bushes.

And now, from all parts of the roof, came exclamations from the defenders. The ammunition they had had for their muskets was exhausted, only a few rounds having been served out with the guns.

"Where is the reserve stock, Don Luis?" asked Kearney. "We'd better get it out. There'll be another rush before long. Kinkaid knows that he's got to get us soon—or not at all. He won't be content now just with getting the ranch. He wants the loot for his men. Man, what's the matter?"

Don Luis was pale.

"The ammunition!" he stammered. "It—is not here! We were to get it—*manana!*"

For a moment Kearney was speechless. He could scarcely believe his ears. But the eyes of Luis told him that he had heard the truth.

"Then all we have is what cartridges we have for our pistols?" he asked.

"That is all," said Luis. "To-morrow, if they had waited, we would have been ready."

"And they didn't wait!" scoffed Kearney. "We should have let them know! Well, we've got about one chance in a million, now. Get the women down below—to the patio. They'll soon know. Without the muskets we can't drive them back if they make another rush. They'll get on the roof. But we can hold them back for a time with the pistols, and if we block the stairs we can do some damage from the patio. Time is what we must fight for now."

Thus Kearney took command. Luis was crushed and broken by the discovery of his neglect. He made no excuses; he took the blame manfully. And he made no attempt to controvert Kearney. All the Spaniards seemed to recognize that here was a man who knew something of war. They were right. Kearney had served under Scott in the march from Vera Cruz to Chapultapec. He knew the bravery of these people, and their incapacity. There were few Americans with Kinkaid; most of his men were the riff raff of the border. But Kinkaid himself was a rough and tumble fighter, veteran of Indian wars, and brave enough, when it came to an actual fight. Kearney felt that there was little hope.

His first move was to try to protect the women. He marshalled them to the stairs, and down below. They were as brave as the men. Now that danger was at hand there were no hysterics. Juanita smiled as she waited for him, the last of the women to go down.

"We shall not escape?" she said.

"I hope so," he said gravely. "But it will be very close."

"We are ready," she said. "We shall not be caught. We shall do as Isabella Espineza

did. See? I can act at the proper time."

She showed him a little jewelled dagger, and he shuddered. But he, too, knew what Kinkaid's men might do.

"Juanita!" he said, suddenly, taking her hand. "Whatever comes—I love you! If we escape, I will take you, against Don Luis or all the world!"

There was a great light in her eyes.

"Come—a moment," she said.

She led him to her mother.

"Mamma," she said. "Senor Kearney has told me that he loves me. Perhaps we shall all die to-night. But if we live, I shall marry him. If he dies, I shall die—or, if I live, I shall take the veil. When you were young, you chose your lover. And so shall I."

Donna Maria saw a woman, not a girl. Quietly she bowed her head. In the girl's eyes was the same look that had often been in her father's.

"They come!" called a man, from above. "Senor Kearney—they are coming again!"

Instantly he rushed to the roof.

"Wait!" he cried. "Hold your fire! Don't shoot until they are very near. We will get more of them, and perhaps they will not know that our ammunition has given out."

Once more the attack was repelled. But from below there came laughter now, mocking, jeering laughter. Kinkaid's voice rose suddenly.

"Tell your friends to surrender, Kearney," he cried. "We know your guns are useless. I can still hold the men. You can all get out—women and all. If we have to rush you again, I can't be responsible fcr what will happen."

"I'd rather surrender to a wiid cat, Kinkaid!" answered Kearney.

The Spaniards who understood cheered him for his defiance. And from below a new crackling of shots responded. Kinkaid meant to settle matters quickly now.

Even the ammunition for their pistols had to be sparingly used now. No shots could be wasted. And gradually the attackers drove them from the roof.

"Down, gentlemen," cried Kinkaid, at last. "We'll make our last stand in the patio. I've had furniture moved out to block the stairs when we're down—we can get under the balcony and be safe from firing from above."

For ten minutes they fought against the ever growing attack. But the weight of numbers was too much for them. They were pressed back from the gate, through which

She Watched the Coming of the Guests, to be Received by Her Mother and Her Grandmother

a stream of bullets was pouring now. Man after man fell; those who remained snatched their pistols and so kept up the fight. Great blows fell upon the timbers of the gate. Soon they would give way, and that would mean the end. And then, above the scattering firing, a new sound crashed out. Gunfire—but of a different sort. The sharp, steady roll of a volley.

Kearney flung up his head.

"Listen!" he cried.

Again the volley sounded. Shrieks of fear and anguish came from without. The firing died away. And then there was the call of a bugle.

"The charge!" cried Kearney. "Open the door!"

They flung it wide open. Outside in all directions the raiders were in flight. And among them rode men in blue, shooting a man down here, cutting another down there.

"Cease firing!" trilled the bugle at last. And through the gate, while the Spaniards cheered hoarsely and hysterical women cried their thanksgiving, rode two officers.

"We got your message, Kearney," said one, a captain. "In time, aren't we?"

"Just!" said Kearney. "They'd have had us in another minute, I believe!"

For a moment there was silence. And then Don Luis broke it.

"*Companeros!*" he cried, as a trooper rode in, bearing the American flag. "We have been wrong! There is the flag that saved us to-night! Henceforth it is my flag, and I salute it!"

"*Viva Amerìga!*" cried another.

Kearney had slipped away. Juanita seized his hands.

"You were not hit again?" she cried, anxiously.

He laughed, as he took her in his arms.

"When you were waiting for me?" he cried. "My life was charmed!"

GETTING REAL REALISM

THE ability of a good director to turn disaster into a stroke of luck was illustrated perfectly by an incident that occurred not long ago when the Eclair company at Tucson, Arizona, were doing an outdoor scene for a western two reeler. Henry Stanley, the leading man was being chased by several other men on horseback, when, just as they came up close to the camera, his horse stumbled and fell. His pursuers, unable even to turn, rode over him, pell mell. There was a moment of agonizing suspense and then Stanley's voice was heard, calling out, "I'm not hurt." As he tried pluckily to stagger to his feet, Webster Cullison, the director, waved the others away and beckoned to the leading lady to help him up. The impassive camera man had all the time been grinding away, so that, when the rest of the scene had been hastily revised so as to enable the rather pale and shaky man to complete the necessary action they had secured a corking scene, the sort that no conscientious director can plan for.

A NARROW ESCAPE

EVERYTHING was in readiness and the action about to start. Someone suggested that they test out the strength of the cable before attempting the ride. A weight of about three hundred pounds was put in it and it was started on its journey. Just as it reached the deepest part of the canyon, there was a sharp snap and the cable broke from its fastenings and the bucket dropped with a crash into the chasm. White-faced, the players looked at one another, thinking what might have happened if the leading man had been in the car instead of the test weight.

It occurred in the staging of the second episode of the "Master Key," produced under the direction of Mr. Leonard and he himself plays the leading role.

The World's Master Picture Producer

By Selwyn A. Stanhope

David W. Griffith is the Peer of Photoplay Producers

IN every branch of industry there is some one man who towers above all others. Usually he is an innovator. Often his ideas were so new, until he had proved them, that they seemed ridiculous to his rivals. And only repeated successes have made his name an established trade-mark of individuality and excellence. Such a man is David W. Griffith.

Though almost unknown to the millions of movie fans throughout the world, David W. Griffith is not only the peer of the photoplay producers of the world, but also the founder of modern motion picture technique. For more than six years he has been contributing to the public's incessant demand for an ever-changing array of motion picture entertainment. He is directly responsible for a greater number of photo dramas than any other man in the world. During the very short time that he has been experimenting with the possibilities of the new art he has accomplished a multitude of amazingly big things. If you were measuring the films in miles, you would find them long enough to girdle the globe a number of times. But mere quantity is beside the point. It is quality that has made Mr. Griffith's reputation.

I have talked with more than a hundred men who are big in the realm of the movies and I have yet to hear one man deny David W. Griffith the right to be known as the world's foremost director of motion pic-

Discussing Future Productions with His Office Staff

ture plays, be it either drama or comedy.

Seven years ago, a tall, lanky young man, with an astoundingly large aquiline nose, an actor, was stranded out in San Francisco. Today his salary is mind-staggering, for he is listed as one of the few $100,000 a year men in the United States. That man of yesterday is Director Griffith of to-day—the chief producer of all Reliance, Majestic, and Griffith photo dramas, the last-named brand of films always being feature subjects of four and five reels. Under the three brands there is released an average of five new photoplays every week. Of course, it is impossible for Griffith personally to produce this number of plays each week, but to each of them he devotes a part of his time. Many directors work under him. Frequently Director Griffith casts their pictures, and, in all cases, he selects their stories. This applies to Majestic and Reliance releases only. All Griffith photoplays are produced solely by David W. Griffith. But I am 'way ahead of my story.

Out in California in 1907 it was a hard matter for the best actors to find steady employment. Frankly, David W. Griffith was not considered one of the best. He had ideas of his own and found it a hard matter to get into any of the organizations which were conducted according to the ideas of the old timers. He was considered a breeder of trouble; consequently he was out of work and "broke" most of the time. In film circles it is repeatedly told that he treked up and down the Pacific Coast seeking employment, ragged and unkempt, at times not knowing where the next meal was to come from. He represented himself as an actor and a playwright, but failed to interest any of the California producers. James K. Hackett's manager met him in the west and secured the manuscript of his play, "A Fool and a Girl," which he planned to produce in the East. This brought the young actor to New York, hopeful and buoyant. But the play as presented at Washington was an utter failure, and its author was left in worse financial shape than before.

"Larry" Griffith, so nicknamed by his stage associates and because of the fact that his stage name was Lawrence Griffith, was down and out. He seemed to fare worse on Broadway than when out in 'Frisco. A friend suggested that he look for a job at the motion picture studios, and gave him the addresses of two recently established companies. "Larry" Griffith jumped at the chance. At the first studio he was coolly informed that no extra actors were needed. The clerk at the second studio—that of the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company at 11 East Fourteenth street, New York—placed his name on the book as an available actor in case extras were needed for future productions. Two days later he received a summons to be at the studio the next day promptly at nine o'clock in the morning. That was the beginning of one of the most interesting careers of this wonderful new world of the film drama.

Director Griffith is one of those strange combinations, a realist in action and a mystic in temperament, who sees clearly the beauty about him and can transfer his artistic impressions to others because of that side of him which is eminently practical. He was a playwright by tendency, an actor by opportunity, and he became a motion picture actor and director by force of circumstance. He would have succeeded as a dramatist—he was valiantly working toward that end in spite of hunger and the need of clothes—but, while he was looking out of the front door for histrionic fame to drive up in a coach and four, there came a modest knock at the back door, and a poor, little, ragged, half-starved new art was there begging for a wee bit of stimulus and a spark of the fire of genius to keep it from freezing to death. That half-starved new art was the motion picture play. It was a most fortunate day indeed when David W. Griffith was forced to listen to it.

He made good as an actor before the camera, being placed in the company's stock organization after playing in three or four pictures. His value was demonstrated from the start, since he knew how to take orders and still show his superiors how to do things. After several weeks of steady work as an actor it fell to Griffith to direct a picture, or at least a part of one. The regular director was sick in bed and unable to complete a picture previously started.

The company heads had been noticing the young man with the big nose, and rather liked his ways. In the pinch, they selected him to finish up the picture. Though he had never directed a photoplay in his life, he took hold at once and began pulling away from the beaten paths. In one of the scenes in that first production a barrel was shown floating down a stream. It occurred

Seven Years Ago, a Tall, Lanky, Young Man with an Astoundingly Large Aquiline Nose, an Actor, was Stranded Out in San Francisco

to Griffith that it would be interesting to show what the people on the bank were doing while the barrel was floating down the stream. When the sick director heard of what Griffith was doing he twisted his lips and shook his head. When the finished picture was flashed on the screen it was so utterly different and new to the company's stockholders that they really didn't know what to think. When exhibited to the public it was acclaimed a corking production, and David W. Griffith was allowed to try his hand on another play which turned out even better than its predecessor. He has been directing motion picture plays ever since.

As the scope of the picture broadened and directors began to strive for naturalness, the name Biograph became a leading one in the picture world through the genius of Director Griffith, who as early as 1909 and '10 was responsible for a half hundred or more picture plays of all types which have never been surpassed. In this list one will find the famous "Muggsey" series of comedies which are still conceded to be the best productions of their kind ever offered the public. "Billy" Quirk, now of the Vitagraph forces, appeared as "Muggsey" and Mary Pickford and Florence Lawrence were also featured. These comedies are still so popular that exhibitors all over the country are demanding their reissue.

Directing the Cabaret Scene from "The Battle of the Sexes"

In 1911 and '12 Director Griffith followed with such wonderful one and two reel productions as "The House With Closed Shutters," "The Battle," "The

Barbarian," "The Eternal Mother," "A Blot on the Escutcheon," "Ramona," "Iola's Promise," "The Musketeers of Pig Alley," "Oil and Water," and "The New York Hat." In settings, acting and technique, these productions of two and three years ago were superior to many of the present-day releases.

The recent revival of all of the Mary Pickford films, produced by Director Griffith while with the Biograph Company, is sufficient proof of the above statement. One of these, "The New York Hat," provides the most realistic bit of real life ever seen on the screen. Mary Pickford has never equaled her work in this, though she has since appeared in many seemingly splendid vehicles, proof positive of how much of the intrinsic value of a picture play is in the directing.

Prior to his departure from the Biograph studio in October, 1913, Director Griffith devoted his attention to the production of feature photoplays, giving us "The Battle of Elderbrush Gulch," "The Massacre," and "Judith of Bethulia," and it is the opinion of the many people I have talked to about Director Griffith and the growth of the picture play, that many weeks, yes months, will pass before the above-named photo dramas will be eclipsed.

Though He Gets $100,000 a Year, He Takes Advice and Suggestions from Anybody, from the Office Boy to the "Stars"

A Consultation with Geo. Betzer, His Camera Expert

Since becoming associated with Reliance, Majestic and Griffith brands, this master producer has turned out several noteworthy offerings such as "The Avenging Conscience," "Home Sweet Home," "The Battle of the Sexes," and "The Escape." All are dramas of the sort that few motion picture directors would attempt to handle, presenting in the scenario such difficult tasks

A Scene from "The Escape." Left to Right, Robert Harron, a Stage Carpenter, Donald Crisp, Mae Marsh, and David W. Griffith with His Megaphone

as would take the heart out of the most ambitious producer.

As this is being written he is engaged in producing "The Clansman," by Thomas W. Dixon. If my readers could gain admittance to the big lot across from the Mutual studio on Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, he would probably see a whole line of little negro cabins .. befo' the war days, and more than a hundred colored and white people mingling about waiting for Director Griffith to start things.

A good-natured roar comes from the middle of the crowd. One turns to look upon a tattered straw hat, from under the edge of which protrudes a big, commanding nose. He sits on a wooden platform with a megaphone to his lips, and begins wheedling, coaxing and joshing his actors up to dramatic heights they do not realize themselves.

No scenario, no notes are in his hands as he works. He has studied his production thoroughly before starting the company on it. He directs with his right hand, which always clutches a huge, black, burned-out cigar. He always has the cigar. He lights it after breakfast and it does for all day. In his left hand he holds a megaphone. He waves either cigar or megaphone at his people and they obey. That cigar serves him as the baton serves an orchestra director.

For "The Clansman" he built two villages. One depicts a Southern village during the reconstruction period, showing a street lined with houses and a church in the background. Foliage and flowers have been transplanted to places along a picket fence and they look as if they had been growing there for years; the village itself looks as if it had been standing for years, though the paint is scarcely dry.

In this street the visitor will see old-fashioned street lamps, the hitching-posts and racks of the old days. When this village is peopled with film actors and actresses in suitable costumes, one is transported back to the days of the period and feels the atmosphere of it. Because of this atmosphere thus created, better work is done.

The other village is a group of negroes' cabins, the negroes' quarters of the old South. Director Griffith was producing a scene here when first I saw him. Two hundred people were before him; two hundred more were behind the ropes watching. Negroes of every age were at work rehearsing. Mule carts were being driven back and forth. Banjo players were there, barefooted negro dancers, old colored men, pickaninnies under foot. His eyes watched them all.

And the methods that make him a $100,000 a year director are as characteristic as the man. He sits in a chair on a little platform in front and a little to the side of the camera, wearing a tattered straw hat, his cigar and his megaphone in action. A half-dozen negro boys are "acting" in the foreground. He doesn't scream to them that that will not do. His hand dives into his pocket; it comes forth full of dimes. He tosses a dozen into the group.

"Scramble for 'em!" he calls. "That's it! Laugh and cut up! Now, there's another dime for each of you if you do it again, and do it right. That's it!"

Then his eye travels two hundred feet away, the megaphone comes to his lips:

"Out a little more back there! Hit it up, Bill! You two men near the cabin get to dancing! That's it!"

Back to the foreground again:

"Take the hat off that banjo player—it shades his face. Now—all ready! Dance, there—dance! That's it! You children run right back through the crowd now. You white folks come up to the center! You—in that chair! Put back your head—go to sleep and snore!"

It is a real snore that answers him. The snore is not depicted on the film, of course, but it gives atmosphere, and that is worth its weight in gold. And these details are not in the scenario.

Now he looks down the street and spies an aged negro man. The camera has ceased to whirr. That particular scene is finished. He sends a sub-director for the old darky, looks him over from head to foot and smiles. He has found a type.

This aged negro, who is but an extra, has struck Director Griffith's eye. He is "made," though he doesn't know it yet. He is placed in the foreground with the dancers. The music and the dancing begin again. Griffith tells the camera man to get busy. The aged negro dreams of the days of his youth. He dances better than the young men. He dances the old plantation steps. He pats the top of his bald head with the palm of his hand. He forgets he is working before a movie camera—he is back in the old days and these folk around him are his people.

Wait until you see "The Clansman" and you'll see the aged negro dancing up to the front of the screen, the look of enthusiasm on his face. If you didn't know you would say he was a great actor. But he isn't. He isn't an actor at all. He is simply an old negro living over again the days of his youth, the spirit of youth dragged from him again by the genius of D. W. Griffith—and that is why that particular scene will be so effective.

Even in early Biograph days Director Griffith much preferred the untrained actor with talent to the actor with a reputation, and many interesting stories are told by those who were associated with him at the Biograph studio regarding the methods used to make his people rise to sufficient heights of emotion during the playing of their first important parts. As illustrated by the old darky incident, Director Griffith's ability to make people act approaches real genius, and he will go to almost any length to get an actor to give him the effect demanded.

In the early days of Mary Pickford's career, when she was engaged to her present husband, Owen Moore, who was working with her in Biograph productions, Director Griffith would charge Moore with lack of intelligence. Miss Pickford, you must remember, was only a child—just sixteen years old. She would lose her temper and become angry. Then he would turn quickly to the camera man and whisper, "Go ahead! Grind!"

The result was always an exhibition of temperament on the part of "Little Mary" that exactly fitted the character she was portraying. "Wilful Betty," a Mary Pickford-Biograph revival, was made under such circumstances.

Some insight into the secret of Director Griffith's success may, perhaps, be gained by noting that although he demands the hardest kind of work from his players and is most exacting during the making of a picture, the regard in which he is held by them amounts almost to worship. It is not unusual to hear his people, by whom he is affectionately called "Larry," claim that he is the greatest man this country has produced.

And here another incident of the visit to the Mutual studio comes to my mind, one which illustrates just why his people love him. Miss Mae Marsh was standing near him just before he gave the camera man the word to start grinding. Calling her to him, he commanded:

"Look down the line and see what you think of it!" He knew that four eyes, in matters of that kind, were better than two. I think he told her so at the time.

Miss Marsh suggested that the clothes of one of the darkies looked too new and unsoiled.

"That's right," shouted Director Griffith. "Go get some older looking clothes!" he commanded the negro.

"Anything else, Miss Marsh?" he asked.

Some one else whispered that the insignia on one of the officers' uniforms was not correct. The military expert was called, the mistake corrected, and other mistakes in detail were looked for. Two or three changes here and there, all at the suggestion of his players, and the scene was begun. You see, though he gets $100,000 a year he takes advice and suggestions from anyone from the office boy to the "stars." This advice is applied scientifically, and he doesn't waste many seconds applying it. That's why he is valuable and successful, why his players love him, why his films are different, and finally, why he is the highest paid and most talked-of man in all filmdom.

NOT DUE TO MODESTY

JONES had sat through the long reels and curiosity moved him to wake his neighbor on the left. "Who is the author of that play they just ran?" was his question.

"Durned if I know," was the sleepy rejoinder, "but I should think he'd be *afraid* to tell anyone."

—There Would Be a Flash—a Little Cloud of Dust—and You and I Would Be Gone

THE BOMB

By Richard Dale

Illustrations from the Lubin Film

COUNT IVAN looked curiously at the contrivance on the table before him. It was a commonplace thing enough; seemingly it was just a box, filled with a few pieces of wood, and some curious arrangement of string and leather. Yet to bring it to this state had taken him the better part of three years, and he regarded that small, trivial looking bit of mechanism as the crowning work of a life that had won him honorary membership in a dozen world famous scientific societies and degrees from as many universities. Other inventions of his were known all over the world; they brought him the wealth that had made it possible for him to devote himself, in the last few years, wholly to the real research that alone satisfied him.

"Marie Feodorovna!" he called.

His daughter answered at once. She was always within sound of his voice when she was in the house at all. She came only when he called, because there were many times when it was necessary that he should be entirely alone. But he liked, very often, to have her with him, to make her sit down and listen to his talk. And so she was likely to be, as she was now, in the next room, reading or sewing, ready to come to him when he called.

"It is finished, Marie Feodorovna!" he said, solemnly.

She gave a little cry of delight.

"Finished?" she said. "Really, father? But I thought you said only yesterday that it might be weeks, even months, before you had finished?"

"I had been disappointed before," he answered, "when I thought the secret was mine. But now there is no longer any doubt. See! I am pulling this string. If I should pull too hard—there would be a flash—a little cloud of dust! And pouf! We should be gone, you and I, and this

room—we should be a part of a pile of dust! Nothing more!"

She shrank back, appalled, frightened. He relaxed his hold on the string. And then, very carefully, very methodically, he dismantled the little mechanism.

"Watch me now," he said. "You must share this secret. I shall not patent it. But I shall leave this box, so. If there is ever occasion to use it, before I have completed the arrangements I shall make, add the contents of this vial to what is in the box. Then any chemist will know as much as I."

"Why won't you patent it, father?"

"Because no government shall ever learn this secret! No government shall have the right to use this explosive that I have found for the killing of men. With this secret in its possession any government could make war—and be sure of victory. There is work to be done which my discovery will make easier. It will even make possible some things now utterly impossible. Tunnels can be driven now through mountains that have been impassable barriers before this day. It is in industry, in engineering works, in the wars of peace, that my explosives shall be used."

Marie's face clouded a little.

"But they will try to make you give up the secret," she said. "The government knows already what you are doing, doesn't it?"

"Yes," he answered. "But I shall not tell. Boris Zazonoff has come to me several times, representing the government. A fine lad, Boris. But I have refused him. I must do so again to-night."

"He is coming to-night?" said Marie. There was the faintest touch of color in her pale cheeks; a more observant man than her father might have noticed that sign.

"He should be here now. I am willing to receive him. But—"

There was a knock at the door. The servant announced that Boris Zazonoff was outside.

"We will receive His Excellency in the drawing room," said Marie, after a glance at her father. And, at his questioning look:

"Yes, father. I should like to hear what is said."

Boris Zazonoff rose to greet them when they came into the room where he waited. He was a Russian aristocrat of the best type, with sensitive features, and the quick, alert sympathy that marked him as one wholly apart from the reactionary group, that just then ruled the court, and, in fact, all Russia. Now his eyes were troubled.

"Good evening, Boris," said Count Ivan. "What may I do for you?"

"Ivan Nicholaievitch," said Boris, earnestly, "I beg of you to obey the Imperial order. I sympathize with you. I agree with your desires. Like you, I wish to see peace rule upon the earth. But what can one man do against an autocrat? Give up your secret. You will be well paid!"

"I have no need of money," said Count Ivan. "I have all a man could want. No. My answer is the same."

"My mission to-night is not an official one," said Boris, slowly. "I risk a great deal to come here. I come to warn you. If, by to-morrow, you have not yielded to the government, you are to be banished to Siberia. You estates will be confiscated. Your experiment will be stopped. Your work will be ruined. You will have brought utter, irremediable disaster upon yourself and upon Marie Feodorovna, your daughter. And to what end? You cannot stand against the power of the Czar."

Count Ivan rose, towering above them. Marie, her face white, stared at him.

"My answer is the same!" said Count Ivan. "It is still—No!"

"And I say that he is right!" cried Marie, suddenly. "If you plead with him to change for my sake, I tell you that I would not have it! Better for him, for me, to suffer, than for misery to be brought to hundreds of thousands to spare us! Go back to the government that sent you, the government that men will tear down and destroy some day, to punish it for such crimes as this!"

"Marie Feodorovna!" cried Boris. "I come as a friend, not as an agent of the government. I come to warn you."

"A friend!" she said, scornfully. "One who serves the Czar can not be our friend! Go!"

Scornfully, bitterly, she followed him to the door. Then she returned to her father.

"Father!" she said. "Let us fly to-night! Perhaps, we can get away—there may yet be time! Father—"

For a moment she thought he was not there. And then she saw him, lying across a sofa. In a moment she was bending over him. She felt for his heart; there was no beat. She knew what had happened. His heart had been weak for years. The shock had killed him.

"Now hear me, God of Russia!" she cried. "I will avenge him!"

SHE had made no idle threat. There was in Marie the same spirit that had made her father pursue the elusive ideas, the secrets that he had conquered, one after another. And she had a great instrument, the last secret that he had won. She had the money that he left her, too, since his death had prevented the confiscation of his estates. The government did not know that he had completed his work; it supposed that he had died with his secret still unshared. And so Marie had her chance.

"Now Hear Me, God of Russia!" She Cried, "I Will Avenge Him!"

Almost at once she joined a group of revolutionaries, Nihilists recruited from the intellectual class that the government both feared and hated. They were men and women of education, and, while many of them were fanatics, they did not repel her, as some groups would have done, by their uncouthness. There were writers and artists among them, famous men and women, whose works had been translated into a score of languages.

And they were consumed by a desire to see Russia free, to see a day when art and science need not be pursued in dark corners, when education should leaven the Russion people, and freedom of thought and of action should be universal. In their eyes there was but one way of securing that freedom. They had begun, all of them, as philosophical anarchists. Nonresistance, peaceful spreading of a propoganda had been their policies. But that stage had passed, and they had come to the fixed belief that only by revolution could their objects be achieved. First there must be a campaign of terrorism. The great reactionaries, the men who were the bulwarks of the autocracy, must be removed.

They could not see the futility of murder. They could not see that there was as little hope for a free Russia in an intellectual oligarchy as in one that was political and military. They could not grasp the great truth that it was vital for them and all like them to understand and before there could be hope of a free Russia—the truth that every revolution must come from below, that the people must be aroused to demand the freedom that belonged to them. They thought that freedom was a gift. Yet all history was before them to show them that freedom was something to be fought for, to be won by those who were to enjoy it, never something to be conferred as a gift.

Marie joined this group to secure her revenge. Her hatred of the autocracy was personal; it was inspired by the memory of her father, lying dead before her. Smiling, she swore to be bound by the decree of the group. Happily she heard Michael Putkin's recital of the work that she must pledge herself to do.

Boris Sazonoff, meanwhile, though he had obeyed Marie, and had gone from her, did not give up the hope that he had long cherished. He had loved her long before he had been brought officially into contact with her and her father. And before that night when he had, in all sincerity, warned them of the danger that faced them, he had believed that

Marie was ready to listen to him, that he had more than a chance of winning her.

He had means of finding out what she had done. And when he learned of her rash step in joining the revolutionary group, he determined at once that he must save her. He dared not argue with her; that, he knew, would only make her determination stronger. He could see only one thing to do. He must win her confidence. And this he did by taking the desperate risk of himself joining the same group.

"My eyes have been opened by your father's fate, Marie Feodorovna," he said. "Henceforth I shall be on the other side—on your side."

He concealed his identity from the group. To Marie he explained that for many reasons he must continue to serve the government.

"For me to defy it openly now would mean imprisonment," he said. "And then I could do nothing. I must seem to be as I have always been. And if the group knew this they would not trust me."

Marie, knowing what she did of the inner workings of the Russian system, could understand this. And she was glad, despite the fierce anger that had flamed in her against Boris, to know that he was with her. There were things about some of the new associates the group forced upon her that frightened her, disgusted her. She could respect their desires, their hopes. But they themselves sometimes seemed to her poor instruments for a righteous cause. They were not like her father, though in many ways their sentiments resembled his. What they lacked, of course, was the balance, the sanity that had distinguished him, and had made him a great inventor. It was that lack that she felt, vaguely, at first, and without being able to lay her finger on the precise difficulty.

Happily She Heard Michael Putkin's Recital of the Work She Must Pledge Herself to Do

It was not long before she had good reason to be thankful for the presence of Boris among the Nihilists. For one day, after a meeting, Michael took her aside. He wanted to speak to her, he said, on an important matter. But when she was alone with him, she found that it was what he called love that had moved him. He seized her; tried to kiss her. She screamed. And the next moment Boris was upon Michael. He throttled him; drove him back. Panting, he tried to kill him, and it took all of Marie's persuasion to prevent him from doing so.

She might have drawn back, then. But already she was deeply involved. Already she had half promised to allow the group to use the wonderful explosive her father had invented, in a great scheme that had for its object the destruction of a train on which the Czar was to ride. Michael came to her, too, abject and humble. He said he had been maddened; that he knew what a wrong he had committed. She forgave him.

For a time, however, it seemed to Boris that she was almost ready to marry him. Then one thing and another came between them. He protested, at a meeting, against a certain outrage that was planned; he was denounced as a traitor. That she overlooked.

But when, a few days later, he tried to persuade her to give it up, to abandon the group and marry him, she turned on him.

"So that is your devotion to the cause!" she cried, bitterly. "It was only to make me trust you, to lead me to marry you, that you joined us! Bah! I would rather marry Michael than you!"

He pleaded with her in vain. Her confidence, once lost, he was further than ever from his desire. And, meanwhile, he had been taking desperate chances. At any moment his connection with the Nihilist group might be discovered; the consequences he could only guess. For his own sake, above all, for Marie's, that, in case of need, he might be in a position to help her, he was obliged to withdraw. And chance put him in Michael Putkin's hands. Michael discovered his real identity. He suspected, moreover, that Marie had known it from the first, and that she was treacherous.

His suspicions once aroused, Michael acted quickly. In a secret meeting of the inner council of the group, sentence of death was passed on Boris. At Michael's demand, Marie was chosen as the instrument of vengeance. He told her what she must do.

"We are in danger, all of us, Marie Feodorovna," he said. "A single man has us in his power. At a word from him we may all be arrested, tried, condemned. It has fallen to your lot to remove him, to provide for the safety of all of us."

"Who is the man?" she asked.

"It is safer for you not to know," he said. "It is a splendid chance to test the bomb of which you have the secret. We will take you to a room that he will surely enter at a certain hour. You will place the bomb. Then your part will be done. We shall be safe; the revolution will go on."

Marie shuddered at the prospect. But she had known from the first that she must be ready to undertake such a task if the lot fell to her. And she nerved herself to the task. She prepared the bomb; Michael and another of the group accompanied her, first binding her eyes, to the rooms of Boris. She had never seen them; even when the bandage was removed from her eyes there was nothing to tell her that it was Boris whom she was to kill. Quietly she placed the bomb; she arranged the string, so that anyone, entering the room, would touch it. The bomb was so constructed that the touching of this string would light a fuse; within three minutes the bomb would explode.

He Throttled Him; Drove Him Back. Panting, He Tried to Kill Him

"You will stay here, with this revolver," said Michael. "If, by any mischance, the bomb does not work, you will know what to do."

"I understand," she said.

"We shall be outside. Call if you need our help," said Michael.

Then she waited. The room was dark. Half an hour passed. Then the door was opened. The string was disturbed by the man who entered; she saw the tiny flash as the fuse was ignited. And then the lights went up. She saw the man—Boris Zazonoff!

Shrieking, she sprang for the bomb. She lifted it; it was already smoking. She knew that nothing could avert the explosion now. But Michael and the rest did not know. They heard her scream; they came rushing up the stairs. As they came she flung the bomb at them. There was a roar; a crumbling of all about her. When she recovered, she was in the arms of Boris.

Breathless, she tried to explain.

"I understand," he said, gently. "They are dead, now. We will believe that they were sincere, though they were wrong. They have paid. I shall not let you go again, Marie Feodorovna. We can make Russia a happier land. But it will not be by murder."

And, silently she gave consent.

Photoplay Posies

By K. W. BAKER

THEY wreck a "truly" touring-car
To make a realistic scene;
And yet, when Mary plucks a rose
For John, her lover on the screen,
They use one from a last year's hat
And have to let it go at that.

They let real horses break real legs
In battle-scene and runaway;
And yet, when Alfred, courting Jane,
Stops at the florist's on the way,
She views without the least surprise
The paper Beauties that he buys.

With equanimity I watch
Each night, some thrilling wonder new;
I'm stoical toward aeroplanes
And all the terrors of the zoo;
But what would happen, goodness knows,
If I should see a real live rose!

Hot Chocolate and Reminiscences at Nine of the Morning

By MABEL CONDON

Miss Gauntier Played in "The Maid of '76" with a Powdered White Wig over Her Glossy, Black Hair and in a Flowered, Hooped Gown

"HOUSE-KEEPING," announced Gene Gauntier from the forty-five degree angle of her cozy chair, "is per-r-r-fectly delightful."

It was a decisive statement, this of Miss Gauntier's which she made early one morning in the dining-room of her little apartment on West Fifty-third St. And, as Miss Gauntier had been housekeeping for all of a week—this week included three or four days she had spent at the Gauntier Feature Players studio, also situated on West Fifty-third street—she most certainly knew whereof she spoke. But in all justice, you must remember that Gene Gauntier is a MOST capable person.

For instance—never having written a multiple reel feature before, she went to the Holy Land for the Kalem Company three years ago, and while she was there, she wrote, and played the lead in, that masterpiece, "From the Manger to the Cross." The Kalem people were so pleased with this wonder-film that one of the company's officers, Mr. Marion, crossed the ocean simply to shake hands with Miss Gauntier and with Sydney Olcott, the director. Then Mr. Marion took the next steamer back to the States.

This is a typical example of Miss Gauntier's dauntlessness: She does something she has never done before and makes of it a wonderful success. So you know, now that when she declares house-keeping delightful—per-r-r-fectly delightful—she has found a new vehicle for her versatility; and you can also know that she is doing it well.

So, too, with Gene Gauntier when she

In "The Governor and His Daughter" This Costume in Particular Proved Immensely Becoming

made her motion picture debut. It dates back to six years ago and the Biograph Company, in thirty feet of water—and she couldn't swim a stroke.

"I had no idea it was going to be like that," Gene told me as she replenished our cups from the tall and slim and blue and white chocolate pot. "After I said I'd be pleased to work in the picture, the director said by way of an afterthought, 'Oh, by the way, Miss Gauntier—you may have to get your feet wet. Will you mind?' And I replied obligingly, 'Certainly not!' So when it came time for me to 'get my feet wet' the camera man planted his machine on the edge of a thirty-foot deep lake and the director said 'Jump!'"

"Yes—and?" I filled in the pause expectantly.

"And—I didn't jump," Miss Gauntier answered. "Not just that minute," she modified. "I waited to tell everybody in sight that I had never been in a lake or a swimming suit in my life and when the director—he was Mr. Marion, now of the Kalem company, by the way—decided, 'I understood you were a swimmer, but we'll pack up and go back,' I told him no! that I'd jump into the lake if somebody would be near to catch me. So he brightened up and the camera-man and all of us got busy again and I jumped when Mr. Marion gave the word. That experience made me feel as though I belonged to pictures. I continued to play with the Biograph Company for

Gene Gauntier Has a Trick of Looking Absurdly and Irresistibiy Young at All Times and in All Parts

a year and then I went to the Kalem studio. 'Colleen Baun' was one of our best-known pictures there, though the later one and the biggest one of all 'From the Manger to the Cross' was considered our masterpiece.

"And it's an odd fact," went on Gene reminiscently, "that it was a film we had NOT started out to make. It was terribly hot in the Holy Land, and because we worked steadily day after day in a heat that was more awful

than I had ever known, I suffered a sun-stroke. It was when I was recovering from it, that I wrote the scenario 'From the Manger to the Cross.' There were five reels of it—and we made them in a heat that was terrific. The hotel in Jerusalem where we stopped was dirty and smelly. We worked until late into the night every night preparing for our work of the next day—and then the next day would be spent under the burning sun on the burning sands.

"And one night, a group of ten ministers who had come to Jerusalem for a conference, called at the hotel to talk to me about my knowledge of the Bible. They had learned, as soon as they came into Jerusalem, about the picture we were making, and were curious to know how long it had taken me to prepare the story. Well," continued Miss Gauntier after a little pause, "we sat down in that stuffy hotel parlor until midnight—and those clerygmen asked me every question referring to the Bible that they could think of.

Aboard Ship on Her Way to Ireland

Another Beautiful Costume Worn by Miss Gauntier in "The Maid of '76"

She Adores Playing the Part of a Ragged, Barefoot Boy

One thing that surprised them was my saying that Mary, the sister of Martha, and Mary Magdalene were one and the same person. They said 'Yes, but not one in a hundred people knows that.' But I knew it because I had read and studied the Bible thoroughly.

"And so, 'From the Manger to the Cross' was filmed. One hot day succeeded another hot day, and one sticky night was just like the preceding sticky night. But we felt repaid, for we knew the results were good."

A shrill ring sounded in our immediate vicinity and Miss Gauntier sprang from the forty-five degrees chair with the cry:

"What's that!" Having not the faintest idea, I said so, in the faintest of voices. The ring sounded again

more shrilly and commandingly, even, than it did before.

"Oh," Miss Gauntier breathed with great and evident relief, "it's the dumb waiter!" She hurried into a tiny room on our left and talked down the shaft to somebody three floors below.

"It's the ice-man," she announced, returning. And then, as she sank into the chair she had deserted a few minutes previous, "I don't think I'll ever get used to all the bells and buzzes there are in this apartment. There," springing up as the dumb-waiter bell clamored loudly, "that's the ice coming up. Yes, the third floor—that's it," she called down into the shaft and the waiter groaned its way up. There were a series of "Ouchs" and unintelligible murmurs and when Miss Gauntier returned, shutting the door upon the troublesome shaft and bell, she asked, "Did you ever juggle a piece of ice? Well, it's most unpleasant."

And she hoped nothing else was going to happen for a while.

But something else did right then. It was a telephone call from the studio and it was Jack Clark, Gene Gauntier's husband, who was calling for her advice on some scene which was being put on at the studio. But after that there was uninterrupted peace for a time and Gene talked of many things; of her girlhood in Missouri when she mothered all the homeless cats and dogs in the neighborhood and pretended she was a grown-up actress and had the world at her feet and the people of her home town humbled (those who were scandalized because she avowed she was going on the stage). And when she wore her first really long dress, she did go on the stage.

"Since I've had my own company, the work has been more fascinating than ever, though also ever so much harder, because of the tremendous responsibility it has entailed," she told me. "The pictures I've most enjoyed making were the Irish ones and I've crossed the sea eleven times in the making of them. We know the people over there, now, in certain parts of Ireland and they are always wonderfully nice to us. And we can always take pictures on the White Star Line, we have traveled on it so much. Why I know them so well that I came back from Europe last fall on fifteen dollars."

"Just now," she went on cheerily, "we're planning for double sets of pictures, short ones and long ones and dramas and comedies. And Jack is to direct one company and I'm to direct another; so we expect our studio will be a very busy one this winter. You've seen the studio—it's an old church, and the convent is still beside it and my dressing-room and Jack's are where the choir-loft used to be. It's quaint and comfortable and roomy, and we have a splendid lighting system in it. We've put on some big pictures there," she added. "'Maid of '76' was an early one we made; it was a six reel one—remember it?" Yes, I remembered it for I had been there during the making of a scene and Miss Gauntier was the 'Maid' and covered her dark, glossy hair with a powdered white wig and drew black shadows underneath her gray-green eyes and donned a flowered, hooped gown. Truly, she looked a maid of '76!

And truly she looked a maid of 1914 that morning in her very modern apartment and in her very fashionable morning gown—and truly, she made a most gracious and charming hostess even at nine in the morning.

LIFE

IF ALL things were perfect and nothing was wrong
This dear old life would be one grand song,
Everyone happy and nothing to fear,
Nobody cross and nary a tear.
But life like that would be empty indeed
With everyone happy and none in need,
For life is worth while with its twists and bends
And the good little deeds we do for our friends.

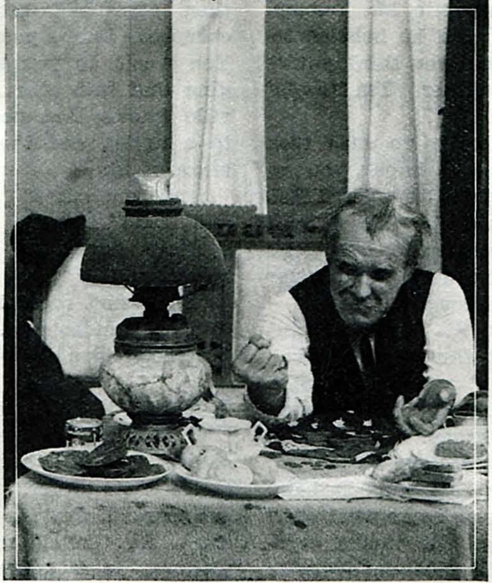
"The Sower Reaps"

A story that proves the truth of the old saying that "As ye sow, so shall ye reap"

By Helen Bagg

Scenario by Robert A. Sanborn
Illustrations from the American Film

PETER PELHAM, district attorney of Rollinsville, Texas, and candidate for the state legislature, sat in his office staring disgustedly at a paragraph in the Rollinsville "News." The paragraph hinted with more force than tact that unless the Rollinsville political machine came to the front with some unusually smooth work, its candidate, Peter Pelham, stood a remarkably good chance of being left out in the cold, while his rival, Benjamin Rolfe, sailed into the legislature on the wings of the reform party. The fact that Pelham himself had a shrewd suspicion that the "News" was correctly informed only made the affair more aggravating. In fact, Ben Rolfe's popularity in the county was a puzzle to the older man, who, in desperation, was wont to lay it to the fact that the young fellow had had the sense to attach himself to "those reform guys," as he disgustedly called his opponents.



The Old Man was Enjoying Himself Counting His Money

"Something's got to be done," he told himself, as he rolled his cigar around in his mouth nervously. "If I could bluff the boy into thinking he hadn't a chance! It's a slim show, but—" He took up the phone on his desk and called up young Rolfe. The young man at the other end of the wire agreed to call upon Mr. Pelham as soon as he finished talking to a man who was then in his office. Pelham, a pleased look upon his handsome face, put down the receiver and turned to face a visitor who had entered while he was talking over the phone. The pleased look changed to one of anger and disgust.

"Oh, it's you?" he snarled. "I thought it was about time for you to be showing that pretty smile of yours around here."

The old man who stood by the desk grinned horridly. "Old Miser Pike," the small boy population of Rollinsville called him, and he looked the part.

"You're real witty, ain't you, Mr. Pelham?" he chuckled, not at all taken back. "Suppose you drop the pleasant remarks and come across with the money on this little note, eh? My mare ain't very good at standin'."

"I wish she'd bolt one of these days and break your infernal old neck!" remarked Pelham fervently as he groped in his desk for a bundle of notes. Evidently the transaction was not a new one, for the amount was ready.

"You'd better wish you hadn't been fool enough to get yourself mixed up in that bribery case fifteen years ago, Peter Pelham," retorted the old man, sneeringly. "Or to let them papers that gave you away get

into my hands. That's what you're payin' for—bein' a fool. That's what half the folks in this world are payin' for, too, so you're in good company."

"Take your money and get out, you damned blackmailer, before I lose my grip and kick you out." Pelham's face was crimson and his hands twitched.

"I'm gettin' out, don't you worry. I ain't so stuck on this office that I want to come here an' set," replied the old man, putting on his hat. "I'm a poor man with a daughter and I mean to git my rights. You can't do me like you done the public, Mr. Pelham, an' don't you fergit it," and he hobbled toward the door. "An' don't you think you're goin' to get rid of me, either. I'm keepin' my eye on you, I am."

"Get rid of you? There's no such luck unless I forget myself and knock you on the head some dark night!" thundered Pelham, starting from his chair. He stopped and collected himself, however, for Ben Rolfe was standing outside the door waiting for the old man to shuffle through.

"How are you, Rolfe? Sit down. I want a chat with you about this election business." Pelham pulled out a chair cordially. "That old fool," he continued, "comes around here periodically to bother me. He has some absurd idea that he's got a claim on me."

"I'm afraid you've lost his vote, Pelham, judging from his expression as he went out," remarked Rolfe, smiling. He was a good-looking young fellow with clear-cut features and an agreeable voice. He took the chair offered him and glanced good-naturedly at Pelham.

"I can spare it," was the brief reply. "Speaking of votes, Rolfe, don't you think you're overestimating your chances in this campaign?"

"No, sir, I don't think so. Do you?"

"You know, boy, this reform stuff has been up before the public before and they've turned it down hard. People like to talk about reform, but when it comes to action they like the old way best. It's easier all around."

"If that's the case, Pelham, all they've got to do is to vote for you. What's the use mauling the subject beforehand?"

"Because I like you, Rolfe, and I'd like to save you the humiliation of defeat." Pelham's eyes shone. He was a good actor and could throw himself into a part until even that most critical audience, himself, was deceived. "Why not give it up while there's time?"

"Oh, I don't know. I never was much good at giving things up," drawled Rolfe, thoroughly amused. "As for defeat, I dare say I can stand it if I have to. If that's all you wanted to say I'll be going along." He rose and took up his hat.

"Wait a bit." The older man rose also. "There's another side to this, Rolfe. Do you think your brother Tim's record will look well to the voters of the reform party?"

"Tim's record?" Rolfe started angrily, then controlled himself. "Oh, I reckon everybody knows poor Tim's record, Pelham. You won't do yourself any good by dragging that into court. Everyone in Rollinsville knows that poor Tim can't say 'no' to a drink, and that's the worst they do know of him."

"Are you sure?" It was a chance shot and Rolfe knew it.

"Quite sure," he replied firmly. "Good afternoon."

"You won't reconsider?"

"I can't reconsider. Good afternoon," and the young man stepped out of the office.

MISER PIKE lived in a cabin about half a mile from town, quite miserable and shabby enough to satisfy even the penurious tastes of its owner. Here, he and his eighteen-year-old daughter, Laurel, lived quite alone, for the old man did not encourage visitors. In fact, Laurel was the only creature about the place that was neither old nor ugly. She was a slim sprite of a girl with black hair and eyes and a mouth that would have liked to smile had there been anything to smile at.

Lately there had been a bit of sunshine in the girl's life, for Ben Rolfe, whom she had met some weeks before at a dance, indulged in without the old miser's consent, had fallen into the habit of strolling by the Pike cabin almost every evening. Of course the meetings had to be very carefully managed, for young men were an abomination to her father; but Laurel, smiling and blushing, could usually manage to steal down the road for an hour while the old man was enjoying himself counting over as much of his money as he ventured to keep in the house. The greater part of his hoard he had secreted away from the cabin in a spot which no one, not even Laurel knew, but the location of which had formed the chief

"Well, Why shouldn't Somebody Be in Love With You?", Demanded Ben, Indignantly

topic of conversation in certain Rollinsville circles for years. The old man's white hair would have stood upon end had he dreamed that in many a saloon in town half-grown rowdies were debating where "old man Pike kept his cash box."

On the afternoon of his interview with Pelham the old man came home in a rare good humor. These monthly visits to the district attorney always filled him with a renewed sense of his own importance. To make Peter Pelham, the most successful man in Rollinsville, cringe and pay was an achievement to be proud of, he reasoned. Not every one would have known how to make use of that bit of bribery evidence so skillfully. Pelham had been young in politics when he made that mistake; he knew better these days. He would never be caught in that way again. As Pike with his catlike tread drew near the cabin he caught sight of Laurel within. What in the name of reason was the girl doing? He crept nearer.

On the dingy wall of the cabin hung a cracked mirror and into it the girl was peering wistfully. She had let down her long, dark hair, and was coiling it on the top of her head, pausing every now and then to look, first in the mirror and then at a fashion plate on the table. The result was ravishing. Laurel, a real young lady for the first time in her life, clapped her hands in triumph. Then she saw her father standing in the doorway.

"So that's how you put in your time when I'm out slaving to get your bread and butter, eh?" he said, his cracked old voice trembling with rage. "That's all you think about—how to look gay and fine when your poor father's half in the grave trying to keep you from the poorhouse! Next thing it'll be money for clothes, I suppose?"

Laurel turned on him half in fear and half in anger. Her big eyes flashed.

"It'd be better for us both if you'd give me some money for clothes instead of making me go around like a beggar when you've got money hidden away—yes, you have, you know you have!" she cried as the old man seized her arm and shook her in his wild fear that some one might hear. "I don't care if they do hear!" sobbed the girl, angrily. "You have got it—lots of it—and it's wicked to make me live like a gypsy and not let me go to school."

"Why, Peter, Look at the Black Marks on His Wrist! Did You Do That?"

Poor Tim Went All to Pieces and Confessed His Part in the Tragedy

"Will you hold your tongue or shall I make you? Do you want every loafer that goes by the house to know that I've got a bit of gold put away for my old age? Get out and get some wood for the fire, you lazy gypsy, you! That's a good name for you, sitting around all day doing nothing, while I go hungry. Get my supper and have it ready when I come back or I'll make you sorry you ever saw a mirror."

Laurel, still angry but frightened by the old man's rage, took up her basket and stole out of the house. He watched her slyly and when he was sure that she was out of sight, took from his pockets the precious papers with which he had blackmailed the attorney, and the gold the latter had given him. The papers he locked in a tin box and deposited in a cunningly contrived hole in the wall, neatly concealed by a picture. The money he dared not risk in the house. The girl was getting too free with her tongue; he would have to look out for her. Carefully looking to see that she was out of the way the old man crept out of the house and down the road.

Laurel, still sobbing angrily, filled her basket with wood and went back to the house. Then glancing at the clock, she smiled faintly and straightened her trim little figure in its calico gown. This was Ben's afternoon to stop and chat a bit before supper. Her father had evidently gone to visit his hoard and would not be back for an hour. Quickly she ran down the road to the old tree where, screened both from the house and the road, she and young Rolfe waited for each other. As she stood there she heard his voice down the road—Tim was with him, evidently. Laurel listened, smiling.

"You go on home, Tim, and I'll be with you in half an hour. I haven't seen Laurel since Sunday, the old brute has kept her shut up. Think you can make it?" She heard Tim's voice, husky and uncertain mutter something. Poor Tim was evidently again in the clutches of the enemy. Laurel, peering through the bushes, saw him walk uncertainly down the road. Then turning, she came face to face with Ben. He held out his arms and she ran into them.

"I—I didn't know whether you'd be here or not," she said, shyly.

"I've been here every day since Sunday," he answered reproachfully.

"I know—I couldn't get away. He watches me so close, Ben, I'm afraid he suspects that I—that somebody's in love with me."

"Well, why shouldn't somebody be in love with you?" demanded Ben indignantly, as they walked down to where the little mountain stream crossed old Pike's land. "What does he think he's going to do with a sweet, pretty little girl like you? Keep you hidden away from every one?"

"Oh, I don't know! But let's not talk about him. I'm so happy with you; Ben, why can't we be happy all the time, like other folks that are engaged?"

Ben kissed the pretty, wistful face that looked up at him.

"We're going to be happy like married folks just as soon as I win the election," he said, cheerfully.

"Oh, Ben, do you think you will?"

"You bet I will. The Powers of Evil are quaking already. Old Pelham has been after me to withdraw. Doesn't that show he's scared?"

"Oh, Ben!"

"You just wait two months for me and—what's that?"

"It's a gun. Somebody's hunting."

"Nobody hunts around here, there's something wrong going on."

"Ben, if father—"

"Come on, we'll see in a jiffy what it is," and helping the frightened girl to her feet, he plunged into the undergrowth, with Laurel clinging to his hand. A second shot rang out before they had gone far. Then some one came crashing through the brush and out into the open. It was Tim Rolfe, sobered by fright, who fell on his knees before his brother.

"I didn't mean to do it, Ben," he gasped wildly. "Before God I didn't. I only meant to scare him when I followed him." Ben's face turned white. He clutched Tim fiercely. Laurel screamed.

"It's father! He's shot my father!"

"I didn't. I swear I didn't," cried the frightened boy. "I saw him crawling down by the bridge an' I followed him for a lark. I wanted to see where he kept his money. Then he saw me and jumped at me and I threw him down. Save me, Ben, I didn't mean to hurt the old guy."

"Who fired those shots?" demanded Ben, quietly.

"I don't know, I beat it when he fell. I didn't hear any shots."

"I heard them! Oh, Ben, father's in danger! Help me find him!" Laurel cried.

Ben turned upon his brother severely.

"Go home and stay there till I come. Don't say anything or do anything, do you understand? I'll try to get you out of this. Come, Laurel," and with Laurel crying and hanging on his arm, Ben continued his tramp through the brush, while Tim, shaking with fear, started for home.

Down by the bridge, in the thick undergrowth, old Miser Pike had contrived a hiding place for the bulk of his gold, and by it Ben and Laurel found him lying dead with a bullet hole in his breast. A revolver lay near the body, with Tim's gray hat beside it. Laurel threw herself frantically upon the body while Ben stood thinking. He stooped and picked up the gun.

"See here, Laurel," he said, putting his arm gently around the crying girl. "You must be brave and help me save poor Tim. I know he didn't shoot your father. Tim never carried a gun in his life and he wouldn't kill a fly, but it looks mighty bad for him just now. Did you ever see this before?" Laurel stopped sobbing and examined the revolver.

"It's father's," she said, simply. "I've often seen it. Oh, Ben, what shall we do?"

"I've got to save Tim," he said quietly, and taking out his handkerchief he wrapped the pistol carefully in it. "Listen, what's that?"

"It's some one coming through the brush," whispered Laurel. "Go before they come, for my sake, Ben! If anybody finds you here—"

"Hush, it's too late, dear. Don't be frightened, nothing's going to happen. Hello there! Help! This way!"

"Ben, what are you doing?" Laurel's lips were white. She sank down on the ground beside the dead man. The steps drew nearer. Three people appeared from the road. To Ben's surprise they were Peter Pelham, his wife and Jack Crane, a neighbor. Mrs. Pelham, had heard shots and had been terribly frightened. She had run down the road to Crane's house, had found him at supper and had persuaded him that something wrong was going on in the woods. As they started, Pelham, who was returning late from his office, had met them and joined the search.

"Well, what's this and what are you two doing here?" demanded Crane, eyeing Ben suspiciously. Rolfe explained that they had been walking in the woods, had heard the shots and had just arrived on the scene. To Laurel's surprise, he said nothing about the revolver. Crane then examined the body and picked up the hat. "Was this your father's hat, Miss?" he said to Laurel. The girl trembled and faltered; "I—I don't know," she said, softly.

"That's queer," remarked Pelham, disagreeably. "Don't know her own father's hat." Laurel shrunk away from him and Rolfe, his eyes blazing stepped forward.

"That'll do, Pelham," he said, angrily. "Let the child alone. Can't you see she's frightened nearly to death?"

"She's got cause to be frightened, I should say," replied the district attorney, an ugly look in his eyes. "Crane, this looks rotten to me. I saw that gray hat on this chap's drunken brother yesterday, and these two haven't been here for any good. Ten to one they knew where the old man kept his money and tracked him here."

"Looks that way," muttered Crane, who was slow witted but had great admiration for Pelham.

"Nonsense, Pelham, don't be a fool! I tell you—"

"You can tell the Sheriff; that'll do just as well. Come along," and Pelham placed a rough hand on Rolfe's wrist. Laurel screamed and sank to the ground. Rolfe wrenched himself free from Pelham's grip.

Ben Presents His Evidence at the Constable's Office and Fastens the Guilt on Pelham

"You'll take me to the Sheriff when you show me a warrant for my arrest, not one second sooner," he said, angrily. But Mrs. Pelham broke into the scene.

"Why, Peter, look at the black marks on his wrist! Did you do that?"

Pelham with an oath stepped back.

"And look at the hole in your coat sleeve! Why, Peter Pelham!"

"Keep out of this, Mary," Pelham's voice was loud and angry. "I can't go through brush without getting torn and dirty, can I? Take that girl home with you and see that she doesn't get away. As for you, Rolfe—" he turned. Rolfe had disappeared. No one but Laurel noticed him as he made use of

Mrs. Pelham's second interruption to make his escape.

An hour later, the Sheriff and his posse, mounted and armed, accompanied by the district attorney, drew up at the house occupied by the Rolfe brothers. They found Tim, alone and badly scared, and confronted him with the gray hat found near the body. Poor Tim went all to pieces and confessed his share of the tragedy.

"But I didn't shoot him, honest, I didn't!" he repeated over and over again. "I never even had a gun."

"That'll do; bring him along. We've got to get hold of the other one. It's evidently a family job and the girl helped." The Sheriff put the handcuffs on the unfortunate Tim and turned him over to one of his men.

"His horse is gone, Sheriff," volunteered another, who had just come from the stable. "And there's tracks leading through the field, yonder." Hastily the pursuit was resumed, Pelham and the man who had charge of Tim returning to town with their prisoner.

In the meantime, Ben Rolfe, mounted on "Copper," his big bay, a horse that for speed and endurance he could match against any in Rollinsville, sped down the road. He had, he reckoned, at least an hour's start. Pelham could scarcely get the Sheriff out in less time than that, and undoubtedly they would stop to arrest Tim before directing the pursuit toward the older brother. He and "Copper" could do much in an hour. It was a good ten miles to Vaughn, the town for which he was heading, but he could make it.

The first three miles went like a dream, then to Ben's horror, Copper began to limp. One of his feet was undoubtedly giving him trouble. Ben dismounted and examined the foot. There was nothing to be seen and he resolved to give it another trial. "Copper" kept bravely at it for another mile, then he slowed into a walk. There was no doubt about it; he was going steadily lame. At the same time that he made this discovery, Ben heard the tramp of horses coming behind him. The Sheriff and his men had found his trail and were gaining on him. With a lame horse he was practically powerless. He turned into a lane, dismounted and turned his horse loose.

"I've got to dodge them somehow," he told himself. "They know every turn in this country better than I do, worse luck." He was not far from a road house and struck out desperately for it, hardly knowing what help he expected to find there. But inspiration had not deserted Ben yet.

In front of the roadhouse stood a big touring car, and in front of the touring car stood a chauffeur, evidently wondering why Fate had ordained that one man might get out of a car and take a drink, while another had to stand outside and wait. His reflections were cut short by a good looking young man who bobbed up, apparently from nowhere, with a bandage on his left wrist—and who, leveling a nasty looking revolver at him, requested him, curtly, to get in and start the car. At the same moment, the owner of the car came out of the roadhouse and was very much surprised to see a stranger getting into his machine, while the chauffeur helplessly threw in the clutch and the car started. The owner made a frantic protest, the stranger struck out with his right, the chauffeur groaned and the big car shot out of the yard. Ten seconds later, a furious sheriff and his posse dashed up on horseback and explained the situation.

"Where to, boss?" demanded the chauffeur, as the machine sped down the road.

"To Vaughn, to the office of the constable," was the reply, whereupon the chauffeur groaned again, this time from pure amazement.

"Well, hully gee, if that ain't goin' some!" he murmured, with admiration.

IT WAS the following morning and Laurel Pike was weeping in her cabin. Some neighbor women, among them Mrs. Pelham, were with her trying to cheer her, but Laurel refused to be cheered. Her father was dead, her lover a fugitive, Tim under arrest. The world seemed very dark to poor little Laurel. Suddenly, the door opened and Peter Pelham entered. Laurel jumped up in terror. What did this dreadful man want now? Nothing, it appeared, but to speak to her alone. Gesturing to his wife to get rid of the women, he said, gently, to Laurel:

"Don't be afraid of me, my dear. I am trying to help Ben." Then as the girl stared uncomprehendingly, he went on: "Your father and Ben had quarreled and the papers over which they quarreled are somewhere about the house. I want to destroy them for Ben's sake."

"But they hadn't quarreled, and Ben was with me when the shots were fired. How can papers hurt him?"

"They *had* quarreled. Your father told me. As for your evidence, no one will believe you. Help me to find those papers, quick!" Pelham's face was distorted and he seemed about to choke. Terrified, Laurel pointed to the hole in the wall where her father had kept his tin box. Pelham tore it from its hiding place. It was locked so he put it in his pocket. The precious bribery evidence was safe! He turned to reassure the girl, when, to his amazement, the door opened, and Ben Rolfe, followed by the Sheriff and his men, entered.

"Ben!" Laurel fell trembling into his arms.

"So, they got you!" Pelham turned to the Sheriff. "Hard chase, Sheriff?" The Sheriff looked a bit embarrassed.

"Rather hard," he said, uncomfortably. "We caught up with Mr. Rolfe in the constable's office."

Pelham stared.

"The constable's office!" he muttered. Ben put Laurel gently aside. "Pelham," he said, "we might as well be frank about this affair. You shot old man Pike and I've got the proofs. I took them to Vaughn and gave myself up." There was a scream from Mrs. Pelham, who had just entered the cabin and Pelham glared at his accuser furiously.

"You lie! You know you lie!" he gasped.

"Easy there, Mr. Pelham!" The Sheriff stepped forward. In his hands were a revolver, wrapped in a handkerchief, and a bandage bearing the marks of blackened fingers. "These are your finger marks on this bandage; they came off Mr. Rolfe's left wrist where you grabbed him. They agree exactly with the finger marks on the powder blackened revolver that he and this girl found lying by the dead man. Don't you think you'd better come across with your explanation?"

Pelham gave one wild look around the room; from his wife's face to that of the trembling girl in Rolfe's arms, he saw horror and fear but no mercy. There were the tell tale marks and he stood alone to face them. With a groan he sank into a chair.

"I shot him," he said. "But it was in self defence. I was walking home from the office and took the short cut through the woods. As I passed the bridge I thought I saw something in the long grass. It was Pike's body. I thought him dead and went nearer. As I came up to him he got up, he'd evidently been stunned, and when he saw me he drew his revolver and shot. The bullet went through my sleeve. He was afraid of me because I had threatened him. He's made my life a hell for fifteen years, blackmailing me for these papers." Pelham threw the tin box on the table. "He leveled the gun at me again and I seized it. It went off and he fell dead. I left him there and went home. Just as I came within sight of the house I met my wife and Jack Crane and in order not to excite their suspicions I went back with them."

"Peter!" Mrs. Pelham sank down by his side.

"And then you did your best to throw suspicion on three innocent people; don't forget that, Mr. Pelham," said Rolfe angrily.

"I was wild with fear. I didn't know what I was doing," faltered Pelham.

"Well, I reckon this settles your chances for the Legislature, old man," said the Sheriff, cheerfully. "Now, suppose we all go back to town and leave these young folks together, eh, Mrs. Pelham?"

"BEN, dear, I don't understand," said Laurel, when they were alone again. "I was so frightened when those men went by on horseback and I knew they were after you. How did you—"

"How did I think about the finger marks?" Ben drew her down beside him on the old settee. "Why, it was just a chance, Laurel. When I picked up the revolver, it was all blackened with powder and the finger prints were plain as day. I knew they were the finger prints of the man who had fired it, so I wrapped it up in my handkerchief, hoping it would save poor Tim's life. Then when I saw the bullet hole in Pelham's sleeve and saw how furious he was when his wife discovered it, I knew he'd been mixed up with the killing in some way. I made up my mind to see if the prints on my wrist agreed with those on the revolver, so I tied up my wrist and started for the constable's office, before Pelham had a chance to destroy the evidence. That's all."

"No, Ben, dear, not quite all," and Laurel threw her arms around the young candidate for the legislature and kissed him.

Photoplays and Chickens

Edwin August is after a variety of featherless poultry, and he'll get it, just as he gets everything else he wants

Edwin August Is Undoubtedly One of the Handsomest and Most Popular of Our Screen Artists

"WHY should any man care to develop a type of featherless chickens," was the question that I wanted to ask Edwin August when I first heard of the ranch at Lawndale, California. But if that question was ever uttered, Mr. August did not hear it, and as far as anyone knows, the answer is still a secret. Enough that when the actor-manager-author has leisure it is devoted to the ranch in California; enough that his poultry expert is trying to produce that kind of a chicken; enough that the owner admitted to me that he had just had a wire from the front which told him that the last batch of little chicks out of the incubator were proudly waving merely a queer little ball of fuzz where first signs of tail feathers should be. Some day the world will know about the great secret, for the featherless chicken is on the way. In fact one is tempted to assert that it was on the way the moment Edwin August decided he would produce it.

It might have been better if I had not approached with the secret in my mind but it is a fact that I did want to find out some things about this man who is president of the new Eaco Films Inc. and "star," photoplaywright and producer, that were not to be found in the batch of newspaper clippings at hand. You can find in almost any dramatic dictionary that Edwin August of Biograph and Universal, of the sterling companies of Mrs. Leslie Carter and Otis Skinner on the legitimate stage, is one of the bright lights of Filmdom, but where can you find anything of the man?

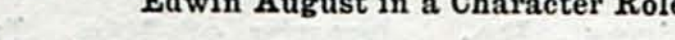
Ask him?

Well the office boy didn't seem to think I'd better, but life in hand, as I supposed, the den was bearded. In a moment I was at ease and engaged in the most pleasant of talks, which skipped from the latest efforts of his company to the question of the best cheese to grate on a dish of Italian spaghetti, and I finally left when I learned that Mr. August wished to write his daily letter home and get it off in time to catch the evening train.

He Is President of the New Eaco Films, Incorporated, and Leading Man, Photoplaywright, and Producer

"When we talk of commercialism," said Mr. August, "most of us think of the sort of photoplays that people are enthusiastic about, and it means to most of us that we are going to forget all about art. The plan of the Eaco Films will be to remember art and put on the things that people want in an artistic way. It is the business of the photoplay to make strong impressions and we believe that the standards can be raised. I believe that the one reel play will come into its own again, even though no program is complete without a feature today."

I was a little more sober when I walked away from my interview. I had talked to a man who knows and believes in the motion picture, to a graduate from D. W. Griffith and the legitimate stage who has come to the front as a star, not only as an actor, for that he was that at a time when he was still on someone's payroll, but as a producer and as an author.

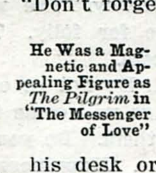


Edwin August in a Character Role

Married? No, Mr. Edwin August is not married and his daily letter goes to his mother and not to a fiancee, but at the same time—what do you suppose he could have been thinking of when he said as I left the studio:

"Don't forget to tell them that I am not married?" Given the most romantic profession in the world, and given one of the leaders in that profession, such a combination waits for someone. But no more would he say on the subject and I don't know whether he has secret thoughts that make him dream at his desk or not. However, he is a human being, and there must be times when the pressure of make-believe romance is replaced by dreams of the real romance. Or perhaps Mr. August finds this release in his quest for the featherless chicken.

This, however, is hard to believe.



He Was a Magnetic and Appealing Figure as *The Pilgrim* in "The Messenger of Love"

Sowing Next Year's Crop

The Good Resolutions of the Photoplayers
Also Some Others, Not So Good

LIKE the poor, New Year's resolutions are always with us. Sometimes they are made in January, again in June, and occasionally in September. Always they are made under the stress of intention to change the face of the world. Everybody makes them at some time or other. But since movie actors are the most facilely expressive people in the world, they are perhaps the most frequent makers of resolutions. There are of course photoplayers who never will indulge in the human luxury of make-over decisions. But the majority of the players have five-reel resolves, all wool and guaranteed to last at least until the second day of the first month of the New Year.

Mary Fuller, who is one of the best little makers of resolutions in the game, says that it's a pernicious habit, but that she can't break herself of it. She has made thirteen resolves for next year, but she'll tell only twelve. She says it's unlucky to tell the thirteenth. The twelve run: under the preface:

"My resolutions, I think, are good ones and helpful to others as well as to myself. At least, they are the result of some observation and experience and are worthy to be tried. Here they are:

1. Conserve your health, for that is the keystone of the arch. Deal judiciously with that wonderful mechanism nature has given to you. Be gentle with yourself and not full of violent harshness and grindings. Remember that some one else is constantly getting an impression of you and from you.

2. Select for yourself. Eliminate the nonessentials. Take hold of your own problems. Live your life as you think it ought to be, not as it happens along. Judge what your life should be from the standpoint of broad views and high ideals. Let not the securing of your own ends be the sum total of your existence. Remember your struggling brother beside you.

3. Do not fall into the groove, the routine. Preserve your interest in each thing you do. Preserve your buoyancy, resiliency. Don't dwell heavily on the trivial thought. In other world don't let the "dwell" be longer than the thought; don't spend your substance on anything unworthy of it.

4. Dare to be brave in life. "None but the brave deserve the fair" means after all that only those who dare deserve the fair things of life, honor, esteem, success.

5. In so far as you can, surround yourself with the beautiful, the artistic, the clean, whether it be but a flower or a picture. The mind is open to subtle influences.

6. Don't let your balance be disturbed by little things. Be proof against the waves of trivialities. Stand your ground; but be magnanimous.

7. Have faith in yourself and understanding therein. This does not mean egotism nor yet trusting entirely to luck or to the inspiration of the moment, but to foster inherent strength and resist bad forces both without and within.

8. Do not grumble. It never does any good, and only wastes energy and time which might be expended in remedying the matter which has gone out of joint. Often our difficulties are just obstacles which take a little extra pushing, a little higher effort, to land us above them.

9. Keeping your mind open to the music of the plodding little tasks and the weary little minutes will fill the hours with the beauty of life. In the greatest epic songs many simple little cadences are repeated.

10. Don't be a wastrel of yourself, of time, of money. The wastrel pays the heaviest price for folly. The sluggard never wins success.

11. Do not be over-impatient, for the big things will come to you as you grow ready for them. Do your best and trust in providence. Happiness is an empire of our own building or of our own destroying.

12. Work when you work, and play when you play.

Aren't those some weighty resolves for

little Mary Fuller, who thrusts her hands in her pockets when she looks out across the screens in the Dolly of the Dailies pictures?

Mabel Trunelle, another Edison star, thinks that she makes New Year's resolutions, but that she must also break them speedily. "I generally look back on the past year with a guilty conscience," she acknowledges, "for the things I've left undone. And so the best I may resolve is to make the most of the coming year and to avoid the mistakes of the past." Not bad, is it?

Herbert Prior's attitude toward the coming of the New Year is even more abrupt. "I have ended the making of New Years' resolutions," he announces. "I found that I never kept them."

Away out in California Eddie Lyons of the Christie Comedy company has already pasted up this set of rules:

"I will not drink (too much).

"I will not smoke (all the time).

"I will not lose my temper (too often).

"I will not owe my tailor (too long).

"I will not speak ill of others (too strongly).

"I will not break any of these resolutions (too soon)."

Lee Moran of the same company, inspired by Eddie's efforts, has also gone on record to this effect:

"On New Year's morning I will swear (I have sworn before). I will place articles of temptation before me and see whether I am strong enough to resist them. In the course of an hour or two I shall know if I am strong enough to resist them. I will not burden my mind with unnecessary things longer than necessary. I resolve to proceed on the same delightful way. Moderations are better than resolutions."

Miriam Nesbitt of the Edison has made eight resolutions for guiding stars. They are:

1. To conquer my intense aversion to the great unwashed with whom I travel during rush hours, and to realize that in poor districts ill smelling cars of packed in humanity will always exist until the rest of us make conditions better for the toiler.

2. To guard against impatience when I am tired, for mistakes which try me may be caused by fatigue on the other fellow's part.

3. To do what I can to help war victims, but not to be distressed or constantly depressed by the situation here or abroad.

4. To try to reply to all my fans' letters.

5. To keep my ideals and, if possible, to raise the standard of them.

6. To live on less than I earn.

7. To be optimistic, but not aggressively so.

8. To let those I love know it and to keep those I dislike from knowing it.

The Essanay stars, Francis X. Bushman, Ruth Stonehouse, and Beverly Bayne, have all resolved. Bushman never makes additional New Years' resolutions, but he has one stock resolve, "to be worthy of the friendship of all my friends," he says, "and to fulfill their expectations of me." Nor does Beverly Bayne make new resolves. "What's the use of waiting till a special day?" she asks. "The sooner you do a thing, the better." Ruth Stonehouse has just one word "Smile" for a resolve, but she explains it further. "Not the fatuous smile that follows a well-cooked meal, not the easy smile of indolence, but the brisk, hearty smile of friendship is the one to be sought and found. I want to meet everything and everybody with a smile. I want to feel a comrade of the world where we are all here to help each other over the rough places. The smile is the sunshine that drives off the shadows. I want to see the good in everyone. Characters are like plants. If the bad points are set under the light, they will flourish like weeds. If they are kept dark, they will die. I would like to be the careful gardener. My one resolution is therefore, Smile."

Clara Kimball Young has no resolutions, but a philosophy. "I never make any resolutions," she declares, "for then I don't have to break them." But Lottie Briscoe has made ten that she herself calls "impossible." They run:

1. I will answer all my correspondence.

2. I will not buy more than one new dress each week nor more than one new hat every two weeks.

3. I will not regret that the motion picture camera does not register color.

4. I will not forget to do a half hour's physical exercise every morning before my bath.

5. I will write two pages of my diary every night before I go to bed.

6. I will never grumble at Philadelphia and wish I were in New York.

7. I will never argue with my director.

8. I will never read what PHOTOPLAY says about me, but will keep up my subscription.

9. I will get married if I have to lasso a

man to do it or use a halter to lead him to the altar in 1915.

10. I will refuse any increase of salary offered.

Frank Farrington, who plays Braine in "The Million Dollar Mystery," has a New Year's ambition, "to make the world happier as I portray human emotions on the screen." Farrington evidently desires to depart from villainous parts.

Maurice Costello wants "to make next year more successful than last—if possible." Sidney Bracy is going "to strive by good work in pictures to repay in some measure my thousands of friends through the country for the appreciation they have given my attempts at portrayal of character." As the butler of the Million Dollar Mystery Bracy has become one of the most talked of film actors in the world. "If my work improves," he continues, "it will be to the credit of the friends who urge me to endeavor."

Mae Hotely, comedienne of the Lubin company, has resolved not to break the speed laws of 1915, not to beat any more husbands, "as my fists make no impression on solid ivory," she insists, "not to go up in another airship until the next time, to answer all love letters, and to do all the good she can (otherwise) in all the ways she can."

Such a galaxy of resolutions deserves to win some lasting measure of success in their keeping. If they're all to be kept, it begins to look bad for the movies. Such characters as the actors would become are altogether too good to be true.

Resolutions

With apologies to the photoplayers whose New Year resolutions are set forth in the foregoing article

EACH year we vow to begin anew
And live a life so good and true
That there'll be no doubt of e'erlasting life
After this world's battle and noisy strife.
We swear we'll do this, and we won't do that
And we make many bets—two or three for a hat,
We swear to quit smoking—we'll drink never more,
And old Dad will quit swearing—to that he swore.
We will lead lives of virtue—no harm will we do
To our fellows and neighbors and all who are true.
Yes, we'll even forgive those who treated us mean
Such deeds as we'll do never were seen.

But alas and alack—as the days quickly fade,
We forget the resolves we so willingly made.
We sigh and are sorry and lay down our pen,
And wait till next New Year's to do it again.

The Black Sheep

By DOROTHY CHASE

Illustrations from the Kalem Film

"WHY should I lend you money?"

Frank Clark was losing his temper; he had lost it, indeed, some minutes before. And now Joe, his brother, dropped the attempt he had been making to get his way by persuasion.

"Oh, you can preach!" he said. "You got your education! There was money enough for you to get through college and medical school! You've got your profession! I'm the one that had to go without! When it was time for me there wasn't any more money—"

"Shut up!" cried Frank. "It wasn't my fault, was it? Did anyone know that the money would be lost? You talk like a fool, Joe! I was older than you, and naturally I got the sort of education I did. I know it's hard luck that you couldn't go to college. If I'd been able to do it I would certainly have seen you through. I've told you that a thousand times."

"It's easy to talk," sneered Joe. "The point is that you did have all the best of it. And now when I ask you for a loan you preach to me! Is it my fault I lost my job?"

"Whose fault is it if not yours?" asked Frank. "Oh, Joe—can't you see that I'm talking this way for your own good? You go around with a lot of bums—men who are a disgrace to this town. Gamblers—and worse. Lord—I saw you in the street with Grath myself, only to-day. And it's not the first time. What bank would keep a man who was in the habit of going to a gambling house? No business house would stand that for a minute."

"What business is it of theirs? I wasn't gambling with their money!"

"No one ever does gamble with the bank's money—in the beginning, Joe. But that's the way it usually ends. You know that as well as I do. Don't you, now? Joe—if you'd only take a brace—! I'd help you, then—I could. As it is now, it seems to me that every time I do something for you it just makes you that much less inclined to do something for yourself. It isn't helping you, Joe, old man! That's the trouble. Can't you make yourself see this the way I do?"

"I don't want to! God save me from ever being a sniveling hypocritical sneak like you!".

Frank's eyes flashed. For a moment he seemed on the verge of striking the younger man. And then the door opened, and a woman with silver hair came in. Her eyes were troubled.

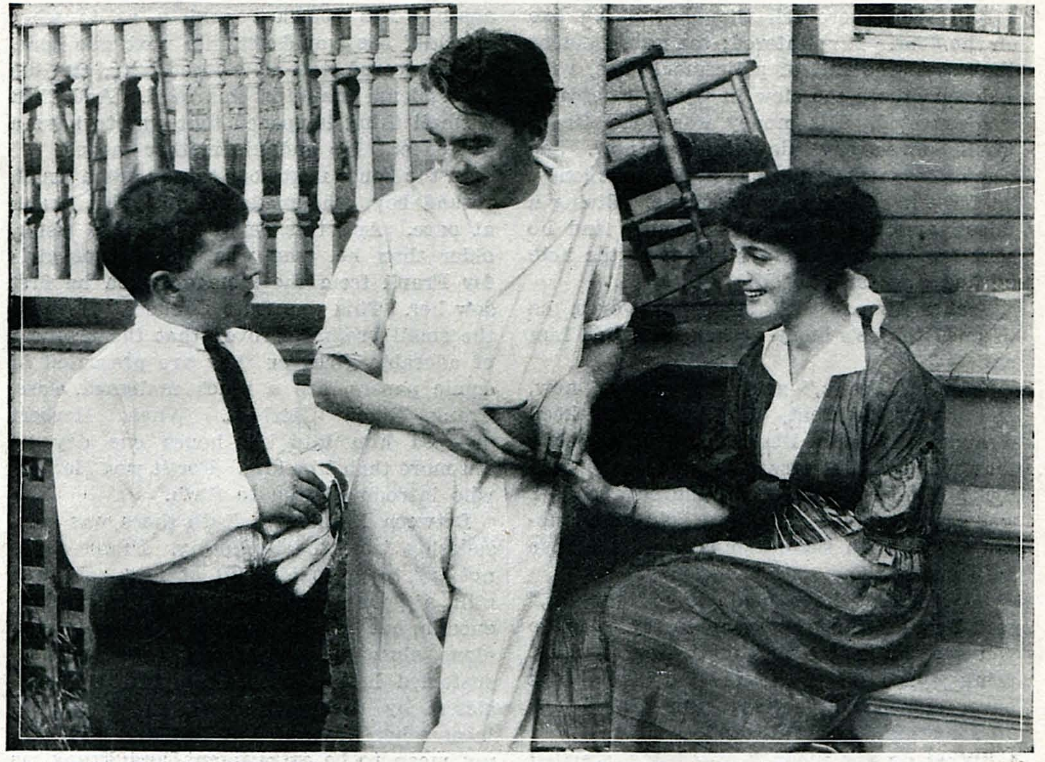
"Boys—boys," she said. "I can hear you all over the house! Quarreling again! If you knew how you hurt me! Frank—can't you be gentler with poor Joe? He's down-hearted over the loss of his position—"

"It's his own fault that he lost it," said Frank, doggedly. "I've been—"

"Frank! How can you say such a thing? I saw Mr. Blair at the bank myself, and he said they were all sorry to see Joe go, but that there were necessary changes, and it was impossible to keep him. I didn't quite understand him—it seemed very confused. But I'm not a business woman. It was something about a reorganization. And I know how hard Joe worked! Why, he was down there night after night, doing extra work on the books, and never getting paid for it, just because he wanted to get advancement, and be able to help you more in looking after me."

Frank gritted his teeth. But he kept silent. He had learned the uselessness of arguing with his mother when the idolized younger son was in question. He submitted to the injustice of her reproaches rather than try to explain that Mr. Blair had invented the fiction of a reorganization rather than hurt her feelings, and he knew how useless it would be to tell her how Joe had really passed the evenings when he was

Herbert Dragged Him into the House and Introduced Him to Ruth



"Joe's Well Again, Sis—You'd Never Think He'd Been Sick, Would You?"

supposed to be "working on the books."

The ringing of his office bell helped him to avoid answering. He went in, to greet a patient. This patient, however, had come, not for treatment, but to pay a long standing bill.

"Here's the coin I owe you, doc," he said. "The whole two hundred dollars! Thank God I can pay it at last. You're a white man, doc. Never a word out of you—"

"Forget it, Casey," said Frank, smiling. "I knew you'd pay when you could, didn't I? And I knew you could, too, when you got those contracts going. If I hadn't I'd never have charged you so much."

"So much, is ut?" said Casey. "Ah, doc—t'aint half what you did is worth—to say nothin' of the little chap."

He departed, muttering. And Frank, smiling, the bad taste of his scene with Joe taken out of his mouth, went to look for his brother. He had better make up with him, he decided. It always ended in some such fashion. For his mother's sake he overlooked everything.

But Joe was not to be found, curiously enough. It was not until two hours later, when Frank had returned from a hurried call, that he understood the reason. He had left the money Casey had brought on his desk; now it was missing. For a moment his anger mastered him; he was on the point of telling his mother the truth he had so far concealed from her, and declaring that he would not allow Joe to stay any longer in the house, all the expenses of which he had to bear. But second thoughts restrained him; after all, this was something he should have out with Joe. After that he could decide what, if anything, he should tell his mother.

Joe had taken the money. And he had done what Frank, when he could not find him, after a renewed search of the house, guessed he must have done. He had gone to Grath's gambling house. He was playing roulette. And, for the first time in weeks, he won.

"I can put the money back," he thought. "Frank will never know I took it—even if he's missed it I'll be able to make him think it was there all the time."

And then there fell the blow of an axe on the door. It splintered; the next moment the room was full of policemen. Joe, with a dozen others too slow in trying to escape, was arrested. His money was gone. Grath would never pay his winnings now. Joe was in despair. And now, in the emergency, he did what he always had done. Giving a false name, he was held in bail. And he sent for Frank to help him out of the hole he had dug for himself.

Frank came. With cold, hard eyes, he listened to Joe's story. Then he bailed him out.

"Honest, Frank," said Joe, sobered now, and really penitent, "I'm going to keep straight. I'll work like a dog—I'll pay back that money. But wasn't it just my cursed luck? I was a couple of hundred ahead—I was going to quit. If they'd held off a minute longer with their damned raid I'd have been out of there with the money."

"It wouldn't have made any difference," said Frank. "I'm not going to try to make you see the moral side of it, Joe. I don't think you're able to. And—I'm glad things have happened this way, after all. I can do something for you now."

"What do you mean?" asked Joe, startled by Frank's tone.

"I mean that you're going to leave town—now, to-night. I'll tell Mother you got the offer of a good job. You'll never be able to brace up here, Joe. If you go to a new place and make a new start you may be able to make good."

"I—Frank—I don't want to do that! I—"

"You've got to, Joe. Don't you understand? If you're here in the morning you'll be up in court. Everyone will know you. You may be sent to the workhouse as a common gambler. There's been talk of making an example of the next lot that were arrested. I'll stand the forfeiting of your bail. It'll be cheap at that. And if you make good and come back here things will have blown over, especially if you've been showing that you've got some good in you."

For once Frank held the whip hand. And he had his way. Joe took the money Frank gave him, and left town on the midnight train.

Frank could ill afford the money that this cost him. And yet, as he had said, the peace, the freedom from anxiety, that he secured were well worth the price he paid. He began to find that he could enjoy life again. The constant anxiety as to what mischief Joe would get into next was gone. He prospered, too, in a small way, and his professional standing improved. And then a small thing happened that was to have a big effect. He and his mother moved.

In the house next door there lived a small, rotund boy, who made friends with Frank at once. And this small boy had a sister, older than he, who was the girl of girls for Frank from the moment when he first saw her. This was Ruth Sanders. Herbert, the small brother, proved that the brothers of adorable girls, as they are presented in comic papers, are a much maligned class. Frank liked Herbert. When Herbert dragged him into his house one day he did more than like him. For it was Herbert who introduced him to Ruth.

Between Frank and Ruth there was comradeship from the beginning. Frank dared not try to press his suit at first. He was still a poor man; his future was bright enough, but he was carrying a heavy burden alone, since his mother had never fully accustomed herself to the deprivations occasioned by the sudden cutting off of the income her husband had left her. She did not mean to be extravagant, and Frank, as a matter of fact, loved her to have everything she wanted. But it made it necessary for him to wait a long time before he could think of marriage. And he had been crippled, too, by the heavy outlay that Joe had represented.

Yet he was beginning to think of the time when he should be able to speak to Ruth. And then there came bad news. Joe had found work in the town to which he had gone the night of the raid. But he had had trouble there, too; occasionally he had asked Frank for small sums, and obtained them. Now he wrote that he had been sick; that a local doctor had advised a long rest. What was he to do? He wrote to his mother as well as to Frank, and she insisted that he should come home. Frank did not welcome the idea, but once more he was helpless. He sounded the authorities and found that there was no danger of prosecution on the old gambling charge; then he sent for Joe to come home.

Joe had been sick; one look at him was enough to change all of Frank's soreness and anger into a feeling of pity. The doctor in him, as well as the brother, noted Joe's appearance with concern. And Frank, once

A Few Days Later He Saw Ruth in His Brother's Arms

that feeling was aroused, thought no more of his wrongs.

"Maybe I've been hard, Joe," he said. "But it was all for your own good, old chap. You know that, don't you?"

"You bet I do, Frank!" was Joe's answer. It was frank and manly; his absence had improved him. "I've been a beast of a brother and son, Frank. But I'm going to follow the straight and narrow path now. Fix me up, won't you? Then I'll get to work and stop being a burden on you."

"Time enough for that," said Frank. "You've got a spell of loafing in front of you. I'll give you a tonic. Then, as soon as you're up to it, get out in the open air. Play tennis, or golf, or baseball. You were quite a pitcher in your school days. See if you can still curve a ball. It'll be slow work."

That was his first impression. The thorough, searching examination upon which he insisted only confirmed his opinion. Joe had protested against that, but he had been forced to yield.

"Well—I suppose you know all about it, now!" he said, sullenly, when Frank had finished.

"Yes, I do," said Frank, with a sigh. "I'm not going to say 'I told you so.' I guess there's nothing anyone could say that would make you feel any worse, Joe. It's pretty bad. But you can hold it down. It doesn't need to get any worse—and it'll get better, with the proper care."

"I'll get that from you, I know," said Joe, brightening.

He was a tractable patient; he had really changed for the better in many ways. Mrs. Clark was delighted by the better relations that now existed between her boys. And Joe grew stronger and began to recover his strength. He played baseball with Herbert Sanders; he played tennis and golf with Ruth. He saw more of her than Frank, with his growing practice, had ever had time for. And his fascination, his undeniable charm, had the effect upon her that might have been foreseen. There had been a time when she would have welcomed very readily the attentions that Frank's strict code of honor prevented him from offering her.

She had fancied herself slighted; she had the feeling that a girl often has, that she had been forward, had made advances. Feeling herself rejected, she grew almost to dislike Frank. And just for that reason she was the more easily fascinated by Joe.

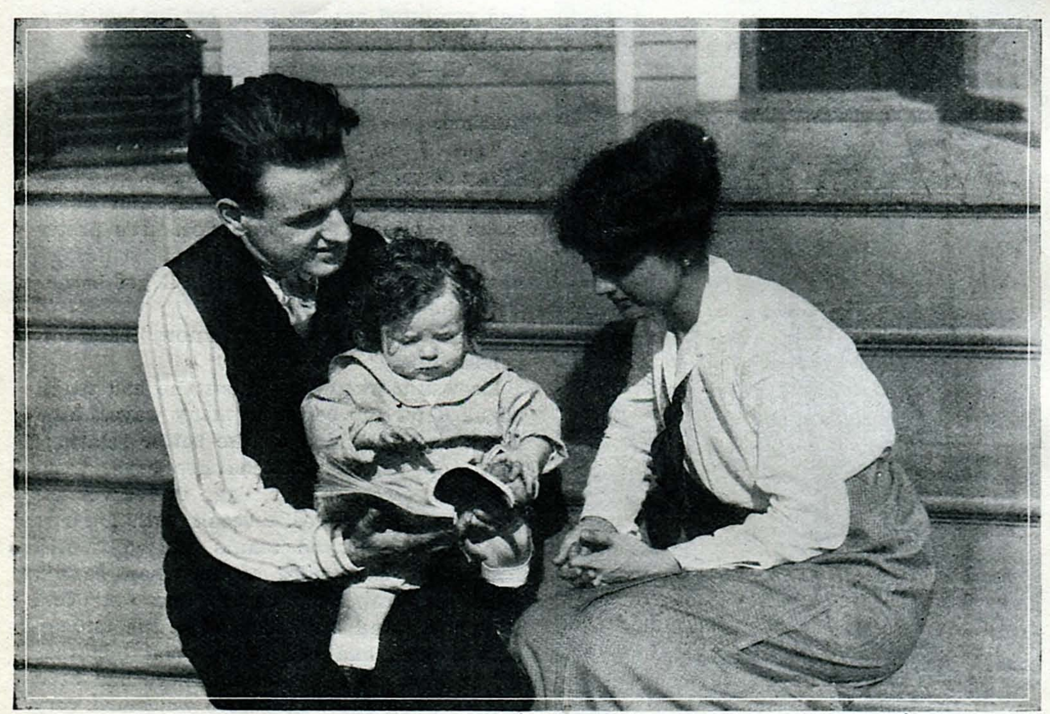
"Joe's well again, isn't he, sis?" said Herbert. "Feel his muscle! You'd never think he'd been sick, would you?"

She obeyed, and her fingers ran down over his arm, down to his hand, in a gesture that was almost a caress.

"You certainly have improved, Joe," she said.

"It's old Frank's work," said Joe. "He's some doctor, believe me, if he is my brother!"

Joe took life as it came. His motto was that something would turn up. And so, when he realized that he was in love with Ruth, and felt that she was ready to accept him, none of the things that had made Frank hesitate and refuse to test his fate even occurred to him. Much less did they restrain him. He proposed to her; she accepted him. And Frank, a few days later, came out of the door of the Clark house, to see Ruth in his brother's arms! He almost cried out in his astonishment, his anger. But he waited. Not until he was able to speak to Joe alone did he break his silence.



On Frank's Knee Was a Boy Who Looked Like Both of Them

"Joe," he said, "I saw you with Ruth Sanders last night. You were—you—" He did not know how to put it. But Joe, flushing, saved him the trouble.

"I was kissing her!" he said. "Why shouldn't I? We're engaged," he went on, after a moment's pause.

"Engaged!" said Frank. "Good God! Joe—you can't get married!"

"Why not?" Joe was hot with anger. "Why not? Lord—because you haven't got a cent, for one thing!"

"Mr. Sanders will give me a job. I've spoken to him about it. He says he's got just the right place for me. And I've changed, Frank. I'm not the rotten waster I used to be. Why, since I've known Ruth, since I've been in love with her, I've lain awake nights thinking of what a mucker I used to be. I've wished—Lord, how I've wished!—that I could wipe all that out—even the memory of it."

"But, Joe," said Frank, gently, "you can't wipe it out! Don't you see?" He spoke sorrowfully; there were tears in his eyes. There was no doubting Joe's sincerity; the real quality of his reformation. "That's your punishment, Joe. You can't marry. You're not fit to marry. You're diseased. You can't ask a girl like that to share your life. You've got to bear the punishment for what you've done alone. It's hard, boy—don't think I can't see it. You didn't know. You did just what others did. But they escaped, some of them. And you—didn't."

"Oh, nonsense!" said Joe. "You talk as if I was a leper, Frank! I know dozens of

chaps who—who are just like me, and married, and are happy."

Frank shook his head.

"You don't know that they're happy, Joe," he said. "And, if they are, you don't know how long that happiness will last. You don't know when they may find out what they've done. A leper! I wish you were, Joe—because then you'd know that you had no right to marry Ruth Sanders or any other woman."

"But I'm well—I'm cured!" said Joe.

"In a sense, yes," said Frank. "You're not likely to suffer any more yourself. But you're still a source of danger to others, Joe. You're like a typhoid carrier, who, without being in danger of typhoid himself, can spread disease through a whole city. I tell you you can't marry!"

"And I tell you that I shall!" cried Joe, rising, furiously.

For a moment their eyes clashed.

"I shall tell Mr. Sanders the truth," said Frank, at last.

"You'd never dare!" cried Joe. "You couldn't—" He stopped. His eyes had fallen on the Hippocratic Oath, that ancient charter of physicians. "You can't! Look at that Oath! The Oath you swore when you became a doctor! You found out this thing about me under the seal of your profession! You can't violate the secrecy that Oath binds you to! I didn't tell you—you found it out when I was your patient!"

Frank stared at him.

"You're right!" he said, heavily. "God forgive you! Joe—don't do this thing! Think of her!"

"I am thinking of her!" said Joe. "I'm not going to see her happiness ruined. Other doctors disagree with you. I'll bet I could find a dozen who would tell me to go ahead and get married."

He left the office. Frank, desperate, tried to convince himself that this was a time when he must reveal a secret he had learned as a doctor. But he could not. The code of his profession was too strong for him; the code that told him he had not the right to decide, even though in this instance he might be justified. The rule was one to which there could be no exceptions. He did write to Ruth, begging her to give up her marriage. But he gave no reason, and she ignored his appeal.

But two days later Joe, coming in suddenly, early in the afternoon, found Ruth with his mother. She was crying.

"Why, Ruth!" he said, holding out his hand. "What's the matter, dearest?"

"Don't touch me!" she screamed. "Don't touch me!"

"Joe," said his mother, in a voice he had never heard her use before, "I heard you and Frank talking in his office. I have done what Frank's Hippocratic Oath forbade him to do. I have told Ruth the truth about you, my son!"

THREE years had passed. Joe had gone away. Frank and Ruth sat together on the steps of their piazza. On Frank's knee was a boy who looked like both of them.

"I had a letter from Joe to-day," said Frank. "He's doing splendidly, Ruth."

"Poor Joe!" she said. There were tears in her eyes.

IN THE TUNNEL

THEY left the confetti behind them,
And sped on their glad honeymoon;
The train took them into a tunnel,
Affording a fine chance to spoon.

There were smackings of lips in the darkness—
A scramble when daylight was seen:
By the space of a foot they were parted,
With a brown paper parcel between.

"That's a very long tunnel," said hubby,
"I wonder just how much it cost?"
"Don't know! But it's worth it," she answered,
As her pert little headpiece she tossed.

Then and Now

By WILLIAM CARLOTTE

OLD Grandfather Burns, in his comfy chair
Settled down for his afternoon nap.
His eyes slowly closed, his pipe went out,
For the world he cared not a rap.
His breath softly came, and as softly it went
His thoughts wandered far away,
And a smile slowly spread o'er his fine old face
As dreams brought back many past day.
He thought of his days as a little boy,
Of the good old times he'd had.
Of the lickins he'd got with a willow branch
At the hands of his good old Dad.
And then thoughts turned to the one great day
The circus was coming to town!
And oh, how he hustled and bustled around
To get money to see the clown.
How he sawed hard wood and cut people's grass
Why, work was never so shy!
The blamed old town had no jobs to do!
And the cost of the circus was high!
But at last came the day when the show arrived
In awe inspiring parade
All work stopped—the town stood still,
To eat peanuts and drink lemonade.
Oh, those were the days of real old sport,
They just had the time of their lives!
And how when Dad gave a few pennies more
Their delight climbed right to the skies.
But pleasant dreams and an afternoon nap
Were brought to a sudden end.
For down the street came his boys and girls
And he had his troubles to tend.
"Oh Grandpa, let's go to the picture show!
Let's all go sure tonight.
There's goin' to be things you never saw."
"All right?" Why they're wild with delight.
So they all troop off for their evening meal,
Leaving Grandpa to ponder long:
"In *my* young days 'twas the circus tent
And the candy butchers' song.
But times do change, and the kiddies too
Have different places to go;
Instead of the circus we used to see
Why—now it's the picture show."

Growing Up with the Movies

By Florence Lawrence

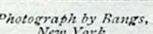
In Collaboration with Monte M. Katterjohn

Part Three

"MOVING Picture Artists in the Making" would surely be a fit title for this chapter of my story, which shall concern that period of time when I was associated with the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company—more recently known as the Biograph Company—for more of the present day's recognized artists began their motion picture careers in the Biograph studios during those twelve months than in all the other studios combined.

And it seems such a little while ago that many of the men and women whose names are to-day gracing the lobbies of hundreds and hundreds of photoplay theatres were glad of the opportunity to work even as "extras," putting in from two to three days in a week's time. Of course, there had to be some sort of a beginning, and I suppose that was the way Dame Fortune intended their beginning should be. In fact, all of the picture people I know came into their own through some fortunate accident. Holding their own has been and is still quite a different matter.

As in my own case. It was



Photograph by Bangs, New York

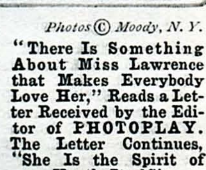
Under the Tutelage of "Larry" Griffith I Not Only Improved My Work, but One Bright Morning Woke Up to Find Myself Famous as "The Biograph Girl"

Matt and Owen Moore Are Excellent Picture Players, and When I Founded the Victor Company I Engaged Both of Them

just an accident that I was engaged to work in the Daniel Boone picture by Mr. Porter; a still greater accident that Mr. Blackton selected me to play the role of Moya in "The Shaughraun" and, as shown by Mr. Katterjohn's account of my advent in Biograph pictures, that was a still greater accident. Fate's dark conspiracies concerned me not in the beginning. "Getting in" seemed rather easy. Making good was a horse of another color.

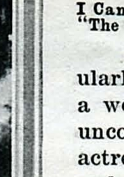
Generally speaking, the actors and actresses employed in those days were far below to-day's standard, and still a few of them were superior to many of the present-day players. Ours was a motley collection. We came from here, there, and everywhere, and from all walks of life. Some of us had had stage experience and some had not. We were merely a collection of ambitious beings, each harboring the belief that he or she was destined to become famous. How? We did not know.

When I commenced working at the Biograph studio there was no stock company. That is, a regular company was not maintained which listed a leading man, leading lady, ingenue, character man, character woman, and villain as being regular callers for the weekly pay envelope. True, there were three or four regularly employed actors and actresses who were paid a weekly guarantee, as in my case, but it was not uncommon to make actors out of the property men, actresses out of the factory stenographers, and now and then to call in some passer-by, never caring or even inquiring as to his vocation, and turn him into a picture actor.



Photos © Moody, N. Y.

"There Is Something About Miss Lawrence that Makes Everybody Love Her," Reads a Letter Received by the Editor of PHOTOPLAY. The Letter Continues, "She Is the Spirit of Youth Itself"



I Came to be Known as "The Girl of a Thousand Faces"

In "The Slave" Mr. Solter's Portrayal of a Young Roman was Well Nigh Perfect, and Mack Sennett Proved an Excellent Guard. (Mr. Sennett Stands at the Extreme Right of the Picture)

Some four or five months after I joined the Biograph Company, a permanent stock company was organized, the first, I believe, ever maintained for motion picture acting exclusively. Those of the extra people who had demonstrated some ability during the months that preceded the stock company's organization were the fortunate members of that company. We were David W. Griffith's selection of

Photo by Bangs, New York

Matt Moore Did His First Picture Work with My Company, though Long After Biograph Days

what he thought to be the best available talent in New York City.

The story of Director Griffith is as necessary to my account of Biograph days as is flour to the making of biscuits. That is, my story cannot be told coherently without considerable mention of David W. Griffith. As for biscuits, I doubt very much if they would be coherent without the use of flour. Frankly, there would not be any biscuits.

Photograph by Moody, New York

"The Best Actors and Actresses of the Stage," Writes Florence Lawrence, "Do Not Invariably Make the Best Moving Picture Players"

David W. Griffith is a big man in the motion picture world to-day, for it has been said that he is the highest paid motion picture director in the world. There can be no doubt but that he is a very able artist. Five years ago he was struggling and striving with the rest of his company of players, and it was under his tutelage that I not only improved my work enormously but also woke up one bright morning to find myself world-famous as "The Biograph Girl."

Seven years ago Harry Solter and David W. Griffith were stranded actors out in San Francisco. They were unable to get work—steady engagements—and their friends had loaned them just as much as they cared to. Aside from acting, Mr. Griffith had taken to writing plays during his spare time. Failing to get any of them produced out on the Coast, he came East, Mr. Solter accompanying him. They arrived in New York City without money and soon discovered that the immediate prospects for work were none too flattering.

An Interlude by Harry Solter

"Larry" Griffith—his nickname was "Larry"—was down and out, and so was I, for that matter. Neither of us could find work in New York; we seemed to fare worse on Broadway than when out in 'Frisco. We decided we could do best by looking for work alone. Each was pledged, if he got a job and a possible chance for the other, immediately to cinch it. After inquir-

Tom Moore, a Brother of Owen's and Matt's, is Also a Photoplayer at present Identified with Kalem Films. He Is Married to Alice Joyce, the Beautiful Kalem Star

ing at the accustomed places and learning that there wasn't anything for me in the way of a stage engagement I went over to the Vitagraph studio in Flatbush, Brooklyn, and secured work as an extra actor. It was during this engagement that I became acquainted with Florence Lawrence. Every day that I worked I received five dollars, and I managed to get in four or five days every week from the start.

After my first day's work I joined "Larry" in a little New York restaurant. He was dog tired, having made the rounds of all the different offices, and was about as downhearted as any man I have ever seen. Well, I told him of my good luck, and suggested that he try getting work at some of the different motion picture studios. I gave him the addresses of three. I knew he would not be able to get work over at the Vitagraph studio, since a notice had been posted that evening that no "extras" would be needed for a week or so, and that all casts were filled.

I suggested to "Larry" that he try the Kalem Company, also the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company. All casts were "full-up" at the Kalem studio, so he learned, but they promised to notify him if anything turned up. At the Biograph studio his luck was better, for he was engaged as an extra actor and began work immediately. The first week I think he worked three days, receiving five dollars a day for his services, but later he began to show what he could do and was retained as a regular actor.

A couple of months after he made his initial appearance before a picture camera, the regular Biograph director failed to show up at the studio and inquiry brought out the fact that he was ill and would probably not be able to resume work for several weeks. The company was behind with their productions. A director was needed at once. By chance the heads of the company asked Larry if he thought he could produce a picture, and he promptly told him that he knew he could.

His first production was a picture which had been previously arranged for by the sick director. The actors and actresses had all been engaged, the sets arranged and ordered, and practically all of the preliminary work done. And Larry took hold of the work like an old-timer, whipping out a corking production. The heads of the company liked it and let him try his hand on another which turned out even better than the first picture. Larry Griffith has been directing ever since.

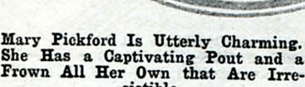
Shortly after he began directing picture productions I found myself out of employment and Larry, learning of this, gave me work in Biograph pictures. I had been working over at the Vitagraph studio, in Brooklyn. Under Mr. Griffith I was a sort of studio jack-of-all-trades, being actor, assistant to the director, and general utility man.

Picture producing in those days was considerably more of a job than it is today, and a director certainly had his hands full. Griffith was put to it many times for capable people—actors and actresses who could do something else besides wave their arms and roll their eyes. He began to cast about for his players, his selections, in most instances, being governed by youth, beauty and ambition. One of my duties was to keep him posted on the different people wanting work.

Florence Turner had attracted his attention through some extraordinarily good riding she had done in a Vitagraph western picture. The demand was strong for western pictures and Larry had a notion that pictures which breathed of the prairie and had a beautiful maiden as the heroine were bound to "go big." He decided to get Florence Turner if he could, so he sent me to open negotiations with her. As you have already learned, I interested him in Florence Lawrence instead, but it was through no prearranged scheme. I had failed to find Miss Turner, had encountered Miss Lawrence and accidentally told her that the Biograph was wanting a leading woman. The result was that Larry engaged her because he wanted a leading woman who could ride a horse at break-neck speed, at once.

Florence Lawrence Resumes the Story

When I presented myself at the Biograph studio I was exceedingly anxious and nervous. I have always been so in new and strange surroundings. I inquired for Mr. Solter, who had urged me to try my luck with the Biograph, and later, brought me word that Mr. Griffith desired to see me. While waiting for Mr. Solter an exceedingly lanky and tall young man came into the general waiting room. He seemed to know who I was at a glance, and, though he was shabbily dressed and wore a badly battered



Mary Pickford Is Utterly Charming. She Has a Captivating Pout and a Frown All Her Own that Are Irresistible

hat, I grasped the fact that he was an important official of some sort. It was a certain matter-of-factness about him that impressed me. He came towards me, saying:

"I was just inquiring about you, Miss Lawrence."

Then I knew that he was Mr. Griffith. Mr. Solter entered the room at the moment and was a little surprised to find Mr. Griffith talking to me about the work to be done.

"Can you ride horses?" asked Mr. Griffith.

"I would rather ride than eat," I told him, which was the truth. My folks used to say that they never waited meals for me if they knew I was horseback riding. When I am riding before the moving picture camera, I really forget the picture and everything else. And I always act better in such scenes because I am not acting at all. I am just having fun. Of late the pictures I have appeared in have not called for much of this kind of work, but that fact has not dampened my ardor for galloping 'cross country at break-neck speed. Also, I intend working in some pictures soon in which my equestrian abilities will be needed, and then you shall see.

"You worked in Vitagraph's 'The Despatch Bearer,' didn't you?" Mr. Griffith asked.

"You were very good in that—it was a good picture," he added, after I had answered his question and explained the difficulties under which the picture was produced. Mr. Solter had stepped to one side and was standing near a door that led back into the studio, when Mr. Griffith turned away saying:

"Wait just a few minutes. I'll be right back."

"I think she is the very person I want," I heard him say to Mr. Solter as he passed out

The Home of Commodore Benedict, One of the Most Beautiful in America, Was Used as a Stage-Setting for "The Cardinal's Conspiracy," in which Billy Quirk Assumed a Minor Part. Mr. Quirk Is the Young Man Standing on the Porch, to the Right—The Young Man with the Mustache

Owen Moore, the Husband of Mary Pickford

Mack Sennett, Now the Famous Star of Keystone Comedies, Portrayed "The Villain" in Most of the Dramas and Melodramas Produced at the Biograph Studio

of the room. I could not imagine where he had gone, and thought that if he intended giving me work, I was the person to be told and not Mr. Solter. Hardly a minute had passed when he re-entered the room accompanied by a great, big, dignified man who stopped just inside the door, looked me over from head to foot, spoke a few words to Mr. Griffith, and disappeared back into the recesses of the studio. As Mr. Griffith came forward I came near asking who the dressed-up individual was, then thought better of it. At the Vitagraph studio I had learned that it didn't pay to be inquisitive. But Mr. Griffith knew what I was about to ask.

Miss Lawrence in Her Dressing Room

Miss Lawrence about the Time She Joined the American Mutoscope and Biograph Company

"That was Mr. Kennedy," he explained. "He said he hoped you could ride just as well as you look."

After I had got over my embarrassment we talked of the salary to be paid, the work expected, and a lot of other details.

"You might as well begin right now," he remarked and, though I was just a little afraid of myself, I was eager to do so. One hour later I was dressed like a cow-girl—knee-length skirt, leggings, blouse waist with sleeves rolled above my elbows, pistol holster swung about my waist, a water

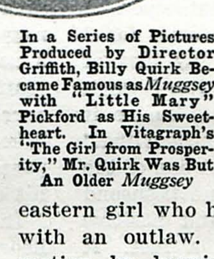
pouch slung carelessly over my shoulder, and a big sombrero on my head. My hair was loose. The camera was clicking off a scene for "The Girl and the Outlaw." Charles Ainsley was the outlaw and I was the girl.

As the title suggests, it was a story of the wild and woolly west, and produced in the vicinity of peaceful Coytesville, New Jersey, a town which was the scene of most all the sensational western dramas until about three years ago, and this in spite of the fact that it was almost impossible to make a scene that even remotely resembled the west. There was always a telephone pole around close enough to come within range of the camera which was never discovered until after the scene had been photographed. In "The Girl and the Outlaw" one of the scenes was supposed to represent a section of primeval forest on a mountain side. The finished print showed some perfectly lovely and well pruned maple trees on the slopes of the towering mountain. It was only after the film manufacturers realized that California afforded continuous sunshine as well as an infinite variety of background that the fields and hills of New Jersey were discarded for the real thing. While with the Biograph Company I appeared in no less than a dozen wild west pictures, all of which were made just outside of New York City or in some New York park.

Photograph by Bangs, New York

This Is One of a Series of Uncommonly Attractive Photographs of Miss Lawrence Taken in 1913

Mr. Laemmle Flattered Me Greatly. "You Are Such a Lovely Girl," He Said, "That You Can't Help Making Me Rich"
Photo by Unity, N. Y.



In a Series of Pictures Produced by Director Griffith, Billy Quirk Became Famous as *Muggsey* with "Little Mary" Pickford as His Sweetheart. In Vitagraph's "The Girl from Prosperity," Mr. Quirk Was But An Older *Muggsey*

There was certainly need of a good horseback rider for leading woman in "The Girl and the Outlaw," and I was in the saddle in almost all of the exterior scenes. The story, if my memory serves me rightly, concerned a young eastern girl who had gone west and fallen in love with an outlaw. She brought about his reformation by keeping him from holding up the stage coach, or robbing the village bank—I forget which it was. In several of the scenes I had to ride like fury to overtake the outlaw and prevent him from carrying out his plans. I think it was my riding in that picture that made me a permanent fixture around the Biograph studio. But the work was so severe and trying that I was unable to work in the next western picture Mr. Griffith proposed to make. He was rather disappointed, too, but soon "framed-up" a story

with many interior scenes. "Betrayed by a Handprint," was its melodramatic title, and in which I portrayed a society belle, who, losing at bridge, stole a beautiful diamond necklace from her hostess only to be found out by a handprint she made in the dust on the dresser while stealing the necklace. From cow-girl to society belle was rather a change, but all in the day's work just a few years back. Nowadays if a director should ask his leading lady to do as much she would certainly have something to say. Edith Storey of the Vitagraph players and Pauline Bush of the Rex-Universal pictures are the only two actresses I know who seem to be as much at home on the back of a cayuse as in a drawing room.

The very next picture in which I appeared was a Mexican drama with soul stirring action. Throughout my year at the Biograph studio I worked along this plan—a western picture, a society drama or comedy, and then a frontier or Indian picture. "The Red Girl" was the title of the first Indian picture produced by Mr. Griffith after I began playing "leads," and of course I was the red girl. Every time I think of that picture I have to smile. My make-up was so realistic that I looked more like a tramp than a fetching daughter of Lo. At the studio I canvassed the opinions of everybody to learn just how to make up for the part. Nobody seemed to know how I ought to look. So I did the best I could and the result was hideous. And the strange part of it all was that Mr. Griffith did not object to my make-up in any way whatsoever. I hope that picture is never re-issued, for I don't want anyone ever to see my idea of what an Indian girl should be. No, I won't tell you how I was painted up. Suffice it to say that I was anything but "darling." And think of it—that picture was one of the first Biograph features, being one thousand and fourteen feet in length, and positive prints sold for fourteen cents a foot. It was released for exhibition on the fifteenth day of September, 1908.

One of the greatest bothers we had to contend with during my Biograph days was the assembling of large crowds whenever we had to make an exterior street scene. I say "exterior street scene" to make it plain that we frequently made interior street scenes. I recall several pictures in which I worked in which the street scenes were painted sets and all the camera work was done inside the studio, though the finished picture looked much as if we had found the very location we wanted right in New York City. All the directors were bothered with the crowds which gathered whenever it was discovered that we were going to do outside work, particularly if the scene was to be made in the business section or in a tenement district. And even today the collecting of large crowds, the tying up of traffic occur as a result of the insatiable curiosity of the passers-by and are a source of annoyance to the director. Nowadays it is the custom to "slip" the first policeman who comes upon the scene a five dollar bill and everything is O. K. until another "copper" comes on the scene. Then the wheels of progress must be greased anew.

Crowds annoy most actors and actresses. I confess I have always felt a little shy when a boisterous throng surrounded me during the making of a picture. In a great many of the Biograph comedies I worked in we were frequently forced to do all sorts of "funny stunts" out in the open and in front of large crowds. I always felt particularly foolish when we were doing comedy business in the open. Mr. Griffith used to trick the crowds by concealing the camera in a carriage. We would drive to our location, hastily go through our parts, get back into the carriage and be off before very many people could collect.

It has always been the delight of children to try to force themselves in front of the camera. The grown-ups seem to think it great fun when some little dirty-faced, ragged urchin interferes with the taking of a scene. And it is really very hard for a "rattled" and nervous player to forget the surroundings and play a part as he should. When large crowds collect rehearsals are passed up and the scene made in a sort of hit or miss fashion.

In the studio we generally have two rehearsals of a scene before it is finally recorded by the camera. The first is called a rehearsal for "mechanics." That is, we just go through the pantomime which the director tells us is necessary for that particular situation. Next, we go through it with "feeling," as the saying is. Then we are ready for the camera. It often happens that a player is called upon to rehearse comedy, drama and tragedy, one after the other. Once Mr. Griffith directed me in a scene for a comedy—"The Road to the Heart," I

think it was called—in the morning, in several scenes of a problem melodrama called "What Drink Did," immediately after luncheon, and we completed the day's work by retaking a scene for a near-tragedy—"The Romance of a Jewess." This is one of the most trying experiences that happens to the moving picture player who conscientiously tries to feel his part.

This matter of "feeling the part" injects into the picture just the element needed to make it a convincing and true life portrayal. I once heard an actor chide a little girl who was with me at the Biograph studio because she became "worked-up" over her part and cried as if her heart would break. The situation demanded just that. I told the actor what I thought of him. And the "moral" of it is that the actor is still listed as an available "extra" and the little girl is one of the best known motion picture actresses in the country.

Picture players have many difficulties to contend with—even more than their fellows of the legitimate stage. Upon one occasion which is but an instance of many, I saw a moving picture actress collapse purely as a result of the strain caused by a defective camera. She had gone through the emotional rehearsal of a strong situation to the satisfaction of the director, and the scene was then begun for the camera. While she was at the height of her dramatic situation the film in the camera "buckled" and the whole scene had to be done over. This happened a second time, and even a third. It was more than high-strung human nature could stand. The result was a swoon not of the studio variety and the actress was unable to work for several days.

When I first began acting before the picture camera I did not realize the importance of the work I was doing. I was totally unaware that the time would come when silent drama acting would be criticised and judged by the regular dramatic critics of the theatre as severely as that of the regular stage.

I have seen many players lose their nerve in front of the camera—old-timers, at that, who think nothing of acting before a vast throng of people within a theatre. Others can't keep from looking into the camera while they are performing, which is "bad acting" in the movies, and something we are never supposed to do unless we have a situation that requires us to look directly at an audience. This is frequent in comedy, since there are many scenes which require the player to look straight at his audience and to go through facial contortions to bring the laugh. It is especially so in the lower forms of comedy such as slap-stick, and rough-and-tumble. As a general rule the best actors and actresses of the stage do not make the best moving picture players because of the fact that their stage success is due too largely to a magnetism exercised by means of the voice. Quite recently I saw one of the best known actors in the United States in a five reel motion picture play, and though the audience "stood for it" I am confident that there were many who would vastly have preferred to see their movie matinee idol portraying the role. The actor I speak of would strike a pose in nearly every other scene which seemed to ask, "Now am I not the handsome lover?" or "Don't you think I'm some hero." To me, the picture was disgusting in spite of the fact that the play was a picturization of one of the best novels I have ever read.

I had been with the Biograph Company but a short time when plans were begun for the formation of the Motion Picture Patents Company. Up to this time the method of distributing the positive prints of the picture plays being manufactured was very poor. Also, certain manufacturers had sprung up almost overnight whose business methods were questionable. It was necessary to place the motion picture industry on a better footing and one which would preserve it as well as protect those manufacturers who had paved the way. Negotiations were begun by the interests controlling the Edison studio. At this time the Essanay, Selig, Kalem, Lubin, Biograph, Vitagraph, Pathe, Edison and Melies films were the best to be had. Some of these brands of films were being marketed under licenses issued by the holders of the Edison camera patents. The other big factor was the licensees of the holders of the patents on the Bioscope, or in other words, the Biograph Company. Of course all of the individual manufacturers possessed certain patents, but decisive law-suits might have proven these to be infringements on either the Edison or the Bioscope patents. Under the name of the Motion Picture Patents Company the nine different manufacturers pooled their patent rights and formed the General Film Company for the owning of film exchanges

throughout the country. With the exception of Pathe, this arrangement still stands, and no one questions the statement that the General Film Company is the most thorough and efficient agency of its kind in the world, and in spite of the fact that there are numerous other large agencies, namely, the Universal, the Mutual, the Paramount, the Eclectic and the World.

The formation of the Patents Company with the Biograph Company as one of the chief producers gave added impetus to our work, for the studio output was increased. Prior to that time there had been talk of long legal battles, seizure of cameras, and the like, and no one would have been surprised had the studio been suddenly closed and notices posted. But the motion picture industry began to get its second wind. Many of the mushroom concerns which had not been included in the Patents Company were forced out of business. The elimination of their product made way for more and better pictures. Mr. Griffith was now permitted to spend from $500 to $600 on a single-reel picture, although he had been getting along with allowances of $300 and $400 previously. Better studio sets, better costumes, and better studio conditions were now possible. The feeling of more freedom had as much to do with the result as did the actual change.

Followers of the photoplay will recall "The Voice of the Violin," "The Lure of the Gown," Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raven," "The Song of the Shirt," "The Resurrection," "The Test of Friendship," "The Slave," "Lady Helen's Escapade," "The Way of a Man," "The Fascinating Mrs. Frances," "The Reckoning," "The Note in the Shoe," "The Deception," and the "Jonesy" comedies as some of the memorable early Biograph productions. Not only are they memorable because of acting and settings, but because of the story itself and the photography.

Mr. Griffith was most fortunate in securing scenarios suited to the players he had. Mr. Lee Dougherty, Mr. Roy McCardell, Mr. Stanner, E. V. Taylor and Mr. Griffith himself composed the scenario staff, although their other duties were manifold. Mr. McCardell was not an employee of the company, however. When the Biograph began to progress there was never a time when I felt that the many parts for which I was cast were not suited to me.

Biograph photography has always been a marvel. Arthur Marvin, who had much to do with the perfection of the camera used at the Biograph studio was Mr. Griffith's camera man, and he came as near to getting one hundred per cent results as any camera man I have ever known. Mr. Marvin was interested in the Biograph Company, as was the Mr. Kennedy to whom I have already referred. Both men were indefatigable workers with a penchant for details. Mr. Marvin has been dead for several years. Mr. Kennedy is still the active head of the Biograph Company.

I came on the studio stage one day to find Mr. Griffith and Mr. Solter hustling around, brooms in hand, sweeping, cleaning and straightening up things generally. It looked as though preparations were being made to take a wind-storm scene on the Sahara Desert. When I made inquiry as to the reason for this sudden determination to beautify the studio both Mr. Griffith and Mr. Solter said, "Sh—sh—sh," and placed their fingers on their lips. Then they whispered, "Mr. Kennedy is coming to examine the studio." So I too, piled in and helped them, plying the duster and mop with telling results. We were so busy that we did not hear the door open, but suddenly, out of breath from our exertions, we ceased work simultaneously, turned, and there stood Mr. Kennedy, a broad smile on his face, enjoying the scene as much as though he were watching a "Jonesy" comedy. At that moment one would not have thought him the President of the Motion Picture Patents Company—the man who has done more to put the motion picture business on a sound commercial basis than any one else.

"My children are very industrious today," was his sole remark.

When I joined the Biograph Company the players then engaged for regular work were George Gebhardt, Charles Ainsley, Ashley Miller, David Miles, Anita Hendrie, Harry Solter, John Cumpson and Flora Finch. Two or three weeks later Mack Sennett, Arthur Johnson, Herbert Prior, Linda Arvidson and Marion Leonard were added to the company. Arthur Johnson had been playing extra parts for Mr. Griffith before I joined the company. Miss Leonard had been a member of the company prior to my advent among them, but had left to go on the road with a theatrical company. I had always admired Miss Leonard for her remarkable

beauty, and when she renewed her connections with "the Biographers" as we came to call ourselves, we became close friends.

Of these pioneers, only John Cumpson has passed over the great divide. It was Mr. Cumpson who helped to make the "Jonesy" pictures so popular, for he was "Jonesy." When we undertook the first picture there was no intention of making a series of comedy productions, but when the exchanges began asking for more and more "Jonesy" pictures, we kept it up until I left the Biograph Company. Mr Cumpson was the most serious comedian I have ever known. Nothing was ever funny to him, and he never tried to be funny. When all the rest of the company would laugh at something he had said or done he would become indignant, thinking we were making fun of him. What turned out to be the first of the "Jonesy" pictures was called "A Smoked Husband," a play in which groundless jealousy gets its just deserts. Instead of being called "Jones," Mr. Cumpson as the jealous husband, was called "Benjamin Bibbs," and how the public ever came to calling him "Jonesy" is more than I know. I played the part of Mrs. Benjamin Bibbs. Here, let me quote a line or so from the bulletin synopsis issued at that time by the publicity department.

"While our friend Benj. Bibbs was not exactly parsimonious, still there were occasions when he kicked most vigorously against his wife's extravagance. Such an occasion opens our picture. Miladi Bibbs has just sent home a hat and gown, for which poor Bibbsy has to give up, but when he sees her attired in the duds, he softens, for she certainly looks stunning. All is well until she turns around—when, Oh! Horrors!—it is a sheath gown of most pronounced type. One flash is enough. 'You brazen hussy, to appear thus! You—You—!' He could say no more, for he fairly choked with rage."

And so the story goes, "Bibbsy" spying upon me. When the maid's sweetheart calls, my husband believes he is my lover, and "Bibbsy" hides in the chimney to watch and wreak vengeance. Just at this point in the production of the picture Mr. Griffith gave orders to light a fire in the open grate so as to get in an added comedy situation. An old grate was being used, and one which would not permit Mr. Cumpson's crawling out at the back, as are most "property" grates. The fire not only gave Mr. Cumpson a warning but smoked him pretty well. It was very hard, afterward to make him believe it was a part of the picture and not a trick that had been played upon him. He was the most ludicrous sight, and his intense indignation made him all the funnier.

The "Jonesy" comedies kept up with the fashions of the times, as was evidenced by the "sheath" gown in "A Smoked Husband." One of the most enjoyable as well as laughable of this series was "A Peach Basket Hat," in which I wore one of those inverted baskets which every other woman in the United States wore for a season or so. Then there was the pantaloon skirt which also came in for an inning in these comedies. We were quick to seize upon any new style and make it the basis for a comedy. Of course all the time-honored differences between husband and wife were picturized, as in "Her First Biscuits."

Mr. Cumpson left the Biograph Company to appear in Edison pictures at about the same time I became identified with "Imp" pictures. There he was known as "Bumptious," but the series of comedies put out under that name failed to interest as had the "Jonesy" pictures.

Arthur Johnson and I played opposite each other in a great many Biograph pictures, the first of which I think was "The Planter's Wife." Others were "Confidence," "The Test of Friendship," "A Salvation Army Lass," "The Resurrection," and "The Way of a Man." Mr. Johnson was such a delightful artist that it was always a pleasure to be cast to play opposite him. He is even funnier off the stage than on. When he gets one of those sanctimonious parts, which he just delights in, he keeps the whole company in a roar. He likes to josh the other players and he sometimes says the funniest things.

I enjoyed playing opposite him in "The Resurrection" more than any other part during my Biograph days, unless it was in "The Way of a Man," and about which I shall tell you later on in this article. But in "The Resurrection," Mr. Johnson seemed so earnest and looked so handsome, and I so poor and ragged—I was playing the part of a housemaid in his gorgeous palace—that the play appealed to me greatly. According to the story, he makes love to me, surreptitiously. When we are found out, and I, the maid, must pay the penalty "the woman always pays" Mr. Johnson seemed

the most broken-hearted man in the world. Afterwards, as the story continues, we meet again in Siberia, and his penitence seemed so real and earnest as he repeated the words of the Father, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die," that our souls seemed to rise above our earthly thoughts and surroundings.

During those early days of motography's struggle for existence there was no greater student of the art to be found than was Mack Sennett, now the famous star of Keystone comedies. He was known around the Biograph studio as "the villain in the play." Excepting the western dramas, Mr. Sennett played the role of the villain in nearly every picture in which I appeared. There were one or two exceptions. In "A Salvation Army Lass," he was the leader of the Salvation Army band; a guard in "The Slave," in which some one else played the villain. He was always the bartender, in a saloon scene, too. It seems strange that he never worked in comedy.

Mr. Sennett and Mr. Solter were always planning and arguing with Mr. Griffith. Mr. Sennett wanted to do certain things his way —Mr. Solter had an entirely different view of the matter, and Mr. Griffith, being the director and boss, insisted on having his way. They say that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, and when Mr. Sennett was given his way some few years back, his famous Keystone comedies leave little if any cause for complaint.

About four months before I left the Biograph studio an elfin like little girl, hardly more than a child, with beautiful golden hair, came into our midst. Mary Pickford was her name. From the first, Mary won our hearts with her charming ways. She possesses a pout and a frown all her own, which are irresistible. I am unable to recall all of the pictures in which we worked together, but my scrap book reveals a scene from "The Way of a Man," in which the three chief characters were portrayed by "Little Mary," Arthur Johnson and myself. In this, according to the story, I am blind, and my lover falls in love with my sister, "Little Mary," and I discover this fact when my sight is restored and relinquish my claim upon the man to make my sister happy.

"Little Mary," Gertrude Robinson—she had joined us about the same time as did "Little Mary"—and myself were all jealous over our height. Mary did not like being called little and Gertrude claimed to be taller than Mary and me. In spite of our arguments not a one of us would ever stand the test of measurement. But the truth will out. One day Mary wore a dress that I had worn on a previous occasion, and I noticed that it touched the floor as she walked, while it certainly did not on me, so after starting a happy little argument I remarked on this fact and they all agreed that I was the tallest.

"Well, I knew it all the time," said Mary with a frown and a pout, then smiled, and forgot the matter. Even to this day, and now that all three of us have really grown up, whenever I meet Mary we always start that same old argument.

I am glad of Mary's success, and hope that she will always remain just as unspoiled, as little and sweet and dear as she really is today.

A very short time before I departed from the Biograph studio a young man, Owen Moore, by name, worked in one or two pictures, the titles of which I forget. He couldn't help but see Mary, and, being so handsome, he was the target for Mary's eyes. The Goddess of love soon claimed their hearts, and they were married, though that was some time after my Biograph days.

And the name of Owen Moore suggests the name of his brother—Matt Moore, who has been my leading man during the past year in Victor pictures. Both Owen and Matt Moore are excellent picture players, and when I founded the Victor Company I engaged both of them. And I might mention here that Tom Moore, the Kalem star, is a brother to Matt and Owen. Like his brother Owen, he married a motion picture celebrity, and Alice Joyce now signs her name Mrs. Thomas Moore.

Billy Quirk, "the boy comic," as he signs himself, worked in one picture with me, "The Cardinal's Conspiracy." The palatial home of Commodore Benedict, the millionaire, was used as a stage setting for this production and in my scrap book I have written as follows:

"The most beautiful place I have ever seen. I wish I owned it. I think Billy Quirk intends growing a moustache like the one he is wearing."

In the picture accompanying this installment showing a scene from "The Cardinal's

Conspiracy" you can identify Mr. Quirk by finding the young man who wears a dainty moustache and stands on the porch, to the right.

No one ever intended that Mr. Quirk should play in heavy drama. He is a comedian, first, last and all the time. After I had left the Biograph studio Mr. Griffith directed him in the famous "Muggsey" comedies with "Little Mary" playing opposite him, and these attained even greater popularity than the "Jonesy" pictures. Oh, yes, I am always willing to acknowledge the truth. In Vitagraph's "The Girl From Prosperity," Mr. Quirk was but an older "Muggsey."

What seemed to annoy us "Biographers" very much and hold us back from achieving greater artistic success was the speed and rapidity with which we had to work before the camera. Mr. Griffith always answered our complaint by stating that the exchanges and exhibitors who bought our pictures wanted action, and insisted that they get plenty of it for their money.

"The exhibitors don't want illustrated song slides," Mr. Griffith once said to us.

So we made our work quick and snappy, crowding as much story in a thousand foot picture as is now portrayed in five thousand feet of film. Several pictures which we produced in three hundred feet have since been reproduced in one thousand feet. There was no chance for slow or "stage" acting. The moment we started to do a bit of acting in the proper tempo we would be startled by the cry of the director:

"Faster! Faster! For God's sake hurry up! We must do the scene in forty feet."

In real life it would have taken four minutes to enact the same scene. The reason for this is explained as follows—the buyers of the films saw their money being wasted if there was a quiet bit of business being portrayed. They didn't want, as Mr. Griffith had said, "illustrated song slides," when they had to pay so much money for the illustrated celluloid.

About this time the Pathe Company imported several one reel length pictures which they called features since the leading actors and actresses of the prominent theatres of Paris appeared in them. These pictures were released under the Film D'Art brand and created quite a stir in motion picture circles and especially among all directors. In naturalness, they were far ahead of anything yet produced in this country, and largely for the reason that the important artists portraying the chief roles were permitted to do things as their training had taught them to do. These artists would never have consented to appear in motion pictures at all if they had had to follow the instructions of the ordinary directors. The purpose of the Film D'Art pictures was to record the work of the best artists of France by means of cinematography as a permanent tribute to that artist's ability. So naturally they were permitted to act before the camera as they thought proper.

Following the appearance of the Film D'Art pictures nearly all of the Biograph players asked Mr. Griffith to be allowed to do slow acting, only to be refused. He told us it was impossible since the buyers would positively not pay for a foot of film that did not have action in it.

But before I severed my connection with the Biograph Company Mr. Griffith did commence the production of pictures employing "the close-up" and slow acting, working along the lines suggested by the French actors and actresses. And simultaneously, the American film manufacturers woke up to the fact that they were on the wrong track in producing pictures showing human beings doing things at about four times the speed of real life.

This, then, is the story of my Biograph days, those days in which I was always known as "The Biograph Girl."

THE fourth installment of Miss Lawrence's own story, "Growing Up With the Movies," will appear in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, *which will be for sale on all news-stands January 10th. You will not want to miss this installment. In it Miss Lawrence tells how King Baggott broke into the movies, how she was forced to go out to St. Louis to deny that she had been killed in an automobile accident, and above all, how she came to be known as "The Girl of a Thousand Faces." Then there are numerous little stories of studio life, anecdotes, and some very intimate pictures. You won't want to miss this. Order your February issue from your news dealer today.*

The Christmas Spirit

Proving that doing a good deed has its own reward

By Vivian Barrington

Illustrations from the Nestor Film

PERHAPS the brakeman had forgotten that it was Christmas Eve. He might have remembered it earlier in the evening; it is likely, indeed, that he had been celebrating. He had been drinking, certainly, and if, at any time, it had been with the idea of marking the coming of peace and good will, that time had passed long before he came upon the old man who was shivering in a car that had housed cattle. The convivial stage of the brakeman's celebration had long since passed. He knew only that it was cold and that he hated his task. And, to vent his spite, he kicked the tramp out on the snow-covered tracks. The train was not going fast; the ground was deep in snow, and beside the track it had drifted. To those two things the old tramp owed his life—his escape from broken bones.

Groaning, he lifted himself. The train had passed through a little town not long before; its lights were still in view, not more than a mile away. Toward those lights the old man began to make his plodding way. He had to find food and shelter; it was still snowing, and it would mean death to stay out in the storm all night. Even if he were arrested and locked up, it would be better than death, he thought. Such is the will to live, that keeps us plodding, despite discouragement, defeat, ruin. . . .

He came to the town at last. As he passed along, he looked at house after house. He was looking, searching, for some indication that he would not be rebuffed before he made his plea. There was no way to know; that much he did know, from bitter experience. And yet he wanted to have the feeling, even if it was nothing more than instinct, that he might succeed, before he tried his luck. His luck! A bitter word for what life had done to him.

It was the sound of children laughing that caught his ear at last. He looked in through a window that let him see a happy group about a great table. There were three children there. And there were older people, their parents. There were two families, he guessed, united for the holiday. Two mothers, two fathers. They looked kind. He slipped around to the back door and knocked timidly. And then a little louder, since there was no answer.

Then one of the young men came, and held open the door. His eyes were bright and kind; he smiled, cheerfully, encouragingly, at the old tramp.

"Well, sir?" he said.

The derelict's lips quivered. It was not thus that most of those who opened kitchen doors to his feeble knock answered.

"I'm pretty hungry, young gentleman," he said. "I've had nothing to eat since yesterday—"

"Here—hold on! That's enough. You'll have something as quick as I can get it for you!" cried the young man.

He was back in a moment, holding out a plate that was full to overflowing. The old tramp tried not to be too eager, too wolfish, as he devoured what that plate held. As he watched the young man's eyes grew dim. Then, suddenly, he smiled; he gave the smile full play and laughed aloud.

"By George! The very thing!" he said. "Pop—you don't mind if I call you pop, do you? It seems to suit you. Pop—will you do something for me? You're not going on to-night, you know. You're going to stay here with us, and have a breakfast on top of this, and some Christmas dinner, too, to-morrow, if you will. But will you do something for me?"

The derelict straightened up. It was so long since it had been suggested to him even that he could do anything for anyone!

"I will—and gladly," he said. "But—what can I do?"

His voice fell pathetically on the question.

"You can play Santa Claus for the kids!" said the young man, with a great laugh. "I was going to do it—but they'd know me in a jiffy! You—why, you're just the man. We've got the rig all ready. By George, you'll be the finest Santa that ever was! Will you do it, really? You won't mind?"

"Mind?" said the derelict, brokenly. "Mind! Young man, you don't know—"

He broke down utterly at that. But so bright, so cheery, was the young man, so full of enthusiasm for his plan, that the old tramp's self-possession soon came back, and he entered into the spirit of the play.

"Anna! Mary! Harry!" cried the young man.

They came, answering his call, his wife, and his sister, Mary, and her husband, Harry. It was so that the derelict knew them; last names were not mentioned.

"What's up, John?" said Harry, coming in, pipe in mouth, a laughing girl on each side of him.

"Yes—whatever are you up to now, Jack?" asked Mary. "Anna—you haven't kept him in order at all! He's the same wild boy he always was!"

"He suits me!" said Anna, loyally, and there was a roar of laughter.

"Here's our Santa Claus!" said John. He pointed to the derelict. "He's willing. Rustle up some clothes in the attic, can't you, girls?" He lowered his voice. "He's an old corker, despite his looks! Got the manners of a prime minister, for all his rags. Poor old chap! I think it'll make him happy—and we'll fool the kiddies for once. They're getting so wise that that's worth doing!"

One and all they caught the infection of John's enthusiasm. The girls went to the attic to find clothes that would replace the rags in which the derelict had come; John and Harry explained what he was to do. They pointed out the children, naming them—two of John's, one of Harry's—so that he could tell them apart.

"We'll send them to bed, see?" said John. "Then we'll let them come down, in their nighties, on the stroke of midnight—just as soon as it's Christmas. You'll give them the presents, Pop."

"I know how!" said the derelict. "I did it once, years ago, at a Sunday school treat! Oh, I can play Santa Claus all right!"

He added touches of realism.

"Make them turn their backs!" he

He Was Back in a Moment, Holding Out a Plate That Was Full to Overflowing

said. "Then I'll seem to come out of the chimney!"

And they managed it just as he said.

"Now, then, children—here's Santa Claus!'' he called.

They turned then, and he filled their eager hands with the toys and stockings from the tree. And when it was time for them to go back to bed they trooped over to kiss him and be kissed. They loved him, and by that time the gentle, kindly spirit of him had completely conquered their elders, too. John and Harry held a whispered conference.

It Was Just a Bit of an Island. . . . I Was There Ten Years

"I'm dead against tramps as a rule, John," said Harry. "But, by Jove—this old chap is different. He's really had hard luck, I bet. Wish we could do something for him."

"You bet!" said John. "Let's try to draw him out, eh, Harry? Perhaps we'll hit on some way of helping him? It's all right to give him a merry Christmas, but I hate to think of his having to go up against the world again the way he was when he came here!"

"You're a dear!" said Harry's wife to him—and John's wife to him, too! That was when they heard of the new idea.

"Pop, we're organizing a committee to fix you up," said John. "Suppose you spin us your yarn? There's something mighty wrong when a fine old gentleman like you is in the fix you were in to-night. Suppose you let us see if there isn't some way we can help?"

"I didn't think there were any more such folks as you alive," said the old man brokenly. "But you're right. I've had a hard time. Are you sure you want to hear about it?"

"Certain sure," said John. "Fire away, Pop!"

They gathered around him before the blazing fire.

"I used to be a sailor—a seafaring man," he began. "I was cap'n of as fine a clipper ship as you ever saw, and I owned an eighth of her, too. The steam was beginning to hurt the trade, but it was still good."

"What was the name of the ship?" asked Harry, with a glance at John.

"Her name?" The derelict passed his hand before his forehead. "Her name? Let me see—I'll think of it in a moment." His voice grew apologetic. "Sometimes I can't remember names and such things. Why, do you know—sometimes I forget my own name? It's so long since anyone called me by it. . . ."

"Never mind that—what do names amount to, anyhow, Pop?" said John, hastily.

"Well—it's curious. I'll remember by and by. It was on a voyage from China. We were loaded with tea mostly, though there were all sorts of rich goods in the hold. And in the Indian Ocean we struck a reef. We'd been blown far off our course by a typhoon. It was still blowing when we struck. And I—I guess I was the only man that lived to get ashore. It was just a little bit of an island I got to, sheltered by that reef that wrecked us. . . . I was there ten years. Do you know what that means? It was then I began to forget things, like my name, you know.

"But it was a good island. I had plenty to eat, and it wasn't ever cold. I kept my shirt flying as a flag, all those years. And

at last a ship that was passing saw it. I saw her heading in—and then a boat, coming for me! I was saved. They brought me home.

"They landed me in New Orleans. And then I began looking for my wife and my children. But I couldn't always remember their names. They had the same name as mine, but I couldn't think of it just when I wanted to ask if people had seen them, or could tell me where they were. It was like that when I found the town where we used to live. It was a town like this one. I found the house. But I couldn't remember my name, and I couldn't ask folks what had become of them! And so I had to keep on looking. They put me in jail in that town, and they said I was mad—just because I couldn't remember.

"Isn't that strange? I could remember so many things! But names—they went from me, clean!"

He stopped. No one asked a question. Perhaps none of those who were listening could trust their voices just then. Perhaps the tears were a little too near for speech.

"And so I kept on looking," he went on. "And sometimes I'd remember the names. But that was always when I was far away from that town where I used to live. And the people that I'd ask when I remembered the names had never heard of them. And they laughed at me, and said I was mad, too. But I knew they didn't understand. How could they? Poor people! They didn't mean to be hard on me.

"I couldn't work, you see. I'd never learned to work on shore. And I couldn't get work on shipboard, because I forgot so many things. If I could have told them who I was they'd have given me a berth, certain sure, because I was a famous captain before we ran into that typhoon. I knew every bit of all the oceans. I'd sailed all around the world. I'd been around the Horn more times than you've got fingers on your two hands. And the Cape of Good Hope. I'd seen all the far places of this world. I knew where the best tea came from, and the spices. I could get cargoes when no other skipper knew where to look for them. I could smell wind, and I never was becalmed for days and days, like some cap'ns I used to know!"

Again he paused. This time Harry broke the silence.

"And so you never found your family, captain?" he said.

"Captain!" The old man sprang up. In uncontrollable excitement he paced the room. And his stride was the rolling, widespread stride of the sea captain on his quarter deck. "How long it is since anyone called me that!" His voice changed. It had been high, uncertain. Now, suddenly, it was a deep, rolling bass. "Aloft there! Take in that stun'sail! You lubbers—do you want me to come up there and show you how to do it?"

The next moment he was back in the room with them. He sank back into his chair with a sagging lip.

"Was I shouting just now?" he asked, in the high-pitched, trembling voice that was now his normal one. Once more he passed his hand over his eyes. "I get spells like that sometimes,"

The Day Before My Last Voyage I Finished Carving A Boat for the Children

he said, apologetically. "You mustn't mind me, folks. I wouldn't hurt anyone. There's no call to be afraid of me. I'm only a poor old man. Does anyone here know Mrs.—Mrs.—Mrs.—"

His voice trailed off. He looked about him stupidly, helplessly.

"I almost remembered then," he said, seeming to speak to himself, rather than to them. "And then I lost it again. Captain—Captain Harper? No—he commanded the old Endymion when I was second mate."

"I can't remember!" he broke out tragically. "There's so much I can remember—and it doesn't help. Why, the very day before I sailed on that last voyage, I finished a boat I'd been carving out of a piece of teak for the children. They thought it was the finest boat that ever was! I was showing them how to sail her. And they took her to the river, and sailed her, that very day."

They were all staring, first at him, and then at one another, now. Very quietly, awe in his eyes, Harry slipped away. When he came back there was an old, battered boat, hand carved, in his hand. He slipped it into the old derelict's arms.

"Where did you get that?" said the old man, suddenly. His voice had changed again; it was that of a commander of men.

"That's the boat I made for my boy John the day before I sailed on the old Arethusa!"

And While They Sat in His Lap He Told Them the Story

"The Arethusa!" said John, chokingly.

"The Arethusa—Captain Harry Ward!" roared the derelict. "That's the name I couldn't remember!"

"Ward!" cried John. His voice broke. "Mary! Mary!" He turned to the old man.

"My name's Ward!" he said. "So was Mary's—before she was married to Harry Massey here! Our father was captain of the clipper ship Arethusa! She was lost at sea twenty years ago! She sailed from Hong Kong and was never heard of again!"

"Roll up your sleeve, John Ward!" said the derelict, in a great voice.

"Oh, it's there—it's there!" cried Anna Ward. "Do you mean the birthmark on his left arm—just above the elbow?"

Memory, once released, came back in an overwhelming rush. In a moment there was no more doubt. Captain Ward held son and daughter in his arms again. And then he held off the son who could have mastered him in a minute's wrestling.

"Don't you dare call me pop!" he said. "I told you I'd lick you if you ever did that again!"

"So you did—the day you sailed—father!" said John.

"But—I reckon you're too big to lick!"

"Don't you believe it, father!" cried John, hugging him. "But you wouldn't lick me on Christmas day, would you?"

Anna had vanished. But now she came back into the room, bringing the three children.

"Kiddies!" she said, her voice breaking, "this is your grandfather!"

"But—he's drowned," said Harry Ward, the grandson, his big eyes staring. "Mumsy's always told us so!"

"He isn't—he's come to life!" roared John. "Oh, isn't that the finest Christmas present you ever dreamed of?"

They rushed for him then, all three of them. And while they sat in his lap he told them the story—but this time with no missing words.

Movie Variety

A man's defense of moving pictures against the legitimate stage.

IN the present generation
Movies are the rage,
And the moving picture journals
Claim they'll knock the stage.
For one night you see a picture
Of lovers, false and true,
And then mayhap you see a drama
Of the Russian Jew.
Yes, the movies have some others,
Ones called "Current Events,"
Where you see some baseball men
Lined up along a fence.
Or perchance you see some swell
With his thousand dollar pup;
And then up in a grandstand box
Some mayor holds up a cup.
For farces, movies have enough
To satisfy—or more;
A boy knocks down, as off he runs,
Cops, one, two, three, and four.

The cops make chase, and bump into
A bundle-laden man,
An English lord, a beggar blind—
They knock down all they can.
They all get up, and start to run,
And catch the boy well-nigh;
But he jumps in the bushes there,
And watches them go by.
For photo-dramas, you can see
Some stories, new and old;
Our hero bids farewell, and goes
To Klondyke for some gold.
A smart young doctor saves a girl,
And takes her for his wife;
And then a silent stealthy sleuth
For art risks his own life.
And then you say: "The plays are punk,
The farces lack in mirth!"
But still you watch the show thrice through,
To get your money's worth!

Stars and Santas

How the Men and Women of the Motion Picture World Will Spend Their Christmas This Year

TO THE "profession," the players of the regular drama from Broadway to Skagway, Christmas Day is the time for remembrance that they are of a world apart. To the players of the motion picture world whose likenesses are entertaining more thousands of theatregoers than ever packed into performances of the older drama Christmas Day is a time for rejoicing that they may live like home folk. Those who have known both ways of life most appreciate the advantage of working for the film drama when Yuletide emphasizes their freedom from the matinee and evening performances, usually in strange cities, that took them away from any possibility of real celebration of the great holiday of the year. Throughout the anticipation of delight that the stars of the movies have expressed for PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE runs the strain of added pleasure in contrasting their good fortune with the drawback of the usual theatrical Christmas.

Perhaps this is most vividly expressed by Miriam Nesbitt, the famous player of the Edison Company, whose pictures have shown her a Mrs. Fiske of the films in the fine finish and artistic thoughtfulness of her work. Miss Nesbitt, now at the New York studios of the Edison company, has had plenty of road experience in Christmas dinners and Christmas matinees.

"My Christmases, ever since 1898, she says, "have been spent as most theatrical people pass them, with a late breakfast, a matinee, a hotel Christmas dinner afterward with some congenial friends of the company, an evening performance, a bite to eat, and then to bed.

"For most people on the road Christmas is not a very happy time. The more philosophical assume a Christmas spirit and endeavor to keep from being wet blankets, but tears are often near the surface and thoughts will travel to those who are missing the absent one. So the day passes, and the twenty-sixth day of December comes as a relief.

"Since I have been in moving pictures I have had five happy Christmas days with my family. I have a tree for the little ones (and I am one of them). I help trim the tree and on the night of the 24th I have a sort of ceremony for the giving of presents, one of us acting as spokesman and reading the humorous messages that go with each gift.

"Then Christmas morning and the tree; Christmas dinner at two, and dancing to a pianola in the afternoon; the pleasure of the company of a few invited, homeless friends; a brisk walk about dusk; a light supper about eight; then a tired, happy, cheerful little family retire.

"This Christmas will be spent in my brother's house in the country, a new little house, a clean and pretty little house, a half mile from any transportation. There I shall have my fifth home Christmas."

Mabel Trunelle, also of the Edison Company, grows equally enthusiastic over the prospect of a home Christmas. She too has the memory of road Christmases to point the joys of staying at home on the home holiday of the year.

"Now that I am in the movies," runs her testimony, "Christmas is the day of all days that I love the best. I love the preparation for Christmas, the undoing of packages and all the mystery that goes with it. I never go to the theatre on Christmas Day, for to me Christmas is a day to be spent at home and with one's own family. I always go to church on Christmas morning, then have my Christmas dinner at home.

"When I was on the stage Christmas was one of the bluest days of the year. It meant extra matinees, no Christmas dinner such as other folks outside our life were having, none of the family with you. All the consolation I had was to read my mother's letter about a week later and learn how all the family were at home that day, that the presents I had sent were lovely, and that they hoped I had had a pleasant Christmas. Now, thanks to the movies, I can have Christmas in my own home, and I am glad that it is so near."

Sidney Bracy, who plays the inscrutable Jones, the butler, in "The Million Dollar Mystery," has acquired a little of the mysteriousness of his role for use when he tells about his Christmas plans, but the people who know him say that part of his holiday scheme is always the making of Christmas happier to some one in need. Around the Thanhouser studio in New Rochelle float tales of Bracy's Christmas kindnesses, of fat turkeys and all their accessories sent to people who would be otherwise forgotten, but all that the prototype of Jones will say is the quotation from Maurice Maeterlinck:

"Let us not forget that an act of goodness is of itself an act of happiness. No reward coming after the event can compare with the sweet reward that went with it."

Maurice Costello out at the Flatbush studio of the Vitagraph Company, is waiting for Christmas with a purely domestic ideal that is no surprise to any one who knows him. "The way I like to spend Christmas, the way I always do spend Christmas, the way I am going to spend Christmas," he declares, "is right here at home watching Dolores and Helen enjoy it." And the enjoyment of the two small Costello children is something well worth watching!

Lottie Briscoe, away down east this year, is looking forward to Christmas with many anticipations of pleasure. "I don't know that I can truthfully be said to spend Christmas," she announces, "for by Christmas morning it is I who am 'spent,' and not Christmas. Though I have no near relatives but one sister, yet my semi-relatives, and the relatives of my semi-relatives, and my own dear friends seem to be legion.

"My preparations for Christmas begin about the first of October when I make a list of the people to whom I shall send presents. The list is long. I don't know whether it is because I was born in St. Louis and insensibly inherited or acquired the French spirit about gifts at holiday times that my list sometimes staggers even myself. This year I am sending one hundred and ninety-four different presents to different persons, and it is not the cost but the difficulty of selecting the right one for the right person that makes the anxiety about the days before Christmas.

"If one could just buy the present and order it sent directly to the recipient the work would seem little for the pleasure in the giving; but there are the woes of shopping, the time spent in going from shop to shop, the packing, the battles with express companies, the sending of each at its proper time so that it will get to its destination on Christmas Day. Movie actresses don't get much of a Christmas holiday, and so every Christmas Eve as I send the last parcels for delivery in Philadelphia on Christmas morning I breathe one long sigh of weariness.

"But then comes Christmas Day with its pleasures as compensation for all the work before. There are the letters and cards from my movie friends. There is the unpacking of my presents, the curiosity and excitement wondering what each contains. There are the rooms covered with wrapping paper, inches deep in excelsior and tissue paper. There are the gifts that speak of remembrance, love, and affection. Then come the friendly Christmas visits, then out to dinner somewhere and then, like Samuel Pepys, "home and to bed," with a prayer that all may have had as happy a Christmas Day as have I."

Herbert Prior, who spends most of his winters in Florida or California, goes motoring on Christmas Day, coming back to an old-fashioned Christmas dinner "with the joy," he says, "that I belong to the movies and that I do not have to hurry away to a performance. Christmas Day used to mean to me the hardest day's work in the year. Now it's the best."

Mae Hotely of the Lubin Company hopes she'll get another kangaroo this Christmas. One came to her from an unknown admirer in Australia last year. It was a baby kangaroo that came in a crate to the Philadelphia studio and that was not explained until a letter in the following mail stated that the man off in the antipodes had been so beguiled by Mae's strenuous efforts to speed the hours right merrily that he wished

to send some expression of his pleasure to the comedienne. He hopes it would please her. It did. Mae was so pleased she wants another.

Clara Kimball Young of the World Film Corporation frankly declares that she likes Christmas best of all holidays in the year because it is the day when she gets presents. "I like to get presents," she acknowledges. "I am so anxious to know how my friends regard me that I never overlook a Christmas. I have made a stocking of red cotton flannel to hold the presents. For five years I have hung up that stocking. And I shall do it again this Christmas."

Frank Farrington, who plays Braine in the production of "The Million Dollar Mystery," is going to spend Christmas at home with his wife and two children, "not forgetting to marvel with the children for the good things that Santa Claus has brought them."

Edwin August of the Eaco Films is going to play Good Fellow to a group of little crippled children this year. Last year he took out a crowd of them in his car, then gave them a real turkey dinner, and took them to a matinee. Eddie says that he had the time of his life that day and that he's going to repeat.

Beverly Bayne of the Essanay always spends her Christmas Day at home. "I haven't outgrown the habit," she says, "of hanging my stocking on the fireplace on Christmas Eve. It's babyish, perhaps, but there's the fun of getting up by candlelight to find a real surprise gift. Then through the day I try to live just an old-fashioned Christmas."

Francis X. Bushman of the Essanay comes from Virginia and has a love for a home Christmas. "I don't believe that any one in the world loves Christmas more than I do," he says. "I always spend Christmas with my mother. We have a happy reunion, my brothers, sisters, and myself. My brothers come from the four ends of the earth to spend the day at home with our mother. The house is always decorated with glowing holly berries and sprays of the mistletoe for which the south is famous. I am a regular boy about Christmas and insist on having a regular Christmas tree. We generally gather around a big grate fire after we have distributed the gifts and watch the flames from the huge logs die down until just a bed of ashes remains. I think we all ought to get the true Christmas spirit, for it fills our hearts with love and makes each one of us younger in the fulfillment of our childish joys."

Ruth Stonehouse of the Essanay is going to have this Christmas "the happiest of her life. It has begun already," she confesses, "and it is going to last a long time. For weeks I have been planning and making things for little children who might otherwise wake up to empty Christmas stockings. I hope it will be snowing on Christmas Eve, for I want to be a real Santa Claus as I go about. Christmas should mean giving to others as much as you can. I've started to do my best, and that's why I know this will be the happiest Christmas."

Mary Fuller has her Christmas already planned. "I suppose that I shall work up to the last minute on Christmas Eve," she thinks, "but when I close the door of my dressing room I will leave all 'scene plots' behind me and prepare for a real holiday season of cheer, holly wreaths and mistletoe. It is my privilege to be a guest at a week-end house party in the country where there will be a good old-fashioned Christmas, where there will be children, both big and little, hanging up their stockings, where there will be a Christmas tree, and presents and open fires, and roasting apples. There will be romping in plenty. And, if there is snow, there will be an old-fashioned sleigh ride over the hills. And I hope my Christmas will not be one of altogether selfish enjoyment, for Christmas isn't Christmas unless you help to make other people happy."

Eddie Lyons of the Christie Comedy Company is going home to his own folks for Christmas. As this is the first time that he has been able to be with his mother at Christmas for many years Eddie is talking so much about it that Lee Moran, of the Christie, is growing jealous and declaring that the best fun he ever knew is strolling around to the Photoplayers' Club in Los Angeles on Christmas afternoon and hearing the other fellows tell how glad they are that they aren't playing matinees.

And so it goes all over the country, Skagway to Broadway, the Golden Gate to the Bronx. Home—if you have one, some one else's home if you haven't, but always a longing for a real, genuine, old-fashioned Christmas is the hope and the prayer of the men and women of the movies. Here's to them—may they have it!

Dressing for the Movies

Photo by Floyd, N. Y.

In This Azure Blue Velvet Frock with Its Bodice of Dawn Pink Chiffon and Its Garniture of Tiny Pink Rosebuds, Mary Fuller Has Insisted on the Extreme Simplicity that is the Height of Sophistication

WOMEN and motion pictures are exactly as old as they look. And, as a woman's age may be detected or ameliorated by her raiment, so the age of a motion picture film may be discovered altogether by the style of the garments in which the leading woman and her aids are garbed. There may be exceptions, like costume plays that defy the finger of time, but the rule stands that the length of a film's life may be determined with certainty and surety by the rule of clothes. That's why clothes play so important a part in the movies. And so important is that part that every motion picture actress in the profession thinks first of all of her clothes for any part, then of the art with which she is to portray the role.

For art is long and time is fleeting and clothes take time to make. Therefore, when a movie actress is given a new part, she has to design her dressing of the role before she thinks of another angle of the work. She has to make a "dress plot," a sort of scenario for her own guidance, which sets down all the garments that she has to wear in the course of the photoplay. Some of these may be found in the stock rooms of the studio. More usually, the role calls for raiment that has to be made for the special needs of the photoplay. As a movie actress has to furnish her own costumes, except those used for special character work in costume plays, she has to either order or make her own. Some of the women in the work sew not, neither do they spin. Others are real Griseldas of the needle. Both of them have to plan the gowns in connection with the play.

Because of this necessity there has arisen a phase of photoplay work that is of extreme interest to women. Just as the stage has always been one of the principal factors in style distribution throughout the world, the motion picture play has become an even more active agent in setting styles. The

distribution of motion pictures in towns and villages outside the metropolitan range and the attendance at photoplays of women who seldom frequented the theater gives to the screen actress a wider audience of interested watchers than ever actress had in the regular spoken drama. The elimination of voice from the picture dramas calls the greater attention to movement and raiment. The movie actress has to look well. She must be chic, elegant, dainty, daring, as suits her particular style; and she must always be up-to-date.

Some of the women in the profession have become known as leaders of style, just as various actresses on the regular stage have won similar titles by reason of the time and taste they devoted to dress. Mary Fuller, when she isn't playing character parts, Pauline Bush, Barbara Tennant, Grace Cunard, Ethel Clayton, Clara Kimball Young, and Beverly Bayne are among those who wear charming clothes with distinction. All of them have definite theories of style. To all of them dressing for a part requires as much art as does the playing of it.

Clara Kimball Young, who wears gorgeous gowns gracefully, has the most decided theories upon the subject. She believes decidedly in the psychic effect of certain clothes for the expression of moods. She thinks that colors affect moods to such extent that even if these colors do not appear in the picture the effect is so noticeable that an actress must give as much thought to consideration of whether she will wear red or pink as she would if the tone were to be produced in the pictures.

"Every woman knows," she paraphrased Barrie, "that certain colors bring out certain elements latent in herself. To some women red is like a fire, bringing out the glow. To others red is deadening, as if it killed their paler fires. Unless a woman feels that red is essentially related to something within herself, she should avoid wearing it as she would avoid the plague. On the other hand, if she can wear red, she should wear it at such times as she desires to express these qualities that its warmth and richness bring out by its contact with herself.

"Red is generally conceded by color psychologists to be the tone of passion, of tremendous emotions. Therefore, if I am to

Photo by White, N. Y.

Extremely Smart is Clara Kimball Young's Street Suit of Taupe Elephant's Ear with Fox Bands, and Her Smart, Side-Tilted Hat to Match

Dainty Even in Its Apparent Voluminousness that Suggests the Mid-Victorian Era is Grace Cunard's Black Brocaded Velvet, Chiffon and Lace, with Its Shadowy Sleeves and Velvet Roses

Photo by Hoover Art Co., Los Angeles

play parts that require such emotions portrayed, I choose red as the color of my gowns, because, although the color itself does not show, the effect of the color upon me does show, and I have found that I can get better effects by its use than by black or green or blue.

"On the other hand, purple always suggests to me regal magnificence. Purple is therefore the color to be used in gowns for those scenes which call for stately effects. Dark green suggests the outdoors, and gives a freedom of thought that no other dark color gives me. Brown has a domestic element of quiet that may be utilized in those plays that demand that particularly. Blues are a very difficult color for wear in photoplays, although lighter blues suggest spiritual feelings that cannot be set down exactly, but which may be shown slightly by wearing this shade. Pale green gives a thought of wide distances of sea and also of an ethereal feeling. Blacks are to be used, of course, only for grief, for mourning, for poverty, for despair, although white may be used effectively to suggest grief. It is done on the stage, just as white is mourning in many countries, and it could be made exceedingly effective.

"Yellow is a difficult color to use in the movies, although it is the basis of much psychological emotion. That brings up, naturally, the question of photographing colors. Some colors seem so much richer in tone than others when they are shown upon the screens, so that this must be considered in the problem of choosing the color of a gown. Nevertheless, the rule stands that for certain emotions certain colors are necessary to certain actresses. One man's meat is another man's poison. One woman's joy in color may be another's bete noir. A woman has to study her own type, her own emotions, before she decides upon her color scheme for gowns. That is as true in the movies as it is in real life. In real life, however, very few women study their type. That's why there are so many frumps. In the acting profession women have to study their types. It's part of their bread and butter and chocolate cake."

A woman who has studied her type to good use is Barbara Tennant, of the World Film Corporation. Miss Tennant wears, when

A Gown of Striking Grace of Line, Combining Individuality with Conformity to the Existing Mode, is this Chiffon and Chiffon Velvet Evening Gown of Midnight Blue, Worn by Pauline Bush

she has the chance, gowns of Parisian picturesqueness. In fact her costuming is strikingly reminiscent of those Frenchwomen who get the cream of the Parisian costumer's creations. Miss Tennant does not enter into the psychology of color with Miss Young's philosophy, but she has studied the cut and line of her gowning as carefully as she has studied roles. The result is a consistent standard of beautiful clothes of unusual cut and exquisite contour.

Margarita Fischer is another photoplay actress who has studied her own type as thoroughly as if she were a lay figure upon which to set garments for photographic effect. As she is dark she wears white to a great extent and lightens the extreme blackness of her hair by a white band. She usually relieves the white, however, especially in a high-necked gown, since there is a danger that too much white will blur the face of the player. With a black gown, which she wears with equal becomingness, Miss Fischer effects a relief by white or flesh-colored chiffon near her face.

Adele Lane also wears white very often in the pictures. Stella Razeto relieves the white with black, usually a velvet bow under her chin. Myrtle Stedman, Pauline Bush, and Grace Cunard, all being very fair, wear dark clothes to bring out their fairness the more decisively.

Beverly Bayne of the Essanay Company, although she is blonde in coloring, wears light colors more often than do most blondes. White and pale greens that give the effect of white are important constituents of her wardrobe.

Ethel Clayton of the Lubin Company combines the psychology of color with the psychology of line, effecting gowning in her parts that brings out not only her personal charms but also the particular emotions demanded by the roles. She is one of the women who never dress haphazardly for any part, giving quite as much attention to the costuming as she gives to the study of the scenes.

And so it goes with hundreds of others in the profession. The play may be the thing, but even the managers on the Rocky Mountain circuit in the neighborhood of Moose Jaw know when clothes are out of date. The movies are great educators.

Their Favorite Dishes and How They Make Them

Julia Calhoun's "Creole Delight" is So Satisfying that the Plate is Always Left Clean

SOME OF THE JACKSONVILLE PLAYERS DIVULGE THEIR FAVORITE RECIPES

By
Pearl Gaddis

THEIR favorite dishes! What wonderful subject for a "story!" Nevertheless, I left my home with very little hope of success, for the screen's most famous idols are usually quite capricious. To paraphrase a bit, "When they will, they will, and you can depend on it; But when they won't, they won't—And there's an end on 't!".

But my lucky star was in the ascendant, as proof of which, my first encounter, at the Kalem Kottage, was "lovely Alice Hollister," and as she has something of a reputation for being agreeable and accommodating, and so on, I ventured—and won.

"Yes," she said, with charming readiness, "I'll give you one of my favorite recipes. It's a distinctly southern dish, and is known as 'Ambrosia.' When you taste it, you'll agree with me that it's an appropriate name. To make it, take six sweet oranges, remove peel, seeds and core. Slice, thin. Then take one pineapple, slice also, and use one large cocoanut grated fine, and some English walnuts, as many as you like. In a good-sized bowl, make a layer of oranges, sprinkle nuts over that, then a layer of pulverized sugar, a layer of pine-apple, more nuts and sugar, and so on, until the bowl is full. Allow to stand on ice for several hours, then serve."

Now, wouldn't you know, just from reading that, that Alice Hollister had contributed it? She's famous for a number of wonderful dishes, but says this is the simplest. So be it!

I next sought out Helen Lindroth, who was engaged quite domestically in doing her week's mending. She good-naturedly agreed to my demands, and gave the following recipe for clam chowder. (Nellie is from Providence, you know, where clams are fresh —and plentiful.)

"The materials," she began, "are: One and one-half dozen large clams, one cup of water, three large potatoes, chopped dice shape, 2 slices of bacon, and one onion, also cut dice-shape, one quart of milk, two tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour, one teaspoonful each of chopped parsley and salt and a pinch of pepper. Fry the bacon, using the fat to fry the onion. Add the clam liquor, water and potatoes; cook until tender, then add the clams and milk. Cook ten minutes more, thicken with butter and flour, creamed together. Pour the chowder over crackers, sprinkle with chopped parsley—and serve. It's very simple, isn't it?"

Yes, isn't it? You're right; it *isn't!*

I met Harry Millarde on my way out, and as I remembered that I was to get *everybody's* favorite dish, I promptly asked for his. He looked a bit dazed, then grinned like a small boy, and said:

"Swedish meat-balls. But I haven't the ghost of an idea how they're made. 'I have one idea about 'em; and that's to love 'em,'" he hummed, gaily, and departed.

"Bob" Vignola, on being questioned, and learning that anything he said would be used against him, waxed cautious.

"My favorite dish is planked steak, but I don't know how to make it. Ask the Chef at the Seminole!" and *he* fled.

The Chef at the Seminole not being on my visiting list, I am still in ignorance as to the proper treatment of "planked steak."

At the studio of the Prismatic Film Company, I discovered an old friend, Julia Calhoun, who is known and loved throughout the length and breadth of Jacksonville, and in the course of our talk, I put the question of her favorite recipe. And right royally, as is her way, she gave it.

"It's tripe and oysters, a la Creole. And there's a story connected with it. One night, I had cooked a dish of this, and having some left, I put it on the table, and covered it up, as I was troubled with mice and was afraid to put it in the sideboard. Late that night I was awakened by a noise in the dining-room. I slipped down, and saw a burglar, seated at the table, engaged in devouring the last of my favorite dish. He had gathered all the silver together, and had evidently started to tie it up in the tablecloth when he discovered the 'Creole Delight.'

"I take several slices of tripe, one dozen large oysters, a knuckle of veal, tomatoes, green peppers, Spanish onions, French peas, mushrooms, a small bit of garlic (of course!), a large piece of butter, flour for thickening, mixed with milk. I cook the tripe and veal together until tender, then add the oysters and sauce. After these have cooked until tender, I add the other ingredients slowly, let cook until quite done, salt to taste, and paprika. It's really very good, too!"

I certainly hope Julia sees this and invites me to dinner some night. I'd pass up a great deal in order to accept, so she had better not ask me unless she means it, for I shall certainly accept.

Mabel Trunnelle is an Expert Cook, though the Picture would not Lead One to Think So

I asked Raymond McKee, "Lubin's Boy Comedian," to name his favorite recipe. He seemed surprised, then said, quickly:

"My favorite dish is shrimp salad, but I'm afraid I could never make it, no matter how hungry I was." So we'll excuse Ray, for this time!

Mabel Trunnelle, who enjoys the distinction of being one of the brightest stars in the constellation maintained by Edison, is an expert cook, though one would never suspect it from the photograph. It

was once the prank of a humorous director to cast her for the role of a young bride, who struggles heroically with a small-sized steak and a large-sized cook-book. But the picture was never written to express the little lady's own difficulties. As proof of the fact, notice the decidedly complicated recipe which she gives as her favorite, and which, she says, with convincing simplicity, she just loves to make.

"Rissoles of partridge. The ingredients are three roast birds, half a cup mushrooms, scant cup of butter, one of flour, cream, and also one of broth (or water); a little nutmeg, lemon juice, pepper and salt. Cut the meat into smallest possible dice, mince and add mushrooms, sprinkle with a teaspoonful of mixed salt and pepper, grate nutmeg, and squeeze lemon over all. Make cream sauce by stirring flour and butter together in a saucepan, adding broth and cream. When it begins to bubble, moisten meat with it, stir well, set aside until cold. Then make into rolls, size of finger, roll first in flour, then in eggs, then crackers, and fry in hot lard, pile in dish and garnish with parsley."

There! Doesn't that give the lie to any rumor of Miss Trunnelle's lack of culinary skill? And she tells you very simply, that "she makes it often" and that her family are very fond of it. I should think they *would be!*

Over at the studio of the Olcott Feature Players, I found Florence Wolcott very busily engaged in the production of a new three-reel feature to be released under the title of "The Taint." But she consented to talk for a few moments, giving me her recipe for beaten biscuit, for which she is almost as famous as for her singing.

"One quart of flour, lard the size of a hen's egg, and one teaspoonful of salt; mix with enough sweet milk to make a moderately stiff batter. Beat for half an hour; mold with the hands, or cut with a biscuit cutter; prick with a fork, bake in a quick oven not hot enough to blister.

"I have several other favorite recipes, but the beaten biscuits are my most popular product."

Florence Wolcott is famous for many things; for her singing (she was for a number of years prima donna with the most famous grand opera companies), for her acting, which always rings true, but I think that her greatest success has been as a "home-maker." She is very happily married, and certainly, her prowess as cook should help to preserve it.

TO PEARL WHITE
PAULINE OF THE PERILS

LADY, I'm not long upon flirtation,
Lack the looks of certain chaps I know,
Yet I sit in abject admiration
When I meet you at the movie show.

And I pale when you grow acrobatic,
Tempt Atropos on a single strand,
Ride off cliffs, do other things dramatic,
All of which get you many a hand.

Pirates, bandits have I seen do murder
On your form so shrinking and so fair,
And I hope to see a ten-ton girder
Miss you by the mercy of a hair.

Lady, to your author I must hand it—
He draws more horror than I knew—
But he's got to show me where he gets the bandit
Who would harm a lady beautiful as you!

—*Earl Simonson.*

Photos by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia

Ethel Clayton, the Charming and Youthful Mistress of the Delightful Home Pictured in the Pages Following

Ethel Clayton at Home

By ELSIE VANCE

ETHEL CLAYTON is a bachelor girl. It sounds odd, doesn't it, to refer to an actress as a bachelor girl, but I happen to like the term and can see no reason why its application should be confined to the independent young woman who lives in a city flat and wears sensible low-heeled shoes. Ethel Clayton, for instance, is nothing if not independent. You learn with amazement not only that this slender, golden-haired girl is a leading lady, but that she has been one for years and years and years and years, as Eleanor Hallowell Abbott would say. However, I don't intend to tell you anything about those years and years and years and years of being a leading lady. For this is an account not of Ethel Clayton the actress, but of Ethel Clayton—bachelor girl.

Ethel Clayton

The way into her parlor is up a winding stair in a great big apartment house midway between the Lubin studio in North Philadelphia and the Bellevue Stratford Hotel, which represents down town in my hasty survey of Philadelphia. Winter and summer she goes back and forth to work in her own car, usually driving it herself. There isn't very much more to her apartment than the huge living room which you enter direct from the hall, the sunshiny chintz hung bedroom and the big white-tiled, luxurious bathroom. The iron balcony that runs along outside the living room windows counts heavily in the summertime, but just now the flower-boxes are empty, the swing denuded of its gay cushions and the awnings furled.

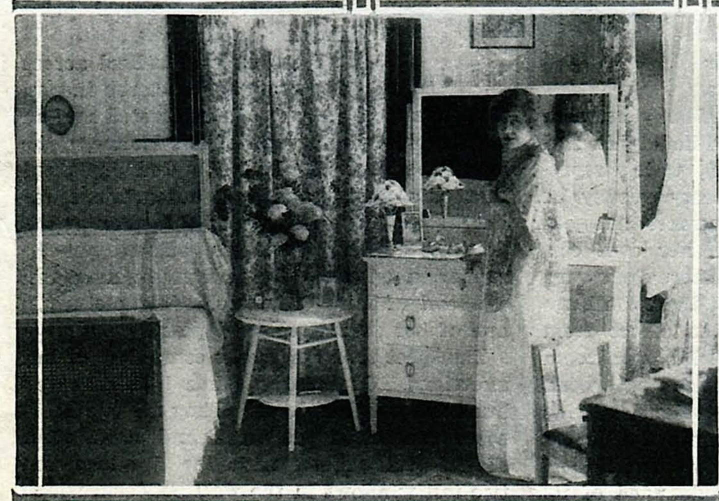
You can't talk very long with Ethel Clayton without discovering what particular things she likes best. First comes her work, then her home, then the country, then riding and then babies. The tone in which she announces that she adores babies is quite convincing, just as convincing as is her enthusiasm over cross country riding or her account of a week's motoring (the only vacation she has had in two years) or of her books or of her work at the studio. And all the time that she is discussing her various enthusiasms, you can't keep your eyes from wandering over the lovely room noting the Encyclopedia Britannica in the limp leather, India paper edition in its mahogany case between two windows, picking out a lovely cloissonne vase here, a Hokusai print there.

I got up and walked across the room for a closer inspection of a photograph that interested me, an autographed photograph of His Holiness, the late Pope Pius X. Miss Clayton explained that this photograph was autographed for her by the Pope in July of this year at the request of the Vatican's official photographer, a one-time Lubin camera man and a friend of Miss Clayton's. This picture is one of her most treasured possessions.

I suspect that her books come first in her affections. Of these she has hundreds and hundreds and hundreds. They fill two bookcases ranged on the north and south sides of the living-room, with the fireplace and two tall windows in the wall between, which is as should be. Great bookcases should

Against the north wall of the living-room is a Schumacher grand piano, and over the piano, pinned to the wall, is a marvelous Manchu coat, embroidered in exquisite colors.

A Chinese lamp of pierced brass stands on the desk, which is placed so that you get nearly all of the light over your left shoulder.



Her bedroom is a riot of yellow—yellow sunlight, and yellow chintz, and deep-toned ivory enamel furniture. A great bunch of pink asters furnish the contrasting color note that the room needs.

In Miss Clayton's apartment there are flowers everywhere — on the piano and the desk and the table. There are swinging baskets of ferns in the windows, and long boxes of ferns on the low window sills.

Miss Clayton confesses to an illogical fondness for pillows, and she has quite a wonderful collection of them, from a huge, gorgeous, fat, tapestry-covered one with a button in the middle, to the tiniest and daintiest of faintly scented lingerie pillows.

Her books come first in her affections. Of these she has hundreds and hundreds and hundreds and hundreds. They fill two bookcases ranged on the north and south sides of the living-room, with a fire-place and two tall windows in the wall between.

always be flanked by tall windows. These, she explained to me as we looked them over, represented not more than half of the books she owned. When she had left Chicago to come East, she had gone over her whole library, selecting the books that she simply couldn't get along without, and the result was these two great bookcases full. There were sets of French novelists, Balzac, de Maupassant, Flaubert, some in the original and some in translation. There were German novelists and Russian novelists and English novelists, row after row. There were books delightful just to treasure—a rare edition of "Paradise Lost," more than one hundred years old, with ivory yellow pages and a wonderful cover of vellum. There was a Lansdowne edition of Shakespeare. And she showed me with pride a plainly bound book that had been given her by one of her friends, which contained the series of "Famous Affinities in History" from Munsey's. She had happened to remark on her interest in this series and this book, which consists of bound-up pages of the magazine, was the result.

Against the north wall of the living-room is a Schumacher grand piano. There is a little story attached to it. Miss Clayton was walking along the street one day when she passed a second-hand store. In the window stood this Schumacher piano. She noted what a wonderfully beautiful case it had, but she supposed it was too much to hope that the tone would match the case. However, in she went and tried the tone, and it was even finer than the case, so she bought the piano on the spot and it came to join her other treasures.

Over the piano, pinned to the wall, is a marvelous Chinese coat—not a Mandarin coat, but a Manchu coat. I wish you could have seen her enjoyment of its beauty as she shook out the folds that I might see the exquisite colors and workmanship of the embroidery. She loves that coat for more than one reason. Two friends of hers, two collectors of Chinese curios, had watched for years for just such a coat to give her and had only found it within the last year. These same collectors brought her numberless precious bits of carved coral and ivory, two or three cloisonne vases, and some Hokusai prints.

Also, Miss Clayton confesses to an illogical fondness for pillows and she has quite a wonderful collection of them, from a huge, gorgeous, fat, tapestry-covered one with a button in the middle to the tiniest and daintiest of faintly scented lingerie pillows, just the right size to tuck under your cheek when you're taking a nap.

And then there are her lamps—any number of them. There were bracket lamps on the wall, and lamps on top of the bookcases; a Chinese lamp of pierced brass stood on the desk (which, by the way, is placed so that you get nearly all of the light over your left shoulder); there were tall lamps, short lamps, fat lamps, slim lamps. And there were flowers everywhere, too; on the piano, and the desk and the table; there were swinging baskets of ferns in the windows, and long boxes of ferns on the windowsills.

Her bedroom is a riot of yellow—yellow sunlight and yellow chintz and deep-toned ivory enamel furniture. Gold toilet articles glinted on the dressing table and pink asters in a vase furnished the contrasting color note that the room needed. Miss Clayton herself fits into her surroundings. One realizes that they were chosen to match her, and that is why she seems to belong so perfectly.

This article would be incomplete if, after describing everything about Ethel Clayton so minutely, I failed to tell you what she herself is like. She has red-gold hair, very soft and thick and wavy, blue eyes with enormously long, dark eyelashes, a perfectly straight nose and the clearest skin and the whitest forehead in the world. On this particular afternoon, she wore a blue dress trimmed with cretonne in tones of cream and pink and yellow that was very fetching.

She is really too beautiful to be a bachelor girl. It simply can't last.

This interview is the first in a series on the home life of your motion picture favorites. Alice Hollister and her cunning bungalow in Jacksonville, Florida, will be the subject of the second story which will be printed in the February issue.

The first installment of one of the greatest serial stories ever published. Read the beginning of it and see if you don't agree with us.

Beauty to Burn

By GEORGE ORCUTT

I

ALMOST any one who saw them, that delicious soft hazy afternoon in mid-October, would have noted wisely, though tenderly, that she was in love with him. And as for him—well, how could a young man help being in love with a creature so eager, so spirited, so graciously beautiful? Slim, almost boyish as to contour, in her dark habit and her small, severe felt hat, she rode her dancing bay mare as casually as some horseman of the plains. He who rode beside her, with much of her careless grace, was good to look at, but neither so fine nor so firm. His profile was not less regular than hers; it was merely less clean cut, less like a dry-point drawing by Helleu. But either or both might have posed for Mr. Charles Dana Gibson.

All the glories of autumn lay spread out before them, the golds and yellows and browns and deep reds of the most colorful season. And if they had no eye for all this perhaps it was part of that which made their pulses beat so high. For they were one with nature on that day.

"Rob," she said, turning her face a little to look at him, "Rob, you must go home now."

She did not mean it. They were still a good mile from the great house on the hill overlooking Lake Geneva which he had to avoid. But she wanted to hear his protest.

"Nonsense," he said. "I'm going to stay with you till the last minute. I'm going clear to the gates of 'Red House.'

"What if they should see us?" he added boastfully.

"They would tell me I couldn't see you any more, as they did before, and then you wouldn't have to slip away every afternoon to meet me or to invent excuses every night at dinner for having been away. You could spend all your time training the MacCameron horses. On the whole, it would be much better for you if they did see us, Robert."

"I love you, Bernice."

As he spoke, his arm reached out as if to go around her waist, but the bay mare skipped across the road out of reach, in response to the gentlest pressure of Bernice's spur.

"I love you," he repeated, "and I'm going to marry you in spite of all the MacCamerons and the Frothinghams in Wisconsin. You're mine and they can't keep you from me much longer."

"You're so serious, Robbie," she teased. Satisfied with his response to her challenge, her mood had promptly changed. "Anybody would think," she continued, "that you were a mediaeval baron with a whole company of men-at-arms at your command and that 'Red House' was the castle you were about to storm in order to carry off the princess willy-nilly."

"I'm serious about one thing, anyhow," Robert MacCameron answered, tightening the reins in his hands.

"And what's that, baron?" she mocked.

"I'm going to kiss you."

Her answer was to spur her horse. The bay mare broke into a gallop, the big black

was only a second behind, and down the road they dashed. Bernice rode as if her life depended on it, nor looked behind, but she knew how surely the big horse behind her would overtake the bay mare in half a mile or so. Head bent, her hands low, she gave herself to the swift rush of it, to the sheer delight of motion, and to the keen pleasure of feeling the play of the great moving muscles of the flying animal she rode. It seemed in those brief moments that life was quite too wonderful, so wonderful that it hurt. Faster and faster she went, and closer and closer pounded the hoofs behind her.

"Come, lady," she said softly, as she bent lower, "Hurry."

The bay mare, tense as a bent bow, sprang on up a little rise of ground with a final burst of speed. But it was no use. A black muzzle with quivering, distended nostrils crept alongside; then a great black shoulder, playing ceaselessly back and forth, the veins standing out in a network of little ridges. The bay mare swerved a trifle. But at that moment, Rob's arm lunged out and caught Bernice around the waist, and as the two horses plunged on, he leaned daringly out of his saddle and bent his head to hers. She turned her face, their lips met for a brief, triumphant instant and then they pulled their horses down to a walk.

"That was really clever of you, Rob," she said, smiling softly.

"It was," Rob admitted. "But it wasn't completely satisfying."

He leaned again toward her, his plea in his eyes; and, as if drawn by some visible compulsion which there was no resisting, she leaned toward him, until their lips touched and clung. He held her close when she would have released herself, kissing her eyes, her forehead, her hair. She gave herself freely and gladly until they heard the deep honk of a motor behind them and their horses danced apart. As the machine disappeared round a bend in the road Robert kissed the nape of her neck.

And then they realized that they had indeed ridden together to the gates of "Red House."

"You must go now, Robert," she said. "Go quickly."

"All right, sweetheart," he said, and stopped his horse.

Bernice drew rein, put one gloved hand on his shoulder, and faced him, her face serious. She kissed him quickly, breathed "For always," and away sped the bay mare, through the gate and along the hill. He sat watching. At the turn, she waved her hand, and was gone behind the trees. Reluctantly he turned his horse homeward. He would not see her again that day and he was a little sad. At times like this he felt that she would be forever beyond him. He knew the power that Major Frothingham's millions gave him as Bernice did not. He realized that her stepfather and her stepmother would more bitterly resent her wish to marry him than her real parents would have done. He was a MacCameron, the son of the owner of a famous breeding farm; she was a daughter of the only aristocracy America has ever had. The gap was too wide for Frothingham pride. And besides, glorious as she seemed to him, he did not feel at home with her. She was a mystery, even in her love. Why should she love him? He could not think of any good reason except that she was old enough for love and he was the only young man she had ever really known. He felt, though he did not put it that way to himself, that he was not equal to Bernice. He sighed. Horses were so much simpler than women. He understood horses perfectly. But was it ever possible to understand women perfectly? One could not be sure of them. Perhaps that was their charm, that one could never be at all sure. . .

II

Bernice shared none of her lover's doubts. She was high-hearted, flushed, triumphant. What could be better than to ride a good horse and to be in love?

Just outside the stables she dismounted and turned the bay mare over to Triggs, the groom.

"You'll rub her down well, won't you Triggs?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss Bernice," he answered as he touched his cap.

She slipped into the big house by the side entrance, hoping to meet no one. She wanted to be alone with her happiness a little while. Once in her own quarters she looked long at herself in the tall glass in her dressing-room. She frankly liked what she saw there. She had never seen a girl whose body she envied. It is true that she had sometimes wished she were a man. But that was before love came to her. Now she was

glad of her young womanhood and glad of her beauty. She was ready, even eager, to marry Robert. She smiled over that. She had resented so fiercely the restrictions of her life in "Red House." It was the life they had imposed on her that had made her wish herself a man, so that she could do the things she wanted to do. And now there was only one thing that mattered, and that was becoming Robert's wife. If they thought they could prevent her from being that they would discover that she was no longer a child.

Her revery was interrupted by her maid, who came in to say: "Miss Bernice, your bath is ready."

"Yes, Johnson," she answered.

For a moment she wished hotly that her maid might address her less deferentially, and that she, in turn, might call her maid by her first name as ordinary Americans do. It was her stepmother's demand that the maid should be called by her last name, after the English fashion. An English fashion was always to be respected at "Red House."

"Never mind," Bernice thought to herself, "it will all be different when Robert and I are married. We'll have a little house of nine or ten rooms and not more than three servants."

To Bernice, at that period of her life, to have but nine or ten rooms and but three servants seemed a wonderfully simple way of living. "Red House" had at least forty rooms and nearly twenty servants. She was not dependent on luxury, as she was to discover. She had not been enervated by a life in which every sort of luxury was a matter of course. It was characteristic of her that after five minutes in the tub-full of hot water that Johnson had drawn for her she turned on the needle bath icy cold, revelling in the stinging shock of it, and pleased with the rosy glow which it brought to her skin.

Clad then in soft, silken things she sat obediently while Johnson coiled her hair, clasped a rope of pearls that had been her mother's, her real mother's, about her neck, and slipped on her gown. Bernice did not like herself so well in a dinner frock as in her riding coat and breeches, booted and spurred. But to-night was an exception. The vision of herself in the mirror pleased her as she stood there in her gown of green and silver. Her throat was so round, her bare shoulders so firmly modeled. She wanted to look her best for Robert's sake, even though he would not be there to see her.

"Am I all right, Johnson?" she asked, almost anxiously.

"You are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen in my life," Johnson said fervently.

Bernice blushed. It was not Johnson's custom to say an unnecessary word, complimentary or otherwise. "Oh!" she said to herself, "it is good to be twenty and beautiful and in love!" It was good even when a stepfather and a stepmother stood in the way. Well, they should not stand long. It would be a simple matter for her to marry Robert in spite of them, she thought, as she went down the great staircase.

She stopped at the broad landing, wide as a good-sized room, where the piano stood. Her fingers rested a moment on the keys. Then she struck, she did not know why, the first notes of "Traumerei." She played well, if not as well as she rode. And as she played she found herself gently saddened. She was not unhappy. But the verve which had been hers until now, the bounding sense of life, had slipped away a little. She felt as if something were about to happen. And yet what could happen? She was not ready to tell her father and mother about her engagement to Robert. It was too new to be told to anybody. And until she should tell not the least thing could happen.

Her dreaming was interrupted by Major and Mrs. Frothingham's appearance at the head of the stairs just as she played the last phrase. They were rather a fine looking pair, Bernice thought, except that they were so cold and formal, so swathed in their manners. The major had white hair and a white mustache; his dress clothes were an advertisement of his wisdom in choosing tailors. Mrs. Frothingham was statuesque, and she dressed to accentuate the fact.

"That was beautiful, Bernice," the Major said heartily, as they reached the landing. "I wish you were fonder of the piano so that you would play for us more often."

"She prefers to ride horseback," Mrs. Frothingham commented, with a smile.

Was their something forced about this heartiness of the major's, something malicious behind this comment of her mother's? Bernice thought there might be, but she instantly decided that it was only her consciousness of having deceived them about Robert which made her suspect them.

"Are there no guests to-night?" she asked.

"None," Mrs. Frothingham answered. "We shall dine *en famille* for once. Mr. Samuels was coming up from Chicago, but he telegraphed your father that he couldn't—"

"I'm so glad," Bernice cried. "He's such a bore."

The major snorted, and Mrs. Frothingham put on her most disapproving expression.

"That can hardly be a mature judgment of a man of Mr. Samuels' position," he said.

Bernice did not answer. She saw that they were both deeply annoyed and she reflected that they probably took Mr. Samuels' courteous attentions to her more seriously than she had ever taken them. Mr. Samuels was a bachelor and altogether eligible as a husband to Bernice in the view of Major and Mrs. Frothingham, even if he was fully twice as old as she was. She was sorry that she had spoken and she wondered inwardly if the dinner would not, after all, have promised better had Mr. Samuels been present. It was surely as dull an occasion as Bernice had ever tried to smile through. The dining-room, like everything in it, was large. Great branched candelabra of silver lighted the table; a great mahogany sideboard twelve feet long stood at one side; it was a place for a banquet of state perhaps, but not for a family dinner. Her father at one end and her mother at the other were so calm, so unruffled, so evidently satisfied with themselves that Bernice's impatience increased. She thought the meal would never end. She wanted to get back to the piano. There, under the pretense of playing for her father and mother, she could dream of Robert, and kisses, and the stolen rides that she had had, and would have again with him. She realized that the Major was about to speak. He had cleared his throat, the slightest sound, twice.

"Bernice," he began, "your mother and I have determined to speak frankly to you. The importance of the matter about which we are concerned demands it. You know that two months ago we asked you to relinquish your friendship with young Robert MacCameron and not to ride with him unless you met him by accident. We have known for some weeks that you have not observed our request; that, indeed, you ride with him almost every afternoon; I should not call that an accident. But what is more we saw him embracing you in public."

Bernice maintained her composure with an effort. So this was what was coming. Well, it might as well come now as later.

"Yes," she said.

"Is that all you have to say?" the Major asked, his color rising in spite of himself.

"What would you have me say?" She pondered a moment. "I have no doubt," she added, "that it is true. I love Robert and he loves me. We are going to be married."

Mrs. Frothingham suppressed a gasp.

The Major opened his mouth as if about to speak, closed it again, opened it, closed it tightly as if by a great effort of will, and glared at Bernice. Finally, he spoke, with great deliberation.

"You and Robert MacCameron are not going to be married."

"And why not, father?" Bernice asked.

"Because I forbid it."

"You forget, father, that I am now of an age when you can't forbid me to marry the man I choose to marry. I can marry Robert whenever I like and you can do nothing to stop me. You know that, father. Let's not get angry about it. It isn't as if a father and a daughter had never differed before about such a matter. It isn't unheard of. I believe it is rather common."

"Common is precisely the word I should apply to such a marriage as you propose, Bernice," her mother interrupted. "The MacCamerons are nothing and have nothing. Robert is not a suitable husband for you. I trust you will realize that as soon as you are able to think more calmly about it."

"I shall never realize that because a man is not a millionaire he is not a suitable husband for me," Bernice answered hotly.

"But he may realize it," her father broke in coldly. "It is true that you are of legal age and that the law no longer protects you from adventurers. But it is also true that you have no income except what we allow you, and you will have none until you are twenty-five years of age. How, may I ask, do you expect to support Mr. MacCameron and yourself?"

Bernice was so outraged at this threat, so hurt by the whole conversation, that she could hardly hold back the tears.

"I should like to be excused," she said. "I have said all that I can say. I am going to marry Robert just as soon as I can."

And she burst from the room and up the stairs.

Bernice slammed and locked her door behind her and threw herself on her bed in a

passion of tears. But in a few moments she lay quiet, thinking. Then she got up and dabbed her face with cold water. She would not cry, whatever happened, she thought. From a drawer she took a package of cigarettes and lit one. She did not enjoy smoking, but the occasion demanded that she do something which her parents would violently disapprove, something that would horrify them if they knew. And as she puffed she thought.

It was a serious problem. How could she and Robert manage? Robert had no money. He had been sent home in disgrace from college after two years. He was not prepared to do anything except the work he was doing for his father, and that would never be particularly well paid as long as his father lived. Too many men were nearly, if not quite, as good at handling young horses as Robert. His skill was of no advantage to him without capital, without a farm of his own. The more she thought the more difficult her immediate future with Robert appeared. It was not as it would have been if Robert had been the sort of young man who has a knack of making money. Robert was of quite the opposite sort.

She had no doubt that her father would carry out his threat to cut off her allowance until she was twenty-five and came into her fortune. A few things were hers so indubitably that no one could take them away from her—the rope of pearls, for instance. She supposed that was worth three or four thousand dollars, but it was not readily convertible into cash except at a great loss. She had a tremendous supply of clothes. But what else?

Would it be possible to wait for Robert until she had her money? No. They would not be permitted to see each other, to exchange letters. That would be unendurable, even if her pride permitted. She had told them she intended to marry Robert. She would not back out. Would Robert have some plan? There must be some way out. Would she be able to see him within a few hours? Surely her father would be able to find no way of preventing that. And she began to think of that meeting and the ride they would have together and so she fell asleep.

She awoke with a start. It was broad daylight. What was the matter? Then she remembered and she put her head down in her arms with the pain of it. It occurred to her after a half hour that Johnson would be in shortly. She did not wish to be found dressed in her dinner frock at that hour. Hastily she took off her clothes, hung the frock up as carefully as she could that some, at least, of the creases might come out of it, and crawled into bed. But she could not sleep.

When Johnson came it was with a breakfast tray. Evidently she had been ordered to serve Bernice her breakfast in her room. Mrs. Frothingham was thoughtful about these little matters, however unsympathetic she might be in the larger ones. Bernice was sure she could not eat. But the odor of the coffee tempted her. That aroma had not lost its savor. And there were grapes and golden toast. She ate a good breakfast. But she did not pass a good day. It seemed as if 3 o'clock would never come. She tried a novel, but it was insipid. She turned the leaves of a volume of favorite poems, and for an hour or two she found some solace there. But after that there was nothing but to dress and to wait. Robert could not be expected in the road they knew so well before half-past three. She wondered if her father would try to prevent her from going for her ride. He might give orders to Triggs not to saddle her horse. It did not prove to be so. And at three sharp she ran down stairs, meeting no one, and rode away at a brisk canter.

Down the road she went, and over the hill, a good three miles from "Red House." There was no sign of Robert. She rode finally up a wood road to the place where they had sat the day before, when Robert had told her that he loved her and she had given her first kiss. She tied her horse to a tree and waited. She had almost given up hope of seeing him; she was, indeed, about to go home through the lengthening shadows, sick at heart, when she heard the sound of a galloping horse in the highway below and in another moment she was clasped in Robert's arms.

She stood off, her hands on his shoulders, and looked at him after a moment. He was the same Robert, the same adored one.

"Oh," she cried, her eyes flashing and the pink coming and going in her cheeks, "you do not know what has happened. They saw us yesterday. My father is determined that we shall never see each other again. He is—"

She stopped short at the expression on Robert's face.

"I know," he said. "Your father was over at our house this morning."

"What did he say to you? Was he nasty?"

"Not to me," Robert answered. "He didn't speak to me. He talked to my father. They are going to send me to the Argentine. I am to sail—"

"But you aren't going?" she cried. For the first time real fear gripped her.

He took her in his arms, her head resting on his shoulder.

"What else can I do?"

She could not speak. It was fortunate that his arms were about her and her face was hidden so that she did not need to speak. She wanted to tell him that he did not love her, that he was a coward and a weakling, that she did not love him. Did she love him? Yes. She did love him. She clung closer at the thought of leaving him.

"Dearest," he said, "there is nothing else for us to do. They are perfectly right about me. I have no money and no way of earning any."

She wanted fiercely to tell him that he was not a man, not her man, so meekly to accept the verdict of any one. Why couldn't he take care of them? She would be willing to help. He would need only to provide for himself. But she said nothing. She could not.

He kissed her neck. It sent a thrill through her, in spite of her disillusion, her heart-breaking disappointment. She loved him in spite of herself. She yielded her body to him involuntarily, she clung to him. He kissed her eyes.

"Will you wait, will you wait for me, sweetheart?" he asked.

"I don't know, Rob," she said. "I can't promise."

"Look at me," he cried, turning up her face. "Look at me. Don't you love me?"

She looked into his eyes. Was he the same Robert. He was very dear, at any rate.

"I am afraid I do love you, Rob," she said.

"Then kiss me," he demanded.

She gave her lips to his, saying to herself that it should be for the last time. She forgot all her pain, her disillusionment, her heartbreak, but only for a moment. It all came flooding back, so that the tears started in her eyes.

"I've got to go home, Rob," she said. "It's goodbye, now, I guess."

He drew her close, his mouth searching for hers.

"No, Rob," she said, thrusting him away.

Again, as yesterday, she put her hands on his shoulders. But this time she kissed his forehead very solemnly.

"Goodbye, my lover," she said, and turned away.

He did not follow her, but stood looking after her as she mounted her horse and rode away. He understood at last that she was not for him.

III

Bernice lay awake thinking. She had been doing that every night for a week. Robert had sailed by now for the Argentine. He would be gone three years at least; he might never come back. Bernice had thought of nothing else but Robert until now. She was sure one moment that she would always love him, and the next that she never had loved him, really. But in the meantime she simply could not endure "Red House." Her father had shown her unexpected generosity; her mother had been more kind than Bernice had ever known her to be. And yet the more keenly they sympathized with her the sharper was her realization that she could not live with them, that she could not continue to live the life she had always lived. Life was utterly empty for her at "Red House." She wanted to go some where to do something to have some new and adventurous experience which would help to blot out her painful memories. There stirred in her all the eagerness and the curiosity of the young but awakened soul. It demanded something more interesting than riding horseback, something less enervating than going over and over the pain it had suffered.

Bernice was only half conscious of what was going on in her, but she came firmly to a decision. It was that she would run away from "Red House." She wanted to be "on her own." She would be a salesgirl in a department store, or an operator of a telephone switchboard, if necessary. She would be anything that was different from living on a great country estate, with servants everywhere, but with no friends of her own age, and with nothing to do. But though she made up her mind that she would do anything, there was in the back of her mind, unexpressed but present, a hope. It seemed silly, and altogether unlike her, but she wanted to be an actress.

The next day Bernice had a long talk with Triggs, to the result that after everybody had gone to bed she spent hours going over her things and packing in a trunk things which she thought she would most need, as well as those which Johnson would be least likely to inquire about. She had few treasures. A half dozen books, including the volume of poems that had helped her once, went in. But most of the space was used for clothes. It was that ambition to become an actress, unacknowledged but active, which induced her to take so many. And indeed the wardrobe she stowed away with such infinite pains was such as no working girl ever had use for.

Before daylight, Triggs appeared with a rope. It was a great struggle to let the trunk down out of the window without assistance and without waking everybody about the place, but Triggs did it. During the day the trunk went quietly from "Red House" to a railway junction and flag station five or six miles away and was checked through to Hammond, Indiana.

After midnight, Bernice dressed in the riding coat and breeches that she liked so well, put the rope of pearls in her pocket, and with her boots over one arm and a bundle in the other crept down the back stairway of "Red House" and out through the stable yard. Once in the lee of the stables she got into the boots and hurried over the hill to where Triggs stood at the bay mare's headstall. It was moonlight and cool, though not cold enough for a frost. The mare was eager to be off and warm her coat with a gallop.

"All clear, Miss Bernice?" Triggs asked, as he touched his cap.

"All clear, Triggs," she answered, and handed him the bundle. He strapped it tightly across the pommel, gave her a hand up, and touched his cap.

"Shake, won't you Triggs?" Bernice said, as she extended her hand. He grasped her hand firmly.

"Good luck, Miss Bernice."

"Good luck, Triggs, and be sure I won't forget what you've done for me."

And away the bay mare sped, down the road which ran so white in the moonlight. Bernice held to a steady pace. She had twenty miles to do in three hours or so, in order to catch a milk train to Chicago in the dawn. The steady motion soothed her excited head, and soon she was enjoying the ride, the last ride that she would have for many a day. As luck would have it Bernice did not meet a soul on that long canter, and when she slipped stiffly down in a clump of hazel brush just outside the little town for which she had been riding it was just four o'clock. She had twenty minutes or so to spare. It was the work of a chilly three minutes to slip off the riding clothes and into the tailored suit that she had brought in the bundle. Then, except for her beauty, she was inconspicuous. She put her arm around the mare's neck and patted her.

Bitterly as she had longed to leave "Red House" it was the only home she could remember. There was a tear in her eye as she turned the mare's head toward home and sent her galloping off with a slap. Bernice hid her boots deep in the thicket and then walked boldly out and down the main street to the railway station to take the train for Chicago. Surely she was the most extraordinary young woman who ever planned to lay siege to that city—this girl with a few dollars in her purse, high determination in her heart, and a great rope of pearls in her pocket!

THE second installment of "Beauty to Burn" will appear in the February issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

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T is for Thrills that across its face pass;
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X the 'xtent to which they are known;
Y is our Yearning toward Picture Plays,
Z is our Zeal, growing greater always.

On the Films—and Behind

Illustrations from the "Cinderella" film, produced by the Famous Players Company

He Looked Down at Her for a Few Seconds, Then Softly Dropped on One Knee Beside Her, Just Looking at Her

WHEN they first brought on that little Marie Orr, I had one of my hunches. Lord knows why, but I had it. I knew that something was going to happen.

She was so pretty, so innocent-like, so scary; she had that wavy, chestnutty hair breaking out in little bits of wisps every once in a while; she had those trusting, I-want-to-tell-you-something eyes; she had that baby mouth, looking up in the middle and down at the ends; and she was so shy and frightened and she never said anything and took her orders and never growled at her parts or fussed at anybody and just stayed off by herself and looked as if she wanted sympathy. When they're like that, something's going to happen, you bet.

And, believe me, I haven't pushed scenes around for thirty years—legit, movies and all—without learning there's no place in the world where there's something so sure to break as in one of these show bunches. And I never knew a bunch laid out so clean for a tangle as this New World Film outfit.

For some reason, the poor litle kid didn't go good right from the start. In the first place, I suppose because she was so pretty. That got the other girls. When there's a lot of girls together and a lot of men, it doesn't pay for any one of them to be too pretty. Then she just had hard luck. Not that she hadn't the stuff. That pretty baby face of hers came out great in the films and she could register it. She could act, all right. She just had hard luck. If anything went wrong it was Marie. If anybody didn't show up at the right time, it was Marie. If the stage manager had a grouch and wanted to let it out on somebody, it was Marie who happened around first. And she wasn't getting much sympathy either. She didn't take much with the bunch. She wasn't much of a good fellow—just shy.

If there was anybody she talked to at all it was Jim Holmes. And that didn't please any of the other girls any the more. Holmes was a knockout for looks and he'd had the admiring eyes from many of the female side

of the cast for some time. He was one of these tall, handsome, broad-shouldered, lithe fellows, the kind just made for the cowboy-gentleman parts, the movie matinee idol. So all that didn't help Marie's standing with the other girls a bit. Especially not with Olive Speed. Miss Speed came over from the legit with a reputation and she knew it. She expected kowtowing and she got it—from all, that is, except Holmes. He didn't seem to take much notice of her, just looking on her as a matter of course, part of the business. When he was opposite her he went through parts as if she were a dressmaker's dummy, and when it came to the love business, she might have been a stone wall or a scarecrow. That got her, too, and she showed it. She was out to bring Holmes down a peg—maybe as far as her feet—and we could all see it.

There you had your layout. And being in the business long enough to get what the critic guys call the dramatic instinct I soon figured it.

I remember the first time Holmes took any particular notice of Marie. It was one Saturday night. The company had a habit of going out to supper together on Saturday nights if there was any late work and they'd had a long day. Nearly every one would go except the married ones, and Marie. For some reason she never showed up—just disappeared alone. I supposed it was because she was shy and maybe she hadn't the money—it being Dutch parties and she not getting any too much for ingenue parts.

One Saturday night there were half a dozen or so waiting at the door a little late just ready to go, when Marie came out alone. She saw them waiting, and slowed up. Holmes hesitated for a minute and turned.

"Coming with us, Miss Orr?" he called familiarly.

"I—I don't know," she stammered.

"Come along! Get in the party."

And with that he just got her by the arm and sort of pulled her along without waiting for objections.

Nobody knew just exactly how it happened, but when they got to the little German restaurant Holmes and Marie weren't there. And it caused plenty of talk.

Monday noon they were still talking about it in little knots. Holmes was already there. When Marie walked in they all waited.

"Good morning, Miss Orr," said Holmes cheerily and old-friend like.

"Good morning, Mr. Holmes," she answered, looking down. Then she smiled.

After that you could hear some more buzzing and you could see a little sort of frigidness in Miss Speed when she was around Holmes and something more than frigidness when she was around Marie. She just looked at her the way one woman can look at another—up and down and well-who-is-this like. And then you didn't have to have a hunch to know there was going to be something doing. These dramas on the film can't hold a candle to the ones behind it for excitement.

Well, things went along that way just under the surface until the time we put on "The Scullery Maid." It was a modern Cinderella story with variations, worked up in a hurry because a certain scenario had fallen down on us. It was a story of a poor servant girl in a rich home, with rich but homely daughters and a regular Prince Charming coming calling and seeing the handsome scullery maid—and—well, you can imagine the rest. Of course Holmes was the Prince Charming. And as there wasn't anybody who fitted the servant part in youth and appearance like Marie, she got it—the best she had had since she was with us.

It was hard work, putting it on in a rush, and Marie, being extra nervous, that didn't help it any. And old Hansen, the stage manager, was growling at her proper and doing some plain talking. It was after about an eight hour stretch of work that finished up a set of scenes and we were all pretty fagged, but we had to go on with a new batch of interiors, that is, Hansen said we had to, because he was in one of his streaks.

Everything was going along smooth when all of a sudden it stopped. Something had hitched. It didn't take long to find out. It was the masked ball scene where the handsome gentleman, dressed as a prince, is supposed to steal out into the kitchen for a secret visit to the servant—and there was no servant. Marie had missed her cue!

There was the devil to pay. Hansen tore up one side and down another and what he didn't say about Marie didn't have to be said. And the other girls just snickered. You could see they weren't what you'd call grief stricken.

Well, to avoid trouble I set out to look for Marie. I admit the badgering had made me a little sorry for the kid and I had a sneaking desire to help her. I went off around

the drop and looked around in the corners around the props. But I was late. Just ahead of me was Holmes. I guess he was feeling sorry too. And then I saw.

There was the poor kid, in her costume, squatted down on the floor in the middle of a lot of junk, fast asleep with her head on a trunk! Well, Holmes was ahead of me and saw her the same time I did and I just held back.

He stopped, looked kind of surprised, and slowly went over to her. He looked down at her for a few seconds and then softly dropped on one knee beside her, just looking at her. Gosh! it was just like the scenario. There he was in his masked ball costume, like an old-time prince, and she in a tattered servant's dress asleep in her pile of straw near the stove! You could even imagine a waking love light in his eyes as he gazed down at her.

He looked at her for a while and then touched her on the shoulder.

"Miss Orr!" he whispered. "Miss Orr! Marie!"

She woke with a jump.

"Oh! Oh! I've been asleep! Mr. Holmes!"

"You've missed your cue, Miss Orr," was all he said.

She jumped up, half asleep and trembling.

"Oh! Are they waiting for me? Have I stopped everything? Are they angry? Oh, don't let anything happen, don't let anything happen! Is Hansen mad? Don't let them fire me! I was tired. I couldn't help it. I've been working. I worked late last night. I—I'm sewing extra. I need the money."

And the poor kid just broke down and cried like a baby!

Well, Holmes comforted her like a big brother till she stopped crying and then they went around to where everybody was waiting, Hansen stamping up and down.

"Well," snapped Hansen, "where've you been? Playing? Do you think this is a college girls' dormitory or a—a—" he stopped and looked at Holmes—"or a school for flirtation?"

Holmes straightened up like a rod. He walked over toward Hansen.

"Miss Orr was tired, Mr. Hansen. She was resting."

That was all he said, but it was the way he said it. There was what you'd call an electric thrill in the air. Hansen didn't say anything and there was too much thrill to do any more, so he called everything off till the next morning. And Holmes took Marie and was careful to see that she got home.

She Was Gazing at Them with the Haughtiest Look of Scorn

Well, that didn't change just Holmes. It also changed me. I felt for the little girl, then. I decided to quit being a spectator in this little drama and get into it myself. Understand, I wasn't seeing myself as a Cupid, but just what they call a deus ex machina, I think, in the books. A sort of oil for the machinery. I made up my mind if Marie didn't have anybody else for a friend, she had me.

There was plenty of thrill left the next morning. You could feel it when Marie walked in and it just burned when Holmes went over to her and they talked alone for about five minutes.

"Are you rested now, Miss Orr?" said Miss Speed with the kind of sweetness that cuts. "It was too bad you couldn't stand it so long yesterday."

"I'm all right, thank you," was all she answered.

It was a hard day that day and we worked straight through with mighty little let up. There wasn't time for personal fussing or jealousy stabbing, but late in the afternoon there was another little scene.

It was one scene where the three sisters, after the ball, having learned about their rich suitor's bestowing his affections on the little servant, come down to the kitchen to give her a trimming and threaten her. There is a part where the girl wakes up and listens, frightened, while they are planning among themselves to turn her out of the house without clothes or money that night.

Well, Miss Speed and the others went through their parts all right—they very nearly lived up to them, in fact. They had their heads together and were talking low, right up to the business, but what they said wasn't in that particular scenario. The things they were saying were those nice cutting cat-like remarks and they were all aimed at Marie, with a few remarks about "Your friend, Mr. Holmes," and "Did you get rested after he went home with you?" and all that.

Miss Speed, dressed up as a spinster with specs and black curls around her neck and with a biting smile, did most of the talking. She certainly lived up to the Miss Vinegar Tongue role all right.

And Marie was playing her part, too. Sitting up in her straw bed, she was looking afraid enough, but more than that. She was gazing at them with the haughtiest look of scorn you ever saw a poor servant wear. Lordee! I'll bet it made some film. But she didn't say anything. She just withered them, and they soon shut up.

At supper time before they broke up to get a bite to eat before coming back, Holmes and Miss Speed "just happened" to be standing near each other. Miss Speed walked over toward him.

"Are you coming for a bite of supper?" she said with an inviting coo.

"I'm afraid I can't," he answered right off. "I—I have a little call to make down the street."

Miss Speed in her best playing never did the "heavy villainess" better than she did just then.

And when Holmes waited at the door for Marie and they went out together, you can imagine!

But Miss Speed didn't go out alone. She "just happened," again, to be near old Hansen and she went out to eat with him. I didn't like the looks of that and I knew she was up to something. And I knew when she was up to something she usually got there. She knew how to handle a man and especially Hansen. I wouldn't have given a lot for the little girl's job right then.

All that evening Holmes was keeping a protecting eye on Marie. You bet she didn't miss any more cues. He was seeing to that. And if he hadn't I would have. My blood was up, too.

Once about ten o'clock when Holmes was busy and it was near time for Marie to come on, I noticed she wasn't around and I just thought I'd make sure. I went to look for her. She was always off by herself when Holmes wasn't with her. And there she was in a corner near a window, sitting on the same old straw bed, looking up through a little barred window in the bare wall. It was worth going far to see. The moonlight streaming in, lighting her face and her hair falling two great rough golden braids over her shoulders. And that face! Turned up to the window, the tired droop to the mouth, the eyes just begging for sympathy. Like a weary little angel calling for help, caught in still life. Lord, it got me! I felt like her father. If I had thought Holmes was not playing square with her—! But I knew Holmes and I knew he was square. So I called her and went back.

There wasn't any disguising anything after that. Holmes took Marie home every evening and he didn't neglect her in the

The Moonlight.... Lighting Her Face and Her Hair Falling in Curls Over Each Shoulder

studio either. As for Marie, she chirked up quite a bit and she was working much better. I had my own little suspicion that he was giving her tips those evenings he took her home and she certainly showed it. Still, a lot of the other girls, Miss Speed being right at the front, didn't do anything to help her, and if they could queer her they did in many little ways. Besides, Hansen wasn't liking the way Holmes defended the girl and I could see if ever there was a good excuse Miss Marie Orr would no longer be in the New World cast. And excuses aren't so hard to find in this business.

A few weeks later we were putting on "The Harvest," one of these country love stories with harvest scenes in the cornfields and all that. This was another good chance for Marie because it was another poor but young and beautiful farm girl story, and she just fit that part, too. And she was making good at it. You could tell she was getting confidence and the "feel" of her parts.

One of those golden autumn afternoons we all piled into autos and made for southwest of Homewood, where there is some pretty Illinois corn country. It was a strange arrangement going out in the cars. In one there was Holmes, Marie, Miss Speed, another girl—a pal of Miss Speed's—and Hansen. I didn't go in their car, but I could see while they were waiting that the atmosphere was what you would call tense. Miss Speed looked as if she were blaming destiny in general and Marie in particular for putting her where she had to watch the two sitting together and perfectly satisfied.

Anyway, we got there and set to work, speeding it up pretty fast because it was suddenly turning pretty cold. It was especially tough on Marie because she had on a tattered dress costume, with torn sleeves and all that.

So we hurried it up and as soon as any of them got through they made for the road, about half a mile away, where the cars were and started back to the studio, where we had to finish up.

The last thing we did was a harvesting scene with five girls working in the fields, and it was arranged that the girls were to go back on the last car together and I was to start out just ahead, wait for the operators and take the train in.

Well, as per schedule, I left just before the finish, leaving only the girls. I made my way back to the station, and when I got there sat down outside the depot to see the car go by on its way into town. All the time I was feeling a little premonition and wondering if I shouldn't have stayed—I can't tell what gave it to me—when I saw the car coming toward me, all of them pretty gay and carefree like.

I soon saw why. When they passed me I saw there were just four girls in the car, and the absent one was Marie!

Well, it didn't take me long to decide. I hit it back on foot to see what was what. I made straight for the field, and there, by George! playing in the field for all the world like a girl of twelve was Marie, with her two bare arms around a big pumpkin twice as big around as herself.

Playing in the Field Like a Girl of Twelve, with Her Arms around a Big Pumpkin

"Marie!" I yelled. "What are you doing here?"

"Oh!" she said simply, "excuse me. I couldn't resist it. I used to live in the country and I was just imagining I was back there playing again as I used to."

"But why didn't you go back with them in the car?" I was beginning to get out of patience myself.

"Why—why—why—have they gone? They

said they'd come back for me. They—Miss Speed said the cars weren't ready. Have—have they gone? Have they left me? Oh! Oh! I won't be there on time. I'll stop them again. Hansen—he'll fire me. Oh! They left me! What am I to do? What can we do?"

And then I saw the game. It made me hot through and through. There the poor kid was, cold, stalled, and two hours to a train. I didn't know the old harridan had that in her. I made up my mind to queer her little game.

I left Marie my raincoat, told her to wait for me, and I started back for the station, hot as I could foot it. I got on the phone, called long distance, got Holmes, made plain the whole game, and told him to get the fastest car in town and burn up the roads coming out.

Believe me, he did. He came up in a long roadster, driving it himself, and in a jiffy I was in it and we were going toward the field.

As I got in, I decided it was time for advice from an old man.

"Sonny," I said, putting my arm on his shoulder, "things can't go on this way. It's up to you to do something. It might as well be now."

When he looked up at me he saw what I meant.

"Thanks, Pop, I'm going to do it—right now."

And as we shook hands I looked at him and I knew what he meant.

It was just sunset when we got to the field and Marie was sitting on the edge of it, waiting for us. I knew my business and I stayed in the car. Holmes knew his, and he didn't.

It took her a little by surprise when she saw he'd come out for her, and that sort of broke her. He took her by the arm and I saw her head bend and her shoulders shake with sobs.

With his arm in hers Holmes led her slowly down the walk along the field and I saw he was talking earnestly. He didn't talk long—he didn't have to. And then she bent her head—but it wasn't to cry.

After a few minutes they came back to the car, Marie smiling sunbeams at me.

"Pop," said Holmes, "are you in a hurry? I want you to come in town with us for a while."

"My time's yours," I said.

Well, we drove to town to a comfy little cottage with a minister in it, and after a few minutes I kissed Marie and was gripping Holmes with both hands.

"Pop," he said, "I want to write a little note. Will you take it to the studio with my compliments?"

And he wrote:

"Mr. and Mrs. James Holmes beg to submit their resignation to the New World Film Company. They are going on a little trip."

SHAKESPEARE AND MOVING PICTURES

EDGAR LEWIS, director of the Box Office Attractions studios on Jersey City Heights, engaged a number of "extras" recently in New York. In instructing them about their work Mr. Lewis said:

"I cannot give you any better advice, than Shakespeare put into the mouth of Hamlet:

"'Do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature.'"

Mr. Lewis completely forgot his audience and "declaimed" the lines with such vigor that when he finished a round of applause greeted him.

"We will now rehearse the wedding ceremony," said Mr. Lewis, much embarrassed. "Larry, turn the crank!"

Antonio Novelli—the Man on the Horse—Played the Part of *Cæsar* in This Immense Production

"Rome Wasn't Built in a Day"

It took eighteen months to reproduce the city for the movies—and 20,000 people to fill its streets and houses

"REMEMBER that a false move spoils an entire scene," says George Kleine, the film magnate who recently startled the motion picture world with his mammoth spectacle "Julius Caesar," in an interesting discussion of the troubles that his producers encountered in handling the twenty thousand people appearing in the great "mob" scenes. "Remember that aside from the cast of principals, nearly all of these twenty thousand people were untrained picture folk and that many of them had never been nearer a motion picture than the front seat in a 'cinematograph show.' So it was a big task for Director Guazzoni to impress each and every one with the gravity of the work and the necessity for absolute obedience. We needed every man, woman and child in those big scenes and we did not want to discharge anyone. Yet it was certainly aggravating when some fellow would grin into the eye of the camera and, in the lexicon of the craft, 'crab' the scene. And remember, too, if the Director did not catch him in the act and the flaw in the scene slipped by to be found later when the film had been developed and printed, it might become necessary to reassemble all those people, pay them for another day's work and take the scene all over again.

"Never have I seen a man handle a crowd better than Director Guazzoni. He is a slightly built man with a strong personality, a quick eye and a most remarkable way of getting people to do as he wishes. But no one man could get around in such a vast throng and deliver instructions personally. Guazzoni, therefore, appointed a number of colonels, captains and lieutenants, each responsible to the officer above him from whom he received his instructions, and each lieutenant responsible for himself and nine others. In this way he would convey his idea to his colonels, who in turn, would pass the instructions down the line to the officers below them, explaining the purpose and action of the scene. In Caesar's triumphal procession there had to be enthusiasm, gesticulating, waving of palms, etc., while in the scenes depicting Caesar's funeral the action had to be quite the reverse.

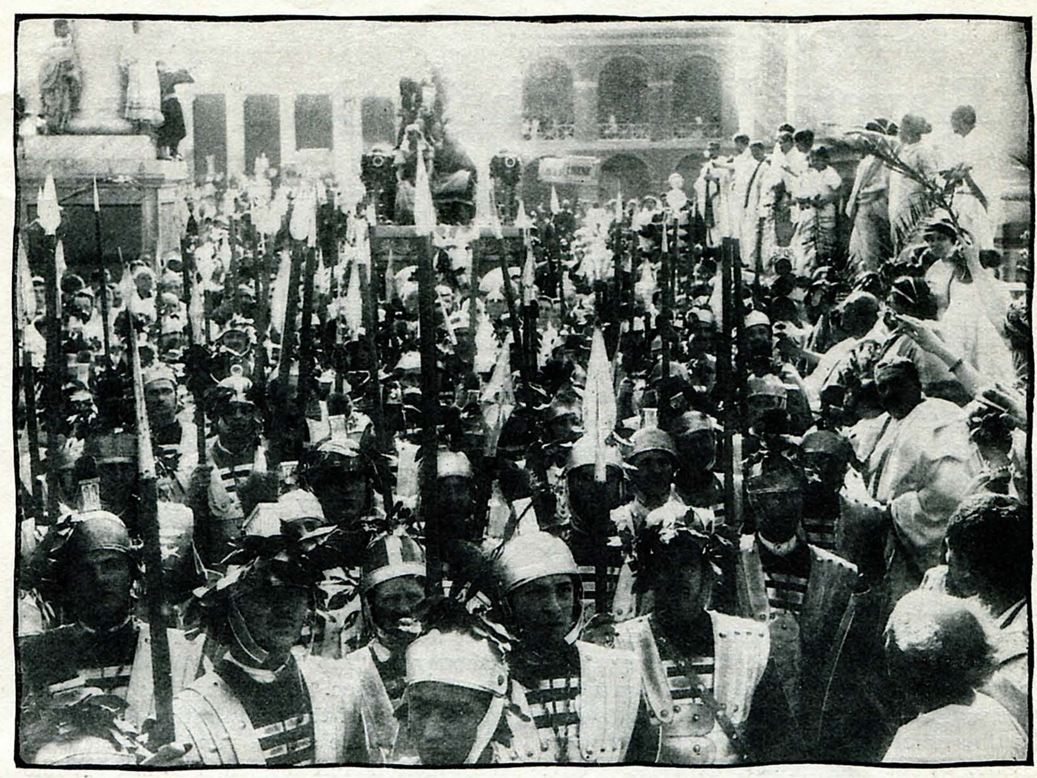
"Guazzoni certainly had his hands full," laughed Mr. Kleine, "when he made the scenes that followed the assassination. He was just three solid days getting the ac-

tion he wanted. Keeping twenty thousand people on your pay roll to get one scene puts an awful strain on your artistic appreciation, but we simply had to have that scene. It was necessary to the story. With Antony delivering his famous oration in the Market Place, the crowd had to be stirred from sluggish indifference to interest and then finally to the fury that results in pillage, murder and fire. It isn't hard for picture folk, but it did seem impossible for that crowd to understand what was wanted. The Director was to fire his revolver as the signal for the crowd to begin shouting and running. They shouted and ran all right, but they ran mostly into each other to the vast confusion of the whole scene. It was rehearsed again and again but not until the third day did it begin to look spontaneous and natural. We wasted 2,700 feet of negative film getting a scene that shouldn't have taken over 100 feet in the first place. There was no telling what temperamental touch any one of them might decide to add at the last moment, despite repeated rehearsals.

"In the senate chamber after Caesar's death, several hundred senators are seized with panic and rush madly through a corridor about twenty feet wide. Of course all these senators wear their togas, and to spring up suddenly and run with those long, white garments trailing about their feet makes an accident insurance policy desirable. Invariably in the rehearsals someone would trip and a crowd of dignified Roman senators would pile up behind him. To lift the gowns up around their waists and run seemed the only logical thing to do, and I do not doubt but that the senators did that very sensible thing when the assassination actually occurred, but, of course, we couldn't do that without utterly ruining the gravity of the scene."

The staging of any motion picture is no small task. In an ordinary picture usually twenty or thirty scenes must be built, appropriate furniture provided, costumes, etc. The tremendous labor involved in the mere preparation for such a subject as "Julius Caesar" can hardly be understood by the average layman. Twenty thousand people

A Scene in the Senate Chamber Which Required Many Re-takes Before a Satisfactory Film Was Secured



The Above Picture Is Evidence of the Great Number of People Who Took Part in this Production

must be provided with twenty thousand costumes, each correct in detail, denoting the social station and nationality of the wearer. For instance, to distinguish him from the freeman, the Roman slave is marked by the cut and nature of his garments. The Roman civilian is not to be confused, by the passer-by, with the patrician. Both the senator and the warrior has each his own position in the social strata, and his niche in life is designated by the clothes he wears. All these things must be considered in the manufacture of costumes. Eighteen seamstresses working steadily, by the aid of electric sewing machines, consumed five months in the manufacture of costumes for "Julius Caesar." The material was purchased in wholesale quantities direct from the mills at Birmingham, England, and the patterns laid out from water color sketches.

"Caesar" contains nearly two hundred scenes, each of which had to be especially constructed from colored sketches also. Each chair, desk, stylus, every bit of statuary and even the ornamental decoration of the doors and walls had to be historically accurate. These things were the work of not one but many minds. Several well known Parisian authorities on antiquities were hired to supervise the detail of the sketches and their word was law. A miniature city of Rome was built covering a space equivalent to six square city blocks. Eight cars of concrete were used in the construction of a Gallic fortress which Caesar's army storms and destroys. Two hundred carpenters and stone masons, eighty stage carpenters and their assistants and twelve motion picture directors were engaged in the big studio yards for more than eighteen months before the first scene was taken. Then, too, there were thirty vessels to construct and make seaworthy. When everything had been made ready, every employment agency in Rome was called upon for unemployed men and women. Hence, there is but little wonder that even King Victor Emanuel, accompanied by the President of the Bank of Rome, found the time and inclination to visit the big motion picture plant during the staging of the picture, that is probably one of the most marvelous of today.

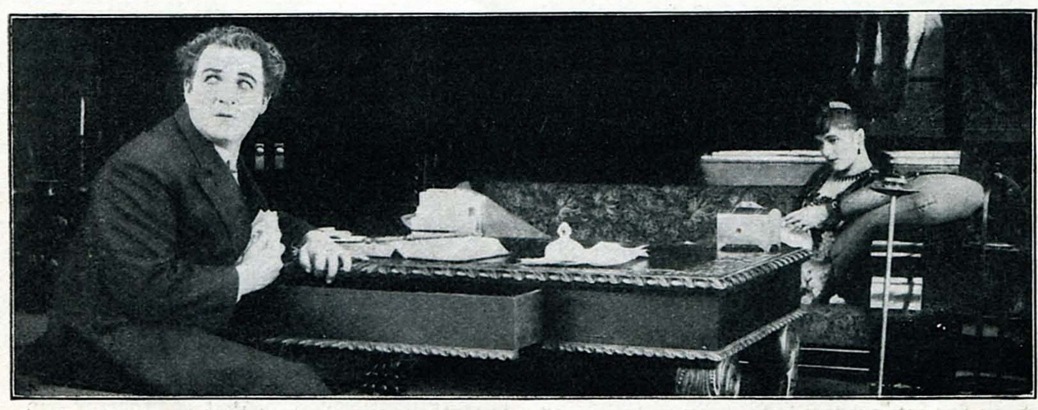
"Players With Their Own Plays"

By Vanderheyden Fyles

THE invading army of "legitimate" actors still advances on Screenland in astounding numbers. And with them, in most instances, they bring picturized versions of plays with which their names were intimately associated in the spoken drama. That is as it should be—of what account is the name of Jefferson without its twin one, Rip Van Winkle? Unhappily, the famous and beloved Joe died before the motion picture play had been developed to a point quite worthy of his art and standing. Since then Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Fiske, practically all the famous players of to-day except Maude Adams, who steadfastly refuses to be filmed, have been recorded to be seen (if not heard) by future generations. Joseph Jefferson and Henry Irving missed that privilege by a very few years. That the former, at least, would have availed himself of it seems certain from the frequency with which he bewailed the fact, in written words and in addresses to more or less distinguished assemblages, that whereas the work of the author, painter, sculptor, architect endures, the actor's dies with him, leaving nothing but a memory, rapidly grown dim and soon effaced. "Are we so soon forgot?" Had the comedian survived until the present high development of the motion picture, his lament would have been robbed of something of its poignancy.

As it is, a very fair idea of Joseph Jefferson's personality and charm and methods may be gained from the five-part adaptation of the Washington Irving story filmed by the B. A. Rolfe Corporation and released through the Alco Company, because the famous role of Rip is filled by Thomas Jefferson. That son of the comedian resembles his father in many physical attributes, and through years of constant study he acquired every movement, glance and gesture practiced by him in the role of the lazy loafer of the Catskills. For many years before the elder Jefferson's death, Thomas headed his company in "Rip Van Winkle" during half of every season. The venerable comedian was the Rip of the organization during the autumn and the spring months, but during the winter he left the son, who is most like him to face the frosty weather and retired to his comfortable estate in Florida—and fished.

Not many stories among the classics lend themselves as readily to pictures as "Rip Van Winkle," and the Rolfe Corporation has taken good advantage of its possibilities. For one thing, the story of the kindly, lazy, shiftless lover of children and dumb animals—*and* of the cup that cheers—who is driven out into the storm by his shrewish



Charles Richman Plays the Lead in "The Man from Home" the Lasky Production

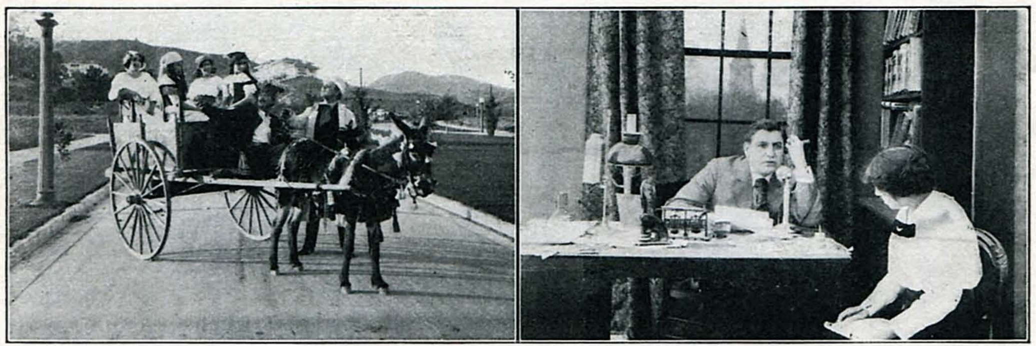
Not Many Stories among the Classics Lend Themselves as Readily to Pictures as Does "Rip Van Winkle"

wife, wanders far into the mountains, meets strange little gnomes, drinking from kegs of some mysterious wine and playing at bowls but never speaking, who quaffs deep of the liquor himself, sleeps for twenty years and finally awakes an old man, to find all changed in his native village, is as simple as it is imaginative and humorous and appealing. There is no reason why any doubt or confusion should result because of the absence of spoken words and, in this version, there is none. A person who had never heard the story (if it were not that there ain't no such animal) could follow it without reading a single subtitle. Only Rip's famous toast is missed.

To more than balance that, we have mountain scenes entirely impossible in the theatre, mountains whose wonders were not even suggested by the scenic artists employed by Mr. Jefferson, for he was so generous with his own family and with everybody who needed help that he had to make his art pay to the last penny and, to that end, he employed a very inexpensive company and used inadequate scenery. The photoplay does not cover itself with much glory in the matter of the thunderstorm that rages when Dame Van Winkle drives Rip and his dog Schneider from their humble home in the village of Falling Water; but the story gains greatly—to say nothing of the pictorial beauty of the views—by the many pictures representing Rip's wanderings through the Catskill wildernesses and his ascent of the haunted mountain. Then, too, an effect of the supernatural not possible on the stage is attained in the matter of the silent gnomes. The "double exposure" is used skilfully, first with the little bearded man carrying the cask of potent liquor that Rip could not resist, and later and in various ways for the appearance from nowhere and disappearance to the same place of Hendrick Hudson's crew.

If a photoplay required any excuse beyond that of supplying good entertainment, "Rip Van Winkle" could be recommended as an excellent way of acquainting a child with an immortal classic—excellent because there is no more agreeable or thorough way of being educated than by unconscious absorption. On the other hand, there is the matter of "Who paid the rent for Mrs. Rip Van

In 'Lola" All the Pictures Appear the Same Distance from the Camera and the Figures are Life-Size



Mr. Richman Bears Up Bravely in the Production That Was the Making of William T. Hodge

Winkle when Rip Van Winkle went away." In the Jefferson play, that question was lightly passed over by dropping the curtain on the fourth act with Rip falling asleep on the mountaintop and raising it on the fifth twenty years later, with practically no gossip about Falling Water society in the interim supplied. Of course, defenders of the old play might point out that the question of the rent was not raised until Sam Bernard appeared in "The Belle of Bond Street." However, with its broader scope, the photoplay answers the impertinent question for all time. It shows us with our own eyes just what went on in Falling Water while Dame Van Winkle's husband was living up to that other blithesome ditty that declared that Rip Van Winkle was a lucky man, Rip Van Winkle went away, and slept for twenty happy years in the mountains, so they say—how lucky! Who did pay the rent for Mrs. Rip Van Winkle? Well, I shan't tell you. Go and see for yourself. The film is good enough to reward much more than your curiosity.

* * * * *

Highly educational though it doubtless is, there is nothing classical about "Lola"—unless it is the husky life-saver's legs. He parades them in the moonlight on the beach at Atlantic City and they reappear in Lola's dreams. Di mi, di mi, what goings on!

The photoplay is an adaptation of the drama of the same name by Owen Davis, in which Laurette Taylor acted at the Lyceum Theatre in New York for just one lone performance—no more, no less. Perhaps it was an occasion, to paraphrase the late great Gilbert, when the absence of a pair of legs was keenly felt. Anyway, the Apollo of the Atlantic City beach is pretty sure to stir things up in Screenland. On the other hand, Clara Kimball Young is so beautiful in whatever costume that she cannot appear even on the screen without starting something. "Lola" is the first of the Clara Kimball Young "features" to be released by the World Film Corporation.

James Young has made the adaptation of the Owen Davis play. The technical novelty lies in the fact that not one picture varies in distance from another. The figures always appear on the screen in exactly life-size. That means considerable sacrifice in

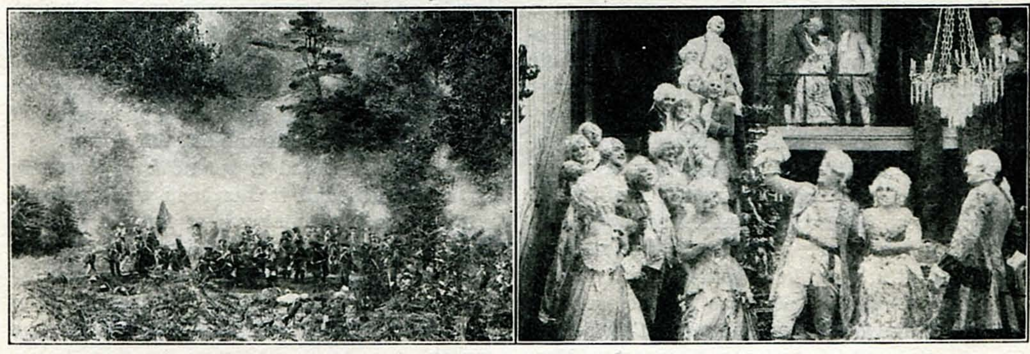
Theodore Roberts is Co-Starred with Mr Richman

Laura Sawyer Is the Leading Lady in "One of Millions"

the matter of scenic effects—the backgrounds are sometimes simple to the point of barrenness. But those things tend to concentrate attention on the characters, which is doubtless the intention, as the drama is a psychic study.

Lola, played with charm and skill by Mrs. Young, is the daughter of a scientist who has discovered a medical process by which, under certain conditions, he can restore life to a body several hours after death. Lola, a gentle, housewifely soul, whose every thought is sweet and pure and whose sole concern is the welfare of her father, meets with an accident that proves fatal. Some hours later, her father restores life to her body. Were he more familiar with Longfellow—"was not spoken of the soul"—he might have been less hasty. For, while the doctor's great invention can restore life, it cannot call back the soul. That is God's. A fine effect, impossible on the stage, is gained by trick photography when the innocent and lovely girl that is the soul of Lola passes out and upward from the body that held it.

The body, if you must know, goes to Atlantic City. There it meets the Apolloesque life-guard. Lola, bereft of soul but with her beauty unimpaired, is "some" siren. She throws over her honorable fiancé and elopes with a married millionaire. Then she meets the life-guard. Her scenes with him (except for a scanty bathing-suit, he is dressed only in moonlight) are bound to make their impression. Also, they may boom trade for Atlantic City. And, furthermore, they annoy the millionaire. However, his money is disappearing and Lola is ready for another (financially sound) protector. Nor has she any difficulty in finding one. But presently she falls ill and is informed that she has not long to live. So she enjoys several dreams about the life-guard that hardly can be good for her, under the circumstances, and then recalls her father's life-restoring invention. She hastens to New York to consult him. What matters a death or two to Lola?—father can revive her. Life with Lola is just one death after another. But father does not see things her way. He is dismayed at the havoc he has wrought (among life-guards and others) by turning loose a woman with a body but no soul.



"The Seats of the Mighty" was Produced by T. Haynes Hunter for the Colonial Motion Picture Co.

With a mighty hammer, he smashes his invention to atoms. Lola drops dead. Then the innocent spirit floats down from heaven to gaze on the poor sinful body that once held it.

Probably I am too frivolous and shallow to appreciate such a profound study as "Lola," but its moonlight scenes kept reminding me of the song about the London Johnnies who frequented a certain theatre to "study the psychic effect of high kick."

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"The County Chairman" and "His Last Dollar" have been filmed with the original actors of their leading roles appearing on the screen, but new faces are seen in "Shore Acres" and "The Man from Home." That was necessary, of course, in the case of the famous old New England drama, as James A. Herne, who wrote it and who played its central character, died more than fourteen years ago. His place is ably taken by Charles A. Stevenson, who surprises everybody by showing that he can act without white gloves. A New England farmer is something uncommon for him, and therefore his success is doubly creditable.

Louis Reeves Harrison has made the five-reel adaptation produced by the All-Star Feature Corporation, under the direction of John H. Pratt, and he has wisely adhered pretty closely to Mr. Herne's drama. The result is a simple and appealing photoplay that retains much of the charm of the original, and not a hackneyed melodrama, which might readily have developed. For Mr. Herne's story was conventional enough, even twenty years ago, and his four acts contained only one "thrill." A scenario-writer might easily have felt required to inject more excitement into the story to avoid dullness and the most obvious suggestions at hand would have led to utter hackneydom.

Nathan'l and Martin Barry are old men when the play starts, owners of an unproductive farm on the coast of Maine. In their youth, Martin won his brother's sweetheart away from him—he and the kindly housewife now have a family of sons and daughters, while gentle old Nathan'l is a lonely bachelor. But disappointment has tended only to keep his lovable nature as sweet and generous as ever, whereas happiness has made Martin grow hard and cruel.

It is the conflict of those characters that makes the play, though the story that serves as a peg on which to hang it concerns Martin's eldest daughter. She loves the village doctor; but her father insists that she marry a real estate agent from the city, to whom he has mortgaged the desirable shore acres of the farm. The plan is to convert them into lots for summer cottages. Helen cannot bear the thought of marrying where she does not love; and when she confides in Uncle Nathan'l, he tells her what it means to be separated forever from the one one loves and he connives at her elopement with the doctor.

When Mr. Herne produced "Shore Acres," it lacked the "punch," although that word was not to be added to jargon of Broadway until many, many years thereafter. It was simply a rural comedy, starting in the fields at haying time, pausing for a delightful picture of home life on a winter's evening in a down East farmhouse, and concluding with a Christmas dinner of assembled relatives and neighbors, at which a real turkey was cooked and eaten and could be smelled across the footlights. But though that comedy was praised by high authorities as a notable example of the then new art of realism on the stage, it failed to draw the public.

Then Mr. Herne wrote in an act to go between the third and fourth, illustrating what before had only been described, and the fortune of the play was made. It is that incident that serves the All-Star Feature Corporation greatly. To escape the unwelcome husband chosen by her father, Helen and the doctor elope in a more or less unseaworthy boat on a fearfully stormy night. It is part of Nathan'l's duties to tend the lighthouse, on a rocky point off the farm. Martin, knowing that his disobedient daughter is in the tossing boat, determines that the signal shall not light it on its way from sure destruction. While the wind howls and the angry waves crash thunderingly against the rocks, the old men fight it out in the lighthouse. That was Mr. Herne's new act, ending with a canvas picture of the tempest-tossed ship and the appearance of the guiding light in the far off tower. Of course, that offered a splendid opportunity on the screen and it has been well realized, with alternating pictures of the old men in the lighthouse and of the storm-tossed vessel.

In these days of talking movies, it may be necessary to mention that the aroma of the Christmas turkey is not attempted on the screen.

As far from his accustomed element as Mr. Stevenson in overalls instead of evening clothes is Charles Richman without a crush-hat or a title. However, he bears up bravely and appears as the Hoosier cut-up traveling in Europe in "The Man from Home," the part that was the making of William T. Hodge. Theodore Roberts is co-starred with Mr. Richman, playing a Russian Grand Duke and Anita King is leading lady.

Several highly effective incidents not contained in the original comedy by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson (doubtless mentioned or described—my memory of "The Man from Home" is hazy) have been added by the unnamed author of the five-reel "feature" produced by the Jesse L. Lasky Company. One of these is the explosion of a mine in Siberia that brings about the escape of a convict, the pursuit of whom forms the subject of the play. Another exciting adventure is his escape across the Russian border. He has contrived to hide himself in the hay heaped high on a wagon. At the frontier, the Russian soldiers, too lazy to search the hay, load their rifles, fire a volley through it and allow the wagon to pass on. But the escaped Siberian convict comes through alive to make his way to Italy to involve the Indiana hero, a crafty Russian grand duke, an American heiress, an English nobleman and his empty-headed son and heir, and the faithless wife of the hunted convict in an imbroglio that embraces to many lands.

* * * * *

David Higgins appears on the screen in his old role in "His Last Dollar," which he wrote (with a collaborator) and acted in about ten years ago. He plays the part well, though his age is too evident to make us believe in his ability to dash forward at the eleventh hour to take the place of a disabled jockey and win the Futurity. That point was hard enough to swallow a decade ago even with the help of artificial lights.

However, there are enough thrills in "His Last Dollar" to make it an exceptionally popular "attraction."

The play was simply conventional melodrama, well enough carried off, canvasly speaking, but the Famous Players' picturization is so good that the great race is very much the swooping thrill that it used to be in actuality.

* * * * *

George Ade's comedy of "The County Chairman" has been made over into a four-reel photoplay by the Famous Players' Film Company and the workmanship calls for special praise, the film being remarkably well photographed and tinted. Then, too, the acting is uncommonly good, with Maclyn Arbuckle and Willis Sweatnam in their old parts of the genial, shrewd, well-balanced, typically American politician in an Illinois town and Sassafras Livingston, a negro who reaps a harvest of cigars and other bribes from each of the contending party-managers. Due largely to them, an entertaining substitute for George Ade's wit is supplied; but in this instance, it would be absurd to pretend that the photoplay is comparable with the spoken one.

* * * * *

Still another argument against war is put before us in "One of the Millions," the first "release" in the World Film Corporation program of the Dyreda Art Film Company. In a scenic sense, it has been surpassed by more than one of the many war photographs; but whoever conceived and wrote the scenario showed a vivid sense of dramatic climax. The land in which the action passes is left to conjecture, but Russia is a safe guess. A couple of peasants are being married amid much merrymaking when a courier rides across the village green, calling for soldiers to defend their country. The girls and boys are all excitement over the "romance" of war: only the old mother of Gladimir, the bridegroom, appreciates the reality. Gladimir goes off with the others to the war. His young wife dreams of his glorious successes and the honors they will bring him, these visions appearing in the cottage fireplace by means of the "double exposure." There is a battle near the village and several girls venture toward it, thrilled by the glamour of romantic war. But when, instead of something beautiful, they come upon a mangled corpse by the roadside, they are disillusionized and terrified.

One of Gladimir's friends is badly wounded and sent back to the village. He tells of the bridegroom's death. The young wife and the mother set forth to recover the body. Finding it at last, they bring it home. The old mother props it up in a chair in the bridal chamber. At this the young bride's reason collapses. And then, as if this were not enough horror, another and then another is added. It is heart-rending though perhaps not an effective argument against war.

"The Test" *In which a man goes thru fire and water for his sweetheart*

By John Oscar

Scenario by James Oliver Curwood

Illustrated from the Selig Film, Featuring Bessie Eyton and Tom Sanchi

JIM LUCAS strode along the deck of the sailing ship "Dauntless" with a smile on his lips. He was thinking about Jo, and a cottage he knew on shore. Jo was Captain Duggan's daughter and the girl that Jim was going to marry as soon as the "Dauntless" reached home on this, the Captain's last voyage. For Captain Duggan's continued ill health had persuaded him that it was time for him to retire. He planned to live on shore with his daughter and Jim in the white cottage. He was tired of the sea; and Jo, who had for two years now accompanied her father on his voyages, wanted a home of her own and friends. And so Jim smiled happily as he walked the deck. All that he hoped for was about to come to pass.

But as Jim swung round the corner of the after-house he stopped short. There was Jo, as he expected. But with her was Horace Blake, the young millionaire who was the only passenger aboard the "Dauntless"—unless Jo was counted as a passenger. Her face was partly turned away, so that Jim could not see her expression. But he could see that Horace Blake was bending over her, talking eagerly. His lips were so near hers that Jim thought the man was about to kiss her. Jim's first impulse was to rush toward them. His next to turn and slip away. They were so engaged with each other that they neither saw nor heard him as he tip-toed out of sight.

Jim went below and sat down on the edge of his berth. Now that he was alone he could not believe that he had seen aright. "I must have dreamed it," he said to himself. Was it possible that his Jo, who loved him, would listen even for a moment, to another man? Of course not. He took from his pocket the photograph of the cottage on shore. He and Jo had often looked at it together. Could it be possible that she had given up the dream it represented to him? It was incredible that she had. There might be any number of explanations for her apparent acquiescence to Horace Blake's

lovemaking. Perhaps she did not realize that it was lovemaking. In five minutes Jim had persuaded himself that it was all an optical illusion, that Jo was leading Horace on in order to make fun of him afterward, that Jo was an utterly untrustworthy creature in whom any man was foolish to put the slightest trust, that she was the truest sweetheart man ever had, and of a dozen other equally contradictory theories. He could stand it no longer. He had to speak to Jo. He went on deck and paced back and forth until he saw Horace enter the companionway, then he hurried aft to find Jo.

She welcomed him with the smile he had come to know so well, and to love so much. He put his arm around her and she leaned toward him responsively. He showed her the picture of the cottage and she smiled up at him and kissed him. But Jim was not satisfied. He wanted some assurance from her in words.

"Jo," he said, "I came along the deck a few minutes ago and saw you standing here with that Blake. I was sure he was making love to you."

"What nonsense!" Jo answered promptly. "Why should he?"

"Why should he? Why, because you are the prettiest girl he ever saw in his life, because—"

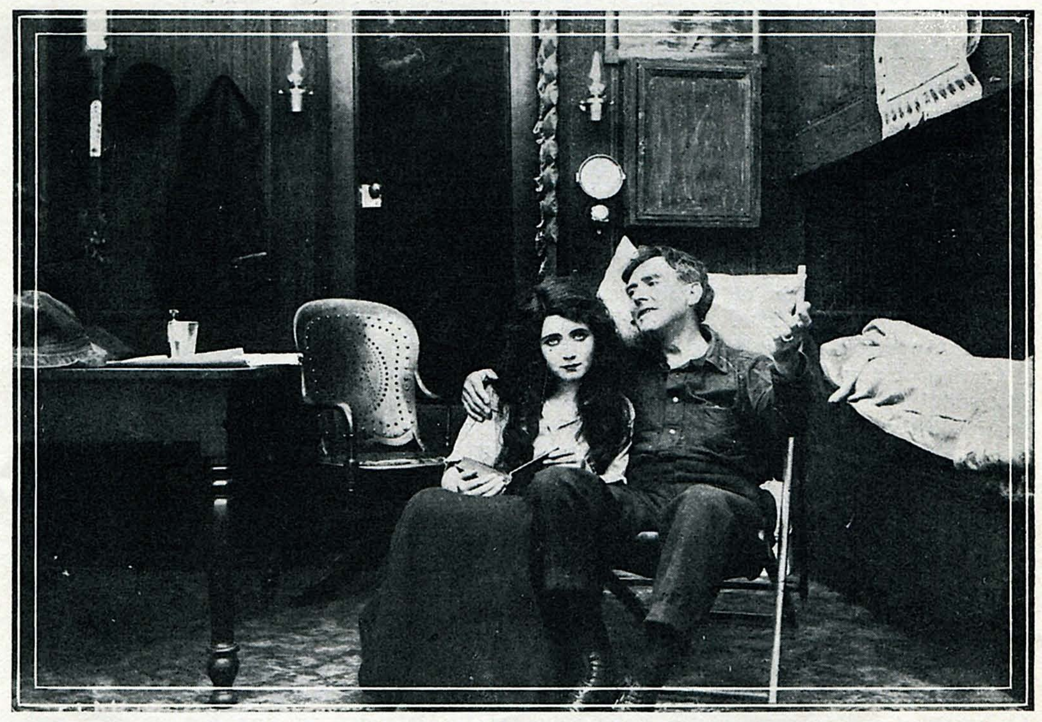
"Well, he was trying to flirt with me a little," Jo admitted. "But it didn't amount to anything. He didn't take it seriously and I didn't either. I love you and I haven't the least little bit of an interest in Horace Blake."

And when Jo said this she quite believed it, for she was an honest young woman. Jim believed it also. How could he help it, the more especially when she kissed him fervently?

"I've got to go below now," Jo said. "I oughtn't to have left father as long as I have."

"All right, sweetheart," Jim responded cheerily. "Go ahead."

Jo found her father sitting in his long chair staring at the bulkhead in front of him. He looked very thin and gray and weak. She sat down on the arm of his chair and tried to cheer him. But he could talk of nothing except the day when the "Daunt-



She Sat Down to Read Aloud to Him in the Hope That the Book would Take His Mind off His Suffering Body

They Stood in the Stern of the Boat. She Was Dry-eyed but Her Face was Drawn with Pain

less" should cast anchor in the harbor at home and the boat would take them ashore. His insistence worried Jo. It was so unnatural that her father, who had been so strong and who had loved the sea for so many years, should turn against ships and long for a life on shore, like any landlubber with his first touch of seasickness. She knew that his fits of depression were always followed by the spells of coughing which were so dangerous to him. The doctor had warned her that her father's heart might give way at any moment under the strain. She sat down beside his chair to read aloud to him in the hope that the book would take his mind off his suffering body. In a few minutes he was asleep and Jo tip-toed out.

It was the first spare time she had had to herself that day. She realized that she would like to meet Horace again. It was pleasant to attract the attention of a man who knew women of wealth and fashion. But how silly of Jim to take Horace seriously! As she came on deck she saw that Jim was busy forward, superintending the work of setting some of the light sails of the "Dauntless." Horace Blake was leaning on the rail near at hand. He turned and came toward her. He invited her to a corner screened by the after-house. She realized that Horace chose the place because it was a secluded one; she felt that she ought not to accept his invitation; but she was too curious to refuse. At least she told herself it was curiosity which persuaded her. She knew that she ought to go back to her father. But she remained to listen to Blake.

As he talked she thought how good-looking he was. And his carefully modulated voice, the apparent deference of his manner, together with his eagerness, which so flattered her, were immensely pleasant. She did not wish Jim were as well dressed, as well mannered, and as well educated as this man. She did not think of Jim at all for the moment. When Horace put his arm around her she would have jerked away, but he did it so gently. He bent his head. She felt rather than saw his lips approach her cheek. Now was the time to run away. But she did not want to run. If she ran away she would never know whether Horace Blake really intended to kiss her or not; and, besides, what would it be like? No man had

ever kissed her, except Jim. And as she wondered, his lips brushed her cheek. Involuntarily, or so it seemed, she turned her face up and Horace kissed her full on the lips. Then Jo, frightened a little at what she had done, thrust Horace from her and ran down the companionway to her father's cabin.

Her father was sitting just as she had left him, apparently asleep. But as she closed the door behind her his eyes slipped open. He smiled wanly at her and, without warning, burst into a violent paroxysm of coughing. Jo rushed to the little cupboard for the bottle of medicine, poured some into a glass half full of water, and held it to her father's lips. He tried to drink but could not. The cough racked him from head to foot. Jo could only look on in terror. As the paroxysm spent itself her father's head fell back and he slid limply down in his chair, breathing painfully. She saw that his face was gray.

"Father," she cried.

Captain Duggan tried weakly to raise his head, his lips moved feebly, and then he was still. Jo put her arm around his shoulders and tried to raise him. He slipped limp from her arms. She felt for his pulse but could not find it. She looked wildly around the room. Then she screamed Jim's name at the top of her voice and waited, listening. There was no answer to her cry, but there was the sound of running feet on the deck; men were shouting hoarsely; some one was chopping with an ax; she heard the heavy blows repeated. As she stood listening in terror Jim came hurtling down the companionway and burst open the door of the cabin.

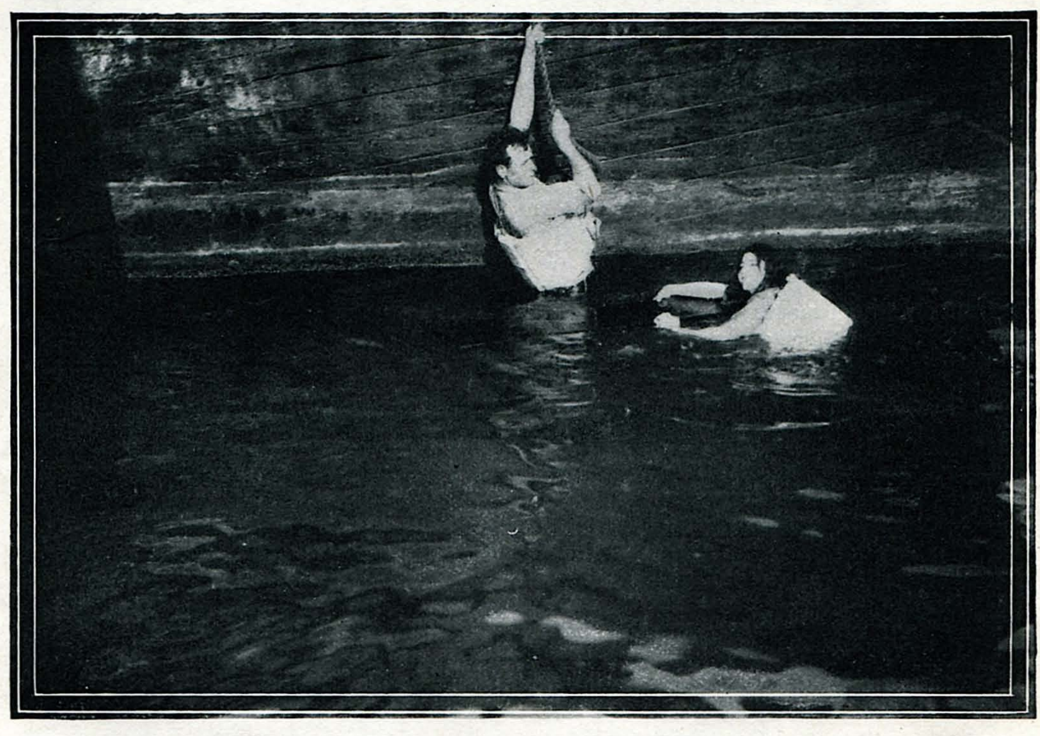
"It's a fire, Jo," he said. "You and your father had better come on deck. We can't take any chances with oil in the hold. We may be able to put it out, but I am afraid it is pretty bad."

Jim was breathless, but he spoke calmly enough. Jo seemed not to hear him. She stood looking at her father as though in a daze.

"Look sharp," Jim said, in the tone he used on deck when the "Dauntless" was coming about on a new tack. "You must come on deck, I tell you."

Jo's only answer was to sink down beside her father. Jim saw.

"Why, he's fainted," he said.



He Overtook Her as She Reached the Ship's Side and Seized a Rope

"No," Jo said. "He's—he's—"

"Dead?" Jim said.

The next moment Horace Blake's face, distorted with fear, appeared in the doorway.

"Come up on deck, Mr. Lucas," he cried. "The fire is gaining every minute and the men haven't begun to lower the boats. Hurry. For God's sake, hurry!"

Jim jumped up the companionway to the deck. He saw at a glance that Blake was right. The fire was gaining. It was only a question of time. He shouted to the boatswain.

"Stand by to lower the boat," he ordered. He saw the men tear the cover off the boat and went back to the cabin.

"Come, Jo," he said.

"Father's dead," Jo sobbed.

"I know," Jim answered, "and we'll all be dead too if we don't hurry. It's life or death now and the boat is the only chance. We've got to leave your father with the ship. He wouldn't ask a better way than to go down with his ship."

"But not to be burned," Jo shrieked wildly. "Not to be burned!"

"Come, Jo," Jim said.

"I won't leave him," she sobbed, crouching closer over her father.

Jim saw that words were useless. He stooped and picked her up in his arms, and carried her up on deck. As his eye again took in the scene, he saw Blake rush blindly toward the boat hanging in her davits ready to be lowered. He was crazy with fear. One of the men caught him a swinging blow and knocked him into the scuppers. Before he could get up again Jim had placed Jo safely in the boat. The men climbed in. Horace scrambled madly over the rail. He would have crawled under a thwart if some one had not pushed him into the open space aft.

"Lower away!" Jim ordered, and the men at bow and stern let the lines they held go slowly through the blocks. The boat sank into the water on an even keel. There was little or no sea. But all about were flying sparks. The men pulled sharply away for three or four hundred yards and then rested on their oars to watch the doomed ship. The flames grew redder as the sky darkened behind them. The sun had already set.

Jo stood in the stern of the boat beside Jim. She was dry-eyed now, but her face was drawn with pain. Her breast heaved.

Of a sudden, without a word, she dived overboard and struck out for the ship. The boatswain shouted.

"Hold her where she is," Jim ordered, and dived after Jo.

Jo swam with the speedy crawl stroke, so that Jim, for all his wonderful strength, overtook her only as she reached the ship's side and seized one of the lines that trailed from the davits. Hand over hand she went up the side and over the rail. Jim disappeared after her.

The men in the boat watched anxiously, ready for a sharp spurt at the oars the minute the two figures reappeared but not daring, meanwhile, to row nearer than they were lest none of them should escape the great swirl when the ship went down. The angry flames rose higher and higher; a thin, yellow tongue crept up the mainsail; billows of smoke poured from the main hatch; and the sky grew dark until only the fire lit the water that lay between them and the ship.

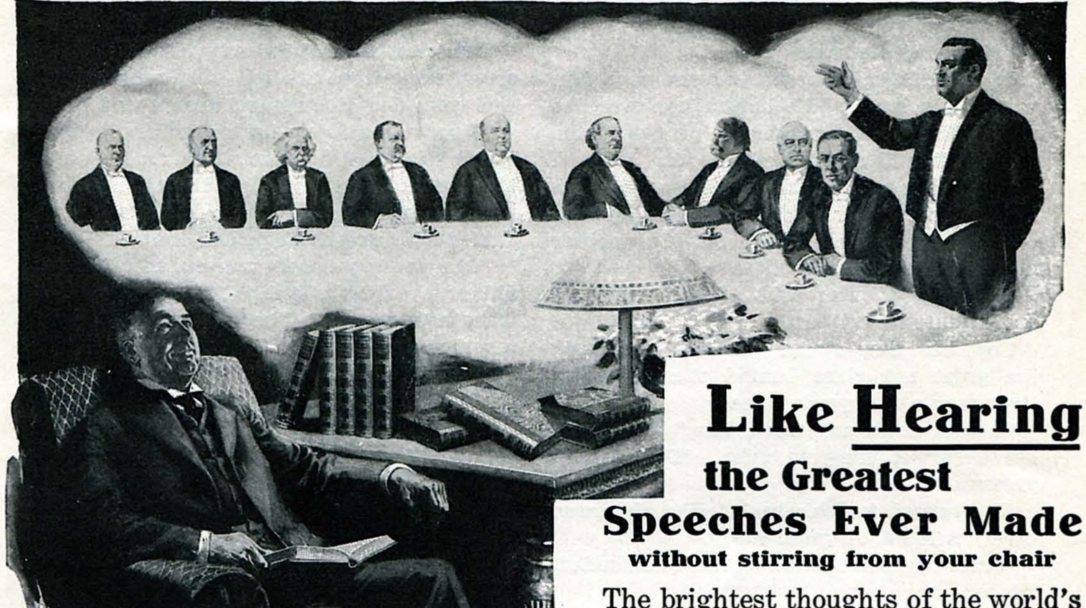
"We've got to row around by the stern of her," the boatswain observed. "They'll never be able to get over her port side. It's too hot already." And he gave the order.

In the meantime, Jim and Jo worked fiercely in the cabin. In the darkness and the smoke they could hardly see or breathe. Jim seized sheets from the berth and wrapped the body of Captain Duggan in them, after the fashion of the sea. He bore it up on deck and laid it on the rail. Jo weakened at the last. She could not bear to take leave of her father.

"Remember," Jim said firmly, "you're a sailor's daughter."

Together they recited the Lord's prayer over the body and then it was dropped into the sea.

Jim looked about him, every sense alert. The fire was raging amidships. There was no way to reach the boat which lay forward. He looked out over the sea. The boat was lost in the darkness. He shouted. But his voice was lost in the roaring crackle of the fire whose hot breath already scorched his hair. He seized two life-preservers from the pile on the after-house deck. One he put on Jo and strapped it tightly. The other he slipped around himself. They needed a plank, also, he thought. An ax still lay close to the hatch. Ducking his head, Jim ran toward it, grasped it, ripped off a plank with two movements of his great arms and shoulders and bore it back. One end of it was



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already charred. It hissed as it struck the cool water.

"Now, Jo," he said.

With an effort, Jo grasped the rope Jim put in her hands. He helped her over the rail and she slid down the ship's side. The water felt chill as she sank into it. Revived by the shock she looked up and saw Jim was sliding down after her. She threw an arm over the plank and pushed off. In another moment they were together.

"Kick hard," Jim said. "She'll blow up any minute now."

Together they swam out into the dark, the great red glare behind them lighting their way a few yards ahead.

"I can't swim any more, Jim," Jo gasped, her breath coming in sobs. "I've got to give up."

Jim turned to look back. The ship was barely a hundred yards away.

"Just ten more kicks," he commanded. "One!"

Jo thrust out with her feet weakly.

"Two!"

Jo thrust again.

"Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight! Ten!"

But long before the ten was spoken Jo's head rested on the plank, her cheek in the water.

Jim looked back.

There was a rush and a roar and the flames filled the ship, bursting through the deck from bow to stern. Higher and higher they leaped, redder and redder grew the glare, until the blazing ship seemed to fill the sky.

Then, with a boom like the firing of a siege gun, the oil in the hold exploded. The ship broke in two amidships, the blazing ends sinking hissing into the water amid a shower of sparks. The red glare died down as the water crept up, a wave rolled back and over the two figures clinging to the plank, and the ship was gone. All about was dense darkness and the slow swell of the sea.

Jim tried to shout but only a hoarse, weak sound came from his lips. The only answer was from Jo. She roused herself and said:

"Forgive me, Jim. I was a vain, silly fool. I was interested in Horace Blake. I let him kiss me after I told you I hadn't the slightest interest in him. I—"

"I know, sweetheart," Jim said.

"I know now that I love you, that I never did love anybody else. It doesn't matter what happens now, Jim, as long as we are together."

Jim kissed her wet lips.

"We'll have our cottage yet," he said. "We can't sink as long as we are in these life preservers and we can't drown as long as we can hold our heads up. And the boat is sure to find us before daylight."

"I thought I couldn't hold my head up a minute longer, Jim," Jo said. "But I can now," she added valiantly.

Jim tore a strap from his life preserver and lashed Jo to the plank. Then he tried to shout again. He thought he heard a faint "Hallo" in the distance, but he could not be sure. He resolved to save his strength.

"I love you, Jim," Jo said, as her head sank lower.

It was too dark to see, so Jim got one hand free and determined by feeling that her nose and mouth would not go beneath the surface, even if she fainted, and then he braced himself for the long, desperate wait for dawn.

"I love you, Jo," he said.

"Jim—" her voice trailed off as she sank into unconsciousness.

And so the boat found them in the gray of the dawn. Jo was unconscious and Jim lay as one in a daze, but there was life in them still and when the boat was picked up a few hours later they had already revived enough to smile at each other.

PETER'S EXCUSE

"MAMMA, may I go to the picture show this afternoon?" asked Peter.

"No, you can't," answered mamma, and went down town. When she returned she found that he had gone.

"Peter," she inquired, "who told you that you could go to the picture show?"

"God did," responded Peter. "I asked him if I could go, and he didn't answer, and you know you always say that 'silence gives consent.'"

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THE PHOTOPLAYWRIGHTS' DEPARTMENT

The Notebook Habit

NO writer, whether he be a scenario writer, a newspaper reporter, a poet, a novelist, or a dramatist, can afford to get along without a notebook in some form or other and the notebook habit of mind. The notebook habit of mind makes all the difference between having more material to write about on hand all the time than one can possibly use, and spending one's most valuable productive moods in looking for something to write about. There are times when we feel like writing more than at other times. And though no man ever became a valuable writer, or entitled to call himself a professional writer, who did not learn to write whether he happened to feel like it or not, no one is so foolish as to want to waste the times when he does feel like it. The way to make these occasions valuable is to carry a notebook (or a few cards of the same size) always in one's pocket—and to use it. There is not an intelligent human being alive who does not see something, or think something, or feel something which interests him every hour of the day. But at night few people can remember anything interesting they have seen or felt or heard unless their day has been a particularly adventurous one. The way to harvest your thoughts, feelings, and ideas is to set them down when they happen. A word or two is often all that is necessary to refresh the memory. And if you carry cards three by five inches or four by six inches, such as are sold everywhere at stationery stores, you can easily file your notes according to an alphabetical system (or some other) which will make them easy to refer to.

On Appearances

THE beginning scenario writer almost always is at a disadvantage because of the appearance of his "copy." The script he sends in does not look as if it had been written by a professional. That might make very little difference if scenario editors were absolutely perfect. But they are a good deal like the rest of us, in spite of their skill and knowledge. They judge things by appearances, just as we do, because though appearances are sometimes deceitful, appearances are pretty generally truthful. And scenario editors are occasionally terribly rushed. The result is that a script which looks as if it were a first attempt stands an excellent chance of being thrown into the basket of rejections without a careful reading. By the same token, a script that looks as if it had come from an old hand, simply because of the way in which it is typewritten and the form in which it is cast, is put aside for a second reading even if the first page does not contain anything which really interests the scenario-editor. He wants a chance to think twice about "copy" that bears the appearance of professional work. And there is no reason in the world why the painstaking amateur cannot make his scripts look professional. It requires pains, but nothing more, to follow an established form for the scenario and write clean-looking "copy."

Prize Contests

TWO prize contests have been announced during the last month which should be of especial interest to the amateur photoplaywright. One was inaugurated by the New York "Dramatic Mirror" in collaboration with Thomas A. Edison, Inc.

Mark Swan, author of the "Andy Series" and a score of other Edison photoplays, has written two-thirds of a one-reel photoplay which appeared in the issue of the "Dramatic Mirror" of November 18th. The "Mirror" is offering a prize of $50 for the best ending to the story, four prizes of $10 each for the next best endings and a another $10 prize for the best title for the play.

The completed photoplay will be produced by the Edison Company with full credit given on the screen to the prize winner whose ending is used.

The contest closes January 9, 1915.

The other contest was announced by the

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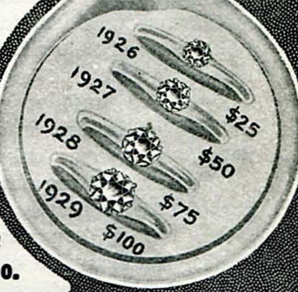

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Chicago "Tribune" on November 8th. The terms of the contest are given below:

> Five hundred dollars in prizes will be paid on Monday, February 1, 1915, for the three best two-reel dramatic or melodramatic scenarios offered in a contest conducted by this paper in conjunction with the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company. The prizes will rank as follows:
>
> First prize, $250.
> Second prize, $150.
> Third prize, $100.
>
> Following are the conditions governing the contest:
>
> Scenarios submitted must consist of neither more nor less than two reels; the plots must be either dramatic or melodramatic. Comedies, either straight, farce, slap-stick, or burlesque, will not be considered.
>
> Scenarios must be either typewritten or written in pen and ink and on one side of the paper only.
>
> The name of the author must not appear on the scenarios. The author will write his or her name on a slip of paper, together with his address and the title of his manuscript. This slip of paper, with postage for return of scenario if unavailable, must be inclosed in a plain sealed envelope. The scenario and envelope must then be placed together in an envelope for mailing.
>
> Address offerings to Contest Editor, "Right Off the Reel" Page, care of Chicago "Tribune."

Comedy vs. Drama

THE young writer must realize the necessity of deciding in advance as to whether the possibilities of his material are dramatic or comic. It is a rule, though of course there are exceptions, that the young writer tends to ignore the possibilities of comedy and to attempt to turn all that he has in his head into drama. The dramatic motive seems the bigger thing to him; and like all people who have observed but little, he tends to see it more often. A perception of the comic seems to require either uncommon talent or the mellowness that comes with years. But as a matter of fact there is ten times as much material for comedy in the world about us as for drama. Any scenario writer who can see this comic material is made for life.

Stage vs. Screen

THE encroachment of the movies on the theatre of spoken and acted drama continues. A significant indication of this fact is the announcement made by the Chicago center of the Drama League of America that a series of lectures and discussions of the motion picture show will be the chief part of their program for the winter of 1914-15. The first of the lectures was given on November 19 by one of our foremost American poets, Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay. Mr. Lindsay lives in Springfield, Illinois, and is an ardent movie fan. The subject of his first lecture was "The Function of the Moving Picture Show in the Small Town and in the City Community."

On December 10, Major Funkhouser of the Chicago Police Department will show to the Drama League the "cut-outs" that have been made by the Chicago Board of Censors during the preceding two months and he will speak in defense of the censorship, while Mr. Lucian Cary, associate editor of "The Dial," will speak against censorship.

Other lectures, comparing the spoken and the movie drama, are being arranged for.

The point of view of the Drama League is that the photoplay is a large and important part of drama in the United States which they would like to know more about. The leading members no longer feel resentful toward the moving picture show and contemptuous of its popularity. In this connection, a letter from Hardley Thaire of Humboldt, Kansas, is of interest:

"Dear Sir:

"The future of the 'Stage' and 'Screen' is an almost 'done-to-death' subject; but as the majority of opinions along this line seem to side strongly with one or the other, I hope it will not be inopportune to add one of a different trend.

"You hear some one argue for the stage and tell how the 'movies' hurt—another for the movies with equal disregard for the stage. I will not try to cite their arguments. You have read them. I merely wish to express my opinion as to how ridiculous some of their theories appear to me.

"Why should any one uphold one and censure the other? (Of course we have a grain of sympathy for the individual who revolts when his flock seeks a fresh pasture.) Each play has its place and neither can vanquish

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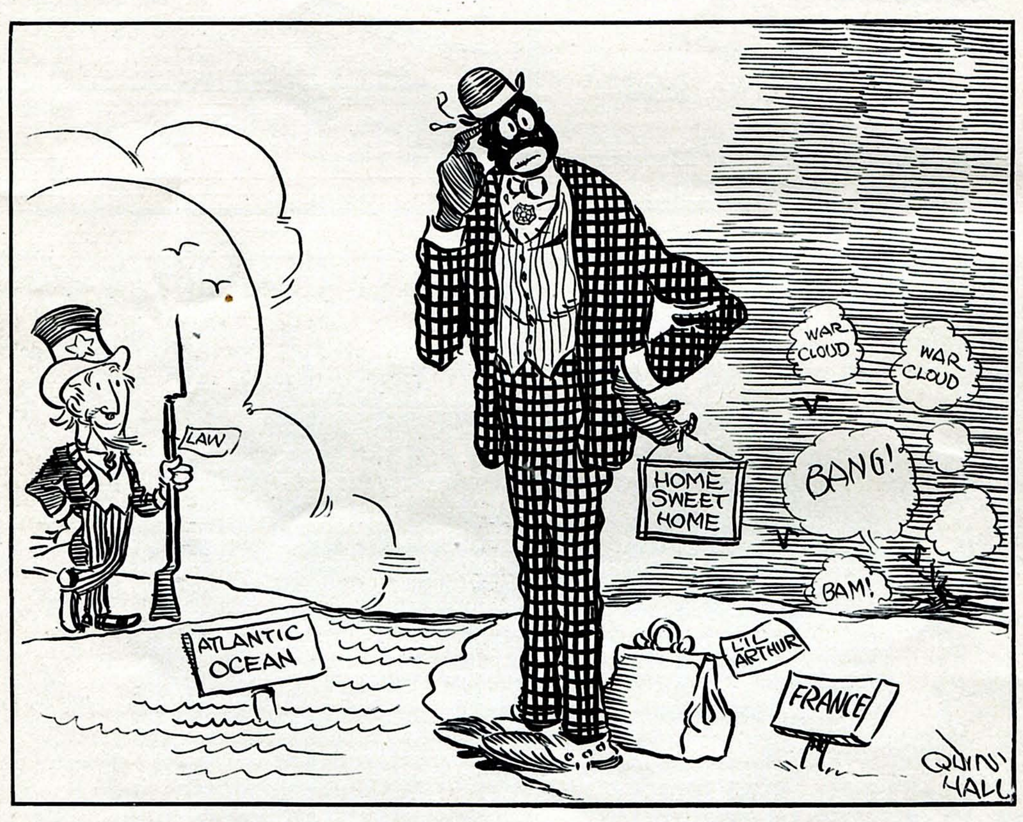
the other, however it may hinder the other's progress for a time. They are destined to share 'playhouse receipts;' as the one can portray effects that would be impossible for the other. The public is not satisfied with either one alone, but gets along considerably better with both. For instance, the screen can depict dramatic scenes that would be entirely out of the question on the stage. But until the photoplay can give the realism and personality that is to be found on the stage, the latter will not hear its death-knell—which I believe is never.

"Motion pictures have made wonderful advances in the past, we all know; but the future—well, who can tell? But the future is foretold by the present; and from the present conditions we may venture a prophecy. To all appearances the motion picture will share the same fate as American literature, viz.: an over-supply of flimsy stuff. Our good literature is almost swamped with the flood of cheap, scrappy reading—reading which should be censored. But photoplays are censored. Still the almost playless plays that have to be put before the public to supply the demand are dragging down the high standard set by the real playwright.

"Notwithstanding the handicap placed upon it by the present insufficient supply, the photoplay world has a greater future before it than the stage. Its undeveloped resources are manifold, and I look forward to astounding results from this source."



"Ah took a trip to old Europe's shores
And Ah sho had a gran' time planned
But mah goodness! Ah jes' set bof feet down
When they fit to beat the band.

An' now Ah wish Ah was back again
Wif deah ole Uncle Sam,
Foh Ah sho likes to heah the waiter call
'Draw one—Make it two—an' ham-an'.'"

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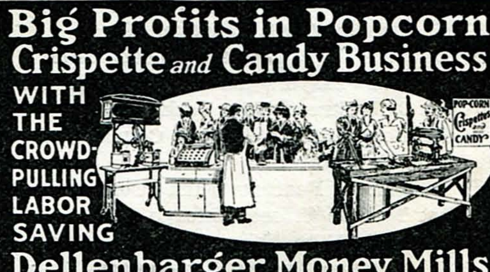

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Where to Send Your Scripts

The names and addresses of the film companies that are in the market for scenarios.

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 Manufacturing Company, Santa Barbara, California.

Balboa Amusement Producing Company, Long Beach, California.

Biograph Company, 807 East 175th Street, New York, N. Y.

Columbus Film Company, 110 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Crystal Film Company, 430 Wendover Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Eaco Films, 110 West 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

Thomas A. Edison, Inc., 2826 Decatur Avenue, Bronx, New York.

Essanay Film Manufacturing Company, 1333 Argyle Street, Chicago, Ill.

Euclid Film Company, Toledo, Ohio.

Famous Players Film Company, 213-27 West 26th Street, New York, N. Y.

St. Louis Motion Picture Company, Santa Paula, California.

Historical Feature Film Company, 105 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Ill.

Holland Film Manufacturing Company, 105 Lawrence Avenue, Dorchester, Mass.

Kalem Company, 235 West 23rd Street, New York, N. Y.

Keystone Film Company, 1712-19 Allesandro Street (Edendale) Los Angeles, California.

Lubin Manufacturing Company, Indiana Avenue and 20th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miller Brothers, 101 Ranch, Bliss, Oklahoma.

Mutual Film Corporation, 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

New York Motion Picture Corporation, 1712 Allesandro Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

North American Film Corporation, 111 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

The Photoplay Entertainment Company, 7311 Greenwood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

B. A. Rolfe Photoplays, Incorporated, 1493 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Rochester Motion Picture Company, Newell Building, Rochester, N. Y.

Selig Polyscope Company, 20 East Randolph Street, Chicago, Ill.

Smallwood Film Corporation, 1303 Flatiron Building, New York, N. Y.

Sterling Motion Picture Company, Hollywood, California.

Universal Film Manufacturing Company; Eastern office, 1600 Broadway, New York, N. Y.; Western office, Hollywood, California.

Vitagraph Company of America, East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

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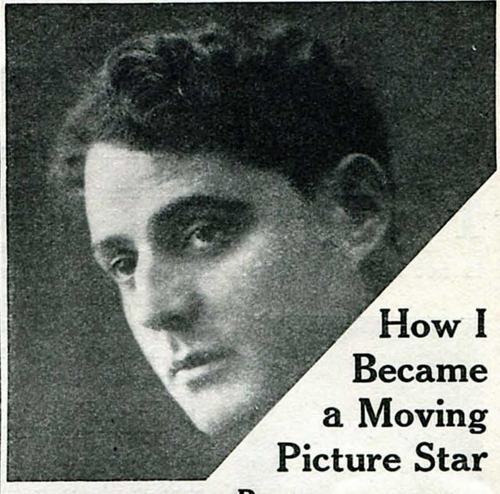

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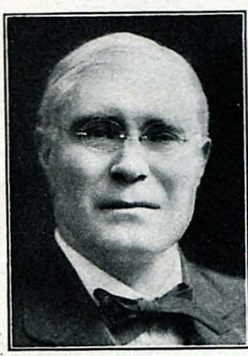
PROBABLY the widest known and oldest of all scenario editors is C. B. Hoadley, better known as "Pop" Hoadley. He is not only the oldest in age but he has served in an editorial capacity longer than any other scenario editor. He is now in charge of the ——— scenario department, and though he is, as he says, "paid for editorial work only," he writes from three to four scenarios every month. Asked for a history of his past performances, Mr. Hoadley said:



"I was born in Ohio a good many years ago, and at an early age fostered a genuine dislike for work and a fondness for writing. My maiden literary effort was on a small town daily, where I comprised the editorial staff, fed the press, and delivered a paper route.

"After a time I became conscious that I was outgrowing the town and my talents were not appreciated. I went to Toledo, Ohio, and informed the managing editor of the now defunct *Morning Commercial* that he needed a journalist of my calibre to infuse some 'pep' into his sheet. I convinced him. I handled sports on the paper for a time, and was then made city editor of the *Evening News*. I did newspaper work in Toledo for eleven years, serving in various capacities, though always attending to the sporting page. Finally I discovered I was broken in health and decided to get away from the incessant grind.

"To get the benefit of the open I did the 'home-seeking stunt,' buying a farm in the fruit belt of Michigan. There I combined magazine and special writing with the growing of peaches. I took on flesh and acquired an appetite. About this time the motion picture was just making itself known.

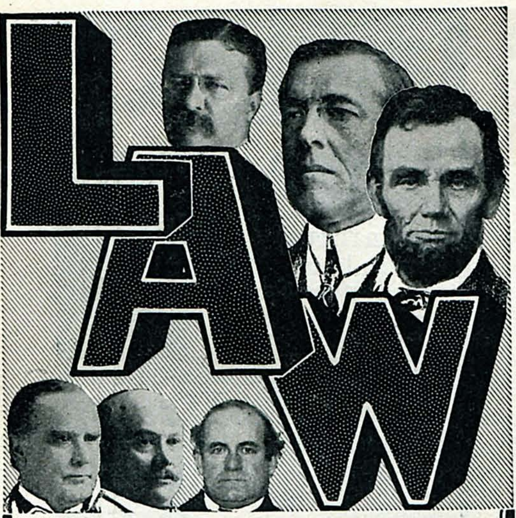
"As my scenarios began to sell I wrote like fury. They kept selling. Finally I got a call by telegraph from my good friend Carl Laemmle to come to New York and take charge of the Imp scenario department, and while with that company, read more than 50,000 scripts. Later I became a member of the Universal's scenario department as a special writer, leaving them to take charge of the script department of the Protective Amusement Company, which was controlled by Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger. My business was to supervise the making of working scenarios from old stage successes. That was my last position before joining the ——— Company."

George Fitzmaurice, the Pathe Freres Editor

WHEN Pathe Freres, French photoplay producers, established their American studio at Jersey City, N. J., George Fitzmaurice was engaged as a sort of interpreter and man of all work — he could talk both English and French as well as help out around the office. The business officials all being true Parisians and the directors essentially American, it was necessary to have some one around who could interpret the two languages betwixt and between all persons concerned.

Though of English parentage, he was born in France. He has circled the globe, having toured India, Africa, China, and all the European countries, as well as the two Americas.

While serving as an interpreter at the studio he took up scenario writing, and soon convinced the directors he could deliver the real goods with clocklike regularity. He was made scenario editor as soon as the business officials learned of his ability to judge the bad from the good. He has never written a scenario for any other company.



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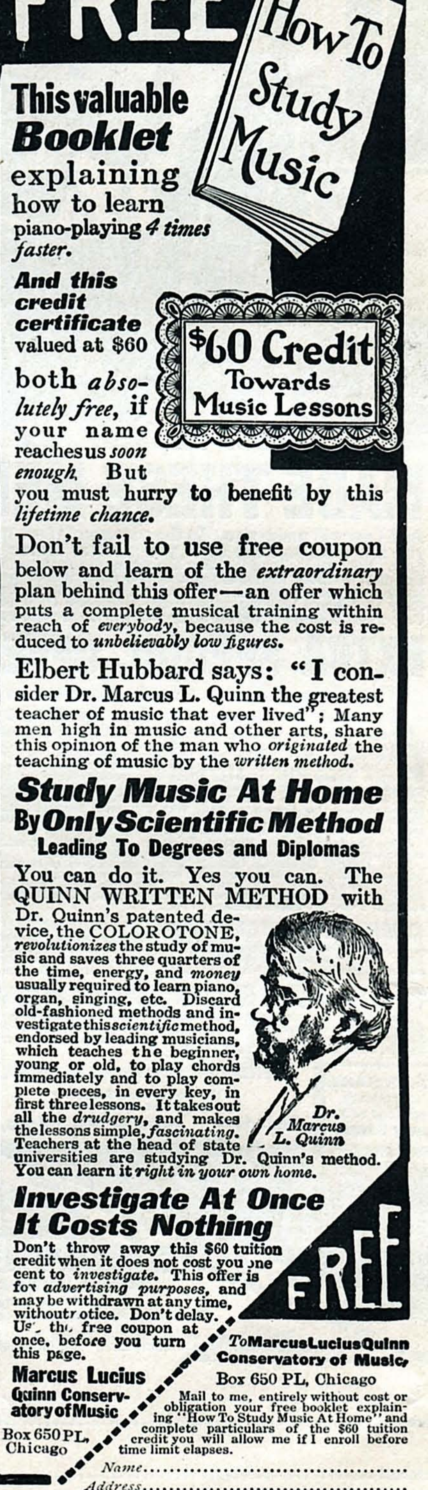

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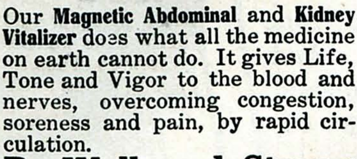

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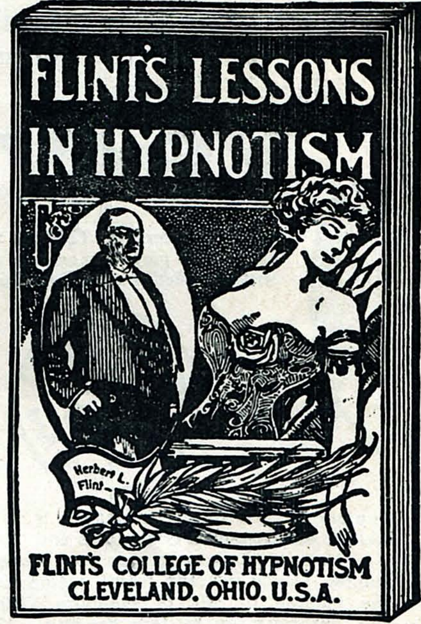

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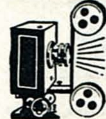

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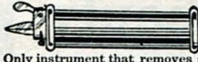

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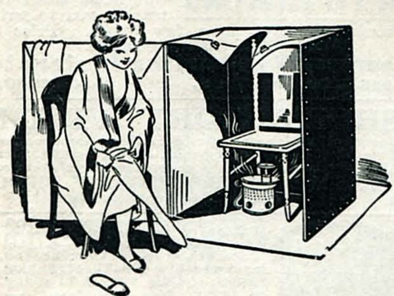

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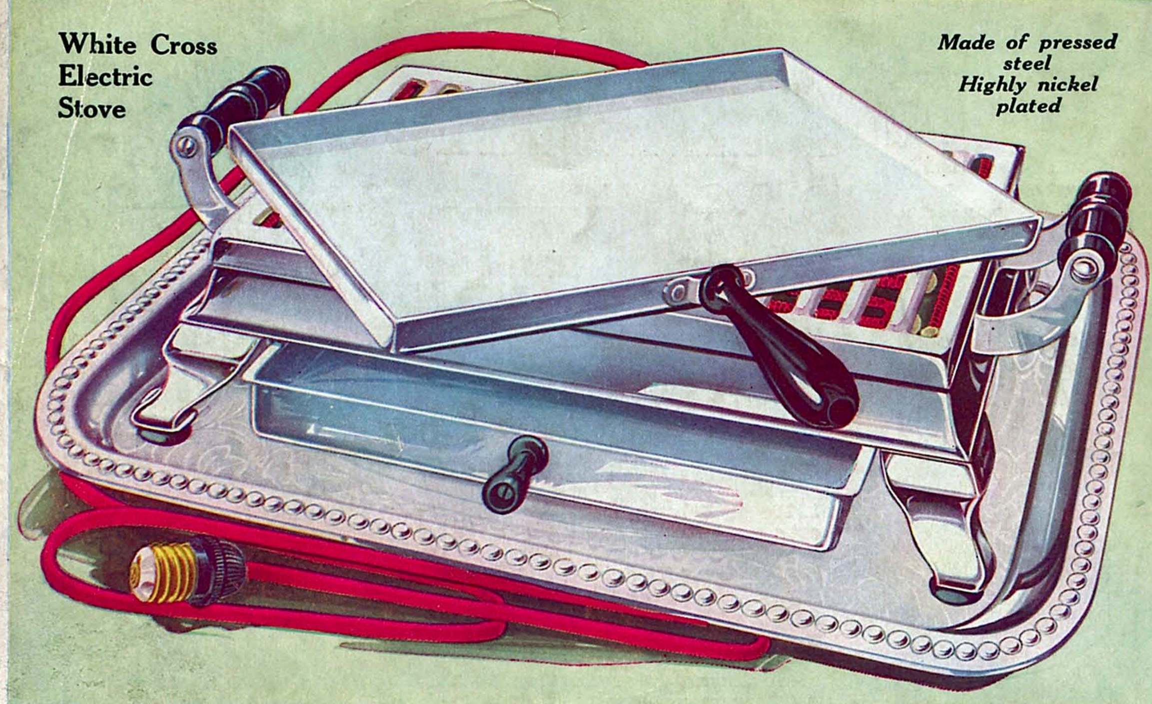

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Take the stove into your home—make the most delicious toast, tea, coffee—fry steaks, eggs, ham—use for chafing dish and do many other things. Give it a thorough test for 10 days, and then if you do not wish to keep it, return it to us and we'll refund every cent of your money.

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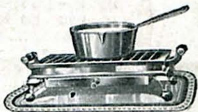
Mail This Coupon

Put your name and address on the coupon and mail to us today. Remember, we do not expect you to send any money. Upon receipt of coupon we will send you the stove **prepaid** for your examination. Then use your own judgment about buying. If you do not think you would like the stove, return at our expense. **Sent prepaid,** express or parcel post.

Lindstrom-Smith Co.
Mnfrs. Electric Vibrators, Suction Cleaners, Flat Irons, etc.
1100-1110 S. Wabash Ave. Desk 1461 Chicago, Illinois
If you are not ready to send an order now drop a post card anyway for complete literature on White Cross Stoves

For tea, coffee or the chafing dish. The White Cross Electric Stove will start them cooking in a jiffy. No bother, no muss. Just turn the switch and the stove starts working.



Use for boiling anything—water, breakfast food, eggs, vegetables; heat baby's milk, use for candy making.

With the White Cross Electric Stove you can fry the eggs and bacon and make toast, all at the same time. If you wish only toast it is large enough to accommodate from four to six pieces

Lindstrom-Smith Co.
1100-1110 S. Wabash Ave.
Desk 1461 Chicago

Please send me prepaid, by express or parcel post, one White Cross Electric Stove complete with cord ready to be connected. If, after I have seen and examined it, I like the stove, I will pay $4.50, total price of the stove. After I use stove for ten days I may return it if I wish and you will send my money back.

Name..

Address..

My Electrical Dealer's Name..
Mail postal for literature if you don't want to order now.